**Our Little Secret**

By

Rollin Jewett

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Characters

Darlene Fenton – Mid-20s

Sam Gallagher – Late 20s

Lieutenant Banks – Aged 30-60

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Scene 1 - One Room Condo, Late Night

(Darlene enters. She sits on a sofa and watches TV that sits on her coffee table. She occasionally takes bites from a bowl of ice cream (spoon). Sound Effect: Television narrator.)

(The door to Darlene’s condo is kicked open and Sam enters quickly carrying a gun. He’s dressed entirely in black and wears a black ski mask over his face. He doesn’t appear worried about Darlene. He stands near the door peering out, as though being chased. Darlene, shocked, sits up on the couch with her knees against her chest, too frightened to move or scream. After a brief pause, Sam shuts the door, locks the deadbolt, and faces Darlene.)

**Sam:** Uh… You call a plumber?

(Darlene shakes her head “no” emphatically.)

**Sam:** You sure you don’t have a stopped up sink or something?

(Darlene nods her head “yes” emphatically.)

**Sam:** You do?

(Darlene shakes her head “no” again).

**Sam:** You do or you don’t?

(Darlene opens her mouth to scream, but nothing comes out. Sam looks confused. Finally, a noise comes out, almost inaudible at first, then building until it sounds like it will get very loud if she’s allowed to continue. Sam runs to her. She does not move, seemingly frozen to the spot, but her scream gets louder. Sam, awkward and unsure, tries to put his hand over her mouth but doesn’t seem to know quite how to do it. He finally gets his hand over her mouth and she continues to scream through his hand. Finally, she bites his hand and he screams in pain. Now they’re both screaming.)

**Sam:** Will you please be quiet! I’m not gonna hurt you if you just shut up!

(Darlene continues to scream. He grabs a couch pillow and covers her mouth with it. She screams into the pillow.)

**Sam:** Please stop screaming. I don’t want to do this, but you have to cooperate with me… Okay? Look, I don’t want to hurt you. I just need to hang here for a little while until the cops go away. All right? **(No answer.)** Okay? **(Still no answer.)** Well?

(Darlene motions to the pillow covering her mouth.)

**Sam:** Oh, yeah. Well, look, if I put down the pillow, you promise you won’t scream any more?

(Darlene nods.)

**Sam:** Swear to God?

(Darlene nods again.)

**Sam:** Cross your heart and hope to die?

(Darlene rolls her eyes.)

**Sam:** Okay, okay…

(Sam slowly takes the pillow down and lays it in Darlene’s lap. Darlene looks hard at him a moment.)

**Darlene:** You jerk!

(Darlene grabs the pillow and hits Sam in the face. She gets up and hits him several more times with the pillow until he’s on the floor. She stands over him, punctuating each word with a blow.)

**Darlene:** **(Yelling)** How dare you come into my condo and scare me like that! Who do you think you are, you rotten, dirty, creepy, rotten, dirty, creepy, rotten… Dirty creep!

(Sam suddenly points his gun at her. She stops hitting him.)

**Darlene:** Um… I didn’t hurt you… Did I?

**(Sam gets up.)**

**Sam:** Go to the couch and sit down. Now look… I don’t want to be here, okay? But you and I are gonna have to come to a quick understanding. Get it? **(He gestures with the gun.)**

**Darlene:** **(Quickly)** Okay!

**Sam:** Okay. **(He glances at the TV.)** Why are you watching “Here Comes Honey Boo Boo”?

**Darlene:** It wasn’t “Honey Boo Boo” before you came barging in. Now it’s “Honey Boo Boo” and you made me miss the end of my program.

**Sam:** I’m sorry. Do you mind if I turn it off?

**Darlene:** **(Sarcastic)** *Mi casa es su casa*.

(He switches it off, goes to the door and listens.)

**Darlene:** How long are you planning to terrorize me?

(He ignores her.)

**Darlene:** Hey, mister thief, or rapist, or whatever you are…

**Sam:** Shhhh! They might be right outside.

**Darlene:** Then maybe I should scream.

**Sam:** **(Pointing gun.)** Don’t or I’ll kill you. **(Listens at door, then turns to her.)** I mean… please don’t… Or I’ll kill you.

**Darlene:** Oh, a polite killer. How refreshing.

**(Sam goes to the window.)**

**Sam:** Look, I’m not really a killer, okay? **(Quickly)** But I could be, so don’t get any ideas. **(Looks out of the window.)** They’re still here. They must be checking apartments.

**Darlene:** These are condos. Why don’t you just turn yourself in? You’re bound to get caught, anyway. C’mon… Be a nice little burglar.

**Sam:** I’m not a burglar! I can’t turn myself in, okay?

**Darlene:** Well, how about if I do it?

**Sam:** You’re not gonna do anything but sit there and be quiet, understand? I gotta think.

(He sits.)

**Darlene:** Is this gonna take long? I have to get up early.

**Sam:** You don’t get it, do ya? You’re in a life or death situation here.

**Darlene:** I am?

**Sam:** Yeah. You are. I am, so you are. Get it? If I get caught, you’re my out, see? You’re a potential hostage, don’t you realize that?

**Darlene:** Me?

**Sam:** No… the man in the moon! Yes, you! You’re my bargaining chip. But maybe it won’t come to that. Maybe those cops’ll just go away… Or get a sudden craving for donuts or something.

**Darlene:** Donuts? You’re weird. So, what did you do anyway?

**Sam:** None of your business.

**Darlene:** Well, excuse me, Mr. Touchy. I just thought that since you made me miss my program and it seems like you’re gonna be here for a while, the least you could do is try to be a little more engaging.

**Sam:** **(Standing)** What planet are you from? I’m not here to entertain you! I’m here because I need a place to hole up for a little while!

**Darlene:** **(Standing)** Well, why should I have to suffer just because you need a place to ‘hole up’?!

**Sam:** Because the world is not a fair place and it was just your time for a piece of bad luck, that’s why!

**Darlene:** Well, I think you’d better leave if you’re going to be like that!

**Sam:** Oh, yeah? Well, that’s just fine with me! **(He heads to the door, then slowly turns.)** Sit down… And shut up.

(She looks at the gun and slowly sits. He notices the bowl of ice cream.)

**Sam:** What are you eating?

**Darlene:** Ice cream. **(Pause)** Would you like some?

**Sam:** No, thank you. **(Pause)** What kind?

**Darlene:** ‘Rocky Road’.

**Sam:** What’s it got gravel in it?

**Darlene:** No, silly. That’s just the name. It’s got chocolate, vanilla, marshmallow, nuts…

**Sam:** Sounds very fattening.

**Darlene:** Do I look fat to you? **(She stands in her nightie.)** Oh, my gosh! **(Covers herself with a robe.)** I forgot I had this on!

**Sam:** I hadn’t noticed.

**Darlene:** Thanks a lot!

**Sam:** I’m sorry, but I have other things on my mind.

**Darlene:** I’m glad to hear that!

**Sam:** **(Pause)** By the way… You don’t.

**Darlene:** I don’t what?

**Sam:** Look fat.

**Darlene:** I hope not. **(Pause)** Thank you.

**Sam:** It wasn’t a compliment. It was just an objective observation.

**Darlene:** Well, thank you anyway.

**Sam:** You’re welcome.

(There’s a knock on the door. Sam looks at Darlene and puts a finger to his lips. There’s another knock. He motions her to the door with the gun.)

**Sam:** **(Whispering)** Ask who it is.

**Darlene:** Who is it?

**Banks:** **(Through door.)** Lieutenant Banks, Miami Beach Police.

**Sam:** Ask what he wants.

**Darlene:** What do you want?

**Banks:** We have reason to believe there’s a prowler in the building. Do you mind if we ask you some questions?

**Darlene:** **(To Sam.)** So, you’re a prowler, eh?

**Sam:** Tell him you never open the door after ten.

**Darlene:** What?

**Sam:** Tell him.

**Darlene:** I’m sorry, but I never open my door after ten.

**Banks:** I understand your reticence, ma’am, but I need to know if you’ve noticed anything strange.

**Darlene:** Of course. This is Miami Beach… Everything’s strange.

**Banks:** Would you please open the door, ma’am.

**Darlene:** How do I know you’re the police? You could be the prowler for all I know. Or a rapist.

**Banks:** Look through the peephole. I’ll show you my badge.

**Sam:** **(Panicky)** Tell him… It doesn’t work.

**Darlene:** What?

**Sam:** The peephole!

**Darlene:** How could it not work?

**Sam:** Just tell him!

**Darlene:** **(Shrugs)** It doesn’t work.

**Banks:** How could it not work?

**Darlene:** **(To Sam.)** See?

**Sam:** Tell him… Uh… It’s cracked and when you look through it, he looks like he’s trapped inside a kaleidoscope and… You can’t tell anything about him.

**Darlene:** You’re weird. **(Through door.)** It’s cracked and… Uh… When you look through it… **(To Sam.)** What was the next part?

**Sam:** Oh, Jesus. He looks like he’s trapped inside a kaleidoscope…

**Darlene:** Very weird. **(Through door.)** When I look through it you look like you’re trapped inside a… **(To Sam.)** I can’t say this… **(Starts to laugh.)**

**Sam:** Say it!

**Banks:** What?

**Darlene:** **(Giggling)** You look like you’re trapped inside a kaleidoscope! **(She laughs full out.)**

**Banks:** A what?

**Sam:** **(Through door.)** A kaleido…!

**(She puts her hand over his mouth.)**

**Darlene:** **(Through door.)** A kaleidoscope! Don’t you know what a kaleidoscope is?

**Banks:** Yes, I know what a kaleidoscope is. Is there someone in there with you?

**Darlene:** Yes!

(Sam prods her with the gun.)

**Darlene:** I mean no… I mean… My boyfriend!

(Sam looks at her. She shrugs.)

**Banks:** Could I have a word with him?

**Darlene:** Uh… He’s asleep now.

**Banks:** But I just heard him.

**Darlene:** He talks in his sleep.

**Banks:** Do you mind waking him?

**Darlene:** Well…

(Sam shakes his head “no”.)

**Darlene:** I don’t think so. He’s a very sound sleeper. Besides… uh… he doesn’t speak English very well. And I’m not dressed.

**Banks:** Listen, I don’t have time to stand here and talk to you through the door all night. I’m going to speak to some of your neighbors and then I’m going to come back. When I do, I expect a little more cooperation from you, okay? And I’d like to speak to your boyfriend, too. I’ll be back.

(They listen at the door to hear if he’s left.)

**Darlene:** I think he’s gone.

**Sam:** Yeah, but he’ll be back. Maybe with a search warrant. I’ve got to get out of here. Is there a fire escape? **(He goes to the window.)**

**Darlene:** No.

**Sam:** Why is your apartment so high up?

**Darlene:** First of all, it’s a condo, and secondly, if I’d known I’d be entertaining prowlers, I’d have gotten a more convenient one on the first floor.

**Sam:** I’m not a prowler.

**Darlene:** I suppose you’re the cable guy?

**Sam:** Look, this mask is getting hot. Do you mind if I take it off?

**Darlene:** Only if you’re really ugly.

**(He starts to pull the mask off. She stares at him.)**

**Sam:** Turn around.

**Darlene:** You’ve got to be kidding.

**Sam:** No, turn around. I don’t want you to be able to identify me.

**Darlene:** Oh my God! I just saved you from being arrested and you’re afraid I’m going to identify you?

**Sam:** **(Showing gun.)** Well, I appreciate that, but you did have a little incentive.

**Darlene:** I can’t believe this! This is the thanks I get for shutting your mouth. You almost blew it! A kaleidoscope! Puh-leeze!

**Sam:** It was the first thing that passed through my head at the time. I’m new at this, give me a break!

**Darlene:** I don’t know why I’m being nice to you. You’re probably some twisted peeping tom or something.

**Sam:** Look, will you please turn around so I can take this thing off? I think I’m getting a rash.

**Darlene:** Awww… Poor peeping tom.

**Sam:** Please.

(Darlene reluctantly turns around. Sam takes off his mask.)

**Sam:** Whew… That’s better. I gotta get a lighter material for my mask. This South Florida humidity’s intense.

**Darlene:** Try nylon next time.

**Sam:** Not a bad idea.

**Darlene:** I was just kidding. You really should give this up. I can see you’re not up to it.

**Sam:** What do you know about it? I’ve been doing this for… Well, never mind. This is the closest I’ve come to getting caught.

**Darlene:** Really. Can I sit down? My legs are getting cramps.

**Sam:** It’s your condo.

**Darlene:** Well, at least you admit that.

**(Darlene sits on the sofa. Sam stands behind her.)**

**Sam:** Just don’t turn around.

**Darlene:** Oh, come on. I won’t turn to stone, will I? Let me see what you look like.

**Sam:** Forget it. Why are you so curious anyway?

**Darlene:** I have an overactive imagination.

**Sam:** What are you doing home alone on a Friday night?

**Darlene:** None of your beeswax.

**Sam:** Oh, now you’re getting defensive. What’s the matter, don’t you have a boyfriend?

**Darlene:** I said none of your beeswax.

**Sam:** Beeswax? What are you in third grade? **(No answer.)** Hey. **(No answer.)** Hey.

**Darlene:** What?

**Sam:** What’s your name?

**Darlene:** What’s it to you?

**Sam:** Well at least you didn’t say “none of your beeswax.” Just curious. It doesn’t matter.

**Darlene:** **(Pause)** Darlene.

**Sam:** Darlene? **(Sincerely)** How sweet.

**Darlene:** I hate it.

**Sam:** Why? It’s a nice name. It sounds like “darling”. Like everyone’s always calling you darling, you know… Like everyone adores you. Even strangers. “Darling”.

**Darlene:** It’s Darlene, okay? And I’d rather strangers didn’t adore me.

**Sam:** Fine… Darlene. Still… It’s a nice name.

**Darlene:** You already said that.

**Sam:** I’ve got the gun, okay? If I want to tell you twice that your name is nice, I’ll do it.

**Darlene:** Knock yourself out. Say it three times for all I care, if you feel the need to wave that phallic symbol around to make you feel powerful.

**Sam:** I’m not waving it around. I just want you to be aware that this is no toy and I’m not playing around here. Understand?

**Darlene:** No, I don’t understand… Because I’m just a silly girl that strangers adore and everyone calls “darling.” Look, if it turns you on to brandish that firearm as if it were a penile extension, by all means do so. Personally, I think you’d feel better if you just put it down. You don’t look too comfortable with it.

**Sam:** Ha! How would you know?

**Darlene:** Because you’re holding it like it’s a soiled baby diaper.

**Sam:** **(Holds it tighter.)** What do you know about it?

**Darlene:** My father’s a cop. I’ve been around guns enough. I’ll bet you’ve never even fired one before.

**Sam:** Well, then… That makes me twice as dangerous, doesn’t it?

**Darlene:** No… Twice as stupid.

**Sam:** What do you mean?

**Darlene:** You go up against a cop as green as you are, I’ll lay odds on the cop every time. You may not survive this night.

**Sam:** Well… Hopefully it won’t come to that. Look, let’s just change the subject, can we?

**Darlene:** You’ve got the gun… You choose the topic.

**(He sits on the back of the couch.)**

**Sam:** Okay. How am I gonna get out of here?

**Darlene:** You expect me to answer that? I’d be aiding and abetting a criminal.

**Sam:** I’m not a criminal.

**Darlene:** Well, then that’s some fashion statement you’re making with your matching ski mask and gun. I mean, this is Florida, and it’s not Halloween and the police seem very interested in you… And I have a feeling it’s not because your car is double-parked.

**Sam:** All right, so maybe it doesn’t look so good from where you’re sitting. But I do have my reasons and they’re very good ones. And I haven’t hurt anyone… Yet.

**Darlene:** I suppose that “yet” is meant for me.

**Sam:** Not necessarily. **(Pause)** I gotta get outta here. Can’t you think of something? You said you had an active imagination.

**Darlene:** Well, I have a dress that might fit you and some high heels that you’d probably have a hard time getting into, but we could try.

**Sam:** Very funny.

**Darlene:** I wasn’t trying to be funny. I’m pretty sure they’re not expecting a female prowler. What’s the matter? Too macho to save your own skin?

**Sam:** I could never pass for a woman.

**Darlene:** Maybe with a little make-up… **(Starts to turn.)** Let’s see…

**Sam:** Don’t turn around. Nice try, but it’d never work. Too much stubble.

**Darlene:** Well, then you come up with something. **(Pause)** Why couldn’t you have picked someone else’s condo?

**Sam:** I’m sorry, I didn’t have much time to shop around. Besides, it’s Friday night. What’s a semi-attractive girl like you doing sitting alone at home watching TV on a date night?

**Darlene:** I was just… Waiting for my boyfriend. He works late.

**Sam:** Yeah, right. It’s a little too late for that one.

**Darlene:** Well, why else would I be dressed in a sexy nightie like this?

**Sam:** Because you have an overactive imagination. You said it yourself. Besides, you would’ve brought up the boyfriend thing sooner. I could see it just occurred to you.

**Darlene:** I just remembered.

**Sam:** Forget it. You wanna know what I think? I think you’re just a lonely little nerd girl, waiting for Prince Charming and wondering why you never meet anyone worthwhile.

**Darlene:** Well, at least I don’t get my kicks spying on people and kicking people’s doors in.

**Sam:** You think this is how I get my kicks? Don’t you think I’d rather be home watching football… Or cuddling with some sweet little nerd girl?

**Darlene:** Well, then why the hell aren’t you? As long as I’m your hostage, you have a captive audience so you might as well tell me why you’re doing this… Whatever it is that you’re doing. **(Pause)** Is it something to do with money?

**Sam:** No…

**Darlene:** A woman?

**Sam:** Not really…

**Darlene:** Drugs?

**Sam:** No!

**Darlene:** Boredom?

**Sam:** Of course not!

**Darlene:** I give up.

**Sam:** It’s none of the usual things. You wouldn’t understand.

**Darlene:** Look, if you don’t want to tell me, that’s fine. But don’t insult me by saying I wouldn’t understand. I’m going to night school to be a therapist. I understand a lot of things.

**Sam:** You? A therapist? Ha! Physician, heal thyself!

**Darlene:** Hey, look, I know what that means. And you’re the one with the problem, buster! You don’t know the first thing about me!

**Sam:** I can look around this room and tell a lot more than you think. You’re probably glad I broke your door down. This is probably the most excitement you’ve had in years. I bet you can’t wait for me to leave so you can write this in your diary.

**Darlene:** **(Visibly upset.)** Shut up.

**Sam:** **(Gently)** Hey. Darlene. **(Pause)** Hey, why did you put your hand over my mouth and cover for me?

**Darlene:** I don’t know.

**Sam:** Thanks.

(She shrugs.)

**Sam:** I’m really not a prowler, you know.

**Darlene:** Oh?

**Sam:** Well, I guess technically I am… You know, according to the police. But I haven’t stolen anything…

**Darlene:** So you are a peeping tom!

**Sam:** No, I’m not a peeping tom!

**Darlene:** Well, then what exactly are you?

**Sam:** **(Quietly)** A… A father.

**Darlene:** What? **(She starts to turn.)**

**Sam:** Don’t turn around. A father.

**Darlene:** A priest? Boy, have you strayed!

**(He paces behind her.)**

**Sam:** Not a priest! A father… You know… A daddy.

**Darlene:** Then why aren’t you at home with your wife and kid, instead of prowling around strange condos harassing innocent people?

**Sam:** It’s a long story.

**Darlene:** Well, it doesn’t look like either of us is going anywhere for a while. At least not until the police come and cart you off to jail.

**Sam:** I can’t go to jail. I just can’t.

**Darlene:** You should’ve thought of that before you put the ski mask on, dumbo.

**Sam:** I did, believe me. I have. **(Pause)** All right, look, if you want to know the story… I’m recently separated…

**Darlene:** Separated? You’ve completely torn loose!

**Sam:** Do you wanna hear this or not?

**Darlene:** I guess it beats “Honey Boo Boo”… Barely.

**Sam:** Is there any more of that ice cream left?

**(Darlene hands him the bowl and spoon. He eats.)**

**Sam:** Thanks. See, my wife and I separated a few months ago and she got temporary custody of our little boy, Josh. She also met another man. In fact, I found out she was seeing him before we split up. They’re living together in this building.

**Darlene:** Oh, my God! You’ve come here to kill them!

**Sam:** **(Calmly)** You watch a lot of TV, don’t you? No, I didn’t come here to kill them. I’m a pacifist.

**(Darlene looks at his gun.)**

**Sam:** You’re jumping to the wrong conclusion about this. I’m not in love with my wife and I don’t care who she’s with. I’m only concerned about my boy.

**Darlene:** Well, what’s wrong with him?

**Sam:** I want custody of him.

**Darlene:** Has it occurred to you that this might not be the best way?

**Sam:** It’s the only way.

**Darlene:** Well, correct me if I’m wrong, but isn’t there a court system to determine the proper custody of a child?

**Sam:** I’m not taking any chances.

**Darlene:** What do you mean?

**Sam:** Do you think I’m gonna trust the welfare of my child to the United States justice system? The same system that found O. J. Simpson and Casey Anthony not guilty? No way, Jose! **(He takes another bite of ice cream.)** This is very good ice cream, by the way. What’s it called… Dirt road or something?

**Darlene:** ‘Rocky Road’.

**Sam:** I like the marshmallows.

**Darlene:** So what are you gonna do?

**Sam:** **(Shrugs)** Finish the bowl… if that’s okay?

**Darlene:** I mean about your son.

**Sam:** Oh, him! **(Simply)** I’m gonna kidnap him.

**Darlene:** You’re crazy! You’ll never get away with it!

**Sam:** I have to get away with it. I’ve been casing this building for days. If I don’t get caught tonight, I’ll be back again tomorrow. Or the day after. I have to get him away from them.

**Darlene:** Well, you’ll never do it from a jail cell. And I don’t think the word of a kidnapper will hold much water in a child custody hearing.

**Sam:** You don’t understand. I have to get him this way. And soon.

**Darlene:** Why?

**Sam:** I believe that my wife’s boyfriend is… Physically abusing my son.

**Darlene:** What makes you think that?

**Sam:** Because… I get to see my son every two weeks, see… And the time before last when I saw him, he had kind of a fat lip. Then the last time I saw him, he had some bruises on the upper part of his arm, like someone had shaken him.

**Darlene:** Did you ask him about it?

**Sam:** Of course. He said a bully at school was picking on him. But after he left, I thought about it and it just didn’t add up. A boy his own age couldn’t have made those marks on his arms. It’s impossible. And I’ve seen those movies of the week. That’s what all those abused kids say.

**Darlene:** And you say I watch too much TV?

**Sam:** Poor little guy’s too scared to tell the truth… Even to his own dad.

**Darlene:** When are you supposed to see him again?

**Sam:** Not until after the custody hearing. But I’ve got to get him now, before that blonde witch of a wife and her mafia boyfriend do any more harm.

**Darlene:** Wait a minute. Is your wife about five-nine, bleach-blonde, lots of jewelry, boobs like the Hindenburg… Looks like a cheerleader for the bimbo Olympics?

**Sam:** You’ve seen her?

**Darlene:** She’s hard to miss. And that guy she’s with… Perpetual stubble, gold chains, bad hair-weave… Walks like a penguin with hemorrhoids?

**Sam:** That’s him! I can’t believe you know them!

**Darlene:** It’s hard to ignore cultural stereotypes like that. Cute little boy, though. Only…

**Sam:** What?

**Darlene:** **(Transparently)** Nothing.

**Sam:** Why’d you stop? You were gonna say something and you stopped. Why?

**Darlene:** I… I don’t know.

**Sam:** Yes, you do. Is it something to do with my boy?

**Darlene:** **(Hesitantly)** I’m afraid to tell you…

**Sam:** If it’s about my son, you’d better tell me. **(Pause)** Please.

**Darlene:** When was the last time you saw him?

**Sam:** Last week. Why?

**Darlene:** **(Fearfully)** Did he…

**Sam:** Did he… What?

**Darlene:** Did he have a… a…

**Sam:** Did he have a… a what, damn it?!

**Darlene:** A black eye!

(Darlene covers her face, afraid of his reaction. Sam stands over her a moment. Slowly, his face changes, his eyes get hard, his hands tremble. He looks at his gun.)

**Sam:** I’m gonna kill him. **(He heads for the door. She runs after him.)**

**Darlene:** No! No! You can’t leave! The police are out there!

**(He’s trying to open the door and she’s pulling his jacket from behind.)**

**Sam:** He’s a dead man! He’s a body bag! **(Trying to shake her off.)** Will you let go of me!

**Darlene:** No, I won’t let you go out there! I won’t let you ruin your son’s life! And mine!

**Sam:** What are you talking about? What has your life got to do with this?

**Darlene:** I told you about his black eye! I’d feel responsible! I’m not letting you go!

(She gets in front of him so that she’s standing between him and the door. She sees his face. A look of recognition comes over her.)

**Sam:** Will you get out of my way! You don’t even know me!

**Darlene:** Sam?

**Sam:** **(Dumbstruck)** What?

**Darlene:** Sam Gallagher?

(He stops struggling and looks back at her.)

**Sam:** Oh my God.

(Blackout)

Scene 2 - Two Minutes Later

(Darlene and Sam are sitting on the couch. Sam looks dazed. Darlene talks to him animatedly.)

**Darlene:** Of course, I was a sophomore and a nobody really, but we did have a Spanish class together. Mr Pritchett - remember? I sat in the first row, second seat from the blackboard and you sat in the back row between Steve Carson and Melissa Rogers. **(Laughs)** I’ll never forget the time you came in a half hour late and Mr Pritchett asked you if you’d enjoyed your lunch and you said that the lime Jell-O was good but the shepherd’s pie was lousy. That was so funny.

**Sam:** **(Shaking his head.)** I don’t believe this. You know me.

**Darlene:** Of course I know you. I even helped you once. And you never even knew about it.

**Sam:** What do you mean?

**Darlene:** I was helping Mr Pritchett grade finals one day and I changed an answer on your test so that you’d pass. I’d never done anything like that before… Or since.

**Sam:** Why?

**Darlene:** Because… **(Shyly)** I liked you.

**Sam:** No, I mean… Why is this happening to me?

**Darlene:** That’s the thanks I get?

**Sam:** Look, I appreciate you helping me… Then and now, but this is all very weird.

**Darlene:** It makes perfect sense to me.

**Sam:** How’s that?

**Darlene:** I’m your guardian angel.

**Sam:** Yeah, right.

**Darlene:** Don’t worry, I’m not weirding out on you. It’s just kind of strange that you happened to pick my condo and that I just happened to have helped you in the past, and that you need my help again. Isn’t it?

(Sam shrugs.)

**Darlene:** You were so bad in Spanish. You practically made up your own language.

**Sam:** You know… **(Pause)** Never mind.

**Darlene:** Come on. What were you gonna say?

**Sam:** Well… You do look a little familiar to me.

**Darlene:** I do?

**(Sam looks closely at her.)**

**Sam:** Yeah. Didn’t you used to be a little overweight? And you wore glasses… Like cat’s eyes glasses or something.

**Darlene:** That’s right! You do remember me!

**Sam:** And your hair was always tied back… In a pitiful little ponytail.

**Darlene:** Pitiful?

**Sam:** Yeah, kinda scraggly, split ends all over the place. If I had a pony with a tail like that I’d shoot it.

**Darlene:** **(Punches Sam’s arm.)** Thanks a lot! I see I made a real positive impression on you! And to think, I thought you were such a nice guy. You sure had me fooled.

**Sam:** Well, I must say… You’ve certainly blossomed now that you’ve lost the baby fat.

**Darlene:** Baby fat! Well, it’s been eight years since high school. I hope I’ve gotten better.

**Sam:** Absolutely. You were a mess.

**Darlene:** Get out! Get out of here right now! **(She grabs the pillow to hit him.)**

**Sam:** I’m only kidding! **(He holds her arms to stop her.)**

**Sam:** **(Sincerely)** Thanks for changing my grade.

**Darlene:** It was nothing. I know you needed to pass.

**Sam:** Yeah. **(He gets up, pacing.)** That son of a bitch! I should kill him! I really should!

**Darlene:** What good would that do, Sam? You’d get thrown in prison, which you probably will anyway… And your little boy would still be without a father.

**Sam:** I’ve got to get out of here.

**Darlene:** You keep saying that, but you’re not coming up with any ideas about how.

**Sam:** I’m thinking, I’m thinking.

**Darlene:** That lieutenant’s gonna be back any moment now. Wait a minute…

**Sam:** What?

**Darlene:** I told him I was here with my boyfriend.

**Sam:** So?

**Darlene:** So… Pretend you’re my boyfriend.

**Sam:** That’s it? That’s all you can come up with?

**Darlene:** What’s wrong with it?

**Sam:** I can’t pretend I’m your boyfriend!

**Darlene:** **(Indignantly)** Why not? Because you’d never have a girlfriend like me?

**Sam:** No!

**Darlene:** What? Oh, I forgot. You like the Barbie from hell type!

**Sam:** That’s not what I meant! I just… don’t think I can pull it off.

**Darlene:** Too much of a stretch, huh? Then you think of something! I’m tired of saving your ass!

(She turns away from him. He moves behind her and is about to put his hand on her shoulder, but thinks better of it.)

**Sam:** Hey… you’re my guardian angel, remember? You’re supposed to save my ass.

**(She turns to him.)**

**Darlene:** It could work, you know.

**Sam:** What?

**Darlene:** You and me. **(Quickly)** I mean, you know, pretending to be boyfriend and girlfriend.

**Sam:** Oh… I don’t know.

**Darlene:** What else can we do? You can’t leave without them seeing you. They know you’re here in the building. And I’ll cover for you.

**Sam:** Oh, God. Is that the best we can do?

**Darlene:** That’s it, kiddo. Unless you prefer a jail cell. C’mon, it’ll be easy. We already know each other, kind of.

**Sam:** I guess so.

**Darlene:** And I told him you were asleep. Maybe you could just lie there under the covers and snore while I try to get rid of him.

**Sam:** Yeah.

**(She gets up, rallying to action.)**

**Darlene:** But first we’ve got to get you changed.

**Sam:** Why?

**Darlene:** Because you look like a cross between Zorro and the Boston Strangler, that’s why.

**Sam:** Well, I’ll just go home and change and be right back.

**Darlene:** I’ll tell you what. You pull out the sofa bed and I’ll try to find you something to wear, okay?

**Sam:** Fine.

(Darlene goes to the dresser and looks through the drawers while Sam takes the pillows off the sofa and puts them in a pile. Darlene pulls various garments out of the drawers, looking at them briefly and discarding them. He pulls out the sofa bed and puts the pillows back along with the comforter.)

**Sam:** This is crazy.

**Darlene:** No, it’s not. It’s kind of fun. It’ll be like acting in a play.

**Sam:** I hope he just lets me sleep. I can pull that off.

**Darlene:** I know. You used to pull it off every day in Spanish class.

**Sam:** You’ve got some memory.

**Darlene:** Yes, but it’s very selective. For instance, I remember you dated three girls your senior year. Marion Reynolds from September to January. Dorothy Blitzen from February to April. And Kathy Nealy for two weeks in May. That one was short-lived but tumultuous.

**Sam:** You’re starting to scare me. How do you remember all that? I don’t even remember it.

**Darlene:** I told you. I had a slight crush on you.

**Sam:** If that’s your ‘slight crush’, I’d hate to see your ‘fatal attraction’.

**Darlene:** Sam, that was a long time ago and I just happen to have an exceptional memory for things that are important to me. And you were… From afar, of course. And I’ve had a lot of time to think about those days. **(She holds a bright flowery blouse up.)** How about this?

**Sam:** Very funny.

**Darlene:** What’s wrong with it?

**Sam:** Nothing… If you happen to be a florist.

**Darlene:** Oh, come on. So it has some flowers on it. Big deal.

**Sam:** Haven’t you got something a tad more… Masculine? I mean, I am supposed to be your boyfriend. You know, as in boy-friend?

**Darlene:** Sorry, I left all my bowling shirts at the laundromat.

**Sam:** Don’t you have a regular old t-shirt?

**Darlene:** No, I don’t. And my army fatigues are back in the barracks. This is the best I can do.

**Sam:** Well, then… I guess I’m going to jail.

**Darlene:** Oh, for God’s sake, just try it on.

**Sam:** No way! I refuse to be seen in something so blatantly…

**Darlene:** What?

(He makes a fey gesture.)

**Darlene:** You do that very convincingly. Come on, a lot of men wear flowered shirts. This is Florida. It’s very… Metrosexual.

**Sam:** Yes, well, I happen to be very heterosexual. **(Pleading)** C’mon, don’t you have anything else?

**Darlene:** No.

**Sam:** Well, I’m not wearing it.

(There’s a knock on the door. Sam grabs the shirt from her and races into the bathroom. Darlene watches him go, then slowly moves to the door.)

**Darlene:** Who is it?

**Banks:** **(Through door.)** Lieutenant Banks, ma’am. I told you I’d be back to have a word with you…

**Darlene:** It’s very late, Lieutenant. Please go away. I haven’t seen or heard anything. Good night.

**Banks:** I’m afraid it’s not that simple, ma’am. A neighbor reported that the prowler was last seen on this floor near your door. For your own safety ma’am, I think it’d be wise if you opened the door and let me have a look around.

**Darlene:** Thank you for your concern, Lieutenant, but I assure you if there was a prowler in here, my boyfriend and I would have known it by now.

**Banks:** Pardon me for saying ma’am, but I’ve asked some of the neighbors about you and they say they’ve never seen you with a boyfriend… Or any man for that matter.

**Darlene:** Oh, really? Well, it just so happens that my neighbors don’t know everything about me and I do have a boyfriend. He just… Works late sometimes, that’s all. So there!

**Banks:** Is he in there right now?

**Darlene:** As a matter of fact, he is.

(At this point Sam walks out of the bathroom, wearing the flowery shirt, boxer shorts and a look of disgust. He walks to the bed. Darlene can’t keep from laughing. He gives her a sharp look and she stops quickly.)

**Banks:** Do you mind if I speak to your boyfriend?

**Darlene:** **(Teasing Sam.)** My boy-friend?

(Sam glowers at her.)

**Darlene:** I mean… Yes… My boyfriend… Well…

(Sam gets in the bed and makes a sleep gesture.)

**Darlene:** He’s… asleep right now.

**Banks:** Look, ma’am, I’d appreciate a little more cooperation. The way you’re acting, one would think you were trying to hide something.

**Darlene:** Oh, no, Lieutenant. It’s just that my boyfriend hates to be woken up. He gets very testy when he doesn’t get his… **(To Sam)** Beauty sleep.

**(Sam shakes his fist at her.)**

**Banks:** You’re acting very suspicious, ma’am. Are you sure you’re not being coerced by someone in there?

**Darlene:** Of course not. What a silly idea.

**Banks:** I see signs of a possible forced entry on your door, ma’am. That combined with the fact that you refuse to open the door, you refuse to let me speak to your so-called boyfriend, and you refuse to cooperate in any way, shape or form, leads me to believe that you’re hiding something. Now, I’m gonna ask you one more time to please open the door, then I’m gonna send someone for a search warrant. Which is it going to be?

(Darlene looks over at Sam. He shrugs in resignation. She does the same, then gives him a quick thumbs up. He nods his head. She turns to the door. He pulls the covers over his head and lies still.)

**Darlene:** Okay. **(She slowly unlocks and opens the door.)** Come in, Lieutenant.

(Banks steps in, looking her over suspiciously. Darlene smiles patronizingly. He shows his badge and walks into the room, looking around.)

**Banks:** Now… That wasn’t so hard, was it?

**Darlene:** If you only knew. Now, as you can see, I wasn’t coerced into not opening the door, I’m just a little wary after dark…

**Banks:** I understand your apprehension, ma’am. However, this is a police matter and it’s for your own safety that we do this.

**Darlene:** Fine, now if you’ve seen enough…

(Darlene gestures to the door. Banks ignores her gesture and steps more fully into the room.)

**Banks:** Well, actually ma’am. I was hoping you’d be willing to answer some questions.

**Darlene:** I don’t think I’d be much help, Lieutenant, you see, because I haven’t seen or heard anything. I’ve been… Resting most of the evening.

**Banks:** I see. **(He gestures to the door.)** Can you explain these marks on your door?

**Darlene:** Those? My… dog did that.

**Banks:** Your dog?

**Darlene:** Yes… my dog.

**Banks:** **(Looking around.)** Funny. I don’t see a dog.

**Darlene:** She’s very small.

**Banks:** I see. **(Calling)** Here, pooch. Poochy-pooch. Here, pup. **(Shrugs)** I guess she’s bashful, huh?

**Darlene:** Actually… she’s not exactly here right now.

**Banks:** Oh? Well, where exactly is she?

**Darlene:** Out.

**Banks:** Oh… Is she walking herself?

**Darlene:** Oh, no, she’s out… having her hair done.

**Banks:** Having her hair done… at midnight?

**Darlene:** They have to keep her overnight. She’s getting a perm.

**Banks:** Mm-hm. **(Sniffing the air.)** You know, it’s funny. Most small apartments that have dogs, usually smell like a dog, you know? They have that… dog smell.

**Darlene:** My dog has a very un-doglike smell. She’s very clean, it’s amazing.

**Banks:** It certainly is. **(Glancing around.)** And I guess she doesn’t play with toys either? Or… Eat?

**Darlene:** Well, I refuse to spoil her.

(He looks at her questioningly. She closes the door.)

**Darlene:** Well, you see… We’re not really supposed to have pets here. It’s against the rules. But I just couldn’t resist.

**Banks:** Uh-huh.

**Darlene:** You won’t tell anyone, will you?

**Banks:** It’ll be our little secret.

**Darlene:** Thank you.

**Banks:** **(Nods)** Well, Miss…

**Darlene:** Fenton, Darlene Fenton.

**Banks:** Well, Miss Fenton, as I’ve stated, the reason I’m here is because we’ve had some reports lately about a prowler in the building. Now, we don’t know what he’s up to or if he’s dangerous, but he’s been seen in and around the building several times. He’s been described as medium height, wearing black clothes and a black ski mask. We don’t know whether he’s armed or not.

**Darlene:** Oh, my.

**Banks:** So what I need to know is whether you’ve seen or heard anything suspicious lately, either tonight or in the past few days since he was first reported.

**Darlene:** Well, to tell you the truth, Lieutenant, I did notice a man a few days ago that fit that description, but I didn’t think anything of it.

**Banks:** He was wearing a ski mask in Miami Beach and you didn’t think anything of it?

**Darlene:** Well… we did have a cold snap that day.

**Banks:** Have you seen him since?

**Darlene:** No.

**Banks:** What about him? **(Points to Sam.)**

**Darlene:** No, that’s not him.

**Banks:** No, I mean, do you know if he’s seen or heard anything strange lately?

**Darlene:** **(Quickly)** Oh. He hasn’t.

**Banks:** How do you know?

**Darlene:** Because he told me.

**Banks:** He told you out of the blue that he hasn’t seen or heard anything strange lately?

**Darlene:** Yes. I mean, he remarked that it’s been awfully quiet around here.

(Banks walks to the sofa bed.)

**Banks:** Sound sleeper, isn’t he?

**Darlene:** Oh, yes. When he’s not working… he’s sleeping.

**Banks:** Really? Where does he work?

**Darlene:** What?

**Banks:** Where does he work?

**Darlene:** **(Gestures vaguely.)** Oh… Here and there…

**Banks:** Here and there? Is he a trucker… pilot?

**Darlene:** No, actually, he’s a corporate… Financial… Business… Marketing… Developmental… Advertising… Consultant.

**Banks:** No wonder he’s sleeping. He must get exhausted just explaining his title.

**Darlene:** Yes, it does seem to take a lot out of him.

(Banks walks around the sofa, surveying.)

**Banks:** Christ, what I’d give to be able to sleep like that.

**Darlene:** Oh, yes, it’s quite impressive, isn’t it?

**Banks:** Do you think he’d mind if I woke him?

**Darlene:** **(Apprehensive)** Is it really necessary, Lieutenant? He can be quite a monster when he first wakes up.

**Banks:** It won’t take much time. Besides, you said he doesn’t speak much English, right?

**Darlene:** I said that?

**Banks:** Yes.

**Darlene:** When did I say that?

**Banks:** A few minutes ago when I was outside the door.

**Darlene:** Oh.

**Banks:** Is something wrong?

**Darlene:** No. But he’s gotten better…

**Banks:** Since I was outside the door?

**Darlene:** No… since I’ve known him.

**Banks:** **(Confused)** Oh. Anyway, why don’t you wake him for me.

**Darlene:** Me?

**Banks:** Yeah, it’s probably better if you do it. I don’t want him freaking out because some strange man is in his girlfriend’s apartment.

**Darlene:** It’s a condo. But I see your point. Okay.

**(Darlene goes to Sam and taps him very lightly. He doesn’t move. She turns to Banks.)**

**Darlene:** I’m sorry. He’s out like a light. Maybe tomorrow…

**Banks:** Why don’t you try a little harder.

**Darlene:** **(Nodding)** Darling? **(Taps a little harder.)** Sweetheart?

(Sam doesn’t move. She turns to Banks and shrugs.)

**Darlene:** I’m afraid he’s really out.

(Banks goes to Sam and shakes him a little. He doesn’t stir. He shakes him harder. No reaction.)

**Banks:** Has he taken any sleeping pills?

(Darlene shakes her head ‘no’. He looks at Sam enviously.)

**Banks:** Christ, I wish I could sleep like that! Oh, well…

**(Banks takes a police whistle out of his jacket. Darlene gestures to the door.)**

**Darlene:** Maybe if you come back…

(Banks blows the loud, shrill police whistle, cutting off Darlene. She jumps and puts her hands over her ears. Sam practically leaps out of bed in shock.)

**Sam:** What the hell!

(Banks stops blowing and looks calmly at Sam. He smiles and holds up his badge. Sam checks his ears, recovering from the noise.)

**Banks:** **(To Darlene.)** I see he’s picked up the basics of our fine language.

**Darlene:** It comes and goes…

**Banks:** **(To Sam.)** Lieutenant Banks, Miami Beach Police. I’d like to ask you some questions.

**Darlene:** Yes, darling. I told the lieutenant that you don’t speak much English and that he was probably wasting his time with you…

(Sam nods fearfully.)

**Sam:** **(With a very bizarre accent.)** Uh… *Contendiero no problemisio… Con soy los policia… Para las papers… Es bueno.*

**Banks:** **(To Darlene.)** What did he say?

**Darlene:** **(Aghast)** I have no idea.

**Banks:** You live with him and you can’t understand him?

**Darlene:** **(Regaining her composure.)** Well… I’m still learning his language. But I think he said his papers are good. Is that right, darling?

(Sam nods his head vigorously.)

**Banks:** That’s fine, but I’m not with Immigration. Where’s he from anyway?

**Darlene:** Uh… Darling, where are you from?

(Sam shrugs.)

**Banks:** He doesn’t know where he’s from?

**Darlene:** Of course he does. He just doesn’t understand the question.

**Banks:** And you don’t know where he’s from?

**Darlene:** Of course I do…

(Banks looks at her expectantly)

**Darlene:** He’s from… Tarantula.

**Banks:** Tarantula?

(Sam looks incredulously at Darlene.)

**Banks:** **(To Sam.)** Tarantula?

(Sam smiles weakly and nods.)

**Sam:** *Si.*

**Banks:** The language sounds a little like Spanish.

**Darlene:** It’s a dialect… Tarantulean.

**Banks:** That’s funny. I’ve traveled all over the world and I’ve never even heard of this place.

**Darlene:** You’ve never heard of tarantulas?

**Banks:** The insect?

**Darlene:** Actually, they’re arachnids.

**Banks:** Well, of course I’ve heard of tarantulas.

**Darlene:** Well, that’s where they come from. Tarantula.

**Banks:** Is that somewhere in South America?

**Darlene:** I think so.

**Banks:** You think so?

**Darlene:** I think it used to be Bolivia but the government was overthrown and they changed the name.

**Banks:** Boy, these third world countries change so fast I can’t keep up any more. Is his family still there?

**Darlene:** Yes, his parents are poor tarantula farmers.

**Banks:** I see…

**Darlene:** But he’s escaped from all that, haven’t you, darling?

(Sam stares at her in disbelief, then nods his head. Banks looks at Sam’s flowered shirt for a long moment.)

**Banks:** That’s quite an interesting shirt you’ve got on.

**Darlene:** It’s traditional Tarantulean sleeping garb.

**Sam:** **(Smiling)** *Esta la mamacita hecho para… Feliz Navidad.* **(He sings “Feliz Navidad” quietly.)**

**Darlene:** **(Catching on.)** He says his mother made it for him for Christmas.

**Banks:** Well, it’s very… Festive. I don’t know how he can sleep with all those colors… **(To Darlene.)** Would you mind asking him if he’s noticed anything… **(Looks at Sam’s shirt)**  Unusual around here lately?

**Darlene:** Darling, have you noticed anything unusual around here lately?

**Banks:** Why are you asking him in English? I could have done that.

**Darlene:** Oh… He seems to understands it pretty well when I speak to him. I think it has something to do with the frequency of my voice.  *Comprederemos*, darling?

(Sam shakes his head “no”.)

**Darlene:** He says he hasn’t.

**Banks:** Well… I can see this isn’t gonna yield much. Do you mind if I look around your apartment?

**Darlene:** It’s a condo.

(Banks gives her a blank look.)

**Darlene:** *Mi casa’s su casa.*

(Banks walks around checking windows, etc. Darlene looks at Sam with relief. Banks heads toward the bathroom. Sam gives Darlene a look of apprehension. She runs to Banks.)

**Darlene:** I’d rather you didn’t go into the bathroom, Lieutenant…

**Banks:** Why not?

**Darlene:** Well… It’s kind of a mess, you know - girly things. It’s a personal thing with me.

**Banks:** Oh, don’t worry. I’ll just be a moment.

(Sam gestures for her to keep Banks out. She gets in front of him.)

**Darlene:** Do you mind if I tidy up a bit first?

**Banks:** Really, that’s not necessary. I’ll only be a moment.

(Banks walks past her into the bathroom. Darlene looks at Sam and shrugs. Sam sighs in resignation. She goes to him.)

**Darlene:** Where did you put the clothes and the gun?

(Sound Effect: Toilet flush, from the bathroom. Sam looks at her.)

**Darlene:** Oh, no.

(Sam hangs his head in defeat and sits on the sofa bed. She sits beside him and puts her arms around him, consolingly.)

**Darlene:** Well… You can’t say we didn’t try.

**Sam:** Tarantula?

**Darlene:** It was the first thing that popped into my head…

**Sam:** Kaleidoscope?

**Darlene:** Exactly!

**Sam:** I guess we’re even.

**(They’re silent a moment.)**

**Darlene:** I’ll come visit you in jail.

**Sam:** **(Sincerely)** Thank you.

**(She leans over and softly kisses him on the lips.)**

**Darlene:** I always wanted to do that.

(Sam takes her hand and leans over. They kiss, slowly at first, then more passionately -- a deep kiss, but very sweet. Banks comes out of the bathroom. He sees Sam and Darlene kissing and watches a moment. Finally, he clears his throat. They break apart and stand.)

**Banks:** Well, I think I have enough proof…

**Darlene:** Lieutenant, I just want to say on his behalf…

**Banks:** That’s all right. I know he’s…

**Darlene:** But you don’t understand…

**Banks:** Oh, yes, I do… I’m convinced that this young man…

**Darlene:** You don’t know all the facts…

**Banks:** I have enough evidence. And I can see that you have nothing to worry about, young lady.

**Darlene:** But… what do you mean I have nothing to worry about?

**Banks:** You’re obviously in safe hands with this young man here to protect you. **(Smiles)** You know, I don’t think I’ve ever seen two people from different cultures so in tune with one another. Language barrier notwithstanding.

**Darlene:** I don’t understand.

**Banks:** Miss Fenton, you needn’t fear any prowlers with this young man around. I can tell by the look on his face he won’t let anything happen to you.

**(Darlene and Sam glance at each other, then at Banks. Banks heads for the door.)**

**Banks:** Well, I guess whoever it was got away. But… I’m going to check a few more floors and see if anything turns up. **(He opens the door and notices the marks again.)** What kind of dog do you have?

**Darlene:** Chihuahua.

**Banks:** A short-haired dog with a perm, huh? **(He shrugs and turns to leave.)** Oh, by the way… You might want to tell your landlord about your toilet… The handle sticks a little when you flush.

**Sam:** Thanks, we’ll take care of it.

(Banks looks at Sam questioningly.)

**Darlene:** It comes and goes…

(Banks smiles and exits. Sam embraces Darlene with relief.)

**Sam:** Thank God he didn’t lift the lid on the tank.

**Darlene:** He’s either very stupid or very kind.

**Sam:** Thank you, Darlene! Thank you, thank you, so much!

**(He hugs her. There’s a knock on the door. They freeze.)**

**Sam:** He’s back. I knew it was too good to be true!

(Darlene goes to the door and opens it. Banks stands there. He looks at Sam’s shirt and shakes his head.)

**Banks:** I gotta get a shirt like that. You think I could mail order from Tarantula?

(Sam shrugs.)

**Banks:** Anyway, I just wanted to let you folks know that I’ve posted a man around the building just in case that prowler’s still around. Anybody coming or going will be questioned and ID’d. That should make you feel safer. Well, good night, folks.

**Darlene:** Good night, Lieutenant.

(Banks exits. She closes the door and walks slowly over to Sam.)

**Darlene:** I guess you’re stuck here for the night.

**Sam:** Yeah, it looks that way. I hope you don’t mind.

**Darlene:** Well, I’m not really set up for overnight guests…

**Sam:** Oh, I don’t mind sleeping on the floor. I mean, you’ve certainly extended your hospitality enough for one night. Enough for a lifetime, in fact.

**Darlene:** Well… I guess I could extend myself once more. It is a pretty big bed… for a sofa bed.

(Sam takes her hand.)

**Sam:** I think you are my guardian angel.

**Darlene:** You seem to need one.

**Sam:** Don’t we all?

(They sit on the sofa bed.)

**Sam:** What am I gonna do about my son? This kidnapping bit didn’t exactly pan out.

**Darlene:** Kidnapping is not the way, Sam. You have to go through legal channels. You don’t want to be hounded by the law for the rest of your life, do you? And you have to think about what’s best for your son.

**Sam:** I just can’t stand the thought of anyone hurting him. I’ve got to get him away from them.

**Darlene:** You will. And I’m gonna help you.

**Sam:** Again? How?

**Darlene:** I can be very resourceful when I want to be.

**Sam:** I’ve noticed.

**Darlene:** And not only that… My sister’s a lawyer and my brother’s with CPS.

**Sam:** You are really something, you know that?

**Darlene:** Not bad for a girl who used to have a pitiful ponytail.

**Sam:** I never said that…

(Lights go down slowly.)

**Darlene:** **(Pouting)** Oh, yes you did…

(He leans over and kisses her. The kiss gets deeper as they lie slowly back on the sofa bed. The lights are very low now.)

**Sam:** Oh… Darling…

**Darlene:** It’s Darlene.

(Curtain)

Production notes

Character Descriptions

Darlene Fenton – mid-twenties, cute, a little mousy perhaps.

Sam Gallagher – mid-late twenties, attractive.

Lieutenant Banks – serious, very ‘Sgt. Friday’.

Costume Notes

Darlene Fenton - Sexy nightie, robe.

Sam Gallagher - black slacks, black shirt, black ski mask, boxer shorts, flowery shirt, gun.

Banks - dark suit, tie, badge, whistle.

Set Description

A typical Miami Beach one room condo or studio with a tropical flair and mostly average furniture and pictures. An old TV sits on her coffee table, facing away from the audience. There is a dresser, a small table and chair, and tiny kitchenette. In the center of the room is a pull out sofa bed. The front door has a peephole. There is a door leading to a bathroom (offstage).

Props

Scene 1

Old television set (onstage on coffee table, facing away from audience)

Bowl of ice cream (onstage on coffee table)

Comforter (onstage on couch)

Couch pillow (onstage on couch)

Robe (Darlene)

Gun (Sam)

Scene 2

Flowery shirt (Sam)

Boxer shorts (Sam)

Police badge (Lieutenant Banks)

Whistle (Lieutenant Banks)

Assorted female garments (onstage in dresser)

Sound Effects

Scene 1

Audio tape of television ‘Narrator’

Suggested dialogue: “Tarantulas are not actually insects, but arachnids. They’re found in the tropical climates of South America and live in trees or burrows, feeding mainly on insects and occasionally frogs, mice, and small birds. Their bite is poisonous, but not fatal to man…”

Scene 2

Audio tape of ‘toilet flush’.