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BLUE CHIPS AND DICEY DIP

OR

SILLYCON VALLEY CONSPIRACY



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Synopsis

Upon the sudden death of Cool N. Calm, Cole's Egded's mentor and spiritual father, Cole immediately suspects foul play. As the new Trustee and Board of Directors of Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation, he has become Cool's daughter Dorothy's trustworthy Trustee. Cole quickly sends Dorothy to Kansas to attend Calvary Chapel Christian Academy for Girls, vowing to keep her safe from harm. When after seven years there has been no break in the Cool N. Calm mystery, Cole suddenly announces that he is going on an extended business trip. He leaves the Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation in the hands of Gain Illgotten, it's "Junior" Assistant. Cole is quite certain that, while the cat's away the rats will play. Ms. Construe's plan to misconstrue goes awry with Dot Calm's sudden arrival. It has been seven years since her father's death and she has finally come of age. She has returned to fulfill her destiny and take her rightful place at the helm of her father's company. With Dot Calm in the way, Gain's dream of becoming an Assistant will soon become his worst nightmare. In an effort to keep Dot Calm from going public with her plans, Ms. Construe enlists the help of Mal Adjusted, her hesitant henchman. But Ms. Construe's hard drive to climb the corporate ladder is no match for Mal Adjusted's bent toward going straight. Gerry Attric, Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporations oldest and most trustworthy employee, has a built-in virus detector when it comes to the scheming of Ms. Construe. While she slowly builds a web site for "Pirate Software" at the command of Ms. Construe, Gerry is keeping a watchful eye on Dot Calm's back door.

Cast of Characters

DOROTHY CALM	Our heroine comes from great stock. She is a chip off the old block. Dot Calm is sole heir to the Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate fortune. Dot Calm may be young but she is no start-up. This little cookie knows how to keep all her options open.
COLE EGDED / MORTON MAY-EYE	Our hero. Cool N. Calm brought him on board as an apprentice when he was just a lowly mail boy. Cool became Cole's mentor and spiritual father. After Cool's untimely death Cole becomes the new Board of Directors of Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation. In order to solve the mystery of what happened to Cool, Cole takes on the disguise of Morton May-Eye, nickname: "Salty". He claims to be Dorothy's uncle on her Mother May-Eye's side. Morton is a well-seasoned old salt, with a dash of senility. Uncle Morton seems well preserved for his age but look closely, there is more to this old gent than meets the eye.
GAIN ILLGOTTEN	Our villain is "junior" assistant at C.N.C.M.M.C. He is temporary overseer of the Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation in Cole Egded's absence.
MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE	This villainess comes fully loaded with beauty and brains but don't let her software fool you. She is the meanest shark in the tank and will take mega bites out of anyone who gets in her way.
GERRY ATTRIC	She is the Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation's oldest living employee. As Cool N. Calm's personal assistant and Cole Egded's Secretary, she has more gigabytes of memory stored "upstairs" than she can count birthdays.

MAL PRACTESE'/
MAL ADJUSTED

The Cool N. Calm family Attorney. His principal interest is Ms. De Lielah Construe. Mal takes a big loss when Ms. Construe frames him with a copy of "Qwikfix" software. When Cole gives Mal his pink slip and sends him packing, Mal plays the silent partner Mal Adjusted, Ms. Construe's hesitant henchman. He has become a spineless Chiropractor to hide the deplorable truth of his real vocation. He is a Lawyer! However, he is not the cool and calm Attorney he once was.

ACT I

Scene 1

Setting: the office of Mal Practese'

At Rise: MAL PRACTESE', the Cool N. Calm attorney, is seated at his desk. The phone rings.

MAL PRACTESE' *(answering)*

Yes, Miss Beacon? Send her right in! Oh, and Mavis, when the rest of the Cool N. Calm party arrive don't keep them waiting. They've been through enough.

(MAL smoothes hair, checks his breath. As MS. CONSTRUE enters MAL jumps to his feet, moving toward her with his arms outstretched. MS. CONSTRUE slips past him brusquely.)

MAL PRACTESE'

De Lielah! It feels like an eternity since I last saw you.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE *(dryly)*

I hardly noticed.

MAL PRACTESE'

What was that, De Lielah dearest?

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE *(recovering)*

I said, I've hardly noticed anything at all since the "incident".

MAL PRACTESE'

Yes, of course, the "incident". Sit down, my dear.

(offers his handkerchief)

You must be all broken up about it.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

(feigning tears)

Yes, I am. I'm in pieces over the whole thing.

(dryly)

Now, about that little matter we discussed.

MAL PRACTESE'

(patting her)

Yes, of course. Why don't you show me the little cookbook program you brought? We can search for some nice brownies and…

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

It is not a cookbook, Mr. Practese'! It is "Qwikfix" book-cooking software.

(She mistakenly produces empty can of Spam from purse. MAL smells it and winces.)

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

I wrote the program myself for some consulting I did for Memron.

(notices her mistake, puts can away giving MAL copy of "QuickFix")

But I don't want to talk about that.

MAL PRACTESE'

De Lielah, my little dish, are you suggesting I use the book-cooking program, "QuickFix" to cook the Cool N. Calm books? Why, that would be a recipe for disaster!

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

Perhaps I should take my software down the road. I'm sure I can find someone who would appreciate my cooking.

MAL PRACTESE'

De Lielah, dearest! I only meant that…

(COLE EGDED enters.)

COLE EGDED

Mr. Practese', is everything…

(He sees MAL with program. MAL hides it behind his back.)

COLE EGDED

…as it should be?

(GAIN, GERRY and young DOT CALM enter. MS. CONSTRUE moves quickly to door to join them. COLE silently presses MAL. MAL reluctantly gives him the program.)

COLE EGDED *(sternly)*

Mal Practese', explain the meaning of this!

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE *(hedging)*

Oh, here is the little darling now.

COLE EGDED

(to MAL)

I'll put this on the back burner for now.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

Such a brave little Dot Calm. And just starting up in the world. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

GAIN ILLGOTTEN *(sarcastically)*

It makes you want to have one of your own doesn't it?

GERRY ATTRIC *(protectively)*

Some people don't have what it takes to encourage small business.

DOROTHY CALM

(begins sneezing)

What is that… scent you are wearing?

(sneeze)

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

It's Old Spy's Cologne. Do you like it?

DOROTHY CALM

It stinks when old spies lose their sense of smell.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

I would rather stink at being an old spy than linger my whole life at the low level of "Junior" Assistant.

MAL PRACTESE'

(changing the subject)

Well, it looks like we're all here now. Please be seated. Let's get started, shall we?

(Everyone sits down.)

MAL PRACTESE'

(into phone)

Ms Beacon, hold all my calls.

(clears throat to begin meeting)

As you know, we are gathered here today because of the tragic and untimely death of Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation's beloved founder. As his employees and beneficiaries we are faced with the many unanswered questions surrounding his death.

DOROTHY CALM

(overcome with emotion)

Why did he have to die?

COLE EGDED

There there, Dot. Be calm.

DOROTHY CALM

How can I possibly be calm when my own father has just expired from eating Blue Chips and tainted Spam dip? I should have done something!

GERRY ATTRIC

But how could any of us have known the Spam was tainted?

(MS. CONSTRUE clutches Spam key hanging on a chain around her neck.)

DOROTHY CALM

Spam was Father Calm's favorite dish. We ate it at every meal. Meal after meal. Day after day. Month after month.

(dryly)

Year after year.

COLE EGDED

And now he is gone.

MAL PRACTESE'

And that leaves us with the question of questionable Spam.

DOROTHY CALM

Questionable Spam? Is there no end to the depth of its evil?

(breaking down)

COLE EGDED

Mrs. Attric, this talk of Blue Chips and dicey dip is more than little Dot Calm can bear. Please show her out.

(GERRY and DOT exit.)

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

It looks like the little upstart is about to go under.

COLE EGDED

Mr. Practese', my patience is depleted. Please put an end to this torturous testing!

MAL PRACTESE'

You are quite right, Mr. Egded. It is time to discuss the future of the Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation. While it is true that Mr. Calm's dicey demise was unexpected and untimely, the Cool N. Calm chip magnate was not unprepared. Before he died he revealed to me his last wishes.

(opening briefcase)

I have spent many long hours preparing the Cool N. Calm briefs for your review.

(removes over-large polka dot boxers from briefcase. Shrugs, tosses them over his shoulder. Removes thick document)

I have carefully connected all the dots on these briefs and they clearly state that Mr. Cool N. Calm has bequeathed the Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation to his only living heir, Dorothy Bea Calm.

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

But she is only a child! And she's not even calm!

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE *(reaching)*

I'll get to the bottom of those briefs!

MAL PRACTESE'

I will get to the point. Mr. Calm has made every provision as far as little Dot Calm is concerned. She will be sent away to the Calvary Chapel Academy for Girls, in Kansas for the sum of seven years. After which time, she will come of age. In the meantime Mr. Calm has chosen from among you the trustworthiest Trustee of all, to tend Dorothy's estate.

(MS. CONSTRUE and GAIN stand, each thinking they have been chosen as Trustee.)

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

And who pray tell would that be?

MAL PRACTESE'

Why, Mr. Illgotten, the choice is obvious to all of us. The new Cool N. Calm Trustee is Mr. Cole Egded.

(MS. CONSTRUE and GAIN are visibly deflated.)

MAL PRACTESE'

And with that, this meeting will come to a close.

(He stands.)

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

But, but…

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

Good. I've had about all bad briefing I can bear.

(moves toward exit)

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

(follows MS. CONSTRUE)

That wasn't fair! I wanted to be the new chip magnate.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

You always have to be the center of attraction, don't you, "Junior".

(MAL moves to door. He is carrying his briefcase and is using a crow-bar as a walking cane.)

COLE EGDED

Not so fast! We still have some unfinished business.

MAL PRACTESE'

No. I think that about wraps it up.

COLE EGDED

You've still got something cooking, and I can smell it.

MAL PRACTESE'

It is not what you think, Mr. Egded, Sir. I'm innocent I tell you.

COLE EGDED

Then explain what you were doing with this—

(produces "Qwikfix")

—"Qwikfix" book-cooking program!

(MAL PRACTESE' stammers, not wanting to tell on Ms. Construe.)

COLE EGDED

As I thought. You should be ashamed of yourself. Once you were the budding rod of truth that barred every kind of evil from entering the Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation gateway. But no more! Mal Practese', you are dis-barred!

(snatches crow-bar from MAL, then exits)

MAL PRACTESE'

(chin quivers)

I have been disbarred. Expelled! Banished! Thrown from the frying pan into the fire! But as God is my witness, no matter how much they turn up the heat, I will never burn the woman I love.

Scene 2

Setting: the office of Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation. Seven years have passed since Cool N. Calm's death.

At Rise: COLE is seated at his desk.

COLE EGDED *(buzz)*

Mrs. Attric?

GERRY ATTRIC

Yes, Mr. Egded.

COLE EGDED

Will you come into my office? I have something I want to discuss with you.

GERRY ATTRIC

Affirmative, Sir.

(GERRY carries pen and pad into Cole's office.)

COLE EGDED

Please sit down, Mrs. Attric. What I have to say is of grave importance.

GERRY ATTRIC

I think I know what you are going to say, Sir.

COLE EGDED

You do?

GERRY ATTRIC

I have been expecting it for years.

COLE EGDED

You have?

GERRY ATTRIC

Yes, Sir. But, before you say anything else I would like you to know that working for you these past seven years has been the high point of my career.

COLE EGDED

It has?

(MS. CONSTRUE enters main office and sits at her desk. Overhearing GERRY and COLE, she moves in to listen.)

GERRY ATTRIC

When dear old Cool N. Calm died, I thought I had seen the end of my glory days here at the Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation. But you were so kind to keep me around. I know I'm not the freshest fish in the secretarial pool.

COLE EGDED

Mrs. Attric, let's put an end to this talk right now.

GERRY ATTRIC

You're right, Sir. There comes a time when all good things must come to an end.

(turns to leave)

I'll see my way out.

COLE EGDED

Gerry Attric, stop right where you are.

(GERRY freezes.)

COLE EGDED

The only old fish I'm throwing out today is this outdated microfiche.

(removes fish skeleton from his pocket)

Now, please Mrs. Attric, let me get to the point. As you well know, it has been seven long years since the Cool N. Calm, Blue Chips and dicey dip incident. In all that time I have been unable to find a single clue that might uncover the mystery surrounding his death. Until now!

(Straining to hear, MS. CONSTRUE falls to the floor. Unaware, GAIN comes out of his "office" in the closet. MS. CONSTRUE quiets him, and pulls him to the floor next to her.)

GERRY ATTRIC

A clue in the dicey dip incident? What have you discovered Mr. Egded?

COLE EGDED

Careful consideration of the Cool N. Calm data on this microfiche reveals that the old Chip Magnate was about to hit on a winner!

GERRY ATTRIC

A winner? Was it as big a winner as his cool discovery of "Ridges" on the sides of ordinary everyday household chips?

COLE EGDED

Bigger.

GERRY ATTRIC

This is winning news! When word gets out, it's going to sore the old Chip Magnates stock out of a pretty deep dip.

(COLE and GERRY notice that GAIN and MS. CONSTRUE are eavesdropping.)

COLE EGDED

Have you forgotten, Mrs. Attric, that a Chip Magnate of Cool's magnitude attracts many enemies? I have carefully chronicled the crooked conduct in this corporation and have come to the conclusion that we have a staff infection!

(COLE silently motions to GERRY, making her aware of the eavesdroppers.)

GERRY ATTRIC

There's a couple people I'd like to see get the treatment.

COLE EGDED

Don't let it bug you, Mrs. Attric. I believe I have come up with the perfect remedy. I am going away on business.

GERRY ATTRIC

You're leaving? Now?

COLE EGDED

Yes, Mrs. Attric. Right now.

GERRY ATTRIC

But…

(adlib confusion)

(COLE picks up briefcase and moves toward main office. GAIN and MS. CONSTRUE scramble attempting to look nonchalant.)

COLE EGDED

Gain Illgotten will take the helm of Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation in my absence. Can I count on you Gain?

(GAIN is elated. MS. CONSTRUE is furious.)

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

Totally, Mr. Egded! Take all the time you need!

(GAIN quickly removes his "Junior Asst." placard from the closet door. Moving to Cole's office, he covers Cole's placard with his own. GAIN sits down at Cole's desk in obvious pleasure.)

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE *(suspiciously)*

This little equation doesn't add up.

(follows GAIN to office)

COLE EGDED

(gives document to GERRY with urgency)

Mrs. Attric, send this instantaneous message to Dorothy Bea Calm, in care of Calvary Chapel Christian Academy for Girls, in Kansas. Be sure sign it—

(winks at audience)

—from "Salty" It is the best way to "save her".

GERRY ATTRIC

It's as good as done, Mr. Egded. Oh, Mr. Egded!

(handing fish skeleton to COLE)

COLE EGDED

Mrs. Attric, I would be a fool to throw out a fresh fish like you. You always know just how to get me off the hook.

(exit)

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Scene 7

Setting: the office Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation

At Rise: As scene opens DOT is searching Ms. Construe's desk.

DOROTHY CALM

I've got to find the missing "Mega-mini Multi-molecular Microscopic Microchip" It has to be here. But, where? I have done a complete search but… Wait! Ms. Construe would never let the "Mega-mini Multi-molecular Microscopic Microchip" out of her sight. Not after going to such trouble to steal it. She has been carrying the M.M.M.M. with her!

(sneezing repeatedly)

Here comes the clever klepto now. I'd know her scent anywhere.

(DOT hides in her private office as MS. CONSTRUE enters looking around to see if she is alone. She takes an empty Spam can from her briefcase and begins to carefully remove the "Mega-mini Multi-molecular Microscopic Microchip" from it with an oversized pair of tweezers.)

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE *(maniacally)*

At last! The Cool N. Calm "Mega-mini Multi-molecular Microscopic Microchip". And it's mine! Mine! All mine!

(composes herself)

And it's about time too. One more day working for that little up-start, Dot Calm, and I might have gone over the edge. She is always so "chipper". My days of humble servitude are over. All the bowing and scraping.

(chills)

When I pirate the "Mega-mini Multi-molecular Microscopic Microchip" under the name "Nilly Vanilly Waffled Wafer" Pirate Software will have the chip industry in the bag. Then I, De Lielah Construe, will finally get what I have coming.

(maniacal laugh)

(DOT approaches MS. CONSTRUE from behind. MS. CONSTRUE is startled, accidentally popping the "Mega-mini Multi-molecular Microscopic Microchip" into the air. She tries to locate it while playing the innocent.)

DOROTHY CALM

Ms. Construe, you are in bright and early this morning. Are you looking for your briefs?

(holds up itty-bitty briefs)

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

(nervously; shuffling papers on her desk)

Yes. I mean no.

DOROTHY CALM

(holding oversized magnifying glass)

Why Ms. Construe, you appear to have a chip on your shoulder.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

Well, I was annoyed when Napster went belly up.

(turns to exit)

DOROTHY CALM

Stop! An error has occurred!

(carefully removes microchip)

You have pirated the "Mega-mini Multi-molecular Microscopic Microchip".

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

Surely, Dot Calm, you have misconstrued the situation.

DOROTHY CALM

De Lielah, you have performed an illegal operation!

(GERRY, GAIN, MAL and MORTON burst through the door. MORTON has GAIN by the collar.)

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

I'm innocent I tell you! There has been some sort of glitch. I want to call for support.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

I'm bored with this little meeting. I think I'll adjourn.

(MS. CONSTRUE heads for Dot's office door.)

GERRY ATTRIC

There she is! Catch that little virus before she gets through Dot Calm's back door!

MORTON MAY-EYE

Back yourself up right now young lady.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

Why, whatever do you mean?

GERRY ATTRIC

We're about to crash your system, sister!

MAL PRACTESE'

You have been inequitably accused of being an inside traitor. But don't waver, De Lielah dearest, I will defray these charges.

DOROTHY CALM

What charges?

GERRY ATTRIC

I saw Ms. Construe carry Spam sandwiches out in Gain's ill-gotten coat pockets.

DOROTHY CALM

Spam sandwiches?

(tearfully)

Spam was father Calm's favorite dish. We ate it at every meal when I was a child. Meal after meal. Day after day. Month after month. Year after year. Spam can be annoying… but it is not illegal.

GERRY ATTRIC

Even when the Spam in question is… tainted!

DOROTHY CALM

The Spam in question was tainted?

GERRY ATTRIC

Yes, tainted.

DOROTHY CALM

No! Not more questionable Spam! Is there no end to the depth of this evil?

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

It was De Lielah's plan for Mr. May-Eye here, I mean "Salty", to eat the tainted Spam sandwiches for lunch. She was trying to frame me for poisoning him. I need support!

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

But, it was Mal who made the sandwiches. Right Mal? Mal?

MAL PRACTESE'

But, De Lielah dearest, you're the one who brought me the opened Spam you got out of the recycle bin.

DOROTHY CALM

Well, Ms. Construe, what is your reply?

GERRY ATTRIC

Rev up your search engine, honey. You're going to need some help on this one.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

It's true, I did find the Spam in the recycle bin. But I didn't put it there.

DOROTHY CALM

Are you telling us that the Spam got there virtually on its own? How could that be?

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

I'm not sure. It just sort of… popped up.

MAL PRACTESE'

Popped up? But, De Lielah, my little attachment, don't you remember telling me about the killing you made on Spam stock when you went marketing yesterday?

(MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE coughs nervously signaling for MAL to be quiet.)

MORTON MAY-EYE

Yes, Ms. Construe. Perhaps you should refresh your memory.

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

Doing double duty in the dirty dealing department, eh De Lielah?

MAL PRACTESE'

Of course she remembers. Don't you, Cookie? Tell them what a hard drive it was for you, being so fully loaded and all.

(MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE coughs again, still signaling for MAL to be quiet.)

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

Oh, do stop hacking will you? You'll give us all a virus.

MAL PRACTESE'

I offered to help her unload but she gave me the boot again. She said she wanted to do the "set-up" herself.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

Be quiet you big oaf!

GERRY ATTRIC

Ms. Construe gave Mal the boot so she could be completely alone to taint the Spam in question.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

That's impossible! How could a helpless female like me open canned Spam, and then make it questionable? All without breaking a nail? I don't think so.

GERRY ATTRIC

Try using your teeth.

DOROTHY CALM

Opening canned Spam is easy when you wear a diamond-encrusted titanium Spam key around your neck.

(Adlib gasps. Everyone points their pinky finger at DE LIELAH.)

MAL PRACTESE'

Why, why, why De Lielah?

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

Don't point your little fingers at me when there is someone in this very room who is not the person he claims to be.

(MAL and MORTON look sheepish. GERRY looks at MORTON. DOT and GAIN look suspiciously at audience. Beat.)

MORTON MAY-EYE

Yes. It is time to put an end to this charade.

(turns away from group, puts down cane)

(Everyone else turns toward MS. CONSTRUE.)

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

That man has managed to completely mislead all of you.

COLE EGDED

Yes. But when you hear the reasons…

(removes hat and glasses)

(GERRY knows MS. CONSTRUE is referring to MAL. She tries repeatedly yet discretely to stop COLE from confessing.)

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

He is not fit to be trusted.

COLE EGDED

But, there has never been a reason not to trust…

(putting on "Cole's" glasses)

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

He is a total outcast from society.

COLE EGDED

Well, I don't know if I'd take it that far.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

That man—

(points finger)

—is Mal Adjusted.

COLE EGDED *(hurt)*

Now, see here!

(moving to DE LIELAH)

You don't have to get personal!

(Everyone turns their gaze from MAL to COLE. All lean toward COLE and stare in stunned silence.)

COLE EGDED *(clueless)*

What?

GERRY ATTRIC

I tried to tell you.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

Cole Egded?

DOROTHY CALM

(feigning surprise)

Cole Egded it's you!

(winking at audience)

Who knew?

COLE EGDED

I can explain!

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

All right buster, what did you do with "Salty"?

(all freeze)

GERRY ATTRIC

The lights are blinking but the power is on low.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

Yoo hoo! Over here! It's about me, remember?

(pointing at COLE)

This man is not Mal Adjusted! Well, he is but…

(pointing at MAL)

This man is really Mal Adjusted. And not just plain old Mal Adjusted either. He's an attorney! His true identity is Mal Practese'.

COLE EGDED

Do you mean to say that this man is not just plain Mal Adjusted, the Cool N. Calm Chiropractor? He is actually Mal Practese', the formerly fired Cool N. Calm Attorney?

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

The very same.

GERRY ATTRIC

I thought I detected a "mal-function" in that guy.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

(laughs cruelly)

He was once a lawful attorney, now he's nothing more than a spineless bone cruncher.

MAL PRACTESE'

But De Lielah dearest, that's no way to speak of the man you love. I hoped we would be married…

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

Married? Hah! I would never marry a yahoo like you! That is one fatal error I don't intend to make.

MAL PRACTESE'

That mega hurts, De Lielah.

(begins to cry)

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

Don't let her software fool you, Mal. She's the meanest shark in the tank.

DOROTHY CALM

(to GERRY)

Mrs. Attric, I think it's time we give Ms. Construe the "Net" coverage she deserves.

(They throw net over MS. CONSTRUE. DE LIELAH mimes being trapped. She bites at the net.)

COLE EGDED

Madam, it appears that you have run out of options.

MS. DE LIELAH CONSTRUE

All but one. Net escape!

(Exits. DOT follows her to door, stands at open door. Sound of screeching tires.)

DOROTHY CALM

Ms. Construe has escaped. What do you think will become of her?

GERRY ATTRIC

Oh, she'll run her course. Viruses always do.

DOROTHY CALM

All right, Mr. Practese'… or whoever you are! You have some explaining to do.

MAL PRACTESE'

It's true. I was Mal Practese', the formerly fired Cool N. Calm Attorney. When Cole Egded discovered Ms. Construe's "Qwikfix" book cooking system in my office he just assumed it was mine. So I went along with it. I just couldn't bring myself to blow the whistle on De Lielah. Loving her made me excel. She was my life.

GERRY ATTRIC

There's no accounting for taste.

MAL PRACTESE'

When Cole fired me, I had to find some other way to see her, so I left my cool and calm life behind and became just plain old Mal Adjusted.

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

(crying on GERRY's shoulder)

That's the saddest story I've ever heard.

GERRY ATTRIC

I know, I know.

(offers hankie)

You need support.

MAL PRACTESE'

(bucking up)

Oh, don't worry about me, Mr. Illgotten. I have no regrets. Now that I'm free to be a real Chiropractor I'm sure things are going to pop right into place for me. Of course I won't

MAL PRACTESE' (CONT)

have De Lie…, er, Ms. Construe in my future. But I'll adjust. I always do.

(moves to exit)

COLE EGDED

But, how will you support yourself, young man?

MAL PRACTESE'

I have a real backbone now, Mr. Egded. When Gain Illgotten hired me as his full time Chiropractor it gave me the confidence I needed to really straighten out my life.

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

I do what I can.

MAL PRACTESE'

I started moonlighting as a columnist for the *Spinal Tap Gazette*. When they asked me to come on board full time I thought De Lielah and me would be a team. It looks like I'm going to need an Assistant. Mr. Illgotten, the job's available. If you're interested, that is.

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

(welling up)

An assistant? Me? You bet I'm interested! It's always been my dream you know.

MAL PRACTESE'

Well, then. Let's get cracking!

GAIN ILLGOTTEN

Hey, Mal, do you think I could have a desk?

(GAIN follows MAL out door.)

GERRY ATTRIC

Strike while the iron's hot, I always say.

COLE EGDED

It seems that we have all been caught in Ms. Construes tangled web of deceit.

DOROTHY CALM

Yes, but De Lielah wasn't the only one misconstruing things in this Cool N. Calm company. Was she, "Uncle Morton"?

COLE EGDED

You are right on the dot, Miss Calm. I have played the imposter for far too long. I wanted to reveal my true identity to you from the start. But I didn't dare put you in harms way.

DOROTHY CALM

Cole, I've known for a while now that-

COLE EGDED

Yes, Dot. You knew that the question of questionable Spam would keep popping up until the mystery of your father's death was solved.

DOROTHY CALM

Well, actually what I meant was that I knew who you-

COLE EGDED

You knew that the Cool N Calm, "Mega-mini Multi-molecular Microscopic Microchip" would never be safe until this mixed-up melodramatic mystery was put out of its misery.

DOROTHY CALM

Nothing gets past you does it.

COLE EGDED

Not on my watch, Dot Calm. Not on my watch.

COLE EGDED (CONT)

(moving toward exit)

Now I can leave the Cool N. Calm Microchip Magnate Corporation in your capable hands. I only hope that in time you will come to understand and forgive me.

DOROTHY CALM *(alarmed)*

Cole, what are you saying? You're not quitting this program are you? Are you sure?

COLE EGDED *(eagerly)*

Why do you ask, Miss Calm?

DOROTHY CALM

Uh… the Company needs you.

(COLE is deflated.)

COLE EGDED

The Company will do just fine. Now that the Spam taintress has been canned, and you are virus free, my work here is done.

(moves to exit)

DOROTHY CALM

Cole, Wait!

COLE EGDED *(eagerly)*

Yes, Ms Calm?

DOROTHY CALM

What should I do for the one I want to honor?

COLE EGDED *(sadly)*

I don't have a clue.

(DOT and COLE freeze.)

GERRY ATTRIC

(to COLE)

You can say that again! Well, I do.

(to audience)

I saw this little merger coming, didn't you?

(hangs new company sign on the wall - "Cool N. Calm & Cole Egded")

What should you do for the one you want to honor? You make him "Cool N. Calm & Cole Egded" - and give him the Dot Calm of his dreams.

(GERRY handcuffs COLE to DOT.)

(Curtain)



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