

ACT I

SCENE 1

(Lights up on a standard looking Nurse's Office. The room is bland and administrative, with spare furniture. A fishbowl with a goldfish is on a table centre stage. A pair of legs stick out from behind a nearby cabinet (the poorly hidden body of the actual school nurse). Light jazz music plays in the background. SATAN is upstage right, crudely disguised as a male nurse, though the white coat he's wearing has numerous blood stains. He sharpens a butcher knife while humming to himself.)

SATAN

La-da-da-dee, la-da-da-dum.

(LARRY enters, with his successive 'Ows' preceding him and getting louder as if he was running to the room from a distance away.)

LARRY (dashing in)

Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!

SATAN

Hey, whoa, calm down kid. What's the matter? You look a little-

(SATAN slams down the butcher knife)

SATAN (Continued)

-Stressed. I'm Mr. Tan, by the way.

(SATAN offers his hand for a handshake. LARRY disregards it and keeps frantically pacing back and forth.)

LARRY

I think I spilled acid on my hand!

SATAN

So, no meet and greet then? Cool.

(Beat)

Chill out kid. First things first: sign this contract.

(SATAN brandishes a large ornate contract and a pen from his jacket. A mysterious music spike occurs.)

SATAN (Continued)

It's for... Liabilities. A formality, mostly. Once you sign it, I'll help you out. Easy as pie.

(LARRY takes the pen and frantically signs. Once he's finished, SATAN rips it away and begins to cackle, but he stops midway. He pats himself down and smacks his lips in confusion.)

SATAN

Odd. I usually feel more... Legally covered. Huh. Interesting.

(SATAN eyes LARRY suspiciously and walks away. LARRY, unable to stand waiting any longer, crosses to the fishbowl and plunges his hand in. LARRY sighs in content. The music fades out.)

SATAN

Huh, it's not like I cared about my fish or anything. It's totally cool that you just killed them with deadly, deadly acid. Whatever.

LARRY

Oh. Sorry about that...

SATAN (crossing to his
butcher knife)

So, whose class were you in? Does anyone know you're here?

LARRY

I was in Mr. Short's Chemistry class. I got... Distracted.

SATAN

Ugh, I hate chemistry. You know, this school's budget is so low that most of our supplies are donated by a church. Half of the stuff's actually just old holy water.

LARRY (looking at his hands)

Holy water?

SATAN

Yeah, holy w-haaaaaaaaa?

(SATAN retrieves the contract and starts reading it more closely.)

SATAN (Continued)

What did you say your name was kid?

LARRY

Larry. It's kind of like, the opposite of Christopher, you know?

SATAN (restraining excitement)

Like, the anti-Christopher... If you will?

LARRY

Ah yeah, I guess I could go for that.

(SATAN giggles with delight.)

LARRY

So... about my hand?

SATAN

Ah, right.

(SATAN begins checking through his pockets. He pulls out a random medicinal bottle of some sort.)

SATAN (Continued)

Here: rub this on it. Actually, no. Drink it. No, wait. Definitely rub it. Though there was that one time... Hmm... We should flip a coin.

LARRY

I'll just bandage it up when I get home...

(Pause)

LARRY (Continued)

Well, I better get going.

(LARRY starts to leave, but pauses.)

LARRY

Say, Tan, you look familiar.

SATAN

Oh?

LARRY

Where the hell do I know you from?

SATAN (snickering)

...I dunno.

(LARRY shrugs and exits. Lights fade.)

SATAN

See you later, son.

(Blackout.)