

## Suite: Sam's Green Eyes

An extemporaneous one-act by Braden Bunch

Written for the 2009 SCTA Convention 24-Hour Play Project, November 14, 2009

Characters:

Sam – a woman

Dave – a man

Setting: Wheelwright Auditorium @ Coastal Carolina University

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*As the show begins, Sam is standing center stage, apparently talking on a cell phone, as Dave enters from Stage Left.*

**Sam:** *(Speaking into the phone)* Will you just leave me alone? *(Dave looks back from where he entered, looking for whomever Sam is talking to. Sam shakes her head, somewhat apologetically to Dave.)* No, Steven, not you. There's this...gentleman who keeps following me around wherever I go... Yes, I know you did, but that doesn't make talking on the phone any easier. Can I call you back? This is making things so difficult... Yes, I'll call you as soon as I get to my room... No, I don't know where we are.

*(Dave mouths the word "Conway" to Sam)*

**Sam:** *(To phone)* We're in Conway. *(Sam mouths "Conway?" to Dave, who nods in agreement.)* No, I don't know where that is. It's somewhere between Miami and...New York. I know that's not helpful, but that's as good as I can do now. *(Dave mouths the words "South Carolina" to Sam)* I think it's in South Carolina.

*(To Dave)* That can't be right. *(Dave nods that it is)*

*(To the phone)* There is a Conway, South Carolina?

*(To Dave)* But they don't have theatres in South Carolina... *(Dave shrugs)*

*(To the phone)* Well, that's what they told me in New York! ... Yes, I suppose I'll survive. After all, it won't be the least-sophisticated crowd I've ever performed for, I don't think... *(Dave starts to flap his arms like a chicken, making Sam rolls her eyes)* There was that poultry conference in Arkansas, after all.

*(To Dave)* I told you never to mention that again! *(Dave apologizes)*

*(To phone)* No, I know you didn't, Steven darling. I'm just, I'm just frustrated and tired, and that's all. These past two weeks have been a living nightmare. If things don't get better Steven, I'll just, well; I don't know what I'll do. You know me; I always find a way to survive. But I must go now. I promise I'll call you later...Yes, when I get to my suite. *(Dave mouths the word "room")*

*(To Dave)* Don't even joke about that.

*(To phone)* Nothing, darling. Nothing at all. Goodbye. *(She hangs up the phone)* Room??!!

**Dave:** Room

**Sam:** Room??!!

**Dave:** Room

**Sam:** As in, not a suite?

**Dave:** Not a suite.

**Sam:** You know, over the past three years I've agreed to a lot of compromises on this tour. They asked me if I could perform on Wednesdays, I said I would only require a 20 percent differential. They asked me if I could do without my standard team of assistants, and instead learn to deal with you, and I said I would find a way to manage. They even had the gall to ask me if I could even be so kind as to advise that harlot of an understudy I have, and I said I'd be happy to work with the lovely lass...just as soon as she stops sleeping with the hired help. But this??!! This??!! Can you imagine?

**Dave:** I know. It's ridiculous.

**Sam:** Three years I've toured with this show. Three years, you understand?

**Dave:** It's downright rude.

**Sam:** Before I joined this show, Steven had nothing, you understand? Nothing. Couldn't even get his own daughter to come to a birthday party if he bought her a pony. No one was wanted anything to do with any of his productions.

**Dave:** I know

**Sam:** No one!

**Dave:** I know.

**Sam:** The critics in New York, and Chicago, and San Juan, they all ridiculed him.

**Dave:** I know.

**Sam:** And then I came along, and suddenly he has a smash hit. Samantha Ford stars in "The Lovely Despot." And now he thinks *he's* the big name.

**Dave:** I know.

**Sam:** He couldn't even play in Peoria without me. (*slight pause*) If he's not careful, I'm likely to...well...

**Dave:** Yes?

**Sam:** Let's just say he owes me. And I mean...really. Owes me.

**Dave:** Wouldn't be anywhere without you.

**Sam:** Well, you'll just have to fix it.

**Dave:** Fix what?

**Sam:** The room. I mean, the suite. Get me out of the room, and into the suite. (*Sam hands Dave the phone*)

**Dave:** I'll see what I can do...

**Sam:** No, no, no. I didn't give up a team of personal assistants so that you, Mr. Glory Boy, could "see what you can do." Results. I demand results. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going backstage to examine my dressing room. And this better be taken care of by the time I get back. (*Swam exits*)

(*Dave dials, and after a moment, begins to speak*)

**Dave:** No, no, stop with the hunny-bunny stuff, Steve. It's me, Dave... Yes, I know it's Sam's phone, but she handed it to me to watch while she examines her dressing room... (laughing) Really? No, I'm sure she'll love that... Of course she said something about the hotel. We haven't even been there yet, and she's complaining about the room. So, whatever else you're doing, keep it up... Yeah, it's working. This old dramatic battle axe is more out of shape than her reputation, and that's saying something...Yes, I think she'll quit. I'm positive she's going to quit. I told you I could get her to quit in two weeks and I've still got a day left. I think she just about did a second ago. And remember, I get half the show when she does... I'll pull it off. Don't you worry. I haven't put up with her this long not to get rid of her. You just finish that contract. Just another little push and Carla will be your new headliner... Yes, she'll do a much better job... and sell tickets... and not sleep with everyone, I know. Speaking of which... No. No! Ha! Just a bad segue. ...Promise... What I was going to say is, the place we're staying at tonight, does it even have suites?... Really? All right, do me a favor, book us one. ... Trust me on this... Now you're getting it. I'll fill you in soon.

(*Sam comes back on stage*)

**Sam:** What the hell is a chanticleer?

**Dave:** (*Hanging up the phone*) Excuse me?

**Sam:** Apparently my dressing room is typically the home of some ferocious beast. I don't know how much more of this I can take. Did you get my accommodations taken care of?

**Dave:** Well...

**Sam:** Don't tell me, this place they've booked us into doesn't have a decent suite.

**Dave:** No, they have suites.

**Sam:** Well then, get us one.

**Dave:** We already have one.

**Sam:** Good show, young man! You might not be completely worthless yet. Take me there now.

**Dave:** There's a slight problem...

**Sam:** You can explain it to me on the way to the hotel.

**Dave:** You might not like that. You see, while it is true that we have a suite, it's only true in the entire troupe sense of the word.

**Sam:** What are you saying?

**Dave:** Well...

**Sam:** What are you saying?

**Dave:** Are you sure you wouldn't be happier with a single room?

**Sam:** David, dear child. Poor, young, naïve David. No actress worth her greasepaint is happy with a single room. It just isn't done. Single rooms are for servants like yourself and understudies.

**Dave:** They gave the suite to Carla.

**Sam:** *(pause)* Excuse me?

**Dave:** They gave the...

**Sam:** What??!

**Dave:** Afraid so.

**Sam:** That tramp! My understudy?

**Dave:** The same. Steve said...

**Sam:** Steven??!

**Dave:** Yes, Steve said...

**Sam:** Steven gave that hussy my suite?

**Dave:** Yes. Steve said he was becoming worried...

**Sam:** That bloated pompous sack of manure! Probably gave it to her so she could set up a waiting room for her services.

**Dave:** Steve said he was becoming worried to you were becoming too stressed from being on the road so long, so he wanted to make sure Carla was comfortable in case she had to go on.

**Sam:** *(Threatening Dave)* Make her comfortable? Make *her* comfortable?! Thinks *I'm* stressed? *Me*????

**Dave:** I told him I don't know why he would think that.

**Sam:** That's it! That is it.

**Dave:** That's what?

**Sam:** I can't go on any longer. David, give me the phone.

**Dave:** But...

**Sam:** The phone, David!

**Dave:** Now don't do anything rash.

**Sam:** Oh, there's nothing rash about what I'm about to do. This is the calmest, sanest, most thought-out action I've ever taken in my life.

**Dave:** (*muttering*) which isn't saying much.

**Sam:** Pardon?

**Dave:** Samantha, look. I think I know what you're about to do. But, I'm begging you, don't. The show won't be the same without you. And I've so enjoyed working with you.

**Sam:** That's very sweet, David. But I'm afraid I must do this. There's no changing my mind. I must tell Steven that Carla must leave the show.

**Dave:** But you...what?

**Sam:** I will demand that that hussy, who couldn't act her way out of anywhere but a set of satin sheets, must leave for the good of the show.

**Dave:** He'll never do it.

**Sam:** He must. For the sake of the show, he must. Now, give me the phone.

**Dave:** (*dejected, Dave starts to hand her the phone, until*) Wait, I've got it.

**Sam:** What's that?

**Dave:** I know how to get Carla out of the show.

**Sam:** Pray tell, young man.

**Dave:** You quit the show.

**Sam:** But why in the world...

**Dave:** Don't you see, if you quit, then Steve will be forced to let Carla go on.

**Sam:** But that's just it, my dear boy. The show won't be the same without me. It will fail miserably.

**Dave:** Exactly! And then Steve will have no choice but to bring you back and meet all your demands.

**Sam:** (*pause. Then, almost like a lost child*) Even the suite?

**Dave:** You'll probably get a Jacuzzi.

**Sam:** My dear boy, I could kiss you, if I didn't half-suspect that you were gay. Hand me that phone! We'll show Steven who Samantha Ford is!

**Dave:** Brilliant!

**Sam:** (*after dialing*) Steven? Steven, listen to me... No, it's not David, why would you think that?... Listen to me Steven, I have something to tell you that is vitally important. I have been with this show, playing the Lovely Despot for three years now, and in those three years you have made some of the worst, most horrendous decisions a producer can ever make. It is because of this that I have to tell you...this young man David you have sent me is divine! Never, in all my years have I met a person so capable of

meeting my every need. I think there must be some eunuch in his bloodlines. So, whatever you do, never, ever let me work without this young man. Do you hear me? He is to be by my side at all times. So you can extend my contract, and extend his, as well... Yes, I'm sure he's delighted. I can tell on his face just how happy he is! That's all, darling. B-bye! *(Sam hands the phone to Dave, and rubs his cheek)* You're so diabolical, my dear! I can't imagine working without you. Now, run along and use your devious mind, or whatever other part of your body you have to, to get Carla out of that suite.

**Dave:** *(dejected)* Yes, ma'am. *(starts to walk off)*

**Sam:** And David?

**Dave:** Yes?

**Sam:** The next time you try to run me off, remember, I was once an assistant, too. I just did it better and liked it less than you, that's all. Now, run along.

**Dave:** But...

**Sam:** Half the net gate from this show isn't worth it, darling. The real money is in the merchandise, and I've already got that sown up. Now, go get me my suite, and maybe, just maybe, I'll teach you some real tricks. Go.

*(Dave walks off stage left)*

**Sam:** These boys, these boys. Always after the body, and never the brain. *(Looks back stage)* Carla, you ignorant slut! Stop doing whatever it is you're doing with that man in a chicken suit and get out of my dressing room! *(Sam storms off up stage right)*