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Mynx & Savage

By

REBECCA GORMAN O'NEILL

Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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(MYNX & SAVAGE)

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“*Mynx & Savage* was premiered in the American Association of Community Theatre’s AACT NewPlayFest by The Vortex Theatre in Albuquerque, N.M.”

Mynx & Savage received its world premier production at The Vortex Theatre in Albuquerque, N.M., in April 2017.

CAST:

Adam Mark EvansChris Hughes
Ket Timura Heather Donovan
Female Actor Aleah Montano
Male Actor Gennaro Leo

PRODUCTION:

Directors.....Ray Rey Griego, Caitlyn Jones
Production Stage Manager.....Maria Alma Rivera
Costume Designer..... Louisa O’Neill
Scenic Designer Mary Rossman
Sound Designer..... Josh Brown
Lighting Designer Joseph Wasson
Props Designer.....Nina Dorrance
Comic Design..... Orion Pike
Mynx & Savage Logo Design..... Anna Woltman
Master Carpenter.....Thane Kenny
Master ElectricianPepe Gellardo
Seamstress..... Rhonda Backinoff
Scenic PaintersBrigid Smith, Bud Schaffer
Board Technicians..... James Zamora, Josh Brown
Deck ChiefSantana Florez
Special ConsultantDavid Burton
Dressers..... Louisa O’Neill, Brigid Smith, Lizzie Torrez,
Sheldon Blackhorse, Madison Vanderlingen,
Alfie Darling-Roberts, Tori Whisler

Mynx & Savage

CHARACTERS

ADAM MARK EVANS (m): 30s; a comic book writer, he carries the strain that comes of having written his best work years ago.

KET TIMURA (w): late 20s; sharp and bright, she is used to being one of the few women in a boy's world.

FEMALE ACTOR (w):

MYNX: 20s; a superheroine, has the attitude and the spandex costume to prove it.

HOPE DANIELS: Mynx's alter ego, an archaeologist.

JILL BLAKE: 9; a little girl in a graphic novel.

FAY: nonhuman, a doll-woman

MALE ACTOR (m):

SAVAGE: 20s; a supervillian, has a Jekyll/Hyde thing going on.

CARTER WIGHT: Savage's alter ego, a zoologist.

KYLE HANOVER: 9; a little boy in a graphic novel.

DOLL: Fay's doll-child

PRODUCTION NOTES

CHARACTERS: Actors of any ethnicity may play any of the parts, but ADAM and the MALE ACTOR should be of the same ethnicity. Also, changes in character/costume of the Male and Female Actors should happen very quickly.

TIME: Present. Spring.

PLACE: Seattle. All scenes take place in an artist/writer's studio, a place where comic books are born. Other locations, like scenes from the pages of the books, are simple and suggested.

Mynx & Savage

ACT I

Tell Me a Story

(The studio. There is a partners desk in the middle of it—two drafting tables facing each other. One is lived in, the other is empty.

There is a little kitchen, a coffeemaker and places to sit. A tattered couch. There is a massive pile of unopened mail.

KET TIMURA is there. She reads a glossy comic book.

She is oblivious to MYNX and SAVAGE, who are having a full-on superhero showdown.)

MYNX. Did you kill him?

SAVAGE. Does it matter? If I did, what? You'll kill me? You don't have it in you to kill, Mynx!

MYNX. Where is he, then? Where is Ernest Daniels?

SAVAGE. That stodgy old professor—what is he to you? Surely someone of your ... qualities ... could find a more exciting catch?

MYNX. You're disgusting!

SAVAGE. Touchy, touchy! The good professor is safe, little one, for the moment ...

MYNX. Tell me where he is!

SAVAGE. You think it's that easy? Just ask me nicely, and I'll do your bidding?

MYNX. What do you want, Savage? Why are you playing these games? It's not about money with you any longer, or power, now you torture the weak, the innocent, for what? Your sick, sadistic games?

SAVAGE. Yes, yes, I'm a disgusting wretch, aren't I? You should put me out of my misery like the dog that I am! But we both know that won't happen, Mynx, for all your strength ... you're so ... good.

MYNX. If you were any sort of man—

SAVAGE. Ha! I am no sort of man anymore. No sort of man at all.

MYNX. Enough of this, Savage!

SAVAGE. Yes! Enough! I do have Ernest Daniels ... *and* a certain item he was keeping safe for you.

MYNX (*thought bubble*). Gasp! No, that can't be! It's impossible!

SAVAGE. I have a deal for you.

MYNX. A deal?

SAVAGE. You'll get your professor back, and your treasure ... But only if—

(ADAM MARK EVANS enters, carrying a duffel bag and a flat portfolio case. KET glances up. A slight break in MYNX and SAVAGE's action.)

SAVAGE (*cont'd*). You do a little something for me.

(ADAM snatches the book from KET. SAVAGE and MYNX leave, disoriented.)

ADAM. Can I help you?

KET. Is Ernest dead?

ADAM. You have to wait for the next issue like everyone else. Who are you?

KET. You're Adam Mark Evans.

ADAM. I know who I am.

KET. I'm Ket Timura.

ADAM. OK.

KET. Comstock sent me.

ADAM. Why?

KET. They sent a letter.

ADAM. A letter?

KET. It should have come—

ADAM. I don't read paper mail.

KET. Ah. OK. I have a copy of it with me, here. *(She hands him a letter, which he tosses onto his mail pile.)* It just introduces me and says that we'll be working together from here on out.

ADAM. I'm sorry?

KET. I'm your new partner. Inks, colors and letters. You do your own pencils.

ADAM. Yes, I ... How did you get in here?

KET. Key. Front office had a copy, for the courier.

ADAM. Who are you?

KET. Would you please just read the letter? It's all there.

ADAM. Not that I mind random pretty girls in my studio—

KET. Comstock, your publisher—

ADAM. Yes—

KET. Your contract's up for renewal and—

ADAM. And what?

KET. And you've been missing deadlines and Comstock feels that *Mynx and Savage* has reached a critical line ...

ADAM. A line.

KET. The line where production and readership is in this teeter-totter place. The people at Comstock explained it to me and probably you ... (*Gesture to the letter.*) OK, at the point the story is at, things can keep going well, like, years-and-years-of-success well, or things can fade and sputter. And what I was told is they're up in the air about renewing your contract.

ADAM. No they're not.

KET. Yes they are. And because they're only committed to a hundred issues—

ADAM. I own *Mynx and Savage*. It's my property.

KET. No question. But that doesn't mean they have to print it. Look, they want to renew. But they need to see the hundredth issue be awesome. And that's why I'm here.

ADAM. You are here.

KET. To help.

ADAM. I don't need an editor.

KET. I do inks, color and letters.

ADAM. You're here to make sure the cash cow keeps mooing.

KET. I'm fast, too. I'll help you hit your deadlines.

ADAM. Check it out. (*He shows his phone.*) I have four days for issue ninety-nine and twenty-two days for issue one-hundred. I'm all set. Bye.

KET. I do the colors and letters digitally, but I ink by hand.

ADAM. Go away! I already have a guy. I—this is stupid, I have a partner—where's Brian?

KET. He's gone.

ADAM. I'm sorry?

KET. Brian Trent has gone—

ADAM. No—

KET. Over to—

ADAM. He did *not*—

KET. Maybe he saw the writing—

ADAM. That little bitch—

KET. Can you blame him?

ADAM. I leave town for two days! Where'd he go? Monarch?
Undercover?

KET. Third World Comics. They're new.

ADAM. I don't believe this.

KET. Brian's chasing the young, sexy and penniless existence
of not selling out. You were at a ComicCon when that
happened which is kind of poetic.

ADAM. He's a trust fund-baby. He can afford to not make
money.

KET. Luckily, you don't need him, as you have me, your new
partner, who is going to help you get your next issue out on
time and hey, check it out, (*She offers her iPad.*) I'm also
really really talented and you should be all kinds of happy.

ADAM. What was your name again?

KET. Ket Timura.

ADAM. Timura ...

KET. Call me Ket. With a short "e." Not "Cat." Ket.

ADAM. You used to work with Griffin Blake.

KET. And Dawn Stephens, and Jo Royce.

ADAM. That's it. Stephens and Royce ... they did that thing
that just tanked.

KET. It didn't ... "tank."

ADAM. What was that thing?

KET. *Zombie Emergency*—

ADAM. *Zombie Emergency Room!* Oh my god, that was awful. I mean, it started off well, good action, nice pace, but then it was all talk, talk, talk, blah, blah, blah. And the zombies actually got dumber. How do you even do that?

KET. I didn't write it, I just inked it.

ADAM. I'm gonna call my agent.

KET. Here. My portfolio. Multitask.

(She throws her iPad under his nose and grabs some pages off of his desk.)

KET *(cont'd)*. Do you mind if I ... ?

ADAM. Those aren't finished.

KET. I don't mind.

ADAM. Fine. I ... fine.

(He speed-dials his phone.)

KET. Cold open?

ADAM. For issue ninety-nine, which is under control! *(The phone connects.)* Michael?

(KET reads.)

CARTER WIGHT and HOPE DANIELS enter. They have a 1950s mild-mannered dynamic going on.

CARTER. With the conversion process successful in the mammalian subjects ...

HOPE. Carter—

CARTER. Including the arboreal and aquatic species—

HOPE. Darling—

CARTER. We're finally ready to make the jump to the avian subjects. Working with birds—

HOPE. Carter!

CARTER. Sorry—what?

HOPE. I waited for you last night. I needed your help with the seating chart.

CARTER. I called.

HOPE. No, you didn't.

CARTER. From the lab, of course I did.

HOPE. You did, but—

CARTER. I told you I'd be working late. To start on it without me and—

HOPE. You called, and you were cut off. All I heard was, "Hope darling, you'll never guess what we've ... kkkkkkzzzzz ..."

CARTER. I'm so sorry—why didn't you call back?

HOPE. I did. I must have called ten times.

CARTER. Larry must have turned off the phone—spooks the animals ...

HOPE. I came by.

CARTER. You did?

HOPE. Larry said you'd left ...

CARTER. I'm sure it's just—

HOPE. Listen, it's my brother, Ernest. He's missing.

CARTER. Missing?

HOPE. From his office in the museum ... something ...

CARTER. What? What happened?

HOPE. They're not sure. Someone broke in—

KET. This is boring ...

(She flips a few pages ahead. ADAM notices.)

ADAM. You can't just skip—

KET. Talk to your agent.

(CARTER and HOPE reposition.)

CARTER. Don't walk away from me!

HOPE. I can't talk to you when you're like this.

CARTER. Like what? Isn't this what you wanted?

HOPE. What *I* wanted?

CARTER. My research is everything I have. How else am I to provide for you? The wedding alone is costing—

HOPE. This isn't about me or the wedding—I don't even want a big wedding—

CARTER. It's not about what you want, little one, it's about what you deserve.

HOPE. Deserve? This isn't about “deserve.” My brother doesn't deserve to be missing ... and I ... goodness knows I don't deserve ...

CARTER. Listen—

HOPE. Maybe we should postpone the wedding—

(ADAM hangs up the phone. CARTER and HOPE stop, unsure what to do.)

ADAM. Hey, guess what?

KET. You're stuck with me.

ADAM. I'm stuck with you.

KET. This'll be fun.

ADAM. I can't believe this.

KET (*re: the pages*). Me neither. This is terrible.

(HOPE and CARTER leave, annoyed.)

ADAM. It's not—

KET. You're lucky they brought me in.

ADAM. It's just a draft.

KET. If you look at this next to what you were pushing out a couple years ago ...

ADAM. I thought you weren't an editor.

KET. But if I'm going to work on it—

ADAM. OK, sure, it's bad, but I have time—

KET. Four days!

ADAM. You're the one coming into my studio—

KET. We have four days to get this thing ready for press. I mean, I'm good, so maybe—see this? (*Forcing her iPad under his nose again.*) I did that in three hours—

(ADAM pages through the digital portfolio.)

ADAM. Damn it!

KET. What?

ADAM. You're really good!

KET. I know I am.

ADAM. How did you get stuck with me?

KET. The writing's on the wall ... we're just trying to rewrite it.

ADAM. "We."

KET. Comstock. The powers that be.

ADAM. What do they actually want?

KET. I told you—

ADAM. They're not known for their benevolence, so why did they send me you?

KET. I don't—

ADAM. What are they after?

KET. A great one-hundredth issue? A contract renewal they can feel good about?

ADAM. I realize that this is me being all territorial here, but *Mynx* is mine, and it's always gonna be. This sandbox, my sandbox.

KET. You worked with Brian.

ADAM. Brian was the professional equivalent of Siri. "Ink the pages, Brian." (*Siri voice.*) "Ding! Sure Adam, I will ink those pages for yooou." (*His own voice.*) That was nice.

KET. If it makes you feel better, I'm technically your employee.

ADAM. That does help.

KET. Except that you don't pay me and you can't fire me.

ADAM. But I can still treat you like—

KET. Your bitch. You bet. But I have two conditions.

ADAM. Sorry?

KET. I mean yes, of course, but ... two conditions.

ADAM. I'm listening.

KET. You let me give you feedback. You have to let me tell you what I think about the work. Not as an editor, but as a person whose name is actually going to be on this thing.

ADAM. I have a codicil.

KET. A codicil?

ADAM. It's a condition to your condi—

KET. I know what a codicil is.

ADAM. I don't have to listen to or acknowledge your feedback in any way.

KET. Deal.

ADAM. Condition two?

KET. You let me read the other thing that you're working on.
(*Beat*)

ADAM. The other thing?

KET. The other piece you're writing. The story that's actually good that you have squirreled away somewhere. Every popular writer has one. The story you're writing that makes you feel like not such a sellout.

ADAM. Sorry. Don't have another story.

KET. C'mon—

ADAM. Nope. I'm a sellout.

KET. Oh, ridiculous.

ADAM. I really don't have—

KET. Why else would you be missing deadlines?

ADAM. I'm really lazy.

KET. You're ... you're Adam Mark Evans.

ADAM. I know who I am.

KET. Of course you don't have to show it to me right away. You can wait till you trust me better. But you must have something. Just tell me it exists.

ADAM. No.

KET. "No" it doesn't exist, or "no" you won't tell me?

ADAM. I'm sorry to disappoint you.

KET. You didn't answer.

ADAM. Yep.

KET. You ... listen. You're so so so talented. I read—

ADAM (*under*). Please don't bring up—

KET (*over*). *Stupid Masks* ages ago and—

ADAM. Uuuuggghhh—

KET. You wrote *Stupid Masks*. You won a Harvey Award. I know you can't possibly be putting everything you have into *Mynx and Savage*. You're writing something ... good ...