
Let There Be Angels

A comedy in two acts

FIRST ACT – SAMPLE

Robert J. Wheeler
15 Windsor Cres.,
London, ON N6C 1V6
Canada

robwheeler999@gmail.com

519-642-4844

<http://wheelerscripts.com/>

<https://www.canadianplayoutlet.com/pages/search-results-page?q=robert%20wheeler>

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This play is dedicated to my red-haired angel, Mavis Bedford.

NOTE: This play is intended to be a blend of drama and comedy. The bizarre situation in which the three characters find themselves is both serious and funny. The intent is to provide the audience with more than entertainment – an opportunity to observe troubled characters on the stage and in the audience as they examine their lives.

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SETTING

Interior of sinkhole and park bench in park.

CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
MARVIN	Husband of Wendy. A controlling advertising executive	40-60	Male
WENDY	Wife of Marvin. (red head) A crafty real estate agent	40-60	Female
RAFE	A psychotic homeless man	35-55	Male

THE FOLLOWING CHARACTERS PLAY SMALL PARTS

HORACE	Aggressive homeless man	30-40	Male
MARCO	Aggressive homeless man	30-40	Male
STORE CLERK	Defends his store	30-40	Male
GUS	Tough motorcycle type	30-40	Male
COP	Has shoot-out with Gus	30-40	Male

(HORACE AND GUS CAN BE ONE ACTOR.
MARCO AND THE ORIENTAL STORE CLERK CAN BE ONE ACTOR.)

EIGHT ACTORS NEEDED WITHOUT DOUBLING.
FIVE ACTORS REQUIRED WITH DOUBLING.

ACT 1 SCENE 1

LIGHTS OUT

Five seconds of a loud EARTHQUAKE RUMBLING SOUND.

During the last two seconds of the earthquake rumbling sound there is a woman's SHRILL SCREAM, then . . .SILENCE.

WENDY *(weakly)* Marvin.

A PAUSE

(half crying) Marvin. Are you there? Marvin.

A PAUSE

MARVIN *(weakly)* Yeah.

WENDY *(a little stronger)* I can't move.

A RAY OF MOONLIGHT (CLOUDED SPOTLIGHT)
GRADUALLY FOCUSES DIM ON MARVIN AND WENDY

MARVIN 50ish and WENDY 50ish, dressed for traveling with suit jackets. Wendy has red hair.

Wendy, her back against a sandy wall, is buried nearly to her waist in sandy dirt.

Marvin lays, back against a sandy wall on sandy ground.

I think we're dead. *(pause)* Marvin?

MARVIN *(a little stronger)* That's odd.

WENDY What?

MARVIN That's the second time today someone's accused me of being dead. A bad omen.

WENDY Omen?! We're dead!!!

MARVIN On the sidewalk this morning, a bum ran into me, knocked us both down. He thought he killed both of us.

WENDY You didn't say anything.

MARVIN I'm saying it now! A filthy bum, with leper hands knocked me down!

WENDY Marvin, that's crazy. Leopards don't have hands.

MARVIN Leper hands! Leper!!! Lep-ro-sy! It's a horrible disease. After I assured the leper we are both alive, he wanted me, ME, to pull HIM up! Disgusting! Part Zombie part ghost. Couldn't touch him.

WENDY I thought when you die the craziness goes away.

MARVIN I'm not crazy! We're not dead!

WENDY You disagree with me on everything! How do you know we're not?

MARVIN Because God will respect my promise.

WENDY What promise.

MARVIN Until death us do part.

WENDY *(half crying)* You don't want to be with me in eternity.

MARVIN *(frustrated)* Oh, God! Look, *(sarcastic)* Dearest, *(normal)* I'm tired, my ankle hurts, could be broken, sprained, tired, sleep. I need quiet! Have mercy.

WENDY I'm waiting for angels to swoop down and sweep us up into the sky together.

MARVIN It doesn't work that way.

WENDY I'm looking forward to it.

MARVIN Wendy, when I die, not tonight, but when I do, I'll have peace. My eternal reward for my lifetime of suffering.

WENDY That's a terrible thing to say.

MARVIN Must you go on and on?

WENDY I wouldn't want to spend eternity with anyone else.

MARVIN Ahhhhu! We fell!! We crossed the street; went into a park we are unfamiliar with in the dark and stumbled into something. *(pause)* That's it! The luggage! It was your mother's luggage.

WENDY Luggage?

MARVIN Her red demon, titanic luggage! Before she gave it to you, she purposely bent two of its wheels so I'd have to carry it. The ground gave way under the weight.

WENDY Marvin, my mother wouldn't . . .

MARVIN *(interrupting)* I know! She's curled up inside the big one, isn't she? I can't peel her off! She's like a tattoo!

WENDY That's gibberish! Say something reassuring.

MARVIN We've fallen into some kind of ditch, hole, something. I have a headache, a sore ankle and a overwhelming need to sleep.

WENDY Marvin, you've had a knock on the head, going to sleep is a bad idea.

LIGHTS OUT

The SOUND of Marvin snoring.

Marvin!

More snoring.

Oh God, here we are, Marvin and Me. Where's the harps and the perfect angels all white and pretty? God, please let there be angels.

Marvin's snoring continues then is replaced by Wendy's snoring.

The song "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" plays.

LIGHTS FADE UP ON:

A concave cross section of an impossible to climb out of SINKHOLE.

Vertical depth is ten feet. Circumference 20-30 feet with sandy walls and bottom. The sinkhole walls jut DS 1-2 feet, not enough to block vision or sound. The sinkhole core is one half of a rotating stage.

At ground level, above and behind sinkhole, is a park with a few shrubs, and above that is blue sky.

Two roots hang three feet into the hole.

A brown piece of luggage rests above on the grass at the edge of the hole. The sound of birds singing.

At the bottom of the hole sleep MARVIN and WENDY.

Wendy is buried nearly to her waist in dirt. Marvin lays on the sinkhole floor. With them is the partially buried large red hard body luggage and a slightly smaller red hard body luggage.

Wendy snores louder. Marvin wakes.

MARVIN Hey, pipe down.

Wendy wakes.

Your snoring woke me.

WENDY I don't snore.

MARVIN You're a mean, loud snorer.

WENDY Liar.

(MORE)

*Marvin stands, limps. Despite pain, he pulls Wendy out of the dirt.
Marvin collapses on the floor as Wendy staggers around*

Where are we?

MARVIN *(glances around)* I missed the plane taking me to paradise. I'm God only knows where.

WENDY Mexico isn't paradise.

MARVIN It was to be my paradise!!!

Marvin looks around with crazy eyes, ignores Wendy for the next nine dialogues.

This is where mental Hell and physical Hell intersect. The complete picture.

WENDY Maaarv.

MARVIN Where liars and evil doers go before they mercifully die and reap their grateful reward way down under.

WENDY Exaggerate! Exaggerate! You always exaggerate everything! Drama queen.

MARVIN Every time I think it couldn't get worse, it does.

WENDY Maaaarviiiiin. *(sits)* I need a cigarette. The luggage.

Wendy points to the half-buried luggage.

MARVIN *(covers ears)* Every shrill syllable eats further into my withering brain.

WENDY Marv, please.

MARVIN Just like an explorer looking for the northwest passage, I set out with high hopes, but instead of coming across a brave new warm world, I find living Hell, with the Wicked Witch in Hell's annex.

WENDY It's the real thing!

Marvin has heard that last comment.

MARVIN Witch or the annex?

Wendy gives Marvin a vexed look.

I know the witch is genuine. You mean the other.

WENDY It looks like Hell to me.

MARVIN Your mother isn't here, is she?

WENDY No.

MARVIN Then real and painful Hell's yet to come.

Wendy searches the dirt. She reaches down and pulls up a crushed pack of cigarettes out of the dirt. She pulls a lighter out of the pack and lights a cigarette.

WENDY Last one.

Wendy takes a long drag.

That feels so goooood.

Wendy gropes through the dirt again.

MARVIN Lose something?

WENDY My purse.

MARVIN You must have dropped it in the park.

Marvin feels his jacket pockets.

It's gone.

WENDY What?

MARVIN My wallet was in my jacket pocket.

Wendy is wide-eyed.

WENDY You're sure?!

MARVIN It's in the park or somewhere in the dirt. A lot of good money will do us down here.

WENDY Ahhhhh!

Wendy throws down the cigarette, steps on it.

MARVIN My God, what now?

WENDY They say you can't take it with you!

MARVIN So?

WENDY We have no money, so we're definitely dead, and in the worst possible place!

MARVIN We lost them when we fell.

WENDY Prove it. You can't prove we're not dead.

MARVIN I can.

WENDY *(a pause)* Go ahead. I'm listening.

MARVIN If you're killing yourself with cigarettes, so you can't be dead.

WENDY Damn!

Wendy drops to her knees, pulls up the crushed cigarette, sees it's beyond repair, discards it.

(sarcastic, struggles up) Always the optimist.

MARVIN *(looks to steep sides)* I've had a horrible thought.

WENDY Worse than spending eternity with your soul mate?

MARVIN Almost. I don't see a way out. You've had your last smoke.

WENDY I packed three cartons.

Wendy crawls toward the luggage in hole.

I hate Mexican cigarettes.

Marvin points to the luggage at the edge of the hole.

MARVIN It's got the smokes.

Wendy collapses, sobs.

WENDY Help!

LIGHTS DOWN. END ACT 1 SCENE 1.

ACT 1 SCENE 2

LIGHTS FADE UP ON:

Place: In the sinkhole.

Time: Morning.

Marvin and Wendy sleep on clothes beds at the base of the sinkhole. A shirt is tied around Marvin's ankle. Blue-lit sky above.

Above the sinkhole, at ground level, in the park, from SR, RAFE , 35ish, shuffles to the luggage at the edge of the sinkhole.

He's painfully thin, with badly scarred hands and forearms. He's a blend of wino-bum-pirate-nutcase, in ratty clothes with desperate, hollow eyes.

RAFE Treasure!

Rafe grabs the luggage . . . swings it away from the edge and opens it. He sees the contents and staggers backwards to the edge of the hole.

We're not sure if he's going to fall back into it or not as he's unaware of the hole.

Rafe tears a carton of cigarettes from the luggage opens it and a pack of cigarettes, lights and smokes two cigarettes.

God Sir, thank you for this bounty. I'm truly blessed. It's my Godsend.

Wendy wakes, thinks she hears a sound.

WENDY Is someone there?

Startled, Rafe glances left, right. Looks SL.

RAFE God's a woman?

WENDY Help!

RAFE And needs my help?

WENDY Help!

RAFE God, uhm, my mistake to call you Sir. Please forgive me.

WENDY Help!

RAFE I'm kinda busy just now.

WENDY Help!

RAFE Find someone else!

Marvin wakes, jumps up.

MARVIN Help us!

RAFE And a man?

MARVIN Help!!! WENDY Help!!!

RAFE That's weird. God Sir, Mam, let me keep my treasure! Please!

Rafe stands, looks around, is startled to see the sinkhole. He meanders over to its edge, sees Marvin and Wendy, takes a cigarette out of his mouth, lays it on the grass. He smokes one nonchalantly.

Hello.

MARVIN Whatever you are, get us out of here!

WENDY Won't you please help us?

RAFE No problem.

Rafe bends to Marvin but can't reach him.

MARVIN *(to Wendy)* Just our luck to have a moron rescue us. *(to Rafe)* Get a branch! Lower it down!

Rafe winces. Wendy elbows Marvin.

WENDY Please Sir, get a branch, and lower it down.

RAFE Captain Rafe. I'm a captain of the sea and everything around here.

MARVIN Captain? You're no . . .

Wendy elbows Marvin again.

WENDY *(interrupting)* We'd be eternally grateful, kind Captain Rafe if you'd take the time to save us as we've been cast into this dreadful hole.

RAFE Madame, you're in luck. Captain Rafe has been combing the oceans of life many years. I'm at your service.

Rafe bows, falls forward, loses his balance. Wendy and Marvin jump to the side of the hole. Rafe regains his balance.

WENDY Captain Rafe, I'm Wendy. This is my husband, Marvin. You're a kind captain to help us from the depths.

RAFE I know about depths.

MARVIN The branch, you . . .!

Rafe goes O.S, returns with a branch, lowers it to Marvin who grabs it. Rafe pulls on the branch, stretches his gnarled hand out to Marvin's hand. Rafe and Marvin lock eyes. Rafe shakes Marvin off the branch, onto the hole floor.

Why?

RAFE Because.

WENDY You said you'd save us!

RAFE That was before I knew Marvin Wood would be on the other end of the branch.

MARVIN This is the bum who knocked me down on the sidewalk. It's Woods, not Wood.

RAFE Wood, dead wood. Five-dollar thick dead wood! I remember what you said. Correct me if I get it wrong. According to you, if I never took the first handout, I'd be a productive member of society, right Mr. Hard Dead Wood? No first handout for you. He who helps no-one, gets no help.

WENDY Marvin!

RAFE Marvin Wood, the great, full of himself, advertising guru, says people are required to help themselves. Right, Mr. Hard Dead Wood?

MARVIN We're in dire straits. You have to help us!

WENDY We're hungry. I'd give anything for a sardine, a tiny sardine.

MARVIN I don't know how you can eat those things. Taste worse than garbage.

RAFE You don't know about suffering, but you will.

MARVIN My headache has blossomed into a full-blown migraine.

RAFE You've made this hole my favorite part of the park, the private part. Nobody but me comes here, so if I forget to return, that might not be good for you two, especially since my memory's been spotty lately.

MARVIN Look, I've got money, a lot of money. I'll pay you.

RAFE If I let you out your memory will disappear. I know how you operate Mr. Hard Dead Wood. Here.

Rafe throws a cigarette to the sinkhole floor. Wendy dives for it, breaks it.

Try harder!

Rafe EXITS.

MARVIN Rafe. Come back! I'll give . . .

WENDY *(to Marvin)* Tell me about it!

Marvin and Wendy collapse to the sinkhole floor.

MARVIN I was on my way to the office to put the finishing touches on the Wonderfood campaign, then this moron ran head long into me. He knocked both of us down and scuffed my jacket.

WENDY You walk too fast.

MARVIN Laying on the sidewalk the bum asked me for money! I told him to get a job and make a life for himself.

WENDY How could you?

MARVIN He pretended to pass out. I thought he needed help, so I got my water bottle from my briefcase, then he stole my wallet and cell phone from the case and ran away.

WENDY What's the five dollars about?

MARVIN He's pissed I had five dollars in my wallet. My ID told him I'm the Senior Marketing Analyst and Advertising Coordinator at Morrison/Burns.

WENDY He hates you.

MARVIN A bum envies my status, so what?

Marvin turns away.

He's an alkie! If I gave him money he'd buy a bottle.

WENDY You gave a hungry man advice.

MARVIN A thirsty one! Here we are in nothing and there he is, is nothing. Isn't that irony?

WENDY No, it's that you didn't treat him like a human being!

MARVIN Your mother's red devil luggage jinxed us!

WENDY *(sobs)* Damn! Why couldn't the smokes be down here. I could've managed with them, but now . . . I don't know.

MARVIN Craaaazy!

WENDY Me? It was your idea to take the shortcut through abysmal park, on the darkest night ever, to catch the damn airport express. Because of you we're stranded at the mercy of this wacko! Craaaaaazy!

MARVIN I'll get him to change his mind.

WENDY I'm talking to the moron, not you! You've done enough damage.

MARVIN Now we're in real trouble.

WENDY Why did you leave it so late to call the cab?

MARVIN How was I to know the ball game and Elvis tribute would suck up the cabs?

WENDY You screwed up! Again and again and . . .

MARVIN *(interrupting)* We both agreed to take the airport express bus!

WENDY It was our last hope! All along I knew you wouldn't board the plane. A man who can't change a light bulb two feet off the ground is not getting on a plane that will fly at thirty thousand feet.

MARVIN Ridiculous.

WENDY It was almost two years ago, boarding the plane to my convention.

MARVIN It was the flu.

WENDY You threw up all over the plane's passengers. I had to go to the convention myself.

MARVIN It was the flu!

WENDY You never get sick. It was your fear of heights.

MARVIN I just told . . .

WENDY *(interrupting)* The thought of being thousands of feet in the air would have kept your feet firmly planted on the ground. You'd be stuck in the airport waving bye bye, just like before.

MARVIN You've got that backwards!

WENDY What's that supposed to mean?

MARVIN You can't spend a day away from your dear, controlling, wacko mother. I'd have gotten on the plane and be in Mexico, on a sunny beach without you.

WENDY Watch it!

MARVIN They call you two the Siamese shopping twins! We give stuff to charity, as much as we can get away with, to our friends just so you and mom can buy more!

WENDY They are always inventing better products. Mom and I buy new products cheaper than you ever could.

MARVIN I buy what I need, no more, no less!

WENDY Say I didn't get on the plane! What would you have done?

MARVIN Peace! I'd enjoy the resort, relax in a soft chair in the sun. The Wonderfood campaign has been a nightmare.

WENDY *(suspicious)* Alone?

MARVIN *(defensive)* Why not alone?

WENDY *(suspicious)* You don't usually travel alone.

MARVIN *(defensive)* I was looking forward to it.

WENDY I told Mom I'd take her to the Sears Midnight Madness Sale after you'd chickened out.

MARVIN What if I boarded the plane?

WENDY I would have joined you.

MARVIN Liar!

WENDY Out of spite.

MARVIN Why do you think I insisted on keeping the passports?

WENDY Because you're a control freak!

MARVIN I knew you'd use *(imitating her voice)* "oh, I forgot, lost or misplaced my passport" *(normal voice)* as an excuse to go back to mom. Face it! You're a terminally sick mom-aholic!

WENDY We'll never know who's chicken.

MARVIN It won't matter. None of it will.

WENDY Why?

MARVIN We'll die here.

WENDY Why couldn't you have given our jailer a few dollars?!

Marvin turns away.

MARVIN Because if I were him, I wouldn't take charity!

She pulls him back to face her.

WENDY How could you be so stupid?

MARVIN Don't you ever get tired? On and on and on. My head's pounding!

WENDY I'll get the moron to see it's in his best interest to save us.

MARVIN *(sarcastic)* Yeah, right.

WENDY It'll be my real estate sales expertise that'll save us, not you!

Marvin moves away, sits on the smaller red hard body luggage, stares blindly at the wall for five seconds.

How's your head?

MARVIN I've accepted my Hell and that it will become more Hellish.

WENDY What's that supposed to mean?

MARVIN Any moment your mother, hair in curlers, with her shrill, eardrum shattering voice, will fall headlong into our Hell hole and land on top of me. Then the worst possible scenario will ensue.

WENDY Which is?

MARVIN I'll live!

WENDY Marvin, that's a nega . . .

MARVIN *(interrupting)* On second thought, that's not the worst of it. No.

WENDY My mother . . .

MARVIN *(interrupting)* Here's the worst. After she falls on me, I'll live, but be paralyzed.

WENDY You don't try to understand her.

MARVIN Can you see me paralyzed with your mother breathing down my neck? Can you fathom it? Can you?!

WENDY What about now?

MARVIN What do you mean?

WENDY Your headache?

MARVIN Excruciating! But tolerable.

Wendy winces. She's uncomfortable.

What now?

LIGHTS DOWN. END ACT 1 SCENE 2

ACT 1 SCENE 3

LIGHTS FADE UP ON:

Place: In the sinkhole.

Time: Morning.

They are as before. Wendy winces.

WENDY I have to go.

MARVIN Be my guest, call a cab.

WENDY No, I need to go, as in, have to go!

MARVIN Oh.

Marvin looks around, out of answers what to do.

One or two?

WENDY Both.

Marvin stares wild-eyed at Wendy, jumps up with crazy energy, grabs the smaller red hard-body luggage and holds it over his head and rushes to Wendy.

MARVIN Eureka!!! It's the answer!

Wendy jumps back.

I've had a eureka moment! It's, it's, it's a fantastic thrill!

WENDY Marvin, that's not an answer, that's luggage.

MARVIN It's the only way. The solution! The only solution!!!

WENDY So?

Marvin holds the luggage in front of him, stares at it.

MARVIN That's it!!!

Marvin holds the luggage over his head stares wildly.

I'll kill her!

WENDY Ahaaaaaaaaa!

Wendy runs behind him, he turns to her.

Please don't kill me!!!

MARVIN Not you.

WENDY I'm the only one here! Ahaaaaaaaaa!

Wendy runs behind him, he turns to her.

Death by luggage?

Wendy runs behind him. He turns to face her.

MARVIN What did I say?

Wendy runs behind him. He turns to face her.

WENDY Marvin, snap out of it!

Wendy runs behind him. He turns to face her.

MARVIN Don't you see? It's perfect!

WENDY Marvin, I'll change! Please don't kill me!

Wendy covers her head then falls on her way behind him. Marvin empties the contents of the luggage -- clothes and travel stuff -- over her. Wendy digs out from under the clothes.

Suffocate me in my own clothes! Morbid!

Marvin lays the empty red hard body luggage on the ground with the inside facing the ground, sits on one of the sides.

MARVIN It's the obvious answer. I should have seen it sooner.

Marvin takes a Swiss Army knife from his pocket.

My Swiss Army rescue knife.

Marvin stands, holds the knife out.

The killing will happen when I plunge my knife in.

Marvin bends out the long knife blade. Wendy SCREAMS and runs away.

WENDY Marvin, killing me is an answer . . . but not the best answer! There are other much better answers. Let's discuss our options.

MARVIN *(not hearing her, in a daze)* A couple of well-placed jabs and all my problems will be over.

Wendy SCREAMS.

After that, there's the sawing. Substantial sawing will be required.

(MORE)

Wendy SCREAMS. Marvin bends down the main blade, opens the saw blade.

It's got a double row of razor-sharp saw teeth. Perfect.

Marvin smiles and closes the saw blade. He opens the main blade and shows it to Wendy.

But first, the killing.

Wendy SCREAMS.

WENDY Please don't.

MARVIN You'll see, it's for the best. You'll see. Watch me.

Wendy SCREAMS as Marvin brings the knife up. Wendy turns from him.

WENDY Oh my God!

Marvin turns to the red hard body luggage opposite to where he sits and stabs it, leaves the knife stuck in the case, motions to the luggage.

MARVIN She's dead! I've killed her! Hallelujah!!! The witch maker is dead!

Wendy shakes Marvin, snaps him out of his trance-like stare.

WENDY MARVIN!!! What are you doing?!

MARVIN This'll be our toilet.

WENDY A toilet is ceramic and white. That's luggage! Please don't kill me.

MARVIN Not you! Your shrieking, brain shattering, interfering mother!!

Marvin gets up, removes the knife from the luggage and traces an outline of a hole on the side of the luggage with it then closes and pockets the knife.

WENDY My mother's luggage? You symbolically killed her. She won't be pleased you've wrecked her luggage.

MARVIN You'd rather hold your bladder and bowels for a week or two?

Wendy relents with a shrug.

WENDY Marvin, I need to tell you something.

MARVIN What?

WENDY You've gone insane.

MARVIN Momentarily. I'm moving toward sane now. Dig a hole.

WENDY What with?

MARVIN Whatever you can find. Dig!

Marvin takes the knife, opens the saw blade, and frantically saws a hole through the side of the red hard-body luggage with the knife. Wendy digs a hole in the sandy soil with her hair curler. Marvin looks at her progress.

Deeper, but not as wide.

WENDY It needs to be big enough for you.

MARVIN So, you think . . .

WENDY Absolutely.

MARVIN How much time do I have?

WENDY I don't have to go now.

Marvin stops sawing, stunned.

MARVIN A false alarm?

WENDY The thought of dying three different ways turned it off! You're cutting it too big. I don't want to fall through.

MARVIN It'll be dumb ass proof.

WENDY Good. I don't want to lose you, now or ever.

Marvin finishes sawing, puts the luggage over the hole Wendy has dug. He lifts the lid, takes a comb from the other luggage or a pocket and slides it under the lid so it sticks up a little.

We made a toilet. We can do things together.

MARVIN Right.

WENDY We're together because we're . . .

MARVIN . . . prisoners.

WENDY I was going to say "a good team."

MARVIN Whatever works for you. My satisfaction will come from finding a useful function for your mother's prehistoric luggage. It was her intention to kill or, the very least, cripple me with it! Where does your satisfaction come from?

WENDY Sharing quality time with you, my Love.

MARVIN God, rescue me!

Marvin jumps up, SCREAMS.

Help. Somebody.

Marvin claws the side of the hole. He jumps to a flimsy root that dangles down. She stands. He pulls himself up. The root breaks. Marvin falls and lays flat on his back on the floor.

WENDY I didn't marry you for your survival skills.

MARVIN Which begs the question?

WENDY At first you seemed different . . . but then you turned into an average person. Average in every way.

MARVIN I could've had someone with class but for some reason, a reason beyond any mortal knowing, I settled for you.

WENDY You've always known I suffer temporary bouts of depression.

MARVIN Not depression! Craaazzzy! Certifiable! Didn't know it then, but I've had ample opportunity to observe it since!

WENDY You purposely proposed during one of my irrational bouts. That's why I said yes.

Marvin sits up.

MARVIN You were sane for a brief period before marriage, then, once I was hooked, it went away. I ask you, how many men knowingly run out and marry a crazy woman?

WENDY You were boring, needed my pizzazz!

MARVIN I needed . . . Just when I need us to pull together you pick a fight! Typical.

WENDY What about what I need?

MARVIN What?

WENDY I need a cigarette! Damn it! You think you know everything!

MARVIN I know this. There is one basic law.

WENDY Which is?

MARVIN Sooner or later, gravity wins.

WENDY Optimist.

Marvin stands and limps around the perimeter. He looks up, moves faster, 'round and 'round.

Marvin, what's going on?

MARVIN Got to get out get out get out get out get out get out.

Marvin does a kamikaze run at the wall, rams himself into it again and again, claws at it, collapses on his back, looks up at the blue sky, weeps.

Marvin goes still. Wendy stands.

WENDY What?

Wendy sits on the case.

Marvin, say something.

Wendy goes to Marvin, looks into his still, glassy eyes.

Marvin, you're dead?

Wendy sits on the luggage.

Poor Marvin. His brain must have exploded.

Wendy takes a pair of her panties and lays them over Marvin's face, moves to, and sits on the luggage, breaks down, cries.

I'm alone in Hell.

Marvin comes to, sits up, takes the panties off his face, holds them up, looks at them. She doesn't see him, CRIES full out.

MARVIN *(weakly)* I'm, I'm . . .

Wendy WAILS loudly, can't hear him.

(louder) Wen, I'm here.

Wendy still can't hear him through her wailing.

(screaming) I'm still here!

She sees him, is startled, jumps on top of the luggage.

WENDY Ahhhhh! You're back?

Marvin holds up the panties, questioning look.

You died.

She's terrified.

MARVIN I died?

WENDY When one's brain explodes, they die.

(MORE)

Wendy sends Marvin a cautious look.

You're back?

MARVIN It's de je vue . . . all over again, according to the great Yogi Berra.

Marvin throws the panties to her. She catches them. Marvin struggles to breath, catches his breath.

You're standing on your Mom's backbreaker red devil?

WENDY Is that you, Marv?

MARVIN There's only the two of us down here.

WENDY You were dead, now you're alive?

MARVIN Meaning?

WENDY Zombies come back from the dead.

MARVIN My God, Wen. I passed out. Simple.

Marvin creaks up, breathes hard, drags his leg with the bandaged ankle Zombie-like, lurches toward her.

You think I look like a Zombie?

Wendy nods. Marvin slumps to the ground.

I'm a Zombie? I thought it couldn't get worse, then it does.

WENDY What's my favorite color?

MARVIN Get it wrong, and I'll wake up with a stake through my heart.

WENDY You don't know! See, you're a . . .

MARVIN *(interrupting)* Red! It's red. You didn't change it? It's still red? Oh God!

WENDY I guess . . . that's good.

She steps off the luggage.

MARVIN Do you think a Zombie wouldn't know . . .

Marvin's out of breath, can't finish the sentence, struggles to breath.

. . . so close, can't breath. I think I'm claus, claus . . .

WENDY . . . trophobic.

(MORE)

Marvin cold stares her, catches his breath.

It's a long word.

Marvin takes deep breaths.

Look up at the sky. Think blue sky and fresh air. Breath it in.

Marvin lays on his back, looks skyward, breaths easier.

MARVIN I'm doing it!

Marvin rolls over vomits into the toilet. Wendy sits on the larger hard body luggage and reads from a romance novel. Marvin walks around the perimeter.

You bury your head in a book while I rack my brains to figure a way out.

Wendy reads silently from the book.

WENDY *(angry)* I'm resting. Don't you dare disturb me!

MARVIN You haven't a clue, do you?

WENDY Marvin!

Wendy points to the other root hanging down.

You could climb it and save us.

MARVIN The last one almost killed me.

WENDY It did. Zombie you is almost bearable.

MARVIN My best me.

WENDY Well? You goin' for it or are you chicken?

MARVIN I'll get halfway up and it'll break. You'd be all alone with my dead body.

WENDY I'd get a little peace.

MARVIN Rafe would save you with me gone.

WENDY He would.

MARVIN You and he could fill in the hole, forget about me altogether. That's your plan, isn't it, bump me off, have Rafe all to yourself.

WENDY Ridiculous!

MARVIN Why?

WENDY Who would I have to hate?

MARVIN Yet another purpose. I'm hungry.

Wendy takes two packaged snacks from her luggage, throws one to Marvin and opens one for herself. Marvin opens his. They eat the snacks.

WENDY These are the last of my emergency snack bars.

MARVIN I could sure use a drink.

WENDY I'd die for a rum and Coke and a can of sardines.

MARVIN Sardines?! A burger or stake never entered your sardinated brain?

WENDY Sardines! Don't disturb me. Let me fantasize about them.

MARVIN *(mimicking)* Don't disturb me bla, bla, bla.

WENDY Sardines are tasty and nutritious. Packed with vitamin D.

Marvin sits back-to-back with her on the luggage.

MARVIN You know I detest them, so you say you love them, can't live without them.

WENDY I really do enjoy them.

MARVIN I hate it!

WENDY What exactly are you hating now?

MARVIN You loving my, my, ineptitude.

Wendy puts down her book.

WENDY Truthfully?

MARVIN I'd appreciate a little truth.

WENDY I love your ineptitude, better than Christmas and sex put together.

MARVIN Christmas and sex?

WENDY Actually, better than our Christmas and sex. Not as much as Christmas and sex with anyone else.

Marvin's heart-stung.

MARVIN Right.

Marvin stands, walks to the wall, tongue-wets his finger, marks the wall with his finger. The wall COLLAPSES. Dirt buries him to the knees.

WENDY I'd rather be buried in a book than dirt.

Wendy silently reads. Marvin unearths himself, notices a tunnel in the wall where the dirt fell from, looks into it.

MARVIN What's this?

WENDY Another hole in the ground.

MARVIN It might lead somewhere.

WENDY I'm not getting in there.

MARVIN I need a flashlight. Too bad . . .

While reading she grabs a flashlight from her open luggage and throws it to him. He catches it and turns it on.

WENDY I like a flashlight beside my bed.

Caught on Wendy's cuff is a cellular phone. They notice it simultaneously.

MARVIN You brought your cell phone. One call and we're saved!

WENDY I don't remember packing it. I know there's no reception in Mexico. I must have dropped it in by accident.

MARVIN You call for help. I'll get out through the tunnel.

Marvin points the flashlight into the mouth of the cave.

I see daylight! Caves have many openings.

WENDY We've got the phone!

MARVIN I need to get out! I'm going in. You call for help. I'll be out the other end before it arrives.

Marvin climbs into the cave with the flashlight. He makes shuffling sounds. Wendy punches keys on the phone.

LIGHTS DOWN. END ACT 1 SCENE 3.

ACT 1 SCENE 4

LIGHTS FADE UP ON:

Place: In the sinkhole.

Time: Morning.

Wendy listens into the cell phone.

WENDY Mom, mom, listen *(pause)* Yes, I know *(pause)* Mom listen, I need *(pause)* Gladys! You took Gladys to the Midnight Madness Sale? *(pause)* You went to the mall with her? *(pause)* Oh. Mom listen, this is important. *(pause)* We're in a sinkhole and . . .

Marvin, creased in dirt and grime, tumbles out of the cave to the sinkhole floor breathing heavily. Wendy talks into the phone. Marvin rubs dirt from his eyes and clothes, overhears Wendy, looks at her with desperate eyes.

No, not in Mexico. We're in a hole in the ground. Mom, mom, are you there?
Mom!

Wendy closes the phone.

MARVIN You called your mother?

Wendy shrugs. Marvin gestures for the phone. She tosses it to him. He hits a few buttons, shrugs.

The Giant Elephant store had a sale?

Marvin takes the phone from Wendy.

WENDY Sears Midnight Madness! Towels!

MARVIN Right. I forgot. *(collapses, grabs his head)* Oh, my aching head. Towels? Actual towels!

Marvin throws the phone into the wall, breaks it.

WENDY She was so happy, I . . . What happened? You didn't save us? How come?

MARVIN It started to cave in! Look at me!

WENDY *(whines)* Started to cave in?! Started to cave in?! The started to cave in excuse!
Another failure!

MARVIN I could see light ahead, but then the roof started coming down. Chunks of rock!
You want me to die for you?

WENDY *(laughs)* You've got no guts and I got no phone. Quite the pair. My Prince Charming is still on the horizon.

MARVIN You don't get a horizon from here! Kiss your prince goodbye.

WENDY I'm alone, prince-less.

MARVIN I should have known you'd call mom and run the battery down. For once I thought you would act sane, but of course, you're crazy, so, obviously, you can't.

Marvin is on the verge of tears.

Why did you call that woman?!!!

WENDY You said you'd be out before help arrived! Remember? I was counting on you!

MARVIN I should have made the call.

Wendy collapses beside Marvin.

It only goes to prove one thing.

WENDY What's that?

MARVIN I was crazy to let you do it.

LIGHTS DOWN. END ACT 1 SCENE 4.

ACT 1 SCENE 5

LIGHTS DIM ON:

Place: A park -- other half of rotating stage

Time: Night.

A park bench, shrubs, army bag on end of bench. "Lollypop" is carved into the back.

Rafe sleeps on the bench, makes unintelligible sounds, arms flail, a nightmare.

He SCREAMS full out. It wakes him. He sits up and rocks back and forth on the bench.

RAFE *(to himself)* No sleep for the wicked. No sleep! No sleep!! No sleep!!! It's you Lollipop, you mean, evil ship. You'd love to throw me into the abyss, but I woke before you could.

Rafe whacks the bench.

(to himself) A bottle of Six Star would do it. I'd be fine with a bottle of Six Star.

Rafe stops rocking. His face shows he's got an idea. He goes to the army bag, takes out the cell phone, turns it on, presses a few buttons.

(to himself) A Felix rehearsal. *(to himself, sounds gruff)* Felix! *(normal voice)* No, no, that's awful. *(to himself in very gruff voice)* I need to talk to Felix? *(normal voice)* Better.

Rafe punches in speaker phone and a phone number.

(to himself) Speaker phone.

Rafe puts the cell phone on the bench.

(into phone in gruff voice) I need to talk to Felix.

FELIX *(V.O. in gruff voice)* Felix speakin'.

Rafe jumps, bewildered. Rafe lightens his voice a little.

RAFE I've got something you need.

FELIX *(V.O.)* Oh yeah?

RAFE You need it real bad.

FELIX *(V.O.)* I decide what I need.

RAFE A couple cartons of cigs.

FELIX *(V.O.)* Who's this? What'd you want for 'em?

RAFE How about, t-t-twenty a c-c-arton sound?

FELIX *(V.O.)* Hot? Damaged? What?

RAFE Mint. A g-g-g-ift from God. He's p-p-erfect you know, so . . .

FELIX *(interrupting) (V.O.)* Gift from God! Ha! There's only one stutterer I know who talks to God. Stay put. I'll get 'em for nothin'.

Rafe's eyes bulge. He turns off the phone, throws it O.S., looks around, rushes O.S.

LIGHTS DOWN. END ACT 1 SCENE 5.

ACT 1 SCENE 6

LIGHTS FADE UP ON:

Place: The Sinkhole.

Time: Morning.

The song "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" plays.

Marvin and Wendy lay on clothes beds with a face down, half open luggage as the top part of their bed. She sleeps

The music stops.

Rafe sits above at the edge of the sinkhole.

MARVIN Morning and another wasted day nibbles at our lives.

Wendy wakes.

WENDY What?

MARVIN Day is in our immediate our future.

WENDY Rafe will be back today.

MARVIN He has been.

WENDY He has been what?

MARVIN Back!

Marvin pulls a plastic bag from his bed covers, throws it to Wendy. She opens and looks inside the bag.

WENDY Bottles of water and sardines! Captain Rafe has been spying on us.

Wendy takes a sip from a bottle of water. Marvin sips from a bottle of water. Wendy opens a can and swallows a sardine.

Ummm. Heaven.

Then Wendy swallows another sardine.

Want some breakfast?

MARVIN Disgusting.

WENDY You haven't eaten much. You should . . .

MARVIN *(interrupting)* I'd rather starve.

WENDY They're nutritious and remember . . .

MARVIN *(interrupting)* They're packed with vitamin D? I'll think about it.

Wendy takes another sardine out of the can, holds it over her mouth, ready to drop in.

WENDY All the more for me. You're sure?

Marvin rushes to her, grabs the sardine, chews it down, takes a couple more from the can and chews them down then he makes a very horrid face, tears to the water bottle and gulps water.

They sit back-to-back against the luggage. They are not aware but

Rafe quietly ENTERS, sits at the top of the hole.

How's your headache?

MARVIN Worse. I've degenerated from fatally ill into fatally disillusioned, fatally disappointed, fatally disgusted.

RAFE How about fatally downhearted.

Marvin jumps up.

MARVIN *(to Rafe)* We're hungry. You've got to help us!

RAFE I did.

MARVIN Real food!

RAFE No thank you?

WENDY Thank you Rafe. The sardines and water were a God send.

MARVIN Throw us something more substantial.

RAFE You could lose a pound or two. I couldn't sleep last night, so I came around and left you my surprise packet.

WENDY You'd sleep better if you rescued us.

RAFE I wouldn't!

MARVIN Can't we have a private moment at the bottom of our Hell hole?

RAFE No. Maybe never. Like me, you'll die alone. How about that?

Marvin lays down, closes his eyes, clamps a balled-up shirt over his ear and covers it with his arm.

MARVIN I can't hear anything, nothing at all. Goodnight all.

RAFE Good riddance to bad rubbish.

MARVIN I heard that.

RAFE So, Mrs. Hard Dead Wood, are you as hard as your deadwood husband?

WENDY Marvin is very intelligent. It's just he's not in his ideal environment.

RAFE It's yours?

WENDY More than Marvin's. He thinks I'm crazy. I sometimes do things that . . .

RAFE *(interrupting)* Name one.

Marvin snores.

WENDY I called my mother when I should have called 911. We would've been rescued by now.

Wendy holds up the cellular phone.

The batteries died, so, because of me we won't get rescued.

RAFE That doesn't sound crazy to me.

WENDY Maybe not.

RAFE Definitely not. Could it be your mom didn't listen. Maybe she only wants to talk, didn't give you a chance to explain.

Snoring comes from Marvin.

WENDY Maybe.

RAFE How did a nice lady like you get mixed up with a selfish, son-of-a-bitch, no not that. Bastard, no, not that either. I can't swear without insulting a female. Why?

WENDY How about pathetic, disgusting jerk?

RAFE Perfect. Why are you with him?

WENDY We need each other.

RAFE He needs you, but . . .

WENDY We're a couple. For better or worse.

RAFE I lay here in the thick green grass listening to you two, like God listens. I hear more worse than better. God hears it too.

WENDY We had better times, long past times.

RAFE That's hard to imagine.

WENDY We did! If you'd pulled him up like you promised, then . . .

RAFE *(interrupting)* I can't let either of you out.

WENDY You said you couldn't sleep?

RAFE I sleep! Just not a sound as some people, that's all.

WENDY A handsome man like you could be doing a lot of interesting things at night besides hanging out with complete strangers.

RAFE My prisoners.

WENDY Right.

RAFE People don't talk to me. I scare them. Nice having somebody to talk to.

WENDY What do you do?

RAFE I panhandle, scrounge for smokes, keep my eyes peeled for opportunities.

WENDY How did you find us?

RAFE The sun hit your luggage just right, caught my eye. I don't look like much, but I see good.

WENDY So, this hole's a distance from downtown?

RAFE A long, long way from anywhere. I buried the luggage. My buried treasure. Even drawn a map with a big X. No-one will ever come here now since there's no luggage to catch the sun. No one comes here but me.

WENDY Who were you talking to earlier?

RAFE God.

WENDY You're on a first name basis with Him?

RAFE Everybody is, they just don't know it.

WENDY Right.

RAFE Mostly, I talk to Lollipop and God.

WENDY Lollipop?

RAFE My ship. We sail at night, every night, just at night.

WENDY Oh.

RAFE You like sardines?

WENDY I do. Marvin hates them.

RAFE He'll eat them to say alive.

WENDY That's about it.

RAFE Got to go.

Rafe rolls back from the edge.

WENDY Rafe, come back! Rafe!

Wendy slumps to the sinkhole floor beside Marvin. She shakes Marvin awake. He takes the covering off his ear.

(to Marvin) I know people.

MARVIN What's that supposed to mean?

WENDY Ten years of selling real estate tells me Rafe will pull us out. I've got a plan.

MARVIN I wouldn't count on him if my life . . . never mind.

WENDY I'm cold.

Marvin rolls to her, cuddles her in her pile of bedclothes.

MARVIN Better?

WENDY A little. No, better.

Marvin rolls on his back with her head is on his shoulder. Marvin looks up, is elated. He points to the sky.

MARVIN It's the campaign!

WENDY Campaign?

MARVIN For Wonderfood. I've scheduled skywriters to write the word Wonderfood in the major target areas.

WENDY So, W-O-N-D will become Wonderfood?

MARVIN I assembled the best ad team. Motivated them to perform. Internet, print, TV, radio, billboards. Now the very sky we all look to every day of our lives. The message goes forth into every brain in the country to buy and enjoy Wonderfood healthy biscuits.

WENDY How come it says Wonderfu?

Marvin jumps up.

MARVIN Wonderfu? That's it?

Marvin crumples to the ground beside Wendy.

WENDY *(sounding Asian)* Wonderfu.

MARVIN It's supposed to be Wonderfood.

WENDY *(sounding German)* Vonderfu.

MARVIN Wonderfood!

WENDY *(sounding Russian)* Wonderfu.

MARVIN It's Wonderfood. Got it?!

WENDY I see Wonderfu. Sounds, even looks . . . magical.

MARVIN The magical sound of my career being flushed down the toilet.

Marvin throws his fist into the air.

Idiot!

WENDY It must be hard to drive the plane and write a word.

MARVIN I can drive, smoke, drink, eat, check stocks, shave, and, and . . .

WENDY *(interrupting)* You're getting excited.

MARVIN God, can nothing go right?

WENDY He may answer you.

MARVIN Having us fall into this God-awful hole where we'll starve to death is His answer. No way! Not Marvin Woods!

WENDY Not Wendy Wood!

Marvin glares at her.

Woods!

MARVIN We'll die of exposure first.

WENDY We should look on the bright side.

Marvin jumps up.

MARVIN Bright side?! The bright side?! I was looking forward to a bright side before we landed here! Just when I think I've finally reached bottom, you say something to make me remember, then I sink deeper.

WENDY That's right, blame me.

MARVIN You, your mother, her Godzilla luggage are all omens of impeding disaster and probably death. *(to the sky)* Give me a break!

WENDY I'm suffering too, Marvin.

MARVIN Right. *(yells to the sky)* Give us a break! Her's can be literal.

LIGHTS DOWN. END ACT 1 SCENE 6.

ACT 1 SCENE 7

LIGHTS UP ON:

Place: Rafe's park bench. (*reverse of the rotating platform*)

Time: Day.

The army bag and garbage can are as before. Flat, bent over pop cans are stuck into the bench's slats.

Rafe lays asleep on the ground parallel to the bench. He wakes, grabs at his side in pain. He pulls a can from the bench and discards it.

RAFE A rope will keep me on board. You old, battered tub. Gotta get a rope.

HORACE 30 and MARKO 23, two scruffy tough bums ENTER, walk to and stand over Rafe.

HORACE Felix says you got cigs.

MARCO We want 'em.

Horace pulls Rafe to his feet. Marco empties rags from the army bag. Horace glares at Rafe who sits on the bench.

Where's the cigs?

Horace slaps Rafe off the bench. Rafe pulls a half-smoked cigarette from Rafe's pocket.

RAFE I got butts, same as you.

Horace lights and smokes it. He pins Rafe's right hand on the bench, his boot holds it there. He and Marco examine the hand.

MARCO What happened to your hand?

Marco takes the other hand puts it on the bench, holds it with a boot. They examine both hands.

HORACE They're mangled to rat shit.

MARCO Mended that way.

RAFE Still healing.

HORACE Somebody grind them with the heal of a boot like mine maybe?

Marco and Horace laugh.

MARCO It's what we are good at.

HORACE The smokes. Where are they?

RAFE I find butts. Felix gets on the hard stuff, freaks. You know Felix.

MARCO Yeah.

Horace and Marco free the hands.

HORACE *(to Marco)* Come on.

Horace punches Rafe.

You cross us and . . .

Horace makes a throat cutting motion. They EXIT. Rafe sits on the bench.

RAFE Lollipop, burying the treasure was a good idea.

LIGHTS DOWN. END ACT 1 SCENE 7.

ACT 1 SCENE 8

LIGHTS UP ON:

Place: The Sinkhole.

Time: Day.

Marvin paces around his makeshift bed on one side of the sinkhole floor. Wendy sits on a luggage and reads from a romance novel.

They appear worn.

Wendy's bed is a mess. She is cleaner than he is.

Marvin's bed is neat. He's a worn, dirty mess

Wendy's bed takes up twice the space as his.

Marvin glances at her each time he passes, throws pieces of her strewn clothes toward the centre of her clothes bed.

MARVIN Aren't you going to fix your bed?

Wendy reads from a novel.

WENDY You talking to me?

MARVIN I'm not talking to myself, not yet.

WENDY It's fine.

MARVIN It's been three days and roughly six long hours.

WENDY What?

MARVIN The duration of our imprisonment.

WENDY You're counting? Figures.

Marvin marches around the perimeter of the sinkhole. He throws her bedding toward the centre.

MARVIN How can you love like that?

WENDY What?

MARVIN *(rushed correction)* How can you live like that?

WENDY No, you said how can you love like that?

Marvin takes his heel, digs it into the dirt and drags it roughly across the centre of the floor of the hole that separates his side from hers.

MARVIN I've just built a wall. If you want to cross to my country, ask permission at the border.

WENDY Another wall.

MARVIN I have my turf and you have yours. Fifty-fifty.

Wendy reads.

WENDY Cop out.

MARVIN I've never ever copped out of anything. I face facts!

Wendy puts down the book and looks at him.

WENDY You said, how can you love like that, and you're afraid to discuss it.

MARVIN I slurred a vowel. Problem solved.

WENDY Problem.

MARVIN Reading trashy novels when there's a real problem to deal with is a cop out.

WENDY A temporary diversion.

MARVIN You almost agreed with me.

WENDY Did not.

MARVIN So, how are we going to get out of here?

WENDY That's not the problem.

MARVIN It sure looks like one to me, that is, unless you decide to sprout wings.

WENDY The problem is you said "how can you love like that?"

MARVIN *(gives up)* God, pray tell, what did I mean by that?

WENDY Yes! You said you said it!

MARVIN There is no escape from the witch.

WENDY We're making progress.

Marvin falls onto his bed with a PLOP.

MARVIN Dr. Wendy is in, and I am her next victim. Shoot for the heart. I hate to suffer.

Their expressions say he's made another slip. He squirms.

I forgot, you always do.

WENDY We were happy once, when we were first married, right?

MARVIN A lot can happen in fifteen years.

WENDY Fourteen.

MARVIN Forty. Whatever.

WENDY You remember the feeling?

MARVIN I do.

WENDY When did it slip? What happened?

MARVIN Your mother! She was out to sabotage us from the start.

WENDY But we were two caring, married adults. When did it start?

MARVIN I don't know.

WENDY Think back.

MARVIN I don't know!

WENDY You do! Think.

MARVIN *(mumbles reluctantly)* Your car.

WENDY My car?

MARVIN The stalled car! Four years ago.

WENDY Yes, I remember.

MARVIN It wouldn't start, so I drove you to the open house. The one on Chestnut Ave., remember?

WENDY I sold that one. Did well on it too.

MARVIN I said I was going home then return in two hours to pick you up.

WENDY And you did.

MARVIN No, I didn't! It would have been a waste of gas to drive home just to drive back again, so I parked the car and read the newspaper, then the Spanish jock drove up in his new Porsche and you fell all over him from the start.

WENDY What?

MARVIN I saw you turn mushy as soon as he walked onto the porch.

WENDY Mushy? I told him about the property. As it turns out I sold it to him. What's that got to do with anything?

MARVIN From the car I saw you through the mid-stair window. You gave him your special smile, then you both pranced up the stairs. He looked like he'd won the lottery.

WENDY That's ridiculous.

MARVIN At the upstairs window, I saw you and him standing inches apart, both breathing heavy. I couldn't watch, so I drove home, then back a half hour later.

WENDY You were jealous?!

MARVIN Angry with myself for trusting you!

WENDY On the porch he said he had an appointment, so could only take the quick tour. We had to run up the stairs. That's why we were out of breath.

MARVIN *(sarcastic)* Right.

WENDY I wanted to sell the house!

Wendy returns to her messy bed and wraps herself in her makeshift bed covers.

You held it against me because I looked at a client a certain way? A salesperson needs a pleasant disposition. How can you know about marketing and not about sales?

MARVIN I know demographics, trends, the competition.

WENDY It's because you never come face to face, eyeball to eyeball with the client. Try it sometime. Oh, there's an opportunity staring you square in the face. Try selling Rafe on anything? How are you doing at getting us saved? I'd say you've struck out!

MARVIN You're defensive because I told you the truth.

Wendy pulls off her wrappings and jumps up.

WENDY The truth?

MARVIN From the car I saw you dance him what I'm sure was the bedroom. Quite a show.

WENDY You assume I was flirting, maybe more?

His sarcastic smile says he suspects she's been cheating on him. She tears up.

Listen! This is the truth! I welcomed him as I do all my clients, male and female, any living thing with a dollar to spend, invited him into the residence and showed him around, all the while pointing out selling features.

MARVIN What about the bedroom scene? The one where you two were practically stuck together.

Wendy remembers.

WENDY Oh, God! Since he didn't have much time, he wanted to see the bedrooms first. Something about his wife wanting a large master bedroom and another for her painting. I guess she's an artist.

Wendy pauses.

MARVIN Back to the master bedroom with the large window facing me in the car. Tell me about you and he inches apart. I could see everything.

WENDY He wanted to be sure there would be no drafts from the window, so I showed it to him. Told him they were triple glazed with vacuums between the panes. He approved of the windows.

MARVIN He approved of a lot more than the window.

WENDY Yes, he did. My perfume. I told him it was Moonlight Mist and you had gotten it for me.

MARVIN You two were practically touching. I'd had enough, so drove home.

WENDY We were forced together!

MARVIN No-one forced you!

WENDY There were double beds either side of the window! A small isle between! I needed to show him the small logo on the window near the sill!

MARVIN Double beds?

WENDY I sold the house and possibly a bottle of perfume. That's all.

MARVIN I thought . . .

WENDY *(interrupting)* How can you judge me on a smile or look I give a client?

Marvin appears sheepish. Wendy stands.

What if I did sleep with the client?

MARVIN That would mean you didn't love me.

WENDY You were between positions; it had been over a month since my last sale; money was tight; I was desperate for a sale for both of us, so I could have had sex with him. He sent out all the right signals.

MARVIN What are you saying?

WENDY I don't know if it's that I am a bad liar or that I have a truthful nature, or maybe I couldn't accept I'd failed as a salesperson.

MARVIN So?

WENDY I didn't but I would have done it for us. I know some agents cozy up to clients. They still have descent marriages. If I had sex with him, would you understand I did it for us?

MARVIN I was a difficult time for me back then. *(pause)* I remember those tight money days . . . I was far from friendly . . . probably, yeah, I would. What if an opportunity came along for me?

WENDY Under the right circumstances, yes I would. I want the border gone before bedtime.

Marvin stares at the wall, stands, goes over to the line on the ground and messes the dirt with his foot. They look at each other.

MARVIN Been a long day.

WENDY That's when you turned cold, and I resented you for it. We turned our lives into . . . I don't know . . . suppressed anger?

Marvin nods, goes to his bed and lays on it.

MARVIN I'm so tired.

Wendy starts to speak, thinks better of it, stops, goes to her bed, lays on it. Wendy starts to snore.

Marvin gets up, takes the shirt wrapping from his ankle and takes a few steps, walks normally, takes the flashlight, goes to the tunnel entrance points the flashlight into the tunnel and squints in.

A light. A definite light. There has to be another entrance.

Marvin looks to Wendy who sleeps soundly. Marvin takes the flashlight and a few deep breaths, paces in front of the tunnel that opened up in the side of the wall, looks at the sky, turns on the flashlight, cautiously enters the tunnel.

(O.S.) Ahead is a way out, sky, air, freedom.

LIGHTS DOWN. END ACT 1 – END OF SAMPLE