

**IKE RICH PLAYERS  
GOOSE HIGH SCHOOL, GOOSE BAY  
present**

**“SEE SHERMAN FAUSTUS, SEE SHERMAN FAUSTUS RUN”**

**Cast**

Sherman Faustus .....	Sheldon Campbell
Lucifer .....	Andrew Abbass
Isabel .....	Melissa Ducharme
Blind Man .....	Justin Igloliorte
Bob .....	J.J. Langevin
Nacho .....	Jocques Butler
Good Angel .....	Gillian Hill
Bad Angel .....	J. Kate Suppa
Clerk .....	Eddie Saunders
Customers .....	Tara Kelly
	Shavonne Brown
	Danny Abbass
	Erin Henderson
	Jessica Bitsack
Troupe .....	Rachel Borlase
	Andy Brown
	Kate Strachan
	Kurtis Baldwin
	Allison Patey
	Samantha Leblanc
Stage Manager .....	Regina Wells
Lighting .....	Ken Hughes
Director .....	Dorrie Brown

In 1588, Christopher Marlowe wrote *The Tragedy of Dr. Faustus*, about a greedy man who sold his soul in return for power and knowledge. In our twisted updated ‘90’s spoof, greed and values take on slightly less “epic” proportions.....

**SEE SHERMAN FAUSTUS, SEE SHERMAN FAUSTUS RUN**

*(Empty stage. Outline of Sherman is center. Enter Isabel crawling along the ledge. She is searching for her bird which has escaped)*

**Isabel:** *(coming upon outline; she gets up slowly, studying it. She speaks hesitantly)*  
Um...hello. *(Studies)* 'Scuse me .... Ah... I was looking for my bird — it, it flew away ...um, sir? What are you doing? Sir? You *are* kind of close to the edge...

(Response)

**Isabel:** Oh, you know that ... Sir? Uh, what are you doing ...uh...so close to the edge?

(Response)

**Isabel:** Oh, you know that already. That's why you're doing it ....Umm, why?

(Response)

**Isabel:** You're going to jump because of a taco salad? *(Slight laugh; uneasy)* isn't that a bit extreme? I mean, your life — for a taco salad?

(Response)

**Isabel:** OK, OK let me get this straight. You were at Burger King and ..... *(lights down on Isabel. Lights up SR. Lucifer is serving Sherman. Physicalization throughout scene)*

**Sherman:** *(aggressive and hyped)* Could I have a ... a... taco salad? Please?

**Lucifer:** *(smoothly)* This is Burger King. We don't have ... taco salad.

**Sherman:** Look. I really, really need a ....taco salad. Taco salad ....comforts me.

**Lucifer:** Comforts you?

**Sherman:** Look, I've had a really rough day. Ever so many truly devastating things have happened to me. I can't take any more. Don't give me a hard time, man. I mean, everybody has their comfort food, right? Asparagus for some; maybe hard tack ... I don't judge — to each his own OK? And for me, it's taco salad ... and man, I **really** need it --**NOW!**

**Lucifer:** *(soothingly, unflustered)* This is Burger King — we don't have ...taco salad.

**Sherman:** You're really not hearing me, man. I already explained that I really need it — I really, really, really (*breaking down*) .... need a .....(*quickly*)tacosalad!

**Lucifer:** Dying?

**Sherman:** Beg pardon?

**Lucifer:** Would you say you were ... dying... for a ...(*quickly*) tacosalad?

**Sherman:** Well, it is a manner of speaking, yes, to say that one is “dying for” something — in this case, a taco salad. It is an idiom; a figure of speech — used rather loosely and even recklessly, perhaps — I could say, “I am dying for a taco salad.” But that would imply that I really would die for a taco salad, and that would be a bit extreme, wouldn't it — for something as trivial as a taco salad? I mean, where are the values these days? ... (*he rushes forward, throwing himself at Lucifer*) **I am dying for a taco salad!**

**Lucifer:** It can be .... arranged, you know.

**Sherman:** It can?

**Lucifer:** Ooh yes. I have ... connections.

**Sherman:** With ... (*he leans forward, whispering, so as not to say The Competition's name too loudly*) — Taco Bell?

**Lucifer:** With the underworld.

**Sherman:** Australia?

**Lucifer:** (*gestures over his head: “Went right over...”*)

**Sherman:** (*not missing a beat*) Do I know you? No matter. Serve it up. No price is too high.

**Lucifer:** No price?

**Sherman:** None. Nix. Nil. Nein. Nada. Name it!

**Lucifer:** Your soul.

**Sherman:** Not this again! (*Seems to agonize and resist; the abruptly*) How do I pay? (*Reaches into his wallet; whips out a bank card, slaps it on the counter, and pushes it towards Lucifer*)

**Lucifer:** *(pushing it back at him, leans forward and knowingly wags his finger in front of Sherman's face as he shakes his head) Uh-uh.*

**Sherman:** I don't believe it! You don't take VISA?

**Lucifer:** Souls are not paid for with VISA.

**Sherman:** Of course they are! VISA pays for everything. *(Pushes card back at Lucifer)*

**Lucifer:** *(pushing it back again)* Not ....souls.

**Sherman:** Dang! That probably would have been worth a lot of points!

**Lucifer:** Oh don't worry. My purchase of your soul will give you a free flight not to be equalled.

**Sherman:** *(putting away the card)* oh alright then. How do I pay?

**Lucifer:** *(scanning the cash register) Mmm ..."souls" ... Burger King's got soul! (Punches it in; **smoke machine and cymbal**; waits for receipt to print out; tears it off; passes it to Sherman with a pen) Just sign here.*

**Sherman:** Just like a VISA.

**Lucifer:** *(grinning)* Maybe more like a student loan ... there's probably not much difference. Either one can seem like a bottomless pit!

**Sherman:** OK. It's done ..... Now.....the salad?

**Lucifer:** Of course. The salad. *(He produces the salad, as if by magic, and hands it to Sherman. Lucifer exits. Sherman moves DS and begins to eat. **Strobe light.**)*

**MUSIC. Dragon (#1. 0.29-3:00)** *(As the music plays, Sherman begins to eat with great satisfaction, but this changes to uncertainty and ends with fear, as he realizes his folly; the salad is finished, but it cannot continue to satisfy him. In fact, he will never be satisfied, nor can he reclaim his soul. He searches after lucifer to retract his bargain, but finds himself alone. Lights down on Sherman. Up on Isabel and Outline, CS. Blind man enters SR, tapping his way along the ledge. He carries a guitar case. A budgie bird is perched on his hat. He taps the Outline)*

**Blind Man:** What's thi.....?

**Isabel:** *(has taken out string, and is playing string games to pass the time) Oh...(not wanting to startle him) ....Oh, sir. Um, I don't want to alarm you or anything, but .*

**Blind man:** I'm not easily frightened.

**Isabel:** (*nervously*) Oh. Oh, that's good. Uh, mister, do you know where you are?

**Blind Man:** Of course I know where I am. I'm here.

**Isabel:** Well, yes, that's right sir. You are "here" but ... do you know where that "here" is?"?

**Blind Man:** Yes, of course. I'm out on the balcony.

**Isabel:** (*looking down, uneasily*) Uh, yes... I guess you could say that --

**Blind Man:** --- and I've got some kind of damned bird that insists on perching itself on my hat --

**Isabel:** That's my bird — I was looking for her --

**Blind Man:** --- and if the little creature so much as lifts its tail — just one little sloop! — and I'll be sending it into eternity --

**Isabel:** Oh! Don't sat "eternity" mister. (*She reaches gingerly in front of Outline, careful not to lose her balance, and takes the tip of Blind Man's stick; then traces outline with it*) This — this is Sherman, and he's had a very unfortunate encounter with "eternity" himself, in a manner of speaking, and you might drive him to another one ...

**Blind Man:** What do you mean?

**Isabel:** he wants to jump;

**Blind Man:** So? Jump.

**Isabel:** Off. Jump Off!

**Blind Man:** (*taps first, then leans out and looks over the edge*) From here? He could get hurt.

**Isabel:** That's what I told him.

**Blind Man:** (*speaking to Outline*) Why do you want to jump?

**Isabel:** oh I can tell you that. He sold his soul for a taco salad, and realized the folly of his ways. Now the taco salad is gone, and so's his soul, and there;s nothing he can

do about it, so he wants to jump.

**Blind Man:** That don't make sense. That just hurries-up the payoff. *(Pause; he leans towards the Outline, as if listening to him speak)*

**Response.**

**Blind Man:** That's not all?

**Response.**

**Blind Man:** The taco salad was just comfort food? That's a heck of a price to pay for comfort!

**Response.**

**Blind Man:** You... you bought the salad to make yourself feel better after you couldn't replace your prized (signed) John Tesh CD?

**Isabel:** You like John Tesh??? Ooh, jump! I'd jump if I liked John Tesh!

**Blind Man:** *(Listening to Outline)* oh-ho! That must have been some collection! All nine! All stolen? And did the guy who stole them jump alraedy, once he found out they were John Tesh?

**Response.**

**Blind Man:** no, no. Sorry. I wasn't trying to be funny... OK, so they weren't all stolen. They were destroyed. By a tornado! And you went out to replace your favourite one, and couldn't buy it.....?

**LIGHTS DOWN, CS, UP on Northmart Scene. MUSIC. Our Lady Peace.** *(Several customers are browsing the racks; Clerk is busy at counter; Sherman enters and searches racks)*

**Sherman:** *(approaches Clerk and timidly asks)* 'Scuse me. Can you tell me where I might find John Tesh's CD's? *(Clerk either ignores him or can't hear him due to the music — or both. A little louder)* I — I'm looking for a particular album by John Tesh. Could you--? *(Clerk still does not respond. Shouting)* J-O-H-N- T-E-S-H! *(Music stops. Everyone turns slowly and stares at Sherman. They look at one another, and then at him, and they begin to circle around him, eyeing him curiously.)*

**Clerk:** *(Breaking silence)* John Tesh. John Tesh?

**Sherman:** Yeah, John Tesh. You know --

**Clerk:** Oh yes. We all know! I mean, and I'm sure you know there has been such a high demand for all of his CD's lately that we can't keep them in stock.

**Sherman:** Could I put in an order for the one I want? See I had them all — all nine of them. And loved them — I can't tell you what they did for me at the end of a busy day (that's when I still had a job, of course, and whenever I didn't, why they just cheered me right out of the dumps whenever I felt sorry for myself for being so .... so.... unemployed!)

**Clerk:** We--

**Sherman:** And three years ago I went to a live performance out in Vancouver and I managed to pick up a copy of his John Tesh Plays in the Jungle CD and I even got him to autograph it and --

**Clerk:** We've been --

**Sherman:** *(hums a few bars)* — and then this tornado happened in my neighbourhood. Mister Rogers never sings about that happening! “Oh, it's a lovely day in my neighbourhood — here comes a funnel-shaped cloud — oh, now it's spinning faster and faster. *(Plays the part, spinning around the store and involving everything in his path)* it's picking up everything in sight --! *(Sherman becomes the tornado in full force, and ends by sweeping several CD's off the shelves)*

**Clerk:** Sir, I'm afraid --

**Sherman:** *(scrambling up quickly)* Oh, no! No! Don't feel sorry for me! That's not the worst of it! OK, it takes my cat. I mourn, all right? It sucks the roof off my house, like it's one big leaf *(gesture and sound)* that's the way it goes — here today; ruined tomorrow. It throws a two-ton oak tree down through the now ope top of my now convertible house, and smashes it into my baby grand Steinway piano. *(Sound of glissando)* I can get a new one if I can ever keep a job!

**Clerk:** I can tell you're really upset --

**Sherman:** Upset? Not in the least. I could walk through those shambles that I used to call a home and not even whimper --

**Clerk:** Perhaps you'd like me to call the manager — perhaps I'd like to call the manager! *(He reaches for the phone under the counter and begins to dial)* No, no! What am I saying? I don't want to call the manager!

**Sherman:** *(smacking his hand down on the phone)* Not at all, son. Not at all. I'm telling you. I was OK with all of it, until ..... *(lapses into silence)*

**Clerk & Customers:** *(bending closer)* Until --?

**Sherman:** *(fighting to keep control)* Until I came upon my treasured CD collection, and found that it had all been left intact — still sitting neatly in alphabetical order on the shelf — **except...**

**Clerk & customers:** *(whispering, in domino sequence, with slight gasps)* The nine John Teshes  
--

**Sherman:** *(sober and reverently)* John Tesh. All nine. Gone. Vanished. Vaporized into the void. Little splinters to be uncovered by archeologists of another era.

**Clerk:** You're taking this so well.

**Sherman:** Thank you. I am trying to get my life back in order — which is why I came. I want to order a copy of **John Tesh Plays in the Jungle.**

**Clerk:** Oh I'd like to help you, sir, but all his CD's are selling so quickly, that we are just taking names on a list, and as soon as a CD arrives, we call the names in order.

**Sherman:** Well, put my name down! Put it down, son! What are you waiting for? Why didn't you say so, long ago?

**Clerk:** I tried --

**Sherman:** Get the list boy. Get it out! Let's put pen to paper and get my name down.

**Clerk:** *(Reaches for list under the counter and poises pen, ready to write)* You may have to wait for a while before it comes — there are a few people ahead of you --

**Sherman:** How many?

**Clerk:** 172.

**Sherman:** 172?????? there aren't 172 people that even like John Tesh!

**Clerk:** Oh in the jungle there are! They really dig him there.

**Sherman:** Yeah, but here? Who are they? I demand to know.



**Clerk:** Oh no, I couldn't tell you that. That would be against our store's "Privacy of Information Act".

**Sherman:** What nonsense is this? "Privacy of Information" is a government act — not something determined by an individual business.

**Clerk:** Oh yeah? Well, judging by what we've already done at Northmart, maybe the government should just step aside and let us run things! Employment? We've hired half of Goose High! High return on investments? Give away one million Points North! Mr. Tobin could take a lesson!

**Sherman:** That's not my point --

**Clerk:** Good pun! (*Sherman stares blankly at him. He doesn't get it. Clerk explains, quoting:*) "That's not my point" — Points North. Get it?

**Sherman:** Not intended, I assure you. My point is --

**Clerk:** Good pun ..... (*sheepishly*) ..... again!

**Sherman:** Will you stop that!!? What I want to know is — I want to see the manager!!

**Clerk:** (*Quails slightly*) Do you really think that's necessary?

**Sherman:** I-want-to-see-the-manager!!!

**Clerk:** (*Brightening*) Your call !! (*Whistles, fingers in mouth; everyone leaves abruptly. Smoke; Lucifer enters and takes the place where Clerk was standing*)

**Lucifer:** Ye-e-ss?

**Sherman:** (*not the least intimidated*) Look, I'm being discriminated against, here. I came in here to order a John Tesh CD --

**Lucifer:** — already a questionable idea --

**Sherman:** (*ignoring him*) and your clerk, here, tells me that because of high demand, I have to put my name on the list --

**Lucifer:** oh, I know all about long lists of names --

**Sherman:** And it's not even that I mind doing that — I just wanted to know who is ahead of me --

**Lucifer:** Oh, there are many I can assure you ...

**Sherman:** ...and Clerky-boy says, “Oh, no, can’t tell you any names, it’s against some Privacy Act...”

**Lucifer:** Well, it is rather an exclusive little club ... but why is it so important that you know who’s ahead of you on that list?

**Sherman:** Well, a little bit of graft - a little bit of greed... y’know, it’s all part of life. None of us is perfect.

**Lucifer:** *(delighted)* Oh, certainly not!

**Sherman:** *(speaking in Mafia dialect)* So, I’m thinking, find out which of my buddies is ahead of me there on the paper, and he’s open to a little suggestion — a little bribe, y’know — I make it worth his while to let me in there ahead of him; or, to put it another way, I make it really not worth his while if he don’t ... ya get what I mean???

**Lucifer:** You bet ... I wrote the book ... and the list! *(Leaning closer)* I think you and I ... talk the same language.

**Sherman:** English. Yeah. *(With sudden insight; he leans closer)* You ain’t one o’them separatists, are you?

**Lucifer:** Mais non! But listen now. You seem to have a ...”shrewd” business mind. What if I could arrange for you to get this precious CD that you’re after?

**Sherman:** I knew it would pay to go to the top.

**Lucifer:** Well, you’ve got your “up above” and your “down below” — we all serve our little place in life ... Look I’ve got connections.

**Sherman:** With Sam the Record Man?

**Lucifer:** Better.

**Sherman:** And you can get my CD?

**Lucifer:** For a ... price.

**Sherman:** How much?

**Lucifer:** Your soul.

**Sherman:** My soul? For a John Tesh CD? *(He's aghast; he registers shock; he thinks about it for a while, weighing the odds; he really can't decide. He rolls dice from his pocket; he juggles. Eventually, he takes a coin, flips it in the air, overturns it on the back of his hand. It's "heads". Throughout this sequence Music: John Tesh (or Hennie Bekker) while Lucifer is joined by Clerk and customers who all dance "rock" to the music)* Heads: I do, tails: I don't. *(He makes several false moves with the coin before actually tossing it)* Music stops when Sherman slaps coin on his hand. *Everyone stops and looks expectantly at Sherman)* I can't. It's tails.... But it was a tough choice.

**Lucifer:** No compromise. You can't argue with a coin! A real man of principle ... We'll meet again!

*Lights down on Northmart scene. Up on Outline, Isabel and Blind Man. Music resumes during the transition. Enter Bob and Nacho ( the puppet), grooving to the music, which fades as they get into dialogue. They are oblivious both to where they are and the others on the ledge)*

**Nacho:** *(pulls Bob along energetically; Bob is fighting to keep control, as one might when being led by an enthusiastic dog on a leash. Their relationship is a lot like that between Garfield and John)* Let's go get some chicks. Let's go look at the ladies. Gonna get some chicks. Hey man, how do I look? How do I look? *(He preens)* Hey! You dig these feathers? No chick can pass up a spread like this....

**Bob:** Cool it, Nacho. No woman gonna look at no rooster so full of himself... no, man - you gotta be laid back; you gotta be... you gotta be ... it's like this, man *(he sings)* "If you wanna be kissed, you gotta move like this" *(he makes a suave gesture)*

**Nacho:** *(spying the bird on Blind Man's hat - whistles)* Hel-lo! Wanna fly south?

**Blind Man:** Who's this? Were you talking to me? *(He turns and begins tapping his stick at Bob)*

**Bob:** No man - like I'm not coming on to you or anything man. That's my pet rooster, here --

**Blind Man:** Rooster?

**Bob:** *(Holding Nacho up so Blind Man can see)* Yeah, here. See him?

**Blind Man:** No.

**Bob:** *(Catching on)* Uh ... oh yeah. Sorry. I wasn't thinking man. He's ... he's *(he holds him up again, uselessly)* he's — here. *(He sags; then brightens, changing the subject)* He was .... “attracted” ... to that cute little canary on your hat!

**Isabel:** *(joining in)* That's not a canary; that's my budgerigar --

**Nacho:** *(To Isabel)* ‘Scuse you! *(To Bob)* Did she burp?

**Bob:** *(To Nacho)* No — that's the kind of chick you're hustling! *(Noticing Isabel for the first time)* What's this? A ledge party? ..... *(indicating Sherman's outline)* Who's that? Are there more of us out here? *(Nacho starts to pull Bob towards Outline, flapping all the way)*

**Blind Man:** *(nearly losing his balance, as Bob & Nacho collide with him; intervening:)*  
@#!&! Sh-h-h-h! Be careful! That's Sherman! He's in a very delicate position.

**Nacho:** *(eyeing him, but easy)* I'd say he is!

**Isabel:** Don't you go flapping around him, you fausty, plume-plucked flirstster! He's had a lot of trauma, and he's just on the brink, as you can see. If you startle him, he just might go!

**Nacho:** It ain't him I'd like to be flappin' around honey — it's that budgie babe riding on Pop's hat here that ruffles my feathers!

**Bob:** *(Hushing Nacho and pursuing the Sherman story)* What's the matter with him?

**Isabel:** Well, first I thought it was because he just sold his soul for a taco salad.

**Bob:** --- a taco salad???

**Isabel:** It's not your place to judge.

**Bob:** — but, a taco salad??

**Nacho:** Food is good ..... but chicks are better!

**Bob:** *(Turning on him)* Are you saying that you would sell your soul for either one?

**Nacho:** Roosters don't have souls.

**Bob:** No, just hormones!

**Blind Man:** But, it turns out that it wasn't just the taco salad alone. (*Bob and Nacho sit on the ledge, and Bob begins to open his knap-sack and take out lunch items, one by one, and spread them beside him*) This lad had been unable to buy a taco salad, which he was only using to comfort himself after having had his entire priceless John Tesh CD collection whooshed away by a tornado. And, to make matters worse, when he tried to replace his favourite one of the lot — he was unable to do so, because the waiting list was too long, and when he tried to “butt the line” as it were, by bribing or threatening someone higher up on the list, he was stopped by someone else from .... “down below”.....

**Nacho:** (*looking up from his lunch*) Australia?

**Bob:** Shush, you clapper-clawed coxcomb! I think he means “Hades”.

**Isabel:** (*chiming in*) .....**Lucifer himself** — that old extortionist! - who would have happily sold him the list — for a “small price”....

**Bob:** Lucifer knows only one price.

**Nacho:** Chickenfeed!

**Bob:** The soul, shallow-brain! Anyone like a sandwich?

**Isabel:** Sherman didn't give in , though. Not then at least. He just said “No” to old Luce on that one — then went out to buy the taco salad to reward himself for turning down the old trickster, and then to comfort himself after not getting the CD he wanted...

**Blind Man:** But it was just too tempting, and he finally gave in that second time ----- (*he stops abruptly; leans toward Outline to listen*)

**Response**

**Blind Man:** What do you mean: “it was really the third time”? Lucifer bargained with you three times in one day? No wonder you're out here.

**Response**

**Bob:** (*Leans in to catch Sherman's words; he continues to eat, regardless*) Man, that's rough! Your wife? After 25 years? She left you? The love of your life?

**Nacho:** (*leaning in close to the budgie*) Now you're talking! Let's talk about love!

**Bob:** *(Pulling him away; at the same time leaning closer)* Remind me to explain to you what “subtle” means! We’re talking about a quality, long-term relationship, here!

**Blind Man:** *(Listening to Outline)* pardon? Why yes. Yes it is. *(Looks down at guitar case, gesturing towards it; listens again)*

### Response

**Blind man:** *(Opens the case; places the guitar in Outline’s “hands”; closes the case again; speaks during the action)* Not at all. Nothing is too much trouble, given these circumstances.

**Lights Down on Center Front. Light Up on Sherman, on a stool, singing with guitar “The Street Beanery” by Tony Forrington. Lights remain on Sherman & guitar. Lights up halfway at Center Front.**

**Isabel:** I don’t get it. You found her. You married her. You had a good life together.

**Nacho:** 25 years! Hard to imagine.

**Bob:** Not that you’ll ever know, “Narcissus-of-the-Chicken-World”! *(to Outline)* That’s really sad, man.

**Blind Man:** *(to Outline)* So, why’d she leave?

**Isabel:** *(after listening to Outline)* Was it ..... you’re singing?

**Nacho:** The lyrics were clever.

**Bob:** What do you know?

**Blind Man:** *(after listening)* She left because you spent so much time writing and singing corny songs that you couldn’t keep a job?

**Isabel:** And then you’d console yourself by listening to John Tesh CD’s.

**Bob:** ...and eating taco salad?

**Nacho:** Food is good. But---

**Bob:** Keep outta this — we’re onto a story, here. We’re tryin’ to help the guy....

**Lights Down on Center Front. Keep Lights up on Sherman & guitar.** *(Sherman sighs, and*

looks away, to lay guitar down. He is depressed. Enter Lucifer, dressed as a corporate executive. Sherman looks up and finds him standing there.)

**Lucifer:** You sing well .....um, you sing ....well...um, you....sing....

**Sherman:** Yeah, that's what my wife says ..said!

**Lucifer:** She left, huh?

**Sherman:** My lyrics are good. My singing is .. well.....Oh, hel--heck (*Lucifer winces*) it'll never sell. And I spend so much time at it, I can't keep a job. That's why she left. She's going back to work at the Beanery — after 25 years!

**Lucifer:** I could help.

**Sherman:** How?

**Lucifer:** I could get you a job.

**Sherman:** A gig? (*He reaches for his guitar and starts to sing the opening lines again*)

**Lucifer:** (*wincing*) Probably not a gig. Maybe something else.

**Sherman:** A job with Sam the Record Man?

**Lucifer:** I was thinking, maybe, a fast-food jockey at Burger King .....(*leaning closer*) ....I have ..... connections.

**Sherman:** A job .....mmmmm .... and then my wife would come back?

**Lucifer:** (*nods, shrugs: "check!"*)

**Sherman:** Let me think about that for a bit ... (*quickly - he's onto a new track*) At Burger King? Do they have taco salad?

**Lucifer:** Not usually . But even that can be arranged. So, what do you say: do you want the job or not?

**Sherman:** Well, yeah. I guess. Is this the interview?

**Lucifer:** (*whipping out a document from his expensive suit coat pocket*) This is the contract!

**Sherman:** A contract? For a fast-food job?

**Lucifer:** It's a very special arrangement.

**Sherman:** *(reaching for the contract and reading it)* You want me to sell you my soul for a fast-food job?

**Lucifer:** Others have done it. In fact, it happens quite regularly.

**Sherman:** Let me get this straight: I sell you my soul, and I get a job. No more unemployment...for how long?

**Lucifer:** *(soothingly; assuringly)* Oh, Sherm ...for-ever!

**Sherman:** A fast-food job, forever. Sounds like hell to me!

**Lucifer:** Exactly.

**Sherman:** No thanks. *(He picks up his guitar and starts to sing once more; fades out)*

**Lights Down on Sherman; Lights Up on Center Front**

**Blind Man:** *(taking guitar Off of the Outline, as Sherman actually steps into the Outline, and assumes the position. Blind man places guitar back in its case as he speaks)* You said "no" to the job.

**Isabel:** And lost your wife in the bargain.

**Bob:** And then you went off to listen to John Tash music, to make yourself feel better...

**Nacho:** But your CD collection had been destroyed by a tornado...

**Isabel:** So you went to replace your favourite CD...

**Blind Man:** But you couldn't do that, without waiting for 172 others ahead of you on the waiting list...

**Bob:** So you went to buy a taco salad, to console yourself...

**Nacho:** Food is --- *(Bob silences him with a look)* ----

*(Enter Good Angel and Bad Angel who take places on each end of the ledge. Each carry Devil Sticks, which they manipulate whenever they speak. They attempt to "one-up" each other with*



*each new verbal volley)*

**Good Angel:** Sherman Faustus, repent. Yet you shall be pitied. Yet forgiven.

**Bad Angel:** Thou are a spirit, now. Thy soul is gone from thee. You cannot be pitied or forgiven.

**Sherman:** Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit and cannot be forgiven? Ay, I can be forgiven, if I repent.

**Others:** Huh?

**Bad Angel:** Ay, but Sherman Faustus will never repent. Jump, Sherman, jump.

**Others:** *(grouping together)* What is he talking about? This is getting serious. It was only a taco salad, for goodness sake! Surely he could ... replace it or something...

**Good Angel:** Repent, Sherman Faustus. Think on the good things in your life.....

**Bad Angel:** *(laughing loudly, derisively)* Think, Faustus, on your singing --!

**Good Angel:** *(stubbornly; bravely)* Think on ... your remaining alphabetically-arranged CD's! Think on... your clever lyrics!

**Others:** This is really upsetting. I mean, what does the guy have left? I'm getting really depressed. I can't stand it! No, we're all in this together...

**Bad Angel:** Too late!

**Sherman:** My heart's so hardened I cannot repent. And probably my arteries with it, after that salad! Scarce can I name anything good — my clever lyrics, my handsome face — for example,

But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears;  
"Sherman Faustus, thou art pathetic.  
Then swords and knives,  
Poison, guns, envenomed steel,  
Rubber bands and plastic light-sabres  
Are laid before me to dispatch myself  
And long ere this I should have slain myself  
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.  
*(That was my singing)*

**Others:** What's all this? I think he's getting worse. I find it so sad, that there seems no

way out. And his wife's gone. And I'm not sure that his singing is really worth holding on for...

**Good Angel:** Still there is time to repent, Sherman Faustus.

**Bad Angel:** A wager that he won't. And to what avail? Shall he return the taco salad and retract his soul?

**Others:** She has a point you know! OK listen, Sherman. We're all here for you. Look, if it makes it easier, we'll all go with you. C'mon people, what are friends for? (*They begin to position themselves*) One..... two.... three.... (*they all hesitate, and look at each other*)

**Nacho:** Wait a minute! Wait a minute. How far are we counting? I mean what's the magic number?

**Isabel:** OK let's say ... four, because there's four of us.

**Nacho:** Four? What about me?

**Bob:** What're you worried about? You don't count — you're just going to fly away anyhow.

**Nacho:** Yeah, but I'm really into choreography. I like a neat, synchronized ending. So we gotta count it out together... And-a one ... and-a two... and-a...!

**Isabel:** Let's not drag it on. We'll chicken out.

**Nacho:** What kind of remark is that?

**Blind Man:** All right then. It's settled. On the count of Four. Are we all ready?

**Others:** (*all mutter agreement*) Ready, Sherman?

**Sherman:** Ready

**All:** One ... two... three... four... (*all jump except Sherman. Lights out at the jump. Good angel and Bad angel leave in the dark. They drop devil-sticks with a clatter as they leave. Lights low on Sherman who looks over the edge, shaking his head, and smiling to himself. Lucifer comes up behind him.*)

**Lucifer:** (*now with Nacho on his arm, who pushes Sherman gently with his beak, unbalances him, and he jumps after the others*) .....Five!.