

F*CK, MARRY, KILL

By
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F*CK, MARRY, KILL

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F*CK, MARRY, KILL

This play is dedicated to Andy, Tara, and Jeff because they said, “YES.”

Special Thanks to Kathleen Kellaigh and the Action Theater Conservatory (ATC Studios) for their never-ending support in the process of creating this play.

F*CK, MARRY, KILL

F*CK, MARRY, KILL was originally produced at the Latea Theater (*New York Theater Festival*), produced by MJS Productions and Emilie Byron. The cast and creative team were as follows:

SAMI	Andy Young
OLIVIA	Tara Haight
JASON	Jeff Prewitt

<i>Director</i>	Michael Susko
<i>Stage Manager</i>	Judith Feingold
<i>Lighting Designer</i>	Victor Vauban Júnior
<i>Mandarin Coaches</i>	Zhiying Li and Jane Barron

CAST 2W, 1M

SAMI: 30's. Female. A professional, striking, intelligent Afro/Latina. Outspoken. Well-Travelled. Best friend and professional colleague of both Olivia and Jason.

JASON: 30's. Jersey born male. A divorced father of two daughters. Sharp and Confident. Starting with nothing, he fiercely climbed his way up the company ladder. In a relationship and lives with Olivia.

OLIVIA: 30's. Female. The only child of the owner and founder of the MacAllister Group. Savvy, hardworking, and hard as a classical Greek statue. Organized. Ambitious. Hungry for recognition.

TIME: Now

PLACE: Manhattan, NYC

WRITER'S NOTE: The action primarily takes place in Olivia and Jason's penthouse apartment. Where other locations are required, they should be merely a suggestion. The transitions should be cinematic in nature. Each of the three pitches should suggest a brightly lit Board Room. The audience becomes the board and should be used accordingly.

A forward slash (/) in the text indicates the point at which the next speaker interrupts.

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PROLOGUE - MAKE THE INTRODUCTIONS

Lights fade up on SAMI center stage.

SAMI. 有 MacAllister 在您身边，我们保证您能够把神威组织与世界各地联合起来。

Yǒu MacAllister zài nín shēnbiān, wǒmen bǎozhèng nín nénggòu bǎ shénwēi zǔzhī yǔ shìjiè gèdì liánhé qǐlái.

(Translation: And with MacAllister by your side we can guarantee you the needed tools that will bridge the Shen Wei Organization with the rest of the world.)

OLIVIA and JASON enter from house and join Sami. Olivia has a remote. She clicks and the MacAllister Group logo is now prominently displayed.

OLIVIA. Thank you, Sami. Now, before we wrap things up, on behalf of our entire team...Jason Tamaso...

JASON. Sami Morrison...

SAMI. And our project coordinator, Olivia MacAllister...

OLIVIA. We want to thank you for sharing your valuable time in hearing what the MacAllister Group can do for you.

JASON. Because we know you, the Shen Wei Organization, deserves only one thing...

ALL. THE BEST.

SAMI. And that is why we stand in front of you today.

JASON. We are confident that every detail we have presented to you...

SAMI. Will fulfill every dream you have for the future of your company.

OLIVIA. Because here at the MacAllister group, we only sell one thing.

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ALL. TRUST.

JASON. And that is something the three of us can speak of from personal experience...

OLIVIA. Because not only are we passionate, driven colleagues in advertising...

SAMI. We are also best friends.

JASON. So, we know what it's like to be there for each other...

SAMI. Holding each other up...

OLIVIA. Supporting each other's goals...

JASON. And we can guarantee we will always be there...

ALL. FOR YOU.

SAMI. So, as you make your final decision on our proposal...

OLIVIA. Don't think of this as a business transaction...

JASON. Think of us as three new, trusted friends...

SAMI. Who would do anything for you and your organization.

JASON. Because when you take that giant leap...

OLIVIA. Into the unknown...

SAMI. Who else can you trust? But...

ALL. YOUR BEST FRIEND.

SAMI. Xiè, Xiè.

SCENE ONE: KNOW YOUR OBJECTIVE

Screen displays: MONDAY EVENING April 3

Lights transition to AN UPPER EAST SIDE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT. Very modern. Floor to ceiling windows with a stunning night view of Manhattan. Couch, side chair and accent tables (one with a drawer.) Expensive art on the walls. Expensive liquor at the bar.

At rise, Sami is looking out the window with a champagne glass in her hand. Jason is going through ties in a drawer.

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SAMI. Your view from up here. Shit! I wonder if this is what God feels like when he looks down on all of us little people.

JASON. I don't think God thinks too much about the little people.

SAMI. No, think about it. All those moving dots down there are like tiny specks of humanity. Living, fucking, dying. This city's a giant goddamn ant farm!

JASON. What the hell are you talking about?

SAMI. Out there! Look at it. All the haves and have-nots working together!

JASON. It's called survival.

SAMI. But what I'm asking...Is this God's plan, or do we just fall into position? Like ants. Where one lucky gal gets to be the queen, and the other suckers have to be the minions.

JASON. What about those suckers who were born "have-nots" and spend their lives clawing their way to the top so they can finally become one of the "haves." *(Calling off.)* Liv, are you ever coming down?

OLIVIA. *(Off Stage.)* On the phone. Be down in a minute!

JASON. I for one, finally have a view, and I intend to keep it.

SAMI. Yes. For a poor boy from Paterson, you've done quite well.

JASON. You ain't done too bad yourself.

SAMI. I'm like a cat. I always land on my feet. *(Sitting on couch.)* I love what you've done to the apartment.

JASON. It's all Olivia. I just live here.

SAMI. I never thought of you as the kept man type.

JASON. I am not kept. I'm comfortable. Besides, why put your money in New York real estate when you can use it for better things, like alimony and child support?

SAMI. You're the one who stuck it in.

JASON. Shut up. *(Holding up two ties.)* Which tie do you prefer?

SAMI. The red. Why are your ties in the living room?

JASON. Olivia had all the drawers filled when I moved in. You sure you don't like the blue?

SAMI. If you'd marry the girl maybe you could get a drawer or two. The red shows power.

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JASON. I think the blue sends a message that “I’m reliable, confident and trustworthy.”

SAMI. But the red says, “I OWN all you trustworthy motherfuckers!”

JASON. What if we skip the tie? This says, “I’m approachable yet confident.”

SAMI. I’ll buy that.

JASON. (*Jason tosses both ties in the air and they land where they land.*)
They don’t call me “The Closer” for nothing.

SAMI. Who the hell calls you that?

JASON. Everyone at MacAllister.

SAMI. I have never heard that, and if I haven’t heard it, those words were never spoken.

JASON. Are you calling me a liar?

SAMI. Did I say that?

JASON. Why do you always have to answer every question with a question?

SAMI. Because it keeps me in neutral territory.

JASON. (*Getting surprisingly close.*) What if I don’t want you to be neutral all the time.

SAMI. Well, you know me. Always putting business before personal. (*With a smile, she pulls away.*) So, talk to me. How are you and Olivia doing? Personally, I mean.

JASON. We live together, don’t we?

SAMI. Ooh. Nice dodge, Closer Man.

JASON. There’s nothing to talk about. Olivia and I are fine. In fact, Olivia and I are great. (*Jason takes a ring box out of his tie drawer and opens it, revealing a large diamond ring.*)

SAMI. Get the fuck out of here!

JASON. Do you think she’ll like it?

SAMI. Shit. If she doesn’t want this, I know an African Queen who would be happy to turn it into a fabulous crown. How did you afford this thing, and how did I not know about it?

JASON. You must be losing your touch.

SAMI. Bullshit...this was not planned.

JASON. I’ve been thinking about it for a while.

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SAMI. Jason, don't lie to me.

JASON. It's all part of the master plan.

SAMI. What plan?

JASON. I want it all, don't you? Money, Career, Family.

SAMI. And you were thinking of popping the question when?

JASON. Tonight.

SAMI. At dinner? In front of the entire firm???

JASON. Yep.

SAMI. That's romantic.

JASON. Then what would you do?

SAMI. What the hell do I know about proposals?

JASON. Look, I already have one ex-wife on the payroll. I can't afford to screw this up again.

SAMI. That sounds more like a business transaction.

JASON. No. I love Olivia! But I have to think of my girls.

SAMI. I get it. "Money, career, family." So, mind your P's and Q's, and refrain from saying anything stupid.

OLIVIA. *(Off Stage.)* Daddy, would you please stop talking to me like I'm twelve.

JASON. Here she comes.

(Olivia enters. She is on her phone while finishing getting dressed...perhaps earrings, shoes, bag, etc.)

OLIVIA. I hear YOU, but I want you to hear ME. We both know what went down today.

JASON. *(Jason wrestles the ring back from Sami.)* Not a word about the ring.

SAMI. I don't kiss and tell.

(Olivia notices Jason's discarded ties, picks them up and throws them at him.)

OLIVIA. And stop comparing me to mother. You know I hate that.

(Quietly.) All right, but please, don't make any decisions until we talk, OK?

SAMI. Hang up and join us already!

OLIVIA. Shh. We'll see you at nine. *(Hangs up.)*

JASON. Glad you could finally join us.

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SAMI. Girl, you are SLAY-ING!!

OLIVIA. This old thing.

JASON. I was starting to wonder if you were ever coming down.

OLIVIA. None of this happens by accident.

JASON. Am I the luckiest guy in New York, or what?

SAMI. Everything alright?

OLIVIA. If my father had his wish, I would be on that shelf dipped in bronze.

SAMI. What did the boss man do now?

OLIVIA. There's been a change of plans. We're not going to the party.

SAMI. Well shit. This was supposed to be when we rub our win in the faces of the patriarchy.

OLIVIA. Now it's something else. We are seeing my father alone.

SAMI. Why the sudden change?

OLIVIA. I thought it would be a better plan.

JASON. We already had a plan.

OLIVIA. I just spoke with him, it's all set. So, what did I miss?

JASON. Olivia, you've heard me called "The Closer", right?

OLIVIA. The closer??

SAMI. Ha! What did I say?

JASON. Yes, you have! Come on! You're "The Gatekeeper," Sami is "The Destroyer," and I'm "The Closer."

SAMI. I like that. The destroyer!

OLIVIA. And I'm the gatekeeper?

JASON. You know, like the hostess of the group.

OLIVIA. The what?

SAMI. P's and Q's Jason.

JASON. You know what I mean.

OLIVIA. Really? You just called Sami the destroyer and me Suzy Homemaker.

JASON. That's not what I meant.

OLIVIA. You're starting to sound more and more like my father. Are you not going to put on a tie?

JASON. You don't like this? I was thinking business casual.

OLIVIA. Daddy is not the casual sort.

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SAMI. It's just a dinner.

OLIVIA. On the biggest night of our careers!

SAMI. I don't know, Liv. I kinda like it. He looks "professional, yet approachable."

OLIVIA. Whose side are you on?

SAMI. You two with your sides. What is this, Palestine? (*Sami tosses Jason the red power tie.*)

OLIVIA. Jason, please. You know what my father is like.

JASON. We all know who the king of the kingdom is.

SAMI. So now that you're here, let's drink up and celebrate.

OLIVIA. I'm the hostess, shouldn't I be passing hors d'oeuvres?

JASON. Oh my God, let it go. You're smart. You're talented. You're the most beautiful princess on the island of Manhattan.

SAMI. You better marry him before somebody else does.

JASON. (*Showing off the tie.*) Does her highness approve?

OLIVIA. Thank you. So, here's the deal. I know my father is freaking out because we did something he couldn't.

JASON. (*Grandstanding.*) What he couldn't do in forty years, we did in four goddamn months!

SAMI. International market baby!

OLIVIA. Yes, and a lot of the guys are already bent out of shape. So tonight, I need your help to show him we're a united front and we deserve everything that's coming our way.

JASON. I'll drink to that!

SAMI. This is how the new guard does it! (*Toasting.*) Chin Chin bitches!

JASON. Sam, I swear, I want to be you when I grow up.

SAMI. Why me?

JASON. Because of the shit you get away with.

SAMI. What did I do now?

JASON. Are you kidding? When you stopped at the door on our way out.

OLIVIA. Oh my God, yes! You turned to the Chinese delegation and said...

JASON. "If you gentlemen turn down any of our ideas, you will return to your country in disgrace..."

JASON AND OLIVIA. ...with your tiny little dicks hanging in shame."

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JASON. BOOM!

SAMI. And yet, nobody in the room blinked an eye. What does that say?

JASON. It says you dazzled them with your brilliance.

OLIVIA. Or that they weren't listening because you have a vagina.

JASON. Olivia.

OLIVIA. You know it's the truth.

SAMI. Fuck 'em. We already cashed the check. So, when are we expected at this ambush? I'm starving.

JASON. No time like the present.

OLIVIA. Can I at least catch up?

JASON. Do you really want to keep your father waiting?

OLIVIA. I think he'll survive. *(Holding up the empty champagne bottle.)*
We have our first dead soldier here. Jason?

JASON. Olivia...

SAMI. Jason please, the destroyer is thirsty.

JASON. Fine. One more drink and then we go. *(Jason exits.)*

SAMI. And bring some crackers!!! *(Excited.)* Congratu-fucking-lations girl! We did it!

OLIVIA. Did you have any doubts?

SAMI. I always have doubts when testosterone is involved.

OLIVIA. Did you hear that crap? "I'm the closer bitch, get me my slippers!"

SAMI. That's not what he said.

OLIVIA. He's spending too much time with my father.

SAMI. Don't let him push your buttons. He loves you.

OLIVIA. Yeah, but he listens to you.

SAMI. The only reason he listens to me is because he wants to hear his own opinion an octave higher.

OLIVIA. You and I both know he couldn't have landed this account without us.

SAMI. Damn straight. Is everything OK...with Jason I mean?

OLIVIA. We're fine.

SAMI. *(Giggling. She has a secret.)* Mm, hmm.

OLIVIA. What?? If I tell you something, can you keep it between the two of us?

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SAMI. Bring it on.

OLIVIA. After our pitch, I overheard my father talking to Stan.

SAMI. Toupee Stan or the Stan who smells like feet?

OLIVIA. Feet. We hit a home run today.

SAMI. Now tell me something I don't know.

OLIVIA. We were so big, that Winston Hart's vacant partnership is now in play.

SAMI. I was told they were holding off on that until next quarter.

OLIVIA. Not anymore. It's happening right now.

SAMI. If that's true, then you know the guys are already peeing on that corner office.

OLIVIA. Exactly. This is a once in a generation shift, so here's what I'm thinking. Maybe after we talk to him, Daddy might be amenable to one of us...you know...

SAMI. Olivia, you know I love you. Now stop beating around the damn bush and just come out and say what you're trying to say.

OLIVIA. I need your help.

SAMI. You see, that wasn't so hard.

OLIVIA. We are the only two women on the forty-ninth floor. Jason is going to climb, because that's what he does, and I think WE deserve more credit.

SAMI. I sure as hell know I do.

OLIVIA. Right. And if you and I want to move up, we need to stick together.

SAMI. Ok, let me get this straight. The company may or may not be looking for a new partner. Tonight is when you want to make your move...so you cancelled our party...AND you want us to hide the plan from Jason to give the two of us an unfair advantage.

OLIVIA. You make it sound so nefarious.

SAMI. Ayy Chica. This puts me in a really awkward position. Can't we just keep things fair, and let the best woman win?

OLIVIA. Oh great. I live with a man who turns everything into an Olympic sport, and now YOU want to compete with me?

SAMI. Girl, this isn't a competition, it's business. And if there is a promotion involved, don't you think I'd like to be a part of that

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conversation? Or did you want my help for “Team Woman” when you really mean “Team Olivia.”

JASON. *(Entering with a new bottle of champagne.)* What are you two talking about?

SAMI. *(Pulling apart. Busted.)* Oh...um...Olivia and I were just...you know...

OLIVIA. Girl talk.

SAMI. Yes...us girls...talking. Speaking of...how are your daughters doing?

JASON. They’re perfect.

SAMI. I love that. How old are they now?

OLIVIA. Four and seven.

SAMI. Four and seven, already??

OLIVIA. I know. They grow up so fast.

SAMI. *(To Olivia sotto voce.)* Olivia, I can’t do this.

JASON. What brought this up?

SAMI. I don’t know...Olivia?

OLIVIA. We were just commenting on the hours you put in.

JASON. That’s what I do.

SAMI. Yes, the plan.

OLIVIA. But with all the hustle, aren’t you afraid you’re going to miss something? Like birthdays...and...I don’t know...tooth fairies?

JASON. I’m a good Dad.

OLIVIA. Nobody said you weren’t.

JASON. Whose salary goes to put a roof over their head.

OLIVIA. OK, you’re father of the year. I wish my father gave me half as much as you give those girls.

JASON. Oh please, your father is Whitney MacAllister. When have you ever wanted for anything? We live in the apartment he paid for.

OLIVIA. Trust me, I pay for it. I bust my ass every day trying to prove to everyone that I’m not just another Nepo Baby.

SAMI. Nobody thinks that.

OLIVIA. Everybody thinks that. I hear the whispers.

JASON. Babe, stop. You’re great at what you do.

OLIVIA. Tell that to my father.

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JASON. Remember, we need him on our side tonight.

OLIVIA. I'd like YOU on my side.

JASON. What is going on with you?

OLIVIA. Nothing. Let's just go to dinner.

JASON. We cannot go with you like this.

OLIVIA. Like what?

JASON. Whatever THIS is.

OLIVIA. Then stop with the passive aggressive shit.

JASON. Where is this coming from?

OLIVIA. (*Mocking.*) "You're the hostess. I'm the pro." "I had to work my way up from the mailroom while you inherited everything." We get it!

JASON. What do you want me to do?

OLIVIA. I don't know. How about treating me the way you treat Sami? I'd be fine with that.

SAMI. Don't put me in the middle of this.

JASON. I don't treat Sami any differently than you.

OLIVIA. Yes, you do. You treat her as a colleague. One of the guys. You treat me like a wife.

JASON. What's wrong with that? I happen to love you.

OLIVIA. What if I don't want to be a wife?

JASON. (*Beat.*) Sami, could we have a minute?

SAMI. You know what? I think I need to use the loo. (*To Jason.*) P's and Q's.

(*Sami exits.*)

JASON. Babe, what's going on?

OLIVIA. Nothing is going on.

JASON. If you're mad at me about something...

OLIVIA. Who said I'm mad?

JASON. When you get upset your forehead crinkles.

OLIVIA. You know how I get when you push my buttons.

JASON. So now I push?

OLIVIA. Yes!

JASON. I promise I will stop pushing if you will stop crinkling. It causes wrinkles.

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OLIVIA. I'm serious, Jason. I know how ambitious you are. I respect that. But don't think I'm not.

JASON. I want what's best for both of us. We're a team. Jason and Olivia. Power couple from hell.

OLIVIA. A team? So, if I need you, you'll support me?

JASON. I promise. Let's just go meet your father, have a nice dinner on him, and then we can come home and discuss. Deal?

OLIVIA. Promise? *(He crosses his heart.)* Deal.

JASON. And that's why they call me "The Closer." *(They kiss.)*
(Sami re-enters.)

SAMI. Beautiful. A man and woman in love. That's what I want to see. Now, can we please go? I'm about to eat my damn shoes.

JASON. We're out of here.

SAMI. Let's go show your father what the future of MacAllister looks like. *(They grab their shawls, coats, purses etc...)*

OLIVIA. Lock the door, Jason.

JASON. I forgot my keys. I'll meet you in the lobby.

SAMI. Don't make us wait too long. I'm starving.

OLIVIA. ...and she has killed for less.

SAMI. Let's Go!!!

(Olivia and Sami are gone. Jason pulls his phone out of his pocket and dials. He checks the door to make sure the ladies have already gone down. He takes out the ring box.)

JASON. Mr. MacAllister! I'm sorry. Dad. Yes, we're on our way. No, that's why I'm calling. I didn't have the chance to discuss it with them, and I thought it might be better coming from you. Thanks. Nothing pleases me more than you thinking I'd make a good partner for the company. OK, we're en route.

(He hangs up and walks to the door. He looks at the ring box, has a second thought, and returns to put it back in his tie drawer. He exits as lights fade.)

SCENE TWO: LEADING WITH THE RESULT

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As lights rise, Olivia enters the apartment and throws her shawl and purse down. She is clearly raging. Jason follows. Olivia exits to the bedroom. Jason pours himself another drink.

JASON. C'mon babe. Are you going to be pissed for the rest of the evening? How did I know what was going to go down tonight? Why are you so mad? It's great news! Today put me in a new category. Partner! Holy shit! I wonder if I'll get Winston's office that looks out on the East River. And with the new salary, I could totally spoil my girls. Olivia, come on down. Please. We have to celebrate. Olivia? (*Olivia enters. She has changed into her pajamas for the night.*) Have a drink with me.

OLIVIA. I've had enough.

JASON. Then just hold the glass.

OLIVIA. Why didn't you say anything to us on the way to the restaurant?

JASON. What could I have said?

OLIVIA. I don't know. Maybe that you and my father got into bed without Sami and I knowing.

JASON. You're making a bigger deal of this than it is.

OLIVIA. For God's sake, do you know how embarrassing that was? My Dad and my lover making backroom deals?

JASON. Is that what you call me? Your lover? I like that. I like that a lot. (*He takes off his shirt and tries to kiss her.*) Come here lover.

OLIVIA. You had no right to go to my father alone when we agreed we would do it as a team.

JASON. At the time I didn't think it was a big deal.

OLIVIA. And now?

JASON. I think it's in the bag.

OLIVIA. No. This isn't a done deal. The board is making the decision. My father answers to them. Anyone who wants this promotion has to pitch for it this Friday.

JASON. I've been a faithful servant to this company, which puts me in the best position.

OLIVIA. You didn't do this on your own.

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JASON. Hear me out. We all know Sami could make Putin smile, and she's well...you know...but I can stand on my record and total dedication.

OLIVIA. If you think Sami wants to be a checked box, you've lost your mind.

JASON. I'm not knocking Sami. But c'mon, I'm the family man.

OLIVIA. Wait. I'm a little confused as to why you seem to think it's only between you and Sami. I'm the one who should be partner.

JASON. I don't know Liv. They play hard ball on the forty-ninth floor.

OLIVIA. How do you think we even landed the Shen Wei account?! ME. I brought them in.

JASON. Nobody's denying that.

OLIVIA. I called them, I enticed them, I set the trap that got them to the table so Sami could be "The Destroyer," and you could be "The Closer." Fuck hostess. I'm the hunter!

JASON. Do you know how hot you are when you're angry.

OLIVIA. Jason, you are not listening to me!!

JASON. Olivia, I love you, but think realistically, I mean optics are everything. How would it look if the boss' daughter got the job?

OLIVIA. It would look like I got the job because I headed the team that got us here.

JASON. I don't want to talk about work. I'd rather talk about what I'm going to do to you when I get you upstairs.

OLIVIA. Humor me. Close your eyes. (*He does.*) If I'm promoted to partner, I can make sure we always have the best accounts. I can guarantee whatever salary you want. Sky's the limit. I could get us a bigger penthouse with an elevator that opens right into the apartment.

JASON. You could do that already.

OLIVIA. We could get married, and together we could provide for your daughters. And if you want, we could lawyer up and sue for full custody. You would have them every day instead of every other weekend. My way, NOBODY loses.

JASON. Wow. (*He claps.*) That was very well thought out. Did you rehearse that?

OLIVIA. What? No.

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JASON. So NOW you want to be a wife?? You were waiting for the perfect moment, so you could use it against me?

OLIVIA. What are you talking about?

JASON. And you have some goddamn nerve to bring my kids into this.

OLIVIA. You never shut up about what you can do for those girls. I'm saying I can help.

JASON. I don't want your help. I want to do this on my own.

OLIVIA. So do I.

JASON. You're in way over your head.

OLIVIA. I am a MacAllister.

JASON. And there it is! The MacAllister family legacy card has been played. So what? You want me to bow down to the queen and give up because you want to be next in line to Daddy's throne?

OLIVIA. No matter what happens, I will ALWAYS be a MacAllister.

JASON. You know what, this is not about you and me. This is about you and your Daddy. If you want to be pissed off you can take your anger out of him, not me.

OLIVIA. And if you want to have a mature conversation, we can have one. Until then, you can pound your own chest alone. *(Olivia finishes Jason's drink and exits.)*

JASON. Oh come on Olivia. You're the one who wants to talk business, but when the heat gets turned on you run. That's bullshit. You have to be ready for all the slings and arrows that are going to come flying at your head. If you can't take it here, from me, there's no way you can handle all those guys in the office. *(Olivia enters with a pillow and blanket and throws them at him.)* You are not making me sleep out here tonight.

OLIVIA. It will give you a little time to think about what a self-entitled prick you are.

JASON. I'm entitled???

OLIVIA. Get comfortable, you're going to be out here for a while. Oh, and my apologies, the hostess didn't turn down your bed and leave a mint on your mother fucking pillow! Good night, Closer!

JASON. Oh C'mon, Olivia! *(Olivia exits).* Women! *(Jason paces furiously. He stubs his toe violently on the couch.)* Goddamit! *(Limping, he grabs a bottle from the bar, picks up his cell phone and dials.)*

F*CK, MARRY, KILL

SCENE THREE: IDENTIFY YOUR TARGET AUDIENCE

Sami appears. She is on the phone. She is having a nightcap and looking out the window of her apartment.

JASON. Hey, it's me.

SAMI. Missing me already?

JASON. I know it's late, but before you think too much about it, just tell me, who do you think it's going to be?

SAMI. Where's Olivia?

JASON. In bed.

SAMI. Where are you?

JASON. Living room. Are you still drinking too? Because drinking by myself would be pathetic.

SAMI. What did you do?

JASON. All I said was that I really think I've earned this promotion. I don't see the big deal in that.

SAMI. What were you thinking?

JASON. I was thinking about my kids, and she can't see far enough past her jewel encrusted tower to consider that.

SAMI. Mmhmmm.

JASON. She just wants to be pissed off because Daddy hasn't just given her the crown. Boo-fucking-hoo.

SAMI. She's the boss' daughter.

JASON. So, what? I'm supposed to just let her have it because her name is on the building?

SAMI. Tread very lightly.

JASON. OK, what about you? Panamanian born. Your parents are traveling doctors. You've lived on four continents. You speak God knows how many languages when I can barely speak one. Shit, you're as deserving of this as any woman I know.

SAMI. I hope your conversation with Olivia went better than this.

JASON. OK, fine. Let's say it was you. What would you change? Surely you've thought about it.

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SAMI. Maybe I have, maybe I haven't.

JASON. I just want to know where you stand.

SAMI. I would stand to get a great promotion!

JASON. Right! Because you're ready! And I think this would be a good opportunity for us.

SAMI. Us?

JASON. You and me.

SAMI. There's an "US"? Interesting.

JASON. Yes. The Closer and The Destroyer.

SAMI. Jason, go to bed. It's late and you're talking out of your ass.

JASON. I'm too wound up.

SAMI. I think we all need to absorb and reflect on what went down tonight.

JASON. But Sami....

SAMI. No. The "U" part of "Us" is talking shit, and the "S" is about to finish her nightcap and go to bed. Let "US" get some rest, and we can talk tomorrow.

JASON. Hey, are you shutting us down?

SAMI. I'm shutting YOU down.

JASON. Do you ever wonder how things might be different?

SAMI. What are you talking about?

JASON. I'm just thinking...how different things might be if I had ended up with...you know. Do you ever think about it?

SAMI. I think about it. But I only THINK about it.

JASON. Those were good times.

SAMI. What we have NOW is good, Jason. Go to bed. Please.

JASON. Alright Sami Miami. I'm going to let you go, drink a fuck ton of water, and then, and only then, shall I go to sleep.

SAMI. Good boy.

JASON. Thanks for the chat, and you know, listening to me babble. You're the best. *(He falls asleep.)*

SAMI. Good night. *(She hangs up.)* Jason, what the hell are you doing? *(Lights fade.)*

Screen displays: FRIDAY MORNING April 7

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Screen displays: OLIVIA'S PITCH.

With a jolt like an electric surge, we immediately transition to the Board Room. The place has an energy all its own. Bright white lights. The audience is now the board. Olivia enters and interacts with the "audience" as she takes her place center stage. The company logo appears. She holds a remote from which she will run a slick PowerPoint presentation throughout her pitch.

OLIVIA. Good morning, gentlemen, and lady, of the board. First, I want to thank you for giving me this opportunity to talk with you this morning. You may be wondering what I'm doing in front of you today. Most of you are probably accustomed to seeing a pretty little girl, whose main job is to smile, keep you laughing, and make you believe your bad jokes are actually funny. But Olivia MacAllister has grown up, and now it's time to appreciate the evolution of that little girl. I stand before you because I have a plan for the future of this company. In the past, we've done some quality work. Maybe daring here and there, but have we ever been really competitive? Not until this week. Because we have been chasing the trends. I want us to create the trends, push the envelope, be the leaders. And I am the woman to get that job done.

Now, to be effective, a good leader must know how to put all the pieces in place. That leader knows when to lie in wait, when to mobilize, and when to attack. I know I can't do this alone. As your new partner, I will guarantee that the trio you've taken such recent pride in continues to excel. Jason Tamaso has worked here from the ground up, as you have no doubt heard from his own mouth. I know him and I know his tactics. HE will be promoted to the head of our creative department. He will mold our best and brightest like a lion teaching his cubs how to hunt.

With the Shen Wei account, which I steered to success, we are now growing, and the U.S. Market is no longer enough. The world will soon be conquered when our new MacAllister Global opens next year in Dubai. I will assign Sami Morrison as head of our new international branch. Her extensive cultural background gives her a unique edge that will resonate

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with our diverse clientele. With her guidance, we won't simply offer services, we'll curate experiences that make our clients feel like royalty. Finally, I was recently called "the hostess" of my team in my own home. This made me realize that none of you have any idea who you're dealing with or what I'm capable of. *(To the female board member.)* You know exactly what I'm talking about, right Mrs. Jordan? You too thought you were an accomplished, successful woman who fought her way into the boys' room, and you and I also know the reality doesn't live up to the expectations. I think it's time that changes. Effective immediately, I will hire a new staff to fully diversify the team on the Shen Wei account. We're moving forward, with or without you. And if this statement causes you to be uncomfortable, angry, defensive...Good. You're hearing me. That's exactly what advertising agencies are supposed to do. Make you listen. I can assure you, with me at the top, this company will lose a hood ornament and gain a pit viper coiled in its engine. And she's ready for you to floor the gas and let her strike. *(Lights fade.)*

SCENE FOUR: KNOW YOUR COMPETITION

Screen displays: TUESDAY MORNING April 4

The Penthouse Apartment. Lights up as Jason enters.

JASON. *(On his cellphone.)* Good Morning Mr. MacAllister...Sorry...Dad...So here's the thing, I appreciate everything you're doing for us, but the timing was a bit off last night. No, we had a late night, so I'm letting her sleep in. Perfect. I'm on my way. *(He exits.)*

Lights transition to Olivia DSR at a cafe table with a half grapefruit. She seems a bit nervous and perhaps agitated. She fidgets with her coffee cup. Sami enters.

OLIVIA. Sami! Over here!

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SAMI. (*Walks to the table and looks over its contents.*) You call that breakfast? How are you still alive? Hey waiter! Power breakfast! Eggs – poached. Bacon – crispy. Hash browns - well done. Toast - whole wheat.

OLIVIA. Where do you put all that and still function? I'd be in a coma.

SAMI. With that sorry excuse for a meal, how are you NOT in a coma?
(*She sits.*) So you rang, what's up? Where's Jason?

OLIVIA. It's just us.

SAMI. You had him sleeping on the couch last night.

OLIVIA. How did you know?

SAMI. Last night was interesting.

OLIVIA. So, it's not just me?

SAMI. I don't know about you, but I had a blast watching Jason and your father jerk each other off.

OLIVIA. I told you!

SAMI. (*Takes Olivia's spoon and coffee.*) Partnership is indeed in play.

OLIVIA. Which is why I needed to talk to you alone before we went to the office.

(*Sami takes packets of sweetener out of her purse and will proceed to put many of them in the coffee.*)

SAMI. When you first brought up your little scheme, I admit, I was a bit shocked. Prim and proper Olivia making seedy backroom deals.

OLIVIA. Get used to it. I made a plan.

SAMI. When?

OLIVIA. I didn't sleep. How does this sound? If I move into the partnership, we can finally shift the dynamics on forty-nine and have some leverage to keep the boys on a short leash, AND I can open an office abroad that you alone control. Between the two of us we can conquer the world.

SAMI. OK, hold on for a second. Because it seems like you've already planned your ascension without even asking if it's something I might want.

OLIVIA. The global market is huge. I just thought because you are the most international of all of us.

SAMI. So you want to deport me?

OLIVIA. You have always wanted to be your own boss.

F*CK, MARRY, KILL

SAMI. Yes. Here in New York. Can you imagine what it would mean for the company if I were given this opportunity?

OLIVIA. I didn't think you'd even care.

SAMI. Yeah, honey, you didn't think. That's something you and Jason have in common.

OLIVIA. Look, it's the MacAllister Group. You have to know...

SAMI. Yes, your name.

OLIVIA. Can't you at least see where I'm coming from?

SAMI. I see this opportunity very differently.

OLIVIA. Trust me, I know what I'm doing.

SAMI. I expected this from Jason, but you...

OLIVIA. I don't understand what you and Jason don't get about this. The title hardly matters for you two. It's just a fucking word. I mean, Sami you can go anywhere. Shit, I'd work for you! But this position means everything to me. It's my family. It's mine!

SAMI. *(Pause.)* Wellesley, freshman year. /Remember?

OLIVIA. Wellesley. /Yes.

SAMI. I come knocking on your dorm room door looking for a hammer so I can put up a shelf, and there you are curled up on your bed. You see me, grab hold, and start sobbing. You were hysterical because it was your first time on your own, and you didn't know how to use a coffee maker. You were crying because you couldn't make a goddamn pot of coffee. What do I do? I wipe your tears and /say...

OLIVIA. You said, "If you stick with me, everything from here on out will be golden."

SAMI. Since that moment, I have always had your back. Until now.

OLIVIA. Don't say that.

SAMI. You're too busy looking at yourself that you don't see the shit that's about to hit the fan and splatter your pristine white walls. And I'm going to sit back and let it happen. And when it's over, I will gaze across the battlefield, step over the mangled bodies and claim my prize.

OLIVIA. Are you sure you want it like this?

SAMI. You were right about one thing.

OLIVIA. What's that?

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SAMI. Last night, after dinner, I really didn't give a shit what happened. I was in a good place. Let the two of you fight it out. But now, seeing how much you both underestimate me...

OLIVIA. What did Jason say to you?

SAMI. I can think for myself, and I can definitely play this game better than the two of you.

OLIVIA. Sami, don't do this.

SAMI. I just hope you're ready to play with the big kids, because it's on now. May the best woman win. And I assure you, she will. *(Sami gets up from the table and exits leaving Olivia alone in the cafe. Olivia takes a sip of her over sweetened coffee and grimaces. Lights fade.)*

SCENE FIVE: POSITION YOURSELF

Screen displays: TUESDAY AFTERNOON

JASON. *(Steps forward DSL with a coffee cup.)* Mr. MacAllister. I need your help. Stan and I were talking, and he brought up a good point. We may want to consider how Olivia and Sami might be perceived by some of the Shen Wei execs...culturally, I mean. So, if you're OK with it, maybe I should lead the Shen Wei account from here. *(Jason exits.)*

OLIVIA. *(Steps DSC with files.)* Mike. I need copies of the latest brief and the rest of the documents I sent you based on the KPI's. And get those graphics to printing so we can have them in the morning. *(Beat.)* I don't care what Jason said, I'm the project manager on this account and I need it done now. Move it! *(Olivia exits.)*

SAMI. *(Steps forward DSR on phone.)* 您好，午安。感谢您的回复。我已经详细看过简报里所有的内容，我认为我们可以进行下一步了。我会在明天之前把最新的预算提案交给您。

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Nín hǎo, wǔ ān. Xièxiè nín de huífù. Wǒ yǐjīng xiángxì kànguò jiǎnbào lǐ suǒyǒu de nèiróng, wǒ rènwéi wǒmen kěyǐ jìnxíng xià yībùle. Wǒ huì zài míngtiān zhīqián bǎ zuìxīn de yùsuàn tí'àn jiāo gěi nín.

(Translation: Hello and good afternoon. thank you for your reply. I've looked at everything in the briefing in detail, and I think we can move on to the next step. I will have the latest budget proposal delivered to you by tomorrow.)

(Sami grins, and with a single finger, hangs up.)

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