

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

START

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.

END

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.

4 SCENE FOUR - GEORGE

4

George enters on his bike.

START

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 any one 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.

END

He exits.

5 SCENE FIVE - KISS MONTAGE

5

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!"

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*.

SCENE SEVEN - THE "TALK"

7

START

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 any one ever talked about "waffle irons" in my house again!

END

7A TRANSITION 1

7A

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 sits back down on the bench and they kiss more.
Laura comes downstage.*

START

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. **END**

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.

11

She sits. They kiss. Randy comes downstage.

START

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 every thing, 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?

END

He sits. They kiss.

BLACKOUT.

TRANSITION 2

9A

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

SCENE TEN - THE GUN

10

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.

EDDIE

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

14

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.

ROXANNE

- you a cake for your birthday.

BLACKOUT.

12A TRANSITION 4

12A

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.

13 SCENE THIRTEEN - RANDY'S FEARS

13

START

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.

END

Randy moves downstage to sit.

George 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.

19

He 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.

17A

17A 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.

8 SCENE EIGHTEEN - THE MOON

18

START

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. **END**

Randy blesses the crowd like the Pope and waves like the Queen.

SFX- Patriotic MUSIC

Randy sits.

The Fordham Website appears on the screen.

START

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?

END

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 2 feet apart every day for a year, day dreaming about each other.

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... Or were we? Not really. Because how can everyone be happy 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 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.

END

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? You're mom's still alive *(He exits)*.

CHARLOTTE

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

Pic of JFK's funeral with Charlotte replacing Jackie.

Oh, right - you were climbing Mount Everest

Pic of completely proportionally wrong Randy & 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.