

# *Torn Cloaks and Dull Daggers*

## Cast Of Characters <sup>8-10</sup>

**Michael A. Ransen:** Thirty-two year old ex-MI6 agent Hired by John Hampton the second to look out for John the third. He's a British man and he's black.

**Maxwell Alexander Banks:** Thirty years old, just fired from the CIA because of his run in with McCarthyism. He did work with the OSS through his father's arms manufacturing corporation.

**John F.X. Hampton the third:** A twenty-year old son of a millionaire.

**Stephanie Tawdry:** Twenty, a girl at the bar.

**Charlotte Harlot:** Twenty-one, another girl at the bar.

**Patrick Johnson:** Twenty-five year old man dancing with his wife.

**Kelly Johnson:** Twenty-four years old, Patrick's wife.

**Carrie Roxanne Schmidt (Alias Foxworthy):** Twenty-five, Female FBI agent. You'll find out plenty about her at the top of act two.

**Nicolai Doughnophski:** Twenty-two years old. Russian secret police NKVD

**Katya Doughnophski:** Twenty years old. Russian secret police NKVD, Nicolai's little sister, and the brains of their operation.

## Act One Scene One

Saturday November 8<sup>th</sup> 1952

(A spotlight comes up in a bar in Arlington Virginia somewhere near national airport, just past seven in the evening, we see the bar, and Michael A. Ranson posing as the bartender. As he wipes up the counter he then notices the audience and gives this introduction while mixing a “drink” accordingly. I foresee different bottled substance as he describes the elements of the story.)

**Mike:** Good evening, what could I get you? Wait- allow me to suggest a tale of espionage - With a bit of friendship. -Some adventure.- Romance? No no, nothing so heavy this late in the evening, but a dash of sexual tension never hurt. And of course a healthy dose of comedy (He grabs a seltzer bottle and squirts it into a glass, it over fills a bit and splashes on him, the then laughs and mops himself dry with his towel.) of course you know that’s how comedy is served. (Puts the lid on the shaker) Shake well, never stir, (Says the next line as he pours it out into a glass and serves it to John) This should make you forget all your troubles. Our story begins in a small bar in the city of Arlington.(As he describes the scene, the lights come up on the rest of the bar.) Back in the days cigarettes were openly smoked, women stayed at home cooking and all the men wore the same gray suit, back in the year nineteen-fifty-two- November 8<sup>th</sup> to be precise.

(The spotlight broadens and lights come up on the rest of the scene. Two or maybe three tables appear. The back of the stage should be dark and obscured by smoke in the air. Roxanne sings "A good man is hard to find" (or some other song,from the 1940's currently in public domain) in the background a couple is dancing, two women are laughing as John attempts to get a number. Downstage to either one side or the other, out of the way of the bar scene there is a phone booth. Maxwell Banks enters the front carrying a suitcase and a briefcase with a camera around his neck, he enters the bar, sets his luggage down outside the phone booth, then steps in to make a call.)

**Max:** (He puts a nickel in the slot) Hello? Operator? - Yes. Good evening, long distance please - Tennessee -Sweet Water two eight-hundred. (He puts in two more dimes) - Thank-you, you too. (Pause for ringys) Hello? Hello - Is that you Mabel? -It’s Maxwell Banks - just swell, how are you? -Anna likes high school then? -too long, I am looking forward to spending some time at home. Could you put me through please? -Thank you very much Mabel. - you too. (Three ringy dingys) Hello? - Honey? - Edith, honey? - No it's me. - Maxwell - Of course it’s me. - I won't be home tomorrow like I planned. -They canceled my flight. -I don't really know. - No, I didn't ask.- I’m still in Washington,- I think three miles away from national

airport. - Well, the cab driver charged me four. -Don't worry, there's another flight ten o'clock Monday morning. I wanted to grab a bite, so I had them drop me off at this pub. - I had a muffin this morning for breakfast - No, that was it. -I know - then I was going to get a room for the night. -Of course, I noticed a hotel across the way. I'll be home by Thursday for sure. -That was best news I had to offer, I need to talk to you about that. The contract was canceled. - Yes, that was the final one. - -That was the OSS, not the FBI. -I am aware, -I know, I know. -My Father still has a position for me at the factory. -Sure he will, he would never pass up the chance to say I told you so. -I'll do what I have to. I've got a family to take care of. - I will not miss my daughter's birthday -The trains are booked up till Monday too. Look honey, I'm not so broke that I need to hitch hike home, I'll be there for her party, Okay? - I will. - I love you too, kiss Ellen for me, will you? -Thanks, Good night. (Max hangs up the receiver.)

(The song ends, and John Hampton the third is sitting at the bar ordering drinks and hitting on the girls. John has an un-lit cigarette in his mouth. Max exits the phone booth, gabs his bags and takes a seat at the bar)

**John:** Then I said to the priest, no this is a double date. (The girls laugh, as this is a punch line to some joke)

**Max:** Gin and tonic on the rocks please.

**Mike:** Certainly, sir.

**John:** On my tab Mike, and I'll have a rum and coke. You got a light buddy? Mine is totaled.

**Max:** It's not necessary to pay for my drink to get a light (He lights John's cigarette with a flip up flint powered lighter. As the cigarette lights the lady that was previously dancing approaches them)

**John:** I hate asking favors from strangers, so I have to make friends.

**Max:** Is that so? I've never had one.

**John:** Never had a drink? Or a favor?

**Max:** A friend.

**Kelly:** Pardon me mister, could you spare a smoke?

**John:** For you, my dear I'll switch brands. How bout a drink to go along with it, what are you having? (Her man comes into the scene; I'm guessing he went to the bathroom)

**Kelly:** Nothing thanks, really I just -

**Pat:** What the hell do you think you're doing?

**John:** Offering a lovely lady a drink.

**Pat:** That's my lady!

**Kelly:** It wasn't like that-

**John:** And a very beautiful lady she is too. I apologize, and applaud your good taste. To show what a good loser I am, how about I buy you a drink too?

**Pat:** You don't go hitting on another man's woman then just try to pay him off! I can't be bought with a drink! (He grabs John by the throat and lifts him into the air)

**John:** How 'bout cash?

**Pat:** Buddy, you're paying with blood for messing with my girl.

**Kelly:** Stop it! Pat, I came up to him! I was asking for a smoke! Stop! Please let him go. You don't understand. (Max, winds something on the side of the lighter, flips a safety of some sort)

**Mike:** Sir, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave if- (As the lighter touches Pat's arm he goes into convulsions, passes out and hits the floor.)

**Kelly:** Pat? Patrick! Are you okay? What did you do to him?

**Max:** He'll be all right once he sleeps off his hangover.

**Kelly:** What happened? What have you done to him! I should sue!

**Mike:** I'm certain the police would like to hear the whole story. I'll help you get him to a cab miss. (He does. John offers Kelly his cigarettes)

**John:** Did you still want that smoke? (She wordlessly declines the offer and helps Mike pick up her husband, the three of them exit) Thanks, you saved my neck, literally. Was that somekind of karate or something?

**Max:** Something else entirely. I couldn't let my first friend die of asphyxiation.

**John:** John Hampton the third. Ya know, for a guy without any friends you sure are a good one to have.

**Max:** Maxwell Banks, the first.

**John:** Maxwell, good name, I like it.

**Max:** I've always been partial to it myself, Jonathon Hampton sounds very familiar to me.

**John:** I suppose you've heard of my family. The Hamptons have a reputation.

**Max:** As in the roads down by Norfolk?

**John:** No, no relation. We are however a rich bunch of Hamptons. Can I convince you to teach me that?

**Max:** It's not something that can be taught. It can be purchased, I can make you one if you like. (He holds up the lighter)

**John:** The lighter?

**Max:** I like to call it an electrostatic pulse immobilizer. It's that, and it's a lighter.

**John:** You're kidding! That little contraption knocked that big guy out?

**Max:** The right amount of electric shock will render the central nervous system momentarily useless. It should've simply knocked him to the ground a few minutes, maybe ten. He passed out because he was intoxicated. You simply wind a charge, pull the safety and make contact with the skin.

**John:** Handy lighter for the bar scene.

**Max:** I designed it so a compromised spy could escape capture without killing anyone.

**John:** You make spy gizmos?

**Max:** I used to. I don't really do anything anymore. I lost one contract last week, and another this afternoon, so I am currently unemployed.

**John:** Sorry to hear that, mind if I pry?

**Max:** The details would bore you. (Mike re-enters behind the bar)

**John:** Possibly, but I want to keep talking to you so I can see another gadget. Hey, why don't I buy you dinner? Then you can show me all your wears? I somehow think I've used that line before.

**Max:** I believe I'll take you up on that generous offer, if you accept the lighter as a gift as well.

**John:** Done deal. Mike, can you set up my new buddy Maxwell with some grub?

**Mike:** Certainly, what will you have sir?

**Max:** The Chicken salad-

**John:** No! God no-Whatever you do don't eat the chicken here, do you know how they kill the chicken?

**Max:** No.

**John:** They feed it the French toast. Set this guy up with a T-bone and shrimp combo, medium.

**Mike:** Certainly.

**Max:** May I stick with my gin?

**John:** Sure, and put on a pot of coffee please Mike, I gotta sober up a bit.

**Mike:** Yes sir.

**John:** And another rum and coke.

**Max:** I thought you wanted to sober up.

**John:** I do, but I'm in no rush. We'll be at my table. Are these your things?

**Max:** I can carry that, I doubt you have any interest in my under garments.

**John:** If only you were a dame.

**Max:** You have your own table?

**John:** I come here a lot, this is my usual table.

**Max:** In this case, these are the items that will interest you.

(Maxwell sets the briefcase down on the table)

**John:** Shouldn't we go somewhere, you know, secret?

**Max:** Perhaps, if you were a -dame, as you say.

**John:** What if someone's watching?

**Max:** The FBI has no interest, the CIA refuses to work with me. No spy in America wants this equipment.

**John:** Why won't the spies work with you?

**Max:** Macarthur's men spent the past five hours going over every detail of my life. According to the good senator I have an acquaintance that makes me, less than reputable. After the loyalty board review, I felt privileged to stay in the country.

**John:** Ah, the loyalty board.

**Max:** Have you been?

**John:** Nah, but I dated a girl that had a similar policy. But I have had a run in with the senator myself, so now you got two acquaintances you shouldn't.

**Max:** You're on the list?

**John:** I'm on some list of his, I slept with a Russian. In my defense I thought she was a Czech.

**Max:** They have distinctly different accents if you listen to-

**John:** Aww, that's what they said, I swear we never spoke. I assumed she was a czech because she was so bouncy. (He pauses to get a laugh, but Maxwell doesn't get it) I don't think she knew any English. If it hadn't been for my dad's prestige I couldn't have bought my way outta that.

**Max:** Jonaton Hampton, I recall where I've heard that name. (He pulls a book from his personal luggage- it's John Hampton the second's book) is your father Doctor Jonathon Hampton the second? The world famous brain surgeon?

**John:** Yes indeedy. Wow, I didn't know anyone read his book. I've just been using mine to flatten wrinkled bills.

**Max:** Now I am impressed, I've been reading his works on the exploration of neuro passages and the brains effect on the immune system.

**John:** Glad you're a fan of my dad's. I could get that autographed for you, if you like. I've never been a big fan myself. Don't get me wrong, I love the guy and all, but his work is about as exciting as taking grandma to the prom if you know what I mean.

**Max:** I- no, not really. I find his work compelling and very informative, please give your father my regards.

(Mike brings out drinks and Max's food)

**John:** Will do.

**Mike:** Your dinner sir. Your coffee Mr. Hampton, and your drink.

**John:** (Handing Mike a few bills) Would you stop calling me sir? Come on Mike, my name's John.

**Mike:** As you wish sir, I'll be right back with your change.

**John:** Please keep it, and thank-you Mike. (Mike exits) He's such a good barkeep, but he's gotta know by now I'm tipping. I've been coming here since school started.

**Max:** Do you attend college in the city?

**John:** Yes indeed, John's Hopkins's. I wanted to go to a school with my name all over it. You know, because my name is John.

**Max:** Yes, I understand the implication. That's quite an impressive school.  
(Maxwell begins enjoying his meal.)

**John:** Yeah, well I have quite an impressive dad- as you well know. So how did you end up on the senator's list?

**Max:** Worked with a French chemist for five months. Apparently he was an outspoken socialist with radical views.

**John:** Is that so?

**Max:** I spent five months standing next to the man as we were developing a way to stabilize a new nitrogen atom, and believe it or not the whole time we never mentioned politics.

**John:** Odd. No wonder your loyalty was questioned.

**Max:** May have had something to do with the fact that one miscalculation could blow us both to kingdom come.

**John:** I could see that. Is any of this stuff dangerous?

**Max:** Not all that dramatic. This is my personal line of inventions, a pathetic attempt to alter my family heritage of profiteering on war, death and destruction.

**John:** Wait a minute, Banks? As in Banks Ammunition?

**Max:** You know my father as well.

**John:** Couldn't tell you his first name, but I know the slogan "For your country's defense, you can bank on Banks." I won't claim to be a fan, but I know the name. So you're a millionaire like me.

**Max:** No, I'm afraid I don't have what it takes to be a millionaire.

**John:** How do you mean? What does it take to be a millionaire?

**Max:** A million dollars. My father and I had quite a falling out. I was certain we could provide protection for our country without guns or tanks. I started my own division of the business with espionage tools. The O.S.S. loved them during the war, and my father put up with me while we had contracts. But the O.S.S. is no more. Now the CIA and FBI have both cut me loose.

**John:** We have a lot in common you and I, we both have famous dads.

**Max:** Yours is famous for preserving life, mine for profiting on its destruction.

**John:** I'm sure this will all work out for you. You just need a new set of acronyms, (He opens the case) So what do we have here? Looks like a regular old fountain pen.

**Max:** That's because it is, my uncle Herb gave that to me for graduation. Try on that wristwatch.

**John:** This? (Max shakes his head, John tries on the watch) This is a normal watch right?

**Max:** It tells time if that's what you mean, but it also, (Max pushes the side of his watch- which I personally picture as a pocket watch and talks into it, as he does so

the rest of this line is heard static-y through John's watch) communicates both to its counterpart and to its base set, up to eight miles away.

**John:** Amazing.

**Max:** I could get more range out of it in the states, but it would require transfer towers. Not likely a choice overseas.

**John:** Are these X-ray reading glasses? Can I see through woman's clothing? That would save me a lot of time.

**Max:** I'm still working on X-ray glasses, I have to figure out how to keep from radiating your eyes when you wear them.

**John:** If you're looking at the right woman, it might be worth it.

**Max:** Push the button on the left arm of the rim. (John does)

**John:** Whoa, a telescope. I can read that menu from across the room. These are some peepers.

**Max:** The button on the right takes the magnification back to normal.

**John:** (Now playing with the buttons) The CIA doesn't want these?

**Max:** The government doesn't want me, they wouldn't even look at my products.

**John:** Isn't paranoia wonderful? I've heard Santa is going to be banned unless he changes the color of his suit.

**Max:** Careful. That could be contrived as anti-American.

**John:** You got a bum deal, this stuff kills.

**Max:** This equipment is specifically designed to prevent the necessity of killing.

**John:** I mean kills as in, this stuff is really great.

**Max:** In that case, thank you.

**John:** Why wouldn't we want this? I just don't understand America anymore. I don't know what kind of country expects you to find out a woman's political views before you sleep with her? I always steer clear of religion or politics till after I'm laid, you know?

**Max:** Not really, but I can imagine. I've been happily married for eleven years.

**John:** I've been happily single for twenty. A bible? This is for what? An undercover Gideon? Or just the last resort, when you're behind enemy lines and you can't see the way out, start praying.

**Max:** I doubt it would hurt, but open it up. (John opens it, sees nothing exciting) Turn to Ecclesiastics.

**John:** Like I'd know where that is, I always lose interest in the begets part- whoa- (he discovers a page that opens up, then he turns the book sideways) A little typewriter, and a tiny television screen.

**Max:** I call it a tele-type. It can be set in any sort of book. It operates as an instant telegraph. It transmits to a specialized receiver. I put it in the bible, because often prisoners of war are permitted to keep religious paraphernalia.



**John:** You should've put in a phone. No one is going to want to type things to each other on tiny little buttons.

**Max:** In a prison camp, I didn't think loud conversations would be ideal.

**John:** Good point. What's this? Dental floss? For good hygiene?

**Max:** Dispenses the same, but it's actually a high test nylon filament. If you look carefully you need that specialized tool to cut it.

**John:** So it's super strong floss?

**Max:** Holds up to two hundred fifty pounds, barely visible and that container holds six hundred feet.

**John:** And this does what? Helps the spies that have fat commies stuck between their teeth?

**Max:** It has many practical applications. Tying up prisoners, thatching together shelter in a survival situation. Or, well I'll let you discover for yourself. You'll enjoy that flash light.

**John:** Yeah. These are good in the dark.

**Max:** It's loaded with the same filament, that's a flashlight and a grappling hook.

**John:** Really? (John pushes a button and the top of the flashlight heads towards the ceiling)

**Max:** It retracts, to haul you to safety. (The flashlight is swept out of John's hand's- he tries to reach it, but can't) Well, as long as you weigh less than two-fifty.

**John:** Is that so? (He looks back skyward then back at Maxwell to see if he noticed what just happened) - huh-and filled with all-purpose dental floss?

**Max:** You just can't use it to floss your teeth, it may cut though your gums.

**John:** So could it be used as a cheese slicer? (John stands on a chair and attempts to reach it, but cannot)

**Max:** I don't see why not, but I doubt that would be necessary for a government agent.

**John:** I'm sure they have dinner parties too. (He give up on the flashlight.) How's that steak?

**Max:** Very good, thank-you.

**John:** See, I wouldn't steer you wrong. Now what's with this bar of soap?

**Max:** Inside is a pocket of chloroform. The second water makes contact, you'll be rendered unconscious.

**John:** That sounds deadly in a bathtub.

**Max:** Now that cigarette case-

**John:** Holds cigarettes I see.

**Max:** And it's a voice recorder, hour and a half of tape, although I think I can reconfigure the ribbon to get more out of the space.

**John:** I could use this myself. Sometimes I can't remember half of what I say.

(Roxanne, a very attractive woman, in a very provocative dress-for the time, approach's the table)

**Roxanne:** Hello boys, you look like you're up to no good, mind if I join you?

**John:** Not at all. (He stands offering his chair) Somebody call heaven-

**Roxanne:** -I suppose there's an angel missing?

**John:** No doll, I was going to cancel my reservations. That body makes me want to sin.

**Roxanne:** Is that so?

**John:** Please, take my seat. Or of course, my lap is vacant.

**Roxanne:** I don't think we know each other well enough for that.

**John:** Then let's get to know each other better. (John downs his rum and coke.) Look at that, I just spilled my drink.

**Roxanne:** You drank your drink.

**John:** So it spilled down my throat, an empty glass is an empty glass. I'm going to refill it, anyone else care for a drink?

**Max:** Coffee, please.

**Roxanne:** I'll take an iced tea, if you're buying.

**John:** You know I am. You sure you wouldn't like a grasshopper? Mikey makes a mean Grasshopper.

**Roxanne:** A regular old iced tea will be fine thank-you. You know what they say, take tea and see.

**John:** Personally, I always say take gin and grin, or have rum and (he laughs to himself a bit) I digress- I'll assume you like your tea sweet.

**Roxanne:** How'd you know?

**John:** You are what you drink.

**Max:** You must be rum and Coke.

**John:** Actually I'm quite diversified. I think it's time for a scotch.(He goes to fetch the drinks) be back in a flash. Maxwell, keep the engines humming.

**Max:** What engines? And why would they hum?

**John:** Because, they don't they know the words. (John walks back to the bar)

**Roxanne:** Old friend of yours?

**Max:** I've known him all of ten minutes. A very colorful individual.

**Roxanne:** Really? Some guy you just met is buying you dinner?

**Max:** It's likely that's happened to you before.

**Roxanne:** It's a little different with me. You fellas look like you're having a grand old time over here.

**Max:** I'm having a great meal, I can tell you that much. After the past two weeks, this is the best time I've had in a while. Why are you interested?

**John:** (Coming back with drinks, and Mike following with Max's) Here we be.

**Roxanne:** Thank-you.

**Max:** Thank you very much.

**John:** Now, where were we? That dress, I think that shade of red would complement the color of the hardwood floor in my bedroom.

**Roxanne:** Mighty presumptuous aren't we?

**Max:** Should I leave?

**John:** No, I'm sorry Maxwell. I get easily distracted.

**Roxanne:** Am I interrupting something important?

**John:** Boys with toys that's all. This is my new friend Maxwell Banks, and I am Jonathon Xavier Fredrick Hampton the third.

**Roxanne:** That name is quite a mouth full.

**John:** It's not the only thing. Your beauty seems very familiar to me. Have our paths crossed before?

**Roxanne:** I'm pretty sure I would remember meeting a man like you.

**John:** You sure? I never forget a - a face. Never a gorgeous one at any rate. So, what's your name?

**Roxanne:** Roxanne Foxworthy.

**John:** The singer? The one from atop that piano yonder? It's no mystery you seem so familiar. I've been drooling over you the past month. Your voice is nice too. I didn't recognize you without the piano underneath. You know I've got a grand at my place, if you'd be more comfortable on one. I don't play myself, but I've got a feeling we could make beautiful music together.

**Roxanne:** I'm sure you do.

**John:** Maxwell, you don't mind if I impress her with your brain, do you?

**Max:** Please, it hasn't done me any good.

**John:** Lay your eyeballs on these. (Hands her the glasses)

**Roxanne:** Are they prescription?

**John:** Not really, but you ain't seen nothin till you've peeped through these peepers.(He gives them to her)

**Roxanne:** Whoa, binoculars?

**John:** Then press the other side (he does)

**Roxanne:** These would be great for reading in bed.

**John:** You won't even have to check the books out of the library. Now just wait till you see this watch. (He talks into the watch, we hear a static version, from presumably Max's watch) Hello there Maxwell, do you read me?

**Max:** Yes, yes I do.

**Roxanne:** Real Dick Tracey stuff. Am I allowed to see this? Isn't this kind of top secret? Hey, your name's Banks? Aren't you that defense contractor?

**Max:** My father is the Mr. Banks you're thinking of. Me, I'm currently a bum, no one wants my inventions.

**John:** Do you know anything about rocks?

**Max:** My major was engineering, but I have dabbled a bit in minerals. Why do you ask?

**John:** You seem like a very smart man, really on the stick with your inventions and such. Maybe you could help me. I've got this very strange chunk of granite I've stumbled on, that's got every rock scientist I go to stumped. (Hands Max a pocket sized piece of the rock)

**Max:** You mean geologist?

**John:** See, I knew he was smart.

**Max:** I'm by no means an expert, but I'll be glad to take a look if you like.

**John:** I could get us in at the campus lab if you need one.

**Max:** I don't know how much time I could dedicate to this. I've got to catch a flight home Monday morning.

**John:** I'd be glad to arrange a hotel stay. Being unemployed must give you oodles of time.

**Max:** My daughter's tenth birthday is this coming Thursday, I've got to make sure I get home.

**John:** I'm in no rush, this is a hobby, we can get together after your kid's party. Where is home?

**Max:** Right now we live in a duplex in Tennessee. I imagine we will have to move soon, now that I lack funding for the mortgage.

**John:** I can get you there by tomorrow morning. I've got a private plane back at my place.

**Roxanne:** You've got your own plane?

**John:** That's not the most impressive thing about me.

**Max:** Where is your home?

**John:** About an hour and a half south of here. Maybe not that long. I've got a brand new Bentley R I'd love to open up. I Haven't had the chance or cause to make tracks with her yet.

**Max:** I would hate to put you out.

**John:** No, trouble, I love any excuse to fly, plane or car.

**Roxanne:** You certainly like being high.

**Max:** Really, I don't think I should. I'm already taking advantage of your generosity.

**John:** There's a good chance I could introduce you to my father.

**Max:** Do you think?

**John:** Sure, it's his house. Come on, you're out of a job. I know free is the cheapest air fare you're going to get. Think of it as advance payment for investigating this rock for me.

**Max:** Okay, I'll tell you what. For the dinner and the plane ride, why don't you consider all this junk yours?

**John:** Really?

**Max:** It won't do me any good. Except for pen and the camera, those are special.

**John:** Another gift from uncle Herb?

**Max:** Something like that. (He wipes his mouth, as he finishes eating) Why is a gentleman such as yourself interested in a rock?

**John:** Mainly because I don't know what it is. It's one of those unanswered puzzles in the universe for me. (John hands the rock to Maxwell)

**Roxanne:** Do you have many unanswered puzzles?

**John:** Very few I can't figure out.(pulling a wire tester out of another pocket) I dug it up guessing it was gold, I took it in the house thinking it looked neat, but from that first night it was in my room I had weird nightmares for a week. When I put it back out in the garage, my weird dreams ended, and check this out (he puts the tester to it)

**Max:** It gives off energy? How peculiar. Have you tested for radiation?

**John:** Yep, it's not radioactive. That's the smallest chunk, I've got the two larger pieces in my car. It broke into three when I hit it with the shovle.

**Roxanne:** I can't picture you holding a shovle.

**John:** It was a back hoe technically speaking, the scoop side. The shovle wasn't much fun to drive.

**Roxanne:** You're carting around rocks in your Bently?

**John:** I had a meeting with a rock doctor earlier today, he was supposed to be one of the best in the country and it stumped him.

**Max:** You don't think your dreams could've been caused by something you drank?

**John:** They haven't happened since I got the rock out of my room. Not much else changed.

**Roxanne:** Do you study rocks?

**John:** Not hardly, I'm in my first year of med school. The only stones I know about are in kidneys.

**Roxanne:** Medical student? What kind of doctor are you trying to be?

**John:** Not sure yet. After this draft business ends I'm thinking of taking a year off to study a broad. Would you like to be the broad?

**Roxanne:** I take it you haven't declared a major.

**John:** I'm still debating that, I set off to be a gynecologist, but now I don't think that's smart.

**Max:** I should guess you would enjoy that field.

**John:** I didn't say I wouldn't, I just don't think it's smart. That's like an alcoholic getting a job at a distillery.

**Roxanne:** So you won't be getting a job at a distillery either?

**John:** Touché. Don't need to any way, I hold controlling stock in one.

**Max:** This is a peculiar substance, may I use those a minute? (He's referring to, then takes the glasses) Very strange. Is it water soluble?

**John:** Don't know. I don't think it's ever been wet.

**Max:** (Dropping it in a water glass, a green/blue light flashes from the glass or around the glass)

**John:** Whoa! I've never seen it do that before.

**Max:** What's this?

**John:** What?

**Max:** Nothing- must've been my imagination.

**Roxanne:** I thought I saw a picture. What was that?

**Max:** Perhaps a ripple effect on the reflection. A light bulb may have blown just back at the counter or flash photography. What were the dreams about?

**John:** What?

**Max:** The strange dreams you described, What were they about?

**John:** This is going to sound crazy, I know, but I dreamt of a space ship flying past me and crashing into the ocean while I was standing on a pirate ship.

**Max:** You're correct, that does sound crazy.

**Roxanne:** You think this is from outer space?

**John:** I know what you're thinking. -Honestly, I thought maybe this was a comet, that crashed, but it has some kind of message stored in it. -I was thinking maybe it was some type of advanced alien satellite that got pulled into Earth's gravity by mistake- and maybe I intercepted plans to invade the planet.- Or something like that.

**Max:** Did you find this back in June? With all that talk of-

**John:** No, no this was before that, last fall. Almost a year ago. I don't think it had anything to do with the flying saucers, it was buried pretty deep. But all the talk about men from mars got me thinking about that possibility.

**Max:** You're assuming they were flying saucers.

**John:** I'm just open to the options.

**Roxanne:** Satellites? U.F.O.S, isn't that all science fiction stuff?

**Max:** Satellites relaying messages aren't all that farfetched. I've got a team exploring possibilities based on Arthur C. Clark's work- excuse me- I suppose- I *had* a team. I'm going to have to lay off seventeen employees when I get home. (He composes himself after shaking off this depressing thought) I take it you're a fan of HG Wells? (He grabs a pair of pliers or tweasers from a case to remove the rock)

**John:** So you think I'm nuts too?

**Max:** I'm a big fan of the Julies Vern myself. I'm not quick to discount anything. Your sanity has very little connection to this unknown substance. It's possible you're

a raging lunatic that found an alien satellite. It's not likely- but I can't say I know of anything like this on earth. Could I have a look at the large one?

**John:** Sure, it's out in the car. Roxy? Would you like to ask the same question?

**Roxanne:** My name's Roxanne, and yeah, I'd like to see this rock as well.

**John:** I'll grab it from the car. Hey, why not come on a little ride with us down the country side? Nice little road trip. I'll be taking him home in my plane then heading back to the mansion.

**Roxanne:** I don't know, I was taught to never trust strangers.

**John:** Haven't you heard? You should rely upon the kindness of strangers.

**Roxanne:** I do enjoy Tennessee Williams.

**John:** I know it better than Brando, I was at opening night, Barrymore theatre second row center. (aside to Max)They have this great topless bar three blocks down, I can get you tickets if you'd like.

**Max:** To the Barrymore? Or the topless bar?

**John:** Either one. Come on. It'll be a blast. I'll bring you back whenever you like. I'm due back at school by Wednesday, but there's no guarantee I'll rush.

**Roxanne:** I don't think that would be smart.

**John:** Christopher Columbus mistook an entire continent. Since when does smart ever lead to adventure?

**Roxanne:** I've never been in a mansion before, or on a plane.

**John:** Those are things I can rectify, there are a lot of things in this world I'd still like to see.

**Roxanne:** I can't image there's much you haven't seen.

**John:** Plenty of valleys and mountains waiting to be explored.

**Roxanne:** So you are into geology.

**John:** You'd be surprised at the striking similarities between anatomy and geology. I could demonstrate.

(Max puts the gear back in the briefcase)

**Roxanne:** I don't think you're filled with good intentions for me Mr. Hampton.

**John:** Really that depends on your perspective, and the definition of good you want to use. I think my intentions could be really good.

**Max:** You're sure I'm not intruding?

**John:** No, no, don't mind my flirting Maxwell. I can still get you home faster than Trans World or Convair. Where did I put my -? -I saw one in here.(He finds a comb in the briefcase) Mind if I borrow this pocket comb?

**Max:** It's all yours, but you should know- (A silenced gun shot is heard.) What was that? (Another shot)

**John:** Not a clue.

**Roxanne:** We're being shot at! (Another shot is heard)

**John:** It's not the season for mosquitoes.

**Roxanne:** Get down! (She tips the table over, grabbing the men, pushing them into a ducking position.) Okay, I'm going with you. (Shots are now ricocheting all over the bar)

**Max:** Who would shoot at us?

**John:** Depends on how many women here are married.

**Max:** But why?

**Roxanne:** There's a time for questions, this isn't it! You said you had a fast car nearby?

**Mike:** (Rolling to their side of the table with a shot gun, returning fire from two directions) I'll provide cover, you lot head towards the door.

**John:** Now that is good service. Thanks Mike.

**Max:** John, Inside the case, you'll see what looks like a billard ball, an eight ball.

**John:** Yeah, I see it.

**Max:** Depress the eight.

**John:** If you say so. You're fat, what a stupid shape, you're always picked last-

**Max:** I mean push it, push down on the eight-

**John:** Oh yeah, sure. (He does so, smoke begins pouring out of it)

**Max:** Roll it over there. It's a smoke screen.

**Mike:** Reminds me of London. Go on, I'll draw their fire. (He starts shooting his rifle into the smoke)

**Roxanne:** Let's cut outta here.

**John:** (As they crawl to the door, John stops to let Roxanne go first.) Please, after you.

**Roxanne:** You are a gentleman after all.

**John:** Yeah, I'm a gentleman all right. (He gives a wink to the audience to show the obvious view he has of her ass as they exit.)

(They crawl out to Exit)

(Lights Out)



## Act One Scene two

12:43 am Sunday November 9<sup>th</sup> 1952

(The trio is walking down the shoulder of some road off route one. Max is carrying an empty bottle of Jack Daniels from John's car, while John is emptying another. Roxanne holds a bottle of vodka still mostly full. John is singing ninety-nine bottles of Rum.)

**John:** Take one down, pass it around, Eighty-three bottles of rum on the wall. Eighty- three bottles of rum on the wall, eighty-three bottles of rum. Take one down-

**Roxanne:** You do know it's supposed to be beer. Don't you?

**John:** I don't like beer. Where was I?

**Max:** Eighty-two.

**John:** Are you sure? I thought four was after three.

**Max:** It is, you're counting backwards.

**John:** Oh yeah. You see, I told ya he was bright.

**Roxanne:** He's bright, and you're lit.

**Max:** I'll never understand that phrase, he is neither on fire nor phosphorescent, if anything your intoxication has left you more dulled than brightened. Are you sure now is the time to be drinking like that? We just fled a suburban bar, which resembled the O.K. corral.

**John:** You know a better time to drink?

**Roxanne:** I've got nothing against drinking, but you don't seem to know anything about moderation.

**John:** I know plenty about moderation, It just so happens I know it so well, that I use moderation in moderation.

**Max:** Are you going to be able to fly in the morning?

**John:** Brother, I'm skippin' cross the clouds right now. (He notices Roxanne's bottle) Hey, you still have booze left in your bottle, drink up, drink up. We gotta have something to carry the car back to the gas with.

**Max:** I see a light up ahead, let's hope it's a gas station.

**Roxanne:** How are you sober? You emptied your bottle.

**Max:** Who me? I dumped it out.

**Roxanne:** I feel so stupid.

**John:** He's just being a wet blanket.

**Max:** I'm not even damp.

**Roxanne:** Meanwhile, you're more gassed than the car.

**John:** Does that mean you're ready for a ride doll?

**Roxanne:** Let's focus on the gas. I can't believe a millionaire can't keep a full tank of gas.

**Max:** Every motorist should be equipped with at least a fuel container for situations like this.

**Roxanne:** Where would he carry his liquor?

**John:** My trunk is far too expensive to have it smelling like an old gas can.

**Max:** But not too expensive to smell like booze?

**John:** What's wrong with the smell of booze? It reminds me of my mother. She is fast though, isn't it?

**Max:** Who?

**John:** My car, our tracks are still smokin'.

**Roxanne:** When it has gas, yes. It's fast.

**Max:** The speed was adequate. Hopefully you keep your plane fueled.

**John:** Oh yeah, the boys at the hanger handle that for me.

**Roxanne:** Oh no, I just got a run in my stockings.

**John:** A run? On the legs that are on the go? Where ever those legs go, I'll follow.

**Roxanne:** Is that so?

**John:** Of course, I know where they lead, study anatomy you know.

**Roxanne:** Damn! Broke a heel.

**John:** Take 'em off.

**Roxanne:** Are you kidding me? The shoulders covered in gravel and broken glass.

**John:** I'd be glad to give you a piggy back.

**Roxanne:** That's impossible in this dress.

**John:** Take it off.

**Roxanne:** The dress?

**John:** And the shoes, then hop on my back and we'll all have a grand old time.

**Max:** I won't.

**John:** Sorry Maxwell, I keep forgetting you're here.

**Max:** I don't see why you two didn't wait in the car. I can retrieve the fuel without assistance.

**John:** If we were the one's getting shot at, we'd be sitting ducks.

**Roxanne:** Aside from that, it's dangerous on these highways at night, especially in a parked car with him.

(They approach, or the light comes up on a gas pump or two up a head)

**John:** Aw, now that hurts.

**Max:** It still doesn't make sense, why would people shoot at us?

**Roxanne:** Maybe you made a weapons deal you shouldn't have. Sold something to the wrong person?

**Max:** I don't deal with weapons, I deal with technology. Then there is the small fact that I have not sold anything to anyone in a year and - Swell! Just swell.

**John:** See? I told you there was a gas station!

**Max:** I was being sarcastic.

**John:** Why? We're at the gas station.

**Max:** Yes, but it won't do us much good. They're closed.

**John:** Closed? Why are they closed? (He knocks on the pump) Open up!

**Roxanne:** It's Sunday.

**John:** No, it's Saturday night.

**Max:** It's forty-five minutes into Sunday morning.

**John:** There must be another station around.

**Max:** Very likely closed as well.

**John:** Now what do we do?

**Max:** We'll just have to borrow some gas and pay them back later. (He takes his shoe off) We still have a mile walk back to the car.

**John:** What are you doing? Did your heel brake too?

**Max:** Just need a screwdriver. (He starts flipping through tools at the sole of his shoe)

**John:** You got a bar in your shoe? I'll take a gin and tonic, light on the tonic.

**Max:** The tool, screwdriver, not the drink.

**John:** (Sees what Max is doing) Swiss army loafers. Neat. Still, a wet bar would be nice.

**Roxanne:** What exactly are you doing?

**Max:** Attempting to borrow some fuel. (He begins disassembling the gas pump)

**John:** Oh, if only I dangled on the arm of a beautiful woman.

**Roxanne:** You know how to do this?

**Max:** In theory yes, I've never attempted it before, but I know the principal behind it.

**John:** (John begins playing in Roxanne's purse.) There's one way to taste. (He pulls out a lipstick and takes the cap off. Roxanne looks up.)

**Roxanne:** No! (She jumps for his arm just as he turns the container, a cap pops from inside the lipstick tube, and we hear the ping of the bullet narrowly missing Max as he dodges)

**Max:** What was that?!

**Roxanne:** What do you think you're doing? You don't go through a lady's purse!

**John:** I've been wondering since we met what your lipstick tastes like.

**Roxanne:** And you could've shot your mouth off!

**John:** I'm frequently accused of that.

**Max:** Who are you?

**Roxanne:** Roxanne Foxworthy, we met over an hour ago-

**Max:** No, I mean who are you? (He pulls his pen out of his pocket.) Really.

**Roxanne:** Not sure I follow.

**Max:** I know for a fact that was my single shot lipstick pistol. I sold two gross to the O.S.S. in forty-seven. That was my first big sale on my own, so fess up lady, what are you up to?

**Roxanne:** I swear, I don't know what you're accusing me of-

**Max:** I've got my pen on you, and it's loaded.

**John:** I thought that was just a regular old fountain pen?

**Max:** I don't show all my cards on the opening hand John. I believe she knows why someone was trying to kill us. Who are you working for?

**Roxanne:** This guy named Clyde, he owns the bar-

**Max:** (Uncapping the pen) Don't play coy.

**Roxanne:** I'm with the FBI. (She raises her hands in defeat.)

**John:** The FBI has singers? I thought that was the USO.

**Roxanne:** Look, I just have to question him.

**Max:** John?

**John:** What?

**Roxanne:** Yes, I question him and I'm done.

**Max:** Ask your questions.

**John:** USO, FBI - so many acronyms. Can't possibly keep them all straight.

**Roxanne:** Jonathon Hampton, what do you know about Polio?

**John:** Huh? Polio? It's a disease, I don't want it, and contrary to it's name it has nothing to do with horses. You really should ask a doctor, I'm just in my first year.

**Roxanne:** What? What does polio have to do with horses?

**Max:** Polo, I believe that was an enebreated attempt at jockularity.

**John:** That means a joke right?

**Max:** Correct.

**Roxanne:** You know more than that.

**John:** Well, I'm not supposed to say. Loose lips and all.

**Roxanne:** I know, I know loose lips sink ships.

**John:** That's not all you can do with them, I got a list.

**Roxanne:** John, would you tell me? Please?

**John:** Tell you my list? Sure, as a matter of fact I'll show -

**Roxanne:** No, tell me what you know about Polio. I know you've been buying vials of the virus, I just need to know why.

**John:** Oh- why not? My Dad was working with the government and some other doctors on the vaccine- he was working on a cure, on his own, but don't tell anybody about that.

**Max:** Now, I have a few inquires for you. Why does the FBI have any concern for how much he knows about Polio?

**John:** Yeah, you writing a book or something?

**Roxanne:** You two really just met by chance tonight, didn't you?

**Max:** What else did you think?

**Roxanne:** A bitter ex- O.S.S. Contractor meets in DC with a playboy millionaire, who just happens to be buying black market vials of a deadly, crippling virus. What does that lead you to believe?

**Max:** It doesn't lead me to believe anything! I didn't know he was buying black market viruses! I didn't know anyone could buy black market viruses, and I'm not bitter. Do you think I'm bitter?

**John:** A little starched, is that bitterness? You could stand to loosen up a bit. Look, I haven't purchased any virus in weeks, my dad is done with that project. Some other Doctor came up with the vaccine.

**Roxanne:** Then why did you have a meeting with that scientist from a classified division of the air force.

**John:** My Rock!

**Roxanne:** How was I supposed to know you found some stupid rock? What am I supposed to conclude?

**John:** My dad has friends in high places, he arranged for me to meet this top notch meteorologist.

**Roxanne:** That's for weather, blockhead! Doctor Macguffin is one of this country's top astronomers, and happens to hold a doctorate in geology.

**John:** He's an expert in meteorites- meteorologist sounds better- anyway, he knows all about aliens and space junk.

**Roxanne:** Aliens don't exist.

**John:** Which one of us had a chit chat with a classified doctor today?

**Roxanne:** I'm sure I would be debriefed on that kind of information before you.

**Max:** If there was no concern over extraterrestrial activity, why would the air force have specialists in -

**Roxanne:** I don't have to explain that to you, it's classified. How does a guy that thinks a meteorologist studies meteors wind up in med school?

**John:** My dad's rich, and didn't want me drafted.

**Roxanne:** I don't want you drafted either, unless it's for the other side.

**Max:** You're changing the subject! How do you know so much about either one of us? How long have you been watching us?

**Roxanne:** Mr. Banks, you were being shadowed by the CIA, because you've got top of the line espionage technology, and just got canned. I've been tailing John for the past two months trying to piece together why he was buying stolen polio virus. When he met with his *meteorologist* this afternoon my whole team went into high alert, and then when the two of you met up, The CIA and the FBI butted heads. Every G man in the place started freaking out. I was sent in to intercept. The thought was Stalin wanted Hampton to make a viral weapon, and now you, recently being burned by the government, decided to join them. I'd bet a month's

salary the Beetle got impatient, and sent orders to take you two out. Then of course my back up returned fire.

**John:** Who's the Beetle?

**Roxanne:** Old friend of mine from the Office of strategic services.

**Max:** You're telling me that was Americans?

**John:** What the hell does the enemy do?

**Max:** None of your conspiracy theory ever happened! Isn't it easier to just ask?

**Roxanne:** Sure, we should've just asked Hitler if he planned to murder half of Europe! I'm sure he would've just told us the whole plan. People lie Mr. Banks! Especially bad people, that's why I have a job.

**Max:** I'm not lying!

**Roxanne:** I know that now! All you want to do is go home to your family, all he wants to do is get drunk and laid, I get it.

**John:** Hey I- no- she's about got it.

**Roxanne:** I smashed my communicator back at the bar. Once we get to a phone I can call my contact and get us to a lily pad until this is all straightened out.

**John:** A what? I'm not a frog.

**Max:** It's an air force term, a safe house.

**John:** Bettles and frogs-this is why I can't be a military guy- just too confusing.

**Max:** Agent Foxworthy, you mentioned top of the line espionage equipment. Do you actually believe that?

**Roxanne:** Of course, your work has saved my life at least a dozen times. (She pulls the remaining pieces from her handbag. It's a powder puff little compact) Can you get that working again?

**Max:** Not likely, the transistors powder (Looking the pieces over, John peeks)

**John:** Powder went puff.

**Max:** Pocket powder puff communicator, in baby blue. You know I think I still have a few of these, I could get you a new one.

**Roxanne:** I'd love that. No matter what the senate says, your inventions are far too important to allow him to use them to pick up women in bars.

**John:** You could invent stuff to help me pick up women in bars though, right?

**Max:** I suppose so.

**John:** You don't look old enough to be in danger a dozen times.

**Roxanne:** I started in on the Nazis when I was eighteen, I was almost dead seven times in the first week, it was thanks to Banks' communicator that I survived.

**John:** You must be as good a spy as you are a singer.

**Max:** If you use my inventions, why were my contracts canceled?

**Roxanne:** Because not even the FBI can do away with the senate. Do you have any idea how much more efficiently democracy would run if we could?

**John:** Wait just one minute here. Does that mean you don't want to sleep with me?

**Roxanne:** What have I done to give you the slightest impression I ever wanted to sleep with you?

**John:** You haven't slapped me. Really, you know I'd be a lot easier to tail if I was tailing you. You could do some under covers work -if you know what I mean.

**Roxanne:** Yes! I know what you mean, look, don't take offense, but I'm not one of your cheap floozies Mister Hampton.

**John:** My floozies aren't cheap! I'm not a cheap guy! Only high quality floozies for me, I'd imagine you're quite expensive.

**Roxanne:** What's that supposed to mean?

**John:** That you're no cheap dame.

**Max:** I believe he's attempting to complement you.

**John:** Of course I am-

(Headlights flash over them)

**Roxanne:** We've got company, please keep my cover boys. Mr. Banks, you should probably put that pump back together.

**Max:** I can do that. (He does)

**John:** We'll be fine. Hey, that's my car! That's a tow truck with my car!

**Roxanne:** Let's try to be as inconspicuous as possible. Shall we?

(We hear a tow truck, and two doors open the close)

**John:** You can't do that to a Bentley! Come on, I appreciate the thought, but you don't tow a Bentley like that. It's rear wheel drive and I had it in park!

**Roxanne:** John, do you know the meaning of inconspicuous? (We hear a silenced shot and John falls to the ground) John! (Pulling a gun from somewhere, we hear another silenced shot) FB-I- (she falls to the ground)

**Max:** What? John? Roxanne? Where did-(Another shot, but as he falls to the ground, he removes and looks at the dart in his side) Oh tranquilizer dar-(he's out, now the strangers approach.)

**Nicolai:** (Russian accent) You get little man, I get the big fellow and the woman.

**Katya:** (Russian as well) You get both the men, I'll get the woman, you're stronger.

**Nicolai:** But she's better looking than both of them.

**Katya:** Do you want me to call your wife?

**Nicolai:** Fine, but I get to tie her up.

(Lights out. Intermission if needed)

## Act two scene one

8:15pm Sunday November 9<sup>th</sup> 1952

(Lights back up dim, then out, then up, then out...I want the audience to feel like Max waking up and trying to see where they are. The three of them are tied up then tied into three separate chairs - facing away from each other. There is one light hanging just above them, a window with blinds pulled, we can see a pink slow flash from a neon light, and a card table, with Max's equipment laid out. On the floor by the table is a metallic looking trunk, it contains John's mysterious rock. Somewhere visible but out of the way is a pail catching dripping water.)

**Max:** (Takes his time waking up. He realizes he's tied up, then talks into his watch, as best as possible) Johnathan, Mister Hampton? do you read me? I appear to be tied up. John? Come in, come in. Do you read me?

**John:** Of course I read you, I'm right here.

**Max:** Are you tied up?

**John:** Sure am. Whoa I got a headache. You know this isn't the first time I've come to like this, but why am I dressed? My head is killing me, what do you think they knocked us out with?

**Max:** My guess is, what you were drinking gave you the headache, my head is fine.

**John:** Are you hot? I'm sweating like a stuck pig.

**Max:** How much does a stuck pig sweat? I really know very little about farm animals.

**John:** The hell if I know, it's just an expression.

**Max:** Is agent Foxworthy here with us?

**John:** (Turning his head) Yeah, she's right here. Oh damn.

**Max:** What? What's wrong? Is she okay?

**John:** Yeah, but she's dressed too.

**Max:** Can you wake her up?

**John:** I can try. Hey, sleeping beauty? Hey! Foxy Roxy!

**Max:** That's probably not her real name.

**John:** What's in a name, a hot dame by any other name is still a hot dame. I think Shakespeare said that.

**Max:** You're paraphrasing, but I think that was the idea.

**John:** (Tilting his head back) I get a good view of her cleavage this way, but it makes my head hurt worse.

**Max:** Then don't do it.

**John:** Something's are worth sacrifices Maxwell, well worth sacrifices.

**Max:** Do you know where we are?

**John:** A room.

**Max:** A little more specific?



**John:** A dark room.

**Max:** Allow me to demonstrate. I see a door, a light switch and a light directly above our heads. All the walls are brick, or maybe cinderblock- it's too dark to tell. There's a window with blinds pulled shut, but some sort of light flashing.

**John:** A neon light, I see it. (Cranes his neck to see behind) My guess would be probably a strip club nearby, with a girls, girls girls light flashing, It's the right shade of pink. But of course it could just be a very fickle dawn this morning.

**Max:** If it's a strip club you'll know where we are.

**John:** Probably. Next I see a card table, your gadget case, and it's open.

**Max:** Is my camera here?

**John:** Yep, right next to- my rocks? Why do they have? Oh Yeah, they have my car, don't they? My dad's gonna tan my hide if something happened to that car.

**Max:** Did you catch a glimpse of the men in the tow truck?

**John:** I swear I saw a woman getting out of the passengers' side.

**Max:** Did you see the driver?

**John:** No, the passenger was shapely, I stared at her.

**Max:** They used a tranquilizer gun on us, so they don't want us dead.

**John:** Yet.

**Max:** What do mean yet? Why would you say something like that? Are you just trying to frighten me?

**John:** It seemed like a spy thing to say.

**Max:** This has got to be some kind of mix-up.

**John:** Looks like they have some sort of metal detector over the rock. You don't think we were abducted by aliens to retrieve their plans for world domiation do you?

**Max:** I don't think they have strip clubs on Mars.

**John:** So there's no life on Mars?

**Max:** I don't know, but I doubt there would be womanizing institutes of debauchery.

**John:** Well that's no life.

**Max:** I'm sure this is a mistake. She said the FBI and CIA were fighting over our meeting. Roxanne? Roxanne? Agent Foxworthy? Come on, wake up. Tell me this is some misunderstanding between departments. Please let this be a CIA holding cell. What is that dripping noise?

**John:** Sounds like water in a bucket. Is that Chinese water torture?

**Max:** Roxanne? Could you nudge her or something?

**John:** I think maybe I can lick her neck.

**Max:** Don't do that, that's disgusting.

**John:** Nonsense, I've been waiting for my chance. (He licks her, she stirs, then wakes up)

**Max:** I meant for disgusting her.

**Roxanne:** What?- What's going on? What? What happened? Where are we?

**John:** We were hoping you could tell us.

**Roxanne:** What time is it?

**John:** Can't reach my watch.

**Max:** Eight seventeen, but I don't know if that's morning or night.

**John:** Looks dark out.

**Max:** I'm going to miss my flight. Oh gosh, I gotta get to a phone.

**Roxanne:** Why is my neck wet?

**John:** I was thinking water toucher.

**Roxanne:** Are either of you in diapers?

**John:** No, but I wish I were. I gotta pee like a race horse.

**Max:** Why do people say that? Do race horses pee a lot?

**John:** What is it with you and sayings?

**Max:** I appreciate things that make sense, and your little phrases simply don't.

**John:** How do you think they make the horses run so fast? They give them a lot of water, then put the bathroom at the end of the track.

**Max:** You're telling me the horses are house broken?

**Roxanne:** This is like working with Rex the Wonderdog and Bobo Chimp.

**John:** Really? Which one am I? I love those guys.

**Roxanne:** I'm not surprised.

**Max:** I've never heard of them.

**John:** I'm not surprised.-

**Roxanne:** Boys please, let's focus on our problem here.

**Max:** All right, we couldn't go twenty-four hours without using the bathroom. Could we?

**John:** I smell really bad.

**Roxanne:** You smelled like that back at the bar.

**Katya:** (Entering the room) You were taken to relieve yourselves.

**John:** Oh, good. That's the shapely one. Can I be taken to do it again?

**Katya:** Da, I arrange that for you. Nicolai!

**John:** You're a hot Russian broad, have we met before?

**Katya:** Neyt.

**John:** Why can't you take me?

**Katya:** Nicolai can carry you.

**John:** Great, just what I needed. Don't bother Nicolai, I can take myself if you loosen these ropes.

**Roxanne:** Russians? What do you want with us?

**Katya:** You are persons of great interest to our country.

**Roxanne:** You must be mistaken. I'm Roxanne Foxworthy, I'm a twenty-five year old singer from-

**Katya:** Neyt! You can cut act Ms. Carrie Roxanne Schmidt. You lied about your age to join the OSS at sixteen in 1943 after your father's plane was captured by Nazis. They discovered your age and made you be secretary, filing papers and making coffee until you took it upon yourself to go out and flirt with the German officers on leave in Bergen. With the information you brought back you saved at least twenty PT boats, one aircraft carrier and their crews from destruction along with earning yourself title as full agent by age of eighteen. Then you were trained and sent across enemy lines to save another two or three dozen lives, some of them Russian, for which I am grateful, but none of them being your father's whom you never saw again. After the war you came home to find your mother was gravely ill and soon passed away, your brother and sisters were in your aunt's care and the only place you were needed was at work where your O.S.S. was being dissolved. But Hoover himself took great liking to you and enlisted you for FBI, right out from under the newly formed CIA.

**Roxanne:** How do you know all that?

**Katya:** We have ways. Well, well, well now. American FBI, American inventor of weapons, and American millionaire. Are you three little capitalist piggys cozy?

**Max:** Really miss I'd feel better if I could make a call, and perhaps I'd be more comfortable if my elbows weren't tied so tight.

**Katya:** That was rhetorical question. I don't care how cozy you are! Nicolai! Stop eating those greasy disgusting things and get in here!

**John:** Please. Can you tell me what you've done with my car?

**Katya:** You do not care that your life is in jeopardy?

**John:** Not if you can make sure that car gets returned to my dad without a scratch.

**Max:** Is it his car?

**John:** It's mine. It was a birthday gift. It was to replace the one I got last Christmas that I rolled down a mountain and totaled. He said he'd never buy me another one if I didn't treat it well. And you know they're gonna come out with a better model next year.

**Katya:** I can make arrangements for you so you don't have to worry about next years' model.

**John:** Really? How can? -Oh. No thank you.

**Nicolai:** What is it you want, Katya? (He walks in eating a cheeseburger in a paper wrapper.)

**Kata:** Do not use my name! I told you they should not know our names! Put that thing down.

**Nicolai:** You called my name three times!

**Katya:** They were not paying attention to that!

**Nicolai:** Do you know my name?

**John:** Nicolai?

**Nicolai:** You see! They know my name! Katya Doughnutsy!

**Katya:** Now they know my last name! Nicolai Doughnutsy!

**Nicolai:** Why did you do that now?

**John:** Excuse me, you two are a cute couple and all, but I still have to visit the little prisoner's room.

**Nicolai:** We are not couple, this is my sister.

**Katya:** ЗАКРЫТЬ! (Zackreet.-Phonetic for Shut-up.) They do not need to know our life story! This one needs to Мочиться. ("mycheata"- Phonetic Russian word for Pee.)

**Nicolai:** That's the one that went on my shoe last time!

**Katya:** He's conscious now, if he does it again, shoot him.

**Nicolai:** Fine. (He unties John from the chair)

**Katya:** Stop eating those cheeseburgers, you will make yourself ill.

**Nicolai:** I get nothing like this at home, they are good. (He continues eating his burger as he picks John up over his shoulder and carries him out.)

**John:** I hope my aim is better than his. You're just lucky I never put much stock in dignity. (They exit)

**Roxanne:** What do you want with us?

**Katya:** We can wait for your friend to get back. Then we will be one's asking questions.

**Max:** I'm not the inventor of weapons you think I am. That's my father that-

**Katya:** ЗАКРЫТЬ! ("Zackreet"- Phonetic for Shut-up.)

**Roxanne:** I think I made your meeting up with John look a little worse than it already did. Look, this is a simple misunderstanding.

**Katya:** Nyet! I want to hear nothing from you until Nicolai returns with your friend. (She starts examining the spy gadgets)

**Max:** We're in some big kind of trouble aren't we?

**Roxanne:** I don't see how it could get much worse- (a gunshot is heard from the other room, then sirens are heard in the distance.) Wait, yes, yes I do.

**Max:** Oh God, he urinated on the man's shoe.

(Nicolai and John re-enter)

**Katya:** What was that?

**John:** Who did you shoot? Who got shot?

**Nicolai:** Was not me. Must of been neighbors.

**Max:** Neighbors?

**Roxanne:** Whatever your plans were for us, you can give them up, that gunshot will have the cops here in no time. (After John is returned to his chair he is re-tied to the chair.)

**Katya:** Neyt. Not in this neighborhood. (Two more shots are heard in the distance, then a scream, and then the sirens fade as they go another direction)

**Nicolai:** Wonderful country you have.

**John:** I'm glad I don't have a paper route on this street.

**Katya:** Do you have to use toilet?

**Max:** No thanks, I took care of that when the gun went off.

**Katya:** You?

**Roxanne:** I'm good.

**Katya:** We start interrogation now.

**Nicolai:** Mr. Pee pee millionaire talks first.

**Katya:** Da, You are the one with alien satellite.

**John:** Alien what? Oh, that weird rock. Where'd you hear it was an alien satellite? I don't know what it is.

**Nicolai:** From you. You yourself said it. We have room insected.

**John:** What?

**Katya:** He means bugged. Microphone in light bulb.

**Nicolai:** Is that not what I said?

**Katya:** It's different use, English is a very difficult language. What is this rock you carry in special chest?

**John:** I'm not confusing my English. I told you, I don't know what the hell it is.

**Katya:** Then why is it carried in special chest?

**John:** That's just a cooler. Don't you have coolers in Russia?

**Nicolai:** We do not worry about keeping things cold in mother Russia.

**Katya:** This is no average American cooler.

**John:** No, it's not. It's a medical cooler. My dad has a friend that custom builds that stuff, they had to carry a lung in it once. They're trying to figure out how to transplant them.

**Katya:** You are son of Frankenstein.

**John:** No, my dad's trying to figure out how to save lives, not create them. The process to create life is rather fun, and rarely involves lightning. Why would anyone want to improve on that?

**Roxanne:** Do you think about anything other than sex or booze?

**John:** Yeah, food. Now when you combine all three-

**Katya:** Answer my question! What is this substance in the cooler?

**John:** I did answer it! I have no clue!

**Roxanne:** That's the God's honest truth.

**Katya:** Then why keep it in this cooler?

**John:** Because it's a lead lined, and until I know what that rock is I didn't want it zapping me with anything.

**Katya:** Then why are classified doctors and FBI agents interested in it?

**Roxanne:** I was interested in him, not the rock-

**John:** So you admit there is a spark.

**Roxanne:** Oh shut-up John! I wasn't following him for the stupid rock. I didn't even know about it till this evening.

**John:** I met with the geologist today because my dad knew a guy and pulled a favor. He was just a guy that knew a lot about space rocks. It was arranged to help me figure out what the damn thing is. I found it in my backyard while I was digging up some land to put in a garage. I thought it was worth looking into, I swear nothing more than scientific curiosity brought me to DC this weekend. My meeting up with Roxanne, that's more of a chemistry project. I'm telling you I really, truly, and totally don't know what that is.

**Katya:** Then tell us what you do know.

**John:** Me?

**Roxanne:** This shouldn't take long.

**Nicolai:** Da, Talk.

**John:** About what?

**Nicolai:** Everything you know.

**John:** My shoe size is a ten, I was born June fifth nineteen thirty two, making me a Gemini I've always been shy, but I try hard not to show it. My dad has a great reputation as a brain doctor, but really he lost most of the family fortune back in the depression then made it back by bootlegging during prohibition.

**Max:** That explains a lot.

**John:** You're telling me, I found the still when I was ten. Anyway, his financial salvation brought a lot of unsavory characters into our town so he always thought mom deserved better than him-

**Nicolai:** Остановка (Esta-nov-ka)! You talk too much.

**John:** You told me to talk about everything I know!

**Nicolai:** You talk about something that interests me or we play roulette.

**John:** I love roulette. (Nicolai puts one bullet in the gun and spins the chamber) that's not, oh you're a Russian, I get it. Could I ask what subjects interest you?

**Nicolai:** How about Mike?

**John:** Mike? The bartender? I don't even know his last name. I know he's British and he's black, but that's about it. He does make one hell of a Bloody Mary, and I usually don't like cold tomatoes. Maybe he was involved with the Manhattan Project, he's damn good at those too, although I don't believe that was-

**Nicolai:** Nyet! ЗАКРЫТЬ! (Zackrevat) Can I just kill him?

**Roxanne:** You mean Mike the bomb! Don't you? He doesn't know what he's talking about, trust me. I've been listening to him talk for two hours.

**Katya:** What do you know of this Mike bomb?

**Max:** It was televised, don't you know everything we do?

**John:** I don't know anything about it, when did they name a bomb Mike?

**Max:** I'm certain you were preoccupied with other interests.

**Roxanne:** They want to know if it was the only one, or if those bombs are already in production.

**Nicolai:** Da, the good-looking one is smartest.

**John:** Are you implying I'm un-attractive?

**Katya:** Well? Are they?

**Roxanne:** I know there are more than one but they aren't mass produced yet. I'm not sure how many, but I believe six currently exist.

**Katya:** And what of this alien rock?

**Roxanne:** He's just a bored rich brat that wants to know what that is. I don't even believe in aliens. It's odd, that's all I know about it, that's all I know about John too.

**Katya:** You don't know about his purchases of black market polio virus? Is that not the reason you have been following him?

**Roxanne:** Yes, I know that. How do you know that?

**Katya:** I've told you before, we have our ways.

**John:** Obviously a bit more efficient than yours.

**Roxanne:** That was for his father. His dad is a highly respected doctor that was working with other doctors on a cure or vaccine for polio, which I'm sure you must know.

**John:** Dad didn't like the government restrictions, or the guidelines the others were following, so he tinkered with the project at home. I was just his errand boy, he's no spring chicken you know.

**Nicolai:** Now he likes to talk! I should just shoot him-

**Katya:** Neyt! Not the time. Wait for time. These three may prove to be very useful to us yet. We still have to question weapons manufacture.

**Max:** Really, I'm not the Banks you think I am. My father-

**Katya:** You are not Maxwell Banks? The maker of espionage weapons during second great war? You did not invent lipstick pistol? You did not invent, spider camera? Communication powder puff? Or suction climbing shoes?

**Max:** Yes, that was me. I suppose I am the man you're thinking of.

**Katya:** Your father's tanks and machine guns are very useful, yes. But anyone can purchase those for sale. He sold both to allies and to Germans under tables, and you did not like that practice. You made gear for only O.S.S. to use. Very loyal, and very brilliant inventor.

**Max:** Why, thank-you.

**Nicolai:** Our father worked long side of your O.S.S. and had his life saved by many of your inventions. I was able to I study your designs. Perhaps we could share of eachothers' knowledge.

**Katya:** For you, we make offer, money or your life. We can pay you money or we can take your life.

**Max:** I don't know how to take that.

**Nicolai:** I'd rather not kill you.

**Max:** We do see eye to eye on that.

**John:** My dad told me once "anyone can get their hands on your money and do whatever they want with it, but you are the only person that can ever do anything with your life." Still, in this case I'd take the money.

**Max:** You want me to build espionage equipment for the USSR?

**Katya:** Da.

**John:** See, another acronym, you didn't stay un-employed long.

**Max:** Never. I'm sorry, I am quite flattered by your praise. I suppose you'll have to kill me, but I refuse to work against my country. I will not support the comunists.

**Katya:** Was it not you Mister Banks? That publicly denounced his own father for caring nothing for the people? Did you not quit working for your family's business, and give up the family fortune because your father was more concerned with money than with his values? You don't seem to make a very good capitalist to me.

**Max:** Well, no I don't think I'm very good at capitalism either, but communism isn't the answer. You're setting up a ruling class with no rhyme or reason. It's no different than the nobles of the dark ages.

**Katya:** It's much better, I suppose, if power was only given to those willing to work for money -only given to those chosen people smart enough to amass wealth or quick enough to steal it. Men like your father, they should hold power?

**Max:** No, no. Men like my father are the men you should be after. He likes stepping on the little guy, he likes being a bully - just like your leaders.

**Katya:** Communism defends the common people.

**Max:** It controls them.

**Katya:** As your money controls you.

**Max:** My money doesn't control me, I haven't got any.

**John:** And he's unemployed.

**Max:** We may not have the perfect government but the United States doesn't use violence to intimidate its people into submission.

**Katya:** You think they have no snipers? No assassins? Mr. Banks, it makes no difference who's team you play on the rules of the game are the same on both sides. We murder no one without reason.

(Knock at the door.)

**Katya:** Who could that be?

**Nickolai:** I'll see.

**Katya:** I better go with you, if you kill another civilian we are going to be in so much trouble! (She exits)



**Nicolai:** What is it? You don't trust I know what I'm doing! I cannot even answer a door now? (He follows her) That was honest mistake! I didn't know little girls went door to door with selling cookies! (They exit)

(The Russian argument off-stage: this conversation goes on loudly in the background while John, Max and Roxanne continue to speak)

( **Катя:** , Что, черт возьми, вы делаете? **Николай:** Что ты имеешь в виду! Я отвечаю на дверь.

**Катя:** Вы не можете ответить двери с пистолетом в руке! **Николай:** Я думал, что это было то,

что вторая поправка была. **Катя:** Просто позвольте мне ответить на дверь. **Николай:** Вы не

думаю, что я могу ответить на дверь. **Катя:** я думаю, вы можете ответить на дверь, просто не

правильно **Николай:** что это должно означать? **Катя:** Что это будет испортить! **Николай:**

Смотрите на меня. Привет? Существует никто не там. **Катя:** Увидите что вы пьяный. **Николай:**

как я сделал- **Катя:** смотреть! Кто это! После них! Николай: Кто вы поручили мне)

—(I'd like it in Russian, up to you, it shouldn't be prominent anyway. *This is the translation...*

**Katya:** What the hell are you doing? **Nicolai:** What do you mean! I'm answering the door. **Katya:** You

can't answer door with gun in our hand! **Nicolai:** I thought that was what the second amendment was for.

**Katya:** Just let me answer the door this time **Nicolai:** You don't think I can answer the door. **Katya:** I

think you can answer the door, just not right **Nicolai:** What is that supposed to mean? **Katya:** That you

will screw it up! **Nicolai:** Watch me. Hello? There's no one there. **Katya:** See you screwed it up. **Nicolai:**

How did I- **Katya:** Look! Who is that! After them! **Nicolai:** Who put you in charge of me? I'm your older

brother. **Katya:** Stalin did I'm your smarter sister! Now get them! ...Then there argument trails

completely off.)

**John:** If those two kill each other what do you think happens to us?

**Max:** I think we'll be better off than we are currently.

**John:** Maybe that was an alien coming to collect that rock.

**Roxanne:** Would you give that up? There are no such things as aliens.

**Max:** Considering the vastness of the universe, that's hardly a proven statement-

**John:** Thank-you Maxwell, I can still hold out hope for three breasted Vanishian dames.

**Roxanne:** Why in the world would you want three breasts on a woman?

**John:** One on the back for slow dancing.

**Roxanne:** What did you see out there John?

**John:** How do you mean?

**Roxanne:** Do you have any idea where we are?

**John:** When I went to the bathroom? No, all I saw was the filthiest toilet I've ever laid eyes on, and I'm a bachelor, so that's saying something. Then there was a dingy kitchen, a cereal box- Wait- (he closes his eyes) on the kitchen table. There were three files, some photographs and a newspaper, it was- the New York Times. We're in New York.

**Max:** Do you have a photographic memory?

**John:** Yeah, how'd you know?

**Max:** You spoke like you were reading the thought.

**John:** I can't do it all the time, but mostly I am paying attention, just a few minutes after the moment.

**Max:** That's just amazing. Isn't it fascinating how the human mind works?

**Roxanne:** Just flabbergasting. That's not proof we're in New York!

**John:** With all those guns shots? I'm sure we're in a major city. I'd guess New York, Michigan, or Chicago.

**Roxanne:** That's actually not bad logic.

**John:** Have you ever seen J Edgar in a dress?

**Roxanne:** No. Why would you ask that?

**John:** I met a dame at this dinner party that said-

**Roxanne:** I'm not here to discuss rumors spread by drunken sociallights.

**John:** Then why are you here?

**Max:** To prevent us from selling hydro-polio bombs to the Russians.

**John:** She was the one that got us involved with the Russians.

**Max:** Technically she is, there is an irony to that -

**John:** While wearing a red dress. Now who's paranoid?

**Roxanne:** Look! My only goal right now is to get us out of here, Mister Banks, do you still have your shoes on?

**Max:** Yes.

**John:** You smell that too? I thought it was Nicolai.

**Roxanne:** You don't happen to have a knife in your Swiss army shoe do you? Maybe one that could cut through these ropes?

**Max:** That may work if these ropes were around my feet. I'm not a gymnast argent Foxworthy, there's no way that is going to help us.

**Roxanne:** Come on, you're brilliant, between the two of us we can figure out a way out of this.

**John:** The two of you? What about me?

**Max:** If I'm so damn brilliant why can't I get a job?

**John:** You've been unemployed for not more than five hours and you just got an offer.

**Max:** I'm not working for the Soviets.

**Roxanne:** Keep it down! You don't want them to hear us.

**John:** They're not paying any attention to us, they've got their own Bolshevik going on out there.

**Roxanne:** You figure out a way out of here and I'll figure out a way to sell your stuff to the FBI.

**Max:** I don't need to be bribed to calculate my own escape! My daughter's birthday is Thursday, I've got to get home.- You could do that?

**Roxanne:** Sure? You come up with a plan, I'll get us out of here.

**Max:** I mean sell my inventions.

**Roxanne:** Of course, I can fudge some paper work, the senate doesn't really have to know who our supplier is. I happen to have connections.

**Max:** Are you serious?

**Roxanne:** General MacArther was my uncles' friend at West Point, I think I could arrange something.

**John:** A clandestine spy gadget company, I'd buy stock.

**Max:** It'll never work. My father won't let me use a factory without a contract.

**John:** I've got an old factory back home that's been vacant for two years now, used to make fans-I think. I'll rent it to you.

**Max:** You'd do that for me? Could I afford the rent?

**John:** What do you say five percent of your profit?

**Max:** That's extremely generous of you, don't you want more?

**John:** I'm not greedy. I make twenty some thousand a year in interest alone, and I'm still tied to a chair next to an unemployed inventor and an underpaid FBI agent. So when it counts, money really doesn't make a difference, does it? You two don't even want my ideas on escaping.

**Max:** That's very kind of you both. Of course if we die tied to these chairs your generosity will be wasted.

**John:** Then let's not waste it Maxwell, what's your bright idea?

**Max:** Honestly, I haven't any. All my inventions are over on that table.

**Roxanne:** John, I wasn't trying to slight you. If we end up in a bar your in charge. Why would you say I'm underpaid? You don't know what I make, do you?

**John:** No, I'm not Russian- but no one could pay me enough to risk my life, not for this or any other country.

**Roxanne:** You don't think of it as a country. You think of it as the place where your family lives, and a few thousand just like them. Do you have any thoughts John?

**John:** On what?

**Roxanne:** Any at all, but specifically how to get out of here?

**John:** I'm working on that. (He moves the chair and begins to lower himself backwards.) You know I am a fairly intelligent young man myself. In just five or so more years, I'm going to be a doctor.

**Roxanne:** The only things you think about are booze and loose woman.

**John:** That's why I said five years or so- (He lands on his back.) Okay, that didn't work, and my head hurts worse. You know not all the women I think about are loose. You're locked up tighter than fort Knox.

**Roxanne:** Just because I don't fall for your-(A silhouette of a man is seen in the window, he is doing what they describe)

**John:** Someone's outside.

**Max:** What?

**John:** Out the window, I see a silhouette in the flashing neon light.

**Max:** I see it too.

**Roxanne:** I can't see.

**John:** It looks like they're opening the window-

**Max:** I concur, however I don't think we can prevent it.

**John:** They're coming in, it's a bird, it's a plane, it's (Mike pops his head out from under the blinds) my bartender? Mike? What the hell are you doing here? We were just talking about you. You don't happen to have a gin and tonic on you do you?

**Mike:** We haven't much time. (He goes to untie John) I'm going to get you out of here.

**John:** I must tip you really well.

**Mike:** My name is Michael Ransen, I was formerly with MI6, I became a friend of your father's during the war.

**Max:** So now we have an MI6 agent?

**Mike:** Ex-MI6. John's father hired me to watch out for him while he was procuring the vials of polio.

**John:** That's why you were there that night I lost my pants. That makes sense now, very good timing, I don't know how I would've gotten home.

**Max:** What do your pants have to do with getting home?

**John:** They had my wallet and my car keys in them.

**Mike:** I saved your hide often enough, your father decided to keep me on payroll. I over saw your meeting with the doctor today, then of course I noticed Agent Foxworthy tailing you.

**Roxanne:** You know who I am too?

**Mike:** You Americans really need help with the security business. The CIA and FBI shot at each other for twenty-minutes before they figured out you were gone.

**John:** The terms military and intelligence really don't work well together do they?

**Mike:** Come on, let's go.

**Max:** You don't happen to know what day it is, do you?

**Mike:** Sunday, just past eight. (Mike is pulling John to the window)

**Max:** Edith is going to be so worried, I gotta call home.

**Mike:** This way Mr. Hampton.

**John:** We have to untie them. (He begins untying Roxanne)

**Mike:** My assignment is to save you. Now, if you don't mind, we really should be going.

**John:** I do mind. If you want to save me, you'll have to help me save them, because I'm not going anywhere without them.

(John begins to untie Roxanne.)

**Mike:** Wonderful, simply wonderful. You're conviction is admirable, as well as stupid. (Mike begins to untie Maxwell. Max's feet are untied, both Roxanne and Max can be freed from the chair, but they should remain partially tied up. Max's

hands should be tied, Roxanne's feet -This will help make the impending fight scene so much funnier.)

**John:** Wait a second? Why did dad have me getting the virus if he hired you to follow me? Why not just send you?

**Mike:** He thought the mission would focus you, give you a sense of responsibility which you desperately require.

**John:** Giving me responsibility by doing his chores?

**Mike:** Please John, this will only slow us down, why don't you wait down in the car? I'll free your new friends.

**John:** I can help untie knots. The car? Did you save the Bentley?

**Mike:** No sir, it's a-

**Nicolai:** Going so soon? (Both Katya and Nicolai re-entering with guns drawn)

**Katya:** This party has not yet been started.

**John:** Which party, communist?

**Nicolai:** Who is this?

**Katya:** That is Mr. Michael Ransen, formerly of MI6.

**Roxanne:** Jeeze Louise is there anything you people don't know?

**Mike:** My involvement is strictly the safety of the young Mr. Hampton.

**Katya:** You once risked your life to defend your country against Adolph Hitler. How does it feel to be reduced to a body guard for a little rich boy?

**John:** I'd like you to meet my bartender Mike, I was just telling them about your Manhattans. I bet he could make a mean Black Russian. That's not a race thing, I know he's a black Englishman but Black Russian is a drink with vodka and coffee liquor, of course, you'd probably just call them Blacks-

**Nicolai:** Neyt, I do not wish for drink!

**John:** Really? I could sure use one.

**Mike:** Do you really wish for blood shed? My only responsibility is the young mister Hampton, I have no interest in your other plans.

**Katya:** He is not of much use to us. What of this rock?

**John:** Keep it, it's really not that important. You can have these spy gizmos too. Why not just let them go?

**Max:** Not the camera, I couldn't part with the camera.

**John:** Maxwell, I don't think your uncle Herb will mind -I'll buy you a new camera.

**Katya:** The weapons inventor and FBI agent stay.

**Max:** I really don't like thinking of them as weapons, just tools to -

**Mike:** I'm pleased that you can see reason. Let's get out of their way John.

**John:** Wait. How much are they worth to you? Cash wise? I'll pay you for their freedom-

**Katya:** Neyt, these two stay! This pain in my bobki, get him out of my sight before I change my mind.

**Mike:** Very resonable. Thank -you.

**Nicolai:** Katya, you said I could shoot him.

**Katya:** It's less messy this way.

**Mike:** Come. (Grabs John but John pulls his arm away and stands his ground.)

**John:** Sorry Mike, give dad my best. I'm not leaving without Maxwell and Roxy.

**Mike:** Sir. I suggest you reconsider.

**Katya:** We have no need for you Hampton, go back to your booze and women

**John:** This isn't right. Let them go.

**Mike:** John, please.

**Nicolai:** You should listen to crumpet and tea boy.

**Mike:** Crumpet and tea? Are we surmising that vodka and blintzes are superior?

**Katya:** You are in no position to be making demands.

**Max:** Is that so? How about now? (He says this line as he clicks his shoe and kicks it off in the direction of their captors. The shoe either flies over their heads or is deflected by the Russians, (depending on aim) I- um-okay, that has a few bugs to work out.

**John:** What the hell were you trying to do?

**Max:** It was supposed to be a shoe grenade! I'll admit, I may have made the trigger a little difficult to activate, I was concerned about safety.

**John:** A shoe grenade? How stupid is that? What if Fred Astaire accidentally got a hold of a pair? I'll admit some of your gizmos are cool, but the shoe grenade and the soap-

**Katya:** What of the soap? What does the soap do?

**Max:** The soap?

**John:** You don't want to know about the soap, the soap is stupid, you want to know about the lighter.

**Max:** What are you doing?

**John:** Negotiating. This lighter right over here folks, this is what you want.

**Max:** You're telling them about the lighter?

**John:** Why not? It's your most valuable weapon. Stalin himself will want three of them.

**Max:** I wouldn't-

**John:** I know you wouldn't want it to fall into their hands, but it may be worth letting us go. I'll show you! May I? It's called an electric pulse nebulizer.

**Max:** Electrostatic pulse -

**John:** Maxwell, this is no time for technicalities.

**Katya:** Is this some type of trick?

**John:** Why would I try to trick you? You have us out gunned at the moment.

**Nicolai:** Show us, but remember, nothing funny.

**John:** Me? Never.

**Max:** No, no sense of humor what so ever.

**Roxanne:** Oh, shit.

**John:** May I? (Nicolai shakes his head, allowing John to pick up the lighter and walk towards him) It's simple, you pull out on this, then wind here.

**Max:** Safety.

**John:** I know, I know.

**Max:** No, the safety is on.

**John:** Oh yeah, the cap at the bottom. (He removes it)

**Katya:** Where are you aiming?

**John:** At no one. Why don't you try it Nicolai? If you don't trust me, hold out your hand, and I'll put it in the palm.

**Nicolai:** Should I listen to him?

**Katya:** That sounds better than letting him shoot us.

**John:** Why would I want to shoot you?

**Nicolai:** (Holding out his hand) What do I have to do?

**John:** (Putting it Nick's Hand) Have sweet dreams. (As the lighter makes contact Nicolai is shocked and hits the floor, Katya fires a shot disarming Mike and injuring his hand, Max kicks off his other shoe knocking the gun out of Katya's hand or John smacks it out whichever may be possible.

**Max:** John!, he's hurt! (John goes to help the injured Mike)

**Mike:** Get the gun!

**John:** I'm sort of a doctor.

**Mike:** This is not a sort of situation.

**Max:** Is that an artery?

**Roxanne:** The gun boys, the gun! (Roxanne then dives for the gun as Katya and Roxanne wrestle for the gun, Max attempts to help, but not very well- remember Max and Roxy are at least partially tied up.)

**John:** Holy shit, your fingers gone. You're handicapped for life.

**Mike:** It's just a finger!

**John:** It's not just a finger, it's your middle finger. You'll never be able to drive again. I've got to stop the bleeding.

(Max is still fumbling Roxanne's attempts)

**Roxanne:** Whose side are you on anyway?

**Max:** I'm attempting to be on yours!

**John:** (Picking Mike's gun up off the floor) Its okay I've got- where the hell's the trigger? Damn, she's a good shot.

**Max:** Couldn't you bluff? (Nicolai re-gains consciousness)

**John:** I'm sorry, that's an amazing shot. You know, this dame fight would be better if we had some mud, here's a bucket of water. (He grabs it and moves it toward the fight.)

**Max:** That's degrading and-

**Roxanne:** Hey! Abbot and Costello! There are more than two guns in this room!

**Max:** Right! (As he goes for Nick's gun, Nicolai grabs him and puts him in a head lock, with the gun to his temple) Never mind.

**Nicolai:** Everyone freeze! Or the inventor meets his maker!

**John:** For a guy that's bad with English that was fairly clever. Maxwell, he wasn't out ten minutes.

**Max:** You didn't wind to the full charge.

**John:** You'll have to make sure to mention that in the warranty.

(Everyone in the room stops, then after a moment, Katya gets up taking the gun and turning it on Roxanne, John grabs the bar of soap from the table)

**Katya:** A noble attempt. I must respect a woman that puts up such a fight in a dress like that.

**John:** Me too.

**Nicolai:** Put down soap, Mr. big bucks.

**John:** Me? Why? What's wrong with soap?

**Katya:** Put it down. You don't touch of anymore inventions.

**John:** What makes you think he invented soap?

**Katya:** I'm warning you! You will not win at this game of cloak and dagger Mr. Hampton. You're cloak is torn and your dagger dull.

**John:** You leave my dagger out of this. You sure we never met?

**Katya:** Last chance.

**John:** I'll put it down, I'll put it down, but there's nothing to be afraid of. It's like they don't have soap in their country. (He plops the soap into the bucket)

**Max:** John! Don't ! (Too late, we hear gas filling the room, the bucket bubbles and all on stage hit the floor, except for Nicolai.)

(Black-out)

(End scene)



## Act Two scene Two

4:40 am Monday November 10<sup>th</sup> 1952

(The interior of a small plane, the cockpit at one side the restroom at the other. I suggest: The front and back of the plane looking identical except for a light bulb in a fire cage at the front by the cockpit door. Two or three bench seats should be placed in the plane, but our captives are not necessarily seated in them. The plane switches directions at the end of the scene and unless you can afford a loopy loop effect with the stage you'll need a black out and switch positions of the seats and light for the effect. At the opening of the scene our foursome is unconscious and tied up tighter than before, John is having a very good dream and wakes up giggling -to find himself in a much less agreeable situation.)

**John:** What the hell is this? Maxwell? Are you here?

**Max:** John? Are you alive?

**John:** I think. If I'm dead this ain't heaven, Roxanne's still dressed. Did we win?

**Max:** I don't believe so. I'm tied up again, tighter than before.

**John:** You too? Oh man, my head hurts worse than before. That's some strong soap.

**Max:** That's the effect of chloroform. I tried to warn you.

**John:** I'm no stranger to blacking out and waking up in strange places, but brother I've done it more since I met you than I'd normally do in a week.

**Max:** Sorry. This is all new to me. Can't say I enjoy it.

**John:** Don't apologize, by my standards this makes you my new best friend.

**Max:** I've got to call home. I've got to get home. Edith is probably worried sick.

**John:** Is Mike here?

**Max:** He's next to me.

**John:** Good, I'd hate to lose my bodyguard or bartender. That soap was a dumb idea, what could you possibly hope to accomplish with it?

**Max:** I know, I know. It wasn't thought through. You sound like my father. The man that sold me on making the prototype made it seem useful at the time, but I can't for the life of me remember the scenario he gave.

**Mike:** Why are my shoes off?

**John:** They must not want anymore grenades tossed at them. My shoes are gone too.

**Roxanne:** What happened?

**John:** Don't you remember sweet heart?

**Roxanne:** Mister Hampton.

**John:** Don't get so formal on me now baby.

**Roxanne:** John. What you did back there-

**John:** I know. it was stupid.

**Roxanne:** Yes, it was, but it was also very brave. You could have just left us there. You barley know us. That took something speical.

**John:** Does that mean you want to sleep with me now?

**Roxanne:** Don't hold your breath.

**Max:** Why didn't you walk away?

**John:** I promised to get you home to your kid, and I was pretty sure risking my life would change her mind about putting out.

**Mike:** Where are we?

**Max:** I believe on an airplane.

**John:** I don't suppose you can be any more specific.

**Max:** No, I really can't.

**John:** In the air.

**Mike:** Does any of you happen to have a hand that moves?

**Max:** I don't.

**John:** Not me.

**Roxanne:** Sorry, they've got my hands bound together and the rope around my elbows. Why do you ask? Do you have a plan?

**Mike:** No, an itch.

**John:** How is the finger feeling?

**Mike:** Like it's not even there. You stopped the bleeding, I'm grateful for that.

**John:** Don't think a thing of it, now we're even for the pants.

**Mike:** Just doing my duty.

**John:** I'd really love one of your grasshoppers right about now, you guys know he makes great-

**Roxanne:** Yes, we know, every drink he makes is great. Is there a drink you don't like?

**John:** Water.

**Max:** Do you realize what you're doing to your liver?

**John:** Of course, I'm a med student.

**Max:** Then you know water is good for you.

**John:** Do you know what fish do in that stuff?

**Mike:** Truly, Mr. Hampton is rarely sick.

**John:** That's because the alcohol in my blood kills the germs. Would you please call me John?

**Mike:** John. Right.

**Roxanne:** Can anyone see who's flying this thing?

**Max:** Maybe, if I scoot two feet to the left? (He wiggles around)The cockpit is just up- and no, I can't see a damn thing

**John:** This is an Antov AN-2, looks like a forty-eight or forty-nine model. It's a single engine by-plane, the cockpit only holds two, and this particular model hasn't been fitted for comfort, that's for sure.

**Roxanne:** You know something useful? How do you know this?

**John:** Mine is a nineteen fifty, of course mine has class, and a couch back here. I actually designed it after my living room at home.

**Max:** So we're estimating our Russian friends are at the helm?

**John:** That would be my guess. The two biggest manufactures of these planes were Russia and Poland during the war. I got mine out of a surplus.

**Mike:** Must be them.

**Roxanne:** Suddenly you're useful.

**John:** I can't say for sure it's them. I haven't heard a lick from the Italian secret police this evening, or France. So we still have options. Do the Polish have an intelligence agency? That would wreck a few good jokes I have.

**Roxanne:** I doubt anyone would notice.

**Max:** My camera. We need to get to that camera

**John:** I'm not dressed for a picture, and I'm fairly certain my hair's a nest.

**Max:** If my equipment is heading to Russia we have to destroy that camera.

**John:** Pictures you don't want your wife to see?

**Max:** That camera is the most dangerous thing, I have ever invented. Consequently, it is the reason I was studying your father's work on neuropassageways.

**John:** Just to warn you, if you start quoting my dad, I may fall asleep.

**Max:** The flash bulb on that camera uses the visual cortex of the human eye to connect with the brain and destroy recent pathways formed in the memory.

**Roxanne:** You're kidding.

**Max:** No, why was that funny?

**Mike:** So it will wipe away a chaps' memory?

**Max:** Theoretically. We think it can clear up to thirty-six hours of information from the brain. However, it may just cause a mild form of brain damage, we've only tested it on chimps, but erasing memory is the intention.

**John:** Hell, a bottle of vodka can do that.

**Roxanne:** If you can get your opponent drunk in time.

**John:** I've never had a problem.

**Mike:** That's bloody brilliant! I can see how that would come in quite handy in the field. Un-like that soap-

**Max:** Yes, I know. It was just a prototype. That camera can't fall into the wrong hands.

**John:** Then why'd you try to sell it to the U.S.?

**Roxanne:** That's not very patriotic.

**John:** Really? You want MacArthur getting his grubby paws on it? I don't know much about Eisenhower, but I wouldn't want that kind of power in the hands of anyone I ever voted for.

**Max:** You voted for Eisenhower? Adlai was my guy, I had to cancel my fathers vote.

**Roxanne:** I'm surprised John votes at all.

**John:** Well I don't. That's a nasty habit that just encourages more politicians to run.

**Mike:** He does have a point.

**John:** About the voting?

**Mike:** About the camera. It would be dangerous in the hands of any government.

**John:** Worse than the soap. Granted it would be handy to use on dad, say if the car winds up totaled again.

**Roxanne:** It could save your life if the wrong person discovers who you are, you could just erase the discovery.

**John:** All the same, I'd like knowing my noggin was left alone. No sauce on my noodle please.

**Max:** Your Hair. John! Your hair.

**John:** It's that bad?

**Max:** Do you still have that pocket comb?

**John:** What pocket comb?

**Max:** The one you took from the case before we left the bar.

**John:** Oh, yeah, I think. Yep, it's in my back pocket. Do I look awful?

**Max:** How should I know? Can you get access to it?

**John:** The comb?

**Max:** Yes!

**John:** Hold on, yeah I think I – Got it.

**Max:** Good, now be careful.

**John:** What is it? It's not a grenade is it? It's really close to my ass.

**Max:** No, it's a knife. Grab the spine of the comb and the teeth and then gently pull them apart.

**John:** Ouch, damn thing's sharp.

**Max:** Stainless steel surgical blade, and it sharpens itself when it's sheathed. You should be able to cut the ropes with it.

**John:** Like butter. (He pulls his arms around, he has the comb knife in hand) Much better.

**Roxanne:** Now cut us free, before you louse up something else.

**John:** What's the secret password? (In Groucho voice)

**Roxanne:** Now asshole.

**John:** You just won a hundred dollars. (He starts cutting them free) You're sure you don't want to fool around a little while you're still tied up?

**Mike:** Is it possible to fly to Russia with a plane such as this?

**John:** I don't think so, maybe if we were in New York and-(he's speaking to Mike)  
-hey wait, you know where we were.

**Mike:** When I caught up with you? In Michigan, Muskegon Heights Michigan, in a small apartment just above a strip club.

**John:** Hey, I got part of it right. There's no way we're headed for Russia (The curtain moves) I guess they could make it to the artic, maybe they've got-

**Max:** Movement. Somebody's coming.

**Roxanne:** Hold the ropes act like we're still tied up. (They do, just in time for Katya to enter.)

**Katya:** Good, everyone is awake now. Thank-you for the chloroform soap Mr. Hampton. When Nicolai was small boy father brought us a chemistry set. He caused explosion with ammonia and magnesium, and never had use of nostrils again. So knock out gas has almost no affect on him.

**John:** Good to know.

**Roxanne:** Where are you taking us?

**Katya:** Home to U.S.S.R. you don't know how lucky you are, boys. Stalin himself is going to interrogate you, and look over these wonderful toys of yours. We take no more chances. I will not end up a security guard at power plant because of you four.

**John:** We can't make to Russia on this fuel tank.

**Katya:** This is true, but we can make it to aircraft carrier awaiting us.

**John:** All this fuss for the two of us accidentally meeting up at a bar. Boy that really makes a fellow question the intelligence in these agencies, doesn't it?

**Katya:** Are you trying to pretend that the son of a brilliant millionaire doctor and the son of a billionaire weapons dealer are meeting up in District of Columbia with CIA agents, FBI agents and doctor's from classified air force base. And you want me to believe this is all accidental?

**Roxanne:** I've come to the conclusion that everything these two do is accidental.

**John:** Your dad's richer than mine? Why didn't you tell me?

**Max:** I didn't think it was a contest. I haven't spoken to my father in five years.

**Katya:** And you expect me to believe this millionaire playboy has no idea what this rock is that he carries around? That he really is going to risk his life for two strangers he never meet before. You know more about this substance than you are telling us.

**John:** You're lugging the damn thing to Russia and you don't know what it is.

**Katya:** If you know something you're not telling us. (She waves the gun in their faces)

**Roxanne:** I know something you don't. (When the gun gets to Roxanne and she reaches up and grabs it from her) We're not tied up anymore. You scream for help,

and I'll have your brains splattered on your comrade before he hears you. Are we clear?

**Katya:** Da.

**John:** I like a woman with spunk.

**Roxanne:** You like a woman with a pulse.

**Mike:** I'll get the drop, as they say on the gentleman. (As Mike heads to the front, Nicolai enters the scene from the back of the plane, standing behind Roxanne, John and Mike)

**Max:** I'll get my (he turns around as Nicolai cocks the gun) You gotta be kidding me. (Maxwell grabs his fountain pen)

**John:** Shit.

**Nicolai:** Da, how did you know?

**John:** You've got the plane on auto pilot don't you?

**Katya:** Da, that is right little man. Looks like we are the ones dropping on you.

**Nicolai:** Bathroom, in back. Did you need to use it?

**John:** Not now, thanks.

**Katya:** What took you so long?

**Nicolai:** American cheese burger does not sit well with me.

**Katya:** Now are we clear?

**Roxanne:** (Handing back the weapon) Crystal.  
(Mike re-enters with a gun)

**Mike:** Look what I found in the cockpit.

**Roxanne:** Take out Nicolai! I can handle her!

**Max:** Wait just a minute! (He holds the pen at Katya) No body's getting off of this ride yet!

**Katya:** What do you plan to do? Stain my dress?

**Max:** This may look like a mere fountain pen, but I assure you, the pen is mightier than the sword. Put down your weapons and we'll talk this over like adults.

**Nicolai:** That's nothing more than writing utensil.

**Max:** And the lighter looked like a lighter, and the soap? Do you want to bet your sister's life on it?

**Nicolai:** He's bluffing.

**Max:** Am I?

**Nicolai:** Is he?

**John:** The hell if I know.

**Max:** You want to find out? This won't be pretty.

**John:** Whoa! Before we find out what the pen does, let's slow the ponies people. Maybe we can work together, you know compromise. Come to some mutually beneficial arrangement.

**Mike:** What are you thinking?

**Roxanne:** He thinks?

**John:** Allow me to illuminate you. If we let these two in on our plan, we could all be safe, and perhaps happy. What'd say Maxwell, is it time to lay out all our cards?

**Max:** I suppose, it's as good a time as any. I have no desire to pass out and wake up anywhere else.

**Katya:** I've got gun on FBI agent.

**Max:** I've got the pen on you!

**Mike:** Nicolai is in my sights.

**John:** So Maxwell kills Katya, as Nicolai kills Maxwell, or Katya kills Roxanne as Maxwell kills Katya, then Nicolai kills Maxwell. In both scenarios Mike has time to take out Nicolai before anyone has time to kill either me or him, so we end up sitting pretty like big birds.

**Nicolai:** Then I change my sights. (He points the gun to John)

**John:** Then Roxanne and Maxwell take their turn, any way you butter this toast the red team has lost. Roxy and I are the only ones without a weapon, and I'm offering you guys a deal. Instead, I suggest that I share the information I've been withholding from all of you, and no one has to die.

**Roxanne:** You've been withholding information?

**John:** Don't hold it against me dear, I want you to hold things against me, but not that.

**Katya:** I'm listening. What information do you have?

**John:** This rock. (He picks it up and walks towards Nicolai)

**Max:** You're going to tell them about the aliens?

**Roxanne:** What?

**John:** What the hell are you talking about?

**Max:** I don't know where you're going with this, I was trying to play along.

**John:** I know something about this rock that I haven't shared with anyone this evening, not even you Maxwell. I have had this thing examined by four of America's top geologists, I've had chips taken out of it, I've had it up and down the east coast, and I've seen pieces of it in microscopes, and do you know what this stuff is?

**Katya:** What? What is this?

**John:** This stuff is heavy! (As he smashes it in two pieces over Nicolai's head knocking him out, Max squirts his fountain pen in Katya's eye, then Roxanne grabs the gun from Katya as Mike grabs the gun from Nicolai.)

**Mike:** Brilliant!

**Roxanne:** Tie them up if you would please Mr. Ransen.

**Mike:** My pleasure agent Foxworthy.

**Max:** I thought your real name was Schmidt.

**Roxanne:** It is, that's why I use Foxworthy.

**John:** Can I see this pen of yours? (Max hands John the pen, John reads the inscription) With warm regards, uncle Herb. I had a feeling.

**Max:** The pen is mightier than the sword.

**Roxanne:** John? If this plane is like yours, I'll hope you can fly it.

**John:** I could fly this thing drunk and blindfolded. (He goes into the cockpit)

**Max:** I somehow believe he could.

**Katya:** You still won't escape! We were only moments away from our rendezvous point. When they don't receive our radio signal, the ship will shoot us down! We are all doomed!

**Mike:** Now who's playing their bluff? (Explosions are heard outside, and the plane rocks, everyone is tossed around)

**Katya:** I do not bluff! (The light -and the stage lights flicker.)

**John:** (From cockpit) Little help up here!

**Max:** Doesn't sound like she's bluffing. (He goes to the cockpit, wild noises are heard from the engines, one final big explosion and the passengers are tossed around wildly. The lights flicker then go out. We hear the explosions and the plane engines maneuvering.)

**Katya:** They knew we had hostile prisoners; they will make certain this plane does not make it to landing.

**Roxanne:** They won't get the chance! John is gonna kill us first!

**Mike:** What the bloody hell are you doing?

**Nicolai:** Mommy!

(The plane stabilizes; we hear three more explosions, each one getting more distant. The lights come back on and the stage has flipped what was the front is now the back and vice versa. Yes- John and Max enter from the opposite side of their last exit.)

**Max:** (Re-enters from the cockpit) You're a mad-man! A completely genius mad man! We're headed back, everything's under control. (He exits to the cockpit again)

**Mike:** What shall we do with these two?

**Roxanne:** We could just open the door, it would save me paper work. Still, we should interrogate them back at headquarters.

**Mike:** That would destroy my usefulness to the Hamptons. I'd rather push them out.

**Roxanne:** I suppose we could have an accident, but you'll owe me a drink.

**Mike:** Anytime.

**Katya:** Do you not wish to know how we knew so much about your personal life agent Foxworthy?

**Roxanne:** Not really. You have your ways, and so far as I'm concerned, you can keep them. (She opens the door. The sunrise is beginning, and of course loud wind



rushes in) Happy landings. (As she is about to push Katya out, and Mike is lifting Nicolai Max stops them)

**Max:** Wait! Please! Don't toss them out!

**Roxanne:** (She closes the door) These two are dangerous, they could come after your family, you know that.

**Max:** Not necessarily.

**Katya:** Listen to this man, he makes sense.

**Mike:** What's going to stop them from coming after us again?

**Max:** If they don't remember us.

**Katya:** What?

**John:** (Poking his head in) What am I missing back here?

**Roxanne:** Aren't you supposed to be flying the plane?

**John:** I flipped the auto-pilot back on, we're golden.

**Mike:** Mr. Banks wants to use his experimental camera on the Russians.

**Max:** I've only had the chance to use it on chimps, I would appreciate the opportunity to test it on humans.

**John:** Russians are closer to humans than chimps aren't they?

**Roxanne:** How will we know if it works?

**Katya:** What does this camera do?

**Roxanne:** Zachreet! (Shut-up- in Russian...Phonetic.)

**Max:** Keep them tied up, until I get them back to my lab for testing, no one but us has to know.

**Roxanne:** Do you have a lab?

**Max:** John? Does your offer still hold?

**John:** Of course. Can you get some scientists working on figuring out what the hell that rock is? Well -what these rocks are?

**Max:** If it will help you sleep at night I'll dedicate a team of geologists to the task, that is if I can get my equipment sold for some funding.

**Roxanne:** We can do that, but no one, I mean no one finds out any of this ever happened, are we all clear?

**John:** What happened? What are you talking about? You mean our wild night of debauchery? (We hear French over the radio: "Vous identifier, vous entrent dans l'espace aérien au Québec!") Excuse me babe, duty calls. (John exits to cockpit)

**Roxanne:** Go ahead, take her picture. (She holds Katya in place)

**Max:** Look away Roxanne (She does)

**Katya:** I am not dressed for- (he snaps the picture)- Где я? кто ты человек? (Where am I? who are you people?)

**Nicolai:** (Waking) What have you done with my sister? Let go of me-

**Max:** Hold him still. Please face him this direction.

**John:** (re-entering from cockpit) Wait!

**Nicolai:** (He takes the picture)- Где я? (Where am I?)

**John:** Damn!

**Max:** Wait for what?

**John:** I wanted to know where my car was.

**Katya:** Who are you people, why are we with Americans ?

**Max:** Sorry about the car.

**John:** Don't sweat it, it won't be the first time I can't remember where it's parked.

**Nicolai:** What happened? How-

**John:** Give us just a minute Nicolai. Do any of you speak French?

**Nicolai:** How does this American know my name?

**Roxanne:** We have our ways. I speak French, why?

**Katya:** Why are you here?

**Max:** I believe these are the tranquilizer darts.

**Mike:** This may just work out for the better. (Roxanne, pokes Katya with a tranquilizer dart, Katya passes out)

**Nicolai:** What have you done with- (Roxanne stabs him with a dart.)

**John:** I think we're heading in on Quebec,

**Mike:** The Russian ship must be in the Hudson Bay

**John:** That's great, but the towers yelling at me in French, and the only French I know is dressing and kissing.

**Roxanne:** Perfect! I have contacts in the Royal Canadian Mounted police Secret service, let me speak with them.

**John:** The Canadian secret police are mounted too?

**Roxanne:** You say one word about mounting me and I'll shoot you. (Roxanne exits to the cockpit)

**John:** I'll have to visit to Canada more often, they mount everything.

**Max:** That is your style.

**John:** Hey Mike, can you do me a favor?

**Mike:** Certainly, sir - should I say John- what is it?

**John:** Let's not tell dad that I know about you. I'd like to keep you on staff, and as long he thinks I don't know he'll keep paying you.

**Mike:** So long as you keep tipping. I can't imagine Clyde will be offering my barkeep's position back after the shooting.

**John:** Don't worry about that, I know plenty of bars.

**Max:** Next round is on me. John, if you can get me home by Thursday I think I'm going to invent a bottomless shot glass just for you.

**John:** This is going to be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.  
(Roxanne pokes her head out from the cabin)

**Roxanne:** John.

**John:** Yeah doll?

**Roxanne:** Come fly the plane.

**John:** Oh, sure.

(Lights out)

(This script will self-destruct...eventually)

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