

ENDANGERED SPECIES

**a play by
Tom Baum**

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LEON, 60s, a philosophy professor

THEONA, 30s/40s, Leon's wife, an animal research scientist

BAILEY, 20s, a call girl

JUSTIN, 20s, an animal liberation activist

The setting is Leon's study. The time is the present.

Scene 1

(A philosophy professor's study. Desk, with a computer and a microphone on the desk, an answering machine with a blinking light, pen holder, etc. A couch with a lap robe, chairs, coffee table, papers strewn here and there, crowded bookshelves, souvenir busts of various Greek philosophers on the shelves, floral prints on the wall, a wastebasket. A dog bed by the desk chair. Chew toys scattered everywhere. On a blackboard: ALL ANIMALS WERE CREATED FOR THE USE OF MAN.)

Stage right, a doorless exit to an unseen kitchen area. Left, a door to a hallway leading to an unseen front door. Center, a stairway to the second floor. A window onto the garden in the fourth wall.

LEON, *the philosophy professor, enters slowly, carrying a small shopping bag.*

THEONA, *his wife, bustles in, carrying a blue-wrapped N.Y. Times.)*

THEONA: Dear oh dear oh dear. You've made the usual mess.

(THEONA removes her hat and immediately starts cleaning up the study.)

THEONA: If you're going to have visitors, we've got to get you tidied up. What's the last time you erased this board?

(No answer.)

THEONA: "All animals were created for the use of man." That's Descartes, isn't it?

(No answer.)

THEONA: How depressing is that. You haven't assigned Descartes for years. May I?

LEON: Leave it alone, please.

THEONA: (*sees blinking light on the answering machine*) Oh look here, you've got messages, don't you want to play them back? My goodness, six of them! It might be the vet, with news about Winnie, don't you think you'd better call them back?

(LEON *sinks silently into his desk chair.*)

THEONA: Suit yourself. But we're going to have to face the music, sooner or later. We can't just let the dog suffer. That's simply cruel. They will call you when they've put her down, and you can decide if you want to bury Winnie in the garden. I'm not totally opposed to that.

(*No response.*)

THEONA: Leon? Hello? Are you hearing me? Did you take your Fluorocal this morning?

LEON: What's that got to do with the price of eggs?

THEONA: Leon, we're trying to keep you from going deaf. At least I am. Maybe you don't care.

LEON: I have mixed feelings on the subject.

THEONA: You don't want to hear what the vet has to say.

LEON: Not only the vet.

THEONA: I know what you're implying, and I know you don't mean it. I want you to try to put Winnie out of your mind. Have you made any progress on the memoir?

LEON: I've started recording the introduction.

THEONA: Leon. That's not good enough. You've already missed two deadlines. Miss another, we'll have to give back the advance. The faster you do this, the less you'll forget.

LEON: I wish you'd stop harping on my memory.

THEONA: I'm not harping, I'm facing facts. Last week you put the ice cream in the vegetable drawer.

LEON: And you put the celery in the freezer.

THEONA: You put flour in your coffee.

LEON: The canisters weren't labeled.

THEONA: You forgot to take off your watch before you took a shower.

LEON: So what, it's waterproof.

THEONA: You have an answer for everything. And that's actually a good sign.

(THEONA exits in the direction of the kitchen.)

THEONA: *(off/on)* Now I've listed you on Student Services and I put out the word on Twitter and Facebook. Whoever shows up, let them help you organize the memoir. You might even find your Boswell. And not a moment too soon

(THEONA has re-entered with a sandwich on a plate, a glass of water, and a pill.)

LEON: What's that?

THEONA: What do you mean, it's your lunch. I've made enough of these sandwiches to last you the weekend while I'm away.

LEON: Meat loaf?

THEONA: Leon, you're not getting enough protein. You're starving your brain. And eating nothing but vegetables was making you extremely cranky, which can also shorten your life expectancy. Here's your Aricept.

LEON: Aricept? Since when?

THEONA: Since the doctor prescribed it.

LEON: I see. You've been conspiring behind my back.

THEONA: Darling, it's to help you think. To prevent any...further erosion. To be your wonderful self...for as long as you can. Oh, and here.

(THEONA hands LEON the N.Y. Times Arts Section and a pencil.)

THEONA: We want you to start doing the puzzle again. Record your times, and no cheating. That way we can gauge how well the drug is working. Now: You'll find cash in your wallet, but I doubt you'll want to leave the house. Just focus on the memoir, I'll be back Monday, fully funded, let's hope.

LEON: Who is it you're meeting with this time?

THEONA: Dear, we went through that.

LEON: I'm sure you never told me.

THEONA: Well, you're wrong, and I have a plane to catch, so I can't go over it again. The research is perfectly benign, nothing an "animal rights advocate" could possibly object to, so just keep your fingers crossed, OK, darling? Your memoir, my research--our quality of life depends on it.

(THEONA kisses LEON.)

THEONA: And when I get back I must trim your eyebrows. They're getting way out of control. Goodbye, dear. Wish me luck.

(THEONA exits in the direction of the kitchen. Sounds of a garage door opening and then closing.)

LEON tosses the lap robe back onto the couch, puts the pill aside, tosses the N.Y. Times in the basket, picks up the phone. Pause.)

LEON: *(into phone)* Yes, I would very much like to leave a message. This is Professor Langer. I'm calling again about my dog, Winnie. I communicated with Winnie before I left your office this afternoon, and I can assure you she's unwilling to give up the ghost. You know how distraught I am, so call me the instant the blood work comes back, and we can discuss the treatment options. You have my number. Goodbye.

(LEON hangs up. Turns on a recording device. As he talks, he opens the shopping bag, takes out several pairs of new socks, and proceeds to cut off the top elastic portion of the socks.)

LEON: Introduction to memoir continued. *(pause)* My mother and father had a dairy farm. They raised goats and sheep for food, and I shared their fondness for these animals, all of whom we gave names. In effect we were eating our pets, but at least my parents felt guilty about it, which is more than factory farmers do. The refusal to respect animals is at the core of all moral corruption.

(Doorbell. LEON ignores the ring.)

LEON: *(into mic)* People used to think "savages" couldn't use language, much less whales, birds, apes, and dolphins. Blacks were considered inhuman. So were Jews. Now Muslims.

(Doorbell. LEON again ignores the ring.)

LEON: *(into mic)* The Old Testament says mankind shall have dominion over every living thing, and urges us to eat our fellow creatures. Then came Jesus, who drowned 200 swine to show how good an exorcist he was. *(pause)* Note to memoir assistant: check the number of pigs.

(A knock on the hallway door that leads to the foyer. The door opens, and BAILEY enters.)

BAILEY: Um, hello?

LEON: *(into mic)* Darwin realized humans were descended from animals, but he was perfectly comfortable with animal experimentation. Great men are never to be trusted. Note to memoir assistant: check Aristotle's pronouncements on animals.

BAILEY: Hel-lo?

(LEON wheels around, startled. Pauses the recording device.)

LEON: Who are you?

BAILEY: I'm Bailey?

LEON: Are you asking me or telling me?

BAILEY: What do you mean. That's my name.

LEON: You didn't sound so sure.

BAILEY: Yeah, I'm sure.

LEON: All right, you're here, come in. I assume you're here to help me?

BAILEY: I guess. Yeah.

LEON: Then sit down.

(BAILEY sits. Pause.)

BAILEY: I like your garden. You have a very beautiful garden.

LEON: I take no credit for it. Shouldn't you have called first?

BAILEY: Didn't we already talk?

LEON: Perhaps we did, I have a lot on my mind. Are you answering a Twitter?

BAILEY: No, did you Tweet me?

LEON: I don't Tweet. Well, you're on time, at least, I was just getting down to business.

BAILEY: Starting without me?

LEON: Yes, I've started. Why is that so amusing?

BAILEY: Nothing. Stupid joke.

LEON: Your jokes will be lost on me. Now how exactly are we going to do this? I need to finish as soon as possible, I'm on a brutal deadline.

BAILEY: Wherever you want. Here, your bedroom, up to you.

LEON: What's my bedroom got to do with it? We'll do it here.

BAILEY: Fine with me. It's your nickel.

LEON: I thought this was on a volunteer basis.

BAILEY: Ha ha.

LEON: All right, don't get testy, I'm prepared to pay you.

BAILEY: I should hope so.

LEON: Are you hungry? You want a sandwich or anything?

BAILEY: No, thank you.

(BAILEY points to a picture of Winnie on the wall—one of several in the room.)

BAILEY: Is that your dog?

LEON: Yes. That's Winnie. She's very sick.

BAILEY: I'm sorry.

LEON: She's at the vet's at the moment. She had an unpleasant encounter with a nasty chow. The dogs on this campus are incorrigible. Academics think they're smarter than other people, and that makes dogs even lower on their food chain. They don't even name them properly! Euclid! Rabelais! Caravaggio! You name a dog Caravaggio, how do you expect him to take life seriously? Winnie held her own, but the chow gave her a vicious bite on her neck. Now they think she has blood poisoning.

BAILEY: You going to have her put down?

LEON: I'd sooner take my life. Do you have a dog?

BAILEY: Not anymore. I've got fish.

LEON: I'm sorry to hear that.

BAILEY: I don't have time for a dog.

LEON: I applaud that attitude. We owe our friends our full devotion. But you shouldn't keep fish. A fishbowl is a prison.

BAILEY: Really? To the fish?

LEON: You think fish don't suffer? Just because you can't read it in their bulging eyes? You ever see a fish gasping for breath on a dock? Of course they suffer. They suffer tremendously. They suffer as much as we do.

BAILY: Is this what you teach? Be kind to animals?

LEON: Animal Rights, yes, that's what I was known for, that's what my memoir is about. Sit back and listen, you'll get the drift.

(LEON unpauses the recording device, resumes cutting off the tops of his socks.)

LEON: *(into mic)* In the area of animal consciousness, we can't expect much from the philosophers. Descartes, for example. Another ethical cretin. He said animals had no more feelings than clocks, so doctors could feel OK about cutting live animals open. Descartes was a skill for medical science.

BAILEY: Why are you cutting up your socks?

(LEON *pauses the device.*)

LEON: I'm cutting the elastic. It leaves a mark.

BAILEY: Don't your socks fall down?

LEON: Are you going to pay attention, or are you going to interrupt?

BAILEY: Sure, Malcolm, whatever.

LEON: (*into mic*) Heidegger—another moral nitwit. He condemned factory farms, but it was perfectly acceptable to kill Jews.

BAILEY: Um, what's happening here exactly?

LEON: What do you mean, what's happening? This is the introduction to my memoir.

BAILEY: And that's all you want to do, just talk?

LEON: So far. Your part comes later.

BAILEY: OK, Malcolm. But you realize we're on the clock.

LEON: Yes, you've made that abundantly clear. If you find this material so boring, perhaps you should leave right now. And my name, by the way, isn't Malcolm. It's Leon.

BAILEY: Hey, look, I'll call you anything you like. On the phone you were Malcolm. (*shows him her phone*) That's your phone number, isn't it?

LEON: No, that's not my number.

BAILEY: Maybe you called me from a pay phone. A lot of guys do.

LEON: I haven't used a pay phone in years.

BAILEY: You sure you didn't forget?

LEON: No, I didn't forget. You're starting to sound like—

BAILEY: Who?

LEON: Never mind who.

BAILEY: Your wife?

LEON: Why do you assume I'm married?

BAILEY: Hello. Your wedding ring. And there's something feminine about this room.

LEON: The flower prints, yes, I know. This used to be my wife's office, before they gave her a lab. You're sure you're not a student?

BAILEY: Oh I'm sure. I've come to the wrong house. See you, Leon.

LEON: Wait. Don't go. This may be the right house after all.

BAILEY: I'm game if you are. You really thought I was a student?

LEON: Well, it's a natural mistake. You all sound alike these days. Park Avenue debs, second-generation Ukrainian hookers, I can't tell the difference anymore.

BAILEY: Leon.

LEON: What.

BAILEY: If we're gonna do business, there's gotta be ground rules. You don't use the H-word. And I'm not Ukrainian.

LEON: Of course you're not Ukrainian. And just so you know, I have no moral objections to your work. I'm all for legalizing the profession.

BAILEY: And taxing the crap out of it, right? No thank you.
Business is bad enough.

LEON: Aren't you on the Internet?

BAILEY: Ohmigod, don't get me started. They're ruining the porn industry, all those websites. I can't get film work anymore.

LEON: That's too bad. And you're so attractive.

BAILEY: Oh, we're all pretty these days, that's not the issue. There's so much free stuff on the Net, nobody's making any new stuff. Plus these high-school girls, giving it away like parsley in the parking lot. You can't work the streets, all the Times Squares have been totally sanitized. Inflatable dolls and the next generation will be virtual sex and we'll all be out of business for good.

LEON: Then why not get out now?

BAILEY: Because I'm great at it. It's the one thing I have going for me. So where do you want this to happen?

LEON: What to happen.

BAILEY: Leon. You asked me to stay.

LEON: Right. Not here. Not in this room. (*pause*) Too many ghosts...

BAILEY: Ohmigod. I'm sorry. That was so rude of me. She's gone, isn't she?

LEON: Yes, Theona's gone.

BAILEY: Recently?

LEON: Yes. Recently.

BAILEY: And you've kept the ring. How long ago did she die?

LEON: It seems like yesterday.

BAILEY: Ohmigod. And now your poor dog is sick. What did she do, your wife, was she a professor too?

LEON: Molecular biology. Agricultural research. Lettuce that rabbits won't eat, that sort of thing. I haven't been paying all that much attention—

(LEON has spotted THEONA's hat. During what follows, he surreptitiously shoves it in the wastebasket.)

LEON: But then she lost her government funding, God knows why.

BAILEY: Ohmigod. She didn't—

LEON: What?

BAILEY: Commit suicide?

LEON: No. No. Theona? Not the suicidal type. Do you want something to eat? I can offer you a meat loaf sandwich.

BAILEY: No thank you, I don't eat meat.

LEON: I see. Does that rule out fellatio?

BAILEY: Leon, don't get cute.

LEON: What's your specialty? What does the house recommend?

BAILEY: OK. What didn't your wife do for you?

LEON: Have you ever worked as a pole dancer?

BAILEY: Yes, as a matter of fact, I have.

LEON: You'd say that even if it wasn't true.

BAILEY: You want to see my calluses? Relax, OK, Leon? I understand, you're worried sick about your dog, and on top of that your wife just died. I'm not here to cheat you, I'm here to provide some relief.

LEON: Yes, I would like to.

BAILEY: Like to what?

LEON: See your calluses.

BAILEY: I get it. You're a foot freak.

LEON: No, I'm a philosopher. I'm interested in proof.

(BAILEY takes off her shoes.)

LEON: They're lovely. I like the color of the polish.

BAILEY: Would you like to kiss them?

LEON: Not right this moment, no.

BAILEY: Come on. You know you're a dirty old man.

LEON: Is that an attempt at love talk? Don't waste your time. In any case, "dirty old man" is a complete misnomer. Women make old men into dirty old men...because they think it's safe to flirt with them. Do I pay you in advance or at the end or do I pay your pimp?

BAILEY: You pay me.

(Doorbell.)

LEON: Because the last thing I want some gap-toothed hustler shaking me down for more money.

BAILEY: Ohmigod, you're so suspicious! Are you going to get the door?

LEON: The door?

BAILEY: Yes, Leon, the doorbell just rang.

LEON: I wonder who it could be.

BAILEY: Leon, how do I know.

LEON: Right. Listen, do you want to take a shower or anything?

BAILEY: This is a first for you, isn't it?

LEON: As far as I can remember, yes. I'd rather you didn't dwell on my shortcomings.

BAILEY: Your wife was really hard on you, wasn't she?

LEON: Yes, she was. Very hard indeed. You're very intuitive. Why don't you wait for me upstairs? The guest bedroom.

BAILEY: Not as many ghosts.

LEON: Not as many ghosts. Head of the stairs, turn left, second door.

(BAILEY exits center, lingering at the foot of the stairs as JUSTIN enters, a huge backpack slung over his shoulder.)

LEON: Now who the devil are you?

JUSTIN: Sorry, didn't mean to startle you. The door was open.

LEON: If you're looking for Bailey, she's not here.

JUSTIN: Bailey's not here.

LEON: No.

JUSTIN: So that girl on the stairs, she's not Bailey.

LEON: Exactly what do you want with Bailey?

JUSTIN: I'm here to see you, Professor.

LEON: Look, I don't give a damn who you are, or what your interest in Bailey is, you have a hell of a nerve barging into my house.

JUSTIN: You didn't use to mind.

LEON: Didn't what? What are you talking about?

JUSTIN: Whoa. Professor. I'm Justin. No? Justin Collier-Oakes? You really don't remember?

LEON: At the moment, no. Memory is merciful.

JUSTIN: Well, I certainly remember you, Professor. (to BAILEY)
And hey, I know you too, don't I?

BAILEY: I don't think so, no. Unh-unh.

JUSTIN: Really? You look really familiar. Are you doing a tutorial?
Is Bailey your student?

LEON: No. She's... my research assistant.

BAILEY: I'm his research assistant.

LEON: She's helping me with my....memoirs.

JUSTIN: Your memoirs, that's fantastic! Am I going to be in them? Obviously not. You didn't answer any of my calls. You were my thesis adviser, you don't remember? *The Politics of Protein?*

LEON: Ah yes....it's coming back to me...Collier-Oakes... you had a father problem of some sort. He was in the meat-packing business.

JUSTIN: Meat-consuming. He's got a whole chain of steakhouses . All over the world. Yes, you could say we had a problem. He never approved of my activities.

LEON: What activities?

JUSTIN: OK, the last animal rescue? We held a sit-in at an egg factory. Took a whole bunch of videos, and the home office closed them down.

LEON: Who is “we”?

JUSTIN: Me and some like-minded friends. We call ourselves the FOES. F, O, E, S. Foes of the Exploiters. Friends of the Exploited. It kinda works both ways. You never heard of us?

LEON: Not a word.

JUSTIN: I emailed you.

LEON: Nevertheless.

JUSTIN: I was hoping to hear from you.

LEON: Why?

JUSTIN: Why? Ohmigod. You inspired me. You inspired us all. You opened our eyes to human cruelty. You galvanized a generation.

LEON: And why are you here now?

JUSTIN: Oh...we have our eye on a couple of targets.

LEON: What sort of targets?

JUSTIN: In the area. *(pause)* So Leon, how’s the wife? How’s Theona? How’s her research coming? Any idea what she’s into these days?

LEON: I don’t wish to talk about Theona.

(LEON’s desk phone rings. He picks up.)

LEON: *(on phone)* Professor Langer...Yes, thank you for calling back, can you hold a second? *(to BAILEY)* It’s the vet. Will you show this young man out? And then we’ll...pick up where we left off.

JUSTIN: Hey, no, I just got here. I've got things I need to show you.

LEON: But I don't need to see them, Justin. Thank you for dropping by.

(LEON heads for the stairs, talking on the phone.)

LEON: *(on phone)* No, I don't want her put down with pentobarbital, did you do the blood work?...Why the hell not? Are you a veterinary office or a crematorium?... Of course I'll pay for it...this is a matter of life and death...

(LEON exits by the stairs, signaling "meet me upstairs" to BAILEY.)

JUSTIN: Wow. He's not the same guy.

BAILEY: His dog's really sick. Um, I think he wants you to leave?

JUSTIN: Winnie? She's sick? What happened?

BAILEY: She got into a fight. With a dog named Caravaggio.

JUSTIN: Bummer. Wow. She was such an incredible dog. He used to bring her to all his classes. Never left his side. Made his wife crazy. She hated that dog. But hey, I never understood that marriage.

BAILEY: Why, what was wrong with it?

JUSTIN: Everything. She met him in his Bioethics class.

BAILEY: She married her teacher? I think that's sweet.

JUSTIN: Yeah, she married the professor and forgot the course. I heard she's into some really weird shit. Real mad-scientist stuff.

BAILEY: Is that why you're here? To expose her?

JUSTIN: No... OK, yeah, I'm getting pressure from my homies. But no...can't do it...she's still the Professor's wife.

BAILEY: Not anymore.

JUSTIN: What do you mean? They're finally splitting up?

BAILEY: Splitting up? No. She died.

JUSTIN: No way. I heard she just lost her federal funding.

BAILEY: Uh-huh, she did. I think that might have pushed her over the edge.

JUSTIN: Suicide?

BAILEY: He says no. I'm not so sure.

JUSTIN: Wow. That's amazing. No more Theona. Wait'll I tell the guys.

BAILEY: You sound pretty happy about it.

JUSTIN: No. It's horrible for him, but wow. This kinda changes things.

BAILEY: Justin, what is it you do exactly? On these night visits.

JUSTIN: You really want to know?

BAILEY: Yes, why?

JUSTIN: It's pretty grisly.

BAILEY: Yeah, that's fine, but make it quick, OK? Leon and I have stuff to do.

(JUSTIN takes a flash drive out of his backpack. Stares at BAILEY.)

JUSTIN: Are you sure we never met?

BAILEY: Just drop it, OK?

JUSTIN: OK, no offense. Here, take a look.

(JUSTIN plugs the flash drive into the computer, brings up a video montage of his activities. He finds LEON's meat loaf sandwich.)

JUSTIN: Is this your sandwich?

BAILEY: No, it's not my sandwich.

JUSTIN: This is meat loaf.

BAILEY: That's right, it's meat loaf. (*re video*) Eew, what is that, is that a chicken?

JUSTIN: Yeah. With its beak burned off.

BAILEY: Yikes. Why?

JUSTIN: To keep them from pecking each other to death. They go crazy in those barns. There's like half a million hens in there. They starve them to make them lay more. See there, that pancake-looking thing? That's a dead hen.

BAILEY: Eesh. This is why I don't eat meat.

JUSTIN: Look at this one, she scraped all her feathers off. We took her home with us. This is her actually sitting on an egg for the first time.

BAILEY: Who are those people?

JUSTIN: That's our group, the FOES, sitting on the barn roof. This is the egg factory we closed down.

BAILEY: And this is what you do, you go from farm to farm?

JUSTIN: Not just farms. Zoos. Circuses. Laboratories. Rodeos. We set a carriage horse free in Central Park. In Miami we screwed up a dog race.

BAILEY: Don't you ever get arrested?

JUSTIN: Oh yeah. Comes with the dinner.

BAILEY: How do you support yourselves?

JUSTIN: Yeah, it's a problem. I've been living off my trust fund. Dad rues the day he turned it over, but that was justice. For all the animals eaten in his restaurants.

BAILEY: I know how you could make some money.

JUSTIN: Really? How?

BAILEY: There's certain dudes who'd pay to watch this stuff.

JUSTIN: What dudes?

BAILEY: They like to see women crushing small animals with their stilettos. But you have to advertise it the right way, so you're not accused of trafficking, you know, in snuff movies or anything.

(Pause.)

JUSTIN: I know what you are.

BAILEY: What? No. What do you mean?

(LEON enters from the stairway, hanging back. He's in a fresh T-shirt, same pants, sockless, hair slicked from a shower.)

JUSTIN: I could tell the second I walked in.

BAILEY: OK. So good for you.

JUSTIN: You're a Cultural Studies major.

(LEON is signaling BAILEY, eagerly shaking his head yes.)

BAILEY: Yes. I'm a Cultural Studies major.

JUSTIN: Did you take Tracy Mernick's class on Pornography? Is that where we met?

(LEON signals no.)

BAILEY: No. I never took that class.

JUSTIN: I know I've seen you. You have a dog, right? A Lhasa Apso? You used to bring her to seminars.

BAILEY: Never.

JUSTIN: But you do have a Lhasa Apso.

BAILEY: I did, yes. (*quickly, re video*) Did you know about this, Leon? Justin liberates chickens.

LEON: To what end? What do you think you're accomplishing?

JUSTIN: We're changing hearts and minds.

LEON: By rubbing people's noses in their sins.

JUSTIN: If that's what it takes.

LEON: It takes a good deal more than that. Guilt has an expiration date.

JUSTIN: So? We keep at 'em.

LEON: You keep at 'em, and they get spiteful. The vegans start eating eggs, the fish-eaters go back to red meat. Sorry to burst your bubble, my boy, but the tide's against you. You think Asians eat rice because they like it? The richer they get the more meat they'll eat, and the factory farmers will be only too happy to sell it to them. And all you'll have left is your religion. And the adrenaline rush you get from your ridiculous adventures.

JUSTIN: Wow. What do you teach now, Professor, a course in Defeatism? This is exactly what I get from my dad.

LEON: What did you want me to say?

JUSTIN: I don't know..."You're fighting the good fight?" "Keep up the good work?" Hey, look, I shouldn't be surprised. That meat loaf sandwich speaks volumes.

LEON: Need I remind you, Justin? Being a vegetarian is no guarantee of moral purity.

JUSTIN: Yeah, I know. Hitler was a vegetarian. But not because he loved animals.

LEON: Hitler loved his dog. He loved Blondi more than he loved Eva Braun.

JUSTIN: He was an art lover too, is that how you justify this sandwich? It makes you the anti-Hitler? Why have you started eating meat?

LEON: Why? Because I don't want to get any more senile than I am.

JUSTIN: I'm talking about morally. Ethically. Philosophically.

LEON: It's unethical to eat animals. I eat meat. Therefore I'm unethical. So long as a philosopher stays logically consistent, he's still a philosopher, no matter how many brain cells he's lost. At the moment I'm not concerned about the animal kingdom. I'm concerned about one animal. My dog. Winnie.

JUSTIN: Yeah, I was sorry to hear about Winnie. And your wife.

BAILEY: I told him about your wife.

LEON: You told him what?

BAILEY: That she's dead?

LEON: Right. *(to JUSTIN)* I doubt if you're really sorry about Winnie or my wife. You always seemed afraid of both of them.

JUSTIN: I wasn't afraid of your wife. I just never understood why you would—

LEON: Why I would what?

JUSTIN: Marry a woman who didn't like animals. Winnie, for instance.

LEON: Did I ever see you pet Winnie?

JUSTIN: OK, fine, you got me. I admit it. I'm not an animal lover *per se*. Never have been. These single women who dote on their dogs? They bum me out. Companion animals are legalized slavery.

BAILEY: Ohmigod, how can you say that? He's grieving over his dog and you're trashing him. Didn't you ever have a dog?

JUSTIN: I never wanted a dog. Animals' natural state is wild. Animals don't want to be coddled.

LEON: That's nonsense.

BAILEY: Totally. Trixie loved me to stroke her. We were devoted to each other. I was like Leon here. I took her everywhere.

JUSTIN: Trixie wasn't born dependent. You made her dependent. And you did take her everywhere.

BAILEY: I just said that, didn't I.

JUSTIN: A Lhasa Apso. Dressed in a bowtie.

BAILEY: Sometimes a bowtie. Not always.

LEON: I'm glad we got that straight. Young man, I've heard all I want to hear from you. Bailey, it's time we got to work.

JUSTIN: Right, I forgot. You're "helping him with his memoirs." You really don't remember me? Pledge Night, Beta Upsilon?

BAILEY: Why don't you just leave?

JUSTIN: Congratulations, Professor. My advice? Ask for a lap dance.

BAILEY: Yeah, you seemed to enjoy it.

JUSTIN: And if I'm not mistaken, you ended up pulling a train.

LEON: Hey. You're going to feel my fist in a second.

JUSTIN: (to BAILEY) Just curious. Have you ever done it with a dog?

BAILEY: None of your business! That's disgusting.

JUSTIN: Not to the dog. They'll hump anybody's leg.

LEON: Justin, look at me. If you're not out of my house by the time I count three, I will have you thrown out by Campus Security.

JUSTIN: Don't bother, I'm going. Listen, I get it. You're lonely. You're a lonely, frightened old man. I don't blame you. If I bailed on all my beliefs, I'd want some reassuring company.

BAILEY: Oh, get over yourself. Just get out.

JUSTIN: With pleasure. Goodbye, Professor.

LEON: Goodbye and good riddance. Get on with your silly mischief, you and the FOES, and leave me the hell out of it.

(JUSTIN exits, slamming the hallway door as he goes. Sound of the front door opening and slamming.)

BAILEY: What a dick.

LEON: Yes. Like a puppy you adopt too early—sooner or later they turn feral. Um...you didn't leave Trixie in your car?

BAILEY: I told you, I don't have Trixie anymore. She whimpered too much while I was working. And by the way, I never slept with all those frat guys.

LEON: Of course you didn't.

BAILEY: That was the other girl. So do you still want to?

LEON: Want to what?

BAILEY: Get what you're paying for.

LEON: Right. Definitely. Bailey, let's do it. While the ancient blood is still pumping.

(Blackout.)

Scene 2

(In darkness, sounds of pleasure/pain:)

LEON *(voice over)* Oh...oh...aii....oh...oh...oh....

(Lights up. The sounds of lovemaking...aren't sounds of lovemaking. LEON's at his desk, in a bathrobe, glasses off. BAILEY, shoeless, is trimming LEON'S eyebrows. The room is in new disorder. Two liquor glasses are on the desk, one of them half-full.)

BAILEY: There, that's better. I think your ears could use a trim, too. And your nose, eesh, it's like a hair garden.

LEON: Do your worst, my dear.

BAILEY: And then we have to do something about your drooping socks. I should knit you some that won't leave marks.

LEON: You knit?

BAILEY: I used to knit all the time. While we were waiting for wood.

LEON: Waiting for what?

BAILEY: You know, for the actors to get hard?

LEON: Ah yes. I don't ever want to see those movies. They might make me jealous.

BAILEY: Leon, you have no reason to be jealous.

LEON: You mean I have no right to be.

BAILEY: That's what I meant, uh-huh. *(finishes with the scissors)* There, that does it. Like some breakfast before I go?

LEON: I wouldn't say no to ham and eggs.

BAILEY: Sorry, ew, grosses me out. I don't know how you can eat meat. Knowing what you do about animal torture.

LEON: Well, and you shouldn't strip for college boys.

BAILEY: You're still mad at that guy, aren't you.

LEON: Who, Justin? I haven't given him a single thought.

BAILEY: Maybe you should.

LEON: What do you mean?

BAILEY: Maybe I shouldn't say.

LEON: What?

BAILEY: Well...I guess it's lucky your wife's lab doesn't exist anymore?

LEON: Bailey, what are you driving at?

BAILEY: 'Cause I think he was getting pressure from his guys? The FOES? You know, to raid your wife's lab? That's the impression I got.

LEON: Why didn't you tell me this before?

BAILEY: Well, you've been so freaked out. And last night, I didn't want to spoil the mood.

LEON: Oh good Lord.

BAILEY: Don't blame Justin, it's really your fault. Why teach people stuff, if you don't want them to act on it?

LEON: That was short-sighted of me, yes. Philosophers should be required to parody themselves. That way, they'll know how their words will play out in the world. Nietzsche was lucky. He didn't live to see the Nazis make total hash of his ideas.

BAILEY: Was he an animal guy?

LEON: Nietzsche? Nietzsche was a psychologist. One of the greatest who ever lived. "A married philosopher," Nietzsche said, "belongs to comedy." How sad but oh how true.

BAILEY: Was he married?

LEON: Nope. Lifelong bachelor. Went with prostitutes. Lost his mind. Died of syphilis.

BAILEY: Hey, don't stress. We were careful.

LEON: We were good, weren't we.

BAILEY: The second time? Was really good. You're getting your animal back.

LEON: (*realizing*) Yes, well, you helped me forget.

BAILEY: Oh. Yikes. I'm sorry. I mean I'm glad. That I could help. I mean you must have loved her very much.

LEON: I still do.

BAILEY: Well, yeah. Sure.

LEON: Thanks for reminding me.

(LEON *snatches up the phone and hits a speed dial. BAILEY starts to dress.*)

BAILEY: Who are you calling?

LEON: What do you mean? I'm calling the vet.

BAILEY: Oh. I thought we were talking about your wife.

LEON: Right, yes, my wife, her lab. (*into phone*) No, I don't know my party's extension. Person, please.

BAILEY: Leon, they wouldn't put her down without telling you.

LEON: I'll sue them for everything they're worth. *(re phone)* Hello, this is Professor Langer. Has Winnie's blood panel come back?
 You've had 24 hours. Please call me the instant you get this message.
(hangs up; to BAILEY) Bitch. *(to BAILEY)* That wasn't a woman. It's just something I say when I hang up the phone. Um, could you excuse me a second? I have another call I have to make.

BAILEY: Sure, yeah, I'll go get my shoes. And then I really have to go.

(BAILEY exits up the stairs. LEON hits another speed dial.)

LEON: *(re phone)* Theona, come on, come on, pick up. *(hears tone)*
 Theona, it's Leon, you must still be in your meeting. Call me as soon as you get out. It's crucially important. You need to double security at your lab. *(hangs up)* Oh God oh God oh God. I need nourishment. I need food. I need protein.

(LEON exits toward the kitchen. Sound of the front door opening and closing, and THEONA's voice:)

THEONA: *(off then on)*...Yes, as far as I could tell, they said yes in the room, isn't that fantastic?... No, no lawyers yet...

(THEONA enters, on her cell.)

THEONA:....They need to inspect the lab for themselves, but I'm sure that's just a formality. Bottom line, we're getting the funding. I can't tell you how relieved I am....Thank you, I do deserve it. Bye bye, we'll go over the details later. *(hangs up; calls)* Leon?

(No answer. Theona sees the disorder. Starts tidying up. BAILEY comes down the stairs, shoes on, sees THEONA, waits till her back is turned, then enters.)

THEONA: Hello. Where did you come from?

BAILEY: Um, the other room?

THEONA: Oh wait. You must be from Student Services. Don't tell me Leon isn't up yet. Did you have to let yourself in?

BAILEY: Yeah, actually, I did.

THEONA: Typical. This isn't your first day?

BAILEY: No, um, we worked yesterday.

THEONA: That explains the mess.

(THEONA *continues tidying up.*)

BAILEY: Do you want help cleaning up?

THEONA: No, that's my job.

BAILEY: That's what I thought. You're like the housekeeper.

THEONA: (*ruefully*) Yes, I'm the housekeeper. (*sniffs glass*) Scotch? He's not supposed to drink while he's taking Aricept.

BAILEY: Aricept?

THEONA: The doctor put him on it. To guard against Alzheimer's.

BAILEY: What Alzheimer's? He doesn't have Alzheimer's.

THEONA: Really? Where did you go to medical school?

BAILEY: He seems pretty sharp to me.

THEONA: Wait till you know him better. How was his mood?

BAILEY: He's really bummed about his dog. He says she doesn't want to be put down.

THEONA: That's his little conceit. The dog doesn't know what it wants.

BAILEY: You mean it doesn't know it's on death row.

THEONA: Well, of course it doesn't.

BAILEY: That doesn't mean it's right to kill it.

THEONA: Oh I see. He's gotten to you already. Well, let me warn you, dear: He's always been dotty about that dog. He tried to get an ordinance passed allowing obedient dogs off-leash. It didn't pass, so he ignored the law, the dog got into a nasty fight, and that is why it's at death's door. Does Leon accept responsibility? Of course not. Blames everybody but himself.

BAILEY: Sounds like you didn't like Winnie either.

THEONA: What do you mean, either?

BAILEY: You had to clean up after her, I bet.

THEONA: All too often.

BAILEY: Do you do the gardening as well?

THEONA: Yes, I do the gardening. Leon doesn't lift a finger. Oh, he used to kill the snails, until he decided snails were sentient creatures after all, so he left the dirty work to me. Until last week the snails were winning, but not any longer. No, the tide has finally turned, and the snails are doomed. Now another thing: If he starts talking about indiscretions...I trust you'll edit those out.

BAILEY: Indiscretions?

THEONA: Dalliances. All men have them, don't you think so? Well, your generation, with your friends-with-benefits, I guess I'm asking the wrong person.

BAILEY: No, you're asking the right person. Why do you even care? If you don't mind me asking.

THEONA: Why shouldn't I care? Well, maybe I shouldn't. Maybe you're right. Anyway, we haven't made love in months.

BAILEY: Wow.

THEONA: Why is that so shocking? That married people stop having sex?

BAILEY: Married people?

THEONA: Yes. It seems to be the rule. Especially among academics. We're far below the national average.

BAILEY: Wait, what, seriously? You're his wife?

THEONA: Yes, dear. Didn't he mention he had a wife? Oh, that's so Leon.

BAILEY: No, he mentioned you. Wow. I guess it's because you're too busy?

THEONA: Too busy for what?

BAILEY: For an active sex life. With your research and all?

THEONA: Has he been complaining about my research?

BAILEY: I don't think he knows that much about it.

THEONA: Well, whatever he's told you...my animals aren't harmed. Absolutely not. We think of them as individuals. We give them names. When the experiments are finished, we try to find homes for them. None of them are put down. We have one research assistant whose sole job is to make sure the animals don't suffer.

BAILEY: Do you think fish can suffer?

THEONA: I don't know, dear. What has that got to do with anything?

(LEON enters with his plate of ham and eggs and BAILEY's toast.)

THEONA: Leon, look at you with your ham and eggs! I thought you were still in bed.

LEON: Nope. Up for hours.

THEONA: She wants to know if fish suffer.

LEON: She knows they suffer. She wants to know if you know. What are you doing back so soon?

THEONA: We got everything done in one meeting.

LEON: And?

THEONA: Leon, it's such good news. Just one pro forma visit from the corporate lawyers, and we're funded for two more years. We'll never need the NIH again. Or the Department of Agriculture. The company will pick up the whole tab. I'm on cloud nine.

LEON: And everything's OK at the lab?

THEONA: OK? That's hardly the word. They're completely thrilled. And I hear you're making progress with—I'm sorry—

BAILEY: Bailey.

THEONA: Bailey, can we have the room? I need to talk to my husband.

LEON: Bailey, I left some of those...papers....in the other room... Do you mind....

BAILEY: I'll clear everything up. And then you owe me an explanation.

(BAILEY waits till THEONA's back is turned and dashes up the stairs. LEON eats his ham and eggs.)

THEONA: What did she mean by that? What needs explaining?

LEON: I haven't the foggiest.

THEONA: You told her about Winnie.

LEON: Of course I did. Winnie's a major part of my life. She belongs in the memoir.

THEONA: She tells me you refuse to have her put down.

LEON: I do refuse.

THEONA: Leon, we agreed.

LEON: We did not agree.

THEONA: You just don't remember.

LEON: You can always pull that, can't you. You can always pretend I agreed and blame my faulty memory.

THEONA: Leon, I promise you, we did agree.

LEON: Then I withdraw my agreement. The blood work hasn't come back yet.

THEONA: Well, I'm not paying for any useless procedures. Those could run into the thousands.

LEON: You can't stop me writing a check.

THEONA: Leon, please, you don't remember? After that PETA check bounced I took over the account. Darling, why do you want this animal to suffer? To postpone your own suffering? There's nothing ethical about that. We'll get another dog, I promise. As soon as your memoirs are finished.

(THEONA starts for the stairs, nearly bumping into BAILEY coming down.)

THEONA: Hello. What were you doing upstairs?

LEON: Um, I left some index cards on my night table. Notes I made last night. Did you find the index cards, Bailey?

BAILEY: No, I didn't see the index cards.

LEON: I must have put them somewhere else.

THEONA: Never mind, they'll turn up. Carry on, you two, I'm going to grab a shower.

(THEONA exits up the stairs.)

LEON: (*sotto*) Everything in order up there?

BAILEY: (*sotto*) I was going to strip the bed., then I figured you never do, so I didn't. Why did you tell me she was dead?

LEON: I never told you that. You jumped to that conclusion.

BAILEY: You didn't deny it.

LEON: Maybe I thought it would put you at ease.

BAILEY: Ohmigod, are you serious? Most of my regulars are married.

LEON: Well, how was I to know that?

(LEON, *spotting something out the window, peers out.*)

BAILEY: Listen, if it helped you get off, pretending your wife wasn't in the picture, fine, that was your choice. Just don't lay it on me, OK? Leon?

(LEON *is staring, aghast.*)

BAILEY: Hello? What's the matter?

(LEON *turns away from the window.*)

LEON: I thought I saw something.

BAILEY: What?

LEON: Nothing. Never mind. I must have been hallucinating. What did you and Theona about?

BAILEY: She defended her research. She says she's really nice to the animals. She finds them homes. She gives them names.

(LEON *turns toward the window again.*)

LEON: Did she say what animals exactly?

BAILEY: I don't think so, no. Why? Leon?

LEON: Excuse me a second.

BAILEY: Leon? I really have to go now.

LEON: Don't go. Stay here. I'll be right back.

(LEON exits hastily in the direction of the kitchen.)

THEONA: *(off)* What?!! How could that happen?!!

(THEONA enters from the stairway, on her cell.)

THEONA: *(off then on)* Slow down, I can barely hear you... Well, where did the animals go?...Well, why aren't you looking, they can't be that hard to find. What the hell is going on here? Hold on a second. *(to BAILEY)* What happened to my husband?

BAILEY: He went out.

THEONA: What do you mean, he went out? Where did he go?

BAILEY: I don't know. All of a sudden he just ran out of the room.

THEONA: Tell him I had to leave. *(into phone)* Don't touch anything, lock the doors, I'll be right over!

(THEONA exits. LEON enters from the direction of the kitchen, carrying a large Hefty bag.)

LEON: What happened to my wife? I thought she was taking a shower.

BAILEY: She had to leave.

LEON: Why? Where did she go?

BAILEY: Leon, I don't know, I don't care, I have to go, so could I please have my money?

LEON: Can I pay you next time I see you?

BAILEY: I doubt there's going to be a next time. Not with your wife around.

LEON: It doesn't have to be for sex.

BAILEY: That's sweet, but no, I need the money now.

LEON: Don't you want to know what's in this bag?

BAILEY: Fine. What's in the bag?

LEON: You promise to come around again?

BAILEY: Leon, my life is totally chaotic, I can't promise anything.

LEON: OK then. You lose.

BAILEY: All right, I promise. Show me what's in the bag.

LEON: You sure you want to see it?

BAILEY: Oh, never mind. Goodbye, Leon.

(BAILEY starts out. LEON upends the Hefty bag. Out drops the biggest white rabbit in the world. Thirty, forty pounds, with enormous long ears.)

BAILEY: Ohmigod. What is that?

LEON: Judging from the ears, I'd say this was a rabbit.

BAILEY: How did it get that big?

LEON: Some rabbits get this big.

BAILEY: No way.

LEON: Flemish Giants. They're bred to be huge. But Flemish Giants aren't this color. They're gray. This isn't a breeding experiment. This is something far more serious.

BAILEY: Is this what your wife—

LEON: I'm afraid so.

BAILEY: Wow. No wonder the government cut off her funding.

LEON: Yes, no wonder.

BAILEY: And this thing didn't just escape.

LEON: No. It was liberated, poor thing.

(LEON picks up the dead rabbit by its enormous ears. It's covered with blood and scabs.)

LEON: And now it's dead.

BAILEY: Ohmigod. It's been hacked to bits.

LEON: By a dog, I'm guessing.

BAILEY: You think a dog did this?

LEON: Yes, I do. Winnie, for example? She wouldn't be able to resist. And then she'd bring it home to show me. She's part retriever.

(Distant barking sound.)

LEON: Did you hear that?

BAILEY: Hear what?

(More barking.)

LEON: That dog. That's Winnie's bark.

BAILEY: If it's Winnie, why isn't she scratching at the door?

LEON: I don't know. There must be a reason.

BAILEY: Yeah, because she's at the vet's, that's why.

LEON: I know. I know she's at the vet's.

BAILEY: *(re rabbit)* It's so gross. Please bag it. I don't want to look at it anymore.

(LEON puts the rabbit back in the bag. Starts out.)

BAILEY: What are you doing? Where are you going?

LEON: Put it in the freezer.

BAILEY: The freezer!

LEON: Pending an autopsy. And then later we'll thaw it out and have a roast.

BAILEY: Ha ha.

LEON: You don't have to partake if you don't want.

(LEON starts out.)

BAILEY: Wait. You're not serious. Are you?

(LEON exits.)

BAILEY: Leon? I'm not waiting around to watch you carve up a bunny. I'm outa here.

(BAILEY starts out, toward the front door exit. JUSTIN comes barging in, a black ski mask over his face.)

BAILEY: Aaaaaaanh!

JUSTIN: Hey. No. Don't be scared. It's me.

(JUSTIN whips off his ski mask, sets down his backpack with a heavy clatter.)

BAILEY: Ohmigod. So what happened, you hit her lab?

JUSTIN: Yeah, big time. Where's the Professor?

BAILEY: He just went out to the kitchen.

JUSTIN: Leon? Professor Langer?

(No answer. JUSTIN exits in the direction of the kitchen. Re-enters immediately.)

JUSTIN: He's not in the kitchen.

BAILEY: Then I don't know where he went.

JUSTIN: Who else is here? Besides you.

BAILEY: His wife was here but she left.

JUSTIN: His wife was here.

BAILEY: That's right.

JUSTIN: His dead wife.

BAILEY: His dead wife.

JUSTIN: Not a new wife.

BAILEY: She was dusting all over the place, I thought she was the housekeeper.

JUSTIN: Wow. So that was her work station. With the Professor's picture on the wall. Jesus. If I'd known she was alive....

BAILEY: What?

JUSTIN: *(pause)* No. No. I refuse to feel bad about this. I have nothing to be sorry for. Except what I said to you. About the gangbang. That was really douche-y of me. Totally unforgivable. As a matter of fact you were great that night. And not just in a sexual way. In every way. I was in love.

BAILEY: You were hammered.

JUSTIN: I was hammered. That's not the point. I thought about you a lot since then.

BAILEY: Are you hammered now? You seem kinda freaked out.

JUSTIN: I am. I'm very freaked out. The campus is crawling with Security.

BAILEY: So what are you doing here? His wife could come back any minute. And Leon won't be thrilled to see you either.

JUSTIN: I'll take my chances. Otherwise, I'm screwed.

BAILEY: Why?

JUSTIN: I lost my ride.

BAILEY: What do you mean, you lost your ride?

JUSTIN: They couldn't tear me away. I've seen some weird shit in my life, but this was something else. Total animal hell. Chewing at the bars. Scratching at the cages. Half of them had osteoporosis. We couldn't find the key, so we had to pry open the locks. Then we couldn't find the video log. They always keep a video log. They kept telling me hurry up but I didn't want to go without the videos.

BAILEY: You let the animals out.

JUSTIN: Yeah, but we didn't bring enough carriers. Some of them refused to budge till we dragged them out. Stockholm Syndrome. That's what humans do to animals. Corrupt them.

BAILEY: I know what you mean. The one time I got busted? There were people in jail who never wanted to leave.

JUSTIN: Yeah, well, some of these inmates were almost too big to haul away.

BAILEY: I know.

JUSTIN: What do you mean, you know?

BAILEY: I've seen one.

JUSTIN: You've seen one?

BAILEY: Enormous big rabbit. Humongous ears.

JUSTIN: Where?

BAILEY: In the freezer.

JUSTIN: What are you talking about? Here? In Leon's freezer?

BAILEY: Covered in blood.

JUSTIN: Blood? Are you sure?

BAILEY: Oh yeah.

JUSTIN: Wow, what happened to it?

BAILEY: Leon thinks a dog got it.

JUSTIN: Ohmigod.

BAILEY: Well, what did you think was going to happen?

JUSTIN: Jesus, I don't know. Some of our guys panicked. I couldn't carry more than two of those monsters at a time, and Security was on its way, and I had to find those videos.

BAILEY: So what's the point?

JUSTIN: The point of what? We're stopping the torture.

BAILEY: Why giant rabbits?

JUSTIN: The bigger the better. More cost-effective. They're looking to start factory farms. The new white meat.

BAILEY: Great, like we need another one.

JUSTIN: Hey. My dad would be over the moon.

BAILEY: He likes rabbit?

JUSTIN: He loves rabbit. He used to have Rabbit Nights. Fried rabbit. Rabbit stew. Brandied rabbit in mustard sauce.

BAILEY: Yum.

JUSTIN: Yum?

BAILEY: The mustard sauce. Not the meat. Meat is ridiculous.

JUSTIN: Meat is ridiculous.

BAILEY: I mean when I used to eat it? At a restaurant? You order, and it sounds so good on the menu, and then the appetizer comes, and it's awesome, and then the main course, whatever it is, if it's beef, it's just beef, and if it's chicken, it's just chicken, with some sauce that tastes better when you sop it up with bread. It's a total scam.

JUSTIN: Exactly. Foodies suck.

BAILEY: I hate foodies.

JUSTIN: And don't get me started on the wine freaks. Which wine goes with which slaughtered beast.

BAILEY: Just a big excuse to get drunk.

JUSTIN: Exactly.

BAILEY: Same with food.

JUSTIN: Absolutely. *Haute cuisine* is guilt management. You know where chefs go to eat? Fast food restaurants. It's true. They've done surveys. My dad loves Taco Bell. I wonder if Leon has anything to eat.

BAILEY: Did I just make you hungry?

JUSTIN: I'm always hungry after a rescue. Not sure why.

BAILEY: Because of the excitement. It's like you're a hunter, but instead of catching the animals, you let them go, which makes your stomach feel empty.

JUSTIN: Yeah. That's kinda brilliant, actually.

BAILEY: Thank you.

JUSTIN: You think Leon'd mind if I ate something?

BAILEY: Oh that's so weird. You trash a lab and you're worried about raiding a fridge. I'll make you a sandwich, but then you have to go.

JUSTIN: Go where? I can't go anyplace with all these rent-a-cops. By now they must have brought in the real police.

BAILEY: You could call a cab.

JUSTIN: And go where?

BAILEY: Please, with your trust fund, you could probably go anywhere you wanted. They take credit cards now.

JUSTIN: Yeah, well, I'm over the line with my card.

BAILEY: Really? Oh.

JUSTIN: As far as my trust fund...that's history.

BAILEY: Oh.

JUSTIN: All used up.

BAILEY: Yikes.

JUSTIN: Hey. It's not your tragedy.

BAILEY: No, but how are you going to live?

JUSTIN: I don't know. At this rate the feds will be feeding me. And it won't be vegetarian.

(Sound of the front door opening.)

JUSTIN: Did you hear something?

BAILEY: Yeah, the front door.

JUSTIN: Oh Jesus.

(JUSTIN starts for the kitchen. Realizes his backpack is sitting there in plain sight. Too late. He exits toward the kitchen.)

LEON enters from the front hallway. BAILEY shoves JUSTIN's backpack as far out of sight as she can, behind a chair.)

BAILEY: Hey, Leon. Where have you been?

LEON: *(evasive)* Noplace. Just walking the neighborhood.

BAILEY: Looking for Winnie? You were, weren't you? Leon, Winnie didn't kill the rabbit. Winnie's under lock and key.

LEON: Yes yes, I know. I thought you were leaving.

BAILEY: I was...but I was worried about you. What are you going to do now?

LEON: I'm going to wait for my wife to come back.

BAILEY: And what happens then?

LEON: Who knows.

BAILEY: Leon.

LEON: Who knows.

BAILEY: You wouldn't do anything violent.

LEON: Why not? Because I'm a philosopher? Sun Tzu was a general. Wittgenstein and Heidegger fought in World War I. .

BAILEY: I thought you said he was an idiot.

LEON: Who, Heidegger? Heidegger was an idiot. You're a very attentive student. What difference does it make, if Heidegger's an idiot?

BAILEY: You brought him up.

LEON: To make a point.

BAILEY: Leon....you're not thinking straight.

LEON: On the contrary. My head is finally leaving my ass. Why don't you stick around? I'll pay you for another day.

BAILEY: I can't. I've got people waiting.

LEON: Make it a week. A month. A year. I'll buy all your time. In perpetuity. Double your present income.

BAILEY: Why would you even want me around?

LEON: Don't be coy. It's my goal to see you enroll here at the college. I'm going to be your guidance counselor and eventually your thesis adviser.

BAILEY: You have big plans for me.

LEON: Not without strings attached.

BAILEY: No, of course not.

LEON: You will assist me with my memoirs. Whenever I run out of steam, you will revive me. You will be my muse and my reward.

BAILEY: What if I don't want to go to school?

LEON: But you do want to. Do you know how many working girls get murdered every year? Thousands. It's high time you got out of this racket. Prostitution is dead. It's as dead as philosophy. You said it yourself, too much competition. Not to mention the loss of dignity, authenticity, enchantment—

BAILEY: Enchantment?

LEON: Life should be an enchanted thing. Not a cynical enterprise. Faking affection, faking orgasms—

BAILEY: I didn't fake it with you.

LEON: You didn't?

BAILEY: No.

LEON: In that case, will you marry me?

BAILEY: Leon, your wife is still alive.

LEON: For now.

BAILEY: Leon, you're really starting to worry me.

LEON: Is there someone else?

BAILEY: There's nobody else.

LEON: A boyfriend you haven't bothered to mention?

BAILEY: I don't have a boyfriend.

LEON: Someone you think deserves your loyalty more than I do.

BAILEY: Leon, I don't know what you're talking about.

LEON: Where is he?

BAILEY: Where's who? I just told you—

LEON: (*calling*) Justin?!

BAILEY: Ohmigod.

LEON: Bailey, where did he go?

BAILEY: I don't know where he is. Maybe he left when he heard you coming.

LEON: Then why is his backpack still here? (*calling*) Justin? If you don't show your face this instant I'm calling the campus police.

BAILEY: (*calling*) Justin, I think he means it.

(JUSTIN *enters from the kitchen.*)

JUSTIN: Have a heart, Professor. I'm in the weeds here.

LEON: What happened?

BAILEY: His buddies bailed on him.

LEON: Ah yes, the FOES. And why did they bail?

BAILEY: They couldn't tear him away.

LEON: Bailey, I'm handling this. And was that your purpose in coming here? To liberate my wife's rabbits?

JUSTIN: I wanted to see you again.

LEON: And get my seal of approval.

JUSTIN: Yeah, OK. I didn't realize you'd given up the fight. And then when I heard your wife was dead...I was getting a lot of pressure from my guys....

LEON: And then they abandoned you.

JUSTIN: Yeah, well, I probably should have bailed when they did. I was looking for video evidence. Of the actual procedures.

LEON: And did you find any?

JUSTIN: No, I didn't find any.

(LEON opens the backpack. Takes out a disc.)

LEON: What's this then?

JUSTIN: Oh right. I did find a rabbit video or two.

(LEON takes out six more discs. Then pieces of equipment.)

JUSTIN: Bolt-cutter. For opening the cages.

LEON: What's this?

JUSTIN: That's a swivel-tether.

LEON: For drug infusion.

JUSTIN: That's right.

LEON: Skinning knife?

JUSTIN: Yeah, that's a skinning knife.

LEON: And this?

JUSTIN: Guts of a beak-trimmer. Previous haul.

LEON: Cattle prod?

JUSTIN: State of the art.

LEON: Quite a Show and Tell you've got here. Your father ever get a look at this stuff?

JUSTIN: Some of it. The older stuff.

LEON: Was he impressed?

JUSTIN: Not really. How about you, Professor, are you impressed?

LEON: I've seen most of this paraphernalia.

JUSTIN: Yeah, but come on, rabbits the size of sheep? What's next, chickens as big as horses? I don't blame you for pretending she was dead. I'd be embarrassed too.

LEON: Embarrassed about what?

JUSTIN: OK. About tolerating everything you've preached against your whole career.

BAILEY: Justin, he says he didn't know.

JUSTIN: Of course he knew. How could he not know. But you were too pussywhipped to object.

LEON: That's such an ugly word. I'll concede I was being an ostrich.

JUSTIN: That's a start.

LEON: Which is an insult to ostriches, by the way. They don't stick their heads in the sand.

BAILEY: Ohmigod. Even I know that.

LEON: Don't say "even I." You're as smart as anyone on this campus.

BAILEY: Leon, that's silly.

LEON: I know it's silly. Most compliments are silly. It excites me to pay them. You wouldn't deny an old man his simple pleasures? That rumor about ostriches, incidentally, was started by Pliny the Elder, and he said "bush" not "sand."

(Sound of a garage door opening.)

LEON: Actually, when ostriches feed, they lay their heads on the ground to swallow sand and pebbles. The grit helps them grind their food.

BAILEY: Leon?

LEON: Which makes me wonder about Pliny's eyesight, because there's no bush involved, excuse the expression.

JUSTIN: Leon! Your wife's back.

(Sound of garage door closing.)

JUSTIN: It's your move, Professor.

BAILEY: Leon, please.

LEON: You like this fellow. You approve of what he's done.

BAILEY: Yes. Yes, I do.

(Pause.)

LEON: All right. Through the kitchen, cellar door's on the right. Light switch on the left, as you go down the stairs. No no, Bailey, you stay here.

BAILEY: Why? I don't want to see her either.

LEON: Or I blow the whistle on this thief.

JUSTIN: Thief!?

BAILEY: Justin, leave it alone. Just go.

(JUSTIN starts to exit.)

BAILEY: No! Justin! Wait!

(BAILEY and JUSTIN quickly stuff the discs and equipment in his backpack. JUSTIN exits with the backpack as THEONA enters, looking stunned.)

LEON: Hello, Theona.

THEONA: Hello, Leon.

LEON: What's wrong, my dear? You look terrible.

THEONA: You haven't heard?

LEON: Heard what, dear?

THEONA: (to BAILEY) Why are you still here? I thought I told you to leave. (to LEON) You'd better sit down.

LEON: Theona, I doubt you can tell me anything that will cause me to faint.

THEONA: In any case, it's none of her business.

LEON: If it's my business, it's Bailey's. For the memoir.

THEONA: Yes, the memoir. You'd better hurry up and finish it.

LEON: And why is that?

THEONA: Because we're going to need the money, that's why.

LEON: Some problem with the research?

THEONA: They broke into my lab. A whole horde of animal terrorists. They took everything. All the equipment, all the videos. I had visitors coming, and now I have nothing to show them. I'll lose my funding. I may well lose my job.

LEON: I don't see why you'd lose your job. Unless there was something questionable about your research? Something you've been keeping from me? And perhaps the Administration?

THEONA: You're gloating, aren't you?

LEON: No! Why would I gloat?

THEONA: I'm holding you responsible.

LEON: Me? I wasn't anywhere near your lab.

THEONA: What about your disciples?

LEON: (*starts out*) Yes. Good point.

THEONA: At least you admit it. Where are you going?

(LEON *exits.*)

THEONA: (*to BAILEY*) Five years of work, up in smoke, and he turns his back on me. Never mind. You can leave now.

BAILEY: I think I'd like to stay. For the memoir, like he said.

THEONA: Right, the memoir. Tell me, what was your name again?

BAILEY: Bailey. Why?

THEONA: If I called Student Services, you'd be listed?

BAILEY: Yeah. I don't know. Probably.

THEONA: (*to BAILEY*) You're lying. You didn't come here to help with his memoir.

BAILEY: OK. No. You're right. That's not why I came.

THEONA: How many of my husband's courses have you taken?

BAILEY: None.

THEONA: I said don't lie to me. Where were you this afternoon?

BAILEY: None of your business! I was here.

THEONA: The whole afternoon.

BAILEY: Ask Leon.

THEONA: (*calling*) Leon!

(LEON *enters, carrying the dead bloody rabbit in his arms.*)

LEON: Yes, Theona?

THEONA: Ohmigod. Where did that come from?

LEON: The freezer.

THEONA: (*to BAILEY*) Did you bring that here?

BAILEY: No! Leon found it.

THEONA: What do you mean, found it?

BAILEY: In your backyard.

THEONA: In our backyard!

LEON: You recognize him, Theona? What name did you give him?
Or her. Not sure how to sex a rabbit. As I recall, there's a genital
vent. Or maybe this is an intersex? Yummier meat?

THEONA: That's Deirdre.

LEON: Deirdre.

THEONA: I told you about the rabbits.

LEON: Never.

THEONA: You just don't remember.

LEON: Oops. There you go again. It doesn't matter whether you
told me. The point is, I didn't ask questions. I chose to be ignorant.
I enabled every evil thing you did.

THEONA: Evil! That's totally absurd.

BAILEY: (to THEONA) Why did you have to use rabbits?

LEON: Because fried rat looks bad on a menu. What did the Administration know about your research?

THEONA: Leon, this was a world hunger project. We had interest from Catholic Charities, the African Development Organization, Second Harvest...all sorts of reputable groups. This was humane research. Or do you put the rights of animals before the needs of starving children?

LEON: I don't think she answered the question, do you?

BAILEY: It's not humane. It's exploitation.

THEONA: Oh please. The rabbits don't know they're being used.

LEON: Neither do most humans, come to that.

THEONA: I don't have time to debate this. Whether you like it or not, Leon, we're both hanging by a thread. Could you please take that away?

LEON: Why, is it making you ill?

BAILEY: It's making me ill. Could you cover it up or something?

(LEON *covers up the rabbit with his lap robe.*)

BAILEY: (to THEONA) And by the way...who knows what rabbits are thinking? Maybe they knew they were being exploited.

THEONA: Oh, next you'll be saying rabbits should be given passports. We're talking about the food chain. We're not wired to eat vegetables. The Paleolithic diet was mostly meat. I know what, why don't you become a breath-arian? You can live on air alone. Why am I arguing with you? You're one of his acolytes. You and your group of reckless thugs.

BAILEY: Yeah, whatever. I had nothing to do with the rescue.

THEONA: “Rescue,” is it? Well. My heart may not be as pure as yours, but I know jargon when I hear it.

(THEONA takes out her cell. Unseen by the others, JUSTIN enters, extracting a piece of equipment from his backpack--the electric cattle prod.)

LEON: Theona, who are you calling?

THEONA: *(on phone)* Hello? I’m trying to reach Security, did I dial the wrong number?

LEON: Put the phone away, Theona. Calm down.

THEONA: Hello? I have information on the break-in at the animal research lab—hello?

JUSTIN: Hang up, Theona.

THEONA: No, I won’t hang up. Where did you come from? Who are you?

JUSTIN: I’m the thug you’re looking for.

THEONA: Wait. I know you. I’ve seen you here. You’re another one of his students.

JUSTIN: That’s right.

THEONA: What’s that in your hand?

JUSTIN: This? Is a HotShot DuraMite Electric Cattle Prod.

BAILEY: Justin, put it away.

THEONA: Leon? I believe you’ve given up the high moral ground.
(to JUSTIN) How many of my videos did you steal?

JUSTIN: Enough to make you a pariah. You’ll be lucky to get a job cleaning cages.

LEON: Justin? Just so you understand. I won’t be a party to this.

JUSTIN: Of course not. You just want to be left alone, so you can write your memoirs in peace. *Confessions of a Hypocrite.*

LEON: I like the title. Theona, hang up the phone.

THEONA: *(on phone)* Thank God, can you hear me? You need to send Security personnel to 206 Ridgewood Road...

LEON: For God's sake, Theona, I said hang up!

THEONA: *(on phone)* Yes, of course this is an emergency...

JUSTIN: Put down the goddamn phone!

BAILEY: Justin, calm down! Ohmigod—

(JUSTIN zaps THEONA with the cattle prod. The phone drops to the floor.)

THEONA: [shrieks]

(LEON snatches up the cell phone, turns it off.)

LEON: Theona, are you OK?

THEONA: No, I'm not OK. Ohmigod, I'm fibrillating.

BAILEY: Justin, we get it. You showed her what it's like to be a helpless animal. Now get a grip.

LEON: Give me the cattle prod, Justin.

JUSTIN: Back off, Professor. *(to THEONA)* You know what your problem is?

THEONA: What problem. You're my problem.

JUSTIN: You think kindness towards animals is a weakness. And that probably goes for humans too.

THEONA: I don't have to listen to this.

(THEONA *starts out*. JUSTIN *steps in her path, backing her away*.)

JUSTIN: Do you call ahead when you're late for an appointment? Do you interrupt people when they're talking?

THEONA: He's out of his mind.

BAILEY: Justin, that's enough!

JUSTIN: Do you know what animal cruelty is a sign of? Sexual repression. You know when wars will end? When we stop debasing animals. If we're willing to kill them, we're willing to kill each other, isn't that right, Professor? No? Doesn't ring a bell? Your opening lecture, Bioethics 203.

LEON: Yes, I remember. Do you remember who this is?

(LEON *takes one of the souvenir Greek busts off the shelf*.)

JUSTIN: Yeah, is that Aristotle?

LEON: It's Aristotle. You know what Aristotle said. "The virtue of justice consists in moderation."

JUSTIN: I don't agree with that.

LEON: I don't care if you agree or not. Put down the cattle prod or I bash your silly head in.

JUSTIN: Sorry, Professor.

LEON: Ah well, I tried.

(LEON *knees JUSTIN in the balls, grabs his wrist, and wrenches the cattle prod away*.)

LEON: Now sit the hell down. How are you feeling now, Theona?

THEONA: (*taking her pulse*) I think I'm all right. Thank God for you, Leon.

LEON: (*to JUSTIN*) Did I just tell you to sit down?

BAILEY: Justin, do what he says.

(JUSTIN *sits.*)

THEONA: Don't you think we should tie him up? There's some plastic garden tape in the pantry.

LEON: I don't think that will be necessary, will it, Justin?

BAILEY: No, he's calmed down, now. Aren't you, Justin?

JUSTIN: Yeah. I'm OK. Theona, I lost it, I'm sorry.

THEONA: Not yet, you're not sorry.

(THEONA *starts for the desk phone.* LEON *stops her.*)

LEON: Theona? You calm down too. Let's all take a nice deep breath.

(*The desk phone rings.*)

JUSTIN: Oh Jesus.

(LEON *checks the incoming number.*)

THEONA: Who's that? Is that Security calling back?

LEON: No. It's not Security.

(LEON *picks up the phone.*)

LEON: Hello....This is Professor Langer...Yes, I've been trying to reach you since yesterday, don't you check your messages?... All right, all right, the good news first....All better? That's fantastic. Then what did the blood work show?...Oh...that's very interesting..... No, not me, I'm not the gardener...So what's the bad news?...You're not serious...That's wonderful!...I mean that, yes, I already had a feeling....Yes, I'll tell the gardener...I've been in a bit of a fog lately, but it's finally lifting. Thank you and goodbye.

(LEON *hangs up.*)

BAILEY: What happened? What did the vet say?

LEON: He said Winnie seemed better this morning.

BAILEY: Leon, that's awesome!

LEON: So they let her in the exercise yard.

BAILEY: Ohmigod. Did she get into another fight?

LEON: No, she escaped.

BAILEY: Ohmigod.

LEON: She leaped the fence. I knew Winnie was part Jack Russell, but I didn't think she had it in her. (*to THEONA*) Especially not after being poisoned.

BAILEY: Poisoned?!

THEONA: What are you looking at me for? I didn't poison Winnie!

LEON: How long have you been using snail bait?

BAILEY: Since last week. (*to THEONA*) She told me that.

LEON: You promised only marigolds and beer.

JUSTIN: Beer, that's just another poison.

LEON: Stay out of this. (*to THEONA*) Didn't you promise never to use snail bait?

THEONA: I told you to keep her tied up.

LEON: And you knew I wouldn't.

THEONA: Yes, and you wouldn't take her on a leash. In utter defiance of campus rules. I still think that dogfight had something to do with it.

LEON: It didn't.

THEONA: Well, I wouldn't mind doing my own tests.

LEON: You're welcome to, Theona. Except I doubt Winnie will ever let you anywhere near her. Justin, I question your methods, but your theory may be correct. There's a compassion deficiency here. It's the researchers we should be studying, not the animals.

THEONA: Fine. Save it for your memoirs.

LEON: No more giant rabbits. No more filthy chickens. It's over, Theona.

THEONA: Oh you think everything's over—just because your penis doesn't work.

LEON: Bailey, you want to speak to that?

BAILEY: I'm not sure, do I?

LEON: Feel free.

BAILEY: Yeah, it works. It works great.

THEONA: Oh good Lord. How many other teachers have you been to bed with?

BAILEY: None of your business. I thought you were dead.

THEONA: What do you mean, you thought I was dead? *(to LEON)*
Why did she think that?

BAILEY: I think maybe he forgot? His brain is kinda Swiss Cheesy.

THEONA: That's ridiculous.

LEON: Yes, Swiss Cheese is somewhat extreme. Maybe the one with the little holes, what's it called, begins with "m"—

BAILEY: Muenster.

LEON: Muenster. Thank you, Bailey.

THEONA: You did not forget I was alive! Leon, I hope you realize how much trouble you're in? You slept with a student!

LEON: So? You were my student.

THEONA: I wasn't young enough to be your granddaughter. What happens when her parents find out? You'll have to leave the country!

LEON: I doubt Bailey's parents will raise much of a fuss. Bailey, time to go get your car.

BAILEY: Why?

LEON: Just do what I say. Beyond the kitchen is the mud room, and that's the door to the garage. Pull your car in the garage and be sure to close the garage door again.

BAILEY: Are you sure about this?

LEON: No. Now go.

(BAILEY *exits.*)

LEON: (*opens backpack*) Let's review. Swivel-tether. Skinning knife. Beak-trimmer.

JUSTIN: Inventions of the devil, every one.

LEON: The beak-trimmer, that didn't come from my wife's lab?

THEONA: Of course it didn't!

JUSTIN: Just the tether and the knife.

LEON: Just making sure. Are these videos date-stamped?

JUSTIN: All dated. It's all there.

LEON: The whole history of the rabbit project.

JUSTIN: You got it. And I know just what to do with that stuff.

LEON: Maybe call a press conference.

JUSTIN: We've been known to do that, yeah.

LEON: Put it on YouTube.

JUSTIN: That's also a possibility.

THEONA: Oh good Lord.

JUSTIN: So we're good.

LEON: Not exactly.

(BAILEY *enters.*)

BAILEY: Car's in the garage.

LEON: Excellent. Now it's time for you to go. Is your trunk empty?

BAILEY: Except for a box of my videos.

LEON: Justin? Are you at all claustrophobic?

BAILEY: He'll get over it.

THEONA: Leon, what are you doing—

LEON: Quiet, Theona. (*holds up notebook*) What are these, project logs?

JUSTIN: No, those are my lecture notes. From Bioethics 203. I keep them with me all the time.

LEON: I'm very touched. (*hands it over*) And here's your wallet...your water bottle...and I'll hold onto the rest.

JUSTIN: What?!

THEONA: Oh thank God.

JUSTIN: No way!

(JUSTIN makes a move toward the equipment.)

BAILEY: Justin, leave it alone!

(LEON brandishes the cattle prod. JUSTIN backs off.)

JUSTIN: That stuff is gold. I'll never make a better score.

BAILEY: Yes, you will. Trust me. Leon? Thanks for everything.
Justin? Seriously, we're done.

JUSTIN: And leave all this behind?

BAILEY: Justin, he's not going to let you take the stuff. The cops
will be here any second.

JUSTIN: All right. Fine. We're going. Doesn't mean I'm giving up
the fight.

BAILEY: Nobody's asking you to. Um, Leon, could you at least let
him have the bolt-cutter?

*(LEON considers, then hands it across. BAILEY hustles JUSTIN
toward the kitchen door.)*

LEON: Wait! I completely forgot.

(LEON takes out his wallet.)

LEON: All I have is two hundred dollars. That's not really fair, is it?
For all the time you put in.

BAILEY: Considering all you taught me... it's way more than enough.

LEON: That's generous of you, Bailey.

JUSTIN: You couldn't lend me a couple of bucks, could you, Professor? I'm tapped out.

LEON: Sorry, so am I. Bailey may be willing to help out.

JUSTIN: Bailey?

BAILEY: So long as it's for the cause.

LEON: But Justin? You'll keep Aristotle in mind, won't you, my friend?

BAILEY: Justin, he asked you a question.

JUSTIN: Oh. Sure. From now on? The most moderate radical you ever saw.

LEON: (*aside to BAILEY*) And you...stay out of the truck stops.

BAILEY: I promise.

LEON: I want to hear from you now and then.

BAILEY: Ohmigod, of course you will. (*kisses LEON; to THEONA*) You've got a great man here. He's really passionate, and he's certainly not senile, you've been drumming that into his head and that really has to stop. (*to LEON*) Good luck with the memoir.

LEON: Goodbye, Bailey.

(*BAILEY and LEON hug. JUSTIN and BAILEY exit.*)

LEON: Exceptional young woman. Are you all right, Theona?

THEONA: I will be in a moment. For a second I thought—

LEON: What?

THEONA: Never mind. It's crazy. (*pause*) I thought you were planning to go with them.

LEON: I'm afraid it's much too late for that.

THEONA: Did you notice the make of her car?

LEON: All cars look the same to me.

THEONA: Well, they can't get far. We know their names. And the police should be here soon. *(pause)* Leon, I'm sorry.

LEON: Sorry for what, Theona?

THEONA: For everything. For Winnie. For what I said about your penis.

LEON: No, that was fair. It hasn't worked for a while.

THEONA: All my fault.

LEON: As usual, dear, you take the credit.

THEONA: I know you hate me.

LEON: I don't hate you, Theona. I've never hated you. Except in the usual way a man hates his wife.

THEONA: What if I became a vegetarian? Could you forgive me then? Believe me, I can change. I can be a proper wife. Not just a nurse. A true companion. *(stroking his face)* But oh goodness, we'll have to do something about these scaly patches....

(Doorbell.)

THEONA: Who's that.

LEON: That? Must be the police.

(LEON quickly repacks the backpack.)

THEONA: You can hold them off, can't you.

LEON: I don't think that will be necessary.

THEONA: They don't have a warrant?

LEON: I don't know if they have a warrant.

THEONA: (*re backpack*) So don't you think we ought to hide this? Until we're sure? Oh goodness, and what about Deirdre?

LEON: Right, we don't want to forget about Deirdre.

(*LEON pulls the lap robe off the bloody rabbit. Doorbell.*)

THEONA: Where should we hide it? The garage? Yes, and then we can take it to the dump.

(*LEON picks up the rabbit by her ears. Doorbell again. LEON picks up the backpack, slings it over his shoulder.*)

THEONA: Leon, what are you doing?

LEON: I'm a philosopher, Leona. I have a duty to my profession.

THEONA: What duty? What are you talking about?

LEON: My duty to see an argument to its logical conclusion. The police will want to know who's to blame for all the thievery and destruction. The *primum mobile*. The first cause. Well, they've found him. The father of animal liberation is finally walking the talk.

THEONA: Leon, no, you can't. They'll lock you up.

LEON: A night in jail won't kill me. I doubt it will amount to more than that. And if it comes to a trial, I can always plead senility. You'll back me up there, I'm sure.

THEONA: I'll deny you were ever at my lab.

LEON: Your word against mine. And here's the evidence right here. In my backpack.

THEONA: No. Leon. I'll be ruined. You'll be ruined. We'll never work again.

LEON: Oh, but think of the publicity. The mug shot alone. I think I'll put it on the cover. Yes, and dedicate the memoir to you. "To my wife, without whom this book would not have been necessary."

(LEON starts out.)

THEONA: No. Leon. Come back.

LEON: Oh, and you'll remember to look after Winnie, won't you, until I'm released? The rabbits should keep her busy for a while, but I'd put her food out anyway. Otherwise, the neighbors will complain about the barking, and you don't want the police bothering you again so soon. No, of course you don't.

(LEON exits toward the foyer, with the giant rabbit and the backpack7.)

THEONA: Leon! Please don't go!

LEON: *(off)* Goodbye, Theona!

(Sound of front door opening and slamming.)

THEONA: Leon!??

(THEONA exits toward the foyer. Sound of the front door opening. Sound of a ferocious growl. Door slams. THEONA backs into the room.)

THEONA: Leon!!!

(THEONA runs toward the kitchen. Sound of door opening. Ferocious growl. Door slams. Sound of frantic scraping. THEONA backs into the room, carrying a bowl of kibble. Hurries to the front door. Sound of door opening. Another fierce growl. More barking. THEONA barges back into the study, minus the doggie bowl. Sinks numbly into a chair. The barking continues, joined by the sound of mooing cattle, oinking pigs, bleating sheep, clucking chickens, rising to a deafening crescendo. Lights out. END OF PLAY.)