

PERUSAL SCRIPT

PECULIARITIES

Four Short Plays:

Tahoe, Pizza and a Movie, NCMO, and Temps

by

Eric Samuelson



Newport, Maine

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PECULIARITIES

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PECULIARITIES by Eric Samuelsen. 5w 3m. *Peculiarities* is an exploration of LDS attitudes toward sexuality, in particular situations in which moral rigidity and sexuality collide in Mormon culture. A collection of 4 plays TAHOE, PIZZA AND A MOVIE, NCMO and TEMPS (two adjunct plays were developed later and are available separately) KISS, and BISHOP! *Peculiarities* interweaves the 4 plays together, however, they are also available as separately, through-plotted Short Plays. **ORDER #2091**

Tahoe — Two BYU students go to Nevada to get civilly married for a weekend so they can see what sex is like. The play takes place in Ted's car while he and Kendra are traveling back to Utah from a weekend in Tahoe. **ORDER #2092**

Pizza and a Movie — Two roommates, Carlene and Courtney, spend an evening watching questionable content, wondering about men, and eating pizza in their BYU-approved housing apartment in Provo, Utah. **ORDER #2093**

NCMO — The play takes place inside a BYU-approved housing apartment in Provo, Utah where Kim and Trent ... **ORDER #2094**

Temps — Each has been dating someone else, but due to a situation where they work, they are now inside Jason's car on their way to.... **ORDER #2095**

(KISS #2096, Bishop! #2097) no longer included in *Peculiarities*.

Eric Samuelsen taught at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio before joining the faculty at Brigham Young University in 1992. He became head of the Playwriting program at BYU in 1999. He has also taught as an adjunct faculty member in the Religion department. He retired from BYU in 2012.

As a playwright, Samuelsen has had twenty-seven plays professionally produced in Utah, Indiana, Louisiana, New York, and California. Some of his plays include *Gadanton*, which has seen three professional productions across the country, *A Love Affair with Electrons*, *Family*, *The Plan*, and *The Way We're Wired*. He is resident playwright at Plan-B Theatre Company in Salt Lake City, who designated their 2013-14 season a 'Season of Eric', including productions of six of his plays.

He is a member of the Playwrights' Circle, and the Dramatists Guild. He is three-time winner of the Annual Award in Playwriting offered by the Association for Mormon Letters (AML) and he became president of AML in 2007. In 2013 the organization awarded him the Smith Pettit Award for his lifetime work as a playwright.

He has been a staff writer for the on-line satirical magazine *The Sugarbeet*. He was also featured in the book *Conversations with Mormon Authors*, edited by Chris Bigelow. He is a noted Ibsen translator, and has also published scholarly articles on 19th and 20th century Scandanavian Theatre, and more recently, on LDS drama and film. He blogged at *Mormoniconoclast.com*. Eric died in September of 2019 after a long battle with polymyositis. This has left a huge hole in the Theatre Community within, and outside of, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Peculiarities was first produced in 2001, in Springville, at the Springville Playhouse. Tony Gunn directed.

Kendra was played by *Sarah Ratliff*

Ted was played by *Ben Sampson*

Carlene was played by *Shelley Burton*

Courtney was played by *Sarah Nielsen*

Trent was played by *Jesse Harward*

Kim was played by *Susanna Florence*

Alexis was played by *Diane Rane*

Jason was played by *Jeremy Selim*

In 2005, *Plan B Theatre* in Salt Lake City did a production, again called *Peculiarities*, but it only included three of the stories: Tahoe, Temps, and Kiss. (not included here) The three in cars. Directed by Jerry Rapier. Later filmed. Here it is on YouTube: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x3jfgsYE0IY>

CAST OF CHARACTERS

TAHOE

KENDRA (*BYU co-ed, early twenties*)

TED (*BYU student, early twenties*)

PIZZA AND A MOVIE

CARLENE (*BYU co-ed, early twenties*)

COURTNEY (*BYU co-ed, early twenties*)

NCMO*

KIM (*BYU co-ed, early twenties, single*)

TRENT (*BYU student, Returned missionary, early twenties, single*)

TEMPS

ALEXIS (*Mid-20s. married*)

JASON (*Mid-20s, single*)

*** (*non-committal make-out*)**

Each play is also available as a separate Short Play , and able to be produced independently including KISS and BISHOP!

PECULIARITIES

ACT ONE

TAHOE

(Symmetrical set. At each end are chairs. KENDRA and TED are in two of them, at one end of the set, ALEXIS and JASON at the other end of the set. These chairs are meant to represent two cars. In the middle are two sofas, on which sit CARLA and COURTNEY and KIM and TRENT. They share a bar. Lights up on KENDRA and TED. Radio on. A very long pause.)

KENDRA: I hate that song.

(She turns down the radio.)

TED: Oh.

KENDRA: *(switches the station.)* Country. Country. Great, radio Elko, this sucks.

(She tries several stations.)

TED: *(After a moment.)* We're in the middle of Nevada. There's not going to be a lot—

KENDRA: I know where we are. Between Elko and Winamucca.

(She snaps off the radio.)

Hub of Northern Nevada.

TED: Still, I mean, some tunes . . .

(Glances over at her. Decides to keep going.)

Would be, you know . . . nice. . . if we could find a station that . . .

(He runs out of steam. They ride quietly a while longer.)

Did you turn the key back in?

KENDRA: The which?

TED: The room key. Did you turn it in?

KENDRA: We were supposed to leave it in the room.

TED: I think we were supposed to turn it in at the desk.

KENDRA: We were supposed to leave it in the room.

TED: When we checked out. I think—

KENDRA: We did the quick check-out thing. We didn't make any phone calls and we didn't watch a movie.

TED: You're supposed to check out—

KENDRA: They have your VISA number if there's a problem. All we had to do was leave the key in the room. On the, whatever, night table.

TED: If you say so.

(A longish pause.)

KENDRA: They left that thing. The quick check out form. On the floor by the USA Today.

TED: I didn't fill out any—

KENDRA: I did, while you were in the bathroom.

(To herself.)

Fogging up the mirror.

TED: Did you . . . say—?

KENDRA: Never mind.

(A pause.)

TED: Okay.

(Another pause. He taps his fingers nervously on the steering wheel.)

KENDRA: Would you mind not doing that?

TED: What?

KENDRA: You're playing with the steering wheel.

TED: Sorry.

(He stops. Another pause.)

KENDRA: I hate Nevada.

TED: Mmmm.

KENDRA: It's like this whole nuclear waste dump site.

TED: I think that's actually a little to the south of—

KENDRA: The whole state. Really, it's like a state for mutants. Sage brush, that's got to be some kind of mutant radiation . . .

(pause)

tumbleweed. . . . All that.

(pause.)

. . . Who lives here? Mafia *and* cowboys. The whole state. And . . . like, space alien people. Area 51. Whatever. And gambling. I hate it.

TED: Hookers.

KENDRA: What?

TED: Nothing.

KENDRA: What did you—?

TED: Nothing.

(Long pause.)

You have the papers?

KENDRA: What?

TED: The papers? From the . . . you know, the . . .

KENDRA: I told you, we left them on the—

TED: From the . . . the place, the—?

KENDRA: Oh.

TED: Those.

KENDRA: I know, I know what you—

TED: Do you wanna . . . like, keep. . . .?

(Pause. Another try.)

Do you think we should. . . .?

(Pause. Another attempt.)

They're legal documents. I mean—

KENDRA: I never want to see 'em again.

TED: No. But maybe we should. Keep 'em. Or somethi—

KENDRA: Twenty years from now. *Ten* years from now, *next* year. Are you gonna wanna anyone to even *know* that--?

TED: No. I guess not.

KENDRA: Me neither.

TED: So. Okay. We're decided. . . . Okay. I'll just . . . get rid of them . . . or someth. . . .

(Pause. Big change of subject.)

I was gonna ask you. Since we're talking . . . What'd you think of the floor show?

KENDRA: The what?

TED: The show? At the hotel?

KENDRA: What about it?

TED: I was gonna ask what you thought.

KENDRA: It was okay.

(Making an effort.)

I mean it was pretty good.

TED: I thought so.

(Pause.)

The singer. The black lady. Her voice was really—

KENDRA: Yeah.

TED: Like, they can really sing sometimes. Big black women, you know what I—

KENDRA: Yeah, I do.

TED: Well. African-American. I uh guess we're supposed to—

KENDRA: Black. I hate that. Black.

TED: What?

KENDRA: All that political correctness. "People of color." All that.

TED: Well, whatever they—

KENDRA: She's black.

TED: I mean, I just . . . whatever *they* want to be—

KENDRA: I just want to call them one thing and let that be that. I don't want it to, like, *change* every five min—

TED: Sure. All I'm saying is—

KENDRA: Black. Black black black. Black singer, black entertainer, big black woman with a big black voice.

TED: Thing is—

KENDRA: Drive you crazy, changing every five seconds. Changing the rules.

TED: Sure. All I'm—

KENDRA: They should just make a rule and then that's it.

TED: Absolutely. Okay? I agree with you.

KENDRA: Okay.

TED: What I was asking. Isn't she someone?

KENDRA: Who?

TED: The singer. Who we're talking about. Isn't she, like, a Supreme or something?

KENDRA: A Supreme.

TED: Didn't your parents have those records? Diana Ross and the Supremes and –

KENDRA: That wasn't Diana Ross.

TED: No, I know, I was just saying she might have been a–

KENDRA: (*Scornfully.*) Diana Ross.

TED: No. But–

KENDRA: You're so gullible.

TED: No, I just–

KENDRA: We're at Tahoe, rinky dink hotel in Tahoe. Not Vegas or, whatever, Mark Taper Forum. They're not gonna have Diana flipping Ross singing in the hotel floor show.

TED: I was just thinking, another Supreme, though. Another one.

KENDRA: Another. . . .?

TED: I mean it was Diana Ross *and the Supremes*. And I mean who ever hears of the rest of them? I mean, one of them could be at Tahoe, right? Florence Nightengale, Cindy Birdsong, whoever the rest of them--

KENDRA: Cindy *Birdsong*?

TED: That was one of their names. I think.

KENDRA: You know the names of the other Supremes?

TED: It stuck in my head.

KENDRA: Well, you just know everything there is to know, don't you?

(Pause.)

TED: That that that. . . . the whole . . . I'd never used a . . . it wasn't my fault.

KENDRA: No. To be fair, I guess it wasn't.

(There is a pause. KENDRA starts to cry quietly in the seat. TED looks over at her. Tries to figure out what to say. Can't. Drives on.)

PIZZA AND A MOVIE

(Continuous from the previous scene, Lights up on CARLENE and COURTNEY, in the kitchen, eating pizza. Laughter.)

CARLENE: Okay, so by then she's about to die. You know? I mean, she has to go so bad she's almost hopping up and down right there in the car seat.

COURTNEY: (*Laughing.*) I can just see it.

CARLENE: And see, the thing is she really likes the guy. That's what makes it so horrible; first date, so she can't, like, say 'excuse me, I have to go.' Right? But she also doesn't want to cut the evening short either. And then he goes 'let's go for a ride up the canyon.' And she's all 'okay.' Like, teeth clenched.

COURTNEY: (*Hooting.*) Oh NO!

CARLENE: So they go for the ride up the canyon, right? And the thing is, they're having this great conversation and all, that's the worst of it, because half of her is dying, and the other half is having this terrific date and all. So FINALLY, he says to her, 'listen, I'd better get you home.'

COURTNEY: Okay, so he takes her home.

CARLENE: And she's like, 'okay, can I hold it for ten more seconds.' I mean, she's bursting, she told me. And then, he goes around, opens the door for her, a real gentleman, and she's so impressed, but also wants to, like, Olympic sprint into the house.

COURTNEY: Right.

CARLENE: He walks her up to the apartment. Slowly. And he's so nice, and he's funny and he's thoughtful; that's what makes it so horrible. They get to the porch. And he wants to STAND and TALK! Okay? And she's in agony.

COURTNEY: This is so amazing.

CARLENE: So finally, finally she gets the door open, and he says goodnight, and he starts to walk back to the car, and she's like, okay, ten more seconds, ten more seconds. And then he turns around again, and he says "oh, one more thing." And she turns to him. And he kisses her. Right there on the porch. The shock, the surprise. And she loses it. I mean WHOOSH. Right there on the porch.

COURTNEY: Oh my gosh!

CARLENE: I mean, soaked. Everywhere.

COURTNEY: Oh my gosh. Oh, the poor girl.

CARLENE: True story.

COURTNEY: And this was your old roommate?

CARLENE: My old roommate's sister.

COURTNEY: So, what happened?

CARLENE: Six months later, they were engaged. I mean, if their relationship could survive that. . . .

COURTNEY: That is hysterical!

(They laugh.)

CARLENE: True story. I swear.

COURTNEY: You're right though. If their relationship could survive *that*.

CARLENE: Totally.

COURTNEY: (*Having another piece of pizza.*) Okay, one more piece.

CARLENE: You were gonna stop at the last one.

COURTNEY: So I lied.

(They laugh. CARLENE has another piece of pizza too.)

CARLENE: I swear, I love ham and pineapple. You can't even get it back in KC.

COURTNEY: Really? We got it.

CARLENE: Well, Seattle. I mean, that's practically west coast.

COURTNEY: It is on the west coast, doofus.

CARLENE: You know what I mean. The closer you are to Hawaii--

COURTNEY: I mean, you can see the ocean from our house.

CARLENE: You know what I mean.

COURTNEY: I guess. What time is it, anyway?

CARLENE: Eight thirty.

COURTNEY: (*Tempting her.*) You know what's on at nine?

CARLENE: What? Oh no.

COURTNEY: MTV's DisMissed.

CARLENE: No. No no no no no--

COURTNEY: Come on. You know you want to.

CARLENE: That show is so gross.

COURTNEY: We both saw the preview and we both thought that guy was hot.

CARLENE: I'm not listening.

COURTNEY: Come on. Humiliating personal rejection on national TV, what's not to like?

CARLENE: I hate that show.

COURTNEY: Don't give me that, you love it, you know you do.

CARLENE: I don't.

COURTNEY: Plus this is the one where the guy gets naked doing karaoke.

CARLENE: All these no-morals losers--

COURTNEY: Who we're supposed to laugh at.

CARLENE: No. Seriously. I don't want to watch it.

COURTNEY: Come on. It's healthy. It's, like, educational.

CARLENE: Educational.

COURTNEY: It tells us a great deal about relationships.

CARLENE: Well, you can watch it.

COURTNEY: It's more fun with someone.

CARLENE: I'm just gonna read my book.

COURTNEY: Carlene. Please.

CARLENE: No.

COURTNEY: Please?

CARLENE: Look, okay, but the first girl talks about how she's bi, we're turning it right off.

COURTNEY: Oh yeah. Ick.

(CARLENE has another piece of pizza. COURTNEY watches her, has one too.)

CARLENE: I wonder how those guys are doing.

COURTNEY: What, Brittany and Todd? Climbing all over each other, of course.

CARLENE: Two weeks to the wedding. I don't think they're gonna make it.

COURTNEY: She had to see the Bishop last Sunday.

CARLENE: No!

COURTNEY: Oh, yeah.

CARLENE: I didn't know that.

COURTNEY: Allison told me. She had an appointment and Brittany was coming out as she went in.

CARLENE: Well, that's none of our business.

COURTNEY: Hey, how much of a surprise is it? You see 'em. Right here on this sofa 'til past midnight.

CARLENE: Oh, I know.

COURTNEY: You ever see his face?

CARLENE: Who, Todd? He's dating my roommate, of course I know his—

COURTNEY: No, I mean, while they're, you know. Like they do.

CARLENE: Hi, like I watch 'em?

COURTNEY: It gets all red.

CARLENE: What are you talking about?

COURTNEY: His face. I came in the other night to get a drink of water, I mean they were really, I mean, like, tongues and stuff.

CARLENE: Gross.

COURTNEY: And he, like, looks over the top of the sofa at me. His face was, like, totally red.

CARLENE: Do you think that's . . . you know.

COURTNEY: Well—

CARLENE: Part of it. Like, blood flow or something? His face getting all red?

COURTNEY: All I know is, he was holding this pillow in front of himself. A BIG pillow.

CARLENE: (*Whapping her.*) Courtney!

(*They laugh.*)

No, actually, though, I meant those other guys. Erin and Lynda and those guys from 2A.

COURTNEY: Group date. It's better than nothing.

CARLENE: It's just . . . that guy, what's his name, Mitch something.

COURTNEY: Sweeney?

CARLENE: Yeah, him. He was going.

COURTNEY: There were like ten of 'em.

CARLENE: Well. Erin really likes him.

COURTNEY: It's just a group thing. Movies 8.

CARLENE: It's a start.

COURTNEY: I guess. You coulda gone.

CARLENE: I wasn't invited.

COURTNEY: It was a group thing. Informal.

CARLENE: No. Look. They came over.

COURTNEY: I know.

CARLENE: They go, 'hey, we're going to Movies 8. Erin, Lynda, you guys wanna come?'

COURTNEY: 'You guys' inclusive. 'You guys' as in, all you guys in the apartment.

CARLENE: No, 'you guys' as in Erin and Lynda.

COURTNEY: You coulda gone. No one woulda thought anything of it.

CARLENE: I didn't feel right about it.

COURTNEY: Okay.

(*Pause.*)

CARLENE: You coulda gone.

COURTNEY: Me? No.

CARLENE: Seriously, you could have.

COURTNEY: I saw it.

CARLENE: What?

COURTNEY: That they were going to see. With what's-his-name.

CARLENE: Oh.

COURTNEY: So instead we watch DisMissed.

CARLENE: Yeah, 'who's she gonna sleep with, big suspense.'

COURTNEY: It's educational. Think of it that way.

CARLENE: Whatever.

NCMO

(Quick Lights up on KIM and TRENT, on a sofa. Making out. TRENT moves away.)

TRENT: Okay. Okay.

(KIM tries to nuzzle his neck.)

I think we'd better—

(KIM kisses him again, hand on his thigh.)

Kim, I mean it.

KIM: Don't quit on me.

TRENT: Not a good idea.

KIM: Come on.

(She kisses him again.)

TRENT: I'm serious.

(He stands. She's clinging to him, hits the floor.)

KIM: *(On the floor. Furious, but controlled.)* All right.

TRENT: I'm sorry.

KIM: Fine.

TRENT: It was starting to get too—

KIM: I was fine.

TRENT: Dangerous. It was getting dangerous.

KIM: Not for me.

TRENT: Well it was for me.

KIM: *(Venomously.)* Coward.

TRENT: There's no need for—

KIM: Wuss. Pansy.

TRENT: Just a second here—

KIM: Fag.

TRENT: I think I proved that I'm not a—

KIM: I know *exactly* how far I can go and *exactly* when I need to stop and this time we were nowhere close.

TRENT: Yeah, well, I guess I don't have your fine tuned sense of—

KIM: I draw the boundaries in this relationship.

TRENT: Do you?

KIM: Yes. I do.

TRENT: Well maybe it's time to redraw some boundaries.

(Heads for the door.)

KIM: You go out that door, and you will never see me again.

TRENT: Break my heart.

(But he doesn't exit, stands by the door.)

KIM: You know me well enough to know that I am stating nothing less than the exact truth. You know me well enough, Trent.

TRENT: So what?

KIM: I really don't kid around. Leave, you're history.

TRENT: Fine.

(But he doesn't leave.)

KIM: Trent?

(He does not answer, still stands by the door, torn.)

Honey.

(He fidgets by the door.)

Come back.

TRENT: No.

KIM: Look, I'm sorry. Come back.

TRENT: No.

KIM: I don't want to end it. Not like this.

TRENT: Yeah.

KIM: Look, I'm sorry.

TRENT: Whatever.

KIM: Really. I am.

TRENT: I'm not sure it's . . . enough for you to—

KIM: You have to understand. I just . . . I had plans for tonight, and I was looking forward to . . . you know.

TRENT: Yeah.

KIM: You cut me off. Too soon, sooner than I Anyway. You see?

TRENT: All right.

KIM: Come back here. Okay? Come here. We'll play truth or dare.

(A long pause.)

TRENT: Truth or dare? I don't think so.

KIM: Don't get all pissy, hormones talking, that's all.

TRENT: Call me a—

KIM: I know, I didn't mean it.

TRENT: Okay. . . .

KIM: Chalk it up to, you know, frustration. Please? Come here?

(He crosses to the sofa, sits, not looking at her.)

TRENT: I was gonna start pushing things, see? I mean, that's why I . . . I was really gonna start pushing

things.

KIM: I understand. See, but maybe that's what I wanted.

TRENT: What do you mean?

KIM: Maybe I wanted you to start pushing things.

TRENT: I didn't know if I could stop.

KIM: Of course you could stop.

TRENT: I don't know.

KIM: I mean, I know you. I trust you.

TRENT: I was getting pretty—

KIM: You could stop.

TRENT: Whatever.

KIM: You could have.

TRENT: Okay. But see—

KIM: No, see, that's not the issue. Whether you could stop. I trust you, but you kinda need to trust me too. One of us has to say no and I kinda think that's my job.

TRENT: Both of us.

KIM: Well, sure.

TRENT: Both of us need to, you know, have that responsibility.

KIM: Okay, sure. Okay. But—

TRENT: That's so bogus, 'it's the girl's responsibility to say—'

KIM: No, I'm not disagreeing—

TRENT: I mean, I stopped it tonight. Right? Earlier than you wanted, okay, but seriously, I was not up to pushing things any further.

KIM: Look, can I get you a coke? Cool us both down.

TRENT: Sure.

KIM: Ice?

TRENT: Yeah.

KIM: (*Pouring them both a coke from a two liter bottle.*) I hope it's not too flat. Katie always buys these two liter things, and then leaves the cap off.

TRENT: Gary does the same at my place.

KIM: It's undrinkable, flat pop.

TRENT: Totally.

KIM: Oh, it's got a nice head though.

TRENT: Good.

KIM: (*Spills a little.*) Oops. I'm still a little shaky, you know.

TRENT: Yeah.

KIM: You get going on the back of my neck like that.

TRENT: You like that?

KIM: You couldn't tell?

(*Sits.*)

I'm still shaky.

TRENT: No, we need to do this. Talk about things.

KIM: Totally.

(A pause.)

You know, until you stopped it, that was one good session.

TRENT: It was.

KIM: Oh yeah.

(They look at each other. Lights down on them.)

TEMPS

(LIGHTS up immediately on ALEXIS and JASON in the car.)

JASON: *(Singing along with the radio.)* “If you love my body, and you think I’m sexy--”

ALEXIS: *(Laughing.)* That is so--

JASON: “Baby won’t you . . . “ I don’t know how it goes after that.

ALEXIS: “Come on baby let me know”

JASON: Is that how it--?

ALEXIS: “If you think you need me--“

JASON: Right. “Just reach out and touch me, come on baby--”

ALEXIS: Something something know--?

JASON: Go. . . . And then the instrumental.

ALEXIS: I can’t believe this came on.

JASON: It’s such crap!

ALEXIS: I mean, this station--

JASON: Totally.

ALEXIS: Aside from playing, like, Crosby Stills Nash and Young. And, like, “Horse with No Name--“

JASON: And “Sweet Home Alabama” 85 times a day.

ALEXIS: They do!

JASON: Never “Free Bird,” no. But “Sweet Home--”

ALEXIS: Totally. But now, this--

JASON: This disco--

ALEXIS: It was disco, wasn’t it?

JASON: I know I know, it’s like Rod’s going “the Bee Gees are making a bundle off this--”

ALEXIS: This disco--

JASON: Disco-- Anyone else’s career, it woulda killed it dead.

ALEXIS: Totally. I mean, it was a joke song even back then.

JASON: I loved it though. I got the CD, Rod’s greatest hits--

ALEXIS: I taped it off my brother’s.

JASON: It’s like one of those songs, you hate it, but you--

ALEXIS: Okay okay okay, who was his guitarist?

JASON: What, you mean . . . I mean Ron Wood from the Small Faces years.

ALEXIS: No. I mean, sure, Ron Wood, but--

JASON: You mean—?

ALEXIS: Jeff. Beck.

JASON: Rod never played with Jeff Beck.

ALEXIS: Sure he did.

JASON: No. Really? Jeff Beck.

ALEXIS: What was that one video, sort of gospelly, with the train and—?

JASON: That was Jeff Beck?

ALEXIS: “People Get Ready.” Sure. Jeff Beck. Wasn’t it?

JASON: I don’t remember.

(A pause.)

ALEXIS: Left here.

JASON: Oh, yeah.

ALEXIS: Why did we even like him?

JASON: Oh, well. Some great tunes. “Maggie Mae.”

ALEXIS: Okay, sure.

JASON: “You wear it well.”

ALEXIS: “You are so beautiful.”

JASON: No, that was Joe Cocker.

ALEXIS: Oh, right. Right just after that service station—

JASON: Right.

ALEXIS: See, that’s the thing about Steve. I mean he just doesn’t . . . he likes music and all, but he doesn’t even think about—

JASON: Is he, like, what, country?

ALEXIS: Oh, no, same stuff as us, I mean oldies, CCR and Bread and like that. And, you know, Sheryl Crow. Indigo Girls. But he doesn’t. . . . he just—

JASON: Does he like Rod?

ALEXIS: He probably doesn’t even remember that it’s Rod. I mean, you’ll be playing something; example: the other day “Sharp Dressed Man” comes on?

JASON: *(Singing.)* “The girls they go crazy ‘bout a sharp dressed”—

ALEXIS: He didn’t even get that it was ZZ Top. Totally didn’t remember.

JASON: Well, you know, he’s—

ALEXIS: Oh, yeah, I know. It’s not that.

JASON: No.

ALEXIS: He’s . . . he’s . . . I mean, the master’s thesis and all. Up to his

JASON: That’s all it is.

ALEXIS: Sure. Totally.

JASON: So—

ALEXIS: Okay, second left here. It’s just . . . singing along and all.

JASON: I know.

ALEXIS: Remembering who did what. Groups and—

JASON: No, listen, you don’t have to explain—

ALEXIS: I mean, I love him and all, it's not—

JASON: Of course not.

ALEXIS: This is fun.

JASON: Sure.

(A pause.)

ALEXIS: Listen, I gotta thank you.

JASON: Oh, that was noth—

ALEXIS: I mean standing up for me. To Rita and all.

JASON: No problem.

(Joke.)

I'd do the same for someone I liked.

ALEXIS: *(Playfully smacking him.)* You.

JASON: I figure, we temps gotta stick together.

ALEXIS: Oh, totally.

JASON: I mean, Rita. What can you say?

ALEXIS: I am *so* trying.

JASON: Well, I mean, what can you—?

ALEXIS: I am *so* making an effort to—

JASON: She's just—

ALEXIS: You know she clocks bathroom breaks? I am totally not kidding. And then she's all "you were seven minutes this morning, and twelve"—

JASON: You're kidding.

ALEXIS: Not even.

JASON: You have got to be—

ALEXIS: So I told her. Straight out. "It's my period." Right to her face.

JASON: That's great!

ALEXIS: I mean, what's that about? I mean, a stop watch? Hello!

JASON: I don't even blame—

ALEXIS: Anyway. It's the green—

JASON: With the porch?

ALEXIS: Hey. Thanks.

JASON: Any time.

(He stops driving. They sit together in companionable silence. He sings.)

"If you love my body, and you think I'm sexy"

ALEXIS: You are such a —!

JASON: "If you think you need me"

(He starts coughing.)

ALEXIS: Jason? Are you okay?

JASON: It hurts my throat to even try it.

ALEXIS: I'm sorry.

JASON: It's okay.

ALEXIS: How did he do that?

JASON: Like, ten packs of cigarettes a day.

ALEXIS: Really?

JASON: That's what I heard.

ALEXIS: Wow.

(Another companionable pause.)

This is just so great of you.

JASON: Really, it's on my way. Besides, I enjoy it. Like I said.

ALEXIS: What?

JASON: We temps gotta stick together.

(TAHOE - Lights return to TED and KENDRA. She's really crying now. TED has no idea what to do. He keeps glancing over at her, hoping she'll quit. She doesn't.)

TED: Is there anything I can. . . .

(A pause. She ignores him.)

Are you okay—?

KENDRA: I'm fine.

(He keeps driving. She keeps crying. PIZZA AND A MOVIE LIGHTS up. COURTNEY and CARLA are watching television.)

CARLENE: I would just die.

COURTNEY: Hey, that's the way it works. They do that time out thing and that's the cue to start making out.

CARLENE: I would just *die*.

COURTNEY: She coulda stopped before he came back in. See, she *wants* him to know.

CARLENE: He looked like he was going to cry.

COURTNEY: He's fine, he's cool about it.

CARLENE: He's the only one who looks like a halfway decent . . . really, let's not watch this any more.

COURTNEY: No, I wanna see who she chooses.

CARLENE: You know who she's gonna choose. Cleft chin guy.

COURTNEY: Come on, five minutes.

CARLENE: Shallow airhead like her, you know she's gonna—

COURTNEY: Sh sh, look what they're . . . aaaaannnnddd the tongues come out.

CARLENE: Gross.

COURTNEY: Yeah, like you'd know.

CARLENE: I don't have to watch it.

(She does for awhile.)

It's like showering in a sewer.

COURTNEY: Five more minutes and then they announce.

(A pause.)

CARLENE: You know, it's so dumb.

COURTNEY: What do you mean?

CARLENE: Well, these people, they don't need to be on this show to meet someone, right? They're all

the type who can meet people if they want to.

COURTNEY: Because they sleep around.

CARLENE: It's not just that. They *can* sleep around because they've got no problem finding people to sleep around *with*.

COURTNEY: Well, duh. "Hi, I want to fool around, who wants to go out with me?"

CARLENE: I'm not talking about that.

COURTNEY: Yes you are. And I'm saying, if you want to be a slut, you'll have no problem finding someone who—

CARLENE: No, that's not what I'm saying. I mean, okay, up to a point. But it's more a confidence thing. They've got confidence.

COURTNEY: Okay.

CARLENE: That girl, look at her. She knows guys are gonna want her. She just knows it. And they do. And she's not even that cute.

COURTNEY: She's cute.

CARLENE: Cute, okay. But also kind of a big butt, and . . . you know what I mean.

(Pause.)

She's not afraid. Guys *have* wanted her, so she figures they always *will*.

COURTNEY: I'm not afraid of anything.

CARLENE: 'Fear of intimacy.' 'Self-esteem.' That's so bogus.

(Pause.)

If you're a girl guys hit on, then you know that and you can expect to be hit on, you can live your life that way. Whereas—

COURTNEY: I hate these Old Navy commercials.

CARLENE: You know what I mean?

COURTNEY: Sure.

CARLENE: *(Getting up.)* You want some more pizza?

COURTNEY: One more.

CARLENE: Okay, and there she is now with the other one! I would just die.

(NCMO LIGHTS up on KIM and TRENT, back on their sofa. TRENT finishes off the soda.)

TRENT: That hit the spot

KIM: Okay, Truth or Dare

TRENT: Do we have to do this?

KIM: Yes.

TRENT: It's a party game, right? For like ten people

KIM: You can play it with two.

TRENT: I don't know.

KIM: Truth or dare?

TRENT: Truth. I guess.

KIM: Okay, are you and Lisa engaged?

TRENT: Okay, I thought Lisa and Brad were off-limits.

KIM: Well, as in, do we tell ‘em, of course we don’t. But I’m curious.

TRENT: What if I don’t want to say?

KIM: Truth or dare, you gotta.

TRENT: I don’t want to.

KIM: Trent, honey, you really wanna try one of my dares?

(A pause.)

TRENT: Lisa and I are talking about getting married.

KIM: Okay.

TRENT: We are. We’re not, you know, engaged.

KIM: I understand—

TRENT: But close. We’re talking.

KIM: Sure.

TRENT: If she knew I was over here—

KIM: She’s not going to find out that you were over here. Not from me.

TRENT: I’m gonna have to tell her.

KIM: Your call.

TRENT: I just don’t think I can go into . . . you know, a—

KIM: Okay, sure, fine—

TRENT: A committed . . . an engageme—

KIM: Brad and I too.

TRENT: What?

KIM: I anticipated. Truth or dare, I anticipate you’d ask me about Brad.

TRENT: Yeah, okay.

KIM: We’re talking. Brad and I.

TRENT: About . . . about getting m—

KIM: Yes. We are.

TRENT: Okay. . .

KIM: Or . . . maybe we’re not.

TRENT: Truth or dare, you can’t do that, change your mind.

KIM: Maybe we are, maybe we’re not. Maybe Brad and I are like you and Lisa, that’s possible. Or maybe I just lied to you.

TRENT: What are you—?

KIM: Point is, you and Lisa - me and Brad, what does any of that have to do with anything at all?

TRENT: It . . . it seems—

KIM: We may never do this again. We may never see each other again. Or we might be back here tomorrow night, on this sofa, doing just what we were doing. We . . . it . . . we don’t have a ‘relationship.’

TRENT: Okay, there’s a sense in which—

KIM: NCMO. That’s all this is about.

TRENT: You can’t . . . just—

KIM: *Non-committal.* Non-com—

TRENT: I think we've got more going than—

KIM: I don't.

TRENT: You can't just . . . play games about this kinda stuff, Kim.

(Heads for the door again.)

KIM: Can't I? We have. For nearly a year now.

TRENT: I like you. I've thought of . . . even, like, dumping Lisa—

KIM: Why would you do that?

TRENT: Because, you and me, we—

KIM: You don't know anything about me.

TRENT: I . . . I—

KIM: What's my major?

TRENT: Your major?

KIM: Yeah. What am I majoring in?

TRENT: Is this more truth or dare?

KIM: It seems like the kind of basic thing you should know about someone—.

TRENT: Okay. Communications.

KIM: No.

TRENT: Well, I thought it was.

KIM: No, you don't know, because I've never told you.

TRENT: So what are you major—?

KIM: I'm not going to tell you.

TRENT: You're . . . why n—?

KIM: Because I don't want you to know. Where am I from?

TRENT: Okay.

KIM: I'm not going to tell you. What does my Dad do for a living?

TRENT: I get your poi—.

KIM: I'm not going to tell you.

TRENT: So we could do that. Share those sorts of—

KIM: I don't want to, that's the point, that's where we are. I get these . . . feelings, and I want you to come over, and I want you . . . and then I don't. For weeks.

TRENT: Okay, I get it, I get your—

KIM: Do you?

TRENT: Yeah.

(Pause.)

Me too.

KIM: Right.

TRENT: No one makes me come over here. I could just . . . not.

KIM: Exactly.

TRENT: But I do. Every time.

KIM: But Brad . . . Brad is a sociology major from San Diego; his father is a dentist. Lisa?

TRENT: And Lisa's majoring in Elementary Ed, she's from Lethbridge, Alberta, and her father died five

years ago of cancer. He was a junior high school principal.

KIM: See?

TRENT: It just seems so—

KIM: Seems. Sure.

TRENT: Empty. And—

KIM: No, see that's just . . .

TRENT: Wrong.

KIM: So? So what?

TRENT: And I just feel like I need to—

KIM: Go on. Go ahead.

TRENT: I might just—

KIM: Tell the Bishop, tell Lisa, I don't care. If you do I'll find someone to replace you. If I decide that's what I need. Either way, I will marry in the temple and be a virgin on my wedding night. This isn't about—

TRENT: What is it about?

KIM: It's about. . . .

(Pause.)

It's . . . about. . . you know what it's about, Trent, don't pretend you don't.

(Pause.)

TRENT: I think I'd better just leave.

KIM: If you do, that's it. The end.

TRENT: Maybe that would be best.

KIM: Or maybe not. Your call.

(Lights dim. PIZZA AND A MOVIE LIGHTS up on COURTNEY and CARLENE.)

CARLENE: Okay, I'm not watching this anymore.

COURTNEY: Okay. . . .

CARLENE: I mean, they're in front of a camera, they know everything they do is, like, being broadcast.

COURTNEY: Of course they know.

CARLENE: How is this different from porn? Okay, they're just making out, but really. Can we turn it off?

COURTNEY: Can I just mute it?

CARLENE: I don't want to wat—

COURTNEY: Mute and surf? They got "Dinner and a Movie" on USA.

CARLENE: If you want to.

COURTNEY: Okay.

CARLENE: I just . . . I feel like I'm rubbernecking at a car wreck or something.

COURTNEY: No, I know, it's okay. Oh, look, it's "Road House." Patrick Swayze.

CARLENE: He was so good in "Dirty Dancing."

COURTNEY: So this is okay?

CARLENE: I guess.

(Pause.)

Hey Courtney?

COURTNEY: Yeah?

CARLENE: Okay, the naked karaoke thing. They sorta blurred it all, right?

COURTNEY: Unfortunately.

CARLENE: I was just . . . Did you ever . . . have you ever seen a . . . a . . .

COURTNEY: What?

CARLENE: A guy's

COURTNEY: No! Well, sort of. I mean, my little brother, when I used to change him.

CARLENE: Okay, I've seen little kids. And, like, statues. But I mean. . . you know.

COURTNEY: Plus that movie that one time. Room with a View. It had that one scene—

CARLENE: Okay, that—

COURTNEY: But a real one, live? Is that what you're asking?

CARLENE: I mean, they get bigger. Right?

COURTNEY: Well of course they get b—

CARLENE: That's what I mean.

(Pause.)

Did you?

COURTNEY: Oh, man, this is the big fight scene. Oh, that musta hurt.

CARLENE: I mean, for real.

COURTNEY: What?

CARLENE: Have you ever seen one?

COURTNEY: I told you, my little bro—

CARLENE: Never mind.

COURTNEY: Pool cue across the head. I wonder how they do that.

(TEMPS LIGHTS up on ALEXIS and JASON in the car.)

ALEXIS: . . . And I just feel terrible about it. I really do. But what are we gonna do?

JASON: No, it's a real dilemma.

ALEXIS: We were just not making it. You know? Steve's got that lab assistant job . . . but. Rent the first of the month. Groceries.

JASON: Totally.

ALEXIS: And so. You know? Just like we said we'd never do. Put the kids in day care, and there I am.

JASON: Do you have good—

ALEXIS: Pretty good I think.

JASON: Child care can be such a—

ALEXIS: This lady from the ward. She's got like nine in there, and it's pretty small, but she seems to do okay. She has activities and stuff.

JASON: That's good.

ALEXIS: But.

JASON: Oh sure. I'm sure it can be such an emotional thin—

ALEXIS: You have no idea. I mean, little Bryony: "don't go, Mommy." Clingy. I'm in tears before I get out the door.

JASON: That must be hard.

ALEXIS: You have no idea. You have no idea.

JASON: Where are they. . . ?

ALEXIS: She's still there, I really gotta go, I said five and it's already—

JASON: I understand.

ALEXIS: What time is it now, five of?

JASON: Seven of.

ALEXIS: I really gotta go.

(Pause.)

And then Rita. Rita!

JASON: Seriously, she's—

ALEXIS: Driving me—

JASON: She's psychotic, I'm serious.

ALEXIS: Totally.

JASON: Some of the things she does—

ALEXIS: Oh, like the supplies cabinet?

JASON: Did you get that too?

ALEXIS: Hello? Like I want to steal your precious, whatever, paper clips?

JASON: I'm just sure!

ALEXIS: Used toner. And, like, white-out! From 1978. Who uses white-out?

JASON: There's just this fundamental—

ALEXIS: And paper, okay, I can see paper, but why do we need twenty five colors?

JASON: Just this fundamental lack—

ALEXIS: But she won't buy three hole punch, no, you have to use the puncher thing and then if you get those little paper dots on the floor she just—

JASON: Fundamental lack of trus—

ALEXIS: Those beady eyes.

JASON: She's even scary looking.

ALEXIS: She is.

JASON: Women who shave their eyebrows and then paint them back in, what's that abo—?

ALEXIS: *(Crowing.)* Oh, that is so true! She does that, she really—

JASON: I swear. Psycho lady.

ALEXIS: You're so right. You're so right.

(Pause.)

JASON: But it helps to have friends.

ALEXIS: *(She smiles at him warmly. He takes her hand, gives it a little squeeze.)* So true.

(TAHOE LIGHTS up on KENDRA and TED.)

KENDRA: *(Wiping her eyes.)* I'm sorry. I'm just . . . I just get all. . . .

TED: It's okay.

KENDRA: *(Blowing her nose.)* I just—

TED: It's fine. Do you need another one?

KENDRA: Thanks.

(He hands her another tissue.)

TED: It wasn't all bad.

(She blows her nose again.)

I mean I didn't think it was all so awful.

KENDRA: Oh, no.

TED: The lake was really pretty.

KENDRA: It's beautiful.

TED: Horseback riding.

KENDRA: No, of course, that was great.

TED: And that one place, with the electronic darts.

KENDRA: I wish we could have taken one of those lake cruises.

TED: That did look nice.

KENDRA: I think . . . just cruising down the lake at night. . . . maybe dancing.

TED: Dancing slowly in the moonlight.

KENDRA: Yeah! Maybe like that.

TED: We never danced.

KENDRA: No. No, we didn't.

TED: We should have. Or maybe one of those hikes.

KENDRA: Backpacking. Take one of those trails, and picnic.

TED: Picnic by some little stream. You know. Maybe by a waterfall.

KENDRA: See, that's what we should have. . . .

(Pause.)

How did we . . . ? Where did this come from?

TED: Goofing around. That one time, talking, you said, hey, have you heard of that thing where they go to Tahoe or Vegas?

KENDRA: Yeah. I remember.

TED: And you said something like, maybe we should try that.

KENDRA: I was kidding.

TED: I knew that. Both of us . . . chortling.

KENDRA: Laughing. Just kidding around, you know, and then you mentioned it later, and then it was this thing. In our heads. An idea.

TED: Not a bad idea.

KENDRA: *(Dismissively.)* Yeah.

TED: I mean, if we did this again, we'd be . . . inured to it.

KENDRA: *(Under her breath.)* Inured.

TED: Go during the winter, spend the day skiing, and then snuggle up by the fireplace, drink hot chocolate and warm up each other's hands.

KENDRA: That's so. . . .

TED: We should have.

KENDRA: We should have danced.

TED: Watch the moonlight over Lake Tahoe, the ripple of the waves. And the band, a live band, playing something soft. And we'd hold each other on the dance floor, maybe not even actually moving our feet much, maybe just swaying a little with the music.

(Pause.)

And then . . . the boat would finish the cruise, and we'd hold hands, and walk slowly back to our hotel.

And we'd go up to our room together, maybe not even talking much, just so glad to—.

KENDRA: *(Very pale.)* Could you pull over please? Please?

(He pulls over.)

TED: Kendra?

KENDRA: Hurry.

TED: Are you okay?

KENDRA: I'm going to be sick, I think.

(NCMO LIGHTS up on KIM and TRENT.)

TRENT: I just get so sick of these games.

KIM: It's all games, Trent-o.

TRENT: I also hate it when you call me that.

KIM: No kidding.

TRENT: I'm serious. The whole thing.

KIM: Okay, Truth or Dare.

TRENT: I don't want to play anymore.

KIM: Truth or Dare.

TRENT: Okay, Truth.

KIM: Have you lied to the Bishop?

TRENT: What an absolutely . . . that's just the crappiest thing to ask someone.

KIM: Have you?

TRENT: You better not choose truth when it's your turn, that's all I can say.

KIM: Have you? Lied to him.

TRENT: Yes.

KIM: Okay.

TRENT: It was just after he'd interviewed Lisa, about some stuff she and I had done, and I just thought I'd sound like a real jerk if I told him about you too.

KIM: Are you ever going to tell him the truth?

TRENT: No, you don't get two questions, no way. My turn, Truth or Dare?

KIM: Truth.

TRENT: Have you—?

KIM: No.

TRENT: I didn't even ask the question.

KIM: I have never lied to the Bishop. Not once.

TRENT: So he, like, knows about me?

KIM: If I didn't get a follow-up question then neither do you. Truth or dare.

TRENT: Truth.

KIM: Do you check out porn on the internet?

TRENT: Not anymore.

KIM: That's not an answer.

TRENT: It's all you're getting. Truth or dare.

KIM: Truth.

TRENT: Have you ever kissed a girl?

KIM: For real? Yes, but I didn't like it. Truth or Dare?

TRENT: Truth.

KIM: You were a lousy missionary, right?

TRENT: I was a district leader.

KIM: But you were bad. You didn't get the job done. You did stuff and it got in the way. You sucked as a missionary. Am I right?

(He stares at her. Cannot answer. She nods.)

I knew it.

BLACKOUT, END ACT ONE

Act Two contains 19 pages until the end:

KIM: *(She's crying.)* Why do we . . . why do we have to . . . ?

TRENT: I don't know.

KIM: Why do we have to . . . ?

TRENT: I don't know.

(Maybe music comes up, Rod Stewart, accompanied by Jeff Beck, singing "People Get Ready.")

FINAL BLACKOUT

END PLAY