

MAGIC BULLET

A Play in Two Acts

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>Gus Jordan:</u>	A man in his early 50s and past winner of the Magic Bullet lottery prize; being treated for cancer.
<u>Margo Meeker:</u>	A woman in her early 50s and Gus' ex-wife.
<u>Angela Benson:</u>	A woman in her 40s and nurse who administers Gus' chemotherapy.
<u>Damian Benson:</u>	Angela's teenaged son and junior business partner to Gus.
<u>Matthew Cartwright:</u>	Man in his late 40s and applicant for sales job with Jordan Communication Services.
<u>Mamie Applegate:</u>	A woman in her early 30s.
<u>Raj Patel:</u>	A man in his early 30s and manager of the Jordanville Mini-Mart.
<u>Eddie Saunders:</u>	A man in his early 40s and electronics technician for Jordan Communication Services.
<u>Calvin Marquise:</u>	A man in his late 20s.
<u>Randy Burns:</u>	A woman in her late 20s.

Scene

A log cabin located somewhere in the Oregon Cascades.

Time

It is early evening in the late autumn of 1995.

ACT I

Scene 1

SETTING:

The interior is a log cabin with a combination kitchen and living room. It contains many crates with Chinese markings stamped on them. The living room is strewn with fast food containers and trash. There are stacks of newspapers and old magazines everywhere. The crates are being used as tables to support various types of electronic equipment common in 1995. There are two gun racks and a pistol rack on the walls upstage left. In the corner near the guns, there is photographic equipment. A chainsaw-carved bear on a stage truck with wheels, stands near the photographic equipment. To the right of the studio area and to the left of the front door, there is a picture poster of Ronald Reagan and an American flag next to the poster. Both are lighted as if by a flood lamp.

AT RISE:

Gus can be heard humming to himself from the bathroom stage left, where the door is standing open. The front doorbell rings, playing the first stanzas from "Dixie". Gus' head appears from the open bathroom door.

GUS
(Yells.)

Come on in. The door's unlocked.

(The doorbell is heard a second time.)

GUS
(Yells louder.)

Come in! The door is not locked!

(The doorbell is heard a third time.)

GUS
(Walks out into the room, clutching his pants that ride low on his waist. He has obviously been interrupted while using his bathroom. He is pushing a chemotherapy pole to which his right arm is attached.)

Aw, for Christ sake. I'm coming. I'm coming!

(The doorbell is heard a fourth time as Gus opens the front door and reveals Matthew Cartwright standing outside.)

GUS
Who the hell are you?

MATTHEW
My name is Matthew Cartwright, sir. I'm here for my job interview.

GUS
Yeah. Well you're about a half hour early. Get your butt in here.

MATTHEW
Sir, yes sir! Your head of Human Resources said I should arrive between 6:30 and 7:30.
(Gus closes the door behind Matthew. Both men move toward the open bathroom door.)

GUS

Well then, I need to have a talk with my...head of what?

MATTHEW

Human Resources, sir. Your head of Human Resources.

(By this time, both men arrive at the bathroom door.)

GUS

Yeah. Well, Matthew is it?

MATTHEW

Sir, yes sir!

GUS

Like I said, Matthew, you are a little early. Why don't you just sit down on one of those crates over there by the front door and answer the doorbell if it rings. I expect other applicants, so let them in and show them a different crate to sit on.

MATTHEW

Sir, yes sir! Anything else I can do for you, sir?

GUS

(Pointing to the bathroom door.)

No. You just line 'em up. When I get done with the business I started in here, I'll be out and start the orientation meeting.

MATTHEW

(Returning to the front door area.)

Sir, yes sir. Please enjoy your...uh...business. I will do your bidding like you say.

GUS
(Closing the bathroom door.)

You just do that, Matthew. You just do that.

(Matthew examines several of the crates near the front door. He sits on two or three like Goldilocks trying out chairs of the Three Bears. He finally selects one. Matthew sits silently but squirms on his chosen crate. Then, the doorbell rings again playing "Dixie". Matthew opens the door to find Mamie Applegate standing outside. She wears a short trench coat. Her fishnet stockings show below the coat.)

MATTHEW
Ma'am...evenin' Ma'am. You here for the interview?

MAMIE
I am.

MATTHEW
Then, come on in Ma'am. The boss is in the shit...in the bathroom. He says I should let in other applicants and tell them to sit on a crate.

MAMIE
So...You are another...applicant?

MATTHEW
Ma'am, yes Ma'am.

MAMIE
You here for the guns part?

MATTHEW
Guns, Ma'am?

MAMIE

The guns part! Are you here to be interviewed for the guns part?

MATTHEW

Guns part of what, Ma'am?

MAMIE

Jesus, man. Am I at the right address?

MATTHEW

Elk Wallow Road, Ma'am?

MAMIE

Elk Wallow Road. That's the address. So, are you here to audition for the part where they show off their guns?

MATTHEW

Part of what, Ma'am?

MAMIE

The magazine!

MATTHEW

Magazine, Ma'am?

MAMIE

"Guns and Boobs"! That magazine. "Guns and Boobs". They publish it. Right here. Are you here to audition for the part in the magazine where they show off their guns? You sure as hell don't have any boobs!

MATTHEW

Ma'am, I don't have the least idea what you're talkin' 'bout. My counselor down at the jobs program sent me up here 'cause they was interviewin' folks for a job doin' telemarketing.

MAMIE

Jordan Enterprises, right?

MATTHEW

Ma'am, yes Ma'am. Jordan Enterprises. That's what it said on the poster on the bulletin board outside the jobs office. Nobody said 8nothing 'bout no guns or no boobs.

(GUS opens the bathroom door and pushes the IV pole in front of him. He is now clothed appropriately and wears a gun belt with two side arm pistols in holsters on each side of the gun belt. He holds the pistol in the holster with the hand not being used to push the IV pole.)

GUS

That's 'cause each of you's here for a different interview.

(To Mamie)

Which of the females are you?

MAMIE

I'm Mamie Applegate. I called about the modeling job with "Guns and Boobs Magazine".

GUS

Evenin' Mamie. This guy here is Matthew. Right, Matthew?

MATTHEW

Sir, yes sir. I'm here for the telemarketing job.

GUS

Right, Matthew. My...uh...my head of Human Resources probably didn't mention that we're holding two different interviews for two different companies tonight. "Guns and Boobs Magazine" is one. The other's Jordan Communication Services.

MATTHEW

Sir, yes sir! That there's what you call a win-win situation. Right, sir?

GUS

Yes, Matthew. I suppose it is. So, some other applicants are comin' tonight. If the two of you wouldn't mind having a seat on one of these here crates, we can get started as soon as everybody gets here. My head of Human Resources is also my business partner. He'll be droppin' in as soon as his mother...as soon as he finishes up some other business.

(The front door suddenly opens and Angela Benson walks in. She carries a tray of medical supplies.)

ANGELA

Gus, how are you feeling this evening?

GUS

I'm feeling fine. I just need to get this Heparin lock disconnected from this here IV tube. Matthew. Mamie. This is Angela. She's my private duty nurse. Her son Damian is my business partner.

ANGELA

Evening, folks. Have a seat, Gus. Damian will be over right after he does his chores.

(Mamie and Matthew look at each other and shrug slightly. Gus takes a seat in the only upholstered chair in the room. Angela begins to disconnect Gus' IV.)

ANGELA

Had anything to eat today, Gus?

GUS

Some Red Vines.

ANGELA

Red Vines! Is that all?

GUS

I ate a banana for breakfast.

ANGELA

Margo bringin' you over some dinner?

GUS

She said she had some leftover lasagna she's bringin' over.

ANGELA

That's better. Make sure you eat it. ALL of it! When Damian's done here tonight, we're driving in to Bend. I need to pick up some supplies at Costco.

GUS

Pick me up a couple of jars of Red Vines. OK?

ANGELA

Why not some fruit rollups? They'd be much better for you.

GUS

Angela, you know I can't keep those pieces of shit down. I puke 'em up every time.

ANGELA

I thought Damian was helping you with your queasiness.

GUS

What Damian bakes for me, does help. I just don't like the texture of those rollups. I need something chewier.

ANGELA

OK. Red Vines it is. But shouldn't we get you some fruit juice? Something that's calcium reinforced?

GUS

I've got a freezer full of fruit juice.

ANGELA

So, drink it!

GUS

I will already!

ANGELA

Then do so!

GUS

I will, I said!

ANGELA

Alrighty then. Anything else you need from Bend?

GUS

Some rolling papers. Wheat straw. Yellow.

ANGELA

Doesn't Damian have papers?

GUS

He makes me brownies. But you know, every now and then, I need a toke. When the nausea gets to be too much for me. And I have been known to puke up the brownies.

ANGELA

All right. Wheat straw it is.

GUS

Yellow.

ANGELA

Yellow.

(Angela picks up her tray and walks toward the front door. As she opens it, Raj Patel is standing poised to knock on the door. Raj speaks with an East Indian accent.)

RAJ

Good evening, Miss Angela.

ANGELA

Evening Raj. How's things over at the Mini-mart?

RAJ

Smashing, Miss Angela. We have been so busy today that I need to ask Mr. Gus for more change.

ANGELA

Well, there he is, Raj. They're holding interviews here tonight.

RAJ

Yes, Miss Angela.

ANGELA

(Leaving)

Later, Raj. Say hi to the family for me.

RAJ

(Entering)

I will, Miss Angela.

GUS

Evening, Raj. How are things over at my Mini-mart tonight?

RAJ

Quite well, Mr. Gus. In fact, we are so busy, I have run out of one dollar bills. Maybe we should have some tens also.

GUS

OK, Raj. Give me a lift out of this here chair and I'll get you some change.

RAJ

Certainly, Mr. Gus. Let me have your arm. The one without the needle.

GUS

That thing's called a Heparin lock, Raj. It stays in my arm so's Nurse Angela can hook up my chemo.

(Raj helps Gus out of his chair and together, they hobble toward the kitchen area stage right.)

GUS

OK. That's good. I can make it on my own now. You know the drill, Raj.

RAJ

Yes, Mr. Gus.

(Raj heads toward the bathroom stage left.)

GUS

(to Matthew and Mamie)

I need you two to go with Raj in there.

MAMIE

What? Isn't that the bathroom over there?

GUS

It sure is. It's the only other room, as such, in the cabin. I just need you to go in there with Raj and Matthew here and close the door. I need to get change for Raj, and I don't need everyone in the whole frigging world – pardon the expression – to see where I get it from.

MAMIE

So, you want me to go into your bathroom, and shut the door with two men I have never met before and know nothing about?

GUS

Sorry, Miss Mamie. But yes. It's a nice bathroom. Raj here is a married man...

MATTHEW

Me too, Mr. Jordan. I'm married. It was a win-win thing, ya know.

GUS

Thank you, Matthew. Now neither one of you two guys would ever do any harm to a lady now, would ya?

RAJ

Not me, Mr. Gus.

MATTHEW

Sir, no sir, Mr. Jordan.

MAMIE

I don't give a shit. I am NOT going into that little room with two complete strangers.

(Gus pulls one of the pistols from his holster and aims it at the ceiling.)

GUS

Me and Mr. Blackhawk here say you will go into that room so's I can get Raj some change from a hidden place that I don't want nobody to see. Got it?

MAMIE

Well for Christ's sake. I have never had an interview where I have been threatened with a gun before. Do you really intend to use that thing?

GUS

Try me.

(Mamie sits down on a crate and crosses her arms. Gus pulls the trigger and fires at the ceiling. Mamie jumps up in excitement.)

MAMIE

Alright already. I'm heading for the john. But if either one of these boys so much as touches a hair on my head, I'm coming out and grabbing one of those guns over there. Got it?

GUS

You have my permission. The 30 ot 6 is always loaded just in case.

MAMIE

Alright, boys. Let's get a move on before old Gus here shoots us all.

(The three move unsteadily toward the bathroom, enter and close the door behind them.)

MAMIE

(Mamie's voice is heard from behind the door.)

You, Mr. Logger, stand by the sink. And you, Mr. Indi, stand by the bath tub. NOW!

(Gus walks toward the side-by-side refrigerator-freezer, reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a small ring with keys attached to it. He chooses one key and opens the freezer side of the unit which is locked. The light comes on from inside the freezer revealing stacks of rectangular blocks wrapped in aluminum foil. He takes one block out and places it on the countertop. Gus pulls back the foil and takes out a stack of bills and counts out change onto the countertop. Gus wraps the remaining bills back into the foil wrapper and places the block back into the freezer and locks the freezer. Gus then walks over to his reclining rocker and sits down.)

GUS

Olly-Olly Ox in free!

(There is no response from the bathroom.)

GUS

OK, I'm done. You all can come out now.

(Raj enters the room first, followed by Matthew and finally by Mamie.)

GUS

Now that wasn't so bad now, was it Miss Mamie? Here you go, Raj. Ones and tens, right?

RAJ

Yes, Mr. Gus. That will do. Thank you very much.

(Raj turns and heads for the front door.)

GUS

And Raj, bring me over some Red Vines later on when things slow down.

RAJ

Yes, Mr. Gus.

GUS

And Raj, did you check into that English class at the community college?

RAJ

Not yet, Mr. Gus. But I already speak English.

GUS

It don't sound like it. You call my mini-mart a meany-mart. That don't sound too good, does it, Raj? Sounds like we're runnin' a mean little store. Right?

RAJ

Yes, Mr. Gus. I will check into it.

GUS

Good deal, Raj. I knew I could count on you.

RAJ

Yes, Mr. Gus. I shall return later with your Red Vines.

GUS

Thanks, Raj.

(Raj exits. Gus addresses the remaining two.)

GUS

Poor sum'vabitch. Raj only has about sixteen kids or so. Wife doesn't work. Nobody else up here will hire him 'cause he don't speak English.

MAMIE

I understood him OK.

MATTHEW

Sir, he does have an accent. Some customers might be turned off by that.

GUS

Exactly, Matthew! Exactly. Not many Hindoos up here on Elk Wallow Road, right Matthew?

MATTHEW

Sir, no sir. But sir, if I can say so...

GUS

Speak right up there, Matthew.

MATTHEW

Well, sir, I been buyin' gas atcher mini-mart for some time. Raj always waits on me. He always smiles and is real polite. I ain't never heard any bad about him.

GUS

Exactly, Matthew! And that is why Raj still works for me. Very dependable.

MATTHEW

Sir, yes sir. Win-win, dontcha know?

GUS

Matthew, where'd you get this win-win crap?

MATTHEW

I been takin' classes at the jobs program over at the community college. They teach us unemployed forest workers employment skills.

GUS

Really? Well, I'm impressed. But you might lay off of the win-win stuff. It might turn off some employers.

MATTHEW

Sir, yes sir. I just want you to know how much I appreciate havin' this opportunity for an interview. See, I ain't worked since the yarder slid down the mountain and killed my uncle that me and my Dad was loggin' for.

MAMIE

No offense, Matthew. But what the hell is a yarder?

MATTHEW

Well, Miss Mamie, it's like a big ol' pole mounted on a Caterpillar with cables that letcha lower logs down off a mountain. It's got these here struts that hold the tractor in place. Well sir, my uncle was in the tractor one day when the wet ground under one of the struts gave way and the whole operation went sliding down the slope. It all kept turning over and over 'til the roof caved in a squashed my uncle. He was the one with the business. Me and Dad just worked for him. After that, there weren't no jobs anywhere so's we started a grow operation.

MAMIE

You say you started a what?

MATTHEW

A grow operation. You know...pot, marijuana. We had us a spot back on Forest Service property that we thought was purty secure. But them damned feds got these here helicopters and found us out.

GUS

So you've served some time. Right, Matthew?

MATTHEW

Sir, yes sir. Two years at OCCI, reduced to nine months in the boot camp program at Shutter Creek. So, I am a graduate of the Oregon SUMMIT

MATTHEW (continues)

program. That there means success using motivation...and a bunch of other crap.

GUS

Whatever, Matthew. It's all a bunch of bullshit as far as I'm concerned. You done your time, right?

MATTHEW

Sir, yes sir. It was a win...it was a good thing for me. I had to take classes in the program. Lots of classes. And then, when I got out, my parole officer set me up with these here jobs program classes. So far, I been doin' good. I have to take this here computer class, but I don't understand much about it. It's like learnin' a new language. It's called COBOL. But they say if we can learn it, our chances of getting' a good job goes up.

GUS

Yes. I'll just bet they do. Anyways, you're here to be interviewed for the telemarketing job.

MATTHEW

Sir, yes sir.

GUS

Ever done telephone sales before?

MATTHEW

Sir, no sir.

GUS

Well, it's not so hard. We got a script you read when you call people and tell them about our cellular telephone service.

MATTHEW

Wow! Them there things cost money!

MAMIE

OK, boys. I'm not here to get a job selling anything. I'm here to audition for a modeling job for your magazine. Here's my resume.

MATTHEW

Oooo! Oooo! I got me one of them there things too. We made one in jobs class.

GUS

Well, both of you hold onto your resumes 'til my head of...what was it again, Matthew?

MATTHEW

Uh...Human resources, sir!

GUS

Yes. My head of human resources should be comin' any second now. Both of you have a seat on a crate there, 'til he gets here.

(The front door opens and Margo Jordan enters carrying a Tupperware bowl.)

GUS

Evenin', Darlin'.

(Margo gives Gus a peck of a kiss as she walks by him and then walks to the kitchen area.)

MARGO

Evening, Gus. Evening, whoever you two are.

(Margo eyes Mamie up and down.)

One I can guess. The other I'm not sure about.

GUS

Margo, this here is Matthew. He came to be interviewed for the telemarketing job.

MARGO

Evening Matthew. My name is Margo. I'm Gus's ex.

MATTHEW

Evenin' Margo.

GUS

And Margo, the lady's name here is Mamie. She's here...

MARGO

I guess I know why she's here. Evenin' Mamie...is it?

MAMIE

Yes. Yes it is. Good evening, Mrs. Jordan.

MARGO

Don't assume too much there, Mamie old girl. Gus and I never had kids. When we divorced, I took back my maiden name...Meeker.

MAMIE

Then, good evening, Miss Meeker.

GUS

You are a sight for sore eyes, Babe. I was getting' SOOO hungry.

MARGO

Damian bring you brownies this evening?

GUS

Damian ain't shown up yet.

MARGO

He'll be here. I just saw him takin' the garbage out for his Mom.

GUS

If you do see him, remind him I need a brownie.

MARGO

Yes, dear. Whatever dear says.

GUS

Don't criticize me! I've been on that drip machine all afternoon.

MARGO

I'm not criticizing. I know you need a brownie after chemo.

GUS

So whatcha got for me this evenin', Darlin'?

MARGO

Lasagna. Left over from last Friday night.

GUS

Lasagna! I just had lasagna the other night. As I recall, it was left over from last Friday night.

MARGO

No. That was left over from the previous Friday night. Hey! I freeze it right after the meal is over. So, did you have some leftovers from that lasagna?

GUS

I guess so.

MARGO

Did you tape a date on that other carton of leftovers?

GUS

'Spect not.

MARGO

I 'spect not also. So when did you put that container in the freezer, exactly?

GUS

Couple a days ago. Maybe more. But it's in Tupperware.

MARGO

This here that I brought you tonight, was in Tupperware too.

(Gus peaks around at the container Margo has brought in.)

GUS

Wait a minute! That ain't Tupperware. That's that cheap Chinese shit they sell at the dollar store over in Bend. Margo, what do I have to do?

MARGO

Quit cher bitchin'!

GUS

But Margo, you know I own Tupperware stock.

MARGO

Well, I didn't buy it at the dollar store anyway.

GUS

OK. Where did you buy it?

MARGO

At the new Walmart Store.

GUS

Bull! Sam Walton wouldn't sell cheap Chinese shit in any of his stores.

MARGO

And just when was the last time you were in a Walmart Store?

MATTHEW

We go at least twice a day. Sometimes more. The kids always come home from school needin' somethin'.

MAMIE

Walmart. Fall apart. That's my motto.

GUS

I was in the Walmart in Salem about two years ago.

MARGO

There's been a few changes at Walmart since you were in there. These days, most everything in the store is made in China.

GUS

Bullshit, I say. Sam Walton wouldn't sell no cheap Chinese shit in one of his stores. Everything in a Walmart store is made in America.

MARGO

Well, Gussy old boy, I have a receipt somewhere in my purse. I'll go get it and show it to you. Look at the bottom of this here container I bought in there. It says "Fabrique en Chine". Know what that means? Made in frigging China.

GUS

Well there goes my Tupperware stock. Another great American company bites the dust because of Naptha.

MAMIE

You mean NAFTA, don't cha?

GUS

Naptha. NAPA. NAFPA. NAFTA. What the hell difference does it make? We're screwed as a country. Those Chinks and Gooks can knock out plastic containers almost as fast as they can knock out kids.

(Gus lowers his head and places it in his hands. Margo dumps the food from the container, puts it on a plate and puts it in the microwave.)

MARGO

It'll be ready in a second.

GUS

Microwave, Margo? Microwave? Really, Margo. Microwave!

MARGO

You're already radioactive. What's the big concern?

MAMIE

Hold it a minute! Let's cut to the chase scene.

MARGO

Well, he has had a lot of radiation therapy.

MAMIE

To hell with the radiation! I'm talking about the blatant racism, the blatant sexism and the disrespect old Gus here shows everybody. So far tonight, I have been forced at gunpoint to share a bathroom with two members of the opposite sex I had never met before. I have been standing here next to this wooden bear, surrounded by an arsenal. I've been sitting on a hard, wooden crate while wearing a minimal costume. And now, I have to listen to an obvious racist use terms that I find to be objectionable. I am beginning to wonder why the hell I even came here tonight.

GUS

Don't worry. We'll start the interviews as soon as Damian gets here.

MAMIE

Yeah. We heard. Some boy wonder is going to show up and get this dog and pony show on the road. Will he be wearing a mask and a cape? Or just a mask?

MARGO

I just saw Damian. He was taking out the trash for his Mom. He should be here any minute.

MAMIE

We are all waiting with baited breath. What kind of racist, misogynist is this Damian?

MARGO

Damian is a very nice young man. He's studying business at the community college. I know he has been a big help to Gus.

MAMIE

And what's this thing about interviewing for two different jobs at the same time? Didn't you have any other takers answer your ad? So two people show up and even the owners don't seem to know what the hell is going on.

GUS

We know what the hell is going on. Not many people live up here on Elk Wallow Road. Not many people even know where it is. But, whatever the hell we have to offer in the way of jobs, has to be better than anything else out there. I mean, how many jobs did you see listed for models who pose for soft porn?

MAMIE

None except yours. But then how many soft core porn magazines are published on Elk Wallow Road?

(Damian has entered as Mamie asks the previous question. He is dressed in an ill-fitting suit and wears a gaudy tie. He carries a clip board.)

DAMIAN

None. To be precise. No other soft core porn magazines are published up here. So what seems to be the problem?

GUS

Miss Mamie here doesn't like our accommodations.

MAMIE

Miss Mamie hasn't seen any freaking accommodations. And who the hell are you? No. Let me guess. Boy wonder, right? Where's your mask and cape?

DAMIAN

I am Mr. Jordan's business partner. I will be conducting the interviews tonight. Have we received resumes from both of you?

MAMIE

Here's mine.

MATTHEW

Here's mine too. Win-win!

DAMIAN

And your name is?

MATTHEW

Matthew Cartwright.

DAMIAN

Welcome, Matthew.

MAMIE

Matthew's here for the modeling job.

DAMIAN

He is?

MATTHEW

No I ain't!

GUS

Miss Mamie here is being a little belligerent. She thinks we're some fly-by-night operation. Matthew is here for the telemarketing job. Mamie says she wants to audition for the modeling job, but she probably has bigger fish on the line, to hear her talk.

MAMIE

I don't have any fish on the line. I just don't like having a gun waved in my face. A gun, I might add, that was fired! In this room! Now I ask you, what the hell kind of interview situation is that?

DAMIAN

Gus, have you been firing your side arm again? I thought I heard a shot coming from somewhere.

GUS

Well, she was refusing to get into the bathroom so's I could get some change for Raj. I mean, all's she had to do was stand in there for a couple of minutes. But no! She had to be convinced!

MARGO

OK. I for one, need to get going. You folks have all night to work out your differences. Gus needs to eat something. The stuff in the microwave is about ready. When you hear the ding, somebody take it out and give it to him. I am the one with more important fish to fry. Jeopardy starts in five minutes!

GUS

Thank you, Sweetie. You're an angel.

MARGO

Gus, you know I am no angel. And neither is she. Somebody needs to put a leash on her.

MAMIE

OK. That does it. I'm out of here. Job or no job, I don't need any more of this bullshit.

DAMIAN

Hold on a minute. Everybody needs to back off and cool down. First of all, Gus here needs to eat this brownie I made for him.

MATTHEW

Uh...if that brownie has in it what I think it does, my parole officer doesn't need to know about it.

MAMIE

So Matthew, this isn't a win-win for you?

MATTHEW

If that's pot, I don't want any. I have a UA coming up this week.

DAMIAN

I only brought one brownie, Matthew. Gus usually eats all of it.

MAMIE

Did they teach you to bake those at that inky dinky little campus down the road?

DAMIAN

No. I read the directions on the box and added one ingredient. Furthermore, I do have my application in to Harvard Business School.

MAMIE

You do? Well, I'll be damned. I applied to the Gypsy Rose Lee School for Stripping. I just haven't heard back from them yet.

DAMIAN

That's very funny, Mamie. You have quite a sense of humor. I don't suppose I could talk you into staying to be interviewed, could I?

MAMIE

Treat me like a human being and I might just do that little thing.

MARGO

I am the one who is getting out of here. I hear Alex Trebek calling my name. Alex is one old hunk!

(Margo walks to the front door and opens it. Eddie Saunders is standing outside the door ready to enter. Margo speaks to Eddie.)

MARGO

(Exits)

Eddie.

EDDIE

(Enters)

Margo.

(The microwave dings.)

MARGO

(From outside to Eddie inside.)

That's Gus' dinner. Frankly, I wouldn't go in there if I was you, Eddie. He and Damian are holding interviews tonight. So far, they have zilch.

EDDIE

Thanks for the heads up, Margo. I need to talk to Gus about the new transistor panel. I'll get his dinner out of the microwave.

(Eddie enters and walks to the microwave. He speaks while he is getting the meal out of the microwave. Gus is completing eating his brownie.)

EDDIE

Evenin', Gus. I need to ask you a few questions about the transmitting system. Here's your dinner.

GUS

Thanks, Eddie. Maybe I can help you and maybe I can't. I don't know that much about electricity.

EDDIE

We're talking electronics, Gus.

(Eddie hands Gus the heated meal and a fork.)

GUS

Electronics is different from electricity? See. I told you I don't know much. Damn this shit is hot! Margo turned up the microwave too high.

MAMIE

And just how does one turn up a microwave?

DAMIAN

Let's allow Mr. Jordan and Mr. Saunders to discuss their business.

(Damian puts his clipboard down on a crate.)

MAMIE

Sir, yes sir! Mr. Boy Wonder, sir!

EDDIE

So as I was saying, we need to send that transistor panel back to the manufacturer. It's too small for the capacity we're trying to create here.

GUS

Well then, send it back. You have my permission. Right, Damian?

DAMIAN

I have no problems with that.

EDDIE

Well, the problem is there will be a large cost increase to get a panel with the capacity we are aiming for.

GUS

As in how much?

EDDIE

As in as much as four figures more.

GUS

Damn! Hear that, partner? What do you think?

DAMIAN

What are the chances it would cost more down the road if we decided to keep the board with reduced capacity?

EDDIE

Well, that all depends on NAFTA and the Japanese market.

GUS

There you go again. That goddam NAPTHA! Damn that Bill Clinton to hell!

DAMIAN

So Gus, do we have the assets?

GUS

I get another payment from the lottery in a couple of weeks. Yeah. I guess so.

EDDIE

Damian, how do you feel about that?

DAMIAN

As long as it doesn't create a cash flow problem, it's OK with me.

EDDIE

Good. I'll get on the phone with Japan and see what kind of a deal we can make.

GUS

Go for it. But see if you can get a 30 day same as cash deal.

EDDIE

I'll give it a try. I'll let you know what I find out.

DAMIAN

Later, Eddie.

(Gus nods in agreement.)

EDDIE

Later.

(Eddie exits as Damian picks up his clip board and addresses the room.)

DAMIAN

OK. Show time. We are expecting some other applicants tonight. But let's get down to business. Who goes first?

MAMIE

That all depends. To what extent will I be required to remove articles of clothing?

DAMIAN

Your interview addresses the needs of our affiliate company "Guns and Boobs". As such, our only interest is in your ability to conform with some classic models of semi-nude posing, common to the soft core pornography industry.

MAMIE

Do I take my clothes off or not, Boy Wonder?

GUS

How else are we gonna tell whether or not our readers will get turned on?

(Damian pulls a sheet of paper from his clipboard and hands it to Mamie.)

DAMIAN

Miss Mamie, this sheet contains examples of the types of poses we need our models to perfect in order to meet the aesthetic requirements of our marketing surveys.

MAMIE

You mean you ask guys what they like to jerk off to and then you publish photographs to match. Right?

DAMIAN

Essentially, that is correct.

MAMIE

Bottom line, Boy Wonder. Do you want me to strip?

DAMIAN

Bottom line, Miss Mamie. No. We are only interested in determining the photogenic qualities of your breasts.

MAMIE

Then read my resume, Boy Wonder. Guys have been jacking off to my breasts for about ten years now.

GUS

Before we start, Damian do you have something for me?

DAMIAN

Sure Gus. Are you feeling nauseous?

GUS

I'm getting that way.

(Damian reaches into his jacket pocket and produces a small object wrapped in tin foil which he hands to Gus.)

DAMIAN

This should help in a few minutes.

MAMIE

Hey Boy Wonder, I'm starting to feel nauseous too. Got anything for me?

DAMIAN

I'm sorry, Miss Mamie. I didn't know you receive chemotherapy for your cancer diagnosis.

MAMIE

I don't. But that is a pot brownie, right?

DAMIAN

That is a homeopathic medicine which Gus' oncologist suggests he take for nausea after a chemo treatment.

MAMIE

But you don't have enough to share with the rest of the class?

DAMIAN

Miss Mamie, I wouldn't expect a professional like yourself to engage in taking an illegal drug prior to an interview.

MATTHEW

Hey. Can we just get on with this interviewing stuff?

MAMIE

Alright already! So do I show my tits or not?

(Gus is chewing heavily on the brownie which affects his speech.)

GUS

Forget it! I already saw them.

MAMIE

You what?

GUS

I already looked you up. We got back issues of our competitions' magazines. You were in the January 1994 issue of "Hot Boobies". I already seen your tits.

MAMIE

And?

GUS

They're nice tits. As tits go. I mean, yours tend to be big in the nipple, but they get the result we're after.

DAMIAN

So I guess we need to see you posing with guns.

GUS

Why don't we drag the old bear over here and see what she's got?

MAMIE

Who are you calling an old bear?

DAMIAN

Mr. Jordan is referring to the carved bear over in the corner. All of our models are required to pose while being seated on the bear and pointing various guns at the camera.

MAMIE

And what does sitting on a wooden bear have to do with getting your readers off?

DAMIAN

We don't really know. We simply know the results of our marketing surveys.

GUS

Yeah, Mamie old girl. That's what our survey says. The survey says, "Our guys like to see bare-titted bitches riding wooden bears while they point guns." Bing. Bing. Forty points for the Jordan family! Right partner?

DAMIAN

Right, partner! Is the brownie kicking in?

GUS

Old partner. Old pal. Old palsie-walsie. Yes! That freakin' brownie is kicking in! Now why don't you and Matthew drag the bear over here so's we can see Mamie pose?

MAMIE

Wait. What about my privacy? I didn't come here to be gawked at by every yahoo in the county.

DAMIAN

I'm afraid Miss Mamie is right. Our intention was to interview each applicant individually and in private. Perhaps we should interview Matthew first.

GUS

Whatever. Let's just get this freak show on the road! Yee haw!

DAMIAN

Miss Mamie, would you agree to wait outside for a few minutes? Maybe you could go get some of Raj's great coffee at the Mini-mart.

MAMIE

I will do anything at this point. A cup of coffee sounds good.

GUS

Wait just one damned minute. Nobody has said the pledge yet.

MAMIE

The pledge? You mean I have to say a pledge to something before my interview?

GUS

To the flag, woman. To the goddam flag over there by the door.

MAMIE

Oh for Christ's sake. What does saying the Pledge of Allegiance have to do with interviewing me for a strip job?

DAMIAN

Mr. Jordan considers himself to be a true patriot. He requires that his employees also be patriotic.

MAMIE

Alright already. Let's get this thing going! Where do I stand and what do I say?

GUS

You mean you don't know the words to the Pledge of Allegiance?

MAMIE

It's been a few years since I was in grade school, sweetie.

GUS

Well then, why doesn't sweetie just move her butt over there and stand at attention in front of the flag with her right hand on her heart? Matthew, you too.

(Mamie and Matthew move slowly and reluctantly toward the flag and put their hands on their hearts.)

MAMIE

And what if I'm left handed?

GUS

That don't matter. Still use your right hand. That's the law.

MAMIE

Is that the hand your readers use?

GUS

To salute the flag? Yes they do! Now repeat after me – I pledge allegiance to the flag...

MAMIE and MATTHEW

(Repeating Gus' words but not in unison.)

I pledge allegiance to the flag...

GUS

Of the United States of America. And to the republic for which it stands...

MAMIE and MATTHEW

Of the United States of America. And to the republic for which it stands...

GUS

One nation, under God...say it! With liberty and justice for all.

MAMIE and MATTHEW

One nation, under God...say it! With liberty and justice for all.

MAMIE

Play ball!

DAMIAN

Very nice, Miss Mamie and Matthew. Now Miss Mamie, if you wouldn't mind having a cup of coffee at the Mini-mart? We will have Matthew let you know when we are done with him and ready for you.

MAMIE

Done! Anybody got a dime for a cup of coffee?

GUS

Our coffee is fifty cents.

(Damian pulls a sheet of paper from his clip board and starts writing.)

DAMIAN

Miss Mamie, give this note to Raj. He will give you a cup of coffee.

MAMIE

Like I said, done!

(Mamie opens the door and exits.)

DAMIAN

Alright, Matthew. Let's get down to business. The jog for which you are applying is a telemarketing job. You will read a script to people you call and inform them about our new cellular telephone service which we will be offering once Eddie gets the tower up and running. So, here's a sample script. Please read it for us.

(Damian hands a piece of paper to Matthew with typed words on it.)

MATTHEW

OK if I read it over to myself first?

DAMIAN

Whatever makes you feel comfortable, Matthew.

GUS

Everything except a bite of my brownie, that is. 'Cause I already ate the whole damned thing.

(Gus laughs loudly at his own joke while Damian and Matthew smile politely. Matthew holds up the paper and mouths words silently as he reads to himself.)

MATTHEW

Ready.

DAMIAN

Go ahead and read it to us out loud. And take your time. There is no need to be nervous.

MATTHEW

I wasn't nervous until you said that. OK. Here goes – Good evening/ morning/ afternoon. Is the person at home who pays the telephone bills? May I speak to that person? Hi. My name is fill in the blank – uh – Matthew. I'm calling this evening/ morning/ afternoon to inform you about a new service we are offering to folks in your neighborhood. Have you ever considered the possibility of owning a cellular telephone? You have/ haven't? Please let me tell you how you can now afford to own one. Jordan's Communication Services is offering you this opportunity for a short period of time...

DAMIAN

Thank you, Matthew. Mr. Jordan and I will look over your resume and get back to you.

GUS

Matthew, it said Jordan Communication Service didn't it? Not Jordan's Communication Services?

(Matthew holds the paper closer to his face.)

MATTHEW

Well jeebers. So it does. Does that mean I don't get the job?

DAMIAN

It doesn't mean anything. We will continue to hold interviews for as many qualified applicants as we have replying to our advertisements. I expect the entire process to take a couple of weeks. We will call you one way or

DAMIAN (continues)

another. Now, if you wouldn't mind letting Miss Mamie know we are ready for her?

MATTHEW

No problem, Mr. Damian. No Problem. Mr. Gus, thank you both for this opportunity to make a win...to make myself known to you.

GUS

Hey, thanks for stopping by. But could you help Damian move the bear closer to the center of the room before you go?

MATTHEW

Sure thing, Mr. Gus.

(Matthew and Damian push the wooden bear to the center downstage.)

MATTHEW

One last thing, Mr. Damian and Mr. Gus. You both sure I can't stay and watch Miss Mamie's interview?

GUS

It would be OK with me, but I don't suppose Miss Mamie would agree.

DAMIAN

I am certain she would not agree. Once again, Matthew, thanks for taking the time to meet with us.

MATTHEW

No problem. Thanks again for having me. And I didn't mind sayin' the national anthem either.

(Matthew salutes Gus and Damian as he exits the front door of the cabin. When the door is closed, Gus and Matthew chuckle.)

DAMIAN

What a rube! He didn't even ask about salary or benefits.

GUS

Good. He don't get either one! Say, before the bitch comes back, you got anything to toke on?

DAMIAN

Just a big roach I've been saving for a rainy day.

GUS

Is that thunder I hear?

DAMIAN

Sure sounds like thunder.

(Damian takes a roach from his jacket pocket and clips it to a roach clip. He starts to light the roach when the front door opens and Mamie walks in. Damian quickly places the roach back in his jacket pocket.)

MAMIE

And you still don't have enough for the rest of the class?

GUS

I ain't even got nothing for me.

MAMIE

Never mind. Let's get this thing over with. So that's the bear, right?

DAMIAN

We call her Gretta. Did you have time to review the classic poses we need you to perform for us?

MAMIE

We could just go down the list and do them one at a time.

DAMIAN

That should do it. Do you want me to hold the protocol while you pose?

MAMIE

You gonna be holding anything else besides your protocol?

(Damian pulls a sheet of paper from his clip board.)

DAMIAN

So Miss Mamie...

MAMIE

Mamie will do.

DAMIAN

Mamie, this protocol is a style sheet of the poses we ask our models to demonstrate. We think we have a proprietary system that we can copyright.

(Mamie takes the sheet and looks at it.)

MAMIE

Well, sonny boy, you already showed me this. It all looks like the typical shit to me.

DAMIAN

I think "sonny boy" is a bit condescending, don't you? My name is Damian Benson.

MAMIE

And is that Mr. Damian, or just plain Damian.

DAMIAN

Mr. Benson will do.

MAMIE

OK then, Mr. Damian Benson. I don't see anything here I haven't done before. What makes your system so special?

(Mamie hands sheet back to Damian.)

DAMIAN

Well...Mamie...we do ask that our models pose in this system while holding a gun. Have you ever done that before/

MAMIE

No but that's special? Why?

DAMIAN

We are shooting...pardon the expression...for a specific audience. Our audience tends to be men who get excited looking at women, but they also get excited looking at guns.

MAMIE

Got any data saying which one they like best?

DAMIAN

That data would be useless. The stimuli appear in all photos simultaneously. There's no way to scientifically determine which one stimulates more than the other. Besides, the margin of error would be so big...

(Mamie runs her fingers up Damian's arm as he jerks back. By this time, Gus has nodded off and snores lightly.)

MAMIE

Hmmm. Baby. You are one smart guy. Men with brains have an effect on me.

DAMIAN

Let's keep this on a professional level.

MAMIE

OK, Mr. Damian Benson. I'll try to control myself.

DAMIAN

So for the first shot, let's just do the first pose. We usually use a 9 millimeter pistol for that one. But you will need to take off that trench coat.

MAMIE

Sure thing, Mr. Damian Benson. But let's be clear on one thing.

DAMIAN

Which is?

MAMIE

The girls.

DAMIAN

The girls?

(Mamie slowly removes the trench coat.)

MAMIE

The boobs. The ta-tas. I don't show mine for a trial photo shoot. They cost money. Under this trench coat, I am wearing a very revealing two piece.

DAMIAN

Yes...it is...revealing.

MAMIE

That is what you, Mr. Damian Benson, are going to get tonight. I hope you understand that if I give it away for free tonight, you might be tempted to...let's just say...you might misplace my contact information and forget to ask me back for a paid session.

DAMIAN

Well, there are no guarantees that you will meet our standards of performance. I mean, let's be honest, there's nothing wrong with your...girls? Right? I mean, I haven't seen them, but my partner has. In that other publication.

(Gus arouses from his sleep.)

GUS

What the hell time is it? How long have I been out?

DAMIAN

About fifteen minutes. It's the brownie. How do you feel now?

GUS

I ain't sick at my stomach now.

MAMIE

So, you've invited me up here to your drug den. And you want me to pose with this stupid assed bear while I hold a gun. Is that right?

DAMIAN

What did you expect?

MAMIE

Some level of professionalism. Not a cabin back in the woods, with a teenaged photographer and a doped up executive.

GUS

I ain't no doped up executive. I happen to need chemotherapy which just happens to make me sick as a dog. Damian here just happens to be willing to risk his young ass to buy some pot and to bake me some brownies so as I don't get quite as sick. Now what is YOUR problem?

MAMIE

I don't have a problem.

GUS

Well, it sure as hell sounds like it.

DAMIAN

OK you two. This is starting to get out of hand. Let's just do the shoot. OK, Gus?

GUS

OK!

DAMIAN

OK, Mamie?

MAMIE

Sure!

DAMIAN

Alright then. Gus, would you pick out the gun you want Mamie to pose with in the first pose, while I adjust the lighting?

GUS

Sure. The 9 millimeter, right?

(Damian walks to the gun rack and picks a 9mm pistol off the rack and returns to the area where Gus, Mamie and the bear are located. Mamie climbs up on the bear as Gus helps her.)

DAMIAN

So Mamie, this first shot is you seated on top of the bear, holding the gun pointing down like you already shot the bear.

MAMIE

Isn't it a problem that the bear never changes? Never appears to be dead?

DAMIAN

We have never once had a complaint from a reader about that bear. The bear never changes.

MAMIE

Says a lot about your audience, doesn't it?

DAMIAN

I beg your pardon?

MAMIE

What? Your readers don't know the difference between a dead bear and a live one?

(Damian hands Mamie the gun, pistol grip first)

DAMIAN

Mamie, our readers are not looking at the bear. They are either looking at the model or at the gun the model is using. We are working in a photographic poetic reality in which the bear is a component of our corporate branding.

GUS

Yeah, Mamie. It's a component of our corporate branding like Damian says.

(Mamie holds the gun awkwardly)

MAMIE

OK. Let's understand something. I am not that familiar with handling guns. Nobody's ever asked me to pose with a gun before.

DAMIAN

Just be sure to put your finger on the trigger. That's the most realism we ask for.

MAMIE

Trigger?

GUS

Yeah. That little c-shaped thingy.

(Mamie looks closely at the gun, pointing at the trigger)

MAMIE

You mean this thing?

GUS

That's it.

MAMIE

OK. I have my finger on the trigger. I guess.

GUS

Not you middle finger, damn it! Your pointy finger. Now do not pull it. I can't recall whether or not it's loaded. There was a raccoon outside the other night. I pulled out one of the pistols and killed the bastard. I just can't remember which gun I used.

(By this time, Damian has produced a camera and is aiming it at Mamie.)

DAMIAN

Gus, check it before we go on.

(Gus takes the gun from Mamie and pulls the clip)

GUS

This one's safe.

(Mamie takes the gun back from Gus and clumsily puts her finger on the trigger again)

MAMIE

Should I be aiming it at anything?

DAMIAN

At the floor. As if you have just fired it. And cross your legs with the gun between your crossed legs.

MAMIE

Like this?

(Damian focuses the camera and takes a photo)

DAMIAN

Exactly! Got it!

MAMIE

But I wasn't even posed yet.

DAMIAN

It looked very natural. You had a confused, innocent expression on your face. Our readers will love it – a vulnerable female having just shot her bear and not even being aware of the process. Nice!

MAMIE

And that's what you want from me? Vulnerable?

DAMIAN

Yes. You need to appear as if any guy would want to reach out and show you how guns work.

(Mamie climbs down from the bear)

MAMIE

Bullshit. That is just plain sexist.

GUS

Where the hell did you think we were going here? Of course it's sexist! It's porn goddamit!

MAMIE

Then I won't do it. I won't portray a vulnerable woman waiting for her man to show up to save her.

GUS

Then you're at the wrong audition, woman.

MAMIE

Isn't it bad enough I have to stand here half naked holding a piece of machinery capable of killing people? Do I have to appear vulnerable? How would you feel, Damian? If you were half naked, sitting on a stupid assed bear?

DAMIAN

Well, I guess I wouldn't know, having never done that before.

MAMIE

Well try it, Bub! Drop trow and you get up on that damned bear!

DAMIAN

Not a chance!

(Mamie points the gun around wildly as Gus and Damian duck for cover.)

MAMIE

I have the gun. You have a freaking camera. We are not exactly even are we? Now drop trow, buddy boy.

GUS

This is all bullshit. That gun ain't even loaded. I took out the clip and looked at it.

MAMIE

Well, let's see then. If it's not loaded, I should be able to pull the trigger and nothing will happen, right?

DAMIAN

Right.

OK. Let's try it.

MAMIE

Point at the ceiling!

GUS

Why? The gun's not loaded.

MAMIE

There may still be a shell in the chamber.

GUS

But you looked at it, right?

MAMIE

I didn't check the chamber. Now point it at the ceiling.

GUS

No. First little Damian needs to drop trow. Now, MOFO!

MAMIE

(Damian unbuckles his belt and slowly lowers his trousers down to expose his underwear. His underwear has images of powerful cartoon figures on it.)

Happy now?

DAMIAN

No. I'm still pissed.

MAMIE

DAMIAN

Well, this is as far as I go. You can go ahead and shoot me.

MAMIE

Not so fast. You just jump up there on that damned bear. Now!

(Damian complies.)

DAMIAN

Happy now? Ouch! I think I just got a splinter in my butt.

MAMIE

So just sit there a while and think about what it feels like to be vulnerable.

(At this point, the doorbell rings. Gus yells.)

GUS

Come on in! It ain't locked.

DAMIAN

No! Wait!

MAMIE

Too late.

(As the door opens, Damian squirms on top of the bear, attempting to locate the splinter in his derriere. His mother, Angela Benson, walks into the room and visually surveys the room.)

ANGELA

Gus, I need to get Damian. Damian! What the hell are you doing, son?

DAMIAN

Mom. I got a splinter in my butt from sitting on this bear.

ANGELA

Well please tell me why in God's name you're sitting on top of the bear in the first place? In your underwear?

DAMIAN

We were just doing a photo shoot.

ANGELA

And now you're the one who's posing for photos? In your briefs?

DAMIAN

No, Mom. Miss Mamie here is auditioning for our next issue. She got mad at me and threatened me with a gun.

(Mamie waves the gun toward the ceiling)

MAMIE

It's not loaded. Gus here checked it. See?

(Mamie aims at the ceiling and pulls the trigger. The gun fires into the air.)

GUS

Son of a bitch! I told you I forgot to check the chamber.

ANGELA

Get down off that bear and put your clothes on, Damian Benson! You are done here tonight! We are taking off for Bend. Now. Go pack a bag.

(Damian complies.)

DAMIAN

Yes, Mother.

ANGELA

Gus Jordan, we need to talk about this as soon as I get back from Bend.

GUS

Sure thing, Angela. It ain't as bad as it looks.

ANGELA

Well it looks like somebody could have been killed here tonight.

GUS

Somebody could have been killed. Maybe. But wasn't.

ANGELA

Whatever!

(Angela turns toward the front door, following Damian's exit. With the front door open, Calvin Marquise and Randy Burns enter through the door before Angela can exit. Calvin is dressed in a black leather coat and carries a briefcase which he seldom puts down. Randy wears a classic woman's jacket similar to the coat Joe DiMaggio gave to Marilyn Monroe. Randy's legs have fishnet stockings and Randy's Las Vegas showgirl costume can be seen from beneath her jacket.)

CALVIN

Good evening. My name is Calvin Marquise. This is my client, Miss Randy Burns. We are here for the audition.

(Angela to Calvin as she leaves, slamming the door.)

ANGELA

Make sure the guns are not loaded!

(Mamie puts on her trench coat and stomps toward the door, nodding at Calvin and Randy as she speaks.)

MAMIE

Well Gus, old buddy. This is where I leave too. And you may not use that damned photograph for anything whatsoever. Calvin. Randy. Best of luck. And Randy, check the bear for splinters before you mount him. Better check Gus too.

RANDY

I beg your pardon?

(Mamie as she slams the door.)

MAMIE

You'll see. Soon enough!

END OF ACT 1

ACT II

Scene 1

SETTING:

The setting is the same as Act 1.

AT RISE:

Gus is seated in his recliner near the carved bear. Gus is wearing holsters carrying one side arm in each holster. Randy and Calvin remain in the places they had been in at the end of Act I.

GUS

So Miss Randy, you want to audition for "Guns and Boobs"?

RANDY

Well, Calvin told me your magazine...it is your magazine? I mean you are the publisher of "Guns and Boobs"?

GUS

We're a corporation of some kind. I guess I'm the president. That was my business partner you saw running out the door in his undies just as you were coming in.

CALVIN

As Randy's manager, I need a little more information. I mean, that exit was slightly on the strange side, don't you think?

GUS

Well, that last woman we were interviewing kinda took matters into her own hands and held my partner at gun point. I don't think we'll be using her in our magazine.

CALVIN

Do you have a listing with the Better Business Bureau?

GUS

I highly doubt it.

CALVIN

Anything in the Thomas Register?

GUS

Whatever the hell that is...no, I doubt it.

CALVIN

Then how do we know whether or not you are a legitimate business?

GUS

You mean you've never seen a copy of "Guns and Boobs" before? Why, we do business in 16 states. We distribute magazines that we publish ourselves.

CALVIN

I see. And what is the format for your publication?

GUS

Page after page of women sitting on that carved bear there, aiming guns at anything within range while their boobies are exposed.

CALVIN

And that exposure of the breasts is the limit on the requirements of a lady who might pose for your magazine?

GUS

Look...Calvin is it? Calvin, our magazines are sold in fast service markets where kids might be with their parents. We can be out high on the rack where the kiddies can't reach us. Anything more and we'd be behind the counter out of sight. We even get complaints about the bare tits from some religious nuts.

CALVIN

So exactly what will be expected of Miss Randy for her audition tonight?

GUS

Now that I think about it, there might not be an audition tonight. My partner was just hauled off half-ass naked by his mother. They are travelin' into Bend to pick up supplies tonight. And frankly, I don't know nothin' about all of that damned camera equipment. That's Damian's...my partner's department.

RANDY

Listen Mr. Jordan, you didn't tell me they planned on taking photographs of me. I mean, I didn't bring the right makeup for photographing my breasts. And I am certain I heard a gunshot as we were getting out of the taxi.

GUS

Taxi? What're you talkin' about? There ain't no taxi service for Elk Hollow.

CALVIN

Mr....Sorry. You didn't introduce yourself yet.

GUS

Jordan. Mr. Jordan. President of G and B Enterprises, a division of Jordan Communication Systems.

CALVIN

Thank you. Mr. Jordan, Miss Randy and I hired a taxi out of Bend to drive us up here tonight, with the assumption we would be auditioning for a legitimate company. So far, I haven't seen anything to suggest that your business is in any way serious. Nor do I perceive any evidence that Miss Randy's being associated with your business, would benefit her career at all.

GUS

How much was the taxi?

CALVIN

Two hundred dollars one way.

GUS

And they are waiting for you right now?

CALVIN

They are. Each minute we speak costs us money. So, let's make our conversation meaningful by making it brief. Do you intend to give my client an audition tonight and do you have the authority, if your expectations are met by the audition, to tender an offer to employ my client tonight?

GUS

Uh...No and no. I want my partner to be there for the audition, therefore I won't be able to make any offers.

CALVIN

Thank you for finally being honest. Miss Randy, we are done here.

GUS

Now hold it just one damn minute. Just because I can't do anything about this tonight, doesn't mean we wouldn't be interested in Miss Randy here. I mean, she's a good lookin' woman. We ain't seen the tattas yet. But they look pretty perky from here. Stop worryin' about the taxi. I'll pay for it.

CALVIN

And how will that change anything? Are we going to stay a few hours? To do what? Not much that I can foretell.

GUS

Calvin, old buddy. This is shaping up to be one lousy friggin' day. You see that IV pole? It's for me. Chemo. Cancer. Get the picture?

CALVIN

And we are expected to change that, how?

GUS

I'm startin' to feel lonely. My technician is bargaining for a electronic panel for our cell phone tower. My partner just got assaulted by a female sex fiend. My wife has already brought me a crappy meal. I ate a pot brownie, and now I feel like it's going to waste. I'm not nauseated by the chemo at this point. I'm nauseated by being alone and high.

RANDY

Oh, Mr. Jordan. I do know what you mean. It's like being left hanging out to dry and not knowing the humidity or the wind velocity.

GUS

Huh?

RANDY

You know...hanging out to dry. They just keep you hanging there until you dry off. Now who could know when that might be?

GUS

Yeah. Like that there.

CALVIN

Cut to the chase. You want us to stay with you a while and you agree to pay for the taxi? Right?

GUS

That's all I expect.

CALVIN

And any discussions we might have, would not be within the confines of any business deal that the three of us might enter into in the future?

GUS

Nope. Just folks talkin' about stuff. No business.

CALVIN

And you mean no business of yours which was the original purpose of our meeting?

GUS

You mean you might wanna talk about other business?

CALVIN

Perhaps.

GUS

Well, shit sakes. It's a free country ain't it?

CALVIN

It is indeed a free country.

GUS

Then we can talk about anything we want that ain't related to my business?

CALVIN

No. That isn't related to the business reason that we came here tonight – auditioning for "Guns and Boobs Magazine".

GUS

That's just what I'm sayin', Calvin, old friend.

CALVIN

Shake?

GUS

Shake!

(They shake hands.)

RANDY

Me too! Now what should we talk about? Mr. Jordan...

GUS

Gus.

RANDY

Yes. Mr. Gus, what should we talk about?

GUS

Well, our health, for one. I have some real concerns about my health, Miss Randy.

RANDY

Just plain Randy.

GUS

Like I was sayin', Randy, I'm worried about my health.

RANDY

Well, I would hope so, Mr. Gus. I would hope so. So who hooks you up for the chemo?

GUS

Damian's mother. She's a nurse. She's been with me ever since I started doing the chemo at home. She's a registered nurse. She's my personal nurse. I let her and Damian live in one of those RVs out there so's she can be with me most of the time if I need her.

RANDY

But now, she and Damian have left for Bend. That last candidate didn't pan out and suddenly, you find yourself alone.

GUS

Well, before you got here, there was an unemployed logger we interviewed.

RANDY

For "Guns and Boobs Magazine"?

GUS

Guns and boobs? No. We have us another business. I assume I can talk about it?

(Calvin nods in agreement.)

GUS

Good. We are assembling a cellular telephone tower to serve everyone living within a 50 mile radius with a clear, reliable cellular telephone service.

RANDY

Oh my! Now that is interesting!

GUS

Yes. Well, that unemployed logger who was here earlier tonight, was being interviewed for a sales position with our communications company.

CALVIN

And that day will come, my friends, when that cell tower will also be able to broadcast a signal that will allow anyone with a telephone line to access the worldwide web by way of their telephone company. Call it a Direct Service Line.

GUS

You are shitting me, aren't you?

CALVIN

I shit you not, old friend, old pal. And now I must admit that that is my personal reason for being up here tonight. Yes. I am Randy's manager. But I also do website designing for businesses all over the state. So I have a proposal for you that's just between the two of us. Or three as the case might be.

GUS

And just what is your proposal?

CALVIN

I am thinking that you need to take your soft core porn magazine to the next level.

GUS

Which is?

CALVIN

Your own internet site. You already have a system that works and most of the equipment, so to speak. The big deal is the configuration of your tower. Have you heard of the 2G signal?

GUS

I ain't even heard of the 1G. I leave all that stuff up to my technician, Eddie.

CALVIN

So the ability to link a radio signal to a common wired telephone system has been around since the 1920s in Germany. The question is what kind of data can be transmitted over an analog system.

GUS

An ana what?

CALVIN

Analog is anything that isn't digital. Do you have a wrist watch?

GUS

Sure. But I don't wear it much.

CALVIN

Do you need to wind it or does it run on a battery?

GUS

I wind it.

CALVIN

That means it's an analog watch. A digital watch would have a battery and electronic circuitry that uses logic chips in a base 2 number system that produces an electronic product. In the case of a wrist watch, the chips measure time and report the results by way of light emitting diodes.

GUS

Calvin, old buddy, you are already way beyond me. I hired a technician to deal with this shit. Let's see if we can get Eddie in here.

CALVIN

This is the Eddie who is designing your cell tower configuration?

GUS

That's my man. Right now, he's negotiating with some Japanese company on some board we need to install.

CALVIN

Do you mind if I talk with Eddie?

GUS

Oh hell no! His RV is parked out there in the lot. He's usually here 24/7. Go open the front door and yell his name. He's around here some place. I guess that communication system of yelling would be analog, right?

CALVIN

That it would be, Gus. That it would be.

(Calvin goes to the front door and opens it. He yells out through the open doorway.)

CALVIN *(continues)*

Eddie! Eddie! Gus needs to talk to you.

(Eddie can be seen walking towards the open door and on into the cabin. He holds out his hand to greet Calvin.)

EDDIE

Eddie Saunders. Who might you be?

CALVIN

Calvin Marquise. And I just might be the guy who will make you wealthy.

EDDIE

Gus, what's this fellow talking about?

GUS

That's why I told him to call you. Calvin here is another boy genius who seems to know a lot about cell phones. Why don't you show Calvin around the lot and talk to him about what we're trying to do here?

EDDIE

Is Calvin in any way involved with any entity that might be competition for us?

CALVIN

No, Eddie. I am not. I am a website designer and I manage the career of Miss Randy Burns over there.

RANDY

Hi, Eddie. How are you? We came up for an audition, but Mr. Gus' business partner had to leave.

EDDIE

I thought I saw Damian running out of here. But he was only wearing his whitey tighties. What was that all about?

RANDY

Well Eddie, in the business, that's what we call a creative difference. You either work them out or you lose your pants. So to speak.

EDDIE

Whatever. Anyway, sure. Calvin and I can take a look at our plans over at my place.

GUS

Great. Me and Miss Randy will sit here and shoot the shit for a while. But don't take too long. I told Calvin and Miss Randy I would pay for their taxi since I made them come up here and she couldn't audition without Damian being here.

EDDIE

OK. Calvin, let's go outside and take a look at what we're planning.

CALVIN

Let's do it!

(Eddie and Calvin exit.)

GUS

So, Miss Randy, before we got sidetracked by the analogs, we were talking about health.

RANDY

Why yes we were, weren't we? We got as far as your chemo treatments. And I recall something about pot brownies for your nausea.

GUS

Let's be honest, Randy. I am scared shitless. I put up a good front, but I know there's something rotten inside me that might just kill me sooner than I might want to die.

RANDY

And you have an oncologist?

GUS

I do. I visit him at least once a month.

RANDY

And what type of cancer are we talking about? Any tumors? What body parts are affected?

GUS

It started with my prostate gland. I refused to let a doctor stick his finger up my you-know-what and kerblooey, I got diagnosed with prostate cancer. Now they're afraid it might spread.

RANDY

Has your oncologist discussed a nuclear implant with you?

GUS

Yes. But I told him I didn't want no nuclear device sewn into my insides.

RANDY

So, we seem to be hoping that regular chemo will attack the tumor.

GUS

No offense, but how do you know so much about medicine?

RANDY

Well, I have had a few surgeries myself. Some went well and some not so well. That's one of the reasons I came here tonight. I need to earn some money.

GUS

For a surgery?

RANDY

It's more in the way of reversing one of those surgeries that didn't go so well.

GUS

Well what was it? Do you feel like talking about it?

RANDY

I probably should talk with Calvin first. It has a direct impact on my modeling career.

GUS

Jesus! Well, if things had gone like they was supposed to tonight, would we have seen anything during the audition?

RANDY

You wouldn't have seen anything unusual. That is, if your audition included only the exposure of breasts. At this point, my breasts look normal. They're even what you might call perky.

GUS

No offense, but from what I can see, you have a nice...well, a nice rack.

RANDY

Well, thank you Mr. Gus. But that's where the problem lies. They have been enhanced.

GUS

And I would bet that 90 percent of our models at G and B have had enhancements. That just makes them more photographic.

RANDY

And did you ever ask any of the models about the type of enhancements they had done?

GUS

I just assume they had them implants done.

RANDY

Precisely. But what type of implants? How long ago? What name brand?

GUS

Well, I never asked any of them about those things. I never asked any of them if they had implants for that matter.

RANDY

And that is the problem, Mr. Gus. I suspect none of those models had any idea of what was being placed inside their bodies. You see, Mr. Gus, some of those implants have begun to fail. Saline-filled implants are silicone shells filled with sterile salt water. That is, they are filled with saline solution. Silicone-filled implants are silicone shells filled with a plastic gel. That gel is called silicone. The original idea was that silicone implants would feel more like real breasts than saline filled implants. But what everybody didn't think about was the risk posed by the silicone filled implant if they leaked.

GUS

What would cause them to leak?

RANDY

Well, think about it. A sudden impact like a car wreck. A sudden impact like a trip and fall accident. And suddenly, this silicone is released into your body. Some have even been found to have been faulty when they were made and just leak without anything causing them to leak at all.

GUS

So what should a woman do if she knows she has the silicone ones?

RANDY

Have them surgically removed and replaced with saline solution filled implants.

GUS

And how much do they screw you for to have that done?

RANDY

It all depends. Some manufacturers are recognizing the problem and offer a program to replace their product. But some surgeons are in denial and won't tell women the name brand of the implants. Then you just have to find a surgeon who is not afraid of litigation. In some cases, the surgery costs as much as 20 grand.

GUS

Jesus! And what's your situation, Randy?

RANDY

Like I said, I need to talk to my manager before I reveal too much about that. But as far as cash goes, I don't have any.

(This conversation is interrupted by the fax machine turning on. Gus reaches for a pistol on his gun belt and immediately aims it at the fax machine. Randy moves rapidly toward Gus as Gus aims his pistol at the fax machine. A facsimile is printing out.)

RANDY

Wait, Mr. Gus! It's just a fax being received by your fax machine.

GUS

Damn! I never got one of those before. So this is what a fax looks like. How do I get it off the machine?

RANDY

Let me help. It comes out from a roll of paper. There's one page so far. Some fax machines automatically trim off each page. Others, you need to tear. There's the first page.

GUS

What's it say?

RANDY

It's a cover letter from a life insurance company. Have you applied for life insurance recently?

GUS

Yeah. Some agent came over and had me sign a bunch of papers. He said he'd get back to me.

RANDY

Well, this is from one of the vice presidents of that company.

GUS

Read it to me. I'm too stoned to read it.

RANDY

Alright. Let me see, please Mr. Gus?

GUS

Yeah. What's this vice president got to say anyway? Wait! It's spittin' out another page.

RANDY

He talks about that page in the letter. He says he regrets to inform you that his company will not be able to underwrite the coverage you requested. He says their decision is based on a report from your oncologist. He says that the attached report from your oncologist contains information about your health which he has underlined in the attached copy.

GUS

The machine's done spittin'. What's the report got to say?

RANDY

Here's the underlined part. "Our evaluation of Mr. Jordan's present condition for which we are administering conservative treatment at this time, is as follows. Mr. Jordan has expressed his reluctance to allow state-of-the-art treatment alternatives. He seems to insist that some magic bullet will soon be found that will cure his condition. Unfortunately, Mr. Jordan has waited too long. Our most recent assessment indicates that the cancer has spread from his prostate to his skeletal system. In short, we estimate that Mr. Jordan has no more than six more months before this condition causes his death." Oh my! I am so sorry, Mr. Gus!

GUS

So am I. My asshole oncologist hasn't even told me about this! The dirty son-of-a-bitch! Six months huh? Well, I'm gonna show him! I have resources. I'll find that god damned magic bullet if I have to spend my entire fortune on it.

RANDY

Maybe I have a tool that can help you with all of this.

GUS

And what is that, Randy?

RANDY

Calvin gave me a set of Tarot cards for Christmas last year. I bought a book about how to use the Tarot cards to read your future. So far, you just have this one doctor's opinion about your health.

GUS

No, I have the whole Oncology Department at the Cancer Analysis Institute givin' me advice. And not a one of those bastards told me how bad it was. Not a one.

RANDY

And you only have the opinion of Western Medicine. There are so many systems of healing out there. Acupuncture, faith healing, Chinese herbals.

GUS

Hocus Pocus!

RANDY

Mr. Gus, Western Medicine has just given you a death sentence. I'm talking about healing systems that have been working for humans for three or four thousand years.

GUS

I suppose. Where do I go to take a look at all of this stuff you're talking about?

RANDY

The amazing thing, Mr. Gus, is that it's all around you. You need to look for it. In words used in the Tarot card system, you need to become an inquisitor.

GUS

An in-whats-itz-tor?

RANDY

An inquisitor, Mr. Gus. Someone who seeks the answers to Life's most profound questions. Questions about Love and Hatred. Peace and War. Life and Death. God and the Creation.

GUS

God? I got God. God is the old fart that created this mess we call Reality. And then if that wasn't enough, he sent his kid to torture us some more with all kinds of weird shit about forgiving your neighbors and all of that.

RANDY

Whatever, Mr. Gus. But you have been hit by a big brick just now. If or when you kick off in the next few months, and if you spend all of your fortune on this thing you call a magic bullet, and if you still are about to die, you will ask yourself if there were questions you forgot to ask. What things you forgot to look into. All I am saying is that Magic and the Supernatural might hold an answer for you.

GUS

I've been around the Ouija board before. We had one when I was a kid. My older sister used to make me play it with her while she looked for a new boyfriend. I hope your stuff works better than that. My sister has been divorced 5 times.

RANDY

Mr. Gus, what I am talking about is a search. When you search for something, you try to use as many tools as you can. Right now, up here on this mountain top, you have already set up a bunch of people that take care of your physical needs. But who takes care of your emotional and spiritual needs? In dealing with a disease like cancer, you need to emphasize those as much as the physical.

GUS

I suppose. So what do you have? Tear up cards?

RANDY

Tear Oh cards, Mr. Gus. Tear Oh. It's an ancient system...Wait a minute. I have the book in my purse. I might as well just read it to you. I haven't really done a "reading" with anyone before except for Calvin.

(Randy reaches for her purse and pulls a copy of Eden Gray's "A Complete Guide to the Tarot" from it, opens the book and begins to read to Gus as the two of them settle down on crates or chairs nearby. To make his seating more comfortable, Gus removes his gun belt and hangs it and his guns around the neck of the chainsaw Carved bear.)

RANDY

It says here, "The Tarot Defined. The ancient and mystic pack of cards called the Tarot never fails to evoke the curiosity of the uninitiated."

GUS

That's me! Uninitiated. Never heard of such shit before. Sorry. Go ahead and read there, Randy old girl.

RANDY

Let me read past the introduction. Do you want me to read about the history of the Tarot?

GUS

Naw. Let's just cut to the chase. How do you do it and what does it mean?

RANDY

Do you want to know about the Major Arcana and the Minor Arcana?

GUS

I don't even want to hear them there words again. Like I said, let's just cut to the chase!

RANDY

OK. Moving right along here. "How to Read the Cards. Let us assume that you have a deck of Tarot cards, presumably the Rider pack designed by A.E. Waite which is pictured in this book." Wait a minute. I have a pack in my purse. Close your eyes. OK. Wait for it. Now, look!

GUS

Them's some pretty weird ass cards you got there, Randy.

RANDY

These aren't just any cards, Mr. Gus. These can be used to foretell the future. These are magical, mystical cards used by the ancients to help inquisitors all over the world to see into what fate waits for them. Are you an Inquisitor, Mr. Gus?

GUS

I thought we already determined I am.

RANDY

Good then. Let's do a reading.

GUS

Let's do, Randy old girl. Let's do. Now it does sound kinda spooky.

RANDY

Because it is spooky, Mr. Gus. Would you mind lowering the lights in order to create a more receptive atmosphere? And, do you have any candles we could light?

GUS

Dimmin' the lights works OK. Is that good enough?

RANDY

Nice, Gus. Now have a seat.

GUS

I ain't got no candles, but I do have a white gas lantern some place. Will that help?

RANDY

No, Mr. Gus. This level of lighting will be just fine. Now have a seat...wait...drag that crate over here between us so we can deal the cards on a level surface.

GUS

Done!

RANDY

Nice! Very, very nice. This is a good setting for a reading. We can see the cards, but the light won't blind the Truth. Are you ready, Mr. Gus? Do you want to shuffle the cards?

GUS

Sure. Hand 'em over,

RANDY

Nice job, Mr. Gus. Do you want to pull the cards from the deck?

GUS

Naw. I shuffled. You draw.

RANDY

Take a deep breath. Breathe out slowly. (Pause) Again. (Pause) And again. Good. Let's begin. Here's the first card.

(Stage light dims to indicate the passing of time. Lights come up after a few seconds. Eerie sound effects might also be used.)

RANDY

There you go, Mr. Gus! The Tarot cards say you can beat this! Come on and give me a hug.

(Randy holds out her arms for Gus. Gus is at first reluctant to hug Randy. Then Gus gives in with a "what the heck" expression and reaches out for Randy. Gus's hug proves to be too strong for Randy as she gently pushes him away and adjusts her implants.)

RANDY

You're a strong man, Mr. Gus. That was quite a hug!

GUS

Damn, Randy. I forgot about those things on your chest. I didn't mean to squeeze you so tight. I don't want to be the man who pops those things open.

RANDY

It's OK, Mr. Gus. No harm done.

GUS

Listen here, Randy. I'm gonna be spendin' some big bucks on this here magic bullet I need. I was just thinkin' maybe I could help you out. Not as anything to do with "Guns and Boobs", but just as another human being helping out another human being.

RANDY

Mr. Gus, we barely know each other.

GUS

I know, Randy. But I'm a good judge of character, and you seem like a real honorable kind of woman.

RANDY

Why thank you, Mr. Gus. That's very kind of you to say so.

GUS

In fact, Randy old girl, how's about this? How's about I give you a down payment on that operation you need?

RANDY

Well gee, Mr. Gus. That would be very nice of you. But we're really complete strangers to each other.

GUS

Well, you just shared a moment with me, darlin'. Right now, only you and me knows what's goin' on with my health. If you had a shit pot full of money that you really didn't need, wouldn't you do the same?

RANDY

Well, I would want to.

GUS

Exactly. I want to. Help you. How's about me givin' you \$5,000.00? As a down payment? Sometimes, with that much down, people can get the rest financed.

RANDY

Well, that's very generous of you, Gus. But are you sure you want to? I mean you yourself have some major expenses coming your way.

GUS

Hell yes, Randy old girl. I really want to!

RANDY

I'll try to pay you back. Little by little, of course.

GUS

Now don't you worry about that, girl. In fact, I can give it to you tonight. Right now. Do you mind goin' to the little girl's room while I get the money? The facilities are right over there.

RANDY

Well, I do need to use it. It was a long ride up here.

GUS

Good. And I'll get you several hundred for the taxi ride up here and back. OK?

RANDY

Like I say, all of this is very nice of you.

GUS

Well you skedaddle, old girl and I'll get the goods.

RANDY

If you insist.

GUS

I do. I do.

(Randy goes to the bathroom. When Gus is certain that Randy closes the door, Gus goes to his freezer and unlocks it. He takes out an aluminum foil-covered brick of cash, closes the freezer door and but forgets to lock it. He places the cash on a kitchen countertop, opens the package and begins counting out money. Suddenly, the front door opens and Eddie rushes in and walks rapidly to the bathroom door.)

EDDIE

Sorry boss. I just had to go someplace quick.

(Gus continues to count and only nods to Eddie. Eddie opens the bathroom door and Randy screams from inside.)

GUS

Woops. I forgot to tell you that the bathroom is occupied.

EDDIE

It sure as hell is.

GUS

Eddie, you gotta stop walkin' in on ladies while they're using the facilities.

EDDIE

That is not a lady in there, Gus.

GUS

Sure she is. Once you get to know her, she's very nice.

EDDIE

Gus, that lady in there has a penis.

GUS

What?!

EDDIE

That person in your bathroom is not a woman. That person was standing up to take a leak, and that person has a big old dick.

GUS

So what are you telling me?

EDDIE

Well, if the person in your bathroom is here to audition for a photo shoot in "Guns and Boobs", your publication could suffer if it were discovered that you are hiring trannies to expose their phony tits.

GUS

And just what is a tranny?

EDDIE

You are joking, right?

GUS

No. What's a tranny. I mean, is it like a hermaphrodyke?

EDDIE

Not exactly. A hermaphro-DITE is a person having dual sexual organs from each sex in one body. A tranny is a person who has had hormone therapy or surgery to make them something other than the sex they were born with. Add some tits. Cut off a dick. That kind of shit.

GUS

Eddie, let's be real clear 'bout this! You know for a fact that Randy in there has a dick?

EDDIE

And a big one at that. I mean, the image is still burned onto my brain. That Randy of yours was standing up taking a piss with a big old dong.

GUS

Randy!

(Randy answers from inside the bathroom.)

RANDY

Yes, Mr. Gus sweetie.

(Randy pokes her head out into the main room while holding the bathroom door in a half closed position.)

GUS

Don't you Mr. Gus sweetie me, you...you...you tranny you!

RANDY

You know, when a guy unashamedly walks into a bathroom while a girl is using it, the results can be revealing for the guy and embarrassing for the girl.

GUS

Cut the bullshit, asshole. Those boobs of yours are not just enhanced, and they are not what you were born with. And what you have between your legs is exactly what you were born with. Is that right?

RANDY

Unfortunately, that all is true. But that doesn't change the fact that the surgeons who made my breasts, used a highly toxic solution to give them some body and shape. These perky little cupcakes could very well kill me some day.

GUS

And I'm supposed to care why?

(Randy enters fully into the main room.)

RANDY

Gus, I'm still the same human being you were hugging a few minutes ago.

(Eddie gazes at Gus as Eddie's jaw drops in disbelief.)

GUS

Eddie, I swear I didn't know.

EDDIE

I don't question that for a minute. But I think you two need to discuss this matter further in privacy. I saw you counting out cash. Call me if you need anything.

(Eddie exits through the front door as Calvin walks past him into the room.)

CALVIN

What's the deal? Have you had a chance to interview my client?

GUS

Interview my ass! We don't publish pictures of queers here.

CALVIN

Queers? Randy, what just happened while I was gone?

RANDY

Oh Calvin, I just went to the bathroom to pee and that Eddie guy walked in on me. I was standing up at the time, and he saw my man thing.

CALVIN

So Gus, what's that pile of cash about?

GUS

When I thought that asshole was a woman, I agreed out of the kindness of my heart to give it a down payment for having its tits replaced. Now that I know what it is, I want you and it off my property before I shoot you both as trespassers.

CALVIN

Nobody will be shooting anybody. That taxi driver is still out there waiting for us. Your man Eddie has a good idea of what has been taking place here. Now how much money is in that aluminum foil-wrapped pile?

GUS

You will never know.

(Gus eyes his holster and guns on the bear where he had left them. Suddenly, Gus lunges toward that bear. At the same time, Calvin is closer to the bear. Calvin grabs the holster and pulls one gun out and aims it at Gus.)

CALVIN

Sorry, Gus. You were too slow. Probably the pot affected your judgement of space.

RANDY

Calvin, sweetie, let's not.

CALVIN

Let's not what, my love? That stack of money old Gus here was counting from, contains more than the measly five grand he was about to give you. I will wager there are four or five times that much cash in that foil covered brick. Why Gus, old buddy, you left the freezer door unlocked. Shame, shame, shame.

(Gus makes an effort to charge at Calvin, but Calvin uses the pistol to strike Gus on the head. Gus grabs his head and falls to his knees.)

GUS

You asshole! You hit me with my own gun!

CALVIN

Did you ever hear of a thing called Poetic Justice, Gus?

GUS

No, but if it's some queer-ass word, I bet you and this bitch here knows what it means.

(Calvin takes advantage of his superior position and shoves Gus to the floor while holding Gus' gun to Gus' head.)

CALVIN

Whoa there, Gus buddy. You need to step back and evaluate the situation here. I have one of your guns pointed at your head. Sweetie, take Gus' other gun and hold it to his carotid artery.

(Randy takes Gus' other gun from his holster and holds it to Gus' neck.)

RANDY

Like this, lover?

(Calvin and Randy kiss fully on their lips.)

GUS

My god, can you two be any more disgusting?

(Calvin lowers himself down to squatting level and places the barrel of his gun under Gus' chin.)

CALVIN

You know, Gus, if we disgust you so much, there is a way we can relieve your disgust.

GUS

Just friggin' shoot me and get this game over with.

CALVIN

Anything for you, Gus. We wouldn't want you to be traumatized by having to watch two people make love, now would we?

(At this point, Calvin pulls back the hammer on his gun. He pushes it more deeply against Gus' throat.)

CALVIN

Die, MOFO, die.

(Calvin pulls the trigger, but the gun does not fire.)

GUS

I loaded that shell myself. Guess I left out the primer.

(Gus starts to move aggressively but Randy's gun forces him back to the floor.)

RANDY

How about the shell in this gun, Gus? Did you forget its primer too? Shall we find out?

(Randy pushes her gun more tightly against Gus' neck. Just as she is about to pull the trigger, Gus grabs his chest and falls back prostrate on the floor. Gus' eyes roll to the back of his head as his body sighs a final sigh. Calvin feels for a pulse. Gus lies on the floor with his eyelids open and gazing upward.)

CALVIN

Damn, girl. I think old Gus here has bit the bullet. I can't get a pulse.

RANDY

Like you said, lover. Poetic justice.

CALVIN

Yeah but real justice would seem to involve our helping ourselves to that stash of cash inside that freezer.

RANDY

Wait, Calvin. When that guy Eddie was in here, Gus had one brick of cash out that he was counting from. I think we can convince everybody that old Gus had a coronary easily enough. And then, we'll climb into that taxi with whatever is in that one brick Gus had been counting from, and high tail it back to Bend. But, if we take more than Eddie would have seen Gus counting, we will look suspicious.

CALVIN

Take the guns and put them back on the bear where Gus had put them. Get the room back to where it was when Eddie left it and then call him like there's an emergency and let him come in and examine Gus. Act completely innocent. Eddie will probably call the nurse. The nurse will come over and reach the same conclusion that Gus had a coronary – which he actually did have. Then we can politely leave but not before you first put that entire brick of cash into your purse.

RANDY

Should I close his eyes? We learned how to do that in our CNA class.

CALVIN

Naw. It looks more convincing with his eyeballs popped out.

RANDY

OK, but we need to act fast. Grab your briefcase and put that brick of cash in it.

CALVIN

Done.

RANDY

Now go to the door and see if that Eddie guy is hanging around. If he is, act like you're in a panic and tell him Gus had an accident.

CALVIN

Done.

(Calvin opens the door and encounters Eddie in the driveway.)

CALVIN *(Yells)*

Eddie! Come in here! Quick! Gus has had an accident.

(Eddie rushes into the room, sees Gus on the floor and rushes to Gus' body.)

EDDIE

What the hell happened? Gus!

(Eddie lifts Gus' head.)

EDDIE *(continues)*

Gus! Does he have a pulse?

RANDY

I checked and didn't detect one. I think he may have had a heart attack.

EDDIE

Why does he have that cut on his head?

CALVIN

I think he hit his head on that bear when he fell over.

EDDIE

His nurse has taken off for Bend. It'll take an hour before an ambulance can get up here.

RANDY

If he's dead, what good will an ambulance do?

EDDIE

I guess I should call the sheriff then.

CALVIN

No offense, Eddie, but we have a taxi waiting out there and Gus here only gave us enough cash to get us home after waiting for us for an hour or so. I think the time is up. Gus has Randy's resume somewhere. It has our contact information on it. Go ahead and give that to the sheriff. He can come visit us and get our statements about seeing Gus grab his chest and fall down here.

EDDIE

Go ahead and go. I suspect Damian has your information somewhere on his clipboard. I'll give it to the sheriff.

RANDY

Thanks, Eddie. Calvin, let's get our things together and head for home.

CALVIN

Got it! Hand me my briefcase. Now you're sure it's OK for us to leave, Eddie?

EDDIE

Hell, he's dead. We all know he had cancer. It was just a matter of time.

CALVIN

Well, let us know how we can help. I suspect the interview and the job are no longer an issue.

EDDIE

You know, there'll be lots of things that will no longer be issues without his lottery cash comin' in. Hell, I might even be unemployed now. Hell, all of us might be unemployed.

RANDY

We wish you the best. Calvin, are we ready to get into the taxi?

CALVIN

Ready! Take care, Eddie. Give us a call like I said.

EDDIE

I'll do that. Have a safe trip back.

(Eddie and Calvin shake hands. Randy attempts to give Eddie a goodbye hug. Eddie backs away from her. Eddie grabs Randy's hand and gives it an awkward shake. Randy and Calvin exit and leave Eddie with Gus' body. Car doors are heard as an engine starts and drives away. Eddie contemplates Gus' body, reaches into Gus' pants pockets and locates the key to the freezer. Eddie then tries to unlock it and discovers it is already unlocked. Eddie reaches into the freezer and withdraws several bricks of cash which he stuffs into his pants pockets and jacket. Eddie leaves the freezer door open, walks to the front door and opens it. Eddie turns off all the lights except for the one coming from the open freezer door which can be see illuminating Gus' dead body. Eddie yells out into the night and then exits, leaving the cabin door open.)

EDDIE (*yelling*)

Margo! Margo! Come quick! Something's happened to Gus.

(As Eddie exits, we overhear his mumbled words of explanation to Margo. Margo comes running into the room, rushes over to Gus' body and kneels. Margo picks up Gus' hand to feel for a pulse.)

MARGO

Damn it, Gus! You just couldn't wait for the cancer, could you? You just had to go out with a bang. Now, the sheriff'll be stickin' his nose into this. And I know damn well that the freezer is full of cash. If it's still there that is.

(Margo turns and looks at the open freezer, gets up and walks over to it. She pulls a grocery bag from one of the kitchen cabinet drawers and fills the bag with bricks of cash. She is careful not to touch the freezer and leaves the door open.)

MARGO

I told you that you needed to make out a will. But you said, "No. I don't need no will." Well, you did need one. So, Gus, just look at this bag here. It's all mine before the State of Oregon comes in and takes all the rest. Don't worry, Gus old boy, we'll have a nice funeral for you. I'll spread your ashes all over this compound. Jordanville will become your eternal resting place.

(Margo starts to leave the room, notices her Tupperware left from Gus' last supper, picks it up and puts it into the grocery bag. As she exits and closes the door, she looks back at Gus' body and speaks.)

MARGO

It isn't really Tupperware, Gus. It was made in China, and they do sell it at Walmart. So there.

(The light from the freezer door again illuminates Gus' body. The front door opens. Raj enters, walks over to the body and looks at it. He gives it a small kick to reassure himself that Gus is dead. Raj goes to the open freezer, takes another grocery bag from the cabinet drawer and fills it with bricks of cash. As Raj is about to exit, he turns back to address the body.)

RAJ

And furthermore, Mr. Asshole Gus, I do speak English. It is the native language of the island where I was born. So, burn in hell!

(Raj slams the door with his exit. Gus' body is once again seen illuminated by the freezer light. The light slowly fades to blackout.)

THE END

