

**ACT ONE, SCENE ONE: SUITE OF MEETING
ROOMS IN A WASHINGTON HOTEL¹**

SONG: “SOME MAKE IT HOT”

(Todd Veech is an intense-looking young man dressed in a waiter’s outfit. Other company members are in business attire appropriate to a corporate cocktail party.)

TODD: Plastic is clogging our oceans.
Dioxide is warming our air.
Leaders say they’re making progress.
But do they really care?
There’s one way to get satisfaction
And that’s through radical action.

ALL: SOME MAKE IT HOT. Some make it spicy.
For those on the spot, things may get dicey.
To save a planet that’s starting to rot,
SOME MAKE IT HOT.

Some make it burn. Some paint it vivid.
If they won’t learn, some become livid.
To stop despoilers who poison the pot,
SOME MAKE IT HOT.

TODD: *(Pouring Tabasco sauce on a tray of canapés.)*
Fight fire with fire:
That’s why we conspire.
The wasters will beat a retreat,

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If radicals turn up the heat.

ALL: Some faces flush, some become rosy.
Some will not hush, or get too cozy.
Whether polluters are ready or not,
SOME MAKE IT HOT.

GREGORY

GRABB: Some girls are warm, some get real sexy.
Some are cerebral, some solar plexy.
Some like to flaunt all the glamour they've got.

ALL: SOME MAKE IT HOT.

ELAINE

LINDSAY: Some turn you on, although they're chilly.
Make your advances seem rather silly.
If you're persistent, you may have a shot.

ALL: SOME MAKE IT HOT.

MAXINE

NORRIS: She spurns your attraction.
It gets no reaction.
You don't get to learn if there's hope,
Without coming on like a dope.

MAURIE

LESS: Soon you will learn how will it work out:
Welcoming smile, or just a smirk out?
Without complications, you don't have a plot.

MEN: Some make it mild...

WOMEN: Some make it wild...

ALL: And SOME MAKE IT HOT.

SCENE TWO: WASHINGTON HOTEL BALLROOM

MAURIE LESS, MC: Ladies and Gentlemen: As you know, we're gathered together this evening to honor the person who has been chosen as the outstanding Washington lobbyist against unwise environmental legislation and regulation. This award is bestowed each year by C.R.A.P., the Corporate Roundtable for the Attenuation of Pollution. Before introducing this year's winner, I'd like to share an exciting piece of news. One of our corporate sponsors, Black Hole Coal will be merging with Merriweather Miniature Golf Courses. The new company will be called either "Coal In One," or "Bye-Bye Birdie."

I'd also like to mention some steps we're taking to make this awards party friendly to the environment. Leftover canapés from the party will be distributed to needy families in Anacostia. To help combat the melting of glaciers in the Arctic, leftover ice will be dumped out of jets flying the polar route to Europe. And leftover red meat will be sent to Ann Coulter.

And now, here to tell us how companies can "go green" and still hold onto "the green," is this year's honoree, Gregory Grabb!

*(Lobbyist Grabb and a group of corporation
representatives enter and sing song.)*

SONG: “WE MEAN TO BE GREEN”

CORPORATE REPS:

We’re mighty corporations, in a fix.
If we reduce pollution, our profits we will nix.

GRABB:

I know how to battle global warming.
Here’s my 10-step program for reforming:

Tell them, you’re cleaning up your act.
Tell them, you’ve made a solemn pact.
“Healthy,” will make you wealthy.
Just tell the public, you mean to be green.

Say that, you love the birds and bees.
Say that, you’ll save primeval trees.
“Nourish,” will help you flourish.
Just tell the public, you mean to be green.

Corporations get to have a happy ending,
Not by going green, but only by pretending.
Impress them with promised advances spectacular,
While you make advances right up their vernacular.

Shout out, you finally see the light.

Shout out, you’ve joined the righteous fight.
“Eco-,” will bring you check-o’s.
Just tell the public, you mean to be...

You're really keen to be...
Tell the public, you mean to be green.

GRABB (*spoken*):

All right, let me hear if you've gotten with the
program.

(*Sung:*) Tell them...?

REPS: We're cleaning up our act.

GRABB: Tell them...?

REPS: We've made a solemn pact.
“Healthy,” will make us wealthy.
We'll tell the public, “WE MEAN TO BE
GREEN!”

GRABB: Say that...?

REPS: We love the birds and bees.

GRABB: Say that...?

REPS: We'll save primeval trees.
“Nourish,” will help us flourish.
We'll tell the public, “WE MEAN TO BE
GREEN!”

GRABB: Corporations get to do some carefree surfing?

REPS: Not by planting grass, but by Astroturfing.

GRABB: And if critics say, “Your green stance is
phony?”

REPS: We’ll turn on the grinder and make some more
baloney!

GRABB: Shout out...?

REPS: We finally see the light.

GRABB: Shout out...?

REPS: We’ve joined the righteous fight.
“Eco-,” will bring us check-o’s.
We’ll tell the public, we mean to be...
We will be seen to be...
Tell the public, “WE MEAN TO BE
GREE-EE-EN!”

**SCENE THREE: ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME
HOTEL SUITE**

(The corporation reps mingle with each other and Gregory Grabb in a pre-dinner cocktail time. After a while, Grabb excuses himself and leaves the room. Todd enters with a tray of canapés, which he starts serving to the guests.)

MAURIE: Excuse me, Ms. You’re the person in charge
of the catering, aren’t you?

MAXINE: Yes, I am.

MAURIE: Well, I want to lodge a complaint. That guy
over there, who’s serving canapés? What is
he doing here? Do you know who he is?

MAXINE: Of course, that’s Todd Veech, one of my most reliable employees.

MAURIE: Well, he’s known to corporate America as a notorious troublemaker.

MAXINE: His political activities are his own business. They’re not my concern.

MAURIE: Well, they’d be your concern if he’s put something funny in the food. Wouldn’t they? That’s just the kind of thing I would expect him to do at a pro-business gathering like this.

MAXINE: That’s ridiculous. I have complete confidence in him and in my food. I’ll even eat one of the canapés myself, to show you. Todd, bring that tray over here!

(Todd pretends not to hear and starts walking away.)

MAXINE: Todd! Come over here! This man thinks you’ve doctored the hors d’oeuvres. I want to show him you haven’t.

(Todd comes over, signaling to her that this is not a good idea, but she misses the signal and proceeds to eat one of the canapés.)

MAXINE: *(Chewing the canapé.)* See! Perfectly fine hors...hor..hor... horribly hot! Oh, my God! Get me some water, quick!

MAURIE: What did I tell you! He’s a mischief maker!
Everybody! Don’t eat the canapés! Spit
them out!

*(There is a general hubbub as other guests who have eaten
canapés have a similar reaction to the hot sauce.)*

MAXINE: Todd! How could you do this to me!

TODD: I didn’t do it to *you!* I did it to...*them!*

MAXINE: This may ruin my business! How *could* you?

(Grabb re-enters the room, looking most unwell.)

GRABB: Excuse me, everyone! I hate to spoil a party
in my honor. But I seem to have been... *(He
collapses on the floor.)*

MAURIE: This has gone beyond mischief. Somebody
call the police! *(He goes over to Grabb on
the floor.)* What happened, Greg? *(Grabb
whispers inaudibly in the Maurie’s ear.)* He
thinks it was the wild mushrooms!

MAXINE: Wild mushrooms? What’s he talking about?
I’m not serving any wild mushrooms.

(During the following, Todd quietly departs.)

MAURIE: Quiet! Greg is trying to tell me something. What is it, Greg? He says, “It’s the end.” “Ear”? No, not ear. “Era”? It’s the end of an era? No, not era. “E.R.A.” E.R.A.? What does the Equal Rights Amendment have to do with...? Maybe he’s talking about the Environmental Rescue Act, the one Senator Jetsam has introduced. Oh, my God! He’s dead!

MAXINE: This is going to be *really* bad for my business!

MAURIE: Grab that guy! The waiter! Don’t let him get away! He’s a murderer!

MAXINE: Too late! He’s already gone!

(BLACKOUT.)

SCENE FOUR: AN APARTMENT ON CAPITOL HILL

ELAINE LINDSAY, A CONGRESSIONAL

AIDE: (*Talking with a girlfriend on a cell phone.*) It’s been really exhilarating working for Senator Jetsam on the Environmental Rescue Act bill. We’ve had to fight the Administration every inch of the way. They keep trying to turn it into the “Environmental Exploitation Act.” And the lobbyists you have to deal with – total leeches and sleazeballs. Yucch!...That lobbyist who was

murdered the other night? Yeah, he was one of the worst. I mean, I feel sorry for him getting killed and all...But not too sorry! Anyway, I need

to get away for awhile. Trouble is, I can't decide where to go on my vacation. I've done all the unspoiled natural habitat tours: bird watching in Costa Rica, snorkeling in the Virgin Islands, tracking bears in Bethesda. You name it! And I've traveled to a lot of ecological disaster areas: Chernobyl in Ukraine, the Three Gorges Dam in China, Tysons Corner. I'm thinking I might go to Stopofia. Ever heard of it? No? It's a small Eastern European country. Makes Kazakhstan look like paradise on earth. I've been watching a promotional video about it...

(Lights dim on her and brighten on group of citizens of Stopofia, dressed in shabby native costumes.)

SONG: “STOP OFF IN STOPOFIA”

CHORUS OF
STOPOFIANS:

Let us sing a song of old Stopofia,
Quaint republic by the Baltic Sea.
For years bowed down by Soviet oppression.
Now we're free to taste the joys of poverty.

BASS SOLO: Grinding, grinding poverty.

SOLO 1: Oh, won't you please stop off in old Stopofia?

There's no place like it anywhere you roam.
We guarantee to every foreign visitor:
You'll be ecstatic when you leave for home.

SOLO 2: The trees are stark and splendid in Stopofia:
They have no leaves to block your mountain
view.
You won't waste time in our historic buildings:
They all were bombed in 1942.

SOLO 3: You won't see ethnic cleansing
In springtime, or in the fall.
In fact, there's not much cleansing
Done in Stopofia at all.

SOLO 4: The air is much improved now in Stopofia.
But don't breathe deeply more than once a day.
And you can drink the water from our reservoirs.
The fizz you feel is isotope decay.

SOLO 1: The food is very fine in old Stopofia:
Boiled cabbage, we got fifteen ways to eat.
And though these days we're limited to
vegetables,
We have the fondest memories of meat.

SOLO 2: Our soldiers stand guard so nicely.
Our generals give great commands.
But our soldiers don't shoot precisely,
And none of them can read the battle plans.

SOLO 3: It's easy to find love in old Stopofia,

With maids so willing, no man every begs.
Their lips, and hips, and bosoms are full-figured.
And now and then, they even shave their legs.

ALL: So won't you please stop off in old Stopofia?
Your visit will increase our GNP.
And we can truly say, here in Stopofia,
That misery loves company.
Yes, misery loves company!

**SCENE FIVE: OFFICE OF THE DC MEDICAL
EXAMINER**

DR. PATEL,

EXAMINER: Now let me get this straight, Detective. You say Lieutenant Putts of the Homicide Bureau sent you down here to find out if there was anything in Gregory Grabb's clothes or on his body that might provide a clue as to where he'd been or whom he'd seen prior to his death. Is that right?

TODD: Yes, that's right.

PATEL: And your name is...?

TODD: Raymond...Raymond Chandler. Just call me Ray.

PATEL: All right, Detective "Ray." Why didn't Homicide look for this evidence *before*

sending the late Mr. Grabb’s body down to us at the morgue?

TODD: Well, it was an oversight. There was a lot of shouting and confusion at the hotel where he died, and our officers slipped up.

PATEL: But I thought that Homicide had already “solved” this case. I thought they had concluded that the murder was committed by a waiter on the catering staff at the reception, one Tom...

TODD: Todd.

PATEL: That’s right, Todd Veech.

TODD: Well, he’s the leading suspect. But we’re keeping an open mind, making sure we haven’t overlooked some evidence that might point in another direction.

PATEL: As a matter of fact, I have uncovered two pieces of evidence that are quite inconsistent with the neat little story that your office has been telling the news media about this death.

TODD: You have! What are they?

PATEL: First of all, I've determined that Mr. Grabb was killed by a poisonous mushroom, *Amanita phalloides*, that doesn't have its toxic effect until several hours after ingestion. Therefore, it is quite unlikely that

Grabb ate the food that did him in at the hotel reception.

TODD: Yes!

PATEL: What?

TODD: I mean, very interesting!

PATEL: The second piece of evidence is an appointment calendar that I found in the breast pocket of Grabb's suit jacket. It shows that he had meetings with two *other* individuals on the afternoon prior to his death. He could have ingested the lethal fungus during either of those meetings.

TODD: Who *were* those people?

PATEL: One was a United States Senator, Jethro Jetsam.

TODD: The chief sponsor of the Environmental Rescue Act that Grabb was doing his best to gut or kill. And the other?

- PATEL: A person named Dmitri Malevich.
- TODD: Oh, yes. The director of ETCETERA.
- PATEL: ETCETERA?
- TODD: Yeah, the “Eastern Training Center for Ecological Tourism,” out in the Shenandoah Mountains. He’s a bigwig in the environmental movement, (*with a contemptuous tone*) the so-called “citizen education” part of the environmental movement. His organization gets lots of grants from federal agencies and private foundations. I wonder why he was meeting with Grabb? They were not exactly allies or bosom buddies.
- PATEL: You seem to be very well informed about environmental politics.
- TODD: Not really. But your discoveries are fantastic! They are going to break this case wide open!
- PATEL: If we can get your Lieutenant Putts to pay attention to them.
- TODD: What do you mean? He *has* to pay attention to them.
- PATEL: I can see that you’re new to the Metropolitan Police Department. Have you ever heard the

phrase: “My mind’s made up. Don’t confuse me with the facts”?

SONG: “D.C. HOMICIDE” (“Bod Squad”)

PATEL (*spoken in rhythm to introductory melody*):

I am the Medical Examiner,
But I feel like I’m the one on trial.

For the bodies that Homicide keeps sending me
Fill up every cranny, nook, and aisle.
I’ve hired all my friends and relatives
For overtime at triple pay.
But Homicide’s gross incompetence
Fouls up all the cases anyway.

FEMALE

ASST.: Sherlock Holmes and Charlie Chan
Always get the guilty man.
But great detectives don’t reside
Down at D.C. Homicide.

TODD: You can kill and go Scot free:
Just do your killing in D.C.
Dick Tracy comics are their guide,

BOTH: Down at D.C. Homicide.

ASST.: Got no Columbo, only some dumbo,
Who makes a gumbo of every case.

(Two figures in skeleton costumes enter and provide a background chorus to the song.)

TODD: Lovely Rita, meter maid,
Leaves a killer more afraid
Than the bozos we abide

SKELETONS:
Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!
Ooh!

ALL: Down at D.C. Homicide.

ASST: Don't confuse them with the facts,
Make them do unnatural acts.
Thinking caps are not applied

ALL: Down at D.C. Homicide.

TODD: Crucial evidence misplaced.
Taped confessions are erased.
Cases lost before they're tried

ALL: Down at D.C. Homicide.

ASST: Corpses, they pile up.
Frantic folks dial up.
Witnesses file up:

ALL: No progress made!

TODD: They'll catch Bonnie;
They'll nab Clyde,
If their squad cars don't collide.

SKELETONS: Ooh! Ooh!
Ooh! Ooh!

SKELETONS: “Get a clue!”

TODD: The corpses cried,

ALL: Down at D.C. Homicide!

Down at D.C. Homicide!

(Blackout.)

**SCENE SIX: CAPITOL HILL OFFICE OF SENATOR
JETHRO JEPSAM**

ELAINE: *(Answers her telephone.)* Oh, hi, Nellie...No, I decided not to go to Stopofia. I found this other place right here in Virginia, out in the Shenandoah Mountains. It's called ETCETERA, the Eastern Training Center for Ecological Tourism...I don't know what the initials ERA at the end stand for. Probably nothing. ETCETERA is cooler sounding than ETCET...They're doing all sorts of interesting things out there, but it's really hard to get into it, even for a vacation visit. You've got to tell them all about yourself and answer all these weird questions to see if you've got the right attitude about the environment ...Well, questions like this: "If your dog and your husband were both in mortal danger, which one would you rescue first?" ...Your dog! Oh, Nellie, you're terrible! Here's another one: "When is it acceptable to kill a human being in order to protect the environment? A) To save the last members of an endangered bird or animal species; B) To save the lives of thousands of other people in the future; or, C) If the human being is really, really irritating?" I think I got a lot of the answers wrong. But they're going to let

me visit anyway, probably because I work for Senator Jetsam. Listen, I’ve got to go. Here comes the Senator now.

JETSAM: Elaine, I’m going to meet with a guy this afternoon who’s got some concerns about our Rescue bill. He wants to suggest some changes in the bill.

ELAINE: Changes?

JETSAM: Nothing too drastic. Don’t worry. But first, I’ve got another meeting on you know what.

ELAINE: Taxes!

JETSAM: Right. Our work on tax laws never ends and never gets any simpler. (*Starts song.*)

SONG: “KEEP IT SIMPLE, STUPID!”

We say we’re in favor of fair, simple tax laws;
That is our motto true.
But when we’re inside those Congressional chambers,
Here’s what we really do:

We complicate, and complicate, and complicate the
tax code.

We work to give you lots of grief.

We complicate, and complicate, and complicate the
tax code.

That’s why you beg us for relief.

For every credit and deduction,
There are six pages of instruction.
And after days of calculation you get sore,
When you find you owe the Government more!

We complicate, and complicate, and complicate the
tax code,
We've made an ugly, bloated mess.
After we complicate, and complicate, and complicate
the tax code,
We blame it on the IRS!

And you are ready, so ready
When you've completed your toil.
More than willing to swallow
A jug of flat tax snake oil.

We complicate, and complicate, and complicate the
tax code,
And then embroider it some more.
Why do we complicate, and complicate, and
complicate the tax code?
That's what the special interests pay us for.
Yes, that's what the special interests pay us for!

(Spoken:) See you later, Elaine. *(Exits.)*

SCENE SEVEN: SAME SENATE OFFICE

*(Todd enters, pauses for a moment, then goes up to
Elaine's desk.)*

TODD: Excuse me, are you Elaine Lindsay?

ELAINE: That's right. Can I help you?

TODD: I was told that you're Senator Jetsam's Legislative Assistant for environmental issues. I have to meet with the Senator on an environmental matter of some urgency.

ELAINE: Your parakeet is about to become extinct?

TODD: What?

ELAINE: Sorry, just a little joke. What was the matter you wished to discuss with the Senator?

TODD: I really can't say. I have to tell the Senator directly.

ELAINE: I see. Are you one of his constituents?

TODD: No, I live here in the District.

ELAINE: I see. I really can't arrange for you to meet with the Senator without knowing what it's all about. Why don't you write him a letter?

TODD: I told you it was an urgent matter...Perhaps I could tell you why it's so urgent?

ELAINE: By all means.

TODD: Well, you see...The police are after me.

ELAINE: (*Alarmed, but trying not to show it.*) And why are the police after you?

TODD: They think I killed Gregory Grabb.

ELAINE: The lobbyist? The one who was...

TODD: Yes, that one.

ELAINE: So you're the waiter who...

TODD: Yes. But I have conclusive evidence that I couldn't have been the one who poisoned him.

And I have information that Senator Jetsam met with Grabb on the afternoon he was killed. That's why I have to talk with him.

ELAINE: Why don't you just bring this evidence to the police? Let them handle it?

TODD: Because they'll arrest me and keep me from finding out what really happened to Grabb.

ELAINE: Of course. Why don't I call the Senator's scheduler and see if I can get you in to see him this afternoon? Just give me a minute. *(She picks up the phone and starts to enter a number.)*

TODD: Thank you. Thank you so much. I knew you would help me. *(Starts song.)*

SONG: “MS. UNDERSTANDING”

She's the kind of girl who is quick to understand
When a guy needs a helping hand.
When he's in a fix. When he's out of tricks.

Things aren't going as planned.

She's the kind of girl who's prepared to place a
bet

On a man whom she's only met.

Won't assume the worst; won't presume he's
cursed;

Won't treat him as a threat.

It's easy to see, she'll show sympathy.

She's not the ordinary type.

She'll believe what I say; sense I'm O.K.

Know it isn't hype.

ELAINE: I'm the kind of girl who can always figure out

When a guy is a lying lout.

He may weep and beg, try to pull my leg,

I know what he's all about.

I'm the kind of girl who is quick to do the math.

I can tell he's a psychopath.

He belongs in jail; won't get out on bail.

Might be a real blood bath.

He's counting on me to help him stay free.

He just assumes I'll take his side.

Thinks I'll go along, though he's done wrong.

That I can't abide.

I'm the kind of girl who is always on her guard,

'Cause I know that the world is hard.

People play their game, say they're not to blame,
Handed the losing...
Not of their choosing...

BOTH: Handed the losing card.

SCENE EIGHT: SAME SENATE OFFICE

(Jetsam enters, heading for his private office.)

JETSAM: Elaine, I'm on my way to meet with that environmental guy. He should be here shortly.

TODD: Senator, I must speak with you!

ELAINE: Watch out, Senator! He's a killer! Go into your office and lock the door, quickly! I've signaled the Capitol police.

(Jetsam goes into his office and shuts the door.)

TODD: You what?! I thought you believed me!

ELAINE: Fat chance!

TODD: But I'm telling the truth! You'll see. *(He exits.)*

ELAINE: That was close! *(Picks up the phone.)* Hello? This is Elaine Lindsay in Senator Jetsam’s office? I signaled for help. Yes. Well, the guy is heading down the corridor now. You should be able to intercept him if you move quickly. *(Puts phone down and goes over to the door to Jetsam’s private office.)* Senator? Are you all right in there? Senator? *(There is a loud noise from within the office. Elaine goes in.)*

ELAINE: *(She re-emerges from Jetsam’s private office, looking distraught. Goes over to the phone and picks it up.)* Hello? It’s Elaine Lindsay again. Senator Jetsam has been murdered!

(Blackout.)

**SCENE NINE: A DARK CORRIDOR IN THE SAME
SENATE OFFICE BUILDING**

(Todd is lurking in an alcove. Elaine walks by and he grabs her.)

TODD: Hello!

ELAINE: You! How did you do it?

TODD: Do what? Get away?

ELAINE: How did you kill Senator Jetsam?

TODD: Jetsam is dead?

ELAINE: Yes, murdered. How did you do it without even being in his office?

TODD: I didn't do it, you ninny! That's what I've been trying to tell you.

ELAINE: What happens now?

TODD: You're coming with me.

ELAINE: Why?

TODD: I need to ask you some questions about Jetsam's activities. And I need your “loyal” support.

ELAINE: What if I refuse?

TODD: I'm a dangerous killer, remember?

ELAINE: Where are you taking me?

TODD: To the Shenandoah Mountains.

ELAINE: Ha! I don't believe it! To ETCETERA, right?

TODD: How did you know?

ELAINE: *(She starts laughing semi-hysterically.)*

TODD: Stop laughing and be quiet! We've got to get out of here. *(Starts song.)*

SONG: “LET'S GET A MOVE ON”

Let's get a move on. Let's get a groove on.
Let's depart without delay.

Danger’s approaching round the bend,
And if we linger there’ll be no happy end.

Let’s get the race off. Avoid a face off.
Leave no sign of where we’re bound.
Warnings are sounding in the night,
And they are saying that it’s time to take flight.

Justice? Stay and ask them for justice?
Stay and ask them to trust
That what we say is so?
No, that is not how it will go.

Let’s get a move on. We can’t improve on
The dire position that we’re in.
Better to fight another day.
Let’s get our engines whirring.
Let’s get our innards stirring.
Let’s get a move on –
And get away!

COMPANY: *(Comes on stage and repeats song in chorus.)*

END OF FIRST ACT

ACT TWO, SCENE ONE

(In the Shenandoah Mountains of Virginia. Elaine and Todd are hiking on a footpath in the woods.)

ELAINE: We've been hiking up and down mountains for more than five miles. Could we stop and rest for awhile?

TODD: All right. But I'm anxious to get to ETCETERA as soon as we can.

ELAINE: *(She groans. They sit down to rest.)* Todd, can I ask you something?

TODD: What?

ELAINE: They say you're an "eco-prankster." What kind of pranks have you pulled? I mean, besides poisoning that lobbyist?

TODD: I told you, I did *not* kill him. I put hot sauce on the canapés, nothing else. Anyway, the canapés were not what did him in. That's what the Medical Examiner said.

ELAINE: But what other things *have* you done?

TODD: Oh, just some little practical jokes designed to slow down environmental degradation and make people think.

ELAINE: Little jokes like what?

TODD: Well, I once pretended to be a contractor and hired a group of illegals to remove the copper drainpipes and gutters from one sprawl housing development and take them to a different sprawl housing development. That made the first developer think that the second developer was stealing from him. So the two of them got into a big legal battle and trashed one another's work sites. It stopped construction on both sites for months.

ELAINE: But both developments eventually got built?

TODD: (*Sighing.*) I'm afraid so.

ELAINE: What else have you done?

TODD: Well, late one night, I put “Road Work” signs and lane-marker cones on the beltway. I narrowed four lanes down to three, then three lanes down to two, then two lanes down to one, and finally, one lane down to an exit off of the beltway. That morning, there was a six-hour, eighteen-mile traffic jam before the State Police realized that no roadwork was going on and took the cones away. While they were stuck in the mess, drivers got to stare at message boards I put up. They said things like, “This traffic jam brought to you by Exxon-Mobil,” and,

“Watch this space! More tacky townhouses coming soon!”

ELAINE: But didn't it just *increase* pollution, to have thousands of cars sitting with their motors running for hours?

TODD: Yes, it also made those drivers pretty angry. We found out how many people keep guns in their cars.

ELAINE: Wouldn't it be more sensible to work with environmental reformers like Senator Jetsam to pass new laws that will really do something to preserve the environment? I mean, instead of doing these silly pranks?

TODD: Jetsam was a total sellout who took contributions from polluters and weakened environmental bills until they were practically toothless.

ELAINE: But he also got bills passed that made some meaningful changes for the better.

TODD: That's not enough. You have to change people's thinking and their greedy consumption habits.

ELAINE: And you're going to do that with your pranks? Give me a break! Anyway, Jetsam is dead now. I still can't believe it.

TODD: I think Dmitri Malevich, the head of ETCETERA, knows something about how both Grabb and Jetsam were killed. That's why we've got to get there.

ELAINE: Just give me a couple more minutes to rest.

TODD: OK. I'm going to go down to that spring we just passed and get a drink. Don't do anything foolish while I'm away. Remember, I'm still a dangerous killer.

ELAINE: I'm too tired to do anything but enjoy this view. (*Starts song: "The World That Used To Be."*)

SONG: "THE WORLD THAT USED TO BE"

The world that used to be
Won't be the world my children see.
A world where I was free to roam,
Till darkness would bring me home.

The world that used to be,
A world so full of mystery;
Alive with creatures great and small.
And I was a part of them all.

With turtles, fireflies, and catfish;
With meteors in star-filled skies.
In blooming and buzzing meadows,
Each day brought a new surprise.

The world that used to be
That was the world that made me me.
Oh, what I wouldn't give to have
A chance to return
And let children learn
To see
The world that used to be.

SCENE TWO

(An outdoor woodsy area at the Eastern Training Center for Ecological Tourism (ETCETERA). Dmitri Malevich, Executive Director of the Center, is seated on a rock, reviewing some notes. Elaine and Todd come on the scene and approach him.)

ELAINE: Excuse me, are you Dmitri Malevich?

DMITRI: Oh, hello. Welcome to ETCETERA.

ELAINE: Mr. Malevich, I'm Elaine Lindsay. I work for Senator Jetsam. I mean, I used to work for him before he died.

DMITRI: I'm charmed to meet you, my dear. I was so sorry to hear about the Senator's death. He was a real friend to the environment.

TODD: We thought you might know something about how he died.

DMITRI: Only what I read in the papers. And you are?

TODD: I'm Raymond...

ELAINE: *(Interrupting, to Todd's annoyance.)* He's Todd Veech.

DMITRI: Aha, the notorious environmental prankster! We meet at last. But shouldn't you be in jail?

TODD: Maybe you're the one who should be in jail!

ELAINE: Todd! I apologize for Todd, Mr. Malevich. He thinks you may have some information that would help to clear him of the murder charges.

DMITRI: And why would he think that?

TODD: Because you met with Gregory Grabb on the afternoon he was murdered.

DMITRI: According to whom?

TODD: According to an appointment calendar that the Medical Examiner found in Grabb's jacket.

DMITRI: Ah, yes. I recall now. I met with Mr. Grabb to... discuss the possibility of some additional corporate funding for ETCETERA.

TODD: And was food served at this meeting?

DMITRI: Food? Let me see. Yes, the meeting was arranged by Grabb and lunch *was* provided.

TODD: By whom?

DMITRI: By Maxine Norris' catering service.

TODD By Maxine!?! And did the lunch include a mushroom dish?

DMITRI: I'd be happy to discuss this with you further, but I promised to participate in one of our eco-tour guide training sessions which is about to begin. Please feel free to explore the grounds and visit any of our educational programs. I ask only that you stay away from the Infirmary, that gray concrete building over there. Several of our staff members came down with a highly contagious viral infection on a recent trip to Guatemala. They're recuperating in there. I wouldn't want you to catch their illness. Oh, and Elaine, now that you're no longer working for Senator Jetsam, I would love to meet with you later to discuss a possible position here at the Center. (*Exits.*)

ELAINE: Well, that was fast. We've only been at ETCETERA five minutes and I've already got a job offer.

TODD: I think I know what position he has in mind for you. Anyway, you wouldn't want to work for *him*, would you?

ELAINE: (*Considering.*) Well...

TODD: Let’s go observe this training session Malevich is conducting. I want to see what kind of enviro-pap he’s dishes out to his recruits.

ELAINE: You have such an open mind!

SCENE THREE

(An outdoor seminar area at ETCETERA. Dmitri is in the middle of a talk to a group of trainees. Elaine and Todd enter and listen to him.)

DMITRI: As Eco-Tourism Guides, your job is not only to shepherd people around exotic landscapes, but to make them think about the choices they make in their daily lives back home. *(Starts song.)*

SONG: “OUR MISSION IS CURBING EMISSIONS”

You’ve heard that our planet’s endangered
By emissions from power plants and steers.
Did you know that those dread greenhouse gases
Also come out of our rears?

WITH TRAINEES:

Our mission is curbing emissions.
Our mission is lowering gas.
In the interests of carbon attrition,
We won’t let a you-know-what pass.

Help save the Earth. Please do your part:
Cut down on how much you fa-la-la-la!

SOLO A: We've altered our daily nutrition:

We've given up dairy and beans.

On cabbage, we've placed prohibition.

And broccoli's banned from our greens.

SOLO B: We've given up carbonate soda.

We've given up whole grains and fruit.

Though healthful, they add to the bloat-a;

While beer always makes us go toot.

ALL: Help save the Earth. Please do your part:

Cut down on how much you fa-la-la-la!

SOLO C: We've set up a method of trading,

A mixture of science and art.

Yes, you can sell rights to your neighbor.

How much will he pay for a fa-la-la-la?

SOLO D: If you've followed each course we've suggested,

That's helpful, but you could do more.

Just go a whole week without passing gas,

You'll get a nice plaque from Al Gore!

ALL: Help save the Earth. Please do your part:

Cut down on how much you fa-la-la-la!

(As in "*Deck the Halls*"): Fa-la-la-la. La-la-la-la.

SCENE FOUR

(A clearing at ETCETERA. Elaine and Todd enter.)

ELAINE: *(Spoken)*: Well, there's nothing suspicious about ETCETERA so far. Everything we've seen seems like legitimate environmental education activities.

TODD: I know there's something funny going on here. I just sense it. Did you notice who was part of that group? Maxine Norris. What's she doing here?

ELAINE: Why don't you ask her? Could it be that you have suspicions because you need to clear yourself of the murders?

TODD: That's part of it, of course. I just don't trust Malevich. I think we should look into that building that Dmitri asked us to stay away from.

ELAINE: What if what he said is true, that there are people in there with a contagious disease? And we catch it?

TODD: I'm willing to take that risk.

ELAINE: Well, I'm not.

TODD: All right, I'll do it myself. But I want you to go talk with Maxine. Find out what she's really doing here. Find out if there's something between her and Malevich.

ELAINE: Anything else, “Chief”?

TODD: Sorry, I don’t mean to be bossy. It’s just that I’m desperate to clear myself.

ELAINE: It’s all right. I understand. I’ll do it. Be careful when you go in that building. (*Exits.*)

TODD: I will. Thanks. (*Starts song.*)

SONG: MS. UNDERSTANDING (REPRISE)

She’s the kind of girl who is quick to understand
When a guy needs a helping hand.

When he’s in a fix. When he’s out of tricks.

Things aren’t going as planned.

She’s the kind of girl who’s prepared to place a bet
On a man whom she’s only met.

Won’t assume the worst; won’t presume he’s cursed;

Won’t treat him as a threat.

It’s easy to see, she’ll show sympathy.

She’s not the ordinary type.

She’ll believe what I say; sense I’m O.K.

Know it isn’t hype.

She’s the kind of girl who’s prepared to drop her
guard,

Though she knows that the world is hard.

With a girl like that, who will go to bat,

In the last inning...

I’ll wind up grinning...

I've got the winning card.

SCENE FIVE

(An outdoor area with a bench in ETCETERA. Maxine Norris, the caterer, and Elaine enter. Maxine is showing Elaine a wild mushroom she holds in her hand and some pictures in a nature guide book.)

MAXINE: So, do you think this mushroom I picked looks more like this picture or that picture?

ELAINE: *(Examining the mushroom and pictures.)*
I'm really not certain, but I think more like that one.

MAXINE: Are you sure? I think it looks like this one. It's confusing. These mushrooms look so much alike.

ELAINE: So, you come out here to ETCETERA to learn more about wild mushrooms?

MAXINE: Yes, Dmitri knows all about fungi, especially the poisonous varieties. And this area is great for finding them. I gather the good ones for my catering business. It's expensive to get them through commercial suppliers.

- ELAINE: Were wild mushrooms on the menu at that lunch you catered for Gregory Grabb and Dmitri? On the day Grabb died?
- MAXINE: As a matter of fact, they were. But Dmitri assured me that the ones I served were perfectly safe. I mean, Dmitri ate them himself and nothing happened to him. So did Senator Jetsam.
- ELAINE: Jetsam was at that lunch as well?
- MAXINE: Yes. Didn't you know?
- ELAINE: Curious.
- MAXINE: You know, just between us, there's another reason I come out here to ETCETERA: to meet men.
- ELAINE: I would think you meet a lot of men in Washington through your business.
- MAXINE: Oh, I do. But you know what they say about men in Washington: If they're not married or gay, there's something seriously wrong with them.
- ELAINE: And don't forget the ones who've been re-married and re-married.
- MAXINE: Yes, there's a lot of recycling going on in Washington, but not as far as I'm concerned! (*Starts song.*)

SONG: “NOBODY’S REUSING ME”

I have had several husbands,
And boyfriends I count by the score.
But just because I’ve had so many
Doesn’t mean I wouldn’t like some more!

They’re recycling paper and metal
And wood from the tall redwood tree.
They’re reusing car parts and plane parts.
But nobody’s reusing me.

Cable’s reviving sitcoms
From the days before color TV.
Hollywood’s remaking movies.
But nobody’s remaking me.

I’m discarded, I’m disregarded,
Just because I’ve seen a lot.
Don’t focus on what I haven’t.
Focus on what I’ve still got!

DJs are playing records
From rock’s early history.
Museums are remounting photos.
But nobody’s remounting me.

I’m neglected, I’m disrespected,
Because I’ve been round the course.
But try me and you will discover
There’s plenty of buck in this horse.

Cubans drive vintage Chevies.
Iraqis find artillery.
NASA recycles the Shuttle.
But nobody's re-launching me.

Nobody's confusing,
Nobody's amusing,
Nobody's reusing me.

SCENE SIX

(A dimly lit room in the “Infirmary” at ETCETERA. Todd enters cautiously, but trips over something. It turns out to be a man handcuffed to a chair.)

DETAINEE: No! Please! No more! No more!

TODD: Take it easy! Calm down! I'm not going to hurt you.

DETAINEE: Who are you, then?

TODD: I'm just a visitor, trying to find out what's going on here.

DETAINEE: I'm being held against my will, because of something I did.

TODD: What did you do?

DETAINEE: Watered my lawn.

TODD: Is that all?

DETAINEE: Well, it was a large lawn. A very large lawn. In Palm Beach. During a drought. There was an article about it in the Wall Street Journal. The ETCETERA people invited me up here on a ruse, then said I had to be “re-educat-ed,” whether I liked it or not. And then they started waterboarding me.

TODD: They’re waterboarding you for over-watering your lawn?

DETAINEE: Worse than that, they’re washboarding me!

TODD: Washboarding? What’s that?

DETAINEE: Just listen. (*Sound of song with washboard accompaniment.*)

TODD: Oh, my God! That’s horrible!

DETAINEE: Over and over, for hours. It’s driving me crazy!

TODD: Why don’t you just admit you wasted water and promise never to do it again?

DETAINEE: They want more than that.

TODD: What?

DETAINEE: Reparations. They want my electronic bank codes, so I can make a large “contribution” to ETCETERA.

TODD: And you refuse?

DETAINEE: Principle is one thing, money is another. But I don’t know how much longer I can hold out.

TODD: Someone’s coming.

DETAINEE: Quick! Put on that hood over there. Pretend you’re a guard.

CHIEF DISCIPLINARIAN (FEMALE): (*To Todd.*) Are you new here?

TODD: Yes, I’m...a guard-in-training.

CHIEF: All right. Just follow instructions. Let’s resume.

TODD: But hasn’t he had enough torture?

CHIEF: Torture? We’re not torturing him! We’re re-educating him. (*Begins song.*)

SONG: “WE DON’T DO TORTURE”

Oh-oh, say, can’t you see,
We don’t use agony
To elicit the truth
Or produce acquiescence.

CHIEF AND CHORUS OF GUARDS:

We don't do torture. We're not unkind.
Though we may fiddle just a little with your mind.
We don't do torture. We don't cause pain.
We follow guidelines laid by John McCain.
We may get tough. We may talk gruff.
But we don't ever shout, "Have you had enough?"
We don't do torture. Do you want proof?
We play you songs from, "Fiddler On The
Roof."

DETAINEE: (*spoken:*) Oh, no! Not again! I can't stand
that, "All day long I'd bid-di-boom!"
Please, anything but that!

CHORUS: We don't do torture. We do no harm.
Our guards are chosen most especially for their charm.
We don't do torment. No hell to pay.
Our water boarding uses vintage Beaujolais!

GUARD: (*Spoken, looking at bottle of red wine.*) This was
an excellent year. I think you're going to love its
fruity insouciance and long aftertaste. (*Pours it
into mouth of prisoner, causing choking.*)

DETAINEE: Glub! Glub! Gasp!

CHORUS: We may use skill to break your will,
But we would never use a dental drill.
We don't do torture, no rats or snakes.
Our prisoners are granted frequent coffee breaks.

GUARD: *(Spoken while bringing the prisoner a cup of coffee.)* Here we go: freshly-brewed Colombian Supremo. *(Spills it in prisoner's lap.)* Oops!

DETAINEE: Argh!

GUARD: *(Spoken:)* Oh, what a klutz I am! I'm so sorry!

CHORUS: We don't do torture. We don't cause pangs.
We like to wrap things up with whimpers, not
with bangs.
We don't do torture, no crawly bugs.
Our guards delight in giving pris'ners great big
hugs.

GUARD: *(Spoken while coming up to the prisoner and wrapping her arms around him.)* You look like you need a hug. Here!

DETAINEE: No, thanks! No... *(Cracking sound.)* Argh!

GUARD: Oh! Did I crack your ribs! How clumsy of me!

CHORUS: You may hear “moan.” You may hear “sigh.”
But you won't ever hear, “Dog, come clean or
die!”
We don't do torture, our cultured squad
Just loves to read quotations from Marquis de
Sade!

GUARD: (*Spoken, chuckling:*) I think you’ll find this passage particularly amusing.

CHORUS: Oh, yes, yes! Our cultured squad
Loves to read quotations from Marquis de Sade!

SCENE SEVEN

(A shady glen at ETCETERA. Elaine and Todd are having a quiet but excited conversation.)

TODD: So, we know that Malevich holds rich people against their will and tortures them until they make sizable donations to his Center.

ELAINE: And we know that he’s an expert on poisonous mushrooms who selected – or at least approved – the wild mushrooms that Gregory Grabb was served on the day he died.

TODD: But what can we really prove? If we called the police, Dmitri would deny it all. The Palm Beach guy won’t testify against him, for fear of hurting his own reputation. And the police would probably wind up arresting me.

ELAINE: So what do we do?

TODD: I know! He invited you to meet with him to discuss a possible job with ETCETERA. He’s obviously attracted to you. You’ve got to come on to him, flatter him, get him to admit to some

of his questionable activities. And we’ll tape record his admissions.

ELAINE: How will we do that? We’re in the middle of the woods.

TODD: I saw a portable tape recorder in the “Infirmary.” I’ll “borrow” that and hide under a desk or something while you get him to talk.

ELAINE: (*Dubious.*) I don’t know. Sounds creepy.

TODD: It may not work. But its our only chance to nail him.

ELAINE: So long as I’m not the one who winds up getting nailed!

(*They exit.*)

SCENE EIGHT

(*An indoor room in ETCETERA. Todd is sequestered under the piano, holding a small tape recorder. Elaine and Dmitri enter, conversing.*)

ELAINE: Dmitri, I am *really* intrigued about the possibility of coming to work for you and getting *intimately* involved in your activities. I find them *fascinating*.

DMITRI: Have you taken part in Todd’s environmental protests? Are you and he a twosome?

ELAINE: Oh, no. We only met yesterday. I mean, I feel sorry for him and want to help clear him of the murder charges. But he seems like such a boy, compared to a man like you.

(Todd starts to cough in his hiding place. Elaine coughs to cover the sound. Dmitri is briefly puzzled, but then goes on.)

DMITRI: Well, you show good judgment. That’s important in a prospective employee.

ELAINE: I was hoping I could be more to you than just an employee.

(Again, Todd coughs and Elaine coughs to cover it. Dmitri is oblivious, however.)

DMITRI: Oh, really?

ELAINE: Yes, but I need to learn a lot more about you and your operation. There seems to be so much going on...beneath the surface. *(Starts song.)*

SONG: “I COULD GO FOR A PERSON LIKE YOU”

ELAINE: You must come clean, tell what you’ve done,
If you expect me to be your hon’.
You’ve kept your secrets locked deep down
inside.
If you reveal them, then I will confide.

I could go for a person like you.

CHORUS (*Hidden under piano with Todd*): Go for you.

ELAINE: I admire some things you do.

CHORUS: Things you do.

ELAINE: Some say you're a nut
Who acts like King Tut.
But I see a virtue or two.

CHORUS: Only one or two.

ELAINE: You do sometimes admit you have flaws.

CHORUS: You have flaws.

ELAINE: If you're forced to, you will obey laws.

CHORUS: Obey laws.

ELAINE: You're faithful at heart,
Except for one part.
If paid, you will play Santa Claus.

ELAINE: When there's a problem you come on the run.
Seeing what's involved. Try to get it solved.
When it becomes clear that no money can be
made,

WITH

CHORUS: You get in gear and disappear.

ELAINE: My attraction for you, it has grown.

CHORUS: It has grown.

ELAINE: Till it's almost as great as your own.

CHORUS: As your own.

ELAINE: You lead every team in raw self-esteem.
To love you, I just might be prone.

WITH

CHORUS: Though when you call, most hang up the phone,
To love you (I/she) just might be prone.

DMITRI: (*Spoken.*) All right. I'll tell you everything about
my operation. But first, we'll make love.

ELAINE: Right here? Right now?

DMITRI: Why not? If you're so attracted to me, why not
demonstrate it in the best possible manner? (*He
starts to advance on her.*)

ELAINE: (*Retreating.*) Uh...Let's...let's dance a little,
first. Dancing puts me in such a romantic mood.

DMITRI: All right. We can dance. But only for a short
while.

(*The music resumes and they begin to waltz.*)

ELAINE: You're an excellent dancer. But let's dance over
that way, where it's not so bright.

(She steers him over toward where Todd can record their conversation better. As they converse, Dmitri keeps moving them away from where Todd is hidden, and Elaine has to keep steering him back.)

ELAINE: You know, Todd has a reputation as an eco-prankster, but his practical jokes are nothing compared with yours.

DMITRI: Yes, he's pathetic.

ELAINE: You use your tricks to get rich polluters to change their ways. Don't you?

DMITRI: I certainly do.

ELAINE: And to get them to make big contributions to the environmental cause?

DMITRI: Very big contributions. To *my* environmental cause.

ELAINE: But Gregory Grabb and Senator Jetsam found out about your unorthodox activities, didn't they?

DMITRI: Yes, they did.

ELAINE: And they were threatening to cut off your corporate support?

DMITRI: Completely. And my federal funding as well.

ELAINE: So you had to do something to stop them.

DMITRI: As quickly as possible.

ELAINE: That’s where your knowledge of poisonous mushrooms came in handy.

DMITRI: The perfect solution. They produce a delayed reaction, so I could be well away from the scene.

ELAINE: But you ate the mushrooms, too. How did you avoid being poisoned yourself?

(They stop dancing.)

DMITRI: The mushroom I selected is only toxic when taken in combination with alcohol, or Viagra, or District of Columbia tap water. I knew that Grabb used Viagra and Jetsam was a heavy drinker. I don’t need Viagra, as you will soon find out, and I’m not a boozier. And I *never* drink the water in DC.

ELAINE: Did know that Todd would be working for Maxine that night and be blamed for the poisoning?

DMITRI: Oh, no. That was just a happy coincidence. But enough of this business talk. Let’s get down to pleasure! *(Advances on her.)*

TODD: *(Coming out from his hiding place.)* Stop right there, Dmitri!

DMITRI: Todd! What are you doing there?

TODD: Recording every word of the incriminating admissions you just made.

DMITRI: *(To Elaine.)* So you *are* in cahoots with him. But you're both fools! You think I don't prepare for possibilities like this? *(Takes out a handgun.)* Put up your hands, both of you!

TODD: You're lucky we aren't in D.C. Hand guns are illegal there!

DMITRI: Fortunately, we're in Virginia, where even lunatics can own guns. Hand over that tape. *(Todd complies.)* After I destroy this, I'm going to turn both of you over to the State Police as fugitives from justice.

ELAINE: We can still tell them what really happened.

DMITRI: Try it! No one will believe you without this evidence.

(Maxine enters, carrying her mushroom guide.)

MAXINE: Dmitri, I must talk with you.

DMITRI: Not now.

MAXINE: Yes, now. I've made a terrible mistake.

DMITRI: It wouldn't be the first one. What is it?

MAXINE: You know those morels I prepared for you last night?

DMITRI: Yes, they were delicious.

MAXINE: Well, according to this guidebook, they weren't real morels, they were false morels. And they're poisonous. You should be having severe symptoms any minute now.

DMITRI: You idiot! Quick! Hand me that bottle over there on the cabinet. It's got an antidote solution.

(Elaine rushes over and grabs the bottle of antidote before Maxine can reach it.)

ELAINE: If you want to live, turn over that gun and that tape.

DMITRI: *(Reluctant, but then complies. Elaine hands him the bottle of antidote and he drinks from it.)* What are you going to do now? Go to the police with that?

ELAINE: Yes, but if you agree to one condition, we'll turn it over to DC Homicide rather than the Virginia State Police.

DMITRI: What difference would that make?

ELAINE & TODD: *(Sung:)* Crucial evidence misplaced.
Taped confessions are erased.
Cases lost before they're tried,
Down at D.C. Homicide.

DMITRI: All right. What’s the condition?

ELAINE: You resign as head of ETCETERA and turn the organization and all of its financial resources over to Todd and me.

TODD: Great idea! We’ll rename it the Eastern Training Center for Ecological Tourism AND the Encouragement of Radical Action!

DMITRI: I’ll do it.

ELAINE: Maxine, I think you should open a reasonably-priced organic restaurant in Washington. I bet our friend from Palm Beach would be willing to provide backing for it.

FORMER DETAINEE: You’ll find I can be a real fun guy [fungi], and not a poisonous one, either.

MAXINE: I know the perfect location! We’ll put it next to the Mayflower Hotel and call it, “Client Number Nine”!

ELAINE: Todd, you go lock up Dmitri in the Infirmary while I call the Metropolitan Police. Maxine, how about fixing a meal for us? I’m starving!

MAXINE: I feel like cooking something spicy. Would that be all right with everyone?

ELAINE: You can make it as hot as you want. Just hold the mushrooms!

ALL (*Sung*):

SOME MAKE IT HOT. Some make it spicy.
For those on the spot, things may get dicey.
To save a planet that's starting to rot,
SOME MAKE IT HOT.

Some make it burn. Some paint it vivid.
If they won't learn, some become livid.
To stop despoilers who poison the pot,
SOME MAKE IT HOT.

TODD: Fight fire with fire:

ELAINE: That's why we conspire.

PALM BEACH GUY: The wasters will beat a retreat,

MAXINE: If radicals turn up the heat.

ALL: Some faces flush, some become rosy.
Some will not hush, or get too cozy.
Whether polluters are ready or not,

MEN: Some make it mild...

WOMEN: Some make it wild...

ALL: And SOME MAKE IT HOT!

END