

LOSE THE BANTER

**by
Dylan Dawson**

CHARACTERS:

ADDIE – late twenties/early thirties, co-host of Alan & Addie: Hollywood Outsiders with her boyfriend Alan.

ALAN – late twenties/early thirties, co-host of Alan & Addie: Hollywood Outsiders with his girlfriend Addie.

SETTING:

On set for a promo shoot. Two stools against a green screen.

Lights up.

ADDIE sits on a stool with another empty one next to her. She's dressed in hipster clothes but is made up for television. She leans down for her bag/purse thing, which is just out of reach on the floor. While she does this she speaks to "Carl," the cameraman, unseen.

ADDIE.

Carl, did you say that he was *done* in makeup or that he was finishing up, cause...?

(she grabs her phone from her bag, almost falling down in the process)

...cause I have a screening of the new Pixar in less than thirty and I don't want to miss the short.

(checks her emails mindlessly)

What's the deal with these stools again? It's a green screen issue or...?

(reads something on her phone that clearly disturbs her)

Oh.

(to herself)

Oh fuck.

Fuck those guys.

ALAN enters, also hipstered out and in full camera-ready makeup, but it's hard to tell under his hangover sunglasses. He's still wearing his makeup bib and clutches onto a large coffee for dear life.

ALAN.

The last thing a man should have to do when he feels this way is put three layers of cake on his face.

ADDIE.

You still hungoverboard?

ALAN.

Still drunk I think, actually. ('sup Carlos).

ADDIE.

Megan just quit.

ALAN.

No she didn't.

ADDIE.

Read this email.

ALAN.

Read it to me.

ADDIE.

She just says she needs to start "exploring new environments."

ALAN.

Did she quit or break up with you?

ADDIE.

She's taking a writing gig at the A.V. Club –

ALAN.

Man fuck those guys.

ADDIE.

That's what I said.

ALAN.

Shit, they were there talking to her so much at the party last night, no wonder.

When did she send that?

ADDIE.

Just a second ago. She said she they offered this morning. Wait, Megan was at the party?

ALAN.

This morning. Huh. That's so weird, she didn't mention it to me.

(to Carl)

Carlos, is it okay if I hold my coffee out of frame while we shoot? Seriously it's like eighty miles to the ground from up here...

ADDIE.

What do you mean she didn't mention it to you this morning?

ALAN.

Huh? Oh yeah, I mean last night.

She didn't mention it to me last night.

At the party.

Not this morning.

I'm so hungover.

Beat.

Oh, know who was there last night?

ADDIE.

Megan apparently.

ALAN.

Harry Fucking Knowles!

ADDIE.

Yes, I know.

ALAN.

Why, did he text you or something, cause he asked me about you maybe thirty times in the ten minutes he was there. I think he has a crush on you.

ADDIE.

He didn't text me, no. Know who did text me at three in the morning? You. Saying you were gonna watch *13 Assassins* with Harry Fucking Knowles and probably just crash at his place.

ALAN.

Right, no. That's what I was about to *say*: Harry Knowles showed up for like ten minutes and then was like "Come by later and we'll get high and watch *13 Assassins*." And I was like "Thank you, Harry Knowles, I think I will." So I did.

And that is where I just came from.

And that is why I'm late.

And that is yeah...what happened.

What?

ADDIE.

Oh nothing, just thinking about what Megan meant. "Exploring new environments."

Beat. To Carl.

Okay Carl, let's roll on this cause I got about a minute to knock this out.

Beat. To Alan.

Will you be able to read the copy?

ALAN.

(taking off his shades)

No, I'm fine, let's just do it. How's the banter look?

ADDIE.

It's fine. It's retarded.

ALAN.

You just want to barrel through it a bunch, bang bang bang?

ADDIE.

Yep. Bang bang bang.

ALAN.

Great, just a sec.

He chugs the rest of his coffee. Addie watches him.

ADDIE.

Ready?

ALAN.

(throws the coffee cup down, eyes full)

Yeaaaaah, *movies* bitch!! Let's DO THIS!

ADDIE.

Say the word, Carl.

Ideally a light shift. Innocuous promo music plays underneath. Both Alan and Addie put on their televised "personality" faces.

ALAN.

This week on Alan and Addie: Hollywood Outsiders, we review *The Long Con*, *League of Saints*, and *Afterbirther!*

ADDIE.

Plus Jason Biggs stops by to share his five favorite films!

ALAN

And I share the best movies to show your kids in lieu of having "the talk."
Hey Addie, know how I reviewed those kinds of movies when I was a kid?

ADDIE.

No, how?!

ALAN.

Well it wasn't with my thumb.

Addie rolls her eyes for the camera. They freeze for a few seconds.

ALAN.

Again?

ADDIE.

Yep.

Promo music starts from the top.

ALAN.

This week on Alan and Addie: Hollywood Outsiders, we review *The Long Con*, *League of Saints*, and *Afterbirther!*

ADDIE.

Plus Jason Biggs stops by to share his five favorite films for some reason!

ADDIE.

And I share the best movies to show your kids in lieu of having "the talk."
Hey Addie, know how I reviewed those kinds of movies when I was a kid?

ADDIE.

No, Alan, how?!

ALAN.

Well it wasn't with my thumb!

ADDIE.

That's so funny, cause I get your penis and thumb mixed up all the time!

ALAN.

I...okay, I don't think that works as a button.

ADDIE.

I'm just playing around. We can cut it if it doesn't work.

ALAN.

Okay, but listen if you want to talk about last night, then –

ADDIE.

Just start again.

Come on, start again, we're still rolling!!

Beat.

Promo music starts in again.

ALAN.

This week on Alan and Addie: Hollywood Outsiders, we review *The Long Con*, *League of Saints*, and *Afterbirther*!

ADDIE.

And Harry Knowles drops by from Ain't It Cool News to verify Alan's bullshit story!

ALAN.

And...and I share my the five best movies to show your kids in lieu of having "the talk."

ADDIE.

And I wonder why I ever considered having kids with a man child!

ALAN.

And I wonder why I ever considered co-hosting a talk show with my girlfriend!

ADDIE.

And I introduce a new segment called I COULDN'T AGREE WITH YOU MORE,
ALAN!

ALAN.

And I introduce a new segment called FOR FUCK'S SAKE JUST ASK ME IF I SLEPT
WITH MEGAN STURGESS.

ADDIE.

And I explain to Alan how I don't need to ask because it's Colleen Murphy all over again.

ALAN.

And I share the top five women I guess I should have slept with because my girlfriend thinks I did anyway.

ADDIE.

And I share the top five motels those women can find my husband at starting tonight!

ALAN.

And I tell Carl how Addie has said his name during sex on two different occasions.

ADDIE.

And I tell Alan how that's because I had sex with Carl on two different occasions before you and I started dating, and I can't wait to get fucked again by something other than Roger Ebert's callused thumb.

ALAN.

And I say well if Roger Ebert's stubby thumb was good enough for Megan Sturges than it should be good enough for you.

ADDIE.

And I say I don't love you anymore.

ALAN.

And I say we should break up.

ADDIE.

And I bring back my award-winning segment: I COULDN'T AGREE MORE, ALAN! I COULDN'T FUCKING AGREE MORE!

Beat.

ADDIE.

All that and Jason Biggs on the next Alan and Addie: Hollywood Outsiders.

They freeze awkwardly until the music ends.

ADDIE.

(stands up)

Great I think we got it, right Carl?

ALAN.

Yeah we got it.

ADDIE.

Alright, I gotta run to this Pixar screening.

Bye.

ALAN.

Bye.

Addie starts to exit.

ALAN.

Hey Addie?

(a sincere moment)

Try not to miss the short. It's beautiful. You'll love it.

ADDIE.

Oh go fuck a talking car, you fucking piece of shit.

Exits. Alan reaches down for his sunglasses, almost falls off his stool. He puts them on.

After a moment.

ALAN.

We should probably just lose the banter.

Lights out.