

SCENE: The Smoking Lounge. BEBE, JOAN and THOMAS are seated.

ENTER MARK ROARKE.

MARK: That nigger took my best pen with him.

THOMAS: Probably shouldn't have called him "nigger" all the time.

MARK: Didn't have to take my pen.

JOAN: Anyway, Mr. Castaigne said that the Super is planning something for those agents.

BEBE: Oh???

JOAN: (Nods enthusiastically.) He'd like to see them move in. But he's not sure. The tall one in particular bothers him. Mr. Castaigne didn't say why.

BEBE: I know he bothers me. But in a good way.

ALL laugh.

BEBE: (Pouting.) Okay, so I have needs.

THOMAS: Yeah, like a black widow spider has needs.

JOAN: (Interrupting.) Anyway, Mr. Castaigne said that we need to keep them away from six, at least for the time being.

MARK: You'd think he'd want them on six.

JOAN: He does, eventually. Not right now. He seemed... (Pauses.) I don't know. Worried. (Laughs.) I'm reading too much into it. Mr. Castaigne is never worried.

THOMAS: (Oh? What about the time the super came over to fix the furnace. He seemed plenty