



SCOTT AND HEM

BY MARK ST. GERMAIN



DRAMATISTS
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INC.



SCOTT AND HEM
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SCOTT AND HEM was commissioned by and co-premiered at the Contemporary American Theater Festival (Ed Herendeen, Producing Director; Peggy McKowen, Associate Producing Director; James McNeel, Managing Director) on July 5, 2013 in the Stanley C. and Shirley A. Marinoff Theater located on the campus of Shepherd University, Shepherdstown, West Virginia. It was directed by Mark St. Germain; the set design was by David M. Barber; the costume design was by Margaret A. McKowen; the lighting design was by Traci Klainer Polimeni; the sound design was by David Remedios; the fight director was Aaron Anderson; and the production stage manager was Lori M. Doyle. The cast was as follows:

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD..... Joey Collins
ERNEST HEMINGWAY Rod Brogan
MISS EVE MONTAIGNE..... Angela Pierce

SCOTT AND HEM co-premiered at Barrington Stage Company (Julianne Boyd, Artistic Director; Tristan Wilson, Managing Director) in Pittsfield, Massachusetts on August 15, 2013. It was directed by Mark St. Germain; the set design was by David M. Barber; the costume design was by Margaret A. McKowen; the lighting design was by Scott Pinkney; the sound design was by Jessica Paz; the fight choreographer was Ryan Winkles; and the production stage manager was Lori M. Doyle. The cast was as follows:

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD..... Joey Collins
ERNEST HEMINGWAY Ted Koch
MISS EVE MONTAIGNE..... Angela Pierce

CHARACTERS

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, 41 years old

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, 38 years old

MISS EVE MONTAIGNE, 30–40 years old

PLACE

The Garden of Allah apartment enclave, West Hollywood, CA.

TIME

July 4, 1937. Evening.

*There was never a good biography of a good novelist.
There couldn't be. He is too many people if he's any good.*

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

SCOTT AND HEM

Late evening, the Garden of Allah. F. Scott Fitzgerald's second-story, Spanish Colonial apartment overlooking a pool shaped like the Black Sea.

*Pre-show, and as lights go down, a 1930s popular song like Benny Goodman singing "This Year's Kisses" is heard.**

As lights rise in the living room we realize the music's coming from the grounds below, where a party is in process. Off the living room are a kitchen, bathroom, and the bedroom where Fitzgerald writes. Miss Eve Montaigne is alone onstage, typing. Volume of music rises. She goes to the open window and shouts down.

MISS MONTAIGNE. Turn down the music! (*A moment of silence, then laughter, as the record player volume is increased.*) I am employed by Mr. Mayer! (*Record is stopped. Voices are now barely heard. Miss Montaigne looks in the hallway behind her to see if she's alone. She puts down the pages. Swiftly, efficiently, she searches the living room. The bookcase, drawers, under the couch and cushions — then she reaches to the top of the seven-foot palm tree by the window — Found it. She takes down a small bottle of gin. As she does, Fitzgerald appears behind her. He's 41 but looks older by the years he drank through. Fitzgerald wears a faded blue dressing gown, pencils sticking out of his pocket, and a stubby pencil behind his ear.*)

FITZGERALD. The one thing I love about Hollywood are palm trees. They grow great gin.

MISS MONTAIGNE. Did you read your contract, Mr. Fitzgerald? That bottle will get you fired.

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.

FITZGERALD. It's unopened. When I'm off the booze I always keep a bottle in the house.

MISS MONTAIGNE. Why's that?

FITZGERALD. For safety. If I lose my willpower I might crash my Chevy speeding to the liquor store. You don't need to look for another. Scout's honor.

MISS MONTAIGNE. Were you a Scout? *(She exits into the kitchen to pour the gin down the drain.)*

FITZGERALD. Absolutely. Troop Six, Syracuse, New York. Motto: "Zinga Zinga Boom."

MISS MONTAIGNE. *(Offstage.)* Which means?

FITZGERALD. Whatever you'd like it to.

MISS MONTAIGNE. *(Offstage.)* I'd like it to mean you'll finish your script. *(She returns with an empty bottle and throws it in a waste paper basket.)* Now.

FITZGERALD. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Metro Goldwyn Mayer. *(Starts to go.)* Did the MGM lion really kill his trainer the day after they filmed it?

MISS MONTAIGNE. We never found him to ask. *(Fitzgerald returns to the bedroom. Miss Montaigne sits on the couch and starts to read the pages, hearing a knock at the door. Annoyed, she calls into the bedroom.)* I'll get it. *(She crosses to the door and opens it to see Ernest Hemingway, a powerful man of 38. Hemingway wears a jacket and sports a thick black mustache.)*

HEMINGWAY. I'm here for Scott.

MISS MONTAIGNE. Mr. Fitzgerald is working.

HEMINGWAY. He'll want to see me.

MISS MONTAIGNE. Why?

HEMINGWAY. We're old friends.

MISS MONTAIGNE. He's writing. And he's on a deadline.

HEMINGWAY. *(Smiling, sure she recognizes him.)* I know the drill; I'm a writer, too.

MISS MONTAIGNE. Really. What have you written?

HEMINGWAY. *The Sun Also Rises. To Have and Have Not. A Farewell to Arms* —

MISS MONTAIGNE. Ben Glazer and Oliver Garret wrote *A Farewell To Arms*.

HEMINGWAY. They wrote the screenplay. I wrote the book.

MISS MONTAIGNE. The movie made a million-two. How much did your book make?

HEMINGWAY. Who the hell are you?

MISS MONTAIGNE. Someone who doesn't give a damn who the hell you are.

HEMINGWAY. I'm Ernest Hemingway! Jesus Christ!

MISS MONTAIGNE. Which one are you? (*Fitzgerald emerges from the bedroom.*)

HEMINGWAY. Scott.

FITZGERALD. (*Surprised.*) Ernest!

HEMINGWAY. You Princeton pansy!

FITZGERALD. You old mackerel snatcher.

HEMINGWAY. Cockshiner.

FITZGERALD. Mouse gut.

HEMINGWAY. You look like shit.

FITZGERALD. You look the same — what a pity.

MISS MONTAIGNE. Boys, boys.

FITZGERALD. Sorry I had to leave so early last night, but they have me on a tight leash. I promised Mayer some rewrites.

MISS MONTAIGNE. Which he wants in two hours.

FITZGERALD. And he'll get them. (*To Hemingway.*) This is Miss Montaigne, from the studio.

MISS MONTAIGNE. I'm Mr. Mayer's personal assistant.

HEMINGWAY. You can be personal?

FITZGERALD. (*To Hemingway.*) The film's terrific. I'm so happy for you. (*To Miss Montaigne.*) Ernest's here to show his movie, *The Spanish Earth*.

MISS MONTAIGNE. It's not a movie, it's a documentary.

FITZGERALD. There was a screening last night at Frederic March's. Everyone was there.

MISS MONTAIGNE. Crawford and Gable weren't. They don't support Communists.

HEMINGWAY. Crawford and Gable can kiss the shrapnel in my ass.

FITZGERALD. (*To Miss Montaigne.*) It was a benefit to buy ambulances. Miss Montaigne, the new scene's finished. Why don't you go into the bedroom and type it up while Ernest and I visit? (*He goes to pick up the typewriter and paper.*)

MISS MONTAIGNE. I'll get it. (*She picks it up, starts to walk to the bedroom.*)

HEMINGWAY. You need a hand? (*She looks to him. He claps slowly.*)

MISS MONTAIGNE. I hope to God you don't write comedy.
(She exits into the bedroom, closing the door firmly behind her.)

HEMINGWAY. What a Golden Bitch. Have you fucked her?

FITZGERALD. We just met.

HEMINGWAY. You want advice?

FITZGERALD. No.

HEMINGWAY. Keep her on her back and she'll keep off yours.

FITZGERALD. I'm a married man.

HEMINGWAY. To a woman who can't be around sharp objects.

FITZGERALD. Stop right there. Zelda is off-limits. *(Hemingway raises hands in acquiescence.)* I have to admit I'm surprised to see you.

HEMINGWAY. Why's that?

FITZGERALD. You have more important elbows to rub. How much did you raise last night?

HEMINGWAY. Not enough. Everybody was supposed to fork over a thousand —

FITZGERALD. I'm sorry, I can't do that —

HEMINGWAY. Hell, no, not with what you're making. When I started passing the hat, that cheap bastard Errol Flynn climbed out the bathroom window.

FITZGERALD. How do you know what I'm making?

HEMINGWAY. Bob Benchley was there. He knows when somebody in this town changes their socks. *(Looks around the Spanish-styled apartment.)* Look at this place. Phony all around. All you need are a few Mexican extras.

FITZGERALD. I sent a telegram to congratulate you.

HEMINGWAY. I got it. But you bolted so fast we didn't get to talk. *(He takes a bottle of whiskey from his coat pocket and slams it down on the table, throwing his coat on the couch.)* So let's talk.

FITZGERALD. I've stopped drinking.

HEMINGWAY. For how long?

FITZGERALD. Today is day nine.

HEMINGWAY. That's just working up a thirst.

FITZGERALD. Not this time. So far so good. I'm surviving on colas with maple syrup.

HEMINGWAY. Okay. *(Takes his bottle back.)* I'll ditch this, then.

FITZGERALD. Put it down, Ernest. I can't watch a grown man cry.

HEMINGWAY. Thank Christ. Got a glass?

FITZGERALD. On the way. *(He goes to the kitchen.)*

HEMINGWAY. How can you live in a place called "The Garden

Of Allah”? You turn Muslim on me?

FITZGERALD. (*Offstage.*) All this used to be the estate of Alla Nazimova.

HEMINGWAY. The actress?

FITZGERALD. (*Enters with a glass and two Coca Colas.*) Herself. She called it “The Garden of Alla.” She still lives here.

HEMINGWAY. She still making movies?

FITZGERALD. Oh no. Occasionally she does theatre.

HEMINGWAY. Poor bastard.

FITZGERALD. When her career went south she built twenty-five villas on the grounds to rent.

HEMINGWAY. I know warehouses with better reputations.

FITZGERALD. (*Pours for Hemingway, opens a Coke.*) Exactly the attraction.

HEMINGWAY. Isn’t Nazimova a dyke?

FITZGERALD. So they say.

HEMINGWAY. Zelda would love her.

FITZGERALD. I told you — (*She’s off-limits.*)

HEMINGWAY. (*Raises his glass, toasts in Spanish.*) *Salud!*

FITZGERALD. (*Raises Coke.*) *Salud.*

HEMINGWAY. How *is* Zelda?

FITZGERALD. She’s in residence at Highland Hospital in Asheville. Scottie’s a student at the Ethel Walker School in Connecticut. Did you know it costs more to be educated than committed?

HEMINGWAY. How old’s the kid now?

FITZGERALD. She’s 17. That’s why it’s an all-girls’ school.

HEMINGWAY. What are you working on?

FITZGERALD. I’m adapting the Remarque book, *Three Comrades*.

HEMINGWAY. No. What are you *working* on?

FITZGERALD. As many stories for Colliers as I can fit around that.

HEMINGWAY. Screw the stories. Are you writing?

FITZGERALD. (*Pause.*) Another book? No. Is Pauline with you?

HEMINGWAY. She’s in Wyoming. The secret to a happy marriage is keeping a mountain between you. Why aren’t you doing real writing?

FITZGERALD. The simplest answer is that the well is dry.

HEMINGWAY. No, the well’s filled with horseshit. Come on, Scott. You’re the real thing and you know it. We’re the only two in this country who have the goods. Now’s the time! You’re free — you don’t have that jealous bitch trying to stop you.

FITZGERALD. Lay off her, Ernest. I’m very serious.

SCOTT AND HEM

by Mark St. Germain

2M, 1W

In 1937, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, famous authors and frenemies, meet in Hollywood — the City of Dreams — to confront their own. *Scott and Hem* is a drama about the cost of love, friendship, and the price of being a writer.

“The obvious comparison is to St. Germain’s biggest hit, Freud’s Last Session, for which he imagined a meeting between the titular psychoanalyst and C. S. Lewis. But whereas that play pitted the two academic types in a series of parries and responses on philosophical musings about the existence of God (or not), with little on the line in their personal relationship, this new play finds its central characters locking horns ... with the sense that their lives depend on it. This time there are (metaphorical) blood and guts on the floor.”

—RuralIntelligence.com

“With SCOTT AND HEM we can add another play of [St. Germain’s] to those which bring us new perspectives about familiar characters. Once again the playwright turbo-charges our imaginations.”

—BroadwayWorld.com

“Probably no one can mine the drama found in encounters between historical figures better than playwright Mark St. Germain.”

—Examiner.com

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ISBN: 978-0-8222-3264-3

