

I Should Tell You...

A Comedy By Michael Maxwell

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CAST

Trent Steele – Self-made millionaire and adventurer. He’s charming and worldly...most of the time, anyway.

Cory Flannigan – A small time con artist looking to make his big time score. He’s awkward and clumsy until he is working a con and he becomes a skilled surgeon.

Katrina Viagretti – A television reporter trying to get her big story so she can make anchor. She is willing to do anything to get the goods on Trent.

Penny Worthington – (Male or Female) The uptight manager of the Grand Palace Massage Parlor. It is imperative that she/he make a good impression on Trent, as he has a habit of investing in things he likes. Penny should be either a very flamboyant man or a very unattractive woman.

Lupe Salvador – (Hispanic accent) She is the head masseuse at the Grand Palace Massage Parlor. She has a streak blacker than the bowels of Hell.

Kaelan Burrows – (Cockney accent) A bookie and gambler. He’s as crooked as they come and intends to collect on a debt owed to him by Cory.

Lori Steele – Trent’s estranged wife. She is very attractive, but her husband is way too caught up with himself to notice her. She’s tired of it and wants a divorce...and of course, half of the Steele estate.

Ryan Harding – Trent’s personal bodyguard. He also guards Lori’s body quite regularly if you catch my drift. He’s dumb as bricks, but he’s got muscles and he’s not afraid to use them.

Act I, Scene I

Set: The front room of the Grand Palace Massage Parlor. The entrance is a door located stage left with a window next to it. On the stage right wall is an open doorway leading to the back rooms of the massage parlor. There is a window on the stage right side of the upstage wall. There is a couch center stage with a small end table on either side. Other room furnishings are up to the director.

Before the show begins Cory will come out on stage to address the audience.

Cory: Ladies and gentleman, before we start the show I should tell you- (Kaelan walks onstage)

Kaelan: Oh come on! You're not goin' to do this again are ya?

Cory: Look, there are parts of this show that people may find offensive. Legally I am obligated to make them aware of that before we start.

Kaelan: Legally obligated? You're a bloody con artist, you are. 'Ow can they trust ya?

Cory: Why would I lie about the explicit content that may or may not be in this show?

Kaelan: I don' know. Maybe yer sick in the 'ead. Maybe ya like to get people all worked up over nuffin'.

Cory: That is an outrageous accusation!

Kaelan: Is it? I get it. They've already paid so now you get 'em to fink there's crude material in the show so they'll leave...only when they git back to da ticket boof you say somefin witty like "I should tell you...there's no refunds". Then you don't 'ave to do the show and ya still got there money. Clever.

Cory: Why that, that is a boldfaced- an utter- that, that is just not true.

Kaelan: Uh huh.

Cory: Let's just start the stupid show.

Cory exits the stage looking defeated.

Kaelan: 'Ope you enjoy the show, ladies and gents. Ya know, I should tell ya...nah, best not to ruin it.

Kaelan exits the stage with a big grin on his face.

Scene: Cory and Kaelan enter from stage left. Cory is dressed in business attire. Kaelan is dressed a bit more shadily. Both men look the room over. Cory looks very nervous. He trips and stumbles over the couch. Kealan helps him up.

Kaelan: You're a bleedin' mess, Cory. Relax pal.

Cory: I'm fine. Can we go over this plan again though?

Kaelan: Absolutely. We're 'ere to get the 'um on ol' wood so we can come short again professional to lay on the dusk an' get some pass so you can easy me what ya Broadway.

Cory: What?!

Kaelan: Did I stutta?

Cory: Easy you what I Broadway? What the hell are you talking about?

Kaelan: I'm speakin' in code, ya git.

Cory: Kaelan, how many times do I have to tell you that I don't understand your Cockney thief-speak?

Kaelan: Firs' off, I ain't a fief. I'm a lender. I provide a service for those in need of money, but when certain folks don't pay up I 'ave to resort to less honorable means. Second, 'ow many times do I 'ave to explain 'ow it works? It's simple. Ya pick two words for the word you want to cover up. The words need to be connected in some way. The second word should rhyme with the word you are disguisin'. But you use the first word in place of the word you're hidin'. For example, if I wanted to call ya me mate, but I didn't want anyone to know I would call ya me china.

Cory: Your china?

Kaelan: Yeah. China, short for china plate. Plate rhymes wiff mate. Get it?

Cory: Not at all.

Kaelan sighs.

Kaelan: Look, what I said was: We're 'ere to get the word on ol' Steele so we can come back again later to lay on the con and get some dough so you can pay me what you owe.

Cory: You're a poet and didn't know it.

Kaelan: Shut it.

Cory: Alright, let's just find what we need to and get the hell out of here.

Kaelan: Right.

Cory and Kaelan look around the room. Each one exits stage right at different times checking other parts of the parlor. They meet center stage in front of the couch. They look confounded.

Kaelan: There's nuffin' 'ere. Did you get the right massage parlor?

Cory: Of course I did. Maybe he hasn't shown up yet.

The stage left door opens. Both men are startled and jump. Penny and Lupe enter stage left. Penny is dressed business casual and Lupe is dressed in a kinky maid's outfit.

Penny: Now, I cannot stress to you enough, Lupe, how important Mr. Steele is to this parlor- (Penny sees Cory and Kaelan) Oh, I'm sorry. Do you have an appointment?

Kaelan rushes over to Penny. He takes her/his hand.

Kaelan: No, but we are expected. (Kaelan kisses Penny's hand)

Penny: Oh my! (Penny looks over at Cory) So you must be Mr. Trent Steele! I am Penny Worthington, manager of the Grand Palace Massage Parlor.

Cory: Well, actually I should tell you- (Kaelan elbows Cory) Trent Steele, at your service. (Cory bows)

Penny: And who is your charming associate?

Kaelan: The name's Jack Dawkins, love. I'm Mr. Steele's personal assistant.

Lupe: Jour hees asseestant?

Penny: Lupe, don't be rude. I'm sorry Mr. Dawkins. This is Lupe, our head masseuse. She may be short on manners, but she has magical hands. She will be taking care of your needs personally, Mr. Steele.

Cory: Excellent.

Kaelan: Why is she dressed like a maid?

Penny: Some of our clients like their masseuses to dress up. The French maid is very popular.

Kaelan: But she's not French. (To Lupe) You're not, are ya?

Lupe: No. Jour good.

Penny: She doesn't have to be. It is all just part of the fantasy setting we like to provide our guests.

Kaelan: Ah.

Penny: (To Cory) And if there is anything I can do for you or your assistant during your visit here at the Grand Palace Massage Parlor, just ask.

Kaelan: Well, actually I could use a- (Cory elbows Kaelan) I mean, we wouldn't want to impose.

Penny: Oh it is in no way an imposition.

Cory: Perhaps later, thank you.

Lupe: Don' be calleen' later. I don work ebenin's.

Penny: Lupe! Do you and I need to have a talk?

Lupe: Plee, les have a talk. I weell talk about photo graphy.

Penny: Photography?

Lupe: Si. Joo know what kind I talk about.

Penny realizes what Lupe is talking about.

Penny: Oh! That won't be necessary! We can talk about *those* pictures another time.

Lupe: I don' theenk so. Senor Steele, do you like photo graphy?

Cory: Being a man of the world I love photography.

Penny: No, not this kind. I promise.

Kaelan takes Penny by the hand and caresses it.

Kaelan: Might I 'ave an interest in them?

Penny blushes.

Penny: Well, perhaps- I mean, we need to go.

Kaelan: What, you an' I?

Penny: No, not right now- I mean, I need to be alone- er, what I meant to say was... Lupe, we need to leave. We mustn't disturb Mr. Steele while he looks the place over.

Lupe: The only person deesturbed here ees joo.

Penny: (Nervously) Hahahaha, Lupe and her jokes. (Penny pushes Lupe towards the stage right door) We really need to be going. Private rooms to check on and such. Mr. Steele, lovely to have met you. Feel free to tour our facilities. Again, if you need anything just call me directly. (Penny hands Kaelan a business card) I am at your beck and call twenty-four seven.

Lupe: I bet joo are.

Penny: That is not what I meant!

Cory: That is not what she/he meant.

Penny: I am not a whore!

Cory: (To Lupe) She's/he's not. (To Penny) You're not.

Penny is overcome with embarrassment. She/he grabs Lupe and quickly exits stage right. Kaelan shrugs and puts Penny's card in his pocket.

Kaelan: That went well I fink.

Cory: Well?! Now the manager thinks I'm Trent Steele.

Kaelan: Yeah, it's perfect. You can do whatever you want, whenever you want and Trent's to blame.

Cory: Do you have no soul?

Kaelan: What does 'avin' a soul 'ave to do wif it? I just 'ave no conscience.

Cory: Whatever. (Cory turns like he is going to walk away but immediately faces Kaelan again) And did you actually refer to yourself as the "Artful Dodger"?

Kaelan: Jack Dawkins at your service.

Cory: Look "Jack", we need to get out of here.

The door handle on the stage left door starts to move. Cory and Kaelan look to the door. In a panic they try to run passed each other to hide, but collide instead. They both hold

their injured areas as the stage left door opens. Katrina enters stage left. Katrina is dressed in everyday street clothes. She is surprised to see people in the room.

Katrina: Oh crap!

Kaelan: ‘Ere for a massage? (Kaelan cracks his knuckles)

Katrina: Not from you.

Kaelan: Oh...well, what about from the great Trent Steele?

Kaelan turns to motion towards Cory.

Katrina: *That* is not Trent Steele.

Kaelan: What? Of course it is.

Katrina: Look pal, I’m an investigative reporter who has been following the exploits of Trent Mariam Steele for the last three years in hopes of getting the story that will send me straight to the top. His favorite color is blue. His favorite movie is *Beaches* with Bette Midler. He likes his martinis stirred, not shaken. And unless he has had plastic surgery since I spied on him yesterday he most certainly does not look like him.

Kaelan: Oh...well, I should tell you-

Cory steps in front of Kaelan and presents his hand.

Cory: Jack Dawkins, parlor security. We’re still waiting for Mr. Steele to arrive and it’s our job to keep people like yourself away from him. I am posing as Mr. Steele to throw the blood-sucking leaches off his trail.

Katrina: Makes sense.

Kaelan: Yeah, completely.

Cory: Sorry about the deception, but I am going to have to ask you to leave.

Katrina: Damn. Fine, I’ll just catch up with Trent later.

Katrina heads for the stage left door.

Kaelan: Wait, ‘ow do you intend to do that?

Katrina: (Katrina looks back at Kaelan) I have my ways. (Katrina exits stage left)

Kaelan: I fink I’m in love.

Cory: Great, now can we get the hell out of here please?!

Kaelan: What are you so worried about?

Cory: Oh, I don't know. How about the fact that people keep walking in and out of here?

Kaelan: Well, it is a massage parlor, besides you're Trent Steele as well as parlor security.

Cory: This is going to end badly, I know it.

Kaelan: It's only goin' to end badly if you don't get my money and I 'ave to 'ang you off the roof of my 'ighrise apartment. So, do you feel inspired?

Cory: Completely. You should be a motivational speaker.

Kaelan: Do you really fink I could?

Ryan: (Offstage) Wait out here, sir, while I check it out.

Kaelan: Now who could dat be?

Cory: The real parlor security! We gotta get outta here!

Kaelan: Who ever 'eard of real massage parlor security? An' where do you propose we go?

Cory: We'll find a closet!

Kaelan: I am not goin' into a closet wif you.

Cory: Wait, there's got to be a back door to this place. Maybe we can get out that way!

Kaelan: Or we can walk in on a girl on girl massage...seems win win boff ways.

Cory grabs Kaelan by the arm and drags him off stage right. Ryan enters stage left very dramatically. Continuing to overplay it, Ryan searches the entire room. Ryan is dressed in black and wears sun glasses.

Ryan: All clear, boss.

Trent enters stage left. He is dressed in a nice business suit. We catch a glimpse of Lori in the background, but Trent lets the door close on her. Trent takes in a deep breath through his nose.

Trent: Ah, is that the smell of scantily clad ladies or what, eh Ryan?

Ryan: Absolutely, sir.

Lori: (Offstage) Could somebody get the door?!

Ryan runs to the door and opens it.

Ryan: Sorry, ma'am.

Lori enters stage left. She is hot and dressed sexy.

Lori: No need to apologize. At least someone around here cares.

Trent ignores her words and continues to check out the parlor lobby.

Trent: Is this great or what, hon? A nice change of pace from trekking through the African jungles and scaling the Carpathian mountains in Transylvania, huh?

Lori: Yeah, it's really great. Just what we needed...massages.

Trent plops down on the couch.

Trent: Yes, it is good to be back in the states.

Lori comes around and sits on the arm of the couch, showing off some leg to Trent who is oblivious to it.

Lori: Are you and I finally going to get to spend some quality time together?

Trent: Absolutely, dollface. Just as soon as I finish my business here.

Lori: What business?

Trent: I am thinking about acquiring the Grand Palace Massage Parlor.

Lori: What do you need a massage parlor for?

Ryan laughs at the statement, but tries to cover it up as a cough.

Ryan: Sorry, had a tickle.

Trent: I don't need one.

Lori: Then why "acquire" this one?

Trent: Once I own it I intend to tear it down to put up my new building in its place.

Lori: That's terrible!

Trent: Steele Skyliners.

Lori: Do you know how long the Grand Palace has been around? It's a historic landmark.

Trent: Ooh! Trent Towers. Has a nice ring to it.

Lori: You don't care at all, do you?

Trent: I'm sorry, what?

Lori: You are impossible!

Lori storms off stage right.

Trent: What'd I say? And where is she going? Honey!

Trent shrugs and exits stage right to smooth things over. Ryan looks around.

Ryan: I'll just keep an eye on things out here.

Ryan cases the room until he hears the stage left door handle rattle. He moves next to the door.

Ryan: Terrorists.

Ryan gets into a fighting stance. The door opens inward and hits Ryan in the face. He stumbles back as Katrina enters. She is dressed in more businessy attire. Ryan takes a wild swing at his "attacker". Katrina ducks and kicks Ryan in the stomach. He goes down. Katrina rushes to his side.

Katrina: I am so sorry! Are you alright?

Katrina helps Ryan up.

Ryan: Uh, yeah. I meant to do that. Throws off my enemies so they think I can't fight. Then when they least expect it I strike! (Ryan throws out a punch to emphasize what he is saying, but Katrina reacts to it and hits Ryan in the nose) Holy junk! Why would you do that?!

Katrina: I thought you were going to hit me.

Ryan: Oh. Who are you anyway?

Katrina: Who am I? Who are you?

Ryan: I asked you first.

Katrina: I asked you second.

Ryan: Damn. Name's Ryan Harding, sugar. Now it's your turn. Who are you and why were you sneaking into the massage parlor?

Katrina: I wasn't sneaking in. I was entering quietly...I'm, uh, the uh...manager here. Katrina Viagretti at your service, Mr. Harding.

Ryan: Oh. Sweet. You probably want to talk to the boss.

Katrina: We'll get to that. (Katrina walks Ryan around the couch and sits him down) First I'd like to talk to you.

Ryan: Me?

Katrina: Yes.

Ryan: What for?

Katrina: I was hoping you could tell me what was on Mr. Steele's agenda while he's here.

Ryan: Oh, I don't speak French.

Katrina: No, I mean, what he is doing while he's here at the Grand Palace Massage Parlor.

Ryan: Why didn't you just say so in the first place? He's here on business.

Katrina: Duh, er I mean, of course he is. That's what he lives for. (Katrina gets close to Ryan and starts to be flirtatious) What kind of business?

Ryan: I don't know. There's like meetings involved and phone calls. He does a lot of lunches...and he works Sundays.

Katrina: I don't mean his overall business you moro-mor...more than intelligent human being, you. I mean what business has brought him here to the massage parlor?

Ryan: Oh! You sure are confusing. You'll have to ask him that for yourself. (Shouting off stage left) Hey, boss! The manager wants to see you!

Trent enters from stage right.

Trent: Excellent!

Ryan: Her name's Katrina Viagretti.

Trent: Has she been searched?

Ryan: I'm on it. (Ryan moves towards Katrina to give her a strip search. She makes a fist. Ryan backs off) I checked her out. She's cool.

Trent: Indeed. (Trent greets Katrina) How do you do Miss Viagretti? (Trent shakes Katrina's hand)

Katrina: Very well, thank you. How are you enjoying our parlor so far?

Trent: I love it. I've only just arrived, but I am already anxious to invest.

Katrina: Invest?

Trent: Yes. Surely, the owner told you I was coming here to inspect the facilities for a possible investment in this historic parlor.

Katrina: Oh yes, yes of course.

Trent: Good. Then shall we be on with it? I'm a very busy man and I'm sure you have more important things to do.

Katrina: Well, I should tell you that-

Trent: No need. Tell me on the way. (Trent puts his arm around Katrina's shoulder) I want to know each and every detail of this building's undoubtedly fascinating history.

Ryan: Sir, where's Lori, uh I mean Mrs. Steele?

Trent: I don't know. Probably sulking in one of the rooms. Let's get this tour going. I want to start outside. Maybe take some measurements.

Katrina: Measurements? Okay. Right this way. (Katrina leads Trent towards stage left)

Ryan: I'll just stay here and check on Mrs. Steele.

Trent: Yeah, you do that. (Trent and Katrina exit stage left)

Ryan: What a jerk. If he didn't pay me so much I'd quit.

Cory and Lupe enter stage right.

Lupe: Senor Steele, please. Eet ees my job.

Cory: Look, Lupe, I'm sure that you "geef magical massages", but I just don't have time for it right now.

Lupe: But joo are so tense.

Ryan: (To Cory) Your last name is Steele too? That's my boss's last name. What a small world.

Cory: Yeah, how 'bout that? (To Lupe) Lupe, I will tell your boss that you gave me the massage, alright? I just don't have time for it now. I need to find my assistant.

Ryan: Hey, have either of you two seen an attractive woman in a seductive dress?

Cory: Only in my dreams.

Lupe: Si. She ran eento the geisha room.

Ryan: Thanks, little friendly Hispanic maid. (Ryan exits stage right)

Cory heads stage left, but Lupe catches him and forces him down onto the couch.

Lupe: Seet.

Cory: Well, since you asked so nicely.

Lupe massages Cory's shoulders and it feels really good.

Lupe: See, I tol' joo.

Cory: Why did I ever doubt you? That feels awesome! (Lupe starts to massage a little harder) Ooh, that hurts a little. (Now she does the full on Vulcan death grip) Aaaaayyyyye! What are you doin'?!

Lupe: I know joo ain't Senor Steele so who are joo?

Cory: What makes you think I'm lying? (Lupe squeezes harder)

Lupe: I know a con artees' when I see one an' eef joo is tryin' to reep off my eemployjor I weel snap jour leetle neck een my han'.

Cory: Okay, okay, I'm not Trent Steele, but I'm not trying to steal from the Grand Palace either. (Lupe releases her grip)

Lupe: Keep talkeen'.

Cory: My name is Cory Flannigan. "Jack Dawkins" aka Kaelan Burrows is my bookie and I owe him a lot of money so he came up with an idea to scam some coin off the very wealthy Trent Steele.

Lupe: And what ees jour plan?

Cory: Well, Steele is here to buy the massage parlor so he can tear it down to put up one of his own buildings.

Lupe: How do joo know dat?

Cory: There's a guy in Steele's company that also owes Kaelan money. He gave us the inside scoop. Apparently Steele Industries owns all the other buildings on this block and this is the only one holding him up. The plan was simple. Steele likes to do cash negotiations with small business owners so we show up, pretend to be the owners of the parlor with a fake title, and make off with Steele's cash while he gets nothing, but I guess that is all shot now.

Lupe: I want een.

Cory: What?

Lupe: I want a cut of the money.

Cory: I know I'm going to regret asking this, but why would we give you a cut?

Lupe: Because I know theengs about thees place dat joo don'. And because eef joo don' cut me een I weel tell Senor Steele jour plan.

Cory: Seems like a simple decision to make. Deal. (Cory and Lupe shake hands. Katrina and Trent enter from stage left)

Trent: Yes, yes, it's all going to look great once I'm done with the renovations. (Trent sees Lupe and Cory. Cory and Katrina almost panic upon seeing each other) Oh, sorry, Miss Viagretti, you appear to have some customers.

Katrina: (Nervously) A manager's job is never done.

Lupe: What the hell? I work here.

Katrina: (To Trent) Of course she does. (To Lupe) Of course you do.

Trent: There seems to be some confusion.

Katrina: Not at all.

Trent: (Looking at Cory) And this gentleman, here?

Katrina: He's-

Lupe: Anthony Wright, the owner of the Grand Palace Massage Parlor.

Katrina: The owner?!

Cory: (Cory steps forward) Yes, surely as a manager you know your own boss.

Katrina: Uh, yeah, of course.

Cory: And you must be the illustrious Trent Steele. Nice to meet you. (Cory shakes Trent's hand)

Trent: Likewise, Mr. Wright. It's good to finally put a face to the name.

Katrina: Yeah, I guess any face'll work.

Trent: What?

Katrina: Nothing.

Cory: Why don't we take a tour and talk some business? (Cory starts ushering Trent towards the stage left door)

Trent: Oh we just came from out there. Miss Viagretti showed me around.

Cory: Yes, but I doubt she went through all the ins and outs.

Lupe: Maybe she did.

Katrina: Hey!

Cory: Come along you two. (To Trent) So hard to find decent help these days. (Cory leads everyone stage left)

Trent: I know what you mean. Where is that good-for-nothing bodyguard of mine?

Cory, Trent, Lupe, and Katrina exit stage left. Ryan and Lori enter stage right. Ryan looks out the stage left window before meeting Lori center stage.

Ryan: We're good.

Ryan and Lori kiss.

Lori: I've been wanting to do that since we got here.

Ryan: Really? Cause I've been wanting to piss since we got here. I've been holding it since we left the airport. Did you see a bathroom back there?

Lori: Well, that ruined the mood. Thanks.

Ryan: Sorry, babe, I'm just nervous.

Lori: What are you nervous about?

Ryan: I'm sleeping with my boss's wife. What else?

Lori: Don't be nervous about that. Trent is so in love with himself and his work he doesn't have a clue. He may as well have married a mannequin.

Ryan: Aww, don't say that. I'd much rather be around you than a mannequin any day.

Lori: Not helping.

Ryan: Maybe this will help. (Ryan kisses Lori on the neck)

Lori: Oh my! (Ryan starts kissing his way towards Lori's breasts. Penny enters stage right)

Penny: Lupe, have you seen- Oops! (Lori hits Ryan in the face to get him away from her. Ryan goes down)

Ryan: Mother of god! Why?!

Penny: What is going on here?

Lori: Nothing!

Penny: Nothing?

Lori: He was just helping me find a contact lens.

Penny: Then why did you hit him?

Ryan: (Getting up) Yeah, why'd you hit me?

Lori: I didn't mean to hit him. I have a tendon in this arm that healed strangely and sometimes it just- (Lori swings to make her lie convincing. She hits Ryan again) See.

Lori moves her arm towards Penny.

Penny: (Penny moves back) Yes, yes, I see.

Ryan: Sweet ballsack! I think my nose is broken!

Lori: You're fine. Walk it off. (Ryan starts walking slowly around the room)

Penny: I'm sorry, is there something I can help you with?

Lori: Yes, I'm Mrs. Steele.

Penny: Ah yes! I met with your husband earlier.

Lori: You did?

Penny: Yes, him and his charming little assistant.

Lori: What assistant?

Penny: Why, Mr. Dawkins, of course.

Lori: Mr. Dawkins? Wait, who are you?

Penny: I'm Penny Worthington, the manager here at the Grand Palace Massage Parlor, where every massage makes you feel like royalty.

Ryan stops walking.

Ryan: You're the manager? I thought Katrina was the manager.

Penny/Lori: Who's Katrina?

Ryan: The manager.

Penny: I'm the manager.

Ryan: I'm confused.

Lori: That never takes much. (To Penny) Could we get back to this assistant you were talking about?

Penny: Mr. Dawkins? Jack.

Lori: Yeah...Jack. So glad you two are on a first name basis.

Penny: Mrs. Steele, you seem upset.

Lori: I cannot imagine why. I've just found out that my husband has been sneaking around with a personal assistant I've never met to massage parlors doing god-knows-what. I don't see any reason to be upset!

Ryan: Maybe your husband is gay. That would explain why he likes me to stay so close to him.

Lori: You're his bodyguard, Special Ed; you are supposed to stay close to him.

Ryan: Likely story.

Penny: Your husband is gay? That is just disgusting.

Lori: My husband is not gay!

Penny: Who are you trying to convince? Me or yourself? (Kaelan enters stage right) Ah, Mr. Dawkins!

Lori: Where's the limo? I need a drink! (Lori exits stage left)

Ryan: Babe, wait! (To Penny) Nice, real nice! (Ryan exits stage left)

Kaelan: Who was that?

Penny: Mr. Steele's wife.

Kaelan: Oh yeah, I always forget about 'er. 'ave you seen "Mr. Steele"?

Penny: Why did you just say his name in quotes?

Kaelan: Uh...I didn't.

Penny: Yes, you did.

Kaelan: And if I "did"?

Penny: You just did it again.

Kaelan: Maybe dat's the way I "talk".

Penny: I find you confounding and yet sexy at the same time.

Kaelan: (Uncomfortable) Yeah, amazin' ain't it? Look, I'd love to stay an' chat, but I 'ave to run.

Kaelan moves towards the stage left door, but Penny blocks it.

Penny: Don't go! I just want to talk.

Kaelan: (Backing up) I don't feel like talkin'.

Penny: Then let's just jump straight to home plate.

Kaelan: Oh bloody 'ell! (Penny rushes at Kaelan. Kaelan dashes off stage right followed by Penny)

Cory and Katrina enter stage left.

Katrina: (Speaking out the door) We'll be right back. (Katrina closes the door and the slaps Cory in the arm)

Cory: What the heck was that for?!

Katrina: You tell me. I know you are not the owner of this place and now I'm guessing you're not security either.

Cory: You're just now figuring that out. Who's ever heard of a massage parlor security team anyway?

Katrina: I should expose you to Mr. Steele.

Cory: (Covering his privates) Hey now.

Katrina: You know what I meant.

Cory: Expose me, huh? Go ahead. I'm sure Mr. Steele would be delighted to learn that you are not the manager of this place either.

Katrina: Damn it! What do you want?

Cory: I don't want anything from you. You want your story and I don't want to stand in the way of that.

Katrina: But what is it you want from him?

Cory: I can't tell you that.

Katrina: Then I can't be a part of this.

Cory: Do you want your story or not?

Katrina: Fine, but you better not be getting me involved in anything illegal.

Cory: Please, worse case you break a few laws, commit a few sins, live life happy, then die and go straight to hell- (Trent enters stage left. Cory breaks into song in the style of Michigan J. Frog) “-llo my baby! Hello my honey! Hello my ragtime gal! Send me a kiss by wire! Baby my heart's on fire. If you refuse me honey, you lose me and you'll be left alone. Oh baby, telephone and tell me I'm your own!”

Katrina just stares at Cory in shock. Trent doesn't seem all that phased by it. Trent walks up to Katrina.

Trent: Well, after a serenade like that are you going to kiss him or what?

Katrina: Huh?

Cory: Yeah, are you going to kiss me? (Cory puckers up. Katrina slaps him)

Trent: Ouch. Well, I suppose you shouldn't be fraternizing with the help anyway, Anthony. Nice try though.

Katrina: The help?! Excuse me?!

Trent: Honey please, men are working here. (To Cory) I think I've seen all I need to. Shall we discuss the details?

Cory: Absolutely!

Trent: Good, cause frankly your Hispanic maid is freaking me out a little bit. As soon as I own this place I want her off the premises immediately.

Cory: Whatever you want, sir.

Trent: Excellent. I'll go get the cash out of the limo.

Cory: Grand! (Trent exits stage left)

Katrina: Cash? What is going on?

Cory: It's not my place to say.

Katrina: (Making a fist) You tell me or I will knock those good looks right off your face!

Cory: Okay, okay, I'll tell you- wait, you think I'm good looking?

Katrina: No...maybe...just stop being cute and tell me what is going on!

Trent enters stage left and looks as though he is hiding from something.

Trent: I'll get the money in a minute. First I think I need to use a restroom. Preferably one with a lock on it. (Trent runs stage right and exits as Lupe enters stage left)

Lupe: Where joo go? (Lupe looks around) Where ees he?

Cory: You scared him.

Lupe: Eet's no my fault. He won' let me massache him.

Cory: What is with you and touching people? Lay off. He was about to get the money when you made him run the other way.

Lupe: Oh. I weel feex thees. (Lupe moves stage right. Cory blocks her)

Cory: No, no. You stay here. I'll get him. (To Katrina) We'll finish this conversation later. (Cory exits stage right)

Katrina: I need some frickin' answers!

Lupe: What joo need? Lupe, help joo.

Katrina: What is Trent Steele's interest in this massage parlor and why was he going to get cash from his limo? Does he get really kinky massages? What?!

Lupe: Twenty dollars and Lupe tell joo everythin'.

Katrina: Fine. (Katrina gives Lupe twenty dollars) If that is the only way anyone will loosen their lips around here.

Lupe: Si. Senor Steele weel level thees whole block to put up hees cloud scrapers. The cash ees to buy the massache parlor.

Katrina: He's buying out small businesses to destroy them so he can put up a skyscraper? That's wonderful! I mean that's terrible, but it will make a great story.

Lupe: Si! Joo wanna search the limo for money- I mean clues?

Katrina: I like the way you think...I think. Let's go!

Katrina and Lupe exit stage left. Kaelan enters stage right. He has lipstick marks on him and his clothing is ruffled. He crosses stage left and tries to open the door in a panic. He opens the door into his face and falls backward. Penny enters stage right.

Penny: There you are! Quit playing hard to get.

Kaelan: I'm not! Look, Penny, love, you've got me all wrong. I'm not a nice guy.

Penny: Oh I know you're not nice. That's what I like about you.

Kaelan: Where is this comin' from?

Penny: You like it dirty, don't you?

Kaelan: What- No I don't- (Penny slaps Kaelan) Oww!

Penny: Shhh...you're a dirty boy. (Penny slaps Kaelan again) Do you like that? (She/he slaps him again)

Kaelan: I don't like it! Knock it off, you crazy wench!

Penny: Don't toy with me! (Penny goes crazy with the slapping until Kaelan is practically crying) See what happens when you're naughty. You get punished.

Kaelan: I fink I realize what sort of pictures the 'ispanic French maid was talkin' about. You're bleedin' psychotic!

Penny: Now you're making me angry.

Kaelan: You're right. That is an unfair judgment on my part.

Penny: Thank you.

Kaelan: You're a bloody nutter! (Kaelan quickly rushes out the stage left door)

Penny: Why you- (Penny follows Kaelan off stage left)

Trent and Cory enter stage right.

Cory: I do apologize about that. Lupe, just really loves her work. If it is a problem for you I will have her fired before I sign the place over to you.

Trent: No, that won't be necessary. Just have her keep her hands off me.

Cory: No problem. (Cory and Trent shake hands. Lori enters stage left with an open wine bottle in her hands. She is drunk. Ryan follows her in)

Lori: Aha! Caught in the act. (Lori walks up to Cory) Is this him? Is this the guy?

Trent: (Confused) Yes and I was getting ready to seal the deal.

Ryan: Right here?

Trent: Well, not right here, right here, perhaps in the limo.

Lori: What?! (Lori slaps Cory) Homewrecker!

Cory: The hell?

Trent: What is wrong with you?

Lori: You think he's prettier than me?

Trent: Prettier than you? Are you high?

Ryan: No, but she *is* drunk.

Lori: (To Cory) You are cute though. I guess I can see what he sees in you...ooh, I just had a dirty thought.

Ryan gets jealous and jumps in between Cory and Lori.

Ryan: That'll be about enough of that, Romeo. (Ryan grabs Cory's arm, but Cory does a pseudo-kung fu move which locks Ryan's arm behind his back) Alright!!!

Trent: (To Ryan) I did hire you for protection didn't I?

Ryan: I'm all-pro, boss, but this guy's got some moves.

Lori: Do you put those moves on my husband?

Cory: What is she talking about?

Trent: Okay, where did you get the alcohol?

Lori: From the bottle, stupid man. (Lori looks in the bottle to find that it is empty. She tips it upside down) Oh...all gone.

Trent: (To Ryan) Where did she get the alcohol?

Ryan: From the limo, boss.

Trent: And you just let her get at whatever she wanted?

Ryan: She can be very persuasive.

Trent: I suppose she used her feminine wiles on you.

Ryan: Well, I'm not sure what that means, but yeah, that is exactly what happened.

Trent: You are the biggest idio- Wait! The limo's unlocked?!

Ryan: Yeah, why?

Trent: My babies! (Trent rushes stage left, pushing Ryan as he goes. Ryan falls down. Trent exits stage left)

Lori: (Laughing) He runs like a girl.

Ryan stands up.

Ryan: Boss! Wait up! (Ryan runs stage left. He grabs the door handle just as the door opens into his face. Ryan goes down. Kaelan enters stage left. He runs stage right and jumps into Cory's arms)

Kaelan: Cory, me ol' mate, ya gotta save me!

Lori: (Mimicking Kaelan's voice) He talks funny. Cheerio, matey.

Cory: Save you from who?

Ryan: (Ryan stands up) From me. (Ryan makes a fist. The stage left door flies open and hits Ryan in the back of the head sending him falling forward. Penny enters stage left)

Kaelan: Keep away!

Cory: Penny, what is going on here?

Penny: Sorry, Mr. Steele, your assistant and I were just handling some business.

Lori: (To Cory) Your last name is Steele? Mine too. You want to be my husband?

Penny: He is your husband.

Ryan stands up again, but makes sure he is clear of the door.

Ryan: Alright, someone has some explaining to do and I mean stat!

The stage left door flies open. The door misses Ryan, but Lupe and Katrina coming barreling through it fighting over a briefcase. The ladies slam into Ryan who goes down yet again.

Katrina: Give me the case!

Lupe: No, ees mine! I saw eet firs'!

Penny: Somebody stop them!

Kaelan: I'd rather you let 'em fight.

Cory: Kaelan!

Kaelan: Oh alright. (Cory and Kaelan separate Katrina and Lupe)

Penny: Lupe, what are you two fighting over?

Lupe: The briefcase.

Penny: What's in the briefcase? (Trent enters stage right)

Trent: My money.

Trent moves center stage.

Cory: This is going to get ugly.

Trent: I'm not stupid. Something is going on here and it feels like someone is trying to pull the wool over my eyes. I wasn't born yesterday and I am not going down easy.

Lori: That's not what I heard, eh loverboy. (Lori nudges Cory)

Cory: I am not gay.

Trent: That's it. (Trent pulls out a pistol. Everyone freezes) Do any of you actually work here? (No one answers because they are scared) Well?! (Trent points the gun at everyone. They all scream and rush off stage right. Trent sighs) You've got to be kidding me. (Trent exits stage right)

End of Scene 1

