

DON'T EAT THE MEATLOAF

CAST

2 females, 4 males, 10-30 ensemble, mixed male/female

- LISA A senior in high school who works at a local diner. She doesn't know what she wants to do when she finishes high school. She is a bit of a lost soul who has become rather invisible in school and at home. The diner has become her refuge.
- SUBCONSCIOUS Lisa's subconscious, he's male.
- CHLOE An older woman who has worked at the diner for almost 31 years. She had big hopes for her life but somehow never got out of the diner. The diner is also her refuge. She has a southern accent.
- BERT The cook and owner of the diner. Out to save every penny he can. He has a hard outer shell but deep down he is a softy.
- TOM That Old Man (TOM). A homeless man who says very little.
- OFFICER BAY Police officer who frequents the diner.
- ENSEMBLE Much doubling possible (as few as 10 actors)
Customer 1 (male or female)
Customer 2 (male or female)
Customer 3 (male or female)
Customer 4/Mrs. or Mr. Canfield (male or female)
Bell/Clark (male or female)
Mrs. Longfield (female)
Customer 5/father (male)
Customer 6/mother (female)
Customer 7 (male or female)
Sue (female)
Customer 8 (male or female)
Customer 9 (male or female)
Customer 10 (male or female)
Rachel (female)
Janis (female)
Cowboy (male)
Nurse 1 (female)

Nurse 2 (female)
2 nurses for curtain (male or female)
Patient (male or female)
Customer 11 (male or female)
Customer 12 (male or female)
Customer 13 (male or female)
Customer 14 (male or female)
Customer 15 (male or female)
Customer 16 (male or female)
Airport Announcer (male or female)
Wing controllers (male or female)
On Board Announcer (male or female)
Control Tower (male or female)
Stewardess (female)
Man on plane (male or female)
Passenger (male or female)
Customer 17 (male)
Customer 18 (female)
2 holders for Lifetime sign (male or female)
Dancers/singers for Lifetime commercial (optional)
Mrs. Edmondson (Can be played by Bert in a dress) (female)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act I Scene 1: Bert's Diner, Saturday morning, late 1970's
Act I Scene 2: The next morning
Act II Scene 1: Several days later, Friday, dinner hour
Act II Scene 2: A cold Saturday morning
Act II Scene 3: The next morning, a very cold day

SETTING

Time: Director can choose any time period from 1970's to late 1990's
Place: Bert's Diner

SET

The stage is a diner from the 1950's that has not changed through the years. There are at least two tables and chairs on each side of the stage where customers are seated. Table 1 is DL, table 2 is UL, table 3 is UR, and table 4 is DR. Extra tables and chairs can be added if space allows. Tables can be set with salt and pepper shakers, catsup bottles, and other items as desired. No napkins holder should be on the tables. Center stage needs to be open for the dream scenes. Up stage of the tables is a counter; behind the counter is the waitress' station. At this station there

should be a coffee maker, pitcher of water (unless water can be piped in), glasses, coffee cups, plates, etc. On the counter is a cash register or cash box, a phone (or it can be on a near wall), place settings, and other items that would be found on a diner counter. There is at least one bar stool at the counter that TOM uses. Along the back wall is an ordering window to the kitchen. This is where orders are pinned up on an order wheel. We can also see Bert from time to time in the opening. To one side of the order window is a swinging door to the kitchen area. Opposite from the diner entrance is an opening to the restrooms. There is a sign blocking the hallway entrance that says, "Out of Order." The walls are covered with pictures of people who might have once ate at the diner in the past, Coke signs, and other 50's items.

ACT I Scene 1

AT RISE: The stage is a diner from the 1950's. There are at least two tables and chairs on each side of the stage where customers are seated. Table 1 is DL, table 2 is UL, table 3 is UR, and table 4 is DR. Extra tables and chairs can be added if space allows. Center stage needs to be open for the dream scenes. Up stage of the tables is a counter; behind the counter is the waitress' station. Along the back wall is an ordering window to the kitchen. This is where orders are pinned up. We can also see Bert from time to time in the opening. To one side of the order window is a swinging door to the kitchen area. There is an entrance or door DL that serves as the main entrance to the diner. Opposite from the diner entrance is a hallway or door to the restrooms that has signage. There is a sign blocking the entrance or on the door that says, "Out of Order." As the scene begins, LISA is taking an order at one of the tables. CHLOE is behind the counter. CUSTOMER 1 is at table 2. CUSTOMER 2 is at table 4. CUSTOMER 3 is at table 3. CUSTOMER 4 is at table 1.

CUSTOMER #1: Hey Chloe, can I get the check or do I have to wait for a full moon?

CHLOE: *(To CUSTOMER #1.)* Well, don't fill your shorts, I'll be right there. *(She crosses to CUSTOMER 1 and makes out the check. He pays her and exits. CHLOE returns to the counter.)*

LISA: *(To the CUSTOMER 2.)* Okay that was one medium rare burger and no special sauce.

CUSTOMER 2: Yes, and can I get the tomatoes and lettuce on the side?

LISA: *(Writing it down. As CUSTOMER 2 is changing her order, LISA writes it down, and then scribbles it out each time she changes her order. By the end, the order slip is a mess.)*
And the tomatoes and lettuce on the side.

CUSTOMER 2: And could you make sure the buns are well toasted. I don't like soft buns.

LISA: I know how you feel. Ok, we'll have that right up.

CUSTOMER 2: On second thought, what is the soup for the day? *(CHLOE begins cleaning table 2.)*

LISA: It's chicken noodle. Would you like a bowl of that? *(She scribbles out the other order.)*

CUSTOMER 2: Yes, I like soup. (*LISA writes it down.*) Noodles? Oh, no, no, I don't like noodles in soup, reminds me of worms. Maybe I'll have a salad instead of the burger.

LISA: Okay. (*Scribbles.*) The dinner salad or the chef's salad?

CUSTOMER 2: What's the difference?

LISA: A dinner salad is small with lettuce and tomatoes with your choice of dressing. A chef's salad is larger with hard boiled eggs, ham, cheese, onions, tomatoes, and, of course, lettuce.

CUSTOMER 2: That sounds good.

LISA: Okay, one chef's salad. What kind of dressing would you like?

CUSTOMER 2: Onions, you said?

LISA: Yes.

CUSTOMER 2: I have a meeting this afternoon; don't want to have bad breath.

LISA: We can leave the onions off.

CUSTOMER 2: No, I think I'll change my order to the chicken strips and fries, with a coke.

LISA: Okay, (*scribbles*) chicken strips, fries, and a coke.

CUSTOMER 2: Are the chicken strips breaded?

LISA: Yes, they are.

CUSTOMER 2: Oh, then let's just go with a medium rare burger, hold the onions, and no special sauce.

LISA: Okay, (*scribbles*) back to the burger. And do you still want the tomatoes and lettuce on the side?

CUSTOMER 2: No, that's fine. But no onions!

LISA: Of course, we don't want to have bad breath.

CUSTOMER 2: And did I order a coke?

LISA: Well, you did with the chicken strips but not with the burger.

CUSTOMER 2: But I don't want chicken strips.

LISA: Yes, I know, but do you want a coke with the burger?

CUSTOMER 2: Did I order a burger?

LISA: *(Trying to be very polite. Quickly so that CUSTOMER 2 has no time to speak.)* Why, yes you did, with fries and a coke. *(She calmly takes the menu.)* Thank you so much for your order. We'll have your order right up. *(She quickly turns to go and sighs. She crosses over to the order window and puts up the order.)* Order up! *(TOM enters and crosses to his stool at the counter. Crossing to TOM.)* Hi Tom. Your usual? *(TOM grunts.)* Coming right up. *(She starts getting a bowl of soup. CHLOE crosses to her.)*

CHLOE: That old man only started coming in after you starting working here. And he only comes in when you are here.

LISA: Really?

CHLOE: And I have never heard him say a single word.

LISA: Me neither.

CHLOE: Then how do you know his name is Tom?

LISA: Tom, T, O, M. It's an acronym for 'that old man.'

CHLOE: Oh, how clever. How do you know what he wants to order?

LISA: I just get him the cheapest thing on the menu, a bowl of soup. He seems to like it.

CHLOE: I'm not sure why, Bert uses dirty dish water to water down the soup. He says it gives the soup more flavor. Are you sure he can pay for it? You know how Bert hates it when the customers can't pay.

LISA: That's okay, I pay for it from my tip money.

CHLOE: Well, aren't you a dear.

LISA: *(Taking the bowl of soup to TOM.)* Here you go Tom, one bowl of soup. *(TOM starts eating.)* I hope the day is going well for you. *(TOM just continues to eat his soup.)* You know, Chloe says that you only started coming into the diner after I started working here and that you only come in when I'm here. It's like you know my schedule or something. I'm not calling you a stalker or anything, I just find it interesting. *(She waits for a response, TOM just slurps his soup.)* Well, let me know if you need anything else.

CHLOE: Tom's a jabber jaw without any jabber, isn't he?

LISA: Yeah, he's not much of a conversationalist.

CHLOE: You think he might be a deaf mute?

LISA: I don't think so.

CHLOE: I once dated a deaf mute. Didn't find out until I broke up with him a month later.

LISA: You didn't know he was a deaf mute?

CHLOE: I was wondering why I did all the talking. All that time I just thought he was a good listener. *(CHLOE exits into the kitchen. CUSTOMER 3 comes up to pay for his meal. LISA is at the register.)*

LISA: How was your meal?

CUSTOMER 3: *(Indicating that it wasn't that good.)* No better than last week.

LISA: Oh, well, *(hopeful)* was it better than last month?

CUSTOMER 3: Nope.

LISA: Oh. Well, at least we're consistent. *(Gives him his change.)* Have a nice day.

CUSTOMER 3: Yeah, sure. *(CUSTOMER 3 places two dollars on the table, begins to leave, pauses, and then picks up one of the dollars and exits. LISA cleans table 3. BERT enters.)*

BERT: How am I supposed to read this? *(He gets a little close to LISA and she can smell his breath. CHLOE enters and stays behind the counter.)*

LISA: Sorry, but she kept changing her order. It's a medium rare burger, no special sauce and no onions. She doesn't want what you have. *(She cringes and indicates he as bad breath.)*

BERT: What?

LISA: Never mind.

BERT: *(Noticing TOM.)* What is that bum doing here again? I have told you girls about serving deadbeats who can't pay.

CHLOE: Lisa pays his bill from her tip money, so you just hush up.

BERT: *(Sarcastically.)* Well, isn't that nice. But, people like that scare away other customers.

CHLOE: I think the food does that. *(LISA laughs. BERT gives her a dirty look and she quickly stops.)*

BERT: Well, if it did, you two wouldn't have a job now would you. Now get back to work. *(LISA moves off.)* And get that old man out of here as soon as he finishes.

CHLOE: Oh, Lisa named him Tom. T, O, M, it's an acronym . . .

BERT: I don't care what his name is, just get him out of here as soon as he finishes.

CHLOE: Oh Bert, do you think I could get off a little early today? I have me a date tonight.

BERT: A date?

CHLOE: Yes, a date!

BERT: With a man?

CHLOE: Yes, a man. There are men who find me attractive.

BERT: Alive ones?

CHLOE: Oh, you thick skinned rhino, you just hush up. And never you mind, I'll finish my shift, you old skinflint. Besides, I'm worth waiting for.

BERT: I'm waiting for you to get back to work. *(CHLOE gets back to work. He exits. LISA crosses over to the table 1 who received their food before the curtain.)*

LISA: Can I get you anything else?

CUSTOMER 4: No, just the check, Lisa. *(LISA takes out the check.)* You're a senior this year, aren't you?

LISA: Yes.

CUSTOMER 4: *(Getting money from her purse.)* And what are you going to do when you finish high school?

LISA: I really don't know, Mrs. Canfield.

CUSTOMER 4: Well, you need to have a plan. You don't want to be stuck here at this diner like Chloe, do you?

LISA: No.

CUSTOMER 4: You just give it some thought and set some goals.

LISA: Thanks, I will. *(CUSTOMER 4 hands back the check with some money.)* I'll get your change.

CUSTOMER 4: Keep the rest as a tip.

LISA: Thanks.

CUSTOMER 4: Don't waste any more time, Lisa. Plan your future.

LISA: I will. I promise. *(CUSTOMER 4 exits. She cleans the table and then returns to counter.)* Chloe.

CHLOE: Yes.

LISA: How long have you worked here?

CHLOE: Well, let's see. I'm 29 (*she cautiously looks in LISA'S direction to see if she reacts*), and I started when I was a sophomore in high school, so that would be . . .

LISA: You're only 29?

CHLOE: Oh, alright! I've worked here for 31 years. And don't you try and figure out my real age either.

LISA: Wow, 31 years. That's a long time.

CHLOE: You're telling me. (*BERT rings the bell twice. LISA exits into the kitchen. To herself.*) And I feel every single day of it. (*LISA enters to deliver the hamburger to table 4.*)

LISA: Here you go.

CUSTOMER 2: Did I order the hamburger?

LISA: (*Friendly, yet with frustration.*) Well, first you ordered the hamburger, then the soup, but that reminded you of worms, so then you ordered a salad, then changed your order to the chicken strips, and then you went back to the burger, which is exactly how you like it with no onions and the well toasted buns. Enjoy your meal. (*She quickly returns to CHLOE.*) Some customers are totally impossible. (*Beat.*) Have you ever wanted to find a new job, do something more rewarding?

CHLOE: Why sure! When I was in high school I dreamed of becoming a nurse.

LISA: What happened?

CHLOE: I woke up. (*She laughs at herself.*)

LISA: No, really.

CHLOE: I guess everyone has dreams of becoming a doctor or fireman. For me, I just wanted to find me a nice rich man to marry, which I did.

LISA: You're married to someone rich and you work here?

CHLOE: The marriage only lasted a month.

LISA: A month? What happened?

CHLOE: Well, I found out that his idea of being rich was having extra cream in his coffee. My mamma always said that men are like bank accounts, the more money, the more interest they generate. But she never told me that before you start accruing interest in a man, ask to see his bankbook. *(Beat.)* But my second husband, well that marriage lasted nearly a year.

LISA: What happened to him?

CHLOE: Twenty-five to life. *(Beat.)* A woman like me can't wait that long.

LISA: How many times have you been married?

CHLOE: Four, not counting the one in Las Vegas? That was only for 24 hours.

LISA: Twenty-four hours? What happened?

CHLOE: What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas.

LISA: Okay.

CHLOE: After each marriage, I swore I was going to quit this job, leave this town and start new.

LISA: Why didn't you?

CHLOE: Well? Life. Bills. Once you're stuck, it's hard to get unstuck. It's not a bad life, if you have no goals for yourself. *(She exits into kitchen. LISA crosses over to TOM, who has finished his soup.)*

LISA: Would you like another bowl of soup? *(She takes the bowl. TOM grunts, gets up and leaves, leaving behind a small red book. LISA puts the soup bowl away and returns to clean the counter when she notices a small book.)* He forgot his book. *(She rushes out to return it. We hear her calling out to TOM, then stop. She returns, puzzled.)* It's like he disappeared. *(She returns to the counter with the book. CHLOE enters and notices LISA.)*

CHLOE: What's the matter?

LISA: Tom forgot his book, so I ran out to give it to him but he wasn't there. He was only 2 or 3 seconds ahead of me, and I couldn't see him anywhere up or down the street. It's like he disappeared.

CHLOE: Maybe we should call him Dom, for "Disappearing Old Man". (*LISA looks at the book.*) I'm surprised he can even read.

LISA: I'm sure he hasn't been on the streets all his life. I wonder if he once had a dream, and if he feels stuck like we do.

CHLOE: Now, come on. You can't compare us to him. We have a job and friends and family.

LISA: You have family?

CHLOE: You have the family. I have a one bedroom apartment with a single bed. (*LISA looks sad about CHLOE not having someone.*) Oh, don't look so sad, I have you and Bert, well sometimes Bert, and a young man who's taking me out tonight.

LISA: Really? What's his name?

CHLOE: His name? I'll be sure to ask him his name tonight. The point is you have your whole life ahead of you and you just need to go out and make your dreams come true.

LISA: But that's the problem, I don't have any dreams. (*She looks at the book.*) Humm. . . There's no title. (*She flips through the pages.*) It looks like a bunch of quotes.

CHLOE: Tom doesn't seem like a quoty type to me. (*BELL enters.*) I'll get her. (*CHLOE meets her and takes her to the table and takes her order. LISA starts looking closely at the pages of the book.*) Well hello, Mrs. Bell. I'll seat you. (*They cross over to a table 1. LISA checks out CUSTOMER 2.*)

BELL: Thank you, Chloe.

CHLOE: Your usual?

BELL: Yes, that would be nice, thank you.

CHLOE: We'll have it coming right up. (*She exits into the kitchen.*)

LISA: Have a nice day.

CUSTOMER 2: Thank you. *(CUSTOMER 2 exits.)*

LISA: *(She begins to read.)* Before chopping down a tree, sharpen the axe. *(No longer reading.)* Sharpen the axe? *(Suddenly lights change. Ambient music is played. BELL becomes CLARK, LISA'S guidance counselor. She takes her chair and sets it center. She also has a clipboard with a form clipped to it. LISA is dreaming.)*

CLARK: Next!

LISA: *(She cautiously crosses to CLARK.)* Mrs. Clark? What are you doing here?

CLARK: Sit down, please.

LISA: But you're my guidance counselor and this is the restaurant where . . .

CLARK: Sit!

LISA: *(She quickly grabs a chair, places it near CLARK and sits in fear.)* Yes, ma'am.

CLARK: I was going over your paperwork and I noticed that you have failed to completely fill out your WIWTBWIGU-69 form.

LISA: My WIWT . . . my what form?

CLARK: Your WIWTBWIGU-69 form. *(Beat. LISA is still confused.)* What I want to be when I grow up dash 69. You have neglected to fill out blank nine.

LISA: Blank nine?

CLARK: Yes. *(Reading form.)* What I want to be when I grow up is . . . blank. Your blank is blank.

LISA: Oh, well. *(She gets up to pace.)* I really don't know . . .

CLARK: Sit!

LISA: Yes, ma'am. *(Quickly sitting.)* You see I really don't know what I want to be. I mean I have thought about it but . . .

CLARK: According to section 14, paragraph 6 of the student handbook, all students will identify their desired future career by the third grade, so that proper goals can be created and corresponding classes can be scheduled. Goals, Miss Heinz, goals. A written goal is the road map to success.

LISA: I could never read a map, let alone fold it back up.

CLARK: A written goal is the light that illuminates your path

LISA: I think my batteries are dead.

CLARK: A written goal is the recipe for a cookie.

LISA: I'm on a diet.

CLARK: Aren't we all. The point is that your WIWTBWIGU-69 form is not complete.

LISA: But as I told you, I don't know what I want to be.

CLARK: My job is to have you fill out the necessary forms for you to graduate. Your job is to fill them out.

LISA: Maybe we both have the wrong job.

CLARK: *(She is now angry or at least more than before.)* Smart aleck remarks will get you nowhere. *(Beat.)* Very well. Garbage man. *(She fills out LISA'S form.)*

LISA: What?

CLARK: Blank nine. Garbage man. Students who fail to set goals and choose a career end up becoming what society needs at the time. I saw an ad in the morning paper for a garbage man. I will put your career choice down as garbage man.

LISA: But I don't want to be a garbage man.

CLARK: I thought you said you don't know what you want to be?

LISA: *(She stands, crosses down stage, turning away from CLARK. During her line CLARK quickly takes her chair and returns to her table as if nothing has happened. CHLOE crosses to LISA with a bag of trash, standing where CLARK sat. In defiance.)* I may not

know what I want to be when I grow up, but I know this, I *don't* want to be a garbage man. *(She turns to where CLARK was. Lights up full. Shocked to see CHLOE standing there.)*

CHLOE: *(Shocked at LISA'S rudeness.)* Well, do you think you could become a garbage person for just a moment and take this trash out back?

LISA: *(She looks around, puzzled.)* What?

CHLOE: Garbage? Out back?

LISA: Oh, yeah, sure. *(She takes the bag and slowly exits.)*

BELL: What is the matter with her?

CHLOE: I don't know. She looks like I used to look when I was called down to the principal's office. *(BELL gives her a puzzled look.)* Not that I was called down to the principal's office. *(Beat.)* That often. *(She crosses to the counter. The phone rings. She answers it.)* Bert's Diner, may I help you? *(Pause.)* Bert? Let me see if he can tear himself away from the fryer. *(Yelling.)* Hey Bert, phone call. *(BERT enters.)*

BERT: Who is it?

CHLOE: How am I supposed to know? I'm a waitress not your secretary.

BERT: Oh, give me that. *(He takes the phone. LISA enters.)*

LISA: Who's Bert talking to?

CHLOE: I have no idea.

LISA: His wife?

CHLOE: There ain't nobody who is that desperate. *(LISA cleans table 4. BERT hangs up the phone.)*

BERT: Remember that old bag who found a piece of glass in my meatloaf?

CHLOE: She's lucky she didn't find a kitchen sink in there too.

BERT: She's suing us.

CHLOE: Us? I think you mean, you.

BERT: I could lose the diner over this.

CHLOE: Is the diner what she gets if she wins or loses the law suit?

BERT: This is serious. Would you rather work for me or that old bag?

CHLOE: Well . . . that's a hard question to answer.

BERT: Well, aren't you funny. Now I asked her to come to the diner so that we can discuss it. I want you both on your best behavior. She lives just around the corner so she should be here any minute. *(Longfield enters.)* That's her. Remember what I said. *(He crosses to her. Overly nice. LISA and CHLOE follow close behind.)* You must be Mrs. Longfield.

LONGFIELD: Yes.

BERT: I am so glad you could come over to discuss the situation. Come sit down here. *(They sit.)* Can I get you some coffee, a piece of our famous cherry pie?

LONGFIELD: No thank you, I can't stay long. I have an appointment with my lawyer.

BERT: Lawyer?

LONGFIELD: Yes. You know, I chipped a tooth on this thing. *(She produces the piece of glass.)*

BERT: Oh. So sorry to hear that. *(Notices that CHLOE and LISA are hanging over them.)* Don't you two have work to do?

CHLOE: Watching you squirm is much more fun.

BERT: Beat it. *(CHLOE and LISA tend to other tasks, but return shortly. To LONGFIELD. BERT should appear to be making the next few lines up as he goes. He should hesitate and stammer.)* Well Mrs. Longfield, I am so excited to inform you that this is our 20th year of being in business. *(NOTE: Year can be adjusted depending on what time period is chosen for the setting.)*

LONGFIELD: So?

BERT: And we are having a week-long event with prizes and free food.

LONGFIELD: And?

BERT: Well Mrs. Longfield, you're a winner!

LONGFIELD: A winner?

BERT: Yes!

LONGFIELD: Of what?

BERT: You know that thing that you found in the meatloaf? It's a prize.

LONGFIELD: A piece of glass is a prize?

BERT: It's not a piece of glass.

LONGFIELD: It isn't? *(She looks closely at the piece of glass.)*

BERT: No, it's a diamond.

LONGFIELD: A diamond? But it is rough and sharp.

BERT: It is an uncut diamond.

LONGFIELD: Uncut?

BERT: Yes, and after it's cut it could be worth hundreds.

LONGFIELD: Hundreds?

BERT: Yes. But I wouldn't try and have it cut just yet.

LONGFIELD: Why?

BERT: *(Aside. To LISA and CHLOE.)* Ah . . . why? The price of diamonds, yes, that's it! *(To LONGFIELD.)* Well the price of diamonds is at a 100 year low. But if you wait for the price of diamonds to go up, it could be worth even more.

LONGFIELD: *(Starting to believe it.)* Really? Just how long should I wait?

BERT: *(Aside. To LISA and CHLOE.)* I think the statute of limitations is about 7 years. *(LISA and CHLOE agree with BERT. To LONGFIELD.)* Seven years. Or more.

LONGFIELD: Seven years?

BERT: *(Aside.)* That would work out great.

LONGFIELD: Who knows if I will even be alive in seven years.

BERT: *(Aside.)* Let's hope not. *(CHLOE hits him.)* Well then, you can leave it to someone. In your will.

LONGFIELD: My little grandson will need a college fund.

BERT: What a sweet grandmother you are, thinking of your grandson rather than suing me.

LONGFIELD: I've never won anything before.

BERT: Well, I'm so happy you won. Would you like me to keep the diamond in our safe for the next seven years?

LONGFIELD: That is so nice of you. *(She hands him the piece of glass.)* I can't wait to tell my grandson the good news. *(She begins to leave.)*

BERT: Tell him congratulations from me.

LONGFIELD: I will. Thank you.

BERT: Thank you, Mrs. Longfield. I'll see you out. *(She exits and he follows her out and then returns.)*

CHLOE: You are awful.

BERT: Yes, but I still have my diner. *(He returns back to his old self.)* The old bag.

CHLOE: What are you going to do when she comes back for the diamond?

BERT: *(He throws the piece of glass in the garbage.)* What diamond? She has no proof. *(He exits.)*

LISA: He just conned that old lady out of suing him.

CHLOE: Just take that as a lesson on how to deal with a con man. You're going to need it later.

LISA: Bert's good.

CHLOE: Yes, he has a lot in common with the government. *(Lights fade.)*

END OF PREVIEW