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# An Unspeakable Triumph of Supreme Brilliance

*A comedy in two acts*

By Don Zolidis

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*Full-Length Farce*
*5F 2M, 2 any*

*The Moss River Community Players are pretty okay settling for theatrical mediocrity, until one day they receive a stunning offer: an insanely wealthy woman is offering a ten million dollar prize for the best community theatre show in North Central Minnesota. But they only have two days to put the show together! All heck breaks loose as the cast tries their best to present An Unspeakable Triumph of Supreme Brilliance, but with one actor deathly afraid of the stage, another trying to dominate the show, and a set about to collapse, will the riches slip out of their hands before curtain call?*

**Cast of Characters**

**The Artistic Staff:**
SAMSON, the director, flamboyant
DAVE, the playwright – surprisingly normal

**The Actors:**
AUDREY, playing the role of Jasmine. A 7th grade English teacher.
TILLY, Loves doing theatre. The epitome of Minnesota Nice. Plays an exorcist.
LOREN, the stage manager.
DELILAH, the grand dame of North Central Minnesota Community Theatre, plays the real estate agent.
BOB, NOT a stereotypical male lead. Maybe overweight, maybe older, maybe a lot of facial hair. Maybe all three. Might be hired to play Santa. Plays the romantic male lead, Damien.

**The Red Barn Players:**
SVEN GUSTAFSON, the auteur, artistic director of the Red Barn Players

LETITIA MORDECAI-WALKER, the wife of the third-richest man in the world, former bit part player in both theatres.

**Setting:** The stage of the Moss River Community Theatre. Moss River, Minnesota. Present Day.

**Note:** SAMSON is written as a male character, but the part could be a played by an exceedingly daffy and strange woman. The same is true of SVEN. If necessary, Loren could be played by a man named LARS.

*An Unspeakable Triumph of Supreme Brilliance* was first performed by New Tech High School in Dearborn Heights, Michigan May 1-3, 2014. It was directed by Tony Semifero, and the original cast was as follows:

Samson - Jazlyn White
Dave - Corey Strickland/Kory Wells
Audrey - Kaitlyn Willis
Tilly - Justice Washington/Miriah Merchant
Loren - Brittani Strickland
Delilah - Nadya Hooks/Nina Walker
Bob - Laronzo Sweatt

**Act One**

*(Lights up on the stage of the Moss River Community theatre. The set of the new play, "Thanksgiving Madness" is a fairly typical living room set with several doors.)*

*(SAMSON enters, followed by LETITIA, who is taking notes.)*

SAMSON

And this is where the magic happens!

*(He knocks on the set doors, which are fake.)*

We just finished painting this yesterday. We were trying for desperation with a whiff of good old fashioned American suburban normalcy. It's glorious.

LETITIA

It looks great.

SAMSON

Don't touch it. It will probably fall over. Not the best artisans around here, if you know what I mean. Probably because we don't pay anyone. BUT – the illusion must only last through the performance, and then we'll tear it down.

*(DAVE is entering with a script.)*

There he is! There he is! There's our playwright!

*(He grabs DAVE by the wrist and brings him back to meet LETITIA.)*

This is Dave Swenson. He is the genius behind the show.

*(SAMSON bows.)*

DAVE

Hi.

SAMSON

Dave this is Letitia Jones, she is from the – I forget what newspaper it was –

LETITIA

The Courier.

SAMSON

The Courier! And she is here to do an expose on our little show. Overturning the wheelbarrows. Looking under the covers. Who's secretly in love with whom? Who's a diva? Who's the problem? It's going to be amazing.

LETITIA

Just a little feature really –

SAMSON

Blowing the doors off the North Central Minnesota Community Theatre underworld!

LETITIA

I don't know that I'm going to blow the doors off anything.

SAMSON

In those heels, you could blow the doors off a monastery.

LETITIA

So uh… could I talk to you a little bit about the script?

SAMSON

Yes!

LETITIA

I mean, Dave.

DAVE

Sure. Um… we're about to start rehearsing, but –

LETITIA

So the play is called Thanksgiving Dinner. Where did this idea come from?

DAVE

Well -

SAMSON

It's autobiographical.

DAVE

It's not really autobiographical.

SAMSON

He says that. But we know. We all know.

DAVE

It's basically a comedy – about a college student who comes from –

SAMSON

Do you want me to show her? Can I show her?

DAVE

Well um…

SAMSON

Done!

*(He leaps up.)*
There's a man, Damien –
*(SAMSON dashes to one side of the stage to portray Damien.)*
He's tortured. Excellent bone structure. Piercing dark eyes. Tight buns.

DAVE
There's not really anything about his buns in the script.

SAMSON
It's in the director's notes.

DAVE
It's just – it's just a fun little comedy. So he's – he's home from college for Thanksgiving.

SAMSON
`Mama, I'm home!' And his mother is like, "meet your new Dad!"
*(SAMSON dashes to the other side of the stage to become the New Dad.)*
*Drama!*

DAVE *(trying to ignore SAMSON)*
But uh… his Mom has invited his ex-girlfriend Jasmine over for Thanksgiving dinner

SAMSON
*Drama* again!

DAVE
And then also um… they have a foreign exchange student –

SAMSON
Gorgeous foreign exchange student.

DAVE
And she's very…

SAMSON
She's a tiger!
*(He acts out her tiger-ness)*
She is a ravager of men. That's what happened to me when I was younger. They pursued me. Relentlessly. I was hunted.

LETITIA
Really?

SAMSON
Oh yes. Side-note: Dave wrote the part for an Asian actress. She's from…

DAVE

Japan.

SAMSON

Japan. And um – I don't know if you've noticed, but we don't have a lot of Asians around here – apparently we're not cool enough I don't know – but anyway… she's now from Ireland. Which is sad but also wonderful. Just like Ireland.

DAVE

Anyway, so she takes a shine to Damien –

SAMSON

You can just feel the torture in his own life, can't you? This happened to Dave. Dave. Damien. Coincidence? No.

DAVE

It's not really about me. It's a funny thing that I was –

*(LOREN enters, with clipboard.)*

LOREN

Do you want me to call the actors?

SAMSON

This is Loren. She is our stage goddess.

LOREN

Well –

SAMSON

Stage manager. She is the queen. Also a slave. Kind of a queen slave.

LOREN

Yeah, that's me I guess.

LETITIA

You didn't want to act in the show?

SAMSON

She's a terrible actress. That's why we keep her backstage. Dressed in black. So no one can see her.

LOREN

I'm not really an actor type so -

*(DELILAH enters.)*

DELILAH

Are we beginning anytime soon?

SAMSON

Oh there she is! There's one of our leads!

DELILAH

What?

SAMSON

The paparazzi have found us at last!

DELILAH

I was wondering when they would arrive!

SAMSON

I'm sure you're familiar with Delilah – the grand dame of the community theatre circuit. She's playing Damien's mother.

DELILAH

It's inevitable I suppose. The national attention. Go ahead you vile hounds! Take my picture if you must!

LETITIA

I'm actually just doing a small feature for a local paper.

DELILAH

Oh. Well… I suppose if the fans have demanded it, they have demanded it.

LETITIA

What did you think of the script?

DELILAH

I thought it was brilliant. Truly stunning. Of course I no longer read the scripts, I simply *sense* them. I hold the pages to my body and soak in its aura. And this script had a magnificent aura. It held me like a lover. The good kind. The kind that -

*(AUDREY is entering.)*

SAMSON

And here is Audrey, our ingénue!

AUDREY

Hi!

*(BOB enters munching on some kind snack.)*

SAMSON

Okay people! Artists! Come forward! It is time!

*(TILLY enters, bringing cookies.)*

TILLY

Oop! Sorry I'm late! I got caught in traffic. There was a deer in the road. Oh who's this? Hi there!

SAMSON

Sit sit sit sit sit!

*(The actors sit.)*

When we began this endeavor we knew that it was only a matter of time before we were besieged. And so… IT HAS BEGUN! BEHOLD! The Press has come for us!

LETITIA

Hi.

SAMSON

This is only the beginning my friends. The first rays of dawn before the sun crests over the hills of possibility. I'm actually sweating right now. Can you sense it? Look at me? I'm shining.

AUDREY

Can we maybe introduce ourselves?

DELILAH

I was already doing that when you came in.

LETITIA

Um… well… actually that would be great. Just a little – why are you in the show, what do you hope to achieve, that sort of thing.

BOB

I'll go. My name's Bob. I'm playing Damien. My doctor said I have to do something or my heart's gonna explode. I tried yoga. But I hated those people. So… I got the bug. I also do a world war II sock puppet show for the kids. Really helps me get my aggression out.

LETITIA

Nice to know.

AUDREY

I just love theatre! I don't think I'm going to be a famous actress or anything –

SAMSON

Let me stop you right there sweetheart. Dream for the stars.

AUDREY

I know –

SAMSON

Of course you're never going to make it, but you have to try!

AUDREY

Uh… well during the day I'm a seventh grade English teacher. Which I love. Because um… it's so great to uh… witness – them.

*(she stops)*

You know? Because you're kind of seeing our primitive origins, and this is what the world would be like if there were no morality, or order, or God. It would be like seventh grade. And that's where I am every day. But that's fine. I think a lot about cages. For the children. But we would have air holes I'm not cruel. Some days I feel like I deserve to be there, and this is punishment for shoving Susan Andrews down the stairs when I was thirteen when she got a concussion and she didn't remember it. I've lived with that for a long time. And so… seventh grade. But I like doing the shows.

*(she sits down. Pause.)*

SAMSON

Anyway, it's time to get started. Letitia is going to watch us –Now – I want you to put out of mind that Letitia is here, recording your every move, translating your every gesture into her article. There's no pressure! We're all friends!

DELILAH

Exactly.

TILLY

That's what I love about being in theatre, actually. The friendships. You see sometimes I get a little nervous on stage –

SAMSON

That's Tilly, by the way. We medicate her.

TILLY

No we don't! Don't be silly.

SAMSON

We don't usually let her know about it.

TILLY

You guys are so nice.

LETITIA

Well I don't mean to slow you down – you go ahead and rehearse your show.

SAMSON

Thanks! You know – can I just tell you something off-the-record? It is so refreshing to be able to do a new play – most of the time I'm stuck directing garbage, you know? Pablum for the masses.

Just mash up my theatre into easily digested chunks and spoon feed it to me like a baby, you know what I mean?

LETITIA

Like *Annie*?

SAMSON

Annie is the worst! Don't get me wrong, I love the show, I love working with five thousand children at a time and pulling out my hair – it's fun, it keeps the doctors around here employed dealing with my nervous breakdowns, but every time I direct that show I want to throw myself off the roof, you know?

DAVE

Why do you do it then?

SAMSON

Why do I do it? Oh Dave – isn't he sweet? He's like a little babe in the woods – a little suckling fawn cozying up to a mother deer. It's adorable. Let me explain it to you Dave – all this you see around you – you know what paid for it? Annie paid for it.

DAVE

I didn't realize the show was that popular.

SAMSON

Oh it's not, nobody likes that show. But let me tell you something: if you cast fifty-six adorable small girls in a play, who has to come to the show? Their parents. Every night. That's 112 butts in seats guaranteed. More if the kids come from broken homes, which I love. Not to mention their grandparents, their aunts and uncles, their parents' friends that get guilted into showing up. No – Annie is the queen of all money-makers. I have to direct it every three years just to keep this place afloat.

LETITIA

Wow.

SAMSON

Not like Dave's play! We're not going to make any money off of this!

LETITIA

You know when I was little I was in a production of *Annie*.

SAMSON

Really?

LETITIA

I was actually supposed to play the lead.

SAMSON

That's great.

LETITIA

But I didn't get it. It was a theatre a lot like this one, actually.

SAMSON

Did you enjoy your time on stage?

*(LETITIA looks at him, her manner changing.)*

LETITIA

You don't remember me, do you?

SAMSON

Um…

LETITIA

Letitia Mordecai. It was right here. Where my love of theatre began.

TILLY

Oh that's great!

LETITIA

Yes… In these very walls, on this very spot of earth, my love for the theatre began. Like the first flicker of a forest fire that would consume the earth. Like the first drop of rain in a hurricane. Yes. I don't mean to mythologize my life, but this was a pivotal experience for me.

SAMSON

That's wonderful. Cool.

LETITIA

You still don't recognize me?

LOREN

Wait a minute. Are you Letitia Mordecai-Walker?!

LETITIA *(triumphant)*

The same! No more disguises! I'm afraid I'm no journalist, I am…

LOREN

You're married to that guy!

LETITIA

Yes. I am married to that guy.

SAMSON

Well that's wonderful.

DAVE

What guy?

LOREN

Bryce Walker. He invented that internet thing.

LETITIA

Yes, my dear, he invented an internet thing. And life has been very good for me. And I couldn't have done it without you people.

DELILAH

So you're not a journalist?

BOB

Is something going on here?

DAVE *(with his phone)*

Hey I just googled you.

DELILAH

Yes. Google away.

DAVE

It says here that… wow.

SAMSON

What?

DAVE

You're the third-richest woman in the world.

LETITIA

As I was saying the internet has been very good to me.

SAMSON

Now I remember you! Oh my gosh Letitia! I didn't recognize you in this reporter costume!

LETITIA

Yes – it's rather garish, I know. I was playing a little joke.

SAMSON

Hugs!

*(He hugs her.)*

It is so good to see you again after all these years! Yes of course I remember you in Annie. That

was my second production of that play, which I love! I was just testing you earlier. I never tell the truth to the press. You were fantastic! You put all those other girls to shame. They were shrews and hags next to you. I didn't even know you had become so amazing.

LETITIA

That's all right. That's all right, Samson.

SAMSON

Should we all bow? We should all bow. Let's bow everyone!

*(SAMSON is the only one who bows.)*

LETITIA

Not necessary. Now that my true identity is revealed, I have something amazing to share with you. Wisdom. Hold on to these moments, people. Time marches on. Soon you will no longer be the freckle-faced girl on stage, you will be the insanely wealthy thirty-two year old.

*(TILLY, DELILAH, and BOB look a little sad.)*

Well not you people. I'm talking if there were any children here.

SAMSON

Do you want me to put children in the show? Because I could. I love kids.

LETITIA

I'm sure. Well I didn't just come here to reminisce about my own time `trodding the boards.' And yes your google is correct – I have been blessed with an outrageous amount of money. So much money that I could buy this town and put everyone to work building a giant statue of me. But I decided against that. Instead – I'm going to give back. Bill Gates has his malaria thing or whatever – diseases – he's after diseases – and saving Africa – I say, let Africa save itself. What we need to save… is us.

BOB

You betcha.

LETITIA

So I am announcing the first Letitia Mordecai-Walker Community Theatre Prize. To be awarded to the best community theatre production in north central Minnesota.

DELILAH

At last! The recognition I so richly deserve! Also for you people as well.

LETITIA

We will hold a grand competition in this very theatre – the best community theatres in the tri-county area will descend upon us – it will be glorious, my friends. A festival. A celebration. Judged, of course, by me.

BOB

That sounds really great.

*Skipping Forward*

when I said the script was good – the script is a pile of horse manure. We're competing for ten million dollars and we're going to bat with a light comedy named Thanksgiving Dinner?!

SAMSON

Delilah is brash, but she's right. We can't do a comedy.

DAVE

We've been rehearsing a comedy for a month!

SAMSON

When was the last time comedy ever won anything? Do you watch the Tonys? I do almost every night! Comedy never wins! We need drama! We need topicality and -

DELILAH

We need to a play about the Holocaust. The Holocaust always wins.

TILLY

I don't know that I'm comfortable doing a comedy about the Holocaust.

DELILAH

Not a comedy you idiot. A tragedy. Everyone dies.

DAVE

I don't want to write a play where everyone dies!

SAMSON

Do you want ten million dollars? Do ya? Because that's what it takes!

*(SVEN GUSTAFSON, dressed in a black turtleneck, enters.)*

SVEN

Hellllooooo.

SAMSON

Sven Gustafson. My arch-nemesis.

DELILAH

What are you doing here, Sven?

SAMSON

Stay back. I'll handle this. Tell him nothing.

SVEN

Just stopping by. Just a friendly little visit.

SAMSON

Really?

SVEN

Yes.

SAMSON

There wouldn't be any other ulterior motive, would there?

SVEN

Like you know anything about motivation.
*(SAMSON acts like he's going to charge.)*

SAMSON

Hold me back!

SVEN

I see your grasp of action is as poor as your knowledge of blocking.
*(SVEN stares at SAMSON.)*
So how's about that little contest?

SAMSON

Oh we're in it. But we're not in it for the money.

SVEN

Oh yah, sure. We're just doing it for the love of the theatre.

SAMSON

Right.

SVEN

Oh yah sure. What's your show?

SAMSON

Don't worry about our show. Worry about your show.

AUDREY

Our show's amazing, you son-of-a-bitch!*
*(feel free to replace this word with "toadbeast" if necessary*)*

DAVE

Audrey, calm down.

SVEN

Oh that's great. That's great. I'm glad your show is amazing. So is ours.

SAMSON

What show are you doing?

*(SVEN chuckles, and walks around casually.)*

SVEN

Y'know Sam I don't know why you're going through the trouble of rehearsing. Really. Oh I'm sure you've got a nice play with a couple of nice little actors in it, these people look just fine for a middle school production – it's really the direction that makes or breaks a play, you know. And after I saw your Streetcar –

*(SVEN shakes his head)*

I sleep pretty well at night.

SAMSON

My Streetcar was a sensation.

SVEN

Oh sure. It was the sensation of total boredom.

SAMSON

You take that back.

SVEN

When you need paramedics to see if your audience is alive or dead –

SAMSON

That was only one person and she had a heart condition!

SVEN

I'm not even going to mention your production of Annie.

SAMSON

Then I won't mention your production of Annie.

SVEN

My Annie was an Angel –

SAMSON

She was nineteen years old!

SVEN

I had a vision!

SAMSON

You can't have a nineteen year old orphan you stooge!

SVEN

It was a commentary on loss and alienation in the modern world –

SAMSON

She was older than Daddy Warbucks!

SVEN

Greed knows no age!

SAMSON

And setting it in a post-apocalyptic nuclear winter was nonsensical!

SVEN

It was a biologically produced hellscape you moron! Didn't you even read my liner notes?

SAMSON

I fell asleep in Chapter Two!

SVEN

Know this, Sam – you've always been second-fiddle around here. You're always going to be second fiddle. The Red Barn Players are not just going to win this competition, they're going to humiliate you to such an extent that you won't be able to dig a hole to crawl into. Our heartwarming emotionally devastating play will tear out your eyeballs and eat them for lunch.

SAMSON

I'm sure your play will be an abomination like everything else you've done.

SVEN

Better an abomination than a bore. You don't know what Letitia is like, do ya? She's seen culture in cities. Who do ya think she's gonna prefer? Your little rinky dink theatre or my avant-garde explosion?

SAMSON

Get out of here.

SVEN

Oh I will.

*(He starts to leave.)*

By the way, we're doing a little play you might have heard of… Hamlet. The Musical. So suck on that. Oh and perhaps you might be interesting in knowing who our star is:

*(pause.)*

Julia. Roberts. See ya.

*(SVEN exits.)*

TILLY

What a nice visit.

DELILAH

Oh man! We're doomed!

AUDREY

We're not doomed! He's got nothing.
*(she chases after him a bit.)*
NOTHING! You got nothing!

BOB

I hear that show's pretty good.

TILLY

I love musicals. I bet it's amazing. And Julia Roberts?!

DELILAH

I always knew she was against me! She's always felt threatened by me!

TILLY

Oh she has not!

DELILAH

Why do you think she's been avoiding me all these years!

SAMSON

People! People! Contain yourselves. Dave… Dave… you are our Shakespeare. You are our… whatever is better than Shakespeare.

DELILAH

There's nothing better than Shakespeare!

SAMSON

There better be! Dave. Dave. I'm not done. I'm not done. We need you. We need you, Dave. This company needs you. Audrey – look at Audrey – I'm sure you're madly in love with her –

DAVE

I'm not actually –

SAMSON

It's not too hard to see. But do it for her. And for Tilly. And for Delilah. And for Bob.

BOB

Hey.

DAVE

What am I doing again?

SAMSON

You're writing us a better script, dang it!

DAVE

Oh um…

AUDREY

DO IT! DO IT NOW!

DAVE

Okay! Um…

DELILAH

Tragedy!

LOREN

Hey guys? I don't mean to interrupt or anything – but… according to US Weekly, Letitia likes horror movies.

*(Everyone rushes over to her.)*

SAMSON

What?

AUDREY

You read US Weekly?

LOREN

I don't like things that are difficult.

SAMSON

Where is this article?

LOREN

I've got it on my phone. Look.

*(SAMSON snatches the phone away from her.)*

SAMSON

My God. This is like the Rosetta Stone. The answers are here, my friends. Someone get Dave paper! Bring him paper! Now!

*(BOB rushes around.)*

BOB

Do we have paper?

SAMSON

I don't know! But find him some!

DAVE

I actually use my computer.

SAMSON

Dave – this is the moment – we can't wait for technology, we can't risk the vagaries of your computer, we need this now, we need to have something powerful, immediate – She really likes ghost stories. She likes ghost stories, everyone! Everyone!

DELILAH

That's it! You write a horror play!

DAVE

Okay. Um… about what?

SAMSON

A couple buys a house. That looks like our set.

BOB

The Devil comes in!

SAMSON

They are tortured by a madman–

AUDREY

There's a ghost of a dead child!

DELILAH

Someone gets possessed.

TILLY

I love this!

DAVE

Which?

SAMSON

Which what?

DAVE

Which one of those should I do?

SAMSON

All of them.

DAVE

You want to have a play with The Devil, where they're tortured by a madman, someone gets possessed, and there's a ghost of a dead child?

TILLY

And spiders!

SAMSON

Dave – there is no more time for critical thinking. What we need now is a script! Right now! They're doing HAMLET. This better be better than that. In two days!

DAVE

I don't know if I can…

SAMSON

You know what? I'm hearing the words "I don't know" when I should be hearing NOTHING, because you're writing a BRILLIANT amazing script, okay?

TILLY

With spiders!

SAMSON

There's no spiders! How are we going to get spiders on stage?

TILLY

Spiders just scare me.

DAVE

Well I –

AUDREY

Dave, listen to me: I teach seventh-grade English. I know you know this about me. I die every day. All right? We are going to win this competition. Say it with me.

DAVE

We are going to win this competition.

AUDREY

As God as my witness, I AM NOT GOING BACK TO SEVENTH GRADE.

DAVE

All right I'll do it!

EVERYONE

YAYYYY!

*(They begin a chant.)*

WRITE! WRITE! WRITE! WRITE!

*(DAVE holds up his hand.)*

DAVE

I'm blocked.

*(Lights down.)*

*(Lights up.)*

*(The cast is hovering over DAVE in much the same position he was in earlier. DAVE is trying to write a line.)*

TILLY

That's funny. I like that.

BOB

What?

TILLY

See that line there?

BOB

Ooooh. Ya, that's a good one.

DELILAH

I think it's a little clichéd myself.

SAMSON

I love it. I love it it's amazing.

*(DAVE erases it.)*

TILLY

Aww…

SAMSON

Good move.

*(DAVE writes another line.)*

TILLY

Oh yeah that's better.

BOB

I don't know.

AUDREY

It's missing something.

SAMSON

Go back to the other line.

*(DAVE writes another line.)*

TILLY

Oh he's just gonna keep going.

AUDREY

Good job Dave! Ignore us. This is good. You're doing good.

DELILAH

It's not flowing as well as it used to. He was writing better earlier. He's running out of gas.

BOB

We just need to give him space. Sometimes when I want to write things I go ice-fishing. Just sit there in the freezing cold. With my thoughts. Just alone. Kinda reminds me that nobody loves me.

TILLY

Bob! That's not true. Lots of people love you. They just can't bring themselves to admit it.

BOB

Thanks.

*(DAVE writes another line.)*

AUDREY

Wait, he wrote something else!

*(They read over his shoulder again.)*

BOB

Oh that's good.

AUDREY

No it's not.

TILLY

I just don't get that one, Dave.

DELILAH

That's not your best work.

SAMSON

He's lost it. We're not going to win the money. I'm going to be directing *Annie* for a thousand years.

*(DAVE erases the line and starts changing.)*

WAIT!

*(SAMSON watches carefully, commenting as the words are being put on the page)*

Yes… Yessss… Yesssssss… YES! OH that's it! No wait. Change that word.

*(DAVE throws down his pencil.)*

DAVE

I CAN'T WORK THIS WAY!

*(AUDREY grabs him by the lapel.)*

AUDREY

You can and you will.

DAVE

I can't do it!

AUDREY

Snap out of it!

SAMSON

Let me –

AUDREY

No hold on. Dave? Are you in there?

DAVE

Yes?

AUDREY

You've got a big crush on me, right?

SAMSON

I knew it!

DAVE

Um…

AUDREY

You don't have to answer. But know this: If we win this thing, I will make you happier than you can possibly imagine.

*(DAVE takes the briefest second to think about it, then picks his pencil up and gets back to writing.)*

SAMSON

Way to go, Audrey!

TILLY

Just think: This is probably how most art is made.

DAVE

*Skipping Forward*

Wonderful. Let's go to the top of the show. We have the house here. We have a newlywed couple – Damien and Jasmine – Damien has tight buns –

DAVE

I didn't put that in the script!

SAMSON

You keep writing. They come in –

BOB

What's my motivation?

SAMSON

You're coming into the house.

BOB

Why?

SAMSON

Because you opened the door.

AUDREY

What about me?

SAMSON

You did not open the door. People! We don't have time for motivation! We're exploring, okay? Let's explore. Let's get our feet wet in Dave's script and wiggle our toes around for a bit. See what happens.

*(SAMSON hands the script to BOB.)*

Exit. Then enter.

AUDREY

Are we carrying anything?

SAMSON

I don't know.

BOB

Do you think we should carry something?

SAMSON

Tell you what – you're newlyweds – Bob – carry Audrey.

*(BOB takes a deep breath.)*

BOB

You betcha. This might be a good time to remind you I have a heart condition.

SAMSON

This'll make it stronger. And… off!

*(BOB and AUDREY exit.)*

And lights up.

*(We hear something thump against the door from the other side.)*

Whenever you're ready Bob.

BOB *(off-stage)*

The door is stuck. Dang it.

*(More thumps on the door.)*

AUDREY *(off-stage)*

You can put me down, Bob.

BOB *(off-stage)*

That's okay I got it.

*(Another thump from the door.)*

Dang it.

SAMSON

Just open the door Bob!

BOB

That's what I'm tryin' to do!

*(FINALLY, BOB gets the door open. He cradles AUDREY, and has the script in one of his hands. He's trying to read his lines around her.)*

Here we are.

*(He struggles to hand the script to AUDREY.)*

AUDREY

Our new home.

*(She hands the script to BOB.)*

BOB

Yes.

SAMSON

Go ahead and put her down, Bob.

*(BOB heavily drops AUDREY to the ground. He's hurt.)*

BOB

Ohhhh…

SAMSON

Let's take that back and do that again.

BOB *(in pain, but game)*

You got it.

*(They exit, closing the door.)*

SAMSON

And… whenever you're ready.

*(Thumping against the door.)*

BOB *(off-stage)*

Dang it.

AUDREY *(off-stage)*

I think you have to pull it up.

BOB *(off-stage)*

Pull what up?

AUDREY *(off-stage)*

The door handle.

*(We hear BOB straining with something, then the door opens. He stumbles in, still holding AUDREY.)*

BOB

Here we are.

AUDREY

Our new home.

BOB

Yes.

*(He hands the script back to AUDREY.)*

AUDREY

Oh let's explore it honey! Race you to the bedroom!

*(She hands the script back to BOB, who looks at it.)*

BOB

That's what I'm talking about.

*(She runs and exits. BOB lumbers after her, clearly struggling.)*

SAMSON

Stop! I'm not really believing that moment, Bob.

*(BOB returns, hands on hips, breathing heavily.)*

BOB

Okay I can try it again.

SAMSON

Let's take it back to the entrance.

BOB

Oh jeez.

DELILAH

When do I enter?

SAMSON

Let' see – you are the real estate agent…

BOB

In about two lines.

DELILAH

So can I take a break then?

SAMSON

No we'll keep going this time.

BOB

Maybe we could start after I've come into the room?

AUDREY

I think that would be good.

SAMSON

All right fine.
*(They take it back.)*
And… whenever you're ready.

AUDREY

Oh let's explore it honey! Race you to the bedroom!
*(She runs off – BOB tries.)*

BOB

That's what I'm talking about!

SAMSON

Bob!

BOB

Yep.

SAMSON

I need you to act like you're excited about this.

BOB

All righty.

SAMSON

Take it back.

BOB

Anybody got some water?

SAMSON

Now's not the time Bob.

AUDREY

Oh let's explore it honey! Race you to the bedroom!

BOB *(as a death sentence)*

That's what I'm talking about!

*(BOB runs as fast as he can after AUDREY.)*

DELILAH

Is this my entrance?

*(AUDREY runs and hands the script to DELILAH, then runs back to her spot off-stage.)*

Hello!

*(She looks at the script – AUDREY runs in and takes it, then runs back to her spot off-stage.)*

*(AUDREY enters.)*

AUDREY

Oh hello.

*(She hands the script to DELILAH.)*

DELILAH

Hello.

*(She looks at the script. Then hands it to AUDREY, who runs off and hands it to BOB. BOB enters with script.)*

BOB

Hello.

*(BOB hands the script to DELILAH, who looks at it.)*

DELILAH

Hi.

*(She hands it to AUDREY.)*

SAMSON

Okay stop! Dave this is scintillating.

DAVE

What do you want them to say?

SAMSON

Salutations! Greetings! Something with a little zazz!

DAVE

They're saying hello.

SAMSON

I know, they're literally saying hello. It's kind of on-the-nose.

DELILAH

I don't think my character would say hello.

DAVE

You've read one line of your character!

DELILAH

This isn't how I envision her.

DAVE

Fine.

DELILAH

I can change the line then?

DAVE

No you can't change the line. I will write a new line.

AUDREY

Well hurry it up.

*(DAVE comes over, changes the line, hands it back to DELILAH.)*

DELILAH

Thank you.

SAMSON

All right let's take it back to the running part.

BOB

Oh fer jeez. Um…

SAMSON

What's the matter, Bob?

BOB

Maybe we can move forward a bit?

SAMSON

I think we'd be missing some key moments.

BOB

Okay.

DAVE

Hey Samson can I talk to you for a second?

SAMSON

Is it important Dave?

DAVE

No. I just wanted to chat. Of course it's important!

SAMSON

Don't get snippy with me! I'm two lattes short of my usual intake today and I don't have a lot of patience for snark!

DAVE

Fine. Yes, it's important.

SAMSON

Can it wait?

DAVE

Why do you think I said it was important?!

SAMSON

Well I don't make up your mind! Do you want to make sarcastic jokes or do you want to talk, because we don't have time for both!

*(DAVE grabs SAMSON and guides him to the side.)*

DAVE

It's about Bob.

*(BOB is doing stretches, trying to recover from his earlier exertion.)*

We need a new actor.

SAMSON

Are you out of your mind? He's amazing. He's like a tiger in the water out there.

DAVE

I'm not sure what that means.

SAMSON

You know – diving in – paws flailing uselessly, jaws open – it's the creative process.

DAVE

Right. But um… I'm not sure I see him as a – as a – romantic type.

SAMSON

Oh he is.

DAVE

I'm sure that –

SAMSON

Look, you're new – I'm telling you… that beautiful man over there – that majestic boulder of a human being… he's like sex lightning in a can.* I mean you should come to his performances, he did Romeo for us last year – it was… tropical in here – just the humidity and the – fire – I mean he's just got a rawness to him, a savage glorious masculine fever to him. I don't see anyone else in the role.

*(During this, BOB is doing some particularly unsexy stretching and scratching.)*

**(You can cut the word sex there if necessary)*

DAVE

You sure?

SAMSON

Oh yeah. Never been more sure of anything in my life.

*(short pause)*

DAVE

We don't have any other options, do we?

SAMSON

Nope. Only man who auditioned.

DAVE

Who are we going to get to play the crazy serial killer torturer guy?

SAMSON

What crazy serial killer torturer guy?

DAVE

The one you demanded! You know, to make it a horror play?

SAMSON

I'll do it.

DAVE

Great.

SAMSON

Dave.

*(He grabs DAVE by the arms.)*

Trust me. I'm spectacular.

*(Lights down.)*

*(Scene 3. Later.)*

*(Four in the morning. Everyone now has a script. TILLY, impossibly, is still upbeat. Everyone else is pretty dead on their feet. SAMSON has a tub filled with 5-hour energy drinks and is distributing them. He's had about seven of them.)*

SAMSON

Okay – line up, line up. Two for you – two for you – two for you -

*(He begins dispensing the bottles two at a time.)*

BOB

Is this good for my heart?

SAMSON

Absolutely. Dave, how's the second act of the play coming?

*(He looks over at DAVE, who is passed out asleep at his desk.)*

DAVE!

DELILAH

Dang it Dave wake up!

DAVE

What?

DELILAH

Write the play!

DAVE

Okay.

*(He goes back to working on the script, slowly moving his pen over paper.)*

SAMSON

All right allrightallrightallrightallright! Movingonmovingonmovingonmovingon!

AUDREY

How many of those have you had?

SAMSON

No idea!

*(He shakes his head vigorously.)*

I've never felt so alive! This is amazing! Okay where are we?

*(He spins around a few times.)*

BOB

Page 29.

SAMSON

That's my favorite page! Audrey you are on the bed – The Devil has possessed you – your head is spinning around – do we have her tied up here? I think she's tied up here. What did we decide?!

LOREN *(checking notes)*

She is tied up here.

SAMSON *(spinning around)*

Awesome. She is tied up – Tilly – Tilly – where are you? Where did you go?

TILLY *(right behind him)*

Right here.

SAMSON

You are always right there, aren't you? You're like my hand, Tilly. You are my special, special girl. What are we doing?

TILLY

I'm going to be performing the exorcism.

SAMSON

YES! THAT IS A GREAT IDEA! And let'ssee let's see let's see –

DELILAH

I've been locked into the house. For no reason I am locked into the house. There is no reason for me to be in this scene.

SAMSON

And yet you are in it.

DELILAH

That is correct. Our brilliant playwright has decided to include a real estate agent in the exorcism scene in the middle of the night.

DAVE *(calling out)*

It's so you can get killed.

DELILAH

Thank you.

SAMSON

And I am about to make my fabulous entrance! Woo! Let's go from the vomiting!

*(He dances around, looking for an entrance.)*

AUDREY

You're probably outside, yes?

SAMSON

YES! That is where I am! Outside the front door! Can I just say something? I love you people. I really do. There is nothing in the world I'd rather be doing right now than this! We are in God's country, people! Wooooo!

*(He runs off, then runs back in.)*

And whenever you're ready.

*(He runs off, then runs back in.)*

You people are outstanding!

*(He runs off – DELILAH slams the door on him.)*

*(AUDREY begins moaning and writhing about on the bed.)*

AUDREY

Mrarrwhwrhhrhggh!

BOB

Honey. Honey come back to us!

AUDREY

Mrrarhwrhrhrhg!

BOB *(to TILLY)*

Can't you do something?

TILLY

Yes. Yes I can. DEMON!

AUDREY

*Skipping Forward*

AUDREY

A little bit.

*(The doorbell rings.)*

BOB

I'm lost.

*(DELILAH points to the bottom of the page.)*

DELILAH

Just go from there. Pretend we skipped the boring exorcism part.

BOB

Okey dokey.

*(reading his line now)*

I wonder who that could be in the middle of the night?

TILLY

Wait a minute so we just skipped my big scene?

BOB

That's not your line.

DELILAH

Tilly - I love you, you are an angel, but we have a better chance of winning this thing if you have fewer lines.

TILLY

You just want to hog the spotlight for yourself!

DELILAH

Hey! I want to hog the spotlight so that we win! Sure - the best thing for this show would be for it to be a one-woman show starring me!

AUDREY

People!

TILLY

You're mean!

DELILAH

I'm more than mean!

TILLY

I would like to go back and do my exorcism.

AUDREY

Dave?

DAVE

The exorcism stays in.

SAMSON

Whoah is someone making decisions not named me?

LOREN

Yes. So far - we've skipped page 29 and 30, Delilah has added a few lines, Tilly objected – Bob scratched himself repeatedly -

DELILAH

All right whoah do we really need to rehash what just happened three minutes ago?

SAMSON

All right. Delilah - do whatever lines you want.

DELILAH

Thank you.

SAMSON

But Tilly can still have her exorcism.

TILLY

Thank you. Can we go back and rehearse it then?

SAMSON

I have been waiting outside for fifteen years! Apparently the five hour energies are giving me a warped sense of time. Let's keep going.

BOB

Um... I'm lost again.

DELILAH

There! There! Right there! There is your line!

TILLY

Should we take a break?

DAVE and SAMSON

NO BREAKS!

BOB

So we're not taking a break?

*(They glare at him.)*
O-kay.

SAMSON
I would like my ENTRANCE! I've been working on it backstage and it's terrific. But nobody can see it because I'm backstage!
*(He exits.)*

BOB
So um...
*(DELILAH points to his line.)*
I wonder who that could be.

AUDREY
Don't open the door, Damien.

BOB
It's probably just neighbors.
*(He opens the door. SAMSON makes a grand entrance. He's an awful ham as an actor.)*

SAMSON
Hellllllooooo.
*(He looks about with shifty eyes.)*
My name is... Brad Paisley. I live... nearby. I heard... noises.

BOB
Oh you might have heard my wife screaming terrible things. She does that sometimes.

AUDREY
I was possessed and now I'm better, thanks to Reverend Dooley over there.

TILLY
I didn't do anything. God did.
*(going off script)*
Well - Martha did. I just stood and watched because I have no role here and nobody loves me. I mean if I'm not even contributing here I don't even know what I'm doing...
*(she starts breaking down)*
My ex-husband was right about me...
*(she starts to blubber)*
I thought it would be fun to just do a little exorcism but noooo... I just get shoved out of the way like I'm a sack of yams - not even real potatoes but yams because yams don't have any nutrients they're just orange and nobody wants to... I have seven cats. I have seven cats and I live alone... they're going to kill me in my sleep.
*(She breaks down.)*

AUDREY *(hiss to BOB)*

Keep going. She does that.

BOB

Um... welcome to our happy home.
*(More wailing from TILLY.)*

AUDREY

It was nice of you to be concerned about us, but we're fine now.

SAMSON

Good to hear. Do you mind if I use your... bath... room?

BOB

It's um... down the hall.

SAMSON

Good.
*(He looks around suspiciously. Then he prances off-stage.)*

DELILAH

Tilly you've got a line.

TILLY *(getting herself under control, but still whimpering)*

I... do? Where is...

DELILAH

Fine, I'll take it.
*(in character)*
What a nice man.

TILLY

That was my line! You stole my line!

DELILAH

You didn't say it!

TILLY

You didn't let me say it! You were too busy doing all your stupid things!

DELILAH

Oh quit your crying and get your big girl panties on!

TILY

What a nice man! That's my line!

SAMSON

Here - let's take it back okay?

DAVE

Can I say something?

DELILAH

NO!

DAVE

Well it's just -

DELILAH

NO YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE!

SAMSON

Do you mind if I use your... bath... room?
*(Pause.)*

BOB

Oh wait is that me?
*(back in character)*
It's down the hall.

SAMSON

Good.
*(He looks around suspiciously, then sneaks down the hall way.)*

DELILAH *(before TILLY can speak)*

What a nice man!

TILLY

What a nice man!

BOB

Oh are you both saying it now?

DELILAH

Yes.
*(SAMSON comes back in.)*

SAMSON

That was magical guys. I think I'm going awesome in this. Yes!
*(Lights change.)*

*(Scene 4: Later.)*

*(DAVE has his head in his hands and is staring at the blank pages in front of him. The rest of the cast is huddled around a script and is reading lines out loud.)*

BOB

Thank goodness the worst is behind us.

AUDREY

Yes. And that horrid man is gone. It was so strange that a serial killer just came in our house like that.

BOB

There goes the neighborhood.

AUDREY

I love you honey.

BOB

I love – wait – what's that sound?

AUDREY

Aaaaaaaaaaah.

BOB

Aaaaaaaaah.

LOREN

And Delilah's severed head rolls in from off stage.

SAMSON

Hello kiddies did you miss me!

TILLY

Now I'm possessed by a demon!

AUDREY

Aaaaaaah.

BOB

Aaaaaaah.

TILLY

Aaaaaaaah.

AUDREY *(out of character)*

There's a lot of screaming in this part.

LOREN

And lights down. End of play.
*(short pause)*

DELILAH

What. The. Heck?

TILLY

Well I think it's… you know it's a nice effort.

DELILAH

It's crap. Dave! Dave! Wake up from your stupor!

DAVE

The way I see it – you end on a sudden note – like, wait for the sequel or something.

DELILAH

Are you insane?

BOB

I gotta say, I didn't see Tilly getting possessed.

TILLY

Ooh I like that part.

AUDREY

Dave it's really not very good.

LOREN

There are three scene changes in here. How are we supposed to do scene changes?

DAVE

The scenery moves!

LOREN

What scenery? Do you see any scenery here!? I'm the only person on the crew – if something moves, I'm the one who has to do it. Not to mention the fact that everyone seems to be changing costumes between every scene.

DAVE

Sometimes it's day, sometimes it's night – do you want them to wear the same thing all the time?

LOREN

You think Bob can change his clothes that fast?

BOB

I change my clothes all the time.

DELILAH

That's not even the worst of it – I get decapitated and my head gets tossed around like a football for half the play.

TILLY

I don't mind that part.

DELILAH

I'm the best actress here and I'm dead for half the play! The audience is coming to see me!

DAVE

The audience is going to be one person!

DELILAH

Oh and she's going to love murdering the only intelligent female in the play?! You think she's going to like that?

AUDREY

I'm an intelligent female.

DELILAH

Oh are you not. Dave obviously has a complete block when it comes writing female characters. He doesn't know a thing about being a woman.

BOB

Oh yah I can see that.

DAVE

I am *extremely* in touch with my feminine side, all right?!

AUDREY

I do think my character is stereotypical.

TILLY

I love my character. She's a female priest. You don't see that a lot.

DAVE

No – Audrey – Audrey – your character, Jasmine, she's lovely, she's a… she's a beautiful woman –

AUDREY

You're just describing her appearance that doesn't really mean anything.

DAVE

No but it does –

AUDREY

I get possessed three minutes into the show and then I'm writhing around in the bed the whole time –

DELILAH

Figures. In his sexist male mind, that's where a woman belongs.

TILLY

I hadn't even thought of that.

DAVE

That's not what it's about!

DELILAH

Maybe it's in his subconscious. He can't handle a strong woman, so what does he do – he has one possessed, and then he works out his rage against the rest of the female race by chopping off the head of the only woman who's a challenge to him. I've seen this happen a lot. My ex-husband was threatened by me.

BOB

Didn't you pull a knife on him?

DELILAH

That's neither here nor there.

DAVE

I am not a sexist! This is not a sexist play! This is a horror play! You asked for a horror play!

DELILAH

Perhaps you misheard us. We didn't ask for a horrible play. There's only one way to save this: I become a ghost.

DAVE

No! No!

DELILAH

Then I can have lines in the second half of the show –

DAVE

We've already got one ghost!

DELILAH

What if I played the part of the dead little girl then?

DAVE

The show opens in nine hours! We are NOT CHANGING ANYTHING!

DELILAH

I'll just ad lib my lines!

TILLY

Guys – I'm starting to get stressed out now.

DAVE

Oh you're starting to get stressed out?! You're *starting* to get stressed out?! How would you like it if someone was shouting at you while you were trying to act – Do it better! Do it better! Do it better!

BOB

We're just trying to help.

DAVE

This is the play you asked for, this is the play we're going to do. You – you are decapitated halfway through, the world will no longer hear your voice – you –

SAMSON

I HAVE A SOLUTION!

*(Everyone stares at SAMSON who has just entered. He carries another Five-hour energy.)*

One moment.

*(He chugs the five-hour energy.)*

It's all a dream.

EVERYONE

Noooo!

SAMSON

Hear me out! Lights down! Then – Loren – wakes up – the dream is *inside* the stage manager's head.

LOREN

No! What?

SAMSON

And then – in bed next to her is Bob Newhart.

AUDREY

Who's Bob Newhart?

SAMSON

You are a child.

LOREN

No I am not getting on stage. I hate acting.

SAMSON

That's the brilliant part about it. No one would even suspect you of acting. Instead, it's *reality.*

DAVE

I have no idea what you are talking about right now.

SAMSON

Waitwaitwaitwaitwait – that was a terrible idea.

DAVE

Thank you.

SAMSON

I'm sorry I'm starting to hallucinate. None of you is a giant blue tortoise are they?

BOB

I don't think so.

SAMSON

Good.

*(to imaginary tortoise)*

You do not exist and I'm not paying attention to you anymore. You know what guys? After you've had about ten of these, you start pushing past the limits of human consciousness. I'm about to go to the other side.

AUDREY

Samson. We need you on this side. Stay with us.

SAMSON

Yes. I will.

AUDREY

We need a better ending!

DAVE

There is no time for anything better!

BOB

I don't want to die!

DAVE

Your character doesn't die!

TILLY

I don't want to be possessed anymore. This isn't even fun.

DELILAH

Fire the writer! Let's fire the writer!

DAVE

You can't fire me!

DELILAH

Watch me!

AUDREY

Dave – listen to me – this is ten million dollars –

DAVE

I know how much it is –

AUDREY

We will not win that money with this ending, you need to re-do it.

TILLY

I have to say I agree with her.

BOB

Me too.

DAVE

Samson?

SAMSON

Who's there?

DAVE

No, you.

SAMSON

Me what?

DAVE

What do you think?

SAMSON

Yes.

DAVE

Yes what?

SAMSON

What?

DAVE

Yes what?

SAMSON

Yes what what?

DAVE

No I mean what do you mean by yes?

SAMSON

I think yes is pretty clear it means yes.

DAVE

What do you mean by it?

SAMSON

By what?

DAVE

By yes!

TILLY

I'M GOING INSANE!

SAMSON

What are we talking about?!

DELILAH

The ending! What do you think of the ending?

SAMSON

It's an abomination.

DELILAH

Thank you!

DAVE

Fine! Fine! If that's what you want, fine! I WILL CHANGE IT!

LOREN

And can you please take out the scene changes and costume changes?

DAVE

NO! Now is not the time to change the whole thing we're just changing the ending!

DELILAH

Can my severed head talk?

DAVE

No!

BOB

What if I was Irish?

TILLY

Ooh can I be Irish too?

SAMSON

Let's set the whole play in Ireland!

DAVE

NO!

*(DAVE snatches the script from them and heads back to his table.)*

EVERYONE SILENCE WHILE I WORK!

SAMSON

All right everyone, you heard the tortoise!

*(short pause)*

Wait. There's no tortoise. I think. Yes.

*(SAMSON looks to where the tortoise is.)*

I don't believe in you.

DAVE

Al right fine.

*(DAVE stretches out his hands and takes up his pen. He takes the last page of the script and crumples it up.)*

DELILAH

Thank you.

TILLY

So I'm not possessed?

*(DAVE considers the next page.)*

BOB

What's he doing?

AUDREY

He's looking at the next page.

BOB

Oh.

DELILAH

Kill it. Go ahead. Kill it.

SAMSON *(to the tortoise)*

No. Don't say that to me.

*(DAVE considers the page again.)*

DELILAH

You know you need to.

SAMSON

Be quiet.

*(DAVE's about to crumple it up – stops… this is painful… he crumples it up)*

DELILAH

Yes!

BOB

Woo!

AUDREY

Good move, Dave. Good move. I have so much respect for you now.

*(DAVE gets to the third page.)*

LOREN

Did you respect him before?

AUDREY

Oh sure. Mostly.

LOREN

I did until I got this play.

AUDREY

Well – I mean – my respect for him has taken a hit. But we're working under pressure.

LOREN

But that's where genius really shines, you know? I mean – if he was really brilliant, this would

be a great time to show it.

AUDREY

Good point.

*(She realizes DAVE is looking at her.)*

Don't worry about it Dave I still have feelings for you. I haven't respected any of the guys I've dated.

*(DAVE considers page three again. He draws a line crossing out half of it – then takes out his pen and begins writing again.)*

DELILAH

I would've gone farther.

*(DAVE writes a line.)*

BOB

What did he write?

*(DAVE tries to cover up the lines as he writes.)*

What's he writing now?

TILLY

Do I have a line?

BOB

Is he writing lines for me?

*(He lets them see the line. BOB laughs uproariously.)*

Ha ha ha ha that's a good one.

TILLY

What?

BOB

Oh wait no I read that wrong. Oh that's not funny.

LOREN

Remember to take out the costume changes.

DAVE

Loren – quiet.

*(DAVE writes something else.)*

DELILAH

Wow!

BOB

What?

DELILAH

You're not going to like this one Bob.

BOB

What happened?!
*(He looks at it.)*
I get killed?!

AUDREY

What! You can't kill Bob's character!

TILLY

Bob can't die!

DELILAH

None of you people cared when I died!

AUDREY

Yeah but Bob was innocent. Why would Samson kill him?

SAMSON *(thinking he's hearing voices)*

I don't hear you. You don't exist.

DELILAH

This is preposterous. Dave doesn't know how to end the play.

DAVE

I knew how to end the play and then you people decided it wasn't any good.

DELILAH

We didn't *decide* that Dave, that was a fact. You can't decide facts.

BOB

What did I do to you? I thought we were friends.

DAVE

Somebody has to die!

BOB

How about the writer?

DAVE

This is not a democracy!

DELILAH

I say we put it to a vote.

DAVE

I just said it wasn't a democracy.

DELILAH

All in favor of Dave not killing Bob say Aye.

EVERYONE

Aye.

SAMSON

Wait a minute – Dave… you can't kill Bob. He's a living breathing man. He's flesh and blood. Look at him. This is good old fashioned American man stock, Dave. He's a national treasure. Our country was built by millions of Bobs, all working together and neglecting their wives and working in the garage – you can't kill Bob – you might as well kill me.

*(short pause)*

Oh do you mean in the play?

DAVE

Yes in the play!

AUDREY

I don't like this new turn!

DAVE

You didn't like the old turn!

TILLY

Well this one is worse!

DELILAH

Dave's talent has left him. He's a withered husk of an artist now, just rehashing the same cliched bland material he always did.

AUDREY

He can do better! Dave do better!

BOB

Why do I have to die!

TILLY

I'm so stressed out!

DELILAH

Write something else!

DAVE

No!

AUDREY

Come on Dave!

DAVE

AAAAAAAAAAAAH! That's it! I'm done! Ten million dollars isn't worth this! I quit! I quit you hear me! I quit! WRITE YOUR OWN STUPID PLAY!

*(He tears up the script and tosses it on the ground and storms out.)*

AUDREY *(shouting after him)*

I'M NO LONGER INTERESTED IN A RELATIONSHIP WITH YOU!

DAVE

GOOOOOOD!

*(Pause.)*

SAMSON

I just love this process.

*(Lights down.)*

*(end of act one)*

**Act Two**

*(Five minutes before the contest is about to begin. The set has been hastily "finished" – a few things have been tossed around.)*

*(At rise, no one is on stage.)*

*(LOREN sprints across the stage, tossing vital props here and there, putting the last finishing touches in a mad dash.)*

DELILAH *(off left)*

LOREN WHERE ARE YOU?!

LOREN

Coming!

*(LOREN runs off-stage left.)*

BOB *(off right)*

HAS ANYONE SEEN MY PANTS?

*(LOREN sprints across stage carrying BOB's pants.)*

SAMSON *(off left)*

WHERE'S THE SEVERED HEAD?! WE'RE MISSING THE SEVERED HEAD! PANIC TIME! PANIC TIME!

*(LOREN runs back across the stage)*

LOREN

The blood is drying, hold on!

*(She nearly runs right into TILLY, who enters in costume and makeup. She's losing it.)*

TILLY

Hi you're doing great. Can I talk to you for a second?

LOREN

Nope.

*(LOREN runs off.)*

*(TILLY is starting to hyperventilate.)*

TILLY

It's okay. It's okay. I am okay. Oh no. Oh no it's starting.

*(SAMSON enters, in costume, with a Five-Hour energy in hand. He pours it into a shotglass and takes a drink.)*

Samson! Samson there you are!

SAMSON

Yes.

TILLY

My palms are starting to sweat.

SAMSON

Good. Great. Wonderful. Have you seen - ?

TILLY

I'm going to forget my lines! I'm going to make up new lines. I'm no good when I get off-script! I'm like wandering around in the woods like it's a nightmare and there are monsters everywhere – I can't do this I can't do this I can't go on I'm going to die there's going to be an earthquake or a tornado please God destroy this theatre before I have to perform I will do anything to not be here right now I'm going to scream is it okay if I scream cause that's what I'm going to do!

*(She continue to hyperventilate.)*

*(SAMSON is putting a pill into a brownie.)*

SAMSON

Slow down. Slow down. You're going to be just fine. You know what you should have? A brownie.

TILLY

They're fattening and then I'll be too big for my costume and I'll faint and then ghosts will take me and –

SAMSON

Eat the brownie, Tilly.

TILLY

Okay.

*(She eats the brownie.)*

Oh this is good.

SAMSON

Has anyone seen Dave? Dave?

TILLY

He quit, remember?

SAMSON

Right. Right. Okay –

*(AUDREY enters in costume.)*

AUDREY

Is there an ending for the play yet?

SAMSON

Stop hounding me woman!

AUDREY

Isn't Letitia supposed to get here in five minutes?

TILLY

Five minutes? She's getting here in five minutes?! Oh no.

SAMSON

I'm trying to think, okay? It's very difficult to think when you are being persecuted by the people in theater who are supposed to love you – and also – good news, I think I may have passed beyond my five-hour energy induced hallucinations. I'm on the other side now. It is glorious. I think. Or it could be another hallucination.

AUDREY

Suck it up.

*(DAVE enters, holding pages.)*

Dave!

SAMSON

He's come back from the dead! I'm seeing spirits!

TILLY

Dave?

AUDREY

Are you here to save us? Do you have an ending?

DAVE

I went home. I hadn't been there in two days. And I realized something as I stood in my tiny, miserable, dirty little apartment – I hate my life. I really do. Some people say that and they don't mean it, but I really, really mean it. I mean, if there was some kind of animal testing and they forced a chimp to live my life for two days, the chimp would smash his head in with boulders. Really. Animals wouldn't live the way I do. So I thought – there's only way I'm getting out of here. And it hit me: The end of the play.

AUDREY

You wrote it?!

*(DAVE hands a script to AUDREY.)*

I love you!

*(She hugs him.)*

As an actress loves a playwright I don't want you to get the wrong impression.

DAVE

I'm so emotionally drained right now I didn't even hear what you said.

SAMSON

PEOPLE! THE MIRACLE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR HAS OCCURRED! I think so, yes, yes? This is true. IT IS INDEED DELIVERANCE! APPEAR BEFORE ME!

*(DELILAH enters, dressed in costume. LOREN enters, out of breath, still putting things in place.)*

DELILAH

Please tell me you're joking.

SAMSON

Loren find Bob.

LOREN *(without moving)*

BOB! GET OUT HERE!

SAMSON

Go fetch him.

*(LOREN stomps off stage. BOB enters moments later, struggling with his costume.)*

All right people, it is time for me to inspire you. I know we're all tired. I know that we have been tested, but our moment is at hand. We didn't start this war with the Barn Players. We didn't ask for them to put on their musical version of Hamlet before us – I don't relish the carnage that is about to occur. But when someone asks the Moss River Players if they can put on a show, I say – BY GOD YES – We will put on a show!

*(short pause – he's shaking.)*

I seem to have lost my train of thought.

BOB

We're putting on a show.

SAMSON

Yes. Dave has written the ending. I'm sure it's fabulous.

DELILAH

That makes one of us.

SAMSON

IF I MAY CONTINUE – And if anything goes wrong out there, FAKE IT. Places! I will be in my dressing room!

DELILAH

You don't have a dressing room.

SAMSON

I will be in the hallway then. Or wandering the streets.

*(He exits.)*

DELILAH

Well that was uninspiring. Remember, if you forget your line, make it up.

DAVE

Don't make it up.

DELILAH

Make it up.

*(She exits.)*

AUDREY

I better get ready.

*(AUDREY races off.)*

DAVE

Audrey wait I wanted to warn you about -

*(BOB stops him.)*

BOB

Ah. Hey um… do I still die?

DAVE

You'll find out.

BOB

Okay then.

*(BOB exits.)*

*(DAVE is about to leave as he spots TILLY still somewhat uneasy.)*

DAVE

Are you all right?

TILLY

What if the roof collapses on us? What if the lights go out? What if someone pulls the fire alarm?

DAVE

Tilly – everyone loves you.

TILLY

No they don't.

DAVE

Except Delilah. But she's probably not capable of love.

TILLY

She loves herself.

DAVE

Right. But – you need to get yourself together, okay?

TILLY

I will I will I promise it's just that I start sweating and –
*(DAVE mashes up a pill in a brownie.)*

DAVE

You know what? Here – have a brownie – it will make you feel so much better.

TILLY

Oh. Well –

DAVE

Tilly – eat the brownie.

TILLY

All right.
*(TILLY eats the brownie)*
I just wanted to tell you that I didn't believe any of the stuff Delilah or Loren or Samson were saying about you. I mean I really think you're a wonderful person. And I just want to say – it doesn't matter who wins the money, as long as we're friends afterwards.

DAVE

Right. Sure. Yeah. Ten million dollars doesn't matter to me at all. I gotta talk to Audrey.

TILLY

And she's probably taken back most of the stuff she said about you too.
*(DAVE shakes his head and exits.)*

*(LOREN enters.)*

LOREN

Why aren't you backstage?

TILLY

We're supposed to be backstage?

LOREN

Samson just said that!

TILLY

What?

LOREN

Come on – Letitita is going to be here any minute and she can't see you onstage.
*(AUDREY enters opposite from where DAVE exited.)*

AUDREY

Has anyone seen Dave?

TILLY

He went that way. Don't worry I didn't tell him what you said about him.

LOREN

Did you tell him what I said about him?

TILLY

I don't like to repeat those words.

LOREN

Good. Come on – let's go.

TILLY *(breaking down again)*

I don't know that I can do this!

LOREN

Hey.

AUDREY

You're going to be fine. Here –

LOREN

You want a brownie? I'll get you a brownie.

TILLY

I don't want any more brownies I'll be fine!

AUDREY

Don't you do that to yourself. You're a beautiful woman.

TILLY

I am?

AUDREY

Yes. My God. When I'm old I hope I look half as good as you.

TILLY

You think so?

AUDREY

Of course. Bob was just telling me that he wanted to hit that.*
**(This line may be changed to "he had a huge crush on you but was too lonely and sad to say anything about it.)*

TILLY

He did?

LOREN

Oh sure yeah. He was totally all about you.

TILLY

He was?

AUDREY

And Bob likes sturdy women.

LOREN

Absolutely. Peasant stock.

AUDREY

Right. Like load-bearing women.

LOREN

I don't know.

AUDREY

Are you a strong woman? You're a strong woman, right?

TILLY

I guess so.

AUDREY

Don't guess so! Do it! We are going to do amazing tonight, you understand? Amazing. Okay, and afterwards, after we've divvied up the money, you can buy a slave boy if you want –

LOREN

They have those?

AUDREY

Probably. Maybe not a slave boy. A house boy. Whatever. Or get Lipo. Whatever you want to do. Your body is your oyster. You want butt implants, you can get butt implants. Anything. Remember. Eyes on the prize. Eat the brownie.

TILLY

You're so nice. Okay. One more.

*(LOREN hands yet another drug-infused brownie to TILLY.)*

*(SAMSON bursts on, clapping his hands frantically.)*

SAMSON

Off off off off off off off off off off!

*(He shoos them off the stage – AUDREY exits opposite where DAVE enters from, moments later.)*

DAVE

Anybody seen - ?

*(He's interrupted SVEN and LETITIA enter, mid-conversation.)*

LETITIA

I particularly enjoyed the Rosencrantz and Guildenstern number –

SVEN

Oh yah – I thought that was pretty great too.

SAMSON

Sven Gustafson.

SVEN

I thought I smelled something amateurish.

SAMSON

How did your show go?

SVEN

My show made angels weep.

SAMSON

It was that bad, huh?

SVEN

Oh it went beyond bad until it was good again. I see you've spent about as much time perfecting the set as your persona.

LETITIA

Gentlemen, please. Sven – sit.

SVEN

Of course. I shall sit.

SAMSON

Is he staying for the performance?

SVEN

If that's what you call it.

LETITIA

He stays where I tell him to stay. Do you have a problem with that?

SAMSON

Of course not. Of course not. Well – without further ado – if you would please turn off your cell phones and –

LETITIA

No.

SAMSON

Okay, well um –

LETITIA

You already making unreasonable requests of me.

SVEN

In my show, we incorporated the cell phone into our musical numbers as a postmodern homage to the era of connectivity.

LETITIA

That you did.

SAMSON

Well um… all right… I guess –

LETITIA

If my phone rings – we shall pause the show.

SAMSON

Of course. Why not?

LETITIA

Unless your performers are incapable of that.

SAMSON

No. Absolutely. They are capable of anything. Without further ado: An Unspeakable Triumph of Supreme Brilliance.

*(He claps for himself vigorously, then runs onto the stage and exits. DAVE sits in the*

*audience.)*

*(Lights up on the set. Some strange, disturbing pre-show music)*

*(WHUMP!)*

*(BOB moans off-stage.)*

*(Struggle to open the door.)*

*(Finally, BOB smashes it open, attempting to carry AUDREY in his arms. He drops her immediately to the ground and pauses to catch his breath.)*

BOB *(barely audible)*

Here we are.

AUDREY

Our new home.

BOB

Yes.

*(BOB collapses a bit onto the ground.)*

AUDREY

Oh let's explore it honey! Race you to the bedroom!

*(She starts to run off, notices that BOB is struggling to get to his feet – and stops)*

Or let's just sit right here.

BOB

That's what I'm talking about.

AUDREY

Oh honey just think – our new place where we'll raise our family – nothing can stop us now.

BOB

Nope.

AUDREY

Nothing. Honey? Do you think there's any truth to the rumor that a child died in this home? That would put a damper on things, wouldn't it? Mortality. Sometimes I think about what comes after death.

BOB

…yeah. Yeah definitely.

*(DELILAH enters, overacting terribly.)*

DELILAH

I see you've discovered the floor.

*(BOB starts getting up.)*

Don't get up on my account. Everything satisfactory?

AUDREY

We haven't really explored every part of it yet.

DELILAH

Of course. Why would you? You've only just bought the house. And obviously the first thing a person would do upon thinking about buying a house is not explore it. I applaud your unconventionality. It will serve you well in these parts. I never wanted to be a real estate agent. I had larger dreams you see. Dreams you can't possibly comprehend. It started when I was six – my mother bought me a toy piano –

BOB

Um…

DELILAH

Don't interrupt me! I remember the first tiny tinklings on the keys – my little fingers – to hear those notes, to hear the majesty of Mozart, the raw animal energy of Beethoven, the weird racist ramblings of Wagner – I was hooked.

AUDREY

Um… actually I was wondering –

DELILAH

I'm not done. Do you know what time has done to me? Transformed from the prodigy I was to this… husk you see before you – dealing out real estate to cretins –

BOB

Oh yah that happens a lot.

*(AUDREY's had enough.)*

AUDREY

I'm not interested in your dreams seeing as how you are a minor figure in our lives.

DELILAH

I am not minor in anything!

AUDREY

In this story you are and I need to tell you something!

DELILAH

I will not listen!

*Skipping Forward*

AUDREY

Are you coming to bed, sweetheart?

BOB

Yes. Of course. I've been waiting for this night –
*(He tries to get the rest of his pajamas on.)*

AUDREY

You're looking fine tonight.
*(BOB has one-foot in his pajamas and is flailing about like a beached whale.)*

BOB

Oh ya. Dang it.
*(He gets his pajamas on. BOB puts his hands on his knees and takes a deep breath.)*

AUDREY

What's that noise?

BOB *(out of character)*

What?

AUDREY

That noise!

BOB

Oh um…
*(DELILAH seizes the moment.)*

DELILAH

It is I!

BOB

Aaaaah!

AUDREY

No I'm pretty sure it wasn't you.

DELILAH

It was. I've been waiting here, alone, because my husband died before his time.

AUDREY

Maybe he died outside and maybe you should go find him.

DELILAH

I'm afraid it's no use. I'm inconsolable.

AUDREY
Wait! I hear something else! Don't you hear it Damien?

BOB *(trying to catch up)*
Um…

AUDREY *(trying to help him)*
It sounds like it's coming from…?

BOB *(remembering his line)*
It sounds like it's coming from upstairs!
*(At this point, BOB is supposed to exit to go search upstairs – AUDREY realizes this would leave her alone with DELILAH, but can't really see a way out of it.)*

AUDREY
Can you go check it out?

BOB
Okay.

AUDREY
I'm frightened.

BOB
It's all right, baby. I'm sure it's nothing.

AUDREY
Hurry.

BOB
Oh ya sure.
*(BOB hustles out of the room.)*

*(DELILAH looks at AUDREY.)*

AUDREY
It's a little strange that you're in my bedroom right now.

DELILAH
Is it?

AUDREY
Yes it is.

DELILAH
You wouldn't say that if you knew my tragic history. You see –

AUDREY *(cutting her off)*
Maybe you should relate your tragic history outside.

DELILAH
You're just like all the others. The people who spurned me, who cast me out – well I say I WILL NOT BE DESTROYED.

AUDREY
Wait! What's that?! I feel something!

DELILAH
I feel it too!

AUDREY
NO YOU DON'T! It's got me! It's got me! Oh no! Ohhhhhhhhh!
*(AUDREY goes into a fit of possession. She begins thrashing about in the bed.)*

*(BOB rushes in.)*

BOB
Jasmine! Jasmine what is it?
*(AUDREY stops thrashing and looks at him evilly.)*

AUDREY
Jasmine doesn't live here anymore.

BOB
Nooooo!
*(DELILAH lets him almost finish, then outdoes him.)*

DELILAH
NOOOOOOOO!
*(Lights change. BOB tries to change clothes again during the break. LOREN runs in and changes a few things - )*

BOB *(stage whisper)*
Where's my pants? Where's my pants?
*(BOB and LOREN begin frantically searching for BOB's pants. They can't find them. BOB trips over something and lands face-first upstage of the bed.)*
Oohhh…
*(The lights come up.)*

*(LOREN dashes off the stage.)*

*(BOB yanks the blanket off the bed and wraps it around himself, popping up to talk into a*

*"cell phone" which is composed of his hand.)*

*(AUDREY continues to be "possessed" in the bed.)*

BOB

Thank you so much. Yeah I'm pretty sure it's demonic possession. That's great that you're in the neighborhood.

*(LOREN runs in, trying not to be seen, with a prop cell phone – she tries to sneak it into BOB's hand from behind him without being seen. BOB continues to talk into the real phone without missing a beat.)*

Well – near as I can figure – and I don't have a lot of experience with demonic possession before – there's a spirit of a dead child who lives in the house – that's probably what's gotten into her.

AUDREY

KNEEL BEFORE ME WORMS!

BOB

Yeah – she's saying lots of stuff how she's king of the underworld and all that –

AUDREY

I SHALL FLAY THE SKIN FROM YOUR BONES! Aarrhrrhghgh!

DELILAH

I was the same way.

BOB

Okay. Great. Thanks.

*(He hangs up. Realizes he has no pants to put his phone into, then simply drops the phone on the ground.)*

*(AUDREY is suddenly back to normal.)*

AUDREY

Damien? Damien is that you?

BOB

Yes! Jasmine I'm here!

AUDREY

I'm so cold. Hold me.

*(BOB grabs hold of her with both arms, forgetting that he was holding onto the blanket – which drops – DELILAH sees it and tries to put it back on him while staying in character.)*

DELILAH

My father was a brick-layer – every day he would come home from work, his hands chapped

with the red dust of the bricks – he was a rough man, but honest –

AUDREY

I can feel it inside me.

BOB

What is it? Is it the child?

AUDREY

I don't know. It's so evil. So evil.

BOB

They're sending the best exorcist they have. She's the best they've got. Any second she's going to be here.

*(Pause.)*

ANY SECOND SHE'S GOING TO BE HERE.

*(Pause.)*

AUDREY

YES ANY SECOND SHE'S GOING TO KNOCK ON THAT DOOR.

BOB

YES.

*(Pause.)*

*(WHUMP! Something hits the door hard from off-stage.)*

BOB

That must be her. Stay strong honey.

*(BOB gathers the blanket around himself and heads to the door. He tries to open it.)*

*(It's stuck.)*

*(WHUMP from off-stage.)*

*(BOB pulls on the door.)*

BOB

She's coming right in.

*(He pulls on the door again, takes both hands, loses blanket – DELILAH rushes in to help with the blanket and BOB rips the door free. {If you're adventurous, the entire wall might start falling in} The door comes open. Behind it is TILLY, having taken three muscle relaxants. She wobbles in.)*

TILLY

Anybody call for an exorcist?

BOB

Yes, well we were –

TILLY *(not waiting for him to finish his line)*

DIRECT me to the PATIENT.

*(she focuses, somewhat sloppily on DELILAH.)*

This must be her. Yep. I've seen this a million times. EVIL.

DELILAH

Actually I –

*(TILLY puts her hand directly on DELILAH's face.)*

TILLY

The powers of Christ COMPEL YOU!

*(she shoves DELILAH in the face, who falls back into BOB – who catches her, probably losing his blanket again.)*

DELILAH

Not me you idiot!

TILLY

Better try again. The powers of Christ compel you!

*(She shoves on DELILAH again, forcing them backwards. TILLY straightens up and looks at them, noticing that BOB is not wearing pants.)*

Well this isn't the greeting I normally get but I'm ready to roll with the flow. I like it.

BOB

She's behind you!

*(TILLY spins in a complete 360.)*

TILLY

Who is?! The DEMON.

BOB

No my wife is behind you!

TILLY

This is a lot weirder than I thought then.

AUDREY

Aarrgghghghg! I'm so possessed now!

*(TILLY turns to look at AUDREY, who is thrashing again as if possessed.)*

TILLY

Oh. There's your varmint. Sometimes they come in at night. Spirits. Monsters. You know. The

Devil. Things like that.

BOB

Can you save her?

TILLY

Oh yeah. Not a problem.

AUDREY

I WILL EAT YOUR HEART!

TILLY

Woo! Hot dog! How `bout this sweetie? I eat your heart first.

BOB

Um… maybe you could perform an exorcism?

TILLY

In my own sweet time. I'm gonna do a hula dance first. You ever do that? Move your hips like molasses. Uh-huh.

*(She begins doing a wobbly, drunken hula dance.)*

DELILAH

I forgot to tell you. I'm also an exorcist.

TILLY

NOPE.

*(TILLY hulas over to DELILAH)*

I got you all figured out chipmunk. Look at these sweet moves. You can feel the islands.

BOB

Miss Dooley – if you could please continue the exorcism?

TILLY

You don't have pants.

BOB

I know that.

TILLY

Last I checked, nobody not wearing pants gets to tell me what to do.

AUDREY

Arraarrhgh!

TILLY

SHUT YOUR PIE HOLE! Now we're gonna do this my way!
*(She wobbles to the other side of the bed.)*
I'm gonna say…
*(she forgets her lines, nearly falls down.)*

BOB *(whispering)*
Power of Christ compels you!

TILLY
That's my line!

BOB
I know I was just –

TILLY
Don't you take my line I'll eat your face.

BOB
I was… okay –
*(She has found BOB's pants. She is putting them on her head.)*

TILLY
Ooh lookee here. I'm an Indian now. Hey ya hey ya wah wah wah

BOB
Those are my pants.

TILLY
I bet you say that to all the pants. They're mine now!

BOB
Actually I can –

TILLY
Stay back White Man! Nobody takes the Indian's stuff.

DELILAH
I know what's going on here! She's possessed too!

TILLY
You're possessed too!

DELILAH
We have to exorcise the exorcist!

TILLY

Bring it! I WILL DESTROY YOU! I'm not scared of you, beanpole! I'll snap you like a twig and light you on fire! Try me! I am the hippopotamus of doom!

*(BOB gets between them.)*

BOB

Ladies!

*(AUDREY starts thrashing around again.)*

We need to –

*(a cell phone rings. All the actors (except TILLY) stop cold.)*

LETITIA *(loudly into the phone)*

Yes. Hello darling.

*(The actors freeze in place, completely still. BOB makes eye contact with TILLY and manages to get her to freeze as well.)*

No I can talk. Devin's giving a TED talk in San Francisco and I need something divine. Can we use Bangladeshis? They're the best. No I want real fur. As many animals as possible. Okay – look – what? Okay yes I'm watching the show right now. It doesn't matter.

*(LETITIA turns away from the stage, still talking on the phone.)*

*(SAMSON leaps in from backstage and rushes the stage. He grabs TILLY by the shoulders and looks in her eyes like a veterinarian.)*

TILLY

Usually you have to buy me dinner first for this move but what the heck –

*(SAMSON shushes her and gesticulates wildly off-stage.)*

*(LOREN runs in with a glass of water.)*

*(SAMSON takes it – TILLY is about to take it to drink, but instead SAMSON splashes it in her face.)*

*(LETITIA turns back towards them – they freeze, SAMSON pretends to be a statue.)*

LETITIA *(on the phone)*

No he doesn't walk. I won't allow it. Put him in the basket, and when he scratches at the side, set him gently on the grass. Now we've got a deal with him – he goes where he goes and we accept that and we celebrate that – if he pees on your hand consider that a blessing -

*(she turns away again)*

*(TILLY is about to slap SAMSON when DAVE rushes the stage and heads straight for DELILAH. He has a script in hand.)*

*(He points vigorously to the script.)*

*(DELILAH pretends confusion.)*

DAVE *(hissing)*

You have lines! Say them!

DELILAH *(hissing)*

Write better lines!

*(DAVE puts the script in DELILAH's hands.)*

*(She tears it up.)*

*(DAVE gesticulates wildly off-stage.)*

*(LOREN runs in with a glass of water.)*

*(DAVE throws it at DELILAH, who dodges. The water hits TILLY again, who is really confused now.)*

TILLY

Is it raining in here?

*(SAMSON shushes her again.)*

*(TILLY puckers up for a kiss.)*

*(SAMSON gives her his cheek.)*

*(She holds on tight, collapsing against him, trying to kiss him more.)*

*(DELILAH tries to extricate TILLY.)*

*(LETITIA turns back towards them. They all freeze, hoping she won't notice.)*

LETITIA

He likes it halfway between rare and medium rare. Ask Chef Paulo – he knows. And tell him no more garnish – if he must, some of that spun ice cream is good – yes in the shape of a carousel, what do you think, we're middle-class? No it's a carousel without horses, what do you think? Of course there are horses otherwise no one is going to know it's a carousel!

*(She turns away again.)*

*(TILLY realizes she's kissing SAMSON and not BOB and slaps him. SAMSON stumbles off the stage.)*

BOB

Can I get some pants, gosh darn it!

*(He snaps at LOREN, who runs off-stage nodding. BOB points at DAVE and hisses.)*

Give me your pants!

DAVE *(hisses)*

No!

AUDREY

Give him your pants Dave!

DAVE

These are my pants and I'm not giving them up!

BOB

I need something!

DAVE

Fine!

BOB

Faster! Let me help!

*(DAVE starts taking off his pants just LETITIA finishes her conversation.)*

LETITIA

Okay, bye-ee.

*(Lights come up more brightly on the stage to find DAVE and BOB in a compromising situation.)*

*(DAVE freezes like a deer in a headlights with his pants halfway down.)*

*(Another pair of pants is thrown in from off-stage and strikes BOB.)*

*(DAVE slinks off the stage back into the audience.)*

LETITIA

Well? I haven't got all day.

SAMSON *(from backstage)*

And scene!

*(The actors begin again.)*

TILLY

Where am I?

*(sees BOB putting on the pants)*

Is that something we're doing?

BOB

No actually um… you're the exorcist –

TILLY

That can't be right.

BOB

Oh yah. Definitely. And my wife over there –
*(AUDREY is possessed again.)*

TILLY

Oh yes of course. The devil.

AUDREY

BLAARRHRHRRHGH! No one will cast me out!

TILLY

Okey-dokey then. Everyone behind me. And we shall –

DELILAH

Wait!

TILLY

What?

DELILAH

I hear something!

BOB

Really?

DELILAH

Yes – it's the voice of a dead child – and… oh no…. stay out of my body! It's got me! It's got me too! Rarrrrrhrhrhgh!

BOB

Oh fer geez no!

TILLY

Hold on there missy! I'll get to your demon when I'm good and ready. First let's deal with this little pudding pie over here. All right – tell me where it hurts.

AUDREY

IN MY SOUL –

TILLY

Yeah that's where they get ya.

BOB

Can't you do anything?

TILLY

I'M GETTING TO IT! Um… Power of Christ compels you!

*(AUDREY freaks out.)*

Oh geez it's working!

AUDREY

Aahahrh ahaahr ahahghg aahghghrhg!

BOB

Do it again! Do it again!

TILLY

Okay.

*(TILLY grabs AUDREY by the forehead.)*

Sha-Blam!

*(She throws AUDREY back into the bed – who collapses.)*

Oh my gosh that was AWESOME!

AUDREY *(getting up slightly)*

What was –

TILLY *(grabbing her forehead and doing the move again)*

Sha-BLAM!

*(She throws her back into the bed.)*

I feel so powerful! WOO! Come on Demon! Get up! Get up! Come get some! Baby's got some new Jesus strength to throw at ya!

AUDREY

I'm okay now –

TILLY *(doing it again)*

Sha-BLAM!

BOB

I think you did it.

TILLY

You sure?

BOB

I think so.

**End of Excerpt.**
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