

# The Price of Paradise

An original play by  
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## **ACT ONE**

### **Scene One: Clark**

*Lights up on a conference room. To the side is a blackboard with some very confusing diagrams. Sitting at a table looking over papers is PETE. Enter CLARK, a bit frazzled.*

**Pete:** You look frazzled.

**Clark:** I am frazzled.

**Pete:** This have something to do with your Rip Van Winkle impersonation?

**Clark:** Rip Van Winkle?

**Pete:** Fell asleep for a long time.

**Clark:** Huh?

**Pete:** Forget it. What happened?

**Clark:** Ummm... I think blacked out.

**Pete:** Happens sometimes.

**Clark:** Not like this.

**Pete:** You've got something you want to tell me?

**Clark:** No, it's just—it's nothing.

**Pete:** Clark—

**Clark:** Forget it.

**Pete:** Is this about—

**Clark:** No, no. Just... Let it go.

*Beat.*

**Pete:** You look at the Hathaway case?

**Clark:** What?... Oh, yeah.

**Pete:** Case doesn't make an ounce of sense.

**Clark:** Can't have been going that slow.

**Pete:** Had to be going quite fast.

**Clark:** Yet they were moving so slow.

**Pete:** Case doesn't make an ounce of sense. And speaking of which, you gonna—

**Clark:** I'm not going to start calling you Shooter.

**Pete:** It's not much to ask.

**Clark:** But apparently a passable segue would have been.

**Pete:** Well, I never claimed the ability to segue. Just saying, I'd like to be called Shooter.

**Clark:** But you don't shoot things.

**Pete:** I'm not a violent man.

**Clark:** I'm just saying, Shooter?

**Pete:** It's not a gun thing.

**Clark:** Shooter.

**Pete:** It's a reference to my pool shooting ability.

**Clark:** You shoot pools?

**Pete:** I'm quite good at pool.

*Clark takes out an envelope and looks at the contents.*

**Pete:** You've stopped listening to me.

**Clark:** You're talking about some delusional self-created pool fantasy.

**Pete:** I'm quite good at pool.

**Clark:** You suck at pool.

**Pete:** I'm—

**Clark:** You're really not.

*Clark drops the envelope on the table. Pete reaches for it.*

**Clark:** Don't touch that!

**Pete:** Why?

**Clark:** Uhh.. just some... personal stuff, you know?

*Beat.*

**Pete:** These nickname things don't get started on their own, you know.

**Clark:** They also don't get started by me.

**Pete:** All it takes is one.

**Clark:** Never really believed in that "one man can make a difference" crap.

**Pete:** A grass roots campaign.

**Clark:** I mean, Smokey the Bear? Only you can prevent forest fires? No. You know who prevents forest fires?

**Pete:** Bears in ranger uniforms?

**Clark:** Forest fire fighters. And you know how many of them there are?

**Pete:** I can't even begin to imagine I care.

**Clark:** I'm not sure either, but there's probably quite a few of them.

**Pete:** More than one, at least.

**Clark:** Damn straight.

*Beat.*

**Pete:** Say it around someone else. They hear it. Hey, that's a cool nickname. It spreads.

**Clark:** It spreads?

**Pete:** Like wildfire.

**Clark:** Don't we have work to do?

**Pete:** Like a contagion.

**Clark:** You've got those papers in front of you.

**Pete:** Like your mom's legs.

**Clark:** What?

**Pete:** It spreads like—wow. That was awful.

**Clark:** And you wonder why I won't give you a cool nickname.

**Pete:** I really don't. It's quite clear you're just not a fun person anymore.

**Clark:** Sorry if my personal tragedy's an infringement on your pointless bantering.

**Pete:** Man, I'm sorry.

*Clark starts to leave and takes his envelope.*

**Pete:** Really. I didn't mean it like—

**Clark:** I'm hitting the kitchen.

**Pete:** I wasn't thinking.

**Clark:** You want anything?

**Pete:** I could use some coffee.

*Lights down.*

**Scene One: Colin**

*Lights up: Office. Everything screams success. Except, that is, for the man himself, COLIN. Pacing back and forth behind his desk, talking quickly into the phone and not sounding very convincing. In one hand he's got a sealed envelope.*

Colin (*into receiver*): - look if you would just - I know, I *know* that's a lot of money, I never said ... well, I didn't *mean* to sound like that, I know and I'm sorry, you have to believe me, I'm *sorry*, but some things came u - no, I'd rather not ta - well, yes, you have a right to know, but - it's just that - I'd rather not ... (*sighs; small*) I was passed out ..... in an elevator. But we're getting away from - listen, just *listen* to me for one second ... Mr. Jackson, how long have we been together? How long have I been working with you? ... that's right, and in that time, I've *always* made you money. I've *never* let you down. This was - well, I don't know *what* it was, but it isn't going to happen again. I *promise* you that ... (*listens*) ... I agree, I completely agree. But I can make *double* than that for you in *less* than a day. You *know* that. I've done it before. I'll do it tomorrow ... (*curtly*) That's right, that's right. Thank you. Take care. Bye-bye.

*Colin hangs up. Still beat. Slams his fist against the desk.*

**Colin:** Asshole!

*Sighs, sits down in his chair, slumps forward, head on desk. RYAN pokes his head inside the office.*

**Ryan:** Colin.

Colin (*not looking up*): Go away.

**Ryan:** You alright?

Colin (*still not looking up*): Go. Away.

**Ryan:** You're not alright.

Colin (*looks up*): I manage twenty-three different personal portfolios. Eighteen of them belong to millionaires, half of which are heads of Fortune 500 companies. And in the space of two hours, I'm looking at combined losses of over seventeen million dollars in missed trades, botched deals, and unanswered calls.

*Slight beat.*

**Ryan:** So you're not alright?

**Colin:** I told you to go away.

**Ryan:** I didn't.

**Colin:** Thanks. Couldn't pick up on that all by myself.

**Ryan:** Well, you're not very bright.

**Colin:** Why are you even here?

**Ryan:** Thought I might drop by.

**Colin:** Say hi?

**Ryan:** No. Claim some of your stuff.

**Colin:** What?

**Ryan:** Man passes out for two hours, his stuff becomes fair game.

**Colin:** That's not true.

*Ryan picks up a photograph from Colin's desk.*

**Ryan:** Always liked this frame.

**Colin:** Give that back.

**Ryan:** And look at that photo. Hot chick.

**Colin:** That's my mom.

**Ryan:** Yeah, I think I'll take this.

**Colin:** You can't have it.

**Ryan:** That's not for you to say. Legally speaking, you're dead.

**Colin:** No I'm not.

**Ryan:** Hey, who's the company lawyer here?

**Colin:** Not you.

**Ryan:** Yeah, well, I took the bar.

**Colin:** And failed.

**Ryan:** You ever take the bar?

**Colin:** No.

**Ryan:** Looks like that would be check and mate.

**Colin:** You want me to punch you?

**Ryan:** Can't say that I do.

**Colin:** Then put the photo down.

**Ryan:** Done and done.

*Puts photo down. He settles down in a chair, somewhat expectantly. Still beat.*

**Ryan:** What's in the envelope?

**Colin:** I don't know.

**Ryan:** Why don't you open it?

**Colin:** Don't want to.

**Ryan:** Why not?

**Colin:** I just don't.

**Ryan:** Not answering many questions today, are you?

**Colin:** Asking a lot of question today, aren't you?

**Ryan:** You never answered me before.

**Colin:** About what?

**Ryan:** You alright?



**Colin:** I said, "Go away."

**Ryan:** That's not an answer.

**Colin:** Would have been if you went away.

**Ryan:** But I didn't.

**Colin:** Yet again with the obvious comments.

**Ryan:** Well, I try.

**Colin:** To be obvious?

**Ryan:** To be annoying.

**Colin:** Congratulations.

**Ryan:** Thank you.

**Colin:** Now go away.

**Ryan:** You seem rather insistent on that last point.

**Colin:** Because I want you to leave.

**Ryan:** Need some "personal" time? (*makes a lewd gesture*) You know, with mom?

Colin (*tired*): Whatever you want to think.

**Ryan:** Dude, that's so wrong.

**Colin:** She's not my mom.

**Ryan:** What?

**Colin:** Came with the frame.

**Ryan:** Then why do you even -

**Colin:** Like you said, it's a nice frame.

**Ryan:** No it's not.

**Colin:** It was a gift from a client. I keep it around in case he stops by. Easier than buying a nicer one.

**Ryan:** But wouldn't he know that -

**Colin:** Never even saw it. Had a secretary pick it out and drop it off.

**Ryan:** How do you -

**Colin:** I was sleeping with her at the time.

**Ryan:** You old dog.

**Colin:** That would have been her.

**Ryan:** Really? Slipping in your old age, man.

**Colin:** Not at all. Landing the client meant landing her first. It was business.

Ryan (*a touch of disbelief*): Business?

**Colin:** Business.

Ryan (*mix of disgust and professional admiration*): You're a bastard, you know that?

**Colin:** (*a tad overreacting*) Yeah. That's why you're driving last year's Ford when I just bought next year's Benz. That's why you slave in a cubicle made out of Styrofoam walls while I spin deals in a corner office with a killer view. And that's why you could skip out for two *weeks*, no one would notice the difference. But I miss two *hours* and I there's a string of investors from here to *Tokyo* lining up to take a chunk out of my ass. So excuse me if I don't have the *time* right now to shoot the shit about how the Mets are doing or whatever the hell you came in here for.

*Still beat. Long.*

Ryan (*preparing to get up*): Now go away?

**Colin:** Like a fucking mind reader.

*Ryan leaves. Beat. Colin picks up the phone, dials another number, silently braces himself.*

*Lights down.*

**Scene Two: Clark**

*Lights up on Pete leaning back in his chair. He's in pain. Standing over him is LANA.*

**Pete:** Ah! My groin!

**Lana:** Sorry about that.

**Pete:** Not your fault.

**Lana:** Didn't mean to startle you.

**Pete:** There's an expression about intentions and hell. For the life of me, can't remember through the groinal pain.

**Lana:** What were you doing up there anyway?

**Pete:** Not feeling pain in my groin.

**Lana:** Is that the Hathaway case?

**Pete:** Damn thing doesn't make a lick of sense.

**Lana:** You fell off a chair. How'd you pull your groin, anyway?

**Pete:** Lana, a man's groin in a mysterious thing.

**Lana:** I've seen a few.

**Pete:** It can be a source of great pleasure.

**Lana:** Not very often in my experience.

**Pete:** It can also be a source of great pain. (*winces*) Like now.

**Lana:** Wasn't Clark in here a minute ago?

**Pete:** Getting coffee.

**Lana:** From what I hear, he could use some.

**Pete:** He's having a rough couple of months.

**Lana:** He's taking naps on the men's room floor.

*Beat.*

**Pete:** I think I touched a nerve.

**Lana:** If it's in your groin, you better not even think of asking me to feel it for you.

**Pete:** With Clark. Afraid I dug up some bad memories.

**Lana:** You're a tactful man, Peter.

**Pete:** For God's sake, will somebody call me Shooter?

**Lana:** Do you even own a gun?

*Clark enters with two cups.*

**Clark:** It's a reference to his pool playing ability.

**Lana:** He has pool playing ability?

**Clark:** Not in my experience.

*He puts a cup in front of Pete.*

**Clark:** Two sweet and lows and some parmalat.

**Pete:** That fake milk crap? Damn. And sweet and low?

**Clark:** Two of them.

**Pete:** I hate that stuff.

**Clark:** As I'm well aware.

**Pete:** I'll be right back. (*Getting up.*) This stuff causes cancer, you know.

**Clark:** One can only hope.

*Pete starts to walk, recoils in pain.*

**Clark:** Did he pull his groin again?

**Pete:** Pleasure and pain, my friend. Pleasure and pain.

*He stumbles out slowly.*

**Lana:** So what happened?

**Clark:** I wasn't here. I figure he fell off that chair.

**Lana:** Not the groin. You.

**Clark:** I didn't fall off—

**Lana:** You passed out for two hours.

*Beat.*

**Clark:** I sure did.

**Lana:** I'm worried about you.

**Clark:** It's okay.

**Lana:** Two hours.

**Clark:** I know. I was there.

**Lana:** What happened?

**Clark:** It's—nothing. I haven't been sleeping.

**Lana:** Is everything—

**Clark:** Just can't get comfortable at home.

**Lana:** Whereas men's room linoleum really provides that soft, smooth support you need for a good night's rest.

**Clark:** It's nothing.

**Lana:** I've known you since high school. Do you really think I believe you, Clark?

**Clark:** I really don't want to talk about it.

**Lana:** Neither do I. I mean, I have no intention of invading your privacy or—

**Clark:** Good, then. Have you looked at the Hathaway case?

**Lana:** (*firm*) I don't want to talk about it, but I will. What the hell is going on, Clark?

*Pete reenters.*

**Clark:** Walking it off?

**Pete:** Like a ballplayer hit by a pitch.

**Clark:** Helping any?

**Pete:** Not in the least.

*Beat.*

**Pete:** God, this coffee sucks.

*Beat.*

**Clark:** What do you guys think about hell?

*Beat.*

**Pete:** Have you guys looked at the Hathaway case?

**Lana:** Pete, shut up. What?

**Clark:** It's just—nevermind. Forget I mentioned it.

**Lana:** Do you really think that's possible?

**Clark:** A man can dream.

**Pete:** Much like you on the men's room floor.

*Lana hits him upside the head. He spills coffee on himself.*

**Pete:** Ah! Hot groin! Hot groin!

**Clark:** Maybe it was.

**Lana:** What?

**Clark:** Nothing. *(to himself)* Maybe it was just a dream.

**Pete:** This better not be another one of "those dreams".

**Lana:** Pete, remember that talk we had about you shutting up and me thus not kicking you in the shins?

**Pete:** Just saying, that one with the chick with the viking hat? Pretty much defines "more than I want to know".

**Lana:** *(kicks Pete in the shins)* Clark, please. What's going on?

**Clark:** It offered to bring him back, Lana.

**Pete:** *(in pain)* Who did what?

**Clark:** This—okay, I know you're going to think I crazy—Hell, I think I'm crazy—This demon—this is why I was passed out—I think—This demon—God—it offered to bring Jimmy back.

**Pete:** For your soul?

**Clark:** *(quickly, dismissive)* No. No. Not at all.

**Lana:** What then?

**Clark:** That's the weird part.

**Pete:** Yeah. The rest of this, completely normal.

**Lana:** Shut. Up.

*Silence for a beat, then lights down.*



**Scene Two: Colin**

*Colin has just gotten off the phone with another client. He stares at the envelope, still sealed.*

**Colin:** Fuck!

*Ryan wanders in again.*

**Colin:** Didn't I just tell you to go away?

**Ryan:** That you did. And that I am. Just coming to say goodnight. I'm gonna get some drinks, go home, watch the game and catch some sleep.

**Colin:** Wow. That was a tremendous amount of unnecessary information.

**Ryan:** You know, you're more of an asshole than usual.

**Colin:** Maybe it's 'cause I don't like you.

**Ryan:** What's not to like?

**Colin:** The fact that you're still here.

**Ryan:** You really need to get laid don't you?

**Colin:** What?

**Ryan:** Obvious sexual frustration. Jerk off. You'll feel better. Anyway, you want to join me? For drinks that is. Not fucking my mother. That's just wrong.

**Colin:** Are you serious? I still have a dozen phone calls to make.

**Ryan:** Alright then. G'night, Sleeping Beauty.

**Colin:** Fuck you.

*Ryan starts to leave.*

**Colin:** Hey, Ryan.

**Ryan:** Yes?

**Colin:** Are you religious?

**Ryan:** I come from good Irish stock. Of course I am. Catholic school my whole life. Nothing quite as divine as Catholic school girls.

**Colin:** Am I an asshole?

**Ryan:** Hmmm... Yes.

**Colin:** Would I go to Hell?

**Ryan:** Maybe if you could get a good price on the airfare. Hear it's a great vacation spot if you're looking for a tan.

**Colin:** I'm being serious, shithead.

**Ryan:** I don't know. What kind of question is that, anyway?

**Colin:** A damn good one.

**Ryan:** Of course not. You haven't killed anyone.

**Colin:** That's not the only commandment, though. Aren't there ten?

**Ryan:** That's the name of the movie.

**Colin:** You think that maybe - the things I've done - that they would be enough to - you know - to send me to hell?

**Ryan:** You mean being a greedy bastard, an adulterous husband, and a generally poor example of a human being?

**Colin:** Yeah.

**Ryan:** Well, according to most of my nuns, yes. What are you talking about? You've never been religious.

**Colin:** Nothing. Forget it. I gotta make these fucking phone calls anyway. G'night.

**Ryan:** Wait, you can't just *end* this. What the hell are you talking about? No pun intended.

**Colin:** What do they say about angels? Can they really come down to earth and talk with human? If they even exist, that is.

**Ryan:** Did you get touched by an angel? (*laughs*).

**Colin:** Just tell me what you know.

**Ryan:** I dunno. I mean, there was the angel that talked to Mary. It happens all over the bible.

**Colin:** What if I told you when I was stuck in the elevator I wasn't alone?

**Ryan:** What? You were with an angel? Like in "It's a Wonderful Life"? Did he show you how messed up the world would be if you hadn't been born?

**Colin:** No, it wasn't like that at all.

**Ryan:** Ok, what's the joke here? I really do want to get going. Can we continue this game tomorrow?

**Colin:** I'm serious.

**Ryan:** Sure you are. G'night. Say "hi" to Clarence for me.

**Colin:** I'm fucking serious! The elevator did not get stuck by itself. I was in there with some chick. She stopped it between floors. Told me she was a fucking angel and had a deal.

**Ryan:** Uh huh. Yeah, right after I sold my soul to the Devil to finally have a shot at sleeping with Britney Spears.

**Colin:** How can I prove to you I'm serious?

**Ryan:** You can't. Because you're not. And you're actually freaking me out quite a bit. Like I said: jerk off. Better way to release stress.

**Colin:** Just listen to me. Please.

**Ryan:** You know, you're playing this one out pretty well; I'm beginning to believe you.

**Colin:** Really?

**Ryan:** No.

**Colin:** Fuck you. I shouldn't have said anything. Get the fuck out.

*Ryan is about to leave yet again but he stops.*

**Ryan:** Hey, are you really serious?

**Colin:** I don't have time to waste anymore. I really do have to make these calls.

**Ryan:** What did you see in the elevator? Maybe you shouldn't make these calls and go see a doctor. You must have had some sort of hallucination or something.

**Colin:** Fuck off. Go away.

**Ryan:** Look, I'm sorry. Just tell me your story and I'll leave you alone. I'm dead serious this time.

**Colin:** Fine. If you promise to go away.

**Ryan:** I do. So what was this thing with the angel?

**Colin:** She said I'm a fuck-up.

**Ryan:** I could have told you that.

**Colin:** A *moral* fuck-up. But all pre-mediated. "That's the worst part," she said. Everybody does some things wrong. There's a certain amount that's negligible.

**Ryan:** You're saying some sins don't count?

**Colin:** That's what I said. But she said it was kind of like the IRS. Everybody cheats on their taxes at least a little.

**Ryan:** I don't.

**Colin:** Of course not. That bracelet you bought for your girlfriend really was a business expense.

**Ryan:** It made her happy. She made me happy. I make the customer happy. It's simple arithmetic.

**Colin:** Whatever. Point is, only the most severe cases are worth pursuing. People like me, essentially. People who have no real defense, no leg to stand on. Did I know what I

did was wrong? Yes. Did that stop me? No. And that's why I'm in trouble. That's why she gave me the deal she did. (*beat*) She offered me a chance to start fresh, a deal for a new life. All I have to do is go somewhere, make sure no one gets hurt. And I have exactly one hundred minutes from the time I wake up. Next thing I know, I'm on the couch and everyone is telling me that I'd passed out *alone* in that elevator.

**Ryan:** So you had a crazy dream when you blacked out. No big deal.

**Colin:** Except for this envelope. It was in my pocket when I came to. I never put it there. I've never seen it.

**Ryan:** What's in it?

**Colin:** I have no idea.

**Ryan:** Open it.

**Colin:** I can't.

**Ryan:** Use a letter opener.

**Colin:** It's not that! What if it proves the whole thing wasn't a dream?

**Ryan:** Then I need to start going to church again.

**Colin:** I'm serious, dammit.

**Ryan:** Yeah, you've said that a few times.

**Colin:** What does this sound like to you?

**Ryan:** Well, I never heard anything about angels making deals like this, so I have no idea. Half the time during my religion classes I was checking out the girls.

**Colin:** Wonderful.

**Ryan:** Just open the envelope. It's probably nothing.

**Colin:** And what if it isn't? What then? I might actually feel compelled to go. What with my soul being on the line. (*more to himself*) Which means I wouldn't have time to take care of all this work. Which means I would stand to lose a lot of money.

*Beat. Colin throws the envelope in the garbage.*

**Colin:** *(resolved)* You're right. It was all some dream. Time to get back to work in the real world. *(psyching himself up; thinking aloud)* I need to call Oldstead, tell him what happened. He's probably halfway to his third heart attack by now. Calm the old fart down. Keep him from jumping ship. After all, it's his cash that's going to pay for my beach house. What about the Allens? Fuck the Allens, they're small time. Maybe I'll get around to rebuilding their kid Barry's college fund in a couple of months.

*Ryan gives him a weird look as Colin dials a number.*

**Colin:** *(in smooth talking mode)* Hello, Mr. Oldstead. It's Colin [insert last name]. How are you?... Oh, that's good to hear. And Jaqueline?... You're kidding!... Well, look, there's something we need to talk about *(hesitant)* Actually, something has come up. Will you be home later? I'll call you back... That's perfect! Give my regards to Jackie and the kids... Bye-bye!.... *(hangs up. Rapid change of demeanor)* FUCK!

*He reaches into the garbage can and pulls out the envelope. He and Ryan exchange a look.*

**Ryan:** Maybe it's the fear of God instilled in me through countless slaps on the wrist by nuns but I'd say you take a shot at that envelope. If anything, for your own peace of mind.

**Colin:** Peace of mind. C'mon, Ryan. We're professional bullshitters and you're not half as good as me. You know there's no peace of mind if I open this thing.

**Ryan:** Quite a conundrum.

**Colin:** Yeah.

**Ryan:** Like Alexander and the knot.

**Colin:** What?

**Ryan:** Alexander and the knot. Back in the old days, like BC Greece, there was this knot in a village square that no one could untie. All the smartest people, the best and the brightest, came around, had a look, couldn't do anything. Then, one day, this kid, Alexander, this *jock*, goes up to it and in a couple seconds, unravels the whole damn thing.

**Colin:** What did he do?

**Ryan:** He took out his sword and cut it open.

*Lights down.*

**Scene 3—Clark**

**Lana:** Call her.

**Clark:** I'm not going to call her.

**Lana:** You really should.

**Clark:** I've already been through therapy.

**Pete:** Good job that did.

**Clark:** I'm not crazy.

**Lana:** We know. It's just the grief.

**Pete:** Plus, you're crazy.

*Beat. During the following exchange, Clark zones out, stops even listening.*

**Lana:** Shocking amount of help you're not providing, Pete.

**Pete:** I'm just saying—

**Lana:** No. You're not.

**Pete:** Why do these things always happen during that special time of your month?

**Lana:** You have no idea how hard I'm about to bitch-slap you.

**Pete:** Like you could take me.

**Lana:** 1997, Christmas Party, punch bowl, your face.

**Pete:** Lucky shot.

**Lana:** 1998, Halloween Party, punch bowl, your face.

**Pete:** I didn't mean to touch your boobs.

**Lana:** Oh really?

**Pete:** I was going for your ass. You turned quick. And you know how they sag.



**Lana:** Not as much as your balls when I cut them off.

*Suddenly, Clark looks up.*

**Clark:** It happened.

*Lana and Pete turn.*

**Lana:** What?

**Clark:** I didn't imagine this.

**Lana:** I know how hard—

**Clark:** You have no idea.

**Lana:** Clark, I—

**Clark:** No.

*Beat.*

**Clark:** I'm not that far gone. I was for a while, but I've been working back. It's been over a year. A year, 2 months, and 6 days. 5 days and 22 hours actually. This happened. I'm—Trust me. She came to me. She told me what she can do. She told me what I have to do. She told me—*(Beat.)* I just want it back, L.

**Lana:** I know, Clark. I know.

*She hugs him. Pete sits back for a moment.*

**Pete:** Here's a question. You said "she", right? You were in the men's room.

*They both stare at him.*

**Pete:** Okay, so that's not the biggest question we're looking at here. But it's one.

*Nothing.*

**Pete:** Okay, forget that one. You know how, when we have a case—*(Goes over to the board with the diagram, gesturing vaguely at it throughout)* we start from the beginning. We ask every question, explore every possibility, and check every fact. If the car was

going that slow, the rest can't happen. If the car was going faster, did the light change? If —

**Clark:** Maybe it's the lack of sleep or that demon thing I'm dealing with, but I have no idea what you mean here.

**Pete:** I'm saying we check every angle.

**Clark:** You should spill coffee on his groin more often.

**Lana:** My pleasure.

**Pete:** Can you prove this really happened?

**Clark:** Damn it, I—

**Pete:** Proof.

**Clark:** She gave me an envelope.

**Pete:** Okay, next question.

**Lana:** Wait a sec. Envelope?

**Clark:** There was an envelope.

**Lana:** Containing what?

**Clark:** That's a fair question.

**Lana:** You didn't open it?

**Clark:** I've been busy.

**Pete:** Anyway, we've got—

**Lana:** So you don't know what's—

**Clark:** Lana! I didn't open the damn envelope. This is all kind of a lot to digest at once. I'm taking it as I can take it.

**Lana:** Open it now.

**Pete:** Hey, we're doing things my way right now. *(Beat)* Actually, yeah, open it. For the record, it's not because I think she's right. It's just—ah, fuck it. Open the thing.

*Beat.*

**Clark:** You know, if I reach in my pocket and this envelope's not there, I could just be crazy and we could all just go home. *(Pulls out envelope.)* No such luck.

**Lana:** Have you told Lori about this?

**Clark:** I haven't opened it yet. Kind of jumping the gun, aren't—

**Lana:** I mean about Jimmy.

**Clark:** Now that you mention it, I am kind of curious about the envelope.

**Lana:** Clark—

**Clark:** One question at a time.

**Pete:** He's right. If he opens that thing and it's the launch code for a nuclear weapon, we get to turn off this road before we even get on it. Baby steps.

**Clark:** We are on a clock here.

**Pete:** 100 minutes.

**Clark:** From the time I woke up about a [x] minutes ago.

**Pete:** Just open the damn thing.

*Clark rips it open.*

**Pete:** That wasn't terribly impressive.

**Lana:** You were expecting ghosts to fly out?

**Pete:** Happens in Scooby-Doo all the time.

**Lana:** So do talking dogs.

**Clark:** Does this make any sense to anyone?

**Pete:** Something funny about asking that question at this point.

*Clark hands the envelope to Lana.*

**Lana:** And you have to do what?

**Clark:** All she said was "No one leaves."

**Lana:** No one leaves?

**Clark:** None of them.

**Pete:** Any idea why?

**Clark:** Not particularly.

**Pete:** Seems a little easy, doesn't it?

**Lana:** Have you ever tried to keep that kind of crowd under any kind of control?

**Pete:** Making these people's nights a little longer doesn't exactly strike me as the kind of game they play on the devil's playground.

**Clark:** You're saying?

**Pete:** There's something more to it.

**Clark:** Like?

**Pete:** How the hell should I know? I'm not even a Christian. But, from what I hear, your devil is capable of a lot worse than this.

*Beat.*

**Lana:** What have you gotten yourself into?

*Beat.*

**Clark:** Guys...I need a minute. I've got a phone call to make.

*Pete and Lana exit.*

**Scene 3 – Colin**

**Ryan:** Ok. So what if you open it and it proves to be true. You don't have to do it.

**Colin:** What about my soul?

**Ryan:** What about confession? Couple hundred Hail Mary's and you'll be clean. Worked for me.

**Colin:** That's reassuring.

**Ryan:** Then again, you'd have to be a real asshole not to do this.

**Colin:** It must suck to be you.

**Ryan:** Why?

**Colin:** Because I'm gonna rip off your cock and gag you with it.

**Ryan:** At least I'm not going to hell.

**Colin:** Fuck you.

**Ryan:** You know what amuses me?

**Colin:** What?

**Ryan:** We're arguing over something that may or may not be a wacky dream.

**Colin:** We don't know that.

**Ryan:** Until you open the envelope we don't.

*Colin grunts.*

**Ryan:** What's it gonna be?

**Colin:** I don't know.

**Ryan:** C'mon, Alexander. Open the knot.

**Colin:** This is my decision, not yours.

**Ryan:** Fair enough.

*Colin hesitates, grabs a letter opener and tears open the envelope, reads the contents and tosses it to Ryan.*

**Colin:** It's an invitation.

**Ryan:** Cordially invited to Emmett and Clara Brown's 25<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary at the Bar on Top of the Word, 107<sup>th</sup> floor, World Trade Center. Who are the Browns?

**Colin:** Never heard of them.

**Ryan:** Clients?

**Colin:** No. Yet the invitation says my name.

**Ryan:** Could have been send to another Colin [insert last name]

**Colin:** Didn't come in the mail. Doesn't even have an address on the envelope.

**Ryan:** But it could still be nothing.

*Colin shoots him a look.*

**Ryan:** Ok, maybe it is something.

**Colin:** At least now I know I'm not going crazy.

**Ryan:** You know what? This is some fucked up stuff right here.

**Colin:** What an astute observation.

**Ryan:** No. I mean. Well. This is crazy. You have undeniable proof of God and our immortal soul. The nuns and priests weren't nuts.

**Colin:** I really don't need you to turn into the Pope right now.

**Ryan:** What else did the angel tell you? Who's gonna get hurt? What do you have to do to make sure you stop it?

**Colin:** I wish I knew. Dumb bitch wouldn't tell me anything. Other than what I told you, all she did was make some small talk on the elevator. She babbled something about the special effects in "Con Air" and then something about how she used the internet at work

too much and they were blocking connections to some pages. Honestly, I thought she was trying to hit on me so I was checking her out to see if she was good looking enough to return the favor, so I wasn't listening.

**Ryan:** Wonderful. So are you going there now or what?

**Colin:** I don't know.

**Ryan:** What do you mean you don't know?!

**Colin:** I have important things to do!

**Ryan:** More important than saving your immortal soul?

**Colin:** Like you said, there are other ways.

**Ryan:** Are you sure?

**Colin:** Man, do not turn preacher on me. Besides, who's to say that this "angel" is who she said she was? Where in the bible does God have his peons cutting deals for souls?

**Ryan:** Nowhere.

**Colin:** Exactly.

**Ryan:** Doesn't mean they don't.

**Colin:** Doesn't mean they do, either.

**Ryan:** Colin, you've been given the chance to play a part in something bigger than us.

**Colin:** Do not start with this shit.

**Ryan:** You are being put in a position to push destiny, or whatever is the order of things, in the right direction.

**Colin:** Or maybe I'll just be involved in things I wasn't meant to be involved in in the first place. I mean, why me? Why not someone who's there already? Maybe someone who actually knows those people? It doesn't make sense.

**Ryan:** Does it matter? You've been tapped by something bigger, man.

**Colin:** No. Besides, I'm not exactly psyched about being a pawn in someone else's chess game. They are the easiest piece to sacrifice, you know.

**Ryan:** But you're being given the ultimate reward!

**Colin:** Says who? Some shady supernatural being who claims to be an angel? If I am damned already, who am I to deserve salvation for so small a price? And so help you God if you say that the Lord works in mysterious ways.

**Ryan:** Fine. If anything else, why not do it because you know someone might get hurt and you can stop it?

**Colin:** Why? Because I have plenty to do, right here, right now. See that pile of pink notes on my desk? Messages. Lots of people called me while I was having a supernatural experience in the elevator. People who wanted to sell and buy expensive stocks. And I wasn't here for it. So now I have to figure a way out of this mess.

**Ryan:** But you have a chance to cheat fate and stop someone from getting hurt and possibly dying.

**Colin:** I'll just trust fate on that one. Now, if you'll excuse me, I should get to work.

**Ryan:** What if the information was regarding the stock market? Would you act on it?

**Colin:** Of course. That's my job. Then this might all make sense. But this little odd job I've been given is different.

**Ryan:** It's different because you're a selfish asshole.

**Colin:** Get the fuck out!

*Ryan turns to leave. On his way out he spots another one of the pink papers on the floor.*

**Ryan:** Oh, here's another one of your "oh so fuckin' important" messages.

**Colin:** Holy shit! Fuck me! What were today's final numbers? (*rushes over the computer*). Where these the final numbers? Tell me these weren't the final numbers.

**Ryan:** They weren't the final numbers.

**Colin:** Really?

**Ryan:** No.



**Colin:** FUCK!

**Ryan:** What's going on?

**Colin:** Tom Wayne called.

**Ryan:** THE Thomas Wayne?

**Colin:** He wanted me to sell some stocks and invest the money elsewhere.

**Ryan:** So he didn't make some more money. He can afford it.

**Colin:** He's my biggest client, asshole! He knew exactly what to sell and what to buy. I wasn't there to do it. I've lost him two and a half million dollars.

**Ryan:** Jesus.

**Colin:** Alright, I can do this. I need numbers. Projections, hot tips, a fuckin' miracle. If I can't get him his money back, I'm gonna lose him. I can't afford that. Let's see...

*Colin tries to punch something up on the computer. He looks at it funny then hits it and tries again.*

**Colin:** What the hell is this? Firewall error? What the fuck?

**Ryan:** Since when do we use firewalls?

**Colin:** I don't know! I can't call up any websites. Firewall. Firewall. Nothing. Shit.

**Ryan:** This is what you get for looking up all those porn websites. Now you're completely blocked. Back to regular spank mags for you.

**Colin:** Fuck you. Think anybody's down in tech services right now? How can I do this without the internet?

**Ryan:** What? Look at porn?

**Colin:** No, I need to work. Fuck. Gonna have to do it the old fashioned way.

*Colin starts leafing through magazines, newspapers, anything he can find.*

**Ryan:** What about this (*holds up the envelope*).

**Colin:** That can wait.

**Ryan:** Don't you have less than 100 minutes?

**Colin:** I have a career to save. Priorities, my young friend.

*Ryan stares at the envelope.*

**Colin:** And stop staring at that envelope like I'm going to change my mind.

*Lights down.*

**Scene 4: Clark**

*Clark sits alone. Pete enters.*

**Pete:** That was quick.

**Clark:** She hung up four minutes ago.

*Beat.*

**Pete:** What are you going to do?

**Clark:** Probably not going to call her back.

**Pete:** Well, considering how well it went the first time. *(Picks invitation up from table)*  
The top of the world. Ironic considering who's sending you there.

**Clark:** I've got a lot on my mind. Irony's kind of gotten crowded out.

**Pete:** Just saying, hell being pretty much the bottom of the world and—

**Clark:** Thanks for spelling it out.

**Pete:** Just trying to help.

**Clark:** Clara and Emmett Brown. Sound like nice people.

**Pete:** Nice enough to survive 25 years of marriage.

**Clark:** Where's Lana?

**Pete:** Waiting outside.

**Clark:** Giving you a chance to talk me out of this?

**Pete:** Depends.

**Clark:** On?

**Pete:** Whether you think there's something to be talked out of here.

**Clark:** It doesn't seem like that big a deal.

**Pete:** Dude. We deal in accidents. It's our currency. It's what we do. You know how they start?

**Clark:** Something goes wrong.

**Pete:** Something small. A guy drops a cigarette on his lap. Suddenly he's veered in front of a city bus and life in the emergency room gets a whole lot more interesting. Some bitch is walking down the subway stairs behind an old man. The train's about to leave. She gets past him a second too late. And we've got a woman dragged 100 feet into a concrete wall. (*Points at board.*) A car moves slowly into an intersection and—

**Clark:** It can't have been moving that slow.

**Pete:** Can you seriously sit there and tell me there's nothing more to it?

**Clark:** I can tell you it's not my problem.

**Pete:** And I can tell you that's bullshit.

**Clark:** I'm just doing this one thing.

**Pete:** It's a deal with a demon.

**Clark:** I know.

**Pete:** An inhabitant of the underworld.

**Clark:** I know.

**Pete:** They're evil.

**Clark:** I know.

**Pete:** Evil's bad.

**Clark:** Don't you think any and all of that crossed my mind before I agreed to this?

**Pete:** Honestly, I was kinda hoping it hadn't.

**Clark:** You don't—

**Pete:** Because maybe then, just maybe, I could enlighten you about it and you, like the rational human being I know you're capable of being, would call this all off and we could all go home.

**Clark:** It's not that simple.

**Pete:** Complexify it for me.

**Clark:** He's my son.

**Pete:** Was.

**Clark:** Excuse me?

**Pete:** He was your son.

**Clark:** How dare you—

**Pete:** This is why I left her outside.

**Clark:** This is my—

**Pete:** We need to get into this and it's not going to be pretty.

**Clark:** And what exactly are we getting into?

**Pete:** It's been almost a year and a half.

**Clark:** You don't have a son.

**Pete:** Pardon my bluntness, but neither do you anymore.

**Clark:** God, you're an asshole.

**Pete:** I'm just fed up with your grief-stricken depression act.

**Clark:** It's not an act. My life has fallen apart.

**Pete:** Then put it back together.

**Clark:** Do you think it's that easy?

**Pete:** Do you think this is the answer?

*Beat.*

**Clark:** She wouldn't even talk to me.

**Pete:** I'm sorry. I mean it. I'm truly sorry for everything that's happened to you. But this is deeply and wildly insane.

**Clark:** I don't know about deeply and wildly, but—

**Pete:** It was a demon—

**Clark:** She prefers fallen—

**Pete:** An agent of theological justice, be it good or bad. If I were you, I'd be looking for the nearest church to get in a little better with the other side.

**Clark:** I think you're overreacting.

**Pete:** Twenty minutes ago, I didn't even think there was a hell. Now, kinda hard to deny it. That's not even fazing you.

**Clark:** You never did have much faith.

**Pete:** And you never did anything this tremendously stupid.

**Clark:** I got in that car. I got him killed.

**Pete:** And none of that was stupid. The stupid part, a year and a half later, you still blame yourself.

**Clark:** I have a chance to bring him back. I can't pass that up.

**Pete:** For what you're going to lose, you can.

**Clark:** You don't know.

**Pete:** I don't. But I wouldn't take the chance.

**Clark:** Well, that's you.

**Pete:** Me being sane and all.

**Clark:** And for the record, I don't have a lot to lose.

**Pete:** What about Clara and Emmett Brown?

**Clark:** They might be fine.

**Pete:** Or they might be dead.

**Clark:** You don't know that.

**Pete:** Why didn't she tell you what would happen?

**Clark:** I don't need to know.

**Pete:** Because if you did, you wouldn't do it.

**Clark:** Or she just wanted to keep it as simple as possible.

**Pete:** I'm serious. Bad things are going to happen.

**Clark:** Bad things happen a lot.

**Pete:** You don't cause many of them.

**Clark:** I'm not causing this one. It's her. If I didn't agree, someone else would. It'll happen either way. I might as well get something out of it.

**Pete:** You can live with that?

**Clark:** Jimmy certainly can. *(Beat.)* If I do this, what's really likely to happen?

**Pete:** Everyone dies.

**Clark:** I don't think so. I have a feeling.

**Pete:** A feeling.

**Clark:** I do. What I do's not going to be good. I'll grant you that. But there's a lot of things that can happen that aren't that bad.

**Pete:** Like what?

**Clark:** Maybe it's just going to be an intolerably boring occasion that a lot of people are going to want to get out of. They'll get angry and tired and maybe there'll be arguments and some relationships are going to fall apart. Causing a hundred people four hours of discomfort and feelings of social inadequacy is a pretty serious piece of chaos.

*Beat. Pete stares at him.*

**Pete:** My god. You really believe that.

**Clark:** I have to.

**He exits.**



**Scene 4: Colin**

*Colin is on the phone, frustrated. Ryan sits quietly, invitation in hand.*

**Colin:** No, it's nothing important Mrs. Wayne, but I need to talk to him... Ok, that's fine. Just have him call me when he gets in... Yes, he has the number... Thank you so much. Say hello to little Bruce for me... Ok... Uh huh... Bye bye! (*quick change in demeanor*)  
Shit! Why can't he be home? I need to get this out of the way. Need to prepare. Pass me those papers.

*Ryan hands him a stack of newspapers.*

**Ryan:** I'm going.

**Colin:** Good. Get the hell out. Finally.

**Ryan:** No, I mean I'm going here (*hold up invitation*)

**Colin:** What?

**Ryan:** I'm going.

**Colin:** Why?

**Ryan:** Because something *bad* is going to happen.

**Colin:** So?

**Ryan:** So I'm going to do something about that.

**Colin:** You're crazy.

**Ryan:** Says the man who got invited to a party by an angel. .

**Colin:** It's nothing. Let it go.

**Ryan:** You can't just throw something like this away.

**Colin:** I did.

**Ryan:** I won't.

**Colin:** 'Cause you're an idiot.

**Ryan:** Maybe. G'night.

*Ryan gets up to leave. He gets halfway to the door.*

**Colin:** Ryan.

**Ryan** (*not looking back*): Don't even start.

**Colin:** I'm not.

**Ryan:** Because I'm leaving.

**Colin:** No you're not.

**Ryan** (*turns around*): Give me one good reason.

**Colin:** You don't have a present.

**Ryan:** Wow. That was really pitiful. I'd mock you mercilessly, but I'm late for a party.

**Colin:** You can't go.

**Ryan** (*in the doorway*): Seems to me like I am.

**Colin:** Don't go.

**Ryan:** I'll pick something up.

**Colin:** What?

**Ryan:** A present. I'll pick something up.

**Colin:** Please, listen to me.

**Ryan:** There's a gift shop on the corner.

**Colin:** Ryan, pl-

**Ryan** (*checks watch*): Closes in ten minutes, though.

**Colin:** This isn't ea-

**Ryan:** I really should be running.

**Colin:** Just listen to me.

**Ryan:** I am.

**Colin:** Don't go.

**Ryan:** So you've said. And yet I am. Sucks for you, doesn't you?

**Colin:** It'll suck more for you.

**Ryan:** Man, that's a mom joke just waiting to happen.

**Colin:** Be serious.

**Ryan:** I am. Great mom joke, really.

**Colin:** You shouldn't go there.

**Ryan:** You should say something new.

**Colin:** Fine. How about this: Something bad *is* going to happen. We both know it. Someone's going to get hurt. But there's something else to this whole thing. Twelve years at this job, making deals for a living, and you develop a sense about them. Someone got screwed along the line and I think it was me. Look, there's something I'm missing, some little bit of insider information that's going to pop up and bite me in the ass if I go there. There's more to this deal than just me and my soul. There's Emmett and Clara and everyone else at their party. And all their souls.

**Ryan:** What are you getting at?

**Colin:** I think people are going to die. A lot of them.

**Ryan:** You don't know that.

**Colin:** Just call it a feeling.

**Ryan:** Didn't know you had them.

**Colin:** Whatever. Even if it's just some bizarre accident, even if it's something minor, a stubbed toe at the wrong time, the effects are gonna be real bad. Now, I don't know how

this is going to go down or even why, but I do know when and I do know where. So I'm staying the fuck away from that place. You'd be wise to do the same.

**Ryan:** No. I'm going.

**Colin:** Why?

**Ryan:** Because of Emmett and Clara and everyone else at their party. And all their souls.

**Colin:** You could die.

**Ryan:** Possibly.

**Colin:** Probably.

**Ryan:** Chance I'm willing to take.

**Colin:** And I'm the one who's dumb.

**Ryan:** For this and so much more.

*Beat.*

**Colin:** I'd wish you luck -

**Ryan:** - but you don't have the time.

**Colin:** Now go away.

*And this time, Ryan does. Still beat. Colin sits down, opens a file, back to work.*

*Lights down.*

**Scene 5: Clark**

**Lana:** You haven't said anything for five minutes. *(Beat)* You can't wait me out.

**Clark:** In the movie "Con Air", there's this scene where a plane crashes into a hotel.

**Lana:** What?

**Clark:** I always thought they did it with miniatures.

**Lana:** Clark, this is—

**Clark:** At movie theaters, there's this trivia on the screen. Says they used a real hotel.

**Lana:** What are you—

**Clark:** I never believed it. I mean, come on. A hotel? I just figured it was all bullshit. But then I saw this behind-the-scenes thing. Showed the actual footage of it. They did it. They crashed a plane into a hotel. *(Beat.)* I'm done talking now.

**Lana:** Are you making any sort of point here, Clark, because—

**Clark:** My point is, sometimes, things are exactly what they seem.

**Lana:** A cigar is just a cigar, right?

**Clark:** Leave it to you to make this about sex.

**Lana:** Clark. This isn't the high school cafeteria. This is me and you and this isn't a joke. *(beat)* Look, I know Pete was rough on you. I was out in the hall, but I heard most of it.

**Clark:** I can handle it.

**Lana:** I don't want to have to tell you he's right.

**Clark:** You don't.

**Lana:** Good.

**Clark:** Because he's not. Come on, you and I both know Pete's an idiot. I mean, Shooter?

**Lana:** Did you listen to a word he said?

**Clark:** Bits and pieces. My mind's kind of pre-occupied.

**Lana:** We need to talk about this.

**Clark:** Funny thing about that, we don't.

**Lana:** You're making a huge mistake.

**Clark:** Then let it be my mistake. You two don't have anything to do with it.

**Lana:** We're your friends.

**Clark:** And for the record, I'm not making a mistake.

**Lana:** Clark—

**Clark:** I'm not. I'm doing something for someone and I'm getting something in return. It's not a mistake. It's economics.

**Lana:** It's playing with fate.

**Clark:** Or maybe this is fate.

**Lana:** Clark, look, I've known you for a long time. I know the past year's been very hard on you. But do you really think this'll make things better?

**Clark:** I don't see how it couldn't.

**Lana:** She wouldn't even talk to you.

**Clark:** I know.

**Lana:** You think this'll change that?

**Clark:** She just can't understand—

**Lana:** No one can. Clark, beyond being crazy and bizarrely morbid, this whole thing is really outside the realm of human comprehension.

**Clark:** My love for my son is not outside the realm of—

**Lana:** Have you even considered for a second what happens if you do this right? What happens when he's back? When everyone you know starts asking questions? "Hey, Clark, is that Jimmy? Wasn't he dead last week?" "Yeah, funny story, see, I had a demon resurrect him."

**Clark:** Well, when you put it that way.

**Lana:** Is there any other way to put it?

**Pete:** *(entering)* How bout that he's fucking nuts?

**Lana:** I told you I'd handle this.

**Pete:** And I told you you wouldn't be able to.

**Lana:** I gave you your chance.

**Pete:** You didn't let me hit him.

**Lana:** I let you talk to him.

**Pete:** I was going to come in here and hit him with a chair.

*At this point, Clark is getting up and starting to walk to the door.*

**Lana:** You are such an idiot.

**Pete:** But noooooo, "violence won't solve anything."

**Lana:** It wouldn't have.

*Pete picks up a chair.*

**Pete:** You wanna find out?

**Lana:** No, I—Clark, sit down.

*Clark freezes at the door. He turns to Lana and looks at her for a beat.*

**Lana:** Sit.

*Another beat, then Clark does.*

**Pete:** You are so whipped. (*makes whipping noise*)

**Clark:** Fuck off.

**Pete:** That's it.

*Picks up the chair again.*

**Lana:** Pete.

**Pete:** (*slowly putting it down.*) You've got two minutes. Then I take him down, (*making inept karate motions*) Shooter-style.

**Clark:** Can we hurry this up?

**Pete:** We interrupting your complete mental and ethical devolution?

**Clark:** Can I hit him?

**Lana:** Can you shut up and listen to reason for a minute?

**Clark:** Maybe later. I'm on the clock right now.

**Lana:** Have you even thought about how you're going to do it?

**Pete:** Paralyze them with the sheer force of your idiocy?

**Clark:** Actually I'm going to play them a tape of this conversation and bore them to sleep.

**Lana:** Do deals like this ever even work out to begin with?

**Clark:** She said no tricks.

**Lana:** I mean, he could be hit by a bus twenty minutes after. You could be. He could be a half-decayed zombie trying to eat your brains.

**Pete:** Nothing much left to lose there.

**Clark:** She said no tricks.

**Pete:** Trusting a demon. Good call, that.



**Clark:** Why can't either of you comprehend just for a second how important this is to me?

**Lana:** We're just trying to help.

**Clark:** You want to help? Just step aside and let me do what I need to do.

*Pete raises the chair again. Lana signals to him to stop. Clark smiles at her. He kisses her on the cheek and heads for the exit.*

**Lana:** Clark.

*He stops and turns.*

**Lana:** I'm your best friend. I have been since seventh grade. And I want to you to know, if you do this, if you actually go through with it, I will be there for you. Because I know you and I know you're blinding yourself to the consequences you won't be able to deal with. And that's wrong, but it's you and I accepted that long ago. I just want you to know that what you're about to do is also wrong. And I'm asking you once last time to forget about it and go home. I ask you that knowing you'll ignore me and go do this because you're just not a very smart person. I just can't let you go without saying it. *(Beat.)* But I realize I can't stop you either.

**Pete:** And I want you to know, everything she just said, not at all true with me. You do this, you walk out that door, you better expect me to hit you very, very hard if you try to come back in. You know what you're doing and you know people are going to get hurt. Now get the hell out of my sight.

*Beat.*

**Clark:** I've got a party to go to.

*He walks out as the lights go down.*

**Scene 5: Colin**

*Lights up. Colin at his desk, scribbling something on a legal pad.*

*Ryan enters.*

**Colin** (*not looking up*): I knew it.

**Ryan**: Shut up.

**Colin** (*coughs*): No balls.

**Ryan**: No present.

**Colin** (*looks up*): Huh?

**Ryan**: Shop closed five minutes early.

**Colin**: So?

**Ryan**: I'm here.

**Colin**: For?

**Ryan** (*picks up picture frame*): This.

**Colin**: That's mine.

**Ryan**: We've been down this road before.

**Colin**: And I'll still punch you.

**Ryan**: Right now, I'd like to see you try.

*Beat.*

**Colin**: You're serious about this?

**Ryan**: Yes.

**Colin**: You're really going.

**Ryan** (*holding up frame*): Now I am.

**Colin:** Fine. It'll be your funeral.

*Letting that one slide, Ryan walks out ... but only makes it as far as the doorway.*

**Ryan** (*not looking back*): I'm better than you, right?

**Colin:** What?

**Ryan** (*turns*): I'm better than you.

**Colin:** Yeah.

**Ryan:** So you agree? You see my point.

**Colin:** Yeah. You're better.

**Ryan:** By a lot.

**Colin:** You're pushing your luck.

**Ryan:** But I'm right.

**Colin:** Yes.

**Ryan:** So why not me? We work at the same firm, in the same building, on the same floor. I got off that elevator right when you got on. When I heard it was stuck, that you had passed out, I thought I got lucky, like God had stepped in and steered me clear of some serious office embarrassment. But now I know better. God pushed me out of the way so he could get at you. Why? Why you and not me?

**Colin:** Maybe 'cause my dick is bigger.

**Ryan:** See, case in point. So why you?

**Colin:** Angel was a chick, man. Chicks dig big dicks.

**Ryan:** Okay, whether or not angels, regardless of how they appear to us, even *have* genders is a topic for another time. What I'm getting at is something else entirely.

**Colin:** Why not you?

**Ryan:** Exactly. Why not me.

**Colin:** Having second thoughts?

**Ryan:** Sort of.

**Colin:** About going?

**Ryan:** About who should be going.

**Colin:** You think it's me?

**Ryan:** No.

**Colin:** Then why don't you take your holier-than-mine ass out the door?

**Ryan:** Just because *I* don't think you'd be the *best* pick doesn't mean that you're the *wrong* one. There's a God. Maybe not the one of the Old Testament, or the New Testament, or any Testament, but there *is* one. (*Pulls out the invitation*) Listen, you got this for a reason. You and not me. You, the asshole, and not me, the better guy. Now, I don't know why that is and I don't pretend to like the thought that maybe God thinks of you as being more capable, but - for whatever reason -

*Colin points to his crotch.*

**Ryan** (*ignoring*): - he clearly does. So you should grab your coat and get going.

**Colin:** I'm not about to do that.

**Ryan:** And why the fuck not?

**Colin:** You really need to work on that A.D.D. of yours. I have business.

**Ryan:** Uh-huh. The market is closed. You can't do anymore except offer sad ass apologies to people you don't want to talk to. The company contacts you've got are all packing up to head home. Which leaves you with nothing to do - (*holds up his legal pad*) - but make little doodles of Superman.

**Colin:** Those are important.

**Ryan** (*holds up the invitation in other hand*): And this isn't?

**Colin:** Not to me.

**Ryan:** Doing the good thing doesn't matter to you?

**Colin:** Not when my ass could be on the line.

**Ryan:** Every time I think you couldn't be *more* self-involved -

**Colin:** I surprise people.

**Ryan:** Surprise me. (*throws the invitation in his lap*) Go. It's maybe a twelve minute walk. You could go there, sit your ass down at the bar, have a couple of drinks and be back on the phone with the Tokyo market in no time.

*Beat.*

**Ryan:** You know I'm right.

*Beat.*

**Colin:** I need my frame back.

*Ryan hands it back.*

**Colin** (*off photo*): She really is hot, huh?

**Ryan:** Yeah.

**Colin:** I'm going to miss seeing her on my desk. (*Beat*) I don't even know what I'm supposed to do.

**Ryan:** Do good.

**Colin:** That's extremely vague.

**Ryan:** It'll be enough.

**Colin:** You sure?

**Ryan:** Not even remotely.

**Colin:** Then I guess it'll have to be enough.

*He exits.*

*Lights down.*

## **ACT TWO**

*Spotlight up on a table. Two women sit, nursing drinks. They look like business women but are much more. For the rest of the Act, unless they directly talk to someone, they are only talking to each other and not acknowledged by anyone else.*

**Angel:** Hell of a view, huh?

**Demon:** Actually, quit the opposite of our view. But this is a nice.

**Angel:** Too bad about what's gonna happen.

**Demon:** Not for me. Extra points.

**Angel:** We'll see.

**Demon:** You'll see.

**Angel:** What did you do?

**Demon:** Oh, nothing.

*Angel looks around.*

**Demon:** Looking for your guy?

**Angel:** What—

**Demon:** Don't worry, mine isn't here either.

**Angel:** What?

**Demon:** What?

**Angel:** What did you say?

**Demon:** About what?

**Angel:** What are you talking about?

**Demon:** Well, maybe if you listened you wouldn't be so confused.

**Angel:** Did you say "mine isn't here either"?

**Demon:** Let me check the transcript.

*She snaps her fingers. A rewinding sound, then previous bit of conversation replayed.*

**Angel:** You bitch! You got yourself a guy, didn't you?

**Demon:** Yeah. Not as cute as yours.

**Angel:** What the hell is your problem?

**Demon:** Exactly.

**Angel:** You know, if you crack another hell joke, I'm gonna have to slap you. Now, why?

**Demon:** Oh, 'cause you guys always get the upper hand. And then when we have the upper hand, what do you do? Mess it up for us. Remember the flood? Washing out all the bad people, leaving that drunk Noah to start over. And who can forget Jesus. Your boss died to get rid of sins! So I figured, I'd take a swing at screwing up the other side.

**Angel:** Hey, I would like to make it clear that this is my own little project. The boss doesn't know anything about it.

**Demon:** He's omniscient.

**Angel:** And yet.

**Demon:** It means all-knowing.

**Angel:** There's ways around that.

**Demon:** No, there aren't.

**Angel:** You'd be surprised. It's just one night in one bar. God's got bigger things to worry about. Besides, I didn't actually tell him what to do, just to be here.

**Demon:** You're sneaky for an angel.

**Angel:** At least I'm not a demon.

**Demon:** We prefer "fallen angels."



**Angel:** You know what this reminds me of?

**Demon:** Cornwall? 1486?

**Angel:** That's it!

*They both start to laugh.*

**Demon:** The outbreak of plague!

**Angel:** That guy I got couldn't stop one little rat!

**Demon:** We were so drunk!

**Angel:** I had the cuter guy that time too!

**Demon:** That's why I fucked him!

**Angel:** You fucked him?

**Demon:** Yeah!

*They break out laughing harder than before.*

**Angel:** Ok, I deserve this one. You got your way and you got laid.

**Demon:** We'll see. Want another drink?

**Angel:** Sure. Why not?

*Lights come up on the whole stage. Behind the bar is the bartender. Sitting in front drinking is a scruffy, dirty old man, Billy.*

**Demon:** Give me two more sea breezes.

**Bartender:** No problem.

**Billy:** Where'd you come from?

**Demon:** Table over there.

**Billy:** Hmm. Didn't notice you.

**Demon:** It's a busy place.

**Billy:** I usually notice bodies like that.

**Demon:** Well, maybe you should be wearing your glasses.

**Billy:** My glasses?

**Demon:** The ones you've needed ever since that accident with the astronomy club in college. Shouldn't have stared straight at the sun, Bill. *(Beat)* By the way, check behind the TV. They fell last night when you turned off that porno.

*Billy is shocked. The bartender gives the Demon a beer.*

**Demon:** Thanks. *(To Billy)* And please, a chick with a horse? Have a little decency.

**Bartender:** Damn.

**Billy:** I hear that.

**Bartender:** A horse?

**Billy:** It came highly recommended.

**Bartender:** But with a horse?

**Billy:** Different strokes, my friend. Different strokes.

**Bartender:** That's just sick.

**Billy:** Shut up.

*Colin enters. Sits at the bar.*

**Bartender:** Can I get you something?

**Colin:** Yeah. A psychiatric evaluation.

**Bartender:** Sorry?

**Colin:** Nothing. Give me a beer.

**Angel:** Ha! Told you he'd come.

**Demon:** Don't worry, mine will be here.

**Angel:** I can't believe people still sell their souls to the Devil.

**Demon:** Again, I'm a fallen angel, not a demon and not Lucifer. Ok? Second of all, I made a different deal with this guy. Soul exchange is so passé.

**Angel:** What kind of a deal.?

**Demon:** You'll see.

**Angel:** Interesting.

**Colin:** (to the bartender) So... anyone get hurt in the past hour or so?

**Bartender:** Hurt?

**Colin:** Yeah.

**Billy:** Is that a threat? I might not have my glasses but I'll kick your ass.

**Bartender:** (suspicious) What do you mean by "hurt"?

**Colin:** Shit, I don't know. Cut, broken leg, pole halfway up the ass. It's a very simple question.

**Bartender:** Well, no one's been hurt that I know of.

**Colin:** Good.

**Billy:** Are you a friend of Emmett's or a friend of Clara's?

**Colin:** I'm the guest of a third party.

**Billy:** Third party? Shit, I didn't see the second. Do they have an open bar too?

**Colin:** What?

**Billy:** Hey, you wanna see hurt? I'll show you hurt. (*rolls up pant leg*) See that scar? Twelfth grade physics. A wave experiment with Slinkies. Let me tell you, I never knew

they could do that. Took three surgeons, man. Three. You be careful with Slinkies, you hear me, kid?

**Colin:** I'll keep that in mind.

**Billy:** So, you like porn? I know a guy who sells 'em cheap. Ladies don't come too often nowadays. Gotta do what you can to get by. A little old (*makes lewd gesture*). You know? If only I had a piece like Clara. That Emmett is lucky. I'd jump off a speeding train heading towards a cliff for a woman like that.

**Colin:** I bet you would. How about you have another drink, ok, buddy? I got stuff to think about. Now go away.

**Billy:** Asshole.

*Colin takes a sip from his beer. He's looking around. He's getting nervous. Next to him, Billy leans back on his stool. Colin sees this and flips.*

**Colin:** Hey! Stop that! Don't lean back like that! You could hurt yourself. Jesus Christ.

**Demon:** Your boys a bit touchy ain't he?

**Angel:** Don't worry.

**Demon:** He's already taken the Lord's name in vain.

**Colin:** Be careful. Maybe you've had too much to drink. You could hurt yourself. Or someone else. Give it to me.

**Billy:** It's my drink.

**Colin:** Listen: Give me the fucking drink.

**Billy:** No.

**Colin:** NOW.

*Colin finally wrestles the drink away.*

**Billy:** Asshole.

**Colin:** I'm doing you a favor. You could get hurt. Be happy I care about an old drunk like you. Now shut up and don't get hurt.

**Billy:** Hurt? I'll show you hurt.

*Billy rolls up his sleeves and sticks out his elbow then knocks on it.*

**Billy:** Metal joint, buddy. Sophomore year of college. Organic chemistry. We had a lab that went real bad. I ended up in that shower set up to wash away chemicals. Let's just say, wet ain't best to keep your elbow joint from shattering. That's hurt.

**Colin:** Wonderful. Do you wanna do me a favor? How about you look around and if it seems like someone is going to get hurt, let me know.

**Billy:** Give me my drink back?

**Colin:** Just do it. You'll get your beer back soon enough.

*Clark walks into the bar. He sits at the other end, away from Colin and Billy.*

**Angel:** It was a real hotel.

**Demon:** No way. I always thought they used miniatures. Like in "Independence Day."

**Angel:** So did I. But it was a real plane into a real hotel.

**Demon:** And you saw this?

**Angel:** I was doing a routine run in Las Vegas—what with it being the city of sin and all—and I saw it.

**Demon:** Crazy. But not as crazy as things are about to get in here.

**Angel:** You're not going to dance, are you?

**Demon:** No, I—what's wrong with my dancing?

**Angel:** You've got no soul

**Demon:** Oh, come on. That one was too easy.

**Angel:** You set up the pins, you know I'm going to knock them down, honey.

**Demon:** Funny. I was going to say the same thing to you.

**Angel:** Huh?

*Demon points to Clark.*

**Angel:** Who's that?

**Demon:** My bowling ball.

**Clark:** Can I have a double shot of whiskey, please?

**Bartender:** Here ya go.

**Clark:** Hey, have you noticed anything out of the ordinary today?

**Bartender:** What do you mean?

**Clark:** I don't know. Any employees acting weird? Strange people walking around? Maybe someone at the party looks suspicious?

**Bartender:** Um... no.

**Clark:** Didn't think so. Thanks.

*Glass SHATTERS backstage. Colin perks up and looks around. He pinpoints the sound as coming from behind the bar. He leans over it.*

**Colin:** Hey! Hey! Be careful with that glass... Don't fucking look at me like that. Watch... watch... You fucking idiots. Don't make me jump over and do it myself... Good, any of you hurt? Alright.

**Billy:** You need to relax. Have this beer. Somebody left it here and I think only a few people have spit in it.

**Colin:** Not a chance. You know, it's amazing how easy it is for someone to get hurt, even in the most menial way.

**Billy:** You are one tight ass individual.

**Colin:** At least I'm not you. Hey Bartender!

**Bartender:** Yeah.

**Colin:** How do people usually get hurt at these things?

**Bartender:** What do you mean?

**Colin:** Like in the house, most accident occur in the shower; where do they occur at a bar?

**Bartender:** I'm not really sure.

**Colin:** You fucking work here! You know what people tend to do. What usually get them hurt?

**Bartender:** They're drunk most of time and drunks do stupid things.

**Colin:** Ok, listen to me. I need specifics, not this vague crap. So how about you give me some insight and I stop myself from ripping out your throat box?

**Bartender:** You can't have anymore drinks.

**Colin:** I don't want a drink, I just want some fucking information.

**Bartender:** Over there, that couple dancing. The guy is still holding his butter knife. That's the kind of stupid things drunk people do.

*Colin spots the couple and flips out. He runs off stage to get them.*

**Bartender:** But if you really want to see hurt you talk to me like you did again and I will personally make sure the bouncer kicks your teeth so far down your throat you'll be chewing your own ass out for me.

**Colin (off stage):** See if you get a tip! Hey you with the knife!

*Billy sees Clark and goes to him.*

**Billy:** Why the long face?

**Clark:** I'm not a horse.

**Billy:** No kidding. I've seen horses.

**Clark:** Have you? Wonderful.

**Billy:** It's all on this video. Good stuff (*grabs beer Colin had taken*). Cheers! (*drinks*). Aren't the Browns nice people?

**Clark:** Wouldn't know.

**Billy:** Emmett and I graduated from college together out in California. Crazy college buddies we were. Didn't you love college?

**Clark:** Used to love a lot of things.

**Billy:** There was this one time I used a ladder to climb up and look in the girls' window. Saw the girlfriend of our frat's president naked and touching herself.

**Clark:** That's from "Animal House."

**Billy:** Suit yerself. Name's Billy, by the way.

**Clark:** Funny. Mine's not.

*Clark turns away.*

**Billy:** Come on, buddy. Have some fun. Wang some Chung.

**Clark:** What does that—Actually I probably I don't want to know.

**Billy:** Fuck this. I'm out of here.

**Clark:** (*perking up*) My name's Clark. I'll buy you a beer.

*Billy contemplates, then sits back down.*

**Billy:** You here alone?

**Clark:** Yup.

**Billy:** Any wedding anniversaries for you?

**Clark:** Not since the separation.

**Billy:** I'm sorry.

**Clark:** Not more than me.

**Billy:** I'm married. She's fat as a cow. I watch a little porn before we get to it. That and a shot of cognac help. Also helps that I have these metal bolts in my hips. I did quite a



number of my hips in Junior year of college. Emmett was there. It was during a lab on the advance properties of light. It was a doozy. Hardest lab of the year. I just never expected the cat to come flying at me that fast. The only advantage is that they help my humping.

**Clark:** That's a wonderful story. Why don't you go tell it to someone else who might appreciate it more?

*Colin re-renters and seeing Billy drinking.*

**Colin:** Didn't I tell you not to drink anymore? Give me that.

**Billy:** Hey, Clark. Meet my good friend—wait, what was your name anyway?

**Colin:** Colin. Seen anyone get hurt?

**Clark:** What?

**Colin:** Have you seen anyone around here get hurt?

**Clark:** No. Not yet, at least.

**Colin:** Good.

*Colin sits and takes a drink and checks his watch.*

**Colin:** Only [x] minutes to go then I can get the hell out of here.

*Clark checks his own watch.*

**Billy:** I gotta take a leak. And when I come back I'm gonna have a drink. And if you have a problem with that, I'm going to clean the bar with your ass. I hope they don't have floating urinals.

*Billy wobbles out towards the bathroom. Colin and Clark sit in silence.*

**Clark:** Colin, right?

**Colin:** Yeah.

**Clark:** If you don't mind me asking, why are you so anxious to leave?

**Colin:** Work.

**Clark:** Oh, ok.

**Colin:** That and this is the most boring party I've ever been to. Lots of rich people, though. Probably a lot of investors. I should have brought some of my fucking cards. Know anyone here who's looking for the best stock broker on Wall Street?

**Clark:** Don't know anyone here.

**Colin:** Guess I'm not alone, then.

*Drunk Guy wobbles past the bar. He's losing his balance and is about to fall.*

**Colin:** Fuckin' idiot!

*Colin jumps out of his seat and barely stops the guy from falling.*

**Colin:** Listen. If you're too drunk to walk, sit the hell down. Ok? Just don't fucking get hurt. You got that?

*Drunk guy looks at him funny.*

**Colin:** Good. Go. Steady. *(sits back down)* Asshole. Can you believe how many accidents are just waiting to happen in this place?

**Clark:** Not many.

**Colin:** You'd be surprised.

**Clark:** And you care because...?

**Colin:** I'm a nice guy.

**Clark:** Really?

**Colin:** Nicest Asshole on Wall Street. I've got a plaque.

**Clark:** That was sarcastic, right?

**Colin:** Yeah. Yeah, it was. God, what the hell am I doing here?

*An uncomfortable silence, then Colin stands.*

**Clark:** (*quick, with emotion*) NO! (*collecting himself*) You want another drink?

**Demon:** God damn him!

**Angel:** Actually, that would be you. And please, say his name a bit louder next time. It's not like we're doing covert action or anything.

**Demon:** I can't believe this. My perfect plan working against me.

**Angel:** Isn't it ironic?

**Demon:** Shut up. Alanis. I hate her.

**Angel:** Relax, have a drink. Do you want a cigarette?

**Demon:** Yes. (*lights a smoke*). You know, this is actually getting amusing.

**Angel:** Isn't it, though?

**Colin:** So is whiskey your drink of choice?

**Clark:** These days. It gets the job done.

**Colin:** Whiskey's never gotten a woman in my bed. Can't be that good. Besides, it's a pseudo-man's drink.

**Clark:** Says you.

**Colin:** I'll stick to beer. This party really sucks. What amazes me is that these people are actually enjoying themselves. They're celebrating having been with one person for 25 years. It's almost as pathetic as wedding receptions. Maybe even more so. At least at the wedding the sex hasn't become boring yet and you haven't had to deal with feeding kids who shit all over the place.

**Clark:** There's a lot to be said for married life.

**Colin:** Provides additional thrill when you cheat on her, for one.

**Clark:** I was thinking more along the lines of safety, stability, love, and happiness.

**Colin:** Tell that to my six divorced friends and the bitches who stole half their money.

**Clark:** Well, as long as they're all enjoying themselves.

**Colin:** If they start dancing the funky chicken, forget this, I'm leaving.

**Clark:** I'll make sure they don't play it.

**Colin:** Why don't you want me to leave? I don't putt from the rough, buddy.

**Clark:** Don't flatter yourself.

**Colin:** Will you look at that?

**Clark:** What?

**Colin:** Some kid is standing on a chair. What if he falls over and breaks his goddamn head? Hey! You! Watch your stupid kid! Yeah, get him off that chair! Teach him how to be careful! Some parents have no sense of responsibility.

**Clark:** Well, aren't you the good Samaritan?

**Colin:** For the next half hour or so. Or until I realize this is the stupidest thing I've ever done. Do me a favor, never pass out for a few hours on an elevator that's stuck between floors. You get the craziest notions.

**Clark:** What? Like playing professional croquette?

**Colin:** What?

**Clark:** It'd be a crazy notion.

**Colin:** People play professional croquette?

**Clark:** Crazy people.

**Colin:** The British?

**Clark:** Like I said, crazy people.

**Colin:** Damn straight. I hear they even drive on the other side of the road.

**Clark:** Are you coming on to me?

**Colin:** What?

**Clark:** I think you're flirting with me.

**Colin:** And I think you're an idiot, but who's keeping score.

**Clark:** Just saying, getting a bit too playful over there.

**Colin:** What the hell are you—

**Clark:** I mean, "other side of the road"?

**Colin:** When they drive.

**Clark:** I know what kind of driving you're looking to do.

**Colin:** What? That doesn't even make sense.

**Clark:** Call it what you want.

**Colin:** You're completely insane, you know that?

**Clark:** So I've been told many, many times tonight.

**Colin:** What?

**Clark:** Nevermind.

**Colin:** Go back to sipping your whiskey there, partner. I'll fuck any bitch in this place.

**Clark:** Why do I always wind up next to the freaks?

**Colin:** Right here, right now. Just to prove how not gay I am.

**Clark:** Keep telling yourself that. Then go back to your flat in the village tonight and—

**Colin:** *(standing)* That's it. I'll—

**Demon:** Gee, you picked a stable one.

**Angel:** Like you should talk.

**Colin:** *(calming down)* —sit back down and pretend this never happened.

**Clark:** Do me a few more favors.

**Colin:** I told you I don't swing that way.

*Billy returns.*

**Billy:** Shazam! That felt good. Barkeep, give me another.

**Clark:** Barkeep?

**Billy:** You wanna start sumthin? *(raising his fist)*

**Colin:** No!

**Clark:** You know, they make coffee in decaf, too.

**Colin:** Huh?

**Clark:** Maybe you should cut down on whatever it is you do that's making you so hyper.

**Colin:** Appreciate the concern.

**Clark:** Just saying, you're freaking people out. Don't want anyone leaving because of you.

**Bartender:** *(to Clark, Re: Billy)* This guy bothering you? I can have him thrown out if you—

**Clark:** No!

**Colin:** You know, they make coffee in—

**Clark:** Fuck off.

**Billy:** Speaking of coffee, you should see what Emmett can do with a Mr. Coffee.

*They both stare at him for a beat.*

**Bartender:** Sure you don't want me to throw him out?

**Clark:** No!

**Colin:** Yes.

**Bartender:** Uh-huh. I'm just going to go back to the other end of the bar now. (*backing away*) Where people are sane.

**Billy:** Screw this. I'm gonna do some dancing.

**Colin:** Be careful.

**Billy:** That's what she said.

**Clark:** What?

**Billy:** You heard me. (*leaving*)

**Clark:** Unfortunately. (*to Colin*) Did that make an ounce of sense to you?

**Colin:** (*not listening*) If it wasn't so important nobody get hurt, I'd beat the crap out of that bartender.

**Clark:** By which you clearly mean, get the crap beaten out of you by him.

**Colin:** I could take him. He doesn't look that tough.

**Clark:** If he was 70, blind, toothless, and pissing himself, he'd beat you with his cane.

**Colin:** Wonderful imagery.

**Clark:** What can I say? I used to be a reporter.

**Angel:** Your guy's such a loser.

**Demon:** And yours is Charlie Sheen in Wall Street.

**Angel:** Point.

**Demon:** Cute, though.

**Angel:** Don't I know it.

**Colin:** What do you do now?

**Clark:** I'm an accident reconstructionist.

**Colin:** That being a legitimate job.

**Clark:** It certainly is.

**Colin:** Reconstructing accidents?

**Clark:** Yep.

**Colin:** And you mock croquette players.

**Clark:** I mock anyone who makes less in a year than I do in a week.

**Colin:** You make money?

**Clark:** No, we barter for our services. You should see the beads I got for my last case.

**Colin:** You make money reconstructing accidents?

**Clark:** Bill out at \$300 an hour.

**Colin:** Damn.

**Clark:** Highest paid professional croquette player in the world, know how much he makes?

**Colin:** I'm sure you really want to tell me.

**Clark:** \$6,700 a year.

**Colin:** You've been trying to throw that fact at me for ten minutes, haven't you?

**Clark:** I think it's interesting.

**Colin:** I think you've been reading too much Sports Illustrated in your shrink's waiting room.

**Clark:** It was a good article.

**Colin:** So who exactly pays you \$300 an hour to reconstruct accidents?

**Clark:** Lawyers. For cases.

**Colin:** Well, to be honest, the whole thing kinda struck me as a complete waste of time.



**Clark:** Says the man who won't let anybody get hurt.

**Colin:** Just trying to do some good.

**Clark:** Isn't there a cat stuck in a tree somewhere?

**Colin:** I thought you didn't want me to leave.

**Clark:** I don't. I—need another drink.

**Angel:** Taking their time, aren't they?

**Demon:** They've still got [x] minutes.

**Angel:** Plenty of time.

**Demon:** Sure is. *(beat)* For me.

**Angel:** Like hell.

**Demon:** Yes. It will be.

**Angel:** What did I say about the hell jokes?

**Demon:** Sister, this isn't a joke. This is me beating you. You're gonna get used to it.

*Enter JOHNNY. He wears a top hat and black coat, carries a whip.*

**Colin:** Holy shit. You seeing what I'm seeing?

**Clark:** Dude with a whip?

**Colin:** Dude with a big whip.

*Colin finishes his drink, gets up.*

**Clark:** Hey, where are you going?

**Colin:** What do you care?

**Clark:** You're not leaving, are you? Just cause of a guy with a whip?

**Colin:** I'm going over there.

**Angel:** So who is this guy? One of yours?

**Demon:** Don't know him, but with a whip like that, I'm calling first shot.

**Angel:** Slut.

*Colin approaches Johnny.*

**Colin:** Excuse me, uh, sir, but, I was wondering, what are you doing here?

**Johnny:** I thought I was drinking. Now it looks like I'm being bothered.

**Colin:** Yeah, look, I know that was kind of an odd question, but I mean, well, it's not every day you see a guy walk into a bar with a whip. And, I'm just kinda wondering, what're you planning to do with that thing?

**Johnny:** Nothing right now. But you keep talking, I'll think something up.

**Colin:** Okay, okay. Fair enough. But, uh, do you think it's wise to be drinking so much?

**Johnny:** You think it's wise to be talking so much?

**Colin:** That all depends on how drunk you get.

**Johnny:** Which, hopefully, will be very.

**Colin:** That might not be such a great idea.

**Johnny:** Don't recall asking your permission.

**Colin:** Good thing, cause you're not getting it.

**Johnny:** What the hell's wrong with you?

**Colin:** Look, I just think that getting real drunk and carrying around a big whip, well, a place like this, that could lead to some problems.

**Johnny:** You leave me alone, there won't be any problems. Cause besides you, not too many idiots in this place.

*Billy reenters.*

**Billy:** Some hot chicks in there.

**Colin:** Crap.

**Billy:** (*lewdly*) Prospects looking real good for ol' Billy tonight.

*He sees Johnny and stops.*

**Billy:** And what the hell is this?

**Johnny:** You talking to me?

**Billy:** You better believe I am, joy-boy. You're in my seat.

**Johnny:** I don't see your name on this thing.

**Billy:** Look closer.

*Johnny gets up, inspects seat. When his back is turned, Billy spits in his hair.*

**Johnny:** What the hell?

**Colin:** Oh Christ. (*grabs Billy*) Let's calm down here, fellas.

**Johnny:** Calm down? He spit in my hair.

**Billy:** Like I'm the first one.

**Johnny:** Okay, that's it. (*waves whip*) Time to make like Devo.

**Clark:** Man, I saw that one coming.

**Johnny:** Oh, so everybody wants a piece tonight?

**Clark:** I'm just saying, Devo joke? How long have you been waiting to pull that one out?

**Johnny:** It's a good joke.

**Clark:** It's a fair joke. And it hardly merits the whip thing.

**Johnny:** Whip thing?

**Clark:** C'mon, why else would you carry around a whip except as an excuse to tell that joke?

**Johnny:** Maybe cause it's part of my job.

**Clark:** Telling bad jokes?

**Johnny:** Using a whip.

**Clark:** Dude, that's a conversation-ender right there.

**Johnny:** Yeah, I'm really feeling the loss.

*Johnny sits back down, drinks.*

**Billy:** So what do you do?

**Johnny:** *(not looking at him)* Hansom cab driver.

**Billy:** *(perking up)* Like with the horses?

**Johnny:** Well, they tend to speed up the ride for the customers.

**Colin:** Wait, I thought you guys used reins.

**Johnny:** Usually. But you never know. So I have to keep the whip around. Just in case.

**Colin:** You normally carry it with you to bars?

**Johnny:** It also helps in social situations. Scares away the riff-raff.

**Billy:** So, lemme get this straight, you get paid to sit three feet behind a horse's ass for ten hours a day and you get to whip it if it gets rowdy?

**Johnny:** Her, and yes.

**Billy:** Now that's what I call a job! High-five!

*Beat. Johnny regards him with disdain. Reluctantly, high fives.*

**Billy:** Aw yeah. I ain't never washing this hand again.

**Clark:** Like you have before.

**Billy:** So you looking for a fight?

**Colin:** Why is it everything here has to solved with violence, huh?

**Clark:** Hey, if I wanted to hear the after-school special, I would've asked you, hero boy.  
(*off Billy*) And as for you, you want to dance, we can dance.

**Billy:** Hey, Billy don't play that game. 'Sides, my man Johnny here is the one who's gonna take you down.

**Johnny:** What? How the fuck did I get back into this?

**Billy:** C'mon Hot-Rod. Show 'em what you got. Break out the whip.

**Johnny:** Look, is it too much to ask to be left out of this little freak show of yours?

**Colin:** Apparently.

**Clark:** Whatever. I'll fight whoever wants to fight.

**Colin:** What do you think you're doing?

**Billy:** Mailing letters his body can't deliver.

**Clark:** Look, I'm just mixing things up a little. Trying to stay awake.

**Colin:** Awake? The guy has a whip. A really big whip. What's the matter with you? Tired of breathing?

**Clark:** Something like that.

**Billy:** Shit. He's calling you out, man.

**Johnny:** Just leave me alone.

**Clark:** Figured as much.

**Johnny:** What was that?

**Clark:** Just, you know, guy spends all his time around horses, only natural, he gets a little curious. Wants to see if what the Russians say is true. If the neighbor's wife really is better.

**Johnny:** I don't know what you're driving at with that garbled analogy, but I know it's bad and I know you better stop.

**Colin:** Now that, that's a good idea.

**Clark:** Hey, I'll stop. No hard feelings. *(beat)* Pussy.

**Johnny:** *(getting up)* Okay, time to whip it.

**Billy:** Whip it good! *(starts humming "Whip It")* Do-do-do-do-do, do-do, do-do.

**Colin:** Let's just sit back down, guys.

**Johnny:** I will. Once I whip his ass and get back to my drinking.

**Clark:** Don't worry, man. I can take him.

**Bartender:** Gentlemen. Take it outside.

**Colin:** Great idea.

**Clark:** I'm not going outside just to humiliate him.

**Johnny:** Then we do it in here. *(cocks whip)*

**Billy:** Wait. I got a solution.

*They all turn and stare at him.*

**Billy:** See, I got the wisdom of Solomon.

**Clark:** Wisdom of--?

**Angel:** You sure you're not behind this?

**Demon:** Even I couldn't orchestrate something this bizarre.

**Billy:** All ya gotta do is cut the bar in half.

*Silence.*

**Billy:** Wisdom of Solomon!

**Johnny:** You know, some nights, the drinking just ain't worth it. Where the hell is Emmett? I need to get the fuck out here.

*Johnny leaves.*

**Billy:** Hah! The wisdom of Solomon triumphs again!

**Colin:** Is it too late to just go home, jerk off, and forget this ever happened?

**Clark:** Don't go.

**Colin:** I told you to stop hitting on me.

**Clark:** Would you rather I just hit you?

**Billy:** Well, my work here is done. I'm late for work over at WHIZ radio. And I'm off... with the speed of Mercury!

*Billy gears up to run, then proceeds to be pulled back by Clark.*

**Billy:** Speed of Mercury!

**Clark:** Sit down.

**Billy:** Had this job since I was ten. Ain't gonna get fired now.

**Clark:** I'll buy you a drink.

**Billy:** Fuck it. I'm union.

**Angel:** Was there a point to any of that?

**Demon:** None that I can see.

**Colin:** Just be careful drinking there, Bill. Don't get sick.

**Billy:** Don't worry. I got the stamina of Atlas. *(beat)* I gotta piss again.

**Clark:** That's gotta hurt.

**Colin:** Hurt? Who's hurt?

**Clark:** Couple over there's arguing. Guy's trying to get her back. She's walking away.

**Colin:** So they're breaking up?

**Clark:** Take it from me. Not a fun experience.

**Colin:** Shit.

**Clark:** You gonna go over and fight for truth, justice, and the American way?

**Colin:** That's just—*(beat as they both watch offstage)* alright, hypothetically—

**Clark:** This going to be like one of those after-school specials where the daughter asks her mother about her "friend" who was raped by the gym teacher?

**Colin:** This is important. And that's just sick. If you were asked to make sure nobody got hurt, would you think emotional pain would count?

**Clark:** Pain is pain. Hurt is hurt. That *(motioning toward them)* is hurt. I should know.

**Colin:** Save my seat.

*He gets up and walks offstage.*

**Clark:** Hypothetically. Yeah, I can't see through that.

*Billy enters, adjusting his pants. They are sopping wet. Sits down next to Clark.*

**Clark:** Christ! What the fuck?

**Billy:** It ain't what you think.

**Clark:** You pissed on yourself.

**Billy:** Okay, so it is.

**Clark:** Dude, you pissed on yourself.

**Billy:** Is that where the ungodly stench of urine is coming from?

**Clark:** The piss. Your pants. It's - *(complete loss of words)* - Oh, God.

**Billy:** I cleaned it up some.



**Clark:** How could you -

**Billy:** Took 'em off, dumped 'em in the toilet. Washed out most of the piss.

**Clark:** And replaced it with shit water.

**Billy:** Yeah, there is that, isn't there?

**Clark:** Okay, see, you really need to get away from me right now.

**Billy:** Why is that?

**Clark:** I think the answer is fairly obvious.

**Billy:** I could just, you know - *(starts to take them off)*

**Clark:** No, no, no. Uh, you just, uh, shit, just, you know, just sidle away or something.

**Billy:** Sidle?

**Clark:** Or something. I don't know. Just - away, okay? - just *(motions with his hands)* away.

*Billy shrugs, goes a couple stools over.*

Clark *(muttering)*: Goddamn. Things I do. *(drains his whiskey; to Bartender)* Another.

*Bartender pours him one. Beat. Colin re-enters, stuffing a checkbook back into his jacket, muttering. He sits down next to Clark.*

Colin *(to Bartender; off Clark's drink)*: Gimme one of those. Double.

*Bartender pours him one. He downs it.*

**Colin:** Another.

**Clark:** Shit. What happened to your "I'll stick with beer"?

**Colin:** Sometimes, you need the alcohol to hit you quick.

**Clark:** Like now?

**Colin:** Like now.

**Clark:** What happened over there?

**Colin:** Lemme ask you a question: you know what's worse than rape?

**Clark:** Gang rape?

**Colin:** Betrayal.

**Clark:** That doesn't make any sense. Gang rape is worse than rape.

**Colin:** It's from a movie.

**Clark:** Gang rape?

**Colin:** Betrayal.

**Clark:** - but gang rape, you know, that would be a better movie.

**Billy:** That's what I'm talking about!

**Clark:** Shut up.

**Billy:** Whatever!

**Colin:** He betrayed her.

**Clark:** Cheated?

**Colin:** Betrayed. They've been saving up for a while, down payment on a bigger house, a new car, another piece of the Dream. Twelve grand socked away before that rocket scientist over there discovers day-trading. Three mouse clicks later and he's looking at a bunch of negative numbers.

**Clark:** Shit. How much did he lose?

**Colin:** Seven and change. Decides to spring it on her now. When she's drunk and liable to break things.

**Clark:** Like him.

**Colin:** Yeah.

**Clark:** What did you do? Looks like they're back together.

**Colin:** They're being civil. Big fucking difference.

**Clark:** Still, how'd you work that piece of magic?

**Colin:** I paid 'em back what they lost.

**Clark:** You what?

**Colin:** Paid them back. Seven and change. Christ, it hurts just to say it.

**Clark:** You gave them your own money?

**Colin:** It's how "paying back" works.

**Clark:** So, just like that, everything's -

**Colin:** Still fucked up but at least she's not going to throw him out the window.

**Clark:** That would suck.

**Colin:** Yeah. *(beat)* Is it just me or does it reek of piss over here?

**Demon:** - un-fucking-believable.

**Angel:** Do I know my guys or what?

**Demon:** Un-fucking-believable. Seven and change.

**Angel:** Cut them a check. Right at the table.

**Demon:** Not like I won't break them up later.

**Angel:** Not like I won't put 'em back together when you do.

**Demon:** You're such a bitch when you're drunk.

**Colin:** - and then in the toilet?

**Clark:** Yeah.

**Colin:** Goddamn.

*Colin walks switches seats to get away from Billy.*

**Colin:** Guy's fucked up.

**Clark:** Yeah.

**Colin:** I mean, really, there's just something, you know, something fucked up in the head.

**Clark:** Wires crossed.

**Colin:** Missing something important up here. *(taps forehead)*

**Billy:** Hey, you know I'm right over here? I can hear what you're saying.

**Colin:** And you're far too drunk to care.

**Billy:** *(beat)* Yes. Yes, I am.

**Clark:** I don't get you.

**Colin:** And you won't anytime soon.

**Clark:** You're an asshole.

**Colin:** Seems to be a running theme for tonight.

**Clark:** So what the hell are you doing here?

**Colin:** Drinking.

**Clark:** And trying desperately to fix other people's lives.

**Colin:** Yeah.

**Clark:** What gives?

**Colin:** Awful blunt.

**Clark:** Not answering the question.

**Colin:** No, I'm not.

**Clark:** Leads me to wonder why.

**Colin:** You should stop that.

**Clark:** Wondering?

**Colin:** Yeah.

**Clark:** Why is that?

**Colin:** Tends to make things more complicated. End up doing things maybe you shouldn't.

**Clark:** Like helping people?

**Colin:** Like skipping out on work.

**Clark:** Work's that important to you?

**Colin:** Money is.

**Clark:** And yet you gave away so much.

**Colin:** Wasn't that much.

**Clark:** More than a croquette player could make in a year.

**Colin:** You're really hung up on that, aren't you?

**Clark:** I'm a man of many interests.

**Colin:** Including, apparently, the salaries of British athletes.

**Clark:** I don't know if I'd call them athletes, but yes. Among other things.

**Colin:** Like?

**Clark:** Like it's none of your business.

**Colin:** Funny, could have sworn you were just trying to get into mine.

**Clark:** Passes the time.

**Colin:** So does shutting the fuck up.

**Clark:** Yeah, you're a gigantic asshole.

**Colin:** So why don't you just get up and leave?

**Clark:** Good crowd.

**Colin:** Like the mental case over there? (*gestures at Billy*)

**Billy** (*loud*): I can still hear you!

**Colin** (*back*): And I still don't care.

**Clark:** Yeah, well, this is actually better than most of my Friday nights.

**Colin:** It must suck to be you.

**Clark:** You have no idea.

**Colin:** Nor do I really want one.

**Clark:** Still on the look out for trouble?

**Colin:** Seems to be settling down around here.

**Clark:** Good for you.

**Colin:** Yeah. Maybe I can get the hell out of here.

**Clark:** Now why would you want to do that?

**Colin:** You seem to factor in pretty big.

**Clark:** You're a real charmer, you know that?

**Colin:** Like I'm trying to impress you.

**Clark:** C'mon, you're a stock broker. Common knowledge that you're all just little mama's boys, hiding behind that tough guy macho bullshit. It's like one big high school locker room. And we all know what happens in there. Only a matter of time before somebody puts their nuts on your shoulder.

**Colin:** You just told me way too much about yourself.

**Clark:** Please. I haven't even begun to crack open the emotional scarring.

**Colin:** And after that, I'm really hoping you don't.

**Clark:** Don't flatter yourself.

**Colin:** Hard not to.

**Clark:** Wow. You really are an asshole.

**Colin:** You know, I'm getting tired of hearing that.

**Clark:** Know how to fix that? Stop being one.

**Colin:** Quite some lip on you. Why am I still talking to you?

**Clark:** Roguish good looks.

**Colin:** Which you don't have.

**Clark:** This really isn't going anywhere.

**Colin:** Cue for you to leave me alone.

**Clark:** Or step it up a notch.

**Colin:** By doing what exactly?

**Clark:** By asking you something I've been wondering for some time now: what dirty little secret are you hiding?

**Demon:** Shit yeah. Just slipped that one in there.

**Angel:** Took him long enough.

**Demon:** Give him a break. He lost his son.

**Angel:** Like your guys didn't have anything to do with that.

**Demon:** He caught a tough one. Roll of the die, you know how it works.

**Angel:** Do you?

**Demon:** What does that mean?

**Angel:** I've been thinking -

**Demon:** Here we go.

**Angel:** - and I'm wondering what you offered this guy.

**Demon:** A new car. A bunch of money. A sack of hookers. What's it to you?

**Angel:** Not much, except there are certain rules -

**Demon:** Rules are for idiots and angels. Guess which category you fall into?

**Angel:** Rules. You know you can't break them.

**Demon:** Or I just can't let anyone find out.

**Angel:** Like God. Who knows everything.

**Demon:** And yet seems to be in the dark as to what you're doing.

**Angel:** The perks of upper management. I've got the Faith.

**Demon:** And I've got better hair. What's your point?

**Angel:** You just better not be fucking around here.

**Colin:** What are you getting at?

**Clark:** You said that already. Three times.

**Colin:** And you didn't answer. Three times.

**Clark:** Fine. You want an answer? Here's one: look at you, running around like a chicken with its head cut off, helping people out left and right, all the while cursing under your breath and coming back here to get drunker and drunker. Something just doesn't quite fit.

**Colin:** Fuck off.



**Clark:** Mature.

**Colin:** Like I need this.

**Clark:** Like you have a choice.

**Colin:** You know what, you can go to hell.

**Clark** (*muttering*): Most likely.

**Colin:** What?

**Clark:** Nothing.

**Colin:** What did you mean by that?

**Clark:** What I said. Nothing.

**Colin:** How about this: what dirty little secret are you hiding?

**Clark:** Nothing.

**Colin:** Really? Cause I've been noticing a couple odd things myself.

**Clark:** Like what?

**Colin:** Like maybe I want to go home right now. What are you going to do?

**Clark:** Well, I ain't going with you, if that's what you're asking.

**Colin:** Look, whatever you wanna think. Cause as of right now, I am no longer here.

*Colin gets up, walks to the door with quick, deliberate steps. Clark tries to play it cool. Fails. He runs after him, grabs his arm.*

**Colin** (*whirling around and grabbing Clark*): What the fuck are you doing?

**Clark:** What the fuck are you doing?

**Colin:** Get the hell off of me.

**Clark:** Answer the question.

**Colin:** Go fuck yourself.

**Clark:** Answer the goddamn question. What the hell are you up to? What do you know?

**Colin:** I could ask you the same fucking thing.

**Clark** (*with uncommon force*): Answer me.

**Angel:** This isn't going well at all.

**Demon:** No, no it isn't.

**Clark** (*demanding*): Well?

**Colin** (*quietly; calming*): This is all just some misund-

**Clark:** Feed me some more bullshit while you're at it.

**Colin:** Look, you're obviously disturbed about some-

**Clark:** Damn straight, I am. And if you know what's good for you, you'll tell me every goddamn thing you know.

**Colin:** Or what?

**Clark:** Or I'll hurt somebody here real bad. And something tells me you wouldn't like that. You know, hypothetically speaking.

**Colin:** You don't have the balls.

**Clark:** Try me.

**Colin:** You don't wanna know what I know.

**Clark:** You're so far off with that one, it's almost funny.

**Colin:** You already think I'm crazy, right?

**Clark:** Oh, yeah.

**Colin:** Nothing to lose, then. Word of warning, though. Your mind's about to be blown.

**Clark:** Considering what my day has been like, that would be pretty damn hard.

**Colin:** What the fuck are you—

**Clark:** In case you haven't noticed, I've got you by the balls, not the other way around. So why don't you just stop stalling?

**Colin:** Fine. (*beat; lights a cigarette*) You wanna know, fine. Like I give fuck. (*deep drag*) [x] minutes ago, I was at my job, riding the elevator, business as normal. Suddenly, some chick stops the thing, looks at me, and starts telling me all the really bad shit I've done in my life. Freaked me out. I thought maybe she was some bitch I boned once and never called. Sounded like serious fatal attraction type stuff. Turns out, I couldn't have been more wrong. She was an angel. You know the type. The wings, the halo, the whole shit. She had a deal. Would wipe my soul clean, let me start over. And all I had to do was come here, make sure no one got hurt. At least, not for a while. (*looks at watch*) Not for another [x] minutes, anyways.

**Demon:** You cut him a deal?

**Angel:** You do it all the time.

**Demon:** You're supposed to be better than that.

**Angel:** Don't even start.

*Beat.*

**Colin:** Why so quiet? Huh? You got your answer now. Expected more gloating from a guy like you.

**Clark** (*quietly*): I don't believe it.

**Colin:** Rocks the faith a bit, don't it?

**Clark:** We've been played like Ma-Jong in a nursing home.

**Colin:** What?

**Clark:** Gimme one of those.

**Colin** (*handing him a cigarette*): What's wrong with you?

**Clark:** Nothing.

**Colin:** Couldn't sell that before, doing an even worse job this time around.

**Clark:** Couldn't care less what you think right now.

**Colin:** Something is definitely up. Do you know something that -

**Clark:** No.

**Colin:** Okay, look, I leveled with you -

**Clark:** After I made you.

**Colin:** Whatever. It's time for you to 'fess up too.

*Beat.*

**Clark:** Not like any of it matters anymore. (*finishes cigarette*) [x] minutes ago, I was at work and things were going pretty much normal for me too. It's Friday, so I was in the bathroom, crying into the sink. Finally got myself together, looked up, and saw this chick staring at me. Kinda odd, you know, considering it's a men's room and all. I was going to say something, but she got into before I could. Started talking about my son, about Jimmy. About how, where he is now, how he misses his daddy almost as much as I miss him. How he still doesn't understand, no more than I do. How I could get him back, if only I did this one thing, just came to a bar and made sure no one left. Not for another (*looks at watch*) [x] minutes.

**Angel:** I don't believe it.

**Demon:** Believe it, sister.

**Angel:** You can't do that. You can't just bring people back from the dead.

**Demon:** It's not like he's really dead. Kid's in purgatory. Got another couple of years left before he hooks up with you guys. 'Till then, he's fair game.

**Angel:** It just isn't done.

**Demon:** Gee, that little trick your boss' kid pulled with Lazarus seems to pop to mind as a rather prominent example.

**Angel:** That was different.

**Demon:** Than reuniting a son with his father?

**Angel:** Don't try and pretty this up. You're doing this for yourself.

**Demon:** Like you have no stake in what your guy does.

**Clark:** - a fallen angel.

**Colin:** A demon?

**Clark:** She said fallen angel.

**Colin:** Unbelievable. You and me, an angel and a demon. Two deals, one bar -

**Clark:** 100 minutes. We're being played for idiots.

**Colin:** Damn straight.

**Clark:** Sucks, don't it?

**Colin:** So we should do something about that.

**Angel:** This isn't going according to plan at all.

**Demon:** Doesn't matter. It's already started.

**Clark:** - suggest?

**Colin:** We get everyone the hell out of here.

**Clark:** And thus completely void my deal. Thanks, but no thanks.

**Colin:** Listen, two very powerful celestial forces went really far out of their way to ensure that we would show up here, that we would do certain things by a certain time. Doesn't that seem suspicious to you?

**Clark:** Like something really bad is going to happen.

**Colin:** Exactly.

**Clark:** So? Do your job. Stop it.

**Colin:** I don't know if I can.

**Clark:** Well, then. I'll save you a good seat in hell.

**Colin:** Don't you care about these people?

**Clark:** Of course I do.

**Colin:** Then help me.

**Clark:** I can't do that.

**Colin:** Why not?

**Clark:** Some things are more important.

**Colin:** Like bringing back your son?

**Clark:** Like fixing something very wrong.

**Colin:** What do you think I'm trying to do?

**Clark:** I think you're an asshole looking for a way to sleep at night. And even if you do your thing, if you get your deal, there's no way you'd be able to stay clean for the rest of your life. So, sorry, but I'm not about to help you out. Especially not at my expense.

**Colin:** Your expense? Could you be any more self-centered?

**Clark:** Could you be any more self-righteous?

**Colin:** Who's working for which side here, buddy?

**Clark:** Oh, please. Just because you've got the angel—

**Colin:** Just because I'm saving lives.

**Clark:** Do you care about these people?

**Colin:** Do I care?

**Clark:** You asked me. I ask you.

**Colin:** I don't know if it works that way.

**Clark:** I really don't think we're playing official rules right now.

**Colin:** I don't have to explain myself to you.

**Clark:** You do if you don't want me to stop you.

**Colin:** You'll stop me?

**Clark:** If it comes to that.

**Colin:** Hey, let's not forget who's doing the right thing here.

**Clark:** There's a right thing here?

**Colin:** There's definitely a wrong one.

**Clark:** Which is?

**Colin:** Yours.

**Clark:** I'll ask you again. Do you care about these people? (Beat) Thirty seconds, then I break this bottle and shove it into my own throat.

**Colin:** That'd be stupid.

**Clark:** The word is "desperate".

**Colin:** And when it turns out you're bluffing?

**Clark:** Yeah, that's a chance you should take.

**Colin:** Do I care about these people?

**Clark:** That's the question on the table.

**Colin:** Of course not. Like you said, a way to sleep at night.

**Clark:** And I'm the self-centered one?

**Colin:** You're the one who's possibly killing 200 people.

**Clark:** That's not self-centered. Wrong, evil, fucked up maybe.

**Colin:** Your point?

**Clark:** Bad word choice is all. I'm doing this for a good reason.

**Colin:** Is there ever really a good reason for mass murder?

**Clark:** Do you think this is easy for me?

**Colin:** Certainly seems that way.

**Clark:** It's called denial. *(Beat)* And if you say anything about rivers in Egypt, I will kill everyone in this room myself.

**Colin:** Strong words.

**Clark:** What can I say? I hate cliches.

**Colin:** Must hate yourself then.

**Clark:** What?

**Colin:** Come on. A man who's lost his son falling into a deep depression willing to do anything to save himself? Why don't you just bring your long lost twin brother in right now and save us all a lot of trouble?

**Clark:** Twin brother?

**Colin:** Or the first wife nobody knew you had.

**Clark:** Good. Soap opera humor. That tops the list of things I need right now.

**Colin:** I do what I can with what I got.

**Clark:** Like fucking MacGyver.

**Colin:** Yeah, well—

**Clark:** Do you think I'm going to sleep tonight? Do you think I'm ever going to sleep again? That I'll ever forgive myself?

**Colin:** Yes. Otherwise you'd walk out that door right now.

**Clark:** In your mind, it's that simple?

**Colin:** In reality, it's that simple.

**Clark:** It's all for him.

**Colin:** Your son?

**Clark:** He deserved better.

**Colin:** So do they.

**Clark:** Then they're going to have to make their own deals.



**Colin:** This is insane.

**Clark:** This is love. (Beat) Did you know the defibrillators that ambulances carry only work on people age eight and up? He was seven. (Beat) We were coming home from a baseball game. He was a huge Yankees fan. My wife didn't want me to take him to the game; he had school the next day and she didn't think going out to a night game on a school day was appropriate. Anyway, we're driving home and it's dark and I hadn't fixed my headlights yet so they weren't a hundred percent. I don't see a car cutting in front of me, I don't slow down, we crash. Flew off the road. Everyone was ok but Jimmy.

**Colin:** And now some demon is going to set things straight? Bring him back? As long as you make sure no one leaves?

**Clark:** Yes.

**Colin:** And you didn't think it something big was at stake considering the prize?

**Clark:** It crossed my mind.

**Colin:** And yet.

**Clark:** Seemed like a long shot.

**Colin:** You fuckin' idiot! Someone should have hit you with a chair.

**Clark:** Someone wanted to.

**Colin:** Smart guy. Look, I'm sorry about your son. I really am. That's rough. But live in the now, buddy. Something is going to happen and it's going to happen here and if someone gets hurt who shouldn't have been here it's on your head.

**Clark:** Depends how you look at it.

**Colin:** What? I'm here to save people. You're here to hurt them. Where's the room for interpretation?

**Clark:** You're here to save people. Someone gets hurt, it's because you failed.

**Colin:** Because of what you did.

**Clark:** No. Because of what you didn't.

**Colin:** Okay, I think we're going to need to break out the charts and maps here. What?

**Clark:** Something's clearly meant to happen here and it's probably going to be pretty bad. You're here to get these people out before that happens. I'm here because you're here. In other words, if you weren't here, it'd happen and they'd be hurt. I'm here to make sure things happen the way they're supposed to, not to cause them.

**Demon:** I'd say that's a point for me.

**Angel:** Your guy's not bad.

**Demon:** Told you I got a good one. If only he'd stop calling me a demon. I'm a fallen angel. It's a pretty simple concept. I was an angel, right?

**Angel:** Yep.

**Demon:** Then you know what happened?

**Angel:** You fell.

**Demon:** I fell. So simple.

**Colin:** So because what I'm doing isn't supposed to happen, I'm the one responsible?

**Clark:** Wasn't that your argument against me?

**Colin:** Well, yes, but I think you missed the subtleties of it.

**Clark:** And they were?

**Colin:** That you're fucking nuts.

**Clark:** Subtle.

**Colin:** I'm a stock broker. We're naturally blunt.

**Clark:** Not to mention stupid as hell.

**Demon:** Just once, I'd like to hear "stupid as heaven". Or "hot as heaven". We get enough bad press from the bible. You'd think we'd get a break sometimes.

**Angel:** Watch me feel your pain.

**Demon:** I'd rather watch my guy kick your guy's ass.

**Angel:** He's not exactly right about how this all works.

**Demon:** But he's surprisingly close. Presents a good argument.

**Angel:** I find how close these people come to explaining us and our ways yet how far they are so endearing.

**Demon:** You always did have a soft spot for them.

**Colin:** I'm substantially smarter than you think.

**Clark:** Hard to believe, considering I place your IQ at about the level of grape soda.

**Colin:** Smart enough to see what you're doing.

**Clark:** Giving you the mental cock-slapping of a lifetime?

**Colin:** Lovely imagery.

**Clark:** I was an English major.

**Colin:** You're rationalizing. And doing a piss-poor job of it.

**Clark:** And what are you doing?

**Colin:** Wasting my time. (*Getting up*) I've got work to do.

**Clark:** Getting the people out of here?

**Colin:** Still got [x] minutes.

**Clark:** [x] minutes to stop what's supposed to happen from happening?

**Colin:** Right.

**Clark:** Regardless of the fact that it is supposed to happen.

**Colin:** We don't know that.

**Clark:** We don't not know that.

**Colin:** Man, I wish we hadn't been drinking this much. What?

**Clark:** Okay. Let me see if I can do this without the physics. I reconstruct accidents. I know how they work. I know how bad things happen. So trust me. I'm here to stop you from stopping something. There's clearly some reason why it's supposed to happen. It's the order of things. So—

**Colin:** Wait. You know who decides the order of things? God. You know who angels work for? God. Transitively, you know who I'm working for? God. This thing isn't supposed to happen.

**Clark:** Then why do you need to stop it? If it's not supposed to happen, it just wouldn't.

**Colin:** That's a good question. Odd how it's not going to stop me at all.

**Clark:** Fine. Then don't come crying to me when the entire space-time continuum comes crashing down on your head.

**Colin:** Wait a second. You're doing this to bring the dead back to life.

**Clark:** Point?

**Colin:** That your argument just fell apart. The kid died. And I'd like to say I'm sorry for that. I'm not, but it seems polite. He died because he was supposed to. Maybe you can't accept that. And that's your tragedy and hey, we all have them, so carry your cross and shut the fuck up about it. But you can't sit here and preach to me about the power of fate when all you want to do is slip out the back door before I notice you're doing the same exact thing.

**Clark:** And maybe these people are dying because they're supposed to.

**Colin:** Everybody who's sick of arguing about this shit, get up and evacuate the room. (getting up) Okay, guess it's just me. It's been real, C-Dawg. My deepest regrets and sympathies and all that.

**Clark:** You think it's right to fuck with fate like this?

**Colin:** If fate's intention is to kill everybody in this room, I think it deserves to be fucked. Preferably with something large, obtrusive, jagged and on (beat) fire. Wow. So this is what being an idiot feels like.

**Clark:** What?

**Colin:** Fire.

**Demon:** How the hell did he--?

**Angel:** Don't look at me.

**Colin:** I think I see how we can both win here.

**Clark:** That's big of you.

**Colin:** Yeah, well. If I'm going to have to be good from now on, might as well get started.

**Demon:** What's his plan?

**Angel:** You act like I'd know.

**Demon:** You bitch. What did you tell him?

**Clark:** What's your plan?

**Colin:** Okay. Bear with me because this is all a bit of a long shot. The angel said something about her bosses blocking her internet access.

**Clark:** And?

**Colin:** When I got back to my office, I was firewalled.

**Clark:** Yes, firewalls. Geek Internet term for what they use to block people from running stuff. Like some porn websites. Your point?

**Colin:** Firewall. Fire. Wall. See what I'm getting at, sweetheart?

**Clark:** So you're saying there's a fire in the wall?

**Colin:** I think so.

**Clark:** Makes sense.

**Colin:** Well, you do things like this for a living. Does it?

**Clark:** We can stop the fire. We can stop it and nobody 'll have to leave and nobody'll be hurt.

**Angel:** Have I pointed out how good of a call your guy was?

**Demon:** At least I didn't cheat.

**Angel:** What's that supposed to mean?

**Demon:** You're not allowed to tell them about the future. That's against the rules.

**Angel:** I didn't tell him... per se.

**Demon:** You know that's not done. The choices are always for them to make.

**Angel:** What? The mysterious ways thing?

**Demon:** Hell yes, the mysterious ways thing. They're not supposed to know the consequences. Just like everyone else. I didn't tell my guy anything.

**Angel:** I didn't tell him flat out. He happened to figure it out.

**Demon:** You're the angel yet I'm the only one that has any respect for the rules.

**Angel:** I respect the rules. It's not my fault there's a glaring loophole.

**Demon:** You know that's bullshit.

**Angel:** What? Why can't I give my guy an extra hint? It's still up to him to decide what he does with it.

**Demon:** I don't like this one bit.

**Angel:** Oh, like you are such a stickler for the rules. Bringing a kid back to life? Yeah, that's not major interference is it?

**Demon:** You're the one that started this whole thing. If you'd only let things happen the way they were suppose to.

**Angel:** Something about killing 200 people seemed wrong to me.

**Demon:** So you took it upon yourself.

**Angel:** Absolutely.

**Demon:** It's thinking like that that'll make you fall. He's got a plan. It was never your job to question it and you know it.

**Angel:** Know from experience?

**Demon:** Yes. Yes I do.

**Angel:** I shouldn't have brought that up.

**Demon:** No, you shouldn't have.

**Angel:** Wait. Since when do you care about protecting fate?

**Demon:** Since doing so meant totally screwing you.

**Angel:** Nice. Very nice. Too bad you're going to lose.

**Demon:** That a fact?

**Angel:** (looking at watch) Oh, God. It's already started, hasn't it?

**Demon:** Yes. It has.

**Colin:** Any ideas on how exactly we go about stopping this?

**Clark:** Depends how it starts.

**Colin:** And do you know that?

**Clark:** No.

**Colin:** So you're saying we're screwed?

**Clark:** I'm saying shut the hell up and come up with some options.

**Colin:** It's going to start in the wall.

**Clark:** Yes. And it'll most likely get pretty big.

**Colin:** Something big starting in the wall.

**Clark:** And hitting its peak in [x] minutes.

**Colin:** Right.

**Clark:** Faulty wiring?

**Colin:** Seems kind of simple, don't you think?

**Clark:** These things always are. Bartender!

**Bartender:** Not you two again.

**Clark:** When was the last time the electricity in this place was checked for safety?

**Bartender:** What?

**Colin:** Inside the walls. Is there anything inside the walls that could spark a fire?

**Bartender:** Fucking drunks. Why is it always on my shift?

**Clark:** We're serious.

**Bartender:** And you're cut off. Goodnight, bastards.

*He walks away.*

**Colin:** That went well.

**Clark:** Might have gone better if you hadn't jumped in with the fire thing so quick.

**Colin:** Because we have enough time to throw around blame.

**Clark:** What else can we really do? Do you know how to stop a fire?

**Colin:** Water? Baking soda? A fire extinguisher?

**Clark:** None of which'll do us any good if it's inside the walls.

**Colin:** Then, no. I don't know.

**Clark:** That's unfortunate. Think the bartender was serious about cutting us off?

**Colin:** You're giving up?

**Clark:** Nah. Just giving up on helping you.

**Colin:** (*getting up*) I don't need your help to pull a fire alarm.



*Suddenly a piercing alarm goes off.*

**Colin:** What the hell? Someone beat me to it?

*Offstage someone yells fire, screams ensue.*

**Demon:** And I was worried.

**Angel:** It's not over yet.

**Demon:** Of course not. There's still all the dying to go through. Glad we got the good seats for this one.

**Angel:** My man's not the type to take no for an answer.

**Billy:** Holy shit! Fuckin' fire! This is like 11<sup>th</sup> grade chemistry! Stop, drop and roll!

*Billy stops, drops and rolls.*

**Billy:** Run!

**Colin:** Seems like you lose anyway. How are you gonna keep the people in here?

**Clark:** I closed the doors and broke the locks.

**Colin:** What?!

**Clark:** There's no way out. At least not in the next [x] minutes. Unless someone is as good with locks as I am. Funny the things you learn when your step-dad's a locksmith.

**Colin:** You son of a bitch. Open the doors now or I'll fucking kill you.

*Colin grabs Clark by the collar and raises his fist.*

**Clark:** Wouldn't wanna hurt me. You'd end up in hell. Which seems like it's going to happen anyway.

**Colin:** How can you sit around and let people die?

**Clark:** Easily.

**Colin:** You can't justify all this with saying your son gets to live. These people have families. You're willing to end all that for your son's life?

**Clark:** I love him.

*Colin lets him go. The fire rages. The sound of banging on doors becomes audible.*

**Colin:** Fine. I'll go break those fucking doors down.

**Clark:** With what? Those are reinforced doors. It'll take the firemen a good while to break through, let alone you.

**Colin:** I'll break them with your fucking head, you bastard.

*Colin grabs Clark. He's getting violent. Suddenly Billy comes running back to the bar.*

**Billy:** The doors are locked! We're gonna die! I need a drink.

*Billy jumps over the bar and starts grabbing alcohol.*

**Colin:** Billy. Listen, Billy. Do you know anything about picking locks?

**Billy:** Well, there's was this one time in 10<sup>th</sup> grade...

**Colin:** You don't do you?

**Billy:** No.

*Billy jumps back over with a bottle or two of alcohol.*

**Billy:** Wanna drink?

**Clark:** Sure.

**Colin:** No. He can't have a drink.

**Billy:** You guys shouldn't be fighting. What with all of us going to die. *(Billy breaks down into tears)*. Anyone want a drink *(he somberly exits)*.

**Clark:** Should have let a man have a final drink.

**Colin:** Listen, please. I know you loved your son and all that; it's not like it isn't obvious. That's still no reason to kill an entire roomful of people. Would he want you to do it?

**Clark:** Would you want an entire roomful of people dead so you could live?

**Colin:** I don't know.

**Clark:** Bullshit. You know very well you would.

**Colin:** Actually, I don't. It's one thing when it's an abstract concept, it's another when you see it happening. That's why you're sick. You're content to watch all these people die for your son.

**Clark:** I LOVE HIM!

**Colin:** 200 deaths. All out of some insane—

**Clark:** I'm getting kind of sick of the way you equate love with insanity simply because you've never experienced it.

**Colin:** And I'm getting sick of your immorality, short-sighted vision, and horrible breath, but I was trying to keep this civilized.

**Clark:** Bit late in the game for that, no?

**Colin:** Just making sure I'm checking all my angles.

**Clark:** *(beat)* Who are you to talk about morals?

**Colin:** Raise your hand if you're trying to commit murder tonight. *(looking around)* Sorry, what did you say? And shouldn't you have your hand up?

**Clark:** Only if you do. You'd be killing Jimmy just as much as I'd be killing these people.

**Colin:** Except your fucking kid is already dead.

**Clark:** Not to me.

**Colin:** Well, I try not to factor in the idiot vote.

**Clark:** And these people are no less dead than he is.

**Colin:** As long as you don't factor in that they're still alive.

**Clark:** For [x] minutes. Why are you even bothering to fight anymore?

**Colin:** Several reasons, actually. For one thing, because I'm in here too and I'm in no mood to burn tonight. More importantly, though, I've never consciously done the right thing before. It feels a hell of a lot better than I expected. Of course, I'd be lying if I said the incentive isn't part of it. There's certainly that. I can't believe how little of a part it's turning out to be, though. I mean, this sounds sappy as hell and I give you full permission to knee me in the groin for it when we get out of here, but it feels good to do good. And finally because I've made enough bad decisions in my life to know that you're making one about a thousand times worse than any of them.

**Clark:** I'm saving my son's—

**Colin:** If you think you're actually doing that kid any favors, you're even dumber than I figured you'd have to be to make this deal in the first place. How are you going to be a father to this boy? I mean, we all know how much kids today respect the morally bankrupt and the retarded. Plus, you said yourself that the guilt from this will eat at you for the rest of your life. You don't think there's going to be times when you look at him and see 200 burning faces and you just want to send him back? It'll happen. And then what? I'll tell you right now that you'll never be happy again and odds are, neither will he. Just let it rest.

**Clark:** But the demon said—

**Colin:** Fuck her. Fuck them both.

**Angel and Demon:** Hey!

**Colin:** This is me and you. And this is 200 innocent lives. It's not a complicated equation. All you gotta do is the right thing. If this kid's anywhere near as great as you seem to think, I can guarantee you it's what he'd want.

*Colin and Clark walks off stage.*

**Angel:** Point and game!

**Demon:** I cannot believe this. You actually pulled it off.

**Angel:** My guy pulled it off. I told you I know how to pick winners.

**Demon:** One last drink?

**Angel:** Sure.

*Angel and Demon stand by the window. The city stretches beneath them, the bar is ablaze behind them.*

**Angel:** Hell of a view.

**Demon:** Actually it's more like hell over there (*points towards the fire*). But this is nice.

**Angel:** I should get going. It was fun, as always.

**Demon:** When is it not?

**Angel:** Want to meet for some drinks after work tomorrow.

**Demon:** I have a busy day. Can we reschedule it for Thursday?

**Angel:** (*pulling out schedule book or pocket organizer*) Yeah, I can totally do that.

**Demon:** (*pulling out her own organizer*) Alright, Thursday at 6pm.

**Angel:** I'm thinking we should find another bar. This one won't be in any shape.

**Demon:** I know this great place on the Upper East Side. I'll E-mail you the directions.

**Angel:** Well, 'til Thursday. It was fun, honey.

*Angel and Demon hug. Angel starts to exit stage right, Demon, stage left.*

**Angel:** Just remember who won.

**Demon:** Just remember 1486.

*They break into laughter as they exit.*

*Stage is empty. Beat. Clark walks back in and takes a seat at the bar. Billy re-enters and runs up to him.*

**Billy:** Can I get a sip of—

*Clark gives him an intense look and Billy slowly backs away.*

**Clark:** Good call.

**Billy:** Well, you know, I've got the wisdom of—

**Clark:** Don't say it.

**Billy:** Right.

*Colin re-enters*

**Colin:** Thanks, man. I knew you'd see it right. Now let's get out of here.

**Billy:** Let's go, fellas. We'll be on the ground in no time. I gots da speed of mercury, you know.

**Colin:** We'll catch up.

**Billy:** I'll wait. I've got the patience of—

*The red lights intensify as we hear a crashing off stage.*

**Billy:** Goodnight, gentlemen. It's been fun. And now, to say the magic word. Shazam!

*The red light flares up for a moment. Billy remains standing there. Colin and Clark stare at him for a moment, then he runs off.*

**Clark:** I like that guy.

**Colin:** What the hell are you doing?

**Clark:** He's funny. Insane, maybe. But funny.

**Colin:** What are you talking about? What the fuck are you doing?

**Clark:** Drinking myself numb. This is probably going to hurt.

**Colin:** What is?

**Clark:** The fire. I can't imagine burning'll be fun.

**Colin:** Are you—

**Clark:** Not the way I'd have chosen to die. But then, what are the odds of having a heart attack while fucking Molly Ringwald anyway?

**Colin:** Molly Ringwald?

**Clark:** On the bright side, at least I won't have to live with the disappointment.

**Colin:** Molly—what the fuck are you talking about?

**Clark:** You're right. I fucked up royally.

**Colin:** But you fixed it.

**Clark:** No, you did. I'd have killed everybody in this room if—

**Colin:** Fuck that. No. You made the decision. I was just—

**Clark:** Patronizing me so I'll leave with you and you can finally save your soul.

**Colin:** No, I—

**Clark:** Bullshit from a professional is still bullshit. Now get out of here.

**Colin:** And leave you to burn?

**Clark:** Actually, I'm thinking it'll be the smoke inhalation that'll kill me first, but yeah, that's the general idea.

**Colin:** You're fucking nuts.

**Clark:** *(beat)* Probably.

**Colin:** Don't do this, man. You've got—

**Clark:** Absolutely nothing. I hit rock bottom a long time ago and I started digging. Now, I'm so far down I can't see the light at all. Save yourself.

**Colin:** Yeah, funny thing about that. I can't if I don't bring you with me.

**Clark:** I lost my prize, I'm going to make sure you don't get yours.

**Colin:** Are you fucking kidding me?

**Clark:** Hell of a problem you've got, huh?

**Colin:** I'm not the one who's willing to pick up his toys and go home just because the other team won.

**Clark:** Not like my life is worth much anyway.

**Colin:** Of course it isn't if you sit around moping like a bitch. Clark, you have a life ahead of you. You might not have your son but that doesn't mean it's over for you. Now let's go.

**Clark:** (*beat*) No. I don't think that's the way it's going to happen. Besides, it's not like you really care. You just care about your end of the bargain.

**Colin:** This stopped being about prizes and bargains and deals a long time ago. This is about people and their lives. And about me not letting you lose yours because you're drunk and bitter.

**Clark:** You forgot "stubborn". You're wasting your time here, pal. Do you really think your slick Wall Street act can get past me? You just don't want to see me get hurt.

**Colin:** Of course I don't. I don't like you. I won't deny that. But I won't let you die while I can do something about it.

**Clark:** There's nothing you can do. Now leave before it's too late for you too. Save your own ass; that's what you know, right?

**Colin:** I am so sick of your shit.

**Clark:** Then leave me here.

**Colin:** This isn't about saving my soul. It's about saving yours.

**Clark:** Bit late, no?

**Colin:** That's exactly what I said.

**Clark:** Can you hand me that bottle of tequila?

**Colin:** You've got to be kidding.

**Clark:** I'm making margaritas. You want?

**Colin:** No. I want you to—

**Clark:** (*raising bottle*) Last chance. You know, in some circles, I'm known for my margaritas.

**Colin:** You're obviously—

**Clark:** Your loss.

**Colin:** Damn it, Clark!

*Silence for a beat.*

**Clark:** Any idea where they keep the ice?



**Colin:** Please, Clark.

**Clark:** No. I'll see you in hell.

*The clock is dangerously low on time. The fire is blazing stronger than before.*

**Colin:** I guess you will.

*Colin lunges at Clark and punches him in the face. Hard. Clark's bleeding and unconscious. Colin throw him over his shoulder and walks out of the ensuing blaze.*

*The clock hits ZERO.*

*Fade to black.*