

## Audition Side for Seamus and Tyler and Teddy

TEDDY. (*Turning back.*) Seamus?

TYLER. Jesus! (*Clicked.*) Ow!

SEAMUS. I need to tell you something.

TYLER. (*Exasperated.*) Here we go!

SEAMUS. You've passed over. You died. You left your mortal life behind.

TEDDY. You know, I have felt a bit peaked since I got — (*Suddenly hits him.*) I WHAT? I WHAT? MORTE? I AM DEAD?

TYLER. Get a grip. You act like nothing bad ever happened to you before.

TEDDY. No, Impossible! I am not prepared to expire! I have meetings all day long! Jesus! (*A click. A flop.*) The clicking, what is the clicking? WHERE AM I?

SEAMUS. It's a way station, laddy.

TYLER. The ass end of eternity.

SEAMUS. You wait here for an opening to proceed on your des-

START

tiny —

TYLER. And the good news is ... it'll only take four hundred years!

TEDDY. (*Totally confused, trying to take control.*) All right ... My client has clearly been drugged. And nobody drugs TYLER JOHNES! Except Tyler Johnes. Monsieur Seamus, I must warn you, you are facing criminal charges. Entrapment ... Reckless endangerment!

SEAMUS. (*Wears, grabbing magazine.*) Theodore. Have you ever read *Highlights*?

TYLER. Teddy! Call him Teddy! ... Now look, Teddy. I died in my sleep. What about you? What's the last thing you remember?

TEDDY. (*Pacing.*) We were at Hailey's. We were eating. You were there. Your girlfriend, Serenity ... I had the "Tower of Shellfish."

SEAMUS. The what?

TEDDY. It's a specialty. The "Tower of Shellfish:" shrimp, lobster, mussels, and clams, stacked high on a big stick, doused in a white wine sauce, tres delicious, and very reasonably priced —

TYLER. TEDDY!

TEDDY. Anyhow, we went home, a la maison, I felt a bit queasy ... Wait. Mon Dieu! (*Click, flop.*) Tyler. You're dead, too?

TYLER. Mmm-hmmm. (*Teddy runs across and squeezes him.*)

TEDDY. WHY LORD, WHY? (*Break, he slaps Tyler.*) Tyler! We had that development deal at Paramount! And your *Chippin-Cop* residuals! And your divorce, ach, merde, I TOLD you to sign your divorce papers. If you are dead, your wife, she gets everything! This SUCKS the big one! (*He removes a blackberry, starts typing.*) I will email the bank.

TYLER. You keep a blackberry in your pajamas?

TEDDY. Mais, oui.

TYLER. (*To Seamus.*) I thought they say, "You can't take it with you."

SEAMUS. Nonsense. You can take anything you want. But it won't do you much good.

TEDDY. He's right. The battery is dead. END