

**REHEARSNG THE DUTCHMAN** ©2009 GARY YOUNG

**By Gary Young** EXCERPT

Bare stage, except for two cubes or chairs. Spotlight on center.

Each character has been assigned a number to clarify which actor or actress will play that part. Each actor or actress will have to change roles several times, in this play-within-a-play, within-a-play, within-a-play, etc.

*ANN (1) is a young woman obviously in the throws of a harsh, emotional scene. DAVID (3) is on stage, dumbfounded.*

ANN (1)

All right! Leave me all alone here, pregnant. It's the same scene, played over and over and over and over and over. That's it. I've had it with you. You think you can just use me and throw me away. I've had it with your cheating, your lying, all of it. And the cornflakes. No. I said I'd never bring that up and I meant it. No. I won't dwell on the cornflakes. But did you really have to tear it open like that? I mean really! Now it doesn't pour. It falls out all over the place. My favorite. Cornflakes. No. It's not about the cornflakes. It's about us. Us. Are you even listening to me? Look at me! Tearing it open like that. Really mean. I mean really mean. Sadistic. I was told about you. I was. I didn't believe them then, and now I do and it's too late. Well, not really too late because it's over between us. I've had it. And I'm pregnant.

*Pause. DAVID (3) throws up his hands and exits.*

You don't have anything to say?  
Fine! Don't say anything then.  
(MORE)

ANN (1) (CONT'D)

Just stand there with that stupid, stupid expression on your face, like "duh, huh?" I just don't get it. You don't even seem to care. I just don't get it.

*LIGHTS* come up suddenly. *ENTER FRED (2)*, a very flamboyant director

FRED (2)

What did I say last time? You're getting too hysterical. It's much more interesting if you use a little subtlety here. Don't telegraph every emotional second. The audience will get it. Let them in on the secret carefully. Now you're using a Louisville Slugger. Use a badminton racket.

MONA (1)

*(Ann now takes on the personality of MONA, a very ditzy dame)* Pardon me? What's a Louisville Slugger?

FRED (2)

It's a bat. A great big, heavy bat. Get it?

MONA (1)

I get it. Fred, do you think maybe the dialog should be changed, because it really calls out for screaming and yelling and all of that.

FRED (2)

No. Work counterpoint with the dialog, as if it were a song and you are singing to the music. TO the music, which means not necessarily singing exactly the same notes as the music, but notes that go with the music. It's a package. A package you're delivering.

(MORE)

FRED (2) (CONT'D)

MONA (1)

FedEx?

FRED (2)

Carrier pigeon. I don't care.  
Just deliver it. Be a good girl  
and deliver de letter de sooner de  
better. Sorry. I'm flirting with  
my postman lately. Sing it. Sing  
your dialog. Without really  
singing it, of course.

MONA (1)

I don't get it. I'm not a singer.

FRED (2)

Yeah. Well...neither am I, but I'm  
bigger than you so do it my way.  
Please. See, I said the nice word.

MONA (1)

Like this? (*Singing*) That's it.  
I've had it with you. You think  
you can just use me and throw me  
awa...

FRED (2)

You just want to see me dance,  
don't you. Or squirm. Well it  
just won't work, Missy. It's an  
argument, not an attack. It's a  
healthy debate, with feeling, not  
some Taming of the Shrew  
histrionic. Capeesh?

MONA (1)

I capeesh you completely. I just  
don't get it...

*ENTER MAX (3), a button-down, no nonsense, calm type.*

MAX (3)

Linda, you and Larry need to  
rethink a little. I don't want to  
offend here. I know that you've  
worked on the scene for a long  
time. But I can see it more  
objectively than you, and it's  
coming out, well, a little cliché',  
a little too ditzy and gay, and  
frankly, not the way it's written.