

## 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!