

(Kyle goes over his script. Donald enters.)

DONALD

(Very tense.)

Not one damn place in this building to be by yourself.

(He sees that Kyle has everything out on the table.)
What in gay hell is this? Kyle, are you moving into the dressing room?

KYLE

What?

DONALD

Your shit's all over the place.

KYLE

I can't worry about that now.

DONALD

Move it the hell out of here.

KYLE

Quiet. I'm concentrating.

DONALD

Then I'll move the shit for you.

(Donald shoves everything in Kyle's bag, in a sloppy, uncaring manner.)

KYLE

(Throws the script to the floor.)

I can't do this! I have to go on tonight.

DONALD

We all do, my dear.

KYLE

You don't understand. I'm going on for Mr. Martin. The lead. The one with all the lines.

DONALD

What are you squawking about?

KYLE

Mr. Martin twisted his foot last night.

DONALD

The old swish probably fell off his bar stool.

KYLE

They called me an hour ago and now I have to learn all my shit by eight o'clock p.m.

DONALD

You were suppose to know all your shit two weeks ago. It's the job of an understudy.

KYLE

I know.

DONALD

So what's the problem?

KYLE

I didn't do my job.

DONALD

You're really going to suck tonight.

KYLE

You don't care. There is not one human being that cares!

DONALD

Drama queen alert! Drama queen alert!

KYLE

I'm not a queen.

DONALD

Whatever you say your majesty.

(Mike enters in a tempered rage.)

MIKE

Those evil little costume trolls. You know what they did?

KYLE

Mike, I have to. . .

MIKE

Hold your tongue. I'm talking. I go into the costume shop on my best well-behaved manner. I calmly ask, "Where's our dresser?" Silence. I pick up the volume a bit, hold up my pants and bellow, "My pants need mending!" Not even a nibble. I hand them to the red headed girl.

DONALD

The one that looks like Peppermint Patty on acid?

MIKE

Yes.

KYLE

Mike, I have to...

MIKE

You'll wait until I'm finished because I waited for you outside my front porch in the heat for an hour.

DONALD

Why didn't you wait inside?

MIKE

I locked my keys in the house but that's another story. So I politely hand Peppermint Patty my pants. She throws them in my face and says, "I'm not your dresser." Then slings a sewing box at me. How rude. I'm a singer, damn it! I don't know anything about threading a fucking needle.

KYLE

Mike!

MIKE

What?

KYLE

I'm going on for Mr. Martin tonight.

MIKE

What happened? Did he fall off his bar stool again?

KYLE

Yes.

MIKE

He did!

KYLE

I don't know! Mike, I need your help.

MIKE

How rude. He leaves me stranded in the heat where I had to walk to my neighbor's trailer to call a cab then forced to watch the Big Rig Trucker Finals and he wants my help.

STAGE MANAGER'S VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen this is your forty-five minute call. Thank-you.

KYLE

(Standing.)

Forty-five minutes. I need more time! Mike I have forty-five minutes to learn this music and these lines. Please help me.

MIKE

Can you sew?

KYLE

I flunked my costume class.

MIKE

That'll do. Here you sew and I'll play. Let's go up to the music room.

(Mike hands him everything.)

KYLE

But I can't sew.

MIKE

Do you want to be on stage doing this...

(He stands there motionless like a deer caught in the headlights.)

KYLE

I'm sewing.

(The two exit. Kyle runs back in.)

KYLE (Continued)

Music book. Music book. Music book.

(He looks around and Donald grabs the music book. Kyle goes to grab it and Donald pulls it away.)

DONALD

Say please.

KYLE

My career as a performer is on the line tonight and you want me to say please?

DONALD

But you did it for Mikey.

KYLE

(With reluctance.) Please.

(Donald hands it to him and Kyle rushes out.)

T.J.

(Offstage) Well go on Miss Thang.

KYLE

(Offstage) I am not a miss Thang!!