

MAGIC BULLET
A Play in Two Acts

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CHARACTERS

GUS JORDAN, A man in his early 50s and past winner of the Magic Bullet lottery prize; being treated for cancer.

MARGO MEEKER, A woman in her early 50s and GUS' ex-wife.

ANGELA BENSON, A woman in her 40s and nurse who administers GUS' chemotherapy.

DAMIAN BENSON, Angela's teenaged son and junior business partner to GUS.

MATTHEW CARTWRIGHT, Man in his late 40s and applicant for sales job with Jordan Communication Services.

MAMIE APPLGATE, A woman in her early 30s and applicant for modeling position.

RAJ PATEL, A man in his early 30s and manager of GUS' Jordanville Mini-Mart.

EDDIE SAUNDERS, A man in his early 40s and electronics technician for Jordan Communication Services.

CALVIN MARQUISSE, A man in his late 20s, and business manager to BRANDY BURNS

BRANDY BURNS, A woman in her late 20s and applicant for modeling position.

TIME: early evening in the late autumn of 1995.

SETTING: The interior of a log cabin located somewhere in the Oregon Cascades. The interior is a combination kitchen and living room. It contains many crates with Chinese markings stamped on them. 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 within 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.)

GUS: Aw, for Christ's 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. Matthew wears an ill-fitting suit which appears to be an outdated fashion with pant cuffs and jacket sleeves too short. Matthew also wears a bright yellow "Caterpillar Tractor" advertising baseball cap.)

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: *(enters and closes door behind him)* Sir, yes sir! Your head of Human Resources said I should arrive between 6:30 and 7:30.

(As Gus speaks, 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.

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

MATTHEW: Sir, yes sir. Please enjoy your...uh...business. I will comply with your instructions... like you say.

GUS: *(Closing the bathroom door.)* You just do that, Matthew. You just do that.

(Matthew returns to the front door area, removes his cap and hangs it on the barrel of a shotgun on the gun rack. Matthew tries out several crates for comfort before sitting on one. The doorbell rings again playing "Dixie". Matthew gets up and opens the door to reveal 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: Yes, I am.

MATTHEW: Then, come on in Ma'am. The boss is in the shit...in the bathroom. He says I should let in the 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 idee 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 nothing '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.)

GUS: That's because each of you is 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". Some kid told me to be here between 6 and 7 pm.

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

MATTHEW: Sir, yes sir. Matthew Cartwright. 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? Killin' two of us birds with one rock. 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 which she places on a kitchen counter.)

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. You know the drill. Damian will be over right after he does his chores. Had anything to eat today, Gus?

(Gus takes a seat in the only upholstered chair in the room. Angela gets a syringe from the tray she has brought in and begins to flush Gus' Heparin lock.)

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: 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 frig 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.

GUS: Zigzag brand.

ANGELA: Zigzags.

(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. Get it quick. They're holding interviews here tonight.

RAJ: Yes, Miss Angela.

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

(Angela exits as Raj enters.)

RAJ: 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. 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.)

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.)

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 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, 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, Gus.

MATTHEW: Sir, no sir, Mr. Jordan.

MAMIE: I don't give a shit. I am NOT going into that little room with two men who are complete strangers to me.

(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 to show her reluctance. 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 myself. Got it?

GUS: You have my permission. The 30 ot 6 is always loaded. Help yourself.

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's voice is heard from behind the door.)

MAMIE: You, Mr. Logger, stand by the sink. And you, Mr. Hindi, 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 unsteadily over to his reclining rocker and sits down.)

GUS: *(yells)* Olly-Olly Ox in free!

(There is no response from the bathroom.)

GUS: *(yells louder)* 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 Mamie? Here you go, Raj. Ones and tens, right?

RAJ: Yes, 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, Gus.

GUS: And Raj, did you check into that second language 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: *(embarrassed)* Yes, Gus. I will check into it.

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

RAJ: Yes, 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 are 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, it's like a big ol' pole mounted on a Caterpillar with cables that letcha lower logs down off a mountain. Well, 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 and squashed my uncle to death. 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 program. SUMMIT stands for 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.

GUS: 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 new cellular telephone service.

MATTHEW: Wow! Them there things cost a lotta 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.

(Mamie has not yet removed her coat. She has reached into a coat pocket and produced a folded piece of paper which she has handed to Gus who refuses to accept it.)

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. *(As she glances a look at Matthew.)*

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. Do you live in one of them big RVs parked outside there?

MARGO: Yes. As a matter of fact, just about everybody in Jordanville works for Gus. Most of us get RVs to live in so we can be handy here to wait on Gus hand and foot. Raj is Gus's only employee who doesn't get an RV to live in. Raj has kids hanging on him everywhere. They don't make RVS that big.

GUS: And Margo, this here lady's name 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.

MATTHEW: Me too, Mrs. Meeker.

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

MARGO: Did Damian bring you your 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. And hey, was there any mail from the Cancer Research Clinics of America today?

MARGO: Nope. Were you expecting anything?

GUS: Well yes, I was. I keep giving them very large donations. They keep promising that they'll focus on my case and use me in their research.

MARGO: Well, their ads say they focus on kids with cancer.

GUS: No, dammit. That's St. Jude's in Memphis. These folks are out of Minneapolis. I mean I send them money every time I get a lottery check, but they never seem to take a very big interest in my case. It's nothin' like the telemarketer told me when I signed up to donate.

MARGO: Well then, did you get any faxes from that clinic?

GUS: How would I know?

MARGO: There'd be paper hanging out that machine over there.

GUS: That machine has never done anything. Eddie said we needed it for the business. Damian agreed. But I can't figure out why we need it. It just sits there.

MARGO: Gus, there are lots of people out there that are worse off than you. You have almost built your own town full of people who help you.

GUS: Well, maybe. But with what I give those clinics every month, they should be sending me results of their research into that thing they said they're developing. They called it a Magic Bullet. Same as the name of the lottery contest I won. That's what sold me on them. How many other folks can afford to give them what I give? Look at me! I'm a wreck, and they haven't sent me one damned thing since I started givin' to them. They owe me!

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 to eat this evenin', Darlin'?

MARGO: Lasagna. Left over from last Friday night.

GUS: Lasagna! I just had lasagna the other night. As I recollect, it was also 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 still have some leftovers from that first batch?

GUS: I guess so.

MARGO: Did you write a date on that other carton of leftovers?

GUS: 'Spect not.

MARGO: I 'spect not also. So, when did you put that other 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, is in Tupperware.

(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: Quitcher bitchin'!

GUS: But Margo, you know I own an interest in Tupperware.

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: Bullshit! Sam Walton wouldn't sell cheap Chinese crap in any of his stores.

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

MATTHEW: Ma'am, 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, Gustav 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 there. It says "Fabrique en Chine". Know what that means? Made in frigging China.

GUS: Well there goes my Tupperware investment. 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 Chinamen can knock out plastic containers almost as fast as they can knock out kids.

(Gus lowers his head and places the plastic container in his hands. Margo has already dumped the food from the container and placed it on a plate which she now puts 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. 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 near a wooden bear, surrounded by an arsenal. I've been sitting on a hard, wooden crate while wearing a minimal costume.

MAMIE (*continues*) I haven't even been asked if I need my coat hung up somewhere. And now, I have to listen to an obvious racist. 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? Run-of-the-mill?

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 company 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 porn magazines are published on Elk Wallow Road?

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

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

GUS: Mamie here doesn't like our accommodations.

MAMIE: 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. *(She pokes her resume at Damian who takes it and starts to unfold it.)*

MATTHEW: Here's mine too. Win-win! *(He pokes his resume at Damian who takes it and starts to unfold it also.)*

DAMIAN: And your name is?

MATTHEW: *(Importantly)* Matthew Cartwright. Matthew S. Cartwright. S is for Samuel.

DAMIAN: Welcome, Matthew.

MAMIE: Matthew's here for the modeling job.

DAMIAN: He is?

MATTHEW: No I ain't!

GUS: 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. And take your damned coat off!

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.

(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 as she and Eddie pass in the doorway.)* Eddie.

EDDIE: *(Enters)* Margo.

(The microwave dings.)

MARGO: *(Yells 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: *(Yells back at Margo)* 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 discuss their business.

(Damian puts his clipboard down on a crate.)

MAIMIE: 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. How about you, 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. I was planning on donating it to the cancer clinics. But, yeah. I guess so. I have the money.

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. 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: Our only interest is in your ability to recreate some classic models of semi-nude posing, common to the soft 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 by you?

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

DAMIAN: Mamie, this sheet contains examples of the types of poses we need our models to demonstrate 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, yes.

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

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

MATTHEW: Can we just get on with this interviewing stuff? The pot thing is making me nervous.

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: Alrighty then. So, I guess we need to see you posing with guns.

GUS: Why don't we drag the old bear over here and see if Mamie can ride?

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?

(Gus offers a "high five" slap to Damian. Damian slaps Gus's hand.)

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?

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 pre-public for which it stands...

MAMIE: Of the United States of America. And to the RE-public for which it stands...

MATTHEW: And to the pre-public for which it stands...

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

MAMIE: One nation, under God...

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

MAMIE: *(yells)* Play ball!

DAMIAN: Very nice, Mamie and Matthew. Now 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: Done!

(Mamie opens the front door and exits.)

DAMIAN: Alright, Matthew. Let's get down to business. The job 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. 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 jeeppers. 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 another. Now, on your way out, would you mind letting 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 Mamie's interview?

GUS: It would be OK with me, but I don't suppose 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 enough 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: So, you plan on rubbing your little, old protocol while I pose?

DAMIAN: *(Damian grimaces but ignores Mamie)* So, Mamie, we think we have a proprietary system that we can copyright.

(Mamie looks at the sheet she has been studying in the mini-mart.)

MAMIE: Well, Sonny Boy, 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?

DAMIAN: Well...Mamie...we do ask that our models pose in this system while holding guns. Have you ever done that before?

MAMIE: No but what makes that so special?

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: Hmm. 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. 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. 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. As you can see, under this trench coat, I am wearing a very revealing two piece.

DAMIAN: Yes...it is...revealing.

MAMIE: That is what you, Mr. Benson, are going to get tonight, a revealing two piece. I hope you understand that if I were to 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 five 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: Hey, 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 wooden 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 your 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 without even being aware of the process. Nice!

MAMIE: And that's what you want from me? Vulnerability?

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 trowe 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 those trousers, 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? I do know that much about guns!

DAMIAN: Right.

MAMIE: OK. Let's try it.

GUS: Point at the ceiling!

MAMIE: Why? The gun's not loaded.

GUS: There may still be a shell in the chamber.

MAMIE: But you looked at it, right?

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

MAMIE: No. First little Damian needs to drop his trousers. Now, MOFO!

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

DAMIAN: Happy now?

MAMIE: No. I 'm still pissed.

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 plays "Dixie". 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. 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: Damian Benson, get down off that bear! You are done here tonight! We are taking off for Bend. Now, pick up your clothes and 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 Brandy 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. Brandy wears a classic woman's jacket similar to the coat Joe DiMaggio gave to Marilyn Monroe. Brandy's legs have fishnet stockings and Brandy'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 Brandy Burns. We are here for the audition.

ANGELA: *(to Calvin as Angela and Damian leave, slamming the door.)* Make sure the guns are not loaded!

(Mamie puts on her trench coat and stomps toward the door, nodding at Calvin and Brandy 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. Brandy. Best of luck. And Brandy, check the bear for splinters before you mount him. Better check Gus too.

BRANDY: I beg your pardon?

MAMIE: *(before she slams the door and exits.)* You'll see. Soon enough!

END OF ACT 1

ACT II

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. Brandy and Calvin are seated on crates and face Gus. The carved bear has been moved back to its place at the beginning of Act 1.

GUS: So, Brandy, you want to audition for “Guns and Boobs”?

BRANDY: 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 Brandy’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 kind of 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? 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 over 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.

CALVIN: So exactly what will be expected of Miss Brandy 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.

BRANDY: Listen Mr. Jordan, your advertisement didn't tell me they planned on taking photographs of me tonight. 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 Walllow.

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 Brandy 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 Brandy'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 tonight.

CALVIN: Thank you for finally being honest. Miss Brandy, 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 Brandy 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 foresee.

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.

BRANDY: 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?

BRANDY: 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 awhile and you agree to pay for the taxi? Right?

GUS: That's all I expect. If you and Brandy here want to toke on a fattie, well you're out of luck. But I'm just getting' low enough, and I have enough moola to pay for some company at least until my high wears off.

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 some other business?

CALVIN: Perhaps.

GUS: Well, shit sakes. It's a free country ain't it? Whataya wanna talk about?

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.)

BRANDY: Me too! Now what shall we talk about, Mr. Jordan?

GUS: Gus.

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

GUS: Well, our health, for one. I have some real concerns about my health, Miss Brandy.

BRANDY: Just plain Brandy.

GUS: Like I was sayin', Brandy, I'm worried about my health.

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

GUS: Damian's...my business partner'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.

BRANDY: 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.

BRANDY: For "Guns and Boobs Magazine"?

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

(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.

BRANDY: 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.

GUS: You are shitting me, aren't you?

CALVIN: I shit you not. My personal reason for being up here tonight... Yes. I am Brandy'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.

GUS: And just what is your proposal?

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

GUS: Which is?

CALVIN: Your own internet site. You already have a system that works.

GUS: I leave all that stuff up to my technician, Eddie.

GUS: Calvin, old buddy, 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.

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

CALVIN: Eddie! Eddie! Gus needs to talk to you.

(Eddie walks through the open door and on into the cabin. He shakes hands with 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 Brandy Burns over there.

BRANDY: 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 Underoos. What was that all about?

BRANDY: 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 Brandy will sit here and shoot the shit for a while. But don't take too long. I told Calvin and Miss Brandy 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. As Brandy moves the crate she sits on so she can be closer to Gus.)

GUS: So, Miss Brandy, before we got sidetracked by the cell tower talk, we were talking about health.

BRANDY: 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, Brandy. 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.

BRANDY: And you have an oncologist?

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

BRANDY: And what type of cancer are we talking about? Any tumors? What body parts 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.

BRANDY: 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.

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

GUS: No offense, but how does a sweet, young thing like you, know so much about medicine?

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

GUS: For a surgery?

BRANDY: 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?

BRANDY: 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?

BRANDY: 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.

BRANDY: 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.

BRANDY: And did you ever ask any of the models about the types of enhancements they had done?

GUS: I just assume they had them implants done.

BRANDY: 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.

BRANDY: 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 saltwater. 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 implants filled with saltwater. But what everybody didn't think about was the risk posed by the silicone filled implant if they were ever to leak.

GUS: What would cause them to leak?

BRANDY: Well, think about it. A sudden impact like a car wreck. An 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?

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

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

BRANDY: 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, Brandy?

BRANDY: 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. Brandy moves rapidly toward Gus as Gus aims his pistol at the fax machine. A facsimile is printing out.)

BRANDY: 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?

BRANDY: 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?

BRANDY: 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.

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

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

BRANDY: Alright. Let me see.

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

BRANDY: 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?

BRANDY: 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 sort of "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.

BRANDY: Maybe I have a tool that can help you with all of this. To help you focus your energies.

GUS: And what is that, Brandy?

BRANDY: 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.

BRANDY: 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! There's no magic in them bullets!

BRANDY: 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?

BRANDY: 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?

BRANDY: 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.

BRANDY: Whatever, Mr. Gus. But you have been hit by a big brick just now. If or when you cross over 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.

BRANDY: 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 set up a support system that takes 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?

BRANDY: Tear-O cards, Mr. Gus. Tear-O. 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.

(Brandy reaches for her purse and pulls a book, opens the book and begins to read to Gus as the two of them settle down on the crate and chair. 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. He bends in toward Brandy to indicate his interest.)

BRANDY: It says here, "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, Brandy old girl.

BRANDY: 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?

BRANDY: 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!

BRANDY: OK. Moving right along here, I have a pack of Tarot cards in my purse. Close your eyes. OK. Wait for it. Now, look!

(Brandy removes a pack of Tarot cards from her purse as Gus examines them.)

GUS: Them's some pretty weird ass cards you got there, Brandy.

BRANDY: These aren't just any cards, Mr. Gus. These can be used to foretell your 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: It sounds like a high priest in the KKK, but I suppose I am.

BRANDY: Good then. Let's do a reading.

GUS: Let's do, Brandy old girl. Let's do. Now it does sound kinda spooky.

BRANDY: Because it is spooky, Mr. Gus. May we lower 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. Turn down the switch over there. (Brandy does.) Is that good enough? I used my candles during a snow storm.

BRANDY: Nice, Gus.

GUS: I do have a white gas lantern some place. Will that help?

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

GUS: (Gus complies.) Done!

BRANDY: 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,

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

GUS: Naw. I shuffled. You draw.

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

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

BRANDY: There you go, Mr. Gus! The Tarot cards say you can beat this! They say you won't be dying from cancer. Come on and give me a hug.

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

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

GUS: Damn, Brandy. 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.

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

GUS: Listen here, Brandy. 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.

BRANDY: Mr. Gus, we barely know each other.

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

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

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

BRANDY: 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 for me?

BRANDY: 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.

BRANDY: 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, Brandy old girl. I really want to!

BRANDY: 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.

BRANDY: 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?

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

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

BRANDY: If you insist.

GUS: I do. I do.

(Brandy goes to the bathroom. When Gus is certain that Brandy closes the door, he 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 Brandy 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: A 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: Do you want your readers to discover 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 sexual organs from each sex on 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...

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

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

GUS: Brandy!

(Brandy answers from inside the bathroom.)

BRANDY: Yes, Mr. Gus sweetie.

(Brandy 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!

BRANDY: 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?

BRANDY: 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?

(Brandy enters fully into the main room.)

BRANDY: 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 all 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? Brandy, what just happened while I was gone?

BRANDY: 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. And this wonderful man named Gus, said he was going to give me \$5,000 for a down payment on replacing my implants.

CALVIN: So, Gus, is that what that pile of cash you have there is all 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?

GUS: You will never know.

(Gus eyes his holster and guns hanging from 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 and time.

BRANDY: Calvin, let's not. Please!

CALVIN: Let's not what? 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. Gus kneels beneath the barrel of Calvin's gun.)

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

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

BRANDY: Like this, Calvin?

CALVIN: You got it. Now what's your next move, Gus old buddy?

GUS: You two disgust me!

(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.

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

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 Brandy's gun forces him back to the floor. By this time, Brandy's voice has changed from a soft falsetto to a tenor range.)

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

(Brandy pushes her gun more tightly against Gus' neck. Just as she is about to pull the trigger, Gus grabs his chest and falls backward 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, Randy. I think old Gus here has bit the bullet, so to speak. I can't get a pulse.

BRANDY: Like you said. Poetic justice.

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

BRANDY: (In his tenor voice) Wait, Calvin. When that guy Eddie was in here, Gus had one that one brick of cash out that he was counting from to pay for my operation. I think we can convince everybody that old Gus had a coronary easily enough. But, if we take more than Eddie would have seen Gus counting, we will look suspicious. After Eddie looks at Gus, we'll run on down the road to where we parked the car in the brush and high tail it back to Bend.

CALVIN: Take the guns and put them back on the bear where Gus had put them. Get the room back to where it was before 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.

BRANDY: 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.

BRANDY: OK, but we need to act fast. Grab my purse and put that brick of cash in it.

CALVIN: Done.

BRANDY: Hey, Calvin?

CALVIN: Yeah?

BRANDY: We done good this time, didn't we?

CALVIN: Yeah, but the minute we get back to the car, take off those goddamned falsies! They're just too much!

BRANDY: But, they did work. 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 just fell over dead.

CALVIN: Done.

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

CALVIN: (Yells) Eddie! Come in here! Quick! It looks like Gus just dropped dead.

(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 and realizes Gus is dead and puts the head back on the floor, closing Gus's eyes.)

BRANDY: (Brandy's voice has returned to a soft falsetto) I checked his pulse after he collapsed, and I 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 when he fell over.

EDDIE: I think his nurse has taken off for Bend. It'll will take an hour before an ambulance can get up here.

BRANDY: 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 up the road, and Gus here only gave us enough cash to get us home after an hour or so. I think the time is up. Gus has Brandy'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.

EDDIE: Go ahead and go.

BRANDY: 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: 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.

BRANDY: We wish you the best. Calvin, are we ready to take 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. Brandy attempts to give Eddie a goodbye hug. Eddie backs away from her. Eddie grabs Brandy's hand and gives it an awkward shake. Brandy and Calvin exit and leave Eddie with Gus' body. Eddie contemplates Gus' body, reaches into Gus' pants pockets and locates the key to the freezer. Eddie 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 seen illuminating Gus' dead body. Eddie yells for help out into the night and then exits, leaving the cabin door open.)

EDDIE: (yelling)Margo! Margo! Come quick! Something's happened to Gus.

(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. Every person on this mountain knows about your stash in the freezer. It's a wonder somebody hasn't killed you for it.

(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 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.

(As Margot exits, Angela and Damian enter. Angela rushes to Gus's body and checks for a pulse.)

ANGELA: We forgot our Costco card and had to come back to get it. Any idea what happened?

MARGOT: Massive heart attack, I guess. (Exits.)

DAMIAN: Mom! The freezer door is open. Let's grab a brick of cash!

ANGELA: You'll need money for Harvard. We better grab several!

(Angela and Damian grab several bricks of cash and exit. The light from the freezer door still illuminates Gus' body. The front door again 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 cabin door with his exit. Moments later, the door opens again slightly as Mamie enters. She looks at Gus' body, and genuflects. She sees the open freezer and grabs a brick of cash, peels back the foil, thumbs through the cash and then conceals it under her coat. Mamie exits.

Finally. Matthew enters the cabin, looks at the body and then at the open freezer door. He also goes to the freezer and examines a brick of cash, but he places it back into the freezer, leaving the door open. He then looks across the room where his yellow cap is still hanging from the gun barrel. He walks over to the cap, pulls it off the gun barrel, puts the cap on his head, and looks around the room one last time. Matthew shakes his head in disbelief, sighs and exits.

Gus's body is still illuminated by the freezer light. A police siren and flashing lights come up and then fade to a silent blackout.)

THE END