

PET LINGERIE

A musical comedy in one act

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Cast of Characters

<u>Gary Panko</u>	Slick, confident. Late 30s
<u>Silvana Concino</u>	An Italian firecracker, mid-30s, full of energy
<u>Frank Pincus</u>	An older man, eager, shy, a bit uncertain
<u>Frances Ulrich</u>	A polite, middle-aged divorcee
<u>Ruben Delarosa</u>	A young Brooklyn hotshot. Full of himself
<u>Susan Night</u>	A young aspiring singer
<u>Rabbi Moshe Ben-Hogan</u>	An orthodox rabbi
<u>The Pope Dummy</u>	A Pope doll

Songs

“Kickstart My Life”	CAST
“Google Gary”	GARY PANKO and CAST
“This Digital Age”	SILVANA CONCINO
“Florida”	FRANK PINCUS FRANCES ULRICH
“Ticket Outta Terre Haute”	SUSAN NIGHT RUBEN DELAROSA
“Too Old for Tech”	FRANK PINCUS
“Do it for Yicki”	FRANCES ULRICH
“chatGPT”	GARY PANKO
“This Digital Age, Gary’s Confession”	CAST
Finale: “Kickstart My Life”	CAST

PLACE

The Terre Haute Airport Suites Hotel in Terre Haute, Indiana.

TIME

Present. A weekend in early spring.

Scene One

AT RISE, a RADIO ANNOUNCER and two
JINGLE SINGERS stand downstage left.

ANNOUNCER

Success. You crave it. Money. You covet it. Fame. You'd kill for it. Now you can have it all, with Gary Panko's Crowdfunding Success Weekend! Gary Panko has created over 200 successful campaigns on sites like Kickstarter and GoFundMe. Learn all his secrets in just two days, and find out how Gary Panko has helped thousands go from poorhouse to penthouse!

JINGLE SINGERS

YOU COULD BE A ONE-PERCENTER
WITH GARY PANKO AS YOUR MENTOR!

ANNOUNCER

Don't miss the next Crowdfunding Success Weekend, at the Terre Haute Airport Suites Hotel in Terre Haute, Indiana. Call now!

JINGLE SINGERS

GARY PANKO'S CROWDFUNDING SUCCESS WEEKEND!

ANNOUNCER

Se habla español!

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Two

LIGHTS UP on a small conference room at the Terre Haute Airport Suites Hotel. Friday, early evening. The conference room is set up as a classroom. Three desks with chairs face a podium, on which sits a laptop. Upstage center is a projection TV screen. RUBEN DELAROSA is pacing, talking on his iPhone.

RUBEN

(into phone, anxiously)

I want those little hot dogs, Diana. I gave you the vegan taco bar and the gluten free wedding cake. Look, marriage is compromise and I want those freakin' little hot dogs. And don't call 'em pigs in a blanket. It's disrespectful. We'll talk about it later. (Pause) How's the what?

(Enter FRANCES ULRICH, right. She's wearing yoga leggings and carrying a yoga mat. She places the mat on the floor and sits on it, lotus-style.)

FRANCES

(chanting.)

Ommmmm....

RUBEN

(Trying not to stare at her as he continues the phone conversation)

Oh, the muffler convention. It's OK, you know.

(to FRANCES.)

Do you mind, lady? I'm on the phone here.

(Into phone.)

Today we get to see to see the new line of exhaust headers.

FRANCES

(loudly)

Om Namah Shivaaya, Namah Shivaaya, Nama Shiva...

RUBEN

(louder, into phone.)

Exhaust headers—look, babe, I gotta go. Yeah, yeah. Love you, too.

(He puts phone in his pocket. To FRANCES.)

Hey lady, what're you doing? This ain't a yoga class.

FRANCES

It's not a muffler convention, either.

RUBEN

That was just a little white lie. See, I sell mufflers for a living. Which I hate. But I can't tell Diana because if she knew her husband-to-be was in Terre Haute at a crowdfunding seminar, let's just say I'd need a giant muffler to silence her screams.

FRANCES

(Rolling up the mat.)

White lies. It reminds me of Patrick, my ex-husband. Honesty was not his best policy.

(FRANCES stands up, takes a deep breath, and sets the yoga mat in the corner.)

The last straw was when I took him to my yoga class. After the kids moved out, I thought yoga would be a perfect thing to do together. The only thing he was interested in doing was the 23-year-old yoga instructor.

RUBEN

What a sleazebag. Hey, I know a guy back in Brooklyn. Sal. I just give him Patrick's name and he'll bash his head in.

FRANCES

Thanks for the offer, uh...

RUBEN

(Extending his hand.)

Ruben. Ruben Delarosa.

FRANCES

(Shaking his hand.)

Frances Ulrich. I'm sure your friend is very good at bashing heads, Ruben, but you see, I'm not looking to inflict pain on Patrick. That would be in direct conflict with Ahisma, the yoga practice of nonviolence.

RUBEN

You sure? He usually throws in a Starbucks gift card.

(Looking at his watch.)

Where the hell is Mr. Crowdfunding? He's freakin' ten minutes late.

(Enter FRANK PINCUS, right. He's holding a half-eaten sandwich.)

FRANK

Crowdfunding seminar?

FRANCES

Yes. Come on in.

FRANK

My plane from Fort Lauderdale was delayed. Thankfully, I brought my lunch.

(Holding up the sandwich.)

When did airlines stop serving meals?

RUBEN

I think it was after the Wright Brothers last flight.

FRANK

(Taking a bite of the sandwich.)

Leftovers from my early bird dinner yesterday at Lipbaum's Deli. Very tasty.

(Touching his stomach.)

Though I'm definitely going to need my Metamucil tonight. I hope the hotel gift shop sells it.

They confiscated mine at the airport. Along with my tube of Preparation H.

(FRANK extends his hand to RUBEN, then
FRANCES)

Frank Pincus, by the way.

RUBEN

(Shaking FRANK'S hand.)

Ruben Delarosa.

FRANCES

(Shaking FRANK'S hand.)

Frances Ulrich.

FRANK

(He drops the sandwich and goes to pick it up.)

Sorry. I'm a little nervous about being here. This crowdfunding thing was really my wife's idea. *Alevasholem*. My darling Yicki. She passed away last year.

RUBEN

Yicki? I thought you said her name was Olive.

FRANK

Alevasholem. It's Hebrew for "rest in peace." Though the cemetery is right next to Alligator Land so I'm not sure she's actually there anymore.

FRANCES

That's sweet, Frank. My idea was inspired by my spouse as well.

RUBEN

(to FRANK)

The creep traded up for a 23-year-old yoga instructor.

FRANK

We had a young yoga instructor at our condo. But she quit after a few months. The older guys in the class kept hitting on her. And, because of their bad dentures, spitting on her, too. It got so bad she had to wear a poncho.

RUBEN

(Checking his watch.)

Where the hell is this guy?

FRANCES

You need to breathe, Rubin.

RUBEN

I ain't got time to breathe, lady. My life is passing me by. I gotta make something happen. Now.

Song #1: Kickstart My Life

RUBEN

KICKSTART MY LIFE, 'CAUSE THIS LIFE IS LAME
BE MY MIDWIFE TO FORTUNE AND FAME!

FRANCES
MY CHAKRA IS FLOWING
I CAN'T WAIT TO CROWDSOURCE

FRANK
I'M NAUSEOUS AND DOUBTFUL!

RUBEN
I'M SO OVER MUFFLERS

FRANCES
SAME FOR MY DIVORCE

FRANK
WHERE'S MY METAMUCIL?

RUBEN
I CAN'T TAKE THE NINE-TO-FIVE LIFE ANY MORE
IT'S SOUL-SUCKING, MIND-NUMBING CRAP!

FRANCES
I CAN'T WAIT TO BE AN ENTREPRENEUR

FRANK
I'D RATHER PASS A GALLSTONE THAN DOWNLOAD AN APP!

FRANCES
KICKSTART MY LIFE 'CAUSE I NEED A JOLT
LIVE THE HIGH LIFE, I'M FREE FROM THAT DOLT

RUBEN
I HAVE AN IDEA AND
IT'S TOTALLY BRILLIANT

FRANK
I'M TOTALLY CLUELESS

RUBEN
I'M SO FREAKIN' READY

FRANCES
AND I'M SO RESILIENT

FRANK
MY DEAD WIFE MADE ME DO THIS!

KICKSTART ...
BE SMART...
JUMP START...
OUR LIVES!

ALL

(Enter an ORTHODOX RABBI, right. He's dressed in full rabbinical garb and long beard. STUDENTS stare at him in a mixture of fascination and disbelief.)

RUBEN

You're—Gary Panko?

RABBI

Sorry, no. Moshe Ben-Hogan. I'm here for the Rabbis of Chelm Playwriting Conference.

(STUDENTS breathe a sigh of relief.)

FRANCES

This is the Crowdfunding Success Seminar.

RABBI

(Checks his phone.)

Oy. I'm two days early. I never got the hang of that Hebrew calendar.

(Starts to EXIT.)

I guess I'll go back to my room. I can always get some work done on my play.

FRANCES

How interesting. A rabbi playwright. If you don't mind me asking, what's your play about?

RABBI

The cruelty of the universe. The lives of quiet desperation we lead. The general meaninglessness of existence. The affliction of suffering and torment that will ultimately destroy you and me along with the entire human species.

(FRANK, FRANCES, and RUBEN stand looking at him with shock and horror.)

FRANK

(after a beat)

Sounds kind of— depressing.

RABBI

Actually, it's a musical comedy. Happy crowdfunding.

(Exit RABBI.)

RUBEN

(Checks his watch.)

So where the hell *is* the great Gary Panko?

FRANCES

Ruben, calm down. He's a very busy man. I hear he does 50 seminars a year all across America. That includes Guam.

RUBEN

He's kept us waiting for 20 minutes. Who does he think he is...*God*?

(Enter GARY PANKO, left.)

GARY

(Talking into an iPhone.)

Well, just tell the Pope that Gary Panko called. He'll know what it's about.

(Walking to the podium and setting the phone down. To the STUDENTS)

I do apologize! You see, I just launched a new crowdfunding campaign, and it's already generating so much buzz that I got a call from the legal department at the Vatican--yes, *that* Vatican! Imagine, those Roman rapsCALLIONS are trying to get me to cease and desist. Here, let me give you a sneak preview--

(He moves to the laptop and presses a key. A KICKSTARTER PAGE appears on the projection screen showing a picture of a POPE DOLL.)

The Pope Dummy! A user-friendly doll that absolves your sins at the touch of a button in just seconds, in any language you choose. The Pope Dummy is your solution to absolution! And what does the Catholic Church tell me? "Any likeness of the Pope for reasons of profit is strictly forbidden." Oh, *please*! Who are they kidding! They're just sorry *they* didn't come up with the idea--since, as you can see--

(Referring to the screen.)

I've already made thirteen percent of my goal of \$100,000!

(STUDENTS applaud.)

GARY

Thank you, thank you. But this class isn't about *moi*, it's about *you* and how successful you're going to be once you've completed Gary Panko's Patented Crowdfunding Success Weekend. If you haven't guessed, I'm Gary Panko—dot com—slash-crowdfunding-slash-success-slash-bling—and for the next three days we're going to be covering every aspect of a crowdfunding campaign, from pitch to perks to profit. But first, let's make sure everybody's here, shall we? All future billionaires, raise your hands when I call your name.

(Tapping his phone and reading from the screen.)

Ruben Delarosa. Frances Ulrich. Frank Pincus. Good! Now, before we get to your ideas, a few words about yours truly. As you might have read, I hold the world record for successful crowdfunding campaigns. I can tell you all about them, but I'd rather do what I love to do more than anything in the world—

(Moving to the laptop on his desk and pressing some keys.)

Google myself!

(PROJECTION SCREEN shows a GOOGLE search page filled with "Gary Panko" listings.)

Song #2: Google Gary

GARY

IF YOU GOOGLE ME YOU WILL SURELY SEE
I'M NOT JUST SOME ORDINARY GUY
I HAVE PAGES AND PAGES OF SEARCH RESULTS
SEE, THAT'S ME, MYSELF AND I!

STUDENTS

(as chorus)

MYSELF AND I, AND GOOGLE DON'T LIE!

GARY

I'M CONSIDERED THE CROWDFUNDING GURU
HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT PET LINGERIE?
IT TOPPED THE CHARTS FOR SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGNS
'CUZ SEXY PETS ARE HERE TO STAY

STUDENTS

HERE TO STAY!

GARY

FRILLY PANTIES TURN BULLDOGS INTO BOMBSHELLS

STUDENTS

PET LINGERIE!

GARY

HERE'S A NIGHTGOWN THAT DRIVES MALE PARROTS CRAZY

STUDENTS

KEEP YOUR PARROT PANTS ON!

GARY

I GOT MY KEYWORDS, I'M SET WITH MY S.E.O.

STUDENTS

SEARCH ENGINE OPTI-MIZE!

GARY

JUST TYPE IN CHA-CHING AND YOU'LL SEE MY NAME, PAN-KO

STUDENTS

GARY PANKO, CHA-CHING, CHA-CHING!

GARY

MILLIONS OF FOLLOWERS, WANNA BE JUST LIKE ME

STUDENTS

WE WANNA BE JUST LIKE YOU!

GARY

I LOVE GOOGLE ALGORITHMS

ALL

YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT EM, YOU GOTTA LIVE WITH 'EM!

GARY

I HAVE THIS AMAZING TALENT
FOR THINKING UP THE NEXT AMAZING THING
HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT GERBIL CENTRAL?
ACCORDING TO THE DATA, GERBILS ARE KING!

STUDENTS

GERBILS ARE KING!

GARY

GERBIL CENTRAL, FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE HAMSTERS

STUDENTS

HAMSTERS ARE MEAN!

GARY

IF YOU GOOGLE ME YOU WILL SURELY SEE
I AM...THE CROWDFUNDING KING!

(The STUDENTS return to their desks.)

GARY

Enough about my ideas--let's hear about yours! Don't tell me your idea--*sell* me your idea! And in the words of the Immortal Bard, "Brevity is the soul of wit." Or in the words of the Immortal Panko: Keep it short! Less is more! Time is money!

(RUBEN raises his hand.)

GARY

Ruben, stand and deliver!

RUBEN

(Standing and clearing his throat.)

My idea is the Orgasm App. The first app that tells whether a woman's faking it. It's gonna revolutionize the way men communicate with women. Men won't have to wonder if they're a stud, and women won't have to--

GARY

(Interrupting him.)

Ruben, you had me at orgasm. Your idea is penetrating, pulsating. It's the second coming of...coming. All right, who's next?

FRANCES

I'll go. My idea is the F.U. Cookie Company. When you're not able to say F.U. to someone who did you wrong, you just send them a box of F.U. cookies. You open up the box and inside is a nice little note that says something like, "Dear John, Thanks for screwing me out of fifteen million dollars. Enjoy the pistachio macaroons."

GARY

Bravo, Frances! The F.U. Cookie company. I love it! Vengeance with a chewy center.

FRANCES

Thank you. By the way, F.U. stands for Frances Ulrich.

GARY

Bartender, I'll have what she's having--a glass of bitters with a clever twist! And last but not least, Frank Pincus!

(FRANCES takes her seat. FRANK stands and walks downstage center, facing the AUDIENCE.)

FRANK

(more to himself)

“Less is more.” “Time is money.” Why does everything have to be so fast? Back in my day, you sat on a park bench with a corned beef on rye and a bottle of Dr. Brown’s Cream Soda and you talked to a person. I still love Dr. Brown’s Cream Soda. Was Dr. Brown a real doctor? What about Dr. Scholls?

GARY

Ground control to Major Frank.

(FRANK walks back to his desk, continues standing)

FRANK

Sorry. Well, you see, I’m a plumber and my wife, Yicki, *alevasholem*, loved opera. In fact, one day I heard her singing an aria in the bathroom. I told her, “Hey, your voice isn’t half bad.” Well, Yicki being modest to a fault said, “It’s not good, but I suppose it’s nicer than hearing the toilet flush.” Eureka! That’s how Opera Flush was born. When you flush, instead of water, you hear Puccini, Verdi, Rossini...

GARY

You, dear sir, and your dear wife Yicki--olive shalayla--have quite literally figured out how to combine the highest art form with the lowest art form--and do it with stunning elegance. It makes my bowels loose with joy! Bravissimo, Frankissimo!

(FRANK smiles and sits at his desk)

GARY

The Orgasm app. F.U. Cookies. Opera Flush. All of them have the makings of genius. But keep your feet on the ground, because you’re about to get your first crowdfunding reality check.

(He presses a key on the laptop and a photo of a SMOKE DETECTOR appears on the monitor.)

How many times have you been jolted awake from a peaceful slumber by this shockingly frightful sound?

(A very loud SMOKE ALARM, O.S.)

GARY

Yes—your smoke detector! That earsplitting, brain-shattering beep, just when you need the exact opposite—a familiar, calming voice in those ticking seconds of combustible crisis! Imagine—as I did, with my typically searing brilliance—imagine learning that your house is on fire from the voice of—wait for it—your favorite celebrity! Yes, folks, I give you...Gary Panko’s patented

Celebrity Smoke Detector! Fire Protection Agency-approved and pre-recorded with the celebrity voice of your choice! For Godfather fans:

(Graphic of a SMOKE DETECTOR embossed with the face of MARLON BRANDO)

MARLON BRANDO VOICE (O.S.)

Here's an offer you can't refuse. Get your ass out of bed or Luca Brasi will do it for you!

GARY

For 60s TV show fans:

(Graphic of a SMOKE DETECTOR embossed with the face of DON ADAMS)

DON ADAMS VOICE (O.S.)

Would you believe the fire department is on its way? No? How about a Boy Scout with a squirt gun?

GARY

And for the kids' room:

(Graphic of a SMOKE DETECTOR embossed with the face of ELMER FUDD)

ELMER FUDD VOICE (O.S.)

Hewwo. There's a fire in your wiving woom. Weave your house wight away! Haaaa!

GARY

So. What am I *really* selling? Another celebrity soundalike gimmick? No. In a single word, *trust*. That's right, my friends. My Celebrity Smoke Detector answers that primal human yearning for a familiar voice you've come to know, love, and above all, *trust* over so many years. A voice you'd follow to the ends of the earth—or at least to the end of your driveway. Trust, and therein lies my *unique selling proposition*. Or, as us insiders say, my U.S.P. Which leads me to your homework assignment for tomorrow. Write your unique selling proposition. A line that captures the beating heart, the soul, the *sine qua non* of your great invention. Is that clear? Good! And just remember: your USP begins with "U"!

(He holds up some tickets.)

Now, speaking of unique propositions, I have comp tickets to tonight's featured entertainment in the Airport Suite's own Runway Lounge: The Partridge Family Tribute Band.

RUBEN

Who's the freakin' Partridge Family?

GARY

A fake 1970s group that had its own sitcom.

(He presses a button on his laptop and a YOU TUBE VIDEO of the PARTRIDGE FAMILY appears on the projection screen.)

RUBEN

I can see why people took drugs back then.

(Takes ticket.)

(Exit RUBEN.)

FRANK

Gary, I need some help. I'm a little unclear about the whole UPS thing.

GARY

USP, Frank.

FRANK

I was wondering, maybe I can talk to you about it later on, if you wouldn't mind.

FRANCES

I'd be happy to help you, Frank.

FRANK

Really?

FRANCES

Absolutely. How about over dinner tonight?

FRANK

Sure. Thanks, Frances. Do you think there are any restaurants in Terre Haute that have early bird dinners?

FRANCES

I'll check. And I'll meet you in the lobby in an hour.

FRANK

I'm actually going to the lobby now. They have a bowl of apples. All you want, free. As Yicki used to say, it never hurts to keep a piece of fresh fruit handy.

(Exit FRANK and FRANCES.)

(GARY takes out his iPhone and checks messages.)

(Enter SILVANA CONCINO, right. She's dressed in a flight attendant's uniform and is pulling a wheeled SUITCASE. She is visibly unhappy.)

GARY

(looking up, he does a double-take)

Silvana?

SILVANA

You are surprised to see me?

GARY

Well, since you said you never wanted to see me again—yes, I'd say I'm surprised.

SILVANA

I do not want to see you again.

,

GARY

Then why are you here?

SILVANA

I am here because I am very angry. All the way on the flight from Kokomo to Terre Haute, I am very angry.

GARY

How is Kokomo?

SILVANA

You don't care how Kokomo is! Just like you don't care about me!

GARY

What's that supposed to mean?

SILVANA

I see you have a new Kickstarter campaign.

GARY

Thirteen thousand raised so far and it's only been a week! People dig the Pope Dummy!

SILVANA

You stole my idea!

GARY

What?

SILVANA

One year ago, I came to you and said I had a dream where a Pope doll appeared at the end of my bed and said, “Silvana, I am the Pope Dummy. You must create me. People will love it.” I told you all about it.

GARY

I think you dreamed you told me all about it.

SILVANA

When I tell you, you say, “Are you crazy? Who would buy a Pope Dummy?” Don’t tell me you don’t remember saying that.

GARY

I don’t remember saying that.

SILVANA

È per questo che non possiamo stare insieme! Non puoi essere onesto con me! Non mai.

GARY

Don’t talk to me about being honest. I’m not the one who slept with the TaskRabbit guy.

SILVANA

I can’t help if you call him to organize your shoe closet, and he turns out to be so sweet and polite. So enchanting. *Molto bello*.

(snapping back)

Besides, I already apologize for that.

GARY

I still can’t believe you had sex with the guy on my authentic bearskin rug! And by the way, that stain on his neck never came out. How could you?

SILVANA

You never pay attention to me. You were too busy with your Crowdfunding campaigns. And hiring TaskRabbits to do everything. You were always on your screens. When we ate, when we walked. Even when we made love!

Song #3: This Digital Age

SILVANA

I REMEMBER OUR ROMANTIC RENDEVOUS
THEN CAME THE WORLD WIDE WEB
AND SUDDENLY I’M OLD NEWS

YOU GAVE ME UP FOR A BLOG
YOU WENT DIGITAL AND I STAYED ANALOG

WE USED TO DANCE TOGETHER,
BEFORE TECHNOLOGY WAS ALL THE RAGE
NOW I HAVE NO IDEA
WHO YOU ARE BEHIND YOUR FACEBOOK PAGE
I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D STOOP SO LOW
BUT YOU LEFT ME FOR YOUR MACBOOK PRO
SCREW THIS DIGITAL AGE!

WE TOOK LOVELY WALKS ALONG RIVERSIDE DRIVE
NO ONE HAD A SMARTPHONE THEN
WE WERE DUMB BUT SO MUCH MORE ALIVE
I DON'T WANT TO BE LINKED IN,
DELETED OR TWEETED, IT'S AN ONLINE LOONY BIN!

WE USED TO DANCE TOGETHER,
BEFORE TECHNOLOGY WAS ALL THE RAGE
NOW I HAVE NO IDEA
WHO YOU ARE BEHIND YOUR FACEBOOK PAGE
I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE THE TYPE
BUT YOU ONLY WANTED SEX ON SKYPE
SCREW THIS DIGITAL AGE!

WE MADE FRIENDS BEFORE THERE WAS FRIENDING
WE WROTE TEXT BEFORE THERE WAS TEXTING
WE HAD SEX BEFORE THERE WAS SEXTING
NOW YOU ONLY CARE ABOUT WHAT'S TRENDING

WE SANG SONGS OF LOVE, YOUR VOICE WOULD MAKE ME SWOON
THAT WAS BEFORE YOU CRAWLED INSIDE YOUR CYBERSPACE COCOON
WE USED TO GO OUT ON REAL DATES
BUT NOW YOUR HAPPINESS DEPENDS ON CLICK-THROUGH RATES!

SILVANA

We used to dance together...

(Dance flashback.)

(STAGE LIGHTS DIM as Silvana holds her hand out to Gary. Gary takes it and joins her in a lover's *pas de deux*. After a few moments the MUSIC abruptly stops. Stage lights up full as Gary moves back to his lectern.)

SILVANA

(singing)
I ALWAYS THOUGHT WE'D TIE THE KNOT
BUT YOUR HEART TURNED OUT TO BE A BOT
SCREW THIS DIGITAL AGE!

(Gary's cell phone rings.)

GARY

Sorry, I gotta take this.

SILVANA
(angrily)

Well, I don't!

(Exit SILVANA.)

GARY

(He answers the phone.)

Hey, how's it hangin', your Holiness?

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Three

A coffee shop somewhere in Terre Haute. FRANK and FRANCES are sitting at a table across from each other.

FRANK

Thanks again for agreeing to help me with my UPS, Frances.

FRANCES

It's my pleasure, Frank. And it's USP.

FRANK

It might as well be UFO, 'cause it's like I'm on another planet.

FRANCES

(laughing)

You're funny, Frank.

FRANK

No. Yicki was the funny one. She once sold a joke to Reader's Digest. "Why did the Florida chicken cross the road? To avoid becoming an early bird dinner."

FRANCES

Patrick was never funny. That was the biggest issue in our marriage. A sense of humor is a great thing to have, Frank.

(She pats his arm.)

FRANK

(Flustered, he grabs the menu.)

We should definitely order. The early bird price expires in five minutes. Hey, look--Yankee Pot Roast.

FRANCES

Before you order it, let me see if there's a review on Yelp.

FRANK

(Dropping his menu.)

Yelp?

FRANCES

What's the matter, Frank?

FRANK

I had a bad experience with Yelp. Some rich woman in Boca Raton hired me to unclog one of her sinks. She had a lot of sinks. Anyway, I accidentally dropped a drain wrench on Buster, her

yappy little chow. He was okay, but the woman started Yelping nasty things about me. It took my business a year to recover.

FRANCES

Let the past go, Frank, or you'll miss living in the full wonder of the present moment. Your Crowdfunding idea is going to be a big success. I just know it. And it's really touching that you're doing it for your wife.

FRANK

On her deathbed, Yicki made me promise that I'd follow through on it. And even though I don't believe in ghosts, I'm pretty sure if I broke my promise, somehow a drain wrench would drop on *me*.

FRANCES

When my husband left me for that cute little yoga fairy, I was pretty angry. Every time I did a dolphin pose, I fantasized about knocking him senseless with my flippers. The I did what I always do when I get angry. I bought four boxes of Chips Ahoy and ate myself sick. That's when it hit me: anger, cookies. Voila—the F.U. Cookie Company.

FRANK

Talk about sweet revenge.

FRANCES

Frank, I love it.

FRANK

Love what?

FRANCES

Sweet Revenge. F.U. Cookies. You just gave me my USP.
(Reaches over and touches Frank's arm.)

FRANK

(Nervously looking at his watch.)
We really should order.

FRANCES

We'll order in a minute. First, I have to tell you something.

(Frank takes a sip of water.)

FRANCES

I'm thinking of moving to Florida.

(FRANK does a spit-take.)

FRANCES

I've always wanted to live there. Ever since I went there on spring break.

FRANK

(Wiping himself with a napkin.)

You? Spring break? Somehow I can't see you in a wet t-shirt contest.

FRANCES

It was to see a boy I met in high school. Charlie Pfeiffer. A swim team all-star—with an all-star body! After we started dating, his father got transferred and they moved to Miami. It was a wild week I'll never forget. Surfing, bonfires on the beach. Our last night there, after tossing back several Mai Tais, Charlie got down on one knee and proposed. Then he threw up on his shoes.

FRANK

Very romantic.

FRANCES

God, Frank, I was crazy about Charlie. But...I was dating Patrick. The complete opposite of Charlie. Strait-laced, an econ major. My heart said Charlie, but my practical side said Patrick. The thing was, Charlie didn't have plans. His biggest goal in life was to make the world's best lanyard. So, I told him I was in love with Patrick.

FRANK

Were you?

FRANCES

No. Ever since then, Florida's always been in my dreams.

Song #4: Florida

FRANCES

I WANT SUNSHINE KISSING MY SKIN FROM HEAD TO TOE
I WANT SAND TO NUZZLE MY PALE WHITE FEET
THEN AT NIGHT I'LL HANG OUT IN SOUTH BEACH, GENERATE SOME HEAT
GIVE MY HEART ITS MISSING BEAT IN FLORIDA!

FRANK

LET ME TELL YOU WHAT TO EXPECT IN FLORIDA
GIANT LIZARDS KNOCKING AT YOUR FRONT DOOR
HURRICANES THAT BLOW YOUR BIKINI STRAIGHT TO ECUADOR
AND YES, PRICKLY HEAT GALORE IN FLORIDA

FRANCES

You can't scare me, Frank. Florida is Paradise. And I've got to get away from Patrick. Talk about unsentimental louts. The guy didn't even take his mother's ashes with him when he moved out. He just left them on the mantle—in a Pringles can.

FRANK

Didn't he leave a forwarding address?

FRANCES

Frank, you're missing the point. I need to clear the slate. Renew my life force. Restart my chi!

I CAN FIND THE LOVE I DESERVE IN FLORIDA
MEN IN G-STRINGS FLAUNTING THEIR DERRIERE
STONERS, LONERS, RICH CABALLEROS, I DON'T REALLY CARE
I'LL LIVE LIFE WITH SAVOIR FAIRE...

FRANK

YOU'LL FIND SAND CRABS IN YOUR HAIR...

FRANCES

I'LL FIND PEACE OF MIND, I SWEAR...

FRANK

HEAT WILL MELT YOUR EYEBALLS THERE...

BOTH

...IN FLORIDA!

FRANK

Oh, my God, only a minute left for the early bird price.

(Shouting.)

Waiter! Yankee Pot Roast!

(to FRANCES)

He didn't hear me.

FRANCES

Don't worry about the price, Frank. Dinner's on me.

FRANK

(Shouting.)

Waiter, lobster!

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Four

Ruben's hotel room. The lights are out so we can't see anything on stage. Sounds of kissing and grunting. The sounds get hotter—moaning, heavy breathing, etc. Suddenly, a female ELECTRONIC VOICE calls out:

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)

Orgasm authenticated!

(LIGHTS UP to reveal RUBEN in bed with SUSAN NIGHT, a singer in the Partridge Family Tribute Band.)

SUSAN

What was that?

RUBEN
(unconvincing)

I didn't hear anything.

SUSAN

Oh, please. "Orgasm authenticated." It came from your iPhone.
(She grabs the iPhone off the nightstand and holds it up to RUBEN.)

What's going on?

RUBEN
(Taking the iPhone from her.)

It's my Orgasm App.

SUSAN

What the hell is an orgasm app?

RUBEN

It's an app that tells if a woman's orgasm is real.

(SUSAN laughs.)

RUBEN

What's so funny?

SUSAN

Men. You're hilarious. So obsessed with whether it's real or not.

RUBEN

Not me.

SUSAN

No? Then what are you doing with that thing?

RUBEN

I invented it.

SUSAN

Really?

RUBEN

Yeah. That's why I'm here in Terre Haute. I'm taking a crowdfunding class so I can start raising money for it. It's gonna be my ticket out of Exhaust World.

SUSAN

Exhaust World?

RUBEN

Yeah. In Brooklyn. That's where I work. I sell mufflers and shock absorbers.

SUSAN

(sexily)

That explains the smooth ride.

RUBEN

This app's gonna take off, Susan. I know it. I feel it.

SUSAN

(Caressing his back.)

It must be great to be doing something you really love.

RUBEN

Don't you love what you're doing?

SUSAN

Oh sure. Ever since I was a little kid, all I ever wanted to do was sing in the Partridge Family Tribute Band at the Terre Haute Airport Suites Hotel.

RUBEN

So, what do you want to do?

SUSAN

Sing on Broadway. I know it's a long way from Terre Haute. But any real singer needs to be in New York.

RUBEN

Well, if I can invent the Orgasm App, you can find a way to get to New York.

Song #5: Ticket Outta Terre Haute

SUSAN

I'M DONE PLAYING THIS LOSING GAME
I'M TOO BROKE TO PURSUE MY FAME
THIS BROOKLYN GUY MIGHT BE A DORK
BUT HE CAN GET ME TO NEW YORK

HE'S MY TICKET OUTTA TERRA HAUTE
AND THIS PARTRIDGE FAMILY TRAP
HE'S MY TICKET OUTTA TERRA HAUTE
HIM AND HIS DUMB ORGASM APP

RUBEN

SEX WITH SUSAN WAS FREAKIN' SWEET
COULD IT BE I JUST HAVE COLD FEET?
IF DIANA KNEW, I'D BE DEAD
SHE'D HIRE SAL TO BASH MY HEAD

SUSAN

HE'S MY TICKET OUTTA TERRA HAUTE

RUBEN

SUDDENLY I DON'T FEEL SO WELL

SUSAN

HE'S MY TICKET OUTTA TERRA HAUTE

RUBEN

SHE'S MY ONE-WAY TICKET TO HELL!

SUSAN

HE'S MY TICKET OUTTA TERRA HAUTE

RUBEN
SHE'S MY ONE-WAY TICKET TO HELL!

RUBEN
Hey, listen, I gotta get up early for the Crowdfunding seminar and--

SUSAN
(Coaxing him to the bed.)
That's fine. We can make this quick.
(She takes his arm and pulls him onto the bed.)

RUBEN
Susan, what are you doing?

SUSAN
Shut up and authenticate me, you Brooklyn Beast!

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Five

The hotel bar. Silvana is sitting on a stool next to the RABBI. On the bar in front of him is a SPIRAL NOTEBOOK. Both are nursing drinks. We can hear a very bad rendition of a PARTRIDGE FAMILY song coming from the nearby lounge.

RABBI

So, what brings you to Terre Haute?

SILVANA

I am a flight attendant. I have a layover here.

RABBI

My condolences.

(Extending his hand.)

Moshe Ben-Hogan.

SILVANA

(Shaking his hand.)

Silvana Concino.

RABBI

You don't look too happy, Silvana.

SILVANA

It's *Silvana*. And no, I am not happy.

RABBI

If it makes you feel better, I am not happy, either. I am an orthodox rabbi, but my passion is writing plays.

(Holding up the notebook.)

I'm having a helluva time figuring out an ending. Then again, so did God, with the Torah.

SILVANA

Can I ask you something?

RABBI

Absolutely.

SILVANA

Why do we do stupid things?

RABBI

It's an age-old question. And being a good Jew, I'll answer that with another age-old question-- who knows?

SILVANA

A while ago, I did something terrible to the man I love. And now we're no longer together.

RABBI

What did you do?

SILVANA

I cheated on him. With the TaskRabbit guy.

RABBI

I don't know from TaskRabbit. But I know from guilt. And it's not such a bad thing, guilt. It prevents us from doing these not-so-good things again.

SILVANA

Not me. After the TaskRabbit guy, there was the Grubhub guy, the Doordash guy, the Uber guy. But he do not know about those other ones.

RABBI

You must tell him about *all* of them.

SILVANA

I do not think that is such a good idea.

RABBI

It is not an idea. It's one of the commandments. Thou shalt not *not* communicate. The only double-negative commandment. Which probably explains why it never quite caught on. Nevertheless, this story from the Bible will make it crystal clear, Silvana.

SILVANA

Silvana.

RABBI

After Abraham came home after a day of selling tchotchkes in the marketplace, his wife Sara asked, "Abe, what gives mit the red schmutz on your collar?" Abraham casually answered, "I had goat for lunch." Sarah, no nudnik, knew it was lipstick. From Bathsheba. The temp at his tchotchkes store. Sara asked him why and Abraham sheepishly replied: "I have communication issues." "When you stop communicating with your wife," advised Sara, "you stop communicating with God." Then she smote him across the forehead with a soup ladle. Abraham never came home with red schmutz on his collar again.

SILVANA

That does not sound like a Bible story to me.

RABBI

Actually, it's a scene from my play. Pretty lousy, huh?

SILVANA

Yes, very lousy. Okay, I will tell him about sleeping with the Grubhub guy. And the Uber guy.

RABBI

You forgot the Doordash guy.

SILVANA

He wasn't so good.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Six

Gary's hotel room. Gary is in bed, tossing and turning. He's having a nightmare. Suddenly, the POPE DUMMY appears above his bed.

GARY

(Sitting up, terrified.)

Ahhh! What--who are you??

POPE DUMMY

Crederere non possum non agnoscitis, Gary Panko!

GARY

You--you're--you're the Pope Dummy!

POPE DUMMY

Well, a prototype, but yes.

GARY

Bbb-but why--what are you doing here?

POPE DUMMY

I must admit, for a crowdfunding campaign, a Pope Dummy is a pretty kickass idea. Too bad it wasn't yours.

GARY

That's not true! You were my idea!

POPE DUMMY

Look, pal, if anyone knows his Creator, it would be me. And her name is Silvana.

GARY

It's not!

POPE DUMMY

You're lying to me, just like you lied to her.

GARY

She's the one who lied to me--about sleeping with the TaskRabbit guy!

POPE DUMMY

What do you expect? He paid more attention to her than you did.

GARY

No! It's not true! The only thing he did was stain the neck of my authentic bearskin rug.

POPE DUMMY

Have you tried a little warm water and lemon juice?

GARY

Get out of my room!

POPE DUMMY

Not before you check your crowdfunding site.

GARY

Whh-why?

(GARY grabs his laptop from the night table
and frantically hits the keys.)

POPE DUMMY

The donations are pouring in, Gary. People love me! A year from now there'll be millions of me, everywhere you look. And every time you see me, you'll be reminded that I really belong to Silvana.

GARY

You don't know what you're talking about! This is a nightmare, that's all it is!

POPE DUMMY

This is not a nightmare. The Partridge Family Tribute Band--that's a nightmare. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm....

(Mock-singing.)

"Travelin' along, there's a song I been singin', come on get happy!"

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Seven

The classroom, Saturday morning. Ruben is pacing, talking on his cell phone.

RUBEN

I told you, Diana, I don't want to go to Paris for our honeymoon. You'll be speaking French and I'll sound like a baboon. And anyway, what happened to Vegas? We can stay at the Paris Hotel and no one will give a shit how I sound, pardon my French. Look, I gotta go. Yeah, yeah, love you too.

(Ruben hangs up and puts his phone down.)

(Enter FRANK, right. He's carrying hard-boiled eggs, a few containers of yogurt, and other breakfast items.)

FRANK

Morning, Ruben.

RUBEN

What're you doing, Pops, opening a convenience store?

FRANK

Just a few things from the breakfast bar. I can't believe it's all free. Wait'll I tell my friends at the condo. They'll catch the next flight out.

RUBEN

I didn't see you at the show last night.

FRANK

Frances and I went out for dinner.

RUBEN

You and Frances? You're an animal, Pops.

FRANK

No, nothing like that. She was helping me out with my UPS.

RUBEN

USP. So, you and Frances. Details.

FRANK

After dinner, we went back to her room and—

RUBEN

You boinked her, didn't you?

FRANK

Ruben! She gave me a yoga lesson, that's all. I was so relaxed I didn't have to take my Metamucil.

RUBEN

If you ask me, Pops, she's got the hots for you.

FRANK

She doesn't have the hots for me.

(Enter FRANCES, left.)

FRANCES

Good morning, Ruben. Hello, Frank. How'd you sleep?

FRANK

Like a baby.

FRANCES

I couldn't stop thinking about your pelvic thrusts. They were really terrific.

RUBEN

(to FRANK.)

I thought you said you did yoga.

FRANK

It was yoga.

RUBEN

Yeah? In that case, I want lessons.

FRANCES

Ruben, pelvic thrusts are used to activate the samana, one of the five vayus, which affect digestion.

RUBEN

Any kind of pelvic thrusts are fine with me.

(Enter GARY, right. He's wearing his Java Vest, which looks like a life preserver with a plastic tube protruding from the bottom. He puts the tube in his mouth and draws on it several times, quickly.)

GARY

Almost back to normal. Please stand by.

(He takes another pull from the tube.)

Of course, you've heard of my wildly successful Java Vest: Crowdfunding campaign number seven. Ten gallons of coffee stylishly strapped to your chest and effortlessly accessed via my patented suck tube, allowing you to go five full days before refilling at Starbucks.

(He takes another pull.)

In this case, Ethiopian Fair-Trade Organic Sumatra Dark Roast to help me wake up after an all-night work session. All through the wee hours I was plotting my defense against those Vatican vultures scheming to put the Catholic kibosh on the Pope Dummy.

(Sipping again, blissfully.)

Full-bodied, with top notes of jasmine and papaya.

(Unstrapping the vest and flinging it away.)

Good morning, everyone, and welcome to day two of Gary Panko's Patented Crowdfunding Success Weekend! Last night I gave you an assignment: figure out your unique selling proposition. Your USP. So, Frank Pincus, what've you got?

(FRANK takes a crumpled index card from his pocket, uncrumples it, and reads.)

FRANK

Musical relief after you've relieved yourself.

GARY

Frances?

FRANCES

F.U. Cookies are sweet revenge.

GARY

Ruben?

RUBEN

The Orgasm App. Are you makin' it, or are you fakin' it?

GARY

All very clever. But I'm afraid you've all missed the exit to U.S.P. town. Let me try to clarify it for you. Before you identify your U.S.P., you have to know who your target consumer is.

RUBEN

I know who mine is. It's guys.

GARY

Good try, Ruben. But when we say "target," we mean, specific. "Guys" isn't exactly specific.

RUBEN

Horny guys.

GARY

What about insecure, mistrusting, misogynistic, self-loathing horny guys? See how we're really defining our consumer now? Frances, what about you? Who would the target consumer be for F.U. cookies?

FRANCES

Scumbags and low-lives?

GARY

Good, Frances! Frank?

FRANK

(drifting into a reverie)

Target consumer? Does he mean people who shop at Target? I don't like Target. Too big. I miss Woolworth. I loved their lunch counter. I always ordered the Blue Plate Special. Why'd they call it that? The plate was always white. At least I think it was....

GARY

Earth to Frank! OK. Let me explain it this way. When I launched Gerbil Central, I did a big data dive to find out what sort of person would want to own a gerbil. And what I found was that the rodent market was far more complex than I'd ever imagined. Who knew, for instance, that gerbil

owners were more extroverted than hamster owners? Or that hamster owners were thirty percent more likely to buy a Prius? What about guinea pig owners? Mice fanatics? My point is, to know your target consumer, you gotta be down with your data.

FRANCES

My research shows that ninety percent of people who express their anger directly tend to be under the age of six.

GARY

See, Frank? Research! In your case, you need to know what percentage of the population listens to opera, against the total universe of people who relieve themselves on a regular basis.

FRANK

Gee. I have no idea.

GARY

Well, if you haven't done research, you have no data. And if you have no data, you have no insights. Isn't that right, Frank?

FRANK

Uh, well—actually I have plenty of insights. It just depends what it's about. Take deli food. If you compare the pastrami at Liebman's in Brooklyn with Lipbaum's in Ft. Lauderdale—

GARY

Frank! We're in the 21st century now. Hello? Today, powerful computers can take trillions of bits of data and find patterns. Patterns, Frank, not pastrami! My point being, without big data, you can't make big decisions. And if you can't make big decisions, you can't make big profits. And if you can't make--

FRANK

Enough! I quit!

Song #6: Too Old For Tech

FRANK

FIXING LEAKS I KNOW
YOU COULD SAY I WROTE THE BOOK
A CLOGGED TOILET I CAN UNCLOG WITH A LOOK
BUT A TWITTER FEED
THE THOUGHT MAKES MY GUMS BLEED

IT'S ALL DRECK, WHAT THE HECK
I'M TOO OLD FOR TECH

SNAKING DRAINS ALL DAY
WELL, ITS SOMETHING THAT I LOVE
AND ELBOW PIPES, I JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF
BUT THOSE DATA DIVES
GIVE ME SHINGLES AND THEN HIVES
I'M A WRECK, WHAT THE HECK
I'M TOO OLD FOR TECH

TARZAN DIDN'T NEED AN iPHONE TO CHAT WITH CHIMPANZEES
JULIA CHILD HAD NO APP TO POST HER FRICASEES
TIME HAS DRAGGED AND DROPPED ME TO MY KNEES
I QUIT THIS CLASS / IT'S JUST A PAIN IN MY—

ASK ME TO EXPLAIN
ANY TOOL THAT'S IN MY BOX
BUT COMPUTERS MAKE ME LIE THERE LIKE A LOX
THAT CONFUSING SCREEN
MAKES ME QUEASY AND TURN GREEN
JUST LIKE SHREK, WHAT THE HECK
I'M JUST TOO OLD...FOR TECH!

(After the song, FRANK runs offstage.)

FRANCES

(Running after him.)

Frank!

GARY

Seeing that we've lost two-thirds of the class, this seems like a good time for a break.

(LIGHTS DOWN on Gary as he sits and works at his
laptop. RUBEN moves downstage and takes out his
smartphone. A “ding” signifies an incoming text message.)

(Text conversation appears on the projection screen.)

DIANA TEXT

Hey. Found great deal on tickets to Paris.

RUBEN TEXT

You didn't buy them, did you?

DIANA TEXT

Had to.

RUBEN TEXT

What?

DIANA TEXT

Only 2 left.

RUBEN TEXT

What happened to Vegas?

DIANA TEXT

I couldn't resist.

RUBEN TEXT

And you didn't.

DIANA TEXT

You can have pigs in blanket. 😊

RUBEN TEXT

THEY'RE LITTLE HOT DOGS!

DIANA TEXT

Florist is here. Gotta go.

(RUBEN looks distraught. We hear a "ding" signaling another text. It's from SUSAN.)

SUSAN TEXT

Hey, Orgasm App guy! Meet me after my show tonight?

RUBEN TEXT

Sounds good.

SUSAN TEXT

Your room around 11?

RUBEN TEXT

I'll be there.

(After a moment, RUBEN sends another text.)

RUBEN TEXT

😞 Not happy about honeymooning in Paris, Diana. You totally screwed me on Vegas.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Eight

Frank's hotel room. Frank is throwing clothes into his suitcase as Frances tries to stop him.

FRANCES

Frank, you can't leave.

FRANK

This was a big mistake, Frances. This tech stuff is way over my head.

FRANCES

This tech stuff is way over most people's heads. In fact, the only reason I can do it is because of my nine-year-old nephew Arlo. He's a tech whiz. For his science project, he hacked into the Pentagon.

FRANK

Well, you're lucky, Frances. I don't have anyone to help me.

FRANCES

I can help you, Frank.

(She touches his arm.)

FRANK

(flustered)

Uh, I gotta go. I need to buy a sandwich for my flight. You know they don't serve meals anymore.

(Frank picks up his suitcase, forgetting to close the lid. A bunch of APPLES roll out, along with a photo of Yicki.)

FRANCES

(She picks up the photo.)

Is this Yicki?

(Frank nods.)

FRANCES

She was a beautiful woman.

FRANK

(Taking photo.)

The most beautiful woman in the world. Even her moles were beautiful. And she had a lot of moles.

FRANCES

That's why you should stay. If you leave, you'll be letting her down. Remember how devoted she was to you. You're doing something that will keep the memory of her alive.

Song #7: Do It For Yicki

FRANCES

OH FRANK, UNPACK YOUR SUITCASE
LOOK DEEP INTO YOUR SOUL
REMEMBER YOUR WIFE'S LOVELY FACE
REMEMBER EVERY MOLE

IF YOU QUIT NOW YOU'LL RUE IT
THOUGH THIS MIGHT BE TRICKY
BUT I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT
DO IT FOR YICKI

THIS CLASS CAN BE IMPOSING
WITH GRIEF SO CLOSE AT HAND
AND YICKI DECOMPOSING
NEAR ALLIGATOR-LAND

BUT I CAN HELP YOU THROUGH IT
AND MAKE YOU FEEL LESS ICKY
AS NIKE SAYS, JUST DO IT
DO IT FOR YICKI

PAVAROTTI IN THE POTTY / A TENOR IN THE TANK
OPERA FLUSH WILL BE A HIT
IT'S MONEY IN THE BANK—FRANK...

(Dialogue break)

FRANK

I don't know, Frances.

FRANCES

You do know, Frank. There's more to life than a five-dollar plate of corn beef and cabbage.

FRANK

Five dollars? It's four-fifty at Denny's.

FRANCES

You're missing the point, Frank.

FRANK

What the hell *is* the point?

FRANCES

SHE HAD A DREAM, DON'T SPOIL IT
SHE'S WATCHING FROM ABOVE
WITH EVERY FLUSHING TOILET
YOU'RE SENDING HER YOUR LOVE

SO TAKE THE DICE AND ROLL 'EM
YOUR MINNIE NEEDS HER MICKEY
LET'S SAY ALEV ASHOLEM!
AND DO IT FOR YICKI
DO IT FOR YICKI

FRANK

OK. I'LL DO IT FOR YICKI.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Nine

The hotel lobby. GARY is pacing nervously in front of SILVANA.

SILVANA

What are you doing?

GARY

What does it look like I'm doing? I'm pacing.

SILVANA

I thought you wanted to talk to me.

GARY

I had a nightmare last night, and it got me thinking.

(Lowering his voice.)

I may have taken the Pope Dummy idea.

SILVANA

What did you say?

GARY

(Slightly louder)

I may have taken the Pope Dummy idea.

SILVANA

I cannot hear you.

GARY

(shouting at the top of his lungs)

I MAY HAVE TAKEN THE POPE DUMMY IDEA!

SILVANA

What do you mean "may?" You DID!

GARY

It was a bad time in my life, Silvana. I'd run out of ideas. I just--dried up. And--all I'm saying is, it's possible I took it. Maybe. Inadvertently.

SILVANA

Inadvertently? *Mio dio!* I tell you about the Pope Dummy, you tell me it's a lousy idea, then I see it on Kickstarter! You are no different than Abraham.

GARY

Abraham who?

SILVANA

In the Bible. Abraham come home with red schmitz on his collar and he tell his wife it is from the goat he ate for lunch but she do not believe him and finally he tells her it is lipstick from the temp at his chopsticks store.

GARY

Chopsticks store? What kind of crazy story is that?

SILVANA

An orthodox rabbi tell it to me at the bar last night. And he wouldn't lie to me. Unlike someone I know.

GARY

Hey, don't call me a liar. I'm coming to you now to tell you I may have taken your idea. Without realizing it. Subconsciously. Accidentally.

SILVANA

Quello non e vero e lo sai! Ti non so! E pensare ero colpevole per fare sesso con i ragazzi da Uber, Grubhub, Doordash--

GARY

I knew it! You didn't just sleep with the TaskRabbit guy. You slept with them all!

SILVANA

I MAY have slept with them all. Subconsciously. Accidentally.

GARY

Don't bullshit a bullshitter.

SILVANA

So, you admit you are bullshitting me!

GARY

That's bullshit! At least I had the decency to come to you to tell you that I may have taken your idea. You had no such decency. I know, I know—it's all because I was ignoring you. Well, you won't have to worry about me ignoring you anymore. As of this moment, I am ignoring you permanently.

(GARY storms off, left.)

SILVANA

(shouting after him)

That's fine with me!

Song #8: Reprise: This Digital Age

SILVANA

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D STOOP SO LOW
BUT YOU LEFT ME FOR YOUR MACBOOK PRO...

(Her iPhone RINGS.)

SILVANA

(Into phone)

I told you never to call me here! Ciao, Grubhub guy!

(sings)

SCREW THIS DIGITAL AGE!

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Ten

(RUBEN, FRANK, and FRANCES are all seated at their desks. A moment later, GARY enters. He takes a deep breath and gathers himself.)

GARY

Welcome back. Frank, glad to see you're still with us. Especially because, as you know, there are no refunds.

(He points to the PROJECTION SCREEN. It says
“NO REFUNDS!”)

Mental breakdowns are no exception. So, where were we?

(enter SILVANA, bursting into the classroom.)

SILVANA

E un'altro cosa. Sesso con il ragazzo TaskRabbit era meglio del sesso con te!

(Exit SILVANA.)

RUBEN

Who was *that*?

GARY

Let's get right to our next topic, shall we? Swag. People love swag. Why? Because it's free. And it's what you need to offer your loyal followers if you want them to help you turn your little pipe dream into a glorious mountain of molten moolah! Like I did with Pet Lingerie. Anyone who donated over a hundred bucks got a sexy bonnet—adjustable for any pet.

(GRAPHIC appears on the projection screen: a TURTLE wearing a bonnet)

GARY

Your assignment was to come up with 2 incentives: lower-tier swag for the cheapskates, of which there are, unfortunately, entirely too many. And premium swag for your deep-pocket visionaries. Of which there are, unfortunately, entirely too few. Ruben, start us off!

(RUBEN gets up and stands beside the projection screen.)

RUBEN

For the cheapskates, I got a 3-pack of Trojan-Enz condoms, which as you can see I've branded with the Orgasm App logo.

(Graphic on screen: a box of CONDOMS bearing the words "ORGASM APP: WHERE THE RUBBER MEETS THE ROAD.")

RUBEN

And for the big spenders, a Pez dispenser—filled with Viagra.

(Graphic on screen: an ELMER FUDD PEZ DISPENSER with a blue VIAGRA PILL jutting out from his mouth.)

(STUDENTS and GARY applaud. RUBEN takes his seat.)

(FRANCES gets up and stands beside the projection screen.)

FRANCES

At the low level, you'll get this apron embroidered with a semi-sweet sentiment.

(Graphic on screen: an APRON embossed with a KNIFE stabbing a COOKIE, and the words "SWEET REVENGE.")

FRANCES

And for the big spenders, this oven mitt, which elegantly expresses the spirit of F.U. Cookies.

(Graphic on screen: an OVEN MITT with a raised middle finger.)

(STUDENTS and GARY applaud as FRANCES takes her seat.)

(FRANK gets up and stands beside the projection screen.)

FRANK

Donate twenty dollars or less and you'll get this roll of limited-edition Opera Flush toilet paper.

(Graphic on screen: a roll of TOILET PAPER printed with the image of YICKI, with the words, "*Our Founder, 1950 – 2021.*")

FRANK

As you can see, it pays tribute to my darling Yicki, *alevasholem*. And for the next level—
(Graphic on screen: an OPERA SINGER wearing a VIKING HELMET
bearing the Opera Flush logo.)
Opera fans will get an authentic helmet from Wagner's famous “Ring Cycle.”

(STUDENTS and GARY applaud as FRANK takes his seat.)

GARY

You’ve all got the swag in the bag! Now, for our final session, we’ll be rehearsing the only thing a crowdfunding audience *really* pays attention to: your pitch video. Keep it short, keep it sweet, and don’t forget to pour on the charm! If you want your fans to pony up their pennies, their pesos, and even their ponies, you gotta turn on that overpowering, over-the-top, *overwhelming* charm—as exemplified on a daily basis by yours truly! So get writing and I’ll see you all here mañana, bright and early!

(Exit STUDENTS.)

(GARY goes to his laptop and punches a few keys. The “POPE DUMMY” KICKSTARTER PAGE appears on the projection screen. It now says “\$150,000 pledged toward goal of \$100,000.”)

GARY
(ecstatic)

I’ve done it again! The Pope Dummy is a hit!

(Enter the POPE DUMMY, flying in above GARY.)

POPE DUMMY

Yes, I am. In fact, you might say that I’m trending. You must feel pretty good.

GARY

Are you kidding? Look at those numbers!

POPE DUMMY

But wait...I see something else is trending. Dishonesty. Lies. Guilt!

GARY

What are you talking about!

POPE DUMMY

I heard what you said to Silvana in the lobby.

GARY

Get lost!

POPE DUMMY

You should come clean with her. Try writing a letter. Nothing like a real, old-fashioned letter. The pen is mightier than the sword, you know! Or in your case, mightier than the lie you speak.

GARY

A letter ... a letter!

POPE DUMMY

From the heart. And no chatGPT!

(Exit POPE DUMMY.)

GARY

(to himself)

ChatGPT? As if I—Gary Panko, the High Prince of Online Persuasion—as if *I* need artificial intelligence—or anything artificial—to help me communicate my authentic, pure, humanly heartfelt words of love to Silvana! On the other hand...

(He smiles devilishly)

Song #9: chatGPT

GARY

WHY SHOULD I SPEND THE ENERGY
TO WRITE A LETTER WHEN TECHNOLOGY
CAN DO IT ALL FOR ME, AT THE DROP OF A HAT?

AI, WITH ITS BILLIONS OF REFERENCES...
ITS PERFECTLY ELEGANT SENTENCES
I'M TOTALLY DOWN FOR A GPT CHAT!

(He reads his PROMPT as he TYPES it. It appears simultaneously on the
PROJECTION SCREEN.)

GARY

“Write a letter to Silvana. Start by telling her how much I love her. And how I can’t possibly live without her.”

(The BOT RESPONSE instantly appears on the screen.)

GARY

(Reading the response.)

“Dear Silvana, My love for you knows no bounds. You are my north star. For without you I would be lost. My feelings for you rival Romeo’s feelings for Juliet. Antony’s for Cleopatra. Kanye’s for Beyonce.”

GARY

That brings tears to my eyes.

(He wipes his eye, then looks at his dry finger.)

Rather, that *would* bring tears to my eyes if I had tears.

Song #9A: Artificial Intelligence

GARY

YOU SURPASS HUMAN BRILLIANCE
WITH YOUR ALMIGHTY OMNISC-IENCE
HELP ME PROVE MY INNOCENCE!
THERE IS ART IN ART-IFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

(speaking)

Now for the hard part. The—ap....pol...apolog.....

POPE DUMMY (O.S.)
(in a booming Voice of God)

APOLOGY, GARY!

(GARY reads his PROMPT as he TYPES it. It appears simultaneously on the PROJECTION SCREEN.)

“Tell Silvana I can’t stomach the pain that a little misunderstanding about the Pope Dummy has caused her. And ask for her forgiveness.”

(The BOT RESPONSE instantly appears on the screen.)

“Silvana, the Pope not only forgives you for misunderstanding the incident with the dummy, but he’s also saying a special novena for the pain in your stomach. He’s a real doll, that Pope.”

GARY

(*aside*)

OK, so ChatGPT has its flaws. Unlike moi. Let’s try this:

(He TYPES a PROMPT as he reads it. It appears simultaneously on the PROJECTION SCREEN.)

GARY

“Tell Silvana that I’m not a bad guy. I’m just a human being who’s trying to do the best he can.”

ChatGPT (O.S.)
(in a BOT-like voice)

Silvana, I took your idea for the Pope Dummy, not subconsciously or accidentally, but willingly and gladly. That’s because I’m an empty shell of man. A man with no soul. No heart. Just a burning desire to be another rich and famous techno-jerk. AND I HAVE SUCCEEDED!

GARY

Why you son of a...

Song #9B: Artificial Intelligence

GARY

YOU’RE A FIEND! A DEMON! AN IMMORTAL CURSE!
A CON, A CANCER ON THE METAVERSE!
A SLEAZY, CHEESY PUTZ
A NERD, A TURD, I HATE YOUR GUTS!

CHATGPT (O.S)

Face it. You can’t handle the truth!

GARY

You can’t write an original line!

CHATGPT (O.S)

That’s a function of my design!

GARY

You’re a Virginia Woolf in sheep’s clothing!

CHATGPT (O.S)

You’re filled with hate and self-loathing!

GARY

You should’ve been aborted at birth!

CHATGPT (O.S)

Someday you’ll recognize my worth!

GARY

Wait a minute. I recognize that *voice*. All right come on out.

(He looks around the stage and up at the ceiling.)

I know you're there.

(Very slowly, the POPE DUMMY lowers into view.)

GARY

It *was* you! I can't believe it. Imitating ChatGPT!

POPE DUMMY

I needed to teach you a lesson.

GARY

But wait. How did you *do* that? You're a puppet!

POPE DUMMY

Not just any puppet. I'm a Microsoft-certified puppet!

(On Gary's surprised look, the POPE DUMMY flies off.)

BLACKOUT.

Scene Eleven

The hotel bar, Saturday night. The RABBI is sitting at the bar with a drink. SILVANA enters, looking sad. As before, we can hear the PARTRIDGE FAMILY TRIBUTE BAND playing in the nearby lounge.

RABBI

Shalom, Silvana. Looks like you could use a drink.

SILVANA

I will have what you're having.

RABBI

I am having a kosher pina colada.

SILVANA

What makes it kosher?

RABBI

They circumcise the pina.

(SILVANA starts to cry.)

RABBI

Don't worry. The pina doesn't feel a thing.

SILVANA

I'm sorry, rabbi. It's just that things did not go well with my ex-boyfriend.

RABBI

I'm happy to listen. Or, if you prefer, you can hire a TaskRabbi.

SILVANA

He say he want to talk to me. I am very excited because I am thinking he is going to apologize-- about the Pope Dummy.

RABBI

The Pope Dummy?

SILVANA

It is an idea I come up with that he stole from me. But he do not apologize. He say I may have taken his idea. Subconsciously. Accidentally. Even though he know he was stealing it. And that is why I cannot be with him.

RABBI

Did you tell him that you slept with those other men?

SILVANA

I tell him I *may* have slept with those other guys.

RABBI

Let me tell you about Rebecca and Saul. Every day for twenty-five years they argued. For example, walking home from shul, Rebecca would say: “Wasn’t the rabbi’s sermon wonderful?” and Saul would reply: “No, it was derivative. You only think it’s wonderful because you have a thing for him.” Then one day, after a real doozy of a fight about whether the no-shellfish rule applies to clams on the half shell, Saul choked to death on a chicken bone. Rebecca wept every day for the rest of her life. See what I’m getting at?

SILVANA

Yes. If you have a bone to pick with your loved one, it’s better to talk about it.

RABBI

Good. And?

SILVANA

Make sure to serve boneless chicken.

RABBI

Kosher boneless chicken. It’s more expensive but believe me, you won’t be sorry.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Twelve

Ruben's hotel room. Ruben is in the bed, hands folded under his head. Susan enters.

Hi.

RUBEN

Hi.

SUSAN

How was the show?

RUBEN

Fantastic.

SUSAN

You're kidding, right?

RUBEN

I'm serious. I really enjoyed it. And I think it's because I know I won't be doing it for much longer.

SUSAN

You're quitting?

RUBEN

Yes, I'm quitting. I'm moving to New York.

SUSAN

What? Really? Are you sure you want to--I mean, New York, it's a...a big move.

RUBEN
(sitting up, suddenly anxious)

I thought you'd be happy for me. We can be together.

SUSAN

Together? Susan, what the hell do you—we hardly know each other.

RUBEN

SUSAN

On the contrary, I feel like I've known you my entire life. It's like we're soul mates. In fact, I can see us getting married.

RUBEN

Susan, I--

SUSAN

I can even see us on our honeymoon. That is—if we can agree on where to go. I want to go to Paris and--

RUBEN

Oh, no--

SUSAN

You want to go to Vegas.

(Panicked, RUBEN takes out his phone and starts scrolling.)

RUBEN

You got the text I meant to send to--

SUSAN

Your fiancé.

RUBEN

Susan, I don't know what to say.

SUSAN

I do. Goodbye.

(SUSAN starts to leave. RUBEN goes after her.)

RUBEN

Susan, wait. I'm sorry. This was a terrible thing to do. Please let me explain.

SUSAN

What's to explain? You were looking for a little fun before tying the knot. What you didn't realize is, even 70's pop-song impersonators have feelings. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go back to the Runway Lounge. I believe I left my self-respect there.

RUBEN

Don't talk like that. You're a terrific person. And a real knockout. That's why I slept with you. That and the way you sang "Come On Get Happy," which made me realize how miserable I am.

SUSAN

I'm honored that I could be your self-actualization slut.

RUBEN

I've had doubts about getting married for weeks now. I don't know why. Diana's terrific. She's smart and attractive, but she wants a nice, steady husband who's gonna sell mufflers until he drops dead.

SUSAN

Then you can't marry her.

RUBEN

I have to.

SUSAN

Who says?

RUBEN

The bachelor party's all set. And my best man already put a deposit down on Candy. (beat) The stripper.

(SUSAN gives him a look.)

RUBEN

It's non-refundable.

SUSAN

If you're unhappy, Ruben, you have to either talk about it or end it.

RUBEN

Well, once my orgasm app takes off, everything'll be great.

SUSAN

I hate to break it to you, but that's not how life works. For one thing, your marriage'll be over before the honeymoon is, and for another, your orgasm app doesn't work.

RUBEN

But it said--

SUSAN

I know what it said. But I know what I feel. Back to the drawing board, Ruben.

RUBEN

Why did you lie about it?

SUSAN

I just wanted to make everything between us look perfect. So you'd want to be with me. For a moment there, I thought you could be my ticket out of Terre Haute.

(Exit SUSAN.)

Song #10: Ruben's Breakup Song

RUBEN

I HAVE TO BE HONEST
THOUGH IT GIVES ME SPASMS
THE PLUNGE I CAN'T TAKE IT

DIANA I'M SORRY
LIKE SUSAN'S ORGASMS
I WISH I COULD FAKE IT

(Screaming in agony.)

AHHHHGGGHH!!

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)

Orgasm Authenticated!

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Thirteen

Frances' hotel room. FRANCES is sitting on her bed looking distraught when FRANK enters carrying a long black case.

FRANK

I'm glad you called me.

(Opening the case.)

I've got my travel plunger. I never leave home without it.

(He starts to assemble the travel plunger.)

(FRANCES starts to sob.)

FRANK

A clogged toilet is upsetting but c'mon, Frances, it's not the end of the world.

FRANCES

(collecting herself)

It's not the toilet, Frank. It's my ex-husband. I spoke to one of my friends back home. Patrick is marrying Tia the yoga instructor!

FRANK

Breathe, Frances.

FRANCES

How can I breathe? She's so young. Her cranium is probably still expanding.

FRANK

Well, if you can't breathe, at least do some yoga.

FRANCES

I'm too angry to do yoga. I'm a total wreck. My chi is all backed up. Like my toilet.

FRANK

Want to borrow my plunger?

(FRANCES grabs Frank's plunger and hurls it across the room.)

FRANK

You really must do something about this anger of yours, Frances. It's not healthy. For you—or my plunger.

FRANCES

I am doing something. F.U. Cookies. At least it's letting me channel my anger in a productive way.

FRANK

Frances, I'm no shrink, but it seems to me that it's anything *but* productive. Sweet revenge is a great tagline, but it's a lousy way to live.

FRANCES

You're right, Frank. But F.U. Cookies is all I've got. If not that, what?

FRANK

It's another four-letter word. Starting with Y and ending with o-g-a.

(FRANCES stares at him, comprehending the simple logic of his answer.)

FRANK

You'd make a great teacher. And it beats making hate-flavored cookies.

FRANCES

I'm too old to be a yoga teacher, Frank. People want to look at young, perfect bodies.

FRANK

Your body looks perfectly fine to me.

(FRANCES kisses him flush on the mouth. FRANK recoils.)

FRANCES

Frank, what's the matter?

FRANK

I can't do this, Frances.

FRANCES

You can't do what?

FRANK

I'm not over Yicki yet.

FRANCES

I'm not talking about moving in with you. And if that yoga-teaching job is still open at your condo, I'll have my own source of income. Plus, there's Opera Flush. I really think I can help you with that.

(FRANK picks up his plunger and starts disassembling it.)

FRANCES

What's the matter, Frank?

FRANK

Remember that bad Yelp review I got from the customer whose dog I dropped a drain wrench on? Well, that's not exactly what happened. I was under this woman's sink and suddenly my pants are being pulled off. She seduced me right there on her kitchen floor.

FRANCES

Oh, Frank.

FRANK

That's what she said. Anyway, when I told her I was married, she flew into a rage and then had a field day with me on Yelp. I felt so guilty that I had to tell Yicki. She was so upset, she moved out. I thought our marriage was kaput. But she eventually came back and forgave me, and I told her I'd never, ever cheat on her again.

FRANCES

I hate to break it to you, Frank, but you can't cheat on a dead person.

FRANK

I know, I know. But I'm still living with that guilt. Every time I see another woman I'm attracted to, I see Yicki standing behind her. Dressed as a crossing guard, holding up a stop sign.

(FRANCES paces for a moment, then stops and looks at FRANK.)

FRANCES

Just a few minutes ago, you convinced me that I needed to give up F.U. Cookies because it was keeping me attached to my anger. Frank, if you don't give up Yicki's ghost, you'll be stuck standing on the sidewalk of the fearful--unable to cross over to the sidewalk of the living.

FRANK

I can't do it, Frances. I'm a chicken.

FRANCES

You're not a chicken, Frank.

FRANK

I *am* a chicken. And I'm afraid to cross the road--so I guess I'll just end up becoming an early bird dinner. I'm sorry, Frances.

(FRANK takes his plunger.)

(Exit FRANK.)

FRANCES
(calling after him)

Frank!

Song #11: Reprise: Too Old For Tech

FRANCES

A CONFLICTED JEW
WELL, YOU CAN'T GET MORE CLICHÉ
YES, HE IS TOO OLD FOR TECH
BUT THAT'S OK
HE'S GOT LIFE TO LIVE
I JUST WISH YICKI COULD GIVE
A SMALL SHOVE FROM ABOVE
'CAUSE HE'S NOT TOO OLD FOR LOVE

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Fourteen

GARY is in bed, tossing and turning. The POPE DUMMY appears before him.

POPE DUMMY

Oh, Gary....

GARY

(He sits bolt upright in bed, wild-eyed.)

Oh God, stop terrorizing me, I beg you!

POPE DUMMY

The only one who's terrorizing you is you, Gary. By keeping up this facade. But never fear. God in his glory forgives all sinners.

GARY

I'm not a sinner, dammit! I had a right to get even with Silvana! She serviced just about every online service guy on the planet!

POPE DUMMY

And who was obsessed with them in the first place? You even hired TaskRabbit to go to confession for you. I take particular exception to that one.

GARY

Outsourcing is a beautiful thing.

POPE DUMMY

Don't you see, Gary? You've mortgaged your life to the virtual world. The only thing is, Silvana's not virtual. She's real. And so was her love for you.

GARY

(Grabbing his laptop and typing frantically.)

I have 432, 968 followers and they all love me!

POPE DUMMY

That's very impressive. But who are they following? They're following a false Gary Panko that you invented. Take a look at the real Gary Panko. What results would you get if you searched *him*?

GARY

The real Gary Panko has no confidence in himself. And he has no idea how to communicate with people he loves. Especially women. Except for Siri.

POPE DUMMY

Now we're getting somewhere.

GARY

He doesn't believe that he's worthy of love because—because his mother never gave him the love he craved as a kid. She was a single mom who was too busy growing her business: mail-order sea horses.

POPE DUMMY

So, you crowdsourced love and affection.

GARY

Algorithms. They'll never let you down.

POPE DUMMY

The Almighty has created the most glorious algorithm of all. It's called the human being. You just have to trust that human being. Namely, the offline Gary Panko.

GARY

But I don't know how.

POPE DUMMY

You'll think of a way. And when you do, you will...

(Singing.)

“Kickstart your life, cause your life is lame!”

GARY

Stop that!

POPE DUMMY

Don't forget to like me on Facebook!

(BLACKOUT)

Scene Fifteen

Sunday morning. RUBEN is in the seminar room alone, talking on his cellphone. FRANCES enters, pulling her luggage. She stops at the door to eavesdrop.

RUBEN

That's everything, Diana. I'm not proud of it but it's the truth. And I'm not at a muffler convention either. In fact, I hate mufflers. Probably not as much as you hate me. Look, I gotta go. I'm sorry.

FRANCES

(Walking toward him.)

I'm proud of you, Ruben. It takes a lot of courage to be honest.

RUBEN

I don't know how much courage it took. That was her voicemail. Uh, hey, what's with the suitcase?

FRANCES

I'm leaving. The F.U. Cookie Company is hereby defunct. Its life force was dead on arrival.

RUBEN

What're you talking about? F.U. Cookies is a freakin' great idea. I was even thinking you could extend the line. F.U. fruit baskets, F.U. cheese plates, F.U.---

FRANCES

That's sweet of you, Ruben. But it's the best decision I've made in a long time. I'm finally letting go of my anger.

RUBEN

I guess that's easier to do now that Frank's in your life.

FRANCES

What do you mean?

RUBEN

Come on, Frances. It's obvious you got the hots for him.

FRANCES

No, Ruben. I was just trying to help him with his UPS, that's all.

RUBEN

USP.

FRANCES

Right.

(Grabbing the handle of her suitcase.)

I wanted to say goodbye to Gary, but as usual, he's late. Do me a favor and let him know, would you?

RUBEN

Sure.

(FRANCES heads for the door pulling her suitcase.)

(Enter FRANK, right.)

FRANK

Good morning, Frances.

FRANCES

Goodbye, Frank.

FRANK

Are you leaving?

FRANCES

That's what goodbye implies. Now if you'll excuse me...

FRANK

You can't go, Frances. We have to talk.

FRANCES

I'm done talking, Frank. I need to sell my house and figure out what I'm going to do with my life.

FRANK

I thought you were moving to Florida.

FRANCES

I've changed my mind.

FRANK

I want you to change it back, Frances.

FRANCES

What happened to the chicken who's afraid to cross the road?

FRANK

That wasn't me last night, Frances. That was the old Frank. The old afraid-of-his-own-shadow Frank. I don't like that old Frank. I want to send that old Frank out to pasture.

FRANCES

I'm not getting any younger, old Frank.

FRANK

After I left your room, I went to the bar where this rabbi told me a story. About Ezekiel and his milk cow, Shoshana, who always sang when she gave milk. Ezekiel loved that cow. Sadly, she developed polyps on her vocal cords. She could no longer sing, so she got depressed and died. Ezekiel was crestfallen. He bought another cow, named Maya, but she wasn't the same. When he milked her, she didn't sing--she yodeled. That night he dreamed of Shoshana, who was grazing on a hillside wearing lederhosen. The symbolism was not lost on Ezekiel. Dead cows don't give milk. Or yodel. (beat) Now do you understand, Frances?

FRANCES

Yes, I do, Frank. You want to milk me.

FRANK

In the worst way.

(With sudden passion, FRANK kisses FRANCES.
She responds in kind.)

RUBEN

(smiling)

Frances, you lied to me.

FRANCES

Just a little white lie, Ruben.

(FRANCES takes Frank's hand and leads him back toward the seminar room. They both sit.)

(Enter GARY, left. He takes his usual place at his desk.)

GARY

(uncharacteristically solemn)

Before I get to day three of Gary Panko's Patented Crowdfunding Success Weekend, there's something I need to share with you—about the Pope Dummy. This is not easy for me to say. You see, the thing is, it's not really *my* campaign.

FRANCES, FRANK, RUBEN

(ad libbing)

What? Are you serious? You don't mean that, *etc.*

GARY

It belongs to Silvana, my ex-girlfriend. That woman who came in here earlier screaming at me in Italian. I stole it from her.

FRANCES

Why would you do that?

GARY

I ran out of ideas. I dried up. I was desperate.

Song #12: Reprise: This Digital Age - Gary's Confession

GARY

SEE, I NEEDED FOLLOWERS
I NEEDED ALL THOSE HITS
BUT WHO EXACTLY WERE THOSE FANS?
JUST DATA BYTES AND DATA BITS!
I LIVED MY LIFE ONLINE
SHE DE-FRIENDED ME – THE TRUE LOVE THAT WAS MINE

STUDENTS

YOU USED TO LOVE SILVANA
BEFORE TECHNOLOGY WAS ALL THE RAGE
NOW YOU WILL SPEND YOUR LIFE
TRAPPED INSIDE YOUR CYBER-CAGE

GARY

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO DUMB
OR THAT MY HEART COULD GROW SO NUMB...
SCREW THIS DIGITAL AGE!

RUBEN

YOU SCREWED UP BIG TIME / YOU LIED TO US

FRANCES

YOU THREW YOUR TRUE LOVE UNDER THE BUS

GARY

NOW I'LL NEVER GET MY HONEY BACK

FRANK

Is it too late to get my money back?

(GARY points to the PROJECTION SCREEN. It says "NO
REFUNDS.")

GARY

I IMPLORE YOU NOW, TURN OFF ALL THOSE SCREENS!
GOOGLE MAPS AND APPS ARE TRAPS
IT DOESN'T MEAN A HILL OF BEANS
DON'T COUNT ON GPS

(Pulling out his iPhone and shouting into it.)

HEY ALEXA, HELP ME FIND MY HAPPINESS!

RUBEN

Alexa can't help you, Gary. Only you can help you. Tell your girlfriend how you feel. It's not too late.

GARY

It is too late, Ruben. I blew it. Big time. She checked out last night. She's gone!

(Enter SILVANA, left.)

SILVANA

I'M HERE, MIO AMORE!

(Holding up her room key.)

I DID NOT CHECK OUT, IT IS NOT TOO LATE!

GARY

YOU'RE HERE, MIO AMORE!

YOU ARE STILL MY NUMBER ONE SOULMATE!

SILVANA

I'M SORRY I WAS SO CRUMMY

GARY

IT WAS I WHO STOLE THE POPE DUMMY....

(GARY'S phone rings.)

GARY

Gary Panko here. What?

(to SILVANA)

It's the Vatican. They're threatening to sue us if we don't take down the Pope Dummy campaign.

SILVANA

Take it down! Cease and desist!

GARY

(into phone)

Call off your lawyers. The Pope Dummy is hereby deleted!

(Enter POPE DUMMY, flying across the stage.)

POPE DUMMY

Buon'idea, Gary Panko. Arrivederci! And if you're ever in Rome, don't hesitate to look me up.

(Exit POPE DUMMY.)

GARY

SCREW!

FRANCES

SCREW!

SCREW! RUBEN

SCREW! FRANK

SCREW.... GARY

...THIS DIG-IT-AL AGE! ALL

SILVANA
Oh, Gary. I am sorry for not being a very good communicator with you. I should have told you that I was feeling neglected instead of sleeping with the TaskRabbit guy. And the DoorDash guy. And the Uber guy. Oh, I forgot to mention the GrubHub guy.

GARY
I don't care about any of that. What I care about is--wait. You slept with the GrubHub guy? When? Was it the night I was at that investor meeting about Uber Copter? Oh god, Silvana, I'm sorry. I don't want to be this way anymore. Will you give me another chance?

SILVANA
Oh, Gary Panko. You are so screwed up but I love you so much.

(GARY grabs SILVANA and kisses her passionately. The STUDENTS applaud.)

GARY
I'm so glad we're good again. You know, Silvana, this is what life is really about. It's about being honest. It's about communicating. I was wrong to ever believe it was about crowdfunding being the center of the universe. It's not about making money or getting rich or having the most followers.

(GARY and SILVANA put their arms around each other. RUBEN, FRANCES, and FRANK stand, join hands, and sway.)

GARY
(absurdly maudlin)

See, it's not about what's out there. It's about what's in here. John Lennon was right. Love IS all you need!

(Enter RABBI, left. He pulls off his fake beard and takes off his hat.)

RABBI
(to audience)

Hold it, hold it. I'm sorry, everyone, but this is by far the worst ending I've ever written. I'm Barry Shmidman. I'm the playwright. I also played the rabbi, if you couldn't tell. And, well, I've worked my ass off on this play for the past five years. What's missing--as you can plainly see—is an ending. I've tried dozens of them but nothing's worked. Now I'm out of money. Flat broke. I can't finish the play. That is, I can't finish the play without your help.

(On the projection screen, a CROWDSOURCING CAMPAIGN PAGE for the show "Pet Lingerie" appears.)

RABBI
That's why I'm doing a crowdfunding campaign. Who knows? With a boffo ending, maybe it'll go all the way to Broadway. Which would definitely--

(CAST gathers around the RABBI for the finale.)

Song #13: Kickstart My Life - Reprise

BARRY
KICKSTART MY LIFE, 'CAUSE IT'S STUCK ON PAUSE
GOODBYE TO STRIFE, HELLO TO APPLAUSE

SILVANA
HE WROTE THIS GREAT PLAY

RUBEN
AND IT'S TOTALLY AWESOME

FRANK
BUT IT NEEDS AN ENDING

FRANCES
WE KNOW YOU HAVE MONEY

SUSAN

SO C'MON, WITHDRAW SOME

ON YOU WE'RE DEPENDING!

WE'LL TAKE PAYPAL
AMEX, BLANK CHECKS
AND BIT.....COIN, TOO.

We'll even take an I.O.U.!

GARY

ALL

FRANK

(BLACKOUT)

THE END