

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

Written by

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The play takes place in the apartment of SAM. It is a small studio apartment. Hanging on the walls are vestiges to Sam's past. A poster from a play he wrote, a still life he painted, a newspaper article with his picture, etc. A dusty old electric piano keyboard stands next to the couch supporting a pile of dirty dishes. A video camera on a tripod stands by the door and now serves as a coat rack.

Sam wears a pair of boxers and a T-shirt, and sits at a cluttered desk illuminated by the glow of his computer screen. He looks as if he has been sitting there for a week. A half empty bottle of Scotch keeps him company. The rest of the apartment is lit sparsely by dimmed floor lighting. This was probably a nice apartment at one time, now it is a mess.

Sam shuts down his computer and takes a drink. A moment later he walks through the apartment touching the mementos of his life. He walks over to a drawer in the kitchenette and pulls out a gun. He looks at it, contemplatively.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Sam look at his wrist, but he wears no watch. Another KNOCK. He looks over at the clock.

SAM

(To himself.)

Eleven-thirty.

(Shouting at the door.)

Go away!

Another KNOCK. Sam is annoyed into answering the door. He puts the gun back into the drawer and goes to the door. He looks through the peephole, then opens the door.

On the other side stands Mr. JONES, a very well dressed, mild mannered looking man in a derby. (If you consider wearing a derby well dressed.) He carries with him a small clipboard and an elegant attaché case. He tips his hat to Sam and smiles. Certainly this man could mean no harm.

SAM (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

The man looks at his clipboard and then up at Sam. He speaks in a proper British accent.

JONES

Samuel Tippet? You are Samuel Tippet, are you not?

SAM

Tibbet. I'm Samuel Tibbet.

JONES

Oh so sorry, I must have gotten the "B"s upside down.

SAM

Yeah, no problem. So what can I do for you Mr... ?

JONES

Mr. Jones. May I come in?

SAM

It's ah, eleven-thirty. I'm in my underwear.

JONES

And a fine pair of boxers they are. Would you care to put on a pair of pants?

SAM

I'd care to know what this is about. Who are you?

JONES

Mr. Jones.

SAM

So you've said. And what is it that you want?

JONES

I'd like very much to come in.

Pause.

SAM

This is sounding redundant. Let me try this. Why should I let you in?

JONES

I do so hate standing out in one's hallway.

SAM

(Sarcastically.)

Then by all means, come right in!

JONES

Thank you.

Mr. Jones pushes past Sam and enters the apartment. He walks over to the couch, dusts it off with his handkerchief, which he returns to his pocket with a flourish, sits down, removes his hat, gets out his clipboard and begins to take notes.

Sam stands incredulous at the door.

SAM

(Again Sarcastically.)

Make yourself at home Mr. Jones.

JONES

Thank you so much. Would you have a spot of tea?

SAM

A spot of tea? But of course, my good fellow. I'll ring for James, the butler.

JONES

My. Snotty, aren't we?

SAM

Excuse me. Get the hell out of my apartment.

JONES

Come now. Be a sport and close door so we can get on with this.

SAM

On with what? You haven't yet told me what you are doing here. Perhaps if I knew, I would be "a sport". However, I'll tell you right now, if you are selling anything you are wasting your time. I have no money, and if I did, I certainly would not waste it on a product being sold by some door-to-door salesman who works at eleven-thirty at night.

JONES

I am not here to sell you anything, Samuel. I may call you Samuel?

SAM

Sam is OK. And I may call you...?

JONES

Mr. Jones.

SAM

Oh... well then call me Mr. Tibbet.

JONES

(Gleefully.)

Too late! You already allowed me the use of the familiar case, Sam. It would be quite impolite to take it back now.

SAM

Well God knows I don't want to be impolite to a "gentleman" who barges into my apartment at...

JONES

Yes, I know, "eleven-thirty at night." Can we get beyond that. I do so tire of things mentioned more than thrice.

Sam slams the door and paces in front of Mr. Jones.

SAM

You're obviously a lunatic, but I am bored and you don't look dangerous... unless you have a gun in that briefcase.

(He does not acknowledge this flippant remark.)

Oh well, it doesn't matter anyway. I guess I'll go along with this until I get tired.

JONES

How very genteel.

SAM

Oh yeah, that's me. Mr. Genteel.

I would ask you what this is about, but that would be the third time and I wouldn't want to offend you. As I see it, you're in here, you must have a purpose and I'm going to find it out sooner or later.

JONES

Oh don't be so dramatic, Sam. If we must put a name on it, let's call it an interview.

SAM

IRS agents call audits interviews.

JONES

I am not with your I-R-S.

SAM

I didn't figure you were, but I don't suppose your with Time magazine either?

JONES

I don't want to be imposing...

SAM

(Sarcastically.)

Imposing... of course not!

JONES

...but if you don't have any tea brewing, I wouldn't mind a dram of rye.

SAM

A Scotch? Ah, now you're talking, Old Man! I knew I let you in for a reason.

Sam goes over to the kitchenette to get a glass. The cabinet is empty so he pulls one out of the sink and rinses it off. He looks around for a towel and then dries it on his shirt.

JONES

(Under his breath.)

As if he had a choice.

SAM

Did you say something?

Sam gets the bottle and fills his glass and that of his new friend.

JONES

(Wiping his finger through the dust on the piano keyboard.)

Just admiring your fine décor.

SAM

Oh, yeah the maid's been sick.

JONES

Must have been a long illness.

SAM

OK, so I'm not a good housekeeper. Is that what you're here to interview me about, housekeeping? What are you from Ladies Home Journal?

JONES

The way a man keeps his home, I dare say, the way he keeps himself is a window onto his soul.

SAM

So what are you saying is, I have a sloppy soul?

JONES

I see here you're calling yourself a writer.

SAM

You have that on your clipboard?

JONES

You have it on your wall. Where are the others?

SAM

Others?

JONES

Other plays? Other productions? Didn't you do any other writing.

SAM

I have a couple other plays I've finished. A novel I'm working on, and I wrote a screenplay.

JONES

A screenplay. Might I have seen it?

SAM

Well buddy, in Hollywood, a screenplay and fifty cents won't buy you a cup of coffee. Every waiter in this town has a screenplay being look at buy Redford or Spielberg or whoever. Doesn't mean it'll ever get produced.

JONES

So how does one get something produced?

SAM

Perseverance, and a bit of luck.

JONES

So are you persevering?

Silence.

SAM

Maybe I just haven't had a bit of luck.

JONES

Mmmm Hmmm.

(He writes on his clipboard.)

Right. Actually, there are quite a few vestiges hanging around this place, but there doesn't seem to be a collection.

SAM

What do you mean?

JONES

Your work seems to be quite eclectic.

SAM

I'm like a renaissance man. I've done a little bit of this and a little bit of that.

JONES

I see. You could have been anything you wanted to be, but instead you tried to be everything, and ended up being nothing.

SAM

I've been successful.

JONES

Of course. You are the picture of success.

SAM

Success can be fleeting. And so can one's good fortune.

JONES

Good Fortune? Isn't that just another way of saying luck? You do seem to be stuck on this theme of luck.

SAM

You are a rude old man.

JONES

Just a friendly observation.

SAM

observation. Just another way of saying criticism?

JONES

I was not criticizing. I only pointed out that perhaps you impute your own foibles on fate.

SAM

I thought this was an interview not an intervention?

JONES

(Speaking to himself while writing on his clipboard.)

Does not take criticism well.



SAM  
(Getting a bit angry.)  
What are you doing?

JONES  
Just taking some notes.

SAM  
Do your note say I had my own very successful business...

JONES  
(Reading from his clipboard and  
making little check marks.)  
Gave it up cause you didn't like the work load...

SAM  
...and I sold real estate...

JONES  
...didn't make any money. Blamed it on market conditions.

SAM  
...I had my paintings shown in a gallery...

JONES  
One show and you couldn't paint anymore. You claim to have a  
dearth of inspiration?

SAM  
...I've written computer software programs...

JONES  
Never sold... too long to bring to market?

SAM  
I studied martial arts...

JONES  
Gave it up... Too time consuming.

SAM  
I took flying lessons...

JONES  
Gave it up... Too costly.

Jones pauses and looks up at Sam.

SAM  
(Angrily.)  
But I did all those things.

JONES  
And never followed any of them through to fruition.

SAM

You gotta know when to cut your loses.

JONES

The requiem for a jack-of-all-trades. Inundated in life experience with nothing to show for it. So here you are, a thirty-seven year old unemployed, unmotivated, X-everything blaming the world for never giving you a fair shake. And it says here, you just left a well paying job?

SAM

The job was OK, but they didn't understand me.

JONES

(Reading from clipboard.)

Sixteen years old. Left theater school... "They didn't understand me." Eighteen years old. Left college... "They didn't understand me." Twenty-one. Left another college... "They didn't understand me."

Left home... "They didn't understand me." Left girlfriend... "She didn't understand me." Left wife and child! "They didn't understand me."

(Disgusted.)

It seems, Mr. Tibbet, that no one can understand you.

SAM

Is this some sort of joke. Don't be playing with my mind.

JONES

I doubt your mind would be that much fun with which to play.

SAM

Did someone send you here?

JONES

If I were sent by someone it would imply that someone gave a damn about your existence.

SAM

Well I certainly didn't call you.

JONES

(Sternly)

Didn't you?

SAM

Just who are you?

JONES

Mr. Jones. And that's thrice. Do I need to write it down?

SAM

This is no interview, and I think you owe me an explanation.

JONES

(Indignant. He stands.)

Owe you? OWE YOU? You audacious little twit. I owe no one!

Sam stands and grabs Jones by the arm.

SAM

I don't know who you think you are coming in my home this way, but I think it's time you were reacquainted with the hallway.

Sam is dragging Jones out when, as if by some invisible force, he's thrown away from Jones. Jones shakes off and turns toward Sam deliberately.

JONES

You have lost control of yourself!

Sam flies into a chair, again as if hurled by some invisible force.

SAM

What the hell is going on...

JONES

SILENCE!

Jones waives his hands and Sam's speech is cut short. His mouth continues to move as he tries to speak, but no words come forth.

Much better. Now let's not make this any more difficult than it has to be. In fact, if you'll cooperate, it shan't be difficult at all. Are we in agreement?

Sam nods tentatively.

Good. Then we shall proceed. Now, where were we? Hmmm? No matter. As in the line of a circle, wherever you are, you are at the beginning...

(He thinks a moment.)

Or at the end. Depends on your point of view, I suppose. Where do you think you are, Sam? At the beginning or at the end? A bit too confusing? Well let me make it simpler for you. Are you prepared to die, Sam?

Sam struggles to talk, but still he makes no sounds.

Oh yes, you may speak now.

As Sam struggles to talk, once again emanate from his mouth.

SAM

...Hello? What did you do to my voice?

JONES

I did nothing. Parlor tricks. Now please, just answer the question, Sam. Are you prepared to die?

SAM

You mean have I prepared my will? Stuff like that?

JONES

Oh, how pedestrian. No my boorish little friend. I mean, if that matter you call your body, were to cease the function that you refer to as your life, would you be prepared for what is next?

SAM

Next? Next? You mean like heaven or hell?

JONES

Heaven! Hell! Rotting under the ground or whatever! Sam, are you prepared to die?

SAM

Hey! That was thrice.

JONES

You churl! That's it. Let's go, right now.

SAM

Are you some sort of evil spirit sent here to kill me?

JONES

One can not kill where there is no life.

Sam laughs.

You find this somehow amusing?

SAM

(Standing.)

Well let's face it, buddy, if you are the angle of death, come here to release me from this mortal coil, I dare say I'd have little recourse at this point. And you know what, maybe I am prepared. Maybe there is nothing more I can do with this function I call a life. It hasn't really been much of a function at that. So I guess if your here to take me, then yeah, let's get going.

Sam pours Scotch for the both of them.

SAM (CONT'D)

One more for the road? Or whatever it is we're about to travel.

JONES

Bravo, Sam. Let's have a nip and be on our way. I do so like cooperation. It makes things so much easier.

SAM

I suppose if it's my time, I really don't have much choice, do I? I don't have a choice, do I? Do I?

JONES

Well, in a manner of speaking, you made your choice before I arrived.

SAM

Wait a minute, I didn't make any choice.

JONES

Well you've already agreed...

SAM

I haven't agreed to anything.

JONES

But Sam, we're all ready to go.

SAM

So I have to agree to it? Is that it? I have to agree to go with you? Well cheerio, Mr. Jones!

He downs his Scotch.

You can leave now you overdressed apparition, or whatever the hell you are.

JONES

Come, Sam. Don't go making this difficult, now. It really is quite inevitable.

SAM

Me thinks you are a bit too desperate. If you've come for my soul, perhaps you should make me a proposition?

JONES

Now what would devil would I want with a soul like yours?

SAM

I figure, a soul's a soul. And if you're here for mine, what do you offer? Do I get to win the world series, be the richest man on earth, sell a screenplay and become another amazing Hollywood success story?

JONES

Now if I knew how to write and sell a successful screenplay, do you think I'd be doing this? Honestly Sam, don't over rate yourself. I'm not the devil, here to make a deal for your soul, that kind of thing simply isn't done.

SAM

I don't get it then. You think I'm just going to pack it up and go with you? I'm only thirty-seven years old.

JONES

That is the point exactly. Now that may be young for someone doing something with his life, but for you Sam, what have you to look forward to? Thirty or forty more years of half-hearted attempts to which, by your own admission, are doomed to fail? Your fate is sealed. You've licked the envelope yourself. Now put the stamp on it and drop it in the mail.

Jones hands Sam a gun which seemed to just appear out of nowhere.

SAM

Where did that come from?

Jones places the gun down next to Sam.

JONES

It's yours, Sam.

SAM

That's not my gun. I don't own a gun.

JONES

Why do you think I'm here? You've been thinking about it.

SAM

Come on. Every failed artist contemplates his own mortality. But they don't all blow their brains out. If they did, there'd be no one left to teach liberal arts programs at universities.

JONES

(He laughs.)

You do so amuse me, Sam. But I'm only here because you wanted me here.

(Pause.)

Take the gun, Sam.

Sam picks up the gun and studies it. He pours himself another drink and downs it.

SAM

I don't know...

JONES

You had promise, talent -- perhaps a touch of genius. But you could never commit. Now, as your genius dissipates with age, you blame your misfortune on fate. You had your chance, Sam, but in the end, you are what you've made of yourself.

Jones takes Sam to a mirror. Standing behind him, he raises the gun to Sam's head.

Look in the mirror, Sam. Take a good look.

Sam pulls the gun away from his head and puts it down on the desk.

SAM

I still have time.

JONES

Don't kid yourself, Sam. Look at your record.

SAM

Well, help me out here. Can't I change?

JONES

That's not my job.

SAM

Well whose job is it?

(Pause.)

Damn it! I want to see the guy who's in charge of change!

JONES

It's not that easy, Sam. You've got to want to change.

SAM

(Louder.)

Well, I want to change. And if there is some guy who's in charge of change, well then I want to see him!

JONES

(Getting nervous.)

Keep your voice down, Sam. The neighbors.

SAM

(Even louder.)

To the Devil with them! If there's a guy in charge of change I want to see him now!

There is a crash of thunder. The lights flash, and out of the darkness appears MR. ABERNATHY. He is an older gentleman wearing an old fashion golf outfit. He carries a putter resting on his shoulder, and wheels behind him a full set of golf clubs. Better yet (if budget permits) he rolls in on an electric golf cart!

ABERNATHY

What the hell is going on here?

(To Sam.)

Are you the one who called me? Couldn't it have waited till I played through? I was on the back nine having a great game. Three under par?

JONES

That game does so bore me.

ABERNATHY

Oh it's you, I should've known.

SAM

Wow. This is cool!

ABERNATHY

Excuse me young man, we are not here for your amusement, if indeed you find us amusing. I'd really quite prefer to be back on the course, but since I have come all this way, we might as well get on with it. So what is this all about?

SAM

What? You mean you don't know? I thought you were omnipotent.

Mr. Jones laughs.

ABERNATHY

You've been watching to much TV, my boy. Divine intervention is expensive, you don't have the budget. Besides, looking around, the phrase God-forsaken comes to mind. No, if you are waiting for an advent from your maker, might I suggest you do the dishes.



Sam looks around, suddenly conscious of the slovenly way in which he lives. Jones laughs once again.

ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

I suppose you are to blame for all of this, Willamander?

SAM

Willamander? No wonder you wanted me to call you Mr. Jones.

Jones throws a sharp glance toward Sam, and then addresses Abernathy.

JONES

I was here on a simple mission when this young upstart commenced to complicate matters.

ABERNATHY

You do have a propensity to blame things on others, Willy.

JONES

One could construe that as an insult.

Sam pours himself another drink. He holds up his bottle of Scotch.

SAM

Man, you two bicker like a pair of old housewives. Would anyone else like a drink?

JONES

(To Abernathy.)

You see, he's snotty.

(To Sam.)

Yes Sam, I'll have another dram of that fine rot-gut we've been drinking.

ABERNATHY

Might I suggest a fine Napoleon Brandy, say 1874.

SAM

I'm sorry, Mr....

ABERNATHY

...Abernathy. Mr. John Heathcliff Abernathy.

SAM

Mr. Abernathy. I wasn't expecting a party. So unless you're going to make that Brandy appear magically out of thin air...?

ABERNATHY

It would be more likely than it appearing out of that cabinet. But, it just so happens I have a bottle in my golf bag.

SAM

Who'd of figured you guys could drink on duty.

ABERNATHY

On duty? What's he talking about?

JONES

He's been going on like that all night.

Abernathy pulls three fresh brandy snifters and a bottle of brandy out of his golf bag. He hands out the glasses and pours generously. He holds his glass up.

ABERNATHY

Here's to you, Sam.

SAM

To change.

JONES

L'chaim!

Sam and Abernathy look over at Jones.

What... only Goyem can be evil characters?

They all drink.

SAM

Oooh! Smoooooth. Hey, this is turning into quite a nice evening.

ABERNATHY

Well, back to the business at hand. So, what do you want to do, Sam. It's your call.

SAM

He showed up at my doorstep.

JONES

You called me. And I am tiring of this episode.

SAM

So why don't you just leave?

ABERNATHY

If the boy wants you to leave, Willy...

JONES

Oh, come now, John. Just look at his record. You know I'll just be right back here. He's wasting my time.

ABERNATHY

Well Sam. Your record does indicate an abusive lifestyle. Are you prepared to do something about that?

SAM

Wait a minute. What kind of abusive lifestyle? I mean, I probably drink a bit too much, but I'm not an alcoholic. I don't do drugs. I don't even eat red meat.

ABERNATHY

Neglect is the saddest form of abuse. You need to accomplish things, Sam. You haven't even been trying lately. You're not giving yourself the chance to succeed. Whether you do it with drugs or with complacency, it's still abuse.

JONES

You've OD'ed on your own indifference.

Abernathy puts his arm down on the table challenging Sam to arm wrestle him.

ABERNATHY

Come over here, Sam.

JONES

I need another drink for this.

ABERNATHY

Easy on the Brandy, Willy. It's expensive stuff. Well Sam?

SAM

Come on. You're like forty years older than me.

ABERNATHY

More like a billion, but who's counting. Come on. Come over here.

SAM

OK, but you're not going to use any of that fire and brimstone stuff, that'd be cheating. So are we wrestling for my soul?

ABERNATHY

(Laughing.)

No. Just for fun. Come on. Good. Now, do you want to win?

Sam takes hold of Abernathy's hand and positions himself for the match.

SAM

Of course I want to win... why else would I...

Abernathy smashes Sam's hand down to the table.

Hey! I wasn't ready.

ABERNATHY

You weren't prepared. You were talking about wanting to win, but you weren't prepared to play. You didn't even try.

SAM

Well I'm prepared now. Let's do it again.

They begin their match. Sam is really straining. Abernathy smiles, holding him off.

ABERNATHY

So, do you want to win Sam?

SAM

Sure. Hey, you're really in shape for an old geezer.

ABERNATHY

You'd better try harder, Sam. I'm gaining on you. Try harder.

Sam forces Abernathy's hand with all of his might, but to no avail. Abernathy finally pins Sam's hand to the table.

SAM

Well, you beat me fair and square, old man.

ABERNATHY

Do you want a rematch?

SAM

Why. I gave it all I had. You're obviously stronger than me. I'll just lose again.

ABERNATHY

Maybe you'll find some inner strength. Or perhaps I'll slip up.

SAM

No, you're really strong. I don't think I can win.

Jones smacks Sam on the back of the head.

JONES

How do you know if you don't try, you little twit.

SAM

Ouch. That hurt.

JONES

When you have an opportunity, you seize it. Saying you want something is not good enough. You must go after it. And if you fail, you must try and try again.

SAM

Sounds like you're on my side. I thought that you were against me? Is he supposed to be on my side?

ABERNATHY

There are no sides, Sam. Good and evil, right and wrong, success and failure; it's all part of you. You can make things happen if you only try.

SAM

When I was younger I used to think I was... special. That I could do things that other people couldn't. That I could create wonderful things and make amazing things happen.

ABERNATHY

But you no longer believe that.

SAM

Look at me. Look around me. Does it look like I've done anything special with my life.

ABERNATHY

I see many accomplishments.

SAM

Yeah, but nothing special.

ABERNATHY

Is there anything wrong with being average?

SAM

To aspire to greatness and fail, is noble. To aspire to mediocrity and achieve it -- is failure.

JONES

Hey, now that's good. Did you write it?

ABERNATHY

Your still young, Sam.

SAM

Jonesey said it, genius dissipates with age.

JONES

You mean you were actually listening to me. I'm touched.

SAM

It's hard to try when you're doomed to fail.

JONES

There you have it. Let's get going. If we hurry, I can still catch the last half of Seinfeld. That man does make me laugh!

ABERNATHY

Well Sam?

SAM

I thought you were in charge of change? So change me.

Jones laughs.

ABERNATHY

You're the master of your own destiny. We're just the hired help.

SAM

I already told you I want to stay. This is the third time, and he doesn't like things repeated thrice. How do I convince you?

JONES

Convince him? He has no business here. It's too late for him.

SAM

Well maybe it's not too late for me.

JONES

You impudent little amenity, you are as disingenuous as a telephone solicitor. And your time is up. BEEP!

SAM

(Standing up to Jones.)

You don't scare me, you over-blown, pompous apparition. Mr. Abernathy's here and he'll protect me.

ABERNATHY

Well actually, I'm not here to protect you from him, nor could I if I wanted to.

SAM

Oh.

(To Jones.)

I meant over-blown, pompous apparition in the good sense.

ABERNATHY

(Amused.)

He can't hurt you, either, Sam.

JONES

Good God old man, why did go and tell him that? How are we supposed to enact any power over these creatures if we can't put the fear of -- us into them?

SAM

Why don't you just leave me alone?

JONES

Why? You have squandered every opportunity with which you've been blessed. You have shamelessly abandoned people, places and projects that no longer peaked your imagination, no matter what the price. Well Sam, it's time for you to settle your account.

SAM

Please Mr. Abernathy, help me.

ABERNATHY

It's your choice, Sam. For thirty-seven years you've chosen not to die. If you want to stay, you have to choose to live.

Sam walks across the room touching things as if for the last time. He stops at the desk and stares at the gun.

JONES

Go ahead, Sam. Take the gun. It's the easy way out.

Sam picks up the gun. He raises it slowly towards his head, and then points it at Jones.

JONES (CONT'D)

What are doing, Sam?

SAM

I'm choosing life.

Sam fires the gun and a picture on the wall behind Jones crashes to the floor, as if the bullet went right threw him.

JONES

You can't kill me.

SAM

Get out of my apartment!

Sam fires the gun again.

JONES

I'm part of you, Sam.

Sam fires the gun again.

SAM

Get out of my life!

He fires again and again. Jones begins to get rattled.

JONES

CUT THAT OUT! Make him stop, John.

Finally the gun runs out of bullets. Sam puts the gun back in his drawer and hands Jones his attaché case.

SAM

I think you're finished here, Mr. Jones.

And smashes Jones' derby on Jones' head.

And by the way, nobody wears a derby anymore, Willy.

Sam stands there triumphantly.

ABERNATHY

Well Willamander? Shall we?

JONES

Oh I suppose.

The two men begin to walk out. They stop and address their host.

But Samuel, when you screw up... I'll be back.

ABERNATHY

Good luck, Sam.

The two men walk off, fading slowly into the darkness.

ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

(To Jones.)

So how about a quick nine. No hocus pocus, just Maño y Maño.

JONES

You'd have a better chance against a horned toad.

ABERNATHY

That could be arranged...

JONES

Don't threaten me John Heathcliff...

They disappear into the darkness, and Sam is once again alone in the room.



SAM

Incredible. Just incredible. I got to write this down. This will make a great short story... or a play... or a screenplay!

Sam sits down at his computer and begins to type.

SAM (CONT'D)

They came to take him, by Samuel Tibbet.  
(Pause.)

Yuck!

He strikes it out and sits back staring at the page.

He gets up and begins to play with some things around the apartment. After a moment, he sits back down and stares at the screen.

SAM (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll get started tomorrow. First thing tomorrow.

Sam takes a drink turns off the computer.

BLACKOUT.

THE END