



Will Radford

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Law and disOrder wouldn't have been possible without many influences, past, present, and future.

To my amazing family, Mom, Dad, and Elizabeth for giving me the early support and the courage I needed to write.

*To my grandmother, Elizabeth,
If I write for eternity, I will never capture the drama or comedy that existed in your bedtime stories.*

To my friends of Midland Community Theater and the McLaren Competition for seeing the potential in this script.

To Nite Lite Theater for their love, loyalty, and friendship.

To Michael William, may you read this one day and that it will be one of many laughs we share together.

*And finally, to best friend and wife, Beth,
to whom I dedicate everything, past, present, and future.*

LAW AND DISORDER
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LAW AND DISORDER was first performed at the Nite Lite Theatre, Trenton, TN, on October 18, 2007: Eric Geater, director.

KATE: Winnie New

TONYA: Emily Sartain

MARK: Lanny Poteet

VIRGINIA: Rita Reeves

SCOTT: Adam Lee

LAW AND DISORDER

Winner, 2006 McLaren Memorial Playwriting Competition

COMEDY. Eager to earn Brownie points at her law firm, Kate, an ambitious attorney, agrees to escort her boss's nephew, Scott, around town and show him the sights. Kate meets Scott at a fancy French restaurant and discovers, to her horror, that not only is Scott a barefooted, tobacco-spitting, unemployed hillbilly from Arkansas, but he has fallen in love with her at first sight. Desperate to dump Scott but not wanting to offend her boss, Kate elicits the help of her friend, Mark, to pose as her ex-husband, a mob boss who looks a lot like Elvis. But behind the scenes, Kate's chief rival at the law firm has a scheme to force Kate out of the firm permanently by convincing Scott that he should propose marriage to Kate ASAP.

Performance Time: Approximately 75-90 minutes.

CHARACTERS

(2 M, 3 F)

KATE WALKER: Young, ambitious attorney.

VIRGINIA DUCKWORTH: Kate's boss.

SCOTT DUCKWORTH: Virginia Duckworth's redneck nephew from Arkansas; wears tobacco-stained overalls and a flannel shirt.

MARK STEVENSON: Young law school student who works as a waiter.

TONYA GREEN: Young, ambitious attorney and Kate's rival.

SETTING

Present day. Memphis, TN.

SETS

Law Office: The office is very neat – the trash cans are empty, floors freshly swept. There are two desks with desk phones and a wall clock. There is a main door for the entrance and a supply room door. There is a window that overlooks the Memphis skyline.

French Restaurant: There are two small dining tables with chairs.

Kate's Living Room: There is a couch, coffee table, bookshelf, etc. There is an entrance SR.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1: Law office, early morning.

Scene 2: French restaurant, evening.

Scene 3: Law office, the next morning.

Intermission

ACT II

Scene 1: Living room of Kate's apartment, that evening.

Scene 2: Law office, the next day.

PROPS

Bagels	Wine menu
Paper sack for bagels	Paper cup with lid
Boxes of pens	Pencil
Waiter's uniform of black pants, white shirt, and apron, for Mark	Wall clock
Wristwatch	Bottle of milk
Paper cup	Engagement ring
Bouquet of hand-picked flowers	Elvis-like wig
Piece of paper	Fake mustache
Piece of paper with Kate's picture on it	Several gold tone necklaces
	Black leather jacket, for Mark
	Dark sunglasses
	Business suit, for Scott

SOUND EFFECTS

Baby crying
Slap
Phone ringing

**"I HOPE THAT I WILL SOON
WAKE UP IN MY BED,
AND THIS WILL HAVE ALL BEEN
A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE."**

—KATE

ACT I SCENE I

(Lights down. Law office in Memphis, TN, early morning. Kate hurries in the main entrance. She quickly turns on the lights and looks around and is glad to see that no one is there. As soon as she sits at one of the desks, Tonya enters from the supply room door situated behind Kate.)

TONYA: Checkmate!

KATE: What?

TONYA: Checkmate! I win!

KATE: What do you mean?

TONYA: I got here before you did.

KATE: Well...I don't see how. The doors aren't even unlocked until 7:30.

TONYA: Not for important people! *I've* got a key! You know who gave it to me? Ms. Duckworth!

KATE: How did you do that?

TONYA: Oh, I was just here, working really late...as usual. She was here too, and she said to me... *(Sweet old lady voice.)* ...*"You poor dear, you really need to rest."* Of course I told her I couldn't, I *had* to get finished with the Johnson file. *(Old lady voice.)* *"But, you've been working so hard on it. It's late. Please, go on home."* So then, I said... *(Reenacting dramatically.)* ...*"Oh, well, if you insist...would it be all right if I got here first thing in the morning so I can have it on your desk by lunch?"* So, here I am!

KATE: *(Sarcastically.)* Well, good for you.

TONYA: *(Gloating.)* And I finished the Johnson file! One full week ahead of my deadline! Now, Katherine...why are *you* here so early? *You* haven't been given a project that you have to finish, have you?

KATE: You know I haven't.

LAW AND DISORDER
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TONYA: That's right, you haven't. So, why are you here? It wouldn't have anything to do with Ms. Duckworth's comment to Larry, would it? About how great it is that he is always here early?

KATE: *(Realizes.)* You heard her, too!

TONYA: She said work like that could earn a promotion.

KATE: Aw, darn it. You had that Johnson file finished before I left yesterday. You just wanted to get here for a chance to kiss up!

TONYA: Brilliant analysis, counselor. Kate, I know you are gonna try to be the first one here every morning just to impress Ms. Duckworth. I know it because that's the kind of thing you would do. So you know what? I'm not gonna let you get any edge over me whatsoever. I'm here first! So, checkmate! I win!

KATE: Well, I guess we are gonna have this conversation for many more mornings to come.

TONYA: I hope not. I plan to move out of this office soon enough and move up to the tenth floor.

KATE: Unless someone else moves there first.

TONYA: Who? You? Sorry, Kate. She's gonna be thrilled when she sees the Johnson file completed. I'll make partner by the end of the year.

KATE: Tonya, if you do, I'll be very happy for you.

TONYA: Oh, stop that. I know you better. You want that spot just as badly as I do.

KATE: *(Smiles.)* Sure...it would be great to make partner. But you and I have only been here for a year. I don't think we're in contention.

TONYA: *(Under her breath.)* That's not what I heard...

KATE: What?

(Tonya sits down at her desk.)

TONYA: Oh...it's nothing.

KATE: Tonya! Have you heard something? You know I would tell you.

TONYA: Oh, who am I to gossip? *(Kate scoffs.)* Okay, fine. Sit down. *(Kate sits.)* All right, you know how Mr. Witherspoon is retiring at the end of the year?

KATE: Yes. But when they replace him, they'll do it with one of the associates with a little more experience.

TONYA: You would think. The man's been with the firm for over 40 years, but he hasn't been a good lawyer in the last 15. He's a name—too much of a name for anyone to even consider removing him.

KATE: So, what's your point?

TONYA: My point is...and this is just what I've been told, that because of him, the firm's reputation has been tarnished. So, to show the traditional clients and potential new clients that we are dedicated to our future and still strong as ever, they think it would be a good idea to find someone with a more youthful image to offset the current image we have with Mr. Witherspoon.

KATE: Whoa...

TONYA: Right. Kate, you and I may be young, but we were in pretty high demand when we got out of law school.

KATE: You really think I could have a chance to make partner?

TONYA: Of course, if I wasn't here.

(Mark enters.)

MARK: *(To Kate.)* Hey, I saw your car outside. You're here early. *(To Tonya.)* And so are you. Neither of you start work before I do. What gives?

KATE: Oh, it's the cool thing to do now.

MARK: Anyway, I brought breakfast. Bagel?

(Mark tosses a bagel to Kate.)

KATE: Mark! You know we're not supposed to have food in here.

MARK: While the cat's away... *(Offers her a bagel.)* Tonya?

TONYA: No thanks.

MARK: More for me. *(Takes a bite.)* So how are my girls this morning? *(No answer.)* You could cut the tension with a knife in here. What's wrong? Is Tonya trying to take Bright-Eyes away from you?

KATE: Blue-Eyes! No, that's not it.

TONYA: What is Blue-Eyes?

MARK: *(To Kate.)* You haven't told her?

KATE: No! There's nothing to tell her.

TONYA: Haven't told me what?

MARK: *(To Kate.)* Oooh, can I tell her?

KATE: I would rather you not.

MARK: Aw, come on...please? Please? Please?

KATE: Fine...tell her.

(Mark pauses for dramatic effect.)

MARK: Kate's in love.

KATE: Mark!

TONYA: You're joking!

KATE: Yes! He's joking!

MARK: Well, she's been up late at night talking to this guy on the net.

KATE: Well, what's wrong with that? He's really nice. Likes all the same things I do.

TONYA: Is he rich?

KATE: Not that I care, but he is, as a matter of fact. Claims to be a well-known criminal trial lawyer.

TONYA: Wow, what does he look like?

KATE: I don't know. But it's nothing.

MARK: No, don't tell her that. Tell her how ya'll talked about meeting.

TONYA: Okay, Kate, that's insane.

KATE: I know it. We aren't gonna meet. He says he might move to Memphis one day, but that's it. It's really nothing.

MARK: But every moment she's not working, she goes home and talks to Bright-Eyes.

KATE: Blue-Eyes!

TONYA: His screen name is Blue-Eyes? Okay, I'm curious...what's yours?

KATE: *(Embarrassed smile.)* I would rather not say.

MARK: Yeah, what is your screen name?

KATE: You'll laugh.

MARK: No, we won't.

KATE: It's..."Kiss Me Kate." *(Mark and Tonya both start laughing.)* Hey! You know I love Shakespeare! *(They continue to laugh.)* Oh, this day is getting off to a great start.

(Mark stops laughing.)

MARK: I'm sorry. What else is bothering you?

KATE: Why don't you ask the blue-chipper over there? *(Takes a small bite of bagel.)*

TONYA: We are up for the same promotion.

KATE: *(Quickly and angrily.)* You don't know that!

MARK: Ladies, if you're gonna fight, do it in the ring. I'll be the ref.

KATE: Shut up, Mark.

MARK: So you two are competing against each other again. Some things never change. It's like you are destined to be rivals. It's better than Ali vs. Frazier.

KATE: It's not like that.

TONYA: You're right. Frazier actually beat Ali some. You never win.

KATE: Hey!

TONYA: Checkmate again!

MARK: What?

TONYA: It's this thing we have.

MARK: What kind of thing?

KATE: I beat Tonya at a game of chess a few years ago. She still hasn't admitted defeat, and she won't play me again. So, technically, we are kinda still playing.

TONYA: When I get the best of her, I tell her, "Checkmate." Which I get to tell her a lot! *(To Kate.)* You graduated law school second in our class. Right behind me. When it was time to take the bar exam, your grade was off the charts, right behind mine.

KATE: And it just tears you up that you have to settle for sharing an office with the likes of me.

MARK: If I had known it was gonna be like this, I would've picked up a couple of Happy Meals. So, is there a position opening up top?

KATE: Yeah. Partner.

MARK: Wow. And one of you two may get it.

TONYA: That's the rumor.

MARK: And who will decide this?

KATE: Well, I guess Ms. Duckworth. She's over our section. She would be the one to recommend one of us.

MARK: Sounds like Ms. Duckworth is gonna get the benefit of a lot brown-nosing in this office.

KATE: Oh, Tonya has beat me at that, too.

MARK: Well, well. To change the subject, I've got something to tell you.

KATE: Yeah?

MARK: Yeah, I've applied here.

KATE: Mark, that's great!

TONYA: Oh, are you gonna graduate this year?

KATE: Tonya!

MARK: Hey, I could've graduated sooner. I just took the scenic route. Sorry, I actually enjoyed college while you two were busy spending all that time in the library. And where did that ever get either of you?

TONYA: Aren't you a busboy at some restaurant?

MARK: I'm a waiter, thank you very much. And a good one at that.

KATE: Well, that's great you are about to graduate. I'll be glad to give you a reference.

MARK: You already did. So did you. *(To Tonya.)* So, you better have nothing but great things to say about me. Just think...whichever one of you doesn't get that promotion could be sharing an office with me next year.

TONYA: As if I needed more motivation.

KATE: Well, good luck to you.

(Ms. Duckworth enters.)

VIRGINIA: Mr. Stevenson!

MARK: *(Trying to hide his bagel.)* Well, good morning, Ms. Duckworth! You are looking lovely today.

VIRGINIA: Is that food in your hand, Mr. Stevenson?

MARK: Which hand?

VIRGINIA: Your left hand.

MARK: This? Oh...this. This is actually a really nifty paperweight. You know those refrigerator magnets shaped like fruit? Made by the same people. You just—

VIRGINIA: Mr. Stevenson, I've told you before that I do not allow any of my employees to have food inside the office. There is a break area downstairs. That is what it is there for. Second of all, you aren't even an employee here. And if you do not have business here, I would like you to leave the building. These ladies have work to do and are not to be disturbed by their friends off the street. Isn't that right, ladies?

KATE: But, Ms. Duckworth, he was just trying to—

TONYA: You're absolutely right, Ms. Duckworth. Your rules should be respected by all of us.

VIRGINIA: Thank you, Ms. Green. Hurry off, Mr. Stevenson.

MARK: But—

VIRGINIA: Good day, Mr. Stevenson! *(Mark exits. A few seconds pass. To Kate.)* I know he is your friend, and I am

sorry to be so rude, but if that young man ever wants to be a good lawyer, he will have to learn discipline.

KATE: I know. He'll learn. He's really intelligent, though.

VIRGINIA: I have no doubts about that.

KATE: I was always amazed by the stuff he was able to accomplish with such little effort. *(Pause.)* His mother died in a car wreck a few years ago. He just hasn't been as focused since then. But he's doing much better now. He's gonna make a great attorney.

VIRGINIA: That remains to be seen. It takes more than intelligence to be a good attorney. I see that he has applied to work here. He has potential, but I can't afford to hire someone who has no respect for the rules. You understand that?

KATE: Of course. I'll talk to him.

VIRGINIA: If I catch him in here with food again, I seriously doubt he'll be considered.

KATE: I understand.

VIRGINIA: Good. Tonya, I came in here to congratulate you on the outstanding job you did with the Peterson case.

TONYA: Oh, thank you.

VIRGINIA: That was a big case for us. What is that...five wins in a row now?

TONYA: Well, six. But who's counting?

VIRGINIA: Six wins! That's fabulous. Some people here haven't seen six wins in their whole career. Some may *never* see six wins! Keep up the great work. I have no doubt that you are going places.

TONYA: Oh, while you are here, I finished the Johnson file. It's in your mailbox.

VIRGINIA: Outstanding, Ms. Green! Isn't that impressive, Ms. Walker?

KATE: *(Forcing a smile.)* Yes, it's wonderful.

VIRGINIA: I'll review it first thing this morning. Then I'll come back here and go over it with you.

TONYA: Oh, I can come to your office.

VIRGINIA: Oh, nonsense. You've worked hard enough on this; I can make the trip downstairs. And besides, I could use the exercise.

KATE: Or you could just use the elevator.

VIRGINIA: *(Laughing.)* Oh, Ms. Walker, you are such a sweet girl. I'll be back in just a few minutes. *(She exits.)*

KATE: Sweet? Did she say I was sweet?

TONYA: Yeah, she doesn't know you at all.

KATE: Yeah, like you are any better? *(Mocking.)* "You're absolutely right, Ms. Duckworth. Your rules should be respected by all of us."

TONYA: You're just jealous.

KATE: You're darn right I'm jealous! Why can't I get a break like landing the Peterson case? I could've won that case.

TONYA: You're unlucky. Either that, or I'm just that good.

KATE: I am just as good. I just need a break like that...something to cause Ms. Duckworth to pay some attention to what I'm doing for a change. It's gonna happen, and when it does...we'll see who makes partner. *(Tonya scoffs.)* Well, I'm going downstairs. I need something to eat since I didn't get to finish that bagel.

TONYA: See ya.

(Kate exits. Mark pokes his head in.)

MARK: Is the coast clear?

TONYA: Um...yeah.

(Mark enters carrying bagels.)

MARK: And let the feast commence! Where's Kate?

TONYA: She just left. What are you doing?

MARK: Oh, I'm not gonna let Ms. Duckworth ruin a good party. She's not going to come back around, is she?

TONYA: Oh, Ms. Duckworth very rarely ever comes in here. No, I wouldn't expect her to be back in here anymore today.

MARK: All right! Bagel?

TONYA: No, I hate those things.

MARK: Aw. Everyone loves bagels.

TONYA: No, that's Jell-O.

MARK: Yeah, I like that, too. When is Kate coming back?

TONYA: (*Frustrated.*) I don't know. When she is ready, I guess.

MARK: I really don't see it.

TONYA: See what?

MARK: I don't see how you two get along. You are always at each others' throats, even when we were in school together.

Why do you hang around each other?

TONYA: We keep each other on our toes. It's better to have someone to compete with. That way you don't lose your edge.

MARK: Poor Kate. She's gonna do a lot better here when she learns to relax a little bit. She's too high-strung. I think you are the one who's doing it to her.

TONYA: Me? No, I'm not Kate's problem. Trust me, if Kate was to leave Memphis, things wouldn't be better for her. Kate has to learn to deal with Kate. That's her problem.

MARK: I think she just needs a good party. That'll solve her problems.

TONYA: You think a good party solves everything.

MARK: It does! Seriously though, Kate just needs to relax. She works too hard. She's driven, that's good, but it puts too much of a strain on her. She needs one good adventure.

TONYA: What kind of an adventure?

MARK: Just something to really test her. Something like that happened to me once when my mom died. It was a tough time, but it made me realize that I need to enjoy life more and not to worry so much about little things that stress people out. Now, I'm not wishing anything like that for Kate, but she needs something...

(*Kate enters.*)

KATE: Mark? *(Suddenly really nervous.)* Mark! What are you doing here? If Ms. Duckworth sees you, she will never hire you!

MARK: Well, that's true, but...

KATE: Mark! You have to go! She's coming here now!

MARK: She is?

KATE: Yes! Get out of here quick! *(He starts for the doorway.)*

Not that way! She'll see you! Hide somewhere!

MARK: Hide?

KATE: Yes, in there!

MARK: But—

KATE: Go!

(Mark exits through the supply room door.)

TONYA: Kate, I told him she was coming. He just doesn't listen.

(Ms. Duckworth enters.)

VIRGINIA: I'm sorry, Ms. Green. I have only had a chance to glance briefly at it. My phone keeps ringing off the hook, so I thought I would come on over here to your office. We'll get more work done that way. *(She sits down near Tonya.)*

KATE: You're gonna work in here?

VIRGINIA: I don't see why not.

KATE: Oh, yes, that's perfectly fine...except the light isn't that good in here.

VIRGINIA: Oh, don't be silly, Ms. Walker. The light is fine.

KATE: Yes, but it can be so hard to get things done in here.

The meeting room on the fifth floor is much better suited.

They have those new chairs that are *really* comfortable.

VIRGINIA: I appreciate your concern, Ms. Walker, but I am fine, really. *(Kate slowly sits down at her desk but never takes her eyes off of them. Tonya and Ms. Duckworth proceed to work*

quietly.) Oh, look at this. I get all the way down here and my pen is out of ink. Do you have another one?

TONYA: Yes, all our pens are in the supply room. *(Points to the supply room door that Mark just exited through.)*

VIRGINIA: Thanks, I'll be right back.

KATE: No!

VIRGINIA: What is it?

KATE: We are all out of pens. I used up the last set.

VIRGINIA: Well, bless my soul! Are we ever going to get started on this? Tonya, would you please run over to the supply room and grab many boxes of pens so that ya'll will have some in here?

TONYA: Sure, Ms. Duckworth.

(Tonya walks past Kate and they exchange looks. Kate is standing in the room alone with Ms. Duckworth.)

VIRGINIA: *(Annoyed.)* Ms. Walker! Do you have anything to do, or are you just going to stare at me all day?

KATE: Sorry.

(Kate quickly sits at her desk and pretends to work. A voice is heard over the intercom system: "Ms. Duckworth, you have a phone call on line seven. Ms. Duckworth, phone call on line seven." [Or the phone rings on Kate's desk.])

VIRGINIA: Oh, bother. *(Picks up the phone on Tonya's desk.)* Hello? *(She quickly lights up.)* Well, hello, Scotty! How's my favorite nephew today?...Great...When can I expect you? Oh, wow...That soon. Oh, I'm so happy you are moving here. Well, no...It would be a pleasure to have you around. Memphis is a much different place than what you are used to. I don't know what there is for people in their late 20s to do. It could become pretty boring with just your aunt and all her *old* friends. I wish I knew someone your age...Yes,

we'll think of something. Thanks for calling me. I'll meet you at the airport on Thursday. *(Hangs up.)*

KATE: *(Shyly.)* Um...so your nephew is moving to town?

VIRGINIA: Yes, I am so thrilled!

KATE: Ms. Duckworth, I apologize for listening in, but I couldn't help but overhearing. Your nephew is how old?

VIRGINIA: Um...28, if I am not mistaken.

KATE: That's the same age as me. Listen, if you would like for someone to take the time to show him around, I would be more than happy. I know what there is to do for people in their late 20s here in Memphis.

VIRGINIA: Oh, I wouldn't want to trouble you with my nephew.

KATE: Oh! It would be no trouble at all. I know what it's like to be new to this city. I would be glad to show him around.

VIRGINIA: Ms. Walker, you are such a sweet girl. That would be wonderful of you. Are you sure you don't mind?

KATE: Of course not! Not at all! I would be honored.

VIRGINIA: Thank you so much! *(Ms. Duckworth hugs Kate. Kate has a look of total shock but halfway hugs her back.)* You don't know how much this means to me. I love my nephew more than anything, and to know that I have such an amazing person here who will make him feel at home just brings all kinds of joy to my heart. I won't forget this, Ms. Walker. I'm going to go call his father right now.

(Ms. Duckworth runs out of the room. Kate stands there with a confused but overjoyed smile on her face. Mark pokes his head out from the supply room door.)

KATE: Oh...my...gosh...did you hear that?

MARK: Barely.

KATE: *(Still in disbelief.)* She loves her nephew more than anything...

MARK: Uh-huh...

KATE: She said she won't forget this. She called me "an amazing person." She...*hugged* me!

MARK: Kate?

KATE: Mark! This is it! *This* is the kind of break I've been looking for.

(Tonya enters, carrying several boxes of pens.)

TONYA: Where's Ms. Duckworth? And why are you so happy? Mark? What's going on here?

(Kate looks at Mark, turns, and points at Tonya.)

KATE: Checkmate!

(Blackout.)

SCENE 2

(AT RISE: A French restaurant, evening. There are two tables, one SR and one SL. Kate enters SR. She is dressed more casually than before but still dressy. Kate sits down at the SR table. Mark enters. He is dressed in a white shirt, black pants, and an apron.)

MARK: *(French accent.)* Good evening, madame. I will be your waiter. You look absolutely magnifique.

KATE: Your accent sucks.

MARK: *(Normal voice.)* So does yours. Oh, wait. That's the way you really talk. *(Kate scoffs.)* So where's your hot date?

KATE: Don't know. But I'm early. Please just help me get through this tonight. None of your usual wisecracks, okay?

MARK: Wisecracks? Moi?

KATE: Yeah, I came here because I trust you to give us good service. The last thing I need is for you to say something to make him feel uncomfortable.

MARK: Aw, Kate, you know me.

KATE: Exactly. So don't mess this up for me.

MARK: *(Laughs.)* So, what does this guy look like?

KATE: I don't know.

MARK: You don't know what he looks like?

KATE: I haven't seen him.

MARK: So how will you know when he comes in?

KATE: Well, it's Ms. Duckworth's nephew, so look for anything in a tux.

MARK: Oh, preparing for the wedding already?

KATE: Please, I just need it to go well enough for Ms. Duckworth to be grateful. So, please, help me out.

MARK: No problem, you have the world's greatest waiter with you.

KATE: That's what I am hoping. I'm really counting on you.

MARK: *(To the tune of "That's What Friends Are For." Sings.)*

"Knowing you can always count on me, for sure
That's what friends are for."

KATE: No! We are not friends tonight. Pretend like you don't know me.

MARK: Kate, just relax a little.

KATE: I can't relax. This is an important opportunity. It will work better if you pretend you don't know me.

MARK: Well...excuuuuuse me.

KATE: I'm sorry, Mark, but this has to go well. He will be more comfortable if he doesn't think I know the waiter.

MARK: Ah, 'tis an evil plan. I like it. So, that's how it's gonna be. I don't know you, and you don't know me, and we don't know each other.

KATE: Right.

MARK: So...I'll just go over there Ka...um...Miss until your date shows up.

KATE: Good idea.

(Mark exits. Kate sits alone for a few seconds and then glances at her watch. Scott Duckworth enters SR. He is dressed in overalls, a flannel shirt, and has a paper cup in one hand and a few hand-picked flowers in the other. He spits into the paper cup.)

SCOTT: Kath-er-ine? Is that you?

KATE: *(Confused.)* Yes...

SCOTT: All right! You're even prettier than your picture. How ya doin'?

(Scott spits in the paper cup again, puts the cup down on the table, and reaches out to shake Kate's hand. Kate doesn't take his hand.)

KATE: *(Still confused.)* Excuse me, but...who are you?

SCOTT: I'm Scott Duckworth.

KATE: *You* are Scott Duckworth?

SCOTT: Yep.

KATE: You are Scott Duckworth? The nephew of the top-rated lawyer in the city?

SCOTT: Um...yeah?

KATE: Okay, who are you really? Did Mark put you up to this?

SCOTT: Who's Mark?

(Kate turns to where Mark exited.)

KATE: *(Calls.)* Mark! You can come out now. This has been really funny.

SCOTT: I'm confused.

KATE: Okay, you can stop now. *(Calls.)* Mark!

(Mark enters.)

MARK: Yes, ma'am, can I help you?

KATE: You have some nerve, you know? It was really funny, Mark. You had me freaked out for a second there. Congratulations, now take your friend before Scott gets here.

MARK: I'm sorry...do I know you?

KATE: Mark! Cut it out.

MARK: And why do you keep calling me Mark? You don't know me.

KATE: Mark, stop it! I know you brought this guy in to scare me, and it worked! Great job. *(Sarcastic applause. To Scott.)* You were brilliant. That was good. But the joke is over now, so please...leave!

MARK: Um...I'm not sure what's going on.

KATE: All right, enough! *(Kate stands up and grabs Mark by the arm and pulls him away from the table.)* Would you please take your friend and go?

MARK: I don't know him.

KATE: Okay, you can be my friend again. Just take him and go.

MARK: Kate...you think I did this?

KATE: Yes, I think you did this. Listen, this is the most important night of my career so far. I don't have time for

games. Now, will you please take your friend back to the theater department where you found him before the real Scott Duckworth gets here?

(Scott approaches Kate.)

SCOTT: I must be at the wrong place. Are you... *(Looks down at a piece of paper. Really sounding out each syllable of her name.)* ...Kath-er-ine Wal-ker? If not, you sure do look like her picture. This is you, isn't it? *(He pulls out a piece of paper with Kate's picture on it. It looks like it was printed on a cheap computer printer.)* I downloaded this off the Internet at my ain't's [aunt's] company's Web site. Is this not you? *(He looks at the picture and at her, back and forth several times.)*

KATE: You mean...you really are Scott Duckworth?

SCOTT: Yep!

KATE: I'm sorry...oh, I'm so sorry. I thought that— *(Starts to point at Mark.)*

SCOTT: Who is that? *(Points at Mark.)*

KATE: Mark. I thought he was playing a joke on me.

SCOTT: You thought your waiter was playing a joke on you?

KATE: Um...here...let's sit down.

(Kate and Mark exchange awkward looks.)

SCOTT: I don't know that I like a place where the waiters play jokes on you. Wouldn't you rather get out of here? I'm sure there is a [Chuck E. Cheese] nearby. *[Or insert another popular children's restaurant.]*

KATE: I'm sure we'll be fine.

SCOTT: It's a pleasure meeting you Kath-er-ine. *(Reaches to shake her hand.)* Whoops, I got a little of my t'backy on my hand. *(Wipes his hand on the back of his overalls.)* There. *(He holds out his hand again. Kate cringes.)* What's wrong? Where I come from, it ain't polite not to shake someone's hand.

(Kate reluctantly shakes his hand.)

KATE: How about we sit? *(She quickly sits down at the table.)*

SCOTT: Wow, you sure are a good-lookin' thang.

KATE: Um...thanks.

SCOTT: I mean it. Why, you're prettier than [Barbara Bush].

[Or insert another unattractive celebrity.]

(Pause.)

KATE: So...you are Scott Duckworth...

SCOTT: That's my name.

KATE: *(Speechless.)* Wow...

SCOTT: I really like your picture Kath-er-ine. *(Sidetracked.)*

That's a funny name..."Kath-er-ine."

KATE: Please, call me Kate.

SCOTT: Kate? Why would I call you Kate?

KATE: That's what everyone calls me.

SCOTT: So Kath-er-ine ain't your name?

KATE: No...I mean, yes, that's my name. People call me Kate, though.

SCOTT: Well, why the heck would someone call you sumthin' other than your name?

KATE: I don't know. Because it's shorter, I guess.

SCOTT: *(Realizes.)* Awww...I get it! It's easier to say, too. Well, I would tell you to call me the same thing everyone else calls me. *(Looks around.)* But I don't think you're supposed to say them words in public.

KATE: I see...

SCOTT: Well, would you look at us? *(Looks at her feet.)* We're both wearing boots! Do you like wearin' boots?

KATE: What?

SCOTT: Are you hard of hearin'? I said... *(Yells.)* ..."Do you like wearin' boots?"

KATE: Yes! Yes, I love wearing boots. I would sleep in them if I could.

SCOTT: Ha! Sleep in your boots! *(Laughs hard.)* That's great!
I know how you feel. I think you are the girl of my dreams,
Kate.

(Uncomfortable, Kate looks around for Mark.)

KATE: Where's our waiter?

SCOTT: Probably playing jokes on all the other customers.
Okay... *(Looks offstage and suddenly becomes angry.)* ...I can't
handle that!

KATE: What?

SCOTT: There's a kid over there! And he's staring at me!

KATE: So?

SCOTT: I don't like it when people stare at me! Everywhere I
go, people are starin', and I just don't like it. Don't they
have any manners?

(Kate looks offstage to see who is staring.)

KATE: He's probably two!

SCOTT: Well, heck fire! They gotta learn young. *(He rushes
offstage. From offstage, he yells at the top of his lungs.)* Whatcha
starin' at kid? *(The sound of a baby crying is heard followed by a
loud slap. Scott enters, holding the side of his face.)* What's the
matter with these people? That's the third time that's
happened to me since I got to Memphis.

KATE: Scott, why don't you stay in your chair?

SCOTT: Aww...you don't think I'm payin' ya enough
attention, do ya? Well, don't worry, I'm here.

*(Scott reaches across the table to hold Kate's hands. Kate quickly
removes them.)*

KATE: So, Scott...where are you from?

SCOTT: I'm from Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

KATE: Arkansas? Didn't you fly here?

SCOTT: Heck no, I didn't fly here. I hate airplanes. I've never got on an airplane.

KATE: But your aunt said she was gonna meet you at the airport.

SCOTT: Right.

(Pause.)

KATE: So, you flew here.

SCOTT: No. There goes that hearin' of yours again. I said...
(Yells.) ..."I've never got on a plane!"

KATE: But your aunt met you at the airport!

SCOTT: Right, that's where she met me. I've never got on a plane, though.

(Pause.)

KATE: Is everyone in Pine Bluff like you?

SCOTT: Like me? Heck no! I'm special!

KATE: No kidding.

SCOTT: Yep, one of a kind. That's me.

KATE: So, what do you do for fun in Pine Bluff?

SCOTT: Well...there's not a lot to do...it's a college town, and I don't go to college.

KATE: Well, there must be something...

SCOTT: I'll tell ya one thing that me and my friends used to love to do.

KATE: What's that?

SCOTT: Well...we have a lot of drive-through restaurants in town. So we used to always pull up to the menu, order something – we would even make it a really big order – then we would pull up to the window, pay for the food, then, right when the time was right...we would drive off! Without getting our food! *(Laughs.)*

KATE: Excuse me. What?

SCOTT: (*Laughs.*) It's so funny. They go to the trouble of making the food, then when they get to the window, there is no one there to give it to!

KATE: But...you paid for the food...

SCOTT: Right. Isn't that funny?

(*Pause.*)

KATE: No.

SCOTT: I guess you have to be there because seeing the expression on their faces when they are holding the bag out the window and looking around all confused, it's hilarious! You gotta try it!

KATE: So, what brings you to Memphis?

SCOTT: Well, I was working at the lawnmower factory, and it's a great job and all, but I thought it was time for me to get out of the country. So I came to Memphis. My aunt is a big, rich, powerful lawyer here. I was told she can get anyone a job here. What was it someone said about her? Ah yeah...she can make or break you.

KATE: Thanks for reminding me.

SCOTT: She's said the most greatest things about you.

KATE: (*Suddenly excited.*) She has?

SCOTT: Yes, she said you was really sweet.

KATE: Sweet? Is that it? Was there anything else...?

SCOTT: Oh yeah. Lots of stuff.

(*Pause.*)

KATE: Well?

SCOTT: Well what?

KATE: What did she say?

SCOTT: About what?

KATE: About me.

SCOTT: What about you?

KATE: What did your aunt say about me?

SCOTT: I told you, she said you was sweet.

KATE: But you said she said something else!

SCOTT: No, I didn't.

KATE: Yes, you did! I asked you if she said anything else and you said... *(Imitating Scott's redneck voice.)* ..."Oh, yeah, lots of stuff."

SCOTT: Oh, yeah...I guess I forgot. *(Thinks. Pause. Kate looks on in disbelief.)* Oh, yeah! I remember now. She said she thinks you would make a good...what was it? A good...

KATE: A good what? What did she say?

SCOTT: A good...

KATE: Partner?

SCOTT: Yes! That's it! That's what she said!

KATE: *(Restrained jubilation.)* Yes!

SCOTT: Yeah, I'm almost sure that was it. Or *that* may have been someone else...Tammy...Tanya...Tonya?

KATE: Okay...moving on...what do you do for a living now, Scott?

SCOTT: Well, nothing right now.

KATE: You are unemployed?

SCOTT: No, I'm American.

KATE: I mean...you don't work anywhere?

SCOTT: Not yet, but I just got here. My aunt could probably get me a job at the same place you work at. She said I can't be a lawyer because I haven't gone to college.

KATE: Well, heck fire.

SCOTT: But, I could get a job doing something else there, she said. Wouldn't that be cool? We would get to work together!

KATE: Oh, boy!

SCOTT: Yep, I've got a real nice one-bedroom apartment, a TV. I'm soon gonna have a good job. All I need now is a wife and a few kids to be completely happy...

(Scott stares romantically at Kate.)

KATE: Waiter!

(Mark enters.)

MARK: Can I help you?

KATE: The wine list, please!

MARK: Kate, you don't drink.

KATE: *(Louder.)* The wine list, please!

MARK: Okay! *(Mark exits.)*

SCOTT: Be careful there. He may try to play another joke on ya.

KATE: I'll take my chances.

SCOTT: Man, I'm having a great time. How about you? *(Kate doesn't respond.)* I hope so. Ain't *[Aunt]* Virginia told me to make sure that we had a good time. She's gonna be upset if she thinks we didn't.

KATE: Oh...we are having a wonderful time!

SCOTT: I think so, too!

(Mark enters.)

MARK: *(Hands Kate the wine list.)* Here.

SCOTT: Kate, If you'll excuse me...I've got t'backy on my clothes. I'm goin' to go to the restroom and wash up. Don't run off!

(Mark points Scott in the direction of the bathrooms SL. Scott exits.)

KATE: *(Praying.)* God, this promotion is all I ask for. Why do you put me through this? Please keep me from killing him!

(Mark has been listening to her prayer but purposely asks a stupid question anyway.)

MARK: So, how's it goin'? *(Kate just glares at him.)* That bad, huh?

KATE: Can you believe this guy?

MARK: So, *that's* Ms. Duckworth's nephew, huh?

KATE: I don't understand...how is that possible? This date stinks!

MARK: Well, it should be over soon.

KATE: No, I mean he literally stinks! I don't think he bothered to shower today.

MARK: Ugh...so why don't you get out of here? I'll cover for you.

KATE: Are you nuts? Do you know what Ms. Duckworth is gonna do to me if she finds out I walked out on her nephew?

MARK: Kate...is that promotion really worth *this*?

KATE: Yes!

MARK: No job is worth this... *(Realizes.)* It's not the job. You just wanna beat Tonya.

KATE: To see her face when they are putting my name on the firm, that will make this all worth it.

(Mark glances SL.)

MARK: Last chance to run away. He's coming. It's safe to say he didn't take the time to wash his hands. I'll leave you alone.

KATE: No, stay. Please. I gotta find a way out of here. I can't stand much more of this.

(Kate reaches out and grabs Mark's arm. Scott enters and notices the two of them touching.)

SCOTT: *(To Mark.)* You better watch yourself there. This here's my girl.

MARK: *(Laughs.)* I'm sorry. I didn't realize...

(Scott sits.)

KATE: *(To Scott.)* Oh, he was just taking my order.

SCOTT: That better be all he was doin'. *(To Mark.)* You better not be flirtin' with my date.

MARK: Oh, I wouldn't flirt with her.

(Scott stands up.)

SCOTT: Oh? And why not? She not good enough for ya?!

MARK: Um...no, I don't mean that.

SCOTT: Well, what do ya mean? You better speak fast!

MARK: She's a great girl, but I don't like her like that.

KATE: Both of you...enough!

SCOTT: Don't worry, Kate. I'm just defending your honor.

Me and him are gonna duel, just like in the movies.

MARK: What?

SCOTT: That's right. Now, put 'em up!

(Scott shoves Mark.)

KATE: Scott! Scott, sit down!

SCOTT: Don't worry, Kate. Let the man handle this.

(Kate rolls her eyes. She tries a new tactic.)

KATE: Scott...let's just sit down. For me?

SCOTT: Oh...all right, Kate. *(To Mark.)* But you better watch your step.

MARK: Um...yes, sir!

SCOTT: Now, since you are here, why don't you take our order. I'm hungry.

KATE: Um...no.

SCOTT: What? This is a restaurant. We are supposed to eat.

KATE: I'm not really hungry. *(To Mark.)* Why don't you just give me my drink to go?

MARK: *(Whispers.)* You didn't tell me what you want.

KATE: Surprise me!

(Mark exits.)

SCOTT: Ah, I see...we're gonna see the town, huh? That's awesome. I've always wanted to see Bill St. By the way, who is this "Bill" guy they named that street after anyway?

KATE: Huh?

SCOTT: Bill Street. Why do they call it that? Is it named after Bill Clinton? I wouldn't think so. He's not from Memphis. *(Proud.)* He's from Arkansas, like me.

KATE: *(Finally understands.)* Oh, Beale St. *(Spells.)* B-E-A-L-E Street.

SCOTT: Gosh, you're smart. We are gonna have so much fun together. I'm clearing my schedule. I'm gonna spend every day with you.

KATE: What?

SCOTT: I mean it, Kate. We've got something...we've got... *(Snapping his fingers, searching for the word.)* ...chemotherapy.

KATE: "Chemotherapy"?

SCOTT: That's what it's called, right?

KATE: Oh! You mean, "chemistry"!

SCOTT: Yeah! Chemistry! I'm sure glad you think so, too.

KATE: Um...Scott...I'm really busy with my job and all. I doubt I'll have much time to—

SCOTT: Oh, that's no problem. I'll tell my ain't *[aunt]* to give you time off. She'll give you as much time off as you need. I know it would be great being off work, but think...you get to spend your free time with me!

KATE: Oh boy...

(Mark enters, carrying a paper cup with a lid on it, and hands it to Kate.)

MARK: It's an extra-special mix, just for you. *(Kate frantically removes the lid and completely downs the drink.)* And don't worry about the check. I've got it covered. *(Whispers to Kate.)* Hang in there.

(Kate puts the empty cup down.)

KATE: Scott, I am really sorry, but I have to go.

SCOTT: What? Why?

KATE: I am really not feeling well. I need to go and rest.

SCOTT: You feel bad?

KATE: Yes, I need to go home.

SCOTT: Aww, you poor thing. If you are sick, then I'll come over and take care of ya.

KATE: No, it's not that serious. I'm just gonna go home.

SCOTT: It's nothing I did, is it?

KATE: Oh, of course not.

SCOTT: *(Sadly.)* Oh...I came on too strong, didn't I? I knew it! You don't like me, do ya?

KATE: No, Scott, that's not it!

SCOTT: *(Sobbing.)* Yes, it is. I was so nervous coming here. I'm not sure how to act around you. You are so smart, so pretty, way above my level. I knew I was going to screw it up. And I did!

KATE: Scott...Scott, please! Stop crying!

SCOTT: I don't know how I'm gonna tell my ain't *[aunt]* that I was dumped. She's gonna be so heartbroken...

KATE: Scott, please stop crying!

SCOTT: Why? You hate me...

KATE: No, I don't hate you.

SCOTT: Well, you don't like me...

KATE: *(Through her teeth.)* That's not true, Scott. I like you.

SCOTT: You do? *(Kate nods affirmatively.)* For real?

KATE: Scott...why don't we...? Here, I'll take you to see Beale Street.

SCOTT: You will? Can we even go see the ducks at the Peabody? I heard they got ducks inside the dang ol' building, man. I really want to see that!

KATE: *(Cringing.)* Yes, we can even see the ducks.

SCOTT: All right!

KATE: *(To herself.)* "Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?"

SCOTT: What's that?

KATE: It's Shakespeare.

SCOTT: Ah. *(Pause.)* Kiss me, Kate.

KATE: *(Impressed.)* You know Shakespeare?

SCOTT: No, I was just telling you to kiss me.

(Scott leans in to kiss Kate, but she heads toward the door.)

KATE: *(To herself.)* "Asses are made to bear, and so are you."

SCOTT: I can't understand a word you're sayin', but I love the way you say it. *(Kate exits.)* We are going to see the ducks!
Quack! Quack!

(Scott exits. Blackout.)

SCENE 3

(AT RISE: Law office, the next morning. Tonya is sitting at her desk, impatiently tapping her pencil and looking at the clock. Her phone rings. She answers it.)

TONYA: (Into phone.) Hello...No, she is *not* in right now. I'll have her call you when she gets in. (Hangs up. She begins to yell at the phone.) She's *not* here yet! She wasn't here five minutes ago! She wasn't here five minutes before that. And I bet she won't be here five minutes from now! (To herself.) I can't believe this! She's *never* late. Where is she? I can't let her do this to me. But what can I do about it? (Ms. Duckworth enters.) Now there's an idea!

VIRGINIA: Good morning, Ms. Green. Have you seen Ms. Walker?

TONYA: I have not. She hasn't been in all day. I hope she is okay.

VIRGINIA: Yes, of course. I'm sure she's fine.

TONYA: Normally, I wouldn't be concerned...but she missed the meeting this morning. She could fall behind.

VIRGINIA: That's why you are so great here, Ms. Green, always concerned for others' sake.

TONYA: Yeah...that's me. Listen, we never got to sit down with the Johnson file the other day. I have a few minutes, if you want to look at it.

VIRGINIA: Thank you, but I just wanted to talk with Kate for a minute.

TONYA: What? Why do you want to talk to *her* for?

VIRGINIA: Oh, it doesn't concern you, Ms. Green. Let me know if she comes in today, okay? (She exits.)

TONYA: If she comes in? What is going on here?

(Kate enters, looking like she has just walked through a hurricane.)

KATE: *(Talking fast.)* I just saw Ms. Duckworth leaving. She didn't see me. Did she notice I wasn't here?

TONYA: Of course she noticed!

KATE: Oh, no! I guess I should go and talk to her.

(Kate starts to leave. Tonya stops her.)

TONYA: Hold on just a minute! Where have you been?

KATE: I overslept! I can't believe it. I never do that.

TONYA: Over at the boss's nephew's place all night?

KATE: *(Scoffs.)* No!

TONYA: Don't lie to me! You think you are so smart? You think you can leapfrog over me by going out with her family? I'm not gonna stand for it!

KATE: You don't understand anything, Tonya.

TONYA: What happened last night?

KATE: I don't want to talk about it.

TONYA: Well too bad, 'cause I do wanna talk about it. What happened?

KATE: Just drop it, Tonya!

TONYA: Fine! Be that way, but I'm not gonna let you do this to me, Kate. I'm not gonna let one cheap date cancel out all my years of hard work. *(Phone rings.)* That's probably your Prince Charming now. He's been calling all morning!

KATE: Oh, no...answer it for me. Please?

TONYA: No! I am through answering your phone for you today. I am not paid to be your secretary.

KATE: Fine! *(Kate answers the phone. Nervous.)* Hello? *(Deep sigh.)* Hi, Scott...Thank you for your concern, but I just overslept...No, I have plans for tonight. I have work to do...Tomorrow? I have work to do then, too...Yeah, Saturday isn't good, either...Yes, I'm gonna be working all the time. Listen, I really have to go. I'm working! Goodbye, Scott...I said, goodbye! *(Hangs up.)*

TONYA: Wow...you were really rude to him. Is he a dork or something?

KATE: I really don't know how to describe him.

TONYA: Well...try.

KATE: I really, really do not want to talk about it. I need to find Ms. Duckworth and...apologize. *(Kate exits.)*

TONYA: This just keeps getting weirder...

(Mark enters.)

MARK: Kate just ran right past me and didn't even notice me.

Is she okay?

TONYA: I don't know anything anymore.

MARK: She had a *really* rough night last night.

TONYA: So it seems. Was her date that bad?

MARK: You know...I really don't know how to describe it.

TONYA: That seems to be the trend.

MARK: Well...it was horrible. It was...kinda like an accident on the highway—you know it's gonna be brutal to see, but you can't help but slow down and watch.

TONYA: So I guess she isn't gonna see him anymore?

MARK: That's the funny part. She is afraid if she upsets him, it's gonna upset you-know-who. And she doesn't want to do that.

TONYA: *(Slight smile.)* No, she doesn't wanna do that.

MARK: I just thought I would come to check up on her and find out how the rest of the evening went.

TONYA: So they went out after they left the restaurant?

MARK: Evidently.

TONYA: So what's the matter with him? I think I could put up with anything if it pleases Ms. Duckworth.

MARK: Not this guy. This guy is [Steve Urkel], [Screech], [Potsie], and [Maynard G. Krebs] all rolled into one. *[Or insert the names of other geeky characters.]*

TONYA: It can't be that bad.

MARK: No, it's worse. She tried to ditch him, but he got all dramatic on her, started crying right there in the restaurant.

TONYA: What if he tells his aunt?

MARK: Well, Kate fixed it. I don't know if she felt bad or was scared for her own future. Maybe a little of both. Well, I'm gonna go find her. Oh, and I'll sneak some bagels up when I come back. *(Winks.)*

TONYA: You do that. *(In deep thought. Tonya's phone rings. Tonya smiles and answers it.)* Hello?...Hello again, Scott. How are you this morning? I'm Kate's best friend, Tonya...No...She just stepped out...Yeah, it's really hard to reach her on the phone. If you want to talk to her, I suggest you come to the office and talk to her in person. I would love to meet you as well. I've heard so many great things about you...That sounds great. I'll see you soon.

(Tonya hangs up the phone, smiles, and rubs her hands together. Kate enters.)

KATE: I was never able to find her. She wasn't in her office. Did *he* call again?

TONYA: Nope, it's been pretty quiet.

KATE: Good. I should disconnect my phone.

TONYA: *(Looking at the phone on Kate's desk.)* I don't think they would appreciate that very much.

KATE: Oh, not just here. My house phone, too. As soon as I left him last night, I went back home and I already had a message from him! He said he missed me.

TONYA: Well, that's sweet.

KATE: No, it's not sweet! This guy is insane!

(Mark enters.)

MARK: There you are! How are you feeling? *(Kate stares back, but doesn't answer him.)* That bad, huh? Well, I know what would make you feel better. A bagel! *(Pulls one out of a sack.)*

KATE: Mark! If Ms. Duckworth sees you with that in here, she will never hire you!

MARK: See, Kate...this is your problem. I know I'm breaking the rules here, but it's gonna be okay. You can't worry about things all the time.

KATE: Whatever...

MARK: So...how did it go last night? *(Kate gives Mark a look.)*
Okay, dumb question, I know.

KATE: I hope that I will soon wake up in my bed, and this will have all been a terrible nightmare.

MARK: What else happened, Kate?

KATE: Fine, I'll tell you. We left the restaurant and he wanted to go to the Peabody and see the ducks. So we did...all the time I was thinking of how I could possibly ditch him. We walk through the doors of the hotel, and he sees the carpet. He then says, "Oh, gee-wiz, I sure don't want to mess up their nice carpet." So...he takes off his shoes! He was walking around the Peabody with no shoes on his feet.

MARK: *(Laughs.)* Oh, no...

KATE: Then it gets worse. You remember Nathan, that guy I dated briefly in college?

TONYA: Oh, no, don't tell me he was there...

KATE: He was. So, here I am standing in the lobby with this guy in overalls, a flannel shirt, tobacco stains on his clothes, and no shoes on. I was hoping he wouldn't see me, but how can you miss Scott? So, he sees us, walks over to us, and then he introduces himself to Scott. Oh, and something else about Scott? He's...protective. He's very protective. And...you remember what Nathan was like? Well, Nathan was being his usual self, and it wasn't ten seconds after Nathan started talking before Scott pulled his fist back and just leveled him! Nathan was shocked. He tried to get away, but Scott jumped on top of him and continued hitting him. They rolled over in the fountain. People were screaming. Cameras were flashing. Ducks were going everywhere!

MARK: You're kidding.

KATE: I wish. Soon, the cops are escorting him out of the building and taking him to jail.

MARK: *(Can't believe his ears.)* He was arrested?

KATE: Yes.

MARK: Well...so you got out of the evening earlier than you would've. So that's good, right?

KATE: No...there's more. *(Pause.)* He gets one phone call.

MARK: Oh, no!

KATE: Oh, yes...you would think he would call his... *(Mocks him.)* ...ain't [aunt], but, no...he calls me. Five-hundred dollars would get him out of there.

MARK: You didn't...

KATE: I had to! What was I gonna do? Leave him in jail?

MARK: Doesn't sound too bad to me.

KATE: Yeah, well, when I got home, he called...and called...and called again. About 3 a.m. I finally got some sleep.

MARK: Man...you've gotta do something.

KATE: What can I do? If it even appears as if I might say something hurtful, he loses it! He starts crying! And he doesn't stop until I've paid him more compliments.

MARK: Well, you are gonna just have to hurt his feelings. He's a grownup. He can take it.

KATE: Oh...this guy is no grown up.

MARK: The longer you let this go on, the harder it's gonna be to end it.

KATE: If I upset Scott, he's gonna go crying to his aunt. And then...who knows what will happen.

MARK: Okay, what's our problem here? You don't want to hurt his feelings, so you need to go and talk directly to Ms. Duckworth. She's a smart woman. You gotta be frank with her. Just tell her that her nephew is a great guy, but you have no chemistry.

KATE: *(Small laugh.)* Chemotherapy.

MARK: What?

KATE: Nothing.

MARK: Seriously, Kate. Just tell her that you don't like him like that. She can't be angry with you for not liking him. It's not your fault. You did the guy a favor by showing him around. She'll understand. And she will probably ask Scott to leave you alone.

KATE: That won't work.

MARK: You got a better plan?

KATE: No.

MARK: So try it. What have you got to lose?

KATE: I guess you are right.

MARK: Thank you, now have a bagel. *(Ms. Duckworth enters.)*

Hi, Ms. Duckworth. You look lovelier than ever. I guess you want to know why I have food in here, and I can explain. You see—

VIRGINIA: Oh, I don't mind, Mr. Stevenson, it's a silly rule anyway.

TONYA: What?

VIRGINIA: Ms. Walker! There you are! I've been looking for you all morning.

KATE: Ms. Duckworth, I am sorry I was late, I was—

VIRGINIA: Oh, you don't have to explain anything to me, Ms. Walker. You've been working hard lately and could use the rest.

TONYA: No, she hasn't!

VIRGINIA: I beg your pardon, Ms. Green? You have something you wish to say?

TONYA: No...

VIRGINIA: Well, then...I was wanting to tell you, Ms. Walker, how thankful I am for you spending time with my nephew. He's such a sweet boy.

KATE: Actually, Ms. Duckworth, I was wanting to talk to you about that.

VIRGINIA: Oh, I'm sure you do. From everything he told me, ya'll had a marvelous time last night.

KATE: Well, you see...

VIRGINIA: It's just so wonderful to see him so happy. I don't know what you did for him, but he is just absolutely crazy about you.

KATE: Yes, well...

VIRGINIA: He used to sit around and pout all day. It was very sad. Now to see him so happy... *(Starts crying.)* ...you have no idea the joy you have brought to him, me, and our family.

MARK: *(To Tonya.)* I see where he gets it from now.

KATE: Ms. Duckworth, you exaggerate.

VIRGINIA: No, I'm not. Do you know what he told me today? He told me...he told me that he wants to join the church. You don't know how my brother has tried and tried to get him to go to church. Nothing has ever worked. But you have changed all that, Kate.

KATE: Oh, God.

VIRGINIA: Yes, you are a blessing from God himself. I thought that little Scotty was destined to become old and single like me—I've never wanted that for him. And now, for the first time, I think maybe there is hope for him after all. *(She hugs Kate.)* Oh, I will leave you alone now. Thank you, Kate. Thank you for everything.

(Ms. Duckworth exits. Mark watches out the window.)

MARK: That's tellin' her Kate! You really showed her who's boss.

TONYA: She called you "Kate"? Ugh!

KATE: What am I gonna do?

MARK: I don't know what to tell ya, Kate, but you better think of something quick because guess who I just saw entering the building.

KATE: Oh, no...

MARK: Yes, open the door to your mystery date.

KATE: Oh, no...I've got to get out of here. I don't want to see him.

MARK: Well, you can hide in the supply room. That seems to work pretty well.

KATE: No, I'm not gonna hide. I'm just gonna have to let him down as gently as I can and suffer the consequences.

TONYA: That sounds like the best thing.

KATE: Of course, I'm probably gonna have to move. That's all there is to it.

MARK: Don't be so dramatic.

KATE: Let's see... *(Thinks.)* St. Louis is a great place. There was that firm there that really wanted me to work for them. I turned them down. I'm sure they would still hire me.

MARK: Kate, you are not going to St. Louis! We have a problem here. But I am a problem-solver. You wanna get rid of this guy, right?

KATE: Right.

MARK: But you are afraid if you try to level with the guy you could be fired.

KATE: Yes, Mark. I don't need you to explain it to me again.

MARK: No, so what you need is a way to get rid of Scott without hurting his feelings. So...you don't need to dump *him*, instead...we've got to get him dump *you*!

KATE: That's impossible.

MARK: No, nothing's impossible! Come on, there's gotta be something about you that would irritate him. Let's see...you're sloppy, you're moody, you are almost never in a pleasant mood anymore...

KATE: Wow, thanks, Mark.

MARK: Hey, if you want to get rid of this guy, we really have to delve. You never wanna do anything fun. You worry too much about what others think... What else?

TONYA: You're self-centered, irrational, judgmental...

KATE: Okay, thanks, guys! I'm gonna go kill myself.

TONYA: Low self-esteem *and* egotistical. On top of all that, you're boring.

KATE: Hey, I am not boring!

MARK: We aren't trying to insult you, Kate, we just gotta point out your tiny character flaws and blow them up so Scott won't want you anymore.

KATE: I understand, but he seems to like *everything* about me.

MARK: Okay...if there's nothing about you that he dislikes, then we'll just have to create something.

KATE: Like what?

MARK: I don't know. A history maybe. *(An idea.)* Yes! That's it! Perhaps, just maybe, we can give you a history that will make him really uncomfortable to be around you. Create a back story that surrounds you. Maybe you have a mental disorder—split personalities or something, I don't know—but we'll think of something. We'll give you so much baggage that U-haul will charge extra.

KATE: What do you mean?

MARK: Hmm...this won't be easy, but I think it will work. He will be here any second, so I can't tell you all the details now. When he gets here, don't do anything to get rid of him. Just invite him over tonight.

KATE: Ugh, Mark...no!

MARK: Kate, just trust me on this one. Invite him over tonight. I'll explain the rest later.

(Scott enters.)

SCOTT: Kate! There you are! I've been worried sick about you! *(He runs over and gives her a great big bear hug.)* You haven't returned my calls. I didn't know what was going on. Glad to see you are okay.

KATE: *(Struggling for air.)* Can't...breathe.

SCOTT: What's that?

KATE: I...can't...breathe.

SCOTT: Oh, I can't understand you, Kate. That's okay...don't talk. I'll just hold on to you as tightly as I can.

KATE: *(With a surge of strength, she frees herself.)* Get off of me!

SCOTT: (*Shocked.*) Why, Kate? What's the matter? Are you angry with me?

KATE: No, I'm not angry with you.

SCOTT: You sounded angry.

KATE: I'm not. I'm fine.

SCOTT: I don't know how I could handle it if I thought you was angry with me.

KATE: Well, it's okay.

SCOTT: You sure?

KATE: Yes.

SCOTT: Positive?

KATE: I'm positive.

SCOTT: Really positive?

KATE: Scott!

SCOTT: What?

KATE: Nothing. Listen, Scott, there's something I have to talk to you about. (*Looks over at Mark. Mark gives her a thumbs up.*) But this isn't the right place for it.

SCOTT: Okay.

KATE: How about you come over tonight?

SCOTT: Kate?

KATE: Yes, just come to my apartment, and we'll talk there. Okay?

SCOTT: All right.

KATE: Now, if you'll excuse me...I'm going to lunch.

SCOTT: I'll come with you.

KATE: No!

SCOTT: What?

KATE: I'll think about you more if I don't see you so often.

SCOTT: Ah! Of course. Okay. I'll see you tonight. (*Kate exits. Mark follows her out.*) Hey! Wait a second...that was the waiter! What's he doing here? I knew there was something fishy about him. He's followin' her around even when he's not working. Can you believe that?

TONYA: Yeah...it's crazy.

SCOTT: I mean...what right does he have to follow her around wherever she goes?

TONYA: You are a great person to be able to stand for it.

SCOTT: You're darn right! Ya know, you are really nice. You understand where I'm coming from.

TONYA: Well, I'm a very understanding person.

SCOTT: I'll say. Are you the same nice lady I've been talking to on the phone?

TONYA: Yes, that's me.

SCOTT: Ah, then you are Kate's best friend Tonya?

TONYA: Yes, that's me.

SCOTT: Good. Maybe you can help me out.

TONYA: What's wrong?

SCOTT: Well, you are Kate's best friend, right?

TONYA: Right...

SCOTT: So you know her better than anyone, right?

TONYA: That's right.

SCOTT: I want to ask you something. You see, I get the feeling sometimes...that she doesn't really like me all that much. It's kind of like...she just doesn't know how to tell me that she doesn't like me or somethin'. I try to be nice to her, but she doesn't seem to warm up to me that well. I don't get it. I just...I just don't know if she really likes me or not, you know?

TONYA: Oh, I don't think that's it at all.

SCOTT: You don't?

TONYA: No, I know for a fact that she is absolutely crazy about you.

SCOTT: How do you know that?

TONYA: She told me so! She hasn't shut up about you all day. She just *loves* you, Scott!

SCOTT: She does?

TONYA: Scott, you know I wouldn't tell you this if it wasn't true.

SCOTT: Wow...I didn't know this.

TONYA: Well, there are a lot of things about Kate that you may not know.

SCOTT: Well, I wanna know everything there is to know about her.

TONYA: I knew you would. You are a very understanding person, right, Scott?

SCOTT: Yeah, I'm sensitive and stuff.

TONYA: Well, I'm only telling you this because I care. Please don't tell Kate that I'm telling you this.

SCOTT: Okay...

TONYA: Kate may have something of a history that you may not be comfortable with.

SCOTT: For real? What's that?

TONYA: That's not for me to say, Scott. I know for a fact that she has something she wants to tell you tonight, but she is really scared that you may run away and leave her forever when you find out.

SCOTT: Wow...well...I don't know what to say.

TONYA: I know you are a very sensitive and understanding person, though. You care for Kate, right?

SCOTT: Right!

TONYA: And you would care for her no matter what, right?

SCOTT: Right!

TONYA: So no matter what she has to tell you tonight you will stay with her and care for her because you are the kind of man who will stand by his woman no matter what.

SCOTT: You got that right! No matter what Kate has to tell me, I'm gonna love her just the way she is.

TONYA: That's what I was hoping you would say. You made me feel so much better because she wouldn't be telling you this if she wasn't 100 percent sure that you were "the one."

SCOTT: Wow, "The one." Did she really say that?

TONYA: Oh, she would kill me if she knew I was telling you this, but I wouldn't be a friend if I didn't.

SCOTT: What's that?

TONYA: Well, you didn't hear this from me. But...this morning, she told me that she wanted you to do something, and if you did it, it would make her the happiest woman in the whole world. Her words, not mine.

SCOTT: (*Eyes wide.*) Wow...what's that?

[END OF FREEVIEW]