

# Watchin' Waldo!



**John D. Smitherman**

Norman Maine Publishing

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**Watchin' Waldo**

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**Watchin' Waldo** was presented at Jazz Central Theatre, New York, by The Salt City Performing Arts Center: John D. Smitherman, director; Harlow Kisselstein, scenery; Jennifer Fricano, director's assistant; and Carol Christiansen, production stage manager.

**MR. BRENDLMEYER:** Michael McAfoose

**MRS. BRENDLMEYER:** Susan Blumer

**JOHN DOUGLAS:** John D. Smitherman

**HEATHER:** Jennie Russo

**HANNAH:** Andrea Przybylski

**JESSICA:** Sarah Stephens

**YONRA:** Katie Gibson

## Watchin' Waldo

**FARCE.** After 25 years of wedded “bliss,” Mr. Brendlmeyer has decided to take his wife on a trip to Las Vegas to celebrate their anniversary. John, an eager-to-please employee who has recently been promoted to vice president, suddenly finds himself in charge of Mr. Brendlmeyer’s company, his apartment, and his “dog,” Waldo. John tries to abide by Mr. Brendlmeyer’s rule forbidding parties and strange people in the apartment, but John soon finds his world spiraling into chaos with the help of a know-it-all runaway teenager, a tarot-card-reading yoga instructor, and his new foreign “bride.” Hilarity abounds with rapid-fire one-liners, physical comedy, and a host of kooky characters.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 90-100 minutes.

## Characters

(2 m, 5 f)

**JOHN DOUGLAS:** Mid-30s, average build; wears a business suit.

**MR. BRENDLMEYER:** 50-60, John's boss; wears a Hawaiian shirt, tan dress pants, and brown shoes.

**MRS. BRENDLMEYER:** 50-60, housewife; wears a smart blouse, skirt, and practical heels.

**HEATHER:** Early 20s; earthy, hippie type; wears a jean jacket, tie-dyed shirt, jeans, and Birkenstocks.

**HANNAH:** 17, Heather's sister; wears an old shirt and jeans with clunky boots, and carries a small shoulder bag.

**JESSICA:** Late 20s, John's girlfriend; wears a smart business outfit and heels.

**YONRA:** Early 20s, attractive foreign girl; wears a blouse and long skirt with sandals.

## Setting

Upscale apartment in South Florida. There are two doors and an archway leading to the bedroom and bathroom. One door is the entrance into the apartment. The other door leads into the kitchen. There is a lovely sofa, loveseat, chair, end table, coffee table, shelf with books, bar, and workout set with weights and a bench.

## Synopsis of Scenes

### ACT I

**Scene 1:** Brendlmeyers' apartment.

**Scene 2:** Brendlmeyers' apartment, 20 minutes later.

Intermission

### ACT II

**Scene 1:** Brendlmeyers' apartment, a few minutes later.

## Props

Telephone	Bottle of perfume
Suitcases	Small paper bag
Makeup case	Ice pack
Briefcase	Tarot cards
Slip, for Mrs. B	Curtain
Chair	Umbrella
Handbag, for Mrs. B	Umbrella stand
Shaving kit	Houseplants
Water glasses	Small watering pot
Bath towels	Cell phone, for John
Keys	Cell phone, for Jessica
Bowl of plastic fruit	Framed photos
Bottles of alcohol, assorted	Candy bar
Cocktail glasses	Couch pillows
Expensive-looking vase	Pan or tray of brownies
Large men's pants	Large elastic workout band
Large men's shirt	Workout bench
Boxer shorts, for John	Weights, assorted
Books	

## Sound Effects

Doorbell	Loud thud
Telephone ringing	Crash
Cell phone ringing	Spraying sound

## Suggested Music Cues

**Beginning of Act I:** "How Much is that Doggie in the Window" (Doris Day version)

**Between Scene 1 and Scene 2:** "Sex Bomb" (Tom Jones version)

**End of Act I:** "Banana Song"

**Beginning of Act II:** "Who Let the Dogs Out"

**End of Show and Bows:** Start "Aquarius" at refrain then segue to "Let the Sun Shine"

**After Bows:** "Impossible Dream" (Any version)

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“Did you know  
that there is a large naked man  
wandering around the elevators?”

– Heather

## ACT I

### Scene 1

*(AT RISE: An upscale South Florida apartment. There are two suitcases and a makeup case next to the door. Mrs. Brendlmeyer is entering off and on, placing different suitcases by the door while Mr. Brendlmeyer is on telephone.)*

MR. B: *(Into phone.)* Whoa. Hold the phone. You tell J.P. that if he doesn't like the GM's idea, he can go to J.D. about the DJ... *(Pause.)* Yes, the VP. I can't be bothered with these things. While you're at it, make sure L.W. is on the up and up with the SM. I don't want J.R. screaming to the ERA or WRA, if you know what I mean... *(Pause.)* Good...the foreign girl? No I've got Douglas handling that. Douglas...John Douglas...J.D.... *(Pause.)* Yes, the VP. All right. I better get going before the little lady has a fit. You know women: Ya' can't live with 'em, ya' can't continue populating the world without 'em. Give my best to W.P., M.J, R.K, and J.W.

*(Mr. Brendlmeyer hangs up the phone. Mrs. Brendlmeyer is tending to her plant downstage.)*

MRS. B: Was that the man coming to deliver the skirt for my new outfit?

MR. B: Did it sound like I was talking to a...skirt deliverer?

MRS. B: I never know what you're talking about. W.P., M.J., J.D...sometimes I think you're just practicing the alphabet. *(Goes to another plant.)* I need that dress before we go.

MR. B: You have thousands of skirts and dresses.

MRS. B: But this one I'm having made specifically for our trip to Vegas. *(Tends another plant.)*

MR. B: What about the dress I got you last week?

MRS. B: Oh, that one's too priceless for me to ever wear.

MR. B: I see...

*(Mrs. B heads toward the bedroom carrying a plant.)*

MRS. B: *(Indicating plant.)* I think Napoleon, here, would do much better in the bedroom, don't you?

MR. B: Yes, dear. *(Sarcastic. Indicating other plants.)* But don't you think Ladybird and Roosevelt, here, would miss him?

MRS. B: *(Serious.)* Don't be silly. They haven't been talking to each other for days.

*(She exits into the bedroom. The phone rings. Mr. B. answers it.)*

MR. B: Hello? *(Pause.)* Skirt? *(Pause.)* Right...I'll let her know...A-OK. *(Hangs up the phone and heads toward the bedroom door.)* The dress people just called. They're not going to be able to deliver the skirt until later.

*(Mr. B. exits into the bathroom. Mrs. B. comes out of the bedroom.)*

MRS. B: What was that? *(Doorbell rings.)* That must be my skirt.

*(Mrs. B. goes to the front door and opens it. John is standing in the doorway. He's wearing a business suit and carrying a briefcase.)*

JOHN: Mrs. Brendlmeyer, I presume?

MRS. B: Yes. You're just in time. Come in, come in. We need to leave in a minute, so we'll have to make this quick.

*(John enters.)*

JOHN: Yes...

MRS. B: Let's see. What do you have for me?

JOHN: Excuse me?

MRS. B: Hold on one second. (*Exits to the bedroom as John looks around a bit. She returns without her skirt on, revealing her slip.*)

All right. Give it to me.

JOHN: Uh...?

MRS. B: I'm looking forward to seeing your work. (*John does not know how to respond.*) I hear you're wonderful.

JOHN: Well...

MRS. B: Pricey, but worth it, right? You get what you pay for.

JOHN: Yes...

MRS. B: Well, let me see what you've got. We don't have much time. I need to see your work with my bottom before I know if I want you to continue with my top.

JOHN: I...I...

(*Mr. B. enters.*)

MR. B: Ah, Douglas, you're here. (*Shakes his hand.*) I see you've become acquainted with my wife.

JOHN: A little more than I was expecting.

MRS. B: (*To Mr. B.*) Douglas? You mean you know the man designing my outfit?

MR. B: J.D. here? No, no. He's the VP down at the office.

MRS. B: You're doing that alphabet thing again.

JOHN: I'm John Douglas. I work for your husband.

MRS. B: And you design women's clothes as well?

MR. B: Douglas, here, is going to be watching our place while we're gone this weekend.

MRS. B: (*To John.*) Why didn't you say that when you came in?! (*Covering herself with her hands.*)

MR. B: The dress people called and said they weren't going to bring your skirt until later.

MRS. B: (*Extremely upset.*) But I need it for our trip.

MR. B: I'll buy you a new outfit, once we get there.

MRS. B: (*Totally fine.*) All right. (*As she exits into the bedroom.*) If that luggage boy comes by, tell him to be careful with the

rest of my bags. I saw how rough he was bringing down my first three bags.

*(Mr. B looks at the numerous suitcases piled up at the door.)*

MR. B: Sweetheart, remember we are only going for the weekend! *(To John.)* I see you found the place all right.

JOHN: Sorry I'm a bit late, but the traffic on 95 was terrible.

MR. B: Yes, well, you're fired.

JOHN: What?!

MR. B: Just kidding, J.D. Just kidding.

JOHN: Oh.

MR. B: Come on in. Besides, if I fired you, who would I have to watch my place while I'm gone this weekend?

JOHN: Right.

MR. B: *(Thinking.)* I guess I could get Jones, down in sales. Nah. She's too tall. Also, they always say not to use the toilet where you bring home the bacon. *(Sees that John does not follow.)* When I say bacon, I mean money.

JOHN: Okay.

MR. B: So let me show you around the place.

JOHN: Right.

MRS. B: *(Offstage.)* Edger, could you come in here for a moment?

MR. B: Ah, the little lady needs me in the bedroom. *(Heads toward the bedroom.)*

JOHN: Right, I'll just sit here on the — *(Goes to sit on a chair.)*

MR. B: Not on my chair.

*(John quickly stands as Mr. B. exits.)*

JOHN: *(To himself.)* Sofa looks more comfortable anyhow.

*(John sits on the sofa and overhears the following exchange.)*

MRS. B: *(Offstage. To Mr. B.)* Do you like?

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* I do.

MRS. B: *(Offstage.)* Hold this.

MRB: *(Offstage.)* Hmm, soft.

MRS. B: *(Offstage.)* Wait. Take these off.

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* All right.

MRS. B: *(Offstage. To plant.)* How does my little Napoleon like it here?

*(John is not quite sure what he's hearing.)*

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* I think Napoleon likes it.

MRS. B: *(Offstage.)* I think he's gotten bigger. *(John sits up straight.)* Don't you think he looks bigger?

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* Oh, he's definitely bigger.

MRS. B: *(Offstage.)* What about if I put him here?

*(John is reacting to all of this, horrified.)*

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* Good.

MRS. B: *(Offstage. To plant.)* How does it feel over here?

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* It feels good to me.

MRS. B: *(Offstage.)* I think it looks best in this lighting. It really shows how green it is.

*(John is even more horrified.)*

JOHN: *(To himself.)* Green?

MR. B: I hate to say it, but I think I see a bug on it.

*(John jumps up not knowing whether he should leave or not.)*

MRS. B: Yes, I see a few of them.

JOHN: *(Yells.)* Uh, Mr. Brendlmeyer! Maybe I should come back later!

MR. B: (*Offstage, yells.*) Nonsense! We'll be right out. (*To Mrs. B.*) Maybe we should have Douglas take a look at it. (*To John.*) Douglas!

(*John really starts to panic.*)

MRS. B: I don't think that's necessary. I'll just give it a good spray.

(*Spraying sound. Mr. B enters.*)

MR. B: J.D., sorry about that. When the little lady calls, I go a-runnin'. (*As John pulls himself together.*) Now. Let me show you around the place. (*To archway.*) There's the bedroom. The little lady's in there. (*John looks away so as not to accidentally see anything he doesn't want to see.*) Here's the bathroom. (*Points in the other direction.*) Sometimes you need to jiggle the handle a bit. Keep your eye on that.

JOHN: Right.

MR. B: And there you have it. The entire place. Oh... (*Points to the kitchen.*) ...I believe that's the kitchen.

JOHN: You *believe* that's the kitchen?

MR. B: Yes. I see the little lady go in there and come out with food now and then.

JOHN: How long have you lived here?

MR. B: About 15 years.

JOHN: And you've never been in the kitchen?

MR. B: Why should I? The bar is right here. (*Points to the bar.*)

JOHN: Right. And the workout equipment?

MR. B: It came with the place. I just haven't had a chance to move it into the storage room. I guess I'm one of those procrastinators. Why do today what you can put off until, you know, some other time. (*Mrs. B. enters, wearing her skirt again, and places her handbag on a table near the front door. To Mrs. B.*) Ah, there you are, kitten. (*Indicates kitchen.*) Isn't that the kitchen?

MRS. B: How would I know? *(Exits into the bedroom.)*

JOHN: I thought you said you would see her go in and out of there.

MR. B: I never said that.

JOHN: You just said that you would see the little lady go in there and come out with food now and then.

MR. B: That's not the "little lady" I was talking about. Our maid—

*(Mrs. B. enters.)*

MRS. B: Ex-maid!

MR. B: Ex-maid. She wasn't doing a very good job.

MRS. B: More like she was doing too good of a job. *(Exits into the bathroom.)*

MR. B: Well, then. Are you all right with everything?

JOHN: Yes, sir.

MR. B: We will only be gone for the weekend. No parties or strange people up here. In fact, no people in here at all. Don't think that while the cat's away you can amuse yourself here.

JOHN: Yes, sir.

*(Mrs. B. enters.)*

MR. B: I don't want any wild sex orgies going on in here.

MRS. B: No. That's already been done. *(Exits into kitchen.)*

JOHN: If there is a problem... *(Mr. B. looks at him in anger.)* ...not that there will be. I mean, I can't imagine there being...there won't be. But if there is a problem... *(Mr. B. looks again.)* ...which there won't be...how do I get in touch with you?

MR. B: You don't. This Saturday is me and the little lady's... *(Points to wife in kitchen.)* ...that little lady's...25th wedding anniversary. Do you know what that means?

JOHN: Yeah.

MR. B: Yeah, what?

JOHN: *(A bit stunned and confused.)* It means...you've been married for 25 years?

MR. B: Wrong. It means I have to spend more money than I want to. Much more...so that this weekend seems special to her.

JOHN: Oh.

MR. B: And do you know why?

*(John goes to answer, but thinks better.)*

JOHN: Uh, no?

MR. B: So she will stay off my back for the next six weeks or so...if I'm lucky.

JOHN: Right.

*(Mrs. B enters.)*

MRS. B: What do you know? That is the kitchen. *(Mr. B. nods and then goes to straighten things on a shelf. To John.)* And what is it that you do for my husband again?

JOHN: I'm the vice president of advertising for your husband's company. Vice president, which basically means I do all the work. *(Starts to laugh, but realizes that she doesn't get it.)* I'm the vice president.

MRS. B: And you work in the kitchen as well?

*(John gets ready to explain.)*

MR. B: No, no, honey. He works down at the office. You know, the office. Where I go every Monday through Friday from 8 a.m. till 5 p.m. and sometimes on the weekends till late at night? That office.

*(She looks at him as if she doesn't care and exits into the bedroom.)*

JOHN: I never knew you worked on the weekends.

MR. B: I don't. In fact, I rarely go in during the week, either.

JOHN: Oh. That explains why I wasn't able to get through the last couple of times I tried calling. You weren't in.

MR. B: No. I was in then.

JOHN: Oh.

*(Mrs. B. enters.)*

MR. B: *(Clears her throat. To John.)* All right then. We're off. Don't forget to water the plants and feed Waldo.

JOHN: Waldo? I didn't know you had—

MR. B: A dog? Had him ever since I was a kid. *(Mr. B. exits into the bedroom.)*

MRS. B: We don't.

JOHN: Pardon?

MRS. B: Waldo. He died over ten years ago. *(She gets her handbag from the table.)*

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* Man's best companion, so they say. *(Enters with a shaving kit.)* Come to think of it, I haven't seen Waldo in a bit.

MRS. B: He's in the kitchen. *(She exits out the front door.)*

MR. B: Oh. Remember, Douglas, I don't want anyone else in this apartment while we're gone. Just you...and Waldo.

JOHN: Right.

MR. B: And I'm sure it goes without saying, no drugs. I have a drug-free work place at the office as well as in my home here.

JOHN: Understood.

MR. B: That goes for the marijuana as well. You know the old expression: A mind is a terrible thing to have drugs mess up.

JOHN: Got it. *(Mr. B. looks at him as though he meant he had marijuana.)* No marijuana, got it. I mean, I got it, I understand.

MR. B: Good. Now give me a hand with these bags.

JOHN: Yes, sir. *(Mr. B. exits, carrying only his shaving kit.)*  
Don't worry. I got 'em.

*(John tries to pick up the suitcases and makeup kit, trying various ways, managing only to drop them and then fall down. Finally, he carries everything off, leaving the door open. Heather appears in the doorway.)*

HEATHER: Hello? *(She steps in a bit.)* Hello?

*(Heather walks all the way into the apartment and starts looking around. She eventually exits into the bathroom. John enters with his cell phone in hand and stands in the doorway.)*

JOHN: *(To himself.)* It's all mine. *(He closes the door and starts looking around. He picks up a pillow from the sofa and puts it on the chair.)* Better. *(He checks for dust, places his cell phone on the table, and makes his way over to the workout set.)* Why, yes, I do work out. *(Picks up a weight.)* That's how I keep my tip-top physical condition. *(Drops the weight when trying to return it to its original position.)* Oops. *(He then goes over to the shelf and looks at the photos.)* Wow. Mr. Brendlmeyer and John F. Kennedy. *(Picks up another photo.)* Here he is with John Lennon. *(Next one.)* Is that Jimmy Hoffa? I've got to remember never to have my picture taken with Mr. Brendlmeyer. *(Puts the photo down and goes over to the sofa and sits. He looks around and then puts his feet up on the sofa.)* Mr. Brendlmeyer, get me a beer! *(Thinks.)* I wonder if there is any beer here. *(He gets up and goes toward the kitchen.)* Considering the last time they spent any time in the kitchen, it might be moonshine. *(As John exits, Heather enters unseen by him. She drops her keys and bends down behind the sofa to pick them up, out of sight, as John returns with a glass of water.)* Water. The only thing in there that's not pre-Reagan administration.

*(Heather rises and sees John.)*

HEATHER: Hi!

*(She scares John and he splashes water on himself.)*

JOHN: *(Screams.)* Ahhh!

*(She jumps at his reaction.)*

HEATHER: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.

JOHN: I wasn't...I mean...you didn't scare me.

*(John bends down to wipe up the floor and spills more water on himself. Heather approaches him.)*

HEATHER: Here. Let me help you.

*(Seeing that neither she nor he has anything to wipe with, she takes her jacket off. At the same time, John unknowingly, sits up in a kneeling position and finds himself face to breast with her. He quickly stands.)*

JOHN: Ah! Sorry. *(She goes to wipe his shirt. He is caught off guard, backs up, and falls over the workout bench.)* D'oh!

*(Heather goes to him.)*

HEATHER: Are you all right?

*(Again, caught off guard, John falls back over the workout bench.)*

JOHN: Ah! *(Recovers.)* Please. Just stay away, before I have to go to the emergency room.

HEATHER: Sorry. I—

JOHN: No, no. It's my— Can I get you anything? (*Heads toward kitchen.*) There's some...well...there's...there's some...water.

HEATHER: No. Thank you.

(*John suddenly realizes that it's odd that she's there.*)

JOHN: Wait. Who are you...and, if you don't mind me asking, what are you doing in here?

HEATHER: I'm Heather. I just moved in across the hall and wanted to see who lived here.

JOHN: I'm John, but I don't—

HEATHER: You have a beautiful apartment. It's much nicer than mine. You must be very well off. Impressive.

JOHN: Well...

HEATHER: Why don't I ever meet a guy like you? I always seem to meet losers.

JOHN: Well...

HEATHER: Listen to me. I'm starting to sound like my mother. You must think I'm a total loony. I walk in here, scare the heck out of you—

JOHN: You didn't scare me.

HEATHER: And then proceed to, practically, ask you out...

JOHN: You practically asked me out?

HEATHER: ...just because you look nice and have a great apartment.

JOHN: I look nice? Apartment?

HEATHER: (*Embarrassed.*) I'd better stop while I'm... (*Notices workout equipment.*) Nice set up. Right in your living room. You must work out a lot. Are you an athlete?

JOHN: Well, I have worked on a line of athlete's foot spray.

HEATHER: Good-looking, rich, and funny. Don't worry. I won't pry. I teach yoga and run every morning myself. They say the body is a temple.

JOHN: Yes. (*Pumping his chest out a bit.*) I feel the same way.

HEATHER: Hey, you would be the perfect person to help me. I have the weakest upper arms. (*Shows John her arms up close.*) See. What kind of exercise can I do to get some definition and strength here?

JOHN: Well... (*Trying to think of something.*) ...you should start by, uh, loosening up the muscles there. (*Starts shaking his arms as Heather sits.*) Then you, you need to flex the muscles, like so. (*Holds arm out while pulling back on his fingers with his other hand.*)

HEATHER: Okay. That makes sense.

JOHN: It does? I mean, of course. After you loosen and flex the muscles, you need to, uh... (*Searching around. Finds a weight and goes to lift it.*) ...obviously, strengthen the... (*Tries to lift the weight, but it's too heavy, so he puts it down.*) Well, this weight would be too heavy for you. You'll want to start with... (*Picks up a rubber band-type flexibility device.*) ...something more easy. (*Stretches the band apart and it snaps back together, knocking him down on the floor. He quickly recovers by reaching for the workout bench, as if that's why he went down.*) The bench, uh, bench is an excellent way to work the muscles. (*He lies down on the bench and starts pulling his knees up to his chest, one at a time.*) See?

HEATHER: Yes, but how does that strengthen the arm muscles?

JOHN: Huh? (*Stops working out.*) Oh, well, all the muscles are connected in the body...in some way, that is. So when you work on one area, it actually is also working, indirectly, another, you know, area...of the body.

HEATHER: (*A bit confused.*) Oh. Thanks. (*Starts to get up.*)

JOHN: You're... (*Stands.*) ...welcome.

HEATHER: I'm going to go. (*Heads to the front door.*) It was very nice meeting you. I'm sure I'll run into you again.

JOHN: You will?

(*Heather stops at the door.*)

HEATHER: Being neighbors and all?

JOHN: Yes. Neighbors...and all.

HEATHER: If you ever need anything, feel free to swing by.  
Well...bye. *(She exits.)*

JOHN: Bye. *(He closes the door, takes off his jacket, hangs it on a clothes rack near the door, and goes to finish cleaning up the spill. He grabs a towel hanging on the workout equipment and proceeds to wipe up the water. Just as he has his head under the table, his cell phone rings, causing him to jump up and hit his head on the table.)* D'oh! *(He recovers and answers the phone. Note: Keep a fast, steady pace during the phone conversations so as not to slow down the pace of the show.)* Hello? *(Pause.)* Jessica. Hey, babe. What's up? *(Pause.)* Yeah, I'm at my boss' apartment. *(Pause.)* Yeah, I'll come by in about a half hour. *(Pause.)* No. Change of plans. Mr. Brendlmeyer was very clear about not having anyone over. *(Pause.)* I know we planned on using this weekend as a sort of romantic getaway weekend for two from our own places, but— *(Pause.)* Oh, come on...I do not always change our plans at the last minute... *(Pause.)* That was different... *(Pause.)* So was that... *(Pause.)* And that... *(Pause.)* Jes, it's my boss' place. If he finds out that I had strange people in here while he was— *(Pause.)* No, you're not strange. I just said "strange," because he said... *(Pause.)* Honey, you're blowing this way out of— *(Pause.)* No, I did not say you were overreacting. I said you were— *(Pause.)* Jes, Jessica? *(Turns off phone.)* Great. *(Calls her back.)* Jes, listen. The heck with Mr. Brendlmeyer. Why don't you come on by, get some wine, and we stick to our original plan for our romantic weekend for two? *(Pause.)* What? Over? Wait, you're breaking up with me? Over the phone. No one breaks up with someone over the— *(Pause.)* Hello? Jessica? Jessie? *(She hangs up.)* Great. Now what am I supposed to do? *(Throws his phone onto the sofa.)* Wait. I can still have that romantic weekend for two, just for one— Wait, that sounds weird. *(Thinks.)* I know, I'll go and get some beer and order a pizza. *(Goes to leave and the phone*

rings. *He picks up.*) Hey, listen. I love you so much...  
*(Pause.)* What? Oh, Mr. Brendlmeyer. Yes, well, you're  
welcome. *(Pause.)* You're in the cab heading toward the  
airport? *(Pause.)* Forgot to? *(Pause.)* Foreign girl? You  
want me to— *(Pause.)* Sir, I've never fired anyone before...  
*(Pause.)* No, I've never been fired before either... *(Pause.)*  
Yes, sir. I understand. I'll fire her first thing tomorrow...  
*(Pause.)* Now... *(Pause.)* At the office. Yes, sir. Enjoy  
your... *(Mr. B. hangs up.)* ...trip. *(He tries to get the courage to  
call. To himself.)* You can do this, John. *(He dials the number.)*  
Hello, Yonra? Just the person I needed to talk to. This is  
John Douglas. *(Pause.)* John Douglas? *(Pause.)* Vice  
president of your department? *(Pause.)* I believe I have the  
office just to the left of your— *(Pause.)* No, not leftovers.  
Do you speak any English? *(Pause.)* Cat? *(Pause.)* Banana?  
*(Pause.)* Never mind. *(Pause.)* Yes. John, the VP... *(Pause.)*  
Listen, I was told by Mr. Brendlmeyer— *(Pause.)* The owner  
of the company? *(Pause.)* No, owner. *(Pause.)* Yes, Mr. B...  
*(Pause.)* Listen, he, Mr. B, has told me to...how should I put  
this? I guess there's no easy way. I'm afraid your services  
are no longer required at the company. *(Pause.)* Your  
services? *(Pause.)* With the company. Is there anyone who  
speaks English with you? Do you have a husband? *(Pause.)*  
Husband? *(Sings.)* “Love and marriage, love and  
marriage...” *(Pause.)* No? Never mind. Yonra...I'll just  
come by... *(Pause.)* No, come by... *(Pause.)* I'll... *(Pause.)*  
Yonra? *(Pause.)* Yonra? Why does everyone keep hanging  
up on me? *(Puts phone down.)* Beer and pizza now, firing  
tomorrow.

*(He exits. Seconds later the door opens.)*

HEATHER: Hello? *(Steps in.)* John? *(Closes door.)* It's me,  
Heather. *(She exits into the bathroom.)* John?

*(John enters.)*

JOHN: *(To himself.)* It would help if I had my keys.

*(John grabs his jacket off the rack. Just as he pulls out his keys, Heather enters from the bathroom.)*

HEATHER: Hey!

*(This scares John, causing him to jump and throw his keys up in the air.)*

JOHN: Ahhh! *(Recovers.)* You have got to stop doing that.

HEATHER: Sorry. My bathroom is not working, and I really needed to, you know, use your—

JOHN: That's fine. No problem. *(Slight pause.)* Can I get you anything? *(Joking.)* I still...have some water.

HEATHER: No. Thank you.

*(Slight pause.)*

JOHN: Is there something else I can do for you?

HEATHER: Well, actually...there is...

JOHN: What?

HEATHER: No. I couldn't.

JOHN: Heather, what is it?

HEATHER: I know we've just met, but I was wondering...well...um...do you have any plans for tonight?

JOHN: Plans? Tonight?

HEATHER: Oh, you do. Never mind. *(Starts to go.)*

JOHN: No, no, I don't.

HEATHER: You don't?

JOHN: Well. To be honest, I did, but...well, now I don't. I'm completely free. In fact, I don't even need to be at work tomorrow until noon. *(Realizes that he is starting to sound desperate.)* Not that you asked about tomorrow. You were about to ask me about tonight.

HEATHER: Great! Wait. I'll be right back. *(She exits out the front door, closing it a bit, but keeping it ajar.)*

JOHN: Oh my God. What am I doing? *(Pacing.)* Jessica. I can't go out behind Jessica's back. *(Stops to think.)* She did break things off with me. Wait. Who's to say that she isn't out on a date right now. She was pretty quick at calling things off tonight. *(Starts to pace again.)* She was probably looking for an excuse to call things off tonight so she could have reason to go out with this...this guy she's been wanting to go out with.

*(Knock on door.)*

HEATHER: *(Through door.)* John?

*(John realizes that he has a beautiful girl on the other side of the door.)*

JOHN: *(Shrugs.)* Whatever helps me sleep at night.

*(John opens the door. Heather enters.)*

HEATHER: I thought I'd try knocking for a change. *(Pulls Hannah into the apartment.)* This is Hannah...

JOHN: *(Aside.)* Wow. This is becoming more exciting every second.

HEATHER: My sister.

JOHN: Oh. *(Not sure how to take this.)* Hello...Hannah.

HEATHER: *(To Hannah.)* Say something. *(To John.)* She's shy.

HANNAH: Hi.

HEATHER: She's 17.

HANNAH: *(Angry and embarrassed.)* Heather!

*(Uncomfortable silence.)*

JOHN: So. Can I get you anything?

HEATHER: *(To Hannah.)* He has water...

HANNAH: No, thank you. I'm fine.

JOHN: Actually, I was just going to get some pizza and beer.

HEATHER: She's 17.

JOHN: I meant...you know...the beer was for me. The pizza would be for you. Well, not all of it. Not that you wouldn't be welcome to— Hi. I'm John.

HANNAH: *(To Heather.)* Is he all right?

HEATHER: Hannah!

JOHN: Don't worry. She's right.

HEATHER: You mean you're not all right?

JOHN: No. No, I'm fine. Please, have a seat. *(They sit.)*  
Now...where were we?

HEATHER: Oh. I was just introducing you to my sister, Hannah. She's visiting me for a few days.

HANNAH: I ran away from home.

HEATHER: And she came all the way from DC to...surprise...me.

HANNAH: *(Seeing that Heather is not entirely happy with the situation.)* I can just stay on the streets. *(Starts to go.)*

HEATHER: Hannah, wait. You're not going to stay on the streets. *(To John.)* Could I speak with you for a second?

JOHN: Sure.

*(Heather pulls him gently off to the side, away from Hannah.)*

HEATHER: I sort of need to ask a favor of you.

JOHN: Yes?

HEATHER: I wasn't expecting Hannah to show up tonight...and I...well, I really need to go to work tonight. It's a brand new job. I had to take off the entire day so I could move out of my ex-boyfriend's place into here, and I can't afford to lose this job.

JOHN: I understand, but—

HEATHER: I'm afraid to leave Hannah alone right now. She's really upset, and I'm afraid that she might take off or...  
(*Getting upset.*) ...or, I don't know.

JOHN: (*Trying to calm her.*) Heather. Don't worry. I'm sure everything will be... (*Realizes what she said.*) Ex-boyfriend?

HEATHER: It's a long story. I'll have to tell you sometime, but right now, I really need to go to work.

JOHN: Heather...

HEATHER: Please? I'll owe you, big time.

JOHN: (*Realizing this could be the perfect "in" with her.*) It would be my pleasure.

HEATHER: Thank you so much. I won't forget this.

JOHN: What's a few hours?

(*Heather heads toward the door to leave.*)

HEATHER: (*To Hannah.*) Don't be a pain while I'm gone!

JOHN: When do you—?

HEATHER: See you in the morning. (*Exits, closing door behind her.*)

JOHN: Morning?! But... (*Heads toward door. Stops. Looks at Hannah.*) Hello.

HANNAH: Hi.

JOHN: Can I get you anything?

HANNAH: We've already gone through that.

JOHN: Oh. Right. Well, then, why don't you have a seat?  
(*She goes to sit.*) Make yourself... (*She puts her feet on the sofa.*) ...at home. (*He uncomfortably sits on the loveseat.*) So.  
(*Tries to think of something to talk about.*)

HANNAH: So.

JOHN: Consistent weather we're having lately... (*She looks at him like he's an idiot.*) DC...capital of the United States...District of Columbia...

HANNAH: Yes, it is.

JOHN: Yes... (*Not knowing what to say.*) ...that it is.

*(Hannah rises, tosses a cushion onto the floor, and heads toward the bar.)*

HANNAH: You got any booze?

*(John stands up, alarmed.)*

JOHN: What? *(Brushes arm of sofa where Hannah's shoes were, returns cushion to chair, and heads to bar.)* I don't think your sister would like —

HANNAH: She's not my parents. *(Starts to pour a drink.)*

JOHN: Yes, that is true, but —

HANNAH: Drink? *(Holds her drink up.)*

JOHN: Yes, it is. Uh, no.

*(She turns and starts to add more alcohol to her drink.)*

HANNAH: More for me.

JOHN: I really don't...

*(Hannah looks around the apartment.)*

HANNAH: You've got a nice place here.

JOHN: Yes, well...

*(Hannah notices a bowl of plastic fruit.)*

HANNAH: I, personally, would have decorated a little differently.

JOHN: Yes, I agree, but... *(She puts down the fruit bowl and her drink and picks up an expensive-looking vase.)* Careful with that!

*(John moves toward her. She steps back holding the vase like it's a hostage.)*

HANNAH: Why? What are you going to do?

*(John halts.)*

JOHN: Just put the vase down and let's talk about this.

*(Hannah tosses the vase into the air and catches it.)*

HANNAH: This vase?

JOHN: Don't—

*(She puts the vase down.)*

HANNAH: Relax. *(Picks up her drink.)* What's there to do around here? *(Goes to workout equipment.)* You use this?

JOHN: Well...

HANNAH: You don't look like you do.

JOHN: I've been busy lately.

HANNAH: Oh. *(She goes to the shelf with the photos.)* Who are these people? Who's this guy?

JOHN: Uh, he's my father.

HANNAH: He looks like he's all right.

JOHN: He-he is.

HANNAH: How come there aren't any pictures of you?

JOHN: Me?

HANNAH: Yeah.

JOHN: Oh, I...I don't...photograph very well.

HANNAH: I can see that.

*(She sits in a chair, obviously upset. John sits on the sofa, trying to console her.)*

JOHN: So, is it a guy?

HANNAH: Huh?

JOHN: The reason you're upset, why you ran away. Is it because of some boy?

HANNAH: A boy?! First of all, I don't date boys. Kevin is a man, not a boy.

JOHN: Sorry. How old is this Kevin?

HANNAH: Nineteen.

JOHN: So what's the problem? Did he cheat on you?

HANNAH: What?! No! I mean, look at me. Who would cheat on this?

JOHN: Right. I just meant that sometimes guys can be jerks.

*(Hannah rises.)*

HANNAH: Are you calling Kevin a jerk? He's not a jerk! You don't even know him!

*(John stands.)*

JOHN: I know that he's hurt you in some way.

HANNAH: He hasn't hurt me. Nobody, especially a guy, can hurt me. I don't want to talk about it. *(Sits back down.)*

JOHN: Sorry... *(Sits.)* ...I understand.

HANNAH: Especially with you. I mean, what do you know about men? You're a guy.

JOHN: Point taken. *(Aside.)* I think. *(There is an awkward moment of silence. He stands.)* So, what do you want to do this evening?

HANNAH: Why are guys like that? *(John sits.)* Jerks, I mean?

JOHN: Well...

HANNAH: I said I didn't want to talk about it.

JOHN: Sorry.

HANNAH: Why does everything always have to be about sex with guys? Every guy I go out with has only two things on his mind—food and sex...and not always in that order.

JOHN: Uh...

HANNAH: And sports.

JOHN: What sport does Kevin play?

HANNAH: What? None. Who said he played a sport? He's a doctor.

JOHN: A doctor? At 19?

HANNAH: Well, he's going to college to be a doctor. *(Cheerful.)* He had his first class yesterday, Intro to Biology 101.

JOHN: He should be a doctor in no time.

HANNAH: What?

JOHN: Nothing.

HANNAH: Why are you talking anyway? I said I didn't want to talk about it with you.

JOHN: Right.

*(Short pause.)*

HANNAH: I mean, why is it that just because a guy is going to college, he feels like he needs a "clean slate" to "start fresh," leaving everyone else behind?

JOHN: Is that what he said to you, that he wants to start college with a "clean slate"? I thought you were saying that he was pressuring you to, you know, have sex.

HANNAH: Well, that's what he means! He's basically saying that either I put out, or he's moving on to some college girl who will.

JOHN: He is?

HANNAH: Stop talking! You're probably just like him.

JOHN: *(Tries to lighten things up.)* Actually, it has been some time since I've gone out with a college girl.

HANNAH: *(Not paying any attention to him.)* I'm just as mature as any college girl. Why is it that just because some girl is in college that she knows more about love.

JOHN: Love? You're in love with Kevin? *(She looks at him in anger.)* Sorry. I'll shut up now.

HANNAH: Juliet was only 13 when she fell in love with Romeo.

JOHN: Yeah, and look what happened to them.

*(Hannah stands.)*

HANNAH: Maybe I should sleep with him. Then he'll know just how much I love him.

*(John stands.)*

JOHN: What? No, I don't think...

*(Hannah takes his hand.)*

HANNAH: So what's your bedroom like? *(Slowly pulls him toward the bedroom.)* I bet you have a king-size bed.

JOHN: I, actually, didn't notice.

HANNAH: What?

JOHN: I, I just bought a new bed and...I don't remember what I ordered.

HANNAH: Well, let's find out.

*(Hannah pulls his arm. Frantic, he pulls away and moves to the other side of apartment.)*

JOHN: I don't think that's such a great idea.

HANNAH: What? Why?

JOHN: You're just a teenager.

HANNAH: Are you crazy? I don't want to have sex with you. I was going to invite Kevin over.

JOHN: From D.C.?

HANNAH: He goes to school in Miami. Sex with you? Gross. *(Making it sound like that's really old.)* I mean, how old are you, like 40?

JOHN: Not quite, thank you.

HANNAH: I'll just call him. *(Heads toward phone.)*

JOHN: Hannah, no.

HANNAH: No, what?

JOHN: Kevin can't come over here...and I don't think you should call him anyhow.

HANNAH: Why?

JOHN: It sounds like he needs some time to figure things out.

HANNAH: What's to figure out? I'm attractive, ready, and in town.

JOHN: Trust me on this one. You are indeed a very pretty girl, woman, but I don't think you're really, really ready.

*(Hannah sits.)*

HANNAH: Maybe I need time to figure things out.

JOHN: I think that's a very good and mature thing to do.

HANNAH: Yeah, get over yourself. You didn't help me. I figured things out on my own.

JOHN: Right. *(Sits on loveseat. There is an uncomfortable pause.)*  
So, you live in DC...

HANNAH: We've covered that.

JOHN: Oh. *(Slight pause.)* Your parents. They live there?

HANNAH: You mean my all-consuming, won't let me have a life or even breathe, slave drivers?

JOHN: Yes. I think that's what I mean.

*(Hannah gets up.)*

HANNAH: I need to use your bathroom.

*(John jumps up.)*

JOHN: Oh, sure. Go right ahead. We can...you know...talk...when you return...or not. Whatever. *(She exits into the bathroom.)* It's cool. *(Realizing he sounds very uncool.)* Well... *(Sarcastically.)* ...this is going to be just great. *(His cell phone rings.)* Hello? Mr. Brendlmeyer! Hi. What's, uh...? *(Pause.)* How can I help you? *(Pause.)* You're at the

airport now... *(Pause.)* Me? Oh, I'm just sitting here, by myself. Alone... *(Pause.)* Yes, I did call Yonra...well, sort of.

HANNAH: *(Offstage.)* John!

JOHN: *(Into phone.)* What? What was what?

HANNAH: *(Offstage.)* John!

JOHN: *(Into phone.)* That? That's, uh, the television. Yeah. I'm watching TV... *(Pause.)* Broken? The TV's been broken since last month? *(Pause.)* Yes. I fixed it. It's working fine. No problem.

*(Hannah enters.)*

HANNAH: John.

JOHN: *(Into phone.)* What am I watching?

HANNAH: The toilet is overflowing and there's water all over the floor.

JOHN: *(To Hannah, covering phone.)* I'll be just a second. *(Into phone.)* It's a home improvement show.

*(Hannah notices her shoes are wet.)*

HANNAH: My shoes! *(Exits into bedroom.)*

JOHN: *(Into phone.)* QVC. I just changed the channel to QVC.

HANNAH: *(Offstage.)* My pants are wet as well. I'm going to have to take them off.

JOHN: *(Into phone.)* What? *(Pause.)* Yes. You got me. I was just watching a little...a little, uh...porn? *(Hannah enters wearing one of Mr. Brendlmeyer's large shirts.)* Yes, I'm watching porn.

HANNAH: You have an awful wardrobe. I hope you don't mind that I borrowed one of your shirts.

*(Hannah tosses her wet clothes on the floor by the sofa and opens the wrapper of a candy bar. John sees the candy near the sofa.)*

JOHN: *(To Hannah, shouts.)* Don't! *(Into phone.)* Sir. I'm going to have to go... *(Pause.)* What? *(Pause.)* Yes. The show is getting very exciting. *(Pause.)* What? Tape it? Sure. Have a nice trip. Bye, bye. *(Turns off the phone and sits on the loveseat, exhausted.)*

HANNAH: Are you going to fix the toilet?

*(John jumps up.)*

JOHN: Toilet! *(He starts for the bathroom, stops, and goes back to get the candy from Hannah, but is too late, as she takes the last bite and wipes her hands on the sofa.)* Don't—!

HANNAH: What?

JOHN: Nothing. *(Stares at sofa.)*

HANNAH: Toilet.

JOHN: Oh!

*(John runs into the bathroom. Just then, his cell phone rings. She looks around and then answers it.)*

HANNAH: *(Into phone.)* Hello? *(Pause.)* This is Hannah. Who's this? *(Pause.)* Jessica? *(Pause.)* John? *(Not realizing how the following things she says sounds.)* He's in the bathroom...I was just sitting here on the sofa having a drink... *(Pause.)* No, no. I'm staying the night...I think he mentioned something about watching porn.

*(John enters but doesn't notice her on the phone.)*

JOHN: It's fixed, but now I'm going to have to get out of these clothes. *(Exits into the bedroom.)*

HANNAH: *(Into phone.)* What? No, he's not watching porn anymore. He's in the bedroom now, getting out of his clothes... *(Pause.)* Because they were all wet. Hello? Hello? Whatever.

*(She turns off the phone. John enters, wearing oversized pants. As he struggles to get the zipper up, he notices his phone in her hand.)*

JOHN: What are you doing? Did someone call? Oh my God.

Did Mr. Brendlmeyer call again?

HANNAH: No.

JOHN: Oh good. *(Sits on loveseat.)*

HANNAH: Someone named Jessica.

*(John jumps up.)*

JOHN: What! What did she say?! Wha-wha-what did you say?!

HANNAH: Nothing much. *(Clueless.)* She asked what you were doing, and I told her you were in the bedroom taking your clothes off.

JOHN: What?!

HANNAH: *(Clueless.)* She sounded *weirded out* when I mentioned you were watching porn.

JOHN: Porn?! *(Freezes for a few seconds and then starts looking around.)* All right. Jokes on me. Very funny. *(Checking under the sofa cushion. Half joking that he's on some hidden camera show.)* Where are the hidden cameras?

HANNAH: Cameras? You have cameras here? Oh my God! *(Jumps up.)*

JOHN: There are no cameras... *(His pants fall to the ground, revealing his boxer shorts. He quickly pulls them back up.)*

HANNAH: Are you some kind of a sex pervert?! *(Retreats to the other side of the sofa, opposite John.)*

JOHN: What?! No!

*(John approaches her.)*

HANNAH: Ah! *(Runs to the other side of the sofa, opposite John.)*  
Stay away from me!

JOHN: Just, just calm down. I'm not a sex pervert! I'm a vice president! *(His pants fall down again. He quickly pulls them up.)*

HANNAH: I remember hearing what Clinton did, and he was a president. I can imagine what a vice president is capable of!

*(Hannah hits him on the head with a large book from the shelf. He goes down, stunned.)*

JOHN: Oh. *(Looks up at her.)* That hurt.

HANNAH: Try and touch me, and you'll hurt where the sun don't shine.

JOHN: Wait a minute! *(She runs to front door and leaves.)*  
Hannah! *(He goes after her, leaving the door open.)*

*(A few seconds go by. Jessica enters carrying her cell phone. She looks around, notices the disarray.)*

JESSICA: My God. *(John's cell phone rings. She puts her cell phone down and answers his.)* Hello? *(Pause.)* This is Jessica. Who is this? *(Pause.)* Mr. Brendlmeyer? *(Pause.)* I'm his girlfriend... *(Assesses the women's clothing strewn over the couch.)* ...or not. And who are you? *(Pause.)* Owner of the... *(Realizes.)* Oh! John's boss! *(Still angry.)* I don't know where he is, but when I find him, I'm going to kill him.

*(Blackout.)*

## Scene 2

*(AT RISE: Twenty minutes later. Jessica is gone. John enters, breathing heavily from running after Hannah. John closes the door and leans against it.)*

JOHN: Good lord, she's fast. The police. I should call the police. *(He picks up the phone and dials.)* Hello, police? *(Pause.)* Yes, I was wondering if you could help me. I need to report a missing person. *(Pause.)* Who? Her name is Hannah. I don't know her last name. *(Pause.)* No...she lives somewhere in Washington D.C. *(Pause.)* She's a teenage girl who thinks I'm a sex pervert. *(Pause.)* Well her pants got wet, so she took them off. Then my pants got wet, and I had to take them off. All of a sudden, she's ranting and raving about the whole porn thing and me having hidden cameras. *(Realizes what he sounds like.)* I mean... *(Pause.)* What? Me? *(Pause.)* I'm... *(Disguises his voice.)* Hello, who is this? Is this Domino's Pizza? *(Pause.)* Police? Oh, I'm sorry. My brother, here, is not well. I think he's been smoking a bit of the... *(Catches himself.)* I mean, he's been smoking a turkey out on the grill and...and he got some smoke in his eyes... *(Pause.)* No. No! There's no need for an ambulance. He's starting to... *(Holds phone away and does a fake cough.)* He's fine now. I can hear the smoke clearing from his eyes. So what am I saying? I say thank you for calling, officer. *(Puts phone back down and starts pacing.)* What am I going to do? Heather is going to kill me. Jessica's going to kill me. *(Looks around at the messy apartment.)* Mr. Brendlmeyer is going to kill me. *(Looks at shelves of photos.)* I'll be joining you guys up there on the shelf in no time.

*(John exits into the kitchen. There is a knock at the front door. Yonra enters.)*

YONRA: John Douglas? Mr. B? *(She looks around and then positions herself behind the chair. John enters, carrying a glass of water.)* John Douglas?

JOHN: Ahhh! *(He jumps, splashing water into his face again.)*  
Son of a...who? *(Frustrated, then calming down a bit.)* Who are you?

YONRA: John Douglas?

JOHN: That's not possible, unfortunately. I'm John Douglas.

YONRA: John Douglas!

*(Yonra runs to him, wraps her arms around him, and gives him a huge kiss. John pulls away.)*

JOHN: Whoa, whoa, whoa! What are you doing? *(Gathering himself.)* Wait. Let's go back. Who are you? *(She starts toward him again. He holds her back.)* Hold on. Why, why do you keep wanting to kiss me?

YONRA: Banana.

*(Slight pause.)*

JOHN: Pardon?

YONRA: Cat?

JOHN: Cat?

YONRA: Meow.

JOHN: Yes, I understood that... *(Realizing.)* Oh! Yonra? You must be Yonra, from the office.

YONRA: Yonra!

*(She hugs him and starts to kiss him again as he fights her off, putting himself on the opposite side of the sofa.)*

JOHN: Hold on now. Just hold the phone here!

YONRA: Phone? *(She goes to pick up the phone.)*

JOHN: No. No phone.

YONRA: Zi. Phone.

JOHN: Zi. I mean, yes, it is a phone, but...never mind. What are you doing here? What do you want?

YONRA: Banana?

JOHN: Wait. Wait. Let me try this another way. What...  
*(Lifting his shoulders, indicating he's asking a question.)* ...do...  
you... *(Pointing to her.)* ...want... *(Gesturing grabbing something to himself.)* ...here? *(Points around the room. She starts to respond.)* Don't say "banana."

*(Yonra pauses to think.)*

YONRA: Cat? *(Pauses, then gets it.)* Oh! *(Gestures to herself and then to apartment.)*

JOHN: Yes.

*(She runs out of the apartment and comes back in carrying a suitcase.)*

YONRA: Married.

JOHN: Married?

YONRA: *(Points to herself and John.)* Married.

JOHN: Married? Us? But—

YONRA: *(Points at phone.)* Phone. *(Sings.)* "Love and marriage. Love and marriage..."

JOHN: Our phone conversation? Oh my God. The phone conversation we had earlier?

YONRA: Zi. Married. Husband.

JOHN: No. No. There's been a misunderstanding.

YONRA: Mis... *(Points to herself.)* ...under... *(Gestures underneath.)* ...stand... *(Points to table.)*

JOHN: You see... *(Sits her down on the sofa and sits next to her.)* ...when I called you earlier, I was calling to fire you.

*(Yonra jumps up.)*

YONRA: Fire?!

JOHN: *(Calming her down.)* No, no, no. Sorry. There isn't any fire.

*(Yonra jumps up again.)*

YONRA: Fire?!

JOHN: No. *(Sits her back down on the sofa.)* Now, when I called you, I was letting you go. *(Sees that she doesn't understand.)* Releasing you...go. *(Gestures "bye-bye.")*

YONRA: *(Sings.)* "Please release me. Let me go." *(Proud of herself.)* Engelbert Humperdinck.

JOHN: Yes. I mean, no Hump—

YONRA: Hump? *(Still confused.)*

JOHN: No! No. When I asked if you had a husband—

YONRA: *(Points at John.)* Husband...

*(John grabs her hand and places it down gently.)*

JOHN: When I asked about your husband... *(She starts to repeat "husband" and he holds up his hand, indicating for her to stop.)* I was wanting to know if there was someone I could talk to who spoke English.

YONRA: *(Excited.)* I speak English.

JOHN: Yes. I see that. So, I take it you are not married?

YONRA: Married... *(Excited.)* ...us!

JOHN: No. No married... *(Gesturing each other.)* ...us.

YONRA: No banana?

JOHN: No banana. Don't you know any other fruits or vegetables, like cucumber or apple?

YONRA: Apple?

JOHN: Apple. Yes!

YONRA: Yes!

*(Excited, Yonra runs to him, hugging and kissing him again. They fall over the back of the sofa and onto it. Jessica enters.)*

JESSICA: Oh my God!

*(John pulls out of Yonra's grasp. She falls to the floor as he stands.)*

JOHN: Jessica! Hi! You're looking well.

*(Jessica slowly enters, going to the other side of the room.)*

JESSICA: What is going on here?

*(Yonra rises and stands next to John.)*

JOHN: Nothing. *(Notices Yonra right next to him.)* It's not what it looks like. She came over here for... *(His pants fall down.)*

YONRA: Cucumber. *(Exits into the bedroom with a suitcase.)*

*(Stunned silence.)*

JESSICA: What?

*(John pulls up his pants.)*

JOHN: Let me explain. Please. Sit down. Here. *(Indicates sofa. Goes to sit down next to her, sees that she is angry, and moves to loveseat.)* I'll sit here.

JESSICA: Well?

JOHN: Well...you know how my boss, Mr. Brendlmeyer, wanted me to watch his place? Right?

JESSICA: Yes.

*(John rises.)*

JOHN: Well...there was this girl at the office...and...well...he wanted me to—

YONRA: *(Offstage, unaware of their conversation.)* Hump!

*(Jessica rises, as does John.)*

JOHN: Jes, wait! Please. *(Motions for her to sit. She sits.)* You know how my boss wanted me to watch his place?

JESSICA: Yes. You've already covered that. We were at the part about the girl from the office.

JOHN: Yes. Well. Mr. Brendlmeyer wanted me to fire her. I've never fired anyone before.

JESSICA: You've picked an interesting technique of firing.

JOHN: Yes. About that...she...now this part you're going to get a kick out of... *(She is still angry.)* Right. She... *(Pointing to Yonra in bedroom.)* ...thinks that...that she and I are, uh, married.

*(Jessica stands.)*

JESSICA: Married?!

*(Yonra appears at the bedroom doorway.)*

YONRA: Husband, John, banana?

*(Jessica races to the front door.)*

JESSICA: I have heard enough!

*(John goes after her.)*

JOHN: Honey, wait!

JESSICA: *(At door.)* Wait? Why? Why should I wait? Give me one good reason why I should sit here and listen to you?

*(John tries to think of a response.)*

YONRA: Cucumber.

JESSICA: Ah. *(She exits.)*

JOHN: *(Yells down the hall.)* Jessica! Jes! Jessie! *(He closes the door in defeat, wanders in, and looks at Yonra, who is still standing at the bedroom doorway.)* Yonra.

YONRA: Zi. Yonra.

JOHN: *(Trying to be nice.)* I know this is all very confusing, but, uh, you need to leave.

*(Yonra touches the leaf of a plastic plant.)*

YONRA: Leaf?

JOHN: No...well, yes, it is a leaf, but...you need to, to...go.

YONRA: Go?

JOHN: You can't stay here.

YONRA: *(Excited.)* I stay?

*(Yonra jumps on him, hugging and kissing him. As he struggles to free himself, they fall onto the loveseat. Jessica enters.)*

JESSICA: You don't waste any time, do you?

*(John breaks Yonra's grip and jumps up. His pants, however, stay down.)*

JOHN: Jes!

JESSICA: Trying out the loveseat now?

JOHN: Jessica.

*(John moves to her while he pulls up his pants. She holds out her hand, signaling him to stop.)*

JESSICA: I'm going to go so you can move onto the bed next.

*(She picks up her cell phone, which she had left behind.)*

YONRA: Meow.

*(Jessica exits in a huff.)*

JOHN: Jes! *(Stops himself.)* Who am I kidding? *(Turns to Yonra.)* All right. You are out of here. *(He goes into the bedroom, returning with her suitcase.)* I'm sorry to have to do this... *(Hands her the suitcase and pushes her toward the front door.)* ...but you have got to get out of here before...well, actually, I can't even think of what else could possibly happen. It was very nice...getting to know you...I will talk to you tomorrow...at the office.

YONRA: *(From just outside the doorway, still in sight.)* Cat?

JOHN: *(Nods.)* Very good. *(He closes the door. He goes to the bar and starts to pour himself a drink, but instead just drinks out of the bottle. The apartment phone rings, startling him, causing him to spill on himself.)* Son of a... *(He puts the bottle down and answers the phone.)* Hello? Heather? *(Pause.)* How did you get this number? *(Pause.)* Front desk? *(Pause.)* Yes, it is lucky that you knew the apartment address, not knowing my last name and all...the front desk told you my last name was Brendlmeyer? That, uh, that's that... *(Pause.)* Hannah? Oh, she's fine, fine. No. No problem at all. It's like she's not even here... *(Pause.)* Tomorrow night? No, I don't think— *(Pause.)* Dinner? *(Interested.)* You, uh, me? *(Pause.)* Your place? *(Feeling guilty.)* I don't think I should...I'm sure you're a wonderful cook, but... *(Pause.)* New massage technique at the spa? *(Weakening.)* Well, I'll have to check my calendar... *(Pause.)* Okay. Sounds good... *(Pause.)* All right. Talk to you later. *(She hangs up.)* Wait! When are you—? Damn it.

*(He hangs up the phone and goes into the kitchen. The door opens and Mr. B. enters, carrying a suitcase. He puts it down and walks toward the kitchen, noticing the condition of the apartment. John returns carrying a glass of water.)*

MR. B: Douglas!

*(John jumps, this time splashing water in Mr. B's face.)*

JOHN: Oh! *(Tries to wipe Mr. B's face off with his tie.)* I'm sorry.  
*(Aside.)* At least it wasn't on me this time.

MR. B: What?!

JOHN: Nothing. Nothing. What, uh, what are you doing here?

*(Mr. B slaps John's hand to get him to stop cleaning.)*

MR. B: I live here!

JOHN: I mean, what are you doing back...here...so, you know, soon?

MR. B: I... *(Gestures quotations with his fingers.)*  
..."accidentally" booked my wife and my 25th anniversary flight to Vegas only for one.

JOHN: What?

MR. B: I guess it was one of those Freudian, subconscious things.

JOHN: Well, where's your wife?

MR. B: I said I booked it for one, not none.

JOHN: Oh.

MR. B: Never mind that. What happened here? This place is a mess! Are those my pants you're wearing?

JOHN: Yes, well, I can explain.

MR. B: I damn well hope so. *(Heads toward bathroom.)* I have to go to the bathroom right now, but when I get out, you better have a good explanation for all this, or the crap's really going to hit the air-conditioning unit.

*(Mr. B. exits. John paces.)*

JOHN: This is great. Just great. I'm dead. My boss is going to kill me and then fire me. *(To photos on shelf.)* Hi, guys. Almost there.

*(Yonra enters the front door, carrying her suitcase.)*

YONRA: John?

*(John jumps.)*

JOHN: Ahhh! *(Goes to her.)* What are you doing back here?

YONRA: Husband.

JOHN: No. For the last time, I am not your husband. We are not married.

YONRA: *(Trying to explain.)* No. *(Shakes her head.)* Husband, husband.

JOHN: You know, I could go back and forth with you for hours on this exciting topic, but right now, you have got to—

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* Douglas!

JOHN: Yes, Mr. Brendlmeyer?!

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* Why is my bathroom floor covered with water?!

JOHN: You see—

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* You've got a lot of explaining to do when I get out of here.

JOHN: Yes, sir. *(To Yonra.)* Please. *(Pushing her to the front door.)* You have got to get out of here. *(She frees herself and runs toward the bedroom.)* Yonra!

YONRA: *(Frightened.)* Husband!

*(She exits into the bedroom. John goes to get her when Mr. B. walks out into his path.)*

MR. B: Look at my shoes and pants.

JOHN: Mr. Brendlmeyer!

MR. B: I'm going to have to get out of these pants now.

*(Mr. B. goes toward the bedroom, but John cuts him off.)*

JOHN: No!

*(Mr. B halts.)*

MR. B: What do you mean "no"? This is my apartment, and if I want to go into my bedroom to change pants, I will. *(Starts to bedroom.)*

JOHN: Yes, but there are...uh...bugs, bugs in there!

MR. B: Bugs?!

JOHN: Yes, sir. Everywhere. The room is infested with them.

MR. B: But I never saw any bugs...wait, come to think of it...but there was only a handful.

JOHN: Not those bugs. Other bugs. Thousands!

MR. B: Thousands? But that's impossible. I never saw any other bugs in there before.

JOHN: That's because they're no-see-ums.

MR. B: No-see-whats?

JOHN: No-see-ums. Undetectable by the naked human eye.

MR. B: I never heard of these, these no-see-ums.

JOHN: They're all over the apartment.

MR. B: The whole apartment?

JOHN: *(Points to Mr. B's head.)* There's one!

*(Mr. B. looks around.)*

MR. B: Where?

JOHN: I gotcha, you little... *(John grabs a pillow and hits Mr. B. on the head.)* Take that!

MR. B: What the—? Douglas!

JOHN: Got 'im. There's another one!

*(Mr. B. steps away from John. Mr. B thinks.)*

MR. B: Wait. If they're undetectable with the human eye, how did you see them?

JOHN: How did I see them?

MR. B: Yes. How did you see them?

JOHN: That is a very...very good question...

MR. B: Well?

JOHN: Uh...you got me. I am a trained anthropologist...on the side.

MR. B: An anthropologist?

JOHN: Yes, sir. On the side.

MR. B: You mean you're a specialist in the scientific study of man's origin, culture, and development?

JOHN: Yes. Yes, I am.

*(Mr. B. looks away from John for a moment.)*

MR. B: I don't understand. *(Yonra starts to come out of the bedroom, but John pushes her back in.)* What does you being an anthropologist have to do with you knowing I have bugs? Did you have an entomology minor?

*(He looks back at John, who is nervously standing at the bedroom door.)*

JOHN: Come again?

MR. B: I asked, what does you being an anthropologist have to do with finding bugs?!

JOHN: Nothing. *(There is a loud thud from the bedroom. John looks at Mr. B, who is wondering what the noise was.)* Bugs. They're getting angry.

MR. B: Oh.

JOHN: I wish I could explain more... *(Pushing Mr. B. toward the front door.)* ...but with each second that you are in here, you are exposed.

MR. B: What?

JOHN: You've got to get out of here while there's still time. *(Opens door.)*

MR. B: Yes. I understand. I'll just...

*(John notices that Jessica is coming from down the outside hallway.)*

JOHN: Ahhh! *(Closes door.)*

MR. B: What is it?!

JOHN: You're more infested than I thought.

*(John pushes Mr. B toward the bathroom.)*

MR. B: What?!

JOHN: You'd better clean off in the bathroom.

*(Mr. B. halts.)*

MR. B: But what about the bugs in the bathroom?

JOHN: They're gone. I was able to quarantine and neutralize the area in there. That's why the floor is, what appears to be, wet. *(John pushes Mr. B into the bathroom. Just then there is a knock at the door.)* Who is it?

JESSICA: *(Through the door.)* What do you mean who is it? It's Jessica. You just saw me coming down the hallway and slammed the door!

JOHN: What can I help you with?

JESSICA: What do you...? Open this door!

JOHN: Can't we talk about this later, like tomorrow?

JESSICA: No, we can't talk about this tomorrow! Now let me in!

JOHN: All right. If you promise not to yell.

JESSICA: *(Yells.)* I promise! *(John opens the door. Jessica comes storming in.)* What is wrong with you?

JOHN: *(Trying to get her to keep her voice down so Mr. B. won't hear her.)* Now you promised not to yell.

JESSICA: *(Yells.)* Well, I lied!

MR. B: *(Offstage, from the bathroom.)* What's going on out there?!

JOHN: Nothing! You just keep cleaning yourself!

JESSICA: What? Who is that in there?

*(John gets ready to explain.)*

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* I'm pretty clean now! Should I put my clothes back on or not?!

JESSICA: Clothes back on?

MR. B: *(Offstage.)* Oh, they're all wet anyhow now!

JESSICA: What?!

JOHN: *(To Jessica.)* I can explain!

JESSICA: Yeah. You've been doing real well with that so far today.

JOHN: Look...nothing is what it seems...

MR. B: *(Shouts from the bathroom.)* Are you going to come in here with me? It's cold in here.

JOHN: I'll be there in just a minute!

MR. B: *(Shouts from the bathroom.)* Then will you be ready to go?! I'm starting to get antsy!

JESSICA: Okay. *(Heads toward the front door.)* I've heard enough. *(She exits.)*

JOHN: Jes!

*(She slams the door in his face. As he recovers, Yonra walks in with a bottle of perfume in her hand.)*

YONRA: Apple?

*(John goes to her.)*

JOHN: Yonra, I'm sorry.

MR. B: Hey... *(He enters wrapped in a towel. His eyes are covered because he is drying his hair with another towel.)* ...what is taking so long? *(John quickly grabs the perfume from Yonra and sprays it in Mr. B's eyes.)* Aaaaah! What are you doing?!

*(John hands the bottle back to Yonra and pushes Mr. B. to the front door.)*

JOHN: It's a disinfecting spray. There were bugs all over your face!

MR. B: Disinfecting spray? It smells like my wife's perfume!  
*(Holds his eyes.)*

JOHN: What are you expecting it to smell like, oven cleaner?

*(John pushes Mr. B. out and closes the door, realizing that he's holding the towel that covered Mr. B's body.)*

YONRA: John?

*(John goes to her just as the front door starts to open.)*

JOHN: Damn it! *(He pushes Yonra into the bedroom.)* I'll be right there.

*(Hannah enters.)*

HANNAH: Did you know there is a large naked man wandering around the hallway out there?

JOHN: Hannah... *(Approaches her.)* ...thank God you're back. Your sister would have...

*(Hannah's hand is covered with a paper bag and it looks like she is brandishing a gun.)*

HANNAH: Stay where you are, you pervert! Don't move!

JOHN: Hannah. *(Moves toward her.)*

HANNAH: I said, don't move! *(He throws his hands in the air and his pants go down.)* I just came back to get my things. *(She moves toward the bedroom.)*

JOHN: Hannah... *(Lowers his hands.)* ...if you'd just let me explain.

HANNAH: Get 'em up!

*(Just then, Yonra enters, unseen by Hannah. Yonra picks up a bowl of fruit and hits Hannah over the head, knocking her unconscious.)*

*After a slight pause, Yonra looks up at John while still holding the bowl of fruit.)*

YONRA: Banana?

*(Blackout. Intermission.)*

**[End of Freeview]**