

The ones we trust.

A one act

By Tim A. Pullen

Cast of Characters

Salvador (Sal) Wilmont: A fifty year old attorney on staff with a loan shark. Catholic and highly educated he wants a life away from the criminal element that has made him wealthy.

Griffin (Griff) Cassidy: A Forty-nine year old thug. Before his incarceration, *The Griff Reaper* was a figure to be feared within this particular organized crime group. A person that Sal frequently defended.

Radio announcers: Several. No specifics can be as many or as few as the director wishes.

Police Officer: Riding in a helicopter.

Only Act, Only Scene

Friday October 25th 2002

Lights up slowly on a small clearing in the forest. The background shows that they are isolated on a hilltop in autumn; the leaves are changing colors with many under foot. It's early evening and as the scene progresses it becomes night. Sal Wilmont enters, once dressed sharply as a priest, but now muddied and worn he carries a duffle bag and backpack, leading the way onto the clearing from an apparent hill. Behind him Griffin Cassidy dressed in a light jacket and light blue jump suit with a number on the front and the words: Crestview County Prison on the back. He is carrying a radio that is playing a report of the escape. Both men are ragged and disheveled from their adventure.

Radio Announcer: The daring escape, occurred just five feet away from the execution chamber, Cassidy fled with his accomplice in a retired police cruiser. They have since abandoned that vehicle and are now believed to be in a white box truck last seen going east on route 50. Please do not approach the suspects they are armed and considered extremely dangerous. How has this affected traffic? (Sal starts his line) Well on 295 south we have a parking lot thanks to-

Sal: Turn that off. East on 50. (Laughing confidently) And a white box truck- They don't know the car. They don't know direction! That was brilliant, absolutely brilliant! Did you know how brilliant I was?

Griff: Yeah, modest too. I was next to you the whole time and I don't know where the hell we are. I can't believe you pulled all this off.

Sal: Believe it.

Griff: I gotta admit that was amazing- You got me out. I just can't believe it.

Sal: You presume I'm not capable?

Griff: I didn't say that, it's just that-well- usually, you don't - I have to say, I didn't expect you to pull this rabbit out of your ass, you're a lawyer.

Sal: An exceptional lawyer. Exceptional lawyers have more up their ass than you might think. That didn't sound right.

Griff: I know what you're saying. You're a great lawyer, and a damn good friend.

Sal: Why, thank -you Griffin.

Griff: I do wish we could've stopped for a burger.

Sal: We were in a hurry.

Griff: I wasn't complaining, just saying-

Sal: I think this spot will suffice. We have a view of the trail leading in, the trail to the river and not another soul for miles. Shall we camp here for the night?

Griff: If it means we can stop walking, yes.

Sal: (He shuffles through the duffle bag) I brought a change of clothes, if you'd like. (Hands Griff the clothes)

Griff: That'd be great, it'll be good to be out of this- It's blue, powder blue.

Sal: Yes, the jeans are blue as well.

Griff: Sal- You brought me a blue shirt?

Sal: Is there a problem?

Griff: Well no, I can't say that- it's just- It's an exact match to the prison shirt.

Sal: It lacks your inmate number.

Griff: That's true- it doesn't, have that.

Sal: Take this one. Don't say I never did anything for you. That's my favorite shirt (He hands him a red plaid shirt from the duffle bag)

Griff: No, you wear your shirt. Here I am whining and bitchin' about everything, and you've just saved my life. I'll wear the blue shirt.

Sal: No, no- I understand. Don't think anything of it. Matching the uniform was thoughtless, and completely accidental. I just grabbed an old shirt that looked like your size. I don't mind wearing this shirt.

Griff: If it's your favorite.

Sal: I know where to find you.

Griff: This is your favorite shirt?

Sal: Yes, why?

Griff: Never pictured you in plaid.

Sal: It's my weekend shirt, sort of a lucky charm. I've had it since college.

Griff: I just always see you in a three piece suit. I kind of assumed you bathed in it.

Sal: I am human. I take off the suits for sex and bathing.

Griff: That's a mental picture I didn't need. Lawyers do that?

Sal: Bathe or have sex?

Griff: Either one.

Sal: On occasion, some of us have been known to do both.

Griff: Wonders never fricken cease, do they? Who'd you get to help you pull this off? Wasn't Ransen was it?

Sal: Why do you ask? Don't you think I could arrange that escape on my own?

Griff: You had three different cars, a wrecking ball, that dynamite had to be preset-

Sal: So I had a little help.

Griff: Was it Ransen?

Sal: Why would that matter?

Griff: I don't know, might've pissed him off. You know Benson was a cousin of his.

Sal: I was meaning to ask you, what compelled you to kill your bosses' cousin?

Griff: First off, I didn't know he was related, second nobody's my boss, I'm a free agent. And C. I didn't kill him. (He begins to walk away)

Sal: What?- Wait-Where are you going?

Griff: Change clothes.

Sal: Careful.

Griff: Unless you wanna watch. You got a pretty mouth.

Sal: Go change.

Griff: I'm messin' with ya. (He goes behind the bushes and changes but is in ear shot)

Sal: What do you mean you didn't kill him? You were about to fry because of him.

Griff: I wasn't going to fry; they have lethal injections in this state.

Sal: Whatever, method of execution it was. – What is that smell?

Griff: What smell?

Sal: Are you eating bologna?

Griff: I wish. Where the hell would I get bologna?

Sal: I don't know, can't you smell that? Suddenly I feel as if I'm standing up wind of a deli.

Griff: I just took my shoes off.

Sal: Do your feet smell like luncheon meat?

Griff: There, I put my shoes back on. Is that better?

Sal: Yes, it is; that's remarkable, Your feet smell like bologna.

Griff: Maybe it's comin' out through my pores. That's all they serve you in jail you know.

Sal: I've heard. Luckily, I don't personally have experience. You better keep your shoes on, you might attract bears.

Griff: Fine.

Sal: Now, about your lethal injection.

Griff: Yeah, my televised execution.

Sal: Televised? I didn't know.

Griff: I think so; I had to sign a waiver for the use of my image. Why they made me sign I don't know, it's not like I could sue afterwards.

Sal: The execution, because you shot this man sixteen times.

Griff: Yes, that I did, but I didn't kill him. I had already changed my ways. I was, what you Catholics call repelling.

Sal: Repenting?

Griff: That's what I said. Repenting- repelling, it's all the same.

Sal: It is not.

Griff: Repelling is a better fit.

Sal: What do you mean?

Griff: Climbing down the mountain as fast as you can cause you just figured out you're afraid of heights. Ain't that the same definition as repenting?

Sal: That, well- that is tough to argue, but you shot a man sixteen times. How were you repenting?

Griff: See, this rich old fart decides his fourth wife and step daughter aren't good enough for him any more. They know too much to break it off, but he's sick of her and the kid, he wants them gone. Now this little girl is only ten years old, and the woman is really too stupid to have half an idea of how crooked her husband is, you know all boob no brain. So I tell him no. Told him there was no way for any amount of money I was gonna help him kill two innocent people. He says "Fine, I can just hire one of your colleagues." I said "No your not, I ain't gonna let you."

Sal: You've taken up chivalry?

Griff: Would you let me tell the story?

Sal: Please, go on.

Griff: So he says "what can you do to stop me?" as he reaches in this desk drawer and pulls out gun and lays it on the table. So I reach down pick the gun up and point it at him, then I say "I can kill you myself right here and now."

Sal: And you shoot him.

Griff: Naw, never had the chance. He barely has time to realize his gun is pointing at him before he grabs his chest says "Higebata" foams at the mouth a little and wham, hits the floor, and he's a big guy or was, it was a loud wham, and his belly was flappin' in the aftershock for ten minutes.

Sal: He was unusually large, and in his late sixties, his heart probably couldn't take the scare. If that's true, if he had a heart attack why'd you shoot him?

Griff: He pissed me off. I was gonna kill 'em to save these two innocent people and he goes and croaks without me.

Sal: So you, being denied the chance to be a hero, shot a corpse sixteen times?

Griff: Stood there shooting and cusing at him so long I didn't have time to get away from the cops. It got kinda fun, like shooting at Jell-O, watching it jiggle.

Sal: Let your emotions get the best of you, don't you think?

Griff: I suppose so. I figured if you could get me out of jail, you would've posted my bail and done-you know, you're legal – stuff.

Sal: If there were a legal way to do it, I would've. Not many loopholes presented themselves when you were witnessed by officers shooting the body. I wish I could've done something a little less-dramatic -at least less- involved.

Griff: I know, you don't do the dirty work.

Sal: All the work is dirty. I suppose it's just a matter of getting my hands dirty. Never had before. Never even been asked to. However, I must admit, that was a rush. Really, I've broken out so many murders with paper and pen, using a wrecking ball to free one was kind of in my line of work. I'm getting a little old for the excitement, but it was refreshing.

Griff: Does this mean your career is over? The legit one anyway?

Sal: There are a lot of people that would claim I never had one. I retired two weeks ago, thought it necessary if I were to live on the Lamb, so to speak. Still, they haven't identified me; I may get out of this with very little consequence. Which would be advantageous, I have money in social security, that's still owed to me.

Griff: After what you've done for me, I hope ya do get away scott free.

Sal: Things look favorable.

Griff: Do you believe in Karma?

Sal: As in the apples? Those are my favorite kind.

Griff: As in the mystical force, that corrects all injustice and keeps the balance in the universe.

Sal: I know what you mean. I can't tell you I've ever seen evidence of it. How many people have you killed?

Griff: You don't keep track of that shit.

Sal: It doesn't matter, if Karma were at work here it had at least a dozen opportunities to even your score this afternoon.

Griff: Don't be too sure. It's not a direct exchange.

Sal: Then it's not fair at all, and hardly a way to balance a universe.

Griff: No, It is, just not the way you're thinking. Look, if I broke your knee cap no big deal right?

Sal: Maybe not to you, but it would be to me.

Griff: Okay, but you'd still get a replacement, walk with a limp and move on with your life.

Sal: It would still hurt.

Griff: Like a son-of-a-bitch, but then as I'm driving away, I wreck my car, total it completely, and have to go get a new one.

Sal: Is this hypothetical or did it happen?

Griff: It happened, it was my first job. I got sent to break the left knee cap of Thomas Batellii. I ended up shooting it off, well I'm sure it was broken, just when it hit the pavement from exploding off his leg.

Sal: Nice visual.

Griff: No more than an hour later my 68 Mustang was totaled.

Sal: And you attribute that to Karma.

Griff: Of course. We both lost something we loved, we both got hurt, but we both moved on. Tom with a cane, me with a Buick.

Sal: You don't think it had anything to do with your nerves after shooting a man's knee cap off? Perhaps you failed to pay attention to the road as much as you would have? How old were you?

Griff: Nineteen, of course, that's how it happened, you're describing exactly how it happened, but fate is why it happened not how it happened.

Sal: That's oddly profound.

Griff: But if I shot the knee cap off a priest.

Sal: Why would you do that?

Griff: I'm just saying if I did that it would be worse karma then if I shot off your knee caps. Because a priest is on his knees all the time, it would hurt him more.

Sal: Because he prays on his knees

Griff: And he's got to get on his knees with the alter boys.

Sal: Not all priests are pedophiles.

Griff: The church certainly tries it's best to make them that way. First deny them access to women, then put young boys in dresses. It's just not natural.

Sal: Watch it. You know I'm Catholic.

Griff: You haven't given that up yet? They're not gonna let you stay in the club after dressing up like a priest to break me out.

Sal: Of course they will, I'll say a few Hail Mary's at the next cathedral we find.

Griff: Sorry, for both my comment and your choice of dogma. But do you see what I'm saying? If I had shot a priest in the knees I would've lost something truly valuable in that car crash like my doodads or my wanker. Something I like to use everyday.

Sal: Or your right arm. In either case one is useless without the other.

Griff: Hey-

Sal: That's for the catholic crack.

Griff: Fair enough.

Sal: Karma.

Griff: Exactly.

Sal: If you're such a big believer in Karma why would you continue to do what you do?

Griff: I never took a job without a reason Sal. Most of the jobs I pulled for Ranson were just scare tactics. I was sent to collect money for a loan shark. How many innocent people owe money to a loan shark? If you're such a good catholic, tell me, how does a priest do that job?

Sal: What job?

Griff: Walking to the execution with the prisoner.

Sal: How, as in what he does? I don't know all the details, but he gives them there last confession and-

Griff: No, I know that much. I'm saying how does he live with himself?

Sal: I imagine priest would see saving a soul as an accomplishment.

Griff: But he doesn't do anything to stop the murder.

Sal: You're referring to the murder of the murderer, aren't you?

Griff: Yeah.

Sal: They're stopping a killer from killing. You know, an eye for an eye.

Griff: I thought it was turn the other cheek.

Sal: That's in a different chapter.

Griff: Which Chapter do you read?

Sal: That depends on where I stand in the situation. It stops the guy from killing anyone else doesn't it?

Griff: That's a decent justification, I ain't arguing that, But in the meantime everyone that wants his death, the judge, the state and every voter in it, become murders. So instead of one murder, you have an entire state full of them, including some priest that has to go be forgiven for it latter.

Sal: By that logic, every judge that ever used capital punishment is a murder.

Griff: Every person that thinks its fair is just as guilty.

Sal: That's a good deal of killers lose.

Griff: Robin Hood was a thief. It doesn't matter who he stole from, he was still a thief. Why do people like to take his side just because he stole from the rich? He was like the only democate in a nation full of republicans. Stealing is stealing, even from some rich fuck that stole it from somebody else.

Sal: You have had a lot of time to think about things.

Griff: Plenty.

Sal: So how many men have you killed?

Griff: That's like asking me how many women I've been with.

Sal: No it isn't. I won't feel jealous or inadequate over murders.

Griff: Can I trust you?

Sal: Of course.

Griff: Swear on your mother's grave?

Sal: I'll be honest enough to tell you my mother's alive, and swear on my father's grave, and I should warn you I never liked him.

Griff: What I tell you on this mountain stays here.

Sal: I swear.

Griff: You ready for a shocking truth?

Sal: Fifty? Seventy-five?

Griff: None.

Sal: None?

Griff: Right down to Marion Benson last year and his damn heart attack. I swear to you, I never killed anyone.

Sal: Right, it wasn't you it was the pavement, or the water or the bullet-

Griff: No, really. I shot off one knee cap, mainly 'cause I was dumb. Broke index fingers, forearms, shins, and never had one fatality. How many years have you known me? You ever see me have a gun?

Sal: Legend had it if anyone saw your gun they wouldn't live to tell about it.

Griff: And the legend is true, I never owned a gun. I don't really like the things. The knee cap thing, I was gonna use a baseball bat until the jackass pulled his gun on me. I'm a good fighter yeah, but I'm no killer.

Sal: Then you used Benson's own gun on him.

Griff: Yeah, Guns are for cowards, if I want somebody dead I'll do it myself, with my own two hands.

Sal: Ah the old fashion way.

Griff: I'm an old fashioned guy. Of course knives and baseball bats are old fashioned too.

Sal: I must admit I'm a little disappointed.

Griff: Really, I'm a pacifist.

Sal: A pacifist that shoots a man's knee cap off.

Griff: I was never busted for that one. He was so embarrassed, an unarmed kid shoots his knee cap off with his own gun, and he wasn't about to explain to the cops why Ransen was upset with him, so he told everybody it was an accident while he was cleaning his gun. That little stunt did get me some street cred.

Sal: If you've never killed anyone how did you wind up with the nickname Griff reaper?

Griff: I made that up myself, and stories to go with it. Just to scare the crap out of anyone that questioned me. If you build the right image, what else matters?

Sal: Makes sense.

Griff: Loan sharking is just like a pharmacy, we don't really want our clients dead, a dead man can't pay his bill. My job was to intimidate, not kill.

Sal: Then how were you convicted of four murders, including Benson's?

Griff: I confessed. I told you I was repelling.

Sal: Thought you called it repelling.

Griff: Whatever. I told them how I committed every job I was sent on; I didn't mention I just witnessed the murders. How well would I get along in jail without my reputation? That's what kept me in solitary confinement for eight months. Plus I nailed the real murderers in my confession.

Sal: You were willing to die before giving up your reputation?

Griff: Can't live forever. I'm not exactly young enough to keep this shit up.

Sal: You feel that way too? I'm looking to retire, not die.

Griff: I'm not afraid of death; it'll come for me when it wants me. The monks taught me well.

Sal: Monks?

Griff: The Buddhist monks.

Sal: When did you become a Buddhist monk?

Griff: I was never a monk, I just lived with them.

Sal: How long?

Griff: Maybe fifteen years or so? Long enough that my hair was almost grown back when I left.

Sal: So after high school, before you worked with Ransen?

Griff: No-well-Yeah. Before I seriously did anything with Ransen, remember I don't work for nobody. I took a hieutus. I did a few jobs for Ransen after high school, before you got involved with him.

Sal: Why haven't I heard anything about this before? You've never mentioned the monks.

Griff: It's not good for my reputation to advertise it, and you never asked. It helped prepare me for eight months of solitude; the mediation was really fairly pleasant.

Sal: Eight months alone, that must've been horrible.

Griff: Better than being with the other prisoners, it gives ya a hell of a lot of time to think. 'Bout what you've done, everything you haven't done. Plus I got to shower alone.

Sal: Sounds like you've done a lot I haven't. Your life seems so full, hired gun without a gun, Buddhist monks. I've got to admit I'm a little jealous. You know, this is the closest I've ever come to camping.

Griff: Really?

Sal: Aside from one night at a motel eight, this will be a new experience for me.

Griff: The prison break? Or just the camping?

Sal: Both firsts, half a century and still having firsts.

Griff: Did you bring something to drink?

Sal: Brought everything we could possibly need. A boy scout couldn't have done a better job. The red pack, center zipper. What religion were you raised?

Griff: Atheist.

Sal: Really?

Griff: Swear to God. Really, my dad was a drunkin redneck, my mom was a Hari Krishna at the air port. She picked petunias from the gardens in the airport parking

lot and sold them for a dollar a piece. It made more sense to follow dad's religion: Budweiser. I'm still pretty sure the light at the end of the tunnel is neon.

Sal: I suppose you were destined for your line of work.

Griff: Dad, had a dry wall business, that gave him the cash to feed us and give him beer. Then one day while down at a pool hall dad lost a lot of money to a pool shark. He didn't have it, but luckily someone was there to loan it to him. Two weeks later when he couldn't pay they sent a collector. That guy beat the crap outta my father, I stood there crying in a corner, I was too small to help. After that guy left, I watched him walk out to his Mustang convertible in his full leather trench, and I knew what I wanted to do for a living. It had nothing to do with dry wall or airports.

Sal: I wanted to be a lawyer because of Perry Mason.

Griff: You wanted to be in a wheelchair?

Sal: That was a different show. I tried being a legitimate lawyer for a while. Then I discovered two things. There's no such thing as a legitimate lawyer and the more willing to stretch the law you are, the better the pay.

Griff: Which was your first not so legit case?

Sal: It wasn't so much a case, it was meeting Vicky.

Griff: She introduced you to Rasnsen?

Sal: Yeah, well-I can't say that. I never met the guy. She brought me into his world, which I can't regret -that world made my life pretty easy. She was already his secretary when we met. She approached me with this problem defending this little nobody drug dealer. He was growing marijuana in his backyard, and selling it to the neighborhood kids like he was the ice cream man. The public defender wanted him to plead guilty, Ransen didn't. I still to this day don't know why he cared.

Griff: You won, I take it?

Sal: Yes sir, he was kind of slow witted anyway, but I used his ignorance to convince the judge he didn't understand what he was doing because of mild retardation. After that case Vicky met me with an envelope filled with un marked bills, and I asked her out to dinner with them. The rest is history, and I've been collecting my envelopes of un-marked bills ever since.

Griff: Not that much. How did you pay for a break out like this? It must've cost a fortune.

Sal: I pulled a few favors; sure I owe some money. I thought you could help me make good on that. Do you still have that cash you used to brag about? (Griff silently reacts to this question)

Griff: All I see in here is bottled water.

Sal: That's a drink isn't it?

Griff: You know damn well what I mean when I say I want a drink.

Sal: Did you mean alcohol?

Griff: No shit.

Sal: I thought you gave up drinking.

Griff: Well I did, but not by choice. They don't offer wide selections of beverages in the Penn. It's sort of like camping with you.

Sal: I remember it vividly. You told me you were through with liquor; you were never going to touch the stuff again.

Griff: I don't remember saying anything like that.

Sal: You were turning over your new leaf, New Years Eve. You've been locked up a year, so it must have been the year before last.

Griff: I must've been drunk when I said it.

Sal: I'm certain you were.

Griff: You believe a drunk man?

Sal: I only brought bottled water. Drink some, it's good for you.

Griff: Health was my big concern. Didn't bring any more ciggs either? Did you?

Sal: I brought you a pack, where is it?

Griff: Left 'em in the second car, maybe. Smoked them all? I don't really know, but they're gone. Is there a convenient store near by?

Sal: You are not going shopping tonight. Unless you brought cash.

Griff: Left my wallet back at prison.

Sal: We can get to your money, right?

Griff: What money?

Sal: Don't play dumb with me. The two million dollars, the cash stash, I believe you called it. From your days as a bank robber. Or was that made up like your reputation? Or did you give it to the monks?

Griff: Who told you about that?

Sal: You did.

Griff: I told you I was a bank robber?

Sal: No, I just assumed that, but you did mention your cash. Unmarked bills if I remember correctly.

Griff: I guess I should quit drinking. I seem to say a lot when I'm drinking.

Sal: You're not willing to let me in on it?

Griff: No, no, I'm willing. I just thought Arthur Ransen and me were the only two that knew about that money. First off, I was never a bank robber.

Sal: So where's the cash?

Griff: I don't think I've ever said anything about robbing a bank in my life.

Sal: You've known me a while Griff, almost twenty years all together, with grade school and high school, then bailing you out again four years ago.

Griff: Should I have gotten a card? I don't suppose I have anything closer to a friend than you. Then again you didn't know anything about my time with the monks. Can we build a fire? It's getting dark, and a little chilly.

Sal: We can't build a fire, it would attract too much attention, I brought blankets and a lantern. So where is it?

Griff: What? The lantern? I don't know.

Sal: You're secret stash.

Griff: I'm trying to avoid answering your line of questions buddy, take the hint. If you wanted me to tell you that, you should've brought some booze to get me drunk enough to tell you.

Sal: You don't trust the man that just risked his life to pluck you out of the electric chair?

Griff: There was no chair. Okay, there might have been a chair, but it wasn't electric.

Sal: All right, lethal injection, why are you so particular about that? If I address your execution style correctly, will you trust me?

Griff: Why should I trust you? You just committed a felony.

Sal: Fine.

Griff: Oh, now don't pout about it, I'll take you there, and I'll split it with you fifty-fifty. Is there any food in this bag?

Sal: Granola bars, carrot sticks, dried mangos, celery-

Griff: Like I said any food? I don't mean to be ungrateful here. I just didn't know I was going to get busted out of an execution to be put on a diet.

Sal: If you're that hungry put your foot between two pieces of bread. What's worse, capital punishment or eating healthy?

Griff: Let me think about that, is this a dried Mango?

Sal: Yes, it is. I bet you'd like it if you try it.

Griff: I'm trying it. I don't think you brought enough of this rabbit food. How is this lantern any different then a fire? It gives off plenty of light.

Sal: No, smoke signals. You could go hunting, I saw a deer earlier.

Griff: Can't cook anything over a fluorescent bulb. I don't think I could do it anyway. I never understood hunting.

Sal: Maybe you're reputation will be enough. Why don't you go look at a deer and see if it skins itself and falls into steaks for you?

Griff: I'll stick with the veggies. That mental picture is repulsive.

Sal: I don't understand, you've shot knee caps, broken bones, you've at least watched people being murdered, you shot at a corpse, how could hunting possibly bother you?

Griff: I never watched the murders, always looked away. And every bone I actually broke, was very well deserved, including the blown off knee cap, and blubber boy.

Sal: But, still.-

Griff: My dad would always come back from hunting with a dead deer in the back of his pickup, and all the trailer people would gather around in awe of what he had done. All I ever saw was a beautiful thing destroyed. No different then taking a crow bar to the front end of a fifty-seven Chevy and ripping the chrome to hell. Just wasn't something to be proud about.

Sal: You're a bigger wuss then I am. What about your thug image you protected to the chair? Excuse me, injection.

Griff: That stuff was for the money. Nothing more. Do you think exterminators go around all day squashing bugs? Or doctors go through ten years of college for the joy of saving lives?

Sal: I would hope so. On the doctors, at least.

Griff: What doctor have you ever been to that sees you without your insurance card and a check book? They do their jobs for the money, just like everyone else. Well, except gynecologists, there is some intrinsic motivation to that.

Sal: What about writers, artists, poets- Wait – did you use the word intrinsic?

Griff: I'm talking about paid professions Sal. Try to follow me here, if Lawyers loved the law, they wouldn't be- you know- lawyers. Face it, there are only two things men want by nature, food and sex. In civilization there's only one way to get those two things -money. Thusly money motivates all men.

Sal: If you're such a hippie passifisst why aren't you a vegetarian?

Griff: Tried it once, I like steak too much. Besides, by the time I get to the meat it's already dead. My going hungry isn't going to help it. I'd bet you if people had to hunt for their own meat nowadays, the world would be full of a lot more vegetarians.

Sal: There's more to you than I ever couldve guessed.

Griff: Plenty. Give me the gun.

Sal: Why?

Griff: You don't trust me either, do you?

Sal: I trust you. Thought you hated guns. (He hands over the gun) Wait a minute, the either implies you don't trust me.

Griff: Thank-you. (He begins to go passed the bushes) I wasn't implying shit.

Sal: Griff? Are you going to hunt?

Griff: Gotta piss.

Sal: On my gun?

Griff: I need the gun in case some woodland creature attacks me; a snake might try to mate. Guess we're not in the right forest for boa constrictors.

Sal: I thought you didn't kill anything? You wouldn't shoot a snake.

Griff: Snakes don't count, their cold blooded. Like Lawyers.

Sal: You better be smiling when you say that.

Griff: I am, now guess why. (This leaves Sal slightly uneasy. From a distance Griff laughs. He's out of sight and ear shot now. Sal grabs a snack for himself and the radio and turns it back on)

Radio announcement: -we're expecting clear skies and lows seasonably in the forties, out in the mountains you may actually see the first frost by morning, but another beautiful day ahead tomorrow with highs back up into the sixties and plenty of sunshine.

Switch reporters: Updating our top story for tonight, convicted murderer Griffin Cassidy fled death row this afternoon. An accomplice still un-known at this time was disguised as a priest, and led Cassidy off into an abandoned office space on the second story of the prison facility, where it was arranged that a wrecking ball smash through the wall of the office. The two men then jumped the two stories into large recycling bins which had been preset with packing material to cushion the fall. They then seized a police cruiser and escaped. That cruiser has been found driven off a near-by bridge, but no bodies were discovered. Eye witnesses report watching the two men climb into an older model Ford which was discovered abandoned twenty-five miles west on route 66. Two eyewitness believe they saw the men climb into the back of a white box truck- (Sal shuts off the radio)

Sal: It was a red Toyota pick-up you – (A loud snap and Griff's scream interrupts his thought) Griff?

Radio: Police believe they have -(Sal turns off the radio.)

Griff: Help! Damn it! Help me!

Sal: (Goes to look down the back of the hill side where Griff has gone) What the hell are you-Oh my god! What is that? (He goes to help Griff up; they struggle as they return to the camp site Griff has a bear trap around one of his legs) You shouldn't be walking on this.

Griff: No shit.

Sal: Here, we've got to get this off let me grab the kit (He does, as he pulls the kit over Griff grabs the alcohol and begins to swig, then spits it back out)

Sal: That's rubbing alcohol.

Griff: I know, now I can safely say I don't recommend it.

Sal: You need a tourniquet on this (he rips into something and makes a tourniquet) What's all over this thing?

Griff: That's blood, mine. This hurts!

Sal: Not that, the- its rust. This thing is half rust. It must've been sitting out here for decades.

Griff: Those things must be illegal. This is a national park for god's sake.

Sal: I'll take you down to the police station, you can turn it in. Here, take these (Hands him two pills)

Griff: Aspirin?

Sal: Yeah.

Griff: A turn of the century bear trap just snapped threw my goddamned leg and your handing me two fuckin' aspirin?

Sal: Maybe some morphine would help.

Griff: Where the hell did you get morphine?

Sal: There was some left over from Vicky's botched liposuction. Shall we try it?

Griff: Sure, you didn't bring booze but you have morphine, why not? You're still with Vicky?

Sal: Yes.

Griff: (Sal injects Griff) I didn't know she had lipooo... (Almost immediately, he passes out)

Sal: Griff? Griffin? Shit! Griffin? You? Oh fuck I killed him. He didn't tell me where to find the-(Sal, checks Griff's pulse. Once he realizes Griff is alive the panic subsides and he studies the syringe in his hand, then pulls the bag over to look at another syringe. He looks puzzled by the reaction) Shit, Okay, just keep breathing. (He's interrupted by a surprise phone call on his cell phone, he answers, slips out of Griff's ear shot and attempts not to wake the sleeping Griff)

Sal: Why are you calling me? You know I'm here, where else would I be? If he was awake right now, I'd have to explain this. Listen. Did you give me two vials of sodium pentothal? Was the other vial something different? Yes, yes. I don't really know. No, he hasn't told me yet. He's hurt, I panicked, and told him it was morphine. I know! I just injected him with the stuff and he passed out. No he just passed out, is that normal? Stepped in a bear trap. I don't think it hit any arteries but there is a lot of blood ; I think I've stopped it for now. Is there an artery in your shin? How should I know I'm not a doctor! Yes, yes, I don't mean to be. Thank-you. Yes, it is stressful. I'll call you with the information as soon as I find out. Yes honey, just tell him to be patient. Soon. I love you. (Sal Hangs up, and returns to the site to shuffle through his bags until he finds a bottle of smelling salts; he then goes to revive Griff)

Sal: Griffin? Hey, Griff, buddy, wake up. Come on Griff, wakey wakey.

Griff: I don't wanna mommy, it's too early.

Sal: I'm not your mommy Griff wake up now, It's time to concentrate are you with me?

Griff: Salvador? Is that you?

Sal: Call me Sal remember?

Griff: Yeah, you hate your real name, you didn't want anyone to know your real name, but I told them. You didn't know I did that did you?

Sal: No, I never knew it was you. I told you I would kill that bastard as soon as I found out who it was didn't I.

Griff: Yeah, but you never found out it was me.

Sal: Until just now, when you told me.

Griff: Shit. Are you gonna kill me now?

Sal: Not yet Griffin. I want to talk to you some more.

Griff: I let you call me Griffin, I like Griff better.

Sal: You've never told me that.

Griff: No, you like using big words, so I let you use the extra letters, I'm named after a flying lion you know. Is somebody frying onions?

Sal: Focus Griff, I need you to focus. Can you keep talking with me?

Griff: Call me Griffin, it sounds weird when you say Griff. I'll keep talking. What do you want to talk about?

Sal: Oh, I don't know. Let's talk about finances

Griff: What do you want to talk about money for? Do you need some money? I can loan you some money, I got lots -Six million two hundred thousand-

Sal: Six Million?! Six?

Griff: Six, you know it, after five before seven. My heads hurting bad. My legs hurting too. Whoa, this feels like a bad trip.

Sal: I think it is.

Griff: What was I doing?

Sal: Do you remember where the money is? Do you know where you hid it?

Griff: Of course I do, storage unit sixteen at the save and store in Atlanta Georgia in painted mayonnaise jars. The old man at the desk has the key, but he has instructions not to give it to anyone without them saying the secret password that I told him. But I'm not telling you. I wonder if that guys still there, it's been a few years. He was old. Maybe the password is in the computer now.

Sal: You won't tell me the secret password?

Griff: No I 'm not telling you where the money is.

Sal: Why won't you tell me where the money is? Don't you trust me?

Griff: Of course, I do, that's why I don't.

Sal: What?

Griff: People aren't that bad. Salvadory, even the ones that try to rob you or kill you, they usually have a reason, usually just want money, but the only way anyone

can really hurt you is if they betray your trust. So it's only the ones that you trust that you have to keep your eye on.

Sal: Well, if you're not going to tell me where the money is, why can't I know the secret password?

Griff: You can know that part, it's easy - Ruppelstiltzkin. Is that blood oozing out of me?

Sal: Yes Griff, it is.

Griff: I'm sorry; I'm bleeding on your favorite shirt.

Sal: That's okay, it's your shirt now.

Griff: That's nice of you.

Sal: Not really, I just don't want it now that it's covered in your nasty bologna smelling foot blood.

Griff: Okay.

Sal: I'm going to make a quick phone call okay buddy? I'll be right back.

Griff: Okay. Can I go back to sleep then?

Sal: Do you want to?

Griff: Yes.

Sal: Well then why don't you take a little nap.

Griff: You're so nice to me.

Sal: Sure. (Sal walks a little way away to give the appearance Griff can't hear him, then picks his cell phone out of his pocket and dials) Hello? Honey, yes it's me. Worked like a charm, sort of. Atlanta Georgia a save and store place. I don't know -how hard can it be to find?- Unit sixteen. The management has the key and instructions to give the key to anyone that uses the password. Yes, I'm going to tell you. rumplestiltstikin. Well of course, I could. Why would you doubt me? Yeah, Hey honey, give Ransen a call and let him know where to pick me up would you? The GPS on this phone should be fairly accurate. No, don't give him any details until we're all together, It's a little more than expected. You'll find out soon enough, see you soon. Bye. (He hangs up and returns to Griff's side. He kneels beside Griff takes his gun and points it at his head, he turns his face away as he attempts to pull the trigger, but Griff speaks, with his eyes closed and the killer loses motivation)

Griff: Who were you talking to?

Sal: What?

Griff: You were talking to someone, I heard voices.

Sal: Vicky. I was talking to my wife, Vicky.

Griff: You two are still together?

Sal: That's the second time you asked that. Why wouldn't we be?

Griff: You broke me out of prison, for a life on the run. That's not something a happily married man usually does.

Sal: No, I suppose it doesn't make a lot of sense. But I love her, and she's going on the run with us, go back to sleep. (He raises his gun to shot Griff point blank in the head)

Griff: You're gonna kill me.

Sal: Why would you think that? (He hides the gun)

Griff: Because of what I've done.

Sal: Telling a few low brow thugs my name? No, I wouldn't kill you for that. (Sets to shot again)

Griff: Not that, the other thing.

Sal: What other thing?

Griff: The thing with Vicky.

Sal: What thing with Vicky?

Griff: I'll tell you if you put the gun away.

Sal: What makes you think I have a gun?

Griff: I handed it back when you helped me up the hill. My head hurts bad.

Sal: I'll put it away.

Griff: No, over here. (He grabs the gun and flings it into the brush; Sal goes to retrieve it but is pushed back down by Griff) Wait a second, you can get it in a minute, I have to tell you this, I'm sorry.

Sal: Sorry for what?

Griff: I'm sorry I had sex with Vicky.

Sal: You had sex with...

Griff: Vicky, your wife Vicky. She wasn't really your wife yet-

Sal: When did you have sex with Vicky?

Griff: That day, you know at the fancy hotel. All the flowers and the open bar-

Sal: My wedding?

Griff: Yeah, that was it.

Sal: You had sex with my wife at my wedding?

Griff: Just a little. But you weren't married yet, it was before the ceremony, remember? You weren't allowed to see her anyway. She was still open game.

Sal: Open game?

Griff: You're gonna shoot me now aren't you?

Sal: No. I'm going to strangle you. Suffocate the life right out of you with my bare hands. (He begins to do so)

Griff: Sal, Sal, Saaaaaaaal. Stop please, Sal (Griff grabs something sharp off the log and stabs Sal in the arm, It happens to be the other shot of truth serum)

Sal: Son of a Bitch!

Griff: Sorry, You were really going to do it? You weren't letting go.

Sal: Whoa, shit. The mountains spinning.

Griff: You got some bad morphine.

Sal: That wasn't morphine. You slept with my wife on my wedding day! I'm going to get my gun; I'm going to shot you first so you'll hold still and let me strangle you.

Griff: I can't let you do that (as Sal goes for the gun Griff grabs knocks him down, then he's able to hold Sal's leg and keep him from reaching the gun)

Sal: What are you doing?

Griff: I was always so much stronger than you. You can only push paper.

Sal: Let go.

Griff: Quit squirming. (Griff pulls or hits Sal with something)

Sal: Ouch! You broke my arm.

Griff: I'm sorry, but you're not being rational. I never promised to be faithful to you. Vicky did, she's the one that betrayed you. Are you gonna go shoot her? Or strangle her?

Sal: You were my best man! What were you thinking?

Griff: At the time? I was wondering who the hot chick was underneath me.

Sal: You didn't even know who she was?

Griff: I figured that out during the ceremony. I was too embarrassed to say anything.

Sal: You stupid oaf! let go of me! (They both slump into lethargy) thank-you.

Griff: If that wasn't morphine, what was it?

Sal: What was what? Damn, you broke my ankle and my arm.

Griff: The stuff you stuck me with.

Sal: You stuck me too.

Griff: You stuck me first.

Sal: You jabbed harder.

Griff: What'd I jab you with?

Sal: Sodium Pentothal, shit, I don't want to say that.

Griff: Truth serum? Why would you give me that to help my hurt leg?

Sal: It wasn't to help your hurt leg, it was to find out where your money was. (Griff laughs) I had to do it fast before you bleed-ed? Bled? to death.

Griff: Why would you do that to me?

Sal: To steal it. Mr. Ransen wanted. He said I could retire safely if I could get that for him. I just wanted out of that life. I want to be a normal old man.

Griff: You're kidding. He sent you to do it?

Sal: Of course, I'm your best friend. We all thought you'd trust your best friend.

Griff: That doesn't say a hell of a lot for my friends.

Sal: You're my best friend.

Griff: Then why would you take my money, and leave me poor?

Sal: I wasn't going to do that, I was supposed to kill you. I still might when I get to my gun.

Griff: Why would you agree to kill me if you were my friend?

Sal: You were going to die anyway, why shouldn't I do it? I didn't know you were mother fuckin' Teresa. Mr. Innocent never killed anybody. What kind of sick thug are you? You did sleep with Vicky, that'll motivate me.

Griff: The six million dollars is why-

Sal: No! It's not! It wasn't the money! I was told two, and I agreed if I could have one hundred thousand and no more corrupt shit, I turned fifty last month did you know that? Fifty years old! I just wanted out of the bad guy stuff.

Griff: I should've got that card. Happy Birthday.

Sal: Thank-you, I wanted out. It's not the why it's the how or the who- Shit, all of your philosophy has me dizzy. You slept with Vicky.

Griff: Oh, shut up, no one slept. Who could sleep with all that moaning? Does she moan for you? It's not like we had time to sleep, we had a wedding ceremony to get to.

(Sal tosses whatever is nearby at Griff, and Griff lazily blocks the attacks)

Sal: Can't breath.

Griff: Yeah, you're probably going to die. Don't look at me like that, that's a side effect of sodium pentothal, it causes respiratory problems, and you have asthma dumb ass. I bet your inhalers in this bag isn't it? I'm looking, I'm looking. You know it's just a barbiturate don't you? It doesn't do any better at making people tell the truth than a bottle of vodka and it's not as much fun. (Tosses the inhaler at him) All it does is shut down the upper cocna- cogni- your higher brain functions turn off, saying that word must be one of my upper functions.

Sal: I thought I was the smart one. How do you know so much? Your feet smell like onions and bologna now, bloody onion bologna.

Griff: It's an olfactory response to that stuff being injected, it smells like rotting onions.

Sal: How do you know this?

Griff: I've used it before. (Begins to dial) Not on me, but I still did my homework.

Sal: Who are you calling?

Griff: Whoever you last called, probably Vicky will mount, probably. (Sal tries to take the phone but is easily held at bay by Griff's heavy hand)

Sal: It's pronounced Wilmont.

Griff: Trust me, you're last name might be Wilmont. Vicky is Vicky will-mount. As in Vicky Will Mount any guy that asks.

Sal: Stupid big dumb ass, get away from my phone.

Griff: Was Vicky gonna retire from Ransen's jobs too? No phone anyway. It's been turned off, wonder why.

Sal: Vicky wouldn't- I- I- just assumed she agreed with me.

Griff: She's slept with Ransen, did you know that?

Sal: Fuck.

Griff: Yeah, that's what they did, but I wasn't going to be crude about it. That's just what I've heard, it's not like I was watching or anything. I think you'd call it hearsay.

Sal: I don't believe it.

Griff: Why not? Your wife is the guys secretary, the guys right-hand.

Sal: That doesn't prove anything.

Griff: I know what I use my right hand for.

Sal: Where's the radio?

Griff: I think under my bloody foot.

Sal: Does it hurt?

Griff: Yeah.

Sal: Good. Damn your stinking bloody foot is heavy.

Griff: Did you bring another gun?

Sal: In the duffle bag, but I wasn't going to tell you, I'm still trying to work my way over there, so I can kill you.

Griff: Okay.

Radio plays: (Some music Random and of no importance to the scene however the friends theme or golden girls theme would amuse me)

Griff: It's cold.

Sal: You've lost blood, there are blankets in the duffle bag.

Griff: The one with the gun?

Sal: Yeah.

Griff: Can I get a blanket?

Sal: Yes, I could use one too, and toss me the gun so I can shoot you.

Griff: Here, I'll give you the blanket, suffocate me.

Sal: Aren't you going to kill me?

Griff: No, It's not my way.

Sal: But if you don't kill me, I'll kill you.

Griff: I'm dying anyway, so are you. How much of this stuff was in here?

Sal: It was on -the eight, when I looked.

Griff: Oh, that's great, eight milligrams. You really didn't need more than three, six maximum. Why didn't you just tell me the scam?

Sal: Does it matter now?

Radio reporter interrupts: Breaking News: The two men involved with the escape on death row have now been identified as Griffin Cassidy and Salvatore Wilmont, an anonymous tip has given police their identities- (Turns off radio.)

Sal: Shit! Stupid, idiot! Damn cell phone has a GPS, we're going down, and their off with six million dollars. I can't believe I married that bitch. I love that bitch, I trusted that bitch.

Griff: Told ya, the only ones that can do anything to you, are the ones you trust.

Sal: We've got to get out of here.

Griff: We're already dead.

Sal: It's a big forest, if we make it to the river-

Griff: Your lungs will give out faster, and I'll probably bleed to death before we get to the bottom of the hill. They didn't tell anyone where we were, I'm sure, they want us to freeze out here. Vicky had you pack the veggies and bring the water, right?

Sal: How'd you know?

Griff: She wanted us to fight. She wanted us to kill each other.

Sal: You have no way of knowing that.

Griff: Sending two men on the run from the law out into the woods with no booze and no meat. She wanted us to elope or kill each other.

Sal: What about Karma?

Griff: It's working.

Sal: But you don't deserve to die like this.

Griff: I screwed my best friend's wife before his wedding, and my whole life has been one lie after another. I was prepared to die at the beginning of today, and I had a little fun with an old friend first. I think I liked the way this worked out.

Sal: I don't deserve to die like this.

Griff: You brought me to a mountain top to rob me blind and kill me, I'll say it again, Karma works.

Sal: I wish I could watch it work on Vicky and Ransen.

Griff: It already has.

Sal: How do you know?

Griff: Because there is no cash stash. (He laughs) If I had one, I would've told you where to go get it before my execution. The only thing they're gonna find in Atlanta is a four by six room with agents waiting to arrest them.

Sal: You lied to me?

Griff: Yep.

Sal: How could you lie to me? We've been best friends since grade school.

Griff: No we haven't. I beat you up for your lunch money in grade school. You hated me.

Sal: I shot you with truth serum! How did you lie to me? What about the stash?

Griff: There was a stash, long ago, but it's been gone for years. I was paid to off a guy, first time Ransen ever had an assassin job for me but I didn't have the heart to do it. I couldn't even bring myself to open the briefcase and count the money. It just felt wrong, instead I hit him on the head and gave him amnesia. Twenty-some years later his memory came back, he found me and I gave him his money back.

Sal: His money?

Griff: His wife paid me six million to kill him; I thought he should have it.

Sal: You fed me a bogus story, even with the sodium penathol?

Griff: Yeah. I stay drunk enough to know what I'm doing without upper cognat-cogni- tive, upper functions. How do you think I knew you didn't know about that money. The only person I ever told was Ransen. I may look stupid drunk, but I'm not as dumb as you are sober. They trained me well.

Sal: Who trained you?

Griff: Top secret agency I work for.

Sal: You're shitting me.

Griff: I shit you not.

Sal: You never told me about that.

Griff: The top secret part is kind of important.

Sal: What government agency hires you?

Griff: One that wants Ransen. They found me while lookin' for the guy I didn't kill. Then they asked me to start working for Ransen again, and see if I could meet him, face to face. They took me from the monks. You see, I was the last person they knew that talked to him. When I started working with him again you were there.

Sal: You've seen his face? I've never seen his face, in the five years I've been taking the cases, I've never seen the face.

Griff: I haven't seen his face in decades, not since that night he sent me to kill that poor guy, but whatever his face is, it's gonna be behind bars now.

Sal: If you're working for the good guys, did my plan really work? Or did they let you escape?

Griff: I don't have a damn idea. My people were in touch with me, but shooting the corpse really wasn't something I should've done, they told me there wasn't much they could do about that. The cash stash story was a long and very complicated ruse to trap Ransen. I thought it was too complicated to work, but it looks like it has.

Sal: Did you just say ruse?

Griff: You know trick, hoax, flim flam. It was supposed to work immediately, but it took over five years.

Sal: You have a much wider vocabulary than I thought. My wife set me up to steal from you then murder you, my best friend, all the while planning to double cross me, leaving me in the woods to die so she can take the money and run.

Griff: But there is no money to take.

Sal: And you've been giving me an act for years! Even lying to me through truth serum. So she's now going to jail with her boss. While you and I freeze to death in the woods- It's getting hard to breath.

Griff: See, the universe will balance, but I doubt we'll freeze to death. Your lungs will give out under the side effects of the truth juice, and I'm about to bleed to death.

Sal: But you lied to me! All this time I was trying to steal your money and kill you, you were holding out on some clandestine plan to capture a crime boss.

Griff: See, it's the one's you trust you've gotta watch.

Sal: If you're a secret agent you can't tell me that. Now you have to kill me.

Griff: I don't think anyone will mind.

Sal: Maybe they'll find us- The cops are looking- we can negotiate; -I am a damn good lawyer.

Griff: This is a huge forest, it's dark, they might find us sometime tomorrow, but we'll be long dead by then. They didn't even know which direction we were heading.

Sal: The light, it's got a spot light. (He flips the light into a spot light)

Griff: A fire would be nice right now, wouldn't it?

Sal: Oh, shut up.

Griff: That's the little dipper.

Sal: I don't need the astronomy lesson. (A branch snaps in the woods) What was that?

Griff: Deer? Bear. Some lonely old mountain man? Hell if I know.

Sal: You can't just lie down and die. I haven't made it to confession.

Griff: Hand me that collar, I'll fake it.

Sal: Come on, stand up.- My right leg is fine, your left leg is- whoa, the forest is spinning.

Griff: I'm not doing a three legged race down a mountain, with an asthmatic. I'm telling ya Sal, this stuff was laced with something more than sodium pentothal.

Sal: With what?

Griff: Arsenic? LSD? I don't know, but I really don't think the sky is the shade of orange that I'm seeing it. Someone didn't want us coming down from this mountain.

Sal: I can not accept that.

Griff: Did Ransen supply you with this equipment?

Sal: Yes. Well- Vicky gave it to me -from him.

Griff: Then it was his idea to take two bottles of truth serum?

Sal: Vicky did that- I think, I watched her draw up the one. But she had no way of knowing you'd stick me with one of them. I didn't think of that.

Griff: True, maybe there were two so you would freak out and give me both, maybe that's the lethal dose.

Sal: I had to figure out where your cash was first, they wouldn't want me to accidentally kill you too soon. I thought I did for a moment.

Griff: Ransen only knows about that cash, cause he thinks it's his. He hooked me up with that hit, when I couldn't go through with it. He never got his cut. I disappeared. You know he asked about it as soon as I came back in town. We argued over it.

Sal: I thought you never saw him?

Griff: We argued over the phone. He let me keep my secret stash secret, but he said to me, if you ever fuck up, I'm takin' my due. Guess this is what he meant.

Sal: What if there is no Ransen. No one ever sees him. Sometimes after we were married she would say Ransen called her and asked her to do something, and I swear I never heard the phone ring. What if I've been sleeping with a criminal master mind for the past five years.

Griff: Then so has every other man I know.

Sal: You bastard!

Griff: What does it matter now? Your wife probably has a pretty nice insurance policy out on your ass.

Sal: As a matter of fact yes she does. -Just purchased it last month,- that bitch. She even made me think it was my idea.- My inhalers gone- I'm out.

Griff: Then you're out of time aren't you?

Sal: (Sal shakes his head barely able to breathe) Found the gun.

Griff: Go ahead, I'll stay still, I'm ready to head for that neon light at the end of the tunnel. (Sal, tosses the gun aside) Did you change your mind?

Sal: If someone doesn't find us soon, we're both be dead. -Sorry- Griffin- you are the best friend I ever had.

Griff: I'm sorry I'm the best friend you ever had too. You know, on the bright side my fiftieth birthday isn't till December. I'll never be an old man like you. (a helicopter is heard over head and a spot light goes down on them as they lean against each other almost dead) would you look at that.

Sal: They found us.

Police: Put your hands on your head. You're under arrest!

Griff: (They help each other put their hands on their heads, then Sal's Hands drop as he dies) Sal? Sal? Told you Karma worked.

(Search light, and stage lights out)
(Go home, you've served your time.)
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