

THREES  
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**THREES**

*Rita Anderson*

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By

Rita Anderson

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**THREES** – a *Dark Comedy about the absurdities of fame*

*THREES* takes a comic spin on the urban legend: “All actors die in threes.” The play looks at what happens to three actors—former classmates from Juilliard—whose careers took very different turns. The trio meets up, again, at The Advance Obituary Office, after their fifteen-minutes of fame has faded and the gig is up.

[*THREES is a comedy with a film noir meets sci-fi tone.*]

## CHARACTERS\*

**HOLLY.** Desk clerk at The Advance Obituary Office. Bossy. 19.

**HUNTER.** Holly's water-cooler buddy. Psychic. 20.

**AVERAGE.** Actress who never really made it. Plays a rugged 60.

**ELITIST.** Classically-trained actress who does *high art*. Plays 60 but looks 40 (or better).

**ROK HAHARD.** Successful film star, cheeseball. Plays 61 but actor should be decades younger.

**\*CAST/COSTUME NOTE.** Actors may be any age. *AVERAGE, ELITIST, ROK went to Juilliard together, but AVERAGE looks oldest because of her hard life, and ELITIST & ROK had plastic surgery to stay young.*

**SETTING.** The Advance Obituary Office. Now or the near future.



*THREES* was developed at Missouri State University.

Missouri State University – Melanie Dreyer

Director, Kate McAlister

The CAST is as follows:

**HOLLY.** Morgan Tate

**HUNTER.** Michael Watterson

**AVERAGE.** Ellie LeMer

**ELITIST.** Taryn Haley

**ROK HAHARD.** Dejuan Boyd

*THREES* performed with Moving Parts Theatre.

Paris, France (May 2022)

Director, Stephanie Champion

The CAST is as follows:

**HOLLY.** Amanda VanOsdol

**HUNTER.** Eliot Berger

**AVERAGE.** Kim Tilbury

**ELITIST.** Kay Bourguine

**ROK HAHARD.** Dan Heching

*In shabby suits, HOLLY and HUNTER laugh at the water cooler of THE ADVANCE OBITUARY OFFICE, a low-tech office in the basement on one of the coasts. HOLLY runs the desk. HUNTER is an underling. Staged is an EXTERIOR (EXT) door, and a second door leads to the mysterious INTERIOR (INT) office of the invisible BOSS. [BOSS is not seen or heard.] Sounds of groaning pipes fill the scene, as do harsh slants of light. Tone is film noir meets sci-fi, absurdly comedic.*

**HUNTER.** And the answer is “Colonel Mustard on the grassy knoll. With a hula hoop!” [*Laughing, HUNTER and HOLLY gulp more water, almost choking.*]

**HOLLY.** In *knee* socks!

**HUNTER.** “*On the grassy knoll!*”!

**HOLLY.** Wait. What’s a “grassy knoll”?

**HUNTER.** Oh, who knows? But those were that generation’s big themes, yeah!

**HOLLY.** So weird.

**HUNTER.** And I am *so* gonna meme that later. [*The phone rings. HOLLY answers.*]

**HOLLY.** Advance Obituary Office. --Are you famous? Then, ba-bye. [*HOLLY hangs up, and she*



*and HUNTER guzzle more water.]*

**HUNTER.** I don't know, Holly. Is all of this water working for you?

**HOLLY.** No. I could still eat a small, hoofed beast.

**HUNTER.** Me too. I'm *starving*.

**HOLLY.** Like Marvin? Get it, *Starvin Marvin*?

**HUNTER.** Only if it's not Hamlich! That particular Marvin was *loaded*.

**HOLLY.** Or Scorsese. Talk about moolah!

**HUNTER.** Uh, it's *Martin* Scorsese. I was talking about *Marvin* Hamlich, the composer? [*Sings.*]  
“One. Singular sensation!”

**HOLLY.** Hey! No singing before noon. But Martin, Marvin, whatever. I got both their files right here!!

**HUNTER.** Soo cool. Can I see?

**HOLLY.** Are you forgetting yourself, Hunter? Do I need to make you stand behind the taped-line again?

**HUNTER.** Course not, Holly. But Scorsese hasn't come in yet, right? Because I cannot wait to meet him.

**HOLLY.** Well, you will have to, Hunter. Because his number's not up. Not for years. [*HOLLY makes a big show of locking the folders into a cabinet. The key hangs from her neck. Then, she shuffles a stack of files on her desk.*]

**HUNTER.** Shame about Marvin Hamlich though. Heard his funeral was amazing. The talent that showed up! [*Flash of lightning. Clap of thunder.*]

**HOLLY.** Not again! [*Another clap of thunderous lightning.*]

**HUNTER.** My suit is still wet from the last batch. But maybe that's a sign that business is looking up! [*At the third burst of thunderous lightning, HOLLY opens an umbrella. They huddle under it as rain pours only over them, a seriously-isolated thunderstorm.*]

**HOLLY.** 'Fraid not. No, this office will be phased out as soon as these dinosaurs die off. Our generation—and from here on to forever—will just process their obits electronically because, ee-YELL-ow?, we know how to email. Still. Wonder who it will be this go round? Hopefully somebody good for a change. [*AVERAGE enters from EXT door, as HOLLY closes the umbrella.*] May I help you?

**HUNTER.** I am going back to my desk then. To do whatever it is that I do!

**HOLLY.** Try to look busy! [*HOLLY & HUNTER laugh, as HUNTER exits through EXT door.*]

**HOLLY.** We do not take walk-ins and we frown upon solicitors.

**AVERAGE.** Oh, I am not trying to sell you anything, Miss.

**HOLLY.** Perhaps you have the wrong office then. This is the—. [*HOLLY poses like a hand model by THE ADVANCE OBITUARY OFFICE sign, which won't stay glued to the wall.*]

**AVERAGE.** “The Advance Obituary Office,” I know. But I am still catching my breath. Can you gimme a minute?

**HOLLY.** I ain't going nowhere, Ma'am, no, sir. Got me a good job, in the sense that I rub elbows with the most famous people on Earth, uh huh! Plus, I am young. I am gorgeous! And, I have a *great* oncologist, whatever that means. So *whatever*. And like *whenever* you're ready. [*AVERAGE hands a paper to HOLLY.*] What is this?!

**AVERAGE.** My *obituary*, of course. It's not overly impressive, I'm afraid. And, regretfully, no next of kin. [*HOLLY passes the paper back, but AVERAGE refuses to take it so HOLLY lets it flutter to the floor.*]

**HOLLY.** I cannot accept this.

**AVERAGE.** Why not? Did I exceed the word count?

**HOLLY.** That is not how this works. [*HOLLY puts AVERAGE on ignore so AVERAGE retrieves her obituary.*]

**AVERAGE.** I suppose you don't *need* that paragraph about the dog food commercials, although there were a series of them. So, perhaps I should expand upon those!

**HOLLY.** Commercials don't run in series.

**AVERAGE.** They most certainly do, Miss. And I should know because I did them.

**HOLLY.** Look, you seem like a nice enough old lady—. [*HOLLY smokes.*]

**AVERAGE.** I suppose I am. –*Nice*, that is, although I look older than I am. Life has manhandled me for a very long time. That is why I am here. I have had *enough*, and I'd. I would like to check out.

**HOLLY.** Ee-YELL-ow, that is crazy talk. And this isn't a hotel! But the fact that I don't recognize you is the biggest clue.

**AVERAGE.** A "clue" for what?



















































































































