

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
Version 2.0: 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
A) That's not true, B) a "great mind"? and C) what are you talking about?

JORDAN
Sharon is like soft cheese. You could split her with the dull edge of a grapefruit.
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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 AssLights. That's how difficult you're being right now.

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(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 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.

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 seven 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

Narcissism at its finest.

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 boooooooring 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 his 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 a bit 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
Jesus 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
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 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 Sharon."

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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-fucking-pants,
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 fuck, 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 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. 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.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

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 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