

director copy

**THREE DRUNK POETS FIND GOD**

By: Chris Gacinski

The weird look at whiskey could work; I think there should be a vocalization

Can you see Emy when she enters?

Walk downstage on diagonal before "Hey guys"

Better about picking up on cues before Emy's exit

Chris Gacinski  
11 Division Ave  
347-265-1293  
cgacinski@gmail.com

### **Character Breakdown**

CHARLIE: Mid-20's poet whose thinking outside the box with his writing project. Heavily inspired by Charles Bukowski.

WILL: Mid-20's poet that's best friends with CHARLIE. Both ritualistically drink in the forest to compose. Heavily inspired by William Shakespeare.

EMILY: Mid-20's poet who is friends with WILL and CHARLIE. Heavily inspired by Emily Dickinson.

Emy cross upstage on "Hey Guys"

Overall could be a bit faster on cues; less pauses in your own lines

THOU SHOULDST DO the same: maybe don't drink there?

REVIEW LINES!

Cigarette

WATCH

PHONE

Setting: In the middle of the woods. No specific location or landmarks, just one tree in the middle of the stage, reminiscent of the one found in Beckett's Waiting for Godot.

At Rise: Lights up on the tree. Soon after, we see CHARLIE and WILL enter, with CHARLIE carrying a brown paper bag full of wine.

1

Attempt  
1

WILL: *lines immediately*

We must quaff the blood of Jesus!

CHARLIE:

That's why we're here...

WILL:

Hand me my bottle, good sir.

(CHARLIE removes a bottle of wine from the bag and hands it to WILL.)

WILL:

I humbly thank you...

CHARLIE: *\* GO off & do own thing\**

Sure thing, William.

(CHARLIE removes a bottle of whiskey from the bag. He chugs some, then removes a cigarette, which he proceeds to smoke. He's clearly not a smoker.)

*spit take?*

WILL:

May I ask you something, Charles?

(CHARLIE is still coughing.)

WILL:

Mr. Bukowski?

CHARLIE:

What? What do you want?

WILL:

I have encountered an issue I must resolve...

CHARLIE:

Which is?

WILL:

The words I wish to write accumulate in my brain, yet they remain in my subconscious.

CHARLIE:

Okay, so, writers block?

*Have to see this issue*

A beat longer; see more confusion and frustration on your face

You do a good job playing off each other and listening to

**WILL:**

Is that the name of this disease that's plaguing me?

**CHARLIE:**

Yes, and you are grasping your cure.

**WILL:**

Ah, yes, the blood of Jesus.

**CHARLIE:**

Wine. It's called wine.

**WILL:**

I must ask...why hast thou brought me to the woodlands?

**CHARLIE:**

Why not?

**WILL:**

I doth think this tree will come to life..

Emy take a moment longer  
to compose yourself

*(EMY enters unnoticed. She is lanky, pale,  
with raven hair. WILL turns toward her and  
is startled.)*

2

Lowest parrot  
1-2

**WILL:**

Escape

Charles! An apparition has appeared behind you! We must  
escape with haste!

*(WILL runs away. Screaming.)*



3

\*-why?

**CHARLIE:**

Call me Charlie, damnit! Oh wow. I never thought you'd ever  
leave your room.

Drag  
Emy In

**EMY:**

Me either...

**CHARLIE:**

I have something you may want...

*(CHARLIE pulls out a bottle of white wine.)*

**EMY:**

Oh, the blood of Jesus!

**CHARLIE:**

Really? You too?

**EMY:**

Is that not the blood of Jesus?

**CHARLIE:**

It's white wine! It has no resemblance to blood.

**EMY:**

White blood cells...

4

Get  
Will  
back

**CHARLIE:**  
William!  
*(WILL re-enters anxiously.)* **REBLOCK; Ethan run behind the tree**

**WILL:**  
Has the apparition faded into the night? Oh, no! The succubus demands a sacrifice! → *Emy motions for the bottle*

**CHARLIE:**  
This isn't a succubus, this is Emily Dickinson, another poet.

**EMY:**  
Hello.

**WILL:**  
Greetings...I apologize for mistaking you for a spirit...I've written about spirits in some of my own plays, never have my trousers been more soaked...

**EMY:**  
If you write your own work...

**WILL:**  
Ah, yes, another jealous writer who diminishes my literary and cultural impact...What inspires these fictitious lies you hath spoken?

**EMY:**  
Critics. Teachers. I'm sure if Chris was here, he'd attest to that.

**WILL:**  
Chris who? **Play on the diagonal**

**EMY:**  
Marlowe.

**WILL:**  
Do not mention that fool! His lies have similar intentions to yours...

**EMY:**  
It's okay, not everyone is talented.

**WILL:**  
I, William Shakespeare, write all my own work organically...

**EMY:**  
Whatever you say, actor...

5

Find  
an  
easier  
way

---

**CHARLIE:**  
Hey guys...

What?  
**EMY:**  
I don't think this is working...  
**CHARLIE:**  
What do you mean?  
**WILL:**  
I don't feel inspired to write like Bukowski...  
**CHARLIE:**  
I don't feel inspired to write like Shakespeare...  
**WILL:**  
I don't feel inspired to write like Dickinson...  
**EMY:**  
This was a waste of time... **SOD**  
**CHARLIE:**  
I mean, did you really expect this to work?  
**EMY:**  
One hundred percent.  
**CHARLIE:**  
Wow...  
**EMY:** A little more anger  
**CHARLIE:**  
I thought it would! What else do you want from me?  
**EMY:**  
To read who we're assigned?  
**CHARLIE:**  
Yeah, but that's soooo much work!  
**EMY:**  
We're writing poetry!  
**CHARLIE:**  
So? ~~\* Loud sob from will~~  
**EMY:**  
Dickinson's poems are usually under ten lines.  
**CHARLIE:**  
Way to brag.  
**EMY:**  
I still can't believe you thought this would work.  
**CHARLIE:**  
I just thought it would; I don't know...

*like the sobbing; find the write moments*

**WATCH THIS MOMENT**

Cut off

**WILL:**

Alright, let's stop fighting. Clearly, we need more context as to who these people are.

**CHARLIE:**

Yes.

**WILL:**

Wait, why are we drinking again?

**CHARLIE:**

Tuck take a step upstage for slap

To write.

**EMY:**

That applies to Bukowski, he does delve a bit into alcoholism.

**CHARLIE:**

So, I'm on the right track?

**EMY:**

Read his work, please. It's much easier than pretending.

**CHARLIE:**

Our professor literally said to get inside their heads!

**EMY:**

Professor Dink is a freak, and you know it. He says weird stuff all the time.

**CHARLIE:**

I guess...

**EMY:**

Just read his work, I'm sure you'll get it. Clairvoyance is the white petaled rose that sits in the courtyard garden / A sense of clarity before pre-destined disaster.

Shake heads in unison

**CHARLIE:**

Are you reciting her poetry to show off?

**EMY:**

I wish. I wrote that.

**WILL:**

Did that really work for you?

**EMY:**

Absolutely. I got into her head for a few minutes, I felt her pain, her struggle...I just felt like her, I don't know how else to describe it...I felt her dictating each individual word to me. The strokes of my pen on the page moved like I was the marionette, and Emily Dickinson was the puppeteer...

right place sit will?

so SACRILEGIOUS over the top

\*What is will doing on this page?

**WILL:**

Wow...

**EMY:**

Oh yeah, I wrote that at home an hour ago, I just came out here for free wine.

*(EMY starts to walk away.)*

**CHARLIE:**

Wait, you're leaving us?

You all were in a perfect line lol

**EMY:**

Of course. I don't want to hang out in the middle of the woods. This place is kinda gross.

**CHARLIE:**

But we need your help...

**EMY:**

How can I help? You haven't bothered to read any of his work.

**CHARLIE:**

So?

**EMY:**

Read it.

**CHARLIE:**

No.

**EMY:**

That's your problem, you need to read it. The booze is a good first step, but his environment really shaped his writing...

**CHARLIE:**

His environment being?

**EMY:**

Los Angeles.

**CHARLIE:**

I can't afford to go all the way there! I don't even think I have the time to do that, either.

**EMY:**

Read. His. Poetry. Maybe if you pretend hard enough, you'll teleport all the way there.

**CHARLIE:**

Thanks...

**EMY:**

Well, I completed my share. As much as I'd love to tutor

→ Chandler Bing "No" Reaction from Charlie



\*What is will doing on this page?

**WILL:**

Wow...

**EMY:**

Oh yeah, I wrote that at home an hour ago, I just came out here for free wine.

*(EMY starts to walk away.)*

**CHARLIE:**

Wait, you're leaving us?

You all were in a perfect line lol

**EMY:**

Of course. I don't want to hang out in the middle of the woods. This place is kinda gross.

**CHARLIE:**

But we need your help...

**EMY:**

How can I help? You haven't bothered to read any of his work.

**CHARLIE:**

So?

**EMY:**

Read it.

**CHARLIE:**

No.

**EMY:**

That's your problem, you need to read it. The booze is a good first step, but his environment really shaped his writing...

**CHARLIE:**

His environment being?

**EMY:**

Los Angeles.

**CHARLIE:**

I can't afford to go all the way there! I don't even think I have the time to do that, either.

**EMY:**

Read. His. Poetry. Maybe if you pretend hard enough, you'll teleport all the way there.

**CHARLIE:**

Thanks...

**EMY:**

Well, I completed my share. As much as I'd love to tutor

→ Chandler Bing "No" Reaction from Charlie

you two, I have places to be..Wine to drink. I'll see you guys in class.

6

(EMY exits off-stage, wine in hand.)

---

**WILL:**

She's so hot...

**CHARLIE:**

She owes me fifteen dollars for the wine...

**WILL:**

Do you think she's into me?

**CHARLIE:**

We're cooked, dude...

I think we need to cut chasing Emy; too downstage for this part

**WILL:**

Honestly, bro, I kind of hate Shakespeare now. He's such a dweeb.

**CHARLIE:**

That's fair. I have no idea who Charles Bukowski is...I just picked him because his name sounds badass.

**WILL:**

He's a drunk poet. Become a drunk poet. I'm a drunk poet right now, and I don't think Shakespeare drank...Art thou still mimicking Mr. Bukowski?

**CHARLIE:**

I don't think I can...

**WILL:**

Come on, dude! This is due tomorrow.

**CHARLIE:**

I don't have the time to read all his poems!

**WILL:**

Google it, man!

**CHARLIE:**

I lost my phone snorkeling!

**WILL:**

Why bring electronics anywhere near the water?!

**CHARLIE:**

We're getting too sidetracked!

**WILL:**

You're right, I'm sorry. Let's just keep going, okay?

**CHARLIE:**

Fine...

Try Again

7

---

Attempt  
2

**WILL:**

Would thou care for a chalice full of the blood of Jesus?

**CHARLIE:**

I don't think Shakespeare...Or Dickinson for that matter, called wine "the blood of Jesus."

**WILL:**

Beats me, I'm doing the best that I can. Thou should do the same...

**CHARLIE:**

What's the point?

**WILL:**

See, you're getting warmer!

**CHARLIE:**

No, seriously, why are we still trying?

**WILL:**

Because this project is important, man...How about we go through some of his writing. Together.

**CHARLIE:**

Can I be brutally honest with you...

**WILL:**

Sure.

**CHARLIE:**

I can't even remember the last time I read something.

**WILL:**

Aw...you didn't have to tell me something I already knew.

**CHARLIE:**

How supportive...

**WILL:**

I'll read it aloud to you.

**CHARLIE:**

Sure...

*(WILL pulls out his phone. He has no service.)*

**WILL:**

Well, I can't search anything. No service out here.

**CHARLIE:**

What are we going to do?

**WILL:**

I mean...would you want to be Shakespeare and I can be Bukowski?

**CHARLIE:** Tuck cheat SR a bit when you sit  
Or we just drink and accept our defeat... down

**WILL:**  
I mean, that could work, too, I just don't think I can fail  
this project.

**CHARLIE:**  
Why? It's one project...

**WILL:**  
Both of my parents have PhDs in literature. When I told  
them I was assigned Shakespeare, they're expecting an  
A...They think that I have literature in my blood since it  
came so easy for them, but honestly, this is pretty stupid.  
Shakespeare is a nerd, Bukowski is a drunk, and Emily  
Dickinson is pretty much a ~~diet~~ Sylvia Plath...

8

**CHARLIE:** *three good dinners*  
Who's that?

**WILL:**  
Look, man, if you're going down, I'll go down with you.

**CHARLIE:**  
Thanks, man, You're the best friend I could've asked for.

**WILL:**  
Where do we go from here?

*(CHARLIE opens up another bottle of wine and  
hands it to WILL.)*

**CHARLIE:**  
Cheers, mate.

*(They share a toast as the lights fade to  
black. BLACKOUT. END OF SHOW.)*

*Surrender*

*Send sitting by the  
tree drinking*