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This is for Rich McCloud

Teacher, Editor and Gentleman

*Please accept this in lieu of that paper I never wrote
and with great thanks for all that you taught me.*

Cast of Characters

PETER, an announcer

AMANDA, owner of a voiceover company

*PHIL, a sound technician

*RYAN, a talent coordinator

ALEX, a voiceover actress

KATIE, an actress

EMILY, an actress

MEG, an actress

KATHRYN, a voiceover actor

*SHANNON, a voiceover actor

KELLY, a voiceover actor

**Gender-neutral parts*

If absolutely necessary, Phil could be played offstage and doubled by another actor. In that case, he/she would never be seen, only heard over the speakers. The parts of Kathryn, Shannon and Kelly could be combined into two characters.

Acknowledgements

Vocal Work was first performed at Chantilly High School in Chantilly, Virginia, in January 2003, with the following cast and crew:

Pertter Larson
Amanda Misiewicz
Phil Dufresne
Ryan Plavnieks
Alex Keiper
Katie Poandl
Emily Bever
Meg Baxter
Kathryn Ticknor
Shannon Keating
Kelly O'Brien

Crew:

Steven Bales, Meggie O'Conner, Katie Beans, Greg Scali, Marley
Monk, Mike Silvay, Kevin Jones

VOCAL WORK

by Ed Monk

(Setting: The small recording studio of a company that produces radio spots. The room is bare except for two microphones, several music stands, two stools and a table with several piles of papers. Along the back wall is the window to the sound booth. There is a pane of glass through which we can see PHIL, the sound technician. The SR microphone is used by everybody except AMANDA. AMANDA always uses the SL microphone to talk to PHIL. PHIL's voice is only heard through the speakers.)

(At rise: The stage is dark. We hear PETER's voice before we see him. After a few seconds the lights come up and we see PETER standing at the microphone reading his copy. PHIL can be seen working on the sound board in the booth.)

PETER. *(The stage is dark; we can only hear his voice. He tries the line in several different ways:)* Diarrhea. It can ruin your day. Diarrhea. It can ruin your day.

(The lights have come up.)

Diarrhea. It can ruin your day.

(Enter AMANDA moving very quickly to the intercom. She takes no notice of PETER.)

PETER. Diarrhea. It can ruin your day.

AMANDA. *(To PHIL, upset:)* Phil, I need the book.

PHIL. I don't have it.

AMANDA. Well where is it?

PHIL. Billy took with him last night.

AMANDA. What did he do that for?

PHIL. I don't know.

PETER. Diarrhea. It can ruin your day.

AMANDA. Peter please!

PETER. Sorry.

AMANDA. Has he called in yet?

PHIL. Nope.

AMANDA. Can you try him at home please?

PHIL. Sure.

(We see PHIL making a phone call in booth.)

AMANDA. *(To PETER:)* It needs to sound more awful.

PETER. What?

AMANDA. You need to make it sound more like it was anthrax or smallpox or cancer. Use your voice of doom.

PETER. Right. *(In a loud, booming, deadly serious voice:)* Diarrhea. It can ruin your day.

AMANDA. Much better.

PHIL. No answer at home.

AMANDA. Try his cell.

PHIL. Right.

PETER. Anything wrong?

AMANDA. No, just the schedule is all screwed up. I've got ten people out in the lobby who all say they're supposed to be here now, Billy took the book home for some unknown reason so I can't check what's supposed to be happening and no one knows where Billy is. Besides that everything's just fine.

PETER. That's not good.

AMANDA. Are you still OK for Wednesday?

PETER. What's Wednesday?

AMANDA. The Dodge spots? Were doing all ten on Wednesday? Didn't Billy talk to you about this?

PETER. Nope, first I heard of it.

AMANDA. I can't believe it. I'm gonna kill him. Can you come in on Wednesday?

PETER. No, I've got Muppets on Ice all day at the Arena.

AMANDA. I just need you for two hours.

PETER. It's a nine to ten call. We do the run through and then the show. Can't we do it Thursday?

AMANDA. The musicians are booked. Look, can't you call in sick? I really need you on this one.

PETER. I can't do that. Even if I could, I wouldn't. If Mark Andrews retires at the end of the year, I could have a shot at the Bobcat home games. That's 32 gigs a year. Plus maybe the radio stuff too. Can't you get Mike?

AMANDA. Mike can't do this.

PETER. I'm real sorry...

AMANDA. Not your fault. Don't worry about it.

PHIL. No one answers on the cell.

AMANDA. That's great. That's just freaking great. *(To PHIL:)* Are we ready to do this Acidic thing now?

PHIL. I don't have the sound effects ready.

AMANDA. What effects?

PHIL. They want a belch and stomach noises.

AMANDA. Well why don't you have them?

PHIL. 'Cause Billy told me we weren't doing this until tomorrow.

AMANDA. *(Takes a deep breath:)* Can you record Peter today and add the effects later?

PHIL. Sure.

AMANDA. OK, let's do it. *(To PETER:)* Peter, one take baby, that's what I need today.

PETER. You got it. Say when.

AMANDA. (*AMANDA takes out stopwatch. To PHIL.:*) Go!

PHIL. Acidic A+, take one.

(*PHIL points to PETER, AMANDA starts stopwatch.*)

PETER. Diarrhea. It can ruin your day. So can that gassy, bloated feeling you often get after eating. That's why you need Acidic A+. Acidic A+ is the most effective over-the-counter medicine for common stomach upsets. Within minutes, Acidic A+ sends soothing relief to where you need it the most. So pick up some Acidic A+ today. Because Diarrhea. It can ruin your day.

PHIL. (*Waits a beat.:*) Cut.

PETER. 25 ½.

AMANDA. (*Looking at stopwatch.:*) 26. Not bad at all. (*To PHIL.:*) How was it?

PHIL. Fine.

AMANDA. Does that give you enough for the effects?

PHIL. It's a little tight but...

AMANDA. That's good enough. Wrap it. Ryan's got his whole crew here and we have to do those 15 promos

PHIL. Why does he have the whole crew...

AMANDA. I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON TODAY! (*To PETER.:*) Thanks. I'll call you next week.

PETER. Sure.

(*PETER starts to exit, but stops.*)

Look, I get an hour lunch break on Wednesday, twelve to one. It'll take me 20 minutes to get here and twenty minutes to get back. I can give you twenty minutes. If we have our act together, we can get at least five of them done.

AMANDA. Thank you so much. This really means...

PETER. Ahhh, ya just better feed me. I want some orange beef.

AMANDA. You got it.

PETER. And Amanda, about Billy...

AMANDA. I know, I know.

PETER. OK, I'll see you Wednesday at 12:20.

AMANDA. Thanks again.

(PETER exits and AMANDA sits alone for a second collecting her thoughts, she takes out her cell phone and dials. During the course of the phone call, AMANDA is disappointed to disappoint her parents, but she really doesn't have time for this now.)

Hi Mom Oh fine, just a little hectic today
Look, I just have a second but I wanted to tell you that we won't be
able to make it for Christmas I know, I know
..... but...but we just got this big contract and we're going
to have to work the whole week Tell Dad it's none of
his business \$125,000 Yes, dollars Tell him he's
hired then Well, we'll miss you guys too but we'll be there
for Easter, I promise Nope, five days, I've already cleared
the calendar, we'll be there for Holy Thursday OK, I gotta
go, I'll call you tomorrow Tell Dad I love him
OK Mom love you too bye-bye.

(AMANDA hangs up phone and thinks for a second.)

(Enter RYAN.)

RYAN. You ready?

AMANDA. Just a second.

RYAN. Well they're all on the clock ya know.

AMANDA. I know Ryan, I know.

RYAN. It's not my fault...

AMANDA. I know Ryan. I just need to get the mattress girls the
copy....

(Exit RYAN as ALEX enters.)

ALEX. Excuse me, is this where I'm supposed to go for the com-
mercial?

AMANDA. I beg your pardon?

ALEX. Is there where I'm supposed to go for the commercial?

AMANDA. What commercial?

ALEX. The Hyundai commercial?

AMANDA. I'm sorry, I have absolutely no idea what you are talking about.

ALEX. Oh, um, Mr. Terrell told me to come here today to do the commercial. Is this the wrong day?

AMANDA. Billy Terrell? Told you to come here *today* to do a *Hyundai* commercial?

ALEX. Yes.

AMANDA. Do you have a call sheet?

ALEX. A what?

AMANDA. A yellow piece of paper?

ALEX. Oh yes!

(She takes out a yellow piece of paper and gives it to AMANDA, who reads it and then crumples it.)

Is everything all right?

AMANDA. Uh yes, it's just that I didn't know anything about this...Miss?

ALEX. Alex Keiper.

AMANDA. Pleased to meet you Miss Keiper. Well, um...

ALEX. Should I come back another day?

AMANDA. No, this day is already messed up enough, one more thing isn't going to matter. Let's just get it done. Do you have the copy?

ALEX. I'm sorry, the copy of what?

AMANDA. The script. Do you have the script?

ALEX. Oh yes, I'm sorry. I'm just a little nervous.

AMANDA. That's fine. *(To PHIL:)* OK Phil, we're going to do a quick run through of the Tsunami spot and then if everything is good, we can get it done.

PHIL. Why are we...

AMANDA. 'Cause we are! All right Miss Keiper.

ALEX. *(Reading the script:)* The new Hyundai...

AMANDA. Would you mind reading it into the microphone please?

ALEX. Oh, right, sorry.

(She steps up into the microphone and begins to read without any expression or emotion at all.)

The all-new 2003 Hyundai Tsunami has a 4.6 liter, v6 engine, side-impact protection, all-wheel electronic traction control and independent rear suspension. Take one for a test-drive today. The Tsunami, let it wash over you.

AMANDA. *(After a stunned silence:)* Miss...

ALEX. Keiper. Alex Keiper.

AMANDA. Miss Keiper, if you don't mind me asking, how did you get this job?

ALEX. Did I do something wrong?

AMANDA. No, I was just wondering where Billy...uh...Mr. Terrell found you?

ALEX. Oh that, well Billy knows my dad from the shop.

AMANDA. The shop?

ALEX. Yeah, my dad owns a motorcycle shop and Billy's been coming in a lot lately and in talking to my dad he found out that I used to do a lot of plays in high school and he asked if I would be interested in doing a radio commercial so of course I said yes and here I am.

AMANDA. OK.

(Enter RYAN.)

RYAN. Amanda I've got four people waiting and...

AMANDA. And they're on the clock. I know Ryan, who do you think is paying them? Look, would you please go out and ask the mattress girls to come in one minute. I'm going to talk to them and then we'll get to you. OK?

RYAN. You're the boss.

(RYAN exits.)

AMANDA. OK, Alex, right?

ALEX. Right.

AMANDA. OK Alex, I want you to read it again, only this time, I want you to make it sound real sexy, OK?

ALEX. Sexy?

AMANDA. Yes, sexy.

ALEX. But this is a car ad.

AMANDA. I know. Make it sexy. Make it sound like you were trying to seduce a man.

ALEX. But this is a car ad.

AMANDA. I know! Look, you just have to trust me on this. OK?

ALEX. *(Starting to read script again, trying to be sexy but failing miserably:)* The new 2003 Hyundai Tsunami... I don't think I can do a sexy voice.

AMANDA. Look, just speak low and slow and a little husky.

ALEX. Low, slow and...

AMANDA. And a little husky. Go on.

ALEX. *(Reading from script and doing a horrible low, husky voice. It sounds a little like she has laryngitis:)* The all new 2003 Hyundai Tsunami has a 4.2 liter, V-6 engine...

AMANDA. Cut.

(Enter KATIE, EMILY and MEG holding headshots and papers.)

AMANDA. *(To three girls:)* I'll be with you in a second. All right Alex, here's what I want you to do, I want you to go out to the lobby and practice over and over again until you can make this sound real sexy.

ALEX. But I can't do a sexy voice.

AMANDA. Look, is there some guy you like right now?

ALEX. Well...

AMANDA. Good. Close your eyes. Close your eyes. Now, think of him, then read the copy just like you were sitting with him in front of a fireplace, in a dark, secluded room, all alone. OK?

ALEX. But I really don't...

AMANDA. Just go out to the lobby and practice.

ALEX. Where's the lobby again?

AMANDA. I'll take you. *(To three women:)* I'll be right back.

(AMANDA exits with ALEX.)

MEG. Are things usually this bad around here?

KATIE. *(Speaking to EMILY:)* Ryan says Billy screwed up again.

EMILY. Figures.

KATIE. Oh, did you hear about callbacks yet?

EMILY. Yeah, didn't make it.

KATIE. I'm sorry.

EMILY. Well it's not exactly a shock. I walk into the audition only to find out they've already cast Sean Blake as the male lead. Why in the hell you would cast some guy who's six-foot-one I don't know, but that was pretty much it for me.

MEG. Did you read for them?

EMILY. Yeah, I was already there. Why not?

MEG. I wouldn't have. I would've walked out. There's no excuse for them not putting that on the notice. That's ignorant and unprofessional. I would've walked out.

EMILY. *(To KATIE:)* What about you?

KATIE. *(Without any enthusiasm:)* I got it.

EMILY. You're kidding!?

MEG. Got what?

EMILY. You got It? You got Blanche!?

KATIE. Yeah.

EMILY. That is so amazing! When did you find out!?

KATIE. Andy called Saturday.

MEG. You got the lead in Streetcar? Where?

KATIE. Industrial Rep. It's their Spring show.

MEG. That's wonderful.

KATIE. Yeah.

EMILY. What's wrong?

KATIE. I don't know if I'm going to take it.

MEG. You're crazy! Why wouldn't you take it?

EMILY. What's the problem?

KATIE. They're paying \$300.00 a week.

EMILY. Oh.

MEG. So?

KATIE. So I like to eat sometimes.

EMILY. How long do they need you for?

KATIE. Four weeks of rehearsal. The show runs three weeks.

EMILY. Can't you take the leave?

KATIE. Sure I can take the leave. But I just got out of debt. I can't do that again.

EMILY. When do you have to let them know.

KATIE. Tomorrow.

MEG. Well if you don't want it, I'll take it.

EMILY. Why don't you shut up.

MEG. Excuse me.

(AMANDA enters.)

AMANDA. I'm sorry, but today is just one of those days.

(She collects their headshots.)

Billy has totally screwed up the schedule again and it's going to be a few minutes until I can get to you.

MEG. Well if this Billy is such a loser, why don't you fire him?

(There is an awkward silence.)

AMANDA. Excuse me.

(AMANDA moves to the table to get their scripts.)

MEG. What did I say?

EMILY. Billy is her husband.

MEG. Oh, dammit.

KATIE. You said it.

(AMANDA moves from table with three scripts that she hands out.)

AMANDA. You all know what this is, Wagner's Mattress wants to run a year-long campaign and they want to have a Wagner's Mattress Lady. We're talking about 24 spots over the year and also some personal appearances. It's probably worth about \$6,000. You'll take a few minutes to read over the copy and then we'll do a read through and I'll let you know. Any questions?

EMILY. What are they looking for?

AMANDA. They want, and I quote, “wholesome sexuality.”

KATIE. What does that mean?

AMANDA. When you figure it out, let me know.

KATIE. I thought Caroline was reading for this too?

AMANDA. Uh no, Caroline called me last night. She got a part in L.A. She left today.

KATIE. What part?

AMANDA. She got the ER thing.

KATIE. A guest shot?

AMANDA. No, she got seven episodes. Apparently she’s someone’s new love interest. She said if they like her, she may be written into the show...

KATIE. *(To EMILY:)* I told you! I told you! She was all over that producer at Steve’s party!

EMILY. What a little ho.

KATIE. That is so disgusting! He had to be at least 60!

MEG. Are you saying that she slept with some guy to get the part?

EMILY. Well, someone who graduated college last year just got a huge part on a top-ten series and we’re here fighting to get to be mattress queen for a year. What do you think?

MEG. I think that’s really petty.

KATIE. Oh yeah? You try saying that 10 years from now.

(EMILY and KATIE start to exit.)

EMILY. OOOOWW! She had to see him naked!

KATIE. Gross!

(They laugh as they exit.)

AMANDA. *(Coming to MEG and handing back her headshot:)* Excuse me Ms. Baxter, I’m afraid I won’t be needing you today. If I have

anything else turn up, I'll be sure to give you a call. Thank you so much for coming in.

MEG. Don't I even get to read?

AMANDA. I'm afraid you're just not what we're looking for. But thank you so much.

MEG. Look I can really do this...

AMANDA. I'm very sorry.

MEG. Is this because of what I said about your husband? Because I'm really sorry, I didn't know that he was...

AMANDA. No. It has nothing to do with that. We just can't use you I'm afraid. Have a nice day.

(AMANDA turns her back on MEG, who stares for a second and then exits.)

AMANDA. *(To PHIL:)* Phil, can you call Ryan and his crew in please.

PHIL. Right.

(AMANDA rubs her temples until RYAN enters followed by KATHRYN, KELLY and SHANNON. They all carry scripts in their hands.)

RYAN. We'll use that mic there. Does Phil have the line up?

AMANDA. I hope so. *(To PHIL:)* Phil, do you have the line up?

PHIL. I hope so.

(AMANDA and RYAN move over to the table to go over the lineup.)

KATHRYN. *(Looking at her copy:)* Where the hell is Whitefish?

SHANNON. I have no idea. *(Looking at her copy:)* Probably the same place as Bemus Point. In the middle of nowhere.

KELLY. I thought I had the Bemus Point one.

SHANNON. No that's mine, you got the Dr. show.

KATHRYN. Have you ever listened to her?

SHANNON. Isn't she the one who yells at everyone and then hangs up on them?

KELLY. No, that's the other one, what's-her-face. This one is the one who's always telling people to "empower themselves in their relationships."

SHANNON. What does that mean?

KATHRYN. I don't know. Whatever it is, it wouldn't work on my boyfriend.

KELLY. How long have you been going out?

KATHRYN. Eight months. But I'm gonna end it soon.

SHANNON. Why?

KELLY. Well partly because he has to go paintballing with his friends every freaking Saturday afternoon.

SHANNON. Go what?

KATHRYN. Paintballing. They run around shooting each other with these little guns that shoot balls of paint.

SHANNON. Why?

KATHRYN. I don't know!

KELLY. Because they're stupid! It's part of being a man!

SHANNON. *(Pointing at copy:)* How would you pronounce this?

KELLY. "Tier." *(Pronounced tear, as in crying.)*

SHANNON. Are you sure?

KELLY. Yes!

SHANNON. *(Practicing:)* "Tear." "Tear."

KELLY. Are we ever going to get started?

SHANNON. I gotta leave at 12.

KATHRYN. This really sucks.

SHANNON. Well we sure better get paid for every minute we're here.

KELLY. Did Ryan ever pay you for that fashion show last month?

(AMANDA and RYAN move over to girls.)

AMANDA. All right, I apologize for the screw up today. We really need to get through these. Please, let's do as few re-takes as possible. I'm really willing to settle for just OK. *(To PHIL:)* Phil, I want you to just keep things rolling, OK? We're not going to stop for anything and you can edit them all out later.

PHIL. That's going to take me a whole lot longer.

AMANDA. Well I'd rather pay one of you than four of them. Is that going to work?

PHIL. Sure, whatever. Hold on a second.

AMANDA. OK, you all got that? No intros, no stopping, if you screw up, just wait a beat then start again. Give me two counts between each one. We're rolling the whole time, so no screwing around. You all have the line up?

RYAN. Same one we just did out there.

SHANNON. Did you give me back the Wilson one or is that Kelly's now?

RYAN. You've got Wilson, she's got Smooth Jazz. OK everyone?

(They all nod yes, clear throats.)

(To AMANDA:) We're ready when you are?

AMANDA. *(To PHIL:)* You ready Phil?

PHIL. All set.

AMANDA. OK, give 'em the cue.

PHIL. OK, the 15 promos from hell. In 5, 4, 3...

(PHIL finishes as a silent count and on zero points to group. Each girl moves up to the microphone to say her lines. They take a silent two count between each spot.)

KATHRYN. All news, all talk, all the time. You're in the X Zone! WRKX—Erie!

(Waits two beats.)

All news, all talk, all the time. You're in the K Zone! KPSY—Whitefish!

SHANNON. This is WBAR, Bemus Point, New York. The voice of the Southern Tier.

(Waits two beats.)

50,000 Watts of pure power! WTRD, Rockin' Your World!

KELLY. You're listening to the Dr. Elaine Wilson show. Dr. Elaine will be taking your calls on love, relationships and marriage. Just call 1-800-ROMANCE. That's 1-800-766-2623. The Dr. is on the air.

(Waits two beats.)

The best of the '80s, the best of the '90s! W-R-A-P. *(She starts to break up laughing and does the "classic rap" line laughing:)* Classic Rap. Sorry.

AMANDA. Come on, keep going!

KELLY. The best of the '80s, the best of the '90s W... *(She breaks up laughing:)* ...R...A... I'm sorry. It's just so stupid.

(Everyone but AMANDA laughs.)

AMANDA. OK cut! Come on Kelly, we need to get this done!

KELLY. Well you try and say it.

AMANDA. Fine. *(She steps up to the microphone:)* The best of the '80s, the best of the...

(She breaks up laughing and so does everyone else. SHANNON starts to do a rap beat into the microphone and everyone breaks into rap moves.)

PHIL. Holler back young 'uns!

(Girls respond with whoops as AMANDA feels her cell phone vibrate. She checks the number, sees that it's Billy and answers. As she starts to talk, the others notice and stop the noise.)

AMANDA. Billy? Where the hell are you? Yeah I'm upset! Because the entire schedule is screwed up! I've got 15 people here all at the same time! Well I don't know what the book says because you took the book with you! What were you thinking of?! No I can't just..... look no I fixed it how soon can you get here? With who? Well you'll have to miss it What client? Oh that's just great! You think I wanted this? No it's not that way, it never has been OK, I don't have time for this, just get in here! What? Or you're fired! Billy Billy?

(She hangs up and turns away from the people in the room.)

Could you all just give me a minute please?

(All exit except for RYAN.)

RYAN. Are you all right?

AMANDA. Yeah.

RYAN. Are you sure?

AMANDA. I'm sure. Thank you. *(She goes to mic:)* Phil could you have Emily and Katie come in please?

PHIL. Sure thing.

RYAN. Look, why don't you just go home and take the rest of the day off?

AMANDA. I need to get this done.

RYAN. It can wait till later.

AMANDA. No it can't! The sponsors are coming tomorrow, the agency is coming tomorrow, everyone is coming tomorrow! I have to get this done. Why the hell can't things ever be easy!? Why does everything have to be so damn hard!? *(Pause.)* It's not his fault. He didn't really want this. But I was good at it and he supported me. And I am good at it. I love it. But Billy, he... Well, it just got bigger and bigger and um...here we are. And now I have to go home tonight, and I have no idea what to say to him.

(KATIE and EMILY enter with scripts.)

AMANDA. OK, who wants to go first?

EMILY. What the hell, I'll go.

(Both women read the copy equally well.)

EMILY. When you're tired after a long day at the office or home, you want to sleep on a mattress that's lighter than air but firm as an oak tree. That's why the Wagner Comfort-Ease Mattress has 500 individually wrapped, pressure-responsive coils. So that when you slip into bed at night, you can think about other things. Wagner, for the best night of your life.

AMANDA. Very nice. Katie.

KATIE. *(Clears throat:)* When you're tired after a long day at the office or home, you want to sleep on a mattress that's lighter than air but firm as an oak tree. That's why the Wagner Comfort-Ease Mattress has 500 individually wrapped, pressure-responsive coils. So that when you slip into bed at night, you can think about other things. Wagner, for the best night of your life.

AMANDA. OK ladies, that was very nice from both of you. If you'll just take a seat out on the lobby, I'll let you know in a minute.

(EMILY and KATIE exit.)

AMANDA. All right, who should I pick?

RYAN. You're asking me?

AMANDA. Who should I pick?

RYAN. I don't know. Whoever you want.

AMANDA. Come on Ryan, I've had a really bad day. Please, just tell me who to pick.

RYAN. I don't know. Why don't you do it?

AMANDA. Because I am tired of making decisions! I am so tired of making decisions.

RYAN. *(After a beat:)* I'm sorry, it's your call.

AMANDA. (*Grim laugh:*) Thanks for nothing.

(She picks up both headshots and thinks for a second, puts one down, holds the other for a second and puts it down. The audience never sees the pictures.)

OK. Would you mind telling them I'll be out in a second?

RYAN. Sure.

AMANDA. And Ryan, send your guys home. We'll reschedule for next week.

RYAN. Well they're going to...

AMANDA. Don't worry, they'll get paid for the whole day. Just make sure they fill out the time cards.

RYAN. You sure?

AMANDA. I'm sure. Thanks. I'll call you tomorrow afternoon.

RYAN. OK, take care of yourself.

(RYAN exits.)

AMANDA. (*TO PHIL.:*) Phil, let's call it a day. Go home.

PHIL. I need to edit that Acidic thing and start on those promos.

AMANDA. Do it tomorrow.

PHIL. But...

AMANDA. Do it tomorrow. Go on home.

PHIL. You OK?

AMANDA. Just a bad day.

PHIL. You know, I bet I know what your problem is.

AMANDA. What's that?

PHIL. I bet you have diarrhea. Because diarrhea can ruin your day.

(There is a beat and then they both burst out laughing. As they laugh, ALEX walks in.)

ALEX. Um, excuse me. Did you want me to do this again?

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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