

VICTOR. While we are stopped, may I give a few notes?

*(EVERYONE whips out their smart phone and checks messages, ignoring VICTOR as he reads his notes – all except for PHILLIP, who listens intently. PHILLIP catches the actors texting and quickly collects all the smart phones, before VICTOR notices.)*

*(reading from notes)*

“Muscatel the actors open!”

*(to PHILLIP, sotto voce)*

What the hell does this say?

PHILLIP. “Mouthing the actors again.”

VICTOR. Yes. Candy...sweetheart...darling...you are mouthing the other actors’ lines, again dear.

CANDY. I know.

VICTOR. I know, too. I saw it.

CANDY. That’s how I learned my lines. I hear their lines in my head and then I know when to talk.

VICTOR. Do you think you might say their lines in your head with your mouth closed? Or shall I staple your lips shut?

CANDY. I’ll say them in my head with my mouth closed.

VICTOR. I’m so glad.

*(reading notes)*

Miss Monet! If you insist on taking a bow every time you enter the stage, perhaps you shouldn’t make your first entrance until curtain call.

MONA. Are you correcting me in front of the cast, dear?

VICTOR. I’m merely suggesting.

MONA. Face it, Le Pewe, when I enter, people will stand and applaud.

VICTOR. Darling, you haven’t worked since your television series went off the air in 1997.

MONA. “Everyone Knows Mona” was top ten for two years. We beat the pants off “Dharma and Greg.” Jenna Elfman still doesn’t speak to me over it.

CANDY. Who?

BRENT. But this is theater, Mona. Applause must be earned by your years of dedication to the theater. Besides, if they're going to applaud for anyone, it will be for me.

MONA. Try saying Penelope three times fast.

BRENT. Mr. Le Pew!

VICTOR. Mona! Brent! Please! We don't need this petty sniveling. I can't tell you how much we all need this. All of us. Mr. Banks has believed enough in our collective talents to bring this play to New York. Now perhaps it isn't Broadway...or even Off-Broadway... but it is theater!

MONA. There isn't even a sink backstage.

*(CANDY pops a bubble.)*

VICTOR. Miss Apples... Candy!

CANDY. Huh?

VICTOR. Please leave the gum offstage.

CANDY. It relaxes me to chew gum.

VICTOR. Little British ingenues don't chew gum. Little porno stars from Van Nuys chew gum.

CHAZ. Really Mr. Le Pewe. I don't think it's necessary to call Candy names.

VICTOR. I'm not calling her names, you asshole.

CANDY. What did he call me?

CHAZ. A British ingenue.

*(CANDY rushes to the edge of the stage.)*

CANDY. Piggy! Piggy! Daddy!

VICTOR. Oh, don't call Mr. Banks. I didn't mean it, Candy. The gum could work.

CANDY. Piggy! Mr. Le Pewe is upsetting me, Daddy!

DICK. "Daddy?" Mr. Banks is your father?

ALL. *(mumbled)* No.

DICK. Ah...

*(from down the aisle, we hear:)*