

# IMAGINARY EXITS

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS

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## **Time**

Act I, Scene 1 – A Wednesday in June 2012 sometime before 10 AM.

Act II, Scene 1 – The following day around 10 AM.

Act II, Scene 2 – The following day around 10 AM.

Act II, Scene 3 – Several weeks later just before 10 AM.

## **Setting**

All of the action takes place in the main room of Allen's apartment in Pittsburgh, PA with the exception of Act II, Scene 3 that takes place in a restaurant.

## **Characters (4 male and 4 female)**

**ALLEN TREHERN** – average man, 30 years old, serious and socially awkward in a computer geek sort of way – there is nothing trendy or popular about Allen and he has a hard time fitting in – he is only suave in his imagination and sometimes not even there – Allen is an introvert who loses himself in his work to the detriment of his relationships with those around him

**ALEX** – also an average man, whimsical and carefree – he is a figment of Allen’s imagination, almost Allen’s alter-ego except with a mind of his own

**SUSAN/CORDELIA** – woman about 30, cute in the girl next door way, she is Allen’s girlfriend and Cordelia is Allen’s representation of her in his imagination

**MAXINE REDMOND** – older, forceful, professional woman – she is Allen’s boss

**PROFESSOR HEINRICH** – older, academic engineer, he is the inventor of the XT-93 – he teaches at Robert Morris University – despite his German name, he has no accent

**FIGMENT 1** – a male figment of the imagination, he is dressed in all black to which are added additional costume pieces to suggest different characters

**FIGMENT 2** – a female figment of the imagination, she is dressed in all black to which are added additional costume pieces to suggest different characters

**FIGMENT 3** – a female figment of the imagination, she is dressed in all black to which are added additional costume pieces to suggest different characters



**ACT I**

*(The setting is a small apartment in Pittsburgh, PA. We see only the main room that serves as a living room/study. It is populated by mixed and matched furniture, most likely thrift store finds. A couch sits up and to the left with an end table to one side and an old EZ chair to the other. Other pieces of furniture may be used to complete the set but they should add to the idea of Salvation Army hand-me-down. Artwork on the walls should be fairly immature – movie posters, comic book characters and video game references, sports teams posters (Penguins and Steelers). Overall, the apartment should give the impression that the inhabitant is a geeky, college student. There are exits to the kitchen, bedroom and outside and there is one window. Down right, set apart from the rest of the room sits an old desk with a well-used computer chair. On top of the desk is a laptop computer and a printer along*

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*with various “writer’s materials” and several crumpled Mountain Dew cans – think clutter of someone who works from home and never leaves his desk. Two pieces of the XT-93 (See Appendix 1) sit on a table nearby. One piece is in an opened FedEx box and the other one is in a UPS box. Other recognizable household gadgets and small appliances are also spread about the table. (See Appendix 2 for items on table.) At rise, ALLEN enters from outside carrying a DHL box which he deposits on the table with the rest of the XT-93 pieces. He is wearing a t-shirt with either a witty picture a comic book character. Over this, he is wearing an unzipped hoodie, jeans and tennis shoes. It’s obvious from his appearance that ALLEN has not quite accepted adulthood. ALLEN sits at the desk and starts typing at his computer. He looks up and notices a framed picture. It is a photo of ALLEN and SUSAN. They look very happy. ALLEN takes the picture and stares at it, sighing sadly. He takes the picture and puts it into his desk. The cell phone on ALLEN’s desk rings and he answers it. ALLEN’s ringtone should be appropriately geeky.)*

**ALLEN:** Yellow! Allen Trehern speaking. Oh hi, Max. Status report? I’m working on the Addams account right now, the Stevens documents and the Smith manual were uploaded to the proofers this morning and I have the Johansen proof done and mailed. It will be in their office this afternoon ... Who?... Heinrich? He wants it when?



Friday! It's Wednesday now... Yeah, I know. He's been sending it to me in pieces. I've gotten three boxes already and I'm not even sure I have all of it. I can't – I know – I know – but, I was going to work on something a little more personal today. (alarmed) What! You're coming over? What for? You're meeting Professor Heinrich here? So we can discuss the XT-93? (unhappily) Ok, looking forward to it. Great, see you then... Bye!

*(ALLEN hangs up, opens a drawer and drops in the phone and shuts the drawer. He starts typing on the laptop, talking out loud to himself as he goes. He does not notice the action in the rest of the apartment. As he types, ALLEN is narrating the story he is writing.)*

The scene is a beautiful suburban home with esoteric paintings hanging on the walls and a delicate sculpture of Aphrodite poised upon a marble pedestal. (pauses to think) A fine Corinthian Leather couch and matching chair sit up left. The entire scene should emanate wealth and class.

*(The lights dim to indicate a dreamlike setting. As ALLEN talks, spots reveal furniture that does not match his descriptions. FIGMENT 3 has come in when ALLEN mentions the statue and strikes a statuesque pose in the corner. She is wearing a toga over her blacks and a huge afro wig.)*

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Alex, a successful playwright and bestselling novelist, enters from the master suite door upstage.

*(ALEX enters from the bedroom and struts about proudly as if just introduced for some fashion show. He is dressed in a poorly fitting white shirt, tie and slacks.)*

He is dressed sharply in a blue sport coat, tie and slacks.

*( From the bedroom offstage, an arm hands ALEX a blue sport coat. This can be one of the FIGMENTS or a stage hand in blacks. ALLEN pauses to think)*

No, not elegant enough.

*(ALLEN backspaces on the keyboard, erasing what he wrote.)*

He is dressed sharply in a black tux, a bowtie and slacks.

*(ALEX takes off the blue coat and tie and hands it to the arm at the bedroom door. The arm hands him a Tux jacket and bowtie.)*

*(ALLEN shakes his head and backspaces.)*

No, he is dressed sharply in a blue sport coat, tie and slacks.

**ALEX:** Son of a...

*(ALEX tosses the bowtie aside and dashes into the bedroom. He comes back wearing the blue coat with the tie haphazardly around his neck. He notices FIGMENT 3 in the corner.)*

What are you supposed to be?

**FIGMENT 3:** (points to wig) I'm Afro-dite.

**ALLEN:** Alex is very handsome... Although a bit on the snobbish side.

*(ALEX gives ALLEN a look.)*

He crosses to the chair, sits, opens a copy of Wall Street Journal and starts to read.

*(ALEX goes to chair, brushes some things onto the floor and sits. He pulls out a Cosmo magazine that had been shoved down the side of the chair and starts reading.)*

Cordelia, a beautiful and refined lady enters from the French doors leading to the garden. She is ALEX's live-in girlfriend.

*(CORDELIA, wearing an evening gown, long gloves and a feather boa, enters from the kitchen. She is followed by FIGMENT 1 who is dressed in the suggestion of a butler and carrying a tray with cookies.)*

She is wearing an evening gown, long gloves and a feather boa. She is followed by Alfred, the butler. He is carrying a tray with caviar.

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*(ALLEN continues typing while the actors in the scene deliver their lines with obvious melodrama and exaggeration. Their accents should be Boston-snooty.)*

**CORDELIA:** Oh there you are my literary genius. I have brought you an evening snack. Alfred, you may leave the tray on the credenza.

**FIGMENT 1:** Yes, mum.

**CORDELIA:** The Bentley needs a fresh coat of wax. Could you be a dear and take care of that?

**FIGMENT 1:** Yes, mum.

**CORDELIA:** Also, Roberto called and said there were some issues with the private jet. Could you run down to the air strip and see what he needs?

**FIGMENT 1:** Yes, mum.

**CORDELIA:** And when you're done, you may take the rest of the day off.

**FIGMENT 1:** Yes, mum.

*(he turns to go)*

**CORDELIA:** Alfred?

**FIGMENT 1:** Yes, mum?

**CORDELIA:** Are you capable of saying anything other than "Yes, mum?"

**FIGMENT 1:** Yes, mum.

**CORDELIA:** Alfred, before you leave, tell Alison to come in.

**FIGMENT 1:** Certainly.

*(FIGMENT 1 exits)*

**ALLEN:** Alfred exits to the garden.

**ALEX:** Odd fellow that Alfred. Dear, is there a reason you dismissed our butler?

**CORDELIA:** I'm giving everyone the night off, dahling.

**ALEX:** Ah, I thought it seemed rather quiet around here. I was wondering where the gardener had gotten to.

**CORDELIA:** I thought we could spend the night together making passionate love on the baby grand amongst your daVinci collection.

**ALEX:** Superb idea, I'm glad I thought of it.

**ALLEN:** Alex gets up, goes to Cordelia and embraces her passionately.

*(ALEX gives ALLEN the thumbs up sign but soon discovers he's stuck in the chair. After some wriggling and twisting he manages to fall out of the chair onto the floor leaving the foot part of the recliner up. He jumps up and enthusiastically embraces a worried looking CORDELIA, knocking the cookies all over*

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*the place. CORDELIA tries to clean up the mess.)*

**ALEX:** I need no food when I have...

*(ALEX notices CORDELIA picking up the cookies. This jars him out of character and he drops the melodrama for a normal tone.)*

Wait, I thought you said it was caviar?

**CORDELIA:** (equally out of character) Don't ask me. This is what was on the tray when we entered. I'm just following...

*(CORDELIA nods her head towards ALLEN)*

**ALEX:** Whatever.

*(ALEX clears his throat and returns to character.)*

I need no food when I have you to satisfy my hunger.

**CORDELIA:** Not here dahling. Not in front of the doors and windows. What will the neighbors think?

**ALEX:** I care not what the neighbors think. They are all snotty, arrogant literary critics who are only jealous of my genius. What we do in front of the doors to our beautiful five acre garden is our own business.

**CORDELIA:** (dropping character) Did he seriously just write that?

*(ALEX shrugs.)*

**ALLEN:** He kisses her passionately.

*(ALEX gets an evil grin and makes a lunge for CORDELIA who is successful in evading him. She scurries around the room with him in pursuit until she has the chair between him and her. He finally gives up.)*

**ALEX:** (frustrated and out of character) You heard him. 'He kisses her passionately.' It's in the stage directions.

**CORDELIA:** (out of character) I don't care if it's tattooed on Oprah's backside, they don't pay me enough to kiss you, even in his imagination.

**ALEX:** You get paid?

**CORDELIA:** It's a figure of speech.

**ALEX:** (sigh) Fine, just go on.

*(FIGMENT 2 enters from kitchen wearing the suggestion of a French maid costume and carrying a feather duster which she uses to perpetually dust anything and everything. She is Alison the maid. The name is pronounced Aleeson with a terrible French accent. Only ALLEN and FIGMENT 2 ever get it right.)*

**ALLEN:** Enter the French maid, Alison, from the Dining Room. She is dressed as a traditional French maid and carries a feather duster.

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*(FIGMENT 2 speaks with an exaggerated French accent and continues to dust everything.)*

**FIGMENT 2:** You called for me, Mademoiselle?

**CORDELIA:** Yes, Alison. You may have the rest of the day off.

**FIGMENT 2:** (rolling her eyes) Ooo la la, it is pronounced Alison, Mademoiselle.

**CORDELIA:** Isn't that what I said?

**FIGMENT 2:** No, you said Alison not Alison.

*(She pronounces them the same.)*

**ALLEN:** Alex takes Alison aside, out of hearing of Cordelia.

*(ALEX pulls FIGMENT 2 aside. She dusts him.)*

**ALEX:** Now, Alison (mispronounced), what have I told you about correcting your Mistress?

**FIGMENT 2:** I am to forgive her because she is not as full of zee learning as you. Oui?

**ALEX:** Oui. Now you get along and I'll see you later tonight.

**ALLEN:** Alex gives Alison a wink and a smack on backside as she turns to leave.



*(ALEX winks and smacks FIGMENT 2. She immediately turns and smacks him across the face before she exits to the kitchen.)*

**ALEX:** (ALEX drops character) Ow! But... he... oh never mind.

**CORDELIA:** Dahling, I meant to ask you yesterday but you know things can get out of hand when I spend the afternoon at the spa. I was just so relaxed that I just plum forgot.

**ALEX:** What dahling?

**CORDELIA:** Have you heard from your publisher? Did they like your new book?

**ALEX:** Oh yes, and with the proceeds I should be able to buy that new yacht I've been wanting.

**CORDELIA:** Splendid! Absolutely splendid.

**ALEX:** But there's something else that we should talk about.

**CORDELIA:** Do you mean that we'll be able to make that trip to Bermuda that we're always talking about?

**ALEX:** Well, not quite.

**CORDELIA:** What do you mean, not quite? Aren't we going to Bermuda?

**ALEX:** I'm going to Bermuda.

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**CORDELIA:** But what about me, dahling? Bermuda wouldn't be the same without your faithful love by your side.

**ALEX:** Faithful you say? You're nothing but a whore and a trumpet!

**CORDELIA:** (out of character) I think you mean strumpet.

**ALEX:** But it says trumpet.

**CORDELIA:** So he's a bad typist. You and I both know what he meant.

**ALEX:** But it's not what he wrote.

**CORDELIA:** (CORDELIA is frustrated with ALEX) Just... say... Strumpet!

**ALEX:** (sheepishly) Strumpet.

**CORDELIA:** (back in character) Whatever do you mean?

**ALEX:** (out of characters and annoyed) I mean strumpet. That's what you told me to say. Strumpet. So I said it. Strumpet. There I said it again. Strumpet, strumpet, strumpet, strumpet-

**CORDELIA:** Stop, enough. Just read the dialog. (aside to herself) Just once I'd like to work with someone who's not a few cards short of a full deck. Millions of brain cells

in this guy's head and I get to work with the one that was damaged when he experimented with pot in college.

**ALEX:** What's that?

**CORDELIA:** (sweetly with a smile) Nothing.

**ALEX:** Oh... (back in character abruptly) You see, I've found out about your sordid affairs.

**CORDELIA:** No! Say it isn't so.

**ALEX:** It is! I found out about you sleeping with my Brother...

**CORDELIA:** No!

**ALEX:** And my Father...

**CORDELIA:** No!

**ALEX:** And my Grandfather.

**CORDELIA:** Well, I was just trying to keep it in the family.

**ALEX:** And the pool boy?

**CORDELIA:** He was a mistake. It was dark...

**ALEX:** Quiet, Trumpet!

*(FIGMENT 1 and FIGMENT 2 poke their heads in through separate doors.)*

**ALL FIGMENTS:** Strumpet!

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**ALEX:** Strumpet. And now I want you out of my house, out of my life and out of my bank account. And stay away from my family?

**CORDELIA:** Even Uncle Bert?

**ALEX:** Especially Uncle Bert.

**ALLEN:** Cordelia falls to her knees, wraps herself around Alex's leg and begs with him while crying.

*(CORDELIA gives ALLEN an "Are you Real?" look, shrugs her shoulders, gets down on her knees and begs ALEX. CORDELIA delivers this line, flatly, with no emotion, as if she can't believe she has to say such terrible drudge.)*

**CORDELIA:** Please, you can't throw me out in the cold. I'll do anything to make it up to you, anything.

**ALEX:** (out of character) Really? Anything?

*(ALEX pulls her up to him and she slaps him across the face.)*

**CORDELIA:** No you idiot! Just what's in the script.

**ALEX:** Damn!

*(back in character)*

No, it is too late for you and I. But keep this in mind, although you will suffer the agony of a thousand lonely nights, I will never grieve for your loss...

*(breaking character)*

What kind of dialog is that?

*(CORDELIA kicks ALEX in the shin)*

Oww!

**ALLEN:** Cordelia runs off into the garden, crying...

*(CORDELIA calmly walks back into the kitchen as ALEX hops up and down on one foot. FIGMENT 3 skips by and knocks ALEX over as she exits.)*

As Alex exits triumphantly through the French doors. End of scene.

*(ALLEN sends his document to the printer and waits for it to print. In the meantime, ALEX tries to exit into the bedroom but finds he can't. It is as if there's some invisible force field keeping ALEX inside the room. He tries each of the other exits with the same results. Finally he gives up. He starts to take off his outfit while ALLEN waits for his document to print. Under his outer clothing, ALEX is wearing the same t-shirt as ALLEN and colorful boxer shorts. He puts on a pair of jeans, tennis shoes and a hoodie that matches*

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*ALLEN's that he takes from under the cushions on the couch. In the meantime, ALLEN takes his finished printout and reads it intently, chewing on the pencil. ALEX slides up behind him to read over his shoulder.*

**ALEX:** You know, you shouldn't chew on those things, you could get lead poisoning.

*(ALLEN falls out of his chair, startled. He does a double take when he sees ALEX. He looks over ALEX from head to toe then looks at himself. Puzzled, he sits back down.)*

**ALLEN:** Who are you?

**ALEX:** Me? I'm just a figment of your imagination.

*(ALEX extends a hand. ALLEN just looks at it without taking it.)*

You can call me Alex.

**ALLEN:** How did you get in my apartment?

**ALEX:** (shrugs) I don't know. You brought me in. It's what we do. Wait around to be brought in.

**ALLEN:** When?

**ALEX:** Just a few minutes ago when you were writing.

**ALLEN:** You want me to think you're Alex, the character from my play? That's it, right?

**ALEX:** Yeah, ok. Something like that. I see this is not going to be easy so I'll try to explain. I'm from the Chrono-synclastic Infundibulum.

**ALLEN:** The Chrono what? You made that up.

**ALEX:** No, but I did steal it from Vonnegut. We don't really have a name for it. It's just a place that isn't a place where we figments live?

**ALLEN:** Figments?

**ALEX:** Of the imagination.

**ALLEN:** Really? Who are you really and how did you get in here?

**ALEX:** You thought me here, fetched me from the depths of your mind, typed me out on your computer and gave me form. I exist here via the power of your mind.

**ALLEN:** Aha! Max sent you over to check up on me? Max put you up to this as a practical joke. I'm right, aren't I?

**ALEX:** No. I'm a figment of your imagination.

**ALLEN:** Then why are you dressed like me?

**ALEX:** I am you.

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**ALLEN:** Well, be somebody else. You could wear a black and gold Snuggie and a Steelers cap and be my crazy downstairs neighbor, Dave.

**ALEX:** He really wears a Snuggie?

**ALLEN:** Yeah, all the time. It kind of creeps me out.

**ALEX:** I can't do that.

**ALLEN:** Why not? You just said you could be anybody.

**ALEX:** Wrong, I said that I could be anybody that you wanted me to be.

**ALLEN:** What's the difference?

**ALEX:** I can't be anybody, just anybody you wanted me to be.

**ALLEN:** Are you being obtuse on purpose?

**ALEX:** I can be anyone you wanted me to be, so I'm apparently you.

**ALLEN:** But I don't want you to be me. It's rather disconcerting.

**ALEX:** I said wanted, past tense. It's over... it's done with... I'm you and there's no changing that.

**ALLEN:** Why?

**ALEX:** Do you always ask so many questions?



**ALLEN:** No just when I'm confused... Why must you be me?

**ALEX:** I'll try to make this simple. When you pulled me into your imagination, you wanted me to be you. So, I'm you... Where did you get these awful clothes?

**ALLEN:** I was writing a play. Alex isn't anybody.

**ALEX:** Oh contraire, Mon Frere! Subconsciously you definitely meant for me to be you.

**ALLEN:** But I'm not successful or rich.

**ALEX:** Did you ever wish or imagine you were? (beat)  
That's what I thought.

**ALLEN:** How do you know you are me?

**ALEX:** How do you know you are you?

**ALLEN:** I've been me for 30 years.

**ALEX:** And I've been you for...

*(looks at nonexistent watch on wrist)*

awhile... OK, now that we've settled that I need to ask you something.

**ALLEN:** What would that be?

**ALEX:** How do I get out of here?

**ALLEN:** The same way you came in.

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**ALEX:** I tried that. I tried every exit in the room and none of them were open to me.

**ALLEN:** Do you think it would help if I imagined you left? Or maybe imagine that I've thrown you through the window?

**ALEX:** It doesn't work that way.

**ALLEN:** Then tell me how it works.

**ALEX:** As best I can figure, there was something wrong with my exit.

**ALLEN:** Then fix it.

**ALEX:** I can't fix it.

**ALLEN:** Why not?

**ALEX:** Because I'm the figment.

**ALLEN:** I don't follow.

**ALEX:** I'll use small words.

*(slowly, exaggerated and right in ALLEN's face)*

Write... New... Exit... Please.

**ALLEN:** A new exit?

**ALEX:** Yes, a new exit. You know, when a character leaves, flees, flies, departs, disappears, hits the road, hightails it outta town, shuffles off to Buffalo...

*(ALLEN shakes his head and ALEX sighs.)*

I can't leave because you didn't write a sufficient exit. I need you to fix it for me.

**ALLEN:** A sufficient exit? What was wrong with the first one?

**ALEX:** It didn't work.

**ALLEN:** What the hell is a sufficient exit?

**ALEX:** How should I know? I'm just the figment.

**ALLEN:** And I'm the writer?

**ALEX:** Now you're starting to get it. (beat) I haven't had lunch yet. Do you know where I can get a pizza?

**ALLEN:** I don't believe this. This is a brilliant story. I wish I'd thought of it. Well, you can tell Max that I almost fell for it but I'm not quite that dumb. You hear that, Max, I'm not going to fall for it.

**ALEX:** Who is this Max dude you keep mentioning?

**ALLEN:** My boss.

**ALEX:** Well, it's not a story. I'm a figment of your imagination.

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**ALLEN:** Just get out. Tell Max or whoever it was fun but I've got a lot of work to do.

**ALEX:** I can't, I tell you. I'd love to leave. Believe me, I have better things to do than sit around here. I could be out fishing or playing street hockey. Do you like street hockey?

*(ALLEN grabs ALEX and pushes him towards the front door. ALEX does not resist.)*

Don't like street hockey, eh?

*(When they get to the door, ALLEN discovers that he can't budge ALEX past the door despite the lack of resistance on ALEX's part.)*

See, I told you. I already tried it.

**ALLEN:** (collapsing on couch) This is not going to be a good day. I don't believe this.

**ALEX:** What's there not to believe?

**ALLEN:** You... So you're my imagination?

**ALEX:** Right

**ALLEN:** And you won't leave?

**ALEX:** Can't leave.

**ALLEN:** Can't leave?

**ALEX:** Right.

**ALLEN:** So where does that leave us?

**ALEX:** In your living room with nothing to eat.

**ALLEN:** There's some egg salad in the fridge and some arsenic over the sink. Make yourself a sandwich.

**ALEX:** As much as I love that bitter almond flavor, I can't.

**ALLEN:** Oh, right, forgot. You won't leave this room.

**ALEX:** Can't.

**ALLEN:** Right. Like I said, where does that leave us?

**ALEX:** In search of a new exit.

**ALLEN:** Wait. Hold that thought.

*(ALLEN looks down at his watch and notices the time. He reaches into a drawer and pulls out some ear muffs, the kind you wear when using loud machinery. A long wailing siren goes off outside. Think fire siren or air-raid siren. It's loud enough that talking would be impossible and it lasts about 30 seconds. ALEX jumps and covers his ears. When the siren ends, ALLEN puts the ear muffs back into the drawer.)*

**ALEX:** What the hell was that?

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**ALLEN:** The firehouse is next door. They test the siren every day at 10 AM sharp.

**ALEX:** You could have warned me.

*(Cell phone in the desk rings. ALEX jumps again.)*

**ALLEN:** That one's just my phone. (answering it) Yellow! Allen Trehern speaking. Delivery from a S. Heinrich. Yeah, I'll be right down.

*(ALLEN hangs up phone and drops it back in the drawer.)*

That's the mailman. I've got to run downstairs and get a package. Wait here, I'll be right back. Don't touch anything.

*(ALLEN exits front door. ALEX paces around the room, notices the desk and starts to snoop through things, opening drawers, etc... He opens a drawer and pulls out a lace teddy, smiles knowingly and puts it back. Finally, he opens the middle drawer and finds the picture. He takes it out and looks it over eventually laying it down on the desk. He starts pacing again and then notices the window.)*

**ALEX:** Aha! The window.

*(ALEX attempts to open the window but it only opens part way, just enough for him to squeeze the upper part of his body through which he promptly does, getting himself stuck half in and half out. The lights change to dreamlike.)*

Help! I'm stuck! Allen? You there? I'm stuck in the window. Help, anyone?

*(FIGMENT 3 enters and tries to pry ALEX out of the window but does not succeed.)*

**FIGMENT 3:** Help! Help! Someone!

*(FIGMENT 1, FIGMENT 2 enter. They are dressed as firemen, carrying fire axes and crawling along the floor.)*

**FIGMENT 1:** There, by the window. There are people in trouble.

**FIGMENT 3:** Hurry, the building will collapse any moment.

**FIGMENT 1:** We have no time to lose!

*(The FIGMENTS crawl to ALEX and pull him by his feet from the window. FIGMENT 1 places ALEX over his shoulders in a fireman's carry and carries him to center stage where he deposits him on the floor.)*

**FIGMENT 1:** He should be safe here. Thank goodness we got to him in time.

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**FIGMENT 2:** (kneeling beside ALEX) I don't think he's breathing.

**FIGMENT 3:** We're going to have to administer mouth to mouth.

*(FIGMENT 2 bends down and starts to give ALEX mouth to mouth. He's enjoying this.)*

**FIGMENT 2:** It's not working. I'm losing him.

**FIGMENT 3:** Let me try.

*(FIGMENT 3 bends over ALEX as if to continue mouth to mouth.)*

**FIGMENT 1:** Stand back, I'll take care of this.

*(FIGMENT 1 kneels and pushes FIGMENT 3 out of the way and starts to give mouth to mouth. ALEX opens his eyes and notice it's FIGMENT 1 and not FIGMENT 3 too late. He jumps up.)*

**ALEX:** Ah, I'm ok... I'm ok... no need for that.

*(FIGMENT 1 and FIGMENT 2 stand and strikes a heroic poses. FIGMENT 3 crowds around their feet, looking up worshipfully.)*

**FIGMENT 1:** There's no need to thank us, citizen. It's all in a day's duty.

**FIGMENT 3:** My heroes.



*(Lights change back to normal. FIGMENT 1, FIGMENT 2 and FIGMENT 3 exit out to bedroom in a frenzied rush leaving ALEX alone in the room. ALLEN enters from outside. He is carrying a package.)*

**ALEX:** Did you see the firemen?

**ALLEN:** What firemen?

**ALEX:** They were just here. They had to drag me out of the window and give me mouth to mouth.

*(ALEX wipes his mouth with remembered unpleasantness.)*

It wasn't nearly as pleasant as I was hoping.

**ALLEN:** And I suppose Aunty Em and Uncle Henry were here too?

**ALEX:** No, seriously. Look for yourself. They went into your bedroom.

*(ALLEN looks into the bedroom.)*

**ALLEN:** There's no one here.

**ALEX:** But they were here a second ago.

**ALLEN:** Come here. What do you see?

**ALEX:** Your bedroom?

**ALLEN:** And who's in there?

*IMAGINARY EXITS*

**ALEX:** (dejected) No one?

**ALLEN:** Right.

**ALEX:** Well, maybe it was your imagination.

**ALLEN:** My imagination? You're the one who saw firemen.

**ALEX:** You don't believe me?

**ALLEN:** No, I don't believe in you. Something different entirely.

**ALEX:** You know, firemen are so cool. If you ever write me a death scene, I want to die while saving someone from a fire.

**ALLEN:** You want to die in a fire?

*(ALEX shakes his head affirmatively.)*

I'm all for that.

**ALEX:** And afterwards, I want them to build a statue of me standing heroically with huge bulging muscles and scores of women at my feet.

*(ALEX strikes an awkward heroic pose.)*

**ALLEN:** Really? Not an image I wanted.

**ALEX:** So what's in the box?

**ALLEN:** It's from Professor Heinrich. Just another piece of the puzzle.

*(ALLEN motions to the table. ALEX goes to table and picks up a piece of the XT-93.)*

Don't touch that. You don't know what it does.

**ALEX:** What does it do?

**ALLEN:** I don't know.

**ALEX:** So what is all this stuff?

**ALLEN:** Relics of my work life. I write technical documents, manuals, how-to guides, whatever the customer wants. Like this, it's automatic potato peeler that looks like an old fashioned breadbox. I had to re-write the how-to guide for the client when it was discovered people were actually putting bread in it.

**ALEX:** Interesting.

**ALLEN:** It makes good croutons if you let the bread get stale first. This one's an MP3 player built into a lunch box for people on the go. I wrote the quick start guide.

**ALEX:** Wouldn't it be easier to carry an iPod?

**ALLEN:** That's not the point. This company specializes in gadgets that look like other things.

**ALEX:** And that works?

*IMAGINARY EXITS*

**ALLEN:** It must. I get an awful lot of them. Like these over here. They're from the Burlyman-Working Series. This one is a cell phone holder that looks like a can of spray paint, this is a paper towel dispenser that looks like an air compressor and this one is a personal voice recorder that looks like a hand drill. I did the product safety sheets on these.

*(ALEX picks up the toaster.)*

**ALEX:** What's this do? Let me guess. Short wave radio? Blender? CD player?

**ALLEN:** That's a toaster.

*ALEX: (putting it down)*

Ah... So you're a writer of manuals?

**ALLEN:** I'm a playwright. I just do that to pay the bills. My real passion is theatre.

**ALEX:** Theatre huh, that's great. How many plays have you written?

**ALLEN:** Counting the one I'm working on now? One.

**ALEX:** How does that make you a playwright?

**ALLEN:** I write a lot of scenes but I can never seem to finish a whole play.

*(The phone in the desk rings. ALLEN answers it.)*

Yellow! Allen Trehern speaking. Max. You're where? Downstairs... No he's not here yet. I'll be right down to get you.

*(ALLEN drops phone back into drawer.  
ALLEN maneuvers ALEX to the chair)*

Just sit here and don't say anything. I'm technically on the clock.

**ALEX:** Huh?

**ALLEN:** I'm supposed to be writing the technical manual for that thing-a-ma-jig. Max will probably think I'm wasting company time if she thinks I have visitors.

**ALEX:** You were wasting company time.

**ALLEN:** Look, I want to get her out of here as quickly as possible and if you tell her you're a figment of my imagination, she may never leave.

*(ALLEN exits outside. ALEX opens the box and examines the contents. It is a piece of the XT-93 but its use is not apparent. He takes the pieces and tries to assemble the whole contraption. A little piece breaks off. He looks frantically around and when he's sure no one is watching, he sticks the piece in a drawer. Blackout and FIGMENT 1 can be heard in an infomercial voiceover. Cheesy infomercial music can be heard.)*

**FIGMENT 1:** Household gadgets got you down?

IMAGINARY EXITS

*(Spotlight comes up on FIGMENT 2 and FIGMENT 3 who have entered from the bedroom and are seated on the couch. They are dressed with the suggestion of stereotypical 50s housewives with large 50's wigs.)*

**FIGMENT 3:** I tell you, Madge, Albert brought home this new kitchen gadget but I can't make heads or tails of these new-fangled whatchamacallits.

**FIGMENT 1:** Do all those technological doohickeys have you stumped?

**FIGMENT 2:** I know exactly what you mean, Jane. The other day, my husband brought home a blender. I thought it was a cell phone charger and I ended up blending his cell phone.

**FIGMENT 3:** If only there was something we could use to figure these things out.

**FIGMENT 1:** Well look no further ladies. With the new Product Identity Catalog from RTFM, all your troubles will disappear.

*(FIGMENT 2 pulls out a large book.)*

**FIGMENT 2:** That's why I ordered the Product Identity Catalog from RTFM.

**FIGMENT 1:** Made from 100% recycled AOL CDs, the new Product Identity Catalog from RTFM will help you

identify your thingamabob before any more household mishaps.

**FIGMENT 2:** (flipping through book) Oh look, Jane, your doodad is actually a sonic toothbrush.

**FIGMENT 1:** The Product Identity Catalog from RTFM is easy to use. Just match your gismo to one of the thousands of images found in the Product Identity Catalog from RTFM and it will give you a web address where you can go and download the manual.

**FIGMENT 3:** That's wonderful, where can I get one?

**FIGMENT 2:** I got it by calling 1-800-555-RTFM. The operators were very helpful.

**FIGMENT 3:** But it must have been very expensive.

**FIGMENT 1:** How much would you expect to pay for the Product Identity Catalog from RTFM? One hundred dollars? Two hundred dollars? If you call now, you can get the Product Identity Catalog from RTFM for only four easy payments of \$19.95.

**FIGMENT 3:** Only four easy payments of \$19.95.

**FIGMENT 1:** Yes, only four easy payments of \$19.95. But wait, if you call now, we'll add these high quality magnetic bag clips to your order absolutely free. You'll no longer have to worry about your chips going stale and these high quality magnetic bag clips even stick to your fridge.

**FIGMENT 2:** I use mine to seal the frozen peas.

IMAGINARY EXITS

**FIGMENT 1:** So call now at 1-800-555-RTFM. That's 1-800-555-RTFM. Operators are standing by. (in fast legal speak) Offer does not apply in all states. Void where prohibited. RTFM cannot be held responsible for morons who can't read the fricken manual.

*(Blackout. Lights come up to ALEX still staring at the couch in wonderment. The FIGMENTS have exited in the dark. ALLEN and MAX enter from outside.)*

**ALLEN:** I've got pieces of the damn thing but I still don't know what it does.

**MAX:** Well, did you put it together?

**ALLEN:** I can't. I don't even know if I have all of it. Your Professor apparently doesn't trust anyone. He's been sending me the XT-93 in pieces. Another one just arrived a little bit ago.

**MAX:** You'll have to forgive Professor Heinrich. He's a little paranoid. Someone stole his last invention before he could get it to market.

**ALEX:** Aren't there patent offices for that sort of thing?

*(Max always refers to her writers by their last names.)*

**MAX:** Trehern, I'm shocked.

**ALLEN:** Shocked?



**MAX:** You haven't introduced me to your guest.

**ALLEN:** Oh that, of course.

**ALEX:** Alex.

**MAX:** (extending her hand) Maxine Redmond

**ALEX:** (ALEX kisses her hand gallantly) My pleasure, Maxine.

**MAX:** My friends call me Max.

**ALLEN:** So do your enemies.

**MAX:** Hush, Trehern.

**ALEX:** You're Max?

**MAX:** What were you expecting?

**ALEX:** Someone one a little (searching) taller? So what do you do... Max?

**MAX:** When I'm not herding cats, I'm a publisher.

**ALEX:** Interesting. What do your cats write?

**MAX:** Whatever I tell them to. Trehern here is one of my writers. So what do you do?

**ALEX:** I'm a fig-

**ALLEN:** Grower. Yes Alex is a fig grower... from the west coast.

IMAGINARY EXITS

**MAX:** Now, that's interesting. Do you enjoy growing figs?

**ALEX:** (to ALLEN) Do I?

**ALLEN:** Yes, you enjoy it very much. In fact Alex was just telling me how much he'd like to get back to his farm on the west coast. Where is it quiet and not a sound is heard. Isn't that right?

**ALEX:** If he says so?

**MAX:** West coast, eh? How have you been enjoying our Pittsburgh weather, Alex?

**ALEX:** Well, if the rain breaks, I plan on going Dahntahn and checking it out. Maybe we can catch a Stillers game.

*(He says Downtown and Steelers with a mocking Pittsburgh accent.)*

**MAX:** Not likely, it's June. I don't think the Steelers play in June. If you boys don't mind me asking, why the identical get ups?

**ALEX:** Well, I had no choice, I'm-

**ALLEN:** My fraternity brother.

**MAX:** Really? So you went to Carnegie Mellon too? Trehern, I wouldn't have pegged you for a Greek.

**ALEX:** I'm not I'm-

**ALLEN:** Oh yes, we're brothers at...

*(ALEX decides to have fun with it)*

**ALEX:** Delta Iota Pie

**MAX:** Delta Iota Pie?

**ALLEN:** Delta Iota Pie?

**ALEX:** Yep, Delta Iota Pie. Great fraternity. We used to tell the sorority girls, “you bring the chips, we’ve got the dips.”

**MAX:** So why are you dressed alike?

**ALLEN:** It’s an old frat custom that says you should dress like your brother when visiting... it’s to show...

**ALEX:** (ALEX pulls ALLEN close) Brotherhood.

**ALLEN:** Fraternity.

**ALEX:** Fraternal brotherhood.

**ALLEN:** Brotherly fraternalhood.

**MAX:** Fascinating.

**ALLEN:** Yes, we’ve certainly had our times together. Haven’t we, old pal?

**ALEX:** Certainly have, old chum.

**ALLEN:** Well, it was nice to see you again, Max. Do stop by again soon.

**MAX:** Trehern, really. I haven’t got what I came for.

*IMAGINARY EXITS*

**ALLEN:** Really? What would that be?

**MAX:** I need to get you started on this XT-93 project. Professor Heinrich requested our best writer be put on this.

**ALLEN:** (proud of himself) So you sent it to me?

**MAX:** Well, Johnson is on vacation so yes, I had it sent your way.

**ALLEN:** (sarcastically) Thanks. I can't start writing until I know what it does.

**MAX:** The Professor was supposed to meet me here to explain it to you. He said something about sending you an assembly guide.

**ALLEN:** Assembly guide, what assembly guide?

**MAX:** You didn't get it?

**ALLEN:** It might be in this box.

*(ALLEN opens the USPS box but it contains another piece of the gadget. MAX sets her purse down on the table.)*

**ALLEN:** Nope, just more incomprehensible pieces.

**MAX:** Well, as long as I'm here, do you have the Addams papers done?

**ALLEN:** What?

**MAX:** Didn't you tell me you had been working on that? Haven't you been writing?

**ALEX:** Oh yes, he's been writing all morning.

*(ALLEN gives ALEX a dirty look)*

**ALLEN:** Yes, I've been working on stuff.

*(ALEX hands MAX ALLEN's script)*

**ALEX:** Here you go.

**ALLEN:** (sarcastically) Thanks.

**ALEX:** No prob, bro. We DIPs have to stick together.

**ALLEN:** Hey, as long as you're here, I wanted to ask you how Susan is doing.

*(ALLEN tries to take the papers from MAX's hands during the conversation but she always turns from him before he can grasp them.)*

**MAX:** I wouldn't know. She hasn't been to the office all week.

**ALLEN:** Is she not feeling well?

**MAX:** I think it has something to do with a certain broken internal organ.

**ALLEN:** Clever.

**MAX:** You two must have had quite the row.

*IMAGINARY EXITS*

**ALLEN:** I guess you could say that.

*(MAX's cell phone rings and she answers.)*

**MAX:** Redmond speaking... He did what?... Really? ...You don't say... Ah ha... I see. Where did they take him? Allegheny General. Ok, I'll head down there now. I need to go down to the emergency room. Thompson was working on the Outdoor Woodsman account.

**ALLEN:** That experimental self-igniting lantern thingy?

**MAX:** Yeah, he forgot to close the safety shield and it self-ignited in his face.

**ALLEN:** Goodness, is he OK?

**MAX:** Yeah, but it burned off his eyebrows and most of his mustache. If the Professor shows up, you boys work this out. I'll be back later to check on you.

*(she starts for the door)*

Oh, and Trehern, I expect a rough draft Friday at one o'clock.

**ALLEN:** But...

**MAX:** No buts. The Heinrich account could be big and I'm counting on you to keep him with us.

*(MAX starts for the door again.)*

**ALLEN:** (realizing she still has his script) No, wait... my writing...

**MAX:** I'll read this over and get back to you. It was good meeting you, Alex.

**ALLEN:** No that's not...

*(MAX exits)*

...the Addams document... (to Alex) Thanks, you were a lot of help.

**ALEX:** Whatever... you can't say I didn't try. Hey, Max forgot her purse.

*(ALLEN grabs the purse and starts toward the door. Before he can reach it, there is a knock. ALLEN flings the door open.)*

**ALLEN:** Max, you forgot your...

*(FIGMENT 1 enters dressed as a scientist with a fake mustache. He speaks with an over the top German accent.)*

You're not Max.

**FIGMENT 1:** Are you Herr Trehern?

**ALLEN:** I'm Herr... Allen Trehern, yes.

**FIGMENT 1:** Goot! There is no time to vaste! We must lockdown ze perimeter und verify security.

**ALLEN:** Who are you and how did you get in the building?

**FIGMENT 1:** Ze doorman let me in.

IMAGINARY EXITS

**ALLEN:** Doorman? We don't have a doorman.

**FIGMENT 1:** He was dressed in some bizarre yellow and black coat that he had on backwards.

**ALLEN:** That would be Dave, my downstairs neighbor.

**FIGMENT 1:** I don't understand your American Rock and Roll fashions.

**ALLEN:** And who are you?

**FIGMENT 1:** I am Professor Heinrich. Where is Fraulein Redmond?

**ALLEN:** You're the Professor?

*(FIGMENT 1 produces a device from his pocket and starts working his way around the room, sweeping the device back and forth.)*

*(ALEX is trying to get ALLEN's attention)*

**ALEX:** Allen...

**ALLEN:** Good, I'm glad you're finally here. We need some help putting that contraption of yours together. It needs assembled but I'm not...

**FIGMENT 1:** To be assembled.

**ALLEN:** What?

**FIGMENT 1:** It needs to be assembled.



**ALLEN:** That's what I said.

**FIGMENT 1:** Nein! You said, "It needs assembled."

**ALLEN:** (confused) Right... what?

**FIGMENT 1:** No matter. Now vat vere you sayink?

*(ALEX has realized that this is not HEINRICH. He's been waving and trying to get ALLEN's attention.)*

**ALEX:** Allen... can I...?

**FIGMENT 1:** Nein! There will be no talking of...

*(looks around suspiciously and then whispers)*

the device. Ve must make sure there are no bugs first.

**ALLEN:** Bugs?

**FIGMENT 1:** Listening devices... for the schnooping! It is incredible ze lengths Arthur Slugworth will go to get my design.

*(FIGMENT 1 come to ALEX)*

**FIGMENT 1:** Who is dis man!

**ALEX:** I'm Alex.

**ALLEN:** The fig grower. He's visiting me from California.

IMAGINARY EXITS

**FIGMENT 1:** Fig grower?

**ALEX:** It's a great profession. Lots of sun, plenty of ... fiber.

**FIGMENT 1:** You sit over zere, fig boy, while I talk to ze... what are you exactly?

**ALLEN:** Writer?

**FIGMENT 1:** Yes, vile I talk to ze writer of my... what are you writing for me?

**ALLEN:** Instruction manual?

**FIGMENT 1:** Yes. Is goot!

*(FIGMENT 1 starts toying with the device. It should be obvious that he has no idea how it goes together either.)*

**ALLEN:** You do know how it goes together, right?

**ALEX:** Allen...really, I need to talk to you.

**ALLEN:** Can't you see we're busy? What is it?

*ALEX: (motioning with his head away from FIGMENT 1)*

Over here.

**ALLEN:** All right. What is it?

**ALEX:** I don't think that man is Professor Heinrich.

**ALLEN:** What makes you say that?

**ALEX:** Well, one, he doesn't seem to know how that thing goes together. Secondly, Arthur Slugworth is a character from Willy Wonka and C, I've seen that guy in your imagination.

**ALLEN:** You've seen him in my imagination?

**ALEX:** Yeah, he was a butler, a fireman and I'm pretty sure an infomercial salesman.

**ALLEN:** What are you telling me? You think he's a figment like you?

**ALEX:** Yes. And I've got an easy way to prove it.

**ALLEN:** And that would be?

**ALEX:** We get him to leave the room. If he ceases to exist like the firemen, he's a figment of your imagination.

**FIGMENT 1:** Vat are you talking about. I need your help now! Come here. No, closer. Closer. Closer.

*(ALEX and ALLEN are right on top of FIGMENT 1)*

**FIGMENT 1:** Zat is better. What I need you to understand is that my competitor-

**ALEX:** Slugworth?

**FIGMENT 1:** He vill go to great lengths to steal my device.

*IMAGINARY EXITS*

**ALLEN:** Right, you can rest assured we won't let that happen. Right, Alex?

**ALEX:** (shaking head) Of course. Professor, would you like something to eat? There's some very tasty bratwurst in the fridge.

**FIGMENT 1:** Nein.

**ALEX:** Are you sure. It's just right here in the kitchen. Won't take more than a few seconds.

**FIGMENT 1:** Nein. Bratwurst gives me gas.

**ALLEN:** I think I may have put the assembly guide in the bedroom. Why don't you come with me to look for it.

**FIGMENT 1:** Nein. You go look. Fig-boy and I will stay here.

**ALLEN:** No, really. I insist.

*(ALLEN and ALEX rush FIGMENT 1. ALEX gets the door to the bedroom and ALLEN pushes him in. Ad lib a struggle between the three of them. ALEX looks through the door and after a brief moment ALLEN returns.)*

**ALEX:** Well?

**ALLEN:** (stunned) He disappeared.

**ALEX:** I told you.

**ALLEN:** He just vanished.

**ALEX:** See I knew he was a figment like me.

**ALLEN:** I've never seen anything like it. He was there and then he was gone.

**ALEX:** Allen, you don't look so good. Maybe you should have a seat.

**ALLEN:** I didn't really believe you... I mean I wanted to but... I just... a figment.... poof... gone...

**ALEX:** It's OK, Allen. I understand.

**ALLEN:** What happened to him?

**ALEX:** He returned to where we come from.

**ALLEN:** The chrono-whosa-figamawhatsit?

**ALEX:** Yeah... something like that.

**ALLEN:** That's some wacky stuff.

*(FIGMENT 2 enters from the kitchen dressed as the Professor. She has the same ridiculous accent and a fake mustache.)*

**FIGMENT 2:** You ver right. That bratwurst vas very tasty indeed.

**ALLEN:** Wait, who the hell are you?

**FIGMENT 2:** Professor Heinrich. I am here to help you with za think.

IMAGINARY EXITS

*(ALLEN looks to ALEX. ALEX shakes his head no. The two of them rush FIGMENT 2 and force her back into the kitchen. FIGMENT 3 enters from outside, also dressed as the Professor and also with an accent and mustache. She leaves the door open.)*

**FIGMENT 3:** I knew it. You are trying to steal my invention.

*(ALLEN and ALEX chase her around the room. ALLEN forces her into the bedroom. Chaos erupts as the three FIGMENTS keep appearing in different doorways and ALEX and ALLEN keep chasing them around and pushing them into rooms. During all of this the real HEINRICH enters from outside. He is dressed normal and has no accent. ALLEN chases one of the FIGMENTS into the bedroom leaving HEINRICH and ALEX alone in the room.)*

**HEINRICH:** Hello? Excuse me. I'm looking for Allen Trehern?

**ALEX:** And who are you?

**HEINRICH:** Sam Heinrich. I'm here about my invention.

**ALEX:** Really?

**HEINRICH:** Mrs. Redmond gave me this address. I'm to help Allen assemble my device. Your neighbor let me in.

**ALEX:** Oh sure, right this way. It's right in here.

*(ALEX leads HEINRICH to the closet and shoves him in, closing the door behind him.)*

**ALEX:** Fool me once, shame on me.

**HEINRICH:** (banging on door) Hey, let me out of here.

**ALEX:** Go back to Allen's imagination.

**HEINRICH:** This isn't funny.

*(ALEX opens the door a crack.)*

**ALEX:** You're still here?

**HEINRICH:** Where would I go? You shut me in a closet.

*(ALEX pushes him back in and shuts the door. HEINRICH continues to complain from inside the closet. ALEX picks up the toaster from the desk with the other gadgets. He opens the closet door and HEINRICH stumbles out. ALEX bangs him over the head with the toaster and pushes him back in. ALLEN enters from bedroom.)*

**ALLEN:** That last one took a little longer to disappear.

**ALEX:** You don't say.

**ALLEN:** Still it's very strange.

IMAGINARY EXITS

*(there's moaning from the closet)*

**ALLEN:** What's that?

**ALEX:** Another Professor Heinrich. I locked him in the closet. He doesn't seem to want to disappear either.

**ALLEN:** Good thinking.

*(MAX enters from outside.)*

**MAX:** Trehern, I've been waiting downstairs to be let in. I left my purse here and my car keys are in it. I walked to the parking garage and had to walk back. Any reason you're not answering your phone?

**ALLEN:** (opens desk drawer and takes out phone) Sorry, it was on silent.

**MAX:** Trehern, you've disappointed me.

**ALLEN:** Hey, it's not my fault.

**MAX:** I'm talking about this.

*(MAX hands the script back to ALLEN)*

While I was waiting, I read it. I'm pretty sure your little melodrama here has nothing to do with the Addams account. Also, I've seen better writing on afternoon soaps.

**ALEX:** I like afternoon soaps.

**MAX:** Look at your main character, he's dull. He a stereotype.



**ALEX:** I like that character.

**MAX:** And this word here should be strumpet.

**ALEX:** I knew it.

**ALLEN:** What do you know about playwriting?

**MAX:** You forget I was a script editor for 15 years. But that's not the point, Trehern, this is about Susan, isn't it?

**ALLEN:** No.

**MAX:** Oh come on, I've known you too long. Who got you your first internship?

**ALLEN:** You did.

**MAX:** And who got you into the business right out of college?

**ALLEN:** You did.

**MAX:** And who introduced you to Susan?

**ALLEN:** You did.

**MAX:** So you can't fool me. This is about your fight with Susan.

**ALLEN:** Maybe. I mean, it might be in the back of my head.

**MAX:** Why torture yourself with this story?

**ALLEN:** Maybe it could be based on actual events.

*IMAGINARY EXITS*

**MAX:** There's no truth in this. Besides, truth doesn't always make for good drama.

**ALLEN:** Yeah, well it doesn't make for good relationships either.

**MAX:** That's a poor attitude to have. Surely you know what the truth is?

**ALLEN:** I guess I don't.

*(ALLEN turns and exits out to the bedroom.)*

**MAX:** Oh dear, looks like I overstayed my welcome.

*(There is moaning from the closet and the door rattles. ALEX has his back against it.)*

**MAX:** What was that?

**ALEX:** What was what?

**MAX:** That door rattled.

**ALEX:** It does that sometimes when the trains go by.

**MAX:** I didn't hear a train.

**ALEX:** They're quiet, but rattle-y.

**MAX:** I have to go. Tell Trehern to give me a call when he's calmed down.

**ALEX:** I'm sure he'll be back.

**MAX:** He's hurting inside and I just rubbed salt in the wound. I'm afraid I remind him of why he's feeling so low. He just might lay some of the blame for Susan leaving at my feet.

**ALEX:** He can't do that. I'm sure you had nothing to do with it.

**MAX:** You're very kind to say so. Few people get close to him. You're his friend, help him. I'm a little worried.

**ALEX:** Why?

**MAX:** Because I'm his boss and I need him to concentrate on his work.

**ALEX:** I see. Isn't that a bit shallow?

**MAX:** Well, actually there's more to it than that. I kind of like the kid. But don't ever tell him that. I should be going. I hope he gets over this soon. Do help him.

**ALEX:** I'll try.

*(MAX drops the printout on the couch, shakes ALEX's hand and then exits outside. ALEX picks up the printout.)*

**ALEX:** I have to help him. It's probably the only way I'll ever get out of here.

*(Blackout.)*

**END OF ACT**



That is all of the sample. If you liked what you were reading and would like to produce this play at your Theatre, please contact the author to discuss rights and royalties. Email is preferable but you may also contact the author via phone or postal service.

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