

MAN. OK, look, I thought I'd . . . I'd have more time. Ha! That sounds like me . . . !

(He laughs. JAMIE and ABBY look at each other and try to politely laugh.)

OK, OK, so, I have an offer to make you.

(He checks his watch.)

I, uh . . . I've got to leave, go someplace else in about an hour, more or less, I absolutely can't stay any longer. But, in the meantime, I just want to sit here. You go ahead, close up, do what you have to do—

JAMIE. I'm sorry, I can't—

MAN. And I'll give you two hundred bucks.

JAMIE. Two hundred—! *(He thinks a moment.)* I don't know, I could get in trouble . . .

ABBY. Two hundred?! That's . . . wait . . . is this some kind of . . . ?!

MAN. And no funny business. No sex, politics, religion, nothing like that. I just want some time here and then I absolutely promise, I'll get up and walk out with no trouble.

JAMIE. Why here? IHOP is open all night.

MAN. *(Beat.)* I used to work here.

JAMIE. Here? Really?

MAN. Yeah, I've been away.

JAMIE. "Away"? How long?

MAN. It's been thirty years since I was here. I just . . . I just want to hang here a little. Reminisce, you know?

JAMIE. Yeah . . . Prison?

MAN. No! Sort of. NO! Kidding! Ha! It's just kind of important to me. We're talking forty-five minutes, an hour, tops. You can still close up. If I were you, I'd turn the lights down in case a cop rolls by. Two hundred bucks.

ABBY. Jamie, I don't know. This is kind of—

MAN. Each.

ABBY. What?

MAN. I'm taking your time, too. So, what do you think? That's four hundred bucks.

(MAN opens his wallet and takes out four bills, spreading them out on the bar.)

MAN. That could buy you a lot of practice to “play like yourself.” If you say no, I’ll just leave right now. But an hour from now, when you don’t have the money, you’ll be kicking yourself . . .

JAMIE. Look man, this feels . . . What’s the catch?

MAN. What catch? I just want to talk a bit, have another drink or two and then I’ll go.

ABBY. Jamie, you probably shouldn’t—

JAMIE. Yeah, you’re right. Thanks, this would make a great story, but sorry, pal; not everything is for sale.

MAN. Yeah, that’s funny.

JAMIE. *(Beat.)* You have to go.

(MAN gets to the door, turns back.)

MAN. A thousand bucks.

ABBY. What?!

MAN. Each.

(He counts out the bills on the bar or the table downstage center.)

JAMIE. OK, this is crazy!

MAN. It is!

JAMIE. How do you happen to have two thousand bucks on you?

MAN. Who cares? I just do.

ABBY. We really shouldn’t.

JAMIE. No, you’re right! You’re right. Nobody pays two thousand bucks to sit and have a drink!

MAN. I do.

JAMIE. *(Pause while JAMIE thinks.)* OK, OK, hang on. Listen, pal, I just need to know one thing!

MAN. What?

JAMIE. Be completely serious here!

MAN. You got it!

JAMIE. *(Beat.)* Can I freshen that u

