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Cast of Characters

KATIE

BILLY

EVE

TINA

TEDDY

WAITER

BETTY

CALVIN

MANAGER

RAH

UG

TONY

SHELLY

STUFFED ANIMAL

JESSICA

ELIJAH

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

VERONICA

BUDDY

AMANDA

COOPER

MANDY

CHESTERFIELD

ALARMIST GIRL

TYLER

JULIE

GUY

BACK-UPS

CHARLIE

Production Notes

1. I have 4 bonus scenes at the end of the script that could easily be substituted or added to the script as needed. You can also just delete scenes if the play is running long for your needs. I also have written a very short version of the Caveman scene if you like that better.

2. If I have any current pop culture references that are now out of date, please feel free to update them. Also, I've done my best to keep this script clean, but if I have any language or situations that you deem inappropriate, feel free to change them.

3. Speaking of changes, feel free to change the script for creative reasons as well. Maybe you found a funny improv, or want to change the gender of a character. Maybe you're a better writer than I am. Change away, you have my blessing.

You can also e-mail me if any other questions or concerns regarding the script at Ian.McWethy@gmail.com.

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THE 9 WORST BREAKUPS OF ALL TIME

by Ian McWethy

Prologue: The Scene Before The Countdown

(KATIE and BILLY are eating lunch and talking.)

KATIE. So I think you should show up at 7. No, 7:15. I'll need more time on my hair.

BILLY. Okay.

KATIE. And can my corsage be a white tulip? I know normally people go with red roses, but I think it'll clash with my dress.

BILLY. Yeah, sure.

KATIE. And then...well, never mind. You said you didn't want to talk about next year and college and distance until after prom, and I think you're right...let's just enjoy prom.

BILLY. I can't do it.

KATIE. Oh, okay. Well we can talk about college now, if you want. I think—

BILLY. No I mean...not about college. I can't keep doing this.

KATIE. Doing what?

BILLY. I can't go to the prom with you, I'm going with Jess Hutchinson.

KATIE. What? Jess Hutchinson...I don't understand. How is that possible?

BILLY. Because I've been dating both of you for the past three months and it's not fair to Jess.

KATIE. Not fair to Jess? But what about me?

BILLY. Well I guess if you're going to get technical about it it's not fair to you either. But come on! Think about Jess. She's so sweet!

KATIE. Don't say she's sweet! I'm sweet!

BILLY. You're okay. I mean you're mostly nice. But Jess is like...the sweetest! Plus, Jess is also funny, and smells amazing and has the face of an angel.

KATIE. What about my face? What about my smell?

BILLY. You smell like okay laundry detergent and your face...is fine but it's not like an angel face. Katie, seriously, really study Jess's face next time you look at her...you will feel blessed.

KATIE. Get away from me Billy! Seriously! I don't ever want to see you again! Ever!

BILLY. Fine, look, you're right I'll go. Sorry.

(BILLY leaves. KATIE starts crying. BILLY comes back on stage.)

BILLY. Hey, if you end up going stag to the dance, and are lonely, and feel like making out with someone, I'll totally do it. Just so that you don't feel like a loser.

KATIE. Go away! EEEEEHHH!!!!

(BILLY runs off stage. KATIE sits back down and sobs.)

KATIE. Oh God. Oh...God! That was...horrible, that was the worst breakup ever!

(Poof! EVE TONSIL appears [How? Through the magic of theatre!].)

EVE. Who said that? Who said it?

KATIE. What...how?

EVE. Who just said they had "the worst breakup ever"?

KATIE. ...I did?

(EVE sighs, takes out a card, hands it to KATIE.)

EVE. Eve Tonsil. Yes, like the thing in your throat. MOVING ON! I work for a nonprofit company called RELATIONSHIPS FOR A BETTER TOMORROW. We specialize in helping young people like yourself maximize your potential by showing you just how trivial and undramatic your relationships and subsequent breakups...really are.

KATIE. Hey! It wasn't meaningless. I loved him!

EVE. Oh nonsense, you'd only been dating for 3 months.

KATIE. So what? I can't know that I love someone in three months?

EVE. No! That's idiotic. No one can! You know what Juliet would've said to Romeo if she had lived... "I know nothing about you and you're kind of short." Fact!

KATIE. That can't be a fact. They're not...

EVE. MOVING ON! Katie, I'm here to help you. And after the next 25 minutes you'll realize that in the scheme of things...your breakup really wasn't all that bad. Because Katie, I'm about to show you THE NINE WORST BREAKS UP OF ALL TIME!

(Lightning strikes! Thunder is heard!)

KATIE. What the...how did you do that?

EVE. (*Mocking:*) Uh...I don't know, magic.

KATIE. Yeah...was it really magic or are you just making fun of me?

EVE. (*Mocking:*) Uh...no, it's magic.

KATIE. Okay, seriously, was it magic? Cause I really can't tell by your tone if you're being sarcastic or not.

EVE. Fine, no tone. Yes, I use magic, get over it.

KATIE. But you said you work for a nonprofit company?

EVE. Yes, a nonprofit that uses magic. Okay? Happy? Do you understand everything now? **MOVING ON!** I present to you, Katie, the 9th worst breakup of all time.

(*EVE snaps her fingers.*)

Number 9: It's Cute Until You Disagree

(*TINA and TEDDY sit across from each other at a restaurant, holding hands and giggling. A basket of bread is in between them.*)

EVE. 2009, Madison Wisconsin. Tina Bates and Teddy Wingfield sit at an Italian restaurant. The time is 7:45 on a Wednesday.

TINA. Oh, I just love this bread.

TEDDY. Oh my God I was just thinking that.

TINA. Really?

TEDDY. Swear to God.

TINA. Ooooh. I love that about us. That we...

TEDDY and TINA. *Love the same things!*

TINA. Oh my God!

TEDDY. It's the best!

(*TINA and TEDDY Eskimo kiss and make obnoxious cutesy noises.*)

TINA. We really do.

TEDDY. We totally do.

TINA. Like what's your favorite movie from your childhood?

TEDDY. Oh, easy.

TINA. On the count of three. Ready?

TEDDY and TINA. One, Two, Three...*The Muppet Movie.*

TEDDY. From 1979!

TINA. Of course, it's the best one.

TEDDY. Ooooooh... We are SO on the same page.

TINA. We ARE the same page.

(They Eskimo kiss again. More cross cutesy noises.)

TEDDY. What about...

TINA. Yeah...

TEDDY. Your favorite...

TINA. Yeah...

TEDDY. Flavor of Ben and Jerry's.

TINA. Ooooh, ho, ho. Just one.

TEDDY. Just one. Ready?

TEDDY and TINA. *One, two, there...Phish food!*

TEDDY. With the little fish!

TINA. And the chocolate swirls!

TEDDY. Ooooh...

TINA. I knooooowww...

(More Eskimo kisses. More noises. This time they sigh afterwards, and just stare at each other.)

TEDDY. I am going to miss you.

TINA. I know...

TEDDY. I can't believe you're going to England.

TINA. I know...

TEDDY. For a whole month.

TINA. It's so saaaaad.

TEDDY. I know.

(They both pout a little.)

TEDDY. When you get to England, what's the first thing you're going to do?

TINA. Ooooh...

TEDDY. Because I think I know.

TINA. I think I know that you know.

TEDDY. On the count of three.

TINA. One, two, three...

TEDDY. (*At the same time:*) Go to Buckingham palace!

TINA. (*At the same time:*) Break up with you!

TEDDY. What?

TINA. Wait, what did you say?

TEDDY. You're going to break up with me?

TINA. You expect me to go to Buckingham palace?!?

TEDDY. You love the royal family.

TINA. But I hate palaces! Uh. Terrible!

(TINA gets up, really upset.)

TEDDY. Wait! Why are you upset! I'm the one getting dumped!?!

TINA. Because we're not on the same page! This is supposed to be the easiest breakup ever. I thought you'd know!

TEDDY. No! I didn't.

TINA. This is terrible, I need to go.

TEDDY. Hey! You can't be upset! I'm the one who should be upset.

TINA. Well too bad because I am. I thought I'd finally met a guy who thought the exact same way I did. I thought when we'd break up it would be mutual! But no, I have to feel guilty now!

TEDDY. But we have so much in common.

TINA. I know! And that's great for a 6 month relationship but if I really wanna get serious with a guy, we'd have to disagree about some things. A healthy relationship means being your own person. I thought you'd agree with me about that.

TEDDY. No! I don't!

TINA. Oh my God! Who are you?!?

(TINA storms off! TEDDY is bewildered, stands.)

TEDDY. I should be the one who storms off, Tina! I should! And you should agree with me because that's what we do!

(TEDDY sobs in his seat.)

(A WAITER comes in.)

WAITER. Um...could I get you started on a—

TEDDY. Just bring me more bread.

WAITER. I'm sorry, you've already had—

TEDDY. BRING ME ALL THE BREAD!

KATIE. I guess that was worse than mine. Although give me some credit, my boyfriend was cheating on me.

EVE. Oh don't worry, this is only the tip of the breakup iceberg. Number 8!

(EVE snaps her fingers and we move to...)

Number 8: Don't Shoot The Messenger (Especially When The Messenger Works For A Major Corporation)

EVE. June 13, 1984. Betty waits in a Denny's for her boyfriend Darren, who has just gotten some exciting news about work. That's when...Calvin arrives.

(BETTY is sitting in a cafe. CALVIN walks in, looks around.)

CALVIN. Betty?

BETTY. Yes?

CALVIN. Great, I'm Calvin Erickson, from MOB-N. I have a message for you.

BETTY. I'm sorry what's MOB-N?

CALVIN. Messengers of Bad News. We're like a courier service for unpleasant personal messages.

BETTY. Okay...wait—

CALVIN. So, you are the significant other of Darren Brown, correct?

BETTY. Yes, but—

CALVIN. If you don't mind, I'll only be a few seconds. Darren has the following message: "Betty, I got a job in Nebraska. I'm sorry to say I don't want you to follow me. I love you but I'm not in love with you. I hope you have a good life." All right, well...

BETTY. What the hell! Is this is a joke?

CALVIN. Whoa whoa whoa...hey. Betty.

BETTY. What?!?

CALVIN. Don't shoot the messenger.

BETTY. But...I'm upset.

CALVIN. Doesn't matter. You can't shoot the messenger. Everyone knows that.

BETTY. Well what kind of a service is this?!? You give people bad news and then don't allow them a chance to vent their feelings!?!

CALVIN. I admit. It's a service for cowards. I'm not happy with myself most mornings, but...the job market's tough out there.

BETTY. Well I think the fact that you signed up for this job means that you should be able to take me yelling at you. The whole "don't shoot the messenger" thing shouldn't apply!

(A MANAGER walks on stage.)

MANAGER. Sorry is everything okay?

BETTY. No, it's not!

CALVIN. Look, I just gave her some bad news and she started yelling at me.

MANAGER. Whoa, ma'am. You cannot shoot the messenger. Especially in a Denny's.

BETTY. But that's his job!

MANAGER. You work for MOB-N?

CALVIN. Yeah, up in Colchester.

MANAGER. Oh nice. My sister just got a job at their corporate headquarters in Mesa.

CALVIN. I hear Mesa's really nice.

MANAGER. Hot but nice, yeah.

BETTY. Hey! I just got dumped.

MANAGER. Ma'am, I'm sorry for your bad news. But you can't yell like that. This is a family restaurant. And under no circumstances can you shoot the messenger. I mean my God woman, have some dignity.

CALVIN. I'm sorry. You just can't.

(BETTY sits in her seat. Fumes. She puts her face into her purse and screams.)

CALVIN. Can she do that?

MANAGER. Yeah that's fine. Happens all the time here.

KATIE. I've never heard of MOB-N.

EVE. MOB-N went out of business in 1985. They got sued a lot. So no, you wouldn't have.

KATIE. I'm gonna Google MOB-N. I'm pretty sure I would've at least—
(*EVE snatches her phone away.*)

EVE. Is it gonna be like this the whole time? You questioning every little thing about every little breakup. Because that will get old, Katie. Real old and we got a lot a breakups to get through!

KATIE. Well I just—

EVE. Moving on! Number 7!

Number 7: Some Things Never Change

EVE. 2014...B.C.! In what is now St. Louis. A caveman and a cavewoman, Ug and Rah, enact the first, and still one of the worst... breakups of all time. I'm gonna have to help with the translating of this one.

(*RAH sits on a rock. UG comes on stage, they hug.*)

UG. Mah ga, Ug ra ga, SSSSSSS!

EVE. Hi sweetie, sorry I'm late. I was killing a mammoth. I lost track of the time.

RAH. Ga-Mah. Suka tutu.

EVE. No problem. I entertained myself by looking directly at the sun.

UG. Ma Ma. Boo kat Boo tah.

EVE. So, what's going on? You said you wanted to talk?

RAH. Moo Ba go s Rah tah.

EVE. Well here's the thing.

RAH. Soo, tah, goo ba rah tah.

EVE. Ever since we first met.

RAH. Asa tah boo rah tah me bonk.

EVE. When you knocked me unconscious with your club.

RAH. See bo ha ha to ba mach.

EVE. I knew that you cared about me as a person, and not just because of my pronounced forehead.

UG. Mo bah, tis ah, bach mah.

EVE. You do have a very pronounced forehead. I was fond of that too.

RAH. Basah mach bah mooo bacha monk. Kabah tacha mach.

EVE. But these last two years I feel like we've been growing apart.

RAH. Basah be mee toe.

EVE. I like to gather.

RAH. Macha bach see bach.

EVE. You like to hunt.

RAH. Mach be soo ta na na. Foo. Foo.

EVE. I just feel like we don't know each other.

RAH. Masa ba tah gah.

EVE. So, I think we should break up.

RAH. Ma ba tah, go mah. Boosa la to fah. Ka pa, tee tee FUURapha.
Ma gah.

EVE. Sorry.

RAH. Basa ma Rah gah.

EVE. I hope we can still be friends.

UG. Wa sa ga bah ma cah.

EVE. Well, I respect your honesty.

UG. Ma sa wa sa ugga taka.

EVE. And I guess there's only one thing left for me to do.

(UG looks at RAH for a moment. Then...)

(UG grabs a club and growls!)

(RAH grabs a club and growls!)

(They circle one another, shouting, like monkeys.)

UG. AH! MA GAH! SSSSSSS! RAH! RAH! SSSSSSS!!!

RAH. Ah AH! MAH! AH! SSSSSS!!! RAH! AH!

*(They're about to attack each other when EVE snaps her fingers.
They freeze.)*

EVE. Aaaaaand scene!

(EVE snaps her fingers, the lights go down on RAH and UG.)

EVE. This went on for like 2 hours before Ug was eaten by a saber-toothed tiger.

KATIE. Oh my God! Poor Ug.

EVE. (*Mocking:*) "Oh my God, poor Ug!" Whatever, you didn't know him.

KATIE. So? Why can't I be sympathetic? What is wrong with you?

EVE. Moving on! Number 6!

Number 6: They're Cute, But Man They Can Be Cruel

EVE. February 15, 2002. Tony visits his girlfriend Shelly to celebrate their six month anniversary. Or so she thinks.

(*TONY and SHELLY sit at a café.*)

TONY. So...I got you something. I know it's only been a few months but...

(*TONY pulls out a stuffed bear.*)

SHELLY. Ooooh...cute!

TONY. Oh I'm glad you like it.

SHELLY. What is this? If I press its hand does it say something?

TONY. Yes, but...don't press it now.

SHELLY. Why?

TONY. Because it's one of those where you can record a special message on it. And I don't want you to listen to it until after I'm gone.

SHELLY. Oh, that's silly, I wanna hear it.

TONY. No please do—

(*SHELLY pushes his hand.*)

STUFFED ANIMAL. Hi Shelly! I wanna be your friend!

SHELLY. Awweeee...

STUFFED ANIMAL. And you're going to need one! Because Tony no longer wants to be in a relationship with you. Sorry Shelly, but you'll always have me!

(*SHELLY stares daggers at TONY.*)

TONY. See why I wanted you to wait? You never listen, and this is a big reason why...

(*SHELLY throws the stuffed animal at him. Bonk! Hits him in the head.*)

EVE. No comment? Nothing?

KATIE. No, you keep yelling at me.

EVE. Great, moving on! Number 5.

Number 5: The Civil War Of Heartbreak

EVE. June 27, 1863, at the height of the Civil War, a soldier and his sweetheart record in their letters one of the worst breakups in U.S. history.

(JESSICA and ELIJAH, in period appropriate garb, sit at desks, reading their letters out loud as they write them.)

JESSICA. My Dearest Elijah. It had been so long since your last letter I had begun to fear the worst. Six months was the longest stretch without word from you and it was almost unbearable. I know your time is occupied with fighting, and that you suffer from absences of the mind when you are overwhelmed (I needn't remind you of the cow fencing incident of 1860). Just know that I wait here alone, longing for the time when I can once again clasp your hand in mine, and gaze at the sunset over Esau's gulch with you by my side. Your one true love, Jessica Elmira Smith.

ELIJAH. Dearest Jessica. I'm so glad you have found it in your heart to forgive me for such a long absence in between letters. Let's not forget that the national mail service is a little sluggish due to...THE CIVIL WAR. But I digress. I know that my long absence has taken its toll on you, that is the only reason I can think of for you bringing up "the cow fencing" incident, which we both agreed, "was not my fault." It is remarkable indeed that I somehow feel more smothered by you in Gettysburg than I did back at Harrisburg. Perhaps you should try to exercise a little more patience, as mine is wearing thin. Your loving beau, Elijah Hunt Rhodes.

JESSICA. Elijah! I can't help but detect a severe tone of resentment in your letters. Am I really smothering you, as you so bluntly transcribed in last correspondence? My heart aches at this thought. All I want to do is help you in your time of need. Say the word and I'll come to you by any means and be at your side. Your one true love, Jessica Elmira Smith.

ELIJAH. Jessica, I find it hard to see your logic in coming to the front lines of a war when I have written in the most straightforward way I know how to say: I. Need. More. Space. Coming to the front lines is not only dangerous and irresponsible, it is the exact opposite of what I requested. Please Jessica, stay at the farm. That is truly and

sincerely what I want. I promise we'll discuss all of this once this horrible, devastating war is over. Elijah.

JESSICA. This is worse than I thought. You did not even sign your latest correspondence "your loving beau." Clearly you are traumatized and in need of my support and company. I cannot leave until the frost breaks. But as soon as it does, I will make my way to Gettysburg. Our relationship is in as much need of repair as the Union and I will do everything I can to fix it. Your one true love, Jessica Elmira Smith.

(Beat. PRESIDENT LINCOLN comes on stage. Reads a letter out loud.)

PRESIDENT LINCOLN. Dear Jessica, it is with a heavy heart that I regret to inform you that your beau, on July 14th, 1863, passed away in the Siege of Knoxville. It is said he fought bravely, and with his last breath proclaimed, "I wish I could've seen her, my dearest Jessica, I wish I could've seen her one last time. But alas, now it is too late. Whatever you do Jessica, don't come to the front lines. Move on with your life. Find a nice man who is devoted to you and try not to smother him like you did me." He was a brave man, and I am sorry for your loss. Your president, Abraham Licon.

JESSICA. How stupid do you think I am, Elijah? First of all, presidential letters are not hand written, they are typed. Second, I'm pretty sure Mr. Lincoln has the ability to write at above a fourth grade level. And finally, you misspelled Abraham Lincoln. I'm pretty sure the President of the United States knows how to spell his own name. Is this your way of breaking up with me? Is that what you are honestly and sincerely doing?! During a war?! By pretending to be the president!!! This is a new and unforgivable low, Elijah! Jessica Elmira Smith.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN. Why Jessica, I don't know what you're talking about. I always handwrite my letters to fallen soldiers, and fun fact, my last name is actually spelled—

(Lights down on LINCOLN.)

JESSICA. I tore up that last letter you imbecile! I'm done. I'm moving back home to New Jersey. My mother was right, once a Rhodes, always a Rhodes. I have wasted my youth on you. Jessica Elmira Smith.

ELIJAH. Dearest Jessica, well at least you finally are giving me space. For a while there I wasn't even sure you knew how to read. Elijah. P.S.—I know there's a war going on! You don't have to tell

me that. I fight in it EVERY DAY. Your no longer beau (thank god!), Elijah Hunt Rhodes.

JESSICA. Dearest Elijah, you are an ignoramus and have the emotional capacity of an infant. Don't write me anymore. Jessica Elmira Smith.

ELIJAH. Dearest Jessica, I am an ignoramus? Those are big words coming from the biggest idiot in the world, IDIOT! Elijah Hunt Rhodes.

JESSICA. I LOATHE YOU WITH EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING. YOU ARE THE LOWEST FORM OF MAN. Jessica Elmira Smith.

KATIE. Yikes, I never thought of anyone fighting in the Civil War...

EVE. As being a flawed and three dimensional person? I know! Isn't history amazing! Even Civil War soldiers can be jerks! Moving on! Number 4!

Number 4: It's All Fun And Games 'Til Someone Gets Dumped

EVE. April 16, 2001. Veronica and Buddy go over to their friends' house for a "game night."

(VERONICA and BUDDY are playing charades with AMANDA and COOPER. COOPER is acting out a clue, AMANDA is guessing.)

AMANDA. Rock weather. Rock storm. I'm a rock storm. Rock Me... Oh! "Rock Me Like A Hurricane"!

COOPER. Boom! Got it!

(AMANDA and COOPER jump up and down and squeal.)

BUDDY. Wow, great job Amanda, that was a tough one.

COOPER. All right. Veronica. You're up.

(VERONICA gets up. COOPER sets the timer.)

COOPER. Okay, and go.

(VERONICA starts acting out clues.)

BUDDY. Okay, six words. First word. Small word. Uh...me, I. I. Okay. Second word. Small word. Is? Are? Am? Am! Am! I am. Third word. Snap. Crack. Break. Break! Longer break. Breaker? Breaking? Breaking. I am *Breaking Bad*! No, okay, I am Breaking. Fourth word. Ceiling? Up? Up! I am breaking up. Fifth word. Small word. Are, is, can, at...okay, sorry. Go to the last word. Me. There. Point. Do a

"sounds like." Shoe? Shoe. You! Of course! Duh, sorry. I am breaking up blank you. With?

(VERONICA *nods enthusiastically.*)

AMANDA. Oh, you've gotta say the whole thing!

BUDDY. I am breaking up with you!

VERONICA. Babe, you got it!

BILLY. Yes! In your face guys!

VERONICA. And that was a true statement! I totally am! So guys thanks for having us. Buddy, I put your things in storage! Wool! We should do this again next week. Without Buddy obviously! Love you guys! Wool! Charades!

(VERONICA *trots off stage.* BUDDY's *still on the high of winning.* Then...)

BUDDY. Wait what?

(EVE *snaps her fingers.*)

EVE. NUMBER 3!

Number 3: Money Can't Buy You Love, But It Can Buy You A Ritzy Tomato With Gams From Here To Timbuktu

EVE. October 27th, 1929. The height of the roaring 20s. The champagne was flowing. The music was hopping. And Chesterfield Bloomenfeld took Mandy Flappersmill out on the town to celebrate their one year anniversary

(*The Charleston plays.* CHESTERFIELD and MANDY *dance the Charleston for a bit. Eventually the song comes to a roaring denouement.*)

(NOTE: *If you have extra actors to fill out the background, dancing the Charleston...that could be fun, but not necessary.*)

(CHESTERFIELD, *exhausted, collapses onto a chair.* MANDY *rushes over and sits on his lap.*)

MANDY. Chesterfield, I get the heebie geebies every time I hear that song. Hits on all sixes and a ducky!

CHESTERFIELD. You slay me Mandy Flappersmill. In all my years doing the Charleston I've never seen a moll who can hoof the way you can. Cross my heart and hope to fly!

(CHESTERFIELD *all of a sudden looks kind of sad.*)

MANDY. Why Chesterfield, what's eating you all of a sudden? We were having such gas of a time!

CHESTERFIELD. Oh...nothing. I just got a gloomy thought I suppose. Hope I didn't damper your evening too much.

MANDY. Oh no, I won't have my man doom n' glooming the night away like a rube on lamb. What's buzzing in that brilliant noggin' of yours?

CHESTERFIELD. Well here's the jazz. I know we have fun, and that I'm able to provide for you all the giggle water and glad rags a gal could ever need. But suppose that all went away. Would I still be your one and only? Would I still be your bee's knee?

(MANDY gets up, furious.)

MANDY. Chesterfield Hobart Bloomenfeld. How could you even ask me such a ludicrous question? Applesauce, Charlie!

CHESTERFIELD. Now Mandy, there's no need for vulgarity.

MANDY. That you could ever be anything less than the bee's knee to me is...preposterous, uncalled for, and frankly, a stinker of a razz.

CHESTERFIELD. You're right, it was a real stinker of a razz thing to say. I'm sorry. I feel like a real Palooka Joe. I do.

(MANDY is about to forgive him when ALARMIST GIRL runs on stage.)

ALARMIST GIRL. Hold the hooch everyone! News from the squawk box! The Great White Stock Exchange has taken a real belly flop. Get your clams in a row because the banks ain't takin' your wooden nickels come sundown.

(A hubbub. If you have extras on stage, they should all murmur and quickly exit the stage.)

(MANDY stops talking in a heightened 1920s voice.)

MANDY. Chester, isn't all your money in the stock exchange?

CHESTERFIELD. I'm afraid so, Mandy. If what that gal said was true, I'm not worth a Jake in a Juice Joint.

MANDY. Oh...shoot.

CHESTERFIELD. But heck, that doesn't mean the world needs to stop spinning. We've got each other and pockets full of sunbeams and horseshoes.

MANDY. Uh...yeah. I did just say that. But, I mean you're like broke? Like Broke broke?

CHESTERFIELD. I haven't got two dimes to wish upon. Sorry Charlie.

MANDY. Okay...well. Chesterfield. It's been great, but...maybe we should spend some time apart.

CHESTERFIELD. But Mandy darling, you just said I was the bee's knees! Even without all my money. And why are you talking like such a Dumb Dora all of a sudden?

MANDY. Because no one talks like this all the time! We sound like stereotypes in an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel! Okay. Do you even understand what you're saying?!

CHESTERFIELD. I'm as sure as a Cincinnati two step!

MANDY. What is that?!? What's a Cincinnati two step? And why is a bee's knee a good thing? Why? Look, this is exhausting. I was just trying to fit in, but if you don't even have money, what's the point. Sorry, Chesterfield. I'm not the girl for you.

(MANDY walks off stage.)

CHESTERFIELD. Well I think you're a spifflicated, hooch-hooded, blue-nosed... *(Realizing:)* ...yeah I guess I overdo it. Man...I am in a lot of trouble.

KATIE. Yeesh. I mean I agree with Mandy, they sound ridiculous. But how harsh. What happened to her?

EVE. She went from rich guy to rich guy, changed her name and... eventually made it big as a movie star.

KATIE. Really? Which one?

EVE. It was in the 1930s, you wouldn't have heard of her.

KATIE. How do you know? Just cause I'm a teenager. I happen to love old movies and...

EVE. Sonja Henie. Big actress in 1935. Heard of her?

KATIE. ...No, but that doesn't mean—

EVE. I think it does! Moving on! Number 2!

Number 2: Certain Things Should Only Be Done If You Are Proposing Marriage

EVE. 2005, Jacksonville Mississippi. 11:02 P.M. Tyler Adman takes Julie Tunstall out on a romantic walk after an extravagant and expensive dinner.

(TYLER and JULIE walk on stage, both dressed up.)

JULIE. That was an amazing dinner.

TYLER. Oh good, you liked it?

JULIE. Oh I did. Everything about tonight was just...perfect. The dinner, the dancing, and now this walk.

TYLER. I'm glad you thought so. I wanted everything about this night to be perfect.

JULIE. It is. It really is.

(They look into each others eyes. TYLER is shaking.)

JULIE. Tyler, what's wrong? You're shaking.

TYLER. I'm just nervous. I...you know I planned this out in my head over and over again. And everything's gone so perfectly I just...now that it's actually here...

JULIE. What Tyler, what?

(TYLER gets down on one knee. JULIE gasps.)

TYLER. Julie, from the first moment I laid eyes on you I knew that you were something special. You were so beautiful and I was so...amazed that you'd even talk to me.

JULIE. Oh my God Tyler...

TYLER. And then...over the next year we got to know each other. Clearly we've turned out to be very different people. I'm a morning person, you're a night owl. I like sports, you prefer the theatre. These past few months we've been so busy it's like...we don't even talk.

JULIE. Okay...that's a weird set up.

TYLER. Sorry, I'm just nervous. I guess, what I'm trying to say is... Julie, I know I'm not the most decisive person but this time I am beyond certain. Will you...no longer be my girlfriend?

JULIE. Yes, a...wait what!?!?

(TYLER picks her up and twirls her.)

TYLER. Oh thank God! You said yes! Oh I was so nervous!

JULIE. No, stop! Put me down!

TYLER. What?

JULIE. Did you just...break up with me?

TYLER. Yes! I did! A thousand times yes!

JULIE. Shut up! Why...what's wrong with you!?

TYLER. What do you mean?

JULIE. The romantic dinner, making us get all dressed up.

TYLER. I wanted us to go out on a high note.

JULIE. Why? Who cares, you're dumping me, why...why did you get down on one knee?

TYLER. I wanted you to feel like you had power over me, even though I was breaking up with you.

JULIE. What?!?! You really thought that?

TYLER. Yes, didn't you feel dominant? Didn't I feel small to you?

JULIE. NO! I felt like you were proposing! Cause that's what you do when you propose!

TYLER. Oh, right, I see how you could think that.

JULIE. And why did you give a speech?!? Who gives a long-winded speech before breaking up with someone?

TYLER. I give long-winded speeches before a lot things. Just tonight I spoke for two minutes before ordering an appetizer.

JULIE. That's true. I guess you do that.

TYLER. Anyway...

(TYLER takes a ring box out of his pocket. Opens it.)

JULIE. Why are you giving me a ring?

TYLER. Parting gift. Something to remember me—

JULIE. You were going to give me a diamond ring!

TYLER. It's a cubic zirconia. A diamond? No, no, no, I wouldn't want to give you a mixed message.

(JULIE punches him and walks off stage.)

(TYLER puts the ring box in his pocket, walks away.)

KATIE. Look, you were right. This has really put my breakup into perspective. I got off easy. We can just stop now.

EVE. Why, Katie? Ya scared? Worried you might see a breakup so unbelievably horrible that it will crush your soul and make you never want to date again?!?!?

KATIE. This has just been a lot, and...I just feel like I don't need to see anymore.

EVE. No can do, Katie. There's no such thing as a countdown that ends at 2. No such thing! It's not fair to the list and frankly it's not fair to me! To what I've gone through!

KATIE. What do you mean, what you've gone through? You're...the worst breakup of all time? It happened to you?

(EVE snaps her fingers.)

EVE. December 1, 2008. Eve, a young, wide eyed sixteen-year-old meets her boyfriend Guy after getting a vague text message.

Number 1: The Worst Breakup Of All Time, In The Key Of Dumped

(EVE walks downstage where GUY is waiting for her. She changes into her sixteen-year-old self, which could be as simple as the actor changing her posture or a costume change.)

GUY. Hey Eve, thanks for meeting me at rehearsal.

EVE. No problem. How's it going? Are you going to be the best Danny Zuko ever?

GUY. Hopefully. Rehearsals are going really well, and the director said I'm nailing "Summer Nights." You know it has that high note.

EVE. Oh, I can't wait to see it. I'm gonna come Friday is that okay?

GUY. Uh, well...that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

EVE. Oh, okay, what's up?

GUY. Look, I don't want to make this worse than it has to be so I'll just come out and say it. I...want to break up. Sorry.

EVE. Okay, uh...well can you tell me why?

GUY. It's complicated.

EVE. Well still...this comes as such a shock...I feel like I can't just leave and never see you again and not understand why.

GUY. There are a lot of reasons...

EVE. I want to know. I really do.

(GUY turns to her. And with a little too much excitement, starts to talk in a sort of talk-singing way, as if to a rhythm.)

GUY. Uh...okay, well...you're possessive. And controlling. I hate that you organize my backpack.

EVE. Okay, I can see how that would be annoying.

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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