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

Go Back to Where You Are

by David Greenspan

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUELFRENCH.COM

Copyright © 2013 by David Greenspan
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *GO BACK TO WHERE YOU ARE* is subject to a licensing fee. It 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, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. In its present form the play is dedicated to the reading public only.

The amateur and professional live stage performance rights to *GO BACK TO WHERE YOU ARE* are controlled exclusively by Samuel French, Inc., and licensing arrangements and performance licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur licensing fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a licensing quotation and a performance license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Licensing fees are payable one week before the opening performance of the play to Samuel French, Inc., at 45 W. 25th Street, New York, NY 10010.

Licensing fee of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

Professional/Stock licensing fees quoted upon application to Samuel French, Inc.

For all other rights than those stipulated above, apply to: Judy Boals, Inc. 307 West 38th street, #812, New York, NY 10018.

Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured in writing from Samuel French, Inc.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French, Inc."

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

ISBN 978-0-573-70069-9 Printed in U.S.A. #20435

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright of, or the right to copyright, this play may be impaired.

No one shall make any changes in this play for the purpose of production.

Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interests to apply to Samuel French, Inc., for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play and their licensing agent, Samuel French, Inc., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of *GO BACK TO WHERE YOU ARE must* give credit to the Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for the purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production. The name of the Author *must* appear on a separate line on which no other name appears, immediately following the title and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent of the size of the title type.

In addition the following credit *must* be given in all programs and publicity information distributed in association with this piece:

Playwrights Horizons, Inc., produced the World Premiere of *Go Back to Where You Are* Off Broadway in 2011

GO BACK TO WHERE YOU ARE was first produced by Playwrights Horizons at the Peter Jay Sharp Theatre in New York, New York on March 24, 2011. The Director was Leigh Silverman, with sets by Rachel Hauck, costumes by Theresa Squire, and lighting by Matt Frey. The Stage Manager was Kyle Gates. The cast was as follows:

BERNARD . . . . . Brian Hutchison
PASSALUS . . . . . David Greenspan
CLAIRE . . . . . Lisa Banes
CHARLOTTE . . . . . Mariann Mayberry
TOM . . . . . Stephen Bogardus
WALLY . . . . . Michael Izquierdo
MALCOLM/GOD . . . . . Tim Hopper

The author wishes to thank Mary Shultz who played the role of Charlotte in previews but left the production due to a family crisis.

CHARACTERS

BERNARD – a playwright

PASSALUS – an actor, demon, assumes the character of Constance Simmons

GOD

CLAIRE – an actress, Bernard's sister

CHARLOTTE – an actress, Claire's friend

TOM – a director, Claire's friend

WALLY – a director, Claire's son

MALCOLM – a set designer, Tom's partner

SETTING

The east end of Long Island, Summer.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Set minimal – perhaps a few bentwood chairs. No sound effects.

The actor playing Malcolm doubles as God.

All characters remain onstage upon Passalus' second entrance into the play. All but Passalus, Bernard, Malcolm (as God), and Claire exit after Passalus says "And the graves are op'd." When Malcolm and Claire are finished they exit, leaving only Passalus and Bernard.

*(***BERNARD** *sets down his valise, looks around.)*

BERNARD. I know this place. I should, I've been coming here since I was a child – since the early 60's. It's July. The warm afternoon breeze. The sound of the surf. And this is the small house our parents purchased back then – long before property became so valuable out here. The small house by the sea they left us – my sister and me.

As you can see, it's not an impressive house. An old stucco affair. Nothing compared to the expensive homes you'll find nearby; we're set back a bit from the beach – we don't have an ocean view.

I say we, but really it's just me. My sister sold her share of the house to me years ago and built one of those expensive homes a little further down the shore. It's a very impressive house with private stairs leading from her deck to the beach.

My name is Bernard. I'm one of the characters – obviously – in the play. I'm a playwright. Or at least I tell myself I'm one. Mainly, I teach playwriting.

This is kind of a weird play. I'll show you what I mean.

PASSALUS. Why does the Lord God visit so insignificant a demon as myself?

GOD. You lead with a question. Better had you said simply, I am summoned, I am here.

PASSALUS. But truly, God of all, I am amazed.

GOD. I would speak with you.

PASSALUS. And how horrible is that! Awful to one like me is the light of God here even in the shadows of Hell. I turn my face and yet your voice as much to me a torment. You bring me to nothing. What is it you want from me, God?

BERNARD. What did I tell you, it's a weird play. I hope I didn't give away too much by showing you that. Probably not, you don't know what's going on. That's good. What else?

Oh, here's the train station. That's not important – I shouldn't even have mentioned that. Why do I keep doing that? The only reason is at the end…oh, never mind. I should just let the play begin.

CLAIRE. Mark died a year ago today –

BERNARD. I get a bit nervous at the beginning of a play. It's hard to know where to begin. At least it is for me. And the story I want to tell you and how to tell it – I get…I guess I just want to get things off on the right foot. But –

CLAIRE. Mark died a year ago today –

BERNARD. Never mind.

CLAIRE. On Carolyn's birthday – and her father twenty years before on the same day. Where has time gone? Wally was devastated by Mark's death – though he saw it coming – we all did. Prostate cancer. Terrible in one so young.

CHARLOTTE. It must be hard on Carolyn, the anniversaries of these deaths falling on her birthday.

CLAIRE. Carolyn? No. If she's anything, she's resilient. Unlike her mother. I've never really recovered from Robert's death. Twenty-one years. Not only was he my husband, he was the best director I ever worked with. In some ways, I feel as though I did my best work with him – and that's…well, sad, don't you think – that my best work is twenty years behind me.

CHARLOTTE. Oh, stop it, Claire, you're a brilliant actress – and you know it. Of course, Robert did wonderful things for you, but you've been glorious time and time again since his death.

CLAIRE. You're such a dear, Charlotte. It's almost funny.

CHARLOTTE. Where is Carolyn?

CLAIRE. She and Wally are taking a walk along the beach. She'll put lunch together when they get back.

CHARLOTTE. Good, I'm starving. *(after a brief pause)* It's so nice of you to have me out, Claire. The city is so oppressive right now with the heat. When do you go into rehearsal?

CLAIRE. First week of September – we preview early October. You may remember I once played Nina – that's almost…thirty-five years ago – with Robert, of course.

CHARLOTTE. Of course I remember, we weren't out of school more than a couple of months. You were superb.

CLAIRE. People were so kind.

CHARLOTTE. I tried to get an audition for this production, for Paulina. I did as you suggested, had my agents make a push for it. I suppose they have bigger fish to fry.

CLAIRE. You would have been wonderful. But you're going out to Cleveland to do that wonderful *Annie* musical. I envy you that you sing, I wish I could. You'll have so much fun. You work all the time.

CHARLOTTE. Regionally, yes. I just wish I could get work in town.

CLAIRE. You're an inspiration to me. That reminds me, Tom and Malcolm will be joining us for lunch – I can't believe I forgot to tell you, I hope you don't mind.

CHARLOTTE. Why would I? I adore Tom. I wonder if he remembers me?

CLAIRE. What do you mean, remembers you. Of course he does.

CHARLOTTE. Are you sure? If that's the case, I should have written him myself asking for an audition, instead of just having my agents…Oh, damn! Why didn't I do that? I'm so stupid! That's what I should have done.

CLAIRE. Darling, let it go. It's only a play. One play in a lifetime of plays.

CHARLOTTE. That's easy for you to say, Claire. You work in New York all the time. You do guest spots on T.V. You have the soap. I'm just acting for health insurance these days! I'm sorry. I don't know where that came from.

*(***TOM** *enters holding his shoes in one hand and a cake box in the other.)*

TOM. Hi-lo.

CLAIRE. Hello darling, come on up.

CHARLOTTE. I'm sorry, Claire.

CLAIRE. Hello darling. You remember Charlotte.

TOM. Of course…We ran into Carolyn and Wally. Malcolm's getting some pictures of the cliffs. They'll be up in a minute. Here's the cake.

CLAIRE. Oh, you're a love. What do I owe you?

TOM. Stop it, it's my gift to Carolyn.

CHARLOTTE. Oh, for Carolyn's birthday – how great. I should have…why didn't I remember it was her birthday? You should have told me, I would have gotten her something.

CLAIRE. Don't be absurd, Charlotte. Just having you here is gift enough.

TOM. The little boy's room, you'll excuse me. I'll put the cake in the kitchen.

CLAIRE. The little boy's room – you are too funny.

*(***TOM** *exits.)*

CHARLOTTE. He doesn't know who I am. It would have been ridiculous to write him for an audition. Although, you never know…

CLAIRE. I'm sorry, darling, what were you talking about? I wasn't listening.

CHARLOTTE. Oh, nothing.

(aside) You never know if someone might drop out… get a movie…a parent die…I'll just hint around that I'm available – just in case someone…whoever is

playing Paulina…Oh, it's a long shot. I'm such a fool. He'll think me such a fool. I don't care, I'm desperate! Desperate for work.

What time does Bernard arrive? I would have driven him out, but you said he was coming by train.

CLAIRE. That brother of mine. He likes to take the train. He'll probably drop his things off at the house before he comes by. Listen to me, after all these years, I still call it "the house." I offered to have Wally pick him up at the station, but he likes the walk he says. Crazy brother.

*(***TOM** *enters.)*

TOM. Did I hear you talking about Bernard? Is he coming out?

CLAIRE. Didn't I tell you? I'm…I must be getting early Alzheimer's. I didn't tell Charlotte that you and Malcolm were coming and didn't tell you and Malcolm that Bernard was coming. What's going on with me?

TOM. Maybe it's a problem with the writing.

(Hold.)

Is he still teaching?

CLAIRE. Bernard? Of course.

CHARLOTTE. And writing.

CLAIRE. I suppose. Not that…Well, he's never had much luck getting those plays of his produced. In a way, he's never really found his voice. Those…I don't know what you'd call them. Comedies? So he teaches. And some of his…Yoo hoo, Malcolm, come up when you're ready. Look at him, taking pictures of the cliffs. I love that man of yours. Some of his students – Bernard's – are doing quite well I hear, so he must be doing something right, even if he can't…It's a gift, playwriting. Wally was telling me…Carey, I think, or Peter something –

*(***WALLY** *enters barefoot.)*

WALLY. Corey. Peterson. *(to* **TOM***, handing him a set of keys)* Malcolm asked if you would hold onto the car keys.

TOM. Oh, fine.

CLAIRE. Hello sweetheart. Did you enjoy your walk?

WALLY. Corey Peterson and Sarah Goldstein. They both studied with Uncle Bernard.

*(***MALCOLM** *enters.)*

MALCOLM. Really? We just saw his new play – Corey Peterson. I'm getting the sand out of my shoes. It was excellent.

CLAIRE. Malcolm, darling.

TOM. *Smart Life.*

MALCOLM. *Smart Life.* Beautiful title. A twenty-something gay man in an unhappy relationship…

TOM. The young gay scene.

MALCOLM. In some ways what it was for us. More "out" of course. But some of the same…hedonism. The clubs, the drugs, the pickups. There was that when we were younger.

CLAIRE. Not for you, darling. Weren't you a bit of a boy scout?

MALCOLM. Well, yes but…But a very probing play, I thought. And Tom's been –

TOM. Yes, I've just read this play by Sarah Goldstein. She studied with Bernard – that's interesting. Wonderful young writer. They asked me to take a look at it up at –

CHARLOTTE. Anything in it for me?

CLAIRE. Well he must be doing something right, Bernard. Either that or they're just extremely talented.

CHARLOTTE. Theatre talk, theatre talk, theatre talk, theatre talk, theatre talk! Oh my God! I can't take it any more! I'm going for a stroll down the beach. Just a short one. Lunch will be ready soon, won't it?

WALLY. Carolyn's in right now putting a salad together.

CHARLOTTE. Will there be more than just a salad? I'm starving. I'm joking, a salad will be fine, will be plenty.

*(***CHARLOTTE** *exits.)*

TOM. You know…I bet there is no Carolyn – or at least she won't appear in the play.

(Hold.)

Who is she again? A friend from Julliard?

CLAIRE. Charlotte, yes. She always played the clown. You've met her a couple of times at opening nights.

TOM. She seems like someone it would be difficult to forget. No matter how hard one tried.

CLAIRE. *(chuckling)* Oh, be nice. I need to make a phone call. I'll be back in a mo. You boys entertain yourselves. Does anyone want a glass of wine?

WALLY. I'll wait for lunch.

CLAIRE. Tom? I know you don't drink, Malcolm.

TOM. I'll wait for lunch.

CLAIRE. If you change your mind…Wally, you'll…

WALLY. Yes, mother.

*(***CLAIRE** *exits.)*

MALCOLM. There's been some erosion on the cliffs.

TOM. I wonder if that means something about us? Erosion. Probably not.

WALLY. So are you getting all geared up to work with Mom?

TOM. Oh, yes. I've wanted her to do this part for several years. And she's wanted me to stage it for her. It's just been a matter of us all being available at the same time…Oh, that's who that is. Charlotte, of course. Fitzmaurice. I didn't put the name together with the… person. How funny.

WALLY. What?

TOM. Oh, nothing.

MALCOLM. Boy, those cliffs are just magnificent. But there's been some erosion since we were last out. Have you noticed that, Wally?

TOM. Are you planning on staying out in L.A?

WALLY. I don't know – at least for now.

MALCOLM. The coast is beautiful out there.

WALLY. Believe it or not, I kind of like Los Angeles.

TOM. *(jovially)* You're crazy.

WALLY. I've thought of coming back since Mark died. I don't have many friends…a few come out for pilot season. I actually put a piece together with some of them – a really interesting –

TOM. You have the series. What are you doing on it?

MALCOLM. Writing, yes?

WALLY. If you can call it that. I mean it's fine – not what I want to do. But the pay is so good.

TOM. Stash away some dough.

WALLY. I'd rather be…I don't even know –

MALCOLM. Directing, yes?

WALLY. I mean on the show – yeah – I don't know. But the money…

TOM. Go for the money.

WALLY. But it's T.V.

TOM. So the fuck what?

MALCOLM. Don't tell him that. *(to himself)* Robert.

TOM. What?

MALCOLM. Robert. I just thought of him.

TOM. Oh.

WALLY. Adam, the lead writer – who's really the producer – I mean it's his show – completely…writing – everything. It's so funny. We basically have script meetings, develop ideas, assign ourselves episodes – he doesn't even attend most of these – he works at home. And then we write our scripts, and at the last minute he rewrites every one – I mean totally.

MALCOLM. Oh, gee.

WALLY. Pulls it out of his ass. Our names are on it…I hardly write a word. If I could just…I don't know –

MALCOLM. Are you seeing anyone?

WALLY. I met someone out there – an actor (of course). I don't know how serious it is. It's not serious. I think of my father…

MALCOLM. *(to himself)* Robert.

WALLY. Excuse me for a moment, gents. I'm going to go in see if my sister needs any help getting lunch together. Carolyn. Her own birthday and she's fixing lunch. If that isn't my mother, I don't know what is. Don't tell her I said that.

*(***WALLY** *exits.)*

MALCOLM. He's so unhappy. *(after a pause)* Do you like the place we're staying at?

TOM. Sure, it's fine.

MALCOLM. Because you didn't say anything about it.

TOM. I would rather be at *The Wavecrest.* This one is a bit rustic for my taste.

MALCOLM. Well there were no rooms available there. Everything was so last minute. I think the place we're staying at is very nice, very charming.

TOM. That woman, Charlotte. Claire's classmate from Julliard. They were going to bring her in to read for Paulina and Claire asked that we not see her. Why would Claire –

MALCOLM. I've always wanted to have some property out here.

*(***WALLY** *enters.)*

WALLY. She's fine – Carolyn, she doesn't need any help. I could have stayed in there and just kept her company, but she's kind of in her own world when she's putting a meal together.

CHARLOTTE. I'm back. I didn't walk very far. It's so beautiful along the shore. It's sunny but not too hot. Just right.

WALLY. Lunch should be ready soon, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE. Are you excited about going into rehearsal with Claire?

TOM. Oh, of course.

CHARLOTTE. You haven't worked together for how long? It's been a long time, hasn't it?

TOM. Fifteen years. *(to himself)* Yes, Robert.

CHARLOTTE. It's such an unbelievable play. Well they all are, aren't they?

TOM. Oh yes.

CHARLOTTE. Just know I'm available. *(pause)* I mean, I'm sure you're all cast. But if there should be any changes, I'd love to work with you. I've always thought so highly of your work.

(aside) Why do I behave like this? Have I no dignity? No, I don't.

And you're a photographer, Malcolm?

MALCOLM. As a hobby.

CHARLOTTE. What do you do in real life?

MALCOLM. I'm a set designer.

CHARLOTTE. You are? How thrilling. Do you and Tom ever work together?

MALCOLM. Frequently.

CHARLOTTE. *(aside)* I'm so stupid. Why don't I know these things? I'm a total wreck.

WALLY. Malcolm did the sets for *Syncopation.* Didn't you and Mom see the show together?

CHARLOTTE. Oh, of course. Claire is a Tony voter. I tag along for the free tickets. I'm a terrible freeloader. What a great musical! So much fun. And the sets were spectacular!

(aside) Why don't I just get down on my knees and kiss their rings.

*(***CLAIRE** *enters.)*

CLAIRE. Carolyn says luncheon will be ready shortly. She's so funny. I offered to help with the Nícoise. She wouldn't hear of it. But soon we'll have lunch out here on the deck and look out at a beautiful sea. I've made my important phone call. Who was it to? Oh, does it matter? And soon…I wonder where Bernard is? I wonder if he stopped to do some bird watching. You know he watches birds. He'll get here. Yes, we'll all sit down to a lovely lunch together and celebrate Carolyn's birthday.

PASSALUS. It's kind of you to have me.

CLAIRE. Carolyn couldn't stop talking about you, I thought I must meet this Mrs. Simmons. She's been talking about living out here year-long, Carolyn – heading the local library. Of course she's spent summers here since she was a child – as my brother and I did.

PASSALUS. Your daughter takes her duties as a librarian quite seriously.

CLAIRE. For what it's worth. Of course, it's a new library – the one out here – and almost majestic – at least in comparison to the old one, which was literally a one room shack. Carolyn is absolutely enamored of it.

PASSALUS. And yet she tells me she is interviewing for a small position at the…is it the Performing Arts Library?

CLAIRE. In the city, yes. And I take full credit for that. I've done a number of benefit readings for the library and become quite friendly with members of the administration. I believe it's certain that she will be working there shortly. It will be nice to keep her close by.

Carolyn tells me you were an actress.

PASSALUS. Oh, yes…quite some time ago. In England – never here in America. After my husband Richard's death I decided to remain in the States. It was quite exciting to learn that you were Carolyn's mother. You have given me many memorable evenings in the theatre.

CLAIRE. How nice of you. I don't trust you. That last was said to herself.

*(***CHARLOTTE** *enters.)*

CHARLOTTE. Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you had company.

CLAIRE. Charlotte, please come barge on in, I'm teasing. This is Mrs. Simmons. A new friend of Carolyn's.

PASSALUS. Charlotte Fitzmaurice. How nice to make your acquaintance. I've had the pleasure of seeing you perform on a number of occasions and so admire your work.

CLAIRE. How surprising. Charlotte rarely performs in New York.

PASSALUS. Yes, but I do a good deal of traveling. Touring the Peloponnese. The Olympian Gods who were of course by then a mere abstraction and now the God of Israel just as abstract sends me back to Earth. I in life who covered better actors, Nikeratos, Theodorous, Thettalos – a mere swing or silent player to them and the misery, the bitterness, the days watching from the side from what you call the wings the back of the house in Hell for two millennia now I've festered a fabled place of torment, sentenced there to change my shape in perpetuity he sends me back with the power of transformation.

GOD. Change your shape, change your voice. At will.

PASSALUS. At will, he says. How nice. And I, what's in it for me? Why should I run this errand? What errand you ask?

GOD. There is a young woman, Carolyn.

PASSALUS. I say no more, I let you wonder why, why I come for her. I only say I do. And for this errand that he sends me back I bargain. What's in it for me?

GOD. What do you desire?

PASSALUS. You have to ask? You to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, pardon my flippancy Lord, but as we speak freely…

GOD. Indeed. But as this is a play, a passing fiction, and your thoughts be known they must be spoke aloud. You kid with me, I kid with you.

PASSALUS. Oblivion. Annihilation of the soul. Let nothing remain. I take you at your word.

GOD. All are reduced to atoms.

PASSALUS. Ultimately, yes. And smaller still. But as we barter, please, remit on receipt.

GOD. It is as you say. You go back now to the planet, do my handiwork, succeed, you will be vaporized.

PASSALUS. Scatter me far. I wish never to reconstitute.

GOD. It is as you wish.

PASSALUS. Then I am God's servant: in you is perfect freedom. Hurl me back.

GOD. Touch her only. You are only for her, for Carolyn. With no other life may you tamper. You do the bargain is null.

PASSALUS. It is as you say. How shall I go, in what guise? I need survey the scene before I bustle in the world. And now I sit here on a warm Sunday afternoon in conversation a British matron the part I create. It seems we are often in the same city at the same time. And to my good fortune. I have an especially fond memory of your Mrs. Gibbs. Heart I have I have no memory of when living strange.

CHARLOTTE. Oh, well, wow. Thank you, that's very kind of you. *(aside)* I'm flustered. No one ever pays me compliments.

I ran into Wally, Tom, and Malcolm in town. Time means nothing, does it, no, span of days, chronology. They were about to drive out to the point. They should be here any time now.

PASSALUS. *(Crouching on the ground. Upset.)* How can this be happening to me?

BERNARD. Oh, excuse me, are you all right?

PASSALUS. *(turning around)* What? Oh yes.

BERNARD. I didn't mean to surprise you. I just…

PASSALUS. *(rising)* Oh, no. Oh no! with my mask dropped, he finds me as I am, crouched here having…no don't say it, let it unfold. I'm fine – I was just – we wore masks back then, as we assumed our characters. I have dropped mine, having seen him the night before at his sister's home. He finds me as I am.

BERNARD. Gee, you're the first person I've ever encountered up here. It's so overgrown, no one ever stumbles…finds their way to this spot.

PASSALUS. Really? What the hell do I – Yeah it's I just really kind of a –

BERNARD. This was formerly the grounds of a military base – during World War II.

PASSALUS. Oh, really?

BERNARD. Yes. I've known this place since I was a child. My father and I discovered it. It's one of the best views of the ocean around here.

PASSALUS. I see.

BERNARD. *(offering his hand)* I'm Bernard.

PASSALUS. *(shaking* **BERNARD***'s hand)* Passalus. I can't believe I used my real name. Oh shut up, what's the big deal, he's never heard of you.

BERNARD. Passalus?

PASSALUS. It's Greek. For god's sake it not like he's going to go online and find your press clippings from Epidaurus. *(Crouching in the ground. Upset.)* What's this? What's this? This was not supposed to happen. He's ludicrous. How can I have any feeling for him? How can I have feelings for anyone? I never did and now… How can this be happening to me?

BERNARD. Oh, excuse me, are you all right?

PASSALUS. *(turning around)* What? Oh yes.

BERNARD. I didn't mean to surprise you. I just…

PASSALUS. *(rising)* Oh no, I'm fine – I was just…

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