

**FILL FILL
FILL FILL
FILL FILL
FILL**

**BY
STEPH DEL ROSSO**



**DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.**

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission for which must be secured from the Author's agent in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL are controlled exclusively by Dramatists Play Service, Inc., 440 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of Dramatists Play Service, Inc., and paying the requisite fee.

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Abrams Artists Agency, 275 Seventh Avenue, 26th Floor, New York, NY 10001. Attn: Ben Izzo.

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears, including printed or digital materials for advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. Please see your production license for font size and typeface requirements.

Be advised that there may be additional credits required in all programs and promotional material. Such language will be listed under the "Additional Billing" section of production licenses. It is the licensee's responsibility to ensure any and all required billing is included in the requisite places, per the terms of the license.

SPECIAL NOTE ON SONGS AND RECORDINGS

Dramatists Play Service, Inc. neither holds the rights to nor grants permission to use any songs or recordings mentioned in the Play. Permission for performances of copyrighted songs, arrangements or recordings mentioned in this Play is not included in our license agreement. The permission of the copyright owner(s) must be obtained for any such use. For any songs and/or recordings mentioned in the Play, other songs, arrangements, or recordings may be substituted provided permission from the copyright owner(s) of such songs, arrangements or recordings is obtained; or songs, arrangements or recordings in the public domain may be substituted.

FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL was first produced in New York City by the Flea Theater (Niegel Smith, Artistic Director; Carol Ostrow, Producing Director) on January 22, 2018. It was directed by Marina McClure, the scenic design was by You-Shin Chen, the costume design was by Kate Fry, the lighting design was by Reza Behjat, the sound design was by Ben Vigus, and the stage manager was Kailie White. The cast was as follows:

JONI	Sarah Chalfie
NOAH	Roland Lane
TODD	Ben Schrager
YOUNG JONI	Maggie McCaffery
LISA	Valeria A. Avina
RAY	Joseph Huffman
KATE	Monique St. Cyr
DOUG	Jonathon Ryan

FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL was originally developed in the Soho Rep Writer/Director Lab (Sarah Benson, Artistic Director; Cynthia Flowers, Executive Director).

CHARACTERS

Flying Solo

JONI. 29. Moves a mile a minute. Trying to carve out a space for herself.

NOAH. 30. A rock star. Someone you used to worship (and these days you wonder: how?).

TODD. Late 20s. Very kind. Not very cool. A waiter.

YOUNG JONI. In the fourth grade. Wears an orphan costume.

So In Love Oh My God

LISA. 30s–40s. Grown-up popular girl. “I used to teach Pilates.”
With Ray.

RAY. 30s–40s. Alpha male. Looking for a party and/or an escape.
With Lisa.

KATE. 29. That friend who may have outgrown you. With Doug.

DOUG. 30s. Probably did improv in college. “Not all men.” With Kate.

PLACE

Some sensory-overloaded city.

Which also means: the people who populate this world must not all look the same.

TIME

Not too long ago.

On Punctuation

Slashes (/) indicate when the next line begins.

Lines in (parentheses) are spoken softly or under the breath.

Lines in [brackets] are unspoken.

On Characterizations

Lisa, Ray, Kate, Doug, and Todd play multiple roles, including, among other things: doctors, bartenders, baristas, contestants, and audience members. In these moments, the characters are still themselves at their cores—they've simply been heightened or amplified. Think: Lisa exclamation point (!) or Doug exclamation point (!!). The play is hurtling us toward the !!!! version of each of these people, which reaches a kind of apex in the game show scene.

Keep in mind that we are often if not always seeing the world through Joni's lens, and her lens is warped.

On Sex

The sex in this play should be stylized. There's no need for nudity. Have fun with a very non-literal interpretation of a threesome, whatever that may mean to you.

The sex in this play is consensual. But, it is very important that Joni's ultimate disengagement with and disinterest in the threesome is communicated clearly. I am telling the story of a woman hovering over her own body during sex, and two people who don't notice.

On Pace

Things move fast. Especially transitions. Ideally they don't exist. No blackouts until the end.

On Tone

These people don't know that they're in a comedy.

And this play should be a comedy until it isn't.

FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL

A concert.

It's crowded. Loud, electro-funk music plays. Lots of horns.

Noah, a man who probably has dimples and who definitely swaggers through life, is perched beneath the spotlight.

The crowd is losing it.

NOAH. Thank you! Thank you so much. Thank youuuu!

Cheers, cheers, cheers.

He beams

And beams

And beams

And beams

And

While I have your attention, you guys, I actually wanted to

More cheers!

I really appreciate the support—Thank you!—You guys have been the best but I

I have something to say right now

Something important.

A hush.

To my girlfriend, Joni. Where are you, Joni?

Get up here with me!

JONI. Oh no no I'm good

NOAH. Come on, get up here!

JONI. Noah—

NOAH. (*A chant.*) Joni, Joni—

The crowd joins in. "Joni! Joni! Joni!"

JONI. (...!) OK OK—I'm coming!

Cheers, cheers, cheers.

Joni joins Noah onstage.

(Whispered...!) What's going on?

NOAH. Mic check one two one two

(Clears throat.)

Joni Joni Joni

Do you remember that night we ate Thai food in bed? And we spilled soy sauce on the sheets? And those little mushroom caps and the baby corn were all scattered around your pillowcases, but we didn't give a shit?

Do you remember this?

JONI. Of course

NOAH. We could've easily sat across from each other at the kitchen table but

It was one of those nights, you guys, where it felt ridiculous to NOT be in physical contact. There was no reason NOT to be splayed out in our underwear. Chopsticks on our bellies.

Am I right?

JONI. *(“Embarrassed” but secretly into it.)* (Noah, why are / you)

The crowd is loving this.

NOAH. Obviously we end up barely eating a thing.

Started going at it right there, inside our little cocoon of delivery bags.

Some “ow owwwws.”

Noodles up to our elbows. Pork rinds on our thighs.

JONI. *(Playing along.)* Peanut sauce on our collarbones...

Cheers cheers cheers!!

NOAH. It was. Amazing.

And then

Joni

Do you remember how we passed out without realizing it? On top of all the scraps?

JONI. *(A funny memory.)* Definitely

NOAH. And do you remember how I woke up before you did to clean it?

JONI. *(...is this still a funny memory.)* I think so

NOAH. I was dabbing a washcloth on every brown-black stain, and you were just. Lying there. Deeply deeply asleep. Except for this spring roll moving up and down on your chest, you looked. Dead.

Maybe a laugh from the crowd.

JONI. (*Ha ha?*) Seriously?

NOAH. And when I got closer I saw that you had sleepy seeds in your eyes—you know, that eye-gunk. And you had bean sprouts in your hair. And you just looked so

So

JONI. (?) Peaceful

NOAH. I was actually gonna say—

He takes her hand.

Some more cheers.

See the thing is. Joni.

JONI. (*Is this what I think it is...!*) Yes?

NOAH. What I want to tell you is.

JONI. (*This is what I think it is!*) (oh my god)

NOAH. When I stood there, trash bag in my hand, staring at you all Naked and oblivious and dripping in sesame oil. I thought to myself:

JONI. (*This is happening!!*) (oh my god!)

NOAH. I need to erase a quadrant of my life.

JONI. ...

NOAH. I said I need to erase a quadrant of my life.

JONI. (...) What does that mean

NOAH. I need to erase the

Relationship

Quadrant

Of my life

JONI. Why do you keep using the word quad/rant

NOAH. I don't see you in my future.

Maybe a gasp from the crowd.

JONI. I'm sorry?

NOAH. It was good while it lasted. It was great!

But I think I deserve more than good or great. I think I deserve like, explosive.

I mean, I love you Joni

JONI. (...) I love you too

Someone in the crowd yells: "I love you Noah!!"

NOAH. (Re: crowd.) And I love you guys too, don't worry!

JONI. ?

NOAH. But.

I want to see other people.

JONI. (??) I thought you were erasing the "relationship quadrant"

NOAH. Well those were just words.

Someone yells: "You have such a way with words!!!!"

JONI. ?????

NOAH. I need to be with someone who has more—self-awareness. Self-possession? I need to be with someone who's. Bold! Someone who jumps off cliffs into blue lagoons and takes baths in Sriracha Someone who will dance with me on a light-up platform until six A.M. and then cook us like, immaculate *huevos rancheros* when we stumble home

Someone in the crowd yells, "I can do those things, Noah!!!"

Someone else yells, "Me too!!"

Some whistles.

Noah laughs.

OK settle down settle down

JONI. I've oriented my whole life around you

NOAH. I think that's the problem

JONI. That's not the problem that's what a relationship is

NOAH. Joni—

I think you need to ask yourself who you are, outside of me

JONI. (!@%\$#) Wow.

NOAH. Take your photography, for instance

JONI. (*This stings.*) What about my photography

NOAH. (...) Well what's happening with it

JONI. I'm trying to get more gigs, it's / just

NOAH. But I'm not talking about gigs. I'm talking about ART. Where's your passion? Your perspective? Where's Joni's cutting-edge view of the world, in photos?

Someone yells, "You're so inspiring, Noah!!"

JONI. I shoot that kind of stuff all the time, you've seen it

NOAH. I mean, I've seen it. But have you guys seen it? Have you seen her photos in galleries or museums?

The crowd coos "noooooo."

JONI. Oh OK, so I'm not famous enough for you?

NOAH. It's not about fame, Joni. It's about pushing yourself. It's about throwing yourself into a thing

JONI. (!) It's a difficult field to just "throw yourself" into

NOAH. But isn't everything difficult worth pursuing?

Affirmative cheers from the crowd.

JONI. Why wouldn't you want to be beside me, while I pursue it?

NOAH. This is what I'm talking about

JONI. Not like physically beside me but

Someone goes: "Booooo!!!"

NOAH. Hey, hey. Be nice. Be niiece!

JONI. (!) Why are we doing this here??

NOAH. Because,

I wanted it to feel special. Like an actual event

So many of my buddies break up with people over the phone, on the road

I didn't want to do that. I didn't want to do that at all

An "awwwww" from the crowd.

JONI. (*Genuine.*) Who are you?

NOAH. (*Duh...*) Joni,

It's pretty clear who I am and what I'm doing

JONI. That's not an answer!

Someone yells: "Get off the stage!!"

NOAH. (...) I think security's coming

Fill Fill Fill Fill Fill Fill Fill

by Steph Del Rosso

4 men, 4 women

Joni is single. Joni is lost. Joni is moving a mile a minute. Joni must never be alone. After her five-year relationship ends, Joni must redefine her identity—and fast. Through strangers and friends, cheese plates and gameshows, she embarks on a madcap journey to carve out a space for herself in a world that won't quite let her. FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL FILL is a comedy about how we see and value women—and how we don't.

“...[Del Rosso’s] breakneck banter and frisky wordplay...recall the sad-happy style of the playwrights Melissa James Gibson and Jenny Schwartz.”
—**The New York Times**

“...[a] fun, over-the-top comedy... If the dialogue and scenarios are heightened for comic effect, they often reflect something deeply recognizable. ...[the] audience...might look to FILL...to help replace the holes left by heartbreak with a little laughter.”
—**NewYorkTheater.Me**

“...[a] vibrant, explosive investigation into life after a breakup... The world of FILL...is buoyant and thrilling... if you love...uproarious comedies with snappy, witty dialogue, FILL...has a place in the canon of witty relationship investigations.”
—**Theasy.com**

ISBN 978-0-8222-3885-0



DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.