

I don't know. I can try.

AUDREY

Try.

EDDIE

Just . . . direct, alright, direct the hell out of this thing.

AUDREY

I am.

EDDIE

I know.

AUDREY

Audrey walks away leaving Eddie standing alone.

Jo! You got more lights to show me! Jo! Where are you?

EDDIE

Lights become a solo spot on Eddie.

There you are.

EDDIE (CONT.)

Lights shift.

### **AUDREY AND TOM**

It's 1939. Audrey Wood sits a table in a cafe. The table that will become the *Menagerie* dinner table. Her waiter, Tennessee Williams, approaches and stands at her table.

Hello. My name is Tom. May I get you a water or a glass of wine.

TENNESSEE

How about both.

AUDREY

Red or White? TENNESSEE

White. AUDREY

You need another minute with the menu? TENNESSEE

Yes. Please. AUDREY

Alright. My name is . . . TENNESSEE

Tom. I know. AUDREY

. . . oh . . . already said that. Sorry. TENNESSEE

Apology in no way necessary. AUDREY

I'll be back. TENNESSEE

Thank you. AUDREY

Tennessee leaves. Audrey puts her menu aside, rearranges the salt and pepper shakers and silverware to make room in front of her. She reaches into her bag and pulls out a script and puts it on the table. She looks around and waits.

Eventually Tennessee returns with the drinks.

Here you are. TENNESSEE

Tennessee sets the wine down.

Chardonnay. TENNESSEE (CONT.)

AUDREY

Thanks.

As he is setting the glass of water down, he notices the script. It startles him.

TENNESSEE

And water . . . where did you . . . why do you . . . that's my play.

AUDREY

I know.

TENNESSEE

Why do you have my play?

AUDREY

Someone gave it to me.

TENNESSEE

Who?

AUDREY

Doesn't matter. You wouldn't know him.

TENNESSEE

I'm pretty sure I know everyone who has a copy of that play.

AUDREY  
(like a  
pronouncem  
ent)

*Battle of Angels.*

TENNESSEE

Yes. That's mine.

AUDREY

I'm Audrey.

TENNESSEE

Okay.

AUDREY

Audrey Wood.

Audrey extends her hand. Tennessee gently shakes it.

TENNESSEE

You're Audrey Wood?

AUDREY

That's me. And you are Tennessee, or Tom . . .

TENNESSEE

Tennessee, please. Please call me Tennessee.

AUDREY

Tennessee Williams. The playwright.

TENNESSEE

Trying to be.

AUDREY

Oh you are hunny, you definitely are that.

TENNESSEE

Well thank you.

An awkward moment.

TENNESSEE (CONT.)

(nervous)

Umm, so did you want to order some food? The filet is nice.

AUDREY

Can you sit?

TENNESSEE  
(looking around)

I uhhh . . .

AUDREY

I came in the afternoon, hoping you wouldn't be too busy.

TENNESSEE

Yeah. Yes. I can sit. I'm not busy, no. I can sit.

AUDREY

Great.

Tennessee continues to stand just staring at Audrey.

AUDREY (CONT.)

Would you like to sit now?

TENNESSEE

Oh. Yeah. Sorry.

AUDREY

Good.

Tennessee sits.

TENNESSEE

How . . . uhhh . . . why . . . how, how, how did you find me?

AUDREY

I have my ways.

TENNESSEE

Yeah. Okay.

AUDREY

I love your play.

TENNESSEE

*Battle of Angels?*

AUDREY  
(holding up  
the script)

Yes. This play.

TENNESSEE

You do?

AUDREY

I do. It's fascinating.

TENNESSEE

Well . . . uhhh . . . What do you like about it?

AUDREY

For one, the language - realistic yet lyrical - not easy to do. And the exploration of religion and sex and how it tears Myra apart, it's haunting and yet purposeful.

Yeah. TENNESSEE

Do you have an agent? AUDREY

No. Why? Will you do it? TENNESSEE

Slow down a bit. AUDREY

Yeah. Yeah. Okay. I just . . . I feel like my heart is about leap through my throat and land on the table for you to eat. TENNESSEE

Gross. AUDREY

Sorry. TENNESSEE

What else do you have? AUDREY

Besides *Battle*? TENNESSEE

Yes. AUDREY

Well, I have a lot, but most of it is shit and I won't let anyone read it, but I have some short stories that I feel are kinda exciting. TENNESSEE

Other plays? I'm mostly a theatrical artist agent - not really a literary one. AUDREY

Oh. I mean, I could show you my other work, but . . . well . . . I really don't want to. TENNESSEE

Right. AUDREY

Yeah. TENNESSEE

AUDREY

Alright, then. Based on this play, Tennessee, it is very apparent that you have talent. Loads of it. And I would like to help you develop that talent as your agent and I'll start by seeing if I can get *Battle of Angels* produced.

TENNESSEE

What?

AUDREY

What do you mean, "what?"

TENNESSEE

Is this happening? Really happening?

AUDREY

I can't, and won't, make any promises, but I'll try to see what I can do.

TENNESSEE

I think I just pissed myself.

AUDREY

Again. Gross.

TENNESSEE

Sorry. What do we do next?

AUDREY

I need you to come by my office to sign some paperwork.

TENNESSEE

Now?

AUDREY

No, Tennessee. You work tomorrow?

TENNESSEE

I don't have to.

AUDREY

Then stop by my office tomorrow.

TENNESSEE

Where?

Audrey pulls a pen from her bag and writes the address on a napkin and hands it to Tennessee.

AUDREY (CONT.)

Here.

TENNESSEE

Never thought I could see so much beauty in a napkin.

AUDREY

So tomorrow?

TENNESSEE

Yes.

Tennessee starts to get up.

TENNESSEE (CONT.)

I need to get back . . .

AUDREY

Yes. Of course.

TENNESSEE

Thank you, Ms. Wood.

AUDREY

Audrey.

TENNESSEE

Audrey.

Tennessee starts to leave.

AUDREY

Wait.

TENNESSEE

Yeah.

AUDREY

Do you have something you are working on now?

TENNESSEE

Oh. Yeah. Well. Kind of. It's a play. About my sister.

AUDREY

Your sister? Why your . . .

And my mother. TENNESSEE

Oh. AUDREY

And me, I suppose. TENNESSEE

Autobiographical then? AUDREY

Sort of. TENNESSEE

Does it have a title? AUDREY

Tentative. TENNESSEE

What is it? AUDREY

*The Gentlemen Caller.* TENNESSEE

Can't wait to read it. AUDREY

Not sure it's fit for audience consumption. TENNESSEE

Let me be the judge of that. AUDREY

Yeah. Right. Okay. TENNESSEE

Tomorrow? AUDREY

Tomorrow. TENNESSEE