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Playscripts, Inc.
450 Seventh Ave, Suite 809
New York, NY 10123

toll-free phone: 1-866-NEW-PLAY
email: info@playscripts.com
website: www.playscripts.com

Cast of Characters

MOM (a.k.a. Lola)

DAD (a.k.a. Barry)

LOLA

BARRY

LOLA'S MOM

LOLA'S DAD

KARL

YANN, a foreign exchange student from Finland

YANN 2, a foreign exchange student from India

TRICIA

MELISSA

JESSICA

WAITER

THUGS

PARTYGOERS

NURSE 1

NURSE 2

JIM

Casting Note

Feel free to double cast and cross-cast as much as makes sense. Some of the gang of thugs could be tough-looking girls. Might even be funnier that way.

THAT'S NOT HOW I REMEMBER IT

by Don Zolidis

(At rise, the stage is split. Lights only on a small section, which contains the present day living room of MOM and DAD. They are speaking to an invisible child, who is located somewhere on the fourth wall.)

MOM. All right—all right—bedtime, let's go on up to bed.

DAD. Well—maybe you can stay up just this once—

MOM. *(To DAD:)* Honey. This is bedtime. We agreed on this.

DAD. *(To MOM:)* I just think a little flexibility might be in order.

MOM. *(To imaginary child:)* Young man, it is bedtime. Your father has no power here... And I don't want to hear it. I don't care if it is Friday night.

DAD. No we don't have somewhere to go and no we're not doing anything. We're parents. We don't do anything on weekends. Come on now.

MOM. That's not entirely true Barry. We're very exciting.

DAD. We used to be exciting.

MOM. Yes. *(She hears something from "TOMMY.")* What happened to us? Well sweetheart, I don't mean to guilt you, but when a man and a woman love each other very much and they have a baby together, they cease to be interesting after that point. Whatever fun or excitement they had in their lives dies. And that's mostly your fault. All right up to bed.

DAD. Oh we were very exciting indeed. I'm sure you don't believe us, but we were. I could tell you the story of how we met.

MOM. Honey, I think he's too young for that story.

DAD. I know the official story is that we met a church retreat, but... We've been lying to you. The real story? The real story will blow your mind.

MOM. Maybe not your entire mind—

DAD. Oh yes—your *entire* mind. You will never be the same. All right you're pulling it out of me! Do you want to tell it, honey?

MOM. No you tell it.

DAD. I think you should tell it.

MOM. No you brought this up, you tell it.

DAD. Okay...

(DAD steps away for a bit. The lights begin to change on the other side of the stage.)

DAD. The year was 1986. It was pretty much the most awesome year ever.

(He snaps his fingers. Cool rock music from the 80s plays. Maybe something from ZZ Top.)

DAD. I was in my prime. A senior in high school. I had hair like a lion's mane. And I had recently purchased a 1979 Trans Am. Fire Red. Like the kind Jesus would drive.

(DAD points, and BARRY enters, wearing a sleeveless jean jacket, poofed-out hair, maybe a chain earring, looking quite a lot like George Michael, actually. He also wears shades. He's that cool.)

DAD. And that's when I saw her.

(LOLA enters—if you can get a breeze to flutter her amazingly huge hair that would be awesome—otherwise, she just fluffs it a lot with her hands and stares longingly at BARRY. A romantic 80s song plays for her. Maybe a smoke machine pours smoke out. [Make this as ridiculous as possible.]

BARRY. *(Cool as ice:)* Hey.

LOLA. Hey yourself.

BARRY. You go to school here?

LOLA. When I feel like it.

BARRY. Do you feel like it today?

LOLA. That depends.

BARRY. On what?

LOLA. On whether or not you want to give me a ride in that Trans Am of yours.

BARRY. Gas mileage is terrible. I can't take it very far.

LOLA. We don't have to go far.

BARRY. All right—but I warn you—don't fall in love. I'm dangerous.

DAD. And just then—

(A GANG OF THUGS enters, whooping and hollering.)

LOLA. Oh no! A gang of thugs!

THUG 1. Ha haha! We're a gang of thugs!

THUG 2. Give us all your money!

THUG 3. We also plan on making on rude comments about you!

THUG 4. No one can stop us! Not the police, not the army, not nobody!

BARRY. That's enough, gang of thugs.

(The GANG OF THUGS stop simultaneously.)

THUG 1. Oh yeah? What are you gonna do about?

BARRY. What am I not gonna do about it?

THUG 4. You're not gonna do nothing!

BARRY. First of all, it's time for a little respect for the English language. And second of all—I happen to have a black belt in karate.*

*(*Pronounced ka-ra-TAY.)*

THUG 2. What a coincidence. We also have black belts in karate. Cobra Kai school.

(The THUGS all assume karate stances.

Something like "Eye of the Tiger" plays.

They circle each other to the beat of the music, kind of like West Side Story.)

LOLA. Go handsome stranger!

(They fight!

BARRY is the most awesome karate expert ever. He destroys the GANG OF THUGS in expert fashion, at times slowing to slow-motion.)

BARRY. Now get out of here.

THUG 1. All right you win this round. Your moves are too awesome for us to comprehend.

THUG 2. But we'll be back.

THUG 4. And when we do we'll um...

THUG 1. Let's ride!

(They run off.

BARRY and LOLA stare at each other.

Another 80s song—cheesy love song, something like "Glory of Love"—plays.)

LOLA. I have to tell you something. And you might not like what you hear.

BARRY. Don't worry. My ears are all grown up.

LOLA. I...I have a boyfriend.

BARRY. It can't be!

LOLA. It is!

BARRY. No!

LOLA. Here he is now!

(KARL enters. KARL looks like a stereotypical 80s villain.)

KARL. Why you talking to this loser, Lola? You know you're my girl.

LOLA. He just saved me from a gang of thugs, that's all.

KARL. Did he? All right guy. I owe you one for taking care of my girl. But if I ever see you looking at her again, I'm gonna put my fist through your face.

BARRY. I'm not scared of you.

KARL. Come on babe. I'll give you a ride in my car and I'll disrespect you at the same time.

LOLA. Okay. I don't have any self-esteem when I'm with you.

KARL. Hey, you're my girl. You don't need self-esteem. Let's go.

(They exit.)

DAD. And that was when—

MOM. Whoahwhoahwhoah hold on.

DAD. What?

MOM. That's not even close to how it happened!

DAD. That's how I remember it!

MOM. You defeated a gang of thugs in a karate battle?

DAD. Yes! It happened a lot! And it's pronounced Ka-ra-TAY!

MOM. Tommy, your father has clearly lost his memory. That is not how we met. It was like this—

(Lights change again. LOLA, still with 80s hair, but much more properly dressed, enters.)

MOM. It was just after second period. Biology.

(LOLA calls off to departing friends.)

LOLA. Okay guys see ya later!

(She turns and bumps right into BARRY [who has lost his jean jacket and now sports regular glasses.] LOLA drops her books, BARRY collapses to the floor.)

LOLA. Whoops!

BARRY. Arg!

LOLA. It's okay I didn't see you there!

BARRY. I'm hurt! I'm injured! My collarbone has shattered. I have very weak bones. They're quite brittle.

LOLA. I'm sorry I just bumped into you. Are you going to be okay?

BARRY. I think I'll make it. Just need a little help getting up is all.

(LOLA helps him up. He snorts.)

BARRY. You touched me. Just like you touched my heart.

LOLA. Oh jeez.

BARRY. I need to confess something. I'm not really injured. I just do that to woo pretty ladies. In fact I staged this encounter.

LOLA. That's kind of pathetic.

BARRY. But oh so effective.

LOLA. You know—I'm not really in the mood right now. This has actually been the worst day of my life. My parents have taken in a foreign exchange student. His name is Yann and he's from Finland he's following me everywhere.

(YANN enters.)

DAD. No way! Yann was from India!

MOM. He was from Finland! We didn't have an Indian foreign exchange student!

DAD. I thought he was from India. Besides, you're just recreating Sixteen Candles up here.

MOM. Oh I am not! And besides I didn't interrupt you when you went on your Karate Kid plot!

(YANN approaches LOLA. He wears a big sweater.)

YANN. I was wondering where you had gone to, ya.

LOLA. I'm just trying to live my life.

YANN. It is time to take me to happenin' American parties now.

LOLA. I'm afraid you're out of luck, Yann.

YANN. Oh ya. That will leave us more time to spend together. I will enjoy looking at your nice hip bones.

LOLA. Um...actually—you know what's funny—I happen to be busy tonight. I'm going with—

(She points to BARRY.)

BARRY. What?

LOLA. I'm going with...

(She points again.)

BARRY. Barry?

LOLA. Barry. My boyfriend Barry. I'm going with him—

BARRY. When did we start going out?

LOLA. You've been my boyfriend for a long time now, remember?

BARRY. Whoah. This girl is crazy.

YANN. Ya that is what I am thinking.

BARRY. I totally don't even know her and she thinks we're going out?

YANN. She is just confused. It is hormones. That is okay I will give her neck massage. We are having romantic love affair.

BARRY. Oh. Oh sorry. I didn't mean to get in the way.

LOLA. We're not having romantic love affair—he's just living in my house!

YANN. It makes it easier that way.

LOLA. Yann, we're not having a romantic love affair—

YANN. It is hot.

LOLA. No! No it's not.

BARRY. It kinda sounds hot.

LOLA. Barry, remember that you're my boyfriend and you're taking me out tonight, right?

(She waits for him to get it.)

BARRY. *(Very slow on the uptake.)* Oooooooh. Yes. Now I remember that we are dating.

(YANN eyes them both.)

BARRY. And we are...in love and...tender with each other.

LOLA. Okay we don't need to say too much in front of Yann.

BARRY. I'm proud of our love...

LOLA. Lola.

BARRY. Lola. And it's a good thing there's a party tonight for us to go to. At Mysterious Martin's house.

YANN. Ohya. I was invited to that.

LOLA. Mysterious Martin? He's throwing a party tonight?

BARRY. Yeah. His parents are going to be out of town. It's going to be radical.

LOLA. He's the biggest dork in the school—he's having a party and he didn't invite me?

BARRY. Oh well I—

(TRICIA enters. She also has enormous hair.)

TRICIA. There you are!

YANN. Oh. Now there are two red-hot American babes.

LOLA. Hey Tricia.

TRICIA. I wanted to let you know that I reviewed your friendship application.

LOLA. Oh! And—

TRICIA. This is so hard to say. I get a lot of people who want to be my friend because I'm so popular and so pretty—And there are certain standards that I have to maintain.

(She puts her hand on LOLA's shoulder.)

TRICIA. You weren't chosen.

LOLA. Oh. Well that's okay. Can I have my twenty dollars back then?

TRICIA. That was a non-refundable application fee. If you want, you can put another deposit down and I'll hold you a space for my spring friendship opening. But—if I can give you a little advice... what you're doing now—this *look*—this is not a successful look for you. I'm going to need to see a complete transformation in the next two months. Okay?

LOLA. Okay.

(She turns to go and runs into BARRY, who has staged another collision.)

BARRY. Ah! I'm hurt! Help!

(TRICIA looks at him as if he were roadkill.)

TRICIA. You already tried that on me yesterday.

BARRY. This time it's true!

TRICIA. You're full of misplaced hope, aren't you?

(She leaves.)

LOLA. Classy, Barry.

YANN. So there is hope for Yann now, ya?

LOLA. *(To BARRY:)* Pick me up at eight.

*(She leaves him lying there on the floor and exits.
Lights change back to MOM and DAD.)*

DAD. Whoa whoawhoa! No way! No way!

MOM. That's how it happened. You staged those little falls for attention!

DAD. There was zero karate in that story!

MOM. Oh we'll get to the quote karate.

DAD. No nono—don't listen to your mother. The pain of childbirth has obviously wreaked havoc on her brain cells. What happened was—the next day, after I defeated the gang of thugs and she was dating that guy Karl—

MOM. I don't know anyone named Karl!

DAD. That's funny cause he was only YOUR BOYFRIEND when I met you. And kind of a male chauvinist pig on top of it. He had a tattoo of a skull on him somewhere. Anyway, at lunch this happened.

(The same cool 80s music as earlier plays, as BARRY enters [with cool jean jacket and no glasses.]

TRICIA, JESSICA, and MELISSA sit at a lunch table.

BARRY comes over to the table, stands, and regards them.)

BARRY. What's up, ladies?

TRICIA. *(Awestruck:)* Hi Barry.

JESSICA. I heard about what you did to that gang of thugs.

MELISSA. That was so romantic.

TRICIA. I wish someone would defend my honor like that.

BARRY. Hey. Look at me.

(TRICIA looks at him, gazes into his eyes.)

TRICIA. You're so powerful.

BARRY. Shhh... You're a beautiful girl, Tricia. There's a boy out there for you that's going to cherish you the way I cherish Lola. And remember—when you're not looking for love, that's when it will find you.

TRICIA. Kiss me, Barry.

BARRY. I can't do that.

TRICIA. Please.

BARRY. I'm sorry. Even though you are very attractive, my heart belongs to another. I'm afraid I'm one star you can't reach.

(BARRY touches her chin meaningfully. TRICIA sits, despondent.)

BARRY. But there's a reason I wanted to talk to you, as you represent all of Lola's closest friends.

MOM. I wasn't friends with them!

JESSICA. You're right, we are Lola's closest friends. That's why we can't stand Karl.

MELISSA. He's no good for her.

JESSICA. And he's not nearly as cute as you are, Barry. Can I touch your hair?

BARRY. Yes. But only briefly.

(All three girls briefly touch his hair.)

BARRY. Enough. What I need is a plan. A plan to win her away from that jerk. I want you girls to think.

(The girls think.)

TRICIA. I'm sorry I can't concentrate with you this close to me.

MOM. This is the most pathetic thing I've ever—

DAD. Hey! This is how it happened!

JESSICA. I'm afraid that I'm just a girl. My brain isn't made for thinking.

MELISSA. Yeah!

MOM. Pause! Time out!

DAD. What?

MOM. So my imaginary boyfriend Karl was the chauvinist pig?

DAD. He was! He didn't respect you.

MOM. I hope you see the irony of this portrayal.

DAD. Of course I do. It's um...can I just tell my story without you having to point out ironies?

MOM. Fine. But for the record, those girls hated me.

BARRY. Well—if you think of something, let me know.

(KARL enters, angry.)

KARL. Hey!

MELISSA. *(Screaming unnecessarily.)* IT'S KARL! NO! AAAAAAH!

KARL. What's this about you telling everybody you're in love with my girl?

BARRY. I am in love with her. And she's not your girl.

KARL. She belongs to me. Like a bicycle. Or my lunchbox.

BARRY. You don't own her, Karl! She's an intelligent woman and able to make her own decisions!

KARL. You know what we're doing tonight? We're getting matching tattoos.

JESSICA. Radical.

KARL. Then our love will be forever.

BARRY. Over my dead body.

KARL. That can be arranged.

(They stare at each other.)

BARRY. News flash. I don't frighten easily.

MELISSA. You know what would be awesome right now? If you guys had a dance off.

BARRY. I don't do—

KARL. You're on. DJ. Hit it.

(A DJ appears and hits it. Something like "99 Luftballons" plays.)

BARRY. What the heck is this?

KARL. It's German. And I just happen to know some killer German dance moves.

(KARL executes killer German dance moves. The girls are agog.)

MELISSA. Oh my gosh he's amazing!

JESSICA. Look at his avant-garde hip movement!

TRICIA. I was wrong about you Karl!

KARL. (*Stopping:*) Your turn.

(*BARRY tries to get into it.*)

BARRY. It's German—I can't figure out what the lyrics are saying! Arrrhg!

(*BARRY collapses. The music stops.*)

KARL. So much for being a hero. If you need me, I'll be at Fresh Ink, getting tattooed with my girl.

(*He starts to leave.*)

BARRY. Wait!

(*BARRY gets to his feet.*)

KARL. Ready for more punishment. That's all right, I've got moves to spare.

BARRY. No—no more dance-offs. I challenge you to the snowmobile race—

MOM. What snowmobile race?

BARRY. I challenge you to the ski jump competition—

MOM. We grew up in Kansas—

BARRY. I challenge you to a skateboarding—I challenge you to a stock car race—I challenge you to the show cat tournament.

KARL. Oh I'll be there. With bells on.

BARRY. You do that.

KARL. I will do that. With bells.

BARRY. Yeah.

KARL. Good.

(*KARL leaves.*)

MOM. (*To DAD:*) Show cat tournament?

DAD. You know, like...like show cats.

MOM. What are show cats?

DAD. You parade them around. On leashes. They get judged.

MOM. What on earth are you talking about?

DAD. It HAPPENED A LOT in the 80s! It was a strange time!

MOM. There was no "show cat" tournament—what happened was that I went home to get ready for my fake date with you.

(LOLA enters, having changed into a more ridiculous 80s outfit. She is teasing her hair and hairspraying it. She's hairspraying it a lot. LOLA'S MOM enters.)

LOLA'S MOM. *(Knocking on an imaginary door:)* Honey? Can I come in?

LOLA. Sure, Mom.

LOLA'S MOM. I feel like we never talk anymore.

LOLA. I'm kinda busy right now.

LOLA'S MOM. Can I do that for you? Let me do that. I always used to do your hair for you.

(LOLA reluctantly hands over the hairspray.)

LOLA'S MOM. Oh sweetheart, you're going to be a woman soon. A real woman. Look at you.

(They look into the imaginary mirror together.)

LOLA'S MOM. You've got a really nice figure.

LOLA. Okay Mom I need some privacy.

LOLA'S MOM. Let me see your teeth. Smile.

(LOLA smiles. LOLA'S MOM examines her teeth like she's looking at a horse.)

LOLA'S MOM. These are just great. Oh to be young. And have healthy gums and teeth. You're flossing, right?

LOLA. Yeah I'm flossing.

LOLA'S MOM. That makes my heart smile.

LOLA. Do you mind?

LOLA'S MOM. Oh sure. 'Mom's embarrassing me in my own bathroom. I can't be seen with my own mother in the mirror. Just give birth to me and raise me and get out of the way.' I get it. Mom's a loser. Mom looks like roadkill. Mom should just go lurk in the basement like a troll farmer.

LOLA. I'm not saying you have to lurk in the basement—I just—I have a date tonight.

LOLA'S MOM. *(Super excited:)* A WHAT?!

LOLA. I have a fake date.

LOLA'S MOM. A DATE?!

LOLA. A fake date.

LOLA'S MOM. And you didn't tell me about it? I would tell you about my fake dates! Tell me about him tell me about him tell me about him!

LOLA. I don't know um—

LOLA'S MOM. What's-he-look-like-what's-his-name-how-tall-is-he-who-are-his-parents?

LOLA. He's um—I think his name's Barry.

LOLA'S MOM. He sounds amazing! Oh my gosh oh my gosh my little girl has a date! (*She screams a little.*) This is the happiest day of my life! All of the days before this were pale and meaningless and now, suddenly, my life has meaning! YES! Oh honey! You truly are a woman today!

LOLA. It's just a fake date.

LOLA'S MOM. No—you are at the threshold. Say goodbye to girlhood. Goodbye Barbies! Goodbye dollhouse! Goodbye My Little Pony! Hello—womanhood. Now listen to me—this boy is going to try to pressure you—he's going to try to kiss you—your job is defense. A little bit of this, a little bit of that—and if things look like they're getting interesting, fall asleep—just pretend—take these cookies, if there's a chance he might kiss you, pop one in your mouth. Under no circumstances does this boy get a kiss tonight! You need him desperate, you need to break his spirit, you need him to—

LOLA. Mom! I'm not interested in him at all! I'm just going to a party!

(*LOLA'S DAD appears.*)

LOLA'S DAD. Knock knock can I come in!

LOLA. This is the bathroom Dad.

LOLA'S DAD. What's all that squealing I heard?

LOLA'S MOM. Our daughter is becoming a woman.

LOLA'S DAD. Oh no. I feared this day would come.

LOLA. Dad, it's—

LOLA'S DAD. You're grounded. You are not to leave the house.

LOLA'S MOM. David—she has a date tonight.

LOLA. Fake date.

LOLA'S DAD. A date? Already? You're seventeen! What are you doing dating?! Why on earth would you do something like that! What is wrong with you?! No! No this can't be happening! Call him

and tell him you fell down a flight of stairs and are paralyzed and in a coma!

LOLA. Dad! Dad! Get a hold of yourself!

LOLA'S MOM. David. You can't stop time. She's in love.

LOLA. I'm not in love.

LOLA'S MOM. And if you fight this thing, it will only drive her into his muscular arms. She's grown now—she's free to escape into the night and feel the stars above her and his warm breath on her neck, his fingers—

LOLA. Ohmygosh Mom no!

LOLA'S DAD. Stop talking! Stop talking!

LOLA'S MOM. What's that? It's the sound of nature. It's knocking at our door. His eyes are like coal. The rough stubble on his chin like the faintest embrace of sandpaper—and yet his strong arms, his masculine odor, they're overpowering—

LOLA. No! No! Mom stop!

(YANN knocks on the door.)

YANN. Hello. Knock knock.

LOLA'S DAD. Come in Yann.

(YANN enters.)

LOLA. Can I just remind everyone that this is the bathroom!

YANN. That is okay in Finland we have no personal space.

(YANN stands very close to LOLA.)

LOLA'S MOM. Wow! I love learning about your culture!

YANN. Ya, it is special. In Finland we spend much time in bathroom together.

LOLA'S MOM. So interesting!

LOLA. You know what though? I'm feeling a little crowded.

LOLA'S MOM. Honey, we must respect their different ways of being. It's what being a foster family is all about.

YANN. Ya. So what is the dealio?

LOLA'S MOM. Lola has a date tonight.

YANN. Hot American date in automobile?

LOLA'S MOM. Yes!

LOLA'S DAD. No! There will be no automobile!

LOLA. I don't even know if he has a car.

LOLA'S MOM. Make sure you find a boy with one. That allows for a lot more possibilities.

LOLA'S DAD. Jane!

LOLA'S MOM. What?

LOLA'S DAD. I think they should walk places.

LOLA'S MOM. You don't get it. We can't stand in the way. Our job is to just let nature take hold.

LOLA'S DAD. No. Our job is to prevent nature from happening. In fact—

(LOLA'S DAD pushes past YANN and tries to adjust LOLA's dress.)

LOLA'S DAD. Can we uh?—

LOLA. Dad!

LOLA'S MOM. *(Slapping him away:)* Absolutely not!

(She readjusts LOLA's dress.)

YANN. How about sexytime earrings?

(Holds up earrings.)

LOLA'S DAD. Are you sure you want her to look like this? What if we added—

(Tries to add something resembling a black sheet over her.)

LOLA'S MOM. No nono!

YANN. Ooh. Sexytime choker.

(Holds up choker.)

LOLA'S MOM. That is hot!

LOLA'S DAD. No!

(They fight over the choker.)

LOLA. EVERYONE OUT!!!!

(They're all shocked. They leave.)

LOLA'S MOM. It's just a phase.

YANN. Ya. I'll talk to her.

(Lights change on them.)

DAD. You expect our son to believe that madness? At first I thought you were just confused, but now I see that you are maliciously trying to present a fake version of the past!

MOM. That's what happened!

DAD. What *really* happened—

MOM. Oh yes please tell us about the "Show Cat" Competition.

DAD. It HAPPENED ALL THE TIME! But—before the competition you had found me—

(LOLA runs in.)

LOLA. Barry! Barry where are you?

DAD. And I was in my Trans Am.

(BARRY enters.)

BARRY. Yeah?

(Music like "I Want to Know What Love Is" by Foreigner plays. They just stare at each other.)

LOLA. I forgot what I was going to say.

BARRY. I have that effect on people.

(He strokes her chin.)

YANN 2, played by a different actor than YANN, enters.)

YANN 2. What is going on? I am foreign exchange student named Yann. From India.

LOLA. Yann. The foreign exchange student from India who's living at our house! What are you doing here?

MOM. He was from Finland!

DAD. Finland isn't even a real country!

YANN 2. Hello. I am so happy I am standing beside myself. I would like to mention that I am from India.

LOLA. What do you want Yann?

YANN 2. I am here to profess my loving you. And also I am from India. I just want to make that point clear. Would you be my bride?

LOLA. What? No!

YANN 2. Too bad. Our parents have arranged it.

BARRY. Yann, I'm as culturally sensitive as the next guy—

MOM. Ha!

BARRY. But the lady has told you no, and you need to respect her decision.

YANN 2. No dice!

BARRY. Then I'm going to have to teach you some respect. With karate.*

*(*Pronounced ka-ra-TAY.)*

BARRY. Hi ya!

(YANN 2 charges BARRY, who does one move, and defeats him.)

YANN 2. Ah! I am defeated! I shall return to India and no longer factor in the story because I'm not important to the overall storyline of you falling in love with her.

(YANN 2 slinks off.)

MOM. Was your head trampled on by a rhinoceros?

DAD. Shh! We're getting to the good part!

("I Want to Know What Love Is" resumes. BARRY and LOLA take hands and rotate slowly.)

BARRY. I've got an idea. Let's go to Applebee's.

LOLA. I thought you'd never ask.

MOM. Applebee's didn't exist in 1986.

BARRY. Let's go to Shakey's Pizza Buffet.

LOLA. I thought you would never ask.

MOM. It wasn't a pizza buffet! You think we went to a pizza buffet for our first date?

DAD. You ate a lot!

MOM. I never would've dated you if you took me to a pizza buffet!

DAD. You were drawn to me by my animal magnetism!

MOM. No nono—you've really lost it this time. I'm sorry to say this but your many failures as an adult have caused you to recreate a mythical fantasy version of your past.

DAD. Mythical fantasy version?!

MOM. Applebee's! Need I say more!? This is what really happened! First off.

(She strips the cool jacket off BARRY and puts glasses on him.)

MOM. We went to Bartoli's—the Italian place off Milton avenue.

DAD. That's a joke, right? That's a funny joke! I can't even speak Italian!

MOM. Hey Romeo—for your information, you don't need to speak Italian to go to an Italian restaurant!

(WAITER enters and sets up table for the Italian restaurant.)

LOLA. Wow, Barry, this place is nice.

BARRY. *(Nervous:)* Yeah. Um...

WAITER. Your table, miss. Would you care to see our wine list?

BARRY. Wine list?!

LOLA. Sure.

WAITER. I'm going to need to see your ID.

LOLA. I don't feel like wine tonight.

WAITER. And might I add that you look lovely this evening.

LOLA. Really?

WAITER. The way your hair glistens in the candlelight. And your eyeshadow, as if a thousand blueberries had committed suicide just above your eyelids.

LOLA. Wow.

WAITER. Come away with me, and we shall sail the seas of fate together. Take my hand in yours, don't be afraid.

(He stretches out his hand.)

LOLA. Um...Barry?

BARRY. Yeah?

LOLA. Planning on saying anything?

BARRY. Um...

WAITER. Forget Barry. Barry is your past. I am your future.

LOLA. Okay.

(She gets up.)

MOM. And he said nothing! Nothing!

DAD. That's not what happened! I am actually remembering this Baroli's place now, although it was actually called Barilli's. You've obviously misremembered it. And the waiter did hit on you, but it actually went like this:

(BARRY stands up, taking off his glasses and putting on his cool coat.)

BARRY. Hey waiter. Here's your tip for the night: hands off my girl.

MOM. Moments ago, you were all—Karl is sexist 'cause he claims me—

DAD. Shush.

WAITER. What are you gonna do about it?

BARRY. Perhaps I could introduce you to my fists of fury.

WAITER. Oh yeah? Well perhaps I could introduce you to my gang of thugs!

(GANG OF THUGS charges in, dressed like waiters.)

LOLA. It's a gang of thugs! At an expensive Italian restaurant! Who would've thought?

MOM. What?

(A song like Bonnie Tyler's "Holding Out for a Hero" plays.)

BARRY. That's all right. I've defeated you once before.

LOLA. What are the odds these guys all work at the same restaurant?

(BARRY steps into the middle of the gang of thugs.

Even more ridiculous karate fight happens.

BARRY defeats all of them. He grabs WAITER by the scruff of his neck.)

BARRY. Tell your boss—tell Karl—I'm coming for him.

WAITER. He's going to be waiting for you. With bells on.

BARRY. I don't like bells.

(BARRY drops WAITER, who is now unconscious.)

BARRY. Let's blow this popsicle stand.

LOLA. We haven't actually ordered yet.

BARRY. For some reason, I've lost my appetite.

(Kicks WAITER absently.)

MOM. Okay, so you're saying that on our first date, you single-handedly defeated a gang of thug waiters who attacked you in the restaurant?

DAD. That's how I remember it, yes.

MOM. What actually happened is that the waiter hit on me all night long and you were so scared of him you didn't say anything.

DAD. Ha! As you can plainly see in my re-creation of events, I defeated him in physical combat.

MOM. And then we went to the party.

DAD. That I agree with. We went to the party at Mysterious Martin's.

MOM. Thank you. And it was like this—

(The other cast members create the party at Mysterious Martin's.)

KEYMASTER. I am the keymaster! Behold my glory! Give me your keys!

DAD. Steal much from *Say Anything*?

MOM. Shut up!

(BARRY and LOLA arrive.)

KEYMASTER. You shall give your keys to me!

BARRY. Okay, well I'm not really planning on doing anything that—

KEYMASTER. Silence!

(KEYMASTER runs off.)

LOLA. So this is a fun party.

BARRY. Yeah.

LOLA. You wanna dance?

BARRY. Okay.

*(They get to the center of the party and dance very, very awkwardly. 80s song that cannot be danced to plays. Something like "Sister Christian" or "Love is a Battlefield."
No one else is dancing at all.)*

BARRY. I like your moves.

LOLA. Thank you.

BARRY. They remind me of a beautiful bird that's come crashing to earth.

LOLA. Thanks. And you remind me of a...spaceman...who's fallen out of his spaceship... and his arms are on fire.

BARRY. Awesome.

(The other PARTYGOERS continue to stare at them.)

PARTYGOER 1. Um... You do realize that no one else is dancing at this party?

PARTYGOER 2. Yeah.

BARRY. I gotcha.

(TRICIA steps forward.)

TRICIA. I feel really bad for you. First you have to look like that, and then...you're dating this.

LOLA. There's nothing wrong with Barry.

(She looks at BARRY, who is still dancing.)

LOLA. I mean...he has a few issues, but not more than any other guy.

TRICIA. Okay. But you know what? We're trying to maintain a level of coolness here.

PARTYGOER 1. Yeah!

TRICIA. So if you could take it outside, or maybe into a locked room, or maybe some place where people can't see or hear you, that would be awesome.

(BARRY finally stops dancing.)

PARTYGOER 2. Yeah! No dancing here!

BARRY. You know what? I don't care. Okay? All you people are too insecure.

DAD. Oh please. I would never say something like that.

MOM. Shush.

BARRY. So what if we like to dance? I think that's one of the things I like best about me. So you guys are free to have your no-dancing party over there, me and this girl are going to bust a groove over here.

LOLA. Wow. Thank you.

BARRY. Oh. And Tricia—your hair looks like a termite mound, okay? Like a termite mound that got eaten by a dinosaur and then vomited up and put back together on your head. And then like a bunch of space aliens came down and worshipped that, and right now there's a weird guy in the next town over making a sculpture of your hair out of mashed potatoes. So there.

(TRICIA looks at him angrily for a second, then breaks down and cries.)

BARRY. Ha! Yes! I made her cry!

(KARL enters.)

KARL. What is it babe?

TRICIA. He's being mean to me!

DAD. Time out! Time out!

(*The action freezes.*)

DAD. Karl was your boyfriend!

MOM. Karl was Tricia's boyfriend! I never dated that guy.

DAD. You have the memory of a goldfish!

MOM. You have the memory of a dead goldfish! Karl was Tricia's boyfriend. This is what happened.

DAD. This is not how I remember it.

MOM. That's because—

KARL. Who did this to you?

TRICIA. That ugly looking guy over there. He called me all kinds of names. And hurt my feelings.

(*She sobs.*)

LOLA. To be fair, she was hurting our feelings first.

KARL. (*To BARRY:*) What is your major malfunction?! I will break you.

BARRY. (*Backing down:*) Sorry um...sorry. Tricia—I apologize. Your hair has the beauty of a thousand suns. It dazzles me. Okay?

TRICIA. (*Through tears:*) I don't think that was sincere.

KARL. I'm not sure that was sincere either.

TRICIA. It was kind of sardonic, actually.

KARL. Yeah. Definitely sardonic. I'm gonna pound you into next week.

LOLA. Look we don't need to have a fight. Let's just go our separate ways—

(YANN enters.)

YANN. I will defend your honor!

(*Once again, "Glory of Love" plays.*)

KARL. Who's this freak?

LOLA. This is Yann. He lives with me. He's from Finland.

DAD. India!

YANN. If you mess with Lola, I will unleash Finnish fighting technique upon you.

KARL. I don't have any problem with you. It's this guy here.

YANN. Oh. All right then. Carry on.

(YANN steps back.)

KARL. Now it's time to set my fists to pulverize.

(KARL sets his fists to "pulverize.")

BARRY. Look! We don't need to fight! I'm sorry! Just let us leave in peace! *(BARRY begins an a cappella version of "We are the World." He doesn't know most of the words.)* We are the world... We are the children... Come and make a brighter day and let's start doing stuff... We are the world...

KARL. Not this time.

(DAD steps in.)

DAD. Whoah! Um...first of all—I knew all the words to "We are the World." And second of all, the first lesson of karate is how to use an opponent's overconfidence against him. I actually do remember this incident—it went like this.

*(He takes off the glasses and puts the coat back on BARRY.
YANN 2 runs in to replace YANN.)*

LOLA. Stay back Yann from India!

YANN 2. Okay. I am standing over here.

KARL. Now it's time to set my fists to pulverize. And I'd also like to mention that I don't care about Tricia that much since I'm not dating her, I'm really just angry at the fact that you're dancing with my girl here at this party.

MOM. Are you sure you don't have a Show Cat competition throw-down?

DAD. We never got to the Show Cat competition. Fate intervened.

BARRY. All right—well I'm sitting my fists to frappe.

MOM. Nobody frappe'd anything in the 80s.

BARRY. I should warn you: I have a blackbelt in karate.

*(Something like "Highway to the Danger Zone" plays.
They fight. BARRY is awesome as usual. They take pauses to make slow motion, super-awesome sequences set to the music.
Finally—BARRY strikes KARL in the chest with a karate chop.
KARL staggers and falls to his knees.)*

**THIS PLAY IS
NOT OVER!**

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