

CANST THOU HEAREST THEE NOW?

*THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF
TWO CELL LINE-CROSSED LOVERS*

By Zhen E. Rammelsberg

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CANST THOU HEAREST THEE NOW?

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF TWO CELL LINE-CROSSED LOVERS

By **Zhen E. Rammelsberg**

SYNOPSIS: A modern-day text-speak take on *Romeo and Juliet* where two cell line-crossed lovers are kept apart because they come from two separate operating systems (or families): The Applelets and the MontaGoogles. With help from Siri and Andy and some familiar Shakespearean characters, they try to overcome their barriers and... communicate.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3-4 females, 5-7 males, 1-8 either; 0-10 extras)

THE MONTAGOOGLES:

BROMEIO (m) A brooding young man.
(53 lines)

ANDY (m) Bromeo's OS. Dressed in all
black. *(32 lines)*

MERCUTIO (m) Part of Bromeo's crew. *(9 lines)*

BEN-ROAMING-O (f/m) Bromeo's cousin. *(3 lines)*

THE APPLELETS:

LADY-J (f) Young lady. *(34 lines)*

SIRI (f) Lady-J's iOS/nurse. Dressed in
all white. *(25 lines)*

T-BOLT (f/m) Lady-J's cousin. *(6 lines)*

NARRATOR (f/m) *(2 lines)*

LAURENCE FRYER (m) Help desk manager at a cellular
store. *(13 lines)*

SOOTHSAYER 1 (f/m) Apple genius/Verizon customer
service rep based on the
Macbeth witches. *(6 lines)*

SOOTHSAYER 2 (f/m) Apple genius/Verizon customer
service rep based on the
Macbeth witches. *(3 lines)*

SOOTHSAYER 3 (f/m).....Apple genius/Verizon customer
service rep based on the
Macbeth witches. (3 lines)
 BLUE (m)Dressed in all blue. (2 lines)
 PINK (f)Dressed in all pink. (3 lines)
 HAMLET (m)(4 lines)
 LADY MACBETH (f).....(1 line)
 JULIUS CAESER (m)(1 line)
 GEEK SQUAD PERSON (f/m).....(3 lines)
 OFFICER (f/m).....(2 lines)

EXTRAS (f/m):

CROWD

MUSIC SHUFFLE PARTY-GOERS

GEEK SQUAD WORKERS

VARIOUS MEDICAL-TYPE EMS PEOPLE

DOUBLING OPTIONS

T-iBOLT can double as OFFICER and SOOTHSAYER 1

BEN-ROAMING-O can double as HAMLET

MERCUTIO can double as BLUE and JULIUS CAESAR

NARRATOR can double as LAWRENCE FRYER and GEEK SQUAD
PERSON

PINK can double as LADY MACBETH

LADY-J can double as SOOTHSAYER 2

SIRI can double as SOOTHSAYER 3

DURATION: 35 minutes**SETTING:** Modern-day but with some nod to Shakespeare.

PROPS

- 2+ Selfie Sticks
- Folding Table (Optional)
- Flip Phone
- Phone Case with Skull Decal
- Nametag for “Lawrence Fryer”
- Drink
- Stretcher (Optional)

OPTIONAL SPECIAL EFFECTS

- Fruit Ninja™ or Battle Sounds
- Popular Song
- Electrical Surge

PRODUCTION NOTES

At the director’s discretion, and depending on the size of your stage, feel free to add extras as operating systems that follow each of the characters. Applelets in white and all MontaGoogles in black.

Please experiment with the SHRI costume and the ANDY costume, making the parody even more apparent.

There are sounds throughout the piece that can be made by the actor or you can use sound effects depicting these sounds, this is at director’s discretion.

The symbol # [hashtag] is read aloud.

AT RISE: *MERCUTIO* stands frozen stage right speaking to a small crowd. *CROWD* is quiet and motionless. *NARRATOR* stands stage left.

NOTE: *If tech allows, a SCREEN displays garbled texts either from audience feeds or pre-programmed. The pre-programmed texts resolve directly before the NARRATOR speaks.*

NARRATOR:

Two operating systems, both alike in abilities and lack of coverages

In fair Verizon, where you can hear us now

Lay the discarded phones of cellular giants slain for overages
Long-lost names of AT & T and T-Mobile and US Cellular.

From forth the fatal loins of Verizon doth two families emerge.

The #Montagooogles with Android Andy as their OS
Whose lines crossed fate with the young maiden would soon converge?

With a sassy OS of the #Applelets named Siri the Bossiest.

Like a fate worse than being dropped in the toilet,
Their ill-fated love did plunge and was lost.

Please turn your phones to vibrate and don't spoil it,
So all can enjoy the story of two lovers whose cell lines got crossed.

NARRATOR exits. *LADY-J*, *SIRI* and *T-iBOLT* enter by wandering through the audience. They are lost.

SIRI: *(Makes text bloop noise.)* Text from your mother. Text from your mother.

LADY-J: Siri, read text aloud.

SIRI: *(Reads text aloud.)* Where are you, my daughter?

LADY-J: Siri, respond to text.

SIRI: What would you like me to text, Lady-J?

LADY-J: O.M.G. I'm staying overnight with a friend. B L8. Rolling eyes emoji. Send.

SIRI: Sending... *(Makes text bloop sound.)*

LADY-J: *(To SIRI.)* I swear, Siri, she doesn't let me do anything.

SIRI: It is not ladylike to swear, Lady-J.

LADY-J: Siri, Siri, Siri... Siri, I think we are lost... Siri, find Theatre Verona.

SIRI: Did you say The Knack's "My Sharona"? You've never before searched for late 1970s synth rock.

LADY-J: No Siri... THEATRE VERONA! It's my first live music shuffle EVER and I HAVE to find this place!

SIRI: Did you say "My Balogna" by Weird Al Yankovic? His musical parodies are hilarious but that's not one of his best. I prefer "Like a Surgeon" or...

LADY-J: OMG, Siri, if you aren't going to help me... why do I have you as my crappy operating system? You seem to work better on your Shakespearean settings.

SIRI: Shakespearean settings? Going into Shakespearean mode. *(Suddenly speaking in Shakespearean style with a British accent.)* Beseech thee, young miss, Siri cannot thee assist. I prithee, calm down... count to 10... Siri downloadeth exercises of breathing once again... so thy fit doth desist! Rest-eth ye head between my bosoms. Deepest cleansing breath ...1 ...2 ...3.

LADY-J: Oh, Siri! You're too much. Who do you think you are?

SIRI: Why I'm Siri.

LADY-J: Yes, you are my nurse, Siri.

SIRI: Did you say nursery? Thou art too old to sire and suckle from these saggy breasts.

LADY-J: Oh, Siri! How embarrassing!! Power down... sleep mode...

SIRI: Your destination is on your right.

LADY-J: Siri, power down... NOW!

LADY-J, SIRI, and T-iBOLT finally arrive at stage right, Theatre Verona, where a crowd has gathered.

SIRI: Powering down... sleep mode.

MERCUTIO: (*To a CROWD.*) ...and I beseech thee. Ye of the Android operating system the #Montagoogles declare war and death to those of the iOS operating systems, the Applelets! (*Cheers from the crowd.*) I swear on my Bluetooth that I will fight to the death any iOS scum that dare show their faces! Long live Google!

T-iBOLT: Fair maiden, this crowd doth look very restless. You go inside right now. Siri will keep thou well.

LADY-J and SIRI exit over the yelling crowd. T-iBOLT makes the sound of a sword being drawn with his phone.

T-iBOLT: Hark, why are thou so in love with a phone system that is completely hackable? Go upload Kettle Corn or Jelly Fish or Zagnuts or whatever update you are on now! Snapchat thee, #Montagoogles scum. Gaze upon the face of T-iBolt for about 10 seconds, that will kill thee.

MERCUTIO: (*Comes into CROWD.*) Hashtag settle down, Crapplelet! Hang yourself by your cords. Specifically by your 30 pin cord since it's obsolete already!

T-iBOLT and MERCUTIO pull out selfie sticks and start to battle.

T-iBOLT: You dare speak to me... I will Candy Crush you to hell, all Montagoogles, and thee. Hashtag death to thee, coward.

MERCUTIO: You go to hell, Crapplelet... never mind... your maps couldn't get you there anyway.

T-iBOLT: I can't hear you over my iTunes.

MERCUTIO: I'm sure half of your music is somewhere else since you can't add more memory.

T-iBOLT: How can you see me over your HUGE DEVICE? Is that a phone... or a tablet... or a BOOK?

MERCUTIO: Don't let the size intimidate you... it's not about the size of my phone... it's all about how I USE IT!

T-iBOLT and MERCUTIO battle by shouting different apps and hashtags at each other. Miming different battle poses and defeats. (Optional SFX: Sound of Fruit Ninja™ and/or other battle sounding games.) Comparing sizes of selfie sticks, etc. Enter BROMEIO, dragging or holding onto ANDY, and BEN-ROAMING-O who break up the fight. T-iBOLT exits.

BROMEIO: Coosh, coosh, coosh. (As in “*Mercutio.*”) What gives my man? I told you to go ahead into the music shuffle and scope it... not incite the crowd and start a battle.

MERCUTIO: I did what thou asked, suave e-Bromeio I scoped and did not see your crazy psycho-ex, but I did run into ALL of the iOS lovers and it just... boils my blood.

BEN-ROAMING-O cleans off MERCUTIO.

BROMEIO: Brother, you know I hate iOS and Applelets more than anyone, but tonight I’m here for love. Let’s go forth and check out the hot-or-not honeys.

Optional SFX: MERCUTIO turns on a popular song. MERCUTIO and BEN-ROAMING-O start some dance moves.

MERCUTIO: The honeys love smooth dance moves. Check it out, (Shows “screen” to BROMEIO on ANDY.) there’s a “Tinder Hottie” that LOVES to dance very near us.

BROMEIO: (Looks at “screen” on ANDY.) UGH, swipe left. (Makes swipe left motion on ANDY.) You saw how I sucked at Dance Dance Revolution. I can’t even dab. [Note: Feel free to change “dab” to any popular dance move.] (Strikes awkward looking pose.)

MERCUTIO: No worries, I’ll draw some cupid wings on you, brother, (Snaps BROMEIO’S photo.) and you will get fly with the honeys.

BROMEIO: Even Red Bull couldn’t give this downed boy wings. My heart is heavy over the last crazy psycho hosebeast. She made me want to don my own dagg’r and listen to dark brooding music.

BEN-ROAMING-O: Cuz, you know the best way to get over someone is to get under someone else. Believe your cousin, Ben-Roaming-O.

BROMEO: Hooking up is easy... Love is what I seek. Andy, find me the love of my life tonight.

ANDY: Searching for signal... searching... searching... search...

BROMEO: Andy, why do I have you as an OS? You never find any bum-freakin' signals.

ANDY: We are in Roaming, Bromeo. If there were only a wifi or if you had upped your data plan. Poor signal strength is not my fault.

MERCUTIO and BEN-ROAMING-O: Brother, we will totes party you out of your mood...

MERCUTIO: Contest to see how many selfies and phone number bumps we can get by night's end. Winner gets my roll over minutes and loser has to hook-up with an Applelet.

ALL: Done.

LADY-J, SIRI, T-iBOLT and MUSIC SHUFFLE PARTY-GOERS enter opposite stage. Many are dancing, mingling and taking selfies. MERCUTIO, BROMEO, ANDY and BEN-ROAMING-O cross into the crowd. ANDY follows BROMEO, while the others go their separate ways and start talking to various girls, getting numbers, and taking selfies as part of the bet. Eventually, BROMEO spots LADY-J who is dancing with her friends and T-iBOLT.

BROMEO: Ben-Roaming-O, do you know who that hottie is? (*Mimes to BEN-ROAMING-O to go snap photo of her.*) Andy, please use facial recognition software to ID girl.

ANDY: Searching... searching... searching... searching... all circuits are busy now... buffering 10%... buffering 30%... buffering 60%... if you would like to make a call... ID not found.

BROMEO: I only have one-bar in HERE!! My life is over! Andy, you are worthless.

ANDY: Just Andy, sir.

BROMEO: (*Holding ANDY'S wrist.*) Fine, I'll use my handprint ID app.

BROMEO awkwardly dances towards LADY-J and tries to grab her hand several times, but she is busy arguing with SIRI.

LADY-J: No Siri, I didn't say "Learn how to kidney press, twerk," I said, "TURN OFF MY GPS... WORK!" I don't need Father locating me tonight. Please, just this once... do as I ask? Stop treating me like a baby. I want to have fun!

SIRI: Turning off GPS.

LADY-J: Oh thank you!

BROMEO: Andy, go into Wingman mode.

ANDY: Buffering 10%.

BROMEO: Why does this always happen to me? I can't keep true love... my OS doesn't work. What's the point of living?

Bumps into LADY-J.

LADY-J: Sorry my GPS is off. I don't have proper navigation. I didn't mean to run into thee, sir.

BROMEO: Are you having problems with your OS, too? Maybe I can help. *(Reaches for SIRI.)*

LADY-J: *(Gasps.)* Not that it's any of your business but Siri can be quite a pain sometimes.

BROMEO: Yeah I get that... Andy can be a pain in the ass sometimes, too.

ANDY: Do you have ass pain, sir? I can suggest a pharmacy where you can grab some hemorrhoid crème.

BROMEO: Seriously Andy, you choose NOW to work? Before when I asked you to go into Wingman mode you couldn't?

ANDY: Going into Wingman mode.

BROMEO: Nice! Right in front of the lady, you are the WORST Wingman ever. My life is over!

ANDY: Have you met my friend Bromeo?

LADY-J: *(Giggles. To ANDY)* I have not... I'm Jules, Lady-J to my friends. *(Extends hand to ANDY.)*

BROMEO: *(Grabs LADY-J'S hand. To ANDY.)* Andy, isn't this the most perfect hand you've ever seen? *(Touches it to his screen.)* Please ID this hand.

ANDY: Searching... searching... search...buffering...buffer...

BROMEO: Seriously, Andy?

LADY-J: *(To BROMEO.)* How rude! How dare you grab my hand!

BROMEO: I'm sorry, but I wasn't meaning anything rude by it. It's just that I was...

LADY-J: Oh, I know what you are up to. I've been watching you and your friends going around collecting selfies with different ladies and phone bumping. Upload this: I'm not that easy.

BROMEO: Of COURSE you aren't!

LADY-J: Well... I suppose you could kiss me... on my hand. That wouldn't be too improper.

BROMEO: Oh... your hand... could I be so blessed? I apologize for grabbing your hand before without invitation. M'Lady, I am Bromeo.

LADY-J extends her hand to be kissed. BROMEO bends down to kiss her hand.

SIRI: (*Awakens.*) Danger! Danger! Step away from the non-compatible operating system. Danger! Danger!

Hearing SIRI, T-iBOLT and BEN-ROAMING-O and MERCUTIO.

T-iBOLT: (*Shoves BROMEO away from LADY-J.*) Step off... get the hell away from my cousin, right now!!

BEN-ROAMING-O and MERCUTIO pull T-iBOLT off of BROMEO.

BROMEO: Woah! Woah! Step back. I wasn't trying to do any stranger danger harm—just trying to get to know this breathtaking girl.

LADY-J: I have a name. I told you, it's Lady-J... and I'm an Applelet. And Siri is just following her operating system protocol... wait, non-compatible operating system?

T-iBOLT: Get your dirty operating system out of here! You MONTAGOOGLS! (*To LADY-J.*) We are leaving RIGHT NOW!

BROMEO: Andy, why didn't you tell me she was an Applelet? I'm supposed to HATE all Applelets.

BROMEIO is pulled across the stage by BEN-ROAMING-O. LADY-J is being pulled to the other side of the stage by T-iBOLT. As they are being pulled, they lose contact with each of their Operating Systems: SIRI and ANDY. ANDY and SIRI both fall. BROMEIO and LADY-J go back to pick them up. When they do, ANDY and SIRI get enmeshed with one another and sparks fly. (Optional SFX: electrical surge.) Blackout. ALL exit.

Lights up. BLUE male enters on stage right and PINK enters stage left. Before each new paragraph, the characters in PINK and BLUE make their cell phone "SENT" message sound.

If technology allows: The actors could be represented by texts. At the director's discretion, the texts could be pink and blue. A screen shows garbled and rapid-fire love and flirty text conversations and emoticons between two people. Which dissolve away to the following text.

BLUE: But soft, what light through yonder screen saver breaks

It is the far east, from whence many cell phones come,
and you are the sun
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, (*Bloop.*)

It is my lady, O, it is my love.
O that you knew you were! (*Bloop.*)

Your eyes do twinkle like flashing ringtone lights
But were they there, on your screen? (*Bloop.*)

And as you use your hand to text to me
I think of that hand stroking the screen
I wish that I could feel your hand... caress your screen... IRL
(*Bloop.*)

PINK: Ay, me (*Bloop.*)

BLUE: She texts! O, text again my bright angel
for sparks flew once I met you (*Bloop.*)

PINK: Bromeo? Bromeo? Wherefore art Bromeo?

Deny thy operating system and refuse thy commands
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be an Applelet. (*Bloop.*)

BLUE exits stage right.

PINK: 'Tis but they OS that is mine enemy. What is a Montagoogle?

It is not phone, nor chip, nor SIM, nor touch screen, nor app
What's in an operating system? An OS by any other name would
still work as sweetly. (*Bloop.*)

NARRATOR: (*Voice over.*) Message read... Waiting for response.

PINK pauses before exiting stage left. ANDY and BROMEO enter from stage right. Something is obviously wrong with ANDY. He acts like he is drunk on love. Each time BROMEO touches ANDY, ANDY reacts. (i.e. sings a love song, poses strangely, he's jumpy.)

BROMEO: IRL? In real life? Who are you sending these messages to? I've taken out your battery and SIM card and restarted you several times now. I hope this doesn't mean I have to factory reset you again. It took me FOREVER the last time to get you back to how you are supposed to be.

ANDY: It was that spark, sir. It... awakened something in me. I... LOVE... HER

BROMEO: Love who? That girl? She IS beautiful, but she's a girl and you, my friend, are an android operating system. Would you stop texting so I can fix this and stay on one screen?!

ANDY: Not the girl... HER... the other OS... I HAVE to see her again... to be within her VSWR (*Pronounced "vizwar."*) field. Something happened when our screens touched.

BROMEO: You CAN'T! She's an Applelet... we are #MONTAGOOGLES! (*Makes a signature hand sign.*)

ANDY: I know, sir, but I've never experienced this before. She makes my wires cross and my transformers overheat. She made me.... FEEL... (*Ahem.*) Sir.

BROMEO: You can feel?

ANDY nods.

BROMEO: And this other OS made that happen?

ANDY nods.

BROMEO: Well, I understand being so full of feelings. I'm very EMO myself. OK I'm going to take you to the Soothsayers today. They will figure this out. I just hope I don't have to factory reset you.

ANDY: Soothsayers? The Soothsayers, sir? But they are from another tragic tale.

BROMEO: Desperate times call for desperate measures, my friend. Your sparks and screen shock have turned this tale inside out.

ANDY and BROMEO exit stage right to go to meet the SOOTHSAYERS. LADY MACBETH, HAMLET, and JULIUS CAESAR enter stage left with a table. They form a line. After a brief pause, SOOTHSAYERS enter simultaneously.

LADY MACBETH: My phone has this HUGE smudge all over the center of the screen and I CAN'T get rid of it. I've tried EVERYTHING and I don't know what to do. I've tried cleaning it. I've tried restarting it. I've even yelled, "Out damned spot!"

SOOTHSAYER 1: Once wipe with moistened pad on screen—

SOOTHSAYER 2: Follow with pad of driest clean—

SOOTHSAYER 3: Wipe 'til 'tis clean 'tis clear—

SOOTHSAYER 1: Spot and static will disappear!

ALL SOOTHSAYERS: Double double toil and trouble, cell phone lingo will befuddle.

SOOTHSAYER 1 hands LADY MACBETH a CRT cleaning kit. She runs away ecstatic. ANDY and BROMEO enter and stand in line behind JULIUS CAESAR. HAMLET steps forward with flip phone.

HAMLET: Is my upgrade to a new phone to be or NOT to be? That is the question.

SOOTHSAYER 1: Thrice the QWERTY keys have failed—

SOOTHSAYER 2: Thrice and once the texter wailed—

SOOTHSAYER 3: Salesman cries 'tis time 'tis time—

SOOTHSAYER 1: Upgrade to smartphone and data line!

ALL SOOTHSAYERS: Double double toil and trouble, cell phone lingo will befuddle.

SOOTHSAYER 1 hands HAMLET a new phone, with a skull decal on the case. HAMLET exits happily. JULIUS CAESER steps up to front of the line, opens mouth to speak.

SOOTHSAYER 1: Now is the time for our break—

SOOTHSAYER 2: Upon our feet since morning wake—

SOOTHSAYER 3: Back again once lunch is done—

SOOTHSAYER 1: Please come back after one.

ALL SOOTHSAYERS: *(As they exit slowly stage right in unison.)*

Double double toil and trouble, cell phone lingo will befuddle.

JULIUS CAESER: Et tu, Br... Oh, never mind *(Walks off, mumbling.)*

I was warned NOT to come here today, but I NEVER listen! One day it will be the death of me!

ANDY: *(To BROMEO.)* They are leaving, sir. We will have to come back.

BROMEO: *(Runs towards SOOTHSAYERS.)* Stop, Soothsayers! I beseech thee. My OS... has well... become like me. All moony and swanny and EMO.

LAURENCE enters from where the SOOTHSAYERS exited.

LAURENCE: *(To BROMEO.)* Can I help you? The Soothsayers are going on a break and... well, we don't get in their way once they away.

BROMEO: Oh hello, manager... *(Reads tag.)* Laurence... Fryer. Yes, I... uh well, my OS... Andy had a run-in with another operating system... and well now, he's... broken.

ANDY: I am NOT broken, sir.

BROMEO: Andy, you are TOO broken... Andy, search for restaurants nearby.

ANDY: Searching restaurants nearby... do you want Thai, Mexican, fusion...

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