

The Sand Man

Written By:

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Characters:

Ted Slater - Mid-Late 50s.

Leslie Slater/Duncan - Late 40s.

Kelsey Green - Mid-late 20s.

Frank Morgan - Late 50s.

Robbie Duncan - Early 20s.

Shannon Lewis/Mother Nature - 60s.

Chris Bailey - 40s.

Mr. Slater - Late 90s.

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ACT ONE

SCENE 1

A Date and Time flash across the screen.

"DECEMBER 28TH - 54 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT"

A Podcast/YouTube Talk Show introduction is seen on The Screen in the back of the stage or whatever screen is accessible and can be clearly seen by the audience. An anchor appears on The Screen and begins to speak.

CHRIS BAILEY

(A.I. Sounding Voiceover)

(DO NOT USE ACTUAL A.I.)

Tonight's episode of Nationalist News is sponsored by Apex Petroleum. You need oil? A.P. has got your back! Founded back at the height of the Industrial Revolution, Apex has been a family-first business since the beginning. Whether it's a quick oil fill or a spare gallon of gas, Apex Petroleum is there for you!

Show host: CHRIS BAILEY appears on screen. He is basically identical to the 40-50 year old podcast "Alpha" males, who have turned themselves red and bloated with beer, steroids, and a strict carnivore diet.

There needs to be a crazy intro to this show. Like mega over saturated, super alpha, in your face, crazy electric guitar riffs, explosions, America overload. Go crazy with it.

CHRIS BAILEY (CONT'D)

Welcome back Alphas! This is your Group-Leader Chris Bailey here with Nationalist News. The one and only True-American podcast based in the Greatest Country in the World. Another thank you to Apex Petroleum for their sponsorship of today's episode. Our topics tonight:

Are your cellphones taking videos of you and your family without you even knowing it? We'll be hearing from Tech Company Executive Michael Phillips on the Facebook phenomenon that has scared families across the nation.

Then, a Senate hearing gone wrong. As Democratic Senators Michelle Sampson and Charles Porter were on the floor for questioning about their eye-brow raising insider trading activities, a Capitol Police Officer ran naked across the floor. We have first access to that footage at 5:30.

Finally, Temperatures are on the rise. What this could spell for your plants, but more importantly what this could spell for your Christmas beach vacations. Sunscreen Influencer Christie Summers will be joining us in house with a sunscreen try on test--

The News Podcast flickers to black as if turned off by a remote control.

SCENE 2

The once dark stage has now become a HIGH-end New York City office. Things are clean, orderly, and expensive. This room probably gets cleaned three times a day. Morning, noon, and night. If there's a speck of dust, it's cleaned instantly.

TED SLATER enters the room. He wears a very nice suit with the top button of his white shirt unbuttoned. His salt and pepper hair is slicked back. While he looks clean and put-together, there's an air of pompousness about him. It's a slimy type of cool. He owns every room he walks into.

TED

(On the phone)

Yes, Frank, I'm just getting back to the office.

(Pause. Frank asks "What did they want to meet for?")

TED (CONT'D)

Well what do you think they wanted to meet for, Frank? You think the S.E.C. wanted to have a meeting with me about a- a what? A sponsorship? You think they called me up for some tips and tricks on the biz? Huh?

(Pause. Frank asks "What did they say")

Ohhh, what did they say? What did they say? Why didntcha open with that?

(Closes door and makes sure no one is listening)

They said that they want me to appear before the Senate.

(Pause. "Oh Shit")

Yeah. 'Oh shit' is right. And you wanna know why it's right, Frank? Because if I'm going down, you're coming with me and so is anyone else who thought this was a good fuckin idea. I've played the good guy my whole life. You know that, Frank. You know I always do the right thing. I've made you money, I've made my family money, I've given money back to the fucking rats of this city and this is how I'm repaid? I put my hands in the pockets of a few fucking Democratic Donkeys and just like always, they fuck it all up.

(Pause "Well I told you--")

No you did- No you DIDN'T tell me SHIT. I told YOU: "Going red, sleep tight in bed." That's what my dad used to say and I told you that, Frank, but no, NO we had to go blue. "Going blue, try something new." THAT'S what YOU said, Frank!

(Pause "They swore we would make it outta this clean! (etc.)")

Alr- Okay- Look- Frank LOOK! I'll figure it out okay. My lawyers said if I don't want to appear we can attempt to figure a way out of this. If not, they'll come up with something. It's gonna be fine. Just trust me. Okay? Bye Bye

TED hangs up the cell phone, sits down, and slumps in his chair. Distraught. After a moment, there's a knock at the door.

SHANNON

(From offstage)

Mr. Slater?... Mr. Slater?

TED

Yes, sorry, Shannon. Come in. Come in.

SHANNON

(Entering the office)

Afternoon, Mr. Slater. How was your meeting?

TED

Cut the pleasantries, Shannon. What do you need?

SHANNON

Ms. Green is here, Mr. Slater. She said she wants to join you for lunch. Is that alright?

TED

Yes, Yes! Let her in the office, Shannon. And please cl-

SHANNON

-close the door behind her. Of course, Mr. Slater.

SHANNON exits and after a moment KELSEY GREEN enters the room. She's everything and more that you would picture in a CEO's young mistress.

TED

(Too excited)

Well hello hello hello...

KELSEY

Well hello "Mr. Slater" how are you today?

TED

I'm doing fine, much better now.

KELSEY

So this is it, huh? The big bosses office.

TED

The BIG bosses office. Eighty-Fifth floor, spa down the hall... soundproof walls... all the perks, anything you want right at your finger tips.

TED closes the gap in between him and KELSEY. It gets steamy in here really quick.

KELSEY

When you say anything...

TED
Name it and it's yours.

The two get really close to something happening, but KELSEY breaks away. She thinks this gives her the power.

KELSEY
So, "Mr. Slater" Green Cosmetics is looking for a new partner to sponsor our next makeup kit... is Apex looking to get into the cosmetic industry?

TED
Oh, so now we're talking business? What happened to lunch?

KELSEY
I thought you said "anything I want right at my fingertips"?

TED
(Playful)
Am I being extorted here?

KELSEY
And what if you were?
KELSEY closes the gap again.

TED
I can't say I would complain...

KELSEY
Yeah? Does it turn you on?

TED
Yes, yes it does.
KELSEY puts her hand down TED'S pants and things start to get going.

TED (CONT'D)
Oh my god yes... fuuuuuuuuuck me

KELSEY
Oh, yeah? Maybe Green Cosmetics and Apex Petroleum can have a little partnership...

TED
A partnership? I like how that sounds...

They kiss.

KELSEY
Yeah and we can make each other soooooooo much money...

TED
Keep talking keep talking...

KELSEY

And I can use you to make my company soooo much bigger...

TED

Uh-- yeah okay fuck yeah...

KELSEY

(Still sexy talk)

And if you ever double cross me I'll destroy you, yeah?

TED

Right-- uhm this isn't really working for me anymore--

KELSEY

And I can record us fucking and use it against you in court when I sue you...

TED breaks away slightly disturbed.

TED

Okay yeah no I don't like this anymore.

KELSEY

Don't like what?

TED

The whole blackmail sex thing it's not working for me--

KELSEY

I thought it was turning you on?

TED

It was, it was! Just not the whole blackmail/destroying me whole thing. I didn't love that part.

TED pulls his pants back up or zips them up and fixes his belt.

TED (CONT'D)

Are we still doing lunch? I'm starving.

KELSEY

(Pulling out magazine)

Of course, but I also had to come by and see who *New York Times* is calling the "New John D. Rockefeller"! Congratulations Teddy Bear!

TED

Oh God please tell me you didn't read that shitty article. *The New York Times* is a flawed news organization. Calling them news is a stretch. Actually, calling them an organization is a stretch! I'm sure half of what they have me saying never even happened...

TED grabs the magazine and starts furiously reading.

KELSEY

Well I only picked it up because my handsome man was on the cover. I won't buy another copy, I promise.

TED

See! Like here! They said that my "wealth is on the climb and as that increases so should the rate of my employees." I never said anything about my wealth or my employees! Now you tell me this, what do they know about running a business? Nothing! They're just another fringe socialist group who thinks they could get to where I am, but let me tell you something Mr. *New York Times*. No one can get to where I am. My father built this company from the ground up and I turned it into what it is today. So don't tell me how to run. my. business.

TED over blows himself and falls back into his chair out of steam. Kelsey comes around to him.

KELSEY

(Massaging Ted)

Hey... Hey... it's okay! What's going on Teddy Bear? What's got my big boss man all fired up? Huh?

(Pause)

C'mon Ted... C'mon "Mr. Slater"... Talk to me. Tell me what's going on. I want to be there for you. Let me help you.

TED

The S.E.C. wants to investigate us.

KELSEY

The what?

TED

The S.E.C. The Securities and Exchange Commission. They're investigating...

KELSEY

Investigating us? What do you mean us? Am I in trouble?

TED

No, no. I mean A.P. Apex.

KELSEY

Why would they want to investigate Apex?

TED

Well... They're claiming that we allegedly put money into the pockets of a few Senators to influence a couple of laws here and there.

Beat.

KELSEY

Well... did you?

TED

Did I what?

KELSEY

Did you put money into pockets of Senators?

TED

No, God! Of course not! This is all alleged, baby. It's fucking bullshit! They're just trying to take another billionaire down. This happens every few years, trust me it's gonna to go away. It's all gonna be fine.

KELSEY

Okay, if you say everything's okay, I believe you.

TED

Kelsey, baby. This isn't something you have to worry about, okay? I didn't do anything wrong. Whatever I do with my money is my business and it's legal. Always has been and always will be.

KELSEY

Yeah, okay...

TED

Your Teddy Bear's going to be just fine, trust me.

(Pause)

Now, about that lunch you came in here for... or was it a business partnership?

KELSEY

Why not both?

TED

I'll write up the contract...

KELSEY

I'll have my people reach out to your people...

TED

And what's on the menu again?

KELSEY

(Smiling)

I think you know...

The two begin to undress extremely quickly as if they had both been waiting all day for this. TED clears off his desk with a gusto that impresses KELSEY. As the two reach their underwear and start getting down to business, there's a hurried knock at the door.

SHANNON

(Offstage)

Mr. Slater?

TED

Oh fuck yeah-- Just a second Shannon!

SHANNON

Mr. Slater, it's urgent!

TED

Fuck you're so hot-- I'm sure it can wait, Shannon!

SHANNON

(Offstage)

Mr. Slater! I'm really sorry but I'm sure it can't.

TED

(Pulling away from Kelsey)

Shannon. I tell you what can and can't wait. Whatever it is can wait. That's enough!

SHANNON

(Offstage)

Mr. Slater. Your wife is here to see you. She brought lunch.

TED freezes. KELSEY freezes.

TED

Shannon?

SHANNON

(Offstage)

Yes Mr. Slater?

TED

Stall.

TED and KELSEY rapidly put their clothes back on and tidy themselves and the room up. Just in the nick of time, the door opens. LESLIE SLATER enters.

LESLIE

Sorry Shannon, but I don't see why I can't just walk into my own husband's--

LESLIE enters to face KELSEY and TED.

TED

Oh, hi honey! I'm sorry I was just wrapping up this meeting with Ms. Green. She's from-- uhm- Green Cosmetics! You know the- uh- makeup thing! Kelsey, this is my lovely wife, Leslie!

KELSEY

Mrs. Slater, it is a HUGE pleasure to meet you. Your husband is a wonderful man and business partner. I'm hoping that Apex Petroleum and Green Cosmetics can-- have a partnership together. You know, uhm, the social media campaigns of both companies have steadily been growing and I think it would be a great opportunity for both of us to--

LESLIE surveys the room. Drops the bag of takeout she brought for TED and leaves.

TED

Fucking christ...

KELSEY

Ted- I'm so sorry- I didn't know what to-

TED

Shush, it's fine. I'll just have to work some magic and--

As TED says this he begins to cough. The cough gets slightly severe and he eventually coughs out what looks to be dust.

TED (CONT'D)

Oh God... Shannon!!! Get the cleaners back in here in 30! It's as dusty as an old fucking library in here!

TED shuts the door as he finishes yelling out and turns back to KELSEY and the two approach each other.

Now, where were we?

SCENE 3

The Screen lights up another time at the close of the last scene:

"JANUARY 4TH - 65 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT"

Still at the office but it's different. There's files all over the table. It's more lived in. In fact, it is literally currently being lived in. There's a pillow and few blankets on top of a couch that resides within the office, maybe it's a really nice pullout couch. As the changes in the room settle, SHANNON enters and begins to dust, seemingly in an orderly fashion. She has a uniformed system for the way this task should be done.

After a few moments LESLIE enters in a fitting pantsuit, files in hand. She's put together, but not comfortable in this setting.

LESLIE

Shannon, I'm sorry to disturb you I--

SHANNON

Oh! Mrs. Slater! We weren't expecting you. I'm so sorry but Mr. Slater isn't in right now, he's--

LESLIE

No, no, it's no problem. I just came to drop a few things off.

SHANNON

Of course, Mrs. Slater. Anything I can take off of your hands?

LESLIE

Please, just call me Leslie.

SHANNON

Of course... Leslie.

LESLIE

(Surveying the room)

Seems like things haven't been too pretty around here, huh?

SHANNON

I'm sorry Mrs.-- Leslie, I really am not allowed to say. With the investigation and with... well, you know the divorce... things have been tense. I can say that much.

LESLIE

Of course, I understand.

Beat.

SHANNON

I can take those papers from you, if you'd like.

LESLIE

Uhm, yeah, sure. Okay. Just make sure they get to Ted. I know he has a lot going on, but I want this to be behind us. For his sake, for my sake... for Robbie's sake. I just want to get it over with quickly.

SHANNON

I understand, Mrs. Slater.

LESLIE

Leslie.

SHANNON

Leslie. My apologies.

SHANNON goes back to cleaning in an unsubtle way of asking LESLIE to leave.

LESLIE

Shannon? I'm sorry, but-- how long was this happening?

SHANNON

Leslie, I understand this is a troubling time but--

LESLIE

Do you understand, Shannon? Do you really *understand*?

SHANNON

I'm sorry, Leslie, I didn't mean to overstep. I just work--

LESLIE

How long was this happening *here*? How long were *you* allowing this to happen here? How long were you letting this 20-something, blonde haired, blue-eyed* little girl into the office?

SHANNON

Leslie. I work for your husband. I sit at the desk on the other side of that door and I let people in and out. That's my job. To let people in that he wants to see and let people out that he's done with. Again, I'm trying to sympathize with what you're--

LESLIE

Are you? Are you trying to 'sympathize'? Because if you tried, or cared, or understood, Shannon, you would've called me and let me know that--

As LESLIE starts to finish this statement TED appears at the door. It's uncomfortable.

SHANNON

Mr. Slater! You're back! I'm sorry about the mess. I was just about finished up until--

TED

Shannon. Close the door.

SHANNON

Of course, sir.

SHANNON exits the room. Closing the door behind her. We're left with TED and LESLIE. This isn't fun.

TED

So! Are you here to invite me back into the house? Because if that's the case, don't bother! I have all I need right here!

LESLIE

Oh come on, Ted. Don't be like that.

TED

Don't be like what? What can I not be like, Leslie? Tense? Upset? Fucking angry? Because last time I checked you're the one who's been sleeping in MY California King in the master bedroom of the house that I fucking paid for! You've been sleeping in MY house for the past week while I'm here on a fucking couch in my fucking office. So don't tell me what I can and can't be like!

As TED wraps up he again begins to cough and a little dust comes out. Less than last time, maybe he's starting to get it under control.

TED (CONT'D)

God FUCKING DAMNIT!

TED rushes over to his desk and pulls out a bottle of pills, dumps one into his hand, and washes it down with the last drops of the bottle of scotch on his desk.

Beat.

LESLIE

That doesn't sound good, Ted. It sounds like it's been getting worse.

TED

Oh, like you would know.

LESLIE

Ted, look. I understand you're upset with me. I understand you're angry but you're the one who--

TED

I'm the one who what?

LESLIE

Well if you would just let me finish I--

TED

And why would I do that? Huh? Because last time I checked, you're the one who walked in here without an invitation. You're the one who wouldn't let ME finish... You're the one who came here and saw something you didn't want to see after we agreed it was okay!

LESLIE

We didn't agree on--

TED

Oh yes we did, Leslie. We *did* agree that with the lifestyle I live, 'it was okay for me to see other people on the side from time to time' and--

LESLIE

Oh my GOD you fucking disgust me.

LESLIE starts to leave, but TED cuts her off. He wants the fight.

TED

Oh I disgust you? I disgust you? Well you're the one who decided to marry me. You're the one who agreed to--

LESLIE

I agreed to the perimeters *you* set, Ted. *You* set them. You told me with the lifestyle that you lived that you needed to have some openness in our relationship. You promised me that it would be private and that it would help our relationship. So I agreed; but, the office is not private, Ted.

TED

Oh, so now the office isn't private?

LESLIE

You know it's not! You're in deep shit right now and Kels-- Kelsey Green is a very public figure. She gets stopped every two steps she takes out on the street and there's a growing number of news stations waiting outside for you to answer their questions. This office is not a private space.

TED

Fucking-- whatever, you still agreed.

LESLIE

I agreed because, what if I said no? What then, huh? Then *you'd* be the one delivering divorce papers to my office instead of the other way around. And it would've come a lot sooner than it did. God, I wish I said no then.

TED

I wish you did too. Would've saved me a lot of trouble. Would've saved me nineteen years of my life.

Beat.

LESLIE

Really, Ted? Do you regret Robbie?

TED

Fucking christ!

LESLIE

Well?

TED

"Well" what?

LESLIE

Do you regret--

TED

That fucking know-it-all doesn't want anything to do with me...

LESLIE

I asked if you regretted him, Ted.

Beat.

TED

Does Shannon have the papers?

LESLIE

Yes. She does.

TED

Then, quite frankly, Leslie, I don't see why you're still here.

LESLIE is taken aback, doesn't really have a response that could top this.

TED (CONT'D)

I'll sign the papers, I'll get them back to you. You can keep the house, the cars, whatever your heart desires, okay? We're done here.

LESLIE

Ted one second--

TED

(Out the door)

Shannon?!

(Back to Leslie)

I said we're done here, Leslie. Bye bye.

SHANNON

(Entering the room)

Yes, Mr. Slater?

TED

Please make sure Miss Slater sees her way out of the building as quickly as possible, thank you.

SHANNON

Of course, Mr. Slater. Right this way, Ms. Slater.

LESLIE

Shannon. It's Leslie.

SHANNON

So sorry. Right this way, Leslie.

SHANNON shows LESLIE out of the room as TED doesn't pay attention to their exit. As TED begins to go through things throughout the room, the office phone rings.

TED

(Picking up the phone)

Hello? Jesus Christ, now's not the time, Frank. Give me an hour.

TED hangs up the phone. He sits in his chair and the room begins to get hot. Very hot. TED drinks some water, he drinks whatever he can find but the coughing starts again and the sweating is uncomfortable. The light outside his office window begins to get bright. Very bright. It's blinding. TED clutches his eyes as he falls to the ground.

TED (CONT'D)

FUCK WHAT THE FUCK!! SHANNON! SHANNON IN HERE NOW!

SHANNON rushes into the room and starts to help TED off the floor. As he gets up there's some pile or outline of sand where his body was.

SHANNON

Mr. Slater? What happened? Are you alright?

TED

I'm fine, Shannon. Fuck! I'm fine. Must've been some reflection through my window. Hit me right in the fucking eyes. Goddamn, it's hot today, huh?

SHANNON

It's actually the hottest recorded day for a January in New York since--

TED

Alright I didn't ask for a history lesson. Just needed some help. Just go crank the A/C, alright?

SHANNON

Yes, Mr. Slater. Oh and one last thing.

SHANNON walks over to TED'S desk with the divorce papers LESLIE brought in earlier. She drops them on the desk.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Your wife dropped these off for you. She asked if you could sign them sooner rather than later.

TED

Ex-wife. Shannon. Ex-Wife.

SHANNON exits the office. TED sits at his desk, pours himself a drink, and throws open the divorce file.

TED (CONT'D)

Happy New Year to me.

SCENE 4

The same News Podcast introduction is seen on The Screen. The same anchor appears on The Screen and begins to speak.

CHRIS BAILEY

Welcome back Alphas to Nationalist News! CEO of Apex Petroleum Ted Slater and Longtime Business Partner and Financial Advisor Frank Morgan have officially been subpoenaed by the Senate Committee that has been put in charge of investigating the alleged crimes of Democratic Senators Charles Porter and Michele Sampson.

In two weeks time Ted Slater and Frank Morgan will be called from their offices in New York City to Washington, D.C. The childhood friends will testify together on whether or not they provided information to Senator Sampson and Senator Porter. The alleged claims state that the two businessmen provided insider information to the Senators, in an act of Insider Trading. What the two businessmen could have gotten out of this deal is unclear at this time. More on that at 6.

It's not a pretty time for Ted Slater as he's also facing off against his ex-wife Leslie Duncan in divorce court. As you all know, I myself have allegedly gone through divorce court twice and wouldn't wish it on any other man.