

Nando
or
The Ticket to the Ball
an adventure
by Mark Noonan
music by Nick Oddy

(Music: Outer space style music plays (think the Spaceship Earth ride at Epcot). After a minute the music morphs into a kind of 1920's hardboiled film noir music. After twenty seconds: a match strikes against the proscenium arch and traces up to a cigarette. The music slowly fades away, the spotlight slowly rises on a solitary figure in a dark suit with a fedora. He carries himself like a private detective in a mystery novel (think Hammett or Chandler). After exhaling a drag he turns to the audience and says:)

Man: Just passing through, really. That's what I do, I pass on through. Like a fart in the wind. That's me. Then again, we're all just passing through, aren't we? All just farts—different degrees of flatulence on a warm summer's day against a cool breeze. (exhales a drag) I don't know what that means. But it don't matter to me. It's all right with me. I'm here, and you're here, and that's it. All you need to know really. You want to get your underpants all twisted up your butt crack worryin' about it, well, that's your business. Not mine. I'm in the business of finding things out. Turnin' over rocks. Uncoverin' leaves. Leavin' no rock or leaf unturned. And my underpants are always cool and clean. And untwisted, as a cucumber.

But this story I already found out. Already overturned all these leaves and uncovered all those rocks. I already know the ending, see. But don't worry. I won't give it away. You forked over a wad of hard earned greenbacks for a good story, I won't ruin it for ya. But I will say this: any of you got problems with flatulence, metaphysical ideas, or dirty words, you best leave now, this isn't the place for you. Go see a Bruckheimer movie. Or rent Sleepless in Seattle. That's for the ladies. Or go buy old reruns of the Cheers show. Everyone likes that old warhorse. No worries about offendin' there. Everybody knows your name. Well here, nobody knows your name and don't you forget it. Nobody knows your name and nobody cares about your name and if you got a problem with that I suggest you go and take a long walk off a short pier 'til your hat gets wet. (long drag)

Nando. That's the name of this show. There's also a subtitle, but who cares. That's just an excuse for the writer to show his pretentiousness. Yeah, that's a big word, you're right: pretentiousness. But I just said it and I'll say it again. Pretentiousness. If you've got a problem with big words best you should leave now. Exeunt stage left as they say in the old Billy Shakespeare plays. Also, if you've got a pacemaker, you might want to leave. If you're pregnant, you should get out of here. If you make more than one hundred fifty thousand dollars a year, go on. If you have a problem with the United States' foreign policy with China, go on, you're not wanted. If you're wearing glasses, get out of here. If you're wearing contacts, go on. If you're wearing glasses and contacts, you're an idiot, leave. All men wearing briefs, hit the road. Women with scrunchies in their hair, your presence isn't needed. Old people, leave. Anyone wearing a diaper, get out of here. People who have an allergic reaction to milk, your bus is out front. Men wearing the fashionable boxer/briefs, you too. Make up your mind. Women with too much blue eyeshadow on, you know who you are, get out of here. What do they say, don't let the doorknob hit you where the good lord split you. Men wearing boxers, you too should leave. Anyone who thinks Bryan Adams is a musical genius, just go. If you think the Kyoto Protocol should've been passed years ago, go on, get out of here. If you're wearing a watch, leave. If you wish you were wearing a watch, go. If you don't like chocolate covered cherries, get out. If you drive a Hummer, go. If you smell like lilacs, leave. If you ate too much meatloaf, go. If you like puppies,

leave. If you're drunk, stay. (small pause) But if you make less than one hundred fifty thousand dollars a year you must go. If you enjoy Coldplay, go. If you like cheese, leave. If you wear shoes, get out. And if you shower regularly, please go. Good. Those of you who take baths can stay. Done. Now that we've weeded out the undesirables—we can—Oh—if you have a problem with my smoking, leave now, go to the corner down the block and step in front of the first bus you see. Preferably a double decker just to be safe. All right...(lights another) Where were we? (enter Nando, a young man in business attire) Ah, yes: Nando. There he is. You were probably starting to think that I'm Nando. No, I'm not Nando. My name doesn't matter. It's unimportant. But if you want, so you feel more comfortable, you can call me...Betty...(lights come up more on Nando. Betty looks at him, turns his back on the audience, then quickly) And no, I know what you're thinking. I like dames. With hourglass figures and emptyglass noggins. That's my type. And if you don't like dames, you can get out of here too. (exeunt Betty. Lights up on stage)

(On the back scrim: office windows. Downstage: a desk, a Young Woman. Nando walks up to her.)

Nando: Good morning, Frannie.

Frannie: Good morning, Igor. How was your weekend?

Nando: Good. Good weekend. How was yours?

Frannie: Not long enough.

Nando: I hear ya.

Frannie: Did you do anything fun?

Nando: Uh, well, sure, yeah, it was fun, I guess. You know, same old kind of stuff.

Frannie: Yeah. (phone rings, she picks it up) Have a good day.

Nando: Yeah, you too. (she's on the phone. To himself) You too.

(Nando walks to his desk downstage. He runs into another coworker.)

Bob: Mr. Nando.

Nando: Hey, Bob.

Bob: How was your weekend?

Nando: Uh, good. Good weekend. You?

Bob: Oh, yeah, man. Bachelor party this weekend.

Nando: Oh, yeah?

Bob: Yeah. It was crazy, man. Let me tell you. Cra-zee.

Nando: That's nice.

Bob: Yeah. I don't remember most of it, if you know what I mean. (laughs)

Nando: Oh sure.

Bob: I am nursing this. (diet coke) So hung over. Still.

Nando: Diet Coke?

Bob: Oh, yeah. This is the best stuff. If you're hung over try it—it's a miracle. A savior. I can't tell you how many times this stuff has saved my ass.

Nando: That's great.

Bob: Yeah. You want anything from Dunkin' Donuts?

Nando: No, I'm good.

Bob: You sure?

Nando: Yeah, I'm fine.

Bob: A donut or a muffin? A bagel?

Nando: No, thanks. I'm good.

Bob: A little mochaccino action?

Nando: No, that's all right—

Bob: Munchkins, baby! Who wants Munchkins?

Nando: No, it's—

Bob: Everybody loves Munchkins. Hun? Yeah? Hm? Whaddaya say? Munchkins, oh, yeah!

Nando: No, really, it's fine. I'm cool.

Bob: All right. Suit yourself.

Nando: Thanks, really.

Bob: (as he leaves, joking) Pussy.

Nando: Later.

Bob: Later.

Nando: Yeah. (exit Bob. Nando sighs, then goes to his desk. Enter Iris, a young woman.)

Iris: Hey.

Nando: Hey. Good morning.

Iris: (a game they play) How was your weekend?

Nando: Oh, good. Yeah. It was a good weekend. You?

Iris: Oh, yeah. Good weekend. Really good weekend. But you know, not long enough.

Nando: I hear that.

Iris: Yeah. Can you believe it's Monday?

Nando: Yeah, Monday.

Iris: I mean where did the weekend go?

Nando: I don't know. Not long enough.

Iris: Definitely not long enough. Well...

Nando: Can't wait 'til Friday.

Iris: I know.

Nando: Just get me to the weekend.

Iris: Yeah, well, do you have any plans for the weekend?

Nando: Oh, yeah. No, not really. You know, just take it easy.

Iris: Yeah, I can't wait 'til the weekend so I can get some rest.

Nando: Yeah, this week has been a bear.

Iris: Oh, I'm just exhausted already and here it is, what? Monday?

Nando: (looks at watch) Yeah. Nine thirteen Monday morning.

Iris: But it was a good weekend?

Nando: Yeah, it was good.

Iris: That's good.

Nando: Yeah, it's good.

Iris: So good.

Nando: Yeah, I'm good.

Iris: That's good.

Nando: It's good.

Iris: Yeah, good.

Nando: Good.

Iris: Good.

Nando: Good.

Iris: Good...(they laugh)

A Voice offstage: Nando!

Nando: Ah. (enter Nando's Boss, Fred Mulhearn, forties, heavy set, balding heading straight for him)

Iris: (looks over her shoulder) I'll see you later.

Nando: Yeah. (exit Iris) Morning.

Mulhearn: Morning. How was your weekend?

Nando: Oh, good. How was yours?

Mulhearn: Good. Yeah, good. Listen, John and Chris would like to see you in the War Room.

Nando: Oh, okay. What time?

Mulhearn: Now.

Nando: Now?

Mulhearn: Yes. War Room, right now.

Nando: (as they're walking off) Are we invading Canada?

Mulhearn: What?

Nando: I'm just—It was a joke.

Mulhearn: (not getting it) Oh. (they exit)

(Betty appears on the opposite side of the proscenium. Same entrance: flick of match, lighting of cigarette, exhale, then he speaks. For the rest of the play whenever he enters he will always first light a cigarette.)

Betty: So that's our boy, Nando, see. It's his show. Well it's about him anyway. A pretty normal guy. An average Joe. The kind of guy fathers don't mind seeing their daughters bring home. The kind of guy friends can call when they're stuck in a jail cell in Tijuana. The kind of guy who puppy dogs happily lick his face, and grandmothers happily bake cakes for. The kind of guy who pays his taxes early and never drinks too much. A nice guy; a friendly guy; a kind guy...but also, and you can tell by the blank stare that often unconsciously overtakes his face, see: a lonely guy.

(Lights up: War Room. Nando enters with Mulhearn and is immediately greeted by Chris Gaffney and Steve Gormley, both fifties, his Boss's bosses.)

Gaffney: Nando.

Gormley: There he is. Nando, my boy.

Gaffney: Good old Nando.

Gormley: The only Nando.

Gaffney: Well there can only be one Nando.

Gormley: Don't I know.

Mulhearn: Igor...(motioning for Nando to have a seat. When he says Igor the other two look at him funny because he broke their Nando flow. They all sit.)

Gaffney: So, uh, Nando?

Nando: Yes?

Gaffney: We are impressed.

Gormley: Yes, impressed.

Gaffney: Impressed with the Nando.

Gormley: Very impressed with the Nando.

Gaffney: Nando impressivo.

Gormley: Impressed a Nando.

Mulhearn: They're impressed. (again, they look at him funny)

Gormely: Yes...

Nando: Okay. Thank you?

Gaffney: You're welcome.

Gormley: Oh, you are welcome.

Gaffney: Welcome to whatever—is there anything you'd like—a water?

Nando: No, I'm good.

Gormley: Some coffee?

Gaffney: Tea?

Gormley: OJ?

Gaffney: Vitamin water?

Gormley: Hot cocoa?

Gaffney: Smoothie?

Gormley: Cappuccino?

Gaffney: Latte?

Gormley: Red bull?

Gaffney: Fresca?

Gormley: Zima?

Gaffney: Guinness?

Gormley: Margarita?

Gaffney: Scotch?

Mulhearn: Milk?

(Again, Gaffney and Gormley look at him strangely.)

Nando: No, I'm fine. Thank you.

Gaffney: Okay. So, Nando, we just wanted to take this opportunity to say good job—

Gormley: Well done.

Gaffney: Yes. Your report, I must say, well, I think I can speak for all of us (they nod) floored us.

Gormley: It was a big hit across the board, all the way down the line, from top to bottom and side to side. Even Mr. Murdoch liked it and he doesn't like anything.

Gaffney: Or anybody.

Gormley: That's true.

Gaffney: Why is that?

Gormley: Don't know.

Gaffney: He's an enigma—

Gormley: Wrapped in a puzzle—

Gaffney: With a side of ennui—

Gormley: And a dash of—

Gaffney: Je ne sais quoi.

Mulhearn: Which means I don't know what.

(Mulhearn smiles, satisfied with himself for knowing that. Again, Gaffney and Gormley look at him. Nando remains perplexed.)

Gaffney: Yes... And if I may say so, your report has quickly become somewhat of a classic amongst management—

Gormley: They love it—

Gaffney: Beaming. Just beaming—

Gormley: It really—well, it—

Gaffney: Shook us—

Gormley: The whole company—

Gaffney: To our core.

Nando: Really? Wow. What report was this?

(Gaffney and Gormley smile and start to kid each other.)

Gormley: What a kidder.

Gaffney: So unassuming.

Gormley: It's priceless.

Gaffney: Like he doesn't know—

Gormley: What we're talking about. (they laugh and laugh. Then they sigh satisfied and reminisce.)

Gaffney: Why this, you crazy bastard.

(Gaffney flicks a remote, on the scrim behind them appears the first page of a report titled:

The Greatest Idea In The History of Corporate
America (with pictures)

Gormley: Good title.

Gaffney: It helps to have a good title.

Gormley: Always does.

Nando: Oh. That report. Yeah. I forwarded that on to you guys, I thought you might need it, or want it.

Gaffney: Oh, Nando.

Gormley: Good old Nando.

Gaffney: Humble Nando.

Gormley: Nando Humbo.

Mulhearn: Igor. (again, they look at him)

Gaffney: (laughing) "I forwarded it."

Gormley: "Me forward to you."

Nando: What?

Gaffney: It's okay, Nando. It's a great report.

Gormley: You have quite a business mind.

Gaffney: Who knew?

Gormley: I didn't know. Did you know?

Gaffney: No. Did you?

Gormley: No. No idea. No idea that such a brilliant business mind was in our midst.

Gaffney: It's true—

Nando: Now wait a minute. Hold on guys, I forwarded that on.

Gormley: (smiles) Nando, silly Nando.

Gaffney: Crazy Nando.

Gormley: Nando loco.

Gaffney: There was no forwarding address. It's okay. You wrote it. You did it. It's great.

Gormley: Learn how to take a compliment.

Gaffney: Yeah.

Gormley: Take some credit for God's sake, man. Do you have any idea how much deniro that report made us?

Nando: (nods) No.

Gaffney: Mucho Deniro.

Gormley: Beaucoup Deniro.

Gaffney: Deniro Deniro.

Gormley: We're talking Deer Hunter Deniro.

Gaffney: Taxi Driver Deniro.

Gormley: Raging Bull Deniro.

Gaffney: The Good Deniro.

Gormley: Not Analyze This Deniro.

Gaffney: Or Meet the Parents Deniro.

Gormley: No. Goodfellas Deniro.

Mulhearn: That's a good movie. (again, the look)

Gaffney: Which is why you're promoted.

Gormley: Big time.

Nando: I am?

Gaffney: Absolutely. We can't have a mind like this (motions to the scrim) wasting away on some B.S. cost analysis report of people's underwear in Uganda.

Nando: Actually I was—

Gormley: No. We need you brainstorming. Keeping that brain of yours loose.

Gaffney: Loosey goosey, baby.

Gormley: That's right. We expect great things.

Gaffney: Great things.

Gormley: Oh, great things.

Gaffney: Great things from you.

Nando: Okay. Thanks?

Gormley: What was your old title?

Nando: Analyst?

Gaffney: Analyst, eh?

Gormley: Hm, analyst.

Gaffney: Well that's too boring.

Gormley: That won't do.

Gaffney: From now on you're...Associate...Executive...

Gormley: Vice President...of...

Gaffney: Big Ideas...

Gormley: And General Greatness...

Gaffney: Slash...

Gormley: CFO?

Gaffney: COO?

Gormley: CFO and COO?

Gaffney: Great.

Gaffney & Gormley: Both.

Gormley: Good. That's done.

Gaffney: We'll get new business cards printed immediately.

Gormley: And a raise.

Gaffney: Right, a raise.

Gormley: What were we paying you before?

Nando: Uh, fifty-six thousand dollars a year.

Gaffney: That's it?

Gormley: Good lord.

Gaffney: You can barely buy gum on that.

Gormley: From now on you get...

Gaffney: A hundred?...
Gormley: Thirty? (they look straight at each other as they do this)
Gaffney: Forty?
Gormley: Fifty?
Gaffney: Sixty?
Gormley: Seventy?
Gaffney: Eighty?
Gormley: Seventy.
Gaffney: Seventy. Five?
Gormley: Six?
Gaffney: Seven?
Gormley: Eight?
Gaffney: Seven.
Gormley: Seven.
Gaffney: A hundred seventy-seven thousand dollars. (they whisper, confer with each other) A year.
Gormley: Annually.

Nando: Wow.

Mulhearn: That's more than I make.

Gormley: Good.
Gaffney: Excellent.
Gormley: All settled.
Gaffney: All done.
Gormley: Simpatico.
Gaffney: Finito.
(They stand, shake hands)
Gormley: Congratulations, Nando.
Gaffney: Yes, congratulations.
Gormley: You're on your way.
Gaffney: Well on your way.
Gormley: Keep up the good work.
Gaffney: Good job.
Gormley: God bless.
Gaffney: Fare thee well.
Gormley: Happy trails.
Gaffney: Via condios.
(Exit Nando.)
Mulhearn: Can I have a raise?
Gormley: No.
Gaffney: Absolutely not.

(Blackout. Opposite side of the stage: Betty.)

Betty: Nothing like a raise to start your day. Makes you feel like you're king of the world. Makes your soggy bagel breakfast taste like a four course meal at the Ritz. That's Carlton, for all you kiddies, not the crackers. (drag) But it's all about the money, see. You make somebody some bucks and then they decide you're Buck Rogers, a wonderboy, a golden child, ready to take them to distant Moneylands unknown: and they'll give you some bucks, but just a little, enough to

keep you happy, keep you content, keep you quiet. Capitalism ain't about makin' friends, it's about makin' people make you think that they're your friends so you'll keep makin' them money. And that's all the news that's fit to print. Stick that in your pipe and smoke it.

(Nando, dazed, walks over and plops down on his couch. Nando's apartment. He and his roommate, Rob, are sitting in the living room playing Jenga on a coffee table, and the tower is ridiculously high. They keep moving pieces, getting higher, as they talk.)

Nando: It just doesn't make any sense.

Rob: Who cares about sense, you just got a hundred and twenty thousand dollar raise.

Nando: That is true.

Rob: Yeah. Drinks are on you from now on. I wish I would out of the blue get a hundred and twenty grand raise.

Nando: First you have to have a job.

Rob: I suppose.

Nando: But how is it possible that I could get an email—and I checked—and it's just there—it doesn't come from anywhere—it's like no—I don't know how that's possible.

Rob: I don't know anything about computers.

Nando: But you don't just get an email—it comes from somewhere—this thing just landed in my inbox from absolutely nowhere.

Rob: You sure you didn't write it?

Nando: Yes. Unless I did it in my sleep.

Rob: Do you sleepwalk?

Nando: No.

Rob: Do you sleeptype?

Nando: No. I don't think so.

Rob: That's weird.

Nando: Yes it is. Should I just fess up?

Rob: To what? To them it looks like you wrote it—

Nando: That's true.

Rob: You fess up they'll just think you're being more humble.

Nando: Humbler.

Rob: Whatever...Is that a word?

Nando: What, humbler? Yeah.

Rob: It just doesn't sound right.

Nando: I'm pretty sure.

Rob: Tumbler, bumbler, humbler. I guess.

Nando: No, it's a word.

Rob: Might make a good wrestler, The Humbler.

Nando: I don't know.

Rob: I think it has—oh, shit. What time is it?

Nando: (checks watch) Seven twenty-nine.

Rob: Shit, shit, shit. (he flips through the TV channels) Here we go. (he riffles through his pockets then pulls out a scrap of paper) A hundred and thirty million. Here we go...(they wait) Shit.

Nando: How many'd you get?

Rob: (pause) None.

Nando: Have you ever gotten a number?

Rob: Almost.

Nando: As you still playing the Lost numbers?

Rob: Always.

Nando: Well, what can you do? (he nonchalantly puts a Jenga piece up really high)

Rob: I don't know. My luck has to change soon. It has to. I just seem to have the worst luck, I can't seem to get anything right, this morning—this afternoon, burned my toast. Same settings as always, burned, black. Set the toast on the table, go to get two more pieces of bread—gone, all gone, no more bread, we're out. As I'm doing that a bird flies in through the window, snatches my burned toast and flies right out the window.

Nando: Was it that same Blue Jay?

Rob: Yeah...I'm gonna kill that bird.

Nando: Good luck with that.

Rob: Yeah...

Nando: Yeah...

Rob: Did you tell Iris about your raise?

Nando: No, not yet.

Rob: Dude, ladies love the big bucks.

Nando: Yeah, not this girl.

Rob: I don't know. All I know is that when I win a hundred million bucks the ladies'll be catfightin' amongst each other just to see who gets a piece of the—(his piece knocks the entire Jenga tower down)

(Slow blackout on the Apartment. As Nando walks over to a watercooler where Iris stands, Betty appears.)

Betty: A dame. There's always a dame. Every story's got a dame. Since the history of mankind, if there's a man, there's a dame. Even if it's a homo queer story, there's a dame. I'd prefer, as I said earlier, an hourglass figure and emptyglass noggin, but this girl'll do, I guess. And anyway, it's not like I have to do her. Not that I'd kick her out of bed for eating crackers, mind you. Unfortunately our boy Nando. Well...

Iris: I had no idea you were such a business mind.

Nando: (sarcastic) Thanks. Thank you very much.

Iris: No, I mean I knew you were smart, you are smart. Obviously. But all that business stuff...

Nando: Who knew?

Iris: Yeah. Exactly. Who knew. Well you knew, that's who, I guess.

Nando: Apparently.

Iris: They must've given you a raise, right?

Nando: Uh, yeah.

Iris: I'm sorry—I didn't mean—that was nosy of me to ask—

Nando: They gave me a hundred twenty thousand dollars.

Iris: Wow.

Nando: Yeah.

Iris: That's...

Nando: Incredible, I know.

Iris: What are you gonna do—

Nando: Socks. I'm gonna buy a lot of socks.

Iris: You should.

Nando: Socks from Saks. All my socks.

Iris: Good idea.

Nando: Yeah, I figure splurge.

Iris: Just a little.

Nando: Exactly. There's no reason I shouldn't have all new Saks socks.

Iris: No, I don't see why not.

Nando: Play your cards right, there might just be some new Saks socks for you.

Iris: Well, a girl can dream.

(Iris's boyfriend, Steve, sneaks up from behind and hugs her, picks her up. She is surprised, then laughs.)

Iris: You scared me.

Steve: Oh, you love it.

Nando: Steve.

Steve: Nando. What are you guys doing?

Nando: Oh, nothing. Just drinking water.

Steve: That's nice. (flips on a dime) You ready to go to lunch?

Iris: Yeah, let me just get my bag.

Steve: Okay. See ya, Nando.

Nando: Yeah, you too, Steve.

Iris: Bye, Igor.

Nando: Bye...Iris...(they're gone) Iris...The most beautiful name I ever heard. (he moves downstage) Iris! Iris, Iris, Iris! (he looks around at the echo like the Maria's from the musical

West Side Story) Iris! I just drank some water with Iris. And suddenly I've found how wonderful a sound—

Guy: Hey! (he stands downstage right. Lights up full: two other workers stand next to him. Three other workers stand on the opposite side of the stage, all staring at Nando.) We're trying to work here.

Nando: Yeah. (embarrassed) Sorry about that.

Guy: (as he exits) Jackass.

(Pause. The rest stand and look at Nando like he's a weirdo, then they slowly leave. Nando moves to his desk and sits. He checks his email.)

(On the scrim we see the title of a report:

How To Influence People Without Ever Leaving Your Bed
In The Morning (with pictures)

Nando: How is that possible? It comes from nowhere. It's just in my inbox. I don't understand how that can be. It makes absolutely no—(A nerdy overweight Techie with long hair and glasses passes behind Nando) Stu, hey, Stu—

Stu: Watch it, Pavarotti.

Nando: Stu, can you help me for a second.

Stu: Okay. (he checks his watch) See ya. (he moves to leave.)

Nando: Wait, Stu—

Stu: All right. What is it? Let me guess, your machine's running slow and you want to know why that is—but if you took the time to read the email I sent around you'd know to simply go to the Symantec anti-virus, open up the quarantined files and delete any viruses you see in there—but you didn't do that, did you?

Nando: What? No. It's not about that—

Stu: Okay. You've been getting tons of pop-ups and want know why that is—but if you took the time to read the email I sent around you'd know that all you have to do is go to properties and make sure your pop-up blocker is checked as enabled, which in most likelihood, it is not.

Nando: No, it's not that—

Stu: All right. You've been getting tons of Spam and want to know how all this Spam is possibly getting through when if you took the time to read the email I sent around you'd know that all you have to do, once again, is go to Properties, scroll down, and make sure the Spam blocker—which is on our network—is enabled—thus allowing us to sift through your incoming emails before they reach your inbox and thus saving both you and me much needed precious time.

Nando: (pause) No. It's not about any of those things.

Stu: You can't print?

Nando: No. I can print.

Stu: Your internet's down?

Nando: No. I'm up.

Stu: Your machine's frozen?

Nando: No. It's fine.

Stu: Your CD burner won't work?

Nando: No. It works.

Stu: You received an email of a woman having sex with a horse?

Nando: What? No.

Stu: All right. Those are all the usual suspects. What's up?

Nando: I have this email here in my inbox that just shows up—there it is, see—but there's no email address—it's like it doesn't come from anywhere.

Stu: Hmmm...Interesting. Let me take a look.

Nando: Sure. All yours. (Stu sits. Nando stands. Stu messes around with the computer.)

Stu: It has to come from somewhere. They always do.

Nando: That's what I thought.

Stu: Let's see here...(he messes around, gaining intensity as he goes)
No...No...No...No...No...No...No...A Ha!...No...No...No...Hmmm...

Nando: Well...

Stu: I can't believe I'm saying this about something involving a computer but I don't know.

Nando: But where's it from?

Stu: I don't know. This is outta my league.

Nando: What does that mean?

Stu: There's three possibilities.

Nando: Okay.

Stu: (he looks around secretively) It could be government: state department, treasury, NSA.
Military: FBI, CIA, Black Ops. Or...

Nando: Or what?

Stu: (serious) Or is could be the planet Arcturus in Rigel Nine contacting us to let us know that we are indeed not alone and they wish to open a dialogue that will begin the systematic integration of all peoples in the universe into one race of people slash creatures slash beings all known under one word as Oogs and enabling us to avoid the Klingon Wars known to decimate the human race if such an accord was not found by the close of the twenty-first century.

Nando: (just looks at him)

Stu: Jesus, I'm kidding.

Nando: Oh.

Stu: (leaving, mumbling to himself) No one around here appreciates my delicate sense of humor.

Nando: Stu, do you think—

Stu: Ehn, (he gestures his disgust with a wave of his hand without turning as he exits.)

Betty: The plot thickens, as they say on the silver screen. Now I could tell you where this email came from—as we all know, it didn't just come from nowhere. Something always comes from something, you can't get something from nothing, but you can make something into nothing, and nothing can make nothing, but for something you can't have nothing, it takes something. I believe Alberto Einstein said that. Of course he was also known to pee his pants.

(Apartment de Nando. Rob and Nando seated. They each have scissors and slowly cut paper.)

Rob: So what did you do?

Nando: I forwarded it on.

Rob: Did you get another raise?

Nando: No. A Mercedes.

Rob: They gave you a car?

Nando: Apparently. (he tosses a set of keys into the coffee table bowl)

Rob: Wow, that's—hold on. (he pulls out a scrap of paper, watches the TV) Damn.

Nando: So close.

Rob: Not really. I didn't get any.

Nando: Well there's always next time.

Rob: It's coming. My luck is changing. I can feel it—

Nando: You're standing on the air conditioning—

Rob: And when it does, watch out. I'm getting a whole fleet of Mercedes-es.

Nando: I've gotta come clean.

Rob: What? Why?

Nando: Because I didn't write these things.

Rob: Who cares? Somebody wants to see you succeed. Forward away.

Nando: I don't know.

Rob: Or forward it my way and I'll send it to them. I could probably get a time share in Key West.

Nando: I wouldn't doubt it.

Rob: Just go with the flow, baby. Ride that wave.

Nando: I guess. Are you done?

Rob: Uh, yeah. You?

Nando: Yeah.

Rob: Show me what you got.

(Nando, like pulling out a long accordion, reveals his origami creation: it is a perfect replica of Leonardo DaVinci's Last Supper.)

Rob: Not bad. Now pull back those eyelids and stand back 'cause—

(Rob pulls his apart and it looks like absolutely nothing, like a four year old cut the paper. After a couple seconds the paper snaps apart in the middle and the two parts hang limply from Rob's fingertips.)

Rob: Damn.

(Betty appears and lights his cigarette.)

(Nando crosses to his desk. He opens up his email. The title appears on the scrim:

Three Easy Steps to Turn Applejuice into Applesauce into
Applestock (with pictures)

Nando: Another one! How is that possible? I don't understand. It makes absolutely no sense. I can't believe, for one second—(he keeps talking to himself)

Betty: This is taking too long. What do you say we speed this up?

(He aims a remote control at the scrim and presses a button. (2X) appears at the bottom center of the scrim. Nando continues talking to himself about how he can't believe what's happening—"What should I do?" etc—but he now exists in fast forward, twice as fast. Music should come up very faintly in the background. The music will gain volume as these manic scenes unfold, mapped out something like this:

Betty: That's better.

Nando stands, leaves his desk, and walks to the war room where he is greeted, congratulated, and hugged by Gaffney, Gormley, and Mulhearn. They are all excited and happy. The report title on the scrim changes to a picture of a yacht. Gaffney dangles a set of keys and hands them to Nando. Nando runs off to:

His apartment. Rob, wearing a beret, stands in front of an easel painting. Nando runs on and immediately starts painting at another easel. They face each other and cannot see each other's paintings, nor can the audience see their paintings. They talk about the yacht but all their words are now in two times speed (thus they have chipmunk voices). Nando tosses the keys in the coffee table bowl. Rob swears, pulls out his lottery ticket, watches the TV, then swears again: he has not won. He has not even gotten one number. They paint for a few seconds then Nando turns his easel and shows Rob: it is a beautiful portrait of Iris. Nando urges Rob to show his and after initial reluctance eventually Rob gives in and turns his easel around: a stick figure of a woman with a big smile and two big boobs. Rob makes a face: "Not bad, eh?" Nando shakes his head and runs out of the apartment. As he leaves Rob signs his name at the bottom corner of the painting, as the lights fade.

While Nando crosses to his desk, Betty appears and flicks his remote at the scrim. The (2X) becomes (4X). The pace obviously doubles, to quadruple time.

Nando at his desk, opens his email, exclaims: "Another one?" He talks to himself a moment. As he crosses to the war room the new memo title appears:

On The Seventh Day God Rested:
That's When To Steal His Wallet! (with pictures)

Gaffney, Gormley, and Mulhearn greet him with excitement and applause, handshakes, etc. The memo title morphs to a picture of a mansion. Gaffney dangles a set of keys and then tosses them to Nando. Nando crosses to his apartment.

Rob seated on one side of a small table. He smokes a pipe, wears a smoking jacket. On the table is a chessboard. Nando sits on the opposite side. He chucks the mansion keys in the coffee table bowl. Rob and Nando play fast chess and talk. Nando is winning more pieces than Rob. Rob swears. He pulls out his lottery ticket, watches the TV. Rob swears, returns to the chessboard. Nando moves a piece: checkmate. Nando sits back in his chair. Finally Rob picks up his King and jumps all of Nando's remaining pieces like playing checkers. As Nando leaves Rob pulls all the pieces off the board into his lap.

On Nando's cross Betty appears and flicks the remote again: (4X) becomes (8X). Obviously, the paces doubles, to octotime.

Nando at his desk: “Another one?” Talks to himself. The new memo title appears on the scrim:

Best Way To Quickly Defeat A Corporate Bully:
Kick Him In the Nuts (with pictures)

Nando crosses to the war room. Gaffney, Gormley, and Mulhearn. Handshakes, hugs, a cake. Memo morphs to a picture of a Jet Plane. Gaffney dangles the keys, tosses them to Nando. Nando crosses to his apartment.

Rob sits on the couch reading a book. He turns a page. Nando enters and sits next to him, picks up a thick book and also reads while they talk. Nando tosses the Jet keys into the bowl. In no time Nando is through 100 pages. Rob turns 1 page. Rob swears: lottery ticket, checks it, doesn’t win, swears, picks up book. Nando by now is done with War & Peace. As Nando leaves Rob turns 1 page.

Betty: remote: (8X) to (16X). Really really fast.

Nando at desk: “Another one!” Talks. Crosses. Memo title:

A Woman Having Sex With A Horse (with pictures)

War Room. Gaffney, Gormley, and Mulhearn. Handshakes, hugs, champagne. Memo morphs: small Tropical Island—white beach, palm trees, bright blue water. Gaffney dangles the keys, tosses to Nando. Nando to apartment.

Nando meets Rob center, back to back. Hold up pistols. Pace off like a duel as they talk. Nando tosses Tropical Island keys to bowl. They turn. Rob shoots first: misses. Rob swears, lottery ticket, doesn’t win, swears. Nando fires, suction cup dart sticks to Rob’s forehead. Exit Nando as Rob tries to pull the dart off.

Betty: (16X) to (32X). Insane.

Desk. Nando. “Another One!” Talk. Cross. Memo:

Always Merge A Hole With A Peg, Otherwise
It’s Just Gay (with pictures) (of naked women)

Gaffney, Gormley, Mulhearn. Pretty girls in bathing suits. Memo morphs: Saturn (the planet, rings) Nando: “Wow.” Keys to Nando.

Apartment. Rob, couch, Budweiser can. Drink. Nando Bud can. Drink. Saturn keys to bowl.

Rob: drink.

Nando: drink.

Rob: drink.

Nando: drink.

Rob: drink.

Nando: drink.

Both chug. Crush can. Toss. Music out. Silence. Rob burps.

(Applause from Audience.)

Nando: That was fast.

Rob: I'll say.

(Pause)

Rob: That's a lot of keys.

Nando: Yeah.

(Small pause)

Rob: So they gave you Saturn?

Nando: Apparently.

(Pause)

Rob: Why are you still living here?

Nando: What do you mean?

Rob: Your villa?

Nando: No furniture.

Rob: No?

Nando: No.

Rob: That wasn't included?

Nando: No. They can only give away stuff with keys.

Rob: I see.

Nando: Do you really?

Rob: No.

(Pause)

Nando: Well, I guess I should get to work. (stands, starts to walk off)

Rob: (picking up a set of keys) Do you mind if I...

Nando: Knock yourself out.

Rob: Cool. (exit Nando) We'll start with the yacht.

Betty: The cream always rises to the top. Or so they say. I drink my coffee black. That way there's no confusion. No worry that the cream has soured. But we must remember, in the immortal words of—I believe it was Thomas Edison who said: "Necessity is the mother of all invention. But invention is not necessarily a necessity. The only true invention that is also a

necessity is to poop.” And some other famous guy put it in even simpler terms: “I poop, therefore I am.” Or literally: “Codoodoo, ergo sum.” Makes you think.

(A big desk. The scrim looks like a big bay window overlooking a big shiny city. Nando sits behind his new desk.)

Nando: It’s good to be me. Nando.

Intercom: (Iris’s voice) Mr. Nando, Mr. Jenkins is here to see you.

Nando: (into intercom) Iris, is that—

(Enter Mr. Jenkins, sixties, with 3 other younger Corporate Dudes in suits.)

Jenkins: Mr. Nando, good to see you.

Nando: Uh, you too.

Jenkins: Bill Jenkins, President.

Nando: Oh. I thought I was President.

Jenkins: No. You’re CEO. See. (motions to placard on desk)

Nando: Oh. Okay. Which is better?

Jenkins: They’re both meaningless.

(The 3 corporate dudes laugh.)

Jenkins: How’s the Benz?

Nando: Uh, good.

Jenkins: The yacht?

Nando: Fine.

Jenkins: The house?

Nando: Okay.

Jenkins: Jet?

Nando: All right.

Jenkins: Island?

Nando: Yeah.

Jenkins: Saturn?

Nando: Still there.

Jenkins: Excellent. Well, congratulations. You’ve earned them. The Seven Sacred Emails. Impressive.

Nando: Yeah...

Jenkins: Well, you know, I expect more—

Nando: I’m sorry. What?

Jenkins: What's that?

Nando: The what?

Jenkins: The who?

Nando: The where?

Jenkins: The when?

Nando: The why?

Jenkins: How?

Nando: Hun?

(They stare dumbstruck at each other.)

Nando: The emails.

Jenkins: Oh! The emails. Right.

Nando: When did they get that name?

Jenkins: The what, Seven Sacred Emails?

Nando: Yes.

Jenkins: That just kind of caught on. They're considered a classic corporate text now. Right up there with Machiavelli's Art of War.

Nando: Wow.

Jenkins: Yes. You should be very proud. Of yourself, that is. I know I am. Of myself. Not you. Me.

Nando: Okay. I am.

Jenkins: Good. Well, we'll leave you to work on your next masterpiece. Who knows, when all is said and done, you might just end up with your own galaxy.

Nando: A boy can dream.

Jenkins: Exactly, Nando. Exactly. Come on. Larry, Curly, Moe, let's go fire the mailroom.

Larry: Why the mailroom, sir?

Jenkins: Why not? (laughter carries them out. Enter Iris.)

Iris: Mr. Nando, Stuart Brownapple is here.

Nando: Oh, okay. (she starts to leave) Wait. Uh, Iris?

Iris: Yes?

Nando: Can't we just talk for a minute?

Iris: Well, sure. I just thought you were busy. Being CEO and all. (Nando turns the CEO placard over) Which I haven't had the chance to tell you, it's very impressive.

Nando: Thank you.

Iris: No that it matters, all that corporate talk. You do know that, don't you?

Betty: (swings around the proscenium, leans, smokes) Smart girl.

Nando: Oh, sure.

Iris: They're just using you because you made them a lot of money—but you're using them too I'm sure.

Nando: Oh, yeah.

Iris: Just don't get wrapped up in it. I liked you before. But if you turn into one of these mergers and acquisitions/bulls and bears/ego wall the size of Saturn assholes I'll never forgive you.

Nando: Why'd you say Saturn?

Iris: What? I don't know, I was rolling. If you lose your sense of humor, I swear, Igor—

Nando: Do you want to go out sometime?

Iris: I...I have a boyfriend.

Nando: I know.

Iris: I have a boyfriend.

Nando: I know.

Iris: I have a—

Nando: No. Of course. I know. As friends. I meant as friends.

Betty: What a pussy.

(Enter Stu, his hands covering his eyes.)

Stu: I don't know what sort of strange sadomasochistic sexual maneuvers you like to perform but Stuart J. Brownapple waits for no one!

(Nando and Iris stand there, fully clothed, confused. Stu looks through his fingers.)

Stu: Oh. Nevermind.

Nando: What's the J?

Stu: The J was originally Jedediah but I had it changed to Jedi for obvious reasons.

Iris: And the Brownapple?

Stu: My parents, whom I love and adore even in their insanity, were, at one time, fruity granola tree hugging dirty hippies.

Nando: And now?

Stu: I killed them. (wait...wait...) I'm kidding. Jesus. No one gets my delicate sarcasm.

Nando: Yeah.

Iris: That must be it.

Stu: What did you want? If you want to know where those emails—

Nando: Iris, you know what, why don't you leave Stu and I to talk.

Iris: Oh, okay.

Nando: Great. Thanks. Appreciate it. (exit Iris) What is your problem?

Stu: Listen, Nando. Mr. CEO. Johnny Cool. (Nando is confused by that last statement) I know the truth about the Seven Sacred Emails. I'm the only one who knows the real story behind the great Igor Nando rise to the top, and I—Ah! Don't shoot! (Stu covers his head. Nando has opened up a drawer in his desk and goes to pull something out. Stu assumes it is a gun, but actually it's:)

Nando: Gum?

Stu: No. Thank you. What kind?

Nando: Big Red.

Stu: No. I only chew Doublemint.

Nando: Why?

Stu: (slightly nervous) I like the twins.

Nando: Ah. Listen, Stu. I know that you know about the emails and that's why I need your help. You're the only one who can figure out where they came from.

Stu: Continue.

Nando: You have the ability to find out the truth.

Stu: Go on.

Nando: You're the only one. I'm counting on you.

Stu: I'm listening.

Nando: And you should. You have to.

Stu: What else?

Nando: And...And...Uh, you're very smart.

Stu: Yes.

Nando: And brilliant.

Stu: Okay.

Nando: And amazing.

Stu: All right.

Nando: And...And...And good looking?

Stu: Don't blow sunshine up my ass, Nando!

Nando: And badass?

Stu: Yes.

Nando: And...a Jedi.

Stu: Ah, yes.

Nando: And only a Jedi—

Stu: And only a Jedi knight can help you now.

Nando: Yes. Sure.

Stu: Okay. I'll help you.

Nando: Good. Excellent. So what do you know?

Stu: I haven't been able to figure out where they came from yet.

Nando: Dammit, man! Shiznit!

Stu: No, I—Shiznit? Where'd that come from?

Nando: I don't know. Sorry.

Stu: There's no need to swear at me.

Nando: No. I know.

Stu: Shiznit?

Nando: I don't know.

Iris: (entering) Igor, your lunch is here.

Nando: Okay, great. Well thanks for stopping by, Stu, and you keep up the good work on that.
(Nando escorts Stu out.)

Stu: Shiznit?

Nando: What? Oh, sure. That's funny.

Stu: Oh, also, there's one other thing I need.

Nando: Sure, Stu. Whatever. Anything you want.

Stu: Saturn.

Nando: Oh. Okay. Here. (He grabs the keys to Saturn from the bowl on his desk and tosses them to Stu. Stu misses the catch then picks them up.)

Stu: Smart move, Nando.

Nando: Okay?

Stu: Miss Wyatt. That's a very fetching number. (exit Stu)

Iris: Oh. Thanks. Thank you.

Nando: Good old Stu.

Iris: That was nice of you.

Nando: What? Oh, yeah. I like Stu.

Iris: I guess so. You gave him a car.

Nando: What? Oh. Right. A car.

Iris: And here are your notes.

Nando: Notes? For what?

Iris: For your speech.

Nando: Speech?

(A Boat. Two Irish Thugs seated. In front of them another Irish Thug on the phone. They drink Guinness and smoke. They look like greasy IRA hoodlums. Thick accents, of course.)

Seamus: (on phone) Yeah, we're on our fookin' way.

Sean: Fookin' right we're on our way, Seamus.

Rory: Fookin' better be, Sean.

Seamus: No. A boat. A boat. A fookin' boat.

Sean: Fookin' right a boat.

Rory: Fookin' dingy.

Seamus: A boat! Yeah. Well for some stupid motherfookin' reason we got dropped in Iceland instead of Ireland.

Sean: Fookin' Iceland.

Rory: Fookin' ice.

Seamus: Yeah. Some mix up in paperwork. It was a typo, I guess.

Sean: Fookin' typo.

Rory: Fookin' bullshit what it is.

Seamus: Yeah. All right. Hold your fookin' horses!

Sean: Fookin' hold 'em.

Rory: Fookin' horses.

Seamus: Now you're absolutely sure it was seven and not six?

Sean: Fookin' seven.

Rory: Lucky fookin' seven.

Seamus: No. I believe you. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I'm just sayin'—

Sean: Fookin' Jesus.

Rory: Fookin' Mary.

Seamus: (to Sean and Rory) Fookin' Joseph.

Sean: Fook right.

Rory: Fookin' totally.

Seamus: What? Pints. Yeah. Guinness. We're pretty fookin' drunk right now.

Sean: Fookin' hammered.

Rory: Fookin' wasted.

Seamus: All right, all right. I understand.

Sean: Fookin' understand.

Rory: Comprendo fooko.

Seamus: Yes. We're on it.

Sean: Fookin' on it.

Rory: On top of the fooker.

Seamus: We'll take care of it.

Sean: Fookin' take care of.

Rory: Already fookin' done.

Seamus: Yeah. All right. Bye. (hangs up)

Sean: Fook off.

Rory: Fook you.

Seamus: What the fook?

Sean: Fook you.

Rory: Fook off.

Seamus: Go fook yourself.

Sean: Such a fook.

Rory: Big old fook.

Seamus: (to Sean) Well fook you.

Sean: (to Rory) Fook you.

Rory: (to Seamus) Fook you.

Seamus: (to Rory) Fook you.

Sean: (to Seamus) Fook you.

Rory: (to Sean) Fook you.

(Pause. They've all told each other to fuck off.)

Seamus: Fook.

Sean: Fook.

Rory: Fook.

Seamus: Fook.

Sean: Fook.

Rory: Fook.

Seamus: Fook.

Sean: Fook.

Rory: Fook.

(Lights down on Boat. Nando walks straight downstage to a podium. Spotlight on Nando. He riffles through his notes. He squints out at the audience. This is new territory for him. Finally, he looks over his shoulder and sees written on the scrim: The Seven Sacred Emails.)

Nando: The Seven Sacred Emails? (audience bursts into applause, Nando is blown back a couple steps) Thank you. Thank you for having me. I'm very honored to be here—honored and a bit surprised but honored to be chosen this year as the keynote speaker for the National Convention for Big Ideas and General Greatness, or (reading off notes) NC-BIGG. I would like to start with a joke written by one of my employees, a Stuart J. Brownapple. (Nando's face shows concern)

Okay. Remember: don't kill the messenger. Unless, of course, he's sleeping with your wife. (Silence, crickets) Okay. That wasn't the joke, that was just an ad lib, but (he sees Iris off to the side of the stage, she gives him a confidence boosting thumbs up) Okay. Let's get to the joke. Stuart J. Brownapple. The joke. A Mexican, an Eskimo, a baby seal, and an alien from the planet Arcturus, (aside) Oh, God—

(Lights out on Nando. Lights up left on a Four Star United States General. He stalks the stage like Patton and addresses his troops, three of whom sit on the stage, the rest presumably are the audience.)

General: All right, men. Listen up. There has been increased chatter over the air waves coming to us from our satellites. We don't know much about these conversations because they've been encrypted in a code our codebreakers have not yet been able to break. But they will, I assure you. Oh, they will. But until that time, we are going on what we know, what is absolutely factual and true. And there but for the grace of God go we. And so far that means one word: Nando. N-A-N-D-O. Nando. Igor Nando to be precise. This is Nando. (an unflattering mugshot of Nando appears on the scrim. Lights back up on Nando at podium.)

Nando: (the punchline) It just goes to show, you can take the Eskimo out of the igloo but you can't take the Wookie out of his Space Cruiser. (Silence, tumbleweeds) Okay. Well. That concludes the comedy portion of our evening, now, uh, let's get to, uh, yes, the Seven Sacred Emails (raucous applause: Nando is blown back).

(Nando's mugshot remains on the scrim. Lights up on Three 8 year olds: two Boys, one Girl.)

Boy 1: Okay. We're almost there. So get your fuckin' shit together.

Boy 2: Fuck you, dude.

Boy 1: Fuck you, asshole.

Boy 2: Fuck you.

Girl: Shut the fuck up.

Boy 1 & Boy 2: Fuck off.

Girl: I'll grab a t-ball bat and anally rape you you motherfucker.

Boy 1: Yeah, well I'll titty fuck you with a brillo pad wrapped around my dick you beeatch.

Boy 2: Well guess what fuck face, I'll sodomize your mother's pussy with a pair of gardening shears and a miner's helmet, you fat fuck.

Boy 1: Fuck you.

Girl: Fuck you.

Boy 2: Fuck you.

(Pause)

Boy 1: Nando. That's the fucker. (points to picture on scrim)

Boy 2: What a shit spewing cunt.

Boy 1 & Girl: Oooooo...

Girl: Yeah. He's a ass-faced hamster fucking genital wart douchebag.

Boy 1 & Boy 2: Ahhhhhh...

Boy 1: He's a pussy-filled shit pie sister fucker ass sucker tea-bagged gonorrhea infested maggot cock squirting cocksucker motherfucker.

Boy 2 & Girl: Whoa...(in awe, they clap)

Boy 1: Fuck you, you gerbil fucking bloody tampon dickheads.

Boy 2: Fucking awesome!

Girl: Fuck yeah!

Boy 2: This is so fuckin' cool.

Girl: I know. It fuckin' rocks, fuckface.

Boy 1: (pulling himself together) Okay, dickweeds, this is the assface.

Boy 2: Fuck him.

Girl: Yeah. Fuck him in the eyeball.

Boy 1: We should be arriving in a fuckin' hour.

Boy 2: About fuckin' time, assmuncher.

Girl: No shit, nutsack breath.

Boy 1: But right now dickcrappers it's two o'clock and we have to follow the bitch-ass procedure which means it's motherfuckin' nap time.

Boy 2: Fuck you, you hemorrhaging cunt rocket. I'm not even tired...fucker.

Girl: Shut your shit scented mouth, dildo sploog, you need the fuckin' nap more than any of us...shitwad.

Boy 1: All right, assholes. That's enough. It's nap time, so lie down...dicksacks.

Boy 2: (curling up) Fuck you.

Girl: Yeah, fuck you.

Boy 1: Fuck you both.

Boy 2: Fuck...(yawns)

Girl: Fuck...(yawns)

Boy 1: Fuck...(yawns)

(Lights fade on the children as they curl up to sleep. Lights up on Nando still at podium)

Nando: With the large cap fund index we took the gross margins of the seven IPO's and looked at balance sheets for the fourth quarter and—Shiznit!...Uh...Excuse me. Pardon me...Uh...(totally thrown for a loop; Iris steps in)

Iris: Thank you all. Mr. Nando has to leave immediately on...urgent business...in the...Canary Islands. Thank you. (quietly, to Nando) What was that?

Nando: I don't know. It just came out.

(Applause carries them as they walk up to Nando's big desk. Lights come up full.)

Iris: Weird.

Nando: I know. Listen, Iris, there's something—

Iris: I have a boyfriend.

Nando: No. I know—

Iris: We've been together almost two years—

Nando: Yeah, that's great—

Iris: So don't pressure me—

Nando: I'm not. I just—

Iris: Stop. (puts fingers over his mouth) Don't speak. Don't say anything—

Nando: Say anything?

Iris: Damn you, that's my favorite movie.

Nando: You like John Cusack?

Iris: I adore John Cusack.

Nando: That's great. But I wanted to tell you—

Iris: No. I'm not listening. La la la. I'm not listening.

Nando: No, Iris, you don't understand—

Iris: La la la.

Stu: (enters, excited) I am the smartest man alive! (he hoists his arms in the air triumphantly.)

Nando: Stu.

Stu: You may call me Stupendous.

Nando: Okay?

Stu: Or create a Stupa in my honor, which is a dome or pyramidal-shaped monument to Buddha or a Buddhist saint.

Nando: What?

Iris: How about Stupid? Can we call you that?

Stu: Touche, Ms. Wyatt. Your wit remains, as always, Ginsu sharp.

Iris: (curtsies) Thank you. (moves to leave)

Nando: Uh, Iris—

Iris: Boyfriend—not listening—boyfriend—not listening.

Nando: Nevermind.

Iris: What should I do when Bill Gates gets here?

Nando: Just send him in.

Iris: Okay...Uh, Igor...

Nando: Yes?

Iris: (clears throat) Your fly's unzipped.

(She exits. Stu laughs.)

Nando: Very funny. Laugh it up, Stupendous. Wait a minute. Your fly's unzipped.

Stu: I know. That's part of my "look."

Nando: Whatever. What have you got? Shiznit!

(Small pause)

Stu: You should go see a doctor about that—

Nando: Yeah, yeah—

Stu: My aunt Louise used to shout out Ballsack all the time. Ballsack, Ballsack. Everywhere you went with her—Ballsack, Ballsack, Ballsack—

Nando: Okay, Stu—

Stu: She went to a hypnotherapist...Like that (snaps his fingers) No more Ballsack.

Nando: Good for her. What have you got?

Stu: (lost in his own world) Of course she still had a strange propensity for juggling balls all the time—

Nando: Stu?

Stu: Even on holidays, weddings—

Nando: Stu!

Stu: Funerals, there she'd be in a corner juggling balls: softballs, bowling balls, matzo balls—

Nando: Stu!!!

Stu: (snaps out of it) Oh.

Nando: The emails...

Stu: The emails. Right. (he sits behind Nando's desk and types at the computer. Nando sits on the front righthand corner of his desk and watches the screen. Stu turns the screen slightly so Nando can see better.) By rerouting the encryptions and designing my own software that tracks the signal all the way back to its source—I call it Bloodhound, patent pending—even something like this where it appears there are no footprints—no place it came from—even then traces still remain—faint footprints still remain—But I was able to find that all Seven of the these emails, the Seven Sacred Emails, if you will—

Nando: I will—

Stu: Came from the same place. And that place is—(Stu makes a face like Lester Townsend in North by Northwest when he is stabbed in the back at the United Nations) Oooooo...

Nando: Stu, what is it? Stu?

(Stu falls forward. We and Nando see the knife. Stu lands belly flat on the desk, knife sticking out his back. Of course Nando's initial reaction is to put his hand on the knife and pull it out, which he does.)

Stu: (A blood curdling scream) Yow!!!!!! Whoa. That hurt (he falls face first on to the desk. Nando holds the knife.)

Nando: Stu? Stu? Stu? St—

(In a final ridiculous moment Stu rises fast and says:)

Stu: Tell the world my story. (then he falls flat out face-first on the desk and dies.)

Nando: Stu? Stu? Stu? (Nando lets out a massive scream) Nooooooooooooo—(which he cuts off mid-yell as Iris and Bill Gates enter. Gates back is to Nando as he talks to Iris. Nando frantically tries to figure out what to do. Panic. Panic. Finally, he pulls Stu's body off the desk and pushes him under his desk. At the last second before Gates turns to shake Nando's hand Nando realizes he's still holding a big knife and he flings it offstage right. We hear a scream from off right. Gates turns toward the scream for a split second then puts his hand out and he and Nando shake hands, all warm smiles, across his desk.)

Gates: Billy.

Nando: Igor.

Gates: Nice to meet you.

Nando: You too.

Gates: Congratulations on the speech.

Nando: Oh, thank you.

Gates: And the promotion.

Nando: Thanks.

Iris: Do you need anything?

Nando: No, I think we're good.

Iris: Mr. Gates?

Gates: Please. Like I said, call me Billy.

Iris: Okay, Billy? (it sounds awkward to her)

Gates: I'm fine. Thank you.

Iris: Okay. Just let me know if you need anything.

Nando: Thanks, Iris...And good job with the speech.

Iris: Thank you. (exit Iris. Nando remains preoccupied with Stu's body and by trying to figure out where the knife came from.)

Gates: Let me get straight to the point here, Igor, because, as they say, time is money. Although I have so much money that I'm really above that adage. For me time is more like some sort of

future system where money does not exist and humankind has cured all illness with the simple popping of a single pill and we've all come together as a single race to explore the vast reaches of outer space while still recognizing that the greatest discovery is that within our cranium and the subconscious need to love and be loved. Forever.

Nando: Uh, sure.

Gates: I'm basically here because I want to pick your brain. See what goes on up there. Where those Seven Sacred Emails come from.

Nando: Well...

Gates: I've been on a mission, a quest really, to study the brains of the greatest thinkers of our time: Chomsky, Mandella, Clinton, Stephen Hawking, Stephen Jay Gould, The Dalai Lama, George Lucas, Jack Welch, Warren Buffett, Bill Joy, Bono, Spielberg, Alan Greenspan, Dr. Ruth, Mayao Miyazaki, Edward Albee, Yo Yo Ma, Oprah, The Pope, Emmanuel Lewis—all the great minds of our time, that's just a few, and see what makes them special. Would you be willing to help me out with that?

Nando: Well sure, but I don't know if you really want my brain—

Gates: Excellent. The helicopter's waiting. Let's go. After all time is...well, whatever, I don't have time for the full definition.

Nando: Wait, where are we going?

Gates: In Xanadu did Kubla Khan / A stately pleasure-dome decree...

Nando: Come again?

Gates: In Xanadu did Kubla Khan / A stately pleasure-dome decree...

Nando: Keats?

Gates: Coleridge.

Nando: Sure...So, where are we going?

Gates: My house.

Nando: Ah. Xanadu?

Gates: No. My house. (puts his arm around Nando and leads him off)

Betty: Bet you were wondering what happened to me? Been gone awhile. No major reason why. No big plot swing. I just haven't been around because I had to pinch a loaf. When your body is really nothing more than skin covering nicotine and coffee you naturally gotta pinch a loaf every once in a while. It comes with the territory. The lifestyle. I feel much better now, thanks for asking. Ever have such a good bowel movement you felt like you just received a four hour massage from a sumo wrestler? That's how good I feel. Refreshed. Flushed out. Cleansed...(takes a drag) Mmmm, like steak and potatoes...So, see here, I'm back. The Nando,

still going strong. Still flying high. But still a sap if you ask me. But that's just my two cents, not that you wanted to hear it. Good old Billy Gates, richest man on this great big blue ball. And to think that he still wets his pants when he sees a bolt of lightning. Then, a couple seconds later the thunderclap comes and...well, you can figure out the rest. Let's just say it involves a trip to Hershey, Pennsylvania. No amount of greenbacks can cure the old nervous bladder—he's one nervous fella, see. But he hides it well. He knows what he's doing. He also means what he says, there's no subtle dance with Billy. No nuance. When he says he wants to pick your brain, see, that's exactly what he means.

(Spotlight Center: Nando seated in a chair, Gates stands next to him finishing fastening a helmet-like device to Nando's head (it should look like the mind reading device Dr. Emmett Brown wears when Marty McFly first shows up to find him in the 1950s in the movie Back To The Future) A big cumbersome apparatus.)

Gates: Just relax, Igor. This is all perfectly safe.

Nando: Oh, okay. How many "famous minds" have you done this to?

Gates: Oh, none. You're the first.

Nando: But I thought—

Gates: We did it on a monkey a few weeks ago and he was fine—

Nando: A monkey?

Gates: The only side effect, and it was a small one, was that Koko got a terrible case of hemorrhoids.

Nando: Koko?

Gates: But this'll be fine—Oh, (enter Lucy) Igor, this is my daughter, Lucy. She's seven.

Nando: Hi there.

Lucy: Hello.

Gates: Now just relax. This is a reading of the imagery in your head. All the mumbo jumbo stuff. All mixed up and stream of conscious. It'll look like a Fellini movie.

Nando: La Dolce Vita?

Gates: More like 8 ½ .

Nando: Yiy.

Gates: Okay. (he puts on goggles) Here we go. Lucy, (she puts on goggles) you want to hit the button? Of course you do.

(Lucy presses a button—on the scrim images flash, slowly at first, of just about anything one could imagine—the craziness of the subconscious mind shown:

A half-eaten ham sandwich. A man and woman hugging. Mount Everest. A session of Congress. A woman French-kissing a horse. Porn Scene: a man screwing a woman doggystyle (no nudity shown). Rob on the toilet reading In Style magazine. Headshot of Reese Witherspoon. Propaganda video of Nazis marching. A hot fudge sundae. Two gorillas fighting. Osama Bin Laden. Two teenagers making out at a drive-in. Porn Scene: woman on top of man (no nudity). A flower in fast-motion blooming. George W. Bush. A praying mantis killing her mate. Reese Witherspoon. A corpse dumped into a pile of corpses. A happy golden retriever barking. The Earth. A double cheeseburger. A horrifying Indianapolis 500 crash. Calvin & Hobbes. A mountain lion tackles a hapless jogger. Oprah. A huge pizza with all the toppings. Rwandan genocide. Reese Witherspoon. A man hailing a cab. A train entering a tunnel. People surfing. Porn Scene: blowjob (no nudity). John Wayne on a horse. A buffalo stampede. Astronaut hitting golf ball. A sumo wrestling match. Bill O'Reilly. A fat little kid puking. Reese Witherspoon. A helicopter in Vietnam. Salmon swimming upstream. A head-on car crash. The Berlin Wall being torn down. Iris laughing. Two elephants having sex. The Grand Canyon. An enormous fat man eating a cheesesteak. The end of the movie Casablanca. Saddam Hussein. The Milky Way galaxy. Edvard Munch's Scream. Reese Witherspoon. A public beheading. Rob on the couch watching TV. A funeral. A Civil War battle. Porn Scene: man eating out a woman (no nudity). Austin Powers smiles. Hitler giving an impassioned speech. O.J. Simpson. Part of a glacier falls off. Kennedy is shot. An Atomic bomb explodes. Two teenagers making out. A baby is born. A Koala bear falls out of a tree. Reese Witherspoon. (etc...)

(Gates grows increasingly angry at what he sees, as if he is searching for something.)

Gates: Come on...Come on...Where is it? Where is it? Where—

Nando: Where's what?

Gates: Silence!...Come on...It has to be here...I know it's—

Nando: What?

Gates: Quiet! Where is it? Where is it?

Nando: What? I don't—

Gates: Where are they, Nando? I know that they're in there.

Lucy: Find it! Find it!

Nando: I'm sorry, I don't—

Lucy: Find it! Find it!

Gates: Where are they? Where are they?! Where—Lucy, turn away!

(The images turn crazy, breakneck speed, like Willy Wonka's wild boat ride. Gates raises his hand to strike Nando. As he hits Nando the lights slowly dim—Gates keeps hitting Nando like a surly detective working over a suspect. The music builds, the images reach breakneck speed. Nando shouts out:)

Nando: Shiznit!

(The images flash rapidly. The lights and scrim go out completely as Zappa-style crazy music gains volume. After about thirty seconds the sounds reach terrifying proportions. Then music out. Lights up. Nando is strung up by all fours—a chain from each wrist and ankle leaves him suspended in the air centerstage.)

Nando: This isn't good. What is going on? This is ridiculous. What are we living in the Middle Ages? Hey, Gates! Bill Gates! Ever hear of the Geneva Convention?...Hello?...Anyone?...Lucy?...Your dad's a nutjob...It's useless...Hopeless...God help me.

(A Voice from above.)

Voice: Yes?

Nando: Who is that?

Voice: Hello. I'm Johnny Cash.

Nando: Johnny Cash?

Voice: Yep.

Nando: God is Johnny Cash?

Voice: Or is Johnny Cash God?

Nando: Good point.

Voice: No, Nando—May I call you Nando?

Nando: Sure. That's my name.

Voice: I'm not Johnny Cash, or God.

Nando: Okay.

Voice: The voice I like to use is Johnny Cash.

Nando: Okay. Well then who are you?

Voice: Godallahbuddha.

Nando: (small pause) Come again?

Voice: Godallahbuddha.

Nando: No, I heard you. What does that mean?

Voice: That's what I go by.

Nando: So you're...

Voice: Yes.

Nando: Oh. Then why Johnny Cash?

Voice: I don't know. It's just how I thought Godallahbuddha would sound. To you.

Nando: No, I like it.

Voice: Good. I'm glad.

Nando: So, Godallahbuddha—what's the story—I'm sorry, that's just a lot to say: Godallahbuddha.

Voice: It's a bit of a mouthful I admit.

Nando: Is there a shorter version, Godallahbuddha?

Voice: You can call me G. Love.

Nando: G. Love. Okay. I like that.

Voice: Thanks.

Nando: So, G. Love... What is going on?

Voice: You're in a bit of a pickle.

Nando: No shit. Sorry.

Voice: It's okay. Swearing isn't something I'm really concerned about.

Nando: Bigger fish to fry?

Voice: Exactly.

Nando: I hear ya. So... I'm not dead am I?

Voice: No.

Nando: Just checking. So... Can you tell me what's going on?

Voice: You're in trouble, Nando.

Nando: No shit. How'd you figure that out? I'm sorry. It's the chains.

Voice: It's all right.

Nando: Continue s'il vous plait.

Voice: Tu ne comprend pas le difficulte quand tu es le grand dieu—

Nando: Whoa. Hold on. I don't speak French.

Voice: Oh, sorry. Reflex.

Nando: No need to apologize. Just keep it in English.

Voice: They're after what you know.

Nando: I don't know anything. Shiznit!

Voice: Bless you.

Nando: Thank you. You mean Gates? But what do I know?...Godallahbuddha...G.
Love?...Hello?...Anyone?...Check, one, two. Is this thing on?

(Enter Three Nerds: flood pants, glasses, pocket protectors. They speak in computer code.)

Nerd 1: O one O one O one...

Nerd 2: One O One O One O...

Nerd 3: One One O One O One One O...(etc, it all overlaps)

Nerd 2: O one?

Nerd 1: O one.

Nerd 2: (laughs) O one?

Nerd 3: (joins laughter) O one!

Nerd 1: O One. One O, O One, O one. (whispers) Pst, Nando?

Nando: Yeah?

Nerd 1: We're here to get you out.

Nando: Did Godallahbuddha send you?

Nerd 1: What? No. We're CIA.

Nando: CIA!

Nerd 2: Who's Godallahbuddha?

Nando: Nobody. Nevermind. Just get me down.

Nerd 2: Right.

Nando: What's with the getup?

Nerd 3: Too much?

Nando: I don't know. You guys are CIA?

Nerd 1: I told you it was too much.

Nerd 2: Oh, who wanted to give ourselves wedgies, hun?

Nerd 3: You wanted the pocket protectors.

Nerd 1: No I didn't. Well who was adamant about the binary code talk?

Nerd 2: I was not.

Nerd 3: Oh, now he wasn't—

Nando: Guys, guys. I'm still here.

Nerd 1: Oh, right.

Nerd 2: Right.

Nerd 3: Right.

(They move off to the side to lower Nando. As they do, the lights come down slowly.)

Nando: I'm surrounded by idiots.

Nerd 1: (from offstage) What's that?

Nando: Nothing.

Betty: Bet you didn't think Godallahbuddha was gonna show up, did you? Yeah, there's lots of twists and turns in this here tale. This ain't no My Dinner With Andre. But you knew that going in. I warned you right off the bat. So don't complain to me. You got a complaint, write your congressman. Otherwise, button up your lip and sit up straight, this is starting to get interesting.

(Nando's apartment. Rob is in the middle of a game of Musical Chairs with Five Guys in dark suits. Nando walks in, he's thanking the three CIA dudes as he enters. The Music playing is the song The Wheels on the Bus Go 'Round and 'Round.)

Nando: Thanks, guys. I'll be fine. Really.

(He sees the Five Guys walking around the four empty chairs. Rob controls the stereo.)

Rob: Hey. These men were waiting for you. One sec. (He stops the music. The Five Guys go for chairs but one obviously misses out.)

Nando: Okay?

(They all stop the game and stand. Rob is slightly disappointed, he was enjoying the power)

Guy 1: Mr. Nando?

Nando: Yes?

Guy 1: CIA.

Guy 2: FBI.

Guy 3: NSA.

Guy 4: MI6.

Guy 5: PBS. (beat, they all turn their heads and look at him) What?

Nando: I just came from Bill Gates' house.

Guy 2: We know.

Rob: You did?

Guy 2: Yes. Gates is up to something.

Nando: What?

Guy 2: We don't know. That's why I was not specific and said something.

Nando: Ah.

Guy 3: But it is something.

Guy 4: Definitely something.

Guy 1: Not nothing.

Guy 2: No, it's something.

Nando: Yeah, I gathered that. Shiznit!

All: Bless you.

Nando: Thanks...I might as well come clean, maybe it'll help, I didn't write those emails, I'm a fraud—

Guy 1: We know.

Nando: Oh, okay. Good. Do you know who did?

Guy 1: No.

Guy 2: No.

Guy 3: No.

Guy 4: No.

Guy 5: Obviously not.

Nando: Okay. Great. Well, listen, guys. I need a drink. So if you don't mind...

Guy 1: Uh...We'll...Wait outside.

Guy 2: Wait outside?

Guy 3: Wait outside?

Guy 4: Wait outside.

Guy 5: Would you guys like to pledge fifty dollars to Public Broadcasting—you get a free tote bag—

Nando: Uh, no. Thanks.

(Rob and Nando walk off the apartment set and go sit on two stools downstage, as if at a bar. They hold mugs of beer. Nando takes a long drink.)

Nando: So, Stu died in my arms today.

Rob: You don't say.

Nando: No. It was intense.

Rob: I believe you. How was Bill Gates?

Nando: Nutbag crazy.

Rob: That's too bad.

Nando: Yeah. Apparently I know something, but I don't know what it is, and nobody seems to know what it is except that it's something and not nothing, but even if it were nothing I wouldn't know because I don't know what the something is and I'm starting to think that the something could be nothing, but is it possible to get something from nothing or nothing from something?

Rob: (slowly takes a long drink of beer)

Nando: Ah, shiznit!

Rob: Gesundheit.

Nando: Thanks.

(Enter the 3 Irish Thugs: Seamus, Sean, and Rory.)

Seamus: I'm not fookin' knackered.

Sean: Y'are too fookin' knackered.

Seamus: Naw.

Rory: You two are both fookin' pissed.

Sean: He's fookin' crazy.

Seamus: Fookin' nuts. You want to see how nuts?

Rory: Naw, put away your wee willy—

Seamus: Ain't nothin' wee about it. It's fookin' massive.

Sean: Yeah, in your fookin' head.

Seamus: Yeah, fook you!

Sean: Well, fook you!

Rory: Fook both of ya.

Seamus & Sean: Yeah, well, fook you too.

Rory: (to Nando) Can you believe this fooker?

Nando: Uh, no.

Rory: A couple of pisspot shitbag motherfookin' douches.

Rob: If you say so.

Seamus: Hey, look at these two. We need another round, all around.

Rob: What are you guys—

Sean: Whiskey. Jamesons for everybody.

Nando: Uh, well.

Rob: When in Rome.

Seamus: That's the spirit. Now, Nando—

Nando: Yes? Wait, how'd you know—

Seamus: We need to know what you know, because we know you know something, but how we know, you do not know—

Rory: Cut to the chase, Seamus!

Seamus: Fook you, Rory!

Rory: Look, we need the numbers, Nando, and we need them now.

Sean: Fook right we do.

Nando: What numbers? I don't know what you're talking about.

Seamus: Don't play dumb with us, Nando, or we'll pop out your friend here's eyeballs (flicks open knife) and piss in his skull and not spill a drop of whiskey doin' it.

Rob: (a small terrified yelp)

Nando: I'm telling you, I don't know any numbers.

Seamus: Sure you do, Danny Boy, you just don't know it yet.

(Blackout)

Betty: I don't understand where they get this saying, the luck of the Irish? The only luck I've ever seen the Irish get is being lucky enough to pass out before they can get beat up. And these three are no exception. If anything they're the perfect stereotype: drunk, angry, stupid, yet deep down full of more self-loathing than they'd care to admit.

(Lights up. Nando and Rob strung up like Nando was earlier by Gates.)

Nando: They really like to string us up.

Rob: Why is that?

Nando: I don't—Shiznit!

Rob: Bless you.

Nando: Thanks.

Rob: You should go see a doctor about that.

Nando: Yeah, I'll get right on that. Hey! Irish! How about sixteen? Twenty-seven? Nine? Eighty-five! Forty-three! Seventy-four! Thirty-three! Seventeen!

Rob: Sixty-nine!

Nando: So childish.

Rob: Sorry.

Nando: God damn—Godallahbuddha!

Voice: Yes?

Nando: How are you doing?

Voice: Good. How are you?

Nando: I've been better.

Rob: Who is that?

Nando: Sorry. Godallahbuddha, Rob. Rob, Godallahbuddha.

Rob: Holy Shit!

Nando: Yeah, I know, it's a little bit crazy.

Rob: God does exist.

Nando: No, not God. Godallahbuddha.

Voice: You can call me G. Love.

Rob: G. Love?

Voice: Yes, exactly.

Nando: God—G. Love, what's up with these numbers?

Voice: What numbers?

Nando: I don't know. Supposedly I know some numbers.

Voice: I haven't the foggiest idea.

Nando: Well, great, you're no help.

Voice: Sorry.

Nando: Can you at least get us down from here?

Voice: That I might be able to do something about. Hold on, I've gotta go make a call.

(Silence.)

Nando: Did we just get put on hold by God?

Rob: I think so.

Voice: (as if on the other side of the room) It's Godallahbuddha.

Nando: Right. Godallahbuddha.

Rob: Or G. Love.

Nando: Exactly.

(Enter 3 Elvises. Silence. Nando and Rob look to each other.)

Elvis 1: Well, uh. Well uh, well uh, well uh, we're here to help.

(They all strike poses.)

Nando: That makes sense.

Rob: Oh, sure.

(Blackout)

(Music plays in the darkness. Lights up. The 8 Year Olds, in a bit of a daze, stand stage center looking around quizzically. One carries a fat red whiffle ball bat.)

Boy 1: We're finally here.

Boy 2: Fucking sweet, bitches.

Girl: It's about motherfuckin' time.

Boy 2: What took so fuckin' long, ass-spelunker?

Girl: Yeah, what the fuck, shit-taco?

Boy 1: I don't fuckin' know. Just be fuckin' happy that we're here, cockgobblers.

Girl: Fuck you, bitch.

Boy 2: Yeah, go fuck yourself, testes-breath.

Boy 1: Where the fuck are we?

(Goofy walks by.)

Boy 1: Fuck. We're in fuckin' Disneyworld.

Girl: Fuck.

Boy 2: Fuck no.

Girl: How'd this fuckin' happen?

Boy 1: How the fuck am I supposed to know—that fuckin' travel agent sucks.

Girl: Yeah, fuck her right in the ear!

Boy 2: Fuck her up the nostril!

Boy 1: I'll fuckin' rip out her ovaries, shit on them, and then do a fuckin' tap dance.

Girl: Yeah!

Boy 2: Yeah!

(Goofy has stopped and waves to the kids.)

Girl: What the fuck does he want?

Boy 1: Hey, shit for brains. Fuck you! (he flicks Goofy off. Goofy puts hands on his hips and nods his head in disapproval.)

Girl: Yeah, fuck you anally you big-eyed bitch. (Goofy does a tsk tsk motion with his fingers.)

Boy 1: What the fuck is that supposed to mean, you floppy eared feces gargler!

Girl: It means that he's a worthless fuckin' dog fucker snot-sandwich rimjob republican!

Goofy: (muffled) Kids, that language is really not—

Boy 1: Fuck you, chipmunk sodomizer!

Girl: Yeah. Fuck you, thimble-fucker!

Goofy: Now, children, I don't think your parents—

(Boy 2 swings the fat red whiffle bat and hits Goofy in the groin. Down goes Goofy.)

Boy 2: (nailing Goofy all over, again and again) How do you like me now, bitch? Hun?

Boy 1: Yeah, fuck you, asswipe buttplug genital warts!

Girl: Fuck him—fuckin' kill the shitty ballsack—fuckin' knock off his dick!

Boy 2: How do you like them fuckin' apples, bitch?

Boy 1: Fuckin' fuck yeah!

Girl: Fuckity fuck fuck!

Boy 2: (finished, spits on a limp Goofy) Bitch.

(Small pause. They slowly come down from their expletive-driven high.)

Girl: Why do they send us as children again?

Boy 1: Because we're smaller, it costs less.

Girl: Fuckin' cheapskates.

Boy 1: No shit.

(They exit with Boy 2 following, bat over his shoulder. Lights up on opposite side of the stage. A chair: Billy Gates sits tied to it. He wears the big mind-reading helmet. Lucy paces behind him. Images flash on the scrim of Gates' thoughts. They are much more boring than Nando's:

A shiny brand new computer. An Xbox 360. An amoeba under a microscope. Grass growing. A cup of Starbucks coffee. Computer code. A monkey at a typewriter. Bette Midler. Pac-Man. A young boy yelled at for wetting his bed. Windows version XP. A brick wall. Cubicles. A brand new computer. Computer code. Grass growing. A tuna sandwich. A cup of Starbucks coffee. Bette Midler. (etc...)

Gates: I just don't understand, Luc, it wasn't in there—I mean it had to be—

Lucy: Maybe you didn't look hard enough?

Gates: No. I looked. I did a thorough search. I just don't get it—if it's not in his head—

Lucy: It is in his head!

Gates: But where?! I'm sorry. I'm just frustrated.

Lucy: You know, Bill, I've been good to you over the years, haven't I?

Gates: Of course. You know you have. You've been the one—the only one.

Lucy: I mean if it weren't for me you'd still be stuck in your Harvard dorm popping pimples with your protractor.

Gates: I know, I appreciate all that you've done for me—

Lucy: Took a worthless pathetic little worm—

Gates: Well—

Lucy: And turned you into the richest man in the world.

Gates: I know, and I appreciate all you've—

Lucy: But Bill, I just don't get this refusal to help me, in even the smallest way—

Gates: No, Lucy, I've tried really—

Lucy: I just don't see how—what purpose—You broke my heart, Willy, you broke my heart.

Gates: No, I didn't mean—

(Lucy pulls out a gun and shoots him in the head. Scrim goes black.)

Lucy: Windows version R.I.P. I guess as they say, if you want something done, at the end of the day, you've gotta do it yourself. (she blows on the end of the gun)

Betty: Bet you thought I was gone, eh? No, you don't get rid of me that easily. Like a bad case of crabs I always come back. Speaking of cases, see, bet you haven't cracked this one yet. Lots of ins and outs, ups and downs, strikes and gutters, and boy, lots of profane language. Kids say the shitbag asshole motherfuckin' damndest things nowadays. Back in my day the worst you might get is a god-dang or a gee willikers. Now it's all F this and F that. But as old Bobby D once sang, the times they are a changin'; of course he also sang Darkness at the break of noon shadows even the silver spoon the handmade blade the child's balloon eclipses both the sun and moon to understand you know too soon there is no sense in trying...But let's check up on our boy Nando, still, much like you all, trying to figure this whole thing out, bit by bit, piece by piece, Elvis by Elvis.

(Nando's apartment. Rob and 3 Elvises play Twister.)

Rob: Left foot green.

Nando: Why Elvises?

Elvis 1: What do you mean?

Nando: Why does Godallahbuddha use Elvises?

Elvis 2: Oh, that's easy. Because up in heaven...

Nando: Yes?

Elvis 2: Everybody's Elvis.

Rob: Really?

Elvis 3: Yessir.

Nando: Why's that?

Elvis 1: Why not?

Nando: Fair enough.

Elvis 2: It's good to be the king.

Rob: Right hand blue.

Nando: I guess so.

Elvis 1: And it's cheaper.

Nando: How so?

Elvis 1: Well the getup's pretty straightforward.

Nando: I guess so.

Elvis 2: Plus, it's cool.

Elvis 3: And who don't like Elvis?

Nando: That's true. Shiznit!

Elvis 1: Bless you.

Nando: Thank you. What about the women?

Elvis 2: What women?

Nando: Up in heaven.

Elvis 3: Ain't got none.

Rob: There's no women? Left hand green.

Elvis 1: Nope.

Elvis 2: No.

Elvis 3: No need.

Nando: Uh, well—

Rob: But wait, you mean—

Nando: It can't be—

Rob: Everybody's...

(Elvises smile. Rob and Igor laugh.)

Elvis 3: Look at their faces.

Elvis 2: We had them.

Elvis 1: So easy.

Elvis 2: So gullible.

Nando: You guys.

Rob: Oh, thank God—

Nando: You goofballs—

Rob: I mean Godallahbuddha—

Nando: You Elvises. But seriously, there are women?

Elvis 2: Yes, there are women.

Rob: And...

Elvis 1: They're fine.

Elvis 2: There's some nice tail.

Elvis 3: Fine booty.

Rob: Left foot red.

Nando: What do they look like?

Elvis 2: Oh. Marilyn.

Nando: Monroe?

Elvis 3: You know another?

Nando: No.

Elvis 1: Well there you go.

Rob: So everyone in heaven either looks like Marilyn or Elvis?

Elvis 3: No!

Elvis 2: Not everybody!

Elvis 1: Just those that died in the last fifty years.

Nando: Oh.

Elvis 2: Yeah.

Elvis 1: Don't be crazy.

Rob: How about before that? Right hand yellow.

Elvis 2: It's all mostly Jesuses and Mary Magdalenes.

Nando: Really?

Elvis 1: No. Of course not.

Elvis 3: Everybody looks—

Elvis 2: Well—

Elvis 1: Elvis—

Elvis 2: Yeah, you're right.

Elvis 1: Best to leave some things to your imagination.

Nando: Oh, come on.

Elvis 1: No, you'll see soon enough.

Nando: Why? Am I dead?

Elvis 1: What? No.

Elvis 2: But it's all relative. You'll all be dead soon enough. (strains, they all fall: game over)

Nando: What's up with all these numbers I'm supposed to know?

Rob: Oh, shit.

Nando: What?

Rob: I didn't get my lotto ticket today.

Elvis 1: Here. You want ours?

Rob: You guys play the lotto?

Elvis 2: Sure.

Rob: Why?

Elvis 2: Ehn, passes the time.

Nando: But the numbers, my numbers—what numbers?

Elvis 1: Beats me.

Elvis 2: No idea.

Elvis 3: Haven't the foggiest.

Nando: Didn't Godallahbuddha tell you?

Elvis 1: Let me explain something to you about heaven. We're what you might call on the bottom rung—

Elvis 2: Bottom of the totem pole.

Elvis 1: We aren't in on the important meetings. We're just told to do something—like look out for you—and that's what we do—

Elvis 2: We don't ask questions—

Elvis 3: Best not to really.

Rob: So you're basically thugs?

Elvis 1: In a metaphysical sense, yes.

Nando: Can you at least tell me who killed Stu?

Elvis 3: Who's Stu?

Nando: You're worthless to me. You're just a bunch of worthless Elvises.

Elvis 2: Hey, don't kill the messenger.

Nando: Unless he's sleeping with your wife.

Elvis 1: What?

Rob: Hun?

Nando: It doesn't—It's not funny—Nevermind.

(Enter Police.)

Policeman: Igor Nando.

Nando: Yes.

Policeman: You're coming with us.

Nando: Why? What now?

Policeman: (reading) It concerns a Stuart J. Brownapple—what a gay name. Come on, Nando. You too, buddy.

Nando: Can't you guys do something?

Elvis 1: Like what?

Nando: Like—

Rob: Like throw down some kung fu ninjitsu?

Elvis 2: Oh. No. Sorry. We're pacifists.

Nando: Unbelievable.

Policeman: Come on, Nando.

Rob: The real Elvis would've kicked ass.

Nando: No shit.

Elvis 1: We'll meet you guys there.

(All exit, save Elvises.)

Elvis 2: One more game?

Elvis 1: Sure. Why not.

Elvis 3: Cool. (he spins the wheel) Right foot blue.

(Office. Iris at her desk. Enter the Three 8 Year Olds.)

Iris: Oh, look how cute. Are you collecting for your school? Selling candybars?

Boy 1: Can it, bug eyed bitch. You're coming with us.

Iris: What? Excuse me?

Girl: You heard him, cunt-gumbo, now don't make me fuck your shit up.

Iris: Wha—what?

Boy 1: Let's go you vag-monkey.

Iris: Wait—what?

Boy 2: I don't want to have to but I won't think twice about shoving this bat so far up your cooch you'll be tasting cold plastic for a month.

Iris: I have no idea—

Girl: Look, you lice-infested snatch—

Boy 1: Good—

Girl: Yeah?

Boy 1: Yeah.

Girl: Come with us or we'll go tell the shit-sucking police you motherfuckin' molested us.

Boy 1: Yeah, that's good.

Girl: Thanks.

Iris: I really don't know what's going on here.

Boy 2: Oh, fuck it. (he smacks her over the back of the head and knocks her out cold) Let's blow this fuckin' pop stand.

Betty: (on the phone) Yes, I agree it's getting interesting. More interesting than the Amazing Race? Well, I don't know. No, it's definitely the best reality show, I agree. No, I'm just saying—I'm just saying—I'm just saying—you're a sucker for that stuff. It's good, yes, but this is different.

(Police Station. Nando and Rob seated side by side in an interrogation room. A Cop enters from the back. He paces menacingly behind Rob and Nando. Then he picks up a metal folding chair and chucks it against the wall. He paces alongside Rob and Nando. Then he turns quickly and slams his hands down on the table.)

Cop: Nando?

Nando: Yes, sir?

Cop: Don't yes sir me.

Nando: No, uh, I'm sorry. What should I?

Lou: (standing in the corner) Pst. Be sarcastic.

Nando: What?

Lou: Sarcasm.

Nando: Uh, what—Uh...

Cop: Your name's Nando?

Nando: Uh, yeah, how'd you figure that one out—did you look in a phone book?

(The Cop's eyes grow big, enjoying it.)

Lou: Good.

Cop: We got ourselves a regular comedian here. A regular Bob Hope—

Rob: Bob Hope's pushing up daisies.

Nando: Nice.

Rob: Thanks. Too much?

Nando: No, I thought it was fine.

Cop: Ooo, looks like he doesn't want—(Lou goes to light a smoke, Cop smacks it out of his mouth) So, Nando—

Nando: That's my name. Shiznit!

Rob: Gesundheit.

Nando: Thanks.

Cop: We know you didn't kill Stu.

Nando: You do?

Cop: We do.

Nando: That's cool.

Rob: For you.

Nando: It's true.

Cop: Jew?

Nando: No. You?

Cop: No. You?

Rob: No. P.U. (smell)

Cop: You?

Rob: No. You?

Nando: No. You?

Cop: No. Lou?

Lou: I gotta poo.

Cop: Please do.

Nando: Who killed Stu?

Lucy: (enters) I did.

Nando: Bill Gates' daughter.

Rob: I give up trying to figure this out. If anyone needs me I'll be at Arby's.

Lucy: No so fast, Roberto.

Rob: How do you know my name?

Lucy: Lou, Hugh (they put Rob in a chair) I know a lot more than you do.

Nando: Well that's not saying much. (look from Rob) Sorry. So, Lucy where's your dad?

Lucy: Oh, he's not living anymore.

Nando: Come again?

Lucy: I killed him. He was worthless to me.

Rob: O-kay? Maybe you guys should be arresting this little tulip instead of focusing on us. (Lou smacks Rob across the face) Ow.

Lucy: Now, I'm going to need the numbers.

Nando: What numbers?!

Lucy: The ones in your head.

Nando: I don't know any numbers. Rob's the one who always plays the lotto.

Lucy: Okay. I'm going to make this easy. I ask for the first number—you give it, everything's cool. You don't. (nods to Hugh. He smacks Rob)

Rob: Ow!

Nando: What are these numbers? I don't know!

Lucy: First number...

Nando: I don't know. Seventeen?

(Lucy nods to Lou. He punches Rob in the gut.)

Rob: Ow!

Lucy: First number...

(Enter Elvises)

Elvis 1: Whoa, Nando, you all right—Lucy.

Nando: Oh, thank God.

Rob: (coughing) Godallahbuddha.

Nando: Thank you.

Lucy: Well what do you know, Elvises.

Nando: You know each other?

Elvis: Of course we do. She's our only enemy.

Nando: What do you mean?

Lucy: Lucy B. Satan. (shakes his hand) Nice to meet you, Nando.

Rob: Satan?

Nando: What's the B?

Lucy: Buttercup.

Nando: Really?

Lucy: No, of course not. It's Beelzebub.

Nando: Shiznit!

Lucy: That's right. I am the shiznit. And don't you forget it.

Nando: Can't you Elvises take her—oh, that's right, you're pacifists.

Lucy: Yes, one of the drawbacks of heaven. Luckily, I'm not.

(Lucy shoots an Elvis.)

Nando: Elvis!

(She shoots another Elvis.)

Nando: Elvis!

(She shoots the last Elvis.)

Nando: Elvis!

(She shoots Lou.)

Nando: Lou!

(She shoots Hugh.)

Nando: Hugh!

(She aims the gun at Rob.)

Nando: No not—

(She shoots Rob.)

Nando: Rob!!!!!!!

(She aims the gun at Nando.)

Lucy: Ah, much better. Now I can hear myself think.

Nando: You killed Rob.

Lucy: Oh, he would've died anyway.

Nando: Eventually, yes.

Lucy: No, next week. Hit by a truck.

Nando: Oh.

Lucy: Ironically carrying lottery tickets.

Nando: He would've wanted it that way.

Lucy: I suppose you're right.

Nando: Godallahbuddha?

Lucy: Can't help you now, Nando. Godallahbuddha's dead.

Nando: I don't believe you or Nietzsche.

Lucy: Suit yourself. God, I wish I could just blow your stupid head off.

Nando: Why don't you?

Lucy: Because you're the ticket!

Nando: Ticket? What ticket?

Lucy: Man, you're not as smart as you look. You. You're a walking lottery ticket.

Nando: I am?

Lucy: Yes.

Nando: What's the prize?

Lucy: Earth!

Nando: It is?

Lucy: Yes! What do you think we're all doing chasing you. You're not that cool.

Nando: But what about those business emails—the Seven Sacred Emails?

Lucy: That's garbage. A delivery system. If all you want is to make money, fine. But in the big picture that stuff was meaningless.

Nando: So how do I not know the numbers?

Lucy: You know, if I knew that—they get imprinted on your brain somehow.

Nando: Why can't you just go in and find them—you're Satan.

Lucy: If I had a dime for everytime somebody said that—I don't have magical mind powers!

Nando: That sucks.

Lucy: Tell me about it.

Nando: Then why be Satan?

Lucy: Good ribs.

Nando: Really?

Lucy: Yeah. Hell of a barbecue pit.

(Enter the Three 8 Year Olds with Iris.)

Nando: Iris.

Iris: Igor.

Lucy: Oh, shit.

Boy 1: Look who it is, Sally.

Girl: Lucy B. Satan, I knew the biggest cunt in the universe would try to grab those numbers.

Lucy: Damn. (throws down her gun)

Nando: What are you doing?

Lucy: There's nothing I can do. I'm helpless. Let's get this over with.

Nando: Wait, who are—

Iris: Igor!

Nando: Iris!—who are these kids?

Boy 1: Shut your trap you dildo sodomizing, feces eating, bloody abortion cocksucker!

Boy 2 & Girl: Ooooo.

Iris: Don't worry about it, they're always like this—

Girl: Can it bitch or I'll rape your bellybutton with a fuckin' nine iron.

Boy 1 & Boy 2: Wow...

Nando: Who? What?

Lucy: All right, let's get it over with.

Boy 2: Batter up! See you in hell you ass chapped titty-fucked syphilis popsickle motherfucking ant-fucking little bitch cunt Liza Minnelli!

(He swings the whiffle bat and smacks Lucy in the back of the head, down she goes.)

Nando: You killed Satan.

Boy 2: No shit Sherlock.

Girl: Now give us the numbers, asshole.

Nando: Who are you?

(The Three 8 Year Olds consult.)

Boy 1: Fine. We'll tell him. Fuck you.

Girl: Fuck you, bitch!

Boy 2: Fuck you, dick!

Boy 1: We are extra-terrestrials from the distant planet Arcturus, only inhabited planet in the Zargon galaxy by the sun of Morlock.

Nando: Holy shit!

Boy 2: Hey man, fuck you!

Girl: Go suck a shit-dipped cock!

Boy 1: Eat my big balls for breakfast, bitch!

Nando: Stu was right.

Iris: Igor—

Nando: I don't know the numbers.

(That stops the 8 Year Olds cold.)

Boy 1: What?

Girl: What?

Boy 2: Shit.

Nando: I mean they're in there somewhere—

Boy 2: Goddamn it, all this way for fuckin' nothin'—probably won't even get frequent flyer miles.

Boy 1: This is bullshit.

Girl: It sucks scrotum.

Nando: Why, why are you eight year olds?

Boy 1: Oh, it's fuckin' cheaper—our queef of a boss is always trying to find ways to cut fuckin' corners.

Girl: Those horse-fuckers should've sent us looking like motherfuckin' Schwarzenegger.

Boy 2: Yeah, then these aborted feces would take us seriously.

Nando: And what's with all the swearing?

Girl: Fuck you!

Boy 2: Fuck you in the armpit!

Boy 1: We're fuckin' kids, douchebag. It's the only cool thing we can do. Plus you have much cooler swear words than we do.

Iris: What's one?

Girl: It would blow out your eardrums, bitch. You're not used to it.

(Enter Elvises.)

Nando: I thought you guys were dead.

Elvis 1: No, we can't die—we get stuck in limbo and have to wait for the paperwork to go through.

Nando: How long's that take?

Elvis 2: About ten minutes.

(Enter Seamus, Sean, Rory.)

Nando: Oh, shiznit!

Iris: Bless you.

Nando: Thanks.

Seamus: There's the fooker.

Sean: Let's fookin' get him.

Rory: Fook yeah.

Boy 1: Ah, fuckin' shit hell bitch Bea Arthur!

Nando: You know them?

Girl: They're Centurions from Allackduck in Carflack Four.

Nando: I thought they were Irish.

Iris: Me too.

Boy 1: They are Irish. They always send those cockchafers down here as Irish.

Sean: That's fookin' right.

Boy 2: I will rape your grandmother with a waffle iron.

Rory: Well I'll take your great grandmother, fuck her up, and then fuck the shit out of her.

Elvises: Whoa.

Iris: Such language.

Nando: Why Irish?

Seamus: Why not?

Boy 1: Fuck you. They send the bitches down here—

Sean: Fook you!

Boy 2: Ah, go fook yourself.

Boy 1: —as Irish because of all the peoples on this stupid ass earth the Irishman's DNA is the easiest to replicate. It's so simple. And cheap.

Sean: Who you callin' cheap you pre-pubescent snatch?

Girl: Plus, between the drunkenness, the shitty poetry, and the small penises—it's a no brainer really. Not even close. No one else even comes motherfuckin' close, not even the Russians.

Seamus: Oi! You little cunt, how 'bout I give you a mushroom tattoo with my "little" cock—knock you across the room, bitch.

(Sean, Rory laugh.)

Boy 1: Hey, Mr. Potatohead, your breath smells like a gasoline puke taco—

Sean: I'll like rip off your fookin' peanut balls and shove them down your motherfookin' throat—

Girl: Your mother sucks black cock, you syphilis shit burger—

Rory: You were a fookin' aborted feces you little beef curtain—

Boy 2: Fuck you!

Seamus: Fuck you, midget-wanker!

Boy 1: Go fuck a Cheerio, smegma-breath!

Sean: I'll tear off your little fookin' cock and smoke it like a victory cigar—

Girl: Your father sucks dicks in hell, you inebriated cocksucker—

Rory: Chug nuts, I'll sodomize your ming with a hornets nest—

Boy 2: Fuck you, dingleberry snot!

Seamus: Fook you, fudge tunnel!

Boy 1: Go lick a golden shower, fuckwit!

Sean: I'll toss your salad, you purple veined muff gargler!

Girl: Your dog licks herpes assholes with Hitler!

Rory: Horse colla, your cooch smells like dead canaries!

Boy 2: Fuck you, pinky dick!

Seamus: Fook you, bloody shite!

Boy 1: Go blow a horse cock, you gonorrhea mick taint chafer!

Sean: I'll push open your Jap's eye with a pint glass full of your dead Grandma's pussy juice!

Girl: Your Grandfather gobbled squirrel dicks, you leech sodomizing pillow muncher!

Rory: Your beaver smells like cancer!

Boy 2: (really angry) Fuck you, fuck fuck fucker!

Seamus: (equally angry) I'll fook you shit motherfook wanker!

Boy 1: Potato-fucker!

Sean: Barney-fucker!

Girl: Queen-fucker!

Rory: Elmo-fucker!

Boy 2: Prince Charles-fucker!

Seamus: Big Bird-fucker!

Boy 1: Margaret Thatcher-fucker!

Sean: Ahhh! That's it, you die, motherfooker!

(They all scream and move to rumble. The 3 Elvises intervene to stop a fight. Just as they do, Nando and Iris run downstage center and keep running in place. The 8 year olds notice they're getting away, as do the Irish, and they turn to take chase. The Elvises try to gingerly stop the two groups but before they can even think to put up their guards the 8 year olds and Irish kick them in the nuts and down to the floor go the Elvises. A spotlight stays on Nando and Iris as they run. Another spot upstage right on the Irish and likewise left with the 8 year olds. The music builds. The rest of the stage is black. Every few seconds, like passing over streetlights Nando and Iris go black, and then the 8 year olds and Irish. This light effect builds in pace as they run—faster and faster. The music goes crazy (chase music) like the scene when the Dude in the Big Lebowski runs down the dark street after being drugged by Jackie Treehorn. Finally: Blackout)

(Some cool blue light on the empty stage. On run Nando and Iris from off left.)

Nando: Godallahbuddha—I mean, G. Love?

Iris: What are you doing?

Voice: Yes, Nando.

Iris: Whoa.

Nando: Can't you help us?

Voice: More Elvises?

Nando: No, I was thinking more like send an army, or a big bear, or uh, some jackals—a big—some thugs—something? Please?

Iris: Who is that?

Nando: What? It's Godallahbuddha.

Voice: G. Love.

Nando: Right. G. Love. Sorry. What do you say?

Voice: Sorry, Nando, no can do.

Nando: Sonofabitch!

Voice: I can't get—I've been told—Whoa—Gotta go...Peace out.

Nando: Gotta go? No, wait—

Iris: Peace out?

Nando: Goddamn it!

(Enter Irish and 8 Year Olds, they slowly surround Nando and Iris from all sides, ready to pounce.)

Iris: Uh, Igor?

Nando: Yeah, I know.

Iris: Now what?

Nando: I don't—(Blackout)

(Quiet. Upstage left a spotlight: Charlie Chaplin's Tramp. He scampers downstage as only the Tramp can, twirling his cane along the way. He bends down to tie his shoe, his hat falls off. He bends over to pick up his hat but kicks it farther away from himself. He does this again. And again. And again. Finally he uses his cane to retrieve the hat. He dusts it off and puts it back on. He sees Nando and Iris. He leans to the right as if he might fall. He leans to the left as if he might fall. Then he leans forward and falls down. But the second before he will land splat on his chest he pulls into a perfect tumble, performs the last-second somersault, and stands before Nando and Iris. But he has lost his hat. He looks down, goes to pick up the hat, kicks it. Iris bends down and hands the hat to him. He smiles appreciatively and then pulls a yellow daisy out from behind her ear. This wins her over. Nando and Iris look at each other. Then they look back at Chaplin. He smiles. Chaplin motions, via his face for Nando to look down.)

Nando: Yes?

(Chaplin motions again for him to look down.)

Nando: What?

Iris: Your fly's open.

Nando: Shiznit!

Iris: Bless you.

Chaplin: (laughing) Works everytime.

Nando: Thanks. Are you...

Chaplin: Who?

Nando: You know...

Chaplin: The Big One?

Nando: Uh, yeah. The Big One. Are you?

Chaplin: Yeah.

Nando: The Big One's Charlie Chaplin?

Chaplin: Or is Charlie Chaplin The Big One? You see what I'm saying?

Nando: Not really.

Iris: I'm sorry—

Chaplin: Don't be sorry.

Iris: Okay?

Chaplin: I take all sorts of forms. Whatever strikes my fancy. From one day to the next. (he removes his hat, moustache, coat, pants—he now looks exactly like James Dean in Rebel Without A Cause) It's one of the perks of being, you know—

Betty: The Big One?

Chaplin (now Dean): (he hands Betty his clothes) Thanks, Marlowe. Good narrating.

Betty (Marlowe): Thanks, Boss.

Dean: A little bit strange at times—hourglass figures?

Marlowe: It's my Improv background.

Dean: Ah. But all in all, a good job.

Marlowe: Thanks.

Nando: Sorry. So I'm a walking lottery ticket?

Dean: Yeah.

Nando: How do I not know the numbers?

Dean: Oh, you do. You just don't realize it.

Nando: Well what are they?

Dean: Marlowe? (Marlowe flicks his remote control. On the scrim appears: SHIZNIT)

Nando: Holy—

Dean: Shiznit. Yes. Kind of simple wasn't it? Hitchcock would be so proud.

Marlowe: Oh, he would.

Dean: That's what I'm saying.

Marlowe: And I'm agreeing.

(They look at each other.)

Iris: But those are letters.

Dean: Nobody said it had to be numbers.

Nando: That's true.

Dean: SHIZNIT. Seven letters, which can also be displayed as seven numbers (shows them on scrim: 7449648), thanks MIT students, and seven musical notes (shows them on scrim:), thank you John Williams. (they play)

Nando: Wow!

Dean: Yeah, we know.

Nando: So, let me get this straight, it was all a test?

Dean: I set up this lottery system many years ago to trim down the universe. A way to consolidate—

Iris: Downsize?

Marlowe: We prefer the term “repositioning.”

Nando: Ah.

(Marlowe clicks his remote: a picture of Nixon.)

Nando: Is that Nixon?

Dean: Oh, yes. He signed the last treaty. The Intergalactic Lottery Treaty saved the Earth from liquidation back in '74.

Nando: Nixon?

Dean: Oh, yeah. That whole Watergate thing was just a distraction so he could deal with bigger things. He was a smart dude.

Nando: I guess.

Iris: He saved the whole planet?

Dean: Yes.

Nando: That's impressive.

Dean: Yes. And he also made a mean pot roast.

(Marlowe clicks his remote: a picture appears of Nixon in the oval office with aliens, he wears oven mitts and holds a pot roast. Marlowe clicks it offscreen)

Nando: But why eliminate the Earth, what did we ever do?

Dean: Nothing.

Nando: No?

Dean: No. It's nothing personal. But the universe is too big to begin with. Constantly expanding. Einstein was right about that. And I don't have time to look over it all. I like to go to the movies sometimes.

Nando: Well, who doesn't?

Dean: That's why there's no life on any other planets in your solar system—the Milky Way—all have been through the lottery at one time or another. The Earth's the last one. Once we reposition—

Iris: Downsize.

Dean: Liquidate you guys, I can close this Milky Way up and have more time to catch up on my reading.

Nando: What are you reading?

Dean: Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets. I'm only on book two.

Nando: You do realize if you end our planet J.K. Rowling won't finish the rest of them.

Dean: Look who you're talking to. I already cut a deal with her. She gets her own planet in the Darfloo Galaxy.

Nando: Is it really worth ending a whole planet? A whole race of species?

Dean: The Earth could power Arcturus for a good thirty-six gigayears.

Nando: Is that a lot?

Dean: By your standards, about a long weekend. It's a big world out there.

Nando: So why bother with the lottery?

Dean: I wanted to see if the planet was worth saving. And I have a soft spot in my heart for Ben & Jerry's Cherry Garcia.

Nando: Oh, that's good.

Dean: You don't have to tell me.

Nando: And I was just a guinea pig?

Dean: Absolutely. Sorry.

Iris: So what's the verdict?

Dean: (looks around) Honestly?...Ehn.(shrugs)

Nando: Ehn?

Dean: Ehn?

Marlowe: Ehn?

Iris: Ehn?

Dean: Yeah, Ehn.

Nando: Well, is there anything we can do to change your mind—I mean we're a pretty crazy planet, full of fun entertainment—I mean, have you been to Vegas lately? We could start a war, or world peace, whatever does it for you—

Iris: I could bake a pot roast.

Nando: Yeah.

Dean: (laughs, looks at Marlowe) I'll tell you what—I'm such a pushover—

Marlowe: Don't be so hard on yourself.

Dean: Because time is so small on this planet in the big picture of things, and because I like you two, I'll give you a little more time to impress.

Nando: Fantastic. How much?

Dean: (starts to walk off) However much it takes. (smiles a devilish grin, turns away, then turns back) Oh, but seriously, you've got a month.

Nando: That's it?

Iris: To impress you?

Dean: (thinks) Okay. Two. I like the Christmas holidays.

Marlowe: It's very festive.

Nando: But how—

Iris: Well what can we—

Nando: What would you do?

Dean: Me? (ponders) I'd...lots of...smooching.

Nando: Smooching?

Iris: Smooching?

Nando: That's it?

Dean: Smooching. Yeah.

Marlowe: Don't underestimate smooching.

Dean: That's right. It already saved you once.

Iris: It did?

Nando: But how?

Dean: You ready, Marlowe?

Marlowe: Sure thing, boss.

Dean: (looks back at stunned Nando and Iris) You two crazy kids, don't worry, there's more to life than life.

(Dean and Marlowe ballroom dance offstage.)

Dean: I lead.

Marlowe: Right. Sorry.

(They're gone. Nando and Iris left alone.)

Nando: Well...

Iris: Yeah...

Nando: Two months...

Iris: That's it...

(Long pause. Nando taps his shoe. Iris bites her lip.)

Nando: We should probably warn the world?

Iris: Yeah, we should.

Nando: Figure out a plan?

Iris: That's true.

Nando: A strategy to impress The Big One?

Iris: Good idea...

(Pause)

Nando: Or we could just...

Iris: Smooch?

Nando: Yeah.

(A small pause: they look at each other. They run to each other and kiss. Music swells: a long passionate kiss. Then:)

Iris: Shiznit.

Nando: Gesundheit.

(They return to kissing. Marlowe appears by the proscenium where he started.)

Marlowe: So, that's the Nando Story. Now, go on. Get out of here. The show's over. Go smoke. (match, lights butt, looks at Nando and Iris) And smooch. You better smooch. (he looks around, makes sure The Big One can't hear him. Secretly) Keep smooching. Smooching is good, trust me. 'Cause smooching always leads to...well...you know. And between you and me, The Big One: big fan of what it leads to. You should see his computer. Stocked full of Poe-nah-gra—

The Big One: (offstage) Marlowe!

Marlowe: Gotta go. (Marlowe runs offstage)

(Slow fade on Nando and Iris smooching. Blackout.)

FIN