

AESOP: You desperately need help. We could work together. That often produces a favorable outcome.

GEORGE: What? You want to work with me? So far our partnership is not proving fruitful.

AESOP: We have nothing but time ahead of us. With my help, you may actually create something that rings true and touches the audience's heart. You understand that theatre should entertain. I agree. But even inside the entertainment—there needs to be a belief in what you present. Something that the audience must relate to. That's what you must discover. Don't get lost into oblivion. Keep creating.

(There is a thunderclap. A few Echoes might open an umbrella or put on a raincoat.)

LIZ: Time to mop! How far I have fallen! From leading lady to floor-mopper!

GENE: That seems to be our fate. I was created from a brilliant producer who put hundreds of shows on this stage. Now—I mop.

LIZ: It is our fate.

SAM: Stop! It's not over till the fat lady sings!

AESOP: What does that mean?

SAM: We have presented some worthy characters—and now we need a story of worth. Come on, Echoes! You all stem from the heart and soul of theatricals everywhere. We are lacking in structure. We need a proper play. A play that will show our worth. A play that will bring us out of the darkness and into the world!

GEORGE: Have you ever written a play?

SAM: Well—no. But everyone has to start somewhere. Everyone has a "Page One" in their life.