

ALOPECIA PLOT

By Jules Tasca

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SYNOPSIS: Outlandish but hilarious; you'll be sucked into a world where bald-headed men have bonded together and plan to take over the world. Is Frank delusional, or has he discovered their plot on the eve of the revolution? Nothing is quite what it seems in this desperate attempt to prevent the world from being taken by... the *ALOPECIA PLOT*.

SETTING: A large basement in an abandoned building in Washington, D.C.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 males)

FRANK MARCELLO (m) A bald-headed man; the actor may wear a skin cap or can even play the scene with a full head of hair, leaving the baldness to the audience's imagination. (60 lines)

LEON EUPOT (m) A man somewhat older than FRANK, who is an FBI agent; if in costume, he should wear a skin cap covered by a wig. (60 lines)

AT START: *FRANK MARCELLO enters the dim lights of the basement. He is uneasy.*

FRANK: Hello... hello... is anyone down here? I say hello... is anyone...

LEON EPUOT enters out of the shadows.

LEON: It's all right. I'm here.

FRANK: Oh... are you... are you agent Epuot?

LEON: Yes. Leon Epuot.

FRANK: I'm Frank... the one who called... Frank Marcello. *(They shake hands.)* I'm sorry to ask but... May I... may I see your I.D? *(LEON produces his I.D. from his jacket pocket. FRANK takes it.)* Leon Epuot, F.B.I. *(He hands the I.D. back.)* Thanks. I'm sorry. It's just... well... I'm rattled...

LEON: I can see that. Relax. Your I.D. please.

FRANK: Oh... sure... heck, I understand.

FRANK takes out his I.D. and LEON takes it.

LEON: Agent Frank Marcello. That's you. Okay. Frank, why'd you call the Washington bureau here?

FRANK: *(Taking back his I.D.)* Look, something's going on and... well, I couldn't reach my supervisor at my home base in San Francisco. You know my boss, Halloway?

LEON: The head honcho on the West Coast. I've heard of him.

FRANK: I couldn't reach him. I left messages on his home answering machine, but I got no callbacks.

LEON: So why didn't you call F.B.I. Headquarters in San Francisco?

FRANK: Halloway told me never to call him there. You see, only the two of us know.

LEON: Know?

FRANK: About... about them.

LEON: Is this private enough for you?

FRANK: This is fine.

LEON: Are you going to tell me what this is all about?

FRANK: I'm... I'm stuck... I'm in trouble... if Halloway'd answer his phone, I wouldn't be telling anyone this. I'm stuck... I'm...

LEON: Take it easy, Frank. Halloway might just be out of town for a few days.

FRANK: He would've told me. We're involved in something big. He would've told me. I hope, Leon, that they're not just cutting me loose. My own agency, for heaven's sake.

LEON: Why would they be cutting you loose? Tell me what's going on.

FRANK: I want to make a report.

LEON: On what?

FRANK: And... and of course I'd be willing to testify before a Congressional Committee, if you guys want me to.

LEON: Whoa, Frank, geez, you sound as if you're on to something red hot.

FRANK: Oh, you can bet your last dollar in Vegas I am. (*FRANK takes out a notebook.*) And I have notes, dates, names and places, and let me tell you...

LEON: Frank, you're jumping ahead. Names and notes on what? You worked out of Frisco. Start there. What're you doing here in D.C.?

FRANK: I'm sorry. I'm so on edge... there's no chance that... I mean... that there's a bug in this place?

LEON: It's an empty building. The basement of an empty building. Why would anyone put a bug down here? It's clean, go on with this... Frank.

FRANK: All right... two months ago, Halloway calls me. Takes me to lunch. Back room of a place. He's never bought me lunch. But I go. He's the boss. He says, Frank, I'm looking for a volunteer. Special assignment. You don't have to do it, he tells me. I ask, what is it? It's undercover, Frank. It's an undercover gig, he says.

LEON: To do what?

FRANK: That's what I asked. And how dangerous, I asked. He said...

LEON: Yeah?

FRANK: He said, dangerous enough that I picked you because you're not married and have no dependents.

LEON: Wow! I'd have turned it down. What is it? Aryan Nation? A White Supremacy militia? Frank? The American Nazi Party?

FRANK: No. No. No. Do you know the name Rob Patrickson?

LEON: The Senator. Senator Patrickson?

FRANK: From North Carolina, yes.

LEON: What's he got to do with anything that the F.B.I. would need?

FRANK: Let me tell you, Leon, the whole story. Holloway asked me if I'd take this undercover assignment. I'm a trained agent. I took an oath. Holloway's my boss. I said yes.

LEON: You want me to write any of this down?

FRANK: Why? It's all here in this notebook.

LEON: Okay. Okay.

FRANK: If Holloway had kicked me in the groin, I couldn't have been more shocked. He tells me, Leon, there's a plot to take over the United States.

LEON: What? What're you giving me?

FRANK: See? You're having the same reaction I had. What plot? I asked. And if there's a plot to take over the country, why, I asked, are you sitting in the back room of a beef and beer place just talking to me? Why aren't we mobilizing a whole force of agents?

LEON: What group is involved, Frank?

FRANK: They call themselves... the Alopecias.

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