

Clicking  
a play in one act  
by  
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## CHARACTERS

CLARK	23, a sort of old school romantic, confused and caught up in the midst of modern life. Can be charming if he can muster the self-assurance.
CHIP	23, Clark's roommate. A quiet, though very energetic young man. Loves technology.
ELISSA	22, in love with life, and to a great extent, herself.
SARAH	22, off-putting and extreme at times, but with a slightly twisted heart of gold inside.
BRITTANY	22, an excellent friend to Sarah, self-assured and slightly devious.
BELINDA	23, a kind, all around pleasant, young woman.
GIMPLER	29, one of Elissa's Swedish roommates. Has a serious Euro-attitude.
JACK	44, a lost soul, way past his prime. Probably played by the same actor as Gimpler.

Around the present.

TIME

An urban city in the U.S.

SETTING

Scene 1

(This scene takes place in a music store. There is

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counter stage right, with a cash register on it. There is an attendant, Sarah, sitting on a stool, behind the register, reading a magazine. On stage left is a CD display rack full of various CD's. Elissa is standing by the CD rack, browsing through the CD's. There is some soft rock music playing. It is loud for about twenty seconds as Elissa stands browsing. Then, Clark enters from stage right and the music dies down to a very low volume. Clark walks over to the register.)

CLARK

Excuse me, where is the classical music section?

(Attendant Sarah does not look up from her magazine)

ATTENDANT SARAH

No.

CLARK

What, where?

ATTENDANT SARAH

No classical.

CLARK

You don't have any classical music? What kind of music store is this?

(Attendant Sarah looks up.)

ATTENDANT SARAH

A good one, precisely because we do not carry classical music. That doesn't speak to me or anyone in my generation. Old folks just force that crap down our throats as a means of subduing the young. Well it ain't working sister. We need music that expresses our issues and that is what we carry here. Got it. Now go and buy something, it's the least you could do now that you've used up like nearly a whole week's worth of my 'be nice to customers and answer their stupid questions' time. Okay?

(Attendant Sarah goes back to reading her magazine. Clark is about to exit the stage when he looks over at the CD's and sees Elissa standing there. He then walks over to the CD's and grabs one and starts to look at it.)

CLARK

Oh, do you know if this is good? I've decided I should try and broaden my horizon's. I wanted to buy some classical music, but they don't have any here.

ELISSA

Oh don't you know classical music doesn't speak to us. You know, people our age. I'm twenty-two by the way. My name's Elissa.

CLARK

That's a pretty name.

ELISSA

Thank you.

CLARK

Oh, it's my pleasure.

ELISSA

Hmm, that CD sucks by the way. But this one over here

(picks up a CD)

you can really get into it. You know groove. Especially if your dancing naked to it. At least that's my experience with it. You should get it.

CLARK

Oh thanks, I will. Umm, are you buying anything?

ELISSA

Yeah, I think this.

(picks up a CD)

Almost all of the songs are about death and love. Or being in love with the dead. Or the dead being in love with each other. I really can't remember which exactly, but it got an awesome review in Rolling Stone last week.

CLARK

Really. Maybe I'll get it too.

ELISSA

Yeah definitely. Definitely.

CLARK

Maybe we can both get it and listen to it, and compare notes.

ELISSA

Yeah, like on a date. What's your number?

CLARK  
It's 643-3222. Do you need a pen?

ELISSA  
I guess that'd be helpful.

CLARK  
Yeah.  
(Clark fuddles through his pant pockets and produces a pen)  
Here you go. Need some paper?

ELISSA  
I can just write it on my arm. That usually works just fine. Oh. Well actually, aren't you the guy?

CLARK  
Huh, yeah.

ELISSA  
I mean, you should ask for my number and call me.

CLARK  
Oh yeah. Hey, what's your number?

ELISSA  
That's original. How about, hey Giget, digits? But mine's, 223-4475. Call me tonight, okay?

CLARK  
Sure.

ELISSA  
Listen, can you do me a favor?

CLARK  
I guess. What is it?

ELISSA  
Buy this CD for me, I don't really have enough cash on me and I need to get to work anyway.

CLARK  
That'd be, fine. Umm, speak to you later.

ELISSA

Sure thing. Oh, but make sure to call after midnight, otherwise you'll wake my roommates.

CLARK

All right. Anything else I should know?

ELISSA

You should tell a girl your name when you meet them. It avoids confusion later on.

CLARK

Oh yeah, sorry, I forgot that. I'm Clark.

ELISSA

Good, see you later.

(Elissa walks off stage right. Clark takes the three CD's – the first Elissa recommended and the two copies of the second - and the and walks over to Attendant Sarah at the counter. He puts the CD's on the counter. Attendant Sarah continues to read her magazine and makes no indication she is aware of Clark.)

CLARK

I'd like to buy these...please.

(Attendant Sarah again does not respond.)

CLARK

Hello, miss.

(Attendant Sarah looks up.)

ATTENDANT SARAH

First of all you should use Miss, or madam, or even ma'am, if you're in a case like this and you don't know if the person is married. Miss implies un-betrothed.

CLARK

Well, I didn't see any ring.

ATTENDANT SARAH

You didn't think of that until just now, okay. You didn't see me, look at my hand, see no ring, think, and then decide to say miss. Okay?

CLARK

Well then madam, I'd...

ATTENDANT SARAH

Second of all, I do have a name badge on. It says Attendant Sarah. That would be a nice thing to refer to me as and actually, quite logical to boot.

CLARK

Sorry, your right. Sarah, I'd like to buy these please.

ATTENDANT SARAH

Your not a friend, at least not yet. Attendant Sarah is what the badge says and that is what you should refer to me as, got it?

CLARK

Got it. Now, Attendant Sarah, can I please purchase these CD's?

(Attendant Sarah picks up the CD's and looks at them.)

ATTENDANT SARAH

What are you, some kind of loser, buying two of the same CD?

CLARK

But it got a really good review in Rolling Stone.

ATTENDANT SARAH

Whatever, buy two, see if I care.

CLARK

I mean, I'm buying two because one is for me and one is for that girl that was over there before. She told me it got a really good review in Rolling Stone and that's why I'm getting it. Also, I'm buying hers because she had to run.

ATTENDANT SARAH

You like that girl?

CLARK

I don't know. Maybe.

ATTENDANT SARAH

Listen, there's going to be this rave tonight. You interested?

CLARK

What do you mean?

ATTENDANT SARAH

I mean, do you want a flyer? It's an underground type thing so its not like you can pop over to your local library and pick up the circular that was in the Sunday paper, all

right?

CLARK

Sure. I'd love one.

ATTENDANT SARAH

See you there then, good-bye.

CLARK

But I'd still like to buy these CD's.

ATTENDANT SARAH

Oh, you can have those for free. This is some big-ass corporate chain. I could give away all the CD's and they would never know a thing. Capitalist pigs. Those corporate monoliths are getting what they deserve. See-ya.

(Attendant Sarah winks at Clark.)

CLARK

Could I have a bag?

ATTENDANT SARAH

Don't push your luck.

CLARK

Yeah, see-ya.

(Clark takes the CD's and walks off stage right.)

## Scene 2

(This scene takes place in Clark's apartment, which is one large room. There are two beds on opposite sides of the room. There is a couch, a TV and a refrigerator in the back. Perhaps there is a curtain that separates the room in two, going from the back of the stage to the front when privacy is desired. Chip is sitting on the couch watching television with ear phones. Clark enters from stage right carrying the three CD's.)

CLARK

What's up Chip?

(Chip does not notice Clark and continues watching television.)

CLARK

Hello.

(Clark walks up to Chip and knocks him twice on the head.)

Anyone home?

CHIP

(yelling)

Oh hi. I didn't hear you with these headphones on.

CLARK

Your yelling.

CHIP

(Still yelling)

What?

(Clark takes the headphones off of Chip.)

CLARK

(yells)

I said you were yelling.

CHIP

Oh sorry. Hey, check out these headphones.

(Chip gives Clark the headphones. Clark looks at them for a second and then hands them back to Chip.)

CLARK

They're very nice, I guess. Good. Are they new? Is that why you were watching TV with them when there was absolutely no one in the house you could disturb and no other rational reason to do so?

CHIP

Yeah, I got them today from Uptown Freddy's. They cost me 240 bucks.

(with pride)

Freddy himself sold them to me. He gave me a deal on 'em. They're really awesome. I'm never going to watch TV again without them. The sound is amazing. You can hear like all the sound coming from off camera on the news and I think I heard one of the camera men, or something, curse. It was really funny.

CLARK

You spend your money on the most worthless things in the world. But whatever, whatever makes you happy. I mean, if the world's greatest and most expensive headphones are your idea of a good time, more power.

CHIP

Oh no, these aren't the best and definitely not the most expensive. When I went into Freddy's I thought I'd get the best, but then Freddy told me he could special order these \$13,000 headphones if I really wanted the best. They're from Finland I think. They take four craftsmen and three sound engineers two weeks to make each pair. They supposedly kick audio-ass. But then I just got these. They're good too. Hey, what's that you got in your hand?

CLARK

Oh, just some CD's.

CHIP

Is that two of the same CD?

CLARK

Well actually, one of them is for this girl I met at the record store.

CHIP

(exaggerated)

A girl.

CLARK

Maybe more a woman, but, whatever. I got her number.

CHIP

Score! Oh wait a second. You getting a girl's number, she must be desperate or more probably, a really desperate hooker.

CLARK

No. She's actually quite hot and she actually kinda came on to me.

CHIP

Get out! She came on to you, that's awesome. What, were you in some really good lighting or something?

CLARK

Ha-ha. Funny. You know that, as a guy, I'm not half-bad looking. You even said once yourself, that if you were female, bisexual, homosexual, or some combination of the three, you'd be attracted to me.

CHIP

That must have been on backwards day.

CLARK

Again, funny. But seriously, I tried putting on after-shave this morning. I got this little trial-bottle in the mail a couple of days ago and thought, why not give it a shot.

CHIP

You really think it helped?

CLARK

I can't say it didn't.

CHIP

I'll have to get me some of that. Hand me my laptop.

(Clark gets the laptop from above the refrigerator and hands it to Chip. Chip opens it up and begins to type.)

CHIP

Things to do...buy economy size after-shave to help get chicks. Blame Clark if it doesn't work.

CLARK

Do you have to put everything into that machine. It's like your baby or something. I can't see how you can like all this technology stuff so much. It all just seems to make things more difficult to do. I think it's a big waste of time.

CHIP

Maybe if you put a second of thought into your technology relationship, things might possibly improve. Maybe even to the point where you could have a meaningful and beneficial relationship with it.

CLARK

Speaking of beneficial relationships, is it a good idea to leave your computer on top of the refrigerator, couldn't the magnets erase your hard drive or something like that?

CHIP

Oh thanks for the lecture mom. You're actually surprisingly right though. How'd you know that?

CLARK

Let's just say a man's intuition.

CHIP

What? When are you going to call this girl, whose name is?

CLARK  
Elissa.

CHIP  
Sexy name.

CLARK  
I know. I guess I'll call her now. It's past midnight, isn't it?

(Chip opens up the laptop and looks in.)

CHIP  
Yep. Twelve fourteen, wait, fifteen.

CLARK  
Okay, can you put the TV and your headphones on for a little while.

CHIP  
No, I want to listen.

CLARK  
I can't speak if your looking at me and listening, I'll get all nervous.

CHIP  
Then I'll turn around and put my headphones on so it seems like I'm not listening.  
Please Clark, this never happens to us.

CLARK  
Fine. You probably would bug it if I didn't let you.

CHIP  
I actually could.

(Clark goes and sits on his bed and starts to dial. Chip sits on his bed and puts on the headphones. Elissa's apartment should be represented on some part of the stage by a spotlight. There should be a phone-ringing noise and Gimpler enters the spotlight to answer it.)

CLARK  
Hello, is Elissa there?

GIMPLER  
(Speaking in a Swedish accent)

No. You got the wrong number.

CLARK

Are you sure? Is this 223-4475?

GIMPLER

I really don't know, I don't live here.

CLARK

Well is there someone there that does?

GIMPLER

I really don't know and don't have the time to find out. Call tomorrow or never or whenever.

CLARK

Can you please give the phone to someone else?

GIMPLER

Pushy pushy aren't we.

(Elissa steps into the spotlight too and taps Gimpler.)

CLARK

Give me Elissa.

GIMPLER

Okay, whatever Mr. Psycho. Here.

(First Gimpler pantomimes making fun of Clark, then he hands the phone to Elissa.)

ELISSA

Hello.

CLARK

Hello Elissa? This is Clark.

ELISSA

Oh, I recognize your voice, it's nice and sweet. It also reminds me of what I think bark might sound like if it could talk and bark rhymes with Clark, so I remember your name too.

CLARK

Oh. Yeah. Umm. Was that one of your roommates on the phone before?

ELISSA

Oh, sorry about that, that's one of Spengo's cousins, he's crashing here for a while. The whole family has an attitude. I once went with his mother shopping and she saw this Swedish-designer's dress and she took it off the rack and spit on it, and said 'God I hate the Swedish'. They're Finnish I think. But actually, I think she said she was from Stockholm. The whole thing was something fierce though.

CLARK

Who is Bongo?

ELISSA

What, oh you mean Spengo. He's one of my roommates. He's a great guy, but whatever, let's talk about you.

CLARK

Gosh, I don't know what to say.

ELISSA

Well, do you want to ask me out or something?

CLARK

I could handle that, I think. Umm, actually, I have something in mind. Are you free tonight?

ELISSA

Well, kinda. Umm, just wait a second.

(Gimpler steps back into the spotlight and Elissa and Gimpler pantomime an argument about her going out with Clark that night.)

ELISSA

Yeah, I'm free. What did you have in mind?

CLARK

Well, I know about this rave that I thought we could check out.

ELISSA

Wow, a rave. Cool. I've never been out with a guy that was so, 'with it' to take me to a rave on the first-date. Most guys would probably think I'd snap into a trance because of the music and get lured away by some other guy. When should I pick you up?

CLARK

Oh, I guess it's around 12:20 now, so how about meeting at 1:30? The rave starts at

1:00. That way we can be slightly fashionably-late, if that's okay. It's in some random warehouse, I think.

ELISSA

I'm so honored it takes you over an hour to get ready for me. 1:30's fine. It's perfect in fact.

CLARK

Good, I'll see you then. Bye.

ELISSA

Oh Clark, is there something missing from this picture? Your address, maybe?

CLARK

Yeah, that's right. I live at 223 West Orange Street. Umm, apartment three. But I can meet you downstairs, it might be easier.

ELISSA

No, I think I can count to three. I usually can get to ten, and anyway, I want to check out your pad. Do you have roommates?

CLARK

Yeah, I have one roommate.

ELISSA

Damn.

CLARK

But he's a really heavy sleeper.

ELISSA

Yeah sure, like I haven't heard that one before, whatever. I guess I'll see you in an hour, I'll be wearing something hot. I know just what I'm gonna put on. I'll look fine for you, Clark.

CLARK

Oh cool. Oh yeah, what does one usually wear to these things?

ELISSA

You've never been to one? Well, just wear something cool and hot. It's pretty simple. Later.

CLARK

Later.

(Clark puts down the phone. Chip immediately gets up and goes

to Clark.)

CHIP

Oh my God, did you hear what she said when you told her you had a roommate. She said “damn”. That girl sounds a little more than just plain hot. She sounds like she's damn a blaze. A conflagration. The towering inferno. Back in the day Pompeii. You have to have this girl set me up with her sister.

CLARK

First of all, how do you know she has any sisters? Second of all, you haven't even seen her. And third of all, how the hell do you did you know what she said?

CHIP

Right. Well you know how I said I could bug the phone, well, perhaps I should have phrased it as, I have bugged the phone and I have attached it to my headphones. But you can't blame poor old Chip for wanting to hear.

CLARK

Chip, for you sake, this girl better have a sister.

CHIP

Clark, I'll go out with her manicurist if I have to.

CLARK

Look, you better help me find something to wear. I only have an hour. And remember. Cool. Hot.

CHIP

Hot. Cool.

(Chip and Clark do a “Hot and Cool” dance and song as they go over to Clark's wardrobe. They continue to sing as Chip looks through Clark's wardrobe and throws things out of and onto the ground, until just one shirt and one pair of pants is left.)

CHIP

There you go. Hot, yet sensuously cool.

CLARK

You have impeccable taste in clothes. Thank-you my brother for your help. Now straighten this place up while I take a shower and prepare myself for this bad-boy outfit you so thoughtfully picked out.

CHIP

Your compliment is taken, and forces me to restrain myself from making a well



Yeah. I know. It's a pleasure to meet you.

ELISSA

Same here. Where's Clark?

CHIP

Oh he's in the bathroom. Give him a minute or two. Listen, now that you have a minute or two of time on your hands, you think you have any friends that might be up to a man like me?

ELISSA

You certainly have a high opinion of yourself.

CHIP

Oh well...

ELISSA

Oh no. That's a good thing. Too many guys, and for that manner, gals, have low self esteem. It's good to think you're great.

CHIP

Thanks. I'm usually slapped for those types of remarks.

ELISSA

Listen, get a piece of paper and a pen or pencil, a writing implement. I have just the girl for you. Her name's Belinda and while she's not a really good friend of mine, more of an acquaintance, I still think she's really nice and would dig you.

CHIP

Dig me?

ELISSA

Yeah, definitely. Plus, she has really nice breasts.

CHIP

Cool. I'll get that paper.

ELISSA

And writing implement.

CHIP

Yeah.

(Chip goes over to his laptop, looks to pick it up, then spots a piece of paper and a pen. He picks them up and walks back to Elissa)

Okay, got it.

ELISSA

Good. Belinda's number is I think, wait, she lives with Vicky and Delusia, so just dial, U.S.S. knee or...8..77..56..33. That's knee with a k.

CHIP

You converted that in your head.

ELISSA

Yeah sure, it's easy. You do it a couple times and get the hang real quick. You should try it sometime when you're really bored. I do it at parties every now and then. You know, come up with phrases for people's numbers. Like mine, 223-4475, is also bad girl. That's just a coincidence. The phone company assigned me that one.

CHIP

Hey, what's ours mean? It's 643-3222.

ELISSA

Umm, let's see. This will take me a second.

(thinks)

Umm...umm...well... Mid Faca.

CHIP

Wow, what does it mean?

ELISSA

I have no idea. But it sounds cool. Tell all your friends now to call you on the Mid Faca hot-line. They'll be impressed.

CHIP

Yes, I will.

ELISSA

Now you got Belinda's number, right? Just tell her Elissa said you were smokin' and good to go. She'll dig that and you two can go out.

CHIP

Yeah, dig it. Thanks. I'll go get Chip I guess.

ELISSA

You mean Clark?

CHIP

Yeah, that's right. Oh wait, weren't you supposed to come over here in about an hour?

ELISSA

Yeah, but I realized that I lived just down the block, so I thought I'd come over early.

CHIP

You got ready so quickly?

ELISSA

Oh, I'm always ready to party. Got any music? I feel like dancing, come on Chip-O-hoi, let's get down.

(makes a little dance move)

CHIP

I think I better check on Clark.

(Chip walks over to stage left.)

ELISSA

I was just kidding. Sorry. Didn't mean to weird you out there.

CHIP

Oh. I wasn't.

(Chip knocks on the bathroom door.)

Clark, Elissa's here.

(some sound is heard off-stage coming from Clark.)

Oh, all right.

(Chip walks off stage into the bathroom. Elissa looks around the apartment for a few seconds. Chip comes out of bathroom and runs over to Clark's dresser and gets Clark's outfit.)

CHIP

Just going to bring these to him.

ELISSA

Oh I'll do that.

(reaches for the clothing)

CHIP

What?

ELISSA

I'll bring the clothes to Clark. It's no big deal.

CHIP

Oh, I see. Umm, well, let me think, well, huh, that's really, um ,well you know, in this society we are living in, uh, um.

ELISSA

Is something wrong? You look a little flustered.

CHIP

I'll take the clothes. Thanks anyway.

(Chip walks to the bathroom, goes in, and a second later comes out)

He'll be with you in a sec. Umm, can I get you something to drink?

ELISSA

Sure, I'll have some pink lemonade.

CHIP

I'm not sure if we have that, I'll check.

(Chip walks over to the refrigerator and looks in)

We must have just ran out. Umm, something else?

ELISSA

Nah, that's a bummer. No matter. So Chippy, tell me about yourself.

CHIP

You're a very friendly person. That's nice.

ELISSA

Well thanks. That's a nice thing to say. You must be nice yourself to say a nice thing like that about me. Very nice. But, seriously, who is Chip?

CHIP

Well, um. Sure you don't want something to eat, maybe? I think we have some leftover steak.

ELISSA

Left-over steak? Actually, surprising as it may seem, no thanks. Really though, I always like to hear about what's going on in people. I like it and it's really interesting. Here's a good question. What's your earliest childhood memory?

CHIP

That is a good question. Well, I remember going to kindergarten the first day, but I must remember something before I was 12? Just kidding. Let's see. Oh yeah, I remember when I was about 3, maybe three and a half, I fell off this jungle gym in some playground and got this gashing cut over my left eye. I had to be taken to the hospital and I remember this image of this really big needle. And also being strapped

down by these two nurses and the doctor, or I guess by this man in a white coat, and he's holding this really big needle, drawing it closer and closer and closer to my head and that's all I remember.

ELISSA

Wow. No wonder you're...oh...such a nice person. That's a good story. Kinda blew me away, actually. Wow. That's the great thing about life, you never know what to expect. You're always being blown away by people who you wouldn't even expect capable of a cogent thought. Damn it's good to be alive. Don't you think?

CHIP

Yeah, I do actually.

(Clark walks onto the stage. He is dressed in the outfit Chip picked out. He is shoeless and his hair is somewhat wet. He goes over to where Chip and Elissa are standing.)

ELISSA

Hi there Clark. Nice outfit. Pretty good.

CLARK

You look absolutely amazing.

ELISSA

Oh, you mean this little thing I put on?

(Elissa twirls around.)

It's nothing.

CLARK

I wish it was nothing, but, considering, you look damn fine.

ELISSA

I'll take that, but remember cowboy, you're not going to be riding this steed anytime soon. You ready to go?

CLARK

Yeah, just let me get my shoes on.

(Clark goes to his closet and gets out a pair of retro sneakers and begins to put them on.)

So, you live down the block?

ELISSA

Yeah, sorry if I came too early, I just wanted a chance to see your place. It gives you some insights into a person, if you know what I mean.

CLARK

Oh, let me give you the grand tour then.

ELISSA

Cool.

CLARK

Okay then. This is the room. There are no others. That's about it.

ELISSA

Oh, your selling yourself short. This place is kinda funky. This is your side Clark and that sides Chip's?

CLARK

Yeah.

ELISSA

That's really cool. You know, effective use of space. You have the bathroom over there, the door here, some kind of kitchen slash entertainment center at the back. Much nice pad fella's. I'm impressed.

CHIP

Thanks. I kinda did the engineering.

CLARK

I did the decorating.

ELISSA

And the two of you are both as cute as pie. Clark, shall we hit the road?

CLARK

That'd be fine, let me just make sure I have the flyer to the rave.

(Clark reaches into his pocket and pulls out the flyer.)

Here it is.

ELISSA

Oh, let me see it.

(Clark hands Elissa the flyer.)

ELISSA

Oh, I know exactly where this is, it's really easy to get there. We can walk in twenty-five-thirty minutes tops. I always love the feel of night air against my body and the sounds of darkness in the city, it makes me feel very much alive.

CLARK

That sounds really nice, we should get going then to the party.

ELISSA

Cool, but really though, always refer to it as a rave, not a party. There's a difference.

CLARK

You got it Miss, opps, I mean, unbetrothed, sorry, I mean, yes ma'am.

(Elissa puts out her arm for Clark to take it. Clark puts his arm around Elissa's outstretched arm and the two head to exit stage right. Elissa drops the rave flyer.)

CLARK

We won't need that?

ELISSA

Nah, definitely not. I got it all under control Clark.

CLARK

Okay then, let's paint the town pink. See-ya later Chip, don't wait up.

CHIP

Oh, don't worry. I won't.

ELISSA

Chip-meister, it's been a pleasure, see you around cutey.

CHIP

Bye.

(Elissa and Clark go off-stage, stage right. Chip takes a big sigh.)

CHIP

That's nice that Clark found a cool girl like that. It will be fine now, with just me girlfriend-less, alone. Lonely. I'll be fine. I have the Internet to entertain me. I don't need any actual, human, face-to-face, reality-based interaction anyway. That's so early nineties. I'm a man on the forefront of the world. And of course, the real truth is that I would give it all up for one real, non-cyber, not my grandmother, person to kiss. But hey, that's not my fault. What can I do about it? I was just chosen to be like this. Just, left-out.

(Sighs.)

Well, I guess there's one thing *I* could do. I could walk over there

(points)

take the flyer, call Belinda, and invite her to go with me to the party, I mean rave. But

come on, who am I kidding. Picking up a piece of paper and calling someone on the phone is sooo hard to do. You have to be John Wayne or Bill Gates to do that. Right.

(Chip stares at the flyer for a second. He then goes over and picks it up. He looks at it. He takes Belinda's number out of his pocket and walks over to the phone. He picks it up and dials the number.)

Hello Belinda, I'm a friend of Elissa, and she told me to tell...oh, it is 12:40 isn't it, well anyway, Elissa told me to say that I'm smokin' and good to go and...

(lights go out.)

### Scene 3

(The lounge room at the rave. The stage is decorated with large couches. There is a bar, off stage at stage left. The whole room has a dark, underground feel. Clark and Elissa enter stage right, walking and dancing towards the couches.)

CLARK

God am I tired. That dancing is intense. I could sure use a breather.

ELISSA

You were so good out there. I don't believe you for a second, that you've never danced like that before. That was not a beginner. You were grooving.

CLARK

Thanks, but it's you that was fantastic. The way you gyrated your body, the pulsating elasticity of your hips, the heat emanating from within. It was too much.

ELISSA

Well golly, that's sweet. Let's sit down.

(Clark and Elissa go over to a big couch stage left.)

CLARK

Is this okay?

ELISSA

It's fab.

(Elissa gives Clark an OK hand signal and the two sit.)

CLARK

Oh, can I get you something to drink?

ELISSA

I thought you'd never ask. I'll have a pink lemonade.

(Clark gets up.)

CLARK

Pink lemonade?

ELISSA

Yeah, things in pink are always the best.

CLARK

My sentiments exactly. Mmm. Pretty in Pink. Ha. Good movie, but you just put it to shame. No contest. You're the queen of the crop.

ELISSA

That's enough big guy. I get the picture. Get it. Picture. Pretty in Pink. Motion picture.

CLARK

(slightly embarrassed.)

Umm, a pink lemonade it is then.

ELISSA

Make it a double. Just kidding.

(Clark walks offstage to the bar. Just as Clark leaves an obviously drunk man, Jack, comes onto the stage from stage right. At first, he is facing towards stage right and speaks to someone off-stage. He is quite scary in his drunkenness.)

JACK

Well you got a fat ass you stupid garbage truck. No one can resist Jack's charms. You're probably not human, you stinkin' alien. That's why you don't want some of this all-American apple pie. You a freakin' extra-fucking terrestrial. EFT.

(Jack spits. Then he turns towards the bar and starts to walk over to it, when he spots Elissa on the couch. He then walks over to her and grabs her hand and then kisses/slobbers over it. He continues holding her hand.)

JACK

Me lady. Jack at your service. Although, soon enough you'll be a servicing me if you know what I mean, you hot piece of slut. Ha-ha.

ELISSA

Get your, do not know where those things have been, paws off me. Now.

JACK

Well, we got a feisty one. I like that way. Gives you a little challenge in the alley, if you get me. I don't mind a couple of slaps and a little bleeding on the lady as long as I can perform my duties. Shall we head out sister.

ELISSA

Get off me before I break your nose.

JACK

All right. We're going right now. And I promise to give you stuff to remember, sweetie.

(Elissa breaks her hands free from Jack.)

ELISSA

(yelling)

Clark! Come now. Clark!

(Clark hears Elissa and runs in from offstage)

CLARK

Who's this? A friend of yours?

ELISSA

Some putz of an animal who's attempting to terrorize me.

JACK

Oh what a horrible thing to say to a friend. I'll just have to break every bone in your body, you stupid ugly bitch, to make up for it. Come on over here.

(Jack makes a step towards Elissa. Clark, seeing the step, lunges after Jack and takes him to the ground. A short skirmish ensues, but finally, Clark pins Jack down and slowly brings him up in a hold.)

CLARK

You happy now mister? Don't you ever try to pull a stunt like that with anybody. Anybody. Cause if you do, I'll hunt you down and rip out your heart with my fist. Got it? Got it?

JACK

Everyone's a tough guy when the other guy can't take a good swing. Let me go guy and let's see if you're a real man.

ELISSA

Clark, get him out of here.

(Clark walks him off stage right. Elissa sits down and reflects. Soon she seems on the verge of crying or breaking down, but is able to perk herself up. Clark comes back on stage.)

ELISSA

Oh Clark.

(Elissa jumps into Clark and hugs him.)

You were great. Not that I'm a proponent of senseless violence, or even violence in general, but you took care of that guy. You *are* brave. Can I have a kiss from a hero?

CLARK

Sure, but are you okay? Do you want to stay here, or go somewhere else, or home, or...

ELISSA

Of course I'm okay Clark, I'm woman hear me roar.

CLARK

I know, of course, but, that guy, I mean, he was going to...

ELISSA

Listen Clark, everything is fine now, let's just forget about it and have a good time and get to know each other. You want to have a good time, don't you?

CLARK

Yeah, sure, whatever you say. I'm sorry. Listen, I'm still willing to take that kiss, if you're still offering?

ELISSA

Yeah, sure Clark, whatever. But did you forget about the drinks?

CLARK

Right, yeah, I'll go and get them. I'll be right back.

(Clark runs offstage to get the drinks. Elissa stares out blankly. Clark returns and sits down, and then gives Elissa her lemonade.)

CLARK

They had the pink lemonade, so I got you that. I was going to get some regular, yellow lemonade for myself, to be cute, but they just had pink, so I got two. So now that we're set, everything's right, how about that kiss?

ELISSA

I'm ready.

(Clark moves in to give Elissa a passionate kiss on the lips, but Elissa turns her head so that Clark gives her a kiss on the cheek.)

ELISSA

That was nice. Let's talk for a minute before we head out back to the dance floor, okay?

CLARK

Sure, but I think you mean back out, not out-back, which I think refers to the vast wilderness regions of Australia. Anyway, what do you want to talk about?

ELISSA

Oh I don't know, maybe really obscure details that have nothing to do with Australia, like your last name, or where you work.

CLARK

I guess we really haven't gotten to know each other so well yet. Still, I already feel so differently about you than any other girl I've ever met. It's just that...

ELISSA

I know what you mean Clark. You're special too.

CLARK

That's the most wonderful thing anybody has ever said to me.

ELISSA

Oh come on. I could tell right off the back you were an awesome guy. I don't really know if you're the one, or if I really even like you yet, but you're sweet and gentle and any woman or guy would be a million times lucky to have you. I mean it.

CLARK

Wow.

ELISSA

Yeah, well then, how about I talk a little about myself? But just a little, because I already know a fair amount about myself. Umm, I work at a umm, clothing store,

where I sometimes sell clothes, but most of the time just shop for myself. How about you?

CLARK

Oh, I'm a student. But I also work at this magazine doing...

ELISSA

Clark, I don't know about you and sorry to cut you off, but this conversation is getting a little boring. We can find out all that kind of stuff when we go through each other's wallets. New topic. How about, what do you look for in a woman?

CLARK

In a woman?

ELISSA

Or a man if you're into that too.

CLARK

Oh, just women, but I look for someone who's attractive to me, not necessarily to the world at large. I look for someone who's fun, and at least sort of smart and nice. And, if possible, laughs at bad jokes of mine.

ELISSA

Ha-ha-ha. Just kidding. Well, you know what I look for in a man? Just about nothing. I look into his eyes the first time I see him, the second time, the third and so on. And if every time I see my own reflection, I know he's a possibility.

CLARK

And have you, well, gotten the chance, to, well, look into my eyes?

ELISSA

Baby, I fixed my make-up in your eyes.

CLARK

Oh God.

ELISSA

But you have to remember, that just means you're a possibility. So please don't become obsessed with me or start stalking me, that gets old real quick. But still, I am kinda sweet for you.

CLARK

Are you for real Elissa? Because if your not, I don't wanna exist.

ELISSA

Slow down munchkin. Let's go hit the dance floor again.

CLARK

Okay dokey, you wicked witch of my heart.

(The two get up and start to walk towards stage right. Just as they are about to exit, Attendant Sarah walks on stage from stage right.)

ATTENDANT SARAH

You. You came. Oh my God. And you, you, you brought her. I see. Well, if that's the way you're playing it, fine. Excuse me while I go drown myself in one of those kegs by the bar. Don't worry, I'll do it in one of the cheap domestics so I shouldn't pollute any of the good stuff. Good day.

(Attendant Sarah marches off towards the bar and finds a seat there.)

CLARK

Wait, Attendant Sarah, Attendant, Sarah. Stop. Come over here.

ELISSA

She seems pretty mad Clark, maybe you should give her a little time to cool off. In the meanwhile though, we should go and dance. We shouldn't let her tantrum upset all of us.

CLARK

I guess you're right, but I feel like I've messed up. Something's just off right now. I'm not sure what it is, but...

ELISSA

Honey, perk up. This is a party. Let's go.

(Elissa grabs Clark by the hand and the two of them march off stage right. Attendant Sarah gets up from her seat at the bar.)

ATTENDANT SARAH

(loudly to offstage bartender.)

Well the hell with you. You're just perpetrating the garbage that the elitists are fueling you with. It's all an illusion man.

(Brittany, wearing a nice, white, fairly short dress, walks on from stage right. She immediately walks over to where Attendant Sarah is standing, who is still turned shouting towards the bartender.)

ATTENDANT SARAH

Break out of it. See what is really going on.

BRITTANY

Hey Sarah.

(Puts her hand on Sarah's shoulder. Sarah turns her head.)

SARAH

(calmly)

Oh hi Brittany.

BRITTANY

Have you been hiding out at the bar again? Come on, let's go and sit down.

SARAH

Fine.

(The two start to walk over to the couches. Then, Sarah turns her head towards the bartender and yells.)

SARAH

No good monopolist swine. Bite me.

(Sarah and Brittany make there way to the couch and sit down in the middle, leaving a space for one person to sit next to them.)

BRITTANY

That was pretty intense. What was it all about?

SARAH

Oh, I was just trying to pull my old, ' don't let the capitalists squeeze their dirty hands around your neck. Give away these drinks for free man. Don't be a pawn in their devilish game of humanistic chess.' You know, try and score some free drinks. I must be losing it.

BRITTANY

No, I don't think so. You sounded pretty real to me. The bartender may have just realized the broad fallacies in your argument, but who knows. I'm glad you're just using that revolutionist persona to get stuff nowadays.

SARAH

I still sort of believe it, and it does sort of impress people, and...

BRITTANY

And it reminds you a little of Simone Jean Paul every time you do it. Who can blame you for falling in with that crowd. I mean, that guy was gorgeous. Sure he enjoyed setting fires to corporate headquarters, but hey, everybody's got their good and bad points.

SARAH

Pu-lease. He was a freakin' nut. A damn good looking freakin' nut. But a freakin' nut all the same.

BRITTANY

Yeah. So any new men prospects in sight?

SARAH

Well I thought, but it's pretty much the same miserable weekend, of my same, miserable life.

BRITTANY

Well, you know Sarah, this facade you put on is keeping other...

SARAH

I know, I know. But you have to realize that, on the one hand, I really do believe most of the stuff I say and do, at least to some extent...

BRITTANY

But not to the extent that you make out to other people. And I know you don't really feel like you should be saying all that stuff in such a harsh way.

SARAH

Yeah, I guess. But you know. It works for me. I put on the thing, about the corporate evil-doers, and the old trying to sub-serviate the young, and it sounds so good to me and other people have to be impressed. But...

BRITTANY

Yes, but it's really hard for most people to relate to those parts of your personality.

SARAH

I know, people don't become friends with the spouting anarchist but...

BRITTANY

But I thought you were a...

SARAH

You know what I mean. Anyway, they think I'm kinda cool, but no one ever tries to get close to me.

BRITTANY

Hey, can you remind me how we became friends?

SARAH

Oh come on, you remember, it was that night I got really drunk, and wasn't afraid of being vulnerable for once. I opened up.

BRITTANY

That's right. Both your heart, and then later on, your mouth, again and again, in front of my toilet as you vomited, time, after time, after time.

SARAH

That taught me my lesson about drinking.

BRITTANY

You're telling me. But, not to sound too moralistic or ethical or motherly, because I'm certainly not, at least I hope I'm not, I'm young aren't I? But umm, did that night happen to teach you any other lessons?

SARAH

Not to let anyone set fire to your hair, no matter how much they plead or beg, or promise you that they're an expert and it won't hurt and it will just take a second.

BRITTANY

Well that's not the one I was thinking of, but I guess it's a pretty good one too, but really, for my sake, can you say the important one?

SARAH

If you wish. Here. If I want to be happy, I can't pretend to be what I'm not. I can't be mean, or an off the wall leftist radical, when I'm just a leftist radical, and I have to be, well, you know what comes next...say it...

(waits, Brittany is silent)

...me.

BRITTANY

That's right. Good. Now give me a hug girlfriend.

(Sarah and Brittany hug.)

BRITTANY

Now don't you feel better? You know how you should act, like yourself, and than people will be sure to respond. Everything's okay now. We're happy.

SARAH

No.

BRITTANY

What?

SARAH

I said no. I don't feel better.

BRITTANY

Well, why not? We just covered a lot of good ground.

SARAH

I know. But so okay, maybe tomorrow will be better because of my new attitude towards everything, but well, tonight is what's important to me and it still sucks.

BRITTANY

What do you mean?

SARAH

Okay, there was this guy at the record shop today and at first he asked me where the classical music section was, like a dork and all, so I was just mean, right, but then I looked up and saw he was cute, and so then, I was more radical sounding and mean. So then he goes over and speaks to some hot little hussy of a girl that was in the store and then I see her leave. Then he comes to buy some CD's and he's also buying a CD for the girl and I'm like, 'do you like her' and he goes, 'well not really, she's like okay, I guess, maybe' and then I give him a flyer to the rave and say 'bye' and he's like 'oh, I'll definitely see *you* there.' So then he says, 'can I still buy these CD's and I give him the old, 'you can have those for free' and give him a little wink. So you could tell pretty obviously what's going on between us, right?

BRITTANY

Definite attraction. He definitely sounds like he definitely likes you. And you like him?

SARAH

Well right, yeah. So anyway, not five minutes ago, I walk in here from the dance floor, you know, after doing a round, and who do I see, but this guy...

BRITTANY

What's his name?

SARAH

I don't know. And so I see this guy and that girl from the store and he has his hand around her and they're practically having sex right there, well kinda but....

BRITTANY

Wow.

SARAH

So I get upset, and kinda get mad at him and go off steaming to the bar and they go off to the dance floor. And that's pretty much when you came in.

BRITTANY

So what are you going to do about it?

SARAH

Huh, what do you mean?

BRITTANY

Well, it sounds like this guy could make you happy. I want you to be happy and feel better, and you said you don't feel better because of what that guy did. Well, I see only one logical course of action.

SARAH

Full scale attack?

BRITTANY

You said it. That's right, only one way to proceed. We got to get that man back to our side, and out of the evil axis-grip of you know who.

SARAH

Okay, what do I do?

BRITTANY

Good question. Little brainstorming session?

SARAH

Called for. Let's do it.

BRITTANY

Okay then. How about we do the obvious ones. Umm...feminine resources to the max.

SARAH

Sex appeal to dangerous levels?

BRITTANY

Exactly. But, we can't let that interfere with you being your wonderful, facade-less self.

SARAH

Got it. Sexy, alluring, yet human, sweet, loving.

BRITTANY

You're getting me excited. Okay, you seem like you know what you have to do. Now, what do I do?

SARAH

Well...

BRITTANY

Exactly, I well. That is, I draw away the water with my bucket. I do whatever I can, with whatever I can, to get that little womanly thing away from our guy. Bad analogy, I admit it. Anyway, also try to find out his name if you can. It's going to be hard for you to dream about the romantic honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. That Guy. Know what I mean?

SARAH

Yeah, let's go over this again. We get guy over here.

BRITTANY

I didn't actually say to do that first, but it is a good way to start. Continue.

SARAH

Okay, the guy comes over. He sits down. I sit next to him. I'm provocative, charming, open, sensual, delicate, touching, steamy, hot, burning, needing, intriguing. I am everything that is woman.

BRITTANY

Wow. You really should look into switching professions. You'd make a great writer, or phone-sex operator. Same thing right. Sorry, continue.

SARAH

Okay, I get him real interested in my set of goods, while you get away little miss man-wrecker.

BRITTANY

You haven't spoken to this girl, have you? It's not really all that nice to derail her love train like this, when we don't even know her. She could be very nice. Well, as they say, she's just is in the wrong place at the wrong time. Too bad for her, though.

SARAH

You're too nice. But, most of the hard part of life is being nice when you don't want to. So I guess by that logic, you've had a really hard life. But not really. Whatever.

(Clark and Elissa return from the dance floor stage right.)

SARAH

Oh my God, there they are! I going to go to the bathroom and throw-up.

BRITTANY

Not on your life. Call him over here.

SARAH

Okay. You, hey you, come over here.

(Clark looks around and sees Sarah, he points at himself.)

SARAH

Yes, you.

(Clark and Elissa walk over.)

SARAH

Hi there. Umm, this is Brittany.

CLARK

Hi Brittany. This is...

BRITTANY

What's your name again?

CLARK

Oh yeah, gosh yeah, I always forget that. You know, I don't really understand why names are even so important...

BRITTANY

Oh, they're important, because they're a really easy way for our parents to scar us for life. And yours is?

CLARK

Clark. Yeah, um, this is Elissa. Elissa this is Attendant...

SARAH

(seductively)

Oh Clark.

(winks at Brittany)

You can just call me Sarah. Just you though. Not her. Why don't you sit down.  
(points to the space next to her, where there's room enough for one)

CLARK

Could you move a little so we could sit together?.

BRITTANY

Not going to happen. We are much more comfortable like this. Right?

SARAH

That's right.

ELISSA

I'll sit over here.

(Elissa moves to sit next to Sarah. Brittany grabs Elissa by the arm and pulls Elissa down next to where Brittany is sitting.)

BRITTANY

You just have to sit next to me. I must know where you shop. You're clothes are beyond fabulous. Also, tell me every detail of your beauty routine. I have to know.

ELISSA

You're really interested?

BRITTANY

Well, from what I can tell, I have the chance here to be instructed by the person that put the "wo" in woman.

ELISSA

Okay then, do you have some paper and a pen, this may take a while. You know what, if you're really serious, we should go to the ladies room where I can really do some demonstrations.

BRITTANY

Wow, this is like science class, let's go.

(Elissa and Brittany exit to the left.)

SARAH

I'm so glad you came tonight.

CLARK

Well, you didn't seem so happy before?

SARAH

Oh yeah, well, I was in a bad mood before, now, I'm much happier.

CLARK

You go through a lot of sudden mood swings?

SARAH

Oh, no, no. It's just that, well before, I wasn't really letting my womanly heart shine through.

CLARK

Huh?

SARAH

I mean, I have certain feelings about, yo...people, that are sometimes hard for me to express in an appealing way.

CLARK

I'm really kinda confused here. Is this the same person I spoke to in the record store?

SARAH

What, you don't like the way I'm acting, I'm not sexy enough?

CLARK

I would prefer it if you didn't act, and just be natural. I mean, that's what I try to do. I know I'm not the smartest guy in the world, or the most uninhibited, or least messed up, but I try not to put on an act too much, you know.

SARAH

That makes so much sense.

(She hugs Clark.)

CLARK

Oh yeah, that was okay, I guess.

(Clark looks to where Brittany and Elissa existed.)

SARAH

I don't want to put up any more acts. I'm tired of that, garbage. So I think you should know, I'm not an off-the wall leftist radical, and I'm not really mean, but I'm not super-feminine-womanly, either. I'm just your average record store employee, filled with my youth angst, mild hatred of corporate America, desire for some meaning, minimum of two piercings, and longing for love. Oh yeah, and I like music. Okay?

CLARK

That sounds really wonderful to me, because it sounds real. That's something

important to look for too, I guess. This has been a really confusing day.

SARAH

So anyway. What I'm driving at, is that I want to make a fresh start with you. How does that sound to you?

CLARK

That sounds...good. I guess. Umm, does that mean that you want me to pay for those CD's? I can. It doesn't really matter to me.

SARAH

No. You don't have to pay for them. It doesn't matter to me either. Next time you come buy, you can buy whatever you want and use my employee discount. But this is not really where I wanted to go. Umm, Clark. I feel that I'm. Well. Do you believe falling in love with someone is that something inside kinda happens? And it happens mostly in you, but you hope, you hope a lot, that it's in the other person too? And what it is, is something going from your head, touching the tip of your nose and into your heart, and it's something really grand?

CLARK

I've never really thought of it that way. But, I don't think I've ever been in love before. I may have, because when I was fifteen, I remember whispering ' I love you Lauren ' a million times, late at night, when everyone else in the house was asleep. But I think now, it was just a crush. I only spoke to that girl once, and so I don't think I was truly in love. Love is mutual, I think, and something mutual is what I'd like to try. I've been alone for so long, and the world seems to say that love is the best thing in the world, and I've just about tried everything else. Friendship, hatred, sadness, boredom, a lot of boredom, and so I do think it's time for me to try some love, or really not some love, but love. Really though, I don't think I can classify it so well, I think I'll just stumble over it and the whole thing will be something I never expected. But I'll admit I dream about beginning it with a kiss.

(Clark and Sarah gaze into each other's eyes. They slowly move closer to each other, continuing to stare, opening up their mouths slightly. They continue moving closer and as their heads and lips draw close, they close their eyes and stop for a moment. Each breathes and then they move very close to each other and embrace. Very cautiously and slowly. They just let their lips stay intertwined for a while and then pull back their heads. And look at each other. Clark looks down at his hand and then presses his finger to his lips. He then looks at his fingers and then looks at Sarah.)

CLARK

Uh, oh, imm, kke,

(breaths)

That was, I'm sort of tearing, just, emm, indescribable. That sounds so stupid. Do you feel, do you feel like you're in love?

SARAH

I don't know what. I don't know. I don't. I. Clark.

CLARK

I feel so bewildered. I can hardly think. I'm using words like bewildered. What's going on here? Is this?

(pointing to where Elissa exited)

Or that? I don't know.

SARAH

Kiss me again.

CLARK

I would like that. But..

(He looks at Sarah and moves in closer to kiss her.)

...what about Eli...

(presses up right next to Sarah)

...sa

(Clark kisses Sarah. This time they are more passionate. Elissa and Brittany return as Sarah and Clark kiss. She looks at them and walks over and pulls Sarah away from Clark.)

ELISSA

Hey, you get your filthy little paws away from what's mine honey.

(Brittany gets up and pushes Elissa.)

BRITTANY

You watch where you put your hands, keep them off my friends.

CLARK

Hey stop it guys.

ELISSA

Yeah, okay. How about this.

(Elissa pushes Brittany. Sarah then gets and hits Elissa. The three of them keep on shoving each other, with Clark trying to make some sense of everything. The action should seem real and frightening. Finally, Clark separates them.)

BRITTANY  
You've got some nerve.

ELISSA  
Me, it's your slut of a friend who was making the moves on my date.

SARAH  
You don't deserve him.

ELISSA  
You don't deserve him.

BRITTANY  
Why don't you just leave.

ELISSA  
Why don't you two just die. No one would notice, or care.

SARAH  
You can go to hell.

ELISSA  
You're the one who barged in here and was whoring around.

SARAH  
Well at least I don't look like one.

ELISSA  
Well at least I don't look like a piece of garbage.

SARAH  
You take that back.

ELISSA  
You got to be kidding. You'll have to kill me.

SARAH  
Whatever you say.

ELISSA  
Just try it, we'll see what happens, all right. But I'm warning you.

SARAH  
Okay.

(Sarah goes to shove Elissa and Elissa raises her hands. Clark grabs both of their arms and shoves them down to the couch. Then he pushes Brittany down too.)

CLARK

Enough. I've had enough physicality for one night. I can't take this, you all just shut up and relax. I can't tell what or who is real anymore, or even if this isn't just some crazy totally screwed up ultimate dream of mine. I don't know how to make sense of all this. Oh man, Elissa, I really like you and you're so mesmerizing and hot,

(speaking to Sarah)

but I was just kissing you and you seem like you could be so wonderful and meaningful and

(speaking to Brittany)

you, I really don't know who you are, but you do look pretty good and why not give you a shot, and for that matter a four-some doesn't seem so crazy either right now. And so, would each of you just tell me what you're thinking right now, truthfully, about me and this whole damn night and then, maybe, just maybe, my head won't explode, because things are spinning way out of control. Okay. Thank you. I'm sorry if that was too rough. I am. But, I had to say that and I stand by it.

ELISSA

It's okay Clark. Don't worry. I'll tell you what I'm thinking, no fee. It's no big deal. There *is* something nice and different inside you. You're sort of cool. Pleasant looking. Took me to a pretty cool place. I do look into your eyes and see myself. But, I also see a lot of other stuff in your eyes. You know. I'm not sure if that stuff is for me. I want to party and look good and have a whole lot of fun. I want to be happy. Do what I want, and say what I want. I'd like other people to think I'm cool. That's important. Still, *I* have a really high opinion of myself. I like that too. And that's it.

SARAH

Clark. Most of me wants to say you're a god. You rock my world. You are the rock of it. Whatever impresses you. But that's not who I am. I loved kissing you. But, I think I'm *so* screwed up, at least on the surface. Maybe even I'm just Attendant Sarah, hard inside and outside. But with you around, I, for some reason, feel the need to speak, to think differently, to have you call me Sarah. But I'm not going to say you're that part of me that has always been missing and makes me finally complete. Because that sounds like a load of crap to me, or at least really trite. Yet, I do kind of hope it's the truth. And well, this is kinda secondary, but I also love the taste of your saliva.

BRITTANY

I guess I'd better speak now. Let me first say I have no idea what I want for myself, but this is not about me. This is about what other people need and want. And just remember those are two different things. Still, let me also say I don't want you Clark. That's for sure. There's already too much competition and there are plenty of other fine

looking aquatic creatures in the sea. So basically, I want my friend Sarah to be happy. She seems *madly* happy right now. That is, when she's close to you Clark. And hey, if she loves the saliva, that is saying a whole lot, right. But basically, you have to choose buddy. You can have one lady or the other. And, the truth is, they are both fine ladies. I've been talking with Elissa, and despite our little skirmish before, she's a real catch. Really. She knows so much about the world, and about fashion and make up and everything. I really would like to get to know her more. But Sarah is my friend, and I support my friends all the time, 200%. So you have to make a decision, what's it going to be lover-boy?

CLARK

No. I can't. I hate having to make a decision about this, this is so frustrating. A choice seems so wrong. What am I saying, I can do this easily, I'm whatever, a man, or something. If that's what I'm called on to do, I will. I have to or else the world's going to collapse.

(pauses)

Elissa, I think you're great and you excite me and I think we could have so much fun together and it'd be wonderful. But, you said it yourself, I'm just a possibility. But Sarah, Sarah kissed me. And it wasn't like the kiss I gave you on the cheek before. Sarah was breathing *in* her gasps for air, and *we* were kissing. Each other. I don't know if a kiss can mean more than a thousand words, but I certainly would trade everything I've ever said for another one. I think I made the opposite trade before, and I only feel it now. So, I *choose* Sarah. Now, do you choose me? And saying that word *choose* was horrible and the worst thing I've ever done. But I did.

SARAH

Yeah, I do. I kind of thought it was obvious. But there's a lot of things I plan on changing about you, not just your logic.

(pauses)

Oh, whatever, you can stay the way you are. Let's go.

(Sarah puts out her hands and Clark pulls her up. They lock hands.)

ELISSA

Hey, where do you think your going? Oh, I give up. It's pretty hard admitting you lost, but hey, I'm a happening hip-lady, I can take it. Anyway. I haven't liked the way I've been acting tonight. I'm just too funky, too with life for this petty squabbling stuff, you know. So hey, let's all blow this joint. Clark, you still owe me that CD, right? Do you happen to have it here?

CLARK

No, it's at my apartment.

ELISSA

Okay then, we can all hop over there and you can give me the CD.

CLARK

Okay.

ELISSA

Hey Brittany, did you mean what you said about wanting to get to know me more?

BRITTANY

Yeah, definitely, I thought we were really clicking before, as friends of course though.

ELISSA

Of course. Do you want to come along to Clark's place to get the CD and then we can go out and talk somewhere?

BRITTANY

Sure, what time is it by the way?

ELISSA

Oh whatever, let's live in the moment and hey, a moment is basically no time at all. Right? Let's go.

(Elissa grabs hold of Brittany's arm and the two get up. The two couples then march off stage right. Black out.)

Scene 4

(The scene is back at Clark and Chip's place. Chip and Belinda are sitting on the couch by the back of the stage. Belinda is quite tall, good looking, and has nice breasts. They are talking.)

CHIP

You are so right. I never thought about Star Wars like that before. Imagine, it's all basically a retelling of the Spanish-American war.

(Clark opens the door and Sarah, Elissa and Brittany walk in.)

CHIP

Oh hi Clark. This is Belinda.

ELISSA

Hi Belinda. Nice to see you.

BELINDA

Oh, it's *great* to see you too. Thank you so much for giving Charles my number.

ELISSA

(pauses)

Oh Chip. He seemed nice, or at least harmless enough.

BELINDA

What's Chip?

CHIP

(quickly)

Just a stupid nick-name. Who's the rest of the crew Clark, if that's okay to ask?

CLARK

Well, Elissa you know. This is Sarah, who I also met at the record store this morning. She works there. We're I guess

(looks at Sarah)

going out, now. Umm, this is Sarah's friend Brittany. Elissa and Brittany are just stopping by for a minute. Wait a second, Elissa, you know Belinda? And, pardon my inquisitiveness, but who exactly are you, Belinda? Chip hasn't mentioned you before.

CHIP

She's a dream come true.

BELINDA

Don't say things like that, at least not in front of other people. It makes them think that your life isn't shallow and meaningless like everybody else's.

CHIP

Sorry. Well anyway, Elissa gave me Belinda's number tonight when I asked her if she could set me up. I was really desperate. I know your not supposed to let the other side know that, but hey, it's late. Anyway, I called her up and we decided to go to that rave,

so Belinda came over here to pick me up and we just started talking and talking, and we just clicked, you know. We never made it out of the apartment.

BELINDA

Charles loves computers. He was showing me this Internet thing. We looked up my name and it gave my address and phone number and we found some really cool nude pictures of celebrities I like. It's fun.

BRITTANY

Yeah, I've heard about those pictures.

CLARK

Well, I better go and get that CD for you. Let me see, where is it?

(Clark goes off to find the CD.)

CHIP

Somehow I get the feeling you guys had an interesting evening tonight. Elissa, you and Clark didn't hit it off I guess.

ELISSA

No, we did. It's just that, well, Sarah, want to explain?

SARAH

No, it's sort of weird to explain, but. Well, I kind of, took Clark away from Elissa. But we all, I think, came to the conclusion that it was for the best. Elissa took it like a real woman of the late nineties, which really impressed me.

BRITTANY

It impressed me too.

SARAH

That's another thing. Brittany and Elissa, you guys feel like you have a real friendship in the works here, right?

BRITTANY AND ELISSA

Yeah.

ELISSA

We just, well...

BRITTANY

Clicked.

ELISSA

Yeah, clicked. Huh.

CHIP

That sounds really great. I don't think I've ever been in a room where everyone is genuinely happy. Not just happy at the moment because it's a wedding, or something. But they like their future too. I think this is unprecedented in the history of human existence.

BELINDA

You're a wise man Charles.

CHIP

I don't think this is going to work.

(pauses)

You better start calling me Chip. I thought Chip would sound to immature, but only my mom calls me Charles and well, I don't want to go through that mom/girlfriend thought-cycle ever again.

BELINDA

Okay, whatever. I think you could have phrased that one a little differently, but hey, we all got some hang-ups. Problems are cool, so boys and girls, stay in school. That is, it's cool.

CHIP

I, why, thank-you. I didn't think that line of conversation would be brought out by my name preference/happiness tangent, but we both just think on a higher plain of consciousness. Don't we?

BELINDA

That we do. Though we don't state it in public.

(Clark finds the CD in the refrigerator.)

CLARK

I got it. I don't know how it got in here, but, here, catch.

(Clark throws the CD to Elissa. She catches it.)

ELISSA

Thanks, I guess we'll be going now. That okay Brittany?

BRITTANY

Sure. I'm ready for some deep down philosophical girl-talk. And I *need* some deep brown caffeine-filled cafe-latte.

ELISSA  
It is pretty late, isn't it?

BRITTANY  
Why yes it is, oh wise sage.

ELISSA  
Thank you, clever apprentice.

BRITTANY  
The pleasure is all mine.

ELISSA  
Oh please, no, I'd like some of that too. It wouldn't be fair, would it?

BRITTANY  
I guess your right.

ELISSA  
I sincerely guess I am too. Hmm. Well,  
(thinking)  
either we go right now or we put some music on, everyone gets naked and we have a  
crazy dance party.

BRITTANY  
I think that means we better go. See everyone around, okay. Nice meeting all of you.  
  
(Brittany and Elissa grab each other's arm and go to open the  
door.)

ELISSA  
Bu-bye now, ya here.  
  
(They exit. Clark comes and puts his hand around Sarah. Chip  
takes Belinda's hand.)

CHIP  
This wasn't exactly the normal Chip and Clark watch TV night, was it?

SARAH  
Doesn't seem like it to me.

BELINDA  
Neither to me.

CHIP

That was directed to Clark. But, no worry, we can definitely use some strong women around here.

CLARK

Yes, some strong women would be lovely. I was thinking about re-arranging the place and so now we have two fab ladies to move around the furniture for us.

CHIP

I have a feeling I better not answer that one with the answer I'd like to, if I plan on staying slap-free for the evening. But, umm, yeah, that was a good *joke*.

SARAH

Well, it really is quite late, isn't it. I think I should be going soon. Umm, Chip and Belinda, do you mind giving Clark and myself a minute or two alone.

BELINDA

Oh sure, I should be going home too. But I *could* use a minute or two to say good-night to Chip.

(Chip and Belinda walk to over to the other side of the stage.  
They speak to each other softly.)

SARAH

Clark, you have made me most supremely and to the max, well, happy. Yeah. I know that I'm getting too into you, and that we don't really know each other and we may not be all that compatible in the end. But, right now, I really like spending every thought on you and what might be. It's a pleasant way to whittle away the time, if that's what life is, just waiting for death. But somehow, I think obsessing about someone, really being consumed with another, even superficially, based on nothing but your imagination and some slivers of touch and feeling, is okay. It's even worthwhile. As worthwhile as reading great literature or listening to music that speaks to your generation, right? Those *are* important, sure. They make you better. I'm not really sure how, what the mechanism is. I'm sure one day they'll find out, but for now, I'm content to say, they just do. Just like I'm content to just do, with you. This is a special moment, a special time. We don't really know each other, we don't know how specifically each other is incredibly messed up. Hopefully, when we find those things out, it will draw us closer. And we will develop what I think *I* dream of. But if we don't, well I'm so glad and I'll be so glad to have shared something with you, for however long, because at least we tried and that's all anyone can ever ask, or do.

CLARK

That's beautiful. There's no way for me to top that. No matter what I can say as a man, as a person, as a woman, as a person, as a person. You Sarah, attendant in love, said it. I'd like to kiss you now if that'd be okay.

SARAH

Go for it, you pretty person.

(Sarah and Clark kiss. Chip and Belinda also start to kiss soon after. Chip and Belinda stop first and then Sarah and Clark stop. Clark puts his hand to Sarah's face and takes it off. He looks at it. Kisses it and looks at Sarah's eyes. He smiles.)

BELINDA

I guess we two should be going, okay?

SARAH

That'd be perfect Belinda. Goodnight Clark. Call me real soon.

CLARK

I would if I had your number, but I'm too overloaded right now to accept a significant seven digit number into my life right now. So I'll just stop by the record store and you know, continue to broaden my horizon's, by some new CD's. See you.

SARAH

Okay, come tomorrow, I work all day.

BELINDA

Bye Chip.

(Sarah and Belinda leave together.)

CHIP

What an evening.

CLARK

Oh, to be blessed with everything that is woman.

CHIP

Oh, to be blessed to with everything that is man, woman, life.

CLARK

Time to go to bed?

CHIP

Definitely. Time to dream, to dream oh so very well.

CLARK

Definitely.

(Chip goes and pulls the divider from the back of the stage to the front, separating the room in two. Chip and Clark take off their shoes and socks and fall into their beds.)

CLARK

Good night Chip.

CHIP

Good night Clark.

(The lights dim and when the audience starts to clap, the lights black out completely.)

The End.