

A Professional Friend

Scene 1, Blythe's condominium. Minimal furniture. Scene 2, Offices of Professional Friend. Desk and chair. Scene 3, Blythe's condominium interior: couch, tv, chair.

Cast of Characters

Charles Blythe, a small business owner

Lilly Purly, aka Billy, receptionist at "Professional Friend".

Mike Cagney, Blythe's assistant, a voice on the phone.

Scene 1. In Blythe's condominium. Friday night.

Cagney

Why not spend the weekend with your wife?

Blythe

That's impossible. My wife hates my guts. I thought you knew that, Cagney. The woman can't stand the sight of me.

Cagney

She hasn't seen you in a while. Maybe she's softened. She might have changed her mind. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Blythe

My heart is growing fonder of her absence all the time. Honestly, Cagney, where do you get this tripe? Absinthe makes the fart grow stronger more like.

Cagney

It's from Sextus Propertius. Absinthe...

Blythe

Sex what?

Cagney

The stuff is wormwood. It'll rot your insides.

Blythe

Perfect. My wife would love that. She'd have a case delivered here to kill me off, and keep all my money for herself. By the way, did you get that trust rewritten?

Cagney

The legal beagles are working on it. But...

Blythe

But what?

Cagney

Your wife's attorneys have already said she won't sign.

Blythe

[*In a frenzy.*] "My wife's attorneys!" Who the hell are these people?

Cagney

Pitcairn, Robbs, Montebank. A very prestigious firm.

Blythe

What a world! What a fucking world. Can you believe this? My wife spends my money on an expensive law firm to steal my money! What have I done to deserve this kind of treatment?

Cagney

Only you can say for sure.

Blythe

[*To himself.*] Watch out, that harpy will tear the meat off your bones.

Cagney

But if you divorce her, she gets half.

Blythe

Half my ass. The corruption in this state is unbelievable. Did this woman do half the work? She's never earned a dime. Never raised a child. Her only skill is getting her nails done. She couldn't sell a newspaper to save her soul. And nobody in their right mind would hire her, unless she agreed to pay them, which she couldn't. Her father squandered his fortune and can't even buy her an ice cream cone. I'm her "sole means of support". For my willingness to provide *that*, I'm punished. My house is a welfare state.

Cagney

Sir, I need to go. Bunch of us AlphaDelts are getting together at the Lipizzaner. I'm late.

Blythe

You think Communism's dead? Think again. My house is a socialist republic. Poland, for all the pollocks and cretins in my backyard. Prague's practically my living room.

Cagney

Prague is in the Czech Republic. Cretins are from Crete, and pollocks are f-

Blythe

Shut up Cagney. I don't need a geography lesson. What the hell am I going to do this weekend?

Cagney

Mmm. You're right. The office remodel won't be done till Monday earliest. You could go to the Club...

Blythe

My back's shot. Golf's out.

Cagney

You could take a vacation...

Blythe

Nobody to go with.

Cagney

Maybe you could just stay home. Watch a ballgame.

Blythe

By myself?

Cagney

Call a friend.

Blythe

I don't have a friend! [*Pause.*] None. Not one.

Cagney

No friend?

Blythe

Cagney. Do not tell anyone. What I just said.

Cagney

I won't sir. I promise. But...seriously? You don't have any friends?

Blythe

What the hell! I don't have time. Work is my whole life. I don't know what to do with an afternoon off. Now I got a whole weekend. Practically an eternity! I was hoping you would have some ideas.

Cagney

Well. You could call a whore...

Blythe

Now you've gone too far.

Cagney

Pardon me, sir. It was a stupid mistake—there I go putting my foot in my mouth! Suggesting my boss do something I'd never do myself. I talk a big story's all—sheesh! I should learn some manners. Sorry. I mean, it's against the law for God's sake. I had no business suggesting it. I apologize.

Blythe

Don't insult my intelligence, Cagney. Or my morality. You're not *really* a prude, are you? "Against the law." Hahaha! I don't give a damn about that. Swear to God sometimes I smell pap on your breath, boy. I oughta take you out some night, show you whores from the inside. That's not the problem. The problem is, I can't stand the idea of spending five minutes *with a woman. Any woman! Hear me?* Christ Almighty! My wife has no children, Cagney. So she filled up our home with girlfriends! Can you imagine?

Cagney

Her girlfriends?

Blythe

Of course her girlfriends. Whaddya think my wife is going bring home girlfriends for me? You need to get married so we can have a conversation. Do you have any idea what kind of slow torture it is, living in a women's bridge club? I had to build an addition onto my house just to watch a goddam football game Sundays. Eventually drove me out altogether. That's why I got this condo for myself—so I could have a little peace. [*Pause.*] You ever been with a whore?

Cagney

Haven't had the pleasure, sir.

Blythe

Well, it's no pleasure I can tell ya. To start off with, unless she's fresh out on the street and scared—in which case spend my time trying to talk her out of the crappy life to which she ain't yet inured—a whore does not try to conceal how bored and disgusted she is at the mere *thought* of being with you. I don't care what kind of Don Juan you think you are, a whore will put you in your place but pronto. To her, you're Don John. Or, when she wants to be respectful, Mr. Twiddlydick.

The more time you've paid for with her, the more she makes you suffer. Let's say you want her all day. Well, when your ten minutes of sweat and grind are over, she takes a 30 minute shower, comes out in her bathrobe and sits on your bed filing her fingernails, her cell phone on speaker, telling whoever she's talking to how she's at some asshole client's mansion.

Suppose you're naive. You ask her if she wants popcorn and to watch a movie. "What?" she screams. "As if cozying up to your hairy old horn isn't bad enough! Now you want me to watch some stinking old movie? *With you?* ...What movie is it?"

Cagney

Hmm. Sounds like the whore idea is out.

Blythe

That's my conclusion.

Cagney

Okay...how about this. You could go to a sports bar. Monty's has a new big screen and I mean HUGE screen tv!

Blythe

Monty Montalbon? Is that who you're talking about?

Cagney

Yeah, exactly. The owner there at Monty's. Monty Montalbon.

Blythe

Don't ever say his name to me again.

Cagney

Huh? Why not?

Blythe

That bastard's a two-bit Al Capone. Know what he did?

Cagney

He didn't kill anyone with a baseball bat, I guess.

Blythe

Tried to charge me for pretzels. He gives them out free to salt your mouth, make you thirsty so you'll buy more beer. An old trick. Second refill goddam waiter tries to charge me. "Refills cost," he says. Since when, I say. "Since Mr. Monty said so." I walk straight to the back, to give the meathead a little customer feedback. Hey, we all gotta stay close to the customer, right? These three beefy bouncers step in my way. "We're sorry, sir. Mr. Montalbon is not seeing customers at this time." I just laugh and walk out. Don't plan to go back. Ever.

Cagney

Geez, sorry. I'm fresh out of ideas for your weekend. Hold on, someone's calling me. Hello? Hey Bren, I'm on with the old man. It's Brendan. From the AlphaDeltas. Gotta run! Sorry I can't help, Chuck. Really. Have a great weekend anyways, sir! See you Monday! [*Click. Buzz.*]

Blythe

The old man! Is that what you call me? Cagney? Hello? You bastard! [*Hangs up the phone.*] How's that work? I'm paying *him* and he hangs up on *me*. What do I do now? Huh? Give him a raise? Would another \$10,000 a year entice him to wait until the fucking conversation's over to hang up? What do I do to get somebody to do what the hell *I* want, for a change? [*Beat.*] Get real, Charles. [*Looking around as if someone else is talking.*] Everybody hates your guts. You think it's just your wife. But she's only doing her part, carrying the weight of the whole community. Their collective judgment. Think about it! You tell me one person, one, you asshole, who would willingly spend five minutes in a room with you for any reason other than money! [*Moving around faster, in a panic.*] Huh? [*Looks around the room in a fright. Clutches a picture of his grandmother.*] Gramma Ainsley! [*Coming to himself.*] She's been dead forty-seven years.

[*Scared again.*] I'm all alone. There's absolutely no one here. But me. Gramma Ainsley's dead. She's dead! [*He begins to cry.*] Jesus. What the hell am I doin' ballin' my eyes out? What am I doing? Gramma! Gramma! Do you remember the time my parents left me all alone? I was cryin' out for you, I guess I knew they were leaving and I was crying, "Where are you?" [*Cries.*] Mother came in. So I reached out to her. And what happened? [*Playing the part of the mother.*] He's crying again. What the hell am I supposed to do with this crybaby, Charles? Where's Petrushka or whatever her name is? We're going to be late to our party, because of this little screamer and that God damned irresponsible babysitter. [*Himself again.*] Just like that, as cold as a sack of frozen peas. And so, I cried out for you Gramma and you didn't hear me. [*Cries, then grows still.*]

[*Sits up and dries his eyes with a hanky and blows his nose loudly.*] Are you done with your tantrum now? Full-grown man bawling his eyes out. Jesus, what a sight. Pathetic. If anyone saw me doing this, I'd lose everything. Every person in my company would lose confidence in me. Nobody wants to work for a schizophrenic maniac, some crazy psych ward patient. Or some weak sniveling sissy. Get a grip, Chuck. Everything you have, everything you are depends on it. You wanna end up in the street? You wanna end up an addict? Or get carted away to the loony bin? Still, I gotta say, it didn't feel too bad. It was almost felt like...an orgasm. Have to do that again sometime. Just don't make a habit of it. Somebody will call you a pervert. Who would dare? Ho ho! It's Friday night, seven o'clock! Time to lock the boss's door so he can have his padded room all to himself! Nope, no need to call the men with a long white coats and the straitjacket! It's just Chuck getting ready for a long weekend! Say when is this construction project going to be over? So that poor bastard will have something to do with his time?

Jesus, I need a drink. [*Pours himself a drink. Downs it. Pours another one.*] Whoeee! That's more like it. Now I just need to think of something to do. Let's see. I can't go over the Accounts Receivable because I don't have the records here. I can't go over Accounts Payable for the same reason. Normally, I'd be going over pipeline records for the sales team to help those sorry bastards get our product out the door because, but if they've submitted it, which is

doubtful since they knew I wouldn't have access to it, and since it would show culpability on their part for dismal sales this week, I can't get it anyways because it's at the office. God have they been stinking it up lately. I've got half a mind to fire the whole lot of them. No need to ask the man with the long white beard. Chairman of the Bored. The CEO in the sky. [*Getting another drink.*] That's what this universe is made for, yessir—for the doers! The business of America is business! Hooah! God I love my work. Even now, I see the whole sales team sitting before me and imagine, like high def TV, tearing each one of them a brand spankin' new asshole. People always told me I had vision. Likewise, I can't revise the marketing plan, or rake our dear VP of Marketing over the flaming coals of Hell for the same reason. I can't read the HR report. I can't read the draft quarterly report. I can't walk the floor, check manufacturing stock or failures, and I can't check inventory. I can't even read vendor sales literature, because it isn't here!

And we all know how much I love vendor sales literature.
[*Sings to the tune 'O solo mio'.*]

But you're a salesman, you hungry boy! Oh sell to me, oh!
Please pitch to me!

Hahahaha! [*Gets another drink.*] Yes, yes, yes, I love to close 'em! [*Sings again with fake Italian accent.*]

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d_mLFHLSULw
[*At 1:37, instrumental starts, music cuts in here --->...*]

If you no sell to me, we will have no scene a here
How could I trust you that you're no malingerer
Besotted window man or thingy fingerer
If you no sell to me, we'll have no scene here.
But you're a salesman, you hungry boy!
Oh sell to me, oh! Please pitch to me!
Oh sell, oh sell to me oh,
Stay in front of me, and sell to me!

God, don't I sing beautiful! A little lubrication, all it takes. Hahaha! Hey! Strike up the band. Let's sing it, Frankie!

[*Big band plays...*]

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GFjNoyOrNXE>

I'll be selling you
In all the old familiar places
That this heart of mine embraces
All day through

In the small café, the park across the way
The children's carousel
The Chestnut trees, the wishing well

I'll be selling you
In every lovely summer's day
And everything that's light and gay
I'll always sell to you that way

I'll sell you in the morning sun
And when the night is new
You'll be dreaming of the moon
When I'm selling you

[instrumental break - drinking heavily]

Yes, I'll be selling you
In every lovely summer's day
In everything that's light and gay
I'll always sell to you that way

I will sell you in the morning sun
And when the night is new
You'll be dreaming of the moon
But I'll be selling you.

Yes, you'll dig deep for your money bright
And when the night is new
You'll be dreaming of the moon
You'll be dreaming but I'll be selling you.

Cheers! Good God. I feel like I haven't slept in a year. Gram Ainsley always said I had more energy than the devil. Ha! If only I could sleep. If I drink anymore, I'll be up till dawn. I never understood why it knocks other people out. I'm like Socrates. The only man standing when the drinking bout is over. Some Darvon would help. Yes, something to put me down for a while. [*Rummages. Finds pills. Takes 2.*] And now to sleep, perchance to... [*Blythe passes out, falls down. Lights fade to black.*]

Scene 2. In the offices of Professional Friend. Night shift, time approximately 2:30AM.

[The lights come up stage left. Lilly Purly sits at a desk. The phone rings.]

Purly

Professional Friend! A friend in need is a friend indeed, satisfaction guaranteed. Have you heard about our special this month for our Friends with Alzheimers Disease? You haven't. What? You're looking for a German Shepard? I'm sorry sir. We don't have any dogs here. You'll have to call the Humane Society. Unless you mean Otto Shepard. I think he's a German. But he doesn't come in till Monday. In fact, I'm the only one here on night shift, since our only Professional Friend that works nights is with Mrs. Kottle. I wonder if she'll beat him with her cane again. Yes sir, that's right. We don't have any dogs. You're barking up the wrong tree. A dog is a man's best friend, I've heard. But a dog works for food—it is, in a word, an amateur, not a Professional Friend. Sir, you seem to be stuck on the topic of canine sheep-herding. Tell me. What do you want? You want a dog? A German Shepard. How much will you pay me to get it for you? I get minimum wage here. That's \$8.15/hr. And I work night shift. If you can pay me \$15 an hour for 2 hours and I will leave my post to bring you a dog. Not including taxes, gasoline fees, and service charges—which would bring the total to \$47.29. In two hours, you'll have your German Shepard, and it will cost you less than \$50. What a deal. I must be the crazy one here! What? You live in an apartment? No pets allowed? Well, sir. That would appear to be the end of a very pointless conversation. Good night, sir!

It's obvious from this stream of meaningless phone calls that people do need friends—they're just not willing to pay for them. [Phone rings.] Professional Friend! A friend in need is a friend indeed, satisfaction—what? It's extremely loud over there. What is that, a party? God, maybe I should be where you are. What did you say? Yes sir! We are Professional Friend. Meaning that our Professional Friends will spend time with you or your incapacitated loved ones that no one likes or has any time to talk to. For a fee. No sir. This is absolutely not an outcall or escort service. Nothing kinky or illegal—we are strictly on the up-and-up. No, they don't have to be incapacitated. But the ones who need friends enough to pay for them are...special.

Quadrapelics. Ex-cons. Mafia. Fabulously rich psychotics. Drug lords. The wealthy mental, emotional, and physical cripples of this world. Are you calling for yourself, or for a loved one? Oh. For your boss? Is something wrong with him? I see. He's such a—let me get this wording—"a cantankerous old bastard" quote unquote that no one wants anything to do with him? I see. Yes, I'm a woman. Can't you tell? [*Laughs.*] Oh. Yes, your boss needs a man. No women friends. Understood. Makes perfect sense. Most of our professional friends here are men. It's no kind of job for a woman. But none of the guys are around just now. In fact, none of them will be here till Monday morning. Wait! Don't hang up! I just saw one of our Professional Friends come into the office. I'll get him for you. [*She puts the phone away from her ear, then puts it back, using a low voice.*] Hello? Yeah. Name's, um, Billy. Bill Purly. William, actually. But, my friends call me Billy. Get it? Friends? I mean clients. What's your name? Mike Cagney. Hi Mike. Nice meeting you. On the phone, I mean. What do ya need? Help with an old man. Hmm. A rich old man. Your boss. I see. You just went by his place. He's passed out now, dead drunk. When he wakes up from a drunk, he's been known to be violent and to break things. Did I hear you right? Well, I can handle him. How big am I? You wanna know how big I am? Sheeoooot. I'm six two. Two twenny. I can bench press two eighty. Three on a good day. I won't lay a finger on him, promise. Mostly my looks will straighten him out. So, you need me to be there for him when he wakes up, 'zat right? Okay. I'm your--man. You want me there when? ASAP. Perfect. Oh. You know our fee? We're not cheap. Ninety-eight bucks an hour. I mean, this is a dangerous job. Insurance rates and all. I assume you can just put this on the company charge card? Yep, thought so. 'Bout how long you need me for? All weekend. Okay, tell me the address, I'll be there right away. Okay, got it. I'll have him call you tomorrow to tell you everything's okay. You got it, Mike. [*Hangs up.*] Oh. Make sure the door's unlocked. Okay, see you.

[*Jumping up from the desk and dancing with joy.*] Wheee! Whoopeeee! Yessss! My first real job as a professional friend! Ill-gotten, admittedly. But. Ninety-eight bucks an hour for almost fifty hours! Damn, Lilly. I mean Billy! Hahaha! That's almost five thousand dollars in a weekend, more than I make in two months! I'll take the risk. So they fire me! I'll have two months to find a job.

[Suddenly concerned.] Oh my god, what have I done? I'm supposed to be a man. I'm supposed to make a crazy, drunken, violent "cantankerous bastard" think I'm a man for a whole weekend! There's no time to lose. [She undresses. Finds men's clothing. Dresses up. Tries to tie a tie. Can't. Smears on a fake moustache. Washes it off. Tucks her hair under a cap. Satisfied, she exits.]

[Purly Arrives at Blythe's door. She knocks. No answer. Again. Finally, she turns the knob, enters.]

Purly

Well, he did unlock it. Mr. Blythe? *[She hears Chuck snoring on the floor.]* Mr. Blythe, sir? May I call you Chuck? *[Getting down close to him.]* Excuse me, sir. Do you mind if I call you...Buzzard? Here. Here's my card. Call me at this number. *[Writes on the card.]* What do I do now? *[Goes out.]* It's freezin' out here. You know what? I am not going home. I am not leaving here till I've made five thousand bucks. But what am I going to do when he wakes up? *[Considers.]* Fox him. I'll just have to fox him. *[She opens the door quietly and sits on the couch.]*

Scene 3. In Charles Blythe's condo.

[After a pause, Blythe stirs as if to wake. Purly is completely still. He begins to waken. As he gets up, a bottle of pills drops on the ground. Blythe picks them up, still holding his head, trying to read the label and stumbling downstage.]

Blythe

Maybe that's why my head hurts. Not so much the tequila as the Darvon. I've completely forgotten how to have a good time. Yech! What a taste in my mouth! What did I eat? *[He turns around and goes upstage passing the figure of Purly on the couch without seeing her. The room is dark so he can't see. He makes his way through the room by feel, from habit. Exits rear and there is the sound of a man urinating in a toilet bowl. He flushes, washes his hands, comes out. A light passes across the room and there is the sound of a passing car and in that instant, Blythe sees the figure of Purly on the couch. He exits again and returns carrying a pistol. He approaches, resolved. Pointing the gun at Purly.]*

Blythe

Hold it right there! *[Purly opens one eye.]* Just what in the hell do you think you're doing in my living room?

Purly

I've been—

Blythe

And who are you anyhow?

Purly

My name is—

Blythe

And what kind of nerve do you have walking in my house and falling asleep on my couch! How the hell did you get in here anyhow?

Purly

Your employee—

Blythe
You know what?

Purly
Yes.

Blythe
What!

Purly
You ask a lot of questions without ever waiting for—

Blythe
What am I doing having a conversation with a prowler?
Christ! I'm calling the cops. [*Starts to leave.*]

Purly
That would be a mistake!

Blythe
[*Wheels around, expecting to meet an armed opponent. But Purly remains lying on the couch.*] You got a lotta nerve.
You know that?

Purly
[*Trying a different tack.*] Yes sir.

Blythe
[*Pulling a dining room chair in, still keeping the gun on Purly.*] Okay, goddamit. [*He sits.*] Let's start at the beginning. Who the fuck are you?

Purly
I'm unarmed. [*Starts to sit up and show there's no weapon.*]

Blythe

Ah! Easy there!

Purly

See? Packin' sunshine. I don't even have a pocket knife.

Blythe

Gimme one good reason not to call the cops right now! Huh?

Purly

Ok.

Blythe

Well? Go on.

Purly

Will you let me talk? You haven't up to now.

Blythe

Sure. Talk, talk. Just remember who's house you're in here and don't insult me.

Purly

Oh no, I won't insult you. I don't even know you. Well, I've heard about you some, but I won't repeat what I heard. Not yet.

Blythe

What? Whad'ya hear? Who from?

Purly

You told me not to insult you. Besides, you said I could tell you who I am. May I?

Blythe

Tell me what you heard about me... after.

Purly

Deal.

Blythe

Go ahead then.

Purly

I'll come straight to the point. But first, let me ask you. What time is it, do you think?

Blythe

I don't know. Four in the morning? Watch says seven something.

Purly

What morning?

Blythe

Don't play games with me. It's Saturday morning. Notre Dame is playing today. In about five hours.

Purly

Are you a Chicago Bears fan?

Blythe

What kinda question is that? I live in Chicago don't I? My whole life. 'Am I a Bears fan?' Jesus. It's like asking have I ever noticed the wind off Lake Michigan.

Purly

Let's make a bet. Who's going to win the Bears game on Sunday?

Blythe

That's easy. It's four to one. Bears are playing the Detroit Lions, the worst team in the NFL. Bears are gonna slaughter 'em.

Purly

[*Holding out a hand.*] Bet?

Blythe
Yeah. I'll bet. Whaddya bet?

Purly
I'll bet you a thousand bucks. Four to one odds. [*Reaches out to shake on it with Blythe.*]

Blythe
I'll take a fool's gold. [*Shakes. Then, suddenly troubled, wary.*] Why are you so confident? Other than Barry Sanders, the Detroit Lions got zip. Their defense stinks.

Purly
Let's bet on the spread. How many points you give me?

Blythe
No points. Call the bet. Why the hell are you so confident? You some kind of bookie or something?

Purly
Come on, Mr. Blythe. With all due respect sir, you are a business man and a risk taker. I didn't expect you to be a mark.

Blythe
Oh. For a second I thought you were a gambler—but no. You're a con man. Aren't you? Somehow, you waltz in here in the middle of the night and start making bets without ever explaining who you are next thing you think you got me on the line for a thousand bucks! [*Starting to wave the pistol again.*]

Purly
[*Purly stands too.*] My name's Purly.

Blythe
That's a hell of a candy-ass name.

Purly
William Purly, III. Friends call me Billy.

Blythe
Billy, huh. Where you from, Billy?

Purly
Douglass Park.

Blythe
Douglass? You mean Pulaski Park? Nobody called it Douglass since the gangster days, when they found those three bodies buried there. Chicago boy, huh?

Purly
Yes sir. Jake Guzik was my great uncle.

Blythe
Capone's accountant. Well, if you're a con man, at least you come by it honestly. And...what do you do? For a living, I mean? You're not in that business, I hope?

Purly
No sir.

Blythe
Well, nobody is, I guess. Those gangsters all had front businesses. [*Puts the gun down.*] Okay, knock it off with the 'sir' shit. Just talk to me.

Purly
That's what I do.

Blythe
What?

Purly
Talk to people.

Blythe
Now you're talking like a gangster again.

Purly
No, it's an honest business. I get paid to...talk to people.

Blythe
Are you getting paid to talk to me?

Purly
Yes.

Blythe
Who's paying you?

Purly
Mike Cagney.

Blythe
The bastard. I'll fire him. If I don't kill him first. How did you get in here? I lock my door.

Purly
He opened it to let me in.

Blythe
He has no damn right.

Purly
He was worried about you. With good reason, as it turned out.

Blythe
What? What good reason?

Purly

I've been monitoring your condition since I arrived. You were out stone cold. I kept checking your pulse and had one hand on the phone to call emergency. Depressants—like Darvon—mixed with alcohol can kill you, you know.

Blythe

Humpf. Looks to me like I lived. How much is he paying you?

Purly

Enough.

Blythe

I mean what money is he using? He's not using his own, you can bet on it.

Purly

I wouldn't know, sir.

Blythe

Bullshit. I think that's the bullshit detector, every time you say "sir" I know you're lying to me.

Purly

My agreement is with Mr. Cagney. He asked me to come here and make sure you were okay until the weekend was over.

Blythe

Well, it's now eight o'clock and judging by the fact it ain't getting lighter outside, it must be night time. Well, if we can't watch the game, at least we can get some scores. I'm gonna have to put up with you for another 24 hours? Course if you become a pain in the ass, I'll just throw you out, and you and Cagney can go cry in your milk together like a couple of school boys.

Purly

You can throw me out immediately if you want to, but my contract with Cagney is up in [looks at his watch] less

than an hour. Course you'll have to settle up the bet first.

Blythe

I thought you said you were staying the weekend.

Purly

My contract is up at 9:00PM Sunday night. Twenty-three minutes, by my watch.

Blythe

Whoa, whoa, whoa. What? Sunday night, you say. Was I knocked out, lying here unconscious for two days? Monday morning. Tomorrow! Our time is almost over. We will part friends, then? After I kill Cagney. Naturally, not a dime of company money will be approved toward this...expenditure. I'll die before I have people hiring professional friends for me! What an insult. [Stops.] Oh. So that's why you were so sure about the Bears game. It's already over. You lying cheating little bastard! *[Makes a lunge for Purly's throat. Purly wriggles out of his grasp, but in the tussle, Purly's hat falls off, revealing long hair underneath.]* What?

Blythe

Purly

Purly

Blythe