

Side 7

*(At which moment, **SAMUEL RATCHETT** appears. He's a middle-aged American businessman, brusque, unforgiving, with a threatening demeanor, and a whiplash of a voice.)*

RATCHETT. *Hector!*

MACQUEEN. Here, sir. I-I'm right here.

RATCHETT. Is the luggage on board?

MACQUEEN. Yes sir, it is. And I-I checked this morning for any mail that might have arrived overnight, and-and this came in apparently –

RATCHETT. *(Reading.)* Goddammit!

MACQUEEN. I know, it's *awful*. I mean just look at this! "Prepare to *die*"?

RATCHETT. Keep your voice down!

MACQUEEN. You should call the police!

RATCHETT. It's none of their business.

MACQUEEN. But these are dangerous! This is the third one you've had in a week.

It's good you have a *gun*.

RATCHETT. *Would you keep your voice down!*