

The
Triumphant
Embarrassment
of
Willy Last

By Lynda Martens

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The Triumphant Embarrassment of Willy Last

A comedy in one act
By Lynda Martens

Characters

Willy Last: 16-19

Amy Harris: 16-19

Mr. Harris: Amy's father, 45-55.

Trevor Harris: Amy's brother, 14.

Mrs. Harris: Amy's mother, 40-55

Grandma Marsden: Amy's grandmother, 70+

The set is the livingroom of the Harris home, with a small couch/loveseat, coffee table and armchair or two. The first scene takes place downstage on the apron, which represents a park. There is a small" bush" on the apron.

Scene 1

The scene starts in darkness, and the lights come up to reveal WILLY, who is urinating on the bush, facing away from the audience. At some point in this monologue, WILLY should sanitize his hands from a travel sized container of sanitizer.

WILLY: *(noticing the audience over his shoulder)* Oh great...you're here. *(he zippers up and turns around, wipes his hands on his pants)* Hi. How are you? *(he goes to shake someone's hand but thinks better of it. He waves instead)* Sorry. Good to see you all. I'm Willy... Last. Willy Last. Willy...Last? *(beat)*...some of you are catching on. The rest of you...just try and keep up...

Pause.

With a name like mine you quickly develop a thick skin; a high tolerance for feeling embarrassed... I have this huge heap of historical humiliating tales. You know that kid with his tongue stuck to the frozen monkey bar post? Me. The hand caught in the cookie jar...the balls stuck in the zipper...the guy who's writing a secret love note in class and the teacher finds it and reads it out loud. In Yiddish...a schlemiel; a proverbial putz caught with his pantaloons around his ankles ... or pissing in a bush.

Ladies...two single Holy grails take up ninety percent of the male gender's available brain space...one; how to secure the attention and affection of a desired member of the female gender, and two, how to avoid looking foolish while doing so. The dilemma being, that in order to accomplish the first, the second is somewhat necessary and perhaps inevitable. Consider the animal kingdom and how various males use colourful plumage, strange dances and piercing calls to attract females. I also cite any Adam Sandler film ever made. Luckily, I have developed this uncannily high tolerance for humiliation, and I have found, interestingly, that females are strangely attracted to a guy who can make it through an awkward situation with some measure of class and dignity intact.

So I will tell you a tale; a modern day parable about a guy trying to impress a girl without looking like a putz. I had been going out with Amy for a few months. She was everything I was looking for; smart, funny, and a challenge. Now when I start dating a girl I make a point of meeting her family early on. See I read online that how much a girl is into you is directly proportional to whether and how much her family likes you. So, you tell the mom she looks more like a sister, you throw in you're considering law school, play barbies with the little sister and badda boom. You're in.

AMY: *(offstage)* Willy?

WILLY: That's her.... shhhh...*(He hides behind the bush and makes bird noises)*

AMY: *(offstage)* Willy?...

Amy slowly runs on stage, and Willy leaps out from behind the bush, scares her and grabs her in an embrace. He is covered in burrs or leaves. AMY laughs.

WILLY: Hey gorgeous.

AMY: You've got...

WILLY: What?

AMY: Stuff...

WILLY: Oh.

AMY: All over you.

WILLY: Really?

AMY: Turn around.

WILLY: Is it...?

AMY: In your hair... Stand still.

WILLY: How the heck did that -

AMY: I'm not...geeze, what did you do to yourself ...

AMY freezes.

WILLY: I call this "How to get a girl to touch you 101."

AMY unfreezes.

AMY: ...Okay. Done.

WILLY: My own personal groomer.

AMY: You wish.

WILLY: We're studying for the exam tonight?

AMY: Sure. What time?

WILLY: Seven. Except we can't go to my place; my little sister's having a girl party.

AMY: That's fine.

WILLY: No. The official ruling from her little preteen prost-a-tot friends is that I don't look enough like Justin Bieber, the Jonas brothers or One Direction to be in their presence.

AMY: Awww. And where are we supposed to study?

WILLY: I have no...except... wait a minute...maybe...how about...your place?

AMY: My place?

WILLY: Sure.

AMY: The thing is though...my family is *really* weird.

WILLY: What weird? You mean like Griswolds?

AMY: Ah...

WILLY: Adams family...

AMY: Sort of.

WILLY: Or more...Griffins?

AMY: Well...

AMY FREEZES

WILLY: Okay so this point right here, was when I should have run screaming. If you examine her face closely in this freeze frame, you will see her eyes are looking to the right. See, according to something I read online, looking to the right signifies remembering; accessing something that's already happened, as opposed to looking left, which is about creating or imagining something...making something up. Right... remembering; left...lying. So, she's accessing a memory. The question is, what kind of memory makes your face do *this*?

AMY UNFREEZES

AMY: Sort of...

WILLY: Maybe you're afraid your family won't like *me*.

AMY: No... Willy...they'll adore you. I'm just not sure *you* can tolerate *them*.

WILLY: Come on...

AMY: I don't know...

WILLY: Try me.

AMY: I suppose it has to happen sometime.

WILLY: Why not tonight?

AMY: Okay. Is seven o'clock okay?

WILLY: Sure.

AMY: I better get home. Meet me there.

AMY starts to EXIT.

WILLY: Ah...do I...is this good enough?

AMY: You look great.

WILLY: Wait...I don't know where you live.

AMY: *(EXITING)* 622 Trap Ave. See you at seven.

WILLY: She's cute, huh? Well cue the scary music, because this is where it starts to get weird. *(WILLY exits clumsily with the bush, careful not to touch the part he urinated on)*

Scene 2

AMY and MR. HARRIS walk into the livingroom.

AMY: Dad!

MR. HARRIS: Amy.

AMY: Seriously; I mean it.

HARRIS: Party pooper.

A doorbell rings.

MR. HARRIS: *(like Yoda)* Punctual, he is.

AMY: Play nice...I *like* this guy.

MR. HARRIS: Whaddya think...still too much?

AMY: Yes.

AMY moves to get the door. MR. HARRIS stops her.

MR. HARRIS: Oh no you don't. This is my favorite part. *(he opens the door)*

WILLY: *(pause)* Hi...

MR. HARRIS: Hello.

WILLY: I'm... Willy.

MR. HARRIS: Hello Willy.

WILLY: Is Amy home?

MR. HARRIS: Ah, ah, ah...first things first. Do you have the password?

WILLY: Ah...password?

MR. HARRIS: He doesn't know the password.

WILLY: Amy didn't say anything about a –

MR. HARRIS: Without a password, I am afraid I...unless...let's see... perhaps a brief performance piece would substitute.

WILLY: Excuse me?

MR. HARRIS: Performance. Yodel, tap dance, whistle dixie... I don't care if you make fart noises with your armpit; just do something. Entertain me!

WILLY: You're not serious...

MR. HARRIS: Goodbye Willy.

WILLY: Wait! Okay. Okay...

MR. HARRIS: The door closes in three...two...one...

WILLY: I...got it. Okay...

WILLY does a mini performance without words.

MR. HARRIS: Wasn't that delightful...

AMY comes to the door.

AMY: Hi Willy.

WILLY: Oh my Gosh tell me you did not -

AMY: No and I'm glad I didn't. Come on in. Willy, this is my father; Daddy, this is Willy.

WILLY: Pleased to meet you, Mr. Harris.

MR. HARRIS: Likewise, Willy. Why don't you have a seat, son. Let's get comfortable.

WILLY: Thank you, sir. (*Willy is starting to sit in a chair*)

AMY: That's Daddy's chair. (*Willy chooses another seat*)

WILLY: Oh. Sorry.

MR. HARRIS: So... you've been dating my daughter...

WILLY: Ah...

AMY: Daddy, we agreed that this would not be an interrogation...

MR. HARRIS: It's a harmless question.

WILLY: It's all right, Amy. Yes Sir. I mean...we've been...ah...studying together. Chemistry! I mean...with your permission, Sir.

MR. HARRIS: All right. Now...when a father meets a young man who is dating his daughter, he wants to get to know him a bit.

WILLY: I can understand that.

MR. HARRIS: So I've developed a set of skill-testing questions.

WILLY: Okay...

MR. HARRIS: Bottle or breast fed?

WILLY: Ah...breast?

MR. HARRIS: Cloth or disposable?

WILLY: I'm not...uh...both?

MR. HARRIS: Any sisters?

WILLY: One.

MR. HARRIS: Ever play barbies with her?

WILLY: Yes...terday. She made me.

MR. HARRIS: Do you floss?

WILLY: Yes. Every...month...or so.

MR. HARRIS: Boxers or briefs?

WILLY: Boxers.

MR. HARRIS: So...you're on a desert island with my daughter. Also on the desert island are two parrots, one of whom knows the way off the island. But the parrots stop talking if you even think about touching my daughter. How long do you last?

WILLY: Excuse me?

AMY: Daddy!

MR. HARRIS: Before you unzip your pants?!

WILLY: Why are there two parrots?

MR. HARRIS: The parrots are a gall-darn red herring, boy! The question is can you keep it in your pants?

AMY: DADDY!

WILLY: Yes! It's...always in my pants, Sir....it's never been out of my... Sir....I mean, except for...

MR. HARRIS: Except for what?

AMY: Daddy!

WILLY: Well... you know...

MR. HARRIS: Go on ...explain yourself.

WILLY: Well, only for the... you know...the necessary.. . *(beat)* Never mind....no...I am all over that parrot, Sir...I mean...there is no way that...shit...I mean...crap.

AMY: Never mind, Willy. We are going to change the subject now, right, Daddy?

MR. HARRIS: Yes. My apologies. I don't want to get us off to a bad start.

WILLY: That's all right.

MR. HARRIS: I think I got my point across.

WILLY: Yes, Sir. I got it.

MR. HARRIS: As long as we're on the same page.

WILLY: Yes, Sir.

MR. HARRIS: So, what does your father do, Willy?

WILLY: My father? He's in management at the hospital.

MR. HARRIS: Management, eh?

WILLY: Yes. He's the supervisor of ...

MR. HARRIS: Desk job in a nice little office, am I right? Putty-faced little fancy-pants pencil pusher I bet! Hands probably soft as a baby's butt!

WILLY: What?

AMY: *(with above)* Daddy, calm down...

MR. HARRIS: A real man works with his hands. A real man goes out and fights for his country. Any military men in your family, Son?

WILLY: Uhhh...well, I think my...

MR. HARRIS: *(overlapping Willy's last words)* No, I didn't think so. Let me tell you, I would be a Colonel today if I didn't get my ass all shot up.

WILLY: Oh...I'm sorry....

AMY: Daddy...what are you...?

MR. HARRIS: Whole left side of my ass...chock full of shrapnel. Still hurts. *(he massages his own buttock to find the exact spot)* Let me find it...wait...ahhhh...there it is. Feel this... right...there. *(sees that Willy is hesitating, commands)* Come on...feel this!

AMY: Oh no, no, no.... No, Daddy. Willy is not going to feel your...

MR. HARRIS: Amy... Come on boy...I said feel my ass!

The actors all freeze except for Willy, who speaks to the audience.

WILLY: Okay...as you can see, I'm pretty much...excuse my language ... screwed here. I am clearly in over my head. I do *not* want to touch the old

man's lumpy ass...but neither am I prepared to defy him. I am...curious...what *does* butt shrapnel feel like?... In the end, I decided to appease the old man.

Willy returns to his place. There could be a sound effect here to signify the backing up of the scene. Actors may move slightly.

MR. HARRIS: Come on...feel this!

AMY: Oh no, no, no.... No, Daddy. Willy is not going to feel your...

MR. HARRIS: Amy... Come on boy...I said feel my ass!

Willy looks at Amy, who is staring at her father in disbelief. Willy slowly goes to Mr. Harris. He slowly moves his hand to his indicated buttock, barely touches it, and then moves his hand away)

WILLY: Yeah, wow, cool.

AMY: Daddy ...

MR. HARRIS: No, no, no...ya chickenshit; you're not in the right spot. You've got to get right in there deep...dig around a little. Here, give me your hand. *(He takes Willy's hand and guides it to his buttocks, firmly massaging Willy's fingers into his cheek.*

MR. HARRIS: Can you feel it?

WILLY: I think so... yeah... wow, that's...pretty weird. It's all...ew...

FATHER: One shot put an end to what was going to be a long and distinguished military career. Bloody two weeks of action and they send me home like a baby.

AMY: Daddy, can I have a word with you? In private...?

MR. HARRIS: Of course, Amy. *(beat)* Where's your mother? Shouldn't she be home by now? Who's taking care of your grandmother?

AMY: Mom's working. And Grandma's resting for a bit before she joins us.

FATHER: *(to Willy)* The crazy old broad's a bit of a loose cannon.

AMY: Daddy, I'd really like to speak to you...

MR. HARRIS: *(overlapping above lines, ignoring Amy)* Last week she started a nudist colony in the back yard...We had no clue till we found a brochure she left

lying around. She and a few bridge friends were hosing themselves down before we stopped the whole saggy scene.

WILLY: You mean soggy scene ...

MR. HARRIS: You've never seen a naked old lady. Ba-dump- bum.

AMY: Speaking of Grandma...we need to check on her. *(she wants her dad to follow her)* Daddy...

MR. HARRIS: Yes, we do. Don't you get into any trouble now.

AMY and MR. HARRIS EXIT. Willy looks around and notices a small plate on the coffee that has one large chocolate on it. He picks up the plate. Music fades in (Jeopardy or Jaws or something else appropriate)

WILLY: Who puts out a plate with just one chocolate?

Willy looks at the chocolate, smells it, touches it gingerly and licks his finger... brings it to his mouth. He is clearly trying to determine whether he should eat it or not, as it is the only one on the plate. Suspense builds. He pops it into his mouth just as the music stops. He quickly realizes that it's a very chewy caramel.

WILLY: Mmmm...cawamoww...

TREVOR and AMY ENTER.

Trevor wears Goth make-up and clothing.

AMY: No! Trevor! Get out! *Trevor plops himself down on the couch and picks up a video game controller.* Go kill hookers in your room!

TREVOR: Shut up, freak.

AMY: I said... get out! Dad!

TREVOR: Piss off...

AMY: You piss off, dweeb! Mom said I could have this room tonight!

TREVOR: *(with sarcasm, continuing to play his game)* Oh... Mom said that?...Mom? Oh wait...Mom's not here...so take Romeo to your room...

AMY: *(she hits him)* Asshole!

WILLY: *(has been struggling to get control of the caramel in his mouth which is making it hard to speak)* Ah...ethcuthe me...Twevor? Hi...I'm Wiwwy.

AMY: Don't pay any attention, Willy.

TREVOR: Oh. Awwight.

TREVOR: *(still playing the game)* What's wrong with him?

AMY: Nothing. *(to Willy)* Just ignore him, Willy...he's completely... whacked...

WILLY: Okay...I wiw...

AMY: What *is* wrong with you?

WILLY: *(covering his mouth)* Nuffing...

AMY: Whatever. Trevor, get out or I'm calling Dad.

TREVOR: Go swap spit in your room....

WILLY: Oh...we don't wanna...thwap thpit...

AMY: We don't?

TREVOR: Ha ha...losers.

AMY: Shut up!

TREVOR: Eat my navel dust...

AMY: Wormturd!...

TREVOR: Bubble butt!!!

AMY: I'm telling. DAD!!!

AMY EXITS. WILLY watches TREVOR, who is still playing the video game.

TREVOR: Hey, watch this...*(pause)* see...that's Amy ...and that guy right there...that's you. I'm choosing my weapon...I think I'll use...the AK47...sweet... and... we...rock and roll...*(he makes loud shooting and killing noises, laughing maniacally)* So long suckaaas... *(more killing noises. He eventually settles down but now seems exhausted and remorseful for his actions. He is crying)* I'm sorry. You don't deserve that. I don't know why I do these things...I'm just a big horrible pile of donkey dung...

WILLY: No, Trevor...it's okay...

TREVOR: *(quite upset now)* No! Everybody knows it...I can't do anything right! I'm the biggest piece of turkey turd alive...I should just...

WILLY: *(he goes to sit with Trevor)* No... Trevor...you're not...turkey turd... you're ... you're... great...you're...

TREVOR: *(recovering)* You're just saying that. But thanks. *(suddenly recovers and is excited)* I gotta show you somethin'. *(he pulls out what looks to be a taser)* Beauty, eh?

WILLY: Is that a...?

TREVOR: Taser!...what, you've never seen one?

WILLY: Oh...sure.

TREVOR: Liar. It's just a C2...but it's 50,000 volts of pure pain. *(he looks to see that no one is watching)* Zap me.

WILLY: No.

TREVOR: No, really...zap me. I've done it a million times. Hurts like shit but it's awesome...

WILLY: Where'd you get that thing?

TREVOR: How 'bout I zap *you*?

WILLY: No!

TREVOR: Come on...just once...just on your arm; it's not like I'm gonna zap your nuts or anything...

WILLY: What?!

Trevor zaps the air and there is a loud sound of electrical current.

WILLY: Oh shit! Trevor..

TREVOR: Okay, I'll do it myself, but you gotta keep an eye on me...in case my heart stops or something...

WILLY: What?! No...don't!

Trevor zaps it again to the air. Loud noise.

WILLY: Oh shit!...No!...Trevor...don't!

Trevor places the taser to his chest...hesitates, and zaps himself. He jumps up and flies onto the couch, collapsing into unconsciousness. Willy tries to determine if he's okay; slaps his cheek gently, and then more firmly, perhaps trying to find a pulse.

WILLY: Oh ...shit! Trevor...Are you okay? Bud? Come on...wake up... wake up...(pause) Holy shit! What do I do? Shit! Oh shit!!

Willy jumps on Trevor and tries to revive him or give him CPR briefly.

WILLY: *(to the audience)* Don't just sit there...do something! *(to Trevor)* Don't be dead. Please don't be dead. Come back Trevor!! Go to the light, man! Go to the light!

The door opens and MRS. HARRIS (Amy's mom) enters. She is wearing a nurse's uniform.

MRS. HARRIS: Hello.

WILLY: Quick! Call 911!

MRS. HARRIS: ...I'm Sandy. Amy's mother. And you are...

WILLY: Willy. But you gotta -

MRS. HARRIS: Oh...are you the Willy she's been talking about?

WILLY: It's Trevor. I think he's...

MRS. HARRIS: She said you were cute.

WILLY: She did?

MRS. HARRIS: So Amy invited you here...

WILLY: Hold on; Amy said I was...

MRS HARRIS: Cute, yes. *(she checks her cellphone for a message)*

WILLY: Look, there's kind of a problem...

MRS. HARRIS: And I can see why.

WILLY: Maybe I should go find Amy...

MRS. HARRIS: *(reading the message)* Oh no, it's okay...we can chat for a bit, right? I see you've met Trevor.

WILLY: Yes! Trevor! I need to talk to you about Trevor... He seems to ah...he was playing with his...

MRS. HARRIS: Boys and their toys...look; right now I'm too tired to deal with Trevor's antics.

WILLY: But I think he might need ...

MRS. HARRIS: Oh he's just taking a nap...he'll sleep through anything... *(she pours herself a drink)* Would you join me in a pre-dinner drink?

WILLY: Excuse me?

MRS. HARRIS: A drink...

WILLY: Oh I don't...

MRS. HARRIS: Please...

WILLY: I'm only...

MRS. HARRIS: I won't tell. I promise. Throw this back. Ready...go. *(they both down a short drink.)* There...that wasn't so bad was it? *(she dims the lights and puts background music on. She sits, groaning)* Ohhh...I have had the worst day.

WILLY: Um...shouldn't we be...getting Amy?

MRS. HARRIS: My shoulders are killing me. *(pause)* You look like you have strong hands...do you mind?

WILLY: I...ah ...

MRS. HARRIS: Don't worry...I don't bite...unless you want me to. *(Willy hesitates, and then slowly moves to her and tentatively rubs her shoulders, clearly uncomfortable)* Oh, yes. That feels...soooo good. Mmmmm...this is just what I needed. You have such a firm touch. So, Willy...tell me a little about yourself.

WILLY: There's not much to tell.

MRS. HARRIS: Nonsense. Do you work out?

WILLY: Ah...

MRS. HARRIS: I bet you do. *(she touches his arms)* Your arms are so...muscular.

WILLY: Ah...I...ah...

MRS HARRIS: My toes feel warm. Mmm that feels so good. *(MRS HARRIS reaches up for WILLY's hands and tries to pull his hands down to touch her. WILLY resists.)*

WILLY: What are you doing?

MRS. HARRIS: Oh, I think you know exactly what I'm doing. *(Mrs. Harris chases Willy around the room)*

WILLY: But Mrs. Harris, I...

MRS. HARRIS: It's perfectly natural that you would be attracted to me, Willy...

WILLY: What?!

MRS. HARRIS: You do find me attractive...don't you?

WILLY: Well...I guess...I mean no...I mean you're a...

MRS. HARRIS: Coo coo kachoo.

WILLY: Help.

MRS. HARRIS: I'm a nurse. I'm here to take care of you.

WILLY: But I'm not sick...

MRS. HARRIS: Come now Willy...surely you've had fantasies about nurses ...

WILLY: Candy stripers, maybe...

MRS. HARRIS: This won't hurt a bit...

Willy squeals as he tries to get away, and ends up under the table with Mrs. Harris on top of the table trying to grab him playfully.

MRS. HARRIS: Come here you naughty boy...I'm gonna get you...

AMY ENTERS

AMY: Willy?

Music scratches to a halt. Everything freezes except Willy, who speaks to the audience from where he is.

WILLY: Holy batbait! Okay, this looks really...really... bad... But I know I've done nothing wrong, and there's no way I'm letting this cougar take me down. In my desperate panic to get out of this mess, I grab the first dumb cliché excuse I can find...

Time backs up again. AMY EXITS

MRS. HARRIS: I'm gonna get you...

AMY ENTERS

AMY: Willy?

WILLY: It's okay, Mrs. Harris. Look...I found my contact lens!!

MRS. HARRIS: Oh did you? That's lovely. Why don't I help you put it back in?

AMY: How about I do that?

MRS. HARRIS: Sure, dear. You take over. I need a bath. *(sotto voce to Willy)* Don't worry dear...you're not invited.

MRS. HARRIS EXITS. GRANDMA MARSDEN ENTERS. She has a chic and wild look about her. She is wearing a colourful smart outfit that is quite dated, with long gloves. Her hair is a wacky wig and she may wear an outrageous hat.

AMY: Oh Grandma...you're here! This is the Willy I've been telling you about. Willy, this is my grandmother, Victoria Marsden.

WILLY: *(still upset, extends his hand)* Hello Mrs. Marsden.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: *(shaking off Amy, and holding her hand out as though for him to kiss the back of it. Her voice is smokey)* Yeeeeessss. Hellooooo. It's so lovely that you could attend tonight's performance. Tell me, what did you think of our little show? *(she removes her gloves)*

WILLY: *(to Amy, sotto voce)* Show?

AMY: *(to Willy, aside)* It's okay...just say the show was fabulous or something...

WILLY: *(to Grandma)* You were... wonderful.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: Oh stop...please....stop, stop, stop, Dahling. I said stop.

AMY: *(to Willy, sotto voce)* "Stop" means "don't stop".

WILLY: Oh...okay...uh...

GRANDMA MARSDEN: What part of the show did you like the *best*, hmmm?

WILLY: Oh...okay, the...the part right at the beginning of the... second act... it was...

GRANDMA MARSDEN: But ...*(Amy starts to guide Grandma away from Willy)* I wasn't on the stage at the top of act two...

AMY: Oh, I'm sure Willy meant when you sang that torch song. I saw tears...

GRANDMA MARSDEN: I knew it! Yes! I knew I nailed that scene!!

AMY: *(to Willy)* She has memory problems, and we have to play along with wherever she is in her head. The doctors said we shouldn't try to bring her back to the present.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: Did anyone call for me today dear?

AMY: No calls, Victoria dear.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: No calls? What, do they think I'm washed up? You think I don't hear them saying I'm getting old? *(trance-like moment)* TINA! GET ME THE AX!!

WILLY: *(pleased with himself)* Oh... I get it. Movies...yeah, Tina... right..."Tina ...while you're at it... come get some ham"! *(laughs)*

AMY: Wrong movie. But good try. This is a part she didn't get...

GRANDMA MARSDEN: Curse that Faye Dunaway.

AMY: ...so she kind of gets stuck here a lot. *(to Gramma)* Yes, Mommie Dearest *(grabs an ax from under the couch and gives it to Gramma Marsden. To Willy)* We have to be prepared.

(GRANDMA MARSDEN starts swinging the ax)

WILLY: *(to Amy, while trying to avoid the ax swings)* What? Are you nuts? You have an axe in your livingroom!?

AMY: We got rid of everything sharp a long time ago. *(Gramma yells as she strikes something so it's evident it's not a real ax)* See...rubber.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: Don't you use that tone of voice with me, missy....*(looks down at the floor)* Do you think this floor is clean? *(finds and picks up a wire hanger. She becomes upset, looks deranged)* NO WIRE HANGERS! What's wire hangers doing in this closet when I told you NO WIRE HANGERS EVER?!! *(To Willy)* ANSWER ME!!!

WILLY looks at AMY questioningly. AMY mouths "I'm sorry"

WILLY: I'm sorry... *(AMY mouths 'Mommy')*... Mommy.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: What...did...you...say!?

AMY mouths "Mommy Dearest"

WILLY: Mommy...Dearest?

GRANDMA MARSDEN: Clean up this mess. *(Amy throws Willy a cloth from the table. Gramma looks at her hands)* A spot. Damned spot. Out DAMNED SPOT!! *(she shifts to another character, and joins the others)* Oh, I'm sure I look a mess. Where's my powder? After all, a woman's charm is 50% illusion...Oh, Stanley, you're upset. Oh, oh!...Oh no! Stanley's drunk! Come with me Stella. *(Gramma grabs Amy and moves away from Willy. Gramma and Amy are on the table or a chair now if possible)*

AMY: Oh crap.

WILLY: What's wrong?

AMY: Blanch Dubois...Streetcar Named Desire...Daddy usually does Stanley but he's not here. You'll have to be Stanley!

WILLY: What do I do?

AMY: You just gotta yell "Hey Stella!"

WILLY: Oh...okay...(the wrong delivery) Hey Stella!

AMY motions to him that it's all wrong, and he tries again

WILLY: Hey Stella?!

GRANDMA MARSDEN: Look, she ain't coming down and she ain't gonna talk to ya neither.

AMY motions to WILLY to do it again

WILLY: *(trying a different delivery)* Hey Stella!

AMY: *(AMY takes on a director's persona)* Cut!

GRANDMA MARSDEN: *(groan. She gets off the table)* Do I have to work with this? I can't work with this. There's no intensity here. Is this an understudy? Where's Marlon off to anyway?! This is killing me. I need a break! I need a cigarette! WHERE ARE MY CIGGIES??!!

AMY: Okay, honey... okay. Victoria's right, people. Let's get the intensity up or we'll be here all night. *(to Gramma)* Victoria, I can fix this, Baby, I can. I need you, Baby. You're it...you're everything. Let's just get this scene down and then you can have your smoke.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: *(sulking)*... all right...but only if you promise to get me my ciggies...

AMY: You bet Baby. Okay... Willy...this is it...your young wife Stella is pregnant.... you've just acted like a complete drunken idiot and trashed the house in front of everyone. Stella's upstairs with the neighbour...you're pleading for her to come back and forgive you. She's like air to you...you'd die without her. Down on your knees...and I want your hands on your head like it will fly away if you don't hold it down. Okay, let's take it from Blanche's line.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: Look, she ain't coming down and she ain't gonna talk to ya neither.

WILLY: *(very dramatically)* STELLA!! STELLA!!!

AMY: CUT! That was great! Victoria, you were smashing.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: There better be flowers in my trailer. I didn't get flowers yesterday. I'm going to look at my contract. I'm sure it says I get fresh flowers every day...(she looks at Willy) Are you the flower boy? *(beat)* Maybe

you could come visit me in my trailer later, hmmm? Knock three times. *(she gets close to him)* Oh yes...I remember those blue eyes *(or whatever colour Willy's eyes are)* I lost myself in those eyes. *(she touches his face and tries to bring his mouth to hers)*

WILLY: Amy...?

AMY: Grandma! No...he's not the flower boy.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: Drat! I never get to have any fun. It's time for my nap. Ta ta lovelies. I'll be in my trailer. *(she exits)*

WILLY: Holy hotcakes... what was that?

TREVOR: *(still lying down)* Is this over yet? I'm getting a cramp.

WILLY: Trevor...? Are you okay, Man?

MRS. HARRIS: *(ENTERING in a bathrobe with a towel on her wet hair)* It's a wrap folks.

TREVOR: Yes! *He sits up to play a video game.*

MRS. HARRIS: Shall we celebrate?

AMY: Mom...

MRS. HARRIS: Well done, Willy. That contact lens line...very original... Amy, you missed your cue again...I almost caught him.

TREVOR: Ah...young ears in the house. Can we please not talk about Mom almost doing Romeo?

AMY: Do we have dessert? I promised Willy dessert.

TREVOR: He ate the caramel.

MR. HARRIS ENTERS. He is minus the demeanor he had previously. He has a clipboard with a checklist on it.

MR. HARRIS: Are we a wrap?

WILLY: *(confused)* Amy?...what's...

AMY: It's all right Willy. *(to Dad)* Yeah, we're done. *(to Willy)* You were great.

WILLY: ...what's going on?

TREVOR: Yeah...great...

AMY: Willy...listen...

Grandma Marsden enters. She is also "normal" now and is minus a few accessories.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: That boy's a keeper, dear.

MRS. HARRIS: You were adorable, Mom.

GRAMMA MARSDEN: (*mocking*) Stella!

TREVOR: (*back to playing video games*) Grandma you need new material...

AMY: Like tasers? Where'd you get that thing?

TREVOR: It's an electric razor, Doofus. But I did order a real one off the internet.

AMY: Sweet!

WILLY: Amy?

AMY: I'll explain.

MR. HARRIS: Did he eat the caramel?

TREVOR: Oh yeah.

WILLY: (*to himself*) Crap...

MR. HARRIS: You still come out okay though...you turned down the make-out session with Amy... tried to resuscitate Trevor ...(*motions to Mrs. Harris*) and the terror in your eyes under the table...resonated with me, son.

MRS. HARRIS: Watch it, Dear.

*THE HARRIS FAMILY engages in a lively adlibbed discussion all talking over each other with the **next lines five delivered simultaneously.***

AMY: Mom, can you please go put some clothes on. Willy already had to endure your...and I think we should change that part. How about you leave money lying out and he has to...

MRS. MARSDEN: You two can argue on your own time. I want feedback. Was I too over the top? Tell me. I can handle the truth. The wire hanger bit...really...was it too much?

MR. HARRIS: I'm just saying. Sometimes, my dear, you come across as a bit...how do I put this...aggressive. There...I've said it. You can take it or leave it.

MRS. HARRIS: Terror. You wanna see terror? Try saying that again. I'm serious. Aggressive? Oh I'll show you aggressive. I'll leave it. Thanks.

TREVOR: You guys are annoying. Stella! Stella!

WILLY: **Hey!!** Does somebody want to fill me in?

TREVOR: I think somebody better tell "the graduate" here what's going down...

WILLY: Please...

AMY: Willy...I'm sorry this evening has been so crazy...but it was fun... right?
(*pause*) My family has sort of a tradition...

WILLY: O...kay.

AMY: When I have a boyfriend, he has to come here and pass a series of...

MR. HARRIS: Tests...

TREVOR: Tortures...

GRANDMA MARSDEN: Think of it as a play, dear. We're actors...we like to keep our skills sharp.

MR. HARRIS: You've been a great sport.

WILLY: So...(looks at Mrs. Harris) You weren't really trying to...

MRS. HARRIS: Seduce you? (*laughs*) Maybe next time, Sweetie.

WILLY: (*to Gramma Marsden*) And you're not...

GRANDMA MARSDEN: Senile? No. Fascinating? Yes.

WILLY: Trevor?

AMY: That's complicated.

TREVOR: Trevor, at fourteen, is the youngest person ever to be accepted into The Toronto Film School... And Trevor is the only one injecting cutting edge ideas into this moth-eaten Vaudeville act.

GRANDMA MARSDEN: (*admonishing*) Vaudeville was (modern slang for amazing)

MR. HARRIS: When you're in charge, you can decide what bits we...

GRANDMA MARSDEN: This is classic material...

TREVOR: We need zombies.

MRS. HARRIS: I'd like a bit more variety in my one-dimensional role. How about an *evil* temptress?

WILLY: (*gasps loudly...then suddenly, to Mr. Harris*) You don't really have... shrapnel?

TREVOR: That ass-grab was awesomeness!!

AMY: That was *so not* in the script...

WILLY: But...(*looking at his hand*) it *felt* like butt shrapnel...

GRANDMA MARSDEN: He always did have a lumpy ass.

TREVOR: Willy, you're in...you passed...and now you get the girl.

WILLY: (*still stunned*) So...this was all a big...set-up? A lie?...a hoax...?

TREVOR: Rapid-fire processing, dude...

AMY: You're not upset, are you?

MRS. HARRIS: I need more advance notice next time... I can't be expected to do a 12 hour shift and then chase teenage boys with any degree of believability...

AMY: Okay...okay...

TREVOR: I wanna do a rewrite...get rid of some old stuff... Gramma...I totally see you doing something from "Saw"

GRAMMA HARRIS: I'll consider it...but no bad language. You cannot make me say "wormturd" (*beat*)

TREVOR: Amy...what if you were into S&M or something freaky like that?

AMY: What if you were gay?

MR. HARRIS: I *like* the butt shrapnel scene...we're keeping it.

TREVOR: Saawweet...

AMY: Grandma, you tried to kiss Willy.

GRAMMA MARSDEN: I was trying something new. Why should your mother get all the action?

TREVOR: I've got a catalogue with different tasers I can show you guys...

AMY: I've got some new ideas too...what if I totally went berserk when...

All the family members are having a lively conversation and talking over each other about the details and don't notice when Willy slips out to talk to the audience...they freeze.

WILLY: Holy shitworms, eh? Did you see that coming, cause I sure didn't. After the shock wore off, I guess I was pretty pissed about being tricked. Amy felt pretty bad for a while...and I let her. But then...well the whole thing just seemed kinda... funny I guess.

Amy and I dated for a while but it kind of fizzled out. I still see her a lot though... her family too. They even wrote me into their script. I'm the zombie ex-boyfriend who charges through the door in a jealous bloodthirsty rage. It's awesome.

Pause.

Is there a moral to this urban fairy-tale? Maybe. There doesn't have to be, I guess.... but you can make one up if it makes you feel good.

Pause. He starts to leave the stage.

Wait. I got it. Be careful which bush you piss on... it might end up on your salad plate. Gotta go...I have rehearsal.

WILLY EXITS
THE END