

Thank You Fifteen

A play

by  
Josh Belville

*Lights up on DONNY (25), CLAY (45), and ROBERT (65) at the makeup table of a dressing room. Clay stands over Donny, sucking on a lollypop, pointing to some papers on the table. They are in various states of getting ready for a play.*

CLAY  
*(casually, to Donny)*  
Sign it.

*A knock at the door.*

ALL  
Come in.

*LORI, the stage manager, enters.*

LORI  
Fifteen to places.

ROBERT  
Thank you, fifteen.

CLAY  
*(overlap)*  
Thank you.

*Donny does not answer. Lori waits at the door.*

LORI  
Donny?

DONNY  
What? Oh, thank you.  
*(beat; Lori stares)*  
Fifteen. Thank you *fifteen*.

LORI  
Clay.

CLAY  
What?

*Lori points at the sucker in his mouth.*

CLAY *(cont'd)*  
I'm not dressed yet!

LORI  
I'm telling the costumers...

*Lori exits.*

CLAY

God, she is so anal about everything.

*(to Donny)*

What are you waiting for?

*(he pokes the papers on the table)*

Sign it.

DONNY

I can't just rush into something like--

CLAY

Yes, you can. I've seen you two before.

DONNY

Where?

CLAY

The party. The Mitchell party.

DONNY

The Mitchell ...?

CLAY

On the 22nd? The banquet.

DONNY

The ...?

CLAY

The--

ROBERT

The one with the avocado dip.

DONNY

Oh! The *avocado* dip! God that was so good--

CLAY

I saw you two--

DONNY

That was the Martin party.

CLAY

Martin, Mitchell, whatever. I saw you two. You didn't look happy.

DONNY

I was kinda drunk.

CLAY

You were shitfaced. You didn't look happy. She didn't look happy. It's like an epidemic. And now you gotta sign those papers.

DONNY

I don't want to sign them. I'd rather we get counseling--

CLAY

Counseling doesn't work, does it, Robert?

ROBERT

For the most part, no. A couple has to first show signs that they want to help each *other* before--

CLAY

Counseling doesn't work. If two people aren't made for each other, then they're not made for each other. Simple as that.

DONNY

It's just so abrupt.

CLAY

Look. I've been through three divorces. Three. The first one was a whore, the second one was a whore and a money-grubber, and the third one was the second one again.

DONNY

Again?

CLAY

I don't know, I'm weak, what can I say. Point is, look at me. Three divorces, and not a mark on me. I'm still normal. I'm still sane. People get divorced, don't they Robby?

ROBERT

I believe the figures are up to 60%...

CLAY

You hear that? Sixty percent. Mankind was made to divorce.

*A beat as Donny soaks it in.*

CLAY (cont'd)

I just wanted to warn you.

DONNY

Thanks, I guess.

*(beat)*

Have you ever been divorced, Robert?

ROBERT

Me? Oh, no. I married my wife at twenty-four and we're still together. Had some rocky spots but overall I'd say we're doing good.

DONNY

Forty years? Wow.

CLAY

Robby's an exception. An *exception*.

ROBERT

I'm one of the 40%, I suppose.

CLAY

Well, hold on now. Sixty percent of people get divorced, right? But that doesn't mean the 40% left ever got *married*. I'd say 20% of that 40% are widowers, and 15% of the other 20% are people who didn't get married or died before they could get married, or died on the altar about to get married, whatever. So by those numbers you're in the top five percent, Robby.

ROBERT

Well, don't I feel special, then?

CLAY

(to Donny)

I'm not saying you should become a statistic, kid. But sometimes it's not all bad to jump on the bandwagon.

DONNY

I'll think about it.

CLAY

Think about it? We're *talking* about it! Let's get to some resolution, at least, before the show starts. Can't do a play without personal resolution, that's what my acting coach always said.

ROBERT

Your acting coach said *that*?

CLAY

I'm paraphrasing. It's like, you know, not going to sleep angry, or whatever.

DONNY

It's not your decision, is it Clay?

CLAY

No, but I've got plenty of advice. I'm chock full of advice. I'm like the Centrum Silver of advice, if advice were vitamins. I'd tell you to ask Robert but he's happily married; go figure.

DONNY

Robert, what should I do?

ROBERT

I'd talk to her about it.

CLAY

Talk is cheap!

ROBERT

A lot cheaper than divorce.

DONNY

You're right, Robert. I'm going to call her.

CLAY

Call her? The show's gonna start!

DONNY

I'll just be a second.

*Donny stands, grabbing his cell phone from his pants pocket. He starts dialing.*

CLAY

It's never a second, Donny. Don't do anything stupid.

DONNY

I won't.

*(looks at phone)*

Christ, the reception is terrible in here. I'll be back.

CLAY

*(as he leaves)*

Don't do anything stupid!

*Donny exits. A pause. Robert glances at Clay.*

CLAY (cont'd)

That kid. Crazy, isn't he?

*(beat)*

Reckless and all that.

ROBERT

He doesn't know, does he.

CLAY

He ... does not know, yes. No. He does not know.

ROBERT

Were you planning on ...?

CLAY

Yes. After the show.

ROBERT

After tonight's show?

CLAY

After ... the run.

ROBERT

What about all that talk of personal resolution?

CLAY

There's no need for resolution if there is no crisis.

ROBERT

Did your acting coach tell you that as well?

CLAY

*(beat)*  
I'm paraphrasing.

*Knock at the door.*

ROBERT

Come in.

*Lori enters.*

LORI

Ten to places.

ROBERT

Thank you ten.

CLAY

Thank you.

LORI

Where's Donny?

CLAY

Calling his wife.

LORI

Clay, get that sucker out of here.

CLAY  
I can't, he already left.

*Clay laughs at his joke. Lori stares at him.*

CLAY (cont'd)  
I was ... talking about Donny--

LORI  
I got it.

CLAY  
Okay.

*Donny enters.*

DONNY  
*(to Lori)*  
Hi, sorry Lori, thank you fifteen and all that.

LORI  
It's ten ...

DONNY  
*(to Clay)*  
Voicemail.

*Lori huffs, exits.*

DONNY (cont'd)  
*(calling after her)*  
TEN! Thank you ten! Jesus.

CLAY  
Did you leave a message?

DONNY  
Sort of.

CLAY  
Sort of?

DONNY  
Well I was going to, and it went 'beep', and I said something like, "Hi Stacy, it's Donny, how are you, *blurrrrrrrgg*" and I flipped the phone shut before I sounded more like an ass.

CLAY  
I told you not to call her.

DONNY  
I had to, Clay.



CLAY  
I told you.

DONNY  
I can't not call my wife.

CLAY  
I didn't call my last wife for a year. Drove her crazy.

DONNY  
That's probably why she divorced you.

CLAY  
I divorced her.

DONNY  
Oh, whatever.

CLAY  
She was crazy.

DONNY  
Well Stacy isn't crazy, she's my wife, and I love her.

CLAY  
Does she love you?

DONNY  
Of course she--  
*(he looks at the divorce papers)*  
She did...

CLAY  
You're young.

DONNY  
I am not.

CLAY  
Bullshit. You're 25. We're all young these days. Forty is the new twenty, Donny.

ROBERT  
What does that make sixty?

CLAY  
*(not listening)*  
I dunno, forty-eight.

DONNY  
We've been married for three years.

CLAY

Now see, there's your problem. Maybe in 1967 it was okay to get married at 24, but it's the new millennium! Forty is the new twenty. What does that make me?

DONNY

Twenty-five?

CLAY

Exactly.

DONNY

So that means I'm five years old?

CLAY

You act like it sometimes ... I'm kidding. You're very mature. I'm just saying that you still have lots of life to live -- good, solid, strong life. And why would you want to live it with one woman for so long? No offense, Robby.

ROBERT

None taken.

DONNY

*(starting to take off his  
costume)*

I need a cigarette.

CLAY

Don't you get out of costume.

ROBERT

I thought you stopped smoking.

DONNY

I'm starting again.

ROBERT

That stuff'll kill you.

DONNY

In the future; right now it'll keep me from having a panic attack.

CLAY

A *panic* attack? What?

DONNY

Tell Lori I'm outside.

CLAY

Stop. You stop right there.  
*(beat)*

Now what about Lori.

DONNY

What?

CLAY

*There's* a girl you should be hanging out with.

DONNY

Lori?

CLAY

She's young, she's attractive, she likes to be a stage manager. Who in their right mind likes to be a stage manager?

ROBERT

I enjoyed it for quite a while.

CLAY

You're very exceptional, Robert.

*(to Donny)*

I think you and Lori need to hook. it. up.

DONNY

But I don't like her.

CLAY

Sure you do.

DONNY

No, I don't.

CLAY

I saw the way you made eyes at her.

DONNY

What eyes?

CLAY

Just now, when you came back in.

DONNY

I didn't make eyes!

CLAY

You did.

DONNY

I don't make eyes. That's not a thing I do.

CLAY

Hey, you remember two years ago when we did *Shrew* and you were in that scene with Kate, I mean, uh ... whatthefuck's the actress?

Deborah.

DONNY

Yeah.

CLAY

Okay, I made eyes at her.

DONNY  
*(short beat)*

See!

CLAY

But she made eyes at me first!

DONNY

Who cares?!

CLAY

I don't like Lori. Like that.

DONNY

Robert! Final say.

CLAY

She was a bitch, too.

DONNY

They're all bitches. Robert!

CLAY

You do have a bit of chemistry together.

ROBERT  
*(thinks it over)*

See? Chemistry.

CLAY

So? So I'm nice to the stage manager. That's--

DONNY

Not just nice!

CLAY

--That's the right thing to do!

DONNY

You're always talking, always flirting--

CLAY

Flirting? No!

DONNY

Oh yes.  
CLAY

Clay--  
DONNY

CLAY  
Look. Listen to me, okay? Look. Okay? Listen. Just. Just hold on. Sit down. Sit.

*(Donny sits)*  
I'm talking about *inevitability* here, Donny. Your wife gave you divorce papers. She's obviously unhappy about the whole situation. Now I'm not saying you should just up and move on to Lori, or to anyone. But I am saying that your marriage is over. It just is! So stop whining, sign those papers, and move on with your life! Right, Robby?

ROBERT  
That's one way to look at it.

*Beat. Donny stares at the papers.*

*Knock at the door.*

ALL  
Come in.

*Lori enters.*

LORI  
Ten to places.

ALL  
Thank you ten.

*Lori exits.*

CLAY  
*(standing)*  
Wait. Didn't she just say ten to places? Is she holding the house?

ROBERT  
Maybe it's full--

CLAY  
Shouldn't it be five?

ROBERT  
Clay.

CLAY  
I hate it when they hold the house.

ROBERT

Clay, sit down.

CLAY

No way, I'm going to figure out what's going on. I'll be back.

*Clay opens the door.*

CLAY (cont'd)

*(as he goes off)*

Lori! Lori where the fuck are you!

*Beat. Donny and Robert exchange glances. Robert shrugs and returns to getting ready.*

DONNY

That guy is a douchebag.

ROBERT

He is not.

DONNY

He is. He's trying to manipulate me.

ROBERT

No ...

DONNY

He does this in rehearsal, too. Always trying to tell me how to act. Do I look like an idiot?

ROBERT

No one *looks* like an idiot...

DONNY

I mean, what about you, Robert? You're happily married, right?

ROBERT

You could say that.

DONNY

What do you mean?

ROBERT

I mean I'm happily married.

DONNY

So there's no problem?

ROBERT

Oh no, there's always problems. Sometimes I can't stand to look at my wife. But I love her and I'm too old to get a new one. I think.

DONNY

So ... wait. You would divorce your wife if you could?

ROBERT

I've thought about it. We've talked about it.

DONNY

You have?

ROBERT

Sure. Every married couple talks about divorce at some point. Ours was after we had Henry. Margaret was going through some rough times, the baby was born premature -- this was the 60s, mind you, and most premies died back then. We were in a rough spot. Sat down by the incubator one night, watching Hen's tiny ribs move up and down as he was forced fed oxygen. Talked about divorce.

DONNY

Then? Why?

ROBERT

We were having trouble financially, and Maggie was trying to get back into school to get her nursing degree. We were becoming distant.

*(beat)*

It happens.

*(he faces Donny)*

Are my shadows too shadowy?

DONNY

*(examines)*

No, they look good.

ROBERT

Good. I like shadows. Bring out my cheekbones.

DONNY

What should I do, Rob? About this?

ROBERT

I don't think I'm in the right place to give you advice, Donny.

DONNY

Please? You're the only one I respect. Clay is a douchebag. I need some advice.

ROBERT  
I don't know what to tell you...

*Clay's cell phone (on the table) rings.  
Donny and Robert both pat at their  
pockets.*

DONNY  
Is that you?

ROBERT  
Hmm, no, my phone's in my car.

DONNY  
*(noticing Clay's phone)*  
Oh, it's Clay's.

*The phone stops ringing.*

ROBERT  
They'll leave a voicemail.

DONNY  
So, advice...

ROBERT  
Donny, sometimes advice just doesn't do it, you need to talk  
to--

*Clay's phone starts ringing again.  
Donny picks it up.*

DONNY  
God, this is the most annoying ringtone! Shut up! How do I  
shut you up?

*(he glances at the front)*  
What the fuck ...?  
*(shows the phone to Robert)*

It's my wife.

ROBERT  
Answer it.

DONNY  
It's Clay's phone!

ROBERT  
You wanted to get in contact with her.

DONNY  
What is going on?

ROBERT  
Answer it.



*The phone goes silent. Donny places it back on the table.*

ROBERT (cont'd)  
Well, now it's too late.

*Clay enters, enraged.*

CLAY  
I can't find Lori anywhere! This is ridiculous! I went into the ladies dressing room; they didn't know anything. Remind me to knock next time, by the way. I tried asking that weird electrician guy who keeps hanging outside the ladies' dressing room; he didn't know anything. I can't get a goddamn lick of info in this whole building!

DONNY  
Clay.

CLAY  
*(to Donny)*  
Did you talk to Lori?

DONNY  
My wife--

CLAY  
Oh god, not this again.

DONNY  
My wife *called* you.

*Beat.*

CLAY  
Oh yeah? What did she say?

DONNY  
I don't know. She left a message.  
*(beat)*  
Maybe you should listen to it.

CLAY  
Maybe later--

*Knock on the door.*

ROBERT  
Come in.

CLAY  
*(overlap)*  
Thank god.

*Lori enters.*

Five to places. LORI

Thank you five. ROBERT

Lori, wait! CLAY

Clay. DONNY

Are you holding the house? CLAY

*Clay.* DONNY

Hold on, Donny. CLAY

I'm not holding the house. LORI

But you called ten twice. CLAY

No I didn't. LORI

Yes you did. CLAY

No, I didn't! LORI

Robert heard it, didn't you Robby? CLAY

You might have repeated yourself. ROBERT

LORI  
*(beat; jokingly)*  
Are you guys fucking with me?  
*(to Donny)*  
Are they fucking with me?

I don't know. DONNY

Real funny, Clay.

LORI

Lori!

CLAY

*She has closed the door. Clay goes to follow her, but Donny blocks the door.*

Donny!

CLAY (cont'd)

Answer your voicemail.

DONNY

I have to get Lori--!

CLAY

NO. ANSWER YOUR PHONE.

DONNY

*Beat. Clay takes a step back, grabs his phone from the table. Glances at it.*

Hmm. Two missed calls.  
*(pushes buttons)*  
Well, this is probably a different Stacy, I--

CLAY

No, that's her number.

DONNY

It's ringing.  
*(he puts the phone to his ear)*

CLAY

Speakerphone.

DONNY

Speakerphone? Why...?  
*(Donny glares at him)*  
Okay. Fine.

CLAY

*Clay pushes a button, and the voicemail lady's voice is heard: "first new message."*

Clay, it's Stacy. Listen. I got a weird message from Donny. Did you talk to him about the papers? You have to get him to sign--

STACY'S VOICE

*Clay flips the phone shut. Backs up from Donny, who looks furious.*

CLAY

I was going to tell you after the show.

DONNY

What the fuck is going on?

ROBERT

No fighting in the dressing room, please.

CLAY

I didn't want you to be angry--

DONNY

Are you fucking my wife?

CLAY

No need for resolution if there's no crisis, right?

DONNY

Are you *fucking my wife*?!

CLAY

I, uh ... yes.

*Donny lunges at Clay.*

ROBERT

No fighting in the dressing room!

*Donny and Clay tussle for a bit, before Clay slips out of Donny's grasp, running to the door. He exits, Donny chasing after him, shouting obscenities.*

*Robert sits alone for a moment. Beat. He glances around.*

*He starts singing "Satisfaction" by the Rolling Stones. He is clearly enjoying being alone.*

*Knock at the door.*

ROBERT (cont'd)

Come in.

*Lori enters.*

LORI

Places!

Thank you places. ROBERT

Where are Clay and Donny? LORI

Fighting. ROBERT

Fighting?! LORI

Clay is sleeping with Donny's wife. ROBERT

Oh. So Donny found out. LORI

Yep. ROBERT

Always the last to know. LORI  
(beat)

Well. It's places.

Maybe you should hold for a bit. ROBERT

Sure thing. LORI

*Lori starts to exit.*

Lori. ROBERT

Yeah? LORI

Here. ROBERT

*Robert hands Lori a sucker from Clay's jacket.*

Aw, thank you Robert. LORI

I have it on good authority that that is his last one. ROBERT

LORI

Good.

*(opens it and pops it into her mouth)*

Mmm, cherry.

ROBERT

You know...

*(stops himself)*

LORI

*(turns back)*

What?

ROBERT

Nothing. Not my place to pry.

LORI

Pry? Well, now that you've said that, you have to tell me.

ROBERT

Well ... this is just an old man's perspective, but ... that Donny seems to enjoy your company.

LORI

What?

ROBERT

He's very kind to you. He brought you lunch that one rehearsal, and he wasn't even called that day. And remember when you twisted your ankle at fight call? Remember how he took care of you?

LORI

Sure.

ROBERT

I'm just saying.

LORI

What about his wife?

ROBERT

That's probably over.

LORI

You think?

ROBERT

Probably.

LORI

I don't know ...

ROBERT

I'd think, after being on this good Earth for sixty-five years, that I'd be a good judge of character. I've met Donny's wife, and honestly, she's as manipulative as Clay is. In a way, they're perfect together. But you're sweet and kind and naive, and Donny's sweet and charming and naive, and maybe ... I dunno. I don't want to pry.

*Lori looks at Robert a moment.*

LORI

That is very sweet of you, Robert.

*(beat)*

I'll think about it.

*Clay bursts in, slamming the door behind him and locking it.*

CLAY

Hi.

*Donny pounds on the door, shouting.*

CLAY (cont'd)

Lori! Are you holding the house?

LORI

Clay, it's places!

CLAY

So you're not holding the house?!

LORI

Well I am now because of you two!

CLAY

God damn it!

LORI

If I called ten times, it was an accident!

CLAY

An accident?! You're the stage manager for--

LORI

Clay, open the door!

CLAY

No.

LORI

Clay.

CLAY

He will *punch* me.

LORI

Maybe you need to be punched.

CLAY

That's a horrible thing to say.

LORI

Move!

*Lori shoves Clay out of the way and opens the door a crack.*

DONNY

Lori! Get out of the way!

LORI

Don't you burst in here.

DONNY

Get out of the way!

LORI

You come in nicely or I will punch you first.

*Beat.*

DONNY

Okay.

LORI

Okay?

DONNY

Okay!

*Lori opens the door. She gives Donny a stern look as he slowly enters.*

LORI

The show is about to start, so let's resolve this.

DONNY

I want to punch Clay.

LORI

Donny.

DONNY

That is my objective.



CLAY  
Punching never got people anywhere.

ROBERT  
Except in boxing.

DONNY  
Shut up.  
*(looks at Robert)*  
Sorry Robert.

ROBERT  
It's okay.

DONNY  
I meant that Clay should--

CLAY  
Shut up Donny.

DONNY  
Don't you tell me to shut up--

LORI  
Stop it!

DONNY  
Why did you do it?

CLAY  
Donny, I wasn't lying when I said she was done with the marriage! She's done!

DONNY  
Because you fucked it up!

CLAY  
No, Donny. She started it. She doesn't want to be with you. I'm sorry it didn't come out sooner. I was a ... I was a coward about the whole thing, okay? You can call her if you want. Use my phone. She'll answer my phone.

DONNY  
Why didn't you say something?  
*(turns to Robert)*  
Did you know about this?

ROBERT  
Yeah.

DONNY  
*(turns to Lori)*  
And you?

LORI

Sorta. Yeah.

DONNY

Why didn't any of you say anything?!

CLAY

We didn't want to hurt your feelings. Right?

ROBERT

I wanted to tell you but Clay was insistent.

LORI

And I only learned about it a couple days ago.

CLAY

I'm sorry, Donny. I can't stop her from doing what she did. I gave in, sure, and that is wrong of me, but she doesn't want to be with you anymore. That's just the way it is. I'm not asking you to be my friend, I'm just asking you to understand.

*(beat)*

Sign those papers. They'll make your life so much better in the long run.

DONNY

Fuck you.

*Donny flings the paperwork at Clay and storms out.*

LORI

Oh, boy. I'll go talk to him. House is holding!

*Lori exits.*

CLAY

Lori! Wait! You can't hold the house!

*(as he exits)*

My parents are in the audience! They're very temperamental!

*Clay storms out.*

*Robert is alone again. He glances around.*

*Standing, he puts on the final pieces of his costume as he sings "Satisfaction" loudly, complete with air guitar.*

*Donny enters as Robert is mid-air guitar solo. They stare at each other a moment.*

What are you doing? DONNY

Air guitar. ROBERT

Oh. DONNY

*Donny kneels and starts picking up the divorce papers.*

You going through with it? ROBERT

I don't know what else to do. DONNY

*Donny stacks the papers on the table. He sits, putting his head in his hands.*

*Robert reaches into Clay's jacket pocket, producing another sucker.*

Here. ROBERT

What is that? DONNY

One of Clay's suckers. ROBERT  
*(beat)*

Take it. You look like you could use some sweets.

Thanks... DONNY  
*(takes it)*

I have it on good authority that it's his last one. ROBERT

*Donny unwraps it and pops it into his mouth. He continues stacking/organizing papers.*

You know... ROBERT (cont'd)

What? DONNY

Oh, nothing. ROBERT

DONNY

No, please. I want your advice. I keep telling you I want your advice.

ROBERT

It's nothing...

DONNY

Please, Robby.

ROBERT

Well ... it's just that ... we all knew your marriage wasn't going anywhere.

DONNY

You did?

ROBERT

That girl, Stacy ... she wasn't right for you. Perfect for Clay, though. Those two are like two bottles of vinegar.

*(beat)*

Now, Lori, she's ...

*Robert stops himself.*

DONNY

What? She's what?

*Knock on the door.*

ROBERT

She's nice.

*(calling)*

Come in!

*Lori enters. She shuts the door behind her.*

LORI

This is getting ridiculous -- where's Clay?!

ROBERT

Don't know.

LORI

Will you guys stop leaving the dressing room?! The show is supposed to start and I can't keep holding the house! Five to places, by the way.

ROBERT

Thank you five.

DONNY

Thank you.

LORI

Well, I guess I'll go find Clay then...

ROBERT

No no no, you sit here, Lori. I'll go find him.

LORI

I'm not going to let another actor out of my sight.

ROBERT

It's okay, I know where Clay goes when he's upset. He's my friend, I'll go calm him down a bit.

LORI

You'll be back in five minutes?

ROBERT

I promise.

LORI

You promise?

ROBERT

I just said that.

*Robert smiles and exits. Donny and Lori stare at each other a moment.*

LORI

How ... how are you doing?

DONNY

Poorly.

LORI

This must be hard. For you.

*She gets close to him, puts a hand on his shoulder.*

DONNY

I feel like everything is totally out of my control.

LORI

I don't think it was ever *in* your control, Donny.

DONNY

Clay's an asshole.

LORI

We all knew that.

*Donny starts, as if to speak, but just sighs heavily instead. Lori sits down beside him. He looks at her.*

DONNY  
Where'd you get that?

LORI  
What? The sucker?

DONNY  
Yeah.

LORI  
Robert got it from Clay's pocket. Where'd you get yours?

DONNY  
Robert. He said it was the last one.

LORI  
*(simultaneous after "was")*  
--last one.

DONNY  
*(laughs)*  
Yeah.

LORI  
He said that to me too.

DONNY  
What a trickster.

LORI  
Yeah...

*Beat.*

LORI (cont'd)  
Robert said, um.

DONNY  
*(simultaneously)*  
I thought that--

LORI  
Nevermind.

DONNY  
No, what?

LORI  
Nothing.



Come in?

DONNY

*Clay enters, timidly. Robert enters behind, his hand on Clay's shoulder. Clay sidles to the edge of the room.*

Places, please.

CLAY

Clay.

ROBERT

CLAY  
(quietly)  
I'm sorry Donny.

ROBERT

With meaning.

*Clay shoots a look to Robert.*

CLAY  
I'm ... look, Donny. I was weak. Stacy was in a certain mood and I took advantage of it. I'm sorry. I'm not saying that I won't continue seeing Stacy, because I think we've got something, and if you want to hate me for that, fine, but--

DONNY

Okay, stop.

CLAY

I'm sorry.

DONNY

Just ... I get it. Apology accepted.

CLAY

So you're ... not gonna punch me?

DONNY

Not while sober.

CLAY

I'll take that.

*Donny starts gathering the divorce papers.*

DONNY

We are going out drinking tonight, though.

CLAY

Shit.



DONNY  
You coming, Robert?

ROBERT  
I could go for a pint or two.

DONNY  
Great.  
*(signs the papers)*  
There's that.

*Donny hands the papers to Clay.*

CLAY  
What are you doing?

DONNY  
You'll see her next. You give them to her.

CLAY  
Aw, man. I'm really sorry, Donny...

DONNY  
Don't be. These things always happen for a reason, right?

LORI  
I'd better get back to the booth. You sure you're all okay?

DONNY  
I'll live.

CLAY  
I'll live too.

LORI  
Robby?

ROBERT  
I feel great!

LORI  
Good. Places gentlemen!

ALL  
Thank you places.

LORI  
Break a leg!

*Lori starts to exit. Then she comes back in, grabs the sucker from Donny.*

LORI (cont'd)  
No food in the dressing room.

DONNY  
(smiles)  
Right, sorry.

*Lori exits. The men gather their props  
and costume pieces.*

CLAY  
Where the fuck did you get that sucker?

ROBERT  
I gave them both a sucker.

CLAY  
I need those to relax!

ROBERT  
You can buy more tomorrow.

CLAY  
(to Donny)  
So ... are you and Lori gonna hook up or what?

DONNY  
That's none of your business.

CLAY  
If your divorce is my business, then your getting laid can be  
my business, too.

ROBERT  
Clay, please.

CLAY  
(as he exits)  
Alright, alright. Good show. Good show!

ROBERT  
Good show.

DONNY  
Good show.

*Clay is gone.*

DONNY (cont'd)  
Thanks for your help, Robert.

ROBERT  
I didn't do much.

DONNY  
Well, whatever you did, it was appreciated. I'll see you  
onstage in a couple of minutes.

ROBERT  
Break a leg, Donny.

DONNY  
You too, man.

*Donny exits. Beat.*

ROBERT  
Now ... where was I ...

*Robert puts one leg on a chair, and  
raises his arm in a beautiful rock  
guitar god tableau.*

*"Satisfaction" begins playing overhead.  
Robert plays and sings wildly as the  
lights fade out.*

THE END.