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I AM I

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Cover art by

First Printing, 2011

Printed in U.S.A.

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Mitzi's Abortion

A Saint's Guide to Late-Term Politics and Medicine in America

by Elizabeth Heffron

4 Females, 3 Males

Synopsis: With humor, intelligence and honesty, *Mitzi's Abortion* explores the questions that have shaped the national debate over abortion, and reminds us that whatever we may think we believe, some decisions are neither easy nor simple when they become ours to make. A generous and compassionate comedy with serious themes about a young woman trying to make an intensely personal decision in a system determined to make it a political one.

The Princeton Seventh

by James Vculek

3 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: Two strangers start up a contentious conversation in a bar while they wait for a tribute to a dead poet. From that inauspicious beginning, the layers start to fall away and the twists start to pile up. When they are joined by a Nobel Prize winning author and his current trophy wife, the entanglements and revelations multiply. The play ends and then... it begins again. Or does it?

I AM I

a play by MIKE CZUBA

I AM I was first produced by Dancing Monkey Theatre at the Players' Theatre, Montreal, Quebec. July 2009.

It was directed by Larry Lamont.

The cast was as follows:

Tristan D. Lalla—Man 2

Patricia Mckenzie—Sonya

George Bekiaris—Man 1

The crew for the production was:

Allie Smith (Stage Manager/Assistant Director)

Mylene Choquette (Design - Lights/Set)

Phil Kadowaki (Assistant Design - Costume)

Tai Timbers (Music - Sound Design)

Kirk Calderon (Graphic Design)

Jimmy Hayes (Video)

Antoine Yared (Photography)

CHARACTERS:

Man 1

Man 2

Sonya

LOCATION:

Stage.

SET:

Three chairs. No 'Backstage'. (Use your imagination)

MUSIC:

A Guitarist (musician of some kind), visible (on stage), playing distorted, feed-back laden, groove infused rock'n'roll.

*(The Guitarist should interact with the Actors)

I AM I

(Theatre, house and stage lights on, music blasting (louder than normal). As the audience enters, Man 1 and Man 2 enter wearing the same outfit. Both have worn scripts in their hands. They drop the scripts on the side of the stage and do some 'actor' warm-ups. If they recognize anyone in the house, they should greet them.)

(House lights and music off. The actors engage the audience just as much as each other.)

MAN 1: How do you feel?

MAN 2: Not bad, you?

MAN 1: OK.

MAN 2: Good to know 'cause you look like shit.

MAN 1: Ah ha, funny... You know, just when I think we might be able to occupy the same space, you so graciously remind me that you're an asshole.

MAN 2: My pleasure.

MAN 1: So, why are we here?

MAN 2: That's a big fucking question to start the show.

MAN 1: I mean literally not, sub-text-tually

MAN 2: To meet Sonya.

MAN 1: Great. Another suicide mission.

MAN 2: Fuck you.

MAN 1: When she gets here, I'll just go over to her and get this over with quickly. These people don't need to see the carnage.

MAN 2: You're not going anywhere. You are going to stand right there, and not move.

MAN 1: Then why am I here? Can't you do it alone?

MAN 2: Oh believe me, I don't need you.

MAN 1: Really? Remember a couple of months ago? Last summer? And let us not forget, the tragedy of all tragedies!! 2003. There she stood, half in shadow, half in love...

MAN 2: Ahh! Don't fucking remind me.

MAN 1: You won't let me forget it!! Why must you distill every over-dramatic moment you've ever had into poetry?

MAN 2: Context.

MAN 1: Sympathy.

MAN 2: Whatever. (*beat*) She's beautiful though isn't she?

MAN 1: Can't argue with that.

MAN 2: A dancing smile.

MAN 1: How poetic.

MAN 2: Ok, seriously, how do I look?

MAN 1: Almost as good as me. So, tell me, why is this one going to be any different?

MAN 2: She likes me.

MAN 1: You sure about that?

MAN 2: We've been talking. I told her how I feel she... didn't run away.

MAN 1: I truly love your creative understanding of dating signals.

MAN 2: I just know. I can feel it.

MAN 1: 2003.

MAN 2: This is different.

MAN 1: How?

MAN 2: I don't know. Because, because it just has to be. One of these times, it has *to be*. It's the law of probability.

MAN 1: Ah fuck.

MAN 2: What?

MAN 1: I'll get the pen and paper ready, I feel a poem coming on.

MAN 2: Defeatist.

MAN 1: Realist.

MAN 2: I'm a romantic.

MAN 1: You're delusional! How many more times are we going to have to go through this?

MAN 2: Through what? Attempting to make a connection? Attempting to have some kind of contact with another human being?!! A gorgeous, smart, funny human being?

MAN 1: Something like that yeah. You see this is what always pisses me off. You're always the one that gets to make the bold moves, the big statements and I'm the one left wondering if the phone is going to ring or checking the fucking e-mail a hundred times a day.

MAN 2: And what's the alternative?

MAN 1: Fuck you *and* your alternatives!!

MAN 2: Settle down big boy, you're starting to freak them out.

MAN 1: ...I'm sorry. I'm just saying it hurts, OK. There I said it. Happy? You fuck. Go, go on, go talk to her. I'll stay over here getting the first-aid ready so we can bandage up what ever is left of our heart.

MAN 2: Now *that's* poetic. Can I use that?

MAN 1: Just... Go.

MAN 2: (*Beat*) What should I say?

MAN 1: You're kidding me?

MAN 2: C'mon, help me out, what's a good way to start?

MAN 1: I can't believe I'm doing this... Ok, stay with me because this is the killer smooth shit, you ready?

MAN 2: Lay it on me.

MAN 1: Say Hi, smile, and then... wait for her to say something.

MAN 2: That's it. I thought you read books? That's the best you can do? That's your killer smooth shit?

MAN 1: OK, smart guy, what does TV tell you to do?

MAN 2: Go over, look at her real sexy like and kiss her, *hard*.

(Man 2 tries to kiss Man 1 who struggles away.)

MAN 1: Wow. That's classy. I think you should go with your idea, I'd like to see that.

(Man 2 paces, looking over to Man 1. Looks out into the audience. Looks back to Man 1.)

MAN 2: Say Hi?

MAN 1: Then she'll say something and you respond to that. It's really the basic components of dialogue. Hi – How are you – I'm fine – How are you – Not bad – Nice weather we're having... And so on...

MAN 2: What if all she says is 'Hi' back?

MAN 1: Ah, compliment her hair, something she's wearing, ask her how her day was.

MAN 2: Yeah, tell her she looks good.

MAN 1: But do it casual. Stop planning ahead and listen. You're not a complete idiot.

MAN 2: ...You know you just sorta complimented me right there.

MAN 1: Yeah I know, fuck off.

MAN 2: Wait. If you're so good at this, why aren't you going to talk to her again?

MAN 1: Because I'm a pussy and I'll destroy any hope that you think might actually exist.

MAN 2: I know, I just wanted you to say it.

MAN 1: You're a riot. Now get over there and embarrass yourself.

(Enter Sonya. Man 1 pulls out a Boom-box from the side of the stage and the guitarist starts playing the opening lick of "Stairway to Heaven" - poorly.)

MAN 2: Where the fuck did you get that?

MAN 1: Over here.

MAN 2: Why are you playing that shit?

MAN 1: I'm setting a mood.

MAN 2: And she's going to hear it and find out you're a pussy.

MAN 1: Sensitive.

MAN 2: Fragile.

MAN 1: Emotionally empathetic.

MAN 2: Christ. Turn it off.

MAN 1: Fine.

(Man 1 waves over to the guitarist and gives him the "kill it" signal.)

MAN 2: Ok, here goes.

MAN 1: I'll be right here if you need me... Listen to her and don't say the first thing that comes to mind!!

MAN 2: Hi.

SONYA: Hi.

MAN 1: Shit we're screwed.

MAN 2: ...Ah, you look great.

SONYA: Thanks. You too.

(Silence. Man 2 turns back to Man 1.)

MAN 2: What now?

MAN 1: Ride it out. Be interesting.

MAN 2: What?

MAN 1: Don't be yourself.

MAN 2: Fuck you.

SONYA: I wasn't sure if I was going to come. This is kind of sudden.

MAN 2: How was your day?

MAN 1: What?

MAN 2: Ah, I mean, I'm glad you did.

SONYA: Did what?

MAN 2: Showed up. I'm happy you're here.

SONYA: Hmmm, Ok.

MAN 1: Hmmm OK? What the hell does that mean?

MAN 2: Can I ask you something?

MAN 1: Oh no.

SONYA: Sure.

MAN 2: Could I...

SONYA: What?

MAN 1: Please stop right there, I'm beggin' you.

(Man 2 looks back at Man 1 pleading on his knees.)

MAN 2: Ah, um, a friend of mine said this was a cool place.

MAN 1 : Oh thank god.

SONYA: That wasn't a question?

MAN 2: Huh?

SONYA: You said you wanted to ask me something?

MAN 1: Fuck me, we're dead.

MAN 2: Ok, I'm going to be honest with you...

MAN 1: Fuck. Shit, fuck!

SONYA: ...What's up?

MAN 2: I think you're amazing. You're all I've been thinking about since we started talking and I really want to kiss you right now.

MAN 1: Noooooo!

SONYA: Really? Wow. I don't know what to say.

MAN 2: Can I?

SONYA: No.

MAN 1: Ow.

(Man 1 falls to the ground as if he's been shot. The Guitarist feels it too.)

MAN 2: That's Ok. I understand.

(Man 2 turns to help Man 1 to his feet.)

SONYA: No wait. Don't go. Maybe you don't.

(Man 2 drops Man 1.)

MAN 2: But you / said you.

SONYA: I said you couldn't kiss me. I didn't tell you to walk away. I know none of what I might say is fair, but it is true. We both might want the same thing, but I think we're at different ends of that thing, you know?

MAN 1: *(beat)* I should get in there.

MAN 2: Would you get in here!! You were saying.

SONYA: Can we just talk?

MAN 2: Ok, sure / yeah, talk...

(Man 1 approaches and Man 2 recedes.)

MAN 1: Yeah, talk. Sorry about that. I get a little caught up in the moment sometimes.

MAN 2: Pussy man!!

SONYA: One of the first couple of times we e-mailed, I can't remember which time, you wrote something really interesting. What did you mean when you said you were looking for a muse you could touch?

MAN 1: Oh that, yeah... Um, I meant, Ah, that...

MAN 2: It sounded good at the time.

MAN 1: I meant it to say that I wasn't looking for just anything you know?

SONYA: What's just anything?

MAN 2: Just kiss her already. Like you want to. Take it!!

MAN 1: Shut the fuck up! Just anything is... Not going for everything you want all the time, ah, I mean you can't just chase sparks and pretend you don't need the fire. Um, you know, I mean you have to wait to see if something will burn...

SONYA: All the time?

MAN 1: Why not?

MAN 2: Good question.

SONYA: Because it's not possible, you'll miss out on so many things.

MAN 1: I disagree.

SONYA: I like the talking. I don't think I'm ready for anything serious. I thought I was... but I'm not, not right now anyway.

MAN 1: Oh. Ok.

SONYA: I was hoping we could be friends.

MAN 1: How did you not see this coming?

MAN 2: How did I not see this coming?

SONYA: So? Can we be friends?

MAN 2: YES!! Then one drunk night after something upsetting has happened; a tough day at work, or, god forbid, some romantic unfortunatness, I'll be there to listen, to hold you, to comfort you and then I'll grab your tities.

MAN 1: No.

SONYA: No?

MAN 2: NO?!

MAN 1: No. And I'll tell you why, it's because, I like you. I think your pretty great.

MAN 2: 'Pretty great'? Who says that?

MAN 1: And if I said that I'd be Ok with being friends, I'd be lying and that's not really a good foundation for a friendship is it? I'd be lying because every time we'd be together I'd be thinking about having sex with you. And while *I'm* Ok with that, you probably wouldn't appreciate it, and if you did, then why the hell aren't we having sex right now?

SONYA: You want to have sex with me right now?

MAN 1: Pretty much all the time.

MAN 2: It's true.

SONYA: Hold on, wait a sec, so you *do* want me, but because I'm not ready for anything, and I don't want to have sex with you, you don't want to be friends?

MAN 1: Yes.

MAN 2: Yup.

MAN 1: It's quite simple, are we really ever ready for anything? Right now or two weeks from now, next month, next year, if you were into me, even a little, you wouldn't let me walk away.

MAN 2: You sure you want to keep talking?

MAN 1: We make everything so fucking complicated! God, I hate this shit! I like you, I'm going to try to get with you. That's my way of expressing myself because I'm uncomfortable with intimacy and I have a low self worth.

MAN 2: Let the wooing begin!

SONYA: Sex isn't intimate?

MAN 1: Not all the time.

MAN 2: You're a twisted little man you know that.

MAN 1: I step forward, make a declaration of my feelings, I present myself to you, trembling in fear, wide open, ready to be crushed.

MAN 2: He's good at that, the 'trembling in fear' part.

MAN 1: So here I am, and I think, or I'm hoping you're kinda into me because although I'm quite comfortable with rejection, I like it better when it comes before I get too far down the rabbit hole, and what happens? You want to be friends!

SONYA: What's wrong with that?

MAN 2: Chicks.

MAN 1: What's wrong with that? Well I'll tell you.

SONYA: No it's ok, you don't have to. I don't think I want to hear this.

MAN 1: Well I'll tell you anyway. It is the fact that for some reason I'm incapable of getting anyone to be sufficiently attracted to me so that they would consider, just consider not being so fucking careful and make me some kind of priority.

SONYA: Really? So this is about priorities?

MAN 1: Yes.

SONYA: Priorities!?

MAN 2: No, don't listen to him. It's about sex!!

MAN 1: For once I'd like to be pursued. I want to be interested in someone and have them be interested in me, *at the same time!* We could exist *in* the same time.

MAN 2: Sounds fair. A dialogue without words.

MAN 1: Very poetic.

MAN 2: Thank you. Now shut up!

SONYA: You're kind of being a dick right now.

MAN 1: I'm wounded, so I'm being defensive.

SONYA: Wounded?

MAN 1: My heart.

MAN 2: 2003.

SONYA: I'm just not...

MAN 1: No need to explain. Better to get this all out in the open now before I started to resent you.

SONYA: Wow. I'm, I'm going to go now. Please, don't call me again.

MAN 1: Thought you might say that. See ya.

(Exit Sonya.)

MAN 2: ...What the fuck was that?

MAN 1: Yeah, huh, chicks...

MAN 2: Not her you asshole, you!

MAN 1: You heard her. She's not into you, or me.

MAN 2: So you sweet talk her, say something nice, then walk away, leaving the door open. Don't insult her, don't condescend her. Why must you explain everything?

MAN 1: Cause I'm pissed off.

MAN 2: You whiny little bitch. So you're pissed off, deal with it! Do you have to make everyone else around you feel like shit?

MAN 1: I don't expect you to understand.

MAN 2: Try me.

MAN 1: ...You can't. You are incapable of understanding what I'm going through right now. Everything for you is always no problem, keep moving, 'Everything works if you keep moving'.

MAN 2: Yes it does.

MAN 1: No it doesn't, it's just a bad line of dialogue.

MAN 2: Now you're not happy with your lines?

MAN 1: I'm fine with the lines... I have more than you.

MAN 2: You counted didn't you?

MAN 1: Yes. I always do. Just shut up for a second and let me explain. I'm not drinking the Kool-aid this time, because, because every time I do I'm left with all this residual shit caked on me that you won't deal with!!

MAN 2: What's the fucking point? This one doesn't work, on to the next. Their loss.

MAN 1: Maybe that's the problem. Have you ever stopped to think about why it doesn't work?

MAN 2: Who fucking cares!?

MAN 1: Always the intellectual. Ladies and gentlemen, give it up for the big thinker.

MAN 2: Pragmatician!

MAN 1: Pragma...? That's not even a thing.

MAN 2: Yes it is. It's someone who's pragmatic.

MAN 1: Then you would say 'being pragmatic'. A pragmatician would be like a carny magician whose special trick is making things pragmatic.

MAN 2: That's a good trick... Ok fine... Objective.

MAN 1: To the detriment of the subjective.

MAN 2: Can we get back to the issue at hand? Why? Why did you just fuck all this up for us!!

(Man 1 walks around, exploring the space, thinking.)

MAN 1: ...Where are we?

MAN 2: ...In a theatre. Ah, the people, seats...?

MAN 1: I know that. I mean metaphysically.

MAN 2: Oh Christ.

MAN 1: Seriously. All the shit we were going to do, all the shit we were going to be.

MAN 2: We're still hustling, what's the problem?

MAN 1: That's just it, we're still hustling.

MAN 2: I don't fucking understand you.

MAN 1: I'm tired...

MAN 2: Have a fucking seat if you're tired. There're a few in the front row.

MAN 1: I'm tired of pushing, tired of forcing, tired of guessing, tired of being rejected, judged, inspected... I'm tired of making excuses.

MAN 2: I don't make excuses!

MAN 1: Really? Unless we succeed in anything, your *reasons* are just excuses aren't they? I don't want the last 15 years of our life to be pushed aside, to become a footnote to some other existence we had no hand in building.

MAN 2: We do that by not stopping. We keep fighting the good fight, because it's noble, it's honorable, it's inspiring to the others who have given up! We give hope.

MAN 1: You can't eat hope.

MAN 2: Don't you think I know that!!? And I mean this in all seriousness, what's the alternative? Do we walk away? Forget it all happened? How? How do we wake up tomorrow morning knowing we gave up?

MAN 1: *(beat)* Maybe we don't wake up.

MAN 2: We are what we do. Without the hustle, we got nothing. We'll be nothing. You're right, might as well just end it, put us out of our misery like a fucking sick dog.

MAN 1: So now you want our death to be poetic?

MAN 2: I want *everything* to be poetic.

MAN 1: We'll re-invent.

MAN 2: We don't know anything else.

MAN 1: We'll learn.

MAN 2: Dogs and tricks.

MAN 1: I thought you would at least consider this. You're the one who doesn't need to look back so what does it matter what we become because we'd have no memory of what we were, at least you wouldn't.

MAN 2: I never said I didn't look back...

MAN 1: Remember last week, when we ran into Chuck Fleming? Wife, two kids, good job, owns his fucking house... He looked happy.

MAN 2: I look happy most of the time.

MAN 1: Yeah but I think he might actually *be* happy. It felt good to hear the comfort in his voice didn't it. That was all on the schedule; family, home...

MAN 2: Ya, and it's still part of the plan.

MAN 1: I want that now. I'm so tired. I want to touch someone for the millionth time. I want to walk into a room and all I have to do is nod and she'll know everything that happened that day. I want to consol a

crying child, my child. I want to give advice even if I don't know what the fuck I'm talking about. I want to play pitch and catch in the back yard, I want a back yard!! I want to go for a walk with my wife and not have to say anything. I want to have three-hour conversations about nothing. I want to try really hard to remember birthdays and anniversaries and be able to send flowers randomly for nothing more than a smile.

MAN 2: STOP!!! I, I, I!! It's always about you. Fuck I hate you sometimes...

(*Man 2, turns to the audience.*)

MAN 2: I apologize, this isn't what you came here to see is it? *This* isn't what we were planning on presenting.

MAN 1: What are you talking about? It's in the fucking title; *I AM I*. What else is it supposed to be about? And don't get all revisionist on them, you want this stuff too.

MAN 2: Yes. Yes I do, I can admit it. I can admit it and not sound like a fucking little bitch doing it.

MAN 1: Again with the little bitch.

MAN 2: You think you can have any of *that* if we don't get us figured out first? You take one step in that direction and all we're going to get is emptiness, bitterness and eventual failure.

MAN 1: What if *that's* what's missing?

MAN 2: That's a lot of pressure to put on something that's supposed to elevate.

MAN 1: (*beat*) Maybe the problem is you.

MAN 2: Excuse me?

MAN 1: Every time I see something remotely resembling comfort you fuck it up somehow. I'm trying to be rational about this and all you want is the show.

MAN 2: What did you just do to Sonya? What was all that shit about 'sparks and fire'?

MAN 1: You think there's a future with someone like that? She'll get bored of us.

MAN 2: Way to think positive. Someone like that, by her very nature, makes us not boring.

MAN 1: You're making my argument for me now.

MAN 2: No, *I'm* talking about a bonus. Alone, we're fine, secure, confident, interesting. With her, we're fucking golden. I can use the same argument because every time I find someone that makes me take a second look, you'll ruin it by becoming all self-conscious and sensitive. It's a matter of sustenance, without feeding, we die.

MAN 1: Fuck and run.

MAN 2: No you dick, fuck, stick around, and fuck again. What if she's cool? What if she holds up?

MAN 1: People lie.

MAN 2: Yes, most people do, but some, some don't. (*beat*) Let me get this straight, you want to advocate a preemptive position on truth? You want us to anticipate the lie? To save who?

MAN 1: Us, them.

MAN 2: Self-righteous ass.

MAN 1: ...I'm done. I'm through, we do this every time... I want anonymity, I want amnesty, I want simplicity, I want to get on with it.

MAN 2: Then I feel sorry for you.

MAN 1: Fuck you.

MAN 2: I want tension, passion and exhilaration! I want to be condemned! I want my insides in pain because I can't stop thinking of someone.

MAN 1: Good luck with that.

MAN 2: So that's it?

MAN 1: That's it. Let's just get whatever it is we want, separately. I can't do this with you anymore.

(Man 1 walks to one side of the stage. Man 2 moves to the other.)

MAN 2: Well you were holding me back anyway.

MAN 1: Go fuck yourself.

MAN 2: Suck my dick...

(Sonya enters to keep the play moving. She places three chairs in a row, sits in the middle one. Man 1 and 2 pace and wait.)

SONYA: ...This is how it started. I was sitting, like this, minding my own business when he sat down beside me.

(Man 2 sits.)

SONYA: He says nothing right away. I check him out. Cute, not gorgeous, but handsome. He had a warm smile. He turns.

MAN 2: Hi.

SONYA: Nothing more. But I see he checked me out. I feel ok about that because he didn't linger. I say hi back. Hi.

MAN 2: ...Hey you know what we should do? Exchange e-dress' and have ridiculous conversations on-line to get to know each other.

SONYA: Which I understood as...

MAN 2: I'll use that as a cover so you think I'm relatively normal, but I really want to have sex with you for long periods of time and I'm willing to work for it.

SONYA: Now, since he didn't come out and say it, I was Ok with that to. Like I said, he was cute and I mean, isn't that what they're all thinking anyway? I get home that night and he's already e-mailed me. I'm touched, tickled even.

MAN 2: Thank you for being amazing.

SONYA: It read. I blush. I write back and tell him he's not altogether bad either. We're just playing, you can say anything when you're playing right?

MAN 2: I said something cute at this point, I can't remember what.

SONYA: He asked me politely if he could e-mail me the next day. I thought it was cute that he asked for permission. I said yes.

MAN 2: This could have been fun. Until.

MAN 1: I wanted to make sure of a few things before it went any further.

(Man 1 sits.)

MAN 2: Asshole.

MAN 1: We've been burnt before.

MAN 2: Only because you think every one is the one! And another thing, could you please expand you metaphors to include things that aren't fire related?

MAN 1: I'm not talking to you.

(Sonya turns towards Man 1.)

SONYA: We ran into each other again the next day, strange, but he was different. He could barely look me in the eyes.

MAN 1: What if she saw through me?

SONYA: Like he didn't want to be there.

MAN 1: I didn't. I did, but I didn't. It's always so uncomfortable, what do you say? Then you start babbling on.

SONYA: What I liked was that he wasn't afraid to talk.

MAN 2: You fucking talk too much.

MAN 1: Sorry, I'm nervous.

MAN 2: Why are you even here?

MAN 1: Because moron, at some point you thought beyond fucking her.

MAN 2: That still doesn't mean we can't get all up / in it...

MAN 1: Shut it! I'm not talking to you right now.

SONYA: I liked listening to him. He asked me questions to, but I was a little nervous and wasn't sure what I was even saying. I said 'Hmmm', a lot.

MAN 1: I could tell she wasn't interested. She didn't say much, she said 'Hmmm' a lot, which I took to signify that she didn't want to tell me anything. Once again, I wasn't being very interesting.

SONYA: Then he asked.

MAN 2: I had to do something, he was fucking the whole thing up.

(Man 2 pushes Man 1 out of the way.)

MAN 2: Can we see each other again?

SONYA: I said yes. Harmless enough.

MAN 1: Wow. She wants to see us again.

MAN 2: She wants to see *me* again. If you didn't shut-up the whole thing would have been a waste of time.

SONYA: He said he was going to kiss me.

MAN 2: I was feeling good.

(Man 2 leans in to kiss her. Man 1 reaches over and sticks his hand between them.)

MAN 1: Too soon.

SONYA: I wasn't completely against it, but it was awkward.

MAN 1: That was awkward.

MAN 2: That was your fault.

MAN 1: I'm trying to be cool.

MAN 2: That's my job.

(Man 1 and 2 go back to their places across the stage from one another.)

SONYA: When I got home, there was another e-mail.

MAN 2: You should have waited, there's protocol.

MAN 1: I don't play games anymore.

SONYA: It said that the night made him 'happy'.

MAN 2: Hey at least you didn't say the night made the '*flames of your passion rise / up*'.

MAN 1: Yeah, yeah, I get it.

MAN 2: Cunt.

MAN 1: I'm being honest.

MAN 2: It was too much. We had the next date.

SONYA: You see I just got out of something pretty serious and, after two, not dates, but meetings... I'm making him happy?

MAN 1: The night made me happy. It's true, why should I lie about it?

SONYA: It was fun, I had fun, but...

MAN 2: You blew it.

SONYA: He's nice, it's obvious he likes me but... I *could* just see him again, we could go out. What happens, happens. It doesn't have to be serious all the time right?... Does it?... Ah who am I kidding.

(Exit Sonya.)

MAN 1: So now I'm not allowed to say if something makes me happy!? C'mon, when was the last time we were even in the vicinity of happy?

MAN 2: *(beat)* A man should always have 20 bucks in his pocket.

MAN 1: Aah, what are you doing?

MAN 2: I'm moving the action forward by introducing a new thought. A man should always / have 20 bucks

(Enter Sonya.)

SONYA: Hey, cut it out!

MAN 2: I'm getting to the point.

SONYA: Right now you're just embarrassing us. We cut that part.

MAN 1: Sorry everybody, hold on just a sec. Listen, can you stick to the script please?

MAN 2: Fuck the script. Let's get to it. This play is about what it means to be a man, today, now. Why aren't we talking about that?

MAN 1: Because that's not what it's about. It's about a guy trying to pick up a girl.

SONYA: You know, sexual politics in the modern age, that sort of thing.

MAN 2: Really?

MAN 1/SONYA: Yes!

MAN 2: Well I don't want to do that. And I don't think they want to see that. No one cares. Fine it's cute and I'm sure we'll make a few people laugh but isn't there supposed to be more to it?

SONYA: That's not for us to decide.

MAN 1: They can attach their own meaning to this.

MAN 2: How?!! What are they seeing? It's a sitcom. When does our goofy friend show up with the wacky problem?

(A laugh track kicks in.)

MAN 2: You're fucking kidding me.

(Laugh track. Man 2 loses it.)

MAN 1: C'mon, if you hate it so much, what are you doing here? You know where this is going.

SONYA: Don't screw this up for the rest of us.

MAN 1: Settle down.

(Sonya walks to the audience and borrows someone's program.)

SONYA: I'm just saying maybe *they* might want to see the rest of the show. The actual show.

(Maybe she reads a few lines from the Director's Notes, explaining the show.)

MAN 1: Run lines or something.

SONYA: What? Now?

(Man 1 runs back to get his worn script and picks someone out of the audience. He turns back to Sonya.)

MAN 1: What page are we on?

SONYA: 25.

(Man 1 asks an audience member to help out.)

MAN 1: Do you mind? We're on page 25, here. She's got a monologue coming up, be on book for her, let her know if she's getting anything wrong.