

Starbucks Love Story

by

Zalman Velvel

A Comedy in Two Acts

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602 Center Rd, Ft Myers, Fl 33907
239 896-2252 / 239-768-0211 (Fax), email: ZalmanV@ZalmanVelvel.com
website: www.ZalmanVelvel.com

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Cast of Characters

Amy- 32, single, if it's on her mind, it's on her lips

Jonah – 28, Internet programmer, extremely intelligent

Zeldy - 68 – counter person

Time

The first act starts Monday night, 7:15 PM. The second act is 3 months later.

Place

Three places: a Starbucks in Titusville, Florida, on the street, and Amy's apartment.

The Sets

There are three simple sets. The first is a typical Starbucks with a counter upstage. There are 3 small tables downstage.

Amy's apartment has a bed, a small table and chairs, and a frig. There is a poster of Robert De Niro on the wall. In the first act, the apartment is almost all white. In the second act, it changes to black and white.

The first street scene has a full moon, and the second, a motorcycle.

Summary of Scenes

ACT ONE

Scene One – Starbucks, the present, 7:15 PM on Monday night

Scene Two – Amy’s apartment, an hour later

Scene Three – Walking along the street an hour later

ACT TWO

Scene One – 3 months later, Starbucks, 7:45 PM on Monday night

Scene Two – the side of the road an hour later

Scene Three – Amy’s apartment, an hour later

Starbucks Love Story

ACT ONE

Scene One

(It is 7:15 Monday night at Starbucks in Titusville, Florida. **Zeldy is behind the counter**, upstage, cleaning and stocking shelves. There are three small tables downstage.)

(**AMY ENTERS**. She is dressed in all black. She looks around, frowns, and then sits at the far table, stage left, looking at her smart phone.)

ZELDY

Hi Amy!

AMY

(not looking up from her smart phone)

Hi Zeldy ...

That son of a bitch!

That son of a bitch bastard!

That son of a bitch bastard *cocksucker!*

ZELDY

Amy ... please!

AMY

I'm sorry, Zeldy. I didn't mean to offend your tender ears.

How old are your ears, by the way?

ZELDY

Same as the rest of me.

AMY

And how old is that?

ZELDY

None of your business.

AMY

I don't get it. Why are women your age ashamed of being women your age?

ZELDY
When you get to be a woman our age, you'll understand.

AMY
Okay ... 55?

ZELDY
Get real.

AMY
60?

ZELDY
Nope.

AMY
70?

ZELDY
Hey! What happened to 65, you bastard child?
I'm 68.

AMY
Now guess mine.

ZELDY
Okay. 25?

AMY
Thank you. But no.

ZELDY
I was really thinking 35.

AMY
Hey! 32, you witch.

Zeldy, when was the last time you dated?

ZELDY
I don't know ... it's been a long time.

AMY
How long?

ZELDY

I think Ronald Reagan was president. No ... maybe after that.
I didn't vote for Reagan ... my husband did.
I said, "Why would you vote for an actor?
You'll never know when he's lying."

AMY

Well, it's a jungle out there now, Zeldy.
I've been fighting the dating war for 16 years.
All I've met is a collection of liars ... and they weren't even actors.
Son of a bitch bastard doesn't begin to describe men nowadays.
You have to add the cocksucker.

ZELDY

I don't like that word.

AMY

Try it, Zeldy. Go ahead.
Live dangerously ... 68 is too old to not be use a cocksucker now and then.
Go ahead! Say it!

ZELDY (whispers)

Cocksucker.
Oh, I feel so embarrassed.

AMY

Don't whisper it, oh gray haired one. Say it loud and proud.
COCKSUCKER!
Men hate it when you call them that.
The louder you say it, the harder it squeezes their testicles.

ZELDY

Why would you want to squeeze those things?
Especially when they're hairy.
And when they're sweaty ...
Ugh!

AMY

I'll tell you why I want to squeeze them. Listen to this ...

Step one was meeting up on Eharmony.
They had our profiles ... we were *scientifically* matched.
We sent 3 emails a day, back and forth, for 2 weeks.
I was bright and funny. He liked funny.
He had brown curly hair. I like brown curly hair.

ZELDY

Me, too ... but not on their testicles.

AMY

Zelda, would you get off the hairy testicles, already!

So we decided to go to step two - a “face to face” over coffee.

When? Monday night, 7 PM.

Monday is a useless boring night when you’re single.

ZELDY

It’s slow here, too. Some Mondays I see maybe ten people.

But what do you expect – Titusville Florida isn’t the hub of the universe.

AMY

So I spent all weekend trying to decide *when* I would arrive.

Never be early ...

ZELDY

Why?

AMY

Looks way too needy.

Then there’s showing up right on time ...

No, that’s no good.

ZELDY

What’s wrong with being punctual?

AMY

It’s anal.

ZELDY

Is that what I think it means?

AMY

Yes.

So I thought, “What are the boundaries for being late?”

An hour ... no ... that’s over the top.

A Victoria’s Secret model can get away with an hour.

ZELDY

Probably two hours if she’s a D cup.

AMY

Thank you for the help. Yes, 2 hours if you’re a D-cup.

ZELDY

God only gave me enough for ten minutes.

AMY

(tries to push up and out her breasts)

Zeldy, we're both built for comfort, not negligee.

So I decided on 7:15.

ZELDY

Why 7:15?

AMY

Stylishly late ... independent ... but not butch.

Then you know what the son of a bitch bastard had the nerve to do?

ZELDY

What?

AMY

He texted me.

A text!

Not even a phone call. A wimpy text!

And at **7:16!**

After I planned all weekend to be the one who was stylishly late at **7:15!**

ZELDY

Why couldn't he meet you?

AMY

(reading his text)

Amy, I'm sorry to have to tell you this ... but I'm getting back together with my wife.

Wife?! He said he was single!

ZELDY

That **COCKSUCKER!**

AMY

Now you got it, lady!

Can you believe it?

E-Harmony is responsible for 120 weddings a day! Sounds impressive, doesn't it?

One hundred and twenty weddings **each and every day!**

You'd think they *scientifically* weeded out the lying son of a bitch bastards ...
but no, they don't.

ZELDY

You should report him.

AMY

To who?

ZELDY

I don't know ... do they have an Internet Police?

AMY

No, but there's something even better.
Come over here and watch this, Zeldy.

ZELDY

Explain what you're doing ... smart phones and I don't get along so good.

AMY

I have a friend who finds all these outrageous apps.
See this one?

ZELDY

Text Bomb?

AMY

Oh yes, ***Text Bomb***.
It keeps sending a text ... the same text ... over and over again.
Hundreds of times. Even thousands.

ZELDY

Really, thousands of times?

AMY

Millions if you let it! It makes someone's phone go haywire ...

Let's load it ... and now for the ammunition ... (spells it out.)

C-O-C-K-S-U-C-K-E-R

Go get him, Text Bomb!

Cocksucker him 'til his battery dies and his hairy testicles fall off!

ZELDY

Someday I'll have to learn how to do that.

(She goes back behind the counter)

AMY

Well, since I'm all dressed up with no place to go, let me have a Frappuccino, Zeldy.

ZELDY

Let's see ... frozen ... three vanilla squirts ... one mocha ... double shot of espresso ... light on the whipped crème. Grande?

AMY

No, make it a venti ... and heavy on the whipped crème ... screw the diet.

ZELDY

You got it.

[JONAH ENTERS. He is 28, dressed in all white, carrying a MAC laptop, wearing a nametag. He walks up to the counter.]

ZELDY

I'll be right with you ...

JONAH

Okay.

ZELDY

Now what can I get you ... Jonah?

JONAH

(takes off nametag)

Oh ... I forgot I still had it on.

AMY

Jonah? What's the matter, lose your whale?

JONAH

Excuse me?

Do I know you?

AMY

(Stands up, walks over, extends her hand)

I'm Amy. That's Zeldy behind the counter.

I'm trying to shake hands, Jonah.

JONAH

Oh ... well, hi Amy (shakes hands)... and hi Zeldy (shakes her hand, too.)

AMY

What brings you out on a Monday night?

I was stood up on step 2 from E-Harmony.

JONAH

I'm attending ... an Internet symposium at the Kennedy Space Center.

AMY

What do you do?

JONAH

Uh ... well ... I'm a ... programmer.

AMY

Do you make any money at it?

JONAH

Excuse me?

AMY

My last boyfriend also said he was a programmer.
Something to do with ... S.O.E.?
Search something.

JONAH

I think you mean S.E.O. ... Search Engine Optimization.

AMY

Yes, that's it!
I introduced him to a friend.
He promised he would make her company #1 on the first page of Google.
#1 on Google! He said it like it was winning an Olympic gold medal.

JONAH

It can be very special.

AMY

Yeah, sure ... He took her money ...
Then he pulled a very special disappearing act. Poof! He was gone.
And like magic her retainer disappeared, also.
Now she feels like a #1 jerk. I feel like a #1 idiot for introducing him.

JONAH

There are some disreputable characters in S.E.O.

AMY

Disreputable? No, the right word is sleazy.
You know the bastard owes me five thousand dollars.
I lent him the down payment for a new car ... a nicer one than mine.
All I saw of it was the tail lights ... leaving town at 90 miles an hour.

ZELDY

Here's your Frappuccino ... frozen ... three vanilla squirts ... one mocha ... double shot of espresso ... heavy on the whipped crème ... venti.

JONAH

That sounds good.

AMY

Try it ... go ahead.

Oh, Jonah ... Look, here's a fresh straw ...
It's still wrapped ... so there's no germs.
(unwraps it) Here ... now suck.

JONAH

Hey, that tastes great!
Please make me one, too, Zelda ... and put hers on my bill.

AMY

(like Scarlett O'Hara) Oh, a gentleman!
Why thank you, Rhett Butler ... you really don't have to.

JONAH

Yes I do.
I want to make up for that "sleazy" SEO programmer.

AMY

(Still like Scarlett) Zelda, would you look at that!
He listens.
He actually listens!
I do declare ... that's a very sexy character trait in a man.
People Magazine says it's the *second* most popular with women.

ZELDY

What's first?

AMY

(Still like Scarlett) Why a big tally Wacker ... of course.

JONAH

Excuse me?!

AMY

(Still Scarlett, fans herself) Oh, I don't know what possessed me to say such a thing!
Am I blushing?!

ZELDY

I know I am.

AMY

(like her normal self) I'm joking, Jonah.
I bet you were thinking that, though.
Weren't you?

JONAH

Uh ... no ... I wasn't thinking anything.

AMY

Yeah, right.
As if you could ever empty a man's head of everything sexual.

Zeldy, did you know men have a sex fantasy every 45 seconds ...
It's a fact. A statistical fact. Every 45 seconds.

ZELDY

I'm lucky if I have one every 45 *days*.

AMY

Jonah, I bet you'll even have a sex fantasy during brain surgery.

But even if you *could* empty out *all* the sexual thoughts in a man's head ...
You'd probably have nothing but an empty space between your ears.
A total vacuum.
What do you think, Jonah?

JONAH

I think this conversation is making me uncomfortable.

ZELDY

Me, too.

(Amy goes back to sitting at her table, using her smart phone. Jonah sits at the table furthest away, stage right. There is an empty table between them. He turns on his laptop.)

AMY

Well, Jonah, what do you think the sexiest character trait is in a woman?
Wait! Don't tell me. Big breasts ... and a bouncy bottom, right?
Men!

JONAH

(after a pause) What do you really think the most attractive character trait in a man is?

AMY
What do you think I think?

JONAH
I don't know.

AMY
Take a guess.

JONAH
I don't know you well enough to guess.
And even if I did, I probably still wouldn't know.
Women have always puzzled me.

AMY
How many women have you slept with?

JONAH
Excuse me! That's a very personal question.

AMY
So is asking a woman what the sexiest thing there is about a man.

JONAH
I said "the most attractive" thing ... not sexiest.
And I only asked because you brought it up.

AMY
You're really not very good at this, are you, Jonah?

JONAH
Good at what?

AMY
This conversation thing.
How old are you, anyway?

ZELDY
Don't ask her to guess!
It'll embarrass you.

AMY
No ... I can do it ... you're ... 26 ...
No ... no ... 27 ...
No! no ... no ... 28!. Yes, you're 28.

JONAH

Very good.

AMY

And you're still a baby when it comes to relationships, aren't you?
Never mind, don't answer.
What's your phone number?

JONAH

What? Why?

AMY

So we can text ... you probably find it easier than talking.
Never mind ... I don't need your number.

ZELDY

Here's your Frappuccino, Jonah ... frozen ... three vanilla squirts ... one mocha ...
double shot of espresso ... heavy on the whipped crème ... venti.
That'll be twelve dollars and 76 cents.

JONAH

Who'd ever thought two cups of coffee would come to more than ten dollars?

ZELDY

It's not just a cup of coffee ... it's *hand crafted*.
You can taste the love. Just ask Howard Shultz.

JONAH

Who's he?

ZELDY

Our CEO.

JONAH

Brilliant guy.
(takes a sip) Delicious!
[AMY is texting furiously. Jonah's cell phone makes a funny sound. He
looks at it and then over at Amy]

JONAH

Is that you?

AMY

I have an app that texts everyone within 50 feet.
It's called Broadcaster Blaster.
Come on, Jonah ... go with the flow. Text me back.

JONAH

No ... it feels ... silly.

I want you to know I don't usually have this much trouble communicating with women.

AMY

Oh yeah ... right!

JONAH

(angry)

I have 1,100 friends on Facebook, and many are women!

AMY

They aren't real friends, Jonah. They're virtual people with plastic personalities. None of them are really like they say they are ... they're wearing computer masks. It's the Internet tricking you into believing you're human – But you're not. You're just a smart phone with legs.

JONAH

I'm a what?

AMY

You heard me ... a smart phone with legs!

A friend isn't someone who posts, "Happy Birthday" on your "*wall*."

How much effort does that take?

No, a *real* friend is someone you can call anytime because you're losing it ...

Hello Sally ... could you come over? ... Yes I know it's 3AM but I got stood up on step 2 at Eharmony and I want to kill myself because I'm never going to meet the right guy ...

A real friend is someone who will come over and talk to you – or just listen – so you stop feeling you're the last person left breathing on the planet.

That's a real friend.

Do you have any of those, Jonah?

JONAH

No. I wish I did.

But I don't.

AMY

So you're just another blank face in the Starbucks' Army.

You come here, with your MacBook and iPhone, pretending to be working ... When you really just want to see someone else breathing besides yourself.

You don't know how to talk to other people ... or how to meet them ...

But you want to know they exist.

JONAH
(Looks at his MacBook)

Maybe.

AMY
Would you like to meet someone real, Jonah?
Have a real conversation?

JONAH
(thinks about it a long time)

Yes. Yes, I think I would.

AMY
Okay.
(she stands up)

Are you a Trekky, Jonah?
(Jonah nods)

I figured as much.
That means we need a Neutral Zone.
Bring your Frappuccino over to the middle table.

Wait a minute, Jonah. Only your Frappy.

JONAH
I don't like leaving my computer unattended.
It's very important to me.

AMY
Yes, I'll bet it is.
Okay, give it to Zelda.
Zelda, would you watch his little MacBook baby?

ZELDY
Sure. Don't worry, Jonah. I'll guard it with my life.

AMY
Give her your iPhone, too, while you're at it, Jonah.
We don't want any distractions.

JONAH
My iPhone?!
But ... I always have my iPhone.

AMY
Yes, and you're always distracted by it.
Come on, Jonah. Cough it up.

JONAH

I will ... if you will.

AMY

Is that like, "I'll show you mine, if you show me yours?"
Zelda, here, guard these with your life.

ZELDY

I'll hide them behind the cappuccino machine.

AMY

Zelda, give us some help here before we sit down together.
Tell Jonah what people did before iPhones and Macs.

ZELDY

The usual things ... We talked to one another ... went for walks together ... and
sometimes ... we went out on a date.

AMY

Well, we are definitely talking to one another.
And we are walking together to the Neutral Zone.
And we're getting ready to sit at the same table, together.
Does this feel like a date to you, Jonah?

JONAH

Sort of ... I mean ... I think so.
(Goes to the middle table and pulls the chair out for Amy)
Here, let me get that for you.

AMY

(like Scarlett O'Hara again)

Oh my, a gentleman! Pulling out my chair!
Why Rhett Butler, you sexy devil you!
You get me all squishy down below!
(drops the Scarlett and sits down)
Jonah ... you're so cute when you blush.
And I'll bet the number is three.

JONAH

Three? What number is three?

AMY

The number of women you slept with.

JONAH

How can you tell that?

AMY

Well, there was the one you took to your high school senior prom.
That was an obligatory lay.

Then there was the desperate one ...
the one who wanted to get married before she graduated college.
She tried to get pregnant, but failed.

The last one was two ... no, three years ago judging by the callouses on your palms
from masturbating.

JONAH

Could you do me a favor? Please stop trying to embarrass me.

AMY

I'm not trying to embarrass you. I'm trying to get to the truth of you.
How can we be real people if we are hiding the truth from each other?

JONAH

Okay ... Okay ... OKAY!

AMY

Okay what?

JONAH

Okay, yes ... I watch Internet porn.

AMY

Big secret! It's the number one industry on the web, Jonah.
Everyone masturbates to Internet porn.
It helps me fall asleep some nights.
I find it ... a relief.

JONAH

Yes ... for a short time.

AMY

That's all we ever get when it comes to satisfaction, Jonah.
A short time.

So the women you slept with ...
they all left you ...
Right?

JONAH

How do you know that?!

AMY

Look, Jonah, if we want to be real, we have to be honest with each other.
Let's see if two people can make it past one night of honesty ...
No secrets, either ... Just the free and open truth.

Let's experience the raw and unvarnished souls of Jonah and Amy.

JONAH

Okay ... sounds kind of exciting.

But what do we do if we think the other person is lying?

AMY

Just ... come out and say it.

JONAH

Say what?

AMY

Something simple ... like ... like ... like ... bullshit.
Yes, just call it out ... at the precise moment you hear it ... say **BULLSHIT!**
Think you can do it, Jonah?

JONAH

Yes.

AMY

Then do it ... say "BULLSHIT!"

JONAH

Bullshit.

AMY

A little more oomph.

JONAH

BULLSHIT.

AMY

Put your hairy balls into it ...

JONAH

BULLSHIT!

AMY

Both of them.

BULLSHIT! JONAH

AMY
Good. Now you've got the hang of it.

Well, aren't you going to ask me if I can do it?

JONAH
Amy, I have little doubt you can do it.

AMY
Oh really? Let's have a test.

JONAH
A bullshit test?

AMY
Exactly! Here goes ...
You know, Jonah, I find you immensely attractive.

JONAH
Okay. Bullshit.

AMY
Excuse me?
Did your balls suddenly fall off?

JONAH
Okay!
BULLSHIT!

AMY
And Jonah, don't you find me immensely attractive?

JONAH
Actually I do.

AMY
BULLSHIT!

JONAH
No ... I do.

AMY
BULLSHIT! I'm not the type that men find immensely attractive.

JONAH

Well, I admit when I first came in here, I didn't.

But the way you talk ... the way you make me feel ... it's exciting.
I never know what you're going to say next.
I find myself very attracted to you now.

AMY

Really?

JONAH

Yes. Really.
Do you feel any different about me, now?

AMY

Well ... now that I know you're attracted to me, I feel somewhat of a ... pull.

JONAH

A pull?

AMY

Well, it's not a tug ...
Or even a "grab you and not let go."
Yes, it's more like a tickle ... a curiosity ...
You know ... a pull.

JONAH

Well, I feel a **strong** pull.

AMY

You know, this is not the right place for this.
We need to go somewhere that's more private ...
I don't want any prying eyes or snooping ears.
(turns around and catches Zeldy listening)

Zeldy!

ZELDY

I'm sorry! I can't help it.
I never know what you're going to say next, either.

AMY

Okay, where do you live, Jonah?

JONAH

I'm staying at the Holiday Inn.

AMY
 So you're an out-of-towner ... hmmm ...

JONAH
 Is that a problem?

AMY
 No ... it's ... *perfect!*

JONAH
 Why?

AMY
 Now we can be perfectly honest because we'll never see each other again.

Where are you from, by the way?
 Wait, don't tell me ... Seattle?

JONAH
 Close ... Portland.

AMY
 The Land the Sun Forgot!

JONAH
 Hey, wait a minute. I like Portland.

AMY
 What are you talking about, Jonah?
 Nobody *likes* Portland.
 I was in Portland for a week once.
 It rained the whole time ... I felt like slitting my wrists.

I found out later it was voted America's Unhappiest City ...
 full of people stuck in the mud ... undecided and unhappy ...
 not knowing whether to go to north to Seattle, or south to Frisco .

I'll tell you right now, you're going to find it hard to leave the Florida sunshine.

JONAH
 Maybe.

AMY
 You know what, let's go to my place.
 The Holiday Inn is too cold and plastic.

JONAH
Okay ... I'll follow you over. I have my rental car outside.

AMY
Uh ... no.

JONAH
No?

AMY
Yes ... no.

JONAH
I don't get it. Why no?

AMY
I don't want you to just up and drive away whenever you feel like it.
My last boyfriend did that ...
No, I want more of a commitment.

JONAH
Commitment?

AMY
Yes.
Either I drive you back ... or you have to walk.

JONAH
How far is it?

AMY
Three miles.

JONAH
Three miles?!
Can I at least call for a cab?

AMY
No, you can't call for a cab!
I don't have a house phone.
And Zeldy has your cell ... and my cell.
And they stay here ... behind the cappuccino machine.
Zeldy, when do you get off shift tonight?

ZELDY
3 AM.

JONAH
But I need my computer and phone!

AMY
So I'll drive you back later for them.

ZONAH
Drive me back?

AMY
Unless you piss me off.
Then you walk.
It'll only take you an hour or so ... that's what it takes me.

So?
What's it going to be, Jonah.

JONAH
I'm thinking!

AMY
You have a choice between your electronic gadgets ... or me ...
and you have to think about it?
Jonah! You're really screwed up!
So?
Hello!

JONAH
Don't rush me ... I'm thinking.

AMY
(hands him a paper) Here, while you're thinking, read this.

JONAH
What is it?

AMY
My lab report. It shows I have no sexually transmitted diseases.
See?

JONAH
Why would you carry this around with you?

AMY
It's a prerequisite to a modern relationship ... along with a college diploma.
I carry both with me ... see ... I graduated from Florida State.

JONAH

Oh.

Well, I have my class ring from the University of Oregon.
But I don't carry a lab report with me.

AMY

You don't need one, Jonah.

You can't get AIDS from masturbating as long as you have.
What was it, 3 years?

JONAH

Since we're being honest, it's been 5 years.

How many men have you been with ... in the last 5 years?

AMY

None of your damn business!

Oh ... sorry ... I'm not used to this honesty thing, either.

I'll tell you when we get to my place.

ACT ONE

Scene Two

(It is 9:00 PM, an hour later, at Amy's studio apartment, where almost everything is white. A small table with two chairs is downstage right, a frig is upstage from it. A bed is downstage left. There is a poster of Robert De Niro from "Taxi Driver" on the wall. Amy is upstage, in front of the refrigerator, wearing a black robe. Jonah is lying in bed with the covers around him.)

AMY

Want a beer?

JONAH

Sure.

AMY

(carries 2 cold beers over to the bed and twists off the caps)

Cheers!

JONAH

Cheers!

(they click bottles)

AMY

So what do you think of my place?

JONAH

I was wondering why everything you wear is black,
and almost everything in your apartment is white.

AMY

Simple. Because black makes you look thinner ...
and white makes a place look bigger.

JONAH

Okay. Makes sense.

AMY

So, what do you think?

JONAH

About what?

AMY
About what just happened, dummy!

JONAH
Oh ...

AMY
Yes, oh.

JONAH
Well, I'm surprised.
Very surprised.
No ... *immensely* surprised.

AMY
Thought I was a real slut, didn't you?

JONAH
No.

AMY
Bullshit.

JONAH
Okay. Maybe you appear a touch ... bold.

AMY
Bold?
Tell the truth, Jonah ...
You thought, "Someone who talks like she does ...
Has more mileage on her vagina than the turnpike."

... and then you thought ...
"You can probably park a tractor trailer in there, too."

JONAH
No. I wasn't thinking that.

AMY
Never occurred to you I was a **virgin**, did it?

JONAH
I said I was surprised.

AMY
Immensely surprised.

JONAH

Okay, *immensely* surprised.

Can I ask you a question?

AMY

The answer is, “No, Hemingway. The earth didn’t move.”
It was more like a wiggle.

JONAH

That’s not what I wanted to ask.
I was wondering ...

AMY

Yes, you were wondering?

JONAH

Why ... me?

AMY

(raises her bottle of beer)

BINGO!

I was wondering the same exact thing.
Why give this guy ... at this time ... my precious virginity?

JONAH

Yes, why?

AMY

I’m really not sure ...but maybe ...

JONAH

Yes, maybe?

AMY

No, not maybe ... definitely ...
you make me feel like you’re the safest guy on Earth.

JONAH

Safe? That’s it?
Just ... *safe*!

AMY

Hey, don’t knock safe. Safe can be good.
It got you laid.

JONAH

But would it be so presumptuous to think I turn you on ... even just a little?

AMY

Are you kidding?!

JONAH

Not even a ... wiggle's worth?

AMY

Look, Jonah, just put it down to lucky timing.

Some things are like that.

You met me when I was hopelessly discouraged about relationships.

I thought I better have sex before I have to pay someone to do it.

JONAH

Pay someone?

AMY

Not you.

You're easy.

But ten more years on this body, and **I'd** have to buy **you** dinner first.

JONAH

No.

No way.

You'll always turn me on.

AMY

You know ... all this talk of sex ... is starting to ... turn **me** on.

JONAH

Me, too.

AMY

What do you say?

Again?

JONAH

Sure.

AMY

(Amy gets up from the table and into bed with Jonah)

Ding! Round 2.

Jonah, before I take off my bathrobe, tell me the truth.

Do I really turn you on?

JONAH

Oh yeah!
I'll say you do.

AMY

Wait a minute.
Say it again.
I can't tell if it's bullshit or not.

JONAH

Amy, you turn me on.
(he lifts up the covers and shows her what's under it)
See?

AMY

Well would you look at that!

JONAH

Proof positive.

AMY

Why is it so purple?
Is it angry at me?
I thought I was very nice to it.

JONAH

It's not angry at all.
Exactly the opposite.
It's never felt so ... so ... so well cared for.

AMY

Really ... why?

JONAH

I'm afraid to tell you.

AMY

You shouldn't be afraid to be real, Jonah.
Not now. After what we shared.

JONAH

Okay ... let me try this slowly ...
Amy ...

AMY

Yes, Jonah.

Amy ... I ...

Yes, Jonah.

Yes, I love you, Amy.

Whoa! Wait a minute!
I never asked for anything like that!
[She jumps out of bed]
We're only supposed to be real ... and honest ... and truthful.

And I'm being real and honest and truthful.
There's no denying it.
I have a real honest erection.
Because I have a real and honest and truthful love for you.

Come on, get back in bed.

It's bullshit!

It's not bullshit.
It's true.

You don't know anything about me!

Okay, come back to bed and let me learn more about you.

No ... now you just want me for sex.

Just come back into bed and talk to me.

JONAH

AMY

JONAH

AMY

JONAH

AMY

JONAH

AMY

JONAH

AMY

JONAH

Okay, but we'll just talk.

AMY

[She gets back into bed.]

[**There is a long pause.**]

Jonah?

AMY

Yes, Amy.

JONAH

Is that your *thing* in my hand?

AMY

Yes, Amy. It's my *thing*.

JONAH

What's it doing in my hand?

AMY

I don't know, Amy.
I didn't put it there.

JONAH

You know ... I think I did.

AMY

You're the only one left, Amy.

JONAH

And Amy?

Yes, Jonah.

AMY

Why did you put my *thing* in **your** hand?

JONAH

I'm not sure ... but I think it's Biblical.

AMY

Biblical?

JONAH

AMY

Yes, Abraham started it.

JONAH

No way.

AMY

Yes, way. It's in the Bible.

JONAH

Come on!

AMY

When Abraham was on his death bed,
and wanted to swear an oath with his servant, Eliezer,
he told Eliezer to put his hand on Abraham's dick.

JONAH

The Bible actually says, "Eliezer, put your hand on my dick?"
No way!

AMY

No. Not like that!
They didn't use the word "dick" ... you penis head.
But Eliezer was holding Abraham's dick, just the same.

JONAH

You know, this does feel ... what's the word for it?

AMY

Holy?

JONAH

Yes ... holy.

AMY

That's because we have a connection ... a Biblical connection.

JONAH

I think there is a way to have a deeper connection.
In the Bible, it's called "knowing" a person.

AMY

No!
You're not putting it in me again ... not *now*.

JONAH

Why not?

AMY

Because that changes everything. I want to hold on to this moment.

JONAH

While you're holding on to "my thing."

AMY

I'm not trying to be funny. Sex brings out too many *other* emotions.

JONAH

Like what?

AMY

You wouldn't understand.

You're a man. All your emotions are in what I'm holding.

And there's just one emotion in it, now.

JONAH

And what emotion is that?

AMY

Can't you hear it? It's calling out to me.

(In a deep funny voice)

"Do me, Amy ... do me ... oh Do Me! ... ***PLEASE DO ME!***"

JONAH

That's not true!

AMY

(lost in thought, then whispers)

Jonah?

JONAH

Yes.

AMY

Why did you say you love me?

JONAH

Because it's true.

AMY

How do you know?

JONAH

Because for the first time ...

I don't want to be anything but a man ... holding a woman ... a **special** woman ... lying in my arms ... in bed together ...

How did you say it before ...

Experiencing the raw and unvarnished souls of Amy and Jonah?

This has to be love.

AMY

It doesn't have to be love.

JONAH

Then what else could it be?

AMY

It could just be two lonely people ... not feeling so lonely any more.

JONAH

No. The feelings I have are way past "not feeling so lonely."

I feel like I am right where I belong ... for the first time in my life.

AMY
(whispers)

Bullshit.

JONAH

No.

AMY

Yes.

JONAH

No!

AMY

Yes, it's bullshit.

JONAH

No it's not!

AMY

Let's take a walk.

JONAH

Now? You want to take a walk now?!

AMY

Yes, now.

I have something important to tell you ... and I can't tell you while we're in bed.

Jonah, I want to get out of here!

I want to get away from this room.

JONAH

Why?

AMY

Because it smells like sex in here!

I want to change the sheets and take a shower and get clean again.

And I want you to get dressed, Mr. In-Love-For-the-First-Time-in-His-Life.

Is that all right with you?

JONAH

Yes, it's all right with me.

But I'll tell you what is NOT all right with me.

AMY

What?

JONAH

Let go of my dick!

You're squeezing it so hard it hurts.

AMY

Oh ... sorry.

ACT ONE

Scene Three

(It is 10:00 PM Monday night, an hour later. Amy and Jonah are walking along the stage. There is a full moon out.)

AMY

It's nice out tonight.

JONAH

Yes, it is.

Is it okay to put my arm around you?

AMY

No!

JONAH

Okay.

Then how about just holding hands?

AMY

NO!

JONAH

Okay. Okay!

Then I guess it's out of the question for you to hold my **thing** again, huh?

AMY

(laughs)

Jonah, have you been hiding your sense of humor?

JONAH

I haven't been trying to hide it.

It's difficult to have a good sense of humor around someone with a great sense of humor.

AMY

You think I have a great sense of humor?

JONAH

Are you kidding ... your sense of surprise is wonderful!

AMY

Yeah, it goes well with my utter lack of editing.
Everyone says there is no filter between my brain and my lips.
You have no idea the trouble it gets me into.

JONAH

I have been searching for that kind of trouble my whole adult life ...
but I didn't realize it until tonight.

AMY

There you go again.

JONAH

Yes, there I go again.

By the way, are we walking anywhere in particular, or just walking?

AMY

We're walking back to Starbucks.

JONAH

I thought you agreed to drive me ... unless I pissed you off.
Did I do something to get you angry?

AMY

No.

JONAH

So?

AMY

So you might never want to see me again after what I tell you.

I'm giving you the chance to make me walk back because *I* pissed *you* off.

JONAH

Nothing you could say would get me angry now.

AMY

Oh, wait and see, Jonah.
Wait and see.
You're still such a baby when it comes to relationships.

JONAH

Please stop saying that.

AMY

It's true.

JONAH

Yes, it might be true.
But it's not only true about me.

We'll all learning what it's like to be in a relationship.
Every great relationship I've ever seen was still a work in progress.

You should see my parents ... and my *grandparents*, even!
Yes, even my grandparents.
They have a great relationship, but they still get into fights like little kids ...
after 50 years of being together.

I don't think you can understand a woman ...
the most special woman in your life ...
by being with other women ...
because every woman is different ...

AMY

Women may be different, but men are all the same.

JONAH

Bullshit!

Men appear the same because we're taught to hide our feelings ...
it takes time to learn the differences that make each man happy.

AMY

Oh yeah?
So what feelings have you been hiding?

JONAH

I haven't been hiding my feelings, exactly.
Something else.

AMY

Like what?

JONAH

A lie.

AMY

You told me a lie?

JONAH

Yes, I did.

AMY

What lie?

JONAH

There weren't three women before you ... or two women before you-

AMY

Don't tell me ... you've had as many women as Mick Jagger ...

What was it, 4,000?

JONAH

No ...

AMY

Well, hush my mouth!

You're in Wilt Chamberlain's league?

JONAH

I don't understand.

What does that mean?

AMY

He said he slept with over 20,000 women.

JONAH

No ... you're going the wrong way, Amy.

I haven't had sex with *any* women before you.

AMY

You mean you were a virgin, too?!

JONAH

Yes.

AMY

Then there should have been a volcanic eruption ...

Not a ... wiggle.

JONAH
(chuckles)

That's funny.

Really funny.

I just have to learn how to be the butt of your jokes.

AMY

Speaking of butts, I wish yours was a little rounder.
When I held you during sex, my hands slid off into your you-know-what.

Oh, now your feelings are hurt.
I was only joking, Jonah.

JONAH

No. You're right.
I have a flat butt.

AMY

I'm sorry.
I'll try to be nicer about your butt.

JONAH

Don't try to be anything other than what you are.
I enjoy being real with you.

Which brings me to one more truth I haven't told you.

AMY

Oh boy. Here we go.

JONAH

Yes, here we go.

AMY

Wait! Let me guess.

You're really a woman, but you had a penis grafted on.
No?

Then you're really a gay man ... who thinks he's a lesbian?
No?

You're a hermaphrodite ... You take people literally when they say, "go fuck yourself!"

Jonah, I'm running out of funny guesses, here.

JONAH

Never mind. Now is not the right time.

AMY

Okay ... if that's the way you want it.
How about I clear the boards with something about me?

Go ahead.	JONAH
Brace yourself, Jonah.	AMY
I'm braced.	JONAH
No, you better clench your poop shoot. This might knock the crap out of you.	AMY
Okay, I'm clenched.	JONAH
We don't work right together, Jonah.	AMY
We don't what!?	JONAH
We don't mesh.	AMY
What the hell does that mean?!	JONAH
You better clench some more, Jonah.	AMY
I'm clenching as hard as I can. Wait a minute. Okay. I'm ready.	JONAH
That was weird. What did you just do?	AMY
I strapped on a virtual seat belt. Knowing you, I figure the ride is going get pretty bumpy.	JONAH
So go ahead. Tell me your terrible tale of truth.	

AMY

No.
Never mind.
It's a bad idea.

You're not ready to hear it.

JONAH

Wasn't it you who said:
"Let's see if two people can make it past one night of honesty ...
No secrets.
Just the free and open truth.

AMY

Stop that.
You know it turns me on when you listen.

JONAH

Yes.
But it's only number 2 on your list of turn-ons.
You never told me what number one was.

AMY

That's what I've been trying to tell you, Jonah.

JONAH

Well, go ahead. I'm wearing my seat belt.

AMY

Jonah, what's the good of knowing it ... if you can't do anything about it?

JONAH

Tell me what it is, and I'll work on it.
I'll practice it until I get it right.

AMY

It wouldn't change things if you practiced for a thousand years.

And no, it's not your dick. Your dick is just fine.
We fit perfectly. Especially when we're being Biblical.

JONAH

Then what is it?

AMY

There's no ... chemistry ... between us.

JONAH

What exactly does that mean?

AMY

It means there is no spark ... no fire ... no passion.

JONAH

What are you talking about?

I'm on fire for you.

AMY

But there's no fire inside of me.

JONAH

Oh ...

But you said I got you ... you know ... squishy when I held out your chair.

AMY

I was joking, Jonah.

I've been trying, really trying, but ...

JONAH

But what?

AMY

No sparks.

JONAH

None?

AMY

None.

JONAH

Give me an example of what brings on the sparks?

AMY

Well, for one ... I like "bad" boys.

JONAH

Oh .. someone who will use you ... and hurt you ... and then throw you away?

AMY

No. Someone who ... who who makes me feel like I'm not always in control.

JONAH

That's ridiculous!

AMY

One of the rules for honesty is not telling the other person they're being ridiculous, when they're trying to be totally honest.
And I'm being totally honest here.

You asked for it.
And now that you asked for it ...
All this honesty has suddenly turned inward ...

Maybe that's why I have so much trouble finding a husband?
The ones that turn me on ...
are not husband material.
The ones that are husband material – like you –
don't turn me on.

JONAH

Yeah, least of all me ... the safest guy in the world.

AMY

I'm really sorry, Jonah.

JONAH

(fighting back tears)

Not as sorry as I am.

This hurts ... so bad.
I can't believe how much this hurts.

It's not right. It's just not right!

AMY

(starting to cry now)

Jonah, isn't it better to get the pain out of the way, now?
Should we spend the next ten or twenty years denying it?

Jonah, don't look at me that way ...
I'm not really this terrible person.
Maybe that's why it's better to hide things.
Being real means being cruel, too.
Look at what the truth did to you ... and to me.

Good night, Jonah. Starbucks is just another mile down the road.
I'm sorry, it has to end this way.

[AMY EXITS]

JONAH

Amy?

Amy!

AMY!

INTERMISSION

ACT TWO

Scene One

(It is 7:45 PM on a Monday night, at Starbucks, 3 months later. **Zeldy is behind the counter**, cleaning and stocking. **AMY ENTERS**, wearing all white. She looks around, looks at her watch, and shrugs, seeing she is the only customer there. She goes up to the counter.)

AMY

Hi, Zeldy.

ZELDY

Hi, Amy.
Are you okay, honey?
You don't look so good.

AMY

No ... I'm fine.

ZELDY

If you say so.

Well, can I get you something?

AMY

The usual.

ZELDY

Frappuccino ... frozen ... three vanilla squirts ... one mocha ... double shot of espresso ... light on the whipped crème. Grande?

AMY

Sure.

ZELDY

You know, sometimes I can't remember my husband's name, but I remember almost everyone's face and what they order here.

Speaking of which, what ever happened to that nice young man you met here ... I think it was two months ago ... what was his name?

AMY

It was three months ago ... and his name was Jonah.

ZELDY

Yes, that's it. I remember there was something about a whale.

AMY

It didn't work out.

ZELDY

That's a shame. He had a nice face.

So what brings you out on this Monday night? Another date?

AMY

Yup. Only this time, I decided that it was *elegant* to arrive at 7:45 for a 7 o'clock date.

ZELDY

(looking around at her empty place)

Looks like it wasn't *elegant* enough.

AMY

Wait a minute, here comes his text.

ZELDY

What's your excuse ... **COCKSUCKER!?**

AMY

Zeldy!

ZELDY

Well, you're the one who got me hooked on that word.

AMY

It is a great word, isn't it?

And his excuse is ...

(reading) *Amy ... I'm sorry to have to tell you this ...
But I'm going back to my ...*

ZELDY

Don't tell me ... his wife?

AMY

No ... this one is going back to his **boy**-friend.

(she sits down at her regular table)

He really was a cocksucker.

ZELDY

Should I make it a venti now, with extra whipped crème?

AMY

What?

Oh ... sure.

ZELDY

Are you Text Bombing him with a you-know-what?

AMY

Huh ... Text Bombing? ... Oh ...

No.

I'm searching for a new dating website. Maybe I'll have better luck there.

Well, look at this ... there's more now ... and they're more specialized.
There's Christian Mingles ... J Date ... BlackPeopleMeet.com.

What others are there?

Let's see ...

No, I'm probably too old for SpeedDate ...

And too young for ProfessionalSinglesOver40.com.

Zeldy, did you know that 1/3 of all marriages start on dating websites now?

ZELDY

In my day, we had our friends and family set us up.

AMY

Did it work?

ZELDY

I met my husband that way ... all *three* of them.

AMY

Three?

You've been married three times?!

ZELDY

Hey, if at first you don't succeed ...

AMY

Wait a minute ... wait a minute ... What's this?

ZELDY

What's what?

AMY

Zoosk.com?

ZELDY

What's a Zoosk?

AMY

I don't know.

But come to think of it, what the heck is a Google ... or a Yahoo?

Well, what do I have to lose - it's free.

Here's the questionnaire ...

I am? ... male or female?

(she types in) Female.

Looking for? ...

I have a choice between men and women.

Maybe I should try women?

Zeldy, what do you think?

Should I switch to being a carpet licker?

ZELDY

A what?

AMY

It's the lesbian equivalent of a cocksucker.

ZELDY

What does carpet have to do with ...

Oh ...

That's a disgusting expression!

[While Zeldy is putting the finishing touches on Amy's Frappuccino, **the sound of a Harley Davidson revving up OFFSTAGE is heard**. It is deafening. Then it stops.]

[**JONAH ENTERS**. He's dressed in all black leather: black leather jacket, gloves, pants, and boots. He's holding a black motorcycle helmet, has on dark sunglasses, and walks up to the counter.]

ZELDY

Can I help ... Oh! It's you! ... You're ... (snapping her fingers) ... the whale guy.

JONAH

Yeah, right ... the whale guy ...
Look, give me a triple espresso.

ZELDY

You don't want a Frappuccino?

JONAH

Did I say I wanted a Frappuccino?
No.
I said I wanted a triple espresso.

ZELDY

Should I leave room for cream?

JONAH

Did I ask you to leave room for cream?
No.
Because I want it black.

AMY

Just because you're wearing leather doesn't give you the right to be rude.

JONAH

(like Robert De Niro from "Taxi Driver")

You talkin' to me?
You talkin' to **me**?

AMY

No. Never mind.

JONAH

Then who the hell else are you talkin' to?

You talkin' to me?
But I'm the only one here ...

Who the **fuck** do you think you're talkin' to?

Oh yeah?
Yeah? ... Okay ...

AMY

What's this?
Did we stumble onto the remake of "Taxi Driver?"

ZELDY

(gives Jonah his cup of coffee)

Here's your triple espresso.

That'll be 4 dollars and 55 cents.

JONAH

Here's your money.

[Jonah throws his money on the counter, picks up the cup, and finishes it in one long drink. He slams the empty cup on the counter, wipes his mouth, and says:]

JONAH

Listen you fuckers ... you screw heads ...

Here is a man who would not take it anymore.

[JONAH EXITS]

AMY

(Calling after him)

Thanks for coming by, Mr. DeNiro! Next time, leave an 8 x 10 glossy.

ZELDY

I don't believe it.

AMY

Me neither.

ZELDY

What's got into that young man?

AMY

He's trying to get me squishy.

ZELDY

Is that from a cell phone app?

AMY

No ... Look, please don't ask for any more "intell," Zeldy.
It's a long story. Don't worry. He's going to come back in.

ZELDY

I don't know. He just jumped on his motorcycle.

AMY

Don't worry. He'll get off again.

ZELDY

I don't know. He just took out his keys.

[There is the sound of a motorcycle starting up]

AMY

Yes, I know. He started it up.

Don't worry. He'll turn it off and come back inside.

[There is the sound of a motorcycle taking off, shifting gears.]

ZELDY

He drove away.

AMY

Yes ... I got it.

ZELDY

Did he get you squishy, whatever that means?

AMY

Maybe just a little.

Zeldy, did you ever notice that men who turn you on ... are not husband material?

And the ones that are husband material ... don't turn you on.

ZELDY

Did I ever notice?

(she comes out from behind the counter and sits down with Amy)

Is it okay if I sit down with you?

AMY

I don't know ... you're crossing over boundaries, here ...

Of course it's okay. Sit!

ZELDY

Thank you.

Now listen to me ... my first husband was a gambler.

Talk about living on the edge.

One week we were swimming in cash ... the next week, running from shylocks, looking to break his legs.

The last straw was sleeping in an old Plymouth Station Wagon in the back of the WalMart parking lot in Vegas.

ZELDY (cont'd)

He went out for cigarettes ...

I stuck my key in the ignition and just kept driving.

Wound up in Peekskill, New York in a sweaty old attic apartment ... with bats ... real vampire bats.

Husband number two was number one's best friend.

He was serving time in Sing Sing.

Could he write romantic letters!

And sex.....yyyyyyyyy!

Those conjugal visits ... Oooh were they passionate!

When he got out, I was waiting for him in that old Plymouth Station Wagon.

Took him straight home and right to bed.

AMY

Sounds hot!

ZELDY

We didn't open the curtains for three days.

AMY

Sounds *very* hot!

ZELDY

Yeah ... hot.

We got married and settled into a normal household routine.

I waited tables ... he went out and got high.

Kicked his lazy ass out after four months.

AMY

Why Zeldy, you loved the bad boys, didn't you?

ZELDY

Oh yeah. And I have the scars to prove it.

AMY

Who was your favorite movie star?

James Dean in "Rebel Without A Cause?"

ZELDY

No.

Marlon Brando in "The Wild One."

AMY

You just saw mine ...
Robert DeNiro in "Taxi Driver."
I have his picture on the wall in my apartment.

(motions to the counter) That's what he was up to.

ZELDY

Who was up to?

AMY

The whale boy.

ZELDY

I don't get it.
Never mind, don't bother explaining.

You know, I liked De Niro better in "The Godfather."

Oh, but Jimmy Caan ... as Sonny ... he was the one who did it for me.
A stick of dynamite waiting for someone to light his fuse.

He got me all wet - south of the border - if you know what I mean?

AMY

Yes ... squishy.

ZELDY

Oh, so that's ...
Oh ...
That's another disgusting expression young lady!

Let me tell you something, Amy.
Do you know who gets my fire going nowadays?

AMY

Brad Pitt?

ZELDY

Nah. Too blonde and too pretty.

AMY

Leonardo De Caprio?

ZELDY

Too blonde, too pretty, and too young.

AMY
I know ... Channing Tatum from "Magic Mike!"

ZELDY
Who?
Never mind.

No, I'll take my bald accountant ... with his steady paycheck, any day.

A tube of K-Y can handle any shortfalls south of the border.

Took two lousy husbands before I figured that out.
Wish I learned sooner.
You should, too, young lady.

AMY
Zeldy, when did you turn into my mother?

ZELDY
A mother would tell you, "If you were smart, you'd go after that young man."

AMY
Nah, he's long gone by now.

ZELDY
Mr. Triple Espresso, on caffeine overload?
You'll find him if you want to.

AMY
You think so?

ZELDY
Absolutely.

AMY
(she stands up)

Okay ...
(she hesitates)

Do you think he's cute, Zeldy?

ZELDY
He did look kind of sexy in that black leather.

But it's not what **I** think ... it's what **you** think.
What do **you** think?

AMY

I think it's cute that he went out of his way to play my favorite bad boy.

ZELDY

Then go get him!

AMY

Okay!

[she gets up, walks to the door, hesitates, then sits back down]

ZELDY

What's the matter?

AMY

I can't.

I'm too young to settle for K-Y Jelly.

ZELDY

It's time to grow up, young lady.

What do you have now that's so precious?

AMY

I'd rather be alone, than fake a love I don't feel.

ZELDY

You're an idiot.

AMY

Hey!

ZELDY

You're 32. Get whatever you can out of your life!

AMY

I have enough.

ZELDY

Yeah, right ...

Honey, you don't get it - that young man loves you.

AMY

So.

ZELDY

He loves you with your potty mouth, and your outrageous expressions.

AMY

So?

ZELDY

So? Do you need a computer to tell you who to love?

AMY

Better a computer than ...

ZELDY

Yeah, go ahead and say it ... better a computer than some old broken down counter clerk at Starbucks ... who's been married 3 times.

AMY

I didn't say that.

ZELDY

Probably the first time you didn't say what was really on your mind.
Thank you for the kindness.

Amy, listen to me.

A computer wouldn't tell you this ... only a friend.

You're missing so much every day ... because each tomorrow brings you less and less.

AMY

I can't, Zelda!

ZELDY

Can't ... or won't?

AMY

I don't know how.

ZELDY

Get up off your ass and learn!

ACT TWO

Scene Two

(It is 8:30 Monday night by the side of the road. There is a full moon and **Jonah is standing near his motorcycle**, his back to the audience.)

(There is the sound of a car jamming on its brakes, swerving, tires squealing, and coming to an abrupt stop.)

[AMY ENTERS]

AMY

Are you okay?

What are you doing?

JONAH

What's it look like?

I'm trying to take a piss.

AMY

Oh ...

Well, don't forget to give it two shakes when you're done.

JONAH

Hey, it's my dick.

I'll shake it as many times as I feel like.

AMY

Okay ... but be careful.

Three times qualifies as masturbation.

You'll get arrested for doing that in public.

Look, would you like a little help?

Want me to hold it ... Abraham?

JONAH

If you want to help, go away.

I can't piss with you talking to me.

AMY

I'll bet Bobby De Niro could.

JONAH

Look, why are you still here?

AMY

That was a good impression, by the way.
Did you watch the YouTube video of him?

I watch it sometimes.

JONAH

Could you *please* leave me alone.

AMY

De Niro was wearing an Army jacket, by the way, not black leather.
Marlon Brando wore the leather jacket.
I mean I appreciate the effort and all ...

Jonah ...

Jonah ...

Jonah, why did you come back here?

JONAH

Business.

AMY

All the way from Portland?

JONAH

Yes, all the way from Portland.

Now would you stop talking so I can concentrate on the matters at hand.

AMY

What that supposed to be funny?

JONAH

Take it any way you want to.

AMY

You know, I've always wondered what it's like to pee ... and take aim.

They say the only thing a man can do that a woman can't, is pee against a wall.

Jonah, I don't hear anything happening.
Are you sure you don't want me to hold it?
Maybe it will help.

JONAH

GO AWAY!

AMY

Well, you don't have to be so *nasty* about it.

JONAH

You like nasty ... don't you?

AMY

Sometimes nasty is ... well ... it can be a turn on.

JONAH

No, it's more than that, isn't it?

A lot more.

You *loooove bad boys*.

AMY

Yes. I said that.

Is that what you are now ... bad boy Jonah?

JONAH

Could you *please* let me take a piss in peace?

AMY

Sorry, Jonah.

Yes, go ahead. Take your piss in peace.

[AMY EXITS]

[We hear the sound of a car starting up, then pulling away]

JONAH

(pulls up his zipper, turns around, and calls after her)

Yeah, go away little girl.

I'm a bad boy now.

I got my shades ... I got my leathers ... I got my *machine!*

And women?

They're easy when you don't give a damn.

They *looooooove* it when you don't give a damn.

(He starts crying)

JONAH (cont'd)

I'm never going to be honest again ...

I'm never going to be "safe" again.

NEVER!

AMY I HATE YOU!

[Jonah falls to his knees and looks up]

PLEASE GOD, HELP ME HATE HER!

HELP ME.

Maybe if I learn to hate her ...

It won't hurt so much to love her.

[After a silence, we hear Amy calling offstage.]

AMY (offstage)

Jonah!

Jonah, are you still there?

JONAH!

[Jonah stands and wipes his eyes. He turns away from the sound of her voice.]

AMY

Jonah?

[AMY ENTERS.]

AMY

Why didn't you answer me?

JONAH

What do you want, now?

AMY

My car conked out.

One minute, it was running fine ... the next, the engine's dead.

All the lights on the dash went on ... the beeping was so annoying!

JONAH

Sounds like an electrical short.

AMY

I called AAA.

The tow truck guy isn't available for 2 hours.

There's a pile-up on the Interstate.

Jonah say something.

JONAH

What do you want from me?

AMY

What do I want?

Well, I don't want to sit by the side of the road.

In the dark.

For 2 hours!

I hoped you were still here.

JONAH

So?

I'm still here ...

but I'm leaving now.

AMY

So?!

Do you think you could give me a ride back to my place?

JONAH

Why should I?

AMY

Why should you?

Why should you?!

Because ... it's simple human kindness.

JONAH

Yeah, well I'm not feeling particularly kind tonight.

Okay ... here ... call a cab ... here's some money if you need it.

[He pulls some bills from his pocket and throws them at her]

Well ... I'll be seein' ya.

AMY

Jonah!
I can't believe this!

Jonah, where are you going?
I really can't believe this.

You're going to leave me all alone by the side of the road?

JONAH

You're a big girl. You can take care of yourself.

AMY

You'd do that to me?

JONAH

Is there any reason I should do something different?
What is there between us?

One night ... big deal.

AMY

Do you hate me that much?

JONAH

Hate you?
I don't even think about you anymore.

AMY

After all we shared?

JONAH

Shared?

AMY

Jonah, I gave you my ... virginity.

JONAH

Big deal. I gave you mine, too.

AMY
(crying now)

Yeah, but mine meant something ...
Something very special changed inside of me ...
Something that would never be the same again.
You ... you ... you ...

JONAH

Yeah, what about me?

AMY

You just *squirted* in a different place.

JONAH

I what?

(Jonah starts up his motorcycle, when Amy talks, he revs the engine over the sound of the voice.)

AMY

Jonah ...

Jonah!

(Jonah revs up his motorcycle even louder)

JONAH!

(she becomes hysterical and puts her arms around him)

JONAH, DON'T LEAVE ME!

(Jonah turns off his motorcycle)

JONAH

What?

AMY

I said I don't want you to leave me, Jonah.

Please don't leave me.

I don't want to be alone, tonight.

I don't want to be alone ... anymore.

JONAH

(sighs deeply and shakes his head)

Okay ...

Did you hear me?

I said okay ...

Get on.

AMY

What?

JONAH

I said, get on.

Come on, get on.

AMY

(she wipes her eyes and gets on)

Thank you.

JONAH

Yeah, right.

Here, take my helmet.

AMY

What about you?

JONAH

My head is harder than yours.

AMY

Yes ... and so is your heart.

JONAH

Yeah, right.

(he turns around, looks at her, and sees she is shivering)

Here, take my jacket.

You're shivering.

AMY

Thank you.

JONAH

(mumbling to himself while she puts on his jacket)

I just squirted in a different place ... what a thing to say.

[The lights go down, and we hear the sound of a motorcycle running through its gears]

ACT TWO

Scene Three

(It is later that Monday night at Amy's apartment, where everything is now black and white. There is a small table downstage, stage right. There is also a bed downstage, stage left. There is a refrigerator, upstage right. **Amy is lying in bed with the covers around her.**)

AMY

Ooh boy!

What was that?

(fanning herself with her hand)

I feel like I'm vibrating down to my toes.

Look at my toes.

They're curled up ... and still twitching.

(**There is the sound of a toilet flushing.**)

(**JONAH ENTERS** wearing Amy's black bathrobe. He stands in front of the refrigerator)

JONAH

You want a beer?

AMY

Yes, please.

JONAH

(he brings her a beer, opens it, and they click bottles)

Cheers!

AMY

Cheers back atcha.

JONAH

Are you okay?

AMY

Am I okay?

JONAH

Yes ... your face is all red and flushed.

AMY

Flushed! I'll say I'm flushed.

You just fucked my brains out!
I mean it, my brains are gone.
They have been fucked right out of me.
My head is completely empty.

Now I know what it's like to be a man.

JONAH

BULLSHIT!

AMY

Oh, are we back to the old rules?

JONAH

Yes.

And we need to add another.
Honesty is not enough.

AMY

What's the other rule?

JONAH

Uh ... I'll tell you later.
It's not the right time now.

AMY

Okay.
In the meantime, I have a question for you ... and I want an honest answer.

JONAH

That's all you'll ever get from me, Amy.

AMY

How did you ever learn *to fuck like that?*

JONAH

Oh ... you liked my performance?

AMY

Liked your performance?
You deserve a round of applause ... in fact, here ...
(Amy applauds)

JONAH
(blushing and whispering)

Thank you.

AMY

Now, take a bow.
Go ahead, do it!
Do it ... you earned it!

(Amy applauds louder)

Bravo!
Bravo!
Bravisimo!

JONAH
(taking a deep bow from the waist)

Thank you ... thank you ... thank you.

AMY

So how did you learn?

JONAH

I hired a personal trainer.

AMY

One of those people at workout places?

JONAH

Well ... not exactly.

We met at a private office, and my trainer was a professional sexologist.

AMY

Was it a man or a woman?

JONAH

Of course it was a woman!
I wanted a woman's expertise and experience on how to please a woman ...
not a man's educated guess.

AMY

Well, she really knew her stuff.

And the oral sex!
Wow!
Unbelievable!

JONAH
For that, I went to a different expert.

AMY
Who?

JONAH
The expert's expert.

AMY
A porn star?

JONAH
I thought of that, but most are really actresses.
No ... I wanted a true specialist.
Someone who wore a 10th degree black belt around her tongue.

AMY
Wait, don't tell me ... a 10th degree black belt ... around her tongue, no less.
A prostitute?

JONAH
Close ... a *lesbian* prostitute.

AMY
Oh ...

JONAH
Who better to learn from?

AMY
Okay ... okay ... that makes sense.

So how did you get the idea you could actually learn how to make love?

JONAH
My Dad.

AMY
Your father?!
Your father was a cocksman, too?!

JONAH
No!
Well, maybe. I don't know!
It was a different kind of talk ...

AMY

Just out of curiosity, when did you have this talk with your Dad?
After we did it the first time?

JONAH

No ... no ... way before that ... when I was heading off to college.

AMY

Wait ... let me guess ... he said:

“Son before you run off to college ... let me teach you something very important...
Here ... put your hand on my dick ... like Abraham ... and swear to me that ... “

[Amy laughs out loud and can't stop]

JONAH

Stop laughing already!

It wasn't like that.

My car broke down on my way out to the University.
I lifted the hood and didn't have a clue on what to do.
I told my Dad I felt like an idiot when it came to fixing mechanical things.

Dad said, “Don't worry.
Just put your mind to it ... and you can do just about anything.”

So while I went to college for computers ... at night, I went to a vocational school. I
learned how to do tune ups, brake jobs, engine rebuilds. Everything.

AMY

Did your Dad actually say, “Son ... sex is just like auto mechanics?”

JONAH

Well, not in those words ... but it can be taught.
Can't it?

AMY

I'll say. I don't think I'll ever need K-Y.

JONAH

What does that mean?

AMY

Never mind. It's a long story.
By the way, did you fuck her?

JONAH
Did I fuck who?

AMY
Who do you think?
Your lesbian carpet licker?!
You're a dickhead!

Your personal trainer!
The Professional.
Your Fuck Teacher.

Did you fuck her?

JONAH
None of your business.

AMY
COME ON, MR HONESTY!
Did you?

JONAH
(whispers)
No.

AMY
What?

JONAH
I said no.

AMY
No?!

JONAH
She offered a surrogate ... but I refused.

AMY
You probably turned down a great fuck.

JONAH
Nah ... not really ...
What is a great fuck?
I mean, how long does it last?

AMY

All day and most of the night... (like a father) if you just put your mind to it, son.

JONAH

No, wise ass!

I meant how long does the *feeling* last ... after it's over?

The next day, snap your fingers, and it's like it never happened.

I wanted something that would last a lifetime.

Something real ... like with you.

AMY

Oh ... that's sweet ...

Here ... let me kiss you.

(they embrace)

Wait a minute ... wait a minute ... *wait a minute!*

JONAH

What?

AMY

How did you practice?

JONAH

Can we change the subject please?

AMY

No, I want to know.

How did you practice if you didn't use your fuck teacher, or a surrogate?

JONAH

Okay ... okay ...

I used rubber replicas.

AMY

You fucked a fake vagina?

JONAH

Yes.

AMY

Was it any particular pussy, or just an anonymous twat?

JONAH

An anonymous what?

AMY

You heard me.
An anonymous twat.

JONAH

What a vocabulary!

It was anonymous ...
But there was a time ... at the sex toy store ...
when I was shopping in the vagina aisle.

AMY

The what aisle?

JONAH

You heard me.
The vagina aisle.

And there, right in front of me, was porn star Jenna Jamison's private parts ...
A big display.

And I swear ... her vagina winked at me

I almost bought one.

(looks at his watch)

You know, that guy should have called you by now.

AMY

What guy?

JONAH

The tow truck guy ... the one who was picking up your car.

AMY

Oh ... that.
Jonah, I have a confession to make ...

JONAH

Another confession?

AMY

Yes, another one.
My car didn't break down.
I faked it so I could get a ride from you.

JONAH

Why you little liar!

AMY

I don't care what you say ... sometimes a lie is better than the truth.

JONAH

Never!

AMY

BULLSHIT!

Would you have given me a ride any other way?

If I didn't get hysterical and pretend I was stranded,
I would still be standing by the side of the road – wouldn't I?

JONAH

You mean it was all an act?

AMY

Not completely ...

I didn't want you to leave ...
I wasn't sure how we really felt about each other.

Jonah, don't look at me like that!
We would have never gotten together again.
And you'd be gone now ... riding back to Portland.

JONAH

No ...
I'm still here on business.
I'm not leaving town just yet.

AMY

Yeah right ... like Titusville, Florida is the business hub of the world.

JONAH

Well ... maybe there was another *little* thing I kept from you.

AMY

Oh?

JONAH

It wasn't a real lie ... more like a white lie.

AMY

Oh?

JONAH

Look ... I'm not just another programmer.
I have my own software company.
We're doing pretty well ... if I say so myself.

AMY

Does that mean you have lots of money?

JONAH

Would you please be quiet for a minute and listen.

AMY

I'm listening ... but could you please get to the money part quickly.

JONAH

We were commissioned by NASA over at The Kennedy Space Center.
They wanted to find a way to take 2 devices ... with up to 1024 characteristics -

AMY

-1024?
Why 1024?

JONAH

It's a binary thing.

AMY

Whatever that means.

JONAH

Can I continue?
Thank you.

Our assignment was to create a program that came up with a number from 1 to 100 that expressed how similar, or unlike, 2 devices were.

Now, comparing two *linear* devices isn't so special.

But what we had to do was compare two *non-linear* things,
Things that behaved like probability functions ...
You know, like in Quantum Mechanics.

AMY

Sure, like in Quantum Mechanics.

JONAH

And my computer code not only did it, but did it faster than any other code in the world.
We beat out Google.
And Microsoft.
By more than 10 nanoseconds!

AMY

Sure.
Ten nanoseconds.

Jonah ... the money part ... remember?

JONAH
(ignoring her)

It was really quite remarkable, if I do say so myself.

We borrowed from Fourier Analysis and a little from the Lorentz Transformations that Einstein used ... and then we added a little secret sauce.

AMY

Like a Big Mac.

JONAH

Yeah, sure ... like a Big Mac.

And NASA ate it up.

AMY

The money, Jonah? Remember the money part?

JONAH

I'm getting to it.
NASA wanted to buy out my patent ... for a million dollars.

AMY

A million dollars?! *All right!*

JONAH

That's why I was here three months ago, to discuss the sale.
We took a break in the negotiations ... I went for Starbucks ...
and I met you ...

I terminated the sale because of you.

AMY

I'm sorry, Jonah.

JONAH

Sorry?

AMY

I hurt your feelings and made you lose a million dollars.

JONAH

No, you have it backwards.
I have you to thank!

AMY

Me?
Why would you thank me?

JONAH

When I heard about the trouble you had meeting men online,
you gave me the idea to offer our program to the dating websites.

Talk about non-linear devices!
People are the most non-linear devices there are ... especially women!

AMY

Yes, what about women?

JONAH

Women are a computer nightmare!
We had to narrow down a woman from 9,000 character traits to only 1024.

We hired **all** women programmers.
We figured they would understand best how to make a woman happy in a relationship.

AMY

Yes ... that makes sense.

JONAH

You might think so ... but by the time the ladies were finished ...
they **all** had nervous breakdowns.

It seems women drive each other crazier ... than men drive woman crazy.

AMY

What do you expect ...
for men, you only need 3 characteristics.

JONAH

Three?

AMY

Sure.

Sex ... food ... and a warm, comfortable place to take a crap.

JONAH

Amy, we need to do a little work on your respect for men.

Anyway, we tested our code on the top 5 dating websites.
Not only was our program faster than theirs by a factor of 10,
but it came up with better matches.

AMY

They sure needed help in my case.

JONAH

The next thing you know, the top dating sites got into a bidding war.

AMY

A bidding war?
How much did you get?

JONAH

You're not going to believe it.

AMY

Two million?

JONAH

More.

AMY

Five?

JONAH

More.

AMY

Ten million?

JONAH

No ... eighteen million.

AMY

How much?

JONAH

You heard me.
18 million dollars.
And I owe it all to you!

We're going to have a lot of fun spending it.

AMY

Uh oh.

JONAH

What?

AMY

I just got squishy thinking about helping you spend that much money.

JONAH

My trainer said money was a powerful female aphrodisiac.

AMY

She was right ...

I'm thinking all these sexy thoughts ...

I have a picture of ...

a Louis Vuitton purse!

Yes, I want a Louis Vuitton.

Badly.

JONAH

Then you can buy *two* Louis Vuittons.

AMY

Oh ... oh ... OH!
And a pair of Jimmy Choo stiletto heels!

JONAH

You can buy a pair of Jimmy Choos for every day of the week ...
if it helps get you squishy.

AMY

Oh ... Oh ... OH!
And jewelry?!

JONAH

What kind of jewelry?

AMY

I want a diamond ring ... with an ostentatiously large stone ...
Something *other* women will go squishy about.

JONAH

There's only one woman's squishiness I care about.

AMY

Come back to bed, you!
You ... you ... you sexy *rich* bad boy!

JONAH

Wait a minute ... wait a minute ... wait a minute!

AMY

What?

JONAH

There's one more thing ...
Something is missing.

AMY

What's that?

JONAH

I want you to say ... you love me.

AMY

Oh, Jonah ...

JONAH

I've never heard you say it ... and I need to hear it.

AMY

Isn't that supposed to be the woman's line?

JONAH

Say it.

AMY

Jonah ...

JONAH
SAY IT!

AMY
Come on, Jonah.

JONAH
SAY IT!

AMY
Ooooooh!

I like it when you take charge like that!

Do that again!

JONAH
SAY IT!

AMY
Come here, you.

[Jonah dives into bed with Amy as **the lights slowly come down** as they
kiss and embrace.]

I love you, Jonah.

JONAH
I love you, too, Amy.

AMY
Jonah, wait a minute.

JONAH
What?

AMY
Could you not be in such a rush?!

JONAH
Okay, I'll take my foot off the accelerator.

AMY
And could you give me just a little more of that "Taxi Driver" thing you did?

Now?

JONAH

Yes, now.

AMY

Okay ... Which part?

JONAH

Start at the beginning ... when you say, "You talkin' to me?"
I'll tell you when to stop.

AMY

Okay.

JONAH

(There is a long pause)

AMY

Well, what are you waiting for?

JONAH

Give me a minute ... I have to get into character.

Okay ...

You talkin' to me?
You talkin' to **me**?

AMY

Oh, yes.

JONAH

Then who the hell else are you talkin' to?

AMY

Oh, yes.
Yesssss

JONAH

You talkin' to me?
But I'm the only one here ...

AMY

Oh yes ... Jonah!

THE END