

RODNEY AND BRAD

BRAD: One thing I'll say for Duckton's books, though, he always had a good shock element in them. (Opens closet door, but keeps looking at others) You never knew when you were going to come upon a--

RODNEY: Surprise! (BRAD leaps away) I didn't mean to scare you. Really. I just wanted to make an entrance so I came around this way. (Shakes Brad's hand) You must be Brad Benedict.

BRAD: How are you, sir?

RODNEY: (They shake hands) A pity.

BRAD: What is?

RODNEY: You are me. Younger, of course. You took what I wrote in the thirties, added a few transistors, undressed a few women, and got astoundingly good royalties for a while.

BRAD: That time was a few years ago.

RODNEY: (Enthusiastically) So, we're all going to work together. I must say I'm looking forward to it, trading ideas, plots. (pause) Intriguing room, isn't it?

BRAD: Dreary, I call it.

RODNEY: Ah, what I could have done with this in my horror days. (He gestures throughout the following) A sliding panel here, a groping hand there, a beautiful girl seated at the desk.

Footsteps coming down the corridor. She turns... screams... (drops enthusiasm) But that doesn't scare anyone any more. Pity.

BRAD: Your Jack Club would have hit the monster over the head with the butt of his gun.

RODNEY: Ah, another era. Jack Club. Warner Brothers made a good thing out of him. But who and what are current now?

BRAD: Nothing. That's why we're all here.

RODNEY: What do we do now?