

Five Till Places

by

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__Place:

The Tech Booth of a High School Theater

__Time:

7:56PM, The Night of the Last Performance of the Year

__Characters:

Mary: *Female, 18, the Sound Designer*

Ruby: *Female, 16, the Assistant Lighting Designer*

Jordan: *Female, 18, the Lighting Designer*

Sharon: *Female, 18, the Stage Manager*

Lights up on a tech booth in a high school theater, right before the start of the last performance of the school year.

The booth has two large consoles: a sound board, and a light board. Behind the boards are three black swivelly, roly chairs, and in the back of the booth is a large door.

In one of the chairs, by the sound board, sits MARY, a soon-to-graduate senior and veteran sound designer (by high school theater standards.) She knows what to do and sits calmly. Occasionally she looks out at the stage or down at her board, but mostly she's just chill, ya feel?

In one of the other chairs, by the light board, sits RUBY, a sophomore, working her first show, and FREAKING OUT. She fiddles with knobs, buttons, but never really to the point of actually moving anything (because that would be way too terrifying.)

After a moment, in bursts SHARON, in a goddamn frenzy. She, like Mary, is a senior about to graduate, and is the student stage manager of this here production.

SHARON

You still haven't seen-

MARY

-Nope, sorry.

SHARON

She's not picking up, can you try?

MARY

Sure.

SHARON

Thanks.

(turning to Ruby)

And if it comes to it, you can...?

RUBY

Oh, uh, yeah. Yeah no problem.

SHARON

Thanks, both of you. GODDAMN.

She scurries back out the door, even more freaked than before. Mary reaches into her pocket and pulls out her phone. She dials. And she puts the phone to her head.

A phone rings offstage. And gets louder and louder. Until...

...

The door pops open and in waltzes JORDAN, another soon-to-graduate senior, wearing sunglasses despite the fact this booth is a three minute walk from the outside. She is the lighting designer. And she better be played by someone exceptionally charismatic, because man, is she an asshole

MARY

(without turning around)
You're late

JORDAN

(shutting the door)
"A wizard is neither early nor"

MARY

(putting away her phone)
Shut up

JORDAN

I was quoting! Don't interrupt me while I'm quoting!

MARY

I will interrupt you whenever the mood strikes me.

JORDAN

(to Ruby)
Kids these days, I tell ya

She walks over to the lighting console

MARY

Sharon is going to burn you alive for being so late.

JORDAN

Sharon? Really?

MARY

What, afraid?

JORDAN

Of Sharon, no! Bored. A great mind is like a knife: it needs to scrape up against something harder than itself to stay sharp.

MARY

1) That's not true, 2) a "great mind"? and 3) what are you talking about?

JORDAN

Sharon is like soft cheese. You could split her with the dull edge of a grapefruit. And obviously a great mind.

(A beat)

And what do you mean not true?

MARY

It's not true.

JORDAN

What do you mean?

MARY

You can sharpen a steel knife with aluminum.

JORDAN

And aluminum's softer than steel?

MARY

Way softer.

JORDAN

I don't believe you.

MARY

It's science. It doesn't require your belief to be true.

JORDAN

So you say.

MARY

And, you know, scientists.

JORDAN

(to Ruby)

Kids these days, I tell ya!

MARY

You used that one already.

JORDAN

(to Ruby)

You see what I have to put up with?

MARY

It must be very taxing for you.

JORDAN

You're making me talk to the

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
AssLights. That's how difficult
you're being right now.
(to Ruby)
No offense.

RUBY
None-

JORDAN
Regardless, I am not worried about
Sharon. What can she even do to
me?

MARY
Fair point.

JORDAN
It's the last show, not like she
can "fire" me.

MARY
Agreed.

JORDAN
And she's just the Stage Manager,
does she even *have* that power?

MARY
Probably not.

JORDAN
And even if she did, it's the
last show-

MARY
So she can't fire you?

JORDAN
-So she can't fire me!

MARY
But she doesn't have the power, so
it's moot.

JORDAN
You're using that word
incorrectly.

MARY
I don't care.

JORDAN
It doesn't mean what you think it
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
means.

MARY
Couldn't care less.

JORDAN
Common mistake.

MARY
Don't you have a job to do?

JORDAN
Did she call five yet?

MARY
No. Probably because you
weren't here.

JORDAN
What time is it?

MARY
(looking at her phone)
Seven fifty seven.

JORDAN
Cool. I'm fine. Don't need to
worry about Sharon.

MARY
Because she can't fire you.

JORDAN
Exactly!

MARY
(Still looking at her phone)
Why don't I have any service?

JORDAN
Because she cannot, I repeat, can
not fire me!

MARY
Don't you have a job to do?
Buttons to push?

JORDAN
Oh-ho-ho-ho, why yes! In fact, I
do have a job...

*She pulls her chair out into the middle of the room and stands
on top of it.*

MARY

Jesus Christ...

JORDAN

But my job is not merely pushing buttons, oh no no no! NO! It's not just lighting the stage either. My job, ladies and gentlemen, is to make it so all the old folks sitting out in that audience there get a chance to look on the pretty little faces of their darling thespians. My job is to somehow convince them that all the hours spent shuttling their progeny back and forth from rehearsals was actually...somehow...worth it. I give their lives meaning! Purpose! Fulfillment! Without me, they would be alone, a lost little flock of sheep, fumbling around in the dark. Quite literally!

She jumps off the chair, and points to Ruby

JORDAN

Of course, your job is to do *my* job while *I* sit in *my* corner and play Peggle.

MARY

Commitment to the craft.

She puts the chair in the corner, and sits in it

JORDAN

I'm shaping the youth of tomorrow.

Sharon enters, flustered.

SHARON

Okay, she's not here, but I guess five till-

She sees Jordan and stares at her furiously. Jordan smiles and stares back calmly.

A beat.

JORDAN

Howdy.

A beat

SHARON
Why are you so late?!

JORDAN
Why are you so late?

A beat.

SHARON
WHAT?!?!?!?!
(A beat)
I'm not late, I have been here
since six-thirty when you, me, and
EVERYONE ELSE WAS CALLED

JORDAN
If you've been here since seven,
then why are you so late?

SHARON
What are you talking about?! Do
you know how many times I CALLED
YOU?!?!?-

JORDAN
-Ah, that would explain the
voicemails.

SHARON
WHY ARE YOU LATE?!?!

JORDAN
Why are you late?

SHARON
I'M NOT-

JORDAN
(Standing up)
You're coming in here to call five
till places, right?

SHARON
Yes.

JORDAN
And it's...seven-fifty-
eight, right?
(Looking to Mary)
Right?

MARY
Right?

JORDAN

(She slowly walks
towards Sharon)

Meaning places will be called at eight-oh-three, so the show, which was *scheduled* for eight, will start no earlier than eight-oh-five, although who are we kidding, eight-oh-nine most likely.

SHARON

Th-that doesnt-You...you were late!

JORDAN

(She gets closer, eventually ending up face-to-face)

I was here at seven-fifty-six, but that in no way impeded your ability to waltz in at seven-fifty-five and call five till places, and in no way impeded my ability to start running the show at eight. oh. clock.

A long, angry beat.

SHARON

Fuck you.
(to Mary)
Five till places.

She points to Jordan aggressively, then storms out and slams the door. Jordan smiles.

MARY

Thank you five!

JORDAN

"Thank you five." Pathetic.

MARY

She's having a rough night. Mostly because of you. I'm showing a little professional courtesy.

JORDAN

Courtesy? We need to maintain our independence! Give 'em an inch, they'll take the whole goddamn mile.

RUBY

Um...aren't we on the same team?
(MORE)

RUBY (CONT'D)
 (Everyone stares at her.)
 I mean...we all want to put on a
 good show, why do we
 need...independence?

JORDAN
 (Walking over to Ruby)
 Oh you sweet, naive little thing.
 Just because we have the same goal
 by no means puts us on the same
 team!

MARY
 That makes no sense.

JORDAN
 Don't you dare pretend like you
 don't know what I'm talking about.
 You've felt it. This is a magical
 place.

MARY
 All right. I'll humor you.

JORDAN
 You'll humor me because you know
 I'm goddamn right.

RUBY
 Magical-?

JORDAN
 Actors always bullshit around
 about how the theater is a magical
 space. With their routines and
 warmups and superstitions and--
 Hold on.

She moves over to the glass of the booth and leans against it.

JORDAN
 MAAAAAACBEEEEEEETH

She goes back to the center of the room.

JORDAN
 -Bullshit little superstitions.
 The sad bit is, they're not
 entirely wrong. Just mostly. The
 magical place ain't their stage.

She points to the ground

JORDAN
It's in here.

MARY
Wow.

JORDAN
I know right?

MARY
No I mean wow, what a narcissist.

JORDAN
Hey aren't you the one that respects the craft 'n shit?

MARY
I do a good job, I'm proud of that.

JORDAN
Great! Be proud! No one's saying you shouldn't.

MARY
How necessary is having a pissing contest with the actors though?

JORDAN
Oh honey calling it a contest implies we're even in the same league.

MARY
You're such an asshole.

JORDAN
Don't tell me you don't know what I'm talking about! The tech crew, making sure this show happens. Isn't there magic there?

MARY
Magic?

JORDAN
Yeah, magic! Against all odds! Backs to the wall! Three musketeers!

MARY
We're the Three Musketeers now?

JORDAN
Well, one Musketeer and
like...two others.

MARY
Shut up.

JORDAN
UGH why are we doing this show?

MARY
You volunteered.

JORDAN
Yeah, but like why *this* show?

MARY
I don't know.

JORDAN
It's so booooooring.

MARY
I didn't pick it.

JORDAN
EVERYONE does this.

MARY
Probably why they picked it.

JORDAN
And the kid goes up and does
that monologue-

MARY
It's a good monologue.

JORDAN
It's a booooooring monologue. But
they all fucking clap for *him*.

MARY
Why do you do that?

JORDAN
What?

MARY
Say "him" like that.

JORDAN
Like what?

MARY
Like *that*.

JORDAN
Like what?

MARY
You know what I mean.

JORDAN
Pray tell, open my eyes.

MARY
Like it's some stupid us-vs-them nonsense.

JORDAN
Nonsense?

MARY
Nonsense.

JORDAN
Not us vs them? Not us vs. them when we are the literal keys to this whole operation-

MARY
-You're using literal wrong-

JORDAN
-And *they* are the ones that get the flowers-

MARY
-You want flowers?

JORDAN
Fuck the flowers.

MARY
Don't tempt me with a good time.

Sharon enters

JORDAN
Fuck the flowers, and fuck you. Fuck you, fuck them, fuck Sharon-

SHARON
Ex-fucking-scuse me?

JORDAN
Not now, ranting.

SHARON
Ranting?

JORDAN
Yeah, ranting, yell at me later.

A beat. Sharon is stunned into literal silence.

SHARON
Five till places....

MARY
Thank you five.

JORDAN
Thank you five.

Sharon slowly backs out as Jordan and Mary continue fighting.

JORDAN
Where was I? Oh yeah, fuck you.

MARY
You're such a brat.

JORDAN
You're a goody two-shoes.

MARY
Not an insult.

JORDAN
Wouldn't be to you.

MARY
What's the big deal? Why are you
so pissed right now?

RUBY
Guys-

JORDAN
-Shut up AssLights

MARY
Jordan-

JORDAN
When I want the opinion of an
AssLights, I'll consult it. So
like, be prepared to never be
consulted.

MARY
JORDAN.

JORDAN
What?

MARY
Jesus Christ.

JORDAN
Building character and all.

MARY
By being a fucking asshole?

JORDAN
Sure.

MARY
Let's just...let's just do this
show, okay?

JORDAN
Fine.

MARY
Go play your Peggle or whatever.

JORDAN
With pleasure.

Jordan goes to her corner and pulls out her phone as Mary goes to the sound board. Ruby stares at them for a bit; one, then the other, then back. Finally, he turns around and takes a seat at his console.

No one talks for about a minute as Jordan plays Peggle, Mary adjusts her board, and Ruby adjusts his.

The craftsmen at work.

Finally, Sharon enters, frazzled.

SHARON
Fi--wait.

She looks at Mary and Ruby.

SHARON
Is something wrong?

JORDAN
Oh don't start this.

Sharon turns around to see Jordan

SHARON
You!

JORDAN
Wait? Again?

SHARON
What?

JORDAN
Can't we just save this for after
the show?

SHARON
What are you-

JORDAN
Look, contrary to popular belief,
I am not *always* in the mood to
fight, so like, save whatever you
want to say, I promise you'll get
plenty of time to scream at me
when the curtain drops.

A beat

SHARON
I honestly don't know what to do
with you.

JORDAN
Fire me?

A beat.

SHARON
I don't even know if I can.

*Jordan gives an "I told you so" look to Mary, who flips
her off.*

SHARON
Fuck this, I don't have time for
your guys' bullshit, whatever it
is, sort it out before we start,
and don't fuck up my show, got it?
(Beat) Five till places.

MARY
Thank you five.

Sharon exits.

JORDAN
Listen to her. "Her show.*

RUBY
...Guys

JORDAN
You call *me* a narcissist, well,
look who took the cake.

RUBY
...Guys

JORDAN
Yeah, yelling at people to push
buttons and move chairs definitely
makes it-

RUBY
GUYS

JORDAN
What the fuck could you possibly
have to contribute?

RUBY
What did she just say?

A beat

JORDAN
Sharon?

RUBY
Yeah.

A beat

JORDAN
That's what you interrupt over?

RUBY
Just...what did she say?

JORDAN
Five till places.

RUBY
Five till places.

A beat

JORDAN
Five till... places.

She looks at Mary.

MARY
Five till places.

RUBY
Five. Till. Places.

A beat. Ruby looks down at her watch.

MARY
Okay. And that was definitely the-

JORDAN
-Third time, yeah.

MARY
Once when you first came in-

JORDAN
-Once while we were arguing-

MARY
-And once more just now.

A beat

JORDAN
Well, she's more of a fuckup than
I originally anticipated. 15
minutes late?

MARY
You missed your call by an hour
and 26 minutes!

JORDAN
Yeah, but at least I don't have
the presumption to call it *my*
show-

RUBY
GUYS.

JORDAN
What?

RUBY
Look at your phone.

JORDAN
What?

RUBY
Just...do it.

JORDAN
Alright.

She pulls out her phone, obnoxiously

JORDAN
Any particular thing I should be
looking for?

RUBY
You too.

MARY
Okay, fine.

She pulls out her phone too.

MARY
Alright, now what?

RUBY
On the count of three, look down-

JORDAN
Three like "one two three look",
or, "One two, then look on three."

A beat

ALL THREE
One two three, look.

They all nod in agreement

RUBY
On the count of three, look down,
and we'll all say what time it is.

JORDAN
What?

RUBY
Just...

JORDAN
Fine!

ALL THREE
One...two...three.....LOOK

*They all look down, Jordan and Mary at their phones, Ruby at
her watch*

ALL THREE
Seven fifty...nine.

They all look up

Ruby looks terrified. Mary and Jordan are confused.

Mary opens up her backpack and pulls out a laptop. Jordan runs over to the console on the light board. Ruby just stands scared.

JORDAN
Seven fifty nine.

MARY
Seven fifty nine.

Jordan moves over to the console on the sound board.

JORDAN
Seven fifty...six?

MARY
Clock's behind by three minutes.

JORDAN
Seven fifty nine.

MARY
Seven fifty nine.

A really long beat.

MARY
What the fuck.

JORDAN
My thoughts exactly.

MARY
Okay, possibilities: some sort of weird computer glitch.

RUBY
But...

She points to her very mechanical watch.

MARY
Possibilities: mass hallucination

Jordan goes to the desk and sweeps all the scripts and papers off of it dramatically.

MARY
Jesus Christ Jordan!

JORDAN
Don't you guys see!

MARY
Why would that have
been necessary?

JORDAN
Come on Mary, watch a movie.

*Jordan makes her way to the center of the room and pauses
dramatically.*

JORDAN
We are clearly stuck in
a....time.....thing.

A beat

MARY
Time thing?

JORDAN
I dunno. Loop? Is that better?

MARY
Time loop?

JORDAN
Warp? No, that's a shitty dance
from a shitty movie.

MARY
I don't care what noun you use,
it's the "time" bit I'm more
focused on right now.

JORDAN
Can't be a computer thing 'cause
AssLights' watch is doing it.
Can't be hallucination because I
am in peak mental form-

MARY
-Fuck you-

JORDAN
-And because SHARON came back and
called five till places!

MARY

Maybe that's part of the
hallucination.

JORDAN

But if time was moving, moving
right, and like ten minutes had
passed, wouldn't she have come in
and yelled at us for, you know,
not running the show?

A beat

MARY

I will concede you're not
completely wrong.

JORDAN

I will accept your concession.

MARY

But I will not immediately accept
the possibility that we are stuck
in a time...thing.

JORDAN

See, the noun is hard.

MARY

I don't care about the noun!

RUBY

Guys.

JORDAN

Learn another word dude.

RUBY

Check your phones again.

JORDAN

Okay the demonstration was
effective the first time, but you
can just tell us the important
info now-

*Mary grabs her phone, shoves it in Jordan's hand, and pulls the
hand up to her face.*

She looks at the phone.

JORDAN

Ah.

RUBY
Seven fifty six.

MARY
Were you watching it the
whole time?

RUBY
No, I looked away, and when I
looked back it was...

MARY
Calm down, no one's mad at you.
(A beat)
Okay. While I will not completely
accept the theory of time
thing...I will list it as one of
the theories. And perhaps
the...most promising one....So
far.

JORDAN
(peering over at
Ruby's watch)
It's still moving forward.

MARY
So, again, if we're assuming-

JORDAN
Shut up it's a time thing.

MARY
IF we're assuming time thing, then
I suppose it...rolled over.

A beat

JORDAN
How long do you think we
were arguing?

MARY
With you? Felt like hours.

JORDAN
Shut up.

MARY
I dunno, not more than a
few minutes.

JORDAN
Okay, so we know for a fact that
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
this time thing goes from at least
seven fifty six to seven fifty
nine, plus a couple of minutes--
let's say max three--on either
end.

MARY
Okay.

JORDAN
So....what now?

A beat

MARY
I don't know.

A beat

JORDAN
I don't know either.

A beat

MARY
There's a first.

A beat

JORDAN
Am I supposed to take that as a
compliment or an insult?

MARY
Probably both.

JORDAN
Well, thank you *and* fuck you
I guess.

MARY
(looking at her phone)
I still don't have any service

Jordan looks down at her phone

JORDAN
Me neither. And no wifi.

MARY
Time thing?

JORDAN

Maybe.

A beat

JORDAN

WAIT

A beat

JORDAN

What about our past selves? What about the *original* versions of us? We keep going back in time and repeating, so they didn't happen. But we still remember them! Even though they didn't happen!

RUBY

B-b-but it's not just us!

MARY

What do you mean?

RUBY

Well...well, the-the first time, Sharon came in and argued with you about being late. But the last two times she didn't. You didn't argue with her, so she never argued back. You changed it. You changed her! The Sharon that argued doesn't exist...and not only that, but she doesn't remember that Sharon ever existing! *Our* past selves are gone, or...or, something, but we still remember them! Compared to her, we're fine! No big deal! Who cares about *our* past selves, we've practically MURDERED two different future Sharons!

A long beat.

JORDAN

So?

RUBY

What?

JORDAN

I could give two shits what happens to "alternate future
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Sharon." Now if this meant there
 were like, twelve different
 Sharons bumbling around the
 multiverse then we'd have a
 fucking problem.

MARY
 Jesus Christ.

JORDAN
 One Sharon is bad enough, fucking
 imagine twelve!

MARY
 You're such an asshole

JORDAN
 More importantly, I'm an asshole
 apparently caught in a FUCKING
 TIME....THING.

A beat

JORDAN
 WAIT

A beat

JORDAN
 I've figured it out.

MARY
 What?

JORDAN
 I've figured it out. All of it.

MARY
 That was quick.

JORDAN
 You've seen Groundhog Day right?

MARY
 No.

JORDAN
 For fuck's sake.
 (to Ruby)
 Have you?

RUBY
(lying)
Yeah, like once.

JORDAN
You know the ending, right?

RUBY
Yeah...sure.

JORDAN
Well it's just like that!

RUBY
How...so?

JORDAN
We just need to do the same thing
they do. Our five minutes need to
be perfect, and it'll break the
loop!

RUBY
Oh, yeah...right. That. Yeah,
like, totally. For sure. Yep. Just
like that.
Same...exact.....thing.....yeah
.

A beat.

JORDAN
Do you need me to tell you the end
of Groundhog Day.

RUBY
I mean...if you...want?

JORDAN
Motherfucker--Ok, Bill Murray
keeps looping, eventually he
learns to become a nice person,
and when the day is perfect and
he's like, a saint and shit, the
loop breaks.

RUBY
Yeah, obviously!

JORDAN
I don't even care anymore--Anyway,
if the next time it loops around,
we do everything perfectly, then
we'll be free.

MARY
So what's "perfect"?

JORDAN
Isn't it obvious?

Beat.

MARY
Not even in the slightest.

Jordan walks to the center of the room, and gathers them both in a huddle.

JORDAN
Like Bill Murray, I need to learn
the error of my ways. I need to
accept responsibility for my
actions. I need to....apologize.
To Sharon.

Beat.

MARY
You narcissistic fuck!

JORDAN
What?

RUBY
Why are you Bill Murray?

JORDAN
I'm obviously Bill Murray!

MARY
You really think that the entire
universe is going to bend just to
teach you to say sorry once in a
while?

JORDAN
Ok Ms. Smarty-fuckpants, what's
your suggestion?

RUBY
Something better than that...

JORDAN
Why are you even talking?

MARY
Will you lay off her already?

RUBY
Yeah, what she said!

JORDAN
Oh you pathetic little shit, what,
you can't even *defend* yourself?

MARY
Seriously Jordan!

JORDAN
No, you shut up. I want to hear it
from her.
(She walks right up into
Ruby's face.)
Tell me to back off. Right now. To
my face.
(Beat)
That's what I thought
(She walks away from Ruby.)
I guess she really needs
you after-

Ruby screams and tackles Jordan. Mary screams and jolts back in shock as the two begin to tussle. Ruby fights furiously, but poorly, and Jordan is too shocked to really fight back.

MARY
What the FUCK guys?!?!?!?

Sharon enters, again, frazzled

JORDAN
(leaping up)
SHARONSHARONSHARONSHARON-

SHARON
SHIT WHAT?

JORDAN
Sharon, wait stop before anything-

SHARON
What shitty excuse are you going
to give?

JORDAN
Excuse? Oh right, time thing, not
remembering-

SHARON
You didn't REMEMBER?

JORDAN

What?

SHARON

You're almost an hour late because you didn't REMEMBER?

JORDAN

Well, now technically have been here for, what fifteen-

SHARON

How do you forget to show up to your LAST SHOW?

JORDAN

I DIDN'T FORGET

SHARON

YOU JUST SAID-

JORDAN

No, that was because of the time thing-

SHARON

I don't want to hear about whatever "thing" you had-

JORDAN

Wait no-

SHARON

No excuses. Honestly I wish you were better at this because that would almost make this bullshit worth it but you aren't so it doesn't. There's not even a point in firing you; Ruby does all the work anyway. You better be fucking thankful this is your last show and you're graduating because so help me god after this fucking stunt I would make it my life's mission to make sure you never work a single show at this goddamn school again.

(MORE)

SHARON (CONT'D)

But to be honest I don't know how much of punishment that would be because you clearly do not give two shits about theater or art, just the way you clearly do not give two shits about anyone other than your pathetic self you miserable little FUCK.

A beat

SHARON

Five till places.

Sharon storms off and slams the door.

A very long beat. Jordan just stares at the door. Mary looks to Ruby, who looks back, but has nothing to offer. Mary walks over to Jordan.

MARY

(putting her hand on
Jordan's shoulder)

Hey-

JORDAN

(violently pulling away)

Don't.

Mary pulls her hand back, and gives an "okay, I got it, give you some space" gesture.

Jordan doesn't see it.

A beat

RUBY

Seven fifty eight.

MARY

What?

RUBY

She came in at seven fifty eight.
And it's now....just turned eight.

MARY

Okay, so we know it goes from at least seven fifty six to eight o'clock, and Sharon comes in at seven fifty eight. Good.

RUBY

Yeah

MARY

Keep an eye on that watch, and
tell me when it rolls over.

RUBY

Got it.

MARY

Good.

A beat

MARY

Look, Jordan-

JORDAN

No, it's fine.

MARY

Jordan, she was-

JORDAN

It's fine. She's right. I
deserved that.

MARY

Jordan, no she's-

JORDAN

(turning around to Mary)
Of course she is! What, are you
honestly telling me you wouldn't
have said those same things? Sure
maybe she spiced it up a bit
because she's pissed, but why is
she pissed? Because of me! Because
of my deliberately making things
harder for her. And even if she's
getting fucking creative with her
curses, doesn't mean the points
aren't valid. Doesn't mean she's
not right.

A beat

JORDAN

You agree?

A beat

Mary nods

JORDAN
Thought so.

Jordan goes to her corner and slumps down in her chair.

MARY
Not about all of it though.

A beat

MARY
You're an asshole. No one could ever question that. And you don't really care about other people that much, because again, asshole. But that stuff she said about theater? And art? Bullshit. You care a lot. And...you get it.

A beat. Jordan looks at her quizzically.

MARY
You get what makes this place magical. The little world, locked away from everyone else, charged with the impossible task of creating great art from shitty high schoolers doing shitty Shakespeare monologues with a shitty budget, shitty equipment, and zero thanks. But it's totally worth it because from the moment you step in here, and Sharon yells "Five till places", the show is on. It's time to play the game. But since you don't have a real opponent, everyone kinda becomes one. Anyone that's not here, in this booth, sharing the magic for two hours every night. People like Sharon, like the actors, like the crew, they've got the same goal as us, but they're sure as shit not on the same team.

A beat

MARY
But we're on the same team. Even if you're an asshole.

A beat. Mary looks at Jordan, who looks back up at her.

MARY
Why were you late?

A beat

JORDAN
I dunno. I just...was.

A beat

MARY
Yeah, I figured.

Mary goes over to Jordan, and crouches down beside her.

MARY
You know, it's my last show too.

JORDAN
I guess it is.

MARY
How many have we worked
together now?

JORDAN
Seven? Eight?

MARY
At least.

JORDAN
Four years.

MARY
Four long years.

JORDAN
That are gone in a blink of
an eye.

MARY
Yep.

A beat

MARY
You're Bill Murray.

JORDAN
I am?

MARY
But it's not about you
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
apologizing.

A beat

JORDAN
I guess not.

MARY
Our last show. Wanna make
it count?

She holds out her hand to Jordan.

Jordan looks at it for a moment...

Then grabs

JORDAN
(smiling)
Fuck yeah.

She leaps up.

JORDAN
(To Ruby)
Sorry Ruby.

RUBY
You're an asshole.

JORDAN
You're not wrong.

RUBY
I was totally winning earlier.

JORDAN
Still ... not wrong.

RUBY
(Smiling)
This show is going to be the best
one yet.

JORDAN
(Smiling back)
Shit yeah

Jordan puts her hand on Ruby's shoulder, and leads her over to the light board. They start fiddling with knobs and sliders.

Mary smiles, and walks over to her sound board, and does one more check to make sure everything is good. It is. She looks over at Jordan

Jordan looks back at her. They smile.

Sharon enters, even more frazzled than before

JORDAN
(walking over to Sharon)
I just want to say tha-

SHARON
Not. another. word. I'll deal with
you later.
(To Mary and Ruby)
Places.

They all stare at Sharon in shock.

SHARON
Come on, PLACES!
(Walking out, to herself.)
I fucking HATE this job.

They all look at each other. Jordan and Mary look at Ruby. They smile and start to laugh.

BLACKOUT