

George Clooney and Brad Pitt get laid

a short play

by

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Cast

George Clooney – International Film Star

Brad Pitt – Another International Film Star

The Walker - Anyone

Setting A place

Time A time.

George Clooney and **Brad Pitt** enter from opposite sides of the stage. They are wearing tuxedos, with their bow ties lying undone around their necks.

GEORGE: Brad.

BRAD: George.

GEORGE: Brad.

BRAD: George.

THEY START TO MOVE CLOSER TOGETHER.

GEORGE: Brad.

BRAD: George.

GEORGE: Brad !

BRAD: George !

GEORGE: Brad !!

BRAD: George !!

GEORGE: Brad !!!

BRAD: George !!!

THEY FIND THEMSELVES A LITTLE 'TOO' CLOSE. THEY STEP BACK.

GEORGE: Says it all doesn't it.

BRAD: Too right.

GEORGE: The word.

BRAD: The name.

GEORGE: The call sign.

BRAD: Brad.

GEORGE: George.

BRAD: George.

GEORGE: Brad.

BRAD: Beorge.

GEORGE: Grad.

BEAT. THEY SIT.

BRAD: So, what's this play called ?

GEORGE: George Clooney and Brad Pitt get laid.

BRAD: I'm pretty sure you'll find it's Brad Pitt and George Clooney get laid.

GEORGE: No, I'm pretty sure it's George Clooney and Brad Pitt get laid.

BRAD: What's it about ?

GEORGE: Us.

BRAD: Getting laid ?

GEORGE: Guess so.

BRAD: That's pretty cool.

GEORGE: Guess so.

BEAT.

BRAD: What's she like ?

GEORGE: Who ?

BRAD: Her ?

GEORGE: Who's her ?

BRAD: The one we're ...

GEORGE: What ?

BRAD: You know.

GEORGE: No I don't.

BRAD: The one we're (WHISPERS) getting laid to.

GEORGE: I think you'll find that's getting laid *with*.

BRAD: Really ?

GEORGE: Pretty sure.

BRAD: Well ...

GEORGE: Yep

THE WALKER ENTERS. THEY CAN BE MALE OR FEMALE OF ANY AGE, HEIGHT, WEIGHT – AT THE DISCRETION OF THE DIRECTOR. **THE WALKER** WALKS PAST **BRAD** AND **GEORGE**. THEY WATCH **THE WALKER**. **THE WALKER** EXITS.

BRAD: Whoa.

GEORGE: Yeah.

BRAD: Did you check out the gajoombas on that piece of ass ?

BEAT.

GEORGE: Did you just say gazoombas.

BRAD: No gajoombas.

BEAT.

GEORGE: How are you spelling that ?

BRAD: G-a-j-o-o-m-b-a-s-piece-of-ass!

GEORGE: J not z ?

BRAD: That's the one.

BEAT.

GEORGE: Not sure that's a word.

BRAD: Sure it is.

GEORGE: Since when ?

BRAD: Since I made it up.

GEORGE: Didn't know you had word making up powers.

BRAD: Oh I do George. Given to me by the word making up council.

GEORGE: Like old Ernest Hemingway.

BRAD NODS.

BEAT.

BRAD: Who ?

GEORGE: Ol' Ernie Agonistes. The voice of the lost generation. The wounded soldier. The old man of the sea.

BRAD NODS.

BEAT.

HE LOOKS AT **GEORGE**.

GEORGE: He was a writer.

BRAD: Right. Like me.

GEORGE: You're a writer ?

BRAD: Sure am. Like every great actor.

GEORGE: What have you written ?

BRAD: Nothing. Yet. But I'm going to.

BEAT.

GEORGE: Back to the gazoom –

BRAD: Gajoombas - and that piece of ass had an incredible set of them.

GEORGE: I'll stick with the z.

BRAD: Your choice.

GEORGE: Appreciate it Brad.

BRAD: No problem George.

GEORGE: Or should that be Ern.

BEAT.

BRAD: So is that the one ?

GEORGE: The one what ?

BRAD: The one we're (whispering) getting laid on.

GEORGE: Pretty sure you'll find it's with.

BRAD: To, on, with – is that them ?

BEAT.

GEORGE: Nup.

BRAD: I'm hoping that it is.

GEORGE: It isn't.

BRAD: I could really –

GEORGE: No way.

BRAD: You say so.

GEORGE: I do.

BRAD: Thanks George.

GEORGE: No problem Brad.

BEAT.

BRAD: So, what's she like ?

GEORGE: Who ?

BRAD: The one we're meant to ...

GEORGE: To, with, on ?

BRAD: Yeah.

GEORGE: She's gorgeous.

BRAD: Yeah ?

GEORGE: Stunning.

BRAD: Yeah ?

GEORGE: Graceful.

BRAD: Yeah !

GEORGE: Elegant.

BRAD: Yeah ?

GEORGE: You should know – she's your wife.

BEAT.

BRAD: My wife ?

GEORGE: Yep.

BRAD: We're getting

...

GEORGE: To, with, on

BRAD: My wife ?

GEORGE: That's the ticket. Hole in –

BRAD: One. (BEAT) Why not your wife ?

GEORGE: I don't have one.

BRAD: So then it would be mine.

GEORGE: (PRODUCING PHONE) That's the plan.

BRAD: What's that ?

GEORGE: That would be the phone.

BRAD: Which I need for ?

GEORGE: To call the wife to ask about the uh-uh.

BRAD: The uh-uh ?

GEORGE: Uh-huh.

BEAT.

BRAD: You sure you don't have a wife ?

GEORGE NODS.

BRAD: And you're sure it wasn't the one with the gajombas ?

GEORGE NODS.

BRAD: Was that a yes you're sure or a yes it was.

GEORGE SHAKES HIS HEAD.

BRAD: It was them ?

GEORGE SHAKES HIS HEAD.

BRAD: Or it wasn't them ?

GEORGE NODS.

BRAD: Was that a –

GEORGE: Just make the call.

BEAT.

BRAD TAKES THE PHONE. HE STARTS TO DIAL. STOPS. THINKS.

BRAD: Sorry.

GEORGE: Problem ?

BRAD: Is it a seven or a nine ? I know it's a high number.

GEORGE: You don't know your own wife's number ?

BRAD: I usually have it on speed dial.

GEORGE: Under A.

BRAD: You have my wife on speed dial in your phone.

GEORGE: Uh-huh.

BRAD: Why do you have my wife on speed dial in your phone?

GEORGE: We're acquaintances.

BRAD: Acquaintances ?

GEORGE: Old friends.

BRAD: Old friends ?

GEORGE: Pals.

BRAD: Maybe you can ask her then.

GEORGE: She's your wife.

BEAT.

BRAD GOES THROUGH THE SPEED DIAL.

BRAD: What letter does ... Just kidding!

GEORGE: You got me.

BRAD: I got you good.

BRAD FINDS THE NUMBER. HE CALLS.

BEAT.

BRAD: (INTO PHONE) Hi. Angie. It's Brad.

GEORGE: You call your wife Angie.

BRAD: It's my pet name for her. Like in the song.

GEORGIE: Angie come back to my place

BRAD: The Stones. (SINGS) Angie. Angie.
You didn't know I could sing did you ?

GEORGE: Still don't.

BRAD: No one else is allowed to call her that.

GEORGE: I call her Angie all the time.

BRAD: You do ?

GEORGE: Sure.

GEORGE POINTS TO THE PHONE.

BRAD: What ?

GEORGE GESTURES FOR HIM TO TALK.

BRAD: Oh yeah. Right.

(INTO PHONE) It's me.

(WHISPERS) Your husband.

Brad.

B – r –

I'm calling on George's phone.

I don't know. He just handed it to me.

I guess I could've used mine.

I'll hang up and call back on mine. Hey, did you know George has you on speed dial ?

GEORGE: (WHISPERS) Ask her.

BRAD: Oh yeah. Right.
Angie ... baby ... sugar... (SINGS) Angie.
Sorry. I won't sing anymore.
I have something to ask you ...

(HANDING **GEORGE** PHONE)
George has something to ...

GEORGE REFUSES TO TAKE T.

BRAD: (TO PHONE) George and I were wondering ...

(BEAT)

Can we ...

GEORGE: Just ask her.

BRAD: George and I want to know if we can get laid at you.

GEORGE: Pretty sure it's with.

BRAD: Angie.

(BEAT)

(SINGS PASSIONATELY) *Angie*.

SUDDENLY **BRAD** IS HIT WITH A LOUD BARRAGE OF INVECTIVE
FROM THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE.
THE INVECTIVE ENDS.

BEAT.

BRAD HANGS UP THE PHONE. HE HANDS IT BACK TO **GEORGE**.

GEORGE: So – what did she say ?

BRAD: She said it's definitely "with."

GEORGE: Right. (BEAT) Anything else ?

BRAD: She said you should reach down inside your throat and pull your
perfectly manicured haircut right up through your tight little ass till it

comes out the other side and then light a match on your own breath and blow yourself to get the fuckoutahere and then pick up any left over pieces and roll them into a little ball and stick it into your ears and pull it out your nose with red hot iron tongs you stupid dumbshit fuckdweeb.

BEAT.

GEORGE: Dumbshit fuckdweeb ?

BRAD: Might have been fuckdweeb dumbshit. (BEAT) Pretty sure it was dumbshit fuckdweeb.

GEORGE: Probably not a lot of difference.

BRAD: Probably not.

BEAT.

GEORGE: So, I guess we can take that as a no then ?

BRAD: You think so ?

GEORGE: Pretty sure.

BRAD: You say so.

THE WALKER ENTERS. THEY LOOK AT BRAD AND GEORGE. BRAD NOTICES THEM.

BRAD: (WHISPERS) Hey.

GEORGE: What ?

BRAD: They're back.

GEORGE: Who ?

BRAD: The one with the ...

GEORGE: You got me.

BRAD: The great set of *jays*.

THE WALKER MOVES TOWARDS THEM.

GEORGE: I'm pretty sure you'll find that's a

(TURNING TO FIND **THE WALKER** STANDING RIGHT BESIDE THEM)

– Z.

BEAT.

THE WALKER LOOKS AT THEM.

BRAD: Hi. I'm George Pitt and this is Brad Clooney.

(BEAT)

I mean I'm George Brad and this is Pitt Clooney. (BEAT) I mean I'm –

GEORGE: He's Brad.

BRAD: I'm George. He's George.

GEORGE: Can we be of service ?

THE WALKER: We need the chairs back. The AA meeting is about to start.
Brooklyn Bill is very particular about the chairs.

BRAD: The chairs ?

(BEAT, REALIZING WHAT THEY ARE SITTING ON)

The *chairs*. (STANDING) Sure, sure. No problem.

GEORGE: (STANDING) Be our guests.

THE WALKER: Thank you.

THE WALKER STACKS THE CHAIRS AND CARRIES THEM OFF
STAGE.

BRAD: Hey.

THE WALKER STOPS.

BRAD: Great technique.

THE WALKER TURNS, LOOKS AT THEM.

GEORGE: I think he means you carry the chairs very nicely.

BEAT.

THE WALKER TURNS AND EXITS.

BRAD: Well, gave it my best shot.

GEORGE: That you did.

BRAD: Sounded good.

GEORGE: It sounded alright.

BEAT.

GEORGE: Okay Brad.

BRAD: Okay George.

BEAT.

GEORGE: Well, be seeing you.

BRAD: Not before I see you.

THEY START TO EXIT OPPOSITE SIDES.

BRAD: (LAUGHING TO HIMSELF) Fuckshit dumbdweeb.

GEORGE: I think you'll find it was dumbshit fuckdweeb.

BRAD: Grad.

GEORGE: Beorge.

BRAD: Gajoombas.

GEORGE: Gazoombas.

THEY EXIT.

THE END