

ADAM, RAY, AND JANET

RAY. (*On the phone*) The planet is a spinning ball of ROCK! The planet is not nostalgic: She is not going to feel bad about losing some ice caps and redwoods and billions of people. The planet is not vain: She does not require little lakes and tress and chirpy children to make her feel attractive. The kicker is that all these doomsday do-gooders have got it backwards: *They need the planet—they need Mother earth to Save them—and just what the hell's in it for her.* I'll take my answer off the air.

ADAM. All in a day's work, huh, Ray?

RAY. Vigilance, Adam. Eternal vigilance. And, hey, some guy heard my theory about Yoko Ono and the Bay of Pigs, and he wants me to do a blob. What's a blob, anyway?

JANET. A blog. It's called a--

ADAM. (*at the bar*) Set you up?

RAY. I would seek to understand a beer, yes.

JANET. So, Ray, where are you living now?

ADAM. He's back upstairs.

JANET. No.

ADAM. (*To Ray*) In what—801?

RAY. 603—not that it's any business of yours.

JANET. Ray, you can't keep staying up there--

ADAM. Forget it—he won't listen--

JANET. —The hotel's all boarded up! It's nothing but trash and rats ad broken windows--

ADAM. If he wants to be a vagrant, just let him--

RAY. I am not a vagrant--

ADAM. Yeah, okay.

RAY. —I am an itinerant homesteader--

JANET. But, Ray--

RAY. —And I'll have you know that the now-defunct Yankee Hotel is the finest home I've ever had—and until the wrecking ball comes, I intend to frequent its hallways and commune with its ghosts and what's more, the rats are not bad at all on six.

JANET. You could stay with us.

RAY. You're not serious?

ADAM. No, she's not.

RAY. (*to Janet*) They must love you at the foundation. When are they gonna put you in charge of the whole shebang?

JANET. NO time soon, I think.

RAY. Want I should talk to them.

JANET. Maybe not.

RAY. And what about him? When he finally escapes with his fancy degree, what's he gonna do? Diplomat, do-gooder, politician or spy?

ADAM. Why do always--

RAY. What the hell else are you gonna do with a master's in International Studies? Mop the floor at the U.N.?

ADAM. What do you think I should be, Ray?

RAY. Careful. I think you should be careful.