

Various Levels of Hell
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© November 2015

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Characters:Karen

Currently, homeless.
Unfortunately, loveless.
Arsonist.
Carries a phone book.

The Devil

A masochist.
A tour guide.
Demon.
Carries a little book of terrible things.

Setting:On the Outside

A telephone booth.
Homey, filled with home things.
Lots of cushion and a phone book.

On the Inside

An abandoned bedroom.
Mattress. Bottles. Dirty clothes. Ash.
Lots of red and plastic.

Time:

Unspecified.

Notes:

Step out - indicates when characters briefly separate themselves from the stage world

Step in - indicates when characters return to the stage world

Prologue

The Devil Escorts the Audience

*In comes the Devil.
He's wearing his tour-jacket.*

*Once he has finished mingling. He takes the stage.
Clears his throat. Picks something out of his teeth.*

The Devil:

Good evening! Welcome to Various Levels of Hell. Where sinners are tormented, where all is lost. This is your devil speaking, I will be your tour guide throughout tonight's venture. Maybe even your escort if you get lucky, yeah I'm looking at you lady. Tonight's performance should be painfully long. And by painfully I mean painfully. Hell you may even fall asleep, which is great so make sure to snore very loudly so as to disrupt everyone else's viewing pleasure. And by pleasure I mean pleasure. I would also like to make a note that it's encouraged you kick the back of the seat in front of you. Tussle the person's hair. Peck on the cheek. Hand in the mouth. The more physical contact the better, that's what I always say. If you have a cellphone, please turn it on now. Make sure to keep the ringer up and the volume high especially for the quiet scenes in the middle. Ooo is anyone else burning up in here? I think I'm getting a hot flash. Which reminds me, photography, video recording, and small pets are not permitted in the theater. So you need to leave, sir. Ha! I'm just kidding. What else what else do I have to tell you, oh! Don't unwrap your sweets now....wait until you get home then unwrap her there. Ha!

Tough crowd tonight. Alright, back to business. To your right you have an exit. To your left you have an exit. To your back you have an exit. Choose one. Very carefully. So in case of fire.

You don't burn.

Alright. Glad we got that outta the way. I hate curtain speeches. But, love the spotlight! And I think I got a piece of pubic hair in my teeth. Yup. Nice blonde. Think her name was unimportant. Anyways, where was I? Oh right. I'm moving.

The Devil packs a moving box.

The Devil:

I'm a tour guide, but also the devil. I like to keep things simple. But, things got complicated the day before yesterday's yesterday. I was touring a woman in Sedona. A little diddy by Phoenix. But, she screamed too loud and the coppers came before I even could and then I had to skip town. So now I'm a goner.

The Devil takes out his little book of terrible things.

The Devil:

This is my little book of terrible things. I look inside to find new places to go. To tour. It's my job.

The Devil opens his little book of terrible things.

The Devil:

Ellen was a wine-o. Three kids past their prime. Shame shame. She was my tour in Houston. Then of course there was Abigail. I called her Gail. She used to be a car jacker. Very hot. In my little book of terrible things I only find women. I'm only looking for them. They misbehave and I like that. I like to take away from that. Gail was a part of my East coast tour. She didn't scream so much. You can tell a lot by a scream. If a pain matches yours yada yada yada. She called the cops a few days later and that's when I zoomed to Sedona, but that didn't work out and now I'm looking again. I don't like to stay in one place for too long.

He looks at Karen.

She's on hold.

Karen:

Hello? Hello? Is anyone there? Can you hear me? Listen I - I HATE LOST CONNECTIONS.

She screams.

The Devil finds her page.

The Devil:

Karen.

Arson.

Well well well.

Home sweet home.

The Devil picks up his moving box.

Blackout.

Act One.

The Malicious

A.adj. I. Characterized by malice. 1. a. of a person disposition etc; addicted to sentiments or acts of ill fill; full of hate. Now also in a weakened sense: given to mischief; inclined to tease. 1667 MILTON *Paradise Lost* IX. 253 Thou knowst..what malicious Foe..seeks to work us woe and shame By sly assault b. wicked, sinful; evil-disposed. c. fierce, warlike. d. clever, artful. 2.a. Law. Characterized by malice aforethought, as in damage, mischief, prosecution, slander, striking, waste, etc. 1917 *Times* 14 Aug. 3/3 Holders of municipal allotments..claim for loss by malicious damage, the hearts of 700 cabbages having been cut out. b. More generally, of a thing, quality, etc.: arising from or characterized by malice. In early use often: evil, wicked. Now also in weakened sense: mischievous. 1946 A. CHRISTIE *Hollow* xiv. 131 Midge..sat down by him, noting with malicious pleasure his look of dismay. c. Of a thing; stern, fierce. II. Extended uses. 3. Malignant, virulent, harmful. 1598 J. FLORIO *World of Wordes* A rising of flesh by some malicious matter or ill humour. 4. Astrology. Exercising a baleful influence, unfavorable. B. n. A malicious person; people regarded as a class. 1535 *Bible* (Coverdale) Psalms ix. [x.] 15 Break thou ye arme off the vngodly and malycious, search out the wickednesse which he hath done. 1563 *2nd Tome Homelyes* Disobedience v, in J. Griffiths *Two Bks. Homilies* (1859) II. 585 A few ambitious and malicious are the authors of..rebellion. Special uses. Hearted. Looking. Tongued. 1863 C. A. JOHNS *Home Walks* 165 On two occasions I saw a shark lying on the beach. One was the species known as the Porbeagle, a malicious-looking monster about six feet long, with a mouth armed with three rows of very sharp triangular teeth. 1998 *Re: 'Hello & what you Think'* in *alt.folklore.ghost-stores* (Usenet newsgroup) 20 Oct. I heard a voice repeat , 'Momma, Momma, Momma' over and over again in a shrill, almost malicious sounding voice faster and faster. 23:1 You must not spread a false report. Do not join the wicked to be a malicious witness. 35:20 Likewise, if anyone in hatred pushes a person or throws at him with malicious intent and he dies.35:22 But if anyone suddenly pushes a person without hostility without malicious intent. 19:16 If a malicious witness testifies against someone accusing him of a crime. 2:8 He uttered malicious curses against me the day I went. 5:21 You will be protected from malicious gossip, and will not be afraid of the destruction when it comes. 31:29 If I rejoice at the destruction of him who hated me or lifted myself up in malicious triumph when evil overtook him. 35:11 Malicious witnesses come forward; they question me about things I do not know. 35:16 Malicious mockers they gnashed their teeth against me. 36:3 The words of his mouth are malicious and deceptive; he has stopped acting wisely and doing good. 36:4 Even on his bed he make malicious plans. He sets himself on a path that is not good and does not reject evil. 109:6 Set a wicked man over him as a judge and let a malicious accuser stand at his right hand. 10:29 The way is a stronghold for the honorable, but destruction awaits the malicious. 17:4 A wicked person listens to malicious talk; a liar pays attention to a destructive tongue. 26:24 A malicious man disguises himself with his lips, but he harbors evil in his heart. 3:4 I will make youths their officials; malicious young men will rule over them. 58:9 When you cry out, He will say: Here I am. If you get rid of the yoke from those around you, the finger-pointing and malicious speaking. 59:3 For your hands are stained with blood and your fingers with sin; your lips speak lies, your tongue utters malicious words. 4:14 Wash the veil from your heart so that you will be delivered. How long will you harbor malicious thoughts within you? 11:18 Then you showed me their malicious deeds. 27:36 The merchants among the people hiss over you with malicious joy, you have become a horror and a source of terrors. You shall be no more. 34:17 I judge between sheep and sheep, between the rans and the great he-goats the malicious and the tyrants of the pasture. 3:8 Now at that time certain came forward and brought malicious accusations. 11:28 And he shall accomplish his malicious intention and return to his own land. 22:18 Aware of their malicious plot, he asked, Why do you put Me to the test and try to entrap Me, you pretenders?

Limbo.**Karen Makes a Collect Call to the Other Side of the World**

*Inside a telephone booth.
Karen dials desperately
Holding a phone book like a lover.*

Karen:

Hello? This is the city of Barcelona, correct? I'm sorry I only speak...that would be wonderful. Thank - I mean: gracias. I took a little Spanish in high school, but that doesn't do the trick, now - right. Yes I'll wait briefly. Hmmmhmmmmhmmmdaaadaaa. Hello! Yes, oh no I didn't wait long at all. I wasn't sure who exactly to call. I saw a list entitled "Useful Phone Numbers dash colon Barcelona in big bold letters" and I thought well that would be quite useful. So, I, yes I am getting to the point. So, I turned the page and at first I looked at the numbers listed for emergencies. There were about onetwothreefourfivesixseven - yes twenty-three sounds right! I figured one of those would be fitting, I have a lot of emergencies, you see, but I just got the fire department and I don't have a

fire. So that didn't make sense at all.

Then I saw breakdown and repairs, and they were very helpful with how to fix my collarbone. I got into an accident last fall, you could say that was an emergency in and of itself. It hurt a lot, then again, lots of things hurt a - right, sorry to my point, well, other than their advice, they weren't of much assistance.

It's been a rough day

looking for the right number to call, and I've only just started in Barcelona and it was only last week that I started in Spain and I've got forty-two more cities to go after calling Seville and Malaga who were of no help at all. I've had six cups of coffee and no winks of sleep and here I am now.

Then I found you!

The lost property office, that is correct, isn't it? Wonderful. Well, I have some lost property and I was wondering if you found it....Well, it's lost in that I never found it to begin with. You see, I'm looking for my person. I wonder if you found them.....Hello?

*She hangs up the phone.
She screams.*

*Lights up on the Devil.
He licks his chops.*

Lust.

The Devil Explains Abandonment

*Inside an abandoned bedroom.
The Devil unpacks his trash.
He's not delicate with his things.*

The Devil:

What makes something abandoned is the fact that it's left to its own devices. For example, this skeleton of a house. Pardon me, I mean home of course. Deserted by its own inhabitants. Who knows why, these days people do the darnedest things to their possessions. One might also have abandonment issues. Mommy and Daddy. Ex-lover gone sour. High and dry. You know the deal. When left to your own vices, you're always leaving something behind.

*Lights on Karen.
She opens her phone book.
Dials again.
Waits.*

Karen:

Hello. Yes. Is this the U.N? I was thinking maybe you could help me knock out a lot of options off my list - now what countries do you have again? Oh please don't put me on hold. I've been holding on for - centuries.

*Karen goes to scream.
Stops herself.*

The Devil:

Such a tease.

Gluttony.Love

Karen still on hold.

*The Devil knocks on the phone booth.
Karen opens the door.*

A moment.

The Devil:

I'm your new neighbor.

Karen:

I'm sorry. I'm on hold.

The Devil:

Christ, you got a lot of shit in there.

Karen:

Do you mind?

The Devil:

You must be a collector.

Karen:

No, I just get cold at night.

The Devil:

You've slept here?

Karen:

Would you mind?

The Devil:

There's no one on the other line.

Karen:

How do you know?

The Devil:

I'm just assuming.

Karen:

I'm on hold.

The Devil:

I have to make a call.

The Devil grabs the phone.

Karen stomps on his foot.

The Devil drops the phone.

Karen:

I'm sorry.

The Devil:

You stomped on me.

Karen:

Yes.

The Devil:

You stomped on my foot.

Karen:

I'm sorry.

The Devil:

Hard.

Karen:

Yes.

The Devil:

That's a terrible thing.

The Devil goes inside.

He writes in his little book of terrible things.

The Devil:

Karen stomped on my foot. I still feel it.

Greed.Karen Makes a Call to the United Nations

*The Devil tries to talk to Karen.
Karen tries to talk to the UN.*

Karen:

Hello! Yes, yes this is Karen from the other side of the world, I'm looking to speak to the head of the United Nations. Yes. Yes. I'm aware it is a global organization, I'm looking to speak to whoever is in charge. Well, your boss then. Yes. I'd like to speak to your superior. Yes. No no no don't transfer me please I don't want to waste any more - time.

The Devil:

I've never had a woman stomp on me before.

Karen:

I'm sorry.

The Devil:

Don't be. I liked it.

Karen:

Oh. Well, I don't make a habit of it.

The Devil:

Could I come in?

Karen:

It's not really -

The Devil:

I'm coming in.

Karen:

Not really meant for two people.

The Devil sits.

Karen:

Oh good. You're staying.

The Devil:

Comfortable set-up.

Karen:

I'm in for the long haul.

The Devil:

How long?

Karen:

A few weeks.

The Devil:

Phoning the UN.

Karen:

That's just today.

The Devil:

And yesterday?

Karen:

Parts of Spain.

The Devil:

And tomorrow?

Karen:

Probably calling -

The Devil:

Dialing.

Karen:

Talking.

The Devil:

Holding.

Karen:
Looking.

The Devil:
For?

Karen:
The love of my life.

The Devil laughs.

Karen:
Who are you?

The Devil:
You live alone?

Karen:
Excuse me?

The Devil:
Well, you're single.

Karen:
Yes.

The Devil:
So, you live alone.

Karen:
Yes.

The Devil:
Me too. Hate the racket. Loud snoring. Cleaning someone else's piss off the -

Karen:
Could you please leave?

The Devil:
You're so polite. I really hate it.

Karen:

Excuse me?

The Devil:

I hate how you pretend to be polite.

Karen:

I'm not pretending.

The Devil:

Acting.

Karen:

I'm not.

The Devil:

I mean you stomped on my foot. That's not really hospitable.

Karen:

Don't you have a phone at your house?

The Devil:

Don't you?

Karen:

No.

The Devil:

Old fashioned.

Karen:

Just conservative.

The Devil:

Of energy?

Karen:

Sure.

The Devil:

Where do you live anyway?

Karen:

Excuse me?

The Devil:

I asked where do you -

Karen:

You can't just ask someone where they live.

The Devil:

Why not?

Karen:

It's impolite.

The Devil:

There it is again.

Karen:

I'm trying to be nice.

The Devil:

You don't seem very nice.

Karen:

You don't even know me.

The Devil:

I know people like you. Pack rats. Phone sex operators.

Karen:

I'm not a phone sex operator.

The Devil:

I don't know, you got a lot of junk in here.

Karen:

That has nothing to do with it.

The Devil:

Have you ever lived with a phone sex operator?

Karen:

No.

The Devil:

I did. Her name was Tracy, from Tribeca. She had lots of junk too.

Karen:

It's not junk. It's my things.

The Devil:

A telephone booth as a storage unit.

Karen:

It's not a storage unit.

The Devil:

You're real sensitive, you know that.

Karen:

I'm not sensitive.

The Devil:

But, you are a phone sex operator.

Karen:

I'm not a -

The Devil:

All women are sensitive. They're like these sob bags. Burlap sacks of tears and screams and -

Karen:

What do you know about women?

The Devil:

More than you.

Karen:

You're disgusting.

The Devil:

I'm what?

Karen:

Disgusting.

The Devil:

Say it again.

Karen:

Disgusting.

The Devil:

That's a very terrible thing to say.

Karen:

I'm sorry.

The Devil:

Say it again.

Karen:

Get out of my house.

The Devil:

Your what?

Karen:

My -

The Devil:

You live here. You live in a telephone booth.

Karen:

Go to hell.

The Devil:

Well -

Karen:

Everyone thinks I'm crazy. Because I was crazy. Because I acted crazy. Because. My father probably thinks I'm dead and mistook one of his seven border collies ashes for mine while he was drunk off his rocker smoking a cuban by the fire. Because he loved those cubans and those collies and that fire. He never calls. He has a problem.

My mother never calls. She has a problem with me.

She probably thinks I'm alive somewhere and scattered my baby pictures in the yard then set them on fire to prove a point. Because she hates fire and loves points. Because she knows that I could have had a 401k and three kids. And instead all I have left really and I mean really is a phone book.

Everyone thinks I'm crazy. I'm not.

I'm just lonely.

The Devil:

I don't get lonely.

I have company over. You should try it. You know what you should do? Throw a dinner party. Women are great at dinner parties. I've been to quite a few in my day.

Karen:

I can't have a dinner party.

The Devil:

At your dinner party, you should serve fish. I'm thinking cod.

Karen:

I don't like fish.

The Devil:

It's not about what you like. It's about your guests. Haven't you ever hosted.

Karen:

No.

The Devil:

I suppose there aren't many dinner parties in phone booths.

Karen:

I'm trying to be polite here.

The Devil:

Well, we both know where that has gotten you.

Karen:

Excuse me?

The Devil:

Why don't you rub my foot, it's throbbing.

Karen:

Excuse -

The Devil:

It's the least you could do after you very rudely -

Karen:

I'm not -

The Devil:

It's the least you could do after you very impolitely -

Karen:

I will not -

The Devil:

That would be the polite thing to do.

Karen rubs the Devil's foot.

Karen:

You know, the way I used to be.

The Devil:

Yes.

Karen:

If I was that way. That way again. I would break your foot in half.

The Devil:

Tell me.

Karen:

I'd start at the ball. Really dig my thumbs in, you know, below the surface.

The Devil:

Tell me.

Karen:

I'd crack it. Until little pieces of skin and bone fell on my lap.

The Devil:

Tell me.

Karen:

But, I'm not that way anymore. I've changed.

She stops.

Karen:

You make me uncomfortable.

The Devil:

How do you know it's uncomfortable?

Karen:

Well, my palms are sweaty.

The Devil:

Yes.

Karen:

And my neck hairs are kind of shooting up.

The Devil:

Yes.

Karen:

And there's this pit.

The Devil:

Go on.

Karen:

In my stomach. Just sitting. Just sitting there cross-legged. In front of me. Inside me.

The Devil:

What else?

Karen:

I think you should go.

*The Devil goes inside.
He makes notes in his little book of terrible things.*

The Devil:

Karen is different than any other place I've been.

WrathKaren Waits and Hates

*Karen sits where the Devil sat before.
The phone propped lazily to her ear.*

Karen:

I hate waiting.
I hate dial tones.
I hate being transferred.
I hate those women with shrill voices.
I hate their pug faces.
I hate pugs.
I hate that I don't really hate pugs because
I hate border collies.
I hate my father.
I hate his pig face.
I hate his love for smoked meat.
I hate how he smokes cigars.
I hate cigars.
I hate cuban cigars.
I hate Cuba.
I hate Spain.
I hate the United Nations, but
I love my phone book.

She flips through her phone book.

Karen:

Where are you?

She stops at a page. Closes her eyes. Points on the page. Opens her eyes.

Karen:

There?

Again.

Karen:

Here?

Again.

Karen:

Do you wear jeans?

Again.

Karen:

What color is your hair?

She closes the book.

Karen:

Do you knock?

Do you barge?

Do you use your hands?

Do you like your feet rubbed?

Do you like when my feet hurt your feet?

She opens her eyes.

Karen:

Oh god.

Oh god I hate this.

I hate smoke.

I hate fire. I really I

I hate fire and

I hate waiting.

I hate dial tones.

I hate being on hold.

I hate holding on

I hate not knowing

where you've -

Gone.

The Devil comes back.

Karen:

You're back.

The Devil:

I'm back.

Karen:

I thought you left.

The Devil:

I did.

Karen:

I didn't think you'd come back.

The Devil:

I'm waiting for you to get off the phone.

Karen:

Oh, I'm sorry.

I'm still waiting -

I'm still holding -

I'm Karen.

The Devil:

I'm the Devil.

Karen:

Very funny.

They shake hands.

The Devil:

Hello.

Karen:

Hello.

She puts the phone to her ear.

Karen:

Oh hello! Yes. Yes this is she. You know what, can I call you back?

She hangs up the phone.

The Devil:

You hung up the phone.

Karen:

Yes. Oh.

The Devil:

You hung up the phone on the U.N.

Karen:

Oh. I guess I did.

The Devil:

That's 193 sovereign states.

Karen:

That many? Oh.

The Devil:

That many.

Karen:

I just. I didn't want to keep you waiting.

The Devil:

I see.

Karen:

I was surprised. Am surprised you came back so soon. Would you like to use the-

The Devil:

That's very nice of you - Karen, was it?

Karen:

Yes.

The Devil:

Very nice. Unfortunately, I don't need to make my call anymore.

Karen:

But, you just said -

The Devil:

You see, I live right over there. You see it?

Karen:

Yes, I do.

The Devil:

That makes us neighbors. I guess. If you live here and I live there.

Karen:

Yes, you said.

The Devil:

I got it cheap. A real steal. Big bang for my buck. It's just a rental. I'm here on business.

Karen:

What kind of business?

The Devil:

The big kind. Anyway, I thought I needed to make call to my plumber - do you have a plumber?

Karen:

No, I don't.

The Devil:

That's too bad, I know a great one if you ever have any troubles. He goes right in and zoops everything right out. I don't know how he does it.

Karen:

Right.

The Devil:

Anyway my sink started to clog up this morning. Which is very terrible since I just moved in. It was just jam-packed. Nothing going down the drain - you ever have that problem?

Karen:

No. Usually, no.

The Devil:

You're lucky. It's very difficult when nothing goes down the drain. You kinda gotta force it you know. And usually sinks don't like being forced, so you gotta coax it a little.

Karen:

Right.

The Devil:

But, come to think of it, I just remembered that my pipes are probably just frozen. In fact, I'm sure that's what it is.

Karen:

Oh, I see.

The Devil:

Yes, it happens frequently. But, in no time they'll loosen right up.

Karen:

Right.

The Devil:

It's a pain when your pipes freeze.

Karen:

I can imagine.

The Devil:

How rude of me, talking about household nuisances when you don't even have a home.

Karen:

I had-have a home. Well, I'm looking for a home.

The Devil:

I know a great realtor.

Karen:

I won't need one of those.

The Devil:

She's got great legs. Met her up in Milwaukee on an escalator.

Karen:

Going up?

The Devil:

Going down.

Karen:

Gross.

The Devil:

I only rent. I don't buy. So, if you're looking for a rental, a sort of impermanent -

Karen:

I'm not looking for a realtor, I'm looking for my person.

The Devil:

That's right your person.

Karen:

People are home.

The Devil:

Are they?

Karen:

I had a home once.

The Devil:

A lover? Or a house?

Karen:

It didn't work out.

The Devil:

What happened?

Karen:

It didn't work out.

The Devil:

So now you live here.

Karen:

Yes.

The Devil:

In this lovely box.

Karen:

Not for long. When I find my person I'll pack up all my things into a suitcase and move into their big vacant heart.

The Devil:

Hearts need homes too. Real homes made out of real carpet and wood and walls. You know that, don't you? So, if you find your person -

Karen:

When.

The Devil:

Yeah, are they supposed to move in here with you? Into this home-box.

Karen:

Well, I -

The Devil:

This place isn't really built for two.

Karen:

I -

The Devil:

You should come to my place.

Karen:

Excuse me.

The Devil:

I just meant I'm thinking of moving soon.

Karen:

You just said you moved here.

The Devil:

I don't like to stay in one place for too long. I'd give it to you real cheap.

Karen:

Well, I don't know if it would be a good fit.

The Devil:

You haven't seen it yet.

Karen:

I don't think-

The Devil:

It's the least you could do after you stomped on me.

Karen:

I didn't meant that earlier.

The Devil:

You did.

Karen:

It was a mistake.

The Devil:

A mistake?

Karen:

Yes.

The Devil:

It wasn't you?

Karen:

Exactly.

The Devil:

Out of character?

Karen:

Right.

The Devil:

Right. Because you're not that kind of girl, are you?

Karen:

No.

The Devil:

The kind who makes bad choices. Decisions.

Karen:

No.

The Devil:

You're the good kind. Sweet.

Karen:

Yes.

The Devil:

Not a bad bone in your body.

Karen:

Right.

The Devil:

Right.

So Karen, would you like a cigarette?

Karen:

Oh yes.

She reaches for the cigarette.

Stops herself.

Step out.

Karen:

A quick description of a bad decision:

Examples. Low-stakes:

the time I stole Johnny Barber's army men from his lunchbox
 the time I lied about stealing Johnny Barber's army men from his lunchbox
 the time I got a perm the night before the eighth-grade dance
 the time I let four of the boys put their hands down my pants by the bleachers
 the time I let six of the boys put my hands down their pants by the bleachers
 the time I turned twenty-two and
 lit twelve packs of matches on a dare
 starting a mild riot
 thinking it was cool
 to try on to try out
 the seventy-six tequila shots
 the twenty-four packs of cigarettes
 the make out session
 with the guy with the ankle bracelet
 the blow
 on the bathroom floor
 of the bar
 on new year's eve
 when I said I love you
 way too quick
 and never heard it back.

Examples. High-stakes:

inhalants sours slingers sunrises tobacco-crushes fuzzy-navels
 purple-dicks big-snow giant-falls deep-highs small-bills rolled-tight
 losing count.
 more than anything I'd say
 losing count
 and saying I love you
 way too quick.

Step in.

The Devil:

Back in Reno, I buy them by the caseload. Much cheaper. More bang for your buck.

Karen:

You know, I just remembered I quit smoking.

The Devil:

No kidding.

Karen:

Yes. I'll have to pass.

The Devil:

Since when?

Karen:

I forget.

The Devil:

That's never a good sign.

The Devil starts to leave the phone booth.

Karen starts to dial.

Hangs up the phone.

Finds a box of matches under her foot.

Karen:

Wait!

The Devil:

Yes?

Karen:

I think you left something.

She runs out.

Hands him the matches.

The Devil:

Ah, I can be so forgetful at times.
Nothing like a good match.

Karen:

Yes.

The Devil:

You could keep them if you'd like.

Karen:

Oh no. I couldn't.

The Devil:

Suit yourself.

Karen:

Wait!
How exactly do pipes defrost?

The Devil:

Heat.

Karen:

Ah.

The Devil:

But, not flame-heat. That brings a risk of fire.

Karen:

Oh.

The Devil:

You have to be very careful or else -

He lights a cigarette.

The Devil:

You'll get burnt.

He goes to hand her a cigarette.

The Devil:

A little smoke never hurt anyone.

Karen takes the cigarette.