

LOVE (AWKWARDLY)

A one-act comedy by
John Rotondo & Maryann Carolan

This script is for evaluation only. It may not be printed, photocopied or distributed digitally under any circumstances. Possession of this file does not grant the right to perform this play or any portion of it, or to use it for classroom study.

www.youthplays.com
info@youthplays.com
424-703-5315

Love (Awkwardly) © 2009 John Rotondo & Maryann Carolan
All rights reserved. ISBN 978-1-62088-512-3.

Caution: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the copyright union and is subject to royalty for all performances including but not limited to professional, amateur, charity and classroom whether admission is charged or presented free of charge.

Reservation of Rights: This play is the property of the author and all rights for its use are strictly reserved and must be licensed by his representative, YouthPLAYS. This prohibition of unauthorized professional and amateur stage presentations extends also to motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of adaptation or translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments: Amateur and stock performance rights are administered exclusively by YouthPLAYS. No amateur, stock or educational theatre groups or individuals may perform this play without securing authorization and royalty arrangements in advance from YouthPLAYS. Required royalty fees for performing this play are available online at www.YouthPLAYS.com. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Required royalties must be paid each time this play is performed and may not be transferred to any other performance entity. All licensing requests and inquiries should be addressed to YouthPLAYS.

Author Credit: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line with no other accompanying written matter. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s) and the name of the author(s) may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

Publisher Attribution: All programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with YouthPLAYS (www.youthplays.com).

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying: Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book, whether by photocopying, scanning, video recording or any other means, is strictly prohibited by law. This book may only be copied by licensed productions with the purchase of a photocopy license, or with explicit permission from YouthPLAYS.

Trade Marks, Public Figures & Musical Works: This play may contain references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may also contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). YouthPLAYS has not obtained performing rights of these works unless explicitly noted. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

COPYRIGHT RULES TO REMEMBER

1. To produce this play, you must receive prior written permission from YouthPLAYS and pay the required royalty.
2. You must pay a royalty each time the play is performed in the presence of audience members outside of the cast and crew. Royalties are due whether or not admission is charged, whether or not the play is presented for profit, for charity or for educational purposes, or whether or not anyone associated with the production is being paid.
3. No changes, including cuts or additions, are permitted to the script without written prior permission from YouthPLAYS.
4. Do not copy this book or any part of it without written permission from YouthPLAYS.
5. Credit to the author and YouthPLAYS are required on all programs and other promotional items associated with this play's performance.

When you pay royalties, you are recognizing the hard work that went into creating the play and making a statement that a play is something of value. We think this is important, and we hope that everyone will do the right thing, thus allowing playwrights to generate income and continue to create wonderful new works for the stage.

Plays are owned by the playwrights who wrote them. Violating a playwright's copyright is a very serious matter and violates both United States and international copyright law. Infringement is punishable by actual damages and attorneys' fees, statutory damages of up to \$150,000 per incident, and even possible criminal sanctions. **Infringement is theft. Don't do it.**

Have a question about copyright? Please contact us by email at info@youthplays.com or by phone at 424-703-5315. When in doubt, please ask.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

EDDIE

WENDY

RANDY

CHARLOTTE

LAURA

GEORGE

LUKE

ROXANNE

NINJAS

VARIOUS STUDENTS

JACK

JESSICA

SETTING

The stage is empty except for a large screen or blank wall up center. At various points throughout the play, images and video are projected onto the screen or wall.

AUTHORS' NOTE

The character of Wendy requires a special talent—for example, the ability to walk on her hands. References to this in the script should be considered flexible and tailored to the individual actor and production.

SCENE 1: EDDIE & WENDY

EDDIE: My life is complicated. I hate it when my mother tells me "You don't know how good you've got it, Edward! No responsibility, no job, no mortgage. All you have to do is go to school and do some homework and that's it!" That's it? She's kidding, right? Way to minimize my life entirely, Mom. On the surface, I guess she's right – that's how it seems. I have the carefree existence of a child...or small, fuzzy farm animal. Last Easter, my parents bought me and my brother a baby chick. At first it was great. Everyone wanted to touch it and cuddle it – "It's soooo cute! Let me hold it!" In four weeks, that cute, fuzzy yellow chick had turned into this awkward, ugly monster. My dad kicks it surreptitiously as he passes. People shun it. That's me. I'm the ugly chicken. (*He imitates the chicken pathetically.*) No one wants to hold me or be with me now. And when I get older, I'm going to end up alone, being stuffed into the oven for someone's Sunday dinner.

(*WENDY bounces in.*)

WENDY: Wanna come for dinner Sunday? We're having your favorite!

EDDIE: Roast chicken. (*To Wendy:*) Sure? Six?

WENDY: Uh huh – call me later!

EDDIE: I once told her that she's the best friend I've ever had.

WENDY: He once told me that I'm the best friend he's ever had.

EDDIE: I'm an idiot.

WENDY: He's really sweet.

EDDIE: We met freshman year. Around October.

WENDY: It was November of our freshman year.

© John Rotondo & Maryann Carolan

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying/distribution or performance permitted.

EDDIE: Some junior was picking on her in the hall and making rude comments.

WENDY: He was trying to impress some junior girl.

EDDIE: I, you know, stood up to him.

WENDY: He walked right into an open door.

EDDIE: He popped me in the nose.

WENDY: He was popped right in the nose.

EDDIE: Blood was everywhere.

WENDY: There was hardly any blood.

EDDIE: But I think she appreciated it.

WENDY: He ran to the nurse.

EDDIE: She helped me to the nurse.

WENDY: When he got back to Algebra, he had this big wet pink stain all over the front of his white shirt. I felt bad for him. We've been friends ever since.

EDDIE: We've been friends ever since.

WENDY: He's my best friend. I can trust him. Some girls can't have guys as best friends. But somehow, Eddie's not really a guy-guy in my mind. *(Pauses to consider this for a moment.)* Funny, I'm not really... "sure" about him, you know? Anyway, we're best friends.

(She exits. He stands there for a moment looking at the space she occupied.)

EDDIE: Yeah. Best friends. She trusts me. I'd never do anything to betray that trust. She's had some...tough times, so I know how important my trust and friendship are. *(Finally getting it:)* She's not "sure" about me? What does that mean?

She's not "sure" I'm a guy? That's borderline offensive! I AM a guy! Jesus. (*Looking back at the empty space.*) She doesn't wear perfume, thank God. But whenever she borrows my sweatshirt or hat, I can smell her hair on it for days. God, I want her.

SCENE 2: THE COFFEEHOUSE

(RANDY and CHARLOTTE sit at a small table, surrounded by a CROWD seated in haphazard chairs. At the microphone, on a small stage, LAURA is finishing the punchline of a joke.)

LAURA: ...*Know* it? I *wrote* it!

(The audience breaks into laughter and applause.)

CHARLOTTE: *(Standing and whistling:)* Woo! Laura! *(To Randy:)* She is so funny! Isn't she funny?

RANDY: Yeah. Funny.

LAURA: *(Bowing:)* Thank you! Thank you! You've been great!

(Laura returns to the table, grabbing the chair from a guy who stood up to let her pass. A GIRL takes the stage and plays the guitar.)

RANDY: Great! Another "guitarist"?

CHARLOTTE: You think you're the only person entitled to be a musician. Other people can play the guitar.

RANDY: Not as well as me.

CHARLOTTE: Anyway – great job, Laura. Your stand-up was phenomenal! I wish I was half as funny as you are.

LAURA: Well I wish I had half your good looks, so that makes us even.

CHARLOTTE: *(Laughing:)* How about I make you a deal – you can have half of Randy and then we'll call it even!

LAURA: Oh, really? Gee, thanks! Which half can I have? The totally egotistical half, or the completely self-centered half? I'll pass, thank you.

RANDY: Nice. What is this? Pick on Randy day?

LAURA: Yes. (To Charlotte:) Why don't you do something next week?

(The girl finishes playing the guitar. Everyone applauds politely. A GUY with a guitar takes her place.)

RANDY: Great.

CHARLOTTE: Do you remember the talent show in 5th grade? To this day, I can't even look at a marshmallow without crying. I think my role as "Audience Member #7" is the best role for me. You and Randy can have the stage. I'm just not naturally funny.

RANDY: Who cares! You don't have to be funny when you're sweet, and loving and beautiful.

(Randy kisses Charlotte. Laura stands.)

Where are you going?

LAURA: Gotta go.

CHARLOTTE: Before Randy plays?

LAURA: I've heard it before. I'm working on a new painting—oils this time. Tonight has really inspired me. See you tomorrow. Text me!

CHARLOTTE: *(Simultaneously:)* I will!

RANDY: *(Simultaneously:)* Will do!

LAURA: I was talking to Charlotte, Slash.

RANDY: You'll be sorry when I'm famous!

CHARLOTTE: Bye! I'll text you!

(Laura exits. Randy takes out his guitar and tunes it quietly. Charlotte sits looking at him.)

RANDY: What?

CHARLOTTE: So you really don't think I'm funny? At all?

RANDY: You're the one who said you were no good at it, not me.

CHARLOTTE: But couldn't you at least be a little encouraging?

RANDY: I should encourage you to do things you tell me you don't want to do?

CHARLOTTE: Well, no...yes...I don't know! You know what I mean!

RANDY: No, actually, I don't.

CHARLOTTE: You like Laura because she's funny and talented and I'm not!

RANDY: Charlotte, where is this coming from? I'm up next as soon as Joe finished "Stairway to Heaven," which only gives me 23 minutes to tune up. Besides, you're funny...looking.

(Charlotte begins to cry.)

(Sincere:) Oh, God! I'm sorry, I'm sorry—I was trying to lighten the mood, not make you cry!

CHARLOTTE: Sometimes it feels like you don't love me anymore!

RANDY: Where is this coming from? I do! I swear!

CHARLOTTE: How can someone like you love someone like me?

RANDY: Because you're so cute. Even when you cry and scrunch your face all up like this.

(He makes a face and Charlotte laughs.)

CHARLOTTE: I'm sorry. I can't help it—I know.

RANDY: I love you. I do.

(He kisses her.)

CHARLOTTE: I love you too.

(Randy's phone vibrates. He reads the text.)

RANDY: I have to go.

CHARLOTTE: What?!

RANDY: It's my mom. She said I have to come home.

CHARLOTTE: But you didn't even get to go yet!

RANDY: We'll get here early next week. She hasn't forgotten about that D I got on the last Spanish test. I'm lucky she let me out at all.

CHARLOTTE: I'm sorry you ever taught her how to text.

RANDY: Me too. Gotta go. I'll text when I'm home.

(He runs out.)

CHARLOTTE: Oh. Okay. I love you!

(She exits.)

SCENE 3: OUR SPOT

(George enters on his bike.)

GEORGE : That was our spot. Right there. Parks are good for spots. And that one was ours. Is ours. It'll always be ours—no matter what. It's where we would eat her peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. And black and white cookies. She took the vanilla part. I always took chocolate. It's the spot where I asked her to be my girlfriend. We snuck away from the group and took a walk. We stopped here. And we always came back. We talked about everything here. There is something about this spot that let us really open up to each other. This was good because Laura was never any good at expressing her feelings. I guess. She's the only one who's ever loved me like that. How could anyone else love me as much as she did? It doesn't matter. It was the spot where our relationship began. And it was the spot where it ended. She held me close. Like always. But instead of "I love you." She said "I...can't do this. Anymore." She let go, like it was easy. I just wonder what would have happened if... It doesn't matter. I'll always come back to this spot. But I don't think I can ever have another peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

(He exits.)

TRANSITION 1

(Music plays. Laura comes on stage with a can of paint. She goes upstage to the screen and paints. It is an angry, red mass of lines and abstract shapes. She considers it for a moment, waves her hands and erases it. She paints again, rapidly, considers it and erases it again. This is her nightly therapy. She exits.)

SCENE 4: KISS MONTAGE

(MUSIC plays as LUKE, ROXANNE, Laura, George, Charlotte, Randy, Wendy and Eddie enter and face out.)

LUKE: My first kiss was —

ROXANNE: Disgusting!

LUKE: I was so nervous.

ROXANNE: I thought it was time to move things to a more "mature" level in our relationship. I was eleven.

LUKE: All I remember thinking was "Please, God, don't let me throw up in her mouth!"

LAURA: The first time I kissed a guy he tasted like cigarettes. It was gross...but somehow exciting.

GEORGE: It was on our first date. We went ice skating.

LAURA: The only other word that comes to mind is "wet."

GEORGE: She didn't know how to skate. She was falling all over the place. Once she got it, we had a great time.

CHARLOTTE: My friends dared me to kiss Jimmy Harper. So I did.

GEORGE: Then I leaned over to kiss her.

CHARLOTTE: He was older than me, really hot, but I thought I was cute and irresistible.

GEORGE: She slipped and fell backwards on the ice. Cracked her skull. There was blood.

CHARLOTTE: Evidently, Jimmy didn't think so. He made Timmy Reynolds kiss me instead. Woo hoo.

GEORGE: Then the ambulance came. And her parents. I don't think I've ever been that embarrassed.

LAURA: I used to think it was sexy to show guys how strong you were. So all through grammar school I used to beat them up. And kiss them.

RANDY: My first kiss? It was last night. With your mom!

LAURA: I've kissed a lot of guys.

RANDY: I'm just kidding. No I'm not! It was your mom!

LAURA: But I'm still waiting for my first real kiss. You know, the one where the earth moves and the angels sing and you know you've found the right person. What if that never happens?

RANDY: I'm a really good kisser. *(He looks at Charlotte who continues to stare straight ahead.)* Right?

WENDY: It was in the movies. I picked a scary movie so I'd have an excuse to sit really close. I hardly even saw any of the movie because I was sitting with my face turned up towards him so that when he decided to kiss me, I'd be ready.

RANDY: I said "I'm a really good kisser, right?"

WENDY: When he turned to kiss me, his mouth tasted too sweet, like raspberry candy. And I didn't know what to do with my tongue. So I stuck it in his mouth. He seemed to like that.

EDDIE: My first kiss happened at Boy Scout Camp.

(For the first time, the characters all turn and look at him, reacting to what he's saying, making fun of him.)

Stop. It wasn't like that. It was the camp nurse's daughter. No, it really was! We snuck out after curfew and met in a tree. We talked about nothing for a little while and then we kissed. It was nice. There was no pressure. It just happened. Next

summer there was a new nurse at camp and I never saw the girl again.

ROXANNE: My first kiss was magical.

GEORGE: Dangerous.

RANDY: Sexy.

LAURA: Emotionless.

WENDY: Sticky.

CHARLOTTE: Meant for another guy.

EDDIE: Comfortable. Emotionally. The tree wasn't really that comfortable.

LUKE: But my last kiss? My last kiss was —

ROXANNE: Perfect.

*(He kisses Roxanne, bending her backwards into a dip, slowly.
The other characters leave.)*

SCENE 5: THE DANCE

(MUSIC plays. Roxanne and Luke come together in a dance.)

LUKE: Where do you want to go tonight? A movie?

ROXANNE: Let's just hang out at home, okay?

LUKE: What's wrong?

ROXANNE: Nothing. Why does something have to be wrong?

LUKE: It doesn't.

ROXANNE: It's nothing.

LUKE: What's nothing?

ROXANNE: Nothing's nothing.

LUKE: But you just said "it's." "It's" is something.

ROXANNE: "It's" is nothing. It is nothing.

LUKE: Come closer.

ROXANNE: I'm as close as I can get.

LUKE: Then why do you feel so far away?

ROXANNE: We should stop. You have to be up early for tomorrow's audition.

LUKE: The audition is nothing.

ROXANNE: It's always been something.

LUKE: What about you? Don't you have that orientation tomorrow?

ROXANNE: The orientation is nothing.

LUKE: It's always been something.

ROXANNE: Don't miss your audition. It's your last year.

LUKE: What movie do you want to see tonight?

ROXANNE: We can't watch a movie every day.

LUKE: But can we talk every day. On the phone?

ROXANNE: Yes.

LUKE: Will I see you on the weekends?

ROXANNE: Let's watch *Casablanca*.

LUKE: We always watch *Casablanca*.

ROXANNE: We never watch *Casablanca*.

LUKE: Will I see you on the weekends?

ROXANNE: We don't have to watch *Casablanca*.

LUKE: Okay – whatever you want. Okay?

ROXANNE: Maybe.

LUKE: Let's watch *Casablanca*.

TRANSITION 2

(George rides his bike across the stage. He is wearing a helmet and a reflective vest. The bike has a headlight. He is listening to music. This is his nightly "therapy." He rides onstage, makes a loop, stops, looks off at something in the distance, and rides off.)

SCENE 6: THE PARK

(On the screen appears the following text conversation.)

TEXT A: "My nana's is so boring. this sucks. i miss you."

TEXT B: "I miss u2. u looked so cute b4 <3"

TEXT A: "Im gunna get out of here. want to meet me????"

TEXT B: "in the park???"

TEXT A: "...yes. Half an hour"

TEXT B: "love you – see you their"

(The text screen whites out. We see two silhouettes come together and kiss. They move downstage and sit on a park bench where they continue to kiss. The lights come up to reveal Randy and Laura. Throughout the following, they kiss and the character remaining on the bench freezes whenever the other breaks away. Randy leaps up and comes downstage.)

RANDY: Look. I know what you're thinking. But I'm not that guy. This isn't who I really am. I know this looks bad. *(He looks at Laura.)* Really bad. I didn't mean for it to happen...This...Us. It just...did.

LAURA: I knew what I was getting into. I went into this with my eyes open. He's dating my best friend. I don't even know how it happened. It just did. How it happened doesn't really matter does it? It's not like if I say, "Oh, on the day I was orphaned in a tragic car accident, Randy stood by me and our love blossomed from there" it's not like A. you'll buy it, or B. it was true. It's not. My parents are both still alive, unfortunately. He was hot. Something clicked. It wasn't on purpose.

RANDY: I feel so guilty. You'd think my guilt would destroy my passion, wouldn't you? Trust me – it doesn't. She's so hot.

No, not like that. That makes me sound like a real superficial jerk. There's feelings inside of me that I can't label. Maybe I'm emotionally retarded. Maybe I'm afraid. But I want to be with both of them.

LAURA: It's hard, you know? When we're all out together, I just completely detach myself emotionally. Somehow I can manage that. But when I'm alone, and he's not there? I eat myself alive. I imagine terrible things. It makes my stomach hurt. I imagine he makes her laugh more than he makes me laugh. How he kisses her. How it's different from how he kisses me. Better. And I hate them. I hate myself.

RANDY: I know you think I'm a jerk and a horrible human being. But this isn't me. This has become my idea of normal: sneaking around, deleting my texts as soon as they come in. Last week Charlotte went to grab my phone—she was just fooling around. But I knew there were a bunch of texts from Laura. And they were...uh...pretty incriminating. Charlotte kept going after my phone. I didn't want her to see it, didn't want her to find out that way. So I dropped it in the sink. My new \$200 phone, floating in a bowl of soapy water because I'm such a coward. But you know the worst part? I was so mad at myself for everything, so pissed at my stupidity, that I let Charlotte believe it was her fault. She was so upset she gave me half the money for it. What am I supposed to do with that? There's \$100 sitting in my sock drawer. How can I spend it?

(He sits. They kiss. Blackout.)

TRANSITION 3

(MUSIC plays. Roxanne and Luke enter from opposite sides of the stage, meet in the middle, dance for a moment and tango off.)

SCENE 7: GUESS WHO?

(Eddie is painting a huge banner that lays across the floor. He tries to hang it up. It falls. He tries again. It hangs limply. It reads: CONGRATULATIONS WENDY! Wendy appears, sitting at the edge of Stage Left. Her back is to the banner.)

WENDY: I failed.

(Eddie's eyes widen. He hurriedly tries to remove the banner.)

For the fourth time.

(She turns around to find Eddie on the floor, wrapped up in paper.)

What are you doing?

EDDIE: Uh...wallpapering.

WENDY: I don't get it—you drive over one cone and it's like you murdered someone! And I definitely stopped at that stop sign! It was a nice, fast stop too!

EDDIE: You'll get it next time.

WENDY: Stop signs are ridiculous. I fail at life.

EDDIE: No, you don't. And you won't even need your license. I can drive you where ever you need to go!

WENDY: You're going to bring me on my dates and stuff?

EDDIE: *(A little hurt:)* Good point.

WENDY: Merr. Sorry, I'm so whiney.

EDDIE: You? Whiney? Nah.

WENDY: *(Laughs.)* Yeah. I'm pathetic.

EDDIE: You're not pathetic. Who cares! So what if you suck at driving?! So what if you knocked over a couple cones?! It

doesn't matter because the things you don't suck trump everything else.

WENDY: *(Smiles.)* Thanks, Eddie.

EDDIE: You know what moments like this call for...?

WENDY: Guess Who?!

EDDIE: Yes!

(Eddie runs offstage and grabs his "Guess Who?" board game. He runs back on and sets it up.)

Okay. But I refuse to use any of the girl cards. There's only four of them!

WENDY: Edward, that's cheating.

EDDIE: I don't care. It's stupid. This game is misogynistic – there should be an equal amount of girl cards, that's all I'm saying.

WENDY: All right. Is your person a girl? *(Laughs.)* Just kidding. Does your person have blonde hair?

EDDIE: No.

(Wendy puts down some of her cards.)

You know, when you think about it this is a really Nazi-ish kind of game. We're eliminating people based on their features.

WENDY: Maybe they should rename it "Eugenics."

(They laugh. Wendy continues to play as Eddie turns to the audience.)

EDDIE: I wonder if she knows... Do you think she knows? Girls are tricky that way. You can never tell what they're thinking. They have this way of being completely mysterious

in everything they say. Maybe deep down she knows how she feels about me. One day, it'll just hit her, while she's brushing her teeth or something and she'll realize "I like Eddie!"

(Eddie goes back to the game. Wendy turns to the audience.)

WENDY: I really like this guy Jack. He's super cute. I could definitely see myself with someone like him. Strong, funny, smooth, captain of the swimming team... Maybe I should ask Eddie what he thinks of him... But, I don't know, Eddie's never really liked anyone that I've dated.

(Wendy goes back to the game. Eddie turns to the audience.)

EDDIE: I need to tell her. But she's been talking to this oaf Jack. This is what I'm talking about- mixed messages! What does he have that I don't? So he can swim, big deal! I can...do things too! *(He turns and looks at Wendy.)* Oh God, look at her. She's so beautiful, all that flowing hair.

WENDY: *(To Eddie:)* So I've tried this new thing where I don't wash my hair.

EDDIE: Ew. What?

(Wendy hits him playfully.)

WENDY: Shut up. I still use conditioner. It helps my hair. Feel.

(She lifts up her hair for Eddie to feel it. He pats it awkwardly.)

No, run your fingers through it.

EDDIE: Uh. Okay.

(He obliges. It's terribly awkward.)

WENDY: Feels good, huh?

EDDIE: Oh yes. I mean, yeah, it's nice.

(Without thinking he puts her hair to his nose and smells it. Wendy gives him a look like "Um, what are you doing?")

...Sorry.

WENDY: You should try just using conditioner one day. It's great.

EDDIE: Yeah.

(Awkward silence.)

So what are you up to Friday night?

WENDY: Oh. I have to supervise my brother's party at Chuck E. Cheese.

EDDIE: Good times.

WENDY: I gotta run. I'll talk to you later.

(She gets up and exits the stage on her hands. Eddie watches her leave and then looks out.)

EDDIE: God, I love that.

TRANSITION 4

(Angry-sounding MUSIC plays. George enters Stage Right on his bike, crosses to Stage Left and exits.)

SCENE 8: DINNER CONVERSATION

(Randy and Charlotte are out to dinner.)

CHARLOTTE: What are you getting?

RANDY: I don't know. I like to pick something that I like and then keep that on the side for a back up.

CHARLOTTE: You're weird.

RANDY: Shut up.

(Randy's phone BUZZES. He looks at it and answers his text.)

CHARLOTTE: Are you seriously texting during our dinner?

RANDY: It's my mom.

(Lights up on the other side of the stage. Laura sits on her couch, phone in hand.)

CHARLOTTE: Why is it that I always feel like I'm the only one in this relationship?

RANDY: Too true. Too true.

CHARLOTTE: Would you stop with the texting!?

RANDY: All right, all right. I'm putting the phone down. Happy?

CHARLOTTE: *(Taking his hand:)* Randy, what's gotten into you? I feel like you're not even here. I feel like you're somewhere else. And I'm just having dinner with your shadow.

(Randy gets up from the table and joins Laura on the couch. Charlotte stays engaged in her scene as if Randy is still there.)

(Simultaneously:) Where have you been?

LAURA: *(Simultaneously:)* Where have you been?

RANDY: Sorry. I got lost.

LAURA: It's always the same excuse.

RANDY: I'm here now.

(He sits down and kisses her. She pulls away.)

LAURA: I don't want your pity kiss. You said you'd be here.

RANDY: I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I don't know what's gotten into me.

CHARLOTTE: It's okay.

CHARLOTTE: *(Simultaneously:)* I've missed you.

LAURA: *(Simultaneously:)* I've missed you.

RANDY: I've missed you too.

LAURA: I don't feel like I'm that important to you. I'm tired of being your backup.

CHARLOTTE: I just need to know that you'll be here.

RANDY: I'm here for you.

CHARLOTTE: *(Simultaneously:)* Okay. I believe you.

LAURA: *(Simultaneously:)* I want to believe you.

RANDY: We can't.

CHARLOTTE: Tell me what's bothering you.

RANDY: I don't want to.

LAURA: So we're just going to be stuck in this forever?

CHARLOTTE: What are you afraid of?

RANDY: It'll ruin everything.

LAURA: You're right.

CHARLOTTE: You're wrong.

RANDY: I want this to work out for all...both of us.

CHARLOTTE: It will. We're worth it.

LAURA: Sometimes I wonder if it's even worth it.

RANDY: It's worth it.

LAURA: Show me.

RANDY: I'll show you.

CHARLOTTE: You don't have to show me. I believe you.

(Randy kisses Laura passionately.)

RANDY: Do you believe me?

(Randy gets up and joins Charlotte back at the table.)

CHARLOTTE: *(Simultaneously:)* I believe you.

LAURA: *(Simultaneously:)* I believe you.

(Randy sits and stares at his menu.)

CHARLOTTE: Randy? Randy? Hello!? What are you having?

(Randy is shaken out of his reverie. He looks out.)

RANDY: This is why I always have a backup.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 9: FLIRTING MONTAGE

(MUSIC plays as Laura, Roxanne, Charlotte, Luke, Randy, George and Eddie join Wendy downstage.)

GEORGE: When it comes to flirting, I can be pretty dense. Then, if I think the girl likes me, I get a little...overzealous.

LAURA: I've seen George flirt. He does this half-smile thing. Makes him look like he's...not quite right in the head.

ROXANNE: I tend to misunderstand a lot of non-verbal cues. I get confused and think that people's insincere feelings are sincere. Consequently, I end up disregarding any social cues from any guy that might actually like me because I'm scared to like them back.

GEORGE: One time we were at this party and some guy brought his cousin from Ohio. The poor guy had Tourettes and he was nervous so he was pretty twitchy all night. Roxanne thought he was coming on to her and spent that whole night trying to dance with him. You should see the video of that!

RANDY: I drop the "cutie" line or compliment a girl's shoes — gets 'em every time. When a girl flirts with me, obviously they find me attractive and that's cool. I can tell by how they look at me. Girls are always touching me at parties.

ROXANNE: You should see Randy at a party. I'm surprised no one's had him arrested for sexual harassment yet. Little red lights start blinking all over the New Jersey Sex Offender registry in the vicinity of the party. It's so gross. "Hey, Cutie."

LUKE: I'm not a physical flirter, per se. A lot of guys like to get all "handsy" with a girl, but I think that's coming on too strong. I'm told I have a way with words.

ROXANNE: You certainly do, honey!

RANDY: "Cough" disgusting "cough" keep it at home, mom and dad!

ROXANNE: Shut it, perv!

CHARLOTTE: I try to do silly stuff, like steal a guy's hat and wear it all night at the party. I know he likes me if he keeps trying to get it back all night. The chase is on!

LAURA: Umm...remember the time you took Shawn Carter's hat and got lice?

CHARLOTTE: Not necessary to bring that up, thank you very much! I stand by the hat trick.

EDDIE: Hat trick! That's funny! Get it? Like in hockey? Three goals is a...okay. Forget it.

WENDY: I usually use the same strategy I've had since kindergarten. I tease and make fun of the person I like.

CHARLOTTE: That works well until you tease a guy for coming all dressed up in a suit to a party and ask him if he thought he was coming to a funeral.

WENDY: I didn't know his grandfather died that day! Who goes right from a funeral to a party?

EDDIE: My flirting attempts usually crash and burn. But that turns out to be a good thing because girls think it's cute when you haven't got a smooth bone in your body. Some guys think it's cool to tackle a girl to the ground to show affection. I'd never do that.

RANDY: Correction: he'd never do that anymore.

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!