

**Sides-WILD CARD**

WAITER (Wild Card)

(edging toward MUTT)

You are in big trouble, kid.

MUTT

I'm not afraid of him.

WAITER

Well you ought to be.

MUTT

Please, can you help me?

WAITER

I'll do what I can. My advice is, trust nobody. Everybody in this place is spying on everybody else. That guy who looks like a waiter might be a snitch.

MUTT

Like you, for instance.

WAITER

Like me, for instance.

MUTT

(slipping the note to the WAITER)

Make sure my husband gets this.

WAITER

(reading)

"Stephen Jefferson Clark, Ph.D."

That's easier said than done.

(opening the note)

"Dear Jeff; Thanks to you, I'm in Guantánamo.

Signed, Mutt. PS: And you can go to hell."

I hear he's in Baghdad.

MUTT

Baghdad?!

WAITER

It's a bit of a hike, but I'll do what I can. By the way, I work for the Agency.

MUTT

The C.I.A.?

WAITER

Or so they think. Actually I work for myself.

(peels off a playing card- sized business card)

The name is Wild Card. It's my *nom de guerre*, as we say in the trade. I'm a free agent.

¡Hasta luego! Have a nice day!

(exits)