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Sin, Sex & the CIA

by Michael Parker
&
Susan Parker

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



NEW YORK HOLLYWOOD LONDON TORONTO

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Sin, Sex & the CIA

by

MICHAEL PARKER

was first produced at the

Lemon Bay Playhouse

in Englewood, Florida on August 15th, 2006.

Cast:

Luke James

Daniel Warren

Margaret Johnson

Rev. Samuel Abernathy

Millicent

Heather Ann Farady

Ranger Don

Jim Walsh

Lawrence C. Richardson

Judy "JJ" Juliano

Vince Delgato

Michelle Neitzel

Liz Krupa

Cael Barkman

Directed by Michael Parker and Susan Parker

Designed by Mary Lou Ardrey

CHARACTERS

LUKE JAMES (Age 25-30) A CIA agent on his first field assignment. We are left to wonder how he ever got the job. He gets caught in his own booby traps, he walks into walls, he sets fire to the kitchen, he gets a bucket stuck on his head, etc. In short, if there's a wrong way to do something, he'll find it! He continues to repeat throughout the play, "I can do that!" but, in fact, as Margaret says, "He really can't do anything." (*Likeable, enthusiastic, hopelessly incompetent*)

DANIEL WARREN (Age 50-60) Daniel introduces himself as a retired Marine Corps Sergeant. In fact, he is a mercenary hired by OPEC. He is "all business," and quickly realizes how easily he can handle Luke James. Possessing a sharp southern wit, he is never at a loss for words, especially when he repeatedly catches the Reverend Samuel Abernathy in compromising situations. Pursued relentlessly by Margaret, he manages to remain professional, and complete his assignment. (*Competent, a "tough guy" with a quick, dry wit*)

MARGARET JOHNSON (Age 35-55) An Assistant Secretary of State. She is a professional, and, as we would expect, good at her job. However, it is the other side of Margaret, which brings her character to life. She appears to be run by her libido. Never subtle, Margaret relentlessly pursues Daniel throughout the play. Despite his repeated rejections, she will not take no for an answer. Ever resourceful, she continually finds new ways to entice him into her bed. (*Attractive, determined, a "sexual predator"*)

THE REVEREND SAMUEL ABERNATHY (Age 50-60) A quintessential television evangelist, complete with white linen suit and pompadour hairstyle. He tends to "talk down" to people and is constantly preaching. Eventually however, we see he does not always practice what he preaches. Throughout the play, he constantly misinterprets everything he sees and hears, until finally, he is left totally and thoroughly confused, and presents himself as a rather pathetic figure. (*Arrogant, bombastic, but nevertheless, sincere in his beliefs*)

MILLICENT (Age 25-30) The Reverend Samuel Abernathy's secretary. She is correctly referred to by Samuel as "an innocent." She is dowdy and unglamorous, in fact, "a plain Jane," who makes no attempt to improve her appearance. It is only when she finds herself attracted to Luke, that we see, what is perhaps the real Millicent. After taking a seduction lesson from Heather, she emerges from her shell, in one of the plays most hilarious scenes. (Shy, frumpy, compassionate, then finally, "a bombshell")

HEATHER ANN FARADAY (Age 30-35) Introduces herself as the neighbor from the next cabin, but she is, in fact, Daniel's partner and fellow OPEC agent. She plays the "role" of the Chagos Islands Representative with competence and a great deal of panache. Although a mercenary, she shows a kind and sympathetic side when Millicent asks her for help. (*Glamorous, sexy, smart, with a great sense of humor*)

RANGER DON (Any age) Is, in fact, Donna Yarid, the real representative of the Chagos Islands, disguised as a man. A brief role, but one, which at the very end of the play, holds the key to the entire plot. (*Unassuming, competent and business-like*)

SETTING

A CIA safe house, somewhere in the mountains of Virginia

TIME

The present
Early Friday evening

ACT I

The curtain rises on an empty set. It is the interior of a log cabin.

D.R. is a bar or drinks table with bottles, glasses etc. Above this is the door to bedroom 2, and above that the door to bedroom 1. D.L. is a stone fireplace. The fire may be lit. Above this is the door to bedroom 3. There's a bearskin rug on the floor U.R. of the couch. U.S.C. is the front door with a window on each side with draperies, which are open. These windows should open by sliding up the lower panel. U.S.L. is a door to the bathroom and U.S.R. leads off to the kitchen.

On the U.S. wall, between the left window and the front door, is a combination umbrella and coat stand. D.S. is a couch and coffee table with a low back chair on each side. The furniture is angled towards the fireplace. The furnishings are rustic and the decor very much "upscale" log cabin, a painting or two, perhaps a deer head or antique gun rack etc.

The stage is dimly lit and we see a flashlight shining through the windows. After a moment or two, the L. window slides up and LUKE JAMES creeps furtively in and strikes a karate pose. (Age perhaps 25-30, he is a CIA agent and, as we shall see, not very good at his job. However, what he lacks in experience and expertise, he makes up for in enthusiasm. He is wearing a raincoat over a dress shirt and tan pants. He continues to flash the light around the stage. Seeing no one, he reaches out the window and lifts in an enormous suitcase. He locates the light switch by the front door, switches it on,

takes off his raincoat and hangs it on the coat stand, and then opens the suitcase. He produces an electronic scanner, which he switches on. He then moves slowly around the room and backs right toward the kitchen door as DANIEL WARREN enters from the kitchen to watch. DANIEL, perhaps age 55, presents himself as a former U.S. Marine Corps Sergeant, who is employed by the CIA as a replacement for the regular live-in safe-house caretaker. He is, in fact, a free-lance mercenary hired by OPEC to disrupt and prevent the meeting, which is to take place this evening in the safe house. He is a solid, down to earth individual, a little rough around the edges, and not impressed by CIA agents in general, and Luke James in particular. He is wearing boots, blue jeans and a denim shirt.

As LUKE backs R. in front of DANIEL, he turns suddenly D.S. and then continues D.R., never seeing DANIEL who follows him D.R. and eventually taps him on the shoulder. LUKE, startled, tries to adopt a karate pose, but DANIEL holds him off by placing one hand on his head and takes his legs right out from under him. DANIEL then places a large boot across LUKE's back.

DANIEL. Who are you?

LUKE. Who are you?

DANIEL. Listen buddy, I've got another foot and I can put it in a much more painful place if you don't answer my question.

LUKE. I'm Luke James.

DANIEL. *(Not removing his foot.)* Well, Mr. Luke James, perhaps you'd better tell me what you're doing here.

LUKE. I'm sweeping for electronic bugs.

DANIEL. Why?

LUKE. I've been assigned to this house this weekend.

DANIEL. Assigned by whom?

LUKE. You know. *(Pause.)* The Firm.

DANIEL. *(Removing his foot and rolling his eyes.)* Oh Lord, another agent. *(LUKE gets up.)* Let's see some ID. *(LUKE takes an ID out of his wallet.)* How long have you been working for the CIA?

LUKE. Actually, this is my first field assignment. *(Hands him his ID card.)* Who are you?

DANIEL. I'm Daniel Warren, U.S. Marine Corps, retired. Mr. Cole the regular caretaker of this safe house had some chest pains this morning and they took him in for medical tests. They called me to take his place. Why don't you brief me on this weekend.

LUKE. There is a very important meeting tonight, here in this house, between the U.S. State Department and a representative of the Chagos Islands.

DANIEL. The what?

LUKE. The Chagos Islands. They are a vast archipelago stretching across hundreds of square miles in the Indian Ocean. Recent geological studies have established that this island group is sitting on more oil than any other country on the planet, except Saudi Arabia. OPEC is pressuring the Chagosians to join the cartel. The Chagosians have indicated some interest in placing themselves under the protectorate of the United States. The meeting this weekend is to negotiate the terms. As you can imagine, OPEC will stop at nothing to prevent this from happening. It could even mean the downfall and breakup of the cartel.

DANIEL. And they sent you?

LUKE. I can assure you I am a highly trained security expert. It is my job to secure this cabin for the meeting tonight.

DANIEL. O.K. What's the timetable?

LUKE. I don't know. Details of the meeting have been kept so secret we do not even know who this representative is, or even when he, or she, will arrive. However, the U.S. State Department representative will be arriving shortly. It is my job to keep any potential intruders away.

DANIEL. Just how do you plan to do that?

LUKE. I have everything I need right here in my FARTAD.

(He walks to his suitcase and puts the electrical equipment away.)

DANIEL. What?

LUKE. My FARTAD.

DANIEL. Your what?

LUKE. F.A.R.T.A.D. Field Agents Restrictive Techniques And Devices. *(DANIEL shakes his head.)* Do not use the front door!

DANIEL. Why not?

LUKE. It's booby-trapped.

DANIEL. It's what?

LUKE. It's booby-trapped with a giant cargo net. Anyone trying to gain entry through the front door will be trapped. I have also rigged up what we in the trade, call alley-oop cables outside each of the windows.

DANIEL. Alley-oop?

LUKE. Anyone approaching the window will step into a loop of rope, which will, with a series of weights and pulleys, haul them upside down into the air, alley-oop! *(A car is heard pulling up outside.)* That's a car.

DANIEL. No kidding!

LUKE. Stand still. Leave it to me.

(LUKE rushes out the front door; there is a sudden noise, and a yell from LUKE. DANIEL raises his eyes heavenward and exits the front door. He returns immediately dragging LUKE behind him. A large mesh net covers LUKE. He struggles ferociously as he lashes out with karate moves. DANIEL tries to help, but he gets entangled in the net, and they both go down as MARGARET JOHNSON enters through the front door.

MARGARET, age perhaps 35-55, is employed as one of the many assistants to the Secretary of State. A competent career oriented woman, she will, as we shall see, soon reveal another side of herself, that of an aggressive man-hunter. She is wearing a long raincoat, over an attractive tailored suit. She carries with her a purse and an umbrella. The raincoat is wet, and we see it is now raining outside. With her back to the room, she closes her umbrella, puts it in the umbrella stand, closes the front door, and turns to watch DANIEL and LUKE struggling in the net. Eventually DANIEL frees himself and stands up. LUKE, still in the net, stands up and does his karate moves, as DANIEL and MARGARET watch.)

MARGARET. Hello.

DANIEL. Good evening madam. May I ask who you are?

MARGARET. I'm Margaret Johnson from the U.S. State Department.

DANIEL. Welcome. I'm Daniel Warren, caretaker of this safe house. *(He pauses as they watch the continuing struggles of LUKE inside the net.)* And this is Luke James from the Complete

Idiots Academy.

MARGARET. The what?

DANIEL. The CIA.

(LUKE frees himself from the net, stands up, and bundles up the net.)

DANIEL. Luke, this is Margaret Johnson from the State Department.

MARGARET. Hello

(LUKE moves U.S. and shakes hands with her.)

LUKE. Hello, sorry about that, I was just testing one of the booby-traps.

DANIEL. *(Rolls his eyes and turns to LUKE.)* Well?

LUKE. Well what?

DANIEL. Don't you think you ought to check her security ID?

LUKE. Right, yes, good idea, I can do that. *(He looks at MARGARET.)* ID please madam? *(MARGARET reaches into her purse and produces a security ID card.)* Right, everything looks good. Thank you.

(He hands the card back to MARGARET who returns it to her purse, as LUKE returns the cargo net to his FARTAD.)

DANIEL. Let me take your coat.

(MARGARET hands him her coat. DANIEL hangs Margaret's coat on the coat stand.)

MARGARET. Thank you. Does he know what he's doing?

DANIEL. I don't think he can do anything. Would you like some coffee?

MARGARET. Thank you. (*DANIEL exits to the kitchen.*)
Now, tell me what do you know about the meeting this evening?

(*She comes D. to sit on couch L. side.*)

LUKE. (*Moves to the R. chair.*) Not much. Only that it's very hush-hush, and my job is to keep out any potential intruders.

MARGARET. That's right, it's been kept so secret that I don't even know who the Chagos Islands' representative is. They wouldn't say whom they were sending. I don't even know if it's a man or a woman. Incidentally, I was told that the caretaker's name was Christopher Cole, not Daniel Warren.

LUKE. Ah yes, well, you see Mr. Cole had to go for some medical tests, and they sent Daniel to take his place.

MARGARET. Did you check his ID?

LUKE. Ah yes, well, er...no.

MARGARET. Maybe Mr. Warren was right about the Complete Idiots Academy.

LUKE. What?

MARGARET. Nothing. Don't you think you should check him out?

LUKE. Right, good idea, I can do that. I'll have to use my cell phone to speed dial headquarters. There are never any phones in safe houses. It eliminates the bugging problem.

(*He moves R. and starts to dial.*)

DANIEL enters from the kitchen carrying a tray with mugs, cof-

fee pot, etc. He comes D. As he passes LUKE, LUKE turns away attempting to hide the fact that he is using his cell phone. DANIEL looks at LUKE, shrugs, then places the tray on the coffee table and sits on the sofa R. side.)

DANIEL Here we are.

MARGARET. Thank you. *(To LUKE.)* Well?

LUKE. It's no good, I can't get through, must be interference from the storm.

(As DANIEL pours the coffee, and hands out mugs, MARGARET tries to attract LUKE's attention by jerking her head in DANIEL'S direction.)

MARGARET. Daniel, I believe Mr. James has something to ask you.

LUKE. I do? *(MARGARET looks at him.)* Oh yes, right. *(He moves to the R. end of the sofa.)* I think perhaps we'd better see some ID, Mr. Warren.

DANIEL. Certainly.

(He pulls out his driver's license from his shirt pocket.)

LUKE. Well, that seems to be in order.

MARGARET. What type of ID is that?

LUKE. It's his driver's license. *(Shows it to MARGARET.)*
Look, Daniel Warren and his photo.

MARGARET. And his security ID?

LUKE. Ah yes, right. *(To DANIEL.)* And your security ID?

DANIEL. I'm afraid I left it behind when I got the emergency call to report here.

LUKE. Oh, I see.

(He hands Daniel's ID back to him.)

MARGARET. Oh, I see? That's it?

LUKE. That's what?

MARGARET. Never mind, I'll talk to you later.

LUKE. *(Returns to the chair.)* What I don't understand is how we're supposed to know who the Chagos Islands' representative is when we meet him.

MARGARET. Or her, don't forget, it could be a woman.

LUKE. Either way, how will we know?

MARGARET. There's a recognition code word.

LUKE. Don't you think I ought to know what it is?

MARGARET. Certainly, it's—

(LUKE leaps to his feet, puts his hand up to stop her, looks furtively around the room, then signals to MARGARET to follow him R to the door of bedroom 2. She does, leaving her purse on the couch.)

LUKE. Now whisper.

(MARGARET whispers in his ear.)

LUKE. *(In a loud voice.)* The cook is awake! What sort of code word is that?

MARGARET. One that he *(Points to DANIEL)* now knows. Well, the damage is done; let's just hope he checks out.

DANIEL. *(Stands and moves U.L.)* Don't worry about me, it doesn't matter whether I know the code word or not. *(Looks out*

window.) It's really coming down now, looks like we're in for a bad storm.

MARGARET. Oh dear, I left my bags in the car.

LUKE. Your car! I need to set an alarm on it. I'll get your suitcase. May I have your keys?

(He moves U.S. to put on Margaret's raincoat as DANIEL comes D. and sits on the couch L. side.)

MARGARET. *(Crosses L. and gets her keys from her purse.)*
Is an alarm really necessary?

LUKE. Be prepared, that's my motto. In any event it won't take a minute, I have everything ready and prepared in my FARTAD.

MARGARET. That's my coat, why don't you wear your own?

LUKE. Right, I can do that.

(He takes off Margaret's coat and puts on his own.)

MARGARET. Your FARTAD?

DANIEL. Don't ask.

LUKE. My FARTAD. F.A.R.T.A.D., field agents restrictive techniques and devices.

MARGARET. Here you are.

(She moves U.S. and hands the keys to LUKE.)

LUKE. Thank you. *(Picks up his FARTAD.)* I won't be long.

(He exits front door and closes it behind him.)

DANIEL. What can they be thinking about, sending us an idiot like that!

MARGARET. *(Comes D.L.)* I know what I'm thinking about.

DANIEL. What?

MARGARET. *(Now at the L. end of the couch.)* You!

DANIEL. Me?

MARGARET. Yes, you! *(Sits on the couch and runs her fingers down DANIEL's arm.)* You are just a great-looking guy.

(DANIEL stands and escapes R., MARGARET follows.)

DANIEL. Madam, what I am, is a retired U.S. Marine Corps Sergeant with a job to do. Under normal circumstances, I would love to be called a great-looking guy, especially by a beautiful woman like you. Maybe later we can continue this conversation, but for now, we both have a job to do.

(She stands and advances R. towards DANIEL.)

MARGARET. Oh, so you do find me attractive?

(She runs her fingers up his chest.)

DANIEL. *(Takes a few steps backwards.)* As I said, we have a job to do.

MARGARET. *(Continues to advance on him.)* Well, later is good, but now is better.

(She flings her arms around him and kisses him passionately full

on the lips. After a second or two he pushes her away.)

DANIEL.. Excuse me madam, but this is neither the time nor the place.

(MARGARET sits on the arm of the R. chair, hitches up her skirt and crosses her legs provocatively.)

MARGARET. All right big boy, the place is my room and the time is later.

(LUKE enters through the front door with his FARTAD, and Margaret's suitcase. He sets the bags down by the door and closes the door behind him. MARGARET rearranges her skirt and sits properly in the chair. LUKE paces.)

LUKE. Operation car security is completed. Anyone attempting to infiltrate the vehicle by touching the car will be greeted with a siren, and exploding paint balls, which I have carefully concealed in the door handles. So, do not attempt to enter your car without informing me so that I can deactivate the alarm system.

MARGARET. That's fine, but my briefcase is on the front seat, and I'll need it for the meeting tonight.

LUKE. Right, I'll go get it.

(He exits front door.)

MARGARET. Where were we? *(Hitches up her skirt again and strikes a provocative pose.)* Oh yes, my room and later. By the way big boy, which is my room?

(She advances on DANIEL. He backs away U.R., picks up her suitcase and holds it between them like a shield.)

DANIEL. *(Backing left toward bedroom 3.)* You never give up do you. You could have been a great Marine.

MARGARET. *(Still advancing.)* I would prefer the Mounties.

DANIEL. Why?

MARGARET. They always get their man.

DANIEL. *(Now at the door of bedroom 3.)* There you see that's what I mean. This is your room ma'am.

(MARGARET crosses in front of DANIEL and glances into the room.)

MARGARET. Boy, this is small, *(Turns to DANIEL and strikes a sexy pose in the doorway.)* but there's definitely room for two, you big, strong, soldier boy.

(DANIEL quickly puts down the suitcase between them.)

DANIEL. Marine ma'am, marine.

(He retreats R.)

MARGARET. I didn't know marines ever retreated.

DANIEL. The Yalu River was a retreat ma'am, mine is a strategic withdrawal. I will, however look forward to seeing more of you later. *(MARGARET reacts.)* Let me rephrase that.

MARGARET. Well then, a truce till later big boy.

(There is a loud bang off stage, immediately followed by a 4 to 5

second siren. MARGARET and DANIEL look at each other; look at the audience, and then at the front door. The front door opens slowly and LUKE enters with his back to the audience. He carries Margaret's briefcase. He closes the door and turns rather sheepishly down stage. His raincoat is covered with bright orange paint and soaking wet, his hands are orange, and he has streaks of orange paint down his face where he has obviously tried to wipe away the rain.)

DANIEL. Not again.

MARGARET. What happened?

(LUKE moves D.L. a little.)

LUKE. There's nothing to get excited about, I just had a slight malfunction, but everything is under control.

(He hands DANIEL Margaret's briefcase.)

DANIEL. You call being covered with orange paint under control?

LUKE. Right, I'll go and clean up. I can do that.

(DANIEL puts her briefcase behind the couch.)

DANIEL. You can use the bathroom in my quarters off the kitchen.

LUKE. Thanks.

(He picks up his FARTAD and exits to the kitchen.)

MARGARET. Take your time. *(To DANIEL.)* Alone again lover boy.

(DANIEL places Margaret's suitcase between them.)

DANIEL. I've told you, I am not your lover boy.

MARGARET. *(Moves suitcase to her R.)* And I'm telling you, you will be.

DANIEL. We'll see.

MARGARET. Oh dear, so you're still continuing your strategic withdrawal?

DANIEL. Yes ma'am.

MARGARET. *(Moves R.)* Well then, I suppose I shall have to find a different plan of attack.

DANIEL. *(Backs away.)* Attack?

(She continues to move towards him.)

MARGARET. Let's just call it a forward movement, and boy have I got some moves for you.

(DANIEL is now backed up against the L. side of the couch. She pounces on him and flings her arms around his neck. He falls backwards over the L. end of the couch, she falls between his legs on top of him and smothers him with kisses.)

Enter through the front door THE REVEREND SAMUEL ABERNATHY. Age perhaps 50-60; he is the quintessential evangelical, hell and damnation preacher. However, as we shall see, he does not always live up to the standards, which he is so keen to preach to others. He carries an umbrella, and has a raincoat draped over his shoulders covering an all white

outfit: white shoes, socks, pants, jacket, silk shirt and tie. His graying hair is worn in a pompadour style. He steps into the room and closes the door. He puts his umbrella in the umbrella stand. He turns and sees MARGARET and DANIEL in a compromising position on the couch. He slides his raincoat off his shoulders and it falls to the floor. He then strides purposefully down to the back of the couch, arms outspread and palms up.)

SAMUEL. Witness the sins of the flesh. (*DANIEL and MARGARET freeze and stare up at him.*) Oh Lord, forgive me. A few moments ago, out in this terrible storm I doubted you. I asked, "Why me?" Why did my car have to break down on this dark and desolate road? Now I clearly see your purpose. You have sent me here to save these miserable sinners from their carnal desires and the pleasures of the flesh.

(MARGARET stands and moves above the couch L. side.)

MARGARET. Hello. I'm Margaret Johnson.

SAMUEL. Good evening. I am the Reverend Samuel Abernathy.

(They shake hands.)

DANIEL. (*Stands.*) And I am Daniel Warren and I need a drink.

(DANIEL crosses R. to the drinks table.)

SAMUEL. Just as I suspected. Sinners, sinners enjoying the

pleasures of the flesh, the pleasures of the flesh, without benefit of matrimony. Do you not know the retribution that awaits adulterers like you?

DANIEL. (*Pouring himself a drink.*) Hold on a minute. There really wasn't anything going on.

SAMUEL. Thank you Lord. Thank you. You brought me here just in time to rescue these two lost souls.

MARGARET. I'd hardly describe us as lost souls.

SAMUEL. Souls such as you are always lost, always searching. As the children of Israel searched for the Promised Land, so too are you searching. Have you found your promised land? I know I have.

MARGARET. (*To DANIEL.*) Ooh, can I lead you to your promised land?

SAMUEL. (*Glares at MARGARET and continues without missing a beat.*) Life you know is rather like a plate of beans. There are green beans and brown beans, wax beans and black beans, kidney beans, baked beans and even barbequed beans, but you know, when you've finished eating at the end of the day, they are all still just beans.

DANIEL. Would that make them "has beans"?

SAMUEL. (*Ignores DANIEL and continues.*) Although it is said variety is the spice of life, it is that very spice which can cause you heartache and despair. My poor, poor lost souls, do not be tempted down life's lost path, rather, travel as I do in an abundance of riches blessed by God.

DANIEL. What did he just say?

MARGARET. Absolutely nothing.

SAMUEL. Madam, it is my mission, my purpose, and my reason for being, that I find myself here to deliver you out of your sinful ways and onto the path of redemption.

DANIEL. *(Puts his glass down.)* I've heard quite enough. Reverend, it is my mission, my purpose and my reason for being here that I now require you to show me some ID.

(LUKE, now cleaned up, enters from the kitchen without his raincoat. He stops dead in his tracks and strikes a karate pose when he sees SAMUEL. He creeps D., unseen by SAMUEL.)

SAMUEL. Really, this is preposterous. I am known internationally for my ministry.

DANIEL. ID. Please. Now. *(Holds out his hand.)*

(SAMUEL reaches into his inside pocket and produces his wallet. LUKE is now immediately behind him and about to leap on him. SAMUEL takes a step to his R. to hand his ID to DANIEL. LUKE's leap is now into thin air, and he falls flat on the floor unconscious.)

SAMUEL. Very well, here it is. *(Hands DANIEL his ID.)* I left my secretary in the car down the road, and I must now bring her here to safety. But I want you to know I cannot condone your wanton ways, which I witnessed earlier. She is an innocent soul who must be protected from the evils of immoral activities. Therefore, as long as we are in this house, I do not expect to see any repetition of your licentious behavior. *(Sees LUKE.)* Who is this?

MARGARET. He's from the CIA.

SAMUEL. What?

DANIEL. *(Hands ID back to SAMUEL.)* Oh, not the Central Intelligence Agency, he's from the er—the—er—the other CIA, The Culinary Institute of America. He's the chef.

MARGARET. He is?

DANIEL. Yes, that's Mr. James, the chef.

SAMUEL. What is he doing on the floor?

MARGARET. He's—er—er—

DANIEL. He's asleep.

SAMUEL. What?

DANIEL. He's asleep.

SAMUEL. Why is he sleeping on the floor in the middle of the living room?

DANIEL. Well, er—er—

MARGARET. He suffers from narcolepsy.

DANIEL. He does?

MARGARET. Definitely. He falls asleep anywhere, all the time.

DANIEL. We now have a narcoleptic chef?

MARGARET. Absolutely.

SAMUEL. I will return shortly with my secretary. In the meantime perhaps you would be kind enough to phone Triple A. Here's my membership card. *(Removes a card from his wallet.)*

DANIEL. I'm afraid the only phone here is the chef's cell phone, and it doesn't appear to be working, probably because of the storm.

SAMUEL. *(Putting his card back in his wallet, moves L. to MARGARET.)* Oh dear. Madam, if it would not be too much of an imposition, do you think it would be possible for Millicent and myself to take shelter here until help can arrive?

MARGARET. Millicent?

SAMUEL. My secretary.

MARGARET. Well, I guess so. *(Glances at DANIEL who is frowning.)* At least until the phone is working and we can get some help.

SAMUEL. Of course. Thank you Ms. Johnson. *(He moves towards the front door, picks up his raincoat and turns with a flourish.)* Do not take advantage of my absence to continue your lascivious behavior. Remember, the Lord is watching you.

(SAMUEL picks up his umbrella and exits front door.)

DANIEL. *(Sits R. chair.)* Who or what is the Reverend Samuel Abernathy?

MARGARET. *(Sits L. couch.)* I don't know, but I get the feeling that if I was drowning he would be the first person to try to save my soul, while holding out an electric cattle prod.

(LUKE groans and staggers to his feet.)

LUKE. *(Strikes karate pose.)* Who was that? Where did he go?

DANIEL. He's the Reverend Samuel Abernathy. He went to get his secretary. Their car broke down and they'll be back in a few minutes.

MARGARET. Why don't you see if your phone is working and check him out.

LUKE. Yes, right. I can do that. I'm going to try headquarters in zone seven.

(LUKE takes out his cell phone and dials frantically.)

DANIEL. The only zone he'll reach is the twilight zone.

MARGARET. He does seem to be a little out of it.

DANIEL. He's never been in it.

MARGARET. *(To LUKE.)* Well?

LUKE. Nothing.

MARGARET. (*Sits on sofa L. end.*) Then we have no way of knowing if the Reverend is who he says he is.

LUKE. (*Pacing up and down.*) We can't have strangers wandering in and out of this house. My instructions were to keep everybody out except the Chagos Island Government Representative.

DANIEL. Well the Reverend is here now, and he's gone to get his secretary, so there's going to be two more people, and there's not much we can do about it.

LUKE. (*Moves up to the R. window and looks out.*) I shall be watching them like a hawk. If he's not who he says he is, then I shall apply the interrogation technique specified in field agent's manual section 49, subsection 3C.

(*He comes D. behind the couch.*)

MARGARET. How do you remember all those sections and subsections. I could never do that.

LUKE. Ah, but you don't have my brain.

DANIEL. We know, and whoever has it should return it.

MARGARET. By the way Luke, you're no longer who you say you are.

LUKE. What do you mean?

MARGARET. You're not from the CIA-CIA. You're from the Culinary Institute of America.

LUKE. I am?

MARGARET. Yes, you're a chef.

LUKE. Why?

MARGARET. I made a mistake and Daniel covered. We couldn't let the Reverend know who you really are, could we?

LUKE. That's right, good thinking, I'm under cover now, a chef. I can do that.

MARGARET. And you have narcolepsy.

LUKE. Oh ... OK. Good. I can do fits.

DANIEL. Not epilepsy you idiot, narcolepsy. *(LUKE looks blank.)* You know, falling asleep all the time.

LUKE. Oh ... OK. Good. I can do that. *(Falls asleep.)*

DANIEL. *(Gets up and moves to LUKE, then whispers in his ear.)* What are you doing?

LUKE. *(Eyes still closed.)* I'm practicing.

DANIEL. Practice later! For heaven's sake, get outside and follow the preacher man!

LUKE. Right. I can do that.

(LUKE exits front door on the dead run leaving it wide open.

DANIEL goes to close the front door as MARGARET starts to put coffee mugs, etc. on the tray.)

DANIEL. It makes you wonder where they find these agents and how they manage to train such idiots. *(Comes D. and picks up the tray.)* Here let me get that. He'd never have made it in the Marine Corps. The drill sergeants would have had him for breakfast.

(DANIEL exits to the kitchen. MARGARET watches him go, stands, picks up her purse and briefcase from behind the couch.)

MARGARET. You're one handsome hunk Mr. Warren, and I'm not finished with you yet. One way or another, before this night is over, your boots will be under my bed.

(MARGARET exits to bedroom 3, leaving the door open.)

DANIEL. *(Entering from the kitchen)* We've really got to tighten security around here if this meeting is to take place. Ms. Johnson, how do you propose we do it?

(MARGARET, who is in the bedroom, hears her name and comes to the door, but has only heard the last part of DANIEL's speech.)

MARGARET. Do it?

DANIEL. *(Comes down behind the couch.)* Yes, we both know what needs to be done.

MARGARET. We do?

DANIEL. Absolutely, I think we've been here long enough and we need to get down to business.

MARGARET. Sounds good to me.

DANIEL. *(Pacing a little.)* Right! First of all we need to find a way to do it without the preacher from hell finding out.

MARGARET. Way to go big boy!

DANIEL. *(Looking thoughtful he wanders D. to the drinks table.)* Timing may be tricky, but I think we can handle it.

MARGARET. Oooh, I'm so glad you think timing is important.

DANIEL. Right. The place should be private. Your room would be best.

MARGARET. Now you're talking!

DANIEL. O.K., now here's the plan. We shouldn't rush into this. We should create the right mood. It should proceed slowly in a relaxed atmosphere. Perhaps a glass or two of wine would help.

MARGARET. I must be better than I thought.

DANIEL. (*Turns and heads back U.S.*) And then, when the moment arrives we'll be in a position to take advantage of the situation. What do you think?

(*He is now behind the couch, facing L. towards MARGARET. She hurls herself at him, and falls on top of him over the back of the couch, his legs in the air outspread.*)

MARGARET. I love it! I love it! I love it! (*Kisses him passionately.*)

(*Enter SAMUEL through the front door. He puts his umbrella in the umbrella stand. He is followed by MILLICENT, who is carrying two suitcases, which she puts down by the front door. MILLICENT, age 25-35, is Samuel's secretary. She is dressed in a long black raincoat over a dark brown, ankle length dress, with long sleeves. Her shoes look like work boots. She is the most unglamorous figure imaginable. She wears no makeup or jewelry. Her hair is tied up in a bun and she wears a pair of oversize glasses. She closes the door.*)

SAMUEL. (*Sees DANIEL and MARGARET on the couch. He raises his hands to the heavens.*) I leave you for five minutes and sexual depravity rears its ugly head again. Millicent, hide your eyes. Ms. Johnson and Mr. Warren, I beseech you, do not let this innocent creature witness your lust and desire.

(*DANIEL and MARGARET stand up and straighten out their clothing.*)

SAMUEL. Millicent, this is Margaret Johnson and Daniel

Warren.

MILLICENT. Hello.

DANIEL. Here, please, let me have your coats.

(MILLICENT takes her coat off, but SAMUEL just stands there waiting for it to be removed from his shoulders.)

MILLICENT. Thank you for helping us. It's really bad out there.

MARGARET. You're welcome. Please, sit down.

(MARGARET sits in L. chair.)

MILLICENT. Thank you.

(SAMUEL sits on the L. of the couch, MILLICENT sits on the R. of the couch.)

MARGARET. You look chilled.

DANIEL. Could I get you some coffee, or perhaps a glass of brandy?

MILLICENT. Oh no, Samuel *(She looks at him with adoring eyes.)* has warned me about the evils of liquor.

SAMUEL. That's right my dear, but you've been through a lot tonight. I think a small drop of brandy for medicinal purposes would be acceptable for both of us.

DANIEL. Right.

(He goes D.R. to the drinks table.)

SAMUEL. Any luck with the cell phone?

MARGARET. No, I'm sorry, it's still not working.

SAMUEL. Oh dear, Ms. Johnson, could you possibly accommodate two more weary souls overnight?

MARGARET. Well, Daniel?

DANIEL (*Indicates bedroom 1.*) Well, the chef has that room, and that only leaves this one other room (*Indicates bedroom 2*) besides my quarters at the rear.

SAMUEL. I see. Of course, I will need a room of my own, and as you and Mr. Warren will most certainly not be sharing a room, do you suppose you could share with Millicent?

MARGARET. I guess that's all right. Is that O.K. with you Millicent?

MILLICENT. That will be fine, thank you.

(*DANIEL crosses L. behind the couch with a glass of brandy in each hand, which he then hands to SAMUEL and MILLICENT.*)

DANIEL. Here you go.

MILLICENT. Samuel, are you sure this is all right?

(*SAMUEL nods. MILLICENT takes a sip, coughs and then giggles.*

There is a yell and a thud from outside followed by knocking on the window. Everyone watches as DANIEL goes up to the R. window, opens the drapes and slides open the window. We see LUKE hanging upside down, dripping wet.)

DANIEL. Hello.

LUKE. Hello.

DANIEL. What are you doing?

LUKE. What does it look like I'm doing?

DANIEL. Trying to get some blood to your brain?

MILLICENT. Who's that?

SAMUEL. Why is your chef hanging upside down outside the window?

MILLICENT. Maybe he's working on a recipe for pineapple upside down cake.

SAMUEL. Outside, in the rain?

MARGARET. Well,—er—it keeps him awake. *(MILLICENT giggles and sips her brandy.)* Let's face it. He has hang-ups.

SAMUEL. You have a narcoleptic chef, hanging by his feet, outside your window in the rain working on a recipe for pineapple upside down cake?

MARGARET. Yes, doesn't everybody?

LUKE. *(Yelling.)* Excuse me, if it's not too much trouble, and you can find the time to stop making jokes at my unfortunate predicament, I would appreciate it if someone would please come out and cut me down.

DANIEL. Hang in there Luke. *(Closes the window and the drapes.)* I'll get him down.

(He takes an umbrella and exits front door.)

MILLICENT. Oh Samuel, I like this. *(Takes another sip of brandy.)*

SAMUEL. Perhaps I should finish it for you.

(He reaches for her glass.)

MILLICENT. No! *(She clutches the glass tightly to her.)* I

mean, I'm still a bit chilled. *(Takes another sip and giggles.)*

MARGARET. Can I get you a drop more, Reverend?

SAMUEL. No thank you, I'm fine. I must keep a clear head.

MARGARET. And you, Millicent?

MILLICENT. I don't think I should. Samuel often preaches about how people can be corrupted by what he calls, "The Devil's Brew."

SAMUEL. I wouldn't put it in words exactly like that.

MILLICENT. You always put it in words exactly like that.

(Enter DANIEL and LUKE through the front door. DANIEL puts his umbrella in the stand and assists LUKE, who is totally soaked, and unsteady on his feet.)

DANIEL. Come on, you can change in my room.

(They both exit to the kitchen.)

MARGARET. So what brought you to this area?

MILLICENT. We were on our way to a revival where Samuel was scheduled to preach, but we got lost.

SAMUEL. Millicent, the Lord works in mysterious ways. I do not believe we were ever lost. I believe the Lord has a mission for me here.

(Enter DANIEL from the kitchen. He comes D.R. to the drinks table and pours himself a drink.)

MILLICENT. Is the chef all right?

DANIEL. Mr. James is a little shaken up, but he'll be fine.

MILLICENT. I'd like to meet him when he's back to normal.

DANIEL. I'm not sure the words normal and Luke James have ever been used in the same sentence before. He's just changing; he'll be out in a minute or two.

SAMUEL. Now Mr. Warren I still have no satisfactory explanation as to why your chef was hanging upside down outside the window in a blinding rainstorm.

MILLICENT. Maybe he just likes to hang out. (*Giggles.*)

SAMUEL. (*Glares at MILLICENT.*) Mr. Warren, what is going on?

(*DANIEL crosses L. behind couch to MARGARET.*)

DANIEL. Oh, nothing's going on, there's really a very simple explanation.

MARGARET. There is?

DANIEL. Of course.

MARGARET. I can't wait to hear this.

DANIEL. Ah, well—er—you see—er—you tell him Margaret.

MARGARET. Me?

DANIEL. Yes, you. Please explain to the Reverend about Luke.

MARGARET. (*Aside to DANIEL.*) You owe me for this one. (*Turns to SAMUEL.*) You see Reverend, the truth is, one of the extreme treatments for narcolepsy is to cool the body down while hanging upside down. This allows fresh blood to quickly flow into the brain, which stimulates the neurons in the part of the brain that tell him to sleep. This in turn keeps him awake.

SAMUEL. Amazing.

DANIEL. She is.... I mean it is, isn't it.

MILLICENT. It must be difficult having narcolepsy, if you

never know when you'll fall asleep, how would you know when to set the alarm?

(There is a series of bangs, crashes and yells off stage from LUKE.)

DANIEL. Now what?

MARGARET. *(Leaps to her feet.)* Take a break, I'll go.

(She exits to kitchen.)

DANIEL. *(Turns to MILLICENT.)* Can I get you another one?

MILLICENT. *(Stands, hands her glass to DANIEL who then crosses to the drinks table.)* Thank you.

SAMUEL. Millicent? Everything in moderation!

MILLICENT. Oh ... just a small one then.

(MILLICENT sits while SAMUEL frowns disapprovingly.)

SAMUEL. I appreciate your hospitality Mr. Warren, but please remember that Millicent is an innocent, and we must be careful not to lead her astray. As you know alcohol is the root of all evil.

DANIEL. I thought it was money.

SAMUEL. Money is only evil when it is not used to do the Lord's work.

MILLICENT. And Samuel is always telling everybody how he needs money for the Lord's work.

(Enter MARGARET through the kitchen door, shaking her head

in disbelief. She comes D. R.)

MILLICENT. Is there a problem?

MARGARET. Just a slight accident.

DANIEL. What is it this time?

MARGARET. It seems Mr. James had this brilliant idea of standing with his back to the oven to dry his clothes, and they caught on fire. He then appears to have sprayed the entire kitchen and most of himself with a fire extinguisher, and I don't even want to guess how he got involved with all that ketchup.

(She sits R. chair.

There is a long agonized groan from the kitchen. They all look at the kitchen door as LUKE slowly appears. He is covered with white foam and has red streaks running down from his head.)

MILLICENT. *(Stands, moves U. to LUKE.)* Oh you look absolutely delicious. *(There is a stunned silence.)* Well, I mean you look just like a strawberry sundae.

DANIEL. Oh for heavens sakes, come on, let's get you cleaned up ... again!

(DANIEL hands MILLICENT her drink and heads U. They go to the kitchen and as LUKE turns, we see that the rear of his pants have a large burned hole exposing boxers with hearts all over them.)

SAMUEL. Hide your eyes, Millicent.

(MILLICENT covers her eyes, but we see her peeking.)

MILLICENT. I thought you were suppose to wear your heart on your sleeve, I never heard about wearing your heart on your—

SAMUEL. Millicent, you must forget what you just saw. The Lord requires us to remain pure, both in mind and body.

MILLICENT. But Samuel, why would he have hearts on his shorts?

SAMUEL. I really don't think it's appropriate for us to be discussing Mr. James' underwear.

MILLICENT. Well, alright, but hearts?

MARGARET. Ahem— *(Stands.)* Millicent, perhaps you'd like to change into some dry clothes, let me get your suitcase and I'll show you our room.

(She gets Millicent's suitcase, carries it to the door of bedroom 3, and opens the door.)

MILLICENT. *(Stands.)* Thank you, that would be nice.

(She downs the rest of the brandy in one gulp, puts the glass on the coffee table and moves to the door of bedroom 3.)

MARGARET. I'm afraid there's only the one bathroom in this part of the cabin, but there's a nice size closet where you can put your things. Would you excuse us for a moment Reverend?

(MILLICENT exits to bedroom 3, followed by MARGARET carrying the suitcase.)

SAMUEL. Of course.

(SAMUEL watches them go, looks around a little furtively, then

moves quickly R. to the drinks table, pours himself a shot of brandy, downs it in one gulp, and quickly returns to the L. of the couch.

MARGARET enters from bedroom 3.)

MARGARET. Reverend, let me show you to your room.

(She crosses R. and opens the door of bedroom 2.)

SAMUEL. Thank you. *(Goes up and gets his suitcase.)* I have some important papers in my suitcase, which I need to study.

MARGARET. You should be very comfortable in here.

SAMUEL. Thank you, however, my mission is not one of comfort, Ms. Johnson. *(He enters the bedroom and as MARGARET walks slowly L. SAMUEL reappears in the doorway.)* Incidentally, I have some special dietary requirements, which I would like to discuss with you later, when the cook is awake.

(He exits to bedroom 2 and closes the door.)

MARGARET. *(Stands for a moment with her mouth wide open. Runs to the kitchen and calls out.)* Mr. Warren, Mr. James.

(DANIEL enters immediately.)

DANIEL. What is it?

MARGARET. *(Moves D.L.)* It's him, the preacher, it's him.

DANIEL. *(Moves R. behind couch)* What?

MARGARET. The Reverend Samuel Abernathy is the Chagos Islands' representative.

DANIEL. What?

MARGARET. He just gave me the code word.

DANIEL. Are you sure?

MARGARET. It has to be him. How else would he know the code word?

DANIEL. It makes no sense. Why would he disguise himself as a preacher?

MARGARET. Well, it is a known fact that many religious leaders in small island nations hold important government positions.

DANIEL. I didn't know that. But if he really is who he says he is, why didn't he just say the code word right away?

MARGARET. How would he have known who I am? He thinks you and I are just here for a weekend together. He doesn't know I work for the State Department. Come to think of it, how would he know now?

DANIEL. (*Sits couch R.*) That's a good point, but, with the phones down, we have no way to confirm any of this. Perhaps Millicent is the answer. Maybe we can find out by having Luke interview her. If she really is a government secretary, even the genius from the Central Idiots Academy ought to be able to handle that. In the mean time, just don't do anything.

MARGARET. Well, I could do one thing.

DANIEL. What's that?

MARGARET. (*Lunges for him on the couch, but misses as DANIEL stands up*) Plant one on you big boy.

DANIEL. (*Breaks away.*) Ms. Johnson, please, what are you doing?

MARGARET. Obviously not basking in the warmth of your welcome.

DANIEL. Ms. Johnson, can't we just be friends?

MARGARET. I don't know. I've never had a friend before.

DANIEL. I'm sure you have lots of friends.

MARGARET. No, no. I mean I've never "*HAD*" a friend before.

DANIEL. Really Ms. Johnson, you're incorrigible, I give up. (*MARGARET stands and moves towards DANIEL.*) Let me rephrase that. I'd better get Luke out here as fast as I can. In the meantime don't give anything away to the Reverend.

(*DANIEL exits to kitchen.*)

MARGARET. (*Almost to herself.*) Don't worry, the only one I'll be giving anything away to is you, my gentleman girene.

(*There is a loud knocking on the front door. MARGARET opens the door to reveal HEATHER ANN FARADAY.*)

She steps hurriedly into the room to get out of the rain. Age 30-35, she is smart, calculating, beautiful, and very sensuous, but as we shall see, is not what she appears to be. She is, in fact, DANIEL's partner, employed by OPEC. She is wearing a pastel raincoat and matching hat, a pair of blue jeans, a cashmere sweater and fashionable ankle boots. She carries a small overnight case. We see that the bottoms of her jeans are soaking wet.)

HEATHER. (*Taking off her hat and coat.*) Oh, hello, is Mr. Cole here?

MARGARET. I'm afraid not.

HEATHER. Oh dear.

MARGARET. I'm Margaret Johnson. Can I help you?

HEATHER. I don't know? Who are you?

MARGARET. Well, I'm—er—er—a friend of Mr. Cole and I had arranged with him to use his house for a little business meeting. Who are you?

HEATHER. I'm Heather Ann Faraday. I was hoping Mr. Cole would be here. You see I live just the other side of the creek and my power went out in the storm. I saw the lights on and I was hoping I could stay here for the night.

MARGARET. I see. Why don't you give me your coat. *(Takes Heather's hat and coat and hangs them on the coat rack.)* Please, sit down.

HEATHER. Thank you.

(She sits on the L. side of the couch and tries unsuccessfully to take off her boots.)

MARGARET. *(Sits on R. chair.)* So, you know Mr. Cole then?

HEATHER. Of course, we've been neighbors ever since I got divorced and moved into my cabin three years ago. We even cook for each other once in awhile. I'm surprised he's not here, I just saw him yesterday.

MARGARET. I don't want to alarm you, but Mr. Cole had to go for some medical tests earlier today, and we don't expect him back tonight.

HEATHER. Really, he never said anything to me.

MARGARET. *(Stands.)* Would you excuse me for a moment, I need to let Mr. Warren know you are here.

HEATHER. Who's Mr. Warren?

MARGARET. He's—er—er an associate of mine.

HEATHER. May I use the bathroom to dry off a little?

MARGARET. Of course, that's the door there. *(Points to the*

bathroom.) Excuse me.

(MARGARET exits to the kitchen. HEATHER exits to the bathroom.)

Enter SAMUEL from bedroom 2, he looks around to see if anyone is there, heads D.R. to the drinks table and facing R. pours himself a drink.

Enter MILLICENT from bedroom 3. She stands and watches him gulp his drink. She covers her face with her hands in disbelief, rushes back into the bedroom, and closes the door.

SAMUEL, still at the drinks table, with his glass in hand, is about to pour another drink, when HEATHER enters from the bathroom and comes D. Startled, SAMUEL quickly puts the glass down and moves UL behind the R. chair.)

HEATHER. Oh, I'm sorry, did I startle you?

SAMUEL. Oh no, indeed no, I just didn't realize there was anyone else here. Where are my manners, allow me to introduce myself. I am the Reverend Samuel Abernathy.

HEATHER. How do you do, I'm Heather Ann Faraday.

(They shake hands.)

SAMUEL. Would you care to sit down?

(HEATHER moves to the couch L. end, SAMUEL sits in the chair R.)

HEATHER. Are you a friend of Mr. Cole?

SAMUEL. Who?

HEATHER. Mr. Cole, he owns this house.

SAMUEL. I'm afraid I've never met Mr. Cole. My car broke down earlier this evening in the storm and my secretary and I took shelter here. The Lord works in wondrous ways. It seems He summoned me here, and I arrived just in time to intervene in an immoral situation of the utmost depravity.

HEATHER. What?

SAMUEL. I mean, those two misguided souls who were about to embark on an illicit liaison.

HEATHER. Which two misguided souls?

SAMUEL. Ms. Johnson and Mr. Warren.

HEATHER. (*Frowning.*) Mr. Warren?

SAMUEL. Oh yes, indeed.

HEATHER. Really? Ms. Johnson just told me she arranged to use the cabin for business, and that Mr. Warren was her associate.

(She is still trying to remove one of her boots.)

SAMUEL. The only business those two are conducting is monkey business.

HEATHER. Oh. (*She pauses.*) Ooh! I see.

SAMUEL. I hope you never do.

HEATHER. You know, I'm really embarrassed to even ask, but I desperately want to get out of these wet boots, and I can't seem to get them off. Would it offend you if I asked for your help?

SAMUEL. Not at all, I am here to be of service. (*He stands in front of her facing U.S. and tugs at the L. boot. She starts to slide off the couch, while nothing happens with the boot.*) Goodness me, it doesn't seem to be coming off.

HEATHER. Here, try this; let me brace myself with my

other foot.

(She now turns on the couch and braces her R. foot on the R. end of the couch. SAMUEL moves to the R. side of the couch and begins to pull on her L. boot. There is some tugging, but to no avail.)

SAMUEL. Here, let me try it this way.

(He now turns around facing R. with his back to HEATHER and places her left leg between his, holding the boot with his hands. As he tugs on the boot HEATHER moves her left leg and catches him in the crotch. He stands bolt upright, eyes bulging and yells.)

SAMUEL. AAIIIEEGH!!

HEATHER. Oops! Sorry. *(Grins.)*

SAMUEL. *(In a high voice.)* That's quite *(He pauses then continues in a normal voice)* alright.

SAMUEL. Let's give it one more try.

(He turns around again and tackles the problem from the front. Eventually, with one giant pull, HEATHER falls backward on the couch as SAMUEL falls on top of her between her legs.)

MILLICENT enters from bedroom 3 and sees SAMUEL and HEATHER. With a cry of anguish, she goes back into the bedroom and closes the door, as DANIEL enters from the kitchen, and comes D. behind the couch.)

DANIEL. Well, barbie my behind and call me a brisket,

what have we got here? (*Arms outspread and palms up.*) Witness the sins of the flesh.

SAMUEL. (*Stands as HEATHER sits up.*) I can assure you Mr. Warren it is not what it appears to be.

DANIEL. Well, you could have fooled me. I leave you for five minutes and sexual depravity rears it's ugly head.

(*He raises his hands, mimicking SAMUEL.*)

SAMUEL. Really, this is too much.

DANIEL. (*Laughing.*) I want you to know I cannot condone this lascivious behavior.

SAMUEL. This is intolerable. How dare you mock a man of the cloth. I will not stand here and listen to any more of this. Excuse me, Ms. Faraday.

(*SAMUEL exits to bedroom 2.*)

HEATHER. It really was an accident, we simply fell over.

DANIEL. (*Sits R. chair.*) I'm sure it was. But it's such fun to tease him.

(*MILLICENT enters from bedroom 3.*)

MILLICENT. Oh, I'm sorry, I hope I'm not disturbing you. I wanted to talk to Samuel.

DANIEL. I'm afraid he just left. Millicent, may I introduce you to Ms. Faraday.

HEATHER. Hello, please, call me Heather.

MILLICENT. Hi, do you live here?

HEATHER. Oh no, I live across the creek. My power went

out in the storm. Since I know Mr. Cole, who owns this cabin, I came over here to see if he could put me up for the night.

MILLICENT. Oh, you poor dear, you're really wet, maybe a brandy would help. I can recommend it.

HEATHER. Maybe later, right now I would love to get out of these wet boots. Mr. Warren, perhaps you could give me a hand?

DANIEL. Please, call me Daniel. Sure, why don't we give it a try. *(He tugs and one boot comes off.)* Here we go. *(The other boot comes off.)*

HEATHER. Thank you so much.

DANIEL. Your jeans are soaked. Do you have anything to change into?

HEATHER. No, I'm afraid not.

MILLICENT. Maybe I can help. I'm afraid I don't have any jeans, but I do have a skirt if that would help, and let's see if I have a pair of shoes that would fit.

HEATHER. Oh, I brought some shoes, but a skirt would be nice. Thank you.

MILLICENT. Why don't you come with me?

(HEATHER picks up the boots and her suitcase then follows MILLICENT. They exit to bedroom 3.)

Enter LUKE from the kitchen, now all cleaned up, and wearing a reasonable facsimile of a chef's outfit.)

LUKE: *(Comes L. behind the couch.)* Well, what do you think?

DANIEL. *(Moves U. to LUKE.)* Listen, there's another woman here.

LUKE. Another woman? Who?

DANIEL. Heather Faraday. She says she's a neighbor and knows Mr. Cole. Her power went out, and now she has to stay the night.

LUKE. This isn't a safe house, it's a bed and breakfast. Did you check her ID?

DANIEL. Isn't that supposed to be your job?

LUKE. Yes. Right, I can do that.

DANIEL. First things first, Millicent will be out in a minute. We need to find out if she and the Reverend really are representing the Chagos Islands' Government. Can you do that and remain incognito?

LUKE. *(Pauses.)* I thought we were in Virginia.

DANIEL. I mean in a subtle way, without revealing you're an agent.

LUKE. Subtle is my middle name.

DANIEL. You're about as subtle as a sledgehammer. Just remember, you're a chef.

LUKE. That's the only thing that worries me a little. I don't know anything about food. What do I do if they ask me questions about cooking and stuff?

DANIEL. Well, be kind of vague, and you are a narcoleptic, so you could always fall asleep if you really get stuck.

LUKE. Right. I can do that.

(MILLICENT enters from bedroom 3.)

MILLICENT. I found a skirt. Heather's changing. *(Sees LUKE.)* Oh, hello, you must be the chef.

DANIEL. Millicent, I'd like to introduce you to Luke James.

LUKE. Hello.

MILLICENT. Hi. You look a little different from the last

time I saw you. Are you alright?

DANIEL. He's never been alright.

LUKE. I just had a slight accident, but I'm fine, thank you.

DANIEL. Right, I'll leave you two to get acquainted; I'll be in my room if you need me.

(DANIEL exits to kitchen.

They sit on the couch. MILLICENT L., LUKE R.)

MILLICENT. I am so excited to meet a real chef. My hobby is cooking and I watch all the TV shows. I have a million questions I'd love to ask you.

LUKE. Oh dear.

MILLICENT. I'm sorry. Was that rude?

LUKE. No, that's fine. However, before we get to that, I'm fascinated by the Reverend Abernathy's line of work. Tell me, do you always travel with him?

MILLICENT. Yes, most of the time.

LUKE. What exactly do you do?

MILLICENT. Well, my main job is to keep track of the finances. In the past few years, considerable sums of money have been required.

LUKE. Really?

MILLICENT. Yes, particularly in the area of social services. The Reverend is especially keen on supporting programs for the needy.

LUKE. I see, and he alone handles all the negotiations for those funds?

MILLICENT. I wouldn't really call them negotiations. He feels that he is in such a position of strength, that he always gets what he needs.

LUKE. But the decisions are his to make?

MILLICENT. Definitely, but he is responsible to a higher authority.

LUKE. Of course.

MILLICENT. If you don't mind, can you tell me what it's like to be a chef?

LUKE. It's—er—er—different.

MILLICENT. Different?

LUKE. Well,—er—every day you cook something different, right?

MILLICENT. I guess you do. What's your favorite dish?

LUKE. A plate.

MILLICENT. What?

LUKE. A plate of—er—er—

(He stares straight ahead for a brief moment, then very suddenly and deliberately his chin falls, his head turns sideways a little, his eyes close and he falls asleep.)

MILLICENT. Mr. James? Mr. James? Oh dear.

(She waves her hand in front of his face, looks around, then goes to the drinks table and pours herself a drink, which she gulps down, then returns to her seat on the couch.)

LUKE. *(Wakes up.)* Oh dear, did I fall asleep?

MILLICENT. Yes, I think you did. Would you like a brandy? It seems to help me.

LUKE. I'm not sure I should, being on duty and all.

MILLICENT. Duty?

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