

La Croix:

Gentlemen! I believe we have reached our destination. You know the drill.

*The Barons surround him hungrily, sexually and when he least expects it, they pin him to the floor, face down. La Croix lifts his head by the hair.*

Now, why should an immortal like myself allow you to reach Charlie? Answer me.

Rich:

Because I love him.

La Croix:

That is an old falderal, two more tries and then we let Samedi have his way with you.

*He lets him go.*

Last time he was under a skirt, it took all four of us to pry him from between her legs. Flip him.

*They do. He is upside down. La Croix unbuttons Richs' shirt, he traces his bodys' outline with his riding crop.*

Who are you to demand such a request from the summerlands?

Rich:

Because I crossed the Earthly realm for him and I am not giving up till I get him back.

La Croix:

What if I told you I had fallen in love with him? That all of us Barons had taken our turns with him, together and separately. Why would we give up such a delectable mortal to a mere human? That's two, boys, be at the ready.

Rich:

I would say it's a lie.

La Croix:

Lift him and spread his legs.

*Rich is facing the audience, suspended, legs in the air. The Barons on each side. La Croix is behind him.*

Rich:

You're jealous! You lost someone and gave up. You're hollow and you're mad because you lost him or her. You want to be me, because you can't abandon your position!

La Croix:

That's three. Set him down.

*Rich is on his feet. The Barons hold on to him so he cannot flee.*

Such a wicked tongue, let's hope its' speed can match your wit. Gentleman, you know what to do. Lights obey!

*He claps his hand. A lone spotlight on La Croix, all else is darkness. We hear grunts, movement, muffled sounds in the darkness.*

Just let it happen boy. No need to fight. It's necessary. We are the heralds and...

Samedi:

*From the darkness, gruffly.*

He is ready for you Baron.

*La Croix makes a gesture and the lights flood the stage intensely, and then they soften. There is Rich in a tux as if he is ready to be married.*

Rich:

Baron? Thank you.

La Croix:

Excellent! You are quite welcome. Which means we can celebrate! Krim and Cim sweep the area. Samedi gather his mortal couture. Such pride, such commitment, such hutzpah in the face of uncertainty. I can't remember the last time such a foolishly brave soul dared to cross. Reminded me of a young La Croix running through the cemetery at midnight to meet his only love.

Rich:

What happened to him?

La Croix:

I do not know. One day he just never showed up. Not a word. Just a lone white rose on our favorite sarcophagus.

Rich:

But, you are Death. You can find him.

La Croix:

Even a position as mine has limits. My crew and I do our duties, but our eyes are ever watchful. One day I'll find him. One day I'll be as brave as you and abandon my post.

Rich:

You must hate your job.

La Croix:

You know humankind has made such a business of death. There was a time when the family took care of one's own. Then Antigone lost her brother, and herself. Her grief was so great. I came into being as she cried under the rubble. This is an absurd reality. There was a time when one would simply crossover.

Rich:

Then what happened?

La Croix:

Humankind evolved and the primal man went like the dodo. You should have seen me then running around assisting everyone. But, then I found Rada and Marinette.

Rich:

So you are related?

La Croix:

If I were to have a family, it would be them.

Rich:

Can I ask you something?

La Croix:

Anything ma'chere.

Rich:

Bringing Charlie back, what is that going to cost me?

La Croix:

Everything.

Rich:

Everything?

La Croix:

And nothing less...It is a payment of three. You give your belongings to me and my barons. That would be one.

Rich:

No problem there.

La Croix:

Your old clothing. That is two. You return the gift that Rada gave you.

Rich:

I gave it to Marinette.

*La Croix laughs, the barons join in.*

La Croix:

The woman's tongue is as slippery as ever!

Rich:

What am I going to do?

La Croix:

Samedi! Cim! Krim!

*They encircle them.*

Rich:

She traded this blindfold for me. I had no choice.

*La Croix:*

Let me see it.

*He hands it over. La Croix hands it to Samedi.*

Samedi:

It reeks of betrayal and mourning.

Cimetière:

This is from the girl on the beach, suicide.

Krim:

Guilt. Blindfold. End.

La Croix:

As I suspected, nothing but a dirty blindfold. Dam that woman. Krim, bring his bag!

*He does they disperse and fight over the items.*

Leave him the salt. He might need it. Here is your blindfold back. I have no idea what Rada will say.

*Music begins again. They begin to leave. Cim first, then Samedi, then Krim...*

Rich:

No wait don't go. What am I going to do?

La Croix:

I honestly don't know.

Rich:

Don't leave me. What do I do next? What about the bracelet?

*But, La Croix is gone. Rich stands alone, salt in hand. He returns to the chair. Silence. Krim returns with a rope. He kisses Rich on the cheek. He mimes Rich to pull it...and disappears. Rich pulls on the rope and it seems to never end. Blackout.*