

PIGGY. What the hell is going on this time, Le Pewe, you over-paid psychopath?

(PIGGY walks up to the stage from the audience.)

VICTOR. Nothing. Just a little directorial criticism, Mr. Banks. I was explaining to Miss Apples that little British ingenues just do not chew gum.

PIGGY. It's innovative. That's what I want. I want a different angle. Different angles are money in the bank. And that's what we're all here for, isn't it?

VICTOR. That's what you're here for, Piggy.

PIGGY. The name is P.G. Banks, Le Pewe. Let me tell you something. If it weren't for me, you'd still be in the booby hatch – twitching and drooling in a corner somewhere. If you want to insult people, start with the ham with all the Shakespeare training.

(to BRENT)

What the hell are you, a moron? The name is "Penelope." A moron can say that.

(to PHILLIP)

Say it.

PHILLIP. Penelope.

PIGGY. See? A moron can say it. What's your problem?

BRENT. It's one of those vicious blocks, Mr. Banks. A mental block.

VICTOR. A what?

BRENT. Nothing. Slip of the tongue. It'll pass, but for now I'm tripping over it.

PIGGY. Well, cut it out. You sound like a jackass.

BRENT. Yes sir.

VICTOR. Repeat after me. Pen.

BRENT. Pen.

VICTOR. El.

BRENT. El.

VICTOR. Ah.

BRENT. Ah.

VICTOR. Pee.

BRENT. Pee.

VICTOR. Pen-el-ah-pee.

BRENT. Pen-el-ah-pee-pee.

VICTOR. Fine.

MONA. Since we're stopped, I'd like to know what happened to Mr. Holst. He was good in the role.

(re: DICK)

This man, no offense, Dick, stinks!

PIGGY. Well, I didn't want to upset you, but Hal Holst was brutally murdered after rehearsal last night.

(All react with horror.)

It's okay. Luckily Mr. Scorsese here happened to be available.

(All sigh with relief.)

BRENT. "Available?" He's a TV repairman!

DICK. But I've seen quite a few plays with my cousin. I think I can do it as well as anyone. If you ask me, there's really nothing to it.

MONA. No one is asking you.

DICK. Well. That's what I think.

MONA. Oh, is that what you think... Dick?

VICTOR. And Dick's cousin... Martin Scorsese...will be coming to opening night.

(Pause.)

MONA. Welcome to the show, Dick. You are marvelous in the role. You really are.

CHAZ. Mr. Banks, I was thinking of using a French accent.

VICTOR. Mr. Looney. I've already told you "no." Quite emphatically.

PIGGY. French? I like it.

VICTOR. It's a British murder mystery.

PIGGY. So what?

VICTOR. Why would the butler be French?

PIGGY. France is right next door. He could be a commuter.
He can wear a beret!

VICTOR. Mr. Banks... I was hired to direct this show. Need
I remind you of my past laurels?

PIGGY. Need I remind you of your past fiasco? The one that
put you in the booby hatch? The 200 million dollar
bomb? The musical comedy story of the tsunami that
destroyed Thailand? "Wave Goodbye to Daddy?" They
flooded the audience with debris and little children's
shoes.

VICTOR. I have directed some of Broadway's biggest
successes! "Under the Veranda."

PHILLIP. "Life Beneath the Roses."

VICTOR. "Life Beneath the Roses."

PHILLIP. "Amarillo Galileo."

VICTOR. "Amarillo Galileo."

PIGGY. "Wave Goodbye to Daddy." Now, get in place and
run this damn thing through. I have to take a whizz.

*(PIGGY exits through the audience, enroute to the men's
room. CRAWFORD shuffles on.)*

CONSTANCE. I still can't hear you, dammit. Richard Burton
always knew how to project!

VICTOR. I am Victor Le Pewe! Wonder Child of the
Broadway Stage. No one talks to Le Pewe like that.

(PHILLIP shoves some pills down VICTOR's throat.)

Okay, kids. Energy and pace. We'll take it from Lady
Barrington's entrance.

HAZ. Mr. Le Pewe?

VICTOR. Look, you little dildo, use a French dialect and I'll
shove my foot up your accent.

PHILLIP. Ooh, any notes for me, Mr. Le Pewe?

VICTOR. Yes. Phillip. You must keep that snow machine
working consistently. The entire message of the show