

Desperate Hearts

A one act Comedy

By Tim Pullen

Characters in order of Appearance

Raymond Heart: Forty-one years old. An out of work marriage counselor, newly wed and newly broke.

Alice Heart: Thirty-eight years old. Ray's new wife recently ditched her career as homemaker and must soon learn to make her own ends meet.

Jack Marlon A.K.A. Black-Jack bandit: Twenty-six years old. A nationally infamous thief that strikes hotel rooms at casinos while the guests are at the slots.

Inspector Charles Kape: Thirty-five years old. Hotel detective at this particular hotel.

Brandon Hudson: Forty-two years old. The hotel's concierge.

Scene One

Wednesday February 17th 1999

(Lights up on a hotel room in Atlantic City. The audience sees a bed a door leading to a balcony facing the ocean and freshly married Ray and Alice Heart. Alice is dressed in a bathrobe brushing her hair as Ray begins taking off his suit. It's night, somewhere around ten.)

Alice: I must admit I was wrong.

Ray: About what?

Alice: I was so against having our honeymoon in Atlantic City, but I never imagined it'd be this exciting and romantic. The sea breeze coming in off the ocean as it crashes through the night.

Ray: Damn chilly in February.

Alice: I can still hear the crashing of the waves.

Ray: I have a tape of that somewhere.

Alice: The sophisticated excitement of the casino.

Ray: All those people getting drunk and robbed at the same time.

Alice: Is something wrong?

Ray: All the salty air is making me sea sick and the excitement is making my ulcer flare up.

Alice: Oh, come on. So we didn't do very well today, we had a lot of fun.

Ray: Fun? You could call it fun.

Alice: I had a perfectly wonderful evening; it was like being in a James Bond movie, except for that Lucy Forest woman. Did you see her? Raking in all the chips at every round of the roulette wheel, and saying "oh my, it must be beginners luck" each time. I swear she was playing footies with that guy, what would you call him? A dealer? A spinner?

Ray: I called him Ed. He had a name tag.

Alice: You're absolutely no fun at all tonight are you?

Ray: I had one too many complimentary drinks. I've got a headache.

Alice: I don't think even I'm allowed to use that headache bit on the third day of our honeymoon.

Ray: Sorry, I'll take some aspirin. That'll fix me up.

Alice: Three days and we're an old married couple already. I don't imagine James Bond stopping to take aspirin.

Ray: He does, the difference is his watch has a little dispenser built inside.

Alice: I'm going to get in the shower; do you care to join me?

Ray: I'm going to sit this one out.

Alice: Poor thing, you must be feeling miserable. Why don't you lie down for a while, I'll shower, then I'll draw you a nice hot bath and have it

waiting.

Ray: Okay.

Alice: That sounds good doesn't it?

Ray: Yes, as a matter of fact it does.

(Alice gets up and walks into the bathroom, we watch as Ray watches her, and then we hear the shower running. Ray realizes the coast is clear and gets out of bed, takes a credit card from his wallet then dials the phone)

Ray: Come on come on... do you have an option to talk to a person? Oh- (he's pressing random buttons to correspond to { for English press-1 if you're over five foot press three and that kind of crap }

Alice: (from the shower) Could I get help with my back?

Ray: Yes darling. (He puts the receiver down, and runs into the bathroom to help his wife, the next five lines are heard from the bathroom)

Alice: Are you sure you can't join me?

Ray: At the moment yes, I'm sorry, but my head is killing me. (We hear a slip Ray screams then a crash of some sort.)

Alice: Raymond! (The shower turns off)

Ray: I'm okay, really.

Alice: I think you cracked your head open.

Ray: I'm all right. (She walks him out to the bed wrapped in a bathrobe with wet hair, examining his head, he quickly grabs a pillow and tosses it over the phone receiver which is still lying on the bed and then attempts to lay across it himself) Thank-you honey but I'm fine.

Alice: That couldn't have helped with your headache, there's blood. Let me get a wash cloth (As she goes to get a wash cloth he checks to see if his call has been answered. He puts the receiver down and she re-enters and goes to an ice bucket to put Ice in the washcloth she places on his head) Now hold that there, it should help. I'll be done in just a few minutes, and I'll clean you up.

Ray: Take your time honey, I'm fine. Really. (She exits again, the shower resumes, he goes back to the phone) Hello? Hello! I'm here- please don't hang up my call is important to you! Thank-you. No I'm sorry, I'm on my honeymoon and we've run into a little snag with my card. No, it's not stolen it's much worse, it's been declined. But I just entered! Oh, yes just the last four on the back? 3984 The name is Raymond Heart, yes that's me, yes that's how the name appears on the card. Of course, I realize that, but like I said I'm on my honeymoon. There hasn't been any place, well no the statement is at home- it must be. I don't take my bills with me while I travel. Yes, now I realize that. Look, I've had this card for ten years and this is the first time, all right second- Oh, I forgot about that.- well, oh yeah, but that

time I was going through a divorce. (Shower stops) I'm re-married now. Please, if you can just extend my limit another Five-thousand I'd- I. Hello? Hello? Damn. (Alice approaches as he hangs up)

Alice: Is you're head feeling better? Who are you calling?

Ray: I was trying to get room service, I think they're closed.

Alice: Don't be silly. Its twenty-four hour room service, you must've hit the wrong number (she picks up the phone and dials)

Ray: No, don't do that, I changed my mind. I'm really not that hungry anymore anyway.

Alice: I'll share some with you, and we could pop open another bottle of that incredible pink champagne.

Ray: That incredibly expensive pink champagne.

Alice: Oh, puff. Hello, this is Mrs. Alice Heart, in room 710. I'd like a bottle of- yes, yes that's the one, and how about a turkey club, my husband loved the last one, yes just put it on our bill.

Ray: Oh god! Why'd you do that?

Alice: You were hungry, so I thought-

Ray: I wasn't that hungry.

Alice: I thought we'd share, I'm feeling a bit nibbly too. Ray, what's wrong?

Ray: Nothing

Alice: I'm not sure I believe that. That was quite a fall you took. How many fingers am I holding up?

Ray: Two. It's just an awful lot of money that's all.

Alice: How many honeymoons do we have?

Ray: I don't know- really, this is your second.

Alice: And your third.

Ray: Maybe you should start being more frugal with them.

Alice: I wasn't planning on a third of my own Ray! Are you saving up for the fourth?

Ray: No, that's not what I mean. I- oh, Alice.

Alice: How dare you. This week, the past stays in the past, you said.

Ray: I know, I know. I'm sorry. The past stays in the past, so we can move towards our future.

Alice: I knew you'd wind up bringing up Howard. I thought it would be sex that-

Ray: Why would you think it would be about sex? Was he better than me?

Alice: That's not the issue, I knew-

Ray: What do you mean not the issue? You didn't answer my question.

Alice: (She collects her clothes to begin re-dressing) I don't know what your problem is Ray, but I hope you can work it out. (This may take place in the

bathroom with Alice poking her head out the door every now and then)

Ray: You're evading my question.

Alice: I am doing no such thing.

Ray: What are you doing?

Alice: Getting dressed!

Ray: Why?

Alice: I'm giving you time to work things out in your aching head.

Ray: Where are you going?

Alice: I'm going downstairs to the blackjack table.

Ray: At this hour?

Alice: This place never closes. Remember? You just think things through and come get me when you've calmed down.

Ray: No!

Alice: What do you mean? No!? I can do whatever I like.

Ray: Let's make love!

Alice: Ray?

Ray: Let's have sex right now! Come on, I'll prove I'm better than Howard was!

Alice: What happened to your headache?

Ray: To hell with my headache, if you're in the mood let's go.

Alice: I'm more in the mood to punch you.

Ray: Fine! Let's fight then!

Alice: No.

Ray: I'll arm wrestle you!

Alice: You know Ray I'm starting to think you'll do anything to keep me from going downstairs.

Ray: Our entire honeymoon shouldn't be about gambling. That sets a bad psychological backdrop; it's implying that our marriage itself is a risk.

Alice: That's bull. Where'd you come up with that?

Ray: I'm trained and-

Alice: Then why didn't you think of that before you suggested Atlantic City?

Ray: I wasn't thinking clearly from the excitement of being married.

Alice: Oh. That's what this is about. How'd you find out?

Ray: Find out?

Alice: I know. I know, I blew it. Did the black jack guy tell you or was it that sleazy cocktail girl. Was it Ed, Or that nasty little Ms. Forest?

Ray: Tell me what?

Alice: That I lost all that money.

Ray: What do you mean? I watched you lose it; I lost a good deal myself.

Alice: No, I mean the gambling I was doing while you went to the rest room.

Ray: You're kidding.

Alice: I know it was irresponsible; it was just so much fun.

Ray: How much did you lose?

Alice: A little over a thousand. I mean really it isn't a lot too lose anyway. Luckily, you've got most of the money.

Ray: Yeah, well. I was meaning to tell you about that.

Alice: What do you mean?

Ray: Well, I'm not mad, that you gambled all that money away, gambling is very addictive. And it's in the past now, we should move past the past, and-I- god.-I wasn't going to the bathroom that often, I was taking out cash advances on my credit card, and stopping by a slot machine from time to time.

Alice: Do we have anything left?

Ray: How much do you have left?

Alice: Two hundred.

Ray: Then we have two hundred twenty-three dollars and sixteen cents.

Alice: Okay, I guess we'll just have to cut our trip a little short.

Ray: You think they're going to let us leave?

Alice: Why wouldn't they? The hotel is paid for.

Ray: Yes, I thought that too.

Alice: Thought!?

Ray: They took my credit card number, but they only charged us one night, it was a deposit.

Alice: We've been here three nights.

Ray: I know.

Alice: All the credit cards?

Ray: You have more than one?

Alice: No, don't you?

Ray: No, I've only got one.

Alice: It's the twenty-first century! No American has just one credit card!

Ray: I've been divorced twice. That creates certain set backs to a man's credit.

Alice: I married a man with only one credit card.

Ray: It's not the amount of credit cards that's important, it's the limit.

Alice: Which you're over.

Ray: Look, I realize, I got a little out of hand, but like you said it was so exciting-

Alice: Now you're excited.

Ray: I'm sorry.

Alice: How did you max out a card in three days?

Ray: It wasn't just the advances, or the deposit. I had the justice of the peace on it from the wedding, the wedding rings, and your divorce attorney-

Alice: You still haven't paid that off yet? Have you always been broke?

Ray: I have two alimonies, they garnish my wages.

Alice: The wedding rings! I bet we could pawn them!

Ray: No, please no. I haven't even paid for them yet, besides the sentimental value of our wedding rings.

Alice: Why didn't you have a certain amount of money set aside for this trip?

Ray: Was I supposed to?

Alice: On a budget, yes. Howard always had a vacation stash.

Ray: A what?

Alice: He'd set aside a part of each paycheck for however many weeks we had until the trip, so that we had the amount of money we needed to take each trip.

Ray: If you learned this clever idea from your ex why didn't you do it?

Alice: It's in the past! I'm not supposed to think about the past!

Ray: You're not supposed to dwell on it. You're allowed to think about it.

Alice: I never thought about it! I married Howard a year out of college! Remember? I've been a housewife for ten years! Howard always took care of that kind of thing.

Ray: Then maybe you should have stayed with Howard!

Alice: Maybe you're right! (Ray is cut to the quick on this and there's a respective moment of silence) Look, I didn't mean that. We can figure our way out of this how much do you have?

Ray: Twenty-three dollars and sixteen cents.

Alice: Maybe we could sell a few of you're suits, they're nice.

Ray: I tried that, no one wants them.

Alice: I know that, you've got no taste.

Ray: Oh God, what do we do?

Alice: I just assumed when we were married, I'd start buying your clothes.

Ray: Not about my fashion sense, about getting the cash to get home.

Alice: Prostitution?

Ray: Never. I couldn't live with you doing that!

Alice: I wasn't talking about me.

Ray: No women would pay for that. Women get sex free whenever they want it.

Alice: I didn't say it would be a woman.

Ray: You're just being mean.

Alice: We're going to have to figure out some way out of this. Would your father loan us the cash?

Ray: Of course, he used to loan me money all the time, but right now, he's broke.

Alice: Because he loaned you money.

Ray: There you go being mean again.

Alice: Okay, we need gas money, hotel costs and what else do we owe?

Ray: We just owe Fifteen Hundred for the room, and whatever we did in room service. We won't need gas money. That's something else I needed to tell you. I sold my car.

Alice: Who bought your car here?

Ray: You'd be surprised at the number of pawn shops down the next block they-

Alice: And you decided to sell the car?

Ray: It was the only thing I owned outright, but it was only worth two hundred fifty dollars and sixty cents

Alice: What'd you expect for a twenty-year-old Ford? Two hundred could get us bus tickets; we could make a run for it.

Ray: They have all our information. They'll find us.

Alice: We pay them back when we get home.

Ray: Thank god. You have money at home.

Alice: You don't?

Ray: Don't You?

Alice: Howard always had emergency cash somewhere. I never worried about it.

Ray: I'm not Howard. You can forget about the stashes of cash, the well planned trips and the good sex!

Alice: Stop it. I'm sorry. We can't go through this every time we hit a rough patch. I'm sure we can stall the bill collector's until your next pay check.

Ray: There's something else I need to tell you.

Alice: You lost your job.

Ray: You knew?

Alice: It seemed to be the next logical step.

Ray: When a marriage councilor, well- when I cause a break up and then marry the woman, my colleagues, you see, they sort of look down on that kind of thing. My boss in particular looked down on it very much.

Alice: You could've told me that sooner.

Ray: I've got an interview lined up next week, there's a spot for a talk radio psychologist. I was going to tell you the bad news with the good news, if I got the job of course.

Alice: All right.

Ray: I deserve this.

Alice: Deserve what? We're not going to jail for running out of money in Atlantic City. I'm sure stuff like this happens all the time. They have to have some sort of hotel policy.

Ray: Yeah, two or three thugs come in and break our legs.

Alice: And then how would they get their money? No, everything is going to turn out fine. I'd bet there's a payment plan or something. (She picks up the phone)

Ray: Who are you calling?

Alice: My mother. She comes to this place all the time with that senior tour bus.

Ray: That's a long distance call. Its twenty-five bucks for long distance.

Alice: You're exaggerating. Don't you have that calling card? It was a hundred and some minutes.

Ray: Not any more.

Alice: Who'd you call?

Ray: No one. I traded it for my coffee this morning.

Alice: All right, how about your cell phone, I could use that.

Ray: Are you kidding? The roaming charges would be just as bad as the hotel. Besides, I gave that to the waiter to cover dinner.

Alice: You're just pathetic. (She calls her mother)

Ray: That just adds to the bill.

Alice: I'm well aware of that- Hello? Mom? Hi, it's Alice. Yes, I am on my honey moon- I do wish you would've come to the wedding. Yes- I- oh-, Jessica's fine- no, she's not with me but I called her this afternoon- She's staying with Howard.- Yes- Yes- I know – Listen. Mom, I need a little help here. – Yes- Okay-I understand- Yes- I will- Thanks- Bye. (She hangs up)

Ray: What'd she say?

Alice: Look, we'll go to bed and wake up refreshed and ready to deal with this, okay?

Ray: You don't want to tell me do you?

Alice: Of course not.

Ray: Why not?

Alice: It will accomplish nothing but hurt your feelings.

Ray: I'm trained and licensed as a counselor. I can handle my own emotions.

Alice: She hates you, she hates me for leaving Howard and she's glad he got custody of her granddaughter and took her away from a slut like me and that no good sleaze husband of mine. Happy?

Ray: I can see why she feels that way. The break up wasn't handled very well- But it is joint custody-

Alice: Whatever trouble we're in she hopes we both die, and burn in the depths of hell.

Ray: Yeah, well maybe we should just go to bed. Remember, that phone call is past-

Alice: Raymond.

Ray: Yes dear.

Alice: Shut-up!

Ray: The room service! Is it too late to cancel it?

Alice: We can try.(She picks up the phone) This is room 710, we ordered room service about fifteen minutes ago, is it too late to cancel that order? We've decided to change our plans Oh, I see, well how professional of you, thank-you. We're going down to the slots, if you could have them just leave it right inside the door, we'll leave the tip on the floor. (She hangs up) Give me a five for the tip. (She goes to the bathroom and puts her dress back on)

Ray: We can't afford a-

Alice: (Alice goes to the bathroom to put on her dress) I'm not stiffing the help. I only have two one hundred dollar bills, give me a five.

Ray: What are you doing?

Alice: Getting dressed, give me the five!

Ray: Okay (he does)

Ray: You know my head still hurts from that fall.

Alice: Good. (She tosses a jacket to Ray) Put that on.

(Knock on the door, Alice re-enters dressed as Ray answers the door. Jack pushes in the cart with food in)

Ray: Foods here.

Alice: Just in time.

Jack: I didn't mean to interrupt.

Alice: Believe me, you're not interrupting anything, we're just getting dressed to head back down to the casino.

Jack: I made it in time to serve you a snack first.

Alice: Yes.

Ray: Really, I'm not hungry at-

Alice: Thank-you very much, this will be just the energy I need to head back down for a few more hours of slots. Thank-you. Good -night. (She hands the man a five and ushers him to the door) Wait a minute, weren't you our black jack dealer?

Jack: Yes, I was working the tables this evening.

Alice: They have you serving food too?

Jack: Wherever there's a shift, I'll take it

Ray: That's a good hard working attitude.

Alice: Yes, do you know anyone with that attitude?

Jack: Well good night then- and good luck at the slots tonight. Just between you and me, the payoffs are best just after midnight.

Alice: I hope you're right. Thank-you. (She hands him a tip and closes the door)

Ray: Why did you have to tell him we were leaving?

Alice: To keep the story consistent, take half.

Ray: I'm really not hungry at ten o'clock at night. Whenever I eat late, my stomach does awful things to me-

Alice: We don't have a refrigerator, and this may be the last meal you get for a while. (He takes the half)

Ray: I thought you were going to draw my bath.

Alice: That for richer or for poorer crap, you really bought that didn't you?

Ray: Are you mad?

Alice: Of course, I am, but there's not much we can do about it now.

Ray: If it helps, I was trying to make sure you never found out about my Job or the money problems.

Alice: It doesn't help.

Ray: Why'd you have to tip the guy? It's a ten dollar sandwich.

Alice: It's a five dollar sandwich with five dollar fries.

Ray: Then why'd you tip him half our meal.

Alice: I bought him a lousy French fry. I don't want to look cheap even if I'm broke. Waiters never earn enough money.

Ray: I didn't ask him to become a waiter.

Alice: You did ask him to bring you a sandwich.

Ray: Actually, you called. He also happens to be a blackjack dealer. Maybe next time he'll be nice to-

Alice: We're not gambling anymore. Five dollars isn't enough to bribe anyone!

Ray: It was obviously an investment-

Alice: Is this really worth it?

Ray: Our marriage?

Alice: I'm talking about this particular fight.

Ray: I wasn't thinking of it as a fight, more of a debate.

Alice: You're wrong.

Ray: So, does that mean we are fighting?

Alice: No wonder you lost your job as a marriage counselor. Go bathe, gargle, something. See if you can get the stink of failure off of you.

Ray: I-

Alice: Good Night.

Ray: Good night.

(Ray exits into the bathroom we hear the shower running and the lights go out, time elapses, either a clock that is illuminated in the darkness goes forward, the moonlight coming in from the balcony shifts or all of the above.)

Scene Two

(As the next scene starts the couple is dressed for bed and sleeping in the bed. A click of a lock and a turn of the doorknob is heard)

Alice: (whispering) What was that?

Ray: (whispering) A noise.

Alice: (whispering) I know that, find out what made it.

Ray: Can't.

Alice: Why?

Ray: Too scared.

Alice: Somebody is coming in here. You big baby, just turn on the light!
(She does and reveals a man dressed in black with a mask rummaging through a drawer.)

Jack: (Running towards them holding a gun to them) Don't move!
(Ray screams like a girl and throws his hands in the air knocking the gun out of the burglar's hand and onto the bed.)

Alice: Pick it up!

Ray: Me?

Alice: Never mind! (She grabs the gun before either of the men realizes what's happened) You freeze.

Jack: Okay, okay !

Alice: Take off the mask. (he goes for his mask) Keep your hands up!

Jack: How can I take off the mask if my hands are up?

Alice: Ray! Take off his mask.

Ray: That hardly seems appropriate, I don't even know-

Alice: Take off his damn mask! (Ray takes off the mask)

Ray: It's the black Jack and the room service guy. We left the cart in the hall

Alice: Gambling isn't enough?

Ray: He already robbed me once today. I'm calling security.

Jack: Please, have pity. I get barley above minimum wage. I've got three kids to feed.

Ray: Forget it, you're busted. How dare you come into my room and hold a

gun to my wife!

Jack: You weren't supposed to be here! You said you'd be downstairs.

Ray: Too late now buddy.

Alice: Put down the phone honey.

Ray: What?

Alice: This may work out all right. Put the phone down. (She hangs up the phone)

Jack: I'm not sure I understand.

Ray: Me either.

Alice: Of course you don't. You're both men. Have you succeeded in robbing anyone else tonight?

Jack: Three other rooms on this floor, the occupants were down in the casino. Like you told me-

Alice: Yeah, we lied, so sue us.

Ray: Oh, I get it. I think.

Alice: Give him a hundred dollars.

Ray: Jack: Why?

Ray: Okay, I don't get it.

Alice: Look, we're in a little bit of a jam too. Give him a hundred and take the rest and toss it around the room, make it look like a struggle. Do you have any change on you?

Jack: I've got a few twenties.

Alice: Great, could you break this? Rip a few bills, and then he's going to tie us up and leave. Tomorrow morning when the other guests report the burglaries they'll discover us honeymooners that stayed in their room and had to fight the bandits but lost. Never seeing the attackers faces.

Ray: And?

Alice: Then the Hotel's insurance will reimburse us for the thirty thousand dollars in cash we lost.

Jack: It only covers ten grand.

Alice: That'll do. The ten thousand in cash we lost

Ray: Four will do; we wouldn't have ten grand in cash on us. Don't get greedy, we just need to pay for our bill and get home.

Alice: We could conceivably, have ten grand on us, we're in Atlantic City on our honey moon. What if we received cash as wedding gifts?

Ray: But four thousand is more than enough. We just need to watch our ways and means.

Alice: Don't be such a coward.

Ray: Whatever you say.

Alice: Do you have a better plan to save us?

Ray: No, go ahead.

Alice: Thank-you. Does this sound like a plan to you?

Jack: Of course, if you're willing to trust me.

Alice: This is all we've got left, and we still have to pay our way home. It's hardly worth shooting us for and you get a hundred out of the deal (Handing the gun back to him) We need the money pretty bad.

Ray: We don't need that much-

Alice: Everyone in this room that has some sort of job raise their hand. No, is that a no for you honey?

Ray: I don't think that was necessary, I understand you're still a little angry-

Alice: Shut up and find something he can use to tie us up

Ray: Here. (Holding up one of Alice's undergarments)

Alice: My Negligee?

Ray: It's silky, it feels so nice.

Jack: That is a quality undergarment. But I wouldn't tie you up with it. The knots would slip right out. I brought rope.

Ray: You brought your own?

Jack: I thought I might have to climb out a window. The teddy can be your gag.

Ray: Okay.

Alice: I don't like my unmentionables being used in this.

Ray: If we were fighting a vicious killer, would you have a choice?

Alice: Fine, use the thing (She sets the lamp over on its side)

Jack: What are you doing?

Alice: There was a struggle; remember?

(Jack begins to tie them up)

Jack: Yes but you wouldn't want to start a fire would you? You should never just lay a sixty-watt on the rug. (He props the lamp up slightly on a suit case edge to keep the bulb from touching the carpet)

Alice: Thank-you, that's very thoughtful of you.

Ray: Now how long should we give you till we scream for help?

Alice: Can't we just wait for the maid? You've got that wonderful lump on the back of your head. Take the bandage off (she rips it off)

Ray: Ouch!

Alice: Quit whining, let's see if it'll bleed again (she rubs his head) that's where the burglar knocked you unconscious and had his way with your wife.

Ray: Had his way with you!

Jack: Really, I wouldn't.

Alice: You wouldn't? Why wouldn't you? You don't think I'm pretty enough?

Jack: It's not that at all. The bodily fluids and everything left by our unbridled passion would lead the cops straight to me.

Alice: Oh, of course. I wasn't thinking.

Ray: Did you want him to have his way with you?

Alice: We were speaking hypothetically.

Ray: So we have to wait all night tied up?

Jack: Its fine, I've timed this out. Ten minutes and I'll be walking out the front door. You can start screaming in five minutes if you can.

Ray: Ouch, that's a little tight don't you think?

Jack: Do you want this to look real?

Alice: Don't be such a baby.

Jack: Scoot a little closer; it'll save rope. Thanks.

Ray: Could we be facing each other? This could be kind of romantic.

Alice: Now you want to be romantic? No thank-you.

Ray: Fine, back to back is probably better. I don't think you brushed your teeth after that club sandwich.

Jack: Could you please quit squirming?

Alice: Ray! Sit still.

Ray: So how old are your kids?

Jack: Huh?

Alice: You said you needed money for your wife and kids.

Jack: Oh, um just born last week. That's why we're hit so hard for cash.

Ray: I hear ya bud, kids cost a fortune.

Alice: How would you know?

Ray: Your kid.

Alice: You just met my kid .

Jack: You're kid?

Ray: Her first husband's.

Jack: So this is your second husband.

Ray: Yes, I am.

Alice: I'm his third wife.

Ray: This isn't a contest.

Jack: But you don't have any children of your own, right?

Ray: That's right. My other marriages were very brief, I was unfortunately the rebound man. They both were just getting out of bad relationships themselves.

Jack: And you weren't fresh from a bad marriage?

Alice: No, as a matter of fact I was happily married when I met Ray.

Ray: Happily married my foot. If you were happy, you wouldn't have gone to see a marriage counselor. We never would have met.

Jack: You met him at the marriage consolors?

Alice: He was the marriage counselor.

Jack: You were the?

Ray: I know it sounds bad. But really I could tell she wasn't happy, it was a hopeless situation. That happens to be the event that cost me my job. Then when we kidnapped -

Alice: I thought we were forgetting about the past.

Jack: Should I leave the room?

Ray: Stop it. See your upsetting him.

Alice: You're the one that continues to bring up Howard.

Jack: Really, it's fine. You two are all tied up and I'm ready to go.

Alice: Thank- you.- you forgot the gags.

Jack: Oh yeah, (He does it Ray squawks) too tight? (Ray shakes his head) Better?

Alice: Make his nice and tight; I don't want to listen to him complaining about how long it takes for us to be rescued. You know that reminds me. I'm sorry we're not giving you much cash but Ms. Forest down the hall in seven-twenty-two; she cleaned up at Roulette tonight, it was enough to make me sick. "Oh my, must be beginners luck" bull. I think she was playing footsies with the spinner.

Jack: Ed? Yeah, he seems like the type.

Alice: Brought in at least fifteen hundred and she's single, so she's probably back down at the bar now trying to pick up guys.

Jack: Thanks for the tip. (Puts the gag on her) Comfy? Good. If you could, make sure the cops get this card. It's the Jack of spades. (He tosses it on the floor) Have a good night. (He exits, and a little time passes by clock moonlight, whatever effect the director chooses)

Alice: (Spits out the gag.) He's right, the knot slipped right out of that silky thing. (Ray speaks but is muffled) You know, he said he had three kids at first, then at the end it was one newborn. (Ray Muffles) So we're fairly lucky he didn't decide to shoot us to take the other hundred dollars. You know I think I like our conversations better with your gag on. (Ray Muffles) Oh, come on I'm playing with you. Really I think this plan is going to work out very well- don't you? What, are you sulking? Lighten up a little bit. Ouch, don't pull like that, Ray heart! Stop wiggling like that! You're going to give me rope burn! (Ray Muffles) Bathroom? (Ray shakes his head) You've got to go to the bathroom? Why didn't you go before? (Ray Muffles) Number one? (Ray shakes his head no) Oh Crap. (Ray shakes his head yes) You really can't eat anything late at night can you? (He shakes his head no) It was one bite! Okay, let's get to the phone. Ready we're going to butt walk.

(They do) Ouch! Okay, I'm sure that's going to leave a mark. (Ray Muffles) Just a little bit more. All right, now use your head to knock the phone off the receiver (Ray Muffles: It'll hurt) I know it'll hurt that's why you should do it instead of me. Now on the count of three, one, two, (they jump up Ray knocks the phone off the table and onto the floor, in the process of doing so knocks himself unconscious) Ray? Ray? Well I guess we won't have to worry about the bathroom thing. Great, now what? He's asleep and I've got a rope wedgie, Ray? Ray? Oh God if you're dead and I'm tied to a corpse all night this is going to traumatize me forever. Ray? Wow, you're heavy. Ray? Ray. Come on! Wake up! Come on are you bleeding on me? Are you still alive? Ray? Come on. (Ray groans) Good at least you're alive. (Ray groans again) Oh, come off it. These are good knots. Okay, how can I do this? Water! (She sees a vase with flowers on the night stand, and pulls Ray over to it) That's going to be some hard to explain rug burn. Alright, now if I can just (She creatively uses her feet to pick up the flower vase then dump the water and the flowers on Ray's head, he is awoken but then she drops the vase on the top of his head, he lets out a muffled ouch) Sorry. At least it was a plastic vase. Are you okay? (Ray mumbles dazed) Let's call the hotel security, I'm ready to be untied all right? (He shakes his head yes, then mumbles something) I know, I know, You've got to go to the bathroom. But We're going to get untied first. I've only been married to you for three days. There are some things that should still be mysterious to me. Look. I've got the receiver so I can just lie my head down on it, you just dial the zero. (He mumbles something) It's just one button, push your pointed little nose on it, use an eye lash I don't care, just dial the zero. (She lays her head at the receiver) I don't have a dial tone. Click the thingy down. (He mumbles) You know, the receiver holder (he mumbles again) Just do it. Okay, there's the dial tone. Now the zero, the zero. It's ringing! You got it! Hello? Hello? (She realizes she needs to be panicked and adds distress to her voice.) Hello! This is Alice Heart in room 710 we've been attacked and robbed! Here, in our room. We were sleeping when three masked men ambushed us. They came in through the window- my husband tried to stop them and they knocked him un-conscious and tied his limp body to me- they were going to rape me – but the head guy was in a hurry- Yes? –what? Yes- My husband is alive and conscious now, but we're tied up! Please help us. Hurry!(Her voice calms back down as she speaks to Ray) You can hang up now, they're on the way

Ray: (Who has finally been able to spit out his gag) What is it with you and getting raped?

Alice: You scared me! When did you get the gag out of your mouth?

Ray: Just now, answer my question, why do you keep tossing you being man handled into the story? I mean you practically offered the burglar.

Alice: How vulgar. I did no such thing.

Ray: That isn't the way I heard it.

Alice: You must've been listening to the wrong conversation then.

Ray: Could be. You do realize we gave that guy a five dollar tip.

Alice: Oh god, not the tip again. So what?

Ray: We gave him extra cash we didn't owe him, and he still tried to steal from us.

Alice: We gave him a five dollar tip while we were eating a ten dollar sandwich and drinking a twenty-some dollar bottle of wine. Really the five dollars was like handing him a candy bar. Would you be someone's friend for life for a Baby Ruth?

Ray: I can't really say, I never cared for Baby Ruths.

Alice: Oh shut up. That was a rhetorical question.

Ray: That's the kind of bitterness I saw in you while you were with Howard.

Alice: Are you blaming me for wrecking my first marriage?

Ray: I'm just saying- maybe it wasn't all his fault. I sort of painted him as the bad guy. Maybe that was my way of rationalizing my emotions for his wife. Really, he seemed to take care of things financially, he's a good dad, obviously he was good in bed-

Alice: Do you want his number? I think he's still available.

Ray: That's not what I'm saying-
(There's a knock on the door)

Alice: Who is it?

Inspector Kape: Hotel security mam, inspector Kape.

Alice: (panicked again) Come in Please help us.

Inspector Kape: The lock wasn't damaged, whoever it was they had a key, just like the others.

Mr. Hudson: Mr. and Mrs. Heart? (Inspector cape comes in the room, followed quickly by the hotel Concierge Mr. Hudson)

Alice: Hello? We're over here.

Inspector Kape: Help me untie them please Mr. Hudson (he does so)

Alice: Thank-you, thank-you so much.

Mr. Hudson: I'm so sorry this happened to you at our hotel! Please feel free to stay. The rest of your trip is on the house. My name is Brandon Hudson, this is Inspector Kape, he's in charge of security in the hotel.

Inspector Kape: How much cash did they get away with?

Alice: All of our winnings were in cash.

Ray: The money isn't important, all that matters is my wife wasn't hurt.

Alice: That knock on the head must've rattled something loose. It was over Ten thousand, all of our savings, our winnings, and the money from our wedding gifts. (Kape walks around inspecting the room)

Ray: She's exaggerating it couldn't have been- that much.

Hudson: The hotel's insurance covers guests for ten thousand, we'll get a check made out to you immediately, I am so sorry. Nothing like this has ever happened in my hotel before.

Kape: Obviously an inside job. None of the locks were broken.

Ray: Excuse me gentle men (He exits to the bathroom)

Kape: Looks like the work of Black Jack, but that doesn't make any sense (His cell phone rings) Hello? Excuse me a moment.

Alice: He said to make sure the police get this (she holds up the card) the biggest one. - Of the three of them.

Hudson: My lord! It is him! In my hotel?

Kape: Thank-you, I believe you're right agent Smith, I'll- I've just been handed a card. Yes it's him alright. This is his calling card at any rate. No, no, this couple is alive. Please do. Thanks (he hangs up) I just received word, four other rooms down this hall have been ransacked. This couple, seem to be the only guests not down at the casino this evening.

Alice: We're newlyweds.

Kape: I can tell (He holds up the nightie)

Hudson: I thought he always worked alone? (Ray comes out of the bathroom)

Kape: Apparently we were wrong.

Alice: Maybe it was one, It was dark, and my husband's weak.

Ray: Wrong about what? What are you talking about?

Hudson: Could it be a copy cat?

Kape: They've made sure this story hasn't gotten to the press; a copy cat would be highly unlikely.

Alice: What's going on?

Kape: That was special agent Carson on the phone, he's with the FBI. I really shouldn't be telling you this, but since you are the first survivors- I – Well I suppose you deserve to know. I, like every hotel detective across the country have been working with the F.B.I. , tracking this person known as the Black Jack Bandit for the past eight months. He goes to Casinos, watches the high rollers, attains their room numbers, usually posing as a hotel employee and robs them blind while they're out for the evening. He only leaves his calling card. Most of the time the rooms he hits are empty. He doesn't seem to want unnecessary trouble. He doesn't want witness either. When the room is occupied while he tries to rob it, at least the past seven

times they've found this card or a card like this, stuffed in the mouth of his victim.

Ray: He uses it as a gag?

Hudson: You two are the first people he's ever tied up, there's been no need. The victims are usually dead. He very frequently hangs them out of the balcony windows or shoots them with his silencer. I don't know why he let you two live, he also has a reputation to work alone, but if you say there was more than one man, it is quiet possible their entire profile was wrong.

Alice: It seemed like three, but he could have been fast.

Ray: It was dark.

Kape: Please Mr. Hudson, we don't need to tell them any more, it could compromise their testimony. I'm sorry for your loss. And the terrible experience you must've had. Tomorrow morning if you don't mind, Hudson will arrange your check. And if you could come downstairs to fill out a report with agent Carson and myself, I'd deeply appreciate it.

Hudson: I've arranged another room for the evening; you'll be staying in the penthouse suite.

Alice: Really, that won't be necessary, we can sleep here.

Kape: I must insist. In a few hours, we will have a crime lab set up in this room. Do you think there's a chance for finger prints?

Alice: No, he was wearing gloves; I mean they were all wearing gloves- I think.

Ray: But it was so dark. It could've been just one man.

Alice: Maybe his hands were just soft, oh, I don't know anymore.

Kape: Is that so?

Alice: If he was moving very fast.

Kape: But the light was on?

Ray: Oh Yeah that-

Alice: We did that. When we were trying to get to the phone, we wiggled over and turned on the light. I assure you my prints are on the switch.

Kape: How? You're hands were tied behind your back?

Alice: Teeth prints. I used my teeth to turn the knob.

Kape: If you'll excuse me Mr. and Mrs., Heart. You should get some rest for tonight. Feel free to take toothbrushes and clothing, just try to leave this room as it is, it's all evidence now. (As he's exiting) I'll call you down in a few hours when agent Carson is ready. (his pager goes off) Excuse me please.

Alice: I didn't realize we were in such danger.

Ray: Lucky to be alive.

Hudson: And you even put up a fight. Well done. It's too bad you couldn't

wrestle the gun from them and capture him. Wouldn't it have been appropriate for black jack to be taken down by two Hearts?

Alice: Why would we want to do that?

Ray: I'm no hero.

Hudson: That man is wanted by every casino from here to Nevada not to mention the federal government. There's a ten million dollar reward for his capture.

Alice: Ten-

Ray: Million.

Alice: I heard the man Ray.

Hudson: (His pager goes off) Oh dear, I'm needed elsewhere. Is there anything I can do for you? Any thing you need?

Ray: She likes that pink champagne.

Hudson: Complements of the house and I'll put a rush on it, it will be in your new room waiting for you. (Hudson exits when he opens the door the hall is filled with smoke and you hear people clamoring about)

Ray: What's going on? Are we evacuating?

Hudson: No, it's under control. There was a small fire but the sprinkler system has it out. Just take your essentials to the new room. I assure you there's nothing to be alarmed about. Please just try to relax up in your new room.

Ray: This place is filled with excitement, isn't it.

Alice: Yeah. I suppose.

Ray: Are you dwelling on the ten million?

Alice: Ten million.

Ray: It was your plan, dear.

Alice: Remember Ray, we agreed not to mention the past this week.

Ray: I wasn't bringing up your ex-husband. I was talking about your big plan!

Alice: That plan is over, and it is now in the past.

Ray: But-

Alice: No.

Ray: I-

Alice: Don't want to hear it.

Ray: Fine. I'll go grab the tooth brushes (Telephone rings, Ray answers it) Hello? Yes, this is Mr. Heart. Oh dear. Yes, yes well thank-you Mr. Hudson. Yes. (Long pause) So it was just one man? (Pause) Yes I'm sure my wife will be happy to hear that. We can at least sleep sound tonight. What happened to the cash? (Pause) Oh. All right, I see- so the insurance will still- Thank-you. -Good night.

Alice: Well?

Ray: You can sleep easy tonight, they caught him.

Alice: Ray! That's bad!

Ray: It's fine.

Alice: They won't find our ten thousand.

Ray: We're clear, he tried to burn the evidence when he was captured. They just found a few bills intact.

Alice: How'd they catch him?

Ray: He was seduced by a victim. She somehow got the gun and handcuffed him to the bed so she could run downstairs and find help.

The bandit apparently had time to start a fire with the cash while she was gone. So there's not much proof he robbed anyone, and no proof we lied.

Mr. Hudson called from her room, thought it would put our minds at ease.

Alice: She? What woman caught him? Don't tell me. It isn't-

Ray: Lucy Forest the same woman that made out at the roulette wheel. The room you sent him to. I wonder where she got the handcuffs.

Alice: I'm sure she carries a pair. Lucy... Forest

Ray: Yes dear, again one of your ideas.

Alice: It was a suggestion. Not an idea.

Ray: You do realize she gets ten million dollars, don't you?

Alice: That bitch.

Ray: You really shouldn't hold good fortune against people, just be thankful for what you have.

Alice: Still think you can prove you're the best lover?

Ray: My head hurts worse than it did before.

Alice: So you don't want to prove it?

Ray: Do I have to? I mean, I am, aren't I?

Alice: Let's go to our penthouse suite.

Ray: Wait a second. (Ray grabs a bill off the ground)

Alice: That's evidence you're tampering with.

Ray: I'm sure you'll want to tip whoever brings the champagne.

(As they exit, they turn off the light.)

The End

(This show is now in the past. Don't bring it up again.)

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