SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

35mm

Ryan Scott Oliver

BASED ON PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MATTHEW MURPHY

WORKING DRAFT / NOT A FINAL VERSION

SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

SAMUELFRENCH.COM
SAMUELFRENCH-LONDON.CO.UK

35mm

Ryan Scott Oliver

based on photographs by Matthew Murphy

WORKING DRAFT / NOT A FINAL VERSION

SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

United States & Canada
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

United Kingdom & Europe
Plays@SamuelFrench-London.co.uk
020-7255-4302

35MM is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

For Production Enquiries

United States and Canada
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

United Kingdom and Europe
Plays@SamuelFrench-London.co.uk
020-7255-4302

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *35MM* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

35mm is meant to be performed by 5 actors, but it may be performed by more. The intended division of roles is as follows:

Woman 1 plays
Woman 1, Image 1, Nightmare, the Lover, Cantus, Watcher, Soprano, Betsy, Nightwalker, Lonely, Jessy, and Chorus

Woman 2 plays
Woman 2, Photographer, Nightmare, the Broad, Altus, She, Watcher, Les Voix en Dessous, Alto, Lindsay, and the Balladeer

Man 1 plays
Man 1, Image, the Idle Boy, Tenor, His Savior, Watcher, Les Voix en Dessous, Alex, A Friend of Jules and Jessy's, and Chorus

Man 2 plays
Man 2, Image, Nightmare, the Manny, Bassus, the Sinner, Watcher, the Cajun, Bass, Jay, Her Mister, Jules, and Chorus

Man 3 plays
Man 3, Image, Nightmare, the Long-Tethered Knight, He, Watcher, Ben, Radio and Chorus

35mm

By Ryan Scott Oliver
Based on photographs by Matthew Murphy

(Throughout this libretto, stage directions will only be given to indicate the feel and intention of each song. That, along with the names of the characters, should provide contextual clues to assist a director and her actors in creating the exhibition.

When, how, and by what means the photographs should be displayed will not be suggested, as the authors feel that that should be an original concept provided by the director.)

INTROIT: "STOP TIME" … *a Photographer and Images*

(An invocation.)

ALL

There… Life… Focus…
Still… Life… Still… Focus…
More life… more focus… hold!

PHOTOGRAPHER

Stopped time.
Captured light.
Gathered imaging on photosites.

A sensor,
Small like a tooth,
Records and stages
Pixel pages
Of truth.

IMAGE 2

Still. Focus.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Oh, a life stopped in pose
In a world that never goes.

ALL

Hold.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Time stopped
By a photograph.
Who cares what happened after?

ALL

Focus!

PHOTOGRAPHER

Who cares what happened after?

IMAGE 1

I am running… I am…. I am running…

PHOTGRAPHER

Who cares what happened after?

ALL

Focus.

(We enter "Crazytown.")

"CRAZYTOWN" … *the Idle Boy and his Nightmares*

(A twisted adventuresong. During the piece, the Idle Boy—just out of his teenage years but not old enough to call himself an adult—scavenges a delusional dreamscape/alternate reality, combating shape-shifting Nightmares who seek to keep him in Crazytown forever.)

NIGHTMARES

Hoo
Ha
Woah
Ding
Dong
(continues repetitively)

THE IDLE BOY

There's—a—hole—
Inside—my—brain—
Take—a—stroll—
Down—the—drain—
To

Crazytown

NIGHTMARES
(You fall there like Alice)

Crazytown

(It's an anthropomorphic circus)

Crazytown
But
It ain't no Wonderland

But
It ain't no Wonderland

(A street in Crazytown.)

I am running, mid a road, as I'm chased
Through a town psychotic.
There's a jeering jackal much like my mother, crying
"::BEE-DE-DEEP BEE-DE-DEEP:: YOU IDLE
BOY"

(And there's money on the ground)
(Pounds) (Yen) (Dollars)
(But the jackal's close behind)

(Before a river of slithering reptiles.)

I escape from the dog as I dive
Through a stream of sea snakes—
And I realize that this river is what separates the
("BEE-DE-DEEP BEE-DE-DEEP") the East from
West,

And I'm bitten from the East (which is present)
To the West (which is past and future)—
I nearly drown—
In

Crazytown
(You twist there like Dor'thy)
Crazytown
(It's a nightmare Technicolor)
Crazytown
But
It ain't no kind of Oz)

(He comes upon writhing naked bodies mid-sex.)

I survive from the stream to discover a
Choking orgy
All those fuckers I have fondled in my fantasies—
Turning blue—Turning to the idle boy.

They drag me inside—

Passing—stroking—
Asphyxiating me—
'Till my hard-on is so palpable—
I gotta go—Gotta get out—
Gotta go—gotta go—gotta get out—gotta go

To a !!!Tower of Doors!!!—

(Doors. Doors. Doors.)

In the pocket of my dress
I've got a copper key.
Dunno the door it goes with and that fact is killing me.
In the pocket of my dress, I've got this eight-inch copper key
But I dunno the door it goes with and that fact is killing me
That in the pocket of my, I got this eight-inch copper key
But I dunno the door it goes with and that fact is killing me
That in the pocket of my dress, I've got this eight-inch copper key
And I go door to door to door to door to door and woe is me
And woe is me and woe is me and woe is me and woe is me and woe is

Crazytown
(Through the wardrobe like Lucy.)
Crazytown
(It's a Christ-like allegory—)
Crazytown
But
It ain't no Narnia.

But, there's no exit anywhere
(You wing there like Wendy)
I'm stripping clothes, and stripping hair
(You tragic fairy island)
Moonstruck and naked, I declare:
No, this ain't no Neverland—
Narnia—
Wonderland—
Oz—

And I watch from a window and I witness the
Town on fire
Everybody from the jackal to the orgiastic mass expire
And the Tower explodes
Tearing me apart
Head to heel to heart
Till I wake at the start…

(Nothingness.)

Hoo
Ha
Woah
Ding
Dong

And see:
Me.

WOMAN 2

Oh, a life
Stopped in pose

I am running, mid a road, as I'm chased
Through a town psychotic.

In a world that never goes

::Be-de-deep be-de-deep::

ALL

Ahhhh!
(Crazytown is gone.)

TRANSITION #1 … ***Woman 2 and Man 1***

WOMAN 2 & MAN 1

A square display
That remembers when,
That leads the way to live in "then,"
But why live it again?
Those children…
The men…
Mm, never again.
Is it to change, bend, shift,
The way things were?
To turn the mystery to history you prefer?
To take it back, the film to black,
The shot to blur?
Or—?

"ON MONDAY" … *the Lover*

(A week-long relationship reveals endless possibilities for a girl who moves too fast.)

THE LOVER

On Monday, I met you.
I liked you, I liked you.
It's Monday—bad day,
But good day for us
Good for us
You wouldn't let me kiss you
Wouldn't let me kiss you
Wouldn't let me kiss you
And that that is why
You were my kind of guy.

Then Tuesday, I called you—
Ignored me, straight voice mail.
You texted back saying, "Play hard to get.
Ready, set—"
You wouldn't let me see you
Wouldn't let me see you
Wouldn't let me see you
Got so depressed
By your test,
Still I thought—(*sigh*) you're the best.

Cause I've been so juvenile
That to take my time, is just not my style.

Come Wednesday: black coffee
Pure talking, clean touching
Oh, Wednesday, hump day,
But we just held hands,
We held hands.
You wouldn't let me take you
Wouldn't let me take you
Wouldn't let me take you
Away
For the day—
You said, "I gotta stay."

And I felt so juvenile,
You gave an inch of time, and I took a mile.
I was so juvenile,

'Cause to take it slow is just not my style.

Then Thursday, like Tuesday
Your "day off" from me—
But Friday busy, and Saturday too—
What's up with you?

You don't wanna kiss me,
You don't wanna see me,
You don't wanna take me,
So let me go.
But you said, "There's things I know...

You are cute… but juvenile.
Don't you know the greatest love takes the greatest while?
So take my hand and take the trial
For just a mile,
And then another mile—

Be patient
For that 'one day'
Look lover,
It's Sunday

Come with me, I'll make it worth your while.
Maybe it's not far away, or coming down the aisle—
But I wanna
Kiss you now.
Oh,
And kiss you.
And kiss you.
And kiss you.
And kiss you.
And kiss you.
And kiss you.
And kiss you.

Till Monday.

"CARALEE" … *the Manny*

(A "Manny"—a male nanny—is taking care of an adorable looking charge called Caralee, roughly two years old. Probably at a park.)

THE MANNY

Caralee…
Is a terror.
(Sigh.)
But Caralee…
(Caralee don't suck on that)
Pays the bills.
(Drop it. Drop it. Drop it.)
Life as her manny
Beats a life on my fanny
Still Caralee…
Oy. She kills.

(Spit. Spit. Spit. Thank you.)

Caralee has toy scissors
With which Caralee makes small cuts.
Now: you don't try to take them.
Try to borrow or break them,
And Caralee
(Goddammit!!!!)
Stabs your nuts.
(Gently, but repeatedly.)

Caralee, Caralee, Caralee,
Threw up and poo'd on my MacBook.
Woah-oh-oh-oh,

Caralee knows the F-word.
In fact, Caralee wrote a song.
It's actually hilarious
In appropriate areas—
Like Caralee
's Father's Charity Banquet
Would be wrong.
(But now we know.)

Caralee, Caralee, Caralee,
I think that she may be Satan.
Woah-oh-oh-oh,

Caralee, Caralee, Caralee,
I swear to God she is Satan.
Woah-oh-oh-oh,

Caralee likes spaghetti
And Caralee only likes spaghetti.
Spaghetti to eat with,
And spaghetti to throw with,
To get mush between feet with,
To shout "Homo" and "No" with.
Oh, Caralee
Caralee

Is yours for thirty minutes. Here's fifty dollars. I'll be right back.
Mister, Caralee's persuasive, she could help you sell your crack
Or if you simply need to barter she's a very easy sale
But please don't throw her in the trash or try to send her in the mail
Because she'll just come back to find you with her scissors and her smile
And it's been awfully nice to meet you, thanks and so long for a while ha ha ha
Now I'm free,
Now I'm free,
Of Caralee!

"THE PARTY GOES WITH YOU" … *The Broad*

THE BROAD

We don't speak of names and faces (why should we?)
We don't speak of husbands and homes (or work, or wives, unhappy lives)
All we've got are lips on faces (moving, flawlessly)
Holding secrets in our clothes.

On the nights I catch you standing (are you waiting for me?)
At the counter of this bar, (speak-easy, hole in the wall)
We minuet to cigarette and brandy— (your favorite Armagnac)
Prohibition, but there's no harm.

But when you strike your goodbye pose,
Everybody knows, everybody knows
The party, well… it goes too. And damn it all, Darling:
The party goes with you.

And I'm left with all the messes, (la di da)
Cleaning up for vows in gold (our fraught affair turned solitaire)
Wishing to take back merely one of my yeses (aching to be yours)
And have my story all retold.

But when you strike your goodbye pose,
Everybody knows, everybody knows
The party, well… it goes too. And damn it all, Darling.
The party goes with you.

And when we're dancing nose to nose,
Darling, d'you s'pose? Darling, d'you s'pose?
This party could be just us two? And I, your wife?
Oh, the gayest party is sad but true: It's true:
The party goes with you.
The party goes with you.

The life of the party in
The party of my life.

"GOOD LADY" … *the Long-Tethered Knight, with Ambient Voices*

(A Medieval crusade for a lost maiden—via rock concert.)

AMBIENT VOICES

Fortune plango vulnerat
Stillantibus ocellis
Quod sua michi munera
Subtrahit rebellis…
(They continue variously, creating environment.)

THE LONG-TETHERED KNIGHT

Gone is my Lady in White.
At dawn, I roused to the sight
And I, her long-tethered Knight,
Found no answer.

I tore my blade from the wall,
Ran through each chamber and hall,
But naught for search nor for squall,
Won no answer.

What Man's so jealous yet
To steal my Lady away?
My maid with hair like jet
And skin like pearl in ocean spray, O

I beg you hear my call,
Good Lady.
Athwart this earth, I follow,
Good Lady.
Your deathless scent
Is all that keeps me from my torment,
So if you hear my plea
Won't you answer?
Lady, won't you answer me?

AMBIENT VOICES

Oh, oh…
Fortune plango (etc.)

So sure t'was some other knight,
I took my fellows to fight.
I ran through each man aright,
But no answer.

I drove through cave, creek, and ditch

To slay each beast and each bitch,
But bathed in blood black as pitch,
I'd no answer.

If not a man or beast,
Then where's my Lady been drawn?
I've hunted west to east
To find no sign where she has gone, O

I beg you hear my call,
Good Lady.
Athwart this earth, I follow,
Good Lady.
Your deathless scent
Is all that keeps me from my torment.
So if you hear my plea,
Won't you answer?
Lady won't you answer me?

Good Lady!
O, Good Lady!

Now, to a Witch of Hell
To cast her seeing spell
And in a pot of puss
There, the answer—
There, the answer—
There the answer comes, thus:

No need for search or sword.
No further earth explored.
Good Lady just got bored.

Now life is naught but a sieve,
To drain what joy's left to give.
How I preferred life to live
With no answer.

AMBIENT VOICES

Verum est quod legitur
Ronte capillata
Sed plerumque sequitur
Occasio calvata…

"TRANSITION 2" … *Woman 2*

WOMAN 2

It's her and her mister for the rest of their lives…
'Cause even after the body goes the image survives
To mark the abstract connection of two subjects' duet
And in this microsecond, it's as close as we get
It's as close as we get, Oh,

To taste devotion in an infinite sense,
To make a love bound by no golden band.
No,
There are no conditions and believe no pretense
For this a union
We can't understand.
Hold…
Still…
Focus…
Hold…
Oh…

"MAKE ME HAPPY" … *Him and Her*

(A couple in love.)

HIM

Woah-oh-oh,
Ya make me happy all the time
And you know I'm a total dick
Butcha make me happy all the time
Aw Baby, you just do the trick.
Like when ya know I need my "alone time,"
And you keep out of my goddamned way,
An' it makes me happy—happa-happa-happy,
Baby, never go away.

HIM & HER

'Cause you
Make me happy oh you
Make me happy oh you
Make me happy oh you
Make me happy happy

HER

Woah-oh-oh!
Ya make me happy all the time,
And that is really fucking tough.
Still, ya make me happy all the time
Aw, Baby, I can't get enough.
Like how—
Ya know I'm fond of venting
And you let me have my fucking say,
Which makes me happy, oh, so happy,
Baby, never go away.

HIM & HER

'Cause you
Make me happy oh you
Make me happy oh you
Make me happy oh you
Make me happy happy

HER

Make me happy all the time

And you know I'm a twisted bitch

HIM

Make me happy all the time

And you know I'm a fucking fuck

But to make me happy all the time

It's whatcha call a kind of switch.

But to make me happy all the time

It's whatcha call a change in luck

BOTH

And I know I don't deserve you
But please, have faith in me
I'm working to be worthy
And soon you're gonna see
You'll see

I'm gonna make you happy. I will try,
'Cause what I lack in follow-through
Is a life so happy, happa-happa-happy
In love with—
Make me happy, oh you
Make me happy, happy—
You (Baby, I'm in love with you).

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:

*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS