

## SCARPIA sides

SCARPIA

The creation of Wealth! That's what I believe in. And that's what's coming. Any day now, when that bastard Fidel Castro finally dies — what is he, 183 years old and they've cloned him for the third and last time. When that old pinko finally croaks, we move in big time. An international consortium— everybody from the Gambinos and Genoveses to the Rockefellers. Plus Haliburton and Bechtel of course, the IMF and the World Bank and the Saudis.

MUTT

As far as I'm concerned, if you took all the men in the world, and put them on a boat, and towed it out to sea —

SCARPIA

And guess who'll be in charge of things? From Piñar del Rio to Baracoa, the whole bloody island? None other than yours truly, Baron Scarpia himself! The contracts are already written. Let's drink to that!

MUTT

Let's not, okay?

SCARPIA

And you could be part of it, you see. The disillusioned ex-Liberal who's seen the light! We'll work out the details later. But first, there's something you need to do.

MUTT

Men are pigs, every last one of them. You included.

SCARPIA

I'm talking about your husband.

MUTT

My husband included.

SCARPIA

(producing a document)

Just sign here.

MUTT

What's this?

SCARPIA

A confession.

MUTT

I have nothing to confess. Except that I was a damn fool to imagine...

SCARPIA

This confession puts the blame where it belongs.

MUTT

On me?

SCARPIA

On your husband!

MUTT

Oh.

SCARPIA

Take your time, look it over. Think of it as a business proposition.

MUTT

That's an idea. I hadn't thought of that.

SCARPIA

It makes sense, really.

MUTT

(reading the document)

"Like an evil spider, weaving a web of lies and deceit..." Hey, this is all right!

SCARPIA

I'm glad you agree.

MUTT

Boy, I can just see his face when he reads this!

SCARPIA

Yes.

MUTT

And when he sees my signature at the bottom!

SCARPIA

Exactly.

MUTT

There's just one problem.

SCARPIA

What's that?

MUTT

You got the wrong guy. My husband is incapable of tying a necktie. He couldn't weave his way out of a paper bag.

SCARPIA

Here's the bottom line. You want to spend the rest of your life in Guantánamo?

MUTT

No, but...

SCARPIA

You have no idea what idiots I have to work with — the thick headed military and the religious nuts, they're foaming at the mouth. We have to throw them some red meat.

MUTT

That's not my problem.

SCARPIA

You better believe it is. Somebody's going to take the rap. Somebody's got to be the scapegoat. Somebody's got to be the Last Liberal.

MUTT

Take it from me, he's no Liberal. I'm the only one left.

SCARPIA

Sign this, and your future is assured. You'll fly home to a hero's welcome.

MUTT

And you'll get the credit.

SCARPIA

Well, naturally. But we can be a team.

MUTT

You really need me to sign this, don't you?

SCARPIA

The point is, this is your chance to get on the winning team. Either you're with us, or you're against us. Just sign your name, and I'll do the rest.

MUTT

I'm sure you will.

SCARPIA

So what do you say?

MUTT

I'm tempted.

SCARPIA  
(moving close to her)

Yield to the temptation.