

ACT 1 SCENE 1 "MR. STEVENS"

By

Igor Zhukovsky, Ernie Zahn and Tom Stroll

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<http://www.divine-comedies.com/>
ernie.zahn@divine-comedies.com

ACT 01 SCENE 01 "MR. STEVENS"

EXT. MORTIMER STEVENS' OFFICE BUILDING, NYC - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED ON THE SCREEN IS "ACT I." MR. STEVENS WALKS DOWN THE STREET AND ENTERS HIS OFFICE BUILDING FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

DORIS PORTER
Morning Mr. Stevens.

MORTIMER STEVENS
Morning Doris, any messages?

DORIS PORTER
Yes, Mr. Stevens. Would you like to hear them?

MORTIMER STEVENS
Thank you Doris, yes.

DORIS PORTER
The first was from a Mr. Evans. He would like to meet you to discuss the matter involving the bank.

MORTIMER STEVENS
Tell him I'm busy.

DORIS PORTER
Alright then, you're busy. Then your mother called. She wants to know how your date went with that nice girl.

MORTIMER STEVENS
(Gigantic sigh.) Tell her I'm dead.

DORIS PORTER
You're dead?

MORTIMER STEVENS
Yes. Yes I'm DEAD!

DORIS PORTER
But you aren't dead, sir.

MORTIMER STEVENS
Yes, but she doesn't know that. Just say I was killed...in...a catapulting...accident. She'll understand.

(CONTINUED)

DORIS PORTER

...Okay, dead. Then Mr. Ryan's assistant called saying you need to meet with the Italian partners about the new project.

MORTIMER STEVENS

Tell him I was walking home one day...and was bitten by a dog. I contracted rabies and am currently lying in a hospital bed. Furthermore, how dare he call me about meetings while I am fighting for my life!

DORIS PORTER

But you aren't.

MORTIMER STEVENS

Listen Doris, this is how it works I say words and make them into notes. You don't question the words or the notes! It's like the bible, who'd question that! (He cackles and then thinks about what he just said.) Oh.

DORIS PORTER

I thought you were dead.

MORTIMER STEVENS

To my mother, yes. If Mr. Ryan finds out that I'm dead, it'll cause complications with my job.

DORIS PORTER

I see. Savage dog, fighting for life, not yet dead. Got it. There was a message from the IRS. They say that they know you aren't marooned on a deserted island, and that you still owe them back taxes.

MORTIMER STEVENS

They never let up, do they? Tell them, I was kidnapped by aliens. No, wait, drug lords. Yeah, that sounds better. They forced me to have my secretary call everyone and tell them I was marooned to stall for ransom. Then they sold me into slavery to an Asian seabed mining operation, where I was kept in a

(MORE)

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MORTIMER STEVENS (cont'd)
cage and beaten and fed scraps of
what the dogs couldn't finish.
Until I stowed away on a flight
back to the states. Along the way,
however, the plane's door
malfunctioned and I was sucked out
at 10,000 feet I then landed on the
very same island that I had
pretended to be marooned on,
creating a highly ironic situation.
And there I remain to this very
day. Did you get that?

DORIS PORTER
I can't tell that to the IRS. Why
don't you do it, you sick bastard?

MORTIMER STEVENS
I would be glad to, but as it turns
out I was stabbed six times on my
way to the office today. I am
currently in a coma and am appalled
that you would ask me to do such a
thing in my condition. Write that
down and read it later.

DORIS SCRIBBLES IT DOWN.

DORIS PORTER
Got it.

MORTIMER STEVENS
Great I gotta go. If anyone around
the office asks where I am, tell
them that I'm busy curing Polio.

DORIS PORTER
Uhh, they already have a cure for
that.

MORTIMER STEVENS
Beautiful, then I deserve a
vacation after all that hard work.

MR. STEVENS LEAVES THE OFFICE.

DORIS PORTER
Right.

DORIS IS BY HERSELF IN THE OFFICE AND SHE HEARS A VOICE...

(CONTINUED)

SIR RUTHERFORD WELCH
Mr. Stevens is what is known as a
compulsive liar.

DORIS PORTER
Who said that?