

everything's whispered (for now)

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Read at New Georges' The Room

SCENE 1

Lights up on RACHEL in a small office. She's in her late 20s, dressed in business casual. She's being questioned, but we only hear the interrogator's voice. We hear a beep.

I: This interview is being recorded for internal purposes only.

RACHEL: This is so – this is weird!

I: State your name.

RACHEL: Um, ok. Rachel Thompson.

I: State your position.

RACHEL: Executive Assistant to Mr. Stanley Weisman.

I: Anything you state within the context of this interview is strictly confidential.

RACHEL: Oh, wow. Is this – did something bad happen?

I: This is an internal investigation and we need to stress anything said in this room needs to stay in this room.

RACHEL: Am I in trouble?

I: No, no, nothing like that. Although I know you're leaving us soon, your record is absolutely clear and this has nothing to do with your job performance.

RACHEL: Ok...

I: Can you describe your relationship with Mr. Stanley Weisman?

RACHEL: My relationship? I mean, he's my boss. He's a good boss. He's really nice.

I: How would you characterize the nature and frequency of your interactions with Mr. Weisman?

RACHEL: Um, well I'm his assistant, so I interact with him frequently.

I: Approximately how many times a day, would you say?

RACHEL: Do you mean in person? Or on the phone, or e-mail, or text? And it really depends because if he's out of town visiting another branch, I mean obviously I'm not going to see him in person, but I'm still interacting with him remotely.

I: I see. So it's extremely frequent.

RACHEL: Yes, I mean you know – you know that.

I: It's protocol. I have to ask these questions.

RACHEL: Right. OK.

I: Have you ever spoken with any other employee about their interactions with Mr. Weisman, professional or otherwise?

RACHEL: Um...I mean, I feel weird talking about this. I'm supposed to keep Mr. Weisman's information confidential. Isn't that – isn't that a really important part of my job?

I: Absolutely, Rachel. But the question is about speaking with other employees about their interactions with Mr. Weisman.

RACHEL: Um, well, usually we talk about how he's really nice. He buys lunch for us sometimes and he lets me out early on Friday nights because he knows that Tom and I don't get to see each other that much. My fiancé (*she glows*).

I: Congratulations. Can you describe -

RACHEL: Tha-

I: -your relationship with Susan White?

RACHEL: (*Beat*) Who?

I: Susan White. She works in the mailroom.

RACHEL: The mailroom...oh, Susan. Yeah. I mean, I don't – I don't really know Susan very well.

I: How would you characterize the nature and frequency of your interactions with Ms. White?

RACHEL: I mean, sometimes she drops off the mail at my desk. Sometimes it's the guy.

I: Does Ms. White ever go into Mr. Weisman's office?

RACHEL: What? I mean, if I'm not there, for some reason. In case there's something important. I mean, yeah. But I'm usually there.

I: How often would you say you're not there when the mail gets delivered to Mr. Weisman?

RACHEL: Um, I mean I barely ever get sick. And someone usually covers the desk if I'm not here.

I: Has Mr. Weisman ever made a comment about your clothing or appearance?

RACHEL: What?

I: Has Mr. Weisman ever made a comment about your clothing or appearance?

RACHEL: I –

I: You seem uncomfortable.

RACHEL: I mean – I'm just nervous. I wasn't expecting –

I: Of course.

RACHEL: He's told me I looked nice before. He tells a lot of his employees they look nice. It's just – it's a nice thing for him to say. That's all. I'm sorry – is this going to take much longer? I'm training someone, and she –

I: No problem. We only have a few questions left.

SCENE 2: THE BREAK ROOM

THE BREAK ROOM

Tess, Victoria, and Jim sit in the break room. Victoria is stunning, her makeup is perfect, and she has a dark green juice in front of her. Tess is pretty in an I-don't-care-what-I-look-like kind of way and has a normal-looking lunch (and is also eating peanut butter out of a jar with a spoon). Jim sits away from them, on his phone, otherwise occupying himself.

TESS: So you bring that with you when you go out? I mean, if someone asks you out to dinner, you'd..you'd bring that with you?

VICTORIA: Um, yeah.

TESS: You'd bring that with you, like in your purse?

VICTORIA: Yeah, or - I mean, yeah.

TESS: Like on a date?

VICTORIA: Well yeah, I mean I think it's attractive to take care of yourself.

TESS: Do you drink alcohol?

VICTORIA: Not when you're on a juice cleanse! That's the whole point. You have to get rid of all the toxins in your body, like, you don't smoke, you don't drink caffeine, you don't drink alcohol -

TESS: God, kill me.

VICTORIA: It's really good for you. And it actually tastes really good, the way I make them. There's kale and garlic and spirulina and -

TESS: Spiru what?

VICTORIA: It's like...it's like algae.

TESS: So you take garlic algae juice with you on a date? That's disgusting.

VICTORIA: It just tastes like apples. It's good!

TESS: Just looking at that makes me want a cigarette.

VICTORIA: That's...that's really sad.

Beat

VICTORIA: Just...do it with me! Do you want to juice with me?

TESS: Not even a little bit.

VICTORIA: Come on, do the juice cleanse with me and my mom!

TESS: Oh my god, no.

VICTORIA: Yeah! Me and my mom are doing it together. Come on -

TESS: Not a chance in the - your mother's doing this with you?

VICTORIA: Yes. We both want to lose 15 pounds.

TESS: Wow, this so much more fucked up than I thought it was. Holy shit –

VICTORIA: Why is it fucked up to want to look your best?

TESS: And like compete with your mother over weight loss? Your mother lives in South Carolina.

VICTORIA: We're doing Skype weigh-ins. And...I'm gonna beat her.

TESS: Yeah, I bet you are. Jim, are you hearing this?

JIM: What?

VICTORIA: (*to Tess*) Don't...don't...please.

JIM: (*mutters*) She always likes it when I add my two cents in.

VICTORIA: What?

JIM: Hm?

VICTORIA: Are you playing a video game or something?

JIM: Do you have Candy Crush on your phone?

VICTORIA: I – I don't even know what that is.

TESS: It's ok, Jim has a lot of time on his hands. It's fine. You don't. You go out. Me, I go home, I get drunk, I fall asleep. We all do our things that we need to do.

VICTORIA: Come on, do the juice cleanse with me.

TESS: No.

VICTORIA: Why?

TESS: Because it sounds revolting. Besides, I don't need to feel any worse. I don't need to be competing – over here (*gestures towards Victoria and her body*) – although, if I did, maybe I too would be making...twenty-three dollars an hour.

VICTORIA: I told you not to –

TESS: What? It's just the facts. Jim, doesn't she have her job because she's gorgeous?

JIM: Hm? I- I don't think I'm allowed to say-

TESS: You're up front while Jim and I are in the back where they keep the men and the ugly women.

VICTORIA: Just let me make you a juice. Please, can I make you a juice?

TESS: OK.

VICTORIA: Really?

TESS: Sure, if it'll make you that happy, make me a juice.

JIM: I want one.

TESS: Oh great, maybe we can all do the cleanse together.

JIM: It'll change the color of my pee. I like that.

VICTORIA: Wow.

TESS: So we'll all do the cleanse together and after it's over I can have your job and Jim won't have to be a secretary anymore.

JIM: Administrative assistant.

VICTORIA: Do you think I look any thinner? Do I look any better?

TESS: No, you look like a fat pig.

VICTORIA: That's not...that's not helpful.

TESS: Of course you look thinner.

VICTORIA: Really?

TESS: Yes.

VICTORIA: Oh my god really?

TESS: You practically look like a skeleton.

VICTORIA: Thank you.

TESS: That's...that's not good.

VICTORIA: What?

TESS: Look -

VICTORIA: OK, I understand like how *you're* saying it -

TESS: It's fine, like we're two ends of the spectrum - right? Like there's a spectrum between you and me. You know what a spectrum is? *Beat*. I don't know, I mean you - you do reception things all day.

VICTORIA: But-

TESS: It's nice, it's good, it's a good deal, I'm impressed with you, you know, the fact that you're able to do reception and manage to make more money than Jim and I who do real work. Anyway, there's a spectrum -

JIM: ROYGBIV.

VICTORIA: You guys...everyone should be getting healthy...and...it...it helps your skin.

TESS: What are you trying to say?

VICTORIA: That something will help you? That's a good thing!

TESS: So you're saying I need help with my skin.

VICTORIA: Everybody needs help.

TESS: Oh my god, speaking of which, have you seen the new woman?

VICTORIA: No.

TESS: She's like...like an adult. I think she's like, 40. I see my future spread out in front of me.

VICTORIA: Rachel said she filled out her W-4 with this like sparkly purple pen.

TESS: No.

VICTORIA: In like, cursive. It's like...*(she whispers)* everything's whispered or something.

(RACHEL enters with JOANN)

RACHEL: So this is the break room, there's coffee if you want, and milk in the fridge – there's just skim milk, I hope that's ok. Oh, and soy. And sometimes there's almond milk. But no cream. We don't have cream.

JOANN: Oh, ok, yeah, skim milk is great. Hi, I'm Joann.

(she reaches out her hand to shake theirs)

TESS: Tess.

VICTORIA: Victoria. *(She doesn't meet Joann's handshake)*

RACHEL: Victoria doesn't shake hands.

VICTORIA: Influenza.

JOANN: Oh, ok. I totally understand.

TESS: Oh my god, is that your ring?

VICTORIA: Oh my god I haven't seen it yet!

RACHEL: It's a family heirloom.

TESS: It's practically vulgar.

RACHEL: Oh, you're so funny.

TESS: No you are.

RACHEL: You are.

VICTORIA: When are you moving?

RACHEL: In three weeks. That's when David's residency starts.

JOANN: Where are you moving?

RACHEL: Ohio...Cleveland.

JOANN: Oh, I have family in Cleveland.

RACHEL: Oh, you do?

JOANN: Yeah, but you know, in the suburbs – it's nice.

RACHEL: I'm *really* excited (*she isn't*).

TESS: You look nothing like your picture.

RACHEL: You really don't.

JOANN: Oh, you guys saw that picture? That's really embarrassing-

TESS: No, it was a really good picture.

RACHEL: It just looked nothing like you.

JOANN: Oh, well that was from 2008, I think?

VICTORIA: They do say a recent picture.

JOANN: Do you think I should send them another one? I didn't know they'd actually look at it.

VICTORIA: Oh, they look at it.

TESS: Yeah, that's why we're all white.

(they all stare at Tess)

TESS: What? (to Rachel) I mean, you're not white, but you know what I mean -

VICTORIA: Anyway, it's too late now. Oh, Rachel, I'm so jealous. Are you going to miss the city?

RACHEL: No! No. I mean, I had my fun, you know, with the girls, but...but it's time to be a grown-up now, you know?

VICTORIA: Totally.

TESS: Ugh, I wish I could be a grown-up.

VICTORIA: I'm so jealous. Ugh. So are you, are you going to stay at home?

RACHEL: I mean, yeah. Yeah, you know, David's like, a doctor now, so I need to set up the house, and -

VICTORIA: Ughhhh

RACHEL: Maybe do some gardening –

TESS: I've always wanted to garden.

VICTORIA: I have to poop. I can't – I'm just – uhhh I'm so excited for you!

TESS: That's gross. Everything about what you're doing is gross. I'm going to go jump out the window now.

Victoria and Tess exit.

JOANN: Congratulations.

RACHEL: Oh, thanks.

JOANN: Your ring is really beautiful.

RACHEL: Thanks, it's really, really special. He said he'd been planning it for a long time. It's really, um, sweet.

JOANN: That's nice.

RACHEL: Yeah, so if you want, you can take a break. Just fill out the sexual harassment form and the confidentiality form and emergency contact form. And you can read the employee manual. There's like...carrots and celery in the fridge, probably.

JOANN: Oh, I love celery.

RACHEL: Right. I have to go back to my desk, I have a lot to do...you know, planning a wedding!

JOANN: Well, if you need any help, just let me know.

RACHEL: Oh, that's like really nice of you.

JOANN: Yeah, I mean, I had one of my own –

RACHEL: Oh. Really?

JOANN: Yeah, I'll tell you about it some other time.

RACHEL: OK, well after your break, just come find me. I'm – I don't know if you remember, but you go through that door, make two lefts, go down the long hallway, make a right, then past the palm tree you'll see a short hallway, but don't go down

there, um, there will be a copier to your left and my desk is in the room to the right of it.

JOANN: Oh...ok.

RACHEL: You can just ask Jim. It's like a little confusing and like really far away.

JOANN: Ok.

RACHEL: Or, you know, just text me.

JOANN: Ok...thanks for all your help.

RACHEL: Ok, bye.

(Rachel exits. Joann goes to pour herself a cup of coffee)

JOANN: So, you guys text around here, huh?

(Jim realizes she's talking to him. A lot of this dialogue overlaps)

JOANN: Sorry -

JIM: Oh - no, I didn't realize -

JOANN: Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to -

JIM: No, sorry-

JOANN: I'm Joann.

JIM: -I just get lost in my own head sometimes. *(He stands up to shake her hand).*
Jim.

JOANN: Hi.

JIM: How you doing.

JOANN: Nice to meet you, Jim.

JIM: Yes. Yeah. J-I-M.

JOANN: Um...

JIM: Like the name. *(beat. He realizes he's being super awkward).* Sorry, you asked something?

JOANN: Oh, no, sorry, I just – you guys communicate by texting here?

JIM: Oh, yeah, you know, unspoken forms of....yeah.

JOANN: Yeah. OK.

(beat. She picks up the forms and starts to read through them)

JIM: If you – need any help – or anything, you, you can let me know-

JOANN: Thanks.

(She searches for a pen, can't find one.)

JOANN: Do you – do you happen to have a pen -

JIM: Uh – no -

JOANN: -No? That's alright, I think I – my daughter actually gave me this pen -

JIM: How old?

JOANN: Uh – yes, I, I have a daughter. She's eight.

JIM: Oh, what's her name? If you don't mind my asking?

JOANN: Um, well -

JIM: No, it's okay -

JOANN: No, it's - uh, her name's Lizzie.

JIM: Like short for Elizabeth?

JOANN: Yeah.

JIM: Just Lizzie would be OK too. Just curious.

(She stares at the forms. A moment.)

JOANN: So how long have you worked here?

JIM: Since...fall of 2011...so almost two years. Two years come September.

JOANN: Do you like it?

JIM: Yeah, you know, it's a place to...do stuff.

JOANN: Yeah.

JIM: You'll do fine, I mean, don't worry, it's like –

JOANN: I don't know what I'm doing here (*She loses it, starts crying*). I'm really sorry–

JIM: No, don't apologize, I mean, it's –

JOANN: This form says “Confidence, Creativity and Optimism,” and I, I feel like I don't even know what those things are anymore. I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry -

JIM: You – you go ahead.

JOANN: I'm so sorry – Jim. *Jim*.

JIM: And you're Joann.

JOANN: So, Jim, do you like those ladies that you work with?

JIM: They're alright.

JOANN: I'm not sure they were so crazy about me.

JIM: It's – you know, it's – just a place to work. You know?

JOANN: Yeah. Yeah. Pay the bills, right?

JIM: Right.

JOANN: I am truly sorry.

JIM: Can I ask one thing? I mean can I ask a favor?

JOANN: Shoot – yeah –

JIM: Stop apologizing.

(*beat*)

JOANN: Check.

SCENE 3: Copy Room.

JoAnn is alone at the copy machine, struggling to figure out a paper jam. Tess enters.

Tess: What's wrong?

JoAnn: Nothing...I'm--

Tess: Well, it looks like something's wrong.

JoAnn: I don't know, it says there's a paper jam and to pull drawer 8A, so I did, but there's nothing there—

Tess: How long do you think this is gonna take?

JoAnn: I don't...I don't know.

Tess: 8A?

JoAnn: Yeah, has this ever happened before?

Tess: I mean, no, I've never heard of 8A.

(Tess inspects the machine, finds the jam.)

Tess: Oh...um...

JoAnn: Careful, it's really hot.

Tess: Yeah, I know. Um, it's right here. You see, the paper? Right here. Great.

JoAnn: Yeah.

Tess: K, that should work.

JoAnn: Thank you.

Tess: You're welcome.

(JoAnn puts paper in toploader and attempts to make copy. It works.)

JoAnn: Whoohoo...Thank you.

Tess: I mean, it's, a, you know, it's a machine.

(Both stand in silence as copies run)

Tess: How many sheets—how many-

JoAnn: Uhh...I have about 100.

Tess: I'm sorry, what?

JoAnn: Uhh...

Tess: ...of how many...

JoAnn: Rachel asked me to make 100 copies of the meeting agenda.

Tess: How many pages is it?

JoAnn: It's 27 pages.

Tess: So it's—

JoAnn: Double sided and stapled.

Tess: Are you doing it page by page?

JoAnn: I can stop it if—

Tess: No, no, no, don't stop it...

JoAnn: You probably have a lot less to copy.

Tess: Yeah, but that meeting's in what, like-

Joann: Forty-five minutes.

Tess: Yeah, you're like way behind. And if I let you do this by yourself, it's gonna get, it's gonna be worse....Here's what we're gonna do....after this page, I'm gonna teach you how to do this in a way that actually makes sense. So...

(Machine jams again)

JoAnn: Ugh, I'm like a total copy machine failure...I'm really sorry.

Tess: No, no, no...

(Tess starts to inspect it again)

JoAnn: No, I feel like I've, I've been standing here for 30 minutes

Tess: No, it's totally fine...um, no, Rachel's a...bitch, for having you do that.

JoAnn: She's been really nice-

Tess: 100 copies? Who's gonna need 100 copies of this?

JoAnn: Well, she told that they needed it for-

Tess: 100 people?

JoAnn: I don't know how many people show up to these meetings.

Tess: Not 100.

Tess: Out of curiosity, where do you think we would have a meeting with 100 people?

JoAnn: I don't know, I don't know, Rachel's just—

Tess: A bitch....Oh, what is this? Ugh, fuckin...aggghhh

JoAnn: Oh my, you're covered--let me - you're just covered in ink.

Tess: There's no point. It won't ever go away. Okay, I'm gonna cancel everything.

(She presses a button)

JoAnn: Okay?

Tess: Okay.

JoAnn: Okay, so you hit stop.

Tess: I hit stop.

JoAnn: It says "Stop Job."

Tess: Yeah.

JoAnn: Stop Job?

Tess: Yeah.

JoAnn: Is it stopped?

Tess: It's stopped.

JoAnn: Okay.

Tess: Great.....can you give me the document?

(JoAnn hands her the document)

Tess: Kay...Great. We're gonna unstaple it. And then we're gonna--did Rachel staple these?

JoAnn: She gave it to me—

Tess: Stapled. Anyway, we're gonna put it up here, instead of here—

JoAnn: Okay, so on the top.

Tess: On the top-

JoAnn: Tray.

Tess: Tray. All together. Unstapled. Great. So we're gonna do 100—And then we're gonna...okay, do you see here it says collate?

JoAnn: Yeah.

Tess: We're gonna say collate?...Yes.

JoAnn: And what about the staples?

Tess: I'm getting there.

JoAnn: Sorry.

Tess: No, it's fine...and then...you see where it says "paper options?"

JoAnn: Mmhmm.

Tess: Okay, you can hit that.

JoAnn: Okay.

Tess: And then...why don't you do it, I'll just walk you through it. You see--

JoAnn: Alright, so lemme try, if I hit "Reset."

Tess: No.

JoAnn: I just wanna see, I just wanna see if I can do this, I need to be able to do something.

Tess: No no, ok, no that's good, that's good, no, yep, let's do it.

JoAnn: Okay, so 100?

Tess: Mmhmm.

JoAnn: And collate?

Tess: Mmhmm.

JoAnn: And...ok?

Tess: Yeah.

JoAnn: And paper...paper...paper tray?

Tess: Nope.

JoAnn: Paper options?

Tess: That's right.

JoAnn: Paper options.

Tess: Yep.

JoAnn: Alright. I'm assuming it's the...

Tess: Um...that's already, ok...that's highlighted, so it's already, 8 1/2 x 11. What we're looking for is... "Other options."

JoAnn: Okay.

Tess: So...go for it.

JoAnn: Other options.

Tess: Great. And then it says...umm—

JoAnn: Other options...Staples.

Tess: Staples is what we're looking for.

JoAnn: Staples. Okay...Okay!

Tess: Great, well, now you have to hit "Go."

JoAnn: I'm just afraid to hit Go. I'm afraid of what's going to happen--

Tess: We all are, but we might as well try.

JoAnn: It stapled!....Thank you, thank you, seriously, this is humiliating.

Tess: No, it's just...life.

JoAnn: I really appreciate it. I'm so sorry I'm taking over this--

Tess: It happens.

(Quiet as copies run)

JoAnn: So...do you like it here?

Tess: *(laughs)* Yeah.

JoAnn: Yeah? Where are you from?

Tess: Uh...Westchester.

JoAnn: Oh.

Tess: Where are you from?

JoAnn: Ah, well I live in CT now, but I'm originally from Tennessee?

Tess: Mmmm...that's cool.

JoAnn: Mmhmm.

Tess: Do you like it here?

JoAnn: Uh....everyone seems very nice and helpful. Jim seems really nice.

Tess: *(laughs)* That's funny.

Joann: Oh. Why?

Tess: Jim's so weird.

Joann: I guess so.

(Copier running. Silence.)

JoAnn: So...is Rachel excited about getting married?

Tess: Ummm...

JoAnn: Are you in the wedding?

Tess: *(laughs)* Sorry, no. No.

JoAnn: You guys seem really close.

Tess: Uh...We're like work close.

JoAnn: Oh...you don't hang out after work?

Tess: I mean, we hang out after work, but like, we're drunk.

JoAnn: Oh.

Tess: So we're like drunk-close. Work-close, drunk close, it's like, sort of the same thing....anyway, we're not in the wedding.

JoAnn: Oh.

Tess: I don't even think I'm going to the wedding. It's in Ohio. Ugh. And I wouldn't have a date. It would be terribly depressing.

JOANN: I mean, it could be fun. You could meet someone.

TESS: *(looks at her as if she's from another planet)* No. Besides, I'm not really - I'm not looking for anything serious right now anyway.

JOANN: Oh yeah, sure. Sure.

TESS: Are you going to this meeting?

JoAnn: Yeah...Rachel said I have to go and watch how she takes notes? And then I'm supposed to import them into the Dropbox but make sure that Phil and Susie are not--

Tess: No.

JoAnn: --able to see it.

Tess: No.

JoAnn: They can't see the notes but all the other people can.

Tess: That's right.

JoAnn: He's very selective...

Tess: You just have to be, I mean, it's like what Rachel does. You sort of have to be a little bit on top of whose side everybody's on, so you know what information to share with other people.

JoAnn: Whose side are you on?

Tess: I mean, I'm in HR, it's different.

JoAnn: Yeah.

Tess: Technically, I'm on everybody's side....No, but, it'll be great, you'll know all the company's secrets.

JoAnn: Are there a lot of secrets? Like, I mean, she's telling me about him and his wife and when she calls, how I need to pretend he's in a meeting, and—

Tess: Really?

JoAnn: And I don't know if I feel comfortable...yeah.

Tess: Oh no, it's okay, you can tell me, I know those things.

JoAnn: Yeah, but you didn't know that.

Tess: Well, not yet. Wait a minute, so—

JoAnn: No, no, no, please. No, Tess, I really need this job.

Tess: I'm not gonna do anything. Who's here? We're in the copy room.

JoAnn: Yeah but, please don't say anything.

Tess: Yeah, that's ridiculous. I'm not gonna say anything. Wait a minute, his wife calls and he's in a meeting?

JoAnn: I don't know, that's what she told me today.

Tess: Is it because when his mistress calls—

JoAnn: I don't know if he has a mistress.

Tess: What does he do on Friday afternoon?

JoAnn: I don't, I don't know.

Tess: Cause he's never there.

JoAnn: I think that he has a, uh, uh, weekly meeting with the CFO.

Tess: He has a weekly meeting with the CFO?

JoAnn: I don't know, I don't know what he does on Friday afternoons!

Tess: Okay....that's ok.

JoAnn: Please don't tell her that I told you—

Tess: I'm not gonna tell, I would never tell anyone. It's just useful for me, in my job.

JoAnn: But why, what're you gonna—

Tess: Nothing, just, file it away.

SCENE 4: MAIL

JIM: Is that today's mail?

VICTORIA: Yes.

JIM: Is it out here for a reason?

VICTORIA: Yeah, uh, what's her name is out.

JIM: So – can I – have mine? Or –

VICTORIA: Yours – I – it's not ready. OK? You need to give me some time. I don't normally do this, it's a lot of work, OK, it isn't like my only job like it was for what's her name, Sarah.

JIM: Susan.

VICTORIA: (*She gets a paper cut*). Ow. Ugh. Is there a reason you're still standing here?

JIM: I – I

VICTORIA: Do you want to help?

JIM: Is there – ok.

VICTORIA: Pull up a chair.

He does.

JIM: Well that one's mine –

VICTORIA: (*Swats his hand away*) I've already gone through these. Don't be annoying. If you're gonna help, help. Alright. So you know who everyone in the office is, right?

JIM: I don't know if there are hidden people. I mean the ones that I've seen - I would imagine in the past, the past two years that I would've met everyone.

VICTORIA: Hidden people? Hiding? That's so weird.

JIM: Let's say that, for the sake of - I do know everyone.

VICTORIA: Ok, so look. This is the pile that goes to Rachel, ok? For Mr. Weisman? That goes to Denise. Oh look, you have to open everything, ok? Even if it looks like junk, or some bullshit, open it to make sure. Oh, and anything that looks like a bill or a statement goes to accounting.

JIM: I'm sure I'll figure it out.

VICTORIA: Ok, fine.

She starts doing other things, like reading an article on her computer.

JIM: See they put a thing that looks like a real credit card in there, but it isn't –

VICTORIA: That needs to be shredded. That needs to be shredded. Shred it. It's right over there.

JIM: That's – that's kind of like a harder plastic, I don't think –

VICTORIA: That's what a shredder is for.

JIM: That's why the last one broke, probably.

VICTORIA: Are you saying it's my fault that the shredder broke?

JIM: Were you the one sorting the mail at the time?

VICTORIA: Don't yell at me. Don't yell up here. This is, this is like the front. People come in here. This needs to be like, not yelling and weird people up here.

JIM: I just want my mail –

VICTORIA: If you have a question, ask me. Oh, and anything miscellaneous, just give it to Andrea.

(Frank enters. He's tall, handsome, and a little douchey)

FRANK: Oh hey, Victoria, I'm just gonna take one of these - *(He jokingly grabs the fishbowl of mints on the desk. She playfully swats his hand away. They flirt – this can be improvised.)*

VICTORIA: No! No! Frank! You're – Frank!

FRANK: Just one! Oh, come on Victoria!

VICTORIA: Stop! Frank! Shhhh. This is the front. You can't – like – shhhh.

FRANK: Shhh. This is the front. I'm so sorry, I forgot.

JIM: *(whispers)* We have to whisper up here.

FRANK: Oh, hey Jim.

JIM: Hi, Frank.

FRANK: Are you doing the mail now?

VICTORIA: Yeah, he's doing the mail.

JIM: I'm helping –

FRANK: Can you drop mine off at my desk when you're done?

JIM: Uh, sure.

FRANK: Thanks, buddy. *(to Victoria)* A bunch of us are going out for some beers after work. You should come with - you never come!

VICTORIA: Oh, wow, I really wish I could, I really do, but I can't.

FRANK: You can't?

VICTORIA: Sorry!

FRANK: Aw. Ok. (*He pouts*)

VICTORIA: Don't pout at me. (*Laughing*) Get out of here!

(*He exits*)

JIM: That's adorable, you guys are like Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.

VICTORIA: What, are you like, living in the 90s? Meg Ryan? Ew.

She goes back to her article. A moment.

JIM: What is that?

VICTORIA: Are you reading over my shoulder? It's about like...living the way that you want to live even though you think you're not – like to stop thinking about what your goal is, because if you're only thinking about your goal, you're living in this place of like, I haven't gotten there yet, I'm not where I wanna be. So instead of like living within your goal, you just live the way you wanna live now. Instead of thinking like, when I get this, I will live in this way. Do –

JIM: I don't know if that's right.

VICTORIA: Whatever. Stop reading over my shoulder.

JIM: Is that a real – is that Huffington Post?

VICTORIA: It's Goop.

JIM: Goo?

VICTORIA: Goop. Like, Gwyneth Paltrow. She has this website.

JIM: So Gwyneth Paltrow is telling you to live in the now?

VICTORIA: Um, yeah.

JIM: Is she licensed to do that?

VICTORIA: Um, she's like – she's like, inspiring.

JIM: She's like she's like a billionaire.

VICTORIA: So?

JIM: I don't exactly think she understands –

VICTORIA: Do you think you're smarter than Gwyneth Paltrow?

JIM: I don't know, I spent like 3 years managing this rec center, and when the janitor was sick, I'd have to, like squeegee the area around the pool. And once he was out for a whole week and I would spend at least an hour every day squeegeeing, and finally I realized, what the fuck am I squeegeeing? I'm like pushing someone else's pubic hair down the drain.

VICTORIA: That's. That's gross.

JIM: And I didn't think there was anything else. I don't know. I don't know why. Not until then.

VICTORIA: What are you talking about?

JIM: I don't want to realize in 3 years that I've been squeegeeing pubic hair. Do you know what I mean?

VICTORIA: I don't – I don't even – do you masturbate?

JIM: What?

VICTORIA: Do you masturbate?

JIM: (*whispers in mock horror*) This is the front.

VICTORIA: I'm serious, Jim, do you masturbate?

JIM: (*Uncomfortably*) Uh, yeah.

VICTORIA: Good. You need to.

JIM: Do you masturbate?

VICTORIA: What? Ew. Don't – don't sexually harass me.

Joann walk in and tries to take a mint.

JOANN: Can I have one of these?

VICTORIA: No, those are for the guests. Those are for the guests.

JOANN: Oh, I'm sorry.

VICTORIA: Those are like, really expensive.

JOANN: The office doesn't pay for them?

VICTORIA: Yeah, but not for you to have them.

JOANN: Got it.

VICTORIA: For guests.

JOANN: OK. Sorry, about that.

VICTORIA: Yeah, I mean, you have to bring your own mints to work. Do you know what time it is? It's 11:40. Mr. Weisman always eats lunch at 11:45. The Seamless order should be here by now.

JOANN: Oh, I thought he just took lunch –

VICTORIA: Are you kidding? He has lunch in his office Monday, Wednesday, and Fridays because he has meetings.

JOANN: Right, I saw on the calendar, but I thought he gets it himself –

VICTORIA: What? Are you serious? No. You haven't ordered lunch? What is Rachel – is Rachel training you?

JOANN: Yeah, I just didn't know – she had to go to HR for something and she hasn't come back yet -

VICTORIA: I'm going to call and order it right now, and you're going to have to go pick it up. Right now.

JOANN: Ok. Where should I go?

VICTORIA: I'll text you the info. You're on the updated contact sheet in the system, right?

JOANN: Yeah, I am. OK. I'm just going to go get my coat.

VICTORIA: There isn't time.

JOANN: (*fights back a little*) Um, it's freezing out.

VICTORIA: Shhh. This is the front.

JOANN: (*whispers*) It's freezing out.

VICTORIA: If you run, you'll stay warm.

Joann exits.

VICTORIA: I cannot believe she doesn't have his lunch.

JIM: I mean, if she wasn't informed –

VICTORIA: I don't understand why they just hire random people.

JIM: I don't understand why you're being so mean to her.

VICTORIA: What? (*beat*) I'm not – I'm –

JIM: Are you just bored?

VICTORIA: Yeah.

JIM: Yeah. Me too.

Lights.

SCENE 5

Lights up on TESS in a small office. We hear a beep.

I: Can you describe your relationship with Susan White?

TESS: I have no relationship with Susan White. I mean, I see her. I'd be surprised if she knows who I am.

I: How would you characterize the nature and frequency of your interactions with Ms. White?

TESS: The nature? Average. Frequency, a few times a week. When she's the one delivering the mail.

I: Have you ever spoken with any other employee about their interactions with Ms. White, professional or otherwise?

TESS: Well, they were private conversations.

I: Tess, you more than anyone should understand that it's very important that you tell the truth.

TESS: The conversations were neutral.

I: Can you describe Ms. White's character?

TESS: I don't know her. I already told you that. But, I don't know, she's nice, people seem to think she's nice, but I don't know her, so I can't exactly agree.

I: Have you ever witnessed any interaction between Mr. Weisman and Ms. White?

TESS: Yes.

I: What was the nature of their interaction(s)?

TESS: Friendly, in passing, insignificant. He says hello, she says hello.

I: How often would you say you see them interact?

TESS: I don't know, once every few days?

I: And for how long?

TESS: A minute, at most.

I: In the past two months have you noticed any change in their interactions?

TESS: Specifically two months?

I: What do you mean by "specifically?"

TESS: Nothing. I mean, it's just a weird about of time, that's all.

I: Have you noticed any interactions between office staff that you would characterize as unusual or unprofessional?

TESS: No.

I: Has Mr. Weisman ever made a comment about your clothing or appearance?

TESS: *(Laughs)* No.

I: Is that – is there a reason you find that funny?

TESS: Yes. And my answer is still no.

I: Have you ever heard Mr. Weisman comment on Ms. White's clothing or appearance?

TESS: Yes.

I: What was the comment or comments?

TESS: I think he said she looks nice.

I: Would you quote that?

TESS: I said I *think* he said that.

I: How often?

TESS: Probably 10% of the time. I *think*.

I: How about other staff? Have you heard Mr. Weisman comment on the clothing or appearance of other staff?

TESS: Yeah, I think he's said they look nice too. Men and women.

I: Does it ever go beyond that?

TESS: Not in front of me.

SCENE 6: Rachel trains Joann on how to use the phone. Joann takes notes.

RACHEL: You need to, like, I don't know if you can see, but at 3 o'clock there's a conference call, so basically I'll explain how we do that.

JOANN: What is that conference call for?

RACHEL: Well it's to Dubai.

JOANN: To Dubai?

RACHEL: With some of our marketing people out there. Yeah.

JOANN: Ok.

RACHEL: You see we have the 3 contacts, so basically we get in touch with all of their assistants. Send them the number to dial in, and the extension, and then they need to press pound, not star, we press star.

JOANN: So what's the – how do you call, first of all? Before you enter that number?

RACHEL: Well, you – I mean, you dial out. You press 9. To dial out. So when you have everyone on the call, when the other assistants have the executives on the line, then and only then do you call Mr. Weisman. And then during the call, you need to monitor it, so – I mean you can wear a headset so that you can like, do other things, but you need to take notes.

JOANN: Wait, so how many assistants?

RACHEL: Well, they each have one, so what, that's like, 4 of us all together? So, anyway, this usually happens every Thursday, but sometimes it's every other Thursday. Are you getting this?

JOANN: Yeah.

RACHEL: So, I guess this would be a good time for me to tell you about all the other calls, like the domestic conference calls, and all the other calls. And the voicemails. He gets anywhere from like, 2 to 200 voicemails a day, totally depends on the day.

JOANN: 200?

RACHEL: Yeah, sometimes. So that, like, takes a while, sometimes I do it during your lunch, but it's cool, you know, you can eat at your desk, you can order Seamless or whatever. So, then we have this document that keeps track of all the messages, so you need to decide what's important enough to go through to him –

JOANN: How do you know?

RACHEL: I mean, you just know. Which ones are. It's like, obvious.

JOANN: But I don't know any of these people.

RACHEL: Well – but – I mean, if it's from someone, who's like, one of our other executives, we have to let him know. But if it's just from someone who didn't press the right extension to go to accounting, then that message has to go to Marissa. I mean, after you type it all up.

JOANN: OK.

RACHEL: And if someone just calls and wants to talk to Mr. Weisman, you can't just like, let them, you know that, right? He's really busy.

JOANN: OK, so do you have a list of who I'm supposed to put on hold and who I take a message from and –

RACHEL: Yeah, I mean, ok, so if his wife calls, he's always in a meeting. So you take a message.

JOANN: Ok.

RACHEL: Or, if she calls, and, like, she says like, oh, Emily's sick, then you still say he's in a meeting, but you can just text that message to his cell.

JOANN: Does she ever give you a hard time about that?

RACHEL: I mean yeah, always. She always gives me a hard time. She calls all the time.

JOANN: How do you – how do you deal with that?

RACHEL: Well, I just say "I'm sorry Mrs. Weisman, he's in a meeting, but he will get back to you as soon as he can."

JOANN: OK. Oh, wow.

RACHEL: Yeah, he's really busy. Um, let's see, oh, the password for the voicemail.

JOANN: Mmhmm.

RACHEL: Well, it depends on if you're trying to access our voicemail or Mr. Weisman's voicemail or the general office voicemail, but here's the list.

JOANN: There are like, 45 passwords.

RACHEL: Just in case.

JOANN: How long did it take you to get this down?

RACHEL: God, I don't know, I just learned. It didn't take that long, it's not that complicated. I'm sure you'll figure it out.

JOANN: Yeah.

RACHEL: I mean, we can practice. We still have a few days. Maybe tomorrow I'll let you do some stuff.

JOANN: OK.

RACHEL: I'll like watch. Right. OK. So tomorrow, Friday, payroll day, so we have like

JOANN: Friday is payroll day, every Friday, got it.

RACHEL: Right, so we have to submit our numbers, because Mr. Weisman oversees this branch, we have to check all the final numbers before submitting them to accounting.

JOANN: And accounting is Marissa, right?

RACHEL: No, Marissa is their administrative assistant, and usually payroll is pretty rushed, like everyone stresses out over it, so you need to send it directly to Scott.

JOANN: Scott.

RACHEL: Or Marcia. But I wouldn't send it to Richard unless Scott and Marcia are for some reason both out of town or something, because he has a drinking problem and I don't trust him with numbers.

JOANN: Ok.

RACHEL: So usually it takes me like 2 hours to go through everything, I usually get here early on Fridays, like 7:30, because if it's not done in time then people don't get paid and we really don't want that.

JOANN: What if - my daughter actually has to be at school at 7:30 -

RACHEL: I mean, you can get a babysitter or something, or like, doesn't she have a dad?

JOANN: He's not really, he's not really available to do that. I'm not sure I can get here by 7:30.

RACHEL: I mean even if you just get here on time and stay late on Thursday nights because usually half the departments have their numbers in by then.

JOANN: Um, yeah, I have to pick her up from after-school as well, but, I'll, I guess I have to figure that out-

RACHEL: Yeah, I know, it's kinda tough, I know.

JOANN: So what time are the numbers due on Friday?

RACHEL: Uh, you have to have them in by, let's see, I always have them in early, but I'd say the latest, 10? Because they have to call it in by noon or else, you know, no one gets paid and then it's all your fault.

JOANN: Um, ok.

RACHEL: Ok, so the calendar, this is really, really important. You can't double book him unless he wants to be double booked, because sometimes, you know, he likes to pretend that – I mean, I'll explain it to you later.

JOANN: So does he tell you every week, these are all the things you need to put in my calendar, and then you just import them?

RACHEL: Well, sort of, but like some stuff you just know. Some stuff happens every week or like every other week and you just, you get to know what to schedule in, and you always remind him, but not in like, a pushy way, because you don't want him to get mad.

JOANN: Does he get mad a lot?

RACHEL: I mean, no, he's just really busy. He doesn't get mad, he's like really nice. I mean, you'll get to meet him.

JOANN: Ok. So, how do you highlight that?

RACHEL: What do you mean?

JOANN: On the calendar?

RACHEL: Oh, you, you just click on it and – wow.

JOANN: No, I just haven't used this before.

RACHEL: Wow, ok, I'm getting really scared for you now.

TRACY: Yeah, me too. No, I mean I'll figure it out.

RACHEL: You'll totally figure it out.

Lights.

SCENE 7: TESS'S CUBICLE

Victoria: Knock. Knock.

Tess: Oh my God. Hiii. Who's watching the desk?

Victoria: Rachel.

Tess indicates that she should pull up a chair.

Victoria: Oh my God. I'm just not really eating right now, so it's like, why am I on lunch break?

Tess: Yeah. I mean you should eat something maybe.

Victoria: Well, I drank. I mean, I had a smoothie. But you know, it doesn't take long to do that.

T: Does Rachel know you're here?

V: No. (*Victoria applies her lipstick*)

T: Oh my God she'd flip out. What a bitch.

(They laugh.)

V: Don't tell her.

T: Don't tell her? No. Of course not. I'm not supposed to be taking a break either. I had to have lunch at my desk today.

V: Whyyyyy?

T: I had to go to this meeting and now I've got all this stuff to do. And it's all so incredibly annoying.

V: Like what? Don't tell me. I don't want to know.

T: I won't tell you.

V: I'm sorry.

T: It's okay.

V: Do you need food or something?

T: No. No. I ate. I have my peanut butter in my desk.

V: When was the last time you *washed* that spoon? (beat) If you're like eating bacteria...

T: Bacteria's supposed to be good for you.

V: That's a different kind of bacteria.

T: In your stomach... it's like... (*she motions to her stomach*)

V: That's acidophilus.

T: There's more than one kind of bacteria in your stomach.

V: Yeah, but there's...Okay: acidophilus is the good kind. That's the only kind you want in your stomach—

T: There's more than one kind of bacteria in your stomach that's good.

V: Whatever.

T: As long as it breaks down the food. I bet I'm ingesting all kinds of bacteria that you've just been like pooping out.

V: Well good.

T: No.

V: Why?

T: You're gonna get sick.

V: No. I'm cleansing myself. From sickness.

T: (*Tess laughs*) From all the sicknesses?

V: I, uh... yes. Like the shit that causes like... cancer.

T: The bacteria that causes cancer?

V: Just like, the toxins, the toxins that cause cancer. That are in all the shit that you eat.

T: The bacteria from my spoon isn't going to give me cancer.

V: I don't know. I'm just saying like, you, it's your daily behaviors that add up. And then, like, one day you have cancer.

T: OK so I'm not supposed to talk about it because they told me it was confidential, but there's some kind of thing going on. This investigation.

V: What? Like with the cops?

T: No, not with the cops, but, like, I don't really know what's happening. You know the mailroom woman (*snaps her fingers to try to remember her name*), Susan?

V: Yes.

T: Um, OK, so Susan, I mean I have no idea, but apparently there's something going on between Susan and Mr. Weisman.

V: What?

T: At least that's the impression that I got. They were asking me all these questions. About if I had ever seen Mr. Weisman interact with her inappropriate or whatever.

V: You're kidding.

T: No, you're probably going to get called in.

V: Oh my god. What did you say?

T: I mean – I mean I said no. I mean I don't know, I barely ever see Susan, I don't really know what's going on.

V: Wow.

T: I mean, they kept asking me if I had ever seen him interacting with anyone else in a way that was weird, and I mean, I didn't say anything about what you said to me, but like – I don't know, what if he –

(Victoria glares at her)

I don't know, what if he – I mean what you told me about what happened with you, I mean –

V: I mean -

(Joann enters)

Joann: Hi. Um I have the... the forms that you needed... for the... the confidentiality agreement and... uh, this is the... drug test... *(she places the forms on Tess' desk)*

T: *(examining the forms)* Great/

V: Oh my God, you got those like days ago...

J: Yeah I had to... I had to go to the doctor to have the... the sample taken and...

T: Okay great.

J: Was there anything else?

T: Um... No, hold on...Umm, you missed - You need to initial here. (pointing to the form)

J: Okay, um. Do you have a pen?

T: No.

(Victoria laughs)

J: Okay, um, I'll just get one and I'll be right back.

T: That'd be great. Could you get me one as well?

J: Sure. Sure.

T: Thanks—

V: Could you get me one, too?—

J: Sure. Did you guys want blue, black, red...?

T: Um, could you get me one of each? That'd be great.

J: Sure.

(Joann exits. Tess and Victoria laugh.)

V: You are such a bitch. Oh my God.

T: Yeah. *(Laughs)*.

V: So they're gonna call me in there? Shit.

T: Yeah. So, I mean, be careful what you say. The director was very serious and very, like, you know, intense.

(They share a look)

V: I - I mean, I don't want to get fired.

T: No, no, you're fine, but just – just don't say anything.

V: OK (*sighs*).

T: I just, you know, I just said "No" a lot.

V: What a bitch.

T: I mean, yeah.

V: You're gonna run to HR? I mean, God.

T: Yeah. Yeah. I mean, it's not like the rest of you haven't had to deal with it. I mean, I've never had to deal with it but, you know, I'm not pretty enough for Mr. Weisman. I guess.

V: (*sighs*) *She's* not pretty – she's like old.

T: I know.

(*Rachel enters*)

Rachel: Victoria. I have some... I gotta do some stuff... can you maybe... (*she gestures to the front desk*) It's been like... (*she looks at her watch*) Sorry!...

V: Ohhh.

R: It's like not, you know...

V: You know what, um, just five more minutes.

R: Okay, but I would really have to go, because Mr. Weisman has a meeting.

V: He knows you're covering me.

R: Right. Okay, but...

T: It is her lunch break. I mean, how long has it been?

R: Well, it's been fifty-five minutes. (*She looks at her watch again.*)

T: So she has five more minutes/

V: Yeah, I have five more minutes.

R: Just...

V: Sorryyy.

R: No. It's okay. It's okay. I have like a lot to do today.

V: *(She looks at her watch)* Okay, five more minutes starting now!

R: Okay.

V: Okay byeeee!

(Rachel exits.)

V: Oh my God.

T: You have an hour.

V: Like what the fuck is so important? She's leaving anyway. What does she even care?

T: I don't know.

(Joann enters again)

J: Hi...

T: Hi!

J: Hi, I initialed this, and I found one pen. Um, it looks like we just need to order black, red... but this one is black.

T: Okay.

V: Have you guys done inventory?

J: We're going to do it on Monday, Rachel was going to show me how to put the order in, but...

V: No, I do the order.

J: Oh. I haven't learned how to do it yet, so...

V: No *I* do the order.

J: Oh, um. Did you order pens?

V: *Noo*. You have to *tell* me after you do inventory that I need to order pens.

J: I'll give the forms to Rachel.

V: Yeah. What? Give them to *me*. I do the order.

J: Okay, she didn't tell me that, but I'll make sure that...

V: I have five minutes left of my lunch break—

J: (*Through gritted teeth to Tess*) There's a black pen. You can use that if you'd like.

T: Great. Great, and you initialed everything? Everything?

J: Mhmm.

T: I'm not going to have to come find you or anything?

J: Um, well if you need me, my desk is right over there... (*gesturing to her desk*) Is that... Is there anything else that you need?

T: (*studying the forms again*) I don't think so...

V: Oh my God. I have five more minutes of my lunch break.

T: It's true. She only has five more minutes.

J: Oh.

V: (*to Joann*) Okay. Thank you.

T: (*to Joann*) Thanks!

(*Joann exits.*)

T: Uhhhh...

V: Why did they get a temp? Why do they have a temp?

T: I don't know.

V: Are they hiring somebody?

T: Mmm.

V: I know you know this.

T: Yeah, it looks like they're gonna hire her.

V: Hire HER?

(Tess nods.)

V: WHAT?—

T: Shh. I'm not supposed to tell you.—

V: WHY?—

T: I'm not supposed to say anything—

V: Why are they hiring her?

T: They like her. I have no idea.

V: They like *her*?

T: I don't know. I have no idea. I just process the paperwork.

V: She doesn't know what's going on—

T: I know. I know.

V: She's— Are you kidding me?

T: No. No. It looks like they're going to offer her perm. I've been having to like put up all the paperwork.

V: Why:?

T: I don't know./ I'm not in charge of it. I don't know.

Rachel enters

RACHEL: Victoria – like – I –

VICTORIA: Oh, has it been 5 minutes?

RACHEL: It's been 6.

VICTORIA: OK, let me just go to the bathroom, OK?

RACHEL: OK, you have to be really fast though –

VICTORIA: I might be a while. Juice cleanse, you know?

RACHEL: Ew, ok –

TESS: OK, byeee.

VICTORIA: Byeee.

RACHEL: Ok bye.

(Rachel exits. Tess and Victoria laugh).

SCENE 8: Lights up on Frank in the HR office. We hear a beep.

I: Can you describe your relationship with Susan White.

FRANK: She brings the mail.

I: How frequently would you say she brings the mail?

FRANK: About every other day? I don't know, it's her and that guy, uh, Henry. Generally, it's every other day.

I: How would you characterize your interactions with Ms. White?

FRANK: Characterize them? Mundane? She hands me the mail, I take it, I say thank you, hello, how are you today? Sometimes I'm busy, sometimes I just say thank you and I take it.

I: So you haven't had any other conversations with her?

FRANK: No.

I: Have you ever spoken to other employees about their interactions with Ms. White, professional or otherwise?

FRANK: No...did...did something happen?

I: I'm not at liberty to discuss the details, I just need your answers to these questions.

FRANK: Frankly, I haven't heard too many people talk about Ms. White at all.

I: Too many? But you have heard some?

FRANK: I mean, yeah, someone brings you the mail, and at some point you say "I got the mail today," you know, "the mail was messed up and..." I don't know, I've heard Susan's name, but not in any way related to anything other than the mail.

I: But you did mention a complaint about the mail.

FRANK: I mean, sometimes the mail gets mixed up. It happens, you know, that I get a piece of mail meant for someone else, you know, sometimes it's Susan and sometimes it's Henry. Nothing out of the ordinary. Nothing, you know, chronic.

I: So you've never seen anyone get angry with Ms. White over a mixup with the mail?

FRANK: Oh, no. No, absolutely not. Generally, people say thank you, that sort of thing.

I: Ok. Have you ever witnessed any interaction between Mr. Weisman and Ms. White?

FRANK: I don't think I've ever seen them talk.

I: We have footage of you in the elevator with Mr. Weisman and Ms. White last Friday the 12th.

FRANK: Oh, I mean, OK. Yeah.

I: So you have seen them talk.

FRANK: I honestly can't recall...them talking. Sorry.

I: That's quite alright. Do you remember at about what time you were in the elevator with Mr. Weisman and Ms. White?

FRANK: We were on our way home, so I don't know, probably around 5:30 if it was Friday? Don't the cameras show that?

I: We just need you to verify. Thank you.

FRANK: I mean, now that I think about it I have seen them talking before.

I: Where?

FRANK: You know, in passing, in the hallway, whatever. But I never thought anything of it before until...I'm getting a little weirded out now.

I: Do you remember ever hearing anything unusual?

FRANK: No.

I: Do you remember seeing any physical contact between Mr. Weisman and Ms. White? In the elevator on Friday afternoon or otherwise?

FRANK: No, I mean, I don't think so. It was a packed elevator too - Isn't that something that you can see in the footage?

I: Unfortunately, no, not in the particular place Mr. Weisman and Ms. White were standing, and as you said, it was a packed elevator.

SCENE 9: JIM AND TESS

Lights come up on Jim standing in his sparse bedroom, Tess is in the doorway.

Jim: What?

Tess: What?

(Silence)

Jim: Welcome.

Tess: I can't believe that you live here.

Jim: Yeah? I mean it's -

Tess: No, I mean I can't believe you live in this neighborhood. We've been making out in that bathroom for a month.

Jim: I can. It takes time. There - That's - Inviting somebody over -

Tess: That bathroom's filthy. I figured it was because we couldn't go anywhere else.

Jim: I mean -

Tess: Great.

Jim: Would you like - would you come in? You're not going to trip on anything

Tess: I'm not trip - there's nothing here.

Jim: What? There is -

Tess: No, there's nothing in your apartment. Look at your bed. Look at your sheets!

Jim: Sh- I don't know.

(Silence)

Jim: It's a bed with sheets, it's -

Tess: Yeah, I can see that.

(They do an awkward dance – one takes a step forward, back etc. They don't know who's making the first move)

Jim: What do you want me to do?

Tess: Nothing. (Beat). Nothing.

Jim: I'll – I'll – we'll just stand here.

Tess: Do you have water?

Jim: Yes, I have running water, it's a normal apartment!

Tess: No, that's not – that's not what I was asking, I -

Jim: Do you want any?

Tess: No, you know, it doesn't even matter, you know, I don't event want it anymore.

Silence

Tess: Well ok so ok.

Beat.

Tess: Well ok so – turn off the light.

Jim: There's no light on.

Tess: Yes there is.

Jim: It's the gas station across the street. It's ambient light.

She points to the light in the hallway. He turns it off.

Jim: Ok, now the lights are off. There are no lights on in the apartment.

Tess: It's so bright in here.

Jim: That's the ambient light from the gas station across the street.

Tess: That you were talking about before, I thought you were kidding.

Jim: No, it's – it's across the – I – I like it, it's a night-light – I can't trip over anything-

Tess: Well I assume – I assume you don't have any shades.

Jim: No, I haven't put up any shades, you can't drill –

Tess: Well what are we supposed to do, it's not going to get dark in here is it –

Jim: You-

Tess: What –

Jim: Fine. I'll stand over here. You get under the covers.

Tess: Don't turn around.

Jim: I'm not turning - God forbid, there be any kind of – no, nevermind.

She starts to take off her clothes.

Tess: I can't believe you don't have curtains, Jim.

Jim: Well –

Tess: At least the bar was dark.

She's still taking off her clothes.

Jim: How many layers are there?

Tess: Shut up.

Still undressing

Tess: Don't turn around.

Jim: I didn't – I was checking the time because –

Tess: Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I'm keeping you.

She gets under the covers.

Tess: Jim, your sheets suck.

Jim: You're in the bed now?

Tess: I didn't say you could turn around yet.

She covers herself completely with the blankets.

Tess: OK.

Jim: Can I –

Tess: What.

Jim: Should I –

Tess: No – what – no –

Jim: I'm getting into the bed. I'm getting into the bed.

He does

Tess: I'm not understanding what you're wanting me to -

Jim: You know it's ok, if you don't want to take off – it's fine –

Tess: I can put my – you know, you just – you just have to close your eyes again.

Jim: I'm not closing my eyes again. I can't be this disturbing that you can't stomach the idea of me seeing you.

Tess: That's not – ew. Stop.

He starts wiggling around trying to take his clothes off underneath the covers

Tess: Jim, you can get out of the bed

Jim: I'm not –

Tess: I will close my eyes! Because I'm respecting your –

Jim: Just shut up!

Tess: No you shut up!

Jim: Shut up -

Tess: Shut up -

Both: SHUT UP.

They begin to passionately make out.

Lights.

SCENE 10: Joann in the HR office. We hear a beep.

I: How would you characterize the nature and frequency of your interactions with Ms. White? I know you've only been here for a short time.

JOANN: I only met her once. On my first day when Rachel gave me a tour of the floor. She was really nice. Her daughter is the same age as mine. She's been out since that day.

I: Have you ever witnessed any interaction between Mr. Weisman and Ms. White?

JOANN: No. No, I'm sorry, I didn't see them interact at all that day.

SCENE 11: Victoria's apartment

Victoria is chopping vegetables. The phone rings. She looks to see who it is. She presses ignore. She goes back to chopping. The phone rings again. She cuts herself.

Victoria: Ow. Fuck.

The phone keeps ringing. She's bleeding. She runs her finger under the sink, puts a paper towel around it. The phone stops ringing. She resumes chopping.

Her laptop starts making a sound – she's getting a Skype call. She goes to the mirror, adjusts her hair, applies lipstick. She answers the call. It's her mother.

VICTORIA: Heyyy.

MOM: I tried calling 3 times, your cell phone must not be working, I was starting to worry –

VICTORIA: I was busy I was – I didn't hear my -

MOM: Busy doing what?

VICTORIA: I'm making dinner. I'm making soup.

MOM: Soup? Are you sick or something?

VICTORIA: No.

MOM: I hope you aren't putting any cream in it.

VICTORIA: I'm not.

MOM: Because –

VICTORIA: I'm not. I'm not having any cream. I'm not having any dairy. That's not part of the – are you?

MOM: No! Goodness, no. (*Smugly*) I'm down to 132.

VICTORIA: Oh. Wow. That's great. That's so great.

MOM: You know, I saw Angelica's mother at the gym and she said Angelica and John just got engaged –

VICTORIA: I know –

MOM: -and John just got a big promotion -

VICTORIA: Great.

MOM: - well, Angelica, I mean, she was such a late bloomer, she was so homely, and I just, oh, bless her heart, she's doing just fine.

VICTORIA: Good for her.

MOM: Do you have any dates this week?

VICTORIA: I have one tomorrow night.

MOM: Who is he?

VICTORIA: Oh, Lauren's husband's co-worker, Bob.

MOM: Make sure you wear more lipstick this time.

VICTORIA: OK. I have to go.

MOM: Vicky –

VICTORIA: Don't call me Vicky –

MOM: Vicky, it's Daddy's birthday tomorrow –

VICTORIA: Ok, don't call me Vicky –

MOM: Just make sure you call him –

VICTORIA: I know, it's in my calendar –

MOM: I just wanted to make sure you didn't forget.

VICTORIA: I didn't.

MOM: And put some cucumbers on your eyes.

VICTORIA: Fine.

MOM: Love youuuuu -

Victoria slams the laptop shut and cuts her off.

Lights.

SCENE 11: Lights up on Jim in the HR office. We hear a beep.

I: Why would you say that she's mostly ignored? Can you describe Ms. White's character, in your experience?

JIM: She's a very nice woman. I mean I don't know, I – left on my own, I don't exactly jump into the fires of a conversation, so I mean, neither does she, but that doesn't mean there's not, like, a life in there, and that there aren't things going on that you like to talk about or need to talk about, so, I mean, so I don't know, I mean she's a person, she's a whole person, she just doesn't leap into, uh, verbal action about it.

I: OK.

JIM: I mean, we've talked about her cat. She has a cat. Had a cat. He died recently. She was upset about it and - she seemed upset and I asked her why and she told me.

I: OK.

JIM: Why is she writing that down? Is that important?

I: She has to write everything down. It's required.

JIM: Even though you're recording?

I: Yes. As a witness. Of this interview.

JIM: I see.

I: Have you ever observed any interaction between Ms. White and Mr. Weisman?

JIM: Sure.

I: What was the nature of that interaction?

JIM: I mean, they – he talks to everybody, so, they don't have a need to interact professionally very often, so most of what I've seen has been, you know, day-to-day stuff like "Hello," "How are you," that sort of thing.

I: In the past two months, would you say that you've seen a change in their interactions?

JIM: I don't think so, I mean, I think – I think I would say I've seen more of them? It might just be me so I – don't –

I: OK. That's OK. Have you noticed any interactions between office staff that you would characterize as unusual or unprofessional?

JIM: No. No. Well, I mean, you know. No.

I: You seem unsure.

JIM: No, I mean you know, people are people, so interactions – I'm not gonna be the judge of, you know, third party, stepping far away, I'm not a gossip, so –

I: This isn't – this isn't gossip.

JIM: Sure, sure, I know, I just – I don't want to draw my own conclusion if – I don't know.

I: Any interaction you've seen that has raised a red flag?

JIM: For me or for the person?

I: Excuse me?

JIM: I mean, it's, it's hard to say, because some people are OK with some things, and some aren't –

I: Have you ever witnessed an interaction between Mr. Weisman and Ms. White that has raised a red flag for you?

JIM: I mean – no.

I: You seem unsure.

JIM: Again, it's hard to say. It's highly – it's subjective, you know.

I: That's why we're questioning you.

JIM: I – I can't dictate that, so it should be someone who's paid a – a keener ear to what's been going on.

I: OK. Have you ever seen Mr. Weisman comment on an employee's clothing or appearance?

JIM: Sure. Sure.

SCENE 13: *Jim's cubicle. Frank enters.*

FRANK: So there's this rumor going around that you're fucking someone in the office.

JIM: No there's not.

FRANK: No, there is. There's a rumor going around that you're fucking someone in the office.

JIM: You just like to cause trouble, and that's fine, just keep your voice down.

FRANK: It's not Victoria, is it?

JIM: Wha - *(Jim begins laughing uncontrollably)*

FRANK: What? *(Jim is still hysterically laughing)* What? Are you fucking Victoria?

JIM: I'm not. I'm not, I'm not, I'm not.

FRANK: You're not –

JIM: I would be bleeding from my groin.

FRANK: She – she has a disease?

JIM: No, no, I mean she'd find a way to make me spurt blood from my genitals.

FRANK: Oooh. That's – that's hot.

JIM: No, it's really not, Frank.

FRANK: You seem really relaxed, Jimbo. Did you just masturbate?

JIM: Everyone's been talking to me about masturbation lately.

FRANK: Really?

JIM: Yeah, first Victoria, and now you –

FRANK: Victoria talked to you about masturbating? Wow.

JIM: No, I mean, she thinks I'm an alien, and it made her feel better that I wasn't.

FRANK: I've never really – I've never gotten the chance to like, really talk to her, you know? I feel like you talk to her a lot.

JIM: Well, I mean, in the break room. You know. She's friends with – I have very short, glare-filled engagements with her.

FRANK: She glares at you? (*He think this is hot*) What do you do? To make her –

JIM: I talk.

FRANK: You talk?

JIM: She doesn't like that. She doesn't like it when words come out of my mouth.

FRANK: You should talk about me. You know, put in a recommendation for me.

JIM: A recommendation from me would be avoided like the plague.

FRANK: Ok, ok. Fine. I get it. You're fucking her. So, I need Carol's signature on this.

JIM: I'm not fucking her. And Carol's out. She's on some panel.

FRANK: Weisman wants to make this happen today.

JIM: What is it?

FRANK: I have no idea. I want her to punch me in the face.

JIM: Carol?

FRANK: No, Victoria.

JIM: Um, ok.

FRANK: Yo, can you say something to her? For real?

JIM: What, like, "Frank would like for you to punch him in the face?"

FRANK: I don't know.

JIM: I could pass her a note. With a checklist. "Will you punch me in the face? Yes/No/Maybe."

FRANK: It sounds like she wants to punch you in the face.

JIM: She does. Out of pure hatred.

Tess enters. She's not expecting to see Frank.

TESS: Hi.

FRANK: Hi.

TESS: Um, Kevin? Kyle? Trevor? What is your name?

FRANK: Frank.

TESS: Frank. Hey, Frank. Sorry. I was just coming to say - *(beat)* - Hello.

FRANK: *(suspecting)* Really?

TESS: Yes.

FRANK: You're over in HR, right?

TESS: Uh, yeah.

FRANK: What's going on with that thing, with all the meetings and the-

TESS: I can't talk to you about that, I -

FRANK: OK.

TESS: I assume you were told in your interview that you weren't supposed to talk about it.

FRANK: Uh, yeah, but who actually takes that seriously?

TESS: Um, I do, and it's good to know that you don't. Um, Jim, come by my desk, um, later.

(Tess gives Jim a look, Jim blushes. She exits. Frank stares at Jim.)

JIM: What?

FRANK: Tess from HR?

JIM: What?

FRANK: You're fucking Tess from HR?

JIM: What? It's, uh, it's, it's, it's harmless.

FRANK: Does she punch you in the face?

JIM: What? No. No. Not in the face. I mean, she hits me sometimes, but the hitting, it's not that kind of a – it's some kind of reaction/to anything that would suggest any kind of intimacy.

FRANK: You know, Pete was always saying that that Tess girl/like had something that like, you don't see, that's like, that's like, you know, not right out there in the open / but I never believed him, but –

JIM: You don't see it, you don't get to see it, / because she doesn't want you to see it.

FRANK: Oh. So how long has this been going on?

JIM: Like a few months.

FRANK: I didn't know you had this in you.

JIM: There's nothing in me, it's – she's – she doesn't think of it as a big deal.

FRANK: Whoa. How'd you get so lucky?

JIM: I'm not – I – I don't know.

FRANK: Don't worry, your secret's safe with me. *(He gets up)* Jim, come by my desk later. *(He exits, laughing).*

SCENE 14: RACHEL'S GOODBYE PARTY

Hieee! Hi everyone! Thank you all so much for coming today! It like really means a lot to me that you would take the time to come out to the break room and celebrate me. On your lunch break. Victoria, thank you so much for the kale cake. It was like really, really... healthy. And Joann, thank you so much for bringing the puppy chow. Just like snack time! And thank you Tess, for the peanut butter cookies. Oh—and thank you Jim for eating them all so we don't get fat! Ha! Yeah.

So, as you all know, I'm getting married! And Tom's going to be a doctor! So we're moving to Ohio! Go Braves! No seriously, I don't know anything about sports. I'm like, really, really excited. It's like, really green there. I'm like starting to research how to garden year-round. And I'm joining the doctor-wives book club. Our first book is "Eat, Pray, Love," which kind of seems perfect, you know? So I'll probably be really really busy, but you should all totally come out and visit, and eat my cucumbers and stuff. Ohmygod I'm going to miss you guys sooo much. I can't believe it's my last day! It's just so weird, you know? To imagine not being here— Like, it really makes me wonder. Will you all just be the same without me? When I'm in Ohio? Seriously, I'm gonna miss you guys so much. Seeing you all here today, and all the streamers and like balloons and stuff, reminds me why I'm gonna miss New York so much. Like I'm going to really, really miss it, and miss you guys. A lot. But it's like, really hard to put it into words, so I wrote these Haiku— you know: 5, 7, 5?— I wrote them for you. Okay. Ohmygod I'm so nervous. Okay.

You are all so-so
Very very special to me
I wrote you these poems.

-- That was the first one, kay?

Tess, you are so smart
And everybody likes it
When you make us laugh.

Victoria, you
Are like a ray of sunshine
With Lucille Ball's hair.

Joann, you are new.
It has been fun showing you.
Stuff. Good luck Joann.

Jim, you should stay weird.
Hope you will beat candy crush.
Maybe get a cat.

Mr. Weisman, thank you

For the opportunity
It means a whole lot.

Love my fiancée
He wants to be a doctor
So we will go west.
Ohio is next.
I'm not sure what they have there.

Do they have delis? What if they don't have delis? Like, where do you get kambucha?
Do you guys think they know what kambucha is in Ohio? Hahaha! Or museums? Or
taxis? Or offices?

(Her laughter quickly dissolves into tears). Ohmygod. I'm sorry. I have to go. Byeee.

(She exits)

SCENE 15: *The Supply Closet. JIM & JOANN are doing inventory.*

Joann: (In reaction to dust) Whooh! *(coughs)* There's a lot of dust in here right now.

Jim: Don't...please don't, I...just don't tell me you can't be in here.

Joann: No no no, it's...I, I, I can handle it. *(She laughs)*

Jim: K. Cause that will be a great positive increase upon the usefulness of you over
your soon-to-be predecessor.

Joann: Oh...you- Rachel?

Jim: She always found a reason, I swear to God it started...there was a day, and we,
y'know, they're not here anymore...

Joann laughs

Jim: What?

Joann: There's...a roach on the floor.

Jim: I don't know anything about that.

Joann: It's HUGE. Sorry...*(she laughs)*

Jim: I think you're seeing things. There was a time when there was a...rodent
problem and- it was mice, mice, small, very small, adorable Cinderella-esque
mice that...she saw one in here and, wouldn't come back in again.

Joann: And how/ long ago was that?

Jim: And she wouldn't come in with me because at the time I was having a woodland creature phase, not that I was bringing them in work, but they were a fascination of mine at the time and so because I had been talking about...little cardinals and bluebirds with their, y'know, and them running into walls and things like that, she thought I brought one in, I mean I did, so she blamed it on me -

JOANN: You brought in a bluebird?

JIM: No, I mean, it was a pigeon, and it was hurt, and I live in Hell's Kitchen, so I was walking here, and, I just, I was running late, so I wrapped it up in my sweater and brought it here and kept it against my chest until I could take it to the vet during my lunch break.

JOANN: You cradled a pigeon for 4 hours?

JIM: It's - the mother, the warmth - it reminds them of their mothers. It got really quiet and I thought it had died for a second but it was just sleeping, and the vet was able to fix it up, -

JOANN: Wow.

JIM: - So Rachel was convinced I was bringing the mice in, on purpose or something, or I don't know, that the pigeon caused the mice to magically appear, and then she would never come in here with me, and then, so that wound up with me...being in here by myself for a while, it's much easier with two people. I, that's...that's the saga of the supply closet, so...uh...

Joann: I'm glad I could be here with you.

Jim: Thank you. Um/...what's next?

Joann: So...um, next is...post-its.

Jim: Yeah, OK, uh...put down 50 of the yellow...

Joann: 50 yellow...

Jim: And 50 multi-colored.

Joann: 50 multi-colored. OK. So where are you from, Jim?

Jim: Me?

Joann: Yeah.

Jim: Uh...do you know upstate at all?

Joann: Um...yeah I know, like Bear Mountain?/ I went there once for a conference...

Jim: I...(he laughs) don't know, there's, there's a lot of upstate, it's a pretty big...

Joann: Is that not upstate enough?

Jim: I, it might be, I honestly don't know...where that is...I, I don't know upstate.

Joann: Oh...

Jim: But, I was born, uh...

Joann: You're not from upstate then?

Jim: Well I, I am, yeah, well that, you asked, so, it...Buffalo, so...

Joann: Oh, I went to Buffalo once.

Jim: Yeah?/ It was cold I imagine.

Joann: Yeah. It was very cold.

Jim: At least they know how to deal with snow. Not that there's such a problem around here, or, I mean, is...sensitive topic. Um...

Joann: (suddenly remembers) We need pens.

Jim: Oh yeah?

Joann: Yeah. Yes. Victoria already gave me a hard time about that.

Jim: You'll find them all in her top right drawer. She's a – she's a thief. A pen thief. HR should really be investigating – this is what happens when you leave me alone in here while the girls go out for lunch.

Joann: Is that what they...they went out?

Jim: Oh, or, or uh, tax-deductible business meeting a la carte, I suppose. Something along those lines as far as/ the paperwork would say...

Joann: Do they ever take you with them?

Jim: No.

Joann: No?

Jim: That would be silly.

JOANN: Do they always go to lunch together?

JIM: Usually Rachel has to watch the desk for Victoria but sometimes she gets Mr. Leibowitz's assistant to cover for her if he's traveling. Then they can be a proper gaggle of geese.

Joann: *(laughs)* Don't you ever want to...go to lunch with them?

Jim: I get, I get- I get my fill. I get, I get my time, I think, I got it...covered throughout the standard business hour day. Especially them together...um...what else you got?

Joann: Um, I have thermal...paper.

Jim: Um...What's that, like, you plug it in? / Cause there's no electronics in here.

Joann: Um...I, I think like coated, for accounting, their - the little calculator printer things, I don't think-

Jim: It makes me think like, like a thermal blanket would be, like you plug it in to be warm, right?

Joann: I think it means like it's coated, with a...like, it's thermal.../Let's find it and I'll show you.

They scuffle around in the small space, the physical closeness ignites some sort of spark.

Joann: Here. Thermal paper.

Jim: Oh. Yeah. That's not that exciting.

Joann: Would you like to have lunch with me sometime?

Jim: Oh.

Joann: Yeah. Like a proper non-gaggle lunch. Tomorrow?

Jim: Oh. Oh. Yeah. OK.

SCENE 16: VICTORIA sits in the HR office. We hear a beep.

I: This interview is being recorded for internal purposes only. State your name, please.

VICTORIA: Victoria Rogers.

I: And your position?

VICTORIA: Receptionist. *Front desk* receptionist.

I: Anything you state within the context of this interview is strictly confidential. (*Victoria rolls her eyes*) Can you describe your relationship with Mr. Stanley Weisman?

VICTORIA: He's my boss.

I: Can you go into the frequency and nature of the interactions that you have with him.

VICTORIA: (*Sighs*) Um, I see him every day. Um I mean, I know - I pretty much know his schedule better than Rachel does. Um, I just always know when he's around and what he's doing, I mean, if he's tired, if he's hungry, if he's busy, if he's annoyed. I just know that about him. We talk a lot, you know, he likes me, he'll come up front and chat with me, and sometimes he brings me stuff, like, he'll bring me chocolate or something.

I: What are the topics that you usually talk about?

VICTORIA: Isn't this personal or something?

I: Are you uncomfortable talking about this?

VICTORIA: (*Sighs*) I mean, it can be something as simple as the weather. Or about my weekend, or he'll tell me he likes my hair or my nails, and sometimes we'll talk about current events, like, you know, the Superbowl or whatever.

I: Have you ever talked to other employees about their interactions with Mr. Weisman?

VICTORIA: What do you mean?

I: Has there ever been a time when you had a conversation with another employee about their interaction with Mr. Weisman?

VICTORIA: (*Laughing*) Of course. Of course.

I: Can you describe what those conversations were about?

VICTORIA: Oh my god. Yes. I mean, sometimes people complain about him being - He's the boss! Sometimes he's busy, sometimes he's an asshole, not to me, but to other people. Other people really love him too, like Rachel, she has a great relationship with him. People are always talking about him, he's the boss, what do you expect.

I: How would you describe his character?

VICTORIA: He's really successful.

I: Anything else?

VICTORIA: He works really hard. He likes to have fun when he can. He works all day and night and his wife is some crazy bitch, so he's just - he looks for opportunities to joke around and relax and have fun when he can.

I: Can you describe your relationship with Susan White?

VICTORIA: Um, ok, I see her on a daily basis, she does the mail, she's like, really mousy and quiet, she has really big tits, um, I don't know, she's - we're not friends, but I see her every day. (*beat*) I'm sorry, Chris, can we take a break? I have a headache.

I: Yeah. Of course. Jennifer, why don't you take 15?

A rustle of papers, footsteps, the door opens and then closes. A few moments. Victoria looks around the room.

Can I get you a glass of water?

VICTORIA: (*whispers nervously*) I don't really have a headache.

I: I know. He told me you've come around. I'm really glad we can settle this in a way that satisfies you. You're doing a great job today.

VICTORIA: The check cleared this morning.

I: Glad to hear it.

VICTORIA: I'm going to wait two months before giving my two weeks notice, as we agreed. So that nothing looks suspicious.

I: That's good of you.

VICTORIA: I don't want people to know. I just – if – I don't want people to know what happened with me. I don't want to risk anything coming out. Here, in the news, whatever. It's – I couldn't -

I: I understand.

VICTORIA: Thank you. (*beat*). Is it still recording?

We hear a beep.

Lights out. End of play.