

**MANNEQUINS**

**By Paul-David Halem**  
**Copyright 1-1090777741**  
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## **CHARACTERS**

**ROD ANDREWS - Age range 40 to 50. Handsome actor with erudite speech.**

**ALYSON: Woman age range 25 to 30. Rod's attractive friend.**

**DARYL: Age range 22 to 26**

**SUSAN: Woman age range 40 to 55. Daryl's room mate.**

**JANET GREEN: (Rod's Agent) Middle Aged Woman. Can be played by same actress that plays Susan**

**THE PLAY IS PERFORMED WITHOUT AN INTERMISSION**

**This play is dedicated to Sandi and Rebecca. They make everyday a new adventure.**

*(The setting is a chic apartment in New York City with a great view. Two office chairs with wheels are stage right. Sitting on the chairs are mannequins dressed in ski attire. These costumes are attached with velcro and can be removed quickly. Sofa is stage center with an end table and phone. Up center is a bar with counter. Front door is UL. Doorway to hall is UR. There is a box that holds costumes next to the bar)*

### ROD

*(He is reading a script as he paces. His lines are spoken to the mannequins).*

*(Says the line as if he were a CPA)* “I came out into the cold winter night and realized that nothing would ever hurt me again. Then I saw him coming towards me and I knew I was going to die.”

*(Says the line as a tough criminal)* “I came out into the cold winter night and realized that nothing would ever hurt me again. Then I saw him coming towards me and I knew I was going to die.”

*(Says the same line as an over the top gay queen)* “I came out into the cold winter night and realized that nothing would ever hurt me again. Then I saw him coming towards me and I knew I was going to die.”

*(Picks up the phone even though it hasn't actually rung)* Oh, I was just about to call you and there you are calling me. Yes, I've got the script. I'm reading through it right now. Well I haven't read the whole script yet. Give me a chance to read it all and think about it a little...Yes, I'll call you if I have any questions. *(Hangs up the phone and talks directly to the mannequins.)* I hate fucking writers. They are the most self-absorbed assholes in the world. Just because they can write, they act like they are the true creative element. The fact is, when all is said and done, the actor has to make it all fit together. Without a gifted actor, it's just a bunch of scribble. *(He picks up the phone again even though it hasn't rung.)* Hello, Rod Andrews here...Yes, this is Rod Andrews. I just said that...I'm obviously talking to you...Who is this? New York Times Obituary Department? What makes you think I'm dead? Why exactly are you calling me? Is there something I should know? Oh, you want to update my file. My, that is very efficient of you. Hmmm, hmmm, I see. So let me get this right. You want to make sure you have correct info for my bio. Okay, why don't you tell me what you have and I'll confirm if it is correct. Born in San Francisco Jan 29<sup>th</sup>, 1969. Yes, that is correct. Attended UC Berkeley, but never graduated. That is true, but they did give me an honorary doctorate. So even though I don't have a BA, I do have a Ph D. Yes, I understand it was honorary. I was joking. Did you major in obituary writing in college? Oh, Political Science. Well that's close. Yes, I do have an Oscar and a Tony. If I was willing to do television, I might win an Emmy and then I would have the trifecta of crap. No, I'm not joking this time. I think awards are a terrible waste of time and effort. I am a student of film, and ever since I learned that John Wayne in “True Grit” beat out both Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight for “Midnight Cowboy”, I've had no respect for Oscars.

Of course, I kept mine. Just because I didn't respect them doesn't mean I didn't want one. After all, the year I won I really was the best. Well, young man, if that's all I really have a lot of work to do. Yes, I do plan to make a movie in the near future. I am actually reading a new script right now. No. I can't tell you about it. It's very hush hush. You'll have to wait and buy a ticket. Okay, just one hint. I am vigorously training so I can do my own stunts. That is all I can say at the moment. *(He hangs up the phone and resumes talking to the mannequins)*. Well, that was macabre. A call from the grim reaper department at the New York friggen Times. Can you believe he was actually confirming if I was still alive? His parents must be so proud. *(Using a women's voice)* "My son works at the Times. He writes articles about famous people. Yes, we are so proud". Oh well, I guess everyone has to start somewhere. I thought about being a writer, but who ever pays attention to who wrote something. When they roll the credits they always have the actors and then produced by and directed by. By the time they get to written by people have already left the theater. *(Annoyed he picks up the phone again)* Hello, whose there? You again? Yes, I'm still reading it...Actually I do have a question. How would you like me to play this guy?...Well, for instance, I could play him like a straight nobody, a tough criminal, or an over the top gay queen...I see what you're saying, but I just read the lines three different ways and they all work. No, I'm not on cold medication. Yes, we'll talk later. *(He hangs up and goes to the mannequins and adjust their scarfs and hats)* You two are always so nicely dressed. You look like you just stepped out of a Macy's window display. I used to love to shop. I really loved walking around Macy's Men's Department. I was always so impressed when I saw a mannequin wearing a shirt and tie. Once I saw a shirt that had a subtle lavender stripe and they had a bold purple check tie with it. Now, if I was looking for a shirt and tie it would never occur to me to put these two together. And yet, they looked so good together. You have to ask yourself what kind of mind would envision that match? Then I would look around and see men shopping for shirts and ties and none of them chose the display. They mostly chose plain white or blue shirts and standard striped ties. Their choices were fine, but they could have been so much more interesting. I wonder if people choose their partners the same way. Do they say to themselves I'm going to have to be with you the rest of my life and white shirts and red stripes never go out of style? Maybe that's why I always get so bored with people. Next time I think I might actually choose the lavender shirt and purple check tie. *(He goes to the phone that has not rung in an annoyed manner)* Oh it's you. Yes, the damn writer has already called me twice in the past twenty minutes. Yes, I'm reading the script and the first two pages look promising... Yes, I will read it if everyone stops calling me and asking if I've read it yet. *(Hangs up and continues his conversation with the mannequins)* That's my agent. She means well. We just have different goals. Hers is to keep me working. Mine is to do things that don't feel like work. My father once told me to do what you really like to do. It was the only advice he ever gave me. *(Rod looks at his front door)* Is someone at my door? This is going to be one of those days when you plan on getting everything on your list done and don't get anything actually done. *(He walks to the door and opens it. Alyson breezes in carrying an invisible bag of groceries)*.

**ALYSON**

Hello sweetie. Just brought you some supplies. You can't live on trail mix and scotch forever. *(She looks around and notices the mannequins.)* Nice outfits. Very festive. Are you alone? I thought I heard you talking to someone.

**ROD**

Just practicing some lines from a new script. Always have to hear the words out loud. Here, let me take that. *(He takes the bag and begins to unload invisible items at the bar. He holds up each item as he unloads them).* Black olives, which I hate and you like, decaf coffee, which you drink and I don't, chocolate latte creamer - really? A bottle of scotch. *(Smiling he waves the scotch)* Thank you for doing my grocery shopping.

**ALYSON**

It sounded like you were talking to someone.

**ROD**

Yes, that is called acting. Thought I'd give it a try. *(She looks at him confused)* Okay, you caught me. I was talking to myself again. I can't help it if I really enjoy the sound of my own voice.

**ALYSON**

Have you been self medicating?

**ROD**

*(Picks up the bottle of scotch and opens the bottle)* It is a little early, but what the hell. *(He pours himself a glass)*

**ALYSON**

Don't be flippant. You know what I mean. It's fine if you talk to yourself as long as you don't hear anyone replying. You aren't hearing voices are you?

**ROD**

*(Looks up from his glass of scotch)* Oh, sorry. Did you say something?

**ALYSON**

Very cute. So what do you think of the script?

**ROD**

*(Exasperated)* Everyone keeps asking me that same question. I just got it.

**ALYSON**

I don't know why you are even considering doing it. It's just probably another movie with car chases, buildings blowing up, busloads of people going over a bridge, and a plane crashing into a mountain side.

**ROD**

And that's only the first page. I know what you're saying, but I haven't worked in over a year. I've tried to be selective. There's just nothing that looks vaguely interesting.

**ALYSON**

So don't do anything. You have more money than you'll ever need.

**ROD**

True. But there is a difference between having all the money you'll need and all the money you want. Anyway, I'm bored to death. *(He pick up the script and waves it)* I know this isn't Shakespeare, but it might be fun to do something that is just a popcorn movie. It probably has no redeeming features at all. *(He smiles)* I'd be a shoe in for an Oscar Nomination.

**ALYSON**

My aren't we cynical today?

**ROD**

Actually, that was me being optimistic. So you want to go to my bedroom and get me to use an ironic expression straightened out?

**ALYSON**

Cute. You know if you were even vaguely interested in women I'd be truly flattered.

**ROD**

I am vaguely interested. You obviously haven't read he latest edition of The National Enquirer. Apparently I'm boffing three of them.

**ALYSON**

At the same time?

**ROD**

Now I'm shocked. *(Smiling)* Why didn't I think of that? Listen, as much as I love to visit, I really have to read this script. Come back later and you can pour me lunch.

**ALYSON**

Why don't you do a stage play? You haven't done real theater in years. Is there a play you would love to do?

**ROD**

You know I've always wanted to do "Whose Afraid of Virginia Woolf". George and Martha are such wonderful characters. He's a sadist, in a mealy-mouth kind of way, and she's vulnerable in a Tyrannosaurs Rex kind of way.

**ALYSON**

Which part would you play?

**ROD**

I know you're trying to be as cute as I, but that really is an interesting question. What if we did a version where George is played by a woman and Martha is played by a man?

**ALYSON**

Are you being serious?

**ROD**

As serious as an over-medicated unemployed actor can be at ten in the morning. I wonder if Albee would let me do it. I heard once that his original copyrighted version didn't have profanity in it. A small community theater with a conservative audience wanted to put on the sanitized version and asked Albee if he would allow it. The story goes his reply was "fuck you".

**ALYSON**

Such vulgarity. Even David Mamet would be shocked.

**ROD**

I've got to call my agent and get his number. I really think this might be an interesting idea. The best part is I could play Martha and not lose my credibility with The National Enquirer.

**ALYSON**

*(Looks at her watch)* Well I'm going to leave you to your script reading. I have a pedicure in thirty minutes. Why don't you take a break and come with me. My treat.

**ROD**

*(Looks up from his thoughts)* Why would I want to leave here and go out into that chaos? Never understood the attraction of someone cutting your toenails. *(He waves the script)* You know the best thing about action movies is there is very little dialogue to actually read. See you later. *(Alyson exits out the front door)* Half the world thinks I'm gay and the other half thinks I'm straight. The question is why would they care? I've played both roles and neither is that great.. If the truth be known, when given a choice between sex and a really good cup of coffee with Kahlua in it and a slice of New York cheesecake, there really is no contest. I always get bored with whomever I'm screwing, but I never get tired of New York cheesecake. There must be something existential about that. *(Rod looks up as if he hears something. He shakes his head and walks to the front door. He backs up slowly with his hands raised as a young man enters pointing a gun at him).*

**DARYL**

Son of a bitch. I know you. I saw you in a movie. Didn't you play this guy who could kill people by just thinking about them dying?

**ROD**

I'll have to think about that for a moment.

**DARYL**

Hey, that's funny. Listen I hate to just barge in here like this, but I really need to raise some cash and you were the only person in this building who opened their door. People are just aren't very polite. What if there was an emergency and I needed to have them call an ambulance or the police?

**ROD**

That's shocking. Would you like me to call the police?

**DARYL**

You really are funny. And you're also very polite.

**ROD**

Yes, death by good manners. Seems oddly appropriate.

**DARYL**

Listen I don't want to be rude or anything.

**ROD**

You do know that you're pointing a gun at my head?

**DARYL**

*(Laughs as he looks at the gun)* Yeah, I guess this is a little rude now that you mention it.

**ROD**

Now that I mention it? Actually by New York standards it is barely...curt.

**DARYL**

Well, as I said, I don't want to take up too much of your time. Would you please sit down and tell your friends not to move. *(He notices that the guests are mannequins)*. Holy shit, would you look at that! They're dummies!

**ROD**

*(Sits down on sofa with hands still raised)* There is no reason to be derogatory. They have feelings too.



**DARYL**

Yeah, okay...whatever.

**ROD**

Whatever? Is that the best you can do? I just told you my dummies have feelings and you come back with “whatever”?

**DARYL**

Take it easy man. I didn't mean to hurt their feelings.

**ROD**

Hurt their feelings? You do know that they're mannequins you idiot.

**DARYL**

Hey, who are you calling an idiot?

**ROD**

Well certainly not them. So, my pointy headed friend, what can I do for you? Would you like an autographed picture?

**DARYL**

*(Really confused)* Are you nuts? You do see I'm holding a gun on you?

**ROD**

So?

**DARYL**

So? You do realize I could just shoot you?

**ROD**

So?

**DARYL**

So? So, do you want to die? *(Waits impatiently)* Well, do you want me to kill you? *(Waits a beat)* Are you going to answer me?

**ROD**

I'm thinking. After all, you just asked me three different questions.

**DARYL**

Three?

**ROD**

Yes, three. One: Do you want to die? Two: Do you want me to shoot you? Three: Are you going to answer me? So my answers are no, no, and yes.

**DARYL**

No, no, and yes?

**ROD**

No, I don't want to die. At least not today. No, I don't want you to shoot me, and yes I am answering your questions. No, no, and yes.

**DARYL**

Do you know you're a real smart ass? Has anyone ever told you that?

**ROD**

Yes and yes.

**DARYL**

Son of bitch! You're doing it again.

**ROD**

Listen, as amusing a distraction as this is, I really do need to get this script read. What exactly do you want?

**DARYL**

Cash. Is that concise enough for you?

**ROD**

Concise? Good word. Yes. That is, indeed, concise enough. Top drawer of the bar over there. Help yourself.

**DARYL**

*(He crosses to bar and takes out the cash and counts it and then walks over to Rod)*

Thirty nine dollars? Is that all?

**ROD**

Do you take credit cards?

**DARYL**

*(He pulls Rod up and slaps him)* Now see what you made me do?

**ROD**

Personal check? *(Daryl raises his hand to strike him)* STOP! Now sit down you imbecile. *(Daryl slowly sits down on the sofa)* So, how about a cup of coffee and we'll discuss your problem.

**DARYL**

*(Petulantly)* Real coffee. None of that decaf crap.

**ROD**

*(He goes to the counter and picks up the coffee that Alyson has left)*. Oh my decaf. This really isn't your day. I do have some non decaffeinated scotch. Will that do?

**DARYL**

It's a little early to be drinking.

**ROD**

It's a little early for armed robbery too.

**DARYL**

Straight up. No ice.

**ROD**

Coming right up. *(He pours them both a glass of scotch. He walks back to the sofa and hands him his drink)*. Shall we have a toast?

**DARYL**

A toast?

**ROD**

Yes, a toast. To Freddie Mercury. By the time he was my age, he was dead. *(He Sings)* "We are the champions, my friend". Bottoms up. *(He downs his drink)*.

**DARYL**

*(He nods a bit confused and takes a large drink)* You are really one strange dude. I've seen you in lots of movies. You're really a good actor.

**ROD**

Why thank you kind sir, and I've seen you live and you're a terrible thief. How much cash did you think an unemployed actor would have lying around the place? I mean - really. Why didn't you just go and mug some Wall Street shit? They've got the real cash.

**DARYL**

I guess I didn't think it through. Listen, I'm sorry I hit you. I just got angry because I thought you were making fun of me.

**ROD**

I was making fun of you. But don't take it personally. I make fun of everyone. It's just my way of being endearing. So how much money do you need and what do you need it for?

**DARYL**

Nine hundred and fifty dollars. My roommate said I had to come up with this month's share of the rent or she would kick me out.

**ROD**

You have a female roommate? Is this going to be the story of a romance that ended badly?

**DARYL**

No, it's not like that. She's kind of old. About your age.

**ROD**

*Et tu Brute.* So have you offered to trade with her.

**DARYL**

Oh no. I don't swing that way.

**ROD**

You're gay?

**DARYL**

Yeah, but don't tell anyone. If people knew I'm gay they wouldn't take me seriously as a mugger.

**ROD**

I can see that. Listen, I really don't have anymore cash lying around the place, but I will make you a loan to pay your rent.

**DARYL**

How are you going to do that?

**ROD**

I will write you a check and you can cash it at my bank two blocks south of here.

**DARYL**

You must really think I'm dumb. You write me a check, and, after I leave, you call the police. Then when I show up at the bank they arrest me.

**ROD**

You're right. I could do that, but since I put quite a lot of my relaxation medication in your drink you're going to pass out in *(looks at his watch)* in five, four, three, two,

**DARYL**

Shit. *(He passes out)*

**ROD**

One. That's the first time giving someone else my meds relaxed me. Now what? *(He looks at the mannequins for a moment when a thought strikes him)* You're right. That's brilliant! Why didn't I think of that? *(He exits into hallway and comes back rolling another desk chair. He then put his arms under Daryl's arms and lifts him into the chair. He thinks for a moment and crosses to the costume box next to the bar. He selects a scarf, ski mask, and knitted ski cap. He dresses Daryl in these items and rolls him next to the two mannequins. He crosses Daryl's legs and positions his head. Rod looks up and reacts as if he had heard a knock at the door)* Oh wonderful, another visitor. *(He opens the door and a middle aged woman walks in without being invited)*. Excuse me. Who the hell are you?

**SUSAN**

My name is Susan. Sorry to barge in, but I'm looking for a young friend of mine. I watched him come into your apartment. I didn't see him come out.

**ROD**

*(Gestures his arms around the room)* Do you see your friend?

**SUSAN**

*(She walks over to the three mannequins)* Is this supposed to be art or something?

**ROD**

Or something. Listen, I don't want to be rude, but I have work to do.

**SUSAN**

*(She looks more closely at the dressed up mugger. She removes the hat and ski mask and his head lolls forward. She steps back and covers her mouth in shock)*. You killed him!

**ROD**

Don't be absurd. He's just taking a nap. It seems mugging me was exhausting and the poor dear just couldn't keep his eyes open. You must admit he looks like a sweet little puppy dog. *(He runs his fingers through Daryl's hair)* Kill him? Don't be silly. I could, however, just eat him up.

**SUSAN**

*(She pats him on his cheek and he moans).* Daryl, wake up! What have you done to him?

**ROD**

He was very tense. I just gave him a drink with some sedatives to relax him a bit. He'll wake up...eventually.

**SUSAN**

You drugged him?

**ROD**

Well, that seems like a rather crude way of putting it. I gave him a glass of 18 year old single malt scotch and first rate non-generic drugs. I think I was being a very considerate host. After all he did threaten to shoot me.

**SUSAN**

Well, when you put it that way. Will he be okay?

**ROD**

No. He's a terrible mugger. It's only a matter of time until before someone takes his gun away from him and shoots him.

**SUSAN**

No, I mean will he be okay from the drugs you gave him?

**ROD**

Of course. I've been taking them for years and look how perfectly wonderful I am. Are you his roommate?

**SUSAN**

Yes. How did you know?

**ROD**

We bonded. He mentioned that he needed to rob me to get \$950 to pay his part of the rent so you wouldn't throw him out. He...Daryl? *(She nods)* Daryl seemed quite upset about losing his apartment. Couldn't you give him some more time to raise the cash?

**SUSAN**

He's three months behind. I let the first two months slide, but I'm not his mother. Listen, if you're worried about him, why don't you take him in? He's not a bad roommate. He's fairly neat and he can cook.

**ROD**

Interesting. I could use an assistant. Okay, so here's the deal. I'll write you a check for his rent and he can pay me back out of his salary. Fair enough?

**SUSAN**

Seems fair to me. Just so we're clear, I don't want you to hurt him. He's not the sharpest knife in the drawer, but he has a good heart.

**ROD**

Yes, I can see he is a mugger with a heart of gold. *(He writes her a check and then walks her to the door).* I assure you I will not hurt a hair on his fuzzy little head. *(Susan exits)*

*(Rod lays down on the sofa with his script and begins to read it. Daryl begins to stir)*

**DARYL**

*(Tries to unsuccessfully stand)* Wow, that was really strong scotch. *(He examines the ski scarf that is still around his neck)* Did I miss something?

**ROD**

*(Jumps up excitedly)* Oh wonderful, you're awake at last!

**DARYL**

Why are you so excited? It was only a little nap.

**ROD**

This is a bit awkward. You see, you've been in a coma for the past six months. Now don't get upset. The doctors said you will probably make a very good recovery...in time.

**DARYL**

Six months? I've been here for six months? How did I get in a coma?

**ROD**

The doctor said I shouldn't go into too much detail at first. They don't want you to become upset..

**DARYL**

I'm already upset. I don't remember anything.

**ROD**

Okay, okay I can see you want all the facts. Lets see, you became very upset when I wouldn't take your advice. In a rage, you shot your gun at me. Fortunately, you are a bad shot. The bullet ricocheted off a large brass lamp and it hit you in your head. Sad to say, you shot yourself during the commission of a felony. The police considered charging you with attempted murder. In the end, the D.A. didn't know what to do with you. Since I felt bad for you, I volunteered for you to stay with me until you awakened.

**DARYL**

Have I been sitting here for six months?

**ROD**

Of course not. I have a full hospital set up in the guest room with feeding tubes and everything. For a few hours a day I dress you, and put you in here in the hope you would feel more... normal. I must say dressing and undressing you has been wonderful exercise. I've also given you deep massages so your muscle tone would stay nice and firm. You do feel firm don't you?

**DARYL**

Why yes. Wow that was really nice of you. You did this for me after I tried to shoot you?

**ROD**

What can I say? I'm just a very caring person.

**DARYL**

This is really amazing. It feels like six months went by in a few hours. Other than a headache, I feel okay.

**ROD**

Well the headache is to be expected. After all, you did shoot yourself in the head.

**DARYL**

I just don't remember any of it. Is that normal?

**ROD**

Well, I would think so. Of course, with your brain injury, your career of being a surgeon is over.

**DARYL**

I'm a surgeon?



**ROD**

Unfortunately not anymore. You were, however, world renowned. You also were very passionate about your work. That's why you were here. You wanted me to have a very delicate surgery. I said I would rather die than undergo such a dangerous procedure. You then became furious and pulled out a gun. You said if I had such disregard for my own life you would just end it right now.

**DARYL**

My God! I tried to shoot you because you wouldn't let me save your life? That's unbelievable!

**ROD**

Yes, it is isn't? I was so touched by your dedication I had the surgery and now I'm tip top. You saved my life. That is why I plan to dedicate myself to taking care of you.

**DARYL**

That's very nice of you, but since I was a successful surgeon, I must have money. I should be able to take care of myself.

**ROD**

Yes and... no. You had left a living will that clearly stated that if you became incapacitated for more than four months all of your money and possessions were to be liquidated and donated to charity. Since we had no way of knowing if you would ever wake from the coma, we followed your wishes.

**DARYL**

You mean I have nothing? All my money is gone, and I can't be a surgeon anymore?

**ROD**

It's best to put that part of your life behind you. Pretend like it never happened.

**DARYL**

I can't just forget who I was. Can I?

**ROD**

*(Rod becomes excited and manic)*

We need to come up with a new scenario for you. Something completely different from your past. Now lets see what we can come up with. You arrived here with a gun. Instead of being my doctor wanting to save me you were, in fact, a...a...

**DARYL**

A robber!

**ROD**

A robber? Where did you ever come up with such an outrageous idea as that?

**DARYL**

I don't know. It just came to me.

**ROB**

You just amaze me. Absolutely brilliant! Okay, lets go with that for a moment. You've come to my apartment to rob me. I resist you and you shoot the gun, but it misses me and ricochets off a large brass lamp and strikes you in your head.

**DARYL**

That works doesn't it?

**ROD**

Absolutely unbelievable! You know you've been living on liquids for six months. I'll prepare a nice meal. You always loved my single malt 18 year old scotch. May I get you a glass?

**DARYL**

Sure, that sounds good. I wonder why I remember what scotch tastes like. At least I remember something.

*(Rod goes to the bar and pours him a glass of scotch and puts some pills into it. He returns to Daryl and hands him the glass)*

**ROD**

*(In a joking manner)* There you go my robber friend.

**DARYL**

Me a robber. Kind of funny when you think about it. *(He drinks the scotch down in one gulp)* Boy, that is really nice scotch. I'm feeling a little tired. Maybe I'll take a nap. *(The glass slips from his hand and he is once again out cold).*

**ROD**

This is definitely more interesting than that script. *(Reacts as if there is a knock on the door)* I really am popular today. *(He opens the front door and Alyson enters)*

**ALYSON**

I'm all coiffed, *manied*, and *pedied*. I feel like a new woman.

**ROD**

Funny you should say that. How would you like to be a new woman? At least for the afternoon?

**ALYSON**

*(She notices Daryl passed out on the chair and goes over to him)* Whose your guest?

**ROD**

*(He exercises on the machine DL while he explains everything to Alyson).*

Oh that's Daryl. He's a mugger who tried to rob me. I drugged him and when he woke up I convinced him he got shot by his own bullet and has been in a coma for the past six months.

**ALYSON**

And he believed you?

**ROD**

You're going to love this next part. I then suggested he forget about his former life when he was world renowned surgeon and come up with a new scenario of how he was in my apartment and shot at me. He actually suggested he was a robber. I told him I thought that was the most brilliant thing I had ever heard.

**ALYSON**

And he believed you?

**ROD**

Would you please stop saying that. Of course, he believed me. I am a very good actor or haven't you noticed?

**ALYSON**

You are a very successful actor. That has very little with being good. What happens next?

**ROD**

I haven't the foggiest. Listen, we don't have much time before our time traveler awakens. You are always whining about not having enough money. Well I have plenty of the stuff. What I need is something truly interesting in my life.

**ALYSON**

How much money are we talking about, and what do I have to do to get it?

**ROD**

You know most people would ask what they had to do first, and then how much money they would get.

**ALYSON**

Since I'll do just about anything for enough money, what I have to do is irrelevant.

**ROD**

Women's logic is always so much more logical than men's. If you would just get your acts together, you would run the world.

**ALYSON**

We don't have to run the world. We run the men. What do you want me to do?

**ROD**

I want you to be his wife. When he wakes up, you'll be holding his hand.

**ALYSON**

Then what?

**ROD**

Just improvise.

**ALYSON**

You mean I can do whatever I want?

**ROD**

That's what improvise means. Do you think you are up for it?

**ALYSON**

Unlike you, I am a totally unsuccessful actress, but I am, in fact, very good.

**ROD**

Excellent. Then I am going to need your help right now. You take that one and I'll do this one. *(The ski outfits are attached by velcro and they quickly pull them off. Under those outfits the mannequins are dressed in swim suits. He takes the ski outfits and puts them in a box that is next to the bar, and takes two beach hats out and runs back to the mannequins and put them on their heads)* These should do quite nicely.

**DARYL**

*(Daryl begins to wake up and finds Alyson on her knees holding his hand)* Who are you?

**ALYSON**

*(Wailing)* Oh my God! He doesn't remember me.

**ROD**

Please don't be so upset. He may remember in time. The doctor said we have to be patient with him. After all he's been in a coma for nine months.

**DARYL**

Nine months? I thought it was six.

**ROD**

It was six the first time. Your recovery was spectacular. You then took up your new vocation of being a mugger. At first, all went well until you tried to rob a woman who had a black belt in karate. She beat you so badly you lapsed into another coma for the past three months. Since I still had all the hospital accouterments, I had them bring you back here.

**DARYL**

*(Looking at the woman holding his hand)* Do I know you?

**ALYSON**

Yes, my dear. We met when you had recovered the first time. We fell in love and we were married.

**DARYL**

We're married?

**ALYSON**

Oh thank God, he remembers!

**DARYL**

That's not possible. You see I'm kind of gay.

**ALYSON**

Believe me when I say, you are not any kind of gay. In fact, you are the hottest straight man I've ever been with. My legs quiver at what you did with me.

**DARYL**

I know I've been in a coma, but I'm pretty sure when I went in I was gay.

**ALYSON**

That karate bitch must have really pummeled you. She beat you into thinking you're gay. How can this be? *(With her back to the audience she opens her blouse)* Surely you must remember these.

**DARYL**

*(Covering his eyes)* How can this be? I've been in two comas and now I'm straight.

**ROD**

It's a lot to take in. I do, however, recall you being a bit of a dog. You had women all the time. You were the most eligible surgeon in town.

**ALYSON**

Surgeon? I thought you were a mugger.

**DARYL**

That was after the first coma. I was a surgeon before that.

**ALYSON**

*(Incredulously)* Really?

**ROD**

He's had a very interesting nine months. To think he was the city's biggest stud and now he been beaten into being gay. Just incredible. If you saw this in the movies, you wouldn't believe it.

**DARYL**

I'm really thirsty. Do you have something to drink?

**ROD**

You know, I have this really fine single malt 18 year old scotch. Would you like a glass?

**DARYL**

Yes, please.

**ROD**

*(He pours the scotch and puts more pills into it. He stirs it up and returns to Daryl)* Here you go my old friend. *(Big Smile)* This is going to make a new man out of you.

**BLACK OUT**

**ACT I SCENE II**

*(A period of time has past. Rod is on the sofa reading through the script when Daryl begins to awaken)*

**DARYL**

Oh no. Have I been in another coma? How long have I been out?

**ROD**

*(Looks up from his script)* Oh, at last you're awake. I thought you were going to move in.

**DARYL**

Move in? I've been here in two comas for over nine months.

**ROD**

Really? Is that so?

**DARYL**

Of course, that's so. You've been taking care of me for over nine months. Don't you remember?

**ROD**

Nine months you say? Let me think for a moment. No, I don't remember anyone living here with me for nine months. Maybe you've got me confused with someone else. What's the last thing you remember?

**DARYL**

I was sitting here and my wife was showing me her breasts.

**ROD**

Well, that's a nice memory. What's your wife's name?

**DARYL**

*(Thinks for a moment)* I don't know. Isn't that strange? I can remember her breasts, but I can't remember her name.

**ALYSON**

*(Enters from the hall)* Rod, I'll have to put toilet tissue on the shopping list.

**DARYL**

*(Rises and stares at her)* That's her! That's my wife!

**ALYSON**

*(Turns and looks behind her to see if there is anyone else in the room)* Are you talking to me?

**DARYL**

Yes, I'm talking to you. You're my wife. Don't you remember you said I did things to you that made your legs quiver?

**ROD**

You tramp! How could you?

**ALYSON**

Don't be absurd. This young man did not make my legs quiver. In fact, I've never seen him before.

**ROD**

Listen young man. You've obviously made a mistake. My friend here is sure you've never quivered her legs. Just out of curiosity, how did you make her legs quiver?

**DARYL**

I don't remember doing it. She just said I wasn't gay and had made her legs quiver.

**ROD**

Are you gay?

**DARYL**

I'm not sure. She said I wasn't and that I made her legs quiver.

**ROD**

Maybe we should have a test. You know. Just to be sure one way or the other.

**DARYL**

I guess. What kind of test?

**ROD**

Nothing too complicated. Just a simple reaction test. ALISON would you please come over here and kiss this young man.

**ALYSON**

*(She walks up to Daryl) Sure, why not? If it's going to prove to you once and for all that I did not have this young man, quiver me. (She kisses him passionately and then passes out onto the sofa. Daryl has no reaction to the kiss at all).*

**ROD**

*(Lifts her limp wrists and then lets it drop)* Well, there you have it. You definitely quivered her.

**DARYL**

I can see she felt something, but I didn't feel anything.

**ROD**

Strange. I've read about this. Men who have an apparent overwhelming affect on women and yet feel nothing themselves. I think its called H.E.S., hetero empathy syndrome. It's very rare.

**DARYL**

That's it! I've got that hetero syndrome. It's like a super power isn't it?

**ROD**

Very super. You have the power to make women do whatever you want.



**DARYL**

But I don't want them to do anything.

**ROD**

Yes, men ask why and the gods laugh. Listen young man, as interesting as this is, I really do have some work to get done. *(He hands Daryl his gun)* I've disposed of the bullets. Don't want you to get into trouble and shoot yourself by mistake.

**DARYL**

Wait a second. I remember now. I came here to rob you didn't I?

**ROD**

Yes, you did. Then you thought better of it and took a little nap. Now it's time to go home.

**DARYL**

You did something to me didn't you?

**ROD**

All I did was offer to pay your rent. Which I did by the way. While you were napping, your roommate dropped by and I gave her a check for \$950.

**DARYL**

You paid my rent? That was really nice of you. I promise I'll pay you back as soon as I can.

**ROD**

Don't give it a thought. *(ALYSON begins to stir)* Oh my, you better leave she's beginning to regain consciousness.

**ALYSON**

*(Sits up and sees Daryl. She smiles as she goes towards him)* There you are my love. *(With her back to the audience she opens up her blouse)* Have you missed them?

**DARYL**

*(Backs away from her)* Stay away from me. I have super powers.

**ALYSON**

I know. *(He runs out the front door)* Super powers? Really is that the best you could come with?

**ROD**

What's wrong with super powers? In this script, I have the power to hear what people are saying two blocks away. All I have to do is stand outside of JP Morgan and listen to the inside info. One little super power and shazaam... I'm a gazillionaire.

**ALYSON**

Hetero Empathy Syndrome? Women become your slave with just one kiss?

**ROD**

Hey, that's a real syndrome. I read about it in The National Enquirer.

**ALYSON**

I remember that. It was below the story of you boffing three starlets.

**ROD**

At the same time. If you are going to quote The National Enquirer then, at least, be accurate.

**ALYSON**

You're absolutely correct. You must always quote tabloids accurately. So - how is the script?

**ROD**

It sucks.

**ALYSON**

Really?

**ROD**

Really. No character development. No real story line. Just explosions.

**ALYSON**

You knew that going in.

**ROD**

You are never going to get invited to the prom if you are always the smartest girl in the room.

**ALYSON**

So did you have an entertaining afternoon?

**ROD**

To be honest, it was the most fun I've had in a very long time. Daryl is an homage to our public education system. He's like the sad dog at the pound that doesn't bark. He just sits in his cage and waits patiently for someone to feel sorry for him and take him home.

**ALYSON**

Do you think he'll figure out what you did to him today?

**ROD**

God, I hope so. It would be like an monkey learning to speak. Can you imagine how much fun that would be? *(Reacts to a non existing knock. With a look of resolution he opens the door. He then backs up as Daryl holding his gun walks into the room)*

**DARYL**

Would you believe that there is a store two blocks from here that sells bullets? I mean, who would have think it?

**BLACK OUT**

**End of Act I**

**ACT II SCENE I**

*(The mannequins have been removed from their seats and been replaced by Rod and Alyson. They are both tied to the arm of their chairs with tape across their mouths, and ski caps on their heads)*

**DARYL**

*(Daryl sits in the center chair between them drinking a glass of scotch)* You know, this is really good scotch. Are we all nice and comfy? *(Rod and Alyson struggle to say something)* Yes, I agree completely. One must take a moment and relax every now and then. After all, you can't enjoy your work if you don't take some time to simply relax. Don't you agree? *(Rod struggles to be understood)* My thoughts exactly. How rude of me. Would you like a glass too? *(He goes to the counter and pours a glass of scotch. He then opens a drawer and finds a straw and puts it into the glass. He then goes to Rod and removes the tape over his mouth).*

**ROD**

What the hell do you think you're doing? I paid your rent for Christ's sake, and this is the way you repay me.

**DARYL**

My, you are tense. Here have a sip and you'll feel so much better.

**ROD**

I don't want a drink. Untie us immediately!

**DARYL**

*(He removes the gun from his back waistband and points it at Rod. Rod looks at the gun and then takes a sip of the scotch).* Now, why don't you explain what you've been doing to me.

**ROD**

I have no idea what the hell you are talking about. You simply fell asleep on my sofa and I paid your rent while you were resting. I then sent you on your merry way. That's all there is to it.

**DARYL**

BUZZ! Wrong answer. *(He puts the tape back on Rod's mouth. He then removes the tape from Alyson's mouth)* Hello wifey. How are we doing today? *(He bends over and kisses her passionately)* Are your legs quivering?

**ALYSON**

Don't touch me you animal!

**DARYL**

Animal? But how can you resist my super powers?

**ALYSON**

Very cute. Okay, you obviously aren't as dumb as we thought you were. My genius friend here thought he was messing with your mind. You might not be a total moron. Am I correct?

**DARYL**

Ding, ding, ding! No more calls... we have a winner! *(He unties her)*

**ALYSON**

So what now? Are you going to shoot us?

**DARYL**

Shoot you? *(He holds up the gun)* Oh, this is just a stage prop. You see I'm an actor. A damn good one if I don't say so myself.

**ALYSON**

No argument here. You had us both convinced. So why this grand charade?

**DARYL**

Funny you should ask. *(Rod makes frustrating sounds)* Oh my goodness, I forgot all about you. *(He unties Rod)* Is that more comfortable?

**ROD**

More comfortable? Do you know who I am you stupid fucking son of bitch?

**DARYL**

*(Turns to Alyson)* I'm not sure. Let me ask. Do you know who this asshole is?

**ROD**

I have never been talked to like this!

**DARYL**

Oh give it a rest Rod. I'm sure I'm not the first person to call you an asshole.

**ALYSON**

You're probably not the first today.

**ROD**

Alyson!

**ALYSON**

Come on Rod. You're just pissed because he beat you at your own game.

**ROD**

*(Pouting)* I guess you're right. How did you pull this off? There's no way you could know what I was going to pull on you. Hell, I didn't know until I did it.

**ALYSON**

He does have a point there. How did you know what he was going to do?

**DARYL**

I didn't. To be frank, you guys pulled some rabbits out of the hat I would have never guessed. How does an old fart with a demented warped mind come up with shit like that?

**ROD**

Did you just call me old, warped, and demented? *(Rod becomes dangerously angry)* You little pissant. How dare you come into my world and fuck with me. *(He begins to back Daryl up against the bar and pushes against him)* I could make you disappear *(snaps his fingers)* like that. I can make you cease to exist. *(Rod grabs Daryl's balls)* Do you understand what I'm saying?

**DARYL**

*(Daryl pulls away from him. He is confused and scared).* I didn't mean anything by it. It was a joke. You can't threaten people for just joking. Who do you think you are? Don Coreleone?

**ROD**

*(Slowly claps his hands)* Bravo! The monkey has learned to speak

**ALYSON**

Rod what are you doing? Why are you acting so mean?

**ROD**

Because I can. I can act anyway I like. If you have a problem with that you can take your little whore painted toes and go. Before you decide I strongly suggest you make damn sure you want to get in the middle of this. Because if you go there is no coming back.

**ALYSON**

*(Upset and beginning to cry)* Rod why are you treating me like this?

**ROD**

*(Rod begins to laugh manically)* Psyched! I got you. *(He then face Daryl)* I got both of you! Okay young man why don't you explain what game you're playing.

**DARYL**

*(Nervous and confused)* It wasn't a game. It was more of an audition. I think I could be a really good actor. I just need a mentor. Someone to get me through the doors. You have agents throwing scripts at you and I don't even know how to get an audition. I thought if I auditioned for you then maybe you would mentor me.

**ROD**

A mentor? I've never done that before. What's in it for me?

**ALYSON**

The satisfaction that you helped a talented person

**ROD**

Deriving satisfaction from helping people isn't really my thing. What I need is a *quid pro quo*.

**DARYL**

What did you have in mind?

**ROD**

Damn if I know. I'll just have to think about what the hell comes next. Why can't things just go smoothly? *(He leads each of them to a chair and seats them. He then turns their chairs so their backs are to the audience. He puts a ski cap on each of their heads. He then stands in front of them and puts his finger over his lips. Rod then sits on the sofa and begins to look at the script. He shakes his head as he mouths the words. Rod then turns his attention to Daryl and Alyson and speaks to them as he rises and begins to pace).* The words just don't seem like something I would say. This entire script is going to need a rewrite. After all, you can't take a classically trained actor like me and just plug me into a script where I speak so unintelligently. Now let's examine this character. He's been exposed to some radioactive gas and somehow he

miraculously survives the exposure. Everyone thinks he is just the same as before, but now he has the ability to hear everything that is being said from great distances. You know this reminds me of a Kurt Vonnegut short story. In the story this oaf of a football player suddenly is able to hear everything. He no longer has to be told where to stand to defend against the other team because he can hear the play being called in the other team's huddle. He becomes the star of the team and you would think that would make him happy except he can now also hear what everyone is saying about him. It turns out now that he is the team star, no one likes him anymore. I know exactly how he feels. When you become a star, you have to give up people liking you. After all, in the end, they only want something from you. *(He calls over to the two sitting in the chairs upstage)* That is true, isn't it? No, no, don't try to deny it. We all know it's true. *(Reacts as if there is a knock at the door)* Another visitor? *(He opens the door and Janet Green enters)* Why hello Janet. What brings you to my humble abode?

**JANET**

*(Enters the room and looks around critically as she crosses to the sofa and sits down)* Rod, I haven't heard from you in I can't remember how long. You know that is very naughty of you. When I don't hear from you, I get worried that you're not okay.

**ROD**

*(Looks at her with some disgust as he crosses to her)* Of course, I'm okay. I've just been reading this new script you sent me and I didn't want to be disturbed. You know, Janet, you are an excellent agent, but you have to learn to give an artist his creative space.

**JANET**

Oh? I'm your agent today? I haven't played that part in quite sometime.

**ROD**

Very cute. I know I take you for granted, but all in all you do a fine job. I'm just not too sure about this new script. Do you really think it's right for me?

**JANET**

What are your concerns? Do you think you're too old to play the role?

**ROD**

Too old? Really, there is no reason for you to be rude. I'm in my prime and you know it.

**JANET**

*(Looks upstage at the two chairs)* What do your friends think? I assume you've discussed it with them.

**ROD**

Never mind them. They are conducting a meditation experiment.

**JANET**

Really? That sounds interesting. What kind of meditation experiment are they doing?

**ROD**

Actually it is quite interesting. To be frank, I have had the most interesting morning. Would you like to hear about it?

**JANET**

Please. You know I live to hear about your ever fascinating existence.

**ROD**

What is with you today? You really are being a bit of a snot . You come over here uninvited and then you... you...

**JANET**

Act like an over indulged actor.

**ROD**

Not the way I would have described your behavior, but close enough. You are definitely acting like an over-indulged bitch.

**JANET**

Ouch. You have hurt me to my over-indulged bitch core. I'm sorry if I offended your sensitivities. It's just that you keep going off on these tangents. I never know who or what you are going to be.

**ROD**

Don't be absurd. You've been my agent for fifteen years. If you don't know who or what I am then no one does. After all, we've been through the wars together.

**JANET**

That's true. I'm probably feeling a bit shell shock.

**ROD**

Well, that's understandable. I know when I don't work you don't get paid. Believe me I get it. You have to understand when you are at the top of your profession you have to be selective. I know there are some actors who go out and do two even three films a year. I just can't work that way. I have to be committed.

**JANET**

Committed? Funny you should put it in that way.



**ROD**

Very funny. I assure you just because I'm particular about what I choose to do doesn't mean I'm crazy.

**JANET**

I never said you're crazy. You are, however, unique.

**ROD**

Unique? I like that. God please don't ever let me be ordinary.

**JANET**

Rod, believe me when I tell you, that will never be a problem. So what was so interesting about this morning?

**ROD**

Oh right, this morning! You're going to love this. You see that young man over there. Well this morning he knocked on my door and when I answered it he just walked right in with a gun and mugged me. Isn't that just the most interesting way to start a day?

**JANET**

Beats waiting in line for twenty minutes at Starbucks. You know I don't know why I keep going there everyday. The fact is their coffee is too strong and always tastes a bit burnt to me. It's just that I see these people in line every morning and I feel like I'm missing something if I don't get in line too. Does that sound strange?

**ROD**

You did hear me say he had a gun?

**JANET**

Yes, a gun. Fascinating.

**ROD**

I can't believe you think getting over priced coffee is more interesting than having a mugger come right to my door. Really Janet, you are getting so self involved.

**JANET**

I'm sorry. Of course you are absolutely correct. I mean my life is just so mundane compared to yours. All I do is compete with eight million people for a cab and a decent cup of coffee. You, on the other hand, have homicidal maniacs making home visits. How self- involved of me.

**ROD**

Exactly.

**JANET**

So what happened next? Did he shoot you?

**ROD**

Of course he didn't shoot me! You really must cut down on the coffee. He came in and demanded I give him money so he could pay his rent.

**JANET**

Your mugger explained what he needed the money for?

**ROD**

Well, not at first. That was after he discovered I only had \$39 in cash and he slapped me.

**JANET**

He slapped you? Are you alright?

**ROD**

Of course I'm alright. It was all just a misunderstanding. He thought I was making fun of him when he became upset about there not being more money.

**JANET**

And you explained you weren't making fun of him.

**ROD**

No I was actually making fun of him. I just explained I make fun of everyone and he shouldn't take it personally. He calmed down when I explained that and we got to talking. I then asked him how much money he needed and what it was for.

**JANET**

And he needed the money to pay his rent?

**ROD**

Exactly. Then something really amazing happened. We actually bonded. Maybe bonded isn't quite the right word. Let's say we shared a rather unique experience.

**JANET**

There's that word again.

**ROD**

What word?

**JANET**

Unique.

**ROD**

That's because it is the right word. Really Janet you can be so scattered. I'm trying to tell you a fascinating story and you are obsessing on my choice of adjectives. So... if I may continue (*She gives him a hand signal to continue*) I then offered to write him a check to cover his rent. He was skeptical that I would just call the police and have him arrested at the bank when he tried to cash the check. I hadn't really thought about doing that, but I could see how he could think I would. So since we had reached an impasse, I offered him a glass of scotch and dosed it with several of my little pills that help me relax.

**JANET**

You drugged him?

**ROD**

Yes, but that's not the interesting part.

**JANET**

You drugged an armed mugger and you don't find that interesting?

**ROD**

Of course it's interesting. Its just not the most interesting part of the story. When he finally woke up, I convinced him he had been in a coma for six months. I then also convinced him he was a world renowned surgeon who had accidentally shot himself in the head because I wouldn't let him operate on me. Now isn't that interesting?

**JANET**

Beats the hell out of Starbucks.

**ROD**

You see I told you I had a really interesting morning.

**JANET**

*Mea culpa.* I must agree that is the mother of interesting mornings.

**ROD**

I know, but you haven't even heard the most interesting part yet.

**JANET**

More interesting than a mugger accidentally shooting himself in the head and awakening to find out he is a world renowned surgeon?

**ROD**

We are just getting started. After I convinced him of all of that, I drugged him again. Alyson, who is busy meditating with our mugger, came by for a visit. You know Alyson don't you?

**JANET**

I think you might have mentioned her, but I don't remember actually meeting her.

**ROD**

Really? Well I'll introduce you later when they've completed their meditations. At any rate, Alyson came by and I offered to pay her to pretend she was his wife when he awakened from his nap. This time when he woke up we convinced the poor boob he had been out for another three months and had, himself, been beaten into a coma by a woman he had tried to mug. The really interesting part is we told him he had married Alyson.

**JANET**

This is getting a bit convoluted. Maybe I should take notes.

**ROD**

No, you don't need notes. I'll explain it all very clearly. Are you ready for the rest of the story?

**JANET**

There's more?

**ROD**

It seems the mugger is gay, but he doesn't want anyone to know because it will hurt his street cred.

**JANET**

Street cred?

**ROD**

Yes, street cred. Street credibility. He's concerned if people knew he was gay they wouldn't take him seriously as a mugger.

**JANET**

Actually, that does make sense. I can understand how he could feel that way.

**ROD**

So, with that in mind, I paid Alyson to convince him he was, in fact, not only not gay but a rip roaring stud.

**JANET**

Why would he believe such ridiculous story?

**ROD**

Because he thinks a karate woman beat him so badly he was in a coma for three months.

**JANET**

Karate woman? Did I miss something?

**ROD**

Probably. But it doesn't matter. When all is said and done, Alyson was able to brilliantly convince him that he was not only not gay but he was so studly he made her legs quiver.

**JANET**

Quiver?

**ROD**

Yes, quiver. You know he made her weak in the knees. Hasn't a man ever made you weak in the knees?

**JANET**

Not that I can remember.

**ROD**

Well, we'll have to do something about that. At any rate, he still thought he was gay so I said we should have a test. I then had Alyson kiss him, and she passed out on the sofa. He was amazed at that and decided he must have some kind of super powers that women can't resist. Of course, he doesn't want this power. After all, what is a gay guy going to do with a super power over women? That is why when Alyson came around and made a move for him he bolted and ran out of the place.

**JANET**

Is Alyson alright?

**ROD**

Of course Alyson is alright. She was in on it. Don't you remember I said I would pay her to play his wife?

**JANET**

Oh yes, yes... now I remember. Boy, that was some story.

**ROD**

It's not over yet. After the mugger bolted, Alyson and I were enjoying the glow of the experience when he came back with his gun. He then tied us up and began to interrogate us. He finally admitted he wasn't a mugger, but was a fucking actor who wanted to audition for me.

**JANET**

Audition for what?

**ROD**

Audition to become my protégé. He wants me to mentor him. Now, isn't that incredible?

**JANET**

No, it's not incredible. It is strange and perverse. And just a little bit delusional.

**ROD**

*(Rod becomes very upset)* What are you talking about? I have just told you a story that will go down as one of the most incredible stories of all times and you think it's delusional? What's delusional about it? I didn't just make it up, did I?

**JANET**

Yes, that is exactly what I'm saying. You just made it all up. Listen Rod, I care about you. That is why I keep coming back, but I'm not your agent... I am your therapist. You do remember that don't you? You suffer from agoraphobia. You haven't been doing any films not because you haven't found a part you like. You haven't done any films because you haven't left this apartment in five years.

**ROD**

What are you talking about? I have a new script right here. I've been reading it all day. *(He hands her the script. She fans the pages and they are all empty).*

**JANET**

Rod, all the pages are blank. There are no words.

**ROD**

You know Janet I know you've been under a lot a stress lately. *(He gets the other rolling chair and rolls it over to Daryl and Alyson)* Why don't you have a seat here and I'll stretch out on the sofa and we'll discuss this. *(She sits in the chair and then he then picks up a scarf and puts it around her neck)* You look a bit chilly. This should be more... comfortable. *Rod gets on the exercise machine. He then calls up to the three up stage).* If I'm going to do this action movie I really should get into shape. I may even do some of my own stunts. That would be fun. *(He stops)* Well that's enough of that. Don't want to overdo it. *(Speaking to chairs)* Would any of you like a drink? No? Well I think I've earned a drink after all of that hard work. *(He goes to the bar and pours himself a drink. He then begins to pace near the three chairs UR).* Nothing like a good glass of scotch to relax you. Sure none of you won't have a glass? Okay I understand you are all focused on your meditations. I'll let you concentrate on your thoughts. This really has been a busy day. All of sudden I feel totally drained. *(He walks over to the sofa and lies down)* Time for a little power nap.

**FADE OUT**

**ACT II SCENE II**

*(Rod is asleep on the sofa. The other three characters are standing behind him. They are all concerned as they look down on him).*

**ALYSON**

How long has he been out? I'm really getting bored waiting for him to wake up.

**DARYL**

He's been asleep for five hours! Doesn't he care we're waiting for him?

**JANET**

Why would he care? In order to care, you have to be concerned about what other people feel. I haven't seen you two before. Is this your first time?

**DARYL**

To be honest, I don't remember.

**JANET**

How can you not remember? Rod told me you came here and tried to rob him. Do you remember that?

**DARYL**

Of course I remember that. I'm not a moron. I just don't remember what happened before that.

**JANET**

*(Looks at Alyson)* You - whatever your name is - do you remember anything before today?

**ALYSON**

Alyson. My name is Alyson. I remember everything about today. However, I don't remember anything about yesterday. Isn't that strange?

**DARYL**

Only if you're a moron apparently.

**ALYSON**

I didn't say you are a moron. You claimed not to be a moron. I haven't decided yet.

**DARYL**

Listen lady, you have some mouth on you. You better watch out someone doesn't teach you some manners.

**ALYSON**

First of all don't call me lady. Secondly, I'm not afraid of moron like you. There (*points at Daryl*) I've decided.

**JANET**

Quiet! Listen children this kind of squabbling is not going to get anything accomplished. Why don't you both just sit in your chairs and think about what you do remember. I'll call you when Rod wakes up. (*Daryl and Alyson sullenly walk to the chairs UR and sit. After they sit she begins to shake Rod awake. He slowly begins to awaken and stares at her.*) Hello sleeping beauty. Did you have a nice nap?

**ROD**

My god, I feel so rested. How long was I out?

**JANET**

Five hours or so. (*She sits down next to him on the sofa*) I want you to listen dear. You've been a naughty boy once again. We've talked about this before. You can't just play with people. They have feelings too.

**ROD**

Of course they have feelings. What would be the point if they didn't feel anything? You know Janet you are a bit of kill joy. Instead of constantly criticizing me why don't you help me? I need some entertainment to break up the dreary days. If you really cared about me, you would help me have some fun for a change.

**JANET**

What kind of fun did you have in mind?

**ROD**

Well, I don't know that yet. We just get the ball rolling and see where it goes. There's no point if everything is scripted out in advance. The whole point of creativity is spontaneity. You have to create risk and reward. That's what makes it fun.

**JANET**

Risk and Reward? Okay, what the hell. What do you want me to do? I wouldn't want you to call me a spoil sport.

**ROD**

(*He jumps up excited and begins to pace*) Now you're talking. Okay, I'm going to have to set the stage a bit. Go over and switch places with the boy. (*She shakes her head and walks over to Daryl. She taps him on the shoulder and points to Rod. Daryl rises and crosses to Rod and Janet takes his place on his chair*) There you are my boy. Have you enjoyed your meditations?



**DARYL**

Meditations? You know you're going to think this is really weird, but I don't remember anything before coming in here today.

**ROD**

No I don't think that is weird at all. In fact, I find that to be a rather common occurrence.

**DARYL**

Did you hypnotize me?

**ROD**

Hypnotized? *(Thinks a moment)* Yes I hypnotized you. I then told you that you wouldn't remember anything that happened before today.

**DARYL**

Why the hell would you do something like that?

**ROD**

I just wanted you to focus on today without any unnecessary distractions. I assure you, before you leave today, you will remember everything that has ever happened to you. Does that sound fair?

**DARYL**

I suppose so. I just don't know if I'm comfortable having someone messing with my mind without my permission. I wouldn't want you to make me cluck like a chicken.

**ROD**

I can understand that. The fact is you gave me your permission. You just don't remember it at the moment. I promise you will remember it later.

**DARYL**

Oh, in that case I guess it's okay. As long as I gave you permission. Otherwise, it would be a little weird.

**ROD**

Exactly. We wouldn't want to be weird would we? The fact is we're all friends here to discover our inner selves. That is why I hypnotized you. So you could be totally relaxed. That is the only way you can look into your true being. When we are done you will awaken a... new man.

**DARYL**

It's just weird I can't remember the old one that's all.

**ROD**

*(He walks to the bar)* How about a drink? A little scotch to round off the rough edges?

**DARYL**

I don't know. Do I like scotch?

**ROD**

Lets find out shall we. *(Rod pours them both a glass of scotch and brings one to Daryl. Daryl tried the scotch and makes a face)* Not your cup of tea?

**DARYL**

I don't think I like scotch.

**ROD**

What a pity. *(He pours Daryl's glass into his)* Never waste never worried. Cheers. *(He take a drink).* So Daryl why don't you tell me why you like to wear ladies clothing.

**DARYL**

Wear ladies...what the hell are you talking about?

**ROD**

Come on Daryl. There's no reason to be defensive. You told me earlier that you really enjoyed wearing ladies underwear. There's no reason to be ashamed. It's true earlier you claimed to be gay and now you say you're actually straight. The fact is you don't have to be gay to like wearing little pink panties. I understand Carey Grant used to wear ladies' underwear and he was a real ladies man. There are even rumors that J. Edgar liked to dress up in feathers and rhinestones on the weekends. Of course in his case he really was bit of a bitch.

**DARYL**

I'm really confused. Are you saying I told you I like to wear ladies underwear?

**ROD**

Why of course. How else would I know?

**DARYL**

*(Daryl stands up and pulls out his waistband so he can look down his own pant)* Thank god I'm not wearing anything.

**ROD**

You've gone commando? Well that's a novel way to deal with your ladies underwear fetish.

**DARYL**

You mean in order not to wear ladies underwear I just stopped wearing underwear?

**ROD**

Apparently. Unless you can think of another reason.

**DARYL**

*(Thinks for a moment)* It could be laundry day.

**ROD**

There you have it. Perfectly logical reason. Unless...you didn't look carefully enough.

**DARYL**

I think I looked pretty carefully, but just to be sure *(He laughs nervously and looks down his pants)*. Oh no! You're right! I'm wearing pink panties! How could I not see them before?

**ROD**

Don't get upset. Our minds can play tricks on us. Sometimes we just can't face the fact we like to wear little pink panties. Just relax now and breathe. *(Daryl calms down)* So Daryl, are the panties comfortable?

**DARYL**

*(Moves his bottom)* Yeah... they're not bad.

**ROD**

So Daryl, do you consider yourself a macho kind of guy? I mean when you came in earlier today to mug me you said you were gay.

**DARYL**

Oh, that was just acting. I was playing the part of gay mugger. I'm not actually gay. In fact, I'm extremely straight.

**ROD**

I can see that. I bet you really like women. I can't imagine you even saying anything rude to a woman. You strike me as both macho and yet at the same time very sensitive. Isn't that true?

**DARYL**

*(Uncomfortably)* Well to be honest, I was kind of rude to that young woman over there.

**ROD**

Really? I find that hard to believe. What did you say to her?

**DARYL**

I told her she had a mouth on her and that if she wasn't careful someone would teach her a lesson. You know normally I wouldn't talk like that, but she really is a nasty piece of work.

**ROD**

I'm really surprised. Alyson seems so cultured. I can't imagine she'd push you to such a state. Listen, why don't you go sit down and rest and send Alyson over so I can have a chat with her. *(Daryl crosses to Alyson and taps her on the shoulder. He points at Rod and then takes her seat. Alyson crosses to Rod)* There you are my dear. Did you have a pleasant time out?

**ALYSON**

Time out? Do I look like I'm four years old? Enough is enough Rod! What the hell is going on? I helped you bamboozle that Neanderthal over there. What else do you want? Don't forget you owe me. I'm reasonable, but I'm not free. Can you believe that moron said he was going to teach me a lesson?*(She looks over her shoulder at the other two)* Listen, there's something I need to talk to you about. I was talking to your friend, Janet. She asked me if I'd been here before. Well, of course I've been here lots of times. I just can't seem to remember exactly when.

**ROD**

Yes, yes, yes of course. Don't worry about Janet. She has some issues. The fact is she is under the delusion that she's my therapist. I just let her think that she is my therapist as a way of helping her work through her own problems.

**ALYSON**

Who is she then?

**ROD**

To be frank, I have no idea. She just showed up at my door one day and invited herself in. That seems to happen a lot lately. That young man showed up with a gun to mug me, you showed up with groceries to feed me, and Janet showed up to cure my neuroses. I mean every time I open the door a new person walks in and changes my entire life. I must be the most fortunate man on the entire planet.

**ALYSON**

You don't know who I am, do you?

**ROD**

I haven't the foggiest. You do, however, seem very nice. I hope we can be friends.

**ALYSON**

Rod - we are friends. We are best friends. For heaven sakes, we've known each other for years and years.

**ROD**

I'm so happy to hear that. Where exactly did we meet?

**ALYSON**

*(Confused and upset)* Don't you know? I mean really Rod this is just too much. How can you treat me like this? After everything we've shared.

**ROD**

Interesting. We've been friends for years and years and have shared wonderful times together, and yet you can't seem to remember where we met. Don't you think that's strange? I know I do.

**ALYSON**

I'm not feeling well. The room seems to be spinning a bit. Could I be suffering from some kind of vertigo?

**ROD**

It's possible I suppose. *(He motions her to the couch)* Why don't you lay down and just close your eyes for a few minutes. You've had a very eventful day. After all, you've been married to a gay Neanderthal and then interrogated under gun point. I would think that could throw you off balance just a little bit. I'm sure when you wake up we'll laugh about all of this confusion.

**ALYSON**

Yes. I'm sure there is some funny expla...explana...*(She falls asleep in mid sentence)*.

**ROD**

*(Janet rolls her chair over to the sofa and sits down)* Damn it, Janet this has turned out to be too much work. All of these balls in the air at the same time are making me dizzy. I need a new direction. A new concept. You know what I need? I need a do over!

**JANET**

A do over? What the hell is a do over?

**ROD**

You've obviously never played stick ball. A pitcher throws a Spalding rubber ball at the batter who tries to hit the ball with a broom handle. If the batter hits the ball and the ball hits an overhanging telephone wire, the batter calls "do over". Everyone agrees because they know it could happen to them too and then they would call "do over" too. Come to think of it, wouldn't it be nice if everyone played by the same common sense rules that eight year old boys do? For instance, if it had been a colder day in Dallas in November of '63 JFK would not have been in a convertible. He would have been in a car with a roof. He wouldn't have died and the Vietnam War wouldn't have escalated. If that had happened, there wouldn't be a big black stone monument in Washington with over 50,000 names inscribed on it. No brainer - call for a do over. Or if Florida had a simple voting ballot, there would have been a President Gore and we

wouldn't have been at war for over 12 years. Again no brainer. You can go through history day by day and one small event changes everything. If a Corporal Hitler had been accepted into art school, there wouldn't have been a Holocaust. There would be no atom bomb. Six million Jews plus their future children would be alive. On the other hand there would be no Israel, but Jews and Arabs wouldn't be pissed off at each other.

**JANET**

I hear what you're saying and it makes perfect sense. Except

**ROD**

Except what? There is no except. Do overs fix everything.

**JANET**

Except what happens next. What if that boy hit another ball that hits a car causing it to run over some people crossing the street? You can't control every roll of the dice. Sometimes you just have to accept bad outcomes, because even bad outcomes can produce good ones.

**ROD**

Son of a bitch! I hate it when you confuse my perfectly good ideas with logic. So does that mean I don't get to call a do over? Because if that is the case I don't know what I'm going to do with those two young people.

**JANET**

Rod, you are a very smart man. I have no doubt at all that you will come up with something. What the hell, just call a do over.

**ROD**

You're right. I am very smart and I just had an idea. I'll need your assistance for the logistics. Are you up for it?

**JANET**

Always ready to roll the dice.

**ROD**

*(Rod and Alyson move Daryl and Alyson to the sofa. They then begin to dress them for their wedding from costumes in the box. Janet places a veil on Alyson and Rod puts a clip on tie and top hat on Rod. He then steps back and takes a photo of them.)*

Perfect. Don't they make a lovely couple? *(Alyson and Daryl begin to wake up and are surprised to be sitting next to each other)*. Rise and shine Mr. and Mrs. Daryl Portsmouth. Time for an official toast.

**ALYSON**

Mr. and Mrs. Who? *(Feels the veil and pulls it off)* What the fuck is this?

**DARYL**

*(Removes the top hat and stares at it in total confusion)* Hey lady watch your language.

**ALYSON**

Did you call me lady? Well listen here, shit for brains, I'm a woman not a lady.

**JANET**

*(Placing the tray on the coffee table and handing out invisible champagne flutes)* You two make such a cute couple. Here, take your glasses so we can have a toast.

**DARYL**

Couple? What the fuck are you talking about?

**ALYSON**

*(Shaking her finger at him)* Language.

**ROD**

The wedding was so nice. I really appreciate it that you decided to have me host it. The Minister and your friends all seemed to have a lovely time. *(Picks up his glass)* To the most caring couple I have ever known. It's like you were meant for each other from the first day you met. *(Janet and Rod both take a drink of the champagne)*.

**DARYL**

Are you saying we got married? That can't be. I would remember marrying this...this...woman.

**ALYSON**

That goes double for me. If I had married this asshole, I would remember it. *(Looks at Rod)* Wouldn't I?

**ROD**

Of course you would remember it. Fortunately, we had a wonderful photographer and he took pictures of everything. When you two danced your first dance together as a married couple, there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

**DARYL**

You did it again! You hypnotized me didn't you?

**ROD**

Daryl, my boy, I don't have any idea what you're talking about. You and Alyson came to me and asked if you could hold your wedding here. I said yes as long as I got to give the bride away. You're just having a case of cold feet. I assure you a love like yours will last the ages.

**JANET**

He's telling the truth. The ceremony was beautiful and your vows were, what can I say, so touching so loving. *(Janet is choked up. She crosses to the bar and begins to cut imaginary wedding cake).*

**ALYSON**

This is a bunch of crap! I didn't marry this guy. First of all, I don't even know him and secondly he's a moron.

**DARYL**

If you don't know me, how do you know I'm a moron? Maybe you're the moron and I did you a favor marrying you. Did you ever think of that?

**ALYSON**

It never crossed my mind. If anyone did anyone a favor it was me. So husband, just out of curiosity, what do you do for a living?

**DARYL**

*(Confused by her question)* Stuff. I do stuff.

**ALYSON**

Stuff? You do stuff. Do you have a job? Do you work?

**DARYL**

*(Defensively)* Of course I have a job. I just don't remember what it is. *(Turns and points at Rod)* but he said I would remember later.

**ALYSON**

Rod tell me I'm not really married to this lunatic. Really Rod he does.. "stuff"?

**ROD**

Please calm down. You know this is very entertaining in an embarrassing kind of way. I know you're just kidding around. You're just trying to pull a fast one on me and poor Janet. I must warn you even though I know you're kidding Janet takes these things very seriously. If she really thought you didn't love each other, there is no telling what she might do. The fact is she's not very stable. She lives for romance and love. Maybe because she has never actually experienced it first hand.

**JANET**

*(Come towards them hold a large knife)* Would anyone like another piece of cake to go with their champagne?



**DARYL**

*(Whispers to Rod)* Is she dangerous?

**ROD**

I think not. At least not as far as I can remember.

**DARYL**

Yes, Janet. We would love a piece of cake wouldn't we dear?

**ALYSON**

Dear? Oh yes, dear, a piece of cake would be wonderful.

**DARYL**

*(Stage whisper to Rod)* I don't know what or how you keep doing these things to us. You are somehow manipulating us.

**ALYSON**

My husband...what's your name again?

**DARYL**

Daryl. Daryl Portsmouth.

**ALYSON**

Daryl has hit the nail on the head. You're doing something to us. First, you offer me money to pretend he is my husband and now you say he is my husband. What the hell is going on?

**DARYL**

He paid you to marry me?

**ALYSON**

No... Well kind of. But it was for a performance while you were out cold from being drugged. You see I'm a very good actress.

**DARYL**

*(To Rod)* Is what she's saying true?

**ROD**

Yes. She is a very good actress.

**DARYL**

You are fucking nuts! You can't just drug people. There has to be a law that doesn't allow that.

**ALYSON**

Probably the same law that doesn't allow you to rob people at gunpoint.

**ROD**

Actually Daryl, she does have a point there. I understand you both have questions. In fact, quite a lot of questions. I just need you to be patient and answers will come.

**ALYSON**

Answers will come? What kind of crap is that?

**DARYL**

Yeah that sounds like crap to me too. We want the answers right now damn it!

**ROD**

Just be patient. Some things just take a little time to become evident.

**JANET**

Maybe they have a point. Perhaps they're entitled to know just what you've been playing at.

**ROD**

Playing? How dare you! After all I've given this is the way you all act. I give and I give and I give some more, and does anyone say thank you Rod? Does anyone appreciate all of my kindness? Well enough is enough. I call a DO OVER!

**DARYL**

What the hell is a do over?

**JANET**

Something to do with rubber balls and sticks.

**ROD**

It doesn't matter what it is. It is what I say it is. (*Rod begins to pace*) And what I say is you all need to calm down. (*He points at Daryl and Alyson*) I want you two to sit down and shut the hell up. You'll have your "answers" when I'm ready to give them to you. Now go sit down.

**DARYL**

Sit down? That sounds like a good idea. I'm beginning to feel dizzy. Is the room spinning a bit?

**ALYSON**

Actually, I've been feeling like things have been spinning too. I thought I might be suffering from vertigo.

**DARYL**

I feel like I really need to sit down and close my eyes.

**ALYSON**

Me too.

*(Rod and Janet leads both Alyson and Daryl to the chairs UR. They help them sit down. Janet then smiles as she has them hold hands. Rod and Janet go back to the couch and collapse on it).*

**JANET**

Well that was a bit intense. The wedding, however, was just lovely. I love weddings. They're just so... hopeful.

**ROD**

You're right. Maybe I'll get married again. After all of this, I'm feeling hopeful. In fact, Janet I think we should get married. What do you think?

**JANET**

Married? You're asking me to marry you? This is so sudden. I didn't think you thought of me in a romantic way.

**ROD**

The fact is I didn't. Not that I don't think of you romantically now, it just never occurred to me before. You know me... I live for spontaneity. I love to look at each day as a new beginning. Meeting new people and doing new things. Let's not wait. Let's just seize the moment and get married right now.

**JANET**

Whoa there cowboy. I can't decide that quickly. I need to think about it a little.

**ROD**

Of course, I understand. No reason to rush. We can do it tomorrow. Why don't you sit down and rest for a while. Here, let me get you comfortable. *(He walks her over to the third chair UR and seats her. Daryl, Alyson, and Janet are each in their chairs as the lights fade to black in their area. Rod then walks quickly over to the phone which is on a small end table. He is in a spot as he picks up the phone which has not rung).* Hello, Rod Andrews speaking. Oh, Mr. Albee. I was just talking about you earlier today and now here you are. Isn't that just so amazing? Really?, You like my idea about doing "Whose Afraid of Virginia Woolf". You have made my day! I can't wait to play Martha. She's such a strong character. Listen, why don't we get together. In fact, if you're free tomorrow, I'm getting married here at my home. Why don't you come? Actually, I would be thrilled if you would be my best man. *(He smiles as he hangs up*

*the phone, (Lights up on the entire stage. Rod excitedly crosses to Janice, Alyson, and Daryl who are wearing Mannequin masks). You won't believe what just happened. Edward Albee called me and he likes my idea for Virginia Woolf. I will start rehearsing my role as Martha immediately. Oh and I almost forgot to tell you. (He puts his hand on Janet's shoulder) He coming to our wedding, and would you believe he's agreed to be my Best Man. Now I want all of you to rest now. I expect all of you to be in top form. You can believe me when I say tomorrow will be a day like none you've ever seen. (Rod smiles broadly as the lights fade to black).*

**THE END**

