

A new play from Will Greene

By

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FADE IN:

INT. PRIVATE STUDY ROOM- NIGHT

The sounds of crickets echo outside of this private study. Cigarette smoke drifts up to the ceiling as frustrated playwright, WILL GREENE, mid-twenties, sits at his desk with his head in his hands. A single lamp shines upwards highlighting the smoke. We hear his VOICE talk to himself in his mind.

WILL (V.O.)

Come on you son of a bitch. Think.  
Think.

He stares at the wall for a brief moment. He stubs out his cigarette and begins to type impulsively at his typewriter. The sounds of click clacking suddenly fill the room.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Night. A study. Frustrated playwright, Will Greene, mid-twenties, sits at his desk with his head in his hands. A single lamp shines up to the ceiling.  
ENTER Olivia..

ENTER OLIVIA. A young, vibrant girl, early-twenties. She is draped in a bright dress with her hair tied up.

OLIVIA

Will, we're going out. I made a reservation. Get dressed.

A beat. WILL click clacks in a few more words.

WILL (V.O.)

A snowstorm suddenly drifts into the small town, freezing the streets and homes, encumbering the small community with a cold and chilly darkness..

The door suddenly flies open as snow starts to blow into the room. OLIVIA closes the door with all her might.

OLIVIA

God, you are a monster.

WILL gets up from his desk, goes to a cabinet, and pulls out some earmuffs. He puts them on. He stops for a moment and looks at OLIVIA.

WILL

I guess we have to be staying in.  
Just order in. Get a bottle. I just  
need to get some writing done.

OLIVIA

Will, stop writing for once, and  
just look at me.

WILL sits down at his desk once more, and stares off into  
space.

WILL

I have to keep writing.

The sounds of keys clacking away fill the room as OLIVIA  
dives into her monologue.

We ZOOM in on OLIVIA'S FACE. As she talks a MONTAGE of  
footage will slowly take over the screen.

OLIVIA

That's all you do Will. That's all  
you do! Day after day, always just  
contemplating, trying to come up  
with another story. But you don't  
really see it from anyone else's  
perspective, Will. You don't talk  
to your family, you live in your  
delusional world of books and  
fiction, hardly eating, not even  
actually interacting with people in  
the real world. You're slowly  
becoming a character yourself WILL.  
A very lonely, fucked up character,  
cooped up in your own world when  
there is just so much to experience  
out there in the world filled with  
the vast majority of people who  
just want to have FUN. People who  
don't base their entire existence  
on some twisted notion of needing  
to be successful, or wealthy, or  
recognized. People out there just  
cutting loose and enjoying the  
present moment, each other, making  
love, making art, tasting good  
wine, drinking cheap beers, eating  
fancy dinners, getting drunk at a  
dive bar, enjoying a live ballet,  
rolling at a light show, ice  
skating, rollerblading, jumping out  
of a plane, diving into the ocean,

(MORE)

OLIVIA  
 not always having to be locked into  
 this singular overwhelming need of  
 "making it.."

The MONTAGE of footage of WILL and OLIVIA enjoying these activities slowly get drowned out once more by WILL'S clacking.

WILL digs his hands into his hair and whips off the earmuffs. Click clack.

WILL (V.O.)  
 Olivia goes over to Will, and  
 demands him to look at her..

OLIVIA  
 Will, look at me. Look at me.

WILL averts her stare. Click clack.

WILL (V.O.)  
 Tears form in Olivia's eyes as Will  
 averts her stare..

OLIVIA  
 (tears forming)  
 It's been days, weeks, months,  
 since we did anything. I'm tired.  
 If you don't get out of that chair,  
 I'm leaving. And I'm not coming  
 back.

WILL sits silently. He stops typing. He suddenly looks up.

WILL  
 Where do you want to go?

OLIVIA  
 I made the reservation. Get  
 dressed. We need to dine and talk.  
 For the sake of my own sanity. Get  
 up.

WILL remains seated.

WILL  
 The thing is Olivia, I just don't  
 want to. Yeah, I don't want to. I  
 need to keep writing. I'm still a  
 nobody. Time's moving by so  
 quickly.

OLIVIA  
You know what then? Fuck this.

OLIVIA kicks off her heels and lets down her hair.

WILL  
Whoa. What are you doing?

OLIVIA  
I give up.

WILL  
Finish your intention. Achieve your objective. Get me to go out with you. Make me feel guilty. Tell me you love me.

OLIVIA  
No, fuck you. I don't care anymore. Seriously, I'm done caring.

WILL  
That's not how this works. What are you doing? Get your shoes back on!

OLIVIA  
I give up on this relationship, William. I've given up. It's time to drown out my sorrow and frustration.

OLIVIA goes to a cabinet and pulls out a bottle of whiskey and some cigarettes. She sits on the floor. She unscrews the cap, takes a large pull, and lights a cigarette. Lights. Exhales.

WILL  
That's my whiskey!

OLIVIA  
I deserve this. You spend all your time cooped up in this fucking room, spending all your money on this fucking booze. I fucking deserve this.

WILL erupts from the desk and tries to grab the bottle from OLIVIA.

WILL  
OLIVIA give me the bottle.

OLIVIA  
I deserve this.

She blows another cloud of smoke into the air. She takes another large pull.

WILL  
Don't upset me, OLIVIA, I'm warning you. Give me the bottle.

OLIVIA  
Don't upset you? Fuck you. Go back to your writing. You want to keep a clear mind, don't you? You wouldn't want to muddle up that brain of yours and disrupt the dramatic arc of this story would you?

A beat.

WILL sits back down in frustration. Click clacks in more words.

WILL (V.O.)  
OLIVIA stops drinking. She regains her composure and looks at WILL with a sudden boiling determination.

OLIVIA laughs hysterically as she takes another pull.

OLIVIA  
I can't believe I bought this dress. What a waste of money. What a huge waste of money. God..

WILL erupts once more and tries to lift up OLIVIA.

OLIVIA  
Get your hands off me. Get your fucking hands off of me.

WILL  
Okay, this is not how it works! Put the bottle away. Get back up. Talk to me! Convince me! Tell me what you want.

OLIVIA  
I want you to leave me alone!

She takes another drag from her cigarette.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

It's funny isn't it? All these obstacles. All the bullshit. And it's when you just don't care anymore, that everything you ever wanted all seems to come rushing forth. But it just becomes all so meaningless. Absolutely meaningless.

WILL

Stop brooding and take some action, OLIVIA. Don't give up so easily! Don't give up!

OLIVIA

God, I'm so tired. I'm just so tired. Of everything.

OLIVIA takes another pull. She reclines back against the wall and drinks some more.

WILL sits and scurries his hands into his hair.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I wasted so much time. Where did it all go? I was supposed to graduate, find the love of my life, get a stable job, build a career, buy a home, have kids, grow old gracefully. But here I am, getting older and more weathered by the day, crippled by debt from school, working two jobs just to barely pay the rent and the stack of bills. And here I am now, breaking up with her bat-shit boyfriend of four years who slowly morphed into a hamster. Where did the time go? Where did it all go?

WILL looks at OLIVIA.

WILL

OLIVIA, stop. You're giving up too easily. You're a strong person, you know that.

OLIVIA

No, the truth is settling in. I've lost all control. I have nothing left.

WILL  
 OLIVIA, stop! ENOUGH!

WILL quickly grabs the bottle from OLIVIA. OLIVIA shrieks, and tries to grab it back from WILL. They wrestle. WILL prevails, keeping the bottle out of OLIVIA'S reach.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 Find a way, OLIVIA. Find a way. Get back on track. Be who you were meant to be. Do what you were meant to do.

OLIVIA stops, suddenly sits at the desk, and begins to type. Click clack.

OLIVIA (V.O)  
 Day. A study. Frustrated drunk actress, OLIVIA, early-twenties, suddenly sits at the desk, and begins to type..

WILL  
 OLIVIA stop. That's not the story..

OLIVIA (V.O.)  
 It was at that moment WILL realized he had lost all control. He had lost all will-power. The one person he had loved all along, the only thing that actually made him feel like a living breathing human being in this cold overpopulated polluted world, was about to leave him.

WILL  
 OLIVIA, you can't leave me. Stop. Stop this. You can't leave. WE can still work this out. We have time. Okay? I'm listening now. I'm listening.

WILL sits with the bottle in his hand. He looks on as an overwhelming helplessness takes over his psyche.

OLIVIA (V.O.)  
 WILL sits with the bottle in his hand. He looks on as an overwhelming helplessness takes over his psyche.

WILL goes over to OLIVIA.

WILL

OLIVIA, I'll stop. I'll give it all up. We'll go out. Okay? We'll go out. We'll do whatever you want. We'll talk until we can't get any more words out. Until we can't get any more thoughts out. Until we're dried up of all feelings and emotions and stress and helplessness until we finally collapse into one other. Okay? I'll get dressed up, I'll toss out all my work, all of it, and everything. Don't leave me, please. Don't leave. I love you. I'm sorry. I love you.

OLIVIA

I'm unhappy, WILL. I've been unhappy.

WILL

I'm sorry OLIVIA. I fucked up. I haven't been listening. You're right. You've been right. Look here. What do you want from me? What is it that you want?

He sets down the bottle.

WILL (CONT'D)

We'll destroy it. We'll burn up all my work. We'll shred it all to pieces.

WILL begins to grab some stacks of paper and begins to shred them to pieces.

Click clack. Click clack.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

It was in that moment, OLIVIA realized, she needed some time apart. Some time for herself. Some time to be alone.

WILL

There's no way you can change your mind that quickly! You entered this scene with the full intention of wanting me to go out! You had that whole monologue of sentimental activities that you wanted to do

(MORE)

WILL  
 and envied other people for! I'm  
 giving in. Now get to the  
 conclusion. Come on! I'm giving  
 myself to you! Completely over!  
 Have me leave with you! Let's leave  
 this place then. We'll go out!  
 Okay? We'll go out!

OLIVIA  
 Sentimental?

WILL starts to dress up. OLIVIA puts back on her heels. She  
 straightens out her dress. She puts up her hair. She makes  
 her way to exit.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 We're no longer in the same story,  
 WILL. It's time for my exit.

WILL suddenly clambers at OLIVIA'S feet. He grabs her ankles  
 and begins to beg.

WILL  
 I'm nothing, OLIVIA. I'm no one.  
 You walk out that door, and I'm all  
 alone. Truly all alone. Don't do  
 that to me. Please. Look.

WILL gets up and tosses more work all around the room. Paper  
 floats down to the floor from all directions. WILL continues  
 to hysterically dismember all his manuscripts.

OLIVIA  
 WILL, look at me. Look at me.

WILL  
 What is it that you want?

OLIVIA  
 Destroy the typewriter.

A long beat.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 Then I'll believe you. Destroy that  
 thing. We'll do it together. That's  
 what I want. I'll stay if you  
 destroy it.

WILL  
 Then you'll stay?

OLIVIA  
Then, I'll stay.

OLIVIA crosses to the cabinet and pulls out a long baseball bat.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Here.

WILL takes the bat in his hands. He walks over.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Smash it to pieces. Smash it until  
it's just scattered parts of metal,  
and bent keys with letters,  
unwinding tape, strewn all over the  
floor. Release yourself, WILL. We  
can start over. We can make some  
time for us for once. No  
restrictions. We do whatever we  
want, whenever we feel. Smash it  
up.

WILL trembles, raises the bat.

A beat. WILL swings down at the table. A miss. Way off.

WILL tosses the bat on to the floor.

WILL  
You're asking too much of me,  
OLIVIA. This is my life.

OLIVIA grabs her purse once more.

OLIVIA  
And I need to go and live mine. I  
need some time to think for myself.  
Goodbye WILL.

WILL  
OLIVIA, please...don't...

EXIT OLIVIA.

WILL jumps back on his desk. Click clack. Click clack.

WILL (V.O.)  
It was after taking a few steps out  
of the apartment, that OLIVIA  
realized she could never truly  
leave. ENTER OLIVIA.

A long beat.

WILL  
 ENTER OLIVIA! ENTER OLIVIA!

Another beat.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 God damn it. Did I just fuck up?  
 What did you just do WILL? What did  
 you just do?

He sits down on the floor and takes the bottle of whiskey.  
 He contemplates. He raises it to take a pull, hesitates, and  
 sets it back down.

WILL thinks hard. He gets up and sits back at his desk.

Click clack. Click clack.

WILL (V.O.)  
 Day. A study. Frustrated  
 playwright, Will Greene,  
 mid-twenties, is back to square  
 one. He thinks about drinking  
 himself into oblivion. Suddenly,  
 sunlight breaks through the dark  
 clouds. The storm recedes as the  
 hot, warm sun overtakes the cold  
 and melts all the ice and misery  
 from this world.

SUNLIGHT breaks into the room.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 A breeze flows in with the coming  
 spring...

The door blows open as a breeze scatters all the papers and  
 objects all about the room.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ..A new day. Another day. All the  
 gears suddenly spin and burn into  
 one harmonious motion in the mind  
 of WILL GREENE, mid-twenties. His  
 fingers slowly pick up speed,  
 morphing into ten separate blurs,  
 each clacking away at their own  
 keys. All the lanes align in his  
 brain, his mind is focused and  
 begins to pick up more power. WILL  
 GREENE mid-twenties, a newly  
 inspired playwright, spirals higher  
 and higher up into his own world.  
 Lights slowly dim.

The sound of click clacking begins to build until we hear what sounds like a machine gun going off in all directions. It is absurdly fast. A blur.

We drift outside of his room, outside of his apartment window, and begin to drift towards the sun overlooking the entire city.

FADE OUT.

End.