



Kevin T. Baldwin

Norman Maine Publishing

Where Does the Time Go?

2

Copyright © 2005, Kevin T. Baldwin

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Where Does the Time Go? is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all of the countries covered by the Universal Copyright Convention and countries with which the United States has bilateral copyright relations including Canada, Mexico, Australia, and all nations of the United Kingdom.

Copying or reproducing all or any part of this book in any manner is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this book may be stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form by any means including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, or videotaping without written permission from the publisher.

A royalty is due for every performance of this play whether admission is charged or not. A "performance" is any presentation in which an audience of any size is admitted.

The name of the author must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play. The program must also contain the following notice: "Produced by special arrangement with Norman Maine Publishing Company, Sarasota, FL."

All rights including professional, amateur, radio broadcasting, television, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved by Norman Maine Publishing Company to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

Norman Maine Publishing
P.O. Box 1400
Tallevast, FL 34270

Where Does the Time Go?

3

"I never should have taken you
to those clubs in Singapore."

—Frances J. Goldstein

Where Does the Time Go?

SEXUAL FARCE. On the eve of his divorce, Keith Bixby, a community-theatre actor, has a tryst with, Lynda, one of the chorus girls in the show. During his sexual encounter with Lynda, Keith “misplaces” the musical watch his wife gave him on their honeymoon trip to Disney World. When Keith hears the muffled refrain of “It’s a Small World,” he discovers where he has misplaced his watch—inside Lynda’s “pelvic region”! And it is at this most inopportune time that Keith’s soon-to-be-ex-wife shows up and wants to reconcile. Soon Lynda finds herself rushed to the hospital emergency room to have the watch removed. But can Keith retrieve his watch in time to save his marriage? And, will the ER doctor ever find his cell phone? **(Contains mature themes and language.)**

Performance Time: Approximately 60 minutes.

Characters

(3 m, 5 w, extras)

KEITH BIXBY: 35-45, handsome community-theatre actor.

LYNDA: 16, attractive chorus girl; wears a pantsuit, sports bra, tights, and dance shoes.

MEGAN BIXBY: 30-35, Keith's estranged wife; wears raincoat.

FRANCES GOLDSTEIN: 50-60, washed-up alcoholic director.

BONNIE: 30s; trampy redhead; actress and producer of "Spineless—The Musical."

AMY: 30s, ditzy blonde actress.

MINDY: 30s, crass, sarcastic brunette actress.

DOCTOR: 25-40, emergency-room resident.

EXTRAS: As chorus girls.

Author's Note

Lynda's age as it is referred to in the script can be modified at the discretion of the director.

Setting

Town of Millborough. Keith Bixby's apartment has a sofa bed center stage and a chair stage right. The kitchen is stage left, but there's no door, only an Asian-style partition separating the kitchen area from the rest of the apartment. The apartment is unkempt and there are dirty clothes everywhere. There is a bathroom door to the rear of the set, and there is an entrance door to the apartment far stage right. The waiting area of the Emergency Room has chairs and a trashcan.

Synopsis of Scenes

Scene 1: Keith Bixby's cramped apartment.

Scene 2: Hospital emergency-room waiting area.

Scene 3: The Millborough Players' performance of "Spineless-The Musical."

Props

2 Wristwatches
Sheets
Blankets
Cigarettes
Alarm clock
Purse
Driver's license
Sexy panties
Woman's scarf
Legal forms
Coffee cup
Notepad, small
5 Scripts
Business card
Makeup kit
Medical pamphlets, several
Cell phone or pager

Sound Effects

Doorbell ring
Fart noises
Medical staff being paged over loudspeaker system
Muffled cell-phone ring, or beeping sound for pager
A few electronic muffled notes of "It's a Small World" (or another song).
A few electronic muffled notes from "Bella Notte" (or another song).

Scene 1

(AT RISE: Lights up on the single-room apartment of Keith Bixby. There are two bodies under the sheets on the pullout sofa, Keith Bixby emerges from under the sheets at the headboard, laughing. Lynda is still under the blankets, giggling and tickling him.)

KEITH: *(Laughing.)* Now stop that! Move that hand!

(Lynda's head emerges from the foot of the sofa, upside down.)

LYNDA: *(Playful.)* That's not my hand. Tee-hee.

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

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

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

(Lynda playfully pushes him away.)

LYNDA: Not now. Tee-hee! I gotta split. I gotta get up early tomorrow. *(Gets out of the sofa either naked or draped in a sheet.)*

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

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

(Keith sits on the bed, starts to locate his clothes and put them on.)

KEITH: Oh. You still live at home with your folks?

LYNDA: Nah, just my dad. Mom split eight years ago. You know how it goes in the theatre. We kept moving around a lot. Mom

Where Does the Time Go?

9

couldn't take it no more. So, she took off with some doctor. She was always wicked into doctors. Me too. They're so, I dunno, "medical." (*Looks at clock by the bed, which displays "8:30."*) I gotta go. Besides, don't you have that special call for line rehearsal tonight at nine o'clock?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Where Does the Time Go?

10

you and me, that if the show does well and goes to Broadway, he wants me to come with him to star in it!

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

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

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

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

LYNDA: *(Nods.)* Mmmm-hmmm. He's Frances J. Goldstein.

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

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

(Keith takes it and reads the name.)

KEITH: "Lynda J. Goldstein." *(Pauses. He looks at the license and then at Lynda several times.)* Fuck! I'm sleeping with the director's daughter! Holy shit!

(He sits on the bed next to Lynda.)

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

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

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

KEITH: *(Imitating a cowboy.)* Sorry, ma'am. Guess that was just plum thoughtless o' me, now wadn't it? I was just so taken

Where Does the Time Go?

11

aback by yer be-a-u-ti-ful face that I just had to have you no matter whut. *(Bats his eyelashes at Lynda.)* Forgive me?

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

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

LYNDA: Algebra. *(Looks under the sheets again.)* I still can't find my underwear.

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

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

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

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

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

LYNDA: My major what?

KEITH: In school. What's your major?

LYNDA: I dunno. I'm not in college.

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

LYNDA: Nope. *(Picks up purse.)* Can I have my picture license back? I'd hate to lose it again.

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

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

(Keith slowly stands up from the bed.)

Where Does the Time Go?

12

KEITH: Two more months? G.E.D.? Just what the hell grade are you in?

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

KEITH: Twelfth grade? So that makes you a—

LYNDA: Senior. Duh.

KEITH: Which makes you in—

LYNDA: High School. Again, duh.

KEITH: Which makes you...16 years old?! *(Panicked.)*

LYNDA: Seventeen.

KEITH: Ah. Well, 17 is—

LYNDA: In three more weeks!

(Keith jumps into bed.)

KEITH: Holy fuck! *(Holds pillow out in front of his chest.)* Jesus Christ! You're a minor! *(Gives Lynda back her license.)* You're jailbait!

LYNDA: What do you mean? Sixteen is legal!

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

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

(Pause.)

KEITH: Nobody. *(Pauses.)* Nobody? *(Thinks.)* Well, then what's the fun in that?

Where Does the Time Go?

13

(Lynda climbs under the covers again.)

LYNDA: Boy, you old guys are sure hard to figure sometimes. I mean, you don't want anyone to know you slept with someone half your age—

KEITH: *(Stops her.)* Please. A quarter my age, if you don't mind.

LYNDA: Yeah, sure. Right. Whatever. Anyway, but then you're upset, like, if that same someone, in this case, me, stays quiet about it happening? Man, that's messed up. Real stupid. *(A few electronic muffled-sounding notes of "It's a Small World" is heard. Lynda laughs as if getting tickled.)* What's that? Tee-hee. *(Looks under the covers again.)*

KEITH: Oh, great! My watch! It goes off every half hour like that, playing... *(Sing-song.)* "It's a small world, after all." My wife, excuse me... *(Lifts covers.)* ...ex-wife... *(Lowers covers.)* ...I mean, my soon-to-be-ex-wife... *(Lifts covers.)* ...I mean—

LYNDA: *(Annoyed.)* Whatever!

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

LYNDA: You know, I'm not a guy, and—

KEITH: That's apparent.

LYNDA: And this just may be my opinion, but *if* I were, and my wife bought me a watch, that every time I wore it to bed, started playing... *(Sing-song.)* "It's a small world, after all," I think I'd find it kinda difficult to get a hard-on.

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

LYNDA: What? The watch?

KEITH: Yeah.

LYNDA: I don't got it.

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

Where Does the Time Go?

14

LYNDA: But I don't got it. I swear!

(Keith crawls under the covers.)

KEITH: Oh, come on. *(Music goes off again, and Lynda giggles some more.)* Where the hell is it?

LYNDA: I think I must be sitting on it, or something, 'cause it's tickling me.

(Lynda laughs hysterically. Keith slowly emerges from the blanket. He has a troubling look on his face.)

KEITH: No. That's impossible.

LYNDA: What?

KEITH: Lynda, remember that "thing" you wanted me to do while we were, y'know?

LYNDA: What?

(Keith takes his right hand, covers his left wrist, then moves the right hand up and down his left arm in a twisting motion.)

KEITH: You know, *that* thing you wanted me to do?

LYNDA: *(Understands.)* Oh. Yeah. So?

KEITH: Well, I was wearing my wristwatch at the time.

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

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

(Long pause.)

LYNDA: *(Realizes.)* Oh. Oh? Oh! Oh, no! Oh, shit. Oh, man! No wonder it hurt like a bitch. I just thought you were really bad at it. *(Keith does a double-take.)* How do we get it outta there?

Where Does the Time Go?

15

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

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

(He looks at her.)

KEITH: *(Incredulously.)* What the hell do you mean it's caught on something?

LYNDA: Like I said, it's *caught* on something! *(Winces again.)* I can't move it. Ow. Shit. I wish this'd stop happening to me.

KEITH: This?! *This* has happened to you before?

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

KEITH: What was that?

LYNDA: "Puppet." *(Starts taking off jumpsuit again.)*

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

(Lynda flinches, as Keith moves under the covers.)

LYNDA: Don't worry. *(Smiling.)* I can feel it now. *(Reacting to sudden pains.)* Ow! Now I feel that, too. Ow! *(Slaps his head.)* Watch out!

(Keith re-emerges from under the bed covers.)

KEITH: Watch out?

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

Where Does the Time Go?

16

KEITH: I am trying. I'm not used to this, this, "process" in reverse, so you'll have to cut me some slack! Let me know if I'm almost there. *(He goes under the covers one more time.)*

LYNDA: *(As covers move.)* No. No. I don't think so. I think...maybe more to the left. Ow-ow. More to the right. Dude, move your hand back before you rip my tonsils out. *(Pause.)* No. Yes. *(Receiving pleasure, builds to a climax.)* Yeah. Yeah. Okay, now more to the right. More to the right. The right. Right. Right. Right. Right. Right. There. Right. There. Right there. Right there. Right there. There! There! There! *(Makes an extremely high-pitched "ahhhh" sound.)* There!

(Lynda is extremely relaxed. She pulls up her purse, gets out a cigarette, and lights it. Keith re-emerges from under the covers.)

KEITH: Damn it! I can't find it!

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

(Keith gets out of the bed. Lynda plummets into a pillow.)

KEITH: I can't! I've got to get that watch back. You don't understand.

(The doorbell rings.)

LYNDA: *(Head still in the pillow.)* Who's that?

KEITH: I don't know. *(Goes over to the door far SR.)* Who is it?

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

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

LYNDA: Who's Megan?

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

Where Does the Time Go?

17

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

MEGAN: Keith? Are you still there?

(Keith hurries Lynda out.)

KEITH: Fine. Go in there and take all your clothes with you.

LYNDA: I'm going. I'm going.

(Lynda goes into the bathroom and closes the door. Keith opens SR door and Megan enters, wearing a large women's raincoat.)

MEGAN: What took you so long?

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

(Megan looks over the filthy apartment. She spots Lynda's scarf near the bed and picks it up off the floor.)

MEGAN: I see. Thanks for going to all the trouble. *(Looks away from Keith and the bathroom.)* Is this your scarf, by chance?

(Lynda, hearing about her scarf, pokes her head out from the bathroom door. Keith closes the bathroom door quickly on Lynda and grabs the scarf from Megan.)

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

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

KEITH: Oh, I don't have to look them over, Megan. Whatever you want to keep is fine with me.

Where Does the Time Go?

18

(Keith walks down SC to meet Megan by the bed. Megan turns to face Keith.)

MEGAN: That's very big of you, Keith, except that most of the stuff in the house is *yours*, and I really don't want to keep it. Your DVD player, your laserdisc player, your CD player, your record player, your cassette player, your 8-track tape player, your 8,000 CDs, your 4,000 cassettes, and your 2,000 albums. I always wondered...why do you have an 8-track player when you don't even own any 8-tracks? They haven't even *made* 8-tracks *or* players in over 25 years. Why hold onto it?

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

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

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

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

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

Where Does the Time Go?

19

(Megan rises from the bed.)

MEGAN: What was that sound?

(Keith shrugs his shoulders, moves toward the bathroom door.)

KEITH: Plumbing. It's the plumbing.

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

(Keith looks in the direction of the bathroom.)

KEITH: I may have to. *(Opens door to bathroom and throws the scarf in there.)*

MEGAN: Look, Keith...about the underwear.

(Keith moves toward Lynda, who is still in the bathroom.)

KEITH: Yeah?

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

KEITH: I don't?

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

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

MEGAN: Just like it's none of your business who I see.

(Keith opens the bathroom door. Lynda peeks out.)

KEITH: Yeah, I suppose you're... *(Slams door in Lynda's face. To Megan.)* Um, just who are you seeing?

MEGAN: It's none of your business.

KEITH: *(Confronts her.)* It's that Tom guy, isn't it? That stockbroker from your country line-dancing class, huh?

Where Does the Time Go?

20

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

KEITH: No one? *(Walks behind the bed.)*

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

KEITH: Oh.

(He performs a quarterback victory dance behind Megan's back. Megan turns around and Keith stops.)

MEGAN: Just that once...

KEITH: *(Deflated.)* Why?! Why do you women do that to us? "Just once." "Just that one time." "Except for this one guy." You women do that to us all the time.

MEGAN: What?

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

(He comes around to where Megan is standing. Megan starts to sob.)

MEGAN: Sorry.

(Keith now realizes she's upset.)

KEITH: Hey, don't take it that hard. I'll get over it.

(Megan wipes her eyes, trying to be strong.)

MEGAN: Oh, it's not that. These are just happy tears, you know? I'm just thinking, here we both are, absolutely fine with this whole divorce thing. I'm glad you're getting on with your new life, your acting career. I really am. And that you're living with that new-found independence you wanted so badly. And, hey, I'm financially stable after all these years, now that you're out of

Where Does the Time Go?

21

the house. I'm doing great at my law firm! Next month, I could be up for partner.

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

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

KEITH: Absolutely. No question. I'm happy. *(Pause.)* Aren't you?

MEGAN: Oh, sure. Sure. Except... *(Long pause, followed by a long, high-pitched whine.)* ...I don't wanna divorce!

(She sobs uncontrollably into Keith's shirt. He comforts her.)

KEITH: What?

(Lynda peeks out of the bathroom again. Keith sees her and motions for her to head toward the door far SR. Lynda, jumpsuit on, starts to move. Megan faces away from Lynda and is oblivious to her.)

MEGAN: I came here tonight because I...I want to try and talk things over. I still think there's something between us, Keith. We had ten wonderful years together. Remember?

(Lynda returns to the bathroom. Keith wonders what she's doing going back in there.)

KEITH: I remember it was eleven, actually.

MEGAN: The last one sucked, so I don't count it.

(Lynda comes out of the bathroom with her scarf and shoes in her hands. She shows them to Keith. Keith motions for her to get out quickly.)

KEITH: *(To Lynda.)* Get out, already!

Where Does the Time Go?

22

(Megan rises from the bed. Lynda ducks down behind it.)

MEGAN: Get out? Keith, don't you even want to talk about this?

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

MEGAN: *(Hopeful.)* But we need to make sure we're not making a mistake here, don't you think?

(Megan looks away from the bed. Lynda pokes her head up from behind the headboard. Keith pushes her head back down behind it.)

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

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

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

MEGAN: I thought I took it rather well.

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

MEGAN: *(Cold.)* You're still here, aren't you?

(Lynda pokes her head out again, and this time, she starts tiptoeing her way to the door. Keith sees her but Megan doesn't.)

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

Where Does the Time Go?

23

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

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

MEGAN: Frances? *(Jealous.)* Who is Frances? Another data-entry clerk?

KEITH: No. My director.

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

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

GOLDSTEIN: *(From behind the door, inebriated.)* It's Frances J. Goldstein, Boothbay. Now open the fucking door.

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

GOLDSTEIN: What did you say, Boothbay?

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

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

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

(Megan shrugs, picks up her raincoat.)

MEGAN: Okay. *(Heads toward the bathroom.)* I'll wait in the bathroom. But, I don't care if we're up until dawn, Keith. I'm not leaving until we get this all out in the open.

Where Does the Time Go?

24

KEITH: Great. Then I'll... *(Realizes Lynda's in the bathroom.)*
...move you right into that kitchen, young lady!

(Keith grabs Megan and thrusts her into the kitchen area, beyond the Asian partitions, far SL. Megan thinks Keith's making an advance. She takes her jacket and throws it onto the kitchen floor.)

MEGAN: Oh, yes! Yes, Keith. Take me!

(Megan starts passionately kissing him.)

KEITH: What? Now?

MEGAN: Right now! *(Pulls herself up onto the kitchen counter and thrusts her pelvis against his.)* Yes! Yes! Yes! Mama will make it all better, baby!

(Megan lifts legs high in the air and then wraps them around Keith.)

GOLDSTEIN: Bilby!

(Keith struggles with Megan.)

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

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

KEITH: *(Whispers.)* Stay in the bathroom.

Where Does the Time Go?

25

LYNDA: *(Whispers.)* What?

KEITH: *(Whispers louder.)* Stay in the bathroom.

LYNDA: *(Louder.)* What?

KEITH: *(Shouts.)* Get in the bathroom!

(Lynda, holding her stomach, returns to the bathroom, as Megan returns from the kitchen area.)

MEGAN: The bathroom?

KEITH: *(Shouts.)* The kitchen! The kitchen!

(Megan returns to the kitchen area. Keith opens the far SR door and Frances J. Goldstein tumbles in and falls face down onto the floor.)

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

KEITH: Mr. Goldstein, sir. *(Overlooking Goldstein.)* So glad you could drop in like this.

(Goldstein, obviously trying to fight his inebriation, turns face up from the floor.)

GOLDSTEIN: Are the others here yet, Biederback?

KEITH: Bixby, sir, and no. Not yet.

GOLDSTEIN: I see. Want to do me a tremendous favor, then?

KEITH: What's that, sir? Help you up?

GOLDSTEIN: Okay. Make that *two* favors, then. The other favor is to stop... *(Burps.)* ...spinning around like that. *(Keith helps Goldstein up off the floor and into a chair SR against the wall.)* That's better. But you're still doing that... *(Burps.)* ...spinning thing. Where are the others? We gonna have rehearsal or not?

(Lynda peeks out of the bathroom, sees Goldstein, then immediately shuts the door again.)

GOLDSTEIN: What was that?

KEITH: What was what, sir?

Where Does the Time Go?

27

(Lynda holds out her hand.)

LYNDA: Could I have my underwear, please?

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

LYNDA: *(Loudly.)* I gotta put these on!

KEITH: *(Shouts.)* Now?

MEGAN: *(From the kitchen.)* Now, Keith?

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

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

MEGAN: Keith?

KEITH: *(To Lynda.)* Fine. Fine. Whatever. Just hurry it up.

MEGAN: Hurry what up? Keith? Are you all right? *(Peeks out from behind the partition, Keith pushes Lynda down behind the bed again so Megan won't see her.)* Is it safe to come out now?

KEITH: Hell, no! Megan!

(Megan comes out all the way into the room.)

MEGAN: What?

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

MEGAN: Okay.

(Megan goes back into the kitchen. Lynda pops her head back up again. This time she's fully dressed.)

Where Does the Time Go?

28

LYNDA: Whew! That was close. I gotta get my makeup kit outta the bathroom. *(Sees something in the sofabed.)* Hey! My ring! There it is! *(Leans over the headboard into the sofabed to retrieve the ring.)*

GOLDSTEIN: *(Groggy, eyes not open yet.)* Lynda? Sweetheart, is that you? *(Keith flips Lynda down into the bed and starts to fold up the sofabed. Lynda curls up into the fetal position to hide herself. Keith puts the sofabed quickly back together and sits on the cushions, right on top of Lynda, who is now trapped inside the sofabed. To Keith.)* Wha-what's happening? How'd I get here?

KEITH: The line rehearsal, sir.

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

KEITH: Uh, you did, sir.

GOLDSTEIN: *(Feeling his hangover.)* Remind me to fire me later. *(Looks around.)* Aren't the others here yet?

KEITH: No, they're still not here. *(Goldstein nods off again.)* Sir? Sir?

(Lynda pushes on the cushions. Keith tries to lift the cushions off the sofabed. Lynda's foot pops out. Megan pokes her head out from behind the partition.)

MEGAN: Coffee's on, Keith.

(Keith quickly knocks Lynda's leg back into the sofabed and returns the cushions to the sofabed as Goldstein re-awakens.)

KEITH: *(To Megan.)* Shhhh!

(Megan goes back behind the partition.)

GOLDSTEIN: *(Still groggy.)* What? Who said coffee?

KEITH: Uh... *(High-pitched.)* ...coffee. I did, sir. Want some?

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

Where Does the Time Go?

29

KEITH: No... *(Clears his throat.)* ...sir. Just a little tickle. Comes and goes. *(High-pitched voice.)* There it is. *(Normal voice.)* There it goes. *(High-pitched.)* Coffee? *(Low-pitched.)* Sir?

(Goldstein wipes his brow.)

GOLDSTEIN: Don't fuck with a man with a hangover. What kind of coffee is it, anyway? Latté? Cappuccino? Half-cafeinated decaf?

KEITH: Black. Strong and black.

(Goldstein holds his head.)

GOLDSTEIN: Good. Love some.

(Keith realizes he has to get up from the couch. He sighs.)

KEITH: I'll, um, just get up off the couch and go, um, get it.

(Keith slowly rises then darts to the kitchen. Goldstein looks at the sofa bed. The cushions are being moved by Lynda, who is still hiding underneath them.)

GOLDSTEIN: Not again. Shit! I hate it when I get this drunk.

(Goldstein starts to nod off again. Lynda tries to get out of the sofa bed as Goldstein struggles to keep his eyes open. Keith returns from the kitchen with the coffee cup, sees Lynda, and immediately puts his hand over the cup, runs across the room, and leaps onto the sofa bed, pushing Lynda back down. Goldstein stirs, then wakes up fully, as Keith gets off the sofa bed and approaches Goldstein with the coffee. Keith hasn't spilled a drop.)

KEITH: *(Out of breath.)* Here's your coffee, Mr. Goldstein. *(Leans over, Goldstein belches once more into Keith's face.)* Enjoy. *(Knock on door. Panting heavily, Keith rises, wipes his face again.)* I'm coming.

Where Does the Time Go?

30

(Keith goes to the door, still panting heavily. Amy listens to Keith's panting from behind the door.)

AMY: *(From behind the door. To Bonnie and Mindy.)* I don't think we're at the right apartment. This sounds like the apartment of an obscene phone caller or something.

KEITH: Who-who-who is it?

(Keith looks at Goldstein. Goldstein has fallen asleep with the tip of his nose in the coffee cup. Keith shrugs.)

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

KEITH: Okay. *(Opens the door.)* Come on in. Join the slumber party.

(Amy enters with Bonnie and Mindy.)

AMY: I love slumber parties! Where is it?

MINDY: He was kidding, you ditz! *(Takes her jacket off.)*

AMY: Oh.

(Amy takes her jacket off, as does Bonnie, and they all hand them to Keith.)

KEITH: Make yourselves at home, but don't sit on the... *(All three sit down on the sofabed. Lynda lets out a muffled yelp.)* ... sofa.

BONNIE: *(To Keith.)* What was that?

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

BONNIE: Mine does that, too, at times.

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

KEITH: Ladies, I'm sure you remember our illustrious director, the famous... *(Goldstein is asleep, making bubbles with his nose,*

Where Does the Time Go?

31

which is inside the coffee cup.) ...and oft-times inebriated and unconscious Mr. Frances J. Goldstein.

(The ladies all applaud. Goldstein wakes up.)

GOLDSTEIN: Wha-what? Oh, good. Everybody here, Billis?

KEITH: Bixby. Yes, sir.

GOLDSTEIN: Good. Let's begin. *(Pulls out a notepad from his back pocket.)* Need my notes. I want to get this over with as quickly as possible. I have to get home and make sure my daughter is... *(He produces a long fart. Amy, Bonnie, and Mindy fan the smell away.)* ...back from her date on time. *(Under his breath.)* The little slut. *(From the sofaed, we hear Lynda yelp again. The ladies all look at each other.)* What the hell was that?

MINDY: *(To Goldstein.)* I thought it was you.

AMY: It's the sofaed. It squeaks.

GOLDSTEIN: Oh. Sort of like yours does, eh, Bonnie?

(Goldstein throws her a crude smile. Bonnie is embarrassed. Keith changes the topic.)

KEITH: Does everybody have their scripts?

(Mindy goes over to the kitchen.)

ALL: *(Ad-lib.)* Yes. Sure do. *(etc.)*

MEGAN: *(From kitchen area.)* Can I get anyone some coffee?

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

KEITH: Uh, no. That's my wife. *(Takes a step toward Mindy.)* I mean, my ex-wife. *(Takes another step toward Mindy.)* I mean my soon-to-be-ex-wife. *(Takes another step.)* I mean—

ALL: Whatever!

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

Where Does the Time Go?

32

KEITH: Yes, sir. Her name's Megan. She came over here to discuss, well—

(Goldstein holds up his hand to signal "stop.")

GOLDSTEIN: I'm sorry. By my asking that last question, I seem to have given you the impression that I actually gave a shit. Well, would you please tell *Megan* that this is a closed rehearsal? Whatever it is that you two have to *discuss* can wait for a couple of hours, can't it?

KEITH: Yes, sir. *(As Keith heads over to the kitchen, the watch goes off, and Lynda again yields a high-pitched "ahhh" from inside the sofa.)*

Hmmm. Definitely broken.

AMY: Keith, your couch is making noises again.

MEGAN: *(From the kitchen area, to Keith.)* I thought you said it was the plumbing. *(Listens.)* Wait a minute. That song—

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

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

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

AMY: In the plumbing?

MINDY: In the sofa!

(Bonnie stands up and starts to lift cushions.)

BONNIE: Do you want me to get it out for you?

(Keith screams and leaps onto the cushions.)

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

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

Where Does the Time Go?

33

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

BONNIE: *(Thinks.)* Well, it's...complicated. *(Mindy nods.)* Anyway... *(Shows him her own wristwatch.)* ...he bought me this wristwatch from Disney World, too. Only this one plays "Belle Notte" from "Lady and the Tramp." He said that movie always reminded him of me.

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

AMY: I think that's sweet.

MINDY: I think it's fucked up.

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

KEITH: Keith, sir.

GOLDSTEIN: Like I give a rat's ass.

[End of Freeview]