

# Love's Sick

*A Musical in One Act*

**MUSIC AND LYRICS BY**

R.J. Nestor

**BOOK BY**

R.J. Nestor and David Scoville

**ORIGINAL CONCEPT BY**

R.J. Nestor, David Scoville, and Aubrey Young

# Love's Sick

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by R.J. Nestor and David Scoville

3288 University Ave., Apt. 407  
Morgantown, WV 26505  
(304) 276-2257  
rjnestor@lovessick.com  
www.lovessick.com

# Cast of Characters

(In order of appearance)

JASON An actor in his late 20's who wrote and is starring in this show  
MARGO A young actress hired by Jason to portray Julie in this show  
JULIE Jason's former fiancée, she is in her late 20's, and she is in the audience for this performance  
2 USHERS Any age, non-speaking (one of them ad-libs a phone conversation)  
FAITH 18, a Freshman psychology major

## Musical Numbers

"Love's Sick".....Jason  
"Habeas Corpus".....Margo  
"I Love You/You're Different".....Margo & Jason  
"You're Never Good Enough".....Jason  
"Always Almost".....Margo & Jason  
"Love's Sick (Reprise)".....Faith  
"Habeas Corpus (Reprise)".....Jason  
"Dating Is Crazy".....Jason, Julie, & Faith  
"Mystery Man!".....Faith & Jason  
"Love Song".....Jason  
"Nobody Listens".....Julie

## Setting

SCENE: Here.  
TIME: Now.

# Love's Sick

*(The stage is set with a couch at center and a table and two chairs off to one side. These are the only set pieces in the show. There is no background, no pre-show lighting or music. It is a couch, a table, and two chairs sitting on an otherwise bare, dark, silent stage.)*

*(The table is set with a red-and-white plaid tablecloth, a couple of plates, a couple of glasses, as well as forks, spoons, and knives for two people. The table should be mobile: in scenes that feature the table, it should be moved to center stage. The table is used both for restaurant scenes and as a desk in a law office. There should be a box, positioned behind the couch, containing a few folders, a nameplate reading "Julie D.," some paper, and a pen. This will allow for easy conversion from one purpose to another.)*

*(When the show begins, MARGO, an actress portraying Jason's ex-fiancée Julie, is seated on the floor in front of the couch, studying for a final exam. SHE is not lit. JASON is standing to one side—the side opposite the table and chairs.)*

*(JULIE is seated in the audience, a few rows back, and a few seats away from an aisle. JASON does not know that JULIE is here at this performance. JULIE occasionally heckles the show, but without drawing too much attention to herself. FAITH is also in the audience, on the front row next to an aisle.)*

## **MUSIC #1: LOVE'S SICK**

*(Lights up on JASON. MARGO remains in darkness.)*

**JASON**

LOVE'S SICK.  
A PSYCHOTIC CONDITION.  
IT SPLITS YOUR PERSONALITY APART.  
ANY REASONING IS USELESS  
WHEN THE ARROW STRIKES ITS GOAL.  
YOU CAN'T CONTROL THE PASSION BLEEDING FROM YOUR HEART.

LOVE'S SICK.  
IT'S A POTENT CONTAGION.  
A GERM THAT INSTANTANEOUSLY INFECTS.  
IT CONTAMINATES YOUR BLOODSTREAM

**JASON (CONT'D)**  
AND DEACTIVATES YOUR MIND.  
YOU'RE STRICKEN BLIND TO ITS EMBARRASSING EFFECTS.

*(The lights come up on MARGO, who is sitting on the floor studying.)*

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**  
I'm drawing a blank, Jason. What is it?

**JASON**  
It's Latin. *Habeas corpus*.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**  
*(writing slowly)*  
Hay... bee... us... cor... pus....  
*(studies silently, flipping to a different page, flipping back, looking confused, etc.)*

**JASON (CONT'D)**  
LOVE'S SICK.  
AN INFECTION, A VIRUS.  
BACTERIA THAT'S TEEMING IN  
YOUR CHEST.  
IT'S A CANCER IN THE RIBCAGE,  
IT'S A CENTRALIZED GANGRENE,  
THERE'S NO VACCINE PREVENTING  
CARDIAC ARREST.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**  
What does... hay-bee-us... cor-pus... mean?

**JASON**  
If you got arrested...

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**  
*(interrupting)*

For what?

**JASON**  
For whatever. Manslaughter. They couldn't hold you without giving you your day in court. You'd have the right to appear before a judge. Do you remember the lecture on Lincoln?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**  
The tall guy?

**JASON**

Uh, yeah. He suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* during the Civil War. Prisoners of war, deserters, protesters—lots of people—were denied basic rights.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Two words mean all that?

**JASON**

Basically, yeah. Word for word it means “You shall have the body.”

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(writing slowly)*

You... shall... have... the... body....

*(studies silently again.)*

**JASON (CONT'D)**

*(to audience)*

LOVE'S SICK.

IT'S A TUMOR, A HEMORRHAGE.

AN ANEURYSM POUNDING IN  
YOUR BRAIN.

THE PROGNOSIS ISN'T CHEERFUL

WHEN YOU'RE BLEEDING IN YOUR  
HEAD.

YOU'RE GOOD AS DEAD WHEN  
LOVE HAS OPENED UP A VEIN.

**JASON (CONT'D)**

*(HE looks at his watch)*

Oh wow I've gotta get going.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Why??

**JASON**

It's after one! The final's at eight a.m.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Don't go. Please. I can't do any of this without you. I never knew what “checks and balances” were—I thought it was about bank accounts. You've made me see the world through new eyes.

**JASON**

*(a little flattered)*

Julie....

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

I'll make it worth your while....

**JASON**

You don't need to...(do anything...)

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(interrupting)*

Just wait here.

*(MARGO exits.)*

**JASON**

*(watches her exit and pauses until sure she's gone—to audience)*

I knew I had to leave, but I was paralyzed. Something about Julie really interested me. I thought she might be into me, but I was never very good at reading women, and I barely knew Julie. If only she'd give me some sort of sign....

*(MARGO reenters wearing a revealing teddy and carrying two glasses of wine. SHE strikes a pose, pauses, then speaks.)*

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Would you like a drink?

*(JASON is frozen. SHE brings him his glass. SHE takes a sip from hers, and then sets it down.)*

## **MUSIC #2: HABEAS CORPUS**

**MARGO (AS JULIE) (CONT'D)**

Now before you go, let's make sure I understand

*(touching him playfully)*

*habeas...*

*(gesturing to her body)*

*...corpus.*

YOU SHALL HAVE THE BODY.

YOU SHALL HAVE IT IF YOU WANT IT,

AND YOU WANT IT, O BELIEVE ME, YES, YOU NEED IT.

THE DESERTERS WHO WERE NAUGHTY

AND THE REBELS WHO SECEDED,

**MARGO (AS JULIE) (CONT'D)**

THEY BEGGED TO HAVE THE BODY  
SO THEIR CASES COULD BE PLEADED.  
YOU WANT IT, YOU NEED IT,  
BY RIGHTS YOU'RE GUARANTEED IT,  
YOU SHALL HAVE THE BODY.

**JASON**

LOVE'S SICK,  
IT'S A...

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(interrupts him by throwing him against the couch)*

YOU WILL TAKE MY BODY.  
YOU WILL TAKE IT, I DEMAND IT.  
O YOU KNOW YOU HAVE THE HUNGER, WHY NOT FEED IT?  
UNLIKE PRIS'NERS WHO WERE RAVING  
OR THE COWARDS WHO RETREATED,  
IF THE BODY'S WHAT YOU'RE CRAVING,  
O, YOUR CRAVINGS WILL BE HEDED.  
YOU WANT IT, YOU NEED IT,  
YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONCEDE IT.  
YOU SHALL HAVE MY BODY.

*(The music continues as JASON tries to squirm out from underneath her.)*

**JASON**

Julie! I have to go!

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Don't you want me?

**JASON**

Yes. I do. But....

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(interrupting)*

Then stay....

*Love's Sick*

JASON

Another time. Please.

MARGO (AS JULIE)

Why not tonight?

JASON

Julie! It's late, I'm tired, and....

MARGO (AS JULIE)

*(interrupting)*

You don't understand.

JASON

No, you don't understand. This is too fast, and there's a final tomorrow, and....

MARGO (AS JULIE)

*(interrupting)*

Jason, listen to me.

### **MUSIC #3: I LOVE YOU/YOU'RE DIFFERENT**

MARGO (AS JULIE) (CONT'D)

I LOVE YOU!

JASON

JULIE, THIS IS NUTS!

MARGO (AS JULIE)

I LOVE YOU!

JASON

YOU ONLY WANT ME TO STAY.

MARGO (AS JULIE)

I LOVE YOU, JASON.

I KNOW IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE.

I MAY WEAR MY HEART ON MY SLEEVE,

BUT I'M NOT NAÏVE.

**MARGO (AS JULIE) (CONT'D)**

OF THE MEN I HAVE KNOWN,  
YOU'RE BEYOND AND ABOVE.  
NO ONE'S EVER MADE ME SEE THE WORLD THE WAY THAT YOU HAVE.  
I AM SICK OF "ALONE,"  
I AM READY FOR LOVE,  
AND NO ONE'S EVER MADE ME FEEL ALIVE THE WAY THAT YOU HAVE.  
BEING STUCK ON MY OWN'S  
WHAT I'M TERRIFIED OF.  
SO, PLEASE, JASON, DON'T LEAVE.

I LOVE YOU!

**JASON**

JULIE, LISTEN...

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

I LOVE YOU!

**JASON**

JULIE, YOU'RE MOVING TOO FAST...

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

I HAVE KNOWN SINCE WE MET  
YOU WERE JUST WHAT I WANT.  
I'D NEVER FELT A BURNING IN MY HEART LIKE THIS BEFORE YOU!  
I CAN'T PLAY HARD-TO-GET  
LIKE SOME SNOB DEBUTANTE.  
THIS OVERWHELMING PASSION IS SO STRONG I CAN'T IGNORE YOU!  
WHEN MY FOCUS IS SET  
I AM NOT NONCHALANT.  
AND I THINK I'VE FIN'LLY FOUND THE MAN THAT I'VE BEEN WAITING  
FOR!  
YOU!

**JASON**

*(frantically)*

Julie, this is great, but there's the final tomorrow, and, you know, shouldn't I... (...get a say about this...)

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(overlapping his line)*

OTHER MEN NEVER UNDERSTAND ME,  
OTHER MEN NEVER CARE.  
OTHER MEN NEVER TREAT ME LIKE THIS,  
OTHER MEN DON'T COMPARE.

I LOVE YOU BECAUSE I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE LIKE YOU.  
I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU'VE OPENED MY EYES TO THE WORLD.  
I LOVE YOU BECAUSE WE WERE CLEARLY DESIGNED FOR EACH OTHER.  
I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE DIFFERENT!

**JASON**

JULIE, PLEASE, DON'T MISUNDERSTAND ME,  
JULIE, PLEASE, YOU'RE THE BEST.  
BUT JULIE, PLEASE, I'M NOT READY FOR THIS,  
JULIE, PLEASE, YOU'RE OBSESSED.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

NO, I LOVE YOU...

**JASON**

BECAUSE YOU THINK I'M PERFECTION INCARNATE...

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

YES! I LOVE YOU...

**JASON**

BECAUSE YOU DON'T REALLY KNOW ME, NOT YET...

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

BUT, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU...

**JASON**

I KNOW, BUT HOW COULD YOU LOVE ME SO QUICKLY?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

I LOVE YOU BECAUSE  
YOU'RE DIFFERENT!

**JASON**

YOU'RE DIFFERENT.  
THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT,

**MARGO (AS JULIE) (CONT'D)**  
YOU'RE DIFFERENT!  
YOU'RE A DREAM COME TO LIFE!  
YOU'RE DIFFERENT!

I LOVE YOU...  
BECAUSE...  
YOU'RE DIFFERENT!

I LOVE YOU!

**JASON (CONT'D)**  
YOU'RE DIFFERENT.

YOU'RE DIFFERENT.  
INEXPLICABLY CHARMING.  
YOU'RE DIFFERENT...  
BECAUSE...  
YOU LOVE ME...  
YOU LOVE ME...  
YOU LOVE ME...

**JASON (CONT'D)**

This is happening too fast.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

When you find what you're looking for, why wait?

**JASON**

*(pauses to consider)*

*Carpe diem.*

*(MARGO just looks at him—pause)*

Latin.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Ah.

**JASON**

YOU LOVE ME?  
*(MARGO nods.)*  
YOU REALLY LOVE ME?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

PLEASE GIVE ME A CHANCE.

*(THEY look at each other for a moment, and then HE gently moves in and kisses her. As the music finishes, THEY look at each other, break, and then SHE begins to set the next scene.)*

**MUSIC #4: YOU'RE NEVER GOOD ENOUGH, PART ONE**

**JASON**

WHEN LOVE BEGINS,  
YOU TRY TO BE THE BEST YOU CAN,  
BE BETTER THAN THE PERFECT MAN.  
SHE SAYS THAT SHE'S YOUR BIGGEST FAN...  
BUT... YOU'RE NEVER GOOD ENOUGH.

*(The stage is set for a small restaurant—a little table and two chairs. The table is set with two plates, two glasses of water, and two sets of silverware, all on top of a red and white checkered tablecloth. The plate in front of JASON has an uneaten salmon steak on it. MARGO has thrown something simple over her teddy.)*

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

You didn't eat your salmon.

*(JASON moves into the scene with her.)*

**JASON**

I don't like seafood.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Jason, the salmon here isn't just seafood. This is salmon as God intended.

**JASON**

Then why didn't you get it?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

I'm moving on, trying new things, opening my eyes....

**JASON**

*(simultaneously with MARGO)*

...opening your eyes to the world. I know.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

You're the one who made me see the world for what it is, Jason.

**JASON**

That was power, money, corruption. Not salmon.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

It's all the same thing.

**JASON**

Is that so?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(condescending, as though disciplining a puppy)*

My eyes are open now, Jason. I see the way things are. I see the way I am, the way you are, the way you should be. My eyes are open, and you need to stop squinting.

**JASON**

I wanted a bacon cheeseburger.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Did you even try the salmon?

**JASON**

Did you have to order it for me?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

You said you'd try it.

**JASON**

I thought you were ordering it for yourself. Then I could try a bite.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

I've had the salmon lots of times. I'm branching out. And the bacon cheeseburger sounded like it would really hit the spot.

**JASON**

Yeah, how was it?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Spectacular.

**JASON**

That's why I wanted it.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(disciplining the puppy again)*

Jason! The bacon cheeseburger was new to me, and the salmon was new to you! We're different people, and we have to branch out in different directions! I love you, Jason, but, God, you've got a lot to learn.

**MUSIC #4A: YOU'RE NEVER GOOD ENOUGH, PART TWO**

*(JASON addresses the audience, and MARGO sets the couch. SHE sits on the couch with a blanket on her lap. SHE is wearing the teddy again.)*

**JASON**

YOU CHANGE, YOU BEND...  
YOU FIND A MAN YOU NEVER KNEW  
BECOMING WHO SHE WANTS YOU TO.  
SHE SAYS THAT ALL SHE WANTS IS YOU...  
STILL... YOU'RE NEVER GOOD ENOUGH.

*(The lights come up slowly on MARGO as JASON moves toward her. MARGO whips the blanket into the air and JASON crawls underneath it and between her legs. The final picture should be MARGO sitting on the couch with a blanket over her legs, once again wearing the revealing teddy. JASON should be completely concealed under the blanket, but we should be able to tell that his head is between her thighs. Whenever JASON comes up from under the blanket, he should go far enough up her body that she can lean in close to his face.)*

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

What are you doing?

**JASON**

*(muffled, as though his face is buried in something)*

What?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

What. Are. You. Doing?

**JASON**

*(muffled)*

Don't you like it?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

What?

*(JASON pops up from underneath the blanket.)*

**JASON**

Don't you like it?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(pause)*

Could you just...

*(SHE twists his head and shoves it back under the blanket where SHE wants it)*

...try it here a little bit.

**JASON**

*(muffled)*

Okay.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(several seconds pass—a little exasperated)*

Listen, there was this guy in high school....

**JASON**

*(muffled)*

What?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(pulling his head from under the blanket)*

There was this guy in high school....

**JASON**

Yeah?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

He used to do this....

*(MARGO bends down and demonstrates a tongue technique on JASON's nose.)*

**JASON**

He licked your nose?

*Love's Sick*

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

No.

**JASON**

'Cause I could do that....

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

No.

*(SHE demonstrates on his nose again.)*

Down here.

*(MARGO shoves his head back under the blanket and sits back. There is a seven-to ten-second pause as SHE twists and squirms to get him in the right place.)*

**JASON**

*(muffled)*

Like this?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(getting comfortable)*

Actually, yeah, that's better.

*(pause — SHE pulls his head back up)*

Now do this too.

*(MARGO again moves to lick JASON's nose, but SHE also jams her index and middle fingers into his mouth. JASON lurches back from her, but not far enough to pull the blanket off.)*

**JASON**

Jesus, Julie. You could just tell me.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Why should I have to tell you?

**JASON**

You know what? I've done this a few times, and no one's ever said anything before.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Well now you know why they were so quiet.

**JASON**

Why are you being like this?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Listen. Lots of guys can stimulate my body, but you and your words stimulated my mind, Jason. Now let's put that silver tongue of yours to work down here!

*(MARGO shoves him back under the blanket.)*

**MUSIC #4B: YOU'RE NEVER GOOD ENOUGH, PART THREE**

*(JASON slides out from under the blanket and moves to address the audience. MARGO sets the couch center stage for JULIE's mother's house. JULIE's mother never appears onstage.)*

**JASON**

YOU TRY TO BE HER LANCELOT, HER GALAHAD!  
YOU TRY TO BE HER DEAREST, TRUEST FRIEND.  
YOU TRY TO BE HER ODYSSEY, HER ILIAD!  
YOU'RE NEVER GOOD ENOUGH.

*(MARGO finishes setting the stage with just enough time to walk up and grab JASON's arm right as SHE speaks—nearly interrupting him. It should be as though they have just walked into her mother's house.)*

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Mom, we're getting married.

*(JASON looks at her in shock and freezes. When HE doesn't speak, SHE bumps him hard and goes on.)*

Isn't that right, Jason?

**JASON**

*(pause—stumbling ad lib.)*

Yes... right... of course.... It's just that, every time I think about it, I'm speechless.

*(to JULIE's mother)*

Could I have a glass of water please?

*(They watch JULIE's mother leave to get Jason's water. The following scene is played quickly, in hushed tones, as though her mother were in the next room.)*

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Why couldn't you get it yourself?

**JASON**

*(moving to the couch and sitting down)*

I needed to sit down. Married?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(sitting beside him)*

Don't you want to marry me?

**JASON**

Shouldn't we decide that together?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

I thought Mom should know first.

**JASON**

Before me?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

I thought you did know. I thought you could feel it.

**JASON**

Feel what?

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

That we belong together. That we have to be together. Can't you feel it?

**JASON**

Julie, you know exactly how I feel about you. But this is breakneck speed.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*Carpe diem*, Jason. You taught me that.

**JASON**

Yes, "seize the day." But "look before you leap," too.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

What does that one mean?

JASON

Julie, it's English.

MARGO (AS JULIE)

Well you're always using these Latin words, so I never know what to expect.

JASON

You never know what to expect!?!

MARGO (AS JULIE)

Do you want to marry me or not?

JASON

Can't we talk about this later?

MARGO (AS JULIE)

I need to know before Mom comes back.

JASON

Why?

MARGO (AS JULIE)

*(raising her voice for her mother's benefit)*

I'm not going to lie to my mother!

JASON

*(trying to hush her)*

I can't give you an answer that fast, Julie!

MARGO (AS JULIE)

*(yelled offstage)*

Mom! Make me some iced tea!

*(to JASON, patting his hand patronizingly)*

There. Take your time.

**MUSIC #4C: DANCE OF BETRAYAL/YOU'RE NEVER GOOD ENOUGH, PART FOUR**

*(JASON addresses the audience as MARGO begins to dance seductively. It is suggestive, but not overtly sexual at first. It becomes more sexual as it goes.)*

**JASON**

AND WHEN LOVE ENDS,  
YOU KNOW YOU GAVE HER ALL YOU COULD.  
YOU KNOW SHE SHOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD.  
YOU CAN'T BELIEVE YOU THOUGHT SHE WOULD...  
YOU WEREN'T GOOD ENOUGH.

*(MARGO's dance is now very suggestive, but stylized and not pornographic.)*

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(timed to music)*

Oh... Paul... Yes... Paul...

**JASON**

I TRIED TO BE HER LANCELOT, HER GALAHAD!  
I TRIED TO BE HER DEAREST, TRUEST FRIEND.  
SHE DIDN'T WANT AN ODYSSEY OR ILIAD!  
I WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

Mmm... Paul... That's perfect... Paul...

*(MARGO's dance is nearly to the point of pantomimed sexual acts—nearly. As the music progresses toward Always Almost, SHE begins to thrash about rather wildly, a sort of stylized build and orgasm.)*

**JASON**

AND IN THE END,  
I KNOW I GAVE HER ALL I COULD.  
I KNOW SHE SHOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD.  
I CAN'T BELIEVE I THOUGHT SHE WOULD...  
I WASN'T GOOD...

*(The music segues directly into Always Almost. JASON confronts MARGO by grabbing her shoulder and spinning her out of her dance of betrayal.)*

**MUSIC #5: ALWAYS ALMOST**

**JASON (CONT'D)**

JULIE, WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT CAN I DO?

**JASON (CONT'D)**

I'VE DONE ALMOST ALL THAT YOU'VE ASKED ME TO.  
I THOUGHT I WAS REALLY GETTING BETTER.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(speak-singing)*

You were Jason, but...

**JASON**

THEN WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHO CAN I BE?  
YOU TOLD ME THE THINGS THAT YOU WANT OF ME.  
I FOLLOWED THEM ALMOST TO THE LETTER.

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

*(speak-singing)*

You never got it right..

**JASON**

BUT YOU SAID THAT YOU LOVED ME!  
YOU BEGGED ME TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE.  
IF IT'S TRUE THAT YOU LOVE ME,  
WHY NOT GIVE ME A SECOND GLANCE?  
AS TO WHO'S IN MY BEDROOM...  
I REALLY DON'T CARE.  
IF YOU JUST TAKE ME BACK  
I'LL FORGET THIS, I SWEAR.  
I CAN BE WHO YOU WANT.  
I CAN BE WHO YOU NEED.  
IF I TRY A BIT HARDER, MAKE MORE OF AN EFFORT,  
I KNOW I'LL SUCCEED.  
I ALMOST HAD IT, JULIE, I WAS ALMOST THERE...

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

BUT JASON IT'S ALWAYS ALMOST, BUT NEVER QUITE.  
ALWAYS ALMOST, BUT NEVER RIGHT.  
YOU WERE NEVER AS CLOSE AS YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE.  
YES, JASON, IT'S ALWAYS ALMOST, BUT NO SUCCESS.  
ALWAYS ALMOST, BUT NEVER "YES".

WHEN WE MET I WAS LONELY,

**MARGO (AS JULIE ) (CONT'D)**

AND LIFE WAS A CHORE.  
MY HEART WAS IN PRISON,  
YOU OPENED THE DOOR.  
I'M SURE THERE WERE PROBLEMS  
I DIDN'T EXPLORE,  
BUT MY EYES ARE FULLY OPEN NOW  
AND I'M NOT ACCEPTING "ALMOST" ANYMORE!

**JASON**

BUT YOU SAID I WAS PERFECT,  
THAT I WAS A "DREAM COME TO LIFE".  
SO WHAT HAPPENED TO "PERFECT"?  
SO WHAT HAPPENED TO "I'LL BE YOUR WIFE"?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?  
WHAT PROVOKED THIS AFFAIR?  
ARE YOU SURE IT'S NOT SOMETHING  
THAT WE CAN REPAIR?  
I CAN BE WHO YOU WANT.  
I CAN BE WHO YOU NEED.  
IF I TRY A BIT HARDER, MAKE MORE OF AN EFFORT,  
I KNOW I'LL SUCCEED.  
I ALMOST HAD IT, JULIE, I WAS ALMOST THERE...

**MARGO (AS JULIE)**

BUT JASON IT'S ALWAYS ALMOST, BUT NEVER BEST.  
ALWAYS ALMOST, I'M NOT IMPRESSED.  
WE WERE NEVER AS CLOSE AS WE COULD HAVE BEEN.  
YES, JASON, IT'S ALWAYS ALMOST, BUT NEVER PAR.  
ALWAYS ALMOST, BUT NO CIGAR.

I ADDRESSED ALL THE FAULTS  
THAT I COULDN'T IGNORE,  
BUT FOR EV'RY CORRECTION  
I FOUND TWENTY MORE.  
I STARTED TO WONDER  
WHAT ALL THIS WAS FOR.  
SO I FOUND ANOTHER MAN  
BECAUSE I CAN'T AGREE TO "ALMOST" ANYMORE!

**JASON**

BUT YOU KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU!

*(Finally, the emotion in the real JULIE has built to the breaking point. JASON never said that he loved her, never, and this is more than she can bear. The next few lines should create plenty of confusion. Though some people will probably guess what's going on, it should not yet be made too clear that this is the real JULIE in the audience. MARGO notices JULIE immediately, but goes on, because SHE doesn't recognize her. JASON doesn't see her at first, and when HE does, HE is unable to identify her because of the lights.)*

**JULIE**

This is ridiculous!

**JASON**

I LOVE YOU, YOU KNOW THAT, I LOVE YOU.

**JULIE**

That's enough!

**JASON**

PLEASE, JULIE, DON'T LEAVE ME, I LOVE....

**JULIE**

Stop it. Now!

*(There's an awkward pause as JASON becomes aware of the disturbance. JASON squints and shields his eyes, but obviously doesn't recognize JULIE at first. JULIE is moving her way to the end of whatever aisle she's seated in. The USHERS start to move toward JULIE.)*

**MARGO**

*(as herself—SHE portrays herself throughout the rest of the play)*

Look dearie, either sit down and shut up or get out, but this show is going on.

**JASON**

*(HE recognizes her.)*

What the hell are you doing here?

*Love's Sick*

**MARGO**

You know her?

**JULIE**

No, he doesn't know me at all.

**JASON**

What the hell is that supposed to mean, Julie?

*(pause)*

**MARGO**

Oh, great, this is Julie!

**JULIE**

Make me look stupid. Make me look vain, bitchy, whiny, slutty, whatever. Fine. But you never told me you loved me.

**MARGO**

Hey, you're Julie. That's wonderful Julie. Nice to meet you. But you know what? We're sort of in the middle of this here and if you want to critique the show or whatever can you just sit down, and shut up, and wait till it's over—

*(JULIE continues to advance.)*

Okay since you're not sitting or shutting—ushers, are you enjoying this little show here? What do we pay you for? Ush, children, ush!

*(USHERS grab JULIE and start to lead her out.)*

**JULIE**

Get off me.

**MARGO**

Bye bye, dearie!

*(JULIE breaks free.)*

**JULIE**

I'm not going anywhere you stupid bitch, this is between me and the author of this piece of crap.

*(USHERS recapture JULIE and pull her farther back.)*

**JULIE (CONT'D)**

Get off of me!

**MARGO**

You know Jason kept saying, "No, give me more, give me more," until I thought that I couldn't possibly be any crazier, but you, my dear, are a bonafide basketcase!

*(JULIE struggles and twists until they can't hold her anymore. SHE runs toward the stage.)*

**JULIE**

This is slander. This is bullshit. I can't just let you make up this shit about me.

**MARGO**

All right. I can see I'm going to have to do my own ushing here.

*(MARGO advances on JULIE. JASON holds MARGO back.)*

**JASON**

Don't get in the middle of this, Margo.

**MARGO**

Well I guess I'm in it now, huh? When you cast me as her? I'm part of it now, honey.

*(The USHERS grab JULIE. SHE tears away.)*

**JULIE**

Don't touch me.

*(THEY grab at her again. SHE draws a pistol.)*

Don't. Fucking. Touch me.

**MARGO**

*(screaming quickly—ad lib.)*

Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!  
Oh my God!

**JASON**

*(stunned—ad lib.)*

Holy shit! What are you...!?! Put that  
down! You're gonna kill somebody!

**JULIE**

I swear to God I'll kill you if you don't tell this story right.

**JASON**

Who the fuck do you think you are coming... (...in here and...).

*(An USHER rushes JULIE, so SHE grabs a hostage from a nearby row, whose name turns out to be FAITH.)*

**JULIE**

*(dragging FAITH onto the stage)*

Get away from me. Don't touch me!

**FAITH**

Don't hurt me.

**JULIE**

I won't if they just get the fuck away from me.

**JASON**

She's crazy. She's fucking.... Shit. Just do what she says. Get back.

*(The USHERS go back to their posts. JULIE never holds the gun to FAITH's head, but SHE isn't tentative about carrying it. MARGO is catatonic.)*

**ALTERNATE LINES: IF MICROPHONES ARE USED IN THE PRODUCTION**

**JULIE**

I need a microphone.

**JASON**

Use Margo's.

**JULIE**

No. She's going to help me set the record straight. I need another one.

*(to MARGO)*

You. Get me another microphone.

*(MARGO nods vigorously, trying to talk, but unable to.)*

Just go get it.

*(MARGO exits, sobbing.)*

Stay where I can see you.

*(JULIE moves to where SHE can watch JASON, FAITH, and MARGO.)*

**END OF ALTERNATE LINES**

**JASON**

*(to audience)*

You know this is exactly what I'm talking about. Hell, I'm not even surprised.

**JULIE**

God Jason, shut up.

**JASON**

*(to JULIE)*

I oughta thank you. I mean, shit, I was afraid maybe I'd gone too far. No. I didn't go far enough!

**JULIE**

We'll tell it again from the beginning, and then they can decide for themselves.

**ALTERNATE LINES: IF MICROPHONES ARE USED**

*(MARGO reenters with another body microphone.)*

**MARGO**

*(trying to catch her breath)*

Please don't kill me.

**END OF ALTERNATE LINES**

*(MARGO is crying uncontrollably.)*

**JASON**

Margo. Margo. Go to your dressing room.

**JULIE**

Don't.

**JASON**

Go to your dressing room and don't call anybody.

*(to audience)*

Nobody call anybody. I'll handle this.

*Love's Sick*

**JULIE**

I'm not an actress—I need her.

**FAITH**

I'll do it.

*(JULIE studies FAITH for a moment, trying to read her intentions.)*

I'll do it.

**JULIE**

*(pauses to consider—to MARGO)*

Fine.

**ALTERNATE LINES: IF MICROPHONES ARE USED**

**JULIE (CONT'D)**

Leave her your microphone.

*(MARGO hurriedly takes her microphone off and leaves it on JASON's stool.)*

**END OF ALTERNATE LINES**

*(MARGO exits, sobbing. The dialogue continues when SHE starts to leave. SHE must be gone before the gunshot.)*

**JASON**

What the hell is wrong with you?

**JULIE**

I'm tired of letting you do the talking for me.

**JASON**

Write your own damn show.

**JULIE**

That's what I'm doing. Let's start over.

**JASON**

You know what? Fuck you. I am not going to let you march... (...in here and...).

*(Before the end of JASON's line, JULIE raises her gun and fires it into the ceiling above a side of the stage. Pause—the dust settles.)*

**JULIE**

I said, let's start over.

*(pause—SHE looks around)*

I need a script.

**JASON**

Why?

**JULIE**

There's, like, a stage manager with a script, right?

**JASON**

Backstage.

**JULIE**

*(to the USHERS)*

One of you. Get me a script.

*(An USHER starts running backstage to get the script.)*

Two copies.

**JASON**

I don't need one.

**JULIE**

Yes you do. We have some serious rewriting to do.

*(The USHER returns with two copies of the script.)*

Thanks. Now. All this *habeas corpus*, "studying for a final" stuff. Do you remember the name of that course?

**JASON**

Sure. Constitutional Law.

**JULIE**

*(lingering on every syllable)*

Constitutional Law.... Right.

*(normal pace)*

Who was doing the tutoring?

*Love's Sick*

**JASON**

Julie... I wasn't... this play isn't supposed to be a history lesson. I took some....

**JULIE**

*(looking up from the script)*

Liberties?

**JASON**

Artistic license.

**JULIE**

What was my major?

**JASON**

Pre-law.

**JULIE**

And yours?

**JASON**

Theatre.

**JULIE**

Who was doing the tutoring?

**JASON**

You know who it was.

**JULIE**

Was it you? Were you tutoring me?

*(A slight pause; JASON is reluctant)*

**FAITH**

I think she wants you to say "No."

**JASON**

Who are you, anyway?

**FAITH**

Faith.

**JULIE**

Jason?

**JASON**

You were tutoring me.

**JULIE**

Yes. Yes! How easy was that! I was tutoring you.

**JASON**

This wasn't.... I didn't write, I don't know, an account of our, you know... this isn't a historical document.

**JULIE**

To say the least.

**JASON**

It's a play. It's just.... It's a play.

**JULIE**

You didn't even change my name!

**JASON**

They tell you to write what you know.

**JULIE**

"Julie" is the only name you could think of?

**JASON**

No, I mean.... I lived through hell twice, and both times its name was "Julie."

**JULIE**

Hah. Funny. People know me Jason, they know us. How do you think I heard about this? I hear you're writing a show about someone named "Julie." What was I supposed to think?

*Love's Sick*

**JASON**

Nothing. You weren't supposed to think anything. It's....

**JULIE**

What is it?

**JASON**

Nothing. I don't know. It's... I should have named her "Pollyanna." No. "Medea."

**JULIE**

But you didn't. And instead people who know me get to come and see "who I really am."

**JASON**

And now you're here with a gun, so everybody else gets to see it too.

*(Is SHE bluffing?)*

You know blanks are still dangerous, right Julie?

**FAITH**

They are?

**JASON**

Hot gas explodes out of a narrow barrel, not to mention there's a wad in the end to hold in the gunpowder. Very dangerous at close range.

**JULIE**

Well, these are bullets. Dangerous at any range.

**JASON**

Aren't most lawyers in, like, courtrooms? How many go to musicals with guns?

**JULIE**

Some of us have some things we need to say, and we find our ways to say it. Now. Your script.

**JASON**

What about it?

**JULIE**

*(studying the script, deciding how she wants to do this)*

Let's go through this. Um.... It's Faith you say?

**FAITH**

Yes, Faith.

**JULIE**

Fine. Faith, I'm gonna need you to be me. But, you know what, since he sort of swapped us around here, you're gonna *be* me, but you're gonna read the lines marked "Jason."

**JASON**

That won't make sense.

**JULIE**

*(indicating that SHE's still holding the gun)*

Still, humor me. We'll make it work. And you're gonna read the "Julie" lines. Actually....

*(SHE has a fun idea.)*

Hey, usher, get up here!

*(The USHER goes to her. JULIE whispers something to the USHER. The USHER looks confused.)*

No you heard me right.

*(The USHER exits backstage.)*

**JASON**

Julie, what are you doing?

**JULIE**

*(begins to set up the first scene)*

On the couch.

**FAITH**

Where do I go?

**JULIE**

Next to him. You need a book or something.

**FAITH**

I'll pretend this script is a textbook.

*Love's Sick*

**JULIE**

That works. Okay, let's go. Skip the damn song.

**FAITH**

No, I can do it. He sang like twelve verses.

**JASON**

Four.

**FAITH**

It's enough for me to know it.

**JULIE**

Okay. Whatever.

**MUSIC #6: LOVE'S SICK (REPRISE)**

*(The music starts, vamping until FAITH sings,)*

**FAITH**

*(excited)*

I've never sung in front of an audience before. I had lessons when I was four. From my Aunt Muriel. And I had a solo in the cherub choir. I guess that was an audience.

**JASON**

Oh my God.

**FAITH**

Do I take my tempo from the piano? Or do I set a tempo?

**JULIE**

I...

*(SHE looks to JASON for guidance.)*

**JASON**

If you're going to sing, for God's sake, sing.

**FAITH**

But what if I...

**JASON & JULIE**

Sing!!

**FAITH**

*(SHE makes a few mistakes at first, but gets more comfortable as SHE goes)*

LOVE'S SICK.  
A PSYCHOTIC CONDITION.  
IT SPLITS YOUR PERSONALITY APART.  
ANY REASONING IS USELESS  
WHEN THE ARROW STRIKES ITS GOAL.  
YOU CAN'T CONTROL THE PASSION BLEEDING FROM YOUR HEART.

**JASON**

This is insane. I feel like... some kind of weird distorted déjà vu.

**JULIE**

I've felt that way all evening.

**FAITH**

LOVE'S SICK.  
IT'S A POTENT CONTAGION.  
A GERM THAT INSTANTANEOUSLY INFECTS.  
IT CONTAMINATES YOUR BLOODSTREAM  
AND DEACTIVATES YOUR MIND.  
YOU'RE STRICKEN BLIND TO ITS EMBARRASSING EFFECTS.

*(Pause — no one says anything — to JASON)*

It's your line. "I'm drawing a blank..."

**JASON**

I know I know! Fine.

*(pause — weird emphasis on the word "Jason")*

I'm drawing a blank, Jason. What is it?

**FAITH**

It's Latin. *Habeas corpus*.

**JASON**

Julie! This is completely ridiculous!

**FAITH**

LOVE'S SICK.  
AN INFECTION...

**FAITH (CONT'D)**

*(indicating the line in the script)*

No. It's "Hay... bee..."

**JASON**

I know what it is.

*(to JULIE)*

What are you trying to do? They already heard all of this.

**JULIE**

What's the line Faith?

**FAITH**

He's pretending to write and saying "Hay... bee... us...."

**JASON**

Fine.

**JASON (CONT'D)**

*(makes a big deal of writing)*

Hay... bee... us... cor... pus...

**FAITH**

LOVE'S SICK.  
AN INFECTION, A VIRUS.  
BACTERIA THAT'S TEEMING IN  
YOUR CHEST.  
IT'S A CANCER IN THE RIBCAGE,  
IT'S A CENTRALIZED GANGRENE,  
THERE'S NO VACCINE PREVENT-  
ING CARDIAC ARREST.

**JASON (CONT'D)**

What does... hay-bee-us... cor-pus... mean?

**FAITH**

*(delivers the line poorly, as if the line is complete rather than interrupted)*

If you got arrested.

**JASON**

For wha...? No wait. It's "If you got arrested...." Dot, dot, dot. It's interrupted. You sounded like the line was over, but it....

*(The USHER reenters with MARGO's teddy and gives it to JULIE. It should be crumpled up so it's not completely clear what it is. The USHER goes back into the house.)*

**JULIE**

Shut up Jason. This part sucks anyway. Skip to... "Word for word."

**FAITH**

Uh... okay. Word for word it means "You shall have the body."

**JULIE**

Okay, stop. Now. Jason. Do you remember the effect those words had on you?

**JASON**

What are you talking about?

**JULIE**

Oh you remember. You know how I know you remember? You wrote a song about it.

**JASON**

It's funny.

**JULIE**

Yes, very funny. Put this on.

*(SHE holds the teddy up so it's clear what it is, and tosses it to him.)*

**JASON**

What???

**JULIE**

Put it on.

**JASON**

Are you kidding me???

**FAITH**

It's not going to fit him.

**JULIE**

I don't care. Put it on.

*(SHE holds the gun in such a way as to remind everyone who's in charge.)*

**JASON**

Oh my God. You talk about telling the "true story" or whatever. What the hell is this?

**JULIE**

This would be "Artistic License." You made that poor girl wear this thing and act like I was some kinda sex fiend, but it was you, Jason, and you know it. Put it on.

*(JASON starts undressing, doing his best to conceal himself behind the couch.)*

And I never begged you to stay and I didn't tell you I loved you. I was trying to get you out.

**JASON**

You were not. You liked me.

**JULIE**

*(to FAITH)*

He tried to make a perverted joke out of everything. Everything.

**JASON**

I really wasn't very good at reading women Julie. I didn't.... You were cute.

**JULIE**

Whatever. Take off your pants, too.

**JASON**

Julie!

**JULIE**

Take off your pants!

*(HE takes off his pants—JULIE speaks to FAITH)*

He said "I'd like to get you to sign an oral contract."

**JASON**

It was a joke.

**JULIE**

Okay. First of all, I barely knew you. Second of all, it's an oral contract. It's spoken: you don't sign it. Third, we weren't even studying that stuff. It was constitutional law, not, like, civil law. You must have searched for... legal terms, and picked a few you thought sounded perverted.

**JASON**

You were cute.

**FAITH**

So why are you here tonight?

**JULIE**

What?

**FAITH**

Why didn't you just kick him out and never see him again?

**JULIE**

I did kick him out. And in his rush to get out, he dropped this.

*(JULIE produces a small notebook, about 3 by 5 inches, from a pocket.)*

**JASON**

*(almost in the teddy, he is genuinely stunned)*

You still have that?

**FAITH**

What is it?

**JASON**

Poems. Lyrics. Scenes. I started carrying a little notebook with me, that semester actually. January. Whenever inspiration struck me, I wrote it down.

**JULIE**

Into the teddy lover boy.

**FAITH**

May I?

*Love's Sick*

**JULIE**

Sure.

*(JULIE tosses the notebook to FAITH, who eagerly starts reading. JASON is finished changing. HE now wears the teddy and a pair of boxers.)*

Okay. Now sing.

**JASON**

Sing what?

**JULIE**

You know what.

### **MUSIC #7: HABEAS CORPUS (REPRISE)**

*(The first measure plays, and the music waits for JASON to say "Habeas." It goes on when he does.)*

**JASON**

It's not enough to make me wear this... thing?

**JULIE**

You made me sing it. You love those "you shall have the body" words so damn much. You sing it.

**JASON**

*Habeas... corpus....*

**JULIE**

Oh, get into it.

**JASON**

*(not into it yet)*

YOU SHALL HAVE THE BODY.

YOU SHALL HAVE IT IF YOU WANT IT,

AND YOU WANT IT, O BELIEVE ME, YES, YOU NEED IT.

**JULIE**

You can do better than that.

**JASON**

*(more into it)*

THE DESERTERS WHO WERE NAUGHTY  
AND THE REBELS WHO SECEDED,  
THEY BEGGED TO HAVE THE BODY  
SO THEIR CASES COULD BE PLEADED.  
YOU WANT IT, YOU NEED IT,  
BY RIGHTS YOU'RE GUARANTEED IT,  
YOU SHALL HAVE THE BODY.

**JULIE**

All right, Jason. That's more like it!

**JASON**

*(actually having some fun, he gets into it)*

YOU WILL TAKE MY BODY.  
YOU WILL TAKE IT I DEMAND IT.  
O YOU KNOW YOU HAVE THE HUNGER, WHY NOT FEED IT?  
UNLIKE PRIS'NERS WHO WERE RAVING  
OR THE COWARDS WHO RETREATED,  
IF THE BODY'S WHAT YOU'RE CRAVING,  
O, YOUR CRAVINGS WILL BE HEDED.  
YOU WANT IT, YOU NEED IT,  
YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONCEDE IT.  
YOU SHALL HAVE MY BODY!

**JULIE**

Not bad! I knew you had it in you!

**JASON**

I like that song.

*(JASON starts getting out of the teddy.)*

**JULIE**

And that was that. I kicked him out.

**FAITH**

*(SHE barely noticed the song, absorbed in the notebook)*

Some of this is really nice. Romantic.

**JULIE**

Hah. It's a trap. I've never been sure whether he dropped it on purpose or not. I read the stuff and thought that, aw, he's just awkward and he's all right, and blah, bluh blah, bluh blah.

**FAITH**

*(Handing the notebook back to JULIE with a significant look)*

Good stuff.

**JULIE**

You think?

*(reading melodramatically)*

"As rosebuds dripping dewdrops  
Drenched in golden sunrise rays,  
So your lips as red as rubies..."

**JASON**

*(interrupting)*

Gimme a break. That notebook was the first time I ever wrote anything. If you hated it so much, why'd you keep it?

**JULIE**

I didn't mean to. It would get lost and turn up now and then.

**FAITH**

What was a theatre major doing in Constitutional Law anyway?

**JASON**

You know what, I hate it when people think that just because you're an artist you aren't smart enough to understand other stuff.

**JULIE**

Leave her alone.

**FAITH**

I didn't... I'm sorry.

**JASON**

I passed the class.

**JULIE**

You audited the class.

**JASON**

I would've passed the class.

**FAITH**

Look. Can we try something?

**JULIE & JASON**

What?

**FAITH**

Well, sometimes.... Okay. You guys can't get through to each other.

*(to JULIE)*

Can you be you? I mean play Julie. And then you can really talk to each other. I mean, really to each other.

**JULIE**

I told you I'm not an actress.

**FAITH**

An exercise. You're already up here in front of these people. What's the difference?

**JULIE**

*(shoves the gun into the back of her pants)*

Why not.

**FAITH**

Great!

*(FAITH checks the script.)*

Okay, it's the salmon thing next. You were at the table, right?

**JASON**

Yeah.

**FAITH**

*(setting up the table)*

Now. This... teddy. Yeah. This teddy is Julie. And... you have the notebook. It's Jason.

**JASON**

What are you talking about?

**FAITH**

I mean, when you have the teddy, you're Julie, and the notebook means you're Jason.

*(FAITH hands the teddy to JASON)*

**JASON**

I'm not putting that back on.

**FAITH**

No no. Just hold it. Sit at the table.

*(SHE looks at the script.)*

All right. In here, she orders the salmon for you and a bacon cheeseburger for herself. She likes the cheeseburger, and you hate the salmon. Is that right?

**JASON**

Yes.

**JULIE**

No.

**FAITH**

Okay Julie. You've got the notebook. What did Jason do?

**JULIE**

He ordered the salmon himself.

**JASON**

You made me order it.

**JULIE**

I most certainly...

**FAITH**

*(interrupting)*

No no. When you have the notebook, act like he acted, don't just tell us what he said. Same with the teddy. You know what I mean?

**JULIE**

*(pause—takes great pleasure in assuming a stereotypically male posture)*

"Gimme a hunk o' salmon."

**JASON**

*(mimics her by assuming a stereotypically female posture)*

"He'll take the salmon."

**JULIE**

I didn't make you order anything. The waiter came over... Faith, be the waiter... The waiter came over....

**FAITH**

Would you like to hear our specials today?

**JULIE**

Uh... sure....

**FAITH**

What were the specials?

**JULIE**

I don't....

**FAITH**

Okay I'll just.... Tonight we're featuring our Mediterranean chicken in a white wine sauce and our French onion soup. Can I interest you in a Chardonnay?

**JULIE**

Can you just ask us what we want.

**FAITH**

Okay. What will you be having tonight?

**JULIE**

"One hunk o' broiled dill salmon and a bucket o' greasy fries."

**FAITH**

Fries?

**JULIE**

He ordered fries with the salmon.

**JASON**

All night... no, actually for weeks... all I heard was "try new things, try new things, branch out, new, new, new, branch, branch, branch, salmon, salmon, salmon, and oh, by the way, I'll have the bacon cheeseburger!"

**JULIE**

"And all I want is bacon, bacon, bacon, meat, meat, meat, and I can't believe you made me order the goddamn salmon because all I want is ground beef and bacon and flesh and bones and cheese!"

**JASON**

*(overlapping JULIE's line—start around "bones")*

"Try new things! New, new, new! You'll like salmon! It's meaty!"

**JULIE**

*(grabs the teddy and drops the notebook, stands and moves to his side)*

Move.

*(JASON moves to the other side of the table and takes the notebook.)*

Jason, you know I don't eat red meat. But I happen to know that this restaurant uses suppliers who treat animals humanely so because of that and because you ordered the salmon to please me, I will try something you like and order this bacon cheeseburger.

**JASON**

*(applauding)*

Wow. Jesus. You'd have thought I would have remembered that speech.

**JULIE**

That's what it was about Jason. I ordered it to make you happy.

**JASON**

Yeah, but then you liked it.

**JULIE**

It turned out pretty damn good, yes.

**JASON**

But the salmon tasted like fish. Because it's fish.

**JULIE**

Yes. Salmon is fish Jason. I can't believe you're still pissed that you hated a plate of salmon and I liked a cheeseburger. I certainly didn't make you order it.

**JASON**

No, you didn't hold a gun to my head—though I'm pleased to see we've gotten to that point now—but I mean, God damn it, Julie, what else was I supposed to do? Order the bacon cheeseburger and sit there and take the nagging for one more meal?

**JASON (CONT'D)**

*(grabs the teddy, drops the notebook)*

"Why don't you ever get anything except meat, meat, meat? God why won't you try something new..."

*(continues ad lib. until FAITH's line)*

**JULIE**

*(picking up the notebook)*

"Anyone who likes salmon is an idiot because it smells funny and tastes funny and..."

*(continues ad lib. until FAITH's line)*

**FAITH**

*(interrupting them)*

Okay okay okay! Good. Kind of. It's a start. I mean, you're telling each other what you're really feeling, and you're both really feeling. And that's supposed to be good. Good. Okay. Let's.... What's next?

*(SHE studies the script.)*

Oh right. Um.... Okay. Where's that blanket?

*(SHE goes to the blanket.)*

**JULIE**

No. It was humiliating enough to sit there and watch him share our sexual escapades, or at least from his screwed-up point of view. I am definitely not going to participate.

**FAITH**

Think of it as a chance to straighten out the story.

**JULIE**

If he wants to perform sex acts onstage...

**JASON**

*(overlapping)*

We didn't perform any actual sex acts....

**JULIE**

...in front of strangers, and if he can get some girl to do it with him, well, I guess that's his prerogative. But I can't do that kind of thing in front of, God, an audience.

**JASON**

So sex is out, but guns are okay.

**JULIE**

That's different.

**JASON**

Right. The worst I could do is offend somebody. You might kill 'em.

**FAITH**

Listen. I realize I don't know much about you two, but I know enough to see that what you need is communication. You have to talk and you have to work through this.

**JASON**

My God, Julie, I think you pulled a psychiatrist out of the audience.

**FAITH**

No, well, no, but I am a psychology major.

**JASON**

Oh Jesus. Now we're a goddamned science project. Can't you put her back and take that guy?

*(HE indicates a man in the audience.)*

Oh wait. What do you do for a living sir?

**JULIE**

I think she's right, I mean, I'm not going to receive oral sex onstage just to make a point, but I do think she's right.

**JASON**

We didn't actually do anything Julie. What do you think the blanket was for?

**JULIE**

You didn't leave much to the imagination. And you made me look like a, God, I don't know.

**FAITH**

A self-centered slut.

**JULIE**

Well, yeah.

**FAITH**

Do you want to work this out?

**JULIE**

I guess.

**FAITH**

Then I don't know of any better way than to just get over it and do it.

**JASON**

They haven't taught you a better way to fix sexual problems than, like, simulating the acts in your office?

**FAITH**

I'm only a Freshman.

*(SHE pushes JASON down to his knees and covers him with the blanket.)*

Now get down there.

**JULIE**

*(impressed that FAITH handled JASON, SHE goes along with FAITH's plan)*

You know, there's something I like about you. But I'm still not sitting in front of him.

*(JULIE sits on the couch, leaving as much space between herself and JASON as possible. JASON remains on his knees under the blanket.)*

**FAITH**

A little closer?

*(JULIE moves about two inches closer.)*

Okay. That's okay. Okay. Now Julie, what were you feeling?

**JULIE**

It's not that I wasn't enjoying....

**JASON**

*(popping up from under the blanket)*

Well you sure made it seem like you weren't enjoying it!

**FAITH**

No. Let her finish.

**JASON**

*(getting back down)*

Fine.

**JULIE**

It's not that I wasn't enjoying it. I was. I was. It's just that I know my body better than you know my body.

**JASON**

Look, you're not the first girl I was with.

**JULIE**

*(lifting the blanket and looking at him)*

I understand that, but I'm a different girl. Not all girls are the same.

**JASON**

Structurally, yes, they pretty much are.

**JULIE**

Structurally?!? Oh my God. No. Listen. Faith has... the same equipment, yes, but we don't necessarily... like the same things.

**JASON**

Well, gee, I don't know what Faith likes. Hey, Faith, lick my face in the manner that pleases you.

**FAITH**

*(joining them under the blanket)*

I think she's trying to say that she was just... communicating.

**JASON**

*(throwing his arms up to get them out from under the blanket and sitting up)*

Is licking my nose communicating?

**JULIE**

What do you want me to lick? Your forehead? Your eyeball?

**JASON**

Nothing. Don't lick.... Just tell me what you want.

**JULIE**

And then you'd be fine with it? Because, my God, you wouldn't mind that at all, would you, when I told you what I wanted?

**JASON**

Well it would have been a hell of a lot easier to take than what you did.

**FAITH**

Hang on. Let's.... Jason, you get up here....

**JULIE**

I am not getting down there.

**FAITH**

No, please. Just.... It's a chance to show us what he did.

**JULIE**

All right.

*(JULIE kneels about ten feet away and covers herself with the blanket.)*

**FAITH**

Whatever. Now Jason, what did she do?

**JASON**

"No that's not right. Could you move to the left?"

**JULIE**

"My left or your left because gee I don't know under here."

**JASON**

"My left."

*(JULIE moves about six inches to her right.)*

"No, that's still not good enough. No no. Come here and let me show you."

*(JASON stands and crosses to JULIE, lifts the blanket, basically frenches her face while she struggles to push him away, and replaces the blanket when he's done.)*

**JASON (CONT'D)**

"There do it like that. No! It's still no good. Oh God, why can't you do anything right?"

**JULIE**

All right! Look! I didn't mean to bruise your ego or whatever.

**JASON**

You could have at least let me know you were enjoying it!

**JULIE**

I mean, I did, by virtue of letting you continue.

**JASON**

By virtue of letting.... What the hell???

**JULIE**

I could have just told you to stop.

**JASON**

Oh my God. Jesus. You let me continue. How generous.

**JULIE**

No. It's.... If it was about how good it was I could've.... But I wanted you Jason.

**JASON**

Well I deeply appreciate your pity Julie.

**JULIE**

It's not pity Jason. I just thought that when you really made me feel fantastic that you would feel fantastic too.

**JASON**

I wanted to do it myself.

**JULIE**

God that's childish.

**JASON**

No. How am I supposed to feel good about it if you walk me through it step by step? If it's childish then it's because you treated me like a child.

**FAITH**

*(pause—after it's clear that neither of them is going to speak)*

I know this is an awkward topic for both of you, but I bet you feel better about it now that you've gotten it out there.

**JASON**

Oh yeah. Tons.

**FAITH**

All right, let's move on. What's next?

*(SHE checks the script.)*

All right. Let's talk about what happened with your Mom.

**JULIE**

Okay! We got something to talk about!

**JASON**

Oh shit.

**JULIE**

Yeah, oh shit. Now exactly how did you say it happened? We were at my mother's and I announced our engagement to Mom? Was that it?

**JASON**

It's theatre Julie.

**JULIE**

Oh yeah yeah yeah. Artistic license. Artistic license my ass!

**JULIE (CONT'D)**

That's flat out fabrication! You just make up whatever makes you look like the victim of my...

**JASON**

What do you know about writing a play? I'm just trying to tell a coherent story and....

**FAITH**

*(interrupting them)*

Okay stop! You know, we're gonna get more out of this if only one person is talking at a time. So here's what we're gonna do. When you're holding this teddy you can talk. When you're not you listen, no talking. Got it?

*(THEY are silent.)*

All right. Julie. What happened?

*(SHE hands the teddy to JULIE.)*

**JASON**

She gets to go first every time.

**JULIE**

No, Jason, you got to go first when you wrote your show.

**JASON**

*(slight pause)*

Fine.

**JULIE**

I did not tell my mother out of thin air that we were getting married. In fact, I didn't tell her anything.

*(JASON lunges for the teddy—SHE pulls it away.)*

Ah ah. This is mine. You proposed to me and not only that, you did it in front of my mother!

*(SHE turns to FAITH.)*

And then he goes and writes that thing and blames me for....

*(JASON grabs the teddy while JULIE's attention is diverted.)*

Give that back.

**JASON**

No. She never said you couldn't steal the teddy so I've got it now. I'm talking. Yes. I proposed to you in front of your mother. You had made it clear as day that that's what you wanted. Every chance you got it was "Look at that pretty house—we're going to live there" and "Oh my God, I love the name Annamarie and that's what our daughter's name is going to be" and how about this: "I'd never seriously date anyone I didn't want to marry." How about that? And you told me a hundred times how much your mother wanted you to get married and how much she liked me and said I was a perfect catch

**JASON (CONT'D)**

for you and so I put it all together and I don't think it was such a crazy idea to propose to you in front of your mother.

*(HE throws the teddy back to JULIE.)*

**JULIE**

Oh my God Jason. We were in a relationship. People talk like that when they're in a relationship. I thought I could talk to you like that. It's just like... daydreaming. Out loud. And I wouldn't seriously date... I mean, why would I date you today if I didn't plan to date you tomorrow? And the next day? Of course marriage is where that would end up, yes, eventually, but I didn't want to get married immediately!

**JASON**

*(grabbing another end of the teddy — JULIE doesn't let go of her end)*

And I'm supposed to get all that from that one simple little statement?

**JULIE**

One simple little statement doesn't mean the world.

**JASON**

So if you didn't want to marry me, why did you say yes?

*(JULIE yanks the teddy completely away from him.)*

**JULIE**

You got down on your goddamn knees and pulled out a diamond ring and proposed to me in front of my mother. In front of my mother who was planning my wedding when I was rolling around in her womb. You wanna talk about pressure! As soon as you did it I knew there she was, going over the guest list in her head, planning the reception, naming our babies. What was I supposed to say? "Mom, you're going to have to hold onto your dreams for another twenty years because no, Jason, I'm not going to marry you."

**JASON**

*(taking hold of an end)*

But you could've told me later.

**JULIE**

And lie to my mother?

*Love's Sick*

JASON

How is that lying?

JULIE

I'd be saying one thing in front of her knowing I was going to change it later.

JASON

So you lied to me instead.

JULIE

I didn't lie to you either.

JASON

You didn't marry me.

JULIE

I didn't break off the engagement.

JASON

Really.

JULIE

Really.

JASON

You didn't break off the engagement.

JULIE

*(a little uncomfortable)*

No, I didn't.

JASON

Okay. So when I proposed to you in front of your mother I put you in an impossible position, right?

JULIE

Jason....

**JASON**

No, it's entirely my fault. I stuck you between that rock and that hard place and left you no choice but to say, "Yes, Jason, I'll marry you," no choice at all....

**JULIE**

Jason....

**JASON**

*(building)*

And then you had to pretend that, wow, everything was great and wonderful, didn't you? I forced you to live with me and stay with me and tell me that you love me, didn't I? And then my crowning achievement, my magnum opus, I backed you into a corner so tight that you had no choice but to sleep with Paul, didn't I?

*(In his fury, the teddy tears. JULIE stares at the remnant in her hand. Pause.*

*JASON gestures with his half of the teddy before throwing it down.)*

What do you have to say about sleeping with Paul? Did I forget anything in that scene?

**JULIE**

I told you about it as soon as it happened. It was a fluke thing.

**JASON**

A fluke? A fluke?? What, did he fly through the window naked and land *in* you? How was it a fluke, Julie?

**JULIE**

We went through all this Jason. The class went out for drinks and Paul and I were talking and he was interested in everything I had to say....

**JASON**

I bet he was.

**JULIE**

And I drank too much, Jason, I didn't mean to sleep with him. I didn't even like him that much. It was an accident. But he was there, Jason, and you weren't.

**JASON**

So I need to be standing next to you all the time just in case you get horny.

**JULIE**

I'm not talking about sex, Jason. Not everything's about sex.

**JASON**

No but this is about sex, Julie. You had sex with Paul.

**JULIE**

But because you weren't there. Not... not physically. You were never there.

**JASON**

So it *was* my fault! Why am I not surprised?

**JULIE**

No. It wasn't.... I'm just saying that you were never there for me Jason.

**JASON**

When was I never there?

**JULIE**

I don't know. Lots of times.

**JASON**

But you don't remember any.

**JULIE**

No it's not that I don't.... When I was sitting here watching this farce, I let you say pretty much anything you wanted about me. So why did I come up here Jason?

**JASON**

Because you're insane?

**JULIE**

Because you were singing "I love you, I love you, I love you" and you never told me you loved me Jason.

**JASON**

Oh come on. Of course I did. You knew exactly how I felt about you.

**JULIE**

That's it! That's all you ever said. "You know exactly how I feel about you." Every single day.

JASON

Then what's the problem?

JULIE

That's not the same as saying "I love you."

JASON

But I did say it. Every time I left for class or whatever.... I mean God, I must have told you hundreds, thousands, of times.

JULIE

All righty. Name one.

JASON

Are you serious?

JULIE

Name one time.

JASON

I didn't keep a log.

JULIE

You said it hundreds, thousands, of times, I mean, surely you can name just one.

JASON

How am I supposed to... It's something you say. And you say it all the time and... it's like asking me to pinpoint the last time I said "I have to pee."

JULIE

No, Jason, it's nothing like that.

*(brief uncomfortable silence)*

One time.

*(longer uncomfortable silence)*

Exactly. Do you know how much trouble we could have saved if you'd just told me you loved me?

JASON

You wouldn't have slept with Paul if I'd said three little words.

*Love's Sick*

**JULIE**

No, I wouldn't have.

**JASON**

But you know... but you knew how I...

*(pause)*

Didn't you?

*(pause)*

Well then I wish I had said it. But that still doesn't make what you did....

**JULIE**

*(interrupting)*

No it doesn't. And I'm still sorry right now. Today.

*(pause— there are loud footsteps backstage. MARGO reenters.)*

**MARGO**

*(to JASON while entering)*

You son of a bitch!

**ALTERNATE: IF MICROPHONES ARE USED**

*(Realizing SHE won't be heard clearly without a microphone, MARGO walks over to FAITH and grabs her by the collar, yelling at JASON but into FAITH's microphone. FAITH doesn't push MARGO away, but SHE clearly wishes it weren't happening. MARGO delivers all of her lines in FAITH's face.)*

**END ALTERNATE SECTION**

*(JULIE feels like SHE and JASON have just worked through some of their problems, so SHE is rather defensive of JASON. MARGO and JULIE have switched roles in more ways than one.)*

**MARGO (CONT'D)**

You really never told her you loved her?

**JASON**

I guess not.

**MARGO**

You guess?? What do you mean "you guess"? Do you guess that none of the rest of this rubbish was true either? I have a monitor back there, honey, I watched everything, and.... The thing is, I *knew* it. Every instinct I had was telling me that something wasn't right.

*(to JULIE)*

He told me to get crazier and crazier, dearie, and of course I got crazier because I'm an actress and I get paid to do what he tells me to do.

**JULIE**

*(a little icy)*

I know. I don't hold it against you.

**MARGO**

Well I hold it against him.

**JASON**

It was entertainment.

**MARGO**

It was a lie. I told you I was having a hard time finding her character, and instead of helping me you deliberately misled me. You had a vendetta to take care of and I was your little pawn, wasn't I?

**JULIE**

*(a bit testy)*

It wasn't as bad as all that.

**MARGO**

I'm on your side, dearie!

**JULIE**

Well I don't need you. Yeah, it was stupid but that was the way he saw it, and maybe I don't see it that way but that's my problem, not yours.

**MARGO**

You've got to be kidding me! No. If we're going to be picky about it, he betrayed me too. I am an actress, and I am a woman, and because he put me onstage the way he did, I made a mockery of both those things. This isn't as much about you as you wish it were, dearie!

**JULIE**

I swear to God, if you don't stop calling me "dearie"....

**MARGO**

Oh I'll stop, my little chickadee, I'll stop. No need to whip out your gun. I come out here to apologize to you and you're defending him! You are both *insane!*

*(SHE exits, but continues to yell.)*

**ALTERNATE: IF MICROPHONES ARE USED**

*(MARGO drags FAITH with her so that SHE always has the microphone.)*

**END ALTERNATE SECTION**

**MARGO (CONT'D)**

*(from offstage)*

You're going to need to take down the posters and hold some auditions, because this is my swan song, honey, I'm outta here. I'm going to go find a respectable job where I don't have to deal with lying directors or people with guns.

*(MARGO reenters with a coat and a suitcase. SHE leaves through the house.)*

And there's nothing you can say to stop me so don't even try. I never want to see you or hear from you for as long as I live. And I'm telling everyone I know about this—and I know a lot of people—so you'll be lucky if you ever work in this business again.

*(SHE stops at the exit door and looks back. SHE speaks to the audience.)*

I hope you all enjoyed the final performance of "Love's Sick."

*(to JASON)*

So long, honey, and good luck. I hope you two nut jobs have a great time mangling the rest of your life story.

*(MARGO exits the theatre.)*

**ALTERNATE: IF MICROPHONES ARE USED**

*(FAITH, who has been dragged all the way to the exit door, returns to the stage.)*

**END ALTERNATE SECTION**

**JASON**

Oh well. This was probably the last performance anyway.

*(JULIE grins—another pause)*

**FAITH**

What happened next?

**JASON**

What?

**FAITH**

What happened after... you know, Paul.

**JASON**

She took her stuff and left, and we didn't speak for five years.

**FAITH**

But your play doesn't end there, does it? What happened after five years?

*(JASON looks at JULIE as if to say "All right, how are we going to tell the rest of the story?")*

**JULIE**

We've got your script.

**JASON**

Are you going to argue every little detail?

**JULIE**

Maybe.

*(JASON and JULIE look at each other for a moment. FAITH is beaming.)*

**JASON**

What the hell.

*(JULIE glances in the script and smiles. JASON goes to JULIE and whispers something in her ear. SHE looks behind the couch, sees the box with the "law office" props, nods, and sets up the table and chairs as her office at her law firm.)*

**JASON (CONT'D)**

Theatre is a business where you can't always get business, so I joined a temp agency to pay the bills. I worked as a telemarketer, a deliveryman, this and that. Finally, a gig opened up at a legal firm, and I jumped at the chance to sit in a cushy office all day and file papers.

**JULIE**

Come in!

**JASON**

*(entering her office)*

Hi, I'm Jas...

*(HE realizes it's JULIE and switches to speaking in dialect, a hybrid of several accents that is difficult to place. HE also spins around and faces the other direction. SHE is working and doesn't look up immediately.)*

...just here from the temp agency.

**JULIE**

There's a lot of work piled up so let's skip the formalities.

*(SHE looks up—HE was peeking over his shoulder but quickly faces fully the other direction again.)*

I'm Julie. You are?

**JASON**

I'm...

*(fishing)*

Paul.

*(realizing the implications of this)*

Wait, dammit, I mean... Pauloria, Paulicity...

*(giving up)*

Paul for short.

**JULIE**

All right, Paul. I need the Thomas folders in order.

*(pause—JASON peeks over his shoulder to see a small pile of folders beside the table. HE starts to back toward the table. JULIE looks up and sees him still facing the other way. SHE yells as though someone is outside her office door.)*

Come in!

JASON

*(without the accent)*

What?

JULIE

Isn't there somebody waiting outside?

JASON

*(recovering the accent)*

No.

JULIE

Then what are you looking at?

JASON

*(fumbling)*

I... no, I was just thinking... I might have left my keys...

*(HE yanks his keys out of his pocket and brings them up in front of his face. HE spins around with the keys covering everything but his eyes.)*

Nope! Got 'em.

JULIE

*(looking at him)*

Great.

*(JULIE goes back to work. JASON stares at her for a second while putting his keys back in his pocket. JULIE starts to look up to speak again.)*

The folders...

*(JASON dives down to the floor the moment SHE speaks.)*

Are you okay?

JASON

Yeah. My... shoe's untied.

JULIE

When you get that sorted out, the folders are here under the desk.

JASON

Got it.

*Love's Sick*

*(JULIE goes back to work. JASON pauses. Then, to create a distraction, HE takes off his left shoe and throws it over to the other side of JULIE. When the shoe hits the floor, JULIE spins around to see what happened.)*

**JULIE**

What was that?

*(JASON uses the moment to rush to the table, sit down, and dive down to the folders.)*

**JASON**

You see? That's what happens when I don't keep it tied.

**JULIE**

Wow.

*(pause)*

Aren't you gonna pick it up?

**JASON**

There's no hurry. I'll be sitting here all day anyway.

*(JULIE is slightly befuddled, but SHE shrugs it off. There is a pause while THEY work. Finally JULIE notices that JASON is staying under the table.)*

**JULIE**

You can work up here on the desk.

**JASON**

This is fine.

**JULIE**

Suit yourself.

*(pause—SHE talks while working, not looking up.)*

I need the first Thomas folder. It should say something about deforestation.

**JASON**

Got it.

*(JASON comes up with two folders, holding them both in front of his face. HE hands JULIE one folder and keeps the other one in front of his face.)*

**JULIE**

Thanks, no, wait, this isn't it.

*(SHE sets it down. JASON angles his head back to read the label on the other one. It's the right folder. HE reaches down and takes another one off the pile under the table. HE quickly jerks it in front of his face while handing JULIE the correct folder.)*

Thanks.

*(pause—SHE talks while working, not looking up.)*

So Paul, where are you from?

**JASON**

Up north.

**JULIE**

Where?

**JASON**

Oh, way up there.

**JULIE**

It's just your accent. I've never heard it. What is it, Inuit?

**JASON**

Probably.

**JULIE**

Probably?

**JASON**

I was adopted.

**JULIE**

Oh. Uh-huh.

*(pause)*

I need the folder marked "deeds."

*(JASON can't read the label on the folder in his hand because it's turned the wrong way. HE looks down on the pile. JULIE notices that the folder in his hand is the right one.)*

Oh, you've got it.

*(SHE grabs it, pulling his hand down. THEY each hold on to the folder as THEY look each other in the eye. It's at least ten seconds before anyone says anything.)*

**JASON**

*(in normal voice)*

I'll ask to be reassigned.

**JULIE**

*(pause)*

No. It's... We're both adults, and it's only six weeks, so....

*(pause)*

Look, I get the accent and I get why you didn't want me to see you but, why "Paul"?

**JASON**

I... I don't know. I couldn't.... It didn't mean anything.

**JULIE**

*(pause—SHE believes him)*

Okay.

*(pause)*

Look, I've got to finish this Thomas logging thing before the end of the day. Do you wanna get dinner and catch up later?

**JASON**

*(to the audience)*

So we had dinner.

*(JASON goes on while JULIE peruses the script.)*

And it was good. We talked. I got a bacon cheeseburger. We started seeing each other again—not romantically, just as friends. And even after I left the office we saw each other almost daily. We weren't dating each other, but we were dating, and as our friendship grew, I became the support group, if you will, for her dating disasters. Her many dating disasters.

## **MUSIC #8: DATING IS CRAZY**

**JULIE**

*(indicating the script)*

I notice this rather avoids some of the lovely young ladies you were seeing.

JASON

Well....

JULIE

I know. Artistic license.

*(SHE smiles.)*

No no. You first.

JASON (AS LANCE)

LANCE GATLING.

JULIE

Okay. Who the hell is that?

JASON (AS LANCE)

I must film you.

JULIE

Oh my God! Not...

JASON

*(as himself)*

No names! The names were changed to protect the innocent.

JULIE

You didn't change my name.

JASON

You're not innocent.

*(as Lance)*

Now, I must film you.

*(HE pantomimes filming JULIE.)*

IF YOU LET ME DIRECT YOU,  
I WILL NEVER NEGLECT YOU.

JULIE

Oh Lance, aren't you sweet!

JASON (AS LANCE)

Move back a little....

*Love's Sick*

*(JULIE moves off the stage.)*

**JASON (AS LANCE) (CONT'D)**

Oh yes.... Beautiful. Now, go into your house.

**JULIE**

I'm not sure I'm ready for that yet.

**JASON (AS LANCE)**

No, just you. I'm staying out here.

**JULIE**

Oh.

*(JULIE moves toward the back of the theatre.)*

**JASON (AS LANCE)**

YOU'LL JOIN MY COLLECTION OF WOMEN ALONE IN THE DARK IN THE  
NUDE IN THEIR DENS,  
AS FILMED FROM THE STREET THROUGH MY TELESCOPIC LENS.

**JULIE**

Wait a minute. You're a pervert.

**JASON (AS LANCE)**

No. Perverts would keep this footage for themselves. I want the whole world to watch!

MY BODY OF WORK GOT ME LANDED IN JAIL,  
BUT PATRONS AND FANS OF MY FILMS POSTED BAIL.  
AND NOW ONCE AGAIN THERE'S A HOT-BLOODED MALE  
ON YOUR TAIL.

**FAITH**

Geesh, how did you get rid of a guy like that?

**JULIE**

He was out in the street taking pictures into some sorority, and he got hit by a bus.

**FAITH**

God.

**JASON**

*(as himself)*

EACH SOULMATE'S A PSYCHO,  
EACH GODSEND'S A PAIN,  
MISTER RIGHT IS STILL DRAGGING THAT OLD BALL AND CHAIN.  
DATING IS CRAZY. THANK GOD FRIENDS ARE SANE.

**JULIE**

All right all right. My turn.

*(SHE assumes a rough and tough voice and posture.)*

Remember me?

**JASON**

*(laughing)*

Blitz?

**JULIE (AS BLITZ)**

*(fishing for a made-up name)*

MARY LOU ANDERSON.

*(SHE indicates a tattoo.)*

Call me "Blitz."

GET ON THE HOG, SKINNY THIGHS.  
I'M TAKIN' YOU UP TO THE MOUNTAINS,  
AND STRIPPIN' YOU DOWN TO YOUR SKIVVIES.

**JASON**

Be gentle with me, Blitz.

**JULIE (AS BLITZ)**

I'M TYIN' YOU TIGHT TO A TREE TRUNK,  
AND RUBBIN' YOU DOWN WITH SOME OIL.

**JASON**

I can't feel my legs.

**JULIE (AS BLITZ)**

AND JUST WHEN YOU THINK THAT YOU CAN'T TAKE NO MORE,

**JULIE (AS BLITZ) (CONT'D)**

I'LL WHIP YOU AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH THE CROCODILE BELT THAT I FASHIONED MYSELF FROM THE CROC THAT I SLAUGHTERED AND SKINNED FOR MY SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

Best birthday ever. Gets me hot just thinkin' about it.

*(JULIE motions that she wants FAITH and JASON to join for the chorus.)*

**JULIE, JASON, & FAITH**

EACH SOULMATE'S A PSYCHO,  
EACH GODSEND'S A PAIN,  
MISTER RIGHT IS STILL DRAGGING THAT OLD BALL AND CHAIN.

*(Starting before "old ball and chain," JULIE waves for them to stop.)*

**JULIE**

Literally. "Blitz" was on work release.

DATING IS CRAZY.

*(JULIE waves for them to join back in.)*

**JULIE, JASON, & FAITH**

THANK GOD FRIENDS ARE SANE.

**FAITH**

I wanna do one.

**JASON**

You know we're talking about actual people, right?

**FAITH**

Yeah I know.

**JASON**

People that we dated....

**FAITH**

Yeah. I still wanna do one.

**JULIE**

*(amused)*

Fine by me.

**FAITH**

BETSY MAE WILKES.

**JASON**

Are you just gonna make this up?

**JULIE**

Wow. Listen to Mister Artistic License.

**FAITH**

A PERMANENT CASE OF THE VAPORS.

I FAINT AND I SWOON AND I "FIDDLE-DEE-DEE"

I NAP IN THE DAYTIME AND POWDER MY NOSE WHEN THE SWEAT  
STARTS TO BEAD.

**JASON**

These are supposed to be real people.

**FAITH**

Uh-huh.

I DALLY IN FRONT OF A PUDDLE REFUSING TO MOVE TILL A  
GENTLEMAN COVERS IT UP WITH HIS CAPE OR HIS COAT.

**JASON**

Real people that we dated.

**FAITH**

Yep.

A LADY DESERVES TO BE TREATED WITH DIGNITY, PAMPERED AND  
CODDLED AND GIVEN THE FINEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.  
AND SO DOES A LADY WHO UP UNTIL RECENTLY...  
WAS A GUY.

*(FAITH is delighted with herself.)*

**JASON**

You just made that up.

**FAITH**

No really! He, or she, or whatever, we're still really good friends.

**JULIE, JASON, & FAITH**

EACH SOULMATE'S A PSYCHO,  
EACH GODSEND'S A PAIN,  
MISTER RIGHT IS STILL DRAGGING THAT OLD BALL AND CHAIN.  
DATING IS CRAZY. THANK GOD FRIENDS ARE SANE.

**JASON**

All right, one more.

**JULIE**

And then one more for me.

**JASON**

*(grunts his disapproval—HE'S a little nervous about who it might be)*

We don't have time to...

**JULIE**

We'll make time. Your turn.

**JASON (AS ARCHIBALD)**

ARCHIBALD GRIFFIN.  
I'M A DIRTY OLD CODGER.

**JULIE**

I didn't really *date* him.

**JASON (AS ARCHIBALD)**

IF YOU FANCY A ROGER,  
THERE'S ROOM IN MY LODGINGS FOR WOMEN WHO VALUE A MAN  
WITH EXPERIENCED LOINS.  
DESIGNED TO DELIGHT THEIR DISCRIMINATING GROINS.

**JULIE**

I never slept with the old coot.

**JASON (AS ARCHIBALD)**

You were shackled up with my little harem quite a bit.

**JULIE**

Free food! The man could cook, remember?

**JASON**

*(as himself)*

Oh, I remember.

*(as Archibald)*

I BAKE A DESSERT WITH AN OLD-COUNTRY KICK,  
AND ALL OF MY LADYFRIENDS QUEUE UP TO LICK  
THE CUSTARD SURROUNDING MY WARM SPOTTED DICK,  
RICH AND THICK.

**JULIE**

Oh Jesus that's disgusting!

**JASON**

Hey. He was a horny old British cook. How could I resist "spotted dick?"

**JULIE, JASON, & FAITH**

EACH SOULMATE'S A PSYCHO,  
EACH GODSEND'S A PAIN,  
MISTER RIGHT IS STILL DRAGGING THAT OLD BALL AND CHAIN.  
DATING IS CRAZY. THANK GOD FRIENDS ARE SANE.

**JULIE**

*(like an announcer)*

And now...

**JASON**

Who is it Julie?

**JULIE (AS BRITTNEY)**

*(JULIE plays "Brittney" as a bit of a "valley girl")*

Who do you think?

**JASON**

Julie...

**JULIE (AS BRITTNEY)**  
BRITTNEY WHITNEY MCKITNEY

**JASON**

Julie please....

**JULIE (AS BRITTNEY)**  
BUY ME A DRINK?

**JASON**

Julie....

**JULIE (AS BRITTNEY)**  
I'M ONLY IN TOWN FOR THE NIGHT.  
IT'S BACK TO THE OFFICE TOMORROW.  
LET'S MAKE IT A MEMORABLE EVENING.

**JASON**

Julie I could get in trouble....

**JULIE (AS BRITTNEY)**  
WHERE DO I WORK?  
IN SALES. NO, IN MARKETING—  
IN A MARKET. I WORK IN A STOCK MARKET OFFICE.  
IN EUROPE.  
BUT ENOUGH ABOUT BRITTNEY.  
I WANNA GET ON YOU FOR HOURS AND HOURS BEFORE I GO HOME—  
TO THE OFFICE, I MEAN, OR THE AIRPORT, THE AIRPORT, I'M  
GOING TO THE AIRPORT, TO EUROPE, BUT NOT UNTIL AFTER  
WE'VE TURNED OFF THE LIGHT....

**JASON**

Okay we get the idea....

**JULIE (AS BRITTNEY)**  
No, I don't think *they* do just yet.

*("Brittney" & "Jason" left the bar and they're at his place now, post-coitus.)*  
GOD THAT WAS AWESOME!  
THE HELL WITH THE AIRPORT!  
WAIT IS THAT MY PHONE OR YOURS?

JASON

Julie....

JULIE (AS BRITTNEY)

OH IT'S YOURS.

WAIT, NO, I THINK THAT IT'S MINE. OH MY GOD.

*(pause – "Brittney" takes the phone from JASON)*

THAT WAS MARJORIE'S FATHER. I'M SPENDING THE NIGHT –  
OH YOU CALLED MARGIE'S FATHER?

THEN I'M AT CARRIE'S, YOU KNOW, IT'S THE GIRL FROM THE  
CHEERLEADING SQUAD WITH THE HAIR AND THE –  
YES I KNOW THAT IT'S LATE AND I KNOW IT'S A SCHOOL NIGHT, SO  
GROUND ME AND SEE IF I CARE, YOU OLD BITCH!

*("Brittney" hangs up.)*

Mom and Dad are coming over to get me....

JASON

It was not my fault!

JASON (CONT'D)

I'm telling you she looked twenty. Mid-  
twenties, I swear to God. She was in a  
business suit kind of thing and she was  
in a bar for God's sake, I mean she even  
had an I.D.

JULIE & FAITH

EACH SOULMATE'S A PSYCHO,  
EACH GODSEND'S A PAIN,  
MISTER RIGHT IS STILL DRAGGING  
THAT OLD BALL AND CHAIN.  
DATING IS CRAZY. THANK GOD  
FRIENDS ARE SANE.

FAITH (CONT'D)

You checked her I.D.?

JASON

No but she must've had one because *she* bought *me* a drink.

JULIE, JASON, & FAITH

EACH SOULMATE'S A PSYCHO,  
EACH GODSEND'S A PAIN,  
MISTER RIGHT IS STILL DRAGGING THAT OLD BALL AND CHAIN.  
DATING IS CRAZY. THANK GOD FRIENDS ARE SANE.

JASON

*(mildly annoyed)*

Why'd you have to go and... what'd you call her, "Brittney?"

JULIE

*(playfully dismissing him)*

I don't want to hear it. I just told a room full of people that you picked up a sixteen-year-old cheerleader at a bar, took her home, and did God knows what with her for half the night, and we're *still* not even. So shut up and get on with the show.

JASON

Yeah yeah yeah.

*(HE goes on with the show.)*

But then there was one who could do no wrong. And once he was in the picture that was all I heard about. "He's perfect." "He's the one." He was everything I wasn't and she wouldn't let me near him. I never even knew his name. I always called him...

**MUSIC #9: MYSTERY MAN!**

JASON (CONT'D)

*(dramatic pause—spoken as though introducing a superhero)*

"Mystery Man!"

*(pause—the music vamps until FAITH sings.)*

Julie it's your line.

*(JULIE doesn't hear him because SHE's reading ahead)*

Julie....

JULIE

Oh! I was.... But this is a song.

JASON

Yeah?

JULIE

I can't sing this.

JASON

Whaddaya mean? You were just singing *that* song.

**JULIE**

You'd already sung it through. Besides, I pretty much made up my verses.

**JASON**

They were fine! I'll help you.

**JULIE**

No, I... I'll watch. Let Faith do it. I don't want her to get bored.

**FAITH**

Oh no, I'm good. This is your thing.

**JULIE**

I... I can't just sing without... I can't do it. But you, you were in the cherub choir, Faith.

**FAITH**

*(considers it)*

I *do* have perfect pitch.

**JULIE**

There you go. She has perfect pitch.

**FAITH**

Are you sure?

**JULIE**

Definitely.

**FAITH**

All right then I'll do it!

*(indicating the script)*

This is just words. Where's the music?

**JASON**

In the back.

*(to JULIE)*

Can't you just give it a shot?

**FAITH**

*(flipping to the back of the libretto.)*

Ah here we go.

*(FAITH begins to sing. JASON is disappointed that JULIE won't sing, but he tries to shake it off and become "Mystery Man". FAITH sings as JULIE.)*

HE'S EV'RYTHING A MAN SHOULD BE!  
HE'S STURDY AS A HARDWOOD TREE,  
AND HE'S SIX-FOOT THREE!

**JASON**

*(recovering from his disappointment that JULIE won't sing)*

Hang on...

**FAITH**

Did I do it wrong?

**JASON**

No it's all right except.... Here...

*(HE leans toward FAITH and whispers something in her ear, something like "you're in love with Clark Kent and just found out he's Superman." FAITH is eager to take notes. SHE nods as HE speaks.)*

**FAITH**

Got it!

**JASON**

*(fully becoming Mystery Man)*

Start it over.

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

*(really over-the-top this time)*

HE'S EV'RYTHING A MAN SHOULD BE!

**JULIE**

*(not angrily—in a "this is going to be silly" sort of way)*

Oh God...

*(JASON gives FAITH a superhero-esque thumbs up.)*

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

HE'S STURDY AS A HARDWOOD TREE,  
AND HE'S SIX-FOOT THREE!  
A BODY LIKE A MATADOR,  
LEAVES ME SATISFIED BUT CRAVING MORE!  
AND HE'S EIGHT-FOOT FOUR!  
HIS UNRELENTING VIRILE DRIVE  
CAN MAKE A WOMAN FEEL ALIVE!  
AND HE'S TEN-FOOT FIFTY-FIVE!

WHEN ROBBERS STRIKE AT CLOSING TIME,  
HE BARRICADES THE GUGGENHEIM.  
ALWAYS FIGHTING CRIME!  
WHEN SHIPS ARE TOSSED AND WAVES COLLIDE,  
HE MANS THE HELM TILL STORMS SUBSIDE!  
MASTER OF THE TIDE!  
THE ONLY MAN WHOSE HANDS DEFY  
AN AST'ROID FALLING THROUGH THE SKY!  
DID I MENTION HE CAN FLY?!

I THINK I LOVE HIM!

**JASON**

I'M MYSTERY MAN!

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

I THINK I REALLY LOVE HIM!

**JASON**

THE MASTER OF MYSTERY!

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

I WANT TO TELL THE WORLD I LOVE HIM!

**JASON**

BUT MY NAME YOU MUST NEVER REVEAL!

**JULIE**

He never said I couldn't "reveal his name." You were just two separate parts of my life and I wanted to keep it that way.

**JASON**

*(in a rich baritone)*

Mystery Man demands silence!

**JULIE**

*(laughing in spite of herself)*

All right, all right!

**JASON & FAITH (AS JULIE)**

THERE'S NEVER A BULLET TOO SPEEDY,  
NOR EVER A BUILDING TOO TALL.  
HE FREEZES A TRAIN WITH NO MUSCULAR STRAIN,  
FOR MYSTERY MAN! MYSTERY MAN!  
IS A MATCH FOR THEM ALL!

**JULIE**

*(enjoying it, mostly)*

I never said stuff like that.

**JASON**

Close enough. Now silence!

**JULIE**

*(still enjoying it... mostly)*

Yeah yeah whatever.

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

AS STARS APPEAR AND DAYLIGHT FADES,  
HE LEADS ME INTO FOREST GLADES,  
SINGING SERENADES!  
HE'LL ALWAYS BE MY GALLANT KNIGHT,  
HIS SHINING MAIL A DAZZLING SIGHT,  
BATHED IN HEAVEN'S LIGHT!  
HE LOVES LONG WALKS, WITH LOVING SMILES,  
ALONG THE SHORES OF BRITAIN'S ISLES,  
ALL ELEVEN-THOUSAND MILES!

I THINK I LOVE HIM!

**JASON**

I'M MYSTERY MAN!

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

I THINK I REALLY LOVE HIM!

**JASON**

THE MISTER OF MASTERY!

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

MY EV'RY FANTASY, I LOVE HIM!

**JASON**

NOW IT'S TO THE PRINCE-CHARMING MOBILE!!

**JASON & FAITH (AS JULIE)**

THERE'S NEVER A BULLET TOO SPEEDY,  
NOR EVER A BUILDING TOO TALL.  
HE FREEZES A TRAIN WITH NO MUSCULAR STRAIN,  
FOR MYSTERY MAN! MYSTERY MAN!  
IS THE MASTER OF ALL!

**JULIE**

*(cheering them... maybe overcompensating a little...)*

Bravo! Bravo!

**FAITH**

*(flushed with energy)*

This is so exciting! Keep going. Keep going.

**JASON**

*(HE keeps going.)*

I, too, found a good catch,

*(JULIE bursts out laughing.)*

and her name was Yvette.

## **MUSIC #10: LOVE SONG UNDERSCORE**

**JASON (CONT'D)**

What?

*Love's Sick*

**JULIE**

A good catch?

**JASON**

She was... better than the rest.

**JULIE**

You mean she was over sixteen?

**JASON**

Yes, she was a legal adult. And she was...

*(long pause—the underscoring vamps)*

...you know...

*(long pause)*

...I'll just sing the song. But you have to be Yvette.

**JULIE**

Oh, I'm going to be Yvette.

**FAITH**

Are you sure because I think I'm doing really well and I can keep going if...

**JULIE**

No this one's mine.

**JASON**

What are you gonna do?

**JULIE**

Well I notice this song doesn't say that much *about* Yvette.

**JASON**

It's more *to* her I guess.

**JULIE**

I wanna make sure we all get to know Yvette really well.

**JASON**

Please just let me sing it to y...

*(HE stops himself from saying "you".)*

**JASON (CONT'D)**

Yvette.

**JULIE (AS YVETTE)**

*(r's and l's should be spoken as w's, for cutesy effect, not a speech impairment)*

Do you hear that Mister Mittens? He's singing too us! Yessie, yessies!

**JASON**

*(to FAITH and audience)*

Mister Mittens was Yvette's puggle. It's... part beagle part pug.

**MUSIC #10A: LOVE SONG**

**JULIE (AS YVETTE)**

*(when the music switches from the underscoring to the song)*

Oh wissien Mister Mittens! It's a pwetty sappy wuv song just for us! Sing it to me my wittle apple-scoopums.

**JASON**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE IN LOVE,  
OR WHAT IT'S S'POSED TO MAKE ME FEEL LIKE.  
IS IT JUST COMPATIBILITY AT AV'RAGE OR ABOVE,  
COMBINED WITH FEAR OF MESSING UP THE STATUS QUO?

**JULIE (AS YVETTE)**

*(no longer cutesy)*

Hey, what kind of love song is this anyway?

**JASON**

Julie....

**JULIE (AS YVETTE)**

Julie?! You mean that little slut friend of yours?

**JASON**

Come on....

**JULIE (AS YVETTE)**

You come on. You tell me you're singing me a love song and then you're like "What is love" and "compatibility," I mean, who puts "compatibility" in a love song?

**JASON**

Ok... Yvette... but could you just let me....

**JULIE (AS YVETTE)**

No. I am going into the bathroom and...

*(to next line without pause)*

**JULIE (AS YVETTE) (CONT'D)**

...I am *not* coming out until you sing me a real love song.

**JASON**

Don't lock yourself in the bathroom again....

*(JULIE puts her fingers in her ears, but pulls them out later to listen again.)*

**FAITH**

She was a real charmer.

**JASON**

ISN'T LOVE JUST A LUSTFUL FASCINATION,  
A GUARANTEE OF REPRODUCTION?  
OR DOES IT HIT YOU LIKE A VISION OR A PROPHET'S REVELATION,  
COMPLETE WITH ANGELS AND AN OTHERWORLDLY GLOW?

**JULIE (AS YVETTE)**

Oh my God I can't believe you think you're going to be, like, a successful play-writer or whatever when, I mean, this isn't even a decent love song! I mean you can't call reproduction "reproduction!" Call it, like, *lovin'* or *making whoopee*.

**JASON**

Nobody calls it "whoopee" anymore.

**JULIE (AS YVETTE)**

Well they certainly don't call it "reproduction" either. Now I've got these things here from the business college....

**JASON**

I don't want to go to business college

**JULIE (AS YVETTE)**

You've got to make something of yourself somehow and you won't go interview with Daddy so this is the best I could do. And besides it's already paid for.

JASON

Yvette....

JULIE (AS YVETTE)

Don't worry. There was just enough money in your account to cover the tuition.

JASON

DO YOU NEED TO NURTURE IT?  
AND IF YOU DO, HOW DO YOU KNOW IF IT'S SOMETHING WORTH  
NURTURING,  
OR SOMETHING BEST LEFT DYING LONG AGO?

JULIE (AS YVETTE)

Hey, while *you* are figuring out whether you're gonna, like, walk out of here like I'm some kinda discarded dishrag, I'm just gonna step out here onto the ledge and....

*(dramatically)*

Farewell Mister Mittens!

*(screaming while "falling")*

Aaaaaaaahhhhhhh!

JASON

She never actually jumped.

DO YOU MAKE A LIST,  
WITH A COLUMN LABELED "POSITIVES"  
AND ONE MORE LABELED "REASONS I SHOULD GO?"

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE IN LOVE,  
OR WHETHER I'M IN LOVE—  
IF I'VE EVER BEEN IN LOVE—  
I ONLY KNOW THAT WHEN I'M FEELING WHAT I FEEL FOR YOU,  
WHATEVER LOVE IS, I DON'T NEED TO KNOW.

FAITH

*(indicating the notebook)*

Hey! That last part's right here!

**JULIE (AS YVETTE)**

*(looks at the notebook)*

What's the matter with you? You had to go back to your college notebooks? Was there some kinda deadline? Or am I just crappy inspiration?

**JASON**

Hey, it's good stuff. It's not like I didn't write it or something. It doesn't expire.

**JULIE**

*(as herself)*

I don't know—I'm with Yvette. It's awfully... non-committal for a love song.

**JASON**

What other kind of love song could I write?

*(THEY all pause for a moment. JULIE starts looking ahead in the script.)*

Shall I go on?

*(JULIE is too absorbed in reading ahead to answer. JASON goes on anyway. As HE speaks, HE sets up the table and chairs for the restaurant. JULIE becomes visibly distressed as SHE reads.)*

Yvette was a great girl, but sometimes passionate people have stormy relationships. We had a big fight, and Yvette threw me out, so I spent some time with Julie. We had more fun together than we'd had in a long time. After a couple of weeks, on a Monday, Julie asked me to lunch: she had an extra-long break and she wanted to see me. As it turned out, I had some good news for her.

*(to JULIE)*

Guess what?

**JULIE**

*(more hurt than angry)*

This really isn't cool.

**JASON**

*(pause—"I was expecting this")*

This is the way I remember it.

**JULIE**

It's like you... I don't know why I'm surprised 'cause it's just like the other stuff but... you cut out everything that doesn't fit your little story.

**JASON**

Well yeah. I wrote a show, not an encyclopedia. It has to be entertaining and coherent and focused.

**JULIE**

I don't know why I agreed to... I guess I thought that once we got to this part... You know never mind. I just got my hopes up and I don't know what I was thinking. Just... No, I'm done.

*(Nobody says anything for a very long time.)*

**FAITH**

We need to keep moving.

**JULIE**

I'm not moving anywhere. I'm done.

**FAITH**

*(there is a hint—just a hint—of excitement in her voice)*

All right, I'll fill in for you if I have to, but if you want to jump in or add anything you do it okay? Where are we?

**JASON**

*(hopelessly disappointed)*

Faith...

**FAITH**

We *need* to keep moving.

**JASON**

Why?

**FAITH**

Because I'm going to get you to start listening to each other or I'm going to die trying. And if you're gonna listen you've gotta keep talking. So talk.

**JASON**

*(pause—a look to the audience—a sigh)*

Yvette threw me out... blah blah blah... lunch... I had some good news.

*Love's Sick*

**JASON (CONT'D)**

*(to FAITH)*

Guess what.

*(FAITH starts her portrayal of JULIE way way over the top.)*

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

*(crazily)*

I ordered your bacon cheeseburger!!

*(JULIE looks like she could kill FAITH.)*

**JASON**

Whoa whoa whoa. Pace yourself.

**FAITH**

Sorry. What do you want?

**JASON**

*(distracted from his disappointment—getting into the scene)*

Save that "crazy" you just found and use it in a minute. But let it build up.

**FAITH**

All right.

**JASON**

Okay, again.

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

*(more naturally)*

I ordered your bacon cheeseburger.

**JASON**

Thanks. Guess what?

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

Pass the salt. What?

*(HE passes the salt.)*

JASON

Yvette called.

FAITH (AS JULIE)

*(not salting the salmon)*

She.... Why?

JASON

She wanted...

*(out of character)*

You've gotta be salting the fish. See the...

*(pointing to the stage direction)*

Just keep salting like you're distracted.

FAITH

Okay. When can I get crazy?

*(JULIE looks angrily at FAITH.)*

JASON

In a minute. Okay. "Yvette called."

FAITH (AS JULIE)

*(absentmindedly salting the fish)*

She... why?

JASON

She wanted to talk. She apologized. I apologized. It was good. Looks like I won't need to stay with you anymore.

FAITH (AS JULIE)

*(still salting)*

Good. Great.

JASON

I think it's really going to work out this time.

*(regarding the salt)*

Julie, what the hell are you doing?

**FAITH**

*(as herself—regarding the "crazy")*

Now?

**JASON**

Now.

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

*(crazily slamming the salt on the table)*

Shit. Waiter! This salmon has way too much salt on it!

**JULIE**

*(pissed—starting on "salmon")*

You make it sound like that's the only thing I ever ate.

**JASON**

What the...

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

Waiter!

*(pause)*

You know what, screw it. Gimme that. Just rinse the goddamned thing.

*(SHE grabs JASON's water and pours it onto the salmon.)*

**JASON**

That's my water.

*(FAITH slams the fork onto the table in disgust, tearing and staining the tablecloth and scratching the table underneath)*

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

God my plate is soaked. Waiter! And the fork's bent. What kind of hellhole is this?

**JASON**

Julie you bent the fork.

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

This goddamned tablecloth is torn and stained.

**JASON**

You just did that yourself!

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

And plaid. God the plaid is burning my eyes. I hate plaid. Especially this little tiny red and white squares thing.... Goddamn it, they're avoiding me.

**JASON**

It's no wonder.

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

Waiter!

*(SHE lifts the tablecloth.)*

No wonder they've got this trash tablecloth. The table is scratched to pieces.

**JASON**

You scratched it when you tore the tablecloth Julie.

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

*(carving with her fork)*

"Replace... the... goddamned... tables...."

**JASON**

You're... vandalizing the table—you'll have to pay for it.

**FAITH (AS JULIE) (CONT'D)**

I'm not paying for that and I'm not paying for my drenched food and my broken fork!

**JASON**

I don't know what's going on here but you are embarrassing me.

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

What a shame. What a goddamned shame. I wouldn't want you to be embarrassed because I know what a sensitive, thoughtful prick you are.

**JASON**

Is this what you brought me in here for?  
What the hell?

**JULIE**

You son of a bitch. You son of a bitch.

**FAITH (AS JULIE)**

I brought you in here because I'm sick of you and...

**MUSIC #11: NOBODY LISTENS UNDERSCORE**

*Love's Sick*

**JULIE**

*(grabbing FAITH and shaking her)*

Shut up!!

**JASON**

*(leaping up to defend FAITH)*

What the fuck is wrong with you?!!

**FAITH**

*(standing between JASON and JULIE)*

No! For God's sake can't you just talk to each other and listen to each other? I mean for God's sake. You're killing me!

**JULIE**

But this is insane. He's either.... a complete jerk or a complete idiot. How could you not even...? You spent two weeks with me Jason.

**JASON**

Yeah?

**JULIE**

You lived with me for two weeks before that stupid lunch. Yvette threw you out and there you were on my doorstep with a duffel bag.

**JASON**

I *said* that!

**JULIE**

But you just glossed over it! It was two weeks, Jason. We slept in the same bed.

**JASON**

And that was all, Julie. Mystery Man may have been, what, San Antonio?

*(If this production happens to be in San Antonio, then "Chicago?")*

**JULIE**

I don't remember.

**JASON**

Did you tell him?

**JULIE**

He knew everything about it.

**JASON**

That's right. There was nothing to hide.

**JULIE**

Then why did you skip it?

**JASON**

There was nothing to tell either.

**JULIE**

That was not all we did.

**JASON**

I never laid a hand on you.

**JULIE**

Goddamn it Jason, this is not about... No. We didn't have sex but we were inseparable! We were as intimate as two people can be without having sex....

**JASON**

We were best friends.

**JULIE**

We were more than that and you know it.

**JASON**

What about Yvette?

**JULIE**

What about her? You said you were done with her. You said if it wasn't for me, you'd have gone crawling back to her, but I didn't let you, and you thanked me.

**JASON**

And "Mystery Man?"

**JULIE**

You said if it wasn't for Mystery Man we'd be back together.

*Love's Sick*

**JASON**

So now I'm Paul huh?

**JULIE**

What?

**JASON**

The other man. The fling. No wonder you didn't let me meet him.

**JULIE**

You don't know anything about it.

**JASON**

What? About Mister Perfect Mystery Man? You never *told* me anything except how perfect he was. Never a name, never a job, hell, he coulda been the president for all I know!

**JULIE**

Aw shit you nailed it! Ladies and gentlemen, I was fucking the President of the United States!

**JASON**

No surprise. You fucked everybody else!

**JULIE**

Fuck you.

**FAITH**

Look, that kind of language just gets in the way.

**JULIE**

And fuck you too. This is quite a game isn't it? Half therapy, half Broadway. "Little Miss Dancing Freud." Did you enjoy making fun of me?

**FAITH**

It was... It's like you said. That was his point of view—and we need to hear everybody's point of view.

**MUSIC #11A: NOBODY LISTENS**

**JULIE**

Do you wanna hear mine? Or am I too crazy?

DO YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS,  
DAY AFTER DAY...

...listening to you whine about Yvette and when you finally get away you just go crawling back?

**JASON**

We tried to work things out....

**JULIE**

WHEN YOU LOOK AT YVETTE,  
WHAT DO YOU SEE?

She didn't care anything about who you were or what you did—

*(brandishing the notebook)*

She would've hated these poems.

**JASON**

So did you.

**JULIE**

Because they're sappy and cheesy but they're the first stuff you ever wrote. She woulda hated them just because you wrote them and they exist.

**JASON**

She wanted to make me a better person.

**JULIE**

She wanted to make you some big business office zombie and being an actor was completely insufficient.

**JASON**

Well that's the story of my life, isn't it? I've never been good enough for anybody.

**JULIE**

No. No! No!!

I'M SO SICK OF THAT!  
YOU'RE SO BURIED IN THAT "NO-ONE-GETS-ME" HOPELESSLY  
ROMANTIC BULLSHIT,  
YOU CAN'T SEE SOMETHING GOOD THAT'S STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT  
OF YOU.  
YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANYTHING,  
BUT NOTHING'S EVER GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU!

**JASON**

At least with Yvette I found something stable.

**JULIE**

Stable? Stable?? Every day there was some new catastrophe—my God she threatened suicide at the drop of a hat.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE STABILITY.  
YOU HAD A NIGHTMARE.

**JASON**

So you didn't like Yvette. So what?

**JULIE**

YOU'RE NEVER GONNA GET IT ARE YOU?

Pay attention Faith:

NOBODY LISTENS!  
YOU TRY TO MAKE THEM SEE,  
YOU TRY TO MAKE THEM LISTEN,  
BUT NOBODY LISTENS!  
(to FAITH)  
YOU DIDN'T LISTEN EITHER.  
WE JUST TALKED AND YOU SAID "HOW'S THAT MAKE YOU FEEL?"  
THAT'S NOT LIST'NING, THAT'S JUST STANDING THERE.  
PSYCHOLOGY'S FOR IDIOTS  
'CAUSE NOBODY LISTENS,  
AND NOBODY CHANGES,

**JULIE (CONT'D)**

AND NOT A SINGLE PERSON'S EVER WHO YOU THINK YOU NEED THEM  
TO BE.

**JASON**

What was I supposed to listen for? That you had a crush on me?

**JULIE**

I didn't have a *crush* on you.

WE HAD OUR LUNCHES,  
AND I COULD TALK TO YOU.  
I COULD BE MYSELF,  
AND YOU WOULD SMILE AT ME.  
AND I REMEMBERED WHAT I WANTED FROM THE START.

**JASON**

The start?

**JULIE**

I LOVED YOU.  
FROM THE NIGHT WE STUDIED LAW I KNEW I LOVED YOU.  
AND IT NEVER WENT AWAY.

AND THEN YVETTE WAS GONE,  
AND WE SPENT TWO WEEKS TOGETHER,  
AND YOU SAID...  
DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID?

**JASON**

What?

**JULIE**

"I think we might be meant for each other."

AND I BELIEVED IT.  
AND I DECIDED IT WAS TIME AND I SHOULD TELL YOU.  
SO I INVITED YOU TO LUNCH AND WHEN YOU GOT THERE YOU  
ANNOUNCED THAT ALL THE THINGS YOU'D SAID TO ME AND  
ALL THE STUFF THAT YOU AND I REBUILT MEANT NOTHING!

**JASON**

Of course it meant something, Julie. But you and I were clearly never meant *for each other*.

**JULIE**

NO ONE'S MEANT FOR ANYONE OR ANYTHING, JASON.

WE CHOOSE.

SOULMATES DON'T EXIST, AND NOTHING'S EVER PERFECT.

AND SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T KNOW IF LOVE IS SOMETHING YOU

SHOULD NURTURE,

BUT YOU TRY.

YOU'VE GOT TO TRY.

NOBODY LISTENS!

I TRIED TO MAKE YOU SEE,

I TRIED TO MAKE YOU LISTEN,

BUT YOU NEVER LISTENED.

'CAUSE NOBODY LISTENS,

AND NOBODY CHANGES,

AND NOT A SINGLE PERSON'S EVER WHO YOU THINK YOU NEED THEM

TO BE.

**JASON**

How was I supposed...?? You never told me anything!! All you talked about was how fucking fantastic that Mystery Man was, but he was so far above me you wouldn't even tell me his name!

**JULIE**

YOU WANT HIS NAME?

GODDAMN IT JASON.

YOU WANT TO HEAR HIS NAME?

HIS NAME WAS JASON, JASON!

*(pause)*

HIS NAME IS JASON.

**JASON**

Me?

**JULIE**

WHERE'D YOU THINK HE WAS?

**JULIE (CONT'D)**

WHY'D YOU THINK HE NEVER CAME AROUND?

**JASON**

Why didn't you tell me??

**JULIE**

YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.  
YOU SHOULD HAVE REALIZED.  
YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED.

**JASON**

Why didn't you just tell me??!

**JULIE**

YOU HAD YVETTE!!  
AND I KNEW YOU'D NEVER TRUST ME AFTER WHAT I DID WITH PAUL!  
AND I KNEW YOU'D NEVER LOVE ME ANYMORE!  
I COULDN'T TELL YOU!  
YOU HAD TO SEE IT FOR YOURSELF!

BUT YOU WOULDN'T SEE!  
AND YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!  
'CAUSE NOBODY LISTENS!  
AND NOBODY CHANGES!  
I COULDN'T MAKE YOU SEE!  
I COULDN'T MAKE YOU LISTEN!  
IF I NEVER DO ANOTHER THING I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU LISTEN!!  
YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN!  
I'LL MAKE YOU LISTEN!!  
I'LL MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND!!

*(JULIE draws her pistol. It's not clear whether she's going to aim it at JASON or at herself. FAITH, who has been watching intently, dives for her.)*

**JULIE (CONT'D)**

I LOVE...!!!!

**FAITH**

No!!!

*(FAITH grabs JULIE's gun arm, spinning her around. The gun goes off, appearing to fire directly into FAITH's chest. FAITH falls. There is a pause;*

JASON and JULIE are both briefly frozen. The music is frozen on a sustained dissonant chord.)

**JASON**

*(realizing where HE is and what's going on—yelling offstage)*

Call nine-one-one! Oh my God! Call nine-one-one! Oh my God!

*(The USHERS run onstage.)*

**JULIE**

*(frantically, trying to convince herself more than anyone else)*

Oh my God. No. We're okay. We're okay. These are blanks. Blanks. Oh my God.

*(One USHER fumbles with a cell phone, trying to turn it on. Once it's on, the USHER places a call to 911. JASON moves to FAITH and stands over her.)*

**JASON**

What do I do? I don't know how to....

**JULIE**

We're okay, Jason. These are blanks.

*(From here until the end of the play several things happen. One USHER is on the phone with emergency services. The phone call is ad libbed, and should be audible to the audience, even to the point of distracting. If available, an Assistant Stage Manager or a stage crew member enters and kneels beside FAITH and tends to her. The other USHER is scurrying around, running backstage, onstage, conferring with the crew member, conferring with the USHER on the phone. The scene should be generally distracting, but it should be clear that FAITH is getting as much attention and help as possible for now. In the midst of this chaos, JASON and JULIE play out the remainder of their lines. The lights should subtly come up on them and go down on the rest of the scene, though FAITH is never in complete darkness. Played correctly, the audience should let their worries about FAITH subside somewhat as JASON and JULIE play out the scene.)*

**JASON**

It doesn't matter if they're blanks. It shot right into her chest. Right into... What were you doing?

**JULIE**

It just went off. You know I wouldn't....

**JASON**

Why did you even bring it? Why did you bring it??

**JULIE**

I... couldn't think of... I needed you to listen, Jason, and they would've dragged me out of here. I had to find a way to say what I needed to say and this was all I could.... I didn't think it would....

*(SHE trails off.)*

**MUSIC #12: FINALE UNDERSCORE**

*(JASON gathers himself. JASON moves away from FAITH as the others crowd around her. JULIE drops the gun and falls to the floor, away from FAITH. JASON goes over to JULIE.)*

**JASON**

*(calm and resolute)*

Why didn't you just tell me I was your mystery man?

**JULIE**

I knew you didn't love me.

**JASON**

Julie...

*(pause)*

How'd you think I got in that law class? You know I don't know anything about law or government and why do you think I was there Julie? On the first day I saw you walk into the building and I followed you right into the class, I didn't even know what it was and I never took the tests or did the homework because I didn't audit it, Julie, I was never even enrolled.

**JULIE**

Why didn't you tell me?

**JASON**

And do you know what I did while I sat there not doing the homework or reading the book or taking the tests?

*(JASON picks up the notebook.)*

I sat there and I wrote about you. This may not be much but it was the first time I ever felt like writing anything and it's about you. This play, you may not like it but it's about you too. It wasn't supposed to be but I couldn't stop it. That line that Faith found in the love song was there because I wrote it about you, years ago. I tried to write a song about Yvette, but how could I? Everything I ever wrote or ever did that meant anything to me at all was because of you....

*(Long pause. The lights start their very slow fade.)*

...I love you.

*(The lights on FAITH come up a little as FAITH stirs ever so slightly, just enough to elicit sighs of relief from the people surrounding her. Then her lights continue to fade.)*

*(JULIE doesn't necessarily see FAITH stir.)*

**JULIE**

*(collapsing into JASON)*

These are blanks. We're okay.

*(The lights fade slowly to black, first the lights on FAITH, then, finally, the lights on JASON and JULIE, holding each other.)*