

## Friends Don't Let Friends Kidnap People

*Lights up on two men sitting in a jail cell. Both are dressed in light blue prison garb.*

## Scene 1

KEITH

*(OUT)*

Hello, how are you this evening? Good, good. Not in jail, I see. That's good. *(points to Jason)* This is Jason.

JASON

Who are you talking to?

KEITH

To the audience.

JASON

What audience? What the hell are you talking about?

KEITH

Shut up, will you? I'm trying to tell them a story.

JASON

To who?

KEITH

To your mom, jackass.

JASON

Nice.

KEITH

To the audience...out there.

*Jason waves in the audience's direction.*

JASON

Not all your dogs are barkin', are they?

KEITH

Shut up and let me tell my story. Not like you got anything better to do today.

JASON

Fine, whatever.

KEITH

*(OUT)*

As I was saying, that's Jason and I'm Keith. We're idiots of an epic proportion. Our idiocy was so great we killed ourselves and didn't even die.

JASON

Speak for yourself, asshole.

KEITH

*(Not listening)*

Which is too bad 'cause we should've. We should have killed ourselves and saved us the embarrassment. But no, we're still very much alive and still very much dreading every coming second. See, we made a terrible decision that backfired something horrible and here we are.

JASON

We made a bad decision? I made the decision; you made the choice to join in.

KEITH

*(Out)*

Don't start that shit again, dude, I can't deal with another month of you drowning in your own sorrows. Trying to take me down with you and shit, fuck you. We both made the decision.

JASON

I'm the idiot but you're an even bigger moron for convincing me it was a good idea. I was just talking, you took it way too far. So fuck you.

KEITH

Hey asshole, stop interrupting. Someone should hear our story. Someone should get something positive out of it all this.

JASON

Fuck it, just keep it quiet, I can't hear the voices in my head thinking out loud.

KEITH

*(Out)*

Right now all we can do is read a book since we've got a lot of time to spare, but Jason doesn't want to read a book, so we're dreadfully bored. Not that I blame him 'cause all we got in here is the entire bibliographic works of Louis L'Amour and Sylvia Browne. Oh and of course the Bible, but that isn't even an option right now.

JASON

No it is not.

KEITH

And since our court judge was an evil prick, we can't do a single thing unless we agree on it together. What a bastard, huh? Imagine: you get sent to jail for twenty years and as part of the sentence you get to spend ninety-nine-point-nine percent of the time in the same jail cell with the person equally responsible for putting you there. It's karma on a grand scale.

JASON

That's not what karma is at all, you moron.

KEITH

Shut up.

*Jason finally addresses the audience.*

JASON

*(Out)*

That's not karma, not even close. It's just the universe's insane sense of humor.

KEITH

Same thing.

JASON

*(Out)*

See what I have to deal with for twenty-three hours a day. Like the worse same-sex couple you've ever seen.

KEITH

Oh so you can see them now?

JASON

I could see them the whole time, you jackass.

KEITH

Nice. And I ain't gay.

JASON

I ain't either, buddy, but we're as close to married as your gonna find, outside of seeing each other naked and sweaty.

KEITH

Just let me get on with my story.

JASON

Our story.

KEITH

OUR story. (Pause) Basically here it is: a woman is dead, a daughter is missing, our boss ran off with the hot new intern and we're stuck in here for the next twenty years. If we would've just followed my plan...correctly, Jason and I would both be enjoying a nice joint, a cup of coffee, and another unproductive day at the office, like we used to do.

*The light fades out.*

Scene 2

*Lights up on a bar where Jason and Keith sit drinking beers. Both of them still wear their light-blue prison uniforms.*

KEITH

I really love beer, like LOVE it. If this glass was sporting large C-cups, I'd marry it...legally, and if that wasn't possible, I'd pressure my local representative to pass it through the House and make it law. That's how much I love it. I'd be willing to fuc-

JASON

Will you shutup, please?

KEITH

Sorry man, just excited to be drinking this beer. I just love it so.

JASON

Quit talking like that, what's the matter with you?

KEITH

Bro, I'm just happy to be here. Can't I be happy about it?

JASON

Yes, but quit being so happy and gay about it, would ya? Goddamn.

KEITH

We survived another day at work, dude. Sixteen more work-hours to go.

JASON

I know how many days we got left in the week.

KEITH

Long day at work?

JASON

Day from Hell.

KEITH

That's not too bad. You don't even believe in that Hell crap anyway.

JASON

That's how much this shit is starting to bother me, man. I'm thinking there might actually be a hell now. It's the only

logical conclusion I've come to so far. I actually think my boss may be the Devil.

KEITH

Relax. Everyone thinks that about their boss. It's just part of their charm. You know they never thought they'd actually make it as far as they have and now they're finding out it sucks at the top.

JASON

I think my boss actually enjoys tormenting his employees.

KEITH

He doesn't.

JASON

But every time I step into his office I expect to see his two horns disappear as he quickly sits on his spade-tipped tail and tosses his pitchfork underneath his desk while he quickly fixes his evil moustache.

KEITH

He doesn't have a moustache.

JASON

But he's got that goatee, it's even better.

KEITH

No, fuck that. He's like all the rest of us. Pissed off 'cause all we wanted to be when we grew up was adults. Thought we'd just do kid shit but be older and have less rules.

JASON

He hates his kids, so that could be it.

KEITH

He doesn't hate his kids.

JASON

He does. Told me so many times.

KEITH

How does anybody hate their kids?

JASON

No idea, but he'd be the one.

KEITH

You're not special.

JASON

How do you mean?

KEITH

You think you've got the only shitty boss in the world. Wrong. Everyone hates their boss, dude, shut the hell up about it.

JASON

Fuck you, your boss isn't the Devil.

KEITH

Goddamn you're lame.

JASON

Did I ever tell you the time he thought he smelled pot on me and took me into his office and scolded me for forty-five minutes on the evil it causes?

KEITH

No, I don't think so.

JASON

Really? How did I not tell you this?

KEITH

No idea.

JASON

This was before your company moved into the same building. Must have been a couple of years ago. Something like that. He brought me into his office, closed and locked the door and said that he thought he smelled it on me. Said he wasn't surprised either because he thought he smelled it before too.

KEITH

Did you?

JASON

Did I what?

KEITH

Smell like pot.

JASON

Sure did. I just got back from lunch with Denise. My face hurt from her constant mumbling so I had to do something to calm down. Thought I hid it better than that.

KEITH

Obviously not.

JASON

*(out)*

So I'm sitting there directly across from him at his desk and he says to me...

*Jason walks to where Oliver, the boss, in his middle-40's, is sitting.*

OLIVER

Jason, I don't want to act like I'm your father here but I do... and I think you need to know a little bit about the consequences of smoking pot, since you obviously don't know.

JASON

No thanks, boss. I do not smoke pot. That's for vegan hippies and old people with milky-cataract eyes, like your mom.

OLIVER

Don't get smart with me. I know you smoke pot. So quit fuckin' with me.

JASON

Alright...

OLIVER

Smoking pot is an act of the Devil. It was actually number three on God's long, long list of reasons for casting Lucifer out of Heaven.

JASON

Come again? Number three?

OLIVER

Goddamnit, Jason, I'm being serious here.

JASON

I know.

OLIVER

When you smoke pot all you want to do is eat and bang on bongos and do other drugs and rape women. And when you're doing that, Jason, you don't have enough time to pray.

JASON

I do not bang on bongos.

OLIVER

I know you don't pray enough. And it's beginning to worry me. I feel you slipping away from us, Jason. I feel you slipping away from Jesus and his father's Word.

JASON

Sir, I'm not slipping away from anything.

OLIVER

All you need to do is lay down the pipe-bong and pray and join us at church every Sunday.

JASON

I don't feel I need to go to church.

OLIVER

I think it'd really do you some good.

JASON

Sir, I'm doing fine. My life is good right now. You just gave me a promotion a few weeks ago. I'm enjoying my new responsibilities and all that. And sir...I do not smoke pot.

OLIVER

I know you smoke pot, son. I see you leave to go to lunch depressed and lethargic and come back all mellow but still lethargic and wearing sunglasses...all the way back to your desk.

JASON

I don't know how else to say it to you, sir. I haven't smoked pot in five-

OLIVER

Minutes?

JASON (CONT.)

-years. I gave it all up, grew up, saved up. I wouldn't be here if I hadn't.

OLIVER

That's right, son. That's why I'm so worried about you. You've worked so hard to get where you're at—with help from me, of course. I'd hate to see you fuck it all up by joining the Devil's side again.

JASON

I appreciate it, sir, but you really don't have to.

OLIVER

Someone's got to. Someone's got to be a role model to you. I think I'm about as good as your gonna find too, son. Look at my life. Look how good of shape I'm in. People want to be around me. People want to work for me.

Women want to be me and guys want to date me...wait, I got that mixed up, should be the other way 'round, but anyway, you get the idea. You've seen my wife, Jason. She'd be a supermodel if she weren't so goddamn busy being my super-wife and my kids' super-mom.

I'm just...I'm just completely blessed, is what it is. I've got the super-family and the super-life. I've done good in this world and Jesus has made sure to do good back to me. I deserve everything I've gotten in this life.

PHIL

You're not gonna cry are you, sir?

OLIVER

I'm telling you, Jason. Use me as an example. Use me as somebody to emulate. Use my life as something to strive for. Just do what I do and you'll turn out more than happy.

JASON

Sir...

OLIVER

"Sir" what?

JASON

This isn't necessary. This talk. This is way outta line. You're actually making me feel uncomfortable here.

OLIVER

You need to cut the crap, son. Jesus is watching you. He's watching us all and he's got a mighty way of showing his displeasure on the people that caused it.

JASON

Sir!

OLIVER

(not listening)

I'll see you at church Sunday then?

JASON

I do not want to go to church Sunday, sir.

OLIVER

You want that second promotion in a few months?

JASON

I might show my face there for a second or two, sir.

OLIVER

Good. I'm glad I was able to set your mind straight.

*Lights fade out on Jason and Oliver talking. Light comes up back on the previous scene with Jason and Keith talking.*

KEITH

He didn't actually say pipe-bong?

JASON

He actually did.

KEITH

Did you go to church like you said you would?

JASON

'Course not, dude. I woke up at 10 o'clock that morning and got baked all day long. That bastard made me want to play the bongos so goddamn bad. That was the day you came over for the Broncos game and during halftime we walked down to the pawn shop—

KEITH

—And found that out-of-print VHS copy of Short Circuit. Movie is so damn good. Steve Guttenberg...amazing actor.

JASON

*(Laughing)*

Steven would work for a sub-sandwich and makeup.

KEITH

Maybe not even the makeup, that's how dedicated he was.

JASON

*(Remembering he's depressed)*

Yeah...

KEITH

What did you do to your boss today?

JASON

I didn't do shit to him. He just went crazy on me.

KEITH

Did he turn into crazy, religious narcissist again?

JASON

Sure did, but worse. He fired me.

KEITH

Fired you!?

JASON

Yes.

KEITH

What the hell did you do? Bang his wife?

JASON

No, should've though.

KEITH

Shit, dude. What the hell did you do?

JASON

Oliver thought it'd be a good idea to bring his youngest daughter into work today. Ya know that shit he pulls once a year? That was today.

KEITH

What's wrong that? Sounds nice.

JASON

Oliver's daughter was born with eyes so crossed they look almost perfectly normal, just in the wrong eye socket, on the wrong side.

KEITH

*(Laughing)*

Wait, come again?

JASON

Forget it. I was trying to be all descriptive and shit but you weren't following.

KEITH

No, I was. It was just a terribly confused and pathetic attempt at humor. Try again.

JASON

She's got badly crossed-eyes, you dick. I'd completely forgotten it when he brought her into my office to say "Good Morning." You know I hate kids.

KEITH

Yes.

JASON

And he knows I hate kids.

KEITH

Why do you think he brings her in all the time?

JASON

To torture me.

KEITH

Exactly. Anyway, keep going.

JASON

When she came over to shake my hand or sit in my lap or whatever she was trying to do, she ran into a box of files I had on the floor and just fell forehead-first onto the edge of my desk and I just...I just burst out laughing 'cause all I could think about was if I had just moved the box a half-foot closer to the wall, it wouldn't have been in her-

KEITH

*(Laughing)*

-blind spot.

JASON

And she would have seen it and avoided it.

KEITH

*(Laughing)*

That's hilarious.

JASON

Thick skull, too. Just a huge red spot, like Jupiter.

KEITH

What did Oliver do?

JASON

He ran over to help her up but by the time he got there it had already happened and she was already screeching in his ear. Loud enough so that I didn't even here what he said to me as he walked out.

KEITH

That doesn't sound bad enough to fire you.

JASON

That's 'cause this happened in the morning. Later in the day he came into my office.

*Lights down on Keith and Jason.  
Lights up to Oliver and Jason talking  
in the office.*

JASON

Sir, I don't have time for a meeting right now. I've that insane deadline of yours to meet.

OLIVER

That's not important. We have to have a one hundred percent serious talk right now, Jason.

JASON

Can't it wait?

OLIVER

No, it cannot wait. When I say we need to have a meeting, we're going to darn well have that meeting!

JASON

There's no way I can get out of this then? Postpone it for tomorrow?

OLIVER

Absolutely not.

JASON

Fine. What's up?

OLIVER

This morning, with my daughter.

JASON

*(Trying not to laugh)*

What about it? She okay? That red spot didn't open up, did it?

OLIVER

No it did not open up and I do not, DO NOT, appreciate it one bit that you laughed in my daughter's face.

JASON

I was laughing at the incident, not her face. I think it was a natural reaction. Didn't mean to, just came out.

OLIVER

All of our actions and reactions are controllable, son.

JASON

Excuse me, sir, but that's a load of shit. What about your outbursts at last week's meeting?

OLIVER

I was under complete control.

JASON

You yelled at Carrie to pull out her tits and do a few jumping-jacks.

OLIVER

I was trying to make a point. I do not want her to show her tits...not to everyone...if you know what I mean.

JASON

How is my laughing at your daughter's face plant more inappropriate than you asking our new intern to show her boobs to everyone?

OLIVER

What you did was disrespectful not only to me, my daughter, my family, this entire office and our company, but all the inhabitants of Heaven too, including Jesus, of course.

JASON

Of course.

OLIVER

I just...I cannot...I...

JASON

Settle down, sir. Breathe. Count to ten backwards.

OLIVER

I'm fine, Jason, thank you.

JASON

Then what's the problem?

OLIVER

Son, I know there's been a few incidents with you in the past and I've brought them up whenever I saw them. Your laziness, bad attitude and smoking of the Devil's weed are just a few of your problems.

JASON

Again, sir, I do not smoke. That's child-like and irresponsible.

OLIVER

It sure is, son. I've tried to reach out to you, I have. I've offered to take you with us to church but you reneged on it each and every time.

JASON

Sir.

OLIVER

Now damnit, Jason, you listen to have I have to say! I even offered to have you teach my Sunday school class the effects of putting that shit into your lungs and you turn me down for that too. You know what it is, son?

JASON

Absolutely no idea.

OLIVER

There it is, right there.

JASON

What's right there!?

OLIVER

Your attitude.

JASON

My attitude? What about it?

OLIVER

To be perfectly frank, you have the worst attitude I've ever come across, son.

JASON

Why did you give me a raise then? Hadn't I met all the requirements for it? Didn't you personally sign the paperwork and call a special meeting about it and my unique contribution to the team?

OLIVER

I sure did, that's why it hurts so much.

JASON

What does?

OLIVER

To see you like this. To see such a drastic change in attitude. I think I've lost you.

JASON

Lost me? What the fuck are you talking about?

OLIVER

Your language makes this a lot easier for me.

JASON

Makes what easier? Just fuckin' tell me!

OLIVER

Jason, I feel no one can help you anymore. You won't allow me to help you in anyway. I've tried everything I know. I've bribed you with a raise, offered my family and our church to you. I even tried to get you to accept Jesus—which has worked with almost everybody else here...except you. I can't do any more for you. If Jesus can't save you, neither can I.

JASON

Get to the point.

OLIVER

You're fired.

JASON

For what!?

OLIVER

For not seeing the light of Jesus in me my family's effort to help you.

JASON

That's bullshit. You can't fire me for that.

OLIVER

*(With finger quote marks)*

For having a detrimental effect on the team and our work environment then, how's that?

JASON

That's some high-quality bullshit you got steaming out your mouth.

OLIVER

Thanks, worked on it all night. Even stopped to shag the old wife a time or two before I finished.

JASON

Bet she was thinking of me.

OLIVER

Not unless your name is Jonah, the house-painter slash clubhouse-waiter.

JASON

Bet you were thinking of me.

OLIVER

And this meeting is over. Good luck and good riddance to you, Jason.

JASON

Thank you, sir. No really, I can't say it with anymore sincerity.

OLIVER

You're welcome. Oh, and by the way, you'll get no letter of recommendation from me and I won't be a reference for you.

JASON

That's fine. I'll just get Carrie to pretend she's a reference, after I get her to show me her tits. Wink wink.

OLIVER

*(Smiling)*

Good luck with that. Not get the hell out of here.

*Lights fade out as Jason walks away to the other side of the stage where Keith sits at the same bar.*

KEITH

Seems you've calmed down a bit tonight.

JASON

Only on the outside.

KEITH

Fooled me.

JASON

That's easy.

KEITH

What are you going to do now?

JASON

Not sure. I have enough money saved up to last for awhile. I'm not in any hurry. Might take a few weeks off, maybe a month.

KEITH

Start dating again?

JASON

I have to find a new job before I can do that.

KEITH

Women are expensive.

JASON

Yes. That month off could quickly turn into a week or two if I got carried away.

KEITH

What about Oliver?

JASON

What about him?

KEITH

How you going to get back at him?

JASON

What do you mean exactly?

KEITH

You don't think what he did was horsecock?

JASON

Of course I do. Are you an idiot?

KEITH

If I were you I'd be more pissed off.

JASON

I'm pretty pissed.

KEITH

Only on the inside, right?

JASON

That's right.

KEITH

I'd say this requires some sort of retaliation on your part.

JASON

What does?

KEITH

You getting fired.

JASON

What do you mean?

KEITH

You're about as obtuse as the prison warden in Shawshank Redemption.

JASON

Good movie.

KEITH

One of the best.

JASON

Can't believe Stephen King wrote it.

KEITH

Me neither. Ever see The Postman?

JASON

No. Did Stephen King write that?

KEITH

No.

JASON

Why did you mention it then?

KEITH

Not sure. King could've written it though.

JASON

Jesus, you're an idiot.

KEITH

I'd try to get him fired.

JASON

Stephen King?

KEITH

Oliver.

JASON

I couldn't do that.

KEITH

Why not?

JASON

'Cause he's got a family to take care of.

KEITH

So what?

JASON

So that'd be a huge dickhead of a move.

KEITH

For a huge dickhead of a man. Plus, you said he was the Devil. Why not replay the Fall and cast him out of his own heaven? Turn some of that religious nonsense back around on him, know what I'm saying?

JASON

You make some good points.

KEITH

Get him to quit disgracefully or some shit.

JASON

How do you mean?

KEITH

He's good at what he does so he's probably got his ass covered from all angles.

JASON

Nice image.

KEITH

Nobody can fire him, so he has to quit on his own.

JASON

How would we get him to quit?

KEITH

Not sure, give me a second.

JASON

You'd have to blackmail him somehow.

KEITH

Correct.

JASON

It'd have to be something big and scary enough to let him know it's for real.

KEITH

You could send him an anonymous letter saying you have pictorial evidence of an extramarital affair and will send him the negatives as soon as you get confirmation of his resignation.

JASON

I believe that's an angle he's got covered.

KEITH

My turn: 'What do you mean?'

JASON

Jesus-freak with the super-family does not have extramarital affairs.

KEITH

Ok, so you'd have to break that image up.

JASON

How do you suggest that'd take place?

KEITH

I don't know, blackmail his wife too?

JASON

Getting complicated.

KEITH

Somehow he's got to get scared for his family. Somehow you got to get him to do anything to maintain that family of image of his.

JASON

That's the key.

KEITH

How would you do that though?

JASON

We could kidnap his wife and daughters and hold them ransom.

KEITH

Jesus, dude!

JASON

That good, huh?

KEITH

It's insane, is what it is.

JASON

I think its genius.

KEITH

You sure kicked it up a notch.

JASON

We could even get some money out of it.

KEITH

If we could guarantee the money, we could even hire a professional to do the kidnapping, make it all scary and shit...for everyone.

JASON

You know any professional kidnappers?

KEITH

I know people.

JASON

You're an idiot.

KEITH

Why do you keep saying "we"?

JASON

I didn't.

KEITH

Okay, but you still think we're in this together.

JASON

Aren't we?

KEITH  
I guess.

JASON  
Ok, then.

KEITH  
Only for a good amount of money.

JASON  
You get a hold of your 'people' and we'll go from there.

KEITH  
Deal.

*Lights down on Jason. Keith walks to opposite end of stage. Rob, dressed in army fatigues, sits at a desk.*

KEITH  
Not over the phone, huh?

ROB  
You think I'm stupid?

KEITH  
How do you want me to answer that?

ROB  
Don't.

KEITH  
Okay.

ROB  
What do you want?

KEITH  
Right to the chase?

ROB  
You know me. Quick and painful.

KEITH  
Damn, you're lame.

ROB  
I know.

KEITH

Got a proposition for you.

ROB

Why else would you be here?

KEITH

Good point.

ROB

I know.

KEITH

I'm in need of your services.

ROB

Which ones?

KEITH

Some special ones.

ROB

I got special ones. Which ones are you talking about?

KEITH

Your Iraq ones.

ROB

Narrows it down a bit, doesn't it?

KEITH

Yes.

ROB

Which ones?

KEITH

Need you to make someone disappear.

ROB

That's pretty serious.

KEITH

Not permanently though. Just until we get our money.

ROB

We? Money?

KEITH

My associate and I. And yes, money. A good sum of it.

ROB

What the hell do you mean 'Not permanently'?

KEITH

Indefinitely.

ROB

Right...the opposite of permanently...

KEITH

Until we collect the ransom.

ROB

Ransom?

KEITH

Yes.

ROB

So a kidnapping then?

KEITH

You said it, not me.

ROB

What's the target?

KEITH

Not until I get an agreement from you.

ROB

You do think I'm fucking retarded, don't you?

KEITH

Just playing it safe.

ROB

I need to know how much money we're talking here. How much is the ransom?

KEITH

Oh shit.

ROB

What?

KEITH

We forgot to discuss a sum.

ROB

Who?

KEITH

My associate and I.

ROB

Bumbling idiots.

KEITH

Shut the fuck up.

ROB

You come to me with proposition of a highly illegal nature and you don't even have the simplest of details worked out?

KEITH

It got serious quickly.

ROB

Seriously fucking retarded.

KEITH

Goddamnit. Let me make a phone call.

ROB

Hurry up. Iron Chef is on in *(looks at his watch)* in twenty-two minutes.

KEITH

Okay, shut the fuck up, it's ringing.

*Lights up on Jason.*

JASON

'Sup.

KEITH

Got a problem.

JASON

What'd he say?

KEITH

Dude, we didn't come up with a ransom amount.

ROB

*(to Keith)*

Who's that on the phone?

KEITH

*(to Rob)*

Shut the fuck up!

What?  
JASON

Not you.  
KEITH  
*(to Jason)*

Who you talkin' to?  
JASON

To my people.  
KEITH

Idiot.  
ROB  
*(to Keith)*

What'd he say?  
JASON

Nothing.  
KEITH

What? Why not?  
JASON

'Cause we forgot to come up with the ransom amount.  
KEITH

Oh shit, yeah.  
JASON

Yes, you're an idiot.  
KEITH

Me? What about you?  
JASON

Nope, just you.  
KEITH

Fuck you.  
JASON

No thanks.  
KEITH

What do we do now?  
JASON

KEITH

How about we come up with the ransom amount?

JASON

How much does it cost to kidnap someone?

KEITH

*(to Rob)*

How much does it cost to kidnap someone?

ROB

Depends.

KEITH

*(to Jason)*

Depends, he says.

JASON

On what?

KEITH

*(to Rob)*

On what?

ROB

On who the fucking target is.

KEITH

*(to Jason)*

Says it depends on who we kidnap.

JASON

How much for a family?

KEITH

*(to Rob)*

How much for a family?

ROB

How many targets?

KEITH

*(to Jason)*

Which ones do we want kidnapped?

JASON

The cross-eyed one's in daycare all day, the other daughter doesn't have class until 11:30AM and the wife is at home until 1:00PM.

KEITH

You're creepy.

JASON

Just want to do this right.

KEITH

So two targets then, in the morning? Tomorrow?

ROB

Two targets?

JASON

*(to Keith)*

What do you think?

KEITH

That'll work. *(to Rob)* How much for two targets?

ROB

Ages?

KEITH

Christ, does it matter!?

ROB

Sure does. You want my skills or not?

KEITH

Yes.

ROB

Then you gotta give me as many details as you got. Which ain't that much, obviously.

KEITH

Fuck you. *(to Jason)* How old are they?

JASON

Who?

KEITH

The wife and the older daughter, how old are they?

JASON

What's it matter?

KEITH

Don't know, but my guy says it's important.

JASON

Fine, whatever. The wife is forty-one and the daughter is eighteen.

KEITH

Heather is 41?

JASON

I know, right?

KEITH

MILF.

JASON

Totally.

ROB

Who?

KEITH

*(to Rob)*

The targets are forty-one and eighteen, respectively.

ROB

MILF?

KEITH

Totally.

ROB

That's extra then.

KEITH

*(to Jason)*

He says MILFs are extra.

JASON

That's fair.

KEITH

Yeah. *(To Rob)* He says that's fair.

ROB

Fifty-thousand dollars.

KEITH

For Heather?

ROB

For both, you idiot.

KEITH

*(to Jason)*

He says fifty-thousand dollars.

JASON

What!? That's ridiculous.

KEITH

For both.

JASON

Oh, that's not that bad.

KEITH

*(to Rob)*

It's a deal then?

ROB

I should charge more but you guys are dumber than a saloon-full of whores, so yes, it's a deal.

KEITH

Deal. *(to Jason)* He says it's a deal. He said we were dumber than a saloon-full of whores, though.

JASON

Fuck that guy.

KEITH

*(to Rob)*

He says good doing business with you.

ROB

It's just begun, you morons. Just make sure I get my fucking money.

KEITH

*(to Jason)*

He says thank you and wishes us good luck.

JASON

That was nice of him.

KEITH

It's a deal then. Call you when I get it all finalized.

JASON

Alright, don't fuck it up.

KEITH

Okay, peace.

JASON

Yep.

*Lights off on Jason.*

KEITH

That was easy.

ROB

Now get the fuck out of here.

KEITH

Not yet, we gotta come up with your side of the plan.

ROB

My side?

KEITH

Yes.

ROB

What about your associate?

KEITH

It's better if he knows as little as possible. I'm kinda the brains of the mission.

ROB

Scary.

KEITH

Shut up. This'll be easy money for you.

ROB

That's right. That's the only reason I agreed to do this.

KEITH

Here's how it's going to work.

ROB

You thinking this shit up on the spot?

KEITH

More or less.

ROB

Fine, proceed.

KEITH

All you have to do is go to this address (*Keith hands Rob a piece of paper*) before 11:30AM and take control of the situation.

ROB

So it's more like a hostage-taking mission?

KEITH

Whatever you want to call it. Take 'em to the park, make sandcastles, eat some string-cheese, I don't give a shit. Just take control, scare the shit out of them and wait for my call.

ROB

That's it?

KEITH

And release them, of course, but yes, that's it. Perfect isn't it?

ROB

As long as I get my money, I don't care.

KEITH

Alright, call me when you've done completed your objective.

ROB

Christ, you're lame.

KEITH

I know.

ROB

A complete tool.

KEITH

I know.

*Lights down.*

*Lights up on Jason and Keith in the bar.*

JASON

What's the plan?

KEITH

Don't you worry about that. I got it all covered.

JASON

I want to know.

KEITH

It's easier if you just know your part.

JASON

What about yours?

KEITH

What about it?

JASON

You don't have to do shit.

KEITH

I'm the master planner, baby! People who plan don't have to do the dirty work.

JASON

Right.

KEITH

It's not like you gotta do anything difficult.

JASON

Just tell me what I got to do.

KEITH

It's easy. Take this piece of paper (*Keith hands Jason a piece of paper*), walk into Oliver's office and have him call this number.

JASON

*(Looking at slip of paper)*

This is your cell number.

KEITH

I know.

JASON

Why are you giving him your number?

KEITH

This is where I come in.

JASON

What are you going to do?

KEITH

Simply what we discussed. Oliver is to draft and sign and turn in his letter of resignation or I will email prominent members of your company pictures of him engaged in lewd acts with Denise.

JASON

Then what?

KEITH

Then we let his daughter go and demand one-hundred-thousand dollars to be transferred to an account we designate.

JASON

Then we let his wife go?

KEITH

Yes, then we let Heather go.

JASON

That's it?

KEITH

What else is there?

JASON

What if he doesn't have a-hundred-thousand dollars?

KEITH

He does.

JASON

How do you know?

KEITH

I had my contact hack into his financial records.

JASON

Oh, cool.

KEITH

Yeah.

JASON

This is easy then.

KEITH

Like your mom.

JASON

Fuck off.

KEITH

No, really. Your mom... she's easy. Trust me.

JASON

I said fuck off.

KEITH

Just sayin'.

*Lights down.*

## Scene 3

*Lights up on Oliver sitting at his desk. Jason walks in, sits down and doesn't say a word.*

*Silence.*

OLIVER

What are you doing here?

JASON

Came in to tell you I went to church today.

OLIVER

That's great, Jason. Good for you. How was it?

JASON

Fine. Got a bunch of kids high in the parking lot before hand. Lots of singing and praying and repenting. I really liked the speaking-in-tongues part towards the end.

OLIVER

Get the hell out of my office now!

JASON

I think not. *(Jason hands Oliver the slip of paper.)* This is for you.

OLIVER

What is this?

JASON

It looks like a piece of paper.

OLIVER

With a number on it.

JASON

Good job.

OLIVER

What do you want me to do with this?

JASON

What else do you do with a number?

OLIVER

Call it?

JASON

Hey look! You got two points now!

OLIVER

Fuck you, I'm not calling this.

JASON

I think you better call this number.

OLIVER

Why's that?

JASON

Just do it.

OLIVER

No.

JASON

*(gives Oliver a look of death)*

I think you better call this number, Oliver.

OLIVER

*(somewhat flustered)*

Fine. What do I care? It's just a number.

JASON

Yes, just a number. Go ahead, dial it up.

*Oliver dials the number. Lights up on Keith, who answers from a dark corner of the bar.*

KEITH

Listen carefully.

OLIVER

What else am I going to do?

KEITH

Don't get smart with me.

OLIVER

Who is this?

KEITH

Don't you worry about that. Listen to what I have to say and do everything I tell you and no one will get hurt.

OLIVER

Who are you?

KEITH

Did I not just say 'Don't worry about that'?

OLIVER

Quit fucking with me.

KEITH

Fine, I'll quit fucking with you. You ready?

OLIVER

Yes, I'm ready for you to quit fucking with me.

KEITH

Okay, I'm done fucking with you. *(beat.)* We've got your wife and daughter.

OLIVER

Which one?

KEITH

Which one what?

OLIVER

Which daughter do you have?

KEITH

Huh!?

OLIVER

I've got two daughters, fucker. Which one do you have?

KEITH

Oh, right. The oldest one.

OLIVER

Okay, then. Why do you have my Heather and my Becky?

KEITH

Your daughter's name is Becky?

OLIVER

Yes, what do you care?

KEITH

That's just a terrible name.

OLIVER

It's short for Rebecca, her grandmother's name, my mother.

KEITH

I don't care.

OLIVER

You said you'd quit fucking around with me! What do you want!?

KEITH

Ohhhhh! I like a man who takes charge. I'll make it simple: You're an asshole.

OLIVER

I know this.

KEITH

Good. Then this will be simple for you.

OLIVER

What will?

KEITH

Wait, before I go on, I want to state that I may not sound like it, but I'm deadly serious here. We've got your wife and daughter and they're all tied up and scared and shit, and you're gonna do what we tell you or they're gonna get all cut up.

OLIVER

And we don't want that...

KEITH

We don't want that at all. Now here's what you're going to do—

OLIVER

—No, you wait, you son of a bitch. I want to hear both their voices. I want you to prove you have them.

KEITH

You don't believe me? You're not scared I might cut them?

OLIVER

Oh no, I am definitely scared. But I'll be even more scared if you let me talk to them.

KEITH

You don't have any family codeword do you?

OLIVER

What are you talking about?

KEITH

You know, a codeword. That only you and your family know. That allows information to be passed secretly between everyone letting everyone know everybody's alright?

OLIVER

Yes, we do have one.

KEITH

What is it?

OLIVER

'Troglodyte'.

KEITH

Good one.

OLIVER

Yeah, it's a hard one to forget. Now let me speak to my wife and daughter.

KEITH

Shit.

OLIVER

What?

KEITH

They're not here right now.

OLIVER

What the fuck is this? What is going on?

KEITH

Hold on. Let me call you back.

OLIVER

Wait, what the hell—

*Keith hangs up. Lights down on Keith.*

OLIVER (cont.)

He hung up on me.

JASON

*(faking concern)*

What did you do!?

OLIVER

He said he had to call me back.

*Lights down on Jason and Oliver.*

*Lights up on Keith and Rob.*

ROB

Why you calling me? You done already? That was fast.

KEITH

No, not over at all.

ROB

What's the problem then?

KEITH

You have to let them talk to the husband.

ROB

Why? What happened?

KEITH

Nothing yet, he just wants to talk to them. Prove to them we're not fucking around. He's scared shitless, dude. I think he's about to cry. I'm gonna set up a three-way call.

ROB

Hurry up, asshole. You unraveling?

KEITH

No, not at all. Everything's under control.

ROB

Keep it that way or I'll be murdering fools.

KEITH

Keep it cool, we've got this shit in the bag.

*Lights down on Keith and Rob. Lights up on Jason and Oliver.*

OLIVER

Is this some kind of joke?

JASON

I don't think so, why?

OLIVER

So you're in on this?

JASON

Not at all. Just sounded serious. You were all making angry faces and shit. Looked intense. Like Mel Gibson in Ransom.

OLIVER

Never saw it.

JASON

It's pretty good, for a post-Braveheart Mel Gibson movie.

OLIVER

Jason, I want to know what the hell is going on.

JASON

Me too, Oliver. I want to know too!

OLIVER

How did you get this piece of paper then? Who gave it to you?

JASON

I don't know who he was. He just came up to me while I was at the grocery store with a bad case of the munchies and asked me if I knew you and I said I did and he handed me the piece of paper and he said for me to hand deliver this to you...so I did.

OLIVER

The man on the phone seems retarded, son. You sure this isn't you and your moron friends trying to play a dumbass prank on me?

JASON

Yes, I'm sure. On Jesus Christ's grave I'm sure.

OLIVER

You better hope this works out okay, son. I feel a crusade of pain beginning to build...right here.

JASON

Careful, Oliver.

*Lights up on Keith and Rob.*

KEITH

It's ringing.

ROB

Good, don't fuck this up. I already bought me a new massage chair.

KEITH

Nice! Did you opt for the taint-massage addon?

ROB

Sure did.

KEITH

Nice, I'll have to try it out sometime.

ROB

Not a chance.

KEITH

Cool.

OLIVER

Hello.

KEITH

He, it's me.

OLIVER

Where the hell did you go?

KEITH

Tinkle.

OLIVER

Let me speak to my family, asshole!

KEITH

They're right here. Shut up, pussy.

*Lights up on Heather and Becky off in  
a corner of the stage.*

ROB

All you say is "Hello." Say it now.

HEATHER

Oliver.

BECKY

Daddy!?

OLIVER

*(trying not to show emotion)*

Hey guys, what's happening?

HEATHER

What the heck is goin' on, Ollie?

OLIVER

Shhhh, don't call me that, they're listening.

JASON

*(snickering)*

Ollie?

OLIVER

*(to Jason)*

You shut up, you.

BECKY

Daddy, what's happening? I'm like kinda scared here. There's a man here, he's like hot, but kinda scary too.

OLIVER

It's okay, sweetie. Some men are trying to play a game with me but I don't want to but they're making me.

BECKY

Dad, I'm not twelve. I know what's going on. You don't have to treat-

HEATHER

-Oliver, tell me what's going on!

OLIVER

I really have no idea.

KEITH

*(to Oliver)*

There. There's your proof. They're alive.

*Lights down on Heather and Becky.*

ROB

*(to Keith)*

Can I hang up now?

KEITH

Yes, Rob, you can hang up.

ROB

Will you shutup!? What the hell's wrong with you? *(louder into the phone)* That's not my name, guy who's listening on the other end.

OLIVER

Rob, huh? Writing that down now.

ROB

Hey, fuck you, man. I've got your wife and daughter here. I got a big knife too. It's sharp. I was in 'Nam.

OLIVER

Too late. Already wrote it down. Pick a longer name next time, asshole.

ROB

Fuck you, guy. Hot daughter you got. Eighteen?

OLIVER

Excu—

*Rob hangs up. Lights down on Rob.*

KEITH

Now do I got your attention?

OLIVER

Sort of.

KEITH

I better, dickhead.

OLIVER

Tell me what you want.

KEITH

I want a letter of recommendation.

OLIVER

What? What for!?

KEITH

Resignation.

OLIVER

What?

KEITH

I meant resignation. Yours specifically. I want you to write a letter of resignation.

OLIVER

I will not.

KEITH

*(not listening)*

And in it you will proclaim that you've had inappropriate relations with Denise, the hot new intern you just hired.

OLIVER

I will not write this!

KEITH

You will also state that in order to reclaim any sense of righteous dignity, you will be resigning as mid-level manager of your company. Effective immediately.

OLIVER

I say again: I will not.

KEITH

You will or you will lose a wife.

OLIVER

Why her first?

KEITH

Because you're daughter is younger and shaplier, obviously.

OLIVER

I'm not going to write this damn thing.

KEITH

Should I call up my guy again and have him shoot her?

OLIVER

He said he had a knife, a sharp one. He didn't say he had a gun.

KEITH

Hey, guy! Motherfucker was in 'Nam. I'm sure he could find a way to shoot your wife with a knife.

OLIVER

Christ, you're retarded.

KEITH

I know. I'm a regular Corky.

OLIVER

I don't know what that is.

KEITH

You never watched Life Goes On?

OLIVER

No.

KEITH

Too bad for you, boy.

JASON

It was a quality family show.

OLIVER

I don't give a fuck what it was. I'm tired of this shit. I'm not going to write that letter.

KEITH

You will or your wife gets it. You know what, I'm tired of this shit too. I'm gonna go get Rob.

OLIVER

No wait.

KEITH

Yes?

OLIVER

Is that it, a letter of resignation? Is that all you want?

KEITH

It's for your own good, Oliver. You need to learn a lesson.

OLIVER

And what lesson is that?

KEITH

You can't go around firing people for refusing to believe in Jesus. It's not far to Jesus. Jesus does not love everybody.

OLIVER

You leave Jesus out of this, son!

KEITH

And not everyone has to go to church either. Some people have...different...ways of expression spirituality.

JASON

Like through their blessed pipe-bong!

OLIVER

Heathens!

KEITH

Do I have your attention now?

OLIVER

I'll write that damn letter, but it's not going to do any good.

KEITH

Oh, that's not the only thing you're gonna do.

OLIVER

There's more?

KEITH

Yep, one more thing. In the letter you'll also include that you've been forced to pay a total sum of one-hundred-thousand dollars to the parents of Denise the Intern.

OLIVER

What!?! That doesn't make any sense.

KEITH

Sure it does. You'll write that it was for reparations payments for any pain you may have caused them and their daughter.

OLIVER

No really, it doesn't make any sense at all.

KEITH

Why else do you think I'm doing this?

OLIVER

What do you mean?

KEITH

I want money, asshole. And you will pay it to me after you've resigned.

OLIVER

Or what?

KEITH

You still have Becky to deal with, remember?

OLIVER

Oh yeah.

KEITH

Now go write it and hand it in or email it or whatever and start packing up your office. I want my money in a suitcase, a silver one. Like in the movies, when they've got nuclear secrets in it, know what I mean?

OLIVER

Like in Independence Day?

KEITH

I'm sure there's one in there, yeah.

OLIVER

To only hold a hundred thousand dollars?

KEITH

Why? Do those hold more than that?

OLIVER

A lot more, dooooood.

KEITH

Whatever. Unmarked and undyed bills and whatnot. You know the drill.

OLIVER

One more thing before you hang up, guy.

KEITH

What's that?

OLIVER

I was planning on resigning and retiring anyway. Soon.

KEITH

Good then. Think of this as a reverse retirement package then.

OLIVER

And I was planning on shagging Denise.

JASON

No way. I was.

KEITH

*(to Oliver)*

I know.

OLIVER

And I was planning on taking her to Vegas and blowing a hundred thousand dollars.

KEITH

Perfect then! Glad I could help. Now go write that damn thing. I'll know when you hand it in, if you know what I mean.

OLIVER

*(turns directly towards Jason)*

I know what you're saying.

KEITH

Good. Talk to you soon.

*Keith hangs up. Lights down on Keith.*

JASON

You're actually going to give into these guys?

OLIVER

Cut the crap, son. I know you're in on it.

JASON

You know no such thing!

OLIVER

Stop, seriously.

JASON

What? Why? Is Jesus watching?

*Pause.*

OLIVER

I'll not say another word.

JASON

Good idea. Just write the damn letter.

*Lights down.*

## Scene 4

*Lights up on Rob, Becky, and Heather.  
Heather lies on the ground, bloody  
and dead.*

ROB

Wow, that wasn't supposed to happen.

BECKY

*(crying, sort of)*

What did you do!?

ROB

I killed her.

BECKY

I can like see that and stuff. How did it happen!?

ROB

I slipped.

BECKY

Slipped!?

ROB

Yeah, we were...dancing or something and I slipped and she fell on top of me and...my knife was out for some reason and...

BECKY

Why were you dancing?

ROB

Why else do people dance? 'Cause they're attracted to each other!

BECKY

That doesn't make sense!

ROB

Settle down or you're next.

BECKY

You're scaring me.

ROB

I know. Sexy huh?

BECKY

Yes, actually.

ROB

Now what?

BECKY

Want to run away together?

ROB

That's a little fast.

BECKY

But you're like about to get a lot of money right?

ROB

No. Not now. Not with your mother dead and me being the one that killed her.

BECKY

Oh.

ROB

Not the sharpest knife in the drawer, are you?

BECKY

I'm kind of like free now.

ROB

Yes.

BECKY

And you're gonna be on the run now?

ROB

Yes.

BECKY

Then I'm running with you.

ROB

No, you're not. You're baggage. Dead weight.

BECKY

*(pushing up her boobs)*

Are these dead?

ROB

No, no, they're not.

BECKY

And you want to see them?

ROB

Of course.

BECKY

Then take me with you and you'll get to do whatever you want with 'em.

ROB

I could just kill you right here and kill three birds with one stone.

BECKY

Yes, but please don't. I'm free now, remember? I never liked Heather anyway.

ROB

She was your mother!

BECKY

So what? She was like a complete bitch.

ROB

Yes she was. Couldn't dance worth shit either.

BECKY

Let's get outta here!

ROB

You drive a hard bargain, Miss.

BECKY

I don't know what that is.

ROB

Nevermind about it. *(pulls out his phone, starts dialing)*  
I've got to call Keith and tell him the bad news.

BECKY

Okay.

*Lights up on Keith.*

KEITH

What are you doing calling me?

ROB

We got a problem.

KEITH

What the hell happened?

ROB

The MILF, she's dead.

KEITH

Okay. What did you do?

ROB

I had a flashback.

KEITH

Flashback to what?

ROB

To a mission I did in Iraq. I thought this woman was the enemy.

KEITH

She's five-foot-nine, blond-haired and blue-eyed! How did you mistake her for an Iraqi!?

ROB

How should I know? I can't control flashbacks, you prick.

KEITH

And the daughter?

ROB

She's here. We're running away together.

KEITH

And why are you going to do that, Rob?

ROB

'Cause she's smoking hot and thinks I am too. Plus, I'm gonna be on the run now that I'm a murderer. I'm still gonna want my money too, son of a bitch.

KEITH

You idiot. We're not going to get shit now that Heather is dead.

ROB

Look, I don't care how you get my money, but you're going to.

KEITH

Absolutely not.

ROB

Don't forget, Keith, I've got all the information on you. I could turn you in as a plea deal. Pay me and I forget who you are.

KEITH

Where am I going to get this money?

ROB

That's not my problem. I'll stay in touch. Later.

KEITH

Wait, don't hang—

*Rob hangs up. Lights down on Rob and Becky. Keith calls Jason. Lights up on Jason.*

JASON

What is it?

KEITH

Where are you?

JASON

I'm out in the hallway.

KEITH

Can you talk?

JASON

Yes. Hurry up though, he's about to walk it up stairs.

KEITH

That probably doesn't mean anything anymore.

JASON

Why the hell not?

KEITH

We're fucked.

JASON

What happened!?

KEITH

Rob apparently went nuts and killed Heather after he had a flashback...bullshit, huh?

JASON

Just like that?

KEITH

I guess, man, I don't know. There's something else.

JASON

The daughter.

KEITH

She's running off with Rob. And now he's saying he still wants his share of the pie.

JASON

What pie? There isn't any pie. Heather was the pie.

KEITH

Technically she was the resignation letter.

JASON

We're fucked. What do we do now?

KEITH

Definitely should let him hand in the letter though.

JASON

Of course.

KEITH

We're gonna have to update him though.

JASON

I'll let him know as soon as he hands it in.

KEITH

Alright, later.

JASON

Later.

*Lights down.*

## Scene 5

*Lights up on Jason and Oliver in his office.*

OLIVER  
It's in. I'm done. I'm officially in retirement.

JASON  
Good.

OLIVER  
No thanks to you.

JASON  
Hate to ruin your retirement so soon but we got a problem.

OLIVER  
What's that?

JASON  
Your wife. She's dead.

OLIVER  
Really?

JASON  
Yes, really.

OLIVER  
That sucks.

JASON  
That's it?

OLIVER  
What do you want me to say?

JASON  
To be honest, I'm really not that shocked. You're a douchebag.

OLIVER  
She was a bitch.

JASON  
What about Jesus?

OLIVER  
What about him?

JASON

Wouldn't Jesus be upset right now?

OLIVER

About her being dead?

JASON

Yes!

OLIVER

No. I think he'd be more upset he died for her sins.

JASON

Good point.

OLIVER

Now what?

JASON

How am I supposed to know?

OLIVER

Would you stop claiming innocence of the whole thing?

JASON

Fine.

OLIVER

Jason. What would Jesus do?

JASON

Do not start that crap! Your wife is dead.

OLIVER

She was a bitch.

JASON

I think you should be asking yourself 'What would Jesus do?'

OLIVER

I know what he'd do.

JASON

I'm sure you do.

OLIVER

He'd say: "Did you see Denise's titties? Like taut sacks of water hanging off a piece of plywood. Hell with your wife!"

JASON

Okay. He wouldn't say that.

OLIVER

No, you're right. Probably something like it though.

JASON

I've never even read the Bible and I know that's not even close.

OLIVER

Okay, fine. I'm outta here.

JASON

Where you going?

OLIVER

I'm off to whisk Denise away to Heaven on Earth. Also known as my pants.

JASON

Seriously, though, what about your wife?

OLIVER

Jason, let me make something clear for you. I'm not who you think I am.

JASON

Are you trans-gendered?

OLIVER

What? No. I'm a cheater. I've been cheating on my wife for the past ten years.

JASON

You're a terrible, terrible person.

OLIVER

She's been cheating on me for twice as long. She deserved it. 'Eye for an eye' and all that.

JASON

And you didn't deserve anything?

OLIVER

No, I did not. I'm a follower of the Lord.

JASON

Oh, Christ.

OLIVER

Exactly, son, exactly.

JASON

You're not going to do anything about today? About what happened? What about your daughter?

OLIVER

Son, she's eighteen. I'm tired of her shit. I'm gonna let her and the Lord figure fight it out now. I'm retired!

JASON

What about Mackenzie?

OLIVER

Who's that?

JASON

Your other daughter?

OLIVER

Oh yeah. She's in day-care for the rest of the day. I'll tell her grandparents to pick her up or something. Not the first thing on my list, son!

JASON

What about the kidnapppers?

OLIVER

I'm not going to do anything to you idiots. The Lord will work everything out in the end. He especially loves dealing out pain to complete fucking morons, like yourselves.

JASON

You're not going to anything at all?

OLIVER

Nothing at all. But I'm done with this. I've got Denise to bag. You, you get the hell out of here. I don't ever want to see your face again.

JASON

Fuck you, too, Ollie.

OLIVER

Wait, what if she doesn't want to come with me?

JASON

Who?

OLIVER

Denise. What if she's one of those astronomically few women who aren't attracted to me?

JASON

Then leave her alone. You're retired, remember?

OLIVER

I don't think I can do that. Hey, you got that kidnapper's number?

JASON

Oh, fuck off. I'm outta here.

*Lights down on Oliver and Jason.*

*Lights up on Keith and Jason in the bar.*

JASON

What are we going to do about Rob?

KEITH

Shit, man. I don't know.

JASON

Think he'll just forget about it?

KEITH

Not a chance. We told him fifty-thousand dollars. He wants it.

JASON

There's no way we're gonna be able to pay him. No way.

KEITH

No shit.

JASON

So what's the plan?

KEITH

There isn't one. I'm all out of plans.

JASON

I've got one.

KEITH

Let's hear it.

JASON

We do nothing. Fuck Rob, he's a piece of shit and he ain't gonna do shit.

KEITH

Good plan.

Hell yeah.

JASON

*Silence.*

*Keith's phone rings. Lights up on Rob and Becky.*

Shit, it's Rob.

KEITH

Answer that shit.

JASON

Hello?

KEITH  
*(into the phone)*

It's me.

ROB

I know.

KEITH

Then why did you say hello?

ROB

Cell-phone etiquette.

KEITH

Idiot.

ROB

I know.

KEITH

Got my money?

ROB

Um...yes. Yes we do. It's gonna be a bit though. Still...making sure that all the...bills are...accounted for and un...marked and stuff.

KEITH

You doing okay there?

ROB

Yeah, why?

KEITH

ROB

You started talking all slow and shit. Thought you might be having a seizure or stroke. Wouldn't want that.

KEITH

Me neither.

ROB

No money, then?

KEITH

Nope, no money.

ROB

No brilliant backup plan?

KEITH

Nope.

ROB

Thought so.

*Beat.*

KEITH

Now what?

ROB

Figured this was going to happen.

KEITH

What's that mean?

ROB

I already called the cops before calling you. They should be at the bar shortly. Goodbye.

KEITH

Wait, what did you say to the cops?

ROB

Don't worry about that. You'll be in jail for awhile.

KEITH

What about your money?

ROB

I'm not too worried. Me and Becky here are going to extort Father Ollie, aren't we, hotstuff?

BECKY

Oh yeah. Like lots more than fifty-thousand. All we got to do is like catch Oliver with that Denise bitch and it's over. Shouldn't be too hard, they've been doing it for like a few weeks now.

ROB

Goodbye Keith. Tell Jason I hope he gets to be somebody's bitch in prison.

KEITH

Fuck you.

*Rob hangs up. Lights down on Rob and Becky. Sirens are heard off in the distance and get louder.*

KEITH (cont.)

Come on! We gotta get out of here.

JASON

What? Why? What did he say?

KEITH

Fucker called the cops on us!

JASON

Goddamnit! Let's go.

*Lights down on Keith and Jason and two policemen come rushing in and tackle them.*

*Lights up on Keith and Jason behind bars.*

KEITH

See what I mean? Idiots on a grand scale.

JASON

You 'bout done?

KEITH

Fuck you, bro. This has been a damn good story. I think I've told it pretty good.

JASON

I don't like the way you make my character cuss so much. I don't cuss that much.

KEITH

Fuck off. Yes, you do.

JASON

Yeah, who am I kidding? I think we tied Pulp Fiction for the amount of Fuck You's in one story.

KEITH

Wrong.

JASON

Fuck you.

KEITH

Good movie though.

JASON

Excellent movie.

KEITH

My favorite scene is the gimp scene.

JASON

Of course it is.

KEITH

Okay.

JASON

Now what?

KEITH

I don't know.

JASON

Want to read the Bible?

*Lights down.*

THE END.

