

“I LOVE YOU, YOU’RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE”

ACT I

Scene 1: “Prologue”

(In the darkness, chanting is heard.)

MUSIC 1: PROLOGUE

(Dim lights fade up on FOUR FIGURES dressed in hooded, white robes moving slowly through the shadows. As each speaks, the OTHERS continue chanting, underscoring and commenting on the dialogue.)

WOMAN 1

And the Lord God said, “Let there be light,” and there was light.

MAN 1

And the Lord God said, “Let there be man and woman.”

WOMAN 2

And there was man and woman.

MAN 2

And that night, man asked woman—if she was busy.

WOMAN 1

And woman said, “Thank you,” she’d have to check, but she’s not interested in anything long term, she still want to see other people.

WOMEN

(Chanting)

HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE

MAN 1

And man said, “There are no other people.”

MEN

(Smug chanting.)

HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA

WOMAN 2

And woman said—

(OTHERS continue chant under dialogue.)

“Okay, how ‘bout this: We get married, you vow your eternal love for me, I expel a bunch of miniature humans who are totally dependent on us for eighteen years, you get a job, stay home weekends, and you never see another woman naked for the rest of your life.”

MAN 2

And man said—

MEN

(Downbeat, painfully low chanting)

OH, OH, OH-H-H-H

WOMAN 1

And then thousands...

MAN 1

...And thousands...

WOMAN 2

...And thousands...

MAN 2

...And thousands of years passed.

WOMAN 1

And as for man and woman—

(Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 2: CANTATA FOR A FIRST DATE

(Lights up as they throw off their robes and are now dressed only in undergarments. They frantically start getting dressed, preparing to go out on dates. The MEN take their clothes from valet stands, the WOMEN sitting at a vanity table using makeup, brushes, hair spray, etc.)

MAN 1

FIRST DATE, NEW ROMANCE
CLEAN SHIRT, PRESSED PANTS
BRUSH THE TEETH, MOUSSE THE HAIR
CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR

MAN 2

RIGHT GUARD, TOOTHPASTE
BRING THE CONDOMS, JUST IN CASE
LISTERINE, TAKE A SWILL
STYLING GEL, MINOXIDIL

(MEN fake a debonair laugh)

MAN 1

I WILL SPLASH ON MUSK

MAN 2

I WILL KNOT MY TIE

MEN

AND BEFORE I GO I WILL CHECK MY FLY
IT IS WOMEN WHO HAVE TURNED ME INTO THIS
A COIFFED-UP AND DRY-CLEANING GUY

WOMAN 1

FACIAL CREAM FROM A SPA
LINGERIE, WONDERBRA
HAIR SPRAY, HAIR SPRITZ
WAX THE LEGS, SHAVE THE PITS

WOMAN 2

ACT PETITE, COY AND PERT
DON'T EAT MUCH, NO DESSERT
SWEET 'N LOW, HALF-N-HALF
SMILE A LOT, FAKE A LAUGH
(WOMEN fake a giggle.)

WOMAN 1

I HAVE PRIMPED AND PLUCKED

WOMAN 2

I HAVE RUBBED ON NAIR

WOMEN

I HAVE SPENT TWO HOURS ON MY FACE AND HAIR
AND I DID ALL THIS FOR A GUY I BARELY KNOW
AND I BET HE WON'T EVEN CARE

MAN 1

I'LL BEHAVE REAL WELL
SHOW HER JUST THE GOOD STUFF ONLY

MAN 2

I COULD WEAVE A SPELL
IF I LIE ABOUT SOME THINGS

WOMAN 1

I HOPE HE'S MATURE
UNLIKE EV'RY GUY I'VE DATED

WOMAN 2

STILL I WILL ENDURE
SOMEWHERE SOMEONE DREAMS OF ME

(Music shifts to a reggae beat.)

MAN 1

BUT I GOT BAGGAGE
EMOTIONAL BAGGAGE
A PLANELOAD OF BAGGAGE
THAT CAUSES MUCH SAGGAGE

Everybody!

(They ALL rise and dance in celebration.)

ALL

WE GOT BAGGAGE
EMOTIONAL DRAGGAGE
AND WE BEEN LUGGIN' AROUND THIS BAGGAGE
A LONG, LONG TIME

Time—

(They EACH look at their watch.)

--Shit!

(As they finish dressing.)

WILL MY HOPES BE MET? WILL MY FEAR DISPEL?
WILL I CAPTIVATE OR WILL I REPEL?
WILL I SHOW HER (HIM) JUST HOW WONDERFUL I AM
OR WILL I BE A DATE FROM HELL?

(Softly at first, building gradually.)

FIRST DATE, NEW ROMANCE
DIFFERENT PARTNER, SAME DANCE
READY NOW, ALMOST TIME
HERE WE GO, DOORBELL CHIME

MEN

I'LL BEHAVE REAL WELL
SHOW HER JUST THE GOOD STUFF ONLY
I COULD WEAVE A SPELL
IF I LIE ABOUT SOME THINGS

WOMEN

FACIAL CREAM FROM A SPA
LINGERIE, WONDERBRA
HAIR SPRAY, HAIR SPRITZ
WAX THE LEGS, SHAVE THE PITS
ACT PETITE, COY AND PERT
DON'T EAT MUCH, NO DESSERT
SWEET 'N LOW, HALF-N-HALF
SMILE A LOT, FAKE A LAUGH

ALL

HERE I GO ONCE MORE
FISHING FOR ANOTHER LOVER
ONE MORE WAITING DOOR
ONE MORE VERY LONG, LONG SHOT

(Lights dim leaving EACH alone in a spotlight.)

MAN 1
WILL THIS BE A WASTE?

WOMAN 1
OR WILL I STRIKE GOLD?

MAN 2
WILL MY LIFE BE CHASTE?

WOMAN 2
GOD, I'M GETTING OLD...
(A doorbell rings.)

ALL
Hi-i-i-i.

(Lights brighten as EACH greets his/her unseen date; blackout. Applause segue into:)

MUSIC 2A: SCENE CHANGE INTRO:

SCENE 2: "Not Tonight, I'm Busy, Busy, Busy"

(Pat a businesswoman, stands outside, waiting impatiently, STAN, a businessman, rushes on.)

STAN
Pat?

PAT
Stan?

STAN
I'm so sorry, I'm late, I got caught at the office, it's great to finally meet...

PAT
Look Stan, I don't mean to be rude, but I've been on an excruciating number of dates lately, and quite frankly, I am a busy, busy, busy woman and I don't have the patience or the time for them anymore. But I had a great time chatting with you on AOL, and youuuuu—

(Quickly eyeing him.)

Pretty much look like your picture, so what do you say we just say goodnight...

(She gives him a quick kiss.)

Goodnight! And we go right to the second date.

STAN
Excuse me?

PAT

Stan, I'm not going to repeat myself. I am a busy, busy, busy woman and I don't have the patience or the time.

STAN

Oh—well—second date—why not? It would skip all that messy first date stuff, and you pretty much look like your picture too, so—we're on your second date—poof!

(They turn away for a moment, then turn and re-greet one another.)

Pat, hi!

PAT

Stan, good to see you again.

STAN

Anyway, I thought we could go to this great little French...--hey, Pat, you know what? I never really cared much for second dates either. They're, ya know, trying to figure out if you like her as much from the first date, or if the first date was all based on blind, desperate hope. So since we've skipped the first date already, would you mind terribly if we also skipped the second date—I had a great time, I'll call you soon—

(He kisses her, more passionate than before.)

--and went right to the third date, where we both act like we're having a pleasant time, but inside we're getting ulcers trying to figure out if we're going to sleep with each other or not.

PAT

Oh the sexual tension part, yeah, yeah, that'll help rush things along. But you know what, Stan—busy, busy, busy—so what do you say we just skip the first, second and third dates and go right to the sex.

STAN

Right to the sex?

PAT

Right to the sex.

STAN

Works for me.

PAT/STAN

(Motioning.)

Taxi!

STAN

Oh, but wait! First-time sex: do the lights stay on? The lights go off? Will I satisfy you? Am I even going to...

PAT

...Get it up!

STAN

Ouch! So what do you say we skip the sex and go right to the morning after where we both try to figure out how to get out of what we did the night before?

PAT

Yeah, yeah—

(Opens her Blackberry and “punches” in some info.)

But you know what, Stan, my schedule is really tight. I just don't have time to make up all the reasons I'll need to convince myself to go out with you. So what do you say we've been dating for two months now, which is when I would start getting real interested in you, but you would inexplicably start backing away.

STAN

(“Punching his Blackberry.”)

Uh-huh, uh-huh. Or we could go right to where you ask me if this dress makes you look fat, and I don't answer quickly enough and you don't speak to me for three days.

PAT

Possibly, or we could go right to when you tell me you want to start dating other women, and I give you an ultimatum, and you choose to leave me, but then an hour later you come crawling back like a whimpering dog.

STAN

Yeah, I always liked that part. Oh, but this is all so time-consuming, so what do you say we jump right to our first argument?

PAT

Our first argument?

STAN

Yep.

PAT

You mean, you'd want to skip all the positives of our relationship and jump right to our first fight?

STAN

Be a major time-saver.

PAT

You—prick!

STAN

Bitch!

PAT

Bastard!

STAN

Ballbuster!

(A beat.)

PAT/STAN

Okay.

PAT

Now let's—wait! I got it!

STAN
(Overlapping.)

Tell me! Tell me!

PAT
(Overlapping.)
Oh, you're gonna love this!

PAT

Let's go to after we've been broken up for about a year—

STAN

Oh! And we bittersweetly bump into each other one cold—

PAT

--foggy

STAN

--miserable night in front of a...

PAT/STAN

--Starbucks!

PAT

Oh, and you have a date, and I don't.

STAN

Of course!—You first, you first!

(Stan takes a few steps away, extends his arm to his imaginary date and walks toward PAT.)

STAN
(He bumps into PAT.)

Pat!

(Romantic music begins to underscore.)

MUSIC 2B: WE HAD IT ALL/SCENE CHANGE:

PAT

Stan!

STAN
Hi. You—You look great!

PAT
Pilates.

STAN
Oh, this is—Tamara.

(PAT looks upward, making TAMARA extremely tall.)

PAT
(Very judgmental.)

Hi.

STAN
We're off to see the Impressionists at the Met.

PAT
I always loved the Met.

STAN
So—Let's get together sometime.

(A moment. "Tamara" pulls STAN.)

PAT
Hey Stan? We had some good times together, didn't we?

(Music builds.)

STAN
WE HAD IT ALL.

PAT
WE HAD IT ALL.

STAN
OUR LOVE WAS STRONG AND WISE
BUT THE RAIN DID FALL

PAT
MUCH RAIN DID FALL

STAN
NOW THERE'S TEARDROPS IN MY EYES

PAT/STAN
'CAUSE WE HAD IT ALL

STAN
THOUGH OUR LOVE HAS NOW GONE BAD
LET'S JUST REMEMBER

PAT
I'LL REMEMBER

STAN
REMEMBER WHAT WE HAD

PAT/STAN
WE HAD IT ALL

STAN
WE HAD IT ALL

(STAN exits.)

PAT
What a great date!

MUSIC 2B: (CONTINUES WITH SCENE CHANGE INTRO:)
SCENE 3: "A Stud and a Babe"

(Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 3: A STUD AND A BABE

(Lights up on JASON and JULIE sitting in a restaurant, both nervously trying to come up with something—anything—to say. The restless, edgy underscoring suddenly stops; an awkward wait for conversation, but neither speaks. They sigh and the music resumes, and then stops again. JASON finally speaks.)

JASON
Did I mention I just had my phone fixed?

JULIE
Really?

JASON
Yes.

JULIE
Oh?

JASON
Yeah.

Wow. JULIE

Yeah. JASON

(The conversation dies a horrible death. Again the edgy underscoring begins, and then stops; JULIE comes up with something to say.)

Oh, I just remembered the cutest story about my brother! JULIE

Oh, what?! JASON

No, maybe not... JULIE

No, c'mon, c'mon! JASON

Okay. My brother—this is really cute— JULIE

Yeah, yeah, yeah?! JASON

He has eleven toes! JULIE
(Another awkward silence; the music resumes.)

I SIT HERE TRYING TO IMPRESS
AND MAKE THIS GUY AWESTRUCK
BUT EVERY SUBJECT I ADDRESS
MAKES ME SOUND LIKE SUCH A SCHMUCK

JASON
IT'S NOT THAT I CAN'T BE DIVERTING
SOMETIMES I CAN EVEN THRILL
BUT I'D JUST BE SO MUCH BETTER AT FLIRTING
IF I ONLY HAD LOOKS THAT KILL

IF I WERE A STUD

JULIE
IF I WERE A BABE

JASON
THE KIND OF GUY GIRLS LOVE

JULIE
THE KIND OF GIRL GUYS CRAVE
(Music breaks out into rock 'n' roll.)

MY BREASTS WOULD BE ROUNDER

JASON
MY PECS WOULD ASTOUND HER

JULIE
MY LEGS WOULD BE LONGER

JASON
MY ARMS WOULD BE STRONGER

JULIE
MY LOCK WOULD BE FLOWING
JASON
MY CHEST HAIR WOULD BE SHOWING

JULIE
MY HIPS WOULD BE SLIMMER

JASON
MY BUTT WOULD JUST SIMMER

BOTH
(Rising with excitement.)
OH! OH! OH!

JULIE
I'M GONNA GO UP AND SEDUCE HIM!

BOTH
OH! OH! OH!

JASON
SHE'LL BE BEGGING ME FOR MORE!

BOTH
OH! OH! OH!

JULIE
YEAH, TONIGHT I'M GONNA GOOSE HIM!

JASON
TONIGHT I'M GONNA SCORE! YEAH!
A STUD!

A BABE! JULIE

SHE'LL LOVE! JASON

HE'LL CRAVE! JULIE

BOTH
(Returning to the table.)

OH! OH! OH!

IF I WERE A...

(The music continues under dialogue, slow and bluesy.)

JASON

(With renewed vigor.)

So, Julie, baby, baby!

JULIE
Talk to me, sweet meat!

JASON
Oo—oo, you have nacho schmutz on your face.

JULIE
(Wiping her face.)
Gone?

JASON
You wiped it to the other side.
(She wipes the other side.)

Now, it's on your chin.
(She wipes her chin.)

Better.
(They BOTH sigh.)

Julie, be honest. I don't have a lot of what you're looking for—do I?

JULIE
No, no, it's me.

JASON
Julie—

I'M NOT A STUD

JULIE
I'M NOT A BABE

JASON
I'M NOT A GUY GIRLS LOVE

JULIE
Well—

I'M NOT A GIRL GUYS CRAVE

JASON
Really?

(They look at each other; the music returns to rock 'n' roll, gradually building.)

JULIE
I'M AWKWARD AND WHINY

JASON
MY BICEPS ARE TINY

JULIE
I'M NOT TOO ATHLETIC

JASON
MY CLOTHES ARE SYNTHETIC

JULIE
MY NAILS ARE ALL CHEWED ON

JASON
MY HAIR IS ALL GLUED ON

JULIE
MY HIPS ARE REAL DUMPY

JASON
WELL, MINE ARE REAL LUMPY

BOTH
OH! OH! OH!

JULIE
EVERY NIGHT I'M ALWAYS SNORING!

BOTH
OH! OH! OH!

JASON
YEAH, MY FEET CAN REALLY STINK!

BOTH
OH! OH! OH!

JULIE
YEAH, I'M HOMEY AND I'M BORING!

JASON
WELL, LET ME BUY YOU ONE MORE DRINK!

JULIE
YEAH!

JASON
NO STUD!

JULIE
NO BABE!

JASON
I LOVE!

JULIE
I CRAVE!
(They rise and dance.)

BOTH
OH! OH! OH!
OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH!
OH! OH! OH! OH! OHHH...
(He spins her, causing her to almost fly off stage. He catches her at the last moment and pulls her close. She jumps into his arms and they kiss; blackout. Applause segue into:)

MUSIC 3A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 4: "Men Who Talk and the Women Who Pretend They're Listening"

(Lights up on two tables in a restaurant. BOB #1 sits with VERONICA, who is dozing; BOB #2 sits with BETTY.)

BOB #1
And that's why I love aerodynamic engineering!
(Music out.)

VERONICA
Wow, Bob. What a...long story.

BOB #1
I'm sorry. I just love what I do so I love to share. I was boring you, wasn't I?

VERONICA

Oh no, no. Oftentimes, when I'm listening read hard, my eyes are closed like that.

BOB #1

I thought so. So anything to start?

VERONICA

Oh no, Bob, no appetizer for me. I'm a very light eater.

MUSIC 4: SINGLE MAN DROUGHT

(To audience, with musical punctuation.)

I'M LYING

(To BOB #1.)

Plus, I didn't get to the gym today, and I generally go every single day.

(Again to audience, with musical punctuation.)

I'M REALLY LYING

BOB #1

Veronica, you are one special lady. I could talk to you all night.

VERONICA

(Again. To audience.)

PLEASE GOD, DON'T LET HIM

(The focus shifts to the other table, neither COUPLE aware of the other.)

BOB #2

But my real passion—is golf.

BETTY

Yes, Bob, I could tell by the plaid pants.

(BETTY laughs, BOB #2 doesn't. BETTY quickly stop laughing.)

And I just love plaid.

BOB #2

But do you like golf?

BETTY

Of course.

(To audience.)

I'M LYING

BOB #2

Do you play?

BETTY

Oh...surely.

(To audience.)
OH BOY, I'M LYING

BOB #2

We gotta play sometime!

BETTY

Your course or mine?

(She waits to see if he laughs, which he does, and she joins in. Then to audience, with musical punctuation.)

WHO IS THIS WOMAN TALKING?

BOB #2

Hey, did you ever see the greatest golf movie ever made—"Caddyshack"?

BETTY

Loved it!

(To audience.)
I DIDN'T SEE THIS MOVIE

BOB #2

What was your favorite scene?

BETTY

HELP ME

VERONICA

HELP ME

BOTH WOMEN

HELP ME

BOB #1

So the difference between fuel exhaust and fuel injection is really very simple.

VERONICA

TO THINK HE THINKS HE'S AT HIS BEST
NO THOUGHT TONIGHT HAS HE REPRESSED
HE TALKS AND TALKS AND EYES MY BREAST
THERE'S A SERIOUS SINGLE MAN DROUGHT

BETTY

NOW SOME WOULD SAY A CATCH I FOUND
HE'S SINGLE, STRAIGHT, HIS MIND IS SOUND
THERE'S FOUR GUYS LEFT LIKE HIM AROUND
THERE'S A SERIOUS SINGLE MAN DROUGHT

VERONICA
I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S TALKING STILL

BETTY
OH GOD, I NEED A SCOTCH REFILL

VERONICA
HE CHEWS

BETTY
HE SPEWS

BOTH WOMEN
I COULD USE A PILL
THERE'S A SERIOUS SINGLE MAN DROUGHT

BETTY
STANDARDS!
I USE TO HAVE SOME STANDARDS!
BUT MAN BY MAN EV'RY STANDARD
MEANDERED FROM ME

VERONICA
LESBIAN!
I SHOULD BE A LESBIAN!
IF I WAS BORN TO LOVE WOMEN
HOW WONDROUSLY SANE I WOULD BE

BOB #2
And who was your favorite "Caddyshack" actor?

BETTY
Oh, you know—that person...that wacky, nutty...that nutty golf thingie guy...

BOB #2
Chevy Chase!

BETTY
Yes!

BOB #2
Me too!

BETTY
I COULD GROW OLD ALONE JUST FINE

VERONICA
I'LL BUY SOME CATS, LIKE TWENTY-NINE

BOTH WOMEN
THEY'LL FIND ME DEAD IN MY FELINE SHRINE
THERE'S A SERIOUS SINGLE MAN DROUGHT

(BETTY and VERONICA notice each other for the first time. They stand and sing together.)

SO I DATE BOB AND HOPE AND FLIRT
HE MIGHT GET BETTER BY DESSERT
I STAY, I PRAY, STILL I ASSERT
THERE'S A SERIOUS SINGLE MAN—
DELIRIOUS SINGLE MAN—

BOTH MEN
And let me take care of the check.

BOTH WOMEN
Let's split it.

BETTY
I'M LYING

VERONICA
I'M LYING

BOTH WOMEN
I'M REALLY LYING

BOTH MEN
No, it's on me!

BOTH WOMEN
YOU BET YOUR SWEET MACHO GOLD CARD IT IS!
(They leave the MEN at the tables and cross downstage together.)

'CAUSE THERE'S A SERIOUS
DELIRIOUS
SEVER-IOUS
WAGNER-IOUS
SEND THE MARINES, WE'RE TALKIN' SERIOUS
SINGLE MAN DROUGHT!

(They snap their fingers and look at each other.)
Ladies room!
(The music continues as BETTY and VERONICA exit with attitude. The BOBS remain and, noticing the audience reaction to the WOMEN, rise to address the audience.)

BOTH MEN
Hey wait, wait, wait, wait a minute!...Stop, stop!...Wait a minute...Hey!...

BOB #1

Hey!

(Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 5: WHY? 'CAUSE I'M A GUY!

ALL RIGHT, I AM BOASTING
ON DATES I AM COASTING
IT'S ME I AM TOASTING
WHY? 'CAUSE I'M A GUY!

BOB #2

MY HAIRLINE'S RECEDING
MY ULCER IS BLEEDING
MY EGO NEEDS FEEDING!
WHY?

BOTH MEN

'CAUSE I'M A GUY!

BOB #1

MY VACUUM IS RUSTING

BOB #2

MY BATHTUB IS CRUSTING

BOTH MEN

MY KITCHEN'S DISGUSTING
WHY? 'CAUSE I'M A GUY!

BOB #1

MY GUT IS EXPANDING

BOB #2

IN BED I'M COMMANDING

BOTH MEN

BY GOD, I'M OUTSTANDING
WHY? WHY? WHY? WHY? WHY?

BOB #1

'CAUSE I AM STRONG!

BOB #2

I AM INVINCIBLE!

BOB #1

AND I'M A HOCKEY-LOVING

BOB #2
MEAT-EATING

BOB #1
JOCK-ITCHING

BOB #2
CHANNEL-FLIPPING

BOB #1
BELCHING, BURPING

BOB #2
SCRATCHING, SNORING

BOTH MEN
NEVER-STOP-TO-ASK-DIRECTIONS
GUY!

(Yelled, macho style.)
Yeah!

*(They execute a variety of hand shakes, high-fives, and end by bumping chests;
blackout. Applause segue into:)*

MUSIC 5A: (Optional) Scene Change into:

SCENE 5: "Tear Jerk"

(Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 6: TEAR JERK

(Lights fade up as JAMES enters; he addresses the audience.)

JAMES
SO I GO
"LET'S DO DINNER AND A FLICK"
SO SHE GOES
"WELL, YOU CERTAINLY MOVE QUICK"
SO I GO
"WELL, YOU'RE SO LOVELY
THAT YOU MAKE MY HEART JUST ACHE"
(He gives a "thumbs up.")
SO SHE GOES
"WELL, WHAT MOVIE SHOULD WE DO?"
SO I GO
"WELL, THAT IS FULLY UP TO YOU"
AND THAT, MY FRIENDS, WAS MY ONE BIG MISTAKE

(Two theatre seats appear with JANE seated in one of them eating popcorn and engrossed in the movie. JAMES sits next to her.)

MY MOVIE SATISFACTION
IS MINDLESS, VIOLENT ACTION
SOME MUSCLE MEN WHO TUSSLE WITH STALLONE
A THRILLA THAT WOULD THRILL US
WITH ARNOLD OR BRUCE WILLIS
AND LOTS OF NAKED SHOTS OF SHARON STONE

THIS MOVIE HERE IS CLOYING
SO PRETTY AND ANNOYING
THESE FLICKS THEY MAKE FOR CHICKS
WHO DRAG THEIR MEN
I BET SHE GETS ALL WEEPY
WHILE I GET REALLY SLEEPY
NO CHICK WILL EVER PICK THE FLICK AGAIN

JANE

(Indicating the screen.)

SHE LOVES HE BUT HE IS MARRIED
TO A WIFE WHO'S DYING REALLY SLOW
HE WON'T LEAVE SO THEY'RE ALL HARRIED
HOW BEAUTIFUL, HE'S DUTIFUL, THAT JOE

JAMES

I YEARN TO SEE A CHAIN SAW
A PSYCHO WITH A PAIN SAW
HOW NICE TO SEE HIM SLICE EACH PERSON'S SPLEEN
A NUT JOB IN THIS MOVIE
OH BOY, WOULD THAT BE GROOVY!
HE'D WIPE THIS PAINFUL TRIPE RIGHT OFF THE SCREEN

JANE

THE END IS NEAR, HE'S AT HER BEDSIDE
WHILE HIS TRUE LOVE WAITS FOR HIM, AMEN

JAMES

SHE DON'T LOOK GOOD, SHE'S ON THE DEAD SIDE

JANE

AND NOW JOE VOWS HE'LL NEVER LOVE AGAIN

JAMES

WELL THAT IS RATHER QUEER NOW
DID I JUST FEEL...A TEAR NOW
I BET IT'S JUST SOME SWEAT CAUGHT IN MY EYE
WELL THAT IS FAIRLY FUNNY
MY NOSE FEELS RATHER...RUNNY
GOOD GOD! THIS MIGHT SOUND ODD BUT I MIGHT CR...

JANE
OH GOD, THEY'RE AT THE GRAVE NOW

JAMES
AND JOE IS ACTING BRAVE NOW
I'M FEARFUL I'LL BE TEARFUL ANY SEC...

JANE
(Overlapping)
...OH GOD

JAMES
YOU KNOW THAT SHE'LL BURN RUBBER
IF I SIT HERE AND BLUBBER
I'M QUICKLY GROWING SICKLY, I'M A WRECK...

JANE
(Overlapping.)
...OH GOD

JAMES
OH THINK OF THOUGHTS MORE WISTFUL
CLINT EASTWOOD WITH A FISTFUL
OF UZI GUNS AND BOOZY BROADS GALORE
OH CRAP, IT'S JUST NOT WORKING
THIS MOVIE IS TEAR JERKING
THIS FELLOW WILL BE JELL-O ON THE FLOOR

I GOTTA GET A GRIP NOW...

JANE
(Overlapping)
...JOE WON'T CRY

JAMES
(Overlapping)
...I SIMPLY CANNOT SLIP NOW...

JANE
(Overlapping)
...HE'S TOO STRONG...

JAMES
(Overlapping)
...MUST FIGHT
CLOSE MY EYES TIGHT
'CAUSE I'M A GUY
NO WHIMPERIN' LIKE A PUPPY...

JANE

(Overlapping)
...JOE'S SO BRAVE

JAMES

I GOTTA MACHO UP-PY
NO HOW WILL ALLOW MYSELF TO...

Oh, God!

(He cries—like a river.)

JANE

Are you okay?

JAMES

Fine. Allergies.

JANE

I love men who aren't afraid to cry at the movies.

(He sobs even louder, buries his head in her shoulder and they weep together as the lights fade to black. Applause segue into:)

MUSIC 6A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 6: "The Lasagna Incident"

(In the darkness we hear DIANE as the music fades out.)

DIANE

Yes! Yes! Yes!

(Lights up on CHUCK and DIANE, walking home from a game of tennis.)

So...sorry...

CHUCK

No, c'mon, it's okay...

DIANE

I...I shouldn't have played so well.

CHUCK

No, c'mon, it's okay...

DIANE

I shouldn't have shut you out, in both sets, and then jumped over the net waving my arms in victory.

CHUCK

You're right, that you shouldn't have done, yeah.

(They share a laugh.)

Hey, but you looked great doing it, though.

DIANE

Really?

CHUCK

Absolutely.

DIANE

Chuck, how come you've never made a pass at me?

CHUCK

What?

DIANE

I mean, this is the fourth time we've gone out. Why is that?

CHUCK

Well, okay, fair question. Yes, very fair, fair question. A good, solid, very fair, fair question. Wow. Oh, God...

DIANE

Is it me?

CHUCK

Oh no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. You? No.

DIANE

Is it you?

CHUCK

Me?! Oh, no, no, absolutely not, I mean, all the equipment works and I certainly like, ya know—

(He makes a sexual gesture.)

So...

DIANE

God, I shouldn't have asked! I'm always saying stupid, stupid things on dates! It's like I have this moron switch in my head that goes on when I'm with a guy and...

CHUCK

No, no, it's okay. Look, I have that same switch with women and about that pass thing, I guess, I dunno, I was just being...respectful.

DIANE

Respectful?

CHUCK

I guess...actually Diane, I didn't want to make any...you know, mistakes. Because, well, I...uh...think...uh...well...Look, I just think you're the most interesting woman I've met in ages—certainly the best tennis player—and I'm sorry, I...

DIANE

Chuck, could I make you dinner tonight?

CHUCK

Really?

DIANE

What's your favorite food?

CHUCK

Lasagna.

DIANE

Great, I'll make you lasagna. If you don't have plans...

CHUCK

Me? Plans? No, I never have plans. Which is not to say I'm a loser! No! It's just that I'm generally free. Wow. Great, great. So you're making me lasagna. Well then, I feel quite honored. Yeah, this is big here, so I guess I should bring the, ya know...

DIANE

Condoms?

CHUCK

Wine.

DIANE

Oh, wine! Yes, wine, wine, yes, that's what I meant! You should bring the wine, yes! Oh what was I thinking?! Condoms don't even go with lasagna! Moron switch, moron switch! Wine, yes, that would be nice.

CHUCK

And if you want, I could also bring condoms.

DIANE

Uh-h-h-h...yeah, you could do that, yeah...

CHUCK

Okay, great, great, wine and, right, yeah...

DIANE

Well, I really should be heading toward home...yeah.

(She starts to go.)

I have to, you know, get home and learn how to make lasagna so...

CHUCK

(Stopping her.)

Okay, so I bring the wine and...

DIANE

Great! Great...

(They kiss, quickly; they kiss again, a little longer.)

CHUCK

Tonight.

DIANE

Tonight.

(He smiles at her and exits.)

MUSIC 7: I WILL BE LOVED TONIGHT

WELL POP THE CHAMPAGNE, BREAK OUT THE COLOGNE
TURN UP THE MOONLIGHT AND TURN OFF THE PHONE
WELL WHAT A SURPRISE, A MAN IS IN SIGHT
AND I WILL BE LOVED TONIGHT

TO FONDLE HIS SKIN, TO SAVOR HIS LIPS
TO NUZZLE HIS CHIN, TO MOVE WITH HIS HIPS
OUR WORDS WILL BE SOFT AS WE SOFTLY IGNITE
AND I WILL BE LOVED TONIGHT

YOU CAN GO FROM WEEK TO WEEK
YOU CAN GO FORM YEAR TO YEAR
NOT A HAND PLACED ON YOUR CHEEK
NOT A WHISPER IN YOUR EAR

YOU CAN MAKE IT THROUGH OKAY
YOU CAN LIVE AND LAUGH AND FLIRT
IT'S QUITE EASY IN THE DAY
IT'S JUST THE NIGHTS THAT ALWAYS HURT

SO LET DARKNESS COME 'CAUSE THAT WILL BE FINE
FOR I'LL HAVE A SOUL ENTANGLED IN MINE
WE'LL DO AS WE PLEASE AND PLEASE HOLD ME TIGHT
FOR I WILL BE LOVED
YES, I WILL BE LOVED TONIGHT

(Lights fade to black; applause segue into:)

MUSIC 7A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 7: "And Now the Parents"

(The music fades as the lights come up on DAD, son MITCH, and his girlfriend KAREN, getting settled around the dining room table. They each carry a champagne glass.)

DAD

C'mon, kids—c'mon! Honey, come on! It's a celebration! You can stuff that thing later! Shirley, get in here!

MOM

(Entering from the kitchen and taking her seat at the table.)

Oh, it's such a joy cooking for my family on days like this!

DAD

So I'd like to propose a toast. To our son, Mitch, and his better half, Karen, who has been going out for...how long now?

MITCH, KAREN & MOM

Two years.

DAD

Two short years! And they've been smart, they've taken their time to ensure that they truly love each other before they jump into anything as serious as...oh, I dunno—say, marriage!

MOM

(Raising her glass.)

Here, here!

MITCH

Mom, Dad, we wanted to wait till after dinner, but there is something Karen and I have to discuss with you.

MOM

(Producing an elegantly wrapped gift box and placing it in the center of the table.)

Oh, and I just happen to have an engagement gift on me!

MITCH

Well, we've talked it over—and Karen and I...

DAD & MOM

Yeah, yeah, yeah?!

KAREN

We're breaking up.

(A stunned silence.)

MOM

Well...

DAD

...Well...

MOM

...Well...

DAD

...Well...

MOM & DAD

...Well, well, well, well, well, well, well. Well.

MITCH

Look, we've talked about it long and hard and it's just something I'm not quite ready for yet.

KAREN

And I'm just very focused on my career right now.

MOM

...Well...

DAD

...Well...you know us, we've always prided ourselves on being supportive.

MOM

Well...

DAD

So if you say it's for the best—well...what wonderful news.

MOM

Yes, congratulations.

(She rises, throws the gift to the floor, then sits.)

Well...Go ahead Maury, make your toast.

DAD

Right, my toast.

(Rising, glass in hand.)

Yes, a toast—

MUSIC 8: HEY THERE, SINGLE GUY/GAL

--To our...uh...not-quite-ready son, Mitch, and our...too-focused-on-her-career-or-else-she'd-be-our-daughter, Karen.

ALL

(Raising glasses.)

Here, here.

(As MITCH and KAREN are about to drink, MOM and DAD interrupt them in song.)

MOM & DAD

HEY THERE, SINGLE GAL
YOU'RE STILL SINGLE NOW
TONIGHT YOU'LL STILL BE SLEEPING ALL ALONE
BUT WE DON'T PITY YOU
NO, NO, NOT PRETTY YOU
'CAUSE YOUR LIFE BELONGS TO NO MAN, IT'S YOUR OWN

DAD

YOU'VE GOT YOUR FRIENDS SO DEAR

MOM

NOT TO MENTION YOUR CAREER

MOM & DAD

YOU DON'T NEED NO GUY TO COME KNOCKING AT YOUR DOOR
OOH, OOH, OOH

DAD

BUT WE WON'T MAKE A FUSS

MOM

'CAUSE YOU INSPIRE US

DAD & MOM

LIKE MARLO THOMAS AND MARY TYLER MOORE

KAREN

(Rising to go.)

Maybe I should go...

MITCH

Yeah...

MOM & DAD

(Stopping them.)

HEY THERE, YOU'RE OKAY
WOMAN OF TODAY

DAD

YOU'VE GOT MUCH MORE THAN MOTHER EVER HAD

MOM

You are so lucky.

MOM & DAD

SO GO HOME, GET SOME SLEEP
BUT PRAY YOU, DO NOT WEEP

MOM
JUST CURL UP WITH SOME HAAGEN DAZS AND BE GLAD

MOM & DAD
SINGLE GAL
(MITCH and KAREN, thinking it's finally over, attempt to proceed.)

MITCH
Okay, let's toast...

MOM & DAD
(Interrupting.)
HEY THERE, SINGLE GUY
NO NEED TO CLARIFY
WHY A MAN OF YOUR AGE CAN'T COMMIT
IT'S FINE WITH US, MY SON
JUST DRINK, DANCE, HAVE SOME FUN
WE'RE YOUR PARENTS, WE SUPPORT YOU, YOU LITTLE SHIT

MITCH
Mom!

DAD
HAVE YOU JUST LOST YOUR WAY?

MOM
REPRESSED, CONFUSED OR GAY?

MOM & DAD
FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE GIVE MATURITY A WHIRL
OOH, OOH, OOH

MOM
SO MUCH AWAITING YOU

DAD
SO GET ON WITH MATING, YOU

MOM & DAD
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER? SHE SEEMS LIKE SUCH A NICE GIRL

BUT WE DON'T MEAN TO PRY
RELAX, YOU HAPPY GUY
ADULTHOOD'S NOT AS CRUCIAL AS IT SEEMS
FOR GRANDKIDS WE CAN WAIT
NO NEED TO PROCREATE
WHO CARES IF YOU'VE DESTROYED YOUR PARENT'S DREAMS

(To her.)

BIG CAREER GIRL
(To him.)
WAYWARD SON
(To her.)
FUTURE SPINSTER
(To him.)
DISAPPOINTMENT
(Raising their glasses.)
HERE'S TO YOU!
(Blackout; applause segue into:)

MUSIC 8A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 8: "Satisfaction Guaranteed"

(In the darkness we hear the last sounds of orgasmic bliss as the music fades out. Lights up on a WOMAN and MAN in bed. HE howls like a wolf, then addresses the WOMAN.)

MAN
(With great confidence.)
So—how was I?

WOMAN
Oh...you were...good.

MAN
You mean good? Or unbelievable?

WOMAN
Oh, stop it! I can't take it anymore! You were terrible! I didn't get any pleasure! Not only didn't the earth move, the bed barely rocked! Oh, I wish there was something I could do about it.
(A SPOKESMAN enters to beside the bed and addresses the audience.)

SPOKESMAN
Hello. Did you ever wish you could sue someone because they didn't satisfy you sexually? Well good news—now you can! At Jacoby & Meyers & Masters & Johnson, we have a large staff of sexually-experienced attorneys who want to get into your bedroom and get you the orgasm you deserve! Let's take a look at a typical couple engaged in lovemaking.

WOMAN
(Very annoyed.)
Lower—higher—lower—higher...
(She turns toward audience and groans.)

MAN
Ow! Watch your knees!
(He turns toward audience and groans. Then, both the MAN and the WOMAN turn toward audience and groan.)

SPOKESMAN

Not very appealing and all too familiar. Now let's take a look at the same couple with a Jacoby & Meyers & Masters & Johnson attorney present.

(An ATTORNEY pops up from under the covers. She produces legal papers.)

ATTORNEY

I'm sorry, Mr. Elliot, but your contract states you must be nibbling her neck. And Ms. Courtland, his feet must be fondled.

WOMAN & MAN

Right, right, right...

(MAN and WOMAN perform their required tasks.)

Oh...oh...OH-H-H!

(They face the audience with broad smiles.)

SPOKESMAN

See how easy it is when you let a no-nonsense litigator handle the negotiations of lovemaking? Your initial consultation is just \$25. And your fee could be a portion of your settlement should your partner fail to satisfy your fetishes.

WOMAN

(Holding a huge check.)

I got five thousand dollars because he missed my "G" spot!

MAN

(Holding a huge check.)

And I got ten thousand dollars because she wouldn't go down on me!

SPOKESMAN

At Jacoby & Meyers & Masters & Johnson, if your partner doesn't get you off, we get you money!

(Blackout; applause segue into:)

MUSIC 8B: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 9: "I'll Call You Soon (Yeah, Right)"

(Lights up on DEBBIE talking on the phone.)

DEBBIE

Ma!... Ma!... Ma!... Ma!... Ma!... Ma!

(Music out.)

Ma, he said he'd call today!—Ma, of course he won't call today.—Ma! Because they don't call on the day they say they will. They wait a day, or a week, or one time, a year and a half.—

Ma!... Ma!... Ma!... Look Ma, I gotta go. May, I got a pizza coming. — Because I don't cook, Ma. — Because it's depressing cooking portions for one, Ma!... Ma! Ma!... Ma, this call is costing you a fortune. — Okay, bye.

(She hangs up, then dials the phone.)

Hello, is this “Two Brothers From Italy” pizza? – I just placed an order for a pie, extra anchovies... Sorry, my other line. Could you hang on?

(Presses button.)

Ma!... Ma!... – Oh, Ken. – Ken? – Ken! – Right, you said you were gonna call today and it’s today and... -- No, I’m not surprised, why would I be surprised, no-o-o-o-o. – You’re calling just to say “hi”? – Well, “hi.” Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi! Hello-o-o-o, Ken. – Oh, I’ve been thinking of you too. – Okay, we’ll talk again soon. And Ken? – Thanks for calling.

(She hangs up.)

MUSIC 9: HE CALLED ME

(The lights dim and the room fills with starlight.)

HE CALLED ME
A GUY WHO I AM DATING
REALLY CALLED ME
AM I HALLUCINATING?
NO, HE CALLED ME
THANK GOD I GOT CALL WAITING
‘CAUSE HE CALLED ME
OH BOY –

(TWO PIZZA DELIVERY GUYS enter, identically-dressed and each carrying a pizza box.)

GUYS
ORDINATO UNA PIZZA CON MOLTO ANCOVIES?

DEBBIE
HE CALLED ME!

GUYS
Non!

DEBBIE
I’LL SAY IT ONCE AGAIN

GUYS
Madon!

DEBBIE
HE CALLED ME!

GUY #1
MAMA

GUY #2
GRAZIE

AMEN GUY S

YES DEBBIE

Si! GUY S

HE CALLED ME DEBBIE

GUY S
WE LOVE THIS GUY NAMED KEN

DEBBIE
OH YES
HE CALLED ME

GUY S
SUCH JOY
(MA rushes on, carrying luggage.)

MA
I came as soon as I heard the news!

DEBBIE
Ma!
(The GUY S provide backup vocals for MA.)

MA
HER PHONE RANG
IT WAS SO UNEXPECTED
BUT HER PHONE RANG
FOR ONCE SHE'S NOT REJECTED
NO, HER PHONE RANG
A SHRINE SHOULD BE ERECTED
WHERE HER PHONE RANG

DEBBIE
OH BOY
(A podium appears; upon it sits a Golden Phone Award. MA and the PIZZA GUY S cheer as DEBBIE steps up to the podium and accepts the award.)

I hope my experience today gives hope to the millions of little girls out there who are waiting for their little toy pink phones to ring. This is for you, sisters!

GUYS & MA

HOW ODD
HE CALLED HER
GOOD GOD
HE CALLED HER
AND SUDDENLY

DEBBIE

BIRDS ARE A-SINGIN' IN THE SKY
(DEBBIE is showered with rose petals from above.)

GUYS & MA

OH YES
HE CALLED HER
GOD BLESS
HE CALLED HER
AND NOW SHE THINKS

DEBBIE

Could this be...

A NICE...

(She's interrupted by the sound of a telephone ringing. She answers her Golden Phone Award.)

Hello? -- Ken! --- You're calling again just to say "hi"?

(A triumph.)

He's needy!

GUYS & MA

YES, HE'S NEEDY
WHAT A NICE GUY!

(The PIZZA DELIVERY GUYS lift DEBBIE onto their shoulders and MA joins them for the final tableau; blackout. Applause segue into:)

MUSIC 9A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 10: "Scared Straight"

(Lights up on an arrangement of chairs. SUSAN and BRAD talk during a reception, as MRS. WHITEWOOD, a proper woman claps her hands to get their attention.)

MRS. WHITEWOOD

All right, singles...singles...mingle time's over! Take seats, take seats!

(Music out. BRAD and SUSAN sit and MRS. WHITEWOOD addresses the audience.)

Hello. I'm Mrs. Arthur Whitewood and it is my happy job to welcome you all here today to this special interfaith program for single persons over thirty!

(SUSAN and BRAD applaud politely.)

And today is especially special since this is the first time the group is meeting here, at Attica State Prison.

(The sound of steel prison bars slamming shut; the lights dim, becoming cold.

SUSAN and BRAD applaud again, this time a bit unsure.)

Our speaker today is a gentleman by the name of Mr. Kevin Trentell. Mr. Trentell is an inmate here at Attica and is currently serving seven consecutive life sentences. So without further ado – Mr. Trentell.

(SUSAN and BRAD applaud again as TRENTELL enters dressed in a prison jumpsuit. He is, in a word, scary.)

TRENTELL

My name is Trentell. I am a convicted mass murderer. I'm going to be locked in this shithole till the day I die. And I'm single. That's right, single. Oh sure, once I was like all of yous. Good job, latest stereo equipment, drank bottled water. But no matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't seem to find my significant other. Sound familiar?

(BRAD and SUSAN stir uncomfortably.)

Then came New Year's Eve. I got an invite to this party, but I couldn't get no date. So I went alone. And all my friends were there, all my married friends. All kissing and cuddling and calling each other cute names like "sweetie" – "pumpkin" – "Pooh bear!" Well, I couldn't take it any longer! I snapped! I got out my AK-47 and blew their married asses straight to hell!

(BRAD lets out a very nervous laugh; TRENTELL rushes to him)

What you laughin' at?!

BRAD

(Petrified)

I wasn't laughing!

TRENTELL

You a wise-ass, boy? You think it's funny I'm pushin' fifty with no soul-mate?!

BRAD

Please don't talk to me!

TRENTELL

(Turning to SUSAN.)

And what about you, lady?!

SUSAN

(To MRS. WHITEWOOD.)

Can I go home now?

MRS. WHITEWOOD

No.

TRENTELL

You want to end up like me? No one to share your golden years with?!

SUSAN

God, no!

TRENTELL

Then listen up! 'Cause I got some friends on the outside, my age, who are still single! Wanna hear about 'em?

SUSAN

I can't take it! I can't take it!

BRAD

No! No! Please!

TRENTELL

I know a guy in his fifties who recently took out his one-thousandth personal ad! And I know a woman, forty-five years old, she's been on the same diet for fifteen years.

(SUSAN deflates as BRAD crumbles in tears.)

You're all waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Right to come along, ain't you? Well I got news – they ain't coming! You gotta compromise a little, you dickheads!

(To BRAD and SUSAN.)

All right, you and you! Up here! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now!

(BRAD and SUSAN quickly rise and stand on either side of TRENTELL)

What's your name, boy, and what're you looking for?

BRAD

It's...it's Brad.

(BRAD offers his hand; TRENTELL slaps it away.)

I'm thirty-four. I'm looking for a nice Christian girl who shares my values and wants to stay at home and raise my children.

TRENTELL

(To SUSAN.)

And you?

SUSAN

Susan – forty-ish. I'm looking for a Jewish man who will let me continue my career as a corporate lawyer.

TRENTELL

(To BRAD.)

Well, motherfucker?!

BRAD

(Trembling to SUSAN)

You wanna get married?

SUSAN

Yes!

(They rush into each other's embrace. MRS. WHITEWOOD rises in celebration.)

MRS. WHITEWOOD

Another match! Another match! Oh, thank you, Mr. Trentell. And thank you all for participating in another "Scared Straight to the Altar" program!

MUSIC 9B: SCENE CHANGE INTO "CANTATA REPRISE #1"

(Lights out except for a pool of light in which TRENTELL removes his jumpsuit to reveal the black robe of a CLERGYMAN. During the transition music the CLERGYMAN orchestrates the scene change into a wedding chapel; orchestral flourishes accompany the appearance of various decorations. Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 10: CANTATA REPRISE #1

SCENE 11

(A BRIDE and GROOM enter followed by a CLERGYWOMAN. The BRIDE is attended by the CLERGYWOMAN on one side of the stage while the GROOM is attended by the CLERGYMAN on the other.)

ALL

CHURCH BELLS, WEDDING DAY
DATING HELL GONE AWAY

BRIDE & GROOM

WHAT I'VE DREAMED ALL MY LIFE
SOON TO BE MAN AND WIFE

CLERGYMAN & CLERGYWOMAN

LOOK AT THEM, FILLED WITH PRIDE
HAPPY GROOM, BLUSHING BRIDE

BRIDE & GROOM

TAKE A BREATH, FLASH A SMILE,
HERE WE GO...

(Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 11: WEDDING VOWS

...DOWN THE AISLE

CLERGYMAN

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE GATHERED HERE
UNDER GOD ABOVE—

CLERGYWOMAN

TO BEAR WITNESS TO THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN

CLERGYMAN & CLERGYWOMAN
AS THEY VOW THEIR ETERNAL

ALL
LOVE

CLERGYMAN
(To GROOM.)
DO YOU SWEAR?
DO YOU SWEAR TO LOVE AND HONOR?

GROOM
Yeah, I swear!

CLERGYMAN
THEN YOUR BACHELORHOOD'S A GONER
AS A HUSBAND, NOW YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF CHORES

GROOM
Oh Jesus...
(The GROOM steps aside for air.)

CLERGYWOMAN
(To BRIDE.)
DO YOU SWEAR?
IS YOUR LOVE FOR HIM WHOLEHEARTED

BRIDE
Yeah, I swear!

CLERGYWOMAN
THEN YOUR FREEDOM JUST DEPARTED
AND REMEMBER, NOW HIS FAMILY IS YOURS

BRIDE
(Turning away.)
Oh, my God!

GROOM
DO I SWEAR?

CLERGYMAN
THE SEX WILL NEVER BE AS GREAT

BRIDE
DO I VOW?

CLERGYWOMAN
I BET HE GAINS A TON OF WEIGHT

BRIDE & GROOM
WHO'S THIS STRANGER STANDING NEXT TO ME?
(The BRIDE and GROOM try to run away from the ceremony but are stopped by
the CLERGYMAN and CLERGYWOMAN.)

CLERGYMAN & CLERGYWOMAN
DO YOU SWEAR?

GROOM
PERHAPS I SHOULD'VE BEEN MORE CAUTIOUS

CLERGYMAN & CLERGYWOMAN
DO YOU VOW?

BRIDE
HERE COMES THE BRIDE AND SHE IS NAUSEOUS

ALL
IS THIS REALLY WHAT YOU WANT YOUR LIFE TO BE?
(GROOM tries to escape while BRIDE makes a plea to an audience member.)

CLERGYMAN & CLERGYWOMAN
DO THEY SWEAR?
DO THEY VOW?
THE CHURCH IS LOCKED,
THERE'S NO WHERE YOU
CAN RUN!

BRIDE
Hi, I was wondering if you have
a car. I need a ride right now.
I'm very little, I'll just squeeze in
the back seat. C'mon, help
me!

ALL
IT'S YOUR SPECIAL DAY
AIN'T WE HAVIN' FUN?
(The BRIDE and GROOM are brought back into the ceremony.)

CLERGYMAN & CLERGYWOMAN
AND REMEMBER IT'S FOREVER
AND FOREVER
AND FOREVER
AND FOREVER IS A REALLY LONG, LONG TIME

BRIDE & GROOM
AND REMEMBER IT'S
FOREVER AND FOREVER
AND FOREVER AND
FOREVER, IS A REALLY

CLERGYMAN & CLERGYWOMAN
DO YOU SWEAR?
DO YOU VOW?
TELL US HERE
TELL US NOW

LONG, LONG TIME

DO YOU? CLERGYMAN & CLERGYWOMAN

DO WE? BRIDE & GROOM

DO YOU? CLERGYMAN & CLERGYWOMAN

DO WE? BRIDE & GROOM

DO YOU?! CLERGYMAN & CLERGYWOMAN

BRIDE & GROOM
(Very soft.)

WE DO
(Growing stronger.)

WE DO—
(They look at each other.)

WE DO!

THEY DO! CLERGYMAN & CLERGYWOMAN

OH, GOD! ALL

(The BRIDE and GROOM take hands; blackout)

END ACT I

ACT II

MUSIC 12: ENTR'ACTE

(Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 12A: OPENING ACT II

SCENE 1

(Lights up on the BRIDE and GROOM; she carries her wedding bouquet. Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 13: CANTATA REPRISE #2

BRIDE & GROOM

HERE WE GO, SACRED KISS
START THE CLOCK, WEDDED BLISS

GROOM

BUY A HOME, MOW THE LAWN
SECOND MORTGAGE, OVERDRAWN

BRIDE

REPRODUCE, LABOR PAINS
KIDS, WORK, BALL-AND-CHAINS

BRIDE & GROOM

TRAPPED, BROKE, GROWING DULL
CHANGED MY MIND, MUST ANNUL
(Music goes into a reggae beat)

BRIDE

THEN AGAIN

GROOM

THEN AGAIN

BRIDE & GROOM

I WANT HIM (HER) SO
HE (SHE) HOLD MY HAND AND MY LOVE OVERFLOW
NOW WE SAILIN' ON A CRUISE TO MEXICO
HONEYMOON TIME, LET'S GO
HONEYMOON TIME, LET'S GO
HONEYMOON TIME, LET'S...

(As they exit, the BRIDE tosses her bouquet. A BRIDESMAID appears and catches the bouquet. She is wearing a bridesmaid dress of questionable taste.)

BRIDESMAID

(Calling off to the BRIDE.)

You look so great! Everything was so beautiful, like a dream! – No, I love my dress, I'm sure I'll wear it again – Have a great time in Cancun!

(Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 14: ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID

Bye-bye!

WELL I'VE WALKED DOWN THE AISLE
AS MUCH AS LIZ TAYLOR
BUT I'VE ALWAYS STOOD OFF TO THE SIDE
EACH BRIDE HAS ME DRESSED
IN A GOWN I DETEST
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID, NEVER A BRIDE

FOR CATLIN, I WORE SATIN
WHICH I LOOKED REALLY FAT IN
THEN AGAIN, YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN HER MAN KEN
ALL THOSE CALORIES HE LOGGED UP
TILL HIS ARTERIES CLOGGED UP
HE DIED ON THE COUCH WATCHING ESPN

TOO MANY WEDDINGS
TOO MANY DRESSES
THAT ALL MAKE MY HIPS LOOK SO WIDE
NOT A GOWN I'D REUSE
DITTO THE MATCHING SHOES
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID, NEVER A BRIDE

FOR TABITHA, I WORE TAFFETA
YOU SHOULD NEVER—PEOPLE LAUGH AT YA
BUT I HAD A HUNCH HER MARRIAGE WAS DOOMED
THE GROOM TRIED TO STROKE ME
WHILE WE DANCED THE HOKEY-POKEY

THEY DIVORCED BEFORE THE HONEYMOON

ONCE MY GOWN WAS VELOUR-ISH
MADE ME LOOK KINDA WHORE-ISH
BUT MY BEST FRIEND DOLORES WAS NEVER QUITE SANE
SHE SHOT HER NEW MISTER
'CAUSE HE BEDDED HER SISTER
HE'S NOT DEAD, BUT NOW HE WALKS LIKE JOHN WAYNE

TOO MANY WEDDINGS
TOO MANY DRESSES
THAT ALL MAKE ME LOOK SO THICK-THIGHED
MY FRIENDS CAN'T ASSESS
A MAN OR A DRESS
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID, NEVER A BRIDE

WHEN I LOOK IN MY CLOSET
THERE'S A RAINBOW DEPOSIT
OF GOWNS SO GROTESQUE THAT I GROAN
ALL THOSE HUSBANDS ARE GONE
BUT THOSE DRESSES LIVE ON
EVEN MOTHS SEEM TO LEAVE THEM ALONE

TOO MANY WEDDINGS
TOO MANY MESSSES
BUT AT LEAST I'VE HUNG ON TO MY PRIDE
I'VE LIVED LIFE ALONE
BUT THE TERMS ARE MY OWN
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID

Thank you, Lord!

NEVER A BRIDE
(Blackout; applause segue into:)

MUSIC 14A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 2: "Whatever Happened to Baby's Parents?"

(In the darkness we hear the music of a toy piano. Lights up on FRANK and MARIE seated on a sofa singing a "patty cake" song as the music fades out. A knock on the door; FRANK answers it, letting in FRED who carries a giant Teddy bear.)

Fred! FRANK

Hiya, Frank. FRED

FRANK

So good to see ya, buddy! Mommy, Fred's here!

MARIE

Oh, there you are, stranger!

FRED

(Offering the Teddy bear.)

I bought this for Frank Junior.

MARIE

Oh, isn't that sweet honey?

FRANK

Sweet, sweet, sweet!

MARIE

Make sure the eyes don't bite off, honey.

(MARIE and FRED sit as FRANK tries to bite off the bear's eyes.)

So Fred, Fred, how are you?

FRED

(Staring incredulously at FRANK.)

Uh...I'm hanging in. How are you guys.

FRANK

No, they're on there Mommy.

MARIE

Make sure the stuffing can't fall out.

(As MARIE continues FRANK violently bashes the bear against the floor.)

Oh, Frank and I just couldn't be more blissful! I didn't even really know what bliss was until...

FRANK

It's childproof, Mommy!

MARIE

Then what a lovely present!

(FRANK sits next to FRED)

So Fred, Fred, Fred, tell us—anybody new in your life?

FRED

I've been dating—no one special.

FRANK & MARIE

Aw-w-w-w-w-w!!!

FRED

No, I'm fine, I...

MARIE

Ah Fred, there was a time when all we used to do was...

FRANK

...Set up our single friends...

MARIE

...But since we've had...

FRANK

...Frank Junior...

MARIE

...It's been all dirty diapers...

FRANK

...Dirty, dirty di-di!

MARIE

...And breastfeeding...

FRANK

...Slurpie, slurpie, slurpie!

MARIE

And who's had the time?!

FRED

Oh, I can just imagine...

FRANK

Freeze!

FRED

What?!
(Very startled)

FRANK

Was that him?

(FRANK and MARIE immediately grab nearby walkie-talkies and listen intently. They hear no baby sounds, shaking their heads in relief.)

FRED

(Rising)
Hey, can I go in and look?
(FRANK and MARIE pull him back onto the sofa.)

MARIE

Oh, he's just sleeping now...

FRANK

...Though we'd love you to...

MARIE

...We don't want to disturb him...

FRANK

...Though we'd love you to.

MARIE

Hey, how 'bout watching some slides instead?

FRANK

What a swell idea! It's all set up!

FRANK & MARIE

Say "yes!" Say "yes!" Say "yes!"

FRED

Uh...yes.

FRANK & MARIE

Okay!

(FRANK clicks the projector's remote control.)

MARIE

Okay, here's Frank Junior...

FRANK

...Getting into the car for the first time...
(FRANK clicks the remote.)

MARIE

...And here's Frank Junior...

FRANK

...Going on a car ride for the first time...
(FRANK clicks the remote.)

MARIE

...And here's Frank Junior...

FRANK

...Throwing up in the car for the first time...
(FRANK clicks the remote.)

MARIE

...And here's Frank Junior...

FRANK

...Getting his first horsey ride...

MARIE

Honey?

FRANK

Yes, honey?

MARIE

You said "horsey."

FRANK

No!

MARIE

Yes!

FRANK

No!

MARIE

Yes!

FRANK

No!

MARIE

Yes!

MARIE & FRANK

Fred?

FRED

(Incredulously)

You said "horsey," Frank.

FRANK

(Very excited.)

I'm beginning to talk to adults like I talk to...

FRANK & MARIE

...Frank Junior!

MARIE

Freeze! Was that him?!

(They grab their walkie-talkies, listen, then shake their heads.)

FRED

Anyway, so I haven't had much luck finding a job...

MARIE

Wait! Brainstorm!

FRANK

What?!

MARIE

You know what Fred should do?

FRANK

What?!

MARIE

Become a single daddy and adopt a baby!

FRANK

Mommy, you're a genius! Finger kiss!

FRED

Why would I...?

FRANK

You know, Fred, before I met Marie...

MARIE

...I was half a person...

FRANK

...And I was half a person...

MARIE

...But then we got married...

FRANK & MARIE

...And now we're a whole.

FRANK

But then we had Frank Junior, and I realized...

MARIE

What?

FRANK

I was actually only one-third of a person, and Marie was only one-third of a person, and Frank Junior is one-third of a person, and now we're really a whole!

MARIE

(Very emotional.)

Thank you for fertilizing my egg.

FRANK

Thank you for being fruitful and multiplying.

MARIE

Thank you for having a decent sperm count.

FRANK

Thank you for...

FRED

Freeze!

FRANK & MARIE

What?!

FRED

Was that him?! Mommy better go check! Go, go, go...

(FRANK and MARIE jump up and head for the bedroom.)

FRANK

...Go, go, go, go...

(MARIE rushes off.)

FRED

(Heading for the door.)

Frank—I'm outta here, man!

FRANK

(Running to the door to stop FRED.)

Wait! I've got sonograms!

FRED

Frank, remember when you used to be...interesting. You used to have interesting thoughts about life, love, work! But now, Frank—"horsey," Frank. You understand me, buddy?

(FRED shadowboxes him; FRANK responds with a "patty-cake" gesture.)

Call me when he graduates college, Frank.

(FRED exits; FRANK turns and looks at the Teddy bear.)

MUSIC 15: THE BABY SONG

FRANK

(Picking up the Teddy bear.)

Ah, de wittle baby...Ah, de bittle waby...

WELL I DREAD THAT I'M REGRESSING

WITH MY HEAD THIS BABY'S MESSING
WEEBA DWEEBA DOOBA DABBY DOO
ONCE I BECAME A PARENT
I BECAME QUITE INCOHERENT
MAMA MAMA DADA WOO HOO HOO

WHEN I'M HURT I GET A BOO-BOO
WHEN I SLEEP I TAKE A SU-SU
NAPPY NAPPY NAPPY SWEEPY SWOO
IN THE CAR I GO VROOM, VROOM, VROOM
IN THE JOHN I MAKE A BOOM-BOOM
WOPPA WOPPA WOPPA POO POO POO

CAN I STOP THIS? GOD I WISH IT
'CAUSE I SOUND JUST LIKE A DIPSHIT
YEEHA YEEHA YEEHA BOOBY BOO
(FRANK responds to a "baby cry" in the music.)

NOW I HEAR MY BABY CRY-CRY
SO IT'S TIME THAT I GO BYE-BYE
(He waves the bear's arm.)
DOOBA DABBY DEEBY DUBBY WEEBA WOOPY WOO
(He exits to the bedroom as the lights fade out. Applause segue into:)

MUSIC 15A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 3: "Sex and the Married Couple"

(Lights up; MARLENE enters, exhausted and slumps onto the couch as the music fades out. DAVE, equally exhausted, enters and plops himself down next to her. They both wear ratty, end-of-the-day clothes.)

DAVE

(Without raising his head.)

You call the exterminator today?

MARLENE

(Without opening her eyes.)

Yeah. You pay the Visa bill?

DAVE

Yeah. You get the brakes fixed on the Subaru?

MARLENE

Yeah. You get the transmission fixed on the Celica?

DAVE

Yeah. You call the insurance company about the roof?

MARLENE

Yeah. You mail in the mortgage?

DAVE

Yeah. You get your mother in her room?

MARLENE

Yeah. You get the boys in bed?

DAVE

Yeah.

MARLENE

(Amazed.)

Yeah? How?

DAVE

I promised them a trip to Disney World.

MARLENE

Just for going to bed?

DAVE

I was exhausted. They were throwing the goldfish at each other. It just came out. I figure we wait a couple months, then tell them it burned down.

(With great, weary effort, he rises.)

Well, I gotta bundle the newspapers, then I'm going to bed.

MARLENE

Hey, honey?

DAVE

Yeah?

MARLENE

You...you want me to come?

DAVE

Naw, I can bundle the papers myself.

MARLENE

No, I mean to bed.

MUSIC 16: MARRIAGE TANGO

(A musical sting stops DAVE in his tracks; he looks at his watch.)

DAVE

Oh, it's only 9:45
(Musical sting.)
Hey, hey, hey! Really?

MARLENE
I dunno. Ya feel like?

DAVE
I could bundle tomorrow.

MARLENE
Yeah?

DAVE
Yeah.
(Another musical sting; MARLENE rushes toward DAVE, then abruptly stops.)

MARLENE
Wait! I gotta throw in the fabric softener!
(MARLENE rushes off.)

DAVE
I TUCKED IN BOTH THE BOYS
AND I PUT AWAY THEIR TOYS
SO TONIGHT I'LL FEEL THE JOYS OF BEING WED
I PUT AWAY EACH SMURF
AND THE FOOTBALLS MADE OF NERF
SO TONIGHT THIS DADDY'S TURF WILL BE HIS BED

I CLEANED UP LEGOS AND GORILLAS
TELETUBBIES AND GODZILLAS
AND ONE LARGE TYRANNOSAURUS REX
NOW WHO WOULD'VE GUESSED
BUT SOON I'LL BE UNDRESSED
I'M MARRIED AND I'M GONNA HAVE SEX

ZACHARY (OFFSTAGE)
Dad! Tyler threw up in bed!
(DAVE grimaces and dashes off as MARLENE dashes on, wearing lingerie over her ratty shirt.)

MARLENE
I LAID OUT THEIR SCHOOL CLOTHES
AND THE LEFTOVERS I FROZE
SO I'M READY TO EXPOSE MY ACHING BUST
I WALKED THE SAINT BERNARD
LET THE CAT OUT IN THE YARD
NOW WATCH MOMMY WORK REAL HARD WITH LOTS OF LUST

I PICKED UP BATMAN, PEZ AND SLINKIES
BEANIE BABIES, TROLLS AND TWINKIES
G.I. JOES WITH MUSCLES THAT FLEX
NOW WHO WOULD'VE KNOWN
BUT SOON I'LL HEAR ME MOAN
I'M MARRIED AND I'M GONNA HAVE SEX

(DAVE rushes back in, wearing bikini briefs over his sweat pants. They dance a tango as they sing.)

MARLENE
OH THERE WAS A TIME

DAVE
THERE WAS A TIME

MARLENE & DAVE
WHEN OUR NIGHTS WERE FILLED WITH PASSION SO DEEP
OH THE HEIGHTS WE WOULD CLIMB
BUT NOW WHEN IT'S DARK, WE'D MUCH RATHER SLEEP

But not tonight!

TYLER (OFFSTAGE)
Mom, I'm caught in the headboard!

MARLENE & DAVE
(Groaning.)
Aghh!
(MARLENE rushes off.)

DAVE
THE CAR'S IN THE GARAGE
MY LIBIDO'S GROWING LARGE
AND SOON I WILL DISCHARGE MY MANLY SPELL

ZACHARY (OFFSTAGE)
Dad, my lizard escaped!
(DAVE rushes off as MARLENE rushes on, wearing a pink feather boa.)

MARLENE
I COOKED DINNER IN THE WOK
I WASHED EVERY SHIRT AND SOCK
SO TONIGHT I'M GONNA ROCK 'N' ROLL LIKE HELL
(DAVE rushes on wearing football shoulder pads and they resume their tango.)

MARLENE & DAVE
WE PLAYED WITH PLAYDOH AND NINTENDO
WE WATCHED "DUMBO" TO THE END, OH

NOW IT'S TIME FOR FUN THAT'S RATED X
WE ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT
BUT SOON WE'LL BOTH BE NAKED

DAVE
WE'RE MARRIED

MARLENE
WE'RE MARRIED

MARLENE & DAVE
AND WE'RE GONNA HAVE
BURNING, YEARNING
WHEEZING, SQUEEZING
GAUDY, NAUGHTY
HEAVING, CLEAVING
GOOD OLD-FASHIONED...

TYLER & ZACHARY (OFFSTAGE)
Mom! Dad! The lizard's eating the guppies!
(They think for a moment, then:)

DAVE & MARLENE
Let 'em!

SEX!

(MARLENE falls to the sofa and DAVE jumps on top of her; blackout. Applause segue into:)

MUSIC 16A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 4: "The Family that Drives Together..."

(Lights up on four swivel, typist-type chairs on castors representing the front and back seats of a car. A HUSBAND and WIFE enter and stand next to their "car." She carries a cake box; music out.)

WIFE
Okay, we got the wine, we got the dessert—here, hold the mousse cake. We got the directions, we got the card—I signed it, you signed it, the kids signed it. The answering machine's on, the oven's off, the alarm's on, the toaster's off, the back door's locked, the side door's locked, the windows are locked. Noah! Emma! We're leaving! I unplugged the iron, I... Ohmigod! I left on Mr. Coffee!

(Reaching into her HUSBAND'S pockets.)

House keys?

(Retrieving them.)

Wait here.

(She runs off.)

MUSIC 17: ON THE HIGHWAY OF LOVE

HUSBAND

IN MY HOME I'M NOT THE BOSS
WITH MY KIDS I'M AT A LOSS
MY LIFE SEEMS CLOSE BUT NO CIGAR
I'VE BEEN JILTED BY MY LUCKY STAR
WELL THANK GOD AT LEAST
I'VE GOT MY CAR

(Music shifts to light rock 'n' roll feel as WIFE enters with EMMA, age 10 and NOAH, age 11.)

WIFE

Okay, everyone in.

(They ALL get in the car, the KIDS in the back seat.)

Okay, I'll keep the mousse cake on my lap. Ready when you are.

(To KIDS.)

And no fighting!

(HUSBAND back the car out of the driveway. Stepping in time with the music, they move their chairs as one unit.)

HUSBAND

WHEN I'M DRIVING
I'M THE KING OF MY DOMAIN

WIFE

Careful pulling out.

HUSBAND

WHEN I'M DRIVING
I'M A BEAST WITHOUT A CHAIN
(The car moves across the stage.)

WIFE

Slow, slow, we're not in a hurry.

HUSBAND

WHEN I'M DRIVING
I'M A FORCE YOU CAN'T RESTRAIN

WIFE

Put on your blinker. People aren't mind readers.

HUSBAND

BUT ON THE HIGHWAY OF LOVE
SHE'S DRIVING ME INSANE
(The music intensifies and the car moves faster.)

WIFE
KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD

HUSBAND
KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS IN YOUR HEAD

WIFE
KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THE WHEEL

HUSBAND
SHUT YOUR MOUTH OR YOU'RE DEAD

WIFE
I SHOULD'VE TAKEN A CAB

HUSBAND
YOU SHOULD'VE TAKEN A PILL

HUSBAND & WIFE
WHEN AUTOMOBILING
WE'RE NOT TOO APEALING

EMMA & NOAH
WHEN THEY'RE DRIVING
WE GET A LARGE MIGRAINE

HUSBAND
You know so much?!
(Releasing the wheel.)
You take the wheel!

WIFE
No!

EMMA & NOAH
ON THE HIGHWAY OF LOVE
THEY'RE DRIVING US INSANE
(Suddenly the lights change. The HUSBAND gets out of the car and stands beside it in a pool of light. The OTHERS lean into the curves, responding as if the car is still moving.)

HUSBAND
(To audience.)
Ladies and gentlemen, my wife—a mere passenger in my machine—seems to think it's her job to share her relentless opinions with the pilot. But remember those James Bond movies? The ones with all those cool cars with those ejector seats? All I'm saying is—General Motors could make a fortune. I thank you very much.

(He returns to the driver's seat. The WIFE now gets out of the car and stands in a pool of light, the OTHERS continuing to respond as if the car is still moving.)

WIFE

(To audience.)

You know, my husband has a heavy foot, which goes along with his heavy head. You would think he would view driving as a simple means of getting from somewhere to somewhere else. Instead, he must view it as a rite of manhood, a test of testosterone. If you ask me, it's no coincidence that the stick shift is shaped like the male sex organ. I thank you.

(She returns to her seat as the lights restore.)

AT HOME WE DON'T FIGHT

HUSBAND

AT HOME WE DON'T YELL

HUSBAND & WIFE

BUT ONCE WE START THE CAR
THE MARRIAGE GOES TO HELL

(The KIDS and the WIFE all talk at the same time.)

NOAH

Dad, I gotta pee!
I gotta pee!

EMMA

Are we there yet?!
Are we there yet?!

WIFE

My God, you're
Gonna hit that truck!

HUSBAND

(Yelling.)

Would you all shut up!

ALL

WE'RE LOSING OUR GRIP
ON THIS FAMILY TRIP

(The car separates into the four individual chairs and EACH CHARACTER takes off on his/her own spinning, twirling journey.)

WHEN WE'RE DRIVING
OUR FIGHT ARE HIGH-OCTANE

WIFE

This man is trying to kill me!

ALL

WHEN WE'RE DRIVING
WE'RE OBNOXIOUS AND PROFANE

HUSBAND

Goddamn it, don't make me stop this car!

ALL
WHEN WE'RE DRIVING
WE'RE IN A LOT OF PAIN

NOAH
We're growing up dysfunctional!

ALL
ON THE HIGHWAY OF LOVE

HUSBAND & WIFE
WE SCREAM TILL WE'RE HOARSE

ALL
ON THE HIGHWAY OF LOVE

EMMA & NOAH
THEY OUGHTA GET A DIVORCE
(The chairs come together, again forming the "car".)

ALL
ON THE HIGHWAY OF LO-O-O-O-OVE
(They lurch forward, then back as the car comes to a stop; music out.)

WIFE
Okay, that wasn't so bad.
(WIFE and KIDS pile out of the car; to HUSBAND.)
All right, you lock the car—I'll take the mousse cake. Noah, Emma—make sure you kiss all
your relatives, and don't tell anyone they're getting fat!
(She exits with the KIDS.)

HUSBAND
(Looking at watch; to audience.)
Hey, made good time.
(The music resumes as he gets out of the car.)

FOREVER SHALL I REIGN
OH, YEAH

(He blows a kiss to his car.)
Love ya, babe.
(Blackout; applause segue into:)

MUSIC 17A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 5: "Waiting"

(Lights up on MARK lying on a couch eating pretzels, enraptured by the television.)

CONNIE (OFFSTAGE)

Honey?

(No response as music fades out.)

Honey?!

MARK

What?

CONNIE (OFFSTAGE)

How much time left before half-time?

MARK

Thirty-two seconds.

CONNIE (OFFSTAGE)

Thirty-two real-life seconds or thirty-two football seconds?

MARK

Thirty-two football seconds.

(CONNIE enters and joins MARK at the couch. She peers at the television.)

CONNIE

Oh right, we're in one of those time-out, instant replay, slow-motion situations. Yes, I understand. After all, I've worked hard to learn about football, honey, 'cause I know you like it. And I do find it very interesting. Yes, it is very interesting the way they...you know—run up and down the field chasing each other. Yes, that can be fascinating. So how much time is left?

MARK

Thirty-two seconds.

CONNIE

Still thirty-two...Honey, you ever notice how my entire weekend is spent waiting for you? You...you ever notice that? Waiting, waiting, waiting...waiting.

MUSIC 18: WAITING TRIO

(GUY enters in another area of the stage, exhausted and slumping, laden with shopping bags. He stops at a stool.)

GUY

Waiting, waiting...

WE CAME TO BUY SHOES
LIKE SHE NEEDS MORE SHOES

BUT SO FAR WE HAVEN'T BEEN THROUGH
THE SHOE DEPARTMENT

I WAS DRAGGED HERE
I WAS NAGGED HERE
NOW SHE'S LEFT ME
(Holds up his wife's handbag.)
HOLDING THE BAG HERE

NAILED UP HERE IN MACY'S
HAVEN'T SEEN THE WIFE SINCE NOON
JAILED UP HERE IN MACY'S
I HOPE I'M PAROLED REAL SOON
TWITCHING HERE IN MACY'S
LORD, CAN'T I ESCAPE SOMEHOW?
BITCHING HERE IN MACY'S
WON'T SOMEONE JUST SHOOT ME NOW

(To his unseen wife.)

Honey! Look at me, honey! I know you can hear me, honey! How much longer you gonna be? Oh-h-h, waiting, waiting...

(SAMANTHA rushes on to a third area of the stage. The sign above her head reads "Ladies." Across the stage a similar sign reads "Men.")

SAMANTHA

C'mon ladies! I haven't got all day!

MY BLADDER'S BURSTING
AND I'M STUCK HERE ON LINE AGAIN
THIS LINE IS ENDLESS
AND I DRANK TOO MUCH WINE AGAIN
HOW COME MEN NEVER HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ALL THIS?!
THE SITUATION COULD NOT BE MUCH CLEARER NOW
I NEED A TOILET AND I NEED A MIRROR NOW
I SHALL REFUSE TO LET SUCH INJUSTICE EXIST!
I'M A WOMAN, I GOTTA PEE AND I'M PISSED

(The focus shifts back to CONNIE in her area of the stage and GUY in his.)

GUY

SHE'S SHOPPING

CONNIE

THIRTY-TWO MORE SECONDS

GUY

I'M DROPPING
NOTHIN' A MAN CAN DO BUT WEEP
SHE'S BUYING

CONNIE
THIRTY-TWO MORE SECONDS

GUY
I'M DYING
NOTHIN' 'BOUT MARRIAGE COME CHEAP...
(The focus now encompasses EVERYONE.)

SAMANTHA
(Overlapping GUY.)
...THE SITUATION IS
I'M GONNA EXPLODE RIGHT NOW
MY BLADDER'S BURSTING
AND I'M GONNA EXPLODE RIGHT NOW
THE SITUATION IS I'M GONNA EXPLODE...

GUY
(Overlapping SAMANTHA.)
...SHE'S SHOPPING
I'M DROPPING...

CONNIE
(Overlapping GUY.)
...THIRTY-TWO MORE SECONDS

ALL
THE WAITING'S APPALLING

SAMANTHA
AND NATURE IS CALLING

ALL
HOW LONG MUST THIS STALLING PERSIST?

CONNIE
I'M A HEAD-CASE, WAITING FOR HIM

GUY
WAITING FOR HER

SAMANTHA
I GOTTA PEE
(She crosses to the men's room.)

All right, boys, zip up. I'm coming in and I'm not very happy!

ALL
And I'm pissed!
(SAMANTHA storms into the men's room; blackout. Applause segue into:)

MUSIC 19: CANTATA REPRISE #3

SCENE 6

(The lights come up on a MAN and a WOMAN holding hands.)

HE & SHE
GETTING OLD, GROWING GRAY
KIDS HAVE ALL MOVED AWAY
HERE WE ARE ALL ALONE
OH MY GOD, TIME HAS FLOWN

SHE
WEDDING DAY, JUST A BLUR

HE
WHY DID I MARRY HER?

HE & SHE
ALL THE YEARS WE'VE BEEN THROUGH
ONCE AGAIN, WHO ARE YOU?

(They exit as the lights shift to a breakfast table. A HUSBAND and WIFE, in bathrobes and slippers, wearily enter. HUSBAND carries a coffee pot and newspaper. WIFE brings two cereal bowls. Without acknowledging each other, they mechanically follow their morning routine. HUSBAND pours the coffee, WIFE sets the bowls, and they each take half of the newspaper. They sit and read; after a moment, HUSBAND looks up and stares at her.)

MUSIC 20: SHOULDN'T I BE LESS IN LOVE WITH YOU?

HUSBAND
THE EXPERTS SAY IT DOES NOT LAST
THE EXPERTS SAY IT'S FLEETING
THE EXPERTS BRAY LOVE FADES SO FAST
THEN TELL ME, WHY IS MY HEART STILL BEATING?

SHOULDN'T I BE LESS IN LOVE WITH YOU?
SHOULDN'T I ADDRESS WHAT TIME CAN DO?
SHOULDN'T I BE MORE INCLINED TO FLEE?
SHOULDN'T I EXPLORE ALL I CAN BE?

SHOULDN'T I CONFESS A SORDID FLING?
SHOULDN'T I CARESS A CUTE YOUNG THING?
SHOULDN'T I ASSESS WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH?
SHOULDN'T I BE LESS IN LOVE WITH YOU?

AFTER THIRTY YEARS TOGETHER
ALL THOSE BRUTAL FIGHTS

THOSE FUTILE FIGHTS
THEN THE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

SHOULDN'T I HAVE QUIT 'CAUSE MARRIAGE ENDS?
SHOULDN'T WE HAVE SPLIT LIKE ALL OUR FRIENDS?
SHOULDN'T I PROFESS IT'S TIME TO GO?
SHOULDN'T I BE LESS IN LOVE WITH YOU?
NO

(WIFE looks up from paper.)

WIFE

What?

(He shakes his head—"nothing"—and they go back to their newspapers as the lights fade out. Applause segue into:)

MUSIC 20A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 7: "The Very First Dating Video of Rose Ritz"

(Lights up on Rose, who sits on a stool facing upstage into a video camera. The VIDEO OPERATOR pulls her into focus and we see her face in a close-up on a large video monitor at center stage; music out.)

VIDEO OPERATOR

Okay, just be yourself, don't be nervous and remember to smile.

(VIDEO OPERATOR exits. ROSE speaks into the camera.)

ROSE

Hello, I'm Rose Carboni. No! Ritz! Rose Ritz! That's it. Rose Ritz. Yes. Carboni was my husband's name. But he's dead. Whoops! Actually, he's not really dead, we're divorced. I just prefer to think of him as dead, cheers me right up. Oh my gosh, did I just do that?! Here I am, making my very first dating video—that's right, this is the very first dating video of Rose Ritz!—and I'm already telling all you potential...Mr. Video Men-Of-My-Dreams out there—telling all you Video Men that I'm divorced. Good move, Rosie!

But yes, I'm divorced. I love you forever—not! Divorced, divorced, divorced! But actually, can we not even talk about my divorce? My divorce was like...like open heart surgery without anesthesia. My insides were just ripped out, my guts on the floor, and no one bothered to sedate me!

Well, wasn't that attractive of me to share with you? Okay. I bet my phone is ringing off the hook already. Now about myself. Well, I just had to reenter the workforce as a telemarketer. Basically, I call people up, try to sell them something and they hang up on me. It's very fulfilling. Oh—and I just enrolled in a magic class at the high school adult school. It was either magic or a step aerobics class, and quite frankly, magic seemed less exhausting. And to be even more frank, I thought it'd be a more likely place to meet men. Unfortunately, the class consists entirely of divorced women, all hoping to meet men. Yes, seven divorced women learning how to pull a coin from a child's hear while next door twenty-five single men do step aerobics. Well, at least I'm back in the game!

Oh, I almost forgot—I've got children! Well, isn't that attractive? So Mr. Video Man, I hope you don't hate children. Though I do. Oh, I don't hate my children, of course! I hate the concept of having to raise children all by yourself after your dead husband walks out on your fortieth birthday! Oh my God! I just told you he left me, not vice versa! Damaged goods alert! Why should her dead husband dump her and run off with an older woman? That's right, he had a mid-life crisis and he didn't even have the decency to leave me for someone young and pretty and firm! He left me for a size eighteen with a grandchild and a bad hip! So now you're really wondering what is wrong with Rose Ritz!

Well you know what? I don't care, Mr. Video Man! 'Cause I've stayed up many a late night with nothing to comfort me except my thirty-two inch television and I sent away for all those tapes from all those late night infomercial things—Tony Robbins, Richard Simmons, all those nuts who think they're psychic—and now I believe in myself! Stop the insanity! Deal a meal! I'm okay! And now, after fifteen years of waking up next to the same balding lump of deadwood, Rose Ritz is ready and in control and had to stop the car three times to throw up on the way to this humiliating video dating session just on the thousand-to-one chance that maybe she'll meet a decent guy so she doesn't have to be alone for the rest of her life 'cause her dead husband left her for a limping grandmother!

(A beat.)

No warning. "I love someone more." Then he just left. And then it just stopped. My life. For three days, I laid in bed and just stopped. And somehow, here I am—on the six month anniversary of the collapse of my life—I got myself here—to make the very first dating video of Rose Ritz. So choose me, Mr. Video Man. Please.

VIDEO OPERATOR (OFFSTAGE)

Uh...Rose—Rose...uh...we have all that on tape. What do you say we try it again?

ROSE

No. No. That's exactly what I wanted to say.

(Blackout.)

MUSIC 20B: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 8: "Funerals are for Dating"

(Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 20C: FUNERAL MUSIC

(The music is solemn as lights come up on a room in a funeral home. MURIEL, a sober woman of about seventy, enters, pays her respects to the unseen corpse, and sits in one of two chairs. ARTHUR, also in his seventies but much more jovial, enters, glances at the corpse, shrugs his shoulders, and sits in the other chair. ARTHUR notices MURIEL; a short silence, then he remembers; music out.)

ARTHUR

The Markus viewing!

MURIEL

Excuse me?

ARTHUR

Frank Markus' wake—I saw you there. Also at...the memorial for Helen Luger! Right.

MURIEL

I'm sorry—do I know you?

ARTHUR

Yes, actually I think we were introduced at Maury Greenblatt's funeral. Is it Muriel?

MURIEL

Uh...yes.

ARTHUR

Nice to see you again, Muriel. Arthur Beasley.

MURIEL

(Very unsure.)

Hello.

ARTHUR

So—this seems like a nice funeral. Who's it for?

MURIEL

You don't know who the deceased is?

ARTHUR

No, I'm here for the four o'clock viewing—McNulty. I'm a little early, just thought it'd be nice to pay my respects.

MURIEL

It's for Judith...Oh my, I don't know her name. I didn't actually know her. I just accompanied my girlfriend.

ARTHUR

That's nice of you. Would you like some salami?

MURIEL

Pardon?

ARTHUR

(Removing a sandwich from his pocket and unwrapping it.)

I knew I was early, I brought along a sandwich. The salami's fresh from the A&P, and I sliced some fresh red pepper on from that nice little deli that's very clean on Fifth. I usually buy the bread from Fellini's Bakery but today it didn't smell so good so I went to the Grand Union. They never give me the right change at the Grand Union so I started fighting with the manager...

(He can't help but notice MURIEL'S stare.)

I shouldn't eat this here, should I?

(MURIEL still stares.)

I can wait.

(He put it away.)

Had the viewing for my Sue here—married forty-three years.

MURIEL

Hmmm.

ARTHUR

And you?

MURIEL

What?

ARTHUR

Your husband? Is this where you had the wake?

MURIEL

How would know my husband passed away?

ARTHUR

Just had that look about you.

MURIEL

What look?

ARTHUR

That look of someone who has lost the person they've spent their life with.

(A short silence.)

MURIEL

My Jim's viewing was in Schlatter's. Two years and a couple of months ago.

ARTHUR

Schlatter's is nice. Their seats are nice.

MURIEL

Yes.

ARTHUR

Seeing anyone?

MURIEL

Excuse me?

ARTHUR

Was that too forward?

MURIEL

This is a wake. Someone has died. True, we don't know who she is, still...

ARTHUR

I'm sorry. I don't usually do this, I just seem to be going to a lot of these lately. I just like to talk. I'm sorry.

MURIEL

It's not a problem. And you shouldn't get your salami from the A&P 'cause their butcher doesn't look clean to me. And if you go to a deli, make sure it's Jewish, they know what a decent portion looks like.

ARTHUR

Would you be interested in getting a cup of coffee later? Of course, you'd have to hang around till after the McNulty viewing, but they're nice people. They probably won't be in the best mood, but...

MURIEL

Is this a pickup?

ARTHUR

No, in order for it to actually be a pickup, you'd have to agree to a date. Right now, it's just an attempted pickup.

(MURIEL looks at him for a moment, then laughs, and he joins in.)

I made her laugh.

(MURIEL notices that others are staring and quickly stops.)

MURIEL

(Very embarrassed, to no one in particular.)

Sorry...sorry...

ARTHUR

(Dismissing the stares.)

Ah!

(A beat.)

So Muriel, how about it? Cup of coffee won't kill ya, pardon the expression.

MURIEL

Arthur, you seem like a nice man—you do, but...

MUSIC 21: I CAN LIVE WITH THAT

I don't really go out like you're intending...No, I just don't.

I'VE GOT SOME PROBLEMS, MY HEALTH'S NOT GOOD

ARTHUR

WELL AT OUR AGE THAT'S UNDERSTOOD

I'VE GOT ARTHRITIS

MURIEL

(*Indicating himself.*)
FLARES UP IN JUNE

ARTHUR

I'VE GOT BRONCHITIS

MURIEL

I'LL GET THAT SOON
NO MATTER
I CAN LIVE WITH THAT

ARTHUR

I'VE HAD A BYPASS

MURIEL

WELL I'VE HAD TWO

ARTHUR

I DYE MY HAIR

MURIEL

IT LOOKS NICE BLUE

ARTHUR

MY WAYS ARE SET

MURIEL

WELL, PEOPLE CHANGE
I FIND YOU SEXY

ARTHUR

I FIND YOU STRANGE

MURIEL

NO MATTER
I CAN LIVE WITH THAT

ARTHUR

I OFTEN THINK OF THOSE I MISS

MURIEL
FRIENDS KEEP DYING BUT I'VE GROWN STRONG

ARTHUR
SOMETIMES I HAVE TO REMINISCE

MURIEL
IT STILL DOES HURT, JUST NOT AS LONG
MY KIDS DON'T VISIT

ARTHUR
MINE NEVER LEAVE

MURIEL
I MAKE A MEAT LOAF YOU WON'T BELIEVE
ARTHUR
I TELL TALL TALES

MURIEL
I TELL THE TRUTH

ARTHUR
I DRINK SKIM MILK

MURIEL
I DRINK VERMOUTH

ARTHUR
NO MATTER
I CAN LIVE WITH THAT

MURIEL
I LIKE THINGS CLEAN, I SCRUB THE WASH

ARTHUR
I GOT A GARDEN, I GROW SOME SQUASH

MURIEL
I KEEP IN SHAPE, I MOW THE LAWN

ARTHUR
I WAKE UP LATE

MURIEL
I'M UP AT DAWN

ARTHUR
NO MATTER
I CAN LIVE WITH THAT

(The music continues as ARTHUR rises and extends his hand to MURIEL. A bit unsure, she takes his hand. They dance, tentatively at first, then ARTHUR loosens up and with growing enthusiasm, pulls her close. She backs away.)

MURIEL

Arthur, there's something I have to tell you. When it comes to..you know—I'm not the type that just hops right into bed like an acrobat. It takes time with me.

ARTHUR

Oh-oh.

MURIEL

That's a problem?

ARTHUR

Depends. How much time you talking? 'Cause if you're talking years, I don't think either of us has that long.

MURIEL

I was talking a few weeks. Maybe.

ARTHUR

NO MATTER
I CAN LIVE WITH THAT

MURIEL

I WILL BE BURIED AT MY JIM'S RIGHT

ARTHUR

NEXT TO MY SUE IS MY GRAVESITE

MURIEL & ARTHUR

BUT I'M STILL HERE WITH MUCH TO GIVE

ARTHUR

SOMEDAY I'LL DIE

MURIEL

FOR NOW, I'LL LIVE

I'll always love my Jim.

ARTHUR

And I, my Sue.

MURIEL

I...I just don't know.

ARTHUR
YOU THINK I DO?

MURIEL
(Seeing that he is unsure.)
NO MATTER

ARTHUR & MURIEL
I CAN LIVE WITH YOU
(ARTHUR extends his hand. MURIEL slowly places her hand in his as the lights fade out. Applause segue into:)

MUSIC 21A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 9: “Epilogue”

(Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 22: EPILOGUE

(In the darkness we hear chanting as in the “Prologue”. Shadowy lights come up on WOMAN 1 and MAN 1 as they enter dressed in their hooded robes, chanting.)

WOMAN 1 & MAN 1
(A cappella)
OOH-OOH-OOH-OOH...

WOMAN 1
And the Lord God said, “Thus is how the book of man and woman shall be written.”

MAN 1
Endlessly crashing into each other like two vengeful bumper cars—Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo—You played it for her you can play it for me—My man done did me wrong—Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry—I got it bad and that ain’t good---You make me feel like a natural woman—She was just seventeen, ya know what I mean—Love to love ya baby.
(WOMAN 2 and MAN 2 enter, also dressed in the hooded robes.)

WOMAN 2
“But above all else,” added the Lord God, “one truth is eternal.”

MAN 2
All ye good people of earth...

WOMAN 1
...Go forth with joy!

MAN 1
Find someone to love!

WOMAN 2

Someone you think is perfect!

MAN 2

Then spend the rest of your life trying to change them!

(Music segues directly into:)

MUSIC 23: I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE (FINALE)

ALL

(A cappella)

KEEP COMIN' BACK

I KEEP COMIN' BACK

I KEEP COMIN' BACK TO THIS WHIRLWIND TOUR

OF LOVING AND LEAVING AND WANTING MORE

I SWEAR THAT I SWORE OFF OF LOVE BEFORE

BUT I...

BUT I...

BUT I...

(The music comes in and they remove their robes. They are fully dressed in the same costumes they put on during the opening number.)

KEEP COMIN' BACK

SOMEHOW I KEEP COMIN' BACK

I KEEP COMIN' BACK ALL GOO-GOO EYED

I BEEN THROUGH THE WRINGER AND BEEN DRIP-DRIED

I SAY I'M A MESS BUT SAY IT WITH PRIDE

SO I...

SO I...

SO I...

KEEP COMIN' BACK

BABY, I KEEP COMIN' BACK

LOVE'S A DELICIOUS AND VICIOUS CURSE

ONCE YOU HIT BLISS THEN YOU HIT REVERSE

WELL IF LOVE'S A DISEASE BABY GET ME A NURSE

'CAUSE I...

'CAUSE I...

'CAUSE I...

(They pair off—WOMAN 1 with MAN 2, WOMAN 2 with MAN 1.)

KEEP COMIN' BACK

I KEEP COMIN' BACK

BACK IN THIS LOVESICK MESS I DIVE

BACK IN THIS RECKLESS JOY I THRIVE

I HEREBY CONCEDE WHAT I NEED TO SURVIVE

IS TO LOOK AT YOU AND SAY

I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT
I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE

I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT
I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE
(They ALL turn toward the audience.)

Hi.

(Blackout.)

END ACT II

MUSIC 24: BOWS AND EXIT MUSIC