

SIDNEY. Less.
 DOROTHY. Less, yes.
 SIDNEY. Five days.
 DOROTHY. Five days, yes.
 SIDNEY. We just finished ...
 DOROTHY. Just.
 SIDNEY. Our two hander.
 DOROTHY. Only ...

(THEY indicate each other.)

SIDNEY. *(In a whisper.)* Just Dorothy and me.
 DOROTHY. Shakespeare.
 WAYNE. Ah.
 DOROTHY. Quite the best thing in the season.
 Everyone said.
 SIDNEY. We call it "Seething Brains"—an evening of Shakespeare's lovers.
 WAYNE. Excellent.
 DOROTHY. But it's not your usual sort of stuff.
 SIDNEY. Not your "music be the food" stuff.
 DOROTHY. It was easier you see, because it was just us. *(Confidentially.)* Very professional. We know what works ...
 SIDNEY. ... Just the two of us.
 DOROTHY. ... Not that the rest of them aren't professional but ... it's confidence, isn't it really, that makes the difference. I'm English, you see. So Shakespeare wrote in my native tongue, you might say.
 WAYNE. Oh.
 DOROTHY. From Sussex.
 WAYNE. Ah.

SIDNEY. I'm from Cleveland.
 DOROTHY. Yes, but you'd never know it, would you?
 WAYNE. No ...
 SIDNEY. Thank you.
 DOROTHY. I think you'll love our "Seething Brains."
 SIDNEY. *(Chuckling.)* She does ...
 DOROTHY. Oh now.
 SIDNEY. She does ...
 DOROTHY. I do ...
 SIDNEY. In *Troilus and what's-her-name*.
 DOROTHY. Cressida.
 SIDNEY. She does what's-her-name.
 DOROTHY. *(Removes a fall from her purse and holds it to the back of her head.)* And I make her very gamin, you know, very coltish. Sort of ... *(SHE flips her head in what must be a coltish manner.)*
 SIDNEY. I play Troilus. *(Imitates the manner of a young warrior.)*
 DOROTHY. "They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able." *(Flips her head.)* You see ... *(Flips it again.)*
 SIDNEY. Gets me hot.
 DOROTHY. Sidney and I were thinking we could show it to you before you move on, you know. You could recommend it, if you like it to other theatres.
 SIDNEY. Share the wealth.
 WAYNE. Well I'm not actually moving on. I'm in the Company now.
 DOROTHY. Of course you are.
 SIDNEY. We could just do selected bits.
 WAYNE. I'm afraid I'm very busy.
 DOROTHY. *(Deflated.)* We understand.

SIDNEY. It would only take ...

DOROTHY. Sidney! Mr. Wellacre needs to get on with his assignment, dear.

SIDNEY. Oh. Oh. (*Privately.*) We understand. (*Finger to lips.*)

DOROTHY.

You can trust us.

SIDNEY.

My uncle was a G-Man.

LUTHER. (*Enters, carrying photos.*) Ok. Folks. Here they are. I got 'em. You pick 'em. I got to FAX some guy my resume shot. We got me happy. We got me serious. Which?

WALTER. Happy.

SIDNEY. Happy.

DOROTHY. Happy.

WAYNE. Happy.

LUTHER. It's unanimous. That's what my manager said, too.

PHIL. You have a manager?

LUTHER. Sure.

PHIL. I don't believe it! A 12-year-old with a manager! What do you pay him? Ten percent of your lunch money?

WALTER. What is it with you? You can't pick on somebody your own size?

PHIL. Let's keep it loose, m'man. The kid's a friend of mine. A status you have not as yet achieved, m'man.

WALTER. And I've been working so hard at it.

(*LARRY enters with M.J.*)

LARRY. (*Distributing the copies.*) Ok. Look this over quickly, folks. Save the questions for later.

WALTER. No, you don't mean this? More?

LARRY. Give it a chance.

WALTER. Give *me* a chance.

LARRY. Phil, is that making sense to you?

PHIL. Shouldn't Zorah be here for this? (*HE reads.*)

LARRY. Wayne, this is better. But I think we're still pulling our punches about Tiny Tim's sexuality.

WAYNE. Oh. Ok.

LARRY. Because it's emerging. How could it not be.

(*General consternation.*)

LARRY. What? You think Tiny Tim never had a wet dream?

SIDNEY. Oh, I don't think that's necessary.

DOROTHY. Really, Larry, I don't think they even have wet dreams in England, dear. Certainly not in the 19th century.

SIDNEY. I think they're more recent, aren't they?

M.J. I know what you're doing, Larry. We all do. But we didn't take your things. Marci did. Punish Marci.

LARRY. Can we do this please?

DOROTHY. What about Zorah? We can't do this without her.

M.J. She got tied up. She's on her way.

LARRY. All right, folks, the moves stay the same; we're just changing a few words.

M.J. Bart, give me a hand with this.

(*M.J. and BART set the stage for Cratchit's parlor.*)

PHIL. (*To Wayne.*) You enjoy yourself last night?

WAYNE. Yes, thank you.