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Dramatic Publishing

BOY GETS GIRL

by

REBECCA GILMAN

Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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(BOY GETS GIRL)

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Bruce Ostler, Bret Adams Limited
448 W. 44th St., New York NY 10036
Phone: (212) 765-5630

ISBN: 1-58342-083-5

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BOY GETS GIRL

A Play in Two Acts
For 3 Women and 4 Men

CHARACTERS

THERESA BEDELL	late 30s
TONY	early 30s
HOWARD SIEGEL	50s
MERCER STEVENS	30s
HARRIET	21
MADELEINE BECK	mid-40s
LES KENNKAT	72

TIME: The present.

PLACE: Various locales in New York City.

Multiple sets (6)

Running time: 120 minutes

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

A table in a bar, two chairs. TONY sits alone, a little nervous, waiting for someone. He is an attractive man in his thirties. He is drinking a beer. THERESA enters, a bit hesitant. She carries a big bag, looks a little flustered. They stare at each other for a second.

THERESA. Tony?

TONY. Theresa? *(They laugh awkwardly.)* Hi. *(He rises, offers his hand, she shakes it.)*

THERESA. I'm sorry I'm late.

TONY. It's okay.

THERESA. No, I just...I didn't want you to be sitting here thinking I wasn't going to come. I mean, I wouldn't do that. I tried to call but I can't get my phone to work. They gave me this new phone.... *(She pulls a cellular phone out of her bag.)* And I don't know. The display thing comes on but then I can't get a dial tone.

TONY. It's okay, really.

THERESA. Well anyway. Hi.

TONY. Hi. *(Beat.)* Do you want to sit down?

THERESA. Yeah. I think though, I might get a beer.

TONY. Let me get you one.

THERESA. No. It's okay.

TONY. Let me get you one. What would you like?

THERESA. Whatever. Just nothing dark.

TONY. Do you want a Weiss beer?

THERESA. Is that the big tall one?

TONY. Yeah.

THERESA. I don't think so. Just a, you know, an ale or something. *(He starts off.)* Let me give you some money.

TONY. No, you can get the next one. Okay?

THERESA. Okay. *(He exits. She sits. The phone rings. She quickly answers it.)* What? ... Oh hey. Don't call me on the phone. ... *(She looks to where TONY exited.)* I lied, I said it was broken and I couldn't call. I was late. *(Beat.)* Well I was thinking I wouldn't come. I was just sort of walking around. *(Beat.)* Look, I came, I'm here, so don't, you know, get all... whatever. *(Beat.)* He's fine I guess. I've been here two minutes. *(Beat.)* I've been here two minutes and I don't know. All right? *(Beat.)* Okay, you know what? I'm hanging up now. *(Beat.)* I'll call you tonight. *(Beat.)* I'm pretty sure I'll be home in time to call you. *(Beat.)* No, he's fine. I'm not saying that.

(TONY enters with a beer, gives her a slightly puzzled look. She's been watching, knows he's coming. She makes a motion to him for one more second.)

THERESA. I'm going now. Goodbye. *(Taking the phone away.)* Goodbye. *(She looks for a button, hangs up. To TONY.)* That was Linda.

TONY. Really?

THERESA *(looking at the phone)*. I guess people can call in but I can't call out.

TONY. What did she want?

THERESA. She wanted to know how it was going.

TONY. You just got here.

THERESA. That's what I told her.

TONY. Oh. (*Small beat.*) I got you an India Pale Ale. Is that okay?

THERESA. That's great, thanks. It used to be a lot easier when everybody just drank Miller High Life.

TONY. I never had Miller High Life.

THERESA. Well, if you had been living the high life you would have. (*Beat.*) I mean, it's the champagne of bottled beers. (*Beat.*)

TONY. Maybe I should try it.

THERESA. No. I'm sorry. You know, I have kind of a dumb sense of humor. I'm usually not serious when I say stupid things like that.

TONY. Oh.

THERESA. I mean, it's obviously not very funny either, so don't feel bad.

TONY. No, I mean...I'm sorry too. I guess I'm a little nervous.

THERESA. Me too.

TONY. Really?

THERESA. Yes.

TONY. Oh good. I mean, not good you're nervous, but good I'm not alone.

THERESA. I understand.

TONY. I've never actually been on a blind date before.

THERESA. Really?

TONY. Have you?

THERESA. Tons. Nobody who actually knows me will go out with me. (*Beat.*) That was a joke.

TONY (*laughs*). Sorry.

THERESA. I'll just stop trying. No, actually, I had a blind date in high school once, when I was a junior. I was supposed to meet this guy from another school at a party and when I did, he asked me if I wanted to go out to his van and "fool around" and I said I had to go to the bathroom and left with some friends. (*Beat.*) I guess I probably shouldn't tell you that, on your first blind date, how I just ditched some guy.

TONY. I think it's good you ditched him. I mean, anybody with a van.

THERESA (*smiles*). Exactly. What'd you drive in high school?

TONY. A Dodge Dart.

THERESA. Cool. I drove a Chrysler Cordoba.

TONY. With fine Corinthian leather.

THERESA. Exactly. (*Small beat.*)

TONY. So you know Linda from work?

THERESA. I do. Before she quit to go off and have babies and everything she was my research assistant.

TONY. You know, I have to make a confession: I've never read your magazine.

THERESA. Well first of all, it's not my magazine, and second of all, don't worry about it.

TONY. What sort of stuff do you write?

THERESA. All sorts, really. A couple of weeks ago I did a story about Edith Wharton's estate. The Mount. (*Small beat.*) Which is a name that could definitely be improved upon.

TONY. I don't...I don't know who she is.

THERESA. Oh, she's a writer. She's dead, first of all. But she was a New York writer from the turn of the century.

TONY. Is she really famous?

THERESA. I guess her most famous book is *Age of Innocence*?

TONY. Oh, with Wynona Ryder?

THERESA. Exactly. So, that was interesting. But then, I do get assignments still and it's usually something annoying. Like, next week, I have to go interview Les Kennkat.

TONY. The filmmaker?

THERESA. I think "film" is a generous term.

TONY. I thought he was dead.

THERESA. So did I, actually. (*They laugh.*) So you met Linda through her sister?

TONY. Right. I met Sarah at Michigan.

THERESA. Right.

TONY. And when I moved here, you know, I looked up everybody I even vaguely knew because I was terrified—this is the first big city I ever lived in—

THERESA. Where are you from?

TONY. Terre Haute?

THERESA. The home of Eugene Debs.

TONY. Yeah.

THERESA. And Theodore Dreiser and Paul Dresser.

TONY. I guess so.

THERESA. On the banks of the Wabash.

TONY. It is. Have you been there?

THERESA. No.

TONY. Oh. Well, anyway, I looked up Sarah and then my first Thanksgiving here, she took pity on me and took me along to Linda's for turkey. Then, I guess you know, Sarah moved to Boston last spring. But that's how I met Linda. But I have to be honest, I don't know Linda well. That was the only time I met her.

THERESA. I don't know her well either and I see her all the time.

TONY. Oh. Is she...I mean, do you not get along?

THERESA. No, we get along fine. She just...she's certain she knows how I should live my life and she's always telling me what to do next.

TONY. Like, maybe, go on a date with me.

THERESA. Like maybe that, but that's okay.

TONY. Good. (*Beat.*)

THERESA. So what do you do?

TONY. I do computer work. I work for KCS, and what they do, is they go into a business and design software specifically for the business, and then I go in and train people how to use it.

THERESA. Do you like it?

TONY. I like the work itself, but the thing I don't like is that I move around to a new site every two or three months, so I never really get to know anybody I'm working with. Or even if I do, it's sort of like, what's the point because I'm never going to see them again.

THERESA. I see.

TONY. But anyway, I don't want to ramble...

THERESA. You're not rambling.

TONY. I know we only agreed to have a beer tonight...

THERESA. Yeah.

TONY. So if you need to go, or whatever, I understand...

THERESA. Oh. Do you want me to go?

TONY. No no. I was actually going to ask you before you went...I mean, not to be too forward or anything, but I thought I'd just go ahead and ask if you'd like to do something this weekend?

THERESA. Just to get it on the table.

TONY. Yeah, just to get it on the table.

THERESA. Yeah. You know? I would like that.

TONY. Great. We could have dinner maybe.

THERESA. I can't do anything Friday night because I have to cover this benefit thing, but I'm free on Saturday.

TONY. Saturday would be great. What's the benefit?

THERESA. Some MOMA thing to get some MOMA thing going so MOMA people can give money to MOMA.

TONY. You don't like MOMA?

THERESA. Oh sure, of course. I just don't like being around rich people. Have you ever noticed how rich people eat a lot when there's free food? Then poor people like me go hungry because we can't get to the buffet?

TONY. You could stand to eat more too.

THERESA. Oh. Thank you I guess.

TONY. You're really thin. *(Pause.)*

THERESA. So what do you do when you're not working?

TONY. Well, I run every day and I like to do all the usual stuff, you know. Go to movies and read and watch TV and all that. Go for long walks. *(Small beat.)* That was a joke.

THERESA. It was?

TONY. Yeah. You know how, in the personals, everybody says they like to go for long walks. I always figured, if all those desperate single people really went for those long walks, eventually, wouldn't they run into each other?

THERESA. Eventually, wouldn't they all find each other in the park?

TONY. Yeah. *(They laugh.)*

THERESA. Do you really read the personals?

TONY. Not to find dates. Just to—well this sounds terrible—but basically just to make fun of them.

THERESA. I do the same thing.

TONY. I don't know where I get off, though. I mean, I'm sitting here on a blind date.

THERESA. Well so am I.

TONY. Yeah, but, you're not the blind date type. Linda said you just wanted to meet somebody new.

THERESA. What else did she say about me?

TONY. That you were funny and attractive and smart.

THERESA. She's too kind.

TONY. No she's not. What'd she say about me?

THERESA. She said she thought that you were very nice and that you helped her clear the table after dinner, which apparently made a big impression, and that you were handsome, and that you seemed clean.

TONY. Clean?

THERESA. Yeah.

TONY. A clean guy who cleared the table? That makes me sound like a busboy. (*They laugh.*) I'm lucky you agreed to go out with me.

THERESA. I've always wanted to date a busboy.

TONY. Joke.

THERESA. Yes. (*Beat.*) So do you like baseball?

TONY. I'm not a big sports guy. I still follow Michigan football.

THERESA. Don't they have the largest college stadium in the country?

TONY. I don't know. Do you like baseball?

THERESA. Oh yeah.

TONY. Yankees or Mets?

THERESA. Yankees, please.

TONY. The only women I ever knew who liked sports just liked them because their boyfriends did.

THERESA. Oh yeah?

TONY. Did you have a boyfriend who was a big Yankees fan or something?

THERESA. No. (*Small beat.*)

TONY. Well, maybe you could take me to go see a Yankees game sometime, and I could learn to love them too.

THERESA. Maybe so.

TONY. If you want to pick a date I could get the tickets.

THERESA. Um, yeah. They're actually—they're out of town right now.

TONY. Then maybe when they get back.

THERESA. We'll see.

TONY. What's wrong? Am I moving too fast?

THERESA. I just don't know what my schedule will be.

TONY. Well we'll just see how it goes.

THERESA. Okay.

TONY. Okay. (*Beat.*) Hey, Linda said you went to graduate school at Indiana Bloomington?

THERESA. Yeah.

TONY. What years?

THERESA. It was ... twelve ... fifteen years ago.

TONY. That's what I wondered. I was actually starting at Michigan then.

THERESA. Oh, man, I'm older than you.

TONY. You're robbing the cradle.

THERESA. Yeah.

TONY. I had a guy tell me once, that men who go out with older women really want to have sex with their mothers. But I don't think that's true. Do you think that's true?
(*Beat.*)

THERESA. I wouldn't know. But I think I'm only about three years older than you are, so... (*Beat.*) Was that...? Was that a joke? (*Small beat.*)

TONY (*lying*). Yeah.

THERESA. Good, because you scared me there for a second.

TONY. See? I too have a dry sense of humor.

THERESA. I do see. You might actually out-do me, dryness-wise.

TONY. I think we have a lot in common.

THERESA. Well, we'll find that out, won't we?

TONY. We will. (*Pause. THERESA finishes her beer.*) Do you want another one?

THERESA. Um, actually, I do have some work I need to do tonight. I've got a deadline tomorrow. And I was just...I was just planning on the one beer actually. So I think I'll go.

TONY. But we're still on for Saturday?

THERESA. Absolutely.

TONY. Can I walk you home, or...?

THERESA. I think I'm just going to grab a cab.

TONY. Where do you live?

THERESA. Upper east side. It's, you know, quiet, but dull.

TONY. Which street?

THERESA. Um... Seventy-fourth.

TONY. Near the park?

THERESA. Near the park, yeah.

TONY. I live down on Perry. Do you know where that is?

THERESA. I do. Nice neighborhood.

TONY. I like it. There are a lot of nice bars and restaurants. Little shops and stuff. There's one place down there called Allison's? (*THERESA shakes her head.*) It's

just a little place but they have really good food and it's not too expensive. I go in there enough, they sort of know me there.

THERESA. That's nice.

TONY. Maybe we could go there Saturday night.

THERESA. Sure. That'd be great.

TONY. I'll call you then, later this week, and we can set up a time.

THERESA. Okay.

TONY. Maybe Thursday or Friday, during the day. Can I call you at work? I mean, is that okay?

THERESA. That's fine. If I'm not there, just leave me a voice mail message.

TONY. I don't know if I have your home phone number.

THERESA. If you don't get me at work just leave a message and I'll call back.

TONY. Okay. (*Beat.*) Well it was very nice to meet you, Theresa.

THERESA. It was very nice to meet you.

TONY. I'd say Linda did good.

THERESA. Yeah. (*He makes a move as if to kiss her, she holds out her hand.*) Thanks for the beer.

TONY (*shaking her hand*). I'll see you Saturday.

SCENE TWO

The following day, Theresa's office. A large bouquet of flowers is on her desk. Her boss, HOWARD, is waiting for her, reading something. THERESA enters carrying several pages of manuscript.