

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE: As the play starts we are in total darkness. We hear the sound of someone walking, we hear keys jingle, a door handle turn. As the door opens light from the hallway bleeds in. We see the silhouette of someone enter. A light is then turned on. We are looking at man in his mid to late twenties, he's wearing tan pants and a cacky jacket. He is carrying a bag in one hand and a news paper in the other. He heads to the kitchen area and turns on another light.

We see another silhouette sitting in a chair in the living room. The man in the kitchen is unaware as he continues to put away his groceries. He then glances over seeing the silhouette, he puts his hand inside his coat as if to get something.

CHAD

(Sitting in chair)

It'll never clear your coat! Now,
put your finger between the hammer
and the pin.

He does as ordered.

CHAD

Now, release it and set it on the
counter.

Once again he does as ordered.

CHAD

Now, move over and sit at the table
facing me.

CHAD turns on the light revealing himself.

MIKE

Oh, You son-of-a-bitch!!!!

CHAD

I thought for a minute you might go
for it and shoot me.

MIKE

You son-of-a-bitch! What the hell
are you doing here in Paris? I
heard you were in the middle east
chasing terrorists.

MIKE moves back into the kitchen area.

MIKE

I'm fixing myself a drink hear, you want one?

CHAD

No thanks.

MIKE

So were you in the middle east?

CHAD

I was, but I'm done. I'm now headed back state side. I wasn't sure you'd be here, but I thought I'd take the chance.

MIKE

I'm glade you did, It's been how long? Two, three years?

CHAD

Something around there.

MIKE

So, what was in the east?

CHAD

Tension. Lot's of tension.

(Pause)

Is it true what I hear about you?

MIKE

(Pause) What's that?

CHAD

That your heading up some new terrorist task force.

MIKE

Oh, you heard about that? Well it's true. I'm now the number one authority of who's who in terrorists. So, your headed to the states?

CHAD

Yep.

MIKE

When

CHAD

Tonight!

MIKE

You flew all this way and you can't even stay? What times your flight?

CHAD

9:00.

MIKE

Your shitin' me, it's eight now for Christ sakes, we don't even have time to go to dinner.

CHAD

Oh, that reminds me, I have something for you.

CHAD pulls out an envelope.

MIKE

What's this?

CHAD

Just some pictures I've had.

MIKE looks at them.

CHAD

Isn't he on your who's who list of terrorists?

MIKE

What the fuck is this?

CHAD

How about account number 487621-3-9, does that sound familiar? Does it? On April 19, at 1:27, Mr. Gorbany, who's shown there seated with you, made a deposit in a Swiss Bank to account 487621-3-9. On May 12, at 10:43, you made a withdrawal from account 487621-3-9. And the list goes on. You've been tagged Mike.

MIKE glances at his gun on the counter.

CHAD

It's at least six feet away.

MIKE

Your here to kill me?

CHAD

No. I'm not saying they wont.
But, I'm not hired for that. I'm
just here to find out where Mr.
Gorbany can be found, that's the
extent of my business with you.
He's here in Paris that much we
know.

MIKE

(Pause) 19 Kensey Place. You'll
find him there.

CHAD

Good man!

CHAD raises his gun. MIKE goes for his. CHAD fires two rounds and MIKE falls behind the kitchen counter. CHAD then calmly lights a cigar and sits back down.

A voice then comes from the floor of the kitchen area.

BJ

So what do you think?

TERRY

I like it, I think it works.

BJ then rises off the floor and pours himself some coffee.

BJ

It's a lot better then having them
struggle over then gun, and that
whole bit.

TERRY

Yeah, because if Chad's a
professional, then he would never
have let Mike get that close
anyway. So, this works a lot
better.

The door opens and in comes a man carrying groceries. It is RET, a man in his late thirties.

RET

Hello! Hello!

BJ/TERRY

Hello.

TERRY

So, I think your on the right track. Ret what time is it?

RET

Seven thirty.

TERRY

Shit! Christine's going to be here in two minutes, I have to get dressed.

TERRY heads down the hall to his room. BJ sits writing into his note pad.

RET

(looking at the groceries
spewed about)

I see you've been working on
your play again.

BJ

I'm sorry. I'll clean it up.

RET

Don't worry about it. (undoing his
groceries)That son-of-a-bitch!
Look what he did to this loaf of
bread! Is it my imagination?

BJ

What was it last week?

RET

Carton of eggs. I'm telling you,
he has a hostility against
homosexuals!

BJ

Go through another checker.

RET

I do. But by the time I get up
there, there he is bagging my
groceries!

A knock comes at the door.

RET/BJ

It's open!

In walks CHRISTINE, a beautiful woman in her mid twenties and she knows it.

CHRISTINE
Is Terry ready?

BJ
I don't know. He's in his room.

She heads off.

RET
You could pole vault with the stick
that's up her ass! What does he
see in her anyway's?

BJ
I think it's purely physical.

RET
What ever happened to Emily?

She was a nice girl.

BJ
She's in a mental hospital.

RET
Your kidding? That poor little
thing.

BJ
She tried to kill a cab driver.

RET
Oh my god!

CHRISTINE re-enters.

CHRISTINE
Well, were going to be late as
usual.

RET
Can I offer you anything to eat
while your waiting?

CHRISTINE
No, thank you. (Pause) BJ, Terry
tells me you have a play that might
be produced soon.

BJ
Well, were working on it.

CHRISTINE
And Terry might direct it?

BJ
If we can get the money together.

CHRISTINE
So, which one is Kelly? Is she the
female lead?

BJ
Yeah, that's right.

CHRISTINE
Terry said that's a great part.

BJ
Oh. Good.

TERRY enters all dressed up.

TERRY
Well, we're off! And if you boys
are good while I'm gone, I might
bring you some Ben & Jerry's.

RET
Dastardly Mash!

BJ
Heath Bar!!

TERRY
Well, if your real good I might
even get them both.

CHRISTINE
Good night.

They exit.

RET
I got the distinct feeling she
wants to be in your play?

BJ
She's subtle.

RET
As a heart attack. Listen I'm
about to make the best meal of my
life, would you like to share in
the festivities?

BJ

Certainly.

RET

Do you think I should make enough
for Darren as well?

BJ

Darren..Darren? Oh that other guy
who lives here.

RET

I'm worried about him!

BJ

He's self destructive, no doubt
about that. But, he always bounces
back.

The phone rings.

RET

Hello. Yes hold on a moment please
I'll see if he's here. (to BJ)
Bernie Copeland?

BJ

Oh my god. He's an old friend.
Hello Bernie? My god how are you?
Yeah.. I'm fine. Yeah.. Yeah. Oh
yeah. How'd you hear about that?
Holly shit! So, what are you doing
now? Oh yeah. The soap opera?
your kidding? Sure when? How
about tomorrow? Ten that's fine.
all right see you then. Bye! (BJ
hangs up) I can't believe it, that
guy was an old friend from college.
He's now the assistant producer of
"SUMMERSET"...

RET

The soap opera?

BJ

Right. He's having dinner last
night with a friend of his, and his
friend mentions this play he's been
thinking of producing. My play.
So anyway's, Bernie calls me to see
if I'm interested in writing on his
show "SUMMERSET".

RET

Wholly shit! I love that show.

BJ

I can't believe it!

RET

Well, this is cause for celebration
I'm taken you to dinner.

BJ

No, you don't have..

RET

Just shut up and get your coat.

BJ

I don't know anything about soap
opera's.

RET

Don't worry I have enough
experience for both of us.

The lights fade as they exit.

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO: As the lights come up we see DARREN, he's a good looking Wall Street type. He's watching a beautiful blonde two stools down.

DARREN

(in her direction)

My god it would be nice to wake up
next to you every morning.

WOMAN

Are you talking to me?

DARREN

Most definitely!

WOMAN

Use that line a lot? Well, I'm not
interested!

DARREN

Use that line a lot?

WOMAN

More often then not!

DARREN

And I'll bet most guys scare right off don't they?

WOMAN

But not you right?

DARREN

That's right! See, I can melt ice bitches like you!

WOMAN

You'd better be dressed warm!

DARREN

I don't wear long John's for nothing!

The lights slowly fade.

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE: As the lights come up their sit CHRISTINE and TERRY at a table having coffee.

CHRIS

I can't believe you didn't like that play. I thought the vision of the director had real honesty. You didn't come away feeling anything from it?

TERRY

I felt bad, for the actors! I was embarrassed for them. Did you see the looks on there faces? Complete terror, they knew they were in a bad play.

CHRIS

If you ask me they were terrible, poor Paul didn't have anything to work with.

TERRY

They looked like people who'd been lined up for a firing squad, then given the guns and asked to kill themselves!