

TIGHT END

BY RACHEL BYKOWSKI

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PRODUCTION CREDITS

The world premiere of TIGHT END was produced by 20% Theatre Company (Lindsay Bartlett Pantelis, Artistic Director), at the PrideArts Center in Chicago, Illinois, in 2017. It was directed by Kallie Noelle Rolison, the set design was by Marissa Gil, the props design was by Arielle Raybuck, the light design was by Finley Wedge, the sound design was by Mel Ruder, the costume design and photography was by kClare McKellaston, the production manager was Kristin Davis, and the stage manager was Darek Lane. The cast was as follows:

ASH MILLER	Bryce Saxon
SAM JONES	Erich Peltz
DARLA MILLER	Rachel Mock
COACH D.	Patrick Pantelis

HISTORY

TIGHT END was first written and developed with Ohio University's MFA Playwriting program. It received its regional premiere production with Majestic Repertory Theatre in Las Vegas, Nevada, in 2019 and had a streaming, virtual production with Relative Theatrics in Laramie, Wyoming in 2021. It was featured at the Kennedy Center during the National New Play Network's MFA Playwrights' Festival, received honorable mention for the Jane Chambers Student Playwriting Award, and was a top twenty finalist for CulturalDC's Source Theatre Festival.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The story of *Tight End* smashed into my mind, and out of the rubble rose the character of Ashley “Ash Smash” Miller. I suddenly had this image of a woman constantly in motion. Ash pushes her body to its limits as her sweat floods the floor. I wanted to ask Ash, “Why can’t you stop?”

I realized this is the brave truth for all women, femmes, non-binary and transgender folks, and any human who identifies outside the constructs of strict gender binaries and cisgender male, heteronormative standards—described by Simone de Beauvoir as “the other.” We can’t quite vocalize this truth, but we know it exists. If we, as “others,” stop to rest for even a second, we are not taken seriously. We are not considered strong, competent, or qualified enough. We lose out on opportunities to our cishet male counterparts, who, sometimes, did not work as hard as us and got by on their mediocrity. This haunting, unspoken truth is best described by the word “mokita” in the Kilivila language. Mokita roughly translates to, “The truth we all know, but do not discuss.” All of my plays are motivated by a mokita.

In *Tight End*, I am trying to vocalize one of the many unspoken truths of growing up and being considered “the other” by society. One of the unspoken truths I address in *Tight End* is violence and sexual assault. Even in the twenty-first century, as I grew into my womanhood, I was taught lessons on how to avoid violence, simply because I am a woman.

The structure of *Tight End* pays homage to ancient mythology, when humans fought for control of their destinies from the gods. To depict this battle, I chose football, a sport that forces bodies against bodies and whose own mokita is to cause enough pain to an opponent so a player can dominate them.

However, *Tight End* is *not* a play about sexual assault. Ash is a survivor, but she is also a football player, a student, a friend, a daughter, and so much more. *Tight End* is a play about human beings searching to be more than just a title or fit into a simplified category. The play is about living beings who dare to love, grow, exist, explore, and learn outside the boundaries of their gender roles and societal standards.

CHARACTERS

ASH MILLER

“Ashley,” but you never want to call her that.

She is the definition of tough. All Ash cares about is football, try to talk her out of it and you’ll be sorry; age fourteen to seventeen.

SAM JONES

“Samuel,” but prefers Sam.

All-star stereotypical “golden boy” because that is who he feels he has to be as he carries the weight of the team on his shoulders; age fourteen to seventeen.

COACH D.

Probably “Mr. Daniels” or something, but prefers the title “Coach.” He “manspreads” and “mansplains” until there is barely any space left in the room; age thirties.

DARLA MILLER

“Adam’s old lady,” “Adam’s Widow,”...really, she would just like to be seen as Darla; age thirties.

TIGHT END

First Quarter

Lights up on Ash, who enters running in place and continues to do a series of circuit-training exercises like jump squats, burpees, push-ups, etc. Her movements are intense, precise, and one hundred percent sweat. She wears her Westmont High Titans jersey; number thirteen. Ash is short for Ashley. Believe me, it's Ash, never call her Ashley. She just turned seventeen. She is NOT getting ready for her first day as a senior at Westmont High. She is NOT excited about going to her senior prom. She is NOT even thinking about graduation this year. She has one thing on her mind: homecoming. Not the dance. The game. The Westmont High Titans vs. the North Lake Olympians. The biggest rivalry this town has ever seen. For the past twenty years, the Olympians have slaughtered the Titans at homecoming, but not this year. This year is different. This year they have Ash.

ASH. ASH SMASH!

Ash Miller, tight end, five eight, one hundred seventy-five pounds of motherfuckin' meat! Come at me! I dare you! Come and see why, see why you don't wanna make me angry. You don't wanna make Ash angry because ASH SMASH!

All the boys wanna play. That's all you do! That's all you do, little boys! But Ash don't play. Ash wins!

ASH SMASH!

Ash got a heart of steel, guts of iron, and a hustle made of titanium. I'm a fuckin' machine, bitch!

You can't beat that. You can't beat a Titan!

WESTMONT HIGH TITANS Whooh!

The North Lake Olympians don't even know! Don't even know

about that Titan machine! Twenty years, twenty years, them Olympians have been sitting pretty, but not this year.

Can't stop! Can't stop to catch my breath. Don't worry, my breath will catch me.

ASH SMASH those Olympians down to Hades and reclaim our seat on Olympus.

'Sup Zeus! Where's your lightning bolts now, bitch?

I've been waiting for this day.

Olympians ain't even gonna see me coming. Just gonna feel an earthquake. Then their knees start rattling and backs start sweating, and then—

BAM!

ASH SMASH!

Won't stop. Won't stop for even a second.

I'll catch my breath when I decide to die.

Ash continues to run in place as the lights come up on Coach D. We move into his present day. He wears his Westmont High Titans tracksuit and hat.

COACH D. Principle Andrews...I came in here to tell you I plan on going to graduation tonight. I do every year. The boys all sit together and graduate as a team. Makes me damn proud to be their coach. I sit in those stands and watch as some of those boys walk across that stage on their way to bigger things. Bigger things than this town could ever offer them. I would sit in those stands and think about tryouts. They're coming up. The cycle continues.

Never stops.

Can't stop.

As these boys walk off the stage, I sit and think about who is going to walk on my field next... I never expected Miller.

Miller was a tough girl. I mean, shit, she started at one hundred twenty-five pounds her freshmen year, and by her senior year she was a solid one seventy-five. You would think she was made for that field, but look, I'm not talking about femininity vs. masculinity. I'm all about that feminism stuff. I used to believe that it's just a simple, biological fact that girls do not belong on the field with men.

Biology!

Science, doesn't fucking lie! Men are biologically stronger than

girls. And, I know the kids nowadays like to remind me about “non-binaries” and “gender is a construct...” but I know what I saw at homecoming...that was more than biology.

I'm a physical education teacher. A teacher. I protect my students. I tried to protect Miller by keeping her on the bench, but the cycle never stops, can't stop...but maybe there's another way. And it starts today, Principal Andrews.

Sam Jones talked about the cycle when he called the team together for an emergency meeting this afternoon. He addressed all the players, sophomores on up. You should of heard him, Principal Andrews...you should have heard him.

Ash continues running in place. Lights fade on Coach D. and appear on Sam, in his present, talking to the football team.

SAM. Everyone! Hey! Guys!...SHUT THE FUCK UP and listen... You need to be quiet in order to listen.

Graduation is a few hours away. I honestly never thought this day would come. One second I'm a freshman at tryouts and Ash is sitting next to me on the bench and now it's graduation...

Soon, some of us will be packing our bags, going off to our new dorms.

Big Ten.

We did it.

Big Ten, because we got big, and they see big things for us.

I got big.

Big time.

Big Ten.

Too big for this small town, so I get to bust out...but it shouldn't be me. When you play football for the Westmont Titans, your life starts in August and ends in November. No one questions the cycle... Look, I called you all here because you need to understand... It's our fault.

The team's fault.

My fault. I'm the quarterback. The leader. I never should have...I never should have asked her to take off her jersey.

The Olympians knew Ash was the best and they had to take her out any way they could. They didn't want any reminders there was someone out there better than them...

Not someone like her, at least.

I spoke to Ms. Miller yesterday. She said a lot of things, but I now see it's up to us.

Darla enters and Sam turns to face her. Ash continues to run in place. She never stops moving. The lights shine brightly on Darla and slowly fade on Sam. It is the day before graduation.

DARLA. Did you know they asked me to speak at graduation tomorrow? I told them to fuck right off. I have been speaking well before that homecoming game and...nothing. Now, they want my voice? What else can they take?

But you know what? I will speak to you, Sam. I will speak to you, but you need to be quiet for a moment to really listen.

I do not want my daughter's name to be tainted. I will not allow people to twist and contort my family's history into something that fits into a cautionary tale. This town used to love my family... actually, no. This town loved my husband.

That's not true either.

This town loved the legend of Adam Miller.

Fucking small towns.

It was just a football game, but in a town like this, football is life and we all do our part to keep this cycle going.

Ash stops running and takes off her jersey. She is wearing a basic shirt underneath. Darla turns to face Ash. It is August, four years in the past. Ash is fourteen years old, a freshman. We are inside the Miller's house.

Ashley—

ASH. —Don't call me that.

DARLA. That's your name, isn't it?

ASH. Dad called me Ash.

DARLA. I just don't think it's a good idea. Wouldn't you rather play something else? Like soccer? Westmont has a girls' soccer team.

ASH. I want to play football.

DARLA. But they don't have a girls'—

ASH. —Dad wanted me to play football.

DARLA. Yes, in the backyard with him.

ASH. Dad loved going to all the homecoming games.

DARLA. People from small towns do that.

ASH. You're from here.

DARLA. Don't remind me.

ASH. This team was important to Dad and it's important to me. It all started the day Dad put a football in my hand and said, "Ash, this life is not going to hand you anything the easy way. You're going to have to fight for what you want. You have to tear yourself apart and replace your heart with steel, guts with iron, and hustle with fucking titanium."

DARLA. Ashley!

ASH. Dad said fuck, not me. He said that's the only way you can die undefeated. I can't stop. I can't stop for one second. Not even to catch my breath. Only I get to decide when I stop.

DARLA. That sounds like your dad, all right.

ASH. So, please! Please, please, please let me try out!

DARLA. Maybe next year.

ASH. It's so crucial I try out this year, as a freshman. If I wait, then I don't look serious and I miss out on training.

DARLA. ...Under one condition.

ASH. Yes, anything. Name it.

DARLA. You have to let me talk to the coach first.

ASH. Mom! That's so embarrassing!

DARLA. Hey, you don't like it? I know the girls' soccer team is hosting tryouts this weekend.

ASH. Ugh! Fine. Just don't let anyone see you.

DARLA. Invisibility is my superpower.

*Lights fade on Ash as she exits. Darla turns to face Coach D.
They are now in Coach D's office.*

COACH D. Well, hello there, Mrs...

DARLA. It's Ms.

COACH D. Miss...?

DARLA. It's me.

Darla.

Darla Miller.

COACH D. Mrs. Darla Miller.

DARLA. No. Ms.

COACH D. Ms.?

DARLA. That's right. Ms.

COACH D. Not Miss?

DARLA. Nope, Ms.

COACH D. Is that the same thing as Miss?

DARLA. Does it matter?

COACH D. Well, hell yes it does! Miss or Mrs.—

DARLA. —How about just Darla?

COACH D. Your husband won't mind?

DARLA. You don't know who I am?

COACH D. You said Darla, right?

DARLA. Right, so anyway, Danny—

COACH D. —Oh, you can just call me Coach D.

DARLA. Coach?

COACH D. Yeah, Coach! Damn proud of who I am. Only my wife calls me Danny. And when she calls me Daniel, I know I'm sleeping on the couch ha!

DARLA. Fine then, Coach...

COACH D. Yes, Darla, how may I help you?

DARLA. My daughter is very interested in football—

COACH D. —Well, isn't that great! You know, I am always excited to hear when young girls take an interest in the more physical sports.

DARLA. Well, she is very interested in—

COACH D. —One of the boys?

DARLA. I'm sorry?...

COACH D. It's how I met my wife. Liked me so much, she joined the cheerleading squad so she could always be around me.

DARLA. She was so afraid of heights. Always needed to be at the bottom on the pyramid.

COACH D. Ah! I knew it! You got Titans in your blood! Westmont Titans! Whoo!

DARLA. I was born and raised here.

COACH D. When did you graduate?

DARLA. You really don't see me.

COACH D. What are you talking about? I see you just fine.

DARLA. No, you don't. If you did, you would remember me.

COACH D. Well, now, Mrs.—

DARLA. —I said I prefer Darla.

COACH D. There's no shame in admitting your age. Take me for instance: I graduated back in 1994, the last class to beat those Olympian bastards in the homecoming game.

Class of 1994 Whoo!

Led by our quarterback, the one and only—

DARLA/COACH D. Adam Miller.

COACH D. You knew Adam Miller?

DARLA. I was a freshman the year you beat the Olympians.

My name is Darla.

Darla Miller.

COACH D. Oh shit! You're Adam's old lady!

DARLA. Was, his wife.

COACH D. Aw shit! Mrs. Miller—

DARLA. —Darla! Please—

COACH D. —Right, sorry. I just...we were all torn up when Adam died. It was, well, it was a goddamn tragedy.

DARLA. Yes, well, it's been four years—

COACH D. —That's true. Did you move to another town? I can't believe I didn't recognize you.

DARLA. I haven't been inside this school since Ashley was born and... Besides, people just don't notice me without Adam.

COACH D. He was the center of attention wherever he went.

Adam Miller: “The first man...on the field.”

Ha! Little joke we had because Adam had the most hustle of us all.

DARLA. I remember. I was married to him after all.

Now, about my daughter—

COACH D. —Aw shit, yeah! Little lady Miller, yes! Now it makes sense why she is so interested in football!

So, what can I do for you ladies? You just name it and Coach D. here will make it happen. All in honor of our leader, Adam Miller: “The first man...on the field.”

Get it?

DARLA. Yes, I do.

COACH D. So, what does she want? Be a cheerleader? That’s a great way to get involved in the game. You also get to know the players really well...but in the most respectful way possible, I assure you.

DARLA. No, not a cheerleader—

COACH D. —Band then? I really don’t know how much help I can give you with that one. I mean, unless she plays an instrument. If she doesn’t play an instrument, well then, you are shit out of luck. Does she play an instrument?

DARLA. No, she doesn’t, but she wants—

COACH D. —Well, then, maybe they can let her play the cymbals. Not a lot of work goes into that... Well, at least I don’t really know. But how hard could it be to bang two things together?

DARLA. She doesn’t want to be in the band! She wants—

COACH D. —Then the only thing left is towel boy. But as you can guess, that is reserved for a boy, hence the name “towel boy”—

DARLA. SHE WANTS TO TRY OUT FOR THE TEAM!

COACH D. ...

DARLA. ...

COACH D. Look, Mrs.—

DARLA. —It’s Darla. D.A.R.L.A. Darla.

COACH D. I don’t think you fully understand—

DARLA. —You don’t have to play her.

COACH D. I don’t?

DARLA. But you do have to let her try out.

COACH D. I do?

DARLA. In honor of her father. Adam Miller, your...leader. "The first man—

COACH D. —On the field."

DARLA. That's right. Let her try out, get on the team, then bench her. Think of it as Adam's dying wish.

COACH D. You think I run this team on nepotism?

DARLA. ...

COACH D. Oh, you didn't think I knew what that word meant? You think I'm just another dumb coach reliving his glory days. Please, do not confuse me with your husband.

DARLA. Are you calling Adam stupid?

COACH D. No, but his glory days killed him.

...

You didn't flinch when I said that.

DARLA. I've heard all the rumors.

COACH D. I don't think I need to remind you that Westmont is a champion's team. People know about us all over the state. The only other team with a better record in our division are those Olympian bastards and it's only because they beat us at homecoming.

DARLA. This isn't an outrageous request. I see it all the time now. I just watched a video about a girl who is a kicker for her team. And another girl who is actually the team's quarterback. It's not that big of a deal.

COACH D. It's not...for those teams.

Darla, I am a physical education teacher. A teacher. It is my job to look out for my students and help them any way I can.

DARLA. Ashley is your student.

COACH D. I don't make the rules. This is a small town—

DARLA. —Getting smaller by the second.

COACH D. This town can swallow you whole if you let it. The boys from this town, hell, the Olympians, the Bengals, the Hawks, all them boys have one shot to do something great; something big.

Something so big it shows the rest of this world they matter before this town—

DARLA. —Makes them disappear.

COACH D. Boys from this town don't have a lot of options to get out, but football is one of them.

Every year, I got scouts from universities all over the US coming to look at my boys. And just last year, I had the honor of coaching a NFL draft pick. Do you understand how important that is?

DARLA. It was in all the newspapers. Still is. ESPN came to the school.

COACH D. And ever since that day, I got Principal Andrews on my ass, talking about how we got to keep our record solid and make this a tradition. Keep the cycle moving at any cost.

There are only fifty-three spots on the roster and you want me to turn away one of those boys for your daughter? Do you understand the pressure that is on me?

DARLA. What will it take for her to make the roster?

COACH D. I'm not giving away one of my boys' chances on your daughter unless she gives me something in return.

DARLA. Like what?

COACH D. She's got to be able to take a hit and keep on coming. She needs to want this field, love this field.

She's got to show me she has the heart for it.

DARLA. She has Adam's heart.

COACH D. Darla, I have a daughter, and unfortunately, she is more like me than her mother. I want to give her the world, but there are some places in this world that are just not safe. Something happens to boys when they get on the field.

DARLA. I'm not asking for her to be on the field; just the roster.

COACH D. ...You have my word. If your daughter shows me hustle, there will be a place for her on this roster by tonight.

Lights fade on Coach D. as he exits. Darla turns around as Ash approaches. Ash wears her father's old jersey, number thirteen; it hangs off her body.

DARLA. Okay, don't be nervous.

ASH. I'm not.

DARLA. You just do your best out there.

ASH. I will.

DARLA. No matter what happens, I am proud of you.

ASH. I know.

DARLA. Is that your dad's old jersey?

ASH. For luck.

DARLA. Where did you find it? I thought we lost it after Dad—

ASH. —He gave it to me before he left that day.

DARLA. He did?

ASH. Please don't take it away from me—

DARLA. —No, I won't, I just—

ASH. —I didn't want to tell you because I thought it would make you upset.

DARLA. Are you sure you want to do this? I mean, don't you want your own number?

ASH. All the other guys have jerseys because they were invited to tryouts. It helps me look like the other players. Please let me wear it.

DARLA. All right. If your dad gave it to you, then it is yours. Just... Please remember you are more than this jersey.

ASH. I promise.

DARLA. ...

ASH. What are you looking at?

DARLA. Nothing. You just kind of look like him.

A loud whistle is heard.

ASH. Oh my god! Please go before someone sees you here.

DARLA. Don't worry. No one will.

Lights fade on Darla as she exits. A bench is wheeled out. We are on the football field. Ash takes a seat on the bench next to Sam, dressed in his practice jersey. They sit in silence. Sam does a double take when he finally notices Ash.

SAM. Ashley?

ASH. Ash.

SAM. What?

ASH. My name is Ash.

SAM. That's short for Ashley.

ASH. Yes, but my name is Ash.

SAM. Mrs. Johnson in algebra didn't call you Ash.

ASH. I don't give a shit what Mrs. Johnson called me.

SAM. Whoa, you got a mouth on you.

ASH. Fuck off, Samuel.

SAM. It's Sam.

ASH. That's not what Mrs. Johnson called you.

SAM. I don't give a shit what Mrs. Johnson called me.

Pause.

So, do, like, the cheerleaders have tryouts too?

ASH. Do I look like I'm dressed for the cheer squad?

SAM. What are you doing here?

ASH. I'm trying out for the team.

SAM. This team?

ASH. It's the only one on the field.

SAM. Football?

ASH. Way to put two and two together.

SAM. But you can't.

ASH. Why not?

SAM. You're a girl...?

ASH. Is that a question?

SAM. You can't.

ASH. Can't what?

SAM. Play football.

ASH. Yes, I can.

SAM. No, you can't.

ASH. Who says?

SAM. Like...everyone.

ASH. Really? You know everyone...in the world.

SAM. Look, I don't make the rules.

ASH. And what are the rules?

SAM. Girls can't play football.

ASH. Oh, I CAN play.

SAM. Not with us.

ASH. With who?

SAM. Titans.

ASH. Do you know who my dad was?

SAM. Everyone knows who your dad was. You're wearing his jersey; number thirteen. No one has worn that number since they beat the Olympians at homecoming.

ASH. That's right. "First man...on the—" What's so funny?

SAM. Your jersey. You're swimming in it.

ASH. It's a little big on me.

SAM. Little big? You really think you can fill your dad's jersey?

ASH. My dad taught me everything I know. When I get my OWN jersey, I'll be able to fill it out just fine.

SAM. Okay, then maybe it's not a question of "can" but more of "should."

ASH. Should?

SAM. Like, maybe you shouldn't play football.

ASH. Oh, I see. So now, I need, like, special permission.

SAM. Well, yeah! I mean, there are like no girls on the team... like ever.

ASH. Well, geez, now that I know making the team has nothing to do with talent, or hustle, or overall skill, could you point me in the direction of the person you asked permission from?

SAM. Look, I don't make the rules, okay! That's just how it's always been. There are plenty of other sports for girls. Like soccer, wouldn't you rather play soccer?

ASH. I'm good at football.

SAM. But not like us. You know there are guys that dream of playing for the Titans since kindergarten.

ASH. I did too.

SAM. Short-lived dream.

ASH. Why?

SAM. Name me your favorite GIRL running back from one Big Ten school?

ASH. That's not—

SAM. —Or how about your top five NFL GIRL quarterbacks in the last twenty-five years...

ASH. ...

SAM. Good luck at soccer tryouts.

ASH. You're scared.

SAM. What?

ASH. You're scared I'm going to beat you.

SAM. Uh...no. I don't think—

ASH. —You're scared you're going to get beat by a girl.

SAM. You know what? I take back what I said. Miller's daughter or not, you probably suck.

ASH. Didn't your dad play backup quarterback to my dad? Must of sucked warming the bench; always in my dad's shadow. I would hate to see history repeat itself.

SAM. You going for quarterback?

ASH. Quit sweating. I want something that's more of a challenge.

SAM. What's that?

ASH. Tight end.

SAM. Does craziness run in your family?

ASH. Don't you fucking call my dad crazy.

SAM. You see Joey over there.

ASH. You can't miss him.

SAM. Right. Dude's at least two of you.

The play doesn't end here...

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