

LINCOLN: You're kidding?!

LIZ: Sorry.

LINCOLN: That's good. I'm mean, I'm glad it wasn't lost or stolen. Really glad. *(Beat.)* So . . . I guess you need a couple of days to think about it then?

LIZ: No.

LINCOLN: No?

LIZ: Yes.

LINCOLN: Yes?

LIZ: Yes!

LINCOLN: Really?

LIZ: Yes!

LINCOLN: *(She nods.)* You just made me the happiest guy in all the world.

*(They kiss.)*

LIZ: *(She smiles.)* So what are we doing tomorrow?

LINCOLN: *(Smiling slyly.)* Nothing. *(Beat.)* I love you, Liz.

LIZ: I love you too.

## FYI

*Cheryl, twenties, has applied for a new position in a different section of her company. The director of this area, Donald, thirties, has called her in for an interview today. Cheryl has been incredibly nervous all morning. This is exactly the kind of promotion she wants. Donald, whose father owns the entire business, tends to act defensively when asking people about their qualifications because he is less than qualified. To make up for his lack of education and experience, he has made a habit of creating new work-related acronyms in an effort to confound his underlings.*

### CHARACTERS

Cheryl: 20s, a job applicant

Donald: 30s, the potential employer

### SETTING

Donald's chic office

### TIME

The present

DONALD: I'm sorry my office is a mess. Messes breed creativity for me. I'm certainly breeding something in here, right? *(Laughs. Gestures.)* Take a seat wherever you'd like, Cheryl. Any where you'd like! *(Stops her with high pitch.)* Oop. Except there. *(She goes to sit again.)* Oop, or there. *(Points.)* Hup — now, that's my favorite chair.

CHERYL: Sorry.

DONALD: *(He goes to move it.)* No problem. Isn't that goofy? I have a favorite. The fabric's so soft. *(Points to a chair.)* Why don't you sit right there?

CHERYL: Thanks. *(She sits.)*

DONALD: *(He sits, touching the chair.)* I like the pattern too. A lot. *(Abruptly interrupting chair obsession.)* Well now, as

I mentioned a moment ago, I'm the RDM. here, so everyone — the RAs, the RCs, the ARs, the CRAs, as well as the RCAs — they all report to me. That's how I like it. I like to crack the whip. I may look sweet, but I'm a CTW kinda guy when it comes down to it. *(Chuckles.)* Kidding. So what about you, Cheryl?

CHERYL: Huh? Well, I, uh — I'm here for the new position.

DONALD: No. I mean, well yes. I know. But what *are* you exactly? *(Beat, as Cheryl looks confused.)* Your current position? Marla told me you work in one of our other areas.

CHERYL: Oh God! *(Hitting her head.)* I'm sorry. *(He nods.)* I get it. I'm doing this esoteric thing in my head like, "What *are* you?" I'm thinking, hmm . . . I'm a human, I'm a philosophy grad, I do yoga, I love pretzels. Sorry, I get very nervous for interviews. Actually, I'm a Research Assistant in the NIHP area here.

DONALD: RA?! *(She nods.)* RA, huh? In NIHP? *(She nods.)* Well, I'll be darned.

CHERYL: That's right. *(He nods.)* Do you need a copy of my résumé? I have several extra here.

DONALD: Save it. Marla has a copy. I prefer to look at people without seeing all their past education. I mean, who cares in the end? Who cares! So you got a master's from Brown.

CHERYL: Ph.D.

DONALD: Just a bunch of letters. You don't think I have an education? You don't think I earned this? Just because my father owns this place, you think I just got a free ride? *(Cheryl shakes her head no furiously. Donald sighs. Shakes her head no.)* OK, I did, but that's not the point. Sure, you may know how to program this or that. Sure, you may know how to read three languages. But la-de-dah. Competence is overrated. Who said that's all I wanted? In the end, what matters is how *sympathetic* you are with us, right? Difficult questions must be answered. Will you be part of our team? Will you bring something to the table? Will you spontaneously bring in Crispy Kremes? Just kidding. Now re-

ally. Will you be in harmony with our symphony or will you simply suck — in other words, OOTN? *(Nodding.)* Right? You see? *(Beat.)* This is what matters. OOTN. Do you understand what I'm saying?

CHERYL: Sure. Sure. Absolutely! OOTN, right. That's important. That's the new software, right?

DONALD: Out-of-tune nincompoop, Cheryl. Out-of-tune nincompoop. I'll say it again. Out-of-tune nincompoop. That's what matters. *(Nodding.)* See?

CHERYL: *(As if this idea is causing her to rethink her entire life.)* Ohhhh.

DONALD: You can't get that from a résumé. I want to see *you* — the *real* you, the undocumented you, the unrevised, unedited, unaltered, bare-naked you!

CHERYL: Should that be unrevised or nonrevised?

DONALD: Don't get OOTN on me already. The question is, will you reveal yourself today?

CHERYL: Well, I, I think maybe —

DONALD: OK then! I'll let you see the bare-naked me too.

CHERYL: *(Uneasy.)* Well, that's, that's not entirely necessary.

DONALD: RA, huh? *(Takes a breath, sighs.)* So. RA? *(She nods.)* Good ole RA *(Shakes his head.)* You are . . . an RA Sure, an RA today, but who knows where your future lies? Could be an RC tomorrow, and tomorrow after that, a CR, CRA, and then, who knows, the sky's the limit — RDM, RCA, DVD, whatever. You never know what can happen if you're ambitious, Cheryl. I know because that was my destiny, my path. That was me!

CHERYL: Really?

DONALD: *(Nods. Beat.)* Yep. And it hasn't taken that long. Not long at all. Just a moment. Just a blink of the eye. I'm glad you could come in today. *(He nods.)*

CHERYL: Thanks.

DONALD: Now, before I start, Cheryl. I think it's important to say that this interview is for you as much as it is for me. Sure, I want to learn about your abilities. Sure, I want to

learn your interests. Sure, I want to learn about your capabilities, but I also want *you* to learn all you can about the position and the atmosphere here. In the end, we just want to be HP, right?

CHERYL: Right.

DONALD: Sure it's good to be FS. But HP — that's our aim here. That's the focus. That's how you get to be FS. Right?

CHERYL: Right.

DONALD: In some ways, HP is far better than FS. Actually HP is the ultimate be all and end all. Am I right?

CHERYL: (*Hoping to God that he won't ask her what HP means.*) Absolutely.

DONALD: Good. We're on the same SP So would you say you were H.P. in your current position then, Cher?

CHERYL: I . . . uh, yeah, I think I'm uh, pretty darn HP. Pretty HP, I'd say.

DONALD: Good. Good. Anyway, let me go forth with the job description, so we can MO. Coming from the NIHP section here will give you an LUO, if you know what I mean. You'll come with some foundation for what we do and the QC we expect. In this section of the company, our focus is entirely on PS., which is different. PST is absolutely a totally new way of designing things for us. And, in fact, I developed it. I bet you heard about PST in NIHP, didn't you?

CHERYL: Um . . . I, I uh —

DONALD: You should have. It went out in memo 45982C-ZIT. Anyway, in our area, our main goal is to develop new proposals — complete S.R. — which become W.S. or written solutions for many of the manufacturers we work with. You know, I was written up in our monthly newsletter, MMMP, two consecutive months in a row for PST. That was partially based on memo 45982C-ZIT. Are you sure you didn't hear about PST?

CHERYL: Um . . . yeah . . . I'm sure I did. PST? Yeah, that does sound very familiar. It's just been so busy in our area.

DONALD: It was on the front page.

CHERYL: Oh yeah. I'm sure I did. I think I thought the idea was incredible.

DONALD: Thank you. It was, wasn't it? One of our biggest customers in this area is Clean Feet — foot powder and soles mostly. They loved it too. I tell folks here we deal with souls each and every day. Ha ha. Anyway, we use data mining and PSD, and PST theories to show them which segment to GB (*Making little joke.*) It's kinda like which stinky feet to go after first if you know what I mean.

CHERYL: (*Chuckles.*) Yeah, like getting a *foothold* on the market so as to be a *shoo-in*.

DONALD: Yes, but we don't joke about our business here.

CHERYL: No, of course not. Sorry.

DONALD: Our goal is always WP or WPNS or sometimes WPNS . . . S! But our real value is our people. People-people. That's it for us. PP. Their spontaneous ideas, their thoughts, their contribution. PP. Do you follow? (*She starts to say something.*) PP . . . I love saying that. In the research center position, sometimes you would be working very directly with a client and sometimes you'd be working directly with me who would be working directly with a client. And sometimes you'd be working for someone else who would be working directly with a client and sometimes you and I would be doing absolutely nothing. (*Laughs.*) Just kidding. We're hands-on, but not too HO, we want the client to give us a clear HO incentive to be really HO or Ho as we like to call it. Do you think you're Ho, Cheryl?

CHERYL: Oh, I'm Ho. I'm all about Ho.

DONALD: Hold that thought for later. I want you to say PP for me?

CHERYL: Excuse me?

DONALD: You heard me — say PP, Charleen. Say it for me.

CHERYL: Cheryl.

DONALD: No, PP. Not your name.

CHERYL: No, I meant that's not my name. My name's not —

DONALD: I'm asking you kindly to say PP.

CHERYL: OK, PP.

DONALD: No, Charleen. Say it like you mean it! Not with hesitancy. Don't be afraid.

CHERYL: (*Matter-of-fact, nodding her head to show she believes it.*) PP.

DONALD: That was very weak. I don't want shrinking violets here. You've got to mean things here. We look for meaning here. Feel it, shout it, live it — we are all people — people — PP!

CHERYL: (*Shouting incredibly loudly.*) PP!

DONALD: (*Wiping her spit out of his eyes.*) Good . . . my . . . very nice. (*Turning to Marla.*) No, Marla, everything's just fine. We're all HP in here. (*Turns to Cheryl.*) So, Charleen, what do you think so far?

CHERYL: Well, I think it's just fantastic, but —

DONALD: No, no. I haven't heard one word about you yet. Are you trying to keep your talents a secret?

CHERYL: No, no I was trying to find out about the data —

DONALD: And don't you have any questions? You can jump right in.

CHERYL: Oh definitely. I would love to know about the systems you —

DONALD: Not that I'm really finished with the total job description. I like to be thorough. I like our PPs to know what they're getting into. But you should speak up or I'll think you're a little OOTN as I like to say.

CHERYL: (*Quickly.*) Do you use CMS data modules or SPSS?

DONALD: Excuse me?

CHERYL: (*Speaking quickly to get in.*) Well, I'm very familiar with both. I just wondered if you used CMS data modules or SPSS for WPs?

DONALD: (*Beat.*) What?

CHERYL: I recently downloaded CMS and EDU.I and felt that they really helped throw charts together a lot more efficiently than SPSS. Unless you have SPSS for Windows. Now that

works really well. But I heard that EDI version 6.0 might have a Window's platform too, so that might be a lot easier with the variables. I have a heavy-duty background in C++ that really makes all these programs feel like a walk in the park. Don't you agree?

DONALD: (*Beat.*) Are you trying to show off? You making this up?

CHERYL: (*Stunned.*) What?

DONALD: Trying to get all fancy with CMS and EDU and C+, +, -, +, =. You making up a bunch of fancy-dancy little programs that don't exist to threaten my intelligence now, Charleen? To put the ole interviewer in his ole place? I don't know what program we use for our WP or our WPNS or our WPNS . . . S! What do you think of that? Huh?!

CHERYL: It was only a question. I wasn't trying to threaten your intelligence, Donald.

DONALD: (*Standing up.*) Oh-ho, trying to get all personal now, are we? Spouting your fancy terms. Using all those initials — those holograms —

CHERYL: Acronyms?

DONALD: (*Staring at her sternly.*) Listen, little Miss Know-It-All. You think you're smart, don't you? (*She shakes her head no.*) You do. You don't even care about PP. It's all you, you! Well, you know what I think? PU!

CHERYL: I was just trying to help.

DONALD: Oh please! Just because you fancy-termed your way into being an RA when most people are RC — or worse, BO — doesn't mean you are going to dictionary your way to the top here. You better clip those wings and ground your, your, your — something. 'Cause you don't just come in here and inherit this job. (*Realizing he did.*) You have to earn those wings, bumblebee! We are stinging a different tune, Miss Bzzz, Bzzz. Pretending like you didn't know about PST. You Bzzzzzt! You think you're too good for this job?

CHERYL: No, please, please, I really would —

DONALD: Wouldn't we all! Well, you know what? Ha!! Ha.

Ha. Ha . . . Ha! You are going to work here! You got that?  
You are going to be a PP whether you, you like it or not!  
CHERYL: What did you say?!

DONALD: You heard me. You're hired indefinitely! Ha!

CHERYL: Oh my God! I can't believe it. I thought you were going to say . . . never mind. I, uh, this is such an honor. I won't let you down. I'll read up on PST first thing. This is really a, well, I think an HP moment. And for the record, I really am PP. I'm Ho too. Really Ho. And no offense? But FYI? My name is Cheryl.

DONALD: Details. Be here tomorrow. Eight AM. And no BS!

## CUDDLES AND WACKY AND THE LITTLE CAR

*Cuddles and Wacky, late forties, a married couple and both veteran clowns in the Topsy Turvy Circus, have had another act screwup again tonight. Wacky keeps missing cues and seems to be lacking the usual "oomph" in his performance. Cuddles doesn't know what's wrong with him. As it turns out, it's a case of midlife clown crisis. Wacky's sick of the tiny car act and the screaming kids and the makeup. He wonders what it's all about. As the scene begins, Cuddles is reminding him of his missed cue.*

### CHARACTERS

Wacky: 40s, a clown

Cuddles: 40s, his clown wife

### SETTING

A dressing room at the Topsy Turvy Circus

### TIME

The present, after this evening's performance

CUDDLES: Hey, did you forget something out there or what?  
*(Wacky looks at her.)*

WACKY: *(Really upset.)* Oh no! The rolling pin?

CUDDLES: What's the matter with you?

WACKY: *(Quickly.)* I don't know. I don't know. I don't know. I don't — *(She hits him like he's a skipping record.)* Ow!

CUDDLES: Sorry. Yesterday it was the fire-hose fiasco. The day before it was a juggling ball right in the eye. Today it's the rolling pin. What is up with you?

WACKY: Hey, yesterday was not my fault, Cuddles. I told you Loonie was early.

CUDDLES: No, she wasn't. She was right on cue. The fire music was playing. Jello brought the fire engine around right on