

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Copyright Protection. This play (the “Play”) is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention.

Reservation of Rights. All rights to this Play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments. Amateur and stock performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Playscripts, Inc. (“Playscripts”). No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from Playscripts. Required royalty fees for performing this Play are specified online at the Playscripts website (www.playscripts.com). Such royalty fees may be subject to change without notice. Although this book may have been obtained for a particular licensed performance, such performance rights, if any, are not transferable. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur and stock performance rights should be addressed to Playscripts (see contact information on opposite page).

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Playscripts, as well; such inquiries will be communicated to the author and the author's agent, as applicable.

Restriction of Alterations. There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the Play, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language, unless directly authorized by Playscripts. The title of the Play shall not be altered.

Author Credit. Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this Play is required to give credit to the author as the sole and exclusive author of the Play. This obligation applies to the title page of every program distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in any instance that the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and of a font size at least 50% as large as the largest letter used in the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the author. The name of the author may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

Publisher Attribution. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with the amateur or stock production of the Play shall include the following notice:

**Produced by special arrangement with Playscripts, Inc.
(www.playscripts.com)**

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying. Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. Except as otherwise permitted by applicable law, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including, without limitation, photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Playscripts.

Statement of Non-affiliation. This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. Playscripts is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, or other permitted purposes.

Permissions for Sound Recordings and Musical Works. This Play may contain directions calling for the performance of a portion, or all, of a musical work, or performance of a sound recording of a musical work. Playscripts has not obtained permissions to perform such works. The producer of this Play is advised to obtain such permissions, if required in the context of the production. The producer is directed to the websites of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov), ASCAP (www.ascap.com), BMI (www.bmi.com), and NMPA (www.nmpa.org) for further information on the need to obtain permissions, and on procedures for obtaining such permissions.

The Rules in Brief

- 1) Do NOT perform this Play without obtaining prior permission from Playscripts, and without paying the required royalty.
- 2) Do NOT photocopy, scan, or otherwise duplicate any part of this book.
- 3) Do NOT alter the text of the Play, change a character's gender, delete any dialogue, or alter any objectionable language, unless explicitly authorized by Playscripts.
- 4) DO provide the required credit to the author and the required attribution to Playscripts in all programs and promotional literature associated with any performance of this Play.

For more details on these and other rules, see the opposite page.

Copyright Basics

This Play is protected by United States and international copyright law. These laws ensure that playwrights are rewarded for creating new and vital dramatic work, and protect them against theft and abuse of their work.

A play is a piece of property, fully owned by the playwright, just like a house or car. You must obtain permission to use this property, and must pay a royalty fee for the privilege—*whether or not you charge an admission fee*. Playscripts collects these required payments on behalf of the author.

Anyone who violates an author's copyright is liable as a copyright infringer under United States and international law. Playscripts and the author are entitled to institute legal action for any such infringement, which can subject the infringer to actual damages, statutory damages, and attorneys' fees. A court may impose statutory damages of up to \$150,000 for willful copyright infringements. U.S. copyright law also provides for possible criminal sanctions. Visit the website of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov) for more information.

THE BOTTOM LINE: If you break copyright law, you are robbing a playwright and opening yourself to expensive legal action. Follow the rules, and when in doubt, ask us.

Playscripts, Inc.
P.O. Box 237060
New York, NY 10023

Phone/fax: 1-866-NEW-PLAY (639-7529)
Email: questions@playscripts.com
Web: www.playscripts.com

ROMANTIC FOOLS

A COMIC VAUDEVILLE

by Rich Orloff

ACT I

Introduction	8
Find Me a Primitive Man	11
Nightmare With a Sexy Skirt.....	19
One Man's Secret Desire	25
At the Orgy	31
The Sheep, or Much Ado About Mutton.....	36
The Stepford Guy.....	42
Nice Tie.....	48

ACT II

Power Is the Greatest Aphrodisiac of Them All.....	54
Vegetarians in Lust	59
Spaghetti Overture.....	66
The Wedding Planner.....	73
Bride and Gloom	78

One man and one woman.
A simple set.
The present.

Acknowledgments

Romantic Fools was originally produced at the 2002 Key West Theatre Festival (Joan McGillis, Artistic Director). The cast included David Black and Mimi McDonald, and the production was directed by Ms. Gillis.

Romantic Fools was further developed in productions at Theatre Conspiracy in Fort Myers, Florida (Bill Taylor, Artistic Director) and Shadowland Theater in Ellenville, New York (William V. Morris, Artistic Director).

The current version of *Romantic Fools* was first performed on February 14, 2004 by the Foolish Theatre Company (Rick Tormone, Executive Producing Artistic Director) in New York City. The cast was as follows:

WOMAN	Maribeth Graham
MAN	William Green
Director	Jeffrey C. Wolf
Set Designer	Tom Gleeson
Costume Designer	Kimberly Glennon
Lighting Designer.....	Michael Berelson
Sound Designer	Annie Burns
Stage Manager	Fran Rubinstein

They were assisted by Dominic Spillane and Alyson Grossman as Love and Desire.

ACT I

INTRODUCTION

(A MAN and a WOMAN address the audience. Each points to the other as they say:)

MAN. Women!

WOMAN. Men!

(Pointing to breasts and penis as each says:)

MAN. Women!

WOMAN. Men!

MAN and WOMAN. Men and women. Hmmm.

MAN. “Why do women act the way they do?” At some point every man ponders this question, gives up, and decides to focus on something simpler, like quantum physics.

WOMAN. “Why do men act the way they do?” Since the beginning of time, scholars have asked this question, resulting in volumes upon volumes of male-written crap.

MAN. I *do* want a woman in my life, sometimes even when I’m *not* horny.

WOMAN. Men. It’s as if they took a course in evolution and dropped out half way.

MAN. Women make me feel—and that’s the problem. And yet, on the other hand... *(More tenderly:)* Women.

WOMAN. Men.

MAN. Individually, men and women are complex, dynamic and compelling.

WOMAN. Compared to amoebas.

MAN. However, put men and women together—

WOMAN. And wear protective goggles.

(The MAN walks near the WOMAN, as if she’s become a visual aide to a lecture.)

MAN. I mean, it's not like I haven't tried to have a rewarding, meaningful, interpersonal, nurturing—you know, all that kind of crap—relationship with a woman. I've been out with women who are repressed—

WOMAN. (*Repressed:*) Hi.

MAN. flirtatious—

WOMAN. (*Flirtatious:*) Hi.

MAN. maternal—

WOMAN. (*Maternal:*) Hi.

MAN. and needy.

WOMAN. (*Desperate:*) Hi!

MAN. And I still haven't found the right woman for me. And sometimes I wonder if I ever will.

(The MAN becomes a visual aide for the WOMAN.)

WOMAN. I mean, it's not like I haven't tried to have an emotionally rewarding, sexually satisfying relationship with a man who doesn't lie about his marital status. I've been out with men who are meek—

MAN. (*Meek:*) Hi.

WOMAN. assertive—

MAN. (*Assertive:*) Hi!

WOMAN. stoned—

MAN. (*Stoned:*) Hiiiiigh.

WOMAN. and sexually ambiguous.

MAN. (*A bit gay, a bit macho:*) Hi!

WOMAN. And sometimes I come home from a date—

MAN. I look in the mirror—

MAN and WOMAN. And I say—

WOMAN. “Lori, buy a puppy.”

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

FIND ME A PRIMITIVE MAN

(The MAN exits. The WOMAN approaches the audience more informally. During such moments, it will help if the house lights are raised a bit.)

WOMAN. I mean, it's just so difficult. I've tried and tried, but it's not easy to find a guy you can really connect with—when sober. I've tried everything: personal ads, speed dating, going to singles events, volunteering for charities that attract single people. Recently my married friend Sally fixed me up. Why do married friends like to do that? Anyway, I never got a chance to talk to him before the date, and Sally said hardly anything about him, except that he's nice, friendly, and he's never been in rehab. She said his name is "Yun" or something. I think he's Swedish.

(A living room. A knock on the door.)

That must be him. *(To an audience member, as if an ad-lib:)* Do I look okay?... Is this too tight? *(or "too short?")* Not tight enough? What do you think? *(If she likes a man:)* You doing anything after the show?

(Another knock on the door.)

Wish me luck.

(Another knock on the door.)

Coming!

(An apartment living room. The WOMAN crosses to her front door, opens it, and shuts it immediately. To us:)

He's not Swedish.

(Another knock on the door. The WOMAN opens it, to reveal a large, hulking Neanderthal Man dressed in a leopard skin. She moves back, startled. He enters and grunts. From behind his back, he presents her with a bouquet of wildflowers. He smiles sweetly.)

WOMAN. *(Touched:)* Flowers—how thoughtful.

(He reaches inside his leopard skin and pulls out a large piece of meat. He gives it to her. Note: The man often makes sounds, just not words.)

WOMAN. *(Less enthused:)* Meat—what a nice cut... You must be Yun.

MAN. *(Pounding his chest:)* Thun!

WOMAN. Hi, Thun, I'm Lori.

(He sniffs her.)

WOMAN. Look, I, I tried calling you. I've got an awful headache, and a stomach ache, and several highly contagious diseases. I'm afraid tonight won't work out.

(THUN, a very sensitive guy, shows deep disappointment.)

WOMAN. I'm sorry.

(THUN points to the flowers.)

WOMAN. Well, yes, the flowers *are* nice.

(THUN points to the meat.)

WOMAN. And the meat... it looks very tender.

(THUN mimes killing the animal.)

WOMAN. You killed it yourself, huh?

(THUN points to her.)

WOMAN. Just for me?

(THUN nods.)

WOMAN. How thoughtful. But, well, I'm *really* not feeling well...

(THUN starts to cry.)

WOMAN. Gee, I hardly ever meet a guy who's willing to show his feelings... Oh, well. Just a short visit.

(THUN grunts happily. The WOMAN puts the flowers in a vase, and she puts the meat, well, maybe in another vase or a fruit bowl.)

WOMAN. So Sally didn't tell me much about you. What do you do?

(THUN mimes attacking an animal, clubbing it to death, ripping its flesh apart, pulling out some muscle, and presenting it to her.)

WOMAN. You kill meat.

(THUN begins prancing around, picking off food from imaginary trees and bushes.)

WOMAN. You also forage for nuts and berries.

(THUN nods.)

WOMAN. *(Genuine:)* How fascinating.

(THUN shrugs.)

WOMAN. It's a living, huh?

(THUN nods, points to her.)

WOMAN. You want to know about me? How nice of you to ask. I'm a sales representative for a leading pharmaceutical firm, specializing in—

(THUN yawns, bored. Seeking to keep the conversation going, he points to her and mimes killing an animal.)

WOMAN. Do I kill meat?... No, I shop for it.

(THUN gives a disdainful grunt and look, as an aside.)

WOMAN. So... What did you have in mind for this evening?

(THUN mimes eating.)

WOMAN. Dinner.

(THUN mimes dancing.)

WOMAN. Dancing. I love to dance.

(THUN mimes sex.)

WOMAN. Uh, let me tell you where I'm coming from, Thumb.

MAN. Thun!

WOMAN. Thun. It's just, well, you seem very nice, and your outfit is very... retro, but I'm just not into dating for dating's sake anymore. I finally think I'm ready to develop something... substantial.

(THUN grunts that he's substantial.)

WOMAN. Oh, I'm sure you're *very* substantial, but, well, I may want to start a family soon, and I want someone who could be a provider.

(THUN points to the meat.)

WOMAN. But who's still sensitive.

(THUN points to the flowers.)

WOMAN. And who isn't afraid of intimacy.

(THUN mimes sex.)

WOMAN. I meant *emotional* intimacy.

(THUN grunts "Ohhh." He stands, and does the charade symbol for poem.)

WOMAN. What are you doing? A poem?

(THUN nods. He mimes a globe.)

WOMAN. The world...

(THUN grunts a nod, then mimes craziness.)

WOMAN. Is crazy.

(THUN enthusiastically grunts a nod, and then he stands firmly.)

WOMAN. We're standing—

(THUN looks down, as if on the edge of a precipice.)

WOMAN. On the edge of... of...

(THUN mimes "small word.")

WOMAN. A, an... An!... On the edge of an...

(THUN mimes "small word.")

WOMAN. Uh... A!

(THUN *mimes urinating.*)

WOMAN. Urinal?... Pee?... Piss?

(THUN *nods, motions to group it together.*)

WOMAN. We're standing on the edge of an a-piss... abyss! We're standing on the edge of an abyss.

(THUN *points to his rear end, one eye, mimes waves, and points at her.*)

WOMAN. But—I—see—you.

(THUN *mimes "small word," then nods when she gets it.*)

WOMAN. A, and—and—

(THUN *points to her and mimes her shape.*)

WOMAN. You... you are a Coke bottle.

(THUN *shakes his head and continues.*)

WOMAN. You have a have nice figure.

(THUN *mimes "more."*)

WOMAN. You're beautiful.

(THUN *grunts affirmatively.*)

WOMAN. But I see you and you're beautiful.

(THUN *touches his heart.*)

WOMAN. My heart...

(THUN *fills his heart.*)

WOMAN. Is filled...

(THUN *mimes "small word," then nods.*)

WOMAN. With? My heart is filled with...

(THUN *picks up two sticks, rubs them together, and makes fire.*)

WOMAN. Things on the ground. Sticks. Rubbing sticks. Building a fire. I bet you're good at that.

(THUN grunts affirmatively. Then he burns a finger. It puffs up. He covers it with his mouth.)

WOMAN. Oh, you've burned your finger. You have a blister.

(THUN does "on the nose.")

WOMAN. My heart is filled with blisters?

(THUN asks her to repeat and repeat, and then he sticks his hand over her mouth in mid-word.)

WOMAN. My heart is filled with blisters. My heart is filled with blis— *(He lets go.)* My heart is filled with bliss.

(THUN bows gallantly.)

WOMAN. Oh, that was adorable. Who wrote it?

(THUN gives an offended grunt.)

WOMAN. You did?

(THUN nods with bashful pride.)

WOMAN. Wow. When?

(THUN mimes killing an animal.)

WOMAN. While you were at work.

(THUN nods.)

WOMAN. You know, you're a lot of fun.

MAN. *(Pounding his chest:)* Thun!

WOMAN. Sorry—*Thun.* You know, as you were reciting your poem, well, I felt a real connection between us.

(THUN mimes sex.)

WOMAN. Can we take our time on that?

(THUN nods. Then he mimes a kiss.)

WOMAN. Well... Okay.

(THUN approaches her, making a low guttural sound.)

WOMAN. Um, could we cut the growl?

(THUN *nods, sighing.*)

WOMAN. You're very sweet, you know that?

(*She kisses him sweetly on the cheek. He's touched. Then he pounces on her, making loud noises and slobbering all over her.*)

WOMAN. Stop it! *Stop it!!!*

(THUN *leaps backward.*)

WOMAN. You—you animal!

(THUN *nods innocently.*)

WOMAN. You're just like all the others. You're insensitive and selfish and—

(THUN, *shocked, mimes "Me?!!" He points to the WOMAN.*)

WOMAN. What about me?

(*With speed and imitating her sounds, THUN exaggeratedly reenacts the women's behavior all evening: her response to him at the door, to the flowers, to the meat, how she had a headache, letting him in, and blabbering about "where she's coming from." THUN points to his brain and makes the "crazy" sign.*)

WOMAN. Well, if that's how you feel, you can just, you can just go!

(THUN *starts to storm out, stops, and goes back to pick up his flowers and his meat. He starts to storm out again, but as he gets to the door, he stops again and sighs. He goes back to the WOMAN and hands her the flowers and meat.*)

WOMAN. No, no, you don't have to...

(THUN *stops her with a grunt, motions that they are for her. He kisses her hand. He turns and starts to go.*)

WOMAN. Look, Thong—

MAN. Thun!

WOMAN. Thun, I, I'm— It's just... It's— Dating sucks.

(THUN *grunts and nods in agreement.*)

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

NIGHTMARE WITH A SEXY SKIRT

(The WOMAN enters and addresses us.)

WOMAN. So then I cooked his meat and we had dinner, and we sat on the couch for a while, and just as I was beginning to relax with him, well, let's just say I'd like to find a man who's less into hunting and better at gathering. *(To women in the audience:)* Do you understand men? Do you? *(To the audience:)* I mean, it's like God gave men a brain but forgot to give them an owner's manual. I mean, what do men want?

(As the WOMAN exits, the MAN enters and addresses us, perhaps his first line simultaneous with the WOMAN's last.)

MAN. What do women want? They *claim* they want someone decent, stable, dependable and solid. Yeah, like accountants have groupies. *(To men in the audience:)* Do you understand women? Do you? *(To the audience:)* I mean, it's like God gave them a body for pleasure, and a head to cork it all in. The last blind date I had was so bad I, I, I'm not even sure if it actually happened or I just dreamed it. It started out okay, but when I took her back to her place, it became a nightmare... a nightmare with a sexy skirt.

(Her apartment. Evening. The WOMAN opens the front door. They enter.)

WOMAN. Would you like to come in for a while?

MAN. That'd be nice... Nice place you've got here.

WOMAN. Why thank you, Andrew.

MAN. Nice furniture.

WOMAN. You like it? I got it after I took my ex-husband to the cleaners; drink?

(The WOMAN fixes drinks. The MAN starts looking around.)

MAN. Sure... This must be the bedroom.

(He touches the doorknob and a loud alarm goes off. The WOMAN turns off the alarm.)

WOMAN. It's such a mess. So what did you think of the movie?

MAN. I really enjoyed it. And you?

WOMAN. I thought it was an insult to the intelligence and an insidious threat to the values which made this country great before an underground cabal of liberals, Communists, homosexuals, artists and Jews took over. But I loved the cinematography.

(She hands the MAN his drink.)

MAN. *(A little overwhelmed:)* Oh, yeah, the cinematography was uh, uh—I think I probably should be—

WOMAN. I know I poured the drinks rather liberally, but I figure, why not live for the moment? *(Raises her glass:)* To indulgence!

MAN. To indulgence! *(They click glasses and drink.) (Not knowing what else to say:)* Very nice furniture.

WOMAN. And you have very nice eyes.

(The MAN slowly puts his hand on her shoulder.)

WOMAN. *What the hell do you think you're doing?!*

MAN. I, uh, I'm sorry. I won't do it again, I promise.

WOMAN. You don't find me attractive?

MAN. No, I mean, yes, I find you very attractive.

WOMAN. Then why don't you call more often?

MAN. This is a blind date. I just met you tonight.

WOMAN. I see. Another one of those "I like you but don't get too close" kind of guys.

MAN. No, I'm not.

WOMAN. Prove it.

MAN. How?

WOMAN. Tattoo my name on your ass.

MAN. *(His butt squirming:)* I don't think I'm—

WOMAN. Look, I'm sorry, I, uh, you may not have noticed, but I'm a little stressed tonight. This is my first date since the end of my relationship with my last boyfriend, may he rest in peace.

MAN. Your last boyfriend's dead?

WOMAN. *(Checks her watch:)* Probably.

MAN. Oh, look at the time... Well, it was really nice meeting you.

WOMAN. It was nice meeting you, too.

MAN. Good night.

WOMAN. I bet your lips taste as good as they look.

MAN. Well, uh...

(They kiss. It becomes passionate. Then very passionate. Then she pushes him away.)

WOMAN. Well, that's enough for tonight, don't you think? I mean, if we continued, who knows what would happen, and as you said, we hardly know each other. You wouldn't want that to happen, would you?

MAN. Well—

WOMAN. I'm only acting so cautiously because I do foresee a future for us. If I didn't care about you, we'd probably already be fucking like bunnies. You do understand, don't you?

MAN. No.

WOMAN. Of course not. I should've known. You're the most vile, disgusting dirt bag I've ever met. I never want to see you or think about you again! And I do hope we can remain friends.

MAN. You know, I think I'm getting some mixed messages here.

WOMAN. Is that a complaint?!

MAN. Well—

WOMAN. I don't need you. I'm my own best friend. And my own best lover, too.

MAN. I really don't think this is going—

WOMAN. I've some criticisms about you, too, you know. You want to see them? I wrote them down in the bathroom after the movie.

(She takes out a paper toilet seat cover—or a long strand of toilet paper—filled with writing.)

MAN. No, thanks.

WOMAN. Afraid of being vulnerable?

MAN. At the moment, yes.

WOMAN. *(Melodramatically:)* Men. It's like they wear a condom over their heart.

MAN. It's getting late. I'd love to stay, but I have to be up first thing in the morning.

WOMAN. Why?

MAN. I don't care.

WOMAN. Was it something I said?

MAN. Oh, no.

WOMAN. Please. Tell me. I know there's stuff I need to work on.

MAN. You're fine.

WOMAN. Then why are you leaving?

MAN. You're... you're too good for me.

WOMAN. If I'm willing to live with that, I don't see why you're not.

MAN. I guess I'm just not up to it.

WOMAN. Men are never willing to work on relationships.

MAN. I've worked on lots of relationships!

WOMAN. And you couldn't make them work either, could you?

MAN. How dare you?! Look, I know I'm not perfect, but I think I'm pretty decent, and I don't know what your goal for this evening was, but mine was just to have a simple, enjoyable, relaxing, *uncomplicated* evening.

WOMAN. You've never had a date before in your life, have you?

MAN. Good night.

WOMAN. Wait! I, I know I haven't been on my best behavior tonight. It's just that my therapist keeps encouraging me to get in touch with my feelings, and my twelve-step group keeps telling me to express myself, and my mom taught me that men are messengers from Satan. Give me one more chance, please? I know! Next Saturday night, why don't you come over, and I'll make a romantic dinner for two: oysters Rockefeller, asparagus in béarnaise sauce, a fun little fish dish I learned at the Cordon Bleu in France, and a bottle of 1992 Bordeaux my rich uncle left me when he died, along with a trust fund which has made me independently wealthy. We'll have a nice, *uncomplicated* dinner, and then maybe I'll give you a blow job that will take you to such heights of ecstasy your voice will change a second time. How about it?

MAN. Well...

WOMAN. I'm also great at deep-tissue massage.

MAN. Well...

WOMAN. I promise I can release *all* your tension.

MAN. Well, okay. Sure.

WOMAN. Our second date—great! I assume this means you'll stop dating other women.

MAN. Hey—

WOMAN. Maybe I'll invite my folks over; I'm sure they'd love to meet you.

(The MAN starts trying to open the front door, but it's stuck. He tries harder and harder.)

WOMAN. My dad hates oysters. Could you pick up some fried chicken on your way over? Maybe a six pack, too. Why waste good wine on relatives? Do you have any clothes that look nicer than that?

MAN. *Let me out of here!!!!*

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

ONE MAN'S SECRET DESIRE

(The MAN enters and addresses us.)

MAN. But you know, even if a blind date, or any date, turns out nicely, you still don't know if you *really* know the person you're dating, or if it's safe to really let her know you. I mean, we all have our fantasies, our private longings, our secret desires. That guy's nodding. *(To the man:)* So what's your secret desire? *(If the man won't tell:)* C'mon, you can tell us. I'm sure everyone here will keep it a secret... I can understand your hesitation. Frankly, I'm not sure any woman would indulge *my* secret desire. In fact, probably the only way I'll ever get it satisfied... is if I pay for it.

(There is a knock on the door.)

MAN. Coming!

(His apartment. He checks himself in the mirror, primps a little. He crosses to the door.)

Who is it?

WOMAN. *(Offstage:)* Lip Service Escorts. We aim to please ya; we take Master Card or Visa.

(The MAN opens the door.)

WOMAN. Hi.

MAN. Come on in.

(The WOMAN enters. She's dressed simply but sexily, as behooves a call girl from one of the better services. She carries a small suitcase.)

WOMAN. Hi, my name's Clarissa DuBois. And you're...

MAN. Oh, my name's Androoooo can call me John.

WOMAN. I usually do. So what'd you have in mind?

MAN. Well um um I'd um—

WOMAN. We offer a vast array of delectable delights.

MAN. You do?

WOMAN. If you want me to do the work while you just lie there, for 300, we have the meat loaf.

MAN. Actually—

WOMAN. For 400, I'll put on my magnifying reading glasses and enjoy your jumbo shrimp.

MAN. Um—

WOMAN. And for 500, if you want to fantasize I'm an Asian girl and you get to lick my feet, we have the Moo Shoe Fetish.

MAN. Well—

WOMAN. And if you can't last very long, we have the Early Bird special. Oh, and if you're a member of Sam's Club, I'll give you 10% off.

MAN. What I really—

(The WOMAN hands him a menu.)

WOMAN. And if you want to get really kinky, here are today's specials... This comes with your choice of sauce.

MAN. Look, I, I've done all these things.

WOMAN. Oh, you've been around.

MAN. The women I go out with, we've done the whole menu. I've done tantra and kama sutra and several positions which are still illegal in Texas. I've done everything.

WOMAN. Everything?

MAN. Everything.

WOMAN. *(Slyly:)* Everything?

MAN. Everything... but one thing.

WOMAN. Ohhh. I bet I know what you want.

MAN. I thought you might.

WOMAN. Tell me.

MAN. I can't say it out loud.

WOMAN. If you want it, you'll have to tell me.

MAN. It's too embarrassi—

WOMAN. Say it.

MAN. I can't.

WOMAN. Say it!

MAN. I want dull sex!

WOMAN. That'll be nine hundred bucks.

MAN. Nine hundred bucks?!

WOMAN. You wouldn't believe how popular dull sex has become in our trade. It's the desire guys are most afraid to admit to modern women.

MAN. But nine hundred—I can't—I just can't afford—

WOMAN. Supply and demand.

MAN. Oh, hell. I haven't had dull sex in so long. You promise it'll be 100% dull?

WOMAN. For nine hundred, I just squiggle a little, moan once, and let my mind wander.

MAN. What if I want you to just lie there completely uninvolved?

WOMAN. That's an extra fifty.

MAN. What?!

WOMAN. Supply and demand.

MAN. Okay. I'll pay it.

(He takes out a credit card. She has an old-fashioned credit card machine on or in her suitcase.)

WOMAN. You have a photo I.D.?

MAN. Here's my driver's license.

WOMAN. Ooo. Glad I didn't see this before I came over.

MAN. Can we get on with—

WOMAN. Tips are in cash—and not mandatory, but I know where you live. Sign here.

MAN. Sure.

WOMAN. Here's your receipt. You'll find this listed on your monthly statement as "Princeton At-Home Adult Extension Classes."

MAN. I appreciate that.

WOMAN. I'll get into my outfit now. Where can I change?

MAN. My bedroom's through there.

WOMAN. Thanks. You know, you're not a bad-looking guy.

MAN. You mean that?

WOMAN. No, but at least it doesn't cost extra.

(She exits into the bathroom, carrying her suitcase.)

MAN. You know, I, I, I just don't get it. Why did dull sex have to go out of fashion? Dull sex was the first sex I ever had. For years it was the *only* sex I ever had. Dull sex is easy, and you get to sleep sooner.

WOMAN. *(Offstage:)* You put less strain on your mattress.

MAN. Exactly. It's not that I don't like exciting sex, I do, but all the time? It's not right.

WOMAN. *(Offstage:)* What's not right?

MAN. It's just, well, I always feel this pressure to... to... to be better at sex than I am at volleyball.

WOMAN. *(Offstage:)* What?

MAN. I play volleyball with this group on weekends. We all drink some beers and relax and get into it, and we don't worry about the score too much or care if we're even playing that well because we're just there to have fun. Things aren't right when sex is more pressured than volleyball.

WOMAN. *(Offstage:)* I've heard that speech a dozen times.

MAN. Really?

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

AT THE ORGY

(The MAN enters and addresses us.)

MAN. Of course, that's just *one* of my fantasies. You can read about the others on my website, www.single-men-who-spend-too-much-time-on-the-Internet.com. You know, sometimes I wonder what *women* fantasize about, or if they fantasize at all. I mean, what goes on in women's minds?

(As the MAN exits, the WOMAN enters and addresses us:)

WOMAN. What goes on in men's minds? Just because we don't think like men, they assume we don't have any fantasies. Women have fantasies. *Lots* of fantasies. That woman's nodding. *(To the woman who nodded:)* What's your sexual fantasy? If I guess, will you tell me? Does it involve Tom Cruise*, a tool belt, and jello shots? *(*or any current male heart-throb)* Am I close? Well, I don't know what other women fantasize about, but my fantasy is wild. Very wild.

(The MAN and WOMAN survey the scene in front of them.)

MAN. So here we are at the orgy.

WOMAN. Wow!

MAN. You know, I'm very impressed that this is what you wanted for your birthday.

WOMAN. Wow!

MAN. Nice bunch of people, huh?

WOMAN. And how. Wow!

MAN. Now members of a swinger's club are just like everybody else. They like to be addressed by name. But, since society frowns upon what they're doing, they also want their privacy protected.

WOMAN. Gotcha.

MAN. So everyone has a sort of *code name*.

WOMAN. Gotcha.

MAN. Tonight I see *Who's* on top, *Why's* on bottom, and *I Don't Know* is doing *What*.

WOMAN. I'm not sure, but it looks like fun.

MAN. It is.

WOMAN. So tell me their names.

MAN. I just did. Oops, now *Who's* on bottom, *What's* on top, and *I Don't Know* is fondling *Why*.

WOMAN. Because he likes to, I guess... I wonder if they'd like a third.

MAN. Ask if you can join in.

WOMAN. How can I if I don't know their names?

MAN. Just go up to them and say, "I Don't Know, Why, I'd like to join in."

WOMAN. They'll laugh at me.

MAN. They will not.

WOMAN. Let's start over. (*Pointing:*) What is that person's name?

MAN. (*Pointing elsewhere:*) No, What's over there.

WOMAN. Two people doing I don't know.

MAN. Only one person's doing I Don't Know.

WOMAN. Well, the other person's helping!

MAN. Oh, here come some more people.

WOMAN. More names I'll never know.

MAN. What a scene! Over there, *Who's* doing *What* with *It*. And over there, a new member whose name I keep forgetting is fondling *I Don't Know*, *Why* and *How*.

WOMAN. Maybe he's double-jointed.

MAN. The new member's from Moscow.

WOMAN. He's Russian.

MAN. Yes, and several women have complained about that.

WOMAN. Can we start again?

MAN. Fine by me.

WOMAN. Let's say I have fun with that person over there.

MAN. The one doing It.

WOMAN. Everyone's doing it but us!

MAN. I've had It. It's not that great.

WOMAN. *Nevertheless*, let's say I have a wonderful time with that person.

MAN. Okay.

WOMAN. Afterwards, I say, "Thank you, who?"

MAN. Exactly.

WOMAN. I say "Thank you" to who?

MAN. That's nice.

WOMAN. The name of the person I'm thanking—

MAN. Who?

WOMAN. I'm asking you. Who is that person?

MAN. Yes, he is.

WOMAN. *(Angrily:)* Forget it.

MAN. It looks a little worn out, anyway.

WOMAN. *(Convinced she's bound to get a straight answer to this one:)*
All right. Who wore it out?

MAN. Yes, he did.

WOMAN. You're not being very helpful.

MAN. I'm trying.

WOMAN. I just want to get to know the lay of the land here.

MAN. Well, now you're talking about How.

WOMAN. I know how.

MAN. Then introduce yourself.

WOMAN. I don't know how!

MAN. Make up your mind! (*Pointing to How:*) He's very good, you know.

WOMAN. How good?

MAN. He's the best.

WOMAN. How come?

MAN. Constantly.

WOMAN. I'm confused. I, I don't get it.

MAN. You want It?

WOMAN. I want it, and how.

MAN. Getting a little greedy, aren't we?

WOMAN. Now I'm totally confused. Totally, completely, utterly confused. What is going on, I don't know.

MAN. Well, so she is. I bet they'll become a couple.

WOMAN. A couple of what?

MAN. And I Don't Know. Lots of couples come here. Did you know Who is Why's "ex"?

WOMAN. Enough! Enough!! Who knows what's coming off—*Don't answer!* How do you do I don't know and why—*Don't answer!!*

MAN. I wish I remembered the Russian's name.

WOMAN. Forget the Russian! Just give me a few names you do know, wise guy.

MAN. No, Why's a gal.

WOMAN. I want to go home.

MAN. Oh, no. We drove a long way to get here. I want some fun.

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

THE SHEEP OR MUCH ADO ABOUT MUTTON

(The MAN enters and addresses us.)

MAN. Some fantasies go into forbidden territory. We don't want to have them, but we get turned on when we do. *(To a woman in the audience:)* What's your forbidden fantasy? Does it involve... me? Does it involve me, Tom Cruise, a tool belt and jello shots? Do we really need Tom Cruise in it? The important thing is, there's nothing wrong with any fantasy... as long as it *never* becomes a reality.

(A living room. The MAN enters from outside. He carries a suitcase and attaché case.)

MAN. Hi, honey! I'm back!

(The WOMAN enters from another room. She's consumed with rage.)

WOMAN. You bastard! I trusted you. I believed in you. I loved you.

MAN. Hi, darling.

WOMAN. I could kill you.

MAN. You seem upset.

WOMAN. I know about your affair.

MAN. What affair?

WOMAN. I know about *her*.

MAN. I haven't touched another woman since I met you.

WOMAN. Don't give me that. The last time I took the clothes out of the hamper to do laundry, I looked at your blue silk shirt, the shirt I gave you for Christmas, and, and the collar, the collar had been nibbled by teeth—sheep teeth.

MAN. I um um I um I I don't know what you're talking about.

WOMAN. Then perhaps you can explain these phone messages.

(The WOMAN goes to the phone answering machine. We hear:)

PHONE ANSWERING MACHINE. Tuesday, 4, 51, p.m... *(A sheep:)* Baaaaaa... Tuesday, 8, 13, p.m... *(An angry and curt sheep:)* Baa! *(Click!)*... Wednesday, 9, 29, p.m... *(A crying sheep:)* Baaaaaaa, wahhhhhhhhhhh—

(The WOMAN stops the machine.)

WOMAN. Well?

MAN. That bitch. I told her never to call here.

WOMAN. How dare you!

MAN. We're just friends, honey, I swear.

WOMAN. Don't give me that. After I pulled out your blue shirt, I pulled out a pair of your boxers. They were covered with wool—on the inside.

MAN. Uhhhhh

WOMAN. You've had carnal relations with a sheep?!

MAN. I used a condom.

WOMAN. You screwed a sheep.

MAN. You make it sound so sleazy.

WOMAN. Oh, I suppose you and she—if it was a she.

MAN. Of course it was a she! What kind of guy do you think I am?

WOMAN. Sorry. I'm sure you and this lamb—

MAN. Sheep. Not lamb, sheep. We were two consenting adults.

WOMAN. Consenting?

MAN. Oh, she wanted me, and she let me know it.

WOMAN. Which of us is a better kisser?

MAN. Umm, she has this long tongue—

WOMAN. I don't want to hear it.

MAN. She makes this adorable little sound when she climaxes.

WOMAN. Don't.

MAN. It's like "uh, uh, uh, uhhhh, baaaaaaaaaaa."

WOMAN. You bastard! I forgave you when I saw you making out with our neighbor's golden retriever.

MAN. Dogs like to lick. It was nothing.

WOMAN. I caught you French kissing my cousin's Siamese cat.

MAN. You're exaggerating.

WOMAN. You coughed up a furball!

MAN. You wouldn't be so harsh if you knew the whole story.

WOMAN. There's more?

MAN. I was confused. She had these piercing big round eyes. We communicated on a very deep level.

WOMAN. And we're going to communicate through lawyers.

MAN. You don't understand! She started getting kinkier and kinkier. One day she insisted I dress up as Mary from "Mary had a little lamb." One time she put on claws, fur, and a fake snout, so she could be a sheep in wolf's clothing. And then, and then she left me.

WOMAN. For another man or another sheep?

MAN. It was... it was... it was for a goat.

WOMAN. How sad.

MAN. A female goat.

WOMAN. How very sad.

MAN. I thought we had something special, something transcendent, and then I was dumped for a lesbian goat.

WOMAN. Poor boy.

MAN. I tried to win her back. I brought her flowers. She ate them. I rubbed myself with lanolin; nothing worked. She said I was too

conservative for her. I said I wasn't. She said prove it. I said how. She said do it with me and the goat.

WOMAN. And did you?

MAN. No!... I just watched.

WOMAN. You watched a sheep and a goat.

MAN. And a cow.

WOMAN. A ménage à trois.

MAN. And a goose.

WOMAN. A ménage à quatre.

MAN. And two pigs.

WOMAN. A ménage à menagerie.

MAN. Yes.

WOMAN. That must've been some turn-on.

MAN. No, it was awful! I thought what she and I had was magical, I, I, I... (*Breaking down:*) I loved her.

WOMAN. Buddy, you're in deep sheep.

MAN. Look, I know I did a horrible thing, but it was the most emotionally fulfilling horrible thing I've ever done.

WOMAN. I will be avenged, you and this, this—

MAN. Her name is Shirley.

WOMAN. When I heard those phone messages, I knew my vengeance needed to be quick, while I still felt the full fury of my rage and the full rage of my fury.

MAN. What did you do?!

WOMAN. Don't leave this room. And you might want to listen to the final phone message.

(The WIFE exits into the hallway. The HUSBAND timidly walks over to the phone answering machine. He presses a button and we hear:)

PHONE ANSWERING MACHINE. Thursday, 10, 15, a.m... *(A doctor's voice:)* Hi, this is Dr. Kramer. We've gotten the results of your blood test. The good news is that you show no sign of syphilis, gonorrhea, Chlamydia, or any other sexually transmitted disease. However—and I'm sure this is just a mistake on the lab's part—it appears you have hoof-and-mouth disease. Please come to the office so we can take a second blood test. I'd also like to set up an appointment for you with a veterinarian.

(The WIFE returns, wearing a blood-stained, sloppily hand-made, wool sweater.)

MAN. Oh my God!

WOMAN. I killed your beloved mistress. And then I knitted a sweater from her wool.

(She turns to display it. On the back is a tail and possibly four hooves.)

MAN. *(Distraught:)* Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh—wait a second. That's not her hair color.

WOMAN. What?

MAN. *(Sniffs:)* This isn't her scent.

WOMAN. It's not?

MAN. This smells like Dorothy.

WOMAN. She responded to your photo.

MAN. Dorothy had the hots for me, but I found her common.

WOMAN. What have I done! What have I done!!! In my rage and confusion, I've mercilessly slaughtered an innocent creature.

MAN. Sure puts sheep-screwing in perspective, doesn't it?

WOMAN. But then, which one was Shirley?

MAN. Her coat's lighter than this. And she has these piercing big round eyes.

WOMAN. That was Shirley?

MAN. You saw her?

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

THE STEPFORD GUY

(The WOMAN enters and addresses us.)

WOMAN. The imagination is an amazing phenomenon. For all I know, even as I'm standing here, one or two of you in the audience are mentally undressing me. Stop smiling, ma'am. Not that I'm judging you—or anyone. For all you know, even as I'm talking, I'm mentally undressing one or two of you. *(Pointing to different folks:)* Boxers, briefs, briefs, boxers, briefs, boxers, boxers, thong. I think the scariest part of allowing yourself to fantasize is that sometimes you learn stuff about yourself you didn't necessarily want to know. Like the difference between what you think you want... and what you *really* want.

(A living room. The WOMAN is on the phone.)

WOMAN. You're right, you're right, but I'm not happy... Of course, he's perfect. Ever since I moved to Stepford, every man I've met is perfect. And he's the most perfect... It's just, it's just, he's so fucking flawless. I can't stand it anymore... You're right, you're right, I'll talk to him... Thanks, it's nice to have your support, and, and I think you're really a wonderful telemarketer.

(The WOMAN hangs up the phone and sighs, as the MAN enters. He carries a beautiful bouquet of flowers.)

MAN. Hi, Lori, I'm home. These are for you.

WOMAN. What's the occasion?

MAN. None.

WOMAN. I should've guessed.

MAN. If it's okay with you, I'm going to go right into the kitchen and start making dinner.

WOMAN. Would you like me to help?

MAN. You relax. I'm sure you've had a hard day.

WOMAN. Ira, I bet you've had—

MAN. Sure I work sixty hours a week to support you in a lifestyle that's 22% greater than you're accustomed to, but I know you must be exhausted, basking all day in your own magnificence.

WOMAN. I am a little stressed.

MAN. Then let me cook. Besides, I found a new dessert recipe I think you'll love: It tastes like chocolate mousse, but it's made from whipped air.

WOMAN. Sounds intriguing.

MAN. It tastes great, and it gives you all the nitrogen and oxygen you need.

WOMAN. Um, honey—

MAN. Why don't you relax. I'll set the table, make dinner, do a couple loads of laundry—one darks, one lights—and after dinner, I will make love to you, (*Like a tape slowing down:*) very, very, very slowly. (*Normal voice:*) So how many orgasms would you like tonight—the usual four to six?

WOMAN. I, I, I don't think I'm in a sexy mood tonight.

MAN. No big deal. It's only sex. I'd be just as happy cuddling on the couch with you. I'm sure there's a great movie on Lifetime.

WOMAN. Honey, I, I, I think we need to have a conversation.

MAN. Okay. You talk; I'll empathize.

WOMAN. I, I—I think we have a problem.

MAN. Ohhh. Is it about that night when I was in such a hurry to make ravenous love to you that I shaved with an electric razor instead of a double-bladed one?

WOMAN. No.

MAN. When I fondled your breasts last night, did I focus on the nipples too quickly instead of appreciating the entire circumference?

WOMAN. It's not about sex.

MAN. Oh, I know what it is. When I got dressed this morning and I tiptoed around as not to awaken you, when I put my dirty clothes into the hamper, I think it made a slight *(Making a quiet sound:)* thump.

WOMAN. You didn't wake me.

MAN. I didn't screw the cap back on the toothpaste tightly enough?

WOMAN. It's fine. You do everything fine, or better.

MAN. Then what could— Are you upset that I threw out the remote?

WOMAN. Honey—

MAN. *(Distraught:)* Oh, no. I knew this would happen someday. You finally realized... you're too good for me.

WOMAN. That's not it, Ira. The prob—

MAN. *(Overlapping:)* Then what is it—oh, I interrupted you. I'm sorry.

WOMAN. *(Erupting:)* *This relationship is sick!*

MAN. Do you need a hug?

WOMAN. *(Getting increasingly upset:)* No! Look, Ira, I, I think you're wonderful, but, but you know I talk to my girlfriends in other cities, and when they talk about their husbands and their marriages, all of them—every single one—they do something we've never done once.

MAN. What?

WOMAN. They fight.

MAN. But I'm completely satisfied in our marriage

WOMAN. Well, get over it.

MAN. I don't under—

WOMAN. It's not normal to be completely satisfied. Human beings get upset; they fight.

MAN. They do?

WOMAN. All the time.

MAN. Well then, darling, I—I'm not sure how good I'll be, but if you really want to fight, I'll fight.

WOMAN. Thanks.

MAN. What do you want to fight about?

(The WOMAN thinks and thinks. Finally:)

WOMAN. You start.

MAN. Okay. Let's see... *(With fierce conviction:)* I cherish the day I met you, and I thank God you've allowed me into your life.

WOMAN. Maybe I should start.

MAN. Did I do something wrong?

WOMAN. You're supposed to start a fight with a complaint, you know, something that makes you upset.

MAN. Ohhhh... Okay, I've got one.

WOMAN. Give it to me.

MAN. Sometimes when I'm driving and my mind wanders, I think about how if you ever dumped me, I'd never find another woman who could compare to you, and I get really upset.

WOMAN. I'll start.

MAN. Okay. And when you're done, I'll apologize.

WOMAN. Don't you dare!

MAN. Okay.

WOMAN. Oh, oh, I know. Last Thursday night, you came home seven minutes late, *and* you never called me.

MAN. You're right, you're right. I promise never to do it again. It's just that when I left my office building, this old woman had a heart attack and collapsed, and I decided to give her CPR. But that's no excuse; I should've called you the second she came to.

WOMAN. Let me try again.

MAN. All right.

WOMAN. Remember that Sunday when you decided to skip watching the Super Bowl to go to yoga class with me—

MAN. Uh-huh.

WOMAN. I caught you staring at another woman.

MAN. I don't remember that.

WOMAN. (*Outraged:*) Don't deny it! I saw you!

MAN. What woman?

WOMAN. It doesn't matter.

MAN. Who?

WOMAN. It's not important.

MAN. What'd she look like?

WOMAN. (*Getting shy:*) You know, the uh, the woman who had one leg and a bald spot.

MAN. Oh, yeah. I did look at her. I'm sorry.

WOMAN. You didn't just look, you stared.

MAN. I guess I did.

WOMAN. And I bet I know what you were thinking, too.

MAN. I just kept thinking that if, if God forbid you should die before she did, I'd want to graft one of your legs and some of your hair onto her.

WOMAN. I give up.

MAN. Honey—

WOMAN. You're too good. You're too good to me, and to everybody else, too. We'll never have anything to fight about.

MAN. So?

WOMAN. We'll never have a healthy marriage!

MAN. And what's *your* definition of a healthy marriage?

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

NICE TIE

(The WOMAN enters and addresses the audience.)

WOMAN. The more I think about it, the more I'm convinced the most daring fantasy I could have would be to meet a *real*—nice guy.

(The MAN enters and addresses the audience.)

MAN. The more I think about it, the more I'm convinced the most daring fantasy I could have would be to meet a real nice gal.

WOMAN. Nobody perfect—

MAN. Nobody perfect—

WOMAN and MAN. Just someone who is—

MAN. Attractive

WOMAN. Smart

MAN. Friendly

WOMAN. Caring

MAN. Spirited

WOMAN. A good listener

MAN. Sexy

WOMAN. Emotionally stable

MAN. Affectionate

WOMAN. Financially secure

MAN. Sexy

WOMAN. Open-minded

MAN. Open-minded about sex

WOMAN. Just a nice guy who's capable of staying awake after climaxing

MAN. Just a nice gal who will be there when I need her and who won't bother me when I don't

WOMAN. Just an average, decent person—

MAN. Who's too good to be true.

MAN and WOMAN. Is that too much to ask?!

MAN. Enough of this. I need a drink.

WOMAN. I could use a drink...

(A bar. The WOMAN nurses a drink. The MAN walks up to the bar.)

MAN. Bartender... *(Noticing her:)* Hello.

WOMAN. Hi... Nice tie.

MAN. Thanks. Nice outfit.

WOMAN. Thank you.

MAN. Can I get you a drink?

WOMAN. Oh, I don't know. First you buy me a drink, and then we get to chatting, and if we're not too bored with each other, you ask for my phone number, and I figure what the hell, so I give it to you. If you don't call me, I'm disappointed. If you do call me, we go out, and either I don't like you, or I like you and you don't like me. And I'm disappointed. Or we do like each other, and we go out some more, and things become pretty wonderful—great sex, revealing conversations, compatible neuroses—but I discover I want more than you can give. And I'm disappointed.

MAN. But—

WOMAN. Or we stay with it, and we get closer and closer and more in love and more dependent on each other, which gives us the strength to go through periods of emotional turmoil, mutual doubts, and things said in anger that we'll pretend to forget but which will come up again during the post-natal depression I'll have after the birth of our first child. *If* we get married, that is, and Lord knows how many friends I'll lose because they like me but they're just not comfortable around you.

MAN. Yes, but—

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

ACT II

POWER IS THE GREATEST APHRODISIAC OF THEM ALL

(We hear the sounds of the MAN and WOMAN grunting and groaning. Lights up on the MAN and the WOMAN seated at a table, arm-wrestling.)

MAN. God, you're good.

WOMAN. So are you.

MAN. I've never known anyone I feel so compatible with.

WOMAN. I've never felt such happiness.

MAN. I'm so lucky.

WOMAN. I'm so grateful.

MAN. *This* is living.

WOMAN. Does it ever bother you that you peaked sexually at nineteen and I still won't for several years?

(The WOMAN begins to win.)

MAN. Probably not as much as the place inside you that still thinks you're going to hell for allowing yourself so much pleasure.

(The MAN begins to win.)

WOMAN. Do you know that the guy across the street makes ten thousand dollars a year more than you do?

(The WOMAN starts to win.)

MAN. You look beautiful tonight.

WOMAN. *(Relaxing:)* I do? *(The MAN starts to win.)* I'll always love you. No matter how bald you get.

(She starts to win.)

MAN. That reminds me. Do you know who hid the bathroom scale?

(He takes over.)

WOMAN. I think I saw it hidden in the closet behind your stash of *Playboys*.

(She takes over.)

MAN. You feel threatened that I enjoy pictures of naked women?

(He takes over.)

WOMAN. You feel threatened by women who come in three dimensions?

(She matches him.)

MAN. That's it. Let loose.

WOMAN. *(Passionately:)* I am.

MAN. Give me everything you've got.

WOMAN. I am.

MAN. Pour it out.

WOMAN. Oh, yeah.

MAN. And don't get self-conscious about all those sounds you make.

(She weakens.)

WOMAN. Remember how I once told you length isn't important?

MAN. Yeah.

WOMAN. I meant it.

MAN. I know.

WOMAN. *Width* is important.

(He weakens.)

MAN. Remember how I once told you that breast size isn't important?

WOMAN. *(Thinks, then:)* No.

(She weakens for a moment and then pushes back. A beat.)

MAN. You're great tonight.

WOMAN. You, too.

MAN. You've never been better.

WOMAN. Thanks.

MAN. You're the best I've ever had—in the continental United States.

WOMAN. (*Pressing with all her might:*) Who?!

MAN. It's not important.

WOMAN. *Who?!*

MAN. I didn't respect her like I respect you... I didn't love her... (*She relaxes a little.*) It takes more to build a relationship than the fact that she was a volcano in bed.

WOMAN. (*Really mad now:*) If that's what you want, why don't you fuck Mount Vesuvius?

(A beat. They're evenly matched.)

MAN. You know, I hear some couples have relationships based on cooperation and mutual respect.

WOMAN. (*After a quick thought:*) Perverts.

MAN. Maybe it isn't good the way we always act with each other.

WOMAN. That's who we are.

MAN. We can change.

WOMAN. Why?

MAN. Because I don't think this is healthy. Let's change.

WOMAN. How?

MAN. We just do.

WOMAN. How?

MAN. We just decide to change.

WOMAN. Then what?

MAN. Then we agree to stop this exhausting, hostile game.

WOMAN. You're up to something.

MAN. I'm not; I swear... You want to stop?

WOMAN. *How?*

MAN. I'll count to three. When I reach three, we'll both just stop. Agreed?

WOMAN. *(After much thought:)* Agreed.

MAN. One... Two... Three.

(They both press harder than they ever have before.)

WOMAN. Scumbag.

MAN. Okay. How about, rather than stopping cold, we both ease up gradually. Little by little. Together. Knowing that it's best for both of us.

WOMAN. Okay.

(Increment by increment, they begin to relax their arms.)

MAN. Okay...

WOMAN. Okay...

MAN. Okay...

WOMAN. Okay...

MAN. Okay...

(Silently, they relax more, until they can let go of each other. They begin to rub their arms.)

WOMAN. Whew.

MAN. You never know how much something hurts until you stop.

WOMAN. *(Agreeing:)* You said it.

MAN. It's better this way, isn't it?

WOMAN. It's easier.

MAN. We don't have to be so consumed with winning.

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

VEGETARIANS IN LUST

(The MAN and WOMAN enter and address us.)

WOMAN. Fortunately, my relationship with Andrew hasn't been like that.

MAN. We only included that as a warning on the dangers of arm wrestling with someone you love.

WOMAN. My first couple of months with Andrew were wonderful.

MAN. Lori and I had good times, revealing conversations, compatible neuroses.

WOMAN. It was blissful.

MAN. It was everything anyone could want.

(The MAN exits.)

WOMAN. Well, almost everything. There was *one* area we had a problem. Have you ever noticed that as much as men obsess about sex, they get really anxious any time *you* bring it up? Now I see *every* woman nodding. And there's one aspect of sex men are particularly loathe to discuss. I won't go into details, but it does involve, um, bringing it up. Andrew and I had such a problem. And it took all my imagination to deal with it.

(A living room. In the center of the room is a couch, facing away from the audience.)

MAN. Another great meal, Lori.

WOMAN. Thanks, Andrew.

MAN. You make the best lentil lasagna of anyone I know.

WOMAN. And thank *you* for making dessert. That was the most delicious asparagus cake I've ever tasted.

MAN. *(Modestly:)* It was okay.

WOMAN. I liked it even better than your broccoli mousse pie.

MAN. Some days you get lucky.

WOMAN. Would you like an after-dinner drink?

MAN. Sure.

WOMAN. So what's your pleasure: sun-dried tomato juice or free-range wheatgrass juice?

MAN. Surprise me.

WOMAN. My pleasure.

(The WOMAN fixes them drinks, perhaps adding little cherry tomatoes to both.)

MAN. You know, I think the luckiest moment in my life was when we shopped together at that organic vegetarian health food store, and I realized we had compatible values.

WOMAN. When we got into that conversation comparing rice bran and oat bran, I thought, this is a man I can talk to.

MAN. *(Toasting:)* To leafy greens.

WOMAN. To leafy greens.

(They click glasses and drink.)

MAN. When you told me you were such a radical vegetarian that you boycotted gummi bears... Well, I knew I'd feel healthier when I chose to give up meat *and* junk food, but, but I never thought it'd lead to someone like you.

WOMAN. Well, I like to think I'm part of a well-balanced diet.

MAN. When I first gave up meat, I thought it'd be so difficult.

WOMAN. And you didn't even do it gradually.

MAN. No, I had to do it cold tofu.

WOMAN. And you did.

MAN. I used to put such junk in my body. But I'm clean now. My body is my temple.

WOMAN. And I'm looking forward to mass.

MAN. I read a quote from Shaw today. He said, “Animals are my friends. And I don’t eat my friends.” Doesn’t that just say it all?

WOMAN. Yes, but, as far as I’m concerned, vegetables are my friends, too. *(Sexily:)* And I like to nibble on my friends.

(She leans over and kisses him. For a moment, they kiss passionately. Then, abruptly, the MAN pulls away.)

WOMAN. What is it?

MAN. It’s nothing.

WOMAN. Am I too forward?

MAN. No, no. I’m just feeling a little shy tonight.

WOMAN. Don’t you find me attractive?

MAN. Of course, I find you attractive.

WOMAN. Then what is it, Andrew?

MAN. It’s nothing, Lori.

WOMAN. Andrew, we’ve been going together two months now, and we never get past that first kiss.

MAN. I’m just going through a— I don’t know what it is. It’s not you. You’re very attractive. I— Maybe I should just go.

WOMAN. I don’t want you to go.

MAN. *(Feeling guilty:)* Look, I’m sorry.

WOMAN. *(Reassuring:)* It’s okay.

MAN. No, it’s not. For some reason, ever since I became a vegetarian...

WOMAN. Relax. We don’t have to do anything.

MAN. Thanks. I appreciate that.

(For a moment, they just sit with each other.)

WOMAN. You want to rent a dirty movie?

MAN. No, thanks.

WOMAN. Would you like me to whisper dirty words in your ear? I know several.

MAN. No.

WOMAN. Magazines? Whips? Costumes? Bondage?

MAN. Look, it's, it's just a phase I'm going through. It'll pass... eventually... I hope.

WOMAN. (*Getting an idea:*) Maybe... Maybe you need some... meat.

MAN. No!

WOMAN. Or maybe, maybe if you had like just one taste of junk food...

MAN. (*Smiles, then stops:*) No, I can't allow myself to even think—

WOMAN. Just a morsel of meat.

MAN. If I ate meat, I could never look a cow in the face again.

WOMAN. Maybe a ménage à trois with you, me, and Sara Lee.

MAN. Never.

WOMAN. Everyone cheats occasionally, Andrew.

MAN. Not me. I made a commitment, and I'm sticking to it.

WOMAN. (*Seductively:*) C'mon. Maybe just one little Whopper, with a thick slice of processed American cheese—

MAN. No. I promised myself I'd never—

WOMAN. Or a Big Mac...

MAN. I couldn't...

WOMAN. Some Kentucky Fried Chicken...

MAN. I shouldn't...

WOMAN. Greasy fries...

MAN. Please stop...

WOMAN. And for dessert, two scoops of Ben and Jerry's chocolate chocolate chunk ice cream...

MAN. Oh, God, yes!

(They begin rubbing each other erotically as they speak.)

WOMAN. And then some Milk Duds... Snickers... Almond Joy...

MAN. Mounds!

WOMAN. Mr. Goodbar!

MAN. M and M's...

WOMAN. Butterfingers...

MAN. Movie popcorn with buttery flavoring...

WOMAN. Sugar Twin...

MAN. Coffee Mate...

WOMAN. Cyclamates...

MAN. I love it when you talk additives.

WOMAN. Artificial color...

MAN. Oh, yeah.

WOMAN. Artificial flavor...

MAN. Oh, God.

WOMAN. Sodium nitrite...

MAN. Oh, baby.

WOMAN. Monosodium glutamate...

MAN. I want you!

(They disappear on their side of the couch. Pieces of clothing are flung over the couch. As we see each one, we hear another item.)

WOMAN. Oreos...

MAN. Lorna Doones...

WOMAN. Fig Newtons...

MAN. Chips Ahoy...

WOMAN. Ho hos...

MAN. Cupcakes...

WOMAN. Snowballs...

MAN. Cool Whip...

WOMAN. Cheese Whiz...

MAN. Smokey links...

WOMAN. Baloney...

MAN. Salami...

WOMAN. Baloney...

MAN. Salami...

WOMAN. Baloney...

MAN. Salami...

WOMAN. Pickle loaf!

MAN. *(Tossing off the rest of his clothes:)* Llllllaaaaay's potato chips!

WOMAN. *(Tossing off the rest of her clothes:)* Beeeef jerky!

(Building into a solid rhythm:)

MAN. Fritos!

WOMAN. Doritos!

MAN. Fritos!

WOMAN. Doritos!

MAN. Fritos!

WOMAN. Doritos!

MAN. Fritos!

WOMAN. Doritos!

MAN. Fritos!

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

SPAGHETTI OVERTURE

(The MAN enters and addresses us.)

MAN. As Lori and I grew as a couple, so did the importance of food in our relationship. As we grew closer and closer, we left vegetarianism behind, and embraced mutual trust, affection, intimacy and steak. And as our love grew deeper than deep dish pie, richer than a crème brûlée, and tastier than—I hope you all had a good meal before the show—food remained thoroughly entangled in our romantic journey, especially that big day, that most important of all days, the day I decided to face my fears, and take the big plunge.

(A restaurant, or at least a sense of one. At least a table and two chairs. The table has a large tablecloth which cascades over the sides of the table and touches the ground. On the table is silverware for two, perhaps two glasses of water, and one very, very, VERY large plate of spaghetti in tomato sauce.)

(The MAN and the WOMAN are seated at the table. The MAN wears a white shirt and nice trousers. He's anxious and watches with great intensity as the WOMAN take her first bite of spaghetti. Immediately:)

MAN. So—how's the spaghetti?

WOMAN. *(With a mouthful:)* I haven't swallowed yet.

(She swallows.)

MAN. So how is it?

WOMAN. Good.

MAN. Whew.

WOMAN. I always like the restaurants you choose, Andrew.

MAN. I know, Lori, but—

WOMAN. The spaghetti is excellent.

MAN. You sure?

WOMAN. It's a credit to pasta.

MAN. I'm glad you like it.

WOMAN. If I don't finish, please don't take it personally.

MAN. I told you the portions were large here.

WOMAN. Large? You could feed this to Ohio, and Cleveland could have seconds.

(She takes another bite. He watches studiously.)

MAN. How—

WOMAN. This bite is good, too.

MAN. Great.

WOMAN. I'm not going to have to give you feedback on each bite, am I?

MAN. Of course not. How's that one?

WOMAN. You know, I'd feel a lot less self-conscious if you ordered some dinner, too.

MAN. I'm sorry, that late lunch—

WOMAN. What's with you tonight?

MAN. I'm fine.

WOMAN. I've never seen you like this.

MAN. *(His downstage leg starting to shake:)* I'm fine.

WOMAN. You're always so calm and in control. I brag to all my friends, "It's such a relief to find a man who's really calm and, and—" Andrew, your leg is shaking.

MAN. Oh, I'm, I'm... *(He presses on his leg until it stops.)* That better?

(His other leg starts to shake. He pushes down on both legs.)

WOMAN. Andrew, what's going on?

MAN. Nothing.

(A beat.)

WOMAN. You know the funniest thing happened at the office today. I was at the Xerox—

MAN. Stop talking so much; you look hungry.

(The WOMAN takes another bite. He watches her closely.)

WOMAN. It's still good.

MAN. Glad to hear it.

WOMAN. You really know the chef?

MAN. Yep. Seth and I once had a summer job together washing dishes.

WOMAN. Well, Seth sure knows his spaghetti... I think I'm full.

MAN. Have a few more bites.

WOMAN. No, I had a big lunch, t—

MAN. Three more bites.

WOMAN. I'm full.

MAN. *I love you, damn it! Finish your dinner!!!*

(The WOMAN looks around at her neighbors in the restaurant.)

WOMAN. I'm not enjoying this, Andrew.

(He glances at the spaghetti. She takes one more bite.)

MAN. Will you marry me?

WOMAN. What?

MAN. Will you marry me?

WOMAN. I... I..... I don't know what to say.

MAN. Here's a possibility: "Yes."

WOMAN. Andrew—

MAN. There's also "You bet I will."

WOMAN. Andrew—

MAN. And the classic, “This is the moment I’ve always dreamed of.”

WOMAN. I do love you, Andrew.

MAN. Oh, shit.

WOMAN. You are the kindest, sweetest, and most decent—

MAN. Oh, damn.

WOMAN. What?

MAN. Any time a woman gives you three good adjectives in a row, it means “it’s over.”

WOMAN. I do love you, Andrew.

MAN. I don’t want you to love me; I want you to marry me.

WOMAN. Look, you’re a very solid person, with a very solid life, and a closet filled with, with very solid shirts.

MAN. You want me to buy stripes?

WOMAN. It’s just, in all our time together, everything’s been so smooth and easy so far—

MAN. So?

WOMAN. We just—we just haven’t been tested yet.

MAN. Tested?

WOMAN. Gone through hard times, worked through conflicts. I, I, I don’t know how far you’d go for me.

MAN. I’d go the distance for you.

WOMAN. You think you would, but who knows? Everything is so neat and orderly in your life. As neat and orderly as your well-pressed shirts. Being married to me *won’t* be neat and orderly, and I’m not sure you’ll be able to handle it.

MAN. I see.

WOMAN. I do love you, Andrew.

MAN. Now it sounds like a condolence card.

WOMAN. You are the smartest, nicest—

MAN. Oh, fuck.

WOMAN. That was only two.

MAN. “Nicest” is a triple-word score.

WOMAN. Well, I’m sorry I can’t give you one of the answers on your list.

MAN. Well, if that’s how you really feel....

WOMAN. Is there anything I can do for you?

MAN. Finish the spaghetti.

WOMAN. I’m not hungry.

MAN. Take ten more bites.

WOMAN. Andrew—

MAN. Five.

WOMAN. Why’s it so important to you?

MAN. Because—because your engagement ring’s inside!

WOMAN. You’re kidding.

MAN. *No.* Seth and I had it all worked out. He agreed to sneak my ring into whatever you ordered.

WOMAN. Really?

MAN. You usually order fish. I thought you’d get a nice fillet of snapper with capers and a diamond. I wasn’t expecting spaghetti.

WOMAN. There’s really a ring in here?

MAN. Yep.

WOMAN. That’s so— I’m— God, you’re wonderful.

(She begins looking for the ring with her fork.)

MAN. You were going to see it, put two and two together, and be so overwhelmed that you’d say, “Take me for life.” And then we’d

get married, live happily ever after, and die. At least that was the idea.

WOMAN. You sure it's in here?

MAN. When I said I was going to the men's room, I actually went into the kitchen. Seth swears it's in there.

WOMAN. I don't see it.

(He begins to poke for it with his fork.)

MAN. Maybe it's on the bottom, but it's there.

WOMAN. I don't see it.

MAN. It's in there... somewhere... somewhere.

WOMAN. Nice gag, Andrew.

MAN. I'm not kidding.

WOMAN. Next time we're here I'll order the linguini with pearls.

MAN. Lori, it's in here.

(He begins to pick up and examine strands with his hands.)

WOMAN. Andrew, you'll get your shirt all—

MAN. Who cares?

WOMAN. You're not kidding, are you?

MAN. Where is it?!

(The MAN reaches his arm into the spaghetti. His arm can go further than we expect because the plate and table have a large hole in it—which is why the plate needs to be large and the tablecloth touches the ground.)

WOMAN. You know, we could take it home and—

MAN. It's in here, I swear it.

WOMAN. I believe you.

MAN. Damn it.

WOMAN. Calm down.

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

THE WEDDING PLANNER

(The WOMAN enters and addresses us.)

WOMAN. When a woman and a man become engaged—it's a magical moment, filled with the promise of love, affection and a life overflowing with joy. Then you realize you have to plan a wedding, and that magical moment is history. For months and months, you and your betrothed have to figure out a thousand details which lead to that special day when you think, "If I can make it through this, marriage will be *easy*." After all that work, I think the reason the bride and groom get to march down the aisle first is so that nobody can get between them and the champagne. To help reduce the stress of all that a wedding entails, most people turn to a professional with expertise, someone they can trust, a wedding planner.

(The WEDDING PLANNER enters.)

MAN. Did I hear you say you're looking for a wedding planner?

WOMAN. Well—

MAN. Let me present myself.

(He hands her a card.)

WOMAN. "Charles H. Hungadunga the Third, Wedding and Funeral Planner. All your needs from Married to Buried."

MAN. I'm the only wedding planner who offers a guarantee.

WOMAN. A guarantee?

MAN. If the wedding costs more than you rake in on gifts, your second wedding's free. Now as I see it, you want a simple wedding. Nothing gaudy, just a tasteful affair festive enough to show you're not getting married because you're pregnant.

WOMAN. Of course I'm not pregnant.

MAN. *(Referring to her belly:)* I knew that was just a large lunch.

WOMAN. Why, I never.

MAN. You never? Then you can wear white. Now there are a million and one things to decide when planning a wedding. Of course the first thing you'll have to do is choose the date. Most brides want the groom to be their date, but you seem like a modern gal, invite who you want.

WOMAN. But *—

MAN. Now we'll need a rough head count, and yours fits that category. Will you be inviting your family, or do you want this to be a happy affair?

WOMAN. Why I *—

*(* Note: The WOMAN has many lines like these. In such cases, it's not important what she says as long as the MAN interrupts her quickly.)*

MAN. On certain things it pays to splurge, for example, my fee. But I offer a special deal: Let me plan your first five weddings, and the sixth one's free.

WOMAN. I'm only getting married once.

MAN. Just *once*? Would you want to eat delicious cake just once? Would you want to hear beautiful music just once? Would you want to have great sex just once—next Wednesday at my place?

WOMAN. I'm about to get married.

MAN. Yes, but not before Wednesday.

WOMAN. Now look here—

MAN. Oh, you'll have a beautiful ceremony, where the two of you will promise to love each other forever, which is the first lie you'll make as husband and wife.

WOMAN. Hey!

MAN. At some weddings they hire a deejay, but I think a band's more elegant. For your band I suggest a piano, a trombone, a guitar, a trombone, a bass, a trombone, a triangle, two trombones, a trombone, and if you're pregnant, a tiny bassoon.

WOMAN. A tiny bassoon?

MAN. Yes, a bassoonette. Now for your floral arrangements, I recommend roses, daisies, trombones, carnations, lilies, trombones—

WOMAN. What are trombones doing in my floral arrangements?!

MAN. Trumpets are too expensive. Now as party favors I suggest olives—

WOMAN. Olives?

MAN. So you can have pimentos of the occasion. Now I know what you're thinking: With a wedding this nice, you'll be forever in my debt. And you're right, but I've worked out a simple payment plan where you'll be paid up in only 428 easy installments. Of course if you fall behind in your payments, I'll have to take possession of your sex life—

WOMAN. Hey!

MAN. Or is that community property? Now about the invitations for the guests—

WOMAN. I want them engraved.

MAN. You want your guests in graves? Then you want the wedding-funeral combo special. Would you prefer a floral bouquet or simple wreath? Dance music or dirge? It's great when the minister says, "Till death do you part; may you rest in peace." The church choir will sing "I'm Getting Buried in the Morning." And then everyone throws rice at you and the deceased—

WOMAN. You're talking like I'm marrying a dead man.

MAN. Of corpse.

WOMAN. I think you misunderstood me.

MAN. Maybe, but I don't remember listening that hard. Now I want to create an affair that when the two of you are bonded in blessed gridlock, er wedlock—

WOMAN. Stop it! I haven't liked a single suggestion you've made.

MAN. Maybe you don't want to get married. Maybe you'd prefer an illicit interlude—with *me*.

WOMAN. Certainly not.

MAN. Has anyone ever told you you're the loveliest creature on earth?

WOMAN. Why, no.

MAN. Has anyone ever told you you're the second loveliest creature on earth?

WOMAN. No.

MAN. Has anyone ever told you you look like a creature?

WOMAN. No!

MAN. I bet we're getting closer. Oh please be mine. It's been so long since I've had sex I get a thrill just wearing double-breasted suits.

WOMAN. Will you stop—

MAN. Oh please be mine, and help me get over my last girlfriend, who had an orgasm when she broke up with me, and I couldn't tell if she was coming or going.

WOMAN. I don't want to hear—

MAN. Oh please be mine, and help me get over my last-last girlfriend, who was so dumb she didn't know the difference between a gay bar and a glee club.

WOMAN. Stop it.

MAN. Oh please be mine, and help me get over my last-last-last girlfriend, a dominatrix who graduated from Texas S & M.

WOMAN. I—

MAN. The school colors were black and blue.

WOMAN. You—

MAN. On Halloween they used to bob for lobsters.

WOMAN. Will you—

MAN. She graduated Phi Beta Strappa.

WOMAN. There's no restraining you!

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com

BRIDE AND GLOOM

(The WOMAN addresses the audience.)

WOMAN. Of course, many people have wonderful weddings *without* a wedding planner. All you need is the right dress, the right man, and the right attitude. Of course, sometimes you have the right dress and the right man, but *not* the right attitude...

(A small room in a banquet hall. The WOMAN sits in her bridal gown. She looks petrified. From outside the door, we hear:)

MAN. Lori?... Lori?

WOMAN. I'm not ready.

MAN. Lori!

WOMAN. Five more minutes!

MAN. You said that five minutes ago.

WOMAN. Five more minutes!

MAN. You said that ten minutes ago.

WOMAN. Five more minutes!

MAN. You said that fifteen minutes ago.

WOMAN. Well, when you come back next time, you shouldn't be surprised by my answer!

MAN. I'm coming in.

WOMAN. You can't! It's bad luck!

MAN. So is keeping 134 wedding guests waiting.

(The MAN tries to open the door. The WOMAN tries to keep the door shut.)

WOMAN. Go away.

MAN. Lori.

WOMAN. I said, go away!

MAN. Let me in!

(The MAN forces his way inside.)

WOMAN. Ouch!

MAN. You okay?

WOMAN. I broke a nail! We'll have to call off the wedding.

MAN. *(Sweet, and perhaps a bit patronizing:)* Are you having some pre-marital jitters?

WOMAN. God, I hate you.

MAN. What's the problem?

WOMAN. I need time to think, that's all.

MAN. Our guests are waiting.

WOMAN. So they can wait a little longer.

MAN. They've already waited a little longer.

WOMAN. Then they can wait even long—

MAN. Lori, the ice swan has become a duckling. It's time to get married.

WOMAN. I'm not ready.

MAN. I've told the organist to play "Here Comes The Bride" in five minutes.

WOMAN. Well, I hope you and the organist are very happy together.

MAN. Lori, please. What's the problem?

WOMAN. The problem is... the problem is... I love you.

MAN. Trust me. After a few years of marriage, you'll outgrow it.

WOMAN. And what if I don't?

MAN. I love you, too.

WOMAN. Well, I refuse to marry anyone with such rotten taste in women.

MAN. Lori, what's going on?

WOMAN. Andrew, did, did you see my family out there?

MAN. Yeah. So?

WOMAN. Tell me who's here.

MAN. Pretty much everyone.

WOMAN. List them.

MAN. Well, there's your mom and your stepdad. And your dad and your stepmom. And your sister and her husband.

WOMAN. Second husband.

MAN. Your older brother and his wife.

WOMAN. Third wife.

MAN. Your younger brother and his fiancée, who will be his *first* wife.

WOMAN. What number fiancée is she?

MAN. Fourth.

WOMAN. He's the precocious one of the family. He gets divorced *before* he gets married.

MAN. She seems very nice.

WOMAN. More or less nice than the first three fiancées?

MAN. I don't—

WOMAN. Do you see a pattern here?!

MAN. That's them, Lori. Not you.

WOMAN. How do we know? Maybe I have an anti-marriage gene which doesn't get triggered until I say "I Do."

MAN. I don't think so.

WOMAN. I love you, Andrew. I think you're magnificent and sweet, and, and, and—I don't want to divorce you!

MAN. Me, neither.

WOMAN. Well, the only way to insure that is to not get married!

MAN. Lori, we won't get divorced.

WOMAN. How can you be so sure?

MAN. Because after living with you for the past year, and creating a home and planning a wedding, I love you more than ever.

WOMAN. You're just nuts, you know that?

MAN. And—you really turn me on.

WOMAN. Oh, sure. Now I do. Now it's "Again! Again!" In a year, it'll be "You again?"

MAN. I don't think so.

WOMAN. Andrew, grow up. No matter how happy we are now, we're going to get a divorce, and it's going to be ugly and messy, and we're going to fight over the silverware and the toaster...

MAN. You can have the toaster.

WOMAN. And what will you take?

MAN. I'll take the microwave.

WOMAN. The microwave's worth much more than the toaster.

MAN. Fine. You can take the microwave, too.

WOMAN. And what do you want?

MAN. The home entertainment center.

WOMAN. Just like a man. I paid for half of it, you know.

MAN. Okay. I'll take the TV; you can have the VCR.

WOMAN. What good is a VCR without a TV?

MAN. Okay, you take the TV, and *I'll* take the VCR.

WOMAN. There's nothing good on TV! That's why we got the VCR!

MAN. What do you want?

WOMAN. I want the TV *and* the VCR. You can have the microwave.

MAN. If you get the TV and VCR, I get the stereo.

WOMAN. I use the stereo much more than you do.

MAN. Then give up the TV and VCR.

WOMAN. Never! You can have the vacuum cleaner. And the couch.

MAN. I hate our couch.

WOMAN. Good, then I want you to have it.

MAN. I want the easy chair.

WOMAN. You've already got the couch.

MAN. Then you take the couch.

WOMAN. I hate the couch more than you do.

MAN. Then you can sit on the floor!

WOMAN. Then I get the rug!

MAN. I get the dinette set.

WOMAN. I get the bedroom set.

MAN. I get the bed.

WOMAN. I get the house.

MAN. We rent!

WOMAN. Then as soon as we get married, we're buying a house, and I get it.

MAN. Then I get the Porsche.

WOMAN. What Porsche?

MAN. The Porsche I'm buying with the second mortgage on our house!

WOMAN. How dare you!

MAN. Try and stop me.

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com