Acting Edition

A Crazy Little Café Called Love!

by Luigi Jannuzzi

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SAMUEL FRENCH

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A CRAZY LITTLE CAFÉ CALLED LOVE! was developed/read/presented at ANDTheatre Company, The Metropolitan Theatre Company, and The Oberon Theatre Ensemble in New York City; and Hudson Theatre Works in Weehawken, NJ, and The Theater Project in Union, NJ.

The Theater Project presented a reading of *THE BRIDE'S DAD IS LIVID* in Union, NJ, on April 27, 2015. The reading was directed by Dennis DaPrile, with the following cast: Kelley Evans, Gary Glor, Julian Gordon, and Valerie Stack Dodge.

The Theater Project staged *THE BRIDE'S DAD IS LIVID* on November 20, 2015. The performance was directed by Dennis DaPrile, with the following cast: Maeve Brady, Dennis DaPrile, Gary Glor, and Deb Maclean.

The Theater Project presented a reading of the full play on May 14, 2016. The reading was directed by Deb Maclean, with the following cast: Michael Aquino, Will Budnikov, Gary Glor, Deb Maclean, and Dania Ramos.

The Oberon Theatre Ensemble staged *MR. PHILIPS & THE TIRAMISU* in New York City on May 22, 2016. The performance was directed by Elowyn Castle, with the following cast: Victoria Blankenship, Lara Ianni, and Donovan Patton.

ANDTheatre Company staged *THE BRIDE'S DAD IS LIVID* on February 21, 2019, at Shetler Studios in New York City. The performance was directed by Janice L. Goldberg, with the following cast: Cassandra Giovine, Ryan Glynn, Daren Kelly, and Deb Maclean.

The Metropolitan Theatre Company presented a reading of the full play on March 14, 2019, at Shetler Studios. The reading was directed by Luigi Jannuzzi, with the following cast: Kevin Cristaldi, Cassandra Giovine, Ryan Glynn, Janice L. Goldberg, Daren Kelly, Deb Maclean, and Jenny Zerke.

Hudson Theatre Works staged *THE MONK & THE WAITRESS* on May 17, 2019, in Weehawken, NJ. The performance was directed by Stu Rudin, with the following cast: Kevin Cristaldi and Kelley McAndrews.

ANDTheatre Company staged *BAD DATING ADVICE* on February 28, 2020, at Shetler Studios. The performance was directed by Janice L. Goldberg, with the following cast: Cassandra Giovine, Jeffrey Leshansky, Kelley McAndrews, and Steve Tardio.

CHARACTERS

This one-set café comedy can be performed by 6 (3 women and 3 men) or by as many as 16 actors. Casting should be flexible and gender-blind.

ACT ONE

Scene One: A CRAZY LITTLE CAFÉ CALLED LOVE! – 3w, 3m

BOB – Writes/directs horror movies
WAITRESS – Sharp, smart, runs café
MONK – Doesn't have a line in this scene
LINDA – Conservative young woman on blind date
MR. PHILIPS – Grumpy elderly man with cane
NUN – Perky, extroverted, ex-actress, daughter of Mr. Philips
BRIDE – Emotional wreck
Voice of **FATHER**

Scene Two: BAD DATING ADVICE – 2w, 2m.

LINDA
LARRY – Conservative, young man on blind date
BETTY – Linda's sister and jaded dating game player
BRUCE – Larry's brother and jaded dating game player

Scene Three: MR. PHILIPS & THE TIRAMISU – 2w, 1m.

MR. PHILIPS
EVELINE – Alert, annoyed, confident, elderly wife
WAITRESS

Scene Four: THE MONK & THE WAITRESS – 1w, 1m.

WAITRESS
MAN – A man who might want to be a Monk.

INTERMISSION

ACT TWO

Scene Five: THE FORTUNE TELLER GETS TOLD - 2w, 1m.

MR. PHILIPS
WAITRESS
NUN

Scene Six: ANOTHER BLOCKBUSTER FOR BOB! – 2w, 2m.

SIDNEY – Philosophical, adjunct literature professor
LESLIE – Strong, alert, very loving wife
BOB
WAITRESS

Scene Seven: THE BRIDE'S DAD IS LIVID – 2w, 2m.

BRIDE – Emotional wreck
FATHER – Bride's father, concerned about money and should be
MOTHER – Bride's mother, fast-talking, hyper, believes this is *her* day
GROOM – Voice of reason and sanity

Scene Eight: TAKE 2: A CRAZY LITTLE CAFÉ CALLED LOVE! – 3w, 3m.

A cut down, fast repeat of Scene One.

SIX CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

Woman 1: Waitress, Mother of Bride

Woman 2: Linda, Eveline, Leslie

Woman 3: Nun, Bride, Betty

Man 1: Bob, Bruce

Man 2: Mr. Philips, Father of Bride

Man 3: Monk, Larry, Sidney, Groom

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Welcome to *A CRAZY LITTLE CAFÉ CALLED LOVE!* and the sixteen people inside looking for love. Some find it. Some find themselves. You may find someone, too. Come on in.

CASTING is extremely flexible. And there are many ways this play may be presented. It can be performed with as few as six or as many as sixteen actors.

A SINGLE SET of a café is all that is needed. In fact, you could present this play with one table, two chairs in the round. Wouldn't that be exciting?

DIRECTING this play, you will find that since this is divided into separate scenes, the entire cast doesn't have to be there all the time, which is easier on the cast and you.

THE TONE of this play is warm, lively, fun, and fast. Please stay away from anger. There is none of that emotion written in this play. Anger is just not funny. Frustration is, but not anger. Yet amateur actors always go right for anger, which is the easiest emotion to act, and it ruins comedies all the time. Please show this paragraph to any who try. After playing anger, amateurs love to add curse words. Please do not allow that either. There are none in this play for a reason. It doesn't need any. It's a comedy.

PROJECTIONS & TRANSITIONS between scenes can be used if you have the technology. Or use multiple screens. Or music. Antonio Vivaldi's lively music from *The Four Seasons* plays very well with this comedy.* Be creative!

IF THE LANGUAGE in the play is too much for your venue, tone it down. Example: In *MR. PHILIPS & THE TIRAMISU* change **EVELINE**'s line to "jerk."

A Waitress in Duval's Restaurant by Renoir is a painting that would be a wonderful touch, hanging on the wall, since it is mentioned in the play.*

CONTACT ME at my website www.LuigiJannuzzi.com and email any comments, questions, or pictures. I'd love to post them on my site to brag about your production and creativity. So, if you are using a scene for forensics, a one-act competition or in a collection of one acts, I'd love to hear how it went.

HAVE FUN! It was sure fun creating these plays. Audiences love them and applaud often. And thank you for loving theatre!

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Elizabeth Rothan and Nelson Avidon who directed an early version with Robert DeBlasio, Greg Esposito, Frederic Tisch, Geraldine Singer, Denise Joughin Casey, Martin Jude Farawell, Keith Alexander, Nancy Rollins, Emily Lester, Scott Wynn, Russell Cappellino, Laura Johnston, Michelle Fulves, Dan Hawk Hicks, Elizabeth Cloe, Don Scime, Eleanor Tauber; Rose Ann Testa and Doris Dunigan who directed an early version with Joe Zaleski, Jennifer Ostrega, Lucia Marano, Kenneth Brumbaugh, Robert Vaccaro, Harry Chambarry, Yvonne J. Schutsky.

Charles F. Wagner IV who directed an early version with Denise Perrotte, John Hickson, Jeff Babey, Larysa Lazartic; Bert Harris who directed an early version with Tad Chitwood, Susan Linville, Martin Fendley, Mark Forman, Amy K. Ashby, Alex Volz; and to Le Wilhelm; Cynthia Granville; Walter Placzek; Bruce Barton, Maria A. Stadtmueller, Michael and Candace Gallagher; Kaileigh Anne Tayek, Christine & Jerry Hicks; and John Augustine & Christopher Durang for a reading at their home.

Michael Gallagher and his wonderful cover art!

Scene One

A Crazy Little Café Called Love!

(As lights fade in theatre we hear:)

FATHER'S VOICE. Do you want to get married here or don't you want to get married here?

BRIDE'S VOICE. I want to get married here.

FATHER'S VOICE. Well, if you want to get married here, you must listen to your mother and me.

BRIDE'S VOICE. It's *my* wedding. That doesn't make sense.

FATHER'S VOICE. Do you have a bank account with money in it?

BRIDE'S VOICE. Daddy, what does a bank account with money have to do with it?

*(***MOTHER** *laughs, offstage.)*

FATHER'S VOICE. Now look who's not making sense?

(Lights rise on **BOB***, a well-dressed businessman who walks to center stage.)*

BOB. Yes! And this is where the story starts. Take one.

*(***BOB** *uses his hands as if clapping closed a movie clapboard.)*

*(***WAITRESS** *enters.)*

WAITRESS. Morning, Bob.

BOB. Morning.

*(**BOB** dials phone, crosses to café table, opens laptop, begins typing.)*

WAITRESS. *(Flipping "Closed" café sign to "Open!")* ANDDDD...we're open!

*(**WAITRESS** crosses to upstage and exits.)*

BOB. *(Talking on phone.)* Hey, I'm telling you, I can save the movie thousands with an unknown actress. And who wants to see a famous actress in the waitress part anyway?

*(**MONK** enters from upstage right crossing to exit. **WAITRESS** enters running after **MONK**.)*

WAITRESS. Hold on. Wait!

*(**MONK** stops, turns.)*

You forgot your change.

BOB. *(On phone.)* Yes!

WAITRESS. *(Counting out money to **MONK**.)* Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. And thank you. See you soon.

BOB. *(On phone.)* Absolutely.

*(**MONK** turns, exits. **LINDA** enters wearing a very conservative pink sweater.)*

WAITRESS. That monk is sooooo handsome. Oh, be still my beating heart.

BOB. *(Into phone.)* And for the mousy quiet girl in the pink sweater? I have the perfect girl.

*(**WAITRESS** picks up a broom.)*

LINDA. *(To **WAITRESS**.)* Excuse me?

WAITRESS. Hi. How are you today?

LINDA. Great. I was wondering. I know sometimes you allow people to sit in the back room.

WAITRESS. Sure.

LINDA. In a few minutes, I have a blind date.

WAITRESS. How exciting.

LINDA. Yes. Well, I know who he is, but I've never met him.

WAITRESS. Good luck.

LINDA. Thank you. So can we sit back there? 'Cause there are always less people?

WAITRESS. Right now, there's a bride back there with her family. Arguing.

LINDA. Oh!

WAITRESS. About ice sculptures and pink roses.

LINDA. Oh, geez.

WAITRESS. You don't want to bring him back there.

LINDA. No!

WAITRESS. They've been going at it three hours. I'd give them another ten minutes.

LINDA. Can I wait in the hallway?

WAITRESS. Yes, you can.

LINDA. And I have a good feeling about this. Look at my horoscope. It says, "You will meet that special someone in the next twenty-four hours."

WAITRESS. Oh, that's my sign, too. Will I meet my special someone in the next twenty-four hours?

LINDA. Maybe.

(They slap hands in congratulations.)

*(**MR. PHILIPS**, an elderly man with a cane, enters down right as **LINDA** exits up right. **WAITRESS** crosses down left sweeping. **MR. PHILIPS** crosses to café table and sits opposite **BOB**. **MR. PHILIPS** carries a canvas tote bag that is identical to Bob's and places the bag under the table on the opposite side.)*

BOB. Excuse me, sir?

MR. PHILIPS. Yes.

BOB. There are other tables.

MR. PHILIPS. This is my favorite.

BOB. In case you want the whole table.

MR. PHILIPS. And my favorite view out the window.

BOB. That's okay. I'm waiting for a ride. I should be gone any second anyway.

(Looking out the window.) Ah! Where is he? They're gonna kill me at work.

MR. PHILLPS. What kind of work do you do, buddy?

BOB. I write movies.

MR. PHILIPS. That'll kill you.

BOB. Horror. Terror. That's what I do.

MR. PHILIPS. Are those the movies or the reviews?

BOB. *(Laughs.)* Usually both.

MR. PHILIPS. Do you know that I believe in that stuff?

BOB. What stuff?

MR. PHILIPS. Spirits. Ghosts. Other worlds.

BOB. Well, don't tell anybody. They'll think you're crazy.

MR. PHILIPS. I tell everybody. And they think I'm crazy. But I'm right!

BOB. *(Points out to audience.)* Oh, there's my ride! Hey, nice meeting you. Good luck, crazy man.

MR. PHILIPS. You too, horror guy.

*(***BOB** *reaches under table and mistakenly takes Mr. Philips's bag.)*

*(***BOB** *crosses to* **WAITRESS**.*)*

BOB. Gotta go. You're going to bill the tab to L.A.?

WAITRESS. It's on your account, Bob.

BOB. And I meant to tell you. I took your advice. I'm working on a new story!

WAITRESS. Well, if you ever need a waitress.

BOB. There is a waitress in it!

WAITRESS. Practicing all day.

BOB. Maybe, huh?

*(***BOB** *crosses to exit.)*

WAITRESS. Do you know the painting *The Waitress in Duval's Restaurant* by Renoir?

*(***BOB** *stops, turns.)*

BOB. No.

WAITRESS. He made *her* famous.

BOB. Art majors running cafés – does it get any better?

*(***BOB** *exits downstage left.)*

WAITRESS. Actually, I'm a Theology major. Art minor.

BOB. *(From off.)* See ya!

*(***WAITRESS** *sweeps down right.)*

MR. PHILIPS. *(To himself.)* Now where's my son? And where's my phone?

(Takes out phone.)

And where's the number? It's uh…

*(***NUN** *enters from downstage right.)*

WAITRESS. Hello, Sister!

NUN. Hi. We were wondering if you could put these near the cash register to raise money for the orphanage.

WAITRESS. Sure. No problem. It's that time of year again.

NUN. And…was that Bob Craving the movie writer?

WAITRESS. Yes.

NUN. My brother went to school here with Bob. We are all *[Insert name of your high school]* Drama Club alumni.

WAITRESS. Small world.

NUN. Do you know that he's produced two religious television movies?

WAITRESS. I did not know that.

NUN. And that's why I've been trying to meet him.

WAITRESS. I can introduce you.

NUN. When I was a teenager, I was an extra in one of Bob's movies.

WAITRESS. Actually, I've been an extra in a couple, too.

NUN. Wow! So I can drop off my name and phone number?

WAITRESS. I will personally hand it to him.

NUN. I was a Drama major in college. Lots of leads. Dancing, I can soft shoe, tap, you name it.

WAITRESS. Impressive.

NUN. Lots of community theatre, directing at the orphanage now.

WAITRESS. Wonderful.

NUN. I mean, it's not like I'm looking for glamour or fame. Absolutely not. Or attention.

WAITRESS. Sister, who would ever think that?

NUN. There are some. Like Mother Superior. But I'm a sister. And I take a vow of humility. It just so happens that my acting talent sometimes upstages my humility. And it looks like I'm bragging, but I'm not bragging. I'm good. I have stage presence and it's obvious. And when something is obvious, you should be truthful.

WAITRESS. Sister, be truthful.

NUN. Right.

WAITRESS. Be honest.

NUN. Yes!

WAITRESS. And if you're good –

*(***WAITRESS** *does a dance step.* **NUN** *copies dance step.)*

WAITRESS & NUN. You're GOOD!

(They both laugh, slap hands together. **NUN** *reaches into bag.)*

NUN. So here are my résumés. Seven copies. My eight by ten's on the other side.

WAITRESS. *(A bit stunned.)* Oh. *(Pause.)* Thank you.

*(***NUN** *turns and crosses to exit.)*

NUN. Welcome, welcome, welcome!

*(***NUN** *stops, turns.)*

Oh, boxes for the orphans!

*(**NUN** runs back, gives **WAITRESS** boxes.)*

WAITRESS. Boxes for orphans. Got 'em.

*(**NUN** exits, maybe rapping a parody using the following words:)*

NUN. "Climb every mountain, baby, hand out all the résumés."

*(**WAITRESS** goes back to sweeping.)*

MR. PHILIPS. I'll call my son's work. Where's the number? *(Pause.)* Information. Where is the information number? It's something, one, one. Oh, yea. It's nine!

(Dialing.) Information. Nine! *(Pause.)* One. *(Pause.)* One.

(Pause for them to answer.)

Hello? Hi. I need some help. Would you be able to help me?

(Pause.)

I'm at The Love Café on Main Street. *(Pause.)* Great.

*(**BRIDE** enters very upset wearing a plain white dress. Not a wedding gown.)*

BRIDE. Oh, God, no! NOOOO!

MR. PHILIPS. That? That's a woman in the background.

BRIDE. I am the bride. This is for my wedding.

MR. PHILIPS. She says she's a bride.

BRIDE. And you're killing me.

MR. PHILIPS. What?

BRIDE. You're all killing me!

MR. PHILIPS. She's just screaming.

BRIDE. Oh please, someone help me!

MR. PHILIPS. Could you say that again?

BRIDE. Help!

MR. PHILIPS. Talk louder. I can't hear you.

BRIDE. Help MEEEE!

MR. PHILIPS. I don't know who's screaming. She's a bride. That's all I know.

*(***BRIDE** *cries loudly.)*

WAITRESS. *(Over and to* **BRIDE**.*)* What happened?

BRIDE. They're not listening. No one's listening.

(Notices her hand has blood on it.)

Blood?

MR. PHILIPS. Yes. She just started screaming.

WAITRESS. You bit your lip. It's just your lip.

BRIDE. Oh God, I'm bleeding. Look at the blood.

MR. PHILIPS. But that's not why I called.

BRIDE. All the blood! Look at all the blood! OH!

MR. PHILIPS. The reason I called –

BRIDE. There's blood. There's blood all over.

MR. PHILIPS. What does she look like?

BRIDE. The blood's on my dress! All over my dress!

MR. PHILIPS. I don't know what she looks like. She has a white dress with blood all over. You can't miss her.

WAITRESS. *(Helping* **BRIDE** *to her feet.)* Come on, let's go in the back and clean you up.

*(***WAITRESS** *and* **BRIDE** *exit.)*

MR. PHILIPS. Now they're taking her to the back room. I don't know what they're doing to her. *(Pause.)* No, I don't want to stay on the phone. I have limited data. *(Pause.)* Listen, I have to go. *(Pause.)* You're sending police? A SWAT, what?

(Hangs up.)

What was that about? I better get out of here.

*(***MR. PHILIPS** *heads down right to exit.)*

*(***WAITRESS** *enters up right.)*

WAITRESS. Mr. Philips?

MR. PHILIPS. Oh, geez.

WAITRESS. Mr. Philips?

MR. PHILIPS. Oh, boy.

WAITRESS. Are you okay?

MR. PHILIPS. Oh, no.

WAITRESS. Sorry about the screaming.

MR. PHILIPS. Didn't bother me.

WAITRESS. I owe you a free dessert. Want a tiramisu? A *brownie à la mode*?

MR. PHILIPS. Rain check.

*(***MR. PHILIPS** *exits.)*

*(***WAITRESS** *sits down. No one around. Finally resting.)*

WAITRESS. What a nice man. What a nice day.

(Exhales.)

Oh, this is the life.

(Pause.)

And a nice, beautiful, peaceful café to hang out in.

(Lights begin to fade as we hear one, then two, then three different sirens layering in background.)

(Blackout.)

Scene Two

Bad Dating Advice

(Lights rise stage left on **LARRY** *standing.)*

LARRY. I should listen to my brother. He knows exactly what to say to women.

(Lights rise stage right on **LINDA** *standing.)*

LINDA. I should listen to my sister. She is so good at dealing with men.

LARRY. How did he get so good at it?

LINDA. She knows how to size them up.

LARRY. How does he do it?

LINDA. Why can't I have that judgment?

(Lights rise on **BRUCE**, *who is* **LARRY***'s brother.* **BRUCE** *is standing in back of* **LARRY**.*)*

BRUCE. Larry, here is what you do: picture me in the back of you.

(Lights rise on **BETTY**, *who is* **LINDA***'s sister.* **BETTY** *is standing behind* **LINDA**.*)*

BETTY. Linda, make believe I'm over your shoulder.

BRUCE. And only say things that I would say.

BETTY. And before you say anything, see the sentence you are about to say and ask yourself, "Would my sister say this?"

LARRY. That's what I'm going to do.

LINDA. If Betty wouldn't say it, then I'm not going to say it.

(Lights rise on café table down center stage.)

BRUCE. And remember: Do not exaggerate. You do that, Larry. And women hate it. Then they go to the bathroom, look up the info and they can tell. So don't.

BETTY. And hold back a little. And not on personality.

LINDA. On information.

BETTY. On information.

BRUCE. And listen. Listen and eye contact.

LARRY. Good tip.

BETTY. And smile.

LINDA. Smile.

BETTY. No one likes a downer.

LINDA. No downer talk.

LARRY. Okay. Ready.

LINDA. And here we go.

*(***LINDA** *crosses to table,* **LARRY** *crosses. They meet.)*

LARRY. Hi. *(Pause.)* Linda?

LINDA. Larry?

LARRY. Yes.

*(***LARRY** *gives* **LINDA** *a very strong handshake.)*

Really, really, great to meet you.

BRUCE. Tone it down.

LARRY. *(Releases her hand.)* Great to meet you.

LINDA. Some handshake.

BETTY. Weird handshake.

(They sit. Pause.)

LINDA. This is nice.

BETTY. Show enthusiasm!

LINDA. I think this is great…to meet in a public place.

LARRY. Yes! And what a coincidence that our moms work together.

LINDA. Small world.

LARRY. *(Laughs.)* It's exciting.

BRUCE. Down, boy.

LARRY. *(Pause.)* Right.

BRUCE. Keep eye contact.

BETTY. Smile.

LINDA. And my mom said that you are a teacher, too?

LARRY. At a local college.

BRUCE. Community.

LARRY. At the local community college, I'm an assistant professor.

BRUCE. Adjunct.

LARRY. I teach Philosophy and Philosophical Theories.

BRUCE. Intro 101.

LARRY. Plus an elective on the works of Dostoevsky, Sartre.

BRUCE. No need for lists.

LARRY. And other existential theorists.

BRUCE. Online!

LARRY. And I love it. Love to teach. Love to lecture.

BRUCE. Lectures and preaching equals loser!

LARRY. And I find it enjoyable.

BRUCE. Ask about her…her job.

LARRY. Well, that's what I do. What is it that you do?

LINDA. Oh.

BETTY. Deep breath.

LINDA. *(Pause.)* I sit home.

BETTY. Andddd?

LINDA. And –

BETTY. *(Whispers.)* Tell him what you do.

LINDA. And write.

LARRY. You write?

LINDA. And edit.

LARRY. What do you edit?

LINDA. What I write.

BETTY. Going in circles.

LINDA. Uh…speeches.

LARRY. That's fascinating. And then you give them? Inspiring millions?

LINDA. No! Oh, no! For another person.

BETTY. Tell him.

LARRY. Who?

LINDA. People in public office.

BETTY. Come on, it's like the dentist. What are you doing?

LARRY. Whose public office do you write for?

LINDA. The President.

LARRY. What President?

LINDA. The uh…our United States one.

LARRY. You write speeches for the President of the United States?

BETTY. Boom! Impressed, huh, buddy?

BRUCE & LARRY. Wow!

LINDA. I write some of them.

BETTY. Don't downplay the BOOM!

LINDA. But not the ones you hear.

LARRY. Well…which ones *do* you write?

LINDA. I write the ones you don't hear.

LARRY. What?

BETTY. He's confused. Just say "speeches." Leave it at "speeches." He was impressed.

LINDA. *(Referring to the speeches.)* Hopefully.

LARRY. Why? Why don't I hear them? *(Pause.)* Oh, I know. *(Pause.)* 'Cause they are top secret. It's espionage level: Code Silent.

LINDA. No, I write all the negative ones.

LARRY. Like?

LINDA. Well, let's say someone famous gets sick and might die. We have to have a speech.

I write it. But they get better and don't die. You'll never hear it. And that's good.

LARRY. Well, that would be good. Not that I wouldn't like to hear it.

LINDA. A volcano erupts. I have to write the "Don't Play in the Lava" speech.

LARRY. Ohhh.

LINDA. A lot of sad, terrible, cataclysmic type, depressing stuff. I'm really good at it.

BETTY. *(Makes two beeping warning sounds.)* Warning!

LINDA. I'm excellent at "sad and depressing."

BETTY. Who wants to be with "sad and depressing?"

LARRY. But you get to work at home!

LINDA. Yea!

BRUCE. Larry, this doesn't bother you?

BETTY. Depressing doesn't bother him?

LINDA. And I get to watch my soap operas.

BETTY. Do not go there.

LINDA. I really like my soaps!

BETTY. Guys hate soaps.

LARRY. Huh.

BETTY. You know guys hate soaps.

LINDA. And it pays well.

LARRY. Is that right?

LINDA. I go for a walk every day.

BETTY. Where are we going with this?

LINDA. And I get the mail. And that's about the day.

BETTY. Getting your mail is a highlight? He is so out of here.

LARRY. That's quite a day!

BETTY. He's attracted to you.

BRUCE. She's lonely.

BETTY. Or he'd be out of here.

BRUCE. Very lonely.

LARRY. I go for a walk too sometimes, during the day, down near the pond, near the college.

BRUCE. Don't lecture on Thoreau or *Walden*. Do not go there.

LARRY. It reminds me of some of my favorite books. Did you ever read *Walden*?

BRUCE. Oh no, no, no.

LINDA. *(Large smile.)* YES!

BRUCE. Whoa!

BETTY. Hey!

BRUCE. Who knew?

BETTY. Gee, that came out of nowhere.

LINDA. I love that book!

LARRY. Me, too!

BETTY. Linda, you like him, don't you?

BRUCE. You like her, too. Don't you, Larry?

BETTY. 'Cause that's the only explanation for this.

LARRY. And I'll sit sometimes and look into that pond.

BRUCE. Get out! Get out of the pond!

LARRY. At my reflection.

BRUCE. Look at her.

LARRY. And passing clouds.

BRUCE. Are you gazing upward?

BETTY. He's gazing upward.

LARRY. And I think.

LINDA. *(Whispers.)* He's like a dreamer.

BETTY. What is he looking at? Why isn't he looking at us?

BRUCE. She likes the upward gaze. How strange.

LINDA. I really like this.

BRUCE. But where are we going with this? Larry? Earth to Larry.

LARRY. And sometimes when I think about Transcendentalism –

BETTY. What?!

LARRY. What was occurring there with Thoreau and Emerson. Deep, deep in the woods.

BRUCE. *(As if trying to contact* **LARRY**.*)* Come in, Larry.

(Does fake static for two beats.)

BETTY. Deep in the woods?

BRUCE. We're breaking up.

LARRY. And then I go back inside and lecture again.

*(***LARRY** *back to looking at* **LINDA**. *Pause.)*

LINDA. Wow! That is so exciting. You are changing lives, minds.

LARRY. I'd like to think so.

LINDA. You are.

LARRY. *(Looking down.)* But they look at their phones a lot. And I can't stop them.

(Pause. **LARRY** *looks up and at* **LINDA**. **LINDA** *smiles at* **LARRY**. **LARRY** *smiles.)*

LINDA. Would you like to come over to my house?

BRUCE. What?

BETTY. No. No, you do not do that.

BRUCE. Did she just invite us to her house?

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