

JUST ANOTHER DICK

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The cast centers around the actor picked to play Trey. The ages of the other characters need to be relative to his. Most of the cast are playing actors in a traditional production of R III and will need to be cast for that purpose. The characters playing actors in Trey's less conventional version do not need to be cast with the same consideration.

This play is written so that actors playing characters who are eliminated from the cast of the show-within-a-show can play their replacements. A minimum of 12 actors are needed.

TREY DICK

Just another hunchback.

BUCK SUCCUP

About Treys age, but not a hunchback; plays

Buckingham

SLAPPY DICK

mid- late teens; plays a halberd holder

HAPPY DICK

Older than Trey and Gumo; plays Richard III

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<u>RUSH CHAMBERLIN</u>	About Happy's age; plays Hastings
<u>GUMO DICK</u>	Between Happy and Trey; plays Clarence/understudy for R
III	
<u>EARL CREEK</u>	Around Trey's age; plays Rivers
<u>RICHIE</u>	A little younger than Trey; plays Richmond
<u>LIZ CREEK-DICK</u>	About Trey's age; plays Queen Elizabeth
<u>ANNIE LANCASTER</u>	A little older than Slappy; plays Anne
<u>MAGGIE LANCASTER</u>	Oldest in the cast; plays Queen Margaret
<u>MAMA DICK</u>	Younger than Maggie, but older than Happy; plays Duchess York
<u>CREW MEMBER</u>	Annie's age; plays Anne
<u>SANTA</u>	Rush's age or older; plays Hastings
<u>ELVINGHAM</u>	Earl's age; plays Buckingham
<u>MIME</u>	Ageless; plays Queen Margaret
<u>GHOST 1</u>	Ancient
<u>GHOST2</u>	Jamaican

SET & SETTING

The set is single and simple. The play takes place anytime after 2008 on the set of a traditional production of Richard the Third. During the first act the set is clearly incomplete. There is an elevated throne in place towards the back, but there are also ladders and construction tools scattered about the stage. In the second act the ladders are still in place, but the set is more finished. Although dimly lit the set is complete for the last scene.

TAG

Trey Dick will stop at nothing to play the man who would stop at nothing to be king in this farcical adaptation of Shakespeare's Richard the third.

SYNOPSIS

In this farcical adaptation of Shakespeare's Richard III, Trey Dick is a natural born hunchback with a clubfoot and a host of personality disorders. He has never wanted to be an actor, but he has always had a burning desire to play Richard the Third. Well, now that his family has taken over a theater and launched their own rendition of the play will he get his chance? "No", he tells us in the opening monologue that interrupts a rehearsal. His older brothers play both the lead and its understudy while Trey continues to play the part that was so helpful in taking over the theater in the first place: usher.

Taking us down a path eerily remnant of the one traveled by the Duke of Gloucester in the original play, Trey narrates the elimination of his brothers and others on his way to take the lead part. As opening night approaches, the actors he eliminates are replaced by people he picks off the street.

The second act opens with Trey in the part of Richard the Third and supported by a largely new cast and an old problem: family members in line for the part. Although relegated to the light gallery, his young nephews are each entitled to a shot at his part. Using a gossipy internet, a world revolving around smart phones, and his good old fashioned usher skills, Trey promulgates a rumor about the brothers' shared birth defect *HA!* that puts an end to their threat.

Now ensconced in the role, and with a cast that includes a street-corner Santa, a mime, an Elvis impersonator, and a puppet, Trey needs to stand down a competing performance of the same play put on by one of his original cast-offs, Richie. As opening night approaches, Trey becomes more and more mindful of an old prophecy, one that said he would end his days as a speedbump.

On opening night, as he starts the famous opening lines, he is attacked by Richie. The two attempt to out, "*Now is the winter of our discontent*" each other in a race to the throne in the back of the Bosworth Stage. Finally, Richie pushes him off the back of the stage and the cast puts on orange vests and hard hats, breaks into song, and works to replace him with the parking lot that his destiny.

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ACT I

(A spot flickers about center stage and shakes slightly as the cape-draped hunch-backed figure of Trey Dick enters to the sound of barking dogs. He paces before the closed curtain).

TREY

Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York: and all the clouds that lour'd upon our house deep in the bosom of the ocean buried. Now our brow bound with victorious wreathes; our bruised arms hung up for monuments our stern alumumu... alum...

(The curtain jerks opens to reveal the partially costumed cast of Richard III in a tableau of the court of Ed IV, a raised throne set nearly against the backstage wall, and ladders on both sides of the stage).

TREY

... charged to merry meetings, our dreadful marches...our dreadful marches...

BUCK (*BUCKINGHAM*).

marches to delightful measures...

TREY

marches to delightful measures...grim-visaged...grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front...

BUCK

...aaaaand...

TREY

and all the clouds that lour'd...

BUCK

...and now, instead of mounting...

TREY

...and now, instead of mounting barbed steeds. He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasings of a lute.

(TREY gives the jerking-off sign).

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RICHIE (*EDWARD IV*).

I saw that, asshole.

EARL (*RIVERS*).

Yea, Trey, why don't you go practice someone else's part somewhere else?

HAPPY (*GLOUCESTER*) (*Tearing off
Trey's cloak*).

This is a dress rehearsal, my brother. We're the ones that need the costumes.

TREY

Well yea, I was just warming it up for you there... my brother...

RUSH (*HASTINGS*). (*Into bullhorn*).

Let's get through these light cues, people. We open next week and we want to be seen when we do.

TREY

That guy running the spot could have done a better job of reading my mind.

HAPPY (*Removing his hump*).

What was that?

TREY

What was what? Look if you need to rehearse so bad, then go ahead and get on with it.

RUSH (*Into bullhorn*).

That's lunch, people. Act III scene 3 in one hour. That's one hour, people! Let's get a move on; someone collect the cash and organize the rides. I'm hungry for some Bell.

EARL

Hold up. Richie, are you going to Taco Bell?

MA (*DUCHESS OF YORK*).

Did someone say Tacos?

SLAPPY (*HALBERD HOLDER*).

Yo yo yo! Let me in on that.

TREY (*To the audience as the cast*

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exits).

Yes, ever since my family and I took over this theater we've been practically living at Taco Bell.

GUMO (*CLARENCE*).

Did you guys hear about the tacos?

MA

Sure did. I think Richie is driving.

LIZ (*QUEEN ELIZEBETH*).

Don't leave without me!

TREY

There's a drive-thru conveniently located just down the street so... Well, as our director says...

RUSH (*Into bullhorn*).

Man must eat! Act III scene 3... Better make that 45 minutes. Be back in 45. That's 45, people!

(RICHIE, EARL, MA, LIZ, BUCK, MAGGIE, ANNE, and SLAPPY exit as HAPPY, GUMO and RUSH take a mimed conversation up to the throne).

TREY

We eat a lot of fast food and work a lot of long hours, but we also run the place so things aren't so bad. We've been running things around here ever since I... did my part to make sure that happened. Yay for me and yay for us: The Dicks, Happy, Slappy, Dickie, Gumo, Liz, her brother, our mother, and me, Trey Dick: *former* usher and present day head of theater security. I'm not exactly actor material tho'...what with the hump, the clubfoot and I don't know what exactly is going on with the hand here. I'm a deformed Dick! Really, I attract dogs; angry *angry* dogs. And I'm a cat person! Really, I don't know what I'd do without my Snuggles! Anyhoo, my brothers, Happy and Gumo do most of the acting; they made me an usher. I shouldn't complain tho'. I'm really good at it. *SIT DOWN!*

LIZ (*Reentering and crossing the stage with EARL at*

her

heels).

I'm not going anywhere without my phone

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EARL

We only have 45 minutes. Slappy, Anne, and Maggie are already there. Hey, Trey...talking to yourself?

TREY

Maybe...

LIZ (*Crossing back and exiting
with EARL*).

So they get lunch first? What is this, a race? Let's go before Richie leaves us behind... again.

TREY

Yea yea yea back to me. When I said I'm not actor material because I'm a gross humped up twisted little turd, I forgot about Richard III! Have you heard of him? I mean, I was literally *born* to play to play this guy! I was born to play him not just cuz of the hump, hand, clubfoot, and personality disorders, but also because my name is Trey Dick! Get it? Three Richard. Hell, I was even born in Gloucester Maine! I'm a Gloucester Dick... and I'm a boar... not just, you know, boring, but I'm a real pig! How perfect can you get?

So now that we're putting on Richard III, who do you think got the lead? That's right, both of my brothers. Happy has it officially. Gumo is his understudy ...and I think he plays some other character ...I'm pretty sure there are other characters in Richard III. As I speak they're discussing some matter concerning the lights with our director, Rush Chamberlain. He also plays some other character... yea yea yea. I'm sure of it now. There are other characters in this play.

So while all this is going on, I really don't have anything to do. Nobody needs a seat 'til we open. I guess I could run around telling my weird-ass shadow to *SIT DOWN*... or ... if I can't kick back and enjoy the benefits of ownership; I can damn sure spend my time being a real *DICK!*

RUSH

Trey?

TREY

Yes, boss?

RUSH

Try shutting up for a while, will ya? The grown-ups are trying to have a conversation.

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TREY

Whatever, man, you do what you have to do. I need to make a phone call anyway... need to check on my cat.

RUSH

You have got to be kidding. You own a cat?

TREY

Actually, she owns me. I'm her caretaker.

RUSH

Really, and does this cat have a hump?

TREY

Well, no, but she was born with a fused knee. She has a funny little leg ... and her eyes don't match.

HAPPY

Don't match what?

TREY

Each other.

HAPPY

You mean, they're like different colors?

TREY

And sizes...

RUSH (*Stepping off to talk with HAPPY*).

Yuck! Out of all the cats out there, why on earth did you pick a thing like that?

TREY

If you must know, she picked me, Moron!

TREY (*Dialing and speaking into his phone*).

Hello? This is Snuggles' caretaker, Trey Dick... Well, I was just calling to check up on her... No, no, let her sleep. I was just checking in; you know; she has that funny little leg... Well, no, I didn't think it would be any better. I just wanted to know if it got any worse... I understand. I'll check back later... Would I like to donate to PETA? Sure, put me down for 20 bucks.

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TREY (*He hangs up and pockets the phone*).

Alright, where was I...? Oh yea! Happy! Now here's an opportunity for some real *dicking*. My brother, Happy over there likes to get *happy*. So, since we've been at this new location, I've arranged for his newest drinking buddy to have some *special knowledge* concerning Elizabethan theater traditions... like the one that states it is horrible bad luck to have an understudy with a, "G", in their name. Yea. It's taken a few brews, but Happy sure is buying it. Subsequently, our brother, *Gumo* is going to have to start drawing unemployment... Here *he* comes now...

(*HAPPY and RUSH continue their discussion in the shadows*).

GUMO (*Approaching TREY*).

Hey, Trey? Are you talking to yourself? If you are, I can come back.

TREY

Nah. I'm done. Lunch?

GUMO

Yea, right! I'm on a permanent lunch. Our brother just fired me. That's right, King drink-himself-stupid over there got it into his suds-soaked skull that the letter, "G", is some sort of bad luck...

TREY

Wait a minute. You have a, "G", in your *name*!

GUMO

It's even at the beginning.

TREY

Well, you didn't name yourself. It's our parents he should fire.

GUMO

That sounds reasonable enough, but try explaining it to a guy who's afraid of a letter. He told me I could pick up some hours working with the light crew for the run of this show, but after that...?

TREY

Change your name to... Charlie, Charlie Dick.

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TREY (Cont.).

That sounds like a nice safe understudy.

GUMO

Nah, he's my brother too. He'd see right through something like that.

TREY

Are you sure, with the beer and all? He really is quite the sot. No? OK, light guy, what's new up in the gallery?

GUMO

Well, Trey, he's having me change out all the gels. He says he wants to open with fresh gels

TREY

Woa! He *is* pissed! Well, I'd give you a hand, but it's all withered... and there's the hump.

GUMO

Oh, I've got one of those at home.

TREY

Yea, but mine is real. I can't just take it off and forget it at home.

GUMO (*Laughing*).

You and that hump!

TREY

So, what do you think? Is it Happy's nasty badmouthing wife that's screwing you here?

GUMO

Liz? Hell, I don't know. That makes about as much sense as anything else...

HAPPY (*Handing Gumo his hump as they exit*

together).

Less talk; more gel changing!

RUSH

And we need more red up front here. More red!

TREY (*Waving to the exiting GUMO*).

Sorry, bro, but you had to go. It's what you get for being

Just Another Dick

an understudy.

RUSH

Is that you over there talking to yourself, Trey?

TREY

Na, Gumo was just talking about what a great couple Liz and Happy make and what a wonderful...

RUSH

Uh huh. You know, before directing and acting, I did a little time up on some galleries myself; setting lights. It kinda made me want to drop one of 'em on the SOB who sent me up there.

TREY

I'm sure that's how Gumo feels. HOW YA FEEL, GUMO?

(A light falls).

RUSH

OK then... So I've been talking with Happy....

TREY

Sometimes I think you and Gumo have the same enemies.

RUSH

Try to focus, freak boy? Happy is our lead, we go on in a week, and he's a drunk.

TREY

Well, there's a lot of stress being the center of the universe; he's exhausted. How bad a drunk is he?

RUSH

Who am I, Betty Ford? I do know that he's barely holding it together now so he definitely isn't going to make it through the run of this show and we don't have an understudy.

TREY

I think I see where you're going with this...

RUSH

Great! Then we're on the same page. We'll pull his boy out of the cast immediately and have him start learning the part.

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TREY

Riiiiiiight. And I'll let you get right on that.

RUSH (*Exiting*).

I'm way ahead of you. Remember that, Trey Dick. I'm always way ahead of you. Now, you go on back to muttering to yourself. I'm gonna round up some lunch. I need my energy to direct and act in this play that you'll be watching every night from way out there somewhere where nobody gives a shit.

TREY

Whatever. Happy only has to keep it together long enough for me to elbow Gumo off of those lights. After that, he can go drink himself senseless for all I care because when he finally does: Trey Dick becomes *Richard III*! Now, this is where things get good. You see, Happy has a Mrs. Happy for playing Queens and such. Hank, the last lead guy around here did the same thing. In fact, his flaky kid, their heir apparent, even had his own Mrs. Flaky Kid around for playing princesses. The point is: *both* those broads are still here.... OK, the point is: The *hot* one of those broads is still here! We let her and the other one stick around to uh... *feminize* our cast... Do you see where I'm going with this?

Sure, there's some bad blood between us... Probably has something to do with her father-in-law and his kid... I used my usher contacts *and skills* to have their bags good and ready to be searched when they got to that airport. They were found transporting *enough* of the chemicals necessary to make a fertilizer bomb and *enough* of the Koran necessary to make *enough* of an irrational connection to have them both sent to GITMO! They even found bomb making plans on their computers. All of that, while being incredibly difficult to arrange has also really pissed her off. Seriously, sometimes she can be a real pain in the ass. Do you know what would cheer her up? How about, if she went from being married to the future owner of this theater to being married to the uh... future owner of this theater. And, when it's all said and done maybe there's something in this for Little Richard. Alright alright alright, I might be putting the hump before the usher there.

(ANNE enters with Taco Bell and SLAPPY
toting a trunk).

ANNE (*LADY ANNE*).

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You can go show Little Richard to the horse. Now go away; I have this whole trunk load of my x-husband's and his father's stuff to sort through before you people throw it in the dumpster. Thanks, Slappy, go ahead and set that anywhere.

TREY

Yea, nephew, drop that box of vanquished foe just wherever... on your way to go someplace else to study your... line.

ANNE

Do what he says or you might find yourself water boarded. Back off, asshole, I'm trying to eat!

TREY

Hey! I'm just a guy trying to get by over here!

ANNE

No, what you are is the devil's kennel cleaner...

TREY

That doesn't even make sense.

ANNE

You know how hell has those three-headed dogs? Well, somebody has to clean up after them.

TREY

Actually, I'm a cat person.

ANNE

I cannot believe you have the guts to go anywhere near Hank's old trunk. Aren't you afraid something in there with a curse on it is gonna jump up and go all ...*jihad* on your crippled ass?

(TREY casually flips the trunk open without taking his eyes from her).

ANNE

Damn! I thought there'd be a ventriloquist's dummy in there with a knife or something...

TREY

Show some manners.

ANNE

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Show some basic humanity. The things you've done! And you show no emotion at all. You're like a robot... a really fucked up broken robot... from Wal-Mart...

TREY

You want to lighten up a little bit?

ANNE

And you want to go kill yourself? Really, Igor, try proving you're human by showing you have enough *human* remorse in you to put yourself out of everybody else's' misery!

TREY

I think you have me confused with someone who has done something terrible to you...

ANNE

Tell your story to my husband and to my father-in-law.

TREY

Hey! I didn't have anything to do with their... *vacation plans*.

ANNE

I said that I was eating.

TREY

And I said that I didn't do anything at all to piss you off.

ANNE

Didn't do...? What's left of Hank is in this trunk; my man is... where is he?

TREY

Oh they got done, there's no denying that, but I wasn't the one to do 'em. This is the work of Happy...

ANNE

Maggie saw you messing with their computers, Trey.

TREY

That crazy old broad has had it out for me for years...

ANNE

Oh, you've got it out for yourself, you arrogant little turd! Tell the truth. Did you set Hank up?

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TREY

Oh, most definitely, but don't you think he's happier in a tropical climate?

ANNE

And don't you think you'd be happier in hell?

TREY

Me? Na, I was thinking that in your pants would be a better place for me.

ANNE

Ich! You're hitting on me? I can't believe this! What is wrong with you?

TREY

Well, there's the hump... for starters...

ANNE

My hatred for you goes way past the twisted freak thing...

TREY

It just doesn't make sense to hate someone who loves you so much.

ANNE

Yes, it does! It makes perfect sense! You destroyed my family, my future, and my life. In exchange, I hate the hump right off of you. Welcome to Logic Land, turtleface! Now fuck off!

TREY

Actually, that's the whole idea here...

ANNE

Back to the whole twisted freak thing... I hate you! When I look at you, my eyes burn 'til I wish they'd fry right outta my head!

TREY

Funny story: it was your eyes that first attracted me to you. How's that for irony?

ANNE

I'm a Medusa, ya know? I'll freeze ya! Look out, Rock head!

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TREY

I know that I've done wrong by your people, baby, but you have to understand that I did it all for you... So if the thought of being with me is that repugnant...well, why would I want to go on? What the hell, sweet stuff, just push me off the stage here, pave over my body and park your car on me!

ANNE

Well, I guess when you put it like that. I don't actually want you dead... so much that I'm willing to kill you myself... personally... right now... today... this very instant...

TREY

Now this is what I call diplomatic progress. Hell, even marriages have been built on less.

ANNE

Wait. Are you sure you aren't going to kill yourself...?

TREY

Yea, I'm pretty sure the suicide train has left the station there, darling. Anyhoo, I have a ring... not on me right now, but let me tell you... it's a beauty.

ANNE (*Exiting*).

Whatever... thought you were gonna kill yourself... and die...

TREY (*Exiting to barking dogs as Slappy carries off the*

trunk).

Alright, boy, it's dumpster cities for this box of crap... then you can take a walk... maybe learn that line. She's... moody... makes her difficult to handle. That bit where I told the authorities her whole family was in league with Al Qaida... and then showed them, "evidence.". That's become a wedge issue. She can't seem to get over it... *and* my personality disorders. *Heaven forbid* we should forget about that!

Still, she respects me enough to totally give up on life, and do whatever I say. That's a pretty good deal. Other folks could take a lesson. I'm gonna knock Anne off the ol' to do list.

TREY (Cont).

So now, I think I'll go rifle through the costumes... see

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what flatters the hump. If it's sunny, I'll check my shadow to see if I still look like a big question mark since there's no *question* things are looking up for this usher!

(As *TREY* exits, *RICHIE* enters with *EARL*, *LIZ*, *MA*, and *RUSH*).

RICHIE (To the exiting *TREY*).

If you don't stop screwing around out here I'm gonna have to call security. Just kidding. I know you're security. Just kidding. I know that security *sucks*. Seriously, tho', thanks for helping clean up, asshole.

RUSH

Finally, I'm starving! Before we eat, should we say grace? Honestly, we need to prey for our lead... we don't have an understudy anymore...

EARL

What about the boy?

RICHIE

Slappy? You're kidding, right?

LIZ

Where is he, anyway?

MA

Off someplace working on that line.

RUSH

He's clearly not ready. So if anything happens to Happy, we open with Trey Dick as Richard III.

RICHIE

And what about, Clarence? We lost our Clarence when we lost our understudy.

EARL

Who is *Clarence*?

LIZ

So we all agree that we're stuck... that Trey has the part while Slappy..., "*prepares*"?

RUSH

Let's just say we're all united behind some decision that is being worked out...

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(BUCK enters).

BUCK *(Entering)*.

There you all are. I almost had to eat with Trey. So Happy is looking better, Eh? I was just talking to him. Sure, he was good and drunk, but I think he's fine... sharp as a tack. He did say that he wants us all to get along. Liz, and Earl could get on better with Trey and all of us could listen better to Rush.

RUSH

Thanks, but if they're not listening to me yet ...

RICHIE

He wants us to *get along*?

LIZ

With each other?

EARL

and with *Trey*?

MA

Come on! That's not going to happen. The getting along you see here is all you're going to see. Richie, can you think of any options we haven't explored?

RICHIE

I'm thinking.

(The sound of barking is heard and everyone scowls his menacingly as Trey enters on phone).

TREY *(Hanging up)*.

...and the horse you rode in on... I don't have to take that, this company does not have to take that, our theater does not need to take that... he's fine and he'll be going on! What's all this? Lots of unhappy people. I'm going to go out on a limb and assume that I'm the asshole here. So a regular Dick can't just hobble through his day without a flock of birds pecking his flesh clean; is that it?

LIZ

...so you're the one being attacked?

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EARL

Birds?

TREY

I might as well be after all the things I've done ...
exactly what have I done and to whom have I done it?

LIZ

(Pause). You're an asshole is what you've done!

EARL

Yea!

TREY

OK, either you don't know, you refuse to tell me, or I've
actually done *nothing* wrong.

RICHIE

What are you, some kind of lawyer?

EARL

That's it! You're a lawyer!

LIZ

I knew it!

MA

Relax! My youngest son may be a lot of things... a *lot* of
things, but I raised no lawyer.

TREY

Golly, Ma, I've never felt so close to you.

MA

Yea yea... you're not a lawyer, are you, boy? I mean,
you're always up in everybody's shit, and there's the
personality disorders...

EARL

Sure sounds like a *lawyer*.

TREY

I'm not a lawyer! I'm just a guy who is out there every day
hustling to get it done for this show,

TREY (Cont.).

for this theater, for this family... and it's frustrating.
You people are... well, it's bird eating bird around here...

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EARL

Again with the birds?

TREY

But, if any monkey can be an actor; I guess any actor can be a monkey. If you marry right, you can be whatever you want. You just remember that I take what we do here very seriously. This is my life. I didn't just marry into this.

LIZ

You're going to dig at me for marrying into... *this family?*

EARL

I don't get it? Are there going to be monkeys?

LIZ

What was I supposed to *not* do? Was I supposed to *not* marry Happy or was I supposed to *not* take the parts he offered me as the owner and operator of a theater? How do you come up with these things? Trey, I'm not sure what *you* do around here, but I sure I hope I never need it done.

TREY

We all sure know what you do, and we all need you doing it, don't we? I mean, with Happy ill and Gumo doing tech work, we can't afford to go around loosing anymore *queens* can we? It's all good as long as you've got the part of the queen and your brother has secured the plumb part of Rivers.

EARL

There are no small parts; only small...actors...

LIZ

Thanks, bro, but I got this. Trey, I'd rather work at Taco Bell than play the Queen of England under these conditions!

(MAGGIE enters).

MAGGIE *(Entering)*.

Queen? I'll show you a queen! I'm supposed to be playing the Queen! I played your part, Missy! I played *all* the

MAGGIE *(Cont.)*.

parts! I used to run this place!

TREY

WOW! You are really loud. Save it for opening night, will

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ya sister?

MAGGIE

You have no idea what I am saving for opening night!

TREY

Why don't you all take your complaints over and give 'em to Happy. I'm sure I'll be up there changing gels before you can say, "Gloucester". It's clear that everything I've done for this theater has been forgotten.

MAGGIE

I remember! I remember! Over here, asshole! I remember you railroading my husband into Gitmo!

TREY

Oh, please! Will you please stop ragging on about that? Having your rivals hauled off as accused terrorists is just one of those things you do when you're taking over a theater.

MA

Since when?

RICHIE

OK, Trey, so you were just *helping* Happy step into Hank's spot? You just did what you would have expected any of us to do, if we were running things around here? Is that your story?

TREY

Running things? I would rather run things at a Target.

LIZ

Now you're dumping on... I used to be a cashier at a Target!

TREY

How'd that work out for you?

LIZ

About as well as playing this cranky queen.

MAGGIE

I've played all kinds of queens, and nothing is working out for me... You know, I feel a *curse* comin' on.

TREY

Curses? Didn't we kick your worthless old ass outta here a

Just Another Dick

long time ago?

MAGGIE

No, you hired me to play crazy old ladies. Try showing a little respect, asshole. I need this job about as much as I need another copy of the AARP newsletter... NOT! I'm doing this for the fun of it. This is supposed to be fun! OK, back to cursin'. *You owe me a husband and a son!*

TREY

How many times do I have to...? Framing enemies as terrorists is just one of those business tactics particular to the world of theater. Where do you think the CIA learned about sleep deprivation as a means of torture in the first place? And water boarding? They're not thinking that crap up on their own: its stagecraft! Maggie here has to try and remember back to when she was taking over this place. Remember all that, Mag? You collected a few curses of your own back then, didn't you?

RICHIE

I have heard a few things about how this old gal used to operate back in the day... back when she and Hank were the ones taking over this place... pretty scary stuff...

MA

We all remember what she's capable of... the extent of the damage she can cause... Her and McCarthyism!

RICHIE

Worst thing anyone has ever done ever! She's going straight to hell for all of it!

LIZ

Oh yea! Straight to hell!

EARL

I get it. She was one of those... She named names!

MAGGIE

Wait! Let me see if I follow this... Everyone here is

MAGGIE (Cont.).

getting all high and mighty and looking down on me for using Communism to crush a few careers waaaaaay back when that's what everybody was doing? This is why we have curses, you know. It's bullshit like this!

Speaking of... Curse time! First off, Happy is way too

Just Another Dick

big of a drunk to open this show. Second, his stupid kid, the punk over there with the halberd and his line written up his arm, that asshole will prove to be completely worthless. So, Liz, you're going to watch your drunken husband replaced as Richard III and your halberd holder kid piss away the exact same part!

LIZ

Just proud to be part of the dream factory!

RICHIE

These are more like prognostications than curses, aren't they?

MAGGIE

Excuse me, venerable elder dame of the theater over here demanding the respect that is her birthright... and cursing! OK, so Earl, you and Rush were actors here with Hank and my boy. Thanks for all your help when things went south, guys! I don't know if your dumbasses can even see out of those thick skulls, but if you can, then even you can see what kind of spot you're in career wise. Good luck!

EARL

Well thanks a lot, Maggie! Good luck to you...

MAGGIE

Earl, try not to speak. This only leaves Trey: Trey Dick! I've got a special curse for this turd here... I mean, how hard is it to curse a guy whose back is shaped like a chicken's foot? Trey, you're a second-rate sell-out who only hangs out with other second-rate sell-outs and they are going to give you the second-rate sell-out treatment!

TREY

Not true; I've got Snuggles.

RICHIE

Snuggles? Who or what is Snuggles?

TREY

None of your bees wax!

MAGGIE

Your performance is going to suck! You hear me? You're gonna *suck*, the show is gonna *suck*, and you are gonna get

Just Another Dick

reviews that *SUCK!*

TREY

The chicken foot thing kinda stung. The rest of your babble was... uh... second-rate. Just because you're a crazy old lady, doesn't mean you have some kind of cursing powers...

MAGGIE

MACBETH!

RICHIE

Woa!

EARL

Hang on, now... she isn't supposed to say that in here.

BUCK

How do we handle this? How do we handle this?

RUSH

I think she has to spin around and spit up something...

MAGGIE

The rest of you will either be replaced or wish like hell that you had been. But at least you'll then have the opportunity to make that time machine you will need to come back to this moment here and join me in cursing that hunch-backed turtle-faced asshole! ...and show a little respect while you're at it.

RUSH

OK, so is that it then? Is she through?

MAGGIE

I'll tell you when I'm through!

MA

No. No, you're through...

MAGGIE

CURSED I TELL YA! *CURSED CURSED CURSED!*

TREY

OK OK! I get it! I'm cursed, he's cursed, and she's cursed! We all get it...

Just Another Dick

MAGGIE

You're all cursed! Like my son... like Hank...

BUCK

Enough is enough! Wrap it up. If you don't want to give all of us a break, I don't know...how about stepping off and getting a glass of water or something...?

RUSH

No glass! No glass! We don't want her near anything sharp.

LIZ

Thanks for that, Buck, and thanks for not telling anyone that we're Communists or terrorists or cursing us in any way.

BUCK

Aw shucks, ma'am. Just doin' mah job.

MAGGIE

Hey, Succup, c'mere. Listen up! It's just great to run with the big dogs, but after a few nights you're gonna get bit. You do know that, don't you? I mean, you do see where this is going, right?

BUCK

Lady, I don't see a thing!

MAGGIE

Of course not, cuz you're *cursed!!!*

TREY

What was all that about?

BUCK

Nothing worth repeating.

MAGGIE

The gettin'-bit-by-the-big-dog line was way worth

MAGGIE (Cont.).

repeating. I'll repeat it now, "It's just great to run..."

BUCK

Didn't somebody... several people... say something about, "enough"!

MAGGIE

Just Another Dick

Ignore the crazy old lady and then go feed the beast she's warning you about... curse waiting to happen.

BUCK

So you're not through?

MAGGIE (*Exiting*)

Before this run is done, every one of you will think I am not only a great actress, but the best cursing prophetess in the county. Then maybe you'll understand a thing or two about respect and basic human dignity.

(*MAGGIE exits as the CREW MEMBER enters*).

RICHIE

Told ya: prognostications.

RUSH

Where is she going?

BUCK

Away, hopefully.

TREY

You can't really blame her for going nuts... I sure can't.

RUSH

I'm not. I'm *blaming* her for wandering off. We're getting ready to rehearse one of her scenes and...

TREY

I think I'm the one who drove her nuts. Sorry 'bout that, but I guess we've all gained from her losses. I mean, if she was still happy and well adjusted, we wouldn't be doing our own show in our own theater.

LIZ

Yea...? So what's your point?

CM

Alright, everybody! Happy needs us all in the scene shop right away. That's *PRONTO*.

RICHIE

The scene shop?

BUCK

Just Another Dick

Pronto?

CM

How the hell should I know? Set pieces need hauling? It's his place so let's move it on out.

(EVERYONE but TREY exits).

RICHIE

I was just wondering why actors should spend so much time in the... sure the scene shop... Why not?

TREY

You *actors* have fun haulin' and all that... I'll just be hanging out alone... uh... praying ...praying for the souls of the weasels that badmouthed Gumo into gel duty...

EARL

What? You're Christian now?

TREY

See what I did there? I couldn't *curse* them because I am them. I *prayed* for them! How good is that? OK, so now I have both our director, Rush Chamberlain and my own private bitch monkey, Buck Succup on board. They think Liz is the one who sent Gumo up to the lights. They all hate each other and hate her idiot brother even more. If anybody falls out of line, I'll just remind them of how I am just another poor persecuted peon in Happy Dick's cast. When Happy finally drinks himself into a coma and, subsequently, blaming him for everything stops working, I'll let them know that only a *great actor* could have pulled all this off... so *gimme the damn part!!!*

(As TREY exits, a loud snore is heard from above).

TREY *(Exiting to the sound of barking dogs).*

Oh yea, I still have to get Gumo down from the lights... or I

TREY *(Cont.)*.

could go get somebody else to do it for me.

GUMO *(From above after his snoring sputters to a stop).*

Wh... wh.. what the...? I've been up here so long I nodded off. Wow! If you want to have really horrible dreams, take a nap

Just Another Dick

up here in the lights gallery. I dreamt that I was sailing to Milwaukee with Trey on a surf board. I figured I'd dump him since surf boards are made for one and Milwaukee is a long way to go while hangin' with a wet cripple. It got me thinking about what it would be like to fall off that board. That got me thinking of *rotting in hell for destroying all those lives while taking over this theater!* I started thinking that I may be some kind of asshole. I started thinking that there are better ways to get to Milwaukee. Hello? Hello? Is anybody there? Could I have something to eat please? There's an empty stage down there, man. What's going on?

(During Gumo's speech, Trey reenters to the sound of barking dogs with LIZ who, in a mimed conversation, he positions at center stage with her head turned to the lights and her hand in a wave).

TREY

Hello, Gumo!

GUMO

Hello there! Wha... wha... woa! Wha!!!

(GUMO'S body falls behind the throne).

TREY

I can't believe he fell for that. I can't believe she fell for that... Earl maybe...

LIZ

What just happened here?

TREY

Gumo just took a header is what happened. Get down there and see what's left of him.

LIZ *(Going behind the throne).*

It looks like he's fine except for being unconscious... and the broken legs...

LIZ *(Cont.)*.

TREY

Well, scrape him off of there so we can get on with our lives. He obviously can't continue as part of the light

Just Another Dick

crew and he can't be the understudy for the lead, but... maybe he can stay on as Clarence?

LIZ

Off the light crew? He'll be pissed when he comes to.

TREY

He'll be Clarence when he comes to. Hell, it's better than being a light guy. The show must go on.

LIZ.

Yea, I suppose, but I don't want to open with a case of bad Karma.

TREY

Karma isn't paying you.

LIZ

Look at his legs.

TREY

He can play Clarence sitting down. Look, nobody goes to Richard III to see Clarence walk.

LIZ

I don't know...

TREY

Look at it like this, besides being inconsequential, it's never been done before.

(LIZ reenters dragging a moaning GUMO partially up from behind the throne).

LIZ

I think that he can still understudy. Yea yea, he'll play it in a wheelchair... like the clubfoot got worse or something...

TREY

We're talking a lot of ramps... you know, to put together a show starring Roller Dick over there. I'm afraid that it isn't going to work out. Yo, Gumo, if you're conscious, you've put us in a tough spot here.

Just Another Dick

GUMO

Really? And how do you think I feel? Now, could you call an ambulance or maybe just get a hold of someone with some Oxy?

(HAPPY, RICHIE, MA, RUSH, BUCK, EARL, and CM return with set pieces startling LIZ & TREY, who drop GUMO behind the throne).

HAPPY

Haul it, Buddy! C'mon, people! What's that you're always saying, Rush: "teamwork". That's what it takes to get it done in set construction and... Uh...well, we have a lot of battles and fighting in this show. We can't be expected to kill one another if we can't work as a team. That takes trust... commitment...

They say everybody on those big time Broadway shows is screwing each other? I want to see a little more of that around here. Earl, go fuck Richie. Go on; give it to him: the ole Broadway screw!

BUCK

Are you feeling OK?

HAPPY

Obviously not... I'm hammered! Hey! I don't see any screwing!

EARL

OK, then, I suppose I'll be catching... you'll be pitching...

RICHIE

You can stop supposin' right now.

RUSH

Look, I'm gonna have to shut this down. Shut it down!

HAPPY

Yea, everybody get back to getting along. Liz, go blow Succup.

CM

Or go Suck Blowup? ...somebody had to say it.

LIZ

That's not going to happen. Hell, if anything Succup should be blowing' me.

Just Another Dick

HAPPY

Now you're talkin'! After that, somebody hump the hunch-back. Get him out here!

TREY

Aw shit; that's me. Right here! I'm right here, guys! Hump away.

MA

Alright, Happy, we're all feeling pretty good; nice relaxation exercise. Hey, let's get Gumo in on this!

HAPPY

Yea! Where is he?

TREY

He's a couple feet below us... below the stage; I mean... he kind fell off those lights...

HAPPY

The lights? What the hell was he doing up there? I took all that back... all that about sending him up there because of his scary name. I took that back so I could still have my Clarence and my understudy!

TREY

About that... seems the stage-hand with the message that Gumo is the new light guy was a regular flying monkey... meanwhile, the guy with the news that you changed your mind... wasn't.

HAPPY

Well, now Happy is not happy!

RICHIE (*Looking behind the throne*).

Woa! This guy is really banged up. He definitely can't fill in as Richard like this.

LIZ

He can still... well; Clarence is a much smaller part.

EARL

There are no small parts... just actors that have been broken in half.

TREY

Just Another Dick

We were talking about playing Clarence sitting down... except for when he's lying down...

HAPPY

I still can't believe you let me send my own brother to work up in the lights. No one tried to stop me.

CM

What is so bad about setting lights?

HAPPY

Oh you know how it is...

(The lights go out).

RUSH

Nothing! There is *NOTHING* wrong with working on the light crew! What an essential profession!

(Let there be light).

HAPPY

One of you should have stopped my happy ass! Got him down, not waved at the stupid SOB...

RICHIE

So this is our fault now?

HAPPY

How did this happen? How exactly did this happen?

TREY

You sent him up into the lights... he went up to the lights.

HAPPY *(Exiting).*

Well, then Happy goes up into the lights!

RUSH

What's he doing?

CM

It looks like he's going up into the lights.

HAPPY *(From above).*

What was he doing up here?

LIZ

We don't really know.

Just Another Dick

BUCK

Sure we do. He was *refreshing* gels.

TREY

And he wasn't up there. He was way over here by the throne.

RUSH

Hap, you're good and loaded so why don't you just come on back down?

HAPPY

Woa! You *really* have to hold on up here. Makes me regret the last couple of drinks. Woa! So what happened after he got up here and started freshening the gels?

LIZ

I guess I just waved at him.

HAPPY (*From above to a waving*

LIZ).

Waved? What are you talking about? Oh, Hi there! Woa!

(*HAPPY'S body falls from the lights to spot behind the throne*).
GUMO's

RUSH

Not another one!

RICHIE

This is not the sort of thing a guy would have to put up with if he was in a *real* acting company.

RUSH

It's alright! It's alright! We can work our way through this. Remember what I said about teamwork.

BUCK

The show must go on, right?

RICHIE

With how much of the cast in traction?

MA

Shouldn't someone go down and get them?

LIZ

Don't look at me. I got the last one.

Just Another Dick

EARL

The last one is still down there.

LIZ (*Going back down*).

I might have dropped him, but that doesn't mean I didn't go down there to get him.

(LIZ goes back behind the throne).

RUSH

Somebody needs to crawl back there and help her.

EARL

I don't know who that's gonna be, but it isn't gonna be me.

RUSH (*To the exiting EARL*).

Guess again, brainiac.

(SLAPPY enters as EARL goes behind the throne to help LIZ).

SLAPPY (*Entering and noticing LIZ dragging up GUMO*).

I memorized everything 'cept the parts that don't rhyme!
Why for is uncle Gumo bent in half?

TREY

We just got him back up, buddy. Give us a minute here.

SLAPPY (*Noticing EARL dragging up HAPPY*).

Hey, Dad doesn't look right either.

RUSH

I think Gumo knocked him out when he landed on his head. Still, it looks like Happy got the worst of it. He sure isn't going on next week.

MA

He doesn't have to play Richard. There are other parts.

TREY

I knew that.

BUCK

Yea, Edward IV doesn't move around a lot.

Just Another Dick

RUSH

Hey, yea! He's *dieing!*

RICHIE

Don't we have a perfectly good Edward IV, right here?

(TREY helps CM, RICHIE, & RUSH haul off
HAPPY and GUMO to the sound of
barking dogs).

TREY

That's one way of looking at it. Sure.

BUCK

Relax there, Richie, we might need an understudy for Clarence.

SLAPPY

I miss the days when I got to play Clarence's kid, Prince Pussy. I have to do more now that dad is dead.

LIZ

He isn't dead. He's meditating. It's how some of us remember our lines.

SLAPPY

If he isn't dead, then why is he being replaced?

LIZ

Well, he's crippled. He fell pretty far.

SLAPPY

Uncle Trey seemed to think Dad *wanted* to play King Edward.

MA

That boy says a lot of things. You see, he's an asshole...

SLAPPY

Wait! Are you saying, uncle Trey is a liar?

MA

Yes! Haven't you ever listened to him?

LIZ

Your father has been recast. Deal with it. Your dad is the

Just Another Dick

new crippled king!

MA

Don't cry about it. He's lucky to have a job at all, or any cognitive functions. He took a pretty good bonk to the bean on the way down. Your uncle Gumo, same thing: just another braindead.

SLAPPY

How does that make things better?

MA

It doesn't; it makes them worse... much worse. Who told you anything was getting better?

EARL

Shouldn't we be prepping the not-ready-for-prime-time player for his big debut? He is next in line, right? We'll trade a banged up Happy for a fresh and smiley Slappy. How's that for a diversion?

MA

Look who grew a brain.

LIZ

Oh, he's quite the leader.

SLAPPY

And apparently I'm a diversion.

MA (*Seeing TREY enter with CM and*

barking).

"Hail to the chief we have chosen for our nation, hail to the chief! We salute him one and all"

(*TREY and CM enter*).

TREY

"...as we pledge cooperation in fulfillment of a great and noble call". I wonder why she left that part out? Hey, Diversion Boy, and you, and other person... howdy!

LIZ

We were talking about prepping Slappy for Richard. He should be the new... understudy.

Just Another Dick

EARL

He should get started working on the lines...

TREY

Of course! Hell yea! You all should get with him on that.

*(TREY and BUCK move to far stage right as
the OTHERS drift left).*

BUCK

So you've got this worked out, right? Everything with this kid is cool?

TREY

Don't sweat it, Buck, m'boy. I've got it covered.

CM *(To those on the other side).*

This punk that just got made understudy... When the time comes, he's gonna be ready, right?

EARL *(Trying on GUMO's discarded*

Hump).

Sure! Why not?

CM

And you people are looking after him, right?

EARL

Therein lies the rub. You see, when it rains, I use an umbrella... and a hump covering trenchcoat.

CM

What does that even mean?

EARL

It means Captain Clubfoot over there is taking over so we're all going to get spit on.

TREY *(Noticing EARL with the
hump).*

What is this?

EARL *(Dropping the hump).*

Nothin. I was just trying' it on...

TREY

Where did you get it?

Just Another Dick

EARL

It was just lying around like the others...

TREY (*Taking CM aside*).

So you just thought you'd take it like it was yours! What kind of person are you?

EARL

The kind of person that works in a place that has humps just lying around?

MA (*To LIZ on the opposite side of the stage*).

Slappy is going to be ready to step up, isn't he?

LIZ

He'll be ready, but if he isn't, I have his brother studying the part,

MA

Oh yea! He has a brother.

LIZ

Dickie and he's stopping by for the second half of rehearsal to help keep Slappy on board while we undo this Dick family casting issue...

SLAPPY

You know that I can hear you, right?

LIZ

I didn't think you could hear anything but those lines you're studying.

SLAPPY

You talk like having Trey as lead will be the end of the world; like he's some kind of flesh-eating ghoul.

LIZ

Son, some people will do anything to get what they want. It's like they get their hump in a knot and...

MA

Let's not go there. Suffice it to say, we don't want him running anything more than the coat check.

MA (Cont.).

Just Another Dick

SLAPPY

We have a coat check?

LIZ (*Exiting with MA and SLAPPY*).

Hell no!

CM (*Leaving a conversation with
TREY*).

Earl!

EARL

Well, hello there, little lady! New to the crew? Do you want an autograph?

CM

I've been on the crew since day one. I'm her daughter. We were just talking!

EARL

So... no autograph?

CM

Trey says there has been some recasting. I need you to come with me to get you new costume.

EARL

Ok, but I don't think I like where this is going.

(CM and EARL exit).

BUCK (*On the other side*).

There goes another pain in the ass. Goodbye, pain in the ass! So things are looking up!

TREY (*Taking hold of the
bullhorn*).
Talk about up; watch this! *Attention, everyone! There is a brown VW van in the parking lot with its lights on. That is a brown VW van license plate SLPPY DCK being towed...*
this here is the power of the usher position.

BUCK

I see you're really throwing your hump into this project.

(SLAPPY runs for the exit, crossing in front

Just Another Dick

of TREY and BUCK).

SLAPPY

My lights, my van, my home!

TREY

Slow down, nephew, just give your uncle Buck the keys. He'll take care of the van. Right now, I need to talk to you.

(BUCK takes the keys and pretends to exit).

SLAPPY

So, that's uncle Succup, "taking care of my van"? I'm just checking since I don't drive a VW van because I can afford two of them. I don't have another one and I hardly know this guy.

TREY

He's Uncle Buck from the Succup side of the family: good people. Just forget about the van. I have news about your brother!

SLAPPY

Dickie Dick?

TREY

Relax, Slap, we're on your side, but you do need to be on the lookout for false friends...

SLAPPY

When is he coming? Hey, where is he going to stay?

TREY

I don't know; how about a couple nights up on the gallery?

SLAPPY

The lights? You have to be kidding! Those things were wired in like the '30s... *fire hazard!*

BUCK

Yea... something like that.

SLAPPY

Well, either they were or they weren't. It should be clear... there should be a plaque or something...

TREY

Just Another Dick

Hey! He's pretty good! And only the good die young..

SLAPPY

Say what?

TREY

Sonny, you should stay long? Uh... for a long time here as our new Richard III! *Did you catch how I fooled him with the ole doublespeak? I am so Jedi!*

SLAPPY

So, now that I'm the understudy for the lead, does Dickie have to call me, "sir"?

BUCK

...Uh ...yes? Sure! Why not?

TREY

There ya go. All that and a bag of chips. *(pause)*. So... what; you want me to carry you up there?

SLAPPY *(Exiting apprehensively)*.

Really? I thought you were kidding.

(SLAPPY exits).

TREY

Na! We really need those gels refreshed.. just a little farther. Do you see where your uncles bent the bar all to hell there as they were clutching it for dear life? Just past that..

BUCK

Sometimes I think that little shit is baiting you.

TREY *(As SLAPPY'S phone rings from above)*.

Sometimes he is... and... Go ahead and get that, Slap!

SLAPPY

That's easier said than done. I need both hands to hold on. I'm coming back down!

TREY

No need for all that. Give answering it a shot. I really think acrobatics is in your blood!

(SLAPPY on his phone reenters, crosses the stage,

Just Another Dick

and exits).

SLAPPY *(On the phone exiting).*

Dickie? Bro, when are you getting here?

BUCK

You do know you are going to need the support of the producers and the backers to pull this off, right?

TREY

How hard can that be?

BUCK

Not that hard actually. The big man among them is Stan Stanley and we're already bribing him.

TREY

Fair enough.

BUCK

I'm kind of curious about Rush, tho'. If it comes to it, are you prepared to deal with him?

TREY

Sure. Instead of a director playing Hastings, we'll have a guy playing Buckingham direct. How's that?

BUCK

I like the sound of it! But I'm going to need to recast Hastings, aren't I?

(TREY and BUCK exit to the sound of barking dogs as, RUSH

enters on the phone).

RUSH

Stan, I need an update on how things are going with the producers and the backers... because *the pig is in the troth!* ...If Cathy has some news, put her on... Cathy? I know we have a production in trouble here, but the last thing we need is the input of that glorified usher. The lead? Cathy, do ya think you could put Stan back on? ...Stan, I'd rather recast the entire show with vagrants off the street than see that asshole as Richard III! ...Hell yes, I'm glad he's unloading that deadweight, Earl, but sometimes the enemy of your enemy is not your friend and those times are

Just Another Dick

RUSH (Cont.).

when the enemy of your enemy is a hunch backed ass like... Really? What about Slappy? ...yes, I'm serious! Look, the part is ...aw, just forget it... Yea, I'm glad Trey doesn't want me fired. What? He wants my head on a pike? I know. I *do* have it coming, but Wow! No, there's nothing for you to worry about, Stan. Just a little recasting is all. My mood? What about my mood? ...I *was* in a great mood when I thought my prayers had come true... I was gonna go get tacos!

BUCK (*Reentering*).

Your buddy, Earl can use some of those *prayers-coming-true*.

RUSH (*Hanging up*)

Gotta go. Hey, Buck. I was just having my lunch.

BUCK

You're *lunch* alright.

(*CM leads a hooded EARL across the stage*).

CM

Move it or lose it, *meat!*

RUSH

Woa! Things may have gone too far here. Just where are you taking him?

CM

I'm not taking anybody anywhere! We're setting the lights for the execution of Rivers. There has been some recasting due to some *actor* issues. What we have here is Hastings' new executioner.

EARL

That deformed demon will get you all too! He's an evil Dick, a two-face Dick... the *worst DICK!*

CM

Shut up. You don't have any lines.

EARL

This is kind of like what happened to Hank after he bombed as Richard II.

BUCK

Just Another Dick

No it isn't. Now get this dumbass out of here.

EARL.

But I was cursed! That has to count for something!

*(EARL is escorted out by CM as LIZ, MA, and
RICHIE enter).*

RUSH

Hey, Liz, I've been talking to Stan and Cathy...

LIZ

What are they going to do?

RUSH

They call our troubles *family issues* and they say Trey is our new lead... and that he'll be the judge of when Slappy is ready to step up.

RICHIE

When is he going to be ready, anyway?

RUSH

Since Trey is the judge of that we can just ask Succup.

BUCK

Hey!

LIZ

You know what you are.

RUSH

Why don't you just tell us?

BUCK

Because I don't know!

RUSH

Well, then you all can direct your anger at me. I am the director of this play

RICHIE

Sure you are.

LIZ

Yea, you're doing a heck of a job, Bucky!

BUCK

Just Another Dick

As a director, you make a great Hastings... so ya have that going for you...

(TREY enters with CM to the sound of barking dogs).

TREY

Woa! Looks like I'm right on time for... what the hell is going on here?

RUSH

I was about to direct a rehearsal of Act I scene 3...

TREY

Is that what you were about to do? Me? I was about to get a strawberry soda... a great big *red* one!

CM *(Exiting)*.

One red coming up!

TREY

So, Rush, in what *direction* are you taking the show? I'm asking because of all of the careers involved.

RUSH

It's all about teamwork. I'm trying to keep everyone working together and focused on the task at hand...

BUCK

Red alert, Stalin, Communism was like so yesterday.

TREY

So you can let them know down at the politburo that the party is over.

BUCK

And tell that *comrade* of yours... the one you're always going on about...

RUSH

Stanislavsky?

TREY

Let him know! Morning in America!

RUSH

Just Another Dick

I'm not a... what makes you think that I'm a Communist?

BUCK

Aw, c'mon! What doesn't.

TREY

All the *propaganda* about teamwork, you're always *collecting* money for lunch... the red gels!

BUCK

You don't have to be Roy Cohn to figure this one out.

CM (*Entering with a soda*).

I got your soda.

RUSH

I'm as committed to this... *your* production as anyone.

TREY

Committed are you? So if someone were to fuck with me...?

RUSH

I'd fuck 'em right back.

TREY

So you want to fuck my mother? Is that right, motherfucker?

MA

Hey?

RUSH

You lost me.

TREY

Well, I'm all *fucked up*, right? I've got this hand over here. Look at that.

LIZ

No thank you.

TREY

I was born with *this*... genetics! Mom did this to me through genetics. Fucked me good! Now, according to your *directions* you get to fuck my mother?

BUCK (*To RUSH*).

What is wrong with you?

Just Another Dick

MA

Woa... What's all this?

TREY

Nothing, Ma. Just bitching and moaning about the hand.

MA

Again? Listen, boy, enough with the hand already. When are you gonna give that up?

TREY

I'm not! I'm not going to *give that up!*

LIZ

Geez! Get a grip.

TREY

With what?! You try and get a hold of something with a thing like this!

RUSH

You can just use the other one. Sorry. I guess I'm still trying to direct...

TREY

And I also understand that you'd rather start picking bums off the street than cast me as the lead in this production. You called me *Trey* when you said all that, right? You didn't call me a pig or a hunchog?

RUSH

I think I'm kinda being misquoted here...

TREY

Well, I think you're really on to something there with that bum picking idea. What do you think?

CM

Love that bum pickin' idea!

TREY

Hey! If I was going to fire you for trying to fuck my mother, that would give me an opportunity to try the ole bum-fights casting call.

CM

Sounds like we have a winner!

Just Another Dick

RUSH

Fire me? I have a major part, you just recast three other parts including the lead, and I'm the director.

TREY

OK then, let's give it a roll. Buck, go on out trolling for the homeless. Let's see what kind of Hastings you come up with.

BUCK (*Exiting*).

I'm off on a hobo hunt.

(*BUCK exits*).

RUSH

I'm starting to get the impression that you're mad at me, Trey. Well, you need to know that I've only had the show's best interests at heart... and yours... your best interests. Trey, I'm so emotionally involved in your career that I've been dreaming' about it, man. Now that's commitment. Of course, in my dream, you were a Capitalist pig that was going around drowning everybody...

TREY

I am not going to miss this pinko at all. *He's outta the show!*

RUSH

It was just a dream.

CM

You should have told it to your shrink, you unemployed pig dreaming Commie!

RUSH

It was because I love bacon... that's it... BACON ... and sausage! I was drowning in bacon!

MA

What in the hell is going on?

LIZ

I'm not sure, but I think they're saying that Rush is a Communist?

MA

Oh no! No commies, and that's final! They're bad for

Just Another Dick

business.

TREY

You heard her, folks. Good luck at the Taco Bell, Comrade Chamberlin.

(BUCK enters with SANTA).

BUCK *(Entering with street-corner SANTA).*

I got him! I got him! I got him right here. The new Hastings... tada!

TREY

Pretty quick there, fellas; mighty fast! Alright then, Nick, are you ready to make 6 bucks?

SANTA

My name's not Nick.

TREY

All you have to do is stand right about here. Give me a script. Now just read the lines for HASTINGS. Remember to be a real asshole. You're Hastings!

RUSH

Are you serious?

TREY

Are you still here?

SANTA

I'm gonna need... 7 bucks.

BUCK

Don't push it. I told you not to push it.

RUSH

Look, Trey, earlier when I was teasing you about your cat... Well, you know I have a cat of my own?

TREY

What's this?

RUSH

Yea yea, I've got three of them.

Just Another Dick

TREY

Really? So what are their names?

RUSH

Pickles. One of them is named Pickles. The other one is named Pickles the second and the third one...uh is Mr. Pickles...

TREY

Nice try, Pinko. Get him out of here.

RUSH

Alright then, I'll go... I'll go, but as I do remember that crazy old lady who predicted this. Remember her predictions and remember mine: *this little freak is going to get all of you!* You're all doomed! And Earl actually does have a cat.

TREY

Bullshit! He never even tried to con me like that...

RUSH (*Exiting*).

No, he didn't. That doesn't mean he doesn't have a cat. Mickey, I think he named her Mickey.

LIZ

I always thought that something was wrong with Rush.

RICHIE

Really? I kinda liked him.

LIZ

Holy shit! Don't sneak up on people... crowds of people like that. Where have you been, anyway?

RICHIE

Right here as usual... almost participating.

LIZ

Well, keep up the good work.

BUCK

Rush was a turd. End of story.

TREY

Alas poor Chamberlain, I knew him well... and he was a Communist... I'm not so sure about Earl tho'.

Just Another Dick

SANTA (*With the script*).
Hey, this Hastings guy really *is* an asshole.

BUCK
Huh? What did I tell ya?

TREY
Wow! He is good! Kringle, you're hired! Now, It's *my* turn to eat. I'm getting some lunch.

RICHIE
Is there a play rehearsal happening anytime in the near future?

BUCK
OK, that's a wrap. Take 5, people. We'll start with Act something scene something when we return.

(*RICHIE, SANTA, LIZ, MA, and CM exit*).

TREY
You know, Buck, sometimes you babble like an absolute idiot.

BUCK
That's all an act.

TREY
So you're not scared of your own shadow... your really unhunched straight-backed shadow? Because I need you.

BUCK
Need? Me?

TREY
I need you to get the word out about what a drunken old leech Happy was and how much better, safer, and sober I'll be. Just remember when you do that, his... *our* mom is still alive... and out back smoking a joint with the Taco Bell guys... Keep her in mind. She... uh loves *all* her sons.

BUCK (*Exiting*).
I'm on it. Adieu, Dude.

TREY (*Into bullhorn*).
Alright, you hippies, hear this! We all know that we lost our director, but he had to go. He's out there now collectivizing farms and destroying the means of

Just Another Dick

production... Or he was just royally screwed and that's a big sign to the rest of you to *stay in line!* I'll let you think on that.

BUCK (*Turning on his heel and*

reentering).

OK, so I can report back that they're not really warming up to you just yet...

TREY

Warming? Who's warming?

BUCK

Nobody. Nobody... the cast the crew... neighbors, the stoners from Taco Bell... rats in the alley... nobody is really responding to your... style of leadership.

TREY

So, what am I doing wrong? I was born to play this character.

BUCK

You may have been born to play it, but they're going to need to see you in it.

TREY

You're mean that rehearsal thing Richie was going on about? You're saying we should rehearse a *scene*?

BUCK

That's what I am saying. Rehears a scene where he looks really king like.

TREY

That's all of them. He is the king.

BUCK (*With the script*).

I've got it. We'll do Act III scene 7!

TREY (*With BUCK's script*).

It says so right here; *The Tragedy of KING Richard III*... wait a minute. Tragedy?

BUCK (*Into the bullhorn*).

We need everyone to the stage for Act III scene 7. Everyone who isn't already on the stage please prepare for

Just Another Dick

Act III scene 7. OK, Trey Dick, become King Richard III!

(TREY drops the script and picks up a bible
to hobble across the stage
with as CM, MA, LIZ SANTA, & SLAPPY
enter).

SANTA

Woa! I didn't know you guys were a bunch of bible thumpers.

TREY

Oh, I'm such a religious freak that I have no friends or
life of any kind.

LIZ

That sure explains a lot.

MA

He has to be doing this for the part, since there is no just
no way my boy is reading the bible for real.

CM

I don't know. It sure looks like this guy is just walking
around praying.

LIZ

It's the most realistic and genuine thing I've ever seen.

SANTA

So bible boy is taking over?

TREY

Excuse me! No way! I'm your old usher not your new leader.

LIZ

C'mon, Trey, we go on in a week. We can't get anyone else.

MA

You know we can't do it without you.

CM (*Chanting*).

Trey... Trey... Trey... TREY... TREY... TREY!!!

TREY

Oh alright! I'm not...

BUCK

Just Another Dick

Wait for it.

TREY

...totally stoned!

BUCK

Hey, prop girl! How 'bout the big crown for the big guy?

CM

Try again.

BUCK

Uh... Ma'am, could we please get the large crown for our new Richard III?

CM (*Revealing the crown*).

That's more like it.

(*Dancing and singing to the tune "Springtime for Hitler", TREY takes the crown*).

TREY

Now is the winter of our discontent. Made glorious summer by this sun of York!

LIZ (*Grabbing for the crown*).

We're rehearsing Act I. He isn't even king yet!

TREY

You can just leave that right where it is. I'm good, baby, I'm good. Hunchbackin'! *Hunchbackin'!*

MA

Has anyone seen Richie? Where in the hell is Richie?

BUCK (*Into the bullhorn*).

OK, you know what? I direct everyone to take ten! Go have some tacos and a smoke. I'll see you all back here in ten minutes.

Intermission

ACT II

SCENE 1

Just Another Dick

(A week later. The shadows of the monkey-like Dick brothers swinging from the lights can be seen across the finished set. C M is leaning against the ladder eating a taco. MA and LIZ enter).

LIZ

Hey, is that Anne, who plays Anne?

CM

No, it's your niece, Nan, from the light crew.

MA

Good enough. So we're going up there to calm down those monkeys before somebody gets hurt.

CM

Nobody would be happier if you did, but I can't let you up there.

LIZ

I'm their mother. This is their grandmother.

CM

I'm really happy for you, but I get my orders from the king.

MA

King?

CM

Lead actor, their uncle, angry guy with a hump.. whatever..

LIZ

Now he's making rules about when a mother can see her children?

CM

Sure looks that way.

MA

Maybe we should start calling him *king*. Might as well get it over with.

CM

Say what you want about that asshole, and I know you will; but considering the condition of things when he took over, he put together a hell of a show in a week. And he did it

Just Another Dick

with a cast member in a wheelchair and... not to mention...
What the hell are we going to do with what's left of Happy?

MA

All of my boys are just fine and will be ready to perform!

LIZ

But one will be propped up by sticks and wearing open
eyeballs painted onto the lenses of his glasses.

MA

The show must go on!

CM

You got that right. So how's the new guy working out?

LIZ

You mean the homeless looney-tune he literally dragged off
of the street to play Hastings?

CM

There aren't any other new guys, are there?

MA

He's really good, actually.

LIZ

Already knows his lines... always hits his mark...

MA

Kind of wish he would lose the bell 'tho.

LIZ

Oh yea, we could do with a lot less bell ringing around
here.

MA

The first day it was cute. Even I gave him a quarter, but
now...

CM

He's still collecting change?

LIZ

It's what he's out doing right now.

CM

Just Another Dick

So he's still in the Santa suit?

MA

Of course he's in the Santa suit. He's not gonna make a dime without the suit.

LIZ

C'mon and *think!*

CM

It's just... it's not the holidays; doesn't make a whole lot of sense. So, should I be looking for another job? Seriously, is this place holding together?

MA

You all should be looking into Richie's new theater. We really should.

LIZ

Richie left to start a *puppet* theater.

MA

He's getting paid, isn't he?

CM

That's what I'm interested in. Am I still going to be getting a check here?

MA

I've worked at a lot of theaters and believe me, this sort of thing is not unusual.

CM

Excuse me but, was that supposed to be encouraging?

LIZ

Do you have any idea what a sweaty business puppets are?

MA

And you'll have to lie about what you do for a living to everyone you ever meet for the rest of your life.

LIZ

I told people I worked at a nursing home... that also explained some of the vomit...

Just Another Dick

CM

Alright alright, I won't join the puppet show.

MA

How about not joining the puppet show... yet. Let's see how things play out here in the world of regular theater first. I really don't know *what* I was thinking when I had that hunchback.

LIZ

You were probably thinking the same thing that everyone thinks when they have kids: *I sure hope it's not a tyrant... or a monkey!*

MA

They really are annoying, aren't they?

CM

I was almost getting used to 'em.

LIZ

Don't! They won't be around long.

CM

You aren't saying Trey would...?

LIZ

I'm saying, how long can these chimps keep this up before they break their own necks?

MA

They're freaks, you know.

LIZ

Ma! That's just a rumor.

MA

Speaking of freaks.

*(TREY enters to the sound of barking dogs
and with BUCK).*

TREY

You broads can clear out. I need a little throne time. Not prop girl. I might need to speak with her.

Just Another Dick

MA (*Exiting with LIZ*).

Yes, your majesty!

LIZ

You know, what you've got is a part in a play. Maybe you could go and get yourself a dose of reality.

TREY

You know that isn't going to happen.

BUCK

It's nice to get up here a couple times a day and just enjoy the set!

TREY

It's good to... play the king. Of course, I do have a bit of a monkey problem.

BUCK

Do you ever! Look at 'em go!

TREY

Yea, well, my playing the lead is on an interim basis. The fact is I'm just a bench-warmer for *them*... nice as the bench may be.

BUCK

That is one nice bench! Oh yea!

TREY

Are you playing dumb here or did you catch Happy's concussion?

BUCK

You can't catch a concussion. OK, maybe I'm missing something.

TREY

The something is you crawling up there and pitching those idiots off of the lights permanent style.

BUCK

Woa! I thought we were just waiting for the little buggers

BUCK (*Cont.*).

to knock each other off on their own. You know, kinda let nature take its course.

Just Another Dick

TREY

Think again Succup. You've got light duty. Get it: *light* duty? Now, go drop those punks.

BUCK (*Exiting*)

Now just a minute, cuz. This isn't really what I signed up for... knocking freaks off of lights. Wow, man, you just went and made me find my moral compass... kinda takes the fun outta everything. *Uncomfortable!* If you need me... for anything sane, I'll be out back smoking a joint with your mom.

TREY

You go and do that, Cousin Buck. Yea, OK, so I'm losing the Succup. Woman, this is where you come in. Do you know some other sleaze ball that will do anything for money?

CM

Have you tried the internet?

TREY

(*TREY takes out a smart phone and starts texting*).

The internet! Hell yea! Why didn't I think of that?

CM

Cyberspace is full of fiends for hire. No problem. Hey, am I seeing things over here, or does one of those freaks actually have a tail? Seriously it looks kinda like... No, it's *both* freaks! Both of these guys have the tails! Yo, Stumpy, get a look at this? The monkeys really are monkeys. I thought those old gals were kidding around calling them monkeys, but look at 'em go!

TREY

Forget hiring; the internet *itself* is a fiend. Just an I-tweet here... a little Facechatr there... They used to say there was no such thing as bad press... that was before the internet... There! Hashtag that, damn monkeys! I'll use good old fashioned shock and awe. I'll... *shockknock* 'em off of there.

CM

I had no idea. Ho... how... How are they doing that with their pants still on...? Woa! There you go; asked and answered. Damn! Where did they even get pants like that? Oh, they are gonna love these guys on YouTube! Yo, Humpster, what's

Just Another Dick

taking so long?

TREY

I have a withered thumb. There we go. Things should get cooking anytime now!

CM

That one is just kind of a hanging off that kid's ass, but the other one... Holy shit, what a squirrel!

TREY

It's a show stopper; think it might be prehensile.

CM

You haven't been watching. I know it's prehensile. Does *National Geographic* know about these guys? Really now, the blogosphere is going to have a field day with these two.

TREY

Well, that's what they get for being born with tails. I don't make the rules.

(Phones start ringing on-stage, back -stage, and in the audience).

MA *(Entering with a joint as phones start ringing everywhere)*.

I just got a tweet that says our understudy for Richard III is a baboon? Baboon? That's right... baboon.

MAGGIE *(Entering)*.

I just got a whole lot of emails about... Do we have lemurs in our rafters?

SANTA *(Entering)*.

We're in trouble with PITA... I got the mail on the gizmo.

MA

Oo, what the hell is that? They've got pictures. How did they get pictures? #missinglink?

TREY

This is sweet. Now, wait until someone sends one of these pics to one of these monkeys.
#shockknockyouoffthefuckinglightsandthefuckoutofmylife...

Just Another Dick

and *(LIZ runs in followed by BUCK as SLAPPY'S
DICKIE'S screams of shock are
heard from above).*

LIZ *(Entering)*.
Don't anyone look at their phone. Don't look! Is there
some way to disconnect the cloud? The whole thing, we need
to unhook it.

BUCK *(Looking up)*.
OK, so I've... uh... been thinking about this light gig... OMG!
Do you think those things are strong enough to hold on to
the gallery?

TREY
Good question. Let's find out. Here we go. Now wave
"bye-bye".

(BUCK waves).

SLAPPY
How? Who? OMG?!!! Hashtag mortal shock. Oo oo ah ah!

TREY
Naw, they're not strong enough to hold onto shit.

LIZ *(Noticing SLAPPY'S body fall
behind the
throne)*.
Hey! Did something just fall behind the throne?

CM
Yea. I think it was a Dick.

DICKIE *(Voice)*.
Wha...wha...Woa!

CM
Sure enough. Here comes another one They're everywhere!
It's raining Dicks.

LIZ
No way am I cleaning that up!
CM, MAGGIE, MA & SANTA *(Exiting)*.
Not it! No way! Uh huh, you can clean that up your damn
self! Hell no!

Just Another Dick

(CM, MAGGIE, MA, LIZ, & SANTA exit).

TREY (*Texting*).

Just let me get these internet guys started on the rumor of my future x-wife's drug problem. Let's face it; if she doesn't have one yet, a little while with me will change all that... I think we've seen the last of her. C'mon she had to go. It all needs to happen and all that is happening is needed. You know, I think I'll go for the big babe with the lights and the attitude. Just my type... Sure, I just ran her kin out of here the hard way, but I think she's good with it. Besides, I'm in too deep now not to try and go in a little deeper.

(Looking over both shoulders TREY dials and speaks into his phone).

TREY

Hello, it's me again... That's Mr. Dick, actually. Whatever, can I speak with Snuggles... I'll be quick... Yea, OK, I'll wait... (Pause). Hello? Snuggles? I can hear your purrings! How' your funny little leg? You've got a funny little leg, you little cutie! I missers you! Yes, I do! OK, you go back to killing things; I'll talk to you tomorrow... Hey, there! Hello? Could someone help my cat hang up the phone...? Hello, morons? Hey, there, we're done, thanks. Yea, yea, same time tomorrow...

(TREY hangs up phone).

BUCK

Trey, what was that?

TREY

That was a private call is what it was

BUCK

Sounded like you were taking to a cat.

TREY

She doesn't like to be boarded. She has a bad leg and the other cats pick on her and I don't have to explain myself to you.

BUCK

Do you own a cat or pussy?

Just Another Dick

TREY

That's enough, Succup. Now what do you know about this puppet theater?

BUCK

I'm not really in the puppet loop. I'm more of a director.

TREY

That what they told ya?

BUCK

Funny, Trey.

TREY

It sure is.

BUCK

No. Wait a minute... it isn't funny at all.

TREY

What was that?

BUCK

I said...

TREY

Hey can you keep it down over there? I have a phone and someone important might be trying to call... *(pause)*. Oh the hell with it. I'll call them.

BUCK

I'm starting to get the impression that there is some tension between us, Trey. I'm only mentioning it because I don't want anything to get in the way of my directing a great play...

TREY *(Into the phone)*.

Stan? Oh, Cathy, this is Trey. There have been some new developments. Can you put Stan on?

BUCK

Speaking of me directing away over here... you are going to remember to mention me in the program?

TREY *(Into the phone)*.

Stan! What new developments? Yea, you better keep me

Just Another Dick

apprised.

SLAPPY (*From down below*).

Lil' help?

BUCK

I've seen a version of the program for this show that doesn't really mention me...

TREY (*To himself as he hangs up the phone*).
Hank once predicted that Richie would do Richard III with puppets... but Hank was hammered...

BUCK

... not even for playing Buckingham... Not mentioned at all!

TREY

Remember in New Hampshire when we ran into that Irish guitar player who told me that, if I ever got the role of Richard III, I'd be dumped behind the throne, paved over, and turned into a speed bump?

SLAPPY (*From down below*).

Speaking of dumped behind the throne... still down here, you know?

TREY

Made into a speedbump? Now I ask you, who has the time for that kind shit?

BUCK

Speaking of time... it's about half past time to settle up with your old buddy, Buck, for all his help.

TREY (*Hanging up the phone*).

Wow! Too bad I'm a temperamental actor, a bit of an asshole, and someone who gave at the office.

SLAPPY (*From down below*).

Hello?

(*Before TREY exits to the sound of barking dogs, TREY leans over the throne into the pit below*).

TREY

Just Another Dick

It puts the lotion on its skin or else it gets the hose again! I love that line. I should get a bucket to lower down there...

BUCK

What an asshole... OK so, it looks like I get a great big pile of nothin' for helping him get the lead here. Before he gets around to replacing me, maybe I should go try my hand at puppeteering.

(BUCK exits as MAGGIE, LIZ, and MA enter).

MAGGIE

OK, ladies, as you know I had never had anything pleasant to say before I saw our latest stars on YouTube. Now that I have I think I'm going to ride the rest of this show out in France.

LIZ

They're my internet stars too. You don't see me running off to hideout somewhere I can't even afford to visit. Not me. I miss Happy.

MAGGIE

Trading Slappy for Happy...just another Dick You know, trying to keep the lead in this show cast is like trying to borrow money from the dead.

LIZ

You're thinking about robbing the dead? You crazy old hag, how do you sleep at night?

MAGGIE

With my head wrapped in a wet sheet. Just like Hank!

LIZ

Here we go again.

MA

You're just not gonna let that go, are you?

LIZ

Really! We all have husbands, sons, and brothers falling out of lights and landing in GITMO. It doesn't mean we can't sometimes talk about something else.

MAGGIE

Just Another Dick

How about talking about Trey Dick firing everybody around here and destroying all our lives, huh? Do any of you remember what I said before about FUN? How much fun have we been having? I don't know about you guys, but I really enjoy this job. I don't even think of it as a job. I'm no less surprised at every paycheck now than I was when it was Hank who handed them out. Why do you think I still do it? Well, I've changed my mind and my attitude! I want revenge! Trey's only purpose in this world is to mess with other people's worlds. That's not a good enough reason to justify keeping him around. Let's kill him!

MA

Maggie, maybe you should sit down for a while...

LIZ

Hold on there a second, let's hear her out. Remember that she predicted that we would come and ask her help in squishing turtleface!

MA

Shut up! Shut up! He's coming!

TREY (*Entering to the sound of dogs while talking on his phone*).
I don't believe Stan has always wanted to produce a puppet show. I don't really need this shit. Everything else is moving along perfectly: Gumo and the baboon boys are as good as gone.

SLAPPY (*From below*).

No we're not!

DICKIE (*Voice*).

Baboon boys? That's cold blooded!

TREY (*Stepping off to the side*).

Oh yea, and I think Anne OD or something. So things are going just ducky! Huh? What? Buck joined the puppet show too? Cathy, listen to me. Fuck Buck!

MAGGIE

That's it, game over. I'm going to France and beat on a mime or whatever it takes to get along over there...

Just Another Dick

LIZ (*Sitting*).

Oh really, do you have to go? Couldn't you hang out and teach us how to bitch and moan some more?

MA (*Sitting*).

Seriously, even I could take a lesson on some of that bitchin' and moanin'.

MAGGIE (*Sitting*).

I *am* a lesson. You've got a living breathing cautionary example right here beside you.

LIZ

Really! You could probably teach a whole workshop on how to be the craziest old lady in the room.

MA

It's not a useless skill.

MAGGIE

It's all in the material, ladies. All you have to do is pretend it's better than it actually is and... *voila!* You're the craziest old lady in the room. Like anything, you'll catch on in a couple more years.

MA

Uh oh! Trey alert! Hey, when he gets here, let's really let him know how hated he is! Let's really rain hate down on him; send it pouring down like monkeys from the light gallery! Hey, *Quasimodo*, I wish I aborted your crippled ass!

TREY (*Stepping forward*).

Harsh, Ma, harsh

LIZ

Oh yea! Well where are your nephews, freak face?

TREY

I don't know. They're probably still stuck behind the stage.

SLAPPY

Yea we are! And how hard would it be to yank us on out of here?

Just Another Dick

DICKIE (*Voice Over*).
You've done it before... twice!

TREY
Did you just hear something? I thought I might have heard a little something.

MA
OK, then where's your brother, Gumo?

LIZ
How about Rush, Earl, and the gang?

TREY
I'm not so sure about Earl, but I replaced Rush with this bell ringing dipshit over here.

SANTA (*Entering*).
"I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders, ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced..."

TREY (*To exiting SANTA*).
Alright, take five, Kringle.

MA
Listen up, boy. I'm your mother and even I can't stand you.

TREY
I know that doesn't exactly make me look good, but doesn't it at least explain some of my behavior. I mean what the hell? A guy only gets the one mother and... Well, is anybody listening to this!

MAGGIE
Your show will go about as well as your rehearsals have. You got that? I've had about enough of this. I'm going to France!

TREY
What? France?

MAGGIE
Didn't see that one coming did you, asshole?

TREY
No, I did not. You got me.
MAGGIE

Just Another Dick

HA! That's one for our side.

(MAGGIE exits with MA).

TREY

That gives me an idea too. Liz?

LIZ

What could you possibly want from me? I'm fresh out of kids for you to drop to their deaths.

SLAPPY

Not dead yet! Now can someone please pull our weird monkey asses on out of here?

TREY

No, you're not fresh out of anything.

LIZ

I'm not what...? No! You're not talking about my last kid... the only one you didn't break... yet...

SLAPPY

Alright, we'll just crawl outta here ourselves!

DICKIE (Voice).

Yea, we've done crazier stuff than this for free!

TREY

Check it out. They think they were getting paid!

LIZ

Oh they'll get paid before you get anywhere near my daughter.

TREY

You should look at what I'm trying to do as elevating the station of your future grandkids.

LIZ

Grandkid? That's not a selling point! The horror! That's nauseating!

TREY

You're not looking at the big picture: they'll all have mighty mighty humps... and fucked up feet. Anyway, do you

TREY (Cont.).

Just Another Dick

have any pointers on how I can win her over?

LIZ

Try to avoid making her puke.

TREY

Hey, that does sound like a good tip; how do I pull it off?

LIZ

For starters you should avoid all talk of little deformed offspring..

TREY

I'll give it a shot. Anything else?

LIZ

Yes, you'll have to be someone else.. anyone else.

TREY

That might be a tall order.

LIZ

I thought you were an actor.

TREY

I'm a beginner. I'm not exactly Ian McKellen over here.

LIZ

Well... get *better*.

TREY

Your advice isn't worth a whole lot.

LIZ

My advice on how to bed my daughter? Look my daughter is a woman. If you want to attract a woman, you are going to have to be someone else; that's all there is to it.

TREY

I have money, you know, and the cutest little cat?

LIZ

A what? Whatever, she isn't going to forgive what you did to her brothers!

TREY

Just Another Dick

What's done is done. Besides, whatever I took from them, I'll be giving right back to her.

(*SLAPPY emerges from behind the throne only to be kicked back down as TREY walks by*).

LIZ

That doesn't even make... Look, you're not marrying my daughter and that's final.

TREY

Woa! Who said anything about *marry*... I was just thinking having a good time after I do what I'm gonna do to those puppet faces. You know *celebration*!

LIZ

What about the humped grand kids?

TREY

Born Richards III everyone, but they're not going to have much of a father figure to deal with. I'll be on the road performing!

LIZ

This actually is reality as you see it, isn't it?

TREY

Reality is what reality is no matter how anybody sees it. That's why it's called *reality*. Everybody sees me as Richard and Richard as a part of merit, so I'm an actor of merit and I get groupies. Deal with it.

LIZ

I'm lost, are you still asking me for a favor?

TREY

Well, I didn't think I had to explain the whole lifestyle thing to you, but I was seeking advice on getting to know ...whatsurname better.

LIZ

You don't know her name?

TREY

I know her as the prop girl with the cute ass. That's *calling* her something.

Just Another Dick

LIZ

She's on the *lighting* crew, Trey. She designed the lighting for the show.

TREY

Huh? Let there be light! I always ask her for props.

LIZ

Yea, and you're very rude.

TREY

Alright, Miss Smarty-pants, I only asked her for those props as a way to start a conversation with her... on account of her cute ass. You can't show any more manners than that.

LIZ

Do you know the difference between good things and bad things? I'm not even talking about morality here. I'm just talking about taste.

TREY

You help me out and I'll see what I can do for your brother... maybe get him a part with a face.

LIZ

I'm going to take that as a *no* in response to the morality/taste question.

TREY

Is there something so wrong with me making a friend?

LIZ

Well, Trey, you could try being friendly.

TREY

I thought that's what I was doing.

LIZ

Not even close; you had better stick with your cat.

TREY

Maybe if you hear what I'm going to do to puppet head, it will make this whole party seem more ... rational. Get this; I'm going to make him the new halberd holder!

LIZ

Just Another Dick

Make him the new halberd holder? How does that rationalize *anything*...?

TREY

You don't get it? It's all about humiliation. *Halberd* holding is a pretty humiliating demotion for a guy who was thinking he was going to direct the whole show. Plus, it allows me to replace Slappy who definitely isn't worth a shit after that last fall.

(*SLAPPY makes another thwarted attempt from a different direction*).

LIZ

Who is puppet head?

TREY

Whatshisface with the attitude and the bullshit about paying debts and curses of retribution.

LIZ

Oh no, you're going to have to be more specific than that.

TREY

He's just another prick out there looking for work. Mr. *Who Cares*. That guy.

LIZ

You really haven't thought any of this through, have you? You just have some things that you want and you enjoy talking about them.

TREY

I'm the lead actor, directing a play, running a theater.

LIZ

You're trying to screw my daughter!

TREY

I didn't say... Look, I just want her to be my little kitty. You know that I'll treat her well with the feeding and the brushing...

LIZ

Let me try making my objection to all of this perfectly clear. You, besides being a world class asshole that has
LIZ (Cont.).

Just Another Dick

destroyed the lives everyone he has ever met; you are her UNCLE! Now, get it together.

SLAPPY (*Emerging at last*).

Yea, ya sicko

TREY

It's called, "Getting along".

LIZ (*Pushing SLAPPY back down*).

It's called *incest*. Back in the pit, you washed-up halberd holder. OK, maybe I might be sort of kinda *thinking* about some of what you've been saying.

TREY

It's was the grand kids that did it, right?

LIZ

The ones you don't really want? No not really. It's more the prospect of shutting you up that has me thinking about this. Besides, you're more or less her type... with a hump. And you're persistent.

TREY

Finally, someone catches on to my redeeming quality: tenacity! She'll be fine. She'll probably wind up playing some kind of queen in something...

LIZ

There's a job I know well enough...

TREY

Really? Well, that would have come in handy around here if we knew about it.

LIZ

Knew about it? Trey, are you forgetting about the other characters in Richard III again?

TREY

Maybe. So there's a queen?

LIZ

A couple of them actually.

TREY

Just Another Dick

Well that might give one of these other old ladies something to do. These queens are fighting over Richard, right?

LIZ

Uh... yea... and they both win...

TREY

Then whatsherface shall play them both!

LIZ

That leaves you with some extra old ladies.

TREY

Well, we'll find something for you.

LIZ

Hold on. You're replacing *me*?

TREY

Relax, you know that whatever you play next it'll be a queen of some sort or another.

LIZ

But I was already a queen.

TREY

And all you did was complain about it.

LIZ

Did not. I complained about you. There's a difference.

TREY

Not anymore there isn't.

LIZ

I guess I should be happy I'm not holding a halberd.

SLAPPY (*Reemerging*).

Happy?

TREY

You again? Some guys just don't get the picture.

SLAPPY

No more no more; I get the picture just fine and I'll be

SLAPPY (Cont.).

leaving thank you very much

Just Another Dick

LIZ

Where's your brother?

SLAPPY

Oh he isn't going to make it. You might as well pave over him now.

LIZ

Are you sure he just wasn't recast as a queen?

SLAPPY

Recast? Na, we're way past that.

LIZ

And if I don't want to be recast, Trey? What do I have to do?

TREY

Like I said; help me out with prop girl.

LIZ

Light girl.

TREY

Oh, whatever. You really should have named her.

LIZ

I did!

TREY

...and? Don't leave me in suspense.

LIZ

What am I helping you do?

TREY

Uh... you are helping me to love her forever and ever...

LIZ

Or until you don't.

TREY

You have plenty of reasons to play ball here and fewer and fewer reasons not to.

LIZ

And your reasons for doing *everything* are sick and weird.

Just Another Dick

Talking to you is like seeing my kids on YouTube.

TREY

Do you have to keep going there? I only... I didn't raise the little freaks.

LIZ

Are you calling somebody else a freak?

TREY

Damn straight. I have the right to call anybody a freak at any time. That comes from, Bill Shakespeare, *this hump*, and the part of Richard III!

LIZ

You're an embarrassment to Shakespeare, a piss-poor representative of hunch-backs everywhere, and you stole that part from my idiot son.

TREY

OK, then it is my God given right to call anybody a freak...

LIZ

I thought you were a devil worshiper. You can't have it both ways, you know.

TREY

You thought I was a what?

LIZ

Just another garden variety pentagram swinging blood belching horn-head.

TREY

No. Wow! Really, I'm just an asshole.

LIZ

If my daughter wasn't a psychopath; I wouldn't let her have anything to do with you.

TREY

And that's because you're just an all-star parent. You should write a book.

SLAPPY

Amen to that!

Just Another Dick

LIZ

Is he still wandering around? I thought he left.

TREY

Actually, I've forgotten about him several times.

LIZ

And do you know why you forgot about him... several times? It's because you're just an all-star leader. You should write a book.

TREY

You need to look more at what I'm doing than at the things I've done. C'mon, let me at her.

SLAPPY

Hey! Over here!

LIZ

What? What is it?

SLAPPY

Nothing except... I'm one of the things he's done... look at me.

LIZ

He has a point. Look at him!

TREY

Grand kids!

LIZ

With freak humps...

TREY

There's the sound of my voice... and the prospect of not hearing it...

LIZ

Alright alright! I'd give up three sociopaths if I never have to listen to your bullshit again. If you want her, you got her. I don't know how I could ever help you, but I won't stand in your way.

TREY

Sister, I believe we have a deal!

Just Another Dick

LIZ (*Exiting*).

Whatever... pussy.

TREY

Hey, was that about me being Snuggles' caretaker?

LIZ

Of course not, Trey. That was about everything else.

TREY

Cool. You moron! OK, Slappy, you ready to do your part?

SLAPPY

I'll do anything to keep from playing Richard III! Please don't make me do all that crap! You can launch me off of the lights again. Anything!

TREY

Not an issue, boy. You really don't have to worry. Now, what can you tell me about Richie's show?

SLAPPY

I'm not really in the loop, but from what I understand, it's all about puppets.

TREY

Puppets, like with the hands and the creepy? Well, two can play at that game. You know what I mean!

SLAPPY

I have absolutely no idea what you mean.

TREY (*Answering his ringing phone*).

Well, you've had some head wounds... lowered expectations and all that... *Stan! OK, Cathy! So, what do ya think? ... Yea... Yep... uh huh... I agree. We're going back to the street!*

SLAPPY

I have no idea what's going on right now. Shouldn't we send someone down to retrieve Dickie's body?

TREY (*Hanging up the phone*).

Start pounding that pavement, boy; we've got cast

TREY (*Cont.*).

replacements to contend with. Get a move on!

Just Another Dick

SLAPPY

We open tomorrow. How is a replacement going to learn his lines?

TREY (*Pushing SLAPPY out*).

Her lines... and there isn't going to be any learning to it! C'mon!

SLAPPY

But I have no idea what I am doing. Even without the head wounds I'm practically worthless...

TREY

Just get me some kind of street performer.

SLAPPY

How about one of those living statues over there?

TREY

No living statues! Get me a woman.

SLAPPY (*Exiting*).

A woman? For you? How's that going to work?

(*SLAPPY exits as SANTA enters*).

TREY (*On the phone*).

Hurry now, boy! We need queens and halberd holders... queens and halberd holders! *OK, Stan... What? Some of my crew went over to Richie's puppet show? Yea... yea, I knew about Buck. He'll be back. That guy can't survive on puppet money. Well, what am I, chopped liver? You know, I'm not sure I trust you, Stan... Why don't you put Cathy back on...? Cathy, what have we got of Stan's that we can use to keep his ass in line? ...Because I don't trust him... not with a whole new crew I don't. Hold on. Does he have a cat?*

SLAPPY

Actually, I think he has a dog.

TREY

Oh, he would! I'll tell you what; Stan can bring in the missing members of our crew while I have a couple of fellas look after his car. Hold on. I've got another call...

TREY (*Cont.*).

because it might be someone more important than you, that's

Just Another Dick

why... Hello? They're saying what about my production on the internet? ...well, that isn't even true! ...who is this? Hello? Hello? Stan? Are you there, Stan? The whole system is breaking down!

SANTA

Hey... uh, Mr. Angry Freak?

TREY

What is it, Kringle?

SANTA

I just saw something online about our old director.

TREY

It better be some good news, cuz I've had about all I can take. The last two minutes have been hell!

SANTA

It said that they wouldn't let him in that puppet show cuz he's a shitty puppeteer. How's that?

TREY

It'll do. What's the name of that bar where he hangs out?

SANTA

How should I know?

TREY

And I repeat... what's the name of the bar where...?

SANTA *(Exiting)*.

Crosby's Place. I'll go get him.

TREY *(Answering his ringing*

phone).

Bell brain. Hard to find good help these days. *What? ... Richie lost his stage? He still has his cast and crew, but he has nowhere to put on his puppet show? ...What do you mean, "Coming for me"? ...He thinks he's putting that crap on here? ...His play is what? ...Look, if his puppet show is Richard III, then it gives me all the more reason to kick his puppet waggling' ass! I can't believe it! That sonofabitch is trying to get the producers to back that puppet crap over my normal version! I don't need this one bit. I'm gonna break this guy's thumbs. Yea! That's*

TREY *(Cont.)*.

Just Another Dick

what I'll do. Let him waggle a puppet then... Who in the hell I'm talking to? Is there anybody even here?

SLAPPY (*Entering with a MIME*).

OK, I'm back.

TREY

Finally, So, what did you get?

SLAPPY

I got you what I could... She does the invisible cage bit like a real pro. That's got to come in handy.

(*MIME in a box*).

TREY

She's perfect! This is just what I had in mind. Does she do the bit where she pretends like its windy?

SLAPPY

I didn't get her resume.

(*MIME blows by*).

TREY

It's like she understands me.

SLAPPY

You know that she can hear, right?

TREY

Say what?

SLAPPY

Uh huh, and talk.

TREY

Whatever. The important thing is she *won't*... talk.

SLAPPY

So... she sounds hired.

(*Exuberant MIME blows by*).

TREY

She's our new Margret.

SLAPPY

Just Another Dick

Just so we're straight; this is acceptable? You're cool with this?

TREY

What's not to love? Someone should have thought of this years ago: Mute Margret! Can she do anything else? *Do you do anything else?*

(MIME pretends to be shot and falls down dead).

TREY

You're just what I was looking for. You'll be playing a... they're all queens and halberd holders... help me out here. Is Margret a queen or a halberd holder?

SLAPPY

Says here... *queen!*

TREY

Whatever. You're a queen. Congratulations.

SANTA *(Entering with a puppet).*

Buck was at the bar and at it hard. I put what's left of him in a dressing room. Who's the new chick?

TREY

Control yourself, Kringle. Do you have an explanation for the puppet?

SANTA

Apparently this is Buck's drinking buddy.

TREY

He's perfect!

SANTA

No he's not. He's an ovenmit.

TREY

He'll be perfect as Rivers.

SANTA

Sure... Uh, OK... Yea, I can see it now...

SLAPPY

You're right, he's perfect. Who's Rivers, and what about SLAPPY (Cont.).

Just Another Dick

the guy behind the puppet? What are your plans for Succup?

TREY

He's a born halberd holder if I ever saw one.

SLAPPY

So I need to get back out there and round up a Buckingham?

TREY

Hold on there, head wound. I think we might have used up the street. We're down to mimes for crying out loud. This time why don't we just order a pizza?

SLAPPY

Rivers will be played by an ovenmit and Buckingham will be played by a pizza?

TREY

No, Rivers will be played by a puppet. Buckingham will be played by the pizza delivery guy. Order a large pepperoni and offer the kid who delivers it 20\$ to play Buckingham.

SLAPPY (*Takes out his phone*).

I'm on it. I'd do anything *not* to play Richard III... There is no way could I learn all those lines...

TREY

What is this, a monologue? Dial dial!

SLAPPY (*Dialing and stepping off*).

WOW! I have a lot of tweets under the hashtag #monkeyDick. Sick world. How did they get video?

SANTA

Hey! 20? This clown is gonna get 20? I only got 7 and I've been at it for a week.

TREY

The pizza guy has a job, by definition. He gets paid in, you know, bills. Can you compete with that?

SANTA

This sucks.

TREY

I'm not the guy with the bell.

SANTA

Just Another Dick

Everybody loves Santa!

TREY

Either that or they're terrified of him. See, you've done shoddy market research...

SLAPPY

One pizza guy: coming up.

SANTA

Does she play tug-a-war with herself? You know... like mimes do?

SLAPPY

She can talk!

SANTA

But how is she gonna hear me?

PG (*Entering with a pizza*).

Yo, baby, I'm from Plantagenet's Pizza and I have your order.

TREY

I'll take that.

PG

Woa! Boy, you are about 9 different kinds of fucked up. Look at this guy here! He's been done up too

SLAPPY

All in the line of duty.

TREY

Oh, local reprobate, we've had to demote our last halberd holder to a different kind of halberd holder, so we're going to pay you 20\$ to be a... halberd holder in our grand production of Richard III.

PG

First off, 20\$ is a way below average tip for pizza in less than a *minute*. Second off, don't call me local reprobate I don't even *want* to know what that means. That being said, I'll do it for 100 bucks.

SANTA

Just Another Dick

100?

TREY

Deal. Now, we have just a few ground rules. First and most important: I am Richard III. Stay away from the understudy humps. Second... well, it goes without saying that there will be no fraternization.

PG (*Removing his delivery uniform
to reveal a white*

jumpsuit).

Cool. So, anybody got dibs on the mime? C'mere, darlin'!
Wow, can I try on one of these humps?

SANTA

100?

TREY

Everyone just know your lines and hold your halberds upright. What's with new Buckingham?

PG

Getting ready to perform. I'll give you a little taste of what you get when you hire Elvingham!

TREY

No. No tasting. You're clearly a crazy person.

PG

And you attract dogs. That's right, pizza guys know where the packs gather. You're lucky we even deliver here. Man, I'll bet you guys eat a lot of Taco Bell. You ain't nuthin' but a hound dog..

TREY

I'm a cat person!

(CM, LIZ, and MA enter).

LIZ (*Entering with CM and MA*).

Did someone say Taco Bell?

CM

Hell yea! I'll drive!

SANTA (*Counting change*).

Come to think on it I'm pretty hungry too.

Just Another Dick

TREY

Hey! Did I give anyone the night off? OK then, maybe we can all settle down a little bit. I have just a couple of announcements...

PG (*Wandering over by the throne*).

Hey! There's a guy down here!

TREY

Yea yea yea, it might be time to clear out that fruitcake.

LIZ

Not it.

TREY

Kringle, you and the nosy new guy are on corpse duty. The rest of you...

PG

He just moved; this dude still has a pulse.

CM

Why doesn't he just crawl on out of there?

SLAPPY

Spent much time behind many thrones? That whole crawl-to-safety thing is easier said than done.

TREY

Enough about the corpse.

PG

He's alive.

TREY

He isn't even in the cast! We don't need to stop production on account of one dumbass that isn't even dead yet. Anyway, this here Elvis impersonator from Plantagenet's Pizza and the mime... where's the mime? These two are our new cast members. You should all get to know each other.

PG

Thank you. Thank you very much.

MA

And which one is playing Rivers?

Just Another Dick

TREY (*Tossing her the puppet*).

You are.

MA

Great. How much extra am I getting paid for this?

TREY

You'll be paid like a puppet.

SANTA (*Approaching MIME*).

Now he's paying the puppet. Ho ho ho!

TREY

So when I said to get to know each other, I meant for you to get to know each other someplace else.

SANTA

I know a pretty cool bar just past the Taco Bell.

LIZ

Oo! Let's stop for a burrito on the way.

SLAPPY

How were we stopping production if all production was, was telling us to leave?

PG

Don't ask questions, man. Tacos and beer.

(As TREY reclines on the throne, EVERYONE else exits).

TREY (*Sitting on his throne listening to the barking dogs, he answers his ringing phone*).

Hello?... Hello? Who is this? What's going on here? You know, I'm just about sick and tired of whatever in the hell is going on with... Wait a sec. Snuggles, is that you? Is that you Snuggles? How's your funny little leg? Hello?

(Despondent, he hangs up the phone, pulls out a stuffed kitten, and curls up to sleep).

Aw, Snuggles, talk about lonely at the top.

DICKIE

It's not exactly crowded on the bottom, ya know.

Just Another Dick

TREY

You can just crawl on out of there, hurry up and die, or just shut up! I have a big day tomorrow and I need my sleep.

DICKIE

Excuse me! I just got out of a coma. I must have misplaced my manners.

TREY

Like I don't have enough to keep me up tonight.

GUMO (*Wheeled in by PG both are wearing*

sheets).

You'll be lucky if you ever sleep again after everything you've done.

TREY

What? Who's there? Is that you Gumo?

GUMO

I am Gumo's ghost.

TREY

But Gumo isn't dead yet.

GUMO

A ghostly apparition then?

PG

Yea, baby, and I am the ghost of... uh... some guy I hear you fired for being a Commie. Now he's on welfare... Woa! Circle of life!

TREY

Quit screwing around down there, you guys. We have a show tomorrow.

GUMO

It's all a show to you, isn't it, Trey Dick? Always on stage, you asshole.

TREY

Wait a sec. I know a quote or something about that... and it's gone...

Just Another Dick

GUMO

Gone like your brothers, Assweed?

TREY

My brothers are... sort of fine. Look, nobody is dead. I didn't kill anyone... especially not you, so...

PG

If we're not dead, then how come we're ghosts? And you are an asshole.

GUMO

The magic of theater...

PG (*Wheeling GUMO out*).

The magic of theater...

TREY

What the...?

SLAPPY (*Entering in a sheet*).

I'm the ghost of...

TREY

...someone else who wasn't killed by me... or anyone because none of you people are dead yet.

SLAPPY

Wrong. I died of complications of those headwounds.

DICKIE

Same here. Dead as a doornail.

SLAPPY

There are easier ways to get rid of a clearly incompetent understudy...

DICKIE

...you asshole!

SLAPPY (*Exiting*).

The magic of theater... the magic of theater.

DICKIE

Pull me up, you asshole!

Just Another Dick

TREY

I ain't pullin' shit. The last thing I need is more freaks up here... That's one of the many downsides of being a freak: always hanging out with other freaks... even when you're the only guy on the stage.

DICKIE

Oh Boo hoo!

TREY

Hang on. I think we've got another one.

ANNE (*Entering in a sheet*).

I'm the ghost of Anne who ODS after hearing the rumor you started about her being on drugs.

TREY

Really? You overdosed because of... me?

ANNE

Uh... yea! That's exactly what happened because I am totally not making this up as I go along. So, asshole, why did you tell everyone that I was on drugs? What did you even have to gain from that?

TREY

Freed me up to pursue other... others...

ANNE

You were always free! I was with you under protest. All you had to do was stop calling me!

TREY

Huh? Well, when you put it like that...

ANNE (*Exiting as BUCK enters in a sheet*).

Magic of theater, asshole... magic of theater...

TREY

You know, I'm starting to feel a little bit disliked. Ah! Here comes another one!

(*BUCK stumbles forward with halberd*).

BUCK

Just Another Dick

Boo, motherfucker, boo. I was at the bar when they cooked
BUCK (Cont.).

this up so I'm not sure what I'm supposed to be doing...
something about flippin' you shit for ... Oh yea, I'm gonna
slice you with this stupid stick

PG (*Reentering without sheet but
with SANTA to pull BUCK
back*)
Magic of theater!

BUCK
What an asshole.

TREY
I don't think I'm going to get any sl... Ah!

MARLEY (*Entering in a fog and with
howling wind*).
Scrooge, you will be visited by three ghosts...

TREY
Excuse me? Are you sure you're in the right theater?

MARLEY
Not anymore, I'm not.

TREY
I'm not Scrooge. I'm not even really Richard III.

BOB MARLEY (*Entering in a cloud of
smoke*).
I'm the ghost of Christmas present and I say it is going to
be a green Christmas, Mon!

MARLEY
Forget it, Bob. It's not going to happen.

BOB
But I rolled us all this big fatty!

MARLEY (*Exiting with BOB*).
Well, don't Scrooge it, man. Hook a brother up.

TREY
OK, is that it? Are we through, cuz I'm pretty sure those
last two were real ghosts. Maybe you all just took this

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shit a little too far. Fine, I don't need sleep anyway. Sleep is for pussies! Woops! Sorry, Snuggles.

CM

Is everything OK out here?

TREY

Prop girl?

CM

Light girl!

TREY

Whatever. I think I just had a very weird dream.

CM

Really? I don't see how you were able to get to get any sleep at all what with everyone you know doing a little show about how they think you're an asshole.

TREY

Well, I'm having a bad night.

CM

Find someone who cares and tell *them* all about it.

TREY (*At the bullhorn as the cast*

gathers).

That's it. Game over! *Since you're all still here you can come to the stage and you can come to the stage right now!* We're performing one of Shakespeare's greatest plays tomorrow and we are going to perform it well. I want those of you with a snowball's chance in hell of learning your lines to learn your lines. The rest of you get to know your halberds. Those things should be extensions of your arms by the time the curtain rises tomorrow night. *That will be the time for theatrics! That will be the time for a show. That will be the time for each and every one of you to go out there and grab as much spotlight as you can grab! The time to remember that, there are no small actors: there are just some quiet guys in the back! Don't be one!*

TREY (*Answering the ringing phone before hanging*

up).

...What?!?! Stan, this is unacceptable. ...well, if I'm unable to count on your support then you're gonna be unable

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to count on your car. That's right, I 'm having it burned and what's left of it rolled into a lake and then... what do you mean you're sitting in it? Damn! Good help is hard to

TREY (Cont.).

find. Get to work, people; we have an impending puppet attack to deal with! Those puppets are coming for us!

LIZ

Alright! You win already. We'll have the stage set before the kids arrive in the morning.

TREY

Kids? What kids? I don't want any kids *arriving* when we've got a show to do.

LIZ

They're in the show. They play the kids.

TREY

I don't think so.

LIZ

You do know that there are a bunch of kids in this play don't you. Princes and princesses: Richard kills most of them. The rest he just threatens to kill... or marry.

TREY

I get it. You're trying to make Richard III out to be some kind of villain now that *I* got the part.

LIZ

Still haven't gotten around to reading the play, have you?

PG

I have and there's a bunch of stuff in it that is just like the stuff that has been going on around here.

SANTA

Brother, you don't know the half of it.

TREY (*Pointing at his eyes as a
MIME imitates*

him).

Uh hu. I'm watching you two guys. Nothing gets by me, ya hear! Nothing! Now, we only have a few hours before show time and everybody needs to stop getting weird! Let's keep an eye on the prize, people. This is our shot, our one and

Just Another Dick

only shot to show the world that Trey Dick is *Richard III!*

(The curtain closes as the sound of loud preparations can be heard coming from behind it).

ACT II
Scene 2

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to The Bosworth Stage. The cast and crew want you to know that there will be a few changes to tonight's program. The part of King Edward IV will be played by Happy Dick. The Earl of Clarence will be played by Gumo Dick. In addition, the Duke of Buckingham will be played by Elvingham, Lord Hastings will be played by ...we just call him Kringle, Queen Margaret will be played by this awesome mime we just found, the Earl of Rivers will be played by an ovenmit and finally, the part of the Duke of Gloucester/Richard III will be played by Trey Dick. So now, without further ado, please enjoy the Bosworth Stage's production of *The Tragedy of King Richard III!*

(A fanfare is heard as the curtain opens on the tableaux from the beginning with the new cast changes. SANTA is ringing his bell, ELVINGHAM is shaking his hips, and MIME is miming in the box. HAPPY is propped up on the throne by a halberd and is wearing glasses with eyes painted on them. GUMO sits and BUCK looks pretty drunk. Liz holds the Rivers puppet. Everyone holds a halberd. Trey slowly enters as APPLAUSE signs light.)

TREY

Now is the winter of...

(From the back of the theater loud noises are heard as RICHIE enters with his puppet).

RICHIE

Now is the winter of our discontent! Now is the winter of our discontent!

TREY

Puppet face! What do you think you're doing?

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RICHIE

Playing Richard III.

TREY

The hell you are! You don't even have a hump. It's all about the hump!

RICHIE

The puppet has the hump.

TREY

An ovenmit with a cardboard box taped to its back does not a Richard make. *Security!*

RICHIE

HA! You are security and you're already up here getting your ass kicked.

*(The cast disperses or is wheeled out as
TREY and RICHIE fight up to the
throne and TREY grabs the
puppet).*

TREY

Gimme that damn puppet!

RICHIE

Talk about, "... hand in hand to hell".

TREY

A line a line! I'd give away this whole theater for one line in this stupid play!

*(RICHIE pushes him off and behind the
throne. The cast stops, drops
their props and drops
their costumes to reveal
orange vests
underneath. They put on
hardhats as the noise of a
road crew paving a parking lot
is heard. Back-up beepers are
heard as the place is "paved"
and barriers are placed all
around it. Finally, big
cardboard cars from the
theater's last
production of Grease come*

Just Another Dick

*out and park. All
cast is singing
Happy and You Know
your Hump.)*

*the while the
If You're
It Shake*

JUST ANOTHER DICK

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The cast centers around the actor picked to play Trey. The ages of the other characters need to be relative to his. Most of the cast are playing actors in a traditional production of R III and will need to be cast for that purpose. The characters playing actors in Trey's less conventional version do not need to be cast with the same consideration.

This play is written so that actors playing characters who are eliminated from the cast of the show-within-a-show can play their replacements. A minimum of 12 actors are needed.

<u>TREY DICK</u>	Just another hunchback.
<u>BUCK SUCCUP</u>	About Treys age, but not a hunchback; plays
Buckingham	
<u>SLAPPY DICK</u>	mid- late teens; plays a halberd holder
<u>HAPPY DICK</u>	Older than Trey and Gumo; plays Richard III
<u>RUSH CHAMBERLIN</u>	About Happy's age; plays Hastings
<u>GUMO DICK</u>	Between Happy and Trey; plays Clarence/understudy for R
III	
<u>EARL CREEK</u>	Around Trey's age; plays Rivers
<u>RICHIE</u>	A little younger than Trey; plays

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	Richmond
<u>LIZ CREEK-DICK</u>	About Trey's age; plays Queen Elizabeth
<u>ANNIE LANCASTER</u>	A little older than Slappy; plays Anne
<u>MAGGIE LANCASTER</u>	Oldest in the cast; plays Queen Margaret
<u>MAMA DICK</u>	Younger than Maggie, but older than Happy; plays Duchess York
<u>CREW MEMBER</u>	Annie's age; plays Anne
<u>SANTA</u>	Rush's age or older; plays Hastings
<u>ELVINGHAM</u>	Earl's age; plays Buckingham
<u>MIME</u>	Ageless; plays Queen Margaret
<u>GHOST 1</u>	Ancient
<u>GHOST2</u>	Jamaican

SET & SETTING

The set is single and simple. The play takes place anytime after 2008 on the set of a traditional production of Richard the Third. During the first act the set is clearly incomplete. There is an elevated throne in place towards the back, but there are also ladders and construction tools scattered about the stage. In the second act the ladders are still in place, but the set is more finished. Although dimly lit the set is complete for the last scene.

TAG

Trey Dick will stop at nothing to play the man who would stop at nothing to be king in this farcical adaptation of Shakespeare's Richard the third.

SYNOPSIS

In this farcical adaptation of Shakespeare's Richard III, Trey Dick is a natural born hunchback with a clubfoot and a host of personality disorders. He has never wanted to be an actor, but he has always had a burning desire to play

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Richard the Third. Well, now that his family has taken over a theater and launched their own rendition of the play will he get his chance? "No", he tells us in the opening monologue that interrupts a rehearsal. His older brothers play both the lead and its understudy while Trey continues to play the part that was so helpful in taking over the theater in the first place: usher.

Taking us down a path eerily remnant of the one traveled by the Duke of Gloucester in the original play, Trey narrates the elimination of his brothers and others on his way to take the lead part. As opening night approaches, the actors he eliminates are replaced by people he picks off the street.

The second act opens with Trey in the part of Richard the Third and supported by a largely new cast and an old problem: family members in line for the part. Although relegated to the light gallery, his young nephews are each entitled to a shot at his part. Using a gossipy internet, a world revolving around smart phones, and his good old fashioned usher skills, Trey promulgates a rumor about the brothers' shared birth defect *HA!* that puts an end to their threat.

Now ensconced in the role, and with a cast that includes a street-corner Santa, a mime, an Elvis impersonator, and a puppet, Trey needs to stand down a competing performance of the same play put on by one of his original cast-offs, Richie. As opening night approaches, Trey becomes more and more mindful of an old prophecy, one that said he would end his days as a speedbump.

On opening night, as he starts the famous opening lines, he is attacked by Richie. The two attempt to out, "*Now is the winter of our discontent*" each other in a race to the throne in the back of the Bosworth Stage. Finally, Richie pushes him off the back of the stage and the cast puts on orange vests and hard hats, breaks into song, and works to replace him with the parking lot that his destiny.
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