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WANGLE DANGLE

A Play in Three Acts

By

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Cast of Characters

<u>Jessica St. Claire:</u>	A once promising actress reduced to Hollywood outcast after a disastrous marriage to British rock star Izzy St. Claire. 30s.
<u>Izzy St. Claire:</u>	A decadent British rock star with career and bank account on the wane. 40s-50s.
<u>Greg Fulgerson:</u>	A care-free man of means by virtue of a fortunate marriage to Chloe. 30s.
<u>Chloe Fulgerson:</u>	A well-grounded, wildly successful real estate broker. 30s.
<u>Roscoe:</u>	A polished, savvy talent agent. 40s-50s.
<u>Florencio "Floro" Colón:</u>	A terribly handsome, outdoorsy man of the wind. 30s-40s.
<u>Heidi Hirsch:</u>	A dogged TV tabloid reporter. 30s-40s.
<u>Billy:</u>	A fresh-faced TV tabloid cameraman. 20s.
<u>Zoya:</u>	A sultry record company hitwoman. 40s-50s.
<u>Bob Giffel:</u>	A corrupt record company executive. 50s-60s.

Scene

The bulk of the action takes place in Jessica St. Claire's snazzy waterfront home in Florida. There is brief action in a sailboat cabin, a record executive's office, and on a street corner.

Time

June. 2010.

ACT IScene 1

SETTING: A snazzy waterfront home in Florida. The central great room feeds into an open kitchen and dining area. A kitchen-side slider opens to a foliage-rich side yard. The front door and guest bathroom are at back. An archway opposite the kitchen leads to the hallway and offstage bedrooms. An opening leads to an offstage covered patio and pool. The offstage laundry room and garage are accessed through the kitchen. There is a built-in bar between the front door and the kitchen.

AT RISE: Late afternoon. ROSCOE HARRIS, in business attire, enters testily from the patio with an empty glass. Halfway to the bar he stops and turns back to the patio.

ROSCOE

You gotta embrace it, Jessica. Admit to everything.

JESSICA (OFF)

Roscoe —

ROSCOE

Montreal, the Jaguar, the elevator, the shooting, all of it.

(ROSCOE crosses to the bar.)

JESSICA (OFF)

What?

ROSCOE

You heard me.

(ROSCOE refreshes his drink. JESSICA enters slowly from the patio in swimsuit and sheers, staring in alarm at ROSCOE. She stops just inside the room clutching an empty glass.)

JESSICA

You want me to admit I tried to kill him?

ROSCOE

What? No, we gotta keep lying about that.

JESSICA

(Relieved, crossing to ROSCOE
with glass held out.)

Oh thank god. I thought you'd lost your mind.

ROSCOE

(Refreshes Jessica's drink.)

No, no. We stick to our story. The gun fell out of your
purse, went off, freak accident. The point is you gotta
show 'em the new Jessica. When they ask you if you tried to
kill him, you're light and breezy.

(As JESSICA.)

Well of course I never tried to kill the man. But when the
story came out, Izzy loved it. Said it was all very rock
and roll. Do you know he still wears the bullet around his
neck to this day?

(Himself.)

See? Light and breezy.

JESSICA

Ugh.

ROSCOE

You know, we're lucky. Izzy never accused you of trying to
kill him. Not publicly, anyway. Say what you want about the
man...

JESSICA

Roscoe, if you're going to say something nice about Izzy,
take it outside. I will not have that kind of talk in my
house.

ROSCOE

That's another thing. You can't bristle every time someone
mentions Izzy St. Claire. That's old Jessica. New Jessica
looks back on her marriage – her absolute dumpster fire of
a marriage – with mild amusement and wit.

(As Jessica.)

I won't deny our relationship was an explosive one. But
what's love without a few fireworks?

(Laughs easily as JESSICA,
returns to being himself.)

See? Like that.

JESSICA

You sound like you just escaped from a mental asylum.

ROSCOE

I think I'm doing Blanche from Streetcar. Whatever, Just make it your own. Long as it's light and breezy.

JESSICA

It's not fair. He behaves like a monster, then he goes in front of the cameras, shows them a few bite marks, a scratch or two, a fingernail sticking out of his neck which everyone assumes is mine –

ROSCOE

Because it was yours.

JESSICA

– and suddenly *I'm* the monster and everyone hates *me*.

ROSCOE

You gotta stop denying what everyone knows is true. People don't like that. They got a picture of you coming out of the hotel room missing a fingernail of the exact same color as the one in Izzy's neck – and you deny it's yours.

JESSICA

Vampy Panties was a very popular color back then. Britney Spears wore it.

ROSCOE

This is what you have to stop doing.

JESSICA

She and Joan Jett had just stopped by. Joan was still in her Plum Black phase. But are you going to stand there and tell me Britney Spears isn't capable of leaving her fingernail in a man's neck? I mean, please.

ROSCOE

Jessica –

JESSICA

That should be enough to at least cloud the issue.

ROSCOE

Everyone knows it was your fingernail! Just like everyone knows you set his Jaguar on fire.

JESSICA

Everyone *thinks* I set his Jaguar on fire.

ROSCOE

Because you set his Jaguar on fire.

JESSICA

Yes, but also, Jaguar F-Types are known to suddenly combust. You see? Who really knows what went on in those wild, drug-fueled days?

ROSCOE

You can't play it like that anymore.

JESSICA

Why not?

ROSCOE

You got no credibility! There you are for the world to see, hanging out of a hotel window, cutting up Izzy's clothes, throwing the pieces in the street, waving at the camera. Then you say oh that wasn't me, that was Stevie Nicks.

JESSICA

I said whoever it was *looked* like Stevie. The video was blurry. I had just permed my hair. I thought Stevie would be a better sport about it. You know she *still* won't take my calls?

ROSCOE

What are we clinging to, here, Jessica? It's time to come clean.

(Snaps his fingers.)

That's what I'll have them call the piece. "Jessica St. Claire Comes Clean."

JESSICA

I don't want to come clean.

ROSCOE

Jessica...

JESSICA

Izzy never comes clean. He never apologizes for anything. He threw up on Alice Cooper at the Rainbow, for god's sake. That's like throwing up on the pope at the Vatican. Everyone just laughs it off. Oh, that crazy Izzy. I leave a

JESSICA (CONT'D)

fingernail sticking out of his neck and it's oh my god, have her arrested. You know what it is, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

It's not sexism.

JESSICA

Sexism. Yes. Exactly.

ROSCOE

Help me Lord.

JESSICA

Men get away with murder, and — and — god forbid a woman cut up a man's clothes.

ROSCOE

You got away with attempted murder. What are you complaining about?

JESSICA

That's not true. The gun fell out of my purse and went off. It was a freak accident.

ROSCOE

(Mumbling to himself.)

What's going on, here? I know I'm speaking English. It's the only language I know.

(Beat)

Jessica.

JESSICA

(Brightly.)

Yes?

ROSCOE

You haven't worked in years.

JESSICA

By choice. I've turned work down. Remember? The theatre came calling?

(Off of Roscoe's blank stare.)

Shakespeare?

ROSCOE

Oh, yeah. Shakespeare on the Beach or something.

JESSICA

A Midsummer Night's Dream. You may have heard of it.

ROSCOE

That's not what they called it, though.

JESSICA

The point is, I've turned down work.

ROSCOE

What was it...

JESSICA

The point is made, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

A Midsummer Night's Beach something...

JESSICA

A Midsummer Day's Bikini Dream. Regardless of what it was called, it was offered to me and I turned it down.

ROSCOE

Jessica.

JESSICA

(Brightly.)

Yes?

ROSCOE

You're my client and you're my friend. We can always just drop the client part if you don't want to work.

JESSICA

I *do* want to work. I miss it.

ROSCOE

Then do the interview! And be charming. Like Izzy was. God that man knew how to *charm* the press.

JESSICA

Drunkenly. You forgot drunkenly.

(Drunk IZZY impression.)

Oive go' a finganail in me neck, boys. 'Av a look. A Finganail in me neck.

ROSCOE

Whatever. It worked for him. You, on the other hand, were always raging. Denying everything. Blaming others. So the public formed their opinion of you.

JESSICA

And what is their opinion of me?

ROSCOE

Are you really gonna make me say it?

JESSICA

I'd like to hear you say it out loud.

(Off of Roscoe's silence.)

Let's hear it, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

The public considers you an angry shrew.

JESSICA

How dare you talk to me like that.

ROSCOE

You don't like it? Change your image. This is your chance.

JESSICA

The price is too high.

ROSCOE

What price? Not saying hateful things whenever you're asked about Izzy? That too precious to give up?

JESSICA

Yes, it is. You've summed it up nicely. I want to say hateful things about Izzy whenever his name comes up. And even when it doesn't come up. I want the freedom to be spontaneously hateful of Izzy at any given moment.

ROSCOE

I'm gonna take a wild guess here. You never went to see that therapist I recommended, did you?

(JESSICA turns away.)

Alright. Step into my office. C'mon.

(Sits in the love seat, pats the sofa.)

Have a seat.

(JESSICA doesn't move.)

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, what are you afraid of? So you've led a colorful life! I'm telling you, baby, if you embrace it with a bit of panache they'll love you for it!

JESSICA

I'm afraid, you idiot, that -

(Checks herself.)

Roscoe, today I'm more or less forgotten. If I put myself back out there, it could start up all over again. I'll be a punchline again. The butt of every late-night joke. Everyone will be giving me that look. I don't want to go through it again. As much as I made light of it, or tried to, it's awful.

ROSCOE

We're just gonna have to make sure that doesn't happen.

(Off of Jessica's hesitation.)

And I'll tell you something else. You don't have to stop hating Izzy if you don't want to. Just pretend you've let go of your hatred and grown as a person. But if you don't want to grow as a person well then dammit you don't have to.

JESSICA

Promise?

ROSCOE

I promise.

JESSICA

Okay.

ROSCOE

Well alright! Look at you being professional. How's it feel?

JESSICA

I feel like throwing up.

ROSCOE

It'll pass. Alright. Here we go. Remember. Light and Breezy. And funny.

(Holding out the mic.)

Jessica, did you really set Izzy's Jaguar on fire?

JESSICA

I did, yes. My only regret is he wasn't in it.

ROSCOE

C'mon, now.

JESSICA

What? That's funny.

ROSCOE

Try again.

(A reporter asking a question.)

Jessica, did you really cut up Izzy's clothes just before he was to appear in Montreal?

JESSICA

Yes, but I lent him some of my lingerie and no one knew the difference.

ROSCOE

There ya go. Not bad.

JESSICA

Well, it's true, so...

ROSCOE

Let's come up with something funny about the elevator.

JESSICA

Oh god. It's impossible. It simply must be denied. Until I'm dead. And well after, if you could please manage that somehow.

ROSCOE

We gotta come up with a real zinger that shuts down all further questions.

(As JESSICA.)

The elevator in Amsterdam? That was nothing. You should see my...

(Back to being himself.)

Something. See? We double down on 'em.

(The doorbell rings.)

JESSICA

Oh, thank God.

(Crossing to the door.)

Let's talk about something else. Anything else. Skin disease, life insurance, fountain pens. All the while avoiding elevator-related discourse. Oh, Bellini for Chloe, if you would, Roscoe.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(ROSCOE makes for the bar.
JESSICA hurries to the door,
opens it to reveal GREG and
CHLOE with a wheeled suitcase.)

Friends!

GREG

CHLOE

Helooo!

Darling!

JESSICA

Yay!

(GREG and CHLOE enter. Hugs all
around. CHLOE regards the house
critically as JESSICA wheels the
suitcase toward the archway.)

You guys remember Roscoe?

GREG

(Crossing to ROSCOE.)

Of course. Been awhile. Something cooking?

ROSCOE

Might be, yeah.

(GREG and ROSCOE shake hands.
JESSICA leaves the suitcase near
the archway, starts back to the
bar. CHLOE lowers her head in
thought.)

Bellini, Chloe?

(Without looking at ROSCOE,
CHLOE holds her finger up, as
in, just a moment. She raises
her head.)

CHLOE

(Into her phone.)

Savor the tranquil beauty of the intercoastal waterway from
your very own dream oasis. This meticulously crafted
waterfront home offers an abundance of natural light
streaming through expansive, full wall windows and awe-
inspiring vistas from every vantage point.

(JESSICA joins ROSCOE and GREG.

The three of them watch CHLOE.)

Unparalleled craftsmanship is evidenced throughout the great
room and chef-inspired kitchen. Steps away, a covered patio
beckons.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(Lowers her phone. JESSICA gives her a golf clap and THE OTHERS join in. CHLOE smiles, bows, crosses to ROSCOE.)

Forgive me, Roscoe. If I don't capture it right away I lose it.

(CHLOE and ROSCOE exchange a two-cheeks kiss.)

You're looking well.

ROSCOE

Thank you. Always a pleasure watching a pro at work. Please, do your thing.

(CHLOE strolls off in the direction of the patio.)

JESSICA

I'm so glad you guys are here!

(GREG crosses to the bar, mixes a drink.)

GREG

So Jessica, are we up for a part or something?

CHLOE

Saltwater pool, isn't it, Jess?

JESSICA

I think so.

(To the OTHERS)

No, not a part. It's...ugh.

ROSCOE

TMZ wants to do a catch-up piece on Jessica post Izzy. I'm sure they're hoping she'll come unhinged and rant on Izzy, like she's known to do.

CHLOE

(exiting to the patio.)

Steps away, a covered patio beckons, with a sparkling, saltwater pool and beautifully tiled spa. Nestled within a park-like setting, this waterfront home boasts a private dock...

JESSICA

As if I would ever rant. Is this for Chloe? I'll take it.

(GREG hands JESSICA Chloe's
drink.)

ROSCOE

We're gonna show 'em new Jessica. A changed Jessica. If
she can rebrand herself, it may jumpstart her career.

(To JESSICA)

And you wouldn't have to sell this place.

JESSICA

I don't *have* to sell anything, Roscoe. I'm merely testing
the market.

(JESSICA makes for the patio.)

ROSCOE

See, I was thinking, when they ask her about the elevator..

GREG

Oh boy.

JESSICA

Talking about anything else, remember?

(JESSICA goes into the patio.)

ROSCOE

...she could say something like...

(As JESSICA.)

The elevator in Amsterdam? That was nothing. There's an
elevator in Barcelona that had to be scrapped for parts
after the band and I got through with it.

GREG

(Laughs.)

That's good.

(Beat)

Was that Blanche from Streetcar?

ROSCOE

I'm beginning to think so, yes.

GREG

It was so great when they first hooked up. For two seconds they were this glamorous couple. Then it began. What was the first thing that happened?

ROSCOE

She set his hair on fire and they hauled her to jail for domestic violence.

GREG

That's right. She claimed his hair gel spontaneously combusted.

ROSCOE

She's got a golden opportunity, here. The time is right. People are ready to forgive her. I know it. All she has to do is get through this TMZ interview without melting down. She's agreed to do it, but her heart's not really in it. You think you could...

GREG

Okay, sure. I'll talk to her. Shouldn't be too hard to get her to come around to our way of thinking on this. Jessica listens to me. She has a lot of respect for my opinion on, well, a whole host of matters.

ROSCOE

Okay, good. Good.

GREG

Here to help.

(CHLOE and JESSICA enter from the patio.)

CHLOE

(Into her phone.)

Get the particulars to Randy and he'll take it from there.

(To JESSICA.)

I may already have a buyer for you.

JESSICA

That was fast.

CHLOE

Abdulrahman Hafeez. More money than God. Likes to come in with cash and play low-ball. We'll see.

GREG

Honey, are you hearing this? TMZ wants to do a...

(GREG looks at ROSCOE for help.)

ROSCOE

A catch-up piece.

GREG

A catch-up piece on Jessica.

CHLOE

Oh.

ROSCOE

It's an opportunity for Jessica to show the world she's changed when it comes to Izzy. She's softened. She's let go of her anger and grown as a person.

CHLOE

(To JESSICA.)

Good for you, honey.

JESSICA

It's not actually true. I just have to pretend.

CHLOE

Oh, well, okay.

ROSCOE

So, Chloe, when they ask Jessica about the elevator, which they will -

JESSICA

Roscoe, can we not do this anymore?

ROSCOE

Really quickly.

JESSICA

Roscoe, seriously. Enough.

ROSCOE

Hold on, let's get Chloe's reaction.

(To CHLOE.)

I was thinking she could say...

(As JESSICA)

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

The elevator in Amsterdam?

JESSICA

(Angrily.)

ROSCOE!

(A moment floats by.)

ROSCOE

(Starting out.)

Well, I'd better run. Pleasure seeing you folks again.

JESSICA

(A bit wildly.)

Going so soon?

ROSCOE

(To JESSICA)

I'll call you.

JESSICA

Grand.

(GREG joins ROSCOE on the way to the door.)

GREG

I like that elevator line.

ROSCOE

Could use a little something more.

GREG

Let me mull it over, see if I can punch it up a little.

ROSCOE

Have at it. And you'll work on Jessica?

GREG

Yep. On it.

ROSCOE

(By way of good-bye.)

Alrighty, then, folks.

JESSICA

Ta ta.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(ROSCOE exits. JESSICA, CHLOE
and GREG find their way to the
sofas.)

Do you know what Roscoe said? He said people consider me an
angry shrew. Do people think of me as an angry shrew?

CHLOE

(Weakly.)

That's, I mean, I've never...

(Turning to GREG)

Have you ever heard that? I...

GREG

(Weakly.)

What? That's uh...I...

(Turning to CHLOE.)

I've never, no, uh...

(CHLOE and GREG trail off, turn
back to JESSICA smiling weakly.)

JESSICA

Well that was comforting.

CHLOE

Jess, we have to ask you. Does selling this place have
anything to do with Izzy?

JESSICA

(Breezily.)

Oh, well, he stopped paying his spousal support. But I'm
sure he'll get it together.

(Abandoning her gentility.)

Deadbeat bastard ruined my career and now he's going broke.
Why did I ever get involved with that crumpet-sucking
teabag?

GREG

You know, I listened to his last album. It actually wasn't...

(CHLOE and JESSICA look sharply

at GREG.)

...good. At all. Sucked. So, what are we doing this weekend?

CHLOE

(To JESSICA.)

Whatever you want, honey. We're here for you.

JESSICA

Do you think we could just sit around and drink and say
awful things about Izzy?

CHLOE

Of course.

GREG

Or, you can practice being new Jessica.

JESSICA

Oh please.

GREG

It's for your own good. Chloe, tell her.

CHLOE

Well, I have a lot of respect for Roscoe. If I were you I'd listen to him.

JESSICA

Okay, fine.

(Overdoing it.)

Did I ever tell you about the time Izzy, that scamp, hid a quarter pound of weed in my suitcase and sent me ahead to Singapore?

(Laughs breezily.)

Fortunately, the airport prisons in Singapore are delightful. Izzy explained later it was all a big mistake. He got our suitcases mixed up. Of course, the weed was hidden in a box of my tampons, so, hmm, I don't think he's being entirely honest, the little rascal.

CHLOE

(Gesturing to the bar.)

Greg.

GREG

On it.

(GREG crosses to the bar.)

JESSICA

In the end, I only spent about seventeen hours behind bars because I agreed to be caned, which really isn't all that bad once you pass out from the pain.

(JESSICA laughs breezily.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT I

Scene 2

SETTING: A snazzy, one story waterfront home in Florida.

AT RISE: Morning. Florida wildlife makes its usual racket. Last night's fairly tame shenanigans are evidenced by wine bottles, half-filled glasses, a ravaged charcuterie board. JESSICA and CHLOE are curled up under blankets on opposite sides of the longer sofa, partially clothed. On the smaller sofa there is a strewn blanket. The wheeled suitcase still sits near the archway. Sounds from the guest bathroom: a tremendous flush, water jets, water sluicing, blowers, a second tremendous flush. GREG emerges from the guest bathroom in T-shirt and boxers.

GREG

Holy mother of god. Where has that thing been all my life?

CHLOE

(Lifting her head to stare at
GREG uncomprehendingly.)

Who are you talking to?

GREG

Honey, have you taken that thing for a spin?

CHLOE

What thing?

GREG

The toilet.

(CHLOE collapses back down on
the sofa with a sigh.)

Although calling it a toilet hardly does it justice.

JESSICA

(Barely stirring.)

It's a bidet.

GREG

And a good bidet to you.

GREG (CONT'D)

(CHLOE snickers so GREG laughs.)

No, but, seriously, Jessica, that is no ordinary bidet. I mean that thing did everything but, you know, insert funny line here. Where'd you get it?

JESSICA

(Getting to her elbows.)

This is good. You won't believe this.

(Wincing.)

Oh my god my head.

GREG

Really? I feel great. I think I'm still drunk. Who wants bloodys?

CHLOE

Greg, no more drinking.

GREG

Honey, you gotta keep drinking otherwise you get a hangover.

CHLOE

When your liver falls out, don't come crying to me.

GREG

Okay, that's a promise. I shan't come crying to you, liver in hand. Where are my clothes?

CHLOE

I'm going to bed.

(CHLOE rises, wraps her blanket around her, turns to GREG with lips puckered. GREG happily obliges her with a kiss.)

JESSICA

(Without moving.)

Yeah, me, too.

CHLOE

Which one are we in again?

JESSICA

First one on the right.

GREG

Alright, well, you guys grab a little more sleep and I'll whip up brunch.

CHLOE

Yay.

(CHLOE exits SR archway,
dragging the wheeled suitcase
with her.)

JESSICA

(Rising to follow, wrapping her
blanket around her.)

Okay, bubalah, get to work.

GREG

Oh, what was funny, you said? About the bidet.

JESSICA

Oh. Japan, of all places.

GREG

No kidding.

JESSICA

Apparently the Japanese have outclassed the French in the bidet department. I had one installed in every bathroom.

GREG

God love ya.

(JESSICA exits through the
archway.)

GREG

(Spotting his socks where CHLOE
was laying.)

Socks.

(Sits, ducks to look under the
sofa.)

Clothes.

(Pulls clothes from under sofa,
sets them on the sofa. Puts on
socks, loses interest in
dressing further, rises, makes
for the kitchen, walks into a

beam of sunlight, throws his hands up dramatically.)

It burns!

(GREG disappears into the kitchen, returns with a bottle of champagne. Sets it on the counter, reenters the kitchen, emerges with three champagne flutes. IZZY appears outside the slider as GREG turns DS. IZZY has on only one boot and is a disheveled mess. GREG slows, having glimpsed something. He turns, sees IZZY-)

Heyeejus Kryst!

(-drops the flutes, which shatter, at the same time, inadvertently shoving the kitchen cart toward the seating area. IZZY ducks out of sight. GREG freezes, watching the slider. Izzy appears again. GREG starts. IZZY puts a finger to his lips as in, shhhhh. GREG stares at IZZY, finally recognizing him.)

Oh my god!

(IZZY frantically repeats the shhhhh signal, whirls out of sight. GREG gets the message, turns to watch the archway for signs of life. IZZY reappears. GREG watches for another beat, turns and gives IZZY the thumbs up. IZZY waves GREG over to the door. GREG makes for the slider.)

Fancy running into you -

(Walks over shattered glass.)

Aiiee - ak!

(Curls up, rolls softly to the floor.)

Freakin' -

(GREG grimaces in pain, reaches to pull off his socks and pick glass out of his feet. Through gritted teeth.)

Just a sec.

GREG (CONT'D)
(Brushes his feet hastily.
Manages to get one foot under
him, rises, walks foot, heel,
foot, heel to the slider,
unlocks and opens it.)

IZZY
That was quite the shit show.

GREG
Sorry. You kind of took me by surprise. C'mon in.

IZZY
She asleep?

GREG
Jessica? Yeah yeah.

IZZY
Yeah, alright. Hey, remember when I did this?

(IZZY puts his finger to his
lips.)

GREG
Yeah, yeah.

IZZY
Yeah? Good, 'cause that still applies so can you keep it
down a bit?

GREG
Right, right. So, what happened? You fall in the canal or
something?

IZZY
Not quite. Plane crash.

GREG
Plane crash?
(Lowering his voice.)
Sorry.

IZZY

Listen, mate – If Jessica sees me, she's likely to go mental and boot me out of here.

GREG

Right, right.

IZZY

She won't believe I was in a plane crash. And even if she did, she's still likely to stab me with a steak knife. That's the level of ill-will we're dealing with here.

GREG

Oh, I'm aware.

IZZY

The problem is, I really gotta lay low for a bit. This is the place for it. No one will think to look for me here.

GREG

Right.

IZZY

This is gonna have to be dealt with carefully. Who's about?

GREG

Jessica and me and Chloe. My wife Chloe.

IZZY

Yeah, Chloe. I remember Chloe.

GREG

Yeah, and I'm Greg. We met. Way back when. A few times.

IZZY

Yeah, I – I remember Chloe.

(Sounds from a bathroom: a tremendous flush, water jets. IZZY and GREG turn to the hallway entrance.)

IZZY

What the bloody hell is that?

GREG

One of Jessica's Japanese bidets. Someone's up.

IZZY

Are you telling me that's a toilet?

(Sounds from the bathroom. A
tremendous flush, blowers, etc.)

That cannot be environmentally friendly.

GREG

No, but don't let that deter you.

(IZZY and GREG watch the hallway
entrance for a beat.)

I think we're good.

IZZY

You'd better go check.

(Off of Greg's hesitation.)

Go on.

(GREG limps off for the hallway.
IZZY grabs a barstool, sits,
exhausted, rubs his bootless
foot as GREG disappears into the
hallway. GREG comes limping from
the hallway frantically.)

GREG

She's coming she's coming she's coming!

(GREG hurries to the kitchen
cart, pushing it back in place
as IZZY makes for the slider,
steps on glass, cries out, hops
into the kitchen.)

JESSICA

Alright, what's going on?

GREG

(Hopping, turning to face
Jessica.)

Jessica stop! There's glass all over this area.

JESSICA

What'd you break?

GREG

Champagne flutes. Several of them.

JESSICA

(Giggling.)

Of course you did.

(JESSICA finds her sandals, sits
to put them on.)

Oh, you found your clothes. Were we sleeping on them?

GREG

No, they were under the couch. What are you doing?

JESSICA

I'll help you.

GREG

Absolutely not. I'll handle this myself. I'm a man who insists on cleaning up his own messes.

JESSICA

Since when?

GREG

Starting now.

JESSICA

(Starting for the kitchen.)

It's no big deal.

GREG

Jessica, I'm serious. You are not going in there. Those are designer sandals. You'll tear 'em all to pieces.

JESSICA

Don't be silly.

GREG

Now, look. I've already broken three of your finest flutes. Let's not add designer sandals to the list.

JESSICA

Don't you want to put on some shoes?

GREG

Shoes? I don't need shoes. I have heavily calloused feet. Now go.

JESSICA

Alright, well, I'll go shower.

GREG

Good! Shower! Go! I'll grab a broom.

(JESSICA starts for the archway, hesitates, turns back to look at GREG, who is now forced to casually walk over glass, disappearing into the kitchen. Jessica exits. GREG limps from the kitchen, followed by a limping IZZY. They make for the barstools.)

IZZY

Bloody hell.

GREG

You get glass in you?

IZZY

Yeah. Fancy that.

GREG

If it makes you feel any better, I've got glass coming through the top of my feet.

(IZZY and GREG settle into barstools to pick glass from their feet.)

How'd you like that quick thinking, huh? When I threw in that bit about the designer sandals?

(IZZY ignores GREG.)

So, really? A plane crash?

IZZY

It's surreal, isn't it? Ever been in a plane crash, mate?

GREG

Uh...no.

IZZY

I don't recommend it. Did I hear you mention clothes?

GREG

Yeah, I've got clothes.

IZZY

Do you think you can bring them to me without putting your head through a window or something?

GREG

Yeah, yeah.

(GREG continues to pick glass from his foot, sees IZZY still staring at him, gets up, limps to the seating area to grab his clothes. IZZY stands, tests his footing, all good. He goes to the bar, rummages for something in particular, finds a bottle of Jack Daniels.)

IZZY

There you are, my sweet.

(Uncaps the bottle, swigs, as GREG returns, hands him the clothes. IZZY sets the bottle down, studies Bermuda shorts and a lively patterned shirt.)

IZZY

Bloody hell.

GREG

Oh, that's not a serious outfit. I wore it as a kind of wry commentary on people that wear that kind of thing.

IZZY

(Finds Greg's phone in a pocket.)

This your phone?

GREG

It is.

(GREG sits, picks glass from his feet.)

IZZY

Could I keep hold of it for a bit?

GREG

Of course.

IZZY

(Bundles up phone with clothes.)

It's a stroke of luck finding you here.

GREG

Well, whatever you need, you know?

IZZY

First I survive a plane crash, next I find you here, ready to help like some sort of guardian angel or whatever. I'm beginning to think fate is steering the course of events this day.

GREG

You think so?

IZZY

Well, no, not after saying it out loud. What's your name again, mate?

GREG

Greg. We met, way back when. A few times.

IZZY

(IZZY holds out his hand. Greg rises and they shake.)

Izzy St. Claire.

GREG

This is wild. Look, I'm just gonna say it. You rock.

IZZY

Thanks, mate. I enjoy hearing from fans, dwindling in number as they are of late.

GREG

You know, I just think that people don't understand you're an artist who happens to be exploring, evolving. I felt your last album, in particular --

IZZY

Greg?

GREG

Hmm?

IZZY

If I could just nudge you back to the issue at hand.

GREG

Okay.

IZZY

To wit: laying low here while avoiding the Jessica going mental and stabbing me part.

GREG

Right.

IZZY

Has her attitude toward me mellowed, perchance?

GREG

Not even a little. If anything, her intense disliking of you has festered – to an alarming degree.

IZZY

Right.

(IZZY sits, swigs from the bottle. GREG sits next to him.)

IZZY

Maybe I should send you in to talk to her.

GREG

Okay. What should I say?

IZZY

Well, you'd have to say, you know...

(Pause, thinking hard, finally:)

Izzy's here.

GREG

Uh huh. Uh huh.

IZZY

He's...been in a plane crash.

GREG

Right.

IZZY

And he needs to lay low for a bit.

GREG

Right.

IZZY

And she has to promise not to tell anyone I'm here.

GREG

Uh huh. Uh huh. See, now, for me? That's enough. Jessica, on the other hand, might want you to flesh that out a bit. Throw in a few more details. Me? I take it as it comes. I play it fast and loose.

IZZY

Got it. Thank you.

GREG

Know what I'm saying?

IZZY

I grasp your meaning, yes.

GREG

Hey, wait a minute. Am I stupid?

IZZY

Let's revisit that, yeah?

GREG

The sailboat! You can hide out in the sailboat!

IZZY

She's still got the Wangle Dangle?

GREG

She's docked right there.

IZZY

(IZZY crosses to gaze out a window, leaving the bottle on the stool.)

There she is. She told me she'd sold it for nothing.

(GREG grabs the bottle, uncaps it as he steps to Izzy's side.)

GREG

I think that was Jessica...

(GREG mimes inserting and twisting the knife, raises the bottle to his lips. IZZY watches

him with eyebrows raised. GREG lowers the bottle, hands it to IZZY, who turns back to stare out the window.)

IZZY

Yeah, the sailboat. You might have something, there. Assuming Jessica doesn't suddenly decide to take it out.

GREG

Are you kidding? She never goes near it.

IZZY

She doesn't use it?

GREG

God no. She just didn't want you to have it. She knew how much you wanted it, so she was just...

(GREG mimes inserting and twisting the knife.)

IZZY

What you keep doing there?

GREG

Twisting the knife.

IZZY

Oh. Well, alright, then. I hole up in the sailboat.

GREG

And I make sure you're well supplied.

IZZY

Supplies, right.

(IZZY moves to the bar to rummage. GREG grabs a magazine from the coffee table, brushes the glass from the floor and disappears into the kitchen. IZZY finds another bottle, puts it on the kitchen cart next to Greg's clothes. GREG appears from the kitchen.)

GREG

Are you a Wheat Thins man, or more of a Ritz Crackers Guy?

IZZY

Whatever, mate.

GREG

I'll throw 'em both in.

(GREG disappears into the kitchen, reappears with a bag of supplies. As he puts his clothes and the bottles in the bag.)

So, how long before you...make your move?

IZZY

What move?

GREG

I...don't know.

IZZY

I suppose I owe you a bit of an explanation.

GREG

Not that I'm asking. You know me. I play it fast and loose.

IZZY

Here's the thing. You're going to be hearing I'm dead.

GREG

As a result of the plane crash?

IZZY

Yeah. What else? Greg, if we're gonna team up, you're going to have to be a little quicker on the uptake.

GREG

I feel like we've already kinda teamed up, a little bit.

IZZY

The thing is, Greg -

GREG

Quicker on the uptake. Got it.

IZZY

The larger thing, Greg, is I want people to think I'm dead.

GREG

Ahhh.

IZZY

Not for long. Just for a week to ten days, like.

GREG

Yes, I begin to see.

IZZY

Do you?

GREG

I do not.

IZZY

See, when I was being chucked about on the plane, Michael Jackson materialized before my eyes.

GREG

Odd.

IZZY

It may have had something to do with the handful of mushrooms I'd scoffed earlier.

GREG

Uh huh. Uh huh.

IZZY

Michael reminded me that in the days following his death, he sold more than 2 million records.

GREG

Oh!

IZZY

And as you may know, I'm in dodgy financial shape.

GREG

I think I may have heard something about that.

IZZY

I'm not saying I'm gonna sell 2 million albums, but a week or so of being dead is bound to boost my record sales a bit, isn't it?

GREG

Sure.

IZZY

Makes sense, yeah?

GREG

It's genius.

IZZY

Alright, I'd best get off. I've got to call my mum and my sis and my various children before the word gets out. Can't have my loved ones suffering needlessly, can we?

GREG

That's very thoughtful.

IZZY

(Starts for the slider, stops.)

Oh, what about Jessica? She'll probably take the news hard.

GREG

(Laughs.)

I don't think you have to worry about –

(Off of Izzy's expression)

– yeah she's gonna be wrecked. So I'll just tell her you're not really dead.

IZZY

Why would you know that?

GREG

Yeah, why would I know that?

IZZY

And assuming she believes you, what's to keep her from telling people and spoiling my plans?

GREG

Right.

IZZY

It's complicated, isn't it?

GREG

Yes, it is.

IZZY

You're going to have to play the whole thing by ear, mate.

GREG

So, play it by ear.

IZZY

Just wing the bleeding lot of it.

GREG

(Bad English accent.)

Wroight. Wing the bleedin' lot of it.

IZZY

Was that a British accent?

GREG

Possibly.

IZZY

Why you doing that?

GREG

I really don't know.

IZZY

Alright. I'd better get going. You'll check on me, yeah?

GREG

Yeah yeah. And I'll tell you what else I'm gonna do. 'Cause Jessica listens to me. She has a lot of respect for my opinion on, well, a whole host of matters. So I'm gonna begin a process by which I soften up her feelings toward you. By the time I get through with her, her attitude toward you will be one of welcome, acceptance, and forgiveness.

IZZY

I very much like the sound of that, Greg.

GREG

Here to help.

IZZY

How exactly are you going to do that?

GREG

Oh, I have my ways.

IZZY

I gotta be honest, mate. After seeing your ways at work here this morning, I ain't feeling overly optimistic.

GREG

You never know, Izzy. Maybe I'll surprise you.

IZZY

Right.

(IZZY starts out.)

GREG

Izzy?

(IZZY turns back to Greg. GREG raises his fist.)

I got you.

(IZZY nods, smiles weakly, gives him a thumbs up. GREG shoves off, wheeling into the kitchen. IZZY has another look at him, exits.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIScene 1

SETTING: A snazzy, one story waterfront home in Florida.
a sailboat cabin; an office.

AT RISE: An hour or so later. JESSICA sets the table.
GREG, clothed, no longer limping, exits the
kitchen and makes for a window.

GREG

Okay, the frittata is in.

(GREG looks out the window.)

JESSICA

What do you keep looking at?

GREG

Hmm? Oh, uh, some hot chick's paddle-boarding.
(Coming away from the window.)
Maybe we should turn on the news.

JESSICA

Why?

GREG

Oh, I don't know, just, you know, I don't know. Jessica,
why is are there four of everything?

JESSICA

Because Floro is coming over.

GREG

Who's Floro?

JESSICA

(Overly dramatic.)
My new lover.

GREG

(Not happy.)
Oh no. When did this happen?

JESSICA

It's been a month or so. Chloe knows. We agreed not to tell
you until we had to, because of how you get.

GREG
 Is he handsome?

JESSICA
 Very.

GREG
 God-dangit. Is he fit?

JESSICA
 Very. He's very fit, and he's very handsome.

GREG
 Dammit, Jessica.

JESSICA
 (Amused.)
 Well I'm sorry.

GREG
 He's not funny, is he?
 (The doorbell rings.)
 Crap.

JESSICA
 (Makes for the front door.)
 Relax.

GREG
 (Crosses to bar, pours more
 champagne.)
 I'm relaxed. I just don't like these new guys showing up
 all out-of-the-blue.

(JESSICA admits FLORO. He wears
 a mesh shirt which does little
 to hide his impressive physique,
 and mesh shorts which do little
 to hide his tight-fitting swim
 briefs.)

FLORO
 (To JESSICA.)
Buenos días, solecito.

JESSICA
 Morning, handsome.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(FLORO kisses JESSICA on the
cheek.)

Greg, this is Floro. We met at the fitness center.

GREG

A fitness center romance. The most enduring of all the
romances. Can I get you a mimosa, Floro?

FLORO

Yes of course, thank you, Greg.

(FLORO crosses to the bar,
stands next to GREG.)

GREG

So, are you a trainer or something, Floro?

FLORO

(Laughs.)

A trainer? No no.

GREG

Well, no, I just thought, with your build, I mean, you've
got a build, obviously, I mean, if you're trying to hide
the build, you're not doing a very good job.

(GREG laughs.)

JESSICA

I should tell you, Floro, Greg is intimidated by good-
looking men.

GREG

(Hands FLORO his mimosa.)

That's not true.

FLORO

Do not be intimidated by my physique, Greg.

GREG

Okey dokey.

FLORO

But, no, I am no trainer. I am, what you might call, a man
of the wind.

GREG

A man of the – the wind?

JESSICA

Floro's family builds sailboats.

GREG

Oh.

JESSICA

We have a surprise for you and Chloe. Is she up yet? Maybe you should text her.

GREG

Right, right. Where's my phone?

(GREG makes a poor show of
looking for his phone.)

So, what's this surprise?

JESSICA

Floro spent the last few weeks getting the sailboat in shape.

GREG

The sailboat? Your sailboat?

(Pointing in the direction of
the sailboat.)

The sailboat right here?

FLORO

Let me tell you, Greg, she very much needed the attention.

GREG

The Wangle Dangle?

FLORO

Rest assured, I took care of her. I serviced her from seacocks to stuffing box.

JESSICA

You certainly did. But what about the sailboat?

(FLORO and JESSICA explode with
laughter.)

FLORO

Oh my god. Look out for this one, Greg!

GREG

I will, Floro.

FLORO

(Through laughter.)

Oh my god!

JESSICA

(Through laughter.)

Oh my god I can't breathe!

FLORO

(Suddenly to business.)

Now, Jessica my darling.

JESSICA

Yes?

FLORO

If we are to sail, we must leave now. The forecast for this afternoon is not so good. So, if you will excuse me, I will get the boat ready.

GREG

Now?

JESSICA

Oh. Well, I suppose we can bring the frittata. Right?

(JESSICA looks at GREG, so FLORO looks at GREG.)

GREG

The frittata? Well, hold on, I'm just trying to think. Bring the frittata, you say. Hmm. Bring the frittata..

FLORO

Well, you consider about the food and I will load the boat.

(FLORO makes for the front door.)

GREG

Whoa whoa, hold on, Floro. Let's get this frittata issue sorted out first. Now, as I see it, we can either bring it with us or not. What do you think?

FLORO

I take no position on your frittata, Greg. If you like to bring your frittata, please do.

(FLORO starts for the door.)

GREG

Hold it, Floro. Jessica, can I borrow your phone? I can't find mine. I'd like to see where Chloe falls on this frittata issue.

JESSICA

Okay, but I don't know why we're making such a big deal about the frittata.

(JESSICA finds her phone, hands it to GREG.)

FLORO

(Tosses up his hands.)

Forgive me, Greg, but what more can be said about this frittata?

GREG

Hold on, you two.

(Hastily taps Jessica's phone.)

We've got this sudden sailboat thing, a frittata in the oven, and god knows what happened to Chloe. These things have to be coordinated.

GREG

(Phone to his ear, looking in the direction of the sailboat.)

Come on, pick up, dammit.

FLORO

If you will excuse me, please.

(FLORO starts for the front door.)

GREG

Wait, Floro. Where you going?

JESSICA

He's getting the boat ready. What's the matter with you?

FLOORO

If you will allow me, Greg, I will go to my car and collect a few items which I will transfer to the boat, then I will wipe down the boat, and then we will sail.

GREG

Oh! Your car. You're going to your car! Excellent! Go to your car. I'll tie up the frittata end of things here.

FLOORO

Excellent!

(FLOORO strides to the door,
stops, turns and claps his hands
two times with a flourish.)

C'mon my friends! The wind calls!

(FLOORO exits the front door.)

JESSICA

What's going on? Is something the matter?

GREG

(Handing JESSICA her phone,
making hastily for the patio.)

Just watch the frittata. The frittata is at a very crucial stage right now. Don't take your eyes off that frittata.

(GREG exits into the patio.
JESSICA shakes her head, turns
for the kitchen. The lights dim.
Lights rise on the sailboat
cabin. IZZY is on Greg's phone.)

IZZY

It could be because of them few mushrooms I scoffed earlier.

(Sound of footsteps on the boat.
GREG enters.)

Cripes!

GREG

Izzy! Off the boat! Gotta get off the boat!

IZZY

What?

GREG

Floro's coming! He's a man of the wind!

IZZY

Someone's coming? On the boat no one uses?

GREG

You're gonna have to go over the side and swim around, otherwise he'll see you.

IZZY

Are you joking?

GREG

No I'm not joking. Our whole operation is about to be blown! Let's go!

IZZY

(Exiting the sailboat cabin.)

Bloody hell.

(Exit GREG and IZZY. Sound of a splash. Lights dim. Lights rise in the house. CHLOE enters from the archway, holding her phone out in front of her, stricken.)

JESSICA

Darling, there you are. As we predicted, your husband lost his mind after meeting Floro.

CHLOE

Jessica?

JESSICA

What is it?

CHLOE

It's Izzy. There was a plane crash.

(JESSICA gasps. Lights rise on the office. BOB GIFFEL rises from behind his desk, on the phone.)

JESSICA

A plane crash?

BOB GIFFEL

A plane crash?

CHLOE

He's missing.

JESSICA BOB GIFFEL
Missing? Missing?

CHLOE
(Looking at her phone.)
A small plane on the way to Texas from the Dominican Republic crash-landed in the Gulf of Mexico near Perdido Key. Izzy was thrown from the plane. They can't find him.

JESSICA BOB GIFFEL
Geezus. Geezus.

CHLOE
Oh no.

JESSICA BOB GIFFEL
What? What?

CHLOE
They've called off the search.

(JESSICA moves slowly to the sofa, sits at the same time as BOB GIFFEL sits in a swivel chair across from his desk. Lights dim on the office. JESSICA finds the TV remote, turns the TV on, flips around.)

JESSICA
Here it is.

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)
At which point, passengers say, the plane cartwheeled, the passenger door flew open, and St. Claire was thrown from the plane.

(CHLOE gravitates to the TV, sits next to JESSICA.)
The crew and remaining passengers, primarily made up of the members of the rock band Iron Maiden, were able to escape the plane and swim to Perdido Key beach.

(GREG enters from the patio, sees JESSICA and CHLOE, holds his hand out to unseen IZZY, as in, wait.)

NEW ANCHOR (TV) CONT'D

The Coast Guard began searching the waters surrounding Perdido Key sometime after 2 AM, eventually calling off the search at 10:30 AM this morning.

(GREG carefully moves behind JESSICA and CHLOE, then gestures to the patio, as in, come. IZZY, soaking wet, enters. GREG waves him to the kitchen. IZZY hurries across the room.)

St. Claire is best known for his 1995 album *Wangle Dangle*, which spawned three of his signature hit singles and earned a Platinum designation by the RIAA in the United States.

(IZZY can't help slowing down to listen to the TV.)

Readers of Rolling Stone Magazine, in a 2001 poll of all-time favorite glam-rock albums, ranked *Wangle Dangle* number 17, a testament to the album's staying power.

(IZZY sticks out his tongue and gives the rock and roll hand-horns salute. GREG gives him wide-eyes and frantically waves him to the kitchen. IZZY exits.)

St. Claire had been scheduled to take a commercial flight to Texas, but ran into members of Iron Maiden, who offered him a ride on their mid-size Learjet 45.

(GREG carefully makes for the archway, disappears through it.)

Currently on a world tour, Iron Maiden had just completed a seven-night stint at the Altos de Chavon Amphitheater. St. Claire had just appeared at Pepe's Banana Cantina.

(GREG enters with clothes and towels, drying off the floor.)

The plane was piloted by Iron Maiden lead singer Bruce Dickinson, who, in 1994, undertook a career as a commercial pilot for Astraeus Airlines.

CHLOE

(Turning to see GREG.)

There you are.

GREG

(Startled.)

Heya - yas yes!

CHLOE

Are you hearing this? Izzy was in a plane crash.

GREG

I - I'm - I can't - it's really - boy oh boy.

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)

Dickinson reports a sudden loss of altitude while over the Gulf, at which time he adjusted course for Mobile Regional Airport. Minutes later he was forced to make a water landing about half a mile from Perdido Key.

JESSICA

(Mutes the TV.)

He's presumed dead.

GREG

Presumed dead, you say? Oh, well, we should hold our feelings in check until we know whether he's, you know, still amongst us or not.

CHLOE

They called off the search.

(To JESSICA.)

I'm so sorry, honey.

GREG

Just because they called off the search doesn't mean they're not going to find him.

CHLOE

Greg, that's exactly what that means.

GREG

Let's not jump to conclusions. I, for one, am going to assume he's still alive until I see a body, and I suggest everyone do the same. Call it intuition, whatever. I have the feeling he's going to surprise us, and we're all going to be relieved he's not actually dead.

CHLOE

Greg, you're not helping. What are you doing, by the way?

GREG

(Looks at the towels in his hands, the clothes.)

Oh, uh...laundry? Yeah. Laundry.

(GREG starts for the kitchen. JESSICA and CHLOE watch him curiously. GREG smiles, nods,

exits. FLORO enters from the patio. JESSICA rises, holds out her hand to FLORO, who moves to take it.)

JESSICA

Oh my god, Floro.

FLORO

What is it?

JESSICA

It's Izzy. There was a plane crash.

(JESSICA un-mutes the TV.)

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)

If you're just joining us, British rock guitarist, singer and songwriter Izzy. St. Claire is presumed dead after being thrown from a plane which crash landed near Perdido Key off the Florida coast just after 2 AM this morning.

FLORO

Ai my god! Perdido Key is close! Is right here!

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)

Several members of Iron Maiden suffered injury. St. Claire is listed as the only fatality.

FLORO

(Crosses himself.)

Dios mio.

JESSICA

(Mutes the TV.)

Oh, uh, Floro, this is my best friend Chloe.

FLORO

Florencio Colón. My friends refer to me as Floro. I hope you will as well. I am sorry we meet under this situation.

CHLOE

Pleased to meet you, Floro.

(GREG enters from the kitchen.)

FLORO

Did you hear, Greg?

GREG

Yes. I - I'm - I can't - it's really - boy oh boy.

FLORO

And now what? Hmm?

JESSICA

I don't really know. It's so...

GREG

Surreal?

(ROSCOE knocks/enters)

ROSCOE

Jessica. Oh my God.

(Crossing to Jessica.)

I take it you've heard.

JESSICA

Just now.

(ROSCOE moves to Jessica's side, takes her hand. Jessica's phone rings. She spends a second trying to free one of her hands from FLORO and ROSCOE, pulls out her phone and moves away, leaving FLORO and ROSCOE to stare at one another.)

JESSICA

This is Jessica...

FLORO

(To ROSCOE.)

Forgive me. Florencio Colón. My friends refer to me as Floro. You are?

ROSCOE

Single, at the moment. But my dance card tends to fill up quickly, if you get my drift.

JESSICA.

No, I - please.

(Ends the call.)

Already asking me for a statement.

ROSCOE

Yeah, we'll have to craft something.

FLORO

Now it starts, eh? The media, the phone calls. Now we pretend, hmm? Pretend this man was not a bastardo!

GREG

Well, c'mon, Floro, I mean -

FLORO

Yes, Greg? What do you mean? Has Jessica not told you of the way she was treated by this man?

CHLOE

She has.

FLORO

Then you know he is a disgrace. You must excuse me becoming so emotional after only just meeting you. But when I think about men who treat their wives without respect, my passion rises. You see, my father...

(FLORO moves away, overcome.)

ROSCOE

(To JESSICA)

He's fantastic. How serious are you two?

FLORO

Forgive me. Here I am a stranger, and already I am telling the painful, personal details of my life. How *gauche* you must think me.

ROSCOE

Oh, not at all, Floro.

GREG

(Crossing to the bar.)

Although, I have to say, I don't think it's cool to speak unkindly of the presumed dead.

FLORO

Si, mi abuela often said to speak ill of the dead is to invite them to haunt you. But this is the old-fashioned way

FLORO (CONT'D)

of thinking. I must disagree with you, Greg, in the case of this man. I only regret I was never able to call him *un pedazo de meirda* to his face.

GREG

Floro, despite what you may have heard, Jessica and Izzy spent two very loving years together.

IZZY

Is that what they were?

GREG

Chloe and I witnessed it first-hand. Tell 'em, Chlo.

CHLOE

Tell them what? I don't even know what you're -

GREG

Where to start? I know. We witnessed so many moments of tenderness and love between those two lovebirds.

CHLOE

Greg, what are you doing?

GREG

Chloe, this is about Jessica, now. Okay? Jessica, it's time to forgive him. Because, whether Izzy be presumably dead at this very moment, or very much alive, It's important to reflect on the good times.

ROSCOE

Are you talking about the time she set his hair on fire or the time she tried to run him over?

GREG

Jessica, are you telling us if Izzy walked through that door right now you wouldn't be happy to see him?

JESSICA

I would, because then we could watch Floro beat him up.

FLORO

There, you see? She speaks her heart!

JESSICA

Honestly? I don't know how I feel. I suppose I loved him, once.

(Lights dim on sitting area. A spotlight rises on IZZY, on stage with his guitar. He's finishing his signature glam rock ballad, "Jessica.")

IZZY

(Singing.)

But you never let me call you mine/And now I'm runnin' out of time/Jessica you stole my world/Guess I'll never get over you girl.

(Sound of crowd cheering, which abruptly ends. Light finds JESSICA staring up at IZZY.)

JESSICA

You should have been better to me.

IZZY

You were playin' up for the cameras just like I was. Only I did it better, didn't I? The truth is you were jealous of the attention I got. That's why you exaggerate that singapore story the way you do, sin't it?

JESSICA

How can you know that?

IZZY

Well, you're talkin' to yourself, ain't you?

(Lights dim on IZZY, normalize over the sitting area.)

JESSICA

Let's go sailing.

FLORO

Yes! A superb idea!

CHLOE

Sailing?

JESSICA

Floro fixed up the sailboat. We thought we'd take you guys out. And you come to, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Oh, yeah. I mean, are you alright?

JESSICA

I'm fine. We'll raise a glass to the limey prick.

FLORO

And if we should sail past him in the water, I will say
hey, stay there -

(Mimes kicking IZZY as they pass
in a sailboat.)

- *hijo de puta!*

(Laughs.)

Okay! Excellent! I will finish preparing the boat!

GREG

Excellent! I will pack the frittata!

(FLORO goes into the patio.)

ROSCOE

(A FLORO impression.)

And I will go help Floro prepare the boat!

(ROSCOE bounds after FLORO.)

JESSICA

I'll get the cooler.

(JESSICA makes for the kitchen.)

GREG

Wait! I'll get it!

(GREG sprints ahead of JESSICA,
whirls to face her at the
kitchen entrance.)

Where you going? I said I'll get it.

JESSICA

I'll show you where it is.

GREG

Just tell me where it is.

JESSICA

I don't know where it is. I have to look for it.

GREG

There's no point in both of us GOING INTO THE LAUNDRY ROOM.

CHLOE

Greg, why are you yelling?

GREG

Chloe, Jessica is grieving. Can't you understand that?

JESSICA

I'm fine, geezus, Greg. I guess maybe I'm in shock.

(IZZY appears outside the kitchen slider. CHLOE sees him, gasps. IZZY races past the slider. GREG sees him, looking past JESSICA, who turns to regard CHLOE.)

What is it?

(GREG waves his hands, shakes his head at CHLOE with eyes wide.)

CHLOE

It's -

GREG

The frittata! Is that smoke?

CHLOE

Uh...

GREG

Jessica, you grab the cooler. Chloe and I will check the frittata!

(Corrals Chloe, moves her toward the kitchen.)

Checking the frittata! Time to check the frittata! Frittata check!

JESSICA

(Of Greg, to CHLOE.)

He's been acting weird since Floro got here.

(JESSICA disappears through the cased opening. GREG crosses to stare out the windows.)

CHLOE

I don't understand —

GREG

Izzy survived the plane crash. He's hiding here.

(GREG moves toward the patio,
staring out. Chloe watches GREG.
Behind them, smoke leaks from
the oven.)

Where's he going?

CHLOE

What? What's — How —

GREG

All very good questions which I will answer later.

CHLOE

But — I don't — what?

GREG

I'm his man on the inside. I'm hiding him while also softening up Jessica so she'll let him stay. It's a twofold operation. I stashed him in the sailboat, but then Floro showed up. How was I supposed to know a man of the wind coming?

(Reacting to what he sees out
the windows.)

What's he doing? I gotta go. Don't tell Jessica!

(GREG runs into the patio. CHLOE
stares after him with mouth
open. A smoke alarm goes off.
CHLOE shrieks. JESSICA returns,
wheeling in a large cooler.)

JESSICA

Oh my god the frittata!

(Hurries to the kitchen, opens
the oven. Smoke billows. CHLOE
divides her attention between
the kitchen and the front
windows with mouth open.)

I thought you guys were checking on the frittata. Chloe?
Weren't you guys checking on this thing?

(Grabs a towel, waves it at the
smoke, steps out of the kitchen
to regard Chloe.)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What's going on? Where's Greg? Chloe, what is it?

CHLOE

Um...I'm...I'm just...it's just...this is just a little too much for me right now.

JESSICA

What is? You mean Izzy?

CHLOE

Yeah. No. Greg.

JESSICA

Oh no. Are you guys having trouble again?

CHLOE

(Stares at JESSICA for a beat.)

Yes. Yes, we're having marital trouble again. That's why we didn't check the frittata.

JESSICA

Oh, no.

(GREG enters from the patio.)

GREG

What's all the smoke?

JESSICA

The frittata, Greg. Are you kidding?

GREG

Yeah, you gotta keep your eye on those things or they'll burn up real fast.

JESSICA

And why are your soaking wet clothes all over the floor of the laundry room?

GREG

Oh, um...

CHLOE

Again, Jessica, it goes back to our marital trouble. I was going to tell you, but you have so much going on.

JESSICA

(Softening.)

I'm sorry you guys. I'm so self-absorbed, aren't I? I didn't realize you guys were going through stuff.

GREG

(More to Chloe)

Neither did I.

JESSICA

You should have told me. I'm so sorry. What a weird day.

GREG

(Not understanding.)

Right.

(JESSICA turns to deal with oven-related clean-up. GREG waves to UNSEEN IZZY in the patio area and IZZY enters. CHLOE watches with eyes wide. GREG hastily directs IZZY from the patio into the archway, motioning "down the hall and to the right.")

JESSICA

Whatever trouble you two are having, I know you'll get through it. You're the strongest couple I know.

(GREG whirls, saunters casually to CHLOE with eyes raised as in, trouble?)

CHLOE

I was just explaining to Jessica that we're having marital trouble which, in turn, led to the burning of the frittata.

GREG

Ah.

CHLOE

And the wet clothes on the floor.

GREG

Got it.

(CHLOE nervously crosses to the bar to fix a mimosa. FLORO and ROSCOE enter from the patio.)

FLORO

Well, my friends, I – what happened?

ROSCOE

Is something burning?

JESSICA

The frittata.

CHLOE

(Downing her mimosa and whirling to face ROSCOE and FLORO.)

Yes, you see, Greg and I were going to check on the frittata, but certain marital issues arose.

GREG

Yes. This led directly to the frittata burning and wet clothes on the floor of the laundry room.

(CHLOE and GREG nod to one another, pleased with themselves.)

FLORO

I'm very sorry to hear about your frittata, Greg. Also, I must report some bad news. My friends, the weather is not cooperating with us. A storm approaches. Such is Florida in June, eh?

JESSICA

It's so sunny and calm right now. Are you sure, Floro?

FLORO

Hey, Jessica, who is the man of the wind here, hmm?

(Sounds from a bathroom: water sluicing, blowers, a tremendous flush. EVERYONE freezes.)

JESSICA

What the hell?

GREG

What?

JESSICA

Who just used the bathroom?

GREG

The bathroom?

JESSICA

You didn't hear that?

ROSCOE

How could you miss it?

GREG

Oh, the bathroom you mean.

FLORO

There is someone else in this house?

(FLORO starts for the bedrooms.)

GREG

Someone or something.

(FLORO stops.)

Is anyone carrying a crucifix? Or perhaps some holy water.

CHLOE

Greg, what are you - oh - yeah, go ahead. Whatever.

GREG

What? Jessica, is there someone here you're not telling us about?

JESSICA

Of course not.

GREG

Did the guy on the sales floor warn you these Japanese bidets are likely to go off without warning?

JESSICA

No.

GREG

Doesn't Floro's *abuelito* say that to speak ill of the dead is to invite them to haunt you? And wasn't Floro doing just that?

(CHLOE nervously crosses back to the bar to make another mimosa.)

JESSICA

Is this you trying to be funny?

GREG

Does anyone else have an explanation?

ROSCOE

I have several, and none of them involve the ghost of Izzy St. Claire.

GREG

Okay, let's hear one.

ROSCOE

Well obviously someone...used the bathroom.

JESSICA

Would someone just please go and look?

GREG

Alright. You ladies wait here. We'll go check it out.

(GREG & FLORO make for the bedrooms, pause. FLORO crosses himself. GREG and FLORO disappear into the hallway. ROSCOE becomes aware he has not moved. JESSICA and CHLOE look about politely.)

ROSCOE

Oh, uh...

(ROSCOE hesitantly makes for the bedrooms, crosses himself, disappears down the hall.)

JESSICA

Oh my god this day.

CHLOE

Yeah.

JESSICA

So, what's going on with you two?

CHLOE

Oh, it's...the usual. Greg insists on...you know, being the way he is, and, you know, he won't...change because...he's an idiot.

JESSICA

(Nodding her head understandingly.)

Right.

(GREG, FLORO and ROSCOE enter from the bedrooms.)

So?

GREG

We checked all the rooms. Including the bathroom. It's very weird. I think Floro thought he saw something.

FLORO

I saw nothing. Did you see something?

GREG

Or Roscoe I think but yeah that was weird.

ROSCOE

Me? I didn't see anything.

JESSICA

What was weird?

GREG

Spooky is what it was.

ROSCOE

I mean I *smelled* something.

CHLOE

What?

ROSCOE

I think it was...Glade.

JESSICA

The air freshener?

GREG

The whole thing is so spooky. Very spooky.

ROSCOE

Greg, are you suggesting the ghost of Izzy St. Claire came to haunt us, utilized the facilities and then availed himself of the Glade so as not to offend?

GREG

Well, that's the thing about unexplained phenomena. It often goes unexplained.

ROSCOE

Well, this has been great, but I do have other clients, so, tata.

(ROSCOE exits.)

GREG

I'm hungry? Shall I whip up a quick frittata?

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIScene 2

SETTING: A record exec's office.

AT RISE: BOB GIFFEL on his phone.

BOB GIFFEL

You know that little matter of ours? Looks like we won't be going to jail after all. We're getting a revenue bounce in the wake of Izzy's death you would not believe. Should be more than enough to cover our tracks. What did you just say? Alright, get this straight. That's enough of that talk. Izzy was a hell of a rock star and what's more he was my friend. I don't want to hear anybody celebrating his death just because it got us out of some very hot water. We're not ghouls. Yeah yeah alright.

(Ends the call, raises his hands
in triumph.)

YES! THANK YOU, IZZY!

(Rises, laughs, dances, sings
Wangle Dangle, perhaps, laughs
some more. His phone lights up.)

Yeah?

(Lights go up on IZZY on the
phone.)

IZZY

You and I once spent three weeks partying in the penthouse suite of the Bangbaobeach Hotel in Thailand. You missed your daughter's wedding. We were evicted by the Taiwanese military. They shot us in the ass with tranquilizers to get us outta there. You made me swear never to tell a living soul.

BOB GIFFEL

Izzy?

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT II

Scene 3

SETTING: A street corner.

AT RISE: BOB GIFFEL hands a manila envelope to ZOYA.

ZOYA

(Studying contents of envelope,
Eastern European accent.)

You want him suffer?

BOB GIFFEL

No. Quick and painless. Just like Chicago.

ZOYA

Chicago? The one in Chicago, I make him suffer.

BOB GIFFEL

Really? I told you quick and painless.

ZOYA

Oh. My bad.

BOB GIFFEL

This guy's a friend of mine. He doesn't deserve this. It's just, he's worth more to me dead than alive. As far as the authorities are concerned, he's already dead. Somehow that makes it seem less...I don't know.

ZOYA

Is just business.

(Reads, shows it to GIFFEL.)

What is this?

BOB GIFFEL

Oh, uh, Wangle Dangle. That's the sailboat he's hiding on. It's docked at that address. It's also the name of his best album. You ever heard it?

ZOYA

No.

BOB GIFFEL

If you ever get a chance, you should check it out. Not a bad song on the album. Dynamite record. It's a shame...

ZOYA

Don't worry. He will suffer. I will make him suffer like no one ever - wait. No. Quick and painless.

BOB GIFFEL

Yeah, quick and painless.

ZOYA

Right. Right. Quick and painless. Don't worry.

(ZOYA stuffs the contents back into the envelope, exits.)

BOB GIFFEL

(Calling after her.)

Write that down or something.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT III

Scene 1

SETTING: A snazzy, one story waterfront home in Florida.

AT RISE: GREG and CHLOE pace, on edge in the great room. Voices of JESSICA and FLORO from the offstage patio area and someone (FLORO) swimming in the pool.

GREG

We just have to keep him hidden, attend to his needs, feed him, you know, for about a week. To ten days.

CHLOE

Greg, there's no way!

IZZY

(Entering.)

That's just the attitude we *don't* need, isn't it?

(Distant thunder. CHLOE gasps.
GREG starts.)

IZZY

Chloe, look, what we doing here?

(IZZY checks the patio entrance.
There is splashing and FLORO
(OFF) whooping and JESSICA (OFF)
laughing. IZZY crosses to the
bar, studies various bottles.)

We're just hiding a rock star in his ex-wife's gaff for a week to ten days without her clockin' on. That's all.

CHLOE

Are you wearing my Pilates outfit?

IZZY

(Finds a bottle of whiskey,
uncaps it.)

I hope you don't mind. I also borrowed your brush and curling iron and sorted out my hair a bit.

(IZZY swigs from the bottle.)

GREG

Lookin' good, Iz.

(IZZY makes for the coffee table. He keeps the bottle with him.)

IZZY

Now, look. We've had bit of a rough start.

GREG

A few hiccups.

IZZY

At one point I thought Greg here might have me stand in the corner with a lamp shade on my head.

(Looks over magazines.)

But we're all sorted now. I'm in a spare room. No reason Jessica should go in there. All in all, we're doing quite well.

(IZZY takes a few magazines, makes for the archway. There's a whoop from FLORO [OFF], a splash, laughter from JESSICA [OFF].)

She's having a nice laugh with this geezer. What's his deal, then?

GREG

His name's Floro. He's a man of the wind.

CHLOE

He makes her happy.

IZZY

Something I weren't able to do, being your uh, whatever. Implication. Right, Chloe?

(Off of Chloe's stare.)

You ain't keen on our little project?

CHLOE

It's weird. I'm not comfortable with weird.

IZZY

Alright. I see that. I happen to be well comfy with weird, but I see where you're coming from.

CHLOE

This is all about boosting your record sales?

IZZY

Well, that's part of it. It's also about helping Jessica. Indirectly.

GREG

Exactly. We're doing this for Jessica, Chlo.

IZZY

And it's working, by the way. Bob Giffel tells me digital downloads of Wangle Dangle are up five hundred percent.

GREG

The plan is working, Chlo.

CHLOE

You do realize this could be construed as fraud?

GREG

Oh, come on. Fraud? That's -

CHLOE

Greg, don't pretend to know things.

GREG

Right.

CHLOE

(To IZZY.)

How will you explain your absence?

IZZY

Amnesia. You see, when I was chucked out of the plane, I must have struck my head. When I come to, I was on a tropical island, being looked after by a right fit bird. I might have happily stayed there forever, but when my memory came back, I realized I had to go back and make a top-notch album telling all about it.

GREG

Brilliant on so many levels.

IZZY

All we three gotta do is keep our cool.

GREG

We're cool, Izzy.

IZZY

Brilliant.

(Distant thunder. IZZY withdraws, backing into the archway while sticking out his tongue and giving the rock and roll hand-horns salute. GREG smiles after IZZY, sees CHLOE staring at him.)

GREG

What?

CHLOE

You're not doing this for Jessica. You're doing this for Izzy. You want him to like you because he's a rock star.

GREG

So?

CHLOE

If only you wanted to please me half as much.

GREG

I do want to please you. I always want to please you. Why are you bringing this up now? You understand we're only pretending to have marital problems, right?

CHLOE

I'm seeing you, Greg. I'm seeing you.

GREG

Well cut it out.

CHLOE

Jessica is going to be furious when she finds out. She'll never forgive me.

GREG

That's why we have to subtly work to soften her attitude toward Izzy. Haven't you noticed me doing that?

CHLOE

No. I mean, I've noticed you acting weird but that's nothing new.

GREG

I'm getting her to reevaluate her whole Izzy outlook.

CHLOE

And how are you doing that, exactly?

GREG

By using my powers of...you know...

CHLOE

Your super powers?

GREG

Psychology. I'm applying certain psychological techniques, subtle psychological...you know...techniques...

(Trails off, thinks.)

We're in trouble.

CHLOE

Dammit Greg.

GREG

Alright, it just means we need to get through this week to ten days without her ever discovering he was hiding here.

CHLOE

Ten days? It's only been a day and I'm a nervous wreck. If this blows up in our faces and it comes down to saving our marriage or saving my friendship with Jessica, I'm going with Jessica.

GREG

Fair enough.

(The doorbell rings. CHLOE yelps. GREG starts.)

GREG

Would you quit doing that?

(GREG tiptoes to the window. Notices he's tiptoeing.)

Look at this. You've got me tiptoeing.

CHLOE

Don't blame your tiptoeing on me.

GREG

Well would you just relax, please?

CHLOE
Who is it?

GREG
(peeks out the window.)
It's Roscoe.

CHLOE
Don't let him in!

GREG
What do you mean don't let him in? We gotta let him in.

CHLOE
Okay let him in! Let's tell him about Izzy!

GREG
No!

CHLOE
I want to tell him about Izzy!

GREG
Why?

CHLOE
He'll be good. He'll know what to do!

GREG
We already know what to do, Chloe. Relax. Be cool.
(GREG admits ROSCOE. Coolly.)
How you doin' my man?

ROSCOE
(Making for the patio.)
TMZ is on their way here right now. Where's Jessica?

GREG
TMZ? Now?

CHLOE
Oh my god.

(Noise from JESSICA and FLORO
draws ROSCOE into the patio.)

CHLOE

They'll know, Greg. They'll know.

GREG

Who? What are you talking about?

CHLOE

TMZ. They'll know we're hiding Izzy.

GREG

How in the world would they know that?

CHLOE

Let's bring in Roscoe. Let's bring him into the inner circle. We need Roscoe in the inner circle.

GREG

We don't need Roscoe in the inner circle! Chloe, you need to be cool and I mean be cool right now. Be cool!

CHLOE

Don't you bark at me. You're the idiot who got us into this stupid stupid thing.

GREG

Chloe, honey. Just be cool.

(Saunters for the bar.)

Look at me. See? I'm cool. We'll get through this. You just gotta find your cool and be cool with it.

(Reaches the bar, coolly fills a shaker with ice and booze.)

If you can't find your cool, feed off me, baby. I got enough cool for the both of us.

(JESSICA, in a summer dress, having done no swimming, bursts from the patio followed by ROSCOE.)

JESSICA

(Angrily.)

Izzy!

GREG

(Whirling and streaking the wall
with ice and vodka.)

WHERE?

JESSICA

It's always about Izzy! An Izzy St. Claire retrospective?
You have got to be kidding!

(JESSICA makes for the bar. GREG
sees her coming, hastily lurches
out of the way, fumbles the
shaker, dropkicks it in the
direction of Chloe, chases it.)

ROSCOE

The man just died, Jessica. He can't have a retrospective?

~~(JESSICA hastily makes a mimosa.~~
CHLOE retrieves the shaker,
nervously downs it's meager
contents.)

JESSICA

Don't you see? The bastard did it to me again. From beyond
the grave!

GREG

Presumptive grave.

ROSCOE

Jessica, this isn't about Izzy. This is about you. The
spotlight is on you, darling.

(JESSICA looks at ROSCOE, wide-
eyed.)

Everybody is going to want to see how you react. This is
your moment.

JESSICA

Oh. Right. Okay, so, light and breezy.

ROSCOE

What? No! The man just died in a plane crash! You can't be
light and breezy. You gotta be sad and shocked. But not
overly so. You gotta strike just the right tone. Somewhere
between sadness and shock and fond remembrance.

JESSICA

Sadness, shock, and fond remembrance. Okay, what are my lines?

ROSCOE

Lines?

JESSICA

Lines, Roscoe! Lines! I don't know what to say. I can't do this.

ROSCOE

Yes you can, Jessica.

CHLOE

Of course you can, honey.

(FLORO enters, hopping, trying to get the water from his ear.)

JESSICA

I don't think so, I - I - Goddamn him! I can't breathe.

ROSCOE

Jessica, now is not the time for a panic attack.

JESSICA

Oh, well then I'll just have to reschedule it!

(Their attention is drawn to FLORO.)

FLORO

Agua en mi oído. Water in the ear.

(FLORO ends his histrionics, satisfied.)

There! So, they're coming, eh? The news people?

JESSICA

I don't want them here. I don't know what to say.

FLORO

Jessica, just speak your heart! Be yourself!

ROSCOE, CHLOE, AND GREG

No!

JESSICA

I can't do this, Roscoe.

GREG

Oh! Listen to this! When they ask you about the elevator, you say, the elevator was nothing. There's a funicular in Rio that had to be scrapped for parts after the band and I got through with it.

(Greg's line goes over like a lead balloon.)

You know. A funicular. One of those...

(GREG slants his arm, indicating the angle of a funicular track. The doorbell rings. CHLOE yelps. Jessica yelps. ROSCOE yelps. GREG starts.)

ROSCOE

Alright. Here we go.

JESSICA

Send them away.

ROSCOE

We are not sending them away.

JESSICA

Tell them I have influenza!

ROSCOE

Influenza?

JESSICA

I'll tell them!

(JESSICA makes for the door. ROSCOE catches and redirects her way from the door.)

ROSCOE

Pull yourself together!

(JESSICA veers to the bar, pours a glass of champagne.)

ROSCOE

Everybody relax. Floro, as much as I hate to ask, would you put on some clothes, please?

FLORO

(Making for the archway.)

Yes, of course, and then we all pretend, eh?

(FLORO exits. ROSCOE moves to pat the sofa.)

ROSCOE

Greg, Chloe, right here.

(GREG and CHLOE sit where indicated by ROSCOE. ROSCOE Moves to pat an armchair.)

Jessica, here.

(JESSICA starts for the armchair, U-turns, returns to the bar to pour a glass of champagne, downs it, makes for the armchair carrying the bottle. ROSCOE snatches the bottle, returns it to the bar, goes to the door. JESSICA U-turns, crosses to the bar to grab the bottle of champagne then disappears through the archway. GREG and CHLOE exchange a quick whisper then CHLOE rises to follow JESSICA. ROSCOE opens the door to reveal HEIDI HIRSCH and BILLY, who has a camera over his shoulder and is filming.)

Welcome!

(HEIDI HIRSCH gives ROSCOE the "rolling" signal and addresses the camera.)

HEIDI HIRSCH

So here we are at the home of Jessica St. Claire, Izzy's ex-wife, who has agreed to her first interview in over two years, and it comes on the day of Izzy St. Claire's tragic death.

(To THE OTHERS.)

Okay everybody, try not to stare into the camera, relate to me. Hey Roscoe. Great to see you.

ROSCOE

Likewise, Heidi.

(BILLY stays behind HEIDI [and will throughout], filming where she is looking. ROSCOE Turns and gestures to the sitting area.)

Well, the gang's all...

(Looks around for JESSICA.)

Where'd she go?

GREG

(Pointing.)

She...She's brushing her teeth. She had a...

(Points to his teeth.)

She's gonna give 'em a quick brush. Chloe is grabbing her.

(HEIDI HIRSCH turns to address ROSCOE.)

I'm Greg by the way.

(HEIDI HIRSCH turns back to GREG, gives him a tight smile, turns back to ROSCOE, opens her mouth to speak.)

Chloe and I are friends of Jessica.

HEIDI HIRSH

(Gives GREG a last tight smile and nod. Turns to ROSCOE.)

How is she? She ready to go?

ROSCOE

She's ready. Of course, she's shocked and saddened, and she's remembering Izzy fondly.

HEIDI HIRSCH

That doesn't sound like Jessica.

ROSCOE

Well, you know, Heidi, Jessica has really changed over these last few years. She's experienced a lot of personal growth, and she's mellowed.

(JESSICA, OFF, screams.)

HEIDI HIRSCH

That sounds like my girl. Let's go.

(HEIDI HIRSCH and BILLY start for the bedrooms as JESSICA bursts out, running them.)

Here she is! Hi, Jessica.

(BILLY pans with JESSICA as she runs into the kitchen. JESSICA frantically points back to the archway.)

JESSICA

Someone's in the house. I swear it was Izzy!

HEIDI HIRSCH

What?

ROSCOE

What?

FLORO

(Entering from the archway.)

Jessica, what is it?

JESSICA

I think I saw Izzy.

GREG

Oh, uh – Izzy's ghost, she means.

FLORO

Que los santos nos protejan!

(FLORO crosses himself.)

GREG

I should probably explain. Earlier, Floro hear had been speaking ill of the dead. Namely, Izzy.

FLORO

Is true. May God forgive me.

GREG

Assuming he is actually dead and not just presumably dead. But that's neither here nor there. Anyway, Floro's abuelita uh – well, lemme just – one of Jessica's Japanese bidet's went off by itself – and uh –

HEIDI

Jessica, is this true? Are you telling us you just saw the ghost of Izzy St. Claire?

JESSICA

I don't know, I just, I started to go into a room and there was someone there and – it looked like Izzy and then I –

(JESSICA brings her hands to her mouth, rattled.)

HEIDI HIRSCH

This is incredible. Oh uh, Floro? Where do you fit in?

GREG

Jessica's boyfriend. They met at the fitness center. He's a man of the wind.

FLORO

Florencio Colón. Please, call me Floro.

HEIDI

(Admiring Floro.)

Fantastic, Floro. Can we see that cross thingie again?

FLORO

Yes, of course.

(FLORO crosses himself.)

HEIDI HIRSCH

Very nice, thank you. Jessica, can take us to where you saw whatever it is you saw?

(JESSICA nods.)

Okay, on me, Billy.

(BILLY directs his camera at HEIDI HIRSCH.)

This is Heidi Hirsch coming to you from the home of Jessica St. Claire, who has just reported seeing the ghost of her ex-husband Izzy St. Claire.

JESSICA

Well, I - I saw something - I'm not saying it was a -

HEIDI

(Waving her hand at JESSICA to keep her quiet.)

Dit dit dit dit dit -

(Back to the camera.)

As you may remember, the marriage of Izzy and Jessica St. Claire was a disaster, filled with nasty, often violent public clashes. TMZ was there to cover it all, eventually winning the Emmy for Best Coverage of a Celebrity Matrimonial Meltdown. Is the ghost of Izzy with us today?

HEIDI HIRSCH (CONT'D)

(Thunder clap. Gasps from
ROSCOE, CHLOE, JESSICA.)

Let's find out. Jessica, are you ready?

(JESSICA takes Floro's hand.
JESSICA, FLORO, HEIDI HIRSCH and
BILLY disappear through the
archway just as CHLOE enters
from the patio with IZZY. IZZY
wears a white towel around his
head, tied with a men's tie. His
face is hidden.)

CHLOE

I'm afraid this is all my fault. You see - where'd
everybody go?

ROSCOE

They went to, uh, who's...

CHLOE

Oh, forgive me, Roscoe. This is Abdulrahman Hafeez.

GREG

Oh! Yes! Brilliant!

CHLOE

(To GREG.)

Thank you.

(Back to ROSCOE.)

You see, I invited Mr. Hafeez to have a look at the house.

GREG

Of course you did! It all makes perfect sense!

CHLOE

You see, Mr. Hafeez is interested in buying the house,
aren't you, Mr. Hafeez?

(IZZY nods enthusiastically,
gives a thumbs up.)

ROSCOE

Why is this man wearing a bedsheet?

CHLOE

(Gesturing to ROSCOE.)

Greg. Inner Circle.

GREG

(To CHLOE)

Alright. I'll bring him in.

(To ROSCOE)

Roscoe, sit tight, I'm gonna bring you into the inner circle.

(Back to CHLOE.)

Chlo, go back. I'll cue you two when they come out and we'll take it from the top.

(CHLOE and IZZY nod, go back into the patio.)

ROSCOE

Would you mind telling me -

GREG

That was Izzy.

ROSCOE

Who was?

GREG

Mr. Hafeez. He's in disguise.

ROSCOE

Mr. Hafeez is in disguise?

GREG

Izzy is disguised as Mr. Hafeez.

ROSCOE

I don't understand.

GREG

Izzy is not dead. He's hiding here.

ROSCOE

Disguised as Mr. Hafeez.

GREG

Yes, at this time, but not always. Whatever you do, don't tell Jessica.

(BILLY backs from the archway,
filming JESSICA, FLORO and HEIDI
HIRSCH as they enter from the
archway.)

JESSICA

I could swear I saw someone.

GREG

(Addressing the patio entrance.)

And...

HEIDI HIRSCH

And you're absolutely convinced it was your ex-husband Izzy
St. Claire?

GREG

Action!

(CHLOE enters from the patio
with disguised IZZY. They make
straight for the front door.)

CHLOE

I'm afraid this is all my fault. You see, I forgot to tell
Jessica I asked Abdulrahman Hafeez to come by and take a
look at the house.

GREG

Oh, well, that explains it.

JESSICA

Oh! Oh my god! But, he wasn't, he didn't -

CHLOE

Yes, isn't it? Very much so. Okay, Mr. Hafeez, thanks for
stopping by. I'll call you and we'll discuss your offer.

(IZZY waves and leaves through
the front door. CHLOE crosses
nervously to the bar.)

GREG

To think that Jessica glimpsed Mr. Hafeez and, in the wake
of the Japanese bidet incident, mistakenly believed she'd
seen the ghost of Izzy.

CHLOE

(Aside to GREG.)

Alright, they get it. Don't beat it to death.

GREG

(Aside to CHLOE.)

He going back to the sailboat?

CHLOE

(Aside to GREG.)

Yep.

JESSICA

But I – I don't see how – How could I have – oh whatever.

GREG

Jessica makes a good point.

BILLY

(Lowering the camera.)

Something weird going on, here.

HEIDI HIRSCH

Keep filming. I have a feeling it's only going to get better.

JESSICA

So, is he going to make an offer?

CHLOE

Who?

JESSICA

Mr. Hafeez.

CHLOE

Oh, uh, he didn't say. He uh...yeah.

HEIDI HIRSCH

Jessica, we have so many questions. Can we sit with you for a bit? And Roscoe, maybe you could take – Roscoe, what's the matter?

(ROSCOE has been standing there with a puzzled look on his face.)

ROSCOE

I'm...it's just I, it's all a little too much for me right now.

HEIDI HIRSCH

Do you think you could take...

(HEIDI HIRSCH gestures to GREG.)

GREG

Greg.

HEIDI HIRSCH

Over there...

(HEIDI HIRSCH gestures to the kitchen. GREG, CHLOE, and ROSCOE huddle around the kitchen island. HEIDI HIRSCH adjusts chairs.)

And let's have Jessica here. Floro, maybe right over here.

(JESSICA and FLORO sit. BILLY holds the light meter next to Jessica's cheek, etc. HEIDI HIRSCH sits across from JESSICA. ROSCOE, GREG and CHLOE whisper to one another very audibly at the kitchen island.)

Now, Jessica St. Claire, the relationship you had with Izzy St. Claire is complex, to say the least, but today...

(HEIDI HIRSCH trails off, turns to regard CHLOE, ROSCOE and GREG, who realize HEIDI HIRSCH is waiting for them to quiet.)

ROSCOE

Sorry.

HEIDI HIRSCH

(Back to JESSICA.)

Today we'll touch on the good and the bad, but I'd like to start with what many refer to today as the elevator incident.

(JESSICA rises abruptly, makes for the bar.)

JESSICA

I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about.

HEIDI HIRSCH

Oh, come on, Jessica. Izzy and the whole band have said it was you, um, leading the charge, as it were.

JESSICA

Oh, well, who really knows what went on in those wild, drug-fueled days?

(ROSCOE hangs his head. JESSICA

Snatches a bottle from the bar.)

Floro, let's go sailing!

FLORO

But it is not safe! The weather is no so good!

JESSICA

Don't be such a pussy!

(JESSICA disappears through the archway. FLORO leaps up and gives chase, disappearing through the archway.)

GREG

Dammit!

(GREG runs into the patio.)

HEIDI

(To BILLY.)

Go go go!

(BILLY gives chase, disappearing through the archway. Turning to ROSCOE.)

Roscoe, she is the gift that keeps giving. Thank you so much for this.

ROSCOE

(Dryly.)

Sure thing.

(HEIDI runs off through the archway. ROSCOE rises, starts for the bar.)

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Well, now that Jessica's career is officially over, I think I'll have a drink. Bellini, Chloe?

CHLOE

No. Shots, I think.

(Lights dim. Lights up on the sailboat interior. IZZY watches out a porthole. ZOYA appears in the portal behind him. She's wearing a mask and carries a silenced pistol. She opens the portal, aims the gun at IZZY. Sound of footsteps. ZOYA, alarmed, slinks OFF as GREG appears.)

GREG

Off! Off! Off! Off! Off!

IZZY

Are you joking?

GREG

MOVE.

IZZY

(Exiting the sailboat cabin.)

Right.

(Sound of footsteps. A splash. JESSICA appears, enters the sailboat cabin. Sound of footsteps. FLORO appears at the porthole.)

FLORO

Jessica, my darling, it is not safe to sail!

JESSICA

Just jib the mizzenflibble, sailor. That's an order.

(JESSICA swigs from her bottle. BILLY appears, aiming his camera in at JESSICA. Brightly to camera.)

Hello.

HEIDI HIRSCH

(Entering. Brightly.)

There you are.

JESSICA

(Brightly.)

Here I am.

HEIDI HIRSCH

You know, this is not a bad idea. We can set up here.

JESSICA

I'd love to, but, unfortunately, there's a storm rolling in. Tell 'em, Floro.

(JESSICA exits.)

FLORO

Yes, well, you see...

(HEIDI HIRSCH and BILLY ignore FLORO, follow after JESSICA. FLORO shrugs. Lights dim. Lights up on great room. ROSCOE and CHLOE swirl their drinks.)

CHLOE

A good chunk of Florida buyers bought their homes during the bubble, and now they're left with houses they can't afford.

ROSCOE

So you think foreclosures will continue?

(GREG and IZZY race in from the patio, round the corner and disappear through the archway.)

CHLOE

I do, yes.

(GREG and IZZY run in through the archway, race across the room, exit the kitchen slider. JESSICA runs in from the archway, crosses to the bar, pours a champagne, downs it.)

ROSCOE

Does that mean prices will drop?

CHLOE

Considerably.

(JESSICA exits through the cased opening.)

ROSCOE

I got a three-bedroom place. 'Bout a mile from the beach.

(BILLY and HEIDI HIRSCH enter from the patio, look around. ROSCOE and CHLOE point to the cased opening. BILLY and HEIDI HIRSCH disappear through the cased opening.)

CHLOE

When did you buy it?

ROSCOE

About five years ago.

CHLOE

Well, I say hold on, as long as you can stand to watch it go down in value twenty to thirty percent.

ROSCOE

That much?

CHLOE

I'm afraid so.

(JESSICA enters from cased opening with HEIDI HIRSCH and BILLY on her heels. JESSICA makes for the archway. FLORO enters from the archway and they meet face to face.)

FLORO

Jessica, you must stop this. Do not fear your past. Be honest. Be yourself. Speak your heart. If they will judge you then let them judge. I will not. I will only love you.

JESSICA

Oh, Floro.

(FLORO takes both of Jessica's hands, kisses them. BILLY moves in for a close-up.)

HEIDI HIRSCH

That sounds like good advice.

(Gestures to the seating area.)

Shall we?

JESSICA

What do you think, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

Floro's right. Play it how you feel it, girl.

FLORO

There, you see? No more running.

(GREG runs in through the kitchen slider, whirls about, looking around wildly, essentially doing a silent dance for everyone, then relaxing.)

GREG

Okay, so, we're all good? Excellent.

(Saunters over to CHLOE...)

What are we drinking?

(...as JESSICA and HEIDI HIRSCH sit across from one another, BILLY positions himself and FLORO sits nearby.)

HEIDI HIRSCH

Jessica St. Claire, we sit here, having just learned Izzy St. Claire is...no longer with us.

GREG

(A fake sneeze.)

Presumably!

(HEIDI looks at GREG.)

'Scuse me.

HEIDI HIRSCH

It's no secret your marriage was...

JESSICA

A dumpster fire.

HEIDI HIRSCH

I understand you two never became amicable after the divorce? Never patched things up?

JESSICA

Oh, god no.

HEIDI HIRSCH

You two didn't communicate?

JESSICA

Not at all.

HEIDI HIRSCH

There was still a lot of anger.

JESSICA

Oh yes.

HEIDI HIRSCH

And now?

JESSICA

Oh, uh, a little bit. It's weird, I know he's gone, but --

(A thunderclap. IZZY runs in through the kitchen slider, whirls about, looking around wildly, essentially doing a silent dance for everyone, CHLOE yelp.)

GREG

KRYST.

(JESSICA and FLORO gasp, rise. FLORO crosses himself.)

CHLOE

Oh my god, Greg, look who's here.

GREG

Is that who I think it is?

HEIDI HIRSH

Oh. My. God.

BILLY

No way.

(BILLY raises his camera to film
IZZY.)

IZZY

There's someone out there taking shots at me!

JESSICA

Izzy?

FLORO

Be you human or spirit?

IZZY

She's tall and sultry and all sexy like, and she's got a
gun. I think she's after me!

JESSICA

What – what's – what are you – what is going on here?

CHLOE

He survived the plane crash, Jess.

GREG

We were hiding him here.

JESSICA

What? Why? Why do that?

GREG

It's complicated, Jessica.

JESSICA

Are you making fun of me?

CHLOE

No, honey.

GREG

No.

JESSICA

Then why?

GREG

Because he asked me to.

IZZY

Are you people not listening to a bloody word I'm saying?

JESSICA

I - I - I want you out.

IZZY

Jessica, a very attractive masked woman is trying to kill me.

JESSICA

GET OUT!

IZZY

You never change, do you? Can you for once try and grasp the larger picture?

JESSICA

Auurrgh!

(JESSICA charges IZZY. IZZY runs into the kitchen. JESSICA chases him around the kitchen island, grabbing a frying pan along the way. IZZY races out through the archway.)

I'll show you the larger picture, crumpet sucker!

FLORO

(Racing after them.)

Jessica! No! Let me!

(BILLY gives chase with his camera. HEIDI HIRSCH follows, stopping to kiss ROSCOE on the cheek then disappearing out the archway.)

ROSCOE

Not how I thought this would go.

GREG

No. Me neither.

CHLOE

What was all that about a sultry vixen trying to kill him?

ROSCOE

No idea.

GREG

Must be back on the shrooms.

(Thunder and lightning. A storm erupts. ZOYA runs in through the kitchen slider. ROSCOE, CHLOE and GREG gasp/scream, race out the archway. ZOYA U-turns and exits out the kitchen slider.)

(Over music["Wangle Dangle by Izzy St. Claire]: IZZY races in through the archway, exits through the kitchen slider. JESSICA races in through the archway, looks around, exits through the cased opening. FLORO races in through the archway, exits through the kitchen slider. BILLY races in through the archway followed by HEIDI HIRSCH and they exit through the kitchen slider. BILLY and HEIDI HIRSCH immediately return with their hands up, backing away from ZOYA, who directs them at gunpoint into the entry closet. FLORO races in from the patio. ZOYA directs him at gunpoint into the guest bathroom, then darts into the patio as IZZY races in through the kitchen slider with JESSICA hot on his tail. They exit through the archway. GREG, CHLOE, and ROSCOE enter from the patio area with their hands up, followed by ZOYA, who directs them into the guest bathroom. ZOYA looks about

tactically, then exits through the kitchen slider just as IZZY runs in from the patio with JESSICA on his tail. IZZY and JESSICA cat and mouse around the kitchen island.

(Music fades out.)

IZZY

You've got to listen to me! There's someone with a gun out there trying to kill me!

JESSICA

If I were you I'd worry about me.

IZZY

Well ain't this just like old times?

JESSICA

I can kill you right now and get away with it. As far as anyone knows, you're already dead.

IZZY

You don't really want to kill me, Jessica.

JESSICA

Uh, no, I do. I really do.

IZZY

I think you still fancy me.

JESSICA

You're delusional.

IZZY

Alright, then. Do your worst.

(IZZY stops moving. JESSICA

rears back with the frying pan.)

Hang on! I need to tell you something before we carry on.

JESSICA

Alright, hurry up.

IZZY

I told your mates I came here to lay low so everyone would think I was dead and my record sales would shoot up.

JESSICA

Sounds like something you would think of.

IZZY

What I didn't tell them was, when I was being chucked about on that plane, before Michael Jackson appeared before me –

JESSICA

Michael Jackson?

IZZY

I'll explain later. Point is, I thought of you. And the thought of never seeing you again scared me, like, scarier than the idea of my own death.

JESSICA

Yeah. Nice try.

IZZY

It's proper true, Jessica.

JESSICA

Please.

IZZY

If I have to spend the rest of my life atoning for my sins against you – and there are so many for which I am so sorry it probably *will* take a lifetime – then so be it.

JESSICA

Uh huh. What else you got?

(Izzy removes a chain with a bullet from around his neck.)

IZZY

You know why I still wear this bullet around my neck?

JESSICA

To humiliate me.

IZZY

You stood there right in front of me and somehow missed all of my important organs. You couldn't do me in because you had feelings for me back then, and I reckon you still do now, just like I do for you.

JESSICA

(apparently softening.)

Oh, Izzy.

(Jessica lowers the frying pan, moves to IZZY as IZZY moves to her. Suddenly JESSICA rears back with the frying pan. Her backswing strikes ZOYA, entering from the kitchen slider, ZOYA goes down. IZZY ducks her follow through. JESSICA spins around, falls into Izzy's arms.)

IZZY

Missed again.

(The storm intensifies as IZZY gives JESSICA a long, deep kiss. GREG, CHLOE, ROSCOE and FLORO open the door of the guest bathroom as HEIDI HIRSCH and BILLY open the door of the entry closet. ALL OF THEM watch IZZY and JESSICA finish kissing.)

JESSICA

Oh, Izzy.

(Comes to her senses.)

Oh! Izzy!

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIIScene 2

SETTING: A snazzy, one story waterfront home in Florida.

BEFORE LIGHTS:

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)

Upon hearing her ex-husband had been thrown from the plane in the waters near her home, Jessica St. Claire and Florencio Colón, a man of the wind, along with two friends, Greg and Chloe Fulgerson, bravely took to the seas in the Wangle Dangle, a sailboat named after the rocker's most popular album. Miraculously, it was Jessica St. Claire and friends who found Izzy desperately treading water a mile off the coast of Perdido Key. According to St. Claire, had his ex-wife Jessica and her friends not arrived at the very moment they did, he would not have survived.

LIGHTS UP: Days later. GREG and ROSCOE stand watching the TV. HEIDI HIRSH and BILLY are readying to film in the seating area, where JESSICA sits next to FLORO. CHLOE fusses with Jessica's hair.

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)

The story does not end there, however. In an even stranger turn of events, Jessica St. Claire saved the rock singer's life a second time when she single-handedly thwarted an attempt on her ex-husband's life at the hands of a hired killer. Police say the killer, a sultry, long-legged vixen, is cooperating with police, and the arrest of the person or persons who hired her is expected shortly. The story has captured the imagination of the nation and sales of St. Claire's Wangle Dangle are said to be in the millions...

GREG

(Turning off TV.)

I can't get enough of it. It's a brilliantly concocted story, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Thank you, Greg.

HEIDI HIRSCH

A TMZ exclusive broken by Heidi Hirsch.

GREG

And to think, If I hadn't of —

CHLOE

Greg, don't take credit for things.

GREG

Right.

(Sounds from a bathroom: water
sluicing, blowers, a tremendous
flush.)

IZZY

(Emerging from bathroom.)

I'm telling ya, that thing's well worth the entrance fee.

HEIDI HIRSCH

Okay, Izzy, right here next to Jessica.

(IZZY sits where indicated.)

HEIDI HIRSCH

Let's pick up where we left off. Izzy, you have announced your intention to court Jessica, with an eye toward reconciliation. What makes you think you have any chance to win her back?

IZZY

Well, I'm a changed man, aren't I? You see, when a bloke faces death, he learns about himself. What I learned was I still have...

(FLORO makes a dismissive lip-
flapping noise.)

...feelings for Jessica. Now, I've got a lot of grafting to do to make things right. The fact she hasn't chucked me out, as she's well within her rights to do, gives me a bit of hope.

HEIDI

On the other hand, we have Floro here, and, well, there ain't much wrong with Floro!

(IZZY makes a dismissive lip-
flapping noise.)

Floro, how do you feel about having to compete for Jessica's love?

FLORO

Is hardly a competition. Against me, the man has no chance.

HEIDI HIRSCH

Well, the battle for Jessica St. Claire's heart is on, and it will all be brought to you live by TMZ on our new reality show, "Chasing Jessica." Jessica, care to tell us which way you're leaning?

JESSICA

Oh, the odds are definitely with Floro. He's kind and decent and thoughtful. And Izzy is...Izzy.

IZZY

Old Izzy, perhaps. Wait 'til I show you New Izzy.

FLORO

She knows you, bastardo! You cannot fool her!

IZZY

What do you know about it? You've only been on the scene five minutes. Jessica and I have history.

FLORO

I don't think your history is such a strong point for you.

(GREG, CHLOE and ROSCOE react with "Hooooooo" and "Burn" and "Touché'" and "Point for Floro," etc.)

IZZY

Alright piss off you lot.

FLORO

You watch your foul tongue. There are women here!

IZZY

Sod off you wanker!

FLORO

How dare you speak to me like that!

HEIDI HIRSCH

Sounds like this could get a little...

JESSICA

Explosive?

HEIDI HIRSCH

Exactly.

JESSICA

Well, what's love without a few fireworks?

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF PLAY)

Performance rights must be secured before production. For contact information, please visit [the information page for Wangle Dangle](#)