

# ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

FULL-LENGTH COMEDY

by  
Matt Thompson



BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC

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## REACH FOR THE SKY

by  
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HARRY: Relaxed, easy going CEO of a large company.

JOHANNA: Uptight business executive. Very stressed out.

**At RISE: Two airline seats. HARRY, reads a magazine dressed in shorts and a Hawaiian shirt. JOHANNA, dressed in a business suit, has paperwork on her lap as she is writing and doing business. HARRY pulls the magazine down and looks at JOHANNA and her frantic pace. He smiles.**

HARRY: Hi.

JOHANNA: *(Looking at him for a moment and then going right back to her work)* Uh . . .hi.

HARRY: Nice day today, isn't it?

JOHANNA: What was that?

HARRY: I said it's a very nice day. It's too bad we have to be inside.

JOHANNA: Well, if we weren't inside the plane, then we wouldn't be able to fly.

HARRY: I know. It was just a little joke.

JOHANNA: *(Smiling)* Oh . . .right. *(Goes back to scribbling on her paperwork. Beat.)*

HARRY: *(Looking out the "window")* We're next.

JOHANNA: What's that?

HARRY: We're next in line to take off.

JOHANNA: Oh. Yes. Next in line. Next in line. All the world's a line. Line up here. Line up there. Line up to get a cup of coffee in the morning. Line up to get the oil changed on your car. *(going off a little)* Line up to buy a \$19 bucket of popcorn after you've already lined up to pay half a day's work on a horrible movie ticket about a mechanical goat that attempts to take over the world using aerosol cheese as its primary weapon! Maybe the people who made that film should line up and have their brains checked for insanity! Line up! Line up! Line up!

HARRY: Sorry. Didn't mean to touch a nerve.

JOHANNA: Oh, no problem. I think all of my nerves have been cauterized by either lack of sleep or too much work.  
*(beat)* Did you see it?

HARRY: Uh . . .what?

JOHANNA: That movie. Goatzilla.

HARRY: No.

JOHANNA: *(A touch frazzled)* Good. Then you didn't waste three hours of your life. *(Beat)*

HARRY: *(Puts down his paper)* You seem a bit nervous.

JOHANNA: A little.

HARRY: First time?

JOHANNA: No, I've been nervous lots of times.

HARRY: No, I mean flying. Is this your first time in an airplane?

JOHANNA: Oh goodness, no. It's just stress. I've got a lot on my mind.

HARRY: Oh, right. I'm sorry. You do seem a bit preoccupied.

JOHANNA: *(Holding up paperwork)* You think?

*(Even though JOHANNA may seem a little rude, HARRY sort of smiles at JOHANNA's upbeat perkiness. Beat.)*

HARRY: I assume you're traveling for business then.

JOHANNA: Well, this bunch of paperwork sure isn't for fun, I'll tell you that.

HARRY: *(Smiling and chuckling a little)* Okay.

JOHANNA: I don't know too many people who enjoy a bunch of paperwork on their lap, crammed into a tiny airline seat with a chatty neighbor in their ear.

*(HARRY chuckles.)*

What's so funny?

HARRY: I'm sorry. You've just got a lot of . . .spunk. I apologize. I didn't mean to pry into your personal business. I'll leave you alone.

*(HARRY leaves JOHANNA alone. Beat.)*

JOHANNA: Look, uh . . .I'm sorry. I don't mean to snap at you. I was a little rude just now. I'm just very busy, and I haven't slept in about three days.

HARRY: I understand. You just don't see too many people this stressed out flying to Hawaii.

JOHANNA: Yes, I know. I guess I'm the exception. Always the exception. That's what my mother always said. She thought I was the best multi-tasker in six states. (*Imitating her mother*) "You should see my daughter! She can drive a golf cart, groom a llama, and juggle four lemon meringue pies all while closing the deal of the century!" What kind of mother gives her child that compliment. Not, "you're pretty," or "my child is very smart," but my only daughter is an amazing multi-tasker! Heck, I wouldn't have minded my parents driving around with one of those bumper stickers that say, "my child was honor student of the month at Brickety-brac elementary school." No, my family thinks I'm a walking computer. And now, I'm off to Hawaii, for yet another business trip.

HARRY: Well, things on Hawaii are a little slower. It's called island time.

JOHANNA: I've got no time for island time. While everyone is having fun in the sun, relaxing, snorkeling, and surfing, I'm prepping for nine meetings.

HARRY: You know, you should go to a luau while you're there. It's a lot of fun. I can recommend a good one, if you like.

JOHANNA: Who has time for fun? I've got meetings and business calls, and I'm never done working until the wee hours of the morning. So the only fun I have in Hawaii is watching re-runs of Magnum P.I. in my hotel room at 3 a.m. It's funny. This is my third time to Hawaii and I don't think I've ever even put on a bathing suit.

HARRY: You need to get out.

JOHANNA: In more ways than you know. I don't know if you can relate, being so relaxed and all. It's a tough lifestyle. I'm a corporate account division manager with one of the largest growth index companies in the country. Living out of your briefcase, going from meeting to luncheons to meetings. You'd think, just once my company could fly me first class. I mean is that too much to ask? I work fifty weeks out of the year, over 70 hours a week, working and slaving, and traveling around the country, sleeping out of hotel rooms. I feel guilty trying to justify why I spent two-hundred dollars on a top of the line bread maker that I never use, meanwhile my Chia Pet dies because I'm never home to water it. It's like I don't even have a life. I work and I sweat and I pour every last minute I can spare, six days a week into "the company," and then on Sunday, I'm too tired to do anything but sleep, eat, and watch TV.

HARRY: When was the last time you got out?

JOHANNA: Eleven months, three weeks, and two days. That was my last date.

HARRY: Oh.

JOHANNA: I had a boyfriend for three years and our last anniversary together he got me a gift.

HARRY: What did he get you?

JOHANNA: A scale! He got me a scale! As an anniversary gift! I mean what was he trying to say anyway? (*Beat*) A scale! I am not fat! I am not fat. Do you think I'm fat?

HARRY: Uh . . .no.

JOHANNA: I think that he thinks, that I think I'm fat, so that's why he got me the scale, so that I won't think that I think I'm fat any more. I wonder if he thinks that I'm fat?

HARRY: I don't think you're fat.

JOHANNA: Thanks.

HARRY: So, what business meeting are you off to now that is so important that you just can't relax?

JOHANNA: Oh, this tiny little company called Lenardo. They're a bit player on the map in terms of microprocessors but we've got to show some interest. To tell you the truth they run that corporation like a carnival! I've dealt with six of their managers in three weeks and have tried to land an account with Lenardo Computers several times, and was always turned down. I mean they just don't have it together over there. You see my job is to evaluate businesses and analyze their asset valuation, historical earnings, future maintainable earnings, shareholder's discretionary cash flow earnings and then recognize their interest tax depreciation and amortization value otherwise known as EBITDA. My company is proposing a specific hostile takeover known as (*Pronounces it slow so that HE can understand*) congeneric merger. If I play my cards right my company could end up on top, having total control of the Pacific Rim territories and leave Lenardo in the dust. To be honest, I don't see what the big deal is about these pokey little guys, but right now they're the darlings of the multiprocessor business. Everyone is so Lenardo this and Lenardo that, blah, blah, blah. Whenever you call over there you're put on hold and you hear a Beach Boys song.

HARRY: You don't like the Beach Boys?

JOHANNA: Oh, I like them fine, but come on . . .I mean this is business.

HARRY: Ah. Yes, business.

JOHANNA: (*A little proud*) I'm sorry I don't mean to bore you with my chatter about big time corporate culture. You're probably heading to the Sandwich Islands for some rest and relaxation.

HARRY: You might say that.

JOHANNA: (*Smiling*) Well, just be glad that you don't have to deal with stiff, mindless, computer dorks all day and night. I hope you have a nice time just "chilling out."

HARRY: Thanks. That's nice of you to say.

JOHANNA: No problem. And if you ever need to know anything about multi-processors, computer management, or serious multi-tasking, just call. I'll set you up.

HARRY: Thanks.

JOHANNA: My name is Johanna. Johanna Burns.  
(THEY shake hands.)

HARRY: Harry. Harry Lenardo.

(Still shaking his hand. Her smile fades. Beat.)

JOHANNA: (Stunned) Harry . . .Lenardo?

HARRY: Yes.

JOHANNA: (Dawning on her) The Harry Lenardo?

HARRY: Yes.

JOHANNA: The Harry Lenardo that runs Lenardo International with the largest growth index in the Western Hemisphere?

HARRY: That's me.

(Beat)

JOHANNA: (smiling) Wait a minute. You got me! You almost fooled me! Harry Lenardo is a tough and tumble business man. Harry Lenardo does not wear Hawaiian shirts. And Harry Lenardo wouldn't be flying in the coach section. How do I know you're not a fraud?

(HARRY hands her the magazine.)

JOHANNA: Fortune Today magazine. Great. Thanks for the read. What do you want me to do with this? (Chuckling) Okay, but I don't see how looking at the cover of Fortune Today magazine can tell me that you are . . .(Looking at the cover) Harry Lenardo.

(JOHANNA freezes, stunned. Beat. A huge smile.)

JOHANNA: (All smiles) Hi.

HARRY: Hi.

JOHANNA: You look just like him too.

HARRY: That's because he's me. (Pulls out his driver's license and shows it to JOHANNA)

JOHANNA: State of Hawaii. Driver's license. Harry Lenardo. (A little giddy and embarrassed) Oh, right. Of course. I mean, of course you're you. You're Harry Lenardo. The Harry Lenardo of Lenardo International.

HARRY: Nice to meet you.

(HARRY smiles as JOHANNA, utterly embarrassed, attempts to wiggle out from her previous outburst.)

JOHANNA: Uh . . .so. Harry. Oh, should I call your Mr. Lenardo?

HARRY: Harry's fine. I'm pretty informal, as you already might have guessed.

JOHANNA: Yes. Right. Of course.

HARRY: Excuse me, I'll be right back. (Gets up and heads down the "aisle." HE exits.)

JOHANNA: Just my luck, of all the people to sit next to. This has got to be some sort of cruel joke. Just a few minutes ago, I wouldn't even give this loser the time of day, and now I might as well jump out of this airplane without a parachute. How depressing. I feel fat. And why is he sitting in the coach section? Oh my goodness, he must think that I'm totally insane. Why did I open my mouth. Why?! (Bangs her hand against her head) Why?! (Bangs her hand against her head, again) Why?! (Bangs her hand against her head yet again)

(HARRY returns with two cups of Pineapple juice.)

JOHANNA: (Not noticing him) Did I tell him about the Chia Pet?

HARRY: Excuse me?

JOHANNA: If I told about the Chia Pet, I'm sorry. I mean up and coming C.E.O's don't have live plants, only plastic ones.

HARRY: What are you talking about?

JOHANNA: Top notch executives don't have live plants because they're never at home. Hard edged business minds don't spend their precious time nursing a live plant.

HARRY: Where did you hear an absurd assumption like that?

JOHANNA: Business school. My professor told me that I should never have any plants, pets, children, or house guests.

HARRY: That's interesting. Uh . . .here.

*(HARRY hands JOHANNA a cup of juice.)*

JOHANNA: What is it?

HARRY: Island Juice.

JOHANNA: Island Juice?

HARRY: You've got to have some Island Juice, if you're going to Hawaii.

JOHANNA: What's in it?

HARRY: It's Pineapple juice.

JOHANNA: I only drink tomato.

HARRY: Try it out. You never know. You may like it.

JOHANNA: *(Taking the cup, but not drinking it.)* Maybe. Uh . . .look, sorry about the comment. About Lenardo. I mean about your company. Your company, Lenardo . . .Mister Lenardo.

HARRY: Call me Harry.

JOHANNA: Sure . . .uh . . .Harry. That just sounds so informal.

HARRY: Yeah, I know.

JOHANNA: Anyhow, sorry about the . . .well, the comments.

HARRY: No, it's good to know these things. Communication is key to business, and if there's a breakdown then as the Big Kahuna, I need to know about it.

JOHANNA: Big Kahuna?

HARRY: Yeah, the boss. I just don't like using that super-business terminology. It's very uninviting. I just want my employees to chill out and relax. That's also why I fly coach.

JOHANNA: So you can spy on the competition?

HARRY: *(Laughing)* No, so I can talk with people, get to know them. You see, I may be a top guy in a big company, but I'm only in the position that I'm in because of the hard work of a lot of other people as well. My company is a team effort. I don't want my employees stressed out. If they're relaxed they perform much better in the business world. Besides, the less money I spend traveling around the world, the more money goes to my employees. They work hard. Without them, I wouldn't have a company.

JOHANNA: That's a progressive insight. You seem pretty laid back to be a C.E.O . . .Sorry a . . .Big Kahuna of a large corporation.

HARRY: I try. I don't own a tie. I don't own a suit. Heck, I bike to work as much as possible. We can all work hard and relax at the same time. You should try it.

JOHANNA: How do you do it?

HARRY: What?

JOHANNA: Relax.

HARRY: *(Smiling)* Okay, first you need to just chill out.

JOHANNA: "Chill out?"

HARRY: Island talk.

JOHANNA: Okay. I'll "chill out." *(Shakes herself out)*

HARRY: Yeah, that's it. Just let your hair down. Next, you need to stop multi-tasking. Just focus on one thing at a time. Sip your pineapple juice.

JOHANNA: I've never had pineapple juice.

HARRY: First time for everything.

JOHANNA: I guess you're right.

HARRY: Now, just take a small sip and relax-

*(JOHANNA drinks the Pineapple juice.)*

HARRY: Now, why don't you just close your eyes and think about something soothing-

JOHANNA: Soothing?

HARRY: Yeah.

JOHANNA: *(she closes her eyes)* Okay.

HARRY: *(goes back to his magazine)* Good. Just relax.

JOHANNA: Relax. *(jolting out of her dream)* Corporate shareholders meetings! 5 a.m!

HARRY: No, that's just a little nightmare you're having. Just relax. Take a deep breathe in.

*(JOHANNA does so.)*

And out.

HARRY: Good.

JOHANNA: Hey, that worked. I feel a little better already.

HARRY: Glad I could help. I normally don't talk shop outside of work, but what time is your meeting?

JOHANNA: 4:37pm this afternoon.

HARRY: 4:37?

JOHANNA: I set the time. You've got to micro-manage minutes.

HARRY: Right. Are you meeting with Tom?

JOHANNA: Yes, Tom Robertland.

HARRY: I'll tell you what. Why don't we push the meeting back say, until Thursday.

JOHANNA: Oh, no, that's three days away. I have to be on the 9:45 flight home tonight. I've got eight meetings from now until then all over the country. I'd loose my job.

HARRY: Well then lose it. Ditch it. Get rid of your tired old business suit-like job.

JOHANNA: And do what?

HARRY: Work for me.

JOHANNA: For you? I'd work for you?

HARRY: Sure, why not.

JOHANNA: *(Gaffaws and laughs at the absurdity of it all.)* Wait a minute. You haven't seen my resume. We haven't had a business interview. You don't know anything about me.

HARRY: Okay. Then let's interview. How long have you been working in computers?

JOHANNA: All my life.

HARRY: What's a 62-U bit processor?

JOHANNA: *(Without blinking an eye)* A series nine component capable of 36,000 micro calculations per second.

HARRY: Tell me how to approximate the component of gluminium to a 42 substandard D-7 data intake control panel.

JOHANNA: Invert the negative reciprocity by-valve with a C-61 Macaffey coldron tube.

HARRY: Align the magnitude of a xenon microchip with the old quatrain system.

JOHANNA: Xenon componet number four disrupts *(Correcting him)* galuminium, but not before intake component B.

You have to replace it because the old system is out of date. Purchasing those components in bulk would save you millions of dollars since you wouldn't have to align each locator chip to its host. Buy the stuff from Russia, manufacture it in Asia and then sell it on the mainland U.S. Your profit margin will increase ten fold since galuminium is cheaper than fiber optics.

HARRY: Good. You really know your stuff.

JOHANNA: I'm not too bad.

HARRY: We could use a brain like yours out here on the islands. My main account manager is retiring, and I need to fill the position. It works mostly from home. We subside your beach house.

JOHANNA: Beach house?

HARRY: You do very little travel.

JOHANNA: Little travel?

HARRY: That's right.

JOHANNA: I see. Um . . .what salary are you thinking of?

*(HARRY takes a piece of JOHANNA's paper, pulls out a pen from his pocket and writes a number. JOHANNA looks at the number in awe.)*

JOHANNA: Oh . . .wow.

HARRY: The job's yours if you want it.

JOHANNA: What, just like that?

HARRY: Just like that.

JOHANNA: *(To herself)* Lenardo International? I'd have to quit my current job. Move to Hawaii. Change my entire lifestyle.

HARRY: Yep.

*(A beat as JOHANNA thinks about the possibilities. SHE smiles. Her mind is made up.)*

JOHANNA: *(All smiles)* I'll take it!

HARRY: *(Shaking her hand)* Say Aloha to Lenardo International.

JOHANNA: *(Giddy)* Aloha!

HARRY: Great! You start in two weeks.

JOHANNA: What do I do in the meantime?

HARRY: What everybody does in Hawaii: relax!

*(HARRY closes his eyes and relaxes. JOHANNA looks at him, then looks out, smiles as wide as can be, and silently, so as not to disturb HARRY, jumps up for joy and does a little dance. SHE then sits back down, with a huge smile on her face, takes a deep breath, and closes her eyes, as Hawaiian music plays. Lights fade to black.)*

## END OF PLAY

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS

by  
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JASON: Stops by the flower shop on his way home. Interested in Jessica.

JESSICA: Owns a flower shop. Interested in Jason.

SAMANTHA: Works at the flower shop.

***A blank stage. JASON and JESSICA stand looking out, speaking aside.***

JASON: February.

JESSICA: Fourteenth.

JASON: Valentine's Day.

JESSICA: Valentine's Day.

JASON: I stopped by the flower shop.

JESSICA: He stopped by the flower shop.

JASON: *(Walking into the "flower shop")* Excuse me.

JESSICA: *(Turning around)* Yes? *(Aside)* He was attractive.

JASON: *(Aside)* She looked like an angel that fell out of heaven.

JESSICA: May I help you?

JASON: *(Fumbling a little because SHE's so pretty)* I was looking for . . . uh . . . beauty.

END OF FREE PREVIEW