



Greg Elsassser

Norman Maine Publishing

Copyright © 2006, Greg Elsasser

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Shoe Booties 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, www.NormanMainePlays.com, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

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

Shoe Booties
3

*For my "ex" kids—
Daniela, Jesse, and Kevin.
And for Julie and Carie.*

Shoe Booties
4

Shoe Booties was first performed by Theatre Unlimited in North Hollywood, CA and was produced by The In-Between Work Players on November 7, 1996. Directed by Greg Elsasser.

RHONDA: Jennifer DeYoung

LAINA: Aime Wolf

IAN: Greg Elsasser

SHAWN: Shawn Fitzpatrick

ALEX: Sarah Quistberg

Shoe Booties

FARCE. Ian, an actor, has made it “big” in his first movie. To celebrate, he has flown his brother and friends from Pelican Rapids, MN, to visit him in Los Angeles. Ian has even purchased \$150 tickets for everyone to attend the opening night of a highly anticipated musical at the Shubert Theatre, where Ian plans to introduce his guests to his fiancée. But when Ian arrives at the theatre, he finds his brother doped up on muscle relaxers and wearing a wet suit, and his friends eating microwave popcorn and peering through binoculars at celebrities seated in the audience. Then when Ian’s fiancée shows up late to the show, Ian discovers she’s now a fugitive from the law after having pushed Harrison Ford down an escalator. But worst of all, Ian realizes that not only have his friends crashed his car, but in doing so, injured actor Tony Vincent, who was supposed to play the lead in the musical.

Performance Time: Approximately 30 minutes.

NOTE: For a full evening of Minnesota madness, combine this play with another one-act from Greg Elsasser’s *Pelican Rapids Trilogy*, a collection of plays that features delightfully wacky characters from Minnesota: *North of Pelican Rapids* (30 mins), *The Baby Who Came to Dinner* (30 mins).

Characters

(2 m, 3 f, 1 flexible)

LAINA: Early-20s, carries a gigantic purse.

RHONDA: Early-20s, Laina's closest friend.

IAN: 26, eldest of the group; an actor from Minnesota who lives in LA.

SHAWN: 17, Ian's brother, surfer-type; his hair hangs over his face; wears a wet suit with a long overcoat or trench coat over it.

ALEX: Mid-20s, Ian's fiancée; UCLA film school student; wears a beautiful dress.

ANNOUNCER: Voice only; flexible.

Note: All characters except Shawn are dressed in semi-formal attire.

Setting

Friday, 7:30 p.m. Inside the Shubert Theatre, Los Angeles, CA. It is the premier night of a newly revised and well-known musical that theatre patrons have been looking forward to for a long time.

All action takes place in the “nosebleed” section of the theatre. Center stage is a set of seven boxed balcony seats, and the actors can only be observed from the chest up due to the facing of the balcony. Five of the seats are side by side. Two seats are in the front and remain vacant. There is a curtain behind the chairs indicating offstage.

Author’s Note

Because it is a premier night, there are many important people from the entertainment industry in attendance. At several points in the play, the names of celebrities are mentioned. With the exception of the Broadway performer, Tony Vincent, directors may change celebrity names to ones that are more familiar to their audience as long as the spirit of the lines remain intact.

Props

Jacket, for Rhonda	Pill
Theatre program	Bag of popped microwave popcorn
Huge purse, for Laina	Starter pistol
Wristwatch, for Rhonda	Ticket stub
"The Club," an automobile anti-theft device	Lipstick
Car steering wheel	Purse, for Alex
Pill bottled, assorted	Leaves
Excedrin bottle	Squirt bottle
Pepto-Bismol	Sunglasses
Huge Rx bottle	
Baseball cap	

Sound Effects

Music suitable for a musical
Gunshot

"Shoe Booties are people
who can't afford
to buy two nice cowboy boots,
so they buy one
and they wear a cheap shoe
on the other foot."

—Laina

Shoe Booties

(AT RISE: Friday, 7:30 p.m. Inside the Shubert Theatre, Los Angeles, CA. It is 15 minutes before the show. Rhonda is sitting in the second chair from the right, holding her theatre program. She seems to be nervous, and she squirms in her seat while glancing at her watch. A few seconds go by when suddenly, Laina enters from behind. She is carrying a very large purse over her shoulder. Sticking out of this purse is The Club, an automobile antitheft device, which is attached to a steering wheel. Laina spots Rhonda and sits in the seat to Rhonda's left.)

LAINA: *(Out of breath.)* Do you know how long it took for me to walk up those stairs?

RHONDA: Why didn't you take the elevator?

LAINA: I was trying to avoid him.

RHONDA: Did you run into him?

LAINA: No, I saw him, ducked behind a pillar, and then headed up the stairs. You stalled him perfectly.

RHONDA: I didn't have to stall him. He went off on his tirade about Shawn and the rest of us.

LAINA: Again?

RHONDA: Well, it's been about 48 hours since the last lecture; I'm sure we were due for another one.

LAINA: What'd he say this time?

RHONDA: He wants us to leave Minnesota and move here to LA where "normal people live."

LAINA: How'd you get rid of him?

RHONDA: I told him they were holding an extra ticket for him down at the box office. When he found out he'd have to pay for another ticket, he practically ran out of here.

LAINA: I can't believe he just made all that money, and he wouldn't pay for another lousy ticket.

RHONDA: How did the car look?

LAINA: Like it did when we first crashed it an hour ago. How do you think it looked? *(She pulls out the steering wheel*

from her purse. It still has The Club locked on it.) Have any suggestions on what I should do with this?

RHONDA: I still don't understand how this happened.

LAINA: I figure when I ran into that pole it must have jarred the steering wheel, and putting The Club on it was just enough added pressure to knock the whole thing off. This is all so metaphorical—us borrowing his car for the first time since we've known him and then crashing it.

RHONDA: It's not metaphorical you're thinking of—it's irony.

LAINA: What?

RHONDA: It's ironic that we crashed his car after we borrowed it for the first time...not metaphorical.

LAINA: Yeah, I've always gotten those two mixed up. Okay, this is the plan. You ready for the plan? With Ian being all concerned about his career and bad publicity, I'll just wait to tell him when the show starts. I'll just lean over and quietly hand him the steering wheel. I'll just whisper to him that we got into an accident—

RHONDA: *You* got into an accident. I was in the passenger seat the whole time.

LAINA: Fine. I got into an accident. I crashed his brand new Beetle. But it was an accident. It wasn't my fault.

RHONDA: Yeah, streetlamp poles have no business being on the sidewalk.

LAINA: My eyes were shut! For the last time, there was nothing I could do about that! And I left my business card taped to that pole; it's not like it was a hit and run.

RHONDA: Keep trying to talk yourself out of this mess. We should never have asked him to borrow his car while we were here. We should have taken a cab.

LAINA: This isn't New York, Rhonda. Cabs are very hard to get in this city. Don't worry. He won't make a scene. He'll be mad, but he has insurance.

RHONDA: He also won't throw a fit because his fiancée is coming. She won't see that side of him till they're married.

Shoe Booties
12

LAINA: This is true. Here, I'd better put it back in my purse.

(Laina does this and puts her purse back under the chair. Rhonda grabs her jacket and puts it over the purse.)

RHONDA: This will hide The Club.

LAINA: By the way, is she here yet?

RHONDA: Who?

LAINA: Alex.

RHONDA: Ian's fiancée?

LAINA: No, Trebek.

RHONDA: I don't think so. Neither is Shawn. He'd better not be late. Ian'll give birth.

LAINA: He won't be. I reminded him a hundred times to be on time.

RHONDA: *(Looks at her watch.)* The show starts in 20 minutes.

(Thinks.) Well, maybe the surf was really big or something.

LAINA: He'll show up. He knows Ian paid \$150 for his ticket. \$150 for lousy box seats. By the way, do you know what I found in Shawn's suitcase when I was looking for a Claritin?

RHONDA: No, what?

LAINA: His toothbrush.

RHONDA: So?

LAINA: It was still in the package...unopened.

RHONDA: You mean, he hasn't...

LAINA: Not since we left Pelican.

RHONDA: That is so gross.

(Laina gets her purse out and rifles through it.)

LAINA: Yeah, I know. Don't tell Ian, either. Now, I have to get rid of this headache. Where's my Excedrin?

RHONDA: Didn't you just take two?

LAINA: No, that was two Advil...for the neck ache I just received from the car wreck. *(She pulls out bottle after bottle of*

pills, prescription and over-the-counter.) Don't you hurt anywhere?

RHONDA: No, the air bag stopped me from getting whiplash, I think. It actually hit me so hard it cleared up my sinuses.

LAINA: Here they are. *(She dry swallows two Excedrins.)* Now my back is killing me. I don't think I have any Doan's. *(Looks in purse.)*

RHONDA: Please, how many drugs you plan on taking in one night? They've got to be ripping your stomach up.

LAINA: That's why I have Pepto. *(Holds up bottle.)*

(Rhonda picks up a really huge prescription bottle.)

RHONDA: What are these?

LAINA: Muscle relaxers. I'm glad I brought them...I couldn't sleep with all that racket going on outside the hotel.

RHONDA: Maybe I should take one tonight. I had a hard time sleeping, too.

LAINA: No way, you couldn't handle them. If you took even one, you wouldn't be able to wake up the next day. I could only take half of one for a year, then I finally got up to a whole one.

RHONDA: *(Sarcastic.)* And we are so proud of you, too.

LAINA: Save it, will you?

(Ian walks in just as Laina puts her purse back under the seat. Rhonda covers it up again with her jacket. Ian sits down in the seat to Rhonda's right. He seems nervous and agitated.)

IAN: There was no extra ticket; you must have been confused.

RHONDA: Oh yeah, maybe.

IAN: *(To Laina.)* Hey. Did Alex or Shawn get here yet?

LAINA: Not yet.

IAN: *(Irritated.)* I can understand why my irresponsible brother is late, but that's not like Alex. I wonder if there's an

accident on the freeway. *(Pause.)* Speaking of that, did you guys hear what happened?

RHONDA: *(Panicky.)* I didn't do it.

IAN: Do what?

RHONDA: Whatever you're gonna tell us.

IAN: Well somehow I don't think you did, unless you were at Saks Fifth Avenue today. *(Afterthought.)* You weren't, were you?

RHONDA: No, what happened?

IAN: Well, I don't know the whole story, but I heard Mary-Kate and Ashley talking about it down in the orchestra level. Today, around four, Harrison Ford was at Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills. He was riding down an escalator when some strange blonde-haired woman came up behind him and shoved him. He lost his balance and fell all the way to the bottom.

LAINA: Seriously?

IAN: Yeah, he passed out and he's in a coma at some local hospital. No one knows which one yet.

RHONDA: That's right, he's in LA making that new movie with Goldie Hawn. How sad. Did they catch the pusher?

IAN: No, I guess she made a purchase at Saks and she used her credit card. Dumb woman. It's only a matter of time till they track her down. I hope she gets the chair.

LAINA: I don't know about that. Maybe it's for the best. Didn't you see "Six Days, Seven Nights"?

(At this moment, Shawn comes in from behind. His hair is hanging over his face and he's wearing an overcoat or trench coat that hangs down to his feet. It's tied around the middle.)

RHONDA: Hi, Shawn.

IAN: It's about time. Where have you been?

(Shawn scoots through and sits in the seat to Laina's left.)

SHAWN: I told you I wouldn't be late, and I wasn't. I got 15 minutes.

RHONDA: What's with the overcoat?

SHAWN: *(Searching for a good answer.)* Well...all my good clothes got wrinkled in the suitcase. So I had to wear jeans and a T-shirt. It looked horrible, so I put on this coat. It's better than nothing.

IAN: So it was either look like a car mechanic or a flasher, huh?

SHAWN: Not only that, but I got either a cold or my allergies are acting up. I'm stuffed up a bit, and my throat is starting to hurt. And I think my nose is going to start bleeding any second.

(Laina looks up.)

LAINA: That's because our seats are at the right hand of God.

(Shawn starts to make horrible scratching sounds inside his throat.)

IAN: Do you mind?

SHAWN: I can't help it...I think I'm really starting to get sick.

IAN: Then you shouldn't have been in the water every single moment for the last three days.

SHAWN: Hey, I'm on vacation. *(Pause.)* And, since I mentioned the word "vacation," how much did the hotel and plane tickets for all of us set you back?

IAN: Why? You gonna pay me back?

SHAWN: No, I was just curious. Our hotel is cool.

LAINA: And it's definitely more money than us ol' shoe booties would be able to afford.

RHONDA: This is true.

IAN: *(Confused.)* What? What was that?

LAINA: I said we could never afford that. But since you made one film and now everybody in the world seems to love you, I guess you can—

Shoe Booties
16

IAN: Never mind about that. I mean, what was that shoe thing you said?

LAINA: Oh, shoe booties? Actually, it's a saying they say in Oklahoma, and we sort of picked it up recently in Pelican Rapids. Shoe booties are people who can't afford to buy two nice cowboy boots, so they buy one and they wear a cheap shoe on the other foot. Shoe booties.

SHAWN: *(To Ian.)* Yeah. You remember that girl you used to go out with, ahh, Laura Sampson? She's a shoe bootie.

RHONDA: Well, that isn't really accurate anymore 'cause she's going by Mark Sampson now. She went through a little change.

SHAWN: And the shoe she wears with it looks like she wears it when she cleans up cow –

IAN: Thank you! Thank you...that's enough.

RHONDA: I can't believe movie star Ian went out with a shoe bootie!

IAN: Aah, listen, keep your voice down.

(Shawn looks up.)

SHAWN: Yeah, the lighting guy might hear us.

(Rhonda gets out her binoculars and starts peering around the place.)

IAN: This is what I've been trying to explain to you since you got here. I've only made one movie and nobody expected it to be a sleeper, okay? I'm not a movie star, so shut up about it. But I'd like to make more movies, and since this is the opening of a long-awaited musical revival, there are a lot of important people here. All it takes is one tabloid reporter hearing that I went out with a shoe bootie, and I'll be back making feminine hygiene commercials.

RHONDA: Please tell me you're not this shallow. You aren't, are you?

IAN: Look, I did a lot...flying you guys out here and everything. All I ask in return is that you don't embarrass me by talking about things that could end up on Lettermen's "Top Ten List."

RHONDA: Well, I wouldn't concern yourself with bad publicity. You can't be that important if you have box seats.

IAN: There are big people here tonight. They would, obviously, get better seats than I would.

RHONDA: Oh yeah, look down there...Joe Bob Briggs from Monster Vision has third row orchestra.

LAINA: Why are there so many famous people here anyway? It's just an old musical, isn't it?

IAN: Tony Vincent has the lead. West Coast people have been waiting for him to perform here for years now. I would've sat on the roof to see Tony Vincent.

(Laina looks up.)

LAINA: You should be more careful when you wish for something.

RHONDA: *(Still looking through the binoculars.)* Oh, wow, Skip and Steve, the Robins brothers have second row left orchestra. Oh, and...hey, that's Jim Nabors front row center!

IAN: Can you give the binoculars a rest, please?

RHONDA: Are you so embarrassed to be seen with us that you bought seats so far away from everyone else?

IAN: No. *(Pause.)* No! You guys don't know Alex. I just want you to make a good impression. She's different from anyone we grew up with.

RHONDA: How so? *(Pause.)* Hey, she is a woman, isn't she?

IAN: What do you think?

RHONDA: Just checking. I don't think we could deal with any surprises right now.

IAN: See, it's comments like that that I'm talking about. First of all, Alex is very serious about her career. She's in film school at UCLA, and she wants to be a producer.

SHAWN: Yeah, so?

IAN: She's just very mature...and, well, powerful.

LAINA: Powerful?

IAN: I don't know how to explain it, okay? When you're in this business long enough, you become tough, because if you aren't, people walk all over you. And she's a woman, so she strives for people to take her seriously. She's not like us...you know, crazy and carefree.

SHAWN: You mean like how you used to be.

IAN: Hey, I'm still the same. I'm just an adult now. You'll see when she gets here. When she walks into a room, people notice her. She carries herself very...respectfully, for lack of a better word. She's confident, strong, and she is really very serious. And she's beautiful...elegant...classy.

RHONDA: So, what's the attraction?

IAN: I guarantee you'll be very impressed when you meet her.

LAINA: I'm already impressed. So then, if she's the next Queen of England, how come she's late?

IAN: She's not late. She's got, like, ten minutes. In fact, I'm going to go to the lobby and look for her. Maybe she's in line for the bathroom.

LAINA: You mean the other people in line make her wait?

IAN: I will be right back. *(He exits.)*

LAINA: I can't wait to meet this one.

RHONDA: What is his problem? I've never seen him act like this.

SHAWN: *(As he's clearing the water out of his ears.)* I know. He's worried that we're going to embarrass him. Yuck, water in my ears.

RHONDA: So what's the deal with the trench coat? You don't own anything like that.

SHAWN: I know. I got it off some guy on a street corner. I gave him the 50 bucks Ian gave me this morning.

RHONDA: Why do you need a trench coat?

SHAWN: I was surfing all morning, and before I knew it, the morning stretched into the afternoon, and the next time I looked at my watch, it was, like, 7:00. I had no time to go back to the hotel and change my clothes, so I gave the guy money and he gave me his jacket. I'm not taking it off until I get back to the hotel. Ian will kill me. *(He sneezes.)* Man, I think I'm really getting sick.

LAINA: Oh, Shawn, I have some cold tablets in my purse. They're prescription, but they don't work very well. You can take up to three.

(Laina hands him her purse. As the girls are talking, Shawn takes out the bottle of muscle relaxers and takes three. He dry swallows them, then sets the bottle down on the top of her other pills.)

RHONDA: Hey, do you think there are movie stars here?

LAINA: Probably. Ian said a lot of important people are here tonight.

RHONDA: Yeah, I know. I think I saw Soupy Sales down in the lobby.

LAINA: I wouldn't know who that is. I don't keep up with the Hollywood scene like you do.

SHAWN: I gotta go wash these down with some water. Be right back.

(Shawn exits. Rhonda takes the binoculars.)

RHONDA: Let's look around and see if we can see Soupy. Or maybe someone else famous.

(Laina starts rifling through her purse. She pulls out a bag of microwave popcorn.)

LAINA: Here, I made this earlier today. Open it up. *(As Rhonda is opening up the popcorn, Laina keeps searching through*

her purse. As she searches, she becomes more and more panicked.)
Rhonda! Rhonda!

(Rhonda puts down the binoculars.)

RHONDA: What?

LAINA: I didn't bring my cold pills.

RHONDA: So? Shawn can wait till we get back to the hotel.

LAINA: No, you don't get it! He already took three pills from my purse. He just went to wash them down.

RHONDA: You mean he took something else?

LAINA: Yes, he did. And I think he took these. *(She pulls out her huge bottle of muscle relaxers.)* Wait a minute! I'll count them. I had four left. *(She opens the bottle, and one pill drops out.)* Do you think he was the one who took them?

RHONDA: And you told him to take three?! You'll kill him!

LAINA: No, it won't. It won't kill him...he'll just be out of it!

RHONDA: So what do we do?

LAINA: Nothing! Don't say anything!

RHONDA: Yeah, I'm finding out you're an expert at not saying anything.

LAINA: I'll just keep an eye on Shawn. If he starts to fall asleep—

RHONDA: If?

LAINA: If he starts to fall asleep, I'll keep poking at him. It should keep him awake through the show at least. He can sleep the rest of our stay, I don't care, but we have to keep him awake so Ian doesn't find out.

RHONDA: Find out what? That you tried to kill his brother?

LAINA: You never know, he might thank me. Besides, I did not try and kill anyone; it was an accident. Just like the car.

RHONDA: Hey, why don't you wait till Shawn falls asleep, and then you can tell Ian that Shawn crashed the car.

LAINA: Actually, you're finally showing some signs of thinking. But it won't work; he'll eventually wake up.

(Shawn comes back in and sits down.)

SHAWN: No sign of Alex yet, huh?

RHONDA: Not yet. How are you feeling, Shawn?

SHAWN: The same. Gotta let the pills kick in. *(He sees the popcorn and takes it.)*

RHONDA: Laina's got some pop in her purse, Shawn. You want one?

SHAWN: Is it caffeine free?

RHONDA: I don't know. Who cares?

SHAWN: I don't want to be awake all night.

RHONDA: Yeah, that ought to be a problem. Here, I think you can handle a Mountain Dew...or five or six. *(She takes Laina's purse and rifles through it.)*

SHAWN: I guess one won't kill me.

RHONDA: The caffeine won't...

(Seeing Rhonda rifle through the purse, Laina makes a grab for it.)

LAINA: Hey, stay out of there. There's private stuff in there.

(Shocked, Rhonda pulls out a starter pistol from Laina's purse.)

RHONDA: I'll say! What in the heck is this?

(Laina grabs the gun and her purse and stuffs the gun back inside.)

LAINA: Are you crazy or something? You want to get us killed?

RHONDA: *(Glances at Shawn.)* Well, one down, two to—

LAINA: Shut up!

RHONDA: What do you need that thing for?

LAINA: For protection. We're in one of the most crime infested cities in the country.

RHONDA: It's a starter pistol.

LAINA: I know, but it can still scare someone. I just want to feel safe.

(Ian enters.)

IAN: Well, she's not here. I don't know what happened. This is just not like her.

(Something catches Rhonda's attention down below. Ian sits back down.)

RHONDA: Oh my...Laina, give me the binoculars again.

IAN: What are you doing?

RHONDA: *(Peering through the binoculars.)* I think I see Bruce Willis and Demi Moore down below!

SHAWN: Seriously? Together? Let me look.

(Shawn, Laina, and Rhonda all gather around the binoculars. Laina has one lens, and Rhonda has the other.)

IAN: What is that? Popcorn? Shawn, give me that! Who brought this?

LAINA: I did. It is Bruce and Demi...and their little girl...aah, what's her name? Gossip?

RHONDA: Rumor, not Gossip. I can't believe they're together!

SHAWN: Do you think they are back together? Maybe they're just here for the kids.

(Ian hides the popcorn underneath his seat.)

IAN: I can't believe you guys brought popcorn to the Shubert. This isn't the movies.

LAINA: Great, now we can't throw the bag down on the ground when we're finished.

RHONDA: Listen, you guys stay here. I'll be right back. I'm going to ask them for their autographs. *(She grabs her program and gets up.)*

IAN: Sit down! Sit down! You aren't going anywhere! This is so embarrassing. Leave them alone and let them have their privacy.

LAINA: Hey, I know. We'll take our ticket stubs and pretend we think they are sitting in our seats. When they point out our mistake, you can then nicely ask them for their autographs.

(Laina and Rhonda get up.)

RHONDA: Oh, good idea.

SHAWN: Oh, hey, wait up.

IAN: Listen, Lucy, Ethel, Fred, no one is going anywhere! Now, sit down! I'm serious. Sit down. *(They reluctantly sit as he looks around the theatre to see if anyone is noticing them.)* Now this is what I'm talking about! Oh my...now look! Bea Arthur is staring at us from first row mezzanine!

(Shawn stands up.)

SHAWN: He is?

(Rhonda stands up.)

RHONDA: Where?

IAN: *(Shouts.)* Sit down!

(The Announcer is heard over the speaker as the lights dim.)

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, in tonight's performance, the understudy to Tony Vincent, Kevin Allgood, will be playing the title roll. Enjoy the show.

IAN: Are you kidding? On opening night? He's not here for opening night?

LAINA: Maybe he's sick.

IAN: Not for \$150 a ticket, he's not. I can't believe...all I've ever wanted was to see a Tony Vincent performance. Do I ask too much? *(The musical quietly starts as great movement is seen behind the curtain. Someone is looking for the part in the curtain. Finally, a hand shoots through and Alex comes in from behind. She is disheveled. Her dress is askew and one leg of her pantyhose is ripped and hangs down her leg. There are leaves and debris in her hair. She is shaking all over and she is looking at her ticket stub, trying to figure out where she is supposed to sit. She finally spots Ian and stumbles over to him. She is crying, but not hysterically.)* There you are! Where have you been? *(He stands up and goes to kiss her, but she pushes past him. The rest of the group stands up and moves down one chair so Alex can sit next to Ian. Alex then trips over Rhonda's foot and goes crashing down onto the floor. Everybody stops to help her up, and then she sits in the seat next to Ian.)* What's wrong?

ALEX: Nothing. Nothing's wrong. Why?

(Rhonda puts her hand out to shake Alex's hand.)

RHONDA: I'm Rhonda, and this is Laina, and Shawn, Ian's brother.

ALEX: *(Through her tears.)* Nice to meet you.

IAN: Why are you such a mess?

ALEX: *(She is trying to hide her tears.)* Thank you, thank you very much.

IAN: I didn't mean it like that. But your dress...

ALEX: I ripped it when I was getting out of a cab.

RHONDA: *(Looks at Laina.)* A cab? You got a cab? How?

ALEX: *(Straightening herself.)* How? You just hail them out front, like in New York.

(Alex gets out some lipstick from her purse and tries to apply it. Her hands are shaking so badly she struggles to put the lipstick on her lips. Ian pulls bits of debris out of her hair.)

IAN: Something is wrong. You're shaking like a... *(He pulls a leaf out of her hair.)* ...leaf. Why are you so late?

ALEX: Late? Um...no, I wasn't late. I was out front talking to a mime who was performing out on the sidewalk.

SHAWN: *(With a yawn.)* Bet that was an exciting conversation.

ALEX: *(Trying to cover her anxiety.)* And I had a late meeting at school for the show.

RHONDA: Show?

IAN: Alex and some of her classmates are going to produce "Jurassic Park: The Stage Play" over at the Canon Theatre...

ALEX: We were going over some financial issues. *(Pause.)* You know, I think my breath smells. *(Rifling through her purse.)* Ian, do you have any gum?

RHONDA: I think Laina has some in her purse.

LAINA: I do not! Do you know what a mess gum can make?

RHONDA: *(Who has been looking through her binoculars again.)* Hey look, I think I see Kate Capshaw in the front row.

LAINA: Kate Capshaw? Who's that?

RHONDA: I don't know if you'd know her. The only movie she made that was big was "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom." She's a great actress, though...married Steven Spielberg, actually.

ALEX: *(Eyes wide.)* Indiana Jones?

RHONDA: Yeah, you've seen the Indiana Jones trilogy, haven't you?

ALEX: No, I can't say that I have.

IAN: Yeah, you have, honey. We were talking about the third installment a few weeks ago. You know, Harrison Ford?

ALEX: Harrison Ford? Who?

RHONDA: Harrison Ford? Voted "The Sexiest Man Alive"? Sabrina? *(No response.)* Han Solo?

ALEX: I haven't seen those movies! I don't know who Harrison Ford is! Why the questions?

LAINA: So you didn't hear what happened to him today?

ALEX: *(Getting really angry.)* Now how could I have heard about his accident if I don't even know who he is?

LAINA: He was in that movie with Ellen DeGeneres.

SHAWN: *(His head is slowly rocking back and forth.)* Why does everyone keep moving down there? Make them stop.

RHONDA: It was Anne Heche, not Ellen DeGeneres.

IAN: *(More to himself.)* How'd you know that he was in an accident?

SHAWN: *(Leaning over the railing.)* Hey, is that Wink Martindale fourth row center?

RHONDA: *(To Alex.)* He was in that movie with Brad Pitt.

LAINA: Wink Martindale?

RHONDA: No, Harrison Ford! Harrison Ford!

LAINA: Isn't he the guy with the tan?

SHAWN: *(Going in and out of consciousness.)* No, that's George Harrison.

RHONDA: No, it's not!

ALEX: I don't know who you're talking about, okay? I've never seen the man before in my life! I swear!

IAN: Honey, it's all right. They were just asking. What's wrong with you tonight? Something is wrong, isn't it?

(Alex bursts into tears.)

ALEX: No, nothing! I just don't know why people are so interested in Harrison Ford tonight, that's all. I can't take the pressure of meeting your family and your friends. I'm nervous. And it's been...it's been a long day.

(Shawn rolls forward, leaning onto the railing again. Laina grabs a squirt bottle out of her purse and sprays him with water.)

IAN: You don't usually get this upset. Now, please, tell me what the problem is. What happened to you tonight?

ALEX: I don't know if I can tell you...it's too awful!

IAN: Yes, you can.

ALEX: *(Flipping out.)* It was an accident, I swear!

IAN: You were in a car wreck?

ALEX: No, another type of accident.

(Rhonda and Laina are trying to wake up Shawn while listening to Alex's story.)

IAN: What? A train accident?

ALEX: No, it was sort of a...an...escalator accident.

IAN: An escalator acc— *(He realizes.)* Oh, no. Not you!

LAINA: You mean you were the one who shoved Harr—

IAN: Shut up! All of you!

ALEX: No, I swear, it was an accident! The press has it all wrong! I was at Saks shopping on the third floor, and when I was leaving, I headed for the escalator. When I got to the top, I just sort of lost my balance and I tipped over, crashing into some man. Well, I regained my balance, but he didn't. He just fell right over and kept going down, down, down.

RHONDA: And then what happened?

ALEX: I don't know. I panicked! I ran up the escalator, which was going down, and I headed for the stairs. I ran down to the street, got into my car, and went home.

IAN: Why didn't you stop to see if he was okay?

ALEX: I don't know. I just panicked. I thought maybe he was dead, and I would go to jail. I don't know! I've never planned for this to happen, so I didn't know how I'd react.

IAN: So you went home?

ALEX: I went home and calmed down. I started getting ready for tonight. About an hour later, I turned on the radio and found out that I was being accused of attacking Harrison Ford! *(She grabs onto his lapels.)* Harrison Ford of all people!

IAN: Did they know who you were? Did they know it was you who pushed him?

ALEX: Not then. They just said it was some blonde girl. But the radio guy said they found out the girl had made a purchase at Saks and that they were hopefully going to make an arrest within the hour.

RHONDA: Holy...

ALEX: Yes, I know, isn't it terrible? So, I decided I needed to get out of there, when all of a sudden, I heard a knock at the door. I looked through the peephole, and I saw the police!

IAN: And you opened the door, right? Alex, tell me you opened the door!

ALEX: No, I panicked again.

IAN: Crap.

[End of Freeview]