



Kory Howard

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

Copyright © 2020, Kory Howard

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The Epic Play...That Was Never Written! is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and all of the countries covered by the Universal Copyright Convention and countries with which the United States has bilateral copyright relations including Canada, Mexico, Australia, and all nations of the United Kingdom.

Copying or reproducing all or any part of this book in any manner is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this book may be stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form by any means including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, or videotaping without written permission from the publisher.

A royalty is due for every performance of this play whether admission is charged or not. A “performance” is any presentation in which an audience of any size is admitted.

The name of the author must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play and must also contain the following notice: “Produced by special arrangement with Big Dog/Norman Maine Publishing LLC, Rapid City, SD.”

All rights including professional, amateur, radio broadcasting, television, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved by Big Dog/Norman Maine Publishing LLC, www.BigDogPlays.com, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

Big Dog Publishing

P.O. Box 1401

Rapid City, SD 57709

The Epic Play...That Was Never Written! was originally produced at Manti High School, Manti, UT, on Feb. 24-26, 2020: Avery Allred, stage manager; Danielle Hatch, assistant director; Malorie Hansen; director.

ACTOR 1: Hallie Williams

ACTOR 2: Taylor Palmer

DONALD DAVID SOUTHWORTH IV: Jacob Norris

TOMMY: Daegan Howell

ALICE FROM THE DRYCLEANERS: Ali Hatch

CEDRIC THE BUTLER: Matt Bigelow

DUFFY: Emma Allred

MADAME SOFRONIE: Ana Cruz

IGORA: Emma Imlay

SEBASTIAN THE PHOTOGRAPHER: Jeremiah Nigro

BOUNCER: Kelsie Tippetts

MAID: Ashlie Tippetts

JERRY: Kade Jorgensen

COOK: Cambrya Cox

PILLOW FLUFFER: Janica Baker

GOON 1: Kaylie Crisp

GOON 2: Talia Cluff

GOON 3: Chiara Mazzullo

GOON 4: BreAnna Bratton

ENSEMBLE: Macie Howick, Anneke Bahlmann, BreAnna Bratton, Kai Adamson, Talia Cluff, Chiara Mazzullo, Nathan Bigelow, Hope Marsing, Braidon Adams, Abby Watson

The Epic Play... That Was Never Written!

FARCE. Two actors must write an “epic play” on the spot after the playwright suffers writer’s block. To make the play as “epic” as possible, the writers include plenty of action, adventure, mystery, sci-fi, fantasy, romance, red herrings, and zombies in the storyline. The main characters include a pizza-loving, whiny millionaire who loves to give himself pity parties; a dry-cleaning damsel in distress with ultra-rare DNA; a card hustler who fights like a ninja; and a henchwoman who loves energy drinks. What results is a play that is definitely *epic!*

Performance Time: Approximately 75-90 minutes.

Characters

(4 M, 8 F, 10 flexible, extras)

(With doubling: 4 M, 5 F, 4 flexible, extras)

ACTOR 1: Justin, an actor who has agreed to help write the play; male.

ACTOR 2: Ellie, an actor who has agreed to help write the play; female.

DONALD "DONNY" DAVID SOUTHWORTH, IV: Whiny, pizza-loving millionaire who loves to throw pity parties for himself; male.

ALICE: Daughter of a poor dry cleaner who has been kidnapped by an evil villain because she has super rare DNA; female.

TOMMY: Donny's live-in brother who has a crush on Alice; male.

DUFFY: Sidekick who cheats at cards and fights like a ninja; female disguised as a male; female.

MADAME SOFRONIE: Annoying fortuneteller who always knows where a villain may be; female.

CEDRIC: Donny's bitter, vengeful butler; villain in disguise; male.

IGORA: Villain's hideous, deformed minion who has no place in society; female.

SEBASTIAN/SEBASTIANA: Dramatic photographer; flexible

MAID: Donny's resentful, unpaid maid; female.

JERRY/JERRI: Donny's hairdresser and cologne sprayer; flexible.

COOK: Donny's cook; flexible.

PILLOW FLUFFER: Fluffs pillows; flexible.

BOUNCER: Bouncer at Tom's Tavern; flexible.

GOON 1: Hannah, a card-playing goon; female.

GOON 2, 3, 4: Card playing goons; flexible.

STAGE MANAGER: Production's stage manager; wears a headset and black attire; flexible.

ACTOR 3: Actor in the production; flexible.

ACTOR 4: Actor in the production; female.

EXTRAS: As Keyboard Player, Giant, Dragon, Fairy, Zombies, Bandits, and additional Actors, Card Players, and Goons.

NOTE: For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

Options for Doubling/Tripling

IGORA/GOON 1/ACTOR 4/MAID (female)

SEBASTIAN/BOUNCER (flexible)

JERRY/GOON 2/STAGE MANAGER (flexible)

COOK/GOON 3/ACTOR 3 (flexible)

PILLOW FLUFFER/GOON 4 (flexible)

Setting

Various locations.

Sets

Note: Bare stage except for a small table and two chairs for Actor 1, 2. Set pieces and props are brought on for each scene change. Actors may pose as set pieces as well, if desired. The set may be as fluid as necessary.

Villain's lair. Villain's lair complete with candelabras, cobwebs, an armchair, and a cage large enough to contain Alice. There is a backdrop of towering trees and an abandoned tower.

Mansion of Donald David Southworth, IV. Living room is decorated with fine furnishings. There is a plush couch piled high with pillows at CS. There is an ornate table surrounded with shrubs and foliage on one side of the room. Note: Other furnishings may be brought on, if desired.

Tom's Tavern. There are a couple of tables with chairs. A tavern backdrop may be used.

Madame Sofronie's mystical shack. There is a lone table and a couple of ornate chairs surrounded by curious and bizarre sculptures and other mystical art.

Props

Headset	Wads of play money
Computer or typewriter	Gag, for Tommy
Tray of snacks	Piece of paper
Tray of beverages	Go Fish cards
Rope	Box of Goldfish Crackers
Gag, for Alice	Crystal ball
Mask, to conceal Cedric's identity	Script
Cell phone, for Cedric	Science-fiction looking machine/ device with a switch or button
Piece of bread	Bathrobe, for Cedric
12 Pizza boxes	Shower poof
Camera, for Sebastian	Shower cap
Hand mirror	Rubber duck
Cologne	Remote control with big red button on it
Hideous wig	Cell phones, for Zombies
Slice of pizza	Black clothing, for suspects
Note	Masks, for suspects
Shrunken tuxedo, for Donny	Energy drink
Invoice	
Breakfast tray	

Special Effects

Doorbell	Adventure music
Lightning	Zapping sound
Thunder	Epic music
Thud	Catchy pop song
Sound of door slamming shut	Dramatic music
Old-time ragtime music	Drum roll

The only way to find me
is to ask the person
who knows someone else
who knows that other person
who knows where I am”

—Mysterious Note

The Epic Play... That Was Never Written!

(Before the curtain. Show starts a couple of minutes late. Stage Manager enters, wearing a headset and black attire.)

STAGE MANAGER: *(To audience.)* Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize for starting a couple of minutes late, but we have a serious issue on our hands. We have just received word that the author of this play has suffered a severe case of writer's block and could not write the show. The only thing he told us was that the show was "going to be epic"! Maybe even more epic than ["Hamilton"]! *[Or insert the name of another popular play or musical.]*

ACTOR 1: *(Offstage, shouts.)* Yeah, right!

STAGE MANAGER: *(To audience.)* So...we don't have any scripts. We don't have a show. But don't be alarmed, the actors backstage have been scrambling to put something together...

(AT RISE: Actors are playing cards, stretching, goofing around, etc.)

ACTOR 1: Where's the catering?!

ACTOR 2: I think I'm gonna be sick!

ACTOR 3: Why don't I have a costume?

(Other Actors adlib lines as desired. Actor 1 [Justin] approaches Stage Manager and whispers something in his ear.)

STAGE MANAGER: *(To Actor 1.)* Thank goodness! *(To audience.)* Ladies and gentlemen, great news! Our actors have come up with a brilliant idea! We are going to write a show right here on the spot! [Justin] and [Ellie] have

volunteered to be our writers this evening. *[Insert actors' real names for Actor 1 and Actor 2. For the following, Actor 1 is referred to as "Justin" and Actor 2 is referred to as "Ellie."]*

ACTOR 1: We did?

STAGE MANAGER: Yep!

ACTOR 2: Sweet!

STAGE MANAGER: *(To Actor 1, 2.)* Take your places over there, please. *(Actor 1 and Actor 2 set up a small table and chairs with a typewriter or computer. To audience.)* Unfortunately, with no script, we could not build a set, so we'll have to use random stock items and boxes from our storage room. We may also have to use actors to fill in as furniture or prop pieces. So, please, use your imagination. All right, I think we are ready to move this show along. Writers, are you ready?

ACTORS 1, 2: We were born ready! Let's do this!

STAGE MANAGER: *(To audience.)* Ladies and gentlemen, please enjoy, "The Epic Play...That Was Never Written"!

ACTOR 1: [Ellie], are you ready to write this epic story or what?!

ACTOR 2: I am so ready!

ACTOR 1: Have you ever written anything?

ACTOR 2: Besides text messages? Nope! You?

ACTOR 1: I don't mean to brag, but I've written some pretty amazing stuff.

ACTOR 2: Really?

ACTOR 1: Yeah, um... *(Thinks.)* Actually, no.

ACTOR 2: Oh, well. It can't be that hard. You write some words on a page and – voilà – the story comes to life!

ACTOR 1: If Shakespeare could do it, so can we! Piece of cake! Which sounds good, by the way. Can someone bring me something to eat? I need brain food! *(Pause.)* Anyone?

ACTOR 2: Try typing it on the page. Make it happen.

ACTOR 1: Okay. *(Typing.)* "A French chef enters, serving the writers delicious snacks."

(Actor 3 enters, carrying a tray of snacks. Actor 3 puts the tray on the table and exits.)

ACTOR 2: *(Looking at the snacks.)* Whoa!

ACTOR 1: I think I could get the hang of this writing thing!

ACTOR 2: But work on your word choice. Let me try. *(Grabs the computer and starts typing.)* "A beautiful maiden meanders in, bringing the writers liquid sustenance!"

(Actor 4 enters, carrying a tray of beverages. Actor 4 places the beverages on the table and exits.)

ACTOR 1: Awesome! I think we can begin.

ACTOR 2: Pretty lame of the author to make us write the story, though.

ACTOR 1: No way! Now that we know we have the power to make anything happen, this truly will be epic!

ACTOR 2: And in order to make this story as epic as possible, we will need to include everything.

ACTOR 1: Action!

ACTOR 2: Adventure!

ACTOR 1: Mystery!

ACTOR 2: Science-fiction!

ACTOR 1: Fantasy!

ACTOR 2: Villains!

ACTOR 1: And heroes!

ACTOR 2: Don't forget the all-important romance!

ACTOR 1: Eeeeew!

ACTOR 2: [Justin]...

ACTOR 1: Fine, maybe we can squeeze in a little romance somewhere.

ACTOR 2: Ooh la la! And on to the opening scene!

ACTOR 1: We'll start with a prologue...give the audience a little teaser to introduce the villain and the major problem.

ACTOR 2: Got it! *(Begins to write. Stage Crew brings on set pieces as Actor 1, 2 describe the setting.)* "Mingling with the

towering trees of the Foreboding Forest, stood an abandoned tower. Complete with candelabras and cobwebs, the loftiest room of the tower was the perfect clichéd lair for the masked villain and his latest victim. An armchair worthy of our villain sits to one side while a cage holds its victim on the other..."

(Lights dim on Actor 1, 2 as the scene begins. A masked man, Cedric the Butler, enters with Alice, who is tied up and gagged. Note: It is crucial that Cedric is unidentifiable. He should disguise his voice.)

ALICE: *(Trying to speak but gagged.)* "Hmfff...ggrrr...hmff—
"

CEDRIC: "I'm sorry. Could you speak clearly, please?"

ALICE: "Hmmmffff...ggrrmmff...hhhfff..."

CEDRIC: "I didn't catch that."

ALICE: "Hmm...ggffff...hfff..."

CEDRIC: "Fine!"

(Cedric removes the gag from Alice's mouth.)

ALICE: "Stop it! Let me go!"

CEDRIC: "That's what you wanted to say?"

ALICE: "Yes! Let me go!"

CEDRIC: "I cannot let you go. You are necessary to my master plan."

ALICE: "What plan?"

CEDRIC: "Ha-ha! The villain never reveals his plan right at the beginning of a story."

ALICE: "It doesn't matter because a hero is going to come and rescue me."

CEDRIC: "No one is coming for you."

ALICE: "How do you know?"

CEDRIC: "Because no one cares enough about you to risk their lives for you."

ALICE: "My one true love does!"

CEDRIC: "Do you even know who your true love is?"

ALICE: "No, but he'll come."

CEDRIC: "Oh, boy! You are one hopeless romantic."

ALICE: "So?"

CEDRIC: "True love isn't real. It only happens in [Nicolas Sparks] books." [*Or insert another suitable author.*]

ALICE: "I don't care. My true love—a brave and masculine hero—is going to rescue me before you can...before you—
(*Stops.*) Wait. What are you going to do to me? Why kidnap *me*? I'm just Alice from the drycleaners."

CEDRIC: "Because you are the final piece to my master plan. You will lead my army to conquer the world!"

ALICE: "But why specifically *me*?"

CEDRIC: (*Adlibbing.*) Um...well...I'm not really sure. I'll get back to you on that. (*Approaches Actor 1, 2.*) Why did I kidnap her?

ACTOR 1: That's a good question. (*To Actor 2.*) Any ideas?

ACTOR 2: Let's make something in her DNA super rare that no one else has.

ACTOR 1: Perfect! (*To Cedric.*) You need her because her DNA is super special and will make it possible to control your army.

CEDRIC: Got it. (*Approaches Alice. To Alice.*) "You and your special DNA, my dear, are going to make it possible for my army to conquer the world!"

ALICE: "Army? What army?"

CEDRIC: "I can't reveal that yet. This is only the prologue. But when the time comes, I want you to drink an energy drink, listen to a catchy song on a device over and over...
(*Hands Alice a cell phone.*) ...and never let it leave your hand.
(*Evil laugh.*) Mwah-ha-ha!"

ALICE: "No."

CEDRIC: (*Surprised.*) "What?"

ALICE: "I said, no. I'm not going to do that."

CEDRIC: "But you have to."

ALICE: "Why?"

CEDRIC: "So I can make my army complete. Haven't you been listening?"

ALICE: "But I don't want to do that."

CEDRIC: "Then this story isn't going to go anywhere."

ALICE: "And...?"

CEDRIC: Ugh! *(To Actor 1, 2, shouts.)* Can't she just do what I ask?

ACTOR 2: Sorry, we're new to this. Hang on. *(To Actor 1.)* What do you think?

ACTOR 1: We probably should have her agree to his plan.

ACTOR 2: Okay, but just so you know, she'll be lying.

ACTOR 1: That's fine. The villain doesn't need to know that.

ACTOR 2: Let's rework the scene a little. *(To Alice.)* Give the villain back the phone, please.

ALICE: Okay.

(Alice hands Cedric the phone.)

ACTOR 2: *(To herself.)* And let's tweak those last few lines a bit. *(Starts to type.)*

ALICE: *(To Cedric.)* "Army? What army?"

CEDRIC: "I can't reveal that yet. This is only the prologue. But when the time comes, I want you to drink this energy drink, listen to the catchy song on this device over and over... *(Hands Alice the phone.)* ...and never let it leave your hand. *(Evil laugh.)* Mwah-ha-ha!"

ALICE: "And if I refuse?"

CEDRIC: "Then you shall never see the light of day again! Mwah-ha-ha!"

ALICE: "Okay. I guess I have no choice."

CEDRIC: "Really? Just like that?"

ALICE: "Yes, because my hero will find me before that time comes, so sure."

CEDRIC: "Smart girl! But your hero only has until midnight before I make my army complete, so I wouldn't count your chickens before they lay eggs. Mwah-ha-ha!"

ACTOR 1: *(Typing.)* "And with that, the villain threw a piece of bread at the girl and exited dramatically out of the room, leaving her to cry and sob in her cage."

(Cedric throws a piece of bread at Alice and exits. Alice cries as lights fade.)

ALICE: "My hero, whoever you may be, please come rescue me."

ACTOR 2: And end the prologue scene.

ACTOR 1: That was a rush!

ACTOR 2: Totally! We've established a problem that needs to be resolved in epic proportion.

ACTOR 1: If only we had the rights to use the [Avengers] for our heroes! *[Or insert other superheroes.]*

ACTOR 2: That truly would be epic. But we don't.

ACTOR 1: Darn it!

ACTOR 2: But we'll come up with a hero that dismally fails by comparison!

ACTOR 1: And a bunch of possible suspects to be our masked villain. No story is epic without a little mystery.

ACTOR 2: Very true. Now, who do we create for our hero?

ACTOR 1: Hmm...good question. I think it's time for a brainstorm session!

(As Actor 1, 2 think, they pace around and make crazy brainstorming gestures/movements.)

ACTOR 2: *(Gets an idea.)* Yes! *(On second thought.)* Um, no. No good.

ACTOR 1: *(Gets an idea.)* I got it! *(On second thought.)* No, I don't!

ACTOR 2: *(Gets an idea.)* Ooooooh! That could be good! *(On second thought.)* Nope!

ACTOR 1: *(Gets an idea.)* That's it! He's a guy!

ACTOR 2: I know I haven't written much before, but I think we need a little more detail than that.

ACTOR 1: Okay, he's a filthy-rich, snooty, whiny millionaire.

ACTOR 2: We can work with that. And suspects to be the villain?

ACTOR 1: Easy...servants, housekeepers, personal assistants, cooks.

ACTOR 2: So one of his servants is the masked villain?

ACTOR 1: It could be. They would all have reason to hate him because he's a selfish jerk. But we could introduce some other characters along the way who could be the villain as well.

ACTOR 2: A few red herrings never hurt a good mystery. Any ideas for our hero's name?

ACTOR 1: Let's see... *(Thinks.)* How about "Donald."

ACTOR 2: "David."

ACTOR 1: "Southworth."

ACTOR 2: "The Fourth"!

ACTOR 1: Yes! Donald David Southworth, the Fourth! Excellent!

ACTOR 2: Sounds snobby enough. Let's start with Donny in the living room of his mansion. *(Actor 2 starts typing. During the following, Stage Crew sets the stage.)* "Looming loftily on the hill, the mansion of Donald David Southworth, the Fourth looked smugly down upon the town. Inside his living room, only the finest of furnishings could be found. A plush couch, piled high with pillows, sits pompously in the center of the room. On one side of the room, an ornate side table stands while shrubs and foliage complete the ambience." *(Note: Other furnishings may be mentioned if desired.)*

ACTOR 2: Beautiful. Now, we need an important event for Donny to start the action.

ACTOR 1: Maybe the city is naming a building after Donny.

ACTOR 2: Nah. How about...the government is hiring him to be a spy?

ACTOR 1: Too cliché.

ACTOR 2: He's receiving an award.

ACTOR 1: For what?

ACTOR 2: Humanitarian efforts?

ACTOR 1: Unrealistic. He's way too selfish for that.

ACTOR 2: They're putting his face on the twenty-dollar bill?

ACTOR 1: Too politically incorrect!

ACTOR 2: Okay, then. He's buying a new tux...his tenth one that month.

ACTOR 1: Interesting, but let's raise the stakes. Maybe a tux company wants him to be their cover boy. It's the day of the photo shoot, and the house is all in a kerfuffle preparing for the big event.

ACTOR 2: Bingo! But we'll need to change the word "kerfuffle." I have no idea what it means.

ACTOR 1: We'll start with Donny asleep on the couch surrounded by a dozen pizza boxes...

(Lights fade on Actor 1, 2. Lights up on Donny, who is asleep on the couch, cuddling with a pizza box and sucking his thumb. The room is bustling with servants including the Maid, the Cook, and the Pillow Fluffer. The Pillow Fluffer approaches Cedric.)

PILLOW FLUFFER: "Cedric! How can I fluff Master Donny's pillow when he is laying on top of it?"

CEDRIC: "Madam, that is not my area of expertise."

PILLOW FLUFFER: "I've had enough of this! Not to mention the drool on the pillow! Imagine trying to fluff a soggy pillow!"

(Pillow Fluffer exits in a huff. Cook enters.)

COOK: *(Calls.)* "Master Donny! Breakfast is ready!"

DONNY: "Urrrrmm...hrrmmm..." *(Snore.)*

CEDRIC: *(To Cook.)* "Looks like you'll have to bring it to him."

COOK: "Again?! I can't keep bringing seven trays of food every morning!"

CEDRIC: "Maybe he won't notice if you only bring six today."

COOK: "I don't get paid enough for this!"

CEDRIC: "None of us do."

(Cook exits in a huff.)

MAID: "Wait! You guys get paid?"

CEDRIC: *(Lying.)* "Oh...um...well...we get paid by just being in the presence of Master Donny."

MAID: "Phew! I was worried there for a second."

CEDRIC: "No worries. Carry on."

MAID: "Yes, sir."

CEDRIC: "Master Donny? *(Nudges Donny, who just turns over.)* Master Donny, you really need to wake up."

DONNY: *(Groggily.)* "Ah...go away."

CEDRIC: "But, Master Donny, it's the big day."

DONNY: "Which one?"

CEDRIC: "Very funny, sir."

DONNY: "Is the city finally naming a building after me?"

CEDRIC: "No."

DONNY: "Is my face being put on the twenty-dollar bill?"

CEDRIC: "Never."

DONNY: "Am I finally receiving an award for my humanitarian efforts?"

CEDRIC: "You don't do any humanitarian efforts."

DONNY: "Just let me sleep then."

CEDRIC: "Your new tux will be here momentarily for your photo shoot."

DONNY: *(Suddenly awake, alert.)* "Photo shoot?! I forgot. *(Looks around the room.)* Cedric, why is it such a mess in here? Didn't you just hear me say my big photo shoot is today?!"

CEDRIC: "Sir, you had one of your parties last night."

DONNY: "I don't remember anyone coming over."

CEDRIC: "No, sir. It was one of your pity parties."

DONNY: "I have been having a lot of those lately."

CEDRIC: "Yes, sir, you have."

DONNY: "What was I pitying this time?"

CEDRIC: "I believe it was something about running out of fifty-dollar bills to wipe your nose with. You had to use twenties."

DONNY: "I can't wipe with twenties! Andrew Jackson is so inferior to Grant! You know that, Cedric!"

CEDRIC: "I understand, sir."

DONNY: "Well, don't just stand there, Cedric. Clean this place up!"

CEDRIC: "Of course, Master Southworth."

DONNY: *(Clears throat, annoyed.)* "Eh-hemm! *(Correcting.)* The Fourth."

CEDRIC: "Pardon. Master Southworth, the Fourth."

DONNY: "You know what? That's a little too long. Please just say 'Master.'"

CEDRIC: "Yes, Master."

DONNY: "Nope. Sounds too much like Gollum, 'Yes, Master!' Stick with 'Master Donny.'"

CEDRIC: "Yes, Master Donny."

DONNY: "On second thought, no. That's too Donny Osmond-gone-power-hungry. Rrrraarr!"

CEDRIC: "May I just start cleaning, sir?"

DONNY: "If you must."

CEDRIC: "Thank you."

(Doorbell.)

DONNY: "Ooh! Ooh! I bet that's the new tux! Hurry and open the door! I want to see this beauty on me!"

(Cedric opens the door. Sebastian, the photographer, dramatically enters.)

SEBASTIAN: *(To Cedric.)* "Good morning. Are you Donny?
(Realizes.) No, of course not. Way too old. Where is he?"

DONNY: "Right here. Where's my tux?"

SEBASTIAN: "I'm here to do your photo shoot with you *in*
your tux. Oh my! Is that really how you're going to do your
hair?"

DONNY: "Well, I haven't had time."

SEBASTIAN: "No, no, no. This will not do. I cannot work
under these conditions. You need to fix that, and fast, before
the fashion police arrest you."

DONNY: "Cedric, get Lacinda in here."

CEDRIC: "Lacinda quit last week."

DONNY: "I need someone to do my hair! And my cologne!"

CEDRIC: "I'll find someone, sir."

DONNY: "Make it snappy."

(Cedric exits.)

SEBASTIAN: "Let's see... *(Looking around.)* We need some
good lighting. *(Looking Donny over.)* I'd say some *exceptional*
lighting." *(Moves quickly around the room scoping everything*
out.)

DONNY: "I'm afraid we haven't met. I'm Donald David
Southw —"

SEBASTIAN: "Don't interrupt me while I'm working."

DONNY: "Um...yeah...okay."

(Awkward pause.)

DONNY: "So, how long do you think this will take?"

SEBASTIAN: "No talking. *(Starts to set up his camera. Donny*
starts to whistle.) No whistling, either."

DONNY: "Okay. Boundaries established. Good." *(Flops*
down on the couch right in front of Sebastian's camera.)

SEBASTIAN: "Do you mind? I'm trying to focus my camera."

DONNY: "No. Go ahead." *(Doesn't move.)*

SEBASTIAN: "You know what? I need to use the restroom before we begin, anyway."

DONNY: "Sure thing. Go through that door to the end of the hallway."

SEBASTIAN: "Thank y—"

DONNY: "Take a right through the stone archway, then a left at the fifth door on the right, up the flight of stairs, hang a left after the Grecian urn, take the elevator three floors down, and the bathroom will be the at the end of the long hallway to the right. (*Realizes.*) No, sorry...to the left!"

SEBASTIAN: "Humph! By the time I return, you had better be ready, or else."

DONNY: "Or else what?"

SEBASTIAN: "Just be ready." (*Exits.*)

DONNY: (*To himself.*) "Some people. Sheesh!"

(*Jerry, the hairdresser, enters with a hideous wig.*)

JERRY: "Master Donald, I am here to do your hair. My name's Jerry."

DONNY: "Make it quick. I don't have time to spare."

JERRY: "Yes, sir. If you can take a seat, I can be done in a few seconds."

(*Donny sits. Jerry puts the wig on Donny.*)

DONNY: "Are you done yet?"

JERRY: "Just a little adjustment... (*Adjusts wig.*) ...and wah-lah!" (*Pulls out a hand mirror.*) Take a look.

DONNY: "I'm looking fabulous!"

JERRY: "So masculine!"

DONNY: "Did you bring my cologne?"

JERRY: "Right here." (*Sprays the "cologne."*)

DONNY: "Jerome—"

JERRY: (*Correcting.*) "Just 'Jerry,' sir."

DONNY: "Jerome, has no one ever taught you how to properly spray cologne?"

JERRY: "Well, I assumed —"

DONNY: "You *assumed*? Give me that. (*Takes the cologne.*) It's one spray on the neck, then one spray on the left wrist and two sprays on the right wrist."

JERRY: "Why two sprays on the right wrist?"

DONNY: "Because I use my right hand more, so people will smell it more."

JERRY: "Yes, sir. I got it."

(Jerry takes the cologne. Note: For the following, Jerry sprays Donny with "cologne" as Donny indicates.)

DONNY: "That's not all. Two sprays to the front, and then two sprays on the back. One on each knee."

JERRY: "Yes, sir —"

DONNY: "Then one final spray right over the top of me so it falls down like a cologne shower! (*Pause.*) Do it."

(Jerry sprays the "cologne" into the air, and Donny acts as if he's taking a shower under the spray.)

JERRY: "Is that all you require of me, sir?"

DONNY: "Yes, Jerome."

JERRY: "Thank you, sir."

(Jerry exits. Donny sits on the couch, finds an old slice of pizza, and eats it.)

ACTOR 2: (*To Actor 1.*) Okay, I think we need to add a character that is close to Donny.

ACTOR 1: Mother? Father?

ACTOR 2: No, let's have him be without parents or else he might not be acting this way.

ACTOR 1: True. How about a sister?

ACTOR 2: I'm thinking brother.

ACTOR 1: I like it. And since we've introduced a lot of possible villains, let's have the brother raise the suspense a little.

ACTOR 2: Good plan. (*Sits at the computer, starts typing.*)
"Enter Tommy, the brother."

(*Tommy enters.*)

TOMMY: "Hey, Donny."

DONNY: (*Startled.*) "Ahhhhh! You scared me!"

TOMMY: "Sorry. Donny, we have a situation—"

DONNY: (*Insulted.*) "Whoa! Excuse me! Who are you to call me 'Donny'?"

TOMMY: "I'm Tommy."

DONNY: "Tommy"?

TOMMY: "Your brother."

DONNY: (*Breaks character. To Actor 1, 2.*) I didn't know I had a brother.

ACTOR 1: You do now.

DONNY: (*To Tommy.*) "So, what are you doing here?"

TOMMY: "I live here."

DONNY: "You do?"

TOMMY: "Yes."

DONNY: "Oh, no! (*Calls.*) Cedric! Order me five cheese pizzas! I feel another pity party coming on! (*To Tommy.*) How long were you planning on staying?"

TOMMY: "Well, after Mom and Dad died, I figured I'd stay here for a while, maybe forever."

DONNY: (*Shouts.*) "Cedric! Make that *ten* pizzas!"

(*Cedric enters.*)

CEDRIC: "I'm sorry, sir, but the pizza place doesn't open for another three hours."

DONNY: "Ah, dang it! Then have the cook make me some."

CEDRIC: "Yes, sir."
TOMMY: "So, Donny –"
DONNY: "Call me 'Master Donny.'"
CEDRIC: *(Under his breath.)* "Not this again." *(Exits.)*
TOMMY: "I'm not going to call you 'Master.'"
DONNY: "How dare you defy me!"
TOMMY: "I'm the older brother."
DONNY: "So?"
TOMMY: "So, I think you should see this."

(Tommy hands Donny a note.)

DONNY: "What is this?"
TOMMY: "A threat."
DONNY: "Where did it come from?"
TOMMY: "I don't know. I found it in my pocket."
DONNY: "That's stupid."
TOMMY: "Just read it. *(Donny starts reading to himself.)* Out loud."
DONNY: "Ugh! *(Reads.)* 'Donald David Southworth, the Fourth, I will exact my revenge on you! Someone close to you will soon meet their demise! Mwah-ha-ha!' I like the laugh at the end. Nice touch."

(Donny throws the note on the floor. Tommy picks it up.)

TOMMY: "Aren't you worried?"
DONNY: "Not really."
TOMMY: "And why not?"
DONNY: "Because there's nobody close enough to me for me to care if they meet their demise or not."

(Cedric enters.)

CEDRIC: "Master Donny –"
DONNY: "Ah, I've decided on 'Master Southworth.'"

CEDRIC: "Master Southworth, the cook is out of flour."

DONNY: "Fine. I'll just go binge-watch [Netflix]." *[Or insert another streaming service.]*

TOMMY: "Cedric, would you mind taking a look at this note and telling me what you think?"

CEDRIC: "Yes, Master Tommy."

DONNY: "Master Tommy?! Don't call him 'Master'!"

CEDRIC: "I apologize, sir, but he is also my master."

DONNY: "You're fired!"

TOMMY: *(To Cedric.)* "No, you're not."

DONNY: *(To Cedric.)* "Yes, you are!"

TOMMY: *(To Cedric.)* "No!"

DONNY: *(To Cedric.)* "Yes!"

TOMMY: "Just read the note, Cedric."

CEDRIC: "Yes, sir." *(Reads the note.)*

TOMMY: "Well"?

CEDRIC: "I'd say that *you* have something to worry about, Master Tommy."

TOMMY: "Me"?

CEDRIC: "You're the only close relation to Master Donny."

DONNY: "You know, maybe it doesn't mean someone close to me like that."

TOMMY: "What do you mean?"

DONNY: "Maybe it means literally someone close to me...like in proximity."

(Lightning, thunder. Terrified, Tommy and Cedric jostle for a position farthest away from Donny.)

TOMMY: "Oh, no!"

CEDRIC: *(To Donny.)* "May I be fired now, sir?"

DONNY: "Yes."

TOMMY: *(To Cedric.)* "No! Because if you leave, that definitely means it's me!"

DONNY: "Eh, who cares? It's not me, so I'll take my breakfast now, Cedric. Make sure my orange juice is poured exactly to the rim of my favorite glass."

CEDRIC: "This time, gladly. Goodbye, Master Tommy."
(Rushes off.)

TOMMY: "Donny, I'm shocked that you don't care about this."

(Tommy shakes the note at Donny. Doorbell.)

DONNY: "Ooooh! Ooooh! My tux is here! Now get the door."

TOMMY: "No, you do it."

DONNY: "No. I'm the master here."

TOMMY: "I live here, too."

DONNY: "Oh, you've lived here for, like, five minutes."

ACTOR 2: *(Annoyed.)* I'll get the door. Sheesh!

(Writer 2 opens the door. Alice is standing there, holding a tuxedo. Donny rushes over to Alice.)

DONNY: *(To Alice, indicating tux.)* "Ah! Isn't she a beauty?!"

ALICE: *(Thinking he means her.)* "Well, thank you very —"

(Donny snatches the tuxedo out of Alice's hands and waltzes around the room with it.)

TOMMY: *(To Alice.)* "Come on in."

ALICE: "Thank you."

TOMMY: "I apologize for my brother's behavior. He's excited to have his tux."

ALICE: "I don't blame him. It's very nice and expensive."

TOMMY: "What is your name?"

ALICE: "I'm Alice, from the drycleaners."

TOMMY: "Ah, 'Alice from the Drycleaners.' That is a very charming name."

ALICE: "Thank you."

TOMMY: "I'm Tommy."

ALICE: "Nice to meet you, Tommy. (*Holds out the invoice from the dry cleaners.*) Here is the bill for the dry-cleaning services."

(*Alice drops the invoice. Alice and Tommy go to pick it up at the same time. Their hands touch, and they look into each other's eyes.*)

TOMMY: "I've got it." (*Picks up the invoice.*)

DONNY: (*Sees something on the tux.*) "Girl! What is this?!"

TOMMY: "Her name is Alice from the Drycleaners."

DONNY: "Don't care. (*To Alice.*) What is this spot right here?"

(*Donny shoves the tux into Alice's face.*)

ALICE: "It looks like a dust fuzzy."

(*Tommy laughs.*)

DONNY: (*Annoyed.*) "Tommy, do you find something funny?"

TOMMY: "Yes."

DONNY: "It's not."

ALICE: "I'll remove it. (*Takes the "fuzzy" off.*) There. Perfect again."

(*Tommy laughs.*)

DONNY: (*Annoyed.*) "I don't find anything funny."

TOMMY: "I do."

DONNY: (*To Alice.*) "I'm going to try this on. If this doesn't fit, you will owe me a thousand dollars!" (*Exits with the tux.*)

TOMMY: (*To Alice.*) "Again, I apologize for my brother."

ALICE: "It's okay. Working at the drycleaners, I get treated this way a lot."

TOMMY: "Yeah, I guess I know how you feel. Even as his brother, he treats me like I'm nothing."

ALICE: "That's so sad. You seem more than that."

TOMMY: "Won't you come in and sit down?"

ALICE: "Sure."

(Cedric enters with a breakfast tray.)

CEDRIC: "Your breakfast, Master Donny."

TOMMY: "He went to try on his tux."

CEDRIC: "Of course. *(Sets down the tray.)* I'll just finish tidying up this room, if you don't mind, Master Tommy."

TOMMY: "No, go ahead."

(Sebastian enters.)

SEBASTIAN: "Whoever designed this house did not account for people who really need to use the bathroom. Are we ready?"

TOMMY: "I—"

SEBASTIAN: *(Realizes.)* "You are not Donald. Where is he?"

TOMMY: "Putting on his tux."

SEBASTIAN: *(Annoyed.)* "I told him to be ready."

TOMMY: "The tux just got here."

ALICE: *(To Sebastian.)* "Yes, sorry, I—"

SEBASTIAN: "Doesn't matter. I'll make this quick." *(Checks his camera.)*

DONNY: *(Offstage, shouts.)* "Girl!" *(Donny enters, wearing the tuxedo, which has shrunk. He can barely walk.)*

ALICE: "Oh, no."

SEBASTIAN: *(To Donny.)* "What is that?"

DONNY: *(To Alice.)* "You've ruined my tux!"

SEBASTIAN: "And your photo shoot."

DONNY: "What?"

SEBASTIAN: "We can't do this with you looking like an overstuffed penguin."

DONNY: "No, we have to do the photo shoot. This tux company needs me as their heartthrob cover boy!"

SEBASTIAN: "Not looking like that they don't." (*Packs up his camera.*)

DONNY: "What are you doing?"

SEBASTIAN: "I'm leaving and never coming back. You've wasted my time and my artistic integrity."

DONNY: "You can't do that."

SEBASTIAN: "Watch me." (*Exits.*)

DONNY: "Great. Just great."

CEDRIC: "If I may say so, Master Donny, you look smashingly compressed in that tux."

DONNY: "Stop trying to flatter me, Cedric."

CEDRIC: "Yes, sir."

DONNY: "Get me some dark chocolate. I need something heavy for my pity party this time."

(*Cedric exits.*)

TOMMY: "Donny, I am sorry."

DONNY: "Don't."

TOMMY: "Okay."

DONNY: "Girl!"

TOMMY: (*Correcting.*) "Alice."

DONNY: "Stop. (*To Alice.*) Girl, I'm going to get out of this... (*Indicating tuxedo.*) ...if I can. When I get back, we'll talk about compensation."

ALICE: "Yes, sir."

(*Donny exits.*)

TOMMY: (*To Alice.*) "Don't worry about a thing."

ALICE: "He's going to charge me a thousand dollars! I don't have that kind of money. I'm just a poor dry cleaner's daughter." *(Sobs on the couch.)*

TOMMY: "I said, don't worry."

(Tommy pulls out a wad of cash and hands it to Alice.)

ALICE: "What is this?"

TOMMY: "He's not the only rich one around here."

ALICE: *(Gushing.)* "Oh, Tommy!"

(Alice hugs Tommy. They lean in for a kiss when suddenly the lights go out. Lightning, thunder. Cedric, wearing a mask, enters.)

TOMMY: "Hello? Cedric? Turn on the lights, please."

ALICE: "Tommy, shhhhhh. I think someone is in the room."

TOMMY: *(Calls.)* "Who's there?"

(A thud is heard.)

ALICE: "What was that?"

TOMMY: "I'll find out."

ALICE: "Tommy, don't leave me alone. Tommy?"

TOMMY: "Shhhhhh! I think I see something."

ALICE: "What is it? Where are you?"

(Masked Cedric grabs Tommy and ties him up.)

TOMMY: *(Shouts.)* "Hey! What's going... *(Cedric gags him.)*
...hmmmf? Grrumppphh...hmmmf..."

(Masked Cedric grabs Alice and heads to the door.)

ALICE: *(Screams.)* "Ahhh!"

TOMMY: "Aalliiiiiiiiimmmffff!"

CEDRIC: *(Disguising his voice.)* "I told you Donald David Southworth, the Fourth, that I would get someone close to you! Mwah-ha-ha-ha!"

(Sound of door slamming shut. Donny enters.)

DONNY: *(Calls.)* "Tommy?! Cedric?!"
TOMMY: "Ummppf...hmmm...mmmfff!"
DONNY: "Why are the lights out?"

(Donny claps twice and the lights turn on. Tommy is tied up on the couch.)

TOMMY: "Mmmff...hummm...mmfff!"
DONNY: "This is no time to play games."
TOMMY: "Mmmff...mmmfff...mmfff!"
DONNY: *(Annoyed.)* "What did Mother say about talking with your mouth full?"
TOMMY: "Mmmff...gggrrrrfff...hmmm."
DONNY: "Really? *(Takes the gag out of Tommy's mouth.)* What are you doing?"
TOMMY: "Someone attacked us and tied me up."
DONNY: "That's ridiculous!"
TOMMY: "Don't you remember the note? Someone close to you is going to meet their demise."
DONNY: "I told you...I don't have anyone close to me. Case closed."
TOMMY: "It looks like it was literal. It meant someone in close proximity to you."
DONNY: "And?"
TOMMY: "And they took Alice."
DONNY: "Who?"
TOMMY: "Alice, the dry cleaner who brought your tux. We need to go after her."
DONNY: "Oh, you mean the girl who shrunk my tux like a shriveled grape? The girl who ruined my career as a

heartthrob cover boy? The girl who practically ruined my life?"

TOMMY: "Um...yes. That girl."

DONNY: "And I'm out a thousand dollars 'cause of that girl, so whoop-de-doo."

TOMMY: "You're impossible."

DONNY: "Thank you."

TOMMY: "Ugh! You need to learn a lesson!"

DONNY: (*Mockingly.*) "Oh, I need to learn a lesson?! You need to learn a lesson! (*Tommy and Donny start wrestling around like little kids.*) Don't touch me!"

TOMMY: "Not until you agree to help me look for Alice."

DONNY: "No!"

TOMMY: "Why are you so selfish?"

DONNY: "It's just who I am. (*They wrestle some more until eventually Tommy sits on Donny.*) You never could beat me at wrestling."

TOMMY: "Oh, please! I won, and you know it."

DONNY: "Ouch. What got you so grumpy?"

TOMMY: "You."

DONNY: "Why do you need me to help you, anyway?"

TOMMY: "Because you have connections. You know people. You gotta help me."

DONNY: "No."

TOMMY: "All you care about is yourself and money."

DONNY: "So?"

TOMMY: "So... (*Tries a new tactic.*) ...that tux cost a thousand dollars?"

DONNY: "Yes, weren't you listening?"

TOMMY: "And Alice ruined it?"

DONNY: "Why do I feel like I'm repeating myself? Yes, she ruined it! And my life!"

TOMMY: "I guess the only way to get your money back is to find her...unless you're happy looking like a...what was it? An overstuffed penguin."

DONNY: "I did not look like a— (*Stops.*) Fine. Let's go find her, but as soon as we do, you are moving out. I don't want to look at you anymore."

TOMMY: "Deal."

DONNY: "Where do we start?"

TOMMY: "Probably this. (*Holds out a piece of paper.*) This was stuffed in my hand when I was tied up."

DONNY: "Another random note? Why didn't you mention it earlier?"

TOMMY: "Because you weren't listening to anything."

DONNY: "Oh, sure. Blame me."

TOMMY: "Let's just see what it says. (*Reads.*) 'The only way to find me is to ask the person who knows someone else who knows that other person who knows where I am.'"

DONNY: "Well, that makes absolutely no sense. I'm going to bed."

TOMMY: "What? You said you would help me."

DONNY: "I need my beauty rest first. We'll leave at the first break of dawn."

TOMMY: "It is the first break of dawn! We leave now!"

DONNY: "You don't make the rules."

TOMMY: "If Alice is killed before we find her, you won't get your money."

DONNY: "New change of plans. We leave immediately...or right after I eat my dark chocolate. I need my pity party. (*Calls.*) Cedric!"

TOMMY: (*Annoyed.*) "Donny!"

DONNY: (*Pouting.*) "Fine. Let's go, Mr. Bossy Pants. But we're stopping for pizza."

(*Lights fade on scene. Lights up on Actor 1, 2.*)

ACTOR 2: (*To Actor 1.*) And so our unlikely heroes search over hill-and-dale to find any clue as to the whereabouts of Alice from the Drycleaners.

[END OF FREEVIEW]