

ATTITUDINALS

(3 one-act plays for stage)

by
(Lawrence Whitener)

Triptych: artwork to impart narrative, create a sequence, or show different elements of the same.

2116 Portland Street
Los Angeles, CA 90007
(c) 571-337-8866
(e) L_WH@aol.com

WGA-East Registrations:
I301923, I305783, I321207

REVELATIONZ:

RALPH "RALPHIE"	60-80	GRUFF, WEATHERED, FACIAL TATOOS	MALE
TED "TEDDY"	40-50	CLEAN CUT BUSINESS MAN	MALE
THEODORE "GENIE"	12-16	BOY-NEXT-DOOR	MALE

-

ENGINUITY:

KEVIN KEEP	50-70	5 O'CLOCK SHADOW, ROUGH	MALE
CHANDICE CACHE	20-30	JAMAICAN	FEMALE
DELIVERY ELVIS	20-25	ITALIAN	MALE
PIZZA GIRL	18-25	ASIAN	FEMALE

-

SAVING ROBIN WILLIAMS:

ROBIN	50-70	ROBIN WILLIAMS	MALE
CHRISTOPHER	40-70	BIKER	MALE

REVELATIONZ

CURTAIN IS DOWN:

Handmade sign on curtain reads; "NO
VACANCY"

EUGENE (V.O.)

"Revelation gave him things which must shortly come to pass."

TED, 50s, in a business suit, grey
around ears, walks across the stage in
front of the curtain smoking a theater-
cigarette. He stops mid-way to read the
sign. He drops his cigarette, grinds
it, then re-grinds it angry, and kicks
the butt off-stage. He shakes his head,
then continues exiting off-stage.

CURTAIN RISES:

LIGHTS UP ON:

INT. RUNDOWN EFFICIENCY APARTMENT

Metal-frame single-bed and a hot-plate
on a small table against the back wall.
An angled side wall has an easel with
an oil painting of a Cross and painting
supplies under it. A wooden chair is
the only item by the other angled wall
with a door. An end table in the center
has a tall old lamp, a liquor bottle,
two jelly-glasses, and a rotary-phone.

In a wheelchair between the easel and
table is RALPH, 70s, long hair and
beard, prison tattoos on back of eight
fingers read H-A-T-E and P-A-I-N. On
his forehead is a Swastika tattoo, on
each cheek is a Cross and a Teardrop
tattoo. He sits in ragged clothes, head
down *snoring*, hugging a large hand-made
wooden Cross.

THREE KNOCKS ON DOOR.

Ralph *snort-awakes*.

CENTER SPOTLIGHT ON:

Unghghg --Huh, wha'?

RALPH

THREE LOUD KNOCKS.

Go tha' fuck away.

RALPH

THREE LOUDER KNOCKS.

Sorry, meant --come tha' fuck in.

RALPH

MACHINE-GUN KNOCKING.

Door's open, numb-nuts!

RALPH

Ralphee?

TED (O.S.)

Ralph slides his wooden Cross into the wheelchair's side-pocket.

Teddy?

RALPH

Door on angled wall opens. Ted is *back-lit*, smoking another cigarette. Its ash burns red as he inhales hard.

Just --Ted.

TED

What happened to Theodore?

RALPH

He --grew up.

TED

I'll say, dawg.

RALPH

Brother.

TED

Ralph pats his big belly.

He --grew out. RALPH

For half a century. TED

Felt like a whole one. RALPH

How are you? TED

Ralph throws his arms wide open.

Rollin' in it. RALPH

Literally. TED

Fuck you. RALPH

Life sure did. TED

For fifty years. RALPH

And two months. TED

But who's countin'? RALPH

I was. TED

But not visitin'. RALPH

Ted exhales forceful, blowing its smoke towards Ralph.

You said not to! TED

Ralph coughs waving a hand to clear Ted's smoke.

RALPH
 Since when ya' listen to me?

TED
 Since the last time I saw you. --Remember?

RALPH
 Nope, don't want to. But hey, thanks for the teary reunion,
 bye-bye.

Ted crushes his cigarette butt under
 foot and steps in closing the door. He
 flips on wall-switch by door.

TED SPOTLIGHT ON:

Ted drags wall's chair over. Its feet
scrape. He sits across from Ralph.

RALPH
 Thanks --for provin' my point.

Ted has no feelings either way.

TED
 When I leave, we'll never see each other again.

RALPH
 One can only hope.

TED
 Do you --hate me?

RALPH
 Have to love someone first.

TED
 Any "like" memories, Ralphee?

RALPH
 Any left with Ralph.

TED
 What's left?

Ralph holds up both hands like robbed.

RALPH
 Eeeeeeeeeeee.

TED

Same old Ralphee.

RALPH

Knock off tha' hearts n' flowers crap. What'd ya' want?

TED

Closure.

Ralph points to door.

RALPH

There's the door, go out n' close it.

TED

Haven't answered my question yet.

RALPH

You're worse than any Bull interrogation.

TED

Do you --hate me?

RALPH

You're a deer-tick up Bambi's ass.

TED

Tell me, and I'll leave.

RALPH

Tell ya', what?

TED

Stop it!

RALPH

Tryin' to.

TED

What?! Trying what, get me to leave?

Ralph turns on his table lamp.

RALPH SPOTLIGHT ON:

TED

Fuck, you.

RALPH

That's the ticket. Hate'll get ya' through anything.

Except living. TED

Whatever brain cells I had when you came in, are dyin'. RALPH

Like you. TED

Ralph's taken-aback.

Talked to your P.O. TED

Ralph now stab-points at door angry.

Let it hit ya' on the way out! RALPH

God, damn, you. TEDDY

Already did --twice. RALPH

What --when? TED

Ralph holds up the liquor bottle.

Drink? RALPH

Don't drink, don't smoke. TED

Don't live. RALPH

Oxymoron. TED

RALPH
 "Oxy" --French, from oxygène. (ox-ee-gin) "Moron;" Greek, vlákas. (vee-laak-as) That's a no longer used Psychology term meaning a person with intelligence quotient from fifty to sixty-nine. --Mine's, in the upper five per cent.

Uh, uh, uh...? TED

Ralph pours liquor into a jelly glass.

RALPH

Bet yours is in the lower five.

TED

Quite a speech. Been waiting long to give it?

RALPH

I'm the master of my speeches.

TED

Shakespeare?

Ralph goes to pour in the second glass.

RALPH

Hey, you'll read anything bad --

(notices dead roach in glass)
when takin' a good --

(dumps out roach)
dump.

(blows into glass)
I'll use this one.

TED

Still protecting your lil' brother?

Ralph pours liquor his "dirty" glass.

RALPH

That was five decades ago.

Ralph hands "clean" full glass to Ted.

TED

And two months.

Ralph holds his glass up to Toast.

TED

What are we toasting?

RALPH

Exactly.

Ted hesitates then clinks glasses.
Note: Ted does not drink.

Ralph inhale-sips crude, gargles, then swallows loud.

RALPH
Ahhhhhh, tinny bouquet, coarse finish.

TED
Coarse --like you.

RALPH
Of course.

TED
Why?

RALPH
Do you wake up every morning going --Why me?

TED
No, just --Why you?

RALPH
I been good up to this point, but--

(chugs then points to door)
I'm a baaaad drunk. Get out!

Ralph goes to refill his glass.

Ted puts his free hand over same glass.

RALPH
Wanna keep that?

Ted stares, then pulls his hand back.

TED
Fuck you.

RALPH
That's the spirit.

Ralph refills his glass.

TED
Of the dead.

Ralph raises his glass.
Note: He drinks and refills as needed.

RALPH
I'll drink to that!

TED
I'm not leaving, without answers.

RALPH
We born, we die, in between --only questions.

Ted waits for Ralph to take a drink.

TED
Believe in God?

RALPH (spit-take)
Much as He does in me.

TED
He does you know.

RALPH
Blow it out your ass.

TED
You first.

Ralph raises an eye-brow, then leans to one side.

SOUND OF A *DEEP* FART.

RALPH
Your turn.

Ted stares, then leans to a side.

SOUND OF A *SQUEAK* FART.

Ralph can't help himself and *laughs*.

RALPH
Ha!

TED
Nice to hear you laugh.

RALPH
Laughin's nice, better 'n beratin'.

TED
So, you don't --hate me?

RALPH
Too busy hatin' myself.

TED
Noticed.

RALPH
Disease can ravage a body, but only despair, can kill a soul.

TED
Who said that?

RALPH
Me, numb-nuts.

TED
No --really?

RALPH
No --*really*.

TED
Philosopher, too?

RALPH
Just, Phil.

Ted examines his glass, then the room.

TED
This feels --good?

RALPH
Gave up feelin' long ago. Don't feel good.

TED
What happened to you?

RALPH
Prison, numb-nuts. You?

TED
Like you told me, led a normal life; school, job, marriage, kid.

RALPH
Ahhhh, perchance to dream.

TED

You keep surprising me.

RALPH

Surprisin' myself, at my former residence, we'd be butt-fuckin'.

TED

Thanks --for sharin'.

RALPH

Hey, what's a brother fo ...

SOUND OF TABLE PHONE RINGING.

Ralph holds up a finger *WAIT*, then answers. Caller is not heard.

RALPH

Billy Bob's Bar...Uh-huh...Ya' don't say...Yaaaa' don't say.

Ralph pulls a small air-horn out of his wheelchair's side pocket and blows it into receiver's mouthpiece.

AIR-HORN SOUND.

Ted reacts to its noise by covering both ears while holding his glass.

Ralph hangs up phone hard making its bell *ding*.

TED

Who was that?

RALPH

Didn't say.

(presents glass)

Only good thing about prison --no marketin' calls.

Ted holds up glass not understanding.

TED

What are we toasting?

RALPH

Death --to telephonies.

TED
What about --your death?

RALPH
I'll drink to that.

TED
No, seriously.

RALPH
No, seriously.

Ralph enjoys his drink.

TED
What do you have?

RALPH (spit-take)
M, P, N.

TED
What's that stand for?

RALPH
Can you say twelve syllables? I can't.

TED
Cancer?

RALPH
Of the blood, bone marrow don't work right.

TED
Progressive?

RALPH
All the way.

TED
Cure?

RALPH
Fatality.

TED
How, how --?

RALPH
How long? --Don't wrap any presents.

TED
Geez, Ralphie, have a heart.

RALPH
Did.

TED
When?

Ralph looks at imaginary wrist-watch.

RALPH
Is this Tuesday?

TED
I remember ...

RALPH
Don't! Don't do no good.

TED
The fights between mom and dad.

RALPH
Every night was an episode a' Cops.

TED
I remember --you as the peacemaker.

RALPH
Done made my peace with the Maker, that's all you need remember.

TED
I have --dreams?

RALPH
Better than nightmares.

TED
They don't --make sense?

RALPH
Welcome to my world.

TED
I remember --

Ted waits for Ralph to take a swig and then rapid-fires his words.

TED
Ahhhh, I get it, you're fuckin' with me.

RALPH
Didn't even have to kiss ya'.

TED
Gonna' tell me?

RALPH
Tell ya' what?

Ted stares hard at Ralph, then his drink, then chugs drink and tosses empty glass up in the air to Ralph.

Ralph fumble-catches Ted's glass.

RALPH
Hey --only got two!

TED
Like your balls.

RALPH
Don't know, can't find 'em.

TED
Numb-nuts.

Ralph looks around frantic.

RALPH
Where?!

Ted chuckles, Ralph cracked his armor.

TED
Blue balls.

RALPH
They're singin' somewhere.

TED
Need to know, dickless.

RALPH
Not gonna' happen, dickhead.

TED
Why for God's sake?

Ralph holds out his glass as Toast.

RALPH

Exactly.

THREE LIGHT *KNOCKS*.

Both look at door, then each other.

RALPH

You order Chinese?

TED

Want me to?

RALPH

Love M.S.G., but can't stomach it, literally.

THREE FIRMER *KNOCKS*.

RALPH

Must be Chinese, or he's on his knees. --Open Sesame!

MACHINE-GUN *KNOCKING*.

RALPH

DOOR'S OPEN, NUMBNUTS!

Door Opens swinging by itself against its wall. EUGENE, 12, in same grey suit as Ted, is wearing black-frame glasses. He is back-lit with arms slightly out looking like "Children of the Corn."

EUGENE

Mom wants to know when?

RALPH

Whose mom?

TED

His --want to meet her?

RALPH

No! Don't even wanna' meet --

Ralph wags his finger ominous at Eugene.

that.

Ted puts on the same exact glasses as Eugene then hand-motions him over.

Eugene closes the door and steps beside Ted. Both tilt heads the same; twins.

TED

This, is my special son, Eugene. His mother is waiting in our car. Eugene, say "Hello" to your Uncle Ralph.

Ted folds and puts away his glasses.

Eugene extends a hand.

Ralph doesn't shake holding hands up.

RALPH

Just, Ralph.

EUGENE

Pleasure to make your acquaintance, Uncle --

Eugene moves his out-stretched hand up to shield his mouth, but talks in normal tone to Ted. Ralph can hear him.

EUGENE

This homeless guy really my uncle?

TED

Only one.

EUGENE

What happened to him?

RALPH

Who?

Eugene puts both hands around his mouth and yells to Ralph.

EUGENE

What happened to you?!

Ralph makes an owie-face.

TED

That's what I'm trying to find out.

RALPH
What's your full name, boy?

EUGENE
Eugene Augustus Somerville Peabody!

RALPH
Stop yellin', numb-nuts!

(to Ted)
Why don't ya' just shoot him?

TED
What?!

RALPH
Or send him to prison.

(to Eugene)
Hey Genie, ya' like fudge?

EUGENE
I love choc ...

TED
Stop it!

(to Eugene)
Say "Good-bye" to your Uncle Ralphee.

EUGENE
Good-bye, Uncle Ralphee, interesting experience to finally
make your acquaintance.

Eugene holds out his hand.

Ralph just stares.

RALPH
Wish I could say the same --boy.

TED
Son, tell your mom it's okay to leave. I'll take the subway.

EUGENE
When?

TED
Up to him.

Eugene puts both hands around his mouth and yells to Ralph.

EUGENE

When?!

Ralph open-mouth stares at Ted.

RALPH

Oh, you're right, he's special --needs.

EUGENE

Let my dad go.

RALPH

Oh, fine, blame it on me as always.

TED

Run along, son, tell your mother I'll be home in an hour or ...

RALPH

"Or" --now?

EUGENE

Remember, you promised to help with my homework.

Ralph puts a finger in his mouth and feigns vomit-gagging.

EUGENE

What's his problem?

TED

That's what he's trying to figure out.

Eugene puts both hands around his mouth and yells to Ralph.

EUGENE

What's your problem?!

Ralph reacts incredulous, then Breaks the Fourth Wall.

RALPH

Boy's so dumb, could throw himself at the ground --and miss.

(to Eugene)

How old are ya', boy?

EUGENE

Twelve.

Ralph shakes head to Ted.

RALPH

Thirteen --fourteen, tops.

EUGENE

"Tops?" Top --top; the highest or uppermost point, part, or surface of something.

RALPH

I take it all back. --He'll never make it home.

Note: Ted now uses only "Ralph."

TED

Stop it, Ralph!

(to Eugene)

Uncle Ralph is what we adults call, a curmudgeon.

EUGENE

Oh, like the Grinch.

TED

Only not green.

RALPH

Not, yet.

TED

Thanks, son --you can take off.

EUGENE

I'm not a plane, dad.

Eugene about-faces crips and exits out the door opening and closing it.

Ted watches proudly as Ralph leans towards the door.

RALPH

Uuuuu-huuu, genie, rub my lamp!

EUGENE (O.S.)

Numb-nuts!

Ted glares at Ralph who shakes head.

RALPH

Glad I won't be around, to see him turn Gay.

TED

Why can't you be civil!

RALPH

Because I'm not a civilian.

TED

Why'd you make fun of my son?

RALPH

You're the one named him, Eugenia!

TED

Eugene! It's Latin for "well born." Several Saints and four Popes ...

RALPH

Ah-ah-ah-ah, there's a Catholic joke in there.

TED

You're, sick.

RALPH

Already said that.

TED

Why'd you kill dad?!

RALPH

Go save your son, I'm past savin'.

TED

(leans-in)

Tell --Me!

RALPH

(leans-in)

No --ee!

Ted drops his head to cover eyes with both hands upset.

RALPH

Great --but I'm still around, to see you turn Gay.

Ted begins to cry. Ralph is taken aback, he moves as if to console Ted, then sits back. Ted looks straight up.

TED

There's a hole in me.

Ralph wants to connect, then deflects.

RALPH

Eat --a, pizza?

Ted lowers his gaze to Ralph desperate.

TED

Help me.

Ralph is touched, his armor is damaged.

RALPH

Already did, life --for a life.

TED

Wait, what? When, where?

RALPH

Ignorance is bliss.

TED

Truth is light.

RALPH

What do I have to do to keep you in the dark?

TED

Enlighten me.

RALPH

Synonym; illumine, edify, teach, inform.

TED

Antonym; mystify, confuse, perplex, puzzle.

Ralph holds out his glass for a Toast.

RALPH

Exactly.

Ted has had enough.

TED

Fuckin' loser!

RALPH

"Loser?" Loser! Wow, sound just like the old man. What'd the bitch tell ya'?

TED

That you have anger issues.

Ralph slaps his thigh guffawing.

RALPH

Way to go, mom! Misdirect to deflect.

TED

What, wait --but you do have a temper, right?

RALPH

Anyone would.

TED

Did something --happen to you?

RALPH

Nuthin' I couldn't handle.

TED

Then why'd ...?

RALPH

Weren't concerned about me, numb-nuts.

TED

What, wait, who? Did mom --? Dad never did nothing to me!

RALPH

Anything. Dad never did anything, to you.

TED

That's what I said?

RALPH

Me, too.

TED

Stop being an enigma!

RALPH

I'm not, that's what you're hearing.

TED
Yes, you are, som-bitch!

RALPH
Told ya'.

TED
What? Told me what? That I didn't want to hear the truth, or that you're not speaking in riddles.

RALPH
Both.

TED (epiphany)
Whaaaat? You killed dad --because of me?

Ralph dead-pan stares.

TED (CONT'D)
Why would you kill our father?

RALPH
Posthumous "father." Any real one died long before we met him.

TED
Who died? Wait, Pop, wasn't our "real" dad?

RALPH
Nope, never had a "real" one.

TED
"Never--?!" Did mom know?

RALPH
Pretended not to.

TED
Again with the riddles!

RALPH
Fine! Ya' really wanna' get home --follow the fucking bread crumbs.

TED
Up yours, Hansel.

RALPH
Betta' then being Gretel!

TED

Clues?! You're giving me clues? This ain't no fairy-tale, jerk-off.

RALPH

Not one with a happy ending.

TED

You really are an a-hole. Wait --

(puts on glasses)

think this out, Theodore.

RALPH

Oh, so you're a chipmunk again.

TED

Shad-ap and let me think!

(self-analyzes)

So, if Mother pretended --pretended what? To make believe -- what, to deceive? Pretend, deceive --disable?

Ralph stares sipping silent.

TED (CONT'D)

Not a real father? False, Acted like a parent, but wasn't. Wait, couldn't --or shouldn't?

RALPH

Simon says, one should be able.

TED

"Able" --to be a parent?

Ted stares puzzled at Ralph who sips.

RALPH

Don't stop on my account, this is udderly, not empowerin'.

TED

"Empowerin'?" Oh, empowering, empowering! Orrrrrr --enable?

(tilts head defining)

To supply with means, knowledge or opportunity to --?

Ted squints at Ralph while analyzing.

TED (CONT'D)

You said, "life for a life." Did you murder Dad to save --my life?

RALPH
Murder for a murder, killed my childhood.

TED
Soooooo, you saved --what? My childhood from what --him?

Ralph makes Umpire's double-hand wave.

RALPH
Saaafe!

Ted is confused and pulls Ralph's wheelchair close to him. Ralph returns same stare, then leans-in teasing.

RALPH
Hey Shirlylocks, search yer feelings.

Ted slaps Ralph.

TED
Feel that?!

Ralph pulls a shank from inside sleeve and threatens Ted danger-close.

RALPH
Don't do that a'gin, boy! I killed outside, then killed inside. I'm --a survivor.

TED
"Survivor?" Survivor! --That's the key.

Ted pushes Ralph's chair away and sits upright in epiphany.

TED
Dad --our dad --?

ALL LIGHTS OUT.

EUGENE (O.S.)
Did --stuff --to --you?

THREE LIGHTS UP ON:

Ralph drops both arms. His shank *clatters* to the floor.

RALPH

Got your answer.

TED

Only half. Is that why you murdered him --for revenge?

Ralph looks down in disbelief.

RALPH

Dumb-nuts.

TED

Look who's talkin'. --Look at me!

Ralph looks up sad.

TED

You killed --to save --me?

RALPH

Ahhhh, there's the rub.

TED

Tell me! What did you mean, "life for a life?"

RALPH

I could take it, had to. But --when he started looking at you, that way?

Ralph looks down at floor again.

Ted falls back in his chair.

TED

My, God!

RALPH

Sure ain't mine.

TED

And my mom knew?

RALPH

Sure ain't mine.

TED

And all this time, you've been alone.

RALPH

Always was --always will be.

Ted puts a hand on Ralph's knee. Ralph looks at it.

TED

No, not any more. Thank you, for being --

Ted shakes Ralph's knee. Their eyes meet.

TED

a good brother.

Ralph bows his head and covers his eyes with his Hate-hand.

RALPH

Oh great, but your still around --to see me turn Gay.

TED

I'll never leave you, again. You're coming to live with me.

Ralph looks up grateful.

RALPH

You, you mean that?

TED

Absolutely! Got a lot of missed time to catch up on.

RALPH

"Time?" Not enough to make any difference.

TED

Time enough. Time, to get to know my wife. Time, to get to know --my son.

RALPH

Genie?! Uh, don't think I'm the uncle-type.

TED

Never know, never tried.

RALPH

"Never tried" eatin' a turd, pretty sure I don't want to.

Ted stands to push Ralph's wheelchair.

TED

Let's both --go home.

Ralph holds his chair's wheels.

RALPH

Hold on there, pard, not sure I'm ready to ride off into your sunset just yet.

Ted steps in front of Ralph.

TED

How about tomorrow? I'll rent a van.

(looks around)

How much stuff is yours?

Ralph holds up now empty liquor bottle.

TED

Even better. I'll take the morning off and pick you up.

(offers his hand)

Deal?

They shake, then Ralph squeezes hard for Ted to stop.

RALPH

House always wins.

Ted bends with head away from audience to hug Ralph around his shoulders.

Ralph's face reacts full-spectrum. He hesitates, then pats Ted's back with his Pain-hand.

RALPH

Luv ya' --lil' brother.

Ted squeezes hard so Ralph "Oofs." Ted releases and goes to door, then turns back elated; he finally gets to say "it."

TED

Love you, too --big brother.

Ted turns to leave.

Ralph wag-points to wall light-switch.

Uh, uh --ya' mind?
RALPH

TED
(smiles at peace)
Not now.

Ted flicks off wall-switch.

TED SPOTLIGHT OFF.

Ted turns to go, turns back, smiles big, turns, then opens door. He is backlit again, and exits closing door.

Ralph stares at door listening to Ted's *footsteps* fade then looks straight up.

RALPH
Took your sweet time, but --

Ralph holds up his air-horn again.

RALPH
thanks --for listening.

Ralph *blows* air-horn then

SOUND OF AIR-HORN.

Ralph drops air-horn on floor to retrieve his Cross then hugs it.

RALPH
Uncle Ralphie, huh?

Ralph is elated, then gets sad-worried, and shakes head.

RALPH
Nottt gonna' happen --not again.

Ralph reaches into shirt pocket and retrieves three tiny items. He lowers his Cross into lap and does something with three items looking straight up.

RALPH

I'm afraid of what I done, but I'm more afraid --of what I might.

Ralph hugging the Cross tight, then turns it over to reveal; he made it into a Zip-gun on its back. He pulls its rubber firing-strap back and locks it over a trigger-nail.

RALPH

A life --

Ralph slides the single bullet into zip-gun's pipe-barrel.

RALPH

for a life.

Ralph holds Cross to his temple, then with free hand turns off the lamp.

ALL LIGHTS OFF.

Zip-gun *pop* and a light *muzzle-flash*
Sound of zip-gun hitting stage floor.

CROSS-PICTURE SPOTLIGHT ON.

SOUND OF DESERT-WIND BLOWING.

TED (V.O.)

To my older brother, I'm alive to write this, because of him.

CURTAIN.

Sign on curtain now reads; VACANCY.

EUGENE (V.O.)

For MPN information go to www.voicesofmpn.com

ENGINUITY

CURTAIN IS DOWN:

CHANDICE (O.S.)

A mind, she is a terrible thing to waste dontcha know.

CURTAIN UP:

LIGHTS UP ON:

INT. NYC EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Same three walls, only now back wall has a stand-alone sink, long thin table with a dorm refrigerator, hot-plate, and coffee-machine. A trashcan is next to table. Left angled wall has a twin-bed couch opened and messy with a rotary-phone on a night stand. Right angled wall has two doors the audience never sees into; one is exit door and the other bathroom for bathroom. A card table in the center of stage has manual typewriter and a lighthouse lamp.

KEVIN KEEP, tousled hair with beard-stubble, in a torn T-shirt with dress pants, is head-down asleep, forehead on his typewriter sitting in a wheelchair.

KNOCK AT FRONT DOOR.

Kevin wakes groggy, then pulls the single-sheet of paper out of typewriter to read, then crumples it up angry.

KEVIN

Playwright?

(now New Jersey accent)

Fuggedaboutit.

MORE KNOCKING.

Kevin balls-up his paper and shoots for the basketball-backboard trashcan. It scores and he raises arms in victory making *crowd-noise* as he rolls to door.

Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaa --!

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Kevin opens the door. No one there. He starts to close the door and a black arm with multiple wrist-bracelets thrusts in hitting the wall, boom.

Kevin is startled and reopens the door.

CHANDICE CACHÉ, Jamaican, 30s, long black hair, is wearing a full dress in rasta-colours of the Jamaican flag. She enters and stands hands-on-hips.

Note: Chandice always speaks in authentic Jamaican accent unless noted.

Chandice enters walking towards Kevin forcing him to roll back while pointing at his legs.

CHANDICE

Dey work?

Chandice keeps walking towards Kevin forcing him to roll back more.

KEVIN

Does what work?

Chandice kicks one of Kevin's shins.

KEVIN

Ow! Why the --?!

Chandice kicks Kevin's other shin.

CHANDICE

Chigger toes afraid a' gravel?

Kevin rubs both shins as he translates her Jamaican saying.

KEVIN

Someone hurt --knows what to avoid?

Chandice goes to the coffee-machine.

Kevin thinks, then stands so wheelchair rolls back against the wall. He shakes out both legs and stiff-walks to her.

CHANDICE

What be your logline?

Chandice adds fresh coffee to the already used-grounds in filter.

KEVIN

"What be" my what? Why?

CHANDICE

That why me here. To finish this --once and fah all.

Chandice pours water into coffee-maker.

CHANDICE (CONT'D)

Read my letter yet?

KEVIN

What "letter?"

Chandice turns on coffee-maker.

CHANDICE

Well, dat explain all the "duh-uh."

KEVIN

Well, what the "fuh-uh" are we ...?

Chandice goes to the table and picks up a folded newspaper.

CHANDICE

Writer, to be ya' ghost.

Kevin takes her newspaper and waves it.

KEVIN

I --just ran this.

Chandice grabs his newspaper and taps him on the head with it.

CHANDICE

I --just answer this.

(smiles big)

Sooooooooo, how much?

KEVIN

"How mu--?" Oh, only the first scene.

CHANDICE

(Caribbean laugh)

Oh, you such a dunce bat. No --

Chandice smacks Kevin's ass with paper.

CHANDICE (CONT'D)

How much --to save your no-where career?

KEVIN

What am I willing to pay? Oh. Uh, depends on your experience.

Chandice drops paper on table looking over Kevin's shoulder to the door.

CHANDICE

Did not see no queue. Who else be comin'?

KEVIN

You're the first, but --. Hey! How did you get my address?

CHANDICE

How ya think? Go, go splash water on your fine freckles, wake some up.

Kevin goes to kitchen sink, turns on.

SOUND OF SINK-WATER *RUNNING*:

Kevin cups water onto his face.

Chandice sits to roll a piece of paper into the typewriter, types fast, then exits out the open entrance door.

KEVIN

References?

SINK-WATER *RUNNING* ENDS.

Kevin wipes face on his shirt-tail and turns looking for Chandice. She's gone. He sees, then goes to, and pulls her paper out of the typewriter to read.

Chandice re-enters open entrance door *slamming* it closed behind her.

Kevin spins to her startled.

KEVIN

Jesus!

Chandice slaps Kevin.

Chandice

Never say dat!

Kevin rubs his cheek admonished, then waves the typewriter page at her.

KEVIN

Using an aerial shot to show howthey live --very revealing.

CHANDICE

Not revealin' nuthin' yet.

KEVIN

Let's start over. I'm Kevin, Kevin Keep.

Kevin offers his hand. Chandice doesn't take it.

CHANDICE

Well now, would already be knowin' dat.

Kevin feigns stabbing her with an imaginary sword.

KEVIN

Touché.

CHANDICE

Caché.

KEVIN

That your last name?

(sheaths his "sword")

What's your first name?

CHANDICE

Why --you givin' me screen credit?

Kevin stands with a dumbfounded look.

CHANDICE

Uh-huh, that's what me thoughtee. See you early, when you brighteeeee!

Chandice opens entrance door and exits leaving it wide open. Her boisterous Jamaican laughter fades. Kevin goes to and closes the door laughing.

KEVIN

Christ, what a character.

SOUND OF *SIZZLING* COFFEE.

Kevin hears coffee burning on its warmer-element and rushes to coffee-machine jamming a cup into it.

KEVIN

She'd be interesting to --

Kevin yawns big, then stumbles to fall face-first onto his bed.

LIGHTS OFF.

SOUND OF COFFEE MACHINE'S *DING*.

LIGHTS ON:

Kevin is still splayed across his bed dressed same except his shoes fell off.

KNOCKING AT DOOR.

Kevin stirs then mumbles into pillow.

Closed for repairs. KEVIN

LOUDER KNOCKING.

Who the --? KEVIN

Kevin stands to shuffle past table and sees, then points to his newspaper ad.

Ghost --writer. KEVIN

Kevin opens the front door.

Chandice stands hands-on-hips now in a short, ruffled-sleeve, bright-colored blouse, and a calico-tiered-bandana skirt with a head tie which is made from the same calico fabric as skirt.

CHANDICE
Tryin' wake you ten, wasteman!

KEVIN
Yeahhhhh, guess I was --

(yawns big, stretches)
wasted.

Chandice stomps on his socked-foot.

Kevin lifts injured foot grabbing it.

KEVIN
Muth-er Fu ...!

CHANDICE
FYI, guy --you, stink.

Kevin drops foot to reply sarcastic.

KEVIN
And I love you, too.

CHANDICE

Maybe, but your characters no have love. All be mowly, so I start overly.

(sniffs air, waves a hand)

You mowly too, wuu-wuu! Go fresh your manly-man, p-l-e-a-s-e.

Kevin smells an armpit, shudders, then goes inside bathroom closing its door.

Chandice rolls a new piece of paper into typewriter and starts typing.

SOUND OF SHOWER-WATER RUNNING.

Chandice stops typing and goes to yank the bathroom door open angry.

CHANDICE

Gonna' make me white-wash your whole ting, mon?!

KEVIN (O.S.)

Lady!

CHANDICE (Jamaican laugh)

Least you not be back-fistin'.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Yeah? Give me a minute!

CHANDICE

Hurry up, buster-boy --rollin' I am.

Chandice pulls a stack of typed papers from under table and puts them next to the typewriter, then exits front door opening and closing it.

Kevin exits bathroom closing door while wrapping a Jamaican-flag towel around his waist. His hair is still dry and he's wearing the same shirt with socks on, but no pants. He is not wet. He looks for Chandice, double-takes at the two piles of typed pages on table, and goes to pick one up.

KEVIN

How the hell did she--?

Chandice re-enters *slamming* front door.

Kevin spins with his back to audience.
His towel slips. He is wearing BVDs
with a Jamaican flag on their back.

Chandice stares at his crotch.

Kevin grabs towel to re-cover himself.

KEVIN

Gonna' give me a heart-attack, woman!

CHANDICE

Be me general idea.

Kevin is taken aback.

CHANDICE

Look, soon as you wake up, you need a wake-up. You good
writer once, till wife leave you bye-bye.

KEVIN

What makes you think she left me?!

Kevin, still with back to audience, is
distracted-upset and his towel falls.

Chandice points to his crotch.

CHANDICE

One --tiny --reason?

Kevin re-wraps his towel angry, he's
had enough.

KEVIN

Out, lady! Nuthin's worth your nasty bull-shit.

CHANDICE

Read rest of me whites first.

Kevin calms down and reads more pages.

Chandice goes into kitchen and pours more water into the coffee machine then adds more fresh coffee to its already-used grounds in the filter.

Kevin shuffles to her holding his towel closed with one hand and her pages in the other hand. *Note: He keeps his back to the audience.*

KEVIN

The way you made them enemies first, then lovers --fantastic!

CHANDICE

Chose words carefully, mon. "Fantastic" root be --fantasy.

COFFEE-MACHINE *DINGS* IN AGREEMENT.

KEVIN

What? Uh, yes, yes I know?

CHANDICE

I know, you know.

KEVIN

Uh, good for --us?

(waves her pages)

I can't believe how fast you write! To do this much so ...

Chandice hands him the cup of coffee.

Kevin puts down her pages and grabs her cup by its sides.

KEVIN

And their sex is so ...

Cup is too hot, so he has to let it fall. His towel falls, too.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

HOT!

His empty plastic cup bounces on the floor.

His towel falls behind him on floor.

Chandice wags a finger at his junk.

CHANDICE

You be doin' this on purpose.

Before Kevin can answer, she slaps his bulge.

CHANDICE

Bad bowy.

Kevin, in pain, steps back slipping on his towel falling backwards. He *hits* (*crack sound*) the back of his head on the floor. Chandice steps one leg over him standing legs-apart, straddling his chest, looking down chastising him.

CHANDICE

Tch, tch, tch. If already not be a girlie-girl --

Chandice grinds shoe-tip on his crotch.

CHANDICE (CONT'D)

this, still would not be doin' it for me, mon.

Kevin whimpers.

CHANDICE

Be no cry-baby, bitchy-baby. Clean up, wash up, circle up.

(circle-points finger to phone)

Your wagon-train about to be de-rail-ed.

SOUND OF TELEPHONE RINGING:

Chandice steps off Kevin.

Kevin doesn't care anymore and crawls to the phone on all-fours.

Chandice covers her eyes with one hand while holding the other out.

CHANDICE

Kiss Mi Back Side!

Kevin answers phone on all fours in same high-pitched whimper. Other person is not heard.

KEVIN

Kevin (*clears throat to normal*) Kevin Keep? ...Oh hi, I ...What, why? ...But I'm writing something really good now?

Other person hangs up. Kevin stares at receiver in his hand.

KEVIN

My publisher ...

CHANDICE

Fired you, she did. Tell me, you not see that comin'?

Kevin hangs up still on all-fours.

KEVIN

Knew she was frustrated, but didn't think --

CHANDICE

That why I here doncha' know? You give up so, ta-da, I --show up.

(curtseys)

You're welcome.

Kevin looks back at Chandice from under his arm-pit.

KEVIN

For --?

Chandice kicks Kevin from behind.

Kevin collapses onto his side with both hands cupping his balls.

CHANDICE

Swift kick to arse.

KEVIN

(high-pitched pain)

Missed.

CHANDICE

Stop your stakki-whine. I no Mother Theresa, you no Saint, so what?

Kevin crawls into the bathroom and closes its door.

Chandice sits at the typewriter, types quickly, then pulls out a second stack of typed pages from under the table and puts her page on top. There are now two separate stacks side-by-side. She exits front door closing it.

Kevin exits bathroom in T-shirt and now previous pants. He looks for her, but Chandice is gone again.

KEVIN

For the love of --!

Kevin sees her new stacked pages piled by his typewriter and reads top one.

KEVIN

Oh my God --now he's a she?

SOUND OF *SIZZLING* COFFEE.

Kevin hears coffee *burning*, so drops her page to rush into the kitchen. He slips on his old towel and falls. He stands to kick towel away, then yanks coffee machine's cord out of the wall.

KEVIN

Caffein'll kill ya'!

DIFFERENT *KNOCKING* ON FRONT DOOR.

Kevin yanks the door open angry.

KEVIN

Where do you keep go --?

DELIVERY ELVIS, dark Italian, an Elvis Impersonator complete in Elvis-costume, stands in doorframe. He's holding a big paper bag labeled, *Wok N' Woll*.

ELVIS

Wok N' Woll!

Elvis drops a hip pointing to Kevin in Presley's signature style.

Kevin snaps his fingers in time to the same 60's song, then sings its lyrics.

KEVIN

"...is here to stay, think what you be missin'."

Elvis sings Presley's quote like his
song "A Little Less Conversation."

ELVIS

"A little less fight, and a little more spark. Close your
mouth, and open your heart."

Elvis drops to a knee with head bowed
presenting his bag.

KEVIN

But I didn't order Chinese?

ELVIS

(stands straightening cape)
That's okay man, some cajun lady did.

KEVIN

But I didn't?

ELVIS

"Truth is like the sun, man. You can shut it out for awhile,
but it ain't goin' away." Ya' dig?

Elvis holds out a palm for payment.

KEVIN

How much?

ELVIS

Five-O, Danno.

KEVIN

Five dollars? No problemo.

Kevin reaches for his wallet.

ELVIS

"When I first saw you with your smile so tender, my heart was
captured, my soul surrendered." Except it's fifty dollars --

Elvis twirls around 360° dropping to a
knee again with hand held out.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

plus tip, of course.

KEVIN

Of course. Uh --*take a check?*

ELVIS

"Values are like fingerprints, man. Nobody's are the same, but you leave them over everything you do." (*stands now threatening*) Would like mine all over your face?

Kevin thinks about running out the open door, then acquiesces to fate and pulls inside-out his empty pants pockets.

Elvis kicks Kevin in his balls who crumples to the floor on his knees.

ELVIS

"If you wanna be loved baby, you got to love me too. Oh yeah, cause I ain't no one's side love affair."

Elvis spins 360°, throws his head back, and exits with back straight holding his bag as an over-actor thespian.

Kevin walks on his knees to close the front door in pain.

KEVIN

Tryin'.

Kevin leans forehead on door resting, then *bangs* head three times on door.

THREE KNOCKS RESPOND.

Kevin turns his head in disbelief, then straightens to yell angry at the door.

KEVIN

Has left the building!

POUNDING ON FRONT DOOR.

Kevin stands to yank it open furious.

KEVIN

Go fu ...!

Chandice enters grabbing Kevin's cheeks with one hand and squeezing so his lips pucker. She pecks him, then stands back.

CHANDICE

Skim dem teeth!

Kevin produces a huge sick smile.

KEVIN

I can't afford ...?

Chandice slaps him.

CHANDICE

Me get hungry, too!

KEVIN

(balls a fist)

This isn't working out!

CHANDICE

Like me Third Scene?

KEVIN

"Third?!" There's only two!

They stare as poker players. Kevin folds and looks behind. There is now a third pile of typed pages.

Kevin rushes to typewriter and reads third top page, then tilts his head.

KEVIN

Now it's --a black comedy?

Chandice closes door going to Kevin.

CHANDICE

(as a perfect Barbra Streisand)

Expectin' you were, chopped liver?

KEVIN

(waves new pages)

Look, you're gifted, no question there. But since you got here I ...

CHANDICE

Want to kill yourself more?

Kevin steps back shocked dropping her pages on the table.

KEVIN

Where'd that come from?

CHANDICE

Take no brain surgeon, to diagnose you brain-dead. One only have to read your weakly writing to ...

KEVIN

To What?!

CHANDICE

To know you a corpse inside! Only matta' a' time, till outside --she, catch up.

Kevin falls into the table's chair.

KEVIN

It's that obvious?

CHANDICE

I be your konshens, mon. Let me, carry you --away.

Kevin looks up at her with puppy-eyes.

KEVIN

I'm not heavy.

CHANDICE

And you sure be not my brotha'. Read my letter yet, pickney?

KEVIN

I haven't gotten any G.D.!

CHANDICE

When last you really look-look?

Kevin thinks, then exits the apartment like a zombie closing the front door.

Chandice sits at typewriter and types fast, then pulls out from under table a fourth stack of typed pages. She puts her paper on top, then goes to plug coffee machine back in and its empty cup back in. She exits into the bathroom closing its door.

Front door opens and Kevin enters carrying a huge pile of mail.

SOUND OF COFFEE MACHINE'S *DING*.

Kevin sniffs, then follows his nose into the kitchen. Kevin takes the ready cup, and tastes it.

KEVIN

Damn, that's good.

Kevin sips more and *spit-takes* seeing new fourth pile of papers beside the typewriter. He runs to read the top one.

KEVIN

Damn, that's good!

Chandice calls out from bathroom as *Tony The Tiger*.

CHANDICE (O.S.)

They're G-r-e-a-t!

SOUND OF TOILET *FLUSHING*.

Chandice re-enters from bathroom waving her hands high to "clear" the air.

CHANDICE

Whew! That enough --for one day.

KEVIN

One day with you --is more than enough.

CHANDICE

Ditto, kid-o. Same time tomor-ro?

KEVIN

Noon?

CHANDICE

Ten. Me know you love sleep-sleep.

KEVIN

(sips from cup, holds it up)
And thanks for the ...

Chandice exits closing the front door.

KEVIN

hard time.

Kevin yawns huge, puts down cup, then falls face-first onto his bed.

LIGHTS OFF.

KNOCK ON FRONT DOOR.

LIGHTS ON:

Kevin is sprawled-out face-down on top of his bed as before, dressed same. He talks into his pillow.

KEVIN

Suck yuh mada.

He sits up yawning, then shuffles to and opens front door. Chandice, dressed same, enters angry with hands-on-hips.

CHANDICE

You sleep like the dead!

KEVIN

Live like one, too.

CHANDICE

Go flood your not-pretty face!

Kevin sloppy-salutes and goes to kitchen sink.

SOUND OF SINK-WATER *RUNNING*.

Chandice sits at the typewriter and types fast, then pulls a fifth pile of typed pages out from under table and puts hers on top. She exits into the bathroom closing its door.

Kevin turns, looks; she's gone. He shakes his head talking like the cartoon-character Foghorn Leghorn.

KEVIN

Girl's got real git up n' go. When she has to go --she gits.

Kevin sees new fifth stack and rushes to read its top page.

KEVIN

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Now it's -- Christian?!

(reads more)

Yeah, but that does save it.

SOUND OF COFFEE MACHINE'S *DING*.

Kevin follows his nose into the kitchen still reading. He takes the machine's cup and tastes. He's impressed.

KEVIN

That's one great cup a' Joe --babe.

Chandice runs out the bathroom door and pushes Kevin angry. He drops his plastic cup in the sink.

CHANDICE

Don't never be callin' me no --"babe!"

Kevin gathers himself shaking his fist-pages at her.

KEVIN

Look, you crazy coco! I don't care how talented you are, no ...!

Chandice starts to sob.

CHANDICE

Me do this --every, time.

KEVIN

Do what?

CHANDICE

Push feelin' down --folk a-way!

Kevin retrieves his empty coffee cup, sips, then nods.

KEVIN

Well, got a little experience with that me-self.

CHANDICE

Do you now?

KEVIN

My wife left me screaming, "You're empty inside!" So I tried writing again. And she was right --again. That's why I ran the ad. I need help.

CHANDICE

Professional, yes.

KEVIN

Yes, and based on what I'm reading --I need, your help.

CHANDICE

Heartical?

KEVIN

You took my premise and expanded it in ways I never would. Female perspective is what it needed, and you delivered --

Kevin yawns huge like a hippopotamus.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

big --time.

Chandice puts his coffee cup down.

CHANDICE

Cockroach --got no business onna' dance floor.

Chandice leads Kevin to the couch-bed and pushes on his back. He falls face-first onto it passing out.

LIGHTS OUT.

Sound of Chandice *typing* in the dark, then she exits into bathroom closing its door.

Kevin wakes discombobulated in dark.

KEVIN

What time --?

Sounds of Kevin rising and crossing the floor. He trips and stubs a toe.

KEVIN

Mother Hubbard!

He turns on the desk lamp.

LIGHTS ON:

The room is a disaster. Looks like there was a fight.

KEVIN

What the --?

Kevin sees her five stacks are now stacked as one big pile on the table. He reads the top page.

KEVIN

You made our hero --Jamaican?

(explosive laugh)

Now that's funny!

FAST STEADY RAPPING AT FRONT DOOR

Kevin looks at audience frustrated, then restacks the paper and opens door.

KEVIN

Where do you keep go --?!

DELIVERY GIRL, Asian teen, no accent, answers outside the door disappointed.

GIRL

Feels like nowhere, man.

Girl enters wearing a shiny jumpsuit with pizza slices all over it. She holds a huge pizza delivery bag printed in large letters, *Hung Lo*.

KEVIN

Hung Low? --*I know the feeling.*

(snaps fingers)

Let me guess...

(cheap Asian accent)

fitty dolla'!

GIRL

(in perfect English)

Cut the cheap accent, it's rude and racist. And you should know it's fifty dollars --plus tip. No checks.

KEVIN

I didn't -- (*reaches for wallet in back pocket*) I don't --

GIRL

Prepaid by some Islander babe ...

Kevin puts a finger over his lips
frantic.

KEVIN

Shhhh! Never call her --

Kevin sounds out silent, "babe."

Delivery Girl is wary and hands Kevin a pen with the receipt. Kevin reads it.

KEVIN

That's my card number. How did --? I still have credit??

(looks up sheepish)

Five percent?

Delivery Girl glares.

KEVIN

Ten percent??

Kevin fills in receipt, signs, and hands back. Delivery Girl presents Kevin with a large pizza box.

GIRL

Spiced as instructed ...

Delivery Girl exits sniping now in a sarcastic Asian accent,

GIRL

Inn-joy, dragon-boy!

Kevin closes the door, sits at the table, and opens box.

Smells good.

KEVIN

Kevin grabs a slice and eats while reading pages. He stops reading and tilts his head, then drops the pizza to jump up and run to, then plunge his head under sink's faucet.

SOUND OF FAUCET *RUNNING*:

Kevin *gulps* from the faucet.

END FAUCET *RUNNING*.

Kevin stands up frantic.

KEVIN

Mutha' Feedin' --MILK!

Kevin opens the refrigerator. It's a land-fill in there. He grabs a paper-quart of milk and begins chugging. He gags choking, then looks at the carton.

KEVIN

I don't buy --Buttermilk?

(shakes head)

Do now.

He finishes the carton and tosses it in the sink.

KEVIN

Wow! No sane person could eat that.

SOUND OF TOILET *FLUSHING*.

Kevin spins to it surprised.

Chandice exits bathroom closing door, sees his pizza slice, and sits at the table devouring it.

CHANDICE

Kinda' bland.

KEVIN

Where'd you come from?

CHANDICE
Only two places to hide in here.

KEVIN
Where's the first?

SOUND OF PHONE RINGING:

Kevin answers the phone. Other person
is not heard.

KEVIN
Kevin Keep ... "I'm back?" What does that --? ...What Rough
Draft? ...I did, when?

Kevin looks at Chandice. She smiles and
keeps eating hearty.

KEVIN
What!? ...Well thank you. ...No, I appreciate that. ...Yeah,
know I said it was good. ...Uhhhhhhh, I should have it
finished by, uh --?

Chandice waves wild at Kevin indicating
"Tomorrow."

KEVIN
Uh, *tomorrow*? ...Yeah, fine, call me in the morning. ...Don't
worry about it. ...Nah, forgetaboutit.

Kevin hangs up staring at the phone.

KEVIN
I sure did.

(turns to Chandice)
Did you --?

CHANDICE

(mouth full)
Bicycled over --what me had.

KEVIN
Thanks for savin' my ass, but...

Chandice slurps some kind of long stem
into her mouth. Kevin's grossed-out

KEVIN
How can you eat that?! My throat feels like molten lava.

CHANDICE

Eat what --Bhut Jolokia?

KEVIN

Ghost Pepper?!

CHANDICE

Ghost Pepper excitin' life. Just like me, Ghost Writer, excitin' yours. Bet you wakey-wakey now-ow?

KEVIN

Have to be. That could wake the dead.

CHANDICE

Don't tease a momma cow, her son --might be a bull.

KEVIN

I've been to Jamaica and I've never heard any of your --?!

(tilts head thinking)

Have I?

Chandice grabs another pizza slice.

Kevin reaches for the new pages.

KEVIN

Ugh, you eat, I'll read.

CHANDICE

We run tings --tings nut run we.

Both finish their task fast. She eats her last bite as Kevin lays his last page on top of the stacked others.

Chandice *belches* manly.

CHANDICE

Well?

KEVIN

Well done. Sure we can finish by tomorrow?

CHANDICE

"We" Kemosabe?! (*key-mo-sah-be*) Been ridin' solo so far, paleface.

KEVIN

Which is why I need to saddle-up --or this will all be yours.

CHANDICE
 "All" ready tis.

KEVIN
 "Tis" what?

CHANDICE
 What sent over --my name, she be on.

Kevin jumps up angry.

KEVIN
 What?! That wasn't part of our deal!

CHANDICE
 Dealer Change --

Chandice slap-wipes as a Dealer's
 "clearing of hands."

CHANDICE (CONT'D)
 when you go Rip Van Winkly.

KEVIN
 Divorced, depressed, dejected, and destitute --all the D's
 for sure, but that does not give you the right to ...!

Chandice stands angry.

CHANDICE
To What?! Write somethin' you wouldn't? Deliver on promise
 you couldn't?

Chandice wags a finger back and forth
 in front of Kevin's face warning.

CHANDICE
 Put clothes on your argument!

KEVIN (translates angry)
 Show you respect?!

Kevin queries.

Kevin
 Was this your plan all along --to take over?

CHANDICE
 For years, mon.

KEVIN

Oh, so like any predator, you wait for signs of distress then ...!

CHANDICE

Duppy know who to frighten.

KEVIN (translates confused)

A ghost --knows who to scare?

(balls fists)

Bitch!

CHANDICE

Bastard! --So?

KEVIN

So I won't let you steal it!

CHANDICE

Half a' somethin' better than all a' nuttin'.

KEVIN

If we had agreed!

CHANDICE

We did.

KEVIN

What?! --When?

CHANDICE

All in me letter.

KEVIN

I never got any G.D. letter!

CHANDICE

Put it in snail-mail me-self.

KEVIN

You what?! When?

CHANDICE

Fortnight.

KEVIN

Two weeks?! But, you've only been here a couple of --?

CHANDICE

Me been here, yes. Don't yuh rememba'?

KEVIN

There's nothing to remember --I've never met you!

CHANDICE

Dat cut deep, mon. Expek me ta' believe yuh don't rememba' our dweet?

KEVIN

Our what?!

CHANDICE

Sleepin' as one.

KEVIN

What?! NO! No, there's nothing to remember, because, no, we never slept together. Wait, you said you were a girlie-girl?

CHANDICE

Nuh tanks ta' yuh!

KEVIN

"No thanks to me?!" Nothing you say makes any sense!

CHANDICE

'Cept on rollin' paper.

KEVIN

No question, you're good there.

CHANDICE

Then question --why a letter.

KEVIN

What f'n letter?!

CHANDICE

We grine now, fight later.

(stabs a finger warning))

No try me patience, bad juju fo' you if ya' do.

Kevin is frozen with mouth open in awe.

CHANDICE

Fish-mouth shaped that way --

Chandice stands and lifts Kevin's jaw with two fingers to close it, then moves her hand up in front of his face and back down closing his eyelids.

CHANDICE (CONT'D)

To get caught.

Chandice pushes on Kevin's chest with same hand until he falls backwards onto the couch-mattress. Chandice turns smiling to break the Fourth Wall.

CHANDICE

Yu shake a man han, you no shake him heart.

Kevin sleep-mumbles translating.

KEVIN

Appearances --can be deceiving.

LIGHTS OUT.

Chandice sits and types in the dark, then goes into bathroom closing door.

Sounds of Kevin coming-to groggy, then he stands wobbly to turn on desk-lamp.

LIGHTS ON:

Kevin sees the pile of typed pages by typewriter is now twice as large.

KEVIN

Son of a bee-bee, she did me!

(looks around)

Where she be?

COFFEE MACHINE DINGS.

Kevin opens the refrigerator. It's now clean and fresh. He takes out and opens a new milk carton, sniffs, then tastes.

KEVIN

She made coffee, and went shopping? What we be --married?

Kevin makes a horrible expression.

SOUND OF A CHINESE DRAGON *FARTING*.

Chandice yells from the bathroom.

CHANDICE (O.S.)

You're a P, I, G --Pig!

KEVIN

Might as well be.

Kevin puts milk back and glances at the title-page on the manuscript and balks. He runs to the pile of papers to check.

KEVIN

What the --?! Your name only? Where's mine?!

(looks around)

Olly olly oxen free --you need to talk to me!

Chandice answers from the bathroom.

CHANDICE (O.S.)

Me not finished!

Kevin sees a steak knife sticking-out from under the mail-pile on the table and pulls it out.

KEVIN

You will be. --You, will, be.

Kevin holds knife as a weapon, then sees something else and pulls out a small pink envelope from the pile of mail and opens it with knife. He opens its "Get Well" card and reads it aloud.

KEVIN

"Just when the caterpillar thought its world would be ending, she become a beautiful butterfly."

SOUND OF TOILET *FLUSHING*.

Kevin drops the card, stares at his knife with a crazed-look, then stalks with it held high to yank open the bathroom door with the famous Jack Nicholson announcement.

KEVIN

Herrrrrrrrre's, Kev-in!

Kevin enters the bathroom manic, then asks inside irritated.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Why do you keep pointing at the G.D. mirror?

NOOOOOOOOOOO --!

SOUND OF PHONE *RINGING*.

Kevin exits trance-like from the bathroom. He picks up the receiver, clears his voice, puts a hand on his chest, then drops a hip and answers in Chandice's exact Jamaican voice.

KEVIN AS CHANDICE

Tis a beautiful day, to be alive --finally.

Chandice walks out of the bathroom closing its door.

She and Kevin stare at each smiling.

SOUND OF TOILET *FLUSHING*.

Chandice and Kevin look at each other confused.

SOUND OF LIGHT SWITCH *CLICKING ON*.

LIGHT SHINES UNDER BATHROOM DOOR.

Both snap-look down at the light.

LIGHTS OFF.

SOUND OF *SQUEAKY* HINGES OPENING.

CURTAIN.

CHANDICE (V.O.)

Ev'ry dawg have his day, ev'ry puss --her tomorrow.

SAVING ROBIN WILLIAMS

August 11, 2014.

ROBIN (V.O.)

CURTAIN RISES:

LIGHTS UP ON:

INT. MODEST HOUSE FOYER - DAY

Same three walls. Back wall has pictures, posters, and plaques, on it. One angled wall now has stairs going up its side with a hand-painted Cross framed. Other angled wall has one door with an antique pendulum clock beside it *ticking* showing 10:30.

Centered are two captains chairs that face the audience with an end table between them. On the table is a clear plastic case with a clown's red nose in it. Beside the case sits a *Mork* doll.

WALL CLOCK *CHIMES* ONCE.

FLASH OF LIGHT OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR.

Pounding on front door.

From upstairs a Yiddish-Jewish accent.

ROBIN (O.S.)

We're havin' a brit milah here!

ROBIN WILLIAMS, the famous everything, wearing a long black T-shirt, black pants with unhooked matching nylon belt, and black tennis shoes, slides down the stair's bannister, almost falling off.

He lands pulling pants up, then holds them up as he angry-yanks the door open as *Mr. T.*

ROBIN

I pity tha' fool!

Standing outside all dressed in black shiny biker gear is PROFESSOR CHRISTOPHER REEVE, renowned eccentric mathematician with long hair and a beard, who seems a paradox.

Robin is taken aback and tries to close the door using a *Canadian* accent.

ROBIN

Sturgis be in South Dakota, Geezer Rider, not Sac-ra-men-toe.

Christopher sticks his bare foot in the door pointing to Robin's waiste.

CHRISTOPHER

I know what you're going to do with your belt.

Robin stumbles back like Tasered.

CHRISTOPHER

I've come a long way. May I please speak to you?

Robin recinches his belt as *John Wayne*.

ROBIN

"Have ta' do better than that, Pil-grim."

CHRISTOPHER

Is the knife in your pocket --or upstairs on the chair near the closet door where they find it?

Robin is alarmed and looks for escape.

ROBIN

"They, hey?!" What, what knife?

CHRISTOPHER

The one you use to cut your left wrist.

Robin backs up looking at left wrist.

Christopher enters closing door behind.

CHRISTOPHER

Your autopsy reveals Lewy Body Disease, not Parkinson's -- that is what's causing your dementia!

Robin wary, speaks *Canadian* again.

ROBIN

Yer scarin' me now, eh keener?

Robin points to Christopher's belly.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Nice Molson-muscle, 'eh --'ey?

CHRISTOPHER

Canada? They're not that scary.

ROBIN

"They're like the kindest country in the world, like a really nice apartment over a meth lab," baby.

CHRISTOPHER

You said that last year on Reddit, after misdiagnosed with Parkinson's.

ROBIN

Who the fuck are you?

CHRISTOPHER

A friend.

ROBIN

Wanna-be bat-shit fan, you mean! Look asshole, I don't know what your game is, but --

Robin makes Pac-Man *game-ending sound*.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

It's, over. So leave, or I'll call Smokey and all his bears.

CHRISTOPHER

Please do --Rebecca's 911 call doesn't come in until 11:55.

ROBIN

What, what call? How do you know Becky?

Robin grabs head in pain with hands.

ROBIN

"Reality is just a crutch, for people who can't cope with drugs," your crazy a-hole.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm not crazy, but I am a fan of you staying alive. That's why I came back --to save you.

ROBIN

Came back? To Paradise Cay, I dont' --What the fuck are you, dude?

CHRISTOPHER

A scientist, who stumbled upon a mistake, that became an opportunity.

ROBIN

"Even mistakes can be wonderful."

Robin shakes his head confused, lost.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Who said that? Who, what's your name again?

CHRISTOPHER

My name is unimportant, but what is important, is that I'm a professor of physics and mathematics specializing in...

Robin does a *drum-roll* on a chair.

ROBIN

...little green men from Mars!

Christopher stares non-plussed, then continues as if nothing happened.

CHRISTOPHER

The concept of movement between certain points in history.

ROBIN

"Movement, history?" You mean --?

Robin backs up sarcastic.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
time?! --So you're a time traveler, huh?

Robin plays himself as a comic.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
"Why do they call it rush hour, when nothing moves?"

Robin breaks into his wonderful child-like laughter clapping his hands and spinning in circles until he's dizzy.

CHRISTOPHER
May I please explain?

Robin is *Lost-In-Space-Robot* flailing.

ROBIN
"Danger Will Robinson, danger!"

Robin sits exhausted, then becomes a child with a *high-pitched* voice.

ROBIN
You'll have to leave now, my parent's aren't home. You'll have to leave --

Robin becomes himself again.

ROBIN (CONT')
In case your spaceship lands!

Robin was coming down, but jumps back up laughing hysterical stomping feet, then calms to sit down winded.

ROBIN
But --I will thank you- -for giving me-- one, last, laugh. -- I needed one.

CHRISTOPHER
I am not a traveler, because ...

Christopher looks at the wall clock.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Please, we only have fourteen minutes!

ROBIN

And why is that, pray tell? No! No prayers. No one, not the G.D. doctors, not my wife, certainly not my kids --

Robin looks wistfully up the stairs.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

God I hope they'll understand. No, not even God can help me.

Robin stands angry pointing at the door.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Get, Out!

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, "out" of all the people, I could choose, I chose you.

ROBIN

"Please, don't worry so much. Because in the end--none of us have very long on this earth."

CHRISTOPHER

But the world loves you, and you bring joy to so many. Please stay with us, even if --just one more day.

ROBIN

"Sometimes, you can have a whole lifetime in a day, and never notice that this --

Robin looks around, then sighs sad.

ROBIN

is a beautiful as it gets."

Robin opens a pocket knife.

ROBIN

I've been slicing at myself for years --trying to cut the pain out.

Christopher steps to intervene.

Robin threatens as *Christopher Walken*.

ROBIN

It'll feel good, slicing on someone else, for a change. Whoa!

Christopher looks at wall clock again.

CHRISTOPHER

Thirteen minutes.

ROBIN (STILL WALKEN)

Whoa, Stop!

CHRISTOPHER

I can't "stop" time or physics, no one can. And if I can't save you, then we both --

Christopher sees all of Robin's awards.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Only difference is --no one, will remember me.

Robin folds his knife up to re-pocket.

ROBIN

If --and I'm just saying if, I was going to kill myself; What makes you think you could stop me?

CHRISTOPHER

I choose to believe, that we were all put here to help each other.

ROBIN

Again with choosing. --"Everyone you meet, is fighting a battle, you know nothing about."

CHRISTOPHER

I tried to know, everything about you --to be able to help you, save you.

ROBIN

Even if, and I'm still just playing along here sports fans--

Robin makes a *crowd-cheering* sound.

ROBIN

Your end-game, was fixed all along?

Christopher shrugs, leather jacket
"creaks."

ROBIN

And what's with the moo-cow outfit?

CHRISTOPHER

It's not leather --it's domesticus.

ROBIN

Scro --Sus? --In a pig's ear!

CHRISTOPHER

Pig skin is the more suitable substitute for human skin.
Otherwise, I'd be standing in front of you naked, and I
didn't think that would go over well.

ROBIN

You haven't seen me naked. I look like a grizzly overdosed on
Rogaine.

Robin sits back down confused, then
hand-motions for Christopher to sit on
other chair. Christopher sits.

ROBIN

Who --How did you get here again?

CHRISTOPHER

Most physicists agree that travel into the future is
possible, Einstein proved that. But travel into the past? Oh,
they'll fight you on that one. There's was this one time ...

Robin is now Albert Einstein with
German *accent*.

ROBIN

"Time --is the best teacher. Unfortunately, it kills all of
its students." Class dismissed!

Robin looks away trying to remember something, then looks back and sees Christopher for the "first" time. Robin talks in a Pakistani accent.

ROBIN

To whom is it that I am now speaking most assuredly?

CHRISTOPHER

Christopher, please --call me Chris.

Robin jumps up with hand extended as his Russian character *Vladimir Ivanoff* with Russian accent.

ROBIN

Pleased to meet you Mister, Mister. I am Robin Williams, "Honorary Jew."

CHRIS stands to shake hands, but Robin grabs his wrist and bends it while stepping behind Christopher's with other arm around his throat.

ROBIN

"I'm a very tolerant man --except when it comes to holding a grudge!" How dare you use my best friend's name. He'll superman your ass!

CHRISTOPHER

"Never pick a fight, with an ugly person, they've got nothing to lose."

Robin chuckles releasing to step back.

ROBIN

Hey, that's was good. Who said that?

CHRISTOPHER

You.

ROBIN

And you are --?

Christopher hands Robin a piece of pig-skin etched on. Robin pulls his I-phone out of front pants pocket and searches.

He looks up, then back down at his phone, then up again.

ROBIN

Says you're a crack-pot?

CHRISTOPHER

That's on Yelp. Look at --

Christopher looks at wall clock and panics machine-gunning his words.

CHRISTOPHER

You wedge your belt buckle in the top hinge of your closet door! Your assistant breaks in to find you hung inches off the floor -- like you're sitting in a chair.

Robin points to a movie poster of on the back wall of the same name.

ROBIN

Then I'll really be a sitting member of the "Dead Poet's Society."

CHRISTOPHER

I know that you're in pain, that you can't remember your Lines, or people you've known for years. But there has to be a reason why I was able to use that lab accident to be here, now, with you. Otherwise, this makes no sense.

Robin sits back down motioning for Chris to sit, who does.

ROBIN

"I try to make sense of things. Which is why, I guess, I believe in destiny. There must be a reason that --?"

(searches infinity)

There must be?"

Christopher glances at wall clock anxious.

ROBIN

"I used to think the worst thing in life was to end up all alone. It's not. The worst thing in life is to end up with people that make you feel all alone."

CHRISTOPHER

"If you are lonely when you're alone, you are in bad company."

Robin comes alive with a French accent.

ROBIN

Ahh, Jean-Paul Sarte, 'ey?! "He is like French baseball --

Robin makes an Umpire's safe-wave.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

No one is safe!"

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, we're in France now?

ROBIN

Bien sur! "It's great going to Paris where they say; I know who you are, and I don't give a shit."

Robin pretends to be smoking, still French.

ROBIN

"I seeeee you."

Robin pretends to give his cigarette down to a baby still in French accent.

ROBIN

"Look, zee baby is smoking. --Does that make you ahngry?"

Chris tries to hide his chuckle.

CHRISTOPHER

Is it true when you appeared on *Inside the Actors Studio* in 2001, an audience member developed a hernia from laughing so hard and had to be taken away in an ambulance?

Robin primps his hair putting a hand on his chest speaking as *Mrs. Doubtfire* in her British accent.

ROBIN

Well, Hell-looooo! --"Inside of you, there's a fashion model just waiting to throw up."

Chris looks at wall clock again.

ROBIN

Going somewhere?

CHRISTOPHER

Actually --nowhere, man.

Robin sings as John Lennon with his British accent.

ROBIN

"He's a real nowhere man, Sitting in his nowhere land, Making all his nowhere plans, for no-body."

CHRISTOPHER

No! You --are, somebody. All over the world, every single day, you make millions of people laugh.

ROBIN

"I think the saddest people always try their hardest to make people happy because they know what it's like to feel absolutely worthless, and they don't want anybody else to feel like that."

Christopher glances at wall clock.

CHRISTOPHER

Eight minutes.

ROBIN

Seven, six, five, four --blast-off, yes?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes! What can I do, to help you, change you mind?

ROBIN

"Mind?!" Mind? Welcome to my mind. I don't have a mind, but I don't mind!

Robin becomes Sean Connery with accent.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Ahhh, there's the rub, Shakespeare. I don't --have a mind.

Robin becomes an Old West Prospector
with appropriate accent.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

She done left town real sudden-like. Yee-haaaaa!

Robin becomes himself, but desperate.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

What is left is, I don't know? --I don't know!

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, but we can change all that. I've told you what you
really have. I can even write a letter --

Christopher looks around for something
to write with.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

That'll tell your doctors exactly ...

ROBIN

What?! Tell them what?! To put me on more anti-psychotic
medicine?

(begins sobbing)

"The hallucinations, the images, the terror, all coming at me
the speed my comedy came."

(wails)

Don't you get it?! "I don't know how anymore, I don't know
how to be funny!"

Robin opens his knife and begins
cutting at his left wrist. Christopher
reaches over. Robin threatens him with
knife again.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

For someone that supposedly came back in time to save my
burnt-out ass, you're fucking-up on a spectacular scale.

Robin looks at his cut left wrist.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Did, did they really find cuts --on my left wrist?

The stare at each other. Chris nods.
Robin folds knife back into pocket.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Well then, won't be needing that again.

CHRISTOPHER

Your doctors ...

ROBIN

Doctors! "When I was growing up, they would tell me; Robin, drugs can kill you. Now --Robin, you need drugs to live."

Robin becomes a drug-addict with a runny-nose, wiping it on his arm.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

"I realize now, that my doctor, is also my dealer." Yo--
"Cocaine is God's way of telling you, you are making too much money."

CHRISTOPHER

Then our job --is to 'fix' this.

ROBIN

"Our job --is improving the quality of life, not just delaying death."

CHRISTOPHER

But we need to delay --your death!

ROBIN

"Death, is nature's way of saying --

Robin jumps up as Pakistani again with accent, but now a waiter who presents a table pulling out imaginary chair.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Your table is ready," sir.

Christopher jumps up angry.

CHRISTOPHER

No! And don't give me your "Death is to blink for an exceptionally long period of time" deflection either! You are too important, to too many people, to lose!

Robin sits melancholic.

ROBIN

"Real loss --is only possible, when you love something more, than you love yourself."

Christopher sits compassionate.

CHRISTOPHER

That's why I chose you. That's why --I'm here. That's why ...

ROBIN

Why? --"There must be a reason that I am as I am?"

CHRISTOPHER

"Am as I am?" Sounds like your Popeye character.

Robin smiles pointing to back wall's movie poster of same title.

ROBIN

That was a "crazy ass movie."

CHRISTOPHER

That was your first Leading Man feature role.

ROBIN

"It was --Ed Wood the last weeks of the movie. Shelley Duvall was in a pond, basically with an octopus with no internal mechanism having to drape it over her body like a feather boa. I'm in the water, and I'm kind of like --sitting there."

CHRISTOPHER

In the end, it did just seem --to end? Kinda' like us now.

Robin's eyes go left-right back-forth like a cat wall-clock remembering.

ROBIN

"Eventually Robert Evans, is kind of wandering around going, How do we end the movie?! And I joked, We could walk on the water like Jesus. And he's like, That's how we'll end the movie! That's how we'll end the movie!"

CHRISTOPHER

So how do we --end?

ROBIN

Oh, "there are no rules, just follow your heart."

CHRISTOPHER

I did, that's why I'm here. I, I --we need, you. We all do! Please don't say good-bye --not yet.

ROBIN

Oh, "never say goodbye, because saying goodbye means going away, and going away means --forgetting."

CHRISTOPHER

No one --will ever --forget you.

ROBIN

I sure the fuck hope not!

CHRISTOPHER

What a thing to say?

ROBIN

"The things we fear the most, have already happened to us."

Chris snort-chuckles, then laughs.

ROBIN

What's so funny?

CHRISTOPHER

What you just said --both ways.

Robin smiles, gets a worried frown, then begins frantically looking around in a panic.

Hallucinations?

CHRISTOPHER

They're so --real?

ROBIN

Chris puts his arm around Robin who starts crying.

CHRISTOPHER

It's --okay.

Robin harrumphs, then chuckles.

CHRISTOPHER

What's so funny?

ROBIN

What you just said --both ways.

CHRISTOPHER

So what --now?

Robin pushes Christopher away and sits up straight breathing deep.

ROBIN

"For me, right now, the greatest thing, is to take a moment and just --breathe."

Both breathe deep with eyes closed, then Robin's pop open.

ROBIN

Okay, playtime's over. Now what?

CHRISTOPHER

How so?

ROBIN

I mean, do you pop forward?

CHRISTOPHER

I just --"pop."

ROBIN

So you, yeah --pop forward? That's what I said?

CHRISTOPHER

Not what I said.

ROBIN

But you can --go back, right? I mean, that's possible?

CHRISTOPHER

Impossible.

ROBIN

"What some folks call impossible, is just stuff they haven't seen before."

CHRISTOPHER

Trust me, nobody's seen what's going to happen to me, before.

ROBIN

What! Wait, you came back --knowing it was a one-way trip?

CHRISTOPHER

All aboard.

ROBIN

But why would you want to kill yourself?

CHRISTOPHER

Your wife and assistant said you never even talked about committing suicide? And your autopsy showed only the correct amount of prescription drugs in your system.

ROBIN

"You will have bad times, but they will always wake you up to the stuff, you weren't paying attention to."

CHRISTOPHER

What weren't you "paying attention to?"

ROBIN

How bad it was getting! How --

Robin gets out his knife and studies it. Chris slides forward ready to move.

ROBIN
 how little of me --was left of...

Robin puts knife away to look up with puppy-dog eyes.

ROBIN
 me.

CHRISTOPHER
 "Freedom is what you do, with what's been done to you."

Robin is French with *accent* again, but now angry.

ROBIN
 Again with Jean-Paul Sarte-ass!

Robin crosses legs angry saying; "We are born, we die, and in between ..."

ROBIN (CONT'D)
 Nous sommes nés, nous mourrons, et entre ...

Chris cuts Robin off in French; "We live."

CHRISTOPHER
 Nous vivons.

ROBIN
 Until it's not worth living! And for me, right now, as I slide off this ridiculous Reisberg Scale, it can't be.

CHRISTOPHER
 "What's right, is what's left --if you do everything else wrong."

ROBIN
 Hey, that's good. Who said that?

Chris stares at Robin, "*Duh?*"

ROBIN
 Oh --well, guess I have kind of left my mark on this world.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm pretty sure, you'll do the same, in Heaven.

ROBIN

Oh, "if heaven exists, to know that there is laughter, that would be a great thing.

Robin sets up his punch-line.

ROBIN

Just to hear God go...

(Jewish accent)

Two Jews walk into a bar."

Christopher smiles. Robin sees it.

ROBIN

"To not be able to make people laugh, to not see them smile, to not get that sense of love and acceptance from them --? If anything, I'm probably addicted to laughter."

Robin shakes head slow understanding himself.

CHRISTOPHER

So what this last action is really saying, is you want people to remember you, the way you were? So you're doing this, out of love? --I never imagined.

ROBIN

"Imagining something, is better than remembering something."

CHRISTOPHER

Then imagine, your death so shocked the world it finally had to face modern society's disease known as --depression.

ROBIN

It did?

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah --and open the floodgate for other celebs to follow.

ROBIN

I did?

CHRISTOPHER

Ten percent jump in the first four months.

ROBIN

Wow, didn't see that coming. How many like I did, uh, do?

CHRISTOPHER

Thirty-two percent copy-cat increase.

ROBIN

I --caused all that?

CHRISTOPHER

No! All your's did was show the devastating power of social media to make suicide contagious. Even your wife believes it was not depression that killed you. It was, chemical warfare.

ROBIN

Back to chemicals again, huh?

CHRISTOPHER

They were in your brain, a triple threat! Memory, movement, behavior, impossible for you to know, impossible to treat!

ROBIN

My wife, *she's my best friend*, did she --forgive me?

CHRISTOPHER

"Fifty billion percent."

Robin covers his mouth with one hand getting emotional.

ROBIN

If you came back to stop me, why are you telling me all this?

CHRISTOPHER

I didn't come back to "stop" you --I came back to save you. I wanted you to know the truth, so you would have all the correct information --to make your final decision.

ROBIN

Can they --cure me?

Chris just stares at Robin.

ROBIN

So this way --?

Robin grabs the end of his belt looking up the stairs into the shadows.

ROBIN

...is the only way, I can take power back, over my own life?

CHRISTOPHER

Your wife thought so, that's why she forgave you.

Chris glances at wall clock.

ROBIN

And you, you sacrificed your life to --?

CHRISTOPHER

Your autopsy revealed the worst case of L.B.D. doctors had ever seen. --No cure, no treatment, no hope. --But, "You treat a disease; you win, you lose. You treat a person, I guarantee you'll win, no matter what the outcome."

Robin smiles huge and takes his clown's red-rubber nose out of its case.

ROBIN

"I have not thought about it, but when I die, just dance on my grave and water the plants with what you are drinking. Please do not clone me, because after a while--your clone, is not as bright, as you are."

Robin puts on the red nose.

ROBIN

"You're the bravest man, I've ever known."

CHRISTOPHER

Those were your wife's exact words, before they took you away.

Robin turns to leave.

Christopher loses it reaching out.

CHRISTOPHER

Good-bye, Robin. I hope we meet again, someday.

Robin stops, but doesn't look back.

ROBIN

"You know that place between sleep and awake, that place where you still remember dreaming? That's, where I'll be waiting."

Robin smiles and walks up the stairs.
His clown nose *squeaks*.

LIGHTS OUT.

There is a bright *strobe* of light with
by a *pop* sound. Christopher is gone.

CURTAIN.

CHRISTOPHER (V.O.)

There is still no cure or treatment for Lewy Body Dementia.