

LOVE (AWKWARDLY)

A full-length 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 978-1-62088-513-0.

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 advertisements 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 is 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.

ACT I

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!" Pretty soon my brother had poked the thing half to death. After a week, I had to dodge the chicken poop all over the floor just to get to my room. Two weeks later, all everyone argued about is who had to feed 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: A few months ago we started this thing where I eat dinner with her family. It's nice. Different from my house. No one drinks beer with dinner there. I think her family really likes me.

WENDY: My family thinks he's kinda weird.

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.

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.

(Blackout.)

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.)

RANDY: (Looking toward the stage:) 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?

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.

RANDY: So what you're saying is, we're less interesting than watching paint dry?

LAURA: Pretty much. Tonight has really inspired me. See you tomorrow. Text me!

CHARLOTTE: I will!

RANDY: 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.)

(Sincerely:) 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 comes downstage.)

I think trust is important in a relationship. That's a stupid thing to say. Who doesn't think trust is important? Raise your hand. See? Not one hand. I used to date this guy who never believed anything I said. He'd check my texts and calls. Nothing I said convinced him. Every time I said I loved him he told me he didn't believe me. I worked so hard to change that, threw all of myself into convincing him, that by the time he finally believed me, I didn't love him anymore. It was a lie. And he was finally right.

(She exits.)

SCENE 3 – GEORGE

(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.)

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?

© John Rotondo & Maryann Carolan

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying/distribution or performance permitted.

ROXANNE: Don't worry about me.

LUKE: Is that the one with Tom Hanks?

ROXANNE: Go to your audition.

LUKE: I don't think they have that on Netflix.

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*.

(They dance off.)

SCENE 6 – THE "TALK"

WENDY: When I was ten, my parents decided it was time to have "the talk." Actually, my mom decided and sort of ambushed my dad into it. I came down for breakfast on Sunday morning and my mom announced we were all going to have breakfast together. This was unusual since my mom usually had a slice of toast and a vitamin and my dad had coffee and cigarettes. As far as I knew, I was the only one who ever had "breakfast" in that house. When I sat down, my mom said "We need to talk about the birds and the bees." She's a euphemistic woman. My dad is more direct. He said, "Noreen, if we're going to talk about it, we're going to call it sex." I find that you can never burst into flames when you most need to. My mom was going on, euphemistically, and my dad was correcting her. "Wendy, men have a "boilerplate", and women have a persimmon." He didn't really say "boilerplate" and "persimmon" but you get the idea. My mom gets hung up on details. For some reason, she wanted to make absolutely sure I knew exactly what it took to make a baby. She kept repeating "The "squib" goes into the "mizzenmast." The "squib" goes into the "mizzenmast." The "squib" goes into the "mizzenmast." She said it 18 times. By the 19th time, I snapped. "I GOT the "mizzenmast!" And I ran out of the room, mortified. That was the last time anyone ever talked about "waffle irons" in my house again!

TRANSITION 1

(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 7 – 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, 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. Anything I say to you is going to make me seem superficial and shallow. Sometimes I think I am. A lot of times I think I don't deserve this.

(He sits back down on the bench and they kiss more. Laura comes downstage.)

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.

(She sits. They kiss. Randy comes downstage.)

RANDY: Okay, okay—I know I don't deserve it. I'm a schmuck. A user. A coward. I keep pretending like I can do this and no one will ever get hurt. Some sick and twisted part of me truly believes that if we could all be honest and open with how we feel that everyone would be much happier. Why can't I love two people? Why do I have to choose? Isn't there enough love in me to go around? There is. I know there is.

(He sits. They kiss. Laura comes downstage.)

LAURA: Pretty much I don't even think about it. It doesn't help, it doesn't change anything. I just try to live in the moment, enjoy the little time we have like this, and pray that it doesn't destroy us all in the end. But it probably will.

(She sits. They kiss. Randy comes downstage.)

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. I know what you're thinking, "That's right—he's a real superficial jerk." I am. I'm not. 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. And not together. Like I could cut myself in two—one half with Charlotte and one with Laura.

(He sits. They kiss. Laura comes downstage.)

LAURA: It 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.

(She sits. They kiss. Randy comes downstage.)

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 2

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

SCENE 8 – THE GUN

CHARLOTTE: It's hard to date people when your dad's a cop. Guys are always freaked out by it. My dad doesn't help either. One time I was saying good night to a date on the front porch. He reached over and gave me a kiss—it was a little kiss. But the window was right behind his head. I thought the blinds were closed. But the next thing I hear is this metallic tapping on the glass. My date turns around and all he can see is the barrel of my dad's .45. Tap, tap, tap. He took off running down the street. Strangely, we never had a second date.

(She exits.)

SCENE 9 – 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 at 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 to look 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.

(He exits.)

TRANSITION 3

(Angry-sounding MUSIC plays. George enters stage right on his bike, crosses to stage left and exits.)

SCENE 10 – THE CAKE

(Roxanne and Luke are happily frosting a cake. Eddie enters on the opposite side of the stage and looks out.)

EDDIE: Luke and I are inseparable. *(Looks towards Luke and Roxanne:)* Well, we used to be.

ROXANNE: *(To Luke:)* Whoa! Careful with the sprinkles!

LUKE: Oh, sorry.

EDDIE: Did you hear that? Careful with the sprinkles? She's so controlling!

LUKE: How's it look so far?

ROXANNE: More frosting on this side.

EDDIE: And demanding! Luke never used to worry about where he sprinkled...awkward. I hate myself. And he definitely wouldn't let some girl tell him how to make a cake. Who makes cakes together? You know, if a miracle ever happens and I ever end up in Wendy's pan—with Wendy, then she would want to hang out with my other friends! And by other friends, I mean Luke. She's that kind of wonderful girl. All Roxanne ever wants to do is hang out with Luke and nobody else. She probably doesn't care about me at all.

ROXANNE: So how's Eddie doing?

EDDIE: All right – that's not fair.

LUKE: I don't know. Haven't seen much of him lately. He always seems too preoccupied with Wendy.

EDDIE: Is he serious? Me preoccupied with Wendy? When was the last time he invited me to the movies with him and Roxanne? Yeah, also awkward. I'm the third wheel. I'm going to live the rest of my life as the third wheel. I'll never find my own wheel. I'll never be a bicycle. I'll always be the

big, honking wheel on some little girl's tricycle. That's me. Eddie the third wheel.

ROXANNE: He likes Wendy?

EDDIE: He better not —

LUKE: Yeah. Where have you been?

EDDIE: I'm gonna kill 'em.

ROXANNE: That's never going to happen.

EDDIE: Excuse me?

LUKE: Why not? Eddie's a great guy.

EDDIE: This is why we're friends.

ROXANNE: Eddie isn't the kind of guy Wendy's interested in.

LUKE: Why not?

EDDIE: Yeah, why not?

ROXANNE: He's too nice.

LUKE: What?

EDDIE: Typical.

ROXANNE: Plus, he's really awkward.

EDDIE: I don't know where she gets that from.

ROXANNE: And they're friends. It would be like dating her brother.

EDDIE: Why does everyone say that!? I'm not friends with my brother!

LUKE: We were friends before we dated.

ROXANNE: Yeah, but...you're not Eddie.

EDDIE: What is that supposed to mean?

(Luke "accidently" puts frosting on Roxanne's nose.)

© John Rotondo & Maryann Carolan

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying/distribution or performance permitted.

LUKE: Oops.

ROXANNE: Oh, it's okay. Don't worry about it.

(Roxanne takes a bigger chunk of frosting and smears it on Luke's mouth. They laugh together.)

LUKE: Hey! This tastes pretty good.

ROXANNE: That's because I made it.

EDDIE: This is disgusting.

LUKE: I love you.

ROXANNE: Do you really?

LUKE: Why don't you ever believe me?

ROXANNE: Prove it.

LUKE: Why do I have to prove it? Isn't it enough proof that I'm here?

ROXANNE: How is that proof? Where else would you be?

LUKE: I don't know... Nowhere.

EDDIE: Nowhere? *Nowhere?* What about with me?

ROXANNE: I knew it.

(They kiss. Eddie moves towards their scene.)

EDDIE: That's it! I'm done.

ROXANNE: *(Looking at the cake:)* I hope he likes it.

(Eddie stops paying attention to Luke and Roxanne.)

EDDIE: I hope they have a great time together.

LUKE: Of course he will.

EDDIE: Don't you ever wish you could put people in their place? Just come right through and give them exactly what they deserve?

(Eddie enters Luke and Roxanne's scene.)

LUKE: Eddie!

ROXANNE: We've made—

(Eddie takes the cake and shoves it in both their faces. He storms off.)

—a cake for your birthday.

(Blackout.)

TRANSITION 4

(MUSIC plays. Laura comes onstage 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 11 – VIDEO GAMES

RANDY: I'm afraid of the dark, which really sucks because my house is haunted. The ghost constantly bangs on the walls and moves around in the shadows. I know you think I'm crazy but my whole family sees it. It really used to freak me out when I was little. My mom tried to give it a funny name so I'd be less afraid. Now I hate when I'm home alone and Larry knocks on my wall and shut off the lights. It scares the living hell out of me.

(Randy moves downstage and joins George to play chess. Charlotte is reading.)

You know, George, you really suck at this.

GEORGE: I wanted to play N64.

CHARLOTTE: You guys and video games. It kills me.

RANDY: Well, you may have noticed, Charlotte, that we are not playing video games.

(Randy takes George's bishop.)

GEORGE: Aw, not my bishop, Randy!

RANDY: Sorry, George, you're too dependent on your bishop anyway. Learn to move some other pieces around.

GEORGE: But I like the bishop!

CHARLOTTE: There's lots of opportunities for you out there, Georgie. How come you're not seeing anyone?

GEORGE: Well, Lotte, I don't know if you noticed but eight months ago your best friend kicked my guts out emotionally.

CHARLOTTE: It wasn't eight months ago, George.

GEORGE: September 26, [current year], AD, at 9:49 PM Eastern standard time. That makes it seven months, one week, 4 days and...22 hours. I don't bother counting the minutes.

CHARLOTTE: Suddenly, I feel a little uncomfortable. That's not healthy, George.

GEORGE: Neither is getting dumped on your birthday.

RANDY: You're going to lose that pawn.

GEORGE: No, I'm not.

CHARLOTTE: Still, this isn't healthy. You need to move on.

RANDY: Charlotte, guys don't talk about these things.

CHARLOTTE: I wasn't talking to you, Randy. Maybe George wants to talk about it. Did you ever think of that?

RANDY: Why don't you ask him, then?

CHARLOTTE: George, do you want to talk about it?

GEORGE: Not really.

RANDY: Told you so. If you lose that rook you're going to be in check.

CHARLOTTE: I'm sick of you, Randy. All you ever do lately is criticize me!

RANDY: Since when is being right being critical? I just know George better than you.

CHARLOTTE: It's always a competition. I'm going home.

RANDY: Okay – I'll text you later.

CHARLOTTE: You never get it, do you?

(She leaves in a huff.)

RANDY: Wanna play Super Smash Bros.?

GEORGE: Sure.

(They pick up the controllers, sit on the floor and play in silence for a long moment.)

SCENE 12 – DECONSTRUCTION

(Roxanne and Luke enter on the opposite side. George and Randy stay put, still playing.)

LUKE: Ah—see, Roxanne? This is what I was telling you about. Men and women perceive things differently.

ROXANNE: That's true—I think if there's anything we've learned in our relationship, it's that men and women don't function on the same plane of existence.

LUKE: Why don't we see what went right and wrong here.

(The scene resets to the beginning with Roxanne and Luke standing on the opposite side.)

RANDY: You know, George, you really suck at this.

LUKE: Actually, George really does suck at chess. I suck at chess too, but I wouldn't bring my queen out so early if I knew I had a weak middle-game.

ROXANNE: Oh, Luke- you're so cute when you're nerdy.

GEORGE: I wanted to play N64.

CHARLOTTE: You guys and video games. It kills me.

ROXANNE: Okay—here's the first problem. I happen to know that Charlotte likes playing video games, too. She's using this as an excuse right now because she feels ignored by Randy.

RANDY: Well, you may have noticed, Charlotte, that we are not playing video games.

LUKE: This is a true statement. They are playing chess.

(Randy takes George's bishop.)

GEORGE: Aw, not my bishop, Randy!

LUKE: And that was a sloppy move on George's part. He should have sacrificed his knight instead.

ROXANNE: I agree with you. But maybe we should focus a little more broadly on what's going on here.

LUKE: Right. Sorry. He's just so terrible. Anyway, what's happening here is that when two guys are together, they like to be busy. Usually it involves an activity where they can beat the crap out of each other. Probably has roots in our hunter-gatherer culture and the dominance of the male in the societal group.

ROXANNE: Wow—someone's been paying attention in Mr. Douglas's class!

LUKE: Thank you!

(He takes a small bow.)

RANDY: Sorry, George, you're too dependent on your bishop anyway. Learn to move some other pieces around.

GEORGE: But I like the bishop!

CHARLOTTE: There's lots of opportunities for you out there, Georgie. How come you're not seeing anyone?

ROXANNE: Whoa—slow down, Charlotte! That's way too analytical for this situation. See, women like to analyze. They're thinkers. Men are doers. Probably stems back to when it was their job to figure out what to do for dinner when the men came home empty-handed from a hunt. Plus, what she's showing us here is that she also has a hidden agenda. Tipping your hand too early, Sweetie.

GEORGE: Well, Lotte, I don't know if you noticed but eight months ago your best friend kicked my guts out emotionally.

LUKE: Clearly, she hit a nerve.

CHARLOTTE: It wasn't eight months ago, George.

GEORGE: September 26, [current year], AD, at 9:49 PM Eastern standard time. That makes it seven months, one week, 4 days and...22 hours. I don't bother counting the minutes.

LUKE: I'm so embarrassed for him here. You take over.

ROXANNE: Take over? What's there to say? He's obsessed and not over it yet.

CHARLOTTE: Suddenly, I feel a little uncomfortable. That's not healthy, George.

GEORGE: Neither is getting dumped on your birthday.

RANDY: You're going to lose that pawn.

LUKE: He's gonna lose his masculinity if he stays in this room much longer.

GEORGE: No, I'm not.

CHARLOTTE: Still, this isn't healthy. You need to move on.

ROXANNE: She's right but she's way too pushy here. It's not like rubbing your dog's nose in it when he does his business on your carpet. Nobody wants poop on their face.

RANDY: Charlotte, guys don't talk about these things.

LUKE: Too true.

CHARLOTTE: I wasn't talking to you, Randy. Maybe George wants to talk about it. Did you ever think of that?

ROXANNE: I feel sort of bad here because I know she wants to help, but even if George does want to talk about it, he's not going to do it with Randy there.

RANDY: Why don't you ask him, then?

CHARLOTTE: George, do you want to talk about it?

GEORGE: Not really.

ROXANNE: This is a lie.

LUKE: This is the truth.

RANDY: Told you so. If you lose that rook you're going to be in check.

LUKE: This is really interesting. See what Randy did there? He's giving George respect and space by acting normally. See how he just ignores the entire subject? Brilliant! Kudos, Randy!

CHARLOTTE: I'm sick of you, Randy. All you ever do lately is criticize me!

ROXANNE: He does seem to criticize her a lot in front of other people.

RANDY: Since when is being right being critical? I just know George better than you.

CHARLOTTE: It's always a competition. I'm going home.

ROXANNE: Good—I wanted to show this to you. This is a classic play. But a risky one for Charlotte. It's win or lose. Charlotte does not really want to go home. She wants Randy to stop her. In her mind, it's a demonstration of his feelings for her. If he loves her, he won't let her go. If he lets her go, it means she's less important than A. George, B. chess, and C. Probably socks.

LUKE: This is true. In three words, Charlotte has given Randy the ultimate test in their relationship. But does Randy hear this? No. Women's logic is at a frequency totally incompatible with men's brain function. What Randy hears is this: "It's time for me to go. Thanks for a great evening. I'm going home."

RANDY: Okay—I'll text you later.

CHARLOTTE: You never get it, do you?

LUKE: Epic fail on Randy's part.

ROXANNE: (*Shaking her head sadly:*) Epic fail.

(*Charlotte leaves in a huff.*)

What you're not able to see is that on the other side of the door, Charlotte has waited a few moments before going up the stairs. She's still pretty sure Randy will stop her from leaving.

LUKE: He won't.

ROXANNE: I know that.

RANDY: Wanna play Super Smash Bros.?

GEORGE: Sure.

(*They pick up the controllers, sit on the floor and play in silence for a long moment.*)

LUKE: This is perhaps the pinnacle of male interaction. It looks like they're completely absorbed in their own worlds, but really what's going on here is a deep bonding—an emotional exchange that women will never, ever understand. See, if Randy didn't care about George, he would have run away as soon as someone mentioned Laura. But the exchange that is happening now says "I love you, man. I love you and care about you enough to sit here, seventeen inches away—no closer! —and share this game with you. And when we team up together to kick the crap out of Bowser and bring him to his knees, sobbing like a little girl who dropped her ice cream cone, I am pretending it's Laura. Every punch I throw is for every second she broke your poor heart."

ROXANNE: Oh, Luke—that's beautiful!

LUKE: (*A strange mix of pride and embarrassment:*) Thanks!

ROXANNE: And really sexy!

*(She jumps up in his arms and kisses him. Luke carries her off.
Blackout.)*

SCENE 13 – FACEBOOK STALKING 1

(George is on Laura's Facebook page. We see the pages on the screen behind him.)

GEORGE: The first thing Laura did when we broke up was to remove all traces of me from her Facebook. All wall posts, photos, gifts, comments. Everything. She should work for the FBI because she eradicated me so completely that for a moment I wasn't sure if I ever really existed. Wow. That sounded pathetic and codependent, like I needed to be part of her life to be happy. It's not true. It's just that I was happier then. Look at this. Relationship Status: Single. Interested in: Men; Looking for: Relationship, Whatever. Whatever is right. *(Composes himself a little:)* I sound like a nut-job. I have all these emotions and lately, they've been sneaking out the back-door and coming around to the front and really scaring the crap out of me. That just sounded wrong. I can't even think straight. *(Closes the laptop:)* It was my fault really. She said I wasn't "sensitive enough." It's really ironic because now all I am is a big blubbering pile of sensitivity and raw nerves. It's really sort of funny in a way. I never used to get angry or cry or feel sad about things. For 17 years I never really had those emotions. Now they're the only things I feel. It worries me a little.

(He exits.)

TRANSITION 5

(MUSIC plays. Eddie enters and sits Up-Center. Wendy enters on her hands and walks around him once and then gently back-walk-over's offstage. Eddie is enraptured. He goes to follow her, thinks better of it and exits in the opposite direction.)

SCENE 14 – THE NOTE & THE MOON

(Roxanne enters.)

ROXANNE: I was in love with Billy Logan. We were in 7th grade and he was the cutest, most shy and timid boy I'd ever met. I just wanted to put him in my pocket. It was Sadie Hawkins day and I believed almost everything my teacher told us. I cornered Billy by his locker and told him I wanted him to come out with me sometime. He was nervous and surprised. He said "No." I went home and cried. He wrote me a note the next day. It said "Yes, I'd like to go out with you sometime." I cried again. I still have the note.

(She exits. Luke enters.)

LUKE: I liked this girl since the minute I saw her. She was perfect. There was just one thing standing in our way—she happened to be a celebrity. I hate those minor technicalities. Just because you like someone who is "famous" people automatically start putting these labels on you—you're "one of those." So what, she's beautiful, we have exactly the same things in common—she just happens to be on People's Hottest 25 Under 25 List. So I did what any normal guy would do when he wants to pursue a girl: stand in line at her CD signing. I thought, all right, this is it. The minute she sees me, I won't have to say anything. We won't need words. She'll take me in her arms and I'll spirit her away to her limo and...well, you know the rest. So I was standing on line, acting real cool, with a dozen roses in my hand and a piece of the moon. That's right, a piece of the moon that I bought for \$29.99 from the lunar registry. It was actually just a certificate that said I purchased a plot on the moon, not an actual piece of the moon. What? I needed a back up just in case she didn't fall in love with me at first sight. So I finally get up to her...I give her the roses. She adds them to the pile. I give her the

moon. She looks confused. She signs my CD. I go home.
Never buy someone the moon. They won't appreciate it.

(He exits. Blackout.)

SCENE 15 – 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. Then I go through the rest of the menu to see if I can find something better. But this way, if the waitress comes over, I'm not scrambling to find something—because I have a back up. I never like to be left without a backup.

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: Your mom makes you smile like that?

RANDY: What? My mom's funny.

CHARLOTTE: I've met your mom.

RANDY: What's with you always harping on my mom, huh?

CHARLOTTE: She hates me.

RANDY: She does not.

CHARLOTTE: Randy. Whenever I come over, all she does is look at me like this-

(She makes a nasty, disapproving face.)

RANDY: Real nice, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE: She always acts like I'm taking you away from her. Like I'm corrupting your innocence or something.

RANDY: She does not.

CHARLOTTE: Your innocence was corrupted long before you met me.

RANDY: Yeah. Definitely.

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: Okay, Charlotte, I'll just tell my mother to shut the hell up.

CHARLOTTE: You're putting words in my mouth.

RANDY: Maybe she's fallen down the stairs because her appendix exploded and she needs my help.

CHARLOTTE: She does!?

RANDY: No. I meant what if. And why would she text me if she fell down a flight of stairs?

CHARLOTTE: I don't know, I don't know! I don't know why she's texting you at all.

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.)

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: I believe you. **LAURA:** 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 16 – MY BELT

GEORGE: Two summers ago I was hanging around town with my friends and we ran into another group of friends. They'd been drinking. Laura was with them and she was pretty drunk and falling all over me. I liked her and I guess she knew it. She was really aggressive, saying "I know you want me" and stuff like that, which wasn't like her at all. She came up really close and I thought she was going to kiss me and suddenly she starts undoing my belt. I was fifteen. Be honest—what would you have done? Well, she got the belt undone, pulled it out of the loops and ran away with it. I tried to chase after her, but my pants kept falling down so I had to run and hold them up. She got in the car and they drove off with my good belt! It took me two weeks to get the nerve up to call and ask for it back. I really need that belt to keep my pants up.

TRANSITION 6

(MUSIC plays. Randy enters followed by Charlotte. They are clearly in the middle of a fight. They gesticulate and shout silently. Charlotte storms off. Randy follows her.)

SCENE 17 – DAYDREAM MONTAGE

(Randy, Luke, Roxanne, Charlotte, Eddie, Laura, George, and Wendy are sitting in class. The teacher drones on, pointlessly, monotonously, until the sound dissolves completely.)

TEACHER (V.O.): In order to understand Spanish, one must understand the cultures of Spanish-speaking countries. Mexico, for example, was founded during...uh...the later half of the Age of Exploration by Fernando Cortez. Prior to this, Mexico had been ruled...uh...by the Aztec Empire for centuries. The Aztecs inhabited a city called Tenochtitlan, which is now modern-day Mexico City...

(The CLOCK TICKS loudly.)

LUKE: I hate this class. Who needs Business Spanish? "¿Le gustaría comprar una bicicleta? ¿Cuánto es el lápiz de color rojo? Voy a tomar más de su empresa y dejar sin hogar, que viven en la calle como un perro." I wish I could manipulate the fabric of time and space. But I failed Physics and had to go to summer school last year. Maybe I'll just figure out how to build a time machine. Then I can skip right to graduation.

(Laura doesn't speak. Projected on the screen is what she is working on her laptop: a time-lapse drawing of an eye.)

GEORGE: Pretty much I think about what would happen if terrorists tried to take over the school.

(Three terrorists, dressed like NINJAS, burst into the classroom with machine guns. MACHINE GUN FIRE. George jumps out of his seat. All of the students except Laura hit the floor. SCREAMS and COMMOTION. George runs to the Ninjas. He karate chops Ninja 1, who crumples to the floor. He roundkicks Ninja 2, who falls backwards. He makes a threatening move toward Ninja 3 who freezes, begins to cry and runs out the door. George wipes off his hands and sits back

down. Everyone congratulates him. Laura runs over and kisses him.)

CHARLOTTE: What would it be like if me and Randy got married?

(Screen switches to a video of Charlotte and Randy at their wedding, in slow motion.)

No, not that dress.

(Screen switches to the same scene. Charlotte is wearing a different dress.)

Ugh— that's hideous. And it makes me look really fat.

(Screen switches to the same scene. Charlotte is wearing a third dress.)

That one's better. We could even change the guy.

(Screen switches to still photos of Charlotte and: George in a tux; Eddie in a tux; Luke in a tux.)

I don't particularly want to be married. I just like to picture the dress. And the shoes.

(Charlotte sits. Laura's drawing comes back on the screen.)

RANDY: George and I usually have the same daydreams.

(Ninjas burst in again. This time they take hostages: Charlotte, Laura and George, holding the guns to their head. SHOUTING in another language. MACHINE GUN FIRE. Roxanne, Eddie and Luke jump up and hide behind Randy. Randy stands and puts his hand out. Using the "Force" he "pulls" a machine gun from Ninja 1. Using short bursts from the gun, he picks off Ninja 1 and Ninja 3.)

EDDIE: *(Momentarily breaking character:)* Why didn't you just disarm all of them with the Force?

RANDY: This is why you don't have a girlfriend. You're so uncool. Get back where you belong. This is my daydream.

(Ninja 2 is using George as a human shield. George is crying.)

GEORGE: Oh, Randy, please help me! I'm too young to die!

RANDY: Religion is the cause of all of the problems in the world. Religious extremism is destroying our planet. Iraq, Darfur, the melting of the Polar ice caps. The migration of the Canadian Goose into New Jersey! I'm sick and tired of walking through goose poop to get to my car!

GEORGE: Uh, Randy?

RANDY: Oh, right.

(Another quick burst from Randy's gun and Ninja 3 drops to the ground. Everyone crowds around Randy. Luke and Eddie pick him up on their shoulders. The girls all clamor to touch him and George kisses his "ring." Randy blesses the crowd like the Pope and waves like the Queen. Patriotic MUSIC plays. Randy sits. A college website appears on the screen.)

ROXANNE: This is the only time I ever have to myself. I go on the Fordham website and look at all the pictures. I picture myself there, meeting new people, going to parties, picking classes. Most people don't believe this, but it's the classes I'm most excited about. There's a whole world out there and I'm going to be a part of it. On my own for the first time in my life. I'm going to live in the city. It's so exciting. I feel awful being excited about leaving Luke. Sometimes I lie awake in bed at night—a mixture of excitement and resentment. I can't talk about it in front of him. He doesn't say anything, but he gets this funny look on his face. I hate it. I love him. How messed up is that?

EDDIE: Look at her. She's perfect. *(He stands, lost in the moment:)* The sun streams in through the chalk-clouded

glass/a ray of light falls, soft, on her face/If I had a thousand summers/I would trade them all for one single night/A look, a touch/ Her hand in mine/ Her soft lips, warm and inviting, on my cheek,/On my lips, on my neck, on my — (*He remembers where he is:*) Umm...never mind. Awkward. I hate myself. I wrote that for her. I was going to leave it in her locker. But...

(Wendy looks lost in deep thought.)

I wonder if she's thinking about me. Wouldn't that be cool? Me thinking about her, her thinking about me. Someday we can laugh about how we sat two feet apart every day for a year, daydreaming about each other. (*Eddie sits:*) God, please let her be thinking about me.

(Wendy shifts in her seat and looks up.)

WENDY: I wonder what I'll have for lunch today.

(Blackout. End of Act I.)

ACT II

SCENE 1 – SOCCER

(Eddie is sitting on the park bench, writing.)

EDDIE: I'm trying really hard not to be overbearing. I'm like a shark, I go around the edges, you know? I can't just blurt out "I love you, Wendy McGann! You're the most amazing, beautiful, funny, talented girl in the world. I want to spend the rest of my life with you and want you to have my babies." That's coming on too strong. It's true that I want her to walk on her hands right over to me. It's true that she's the last thing I think about before I fall asleep at night and the first thing I think about in the morning. It's true that she's the first person I text on every major holiday including Easter, Arbor Day and Flag Day to show her that I'm thinking about her. That's why we're friends. Because I care. I talk to her. I mean really talk to her. And I listen. Talking and listening are the biggest and most important parts of any relationship, if you ask me. Then again, I wouldn't know. I've never been in a real relationship. Maybe I'm just too hung up on Wendy. Is that possible? *(He considers this seriously.)* No. That thought only lasts a second until I think about the way her hair smells...God, that's creepy.

(Luke enters dribbling a soccer ball.)

LUKE: Hey – wanna play?

(Eddie takes the paper and stuffs it in his pocket.)

EDDIE: No. I suck. The last time we played, every time the ball rolled down the hill you made me go get it.

(Luke does tricks with the ball, showing off a little.)

LUKE: Come on – you're good. I'll get it this time.

EDDIE: Fine. But I'm not going into the river again. I got tetanus from it last year. I had to get a shot.

LUKE: Sheesh— what a baby. Have it your way.

(They begin passing the ball back and forth.)

EDDIE: Did you see Jessica yesterday?

LUKE: What? In those jean shorts?

EDDIE: Actually, I was talking about that shirt.

LUKE: Yeah— that was hot.

EDDIE: Uh, in a slutty way. Not that there's anything wrong with that.

LUKE: You can say that again.

(They pass the ball in silence for a moment, contemplating Jessica.)

So what were you writing?

EDDIE: When?

LUKE: When I got here.

EDDIE: I wasn't writing anything.

LUKE: Yes you were. I saw you. You put it in your back pocket.

(Eddie checks his pocket reflexively.)

EDDIE: No I didn't.

LUKE: Yes you did— it's sticking out.

EDDIE: I don't know what you're talking about.

(Luke purposely kicks the ball behind Eddie. When Eddie turns, he puts him in a headlock.)

Aww! You kicked it down the hill! Hey! What the hell—

LUKE: Say "Uncle"!

EDDIE: Uncle!! Uncle!! Ow!

LUKE: Let me see the paper. Do it or you know what.

EDDIE: No – don't!

LUKE: Three. Two. One.

(Luke begins to tickle Eddie. Eddie screams and convulses.)

EDDIE: Here! Take it! Take it!

(Luke takes the paper and reads.)

LUKE: What is this?

EDDIE: *(Embarrassed:)* Ideas for asking Wendy out...

LUKE: *(Reading from the list:)* Buy her a stylish hand mirror with a card that says "In this mirror you will see the image of the most beautiful woman in the world." Uh...

EDDIE: What? That's romantic, isn't it?

LUKE: Uh...no. *(Reads the list:)* Wait. Memorize one of Shakespeare's sonnets?

EDDIE: Oh, come on. That's a great idea. I'll bring her to a romantic setting...like a botanical garden. And recite it for her.

LUKE: Yeah. Not a great idea.

EDDIE: No, listen! I won't just suddenly start reciting poetry to her. I'll ease into it. I'm like a shark.

LUKE: I wonder where this is going...

EDDIE: We'll just be sitting in there, enjoying the horticulture. I'll turn to her and jokingly say "So is now a good time to recite a love poem to you?"

LUKE: Oh boy.

EDDIE: She'll say "yes" thinking I'm going to recite something funny and stupid like that guy from Nantucket. But instead, I'll catch her off guard. I'll look into her eyes, smile... *(He looks into Luke's eyes and smiles:)* I'll recite the sonnet as I gently stroke her face... *(He gently strokes Luke's face:)* "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? / Thou art more lovely and more temperate: / Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May..." *(He catches himself:)* ...Awkward. I hate myself.

LUKE: Now can you see why that's a bad idea?

EDDIE: Yeah. I'm an idiot. But there are other good ones on there!

LUKE: *(Reads the list:)* Write her a love song and sing it for her?

EDDIE: That's my favorite.

LUKE: Why don't you write her a rap song?

(Luke and Eddie perform a make-shift rap song. It's pathetic.)

EDDIE: Kick it!

(Luke starts a beat box.)

I'm into Wendy, yo!

I'm into Wendy, yo!

She walks on her hands right over to me,

Doesn't wash her hair, but that's not creepy,

We play board games by Milton Bradley,

When I think about her, I pray she thinks about me.

LUKE: Word.

(When they finish, they stop and look at each other.)

EDDIE: Nah.

LUKE: Nah.

(They exit.)

SCENE 2—CALL WAITING

(Randy walks Center Stage. He's on his cell.)

RANDY: ...so this moron goes "Pepperoni? Is it spicy?" So now I start talking to him like he's a retarded toddler and I go "Well, Sir, it's called PEPPERoni, and the PEPPER part means it's SPICY, like peppers!" And he's like "OOOOhhh!" And I'm like "I'm outta here" and I made Carl make this idiot's sandwich...I know, but he was dumb. People like that shouldn't be allowed to breathe my oxygen...I know...I love you too. You're so adorable.

(Laura enters and stands stage right.)

LAURA: Thanks — you're not too bad yourself.

RANDY: So can you meet me?

LAURA: The park?

RANDY: Yeah. Come on. You're so-

LAURA: I'm so what?

RANDY: Sorry — call waiting. Hang on a sec. Hello?

(Charlotte enters and stands stage left.)

CHARLOTTE: Hey!

RANDY: Oh, hey!

CHARLOTTE: So I got off from work early.

RANDY: Oh...how come?

CHARLOTTE: The frozen yogurt machine blew up. There were fire engines. So can we still make that movie?

RANDY: Oh, uh, I'm not sure. Let me call you back.

CHARLOTTE: Okay.

(Charlotte turns to exit. Randy pushes a button on the phone.)

RANDY: Sorry – that was Charlotte. Mmm. You're so hot. I can't wait to see you.

(Charlotte stops in her tracks and turns around.)

CHARLOTTE: Randy. It's STILL Charlotte. Who was that, your "mom" again?!

RANDY: Ha, ha. I knew it was you. It was just a –

CHARLOTTE: Go to hell!

(Charlotte hangs up and runs off.)

RANDY: –joke. *(He pushes the button again:)* Hey. I'm sorry. It was my mom.

LAURA: Are you okay? You sound sorta funny.

RANDY: Oh, yeah. My grandpa fell but he's going to be all right. My mom's shaken up.

LAURA: Okay. I'll make you feel better soon. See you at our "spot" at 9:30?

RANDY: Yeah. See you then.

(Blackout.)

TRANSITION 1

(MUSIC plays. George rides his bike across the stage and exits.)

SCENE 3 – CRISS-CROSS

(Wendy enters on her hands from stage left. Roxanne enters from stage right. They cross each other at center stage.)

WENDY: Oh, excuse me.

ROXANNE: Sorry.

(Wendy sits at the edge of the stage at stage right. Roxanne sits at the edge of the stage at stage left. They both look out.)

WENDY: We went on a date.

ROXANNE: We go on lots of dates.

WENDY: He seemed nice enough.

ROXANNE: He's the nicest guy in the world.

WENDY: He told me he liked me.

ROXANNE: He loves me.

WENDY: I like when he smiles.

ROXANNE: I can't get over his smile.

WENDY: There's something about him.

ROXANNE: There's definitely something about him.

WENDY: I finally let myself get close to someone.

ROXANNE: We're so close.

WENDY: Things got strange.

ROXANNE: But things are getting strange.

WENDY: It's hard to explain.

ROXANNE: I can't find the words for it.

WENDY: He took me to a party.

ROXANNE: We like to stay home and watch movies.

WENDY: We were having fun.

ROXANNE: We have so much fun.

WENDY: But then I mentioned Eddie.

ROXANNE: I slipped about Fordham.

WENDY: He got jealous.

ROXANNE: He's not jealous. He's happy for me.

WENDY: I told him that we're just friends.

ROXANNE: I told him that we'll be okay.

WENDY: I was telling the truth.

ROXANNE: I might be lying.

WENDY: He didn't believe me.

ROXANNE: He believed me.

WENDY: Like an idiot.

ROXANNE: Like an idiot.

WENDY: I have to stop talking about him.

ROXANNE: I can't talk about it with him.

WENDY: I really like Eddie.

ROXANNE: I love Luke.

WENDY: We're best friends.

ROXANNE: He's the best thing that's ever happened to me.

WENDY: But I can't help it.

ROXANNE: I can't help but thinking...

WENDY: Maybe he's...

ROXANNE: Maybe he's just...

WENDY: Holding me back.

ROXANNE: Holding me back.

(Eddie enters from stage left. Luke enters from stage right. They cross each other at center stage.)

EDDIE: Hey.

LUKE: Hey.

(Eddie joins Wendy at stage right. Luke joins Roxanne at stage left.)

Hey, so I was thinking...

EDDIE: I was thinking about you in the shower today...

(Wendy looks confused. Luke and Roxanne stop their scene and look over at Eddie.)

WENDY, LUKE & ROXANNE: What?

EDDIE: ...Awkward. I hate myself.

(Luke goes back to his scene with Roxanne.)

LUKE: Maybe we can watch *Casablanca* tonight?

EDDIE: I tried just using conditioner.

ROXANNE: That'll be good.

WENDY: That's good.

LUKE: Maybe we can go on a vacation together?

EDDIE: Have you ever been to a botanical garden?

ROXANNE: When?

WENDY: When do you want to go?

LUKE: I can get out of work for a week in August.

EDDIE: How 'bout this Saturday?

ROXANNE: I don't know if I can.

WENDY: This Saturday won't work.

LUKE: Oh.

EDDIE: Oh.

ROXANNE: I'll be super busy getting ready...you know.

WENDY: Jack wants to go on another date.

ROXANNE: I'm sorry.

WENDY: I'm sorry.

LUKE: Of course.

EDDIE: Don't worry about it.

ROXANNE: Listen, I gotta run? I'll see you tonight?

WENDY: I gotta go. I'll see you later.

(Luke and Roxanne kiss. Eddie and Wendy hug awkwardly. Wendy and Roxanne exit. Luke and Eddie watch them go. Once they're gone, they look at each other and then down.)

EDDIE: Damn.

LUKE: Damn.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 4 – BREAKUP 1

(Randy and Laura are kissing on the park bench.)

RANDY: Laura...

LAURA: Uh, oh. I know that tone.

RANDY: Laura...

LAURA: I don't want to hear this, Randy. Not right now. Not today.

RANDY: Laura, please.

LAURA: Nope. Not listening to you. Lalala.

RANDY: Okay, okay. Have it your way.

LAURA: I know this day is coming. Just give me tonight. Just one more night.

(He kisses her – a kiss full of longing and desperation and passion. George rides his bicycle upstage. He is wearing a helmet and a reflective vest. He rides off stage left. The sound of the BIKE CRASHING into garbage cans. After a moment, he comes back on foot, slightly disheveled.)

GEORGE: Oh, God.

(Randy and Laura pull apart.)

LAURA: Uh oh.

(Randy jumps up.)

RANDY: Uh...I'm not here. I gotta go.

(He runs offstage. Laura's defense mechanism is sarcastic, self-effacing humor.)

LAURA: Hi, George. What brings you to the park so late at night?

GEORGE: Oh, God. This isn't...this isn't...

LAURA: Yeah. It certainly isn't.

GEORGE: I don't...I don't...Oh, God. Randy?!

LAURA: Yeah. I'm surprised at myself. Pardon my manners – would you like to have a seat?

GEORGE: Our spot. This is our spot.

LAURA: Well, George, last I checked, this was still a public park. You know, those little plaques they put on the benches are honorary rather than territorial.

GEORGE: (*This idea bursts out of him:*) Did you take his belt?!

LAURA: What?

GEORGE: Did. You. Take. His. Belt?

LAURA: What? No? What are you talking about.

GEORGE: (*On the verge of tears:*) His belt, his belt! Did you take it? Like you took mine?

LAURA: No! I was drunk. It was stupid. It didn't mean anything!

GEORGE: (*Small:*) What?

LAURA: Oh, come on! I didn't mean it like that. What's wrong with you? I don't get this!

GEORGE: Don't get this? Don't get this?! You spend every day for two years telling me I'm not sensitive! I'm not in touch with my emotions! I don't cry enough or get angry enough! Well now I'm angry!

LAURA: Okay, this isn't cool. We're in public. We broke up. I can be where I want with anyone I want.

GEORGE: You broke my heart!

LAURA: (*Jumping up:*) You broke my heart, too! But I'm not standing in the park like a freak screaming about it!

GEORGE: I love you.

LAURA: I don't love you. Not anymore.

(George collapses on the bench, sobbing.)

George. Please don't. Not here. Not here. I'm sorry. It wasn't your fault. It wasn't my fault. It's just how it went. We grew apart. I didn't do it on purpose.

(She sits, lost in self-thought.)

Funny. I seem to be involved in a lot of things beyond my control lately. Nothing and everything is my fault. I'm sorry, George. I really am. I have to go.

(She exits.)

GEORGE: But...this was our spot!

(Blackout.)

TRANSITION 2

(MUSIC plays. Luke and Roxanne enter from opposite sides and begin to dance different dances – their movements are disjointed, matching in neither style nor rhythm.)

SCENE 5 – FACEBOOK STALKING 2

(Eddie is at his laptop. We see the images from his laptop projected on the screen behind him.)

EDDIE: This is Wendy's Facebook. And it's not creepy that I look at it. I'm just interested in what she's doing. Okay, it is creepy. But I love looking at it. Makes me feel close to her when she's not there. See this pig? I gave her that pig on her birthday last year—when she was little, her mom called her Miss Piggy. *(He snorts like a pig:)* She's got 634 friends. Sometimes I friend her friends, even if I don't know them... Look at all these groups she belongs to. I never even knew there were this many different Sound of Music groups: The Sound of Music Fans three exclamation points; Dame Julie Andrews Rocks; Maria Von Trapp for Sainthood; Maria Von Trapp Is My Ideal Woman; Confidence and Edelweiss... I love her status updates. She's got great taste in music. Look: "Wendy McGann is gonna drive and never ever slow down". "Wendy McGann will write you visions of my summer—quoting lines from all those movies that we love." "Wendy McGann you're what keeps me believing this world's not gone dead, strength in my bones and the words in my head." Isn't that beautiful? Well...she didn't write it, but still, she wrote it in her status. Sometimes I think they're about me and maybe she's trying to tell me something through her status updates. Like they're secretly meant for me... Well, let's look at some pictures. Look at her profile picture—not one single picture taken in the bathroom mirror! Isn't that great? I like this one where she's upside down and all her silky shiny hair is hanging down. God, she's beautiful. Oh, look—Jessica tagged her in a photo. Eww— *(Reading the title of the photo album:)* "There's A Party In My PANTS and Everyone's Invited!" God, Jessica's gross. Her friends are gross. I'm not against drinking, but these people spend 5 out of 7 days planning for it. Get a life, Jessica. *(He clicks on the photo:)* Huh. I didn't

think Wendy was hanging out with these people. This was last weekend. I thought she had to go to Chuck E. Cheese.

(He begins flipping through the pictures. Many people have red Solo cups. Wendy does too. Pictures of Wendy: dancing wearing a funny hat; being held aloft by 5 guys; balancing a cup on her head; toasting the camera with Jessica.)

Oh. Umm. Yeah. This is...really sort of...you have to think...I..

(There is a picture of a spin the bottle game in the living room. The next picture shows Wendy kissing Jack. The next picture shows Jack and Wendy kissing outside, clearly caught. Eddie closes his laptop violently.)

I hate Facebook.

(He exits.)

TRANSITION 3

(MUSIC plays. Charlotte is waiting, upstage. George crosses to her. He silently tells her about Randy and Laura. She reacts accordingly and runs off. George, unsure of what to do, hesitates, finally running off after her.)

SCENE 6 – THE POWERPOINT

(The room is dark. There is a faint dark blue glow from the screen upstage. Randy enters. We see him in silhouette.)

RANDY: Uh, hello? Charlotte.

(Charlotte shines a flashlight right in Randy's face.)

CHARLOTTE: Hey – sorry. All the power's out.

RANDY: Jesus – get that thing out of my eyes. What the hell is this?!

(He trips over a chair.)

CHARLOTTE: I'm really sorry. Why don't you just sit there until your eyes adjust.

RANDY: Charlotte –

CHARLOTTE: Look. Let's try to handle this like mature adults, okay? I'm hurt and you're upset, but let's try to talk through this and see if there isn't something worth saving, all right?

RANDY: Oh...okay. Ha. I thought you brought me here to kill me or something. Not like you don't have the right to or anything, but –

LAURA: Ow!

(Laura stumbles in the dark, also tripping over a chair.)

RANDY: What's going on?

(Charlotte shines her light on Laura's face.)

LAURA: Randy? Where's Roxanne? She texted me and told me to meet her here. She said she had to tell me something urgent about George.

RANDY: Laura –

CHARLOTTE: Oh, Laura. Thanks for coming. Roxanne couldn't get the car but she told me to give you the message. Why don't you sit down – all the power's out.

(Laura gropes her way to the chair next to Randy and sits.)

LAURA: *(Whispering to Randy:)* What's going on?

CHARLOTTE: Tsk, tsk. Come on Laura – no one likes secrets. Certainly not secrets involving my best friend dating my boyfriend.

(She laughs. The lights snap on, blinding them momentarily. Charlotte has donned a pair of sunglasses moments before the lights snap on.)

That's better. Now where were we?

RANDY: Okay, this is way too weird. I'm outta here!

LAURA: Isn't that disappearing trick getting a little old, Randy?

CHARLOTTE: Oh – hahaha – I'm sorry. Were you planning to leave? You can't leave.

(She motions slightly with her hand. Two NINJAS with ropes jump up from behind Randy's and Laura's chairs, binding them to the seats. They gag them.)

Thank you, Akira, Matsumo.

(The Ninjas salute her and exit.)

I'm sorry – I worked really hard on this PowerPoint and I can't have you leave and miss it. There's 634 slides. *(Proudly:)* I animated them myself!

(One Ninja returns with a drink on a tray. He is dressed like a waiter.)

Thank you, Katsuro. (*Indicating the drink:*) It's a Shirley Temple. Five cherries. Yum. Anyway, where was I? Oh! My PowerPoint!

(Charlotte claps and the lights fade to black except for a spot on each character. The slide show begins. It contains every cheap and corny element possible: "flying slide" transitions, different and unrelated backgrounds on each slide, even the "typewriter" transition, loudly punctuated with irritating sounds. The title of the PowerPoint is "Randy and Laura Suck and Should Die in a Horrible, Disfiguring Accident Involving Fire, Hydrochloric Acid and Wolverines." A cute picture of Charlotte dressed as an angel pops up and winks.)

Thank you—I know you're clapping for me on the inside. This is me.

(Her yearbook picture appears on the screen.)

And this is Randy

(His yearbook picture appears.)

And Laura.

(As does hers. Suddenly, Randy's and Laura's pictures are scribbled on—beards, glasses, eye-patch, no teeth.)

Oops! Sorry! How did that happen? Let's move on. Here's a picture of me and Randy when we were happy. And one of Laura and me when we were friends. Everybody was happy

(Photo of them all smiling broadly.)

Or were we?

(The same picture, but in this one Charlotte is looking suspiciously at Randy and Laura. The picture changes again. Now Charlotte is looking out toward the audience, shocked, as Randy and Laura kiss in a disgusting manner.)

Not really. Because how can everyone be happy when two of the people are big liars? When they cheat and break your heart to fulfill disgusting, animalistic needs, allowing their hormones to overrule their hearts and minds! Filling the air with noxious falsehoods that scream in the voice of demons borne from the fall of man and the sins of a billion lost souls!! As they look you in the face and lie, equivocate and tear you apart, sneaking off to make the beast with two backs! I'm sorry. Sorry. Carried away a little bit there.

(She claps. A ninja, wearing a bow tie, brings her a glass of water and a facecloth. She drinks and blots. Each of the following statements is accompanied by a photo, often badly photo-shopped.)

Where were you when I was sitting by myself on Friday night? In the park, making out in public. Where were you last winter when I had the measles? Skiing in Aspen. Where were you every Sunday when I was in church, praying that you'd get a job, or that your parents would find a way to work it out? Oh, that's right—you were in Paris together. And where were you when my mother DIED?

(Luke pokes his head in.)

LUKE: Uh, Charlotte? Your mom's still alive

(He exits.)

CHARLOTTE: Shh! You're ruining it! Ehem. And where were you when my MOTHER DIED?

(Picture of JFK's funeral with Charlotte replacing Jackie.)

Oh, right—you were climbing Mount Everest

(Picture of completely proportionally wrong Randy and Laura cut out of two separate semi-formal pictures. Charlotte has drawn in stick-figure hands.)

So what I really want to know is this: *(Her false bravado crumbles:)* Why did you two have to break my heart? *(She cries:)* Why? What did I ever do to you that made you do this to me?

(She collapses in a chair and waves her hand weakly. Two Ninjas enter and unbind and ungag Randy and Laura.)

RANDY: Oh please, oh please! I'm so sorry! Forgive me! I'm worthless! A toad!

LAURA: Mea culpa, mea culpa! I don't deserve your friendship. I'm a worm! I eat dirt!

RANDY: My love, I beg you, if you can find it in your heart to forgive us, I'll give you everything!

CHARLOTTE: *(Pulling herself together:)* Everything?

RANDY: Anything and everything, my love!

CHARLOTTE: Hmm...well if you put it that way...then get the hell out of my life you swine! You don't deserve someone like me!

(She laughs at their misfortune as they crawl away, wailing and gnashing their teeth. She lies down across three chairs, content and tired, humming to herself.)

GEORGE: Hey, Lotte. How's it going?

(George is wearing a scuba mask, snorkel and fins. He has on a bathing suit and a life preserver with an octopus on it.)

CHARLOTTE: Hiya, Georgie. You just missed it! I totally wrecked Randy and Laura. It was great!

GEORGE: Sorry I missed it. I gotta go. Your alarm's about to go off.

CHARLOTTE: What?

(An ALARM BUZZES loudly. Charlotte sits up in bed suddenly and looks around.)

Crap.

(Blackout.)

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