

# SIDE 1

## SCENE 1

Agnes  
Roberta

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# ACT 1

## SCENE 1 - INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY.

|    |                   |
|----|-------------------|
| 1. | <u>"OVERTURE"</u> |
|----|-------------------|

*Spotlight on two sassy elderly librarians, ROBERTA & AGNES, at the loan desk. ROBERTA, wearing thick reading glasses on chains, checks in books. AGNES reads a letter.*

AGNES.

...Are you dead yet, 'Berta?

ROBERTA.

RO-bertha at work, Agnes!

AGNES.

*(Handing Roberta the letter)*

They're sending us another one.

ROBERTA.

*(Annoyed)*

Another one?

*(Lifts glasses to head)*

They get bored so quickly! Sure. It is boring.

*(Suddenly smiles)*

But that's perfect!

AGNES.

*(Lightbulb)*

It's boringly perfect!--

ROBERTA.

No!

*(Gleefully)*

This job is *perfectly boring!*

*(SWINGS, as children, run across the stage, playfully laughing.)*

ROBERTA.  
No laughing!

AGNES.  
No running!

ROBERTA.  
Well... *almost* perfect...

# SIDE 2

## SCENE 1

Michael

Ginger

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**SFX: Front Door Bell.**

*(MICHAEL, a young mailman, enters with a dolly of boxes.)*

MICHAEL.

Mail time!--

*(ROBERTA and AGNES exit. GINGER enters.)*

MICHAEL

*(Without looking)*

I just need a signature from you if you don't \*mind\*--

*(HE notices Ginger)*

myyyyyyy bad, I was looking for a-

*(MICHAEL looks Ginger up and down several times, intrigued)*

GINGER.

Eyes up here!

MICHAEL.

*(Whipped into shape)*

Librarian! U.S. Postal Service, at your command! Autograph?

*(HE presents a pen & paper. HE grabs a unique box. HE shakes it.)*

What's in the fancy box?

GINGER.

(GINGER flips out, grabs and rips the box open to check the contents.)  
Are you out of your mind?! Can't you see the "fragile" sticker on it?

MICHAEL.

What did I break?

GINGER.

(Relieved sigh after observing contents. SHE eyes Michael, suspiciously)  
What's it to you?

MICHAEL.

I happen to be a public institution connoisseur; and libraries are my...*ambrosia*,  
nectar of the gods. Peace and quiet --  
(SWINGS run across noisily)  
--and those vanilla-scented yellowed pages:  
(HE sniffs a book)  
the *eau de library*!

GINGER.

More like: fix the building, find all the overdue books...and look at these  
computers, they're absolutely vintage.

MICHAEL.

You're so determined!

GINGER.

I'm in the prime of my library. And my personal goal, since I was *this* tall, was to  
see the library open...on...

4. "SUNDAYS AT THE LIBRARY"

GINGER (CONT'D).

Sundays!

MICHAEL.

Sundays? Why Sundays?

# SIDE 4

## SCENE 2

Ginger

Agnes

Roberta

ROBERTA.

*(To Ginger)*

Ginger, we have news! I just got off the phone with the Library of Congress–

GINGER.

*The Library of Congress?*

AGNES.

The one and only.

ROBERTA.

*(With severity)*

They offered us a hefty sum for that treasure of ours.

GINGER.

You want to sell it? But it's a treasure.

ROBERTA.

And that's why they offered us *two million*.

GINGER.

Dollars?–

*(Grand pause.)*

ROBERTA.

No, *sandwiches*.

*(Beat.)*

That may be just enough money to make some long overdue changes around here.

*(Wipes dust off computer screen)*

Keyword:... *Sundays?*

MUSIC END.

AGNES.

And *you'd* author the metadata!

GINGER

*(GINGER considers her options.)*

And you're sure we could afford...*Sundays?*

*(GINGER holds out her pinky with conviction. ROBERTA stares at it and responds:)*

ROBERTA.

You can't be serious...

*(ROBERTA reluctantly hooks pinkies. SHE sprays herself with disinfectant afterward.)*

GINGER.

Now, time to get ready–

ROBERTA.

One last thing: the Library of Congress requires all treasures be insured prior to transfer...that manuscript has insurance on it, correct?

GINGER.

Ask the Central Library *Insurance Agency*.

ROBERTA.

At the Federal Bureau of Library Investigation?

AGNES.

*(Worried, to Roberta)*

The CLIA at the FBI?!

GINGER.

The one and only.

ROBERTA.

How much will they cover?

GINGER.

At least a few hundred thousand?–

AGNES.

*(Gleefully ironic)*

Sandwiches?!

*(Long beat. ROBERTA glares at Agnes.)*

GINGER.

*(Collecting her belongings)*

But now, I've really gotta get ready! I can fax a copy of the insurance to the library's machine when I get home.

ROBERTA.

Just email it—and text us your location when you get to your date! You know how dating is nowadays. You can never truly, deeply, *honestly* trust anyone...other than *us*.

AGNES.

*(To Roberta)*

Why would we want that?

ROBERTA.

*(Trying to shut Agnes up)*

To make sure she's safe...

*(GINGER turns back. ROBERTA and AGNES wave. GINGER exits.)*

**SFX: Door Bell.**

ROBERTA (CONT'D).

*Safely* in our trap! Come, Agnes, the scheme is a-brewing.

AGNES.

Insurance? Dates? And text messages? The FBI was *not* part of our scheme...

# SIDE 5

## SCENE 3

Michael  
Ginger

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SCENE 3 - INT. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY - NIGHT.

15. "INTERLUDE: READ WITH YOU"

*Several hours pass, again. MICHAEL holds his hands over Ginger's eyes. They are in a dark Special Collections Floor of the Huntington Library. An ominous portrait, or series, of Melvil Dewey hangs ominously.*

MICHAEL.

...Just a few more steps—

GINGER.

Just so you know, I told people I'm here so they know my whereabouts! I even sent my geotag, just in case—

MICHAEL.

*(HE removes her blindfold.)*

The Huntington Library...*after hours!*

*(Beat. GINGER looks around. SHE notices the portraits.)*

GINGER.

Is that who I think it is?

*(SWING, dressed in doctoral graduation regalia, appears with two Capri-Suns on a silver platter.)*

GINGER (CONT'D).

And who's he?

MICHAEL.

*(Taking Capri-Suns and handing Ginger one.)*

Certified Librarian.

GINGER.

But there are no *actual* books at that library...unless you're on... THE SECOND FLOOR! We can't be!

*(Beat. Suspicious.)*

GINGER (CONT'D).

Who *are* you? You would have to be a literary scholar to get access, and not just any amateur scholar. You have to be accredited and working on a thesis at some *big* university with a *big* name that you pay *big* money for! And then you're bled dry, working thirty hours a week at some job you don't really like just to keep afloat while you finish your degree!--

(SWING enters and presents two pairs of white gloves. MICHAEL hands one to Ginger.)

GINGER (CONT'D).

Tiny, white gloves?!

MICHAEL.

Except I *do* like my thirty-hour a week job.

16. "READ WITH YOU"

GINGER.

You... like books. I've never felt this... like a lot, you like books. I think I'm dying...

(Continue to next page)

(Continued from previous page)

MICHAEL.

Don't freak out. I'm coming in.

*(MICHAEL leans in for a kiss. Suddenly GINGER'S phone goes off. GINGER jumps.)*

**SFX: Phone ping.**

SWINGS.

Shh!

GINGER.

Let's try that again—

*(GINGER leans in, expectantly. Suddenly:)*

**SFX: Phone ping.**

*(BOTH are startled by the sound.)*

SWINGS.

Shh!

MICHAEL.

Are you going to take that?

GINGER.

It can wait 'til after!

*(Suddenly:)*

**SFX: Too many phone pings.**

*(SWINGS, at wits end, storm off stage.)*

GINGER (CONT'D).

*(SHE looks at her phone. Her demeanor shifts.)*

Uh oh...

MICHAEL.

What?

GINGER.

It's Roberta and Agnes. They say the library is in danger?! This was perfect, but I've got to go. The library! The library!

*(GINGER begins removing white gloves and leaves one behind a la Cinderella. Ad lib as GINGER runs off stage. MICHAEL remains, dumbfounded. HE picks up the glove. THEN:)*

BLACKOUT.

# SIDE 6

## SCENE 5

Agnes  
Roberta

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## ACT 2

### SCENE 5 - INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT.

19. "ENTR'ACTE"

20. "BALLET: SCHEMING"

GUARDS (SWINGS) patrol across the library after hours. Lights up on ROBERTA hovering over the computer typing furiously, with the glare of the screen on her large reading glasses. ROBERTA pulls a post-it and begins writing on it. Suddenly ROBERTA bursts:

ROBERTA.

*(Holding up the post-it in one hand)*

Agnes! I've created the entry but I need that *Golden Ticket*.

AGNES.

*(Enters with a bookmark)*

Why do you always make *me* do the dirty work? One Huntington Library bookmark, your Highness.

ROBERTA.

Can you be a dear and make me a cup of tea? It's past my bedtime.

AGNES.

It's past *your* bedtime?! And I'm a spring chicken! How much longer will you make me wait before you fill me in on the *master* plan?

ROBERTA.

*(Gestures "Shh!" and puts the bookmark safely away.)*

Secrets of the library, my *impatient* chicken! We've got the wasabi, now where is the Ginger? Check the geotag again! What's her ETA?

AGNES.

*(Angrily)*

There are *no* secrets at the library! That's an FBL-*lie*, and you know it! In fact,--

*(Throws hands up)*

*THAT'S IT!* I'm out! We're too old to be sneaking around at this hour.

ROBERTA.

*(Beat. Suddenly sweetly, manipulating)*

But, Agnes, I need you! You know you're my best...

AGNES.

*(Excited)* FRIEND?!

ROBERTA.

--coworker.

AGNES.

Wait! Did you just say--

21. "MY ONLY ONE"

ROBERTA.

Friend! I said "best friend," of course, silly! And I'm...

*(struggling)*

sorry... if I haven't expressed my appreciation, sooner. But don't you understand:

Agnes, Darling!

I NEED YOU!

AGNES.

I'm not convinced!

# SIDE 7

## SCENE 7

Agnes

Roberta

Ginger

Michael

*(Suddenly MICHAEL comes running out of the blackness, shouting.  
AGNES, out of fear, hits him on the head with a book, and down he goes.)*

SONG END.

AGNES.

Oh my! Oh no! What have I done?

*(ROBERTA drags Agnes out of earshot.)*

26. "UNDERScore: NO MORE MISTER NICE GIRL"

AGNES (CONT'D).

*(To Roberta)*

What have I doomed myself to? I can be arrested. But I *can't* be arrested! Look at me, I'm a sixty-two year old woman!

ROBERTA.

Get a hold of yourself!

*(Fanning Agnes)*

I swear to God, you *will not* foil this plan!

AGNES.

*This was the master plan?!*

*(GINGER pulls Michael's face up by the hair, still unaware of who it is.)*

GINGER.

Tell me, where is it?! Where is that manuscript!

MICHAEL.

It's on the table! Take it, just take it. Take it all!

*(GINGER releases Michael and walks to a table.)*

AGNES.

'Berta, I can't serve hard time! I can't even chew hard food!

ROBERTA.

*(Covering Agnes's mouth)*

Shh! Quiet, you idiot...

GINGER.

What's this?

*(Picking up the manuscript)*

A Ph.D. dissertation written by *Michael M. Michaelson*?

ROBERTA & AGNES.

*(Hushed.)*

The jig is up!

AGNES.

You chose the *mailman's* address?!

ROBERTA.

Trust in the *master plan*, Agnes!

MICHAEL.

*(To Ginger)*

Ginger? Ginger, it's me! Michael!

AGNES.

*(Hushed.)*

'Berta! What do we do, now?

ROBERTA.

A captain always goes down with her ship!

*(ROBERTA grabs a book, winds up for the hit, and BLACKOUT on spot.)*

MUSIC END.

GINGER.

What?! *You* stole The Dewey Bible? You? All the signs are there! You're charming! You're convincing!

*(Beat. THEN:)*

*And* you work with a charitable organization! You wouldn't have. You couldn't have!...but the *evidence*!

MICHAEL.

Wait...someone stole The BIBBLE?! It wasn't me! Don't you believe me, Ginger?

GINGER.

*And* a criminal *will* play on your heart strings!

*(GINGER throws the Huntington Library Dewey Bookmark at him.*

*Sarcastically:)*

*Oh*, You're a real B.S. Platinum Member, aren't you?

*(GINGER gags Michael.)*

AGNES. (O.S.)

GINNNNGGEEERRRRRR!!!!!!

BLACKOUT.

# SIDE 8

## SCENE 10

Ruth

Sam

*(Walking towards him, yearning, trying to be sexy.)*

SAM.

Ruth, you're acting craycray again! You don't want me. I'm gross! I burp and I fart all the time.

RUTH.

And pick your nose. But I like a guy with *grit*.

*(SHE tries to grab Sam. HE escapes by the nape of his neck.)*

My friends ask if we've done the nasty yet. I'm ready! I want this!

*(RUTH continues to try to pin Sam down.)*

SAM.

Ruth! We're in public!

RUTH.

Shh! It's okay. Oh boy! Tease me! Tease me!

SAM.

I'm *gay*!

RUTH.

*(Ignoring him)*

Ride me! Ride me to the moon!

SAM.

Stop it! Get yourself together, *gurl*!

*(RUTH suddenly stops, staring at Sam's crotch:)*

RUTH.

Wait! What? There's nothing!

SAM.

I wouldn't say "*nothing!*"

RUTH.

You're *flaccid*! It's because I'm ugly! I knew it!

SAM.

Listen to me, Ruth! Ruth!

*(Catching her attention.)*

Repeat after me: I—

RUTH.

I--

SAM.

Like—

RUTH.

Like--

SAM.

*Men!*

RUTH.

*MMmmmm....?* But, you said I was pretty.

SAM.

Like a dress is pretty.

*(Long beat. RUTH slowly tidies herself.)*

RUTH.

Oh my god...

SAM.

Yeah.

RUTH.

OH MY GOD!

SAM.

I'm gay!