

PERUSAL SCRIPT



**A Comedy-Thriller
by
Brent Hanson**



Newport, Maine

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TIMESHARE

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Characters (7M 5W + 1 dog)

THE INTRUDER: Late twenties, sinister. Fit--he carries many of the other characters at some point in the play. He is allergic to dust, dogs, etc.

THE BODY: A small-framed man, the victim of a murder-for-gain plot. Could be a woman instead, at the director's discretion.

CLAYTON ADLER: High school age. Loves skiing. Inventive, energetic.

DAVE SWENSON: Clayton's best friend. Less aggressive than Clayton. Inclined to worry.

HEIKKI VALONEN: (Pronounced "Hay-key," with the accent on the first syllable. Volonen rhymes with "Hollow ten.") Twenty-two, competition ski jumper. Athletic, blond, Finnish. Easy going, charming. Speaks fluent English. Accident prone.

"PAPPA" VALONEN: Heikki's grandfather and coach, in his fifties. Brusky. Pushes Heikki to win. Speaks English with an accent.

LOREN ADLER: Clayton's sister. College junior. Scholarly, serious, logical. A loyal friend. Blind to her own attractiveness.

MARNI OSTLER: Loren's roommate at college and good friend. Exuberant, fun-loving, impetuous.

BRAYDEN: WESLEY: Marni's infatuated boyfriend. Intense. Insecure about Marni's love. A theatre student inclined to jump to conclusions and to be over-dramatic.

MRS. CARMEN MONTOYA: The Adlers' housekeeper, in her fifties. Something of a misanthrope. Doesn't hear well. Speaks fluent English with a gently lyrical Hispanic quality. Ironically suspicious of foreigners. Her dog, Princess Otis, is her best friend.

OTIS: Mrs. Montoya's dog. A Chihuahua or other rodent-like breed.

MRS. ADLER: Clayton and Loren's mother and a lawyer. A poised, polished, professional woman.

BETTY: The intruder's boss.

TIME and PLACE

The action of the play takes place in February 2001, a time when computer data was stored on discs and all children were not born holding cell phones in their hands. The setting is the great room of a secluded and luxurious ski cabin; a time-share unit, part of a ski resort. It is isolated on the mountain side. The road from the main lodge to the cabin is often impassible during snow storms. Then, the unit is accessible only by the resort ski lift. The interior of the cabin is expensively furnished. Stage right is an alcove which contains two bedroom doors. Up right of center is an arch to a mud room through which we see the main entrance door to outside. Left of the arch is a double width closet with sliding doors. The closet is angled in a way that permits the audience to see that it is divided into two separate sections, one behind each door. Left of the closet is the staircase to the loft. The loft is furnished as a small sitting room. It has an open railing, is directly above the kitchen, and overlooks the great room. There is a hallway off the loft which leads to additional bedrooms. Downstairs, a long landing connects the stage right alcove, the entry and the closet. Two or three steps down from the landing is a sofa/conversation area arrangement. The coffee table is a large trunk. The kitchen is upstage left of center, and a bar divides the kitchen from the rest of the great room. Behind the bar, the kitchen is fully visible. The entrance to the kitchen is right of the bar. Left of the kitchen are sliding doors which lead to a deck, where the sauna and hot tub are located. Down left of the sliding doors is a huge stone chimney, with a wood-burning stove inset in the fireplace box. A dining table and chairs occupy the stage left side of the great room. We are always aware of the snow and of the fact that people ski to this cabin. When characters enter, we hear them remove their skis outside. They often remove their boots in the mud room. The front door is always locked, so when people enter they must use a key.

TIMESHARE A Comedy Thriller by Brent Hanson. (7M 5W + 1dog) 1 interior. (*For production by College/ University, Community, and High School groups*) The action of the play takes place in February 2001, a time when computer data was stored on discs and all children were not born holding cell phones in their hands. The setting is the great room of a secluded and luxurious ski cabin; a time-share unit, part of a ski resort. There is a dead body, an intruder and eight people stranded in a snowstorm. The story twists and turns as a blizzard hits, romance blooms, with more and more laughs aplenty as this murder-mystery takes you on a joyous ride seeking to solve the mystery before the characters do. **Order # 3100**

Brent Hanson --

Brent Hanson has worked extensively in professional, academic, and community theatre. In addition to writing for the stage, he has directed and designed numerous productions. Of his experiences in theatre, Brent says, "The power to delight an audience with laughter or with tears is what makes theatre magical. We need more moments of genuine delight in our world."

ACT I

It is a snowy February afternoon. Grey winter light comes through the windows of the great room of an unoccupied, upscale ski resort time-share condominium. We hear the sounds of a struggle outside the front door: exclamations, blows and grunts, ended by the sound of two gunshots. Keys rattle in the door, the door opens, and THE INTRUDER, dressed in ski clothes and ski mask enters. He is dragging a dead body. The corpse is that of a man, limp and freshly dead. There is a lot of blood on his chest. THE INTRUDER drags the body into the room. He pulls out a gun and moves furtively into the room, checking it for any signs of occupants. He closes the blinds on the windows and sliding door, then kneels by the body. He quickly searches the dead man's clothing. He finds what he is looking for—a computer disc. THE INTRUDER takes the disc to the sofa, removes his backpack, and sits down. He examines the disc carefully. He starts to sneeze, sets the disc on the coffee table/trunk, takes off his mask and completes the sneeze. He definitely looks sinister. He wipes his nose with a bandana handkerchief. He puts the mask in his pocket, then checks his gun and replaces its spent cartridges. He puts the gun in his bag and sets the bag in front of the trunk. He takes a cell phone from his pocket and dials.)

THE INTRUDER: *(Into the phone.)* I have the disc...

(Looking at the disc, then carrying it on the dining table.)

Yes ma'am, it's the right one...

(Looking at the body.)

He won't talk... Don't worry, I don't leave evidence. That's how I stay in business...

(Setting the disc on the table and looking around the condo.)

It's empty, like you said. When will you get here? ... Yeah, well make it fast. We agreed on ...

(The other party on the phone apparently interrupts him.)

No, I don't come to you. You come to me... The weather is your problem. You should have allowed ...

(Another interruption.)

I don't like being left here waiting... Look, Betty, I can always find another buyer for this... You do that... I'll sit tight, yeah. Hurry.

(THE INTRUDER puts his phone away. He crosses to the closet and opens the left door. THE INTRUDER drags the body into the closet and shoves the legs of the body into place so they will fit behind the door when it closes. The body won't be seen if the other closet door is opened. THE INTRUDER notices blood on the floor where the body had been, so grabs the rug from the mud room, wipes up the blood and puts the rug in closet, pretty much covering up the body with it. We hear keys in the lock. In hasty panic, THE INTRUDER hides upstage of the kitchen bar, leaving his pack in front of the trunk and the computer disc on the table. CLAYTON ADLER and DAVE SWENSON enter. CLAYTON is a redhead; DAVE has contrasting coloring. CLAYTON has a backpack very similar to the intruder's.)

CLAYTON: *(Turns on light switch by front door.)* Well, here we are, Dave.

(Pointing to the room.)

What do you think?

(Crosses to sofa to remove boots. Sets backpack down. THE INTRUDER sneaks a quick peak from behind the bar.)

DAVE: It's great, dude, but ...

(Sits on bottom of stairs to remove boots.)

CLAYTON: *(Interrupting.)* No "buts." We got here without snags, just like I planned.

DAVE: I can't believe we're doing this. We're going to be in so much trouble if we get caught.

CLAYTON: Who says we're going to get caught?

DAVE: Get real, Clayton. I mean, what are our chances? We told too many lies to too many people. Somebody is bound to say the wrong thing sometime, and my mom will figure out that we can't both be sleeping over at each other's house. Just one phone call, and we're dead.

CLAYTON: Well, maybe, but I've got a telephone insurance plan.

DAVE: What do you mean?

(Joins Clayton at sofa.)

CLAYTON: You'll find out, if it works.

DAVE: My mom is going to ...

CLAYTON: *(Interrupting.)* I admit, your mom isn't easy to fool, but Mrs. Montoya is. She's a great housekeeper, but she's too deaf and too trusting for her own good.

DAVE: I think Mrs. Montoya is kind of sweet.

CLAYTON: Oh, she is, but she doesn't know where I am when I'm standing next to her in the kitchen. She's ninety-five percent mixed up about everything half the time.

DAVE: *(Counting on his fingers.)* So, that gives us a forty-seven and one half percent chance of getting caught? I don't like the odds.

CLAYTON: Whatever. You do the math.

DAVE: I don't like the odds.

CLAYTON: Relax!

(Crosses to dining table.)

Mrs. Montoya's usually too worried about her dog to pay attention to anything else.

DAVE: Even so ...

CLAYTON: *(Interrupting.)* Believe me, if your mom calls my house and asks any questions about us, she'll never get a straight answer from Mrs. Montoya.

DAVE: We can hope, I guess.

CLAYTON: *(Cross behind Dave, massage his shoulders.)* This is meant to be, Dave. I'd never dare try this if my mom and dad were home. I'm just lucky Mom decided to go to her convention, even though Dad's out of town. I've been the obedient son the whole time my dad's been gone. Two weeks is long enough to be good. It's past time for a reward. Trust me. What could go wrong?

DAVE: *(Stand, cross R.)* I don't know, Clayton, but something will. For one thing, I'm really nervous about those notes we wrote to get excused from school. That's hard evidence. I've never ditched school before.

CLAYTON: Me neither.

DAVE: *(Disbelieving)* What about last month ...

CLAYTON: *(Interrupting)* Well, almost never.

DAVE: And what about that time you ...

CLAYTON: *(Interrupting.)* Hey, I figure school will still be there next week, and the week after, and the week after that. Besides, My grades can't get any worse.

DAVE: That's true.

(Sit on sofa.)

I admit, I'm glad I didn't have to take that algebra test today. But I'll have to make it up eventually. Dude, I'm going to be in so much trouble.

CLAYTON: *(Sit on sofa.)* Well, all the more reason to live it up while we're here. We want to make sure that it'll be worth whatever happens.

DAVE: We'll probably be grounded until we're thirty.

CLAYTON: Come on, Dave, think positive.

(He moves around the room, playing host, checking things out and absent-mindedly tidying up. He sees the disc on the table and sets it by the phone on the bar, where he discovers a clothes hanger.)

DAVE: Okay, until we're twenty-five.

CLAYTON: Hey, you know me. I live to ski, and what's the point of having a time-share if nobody uses it? Look, we're safe for the moment. It's snowing like crazy, and the road from the lodge to here isn't even open. Anybody who wants to find us is going to have to get on the lift and ski here, just like we did.

(He takes the hanger to the closet where the body is and puts his hand on the door to open it.)

So, what's to stop us from having a great time?

(CLAYTON is interrupted by the ringing of a cell phone. He fishes it out of his pocket and answers with impeccable manners. During the phone conversation he stashes the hanger under the sofa.)

Hello... Oh, hello Mrs. Swenson. Dave, it's your mom! ... Yes, ma'am... Yes ma'am. We're at my place right now.

(CLAYTON gestures to the room and mouths to DAVE, "We are.")

Yes ma'am, we did. The bus was a little early today... Mrs. Montoya asked me to thank you for letting Dave stay with me while my mom's at her convention... Uh, no ma'am, Mrs. Montoya's not right by the phone, but Dave is. I'll put him on.

(DAVE does not want to talk to his mother. He moves away, but CLAYTON forces the phone into his hand.)

DAVE: *(Into the phone.)* Hi, Mom... Yeah... Uh uh... My retainer's in my bag. I won't forget... The algebra test?

(DAVE is in agony trying to avoid directly lying to his mother.)

It was less painful than usual... Yeah, I hope so... I will... I will... Really? You've had to work late a lot... . Yeah, this is definitely better for me than sitting home alone... I'll thank them... . Okay... Okay... Uh uh... I love you too. Bye.

(DAVE folds up the phone and hands it back to CLAYTON.)

CLAYTON: I thought that went well.

DAVE: Don't ever do that to me again. Don't ever do that to me again. And since when do you have a cell phone?

CLAYTON: It's my mom's. I gave your mom the number—that's my insurance plan. It worked!

DAVE: Won't your mom miss her phone?

CLAYTON: Eventually. Is your mom working late tonight? Again?

DAVE: Yeah. She won't give me another thought. I'm safe for tonight, at least

CLAYTON: Great! Let's get settled in. If we hurry, maybe we can get in a run or two before the lifts close. There are plenty of bedrooms, but I've always slept in the loft. Let me show you.

(CLAYTON and DAVE go upstairs and disappear down the bedroom hallway. As they exit, CLAYTON is heard given the guided tour of the condo. THE INTRUDER stands up behind the kitchen bar, where he has been hiding, and cautiously looks up the stairs. He hears CLAYTON coming into the loft, and he hides again. CLAYTON, comes downstairs and sits at the sofa. He takes sox, a sweater and a fast food sack of refuse from his backpack. He walks toward the kitchen and tosses the garbage over the counter into the kitchen trash. He returns to the sofa, zips up the pack and tosses it in front of the trunk, out of his sight and next to the pack left by THE INTRUDER. CLAYTON goes back upstairs, taking the shirt but leaving the sox on the sofa. THE INTRUDER grabs Clayton's backpack, thinking it is his own, and runs out the sliding door. CLAYTON and DAVE are heard from off stage as they return from the loft.)

Using the hot tub here is really cool. The steam on your hair freezes, but you're still boiling hot.

DAVE: *(Crossing with CLAYTON through the loft and heading down stairs.)* Don't you get kind of cold between the door and the hot tub? It is freezing out there.

CLAYTON: It's just a few steps. Going out is cold, but once you're heated up, you get out of the hot tub and stand around in the snow and not notice the cold at all. **DAVE**
(Doubtful.)

Really?

CLAYTON: You'll find out for yourself tonight.

(CLAYTON sits on the arm of the sofa to put on his sox. He notices that the sliding door is ajar.)

CLAYTON: Hey, was that door open before?

DAVE: I didn't notice. Maybe.

CLAYTON: That's strange. Close it, will you?

DAVE: Sure. *(He closes and locks the door.)* It's locked.

CLAYTON: Good.

(The boys hear sounds at the front door—skis being removed, two men talking and keys jangling. They freeze. What should they do? In panic, they gather up their stuff, including the intruder's pack. CLAYTON drags DAVE into the closet, turning off the lights as he goes. Dave tries to open the left door, but CLAYTON drags him into the right side of the closet as the front door opens. HEIKKI VALONEN and PAPPA enter. They set down their packs, take off their boots and undo their coats. HEIKKI speaks English with virtually no accent; his grandfather is less proficient.)

HEIKKI: *(Turning on the lights and looking around.)* Mukava, oikein mukava [Nice, really nice], isn't it, Pappa? I think this "time-share" arrangement will be perfect.

PAPPA: Yo [Yes], very private. No distractions like at the lodge.

HEIKKI: I'll take care of our skis.

(He continues talking as he goes to the front door and steps out to bang the snow off the skis.)

I'm hungry. Where should we eat dinner? There was that Mexican place that looked good.

PAPPA: *(Revolted by the thought.)* Mexican?

HEIKKI: *(Coming inside.)* That's strange—someone left skis outside. By the way, Grandpa, I don't mind a few

distractions.

PAPPA: It's good I'm here to take care of you, Heikki.

(They both look around. PAPPA opens the bedroom doors)

Here are the sleeping rooms. I'll use this one, sopiiko [all right]?

(He sets a bag in the DR bedroom.)

HEIKKI: *(In the loft.)* This is nice—as good as at home in Finland.

(He comes down, takes one of his bags into UR bedroom.)

I wonder where the sauna is. We should heat it for tonight.

PAPPA: *(Coming out of bedroom.)* The man at the lodge said it was outside.

HEIKKI: I'll look.

(HEIKKI goes out the front door. PAPPA inspects the fireplace, then, taking off his coat, he crosses to the closet and starts to open its right door. HEIKKI knocks loudly and calls from outside the sliding door.)

HEIKKI: Pappa! Pappa! Over here! Let me in!

(PAPPA follows the sound and lets HEIKKI in. CLAYTON pulls the closet door closed again.)

HEIKKI: The sauna is out here, on the deck.

(Coming in.)

It's perfect. I turned on the stove so it will be nice and hot later. There's a hot tub, too.

PAPPA: *(Disdainfully.)* Hot tub! People soup!

HEIKKI: *(Mischievously.)* True, Pappa, but with the right people, the soup could be very nice.

PAPPA: You are not supposed to think about girls in a hot tub, Heikki. This is why we paid extra to stay here instead of at the lodge.

HEIKKI: I know, Grandpa. I'm here to ski. But let me tell you, celibacy isn't all it's cracked up to be.

PAPPA: Celibacy? What is this “celibacy?”

HEIKKI: Nothing. That's what it is—nothing. Anyway, the sauna is nice. There's even plenty of snow to roll in when we need to cool down. It'll be just like home.

PAPPA: You are not here to be sick for home.

HEIKKI: I know, I know.

PAPPA: You are here to win, Heikki. A winner must have total ... uh...

(Searching for the word.)

HEIKKI: Concentration. I think you mentioned this before, once or twice.

PAPPA: You think this is play?

HEIKKI: No, but how about some time off for good behavior? I did place in three events last week.

PAPPA: This is true, but don't let it make you too, too ylpeitä [proud].

HEIKKI: Vain. I won't. Let's unpack. Then I'd like to go look around, maybe ski down to the lodge, find a candy bar and a couple of beers.

PAPPA: This is not food for a skier in training, Heikki.

HEIKKI: Hey, that was a joke, okay? We need something to eat, and I wouldn't mind getting at least one of the bags we left in the car.

PAPPA: Good idea.

HEIKKI: We can bring up the rest of the gear tomorrow morning.

PAPPA: Let's go look at the jump before it is too dark. Then we can go down to the lodge to find the event office and sign you in. I have planned a full day workout for tomorrow. I want you in top form for this meet.

HEIKKI: *(Smiling.)* You are merciless.

PAPPA: There are many ski jumpers as good as you. If you want to win, you must work. When I was in the Olympics ...

HEIKKI: *(Interrupting, with resignation.)* I know Pappa. I always do what you say. Let's put our things away, then we can ski down and look at the jump.

(They go into the bedrooms and continue talking through the open doors while they stow gear and get dressed to go out again.)

PAPPA: How does your knee feel today, Heikki?

HEIKKI: Good. A couple of days off skis was all I needed.

PAPPA: I hope you are right. You should have gone to the doctor.

HEIKKI: It was nothing. Are you ready to go?

PAPPA: Yo. You have the key?

HEIKKI: Niin [Yes].

(He shows the key and turns out lights.)

Let's go.

(They exit. We hear HEIKKI and PAPPA putting on their skis. CLAYTON and DAVE carefully stick their heads out of the closet. CLAYTON goes into the mud room to look out the window.)

CLAYTON: The coast is clear.

(Dave moves out of the closet.)

DAVE: Who were those guys?

CLAYTON: I don't know, but they shouldn't be here. This is my family's week for the time-share.

DAVE: But they are here. And it sounded like they plan to stay. What are we going to do?

CLAYTON: *(Gets backpack out of closet.)* Whatever we do, we're not going to give up our vacation. Not after all we've done to get here. Let me think.

(DAVE crosses left and then into the kitchen to give CLAYTON thinking space. CLAYTON carries the intruder's backpack to the sofa. He opens the pack to put his sweater away, but when he unzips the pouch, he finds the gun. He is puzzled and very anxious.)

CLAYTON: *(Quiet panic.)* Dave!

(Louder.)

Dave!

(No response—now he shouts.)

Dave!

DAVE: What?

CLAYTON: *(He shows DAVE the gun.)* This is not my bag.

DAVE: Where did you... put that thing away.

CLAYTON: Where?

(There are sounds at the sliding door. The boys look at each other in panic. Clayton grabs his sweater and shoves the gun under the sofa. Both boys dive back to the closet. DAVE partly opens the left door, where the body is hidden, but CLAYTON pulls him into the other side. They close the closet

door just in time to avoid being seen by THE INTRUDER, who enters after jimmying the locked deck door. THE INTRUDER angrily throws Clayton's pack, and it hits the closet door where the boys are hiding. THE INTRUDER is relieved to see his own bag, but when he checks the pocket, his gun is missing. He sets his bag on the dining table and then notices that the disc from the dead man's pouch has disappeared from the table. He desperately searches the immediate area, and in frustration hits the arm of the sofa. The dust makes him sneeze. He uses his bandana handkerchief to wipe his nose underneath his ski mask. His cell phone rings, and he slides up the mask to answer it.)

THE INTRUDER: What? ... Don't tell me your problems, Betty. There are people here... Skiers, I guess. You told me the place would be empty... Yeah, well I've got a house full of people and a dead body on my hands... Listen, lady, you said to do whatever it takes. What did you think? That he'd willingly hand me computer codes worth a fortune? Don't get squeamish on me now. It's a little late for that. By the way...

(There is the sound of a hanger clanging in the closet where the boys are hiding. On full alert, THE INTRUDER ends his phone conversation.)

Gotta go. Don't call me again. Just get here.

(The INTRUDER steps toward the closet, but there are sounds at the front door. THE INTRUDER grabs his pack and dashes out through the sliding door. When CLAYTON hears the sliding door close, he steps out of the closet, only to hear the sound of the front door opening. He grabs his pack, pulls back quickly and closes the closet door. LOREN and MARNI enter, using their key. They take off their boots, set down their packs, etc. MARNI removes the headset of her CD player as she enters.)

LOREN: *(Turning on the light.)* Finally, Marni! We're here!

MARNI: *(Looking around room)* Oh, Loren, this is gorgeous.

LOREN: It is, isn't it? What a trip!

MARNI: Yeah. I didn't think we'd ever get here. Especially with the snow.

LOREN: It also didn't help anything that the road from the lodge to here was closed.

MARNI: Well, we're here, now, and it was fun to ski to the door instead of drive. At least the ski lift is still running. You are so lucky, Loren. Just look at this. Wow!

(She runs up the stairs, looks at the loft, then comes back onto the stairway.)

If my family had a place like this, we'd never miss our turn to use it. I can't believe this would be empty all week if we hadn't come. What a waste!

LOREN: The whole family usually spends the week. Even Mrs. Montoya comes along.

MARNI: Mrs. Montoya?

(Remembering.)

Oh, your housekeeper.

LOREN: Yeah. She doesn't ski, but you should see her on snowshoes. This time, with Dad out of town on business, Mom's convention, and Clayton's grades, it just didn't work out. Anyway, with or without the family, I like being here. It's a great place to study. Secluded and quiet. We can probably spend the whole week here without seeing another person.

MARNI: Well, every place is bound to have its disadvantages. I'm sure there's some social life down at the lodge.

LOREN: Social life? Marni, we came here so you could forget men!

MARNI: One man, not all men,

LOREN: Marni ...

MARNI: Oh, Loren, I miss him already. I think that the only way to really forget him is to find a replacement.

LOREN: Well, I can't spend the whole week at the lodge playing ski bunny. I've got a paper to write. And I thought you were going to catch up on all the homework you've missed since you and Brayden ...

MARNI: *(interrupting.)* Please, you promised not to mention his ...

LOREN: *(interrupting)* Oops. I meant since you and "what's-his-name ..."

MARNI: What's-his-problem.

LOREN: Good question.

MARNI: He's just so intense all the time. Maybe it's all those acting classes he's taking.

LOREN: We're talking about him. Let's not.

MARNI: You're right. The goal is to get over him. I think the best cure is to have some fun while we're here.

LOREN: I don't have time for fun. I'll study down here.

(She sets her bag on the dining table and unpacks a couple of books and a laptop. She spreads out her study materials on the table.)

You can have the table in the loft.

MARNI: When did you put those books in your backpack? I left my school stuff in the car.

LOREN: You probably would have left it at the dorm if I hadn't been there to help you.

MARNI: *(She puts her CD player on the table.)* Oh, thanks for the help. What you need, Loren, is some sexy skier to knock you off your feet.

LOREN: Oh sure. I can just see him. Tall, lean, blond, and illiterate. No thanks. That's not what I want in a guy.

MARNI: What do you want?

(LOREN turns away.)

No, tell me. What kind of guy would rock your sox? I'm serious.

LOREN: Seriously, I don't want a rocky world. Watching you and what's-his-bucket has taught me that much.

MARNI: I'm obviously not as wise as you. I really am curious. What kind of guy would it take to get you interested? Enlighten me.

LOREN: *(Articulating these ideas for the first time.)* I guess I want somebody who'll genuinely respect me. As a friend. Who'll tell me how he feels, and listen to what I think.

MARNI: Somebody who'll listen and tell you how they feel? Are you talking about a boyfriend or a girlfriend?

LOREN: I just want a guy who is... well, uncomplicated. Who'll really stand by the people he loves. Somebody solid.

MARNI: Solid, as in boring, you mean?

LOREN: No, solid, like what my mom and dad have. I've never heard Mom complain.

MARNI: I've never heard my mom not complain. You'd think after three husbands, she'd get it right, or give up.

(A slight pause.)

You're really holding out for somebody "just like dear old dad?"

LOREN: *(Lightening the mood.)* Something like that. I'm definitely holding out. There's an idea! You should consider it. It's all a matter of mind over hormones.

MARNI: Touché! At least I'm not afraid of falling in love.

LOREN: Fall? You make it sound like slipping on a banana peel. I plan to choose my way into love, not fall.

MARNI: You're being so ...

LOREN: *(Interrupting.)* Why don't we get organized?

(Crossing R to bedroom doors.)

We'll use the downstairs bedrooms. You take that one,

(She points to UR bedroom)

and I'll take this one.

(She turns to DR bedroom.)

MARNI: Great!

(They take their things into the bedrooms. CLAYTON and DAVE crack the sliding door and peak out of the closet.)

DAVE: What's your sister doing here?

CLAYTON: I have no idea.

DAVE: I thought nobody from your family could come this week.

CLAYTON: Me too.

DAVE: We can't stay in the closet forever. Let's tell Loren we're here.

CLAYTON: So she can tell my mom? And yours? Do you want to be back in Algebra tomorrow?

DAVE: But if we ...

CLAYTON: *(Interrupting.)* No! This is getting weirder and weirder. It's that gun that's creeping me out. Somebody else is here.

DAVE: You mean besides us, the skier guys and your sister and her friend? How many bedrooms does this place have?

CLAYTON: Not that many.

DAVE: I don't like this.

CLAYTON: Me neither. But let's hold on just a little longer and see if we can figure out what's going on. Let's ...

(Marni sticks her head out of her bedroom door, interrupting CLAYTON. CLAYTON and DAVE hide again in the closet.)

MARNI: Someone left a bag in my room.

LOREN: *(Steps out with bag)* Mine too. The previous tenants sometimes leave things, but this is ridiculous. I'll have to call housekeeping and tell them. We can just set the bags here for now.

(She collects bags and puts them in front of the right closet door, where the boys are hiding.)

Is everything else all right?

MARNI: You bet. Let's party!

LOREN: Let's not!

(She crosses back to dining table and sits down.)

MARNI: You're getting tense, Loren. It's not healthy.

LOREN: Me? Tense?

MARNI: As usual. Loosen up a little! Never study today what you can put off until tomorrow. After all, the longer you procrastinate your reading, the fresher the material will be in your mind on test day.

LOREN: *(Disapproving.)* Marni!

MARNI: Here's a quiz. What's the funnest thing you can think of to do? It can't be writing your term paper.

LOREN: "Funnest?" Do you mean most fun?

MARNI: I mean, what crazy, counter-productive, exciting thing would you really like to do right now?

LOREN: Okay. Do right now?

(Seriously thinking.)

Unpack.

MARNI: *(Marni shakes her head in despair.)* That's fun? Come on, relax!

LOREN: I could unpack slowly.

MARNI: You really are hopeless. Can't you be more creative? I dare you! Think fantasy.

LOREN: All right, since you insist. Okay, fantasy time. I'd want it to be perfectly quiet. I'd lie in bed with a box of chocolates and read something totally brainless. John Grisham, maybe. How's that?

MARNI: You want to take a break from homework by reading? Well, it's not my fantasy, but at least you're trying.

LOREN: I'd probably fall asleep after a few pages—I haven't had a nap since forever. After I woke up, I'd go soak in the hot tub. Just sit there until ...

MARNI: *(Caught up in the moment.)* Until a hunky blond god rises out of the water, takes you in his arms and ...

LOREN: *(Laughing.)* Hey, whose fantasy is this? I was going to say until I turn into a limp prune.

(MARNI smiles mysteriously, turns and crosses into her room.)

LOREN: *(Calling after her.)* What are you doing, Marni?

MARNI: *(MARNI returns with her hands behind her back.)* Loren Adler, this is your lucky day.

(She presents a paperback novel.)

I happen to be a fan of John Grisham. And what did you mean by "brainless?"

(She presents a candy bar.)

This is only a Snickers, but it's the closest to a box of chocolates I can do on short notice. No studying today!

(She gathers Loren's school things from the table. When she turns, she discovers THE INTRUDER'S disc on the kitchen bar.)

MARNI: *(Holding up the disc.)* Is this yours?

LOREN: *(Looking at it.)* No, it's not mine. Must be more remains from the last tenants.

MARNI: Hmm, I wonder what it is.

(Her CD player is on the table, where she left it earlier. She puts the intruder's disc in the player and leaves the player on the table.)

I need something new to listen to. I'll try it out later.

(She talks as she takes LOREN'S things into her bedroom.)

I am now going to disappear. I'll ski down to the lodge, check out those cute shops, maybe find some take-out or groceries for dinner. You will have total silence and total privacy.

(LOREN starts to object.)

I won't take "no" for an answer. You saved my life by getting me away from what's-his-nose. Let me at least give you a couple of hours.

LOREN: *(Giving in.)* Okay, you win. Maybe I could stand to be totally, disgustingly lazy for a change.

MARNI: That's the spirit! I knew I'd be a good influence on you if I kept at it. I mean, what are friends for? I'll get my skis on, and then the rest of the afternoon is yours.

(She gets coat from bedroom.)

Promise not to do anything constructive?

LOREN: I promise.

MARNI: Think in terms of total decadence!

(She takes books from LOREN and crosses toward front door.)

LOREN: Don't press your luck.

MARNI: Enjoy. I'll see you later.

(She tosses the books into the bedroom and exits. LOREN watches MARNI leave, then absent-mindedly puts down the novel and candy bar. Then, she decides to retrieve a thick looking text book from Marni's room. She brings the book to the counter and sits down at the table, ready to work. She picks up the CD player and attempts to listen to the disc that Marni put in it earlier. The disc doesn't play; it is a data disc, not a music disc. LOREN removes the disc and examines it.)

LOREN: Oh well. So much for pirated music.

(She tosses the disc into the kitchen trash can and picks up the novel.)

MARNI: Why not?

(She stashes the text in a kitchen cabinet and takes the novel to the DR bedroom, leaving the candy bar. When her door closes, CLAYTON and DAVE come out of the closet and trip over the bags that LOREN left.)

DAVE: *(As he trips.)* Whoa!

CLAYTON: *(In a hushed voice.)* Quiet! We need to find out who else is here and why they had a gun. Let's search the whole condo.

DAVE: What about Loren?

CLAYTON: That's why we're whispering. Do you want to take the upstairs?

DAVE: I think maybe we should stay together, don't you?

CLAYTON: Afraid of things that go bump in the afternoon?

DAVE: Not exactly, but ...

CLAYTON: *(Interrupting.)* You're probably right. Who knows what we'll find. So, let's check down here first.

(CLAYTON starts to cross to the UR bedroom. DAVE opens the left closet door, kicks at the rug, moves it and discovers the bloody body. He immediately shuts the closet door and collapses on the floor.)

DAVE: Oh no, oh no. Oh, no. I knew I should have stayed in Algebra.

CLAYTON: *(Crossing quickly to DAVE to hush him.)* Quiet! Loren will hear us.

DAVE: *(Now sitting on the floor and hyperventilating. But, he does whisper.)* I don't care. I don't care I don't care I don't care.

(He points to the closet.)

CLAYTON: What? *(He opens the closet door, revealing the body.)* Oh, man. Do you think he's dead? We should do first aid.

(CLAYTON is determined to use his boy scout training. He drags the body out of the closet. It has stiffened into the sitting position the intruder left it in. CLAYTON can't get the body to lie flat on the

floor. When he pushes the head and torso down, the legs pop up, and when he pushes the legs down, the head and torso pop up. DAVE, still on the floor, watches with increasing hysteria. Still whispering.)

I think we're too late for first aid.

(THE INTRUDER appears in loft and sees what is happening. He exits again immediately into the hallway off the loft. CLAYTON abandons his first aid efforts, but when he does, the body tips over sideways on top of DAVE, who ends up in a macabre dance on the floor with the dead-weight body on top of him.)

DAVE: Ooh, yuck, yuck, yuck. Get him off me. Get him off me.

(His words deteriorate into panicked but nearly silent screams. THE INTRUDER enters through the front door. He grabs CLAYTON, stuffs his bandana handkerchief into CLAYTON's mouth to gag him and takes CLAYTON to the left side of the closet, where he ties his hands to the closet pole by quickly wrapping a flexible wire clothes hanger around CLAYTON'S wrist. CLAYTON struggles.)

THE INTRUDER: *(Showing CLAYTON a large, dangerous looking knife.)* Quiet!

(CLAYTON freezes. DAVE is still twitching underneath the body. THE INTRUDER pulls the body off DAVE, stuffs the stocking cap from the dead man's head into DAVE'S mouth and then takes DAVE to the closet and ties him to the closet pole. He presses the blade of his knife against CLAYTON'S throat.)

All right, kid, tell me where you put my stuff.

(We hear someone outside. The doorbell rings. THE INTRUDER puts the body back in the closet against the boys. The doorbell rings again.)

LOREN: *(From her room.)* I'm coming!

(THE INTRUDER hides in the closet with the boys, standing on top of the body and holding his knife against CLAYTON'S throat as a warning to remain silent. There is impatient knocking at the door. LOREN, in stocking feet, walks out of her bedroom as the closet door slides shut. The bell rings again.)

Relax. I'm coming.

(With the novel in her hand, LOREN opens the front door to BRAYDEN WESLEY. He has a large florist's box poking out of his backpack.)

LOREN: Brayden! What are you doing here?

BRAYDEN: *(Pushing in.)* Where is she? I've got to see her.

(Calling with melodramatic intensity.)

Marni! Marni! Marni?!

(To Loren.)

I can't let her leave like this, without a word, without a goodbye, without a last embrace, without ...

LOREN: *(Interrupting.)* A scene? I get the idea. Marni is not necessarily leaving you. She just needs some space. You two are sickening. Give her a break, Brayden. Go back to school. She'll see you next week.

BRAYDEN: *(Crosses to sofa and collapses, head in arms.)* She doesn't love me. I knew it was too good to last. My life is over. Oh! Oh! Oooooooh!

LOREN: Don't you need to be on campus? Aren't you ...

BRAYDEN: *(Interrupting.)* My heart is breaking! No, not breaking. It's being shredded, like so much lettuce at

Taco Time. Can't you hear it being sliced into strips?

(Opening his parka and twitching in agony.)

Oh, oh, oh. There must be blood. Can you see blood?

LOREN: *(Under her breath.)* Aren't you supposed to be in rehearsal for something?

BRAYDEN: How can I think about acting at a time like this?

LOREN: You're managing.

(Escorting him back to door.)

Can I be frank, Brayden? I think that maybe you come on a little too strong sometimes. Hey, you're all tense.

You need to relax. Why don't you go home, take a cold shower, and think about something else for a week?

BRAYDEN: *(Crossing back into the room. Is he playing a scene from A Streetcar Named Desire?)* Marni!

Marni! Where are you? Speak to me! Marni!

LOREN: *(Talking over his objections and backing him to the door.)* I'm really not going to let you bother her.

BRAYDEN: At least let me leave the flowers for her.

(Taking them out.)

LOREN: *(Firmly.)* No, Brayden.

BRAYDEN: I...

LOREN: You take them. Give them to your mother.

BRAYDEN: But ...

LOREN: Drop them off at a hospital.

BRAYDEN: You don't ...

LOREN: Leave them at a cemetery.

BRAYDEN: That's where I got them!

LOREN: *(Cutting him off.)* Everything will be all right, I promise, but you have to go now. Okay?

BRAYDEN: Well ...

LOREN: *(Pushing him out the door.)* You can deal with this, Brayden. Just think of it as a role you didn't get.

Be brave, drive carefully, and we'll see you next week.

(He starts to speak, but she cuts him off.)

Goodbye, Brayden.

(She closes the door and locks it, then looks through the blind to make sure BRAYDEN is leaving.)

LOREN: Isn't romance wonderful! This whole fantasy thing isn't working very well for me. Maybe some mood music would help.

(She crosses to the kitchen and picks up the CD player and one of MARNI'S discarded discs.)

Okay, Aerosmith.

(She puts on the headphones and pushes the play button. In the kitchen, she gets herself a glass of water. THE INTRUDER cracks the closet door to see what is happening. LOREN picks up her drink and heads back to her room. She stops to turn a page by the front door, and spills some water on the tile floor in the process. She walks on, but her conscience gets the best of her, and she turns back and makes a token effort to mop the spill with her stocking feet—she really is trying to be lazy. She goes into her room and shuts the door. THE INTRUDER opens the closet and comes out. CLAYTON and DAVE struggle, but it is obvious they can't break free. THE INTRUDER shows them the knife, and they hold still. THE INTRUDER rearranges the corpse to better advantage, putting the head in

between CLAYTON and DAVE and tying the dead body to them with the vacuum cord. HEIKKI and PAPPA are heard approaching the door. THE INTRUDER joins the boys again in the closet, showing his knife to CLAYTON. He closes the closet door just in time to avoid being seen by the entering HEIKKI and PAPPA.)

HEIKKI: *(Taking coat off.)* The snow looks great. I can hardly wait to get on the slopes tomorrow.

PAPPA: *(Loosens coat.)* I'm worried about that approach to the jump.

HEIKKI: Yeah, I'll need to ...

(He steps in spilled water and slips. He lunges, falls to the floor, and cries out in pain.)

PAPPA: *(Catches Heikki.)* Heikki! What happened?

HEIKKI: The floor is wet. I slipped. Let me walk it off. I'll be all right, Pappa.

(He limps toward the sofa table, then walks around it, trying to loosen the pain.)

PAPPA: *(Picking up phone.)* I will find a doctor. Is it the same knee?

HEIKKI: No! Yes. It's nothing.

PAPPA: You can't risk ...

HEIKKI: *(Interrupting.)* Really, I'll be fine.

PAPPA: *(Reluctantly agreeing.)* Maybe. Let me look.

(HEIKKI sits, and PAPPA examines his knee.)

I don't want you to go out again tonight. Too bad we didn't go to the lodge and eat instead of going to look at the jump.

HEIKKI: We need to get something. I'm hungry.

PAPPA: I know. I'll get you settled, then go down to the lodge and get some food.

(He picks up HEIKKI'S coat from the floor and hangs it on LOREN'S doorknob.)

Keep your leg up and rest.

HEIKKI: *(Gently teasing.)* Thank you, mother.

(PAPPA ruffles his hair in return.)

I think I'll get in the hot tub.

(He carefully stretches his injured leg.)

It might help relax the muscles.

PAPPA: I'll be back as soon as I can. Is there anything special you want?

HEIKKI: How about a candy bar?

PAPPA: I don't think so. A strained muscle does not excuse you from training rules. Anything else?

HEIKKI: How about a Heidi?

PAPPA: *(Suspicious.)* Heidi? Who is...

HEIKKI: *(Interrupting.)* There's usually a Heidi, or a Mindy, or a Sunny hanging around the lodge. No offense to you, but some female company would be good therapy. I'm sure if you told her that I'm injured, and that I'm really nice...

PAPPA: You're not that injured. And I don't think you're that nice. What? You imagine some Heidi or Cindy or Bunny is waiting for the great honor of being "female company" for you?

HEIKKI: Sorry! I didn't mean it to sound like that. And it was Sunny, not Bunny.

PAPPA: Show some respect.

HEIKKI: When am I ever going to get a chance? I'd love to meet someone to respect. Maybe even somebody

to...

PAPPA: *(Interrupting.)* Heikki, let's not ...

HEIKKI: *(Interrupting.)* No, let's. You've been avoiding this conversation for a long time. As long as I'm on the ski circuit, I'm never going to have a chance for anything I want.

PAPPA: *(Warning.)* Älä [Don't]!

HEIKKI: Yeah. "Don't."

(There is a moment of silence.)

HEIKKI: Sorry. It's not that I don't appreciate everything you've done for me. And I don't just mean teaching me to ski.

PAPPA: *(Brusk, avoiding sentimentality.)* Somebody had to take you in.

HEIKKI: But I'm not seven now, I'm twenty-two.

PAPPA: Well, maybe you should have a little more freedom.

HEIKKI: No "maybe!" I want my life. My own life, my own choices. I'm tired of never being in charge.

PAPPA: You think being in charge is easy? I just want what's best for you. Trust me. Winning on the slopes and girlfriends don't mix. Now, take care of that leg.

(PAPPA exits, leaving the door slightly ajar.)

HEIKKI: *(To the door.)* Winning on the slopes doesn't mix with anything.

(He sits thoughtfully for a moment.)

I can't keep doing this.

(He moves his sore leg carefully to the floor. He peels off his shirt, then spots the candy bar that LOREN left. He is delighted with the find. He takes the candy and his shirt and limps toward the bedrooms. He takes his coat from LOREN'S doorknob, then limps into his/MARNI'S room. LOREN'S door opens, she enters, still listening to the Walkman. She moves to the beat of the music on the headphones. She has changed into a swimsuit, covered by a terry robe. She has the paperback. She stretches and crosses to get her candy bar. It isn't there. She searches around the dining table area, slightly puzzled, but not alarmed. She retraces her steps into the bedroom, thinking she might have dropped the candy. She looks around the room, puzzled, then gives up. When her door closes, HEIKKI limps out of his room, dressed in a towel and eating the candy. He exits through the sliding doors. BRAYDEN sneaks in through the front door, looking for MARNI. He tiptoes to the kitchen and hears the sound of HEIKKI'S door opening. BRAYDEN hides behind the bar. HEIKKI crosses to get the candy bar. Just as Heikki discovers that the candy bar is missing, BRAYDEN grabs him from behind in a clumsy head lock. BRAYDEN is smaller than HEIKKI, and he is amazed at his own daring. He speaks in an intense film noir undertone.)

BRAYDEN: Where is Marni? If you've, if you've done anything to her, I warn you, I can't be responsible for what I'll do. Well? What do you have to say for yourself?

(HEIKKI easily breaks BRAYDEN'S hold and reverses the situation, twisting BRAYDEN'S arm behind his back and slamming BRAYDEN down on the dining table.)

BRAYDEN: I warn you, I warn you ...

(Heikki shoves him away. The two stare at each other.)

HEIKKI: I think you have the wrong house.

BRAYDEN: *(He stands.)* Oh sure, play innocent.

(Referring to HEIKKI'S lack of clothes.)

I can imagine what you've been doing. What could Marni possibly see in a brute like you?

HEIKKI: *(Amazed at Brayden's apparent insanity.)* You have the wrong person. I don't know a Marni. I don't want to know a Marni. Get out. Now.

(HEIKKI advances toward BRAYDEN.)

BRAYDEN: Okay, I'll leave, but I'm not giving up. I've got things to offer her too, you know.

(He crosses to the door, then turns back.)

All I can say is, may the best man win.

(BRAYDEN exits with all the theatrical dignity he can muster. HEIKKI closes the door firmly and looks out the window while BRAYDEN puts on skis and leaves. HEIKKI shakes his head in wonder, then limps to the hot tub. When HEIKKI is gone, THE INTRUDER opens the closet. He is still holding the knife to CLAYTON'S throat. Both boys are terrified.)

THE INTRUDER: All right, tell. What did you do with the disc that was on that trunk? And where's my gun?

(He pulls the gag out of CLAYTON'S mouth with his free hand, and looks at CLAYTON expectantly.)

CLAYTON: Under the sofa. Please don't...

(THE INTRUDER cuts off CLAYTON'S plea by stuffing the gag back in CLAYTON'S mouth. He turns toward the sofa. There are sounds at LOREN'S door. THE INTRUDER ducks back into the closet with the boys, holds the knife against CLAYTON's throat again and closes the door. LOREN comes out of her room. She is in her swimsuit and carrying her robe. When she crosses in front of the closet, she stops to drape the robe over her shoulders. She returns the CD player to the table and goes to the sliding door, opens it and exits, closing the door behind her. There is a moment of silence, then she screams. LOREN rushes back in. For some reason, she has HEIKKI'S towel in her hand. HEIKKI is close behind her, and when she closes the sliding door, she catches his arm in the door.)

HEIKKI: *(Outside, in pain)* Voi jukra [Oh, crap]! Älä [Don't]! Älä!

LOREN: Don't! Go away!

(She repeats the words. She keeps pushing on the door, repeatedly smashing it against Heikki's arm. She finally opens the door far enough for HEIKKI to remove his arm, which he immediately does. LOREN slams the door closed and locks it. She collapses on the floor and gasps into the towel. We are aware of HEIKKI moaning and limping and dancing in pain outside of the door.)

HEIKKI: Tarvitsen tulla sisään! [I need to come in.] Kuka sinä olet? [Who are you?] Voi!

(HEIKKI sinks to the ground, apparently in agony. LOREN looks at the towel. Her fear turns to anger. She stands up and opens the door.)

LOREN: Did Marni put you up to this? Well, I'm not amused. And next time you get roped into a prank like this, wear a swimsuit. I could have you arrested for indecent exposure.

(She throws the towel out the door, then slams and locks the door again. She listens for activity outside, but there is only silence. She becomes concerned. She opens the door again, just a couple of inches.)

Are you okay?

(We hear stumbling sounds.)

I didn't really hurt you, did I? You must be freezing. Serves you right.

HEIKKI: *(He moans.)* Minun täytyy tulla sisään [I must come inside].

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- TIMESHARE by Brent Hanson

(LOREN opens door. HEIKKI has managed to stand up and wrap the towel around his waist, but he is holding his bruised arm. He is also shivering. LOREN is still cautious.)

LOREN: Look, I'm sorry, but you really scared me. I didn't realize at first that you were in cahoots with Marni.

(She sees that HEIKKI'S arm is bleeding.)

Oh dear. Sit down. I'll get something to clean up your arm.

(He collapses on a dining chair. She goes to the kitchen, dampens a paper towel, and returns. She kneels by him, holds his arm and blots the blood, not too gently. He grimaces in pain.)

Look, this is your own fault. Next time you go into the aquatic deity business, you'd better make sure you're insured. And dressed!

(She presses the towel onto the wound for emphasis.)

HEIKKI: Voi [Hey]!

LOREN: Hey, you do speak English, don't you?

HEIKKI: Yo. Yes. I speak English. I thought I was here alone, and besides, I couldn't find the bag with my swimsuit. It wasn't in my room where I thought I put it.

(He crosses to the sofa.)

LOREN: Your room?

HEIKKI: *(Adjusting the towel.)* And I prefer to think of it as decent exposure.

(He sits.)

LOREN: *(LOREN looks down at the towel, then quickly back up. She is embarrassed, but pushes on.)* Huh.

And your name?

HEIKKI: Heikki. Heikki Valonen.

LOREN: Heikki?

(HEIKKI nods.)

I'm Loren. So, you must have meet Marni at the lodge. How did she talk you into this?

HEIKKI: Marni?

(Remembering Brayden.)

Who is this Marni?

LOREN: You did this for her without knowing her name?

(She shakes her head, then holds up his arm.)

I doubt that amputation will be necessary.

(She drops the arm, making HEIKKI wince, and goes for a fresh towel. HEIKKI cradles his injured arm. LOREN continues to clean him up, wiping a smear of blood off of his chest. They make eye contact, and both realize the awkward intimacy of the moment. LOREN is flustered; HEIKKI smiles. He is interested in seeing where this encounter will go. LOREN pulls back, but HEIKKI gently takes her hand.)

LOREN: What language were you speaking before, out there on the deck, Heikki?

HEIKKI: Finnish. I'm from Finland.

LOREN: And what brings you to the United States?

HEIKKI: I'm a ski jumper. I'm here to compete.

LOREN: Ah. A professional skier. What are you smiling about?

HEIKKI: I like to watch you going forth and back to the kitchen, Loren.

LOREN: Back and forth.

HEIKKI: Back and forth. I always say that wrong. But don't you have to go forth before you can come back?

LOREN: Not necessarily. Well, maybe. Whatever.

HEIKKI: You don't like skiing? Or is it skiers?

LOREN: I'm sure my opinion doesn't matter.

HEIKKI: No, I'm interested in what you think.

LOREN: Clayton would like to meet you. Clayton's my little brother. He's crazy about skiing. Too bad he's not here. Are you any good?

HEIKKI: Yo, I win some.

LOREN: Are you here by yourself?

HEIKKI: My grandfather is with me. He's my coach and trainer.

LOREN: There's someone else here?

HEIKKI: He's at the lodge right now.

LOREN: So, you just travel around, skiing?

HEIKKI: More or less.

LOREN: Traveling must be interesting.

HEIKKI: Yo, but after a while you start to feel, uh ...

LOREN: Feel what?

HEIKKI: I don't know. Not lonely, exactly, but something like that. Disconnected. Does that make any sense?

LOREN: Yeah, it does. It makes sense.

HEIKKI: I can't believe I'm baring my soul to you.

LOREN: That too.

HEIKKI: Hey, don't blame me. I was in the hot tub first.

LOREN: Don't you go home in the off season?

HEIKKI: Not for very long. In summer, I ski in Argentina. I can't take much time off if I want to stay in top form.

LOREN: I didn't realize skiing is so demanding.

(There is a brief moment of silence.)

Uh, aren't you kind of cold?

HEIKKI: Not now.

(He presses her hand against his face.)

See? What about you? Are you warm?

LOREN: Yes. I mean, no. Let me get your clothes for you. Where did you hide them?

HEIKKI: What?

LOREN: Where are your clothes?

HEIKKI: In my bedroom.

LOREN: What?

(She doesn't believe him.)

HEIKKI: In the bedroom.

(He points to the room.)

LOREN: *(She goes to the bedroom, and comes out with his clothes, which she throws at him.)* I want some

answers. What are you doing here?

HEIKKI: You want some answers! What are you doing here?

LOREN: This is my family's condo. We have it the second week in February every year.

HEIKKI: There's a mistake. We've paid for this week. The receipt is--

(Losing steam as he remembers that his bag is gone.)

--in my bag.

LOREN: Ah! The missing bag. How convenient! Are the papers in English? Are you sure you understood them?

(After a pause.)

Look, I'm sorry. That wasn't nice. There has obviously been a mixup, but we aren't going to solve it by arguing. Marni actually didn't meet you at the lodge and con you into this?

HEIKKI: I have never met this Marni. I don't want to.

(HEIKKI stands and limps around the sofa, gathering his clothes. When he puts weight on his sore leg, he winces in pain.)

LOREN: What happened to your leg? You're not going to blame me for that too, are you?

HEIKKI: No, you only mangled my arm. I hurt my leg when I slipped in some water--right over there.

(He points to the spot where LOREN spilled the water.)

I can't blame you for that.

LOREN: *(To herself.)* I don't believe this. Well, since you are the gentleman, you can check into a room at the lodge for tonight. We'll find the resort manager in the morning, and get everything straightened out.

HEIKKI: Well, maybe. Do you think that's fair?

LOREN: Sounds good to me.

HEIKKI: I'll talk to my grandfather. He didn't want to stay at the lodge, but I'll try to make him understand.

LOREN: Oh, I'm sure you'll manage.

HEIKKI: Like you said, I'm the gentleman. I'll get dressed now, and go.

(Under his breath.)

Skiing down to the lodge shouldn't hurt too much.

(He pulls his briefs out of the bundle of clothes and makes a show of trying to put them on, balancing on one foot with the towel still around his waist, and using only his good arm. He plays to LOREN'S discomfort as she tries not to watch.)

LOREN: Oh, all right. There are more bedrooms upstairs. You can stay, but only tonight. I can't believe I'm falling for this.

HEIKKI: Thank you so much, for letting me stay in my own condominium. I will now get dressed, in my bedroom.

(He limps across room.)

LOREN: Please do. You get dressed, I'll get dressed, then we'll go to the lodge together to find Marni and your grandfather. Do you think you can ski if we go really slow?

HEIKKI: *(Insulted.)* Can I ski?

(They exit into their rooms. There is a moment of silence. THE INTRUDER slowly opens left closet door. As he moves away, CLAYTON and DAVE start to struggle. THE INTRUDER turns back to them and speaks with vicious emphasis.)

THE INTRUDER: You move, you die!

(The boys believe him. They freeze. THE INTRUDER closes the closet door and moves carefully to the sofa, looking over his shoulder to the bedroom doors. He starts to feel underneath the sofa, looking for the disc and the gun. All he finds is bloody paper towels. LOREN pushes her door open and calls from inside her room. THE INTRUDER hides, keeping the sofa between himself and LOREN and HEIKKI in the following scene.)

LOREN: *(Offstage.)* Heikki, how long have you been in the United States?

HEIKKI: *(Appears in his doorway, partly dressed.)* Just three weeks this time, but we come every year.
(He goes back in to continue dressing.)

LOREN: *(Offstage.)* Your English is very good.

HEIKKI: *(Offstage.)* So is yours.

LOREN: *(Offstage.)* I'm sorry I was rude.

HEIKKI: *(Offstage.)* Forget it. Are you about ready?

LOREN: *(Offstage.)* Almost. I'll be right out.

HEIKKI: I didn't understand that aquatic deity thing you were talking about before. What did you mean?

LOREN: Oh, that was nothing.

HEIKKI: Nothing?

LOREN: Marni was teasing me earlier today. That's why I was so sure she had sent you here. That's all.

(LOREN comes out of her room onto the landing, carrying her coat. HEIKKI enters. He limps beautifully. He helps her get into her coat and boots in the following dialog.)

HEIKKI: Teasing you? About ...?

(He knows she is holding back.)

LOREN: *(Giving in.)* Okay, she thought that a virile blond god rising out of the hot tub would be the ultimate thrill.

HEIKKI: Was it?

LOREN: What?

HEIKKI: A thrill?

LOREN: *(She looks him over, obviously remembering him in his undressed version, and teasing him.)* On a scale of one to ten, I'd say about ...

HEIKKI: *(Cutting her off.)* Never mind.

LOREN: *(She smiles, having won this round.)* Don't want to hear how you measure up?

HEIKKI: Okay, I deserved that. My grandfather was warning me about being vain. Shall we go?

LOREN: Sure.

(He offers her his arm, and they exit. THE INTRUDER resumes searching. He sees the CD player and checks inside of it for his disc. It isn't there; he slams the player down in frustration. He overturns one section of the sofa and sneezes. He turns over the next section of the sofa and sneezes. He turns over the third section of the sofa, and fails to find the gun. He focuses on the coffee table/trunk. He opens it and tosses out some extra bedding. The empty trunk gives him an idea. He unlatches the trunk, then goes to the closet, unties the body and drags it out. He closes the closet door, then drags the body to the trunk. He shoves the corpse into the trunk, tucks in the blankets and closes the lid, replacing the decorations on top of the trunk. CLAYTON and DAVE have started to

struggle again in the closet. THE INTRUDER pulls out his knife and crosses back to the closet, terrifying the boys. There are sounds of stamping and keys at the front door. THE INTRUDER steps back into the closet and closes the door. MRS. MONTOYA, the Adlers' housekeeper, enters, wearing snowshoes, a thick coat over a brightly colored house dress and bulky leggings. She looks around the room.)

MRS. MONTOYA: Finalmente! Qué delicioso!

(She is carrying her bag and a basket, which contains her dog, a Chihuahua. The basket has a cloth cover with a draw string closure, permitting her to keep the dog out of sight. When she sets her things by the closet, she tips over on the snowshoes and bangs into the closet doors. She awkwardly removes the snowshoes. We hear a fit of sneezing from the inside the closet.)

MRS. MONTOYA: *(Thinking the dog sneezed.)* Qué va! Oh, poor Otis, you have a cold? Let's keep you snug in your basket, then.

(She takes the basket into the room and notices that the sofa is overturned. Her habitual exclamation sums her permanent disgust with the untidy masses.)

Qué bárbaro!

(She takes off her coat, pulls an apron out of the pocket and puts it on. She starts humming the West Side Story tune "I Feel Pretty," which segues into her own awkwardly choreographed version of "America." She sings and straightens the furniture. When she tidies the sofa pillows, she finds the gun. She pulls it out.)

Caramba!

(She plays with what she assumes to be a toy, hiding behind the furniture and making shooting sounds. Then she starts acting out the climax of West Side Story. Her last shot kills Tony. Now, she is Maria again. She runs to Tony's body with full melodramatic energy.)

Tony! Tony!

(Kneeling by the body of her beloved, she starts to sing.)

"Tonight, tonight, won't be ..."

(She is embarrassed by her own foolishness. She looks around for a place to put the gun and decides on a kitchen cabinet. She returns to the sofa, opens the basket and takes the dog out.)

How's my Princesa Otis? You were a perfect traveler today. And what a brave little muchacha you were, to do your chores in that cold, cold snow! I'll have to find you a treat, yes I will.

(She nuzzles Otis, then returns her to the basket.)

You stay warm in your basket while Senora Montoya unpacks. Just think! A whole week with no Clayton to worry about. No people at all! Just my precious Princesa for company.

(She takes dog treats out of her bag.)

It's a shame the family couldn't use this beautiful place this week, but I'm sure Mrs. Adler won't mind us being here.

(She gives Otis a treat.)

Here you go, princesa. Here's a treat for pequeña Otis. Stay warm, now! We can't have you getting sick!

(MRS. MONTOYA pets the dog, then puts it back in its basket, closing the cover. She quietly sings a song in Spanish as she goes about her business. She places the basket by the closet and, in housekeeper mode, finishes straightening the room. She looks around the condo, then chooses the

DR bedroom—the same one LOREN and PAPPA have used. She takes her bag into the bedroom. THE INTRUDER opens the closet door. He starts sneezing immediately. He pushes the dog basket away with his foot so that he can get out of the closet. The unseen dog growls and barks. Startled, THE INTRUDER backs away. MARNI enters through the front door, leaving it ajar, and THE INTRUDER goes back into the closet. MARNI has a grocery bag in her pack. She listens at LOREN'S door.)

MARNI: She must be napping. Good for her.

(MARNI moves quietly to avoid disturbing LOREN. She goes to the kitchen and puts the grocery sack in the refrigerator.)

Let's see, I think I'll check out the hot tub.

(She exits through the sliding doors. THE INTRUDER partially opens the left closet door. He cautiously pushes the dog basket with his foot. The dog growls, then barks loudly. THE INTRUDER sneezes silently into his sleeve. MRS. MONTOYA comes out, with the sack of dog treats and LOREN'S pack. The closet door closes quietly. MRS. MONTOYA sets LOREN'S pack in front of the right closet door and picks up the dog basket.)

MRS. MONTOYA: *(Partially opening the cover.)* Now Otis, you know you'll have to stay in your basket and be good. I want to keep you warm, or your cold will get worse.

(She sets the basket down.)

Someone left a bag in my room. No lo creo! I'll just put it in this closet, then I'll get you another treat.

(She opens right side of closet.)

Qué va! Lots of luggage has been left here.

(She puts Loren's bag with the others and closes the door. She gives Otis the promised treat)

Are you comfy Otis?

(She puts the dog treats in a kitchen cabinet. While in the kitchen area, she sees the CD player.)

MRS. MONTOYA: Qué barbaridad! I can't believe how careless people are.

(When she puts the sack that contained the box of dog treats in the kitchen trash, she sees the discarded disc. Muttering, she retrieves it and puts it in the CD player. She tries to make it play, but isn't really certain about operating the player.)

MRS. MONTOYA: Oh well.

(She puts the CD player in the right side of the closet, on top of all the other abandoned gear, and talks to Otis again.)

Bueno! You're almost asleep, all snug in your basket. I'm going to have a nap too, and then we'll have some dinner. Vamonos!

(She fastens the cover on the basket and exits with it into the bedroom. THE INTRUDER starts to open the left closet door again, but BRAYDEN, with his flowers, sneaks in through the front door. With his best cloak-and-dagger manner, BRAYDEN peaks around the corner and sees movement by the closet doors. BRAYDEN opens the left closet door. THE INTRUDER, in the closet, clobbers BRAYDEN. We see BRAYDEN collapse into THE INTRUDER' arms. THE INTRUDER sneezes into BRAYDEN'S hair and closes the closet door just as MARNI enters and closes the sliding door. MARNI crosses to her room and retrieves her bag. She removes a box of chocolates and steps to LOREN'S door. She almost knocks, but then decides not to bother LOREN. Instead, MARNI sets the chocolates on the floor in front of the door, where LOREN will find them, and then exits into her

room, stretching and yawning. *THE INTRUDER* opens the closet, sneezing uncontrollably and as silently as possible. *BRAYDEN* is unconscious on the closet floor. Sounds are heard at the front door. *THE INTRUDER* is increasingly impatient, but he has nowhere to go. He steps back into the closet, straddling bodies and the flower box. *LOREN* and *HEIKKI* enter. *HEIKKI* has groceries. They cross into the room and remove their coats, brushing snow off.)

LOREN: Marni could be any place, but I'm surprised we didn't bump into your grandfather.

HEIKKI: No need to worry. He can find his way back. You're a pretty good skier.

LOREN: Thanks. I had fun

HEIKKI: (*HEIKKI* helps *LOREN* take off her coat, and removes his own. He takes *LOREN'S* hands.) Me too. I love skiing in a storm like this. I feel like I'm floating down the slopes instead of skiing.

LOREN: I know exactly what you mean. You feel like you're holding still, and the world is moving past you.

HEIKKI: Yeah, that's it.

(*There is a comfortable silence. HEIKKI* goes into the kitchen. He is limping. He unpacks a six-pack of beer and some bottles of Mountain Dew from his sack. *LOREN* sits at the bar.)

LOREN: I don't think skiing helped your leg. You should have stayed in the hot tub.

HEIKKI: I'm willing to try it again.

LOREN: Hmm.

(*HEIKKI* pours Mountain Dew down the sink and starts to empty beer into the soda containers.)

LOREN: What are you doing?

HEIKKI: Out-smarting my grandfather.

LOREN: Oh?

HEIKKI: He has very strict training rules. Beer is not on the list of approved beverages. The candy bars were illegal, too. Would you like a beer?

LOREN: No thanks. You could have offered me some Mountain Dew, though.

HEIKKI: Oh. Sorry.

LOREN: Can I ask you something kind of personal?

HEIKKI: Please.

LOREN: If skiing makes you miserable, why don't you quit?

(*HEIKKI* doesn't respond.)

I mean, what are you trying to prove?

HEIKKI: Nothing. I like skiing well enough.

LOREN: Well enough? That's not exactly a passionate commitment.

HEIKKI: It's complicated. I can't let my grandfather down. I really love him.

LOREN: Wow. But what about you? What do you want?

HEIKKI: I've always wanted to ... Oh, never mind. I've just never really had the time.

(*He saves one bottle for himself and puts the rest of the refilled Mountain Dew bottles in fridge and the beer cans in the trash, then he sits next to LOREN.*)

Well, what should we do now?

LOREN: (*Standing up, nervous.*) Why don't we sort out the bedrooms? Marni and I put your bags in the closet when we moved in. I'll help you carry them upstairs.

HEIKKI: Good idea.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- TIMESHARE by Brent Hanson

(He puts his unfinished drink back in the fridge. LOREN goes to the closet. She opens the right door and hands out the bags.)

LOREN: Ooh. This closet kind of stinks. Hey, this is my sweater. How did it get here? And Marni's CD player!
(She sets the CD player on the trunk and returns to the closet.)

Did you put this stuff in here?

(HEIKKI meets her at the sofa and helps with the bags, piling them by the dog basket. LOREN takes her bag to her bedroom, DR.)

HEIKKI: I didn't. Would Marni have moved things?

LOREN: I don't know why she would have.

(She sees the box of chocolates on the floor, sets her bag down and picks up the candy.)

But look! She's been here. She left me some chocolates.

(Looking at her bag.)

She must have... whatever. Still hungry?

(HEIKKI has just hung their coats in the right closet. LOREN crosses to the closet and offers HEIKKI some candy. They sit on the sofa and eat chocolates.)

This is good. I guess I'm getting hungry, too. What kind did you get?

HEIKKI: Mint cream.

LOREN: You've got some chocolate on your chin, right there.

(She leans towards him to point, touches his chin. They move closer and almost kiss, but LOREN pulls back at the last second.)

I can't believe I did that. Let's just forget it, okay? Pretend it never happened.

HEIKKI: Sure. I don't think it did happen.

(He stands.)

LOREN: (Flustered.) I think we'd better find your bedroom.

(HEIKKI smiles.)

I mean, I think we'd better carry your luggage up. Sometimes I have a tendency to open my foot and insert my mouth.

HEIKKI: *(Looking from her foot to her mouth, not understanding the mixed up idiom.)* What?

LOREN: Never mind. Let's put your bags away.

(She gathers an armload of bags, including CLAYTON and DAVE'S bags.)

HEIKKI: Those aren't ours.

LOREN: What?

HEIKKI: These bags. They belong to someone else.

LOREN: Oh. The last people left a bunch of stuff behind. Just put them back in the closet.

(HEIKKI tries to put the bags into the left side of the closet, but the door won't open.)

HEIKKI: This door is stuck.

(He opens the right side of the closet instead.)

Is this everything?

(He dumps the extra bags back into the other side of the closet, then gathers up the bags that go upstairs.)

LOREN: Can you handle all of that?

HEIKKI: Yeah.

(He re-adjusts his load to favor his injured arm. They go upstairs.)

HEIKKI: I'm interested in your mouth.

LOREN: Please, don't think about it.

HEIKKI: I mean ...

LOREN: *(Interrupting.)* I promise not to think about yours.

HEIKKI: No, What I don't understand is, how do you put your mouth into your foot? Is it like a circus act of some kind?

LOREN: Oh, no. I'm only a verbal contortionist. I got the words mixed up. "Putting your foot in your mouth" is an idiom. It means that you said something really stupid.

HEIKKI: Okay. Put your foot in your mouth. Finnish has some funny idioms, too.

LOREN: Such as?

(When HEIKKI and LOREN disappear, the closet opens quickly, but PAPPA enters through the front door. It is still windy and snowing outside. The closet closes, but not completely. PAPPA carries take-out food containers to the kitchen. THE INTRUDER watches from the closet, about to sneeze. PAPPA takes off his coat and sets it on the sofa. He crosses to the DR bedroom, slipping the suspenders of his ski bibs off of his shoulders and unbuttoning his shirt. He goes into the bedroom and shuts the door. There is a moment of silence, then MRS. MONTOYA screams a panicky stream of Spanish words. HEIKKI and LOREN run to the top of the stairs. PAPPA runs out of the bedroom, undressed to his long johns, pants around his knees, chased by MRS. MONTOYA. She is wearing a slip, carrying the now empty dog basket and wielding a pillow. PAPPA, LOREN and HEIKKI speak at the same time.)

LOREN: Mrs. Montoya?

HEIKKI: Pappa!

(THE INTRUDER comes out of the closet in a fit of sneezes. CLAYTON and DAVE tip themselves out of the closet, bringing the rod and shelf with them. The boys manage to spit out their gags as they fall. BRAYDEN, revived, rolls out with them. PAPPA and THE INTRUDER collide and fall to the floor. THE INTRUDER steps firmly into BRAYDEN'S crotch as he falls. MRS. MONTOYA falls on top of them, clubbing them both with the pillow. She ends up rolling on the floor with PAPPA. THE INTRUDER gets up, and runs for the front door, only to collide with MARNI, who has come out of the UR bedroom to investigate the noise. LOREN, MRS. MONTOYA AND MARNI speak at once.)

MRS. MONTOYA: *(Realizing the the dog basket is empty.)* Otis! Where's my Otis?

LOREN: Clayton?

(She removes CLAYTON'S gag.)

HEIKKI: Ouch!

MARNI: *(To HEIKKI.)* Who are you?

CLAYTON: He's got a knife!

(MARNI, BRAYDEN and PAPPA speak at the same time.)

MARNI: Who?

BRAYDEN: *(Curled in a ball and in serious pain.)* Have I been knifed?

PAPPA: Voi jukra [Good grief]!

CLAYTON: (*CLAYTON and DAVE are still rolling on the floor.*) There's a dead body.

LOREN: Where?

CLAYTON: Somewhere!

HEIKKI: Who are you?

(THE BOYS roll into LOREN as she crosses to the closet area. She trips and falls, and HEIKKI, close behind, falls on top of her. THE INTRUDER, brandishing his knife, takes MARNI hostage. MARNI'S scream gets everyone's attention. MRS. ADLER has entered through the front door. The wind blows snow in behind her. She takes in the scene and knocks out THE INTRUDER with one of her skis. HEIKKI, moaning in pain and holding his eye, stands up.)

LOREN and CLAYTON: Mom!

DAVE and MRS. MONTOYA: Mrs. Adler!

MRS. ADLER: (*Closing the front door and leaning her skis against the wall.*) Clayton, David! What are you doing here? Loren, what are you doing here? Mrs. Montoya?!

(The lines continue as everyone attempts to stand and check their injuries from the pileup. All shout, competing to be heard in the confusion.)

LOREN: Mom, what are you doing here?

CLAYTON: (*Struggling to get free.*) It's our week at the time-share, Mom. I came to ski.

DAVE: (*Rolling left with CLAYTON as they try to get free.*) You said we wouldn't get caught.

MARNI: (*Moving away from the unconscious INTRUDER.*) Brayden! What is going on?

(BRAYDEN moans in pain.)

BRAYDEN: (*He is still curled in a ball, but he manages, barely, to speak.*) Help me!

CLAYTON: I said maybe we wouldn't get caught.

MARNI: (*To BRAYDEN.*) How did you get here?

(To LOREN.)

Who are all of these people?

DAVE: (*To CLAYTON.*) I call this caught.

BRAYDEN: (*To Marni.*) I'll protect you. Oh, man. It hurts.

LOREN: Heikki! Are you all right?

HEIKKI: Somebody hit me in the eye. Who's the guy in the ski mask? Who's the lady with the killer skis and the attitude?

LOREN: That's my mom.

(LOREN and HEIKKI work to free CLAYTON and DAVE.)

MRS. MONTOYA: (*To PAPP.*) Beast! What were you doing in my bedroom?

(Sees dog basket. She can't decide whether to keep her hands modestly clasped over the bodice of her slip, or try to find the dog.)

Where's Otis?

PAPPA: Anteeksi [Excuse me]! Anteeksi! Älä häiritse minua [Don't bother me]! Hyvänen aika [Good grief]!

MRS. MONTOYA: (*Gasping in shock.*) You're a foreigner! Foreigner!

(Looking around the room.)

Otis!

(She goes to her room to look for the dog and to get dressed.)

MRS. ADLER: Everybody, quiet! I want some explanations, and I want them fast.

(Everyone continues to shout and struggle.)

CLAYTON: Mom, I can explain everything. Well, almost everything. Maybe. Somebody get the knife!

HEIKKI: *(Crosses to the intruder, holds up the knife and shouts.)* Quiet!

(The frantic action stops. Everyone listens—HEIKKI has a weapon.)

MRS. ADLER: Well!

HEIKKI: *(Interrupting.)* Excuse me. Everybody, be quiet.

(He grabs his eye in pain.)

MRS. ADLER: Who put you in charge?

LOREN: *(Interrupting.)* Heikki, you're really hurt!

HEIKKI: I'm used to it.

BRAYDEN: *(Wanting his share of the drama.)* Hey, I'm hurt, too.

MARNI: Where are you hurt?

BRAYDEN: *(Taking deep breaths and starting to straighten out.)* Uh, I doubt there's permanent damage. I'll still be able to father our children.

MARNI: I can fix that.

(BRAYDEN flinches.)

PAPPA: Everybody be quiet. Listen to Heikki!

HEIKKI: Pappa?

PAPPA: You wanted to be in charge. Go ahead.

MRS. MONTOYA: *(Returning from her room wearing her house dress.)* I can't find Otis!

PAPPA: *(To HEIKKI.)* Mikäpä siinä [Why not]? Show me what you can do.

MRS. MONTOYA: *(To LOREN.)* What did he say? Is he speaking Russian? Is he a communist?

LOREN: No, he ...

PAPPA: I'm going to get my shirt back. Maybe I can find my hammer and sickle flag while I'm at it.

(Pappa goes into the DR bedroom and returns wearing his shirt.)

HEIKKI: *(Interrupting.)* Okay, let's all calm down. And sit down.

(He leads the way to the sofa.)

MRS. ADLER: *(Trying to get control of the situation.)* Who are all of you and what are you doing here?

Clayton, let's start with you, and I'm warning you, this had better be good.

MRS. MONTOYA: I can't find Otis. Doesn't anyone care?

PAPPA: Who is Otis?

MRS. MONTOYA: You know her name!

PAPPA: Her?

MRS. MONTOYA: I knew you had something to do with this.

(Turning to door.)

I'm going to find my baby.

MRS. ADLER: *(Stopping her.)* No. It's too dark, too dangerous. We'll get to everyone. Just be patient.

Clayton?

CLAYTON: Can't someone else be first? I always get picked on first because I'm the youngest.

(Storm sounds swell.)

MRS. ADLER: I can start with someone else, but you're only putting off the inevitable.

HEIKKI: Maybe you should start with me.

MRS. ADLER: Okay, I will. I don't know who you think you are, young man, but you can't come into my condominium and threaten me with a knife.

PAPPA: *(Outraged.)* He didn't threaten ...

HEIKKI: *(Interrupting, To PAPPA.)* You said you'd let me be in charge.

MRS. ADLER: *(To Heikki.)* And try to control your accomplice.

(She refers to PAPPA)

HEIKKI: *(Laughing at the absurdity of it.)* Accomplice?! He's my grandfather.

MRS. MONTOYA: *(Gasping in horror.)* A crime family! The Russian Mafia! What have you done with Otis?

MRS. ADLER: I doubt they are from the Russian Mafia, Mrs. Montoya, but I still want them out of here.

(To HEIKKI, and crossing to the intruder and pointing.)

You can take your grandfather, and your brother, or your cousin, or whoever they are, and get out.

HEIKKI: *(Rolling the intruder over, face up and pulling his mask off.)* He's not with me. I don't know him.

LOREN: Mom! Heikki isn't a criminal. Heikki, this is my mother, Mrs. Adler. Mom, this is Heikki. He's from Finland.

MRS. MONTOYA: *(From the kitchen. She has been searching the corners of the condo and calling for Otis. She doesn't hear correctly.)* Inland? Inland what?

LOREN: Finland!

MRS. MONTOYA: Finland? I knew it! Isn't that part of Russia?

PAPPA: No.

HEIKKI: Finland is not Russia.

MRS. ADLER: So, you're Heikki. From Finland. And you know my daughter?

HEIKKI: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. ADLER: Is it a pleasure to meet you?

HEIKKI: I hope so. Look, I'm not the bad guy here. We're on the same side.

LOREN: He's right, Mom. We need to work together.

MRS. ADLER: *(Withholding judgement.)* All right. I'm sorry if I jumped to the wrong conclusion.

(To PAPPA.)

Did I get your name?

PAPPA: Valonen.

MRS. ADLER: Mr. Valonen.

LOREN: This is Heikki's grandfather.

MRS. ADLER: Dave, does your mother know where you are?

CLAYTON: She knows he's with me. We talked to her on the phone after we got here.

MRS. ADLER: Dave?

DAVE: Uh, well, she doesn't exactly know where I am.

(BRAYDEN clears his throat, afraid he is being overlooked in the introductions.)

LOREN: And this is Brayden, Marni's, uh, a guy from school.

MRS. ADLER: *(To BRAYDEN.)* And what are you doing here?

BRAYDEN: I'm here with Marni.

MARNI: You wish.

(The wind builds to a fierce crescendo, the lights flicker and go out. Dim lights reflect from outside. THE INTRUDER quickly crawls outside in the darkness and confusion, leaving the front door ajar.)

CLAYTON: Crap!

MRS. ADLER: I hate that word, Clayton.

MARNI: *(Sound of a slap.)* Keep your hands off me!

BRAYDEN: Sorry! I was just trying to help.

MRS. MONTOYA: Otis! Come to mama!

LOREN: Does anybody have a light?

(Storm sounds swell. BLACKOUT)

27 ADDITIONAL PAGES IN ACT TWO