

VANNY

Run by the generator in the shed.

TONY

Is there anyone else I can talk to?

COURTNEY

I believe it's only us.

MARTY

And Mr. Noone, where ever he is.

DR. JAMES

To our invisible host, Mr. Noone.

(The Pastor, Neal and Klaude enter.)

PASTOR ANDREW

Please call the boat back.

VANNY

We can't. The boat won't be back for a few days.

PASTOR ANDREW

Call the boat back, now! I thought this was a good idea but the more I think about it I would like to leave.

COURTNEY

But it's too late.

PASTOR ANDREW

I don't care if you have to swim to it, get it back here!

(Klaude is about to go out.)

VANNY

(Gently stops him.)

Klaude, no.

PASTOR ANDREW

Then where's our host?

COURTNEY

He'll be here soon, please, let's all relax.

IZ

Courtney's right, let's calm down.

DR. JAMES

Maybe our host is playing a little game with us.

TONY

I like games.

COURTNEY

I'm sure there has to be an explanation for all of this. Have a drink or refresh them. Klaude will show the rest of you to your rooms.

VANNY

In a minute. There is something that Mr. Peterson must do.

KLAUDE

(Suddenly remembers his next task.)

Oh, yes. Excuse me.

VANNY

Supper will be ready soon.

(Vanny exits. The group becomes quiet. Klaude opens a curtain revealing a poem in big bold letters with the title, A Queer's Demise.)

KLAUDE

Now that's strange.

MARTY

Look at that.

NEAL

Someone has written all over the wall.

(The group looks toward the poem.)

IZ

(Reading the wall.)

A Queer's Demise.

(They look at each other.)

TONY

Interesting title.

COURTNEY

It looks like some kind of story.

MARTY

Or a riddle.

IZ

One queer by poison.

TONY

Oh, poor little gay man.

IZ

One queer by sleep. One queer by taking a deadly leap.

PASTOR ANDREW
Who would write something like that?

DR. JAMES
Probably all in fun.

(Pastor walks away from the group.)

MARTY
Continue on.

TONY
One queer to pieces. One queer burning red. One queer shot right through the bloody head. Okay, I stop there because that's too Friday the 13th for me.

MARTY
But it is intriguing. Keep reading.

PASTOR ANDREW
Please don't read anymore.

MARTY
Sticks and stones may break our bones but words will never hurt us.

NEAL
Maybe so but today, words can lead to a profitable case.

DR. JAMES
One queer by thirst, one queer by another's hand.

PASTOR ANDREW
No more.

MARTY
Almost done Pastor.

DR. JAMES
And one last queer left hanging at his final stand.

TONY
(Gives a polite applause.)
That was very amusing.

COURTNEY
They could've used a nicer word other than queer.

MARTY
Maybe it's intentional.

PASTOR ANDREW
Or maybe it was meant to be cruel.