

THE GAMBIT

by Jackson Piercy

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MISS GERSCHMAN - Middle-aged woman. Bitter.

MARLOWE - Detective.

SOFIA - Mr. Schwartz's latest flame. Young Femme Fatale type.

CHAVEZ - Mr. Schwartz's janitor.

MR. SCHWARTZ - Owner of Schwartz Automotive. Bad guy.

MORRIS - Beat cop.

SETTING

Office and waiting room of Mr. Schwartz. 1930's Chicago.

(The two rooms are completely dark. There is a flash. Another flash. They're cameras at a crime scene. In the flashes, we can see the body of MR. SCHWARTZ. He's slumped over a table, with a gun in his hand. As lights come up, we find the office with a single window open and a waiting room filled with cops and three people on a couch in the waiting room. They are MISS GERSCHMANN, SOFIA, and CHAVEZ. SOFIA and MISS GERSCHMAN are chatting amongst themselves, CHAVEZ is staring off, in shock. MARLOWE enters the waiting room, wearing a particular hat.)

MORRIS

(sarcastically)
How about your tigers?

MARLOWE

(putting his hat on the hat tree)
Ah, shove it. Can't do a damn thing without Cobb. What've we got here?

MORRIS

Welp, we've got some Henry Ford wannabe, Stan Schwartz. Seemed to blow his own top, except for one thing.

MARLOWE

That being?

MORRIS

Well, we found him dead with a gun in his hand, but he's got three shots in his shoulder and the back of his head.

MARLOWE

He seems to be pretty persistent.

MORRIS

Yeah, his girlfriend over here (motions to SOFIA) will tell you all about it. His wife wasn't too thrilled to hear about it, though.

MARLOWE

Oh, boy. Who else we got here in the peanut gallery?

MORRIS

Oscar Chavez there on the far end. Typical janitor immigrant type. Looking to make it big working in his own garage someday, says he's just trying to get some startup capital.

MARLOWE

No better place to do that than mopping the floors at an administrative building.

MORRIS

Schwartz was just looking for somebody cheap. They don't come cheaper than the likes of him.

MARLOWE

Right. Who's the lady here?

MORRIS

Irene Gerschman. Been Mr. Schwartz's secretary here for a couple decades now. She's a spinster.

MARLOWE

They usually are. Gotta find *something* to fill the lonely days, right?

MORRIS

Right you are. Stiff's in the office still, if you want to take a look at it.

MARLOWE

I'll get to that. How long have we been like this?

MORRIS

It got called in around 1 a.m.. Gerschman here says something knocked her on her behind after three pops from the office. She called it in after that. Says she sent everyone else home before all this happened.

MARLOWE

I'll probably talk to them, then. Try to find something of a motive between the four of them. Mind clearing out the office, then?

MORRIS

I don't think we're quite done with our end.

MARLOWE

Third parties might oblige our friends here to say things they wouldn't normally. Don't worry, we won't touch anything.

MORRIS

Right. (to the rest of the team) Pack it up, fellas! (to MARLOWE) We'll be back in three hours, give or take.

MARLOWE

Oh, I'll be done by then.

MORRIS

That's what I like to hear. Be seeing you.

(MORRIS and the rest of the investigators exit.)

MARLOWE

So, Irene, Oscar, and you are...

SOFIA

(standing up suddenly)

Sofia. Novak.

MARLOWE

Alright, we're not taking attendance here. (SOFIA sits.) No, let's start with you. I'll be talking to all of you, anyway.

SOFIA

I've already told the beat cops everything.

MARLOWE

Oh, well, I wasn't with them. I'm trying to get a picture of what happened here. What were you doing with Mr. Schwartz last night?

SOFIA

Oh, we'd just made a big milestone in sales. Mr. Schwartz wanted to celebrate at the bar, and I went with.

MARLOWE

You usually go with him for these kinds of things?

SOFIA

Oh, I've only known him for a couple months now. He likes to buy me things, and he's paying my way through school, I figured I owed him that.

MARLOWE

Only a couple months? You been in town long?

SOFIA

This is the first job I've gotten since I transferred schools.

MARLOWE

What are you studying?

SOFIA

Teaching. I want to teach little kids.

MARLOWE

How very nice. Anyway, let me get this straight: you've just hit a big sales number, and then Mr. Schwartz kills himself? Doesn't seem to make sense to me.

SOFIA

I can assure you I didn't have anything to do with it.

MARLOWE

Doesn't look too good that you were one of the last people to see him before he croaks. You know that, right?

SOFIA

(defensively)

Yeah, I'm not stupid.

MARLOWE

Of course not. You're in college. Why did you transfer?

SOFIA

I wanted to be close to my mom. She's sick. And, I can't exactly talk to my mother, who's in Chicago, when I'm in Arizona.

MARLOWE

Sorry to hear that. I used to live in Arizona, as a matter of fact. Bit of a transplant here myself.

SOFIA

What'd you do out in Arizona?

MARLOWE

Police detective, same as I am here. Did you know a Hank Goldberg out there, by any chance?

SOFIA

(slightly shocked)

Oh! Uh, yeah. I knew him. He was my old boss, Hankie-

MARLOWE

Hankie?

SOFIA

Oh, I've got pet names for everybody.

MARLOWE

Right. You know that "Hankie" died right as your school year would've ended?

SOFIA

What? Oh, my god.

MISS GERSCHMAN

(standing up)

Hey, ease up on her!

MARLOWE

Or what?

MISS GERSCHMAN

It's very uncouth to talk to a young lady like that.

MARLOWE

It's my job, miss.

MISS GERSCHMAN

I don't care if you were Saint Peter at the pearly gates. You're gonna play nice with her.

MARLOWE

Oh, so you wouldn't mind if I played a little rough with you?

MISS GERSCHMAN

I can take it.

MARLOWE

Why aren't you married?

(a pause.)

MISS GERSCHMAN

Never saw the point.

MARLOWE

Oh, yeah? I'd figure it'd be pretty nice to get out of a dingy box like this.

MISS GERSCHMAN

I was on my way out of this "dingy box", thank you very much.

MARLOWE

Oh, so you wouldn't mind if your darling boss kicked the bucket on the way out?

MISS GERSCHMAN

What are you implying?

MARLOWE

Oh, nothing.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Playing dumb with me?

MARLOWE

I could say the same of you.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Sure, Schwartz was no angel. This ended up being mighty convenient for me.

MARLOWE

The jury won't like the sound of that. Do you hear yourself?

MISS GERSCHMAN

Do you? Lambasting defenseless ladies with nobody to help us!

MARLOWE

It's my job, ma'am!

MISS GERSCHMAN

Well, you seem to enjoy giving it just as much as you hate taking it! What's your name, Detective?

MARLOWE

Marlowe. Like you'd need to know.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Well, *Marlowe*, I'll be filing a complaint with your commissioner when this is done!

SOFIA

Miss Gerschman, that won't be necessary.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Oh, yes it is! (to MARLOWE) Do you even have a case against any of us?

MARLOWE

Well, let me talk to everyone first. (to CHAVEZ) Oscar, you've been mighty quiet.

CHAVEZ

(looking away)

I didn't do anything.

MARLOWE

Oh, how convincing. Let me see your face when you lie to me, at least.

CHAVEZ

(turns his head to MARLOWE, still sitting)

I didn't do anything wrong.

MARLOWE

You think that will keep you out of the gas chamber?

CHAVEZ

I'm telling the truth.

MARLOWE

Let me guess. You're looking for a new life in America. Probably out of one of those banana republics down south. You come to the home of American automobiles, and you're not getting much luck, am I right? (CHAVEZ is silent.) So, you get a job, something temporary, you tell yourself, and you're just looking for any opportunity to get out of this dump. Mr. Schwartz isn't going to be the guy to get you that capital, but you don't know this town well enough to get a job anywhere else. You get desperate. This racist gringo won't get you what you need, so you take matters into your own hands-

MISS GERSCHMAN

That's quite enough.

MARLOWE

You got any better ideas?

MISS GERSCHMAN

Chavez wouldn't harm a fly.

MARLOWE

Oh, and none of the rest of you wouldn't, either, am I right?

(a beat.)

MARLOWE

Miss Gerschman, lonely spinster. Probably has some kind of grudge against Mr. Schwartz. You've been mighty defensive tonight, but don't think I'll let you take the fall for these folks.

MISS GERSCHMAN

I'm not trying to! None of these folks did it!

MARLOWE

It'd be mighty convenient if you did then, wouldn't it? I know the type. Old flame becomes secretary becomes madame. You've seen floozies like Sofia coming in and out for hwoever many years and you can't stand to think that *you* could've ended up being Mrs. Schwartz!

SOFIA

Hey! I'm no floozy!

MARLOWE

No, you're not. You know *exactly* what you're doing. Hank Goldberg died after drinking some poisoned whiskey, would you know anything about that?!

(a beat.)

MARLOWE

He had so much liquor in his system that he couldn't even walk straight! Then, you come along and give him a nightcap, and that was that. But, you think, you can't have two bosses croak the same way two times in a row, so you have to improvise. Catch him while he's sleeping!

MISS GERSCHMAN

Sofia wasn't in the room when the shots were fired.

MARLOWE

So, who's to say that *you* didn't grab the gun from Mr. Schwartz's desk and pop a couple shots in him, make it look like a suicide, and then call it in like he did it to himself? How could have he shot himself *three* times?

MISS GERSCHMAN

Oh, like *I'm* going to do something like that when I was on my way out anyway!

MARLOWE

Or, we could've had *la Fajita Grande* over here come in through the fire escape and do the deed?

CHAVEZ

Hey!

(CHAVEZ flies toward MARLOWE, as if to fight. MISS GERSCHMAN gets between the two of them.)

MISS GERSCHMAN

(realizing something)

Wait a goddamned minute! (to MARLOWE) You haven't been in the office yet, have you?

MARLOWE

No, I haven't, why?

MISS GERSCHMAN

Then how do you know the fire escape window is open?

(Lights go out.)

(Lights come up. It's about three hours earlier. MR. SCHWARTZ drunkenly stumbles into the waiting room, his arm around SOFIA. MR. SCHWARTZ and SOFIA are laughing about something, MR. SCHWARTZ laughing much harder. MR. SCHWARTZ and SOFIA approach MISS GERSCHMAN's desk.)

MR. SCHWARTZ

(Still giggling)

Hell of a night, huh?

MISS GERSCHMAN

I've been here all night, Mr. Schwartz.

MR. SCHWARTZ

Have you? (to SOFIA) Then who's this fine young thing I've been wooing all night?

SOFIA

(to MR. SCHWARTZ)

Let's get you back into your office. (to MS. GERSCHMAN) I'm mighty sorry about this, Ms. Gerschman!

(MR. SCHWARTZ hobbles his way to the door. As MR. SCHWARTZ fumbles with the keys, SOFIA and MISS GERSCHMAN take an aside.)

MISS GERSCHMAN

(Takes a drag of her cigarette)

Don't worry about it. Believe me, I've seen him in much worse shape. (looks at MR. SCHWARTZ) He's been due his bender for a while. He hasn't been too rough on you, has he?

SOFIA

Oh, no. (whispering to MS. GERSCHMAN) I'm not sure he knows how big he is after he's had a few gin and tonics through him.

MISS GERSCHMAN

(Still looking at MR. SCHWARTZ, annoyed)

You don't know the half of it. (to SOFIA) Let him sleep it off in his office, better here than the drunk tank.

SOFIA

My thoughts exactly.

MR. SCHWARTZ

(Still messing with the keys)

Where is Chavez when you need him? This is the crap I hired him for. Chavez! Chavez!

SOFIA

Oh, let me. (Easily finds MR. SCHWARTZ's key.) Let's get you in!

(SOFIA opens the door and turns on the office's light. MR. SCHWARTZ nearly falls on his way in. SOFIA comes back out into the waiting room.)

SOFIA

You sure Mrs. Schwartz is okay with this?

MISS GERSCHMAN

(Typing on the typewriter, cigarette hanging from her lip)

What she don't know can't hurt her.

(CHAVEZ bursts into the waiting room.)

CHAVEZ

Did you need me, boss? Mr. Schwartz!

MISS GERSCHMAN

(Waving CHAVEZ off.)

We're okay, Chavez! Get going already!

CHAVEZ

Oh, it's just I heard Mr. Schwartz-

MISS GERSCHMAN

We're fine. Mr. Schwartz is just drunk.

MR. SCHWARTZ

(from the office)

No, I'm not!

(MISS GERSHMAN stands up from her desk, and marches over to close the door.)

MISS GERSCHMAN

(Shouting into the office)

Sit your big behind in that chair, I won't be telling you twice!

MR. SCHWARTZ

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah.

(MS. GERSCHMAN slams the door shut. MR. SCHWARTZ sits at his desk, laughs, and puts his head on the table.)

CHAVEZ

What do we do?

MISS GERSCHMAN

(to CHAVEZ)

You need to get home, before this boils over into another one of those nights. (to SOFIA)
You seem to be the apple of his eye for the time being, can't you try to talk some sense into him?

(CHAVEZ gets the memo, and walks out of the waiting room.)

SOFIA

I can't talk to him like that! Why don't you talk to him?

MISS GERSCHMAN

Because he hasn't listened to me since you've come around. He seems to hang on your every word, the hopeless romantic.

SOFIA

Really? I just don't think I should be talking to my boss like that.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Trust me, these relationships run much deeper than just between a boss and a subordinate here. (she takes another long drag of her cigarette) He may make you feel special, but you're just the latest in a long line, honey.

SOFIA

I figured. As long as his money's going my way, I don't much have a problem with it. He's paying for my college, you know.

MISS GERSCHMAN

He's paid for enough college degrees to get a statue in the quad.

SOFIA

Judging by the way he's living, he might not have many more degrees in him.

(SOFIA indicates to her bag for MISS GERSCHMAN to notice.)

MISS GERSCHMAN

Good luck with that. If I had a dollar for every broad that tried to off him for the insurance money, I wouldn't be working behind this ratty desk.

SOFIA

Are you telling me to not do it?

(MS. GERSCHMAN thinks for a moment. She looks toward the office for a beat.)

MISS GERSCHMAN

(to SOFIA, whispering)

Have you ever done this before?

SOFIA

(whispering)

He's drunk. It can't be that hard!

MISS GERSCHMAN

(still whispering)

If this works, I want half.

SOFIA

Sixty-forty.

MISS GERSCHMAN

You got a deal.

(SOFIA and MISS GERSCHMAN shake hands. MISS GERSCHMAN makes her way back behind her desk and begins to type. SOFIA saunters back into MR. SCHWARTZ's office.)

SOFIA

How about a nightcap, Mr. Schwartz?

MR. SCHWARTZ

(wakes up)

Huh? Oh, yes! Let me get something from my "secret" stash!

(MR. SCHWARTZ produces two glasses from his desk and goes to the bookshelf at the back of the office. As MR. SCHWARTZ searches, SOFIA produces a small dropper bottle and uses the pipette from the bottle to drop four or five drops into one of the glasses. MR. SCHWARTZ then finds his book, a well-worn volume, and opens it to produce a flask. MR. SCHWARTZ then pours some drink into both of the glasses. SOFIA grabs the glass that she did not spike.)

MR. SCHWARTZ

(raises his spiked glass)

To a night well spent!

SOFIA

(before they take a sip)

Do you like what you do?

MR. SCHWARTZ

(stops just before drinking)

What?

SOFIA

I'm just asking. I wanna know what you think about your line of work. I've gotta put this degree to work, you know.

MR. SCHWARTZ

It's okay, I guess. (thinks for a moment) I never much cared about colleges. Liberal academics that don't know a damned thing about running a real business. They don't know what I've sacrificed. Shit, I've even had to start hiring wetbacks like Chavez to make ends meet. Soon enough, we'll all have to work with the mongrel races. It's communism, Sofia!

SOFIA

Oh, but I thought you liked Chavez at least?

MR. SCHWARTZ

He's one of the good ones. He works hard, and he's seen and not heard, just the way I like 'em.

SOFIA

(suddenly feeling nauseous, dry heaves)

Sorry, sir, but I think I have to go. (Looks at her watch) Oh, my goodness, I have a class in the morning. I'll see you tomorrow!

(SOFIA leaves the office in a hurry. MISS GERSCHMAN watches SOFIA leave, a look of satisfaction on her face. MISS GERSCHMAN turns the light off in the waiting room, leaving the lamp on her desk on as she types.)

MR. SCHWARTZ

Goodbye, then.

(MR. SCHWARTZ goes to take a drink but stumbles standing still. He decides that he's had enough. MR. SCHWARTZ goes to turn off the light, leaving the spiked drink on his desk. MR. SCHWARTZ turns off the ceiling light, leaving only the light from the windows in his office to illuminate the room. MR. SCHWARTZ sits down and goes to sleep at his desk. After a moment, a silhouette appears from the fire escape outside the office's back window, a man wearing a distinctive brimmed hat. It is not known who this is.)

(The MAN quietly opens the window and enters the office, closing the window again. After looking through the shelves in MR. SCHWARTZ's desk, The MAN produces a handgun and places it in MR. SCHWARTZ's hand. After planting the handgun, The MAN pulls out a different handgun and points it at the sleeping MR. SCHWARTZ. Bang. MISS GERSCHMAN jumps in her seat and looks to the office. Bang. The flash of the gunshots reveals the killer's face. It is MARLOWE. Bang. MISS GERSCHMAN fumbles at the door. Bang. MARLOWE then makes a run for it, bursting through the office door, knocking MISS GERSCHMAN to the floor.)

(MISS GERSCHMAN gets a glance at the figure running out of the darkened waiting room. MARLOWE leaves the waiting room in a hurry. MISS GERSCHMAN goes back into the office and turns on the light. Sprawled out on the desk, MR. SCHWARTZ is dead, a pool of blood collecting and dripping off the side of the desk. MISS GERSCHMAN nearly inhales her cigarette in shock and then goes to get the phone in the hall outside the waiting room to call the authorities. Lights go down.)

(Lights come back up. It's the present. CHAVEZ and MARLOWE at each other's throats. MISS GERSCHMAN standing between them. SOFIA watching on in shock.)

MISS GERSCHMAN

I say again. How did you know the window was open?

MARLOWE

I- uh-

SOFIA

(shocked, to MISS GERSCHMAN)

What are you implying?

MISS GERSCHMAN

(pushing the two men aside, to MARLOWE)

How. Did. You. Know?

MARLOWE

It's, uh, a typical M.O. for these types of killings. Can't get in through the front door, come in through the escape, bang.

MISS GERSCHMAN

And then you can make your way *out* the front door, like you were always there?

MARLOWE

That's the idea, yes.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Well, after Mr. Schwartz "offed" himself, I was knocked down by something coming out the door.

MARLOWE

Did you tell that to anyone?

MISS GERSCHMAN

Didn't think to, that door is air-tight, so it's knocked me back when I've pulled too hard on it many times. But-

MARLOWE

But what?

MISS GERSCHMAN

I thought I saw somebody run out. It was dark, and late, so I figured that I was just tired. Now, I'm not so sure.

MARLOWE

You're not thinking-

MISS GERSCHMAN

I just might be! What were you doing just before this?

MARLOWE

I was asleep! It's three in the goddamned morning, most people are.

MISS GERSCHMAN

You look pretty well put-together for somebody who just rolled out of bed. You *sure* you weren't doing anything else?

MARLOWE

Seems like you're still tired. When the boys come back, who are they gonna believe, some hag at a typewriter or a cop?

MISS GERSCHMAN

Oh, I'm *wide* awake. You're the only one with access to a gun here. Mr. Schwartz didn't keep any heat in his desk.

MARLOWE

Oh, big deal. Maybe he kept his guns on him, did you ever consider that?

MISS GERSCHMAN

Have *you* considered that there are two people in here that have been intimate with Mr. Schwartz that would know anything like that. (to SOFIA) Sofia, did Mr. Schwartz ever keep a gun on him?

SOFIA

Not that I ever saw.

MISS GERSCHMAN

So, I'm supposed to buy that Mr. Schwartz, off a record sales high, buys a gun that night and offs himself after a drink or two? Seems fishy.

MARLOWE

Oh, and a cop sneaking in and killing him is more believable? Give me a break.

MISS GERSCHMAN

I heard you and your buddies talking about the Tigers game earlier. You're not in too much trouble about that, are you?

MARLOWE

I can do whatever I want to with my money. I can quit whenever I want.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Is it your money? Detective isn't exactly a fruitful endeavour. There's a third party here.

MARLOWE

So what if I've taken a loan or two, name somebody who hasn't!

MISS GERSCHMAN

To gamble on baseball? Marlowe, you've got a problem.

MARLOWE

No, *you've* got a problem, lady. You've been a thorn in my side all night, what gives?

MISS GERSCHMAN

I've worked in enough gardens to know a mole when I see one.

MARLOWE

Lady, that's a *heavy* accusation.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Oh, yeah? I've had my head to the ground. You work at a luxury automobile parts manufacturer and you hear plenty. I know where these mob types are headed. Where they're going and where you've been seem to line up quite nicely.

MARLOWE

I *said* I came out of Arizona.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Where at?

MARLOWE

White Hills.

SOFIA

That's northwest Arizona. (to MISS GERSCHMAN) What are you getting at?

MISS GERSCHMAN

The mob's moving out to Las Vegas here soon enough. We've been getting orders for southwest Nevada for the last few months. Unfortunately for them, our factory boys are about to strike.

SOFIA

So?

MISS GERSCHMAN

So? So, we build custom parts for them to smuggle in their money and contraband and whatnot. Without their parts, they can't do business the way they want to.

MARLOWE

Sure, but where do I come in? I'm a police detective from out of state.

MISS GERSCHMAN

The mob's got their fingers everywhere. Especially in dinky little mining towns like yours. You said you were taking out loans to gamble. What kind of bank would let you do something like that?

MARLOWE

Banks got to do business with people somehow.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Banks that need business don't do risky loans.

MARLOWE

Well, then, lay out your master plan, Miss Gerschman.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Gladly. You're just another gumshoe in the desert, but you need a little excitement to shake things up. You've never had a taste for women, but the roulette tables just north are just your ticket. You get into the sportsbooks, and just before you know it, you're in a little debt. Then, a lot. Next thing you know, the casino bosses are asking something of you that you never thought you would be asked.

MARLOWE

Yeah? What's that?

MISS GERSCHMAN

Oh, just to be a good christian. Turn the other cheek. Mob can't do their dirty business in town, but some backwater in Arizona is just the place. Botch an investigation here, fudge

some numbers there. But, it's not quite enough to make up for what they owe. Let me guess, they need some clandestine operations back home?

MARLOWE

Ok, so I've been in some gambling trouble before. Yeah, I've fudged some stuff. What of it? You're not gonna get me for that.

MISS GERSCHMAN

No, I'm not.

CHAVEZ

Miss Gerschman, you'd better get to what you're getting at.

MISS GERSCHMAN

Mr. Marlowe, would you be so kind as to hand your revolver over to Mr. Chavez?

MARLOWE

I'm not going to do that.

CHAVEZ

What, and then you're going to kill the three of us and split?

MARLOWE

You don't have anything on me! Just accusations!

SOFIA

When your other boys come back, we can ask them to probe into your record. You just said it was shoddy.

(CHAVEZ, SOFIA, and MISS GERSCHMAN corner MARLOWE)

MARLOWE

Yeah, well-

(MARLOWE opens the door, trying to make a run for it through the office window. CHAVEZ catches MARLOWE halfway through the window, and pulls him back into the office. After a struggle, CHAVEZ produces MARLOWE's gun, pointing it at MARLOWE. MARLOWE backs into the corner.)

MISS GERSCHMAN

(entering the office)

Mr. Chavez, could you open the officer's gun's cylinder and tell me what's inside?

CHAVEZ

(after flicking open the cylinder)
It's fully loaded.

MARLOWE

See? Doesn't prove anything!

(SOFIA grabs the revolver to get a better look)

SOFIA

But it has three fired shots.

MISS GERSCHMAN

And three holes in our man.

CHAVEZ

So, what do we do now?

MARLOWE

Maybe we can cut a deal, here! You all didn't like the guy, we can just fudge this and call it a suicide, fair and square.

SOFIA

And keep the mob mole in the police department?

MISS GERSCHMAN

No, I don't think so. We're just going to stay here, and wait for your boys to come back here so we can have a chat.

(MARLOWE sighs. CHAVEZ points the gun back on MARLOWE. SOFIA leans against the wall in the office. MISS GERSCHMAN takes a cigarette out of a pack, and puts it in her mouth.)

MISS GERSCHMAN

Anybody got a light?

(The lights lower. We see the inklings of the sunrise in the windows of the office and the waiting room.)

End of Play.