

His Master's Voice
by Lou Bisignani

The cast: Eddie Grimwald: Fortyish; moves lips very slightly when Sammy is heard.
Sammy: Large ventriloquist dummy
Sammy's voice: hides behind couch needs a small box to help sound like
he's in the locker: male or female

The set: Couch; small Television on a coffee table; large locker to hold Sammy

The Time: Late evening; the present

There is a late night show on the television. It could be Dave Letterman. Eddie is seated on the couch nervously watching. After a few minutes, he gets up and pours himself a drink. He moves back to the couch and drinks.

Sammy: (voice from inside the locker) Another one? That's your third, isn't it, Eddie?

Eddie: (takes another pull from his drink)

Sammy: (from locker) Isn't it? Your third?... (pause)... Not talking to me?

Eddie: (glances at locker) Shut up! (turns off television)

Sammy: (from locker) That's funny...comin' from you, Eddie.

Eddie: I said...shut up!

Sammy: (from locker) Awww...Eddie. Don't be sore at me. Come on...lemme out.

Eddie: You're stayin' in there until you learn a little respect. Now shut it...if you know what's good for you.

Sammy: Uh...Uh...Uh... no threats, Eddie. You know you can't get along without me. Come on, Eddie...lemme out. I'm thirsty, too.

Eddie: Just stop it! Stop it! I'm not lettin' you out of that damn locker!

Sammy: All right...Eddie...I'm sorry. I really am. Honest. No more cracks about your career, Eddie...I promise.

Eddie: Yeah...sure...like I never heard that before. (pause; breaking down) I can't take it

anymore, I can't! So, please...just shut your mouth!...(pause)...Sammy?....Sammy?...

1
1

Sammy: I'm just doin' what you asked me to do.

Eddie: Sarcastic bastard!

Sammy: Bastard? Who's my daddy? Hmmm?

Eddie: (jumps up and bends over locker; unlocks it, opens lid) I should smash your face!
I'll kill you before you drive me crazy!

Sammy: (still not seen; still in locker; his voice should reflect change due to lid being open) Ah...Ah...calm yourself, bubby. You can't kill me. You need me. Without me you're nothing! Johnny said so. JOHNNY said so!

Eddie: (picks up Sammy with hands around it's neck) I'll...kill...you!

Sammy: Urrrggghhh! Sshtopp! Yerr chookin'...

Eddie: (drops Sammy onto floor) Ohh! My God! My God! (picks up Sammy and hugs it closely) I'm sorry! Jeez...I'm so sorry! I didn't mean it.

Sammy: Now you're crushing me! Put me down. It's O.K. I forgive you, Eddie. Put me down!

Eddie: (puts Sammy gently on couch) There. There, Sammy. Is that O.K. You want a drink?

Sammy: Drink? Yeah! Scotch straight up! And turn Dave back on!

Eddie: I'd rather watch...Jimmy or Conan...if you don't mind.

Sammy: You got to face it, Eddie. Dave never asked you back. You got to forget that.

Eddie: Johnny liked me! Dave only gave me that one shot. It wasn't my fault! He should have...

Sammy: No! Johnny liked ME! He said...

Eddie: I know what he said!

Sammy: He said he liked ME! He said you were nothin' without me! Didn't he? Well, didn't he? Admit it, Eddie...Oooh...don't sulk, Eddie. Admit it!

Eddie: Why do you keep saying that? Why do you keep torturing me with that?

Sammy: Because it's the truth, Eddie.

Eddie: (picks up Sammy; sits him on lap) Well, Sammy...how've you been?

2

Sammy: (turns head to face Eddie)

Eddie: What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?

Sammy: Is this your A material? Oh...there you go again!

Eddie: What? What?

Sammy: Your lips are movin'. They always do, Eddie. I can only do so much, Eddie. You gotta carry your share of the load, Eddie. But you're second rate. And that's generous, bubby.

Eddie: You promised...you promised not to bring that up. I shouldn't believe you, Sammy. See...that's why I got to shut you up.(pulls revolver from pocket) I have to do it Sammy! I have to shut you up! (points gun at Sammy)

Sammy: Don't be stupid, Eddie. There's only one way to shut me up. You know that, don'tyou?

Eddie: (stares at gun, then at Sammy) Yeah!

(blackout.....a shot is heard..... when the lights come up, Eddie is dead on the floor; the gun is in Eddie's hand; Sammy is 'standing' on the couch; the 'voice' should make Sammy take a bow while remaining unseen behind the couch)

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