

"WHERE DOES THE TIME GO?"

(A Sexual Farce in One Act)

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Written by Kevin T. Baldwin.

Featuring 3 Males, 5 Females, Extras

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SYNOPSIS:

Keith Bixby is a lead actor in a community theatre's dramatic play production being directed by former film and Broadway theatre director, Frances Goldstein. Mr. Goldstein is an eccentric alcoholic who has watched his career go so far down the tubes that he is relegated to direct this little show. However, he is interested in bringing the show and Keith to Broadway, in hopes it will signal the revival of his career.

Keith is in the middle of a divorce and certainly could use the big break himself. At his one-room apartment, Keith has a tryst with Lynda, one of the chorus girls in the show. Lynda also happens to be Goldstein's not-yet-seventeen-year-old-albeit-extremely-sexually-active daughter.

Through a sexual mishap, Keith loses his musical wrist-watch inside Lynda's pelvic region. The watch is an unusual piece purchased by Megan, Keith's now-estranged wife, at Disney World on their honeymoon.

Every half-hour it plays a segment of "It's A Small World". At the moment of discovery, as Keith tries to get the watch out of Lynda, he hears the doorbell ring. He hides Lynda in the bathroom and opens the door. It is Megan, who has come to talk Keith into a reconciliation. Then, Mr. Goldstein also shows up, inebriated, followed by three actresses from the show. They've gathered for a special line rehearsal. Keith has now hidden Lynda in the couch, covered by some pillows.

During the course of the rehearsal, the watch breaks and keeps going off again, playing music, and again every few minutes, it causes Lynda to squeal in both ecstasy and pain. Bonnie, the producer and one of the actresses, mentions that she also has a similar watch which plays "Bella Notte".

Lynda cannot take the pain anymore, the sofa gets opened, and Lynda falls out in her underwear experiencing extremely painful cramps. As the truth unfolds, Megan swears she will never take Keith back. Goldstein also fires him from the show and everybody rushes Lynda to the Emergency Room at the local hospital.

SYNOPSIS (Continued):

During Act One, Scene Two, at the hospital, Lynda has the watch removed, Keith and Megan reconcile, and Mr. Goldstein re-hires Keith, and this makes the other three cast members, Bonnie, Amy and Mindy, very happy. This ends Act Two, Scene One.

During Act One, Scene Three, we see the actual play being performed with everybody in their respective roles. In the middle of a line, we hear “Bella Notte” coming from Lynda’s general direction. It’s not her this time. Everybody then looks at Bonnie as the lights fade.

End of synopsis.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS (In order of appearance):

KEITH BIXBY – Community theatre performer, handsome, 35-45 years-old

LYNDA – Chorus girl, Director's daughter, attractive, not quite 18 years-old – partial nudity required

MEGAN BIXBY – Keith's estranged wife, 30-35 years-old.

FRANCES GOLDSTEIN – Washed-up, eccentric, alcoholic director, 50-60

BONNIE – Actress and Producer of the community show, 30-ish trampy redhead

AMY – Actress, 30-ish ditzzy blonde

MINDY – Actress, 30-ish crass & sarcastic brunette

DOCTOR – Emergency Room Resident, 25-40 years-old

EXTRAS – For final scene, cast as needed.

Time: 1997

Place: The Town of Millborough

Setting, ACT ONE, SCENE ONE: The Apartment of Keith Bixby

Setting, ACT ONE, SCENE TWO: Hospital Emergency Room Waiting Area.

Setting, ACT ONE, SCENE THREE: The Millborough Players Stage Presentation of “Spineless – The Musical”.

Act One, Scene One

(At the start of the play, LIGHTS UP on the single room apartment of KEITH BIXBY. The sofa bed is center. Kitchen is off far sl, but there's no door, only an oriental-style partition separating the kitchen area from the rest of the apartment. There are clothes everywhere. There is a bathroom door to the rear of the set, and an entrance door to the apartment far sr. There are two bodies under the sheets in the pullout sofa bed, KEITH BIXBY emerges from under the sheets at the headboard, laughing. LYNDA is still under blankets, giggling and tickling him. They have obviously been having fervent sex)

KEITH – (Laughing) Now stop that! Move that hand!

LYNDA – (Playful, her head emerges from the foot of the sofa bed, upside down) That's not my hand. Tee-hee.

KEITH – Oh. Okay. (Goes back under the covers with LYNDA and then they BOTH emerge at the foot of the sofa bed right side up). C'mere, you. (snuggles with her) That was amazing. I can't believe you wanted me to do that.

LYNDA – I told you I was very, um, "flexible"? Tee-hee.

KEITH – "Flexible"? Hell, you're fucking miraculous. I had a "Stretch Armstrong" doll as a kid that couldn't do what you do. Can you show me again how you girls in the chorus line can do all those amazingly high leg straddles?

LYNDA – (Playfully pushing him away) Not now. Tee-hee! I gotta split. I gotta get up early tomorrow. (Gets out of the sofa bed either naked or draped in a sheet)

KEITH – Well, why don't you stay here tonight?

LYNDA – Nah, I better not. (Pulls out a cigarette) My dad'll be getting worried as it is.

KEITH – (Sitting on bed, starts to locate and put back on his clothes) Oh. You still live at home with your folks?

LYNDA – Nah, just my dad. Mom split eight years ago. You know how it goes in the theatre. We kept moving around a lot. Mom couldn't take it no more. So, she took off with some doctor. She was always wicked into doctors. Me, too. They're so, I dunno, "medical". (Looks at clock by the bed, which displays "8:30") I gotta go. Besides, don't you have that special call for line rehearsal tonight at nine o'clock?

KEITH – Yeah. I have to clean up the apartment before everybody gets here. I don't want to get on the bad side of that idiot director, Goldstein. Can't believe he spells his name "F-r-a-n-c-e-s", like a girl, just to be "stylish". (Looks under the covers on the bed) You seen my watch, Lynda?

LYNDA – Nope. You really think he'll be that mad at you? (Looks around) Did I have a scarf when I came here tonight?

KEITH – I don't recall. (Puts on pants. Back on topic) Yeah. I mean, here we are: a week from opening night for a little community theatre show, y'know, and he calls for a special line rehearsal? Give me a break. I know my lines. Everybody from the Millborough Players knows their lines. We're ready. But he keeps pushing the actors beyond their limits.

LYNDA – Yeah. He does that with everybody. Trust me. (Looks around, finds jumpsuit) Where'd I put my underwear?

KEITH – I don't know. (Puts on shirt. Back on topic) I mean, Christ, Lynda. You'd think he was still some big Broadway director, but he hasn't had a goddamn hit in years. The only reason he agreed to direct for this rinky-dink community theatre is so he can premiere his musical adaptation of the murder mystery "Spineless". And that's only because nobody else would put up the money for him to do it.

LYNDA – Sounds like you don't like the guy much. (Looks around, finds sports bra) Where are my tights?

KEITH – I don't know. I don't remember anything you were wearing before you were naked. (Puts on socks. Back on topic) You see, that's the weird part. I actually do like him. He's all right, I guess. I didn't think anybody could make it work. I mean, putting chorus girls in a tap dance number in the middle of a homicide scene? But, he did it! It's just that he can be such an asshole. (Changes attitude) Although he told me, and this is just between you and me, that if the show does well and goes to Broadway, he wants me to come with him to star in it!

LYNDA – That's great, Keith. (Now has the bottom half of a jumpsuit on with only a sports bra on underneath the straps) Still can't find my underwear anywhere. Guess I'll go "commando" till I get home. You seen my dance shoes anywhere? Or my scarf? God. I can't find anything!

KEITH – I don't know. (Fully dressed now. Back on topic) Damn right it's great. "Spineless – The Musical" directed by Frances J. Goldstein and starring Keith Bixby". Has a nice ring to it, don't you think?

LYNDA – Yeah. Dad's really excited about it, too.

KEITH – Your dad? Who's your dad? Is he part of the crew?

LYNDA – (Nodding) Mmmm-hmmm. He's Frances J. Goldstein.

KEITH – Very funny. Who's your dad, really?

LYNDA – Uh, Frances J. Goldstein. Here. I'll show you. (Gets purse out and pulls out her driver's license). Here it is.

KEITH – (Takes and reads the license) "Lynda J. Goldstein". (Pauses. He looks between the license and LYNDA several times, then) Fuck! I'm sleeping with the director's daughter! Holy shit! (Sits on bed next to LYNDA)

LYNDA – Relax. It's not like you're the first guy I been with, you know? (Snuggles) Just the best I been with in a long time.

KEITH – (Laughs) Well, I'll be damned. I didn't know you were Goldstein's daughter. What's the "J" stand for?

LYNDA – "Junior". Dad always wanted a boy. Didn't you wonder why we had the same last name? (KEITH looks away) You DID know my last name, didn't you? (KEITH hums, LYNDA slaps him) You asshole! You didn't even know my last name before you went to bed with me?

KEITH – (Imitating a cowboy) Sorry, ma-am. Guess that was just plum thoughtless o' me, now wadn't it? I was just so taken aback by yer be-a-u-ti-ful face that I just had to have you no matter whut. (Bats his eyelashes at LYNDA) Forgive me?

LYNDA – (Laughing) You bastard. I'm gonna get you for that. (BOTH go under the covers again, then LYNDA re-emerges with jumpsuit off again) Nope. On second thought, I better get going. Your guests will be here any minute. Besides, I got a major test early in the morning.

KEITH – That's right. I keep forgetting you're in school. What kind of test?

LYNDA – Algebra. (Looking under the sheets again) I still can't find my underwear.

KEITH – Algebra? I didn't think they even taught that in college, anymore.

LYNDA – I wouldn't know. Hey, you go anything like Midol or something in your medicine chest? I think I'm getting my period, or something. I'm getting a little crampy.

KEITH – Thanks for sharing. What the hell would I be doing with Midol?

LYNDA – I don't know. I said "or something". Any Tylenol or some kinda pain reliever?

KEITH – Nah. I just moved in here. I haven't stocked up on anything yet. Well, what's you major?

LYNDA – My major what?

KEITH – In school. What's your major?

LYNDA – I dunno. I'm not in college.

KEITH – Oh. (Pauses) You're not in college? Junior College, then?

LYNDA – Nope. (Picks up purse) Can I have my picture license back? I just got it and I'd hate to lose it again.

KEITH – Wait a minute. What do you mean you just got it? I thought you said you were attending Millborough?

LYNDA – Duh! Yeah. I am. Millborough High School. And I'll be getting my G.E.D. in just two more months.

KEITH – (Slowly stands up from the bed) Two more months? G.E.D.? Just what the hell grade are you in?

LYNDA – I'm not sure. But if I'm getting my G.E.D. in two months, (Thinks for a moment) carry the one, I guess that would make me in twelfth grade, right?

KEITH – Twelfth grade? So that makes you a...

LYNDA – Senior. Duh.

KEITH – Which makes you in...

LYNDA – High School. Again: Duh.

KEITH – Which makes you (Looks at license, hopefully) Eighteen years old?

LYNDA – (Dashing KEITH's hopes) Seventeen.

KEITH – Ah. Well, seventeen is still...

LYNDA – In three more weeks!

KEITH – (Jumps into bed) Holy fuck! (Holds pillow out in front of his chest) Jesus Christ! You're a minor! (Gives LYNDA back her license) You're jailbait!

LYNDA – What do you mean? Sixteen is legal!

KEITH – I don't know where you come from originally, little girl, but in this state sixteen is definitely NOT legal. My God, I slept with the director's daughter, and she's jailbait, to boot? I'm a fucking dead man.

LYNDA – Look, relax, honey. I’m getting my G.E.D. because I been bounced around from school to school, so I never got a good, solid education. It’s all on account of Dad and me being on the road so much doing shows. But, if it’ll make you feel better, don’t worry. I won’t tell nobody what happened. It’s cold in here. Where is my underwear?

KEITH – (Pauses) Nobody. (Pauses) Nobody? (Thinks) Well, then what’s the fun in that?

LYNDA – (Climbs under the covers again) Boy, you old guys are sure hard to figure, sometimes. I mean, you don’t want anyone to know you slept with someone half your age...

KEITH – (Stopping her) Please. A quarter my age, if you don’t mind.

LYNDA – Yeah, sure. Right. Whatever. Anyway, but then you’re upset like if that same someone, in this case, me, stays quiet about it happening? Man, that’s messed up. Real stupid. (Music from Keith’s watch goes off, playing “It’s a Small World”. LYNDA laughs as if getting tickled) What’s that? Teehee. (Looks under the covers again)

KEITH – Oh, great! My watch! It goes off every half hour like that, playing “It’s A Small World, After All”. My wife, excuse me (lifts covers) ex-wife, (lowers covers) I mean, my soon-to-be-ex-wife, (lifts covers) I mean,

LYNDA – (Annoyed) Whatever, dude!

KEITH – Anyway, she bought it for me on our honeymoon. We went to Disney World. (lowers covers) I thought I heard it in here. Where could it be?

LYNDA – You know, I’m not a guy, and...

KEITH – That’s apparent.

LYNDA – And this just may be my opinion, but IF I were and my wife bought me a watch that every time I wore it to bed started playing “It’s a Small World, After All”, I think I’d find it kinda difficult to get a hard-on.

KEITH – (To himself) Come to think of it, I never did quite understand why she picked out this watch and not the one that plays “Bella Notte”, like I wanted. Anyway, let’s have it.

LYNDA – What? The watch?

KEITH – Yeah.

LYNDA – I don’t got it.

KEITH – Come on, Lynda. I don’t have time for games. It just rang 8:30. I need to get the apartment ready before the cast arrives. Before (frightened) before your father gets here, oh my God!

LYNDA – But I don’t got it. I swear!

KEITH – (Crawls under the covers) Oh, come on. (Music goes off again, and LYNDA giggles some more). Where the hell is it?

LYNDA – I think I must be sitting on it, or something, cause it’s tickling me. (Laughs hysterically, KEITH slowly emerges from the blanket with a troubling look)

KEITH – No. That’s impossible.

LYNDA – What?

KEITH – Lynda, remember that “thing” you wanted me to do while we were, y’know?

LYNDA – What?

KEITH – (Takes his right hand, covers his left wrist then moves the right hand up and down his left arm in a twisting motion) You know, THAT thing you wanted me to do?

LYNDA – (Understands) Oh. Yeah. So?

KEITH – Well, I was wearing my wrist-watch at the time.

LYNDA – Oh. Yeah, I know. And, you lost it in the bed. Again: So?

KEITH – So, I was listening to where the sound was coming from just now, and it wasn’t from the bed. I mean, it was coming from the general area OF the bed, but it’s not...quite...lost...in...the...bed.

LYNDA – (Long pause, then realizes) Oh. Oh? Oh! Oh no!! Oh, shit. Oh, man! No wonder it hurt like a bitch. I just thought you were really bad at it. (KEITH does a double-take) How do we get it outta there?

KEITH – You mean you don't know? Can't you, y'know, like just, uh, push the thing out?

LYNDA – It's NOT a baby, Keith. (Wincing) Ouch! (Bending and straightening herself) I think it's caught on something.

KEITH – (Looks at her, incredulously) What the hell do you mean "it's caught on something"?

LYNDA – Like I said. It's CAUGHT on something! (Winces again) I can't move it. Ow. Shit. I wish this'd stop happening to me.

KEITH – "THIS"? "This" has happened before to you?

LYNDA - A couple of times. Last time was at my gynecologist's office? It took 'em three days of internals to get the thing out, then they left a speculum in me. I don't wanna have to go through that again. (Wincing) Ouch. And when the boys at the last school I was at found out, they came up with a really sick nickname for me.

KEITH - What was that?

LYNDA - "Puppet". (Starts taking off jumpsuit again)

KEITH - Well, "Puppet", since you can't seem to push it out, let's see if I can get it. (Goes under the covers again) Let me know if I'm, uh, getting close to it. I mean if you can, uh, feel it. (LYNDA flinches as KEITH moves under the covers)

LYNDA - Don't worry. (Smiling) I can feel it now. (Reacting to sudden pains KEITH is causing her) Ow! Now I feel that, too. Ow! (Slapping his head) Watch out!

KEITH - (Re-emerging from under the bed covers) Watch out?

LYNDA - No, I mean "watch out" as in be careful down there!

KEITH - I am trying. I'm not used to this, this, "process" in reverse so you'll have to CUT ME SOME SLACK! Let me know if I'm almost there. (Goes back under the covers one more time)

LYNDA - (As covers move) No. No. I don't think so. I think...maybe more to the left. Ow-ow. More to the right. Dude, move the hand back before you rip my tonsils out. (Pause) No. Yes. (Receiving pleasure, builds to a "climax") Yeah. Yeah. Okay, now more to the right. More to the right. The right. Right. Right. Right. Right. There. Right. There. Right there. Right there. Right there. There! There! There! (Makes an extremely high-pitched "Ahhhh" sound) There! (Extremely relaxed, pulls up her purse, gets out a cigarette and lights it up)

KEITH - (Re-emerging from under the covers again) Damn it! I can't find it!

LYNDA - (In a daze) Well, if you can't find it, you can't find it. (Hugs KEITH) You'll just have to keep looking until you do, I guess.

KEITH - (Gets out of the bed, LYNDA plummets into a pillow) I can't! I've got to get that watch back. You don't understand.

(The doorbell rings)

LYNDA - (Head still in the pillow) Who's that?

KEITH - I don't know. (Goes over to the door far sr) Who is it?

MEGAN - It's Megan, Keith. Can I come in?

KEITH - (Whispers nervously to LYNDA) Shit! It's Megan! Lynda, you've gotta get outta here.

LYNDA - Who's Megan?

KEITH - That's my wife. (Lifts up bed covers) I mean my ex-wife. (Lowers covers) I mean...

LYNDA – Christ, dude. Let's not go down that road again. (LYNDA gets up, picks up her stuff minus the scarf and underwear, and moves towards the bathroom, rear) I'll go into the bathroom and get changed up. Maybe I can get this thing out before the cramps worsen. (Winces) Ow. Shit!

MEGAN - Keith? Are you still there?

KEITH - (Hurrying LYNDA out) Fine. Go in there and take all your clothes with you.

LYNDA - I'm going. I'm going. (Gets into BATHROOM and closes door. KEITH opens sr door and MEGAN enters, wearing a large women's raincoat)

MEGAN - What took you so long?

KEITH - Oh, I was, uh, having a problem finding my wristwatch and then you rang, and I wanted to, uh, straighten up the place. Y'know, get things out of the way, so to speak, before letting you in.

MEGAN - (Looking over the filthy little apartment, lifts up LYNDA's scarf off the floor near the bed) I see. Thanks for going to all the trouble. (Looking away from KEITH and the bathroom) Is this your scarf, by chance? (LYNDA, hearing about her scarf, peers her head out of the bathroom door. KEITH closes the door quickly on LYNDA and grabs the obviously feminine scarf from MEGAN)

KEITH – Yes. It's mine. What did you want, Megan?

MEGAN - I wanted to drop off the attorney's division of marital assets forms that you need to look over and sign.

KEITH – Oh, I don't have to look them over, Megan. Whatever you want to keep is fine with me. (Walks down sc to meet MEGAN by the bed)

MEGAN – (Turns to face KEITH) That's very big of you, Keith, except that most of the stuff in the house is YOURS and I really don't WANT to keep it. Your DVD player, your laserdisc player, your CD player, your record player, your cassette player, your 8-track tape player, your 8,000 CDs, your 4,000 cassettes, and your 2,000 albums. I always wondered: why do you have an 8-track player when you don't even own any 8-tracks? They haven't even MADE 8-tracks OR players in over twenty-five years. Why hold onto it?

KEITH – I told you, Megan. It has sentimental value.

MEGAN – “Sentimental value”? Keith, it's an obsolete 8-track player, not a piece of Shropshire.

KEITH – But I've had it since I was a kid. My dad bought it for me.

MEGAN – My dad bought me a puppy once when I was a kid, but the puppy died 15 years ago. I didn't hold onto it. (Puts her hand on his shoulder) Keith, let it go.

KEITH – Yeah. Well, (Takes the forms from MEGAN. MEGAN goes over to the bed. As she fixes the covers so she can sit down on the bed, she finds a pair of women’s underwear. She holds them up as KEITH continues to speak) I’ll sign these right away for you, Megan. I suppose I can find a place to put the stuff into storage for awhile. May take some time, but as soon as I find a place, then I’ll get back to you (Sees MEGAN holding the panties in her hand) whoah. I mean, oh, I’m glad you found those. (Walks over to MEGAN on the bed, takes the panties and shoves them into his pocket) I’ve been looking for those everywhere. (Laughs nervously) You know those men’s bikini briefs. The colors just blend in with the covers and you just can’t find them sometimes, heh-hehheh. (The watch goes off again, this time from the bathroom. LYNDIA emits another high-pitched “Ahhh” sound. Keith looks at the clock by the bed) Hmmm. Timer must be broken on that thing.

MEGAN – (Rises from the bed) What was that sound?

KEITH – (Shrugs his shoulders, moves towards bathroom door) Plumbing. It’s the plumbing.

MEGAN – Those are some pretty strange sounds. You should look into having it pulled out.

KEITH – (Looking in the direction of the bathroom) I may have to. (Opens door to bathroom and throws scarf in there)

MEGAN – Look Keith, about the underwear.

KEITH – (Moving back toward MEGAN from the bathroom) Yeah?

MEGAN – I know it doesn’t belong to you. So, you don’t have to make up stories. (Takes off raincoat)

KEITH – I don’t?

MEGAN – No. Keith, we’re separated. Who you see is none of my business.

KEITH – (Realizing he doesn't have to pretend) Yeah, I suppose you're right. (Returns to the bathroom to let LYNDA out)

MEGAN – Just like it's none of your business whom I see.

KEITH – (Opens the bathroom door. LYNDA peeks out) Yeah, I suppose you're (Slams door on LYNDA's face) Um, just who are you seeing?

MEGAN – It's none of your business.

KEITH – (Confronting her) It's that "Tom" guy, isn't it? That stockbroker from your country line dancing class, huh?

MEGAN – Keith, if you must know, I haven't really been with anyone since we separated.

KEITH – No one? (Walks behind the bed)

MEGAN – No. I haven't slept with anyone.

KEITH – Oh. (Performs a quarterback victory dance behind MEGAN's back. MEGAN looks around to him and KEITH stops)

MEGAN – Just that once.

KEITH – (Losing his elation) Why? Why do you women do that to us? "Just once". "Just that one time". "Except for this one guy". You women do that to us all the time.

MEGAN – What?

KEITH – "Oh, I've never given a guy a blowjob, before. Never. Never, ever, EVER! (Pause) Okay, maybe just that one time. But I don't count that. That was a mistake." (Throws his arms up into the air) Sheesh! I can't stand it. (Comes around to where MEGAN is standing)

MEGAN – (Starts to sob) Sorry.

KEITH – (Realizing she’s upset) Hey, don’t take it that hard. I’ll get over it.

MEGAN – (Wiping her eyes, trying to be strong) Oh, it’s not that. These are just happy tears, you know? I’m just thinking: here we both are. Absolutely fine with this whole “divorce” thing. I’m glad you’re getting on with your new life, your acting career. I really am. And that you’re living with that new found independence you wanted so badly. And, hey, I’m financially stable after all these years, now that you’re out of the house. I’m doing great at my law firm! Next month, I could be up for partner.

KEITH – Hey, that’s great, Megan. And there’s no kids involved, right? So there’s no alimony or child support to have to deal with, either, right?

MEGAN – No. No kids. Right. That’s...great. (Uncertain) Isn’t it? I mean, so we’re both happy with everything in our lives now, right?

KEITH – Absolutely. No question. I’m happy. (Pauses) Aren’t you?

MEGAN – Oh, sure. Sure. Except (Long pause, followed by a long, high-pitched whine) I don’t wanna divorce! (Sobbing uncontrollably into KEITH’s shirt)

KEITH – (Comforting her) What? (LYNDA peeks out of the bathroom again. KEITH sees her and motions for her to head towards the door far sr – LYNDA, jumpsuit on, starts to move)

MEGAN – (Oblivious to LYNDA, facing away from her) I came here tonight because I...I want to try and talk things over. I still think there’s something between us, Keith. We had ten wonderful years together. Remember? (LYNDA returns to the bathroom – KEITH wonders what she’s doing going back in there)

KEITH – I remember it was eleven, actually.

MEGAN – Yes, but the last one sucked, so I don’t count it. (LYNDA comes out of the bathroom with her scarf and shoes in her hands. She shows them to KEITH. KEITH motions to her to get out quickly)

KEITH – (To LYNDA) Get out, already!

MEGAN – (Rises from the bed. LYNDA ducks down behind it) “Get out”? Keith, don’t you even want to talk about this?

KEITH – (Nodding) Ah, yes. Yes, I do want to discuss it. Very much so, Megan. It's just that I'm having some people come over, and

MEGAN – (Hopeful) But we need to make sure we're not making a mistake here, don't you think? (Looks away from the bed. LYNDA pokes her head up from behind the headboard. KEITH pushes her head back down behind it)

KEITH – Gee, Megan. I don't know. (MEGAN turns around) I mean, those first few months after we separated were pretty bad. Don't you remember? It was like we never took the marriage seriously to begin with. (Comes off the bed and up to MEGAN) Remember that guy you had over to the house a week after I left? And what about that day I came over to visit you a few weeks later and we had that little tryst? You didn't realize it, but after I "did" you in our bedroom, that same night I came back here and "did" that data entry clerk from the attorney's office.

MEGAN – (Cold) I know. You wrote to me about that later on in a letter which you mailed to me, you cowardly asshole.

KEITH – I didn't know how you'd react.

MEGAN – I thought I took it rather well.

KEITH – You came to my place at midnight with a kitchen knife in your hand. How is that taking it well?

MEGAN – (Cold) You're still here, aren't you? (LYNDA pokes her head out again, and this time she starts tip-toeing her way to the door – KEITH sees her by MEGAN doesn't)

KEITH – Megan, I do think we need to talk more about, about everything, but not right now. I have people coming over here any minute for an important rehearsal.

MEGAN – No. I want to discuss this now. (Desperately, she grabs his arms) Keith, we may not have another chance.

KEITH – Why? Because I might get that New York gig? Megan, I (Doorbell rings – LYNDA bolts into bathroom before MEGAN and KEITH turn to the door) Shit! It's Frances.

MEGAN – Frances? (Jealous) Who is Frances? Another “data entry clerk”?

KETH – No. My director.

MEGAN – Your director’s a woman? (Suspicious) And she wants to take you to New York, huh? (There’s another knock at the door) That figures. Lousy little whore.

KEITH – Frances is a guy. He just spells his name like a whore, I mean a girl! (MEGAN looks at him, confused) It’s complicated. Look, Megan, I have to get that. Hold on. (Goes over to the sr door) Who is it?

GOLDSTEIN – (Inebriated from behind the door) It’s Frances J. Goldstein, Boothbay. Now open the fucking door.

KEITH – (To MEGAN) Shit! What great fucking timing. (Bumps his head into the door) It’s not even nine o’clock yet and the drunken shithead is here.

GOLDSTEIN – What did you say, Boothbay?

KEITH – I said (almost humming) it’s nine o’clock and I bumped my head. It’s a song I’m working on. I’ll be right there, Mr. Goldstein. And it’s Bixby, sir. not Boothbay.

GOLDSTEIN – Like I give a fuck. Just open the goddamn door, Bilby.

KEITH – Just a minute, sir. (Walks over to MEGAN at the bed) Megan, please get into the bathroom. Please? I don’t want him to see us in the middle of this...this...(unsure) whatever this is that we’re having.

MEGAN – (Shrugs, picks up her coat) Okay. (Heads towards the bathroom) I’ll wait in the bathroom. But, I don’t care if we’re up until dawn, Keith. I’m not leaving until we get this all out in the open.

KEITH – Great. Then I’ll (Realizes LYNDA’s in the bathroom) MOVE YOU RIGHT INTO THAT KITCHEN, YOUNG LADY! (Grabs MEGAN and thrusts her into the kitchen area, beyond the oriental partitions, far sl. MEGAN thinks KEITH’s making an advance, and takes her jacket and thrusts it onto the kitchen floor)

MEGAN – Oh, yes! Yes, Keith. Take me! (Starts passionately kissing him)

KEITH – What? Now?

MEGAN - Right now! (Pulls herself up onto the kitchen counter and thrusts her pelvis against his) Yes! Yes! Yes! Mama will make it all better, baby! (Lifts legs high in the air and then wraps them around KEITH)

GOLDSTEIN – Bilby!

KEITH – (Struggling with MEGAN) Bixby! I'll be right there, sir! (Calming MEGAN down) While I really have missed this, Megan, (More sincerely) and I mean really, I need to answer that door or Goldstein will fucking kill me. Understand? (MEGAN nods "Yes") I promise. As soon as I get a break in the line rehearsal tonight, I'll come into the kitchen and we'll talk some more. (MEGAN nods "Yes") Now, are you going to be okay? (MEGAN shakes her head "No") Sigh. I'll be back.

(KEITH heads out of the kitchen area and crosses far sr to the door. As he crosses, LYNDA comes out of the bathroom and pantomimes "What should I do?" to KEITH. KEITH pantomimes "I don't know" back to her then thinks of an idea)

KEITH – (Whispering) - Stay in the bathroom.

LYNDA – (Whispering) What?

KEITH – (Whispering louder) Stay in the bathroom.

LYNDA – (Louder) What?

KEITH – (Shouting) GET IN THE BATHROOM! (Lynda, holding her stomach returns to the bathroom as MEGAN returns from the kitchen area)

MEGAN – The bathroom?

KEITH – (Shouting) THE KITCHEN! THE KITCHEN!

(MEGAN returns to the kitchen area. KEITH opens the far sr door and FRANCES J. GOLDSTEIN tumbles in onto the floor)

GOLDSTEIN – (Face down on the floor) Help me. I'm hurt.

KEITH – (Goes to bathroom door, opens it. LYNDA steps out) Lynda, you've got to get the hell out of here. I've got my wife in the kitchen, and your father over there. If either one of them sees you here, I'm a dead man.

LYNDA – (Holds out her hand) Could I have my underwear, please?

KEITH – What? (Realizes he still has them on his person) Oh. (Takes the underwear from out of his pocket) Here. (LYNDA walks over to behind the bed and starts taking her jumpsuit off again) What the hell are you doing?

LYNDA – (Loudly) I gotta put these on!

KEITH – (Shouting) Now?

MEGAN – (From the kitchen) Now, Keith?

KEITH – (To MEGAN) No! Not now, Megan! (KEITH lunges at LYNDA and puts his hands over her mouth. He indicates to LYNDA to speak more quietly, takes hands away from her mouth) What?

LYNDA – Well, I can't very well put on the underpants without taking off the jumpsuit, now can I? And I can't walk all the way to the bus station "commando" just wearing a jumpsuit. You ever heard of chafing?

MEGAN – Keith?

KEITH – Fine. Fine. Whatever. Just hurry it up.

MEGAN – Hurry what up? Keith? Are you all right? (Peeks out from behind the partition, KEITH pushes LYNDA down behind the bed again so MEGAN doesn't see her) Is it safe to come out now?

KEITH – Hell, no! Megan!

MEGAN – (Comes out all the way into the room) What?

KEITH – I said "Hel-lo, Megan". Do me a favor, please, honey? Would you put on a pot of coffee for my guests? I'll come into the kitchen in a minute and get a cup for my pie-eyed director over there (points to GOLDSTEIN).

MEGAN – Okay. (MEGAN goes back into the kitchen)

LYNDA – (Popping her head back up again, this time she’s fully dressed) Whew! That was close. I gotta get my make-up kit outta the bathroom. (Sees something in the sofa bed) Hey! My ring! There it is! (Leans over the headboard into the sofa bed to retrieve the ring)

GOLDSTEIN – (Groggy, eyes not open yet) Lynda? Sweetheart, is that you?

(KEITH flips LYNDA down into the bed and starts to fold up the sofa bed. LYNDA curls up into the fetal position to hide herself. KEITH puts the sofa bed quickly back together and sits on the cushions, right on top of LYNDA, who is now trapped inside the sofa bed) Wha-what’s happening? How’d I get here?

KEITH – The line rehearsal, sir.

GOLDSTEIN – What? Oh, yeah. The line rehearsal. What fucking imbecile called a line rehearsal for nine o’clock at night, anyway?

KEITH – Uh, you did, sir.

GOLDSTEIN – (Feeling his hangover) Remind me to fire me later. (Looking around) Aren’t the others here, yet?

KEITH – No, they’re still not here. (GOLDSTEIN nods off again) Sir? Sir? (LYNDA pushes on the cushions. KEITH tries to lift the cushions off the sofa bed, LYNDA’s foot pops out)

MEGAN – (Poking her head out from behind the partition) Coffee’s on, Keith. (KEITH quickly knocks LYNDA’s leg back into the sofa bed and returns the cushions to the sofa bed as GOLDSTEIN re-awakens)

KEITH – (To MEGAN) Shhhh! (MEGAN goes back behind the partition)

GOLDSTEIN – (Still groggy) What? Who said coffee?

KEITH – Uh, (High-pitched) Coffee. I did, sir. Want some?

GOLDSTEIN – Don’t tell me there’s something wrong with your voice, Bissby. I got enough fucking problems with this show.

KEITH – No, (Clearing his throat) sir. Just a little tickle. Comes and goes. (High pitched voice) There it is. (Normal voice) There it goes. (High-pitched) Coffee? (Low-pitched) sir?

GOLDSTEIN – (Wiping his brow) Don't fuck with a man with a hangover. What kind of coffee is it, anyway? Latte? Cappucino? Half-caffeinated decalf?

KEITH – Black. Strong and black.

GOLDSTEIN – (Holding his head) Good. Love some.

KEITH – (Realizing he has to get up from the couch) Sigh. I'll, um, just get up off the couch and go, um, get it. (Slowly rises then darts to the kitchen. GOLDSTEIN looks at the sofa bed, whose cushions are being moved by LYNDA underneath)

GOLDSTEIN – Not again. Shit! I hate it when I get this drunk. (Starts to nod off again. LYNDA tries to get out of the sofa bed as GOLDSTEIN struggles to keep his eyes open. KEITH returns from the kitchen with the coffee cup, sees LYNDA and immediately puts his hand over the cup, runs across the room and leaps over onto the sofa bed, pushing LYNDA back down. GOLDSTEIN stirs, then wakes up fully as KEITH gets off the sofa bed and approaches GOLDSTEIN with his coffee. He hasn't spilled a drop)

KEITH – (Gasping) Here's your coffee, Mr. Goldstein. (Leans over, GOLDSTEIN belches once more into KEITH's face) Enjoy. (Panting heavily, KEITH rises, wipes his face again) I'm coming. (Goes over to the door, still panting heavily)

AMY – (Listening to KEITH's panting from behind the door) I don't think we're at the right apartment. This sounds like the apartment of an obscene phone caller, or something.

KEITH - Who-Who-Who is it? (GOLDSTEIN falls asleep with the tip of his nose in the coffee. KEITH shrugs)

BONNIE – (From behind the door) Come on, Keith. It's cold out here. It's us: Bonnie, Mindy, and Amy.

KEITH – Okay. (Opens up the door) Come on in. Join the slumber party.

AMY – (Entering with BONNIE and MINDY) I love slumber parties! Where is it?

MINDY – (Entering) He was kidding, you ditz! (Takes jacket off)

AMY – Oh. (Takes jacket off as does BONNIE and they all hand them to KEITH)

KEITH – Make yourselves at home, but don't sit on the (ALL THREE ladies sit down on the sofa bed. LYNDA issues a "Yelp" scream that is muffled) sofa.

BONNIE – What was that?

KEITH – The uh, sofa bed. It's one of those older-style sofa convertible beds. It's real old. Makes noises.

BONNIE – Mine does that, too, at times.

MINDY – Yeah, but you're usually in it at the time, you human trampoline.

KEITH – Ladies, I'm sure you remember our illustrious director, the famous

GOLDSTEIN – (Asleep, making bubbles with his nose from within the coffee cup)
Zzzzzz.

KEITH – And oft times inebriated and unconscious Mr. Frances J. Goldstein. (The LADIES all applaud, GOLDSTEIN wakes up)

GOLDSTEIN – Wha-What? Oh, good. Everybody here, Billis?

KEITH – Bixby. Yes, sir.

GOLDSTEIN – Good. Let's begin. (Pulls out a notepad from his back pocket) Need my notes. I want to get this over with as quickly as possible. I have to get home and make sure my daughter is (Long fart in his chair, the LADIES fan away the smell) back from her date on time. (Under his breath) The little slut. (From the sofa bed, we hear LYNDA yelp again. The LADIES all look at each other) What the hell was that?

MINDY – I thought it was you.

AMY – It's the sofa bed. It squeaks.

GOLDSTEIN – Oh. Sort of like yours does, eh, Bonnie? (Throws her a crude smile. BONNIE is embarrassed)

KEITH – (Changing the subject) Does everybody have their scripts? (MINDY goes over to the kitchen)

ALL – (Ad-lib) Yes. Sure do. (etc.)

MEGAN – (From kitchen area) Can I get anyone some coffee?

MINDY – Who's that in the kitchen, Keith? You got a maid or something?

KEITH – Uh, no. That's my wife. (Takes a step towards MINDY) I mean, my ex-wife. (Takes another step towards MINDY) I mean my soon-to-be-ex-wife. (Takes another step) I mean...

ALL – Whatever!

GOLDSTEIN – Does she have a real name besides all those others you mentioned? You know, something silly, like a given human name?

KEITH – Yes, Sir. Her name's Megan. She came over here to discuss, well...

GOLDSTEIN – (Holding up his hand) I'm sorry. My fault, my fault. By my asking that last question, I seem to have given you the impression that I actually gave a shit. Well, would you please tell "Megan" that this is a closed rehearsal? Whatever it is that you two have to "discuss" can wait for a couple of hours, can't it?

KEITH – Yes, sir. (As KEITH heads over to the kitchen, the watch goes off, and LYNDA again yields a high-pitched "Ahhh" from inside the sofa bed). Hmmm. Definitely broken.

AMY – Keith, your couch is making noises again.

MEGAN – (From the kitchen area, to KEITH) I thought you said it was the plumbing. (Listens) Wait a minute. That song.

MINDY – Sounds like "It's a Small World, After All". What the hell?

GOLDSTEIN – Great. A fucking Disney musical couch. I'm way too sober. (Takes one last sip from coffee cup then puts cup down)

KEITH – Oh, yeah. I, uh, lost my watch up there. I mean, in there.

AMY – In the plumbing?

MINDY – In the sofa!

BONNIE – (Stands up and starts to lift cushions) Do you want me to get it out for you?

KEITH – (Screams and leaps onto cushions) Nooo!! (Regains composure) I mean, no, no, no. Don't you worry about it. I'll get it out of there later. We have an important rehearsal to get to, right?

BONNIE – Was that from Disney World? The watch, I mean? You know, my fourth husband Harry and I went to Disney World on our second honeymoon.

MINDY – Fourth husband? Second honeymoon? How long were you married?

BONNIE – (Thinks) Well, it's...complicated. (MINDY nods) Anyway, (Holding out her own wrist-watch) he bought me this wrist-watch from Disney World, too. Only this one plays "Belle Notte" from "Lady and the Tramp". He said that movie always reminded him of me.

MINDY – And I'll take a wild guess as to which of those two characters you reminded him MOST of.

AMY – I think that's sweet.

MINDY – I think it's fucked up.

GOLDSTEIN – And I think we should get back down to work! Now, Carl,

KEITH – Keith, sir.

GOLDSTEIN – Like I give a rat's ass. Could we please get back to rehearsal before I have liver failure? (Realizes he has to go to the bathroom) Oh, damn, I have to piss like a racehorse. (Rises and heads for the bathroom, motions towards the kitchen) Get your, whatever she is out of here and when I come out, I want everybody to be ready for a speed-thru of Act One.

ALL – (Ad-lib) Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Goldstein. (GOLDSTEIN closes bathroom door behind him)

KEITH - (To ALL) I hope he's quiet. The bathroom echoes a lot. (Into kitchen) Megan? Could you come out, please?

MEGAN – (Peeks out from behind the partition) Yes?

KEITH – Come on out, honey. We're starting rehearsal, now. (MEGAN comes into the room. ALL exchange pleasantries, then from inside the bathroom, we hear GOLDSTEIN going to the bathroom. The echo of him passing gas permeates the entire room to the point where nobody can hear anybody else speak)

AMY – (To MEGAN, over the noise) So, honey. Where ya from?

MEGAN – Springfield!

BONNIE – Really? You like it there?

MEGAN – Yes!

AMY – You two got any kids together?

MEGAN – What?

AMY – I said, “You got any kids”?

MEGAN – No!

MINDY – (Realizing MEGAN can't hear what they're asking her) What's the matter, honey? Keith's pecker broken, or something?

MEGAN – What?

MINDY – (Laughing) I said (Sound from the bathroom ceases) IS KEITH'S PECKER BROKEN?!! (Long silence. Realizing her faux pas, embarrassed) Umm...sorry.

MEGAN – (Humiliated, heading for the door sr) I better leave. (As she opens the door, GOLDSTEIN comes out of the bathroom with some of LYNDA's make-up from her kit)

GOLDSTEIN – I thought you told me you weren't a fairy, Boothbay? Who's make-up kit is this, then? It ain't “stage”.

KEITH – (Looks at MEGAN, who glares back at him) Uh, Megan, honey (Goes over and snatches the make-up from GOLDSTEIN and brings it to MEGAN) I must have packed some of your make-up in with my stuff.

MEGAN – (Cold) That’s not mine.

KEITH – (Stalled) Really? Really? Then, (reaching) this must have been in the apartment the whole time. (Walks back to GOLDSTEIN) I have no idea where it came from, Mr. Goldstein, but it sure isn’t mine.

GOLDSTEIN- (Taking the make-up back) Funny. Looks a little like my daughter’s. Anyway, we all ready to get to work?

ALL – Yes, sir.

MEGAN – (Still upset over the make-up) I forgot my coat in the kitchen. I’ll get it and be on my way, I guess. There’s nothing more for me here. (Heads into the kitchen)

GOLDSTEIN – (Sits down at chair by the door again and starts flipping through his notepad) Okay, now if everybody could turn to Act One, Scene One? (ALL start pulling out their assorted scripts – KEITH looks towards kitchen area, pensively) We’re at the crime scene of the third victim as the music begins. Her spinal column has been mutilated. Removed from her back by a pair of sharp tongs. Now, the chorus girls have finished their tap number. Captain Didomenico, that’s you, Amy.

AMY – Hey, I always wondered. This part was written for a 50 year-old guy. How come I got it, then?

GOLDSTEIN – Because we had no guys audition except for tooty-fruity, here.

KEITH – Mr. Goldstein, I...

MINDY – Really? I always thought it was because Amy had the biggest, thickest mustache of anyone that auditioned. (AMY and MINDY ad lib bickering and struggling on the couch)

KEITH – Ladies, please! Stop fighting!

BONNIE – (Excited) No. Don’t stop them. I wanna see who wins. This is such a turn-on.

KEITH – You really have issues, Bonnie. You know that? (As KEITH tries to break up the fighting women, MEGAN reenters the room and with her coat on. LYNDA emits a large scream from inside the sofa bed. ALL stop and look at the sofa bed)

AMY – (To MINDY) Was that you? (Stands)

MINDY – (To AMY) I thought it was you. (Stands)

GOLDSTEIN – What the bloody hell was that?

MEGAN – It came from the couch. Keith, what...?

LYNDA – (From inside the sofa) Daddy! Help me! I'm in here!

GOLDSTEIN – What the hell? (Goes over behind the sofa bed, and calls into it from above the headboard) Lynda? Lynda, is that you? Lynda!

LYNDA – Daddy! (GOLDSTEIN removes the cushions and opens up the sofa bed with help from KEITH and the LADIES, and then LYNDA flops out onto the floor) Ow!

AMY – Who is that?

MINDY – Lynda, I'm guessing.

GOLDSTEIN – Lynda! Baby! (Comforting his daughter)

BONNIE – (To KEITH) I thought you said you didn't have a maid.

KEITH – I don't have a maid.

AMY – Say, isn't she one of the chorus girls?

MINDY – Excuse me, not for nothing, but isn't anybody else a bit curious to know why she's in the goddamn couch to begin with?

MEGAN - Keith, I don't believe this. With a girl half your age.

KEITH – Megan, I'm sorry. I thought she was only a quarter my age! I didn't know she was only sixteen!

MINDY, AMY, BONNIE and MEGAN – Sixteen?!!

KEITH – Oh, shit.

LYNDA – (To GOLDSTEIN) Daddy, it hurts.

GOLDSTEIN – (To KEITH) What the hell did you do to her? (To LYNDA) It's okay, dear. Daddy will take care of you, Puppet.

KEITH – (Stares at LYNDA) "Puppet"? But, I thought...you said...

LYNDA – (To KEITH) It's...complicated. (To GOLDSTEIN) Daddy, I gotta get to the hospital! (The watch goes off again and she laughs hysterically this time, then emits another high-pitched "Ahhh" sound, then experiences agonizing cramping) Owww.

GOLDSTEIN – (To KEITH) You asshole!! What the hell have you done to my daughter, Bixby?

KEITH – Well, sir, I (starts to make the hand over the wrist pantomime, but stops) Hey, you got my name right!

GOLDSTEIN – Bixby!

KEITH – Yes. Well, you see, there was my watch, (Thinking) and it was lost in the cushions. And, well, she sort of...

LYNDA – It happened again, Daddy!

GOLDSTEIN – (Realizing) Oh, no! Not again! You got something stuck in you again?

LYNDA – Yeah. His watch. I'm sorry, Daddy.

GOLDSTEIN – I never should have taken you to those clubs in Amsterdam.

KEITH – I'm real sorry, sir. We tried to get it out of her before you arrived. (Making the hand-over-wrist motion repeatedly) I mean, I must have reached in there a half a dozen times, but...

GOLDSTEIN – (Furious) Is that supposed to make me feel better, Bixby?

KEITH – Sorry, but we did try to fix things before (Looks at MEGAN and the OTHERS) Well, things just didn't work out as we had hoped.

BONNIE – (To LYNDA) Do you want us to call you an ambulance, sweetie?

AMY – (Helping to stand LYNDA up) Or we could take to the hospital, if you want.

LYNDA – (Sobbing) Thank you. (Looks at BONNIE*, and smiles) Thank you very much. (They ALL start out the door sr with GOLDSTEIN)

MINDY – I'll drive.

AMY – I can drive.

MINDY – Yeah, but it's my car, you idiot!

AMY – Oh, yeah. (LYNDA, AMY and MINDY exit, followed closely by GOLDSTEIN)

GOLDSTEIN – (Turning back to KEITH) Bixby, you're lucky I don't have you arrested. I don't care if we are about to open. You are fired! And I don't want to see you within a thousand miles of me or my daughter again! (Exits – KEITH stands staring after him stunned as MEGAN begins to break down)

MEGAN – (Crying) Keith. I never want to see you again! (Slaps him. Exits – KEITH stands staring after her stunned)

BONNIE – (Hands KEITH a business card) Call me. My number's on the card. (Winks at KEITH, then exits)

KEITH – Wow. (Long pause, then, from off stage the watch is heard going off again and again LYNDA is heard emitting a high-pitched "Ahhh") I hate Walt Disney.

BLACK-OUT – END OF ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

Act One, Scene Two

(At the start of ACT ONE, SCENE TWO we are in the Hospital Emergency Room Waiting Area. BONNIE, AMY, MINDY and GOLDSTEIN are sitting together in some waiting area chairs center. They're awaiting word from the doctor's on LYNDA's condition. There are some generic hospital calls being broadcast over the speaker system. A DOCTOR emerges through a set of emergency room doors located upstage center, and he approaches GOLDSTEIN, who stands to meet the DOCTOR center.

DOCTOR – Mr. Goldstein?

GOLDSTEIN – Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR – She's fine. (GOLDSTEIN breathes a sigh of relief). I can't believe this happened again, Mr. Goldstein. (Hands GOLDSTEIN the broken wrist-watch)

GOLDSTEIN – You and me both, Doctor. Can I see her?

DOCTOR – In a little while. We've put her some meds for the pain, and should have her released in a little while. If you want to wait here, it shouldn't be any longer than say, twenty minutes or so. Then she should be ready to go. Okay?

GOLDSTEIN – Is there anything we can do to keep this from happening again in the future, Doctor?

MINDY – (To BONNIE) Here's a thought: How about handcuffing her kneecaps together? That would be a good start. (Realizing she's talking to the tramp of the group) Look who I'm talking to, here.

DOCTOR – I'm way ahead of you, and yes, I've already given her some of these pamphlets to help her out. (GOLDSTEIN takes pamphlets and winces at the titles. GOLDSTEIN hands them over to BONNIE, who stands with AMY and MINDY reading the titles) I'll be back in a little while. I have to find my pager. I seem to have misplaced it. (Beeping noise comes from the other side of the Emergency Room doors, then we hear LYNDA emit a high-pitched "Ahhh" sound) Shit. (Looks at GOLDSTEIN, who glares at DOCTOR) Umm...Bye. (Exits hurriedly through the Emergency Room doors)

BONNIE – “You and Your Cervix”.

MINDY – “Pelvic Peculiarities Over the Centuries” (Looks inside) Oh, so that’s why the Roman Empire fell.

AMY – “Can’t Find the Flashlight?”

BONNIE – “Curious George Finds The Man In The Yellow Hat’s...Hat”?

AMY – Look at this, girls. This pamphlet describes some of the actual documented cases of the most unusual things that have been lost up a woman’s “down there”. Wow. Look at this list: An orange, an eggplant, a flashlight bulb, a screwdriver...

BONNIE – I could see those.

MINDY – (Continuing) A crayon, a pencil, a wax candle, the metal top from a lead pencil – It says here that it remained in place twenty years.

AMY – That must have been one hell of an itch. (BONNIE and MINDY stare at AMY)

BONNIE – (Continuing) How about this - A broken-off heel of a wooden shoe tree. It says here that it remained in place fifty-three years!

MINDY – Then I don’t think she did it right.

BONNIE – (Continuing) Thermometers, a drinking glass measuring five by seven by eight-point-five centimeters, Ouch! A metal speculum mistakenly left in place following a gynecological exam. Boy, I’ll bet she didn’t get far.

MINDY - (Continuing) A fourteen inch long cucumber. Hmmm. That must have come from Bonnie’s garden.

BONNIE – (Playfully defensive) You’re just jealous. (Continuing) A salt shaker eight-by-four centimeters, a Coca-Cola bottle, a brandy bottle, carrots, a dead...a dead housefly?

ALL – Ewww!

AMY – (Continuing) A bag of cocaine wrapped in a condom, a jade bracelet hidden during a communist uprising, remained in place more than forty years, discovered at autopsy...

BONNIE – (Continuing) A bottle cap, an aerosol deodorant can, a hairspray can, miscellaneous other cans, plastic cups. Get a load of this: They once found an oxidized iron rod that stuck two inches out of this chick's hoo-hah. (Reading) "Identified by X-ray examination as one handle of an iron forceps often used for cutting metal wires". Ouch!

AMY – Hey Bonnie, here are some more titles: "Don't Go There".

MINDY – Put a plug in it.

BONNIE – "Up Yours".

MINDY – Put a plug in it.

AMY – I don't see that title here, but that's a good one, Mindy!

MINDY – I mean PUT A PLUG IN IT! As in "Shut up already"! (ALL put pamphlets away)

KEITH – (Entering with MEGAN through Hospital Entrance doors sr) Thanks for coming back into the apartment and for driving me down here, Megan.

MEGAN – You have no idea how angry I am, Keith. If I hadn't left my car keys in your apartment, I wouldn't have come back.

KEITH – Look, it was just a little fling.

MEGAN – Just one of those crazy little things, Keith? You've been doing community theatre too long. My God, Keith. She's just sixteen. Granted, apparently a very pliable sixteen, but a child nonetheless.

KEITH – I swear, she means nothing to me. I didn't know she was sixteen. She sure as hell didn't act sixteen.

MEGAN – And what about the watch? I gave you that watch. On our honeymoon! Couldn't you have at least taken it off before you...

KEITH – Megan, I forgot to take the watch off. I'm sorry. Anyway, we're divorced now, so it shouldn't matter to you, right? Like you said, it's none of your business.

MEGAN – I said it was none of your business whom I sleep with. This is a totally different situation.

KEITH – Why? Because it's me and not you?

MEGAN – That's right, and because you didn't sleep! I did!

KEITH – Huh? You did?

MEGAN – I said I slept with the guy, and I did. I fell asleep. Nothing happened.

KEITH – (Calmly) Oh. Wow. (Turns away from her and does the quarterback victory dance again)

MEGAN – Keith, have you been listening to anything I've been saying tonight?

KEITH – (Faintly) Well, it has been a particularly complicated evening.

MEGAN- (Slaps him) I love you, you asshole. I want to work things out. (Slaps him) I want it to matter. With you. (Slaps him)

KEITH – (Pauses) You sure?

MEGAN – (Admitting) Yes. I'm sure. I don't know why, but I'm sure I want you back. (Slaps him one more time, hard)

KEITH – Then STOP hitting me! (She stops. They pause for a moment, then BOTH laugh) Even after all this?

MEGAN- Don't spoil it. After we're through here tonight, I don't care what my therapist says, I'm going to block out the events of this entire evening from my mind.

KEITH – Oh, Megan.

MEGAN – Oh, Keith. (THEY embrace and kiss. GOLDSTEIN comes over to them, carrying the busted watch from the very tip of the band)

GOLDSTEIN – Oh, fuck. (Pulling KEITH aside) Don't you ever give it a rest? (Hands him back the broken wrist-watch) Here. (Wipes his hands on his sides, then points to MEGAN) I don't even wanna know what you've lost in her!

KEITH – Mr. Goldstein, I just wanted to come down and apologize and to tell both you and your daughter just how sorry I am for the way things turned out, tonight.

GOLDSTEIN – Forget it, you Bastard!

MEGAN – (Crosses in front of KEITH to face-off with GOLDSTEIN) For the last time, it's Bixby! (KEITH looks at MEGAN)

GOLDSTEIN – You hurt my little angel.

MEGAN – “Little angel”? Tell me, Mr. Greenbaum...

GOLDSTEIN – Goldstein.

MEGAN – Yeah, yeah, whatever, “Frances”. Do you and your extremely limber “little angel” with the trick pelvis ever, like, TALK to one another? You're her father! She's sixteen and you didn't even know where she was tonight. So, legally, you are partially liable for what happened tonight!

GOLDSTEIN – (To KEITH) Can I fire her?

KEITH – No, sir.

GOLDSTEIN – Fuck.

KEITH – (Moving MEGAN in back of him) Please, Mr. Goldstein. Don't take what happened this evening out on the Millborough Players. They need a good show. It'd be real tough to find someone to do my part this close to showtime!

(MINDY, BONNIE and AMY come over to the other side of GOLDSTEIN)

BONNIE – It's true, Mr. Goldstein. We need Keith. Nobody can play the part like him. As producer of the show, I can safely say we'd have to close before we could find somebody to re-cast. We've already sold most of the tickets. We've spent all the money to cover the orchestra's salary and other expenses. At this point, we couldn't even afford a refund to the audience.

MINDY – Remind me to tell you how much you suck as a producer, Bonnie.

AMY – Please don't fire Keith, Mr. Goldstein. We can't afford to lose him.

MINDY – Besides, Goldstein, since you don't even pay him to begin with, by firing Keith you're really only punishing us for his lack of dick control.

KEITH – Mindy?

MINDY – What?

KEITH – Don't be such a helper. (To GOLDSTEIN) Mr. Goldstein, please. I am so sorry. If I could take back all (Thinking about LYNDA) well, at least most, of tonight and pretend like it never happened, I would.

GOLDSTEIN – Well, I don't know.

MINDY – (Annoyed) Goldstein, if nothing else, look at it from a practical standpoint.

GOLDSTEIN – Whaddaya mean, "practical"?

MINDY - If we DON'T have a show, you DON'T get paid.

GOLDSTEIN – (Pauses, then) You're re-hired, Bixby. (ALL emit sighs of relief) My daughter's okay. That's the main thing. But, don't think you'll ever get me to direct one of these stupid community theatre shows ever again. Once my comeback happens, and it WILL happen, I ain't ever coming back here. I mean what the hell is with you people? No straight male actors, no musicians, no money for costumes and props. And, as for the kind of people that do your shows? The only reason you people seem to do community theatre is for the sex. Personally, I'd rather find myself in a nice field of green with a sheep named "Wilma". How do you live with yourselves in this pathetic arena? Do you call this art?

MINDY – Hey, wait a minute, Buster!

KEITH – Bixby! (To MINDY) Oh. Sorry.

MINDY – (To GOLDSTEIN) "Art"? You wanna talk art? This from the guy who directed "Dennis Does Detroit"?

GOLDSTEIN – (Clearing his throat, embarrassed) Uh, that was film noir.

MINDY – It was fuckin’ gay porno, you asshole. And I know my gay porn. (ALL look at MINDY) What? (Pauses, then defensive) I’m married. (Pauses, looks at everyone who stares back at her) They’re my husband’s tapes. (Long pause, then even more defensive) And just who the hell are all of YOU to judge ME?

DOCTOR – (Comes through the doors with LYNDA, and walks her over to GOLDSTEIN) Here’s your daughter, Mr. Goldstein.

GOLDSTEIN – Lynda!

DOCTOR – (Beeper goes off again, DOCTOR pulls it out. It is obviously broken) Bye. (DOCTOR exits hurriedly through the doors again. GOLDSTEIN lunges for the DOCTOR, but the doors close and lock before he can catch him)

GOLDSTEIN – (Returning to comfort LYNDA) Lynda, sweetheart, are you okay?

LYNDA – Yeah, Daddy. I’m fine. Can we go home now?

GOLDSTEIN - Sure, Puppet.

KEITH – (Approaching LYNDA) I hope you’ll be okay, Lynda.

LYNDA – Thanks. (Holds up Keith’s hand, which is still holding onto the broken wrist-watch) Sorry about your watch. I kinda broke it.

MEGAN – (Takes the busted watch from KEITH’s hand and, from the very tip of the band, places it into LYNDA’s hand) Here. You keep it. I’ll get him another one. (Wipes her hand on KEITH’s shirtsleeve)

LYNDA – Thanks. Sorry I kinda loused up your evening.

KEITH – I’m real sorry if I hurt you.

LYNDA – You? (Realizing) Oh, you mean the watch. Yeah. I’m real sorry I got you into trouble with my dad.

KEITH – I’m real sorry I had to shove you into the sofa bed.

MINDY – And I’m real sorry I showed up tonight.

GOLDSTEIN – Okay. No more apologizing, or I'm gonna get really crampy myself in a moment. Let's go, Lynda. We're outta here. (Heads out of the entrance with LYNDA, turns back) Be ready and in costume for Friday's performance by no later than five-thirty. (To KEITH) All of you. (ALL are relieved. As GOLDSTEIN and LYNDA are exiting, the watch goes off one more time. GOLDSTEIN takes it from LYNDA and throws it into a nearby trashcan. Exit)

AMY – Well, that's such a relief.

BONNIE – You said it. I didn't know how I was going to replace you, Keith. I think we'd probably have to re-cast Amy into your role, then we'd probably have to move somebody from chorus to take over my role.

AMY – But, why would I have taken over Keith's role?

BONNIE – Because, darling, you have the biggest, thickest mustache of anyone else in the show!

AMY – Hey! Now just a minute! Don't start that again!

MINDY – Come on, you two. Goldstein still needs us to drive him home, and right now, they're waiting all alone in the hospital parking lot at one o'clock in the morning. Let's go, before they get mugged. (To KEITH and MEGAN) See you, kids. (BONNIE, MINDY and AMY exit)

KEITH – (To MEGAN) Well, I guess that's that. Still want to go back to my apartment and talk things out? We have a lot to discuss.

MEGAN – You're right. We do. But I don't want to do it there. Let's talk at home, Keith. Our home.

KEITH – (Smiling) You got a deal. Let's go. (THEY exit.)

BLACKOUT – END OF ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

Act One, Scene Three

(At the start of ACT ONE, SCENE THREE, it is the opening of the musical murder mystery “Spineless”. The setting is a crime scene of a homicide. The chorus girls adorn the background, in a “final pose”. AMY is “CAPTAIN DIDOMENICO”, complete with darkened mustache, and she is looking over the body of the victim, played by MINDY. BONNIE is “JOE THE CORONER”, examining the body. KEITH enters sr as “DETECTIVE BEAUMONT” and approaches the “CAPTAIN”. MEGAN is stage managing behind the curtain)

AMY/DIDOMENICO – Noah J.

KEITH/BEAUMONT – Captain.

AMY/DIDOMENICO – Caucasian female. Twenty-seven years old. Name is Kendra Blevins. A lawyer over at “Donaldsun and Luft”. Forensics say she’s been dead for about a day and a half.

KEITH/BEAUMONT – (Sniffs the air) I can smell that. What else can you tell me, Joe?

BONNIE/JOE – Well, I...

(At that moment, the music “Bella Notte” is heard blaring. ALL stop and glance over at LYNDA, who rolls her eyes. MINDY pops her head up. MEGAN peers out from behind the curtain and scowls over at LYNDA, then at KEITH. KEITH looks at MEGAN and shrugs his shoulders claiming innocence. GOLDSTEIN enters onto the middle of the stage and looks around, then looks at LYNDA)

LYNDA – (Whispering loudly to GOLDSTEIN) I’m sorry, Daddy. She – she wanted to know how I did it.

KEITH – “Bella Notte”? (Realizing) Oh, no! “Lady and the...”

(Then, ALL realize that the music isn't coming from LYNDA this time. ALL eyes turn towards BONNIE, who looks down at her midsection and then emits a high-pitched "Ahhh" sound. As lights fade to black, GOLDSTEIN walks over to BONNIE, who shrugs her shoulders in guilt and winces)*

BONNIE – (Humiliated) Well. It's...complicated.

Black Out

The End

* = This ending may be slightly modified so that it could be ANY of the other characters in the story.

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