

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ORIN, a young man in his early thirties, still financed by his parents, lacking confidence, intelligent and yet kind of simple.

RACHEL, an African American woman in her early thirties, casually but chicly dressed, serious about her job and child, with a smile that reduces Orin into an awkward teen.

SAM, also in her early thirties, sarcastic, with far left political leanings and a penchant for alcohol, marijuana and sticking it to those leaning toward the right.

KERRY, a larger than life, child of the 60's, the aging hippie., he carries his guitar wherever he goes and wears the slickest, devil-be-damned smile that you have ever seen.

PLACE

The action takes place in Orin's studio condo in a city high-rise which consists of one main room separated into an "office," a "living room," "bar," and "dining room." We can also see into Orin's bathroom, separate from the main room.

ACT ONE

ORIN *sits at a computer reading aloud, elbows on either side of the keyboard, hands gripping the blond hair on his head like he wants to pull it out.*

ORIN: To Whom It May Concern; choosing organically grown foods over those conventionally grown is proving to be the healthy and environmentally conscious decision. University and private international studies have shown that plants grown without the use of persistent pesticides, as are organically grown foods, produce phytochemicals that aid its own pest control and contain a higher level of antioxidants. Also, the mandates on organic farming require the practices of sustainable agriculture that are eco-friendly. Just as you have the ability to choose organically grown foods over the conventional, so do you have the choice of the next Social Media Marketer at Quest Consulting. Stop. *(He releases his hair with his right hand and taps the keyboard with one finger)* Next job—*(scans the computer screen then types)*—Community Relations Specialist for Combustion Communications *(he stops typing and continues to read).*

Choosing me as that *(pause, typing)* specialist, would be making the organic choice. Choosing organically grown foods has its health and environmental benefits. Choosing me as the Community Relations Specialist, because of the attributes honed by my diverse experience, has its professional benefits. My greatest strength blooms from my ability to bring a team together that successfully strives towards the achievement of a common goal. This ability stems from my early success at the collegiate level bringing technologically adept video production crews together, with actors, to create effective and honest—two traits inherent to my core—multi-media extravaganzas—commonly referred to as performance art. I worked hard to get my degree—*(He pauses, frowns, he once again taps the keyboard with one finger. He looks over the desk that the computer sits on. He picks up a Macho Man Randy Savage doll, turns it in his hands, smiles, sets it down and begins typing.)* In a trial of inner strength I showed integrity and initiative through my ability to work hard under the pressures of obtaining a Bachelor's degree in the emerging field of Media Communications from Webster University, with coursework heavily emphasizing video production *(stops typing)*. This laid the foundation for my current success as a Produce Clerk at Bobby's Natural Food Store, which like me, prides itself for its credibility and aim towards enriching the community and environment.

These traits are the organic bounty that I bring to your table. Thank you for taking the read a little about me. I encourage you to examine the attached resume with the hope that you will find my experiences are the qualities you respect for the next *(pause, taps, types)*, Community Relations Specialist at Combustion Communications. Please contact me via email, or at my personal phone number, if you have any questions about my qualifications. I look forward to discussing my capabilities with you in person. Sincerely, Orin Neville. *(He leans back smiling, picks up a half eaten banana sitting on a styrofoam plate, takes a bite, swallows it whole).* Now to send this bitch off!

Knocking sounds on a door. ORIN flashes a boyish smile while looking over his shoulder. He turns back to the computer screen, frowns and sighs, then taps the keyboard once. The “whoop” of an email message being sent rings out. The sound of knocking again. He rises, walks toward the sound of knocking passing a coffee table along the way. He pauses, straightens a pile of magazines and picks up a pile of fast food wrappers. Another knock at the door—louder and more insistent. ORIN zips toward the sound of knocking.

ORIN: Come—

He realizes he still holds the fast food refuse. He frantically looks for a place to stash it. He dashes to a bar at the side of the room, notices a trash can overflowing with beer cans, lets out a frustrated moan and throws the fast food refuse inside a mini fridge under the bar counter. He races toward the knocking.

Come in!

RACHEL *enters.*

RACHEL: Thank God, if time costs money, I would have just lost my down payment on a new Mercedes.

ORIN: I was just—

RACHEL gives ORIN a hug and walks to the bar. She places her purse on the counter. ORIN follows her.

I was just busy sending off my cover letter and resume to another job opening.

RACHEL: Still no luck landing that dream job? *(She walks into the center of the room while looking the the place over.)* Orin, I just love your place so much. *(She stands at a window)* I just love that view of the city skyline, and your balcony could be an apartment in itself, but it’s all these fish tanks in the walls make this place truly cool. *(Moving to the nearest tank.)* Why do those two just circle each other around the tank?

ORIN approaches her.

ORIN *(bashful)*: Oh, it’s a mating thing. *(worried)* I’m afraid I’ll be stacking fruit forever. *(Flatly)* And, thanks about liking my place.

RACHEL *(looking at a calendar located like a painting in the middle of one wall)*: Oh look, your mom’s birthday is the the only circle on there—I don’t see why you have a problem working at Bobby’s. *(Bitter)* You could be stuck in a rut behind a desk 40 hours a week.

(A beep sounds from her pocket. She pulls out her phone looks at it.) Or, constantly working overtime and still struggling for money like some of us *(briskly types a response)*.

ORIN: You know I'm jealous of the responsibility that you have. With that greater responsibility comes greater rewards.

RACHEL: If it wasn't for Bonnie, I doubt I'd see the value of it. We've become too diversified, they have me going in too many directions.

ORIN (regretful): Yeah. How many companies do you place employees with?

RACHEL

Too many. From the tech to service industries we have too many jobs to fill.

ORIN *frowns*.

(Guiltily) Of course, I'm still looking for a job for you—something that will be your perfect fit.

ORIN *(sad)*: Yeah, I know you'll find something for me eventually. *(Fake)* Unless I find something first. I've got several interviews lined up. *(Pause)* So, how is Bonnie, anyway? I haven't seen her for a while, although she's always a treat to talk to.

RACHEL: Her Dad has her today. He said he wanted to pick her up a hot dog at the zoo and then some popcorn at the movies tonight. No doubt that translates to using her to pick up chicks at the mall today and again at the bowling alley tonight. But, at least I'm free to hear about this opportunity that you have for me.

ORIN *(excited)*: And it's a great opportunity. You're going to love it. It'll be good for not just you but for Bonnie too.

RACHEL: Great! I don't do enough for her. I want to give her so many things. And she needs all the help she can get. I'm afraid of this world that I'm bringing her up in.

ORIN: How so?

RACHEL: As a black woman she'll have to fight harder for her piece of it. And I'm not even sure if she'll want that piece—what with the way the environment is going to hell and those running things are driving it straight into the ground.

ORIN: Yeah, solving those problems is something that I'm very passionate about. (Soliciting) This job is actually an attempt to do something about just that. (Pause) I'm sure it's also tough raising Bonnie alone.

Again RACHEL'S phone beeps.

RACHEL: Ugh, here we go. Excuse me. (*She furiously types on her phone.*)

ORIN *stands with arms crossed, staring at the ground.*

Sorry about that. So, you said a couple other people would be here today to discuss this opportunity, do I know them?

ORIN: You know Sam Foley, they'll be here. Also, Kerry McCool.

RACHEL: Kerry McCool, (smiling) do they wear tartan sunglasses?

ORIN (*feigns a laugh, then in awe*): Kerry is a great guy. He's kind of a political guru to the independent party. A truly fascinating man. He's the one that came to me about this job that we want to bring you in on. It's kind of a political endeavor in itself.

RACHEL: Well, I never claimed to be very political. I placed a cleaning crew in the Mayor's office, but I've never been closer to politics than that.

ORIN: Yeah, (*scratches back of his head*) I remember that.

RACHEL: I'm sure this Kerry will provide better company than Sam. You know, even in high school, I never did care much for them.

ORIN (trying to convince): You just don't know them that well. They can be great people if you give them the chance. The two of us have been friends since even before high school. When they both arrive we'll begin to discuss this deal we've been cooking up. (*Pause, hopeful*) So, if Jace is out picking up chicks, does that mean you are looking for someone too?

RACHEL: Me looking? Between raising my daughter and working constant overtime, when am I supposed to fit that in?

ORIN (*dejected*): Yeah, it can be hard to manage the time to go out on a date. I find that hard too—what with the job hunt and my irregular hours down at Bobbie's. (Hopeful once again) But, I think it's still important to try having a relationship. (Pause) Maybe you can find someone that likes to hang out with you and Bonnie.

RACHEL (Bitter): No doubt they'd probably be some child molester.

A knock sounds at the front door.

ORIN (*sheepish*): Yeah, no doubt. You can't trust anyone these days.

RACHEL: Tell me about it. There, you have another reason why I'm not looking.

Another knock at the door.

ORIN (*dejected*): Yeah, who can afford to even look these days?

Once again a knock sounds at the front door, much louder than previously.

It's open!

SAM walks in flashing a cock-eyed grin. She takes several steps into the condo and stops, placing her arms akimbo.

SAM: You sure know how to put a girl to sleep, Legislature balances the budget faster than it takes you to open up. (*SAM laughs towards the heavens, shaking her long red hair that goes all the way down to her waist and jangling the many bracelets around her wrists.*)

She walks past ORIN and into the condo.

ORIN (*whining*): I came right to the door.

SAM: All right, so you definitely move way faster than Legislature, but you sure know how to put a girl to sleep.

ORIN (under his breath): You're obviously awake now.

SAM turns to face ORIN.

SAM: How could I not be awake after what our glorious mayor pulled today. Johnson, a man true to his namesake.

ORIN: Oh? I didn't hear what happened.

SAM: He actually supported the police and their use of force in the shooting of that homeless man having the manic episode.

ORIN: For somebody that also denies climate change that sounds about right.

SAM: (angry): Sounds about right? Orin, doesn't that enrage you? I'm pissed about it. I tell you, David would never side with the police against an innocent like that.

ORIN: (coy): Maybe things are going to change, and David will actually stand a chance against Johnson in the upcoming election.

SAM: Do you actually think a third party candidate like David stands any chance in the upcoming election?

Without waiting for a response, SAM turns away from ORIN and walks into the living room. She stops, again with arms akimbo, and looks the place over. ORIN comes up behind her.

How much did your parents cough up for this place?

ORIN (looks at the ground, then quietly): Enough.

RACHEL: I'm curious too.

SAM (like ice): Rachel.

RACHEL (just as cold): Sam. Good to see you.

SAM (supportive): Orin's just got it good. Maybe one day he'll even get that desk job he's been after and write his parents off once and for all. (Sarcastic) Of course, maybe one day the Libertarians will put a president in office. *(She once again offers a hearty laugh).*

ORIN (flat): Good one. *(Hopeful)* Although, things could be changing. This little opportunity that we have for you just might impact the elections in a way that you could only hope for. Not to mention giving me something to occupy my time until I find that desk job.

SAM: Either this opportunity has truly great potential, or your imagination has inflated this larger than the national debt. And, we both know you blow enough hot air to inflate the bubble to pieces. Oh! Two for one.

ORIN (lying): That's another good one—or—two good ones.

RACHEL (disapproving): I don't know. It kind of seems like your jokes come at Orin's expense.

SAM (contemptful): You must be the comedy cop. Orin has always been my verbal punching bag.

ORIN (trying to ease the tension): Yeah, Rachel. That's no problem. Sam's just having a little fun.

SAM: Right, I'm just having a little fun. And speaking of fun—*(She spies the bar and heads to it. She begins to examine its contents, opening cabinets and eyeing the many bottles on the shelves.)*—I would't have more fun on a shopping spree at a sex shop. You sure know how to spark a girl's desires.

ORIN (*looking toward RACHEL*): Thanks Sam. I try to keep it well stocked.

SAM: I'm going to get lost in here. After seeing all of this, I see stocking produce as your second job, and you still have time to apply to all those other jobs. How many interviews do you have lined up this week?

ORIN (sheepish): Oh, I have several.

SAM: Ha! Every week this one has several interviews lined up and still no new job.

ORIN opens his mouth about to speak, then closes it and looks dejectedly at RACHEL, sharing her gaze for a beat.

RACHEL: So, how have things been with you, Sam?

SAM opens the mini fridge and the fast food trash falls to her feet. She picks it up.

SAM: I see you still partake in the rape and slaughter of the innocents.

ORIN: Well, you know.

RACHEL: I take it you don't eat meat?

SAM: Orin, when does your housekeeper come?

ORIN: The day after tomorrow.

SAM looks at the trash in her hands, then tosses it on the bar counter and continues to look through the mini fridge.

SAM: Yeah, dairy too. It still boggles my mind why so many of people in The United States eat meat and/or dairy. *(She comes away from the fridge with a can of beer in her hand.)* It shows a complete lack of respect for themselves and the environment. They might as well be white trash *(she cracks the beer open.)*.

ORIN: God, Sam, it's not even lunchtime and already drinking?

SAM: Lunch? I'm drinking this for my breakfast. *(She takes a swig.)*

ORIN: Well, try to keep yourself straight. We need you clear for the discussion ahead.

SAM: This will just get me to discussin' that much better. Speaking of, when can we expect Kerry? *(Shakes her shoulders) Ooo, that sexy man. (She flops herself down on a couch and takes another swig.*

RACHEL *(to ORIN)*: I think someone just mentioned white trash.

SAM *(engaging)*: What?

RACHEL: I said, that couch looks like a comfortable place to crash. Orin, where did you buy it?

SAM: I know it definitely wasn't anywhere white trash like me would shop, and I know you'd never afford shopping there. Unless you put that kid of yours to work in one of the sweat shops you find employees for.

ORIN'S cell phone rings, but with eyes wide he doesn't answer. He has his attention locked on SAM and RACHEL.

RACHEL *(escalating)*: I'm sure white trash like you knows all about sweat shops. If you ever need to supplement your income, maybe I could get you on at another.

SAM *(one step higher)*: I'd let you place me just so you could take the signing bonus and buy your daughter something nice to wear instead of spending it all on yourself for your own cute little outfits.

Again, ORIN'S cell phone rings, but he follows the argument between SAM and RACHEL, his jaw dropped open.

RACHEL: You know, I don't need to take this.

SAM: Maybe you should just take yourself right out the front door?

Once again, ORIN'S cell phone rings.

RACHEL AND SAM *(heated)*: Are you going to answer that?

ORIN closes his mouth with a snap.

ORIN: Oh, yeah. *(He fumbles in his pocket and pulls out his cell phone.)* Hello... Oh, hi Kerry! What's that? Don't go getting our knickers in a knot... I see, because you're running late. Okay... Okay...

SAM digs in her pockets, pulls out a dugout, slides the top, removes a one hitter, then proceeds to pack it.

I'll go ahead and begin telling them about the plan. You can count on me. We'll see you when you get here. Don't rush on our account. *(Looks from RACHEL to SAM)* We'll get along just fine. *(He ends the call and stands with his arms on his hips facing the ladies.)*

RACHEL: I don't think I want to hear about this plan. Especially if it involves Sam. She said one thing right. I can just take myself out the front door.

ORIN (worried): But Rachel...

SAM *(while continuing to work on the one hitter, twisting it in the dugout)*: Look Rachel, I just played my usual queen bitch, I didn't mean anything personal. I'll watch my tongue, and let's hear Orin out. This plan of his sounds like it will be good for us all.

RACHEL: Queen bitch? I guess, as long as you promise to stay off the offensive, I'll listen to what Orin has to say.

SAM: My tongue has become the neutral party, I promise. *(She finishes packing her one hitter, puts it to her lips, and prepares to light it.)*

ORIN: Thanks Sam. *(Pause, then frantic)* What are you doing? You can't smoke that in here! They'll smell it all the way out to the elevator!

SAM: Eyeesh, excuse me. I didn't realize the conservative nature of this establishment. I'll partake at a more opportune moment. *(She places the one hitter behind her ear.)*

ORIN (relieved): God, thanks Sam. You can at least wait until our meeting is over. Now, if we could all gather around the dining room table, it's more conducive to conversation.

The three take seats around the table. A glass jug of bubbling white liquid sits in the center.

SAM: How does your Makgeolli fare?

ORIN (proudly): Oh, it's great. This here is actually my second batch. The first batch turned out really well. I've got what's left, which is most of it, in the fridge, and we can have some to celebrate the successful completion of our meeting.

SAM: May our convocation be productive and swift.

ORIN (getting down to business): Alright, here's the deal. Each of you have been asked here today because you, along with myself, have key roles to play in a plan that Kerry has come up with. We're going to steal the campaign funds for Mayor Johnson prior to the next election. Today we're going to plan the details of this heist.

RACHEL: What? This has got to be a joke. I don't want any part of that. No way!

ORIN: No joke. I'm serious.

SAM: Fucking fantastic, I'm in. Let's plan this bitch.

ORIN (worried): There is no plan without Rachel. Rachel, what's wrong?

RACHEL: What's wrong? Come on, you honestly don't expect me to jeopardize myself for this crazy idea, do you? Hello—illegal. I mean, we'd face serious prison time if we got caught. I've got Bonnie to think about. I can't be getting myself into that kind of trouble.

ORIN: If the plan works as it should, you wouldn't even be directly implicated. Please, just hear me out.

RACHEL: No. You wrongly assumed that I would do this for you. I can't believe you had me over for this foolishness.

ORIN: But, this is very serious. We'll be putting an end to the corruption of the current administration. Kerry hopes to divert the money we steal into the campaign funds for David. With that kind of support David, even as a third party candidate, would have an unprecedented edge in the upcoming election. He'd have more support than any third party candidate in history. This is a real game changer.

SAM: Shit yeah man. Too cool. I've wanted to give the shaft to that prick Johnson ever since he made it into office, no way I'm missing out.

ORIN (*whining*): Like I said, we need Rachel for this plan to succeed. She plays a critical role. (*straight*) Rachel, don't you want to impact the political history of this city?

RACHEL: I told you I'm not very political. These things really mean nothing to me. I'm not interested. I'll show myself out. (*She walks to the bar counter and begins to pick up her purse*).

SAM *removes the one hitter from behind her ear. She places it in her mouth, flicks a light on her Bic, and prepares to light it.*

ORIN: Put that down! I said not to smoke in here. (*Pleading to SAM*) You've got to help me. We need her.

SAM *sighs, places the one hitter once more behind her ear, rises and walks over to RACHEL, still gathering her purse. ORIN tries to collect himself behind SAM.*

SAM (*in the tone of a used car salesman*): Hey, look Rachel—

RACHEL (*curtly*): I am not going to look at anything. You can't talk me into this. Have a nice day. (*She begins to walk toward the exit*).

SAM (*flatly*): Think of the money..

RACHEL *pauses in front of the door.*

I think you would be entitled to a percentage of the money that we could make on this deal. Isn't that right, Orin?

ORIN (*Lost*): What? (*Starting to play along*) Oh, yeah, I suppose. As long as the majority goes to David's campaign.

SAM: Rachel, think of what that money could do for you—and Bonnie.

RACHEL'S *head drops.*

You work really hard for that girl of yours. This money could give you a break and still allow you to do something nice for your Bonnie. Let's hear Orin out.

RACHEL (*still resilient but considering*): No. I can't do—(RACHEL'S *phone rings. She answers it.*) Rachel here... Yeah... Yeah... (*Dejected*) Oh, to close the Robertson deal we'll need to come in this Sunday... Okay... Yeah... Bye. (*She ends the call, drops her hands to her sides, and slowly turns back toward SAM and ORIN.*) (*Defeated*) Okay Orin, I'll hear you out.

ORIN: That's wonderful! I'm so glad to get you on board.

RACHEL (*suspicious*): Don't count me in yet. I said I'd hear you out. You need to get through to me how this thing will work and benefit me. Then, maybe, you can count me in.

RACHEL *takes a seat at the dining table followed by SAM. ORIN follows them.*

ORIN (*nervous*): No problem. The plan is really fabulous. You're going to love it. (*He joins RACHEL and SAM at the dining room table. Then speaks a little more confidently.*) Okay, so as I said, the plan is beautiful. We're going to purloin Johnson's stump specie.

SAM (*forceful*): Purloin his what? That doesn't make any sense, I didn't know you could call a stump a species, they can't even breed! And why would you want to purloin it in the first place? And what does that have to do with the plan to steal Johnson's campaign funds?

RACHEL: I may not be political, but I know that stump means to say involving political campaigning. You'd think an activist such as yourself would know that, and stumps used to be trees, and they do have species.

SAM (*scowling*): All right, nerd, so how does species fit into anything political?

RACHEL: Specie means money in the form of coins. Although, I hope we'd be taking more than just coins.

ORIN: Well, yeah—

SAM: But why couldn't you just say "steal his campaign money" instead of digging the dregs of the ol' thesaurus?

ORIN (*defensive*): Look, I'm sorry, I was just trying to flourish my statement with a bit of poetry. You know, to make it sound more beautiful.

SAM: If by poetic and beautiful you mean confusing and obtuse, then mission accomplished.

ORIN (*frustrated*): I don't know, I just got it mixed up. I first thought to say purloin Johnson's coin, but then I wanted to emphasize the fact that it was his campaign money so came up with steal his stump specie and just jumbled it all together. Sorry.

SAM: Okay, thanks.

RACHEL: Yeah, thanks, can we go on?

ORIN: Yes, sorry. Rachel, as a head hunter—

SAM: She probably prefers something softer, like employment recruiter.

ORIN: Oh, sorry Rachel.

RACHEL (with a perturbed look at SAM): Whatever, go on.

ORIN: Well, as a—(*pause*) an employment recruiter, you set the sanitation staff in the Mayor's office.

SAM: Totally Tubular utilization of alliteration. Now I'd call that poetry.

ORIN *eyes* SAM, *frowning*. RACHEL *rolls her eyes*.

ORIN: What you're going to do is plant Sam here on that cleaning crew.

SAM: Whoa now, this girl ain't no housemaid.

ORIN: Sam, anybody can clean.

SAM: Clean, yes, but my ancestors rose from servanthood. I'm not going back.

ORIN: Servanthood? You're just going to be a cleaner. But that's not—

SAM: Check your thesaurus for cleaner, and what've you got? Housemaid.

ORIN: But—

RACHEL: I think he wants to say that you'll be playing a cleaner as a role. This plan has more to it, let's hear.

ORIN: Thanks. That's right. The cleaner is just our in. Once she is in the office, she will plant a video based skimming device, acquired and tweaked by me. It's actually going to be a neat little thing. We aren't talking about some pint-sized nanny cam. This is going to be a wireless, DV, button cam with a 70 to 300mm telephoto zoom lens—auto focus enabled.

SAM: You could have just said fancy camera.

RACHEL: Yeah, fancy camera would have worked for me too.

ORIN: Sorry. Sam will place this—(*Pause, then like he's sucking on a sour ball*) fancy camera—in proximity to the Campaign Finance Manager's computer where we will be able to get the access information to the campaign's bank account.

SAM: Then we'll be able to score the campaign money!

ORIN: Yes, once we have access to the bank account we have control of the money.

RACHEL (skeptical): They don't make it that easy to transfer money from a bank account over the internet. Banks have a lot of security measures in place to guard against identity theft.

ORIN: Well, this is where Kerry comes in. It's actually pretty neat. He uses his overseas business connections to establish a number of online companies. Then, all we need to do is wait until the finance director pays their electric bill, and the skimming device steals the bank account and routing numbers. Then, we can write all the electronic checks to those overseas companies that we want. At least until they catch on, but by that time we'll have the money safely filtered back into US bank accounts and liquidated.

RACHEL: Well, I don't know enough about any of that. It might work.

ORIN (*excited*): Oh Rachel, it will work. (*Hopeful*) Does this mean you're definitely in?

RACHEL (hesitant): I'm still thinking about it. I have some questions. Such as when this will go down, when do we need to plant Sam and what will her alias and background info be?

ORIN: There are definitely more details to work out. That's what Kerry and I hoped to hash out today. We also need to discuss how Sam will smuggle in the camera and where and how she'll place it so that it is undetected, and we can get a good image. Plus, you really should meet Kerry, I know you'll like him, and he'll be able to tell you some great things that I haven't covered. Then you can make your final decision.

SAM: Well, I, for one, see a big hole in the plan. If I have to be cleaning, what type of cleaning supplies will I be using? I definitely won't use any abrasive cleaners that harm the environment or myself.

ORIN: Sam, I don't know what type of cleaning supplies they use!

RACHEL: Oh great, an environmentally conscious criminal.

SAM: Seriously, I'm not breathing any of that chemical cocktail shit that they make to scrub the toilets. Not to mention the effect that that shit has on the waterways and global warming. I know you guys don't give a damn for the environment.

ORIN (frustrated): Sam! You're supposed to be there to plant the skimming device not make a stand for the environment. Who cares what type of cleaning supplies you'll be using.

SAM: Well, I, for one, care a lot. Especially if I'm going to be a part of this.

RACHEL: You crack me up. You care so much for a person's health and the environment, yet you will to commit this crime against members of the community.

SAM (defensive): What does that have to do with this and the other? I'm rejecting the use of potentially harmful chemicals. I'm not neglecting the community.

RACHEL: I'm just saying that this whole crime which you two want to commit can have a serious impact on the community.

SAM (proud): Yeah, it'll benefit the community by robbing from the rich, Johnson, and giving to the poor, David. With the added money in his pocket he'll be able to afford the advertising necessary to get himself known to the people, or buy himself into the debates where his opinions will finally shine against the bi-partisan candidates.

RACHEL: I might not follow politics, but I do know that that David will have one hell of a time getting anything accomplished in office without the support of a major party.

SAM: Once in office he'll—

RACHEL (pointedly): He'll never have the chance to do anything if you don't plant that video camera.

ORIN: That's right. We've got to plant that skimming device.

RACHEL: Who cares what cleaning chemicals you might be using.

SAM: Well, alright, I'll concede on this point—for the greater good. But, I won't be happy if those cleaning products aren't green.

ORIN: Jesus, finally. Thanks Rachel.

SAM: Yeah, score one for Rachel. You know Orin, you don't make a good case for doing this job.

ORIN: Huh?

SAM: You just don't do a very good job of keeping things together.

ORIN : But—

RACHEL: You know Orin, I kind of have to agree with Sam. This thing doesn't really play into your skill set, does it? It kind of makes me doubt this whole thing.

SAM: It burns me to admit it, but now I'm starting to agree with you Rachel. *(To the side)* I'm going to have to do something about that. *(She starts to slowly pull the one hitter from behind her ear.)*

ORIN: Not in the house!

SAM slowly pushes it back into place behind her ear.

Rachel, what are you talking about?

RACHEL: Orin, I'm starting to wonder what things you have neglected to think about. I mean, does the Campaign Finance Manager even use their computer to pay the bills?

SAM: A good point.

RACHEL: You don't come across as very credible. You said Kerry would be here to explain things, and he isn't. Is this whole plan like just another one of the many interviews you have lined up?

ORIN (*hurt*): But, what does that have to do with the job we want to pull? (*Rising defensively*) This whole thing is Kerry's idea. It was supposed to be him that was here telling you all about it. I'm just the guy providing the video camera.

RACHEL: Calm down Orin.

ORIN (*pacing behind his chair*): It's just that I don't know why you two are attacking me. I'm just filling in for Kerry. It's him that you want to address your concerns to. Until he gets here, I just want to settle some of the things that we can, like Sam's alias and the details about the camera.

While has been pacing and talking, SAM has once more pulled the one hitter from behind her ear.

RACHEL: All right. I'm sorry to put you on the spot. I've already invested my morning, I'll stick around and wait for Kerry. Let's discuss these things that you want to discuss.

ORIN: God, thank you. Now we can finally get down to business.

SAM lights the one-hitter, inhales and defiantly blows the smoke at ORIN'S face.