

Driveshaft

A Comedy in One Act

by

Jeff Larche

The set consists of a single set piece: a padded bench about the size of a love seat (or the back seat of a car or is that redundant?) The bench is enclosed by two sides and a back; all about six inches thick, and of loveseat height. This bench is a booth in an out-of-the-way niche in the Driveshaft Disco. On a thrust stage, the bench would be located up of DC.

The actors enter and exit from two wings, one on each side of the stage, along the teaser line. The wings are quarter-circular and painted to resemble car tires. Imagine a hundred foot art deco car parked directly behind the proscenium arch. Or, turn the page.

Upstage of the wings is a wall of the disco, or a cyc.

The play takes place in the Driveshaft Disco and, during the fantasy sequences, in the mind of Scott, the protagonist. It's a Saturday night.

The Characters:

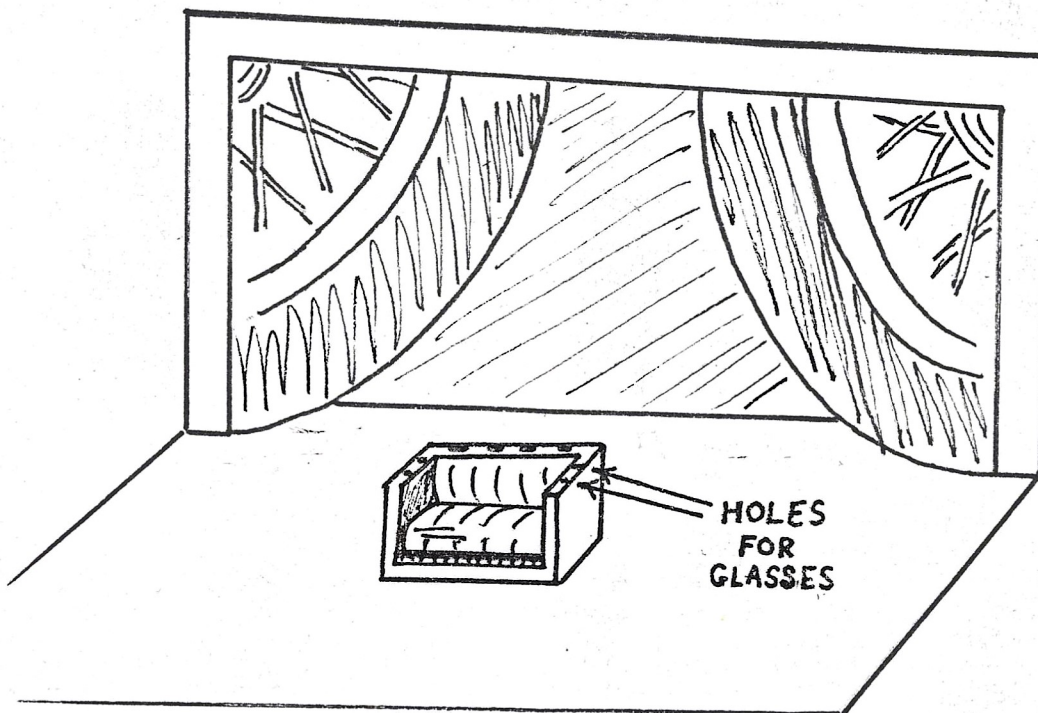
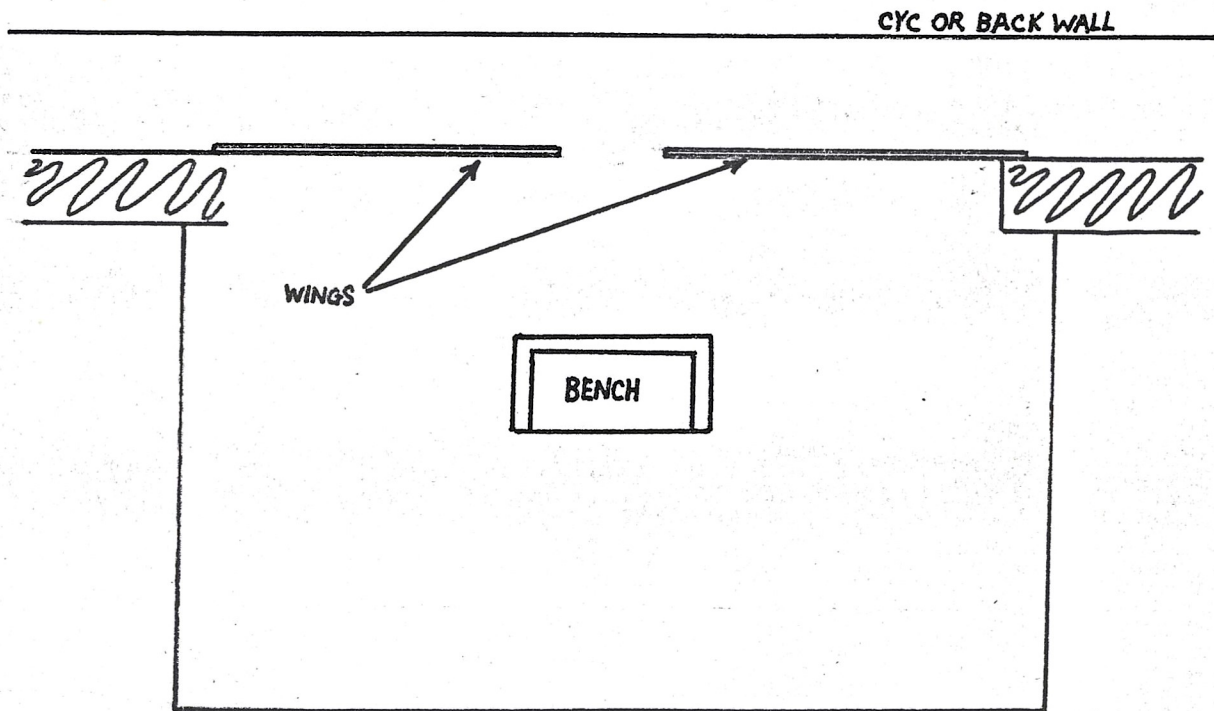
Scott (S)

Heidi (H)

Neil (N)

Crystal (C)

Sheila, the waitress (W)



(Enter Neil and Scott. Neil is dressed to put John Travolta to shame. Scott's appearance shows an effort to be hip, but on him it looks silly. Neil is very handsome and charming. Scott is not. Both are in their early twenties).

N. Here's a booth.

S. Thank God. This place is packed. Now I know why polyester is so popular at discos; less friction squeezing through crowds.

N. For a while I thought I'd lost you.

S. I was following right behind you when I got tangled in some guy's beads. Did the shark's tooth leave a mark? (Indicates neck).

N. No, (Neil looks off left and right). Just look at all of these beautiful women.

S. Why do discos have to have such hokey names? "The Streetcar", or "The Locker Room". But this place is the worst: "The Driveshaft". It sounds obscene.

N. (Still looking). It's part of a car.

S. Yeah. The part that moves the car.

N. (Indicating off right). That one's staring at me.

S. (Trying to look, subtly). Do you know her?

N. No.

S. What're you going to do?

N. Stare back. (Staring intently). This is what it's all about; two strangers communicating across a room.

S. Have you gotten her phone number yet? (Turns left, spots girl off left, flirts. Look of fear. He turns away). Oh my god. I'll have to work on my aim. A guy over there thinks I was staring at him. (Neil looks). The one that looks like King Kong in a leisure suit.

N. That's the manager. For God's sake don't get him upset. I once saw him break someone's nose just for bumping into him on the dancefloor.

S. Geez.

N. Needless to say she never danced with him again. (Looks back right). Damn. She's leaving.

S. Funny, that's just what I was going to suggest.

N. No you're not. I've got plans for you. You're not leaving here without some gorgeous female under your arm.

S. And my nose in a sling.

N. (Hailing Waitress) Oh, Sheila! And I've got just the drink, in case we have to settle for less than gorgeous.

W. (Waitress arrives) Hi Neil.

N. Hi. We'll have two Car Crashes.

S. Make that one. I'm not insured.

N. Oh, no. I insist. (Waitress leaves).

(Note on Waitress: She is dressed in a form-fitting jumpsuit, complete with "STP" and "AC Sparkplugs" patches, [REDACTED] and bar towel hanging from waist).

S. Look, I thought we came here to meet that C.J. girl.

N. I didn't ask you along to chaperone. After C.J. and I leave, you're on your own.

S. To do what?

N. To find your own C.J. You don't get out enough.

S. What do you mean? I bowl every weekend.

N. Look at this as an adventure. Somewhere in here is the perfect girl for you.

(Enter Heidi from left, crossing Scott and addressing Neil. Heidi is Danskin and spike heels).

H. Neil!

S. Speak of the devil.

(Waitress returns with drinks. Neil and Heidi are talking. Waitress goes to Scott).

W. Ahem!

S. Oh. That was quick.

W. Yah, well a couple guys at the bar ordered these and didn't have the money to cover 'em.

S. In a place like this? Does that happen often?

W. Not very. Our manager sees 'ta that. (Scott reacts). So, two Car Crashes, that's nine bucks.

S. Nine dollars!? (Squirming). Not that I don't have the money or anything, but, isn't that a little steep?

W. (Pulls out one of the drinks' swizzle sticks, made to look like a small car dip stick). Read the dip stick. (She hands it to Scott - snatches it back, wipes it off with bar towel, 'ala dip stick, and returns it to Scott).

S. "Hello. I contain a scintillating blend of vodka, rum and kallua. My name is no accident". (Waitress is impatient). Er - Neil?

N. Oh - Hi, Sheila. Here you go. (Neil pays her, she leaves drinks and exits). (To free actors of a table, the top of the six inch thick wall surrounding the bench seathas holes to accomodate bar glasses. Sheila sets the drinks in these holes, where they are cradled with the top third of the glasses exposed.)

Heidi, I don't think you've met Scott. Scott, this is Heidi.

S. Hi.

H. Hi.

(Silence)

N. Scott works in the City Treasury Department.

H. Oh. Your job must be very exciting.

S. I wouldn't say exciting.

H. Working with all that money?

N. You might say he's in distribution.

H. Distribution?

S. I refund parking meter money.

H. Huh?

S. When we get complaints from people who've lost money in parking meters, I refund them.

H. There are that many broken parking meters?

S. Oh, yes. They wearout, people drive into them; in fact, you wouldn't believe the number of meters that get run over outside this place. Drunken drivers, most likely. (Neil cringes. Scott attempts a joke). They're considering fazing out refunds, though. They're thinking of having it so if you lost your money in a meter, instead of refunding you, we'd give you a credit slip on your next parking ticket. (Silence). That's an office joke. (Neil and Heidi force a laugh).

N. Oh, Scott - heh heh - Scott's such a dry wit. (Silence).

H. How come I've never seen you out with Neil before?

S. I'm usually bowling on Saturdays.

H. (Heidi gives a genuine squeal of laughter). Bowling! That's a good one. (Neil and Scott recoil). I'll bet you're a Virgo.

S. Beg your pardon?

H. Virgo, when were you born, Silly?

S. March twentieth.

H. At what time?

S. Mom's not sure. She slept through it.

H. Oh. The doctors put her to sleep.

S. No. (Long silence. Scott looks away).

H. (To Neil), Wanna dance?

S. { Well, I don't -

N. { Okay, but not for long. I'm meeting someone.

H. Wild! Me too! (They start off together).

N. (Neil looks back at Scott, stops). Start without me. (Heidi leaves).

S. I'd better be going. One of my goldfish is pregnant and it could be any time now.

N. So you didn't put your best foot forward with Heidi - don't be a quitter. Anyway, you heard she's waiting for some guy.

- S. I don't need the frustration. I'll just go home and play a quiet game of strip solitaire. I've been trying to tell you all night, we won't find my type of girl in a place like this.
- N. What type is your type?
- S. Someone warm, intellegent, sensitive,...
- N. I'll introduce you to my grandmother. Look, among your Ms. Right's list of qualities, I'm sure she's also patient. So, pick up the search tomorrow. (Sitting). I realize this sort of thing is hard for you so - You know where my car is parked?
- S. I should. I followed you here.
- N. Good. Let me have your keys.
- S. What?
- N. We're trading cars for the night. You get the Trans Am ... as a kind of "ace-in-the-hole". (Neil takes out his keychain, having a pair of keys at one end, and a large (1½" dia.) globe bearing the Trans Am logo on the other end).
- S. You're kidding! Chicks have orgasms over that car! (Scott dangles keys, admiring them.)
- N. Don't wave them around. You could start a riot.
- S. Naw - I can't take these.
- N. Sure you can. Think of it. You'll have a great car, this is the best pick-up spot in town; why, a couple nights ago I was just sitting at the bar when C.J. comes up and introduces hereself. We talked, danced, and in two hours we were at her place.
- S. Sure. It's easy for you to have a purely physical relationship, but I'm not exactly a Greek God. I took up swimming once, but guys kicked sand in my face. So I skied. Guys kicked snow in my face. Then I tried sky diving. Bullies kicked migrating Canadian geese in my face.
- N. Don't talk yourself out of it. You know you'd love it.
- S. I don't know. I'd feel I was using the girl. I wouldn't enjoy it at all. (Heidi reappears, dancing erotically).

- H. Come on! You're missing the strobe lights!
- S. I'll give it a try. (Heidi stops dancing and joins Neil and Scott). But no bribing girls with your car. That's just too small.
- H. Not if you fold the seats down. Right, Neil?
- N. (Playfully). Heidi. (Rising) Okay, Scott. Happy hunting. (Neil and Heidi leave).
- S. "Happy hunting". What am I supposed to do once I score with a girl? Have her stuffed? I can put her up on my mantle, "And I got this one while she was drinking at a waterhole. From the rear, I believe". Why should I be so hung up about this sort of thing? This is the seventies. Now you can do anything with anybody as long as it feels good, and with no thought of emotional commitment; A year round office party. Maybe I subconsciously want a woman to mother me. No. The thought of a woman mothering me isn't at all appealing ... well - maybe the nursing part ... (Looks for Neil). This is crazy. Neils' nowhere in sight, so, if you'll excuse me - (Enter Crystal, attractive, conservatively dressed).
- C. Hi. Mind if I sit here? (Scott looks around to see if she is really talking to him.)
- S. Go ahead. I was just leaving anyway.
- C. Oh, don't go.
- S. Huh?
- C. Stay a moment. Please.
- S. Well, I do have a pretty full evening ahead of me, but I guess I've got a few minutes.
- C. I should explain. I just got here, and I hardly had a chance to get my coat off when this guy started bothering me. He kind of caught me off guard, and... I didn't know what else to do, so I said I was with you.
- S. (Disappointed). Oh. Well, see that gorilla standing next to the giant chrome distributor cap? The one with the saliva running down his chin? He's the manager. He'll break that bozo in half.
- C. He is the bozo.

- S. Correction. He'll break me in half. (He glances back). Oh my God. Of all people, why did you pick me?
- C. You were the only one sitting alone.
- S. I see. I had the least to live for.
- C. Look, I'm sorry.
- S. Sorry isn't enough. I'll be expecting you at my funeral. (Looks back again then throws his arm around Crystal).
- C. What're you doing?
- S. You want him to believe you're with me, don't you?
- C. I'll take the gorilla.
- S. A friend told me I'd have a gorgeous female under my arm. He didn't mention it would soon be broken in three places.
- C. Why don't we dance?
- S. I can't. I have eleven toes.
- C. That's not so bad.
- S. Seven of them on one foot? (Their eyes meet). I'm Scott.
- C. I'm Crystal. Is he still there?
- S. (Scott looks). Gone. (They part. Scott gets an idea). He's back! (He pulls her close to him. Big Smile).
- C. (She starts to look for herself). Are you sure?
- S. (Scott turns her head back). Don't look. He'll be suspicious. (Pulls closer still).
- C. And he's not with you looking at him?
- S. I'm being subtle. I'm pretending to kiss your neck. (He follows suit).
- C. Very sneaky.
- S. Thank you (Crystal peeks).. He's gone now. (They part).
- C. And thank you for risking your life, Scott.
- S. One of the reasons I hate these places is you run into some strange people.

- C. So why did you come here?
- S. (Pretending not to notice the double conotation). I came with a friend - under duress. Discos are so depressing. People trying to lose themselves in the noise and the lights.
- C. Have you seen the alternatives? What do you usually do on Saturday nights?
- S. I bo - er - work with blind children.
- C. Oh. (She starts looking around). That must be very rewarding.
- S. Yah. (He looks around). I don't think we'll have to worry about the gorilla coming back. That amazon coming out of the coatroom must be the little woman.
- C. How can you tell?
- S. They have matching tattoos.
- C. How sweet. Actually, though, I was looking for someone else. We were supposed to { C. meet here.
S. meet here. Doesn't everyone?
- This place cornered the market in rendezvous'.
- C. It was stupid to agree to meet here. A public hanging would have been a much better meeting place.
- S. It's just that this place is so - seedy. What would your parents think of you coming here?
- C. You're not a member of some weird religion, are you?
- S. No. But you don't realize what kind of place this is. You should see what type of vending machines they've got in the men's room.
- C. (Sarcastically) No.
- S. Yah. In eight brilliant colors.
- C. (Sotto voice). Nine.
- S. Pardon?
- C. Nothing. Well, thanks again. (Rising). I really should be looking for Mr. Goodbar. If I'm any later he'll kill me. (Starts to leave).
- S. You can't! I mean - can you be sure you'll be safe? The jungle is full of gorillas.

- C. Jane's a big girl, Tarzan.
- S. You don't want to seem too eager. You won't find him in that crowd, anyway. Wait for him here. Please?
- C. No, really, I'd -
- S. Alright. I'll tell you the real reason I was sitting here all alone. I'm contemplating suicide. If I don't have someone to talk to right now, I'll probably kill myself, and those poor blind children will have no one to care for them.
- C. Okay. I guess he'll see me back here. But, I have to hang this up and get a drink. (Indicating her coat). You want anything?
- S. No. I haven't even touched my Car Crash. (He takes a sip - sputters and coughs). Smooth. (She leaves. To the audience), I've never met anyone like her. She's intellegent, pretty, sensitive. The last woman to affect me like this was Miss Kerby, my eighth grade English teacher. She was beautiful. I used to stay after class to clean erasers, and sometimes I'd be so entranced by her I'd forget to go outside before clapping them together. She was so cute when she sneezed. Then she started asking Neil to clean her erasers. How two people could take so long to clean erasers, I'll never know. And then, suddenly, half way through the year, she had to resign to take care of her sick Aunt in Milwaukee. She was always thinking of others. But even Miss Kerby never made me feel like I felt when Crystal's eyes met mine. I've got to ask her out. I'll take her away from this - this -

FADE IN - FIRST FANTASY SEQUENCE

(Crystal has entered from left and begun pantamime of bowling with "Foul Line" being the middle of the stage apron. You hear the ball roll down the invisible alley, located over the heads of the audience, without hitting a single pin. The sounds of a bowling alley are heard all through the first fantasy. Crystal's personality is now Minnie Mouse on a good day.)

- C. Gutter. That's my fourth in a row. (Scott goes to invisible scoreboard, immediately in front of bench).
- S. You're getting better, though. The first three were in the next lane. Anyway, your form looks good.

- C. Really?
- S. Yeah. Especially in those tight jeans.
- C. Very funny. Oh, well, I'm having a marvalous time, gutter balls and all. (She drinks from invisible glass). And what's the name of this drink you got me? It's delicious!
- S. That's called Vernors Cream Soda. And it's non-alcoholic.
- C. Gee - What'll they think of next?
- S. (Getting his invisible ball). Ready to score for me?
- C. Alright, but I know I'll just have to put down another "X". (Scott approaches the alley and lips to the audience, "She Loves Me". He rolls the ball - Strike! Crystal leaps to her feet, and as she leaves she exclaims), I Love You! FADE OUT OF FANTASY.
- S. (Scott strolls to bench, sits). She has good taste. (Enter Neil and Heidi).
- N. (Winded) Whew. It's hard work being chic.
- H. Yeah. I almost broke a heel.
- S. Neil, I found her. The girl for me.
- N. Great. Glad to hear it. Why are you still here?
- S. She's gone to get a drink. Anyway, I need time. This girl is special. She's no one night stand.
- N. Are you sure? I always thought they checked at the door.
- H. I'm not waiting for my date any longer. I'll see ya. (Heidi starts to leave).
- S. Heidi, wait! Got time for one more dance?
- H. Yeah, maybe.
- S. Great. (Handing Neil to her). Have a good time.
- N. Hold it. I want to see this girl.
- S. You will. Later. First I have to convince her that she loves me as much as I love her.
- N. Scott, why get - (Realizing that Heidi can hear. They move away from her. Soto Voice): Why get love into this?

S. Because that's how I feel.

N. For God's sake, don't let her know that. Any talk of meaningful relationships will scare her off. If you must say anything, pull her close to you, look into her eyes, and tell her you have a week to live.

S. I'll try my way first. (An after thought). But just in case, can we trade cars now? As an ace-in-the hole.

N. Alright. (They trade keys. Scott puts Neil's keys in his jacket pocket. Scott pushes Neil toward exit).

S. Thanks.

N. (They stop). One look?

S. No. You know how flustered I get. Having you around would only make it worse. I just wish there was some way I didn't have to be here.

H. This has been some night. (Neil and Heidi exit. Neil returns).

N. One more thing. There's some - protection - in the glove compartment.

S. You think I'll have to defend myself? Oh! (Smiling) Oh. (Neil leaves). So now I'll ask her out. I'll turn to her and say. "Would you go to a movie with me next weekend?" She'll say, "I'd love to." Shortly thereafter, hell will freeze over. I hate asking women out. Then again, I think Crystal kind of likes me. Of course, I thought the same thing about Trudy Kessel. Three weeks in a row I asked her out, and each time she said she'd like to, but she had to give her dog, Pooch, a bath. The fourth weekend she was looking for a new dog. Pooch had died of pneumonia. I should have known that anyone who names her dog "Pooch" is going to try to protect my feelings. I shouldn't be thinking negatively, though. Now's my chance to change things. I'll sweep her off her feet. - I'll start by leaning forward and saying to her, "Crystal, -

(Scott is leaning forward on the bench, propped up by his upstage arm on the bench seat. Crystal returns).

C. Yes? (Startled, Scott's hand slips off bench. He falls, then quickly springs back.)

S. Ha! You're back.

- C. Yah. I think I've been stood up.
- S. (With Glee). Gee, that's too bad. (She looks at him. Grimly, now). Really. It must be fate. I'm a big believer in fate.
- C. Oh.
- S. Fortune - destiny -
- C. I'm not.
- S. Except where people are concerned.
- C. You don't drink, dance, or socialize. You're a real weirdo.
- S. Already you've got a pet name for me.
- C. What I mean is, I came back.
- S. I knew you would. Did you think it was pure chance that you told the gorilla you were with me? I mean, maybe you didn't consciously choose me, but deep down there was an attraction. Didn't you feel anything?
- C. The gorilla was doing all the feeling. In fact, the only thing I remember thinking was how scared I was that he wouldn't believe that we were together.
- S. Ah, you were scared.
- C. Of course. For a while.
- S. Scared he'd pick a fight and I'd get hurt.
- C. I suppose, partly.
- S. You know, I don't think we're so different.
- C. Oh?
- S. No. You're no typical "disco queen."
- C. What else do you know about me?
- S. Well, for one thing I'll bet you like to read.
- C. Right. Okay; fiction or non-fiction?
- S. Fiction.
- C. Yeah. You too?

- S. Mostly. I like mysteries - adventures - ever read anything by Conan Doyle?
- C. Conan Doyle - yeah, I did.
- S. What's your favorite?
- C. The Whoremongers. But I never considered her a mystery writer. Unless it's the mystery of where her characters get their stamina.
- S. No. I meant Sir Conan Doyle. He created Sherlocke Holmes. The Parloined Letter, The Hounds Of Baskerville - they're very exciting.
- C. (Erotic Smile). You haven't read The Whoremongers. Do you know what type of music I like?
- S. Uh - just about anything.
- C. Narrower than that.
- S. Uh - rock?
- C. Now you're guessing. What music do you listen to?
- S. Just about anything?
- C. Narrower than that.
- S. Rock. (Crystal laughs). What are you laughing at?
- C. I don't know. You're trying so hard.
- S. A friend thinks I don't try hard enough.
- C. What if you quit trying altogether?
- S. Worth a try.
- C. You practice. (Rising) I'll be right back.
- S. Where to now?
- C. The ladies' room, I think.
- S. Don't tell me. Here they call the ladies' room the Pit Stop, right? (She shakes her head). The Bucket Seat Room?
- C. Nope.
- S. I give up.
- C. "The Ladies' Room."

S. They're slipping. Hurry. (She leaves). Well, I was a little shakey here and there, but I was generally charming. Now I'll come in for the kill. Then, who knows where this will lead. We'll go out - she'll fall in love with me. We'll get an apartment and fill it with houseplants and courdoroy furniture; her, my disco queen; "Queenie" for short, and me, her little -

FADE IN - SECOND FANTASY SEQUENCE

(Strains of very mellow Fleetwood Mac music is heard in the background, such as "The Chain" from F.M.'s "Rumours" album. Crystal enters. She is very excited).

C. Weirdo! How did you know I wanted them?

S. Wanted what?

C. I just looked in the den. You remembered the second anniversary of our first date by buying me a collection of Sherlocke Holmes mysteries.

S. ~~THEY'RE~~ Their collectors' editions. Each one is insured against fire, theft, and someone giving away the ending.

C. They're just what I've always wanted. (She hugs him). But they must have cost a fortune. How will you afford them with what you earn?

S. I'll afford them because I'm not going to be an underpaid public servant much longer. You didn't see today's paper, did you? (Scott reaches behind the bench and pulls out a newspaper. He hands it to Crystal. She reads front page headlines).

C. "Upcoming Olympic Games To Include New Competition: Bowling. Poland Declares National Holiday." That's wonderful! You'll be able to show up everyone who ever laughed at you behind your back.

S. People laugh at me behind my back?

C. A lot don't. Hold it. You won't make any money in the Olympics.

S. Not when I take home the gold medals. But afterwards I'll do what every good American Olympic hero does; I'll prostitute myself; I'll sell shaving cream, deoderant, I'll wear panty hose. Maybe even do a few commercials. I'll become rich and famous. Then we can get married. (Crystal starts to cry). What's wrong?

- C. Why can't we get married now?
- S. Queenie, we've got to wait. (He puts his arm around her). I'll be going off to training tomorrow.
- C. I can't wait till after the Olympics.
- S. You're not -
- C. No. It's just that I love you so much. I want to take your name.
- S. Go on. Who ever heard of a woman named Scott?
- C. Your last name. And I want lots of children - all boys. And they'll look just like you. Maybe a little taller...
- S. Alright. If you want to get married that badly. But who'll marry us at this hour? And where?
- C. There's no problem finding a chaplain.
- S. (Excited). And I've got just the place! Lane twelve opens at eight!
- C. Weirdo! Our lane! What'll I wear? (She jumps up, and heads for the exit).
- S. Your yellow bowling shirt is nice.
- C. That old thing? It's ancient. (Crystal leaves).
- S. Well find one quick! League bowling starts at nine!

FADE OUT OF FANTASY

- S. Let Neil keep his C.J.'s. I've found the girl I'll someday make my roommate. Here she comes. (Scott smells his armpits under his jacket). The keys! (He finds them and shoves them in his front pants pocket). Whew. (He picks up Car Crash and gulps down most of it. Crystal returns).
- C. Are you alright?
- S. We'll see in a minute. (He takes position he used earlier to seduce his fantasy Crystal; that of supporting himself on his upstage arm, very close to the cornered Crystal). Crystal, contrary to what you must think, I'm a very spontaneous person. So, I'm just going to say what I feel. Will you - could you - that is, would you - get me another Car Crash? They're really very good.

- C. (Pushing him away). I don't think I should. I don't like what the first one's doing to you. (She subtly glances toward his lap, then does a take. The keys have made a large bulge).
- S. (Nervously). I don't have a drinking problem. Well, I do dribble occasionally. (Notices Crystal's gaze). Oh. That's my car keys. (Scott takes them out).
- C. You have a Trans Am?
- S. Not really. It's my friend's but he let me use it. Anyway, what I've really wanted to ask you was if you'd -
- C. This friend of yours, he wouldn't be here to meet someone.
- S. Yeah.
- C. Someone he nicknamed - (Enter Neil from right).
- N. C.J.!
- S. C.J.?
- C. Crystal Jean.
- S. Neil? (Blackout. During blackout, Scott stands up, steps to the left as Neil sits to Crystal's right).

FADE IN - THIRD FANTASY SEQUENCE

(The scene is Scott and Crystal's bedroom. Blackout is very short, and as the lights come up, Scott stands slightly down left of bench/bed. Scott has apparently just walked in on Neil and Crystal. Crystal pulls invisible sheets up against her chest to cover herself).

- S. Neil, you're my best friend. I trusted you to take care of Crystal while I was at the Olympics. Now I come home to find you in bed with her.
- N. Can I help it if I like to get into my work?
- S. Crystal, how could you? I was only gone six months.
- C. I didn't mind waiting at first, but then I got lonely.
- S. How long has this been going on?
- C. Five months, twenty-two days.
- S. That first week must have been sheer hell.

N. We're in love.

S. I leave for six months, thinking only of your happiness...

C. It made me very happy.

S. You haven't even asked how many gold medals I've won.

C. How many?

S. Twenty-four.

N. Congratulations. Of course, when C.J. gets her divorce, we'll get half of them.

S. No you won't. Crystal, I can't let you go.

C. You've got to. Neil's your best friend.

S. Yeah. (Blackout. In darkness), He is.

FADE OUT OF FANTASY

(Scott, Neil and Crystal resume the positions they had before the third fantasy).

N. (To Crystal). We must have missed each other all night. You've met Scott?

C. Uh huh. He's an alright guy. (Neil sees something's troubling Scott).

N. Scott? (To Crystal) Excuse us. (He crosses to Scott). What happened to that girl? She can't still be getting a drink.

S. No. She had to leave. She just left before Cry - C.J. came by.

N. Oh. You think you'll be looking her up?

S. I doubt it. (Scott gets Neil's keys). Here, I won't be needing these. (He hands them to Neil).

N. You'll be okay?

S. Yeah. Have a good time. (Neil joins Crystal).

N. We could stick around for a while.

S. I'm not your chaperone, remember?

N. Okay. Bye.

C. See ya.

S. Yeah. Bye. (Alone, dejected, Scott chews his ice cubes. Enter Heidi).

H. Hi again. Okay if I sit down?

S. Sure. I thought you were meeting some guy?

H. I was.

S. Didn't he show up?

H. Yeah. So did his wife. (She points couple out, off right. Scott laughs). What's so funny?

S. I'm sorry. But they are a lovely couple.

H. (Laughing a little). Yeah. Matching tattoos.

S. Right off a wedding cake.

H. I never really liked the muscular type, anyway. (Silence). I've still got time for one more dance.

S. I don't dance.

H. It's a slow song. All you have to do is pretend you're standing in hot sand.

S. Thanks, but no thanks. I was just leaving. (Scott searches for his car keys). Oh no. Neil's still got my keys. Do you know if he's still -

H. He and his friend just left.

S. You talked to him?

H. Uh huh.

S. He didn't send you over to cheer me up did he?

H. No. I came here because I wanted to.

S. Oh? (Long pause) Got a car?

H. Uh-Uh - A van.

S. What are we waiting for? (They start to leave. Scott stops. To the audience). I can always bowl on Thursday nights.

(They leave.)

CURTAIN