

SEARCHING
FOR NORTH

A Play in One Act

By: Max Weiss & Alicia Lopez

A SILVER AGE PRODUCTION

CHARACTERS :

REGINALD "R3" JAMESON III

RICHARD "DICK" LAUDER

OFFICER ROZZO

SETTING :

A Subway car. It is dimly lit, rather dingy-looking, and completely empty.

(A falsely pleasant voice over the loudspeaker announces that the Subway doors are closing. Enter, running from opposite sides of the stage, DICK and R3.

DICK, a business professional, wears a button-up shirt and a long coat. Everything about him is presentable, important, expensive. He carries papers and a briefcase and maybe a notebook and pen.

R3, dressed in a plaid button-up, khakis, and a cardigan, is in contrast, generally unkempt (hair ruffled, possibly sleep deprived). He has a much more laid back approach to life and it shows.

In their hurry to board the train on time, the two collide, and both fall to the floor, causing DICK to drop his papers. The subway train door closes)

DICK

(springing up immediately, brushing dirt from his slacks, sanitizing his hands)

Watch where you're going!

R3

(lounging rather comfortably and seemingly without haste to rise, gesturing to the closed doors)

Sorry man, but it looks like neither of us are going anywhere.

(the Subway doors open again. The announcement that the doors are closing repeats. DICK and R3 both race toward the doors. This time, they make it before the doors close.)

DICK

(straightening his tie, and brushing off his coat, standing, holding the Subway pole, as if he is unwilling to waste time sitting down even while in transit, then to himself)

Thank God.

R3

What?

DICK

(Turning to face R3, who is seated across the aisle from him. He appears mildly flabbergasted that he is being spoken to.)

Nothing, I just said, "Thank God" because I caught the train. *(a beat)* If I had missed this train, I wouldn't have made my connection. If I hadn't made my connection, I would never have gotten to the University on time.

R3

Oh, so you're a student?

DICK

(flustered by the suggestion)

Well, yes. I mean, no, I- of course not. I'm the professor!

R3

(completely unphased, as a statement)

Right, so you're the professor. *(DICK begins nodding along. A beat)* And you teach... *(surveys him)* mathematics.

DICK

(still nodding)

Right. I mean NO! I- *(once again getting flustered, he drops a scattering of papers)* I don't teach mathema- I- Economics! I teach economics, international business, *(pronounced finance)* finance, that sort of thing.

R3

(Still unphased)

Right. So you teach algebra.

DICK

Economics.

R3

Astrology.

DICK

Economics.

R3

Mnemonics.

DICK

(Pained, weary)

Yes, exactly.

R3

Well, you'd think you'd be able to remember the train schedule a little better than.

DICK

Well, you see I was actually coming from a very important meeting with th-

R3

(picking up the paper, skimming it)

Yes, yes, Richard, I'm sure you were *extremely* busy.

DICK

Well, yes, in fact I was I- *(completely switching topics)*
My name. How did you know my...? *(sees R3 holding the paper)*
Give that back here! *(rips it from his hands and begins to gather the slew of other papers)*

R3

You know it'd be easier to keep all your stuff together if you sat down. *(gestures to the empty car)* There's plenty of room.

DICK

It's really no trouble at all. I only have three stops to- *(looks around, suddenly realizing the situation then to himself)* Why, we're not even moving! *(to R3)* Why aren't we moving? The train *should* be moving! *(looks back to the door of the train, walks over to it, slapping palm against the door)* Well this is simply unacceptable! This is unfathomable. *(growing in intensity)* I mean really, this is inconceivable! This is *unthinkable!* *Honestly,* I have

places to go! (now fully yelling, mimicking a toddler's temper tantrum, continually hitting the side of the car, to the point of parody) I SIMPLY CANNOT BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING TO ME RIGHT NOW AT THIS VERY MOMENT ON TODAY OF ALL DAYS-- IT IS ENTIRELY NOT CREDIBLE, INDESCRIBABLY NOT TRUSTWORTHY, VILELY AND REPREHENSIBLY AND ALTOGETHER QUITE ENTIRELY UNBELIEVABLE!

R3

(deadpan)

I'm sure the train will start up again soon.

(the power cuts out, causing the harsh fluorescent lights to go dark and the dim emergency lights to kick on)

Or maybe not. (a pause, calmly) Oh well.

DICK

(snidely, but with rising panic, mimicking R3)

"Oh well?" (as himself) Oh, well indeed. It's easy for you to say oh well. (again mimicking him) Oh well! Now I understand that some people don't have anywhere to be and that (said derogatively) some people can miss their train and say, "Oh Well!" but (gesturing to himself) some people have places to be and things to do!

R3

(dramatically, half-joking) Ooooh Well, well, well, well. Now listen here, (really emphasizing, perhaps almost popping the "K") Dick. You can be sure, I'm not on my way to spend the next three hours soapboxing my own textbook to a room full of dead-eyed nepo babies. (mocking DICK) Indeed! I have places to be, things to do. I can't afford to waste my time, I simply must go flirt with girls half my age and push a few more neurotics to suicide before day's end! (a pause, DICK is quiet, perhaps ashamed, assuredly appalled) Now I understand that (said derogatively) some people don't have anything better to do than miss trains and have mental breakdowns on the Subway system, but you don't see me stirring up trouble with them.

DICK

(quietly) I don't know what you're talking about. *(getting more worked up by the second)* I'll have you know I'm well-respected among students and professors alike! I most certainly did not – I'd never – ! *(taking a deep breath, changing the subject)* Please, if you must call me anything, call me Richard-- only my friends call me Dick.

R3

Whatever you say, Richard. My friends call me R3.

DICK

What kind of name is that?

R3

(he shrugs)

A nickname.

DICK

(incredulous)

Short for what?

R3

(quietly)

Don't worry about it.

DICK

No, I really want to know. What's it short for?

R3

(inaudibly)

Reginald.

DICK

(can't hear)

What?

R3

(sharply, highlighting his embarrassment)

Reginald!

(a pause)

DICK

(whistles rudely, breaking the silence)

Well. I suppose if my name was Reginald, I wouldn't use it either.

(a pause)

The 3 is derived from...?

R3

Huh?

DICK

Your friends refer to you as R3. So why 3?

R3

3? It's *(spelling out the letters and tracing them in the air with his finger)* I-I-I.

DICK

(uncomprehendingly)

Ay ay ay!

R3

My full name is Reginald Jameson III.

DICK

Christ. And I thought I had a tough name to live up to!

R3

I'm sure you're doing just fine, Dick.

(Awkward silence)

DICK

Well then. *(he fidgets)* Enough about me. You do... what exactly? As a career?

R3

I'm a high school English teacher.

DICK

(uncomfortable, having interacted only with corporate

people for some extended period of time)
Ah. I see. Hm. Uh...you must be...
(flailing for something to say)
R3 strains to hear DICK's full statement)
Always good to hear there are still children.
(a pause as the statement sinks in)

R3

(he blinks)
True enough.
(having processed DICK's comment)
(laughing to himself) Well, I can promise you that there
are in fact still kids - and they're still great.

DICK

(unconvinced)
Yes, but of course... you traded the lofty art of academic
review for the assuredly rewarding task of grading book
reports.

R3

*(thinly patient, as if having given this exact
explanation many times)*
I love working with kids, and I've always loved reading, so
I guess teaching English is a natural fit.
(more naturally, honestly)
Everyone always wanted me to go to grad school, become an
academic, but I think this suits me. I couldn't see myself
sitting high and mighty at some stuffy university - no
offense.

DICK

Some taken! I'd gladly take the hallowed halls of
university and the opportunity to make a real *impact* in my
field of study over babysitting schoolkids any day.

R3

(fully immersed in his own thoughts at this point)
The very idea of academics just...rubs me the wrong way. I
can't stand them! They're narcissistic bootlickers who get

paid to sit in their ivory towers and think their grand but useless thoughts.

DICK

Even more taken! I happen to feel that the world *needs* academics. Plato! Aristotle! *(in an aggressively French accent)* La petite Marie Antoinette! We need our great thinkers - where would we be without the few people who have a good head on their shoulders!?

R3

There are plenty of intelligent people who don't have their own Wikipedia page, Richard. Most of my students probably aren't going to go on to become the next great thinkers - hell, some of them aren't even going to make it to college, yet I hope that regardless, *(self-aggrandizing, heroic to the point of satire)* they'll feel like they have the skills to draw their own conclusions from the things they read. I hope they never feel they have to *depend* on academics - *(with a touch of vulnerability)*

that they never feel inferior to people just because they're richer, *(hesitatingly, growing more timid by the second)* stronger, better-educated, or more powerful than them.

DICK

(a beat)

Pity about the salary though.

R3

(shrugs)

I get by just fine.

(Awkward silence broken up by OFFICER ROZZO entering the car)

OFFICER ROZZO

(crashing through the doors into the car, he addresses DICK and R3 high on an overinflated sense of authority, smug) Attention passengers, we're having some technical difficulties that the folks in charge are working very hard

to fix. The train will start moving momentarily, so for your safety, please do not move between cars.

DICK

(elated to have found a figure of authority)

(to R3)

Finally! Somebody in charge!

(R3 rolls his eyes)

(to ROZZO, perhaps running after him)

Excuse me, officer!

OFFICER ROZZO

(looking behind him for someone else who might perhaps better fit the title of 'officer')

Who, me?

DICK

(a little exasperated) Yes, you. Well. Listen here. I work for a *(he looks over his left shoulder, then his right shoulder, then makes direct eye contact with ROZZO)* very powerful institution, and I have a meeting in *(checks watch)* 40 minutes. It is absolutely imperative that I arrive at that meeting on time, do you understand me?

OFFICER ROZZO

I'm sorry, sir, believe me, I hate sitting around here as much as the next guy, but there's not much I can do about it. We're experiencing delays due to *(he pulls out an official-looking notice, scans it intently, then, reading from it)* "unforeseen circumstances". We'll be moving as soon as we can.

DICK

While I can appreciate that, sir, I don't think you understand the pressing nature of this upcoming meeting. You see, if this train doesn't move imminently, I will miss my transfer. If I miss my transfer, I won't get to my meeting on time.

OFFICER ROZZO

While I can appreciate that, sir, there's simply nothing I can do. *I'm* not the conductor!

DICK

While I can appreciate that, sir-

R3

(interrupting)

(coming over to DICK)

Yes, what you fail to appreciate, sir, is that the good officer simply cannot drive the train himself.

DICK

(to R3)

Well, sir, I most certainly *can* appreciate that.

(to ROZZO)

But, sir, surely you can appreciate that in certain times, there are certain little somethings that one can do for certain people in certain positions.

(Reaches for his wallet and pulls out a \$20 bill)

I believe... *(slowly extending the money towards OFFICER ROZZO)* you could appreciate that-

R3

(taking the \$20 bill from DICK's hand, cutting DICK off)

Indeed, sir, I certainly *can* appreciate this! *(pockets it then goes and sits down)*

DICK

(unflappable, pulls out another \$20 continuing his crusade- to ROZZO)

While I certainly appreciate that you can't drive the train yourself, sir, perhaps you could at the least allow us to get *off* the train so that we can secure alternative transit to our destinations.

OFFICER ROZZO

I'm sorry, sir, but per section 14.7.9.A of the Tri-State Transportation Treatise, I cannot allow you to disembark. It is a matter of *(pulls out an inordinately large handbook as if by magic, consults it, then with great emphasis,*

almost martial, as if drilled many a time) public safety.
Surely you must appreciate that.

DICK

(disheartened, accepting his fate)

I see, sir, yes, sorely, sir, I most surely do appreciate that, sir. *(sits down. Frustrated, he rips the money back out of R3's hands.)*

OFFICER ROZZO

Well, if there's nothing else I can do for you, sirs, I'll be on my way.

(begins exiting the train)

(as he exits the stage, line fades out with distance)

Attention passengers, we're having some technical difficulties that the folks in charge are working very hard to fix!

R3

Sounds like we'll be here a while.

DICK

(crossing his arms)

It would appear that way.

(speaking in a tone of strained cordiality)

I suppose we have no choice but to wait.

(a beat of silence. R3 looks content to lounge and wait. DICK exudes an increasing cloud of restless energy checking his watch, ordering and reordering his papers, etc.)

DICK

(trailing off) Do you have a...?

R3

What?

DICK

(embarrassed, thinking the better of it)
Never mind.

R3

Oh, okay.

DICK

(Continuing to fumble around as before. When he looks at the edge of imploding, he rips open his briefcase, rustles through it, flinging around papers, notepads, file folders, pens, and other assorted office supplies. Finally, he uncovers the object of his search: a crumpled and dejected-looking package of cigarettes. His face takes on a triumphant aspect, if tinged slightly with the guilt of being caught indulging in such a 'guilty habit'. Suddenly, he stills and his face falls. He repeats the entire process with more haste and intensity, a veritable tornado of office supplies. In a state of intense, existential anguish, he mutters)

No... no, no, no, no...

(his voice trails to almost a whisper. He may even shed a single, despairing tear.)

R3

(genuinely concerned, but hesitant)

Richard? You good over there?

DICK

(looking into the middle distance, in the tone of someone mourning the death of their firstborn child, equal parts mystified and resigned)

I seem to have misplaced my lighter.

R3

(wordlessly pulls out a lighter and offers a light)

DICK

(stunned)

You... I... thank you.

(he takes a drag, looking remarkably calmed. He glances casually around before loosening his tie and undoing the top button of his shirt. He offers a

cigarette to R3, who accepts, pockets it, then pulls out a joint, which he lights

Simultaneously, both men take a drag, hold it, then Exhale. A moment of peace.

The moment ends. DICK, ever in motion, pulls out his phone and looks at it, begins pressing buttons purposefully, then frantically, holding the phone up to his ear, perhaps saying, "hello? Hello?" His actions are initially subtle but grow to become more and more intrusive until they are truly hyperbolic. He stands up, hoping to get better reception then immediately sits back down again. He briskly walks the length of the car, holding his phone up, and at one point even climbs onto the vacant seats in hopes of getting signal etc. At the limit of his straining, he abruptly flops down and stops punching buttons. He starts laughing in defeat)

R3

Got a joke to share with the class?

DICK

(looking over at R3)

Hm?

R3

Come on, why are you laughing? What's so funny?

(Train on the next platform over speeds by)

DICK

(completely drowned out by the passing train, evidently talking loudly and with elaborate gestures between him and the phone to try to be understood)

THERE'S NO RECEPTION DOWN HERE!

R3

(almost inaudible because of the passing train)

WHAT?

(gets up from his seat and moves closer to DICK in hopes of hearing him)

DICK

THERE'S NO- *(train noise abruptly stops, DICK is still yelling for a second)*RECEPT- *(speaking at a normal volume)*There's no reception down here. I was going to call the University, tell them the situation. At this point *(checking watch)* there's no possibility of my making it to my appointment on time. I've already almost missed my transfer. That train leaves in five minutes. I'm going to miss my meeting and I can't even let them know.

R3

They'll figure it out when you don't show up.

DICK

(dropping his phone to the floor, putting his head in his hands)

Yeah, but they won't know why.

(a pause)

R3

Does it matter?

DICK

I guess not, but I would have felt better if- *(trails off)*.

R3

I know.

DICK

(laughing again)

I guess it's like you say, "Oh well." *(throwing up his hands, angrily laughing at the absurdity)*Oh well!

R3

Are you okay?

DICK

Oh, I'm well! I'm great! I- (out of steam, defeated)
There's nothing I can do about it. (*chuckling*) I guess the
only thing to say is, "oh well." (*slumps further in seat,*
depressed)

R3

(*a pause, then sympathetically*)
Was it important, your meeting? Like, really important?

DICK

(*calmly*)
Yeah. I think it was. (*a beat*) My tenure meeting. I've been
working towards this for the last 10 years.

R3

You think they can reschedule?

DICK

Yeah, they'll reschedule the meeting, but I don't think
I'll get tenure anymore. The President's an asshole. Always
going on about publishing quotas, timeliness, presentation,
the University image. I don't think he even does anything
himself! Sometimes I just want to take all his little
comments and shove them up his - (*stops himself, breathes*)

R3

(*sits next to him, pats his back*)
I'm sorry.

DICK

It's not your fault.

R3

I know, but I mean it. I hate guys like that. Assholes,
always looking down on you, or worse, looking right through
you. Making you feel so..so...invisible. What gives them
the right to act so superior? So they have money, fancy
cars, big, expensive houses, but in the end,
(*self-aggrandizing*) aren't they made up of the same flesh
and blood as you and me?

(a beat. R3 lights the cigarette he took from DICK earlier.)

Everything is so...chaotic all the time. People pushing, shoving, trying to get ahead, all of us just trying to find our way in this big world where nothing makes sense.

OFFICER ROZZO

(crashing through the doors into the car, he addresses DICK and R3 in the same manner as before)

Attention passengers, we're having some technical difficulties that the folks in charge are working very hard to fix. The train will start moving momentarily, so for your safety, please do not move between cars.

DICK

(to ROZZO)

Excuse me, sir!

OFFICER ROZZO

Yes?

R3

Any news from the Western Front that you could give this busy man?

OFFICER ROZZO

Huh?

DICK

Do you have any idea how long we'll be here for?

OFFICER ROZZO

Certainly not! Why, how should I know?

DICK

Well, you're the one in charge!

OFFICER ROZZO

Of course, but what does that have to do with you?

DICK

(flummoxed)

Well I- you- we-

R3

We just want to know when we can get off this train, man.

OFFICER ROZZO

(confused, but somewhat sympathetic)

Why, whenever you want. I'm certainly not going to stop you. I haven't the proper authorization.

R3

Is there anyone else we could talk to?

OFFICER ROZZO

Well I suppose you could consult the High Commissioner of Rail Maintenance and Efficiency, but to do that, you'd have to file a report with the Department of Transportation Services, which unfortunately is closed until Monday. Alternatively, you could speak directly with his secretary, if only she weren't currently on sabbatical.

DICK

This is ridiculous! I demand to speak to someone immediately!

OFFICER ROZZO

Well of course, sir, in a pressing situation such as this, you could consult the Acting Secretary of Urgent Response.

DICK

And how exactly would we get in touch with *him*?

OFFICER ROZZO

(standing up straighter)

Quite easily, I'd imagine. *(a beat, then, quite enthused)* He's me! Or, um. *(dignified)* I am the Acting Secretary of Urgent Response.

DICK

(groaning despairingly)

Then surely you can tell us how long we can expect to be here. *(getting an idea, then racing to block the door OFFICER ROZZO intends to exit out of)* I simply won't take no for an answer!

(OFFICER ROZZO halts for a moment, surprised. Getting his bearings again, he turns to exit out the other side. Before he can do so, R3, feeling compelled to help DICK, rushes to block that door. ROZZO comes to a stop.)

OFFICER ROZZO

Well, if that will be all, I'll be on my way. Good day, gentlemen. *(moves to leave through the door blocked by DICK. When he realizes he can't, he turns to leave through the other door blocked by R3. When he realizes he can't, he shrugs, then pries open doors directly onto the tracks [staging note: this should be done by having ROZZO pantomime opening a set of doors downstage, followed by him climbing off the stage and exiting via the audience.]*

DICK

(agape, yelling directly out toward the audience)
THAT IS A PUBLIC SAFETY ISSUE!

R3

No train running, I guess it can't be *that* dangerous.
(a beat)
Well. If you're in that much of a rush, now's your chance.
(a beat. Neither of them move.)
Come on, Richard, what are you waiting for?

DICK

You can't possibly expect me to go out there!

R3

Why not? You can still get to your fancy little meeting on time if you hurry.

DICK

I couldn't possibly.

R3

Can too.

DICK

It's inconceivable.

R3

Not really, I mean, if you just go...

DICK

No, well I... you see... I couldn't possibly, I mean well I *could*, It's just that... *(a beat, timidly)* I'm afraid of the dark.

(the important businessman facade that DICK normally wears falls away. Suddenly, he appears very small in his suit. Perhaps he pulls his blazer tight around him, as would a child, or clutches his briefcase tight to his chest as if it were a beloved toy)

I always have been. I slept with a night light until I was 10! It wasn't that I was afraid of the dark per se- I was afraid I wouldn't be able to find my way out of it. You see, I'm also quite bad with directions.

(pensive, taken back to his childhood)

When I was in the Scouts, we worked on our wayfinding badge. Every weekend over my 6th grade summer, our Scoutmaster would drop us in some part of the woods we had never been to. We used maps, compasses, rivers, the stars, anything we had to figure out where we were and how to get back to camp. I remember my Scoutmaster putting the compass in my hand and telling me *(impersonates drill sergeant-like Scoutmaster)* "Get your bearings, boys! Which direction are you headed?!" The first step was always to find North.

R3

And then? You'd find your way back to camp?

DICK

No. I never got the badge. I tried so many times, but I just couldn't do it. Every time I thought I had found my bearings, decided to follow the river, recognized the right constellation, I'd get lost again.

R3

(Genuinely) It seems like we're all just perpetually getting lost. Every time we think we've found something, someone worth holding onto it slips through our fingers. Then we're just as lost as we were at the beginning. We're back to searching for North.

DICK

God help us if we find it, or think we do. Damned if we do, damned if we don't.

(they laugh. A comfortable pause.)

OFFICER ROZZO

(as before)

Attention passengers, we're having some technical difficulties that the folks in charge are working very hard to fix. The train will start moving momentarily, so for your safety, please do not move between cars.

DICK

(jumping up, overjoyed that a figure of authority has reappeared- to ROZZO)

You're back! Please, any update on the technical difficulties?!

OFFICER ROZZO

(warily) Yes, yes, please rest assured that the folks in charge are working very hard to fix them. The problem will be fixed as soon as possible.

DICK

But that's just what you told us before!

OFFICER ROZZO

(offended) Well it's not as if I had lied to you earlier!

R3

(attempting to flatter him)

Well, *sir*, surely you, as the Acting Secretary of Urgent Response, you *must* have some news you could share with us.

OFFICER ROZZO

(flattered)

Well, it is just as I already said, the folks in charge are incredibly hard at work.

DICK

(desperate for information, taking the opposite side of OFFICER ROZZO)

Yes, but are they making progress?

OFFICER ROZZO

Well that depends.

R3

On what?

OFFICER ROZZO

Well, I'm not quite sure. That's just what my superiors told me to tell you. I suppose I could go back and ask them what they meant, but there's no need to worry, I'm sure the train will be moving any minute. *(he exits)*

(DICK and R3 stare after OFFICER ROZZO in confusion and amazement. In an attempt to overcome his mounting frustration, lights another cigarette)

DICK

Well... *(he takes a drag. Then, to himself)* oh well, oh well, oh well... I suppose it can't be easy working a *(fearfully, almost in a whisper)* manual labor job. They say manual labor cuts years off your life!

R3

Ah yes, as opposed to a corporate job, which as we know, is incredibly low-stress and a bastion of healthy habits.

DICK

(throws his cigarette down and stamps it out woefully)
Well, I - !

(R3 leans back and smiles, clearly enjoying his jab at DICK's expense. In unison, both sigh and sink into their seats)

R30

(a beat, to DICK in an amused tone, like they're sharing an inside joke)
Sounds like we'll be here a while.

DICK

(in the same tone)
It would appear that way. *(a beat)* I suppose we have no choice but to wait.

(R3 laughs at the repetition)
I know there's nothing we can do, but I'd kill for a sandwich right now. I was so nervous for the meeting I forgot to eat lunch. *(walks over to the door, kicks it)*

R3

Tell me about it - I had to cover a class during my lunch. I'd give just about anything for a

R3 and DICK

(in unison, dreamily, hungrily)
Ham and cheese on rye.

(they look at each other in surprise at this confluence, then laugh)

R3

(a beat, then suddenly, as if divinely inspired) Let's go.

DICK

What?

R3

(confidently) I said, let's go.

DICK

(baffled) No, I heard you. Is there something I'm missing here?

(R3 goes and begins to pry open the doors through which they had entered originally)

You can't! Well I- But that's not- You're not allowed to do that!

R3

(shrugs)

I mean, it's certainly not encouraged! *(a beat)* You coming?

DICK

(weighing the options, then decided, grabbing his briefcase, shoving his papers together)

Yeah. Lunch on me?

R3

That's very kind of you, *(joking)* sir.

DICK

(in the same tone) Well of course, sir. It's the least I can do, sir as a token of my appreciation, sir.

R3

Indeed, sir.

(R3 exits the car and dramatically offers his hand to assist DICK getting out of the car)

DICK

(taking R3's hand)

Why thank you, sir.

(he exits the platform, both turn to face the pried open doors. They look smug, victorious.)

The same doors closing announcement that played at the beginning of the performance plays over the loudspeaker. The doors close. The train immediately pulls away. DICK and R3 stare at the now-empty platform dumbfounded. Taking a breath, filled with a new-found sense of calm, starting a new chapter of his life)

DICK

(smiling, at peace)

Oh well.

(slings his jacket over his shoulder)

R3

(almost triumphantly, he claps DICK on the back, beaming)

Oh well.

(they shrug then turn to exit, not looking back towards the platform)

BLACKOUT