



# TOO MUCH SUN

BY NICKY SILVER



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TOO MUCH SUN  
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*Dedicated to Linda Lavin & Mark Brokaw  
with love, thanks, and awe.*

TOO MUCH SUN was presented by the Vineyard Theatre (Douglas Aibel, Artistic Director; Sarah Stern, Co-Artistic Director; Jennifer Garvey-Blackwell, Executive Producer), opening on May 18, 2014. It was directed by Mark Brokaw; the set design was by Donyale Werle; the costume design was by Michael Krass; the lighting design was by David Lander; the music and sound design were by David Van Tieghem; and the production stage manager was Winnie Y. Lok. The cast, in order of speaking, was as follows:

AUDREY LANGHAM..... Linda Lavin  
LUCAS ..... Matt Dickson  
KITTY..... Jennifer Westfeldt  
DENNIS..... Ken Barnett  
WINSTON ..... Richard Bekins  
GIL..... Matt Dellapina

## CHARACTERS

AUDREY LANGHAM, 60s, a celebrated and accomplished stage actress.

KITTY, 30s–40s, her daughter.

DENNIS, early to mid-40s, Kitty's husband.

LUCAS, early to mid-20s. Their next door neighbor.

WINSTON, late 50s – early 60s, Lucas' father.

GIL, late 20s – early 30s, an assistant to Audrey's agent, fast-talking and nervous (also voices DIRECTOR).

## TIME AND PLACE

### PROLOGUE

Time: A day in June.

Place: The stage of a major theater in Chicago.

### ACT ONE

Time: Two days later.

Place: The rest of the act is set on the deck of a Cape Cod summer home and a nearby dune on the beach.

### ACT TWO

Time: Two months later.

Place: The same deck and beach.

# TOO MUCH SUN

## ACT ONE

### Prologue

*A light comes up on Audrey standing center, in front of a deep red curtain. She's in full make-up and costume for a production of Medea, but her costume is also deep red, a touch too glamorous, and feels just slightly, well, off. She starts out beautifully, with conviction.*

AUDREY. *(Grand, as Medea.)*

O my sons!

My sons! Ye have a city and a house  
Where, leaving hapless me behind, without  
A mother ye forever shall reside.

But I to other realms an exile go,  
Ere any help from you I could derive,  
Or see you blest; the hymeneal pomp,

*(She pauses, unsure of what comes next.)*

Or see you blest; the hymeneal pomp —

*(Another pause as she searches. Then, out of character:)* Shit. What the hell is next?

DIRECTOR. *(On God mic.)* The bride, the genial couch, for you —

AUDREY. *(Overlapping.)*

The bride, the genial couch, for you adorn.

And in these hands —

*(Out of character:)* I still think I'd be better over there.

DIRECTOR. *(On God mic.)* What?

AUDREY. Dead center, it feels a little —

DIRECTOR. (*On God mic.*) If we could just get through it?

AUDREY. I feel like a Christmas tree, dead center, all by myself, like an idiot —

DIRECTOR. (*On God mic.*) We'll look at it later. He'll refocus during dinner.

AUDREY. But you know what I mean?

DIRECTOR. (*On God mic.*) Yes, of course. He'll refocus during dinner.

AUDREY. Fine, alright, fine. Where was I?

DIRECTOR. (*On God mic.*) The bride —

AUDREY. (*In character.*)

The bride, the genial couch, for you adorn,

And in these hands the kindled torch sustain.

(*Out of character:*) ... And I have no idea on earth what's next.

DIRECTOR. (*On God mic.*) Do you need to take a break?

AUDREY. (*Slightly offended.*) No, I don't need a break. Unless that girl, what's her name, uh, Jennifer, could get me a tea. (*Into the house.*) Could you get me a tea please, Jennifer? And not that awful green tea this time.

DIRECTOR. (*On God mic.*) Jessica?

AUDREY. Hmm. Thank you. Can we take it from the hands? Something about my hands? I don't know.

DIRECTOR. (*On God mic.*) And in these hands the kindled —

AUDREY. (*Re: her costume.*) Excuse me, but, is it too late? I mean, really ... why red? Are we stuck with red? This red.

DIRECTOR. (*On God mic.*) You asked for red.

AUDREY. What are you — I never did. I never asked for red. He showed me white. I asked *not* white. There's a world of colors, you know. There's a million colors. I mean, there's blue, there's gray, there's — I don't know. Do I have to name all the colors in the world!? I feel like I walked out of the *Radio City Christmas Spectacular*. After dinner could we look at that. Is it too late?

DIRECTOR. (*On God mic.*) Audrey! If we could just —

AUDREY. Right. Sound cues. My hands — what?

DIRECTOR. (*On God mic.*) And in these hands the kindled —

AUDREY. (*Half in character.*)

And in these hands the kindled torch sustain —

(*Out of character:*) ... I'm not feeling very well. Is Jennifer back with a tea? How much longer till dinner?

DIRECTOR. (*On God mic.*) About forty-five minutes.

# TOO MUCH SUN

by Nicky Silver

4M, 2W

Audrey Langham, an actress of some repute but greater temperament, reaches her breaking point while rehearsing *Medea* in Chicago. She walks off the stage and out of the production. With no place else to go, she heads to her daughter's summer house on Cape Cod. Kitty and her husband Dennis, however, hardly greet Audrey with champagne and confetti. Audrey gets a warmer reception from the star-struck widower next door and his troubled son. A summer by the sea full of hilariously calculated romance and clandestine trysts leads to an inevitable tragedy. But from that tragedy emerge new beginnings and new bonds. Secrets are unearthed as each of these characters finds a way to shed the role they've been playing in life, a way to be who they really are when they stop "acting."

*"[Nicky Silver is] a dramatist who has such an original and thoroughly sustained tragicomic worldview. He gives the cast the generous gift of speaking beautifully, in epigrams and winged barbs and poetic soliloquies that cascade like a Schubert impromptu."*

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—**TheaterMania.com**

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