

## From Too Fabulous to Fail

By Don Zolidis

MARCUS, an investment banker, is talking into a headset.

MARCUS (*into headset*)

Are you listening to me? Are you listening to me right now Jim? Because I'm talking. There are sounds coming out of my mouth. Tell me they're not disappearing into thin air because that would be a waste of my time, you understand? I'm looking at the numbers Jim. You're darn right I've got them here. At first I thought I was dreaming, I thought I was in some kind of nightmare, you know, where there's a wolf chasing you and you're falling and you're dressed like Little Red Riding Hood – that's what I thought was going on here. Because I'm looking at these numbers and I'm a little confused. WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON?!

(*CARLY enters in a rush, trying to get ready for work, clearly late.*)

I am calm. I'm very calm Jim. You have not seen me upset, Jim. You are not aware of what I'm like when I'm upset. This is calm Marcus. This is Marcus under very tight control. But very tight controlled Marcus is about to jump out of a window and be replaced with Upset Marcus, and you know what Upset Marcus is going to do? He's going to dress up like a window washer and get one of those pulley things and climb up the outside of your office when you least expect it – and he's going to have one of those cat burglar circular knives that they use to cut through glass, and when you are sitting there having your six dollar Moccachino from Starbucks, Upset Marcus is going to reach through the window behind you, grab you by the throat and pull you through the tiny circular hole in your window and dangle you off the twenty-second story.

(*MARCUS smiles at CARLY and shakes her hand and she tries to get to her desk. He is writing her something.*)

Spider-man isn't going to save you Jim. You know why? You know why Spider-Man's not coming to save you? Because he hates you, Jim. He knows what a skunk you are and instead of swinging in on his little spider-ropes, he's sitting in a Mercedes having a latte.

(*short pause*)

I know they're webs, not ropes. I know that. I know they're webs. I know he doesn't use ropes. How could he shoot ropes out of his hands? Well that's neither here nor there, Jim. I don't care what kind of polymer Peter Parker uses to synthesize his webbing, and, point of fact, in several iterations of spider-man the webbing just came right out of him, like a spider. Of course if we were being accurate the webs would be coming out of his butt, and I think we can all agree that's a little gross.

(*short pause.*)

Yeah good talking to you. Remember what I said about dangling you out of the window.

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