



GLORIA

BY BRANDEN JACOBS-JENKINS



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INC.

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GLORIA was developed by and first presented at the Vineyard Theatre (Douglas Aibel and Sarah Stern, Artistic Directors; Jennifer Garvey-Blackwell, Executive Producer) in New York City, on May 28, 2015. It was directed by Evan Cabnet, the set design was by Takeshi Kata, the costume design was by Ilona Somogyi, the lighting design was by Marr Frey, the sound design was by Matt Tierney, and the production stage manager was Lori Lundquist. The cast was as follows:

DEAN/DEVIN	Ryan Spahn
KENDRA/JENNA	Jennifer Kim
ANI/SASHA/CALLIE	Catherine Combs
GLORIA/NAN	Jeanine Serralles
MILES/SHAWN/RASHAAD	Kyle Beltran
LORIN	Michael Crane

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DEAN/DEVIN: extra-late 20s, “white”

KENDRA/JENNA: mid – late 20s, Chinese-American or Korean-American

ANI/SASHA/CALLIE: early 20s, “white”

GLORIA/NAN: extra-late 30s, “anything really”

MILES/SHAWN/RASHAAD: 20 years old, “black”

LORIN: late 30s, “unclear”

SETTING

The Midtown offices of an American magazine, circa the 2010s.

GLORIA

ACT ONE

A cluster of four cubicles. An upstage cubicle hides Miles, the intern, who wears headphones and does something menial and unseen.

Another cubicle is occupied by Ani, who is in the process of printing something out and preparing for her day.

The other cubicles are empty.

Upstage of the cubicles are offices enclosed in frosted glass. Other offices are implied downstage.

As Miles and Ani work, the Gloria section of Bach's Mass in B Minor plays. The rhythm of their working seems to coincide with the music.

At some point, a printer somewhere starts churning, beeps, then stops. Ani notices. She tries to get Miles's attention but can barely be heard over the music.

ANI. Miles? (No answer.) Miles? ... Miles? (Pokes her head over the divider.) Miles! (Miles notices her, takes off his earphones, and the song cuts out.)

MILES. Yep?

ANI. I think the printer is out of / paper. Could you —

MILES. Oh. No problem. (Miles gets up and exits to an offstage supply closet, leaving Ani onstage working for a bit before her phone rings. She answers.)

ANI. Good morning. Arthur Kimble's office ... Yes, one second ... (Presses buttons, transferring the call.) Hey — Jonah is on the line ... Okay. (Ani transfers the call as Dean rushes in with his man-bag, looking generally like a mess. He starts getting situated in his cubicle.) It's 10:48.

DEAN. Shut up. I still beat Kendra.

ANI. Are you hungover?

DEAN. What do you think?

ANI. Where were you last night?

DEAN. Gloria's housewarming.

ANI. Wait — You actually went?

DEAN. I thought we were all going! Why didn't you text me back?

ANI. Oh no! I thought we were joking!

DEAN. How would me texting you "are you coming to Gloria's" be a joke?!

ANI. I totally thought you were texting me as if you were at the party but you actually really weren't.

DEAN. Why would I ever do that, Ani?!

ANI. I don't know — it just seems like something you would do!

I was never going to go to Gloria's. She's an emotional terrorist.

DEAN. Yeah, well, once I showed up last night and realized I was the only idiot who came, I had to drink enough to forget I was there, so, for the record, the way I feel is sort of your fault!

ANI. I'm so sorry! Was it awful?

DEAN. So awful. So so so awful — and *sad* —

ANI. Oh no — (*Miles reenters with the printer paper.*)

DEAN. No one showed up and she'd hired a bartender and everything — (*Seeing Miles, pulling himself up, brightly.*) Good morning, Miles!

MILES. Good morning.

DEAN. I'll come by with something for you to do in just a second.

MILES. Okay, no rush.

DEAN. (*Whispering to Ani, harshly.*) How early did he get here?

ANI. (*Whispering.*) He was here when I got here.

DEAN. (*Still whispering.*) Why would you show up before your supervisors? That is so weird. This is an internship —

ANI. Wait — *No one else* was there?

DEAN. Well no one else from edit. Lydia from photo was there, for like, a minute, and the new guy in copy, but they were smart enough to be on their way to another party. Unless they were lying? Oh my god they were lying ...

ANI. How long did you stay?

DEAN. Until the end basically —

ANI. What? Oh no!

DEAN. I didn't know what else to do! I felt so bad. And Gloria

totally knew what was happening. She basically hid in her kitchen all night, slicing limes for no reason, while the rest of us sat around making this painful small talk. It was so embarrassing —

ANI. Ugh. Dean. I'm so sorry. But see what she did? She held you hostage — emotionally. You can't let her do that —

DEAN. I felt bad.

ANI. Yeah, well don't. We're grown-ups. We're supposed to choose our friends.

DEAN. (*Brightly again.*) Hey, Miles?

MILES. Yeah?

DEAN. Can you come here for a second?

MILES. (*Coming here.*) Sure.

DEAN. (*Giving him money.*) Can you take this and go get a purple Vitaminwater from the vending machines?

MILES. Sure ... (*Miles exits.*)

ANI. You are the worst.

DEAN. He's our intern.

ANI. You never got anyone Vitaminwater.

DEAN. No, but it was different back then.

ANI. Five years ago?

DEAN. You've only been here a year, Anica, but yes: "back then" internships were real because you actually had to do this thing called "apply for it" and there were no "labor laws" "protecting" you so no one had to give you a "stipend" and the work you did was real because you were basically auditioning for a job. That's how I started. That's how Sasha started before me and Crystal before you. Now all these baby Ivy League fuckers come waltzing in here with their fancy writing professor's recommendations — just looking to pad their stupid resumés — and then we're stuck running some sort of summer camp — literally making up busy work for them to do on top of our actual work because they're too entitled to do anything else and they know they'll just get handed better jobs than ours right after college anyway or start their own internet media platform digital stupid space app dummy stupid thing and make a billion dollars selling it to Facebook. This kid should be getting people Vitaminwaters just for the life experience. (*Gesturing to something on her desk.*) Can I borrow your —

ANI. Of course. (*Ani hands Dean a bottle of headache medicine just as Miles is returning with the Vitaminwater.*)

MILES. Here you go.

DEAN. Thanks, Miles. I'll be over in like a second.

MILES. No worries. (*Miles wanders back over to his desk, crossing paths with Kendra, who struts in with some Starbucks and a shopping bag.*)

KENDRA. (*To Miles, brightly.*) Morning!

MILES. Good morning.

KENDRA. (*Noticing Miles at his desk.*) Oh my god look how sweet you are! Already hard at work and it's not even lunch time — You're making us all look bad!

DEAN. Kendra, I think he's just making you look bad.

KENDRA. Dean, what's going on? Why do you look like you've raped yourself?

ANI. He went to Gloria's thing last night.

KENDRA. No! You went?!

ANI. And he stayed the whole time.

KENDRA. What?! Why?!

DEAN. I thought Ani would be there.

KENDRA. I thought you guys were joking — ?

ANI. See?

DEAN. (*Noticing her shopping bags.*) And I'm sorry — did you actually go shopping instead of coming to work?

KENDRA. First of all, Eleanor is working from home this morning. Secondly, I have been on the clock since I got on the train this morning because, FYI, we live in the age of iPhones and if Eleanor needs something she emails me. Thirdly, I am reporting.

ANI. Reporting what?

KENDRA. I am writing a blog post on sample sale culture.

DEAN. For us?

KENDRA. I don't know yet. It's on spec.

DEAN. So, in other words, you just went shopping.

KENDRA. Stupid Kara gets to leave work all the time to cover some dumb street fair for trans people or some crap —

DEAN. Because she gets actual assignments —

KENDRA. Right, because her boss is the web editor and borderline illiterate and basically out to lunch. Meanwhile, Kara is rewarded for literally being in his visual field and gets a million bylines even though she is a terrible writer. This place is so fucked up. Your whole fate depends on who you wind up working for. I mean, if I — or any of us — had wound up the web assistant or the news assistant or Michael's assistant, we'd be much farther along in our careers right

now, but instead we rot away down here in “culture” and everyone forgets about us.

ANI. I feel pretty good about where I am in my career.

KENDRA. Give it a month. (*Showing her the blouse.*) Look at this cute blouse I found!

DEAN. That looks exactly like the one you’re wearing right now.

KENDRA. No, Dean, you can’t borrow it. (*Beat, reading something.*) Wait, what is this weird email from Bo?

ANI. I know, I was just reading that.

KENDRA. They got rid of the coffee machine in the snack room?! First they stop reimbursing our cabs, they freeze our raises, and now we have to bring our own coffee?

ANI. Don’t you already bring your own coffee?

KENDRA. Yes, but what if I need another cup?

DEAN. Then you’ll leave in the middle of the day for Starbucks like you always do.

KENDRA. The point is people here are already exploited enough. You’d think they’d garnish a figure off of their ridiculous salaries before they went after our shitty free coffee. Why does it feel like we’re on the freaking *Titanic*? (*A door opens and Nan, unseen, calls out from behind it. She sounds a little miffed — or a little ill — or both.*)

NAN. (*Offstage.*) Dean?

DEAN. Nan — just finishing something up — sorry — (*Beat, seeing her.*) Are you okay?

NAN. (*Offstage. A little impatient.*) I’m fine. Can we get started?

DEAN. Yeah, sorry. I’ll be right there. (*Nan disappears back into her office, as Dean gets up, grabs a notepad.*) Fuck / me —

KENDRA. Nice.

ANI. What’s happening?

DEAN. Nan is leaving this afternoon for the Edinburgh book fair because business made her book an earlier flight because it was cheaper so now I have to reschedule half these meetings before the offices over there close. (*Dean exits into Nan’s office.*)

KENDRA. Ani, did Dean just get here?

ANI. Yeah. Like ten minutes before you did.

KENDRA. What a douche. And also, is he, like, going for some sort of record?

ANI. What do you mean?

KENDRA. Isn’t this the third time this week he’s come in hungover?

GLORIA

by Branden Jacobs-Jenkins

FINALIST FOR THE 2016 PULITZER PRIZE

3M, 3W (doubling)

This funny, trenchant, and powerful play follows an ambitious group of editorial assistants at a notorious Manhattan magazine, each of whom hopes for a starry life of letters and a book deal before they turn thirty. But when an ordinary humdrum workday becomes anything but, the stakes for who will get to tell their own story become higher than ever.

"[A] whip-smart satire of fear and loathing ... GLORIA is to the New York publishing business what David Mamet's Speed-the-Plow is to the Hollywood film industry."

—**The New York Times**

"All you need to know is that the biting funny and fierce GLORIA is one of [2015's] best shows. What playwright Branden Jacobs-Jenkins says about American society, the media and how we package celebrity and tragedy is as spot-on as it is depressing."

—**New York Post**

"Sharply observant and playfully theatrical, this thought-provoking work continues its talented young writer's winning streak. As usual, [Branden Jacobs-Jenkins] handles his serious themes in a thoughtful, provocative manner ... the play emerges as a trenchant commentary on the way in which personal tragedies merely serve as grist for the ever-ravenous media machine. A rare example of a contemporary play that keeps us constantly guessing where it's headed, GLORIA is a work not to be easily forgotten."

—**The Hollywood Reporter**

Also by Branden Jacobs-Jenkins
APPROPRIATE
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