

**SCENE 3**

*Lights rise on the basement, two days later. The men have grown five o' clock shadows. Chester and Lena are standing, unshackled, wearing shock collars. Richard is still chained and sitting. Howard sits in front of them, directing. They hold their scripts.*

HOWARD: I'm really sorry for the shock collars, but I need to block this out and I can't have you running away.

CHESTER: No, that's fine. I like it.

LENA: Do you have any different colors?

HOWARD: Ha ha ha. Okay, let's test them. First, Chester-

CHESTER: Wait-

*(Howard hits a button on his table and Chester clutches his neck, convulsing in electrocution)*

CHESTER: Gahahhh-

HOWARD: These were originally designed to train dogs. I modified them to output ten times the normal wattage. One crank of the dial-

*(Howard hits the button and Lena clutches her neck)*

LENA: Owiewiewowie!

HOWARD: And it delivers a mild shock. How are you, dear?

LENA: I think I swallowed my fillings.

HOWARD: It's not lethal, but it's enough to paralyze the body temporarily, making you immobile. It's kind of like getting a Taser to the neck. Pretty clever, huh? So let's not drop any lines. Just kidding. But seriously. I'll shock you.

CHESTER: Can I ask a question?

HOWARD: Go ahead, sir.

CHESTER: Why doesn't Richard get a collar?

HOWARD: Richard finished his entire dinner and has been a consummate professional.

CHESTER: Well Richard's a moron.

*(Chester is shocked)*

CHESTER: Gahahaa - okay! Can we just do the scene?

HOWARD: My thoughts exactly. Act one, scene one. We're in Jack's office. Chester, why don't you and Lena feel the scene out? Show me something. Earn that paycheck!

LENA: You're not paying us.

HOWARD: Please, continue.

*(Chester and Lena get into the scene as best as they can)*

CHESTER: I'm Jack Webb. Am I saying this to the audience?