

THE NEXT JOB

By

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Based on an idea from Marrie Lee  
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SIMON STAR  
Yes, yes, you said imagine, I'm  
having good imagination.

MARCUS  
Would you like to do it separately -  
-- confess?

SIMONE STARR  
Father -

MARCUS  
Uh-ah! Marcus.

SIMONE STAR  
I mean, Marcus, we're married. We  
do everything together.

SIMON STARR  
Yes, even quarrel together.

MARCUS  
Okay then, confess away.

SIMONE STAR  
You first, honey.

SIMON STAR  
No, no, ladies are coming first.

SIMONE STAR  
Honey, you're the one who always  
comes first.

Marcus chokes and clears his throat.

Simon frowns in thought and Simone rolls her eyes.

SIMONE STAR (CONT'D)  
Okay, there was this time once when  
I shot this man -

MARCUS  
Uh-uh! For the record, name, rank  
and organization.

Simone prepares herself, clears her throat and begins.

SIMONE STAR  
I am Agent Star and I work for the  
K-G-B, Kindergarten for Boys and  
Girls. But I'll let you in on a  
little secret - it's only a cover.

Marcus shrugs - of course.

SIMON STAR

I'm also Agent Star, and I work for the C-I-A, - not that C-I-A but the other C-I-A - Council of Indian Associations. It's also a cover only.

MARCUS

Only.

SIMONE STAR

I shot and killed eight people - but they were all bad people.

MARCUS

So, there's nothing to confess.

SIMONE STAR

But one of them was a politician.

MARCUS

I'll write you up for a citation.

SIMONE STAR

Another was a priest - a real priest.

MARCUS

A citation and a medal.

SIMON STAR

I shot also ten people, all bad people only.

SIMONE STAR

Honey, how about that old woman you shot?

SIMON STAR

Old woman?

Simon stands, excited and animated and -

SIMONE STAR

I'm shooting the bad guy and the old woman is coming between us. What am I doing? The bullet is flying. I cannot be stopping it.

SIMONE STAR (CONT'D)

See what I've to put up with?

Simone pulls him down.

MARCUS

Okay, people, I'm sure you're both good spies. But really, I don't see a need for any further confessions.

The Stars look at each other, disappointment clouds their features.

Marcus produces a CHINESE CABBAGE.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Your guilt is like this Chinese cabbage. When you peel away the layers - there's nothing inside, no guilt, no sin.

SIMONE STAR

That's profound, Father Marcus.

MARCUS

It is?

SIMON STAR

Can I be eating that cabbage?

SIMONE STAR

Simon is vegetarian, I found that out on our wedding night.

Marcus pushes the cabbage towards them.

MARCUS

Go ahead.

The Stars start to tear at the cabbage - slowly at first but increasing in intensity and tempo - stuff fly off.

The cabbage shredded - they heave with relief - as if they've had an orgasm.

SIMONE STAR

It makes me feel so relieved, so unburdened.

SIMON STAR

I need raw stuff.

Marcus smiles broadly.

MARCUS

But actually - I did not come here to do this. I came to give you something.

He produces a SEALED ENVELOPE.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Your new orders, should you chose to accept it.

SIMON STAR

I'm hearing this dialog somewhere. Will the envelope go up in smoke?

SIMONE STAR  
Honey, be serious.

The Stars open the envelope and peek at the PHOTO IMAGE - of Marcus inside.

SIMON STAR  
Are you very-very sure you want us to accept this new assignment?

MARCUS  
Hey, your slate's wiped clean. New lease of life - fire away!

SIMONE STAR  
If you insist, Father Marcus.

MARCUS  
(wags a finger)  
Uh-uh! Marcus.

SIMONE STAR  
Okay, if you insist - Marcus.

SIMON STAR  
Ladies first.

Simone pulls out her GUN. Then, Simon pulls out his GUN.

Marcus' eyes grow wide -

BAM! BAM!

THUD! - Marcus drops dead.

Simone holsters her weapon and touches up her lipstick.

SIMONE STAR  
Can we try something non-vegan tonight?

SIMON STAR  
I'm non-vegan.

Simone's eyes widen in anticipation.

SIMON STAR (CONT'D)  
Must be something in the cabbage.

As they step out of the room -

SIMONE STAR (O.S.)  
I'm stocking up on Chinese cabbage.

FADE TO BLACK.