

SIDE ONE
FOR "TINA" AND "PENDLETON"
(READER TO READ GEORGE LINE)

TINA

And by the way---we'd have had some money left over this season if you didn't push us into doing the stupid Beckham play.

PENDLETON

It's Beckett--not Beckham. He's an Irish dramatist, not an English soccer player and underwear model.

TINA

Well whoever wrote it---that went over real well. Who ever heard of a putting on a play where the guy in the title doesn't even show up? "Waiting for ---WHATEVER." "Waiting for something to happen" is what they should call that piece of crap. And we're all supposed to sit there and act all "oooooh smarty pants" because "oooooh, big whoop, we're waiting and waiting and ooooh whadya know, he never shows up. Ooooh, must be deep, must be important." Well ya know what, anybody can write a play where the characters don't show up. First rule of playwriting: characters who don't show up? Easiest ones to write. Try writing a play where all the characters show up, and where people actually say what they mean, not like the stupid Ibsen whatever it was play with what's her byotch Nora what's her face slamming the door and for the whole stupid play, nobody's saying what they mean. What the hell kind of a play is that? Whatever happened to playwrights writing characters that actually show up and say what they mean?

PENDLETON (To Tina)

If you had even the slightest wafer thin semblance of legitimate training, none of this would be an issue. Now, when I was in drama school..

TINA

--here it comes.

GEORGE

Oh Uncle, spare us.

TINA

Can you go one day, seriously? Without mentioning where you went to school? Seriously, one day?

PENDLETON

Fine, I'll put it another way less threatening to your egg shell of an ego. During my studies---in New Haven--

TINA

Oh, just say it.

PENDLETON

At The Yale School of Drama--

TINA

Hilarious, I'm outa here.

END

SIDE TWO
DEREK AND PENDLETON

DEREK

Is that a prop?

PENDLETON (Spooked)

What are you doing sneaking up on me like that?

DEREK

It's my job to gather all the props before strike. Which it appears is also entirely my job. That flask, is it a prop?

PENDLETON

I suppose---in a manner of speaking.

DEREK

"There is to be no alcohol consumed in the theatre."

PENDLETON

Who are you again?

DEREK

I'm Derek. Your dresser, front of house, box office--

PENDLETON

Right, Derek.

DEREK

That quote regarding alcohol by the way, was taken directly from a stage craft book I had to buy for theatre 101 at the community college I was enrolled at before certain financial constraints forced me to dis-enroll.

PENDLETON

You really know your stuff.

DEREK

And besides that, I refuse to enable you.

PENDLETON

"Enable me" doing what?

DEREK

Drinking. You can't fool me Mr. Pendleton. Now if you'd be so kind, I'll have to ask you to check out of the theatre

for the evening. I have to lock up and get home to Mr. Marples before he starts to froth.

PENDLETON

Sorry, "Mr. Marples?"

DEREK

My cat.

PENDLETON

Right, and he froths does he? At the mouth?

DEREK

Yes. He's quite elderly and I have to keep him in the kennel because his bones are brittle and sometimes he has seizures after he froths and---well, ---I should really be getting home.

PENDLETON

Sounds like a lot of fun, your cat.

END

SIDE THREE
UCP AND PENDLETON

PENDLETON

Who are you exactly?

UCP points the light right into
Pendleton's eyes.

PENDLETON (Turns away from light)

Hey!

UCP

I sir, am the Usher of Christmas Past.

PENDLETON

Long past?

UCP

No, your past.

PENDLETON

I can't believe I walked into that.

UCP

Me either to be honest.

UCP suddenly points his
flashlight toward a back
aisle.

UCP

Did I just hear a candy wrapper? Who's crinkling? Do I have to give lessons on how to unwrap a piece of candy now? How about this? (He puts down the flashlight and program, takes a piece of wrapped candy out of his vest pocket, holds it up) Twist--and gently unwrap. Okay? Was that brain surgery? And I did it with one hand! Okay you blue hairs, I repeat: twist, gently unwrap. No crinkly crinkly. Have a little eensy weensy bit of class, shall we?

PENDLETON

Wow, you're an angry usher.

UCP

We're all angry, buddy. Angry ushers are theatre's deep dark little secret.

PENDLETON

And you're here to do what exactly?

UCP

"Usher" you---back in time. Get it? See what I did there?

He suddenly points the
flashlight toward the
audience, in someone's face.

UCP

Are you texting? Turn it off! Yup, you! I'm watching you D7.

Does fingers to eyes threat.

Oh, I'm on you. I'm on you.

Suddenly points to another
audience member.

You find that funny G4? Huh? Because I don't, and I'm watching you too. (Back to Pendleton) What the hell happened to decorum at the theatre? Seriously. When I started in this job, men and women *dressed* for the theatre. That's right, people dressed! And by dressed, I don't mean sweatpants and tuxedo tee shirts. That's right, and no talking either. Hey, that reminds me---let's go over one simple little rule before we proceed, shall we? You are *not* watching a television show. You are *not* in your living room watching *The Voice* on a 72 inch TV screen while you mindlessly pick through a bag of Doritos, capiche? You are in a theatre. With actual live human beings on stage. They can *hear* you. So don't talk back to them. Just watch it, all of you, because I have seriously had it.
END

~~FOUR~~
SIDE ~~FOUR~~
SUSAN AND PENDLETON

SUSAN
There's nothing to apologize for. Don't be silly, Hugh. Of course you should go. I would never want to hold you back.

PENDLETON
But you're disappointed. Susan, just admit it.

SUSAN
I'm disappointed we won't have our season together, of course. It was what we always wanted. Or what you said, anyway. They offered us a season. They offered us brilliant roles. That isn't a usual thing.

PENDLETON
Well of course, we're amazing together.

SUSAN
I suppose we have our moments.

PENDLETON
But---Minneapolis?

SUSAN
Yes a beautiful town that appreciates theatre. Is there a problem with that, Hugh?

PENDLETON
Well, in terms of who might actually see us, there is. What industry is there, what's the market like?

SUSAN
"Industry." "Market."

PENDLETON
Look, just because I want to be seen by a lot of people doesn't mean I'm a sell out, okay?

SUSAN
I don't think you're anything of the kind. I think when you have an opportunity you should take it.

PENDLETON
My agent said I have to commit to LA now or never, that there's a window. You have to strike while the iron is hot.

SUSAN
Windows open and close all the time, Hugh. That's the nature of windows.

PENDLETON
I'll fly back every couple of weeks.

SUSAN
Actually, there's no need.

PENDLETON
What? What does that mean?

SUSAN
I think we should rethink things.

PENDLETON
Like what exactly?

SUSAN
We're on different paths, you and I. I want to act. You want to be famous. Lately all you talk about is business, markets, deals, promises, movies. We used to talk about plays, ideas. We used to talk about art.

PENDLETON
So your dream is worthy, mine isn't. Is that it?

SUSAN
No, yours is worthy, it's just not mine. I don't know who you are anymore, Hugh. I really don't. You're a stranger to me. I'm not saying that makes you wrong---just a stranger.

PENDLETON
I see.

SUSAN
I wish you all the happiness, I really do.

PENDLETON
Spare me.

SUSAN
I hope you find whatever it is you're looking for, and that it makes you happy. Goodbye, Hugh.
END

SIDE FIVE
PENDLETON AND JANITOR

PENDLETON

Hey, you there!?

The janitor sort of hears him,
taking the buds out of his
ears. Looks back.

JANITOR

What? Dude, did you just say something to me?

Pendleton walks through the
curtain, heads downstage.

PENDLETON

Are you a ghost?

JANITOR

A ghost? No, I'm a janitor. See, it says "janitor" on my
shirt, right here. And I'm holding a mop, ya know?

PENDLETON

What is today?

JANITOR

It's Christmas day, man.

PENDLETON

Are you sure?

JANITOR

Do you think janitors are stupid? I know what day it is.

PENDLETON (To self)

All in one night! They did it all in one night!

JANITOR

Who are you talking to?

PENDLETON

That's called an "aside." It's when a actor speaks to him
or herself. It's a dramatic device.

JANITOR

Well, it's stupid. People don't do that.

PENDLETON

Why are you working today, if it's Christmas?

JANITOR

I'm a Jehovah's Witness.

PENDLETON

No kidding.

JANITOR

Yeah, why, do you have a problem with that? Are you saying Janitor's can't be Jehovah's Witnesses that mop up theatres on Christmas day?

PENDLETON

I'm saying nothing of the kind! Oh, sir I'm as giddy as a summer apprentice, as light and as happy as a first year drama student before their loans kick in.

JANITOR

Well, that's great man, but if you don't mind, I have to finish the...

PENDLETON

My fine boy, put that mop down!

JANITOR

Why?

PENDLETON

Do you know the Albertsons supermarket on the corner?

JANITOR

Who doesn't know the Albertsons?

PENDLETON

There's a fish section in back.

Pendleton burrows in his pocket, has a couple bills, presses them in the janitor's hand.

PENDLETON

Take this, go to the Albertsons and buy me the biggest halibut they have. The whole fish, with the head, and deliver it to this address, here: (Quickly writes, passes paper) And wrapped in suitable paper of course.

JANITOR

Mind if I ask you something first?

PENDLETON

Of course fine boy.

JANITOR

Why do you think it's okay to ask someone you don't know, and you just met, to run an errand for you? You don't find that presumptuous at all?

Pendleton looks at him.

JANITOR

Oh, right--janitor's can't know the word "presumptuous," right? And btw, just looking at what you gave me here, I can tell you already that you didn't give me enough money to buy some big fish. How much is a big halibut anyway? And why a halibut? And don't say "just for the halibut," too easy.

PENDLETON

Off with you boy! No more dawdling, I have much to do!

JANITOR

Fine, but stop calling me "boy," I'm forty three years old, man.

END