

FLYERS

by Elijah Newman

Copyright © Elijah Newman

elijahnewman2019@gmail.com  
(847)-951-3405

SCENE I.

A Summer evening, outside a storefront theater in Chicago.

Two actors outside the theater. Posters reading "Twelfth Night" stick to the windows.

SAM, a twenty-something non-equity actor stands on the sidewalk, dressed in a bad Elizabethan costume.

ANDY, his cast-mate, also twenty-something, dressed in an equally bad costume, crouches in front of Sam.

Andy listens while Sam performs:

SAM

*O for a Muse of fire, that would  
ascend The brightest heaven of  
invention! A kingdom for a stage,  
princes to act, And monarchs to  
behold the swelling scene!*

(hesitating)

*But... pardon, gentles all, The  
flat unraised spirits that hath  
dar'd On this unworthy scaffold to  
bring fourth So great an object--*

A Person walks by (all "Persons" can be played by one actor, constantly switching costumes).

ANDY

(Sotto voice)

Keep going!

Sam addresses the Person directly, their dialogue overlaps.

SAM

*O, pardon! since a crooked figure/  
may Attest in little place a  
million--*

PERSON

(On the phone)

/SHUT. THE FUCK. UP! Yes! And I was  
like, "wash your hands!".  
Literally. Lit-er-al-ly. He would  
not wash his hands! What an  
asshole!

SAM

*--And let us, ciphers to this great  
accompt, On your imaginary  
forces...*

(CONTINUED)

Sam sighs and watches them walk away.

SAM CONT'  
Fuck this, man.

ANDY  
No, no! You're doing great.

SAM  
Thank you, but--

ANDY  
Sam, look at me. You're a star. A  
shining star. So bright.

Pause.

SAM  
Thanks.

ANDY  
That's what I'm talkin' about!  
You're doin' great. Let's run it  
back one more time. Do you mind if  
I give you a note?

SAM  
...Okay.

ANDY  
Okay, a question, actually: *Who Are  
You Talking To?*

SAM  
Uhh, the audience.

ANDY  
Yes, but *WHO?* Are they the royal  
court? Are they peasants? Are they  
a pack of wild coyotes? Come on,  
Sam; specificity.

SAM  
Okay. I'm talking to that guy who's  
about to find out he just got a  
parking ticket.

ANDY  
Okay. Fine. Great. Yeah-- so make  
that really specific.

SAM

Okay.

Sam readies himself to start again. Andy goes back to his first position to watch.

SAM

*O for a Muse of fi--*

ANDY

Sam, Sam, Sam. Hold on, hold on. In that first line, there's *all* those long vowels; "OOOOOOOOO for a Muuuuuuse of fiiiiiiiiire--" see what I mean? Try to play with that. Just try it.

Sam looks slightly annoyed.

SAM

(Mocking)

OOOOOOO for a Muuuuuuse of fiiiiiiiiire that would ASCEND the *brightest heaven of invention--*

Andy stands. He's revved up.

ANDY

Okay, now what's your intention with that?

SAM

My intention?

ANDY

Yeah. Your objective. What do you want from your scene partner?

SAM

Ooooohhh my *objective*. I'm sorry, I didn't go to DePaul. Thank you so much. Hmm, my *objective*...

ANDY

Jeez. Just trying to help.

SAM

Thank you, Andy. I really grew today.

Sam peeks inside the theatre.

ANDY  
How we doing?

SAM  
Still just that one guy.

ANDY  
Huh... Does anybody know who he  
his?

SAM  
Looks like a North-sider. Probably  
coming home from Wrigley, looks  
like he'll be sleeping off his  
hangover for the next two hours.

ANDY  
Oh, did the Cubs win?!

SAM  
Sox fan.

ANDY  
Oh.

Pause.

ANDY CONT'  
Well anyway, that's a great  
monologue, Sam. You could totally  
do that at EPAs, it'd be dope.

SAM  
I don't go to EPAs.

ANDY  
Oh, okay... I just go cuz, you  
know, how else are you gonna be  
seen by, like, the really big  
theaters.

SAM  
I don't know.

ANDY  
I just figure, ya gotta pay your  
dues. I mean, nobody wants to wake  
up at 5am, but hey... it's "*The  
Struggle*", as they say.

SAM  
I guess so.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY  
So you haven't gone to any yet?

SAM  
I have work.

ANDY  
Oh.

SAM  
Everyday.

ANDY  
Right for sure. The "*Daily Grind*"... *as they say*.

SAM  
Uh-huh.

Pause.

ANDY  
You'll be fine. I mean you're young, so it's like... it's a marathon, not a race.

SAM  
That's what they say.

Andy laughs nervously.

ANDY  
Sorry...

SAM  
Aren't we the same age?

ANDY  
You're 24?

SAM  
25.

ANDY  
Oh, shit! Okay, old man! Well you look super young. Like, you have a really young-looking face-- kind of like a boy-next-door sorta--

Sam stands as a Person approaches, texting and walking.

SAM

Heyy, wanna come see some  
Shakespeare? Got a--

--Snatches a poster off the window--

SAM CONT'

--*flyer* here for ya.

PERSON

Sorry, Tinder date.

They walk away. Sam calls after them.

SAM

Wash your hands!

Sam looks over the flyer. Andy sneaks up behind Sam.

ANDY

(Suddenly:)

*Thank you for choosing Lou  
Malnati's, this is Andy, how can I  
help you?*

Sam jumps.

SAM

What the fuck?

ANDY

Customer service voice!

SAM

Okay!

ANDY

Whenever I used to work at customer  
service jobs I would use that voice  
to make people more comfortable.  
Big tips.

SAM

I see. That's your White Voice.

ANDY

What?

SAM

Your White Voice.

ANDY

My--

SAM AND ANDY

--*White Voice*--

SAM

--Yeah. Have you seen "Sorry to Bother You"?

ANDY

Sorry... what?

SAM

"Sorry To Bother You". So Lakeith Stanfield plays this telemarketer-- who's black-- but he finds out that if he uses a "*White Voice*" then people will buy his stuff.

ANDY

Oh.

SAM

Yeah.

ANDY

Sounds... *crazy*.

SAM

Yeah.

ANDY

I'll check it out.

SAM

You should.

Pause.

ANDY

But I already have a *White Voice*.

SAM

Huh. Hadn't noticed.

ANDY

Ha ha, very funny... That's not a real thing... and I think it's kind of insensitive for you to--

A Person approaches.

(CONTINUED)



SAM  
Hold that thought--  
(Doing a "White Voice")  
Hello. Would you like to partake in  
the works of William Shakespeare  
this evening?

The Person giggles and takes a poster.

PERSON  
Thanks.

SAM  
No, thank you, madame.

They give him flirty eyes as they walk away.

SAM  
And that, my friend--

ANDY  
That does not mean--

SAM  
--is a White Voice!

ANDY  
That is so...

SAM  
What?

ANDY  
Racist.

SAM  
Really?

ANDY  
Yes!

SAM  
You're calling me racist.

ANDY  
I'm just saying--

SAM  
Hey. Stop talking.

ANDY  
But--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Andy. You don't wanna go there.

Pause. Andy reconsiders.

ANDY

Thank you.

SAM

You're welcome.

A Person approaches.

SAM CONT'

Yo-- watch this. Don't say anything.

As the Person walks by, Sam does a fancy move and sticks the poster out behind his back. Person takes one and sails on.

Andy is about to scream but Sam, frozen, silences him until they Person is gone:

ANDY

...Oh SHIT!

SAM

Holy shit!

ANDY

Oh my god, dude!

SAM

Damn.

ANDY

That was incredible.

SAM

She just took it!

ANDY

Just took it!

SAM

Beautiful woman.

ANDY

Hottie with a *body*!

SAM

Dude.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Sorry.

Pause...

SAM

Dude!

ANDY

DUDE!

Andy hugs Sam. The separate awkwardly. Pause.

ANDY

Think we're at places yet?

SAM

Yeah, probably.

Andy ducks inside. Sam exhales. He looks around. Pause.

SAM CONT'

*O for a Muse of fire, that would  
ascend The brightest heaven of  
invention! A kingdom for a stage,  
princes to act, And... Nope. Nope,  
fuck this.*

Andy returns wielding a guitar.

SAM CONT'

Have you come to serenade me?

ANDY

Jennifer said if we don't get one more person she's cancelling the show.

SAM

What?

ANDY

She says we need at least three people in the audience to do a show. Otherwise we're going to use the time to *rehearse*.

SAM

What?

ANDY

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
No.

ANDY  
Mhmm.

SAM  
No. We're not rehearsing. No, she  
can't give us *notes* the night  
before we close.

ANDY  
Well, she will. If we don't get one  
more person.

SAM  
Fuck.

Pause.

SAM CONT'  
Didn't Teddy have friends coming?

ANDY  
Jennifer caught them vaping in the  
bathroom.

SAM  
Like weed or...

ANDY  
Who knows, man!

SAM  
What about Sara? Didn't her mom  
drive here from Scottsdale?

ANDY  
She came last night. Didn't want to  
come back.

SAM  
Come on. We're not that bad.

ANDY  
No, but can you blame her? Twenty  
dollar tickets? For this?

SAM  
Come on. This is a good show. Have  
some pride!

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

No, I know, I'm sorry. But how can you expect people to come pay twenty dollars for a 500 year old play when they can sit at home and watch Taylor Swift documentaries on Netflix for 5.99 a month?

SAM

Because... it's Shakespeare... the most produced playwright on the planet. The reason he's still being performed 500 years later-- It's fucking... human. And funny, and...

Andy puts a hand on Sams shoulder.

ANDY

We had a good run.

He starts to pack up his stuff.

ANDY CONT'

You're really good, Sam. You're gonna be fine. More than fine. I meant to ask, do you have anything lined up after this?

SAM

No. No-- fuck that. We are doing this show. Drop that shit.

He picks up Andy's guitar and forces it back into his chest.

SAM

Come on. We gotta try:  
(To the street)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE! CLOSING  
WEEKEND! DON'T WANNA MISS IT!

Turns to Andy.

SAM CONT'

Come on, Andy. I could really use that White Voice right about now.

ANDY

Let's get one thing straight; I attract people because of my wit and my charm, got it?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Is that what you put in your bio?

ANDY

You bet your ass, buddy. Look, Sam; I admire your enthusiasm, but nobody is gonna pay twenty bucks for this.

SAM

Seventeen with a three dollar coupon!

ANDY

*Three dollars off?!*

SAM

Come on. If you're so sure we're gonna get cancelled, we might as well:

*(Turning toward the street, projecting)*

GIVE THE PEOPLE A SHOW! COME ONE, COME ALL. CLOSING WEEKEND. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT. THE GREATEST COMEDY OF ALL TIME.

*(Back to Andy)*

Come on.

Andy accepts the challenge and slowly takes his place center stage. He does some little warmups to mock Sam.

Finally, he plays and sings pedantically:

ANDY

*Closing time, come on in and join us for our William Shakespeare show... Closing time, blah blah blah blah blah come see our show... Closing time, please come see our show because we're literally about to close, yeah...*

SAM

*I want you to come and see our show... I want you to come and see our show--*

Andy joins.

SAM AND ANDY

*I want you to come and see our show, see our show-oh-oh...*

SAM

Yeah...

Andy does some epic yet non-impressive strumming as another Person approaches.

SAM

Hey! Come see our show! Starts any minute.

ANDY

No, no--

Andy tries to stop Sam but it's too late.

PERSON

Oh my god, leave me alone!

Person walks away doing something obnoxious.

SAM

What the fuck?

ANDY

That was the guy from *before*. The guy with the airpods...

SAM

Oh, shit...

ANDY

Yeah.

SAM

Fuck that guy! Fuck you, Lakeview!

ANDY

(Amused)

Dude!

SAM

We need a signal. If you see someone coming that we've seen before and I don't notice, you say...

ANDY

*Vernon.*

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
"Vernon"? Really?

ANDY  
Yeah. I like the name *Vernon*.

SAM  
Okay, so *Vernon*...

ANDY  
Nice.

SAM  
If the person is... wearing  
headphones, we say "*Grover*".

ANDY  
*Grover*? How is "*Grover*" any better  
than "*Vernon*"?

SAM  
It's not better, it's like in the  
same ballpark.

ANDY  
Why didn't you choose something  
better?

SAM  
I was trying to pick up what you  
were puttin' down.

ANDY  
Okay. *Grover*. We say "*Grover*" when  
someone is approaching who's  
wearing headphones.

SAM  
Nice...

Pause.

ANDY  
If people are coming from both  
sides. What if there are people  
coming from all directions? If you  
just say "*Grover*" how will I know  
which one you're talking about?

SAM  
You're right!



ANDY

We need three words. Headphones is "Grover". If we see someone we've bothered already coming from the right we say "Vernon". If they're coming from the *left* we say--

*(This line should always be improvised:)*

SAM

"[*Lizard King*]!"

Pause.

ANDY

"[*Lizard King*]" it is.

They shake hands. A Person approaches from the left.

SAM

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, come see some--

ANDY

Grover, Grover!

SAM

(To Andy:)

What?

(To Person:)

--Come see some Shakespeare?

ANDY

I mean [*Lizard King*]-- [*LIZARD KING*]!

SAM

Shh!

ANDY

God dammit.

SAM

What the hell?

ANDY

I forgot the codes.

SAM

They're signals.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY  
Codes, signals, whatever.

SAM  
They're not codes. Codes are like passwords that get you into something. They're signals, because signals--

ANDY  
Hey. They get you into someone's heart...

SAM  
Fuck, you're right.

ANDY  
Okay okay okay, that side is "Vernon", this side is "[Lizard King]". I got it.

SAM  
Hey, listen up, buddy; this isn't a game. I don't know what you think you're doin' out here with your Vernon and your Grover but you better--

ANDY  
Shh-- Shhh-- shut up, shut up.

Another Person approaches.

ANDY  
Hey there, Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, wanna come see some theatre?

The Person stops, looks over the poster.

PERSON  
*"The King's Quietus"?*

SAM  
That's the name of our theatre company.

PERSON  
Oh... Thanks.

They hand the poster back and walk off.

SAM

Shit!

ANDY

Fucking Kings! God dammit... I can't believe they call themselves that.

SAM

It's fine. We'll get the next one.

ANDY

"*King's Quietus*..." Did you know that means "The King's Prayer?"  
Fucking pretentious.

SAM

"*King's Prayer*?"

ANDY

Yeah.

SAM

I don't think so.

ANDY

Yeah, it does.

SAM

Well no... "*Quietus*" means death.

ANDY

What?

SAM

Death. Or like... relief from life.

ANDY

*Ohh--*

SAM

Cuz in Hamlet he says; "He himself might his *quietus* make--"

SAM AND ANDY

*--with a bare bodkin!"*

ANDY

*Right.*

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY CONT'

"For who would fardels bear, To  
grunt and sweat under a weary  
life--"

SAM

--but that the dread of something  
after death, the undiscover'd  
country from whose bourn no  
traveller returns--"

A Person walks by during this moment but they don't stop.

ANDY

"Puzzles the will and makes us  
rather bear those ills we have--"

SAM AND ANDY

"Than *fly* to others that we know  
not of! And thus conscious does  
make cowards of us all..."

ANDY

Oh it does.

They've gotten close to each other. Pause. Sam steps back.

ANDY CONT'

GETCHYA SHAKESPEARE HERE. EXTRA,  
EXTRA. SHAKESPEARE'S GREATEST  
COMEDY. CLOSING NIGHT SPECIAL.  
THREE DOLLARS OFF A FULL PRICED  
TICKET!

SAM

Now that's what I'm talkin' about!  
Put that White Voice to work!

Andy and Sam get in a playful scuffle.

A Person approaches, on the phone, doesn't take a poster.

PERSON

There's some guys out here dressed  
like Pirates. They must be from  
Boystown.

They walk away.

ANDY

We're actors, asshole!

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
We do kinda look like pirates.

ANDY  
Oh, shit...  
(calling after the Person)  
Sorry!

SAM  
Fuck it. Ahoy, Bitch!

ANDY  
Yeah, BITCH!

SAM  
(shaking his head)  
Dude.

ANDY  
Sorry.

SAM  
Sorry ain't good enough.

Sam starts pacing.

SAM CONT'  
NUTS! I gotta do this show, man.  
I'm not ready to go back to Trader  
Joes.

ANDY  
You work at Trader Joes?

SAM  
Yeah, man. And it's almost  
Passover. There are a ton of Jews  
in Rogers Park, man. And we got the  
best Matzah. You don't even know.

Andy also starts pacing.

ANDY CONT'  
Ya know what? I bet in  
Shakespeare's time, his company  
*would* perform for one person. We  
know he performed for the king, and  
the king may have had a *few* of  
people in the throne room, but  
either way the original company  
performed for very small  
audiences... and this isn't their  
first small audience either.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You think so?

ANDY

Come on; they're charging 20 bucks a ticket and putting a three dollar coupon on the back. That's a fucking slap in the face. I'm proud of this show, I am, but it's not worth that much. I can't even afford a ticket. And I asked her if I could seat people for free at the last minute to try to fill the house... You know what she said? She said "Sorry. It doesn't work like that."

SAM

(Not wanting to get mutinous)  
I mean, what are we gonna do? I wanna perform.

ANDY

I don't know...

SAM

(gesturing toward the guitar)  
UGH. Come on, let's run it back.  
That was fire.

Andy gets his guitar, but he's moving slow, thinking. Pause.

ANDY

We should start our own theatre company.

SAM

What?

ANDY

You heard me. Let's start a theatre company. Come on! Everyone's doin' it.

SAM

Nahh.

ANDY

Come on! We could do it! Get a little money together, tell our friends, call it something *not stupid*? We'll call it Vernon! And Grover! "Vernon and Grover's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDY (cont'd)

Shakespeare company! Premier acting  
from the ground floor up...  
Excellent acting... excellent...  
Chicago...storefront... theatre..."  
Yeah! Come on, dude! We could do  
it!

SAM

Andy, Andy--

ANDY

I'm serious! What are you waiting  
for? What are the Dead Kings gonna  
do for you?

SAM

Just drop it, man.

A Person approaches. Andy's dialogue should overlap with the  
interaction between Sam and the Person.

SAM

Heyy, limited time offer! Special  
discount for a show starting right  
now!

They stop and look over the flyer.

ANDY

(sotto voice)

--you know you're doing more  
advertising right now than anyone  
in that company. You know they get  
paid more than us?

SAM

(To the Person)

Closing night.

ANDY

(sotto voice)

They do. Teddy gets like, a salary,  
and he doesn't do shit. He doesn't  
even know his lines.

SAM

(To Andy)

Shut up, Andy.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

I mean it's like, you pay us  
nothing--

SAM

(To the Person)

It's a great show, really funny--

ANDY

--we actually work our asses off  
because we love it--

SAM

Three dollars off if you bring this  
in--

ANDY

--and you're about to make us  
rehearse?

The Person hands the poster back and walks away.

SAM

(Calling after Person)

We actually have a show starting  
right now if you're not busy!

ANDY

Sam, we deserve better than this!

SAM

Dude. *Stop.*

ANDY

What?

(Yelling at the Person)

--WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, BLAH BLAH  
BLAH. COME STROKE OUR FRAGILE EGOS.

SAM

What the fuck, man?

ANDY

Who gives a shit? Actors are the  
only ones who like Shakespeare. I  
mean, you can't possibly tell me  
that you actually understand this  
shit...

SAM

Uh.. Yeah. I do.

(CONTINUED)



ANDY

Whatever, man. Fuck this.

Andy starts to gather his things.

SAM

Where are you going?

ANDY

We deserve better than this.

SAM

You're gonna leave?

ANDY

I'm not gonna stay here to rehearse. Look. Come with me, I'll buy you a drink. I think we should talk about... about what we would do differently if we started our own theatre company.

SAM

Look, man--

ANDY

Come on. We'll talk to Jennifer, we'll be very respectful. Just say "Hey, we will perform for these two people, or we'll take our twenty-dollar stipend now. Please and fuck you."

Pause.

ANDY CONT'

You're gonna stay.

SAM

I just... Yes.

ANDY

What, to rehearse? You realize we don't owe her anything. Tell me; what is the point in rehearsing?

SAM

Maybe to get better? Look, I see where you're coming from. I want to do the show. I don't want to rehearse. But I'm here. I'm in this stupid costume. And I'm not going to leave because... Aren't you having fun?

(CONTINUED)

Person approaches carrying a pineapple.

SAM CONT'

William Shakespeare! His best  
comedy! Special closing night deal!

The Person takes a flyer and walks on, then stops.

Andy retreats toward the doorway.

PERSON

How much is it?

SAM

So, it's twenty, but if you look on  
the back, that's three dollars  
off--

PERSON

--"Three dollars off a full priced  
ticket." So it's 17?

SAM

If you have a student ID it's only  
twelve.

PERSON

*Twelfth Night?*

SAM

*Shakespeare.*

PERSON

Huh. Is it good?

SAM

Absolutely.

ANDY

Eh.

SAM

It's really funny.

Pause. The Person considers.

PERSON

I can't, but thanks, guys.

SAM

You sure? It's a good show.

(CONTINUED)

PERSON

I would, it's just...  
(referring to the pineapple)  
I gotta get this home...

SAM

We can wait for you. We're already holding the show.

PERSON

Oh, no. Don't worry about it--

The Person hands the poster back and turns to go.

SAM

Hey, wait. Please. We're gonna get cancelled if we don't get more people in here and... it's a really good show. We'd really-- I'd really appreciate it if you--

PERSON

Sorry--

The Person turns to leave--

ANDY

The ticket is free!

The Person stops.

PERSON

I thought it was seventeen.

ANDY

I'll pay for it. We'll split it. We will buy your ticket... Come on, my friend just ripped his fucking heart out and offered it to you on a plate... with a side of fruit. Please.

The Person is not convinced.

ANDY CONT'

I'll play you a song.

He grabs his guitar.

PERSON

Oh no, that's okay--

Andy starts to play;

(CONTINUED)

ANDY  
*CLOSING TIME--*

PERSON  
--Stop, stop, stop...

ANDY  
Sorry.

The Person sighs.

PERSON  
It's seventeen bucks?

She looks the two up and down.

PERSON CONT'  
Alright. What the hell.

The Person shuffles toward the door while pulling out cash.

SAM  
Alright!

PERSON  
Do you guys have a knife? Or, a  
spoon, maybe?

SAM  
No we do not.

ANDY  
We got a show!

The three of them head through the doorway.

SAM  
I'll go tell Jennifer!

ANDY  
I'll get the squirt guns!

PERSON  
You said this is Shakespeare?

They all exit inside the theater. The poster flies to the floor.

SCENE II.

Evening. Eight minutes later.

Sam tip-toes outside carrying two squirt guns. He re-tapes the poster to the window. He starts squirting himself down.

Moments later, Andy scampers in from the side, out of breath, carrying his shoes.

ANDY

Sam! *Sam!*

SAM

What the hell?

ANDY

Sam, listen.

SAM

What the happened? Where did you come from?

ANDY

I hopped the fence, just listen to me...

Pause.

ANDY

What?

SAM

What?

ANDY

Oh shit, sorry I thought you said something.

SAM

Did you want me to say something?

ANDY

No, no-- shh-- listen... The chick with the pineapple? That's Kris Jones.

SAM

What?

ANDY

Yup.

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
That is not--

ANDY  
Kris-- with a "K"-- Jones.

SAM  
*What?*

ANDY  
Yes.

SAM  
Kris with a K?

ANDY  
With a "K".

SAM  
You've gotta be kidding me.

ANDY  
No, I swear! She's like the biggest  
Northside, pay-what-you can  
storefront theatre critic on the  
North side!

SAM  
Bullshit.

Sam pulls out his phone.

ANDY  
Look it up.

SAM  
I am.

ANDY  
I can't believe you don't know her,  
she has like a million followers...  
No, not Facebook, go on Instagram.

SAM  
I don't have an Instagram.

ANDY  
... what?

SAM  
I am not on Instagram.

ANDY

Why not?

SAM

I just don't need that kind of  
*energy* in my life.

ANDY

What kind of energy?

SAM

I just don't do Instagram. Okay?

ANDY

But dude, I use Instagram for  
marketing, for auditions, to  
connect with other artists--

SAM

--taking artsy pictures of your  
food--

ANDY

--*And* the *occasional* picture of an  
extraordinary looking meal, okay?

SAM

I'll just Google her.

ANDY

(Smirking)

"Google her", ya don't even know  
her...

Sam glares at Andy for that extremely stupid joke.

ANDY

Sorry.

They look at Sam's phone.

ANDY

(Pointing)

There, there.

They look at her picture, then at each other.

SAM

*Shit.*

ANDY

Kris, with a mother fucking--

(CONTINUED)

SAM

--K.

ANDY

Told you.

Pause.

SAM

Alright, bro. Here we go. We gotta kill it tonight.

Sam starts stretching. Andy starts putting his shoes on.

ANDY

Hell yeah.

Pause.

SAM

Why are you holding your shoes?

ANDY

Oh, I forgot to come out the front so I had to hop the fence.

SAM

What?

ANDY

Bad-ass, right?

SAM

I just saw a guy peeing back there.

ANDY

What?!

SAM

I think it was the Air Pods guy.

ANDY

What a dick!

Pause.

SAM AND ANDY

Fuck you Lakeview!

They chuckle as Sam hands Andy a squirt gun.

(CONTINUED)



ANDY  
Turn around.

SAM  
Woah, man-- I don't like you like  
that.

Andy raises his squirt gun.

ANDY  
I wasn't askin', cowboy.

SAM  
Don't shoot, Dirty Dan!

He raises his hands and turns... Andy squirts Sam's back.  
Sam acts out a fake death.

ANDY  
Okay, okay, save it for the stage,  
Hamlet.

Andy peeks inside.

SAM  
We getting close?

ANDY  
Nah, she just told Malvolio to fuck  
off.

SAM  
Okay.

They both do elaborate warm-ups for several moments.

It's a whole thing.

SAM  
You ready?

ANDY  
I'm nervous, man.

SAM  
Oh, shut up.

ANDY  
You're not nervous? It's *Kris  
Jones*.

SAM

With a "K". Who cares? We just gotta have fun. If she likes it she likes it. If not, we're back at square one, passing out flyers for a twenty dollar stipend.

ANDY

It's not that easy, Sam. This is a small town.

SAM

We'll be fine... didn't you get people like this at DePaul all the time?

Andy hesitates.

ANDY

I...

Pause.

SAM

What...

ANDY

I didn't...

SAM

You didn't go to DePaul! I knew it! You have to be so *hot* to go to DePaul. No offense, but like... *very attractive* actors there.

ANDY

No--

SAM

Have you seen some of those actors? Like that dude from *Stranger Things*? Johnny something? Damn dude, I would lie about going to DePaul.

ANDY

SAM. I went to DePaul. It's just... It's not what you think.

SAM

What do you mean? It's fucking DePaul. *The* Theatre School. They literally named their school as if

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (cont'd)  
they're the only fucking theatre  
school on the planet.

ANDY  
I know, I know, it's just... they  
don't cast you in anything your  
freshman or sophomore year. And  
there's class stuff and labs but...  
I don't know... it's a ton of  
politics.

Pause.

ANDY CONT'  
I wasn't *liked* at The Theatre  
School. Nobody wanted me in their  
shows, they talked about me behind  
my back... I did a few things here  
and there, but by the time I was a  
junior... everybody fucking hated  
me. I don't know why! They were  
just... they were nice to me but  
it was fake. I could tell by the  
way they looked at me. It was  
humiliating. So I transferred to  
the creative writing program... But  
I love acting. I just never felt at  
home at TTS.

SAM  
Damn, dude.

ANDY  
And this is my first show since  
graduating-- from the creative  
writing program! I don't know if I  
can do this, man. I mean you're,  
like, very good. And I'm just this  
fucking pussy...

SAM  
Hey hey hey... No. Andy, look at  
me. You are a shining star. In the  
sky. Shooting across the universe.  
Like fucking... Tom Hanks or...  
Tommy Wisea.

ANDY  
Tom Hanks got Coronavirus!

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I know. Of all the white people.

ANDY

Yeah... what?

SAM

Nevermind... You're a legend, bro... And besides, what other people think of you? It's none of your business.

ANDY

You're right.

SAM

And most importantly; don't compare yourself to me. Cuz I'm amazing. I mean, Tom Hanks? Psht-- he's got nothin' on this non-equity actor.

ANDY

Yeah!

SAM

Yeah!

Sam helps Andy up.

SAM

Come on. Imma need that White Voice firing on all cylinders tonight. We gotta charm the pants off of Kris muthafuckin' Jones.

ANDY

Hell yeah! Kris with a "K"!

SAM

With a "K".

They embrace. Pause.

Sam grabs his squirt gun, continues squirting himself down.

Pause.

ANDY

I actually wanted to ask you... I was thinking I'd try something different tonight.

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
Go for it.

ANDY  
So... you know "the purse scene"?

SAM  
Yup.

ANDY  
I was thinking I'd try something.

SAM  
Mhmm.

ANDY  
What if I kiss you?

Pause. Sam laughs, then Andy joins. Pause.

ANDY  
What do you think?

SAM  
I can't tell if you're joking right now.

ANDY  
I'm serious. I know "Shakespeare has no subtext" but... why not try something different? Go big or go home, right?

SAM  
I don't think so, man.

ANDY  
What? It challenges the facade of masculinity.

SAM  
I just--

ANDY  
It could be cool...

SAM  
Andy--

ANDY  
I'm not gay.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

No, I know. Shut up. I just don't think it's what Shakespeare intended.

ANDY

Think about this. Maybe Shakespeare was gay... Like maybe Antonio and Sebastian were supposed to be gay, but writing a bromance was as close as he could get, or else he'd have his fucking head chopped off.

SAM

Okay--

ANDY

I mean, I don't know all the details but it was definitely illegal to be gay back then, so if he wanted to write gay characters...

SAM

ANDY.

ANDY

Either one of us could be gay!

SAM

ANDY!

ANDY

I'm not gay.

SAM

Andy, Jesus-- I agree with you. Shakespeare probably *was* gay. But... I don't think it's up to us to *change* Shakespeare. And a kiss? Come on, man-- buy me dinner first.

ANDY

We're not *changing* Shakespeare. We have the freedom that Shakespeare didn't. We need to use his words to say something new.

SAM

Shakespeare gives. you. *everything*. They're in love, they say it. They're gonna kill someone they tell the audience-- Iago! Come on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (cont'd)  
We can't just kiss and never talk  
about it again.

ANDY  
I was born to play Iago. I know the  
rules. But we're not just  
Shakespeare enthusiasts-- we are  
actors and artists. Our job is to  
challenge people and--

SAM  
I think our job right now is to  
keep our few customers in their  
seats.

ANDY  
If we don't try something new then  
we won't.

SAM  
Andy, I understand what you're  
saying. I just... I don't want to  
kiss you, okay?

ANDY  
Fine. That's all you had to say.

SAM  
Good.

Sam peeks inside. He spritzes more water...

ANDY  
I just want people to like us.

SAM  
Yes. But we're good enough without  
adding... sex appeal.

ANDY  
Hey, speak for yourself.

SAM  
So no kiss?

ANDY  
I promise I will not kiss you.

SAM  
My hero.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

What would you do if I kissed you?

SAM

I'd fucking smack you.

ANDY

That's what I'm talkin' about!

SAM

You trying to get smacked?

ANDY

Yes!

SAM

Really.

ANDY

Why not?

Sam cocks his arm back.

ANDY

Woah! Not now, Sam-- Jesus!

SAM

You just said--

ANDY

I was saying, that it would be interesting for an audience. Wouldn't you wanna see that?

SAM

No.

ANDY

You're telling me you wouldn't want to see the play where that happens?

SAM

I'm telling you I don't want to be *in* the play where that happens.

ANDY

Okay, fine. Whatever you say. But I think that would be pretty cool. Edge-of-my-seat-type-shit.

SAM

So you're not gonna kiss me.

(CONTINUED)



ANDY  
I will not kiss you.

SAM  
You will not.

ANDY  
I will not.

SAM  
Good.

Pause.

ANDY  
But hypothetically--

SAM  
Andy, I swear to God--

ANDY  
How am I supposed to know what's going to happen on stage? It's live theatre. In the future. If I could tell you exactly what's gonna happen out there, why see the play?

SAM  
Okay, but you're not gonna kiss me, right?

ANDY  
I don't know, Sam! I want to have some fun. I will not put you in danger. I promise. I would never. But don't you want to *feel* like there's danger? Shouldn't it feel like anything could happen? That's what live theatre is for! Those people sit on their asses and watch Netflix reality shows every night-- they come here to see real people actually living.

SAM  
What do you have against Netflix?

ANDY  
Nothing, I love it. Look, Sam; I give you permission to do whatever you want to me on stage.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Wow. Great. Anything?

ANDY

Anything.

SAM

Anything at all.

ANDY

Yes.

SAM

I can do *anything* and you will be fine with it.

ANDY

Well... like what?

SAM

What if I... walk away?

ANDY

Walk away?

SAM

What if I just walk away? In the middle of the scene. Or whenever. What if I just walk out in the middle of the play? That would be controversial. That'd be new.

ANDY

First of all, Antonio is not exactly *essential* for *Twelfth Night*.

SAM

Okay, first of all; fuck you. Second; our cast-- our friends-- are relying on us to go out there and do the show we rehearsed. Not hijack the play for his own agenda.

ANDY

Fuck you.

SAM

Andy, listen to me. I admire you. You're talented. We have fun out there every night. We can give them a great show without doing anything ridiculous. Please, just... do what

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (cont'd)  
we rehearsed. No surprises. If you  
wanna change the blocking or change  
your intentions-- whatever! That's  
on you. I'll play with you. But I  
swear to God, if you fuck with me  
out there I will walk away. I will  
tell Jennifer. I will tell the  
entire cast. And I will write an  
extremely detailed Facebook post  
exposing this conversation and  
honestly a few things you've said  
in the past that were a little  
problematic... So, come on... Let's  
have a good, clean closing weekend.

Pause.

Andy picks up the squirt gun and heads for the door.

ANDY  
Thanks. You're talented too, Sam.

SAM  
No funny stuff?

ANDY  
Wouldn't want a play to be funny.

SAM  
Andy, Jesus, I didn't mean to--

Andy raises his squirt gun to Sam, silencing him.

ANDY  
Shhh... It's time...

Andy squirts Sam, tosses him the gun and runs on stage.

ANDY CONT'  
Break a leg, pussy.

SAM  
Andy, wait--

Pause.

Sam stands outside holding the gun.

Andy calls Sam from within.

ANDY (O.S.)  
*Antonio! Where art thou, Antonio?*

Sam drops the gun and enters.

We suddenly hear them performing from within...

Long Pause.

Sam stumbles out, shaken. Andy plays guitar within.

Sam picks up a squirt gun. Pause.

He smashes the squirt gun on the ground then breaks down.

The Person comes out in the middle of this. They go to leave, but stop and turn back.

PERSON  
Are you okay?

SAM  
Oh, yeah. Yes--

Sam tries to clean up the broken pieces from the squirt gun.

SAM CONT'  
--thank you, sorry... are you  
enjoying the show?

PERSON  
Uh... yeah...

Pause. The Person watches Sam try to hide his distress.

PERSON  
So... Shakespeare, huh?

SAM  
No. Well, yes. Fuck...

PERSON  
Are you sure you're okay?

Before Sam can say anything, Andy comes out. He stops when he feels the energy between Sam and the Person.

PERSON  
Well... (to Sam:) Thank you.

The Person walks away.

ANDY  
Hey, where's she going? What did  
she say?

Pause.

ANDY CONT'  
Yo... You good?

SAM  
What the fuck, man?

ANDY  
Look, Sam, I'm sorry. I didn't  
think... I'm sorry, okay?

Pause.

ANDY CONT'  
Sam... Sam, come on, man. I said  
I'm sorry. Sam... I SAID I'M SORRY.  
What more do you want?

Pause.

SAM  
Okay.

Andy starts to go inside, then stops.

ANDY  
I thought it was pretty good.

Sam doesn't respond. Pause. Andy doesn't know what to do.  
Then, out of nowhere:

ANDY  
LIZARD KING! LIZARD KING!

Sam jumps.

SAM  
Ah-- FUCK YOU, MAN!

ANDY  
Jeez... I'm just playin'...

SAM  
AHHH! Just... leave me alone.

ANDY  
Sorry...

Andy glances toward the theater.

ANDY CONT'

Sam... *Sam*... they're starting the  
song... Are you coming?

Sam sighs.

SAM

Yeah. Be right there.

Andy goes inside. Pause.

Sam rips the flyer off the window.

He says, a little to himself, a little to God:

SAM

*O for a muse of fire...*

Sam sighs.

He tears the flyer in half, drops it and enters the theater.

Lights fade.