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Simply Simpatico

Three Short Plays by

S.W. Senek

12 ROUNDS.....4

Synopsis: Tom is looking for a one-night stand. Sarah is looking for a long-term relationship. Each coached by their best friends, they engage in twelve rounds of meeting the right person.

Cast: 2 M, 2W

Set: Bare stage with minimum props

AN ONGOING EXAMINATION OF THE TRUE MEANING OF LIFE.....27

Synopsis: A playwright thinks he/she knows the best direction for his characters; the characters think they know the best direction for the playwright.

Cast: 2 M, 1W or 1M, 2W

Set: Bare stage with minimum props

DOG LOVERS.....44

Synopsis: Missy includes her best friend and canine, Mitsy, when she decides to update her dating profile. The search is a success and she finds a perfect mate, Pete...but maybe he loves four-legged companionship just a little too much.

Cast: 2 M, 2W

Set: Bare stage with park bench

12 ROUNDS

The play was originally presented at 2005 spring EATfest and the Samuel French Short Play Festival. The play was directed by Nick Micozzi. The cast was as follows:

Jason Hare	Tom
Stacey Mayer	Sarah
Danae Hanson	Nancy
Matt Boethin/Desmond Dutcher	Roger

Set: There are two stools opposite of each other Up Stage. This area represents the “corners” or coach’s space where Tom and Sarah go between the rounds. The rest of the space Down Stage is the boxing ring of the bar. Also in the ring are two additional stools to use sparingly during the rounds.

Note: As the play progresses, Tom and Sarah look more and more disheveled and inebriated—until the very last round, where they pull themselves together and find some sense of normalcy. Also between the rounds, when Tom and Sarah go back to their corners, they should be prepped, sprayed with breath freshener, hairspray and perfume, splashed, sponged, and squirted with water, bandaged, rubbed with Vaseline etc...

(Bell rings several times to get the attention of the audience—as if it’s a beginning of a boxing match.)

NANCY

(Playing the part of the boxing announcer. Sarah enters sits on the bar stool.)

On the bar stool, an unsuccessful advertising consultant weighing in at an unspecified weight, standing at an unspecified height, with measurements and age I cannot divulge—abundance of bad perfume, a potential emotional wreck, she comes with a lifetime of free baggage to unload, the gift of gab, the helpless hopeful, the “one-filled” wonder, Sarah!

(Nancy, now Sarah’s coach, crosses over to Sarah.)

ROGER

(Playing the part of the boxing announcer. Tom enters looks ahead as if he's in front of a mirror.)

In the dark corner of this meat-market bar, where a feature is barely visible, a below average trial lawyer, with a below average IQ, and an above average shoe size; sporting clothes that are made for a man with enormous muscles—which he does *not* possess; from the cold tundra of nowhere, the man who can't grow facial hair and has a severe case of premature ejaculation—the bar-hop hipster, the unfunny-funny man, the loud-laughing loser, open mouth and insert foot for Tom!

(Roger, now Tom's agent, crosses over to Tom.)

NANCY.

(To Sarah.)

Don't make eye contact. He'll think you're an easy score.

TOM.

(To Roger)

I found my easy score.

NANCY.

(Getting her attention.)

Sarah.

SARAH.

But what if he's the "one"?

ROGER.

(To Tom.)

She's the "one", Tom.

NANCY.

He's not the "one".

TOM.

She's the "one".

NANCY.

You don't need him. You're looking for "The future."

SARAH.

I don't need him. I must be strong.

NANCY.

You're beautiful, smart, career oriented. He needs you.

SARAH.

Right. Perfect hair. Skin, smile. I have tons of confidence.

(Unconfident.) Right?

ROGER.

She's just a piece of meat Tommy boy—something to *gnaw* on later.

TOM.

Right. *(Starts to gaze at her.)*

ROGER.

Watch the eye contact. Don't let her catch you looking. Make her *make* you look. This is your night. You've trained all your life for this. Now just let your old pal here walk you through this. Keep repeating to yourself, "she wants it, she wants it."

TOM.

She wants it, she wants it—wait, what does she want?

(Bell sounds. Nancy and Roger, escorting Sarah and Tom, meet in the middle.)

NANCY.

(Introducing herself.)

I'm representing Sarah.

ROGER.

(Introducing himself.)

And I'm here for Tom.

NANCY.

First let's lay down some rules. We both came here with expectations.

ROGER.

Tom's here to get lucky.

NANCY.

And Sarah wants more than a one-night stand. She needs a husband, a baby, a house—are we playing with the two-drink minimum?

ROGER.

(Roger looks back at Tom who is picking his nose.)

Showing up will suffice.

NANCY.

Agreed.

ROGER.

No violent groin kicks, brass knuckles, or baking questions.

NANCY.

No questions regarding the crisis in the Middle East or basket weaving.

ROGER.

Agreed.

NANCY.

Alright, have a good clean pickup. *(Shakes Rogers hand.)*

TOM.

(Threatening to Sarah.)

You'll be coming home with me tonight.

SARAH.

(To Tom. Sincere.)

Can I bring my four-year-old son with us?

TOM.

(Stunned)

Son?

ROGER.

(To Sarah and Nancy.)

All right, back to your bar stool and wait for the bell.

NANCY.

(To Sarah. Walking back to the stool.)

Did you see his eyes when you said that?

TOM.

(To Roger. In their corner.)

She has a son?

ROGER.

She's trying to throw you. Ignore her. Take care of business. Nothing else matters. Nothing. You're the best baby—the best.

TOM.

(Trying to convince himself.)

I'm the best, —I'm the best.

(Bell rings. Round one Tom crosses over to Sarah. Stares at her. She waits a beat, Tom says nothing.)

SARAH.

Yes?

(Tom stands there, speechless. His lips try to move—but nothing can come out of his mouth. He then becomes dejected. Bell sounds. End of round one. They go back to their corners.)

ROGER.
(To Tom.)
You froze.

NANCY.
(To Sarah.)
He froze.

TOM.
(To Roger.)
I froze.

ROGER.
Relax. You're not the first guy to freeze. You have to get back out there.

SARAH.
(To Nancy.)
What if it's a fake freeze?

ROGER.
Act like it was a fake freeze.

TOM.
(Runs back out to the place where he froze. To Sarah and Nancy.)
Fake freeze! *(Poses fake freeze.)* Fake freeze! *(Repeats pose. He returns to Roger.)*

NANCY.
(To Sarah.)
He's faking the fake freeze. *(To Tom and Roger)* Fake freeze faker!

ROGER.
(To Tom.)
Don't be intimidated. Think about your needs. Think *now*.

NANCY.
(To Sarah.)
Think about the future. Think later.

(Bell sounds. Round two.)

TOM.
(Crossing to Sarah.) Hi, I was thinking maybe we could go halves on a bastard. *(Nothing.)* If I ask you for sex, would your answer be the same as the answer to this question? *(Beat.)* I must scientifically release some seminal fluid. May I use your body? *(Beat.)* My name's Tom. That's so you know what to scream. *(Beat.)* You look exactly like my mother—she was a hooker.

(Bell sounds. Tom goes back to his corner.)

NANCY.

(To Sarah.)

Great strategy! You didn't give him anything.

TOM.

(To Roger.)

She gave me nothing.

ROGER.

She looked at you.

NANCY.

The way you looked at him.

ROGER.

You softened her up.

NANCY.

You were perfect. But watch it, he'll come back and use everything he has. You're not looking for that kind of man. You need a real, honest, sensitive man.

TOM.

None of my lines even fazed her. It's like she heard them all before.

SARAH.

I never heard the "you look just like my mother" line before.

ROGER.

Great touch on the mother line.

NANCY.

That mother line is a trick. It's psychologically set up as bait to make you think he's thinking of his mother. *(Bell sounds.)* You own him, do you hear me?

ROGER.

Pace yourself Tommy.

TOM.

(Round three. Cross to Sarah who is sitting at a stool.)

Is this stool taken?

SARAH.

Yes.

(She rises and moves to a different location.)

TOM.

Can I buy you a drink?

SARAH.

No.

TOM.

Have we met before?

SARAH.

I have a short-term memory. What was the question?

TOM.

Do you come here often?

SARAH.

I have a short-term memory—did I say that?

TOM.

What's that perfume? (*Deep breath. Waves the aroma towards him.*)

SARAH.

Nothing, just gas.

TOM.

What are you drinking?

SARAH.

Milk. Helps to nurse my baby.

TOM.

You are beautiful.

SARAH.

Thanks to my surgeon—next step, removing the penis.

TOM.

Do you like movies?

SARAH.

No.

TOM.

Plastic shelves?

SARAH.

No.

TOM.

Diapers for adults?

SARAH.

No.

TOM.

Do you want to dance?

SARAH.

I'm paralyzed.

TOM.

Would you like to go home with me?

SARAH.

What a wonderful gift for my thirteenth birthday!

TOM.

Would you sleep with me?

SARAH.

Can you look past my crabs?

(Bell sounds.)

TOM.

(Looking woozy.)

Ohhh.

ROGER.

(Retrieving Tom.)

Over here Tommy, over here!

TOM.

(Disoriented.)

Where am I?

NANCY.

(Yelling at Roger and Tom.)

She's got more where that came from!

SARAH.

How did I do?

NANCY.

Slow down, don't peak too early. *(Sarah stares at Tom.)* What are you doing? Stop staring.

SARAH.

He *is* kind of cute.

NANCY.
Focus! Focus!

TOM.
What if she's more than a one-night stand?

ROGER.
Stop thinking that way! Get a grip on yourself! Look, let's try the sophisticated approach.

TOM.
Is it too early to be sophisticated?

(Bell sounds. Round four. She sits on a stool.)

TOM.
(Sophisticated. Holding a drink.)
Hello. *(Nothing.)* Hello?
(Taps her. She looks at him.)
Hello. May I sit next to you?
(Sarah looks at him and nods "yes". He sits.)

Rough one today. Business transaction after business transaction. Stocks up and down. Trading this, buying that. Phone call after phone call, people looking for a lawyer. Take this case, not that case. Meeting upon meeting upon meeting. Luncheons, schmoozing. laughing, yelling, people hanging up, law suits, judgments, embezzlement, convictions. No sleep, 48-hour days. No love. No *time* for love. Well, a little time for love. Actually, only two months left for love. Two months left to live. Terminal illness. Sex is the only cure. But you see, I don't care what my doctor says, I'm after love. I want long-term love. A wife. I have one at home. It wasn't the answer. The doctor was right. I need sex. So I'm here for sex. A business transaction. Time is short. I have a meeting soon. I can pencil you in say—now?
(Sarah ignores him.) Hello? *(She still ignores him.)* Hello! Hello! Hey, I'm talking to you *(He grabs her, and she turns to him.)* Can't you hear a damn thing I'm saying?

SARAH.
(Loudly back to him.)
I can't hear you. I'm deaf.

TOM.
Oh, sorry. *(Loud)* I'm sorry! *(Beat. In Pity. To himself.)* Why me?

SARAH.
Why you what?

TOM.

Why me—wait I thought you were deaf?

SARAH.

I can read lips.

TOM.

That's great. (*Beat. Shouts.*) That's great! You're beautiful, do you work out?!

SARAH.

Yoga.

TOM.

Ah, of course—it's all about moving your body in impossible positions—and big breaths, right? (*He motions his hands like he's breathing—stopping of course at the moment where he looks like he's holding breasts. Beat. She gouges him in the face. Bell sounds.*)

TOM.

(*To Roger.*)

Ohhh! Ahhh (*Grabbing for Roger. As if he can't see.*)

ROGER.

I gotch ya, Tommy.

TOM.

I'm seeing double. God, why is it so hard for a one-night stand?

ROGER.

Relax. It's a marathon, not a sprint. Think of the prize.

TOM.

I was on a roll.

NANCY.

(*To Sarah.*)

Brilliance. Brava! Brava! This is a piece of cake.

SARAH.

I didn't think it'd be this easy.

NANCY.

You can get anything now, a commitment, a ring, marriage, a baby girl to name Illyonvannavich. Who's the champ?

SARAH.

I am.

NANCY.
Who is?

SARAH.
I am!

(Bell sounds. Round five. Sarah crosses to Tom.)

SARAH.

(This slowly gathers speed.)

Hi. *(He says nothing.)* I hope I'm not too forward. I noticed you from across the room. I noticed you crossing the room. I noticed when you when into the bathroom. I notice you through the peephole going to the bathroom. I noticed you're left handed. I noticed when you came out of the bathroom. I noticed you breathing. I noticed you adjusting yourself. I noticed your laugh. I didn't notice a ring. I noticed you might have noticed me. I like to notice things. Noticing makes me more noticeable. You probably notice how I've noticed you all night. You probably notice how I'm after something long term. Do you notice the look of love in my eyes? Are my stalking tendencies noticeable? Have you noticed me follow you for the last five days? Have you noticed me outside your apartment. Did you notice my picture in the paper? I was on trial for murder.

(Bell sounds)

ROGER.

(To Tom.)

Handled beautifully—never take home a stalker.

NANCY.

(To Sarah.)

That stalking thing is kind of freaky.

SARAH.

(To Nancy.)

Sorry.

(Sarah stares at Tom.)

NANCY.

Play it a little more sincere. You're looking at him again.

TOM.

God, there's something about her.

SARAH.

I'm using the "God, there's something about her" look.

ROGER.

(Snaps fingers)

Tom, she's giving you the "God, there's something about her" look.

TOM.

What if she's the "one"?

ROGER.

She's not.

(Bell sounds. Round six. Sarah crosses to Tom. She starts dancing wildly in front of him. A song plays—like "Let's Get It On" by Marvin Gaye)

SARAH.

You're really cute.

TOM.

Thanks.

SARAH.

Never seen you here before.

TOM.

My first time here.

SARAH.

I'm going to be honest—I like you. A *lot*.

TOM.

I like you, too.

SARAH.

Do you like what you see?

TOM.

Oh, yes.

SARAH.

Do you want a real experience?

TOM.

Oh, yes—wow!

SARAH.

You want me now, don't you!

TOM.

Oh, yes—wow!

AN ONGOING EXAMINATION
OF THE TRUE MEANING OF LIFE

This play was performed at the 2005 New York Fifteen Minute Play Festival at the American Globe Theatre. It was directed by S.W. Senek. The cast was as follows:

PLAYWRIGHT	Sandra Holguin
HE	Joel Stigliano
SHE	Krysta L. Randles

This play was also performed at the 2006 Last Frontier Theatre Conference in Valdez, Alaska. It was directed by Codie Costello. The cast was as follows:

PLAYWRIGHT	Krista M. Schwarting
HE	Jeff McCamish
SHE	Eleanor Janecek Delaney

Notes: As the play progresses, He and She slowly become frustrated as they struggle to be together—without the help of the Playwright.

Tempo of the play: Allegro.

(Lights up on the Playwright who sits in front of a computer. Playwright contemplates for a moment, takes a sip of coffee, contemplates again then begins.)

PLAYWRIGHT.

Working title for this Play about true love, *(Beat.)* “*Love at...the Coffee Shop.*” Lights up in a coffee shop. We see a table.

(Man puts the table on stage. Lights up on a table.)

Strike that, a park bench.

(Lights out on the table.)

New working title, “*Love at...the Park.*”

(Man removes table.)

Lights up on a bench.

(Man places a bench on stage. Lights up on the bench.)

It is a dreary fall day; a small amount of leaves surrounding the bench.

(Woman enters and drops a few leaves).

Scratch that—it's a *bright and crisp* fall day—
(*It becomes brighter. Woman runs off stage and returns with more leaves. Man is following her holding one leaf.*)

and a large amount of leaves surrounding the bench.

(*Woman drops more leaves. Man drops his single leaf and exits.*)

Perhaps that's too many.

(*Woman picks his leaf up and begins to exit.*)

That's nice—except there should be some leaves on the bench to make it look authentic. (*Woman returns, picks some leaves up and drops them on the bench.*)

Nope, I was wrong. That looks messy.

(*Woman returns to the bench frustrated and knocks the leaves off then exits.*)

Better.

Enter Man—"He."

(*Man enters.*)

No.

(*Man turns and exits.*)

Yes, He enters. (*He enters again.*) Man carries a newspaper, sports a well-made fedora with an overcoat, whistling.

(*Man does this.*)

No hat, keep the overcoat and the paper—forget the whistling. He hums.

(*Man does this.*)

No, drop the paper—let's try a book (*Woman tosses him a book.*) and add glasses. (*Man pulls out glasses and puts them on.*) The man rests on the bench and begins to read.

(*He sits.*)

No.

(*Man stands.*)

The man looks at his watch then sits and reads. No, looks around before reading. Smiles. Frowns—the man is blind. (*Man drops the book and blindly feels outward.*) No, he can see.

He's blind (*He goes to the ground and feels for the book.*)—which makes it difficult to read. Alright, he can see, but he's losing his sight.

(*Man struggles to read.*)

Enter woman—"She"—skipping hurriedly.

(*Woman enters skipping.*)

Back up.

(*She skips backwards.*)

How about a slow skip without purpose— or with purpose, but without skipping. (*She does this.*)

She wears a dress, carries a basket and pulls out a light blue sweater.

(She does this.)

No, red.

(Begins to pull a red sweater from her basket.)

No, green.

(She pulls a green sweater from her basket.)

—let's go blue.

(She pulls out the blue sweater...again.)

Perfect. She enters and searches for a place to sit.

(She stands behind him searching to one side, then the other.)

No, she doesn't search, she knows where to sit—the same bench she sits at every day at lunch.

(She sits.)

She has knitting tools. No, *He* has knitting tools, *She* has the book.

(They trade.)

She opens the book to page one—the middle of the book—she's almost finished with the book. He turns towards her. Away. Towards. Away. Towards. Yes. She looks back—she ignores him. She loves him.

(They embrace.)

She hates him.

(She stands and slaps him.)

She doesn't know him. He speaks.

HE.

(Southern voice. He stands up and continues knitting.)

Howdy ma'am!

PLAYWRIGHT.

Spits to the side and smears the tobacco drizzle romantically.

(He does this—well, as romantic as one can smear tobacco drizzle.)

HE.

How about a wet one, right here. *(Points to his mouth where the drizzle was.)*

PLAYWRIGHT and SHE.

Yuck.

PLAYWRIGHT.

Try that again.

HE.

(Guido voice. Sits and still knits.)

Aye, baby—how you doin'? You wanna touch my hairy back?

PLAYWRIGHT.

Less is more.

HE.

(Plain.)

Hello.

PLAYWRIGHT.

She nods back. No, waves. No, she flips him off. She speaks.

SHE.

LEAVE ME ALONE! *(He protects himself by holding the knitting needles together as a cross.)*

PLAYWRIGHT.

She's nicer—and English.

SHE.

How about an old romp on the rump?

HE.

Eh?

SHE.

Sex.

HE.

Yes!

PLAYWRIGHT.

No—too soon. Drop the accent.

SHE.

(Plain, somewhat shy.)

Hello.

PLAYWRIGHT.

They acknowledge each other. He ponders how to start a conversation.

(He's speechless.)

Awkward moment. Uncomfortable silence.

(Just the sound of knitting needles tapping against one another.)

He looks at her legs. She smiles. He examines her breast. She doesn't smile. He looks up her dress.

HE.

Peek-a-boo—Peek-a-boo!

PLAYWRIGHT.

She hits him over the head. Scratch that—he holds up his knitting job—

SHE.

What is it?

HE.

It's *lingerie*! For my *grandmother*!

PLAYWRIGHT.

It's a scarf.

HE.

A scarf. I *love* knitting! My father and I knit together every Monday night.

PLAYWRIGHT.

No.

HE.

I'm knitting *you* underpants.

PLAYWRIGHT.

No. Forget the knitting. Read the newspaper. He speaks again.

HE.

How much can one endure, I ask? Cover to cover, it's endless. The whole world's at war, the economy's down, there's murder in the city! Doom! Doom! DOOM!

PLAYWRIGHT.

Too pessimistic.

HE.

I like to read the personal ads upside down. (*He turns paper upside down.*)

PLAYWRIGHT.

That doesn't make sense.

HE.

I find it utterly repulsive when black newsprint gets on my fingers? (*Wipes his fingers on her.*)

SHE.

It turns me on. (*She brushes her hand against his face, causing his glasses to slide crooked.*)

PLAYWRIGHT.

No, she agrees with him.

SHE.

(Very quick ramble.)

Yes, especially if I'm wearing white. Like yesterday, I'm wearing my white dress shoes with the pink flower on the toes, my matching white pants—which took me all day to find at the clothing store—not to mention my white blouse, which I paid *way* too much for. I would've had the white jacket except they were sold out—Do you believe that? A sale on white jackets and they're sold out. I asked for a rain check on the item. They said they couldn't order any more. I ask why, they said "it didn't sell, which is why we had the sale."

PLAYWRIGHT and HE.

Right.

PLAYWRIGHT.

Forget the newspaper, he's knitting again. He sees her book.

HE.

Catch 22?

SHE.

Yes.

HE.

That was the worst book I ever read.

SHE.

This is my favorite book. It's my fourth time reading it.

PLAYWRIGHT.

No.

HE.

I *love* that book, it reminds me of my college days—that's when I read it.

SHE.

It reminds me of shooting my first husband. He was reading it when I shot him.

(She slams the book shut.)

PLAYWRIGHT.

Ouch.

HE.

Great book.

SHE.

Is it?

HE.

(Can't contain himself.)

Yosarian doesn't have to fly the mission—he lives! He lives! Isn't that wonderful? Rejoice! He lives!

SHE.

Thanks for ruining the ending. *(Slams book shut.)*

PLAYWRIGHT.

Back that up. He has a book as well.

HE.

Great book.

SHE.

I know. I can't stop reading it. What are *you* reading?

HE.

How to Pick up Women in the Park.

PLAYWRIGHT.

Too direct.

HE.

How to Have Confidence. (Beat.) I think I wet myself.

PLAYWRIGHT.

How embarrassing.

HE.

A book of poems.

SHE.

I despise poetry.

PLAYWRIGHT.

She loves poetry.

SHE.

I *love* poetry.

PLAYWRIGHT.

He reads her some.

HE.

(Optional: An underscore of beatnik poetry music)

You, you, you.

Smell.

Yucky, stinky, stinky—like

Big, brown, brown, big cow.

You, you, you.

(End music.)

PLAYWRIGHT.

Perhaps a little more romantic.

HE.

(Very romantic voice.)

You, you, you,

Fresh roses.

My heart, beats a race horse—

My race horse.

It calls out for

You, you, you.

SHE.

That inspires me to do an interpretive dance. *(Splashy galloping music. She gallops like a horse.)*

PLAYWRIGHT and HE.

NO!

SHE.

I have a slight hearing loss, but I'm sure it was nice poetry.

HE.

Hi, I'm Don Fluedenflanker.

SHE.

Ron Fladenfocker.

HE.

Don Fluedenflanker.

SHE.

Tom Fuckenflicker.

HE.

Don Fluedenflanker!

SHE.

Won Winkywanker.

PLAYWRIGHT.
Suddenly she hears.

SHE.
It's a miracle! I can hear!

PLAYWRIGHT.
He changes name.

HE.
Hi my name is Upenschtiemer van Blottenpoppenschtiemer.

PLAYWRIGHT.
No.

HE.
Hi my name is John. You?

SHE.
My hooker name is Iwanna Bendover. *(She turns around showing her rear, he brings his hand back to slap it—)*

HE.
Yes.

PLAYWRIGHT.
No.

SHE.
I'm Mary. Nice to meet you John.
(They shake hands)

HE
Boy this day sucks—besides my athlete's foot acting up, I have contagious genital warts that itch like crazy.

SHE.
You too?
(They stop shaking hands.)

PLAYWRIGHT.
No.

HE.
The color of your hair—

SHE.
Yes?

HE.

It reminds me of my dog. (*She stands and slaps him.*)

PLAYWRIGHT.

No.

HE.

It's the perfect color.

SHE.

Thanks. I saturate it in raw eggs every night.

PLAYWRIGHT.

Delete that.

SHE.

It's a wig—I'm really a man. Do you want to see my penis?

PLAYWRIGHT and HE.

NO!

SHE.

Thank you. It's natural—from my mother's side.

HE.

Great. I hope I'm not too forward, but I noticed you here during summer.

SHE.

You have?

HE.

Yes. I wanted to talk to you. But...

SHE.

Yes?

HE.

Well, I'm nervous.

SHE.

What's to be nervous about?

HE.

That you wouldn't like me for who I am.

SHE.

And who are you?

HE.

A convicted killer—

PLAYWRIGHT.

No.

SHE.

What's there to be nervous about?

HE.

I wear adult diapers.

PLAYWRIGHT.

No.

SHE.

What's there to be nervous about?

HE.

I have an uncontrollable lisp.

SHE.

You do?

HE.

Yeth. (*Translation: Yes.*)

SHE.

Tho do I! (*Translation: So do I!*)

HE.

That'th terrific! (*Translation: That's terrific!*)

SHE.

Thplendid. (*Translation: Splendid.*)

HE.

Thuper. (*Translation: Super.*)

SHE.

Mohtguyth think it'th a turnoff. (*Translation: Most guys think it's a turnoff.*)

HE.

Thame here. Exthept the "guy" part. (*Translation: Same here except the "guy" part.*)

PLAYWRIGHT.

No—he drops the lisp—she keeps it.

HE.

The truth is I'm narcoleptic.

DOG LOVERS

This play was originally produced by the Manhattan Comedy Collective in NYC in 2006. It was directed by Anthony Luciano. The cast was as follows:

MISSY	Kristi Funk
MITSY	Samara Doucette
PETE	Blake White
PEEKAR	Matt Bridges

This play was also performed at the 2006 New York Fifteen Minute Play Festival at the American Globe Theatre. It was directed by Anthony Luciano. The cast was as follows:

MISSY	Stacy Mayer
MITSY	Sandra Holguin
PETE	Blake White
PEEKAR	Joel Stigliano

Set: Bare stage with park bench

MISSY.

(To the audience.) For the last six months, I have been lonely.

MITSY.

(To the audience.) Very lonely—it’s pathetic.

MISSY.

I’m in search of, well, a man. However, not just *any* man.

MITSY.

She has her needs.

MISSY.

I’m a very finicky fitness instructor—like my muscles, I have limits. You see in my past relationships, “he” always wanted “me” to give up the things I love most: sit-ups after eating *Godiva* Chocolates, listening to the hum of air conditioners and my little poodle, Mitsy.

MITSY.

That’s me.

MISSY.

That's her. My beautiful Mitsy. So, any man who wants me, has to want Mitsy—we're a package—all or nothing at all. I mean, the last guy I dated, he was allergic to dogs.

MITSY.

It's rude when someone's allergic to you.

MISSY.

"It's either me or the dog," he said.

MITSY.

He gave her one minute and thirty-three seconds.

MISSY.

Give my up little girl? Never! No!

MITSY.

Then he sneezed on me.

MISSY.

He sneezed and left.

MITSY.

Missy is so good to me. She gives me exercise, feeds me, rubs my belly, scoops up my feces from the sidewalk and parades it in a baggy. I say anyone who proudly does that, well, they're special.

MISSY.

I enjoy doing the little things for her. Together, *we're* beautiful.

MITSY.

Besides my dream of being in a movie—there's no place I'd rather be.

MISSY.

Sometimes I sense that she'd like to be in a movie. I hope I'm not holding her back.

MITSY.

(To Missy.) Surely you're not.

MISSY.

(To Mitsy.) Good. *(Beat. Aside.)* It's so weird, on occasion—it's like I can hear her talk to me. But that's silly, dogs can't talk, right? Right. *(Beat.)* So a friend of mine suggests, "why don't you find your perfect man online—another dog lover." Well, I never tried that before. So, I reluctantly sign up on Desperatedates.com; write my blurb—with the perfect heading: "You can't exercise Missy without exercising

Mitsy.” *(Look of question. She’s not sure if the heading makes sense.)*
To top it off, I find a perfect picture to post. *(They pose.)* Then? I wait—

MITSY.
Wait—

MISSY.
And wait. Finally, I get a reply—the subject reads: “Dog Lovers at Madison Park. “

MITSY.
And attached is a picture. *(Pete and Peekar pose. Sound: Bing.)*

MISSY.
Pete—

MITSY.
And Peekar. *(They both sigh.)*

MISSY.
His profile is amazing. It mirrors mine—he is also a fitness instructor. Wow. So we email back and forth and in a blink of an eye, we set up a time to meet at Madison Park. Who knows, right? Right.

MITSY.
We go to the park to meet. Then—

(At the park. Pete and Peekar still pose while waiting on a park bench.)

PETE.
(Out of his pose.)
Missy? Mitsy? Is that you?

MISSY and MITSY.
(Missy and Mitsy do a quick pose of their picture online.) It’s us!
(Sound: Bing.)

PETE.
Look Peekar, it’s Mitsy. You see? She’s—they’re picturesque—just like the picture.

MISSY.
And your picture—adorable.

PETE.
I’m Pete—this is Peekar. *(Pete and Peekar quick pose again. Sound: Bing.)* I’m sorry if I seem excited, it’s—well, it’s just been countless

dates of— (*Pete crosses closer to Missy.*) well, you see, when you replied with a picture of you and Mitsy, I knew it was right, I could feel it. (*He discretely breathes in Missy's scent.*) Go on buddy, say hi.

PEEKAR.

(*To Mitsy.*) Hi. I'm Peekar...I'm a dog. I eat dog food that's for sensitive stomachs.

MITSY.

(*To Peekar.*) Hi. I'm Mitsy...I like to pee-pee on that tree over there.

MISSY.

(*To the audience.*) Our first "date" is so refreshing. We talk about exercise machines, the New York City telephone directory, monthly enemas —

PETE.

(*To Missy.*) I don't go anywhere without Peekar. He's my world.

MISSY.

(*To Pete.*) And Mitsy's my world.

MITSY.

(*To the audience.*) It takes thirteen minutes for Peekar to feel comfortable, but when he does—

PEEKAR.

(*To Mitsy.*) I know we just met—

MITSY.

(*To Peekar.*) Yes?

PEEKAR.

But—

MITSY.

Yes?

PEEKAR.

You want to smell my back end?

MITSY.

One sniff wouldn't hurt—to know who you are of course.

PEEKAR.

Of course.

(*Peekar turns around, prepares—Mitsy prepares, then proceeds.*)

MISSY.

(To the audience.) We hit it off. Finally, a man who has a parallel understanding.

MITSY.

(To the audience.) Peekar is different than those other dogs, he's charming—and honest—in a dog-kind of way.

MISSY.

So we set up another date.

PETE.

(Hands a picture of a paw print to Missy.) For you and Mitsy. Peekar made it.

MITSY.

(To the audience.) He's an artist.

PEEKAR.

I call it "Paw".

MITSY.

(To the audience.) He likes me for more than just my body. He sees me for my intellect.

MISSY.

And Pete and I are—well, there's something about him. *(Pete and Missy exchange an intense look)* And I likey.

MITSY.

All I can think about is the park and Peekar's back end.

MISSY.

All I can think about is kissing Pete. But that means we'd have to get to date number three? Does he even like me? Suddenly, he calls and says—"Us, the *dogs*, noon, at—

MISSY and PETE.

The park.

MISSY.

How sweet is this—Pete has another gift for me—well, for Mitsy.

MITSY.

What is it? Tell me!

PETE.

(At the Park.) I couldn't control myself, I was at the pet store this morning, and what do I see?

MISSY.

Oh, you didn't have to—

PETE.

Well, actually I didn't.

MISSY.

You didn't?

PETE.

Peekar did! (Pete enthusiastically laughs then reveals the toy.)

MITSY.

(To Peekar.) A fire hydrant squeaker toy. I've always wanted one. That was so sweet of you. Peekar.

PEEKAR.

I got it because I think you're real special. It reminds me of you—when you pee-pee. It's like, when you're ready to go—you open her up and WOOSH! *(He squeaks the toy. Mitsy flops around.)*

MITSY.

Oh, Peekar! *(Squeaks toy.)*

MISSY.

Look, she's excited.

MITSY.

This makes me very excited. *(She squeaks the toy.)*

PEEKAR.

You being excited makes *me* very excited!

PETE.

Look how excited they are. This is exciting!

MITSY.

I can't contain myself—*(She gives Peekar a kiss.)*

PEEKAR.

Wow! A kiss!

PETE.

She kissed him. She kissed him! Way to go Peekar!!

MISSY.

(Staring at Pete.)

They're really bonding.

PETE.

This moment makes me proud.

MISSY.

Thank you for the gift—that was so sweet of you—and Peekar. (*Beat. Missy grabs Pete and kisses him.*)

PEEKAR.

Wow! She kissed Pete!

MITSY.

She kissed him! All this kissing—I want to kiss you again! (*Mitsy grabs Peekar and kisses him again. This time longer.*)

PETE.

Now look at them! Go on Peekar! Yes! Yes! (*Pete jumps up and down in excitement. Missy grabs Pete and kisses him longer. Pete, while kissing Missy, tries to sneak a peak at Mitsy and Peekar.*) Go get her!

MITSY.

(*To the audience.*) It is so clear—

MISSY.

In so little time— (*To Mitsy.*) Mitsy, I'm in love.

MITSY.

(*To Missy.*) Missy, I'm in love.

MISSY.

(*To the audience.*) The way Pete gets animated about Mitsy and Peekar—it's incredible. Just yesterday, before we parted, Pete says to me—

PETE.

This is really working out—the dogs and me—us.

MISSY.

And it keeps getting better. Countless dates at the park. Mitsy continues to get showered with gifts: (*Pete and Peekar hand Missy and Mitsy various gifts. During this, there is showroom music.*) grooming gift certificates (*Pete hands Missy an oversized gift certificate.*), treats (*Pete hands Missy large treats. Missy stuffs one in Mitsy's mouth.*), and a bodacious blue bow! (*Pete hands Missy the large bow. Missy places the bow on Mitsy.*)

MITSY.

(*To the audience.*) Peekar and I have so much in common—we're both dogs, and we bark!

MISSY.

Weeks pass. More paintings (*Pete hands Missy an armful of paintings.*)—and gifts! (*Pete enters with a large, cartoon-looking, high stack of wrapped presents. Music ends.*)

PEEKAR.

(*Sitting with Mitsy looking at a painting.*)

This painting was inspired by your outer beauty. I call it “the other paw.”

MISSY.

Before my eyes, Peekar and Mitsy become more intimate. I start to feel—well—

MITSY.

(*At the park.*) Peekar, I’d watch it. I’m in heat. I’m liable to hump your head—I and don’t care who sees.

PEEKAR.

That’s a sign Mitsy—that we’re ready to open our relationship up to the whole world.

MITSY.

Really?

PEEKAR.

Really!

MITSY.

(*Howling.*) YES!!

PEEKAR.

(*Howling.*) YES!!!

(*Mitsy gets on top of Peekar.*)

MISSY.

Mitsy, should you be doing that to Peekar? Mitsy? (*To Pete.*) Should they really be doing this?

PETE.

It must be true love—Go on Peekar! Way to take it! Way to take it!

MISSY.

(*To the audience.*) I’ve never seen a man get excited about one dog humping another one’s head—but he’s a dog lover and so am I. Right? Right.

MITSY.

(To the audience.) Peekar and me, our relationship is flowering—moving forward. Talking about fleas, puking up grass—we’re becoming *serious*.

MISSY.

Pete and I are—well, we’re not moving forward. All of our—well, *his* attention has been on the dogs.

PETE.

(At the park. Pete is taking pictures of Peekar and Missy playing.)
Would you look at them...*(Proud smile.)*

MISSY.

Pete, how long have we been together.

PETE.

Well, let’s see, Mitsy and Peekar have been dating oh, I’d say three months.

MISSY.

Three months?

PETE.

Yes, we’ve—*they’ve* been “together” for three months. Aren’t they just priceless?

MISSY.

How come our conversation never moves past dogs and the new elliptical machines at the fitness center?

PETE.

(Ignoring her.) This picture’s perfect—I’m going to hang it next to my elliptical machine.

PEEKAR.

(To Mitsy. They are lying next to each other.) This is the life, isn’t it, strategically placed here in the shade. You know, you’re all I think about when I can remember things.

MITSY.

Oh, Peekar.

PEEKAR.

Oh, such a beautiful summer’s day to be with the one you care about.

MITSY.

(To Missy.) Do you hear that? He said “one”—I’m the “one.”

MISSY.

(To the audience.) I thought *I* was the “one.”

MITSY.

(To the audience.) I slowly start to detect a jealousy in Missy.

(At the park. Pete is playing in between the dogs.)

PETE.

My handsome Peekar, and *beautiful* Mitsy. You are a perfect match—yes you are *(Makes a face like he’s talking to a baby.)* Yes, you are. *(Laughs and looks at Missy.)* Aren’t they?

MISSY.

Pete, is there something wrong with me?

PETE.

What’s the problem, Missy?

MISSY.

You’ve hardly spoken to me the whole day—instead you’re collecting kisses from Mitsy and Peekar. Wouldn’t you rather have kisses from me?

PETE.

Gee, there’s no reason to be jealous. You could join in. Don’t you know love when you see it? *(Putting his head between Mitsy and Peekar.)*

MISSY.

Of course I do, it’s just I want to make sure you love me for me. *(Pete gets his camera out.)*

PETE.

Missy, you are special. I mean, look at us—and them! *(Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Peekar and Mitsy cuddling.)* Oh my God! I have to get this picture—they are adorable!

MITSY.

Would you be here if I wasn’t beautiful?

PEEKAR.

(To Mitsy.) Of course I would—

MITSY.

Really.

PEEKAR.

Really...you know, I think we’re in love.