

SEEIN' IS BELIEVIN'

A *MURDEROUS* FULL LENGTH FARCE

BY NICK AMATUZIO

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"The Party told you to reject the evidence of your eyes and ears. It was their final, most essential command."

- George Orwell, 1984

*`He turned around and he slowly walked away.
They shot him in the back and down he went.'*

- Bob Dylan, 'Roll on, John.'

For E.S. and all courageous whistleblowers everywhere.

Description:

Seein' is Believin' is a contemporary farce centered on mysterious events in Will Emerson's apartment that include hidden bodies, blood-stained knives and a potentially lethal tuba.

A defense attorney by trade, Will conducts clandestine homicidal homework in his flat when he could be spending time with his sexy but attention-starved girlfriend, Cyn Valley.

In **Seein's is Believin'**, all the zany mischief and mayhem seen, may not be what they seem.

- Angelo Parra Award-Winning Playwright (*The Devil's Music, Blues of Bessie Smith, Journey of the Heart*)

Characters

WILL EMERSON: criminal lawyer, late 30's, dedicated, a perfectionist.

CYN VALLEY: receptionist, late 20's, sexy, dresses well/ MAY STONE: 59, Emergency switchboard operator

OFFICER DAWN DELROY: late 20's pretty, rookie cop.

GREG: janitor, retired Vietnam vet, 65, well read/OFFICER DAN STANTON: 49, tough, macho cop.

ROCCO: specialist, 35, tough, big, towering, black, Asian or other visible minority, speaks with Italian accent/ YURI, 33, ex-captain of Russian rugby team, speaks with Russian accent.

TV VOICE: Knowledgeable, trust-worthy, authoritative voice.

Time:

Mid-winter. 2018.

Settings:

1. Will's condo

Acts and Scenes:

Act I -- 7 scenes

Act II -- 3 scenes

ACT 1

Scene 1: Will's condo. Night. City.

LIGHTS up on a modest apartment in upper Manhattan. Soft classical music plays on a stereo.

A door leads to kitchen, (O.S.) another to a den, (O.S.), a third, to a bathroom (O.S.) Steps lead to a bedroom (U.R.) a single bed and armoire. A bedside-table holds a lamp and a glowing alarm clock. A sliding glass door leads to a balcony offstage. A coat stand by the main door (RC). Slippers by the door. A living room (C) with a rug, an old tube TV, reading chair, wastebasket and a two piece couch. A radio, phone and lamp sit on a night stand. A lap top, cell phone and files on a coffee table.

Two spray-painted works showing worlds far away in space, adorn the walls. A tall rubber plant, a window and a bookcase packed with crime novels and legal texts.

A newspaper on the couch. A pair of legs protrudes from one side. What sounds like heavy breathing is coming from behind the couch.

WILL EMERSON, 39, horn-rimmed glasses, a loose tie, slacks, rolled up shirt sleeves, stands up from behind the couch holding a baseball bat. It's dripping red.

He pulls out a rag from his back pocket, wipes the bat clean. Catches his breath. He looks around. Puts the bat against the bookcase, then walks back to the body.

WILL

Happy, Baxter? Happy now?

WILL kicks him. A soft moan seems to come from Baxter.

WILL

You stupid -

There's a knock at the door.

WILL

Be right there.

Another knock.

WILL

Just a minute!

WILL lifts the body by the shoulders and carries it to the kitchen with the legs sticking out.

WILL returns and looks around, then heads for the door.

The POUNDING continues and reaches a crescendo as he opens it.

CYN VALLEY, late 20's, fiery eyes, sexy, petit, in a flowery skirt and coat enters. Takes off her coat and promptly sits on the sofa. WILL shuts the door.

CYN
News alert. It's Friday night.

WILL
Mr. Guido doesn't believe in Friday nights.

CYN
Your job's gonna kill you. I'll be banging on your door and you won't answer 'cause you'll be dead.

WILL
Did I mention I was busy?

CYN
My calves are killing me.

WILL glances at the kitchen. CYN takes off her shoes.

CYN
Will, this is an emergency. My chiro went to the Orient for two months. I didn't know who else to call. Please?

WILL
Okay, okay. It's not like I was in the middle of something.

CYN
You're funny.

WILL
Yeah, I'm a real laugh. Lie on your stomach.

WILL steps into the kitchen. CYN stretches out on the couch. He returns with a bottle of body oil lotion and applies it to his hands.

CYN
Well, what do you think?

WILL
You have nice legs.

CYN
I meant the pain in my legs.

WILL
Right. Well, Cyn, I'm sure I've told you that wearing high heels can shorten calf and back muscles -

CYN

I'm not giving up my heels.

WILL sighs, touches her calves. Rubs gently.

WILL

Then get used to suffering.

WILL slaps her calves, starts giving a deep massage.

CYN

Owww! You sure know how to take the fun out of living.

WILL

We all suffer. No one gets a free ride. If you get yourself flat shoes, your body will be so grateful -

CYN

I'd be grateful if you changed the music. I'm in the mood for something with a beat. Have any - Michael Jackson?

WILL

No.

CYN

Too bad he's gone. What a shame. He was so talented. I loved his voice. And his dancing. Ohhh! Talk about moves.

WILL

I never cared for him.

CYN

You're just jealous.

WILL

I don't think so. He was always grabbing his crotch onstage like he was afraid he'd misplaced his dick. I don't understand why women went nuts over it. God, if any other man did that in public, he'd be tasered to a crisp and arrested two seconds later.

CYN

Well, I didn't mind it. I didn't mind it at all.

WILL

You didn't mind him grabbing down there?

CYN

I think he was a prisoner of his rhythm.

WILL

I think he was just strange.

CYN

He was not.

WILL

He lived with a chimpanzee. Tell me that's not strange.

CYN

Bubbles.

WILL

Yeah, in his brain.

CYN

No, dummy. That was the chimp's name. Bubbles.

WILL

Why does someone who has made gazillions on his music waste time doing a stupid pop comercial? You can't take the money with you. By the way, that's how his hair caught fire - from doing a stupid pop commercial.

CYN

That wasn't his fault. It was an accident.

WILL

Greed's a sin, Cyn. Do yourself a favour and expand your taste in music.

CYN

Oh, like you're an expert.

WILL

Listen to Neil Young.

CYN

Never heard of him.

WILL

'*This Notes for You*' might open your eyes. Neil says he won't sing for anyone that makes him look like a joke. Imagine what kind of world we'd have if we all shared that philosophy?

CYN

Well, lots of people do commercials. Pro athletes do them all the time. What's wrong with that?

WILL

Asks someone who happily sings idiotic commercial jingles.

CYN

FYI. Some happen to have nice sing along tunes.

WILL

Don't you see? That's how people are turned into mindless consumers. Zombies strolling malls with their credit card ready to max.

CYN

Oh please.

WILL

Advertisers tell you what to buy, wear, drink, eat, think, what's cool, what's not. I swear, apes must wonder how the hell we became the dominant race.

CYN

Stop talking and concentrate. You need to do your magic so I can go dancing tomorrow night. I-I love dancing.

WILL

I wouldn't advise it but what do I know?

CYN

Momma said I was born to dance. Wanna come?

WILL

Too busy. I'll dig deeper, zero in on a trigger point.

WILL rubs his hands together, massages Cyn's legs harder. She grits her teeth. He taps her calf.

CYN

Oh! Ugh!

WILL

Just remember that one inch heels increase pressure on your feet by over twenty per cent. The human body is an amazing machine if you take care of it.

CYN

I get it. High heels are bad. God, once you start preaching - no wonder we couldn't work things out.

(pause)

What are you waiting for?

WILL

I don't want to hurt you.

CYN

You're such a wimp.

WILL

You're lucky I'm not the sensitive type.

WILL digs in deep, zeroes in on a trigger point..

CYN

Oww!

WILL

Hey! That was fun! Oh, guess what I found. Another knot. Oh, this one's really tight.

CYN
(panting)
 Ohhh! I take it back. Y-you're not a wimp. Oooo! Thanks. Oooh.
 That feels so much better. Oooh. Thanks. Bye.

CYN tries to get up. WILL holds her down.

WILL
 I'm not finished.

CYN
(groans)
 You sure ... you know what you're doing?

WILL
(laughs)
 Positive. I worked as a masseuse's assistant at a health club
 in my college days.

CYN
 H-how ... how many people did you kill?

WILL
 I lost track but Molly taught me a few things.

*WILL works on her right calf. Cyn beats the pillows with
 her fists.*

CYN
 Is .. is she still ... alive?

WILL
 Reiiired but alive and well. Molly lives in Mexico. Sends me
 two pounds of chocolate-flavored tacos every Christmas.

CYN
 Ohhh! Get me her address so I can send her five pounds of
 hate mail.

WILL
 Okay, Your free therapy session is over.

CYN
 That wasn't therapy, that was torture.

WILL
(stops, wipes his hands dry)
 Try walking across the room. Use your regular stride.

*CYN gets up, gingerly moves around. Takes a few steps
 Walks with more confidence. WILL cleans up.*

CYN
 Hey, that feels better. Maybe you know what you're doing after
 all. I feel like celebrating. Wanna go out for a quick drink?

WILL

Can't. Once I'm done with Baxter, I'm catching up on my sleep.

CYN limps over to the bookcase.

CYN

You sure have a lot of books.

(reads book titles out loud.)

'Murder at Dawn.' 'Murder in Buckingham Palace.' 'Inside the Killer's Mind.' My, aren't you the life of the party?

WILL

Murder mysteries help me relax.

CYN

I can think of better ways. Thirsty?

WILL

No. Just sleepy. I'm warning you. I didn't clean up.

CYN

I know a good cleaning lady.

CYN moves to the kitchen (OFFSTAGE). WILL steps to the bookcase, picks up the baseball bat.

CYN (O.S.)

Oh my God!

WILL taps the bat in the palm of his hand. Returns to his chair. Sits.

CYN returns sipping a drink. She sits on the sofa.

CYN

I stand corrected. You need two cleaning ladies.

WILL

Not my fault. Baxter was - difficult.

WILL drops the bat on the floor.

CYN

You should take a break. God knows you need one.

(stretches on couch seductively)

And when you're not working, you're thinking of working.

WILL

Blame it on my boss.

CYN

Know what your number one problem is?

WILL

Yeah. I need to sleep after I take care of Baxter.

The telephone rings, WILL picks up the phone.

WILL
(into phone)
 Hello ... Yes, sir. I-I'm almost done. Alright. Good night

WILL ends call. Stands.

CYN
 Come here. Sit next to me.

WILL
 Cyn, stop goofing around. Put on your shoes.

CYN
(pouts, sits up)
 Your wish is my command but that's one big wasted wish.
(lunges at Will)
 Speaking of passion ...
(misses, falls on the floor)

CYN
 Oh!

Will doesn't notice. CYN gets up, straightens herself out. Puts on her shoes. WILL makes a call.

WILL
(into phone)
 Hello, this is Will Emerson. I need a cab. Thank you.

WILL hangs up the phone, hands Cyn her coat.

CYN
 Are we going somewhere?

WILL
 Yeah. I'm making sure you take the cab so I can get on with my work.

Will helps CYN on with her coat.

LIGHTS dim. They leave.

Scene 2: One week later.

LIGHTS up. Will's TV is on. We can't see the picture but we hear the audio. A newspaper and Will's jacket are on the couch.

WILL in jeans and sweatshirt, is standing behind the couch holding a cord like he's going to strangle someone.

TV VOICE

"- the NSA appeared to break the law thousands of times according to its own internal documents. And now, a look back; "Every gun made, every warship launched, every rocket fired, is a theft from those who need help the most ... One fighter plane costs half a million bushels of wheat, a destroyer is the equivalent of new homes that could house more than 8,000 people." President Eisenhower tried to warn us about out of control military spending way back in 1953 ...

WILL lowers the TV volume, then walks back to the far end of the couch. Bends down.

WILL

Now you're sorry? Well, it's too late, Gordon. Tooo late!

(chokes someone from behind with a cord.)

Much too late!

(Stops. Stands. Tucks the cord in his jeans back pocket. EXITS to kitchen.

Seconds later, ENTERS, sipping beer from a can. He sits on the couch. Puts down his beer. Turns to his lap top. Gets busy on the keyboard.)

Mr. Thomas. Gordon. Cause of death. Strangulation.

(Makes a call. Speaks in cell phone)

Rocco, come by in an hour. I'm finished.

(shuts his cell. Turns TV volume up.)

TV VOICE

"We've spent 80 billion dollars on high-tech stealth F-22 Raptor fighter jets and they haven't seen any combat even though we've been in four wars since. We're replacing them with 2,500 new and improved F-35's, for only ... 400 billion. The icing on the cake? We're spending 12 billion more on three state of the art, stealth destroyers that might stay afloat.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Will lowers the volume, walks across the room and opens the door.

GREG, 65, looks like an old hippie dressed in maintenance garb, enters pushing a cleaning cart with a binder on top.

GREG

People think they know what's goin' on -

WILL

Greg, now is not a good time.

GREG

You're tellin' me. Creeps are watchin' twenty-four seven.

WILL sighs. Shuts the door. GREG strolls over to the couch. Plops himself down. WILL sits away from him.

WILL

Who's watching?

GREG

Man are you behind the times. Listen to John Lennon's '*Working Class Hero*' and then we'll talk.

WILL

Lotta truth in what he said.

GREG

You heard it?

WILL

Quite a few times believe it or not.

GREG

Right on, man.

(pause)

Maybe you're not as square as I thought.

WILL

Thanks.

GREG

You know he was warnin' us, tellin' us the pricks in power want us distracted, Makes us easier to control. Religion. Fashion. Sports. TV. It's all part of their big distraction plan. You on Facebook? Twitter? Any of that crap?

WILL

No. I'm -

GREG

Good. Social media ain' exactly prime conduits of progressive enlightenment.

WILL

I guess not.

GREG

Someday a rich prick with shit for brains is gonna be elected President by morons who think they're informed. Oh wait! It's already happened. I can't believe America can be so -

(leaps back)

Oh, man, didja see that one?

GREG grabs his mop, searches under furniture ready to jab something.

WILL

See what?

GREG

It's gone now.

(puts back his mop)

Get my jelly beans? I got a monster cravin'.

WILL

Oh right. I picked some up for you on the way home.

WILL pulls out a paper bag from his jacket pocket. Gives it to Greg.

WILL

There you go.

GREG

Thanks man. You're-you're a lifesaver.

GREG digs in like he's famished.

WILL

Greg, you okay?

GREG

Feel like shit, man. Know why?

WILL

Not enough sleep?

GREG

I wish. They dropped Agent Orange on us when I was in 'Nam.

(laughs)

Thought I was servin' my country. Turned out my country was servin' me - on a fuckin' silver platter. I was nineteen when I was drafted.

WILL takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes, puts his glasses back on.

WILL

You served in Vietnam?

GREG

Yeah. Not old enough to think, drink or vote but just old enough to kill.

WILL

You know, I've met vets from Desert Storm, Iraq, Afghanistan but you're my first Vietnam vet.

GREG

Shoulda gone to Canada, man but I didn' wanna leave my family an' friends. That's how they control ya. How they suck ya in. Guess the joke's on me -

(laughs)

'cause I wake up with chills n' shakes anyway. If I told ya all the crap I seen, your hair would turn white.

WILL

Isn't there someone who can help? Someone you can call?

GREG

Too late, man. I tried counsellin', therapy, took all kinds of meds but nothin' helped. I was just a dumb kid who believed my country needed me. Couldn' see straight. My head was so wrapped up in our flag, it cut off the circulation to my brain.

WILL

Greg, I'm really sorry you're - if there's anything I can do to help, just let me know. But not right now. I-I'm in the middle of something.

GREG

Shit. Sorry, man. You with one of your lady friends?

WILL

Huh? No. I'm alone. Just busy. With work.

GREG

Oh, okay, Listen, the reason I came by - wanna sign my petition? I'm suing the government.

GREG picks up his binder, takes out a ball point pen.

WILL

On what grounds?

GREG

For lyin', man. The powers that be, I mean the pricks who control government - they never tell the truth.

WILL

(laughs)

That's their job description. You can't sue them for that.

GREG

Slimes in power operate in secrecy. Dylan called the war mongers, *Masters of War*. Think it was right we fire-bombed the shit out of Japanese cities in March 1945?

WILL

(stops)

Fire-bombed?

GREG sidesteps Will and paces about.

GREG

Over three hundred thousand civilians. Instantly incinerated. Those who weren't, fuckin' wished they were. That was before they microwaved Hiroshima and Nagasaki. If that ain' insane -

WILL

Maybe Japan wouldn't surrender. I don't -

GREG

Bullshit. Russia and the U.S. had Japan by the short hairs but fuckin' Truman wanted to show Stalin how tough we were.

WILL

Greg, please. I have work to -

GREG

Then answer this, wiseguy. Why are we always at war? Why do we spend over a trillion dollars on defense every year?

WILL

The U.S. has a lot of enemies?

GREG

Why are we the only nation with almost a thousand naval bases worldwide? America's paranoid, man, fuckin' paranoid. Truth is, the US military is the biggest threat to world peace.

WILL

I don't ... can we discuss this at another time?

GREG puts his binder down on the cleaning cart. WILL gently steers him to the front door.

GREG

Every signature counts.

WILL

Let me think about it.

GREG

I'll leave ya some readin' material. I got extra copies.

WILL

I'd rather not. I don't know when I'll have a chance to -

GREG takes out a thick file from the binder. Drops it on the coffee table. WILL ushers Greg to the door.

GREG

We strut around like we're Mother Teresa but we're just specialists in spreadin' Ground Zeroes 'round the world.

WILL guides Greg out.

WILL

Good night.

GREG

People think they know what's goin' on. They don' got a clue!

LIGHTS dim as WILL shuts the door.

Scene 3: Two weeks later.

LIGHTS are low. Will's briefcase and a few letters on the coffee table. His jacket is on the chair

WILL appears holding a long knife and a dishcloth. He looks haggard. His tie is loose. He creeps towards the den, waits a moment, then darts in, leaving the door slightly open. We can't see anything but we see shadows and what sounds like a struggle.

WILL (O.S.)

Where's my loot, Ray? I got bills piling.

(pause)

Last chance. Otherwise, you leave me no choice.

A thud. We hear what sounds like a struggle. Glass cups jump. Pushing. Grunting.

WILL (O.S.)

Where'd you stash my cash? Alright, have it your way.

Someone is being stabbed. A muffled scream. Silence.

A few seconds later, WILL enters, out of breath. His glasses are crooked, his hair disheveled. He wipes the blood off the knife with the dishcloth, adjusts his glasses, enters the kitchen. He returns seconds later with a beer. Sits on the couch, stares into space.

WILL

(sighs)

Another one bites the dust.

He puts down his beer, looks over a file, turns on his lap top. Gets busy at the keyboard.

WILL

Mr. Ray Cooper. Cause of death: multiple stab wounds to chest.

(grabs his cell phone, makes a call)

Hi Rocco ... Unfortunately, Mr Cooper didn't tell me anything new. See you soon? Thanks. Bye.

WILL turns off his cell and turns on his lap top.

LIGHTS dim while he types away.

Scene 4: One hour later.

LIGHTS are still low.

WILL and ROCCO, 38, tough-looking, black (or other visible minority if possible) in a hooded sweatshirt, old jeans, leave the den carrying a rolled up blood-stained carpet containing what looks like a body. An arm hangs lifelessly by its side.

WILL

I appreciate this, Rocco. I really do.

ROCCO

(with an Italian accent)

Is nothing. Happy to help. You will need new carpet, no?

WILL

Yeah. I was sloppy. Should be more careful.

(chuckles)

Blood stains are hard to get rid of. You know, the first time we met I found it hard to believe you were Italian.

ROCCO

(laughs)

Is okay. You no the first.

WILL

I know there are blacks in Italy but seeing is believing, I guess. We're conditioned in so many ways without even knowing it. You were born in Italy, right?

ROCCO

Yes, in Napoli. My parents left Ethiopia when they were married. I come to America when I was twenty.

WILL

Bet you have your share of stories. When we're done, let's stop for a bite - my treat. I've been so busy I stopped eating.

ROCCO

Okay, boss. I know just the place. You gonna love it.

WILL

We'd better use the rear elevator again. It's more private.

LIGHTS dim as they leave. The door closes behind them.

Scene 5: Two weeks later. Late night.

LIGHTS up on WILL in a parka, looking exhausted. He's carrying his briefcase and a pizza box. He removes his coat, hangs it up. It falls to the floor. He leaves it there. His suit is wrinkled. He puts on slippers, waves to the droopy rubber plant.

A tuba in an open case is on the coffee table, an open book beside it. Behind the couch, partially hidden on the floor, looks like a man's lifeless body, wearing dark pants and black shoes.

WILL drops his keys on the coffee table, EXITS to the kitchen with the pizza box. He returns seconds later sipping a cup of hot cocoa and stares at the body,

He moves to the sofa, sits. Picks up the book, reads a few lines but puts it down. Rubs his tired eyes. Rests.

Then he pulls a harmonica from his inside jacket pocket, plays a few sad notes then trudges up to his bedroom.

He changes in the dark. Crawls into bed. It is 3:59 a.m. With a groan, he falls asleep. Seconds later, a car alarm (off stage) suddenly fills the air. It goes on and off.

ALARM (O.S.)

Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiweeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

WILL leaps up. Falls out of bed. Looks around. Peeks out the window

WILL

This is why some people become axe murderers.

He grabs his cell phone. Calls 911.

WILL

Police?

LIGHTS up on MAY, 59, a police dispatch operator. She's at her cubicle. A pop and notebook by her side.

MAY

To make a complaint, you'll need to fill out form 273.

WILL

I'm not calling to complain about the police.

MAY

Thank God. Ever since that retar - mentally challenged man was shot nine times you wouldn't believe the slew of angry calls.

WILL

Shot nine times? That's crazy.

MAY

That's what happens when you resist arrest in broad daylight and insist you haven't done anything wrong. So, in twenty-five words or less, is your problem life-threatening?

WILL

Could be.

MAY

Sir, it's very simple. If someone's been maimed, mauled, molested, or mugged or what we call 'M4,' for short, I'll send a police car or dispatch a paramedic team ,lickety-split. Now, to the best of your knowledge has anyone suffered an M4?

WILL

Not that I know of.

MAY

Good. That narrows it down. Anyone been murdered?

WILL

someone in my neighbourhood might be real soon.

MAY

I see. To clarify, is a mentally-challenged person waving a pocket-knife, letter-opener, screwdriver, corkscrew, stapler or any other dangerous life-threatening weapon on your property?

WILL

No. Um - how can a stapler be dangerous and life-threatening?

MAY

For the record, they can be quite hazardous. You've obviously never been stapled or you'd know what I mean. Now if such a person of any sex and I don't have time to list them all, waves one or all of the previously mentioned weapons, er, items, that whacko will be shot ASAP. We've been trained to be socially aware and we don't discriminate and FYI, it's for their own good.

WILL

What? How?

MAY

Helps teach the mentally-challenged to think twice before brandishing anything threatening. Our heavily-armed, highly-trained, handsomely paid law officers with itchy fingers will respond with no questions asked, least not 'til the media gets whiff of it. That's also our policy.

MAY sips a pop, slurping down a mouthful.

WILL

No, it's nothing like that.

MAY

Oh. Okay, let me see ...

(pause)

Anyone blowing bubbles in your face? Our finest will teach whichever vile dirty desperado's doing that, a lesson they'll never forget. Get soap in the eye. Ouch. He or she, will be tasered twice before you can say Bob's your uncle and once they stop twitching, they'll be arrested, booked, strip-searched and de-loused. De-housed, too, if they're in public housing and in the event they continue to resist, they'll be slapped with thick phone directories to show we mean business.

WILL

Uh - that's not why I'm calling.

MAY

Sir, is this a trick? Most sane people are sleeping unless they're working like yours truly. Are you one of those crazy all night radio dj's pulling a prank? I don't have time to chit-chat unless you can call back when -

WILL

I'm calling because the car alarm's so loud!

MAY

Well, they're supposed to be loud. Otherwise -

WILL

It's probably breaking every noise bylaw in the city.

MAY

Sir, please remain calm.

WILL

All I want is some peace and quiet!

MAY

Sounds like you have a zoning problem. Try calling City Hall during regular business hours. They might be able to help.

WILL

Look I need help here. I-I'm a law-abiding, tax-paying, non-complaining citizen ... well, most of the time.

MAY

(sighs)

Okay, okay. Is the vehicle stolen?

WILL

How the hell do I know? Sorry. I've had a long day.

MAY

Apology accepted. Now let's see ...

(sips her pop with a slurp)

You'll need that vehicle's license number so we can check. Otherwise, it is out of my hands.

WILL

So you can't do anything without a license number?

MAY

Cor- rect.

(burps)

Whoa. Sorry.

WILL

That doesn't mean you will since it might not be -

MAY

Stolen. Cor-rect again, sir. Wow. You are on a roll. Must be your lucky day. Bought a lottery ticket?

WILL

Does it sound like I'm feeling lucky?

MAY sips more pop.

MAY

Sir, this isn't a psychic hotline. However, the Big Ball Lotto jackpot is 297 million so I'd take a chance if I was you. You never know when Miss Lady Luck will dance by.

WILL

Do you know what the odds are?

MAY burps again.

MAY

Excuse me. Pop gives me gas like you wouldn't believe. Normally I'd have six cups of coffee but my doctor said I had to cut down. Anyway, you can't win if you don't play.

WILL

(yawns)

Ma'am, lotteries are nothing more than a tax on the poor. Oh forget it. I'm exhausted. Haven't slept since -

MAY

Sleep deprivation isn't healthy. I strongly advise you to get at least seven hours of sleep. And do something about that noise. I can hardly hear you.

WILL

That's why I'm calling!

MAY

Then get that license number and call right back. If the car's stolen, an officer will be there ASAP.

WILL

But it's freezing outside. I'll have to get dressed.

MAY

I would if I was you. It's twenty below without the wind chill. I bet even those looney Polar Bear club nuts are staying in tonight. Between you and me, they need serious help. However, if you decide to step out without getting properly dressed, you'll definitely need medical treatment for exposure and afterwards, as a bonus, you'll be immediately be ushered into the psych ward. In that case, call -

WILL

You don't understand. I-I have too many loose ends to tie. I need my sleep. You wouldn't believe what's on my plate.

MAY

Sir, it sounds like you need someone to talk to. How about I connect you with the I.I.A. ?

WILL

Who?

MAY

That's Insomniac's International Association. It's a toll free friendly number and you're guaranteed to get a connection with someone who just loves to chat. 'Course they might not speak English but it's the thought that counts.

WILL

Oh forget it!

WILL hangs up.

Lights dim on MAY. WILL gets back in bed. Hides his head under his pillow. The alarm fades. WILL falls asleep as the lights fade to dark.

Scene 6 One hour later.

LIGHTS up on WILL asleep in his bed. The wind is rattling his bedroom window. Suddenly, a LOUD COOING noise from outside spills into his room.

PIGEON SOUND EFFECTS (O.S.)
Cooo! Cooo! Cooo!

WILL moans. Turns on his lamp. Stares out his window.

WILL
Stupid birds!

Scrambling out of bed, he peeks out. More pigeons (off stage) gather in defiance, making a racket. He pushes the window open. We hear a burst of wintry wind.

WILL
Get lost! Vamoose!
(shuts the window)
Man, that's cold! Vamoose!.

Squawking pigeons flutter away. WILL shivers from the cold. Climbs back into bed. Drifts off. After a few seconds, all is quiet.

WILL falls asleep. Morning light invades his room. Suddenly, the doorbell rings. RING! RIIIIIIINGG!.

WILL
Huh? Wha? Oh God -

RING! RIIIIING! RIIIIIIING!

WILL
(stumbles out of bed)
Oh God. Someone is eager to die this morning. I'm coming!
(to himself)
Damn building better be on fire!

WILL gropes his way down the stairs. He's wearing green pajamas pants and an old gray sweatshirt

WILL
(peeps in the peep-hole)
Cyn?

WILL unlocks the four door locks. CYN enters wearing an expensive-looking fur coat and a furry Russian hat. She clutches a chic purse and has a thick file under her arm.

WILL shuts the door. She hands him the file.

CYN

Your janitor insisted. Said it was urgent.

CYN removes her coat, drops her purse on the sofa and peels off her coat revealing a sexy dress, stockings and two-inch heels. CYN sits. Crosses her legs.

WILL

Oh that's Greg. America's number one foreign policy expert.

WILL drops the file on the coffee table.

CYN

He's weird. Asked if I had jelly beans. Do I look like I might carry jelly beans?

WILL

Only if you swallowed them. You - you look - nice.

CYN

All men think about is our bodies.

WILL

Keep dressing like that, you'll raise the dead. Well, almost.

CYN

You bought another lock?

WILL

Problem with the door. Super was supposed to fix it eons ago.
(*glances at her legs, sighs*)
Still wearing heels?

CYN

I've cut down. They're only two inches.

WILL

You can bring a horse to water.

CYN

Someone's grouchy this morning.

WILL

I wonder why? Maybe it's because I worked fourteen hours yesterday, had two hours of sleep, my back's sore and it's not even - eight o'clock in the morning!

CYN

Want a massage? My Saturday nigh-morning special will make your tension dis -

CYN'S cell phone rings. She checks the caller's number. Shuts off her cell.

CYN

Wrong number.

WILL

What is it?

CYN

You need to work your magic again. Went out dancing Thursday night. Had a great time but I ache all over. How about you work on my legs ...

(pumps up a cushion.)

Come sit. Keep me company.

(sees the tuba, laughs)

You never told me you played the tuba.

(strolls over)

You don't seem the type. Will, you continue to surprise me.

WILL

I'm not and I don't. Please don't touch it.

CYN

(points to the body)

Don't you ever take a break?

WILL

Can't. Not finished with him yet. Forget him. He's not important. Well, he is but he doesn't concern you.

CYN digs for something in her purse.

CYN

Oh shoot!

WILL

Don't tempt me. Now what?

CYN

I was going to check my lottery tickets but I left them at home. You ever play?

WILL

Did you see the word 'sucker' tattooed on my forehead?

CYN

What?

WILL

'Everybody Knows.' Leonard Cohen.

CYN

Excuse me for living but I don't.

WILL

So much to teach you. So little time. 'Everybody Knows' is the name of his song.

CYN

Sorry. Doesn't ring a bell.

WILL

Suzanne? Marianne? Joan of -

CYN

I'm not interested in your ex-girlfriends.

WILL

Okay, forget that. The point is ... you're too smart to be a sucker even if your music taste sucks. For every winner, there's ten million losers. That's what Cohen was saying.

CYN

Well smartie, my first cousin, Coco, on my mother's side, won a cool million. Whaddya think of that?

WILL

Lightning always strikes somewhere. Were you two close?

CYN

Not as close as I thought. If I ever win big, I'm quitting work, give them two days notice and then I'm gone, gone, gone.

WILL

You have to give them two weeks.

CYN

Yeah, right? What can they do, fire me? I'd visit Europe. Maybe even Moscow but in the summer. Winter's are too cold.

WILL

If you get lucky, don't forget your friends.

CYN's cell phone rings again.

CYN

RRR-r-r-r!

(stands, turns away,)

Excuse me.

WILL

I could use a sound proof room for starters.

CYN

(whispers)

I told you - none of your business!

(shuts her cell.)

My accountant. I need a coffee. You?

WILL

Had over forty cups this week. If I cut myself, I'll bleed pure Colombian. Hope you take it black. I'm out of milk.

WILL walks to the kitchen. CYN steps past the sofa. Trips. Knocks over a lamp. Falls.

CYN

Oh!

WILL turns around, walks back to her.

WILL

You okay?

CYN

Yeah, yeah.

(gets up)

Did you have to leave him lying there?

CYN rubs her wrist. WILL helps Cyn to the sofa.

WILL

Let me see your wrist. Does this hurt?

CYN

Owww!

WILL

Guess that's a yes. I'll get you an ice pack.

CYN

Looks like your lamp is toast.

WILL

I never liked it anyway.

CYN

Don't forget my coffee.

WILL picks up the damaged lamp. Puts it back. Enters kitchen. CYN's cell rings. She answers it.

CYN

Now is not a good time.

CYN snaps off her cell. WILL returns with an ice pack and a coffee in a mug. Hands her the coffee. Sits.

WILL

There you go.

CYN

Thanks.

He applies the ice pack. She sips her coffee, chews gum and casts an occasional glance at Will. From time to time, she blows the odd bubble, making Will jump.

CYN

You make coffee so yummy.

WILL

It's instant, Cyn. A lobotomized baboon could make it with his eyes taped shut. You just add hot water. Stir.

CYN

You're too modest. That's your problem.

WILL

Cyn, I need sleep. That's my problem. Just my bed and I.

WILL removes the ice pack. Checks her wrist.

WILL

I think you're good to go.

CYN doesn't get up. WILL pulls Cyn to her feet. She puts the coffee down. Wraps her arms around his neck. He disentangles himself.

WILL

How can you chew gum and drink coffee at the same time?

CYN

I'm a multi-tasker. Prerequisite of my job. Mmmm.

WILL

I'm only saying this once. You listening?

CYN takes a step back. Puts a hand on her hips. She's a modern woman. She can take it.

CYN

I'm all ears.

WILL

Normally, I'd belt it out but I'm too tired. 'American Woman.'
Guess Who.

CYN

I have no idea.

WILL

A Canadian rock group! Give them a listen.

CYN

Who?

WILL

No, Guess Who.

I said I don't know.