

## RESISTANCE

*The same motel room, a moment later. Beth is seated on the end of a bed, Stanley in his chair. Owen, Gerry and Jennie stand in various parts of the room, looking at her.*

*(Beat.)*

Beth:           What are you going to do to him?

Gerry:           Kill him.

Jennie:          Nothing.

Owen:           We haven't decided yet.

*(Beat.)*

Beth:           How much do you want?

Gerry:           A million smackers. Each.

Jennie:          *(Losing her patience.)* We don't want any money. And if we did, that's not enough.

Gerry:           Isn't it?

Owen:           We don't know. But we're gonna want something.

Jennie:          No we're not. We're getting him out of here, and her, and if we're lucky we won't be charged with kidnaping.

Gerry:          *(Laughing.)* As if we kidnaped him. He walked in here of his own free will.

Beth:           What are you talking about?

Gerry:           Tryin' to free willy, eh Stan?

Stanley:         I was lured here under false pretenses, then bound and gagged.

Jennie:          What?

Owen:          *(To Jennie.)* I thought the cuffs were for guys into bondage.

Jennie:          They are.

Beth: Into what?

Stanley: They are trying to present themselves as innocent. To escape prosecution.

Gerry: I'm not going to court. I'll die in a blaze of gunfire before I do time.

Jennie: A blaze of homegrown maybe.

Gerry: That'd be good.

Beth: What is going on here? What are your demands?

Jennie: We don't have any.

Gerry: Do you have anything to eat?

Owen: Jesus. We haven't had time to formulate our platform yet.

Jennie: Platform?

Owen: This all happened kinda fast.

Gerry: Spontaneously.

Owen: Exactly. And we haven't had time to organize our thoughts, and outline our demands to the press.

Stanley: The press? No one said anything about the press.

Beth: Mr. Sullivan would like to keep the press uninvolved, for obvious reasons.

Jennie: He should have thought about that before he approached me on the street.

Stanley: I was asking directions.

Gerry: Ya right.

Stanley: *(to Beth.)* I decided to walk back from this morning's meeting, and got disoriented - in this part of the city. I asked this young lady for help, and she said she had a map of the area in her room.

Jennie: She's not going to believe that.

Beth: *(She stands.)* Of course I believe it. Mr. Sullivan has no reason to speak anything but the truth.

*(Beat.)*

Jennie: Maybe...

Gerry: Maybe not.

Owen: Corporate Con-man?

Beth: Mr. Sullivan is a respected member of the international business community. He has been cited by both the World Monetary Fund and the World Health Organization. He is a model of familial, ethical, and fiscal responsibility.

Gerry: You're kinda hot.

Beth: *(Ignoring him.)* If you would take some time to organize your demands, perhaps we could get this - taken care of, and get on with our day.

Gerry: Very.

Owen: We would like to get on with our day too. Which unfortunately was interrupted by a battalion of policeman on horseback.

Gerry: With clubs.

Beth: Oh. This is beginning to make a bit more sense.

Jennie: *(to Stanley)* I can't believe you would lie to her.

Owen: Maybe he has reason to.

Stanley: I haven't lied to anyone.

Gerry: Oh - maybe you "mis-spoke"?

Beth: What group are you a part of?

Gerry: Group?

Beth: You're not Communists, are you?

Jennie: We might be.

Owen: We don't belong to any group. We move how and when we want.

Gerry: Ya, we swing a bat some days, and hang with the birds on others.

Beth: You should know that unless Mr. Sullivan and I leave this room - alone - in oh - two minutes - about sixty heavily-armed police will be forcing their way in, and escorting us out.

Jennie: What?

Gerry: Shit!

Owen: Don't panic.

Beth: I took the liberty of giving this room number to the local precinct, just before I knocked on the door.

Gerry: We gotta get outta here man.

Jennie: That's what all those cops were doing!

Stanley: If you'll undo these handcuffs, I'm sure Beth and I would be quite willing to make our goodbyes brief, and assure the police that no harm was intended.

*(Beat. Owen studies Beth and Stanley.)*

Jennie: Owen! Come on. Get them out of here.

Gerry: I'm going out the bathroom window!

Owen: Just a minute! What if she's bullshitting? What if she didn't tell anyone? They don't want any press, remember?

*(Beat.)*

Gerry: I think she's telling the truth.

Stanley: I can assure you she is.