

Acting Edition

All the World's a Stage

by Adam Gwon

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|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE was commissioned by Keen Theater Company (Jonathan Silverstein, Artistic Director) and first produced in association with Michelle Noh at Keen Theater in New York City on March 25, 2025. The production was directed by Jonathan Silverstein, with music direction by Andrea Grody, orchestrations by Michael Starobin, movement by Patrick McCollum, scenic design by Steven Kemp, costume design by Jennifer Paar, lighting design by David Lander, sound design by Megumi Katayama, and props design by Thomas Jenkeleit. The production stage manager was Shane Schnetzler. The cast was as follows:

RICKY ALLEMAN Matt Rodin
SAM BUCKNAM Eliza Pagelle
MICHAEL HALLETT Jon-Michael Reese
DEDE ROZENEL Elizabeth Stanley (03/25/25–05/01/25),
Betsy Morgan (05/02/25–05/10/25)

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE was developed at the South Carolina New Play Festival. It was developed in part with the support of the Hermitage Artist Retreat.

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It's impossible to create a new musical alone, even when you write the whole dang thing yourself. Extraordinary thanks go to the folks who lent their wisdom to this piece: Lara Paquette, Julia Jordan, Kate Wetherhead, Jill Rafson, Zachariah Ezer, Kimberly Colburn, Givens Parr, Grace Carneal, Jim Cashman, Lonny Price, and the dozen actors who were part of its development; to Seth Glewen, Ashley DiGiorgi, and Team Keen for their muscle and support; to Jonny Silverstein for his guidance and vision; to Michelle Noh for her fearlessness and friendship; and to John Wascavage, for all of the above.

CHARACTERS

RICKY ALLEMAN – Male, thirties, high school math teacher. Passionate and optimistic. Eager but careful, a people pleaser.

SAM BUCKNAM – Female, seventeen, high school student. A tomboy with theater kid energy. Wry, impulsive, figuring herself out.

MICHAEL HALLETT – Male, thirties, owner of a bookstore. Exuberant, with a tough skin. Unapologetically queer.

DEDE ROZENEL – Female, forties to fifties, high school administrative secretary. Traditional but not a rube. A protector.

TIME & SETTING

Fall 1996 to Spring 1997,
in a small rural town in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

And ten years later, in the same town.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

The actors playing Sam, Michael, and Dede also give voice to Principal Shaw.

“Alleman” is pronounced AH-luh-mun.

“Rozenel” is pronounced RAH-zuh-NELL and is shortened to “Ms. Roz” (rhymes with Oz).

A “/” in the dialogue indicates a point of interruption.

The set and staging of this piece are meant to be fluid and move as seamlessly as possible. Locations may be suggested with a minimal amount of furniture. Characters occasionally appear as storytellers (as in the opening number) and other nonliteral presences (supplying vocal harmonies, for instance). In these moments of “theatrical space,” they embody their characters as they appear in the epilogue, transformed by the story they are helping to unfold.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

01. Saturday Night in a Small Auditorium Company
02. Pieces, Together Ricky & Company
03. Typecast.....Sam & Ricky
04. Dinner Michael, Ricky & Company
05. Someone Found the Words Ricky
06. Saturday Night in a Small Auditorium (Reprise). . . .Company
07. I'm Your Man Michael
- 07a. I'm Your Man (Reprise) Michael
08. Other Lives Sam
09. Pieces, Together (Reprise) Ricky
10. The Show Must Go On..... Ricky & Company
11. Mirrors. Michael, Sam & Company
12. I Don't Ask Dede
13. Part of Me Ricky & Company
14. Finale: Saturday Night in a Small Auditorium.....Company

For my teachers

Scene One

[MUSIC NO. 00 – OVERTURE]

[MUSIC NO. 01 – SATURDAY NIGHT IN A SMALL AUDITORIUM]

*(The auditorium of a small-town community theater. Perhaps **DEDE**, **MICHAEL**, and **SAM** build the space as they sing.)*

DEDE.

IT'S A SATURDAY NIGHT IN A SMALL AUDITORIUM
IN A SMALL, UNREMARKABLE TOWN.

MICHAEL.

THERE'S A POSTER OUT FRONT FOR THE LATEST
PRODUCTION.

SAM.

AND POSTERS FROM LAST YEAR THEY NEVER TOOK DOWN.

DEDE.

THERE ARE SEATS WITH RED CUSHIONS, LONG TATTERED
AND WORN.

SAM.

A CURTAIN HUNG SLIGHTLY ASKEW.

MICHAEL.

AND ON SATURDAY NIGHT IN THIS SMALL AUDITORIUM,
THERE IS YOU.

*(**RICKY** appears.)*

DEDE. You, Richard Alleman.

SAM. Skittish.

MICHAEL. Handsome.

DEDE. Ricky, to your friends.

SAM. Friends who are not in this small, unremarkable town.

MICHAEL. You're new here.

SAM. Just moved.

DEDE. From one blip on the map to another.

MICHAEL. Still settling in.

SAM. Still finding your footing.

DEDE. And right now, finding your seat.

SAM.

ON A SATURDAY NIGHT IN A SMALL AUDITORIUM,
THERE'S A COMP'NY ENACTING A PLAY.

MICHAEL.

THEY'RE RECITING A SCRIPT.

DEDE.

THEY ARE HARDLY PROFESSIONAL.

SAM.

BUT YOU HANG ON EACH WORD THAT THEY SAY.

MICHAEL.

THE INGENUE SPEAKS AND SHE LIGHTS UP THE STAGE.

DEDE.

THE LEADING MAN SMILES ON CUE.

SAM.

AND ON SATURDAY NIGHT IN THIS SMALL AUDITORIUM,
SO DO YOU.

DEDE, MICHAEL & SAM.

AND YOU WATCH IN THE DARKNESS,
AS THE WORLD FALLS AWAY.

AND YOU FEEL, IN THE DARKNESS,
MORE THAN WORDS COULD EVER SAY.

MICHAEL. You are buzzing.

DEDE. Transfixed!

SAM. How did this love affair with the theater begin?

DEDE. You did not inherit it.

MICHAEL. Not from your parents.

SAM. Your parents tried to will it out of you.

DEDE. Sports.

MICHAEL. The stock market.

SAM. Anything they could understand.

DEDE. Anything they could share.

MICHAEL. But they were no match for Shakespeare.

DEDE. For Stoppard.

SAM. For the cast album of *Chess*.

MICHAEL. So you would always be a little different.

DEDE. Mysterious.

SAM. A part of you just out of reach.

MICHAEL. But none of that matters when the lights go
down...

SAM. And a curtain goes up...

DEDE. And all the world becomes a stage.

SAM.

AS THE MUSIC PLAYS
AND THE SCENES UNFOLD,
YOU FEEL LESS AND LESS UNKNOWN.

MICHAEL.

AS IF EV'RY LINE,

MICHAEL.

AND THE TRUTHS THEY HOLD,
WERE DESIGNED FOR YOU ALONE.

DEDE.

AND THE FINAL SCENE
PINS YOU TO YOUR SEAT.

MICHAEL.

YOU ARE THUNDERSTRUCK.

SAM.

YOU ARE ON YOUR FEET.

DEDE.

IT'S LIKE GOD EXISTS.

MICHAEL.

IT'S LIKE TIME SLOWS DOWN.

DEDE, MICHAEL & SAM.

LIKE THE WHOLE ENTIRE UNIVERSE IS HERE.

RICKY.

IN THIS SMALL, UNREMARKABLE TOWN.

(RICKY lingers in the emptying theater.)

MICHAEL.

IT'S A SATURDAY NIGHT IN A SMALL AUDITORIUM
AS THE AUDIENCE FILES AWAY.

SAM.

TRUDGING BACK TO THEIR CARS.
AND THEIR YARDS AND THEIR HOUSES.

DEDE.

TO SETTING ALARM CLOCKS AND WORKING ALL DAY.

MICHAEL.

TOMORROW, THIS FEELING OF WONDER WILL PASS.

DEDE.

THIS MEM'RY WILL FADE OUT OF VIEW.

DEDE, MICHAEL & SAM.

BUT ON SATURDAY NIGHT IN A SMALL AUDITORIUM...

(RICKY turns to leave and bumps into SAM, who's standing in the aisle. SAM stares at him in recognition. RICKY has no idea who she is.)

RICKY. Excuse me.

(RICKY exits. SAM watches him go.)

DEDE, MICHAEL & SAM. *(Variously.)*

THERE WAS YOU.

THERE WAS YOU.

DEDE & MICHAEL.

THERE WAS YOU...

SAM.

YOU.

Scene Two

(Valley High School front office. Monday morning.)

RICKY. She thinks I said what?!

DEDE. Perhaps you misspoke.

RICKY. I practically script my lesson plans.

DEDE. Well, parents here can be...persnickety.

RICKY. I read the faculty handbook top to bottom –

DEDE. District writes the handbook. Not everything's in the handbook. Now, if they put school secretaries in charge...

RICKY. The binders Mrs. Cooper left –

DEDE. Mrs. Cooper was here forty years before she retired. Signed report cards in hieroglyphics. You're...

RICKY. Not Mrs. Cooper.

DEDE. What happened.

RICKY. I was giving the homework. A proof for the Pythagorean theorem.

DEDE. Okay.

RICKY. It's a little chaotic, and –

(Sound of a bell ring. Lights shift and we glimpse RICKY in his classroom.)

Remember everyone: Show your work. Every step must be proven beyond a doubt. Cold, hard facts! This is math, not church.

(Lights shift back to DEDE's office.)

DEDE. Aha.

RICKY. Half the class was already out the door.

DEDE. They've got ears like vacuum cleaners.

RICKY. Don't tell me this student's, like, a pastor's kid?

DEDE. Her parents are busybodies who think the school lunch menu's a conspiracy against them.

RICKY. (*Impressed by DEDE.*) Okay, Dede Rozenel!

DEDE. I'm a pastor's kid.

RICKY. (*Instantly embarrassed.*) Oh my God.

(*Tripping over land mines.*) Shit. Jesus. Aaagh!

DEDE. Ricky –

RICKY. I'm being really vain about the Lord's name right now.

DEDE. Sit. You're sweating.

RICKY. Valley has the best math program in the district. I'm gonna be that teacher. "You remember that sweaty guy back in 1996 who destroyed the math department?"

DEDE. It's your second week.

RICKY. The principal's watching, I keep having these mortifying interactions with Coach Powers –

DEDE. Coach did not letter in social graces.

RICKY. And now apparently I've incited an inquisition.

DEDE. You know what? Miss Busybody has been begging for my help with our church bake sale. I will smooth things over.

RICKY. Really?

DEDE. Pastor's kid. And, my brother runs our church. I got cred.

RICKY. That's one of us.

DEDE. I will call her back, promise her some pumpkin roll, and smile sweetly through her wrath.

(Beat.)

DEDE. Just lay off the controversy for me?

RICKY. Yes, ma'am. Wrath gives me hives. You're very brave.

DEDE. Well, Luke, chapter 6, verse 27.

[MUSIC NO. 02 – PIECES, TOGETHER]

RICKY. What's that one again?

DEDE. *(Paraphrasing.)* We hate the sin, but love the sinner.

RICKY. Right. Right.

(RICKY sings his internal thoughts.)

IT'S A DELICATE EQUATION.

SOLVING FOR UNKNOWNNS.

WORKING WITH THE DETAILS I CAN SEE.

(To DEDE, re a photo on her desk.) Hey, who's this little guy?

DEDE. That's my nephew!

RICKY. *(Internal.)*

THE LOCAL ALMA MATER.

THE FAM'LY PHOTO, CHECK.

THE LITTLE CROSS THAT'S DANGLING

FROM THE CHAIN AROUND HER NECK.

DEDE. *(Re a trinket on her desk.)* He loves arts and crafts.

RICKY.

SOME DAILY AFFIRMATIONS.

A HIDDEN STASH OF CANDY BARS.

THE ROOM'S A CONSTELLATION,

AND I MAKE A PICTURE

CONNECTING THE STARS.

IF I CAN PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER,

SEE WHAT I FIND

IF I CAN PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER,

I WON'T BE FLYING BLIND.

DEDE. A tip for Coach. Stop wearing green.

(RICKY looks at his green tie.)

RICKY. What?

DEDE. Our rivals are the Clifton Green Dragons. Coach sees green, pretty soon he's seeing red.

RICKY. Okay! Thanks.

DEDE. We'll have you fitting in here in no time.

(RICKY exits to the hallway.)

RICKY.

IT TAKES CAREFUL OBSERVATION.

A SURVEY OF THE LAND.

FEELING OUT A MAP OF THE TERRAIN.

CATCH THE VIBE IN EV'RY CLASSROOM.

THE GOSSIP IN THE HALLS.

WHAT BOOKS ARE ON THE BOOKSHELVES

AND WHICH POSTERS ON THE WALLS.

JUST BITS OF INFORMATION.

WHAT PEOPLE SHOW YOU IS ALL YOU'VE GOT.

AND LIKE A CONSTELLATION,

THERE IS A STORY

CONNECTING EACH DOT.

IF I CAN PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER,

SEE WHAT I FIND

IF I CAN PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER,

I...

(DEDE, MICHAEL, and SAM appear in a theatrical space.)

DEDE, MICHAEL & SAM.

I...

RICKY.

I...

RICKY.

COULD IMAGINE A LIFE HERE.
 SMILING BACK AS THE KIDS SAY "HEY."
 CARING TOO DEEPLY.
 CHARMING THE PANTS OFF THE PTA

RICKY.**DEDE, MICHAEL & SAM.**

MEETING THE SPOUSES.	AH
LEARNING THEIR NAMES.	
PRETENDING I FOLLOW	AH
FOOTBALL GAMES.	
WALKING THAT TIGHTROPE.	OH
READY SET GO.	OH

DEDE, MICHAEL, SAM & RICKY.

OH...

RICKY.

I PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER,

DEDE, MICHAEL, SAM & RICKY.

MAP OUT THAT SKY.

RICKY.

IF I CAN PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER,

DEDE, MICHAEL, SAM & RICKY. (*Variously.*)

I...

I...

I...

RICKY.

I CAN BE THAT GUY.
 WATCH ME BE THAT GUY.

**[MUSIC NO. 02A – PIECES, TOGETHER
 (PLAYOFF)]**

Scene Three

(Ricky's classroom. After school.)

(SAM, seventeen, sits with her head slumped down on a desk, backpack next to her on the floor.)

(RICKY enters, heading straight to his desk.)

RICKY. Detention is not nap time.

SAM. *(Head down on the desk.)* I'm not napping. I'm contemplating.

RICKY. Contemplating what, may I ask?

SAM. *(Dramatically.)* The malfeasance of life.

RICKY. Someone's dramatic. Head off the desk, please.

SAM. Fine. Don't get so...ohmigod.

(She sits up, recognizing RICKY.)

RICKY. *(Consulting a paper.)* Samantha Bucknam. Welcome to detention. According to Mr. Hughes you were disrupting his English class –

SAM. *Participating.* It's Sam.

RICKY. *(Reading his sheet.)* You, uh...painted on Mr. Hughes?

SAM. "Scarlet H," for hypocrite. He teaches *The Scarlet Letter* and enforces a dress code.

RICKY. Next time a book report might suffice.

SAM. You're Mr. Alleman.

RICKY. I am.

SAM. *(Looking around the classroom.)* And you teach math?

RICKY. Yes. Why?

SAM. Surprised you teach math is all.

RICKY. I'm not giving math vibes?

SAM. Ew what are math vibes. No, I saw you. The other night. At the theater.

RICKY. Oh.

SAM. You drove all the way to Deerfield for that play?

RICKY. Uh, I live out there.

SAM. Whoa. Good for you, Valley blows.

RICKY. Hey, watch / your –

SAM. We don't even have a drama club. There's a thing at church, but that is *so* not the same.

RICKY. Right. Moving on –

SAM. What'd you think? Of the play?

(Beat.)

Not a trick question.

RICKY. Uh, it was great.

SAM. *(Letting loose.)* It was amaaaziing!! I've been dying to talk about it!

RICKY. *(Amused.)* I can see that.

SAM. That last scene was Un. Real. When she said goodbye?!

RICKY. It was very moving.

SAM. It was, like, fate. My dad was off work, so I got the car. No way I could afford tickets, but they let me pass out programs.

RICKY. I did that too. When I was in school.

SAM. I knew it! A fellow theater dork!

(Beat.)

Hey, did you see –? Look at this. It was in the program.

(**SAM** pulls the program from the play out of her backpack and shows a page to **RICKY**.)

RICKY. (Reading in the program.) The 1996 State Thespian Competition.

SAM. ThesCom '96! Winner gets a scholarship to do theater in college.

RICKY. A monologue competition.

SAM. I haven't told my dad, or anyone.

RICKY. Full ride, wow.

SAM. It's huge. I want you to be my drama coach.

RICKY. I'm sorry, what?

SAM. You teach math, apparently. But I'm not prejudiced.

RICKY. I don't know how to *coach* –

SAM. I need a faculty sponsor. Doesn't matter what department.

RICKY. I'm flattered, but Mr. Hughes / is –

SAM. Ugh, Mr. Snooze saw *Les Miz* and thinks he's hot shit.

RICKY. Language.

SAM. Sorry. But I was born theatrical. Everyone else is like, "Theater's gay."

RICKY. Sam –

SAM. I performed at assembly once, I practiced on my own, like, every day –

RICKY. There you go.

SAM. They laughed at me. The whole school. I'm like an alien here. But now, so are you!

RICKY. (*Handing SAM a paper.*) Three pages on *The Scarlet Letter* and an apology to the class. From Principal Shaw.

SAM. Puritans.

(**SAM** takes the paper and goes back to her seat. **RICKY** works at his desk. **SAM** crumples a page from her notebook and lobs it at **RICKY**.)

RICKY. Auditioning for more detention, Ms. Bucknam?

SAM. No one likes me at this school anyway.

RICKY. Do you throw trash at *their* heads?

SAM. Touché.

RICKY. Look, I'm new here. So I'm putting my best foot forward. Maybe you should do the same.

SAM. How?

RICKY. No heads on desks. No disrupting class.

SAM. You mean act fake.

RICKY. No, I mean –

[MUSIC NO. 03 – TYPECAST]

We're meeting for the first time. What do you want me to know about you?

SAM. I don't know.

RICKY. Come on, it's not that complicated.

SAM. Not complicated? I'm seventeen.

RICKY. Enlighten me.

SAM.

MONDAY, I AM JULIET
SHOUTING OFF HER BALCONY
AND NO ONE'S LIST'NING.
AS "TEENAGE GIRL" AS YOU CAN GET.
LONGING JUST TO RUN AWAY.

BUT TUESDAY, I AM TYBALT,
FULL OF CONFIDENCE AND RAGE,
CUTTING DOWN MY ENEMIES TO SIZE.
AND BY WEDNESDAY, I AM ROMEO,
WHO CHANGES PAGE TO PAGE.
HOW COME ALL THE GOOD PARTS ARE THE GUYS?

OH, I DON'T WANT TO BE TYPECAST
AS THE "SAD GIRL"
OR WHATEVER THEY EXPECT FROM ME.
THERE'S SO MUCH MORE
TO WHO I WANT TO BE
THAN WHAT THEY SEE.

RICKY. Of course! You contain multitudes. But people can only know what you choose to show them, am I right?

SAM. People have no imagination.

THEY PUT US INTO BOXES
OR THEY SORT US ON A LIST.
IF I DON'T FIT IN THEIR BOXES,
DO I EVEN STILL EXIST?
I KNOW HERE, I'M INVISIBLE,
BUT OUT THERE, THERE IS SOME PLACE I CAN BE
WHERE I'LL BE SEEN.

I need that scholarship. My dad can't afford college. And there, they don't make sex jokes at the word "thespian."

I DON'T WANT TO BE TYPECAST
AS SOME LONE WOLF
JUST 'CAUSE NO ONE HERE IS COOL WITH ME.
AND YOU'RE HERE NOW,
LIKE THIS ALL WAS MEANT TO BE.

RICKY. I'll think about it.

SAM. Ahhh! Thank you!

RICKY. I said I'd *think* about it.

SAM. Yes, you think about it. You think about it with your big, beautiful math-teacher brain!

(**SAM** *exits.*)

RICKY.

I DON'T WANT TO BE TYPECAST
IN THE SAME PART
I'VE REHEARSED INTO INFINITY.
AND I'M HERE NOW,
LIKE THIS ALL WAS MEANT TO BE.
LIKE THIS ALL WAS MEANT TO BE.

[MUSIC NO. 03A – TYPECAST (PLAYOFF)]

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