

✦ Big Time

.....KEITH REDDIN

CHARACTERS: PETER (20's-30's), FRAN (20's-30's)

SETTING: *New York City, the present.*

This play is a fugue for a group of upwardly-mobile young business executives who are trying to score points and make their mark. Paul, a financier, is sleeping with FRAN, an executive, who is sleeping with PETER, a photo-journalist. When Paul finds out about FRAN and PETER, he proposes to FRAN, who holds him off. While Paul is out of town on business, FRAN is spending time with PETER. PETER is holding a magazine.

PETER: These pictures.

FRAN: Yeah.

PETER: You see how these were cropped?

FRAN: Uh huh.

PETER: I did not do this.

FRAN: No?

PETER: That was not what I intended.

FRAN: What did you intend?

PETER: Not this. (*Hits magazine*)

FRAN: It looks okay.

PETER: Yeah, it look okay, but it's not what I wanted, if I wanted this, I would of taken the picture like this.

FRAN: But you didn't.

PETER: No. These people . . .

FRAN: Where?

PETER: The people at *People*.

FRAN: The magazine *People*.

PETER: These guys . . .

FRAN: The *People* people . . .

PETER: Fran, I'm explaining something here . . .

FRAN: Sure.

PETER: It pisses me off.

FRAN: It looks fine. *screw*

PETER: They ~~are~~ *screw* around with my stuff, these ~~idiot~~ *idiot* graphic people, what ~~do they know~~ do they know . . .

FRAN: Peter, I do graphics, I know what I'm doing.

- PETER: I'm not talking about you Fran.
- FRAN: Then what are we talking about?
- PETER: We're talking about other people . . . people who have no . . . no artistic sense, you know, these people, they see these pictures as something to fill up space, to offset copy, and . . . I mean, you crop something . . .
- FRAN: Peter, I do this for a living, and it doesn't look like ~~me~~^{well}, I saw the picture before, I saw what you took, and I'm looking at the thing now, and it doesn't look that bad, believe me.
- PETER: It doesn't.
- FRAN: No.
- PETER: That is your opinion.
- FRAN: Yes.
- PETER: Well, fabulous. I've got your opinion on this.
- FRAN: What the ~~hell~~ is that supposed to mean?
- PETER: What? ^{hell}
- FRAN: That I've got your opinion, sarcastic thing.
- PETER: I wasn't being sarcastic.
- FRAN: No?
- PETER: No, you gave me your opinion, and I . . .
- FRAN: You think I don't know what I'm talking about?
- PETER: No, Fran . . .
- FRAN: You think I just look at pictures that you or somebody else takes, and I don't know anything? You think I like doing paste up, that layout is all I'm capable of . . .
- PETER: No, why am I defending myself all of a sudden?
- FRAN: The picture here, the one you're showing me, the one you took, it's a picture of Molly Ringwald at some ~~party~~^{stupid} party.
- PETER: I know.
- FRAN: So my point is, who cares?
- PETER: What?
- FRAN: Who really cares if you take a great shot of Molly Ringwald eating shrimp salad?
- PETER: It was a good picture, Fran, the point . . .
- FRAN: Who cares?
- PETER: I care.
- FRAN: What happened to pictures of bodies lying in a ditch in Central America . . .
- PETER: Fran, come on . . .
- FRAN: No, there is a difference here . . .
- PETER: Of course, I know this.
- FRAN: So, where . . . I can't believe I am getting so upset about this . . .

PETER: I don't know why either.

FRAN: I just . . . I mean I know what a good picture is and what's ~~Crap~~, I do . . . but you say these things about, you know, what I do, my job, and you have this attitude . . . Jesus, I want to go out for a while.

PETER: Where do you want to go?

FRAN: I don't know.

PETER: Listen, let me get my coat.

FRAN: Let me go out for a while.

PETER: Okay.

FRAN: I just want to go out by myself for . . . you know?

PETER: Oh. Okay.

FRAN: I'm just . . . I'm sorry I got mad, I don't know what's . . .

PETER: Look . . .

FRAN: I'm . . .

PETER: I didn't mean anything about you, Fran.

FRAN: Let's drop it, okay?

PETER: Sure.

FRAN: It's just, you act like I don't know anything. You're just like everybody else.

PETER: Look, I wasn't talking about you.

FRAN: You're just like everybody else, like Paul and like Jeremy and sometimes I think it's very important for you to keep me in place . . . like you stay over there . . .

PETER: That's not . . . I was talking about a picture that I . . . it was a good picture.

FRAN: No, you can go here and here and here, and Paul goes here and here, but you, Fran, you have to stay there, you have to be there when I get back, you have to be where I left you, you should be there when I come through the door, don't you understand I don't like my job, I've said it enough times, I've said I'm bored and I'm wasting my time . . .

PETER: It's not a waste . . .

FRAN: I am wasting my time, and you don't even hear me, I am wasting my time Paul, I am . . .

PETER: I'm Peter, Fran.

FRAN: That's what I said.

PETER: No, you called me Paul.

(Pause)

FRAN: No, I . . .

(Pause)

PETER: Fran . . .

FRAN: I'm just gonna go . . .

PETER: Where are you going, Fran. Sit down. Take off your coat.

FRAN: No.

PETER: Take it off, sit down.

FRAN: No.

PETER: Fran, take it easy.

FRAN: No, I will not. No. You can take it easy. You should sit down.

Sit down, Peter.

(Peter sits)

I don't want you to call me.

PETER: Okay.

FRAN: You call me, I'll hang up. I'll just hang up on you.

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