Acting Edition

I'm Gonna Marry You Tobey Maguire

by Samantha Hurley

This sample is an excerpt of a Concord Theatricals title.

Samples of Concord Theatricals titles are for perusal and cannot be used for performance ordownloaded, printed, and distributed in any way.

SAMUEL FRENCH

Copyright © 2024 by Samantha Hurley
All Rights Reserved
Revised 2025

I'M GONNA MARRY YOU TOBEY MAGUIRE is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all member countries of the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works, the Universal Copyright Convention, and/or the World Trade Organization conforming to the Agreement on Trade Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television, online/digital production, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-71082-7

www.concordtheatricals.com
www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION INQUIRIES

United States and Canada
info@concordtheatricals.com
1-866-979-0447

United Kingdom and Europe
licensing@concordtheatricals.co.uk
020-7054-7298

Each title is subject to availability from Concord Theatricals Corp., depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *I'M GONNA MARRY YOU TOBEY MAGUIRE* may not be licensed by Concord Theatricals Corp. in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Concord Theatricals Corp. office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *I'M GONNA MARRY YOU TOBEY MAGUIRE* is subject to a licensing fee. The purchase, renting, lending or use of this book does not constitute a license to perform this title(s), which license must be obtained from Concord Theatricals Corp. prior to any performance. Performance of this title(s) without a license is a violation of federal law and may subject the producer and/or presenter of such performances to civil penalties. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Concord Theatricals Corp.

This work is published by Samuel French, an imprint of Concord Theatricals Corp.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, scanned, uploaded, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, digital, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall share this title(s), or any part of this title(s), through any social media or file hosting websites.

For all inquiries regarding motion picture, television, online/digital and other media rights, please contact Concord Theatricals Corp.

MUSIC AND THIRD-PARTY MATERIALS USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music and/or other copyrighted third-party materials (e.g. artworks, logos) 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 and materials that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for clearances of all third-party copyrighted materials, including without limitation music, and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Concord Theatricals Corp., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of such copyrighted third-party materials by licensees. For music, please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

I'M GONNA MARRY YOU TOBEY MAGUIRE was first produced by Jacob Stuckelman of Watermark Productions, opening on July 12, 2023, at Nancy Manocherian's the cell theatre (Kira Simring, Artistic Director), New York City. The production was directed by Tyler Struble and associate directed by samantha estrella. The Associate Producer was Matt Krauss. The character of Brenda Dee Cankles was originally conceived with Avery Nusbaum. The set and costume design were by Rodrigo Hernandez Martinez, with lighting design by Matt Lazarus, sound design by Nina Field, and casting by Joseph Hayes. The production stage manager was Kacey Bradshaw and the assistant stage manager was Katie Cherven. The cast was as follows:

SHELBY HINKLEY. . . . . Tessa Albertson
TOBEY MAGUIRE . . . . . Scott Thomas
BRENDA, POSTER, SHELBY'S MOM, and **PAPARAZZI** . . . . . Janae Robinson

The UK premiere of *I'M GONNA MARRY YOU TOBEY MAGUIRE* was produced by Jacob Stuckelman of Watermark Productions, opening on July 3, 2024, at the Southwark Playhouse Borough (Chris Smyrnios, Artistic Director), London. The production was directed by Tyler Struble. The Associate Producer was Matt Krauss. The set design was by Rodrigo Hernandez Martinez, with costume design by Reuben Speed, lighting design by Holly Ellis, sound design by Jamie Lu, and casting by Laura Seaborn of Harry Blumenau Casting. The production stage manager was Marc Watkins and the assistant stage manager was Zoë Mackinnon. The cast was as follows:

SHELBY HINKLEY. . . . . Tessa Albertson
TOBEY MAGUIRE . . . . . Anders Hayward
BRENDA, POSTER, SHELBY'S MOM, and **PAPARAZZI** . . . . . Kyle Birch

I'M GONNA MARRY YOU TOBEY MAGUIRE was developed with Tyler Struble.

CHARACTERS

SHELBY HINKLEY – (14, F) Awkward, intense. President of the Tobey Maguire Fan Club. The girl in middle school who eats lunch by herself in the bathroom. Probably some orthodontic work going on.

TOBEY MAGUIRE – (28–29, M) The famous actor. In the height of his Spiderman fame. Nasty alcoholic and drug addict. Also plays **SHELBY'S FATHER**.

A third actor (any gender) plays the roles of:

BRENDA DEE CANKLES – (40s–50s) Real estate agent, cornhole enthusiast, silly woman.

TOBEY MAGUIRE POSTERS – From *Tiger Beat Magazine*. They appear in the imagination of Shelby and Tobey, each to their own design. To Shelby, the **POSTERS** are her teenage dreamboat boyfriend who only has eyes for her. To Tobey, the posters are his worst nightmare, the manufactured Hollywood version of himself he aspires to run away from.

SHELBY'S MOM – (30s–40s) Glued to her loveseat, perpetually watching daytime TV and eating yogurt.

PAPARAZZI – Buzzing, blaring voices of the toxic photographers of early 2000s Hollywood.

CROWD

TOBEY'S MANAGER

REPORTER

SETTING

The bedroom of a 14-year-old girl. Also a basement.
South Dakota.

TIME

2004.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

If Shakespeare or Arthur Miller read this play, their brains would probably ooze out of their ears and honestly, I love that for me, for us. (Chekhov would probably be fine with it and we'd smoke a cigarette together and he would ask me what an iPhone is.)

This is a play for my people. This is for the girlies who were writing One Direction fan fiction and also for One Direction, hiding in the back of restaurants, sprinting to the car to avoid the aforementioned girlies. This is for anyone who has ever kissed a glossy *Tiger Beat* poster in their room – and also for Zac Efron, who undoubtedly has to put up with many people saying that they used to kiss posters of him.

This play is dedicated to my mom whose childhood bedroom walls were covered in pictures of Shaun Cassidy.

To our sweet, divalicious Kyle Birch whose smile we will remember forever.

This is not a play for Tobey Maguire (sorry baby).

***If you're Tobey Maguire's lawyer reading this play, plz call me, I can explain!!!!*

Prologue

(A dimly lit cavern. A hot and gallant Merman puppet rescues a drowning Princess puppet.)

SHELBY. *(Narrating.)* Princess Shelberina didn't expect to be saved when she flung herself off the castle walls into the rough seas below. All she expected was for her lifeless body to pound against the cavern walls again and again until the sea snakes made a meal of her. But now, gazing upon her glistening-bodied rescuer, Princess Shelberina was thinking of other cavern walls that needed pounding.

"Are you alright Princess?" It was at this moment that Princess Shelberina wished she drowned a little harder, so he could've given her mouth to mouth.

"How did you know who I am?"

"I'm Tobey Maguire. The merman that guards this castle. I've been watching you for a while and I'm madly in love with you." And even though it sounded creepy it was very, very hot.

"Merman Tobey Maguire, my life as a princess has been nothing but a prison, but now looking into your crystal blue eyes, I know what I'm meant to do with my life: be your wife and bear your fish children."

Their lips crash into each other like two semi trucks on the highway – except with a lot more tongue. Princess Shelberina's body quivered with infinite desire for every inch of this merman and the feeling was definitely mutual. She ran her hands down every one of his scaly abs until she reached his growing merman bulge –

SHELBY'S MOM. *(Offstage.)* SHELBYYYY!!! QUIT IT AND HURRY UP!! YOU'RE GONNA MISS THE BUS FOR YOUR FIELD TRIP!!!

SHELBY. *(Offstage.)* UGH HOLD ON MOOOOOMMMM

(Lights up to reveal **SHELBY** *in her room, talking to her webcam, her handwritten fanfiction in her lap.)*

I guess you guys will have to wait until next week to see what happens next. Bye Tobey Maguire Fan Club!

(Lights down.)

Scene One

The Wedding

(Lights fade up on a dreary, unfinished basement. Washer, dryer, utility shelves full of storage boxes, family knick-knacks, expired household chemicals. It's horror movie-esque with a kiss of suburbia.)

(In the middle of the basement is a concrete pole. [You know, that random pole in everyone's basement that you absolutely practiced stripping on as a kid.] Handcuffed to the pole is famous actor **TOBEY MAGUIRE** *– he's slowly regaining consciousness.)*

TOBEY. Hmmm yeah, I'm not the world's best flosser. No I can't get you tickets to – *(Feeling the cold concrete floor beneath him – not what he was expecting.)* What the?

(He's got a wicked headache.)

Shiiiiiiit. Hello? Nurse? Hey!

(Noticing the handcuff.) Whoa! What's going on? Hello?!

*(His "**HELLO**" echoes.)*

(Lights fully come up to reveal the walls are covered in a bajillion pictures of Tobey Maguire.)

Fuuuuuck me.

(There's movement from the next room. Maybe a soft giggle.)

Hey! Who's there?!

(The door creaks open and into the light steps **SHELBY HINKLEY** *[Fourteen, awkward, some sort of orthodontic work.] She wears an oversized, frumpy wedding dress and grins like a demon.)*

TOBEY. Hello! What's going on? Hey! My name is

BOTH. Tobey Maguire.

*(***TOBEY** *laughs hard.* **SHELBY** *laughs with him.)*

TOBEY. Okay yes. Thank you. This post-op room is disgusting, can I switch?

SHELBY. You're not at the dentist.

TOBEY. Yeah, I just got my wisdom teeth out.

(Feeling his mouth.) Shouldn't there be gauze or –

(Beat.)

Where am I?

SHELBY. My basement.

TOBEY. Your basement? Who are you?

SHELBY. Shelby Hinkley.

*(***TOBEY** *has no idea who she is.)*

I've sent you like all my baby teeth.

TOBEY. Is this what my publicist was trying to tell me about having drugs in your system when you go under anesthesia? I shouldn't have let Leo give me –

*(***SHELBY** *pinches* **TOBEY**.*)*

Ow! What was that for?

SHELBY. To prove this isn't a dream.

TOBEY. Tripping is different from dreaming.

SHELBY. What?

TOBEY. Dreaming is for sleeping and tripping is when I'm balls high at the dentist.

*(***SHELBY** *launches at* **TOBEY** *and hugs him tightly.)*

SHELBY. Tobey Maguire, you are not on drugs!

TOBEY. *(Meekly.)* Yeah, I am.

SHELBY. According to a 1978 police study on abduction –

TOBEY. Woah abduction?!

SHELBY. You're currently experiencing a hyper-shock state of denial.

TOBEY. WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

SHELBY. I'm Shelby Hinkley. Founder, President, and Activities Director of the North American/Antarctic branch of the Tobey Maguire Fan Club.

*(***TOBEY** *still has no idea who she is.)*

You never got any of my baby teeth??

(Beat.)

TOBEY. Is this *Punk'd*? Because I told my manager no.

Ashton???!!! Ashtooooooon, you're not allowed to mess with me if I say no!

What do you want? An autograph? A picture? I can get you a webslinger, I just need my Blackberry.

SHELBY. Any fan can get a dinky picture or measly autograph, no offense Tobey, but I think you have early-onset carpal tunnel by the way you've been curving your "y"s lately.

TOBEY. OHMYGOD what do you want?

SHELBY. *(Beaming.)* I'm gonna be the only girl in the whole world who gets Tobey Maguire's hand in marriage!

> *(***SHELBY** *pulls out her CD-ROM/cassette player. It's chunky and clunky and is probably covered in colorful, holographic stickers of animals, hearts, food, etc. With gumption, she presses a button – CLUNK: A classic love song plays.* One that evokes upcoming nuptials.* **SHELBY** *sings along.)*

(Singing along.)

TOBEY'S IN MY BASEMENT AND WE'RE *GONNA GET MARRIED.*

TOBEY. Ashton??? You can come out now!

(Ashton doesn't come out.)

Let me talk to a grown up!

SHELBY. I am a grown up. I wear a bra.

TOBEY. Who else is here?

SHELBY. My mom's upstairs, but she's four Xanax, two Yoplaits deep, watching *Jerry Springer.*

TOBEY. Your fucking mom's here?

SHELBY. Let's watch the language bucko, I'm fourteen and a half, so yeah, I live with my mom.

TOBEY. LITTLE GIRL'S MOM!!! HEY!!!! HELLOOOO!!!!

SHELBY'S MOM. *(Offstage.)* SHELBY!!! TURN THAT TV DOWN!

SHELBY. IT'S NOT THE TV! IT'S TOBEY MAGUIRE!

---

* A license to produce *I'm Gonna Marry You Tobey Maguire* does not include a performance license for any third-party or copyrighted recordings. Licensees should create their own.

SHELBY'S MOM. *(Offstage.)* YOU BETTER STOP SNIFFING THOSE MARKERS DOWN THERE!

SHELBY. See? She doesn't care. Last year my pigtail got caught in the vent and she didn't notice I was missing for like three days.

TOBEY. What about your dad?

SHELBY. My dad's dead *(Stopping the music.)* died.

(Changing the subject.) I got a wedding to set up for mmkay? So you take a minute to process, I'm gonna throw some rose petals.

(CLUNK: A different love song plays.)*

*(***SHELBY** *putters around humming and putting the finishing touches on the wedding.* **TOBEY** *watches – this is the most disturbing thing he's ever seen and he's BFFs with Leonardo Dicaprio.)*

TOBEY. There's no way this is real, right?

I'm tripping. I know a bad trip when I'm in one.

It feels like I'm actually handcuffed.

SHELBY. You are.

TOBEY. And you are clearly some sort of metaphor for my suppressed inner child or a reminder to always pull out. Lesson learned. I'm gonna lay down and close my eyes and this will all be over.

*(***TOBEY** *lays down and shuts his eyes.* **SHELBY** *cuts the music and stands over him, open-mouth breathing.)*

---

* A license to produce *I'm Gonna Marry You Tobey Maguire* does not include a performance license for any third-party or copyrighted recordings. Licensees should create their own.

TOBEY. Why can I still hear you?

SHELBY. I have a deviated septum, so I'm a mouth breather.

TOBEY. *(Lightbulb.)* Is this about the fucking contract?

SHELBY. Jeez Louise, you've got a mouth like a sailor.

TOBEY. Hey guys, I'm gonna do the sequel, okay? Get me a pen right now and I'll sign. Y-You can't replace me! I'm the guy!

SHELBY. This isn't about show business!

TOBEY. There's no one from Sony here?

*(***SHELBY** *shakes her head "nope.")*

So you kidnapped me by yourself?

*(***SHELBY** *nods.)*

No no no, come on, no no way! There's no –

SHELBY. *(Deadly serious.)* Your oral surgeon is on the corner of Clover Drive in Huntington Beach. Cheryl, the receptionist, lets you wait in a private waiting room because you're a big movie star.

TOBEY. How do you know Cheryl?

SHELBY. She's much more talkative than Jodine who works Monday, Wednesday, Friday.

TOBEY. Jesus Christ.

SHELBY. But Betsy was the one who let it slip that your surgery date was the same day she was seeing Prince, so then it was a cross-reference of Prince concert dates to the proximity of Betsy's house and then voila!

TOBEY. Why do you know all this?

SHELBY. If you love someone, you have to know everything about them, every teeny tiny part. Speaking of teeny tiny, can we talk about the air ducts?

TOBEY. Air ducts?

SHELBY. The only way to slip in and out of your private waiting room undetected.

TOBEY. A little girl can't kidnap me!

SHELBY. But I friggin did and now you're here! In my basement. In South Dakota.

TOBEY. SOuTh DAkOtA?!?!!?

SHELBY. It was a divine sign of fate that my big eighth grade band field trip to play at the Walt Disney Concert Hall in California was the same weekend that you had your wisdom teeth surgery.

TOBEY. Fuck.

SHELBY. Thank god our school didn't cut the arts program.

TOBEY. This is real? You wanna marry me in your basement?

SHELBY. Oh, I'm *gonna* marry you, Tobey Maguire.

(Beat.)

TOBEY. *(Terrified.)* HELP!!! AAAH!! SOMEONE HELP ME!!!

Half a mil for security my fucking ass.

You're gonna get the key and let me out of here now or things are gonna get real bad for you.

SHELBY. Things are already so bad for me that's why you're here.

TOBEY. So what am I supposed to do about it??

*(***SHELBY** *hums a bridal march "dum dum dum dum.")*

I'm not doing that!!!

SHELBY. You say you love your fans, I'm your biggest fan, ergo you love me the most.

TOBEY. I don't love you.

SHELBY. But you will.

TOBEY. No I won't.

SHELBY. Yes you will!

TOBEY. No I won't!!

SHELBY. Yes you will!!!

TOBEY. No!!!!

SHELBY. Yes!!!!!

TOBEY. NO WAAAAAY!

SHELBY. Have you ever heard of Stockholm Syndrome?

(Retrieving a kidnapping "How-To" book off the shelf.) "Stockholm Syndrome: a mental and emotional response in which a captive displays seeming loyalty to – even affection for – the captor." Soooooo you may not love me now, but if I keep you here long enough, you'll eventually form a psychological bond with me and that's love baby!

TOBEY. That's your plan? I'm never gonna get Stockholm Syndrome, you psycho cunt!

SHELBY. *(Aghast at Tobey's language, but still horny for him.)* Good thing I'm the most patient *see-you-next-Tuesday* in Bumfluck, South Dakota.

Yeah that's what it's actually called.

SHELBY'S MOM. *(Offstage.)* SHELBY!!! IF YOU DON'T GET YOUR TUSHIE UP HERE IN TWO SECONDS I'M GONNA SELL YOUR BED TO THE NAVY!!!

SHELBY. *(Exiting.)* WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM MEEEE?!!?

SHELBY'S MOM. *(Offstage.)* I LET YOU SIT YOUR BONEY ASS ON MY BLADDER FOR TEN AND A HALF MONTHS – DON'T YOU RAISE YOUR VOICE AT ME!!!!!

TOBEY. What the fuck is going on?!

(Slapping himself.) C'mon Tobey, wake up! Wake up!!!

(He doesn't wake up.) ASHTON!!!! YOU GOT ME MAN!!! PRETTY FUNNY DUDE!

(Ashton doesn't come out.)

Fine! Gimme the contract! I'll sign the thing right now, I swear!

(No people from the studio come in.)

Freddie Prinze Jr.? I know you're pissed bro, but if you did this, I can't help –

SHELBY. *(Entering.)* My mom is always losing the remote in that super tight spot between the couch and the armrest and my elbows are just crooked enough to –

TOBEY. Hey, level with me, what's happening? There's no way you did this all by yourself.

SHELBY. Technically my friend Abigail helped me put your unconscious body on the bus, but she had no idea. Mmm the way your body fills out a duffel bag.

TOBEY. You lifted me with those arms?

SHELBY. You don't like my arms? Ugh, I really need to tone up before the dance on Friday. *Cosmo* says if I lift soup cans everyday I'll look like an Olsen twin.

TOBEY. Who's Cosmo? Did he tell you to do this?

SHELBY. *Cosmopolitan* magazine! It's the only go-to, how-to for successful, sexy women.

TOBEY. The magazine that takes dumps on women for money?

SHELBY. They named you Fittest Bod of 2003.

TOBEY. They make some points.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and anything theater-related, follow us on our social media channels.

@ConcordShows and **@ConcordUKShows** on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

concord
theatricals