

A NEW PLAY FROM WILL GREEN

Written By

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The sound of TYPING is heard in the darkness. Click clack.
Click clack.

FADE IN:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Night. A study.

Frustrated playwright WILL GREEN, forties, sits at his desk with his head in his hands. He mutters to himself.

WILL
Come on Will. Think. Think.
Intention and conflict. Objectives
and obstacles. Climax and
resolution. Start with your
protagonist...

He begins to type impulsively on his typewriter.

WILL (VO)
(typing)
Night. A study. Frustrated
playwright Will Green sits at his
desk with his head in his hands.
He thinks for a moment before he
begins to type impulsively on his
typewriter. Enter OLIVIA..

Enter OLIVIA. A beautiful woman, late twenties, draped in a
stunning dress.

OLIVIA
Hey.

WILL
Hey.

Will quickly gets caught off guard by Olivia's beauty and
for a few moments stops writing.

WILL (CONT'D)
Wow, wow you look unbelievable.

OLIVIA
Ah, thanks. So are you ready to
go? We're going to be late.

WILL
Go? Ready to go where?

OLIVIA

Ha..ha...very funny. Come on, is that really what you're going to wear?

WILL

This is what I always wear. Wait, what is going on? Where are you going? Or..erm..where are we supposed to be going?

Olivia stops for a second while putting on her heels.

OLIVIA

Are you being serious?

WILL

Yeah, sorry did I forget something?

OLIVIA

I told you last month that I was going to make a reservation at this really fancy restaurant...

WILL

Really? Wait, for tonight?

OLIVIA

Come on, quit joking around. We're going to be late. Let's go.

WILL

Oli, I can't go anywhere tonight. I was supposed to pass this in a week ago. I'm way past my deadline. Can you postpone it for next week or something?

OLIVIA

Next week? Wow, you really don't remember?

WILL

I'm sorry. When did you tell me this? My head's been so caught up in this story...

OLIVIA

We have to get there in like an hour.

WILL

I can't. I really can't. Next week
I promise.

OLIVIA

You really have a twisted sense of
humor. Come on, this place cost a
fortune.

Olivia goes to the coat rack and throws it on Will. Will, in
turn, quickly goes back to typing frantically on his
typewriter...

WILL (VO)

(typing)

A rainstorm suddenly drifts into
the city, encumbering the entire
community with a cold and chilly
darkness...

Thunder and lightning suddenly crash and boom outside as the
sound of rainfall grows heavier and heavier.

OLIVIA

It's raining. Of course, it's
raining.

WILL

Can we just order in?

Olivia stands quietly. She sits back down on a chair and
starts taking off her heels. Her hands start to shake
lightly.

OLIVIA

Yeah...you know what? Forget it
then. Yeah, we can order in.

WILL

Please don't be upset, Oli. I
really don't even remember you
telling me. I would've tried to
finish this up faster otherwise.

OLIVIA

It's fine. I'll just pay the
cancellation fee.

WILL

We'll go somewhere even nicer next
week, I promise. I'll be all free
and done by then.

Olivia stares quietly at Will...

OLIVIA
Wow, you really forgot huh?

WILL
What? What'd I forget?

OLIVIA
It's our anniversary, Will.
Tonight's our fucking anniversary.

Boom. Will sits dumbstruck.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
It's fine. Where's your flask?

WILL
I'm an idiot. I am. Damn it...

OLIVIA
It's fine. Where is it?

WILL
Oli... This is going to be my
masterpiece. I'm telling you, this
play's going to take over fucking
Broadway. Then I'll be all free,
we'll do whatever we want,
whenever we want...

OLIVIA
You've been saying that for the
past year, Will. You've been
saying that for the past year.
You've been cooped up in this
study, barely leaving this room.
I've been eating meals alone,
sleeping alone, going on solitary
walks by myself, working two jobs,
I barely see you anymore and I'm
only down the hallway. Where are
you keeping it?

WILL
Oli...

OLIVIA
WHERE IS IT?! Tell me, or I'm
going out and getting a bottle...

Will sighs and points towards a bookshelf.

WILL
It's inside the Poetics.

Olivia goes over and opens up ARISTOTLE'S POETICS. The inside is cut out, she pulls out a FLASK. Uncaps it. Chugs.

OLIVIA

Oh man..there it is. HMMMMM..I don't even know anymore Will. I don't even know anymore.

She takes another long pull. She goes to her purse and takes out a cigarette. Lights it. Takes a long drag. Exhales a cloud of smoke up into the air.

WILL

Oli, why are you doing this? I'm doing this for us. This is all for us.

OLIVIA

Ha. Okay..

WILL

It's the truth.

OLIVIA

No, it's your truth. We haven't been in the same story for quite some time now.

WILL

How can you say that?

OLIVIA

It's the truth.

WILL

This is going to be my 'Death of a Salesman. My 'Iceman Cometh.' 'True West.'

OLIVIA

Will, why have you been so intently determined recently on becoming established, prolific, and recognized by society? You're basing your entire existence and happiness measuring yourself up to a bunch of dead men who essentially wrote about unhappy men. Can you not see that? You can be perfectly happy and content with yourself right now. Come on, get up, let's go and walk through the rain.

WILL

Olivia...please...I just need to figure out the ending. That's all I need. Please? I'll make it up to you tenfold.

OLIVIA

I'm trying to figure that out too, Will. Why am I even here? That is the question...

Will briefly stops typing and finally looks at Olivia.

WILL

Whoa, okay, Olivia, wait. Okay, wait...

Olivia takes another long pull from the flask.

OLIVIA

I'm tired Will. I've been tired, you know? What else am I supposed to do here?

WILL

Okay, I'm listening.

Olivia kicks off her heels as they go flying offstage.

OLIVIA

You know what the funniest thing is?

WILL

What?

OLIVIA

I got so excited for tonight that I even threw away the receipt when I bought this dress. God. Stupid. What was I even thinking?

WILL

Oli please...I love you. I love you.

OLIVIA

We've been barely getting by rent, the bills only seem to grow by the day, this was my only day off in months...

WILL

Please calm down.

OLIVIA

Just keep writing. let me at least
have my fucking monologue...

Will sighs and sits back at his desk..

WILL (VO)

(typing)

Olivia stops drinking. She regains
her composure and looks at Will
with a sudden boiling
determination.

OLIVIA

HA!

Olivia takes another long gulp from the flask. Finishes her
cigarette. Flicks it off stage.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

It's so funny isn't it? All these
dreams and aspirations... You
wrote me my first play showcase
that somehow got me my first
theater agent, and we were so
young, passionate, naive... it
felt like we were going to take
over the entire world...

WILL

Oli..

OLIVIA

But then a few years go by, and I
get dropped like a bad habit. The
next several young pretty things
come up on television and big
movies, and I'm old news... the
world buried me in before I even
caught the sunlight...

WILL

Give me the flask.

OLIVIA

It's just all ego in the end isn't
it? Just trying to make sense of
our own purpose while we're here,
if there even is such a thing.
Working, eating, sleeping,
childless... It's all destined to
end one way, nonetheless. Six feet
underground.

WILL
Stop! Please stop! Stop!

OLIVIA
What happened to us, Will? Time's
moving by so fast..

WILL
We'll go out and forget about all
of this for a while, I
promise...just you and me...far
away from here, Oli..just give me
a little bit more time...that's
all I'm asking for.

Olivia drains the flask. She is clearly snookered as she
gets up.

OLIVIA
Time for a bottle.

WILL
Enough!

Will quickly grabs the flask from Olivia. The two start to
wrestle for it.

WILL (CONT'D)
You're beautiful, talented, and
strong, Oli. Just stay active!
Don't think like this, please! You
mustn't!

Olivia throws aside Will, rushes and sits down at the desk.
She begins to type.

OLIVIA (VO)
(typing)
Night. A study. Frustrated drunk
actress, OLIVIA, suddenly rushes
and sits down at the desk. She
begins to type.

Will tries to get up to stop Olivia from typing. However, he
realizes he has sprained his ankle and crumbles back down to
the floor.

WILL
(crawling)
No..No...no...no...no..no..no..

OLIVIA (VO)
(typing)
It was in that moment Olivia
realized she could no longer feel.
(MORE)

OLIVIA (VO) (CONT'D)

The one person she had loved all along, the only thing that actually made her feel like a living breathing human being in this overpopulated polluted world suddenly became just another face in the crowd...

WILL

Wait, Oli, wait, stop, please. I love you Oli, why are you doing this to me?

OLIVIA (VO)

(typing)

She realized she needed some space. Some time to think things over. She needed a break.

WILL

Okay. Okay. I've stopped writing, I've stopped, I'm stopping.

Olivia stops typing and looks at Will.

OLIVIA

How do we fix this, Will? I've been trying so hard to make this work. Believe me. More than I could ever imagine.

WILL

No, you're right. I'm done. I'm done, okay? We'll go out. Come on, let's make that reservation..

OLIVIA

I think it's time for my exit, Will.

WILL

Wait, wait, wait. I'm done with all of it. Okay? I'm sorry it took me this long. I'm done. I'm done. I'm done.

Will starts to get up and tosses several stacks of drafts of his play into the trash bin.

Exit Olivia. Will quickly scrambles to the door..

WILL (CONT'D)

Olivia? Olivia...

A moment passes. Will sits quietly on the floor for a moment. He picks up the flask and stares at it in his hands. He contemplates. However, he sets it back down, and goes back to his desk instead...

WILL (VO)

(typing)

Night. A study. A heartbroken man contemplates about drinking himself into an oblivion. However, sunlight breaks through the clouds as the hot, warm sun overtakes the cold and melts all the ice and misery and hatred from this world.

Sunlight breaks into the room from the windows.

WILL (VO) (CONT'D)

(typing)

A breeze flows in with the coming spring...

The door flings open as the sound of a breeze flows into the room.

Will rolls up his sleeves as he desperately wipes the tears from his eyes and starts typing away hysterically...

WILL (VO) (CONT'D)

(typing hysterically)

A new day. Another day. Will Green, the newly motivated playwright slowly picks up in power and speed as his mind becomes even more focused and spirals higher and higher up into the heavens...The sound of typing begins to build as the house lights slowly dim...BLACKOUT.

The sound of typing begins to build as the house lights slowly dim.

BLACKOUT.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - DAY

CHRIS MOORE, Will's manager, thirties, is at a table drinking from a cup of coffee. He nervously spoons in several sugars, stirs and drinks down his cup in one gulp. He signals a waitress.

CHRIS

(towards offstage)

Hi, excuse me, could I have some more coffee please? And a shot of espresso. Thank you so much. Thank you. Thank you.

He takes out a cigarette from a pack with one hand, but then slaps it away with the other.

Enter Will with a stack of PAPER sloppily slapped together with golden fasteners.

WILL

Sorry, I'm late.

CHRIS

God damn it, man. Is that it?

WILL

Yeah, this is it. Where's Selznick?

CHRIS

I purposefully told you to arrive ten minutes before the actual meeting time knowing you'd pull this shit. Obviously.

WILL

Wow.

CHRIS

And I was right, wasn't I? Okay, let me see it.

WILL

Here.

A waitress makes her way over and refills the cup of coffee, and places down a cup of espresso.

CHRIS

Get something. He's buying.

WILL

Can I have a glass of milk, please?

CHRIS

What are you five? Get something to eat. You look starved.

WILL
Milk will be fine. Thank you.

Exit Waitress.

CHRIS
(skimming through the pages)
This is really depressing,
Will...this isn't what we were
talking about...

A beat. Chris skims through a few more pages.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. You wrote in OLIVIA?
AGAIN!? She's been in your last 5
scripts, Will. COME ON.

WILL
She was my muse.

CHRIS
Will, you need to let go. My god.
He's going to be here any moment
now and you decided to change a
rom com into this brooding
meta-shit. It's good, but Will,
times are changing. People are
glued to their phones, they've all
had a long day at work, they want
something light and funny to
finish out the night before bed. A
bit with a dog. Okay? Will, just
start thinking friends, okay?
Please? FRIENDS. Girl leaves a
guy, guy gets heartbroken, finds
another girl. You need more
characters. Go with Monica. or
Phoebe. Or Rachel. Forget Olivia.
Forget her. A happy ending. That's
all I'm asking for.

WILL
I can't stop thinking about her.
It's been driving me nuts.

CHRIS
Okay, we can still make this work.
Here comes the bulldog.

Enter SELZNICK. A fat theater producer. He hasn't even
bothered fitting into a suit and arrives in a large white
shirt with some saggy sweatpants.

SELZNICK

Oh here they are. The dynamic duo.
Talk to me.

The waitress comes over and gives Will his glass of milk.

SELZNICK (CONT'D)

Oh hey sugarcakes, get me two
lumberjack specials and a double
cappucino.

DIANA

(pointing at her name tag)
My name is Diana.

SELZNICK

Good to know. Thank you.

DIANA

Mr. Selznick, it's too early for
this. How would you like your
eggs?

SELZNICK

However you like them.

DIANA

(rolling her eyes)
Oh my god.

Exit Waitress.

SELZNICK

Okay, go on you two. What do you
got?

WILL

It's a meta-play.

SELZNICK

Okay, you lost me at meta.
Continue.

WILL

A frustrated playwright tries to
write a play, conjures up his
muse, who in turn tries to stop
him from writing. A dark comedy.

CHRIS

(cutting in)
It's new, Selznick. It's fresh,
it's dark, it's edgy. It's a new
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

take on the romance story like you asked for.

SELZNICK

Okay, how about this. Two couples are madly in love but both end up cheating on each other. They find each other out, fight, but it all neatly wraps up by the end. Think you could make that happen? I could sell that. Nothing too heady.

CHRIS

What do you think, Will?

WILL

Too heady?

SELZNICK

Look, I'm giving you a chance here, alright? Your days as an Off-Broadway sensation are over. Either come up with something light and easy I can package for the masses or keep up this Dostoyevsky impression you've got going on and go work on a fucking novel contemplating purpose and meaning for the next twenty years. I don't want any part of that nonsense. So what will it be?

CHRIS

(to WILL)

Even Tennessee Williams wrote something for the studio. We're just asking for one.

SELZNICK

(to WILL)

Even Tennessee Fucking Williams. Just think about it...

WILL

(wheels turning)

You two, I swear you two...something nice and fluffy? With an easy moral? Happy ending?

SELZNICK

That's all we're asking. Something that could later be adapted into a series or a feature motion

(MORE)

SELZNICK (CONT'D)
picture. Get whatever you two
want. On me. You have a month for
the second draft.

Selznick gets up and yells at the waitress.

SELZNICK (CONT'D)
Hey dollface, forget it. Cancel
everything! I haven't got the
time!

The clatter and smashing of plates are heard offstage. Exit Selznick.

Chris shoots his espresso and finishes his coffee and gets up as well. Will continues to sip on his milk.

CHRIS
Come on Will. Just don't think too
much about this one. FRIENDS. I
forget how the theme song went,
but you get the picture. Love.
Happy. You can do it. I'll check
back in a week.

WILL
Wait a minute...

Exit Chris.

INT. STUDY - AFTERNOON

Lights dim as Will makes his way back downstage and sits at his desk. He throws away several drafts and inserts a new piece of paper into his typewriter...

WILL (VO)
(typing
A love story. A new romantic
comedy from Will Green.

He opens up his flask and starts to drink heavily.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT

INSERT: SEVERAL MONTHS LATER.

There is a huge MARQUEE SIGN hanging on a Broadway theater venue that reads 'LOVE STORY' a new romantic comedy from Will Green.

Will stands outside of the theater for a few moments and

drinks from his flask. Several audience members go apeshit for autographs from the actors as they exit from the side entrance of the theater.

OLIVIA, now also in her forties, appears from afar and makes her way to Will away from the crowd..

OLIVIA

Will!

It starts to drizzle lightly. Sentimental romantic music starts to swell up on the stage as Will makes his way out from the crowd and comes face to face with Olivia on the sidewalk.

WILL

Olivia? What are you doing here?

OLIVIA

Oh..We were just traveling through the city and decided to see the show. I just can't believe it...you're finally on Broadway. Congratulations..

WILL

Yeah...we? You said we...

OLIVIA

Yeah. My husband and kid.

Enter Olivia's husband JERRY, forties, and their ten year old daughter VIRGINIA.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Will, this is my husband Jerry. Jerry, this is Will, my good friend from back in the day.

JERRY

Wow, heard so much about you. Really loved the play. Really funny stuff. Loved it.

WILL

Thanks. I appreciate that.

Will notices Virginia.

OLIVIA

Virginia, say hi. This is Mommy's friend from back in college.

VIRGINIA

(bluntly)

I really liked the bit with the dog. Did you really write all of that by yourself?

Will can't help but feel genuine joy as he chuckles.

WILL

Somehow yes. Yes I did.

OLIVIA

She's been taking drama classes. Getting into it like her old lady.

VIRGINIA

Yeah. I really liked the play, Mr. Green. Especially when the characters commented on themselves being characters...that was pretty rad. I might use that someday...

WILL

(beaming)

Please do. I'm glad you enjoyed it.

JERRY

Okay, well, ladies, we have to get back to the hotel yeah? The flight's at 6. I'm going to get going with Virginia, it's getting chilly.

VIRGINIA

It was great meeting you. Congrats on the play.

WILL

Thank you.

JERRY

Yeah congrats.

WILL

Thank you.

Exit Jerry with Virginia.

WILL (CONT'D)

Wow. You're a mom.

OLIVIA

Time really flies huh?

WILL

Yeah.

OLIVIA

You actually seem healthy. I'm glad.

WILL

Yup, I actually go for walks now too.

OLIVIA

I'm really glad it worked out for you, Will. I really am...that first scene, oh dear, that was a rough one...

WILL

It had to start somewhere.

OLIVIA

I have to go Will. It was so good seeing you. Best of luck with everything.

WILL

Olivia...

OLIVIA

Yes?

WILL

I hope you're happy. I mean, I actually mean that. I hope you're happy. He seems simple.

OLIVIA

I am. He is.

WILL

I'm sure he remembers the anniversaries and special occasions.

OLIVIA

He does.

WILL

I see.

Olivia hugs Will deeply.

OLIVIA

I loved it Will. I really did.
Take care.

WILL

Safe travels.

Exit Olivia. Lights slowly dim.

Will continues drinking from the flask.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Will is suddenly sitting in a 5 star hotel room in front of his typewriter. There are stacks and stacks of paper all around. His phone rings. He answers.

LIGHTS UP on Chris. He is going bezerk on the phone, absolutely ecstatic, holding up a newspaper in front of him.

CHRIS

You're the toast of the town,
Will. Even Brantley forgot all
about the last debacle you two had
when you mooned him on the stage
and told the theater elite to all
go fuck themselves. He says 'LOVE
STORY' is a once in a generation
romantic epic that can't be
missed. Can't be missed. You can't
miss, WILL! They've been comparing
this to STREETCAR! Do you see it
now?! We're in it baby! We're in
it! Selznick has a few producers
coming in to talk to you about
adapting this thing for Warner, so
get ready for a fancy fancy
rendezvous at the Russian Tea Room
at 8, okay?! Will...Will?!?!

Will has unplugged his phone from the wall and has thrown it across the room. He sits back down at his desk and looks at the typewriter. He opens up a prescription bottle of some pills, and chugs them down, opens up his flask and drains it dry. Chucks everything all across the room.

He goes through the stacks and stacks of drafts and starts ripping them all up. Shredded paper floods the stage.

Will stops for a moment as his knees begin to wobble. He makes his way into his room and slams the door.

The sound of taxis, honking, and city life are heard from outside. A dog barking.

Lights slowly dim.

BLACKOUT.

THE END.