

# Karl The Magnificent!

A Farce By

William Missouri Downs

Agent:  
Patricia McLaughlin  
Beacon Artists Agency  
57 West 57th Street - 4th floor  
New York, New York 10019  
212-736-6630  
BeaconAgency@hotmail.com

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2w + 2m + 1 ventriloquist's dummy)

**MAGGIE** - Ageless - A fidget spinner who's suffering from ontological anxiety and listens to Prozac.

**RAYMOND** - Ageless - The office bully who wears Hai Karate cologne and thinks he's smarter you.

**PUNK WAITRESS** - 20ish - A druggy who'd rather be in Acapulco. She can't find Acapulco on a map.

**KARL** - Ageless - A socially inept, upbeat, out of shape, genius/geek with zero self awareness.

&amp;

**KARL THE MAGNIFICENT** - Ageless - A ventriloquist's dummy

\*\*\*

SETTING

A small Ramada conference room decorated for a ExxonMobil party. A *banner festooned with balloons and streamers hangs over head, it reads "Happy Birthday, Karl"*. There's a lectern with microphone, tables, chairs, a self-serve bar and disc jockey setup. There's also an accordion, a wall-mounted fire extinguisher and a defibrillator.

\*\*\*

TIME

Act One: Tonight

Act Two: 19 Seconds Later

(Please note: This play can be staged as a full-length one-act by inserting the missing 19 seconds found between acts.)

"I look upon the world as a farce which  
sometimes becomes tragic."

- *Voltaire*

\*\*\*

Synopsis: Karl, The Magnificent! (2W-2M) Maggie and Raymond have just flunked their hostile workplace-training seminar. The only way they can keep their jobs is to put their macro-aggressions aside and attend the birthday party for the employee they bully the most, Karl, the office geek. They soon discover that Karl is the only person on earth who can save humanity from destruction. That's right, the world is ending, and Karl is the savior. Or is Karl an evil genius who has staged the evening to seek revenge? This modern farce asks, "If we had to start the human race over would we be up to the task?" Or are Homo sapiens a dud?

# Karl The Magnificent

(Act One)

*(Alone in a pool of light, MAGGIE faces an uncertain future. From the darkness an intimidating voice.)*

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

Hostile workplace seminar test. Question number 22. Are you allowed to use derogatory names such as 'nerd' or 'geek' to describe your fellow workers?

MAGGIE

*(Anxious, she hasn't a clue)*

Ahhhhh... Wait, I know this one. If it's done as a joke, it's, like, no problem. Right?

*(A loud negatory buzzer. Lights out on MAGGIE. Another pool of light, RAYMOND also faces an uncertain future.)*

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

Question 23. True or false, it is acceptable to e-mail lewd cartoons to co-workers as long as it's done in private.

RAYMOND

*(Overconfident, sexist)*

You mean between dudes? What's the harm? Just don't let the babes in the office know. They got no sense of humor.

*(A loud negatory buzzer. Lights out on RAYMOND, up on MAGGIE.)*

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

Question 24. You're in the break room when you overhear a co-worker refer to another as a 'dumbass.' Are you required to report this and if so to whom?

MAGGIE

This is about Karl isn't it? Look, I don't know who wrote 'dumbass' in black permanent marker on his mailbox in the break-room. *(Giggling)* Who would do such a thing?

*(Negatory buzzer. Lights out on MAGGIE, up on RAYMOND.)*

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

Question number 25//

RAYMOND

Hold on a sec, let me ask a question. Out of the blue, your boss gives you a surprise test after a dumb four-hour-hostile-workplace-power-point-seminar complete with bullet points and animated clip art! What's that called? Answer: The definition of a hostile workplace.

*(Buzzer. Lights out on RAYMOND, up on MAGGIE.)*

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

Question number//

MAGGIE

*(Uncontrollably laughing)*

And there's nothing funny about Karl.

*(She screams with laughter. Buzzer. Lights up on both.)*

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

Maggie and Raymond!

*(They both get serious.)*

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

You have flunked ExxonMobil's required hostile workplace test. You will both be terminated immediately!

RAYMOND

What?

MAGGIE

You're kidding.

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

Or you can repent!

MAGGIE

How do we...?

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

You must attend Karl's birthday party tonight at the Ramada Inn.

RAYMOND

*(Stupefied)*

You're joking.

MAGGIE

*(Befuddled)*

Can't we just pay a fine?

RAYMOND

Or make a donation?

MAGGIE

To some sort of nerd rescue fund?

*(They find that pretty damn funny.)*

BOSS

*(Ominous)*

STOP IT!

*(MAGGIE and RAYMOND stop laughing.)*

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

You will attend Karl's birthday and you will treat him with respect or you can both kiss your jobs goodbye!!!

*(Lights up on a banner that reads "Happy Birthday, Karl".)*

*(MAGGIE and RAYMOND find themselves in a second-rate hotel conference room decorated for a party.)*

RAYMOND

Holy crap. We're the only ones here.

MAGGIE

We need an exit strategy. What if after we sing happy birthday I fake//

RAYMOND

An aneurysm?

MAGGIE

Was thinking a migraine.

RAYMOND

Better, easier to stage.

*(PUNK WAITRESS with fluorescent green hair enters.)*

MAGGIE

Excuse me, Miss? Is this the birthday party for Karl?

*(Jaded, wasted, the PUNK WAITRESS points at the, "Happy Birthday, Karl" banner and looks back with dead eyes.)*

RAYMOND

*(Snapping fingers at Waitress)*

Gin and tonic, make it a double.

*(PUNK WAITRESS points at the sign that reads, "self serve bar.")*

RAYMOND

Don't expect a tip.

*(The PUNK WAITRESS points at a sign that reads, "Gratuity Included.")*

RAYMOND

*(Pissed off, to Maggie)*

While I'm playing bartender...?

MAGGIE

*(Nervous)*

No, yes, no, wine, no, beer, no, wine.

RAYMOND

Don't panic, bar's only a few feet away, you can change your mind a few more times before I get there.

MAGGIE

I just can't help but think that Karl's got some awful Stephen-King-type revenge planned for us tonight. He must know we make fun of him behind his back.

RAYMOND

What do you think he's going to do?

MAGGIE

Have you seen the movie 'Carrie?'

PUNK WAITRESS

At my birthday party Matt Zelinski stabbed Jerry Pogozelski in the jaw with a javelin.

RAYMOND

...Don't you have something to do, like in the kitchen or someplace that's not here?

*(Pissed, the PUNK WAITRESS exits.)*

*(MAGGIE looks behind the podium.)*

RAYMOND

What are you...?

MAGGIE

Looking for a booby trap or a bucket-of-pigs-blood.

RAYMOND

Relax. We'll stay ten minutes, sing happy birthday, then expunge the memory by consuming vast amounts of antidepressants.

MAGGIE

Oh, thanks for reminding me.

*(She opens her purse and takes a Prozac with wine.)*

*(A bicycle bell, ring-ring.)*

MAGGIE

God no, it's him.

*(Enter KARL the nerd. He's socially inept, and always upbeat. He wears a bicycle helmet and carries several Burger King sacks.)*

KARL

It's the birthday boy! Applause Applause Applause!

*(There is no applause.)*

KARL

Maggie! Raymond! You came! Wow! Now I know who my true friends are.

RAYMOND

What ya got there, Karl?

KARL

Dinner!

RAYMOND

Burger King?

KARL

Whoppers. I knew that'd make you happy. Okay, here's tonight's agenda - First dancing, then dinner, then a special announcement, and then we'll end the evening with a live simulcast with my fourteen Facebook friends. We should be out by midnight.

*(KARL stops at the kitchen door.)*

KARL

*(Nerdy)*

Tonight's goin' to be epic!

*(KARL exits to the kitchen.)*

RAYMOND

*(Amazed)*

I don't believe it.

MAGGIE

*(Filled with dread)*

I know, he's got us trapped here til midnight.

RAYMOND

No, he's got fourteen Facebook friends?

*(They think that's pretty funny.)*

MAGGIE

What do you suppose the 'special announcement' is?

RAYMOND

When someone says they have a 'special announcement' at their birthday party that can only mean one thing - He's going to announce he's gay.

MAGGIE

At his own birthday party?

RAYMOND AND MAGGIE

Ewwwww.

*(Yes, they're terrible people.)*

*(KARL re-enters with the WAITRESS.)*

KARL

Let the festivities begin!

*(KARL starts clicking his fingers to some beat only he hears.)*

MAGGIE

*(Dubious)*

What are you...?

KARL

It's not obvious?

MAGGIE

No.

KARL

Dancing.

*(The PUNK WAITRESS fires up The Village People's "YMCA." There's even a special disco light. KARL leads MAGGIE to the dance floor.)*

MAGGIE

Oh, god, no. Please no. This isn't happening.

KARL  
Raymond, join us.

RAYMOND  
Love to, Karl, can't.

MAGGIE  
*(Shooting daggers)*  
Why not?

RAYMOND  
Groin injury.

MAGGIE  
What?

RAYMOND  
Groin injury, very painful.

MAGGIE  
Me too.

RAYMOND  
Oh really?

MAGGIE  
Women can injure their groins.

KARL  
*(To the waitress)*  
Let's do it! Disco Wackamo Robot!

*(The music explodes and KARL does the disco wackamo robot - whatever the hell that is - with reckless abandon. He's really into Travolta-like pelves thrusts.)*

PUNK WAITRESS  
*(Yelling, high on something)*  
You rock, Karl! Don't let'em tell ya you ain't pretty!

*(MAGGIE can't take it anymore.)*

MAGGIE  
Stop! Stop!

*(The music stops.)*

KARL

Somethin' wrong?

MAGGIE

It just so happens that I can't disco when... when... *(Making  
crap up)* I'm hungry.

KARL

Then let's eat!

RAYMOND

*(Lying)*

Problem. I'm hypoglycemic.

MAGGIE

Whatever that is, I'm that too. And Vegan.

RAYMOND

What a coincidence, I'm totally Vegan. So I guess that means  
nix on the Burger King.

KARL

*(Clueless)*

But when I sent out the party invitations everyone in the  
office ignored my suggestions and penciled in Whoppers.

RAYMOND

I could've sworn I checked Tofu linguine.

MAGGIE

I know I did.

KARL

Or perhaps I can work my magic on them.

RAYMOND

I got a great idea, let's jump to the special announcement  
and go home.

MAGGIE

That's a great idea.

KARL

Well, okay, but I can't make my announcement unless someone introduces me.

RAYMOND

Maggie, introduce Karl.

KARL

Oh Maggie, it'd mean the whole wide world of sports to me if you did.

*(KARL runs up to the podium.)*

KARL

*(Into the microphone)*

Testing-testing-testing. One. Two. Three. Testing-testing. One. Two. Three. *(As Darth Vader)* Luke, I am your father. Testing-testing. *(As Obi Wan)* A Jedi feels the force//

RAYMOND

*(Pissed, blurting)*

It's working, Karl! Trust me! It's working!

KARL

It's my pleasure to introduce the nicest person on the seventeenth floor. Maggie!

*(KARL leads MAGGIE to the mic.)*

MAGGIE

*(Painfully uncomfortable)*

Ah... I'd like to introduce... Karl. We both work on the seventeenth floor. And ah, I see him everyday. Except when he takes time off cause his Eczema is flaring.

KARL

Don't worry, doctors tell me it's *(Singing)* non-contagious.

MAGGIE

So, ah, happy birthday, Karl.

KARL

Totally Awesome!

*(MAGGIE steps aside, KARL takes the podium. He pulls out a long, prepared speech.)*

KARL

I have just a few motifs on which to pontificate. *(Reading)*  
 "As you know, I have several hobbies that are dear to me. One is magic and the other is the accordion."

*(KARL points at his accordion.)*

RAYMOND

*(To Maggie)*

Please kill me now.

KARL

"But, as Han Solo said 'Traveling through hyperspace ain't like dusting crops.' And so I must admit, if *me* is honest with *me*, I'm not ready to play the accordion in front of such a large crowd."

MAGGIE

*(To Raymond)*

There is a god.

KARL

So it's a big nega-tron with the accordi-on. *(Laughs through his nose at his stupid joke)* "But let it be known, in the valleys and the mountaintops, I draw my Superman strength from the accordion."

PUNK WAITRESS

Wait, which Superman?

KARL

Outstanding question. I am of course referring to the nineteen-forties to mid-eighties Superman not that cheap imitation Superman with reduced powers that dominated the comic book between May of 1985 and April of 2006.

PUNK WAITRESS

Thank you for the edification.

KARL

*(Back to reading)*

"But I have another hobby at which I'm so-so much better."

RAYMOND

Karl, just make your dumb announcement!

KARL

Raymond. Maggie. Because you're so super nice to me.

RAYMOND

We're not nice to you, Karl.

KARL

I have something special just for you. *(Villainous)* Are you ready for some fun?

RAYMOND

*(Dismissive)*

Just get to the point.

*(KARL takes out a large heavy box big enough for a submachine gun.)*

MAGGIE

*(Petrified)*

Holy crap. *(Whispering)* It's a gun, he's going to kill us.

KARL

*(Quoting Al Pacino in "Scarface")*

"Say hello to my little friend."

*(MAGGIE and RAYMOND cower.)*

***(From the box, KARL pulls out a Charlie McCarthy type ventriloquist's dummy, an evil miniature version of KARL with a demonic smile.)***

KARL

*(Delighted)*

Introducing my newest hobby! Ventriloquism!

*(KARL puts the ventriloquist's dummy on his hand.)*

RAYMOND

*(Dumbfounded)*

Holy mother of god.

MAGGIE  
*(Stupefied)*

This isn't happening.

KARL  
 I introduce to you, Little Karl. Or as he likes to be called Karl, the Magnificent!

PUNK WAITRESS  
*(High on something, loving it)*  
 Wow. That's totally phantasmagoric!

*(No applause, but KARL hears lots.)*

KARL  
 Thank you, thank you, for that lovely round of applause. *(To the ventriloquist's dummy)* How are you, Mr. Magnificent?

***(Please Note: DUMMY KARL has a North Jersey evil child's voice which is voiced by KARL.)***

DUMMY KARL  
 I'm stupendous!

KARL  
 Can you believe the size of this crowd?

DUMMY KARL  
 It's fantabulous!

KARL  
 Did you know it's my birthday?

DUMMY KARL  
 And you're holding the party here?

KARL  
 What's wrong with the Ramada?

DUMMY KARL  
 The decor, terrible. It's like Thomas Kinkade shagged a drunk moose!

*(The PUNK WAITRESS laughs hysterically but then stops.)*

PUNK WAITRESS

*(Thinking, which is difficult)*

Wait, I don't get it.

KARL

*(Performing to an imaginary crowd)*

Mr. Magnificent has been a little depressed of late.

DUMMY KARL

Get me booze! Wine! Jager! Anything with recoil.

KARL

How about water?

*(KARL grabs a glass of water.)*

DUMMY KARL

You first.

KARL

You want me to drink?

DUMMY KARL

And while you drink, I'll sing!

KARL

*(To Maggie and Raymond)*

Behold! The most difficult thing a ventriloquist can do.

*(KARL drinks while he does the voice of Puppet Karl.)*

DUMMY KARL

*(Singing)*

"Some enchanted evening/"

*(KARL gags and spits up.)*

*(The PUNK WAITRESS runs over and hits KARL on the back.)*

KARL

*(Gagging)*

I'm okay! It just went down the wrong way!

*(RAYMOND can't take any more.)*

RAYMOND

*(Pissed off, blurting)*

Oh for God's sake just say it! *You're gay!* I'm okay with it. Maggie you okay with it?

MAGGIE

Totally okay.

RAYMOND

And everyone on the seventeenth floor is okay with it!

KARL

*(Clearing his throat)*

What are you saying?

MAGGIE

Karl, we know you brought us here to announce you're gay.

DUMMY KARL

You're right I am.

RAYMOND

*(Singing at the speed of light)*

Happy-birthday-to-you-happy-birthday-to-you-happy-birthday-that's-it-the-party's-over-happy-birthday-to-you!

DUMMY KARL

I'm gay, but Karl isn't.

MAGGIE

What?

KARL

I'm *not* gay, but Karl The Magnificent is.

DUMMY KARL

I like a hand up my ass! Hahahaaha.

*(The PUNK WAITRESS thinks this is super funny.)*

MAGGIE

Hold on! Karl, what are you saying?

KARL

I'm straight, but Karl The Magnificent is//

DUMMY KARL

GAY!

KARL

It's our comic routine. I'm a straight man//

DUMMY KARL

With a gay puppet!

PUNK WAITRESS

Surreal-orgasmic.

KARL

Once I retire from ExxonMobil I'm thinking Mr. Magnificent and I could hit the road with our act. Play birthday parties, bar mitzvahs.

*(RAYMOND starts whispering.)*

RAYMOND

But you're not gay.

KARL

No.

RAYMOND

Ya sure?

KARL

*(Totally confident)*

Oh come on, Sport, the way the women in the office leer at me with bedroom-eyes, how could I be gay? Do you know what the ladies call me behind my back?

PUNK WAITRESS

Oh! Let me guess. A panty-dropper!

KARL

Correctamundo.

RAYMOND

Oh look, a bar! Let's get drunk!

*(RAYMOND helps himself to the bar.)*

MAGGIE

*(Desperately trying to be nice)*

But Karl, you said you had a special announcement.

KARL

Oh, you want to jump all the way to that?

MAGGIE

Yes, please, I feel an aneurysm coming on.

RAYMOND

She means a migraine.

MAGGIE

No this is definitely an aneurysm.

*(KARL steps up to the podium.)*

KARL

Okay. Here goes. Big announcement. *(Into the microphone)*  
Testing-testing-testing. One. Two. Three. *(As Dorothy in*  
*Wizard of Oz)* "Toto, I've got a feeling we're not in Kansas  
anymore//

RAYMOND

*(Pissed off)*

Stop! Just stop it! From now on let's assume the microphone  
is working! Can you do that? Can you make that general  
assumption?!

KARL

Drum roll please!

PUNK WAITRESS

Oh, right, that's my cue.

*(The PUNK WAITRESS hits a sound effects button on the disco sound board. The sound of a rooster crowing.)*

PUNK WAITRESS

Sorry. Wrong sound effect button.

*(She hits a different button. The sound of a lion roaring.)*

PUNK WAITRESS

Wait, got it.

*(She hits a button, a drum roll and cymbal crash.)*

KARL

Thank you for that lover-ly round of applause.

RAYMOND

No one is applauding you, Karl, absolutely no one!

KARL

*(In his own world)*

Sometimes, I get the feeling that some people on the seventeenth floor think that I'm/

DUMMY KARL

Out of touch!

KARL

No, what I was going to say is the quiet type who is hyper-aware of my surroundings. Some of you/

DUMMY KARL

Laugh at Karl!

KARL

Oh, Little Karl you're such a jokester. No one laughs at me.

DUMMY KARL

I'm laughing at you. Hahahahah.

KARL

Watch out, I'll put you back in the box. Do you want to go back in the box?

DUMMY KARL  
*(Submissive)*

No.

KARL

You sure?

DUMMY KARL

I'll be nice.

KARL

*(In Puppet Karl's voice)*

He hates being put in...

*(KARL stops, he's got his voices mixed up. Starts again.)*

KARL

He hates being put in the box.

DUMMY KARL

But I am laughing at you. Hahahahah.

KARL

*(Threatening)*

That's it. You're going in the box!

*(KARL struggles with DUMMY KARL as he tries to force him in the box.)*

DUMMY KARL

Help! I'm melting, I'm melting!

*(RAYMOND has a little hissy fit.)*

RAYMOND

*(Totally Losing it)*

STOP IT! JUST STOP WITH THE STUPID PUPPET!

*(That stops everything. Beat.)*

KARL

It's not a puppet it's a dummy.

MAGGIE

Karl, just make your announcement!

KARL

*(Into the microphone)*

Testing/

RAYMOND

Don't do it Karl! For the rest of the evening do not test the mic or there will be horrible consequences!

KARL

*(Into the mic)*

Okay, here goes. Because I am hypervigilant.

RAYMOND

Say what?

KARL

Hypervigilant.

MAGGIE

What does that mean?

KARL

Simply put, it means that I'm completely and totally hyper-aware of my surroundings. Nothing goes on behind my back without me knowing. And so, I have something here very special. *(To the puppet)* Give me a hand?

DUMMY KARL

Sure thing!

*(Using both hands, KARL reaches behind the magician's table and takes out an even bigger box.)*

*(Thinking it's an even bigger gun, MAGGIE loses it.)*

KARL

Are you ready? Here goes! Just for you! "Here's Johnny!"

MAGGIE

*(Panicking)*

STOP!

*(That stops everything. MAGGIE loses it.)*

MAGGIE

...It was me! I did it! Just stop torturing us!

KARL

Did what?

MAGGIE

I'm the one who wrote "dumbass" in black permanent marker on your mailbox!

RAYMOND

Did not see that coming.

PUNK WAITRESS

I did.

MAGGIE

*(Desperate, without commas)*

Everyone in the office was doing it and I just wanted to belong and I don't like my job or the people I work with and so please don't kill me!

KARL

What, kill you? No.

MAGGIE

Then why are you taking out a submachine gun?

KARL

A what?

MAGGIE

Or a rocket launcher!

KARL

No, it's...

*(From the box, KARL takes out a beautiful bouquet of flowers.)*

KARL (CONT'D)

I thought they'd comfort you in our time of need. But obviously my delay is causing/

DUMMY KARL

Consternation!

MAGGIE

*(Desperate)*

Karl, please just say it. I beg you.

KARL

Okay... I'm sorry to inform you but... Ready?

RAYMOND

*(Yelling)*

We're ready Karl! So damn ready!

KARL

*(Without commas)*

Within a matter of days the world will come to an end.

*(Beat.)*

MAGGIE

Say what?

DUMMY KARL

He said, the world is/

RAYMOND

We heard him. What the hell does that mean?

KARL

It means the earth/

DUMMY KARL

The planet on which we live and breathe/

KARL

Will soon no longer exist.

DUMMY KARL

As we know it.

MAGGIE

*(Stunned)*

And when is this happening?

KARL

Later this week.

MAGGIE

And how do you know?

KARL

As you know I have several hobbies that give me my super powers. One is the accordion/

RAYMOND

Just say it! How do you know the world is coming to an end?!

KARL

Cause my other hobby is cross-country hiking.

MAGGIE

Hiking? You, hike?

KARL

Correctamundo.

MAGGIE

*(Disbelieving)*

Like over mountains, using your legs and burning calories?

KARL

It's how I keep my fantastic physique.

RAYMOND

*(Fuming, aside to Maggie)*

I'm going to kill him, I'm not joking.

MAGGIE

Karl, just tell us why the world is ending?

KARL

For the last several years, during my holidays, I've hiked Yellowstone.

MAGGIE

That's like in...?

KARL

Wyoming. My favorite place is a remote lake called Alice. Several years ago I ran into a woman at this same lake who also happened to be named Alice.

DUMMY KARL

She was Miss Wyoming in the USA pageant/

KARL

And state rodeo champ. Her talent?

DUMMY KARL

Barrel racing.

KARL

Although the pageant officials wouldn't let her do that during the talent portion of the evening, so she played the accordion. As you might expect, Miss Wyoming and I immediately fell in lust, which was a problem because she had recently become a nun.

*(RAYMOND laughs insanely to himself.)*

MAGGIE

Did you say "nun?"

KARL

Yes, she's cloistered at the Benedictine Convent Of Perpetual Adoration.

RAYMOND

*(Desperate to himself)*

I'm going to kill him.

KARL

Within one hour of our serendipitous meeting she was so taken by my accordion-ing-ing that she insisted that I make love to her on this big rock beside the lake. Our love making was so mind-boggling, so awesome, so/

DUMMY KARL

Loud!

KARL

That she insisted that I meet her there every year ever since. And so, annually, Sister Alice and I hook-up, on the exact same rock, at the exact same hour, and make rumpy-pumpy!

DUMMY KARL

Did I mention, loudly?

KARL

Sometimes we don't say a word, she just rips off her habit and hiking boots and goes cowgirl as she tries to satisfy her almost endless desire for my man seed.

*(In total frustration, RAYMOND picks up a lemon knife and stabs it into the bar. He misses.)*

RAYMOND

Ahhhhhhh!

MAGGIE

Oh my god are you okay?

RAYMOND

*(In pain)*

It's nothing. I stabbed my pinky.

MAGGIE

Oh my god, you're bleeding!

RAYMOND

*(In great pain)*

It's nothing! It's just a pinky. Humans don't technically need them!

*(The PUNK WAITRESS takes the knife from RAYMOND. RAYMOND wraps a bar towel around his pinky.)*

MAGGIE

Karl, please! The point!

KARL

*(Oblivious)*

Each year, after we *do it*, she goes back to her isolated chaste life, and I continue hiking. It was the second year that I noticed something fascinating. The large rock on which we were making rumpy-pumpy wasn't beside the lake anymore.

MAGGIE

*(Confused)*

Someone moved the rock?

KARL

No, something moved the water. The following year the rock was even further from the water. So without anyone's knowledge I broke into the main ExxonMobil lab and absconded with various seismic ground equipment.

DUMMY KARL

I helped!

KARL

Then during my holiday I placed the sensors around the lake. *(Quite pleased with himself)* Footnote: Our love making was a 8.9 on the richter scale and caused a minor tsunami.

*(KARL laughs at his little joke.  
RAYMOND begins to cry.)*

RAYMOND

*(To the waitress)*

Let me have the knife!

PUNK WAITRESS

No!

RAYMOND

I want to off myself. Let me have it!

*(They struggle, the PUNK WAITRESS  
wins. KARL is totally unaware.)*

KARL

The long and short and the long of it is, if my calculations are correct *(Beat)* amundo.

DUMMY KARL

And they are.

KARL

Because of fracking, the tectonic plates under Yellowstone have shifted so that the massive molten hot-spot located just inches beneath the surface/

DUMMY KARL

Which has been dormant for six hundred thousand years/

KARL  
Is about to go/

DUMMY KARL  
Ka-boom!

MAGGIE  
*(Perplexed)*  
...So there's going to be a volcano in Yellowstone?

KARL  
Not your normal everyday volcano, but a super volcano. One so massive it'll fill the sky with so many particulates// I like that word "par-tic-ulates." You say it.

DUMMY KARL  
*(Over enunciating)*  
Par-tic-ulates. Yeah, good word.

KARL  
Par-tic-ulates/

RAYMOND  
*(Pissed off)*  
Stop saying that and tell us what the particulates will do!

KARL  
*(Quickly)*  
Block the sun for a hundred years and end life as we know it.

MAGGIE  
...Karl, this is rather disturbing news. Why did you tell us?

KARL  
Cause we're friends.

MAGGIE  
We are?

DUMMY KARL  
You're friends with a nerd!

*(KARL laughs.)*

RAYMOND  
Wait, you admit it, you're a nerd.

KARL

What? No.

RAYMOND

But your hand just called you a nerd!

KARL

But I laughed. See that's how comedy works. If someone says something about you that isn't true, you laugh. As I am not a nerd I find my hand amusing.

DUMMY KARL

*(To Karl)*

Dumb-ass!

KARL

*(Laughing)*

Now *that's* funny.

MAGGIE

*(Tense)*

Hold on! Can we go back to the volcano thing for a sec?

KARL

Correction - Super volcano.

MAGGIE

You're sure it's going to happen this week?

KARL

Could be as soon as tomorrow, but no later than Friday. *(To the puppet)* I know what you're thinking. This means we'll miss comic-con next month.

DUMMY KARL

Drat!

MAGGIE

Is there anything we can do to stop it?

KARL

I've done hundreds of calculations and the answer is... No.

MAGGIE

But can't the government//

KARL

The government'll try, but their efforts will be futile. I imagine they'll most likely close Yellowstone soon//

PUNK WAITRESS

HOLY CRAP! HOLY CRAZY-ASS CRAP!

*(THE WAITRESS drops her beer.)*

PUNK WAITRESS

*(Panicked)*

On the way in to work I was listening to NPR, which is really freaky cause I never listen to stupid things, and there was this story about Yellowstone being closed indefinitely. Holy Crap!

RAYMOND

Wait-wait-wait, you don't believe this deranged lunatic?

PUNK WAITRESS

I gotta tell my sister.

KARL

You can't. We don't want to cause a panic with the rabbis.

MAGGIE

Rabbis?

PUNK WAITRESS

There's a rabbi convention in the next room. My sister's waiting on them.

RAYMOND

A rabbi convention at a Ramada?

KARL

You can't tell your sister, she's a blabbermouth.

PUNK WAITRESS

What can we do?

KARL

There's only one thing to do, and that is...

*(KARL raises his hand as if he were telepathically communicating with the PUNK WAITRESS, maybe he is. There is a faint humming.)*

PUNK WAITRESS  
*(Telepathically receiving)*

...Warm up the Whoppers?

KARL

Correctamundo! Let's celebrate what's left of life's rich pageant with a quarter pound of flame-grilled beef topped with juicy tomatoes, fresh lettuce, creamy mayonnaise, and a soft sesame seed bun!

PUNK WAITRESS  
*(Pietistic)*

I shall prepare the holy sacrament.

*(The PUNK WAITRESS exits to the kitchen.)*

KARL  
*(To Raymond)*

Now Sport, I must take exception. If you'll recall you had to take a four hour hostile workplace training seminar today. I realize this is technically not the workplace, but still deranged lunatic//

RAYMOND

You are the dictionary definition of a deranged lunatic! And the grand high Pooh-Bah of nerds!

DUMMY KARL  
*(To Raymond)*

Dumb-ass!

RAYMOND

I am not a dumb-ass.

DUMMY KARL

Yes you are!

RAYMOND

*(To Puppet Karl)*

I'm a rational human being! I might be the only rational being in this room!

KARL

If you're so rational then why are you arguing with my hand?

*(KARL high-fives DUMMY KARL.)*

MAGGIE

Karl, how do we save ourselves?

KARL

Well, it's not going to be easy. According to my computation we must go underground.

MAGGIE

Like into caves?

KARL

No, caves won't work, eventually we'd run out of food and air. But I have the answer. I've built under my house a deep sleep cocoon pod.

MAGGIE

A what?

KARL

Deep sleep cocoon pod. Where I and my friends will go into hibernation, breathing only once every hour. With the help of feeding and excretion tubes we will stay in suspended animation for three hundred years.

MAGGIE

Why three hundred?

KARL

It'll take that long for the sky to clear of particulates.

DUMMY KARL

Par-tic-ulates!

MAGGIE

*(Shaking it off)*

Okay, Karl, ah, I admit it, yes, we make fun of you behind your back. So if you're going to file charges against us just do it but please stop torturing us.

KARL

*(Genuine, Jesus-ly)*

It's okay, we're all sinners. I forgive you my child.

MAGGIE

You do?

KARL

I won't press charges.

MAGGIE

You won't? Why not?

KARL

Two reasons: Firstly, it'll take at least a month to process the complaint, by then the world will be a dark hell-hole where we won't be able to see our hands in front of our faces, so I doubt if anyone in H.R. will follow through with the paper work. Secondly, and more importantly, I need you.

MAGGIE

You do?

KARL

*(Fatherly)*

I need you to join me in the deep sleep cocoon pod. And then in three hundred years when we're resurrected, we'll make rumpy-pumpy, and then you and I and our children, and Raymond here if he stops being/

DUMMY KARL

A total jerk!

KARL

And my fourteen Facebook friends from Africa, Asia, Europe and the Americas who have also built deep sleep cocoon pods shall join up in Cincinnati!

RAYMOND

Why Cincinnati?

KARL

Why not Cincinnati?

MAGGIE

Rumpy-pumpy?

KARL

Yes. But it won't be normal rumpy-pumpy, it'll be *important* rumpy-pumpy because we'll be remaking humankind. You see, Raymond, tonight was a test. I knew only a few of the people I invited would show. And I knew those who did were my true friends. And only those who believe in me will I take unto my deep sleep cocoon pod. You, are my chosen people.

*(The PUNK WAITRESS enters.)*

PUNK WAITRESS

*(Pious)*

The holy sacraments are toasty.

DUMMY KARL

But they're Vegan.

KARL

Not a problem. I've been known to pull off a few miracles in the kitchen. *(To the Waitress)* Would you be so kind as to be my magician's assistant?

PUNK WAITRESS

Anything you ask. *(To Puppet Karl)* You're adorable.

DUMMY KARL

Thanks for noticing.

PUNK WAITRESS

*(Spiritual)*

Karl, and Karl the Magnificent, when zero hour comes, would you consider taking me with you into the deep sleep cocoon pod?

KARL

How do you know about the cocoon pod?

PUNK WAITRESS

I was listening behind the kitchen door.

KARL  
*(To Puppet Karl)*

Should I?

DUMMY KARL

Yeah, she's cool.

KARL  
 Bless you child, you are now one of the chosen.

PUNK WAITRESS  
*(Devout)*

I am humbled.

KARL  
 Now, Mr. Magnificent, you wait here.

DUMMY KARL  
 But I want to come with.

KARL  
 I'll need both hands to perform my magic.

*(KARL puts DUMMY KARL into the box  
 on the magician's table.)*

DUMMY KARL  
*(Protesting)*  
 I'm melting. I'm melting!

*(DUMMY KARL dies.)*

KARL  
*(To Maggie and Raymond)*  
 Right back.

PUNK WAITRESS  
*(To Karl)*  
 Wait! Idea! What if we made rumpy-pumpy tonight, before we enter the deep sleep cocoon pod, that way when we awake in three hundred years, I'll already be nine months pregnant.

KARL  
 Thought-provoking. Let's talk.

*(PUNK WAITRESS exits to the kitchen, KARL stops at the door.)*

KARL  
*(Vulcan hand sign)*

"Live long and prosper."

*(KARL exits to the kitchen.)*

RAYMOND  
Come on, Mag, let's get the hell out of here.

MAGGIE  
But what if he's right?

RAYMOND  
Are you nuts?

MAGGIE  
I heard the same report tonight. The government did in fact shut down Yellowstone.

RAYMOND  
Maggie, you were right from the beginning, it's just an elaborate stupid revenge plan. And the waitress is in on it.

MAGGIE  
But when I told him it was me who wrote "dumbass" in black permanent marker on his mailbox he was so nice about it - He forgave me. Normal people don't do that.

RAYMOND  
Normal people don't play the accordion and have a gay puppet!

MAGGIE  
But if you think about it, his story makes sense - He must've known about the super volcano for a long time, I mean, it must've taken months if not years for him to construct the deep sleep cocoon pod.

RAYMOND  
Damn it, There Is No Deep Sleep Cocoon Pod!!!

*(Delirious, the PUNK WAITRESS enters, and falls on her knees.)*

PUNK WAITRESS  
*(Exhilarated)*

I don't believe it! Right before my very eyes!

MAGGIE

What?

PUNK WAITRESS

A miracle!

RAYMOND

What?

PUNK WAITRESS

The Whoppers!

MAGGIE

What about'em?

PUNK WAITRESS

He changed them into...

*(KARL enters with the same large platter only now it's filled with steaming pasta.)*

PUNK WAITRESS

Linguine!

KARL

Ta-da!

RAYMOND

What?

KARL

You said you didn't eat beef so I performed a little magic and made Tofu linguine!

PUNK WAITRESS

*(Dumbfounded, without commas)*

I was just standing there looking at this large ugly sack of charcoaled cow topped with old tomatoes soggy lettuce yellow mayonnaise and stale sesame seeds and he waved his hand and it suddenly became creamy and beautiful and my mind's totally blown are you the messiah?!

KARL

No, my child, that's Anakin Skywalker.

PUNK WAITRESS

From the depths of my nothingness, I prostrate myself before Thee.

*(Face down on the floor, the PUNK WAITRESS prostrates herself.)*

KARL

Perhaps now's the time for me to give the rest of my little speech. And then you can sing me happy birthday!

PUNK WAITRESS

*(Face to the floor)*

Speech! Speech!

*(KARL walks up to the podium.)*

KARL

*(Into microphone)*

Testing-testing-testing. One. Two. Three. Testing-testing-testing.

RAYMOND

*(Pissed off)*

That's it!

*(RAYMOND grabs the bar knife and advances on KARL.)*

KARL

*(Into microphone)*

One. Two. Three. Testing-Testing-testing. *(As E.T.)* "E.T. phone home."

*(RAYMOND comes up behind KARL and **stabs him in the back.**)*

KARL

Aggh!

*(KARL staggers from the podium and falls, dead. The PUNK WAITRESS screams.)*

PUNK WAITRESS

Oh My God, What Have You Done!?

MAGGIE

You Killed The Messiah, the one Person Who Could Save Us!

RAYMOND

*(Desperate, realizing what he's done)*

I Had To!

MAGGIE

But Why?!

RAYMOND

He Was A Nerd!

*(Hysterical, the PUNK WAITRESS  
screams over dead KARL.)*

*(BLACKOUT, rock and roll.)*

***End of Act One***

***(GO INTERMISSION-LESS!*** *If you'd  
like to go intermission-less,  
please insert here the missing 19  
seconds which are found on the next  
page.)*

\*\*\*\*\*

- The Missing 19 Seconds -

*(The PUNK WAITRESS screams her head off.)*

MAGGIE

Shut up!

PUNK WAITRESS  
*(Hysterical)*

He's Dead! You Killed Him!

MAGGIE

Shut Up, I Tell You Shut Up!

PUNK WAITRESS  
*(Unhinged)*

You're Both Going To Jail Forever!

MAGGIE

Shut up!

***(MAGGIE grabs the knife from RAYMOND and stabs the PUNK WAITRESS.)***

*(THE PUNK WAITRESS staggers and falls, dead.)*

\*\*\*\*\*

## Karl The Magnificent

(Act Two)

*(19 seconds later - Lights up on a scene of sheer panic.)*

*(KARL is still dead.)*

*(But now, beside KARL...)*

**(The PUNK WAITRESS, also dead.)**

*(Standing over her is MAGGIE with the knife.)*

RAYMOND

*(Screaming, terrified)*

Oh My God?! Why Did You Kill The Waitress?

MAGGIE

*(Desperate)*

Had To!

RAYMOND

But Why?!

MAGGIE

She Was hysterical!

RAYMOND

But Why!?

MAGGIE

*(Without commas)*

I Thought The Rabbis Down The Hall Would Hear Her Screaming  
And She Wouldn't Shut Up And I Don't Know I Just Started  
Stabbing!

RAYMOND

Holy Crap!

MAGGIE

Holy Crap!

RAYMOND

*(Hysterical)*

Hold it together! Hold it together! What are we doing?!

MAGGIE

*(Hysterical)*

Holding it together!

RAYMOND

You sure they're dead?!

*(MAGGIE kicks the bodies with her toe.)*

MAGGIE

Oh god! Oh god! They're dead! Totally dead!

RAYMOND

*(Panicked)*

Don't panic!

MAGGIE

*(Panicked)*

I'm not panicking!

RAYMOND

*(Panicked)*

I'm not panicking either!

MAGGIE

But how will we find the deep sleep cocoon pod?!

RAYMOND

Damn It! There Is No Deep Sleep Cocoon Pod!

*(RAYMOND takes out his phone.)*

MAGGIE

We're going to jail, like for a thousand years/ What are you doing?

RAYMOND

Calling 911!

MAGGIE

You can't!

RAYMOND

If we confess right away they'll go easy on us!

MAGGIE

Hang up!

RAYMOND

But/

MAGGIE

*(Yelling)*

Hang Up! Hang Up!

*(He hangs up.)*

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We just murdered two people, that's like the worst thing you can do after a hostile workplace seminar!

RAYMOND

But everyone in the office'll testify on our behalf! When the police find out what a nerd Karl was they'll rule it justifiable homicide!

MAGGIE

But what about me, I killed an innocent waitress/

RAYMOND

You're right, you're screwed!

MAGGIE

Wait! Idea! *(Calming, a little)* We both took ExxonMobile's four hour oil spill crisis seminar!

RAYMOND

We did?

MAGGIE

Yes!

RAYMOND

That's right, we did!

MAGGIE

We just have to remember the bullet points! It was right beside the animated clip art of the man clapping his hands!

RAYMOND

Oh my god, my life depends on bullet points and animated clip art!

MAGGIE

Got it! Bullet point one, "stay calm."

RAYMOND

*(Not calm)*

Right! We are calm! Totally calm!

MAGGIE

Two, "destroy the evidence."

RAYMOND

You sure?

MAGGIE

We work for ExxonMobil of course the second bullet point is "destroy the evidence." We need to get rid of the bodies.

RAYMOND

How?

MAGGIE

You gotta drag them to the dumpster.

RAYMOND

What dumpster?

MAGGIE

There's got to be a dumpster on the loading dock off the kitchen!

RAYMOND

And what are you going to do?!

MAGGIE

Guard the door!

RAYMOND

Right!

*(RAYMOND grabs the dead waitress.)*

MAGGIE

Careful, don't hit her head!

RAYMOND

She's dead, what difference does it make!?

*(RAYMOND quickly drags the dead PUNK WAITRESS through the kitchen swinging doors.)*

*(MAGGIE staggers to her purse and tries to take a Prozac.)*

MAGGIE

*(Panicked, to herself)*

Oh god, oh god.

*(But before she can down the pills with wine, a cell phone rings. MAGGIE checks her own, it's not her. She looks for the ringing. Finds a phone on the magician's table.)*

MAGGIE

*(Yelling off to the kitchen)*

Raymond? Raymond, do you have a silver I-phone?

RAYMOND

*(O.S.)*

No, Galaxy.

MAGGIE

Then who/ *(Dawning on her)* Holy crap! It's Karl's! And it's ringing! Crap, ah, ah.

*(In a cold sweat, MAGGIE answers KARL'S phone.)*

MAGGIE

*(On phone, dripping kindness)*

Hello? ...Yes, this is Karl's phone. ...Me? ...Ah, a friend. ...Karl's not here. ...What? ...You want to leave a message? Sure. *(She grabs a napkin and pen)* ...Okay ready.

**(MORE)**

**MAGGIE (CONT'D)**

...“Bad news, they closed Yellowstone so you won't be able to meet there next week/” Wait. By any chance is this Sister Alice? ...It is. ...More? Okay, ...“P.S. You're in town attending a nun's convention, and you'd like to hook up tonight? ...So sorry, repeat that. “You're ready to “defrock-the-windsock.” *(She's grossed out)* ...More? “And don't forget to bring the master of ceremonies.” Are you by any chance referring to Mr. Magnificent? That's so... deranged. I'll give him the message. Bless you sister, I hope you get the help you need.

*(She hangs up.)*

*(MAGGIE again tries to down the Prozac with wine.)*

*(Just then PUNK WAITRESS II enters from the hall only now she has fluorescent pink hair. She's the drug free, cleaned up, but still punk twin sister of the Waitress.)*

PUNK WAITRESS II

Have you seen Jo?

*(MAGGIE spit-takes the pills.)*

PUNK WAITRESS II

You okay?

MAGGIE  
*(Stupefied, lying)*

Me? I'm fine.

PUNK WAITRESS II

I'm looking for Jo.

MAGGIE

What's a Jo?

PUNK WAITRESS II

Josephine, my twin sister.

*(NOTE: PUNK WAITRESS II is the WAITRESS's twin sister and is played by the same actress.)*

MAGGIE  
Your twin?

PUNK WAITRESS II  
Yeah, I need her.

MAGGIE  
Why?

PUNK WAITRESS II  
Cause the rabbis are going berserk!

MAGGIE  
Because?

PUNK WAITRESS II  
Something about meat and cheese at the same time, who knew?  
Seen her/?

MAGGIE  
Who/?

PUNK WAITRESS II  
My twin/

MAGGIE  
No/

PUNK WAITRESS II  
She must be in the kitchen.

*(PUNK WAITRESS II starts for the kitchen.)*

MAGGIE  
Stop!

*(PUNK WAITRESS II sees dead KARL on the floor.)*

PUNK WAITRESS II  
Oh dear, what happened to Karl?

MAGGIE  
Ah... ah... he had an aneurysm/

PUNK WAITRESS II  
A what/

MAGGIE  
I mean a migraine/

PUNK WAITRESS II  
A what/

MAGGIE  
I mean he's hypoglycemic/

PUNK WAITRESS II  
What/

MAGGIE  
I mean, he's drunk/

PUNK WAITRESS II  
I'll get him some water/

*(PUNK WAITRESS II starts for the kitchen.)*

MAGGIE  
Don't go in there!

PUNK WAITRESS II  
Why not?

MAGGIE  
Cause... *(Making crap up)* I just remembered, Jo said she had to go to the bathroom.

PUNK WAITRESS II  
The one next door?

MAGGIE  
No, the bathroom at the Burger King cross the street.

PUNK WAITRESS II  
The Burger King? Why?

MAGGIE  
*(Desperate, making crap up)*  
Cause...cause...

**(MORE)**

**MAGGIE (CONT'D)**

The Rabbis told her it was against rabbinical law for them to pee in a bathroom that's in the vicinity of a bathroom used by a goy.

PUNK WAITRESS II

A goy?

MAGGIE

You know, a girl goy. So she left the building and might not be back for a long-long time.

PUNK WAITRESS II

Darn. Okay if you see her/

MAGGIE

I'll send her right over!

PUNK WAITRESS II

And/

MAGGIE

Bye!

*(MAGGIE shoves PUNK WAITRESS II out the door just as RAYMOND runs in from the kitchen.)*

RAYMOND

You're right, there's a dumpster. Help me with Karl.

MAGGIE

Oh my god!

RAYMOND

What/

MAGGIE

She has a twin/

RAYMOND

Who/

MAGGIE

Jo/

Who/ RAYMOND

The waitress/ MAGGIE

A twin what/ RAYMOND

Sister. She was just here. MAGGIE

Did she see dead Karl? RAYMOND

I told her he was drunk. MAGGIE

Help me. RAYMOND  
*(Dragging the body)*

I thought I was seeing a ghost. MAGGIE

Pull! RAYMOND

Holy crap, holy crap. MAGGIE

Shut up and pull! RAYMOND

*(They drag KARL off to the kitchen.)*

I'm pulling! Holy crap, holy crap. MAGGIE  
*(O.S.)*

Now lift! RAYMOND  
*(O.S.)*

MAGGIE  
(O.S.)

Be careful of his head!

RAYMOND  
(O.S.)

Would you shut up about their stupid heads and lift!

MAGGIE  
(O.S.)

Holy crap he's heavy!

RAYMOND  
(O.S.)

Ready? *(As they swing his dead body)* One. Two. Three.

*(We hear a terrible bang as KARL's head crashes down into the dumpster.)*

MAGGIE  
(O.S.)

Oh my god that was his head!

RAYMOND  
(O.S.)

Shut Up About Heads!

*(MAGGIE and RAYMOND run back in.)*

RAYMOND

Now what?

MAGGIE

I don't know.

RAYMOND

What's the next bullet point?!

MAGGIE

Oh right, stay calm, hide the evidence and... and.. Oh! Bullet point three! Start a publicity campaign about the wonderful things ExxonMobil does to protect the environment.

RAYMOND

I think we can skip that one.

MAGGIE  
Four, mop up the oil!

RAYMOND  
But there's no oil!

MAGGIE  
Blood! Mop up the blood!

RAYMOND  
Right!

*(They grab napkins and wipe up any leftovers.)*

*(PUNK WAITRESS II enters with a bottle of Pedialyte.)*

PUNK WAITRESS II  
I brought Karl some Pedialyte.

MAGGIE  
What?

PUNK WAITRESS II  
Pedialyte, it's for babies, but it's great for hangovers.  
What ya doing?

RAYMOND  
*(Panicked)*  
What does it look like! Mopping up oil!

PUNK WAITRESS II  
Oil/

MAGGIE  
He means blood/

PUNK WAITRESS II  
Blood/

MAGGIE  
He means my drink - A Bloody Mary/

PUNK WAITRESS II  
What happened to Karl?

MAGGIE

Oh, ah, he had to go to the bathroom.

PUNK WAITRESS II

Not at the Burger King?

MAGGIE

Yes.

PUNK WAITRESS II

But he's drunk and it's dark and that's a very busy street.

MAGGIE

I know I tried to talk him out of it but he insisted. Someone should really stop him, I mean he and Jo could be hit by a...

*(Suddenly it hits her! She laughs with delight as she has the answer.)*

MAGGIE

*(Enthusiastic)*

A car! *(Purposefully to Raymond, delighted)* We wouldn't want Karl and the punk waitress to be hit by a car - If you know what I mean?

RAYMOND

*(Busy)*

I have no idea what you're talking about.

MAGGIE

*(Deliberately)*

Both the waitress and Karl could be run over by an automobile.

RAYMOND

*(Dawning on him)*

That's a great idea/ I mean, terrible! Someone should stop them.

PUNK WAITRESS II

I will, but you gotta cover for me with the rabbis.

MAGGIE

No, you take care of the rabbis, Raymond will stop Karl.

PUNK WAITRESS II

No, I'll do it, after all I am his fiancée.

*(That stops everything.)*

MAGGIE

Excuse me?

RAYMOND

Fiancée?

PUNK WAITRESS II

*(In love)*

Well, engaged to be engaged. I mean Karl and I just met for the first time earlier this evening, but I was so struck by his awesomeness, and then when I found out that he played the accordion, I knew we were destined for love. So I stole the manager's pass key and took him up to the bridal suite where we made rumpy-pumpy.

MAGGIE

Wait, let me get this straight, you just met him and you...

PUNK WAITRESS II

Yes, he fired his photon torpedo into my exhaust port.

*(RAYMOND and MAGGIE are totally grossed out.)*

MAGGIE

*(Grabbing her ears)*

Oh my god!

RAYMOND

*(Grabbing his ears)*

How can I un-hear that! Please, God, let me un-hear that!

PUNK WAITRESS II

I've done it before but never with a man with an assistant.

RAYMOND

Assistant?

PUNK WAITRESS II

Karl the magnificent.

MAGGIE

Please tell me you're on drugs. And can I have some?

PUNK WAITRESS II

I must save my dear Karl!

*(PUNK WAITRESS II runs out.)*

RAYMOND

*(Panicky)*

Come on! Let's get Karl and the waitress out of the dumpster and drag them into the street and make sure they get hit by a car! Lots of cars!

MAGGIE

*(Bewildered)*

How did Karl do it?

RAYMOND

Or better, a bus! That's it, we'll throw'em under a bus!

MAGGIE

*(Amazed)*

All these lovers.

RAYMOND

If their bodies are totally mangled forensics will never notice the knife marks!

*(RAYMOND starts out.)*

MAGGIE

Wait! I can't.

RAYMOND

We only have a few seconds to act.

MAGGIE

I can't help but think that we've killed someone special.

RAYMOND

You got to be kidding.

MAGGIE

Sometimes when we were working late, I'd look at Karl, slaving away at his little desk, with his Texas Instruments calculator, sucking on his super big gulp and I'd... I'd...

RAYMOND

What?

MAGGIE

Fantasize.

RAYMOND

Oh god, I don't want to know, but I'm compelled... *(Cringing)*  
What did you fantasize about?

MAGGIE

What it would be like to kiss Karl's sweet, little, chapped lips... *(Breaking down in tears)* And now I never will.

RAYMOND

I hope you're seeing a team of psychiatrists. Not one, a whole team!

MAGGIE

*They* gave me the Prozac.

RAYMOND

Get this straight! Karl was a nobody! He'll be missed by no one! *(Without commas)* We'll throw his body under a bus and a week from now gather around his stupid little nerd-desk for a moment of silence during which everyone in the office will be snickering!

MAGGIE

But what if he was right, what if he could save the human race?

RAYMOND

There is no volcano! It was just an elaborate revenge plan to get back at us for bullying him//

MAGGIE

So you admit it, you bullied him//

RAYMOND

So did you little miss perfect//

MAGGIE

He forgave me. I just wish he could've forgiven me for  
killing him//

RAYMOND

You didn't kill him, I did//

MAGGIE

But the poor punk waitress//

RAYMOND

What about her?

MAGGIE

*(Distraught)*

She didn't live long enough to learn how stupid being punk  
is.

RAYMOND

That's life! None of us live long enough to know anything. We  
all die incomplete. Life is just a bunch of uninformed  
decisions and then/

MAGGIE

Super volcano/

RAYMOND

Or some other crap-fest/

MAGGIE

There must be more/

RAYMOND

There isn't! Now help me drag their bodies out of the  
dumpster and into the street.

MAGGIE

No, I can't! I can't live with my sins!

*(MAGGIE digs into her purse.)*

RAYMOND

What are you...?

MAGGIE

Ending it!

*(MAGGIE tries to down the whole bottle of Prozac with a glass of wine.)*

Stop!

RAYMOND

*(RAYMOND grabs her, they struggle, the pills fly. They crash into the disc jockey setup where they accidentally hit a sound effects button.)*

*(From the speakers comes the sound effect of a chorus of angels singing.)*

*(A holy disco light falls on the magician's table.)*

What's happening?

RAYMOND  
*(Amazed)*

Something, not good.

MAGGIE  
*(Aghast)*

*(Slowly KARL THE MAGNIFICENT, the dummy, rises from the box. No one is controlling him. He floats in the air in before them in a ghostly light.)*

Holy...

RAYMOND

Crap.

MAGGIE

Maggie...

DUMMY KARL  
*(Spooky)*

MAGGIE  
*(Petrified)*

Oh god, oh god.

DUMMY KARL

Maggie?

MAGGIE

...Yes?

DUMMY KARL

And Raymond.

RAYMOND  
*(Terrified)*

What do you want?

DUMMY KARL

What have you done? *(Eerie)* What have you done?

RAYMOND

She did it, she killed Karl! And the waitress!

MAGGIE

No, it was him!

DUMMY KARL  
*(Still ghostly)*

No, I meant the question in more of a philosophical way.

MAGGIE

Oh.

RAYMOND

Oh.

DUMMY KARL  
*(Unearthly)*

You non-dummies are such odd creatures, you elect politicians that don't represent you, buy auto insurance from a gecko and kill the only one who could've saved humanity. No wonder you've adopted an apocalyptic angry deity narrative.

MAGGIE  
*(Desperate)*

Is there really going to be a super volcano?

DUMMY KARL

Ka-boom!

MAGGIE

But, Karl had a deep sleep cocoon pod.

DUMMY KARL

True. But it's locked deep under his house behind a blast proof door and only he had the combination.

RAYMOND

But you were close to him.

DUMMY KARL

I am his son.

RAYMOND

So you have the combination.

DUMMY KARL

Entirely possible. But I'm not going to share.

RAYMOND

Why not?

DUMMY KARL

*(To Raymond)*

Cause you are a... dumbass.

RAYMOND

*(Small)*

What?

DUMMY KARL

Everyone in the office knows it. And they say it behind your back. Did you ever wonder why you've never had a steady relationship? Know why?

RAYMOND

*(Troubled)*

Because I sleep through hostile workplace seminars?

DUMMY KARL

No, because you have no self knowledge. That bad boy image you project is just an act.

RAYMOND

Then who am I?

DUMMY KARL  
(*Ghostly*)

A dumbass.

MAGGIE  
(*Desperate*)

But you like me. You'd give me the combination.

DUMMY KARL

Why would I share with you?

MAGGIE

Cause your father forgave me.

DUMMY KARL

But who are you?

MAGGIE  
(*Guessing*)

A nice person?

DUMMY KARL

You put on airs of being nice, but writing "dumbass" in black permanent marker on my father's mailbox wasn't the first time. Admit it.

(*Maggie begins crying.*)

MAGGIE

I... I...

DUMMY KARL

The truth is you carry a large black permanent marker in your purse all the time. It's there right now.

MAGGIE  
(*Desperate, hard to admit*)

...Yes. It's true.

DUMMY KARL

When people aren't looking you write lots of things you shouldn't.

(**MORE**)

## DUMMY KARL (CONT'D)

Earlier this evening you wrote on some poor bastard's car  
"Learn to park, Dumbass" because he parked too close to you.

MAGGIE  
*(Weeping)*

...I did.

DUMMY KARL  
You like that word "dumbass."

MAGGIE  
...I do.

DUMMY KARL  
Both your Twitter and Facebook accounts have been suspended  
cause you use the word so much.

MAGGIE  
*(Weeping)*  
I'm a terrible person!

DUMMY KARL  
No you're not.

MAGGIE  
*(Hopeful)*  
I'm not?

DUMMY KARL  
No. You're a dumbass, like Raymond here.

MAGGIE  
I can change.

RAYMOND  
Me too.

DUMMY KARL  
Do you really want to?

RAYMOND  
Yes.

MAGGIE  
Totally.

DUMMY KARL  
Then do me a favor.

MAGGIE  
Anything.

RAYMOND  
You name it.

DUMMY KARL  
Tonight, I want you to walk home, don't drive, walk.

MAGGIE  
Okay.

RAYMOND  
Why?

DUMMY KARL  
And as you walk I want you to look at the people you meet on  
the street, look them square in the eye, and say to them...  
"Hello, Dumbass."

RAYMOND  
Why would we do that?

DUMMY KARL  
*(Groucho marx-ish)*  
Cause when you get home you'll have the satisfaction of  
knowing that you've been right eighty-seven percent of the  
time. Hahahaha.

RAYMOND  
*(Pissed)*  
Damn it! Give us the combination to the deep sleep cocoon pod!

DUMMY KARL  
Screw you!

MAGGIE  
But Karl wanted us to have it.

RAYMOND  
We are his chosen people!

DUMMY KARL

Karl is no more. I'm in charge now. And I'm making an executive decision. Look at how screwed up this world is. Why?

MAGGIE

Cause we live in a sick society where deranged stuff is just one click away?

DUMMY KARL

No, I meant that as a rhetorical question.

MAGGIE

Oh.

DUMMY KARL

If we're going to repopulate the world what do we need?  
(Beat) That one you can answer, it's a real question.

MAGGIE

Oh. Ah. Nice people?

DUMMY KARL

Correctamundo.

MAGGIE

I can be nice.

DUMMY KARL

No, you love your black permanent marker too much.

RAYMOND

I can change.

DUMMY KARL

No, you're a lost cause.

MAGGIE

Then who?

DUMMY KARL

I've decided, the only one I'm giving the combination to, the only person who can save the human race is... Jo.

RAYMOND

Jo?

MAGGIE

The waitress?

DUMMY KARL

Yes, the punk waitress who is high on something. If she says you can come with us then you can, but if she says no, you're screwed. Bring her unto me.

RAYMOND

Oh crap.

MAGGIE

Ah, well, ah...

DUMMY KARL

Yes?

MAGGIE

She's not here.

DUMMY KARL

Go get her.

MAGGIE

She has a twin, will she do?

DUMMY KARL

No, it must be Jo, and only Jo.

MAGGIE

Well... Karl/

DUMMY KARL

Please, Mr. Magnificent/

MAGGIE

Mr. Magnificent. I don't know how to tell you this, but... Jo the waitress is... dead.

DUMMY KARL

What?

RAYMOND

Maggie killed her!

DUMMY KARL  
*(Going berserk!)*

WHAT!? WHAT!? WHAT?! WHAAAAAAAAAT?!

*(DUMMY KARL suddenly grabs his chest and has a massive heart attack.)*

Aggggggh!

*(DUMMY KARL flops over dead.)*

RAYMOND  
*(Terror-stricken)*

Oh my god!

MAGGIE

What happened?!

*(RAYMOND listens to PUPPET KARL's chest.)*

RAYMOND  
*(Panicked)*

I think he had a heart attack!

MAGGIE  
*(Desperate)*

But he has the combination!

RAYMOND

Did you attend HR's CPR class?!

MAGGIE  
*(Panicked)*

No, yes, no, yes!

RAYMOND

Bullet points! What were the bullet points?

MAGGIE

Ah! Ah! One! Put the victim on his back!

*(RAYMOND throws DUMMY KARL on his back.)*

Then what?  
RAYMOND

Mouth to mouth!  
MAGGIE

*(RAYMOND opens PUPPET KARL's mouth and begins CPR. Then, he listens to his chest. No heartbeat.)*

Damn it!  
RAYMOND

*(RAYMOND performs mouth to mouth again, and listens.)*

Damn it! Live!  
RAYMOND

*(RAYMOND begins beating on PUPPET KARL's chest.)*

You will live! Damnit! You will live!  
RAYMOND  
*(Yelling)*

*(PUNK WAITRESS II enters.)*

What the hell?  
PUNK WAITRESS II

He's had a heart attack!  
MAGGIE

And he's got the combination!  
RAYMOND

To?  
PUNK WAITRESS II

The deep sleep cocoon pod!  
MAGGIE

The what?  
PUNK WAITRESS II

MAGGIE

We need a defibrillator!

PUNK WAITRESS II

*(Thinking she's nuts)*

There's one right here.

*(PUNK WAITRESS II points at the portable defibrillator mounted on the wall.)*

*(Desperate, MAGGIE grabs the defibrillator and throws it to RAYMOND.)*

RAYMOND

Don't worry, buddy, you're going to make it! *(To Maggie)* Read the directions!

MAGGIE

Oh. Ah. *(Reading the instructions)* One, put the paddles on the victim's chest!

RAYMOND

Got it!

*(During the following, thinking they're nuts PUNK WAITRESS II slowly backs out of the room.)*

MAGGIE

Two. "Stand clear and push the red 'shock' button!"

RAYMOND

The red button, got it!

MAGGIE

Push!

RAYMOND

Clear!

*(RAYMOND delivers the shock. PUPPET KARL's chest heaves.)*

MAGGIE  
Does he have a heartbeat?!

RAYMOND  
No!

MAGGIE  
Again!

RAYMOND  
Clear!

*(RAYMOND delivers another shock.  
PUPPET KARL's chest heaves.)*

RAYMOND  
Nothing!

MAGGIE  
Again!

RAYMOND  
Clear!

*(RAYMOND delivers another shock.  
Smoke should come from PUPPET KARL  
as his brain fries.)*

*(MAGGIE pulls a fire extinguisher  
off the wall and unloads it on the  
smoldering puppet.)*

*(Beat.)*

*(They realize it's hopeless.)*

RAYMOND  
Oh my god.

MAGGIE  
Is he gone?

RAYMOND  
*(Listening to Karl's heart)*

Gone.

*(RAYMOND and MAGGIE are shell shocked.)*

*(RAYMOND takes a napkin from a table and puts it over dead PUPPET KARL's face.)*

MAGGIE

Does this mean we won't get the combination to the deep sleep cocoon pod?

RAYMOND

We're screwed.

*(For a moment they sit silent beside the smoldering puppet carcass.)*

*(Beat.)*

*(Then, RAYMOND begins to laugh.)*

MAGGIE

What?

*(More laughter, RAYMOND can't control himself.)*

MAGGIE

*(Crying)*

What's so funny?

RAYMOND

I just used a defibrillator on a puppet.

*(RAYMOND's laughter is infectious, soon MAGGIE is laughing too.)*

RAYMOND

*(Wiping his tears of laughter)*

Karl? You can come out now.

MAGGIE

But you killed him.

RAYMOND

*(Slightly nuts)*

No, I didn't, nor did you kill the waitress. *(To the walls)*  
 Okay, Karl, joke's over. You are brilliant. You got us. *(Sing song)*  
 Come out come out where ever you are. What do you bet  
 Karl's hiding under that table.

*(RAYMOND pulls back the curtain  
 under the magician's table.)*

RAYMOND

Karl?

*(But Karl's not there.)*

RAYMOND

*(Confused)*

He's not there.

MAGGIE

*(Pious)*

He has risen.

RAYMOND

No, he's played us. *(Talking to the air, bitter)* Where are  
 the cameras, Karl? I know you're watching! I know you got us  
 on tape. What're you going to do, play it at the next hostile  
 workplace seminar? I admit it, you, Karl, are an evil genius.  
 But just because you're a genius that doesn't mean you're not  
 a nerd! Did you hear that Karl? You, Are, A, Nerd!

*(A fire alarm goes off.)*

*(The sound of a growing riot in the  
 hallway - People shouting and  
 throwing dishes.)*

MAGGIE

What the hell?

RAYMOND

Don't worry, it's all part of Karl's plan.

*(PUNK WAITRESS II rushes in.)*

PUNK WAITRESS II  
*(Flustered)*

Oh My God!

MAGGIE

What's going on?

PUNK WAITRESS II  
 They just announced the world's coming to an end. The rabbis are rioting.

RAYMOND  
 Rioting rabbis at a Ramada? *(To where-ever he thinks Karl is listening from)* Good one Karl. Original!

PUNK WAITRESS II  
 I'm telling you it was just announced!

RAYMOND  
 And who announced it?

PUNK WAITRESS II  
 It came from the President.

RAYMOND  
 You expect me to believe that the President of the United States announced from where? The oval office? That the world is coming to an end.

PUNK WAITRESS II  
 No, he tweeted it.

*(PUNK WAITRESS II takes out her I-phone and shows it to MAGGIE.)*

MAGGIE  
*(Off the I-phone)*  
 Holy crap. It's true!

RAYMOND  
 Wait! *(To where-ever)* Good one Karl, almost had me, but it just so happens that I'm an dumbass. And what's the one thing all dumbasses have in common? That's right. We subscribe to the President's tweets!

*(Raymond opens the twitter app on his phone.)*

RAYMOND

I will just open the twitter app and what do we find/

*(RAYMOND cannot believe what he sees.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

HOLY CRAP!

MAGGIE

*(Looking at his phone)*

The President's tweet!

PUNK WAITRESS II

I gotta find my sister!

*(PUNK WAITRESS II runs out.)*

*(Exhausted, MAGGIE and RAYMOND sink to the floor.)*

MAGGIE

*(Depressed)*

That's it. It's over.

RAYMOND

*(Hopeless)*

No. We still have options.

MAGGIE

Like?

RAYMOND

I saw a hardware store down the block, we can join the looters.

MAGGIE

How do you know there will be looters?

RAYMOND

Cause that's what you do during the apocalypse, loot hardware stores.

MAGGIE

Okay, we join the looters and then what?

RAYMOND

We'll steal crowbars and break into Karl's house and try to find the door to the deep sleep cocoon pod. But after hours of trying we'll finally realize that he built it way too strong and that we, along with all of humanity, are...

MAGGIE

Doomed.

*(Beat.)*

*(A RABBI runs in - He's bearded, payot curls, dressed in black with a prayer shawl and large black hat.)*

*(PLEASE NOTE: The RABBI is played by the same actor who played KARL. I know I should've told you about the double casting on the cast of characters page but it would've spoiled the fun.)*

*(ALSO: None of this double casting should be mentioned in the program.)*

RABBI

*(Out of breath)*

Sanctuary!

MAGGIE

Oh my god, it's a rabbi!

RAYMOND

A what?

MAGGIE

A rabbi. *(To the rabbi)* You okay?

RABBI

*(Yiddish accent)*

You think you know your friends, but then you find the world is ending and everyone goes Meshuggeneh.

MAGGIE

Is it going to be a war of all against all?

RABBI

War? No, they're voting.

MAGGIE

Voting?

RABBI

Yes, it was twenty-four to one.

MAGGIE

For?

RABBI

Meat with cheese.

MAGGIE

What?

RABBI

They decided, since the apocalypse is upon us, to go across the street to the Burger King and order Whoppers - With cheese! Before they die, they want to know what all the hubbub was about.

RAYMOND

Sir, I'm not Jewish, but right now I need a holy man.

MAGGIE

Me too.

RABBI

I'm not a holy, just well read.

RAYMOND

What should we do?

MAGGIE

If the world is ending, what's the answer?

*(Beat. Finally, a brief respite in the madness.)*

RABBI

*(Fatherly, perhaps to the audience)*

What do we do? When the story of our species becomes a farce? We've created a world where science no longer offers consolation, where religion has become a business, where the sky is no longer divinely created but merely a big blue bowl of nothingness. In this reality how can we not conclude that life's baffling and all human endeavor temporary. But... I think I've got a possible answer.

MAGGIE

Please, share.

RABBI

*(Kindly)*

Wouldn't it make a statement, if only moments before we ring down the curtain on this absurdity we did something about our brokenness by finally stopping all the hate and simply loved one another. Wouldn't that make our oh-so brief lives worth living.

MAGGIE

Well said.

RAYMOND

Yes.

*(Beat. Back to the insanity.)*

RABBI

At least that's what I believed up until a few minutes ago. Now, not so sure.

MAGGIE

What changed?

RABBI

Unable to talk my fellow rabbis out of the meat cheese thing, I walked out to the parking lot. And then I saw it.

RAYMOND

Saw what?

RABBI

Some schmuck had written on my car, in black permanent marker, "Learn to park, dumbass."

*(RAYMOND shoots daggers at MAGGIE.)*

RABBI

My car, was it off by that much? It was tight, but was it not manageable? So why would someone ruin a perfectly good paint job? I mean, don't we know that we're all crammed on this earth in tight parking places? And then, in the middle of all the rioting and looting, our waitress with the pink hair ran up and asked for a hug. As she wept in my arms, I wanted to tell her that life has a purpose, that everything will be okay... *(Beat)* But my eyes kept drifting back to my car! The words, "Learn to park" took up most of my door. While the hood was consumed by, "dumb-ass." And then I did a terrible thing, I told that young lady with the pink punk hair... I told her... Life has no purpose. We are just a flawed species, an evolutionary mistake... A dud. For after all these millennia we still don't know how to live, how to be happy, or how to love. *(Beat)* She pulled away and bitterly said, "thanks for nothin'" and ran into the street, towards the Burger King... But before she got there... She was hit by a bus.

MAGGIE

Oh my god!

RAYMOND

Holy crap!

MAGGIE

Is she all right?

RABBI

It wasn't moving that fast. She was more like bumped by a bus.

MAGGIE

Oh thank god.

RABBI

But it was still enough to kill her.

*(MAGGIE and RAYMOND are devastated.  
They kneel beside the Rabbi.)*

MAGGIE  
*(Distraught)*

Rabbi, will you take my confession?

RABBI

What's this?

RAYMOND

I'd like to confess too.

*(RAYMOND kneels too.)*

RABBI

That's not how it works with us, but since the world is ending I'm willing to give it a spin.

MAGGIE

Dear Rabbi, please forgive me but I'm the one who wrote dumb//

*(RABBI sees the dead puppet.)*

RABBI

Wait! Is that a ventriloquist's dummy?

RAYMOND

What?

RABBI

There.

MAGGIE

Yes, that is//

RAYMOND

Was//

MAGGIE

Karl the magnificent.

RABBI

*(Delighted)*

Is this Karl Heimlich's birthday party?

MAGGIE

I guess, I never knew his last name.

RABBI

He works for ExxonMobil?

MAGGIE

Yes.

RABBI

And plays the accordion?

RAYMOND

You know him?

RABBI

We were at comic-con last year.

MAGGIE

You're kidding?

RABBI

He was Superman, I was Menorah Man.

MAGGIE

*(Amazed)*

You actually know him.

RABBI

I got an invitation to his birthday party but was too busy.  
Where he be?

RAYMOND

Well, ah, you see... Karl's not here. He's kinda//

*(The RABBI searches his pockets for the invitation.)*

RABBI

Where's that invitation? Ah! Here it is. He told me there was something special inside, but I haven't had time to look.

*(He opens the invitation.)*

RABBI

*(Reading)*

"Dear Rabbi." That's me. "I'd be delighted if you'd attend my birthday party. If you cannot attend please find the enclosed envelope."

*(RABBI finds the small envelope inside.)*

RABBI

Oh, yes, here it is. It says, *(Reading the outside)* "Inside you will find the combination to my deep sleep cocoon pod. When the time comes you'll know what to do."

RAYMOND

Let me see that!

*(RAYMOND grabs the envelope and opens it. Inside is a small card.)*

RAYMOND

It's the combination!

*(RAYMOND and MAGGIE celebrate.)*

MAGGIE

We're saved!

RABBI

Deep sleep what?

MAGGIE

Karl built a deep sleep cocoon pod under his house, where we'll be spared from the volcano and in three hundred years we'll go forth and procreate! And then meet his friends in Cincinnati!

RABBI

Why Cincinnati?

MAGGIE

Why not Cincinnati?

RAYMOND

Rabbi, this letter means you're one of the chosen people.

RABBI

This I already know.

RAYMOND

Do you know what this calls for?

MAGGIE

*(Thrilled)*

Disco!

RAYMOND

Yes!

*(RAYMOND hits a button on the disc jockey setup and the Village People's "Macho Man" plays.)*

RAYMOND

*(Detonating)*

Disco Wackamo Robot!

*(The music explodes and MAGGIE AND RAYMOND do Karl's disco wackamo robot dance - whatever the hell that is - with reckless abandon.)*

RABBI

Stop! Wait! Stop!

*(The RABBI stops the music.)*

RABBI (CONT'D)

You're telling me that Karl constructed, with his very own hands, a cocoon pod under his house, where the four of us will sleep for three hundred years and then wake up and repopulate the earth?

MAGGIE

Yes!

RABBI

*(Proud)*

That's my Karl.

MAGGIE

Only one problem. *(To Raymond)* Tell him.

RAYMOND

Ah... Karl is... dead. So it'll just be the three of us.

RABBI

Dead?

MAGGIE

I'm so sorry.

RABBI

*(Sincerely)*

This breaks my heart. Bless his nerdy little soul.

RAYMOND & MAGGIE

Yes, bless his nerdy little soul.

*(The RABBI mutters a short silent Jewish prayer.)*

*(RAYMOND AND MAGGIE try to follow along but can't so they fake it.)*

RABBI

But! If we're going to repopulate the earth, Karl not being with us is probably, if we're honest, better for our sanity.

RAYMOND

My thoughts exactly.

MAGGIE

Me too.

RAYMOND

To the deep sleep cocoon pod!

RABBI

Wait, problem!

RAYMOND

No there isn't.

RABBI

This is a substantial responsibility. We need to think about it. I mean, how are we going to change things? How are we going to make a world that's not populated by schmucks?

**(MORE)**

## RABBI (CONT'D)

A world where goodness and kindness and love guide us. Are we up to it?

RAYMOND

*(Proud)*

I took ExxonMobil's four hour hostile workplace training seminar today - I'm ready.

*(MAGGIE walks over to her purse and takes out a huge permanent black marker and throws it away.)*

MAGGIE

Me too.

RAYMOND

To the deep sleep cocoon pod!

RABBI

Wait! Problem.

RAYMOND

What now?!

RABBI

We have two men but only one woman.

RAYMOND

What's wrong with that? Sounds kinda kinky.

RABBI

That puts a lot of responsibility on her. Am I right?

MAGGIE

You're right, Rabbi, if I'm going to repopulate the world I could use a little help.

RAYMOND

So, what're you saying? We need another woman?

RABBI

Yes. Before we enter the deep sleep cocoon pod we need to find, in the middle of a world wide riot, a woman with high moral standards, who can endure three hundred years of solitude, and then have sex with strangers!

(The door opens and *SISTER ALICE* -  
in a full nun's habit with hiking  
boots and carrying an accordion -  
runs in.)

(NOTE: *SISTER ALICE* is played by  
the same actress who played the  
waitresses.)

MAGGIE

Let me guess, Sister Alice!

SISTER ALICE  
(Horny)

Have any of you seen Karl?

*(Suddenly a voice in the darkness.)*

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

Maggie and Raymond!

*(They step into a pool of light.)*

BOSS (VOICE ONLY)

Congratulations, you have passed ExxonMobil's hostile workplace test. There's only one more thing you must do before you will be allowed to enter the Deep Sleep Cocoon Pod. You must now pass the Diversity and Sensitivity test. Good luck.

*(MAGGIE and RAYMOND scream!)*

*(BLACKOUT, loud rock and roll.)*

**THE END**