

FILM NOIR ANTHOLOGY 1:

THE SLEEP DEMON

A comedy in one act

by Greg Machlin

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Cast of Characters:

<u>LOLITA THE SEXY NARRATOR:</u>	Sultry. This dame could be nothing but trouble, but she generally supports Marlow. (20s-50s)
<u>MARLOW PHILLIPS, A DETECTIVE:</u>	Take every film noir detective stereotype you can think of. Add every one you can't think of. Multiply by ten and you might approach the Bogart/Mitchum coolness that is Marlow Phillips. (20s-60s)
<u>GAVIN GAVINI:</u>	An old pal of Marlow's. Very down to business, gets the job done. (30s-40s)
<u>BIG BOSS, CRIMINAL OVERLORD/ IKOL THE SLEEP DEMON</u>	Rules the city with an iron fist. Vigorous physicality. (30s-60s).
<u>THUG 1</u>	Likes his job. Says “Arrr” and “Grrr.” (any age)
<u>THUG 2</u>	Ditto.
<u>LARRY THE LOSER, A SAP:</u>	Woody Allen meets Peter Lorre. This guy ain't cut out for it. (Pathetic 30s-40s)
<u>AMANDA THE GERMAN EGGPLANT:</u>	A psychic. Has a relaxed, spiritual nature. (20s-50s)

- Gavin Gavini, Larry the Loser, and Thugs 1 & 2 could easily be played by women.
- IKOL should not be listed in the program. Or, if you want to list him, just make sure you list him as being played by “???” as was done in *Frankenstein* for the monster.

A note about casting: I'm flexible when it comes to casting with regards to age and gender; it's only important that the actors understand *film noir* and have good comic timing.

Dedication: To Amanda Doster, with love & affection.

Special thanks to Sachi Taussig (the original sexy narrator) Josh Braslow, the original Loser. and Rebecca Nyahay, who made it sing.

## ACT I

### SETTING:

We see the skyline of the Big Apple at night in the background. Stage right, a detective's office. Stage center & left is occupied by a mystic's shop.

### AT RISE:

As the lights come up we hear a lonesome saxophone. Lolita slowly shimmies on to the music.

### LOLITA THE SEXY NARRATOR

Hi... welcome to the show. I'm Lolita the sexy narrator. Our story is set in a dark, dangerous city that never sleeps.

The streets of New York. Evening. If this were a movie, it'd be shot in gorgeous black and white. One lone tough guy is putting the bad guys away and using his brains more than his brawn. I like guys who do that.

(MARLOW PHILLIPS saunters on. He lights a cigarette, and wears a trench coat. Note: when in doubt about what Marlow should do, have him light a cigarette.)

### MARLOW PHILLIPS

(to audience)

The name's Phillips. Marlow Phillips. I'm a private eye. And I solve cases like nobody else.

Anyway, last Thursday—I get **all** of my cases on Thursdays—I was in my dust-covered office, having a third of scotch, and nursing an old war wound from one of Big Boss's repeated beatings, when I got a call from my old buddy Gavin Gavini.

(The phone rings. Lights up on GAVIN GAVINI on another side of the stage.)

### GAVIN GAVINI

Hey, listen, Marlow, can you do me a favor?

### MARLOW

I dunno. What kind of favor?

### GAVIN GAVINI

I got this guy—he's not a client, I wouldn't take his case, but he's been hangin' around my office all week, **won't** get outta here, it's bad for business. Keeps yammering about how **a dame** double-crossed him. Listen, you think you could take him off my hands? Heck, if ya had to, you could even introduce him to the—ya know, the *wrong* people—Barry the Bouncer, Loretta the Loan Shark, Tony the Tooth—

MARLOW PHILLIPS

(to the audience)

Tony the Tooth was so named 'cause he only had one, but when he bit you, it *hurt*.

(to Gavini)

Gavini, this sounds like strictly small potatoes.

GAVIN GAVINI

Yeah, but I thought you might want to know about it, 'cause this guy's been involved with a psychic and claims he got ripped off.

MARLOW PHILLIPS

Huh. Yeah, psychics are bad news.

All right Gavini, ya got yourself one favor filled.

GAVIN GAVINI

Thank *you*, Marlow.

(They hang up. As Marlow speaks, he gets up and walks outside.)

MARLOW PHILLIPS

I owed Gavin Gavini big-time, back from the Bogart incident way back when. Damn near got myself killed. The guy saved my life. Also, I don't go in for these con-artists who claim to be psychics. So I figured, what the hell, meet with the guy, right?

(BIG BOSS stops him.)

BIG BOSS

Not so fast, *Phillips*.

MARLOW

Hey, Big Boss, how's it going?

BIG BOSS

You didn't pay dues.

THUG #1

Arrrrrrrrrr! Dues!

THUG #2

Grrrrrrrrrrrr! Dues!

MARLOW

Dues?

Dues. BIG BOSS

What kind of dues? MARLOW

Dues with due dates! BIG BOSS

(THUGS growl menacingly.)

Arrrrrrrrrrrr! THUG #1

Grrrrrrrrrrrr! THUG #2

Hey, boys, you don't run this city. MARLOW

Maybe not. But it's fun to think we do. BIG BOSS

(They advance, and pound MARLOW.)

Arr! THUG #1

Grrr! THUG #2

Ugh... MARLOW

Hey, your landlord called. You're late with the rent again. And, uh, Marlow? BIG BOSS

ow... yeah? MARLOW

This time don't forget the utilities. BIG BOSS

(They walk off, leaving MARLOW in a heap on the stage.  
A lonely saxophone sounds. Lights fade to blue.)

MARLOW

I could feel myself slipping into dreamland--a thousand monkeys were hitting a thousand typewriter keys, and they were all in my head, along with a big fat brass band and the entire 20<sup>th</sup> Maine regiment of the Civil War at Little Round Top. I'd have to do something about them.

(he tries to move)

Ow. Maybe after I passed out.

(LOLITA appears.)

LOLITA

Hey, Marlow.

MARLOW

Hey... Lo... (cough)

LOLITA

Not lookin' so hot.

MARLOW

Ugh...

(She crosses to him and gingerly dabs his forehead with a handkerchief; he winces.)

LOLITA

(to audience)

Marlow, you know Big Boss and his gang of thugs run this city. He controls everything-- the electric company, the waterworks, B&O railroad... and he's got hotels on Broadway and Park Place! Why are you always tangling with him?

MARLOW

I can't help it, toots. It's destiny. I'm a crime-fighter—he's a crime-doer. I'll break his stranglehold on this city, someday, somehow.

LOLITA

Feel better?

(MARLOW nods.)

I'll see ya later, Marl.

(As LOLITA is exiting)

Try to stay out of trouble.

MARLOW

Sure thing. But, in the meantime, I had a client to deal with. I'm sure that psychic works for those thugs. Everyone eventually ends up working for them.

(MARLOW pulls himself up and drags himself into the office. Larry the Loser is already there.)

LARRY THE LOSER

It—it was a setup from the beginning. The dame played me for a sap! That’s what I am, a sap, I’m nothing but a sap.

MARLOW PHILLIPS

Yeah, you’re a sap all right, Larry. You’re so filled with sap you oughta be a maple tree in March.

LARRY THE LOSER

She—she stole all my cash—everything—she said she could contact the sleep demon for me--

MARLOW PHILLIPS

Whoa, now, partner—I try not to get involved with demons—last guy I knew who messed around with them got his head spun around and was projectile vomiting like a puppy in a clothes dryer.

LARRY THE LOSER

No, but she didn’t contact the Demon, see, she didn’t! I lost everything! I was such a fool—I’m—I’m an insomniac—and—and she said she could summon up a sleep demon. She promised. And I can’t sleep! I need Ikol, Ikol the Sleep demon! *She promised me Ikol!*

MARLOW PHILLIPS

Look. There’ve got to be other ways to get to sleep. I mean have you tried sleeping pills? Blocking out light sources? Earplugs?

LARRY THE LOSER

Nothing works. Nothing!

MARLOW PHILLIPS

Well, whattaya want? You want your money back or you want to contact this sleep demon?

LARRY THE LOSER

Both!

MARLOW PHILLIPS

All right, I’ll take the case. Fifty bucks a day, plus expenses.

LARRY THE LOSER

Deal.

(MARLOW steps out of his office.)

MARLOW

See, the great thing is, you can always get ‘em on the expenses.

(LOLITA walks on.)

LOLITA THE SEXY NARRATOR

Marlow Phillips stepped out into the dark, rainy streets and reviewed the facts. There weren’t many. Larry had given a large chunk of his money to a psychic known as the German Eggplant in a desperate attempt to cure his insomnia by getting her to summon up the sleep demon Ikol.

(GAVINI comes back on, all business.)

GAVIN GAVINI

Yeah, uh, listen, Lolita, we already established that.

LOLITA THE SEXY NARRATOR

I just like talking... I’m *so* hot. Hey there, baby. What exactly does “Gavini” mean, anyway. I’ve always wondered... Ooo, Italian men.

GAVIN GAVINI

(overjoyed)

Well, I’d be happy to tell you more about it back in my office...

(He runs offstage. LOLITA smiles at the audience and follows him.)

MARLOW

I had already collected a file on psychics, but the German Eggplant had never crossed my radar before.

I figured I’d go in there, find out what she wanted with Larry the Loser, why she bilked him, and ask for his money back. Maybe file a case in small-claims court.

Yeah, I know you think detective work’s exciting, but there’s a lot of paperwork.

Seemed straightforward enough.

(The lights dim somewhat. We are now in a mystic’s shop—scented candles, new-age books, a crystal ball, a Ouija Board. The atmosphere is genuinely mystical.)

AMANDA THE GERMAN EGGPLANT

What can I do for you, Mr. Phillips?

MARLOW

The dame knew my name—She was good, I had to give her that.

(to AMANDA)

So how’d you know my name?

AMANDA

You’re wearing a name tag from some sort of Private Eye convention.

MARLOW

Oh.

(he rips off a nametag)

(to AMANDA)

So. What kind of a name is the German Eggplant, anyway?

AMANDA

I spent some time in Germany. And I like to eat eggplant.

MARLOW

Yeah, well the only eggplant you’ll be eating is *eggplant* eggplant.

AMANDA

That doesn’t make sense.

MARLOW

Yeah, well the only sense you’ll be making is dollars and cents off of hard labor. Look, Eggplant, I gotta client who claims you conned him out of his hard-earned cash.

AMANDA

Well, most of my customers, who are generally very satisfied. I’m one of the best psychics in this fair city.

MARLOW

See, I’m a private eye. Psychic phenomena & paranormal activity don’t square with my worldview. I’m what you might call a left-brained kinda guy. Like Houdini. Yeah, Houdini.

AMANDA

Marlow, Marlow, Marlow... you may be cynical, bitter, and hardened, yes, but still... I sense a yearning in you, a quest for something deeper. Justice, truth, passion. Besides, how can you be sure psychic energy doesn’t work if you’ve never tried it? Give me your hand, and I’ll give you a reading, free of charge.

MARLOW

Now listen up, dame. I can see your two-bit con tricks coming a mile away. You can use your women’s wiles all you want—I’m wise to your game. You suckered up my client big time, and I don’t like it. And I’m not gonna let it happen to me, see?

AMANDA

Alright, look. Unless I pickpocket your wallet, or drug you, I can't really gyp you out of anything. You're clearly not going to give me any money, so where's the danger?

MARLOW

Fine. But before you give me a reading, tell me about this joker Ikol the Sleep Demon.

AMANDA

Ikol is the twin brother of Loki the trickster and Fire God, but they are opposites in many ways. Ikol's skin is a pale translucent blue--Loki's is a fiery red-- and while Loki delights in annoying people, Ikol serves humanity and brings sleep to us all. Although slow to anger, he can carry a grudge for a long time--like the fierce cold wind of Norway, from whence he came. Legend has it he loves purple fruits.

MARLOW

But you couldn't summon him and you know it. So you played poor Larry the Loser like the fool he was.

AMANDA

I'm sorry. Did you say Larry the Loser?

MARLOW

That's right.

AMANDA

Oh, for crying out loud... Larry had more negative energy than anyone I'd ever met. There was just something creepy about the guy, ya know? It disturbed me greatly.

MARLOW

So why not give him his money back?

(AMANDA taps a sign that reads "ABSOLUTELY NO REFUNDS. NOT EVER. THIS MEANS YOU.")

AMANDA

Some of my clients got into the bad habit of lying about their psychic experiences. As for Ikol, I can summon him! I just need the right presence in the room. Maybe I could even do it with you.

MARLOW

Doll, I got enough negative energy to permanently reverse the number line.

AMANDA

Well, we'll see. You might be surprised.

MARLOW

(to audience)

I was wary & wise to her tricks, but I wanted to see how far she’d take this little game.

AMANDA

Give me your hands.

(He does so, sitting down if he isn’t already.)

Relax. Breathe deeply. Release all the tension in your body. Let it flow... out your fingertips. Focus on your center—your blue flame. And let your mind go blank, except for whiteness. You are breathing deeply. You are centered.

Ikol. I call you, Ikol, I summon you from your netherworld of sleep. I, Amanda, the German Eggplant, call upon all the powers of the gods—

(She breaks off, but is still holding Marlow’s hands.)

No—I, I can’t do this, something’s not quite right.

MARLOW

Aha.

AMANDA

You know—you bear a passing resemblance to him.

MARLOW

To who?

AMANDA

To my long-lost love.

MARLOW

Really. Well, doll-face, I—

AMANDA

Sshhh.

(Pause.)

MARLOW

Uh, hey, doll—

AMANDA

Do you always talk like that when you’re nervous?

MARLOW

Like what?

AMANDA

Like you're a tough guy?

MARLOW

I am a tough guy. I clean the dark streets of this battered, bruised, down-but-not-out city of ickiness.

AMANDA

Can I ask you another question?

MARLOW

Sure, go ahead. Marlow Phillips can answer anything.

AMANDA

What kind of tough guy uses words like "ickiness"?

MARLOW

Uh. Um.

(Pause. Amanda smiles.)

MARLOW

Listen, I really gotta run.

AMANDA

We'll meet again?

MARLOW

Maybe. Uh, if you say so--doll-- doll--

AMANDA

--face?

MARLOW

Right.

(He runs out, where he sees BIG BOSS.)

MARLOW

Well, well, well. If it isn't Big Boss, the Criminal Overlord of all lowlifes and thugs. What a surprise. How are you mixed up in this? Did Larry the Loser find out your bookkeeping scams? Was he a former accountant for you?

THUG #1

You know, the word ‘bookkeeping’ is the only word in the English language which has three double letters in a row—o,k, and e.

(Thug #2 and Big Boss stare at him.)

Uh, I mean—ARRRRR!

THUG #2

GRRRRRRRR!

BIG BOSS

You best not be messin’ with us, Phillips!

THUG #2

Hey Phillips... you ever here of a... Phillips *screwdriver*?

(THUG #1 guffaws hysterically.)

BIG BOSS

Hey, it wasn’t that funny.

(THUG #1 gulps.)

BIG BOSS

We’re gonna help you go to sleep for a little while.

MARLOW

Can I have your teddy bear before I go?

BIG BOSS

Rrrrr... I’m gonna enjoy this!

MARLOW

(To Audience):

Hey, if I’m gonna get pounded, I figure I might as well deserve it.

(A beating commences. THUGS exit.)

BIG BOSS

You better watch your step, Phillips. You might, uh, fall off.

MARLOW

I didn’t know what their deal was, but I was sure it all fit together somehow.

LOLITA

The next day.

(MARLOW picks himself and limps from the Mystic Shop

to a cafe table, which GAVINI has set up on stage with two chairs.)

GAVINI

So...

MARLOW

So what?

GAVINI

How’s the investigation coming?

MARLOW

Well, you know, it’s coming. Marlow Phillips always gets his man. Woman.

GAVINI

Uh-huh. How’d you get that bruise?

MARLOW

Damn thugs. Big Boss runs the whole damn town.

GAVINI

Ya just gotta pay the “dues”; that’s all there is to it.

MARLOW

Marlow Phillips doesn’t go in for extortionists.

GAVIN GAVINI

Listen, Marlow, if you need a hand...

MARLOW

Hey, you’re off the case, Gavini, I’m on it, no sweat.

GAVINI

You know, there might be more to this than meets the eye. Everybody’s got something to hide. Everybody except me and my monkey.

MARLOW

You have a monkey?

GAVINI

Uh, no. No. Of course not! That would be ridiculous!

(GAVINI leaves.)

MARLOW

I returned to Amanda that very night, puzzling over things. This case was turning out to be more complex than a Rubik's cube with no matching sides. In fact, I had almost forgotten about--

(LARRY THE LOSER is standing in an alleyway.)

LARRY THE LOSER

Hey, Marlow, hey. How's it, how's it goin'?

MARLOW

Uh, fine. Listen, Loser, I'm dealing with a tough case in a dark city that knows how to keep its secrets.

LARRY THE LOSER

I was just wondering, if you wanted a hand, or wanted to ask me anything.

MARLOW

No, I'm fine, Larry.

LARRY THE LOSER

Well--well, here's my contact info if you need it.

MARLOW

Okay, Larry. Time to make like a tree and leaf... ve.

LARRY

Yeah, sure, I'll be seein' ya around, Marlow...I hope you get her for me. Her *and Ikol*.

(LARRY exits.)

MARLOW

She's right. That guy *is* a little creepy.

(Pause)

Still, if I rejected every client who seemed a little suspicious, I'd go out of business tomorrow.

It's interesting... Larry seems to believe Ikol actually exists.

(He returns to the Psychic shop.  
The atmosphere is more romantic. Candles in key locales.)

AMANDA

Hey there, tough guy.

MARLOW

Yeah, well, it pays the bills.

AMANDA

So... what's it like to catch a criminal?

MARLOW

Marlow Phillips doesn't talk about his work, see? It's like trying to explain lawnmowing to a desert nomad.

AMANDA

Have you ever listened to yourself talk?

MARLOW

Marlow Phillips doesn't need no echo chamber.

AMANDA

Marlow Phillips should stop talking about himself in the third person.

MARLOW

Hey... uh...

AMANDA

You know, I think you're nervous.

MARLOW

Marlow Phili--uh, I-- don't get nervous.

AMANDA

Really?

MARLOW

'Specially not around dames.

AMANDA

Prove it?

MARLOW

Marl--I-- don't need to prove anything. I'm a tough guy.

AMANDA

Sure you do.

MARLOW

By doing what?

AMANDA

This.

(She grabs him and kisses him.)

MARLOW

Wow. So maybe we could get dinner sometime—

AMANDA

Quickly. We must act now, while there is positive energy in the air.  
Hurry!

(she grabs his hands)

Ikol. I call you, Ikol, I summon you from your netherworld of sleep.

MARLOW

Wait! You were just using me to summon him?! Ah, fer crying out loud—I broke rule number one of the Private Eye’s Handbook—never trust a dame!

AMANDA

I, Amanda, the German Eggplant, call upon all the powers of the gods and fairies, and I bring you to the earth-world of substance. Ikol, awaken, and join us in the world of the living. Ikol, swirl and grow, and shift, and change, and become real...

(The lights flicker, the room begins to shake, leaves swirl in the room, objects glow with a strange light, the intensity is building, the Magic 8-ball rolls off a shelf, the room is shaking heavily, and suddenly—BIG BOSS appears.)

BIG BOSS

What the? How did I get here? I just beatin’ up the Mayor!

(AMANDA gasps.)

AMANDA

It’s him! We summoned him! Ikol! Oh, Ikol, Demon of sleep, it’s...really you?

BIG BOSS

I dunno--I guess I sent some people to sleep. Sleep with de fishes.

MARLOW

The thug? The guy who beat me up? The man of menace who rules the city with an iron fist?

AMANDA

Oh, I’m sorry about that--Ikol does tend to be jealous. Well, he always wanted to hold power over others...

Hmm. He must not have his memory back.

BIG BOSS

Yeah... Yeah...

MARLOW

I don't buy it for a second. Take that, you punk! Con artist! Liar! *Fraud!*

(MARLOW hits BIG BOSS over the head with a Crystal Ball.)

AMANDA

Oh no, oh no! Marlow--you shouldn't have--

(A HUGE FLASH OF LIGHT, STRANGE, ETHEREAL NOISES, more flashing lights, vibrating, etc.)

BIG BOSS

Ughhhhhharrroouuuuuuuwwwwwwaaaaaag!!

AMANDA

It's him! We summoned him! Oh, Ikol, Ikol, is it really you?

BIG BOSS/IKOL

Grrrrrr! I am Ikol the Sleep Demon! I bring dreams, nightmares, hallucinations, visions, and other altered states to humans. I rest your brains, and I demand my presence eight hours a night. I slurp your soul and feed on you in this time—that's why you often wake up more tired than you were before!

I come on you when you least want me to and I deny myself to you when you desperately desire me! I, Ikol, bringer of the magical midnight rest! I AM IKOL! Who desires the presence of Ikol??

AMANDA

Marlow--you did it. It's really Ikol! Ikol, 'tis I, the Eggplant, your true love!

BIG BOSS/IKOL

Eggplant? Eggplant, is it really you?

AMANDA

We have been apart for so long!

MARLOW

Of *course!* The Norse legend has it that, before he was a Viking, Ikol loved a purple fruit of strange taste—that would be the Eggplant. It all makes sense now! The dame couldn't summon up her true love in the presence of a loser like Larry—she needed someone suave and romantic, and I fit the bill to a T.

AMANDA

Oh, Ikol! At last!

(They run towards each other, but--  
LARRY THE LOSER bursts in.)

LARRY THE LOSER

Okay, sleep demon! You made me an insomniac—I became addicted to food—swelled up like a balloon—the food gave me acne—couldn’t even hold a steady job—couldn’t get girls—you ruined my life by denying me sleep! *And now—I take my revenge!!*

(LARRY THE LOSER removes a gun from his jacket and points it at Ikol, his hand shaking.)

MARLOW PHILLIPS

Then I saw it all! Larry the Loser had played *me* for a sap! He knew this dame wasn’t a fraud—she was the real deal! He was just usin’ me to get to his real target—Ikol!

LARRY THE LOSER

Have you got any last words, you demonspawn from Hell?

AMANDA

Oh, God! To be reunited after so long only to be separated forever!

LARRY THE LOSER

You’re going to be sorry, Ikol!

(LARRY cocks his guns--but just then--GAVIN GAVINI bursts through the door! GAVINI blasts LARRY in the chest. Blam! Blam! Blam! LARRY collapses. MARLOW shoots him an extra time for good measure.)

GAVIN GAVINI

(GAVINI blows off his guns.)

Hey Larry—guess ya finally got your sleep. The big sleep.

(Beat.)

And when you get to Hell—tell them Gavini sent you.

AMANDA

Gavini! How’d you know?

GAVINI

While Marlow here was foolin’ around, I was doing some real detective work, following Larry, sneaking into his house, reading his journal. I got it all figured out.

MARLOW

Thanks Gavini. That’s twice I owe you.

GAVINI

Think nothin’ of it. But you did some legwork, too, Marlow... I guess... sort of... if you define legwork very loosely...

IKOL

You’ve saved my existence! I owe you everything. As long as you have not desecrated my sacred Amanda.

(IKOL glares at MARLOW.)

MARLOW

Uh, no. No, of course not. Marlow Phillips don’t play basketball on other guys’ courts.

IKOL

Good.

(IKOL continues to glare suspiciously.)

MARLOW

Thanks, Ikol, you crazy sleep demon you, for Marlow Phillips, it’s all in a day’s work! But, if you could stop beating me up.

GAVINI

Hey, what about me? I mean, *I* was the guy who--

IKOL

I have powers beyond your imagining, Phillips. Wish for anything sleep- or dream-related, and it is yours!

GAVINI

But I—

IKOL

Silence!! I will deal with you later, Gavini. If you wish, you may have these ancient mushrooms.

GAVINI

Mushrooms? For God’s sakes, MUSHROOMS? I save the day and I get a bunch of lousy spores? Oh, you’ll rue the day, Marlow Phillips, *former friend*, you’ll rue the day!

(GAVINI growls in anger and walks offstage. He comes back onstage, grabs the mushrooms, and walks off.)

MARLOW PHILLIPS

My reward is a job well done. Uh, I think.

AMANDA

But you must be so lonely. The dark heart of a tragic hero.

MARLOW

Eh. I'll find something. Someone. My cause keeps me going. Although there is one thing--

(THUG #1 and THUG #2 burst in.)

THUG #1

Arrrrrrrrrr!

THUG #2

Grrrrrrrrrrrr!

THUG #1

Hey, uh, Phillips, we traced you here.

THUG #2

Ya, we, uh, we traced you here.

THUG #1

You really ought to be more careful, Phillips,

THUG #2

Yeah, 'cause we followed you.

IKOL

Silence! Who are these mindless low-grade fools?

MARLOW

They're the guys who keep beating me up.

THUG #1

Wait, boss, don't you know us? Arrrr?

THUG #2

Grrrr?

IKOL

These men dare disturb you?

MARLOW

Yeah, they're kind of annoying.

(IKOL chuckles and points at the THUGS. THUGS stare. Then they begin to scream and moan horribly. They collapse, shuddering and dead, on the ground.)

IKOL

I turned their insides to eggplant.

MARLOW

Thanks... I guess... that’s a little extreme...

AMANDA

Ooh, we could cut them open and turn the eggplant into casserole for dinner.

IKOL

Is that all?

MARLOW PHILLIPS

Yeah. If I ever need to get to sleep, I’ll give ya a call. Or if I’m in danger, come by and wake me up. You too, sugar.

AMANDA

Thank you, Marlow! Oh, Ikol!

IKOL

Oh, Eggplant!

(They embrace and kiss passionately.)

MARLOW PHILLIPS

(to audience)

Guess I better leave those two crazy kids alone for a little while.

LOLITA

And so... thanks to Marlow Phillips, millions of New Yorkers can sleep more soundly tonight. Literally.

MARLOW PHILLIPS

Hey doll, what say you & me go out for drinks tonight? I know a great place—nice atmosphere--they even serve dames—if they’re classy. And you’re one classy broad.

LOLITA

Anything for you, Marlow.

(MARLOW PHILLIPS and LOLITA THE SEXY  
NARRATOR walk offstage arm in arm. A song plays, like  
"Good Night, Sleep Tight." Lights fade.)

END OF PLAY