

**Repertory Theatre**

**A play**

**By Eldad Cohen**

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***Repertory Theatre***

***A play***

***By Eldad Cohen***

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**Characters:**

Artistic Director - in his 50s

Playwright - late 20s

Richardson- ghost in his 30s

*Artistic director and young playwright are sitting in the director's office. The room was once a stage theatre.*

*down side left, a chair. Downside right, a desk and a chair. A manikin wearing blond wig on its head and a sword is positioned upstage left. Upstage center, two empty frameworks are hanging side by side. One is substantially bigger than the other. A pile of plumbs lies on the desk.*

*The director sits on the edge of the desk. He is reading the play. Occasionally, he gets up, comes back and sits back down, looks at the playwright as if preparing to say something. Fixes his hair, cleans his ear in seemingly involuntary movements. When the director finishes reading, he looks at the number of pages and starts to speak:*

Director: Forty pages.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: (good.) Hour and a half?

Playwright: Two.

Director: With a break.

Playwright: No

Director: Talented

Playwright: Thanks

Director: And you want to know my opinion about the play?

Playwright: That is what we're here for.

Director: Is it?

Playwright: You invited me.

Director: Me.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: it's nice here. Isn't it?

Playwright: it is.

Director: Twenty years of renovating! I'm very pleased. This is what a repertory theatre should look like. Lights, stage, and the ocean. Most importantly- the ocean. 40 pages?

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Hour and a half.

Playwright: Two.

Director: With a break.

Playwright: No.

Director: Good. So you want to produce your play here.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: And I'm the artistic director of this theatre.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: And if it were to be produced in a different theatre, it wouldn't be the same for you.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Because your father died here, in this theatre.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: You know your father was the greatest actor of this theatre.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Greatest-

Playwright: Yes,

Director: -actor of this theatre. What a loss. what a... 40 pages?

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Hour and a half?

Playwright: Two.

Director: With a break.

Playwright: No.

Director: So when's the break?

Playwright: Later on

Director: Later on?

Playwright: This is only Act 1.

Director: How many Acts are there?

Playwright: Four

Director: Four?!

Playwright: Four.

Director: But the rest of the play isn't about your father, yes?

Playwright: The play's not about my father.

Director: You know your father was the greatest actor we ever had in this theatre.

Playwright: Yes

Director: The greatest –

Playwright: yes

Director: Actor in the theatre. What a loss. What a... I'm very glad you wrote a play about your father.

Playwright: The play is not about my father.

Director (*pause*): Yes.

*Pause*

*[Director returns to his seat]*

Director: look, I've read it. It's cute, it's quaint, it's funny at times. (*looks at the pages, reads to himself, laughs, looks at the playwright, looks again at the pages and quotes*) "Hiding behind every death is life itself" . brilliant. Did you write this? Brilliant...

Playwright: Thanks.

Director: Maybe I would leave out "itself".

Playwright: "Hiding behind every death is life".

Director: Yes. Both "life" and "death" in one phrase. There's a statement. "Hiding behind every death is life", Yes. No. Maybe: "Hiding behind every death"? I don't need "life."

Playwright: No "life"?

Director: I don't like life.

Playwright: "Hiding behind every death?"

Director: Precisely! We thought "death" was the end, but behind it, there's something else.

Playwright: More "life".

Director: Exactly, more life. No. Maybe: "hiding behind every"

Playwright: "Hiding behind every"?

Director: Why force-feed the audience? Let people imagine what's "hiding behind every..."

Playwright: How about we just leave "hiding behind"?

Director: Sorry?

Playwright: How about we just leave "hiding behind". That way people can imagine what's hiding behind "hiding behind".

Director: Are you being clever?

Playwright: No.

*Pause*

Director: Look, I've read it. It's cute, it's quaint, it's funny at times. I'm sure the crowd will go wild.

Playwright: Thanks.

Director: This is a theatre.

Playwright: I know this is a theatre.

Director: I'm talking about Repertory Theatre.

Playwright: I'm also talking about Repertory Theatre.

Director: You're talking about repertory theatre but apparently you don't understand Repertory theatre, if only you understood repertory theatre you wouldn't be talking about Repertory theatre the way you do, or you'd wait a

couple of years. In order to understand Repertory theatre you need a couple of years of actually being in a Repertory theatre. Do you understand?

Playwright: No.

Director: I'm looking for a serious play.

Playwright: Boring

Director: Not at all

Playwright: Then I don't understand

Director: Then I'll give you an example

Playwright: Please

Director: Plum?

Playwright: What?

Director: Coffee? I'll buzz the waitress? The... secretary! I always feel like I'm in a coffee shop. Where were we?

Playwright: Example.

Director: Right. This is a theatre.

Playwright: I know, and I'd be more than happy to have my play produced here.

Director: That's exactly the problem, this is not theatre.

Playwright: Not theatre?

Director: I'm talking about Repertory Theatre.

Playwright: I'm also talking about Repertory theatre.

Director: You're talking about repertory theatre but apparently you don't understand Repertory theatre, if only you understood repertory theatre you wouldn't be talking about Repertory theatre the way you do, or you'd wait a

couple of years. In order to understand Repertory theatre you need a couple of years of actually being in a Repertory theatre. Do you understand?

Playwright: No.

Director: I'm looking for a serious play.

Playwright: Give me an example

Director: Sorry?

Playwright: I don't understand.

Director: Then I'll give you an example.

Playwright: Please

Director: Plum?

Playwright: No.

Director: Coffee? I'll buzz the....waitress? the....secretary? I always feel like I'm in a coffee shop. Where were we?

Playwright: Example.

Director: Hamlet!

Playwright (*pause*): Hamlet?

Director: Hamlet.

Playwright: Shakespeare.

Director: Shakespeare.

Playwright: Shakespeare's good.

Director: Shakespeare's serious.

Playwright: But I'm not Shakespeare.

Director: Dane!!! That's exactly what I'm saying: you're not Shakespeare.

Playwright: And you're looking for Shakespeare.

Director: I'll give you another example.

Playwright: Please.

Director: Hamlet.

Playwright: Hamlet?

Director: Yes.

Playwright: You said Hamlet

Director: I said Hamlet?!

Playwright: Yes

Director: You want another example?

Playwright: Please

Director: Hamlet!

Playwright: Hamlet??

Director: Yes. Hamlet. You want another example? Hamlet. Hamlet. Hamlet. And if I feel like saying Hamlet again, I'll say Hamlet again and then Hamlet again. You think I don't know I said Hamlet again?

Playwright: I didn't say that.

Director: So what did you say? Do you think I'm not in control of what I'm saying? Is that what you're saying? "You said Hamlet"?! Who are you to say to me "you said"?

Playwright: I'm sorry, I didn't-

Director: Just like your father. Always being clever. You don't seem to understand who Hamlet is. Who Hamlet is for me. What Hamlet was for your father. Before you arrived, long before you arrived, I was already well acquainted with Hamlet... "Well acquainted"... I directed Hamlet. "Directed"... I played Hamlet! "Played"... I played, directed, edited, adapted and adopted Hamlet.

Playwright: I didn't mean-

Director: your father and I, every time we heard the word Hamlet, we rose from our chairs. And that's exactly how it is in my theatre. Every time one hears the word Hamlet, one rises. And the same goes for you, if you wish to be part of this repertory theatre, you will rise every time you hear Hamlet. Hamlet!

*(Playwright looks at the director unsure)*

Director: Hamlet! *(Playwright rises, then sits.)* Good. Coffee? Shall I buzz Hamlet?... let's do it! Let's put your show on here *(the sound of a bell ringing)*. Yes.

Playwright: what? Really? In which stage?

Director: You misunderstood me. Let's do your show... here. *(points at the stage)*

Playwright: Here?

Director: Here here. Here it's a lovely place to put on a show. Here's where the stage used to be.

Playwright: Here's where the stage used to be?

Director: Here's where the stage used to be. Before the renovation. You can still hear the acoustics here... Here here here here. The backstage was here, and the audience was here.

Playwright: Here?

Director: Where's the wall now there wasn't a wall, there was an audience. We wrecked everything and built a forth wall. You see? A fourth wall. One, two, three, four. Four walls. That's what makes this a room.

Playwright: Yes, the room has four-

Director: Sometimes, when I really concentrate I can still see the audience. If I really really focus I can still hear them laughing.

Playwright: Really?

Director: You can give it a try.

*Playwright tries. Moves towards the audience, as if to the wall and places his ear there.*

Playwright: I don't hear anything.

Director: Focus.

Playwright: I can't.

Director: Ten people can fit in here easily. If you sit two people in one chair that's twenty people which is not bad for a young playwright such as yourself. When this theatre was established how many people do you think came to see us? Don't underestimate ten people.

*Light goes off. Downstage right a small light comes on. The artistic director gives the playwright an apologetic look. The central light is turned on after two seconds and the director repeats his last words.*

Director: Don't underestimate ten people.

Playwright: I'm not

Director: Then why do you sound like that?

Playwright: I didn't mean for it to sound like that.

Director: But that's the way it sounds.

*Central Light goes off again. Downstage right a small light comes on again. The central light is turned on again.*

Director: Still a few glitches. Unbelievable, twenty years of renovations. Two more years and it all would have worked out.

Playwright: But what type of show can you fit in here? A two-actor-play at most.

Director: What's wrong with a two-actor-play?

*Light goes off again. Downstage right a small light comes on again. This time the director really loses his temper. Curses a bit. And the light comes back on.*

Director: Good. Now all I need is to calculate the price of a ticket. If I squeeze-in another spectator on the stairs...shut your trap, will you? and I pay each actor roughly 90 pounds, could you shut up for a minute... plus the lighting design plus sound design plus security plus costumes design plus set design plus ushers and ticket handlers, municipal assistance, that's... that's... that...really annoying me... roughly 16.99, divide it by six...TO BE!!! carry the one on the stairs... All in all that's 700 quid...per ticket. You think the audience can take it?

Playwright: You mentioned only ten people can fit in here?

Director: Ten people is a lot these days

Playwright: My cast alone is ten people.

Director: You know the best shows are without an audience.

Playwright: But I want an audience.

Director: Oh, you want an audience. Suddenly you want an audience.

Playwright: Yes, I want an audience.

Director: You want an audience.

Playwright: yes, I want an audience.

Director: you want an audience.

Playwright: Yes, I want an audience.

Director: Then why did you write a play like this? Just like your father. Talking to himself - wants everyone to listen. (*Stops abruptly. Wipes face.*) Do you know this face?

(*Points at the larger framework*)

Playwright: No.

Director: That's Zigi. And if you don't know Zigi you should at least know the name Zigi, or the apparition of Zigi! Cause Zigi's going to be THE Hamlet (*signals him to rise*) of the 21st century (*playwright sits back*). THE Hamlet (*playwright rises and sits back*). Zigi and I share this incredible bond. Three of the biggest theatres are after him, now that I discovered him. What a Hamlet! (*playwright rises*). He looks a bit like me, doesn't he? (*Director puts his head into the frame*). Does he or doesn't he? (*takes his head out and puts it back in*). The resemblance is uncanny. Isn't it?

Playwright: Yes.

Director: THE Hamlet.

Playwright (*rises*): Enough.

Director: Nobody's going to take him away from me. Nobody! He's mine. He's MY actor. I'm not selling him for a million dollars, and I'm talking about an actual offer I got. I'm going into uncharted territories here! Do you see what I'm saying? I'm looking for these kinds of materials. Like Hamlet (*signals him to rise*). Ingenious. Cause I'm a genius, you see? And a messenger. And I have a message! And I want my plays to send out that message. I want plays with actors! Do you see? Real actors, and dancers, plays with music, with cellos, with fiddlers on the roof and a piano in the audience! Do you see? I want the moon, I want war, I want a show, I'm in ecstasy, do you understand what I'm saying?! How dare you bring this piece of crap in here?! This is a repertory theatre. And I'm the artistic director of this repertory theatre!!!

(*pause*)

Playwright: What is repertory theatre?

Director: Are you taking a piss?

Playwright: No.

Director: You don't know what a repertory theatre is?

Playwright: No.

Director: I'll explain.

Playwright: Please.

*(Long pause. Director's moment of disbelief).*

Playwright: Established theater?

Director: Exactly.

Playwright: For the wide audience.

Director: Wide, narrow... why narrow it down? An audience by any other name...

Playwright: Would pay as much.

Director: Clever.

Playwright: So you're looking for a play that anyone could understand.

Director: No. I'm looking for a play only I can understand. Of course I want a play anyone can understand! And what kind of a play do you want? A play only clever people would understand? That was your father's mistake too. That's why he's dead.

Playwright: And why is that?

Director: Because of his narrow, monogamous mind.

Playwright: I thought he died on stage.

Director: Being clever again. are we?

Playwright: No.

Director: That's right, he died on stage. After the show people came to see him and he wasn't there. And do you know why he wasn't there?

Playwright: Cause he was dead.

Director: And do you know why he was dead?

Playwright: Because of his narrow, monogamous mind.

Director: Now you see where you stand.

Playwright: In a repertory theatre.

Director: Very good.

Playwright: Thank you very much. *(Playwright takes the play, gets up and goes to exit)*

Director: And you should really stop talking about your father.

Playwright *(turns back)*: I wasn't.

Director: Weren't you?

Playwright: You were.

Director: I was?

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Was I talking to myself?

Playwright: No.

Director: So to whom was I talking to? You?

Playwright: Yes.

Director: So why would you say I was talking when you were clearly talking as well? Is this a competition?

Playwright: No.

Director: Are you of the opinion that I speak about your father with just anyone? Is that what you think? All day long it's competition, paranoia, keeping scores. (*Director hugs him a fatherly hug*). Between us, does it matter who spoke first between us? Between us, does it matter? Who's going to remember it in a million years? Be fruitful and multiply. That's the way the world turns. There's the living. There's the dead. Men screw women and women screw over men. That's it, thank you very much. Say hi to yourself, All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely... shmerely . Be fruitful and multiply. god said. Not me. Him. Not even said, commanded. Did he specify with whom? Did he say when? No sir. He didn't ask questions and didn't ask for second opinions. Be fruitful and multiply. That's it. Ok. Let's forget about all this. Come sit down. Your father this, your father that. Father father father. Let's change the subject. How's your mother.

Playwright: My mother?

Director: Still dancing?

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Did she send you to me?

Playwright: No.

Director: So how did you get my number?

Playwright: I didn't. You called me.

Director: Me.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: But she must have told you something about me.

Playwright: Something

Director: A ha, a ha. What?

Playwright: That you worked together.

Director: A ha, a ha. And?

Playwright: That she choreographed your shows.

Director: A ha, a ha. And?

Playwright: That's it.

Director: That's it?

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Nothing more?

Playwright: No.

Director: Nothing.

Playwright: No.

Director: But there was more. She didn't tell you?

Playwright: No.

Director: Didn't she tell you nothing?

Playwright: Nothing

Director: Nothing

Playwright: Nothing

Director: Nothing

Playwright: Nothing

Director: Nothing

Playwright: Something

Director: Something

Playwright: Yes, something.

Director: We were very intimate... your father and I. Brothers one might say. Again with your father! One minute you try to forget the guy, the next he's right back in your face. Now you're going to tell me I started talking about him, right? (*takes a plum*) can't stop eating, huh? It's the fear, I say. That's why I'm eating, so people will know I'm alive. That's what scares me the most- Death. Cause "fear" I can live with. But "death"....that's a tough one. Take a close look. Do I look alive or dead? Off the top of your head, without me eating, without me doing anything. Alive or dead? Alive or dead? The truth now.

Playwright: Alive

Director: Liar!! Deceitful, no-good, liar! Just like your father. Where were we?

Playwright: My father.

Director: Like brothers he and I. So actually you can all me "uncle" if you like.

Playwright: Uncle?

Director: Not uncle. (*whispers*) uncle

Playwright: Uncle?

Director: Exactly. Uncle. We had a pact. A Union. An alliance. Of brothers. Brothers in Arms. Brothers in Hamlet. (*signals to the playwright to get up*) And then along came your mother... aahh the legs on your mother, I'm telling you. We were madly in love with her. Madly. Still dancing?

Playwright: Did you sleep with her?

Director: I beg your pardon?

Playwright: Did you sleep with my mother??

Director: Is that what she told you?

Playwright: No

Director: So why do you ask?

Playwright: Just because.

Director: Just because?

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Every person you talk to, you ask them if they had sex with your mother?

Playwright: No.

Director: So explain this "just because".

Playwright: Just because. It slipped out. You talked about my father so that's what came to mind.

Director: That I had sex with your mother.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Where?

Playwright: What?

Director: Where did she tell you we had sex?

Playwright: She didn't tell me

Director: So think. Where? Here?

Playwright: I was just asking.

Director: You were just asking.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: So now I'm "just asking" you – where do you think I made hot passionate sex with your mother

Playwright: I don't know.

Director: So think! Use your imagination. You're a playwright aren't you? Think of something.

Playwright: I don't know.

Director: You don't know?

Playwright: No.

Director: You were just asking.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: We were talking about your father and that's the first thing that came to your mind?

Playwright: Yes.

Director: That I had sex with your mother.

Playwright: Yes!

Director: Right, let's wrap things up, shall we?

Playwright: what?

Director: Yes.

Playwright: Why?

Director: Cause this play is not for me and it's not my cup of tea. I've given you 10 minutes and 2 Kilos. I think that's a lot from an artistic director of a repertory theatre. A lot. Hamlet! (*playwright get up*) Shalom and goodbye.

Playwright: Is this it?

Director: What do you want? A handshake? A hug? What?

Playwright: What about the play?

Director: Yes, what about it?

Playwright: That's what I came for.

Director: So gently explain to it that we cannot produce it right now. Maybe it will understand.

Playwright: I'm not sure

Director: We are, after all, talking about a very sensitive play.

Playwright: I'm not sure.

Director: I have a feeling that if you stay here one more moment, I'll just eat you up.

Playwright: You don't want to produce the play?

Director: I want to produce it! Produce it up in flames. Hamlet!

Playwright (*rises*): But [*sits back down*]

Director: Hamlet!

Playwright (*rises*): But [*sits back down*]

Director: Hamlet!

Playwright (*rises*): But [*sits back down*]

Director: Hamlet!

Playwright: Ok, I just wanted to tell you that it's important for me to say...

Director: Hamlet!

Playwright: I wanted to say that it's important to let you know...

Director: Hamlet!

Playwright: I wanted to let you know... that.. how much I appreciate that fact that you read my...

Director (*knocks on desk*): Ok, that's it, they're here.

Playwright: Who?

Director: That's all the time we have I'm afraid.

Playwright: But-

Director (*knocks on desk*): Look, we'll have to continue this conversation at another time

Playwright: You're the only person I know in theatre. You're like an uncle to me.

Director: Not uncle. (*whispers*) uncle.

Playwright: Yes, Uncle-you're like an uncle to me!

Director (*knocks on desk*): Jesus, alright hold on a second, I'll tell them that I'm busy and we'll have a proper sit down. I won't send you away like this. You're right. (*Knocks on desk, calls to the other side of the door*). I'll be a couple of minutes. I'm here with someone. Someone important (*winks*). Yes...hold on...yes (*returns*) I've bought us three minutes. I'm all yours. Speak.

Playwright: --

Director (*knocks on desk*): For the love of...When I finally want to help someone... Really! Sorry, what were you saying?

Playwright: I just wanted to tell you that it's important for me to say... I wanted to say that it's important to let you know... I wanted to let you know... that... how much I appreciate that you read my play.

Director: The pleasure is all mine.

Playwright: So what do you think about it?

Director: About what?

Playwright: The play. So what say?

Director: it's no good.

Playwright: it's no good?? The play is no good?

Director: Why are you hysterical? Would you like a plum?

Playwright: No, thank you.

Director: OK.

Playwright: But earlier on you said it was good.

Director: That's because earlier on it was good, earlier on.

Playwright: I haven't changed anything yet.

Director: You took it to an awkward place. Bring it back from where you took it to and it will be good again.*(outside)* Just a second!

Playwright: What?

Director *(knocks on desk. The playwright now sees it)*: Right. I'm sorry, I really must finish. Promise me you'll continue writing?

Playwright: Yes.

Director: And tighten it up. Make it tight. Tight. Not too much, but cut it. Cut the fat. If you can reduce the play to a couple of minutes, three to four, it will be a smash!

Playwright: But we said we'll put on the show... here.

Director: Put it on? ? Where? In my theatre? *(laughs loudly then stop at once)* Don't make me laugh. This thing in the Rep? Why? Cause your father's dead?

Playwright: what?!

Director: Because your father's soaring up in heaven I have to get down on all fours and pick up every half assed play his son wrote about him?

Playwright: It's not about my father.

Director: No?

Playwright: I didn't write a play about my father.

Director: You didn't write a play about your father?

Playwright: No. I wrote about someone else.

Director: Someone else. Who is it?

Playwright: Nobody! It's a character I made up from my imagination.

Director: Oh, from your imagination....and this character just happens to be an Actor.

Playwright: Exactly.

Director: And it just so happens, that this character, that just happens to be an actor, just happens to die on stage.

Playwright: Exactly.

Director: Just happens.

Playwright: Exactly.

Director: It happens.

Playwright: Exactly.

Director: And your father?

Playwright: What about my father?

Director: Was not an actor?

Playwright: Yes... my father was an actor.

Director: The greatest –

Playwright: Yes

Director:- actor of this theatre. What a loss... you know, the thing is that he also died on stage. Like your character...

Playwright: Yes, I know. you right. I never thought of it that way I guess it did seep in subconsciously.

Director: Subconsciously.

Playwright: But there's still a difference. My father just dies on stage, while in my —

Director: just on stage?

Playwright: Yes. But here he doesn't just die.

Director: Where is here?

Playwright: In the play.

Director: Oh, and your father just died. When someone dies on stage, in the show, when the audience sees him falling to the stage, bleeding, I wouldn't call it just.

Playwright: That's not what I meant.

Director: I would call it an extraordinary event.

Playwright: Of course.

Director: Especially when it's the greatest actor the world of theater has ever known. Especially when it's your father.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: So why did you say just?

Playwright: I didn't mean to say just.

Director: But that's what you said--just.

Playwright: I meant to say that he just simply died, for no reason. In the saddest place of the word.

Director: Sit down. Why did you write this play?

Playwright: I don't know, I didn't give it much thought

Director: You didn't think.

Playwright: No. it just came out

Director: Just?!

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Who did you write it for?

Playwright: Myself.

Director: Yourself?!

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Why?

Playwright: Why what?

Director: Why did you write this play?

Playwright: I don't know.

Director: This is a theatre.

Playwright: I know this is a theatre.

Director: Repertory Theatre

Playwright: I understand that, it just came out that way.

Director: Again with the just.

Playwright: No, not just. Maybe it just slipped though my...

Director: Subconscious.

Playwright: Yes.

Director: This subconscious of yours, very problematic isn't it? Have you ever thought of having it removed? Look, listen, I have a splitting headache. Let's wrap things up here. You also seem a bit confused. Let me show you to the door. Keep in touch? And say "Hi" to your father for me...he's dead – I'm sorry.

Playwright: But what about the play?

Director: Not interested. Thank you.

Playwright: Why? Why you do it? Is it because I didn't eat the plum? Is it because I didn't drink any coffee? Is it because I started talking about my father? If my play is missing something, I want to know what it's missing!

Director: Why are you being hysterical? Would you like a plum?

Playwright: NO! Yes.

*(Takes the plumb, brings it to his mouth and is about to take the first bite)*

Director: Murder!

*(Playwright freezes in the midst of his movement towards the plumb, and does not bite from the plumb)*

Playwright: Murder?

Director: Yes.

Playwright: My play is missing a murder in it?

Director: And a piano.

Playwright: A play with a murder in it and a piano?

Director: That's right.

Playwright: But my play has a murder in it.

Director: Which play? This play?

Playwright: Yes.

Director: Does it have a piano?

Playwright: No. it doesn't. But it could have.

Director: I didn't see it that way.

Playwright: Well, that's the way it is.

Director: Are you sure, cause I didn't see any murder let alone a piano.

Playwright: When the murderer murders the Actor.

Director: Oh that's the murder?

Playwright: Of course that's the murder

Director: Is there a piano?

Playwright: No. There isn't, but there could be.

Director: I didn't see it that way.

Playwright: Well that's the way it is.

Director: Well, I don't see it.

Playwright: Well then I'll read for you.

Director: I'll read it myself thank you very much.

*(Quotes out loud)*

" Actor stands on stage, Actor gives monologue, Actor ends monologue, Actor intends to leave stage. Murderer holds Actor by the shoulders , stabs him twice in the chest once in the nose...". Why the nose? Nevermind.

Playwright: Actor – "how could you?" Murderer – "I had to"

Actor falls, Actor bleeds, Actor calls : "father father father".

Director: Very nice.

Playwright: Thank you.

Director: Where's the murder?

Playwright: He just stabbed him!!! Twice in the chest and once in the nose

Director: Why in the nose??

Playwright: It doesn't matter! He's dead