

## IN ONE TAKE!

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

3 females, 3 males, 1 either, 1-3 bit parts, extras possible

Maxwell Stinnett	Owner/filmmaker of Stinnett Studios which is in bankruptcy
Molly Wilson	His long time secretary
Lillian Harper	Discovered by Maxwell and now a famous movie star
Richard Clancey	Former male star and ex-husband of Lillian
Rosaline Hash	Works for the bank taking inventory of all items in Stinnett Studios for a bankrupt auction. A closet romantic.
Sam Handy	Security guard
Skeeter (male or female)	An Irish street kid who steals for a living
Critics (1-3 male or female)	Small bit parts. Critics who review the final scene of the movie
Extras (if desired)	Can also play parts in the silent movie live scenes

### SYNOPSIS

*In One Take* follows the exploits of Maxwell Stinnett, a producer, director, and silent movie studio owner of 1915. After four flop films, his studio has gone into bankruptcy. He then discovers that he still has Lillian Harper, a famous female actress, under contract. This gives him one final chance to make a blockbuster hit and save the studio. The problem is he has very little time, no money, no other actors, and no script. After forcing the reluctant Lillian Harper to be the lead actress in his abridged version of *Romeo and Juliet*, he convinces once famous actor, Richard Clancey, to be Romeo. It just so happens that Richard and Lily were once married and have a deep hatred of each other. It won't be easy for Maxwell to overcome the bickering and fighting between the two, not to mention Miss Hash, who is there taking inventory and always popping up in front of the camera. This version of *Romeo and Juliet* may not be Shakespeare approved, but in spite of the off camera drama, Maxwell is determined. The production also includes silent movie "live" scenes and even a silent movie clip.

### ACT I

April of 1915  
A warehouse at the Stinnett Studios

ACT II Scene 1  
A few minutes later

ACT II Scene 2  
The next few days  
Filming at the Capulet Ball  
Filming on the Streets of Verona  
Filming in a church in Verona

ACT II Scene 3  
A day later  
Late night at the Stinnett Studio warehouse

ACT II Scene 4  
The next morning at the Stinnett Studios

ACT II Scene 5  
Final Day of filming, continuous to next day  
Stinnett Studios warehouse

#### SET

The stage is a confusing mix of props, lights, office equipment, racks of costumes, etc. It is an area in a studio warehouse where everything from a film company of 1915 has been brought. All the items are to be sold at a bankruptcy auction. There is a desk stage right that belongs to Maxwell Stinnett, a once famous and prolific filmmaker/studio owner. A chair is next to his desk. The desk of his secretary, MOLLY, is near by. There is a platform of some kind that can be used as a balcony on stage. There must be mats behind the platform and unseen by the audience so LILY can safely fall off the back of the balcony and on to the mats. There should be curtains or movable walls that can be used as the backdrop for the movie sets that are created on stage. There is also a low table or platform that can be used by LILY during the death scene.

#### PRE-SHOW ANNOUNCEMENT

A great way to introduce the show and give pre-show announcements is to do it with a silent movie. Here is a suggestion: Have an actor be Charlie Chaplin. Film him coming into the auditorium, searching for a seat, which just happens to be at the end of a row with actors filling the other seats. Chaplin bobbles his way past the actors, stepping on toes, to his seat, sits, and then waves to the others. We then fade to close up of Chaplin talking on a stick phone, then a wide shot of the other actors staring at him. He stops talking and hands the phone to one of the actors. [Title: No use of phones during the show.] Then fade to Chaplin with an old style typewriter on his lap and he is typing away. Go to a wide shot of the others staring at him and he slowly stops. [Title: No texting during the show.] Next have Chaplin get up and bobble his way to the end of the row. [Title: Please remain seated during the show.] He then bobbles his way

back to his seat. You can add shots to thank a sponsor and any other information that is needed. End the movie with [Title: Enjoy the show.] Add some “Charlie Chaplin” music and it will be a fantastic way to begin the show. Be creative!

## ACT I

*At rise: The lights are low. SKEETER, a dirty street kid, is sneaking around the area and picking up small items to steal. He hears someone coming and hides.*

MOLLY: *(From off stage.)* They put everything in the studio warehouse. *(MAXWELL and MOLLY enter.)* I’ll get the lights. *(She flips on the light. Lights up full. They are sad to see all of the studio’s equipment piled around the stage.)*

MAXWELL: *(Beat.)* So it’s come to this?

MOLLY: I’m afraid so, Mr. Stinnett.

MAXWELL: The great Maxwell Stinnett reduced to a warehouse of junk. *(Chuckles in disbelief.)* April 23, 1915, the day I will remember as the worst day of my life. *(Beat.)* This is everything?

MOLLY: Down to the last pencil.

MAXWELL: *(Looks around. Beat.)* How long has it been, Molly?

MOLLY: How long?

MAXWELL: Yes, how long have we been together?

MOLLY: Oh, eleven years.

MAXWELL: Um, eleven years. Through the best of times.

MOLLY: And the worst.

MAXWELL: *(Agreeing with her.)* Yes, and the worst.

MOLLY: The last few years haven’t been a piece of cake.

MAXWELL: No. No, they haven’t. *(Beat. Hopeful.)* Someone once told me, “When you are met with failure, never give up.”

MOLLY: So you’re not giving up?

MAXWELL: (*A let down.*) Of course I am. What else can I do? They once said that I was ahead of my time. That my movies were on the edge.

MOLLY: They said your movies were *teetering* on the edge and I don't think they meant that in a good way. You know, some say that talking movies will be coming soon.

MAXWELL: Talking movies? Ha! And they will put a man to the moon. Don't hold your breath. (*Beat.*) Four flop films and this. (*Indicating all the items in the warehouse.*)

MOLLY: Three.

MAXWELL: What?

MOLLY: The last one never made it to the theaters. Theaters wouldn't take the chance. I thought it was pretty good myself, if you closed your eyes. (*MAXWELL does a double take.*)

MAXWELL: There are 13,000 theaters in America and not one would show my movie?

MOLLY: Well, one did.

MAXWELL: I am sure the theater was packed.

MOLLY: Three.

MAXWELL: Three?

MOLLY: Only three people showed up.

MAXWELL: Only three?

MOLLY: No one else was willing to spend the seven cents to see it.

MAXWELL: I guess the world wasn't ready for *Behind the Horse*.

MOLLY: Yeah! The critics said you really stepped in it that time.

MAXWELL: What do they know?

MOLLY: There's a new guy who's taking over the spot light, Charlie Chaplin.

MAXWELL: Hah! A fly by night actor. He'll be a has-been by the end of the month.

MOLLY: Then he and you will have something in common, only you beat him to it.

MAXWELL: (*MAXWELL gives her a dirty look.*) Thanks.

MOLLY: Sorry. He's really funny.

MAXWELL: You've seen him? You went and saw his movie? How could you?

MOLLY: After seeing *Behind the Horse*, I needed something to cheer me up.

MAXWELL: *(Beat.)* It was a comedy?

MOLLY: *(She giggles.)* Yes.

MAXWELL: Comedies are fine, but people want substance.

MOLLY: Like your first flop, *The Cat Who Wore A Hat!* The titles were in rhyme. The critics said: *The Cat Who Wore A Hat* fell completely flat. Like a litter box kit, it overflowed with . . .

MAXWELL: *(Interrupting.)* Molly!

MOLLY: I'm sorry but the critics and the people said it stunk.

MAXWELL: The people don't know what they want.

MOLLY: They want Charlie Chaplin.

MAXWELL: They can have the tramp.

MOLLY: *(Giggling.)* That's funny.

MAXWELL: What's funny?

MOLLY: That's the name of Chaplin's movie.

MAXWELL: What is?

MOLLY: The Tramp.

MAXWELL: The Tramp? Fitting for someone who will find himself on the street soon.

MOLLY: Maybe you two could be card board box buddies.

MAXWELL: *(Gives MOLLY a dirty look. Beat.)* Well, I guess this is it.

MOLLY: Yeah, I guess I'm no longer your secretary.

MAXWELL: Maybe Chaplin needs a secretary.

MOLLY: Can I at least clean out my desk?

MAXWELL: Be my guest. (*MOLLY goes to her desk and starts going through the drawers. Suddenly SKEETER, who has been hiding and waiting for his opportunity to make off with what he can, darts across the room his arms filled with anything he can carry. MOLLY screams. MAXWELL is able to grab him by the collar.*) What do we have here?

SKEETER: (*Struggling to get away.*) Let me go! Let me go!

MAXWELL: What are you doing here?

SKEETER: None of your business, mister. Now let me go.

MAXWELL: You're stealing!

SKEETER: I don't steal. I was just borrowing a few things.

MOLLY: He must be a beggar kid. One that steals. They are the worst kind.

SKEETER: That ain't true. I'm a law-abiding, respectable citizen, I am.

MOLLY: He's a thief!

MAXWELL: Where are your parents?

SKEETER: Ain't got none. When I was young, me father set me adrift on the Nile.

MAXWELL: The Nile? And I suppose you're going to tell me you floated all the way to New York.

SKEETER: The winds be in me favor. (*MAXWELL gives a sarcastic chuckle.*)

MOLLY: What about your mother?

SKEETER: (*Sadly.*) She be dead since I was four.

MOLLY: Likely story. You can't believe these street kids.

SKEETER: It's the truth, it is.

MOLLY: Some of these street kids' parents send them out to steal. Despicable!

MAXWELL: (*Putting him in a chair near MOLLY'S desk.*) Sit here, we'll call the police.

SKEETER: This is kidnapping, ya know. You can't keep me here against me will.

MAXWELL: I'm just keeping you here until we can call the police. Just feel lucky I don't tie you up.

SKEETER: It's abuse, is what it is. There's laws against abusing little kids. I'll tell the police to arrest you.

MAXWELL: Keep quiet. Molly, call the police. *(MOLLY goes to the phone on her desk.)*

MOLLY: *(She tries the phone.)* Hello. Hello! The phone has been disconnected.

MAXWELL: Great. After you finish cleaning out your desk can you find a phone and call the police?

MOLLY: Sure, Maxwell.

MAXWELL: Maxwell? Since when do you call me, Maxwell?

MOLLY: When you're no longer my boss.

SKEETER: You don't understand, Mister, I have to help me poor, sick mother who's waiting for me.

MAXWELL: I thought you said your mother was dead?

SKEETER: I did? *(With a bit smile.)* You can't believe a street kid.

MAXWELL: Just sit here and be quiet. *(MOLLY finds a contract, reads it briefly and then goes to MAXWELL. Until MAXWELL offers SKEETER a job, SKEETER should continue to steal items. As he is sitting near MOLLY'S desk and MOLLY is turned away, he takes as many items as he can fit in his pockets. MOLLY should not know he is stealing items. Later he can work his way to MAXWELL'S desk to steal items.)*

MOLLY: What do you want me to do with this contract?

MAXWELL: What contract?

MOLLY: The contract with Miss Lillian Harper.

MAXWELL: Miss Lillian Harper. *(Reminiscing.)* Ah, Lilly. *(Beat.)* One of the biggest stars in America. *(Back to reality.)* I gave her her first break, you know. I made Lillian Harper who she is today. And now, well . . . *(Grumbles.)* I'm sure it's no longer valid, throw it away.

MOLLY: *(Looking over the contract.)* Actually, I believe it's still good for another two weeks.

MAXWELL: What? (*Takes a closer look at the contract.*) You're right! I have Lillian Harper under contract for another two weeks.

MOLLY: (*Taking the contract.*) No reason to rub salt in the wound. I'll throw it away.

MAXWELL: (*Snatching the contract back.*) No! How could I have forgotten that I have Lillian Harper under contract?

MOLLY: Probably because you were busy making four flop films.

MAXWELL: (*Getting excited.*) This could be it. This could be the answer I am looking for.

MOLLY: The answer? What was the question?

MAXWELL: We could make a movie with Lillian Harper. We could rise to the top again.

MOLLY: You think Lillian Harper would agree to star in one of your movies!?

MAXWELL: She has to. I have her on contract. And if she refuses, I'll take her to court.

MOLLY: Aren't you forgetting one little thing?

MAXWELL: What?

MOLLY: You no longer have a studio.

MAXWELL: How much film do we have left?

MOLLY: (*She looks on a shelf close by.*) Three reels.

MAXWELL: If we plan it right, we could make a 20 minute short.

MOLLY: But you don't have any money.

MAXWELL: We'll film it all right here.

MOLLY: Actors! You'll need actors.

MAXWELL: We'll get people off the street.

MOLLY: I smell another flop. What about a script? You don't have one.

MAXWELL: A script. Humm. It would have to be big, something the world would be dying to see. A magnificent epic!

MOLLY: A 20-minute epic?



MAXWELL: Quality not quantity, Molly.

MOLLY: Maxwell, you're talking crazy.

MAXWELL: What have I got to lose?

MOLLY: What little self-respect you have left.

MAXWELL: I would never respect myself if I didn't give it the old college dropout try. Let's see, a script. I'll have to write it myself.

MOLLY: Didn't you write the last four? And all flopped.

MAXWELL: Three.

MOLLY: What?

MAXWELL: Only three flopped. The last one wasn't even given a chance.

MOLLY: *(Sarcastically.)* Three people might argue with you on that.

MAXWELL: *(Thinking.)* How about a mermaid?

MOLLY: A mermaid?

MAXWELL: No, no, no, Lily hates water. How about a leading lady who feeds poor starving birds? We'll call it, *A Bird in the Hand*.

MOLLY: If you hold a bird long enough, you get the same results as *Behind the Horse*.  
*(Holding out hand as if holding a bird, looks into hand and grimaces.)*

SKEETER: Well, I have to be going. Me father will be expecting me home soon. *(Without missing a beat, MAXWELL or MOLLY grabs SKEETER and sits him back down.)*

MAXWELL: *(Thinking.)* Hmm. I have it! How about, Romeo and Juliet, the true story?

MOLLY: The true story? But Romeo and Juliet weren't real, how can there be a true story?

MAXWELL: I'll make it up.

MOLLY: You're going to make up a true story?

MAXWELL: No one knows what's real anyway. Lilly would make a perfect Juliet. Now all we need is a Romeo. Someone with stature, personality, charm, a firm chin, and who will work for free.

MOLLY: Well, that limits the prospectives.

MAXWELL: What about that actor who was briefly married to Lilly. Made a few movies with her, became famous and then just disappeared.

MOLLY: You mean Richard Clancey?

MAXWELL: Yes, Richard Clancey. (*SKEETER reacts to RICHARD'S name.*)

MOLLY: He was good looking.

MAXWELL: He would be a perfect Romeo.

MOLLY: I don't think so, Maxwell. I read that Lillian Harper only married him to advance her career and when she was finished with him, she cast him aside. (*To herself.*) She could have cast him my way.

MAXWELL: That's show biz.

SKEETER: I knows a Rich Clancey.

MAXWELL: You know Richard Clancey?

SKEETER: I knows a *Rich* Clancey. He lives on the streets, same as me.

MAXWELL: Richard Clancey lives on the streets? Impossible. What am I saying, I may soon be eating at a soup kitchen with him.

MOLLY: You can't believe this boy, Maxwell.

SKEETER: It's the truth, it is. He once said he was a famous movie star, but I thought he was pulling me leg.

MAXWELL: (*To MOLLY.*) It could be the same Richard Clancey. He *did* disappear.

MOLLY: I don't know. It sounds a little fishy to me.

MAXWELL: (*To SKEETER.*) What's your name boy?

SKEETER: Skeeter.

MAXWELL: Skeeter? What's your given name?

SKEETER: On the streets, you don't tell too much. Just call me, Skeeter.

MAXWELL: Well Skeeter, do you think you can bring Richard Clancey here to me?

SKEETER: Does a frog jump into the fire? *(Beat.)* Well, not on his own. I'll go get him for you. *(He starts to leave but MAXWELL grabs him.)*

MAXWELL: How can I be sure you will return?

SKEETER: You can trust me. I'm a law-abiding, respectable citizen, I am.

MAXWELL: And this from a boy who was stealing from me.

SKEETER: Can't call it stealing, if I never made it out the door.

MOLLY: And said his mother was dead.

SKEETER: And me mother got better.

MAXWELL: I'll tell you what, *(he pulls out a dime)* I'll give you 10 cents if you bring Richard Clancey to me.

SKEETER: A whole 10 cents?

MAXWELL: A whole 10 cents.

SKEETER: Make it 15 and you have a deal.

MAXWELL: Forget it then.

SKEETER: Okay! Okay! Ten cents. *(Holding out his hand for the dime.)*

MAXWELL: Nah, not until you bring me Richard.

SKEETER: And you won't call the police on me?

MAXWELL: No police.

SKEETER: I'll be back before you know it. *(He rushes out.)*

MOLLY: You'll probably never see that boy again.

MAXWELL: I have a feeling I will. The questions is, will he bring me back the real Richard Clancey. Molly, ring up Lillian Harper and tell her to come to the warehouse.

MOLLY: What should I tell her?

MAXWELL: Tell her that Maxwell Stinnett demands to see her.

MOLLY: What if she won't come?

MAXWELL: Then tell her I will see her in court.

MOLLY: *(Sighs.)* Okay, but I still think you're crazy. *(She tries the phone.)* I forgot the phones have been disconnected.

MAXWELL: Then find another. *(She pauses.)* What are you waiting for? We don't have a minute to lose. Go, go, go!

MOLLY: All right, all right. *(MOLLY exits.)*

MAXWELL: *(He sits at his desk, takes out a pencil and paper.)* Romeo and Juliet, the True Story. Truth is, I don't have a clue what to write. *(He ponders and paces.)* Moments later SAM enters. *He is dressed in ill-fitting clothes and carries a lunch box. He also has a big belly. He walks right past MAXWELL who notices him. SAM crosses to a small table, takes off his coat and hangs it on a nail. MAXWELL watches him.)* Can I help you?

SAM: Nope.

MAXWELL: What are you doing?

SAM: Coming to work.

MAXWELL: Work?

SAM: I work here.

MAXWELL: I'm afraid you don't any more. The studio went bankrupt.

SAM: Don't work for them. I work for the bank.

MAXWELL: The bank? And what are you supposed to do for the bank?

SAM: Make sure no one steals anything.

MAXWELL: I think you're a little late for that.

SAM: I'm also supposed to do any maintenance, keep things in working order, till everything is gone. It's called job security, being able to guard and repair things. *(Bragging.)* Yep! I'll have this job for a long time.

MAXWELL: You do realize that when all this stuff is gone, so is your job.

SAM: What?

MAXWELL: All this stuff will be auctioned off in two weeks. There won't be anything to guard or repair.

SAM: Oh. Well, I'll just have to get me another job. Maybe modeling. When I was younger I was told I was a handsome fellow. *(He gives the audience a profile of himself, trying to look sexy, deep voice.)* Yeah, I still have it.

MAXWELL: Yeah, a lot of it.

SAM: I've always wanted to be a model.

MAXWELL: *(Can't believe what he is seeing.)* Good luck with that. *(Getting an idea.)* Hey, have you ever thought about being in a movie?

SAM: *(He stares at MAXWELL for a moment, confused.)* A movie?

MAXWELL: Yes, a movie?

SAM: Me?

MAXWELL: *(Thinking of a way to get him interested. Dramatically. Walking around him.)* That chin, that highbrow, that . . . oversized middle. Say, "They have made worm's-meat of me: I have it, and soundly too."

SAM: *(He stands tall, MAXWELL lifts one of his arm and manipulates his body as he speaks. He recites the line with no emotion and very methodically)* "They have made . . . They have made" . . . *(Turns to MAXWELL.)* What is it?

MAXWELL: "They have made worm's-meat of me."

SAM: Oh, yeah. *(Getting back into his formal, yet awkward stance.)* They have made . . . *(Turns to MAXWELL.)* Worm's-meat?! What?! Am I dying?!

MAXWELL: Yes, Tybalt has stabbed you with his sword.

SAM: Who's Tybalt?

MAXWELL: A character in Romeo and Juliet.

SAM: Romeo and Juliet? Am I Romeo?

MAXWELL: Ah, no, no, no.

SAM: Why did he stab me then?

MAXWELL: Never mind the whys, just say the line I gave you. Now try again.

SAM: *(He raises his arm.)* “They have made worm’s-meat of me.” Aah . . . aah . . . aah . . .  
*(He pauses, trying to remember the rest.)*

MAXWELL: “I have it, and soundly too.”

SAM: “I soundly it too and have.” *(MAXWELL is puzzled by the mix up of words. SAM turns to MAXWELL for a hopeful comment.)* Well, how was that? Was that right?

MAXWELL: No, but it really doesn’t matter. The audience won’t be able to hear you.

SAM: Do I get a sword?

MAXWELL: Sure, why not?

SAM: Like this one? *(He picks up one of the swords that is nearby and starts wheeling it around and then points it at MAXWELL.)*

MAXWELL: Careful. Careful! *(He takes the sword.)* It’s real. Unsharpened, but real.

SAM: Do I get a costume? *(MAXWELL goes and sits at his desk.)*

MAXWELL: Yes, of course.

SAM: *(Rushes to the clothes rack.)* Which one? *(Pull something funny off the rack and holds it up to himself, then returns it to the rack.)*

MAXWELL: I don’t know. I’ll let you know when I need you. Right now I have to write the script. *(SAM pauses, then slowly crosses to MAXWELL’S desk.)*

SAM: Can I help you?

MAXWELL: Writing the script?

SAM: Yeah.

MAXWELL: No, I think I’ve got it. Why don’t you go about your work.

SAM: Okay, but I want you to know I was the spelling bee champion in third grade.

MAXWELL: *(Unimpressed.)* Wow. That’s great. I’ll be sure to call for you if I can’t spell a third grade word.

SAM: Okay. Got to make my rounds. *(He begins to exit as SKEETER enters with RICHARD. SKEETER is almost carrying him in. RICHARD is barely conscious.)* Hey! We don't let riff-raff in here.

SKEETER: I ain't no riff-raff. I'm a law-abiding, respectable citizen, I am.

SAM: Out with the both of you!

MAXWELL: *(Noticing that it is SKEETER.)* No, no. He's bringing me Romeo.

SAM: Romeo? Why, both are nothing but bums off the streets!

MAXWELL: Desperate times require desperate measures. Why don't you go and guard something. I'll take care of them.

SAM: Fine with me. *(Checks watch.)* I'm due for a break anyway. *(He exits.)*

SKEETER: Mr. Stinnett, I brung him! *(He sits RICHARD at MOLLY'S desk. RICHARD'S head falls and hits the top of the desk hard. [There is a pad on the top of the desk to protect RICHARD'S head and he hits the bottom of the desk with his hand, giving the effect that his head hits the desk hard.] MAXWELL and SKEETER react.)* Where's me 10 cents?

MAXWELL: Wait a minute. This bum can't be Richard Clancey.

SKEETER: He says he is. *(To RICHARD. Shaking him.)* Tell him who you are. Tell him who you are! *(RICHARD is unconscious.)* He is. He is Rich Clancey.

MAXWELL: Woo! He smells like a garbage heap. *(MAXWELL lifts his head by his hair and looks him in the face.)* Richard? Richard? *(Realizing it is him.)* Richard! Oh my goodness, I think it is Richard. *(He let's go of RICHARD'S head and it falls back down on the desk hard. They react.)* I only met him once but it sort of looks like him. *(He tries to wake him. RICHARD is out.)* Richard. Richard! Come on, snap out of it.

SKEETER: Snap 10 cents on me. *(Snaps his fingers and holds out his hand.)*

MAXWELL: We need to sober him up.

SKEETER: I needs me 10 cents.

MAXWELL: And you'll get it, as soon as he sobers up and we know for sure he is Richard Clancey.

SKEETER: That weren't part of the deal. *(MOLLY enters and sees RICHARD at her desk.)*

MAXWELL: Well, it is now.

MOLLY: Why is this bum at my desk?

MAXWELL: Well, according to Skeeter here, that is Richard Clancey.

MOLLY: No.

MAXWELL: Yes.

MOLLY: No.

SKEETER: Yes!

MOLLY: *(She grabs his hair, lifting his head for a better look.)* Well, maybe. But he looks a might less dashing then when I saw him on the screen. *(She lets go and his head hits the desk again. They react.)*

MAXWELL: We need to sober him up to know for sure. Molly, I want you to clean him up and put these on him. *(He goes to a costume rack and pulls off a suit.)* There's a bath in the back.

MOLLY: You want me to bathe him? And dress him?

MAXWELL: Yes.

MOLLY: If this isn't Clancey, then you will owe me big.

MAXWELL: And if it is Richard Clancey?

MOLLY: *(She smiles.)* Well then, I will owe you. *(She starts to get RICHARD up.)*

MAXWELL: What about Lillian Harper? *(MOLLY lets go of RICHARD and his head hits the desk again. They react.)*

MOLLY: She's in the area and said that she can fit you in for about 5 minutes, but not a minute more. She has a massage this afternoon. It must be tough. She wasn't happy.

MAXWELL: I wonder if I should get a rabies shot?

MOLLY: *(She gets RICHARD up.)* Come on Mr. Clancey, let's get you cleaned up. Woo, where have you been sleeping, in a beer keg? *(She helps him off.)*

SKEETER: What about me 10 cents!

MAXWELL: Oh yes. Here take 5 cents and get me some food and coffee. *(He pauses a moment and looks as RICHARD is being led off stage.)* Lots of coffee.



SKEETER: But you owe me a whole 10 cents for bringing in Rich Clancey.

MAXWELL: We don't know that he is Richard Clancey. So get me the coffee and as soon as I know, you'll get your 10 cents.

SKEETER: There was a time when a man could be trusted, when his word was his word.

MAXWELL: Save the sermon and just get me the coffee and food.

SKEETER: All right, but if I don't get me ten cents when I return, I'm taking legal action. *(He takes the five cents and exits and then quickly returns.)* Hey Mr. Stinnett, there's a broad here to see you. *(LILY enters.)*

LILY: I am not a broad. I am a star.

SKEETER: *(To LILY.)* Sorry. *(To MAXWELL.)* Mr. Stinnett, there's a *stuck-up* broad here to see you.

LILY: You are a disgusting little boy.

SKEETER: And you're a hoity toity broad.

MAXWELL: Skeeter! Skeeter. I will take it from here. You can complete your errand. *(SKEETER exits. With fake sincerity.)* Lily! *(He goes to her and tries to kiss her cheek but she pulls away.)*

LILY: Max. I would ask how you have been, but then I really don't care.

MAXWELL: Lily, I am hurt.

LILY: From what I've read, you are more than hurt, you are broke. Four flop films in a roll tend to do that.

MAXWELL: And you said you didn't care.

LILY: I don't.

MAXWELL: How long has it been?

LILY: Not long enough.

MAXWELL: Four? No, almost five years ago I discovered you.

LILY: *(Regretfully.)* Five year's ago we met.

MAXWELL: And I put you in one of my films and started your career.

LILY: Yes, I will always be grateful for that opportunity. But then you forgot me. You passed me up for Cleopatra, Annie Oakley, I'm really good with a gun by the way.

MAXWELL: Yes, that was what I was afraid of.

LILY: You cast someone else for Bonnie Anne, The Farmer's Daughter, and the list goes on. While you overlooked me, I went and made myself famous. Looks like you missed your chance and I made mine without you.

MAXWELL: I didn't feel you were right for the parts.

LILY: Who's right now? Enough chitchat.

MAXWELL: Yes, why fill the air with chitchat, when we should get right down to business.

LILY: Yes, I was quite shocked when your secretary said for me to come here or you would have me in court. It sounded like a threat.

MAXWELL: Oh, it was.

LILY: You have nothing that can threaten me.

MAXWELL: Oh, I do.

LILY: And what is it that you have?

MAXWELL: A contract.

LILY: What contract?

MAXWELL: This contract. *(Hands her the contract.)*

LILY: *(Looks it over.)* This contract was from a long time ago.

MAXWELL: Yes, but it is still valid for another two weeks.

LILY: Sorry, but I'm busy. *(Hands back the contract.)*

MAXWELL: I'm sorry too, but it says here that I have first rights to you and your time.

LILY: *(Annoyed.)* And what are your plans?

MAXWELL: To shoot a movie.

LILY: (*Laughs.*) In two weeks?

MAXWELL: Yes.

LILY: You can't possibly think you can complete a movie in two weeks.

MAXWELL: In fact, I do.

LILY: Sorry my dear Max, I refuse. (*She begins to exit again.*)

MAXWELL: Frankly, I was hoping you'd say that. I will see you in court.

LILY: (*Suspiciously.*) And what do you think you'll get, if we should meet in court? Oh, I may have to pay a measly sum for breaking the contract, but not enough to get you out of debt and you will still not have me.

MAXWELL: Oh, I won't be suing you for money.

LILY: If not for money, than what?

MAXWELL: I will ask the judge to extend the contract for six months, rather than request any monetary amount.

LILY: (*With trepidation.*) You wouldn't dare.

MAXWELL: Lily, I think you know me well enough.

LILY: (*She becomes irate.*) I knew there was a reason I despised you. Are you so low that you would stoop to such tactics?

MAXWELL: As low as I have ever been and clawing my way out. Desperate time require desperate measures. So, do we do this the hard way or the easy way?