

## PROMETHEAN OVERTURES

By

JAMES DAVID DONAHUE

INT. CONCERT HALL — BACKSTAGE — NIGHT

Backstage at a university symphony concert hall. The space is cavernous and dim. Lights from the stage flash through the spaces and an orchestral performance booms.

CHRIS is an operatic singer in his fourth year who paces nervously in the wings. In three minutes, he will perform his solo.

ADAM is his best friend and fellow musician who has come backstage to show support.

ADAM

At his very best. That crowd is unbelievable. I think I saw J.D. Salinger in the third row.

CHRIS

You came. Where's Morgan?

ADAM

Of course I did. This is it. The last one. I wouldn't miss it. Here.

*Adam hands Chris an in-ear monitor.*

CHRIS

I think I'm gonna throw up. Listen to them out there.

ADAM

You've rehearsed it. You've done twelve performances before it. You're Perkins' star.

CHRIS

Something feels off.

ADAM

It isn't... Did you get Perkins to let you change the girls' underwear?

CHRIS

Yeah. We needed a better look and flexibility.

ADAM

A better look?-you can't (see underwear-)

CHRIS

This is different than the others. The Miller Harmonic is here. Perkins is recruiting for a residency in New York. Even the Alvin Ailey-

ADAM

What about Vietnam?

CHRIS

I've got two minutes. Is she coming?

ADAM

No.

CHRIS

Why not?

ADAM

You know Duncan left for Hanoi already. His plane took off at 9.

CHRIS

I can't think about that right now, I'm about to do this thing. My entire creative and professional future is depending on it. And the lead choreographer for my chorus isn't here.

ADAM

She moved out of the apartment. She's leaving for Vietnam today.

CHRIS

What the fuck? I told her- that was our trip, she's never given one fuck about the ascetic lifestyle. What is she gonna do at the temples? Draw stick figures in the sand?

ADAM

She's become very interested in-  
(spirituality)-

CHRIS

It's fine. We don't need her. The girls know what they're doing. I need to clear my head of this.

*Chris assumes a Zen Buddhist stance.*

ADAM

Good. You know, I think Mischa is really upset about the underwear thing. I think she sees it as a sort of sexual misconduct.

CHRIS

If I conceded to every guideline of conduct from our prudish eastern-European professor of costume design, I would be performing the Aria with six pink unsexy flamingos swaying behind me. This is provocative and I won't—she moved out, she doesn't want to see me, but she's coming to Vietnam?

ADAM

You've got ninety seconds, they're in the final movement. Do you remember your breathings?

*They breathe together.*

ADAM

Why do you need this so bad?

CHRIS

I can have a real impact on music, Adam. You could too if you didn't give up so easily.

ADAM

Then they'll have to listen to you.

CHRIS

What is that supposed to mean?

ADAM

We can talk about it after.

CHRIS

We can talk about it now.

ADAM

Sixty seconds.

CHRIS

Adam.

ADAM

We think it would better if you didn't come to Vietnam.

CHRIS

I might not have come anyway. Duncan can—is  
he-

ADAM

And some of the—we—we're not going to perform  
with you in the reviews this year. You don't  
need us anyway. And I'll see you in three  
months... I still want to be your friend.

CHRIS

Great.

ADAM

You've never told me my underwear was  
unflattering.

CHRIS

It had nothing to do with the fucking  
underwear. It was about the fucking movement—  
it, the, we refocused the 30s too you don't  
hear Pauley fussing about misconduct on the  
behalf of his department.

ADAM

You do see the difference between a lighting  
fixture and a human-being, right?

CHRIS

When we step onto that stage we stop being  
human-beings.

ADAM

I've seen how warm you could be to her. I know-  
I've known you since the eighth grade, I know  
who you are.

CHRIS

No one else. But things change. They evolve,  
like a musical theme.

*A roar of applause follows the music.*

ANNOUNCER O.S.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Christopher Reed.

THE END