

# **HOTEL BUZZ**

**A FARCE OF HOLLYWOOD**

**BY DAVID GOLDSMITH**

**A DPS ACTING EDITION PUBLISHED BY**

**BROADWAY**  
L I C E N S I N G   G R O U P

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An industry reading of HOTEL BUZZ was produced at the Manhattan Theatre Club (Lynne Meadow, Artistic Director; Barry Grove, Executive Producer), by Kevin McCollum in New York City on October 6, 1999. It was directed by David Goldsmith. The cast was as follows:

ANDREA .....	Yardley Smith
ADRIAN .....	Jason Graae
MAURICE .....	Jim Fyfe
WALTER .....	Alec Baldwin
MARCUS .....	Roger Bart
GLORIA .....	Crista Moore
ZEKE TADLOW .....	Matt Bogart

## CHARACTERS

*(in order of appearance)*

ANDREA GOLD, 30s, a Hollywood agent

ADRIAN GELBER, 30s, a Hollywood agent, Andrea's partner

MAURICE, *ageless*, a bellboy at the Hotel Buzz

WALTER KANNER, 40s, a Hollywood agent, head of the Preferred Creative & Talented Major Artists Agency; Andrea and Adrian's boss

MARCUS, 20s, Andrea's assistant

GLORIA GELBER, 40s, Adrian's wife, former actress, Southern belle

ZEKE TADLOW, 20s, the biggest movie star in the world

## PLACE & TIME

Two bungalow suites and adjoining courtyard  
at the Hotel Buzz, Malibu.

In a time just before 9/11, Facebook, and the iPhone.

*Hotel Buzz* is to be performed with one intermission.

# HOTEL BUZZ

## ACT ONE

*The Hotel Buzz. Somewhere on the beaches of Malibu. December. Tasteful holiday lights adorn the exteriors, illuminating the early evening. Two lavish suites (101 and 102), with a courtyard/fountain area between them. This is the brand-spanking-new renovation.*

*The time is the late '90s.*

*Andrea Gold (30s) and Adrian Gelber (30s, and, in spite of his name, a man) enter briskly toward suite 102. Adrian, wireless earbud in place, hounds Andrea, who anxiously rifles through her Prada (or whichever's most this week) handbag.*

ADRIAN. Gelber-Gold, Gelber-Gold. You don't hear how that just trips off the tongue?

ANDREA. (*Rifling through her purse.*) This stupid purse...

ADRIAN. Whereas, "Gold-Gelber." The sound just peters out. Gold-Gelber. Gold-Gelber. See? Clunky.

ANDREA. (*Finds the key card, thrusts her purse at Adrian.*) Hold this.

ADRIAN. (*Holds the purse as she tries to unlock the door.*) Gelber-Gold. That's the name of an agency. Aesthetically. Just hear it inside your head.

*Andrea, frustrated at the door's failure to unlock, takes a stab at "listening" in her head.*

ANDREA. Nope, all I hear is the sound of you fucking my skull.

ADRIAN. Andrea. This is our lives we're talking about!

ANDREA. (*Still futzing with the door.*) This is about whose name goes first on letterhead. Mortality doesn't enter into it.

ADRIAN. Even we go to a thesaurus and pick a word is better. Original Talent. Talented Talent. Marginal Artists. Anything.

ANDREA. Focus, Adrian. More important things to worry about tonight.

ADRIAN. Y'know, Gelber comes before Gold, alphabetically.

ANDREA. What about if you're dead? Whose name comes first then?

*She extracts a cell phone, dials.*

ADRIAN. What are you doing?

ANDREA. I'm calling the front desk.

ADRIAN. Of what?

ANDREA. The hotel.

ADRIAN. We're at the hotel.

ANDREA. I'm aware of that.

ADRIAN. Why don't you just go to the front desk yourself?

ANDREA. I'm already here. (*Into phone.*) Uh, hi this is Andrea Gold, I'm trying to get into suite 102.

*Adrian takes the key card from Andrea's hand and fiddles with the door slot.*

(*Into phone.*) No, I'm at the hotel. I'm in front of my suite right now. Because I'm already here. I only move forward.

*Adrian gives up on the door. Wanders to 101.*

(*Into phone.*) Just bring me a new key card. (*Flips her phone closed.*) What are you doing?

ADRIAN. Maybe we should try this suite.

ANDREA. Why would we do that?

*It opens. Adrian gestures to her.*

ADRIAN. Whaddaya know? They must have booked us in here.

ANDREA. So?

ADRIAN. So what difference does it make?

ANDREA. Adrian, he's coming to suite 102, not suite 101.

ADRIAN. They could just tell him at the front desk.

ANDREA. He's not going to the front desk. He's going to come straight here, through the side entrance. We need discretion. Air-tight, uncompromising, discretion.

*Maurice, in full bellboy uniform, enters, humming a jaunty, made-up tune.*

MAURICE. *(French accent.)* "Zeke Tadlow is coming, Zeke Tadlow is coming, ze whole town, she's humming, Zeke Tadlow is..."

*Andrea and Adrian look at each other, appalled.*

Ah, *bon soir, mes amis.*

ANDREA. How long have you been singing that song, Jacques Brel?

MAURICE. Ah *merci* Mademoiselle Gold, for *le compliment*, but I am no Jacques Brel. I am Maurice, your VIP concierge. Here to let you and Zeke Tadlow into your rightful space! *È Voila!*

*With a new key card, he swings wide the door to 102.*

ANDREA. *(To Maurice, taking the card, entering.)* *Merci.*

ADRIAN. *(Still by 101, poking his head in.)* I think 101 looks nicer.

MAURICE. "Zeke Tadlow is coming, so fix up the plumbing..."

*Andrea pulls a \$100 bill from her purse and holds it up, like a doggie treat.*

ANDREA. Maurice. Stop singing Zeke Tadlow. Stop saying Zeke Tadlow.

*He reaches for the bill, she holds it back.*

You can't say Zeke. You can't say Tadlow. You can't say "Gee, this tip is a tad low." Now who's coming?

MAURICE. I have no idea, mademoiselle.

ANDREA. *(Hands him the bill.)* A hundred dollars. I'm covered for the evening. Right?

MAURICE. *Tres magnifique*, mademoiselle.

ANDREA. Terrific.

ADRIAN. *(Closing the door to 101.)* Hey, Maurice.

MAURICE. *Oui*, monsieur?

ADRIAN. How did you know Zeke Tadlow was coming?

MAURICE. Who?

ADRIAN. Very good.

MAURICE. I am Maurice.

*Maurice exits, humming wordlessly. Andrea slams the door, casually dropping the key card off on a side table.*

ADRIAN. I'm trying to place his accent. It's either Versailles or Van Nuys.

*He drops his key card on the side table beside Andrea's and heads to the minibar. Andrea begins pacing, nervously.*

ANDREA. God, I hate this hotel. It's crawling with impossibly beautiful twenty-year-olds, like the Hitler Youth.

ADRIAN. *(Going through the minibar.)* Toblerone, Hotel Buzz T-shirt... Intimacy kit? I love this hotel!

ANDREA. *(Getting more worked up.)* They all come out here with their Harvard MBAs, their comedy spec scripts tucked smartly under their toned little arms, and they're smart and hip and oh-so-breezy, because at bottom they know one thing: they have come to replace us.

ADRIAN. You're a little high-strung tonight.

ANDREA. You think?

ADRIAN. Here, have a forty dollar bag of M&M's.

ANDREA. I can't eat.

ADRIAN. Let's order up some dinner. We should have food in here anyway.

ANDREA. Zeke doesn't eat hotel food.

ADRIAN. Andrea, relax about Zeke. You got me: Gelber-Gold.

ANDREA. When I met you six years ago, you were schmoozing tables at Eurochow. You knew fuck-all about this business. When Walter Kanner came to me and said, "Why? Why are you backing this fucking actor, if he can't cut it that's your ass," I put my dick on the chopping block and handed you a career at PCTMAA. So as much as I appreciate the talent and skill you bring to the table, don't tell me I need you to land Zeke Tadlow.

*A beat.*

ADRIAN. Walter Kanner called me an actor?

ANDREA. He passed me over for partner, Adrian. Again. I built a company with that man. I invented fucking fantasy business trips for him while he sat at home recovering from his botox injections. I reeled in Zeke Tadlow for him and what do I get? From this man, to whom I have given the breath from my lungs and the blood from my ravaged fucking throat every day for the last ten years?

ADRIAN. (*Egging her on.*) Me too, the last five.

*As the scene in 102 continues, a well-dressed man in his 40s enters from right with a briefcase and heads toward suite 101. This is Walter Kanner, exuding confidence from every pore. He takes out his key card and slides it in. Nothing.*

ANDREA. (*Soaring to Medean heights.*) Do you have any idea what that felt like, to be sitting in that annual meeting and have him look past me like that? Right—through me, like I was not so much as the new—coffee intern? Well my friend, Walter Kanner is going to see me now. When I am standing over him like a colossus, straddling the Frank-fucking-Gehry-monstrosity I helped move him into, with his biggest client in one hand and his shredded reputation in the other, I am going to be pretty fucking hard to miss.

*A beat.*

ADRIAN. Walter Kanner called me an actor? (*Off her look.*) Never mind. Let's rehearse.

*Suddenly in Andrea's eyes: cold, dark fear.*

What. What's wrong?

ANDREA. Rehearse?

ADRIAN. Your pitch.

ANDREA. My pitch? To Zeke Tadlow?

ADRIAN. You're not facing him cold, you'll completely dry up.

ANDREA. What are you saying?

ADRIAN. Anyone would.

*Andrea prepares herself. Simultaneously, outside by the*

*fountain, Kanner has calmly dialed a cell phone from his inside jacket pocket.*

KANNER. This is Walter Kanner outside suite 101. My key card isn't working. No, I'm already here. I only move forward. Thanks.

*He flips the phone closed. Takes out a cigarette, lights up, as Maurice reenters, humming another bouncy little made-up ditty.*

MAURICE. "Monsieur Kanner, Monsieur Kanner, no one's tanner today, Monsieur K..." *(Off Kanner turning to him.)* Ah, Monsieur Kanner sir, leave everything to Maurice, he is on the case, to let you into your rightful space.

*Kanner shifts his body as if to intercept him.*

KANNER. *(Calmly.)* Maurice.

*Maurice stops before Kanner, cold fear.*

*In 102, Andrea stiffens.*

ANDREA. Adrian.

MAURICE. *(Sweating bullets instantly.)* Oui, Monsieur Kanner, sir?

*Kanner slowly drags on his cigarette, causing it to glow threateningly, then casually flings it down and stamps it out with his foot, under:*

ANDREA. Did you hear something outside?

ADRIAN. *(Nervously.)* No...

KANNER. That was the last time you'll be shouting my name out around this hotel, right?

MAURICE. *(Affirmatively.)* Oui, Monsieur Kanner, sir.

KANNER. Or singing it.

MAURICE. *(Tiny voice.)* Pardonnez moi, Monsieur Kanner, sir. Sometimes the guests find my *petit chansons* colorful and charming.

KANNER. No they don't.

*Kanner motions for Maurice to let him into 101. They start in, under:*

ANDREA. I thought I heard something.

*She starts for the door.*

*Kanner and Maurice enter 101 and close the door behind them, just as Andrea opens her door and peers out. Nothing.*

KANNER. (*Handing Maurice his key card.*) This is yours.

*They make the exchange. Kanner drops his card onto the side table. Andrea closes her door.*

*Lights crossfade to 101... As Kanner walks in and hits the lights, doing a quick survey of the luxuriously appointed room, sets his briefcase on the coffee table and snaps it open.*

Maurice, what gives, man? There was supposed to be a vegan fruit plate in the room when I walked in.

MAURICE. *Tres magnifique*, Monsieur Kanner sir, when would you like zat delivered, monsieur?

KANNER. Maurice, what gives, man? There was supposed to be a vegan fruit plate in the room when I walked in, stop me if you've heard this before...

MAURICE. *Tres magnifique*, Monsieur Kanner sir, right away.

KANNER. Maurice.

MAURICE. *Oui*, monsieur?

KANNER. Weren't you Italian the last time I stayed here?

MAURICE. I am Maurice.

KANNER. Uh-huh.

*Kanner removes from the briefcase a book-on-CD disc. He pops it into the hotel CD player under:*

MAURICE. And would you like ze usual vegan fruit plate as well?

KANNER. What, in English, do we mean by "the usual"?

MAURICE. *Tres magnifique*, monsieur.

KANNER. Maurice.

MAURICE. *Oui*, Monsieur Kanner sir?

KANNER. (*Handing him a rolled up bill.*) This is to get you to stop saying "*tres magnifique*..."

MAURICE. *Tres magnifique*...

KANNER. (*And another.*) ...terrific, and this is to see that everything between us is.

MAURICE. (*Looking at the currency in his hand.*) I am, how you say, your “bitch,” sir?

KANNER. Down, boy.

MAURICE. *Merci*, Monsieur Kanner sir.

*Maurice goes. Kanner remotes the CD player on.*

KANNER. That little vegan fruit plate was Italian. Fuckin’ actors.

*SFX: CD player.*

CD PLAYER. *The Art of War* by Sun-Tzu, as translated by Lionel Giles and read by Treat Williams.

*Kanner slips off his shoes and begins t’ai chi exercises under:*

CD PLAYER. Chapter one. “Laying Plans.” The Art of War is of vital importance to the state. It is a matter of life and death, a road to either safety or to ruin...

*Lights crossfade to 102. Andrea and Adrian.*

ADRIAN. What do you mean, you can’t pretend I’m Zeke? We’re rehearsing!

ANDREA. (*With difficulty.*) I... I...

ADRIAN. What? Are you crying? Oh for God’s sake. This wouldn’t have anything to do with the fact that Zeke Tadlow is your ex-boy-friend, would it?

*Now her tears come.*

Oh for the love of all things holy.

ANDREA. I know, I know...

ADRIAN. You couldn’t wait to get out of that relationship! You hated him! He treated you like shit, you said! He didn’t love you! He used you! Then you dump him, you’re alone for a few months, he gets an Academy Award nomination—

*Reliving it along with him, she perks up at this—*

—and all of a sudden he’s got the magic dick! We’ve been over this and over this, when are you gonna move on!

ANDREA. He’s an angel.

ADRIAN. He’s a cunt. You’re better off.

ANDREA. (*Sober.*) That word is so offensive to me. I can't believe you would use that fucking word in front of me.

ADRIAN. Every day for nine months, "I love him for him, he loves me for what I can do for him..." He's not worth it. Didn't you tell me he cheated on you with just less than half of the Screen Actors Guild?

ANDREA. That wasn't his fault...

ADRIAN. You need him on your client list, not your utility bills.

ANDREA. I just can't stop thinking about him. I try to let him go, but...not a second of the day goes by when I don't mourn what I've lost and long for what we had.

ADRIAN. Letimgo, letimgo, letimgo.

ANDREA. He was my whole life, Adrian. Still is.

ADRIAN. Wasn't. Isn't. You've got a life, and it's the Gelber-Gold Agency.

ANDREA. Gold-Gelber. You asshole. (*It hits her suddenly.*) He's got my purse.

ADRIAN. Your what?

ANDREA. My purse, from Nepal, the jewel-encrusted purse from the King of India. From the movie.

ADRIAN. There is no King of India. Is there?

ANDREA. I don't know, I got his purse. Don't you remember?

ADRIAN. Is Nepal even in India?

ANDREA. We were on location. The movie. Zeke and I flew down to the Taj Mahal. They gave me this purse, 'cause I was with him. It's worth like, a gazillion dollars or something.

ADRIAN. Wouldn't that be "rupees"?

ANDREA. What?

ADRIAN. So he's got the purse. Why?

ANDREA. I think he thought it was his.

ADRIAN. What the hell would he do with a purse?

ANDREA. Well, the King of India had a purse, why shouldn't he?

ADRIAN. But it's not his purse.

ANDREA. I know, that's what I'm saying.

ADRIAN. I'm confused.

ANDREA. Okay, let me explain.

ADRIAN. Why?

ANDREA. Why what?

ADRIAN. I know what you're doing, and it won't work. Rehearse.

ANDREA. Oh, right. But the purse—

ADRIAN. I'm Zeke Tadlow. Go.

*Andrea stares at him, stuck.*

*SFX: a cell phone chirps.*

*Crossfade to 101. Kanner stops his exercises, takes out cell phone, under:*

CD PLAYER. All warfare is based on deception. Hence, when able to attack, we must appear unable; when using our forces, we must seem inactive...

*Remotes the CD off, flips cell phone.*

KANNER. Yeah? I'm doing t'ai chi. Tell him I'm in a meeting.

*Flips the phone, hits the remote.*

CD PLAYER. ...when we are near, we must make the enemy believe we are far away; when far away, we must make him believe we are near...

*Crossfade to suite 102.*

*Andrea just stares at Adrian, a deer trapped in the headlights. Mouth open, nothing coming out.*

ADRIAN. Andrea...? Are you all right...?

*A cell phone chirps out.*

That's you.

*Andrea staggers to retrieve her ringing phone.*

ANDREA. Hello?

*Marcus, Andrea's assistant, appears in his car, on the phone. Agitated.*

MARCUS. Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod.

ADRIAN. Who is it?

ANDREA. Calm down, Marcus. (*To Adrian.*) My assistant.

ADRIAN. What's the problem?

MARCUS. This is not my fault.

ANDREA. (*To Adrian.*) Says it's not his fault. (*Into phone.*) What'd you fuck up now?

MARCUS. Zeke Tadlow is stuck in a mudslide on the PCH.

ADRIAN. What's up.

ANDREA. Zeke Tadlow is stuck in a mudslide on the PCH. Jesus! (*Into phone.*) How is that not your fault?

ADRIAN. It isn't even raining.

ANDREA. (*Into phone.*) It isn't even raining. How can there be a mudslide?

MARCUS. Umm...it's Malibu?

ANDREA. Is that a question? (*To Adrian.*) He says it's Malibu.

ADRIAN. He's joking.

ANDREA. You're joking.

MARCUS. (*Baffled by this assertion.*) I'm...um...joking, you mean like—?

ANDREA. (*To Adrian.*) He doesn't joke. (*Into phone.*) How late?

MARCUS. He thinks about a half hour. Listen Andrea, if Kanner finds out about this—

ANDREA. What does Zeke Tadlow being stuck in a mudslide have to do with Kanner finding out?

MARCUS. Well, suppose he calls Zeke in his car and he's still there when he wouldn't have been there and Kanner gets him to spill the beans?

ANDREA. You're not overthinking this, are you Marcus?

MARCUS. Hello? Hello? I'm sorry, you went out. I'm not "what" now?

ANDREA. Never mind. Did you finish with the files?

MARCUS. Files?

ANDREA. Marcus, Jesus. The files? Wasn't that the plan?

MARCUS. The plan?

ANDREA. AAAARGHHH! Marcus. The files? A little bit every night since August? Kinko's? Right?

MARCUS. Oh, Kinko's! You didn't say that. You said the files. I thought you meant the filing, like, have I organized all the Pendaflex tabs and file folders—

ANDREA. Secretarial color commentary, Marcus. Just tell me you're done.

MARCUS. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, of course. Of course I'm done.

ANDREA. At your home right now there's a note under your door telling you where to bring the files.

MARCUS. Okay. What?

ANDREA. There's a note—

MARCUS. Right, to go where?

ANDREA. I'm not telling you anything over a cell phone. Just hurry up and get the files here.

MARCUS. Okay. Where's here again?

ANDREA. Marcus! I'm not telling you over—

MARCUS. Wait! I'm sorry. Isn't this changing the plan?

ANDREA. Get the stick out of your ass and roll with me, Marcus.

MARCUS. So it's sort of changing the plan. For me.

ANDREA. Stick. Ass. Out of. Ah, that's better.

MARCUS. Andrea, I would just like to take a moment to tell you what an honor it is to be working with you. And that I do not take it lightly.

ANDREA. God please, is it over?

MARCUS. Please. Thank you. I mean—

ANDREA. Get the note.

MARCUS. This wasn't my fault.

ANDREA. And get the files here.

MARCUS. I'm sorry, Andrea.

ANDREA. That's true.

*Andrea flips her phone closed. Marcus punches off. He's gone. Andrea turns to Adrian, more agitated than ever.*

Zeke's gonna be late. That's good.

ADRIAN. Andrea, what the hell is going on?

ANDREA. Look, there's something I need to tell you.

ADRIAN. Okay, what?

*He comes to her, face to face. The tension is palpable. Then:*

ANDREA. I can't do this.

ADRIAN. What?

ANDREA. I need something to calm me down. You know what I'm saying, "calm me down"?

ADRIAN. "Calm you down"? You mean, like—

ANDREA. You know.

ADRIAN. Andrea, that's just... I don't think, a good idea.

ANDREA. Trust me, Adrian. I need one. Just one. Please?

ADRIAN. I can't keep enabling you like this.

ANDREA. I need my fix. No fix, no Zeke Tadlow.

ADRIAN. How long before he gets here?

ANDREA. Long enough.

*They jump each other, voraciously making out, and slide to the floor.*

*SFX: Kanner's cell phone. Suite 101. Kanner remotes the player off, and answers the phone.*

KANNER. Yeah. I can't talk to them right now, I've just been stroking the hairy buffalo's ass. You wouldn't understand. Wait 'til we're finished, then tell them we had a bad connection. Anyone else? Yeah. Again, he called? What time is it, seven forty-five? He'll have a dinner. Wait until about eight o' five and call him back and leave a message. If he answers, tell him I just jumped on another call. The rest you can call back tomorrow while I'm at lunch. If Zeke Tadlow calls, you can put him through. Put me through to Gloria and then hang up.

*SFX: Andrea's cell phone. Suite 102. Andrea leaps over the couch to catch it. Adrian reappears, wiping off his mouth.*

ANDREA. Marcus? Zekey, hi!

ADRIAN. Where is he?

*Andrea tries to get the word “mudslide” out, but it gets caught in her throat—dramatically.*

ANDREA. *(Into phone, a high-pitch gasp.)* Muuhh—muhhhh—

ADRIAN. *(Alarmed.)* What’s the—are you okay?

*Nodding, coughing, she hands the phone over to Adrian, who takes it, concerned for her.*

Hey, Gorgeous. Fuckin’ PCH, huh? Andrea? She’s fine. Somethin’ went down the wrong way. Take your time, Buster Brown. Nobody here but us chickens. *(Punches off.)* What the hell was that?

*But she ravenously pulls Adrian on top of her onto the couch.*

*Marcus enters outside 101. He peevishly knocks on the door.*

KANNER. That’ll be Zeke Tadlow. I’m at the Hotel Buzz. Suite 101. I’ll call you when I’m through and you can come over and help me celebrate. 1-0-1, Gloria. It’s not stressful unless you allow yourself to perceive it as stressful. Gloria, your husband will never know. Hm. Yeah, I guess it is sleazy. Can’t wait. Bye.

*He hangs up, goes to the door, opens it.*

Marcus, you knocked peevishly.

*While still frazzled, Marcus, with Walter, is a different person. Brash, confident, arrogant.*

MARCUS. Walter, there’s something—you’re not wearing shoes.

KANNER. I was doing t’ai chi. There’s something what?

MARCUS. Something’s up with Napoleana.

*Marcus heads straight for the minibar and makes himself a drink.*

KANNER. Tell me.

MARCUS. I don’t know. She’s got me going to my apartment to get a note to get her files to God-knows-where.

KANNER. A note?

MARCUS. I know. It’s very, uh, what’s the word...?

KANNER. Mysterious...?

MARCUS. No, uh...

KANNER. Inscrutable...?

MARCUS. Well yeah, but, you know, a fucking note...

KANNER. Retro? Reductive? Quaint?

MARCUS. Yeah, you know...

KANNER. Low-tech? Analogue? Luddite?

MARCUS. She's up to something. I know her.

KANNER. Amish?

MARCUS. Suspicious.

KANNER. Right. Well, she is planning to defect from my company, taking my best agent and my most profitable client under my nose, but there's nothing inherently suspicious about that.

MARCUS. You know what I mean. Wanna drink?

KANNER. To say nothing of my two million dollars in bonuses she thinks she's going to use as startup capital on a new business that's about to rival mine. *(No to the drink offer.)* Skoal to you, son.

MARCUS. *(About to take a drink.)* You're not gonna drink?

KANNER. Dulls the senses.

*Marcus rolls his eyes: he screws the cap back on. Then to himself, a squeak.*

MARCUS. I really needed that drink...

KANNER. Oh please Marcus, don't let me stop you.

*Marcus turns, locking onto his eyes: it's a test, and Marcus is sweating it.*

Really. Here, let me get you some cocaine, take the edge off.

*Marcus' jaw goes slack. Is this guy bluffing? It's impossible to know. Kanner stands there, looking sincere.*

Would you like that? Then we can call in a couple of hookers. Then when Zeke Tadlow gets here, he can film it. Then we can get Barbara Walters to blow him on camera during her Academy Awards special. How does that sound?

MARCUS. At what point in all that did you stop being serious?

KANNER. Drink or don't drink Marcus, just be a fucking man.

*Marcus considers the little bottle one last time. Then he shoves it back into the minibar and shuts the door.*

MARCUS. What if Andrea gets Zeke Tadlow to come with her?

KANNER. Marcus, if you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles.

MARCUS. Okay.

KANNER. Supreme excellence exists in breaking the enemy's resistance without fighting.

MARCUS. That's good. What are we talking about?

KANNER. The object of war is peace. What's that from? Think, Marcus.

MARCUS. *If You Give A Mouse A Cookie?*

KANNER. She's expecting you to bring her files?

MARCUS. Who what?

KANNER. Andrea.

MARCUS. Yes, that's—I never—

KANNER. You have her files?

MARCUS. Of course fucking not!

KANNER. Marcus. Are you telling me you haven't been stopping by Kinko's every night since August making a personal set of files for Andrea?

MARCUS. Absolutely not!

KANNER. Absolutely not what you're telling me or absolutely not what you did?

MARCUS. I didn't copy files for Andrea.

KANNER. You didn't.

MARCUS. I copied files for myself.

KANNER. Oh, great. (*Inwardly amused.*) You know Marcus, you're so "free and easy" with me. It's...refreshing.

MARCUS. Well, we're partners. Right?

KANNER. (*"Of course—" maybe.*) Marcus. You're my rock. My foundation. My secret insurance policy. Why else would you be copying Andrea's files?

MARCUS. Why else—I'm sorry—would you repeat the—

KANNER. Who are you working for?

MARCUS. Ummm... Is this a trick question?

KANNER. No.

MARCUS. Then I'd have to say, you.

KANNER. Wrong.

MARCUS. Gotcha. Walter, I would just like to take a moment to tell you what an honor it is to be working with you. You're a legend in this business, and I want you to know I will never take that lightly. Could I just ask you one question?

KANNER. Sure.

MARCUS. Why didn't you make Andrea partner?

KANNER. (*Turning to him.*) Because every time I turned around, her nose was in my ass.

*Marcus takes this as a warning.*

MARCUS. Oh. Well, fuck *her*.

KANNER. No, the truth is...something happened to her. She was getting close to greatness, then...she sort of, lost her voice.

MARCUS. Like, inner strength? Sense of self? That kinda bullshit?

*Pause. Kanner regards Marcus; then:*

KANNER. Yeah, kinda like that.

MARCUS. (*Calculating.*) Huh. Interesting.

KANNER. Not so much. Where is their new office gonna be?

MARCUS. They've managed to keep me out of that conversation. I guess they're gonna tell me in the note.

KANNER. They're good. I'll give them both that. Well, I trained them. And they're very good.

*Lights cross to suite 102. Andrea and Adrian on the couch.  
Adrian's head under her skirt.*

ANDREA. Oh, you're so good Baby, you're so good, don't stop Baby, don't stop...

*Adrian pops his head up.*

ADRIAN. I need to talk about my contract.

**The play doesn't end here...**

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