

**FELL IN
LOVE
WITH A GIRL**

by Samara Siskind

FELL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL

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FELL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL

for Dan.

FELL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL

Fell in Love with a Girl received its world premiere at the Miami Light Project Lightbox Theatre in Miami, FL in October, 2003. It was produced by Mad Cat Theatre Company and directed by Paul Tei. The cast was as follows:

Joyce.....Michaela Cronan
Edward.....Joe Kimble
Chris.....Paul Lasa
Lily.....Samara Siskind

Fell in Love with a Girl received its 2nd production at the Sixth Midtown International Theatre Festival in New York City, NY in August, 2005. It was produced by The WAIT Company and directed by Ryan Brown. The cast was as follows:

Joyce.....Meagan Gordon
Edward.....Mike Kulbieda
Chris.....Anthony Saracino
Lily.....Amanda Clayton

CAST: 2 Women, 2 Men

JOYCE - Female, mid-twenties to early thirties. The girl next door.

EDWARD - Male, thirtysomething. The player.

CHRIS - Male, thirtysomething. The underachiever.

LILY - Female, mid-twenties to early thirties. The uptown girl.

Setting: A city. Anywhere.

The time: The nineties.

FELL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL

ACT 1 SCENE 1

A café.

EDWARD. Are you nervous?

JOYCE. I'm new at this.

EDWARD. You've never met someone in a café?

JOYCE. Well, not under these circumstances. *(Beat.)* You know, you're better than what I pictured.

EDWARD. Oh really?

JOYCE. Blue eyes. Blonde hair. Athletic build.

EDWARD. Well, that's me. *(Puzzled.)* So. . . you pictured me?

JOYCE. Of course. I mean. . . when you don't have an actual photograph in front of you, you kind of have to rely on your imagination. Didn't you picture me?

EDWARD. Not really. I usually don't have expectations for these kinds of things.

JOYCE. I guess that's fair.

EDWARD. Listen, would you like another coffee?

JOYCE. No thanks. I'd probably spill it all over myself, and possibly on you too and. . . I'm sorry. I'm just always ridiculously skittish on first dates.

EDWARD. You consider this a first date?

JOYCE. Yeah. Date. . . first meeting, whatever. I don't do it well.

EDWARD. I think you're doing great. You're very attractive.

JOYCE. Thank you. *(Beat.)*

EDWARD. So. . . No beverage. Can I offer you something of the scone variety?

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JOYCE. Thanks. I'm good. *(Beat.)* So, tell me about yourself, Jeff.

EDWARD. Jeff?

JOYCE. I'm sorry, do you prefer Jeffrey? I hate my name. My parents named me after Joyce Dewitt, Janet from Three's Company. I usually tell people I'm named after James Joyce instead, I'm rambling. Anyway. . . tell me about you.

EDWARD. What would you like to know?

JOYCE. What do you do?

EDWARD. I'm a writer. I freelance mostly. I write essays and articles for various men's magazines. *(Beat.)* Not Playboy.

JOYCE. That's so intriguing. Do you enjoy it?

EDWARD. It pays the bills. I can't say it's completely satisfying though. I've actually been trying my hand at writing a novel.

JOYCE. That's amazing. I'm impressed.

EDWARD. Well, I haven't even finished the first chapter.

JOYCE. What's it about? You don't have to tell me, I know we just met and all.

EDWARD. I'm not sure what it's about yet. Tell me about you. Maybe you'll become my protagonist.

JOYCE. I'm working on my Masters. Psychology.

EDWARD. Nice. Now I'm impressed. What do you do for fun?

JOYCE. You know.

EDWARD. I do?

JOYCE. You don't remember? Movies, museums, people watching. I know, it isn't as expressive as yours. I should've guessed you were a writer.

EDWARD. What?

JOYCE. "I am a well-educated gentleman looking for a true lady. I'm athletic, enjoy working out yet enjoy activities that stimulate the mind as well. I'm looking for a little more balance in my life and someone to enjoy finding that balance with." Very eloquent.

EDWARD. What was that?

JOYCE. I'm sorry, did I misquote?

EDWARD. I don't know *who* you're quoting.

JOYCE. You shouldn't be embarrassed.

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EDWARD. I'm not.

JOYCE. Okay. *(Beat.)*

EDWARD. You are so bizarre.

JOYCE. I am?

EDWARD. Why did you call me Jeff?

JOYCE. Isn't that your name?

EDWARD. Why would it be?

JOYCE. That's what you called yourself. *(Beat.)* Oh. It's not.

EDWARD. What's not?

JOYCE. It's not your real name. I guess some people do that.

EDWARD. Do what?

JOYCE. Use different names. To protect themselves. It's okay. I used my real name, but I'm not very experienced in this.

EDWARD. In what?

JOYCE. Personals.

EDWARD. Personals?

JOYCE. The Personal Ads. You were scared I was going to be a freak, weren't you?

EDWARD. Wait, you-

JOYCE. That I wasn't going to look how I described myself?

EDWARD. *(Understanding)* I see, you-

JOYCE. Most people advise not meeting right away but your words-

EDWARD. You came to meet-

JOYCE. I just had to-

EDWARD. Meet *Jeff*.

JOYCE. I hope I'm not a disappointment. *(Beat.)*

EDWARD. Not at all.

JOYCE. Am I what you thought I would be?

EDWARD. Better.

JOYCE. That's sweet.

EDWARD. It's true.

JOYCE. So. . . Have you done this many times before?

EDWARD. My first time.

JOYCE. So Jeff isn't your name?

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EDWARD. No.

JOYCE. Jeff was your alias?

EDWARD. My pseudonym. . . yes.

JOYCE. What's your real name? I mean, you don't have to tell me. You must have chosen to use another name for a reason-

EDWARD. Edward.

JOYCE. Edward. I'm Joyce.

EDWARD. Hi.

JOYCE. Hi.

SCENE 2

A bar.

CHRIS. Let me get this straight, you just randomly approached this girl-

EDWARD. To get the creamer-

CHRIS. And she-

EDWARD. Thought I was someone else.

CHRIS. So you just played along. That's sick.

EDWARD. No, it's not.

CHRIS. Dude, it's sick.

EDWARD. What's so sick about it? Pretty girl sitting alone at a table. She looked like she wanted some company. I wanted to meet her.

CHRIS. But she was waiting for someone else.

EDWARD. This Jeff guy never showed up, did he?

CHRIS. Maybe he did, after you whisked her away.

EDWARD. We were there three hours. Believe me, he never showed up. I have a date with her Saturday. *(Edward drops a napkin with Joyce's number on the table.)*

CHRIS. You are the luckiest son-of-a-bitch I know.

EDWARD. It's a gift.

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CHRIS. You don't exert any effort whatsoever and you get coffee, the digits *and* a date. How the hell do you do that?

EDWARD. Just comes naturally.

CHRIS. What happened to Sarah?

EDWARD. We broke up last week.

CHRIS. What happened?

EDWARD. We were growing apart.

CHRIS. Growing bored is more like it.

EDWARD. She just wasn't right for me.

CHRIS. Can I call her?

EDWARD. You could, but she'd never answer.

CHRIS. I don't understand why you cut all these goddesses loose. I would give anything for a date with just one of your rejects.

EDWARD. I know I'm picky but, when I find it, I'll know.

CHRIS. You just enjoy playing the field.

EDWARD. I don't play the field. I comb the field.

CHRIS. So, what's ad girl like?

EDWARD. Smart, attractive, funny. Intriguing. She laughs a lot. A little on the clumsy side.

CHRIS. Did you tell her about your choice career?

EDWARD. I mentioned I was a writer.

CHRIS. But is she aware that you're responsible for the monthly Jug-O-Meter feature in Maxim?

EDWARD. It didn't come up.

CHRIS. I'm sure it didn't. Let me guess, you used the old I'm in the middle of writing my novel approach. Ha! You've been using it since sophomore year.

EDWARD. Consequently, this has great article potential.

CHRIS. So that's it? You're using her for a story?

EDWARD. Maybe. Definite Maxim material. How to Lose Someone Else's Girl in 10 Days.

CHRIS. Why didn't you just tell her the truth? You probably could've gotten her number anyway.

EDWARD. Chris, I had no idea what was going on. I was just letting the chips fall where they may. She was cute.

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CHRIS. So you've said. What about when you realized she was waiting for her blind date?

EDWARD. I already had my in. She already liked me. I didn't have to buy her a few rounds of drinks or try too hard to be entertaining and charming.

CHRIS. Paint it any way you want it. You still lied. Relationships that are based on lies never last.

EDWARD. Like you'd know. And I didn't lie. Not necessarily. I told her about myself. She didn't know all that much about good ole Jeff.

CHRIS. You've got some major balls man. What if good ole Jeff calls her again?

EDWARD. Why would he call her if he stood her up? I don't know if he even has her number.

CHRIS. He doesn't have her number? I don't get it, how'd they set up the date?

EDWARD. She called him.

CHRIS. What if she calls him again?

EDWARD. She won't.

CHRIS. How do you know?

EDWARD. I told her it was my old roommate's number.

CHRIS. I'm you're old roommate.

EDWARD. Precisely, so if it ever comes up, it was your number.

CHRIS. Great, now I'm involved. She'd better have a hottie friend.

EDWARD. Don't worry about it. She has my number now. I told her I just used that one to be safe, since it was my first time and all.

CHRIS. Why all the labor? Your relationship shelf life is two weeks max.

EDWARD. I just don't see the point in wasting their time and mine if it isn't going anywhere.

CHRIS. How long do you think you can keep up this charade?

EDWARD. Look, all I did was save this girl some misery. She would've spent the whole night crying in her coffee if I didn't step up. *(Edward's phone rings.)*

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EDWARD. Oh, hey Lynn. . . I'm great, how are you?. . . No, I'm sorry. I can't make it Saturday. . . I know, something came up. Yeah, sure. . . I will. Bye.

CHRIS. Who the hell is Lynn?

EDWARD. Some girl I met after Sarah and I broke up. I feel bad, we were supposed to go out this weekend, but. . . *(He picks up napkin.)*

CHRIS. Don't sweat it man, I'll take her out for you.

EDWARD. In your dreams. Another pitcher?

CHRIS. Hell yeah. *(No movement. Edward looks at Chris.)* What? I don't have any money.

SCENE 3

A park.

JOYCE. I must say, good move my friend. You get major points for this.

EDWARD. I do?

JOYCE. Picnic in the park? Oh yeah.

EDWARD. I'm glad you approve.

JOYCE. Being wined and dined underneath the stars. I could get used to this.

EDWARD. Well, I did promise a romantic evening that would surpass all others.

JOYCE. You delivered. *(Joyce shivers.)*

EDWARD. Are you cold?

JOYCE. I'm okay.

EDWARD. No, here. *(Edward takes his jacket and drapes it over her shoulders.)*

JOYCE. Thank you. *(Beat.)* You know, I've never been on a picnic before.

EDWARD. Seriously? Not even Fourth of July?

JOYCE. You're my first. No one's ever spoiled me like this.

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EDWARD. My Dad used to take me out on picnics all the time. To the zoo, after little league games, the beach, you name it. He would pack a thermos of soup, mom's pasta salad, and these killer roast beef sandwiches.

JOYCE. Your dad sounds like a great guy.

EDWARD. He was. *(Beat.)* My parents died in a car accident, when I was a kid.

JOYCE. Oh, Edward. I'm sorry. How old were you?

EDWARD. Thirteen. Eighth grade.

JOYCE. Who raised you?

EDWARD. My Aunt Sylvia. Dad's sister. Great lady. *(Silence.)* Sorry. Didn't mean to be a downer.

JOYCE. No, no. I was just. . . thinking about my father.

EDWARD. Yeah? What about him?

JOYCE. Nothing. I just. . . I have this memory. I remember my Dad teaching me to swim. I was terrible. I was terrified of the water. But this one summer my father decided he was going to teach me. I was six, hated getting my face wet, even in the bathtub. I remember being in the water hanging on to his neck for dear life. I must have clawed his arms off. He finally eased me off and got me to float on my back with his hands supporting me underneath. Like a starfish. He kept saying trust me kid, we can do this. It took me awhile, but I finally let go. Once I trusted him. I worked so hard. To make him proud. *(Beat.)* I can dog paddle like nobody's business. I don't know. Bringing up your father and his picnics reminded me of that summer.

EDWARD. Sounds like you two are pretty close.

JOYCE. No. He took off. Left us not too long after that. I just. . . as a kid I always thought he left because. . . well, because I didn't swim well enough. *(Edward's phone rings. He checks screen, returns it to his pocket.)*

JOYCE. Who was it?

EDWARD. No one.

JOYCE. That means it was a girl. Am I right?

EDWARD. Well, ah. . .yeah. You got me.

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JOYCE. Who is she? I mean, you don't have to tell me. It's only our second date and all.

EDWARD. It was a girl I was supposed to go out with tonight. We had plans before I met you. After that day at the café, I cancelled.

JOYCE. I'm flattered.

EDWARD. I think I made the right choice. *(Beat.)*

JOYCE. So where were we before the girl interrupted?

EDWARD. You were telling me about your swimming lessons. How's your breaststroke nowadays?

JOYCE. Not so good. I still stay in the shallow end.

EDWARD. That's too bad.

JOYCE. Why?

EDWARD. I was going to suggest skinny dipping but-

JOYCE. You were not-

EDWARD. There's this lake right down the- *(Joyce pulls Edward to her and kisses him.)*

EDWARD. Wow.

JOYCE. *(Beat.)* How many other girls have you brought here?

EDWARD. Including you?

JOYCE. Including me.

EDWARD. One.

JOYCE. C'mon.

EDWARD. Honest to God.

JOYCE. Really? *(Beat.)* Only me?

EDWARD. Only you. *(Beat.)* I like you.

JOYCE. I like you too. *(Looking up at stars.)* I could stay out here all night. . . but if I don't get going soon, I might turn back into a pumpkin.

EDWARD. Do you have to?

JOYCE. Have to? No. Should I? Yes.

EDWARD. Do you have a busy week?

JOYCE. Not too bad, why?

EDWARD. I'd like to see you again. . . and I don't think I can wait until next weekend.

JOYCE. That can be arranged.

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EDWARD. Wednesday night?

JOYCE. What did you have in mind?

EDWARD. Dinner and a movie? I think I need to introduce you to the classics.

JOYCE. Are you kidding? I'm a total film buff; I've seen every classic- (*Edward cuts her off with a kiss.*)

JOYCE. -film ever made.

EDWARD. So. . . Do you still need to get home Cinderella?

JOYCE. I think the mice'll cover for me awhile longer. (*They continue to kiss, leaning back onto the blanket.*)

SCENE 4

Sidewalk in front of an office building.

JOYCE. All right, calm down, take a breath, you're talking too fast.

LILY. (*Pacing and smoking furiously.*) He's married. Do you understand? Married. My boyfriend, married. He is so married. He's totally married.

JOYCE. I get it, he's married-

LILY. How could Ryan do this to me? After everything I did for him.

JOYCE. How did you find out?

LILY. She called me a half hour ago.

JOYCE. What did she say?

LILY. She said "Hi, is this Ryan's girlfriend?" I said "Yes, who is this?"- You know like, I thought I had won something. She said "Ryan's other half". . . and I'm like "Ryan's other half of what?" Then she says "Stay away from my husband you stupid bitch."

JOYCE. No.

LILY. Then she hung up on me.

JOYCE. Wow.

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LILY. She called me a bitch. A stupid bitch. I'm not a stupid bitch. I'm a bitch, but not a stupid bitch.

JOYCE. No, you're not.

LILY. Right?

JOYCE. Definitely not.

LILY. Everything was going so great. I mean, last week we were looking at rings together.

JOYCE. Did you notice any signs?

LILY. Not really.

JOYCE. No framed pictures or women's garments laying around the house?

LILY. I haven't really been-

JOYCE. What?! Eight months and you've never been to his house?!

LILY. Well, we usually met at my place. He said his house was always a mess since he was never there.

JOYCE. Did you have his home phone number?

LILY. Just his cell. He said it was the easiest way to reach him.

JOYCE. (*Sighs.*) Would he spend the night?

LILY. Not the entire night. But he's going through his residency-

JOYCE. Lily-

LILY. He said he had to get back to the hospital!

JOYCE. Why didn't you tell me any of this before? I could've told you he was cheating months ago.

LILY. I don't know! I didn't want there to be anything wrong with him!

JOYCE. You are trusting to a fault. How many times have I told you that you need to protect yourself?

LILY. I know. I'm sorry. (*Beat. Hopeful.*) Do you think she'll leave him? Or he'll leave her?

JOYCE. Who cares?

LILY. I do. Maybe he's stuck in a loveless marriage, maybe he really wants to be with me-

JOYCE. He lied to you. It's over. Walk away, don't look back.

LILY. But what if-

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JOYCE. No! I've been with enough liars and cheaters in my life. They never change. You walk away.

LILY. You're right. I know, you're right. It's just-

JOYCE. What?

LILY. Do you know how long it took me to find him? How many nauseating dates, and mixers, and set-ups, and happy hours, and singles retreats before I found Ryan? He was perfect.

JOYCE. A perfect asshole. He'd go out with you, then go home, shower and get into bed with his wife. He's probably not even a doctor. She did you a favor by calling you.

LILY. Oh no. What if she calls me again? I can't handle it. She was like, super scary.

JOYCE. Show me her number. *(Lily takes out her phone, finds the number and holds it out. Joyce memorizes it.)*

JOYCE. I'll take care of it.

LILY. Thanks. And thanks for coming so fast.

JOYCE. What are friends for?

LILY. I know but you got here in like, record time.

JOYCE. I had to go to the bank anyway. *(Beat.)* How much longer is your break?

LILY. About five more minutes before they send the branch manager looking for me.

JOYCE. I thought you quit smoking?

LILY. I did. *(Joyce gives her a look.)*

LILY. I'm having a crisis okay! I bummed one off Barry the security guard.

JOYCE. Fine, fine it's just. . . kind of early for a cigarette.

LILY. It's kind of early for that outfit. You have a lunch date or something?

JOYCE. No, actually. . . I wore it out on my date last night.

LILY. Last night? What's the matter, running low on clean- Ohhhh. You slut.

JOYCE. Shut up. It went well.

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LILY. I'm blabbing on and on about me and you had a sleepover. Bad friend. Okay, c'mon, tell me all about it. What's his name again?

JOYCE. Edward. He took me out for a picnic.

LILY. Nooo.

JOYCE. Perfect wine, perfect cheese, perfect gentleman. It was amazing. I mean, in all honesty one of the best dates I've ever had. I didn't want the night to end.

LILY. More. I need more.

JOYCE. He's cute. Hilarious, I mean- the best sense of humor, smart.

LILY. How was his apartment?

JOYCE. Clean.

LILY. But not anal? Did he freak out if you moved anything around?

JOYCE. No, not at all.

LILY. Good sign. Remember OCD guy who started crying because I rearranged his souvenir shot glasses? (*Joyce laughs.*) So. . . that leaves the. . .? (*Lily raises an eyebrow. Joyce takes a drag off her cigarette.*)

JOYCE. It's all good.

LILY. Wow, you know what, that's great. I get dumped, you get swept off your feet and taken to the ball.

JOYCE. Sorry, Lil.

LILY. It's fine. It's about time at least one of us was lucky in love.

JOYCE. Don't jump the gun. I'm still feeling things out.

LILY. I wanna meet him. Gotta make sure he's legit.

JOYCE. Because as Dr. Ryan illustrated, you're such a good judge of character.

LILY. All the more reason for me to get medieval on this guy's ass. So, when can I meet Prince Edward?

JOYCE. I'm supposed to see him Wednesday. I'll see about this weekend. (*A whistle is heard from some construction workers. Lily and Joyce react and smile, playing it up.*)

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LILY. Not bad. Should I get his number? (*Calling to the workers.*)
HEY!

SCENE 5

Edward's apartment. FX - End credits to The Matrix.

EDWARD. Ahhhhh.

JOYCE. What is it with everyman's carnal obsession with *The Matrix*?

EDWARD. Keanu Reeves. He is a most excellent star.

JOYCE. Stop.

EDWARD. Did you know his name means cool breeze over the mountains in Hawaiian?

JOYCE. I thought you only liked foreign films.

EDWARD. Uh, I do.

JOYCE. Hence, *The Matrix*?

EDWARD. It is foreign. It takes place in another world. Another dimension if you will.

JOYCE. That's settled. I rent the video next time.

EDWARD. (*Studying vhs case.*) Y'know kids today will never understand how easy they have it. Being able to drive to the store and rent whatever movie they want to watch, whenever they want to watch it.

JOYCE. So many choices, too little time. (*Joyce catches Edward smiling at her.*) What?

EDWARD. Why in the world does a girl like you need to place an ad in the paper to get a date?

JOYCE. What's a girl like me?

EDWARD. Smart, cool, funny. . . sexy. You check all the boxes.

JOYCE. I've never had much luck when it comes to dating.

EDWARD. I don't believe that for a second.

JOYCE. Trust me. I've been burned more times than I'd like to admit. It ain't pretty.

EDWARD. What's the ugliest?

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JOYCE. Let's see. . . One boyfriend forgot to mention the fact that he had not one, but two, count 'em two fiancées.

EDWARD. Whoa. How'd you find out?

JOYCE. I was invited to the second fiancée's bridal shower. Oh wait- but then there's the guy who "borrowed" my Volkswagen to drive his "best friend's sister" across the country.

EDWARD. Obviously, these guys didn't know what they had.

JOYCE. Oh, they knew. I just wasn't enough for them. So. . . I decided to stop looking in bars and clubs and concentrate my search.

EDWARD. Aha. And here I am.

JOYCE. The fruit of my labor. What about you?

EDWARD. What about me?

JOYCE. (*Beat.*) Why the ad?

EDWARD. You may find this incredibly hard to believe, but I'm a total chicken when it comes to meeting women. I'm fine once we've been out a few times, and if they approach me. But the initial contact always kills me.

JOYCE. Why do your relationships end?

EDWARD. I don't know. Usually, we end up having nothing in common. They end up being too flighty, too needy, too superficial.

JOYCE. We seem to be doing okay.

EDWARD. Yeah well. I got lucky. (*They kiss.*)

JOYCE. Hey, I almost forgot. I want you to meet my friend, Lily. Can we do dinner? Maybe Saturday? I've told her a lot about you.

EDWARD. Okay, yeah. Who is this Lily?

JOYCE. Childhood friend. She means the world to me.

EDWARD. Are you sure you want us to meet?

JOYCE. Why wouldn't I?

EDWARD. I don't know. This will be the first time I meet any of your peeps. Besides your dad, you haven't really mentioned much about your family.

JOYCE. They're not worth mentioning.

EDWARD. I know you're an only child, but you haven't exactly expressed the desire to take me home for Thanksgiving dinner.

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JOYCE. Our relationship is strained. Can we just leave it at that?

EDWARD. Okay. I'm sorry.

JOYCE. So, would dinner work?

EDWARD. Yes. Definitely. (*Joyce leans back into Edward's chest. Beat.*)

JOYCE. Am I exactly what you wanted? What you were hoping for?

EDWARD. You're better than anything I could have hoped for.

JOYCE. I don't play tennis. Your ad said tennis a must. I've never even picked up a racket.

EDWARD. That's fine.

JOYCE. Is it?

EDWARD. It is. Now where were we?

JOYCE. (*Standing.*) Saying goodnight.

EDWARD. You're not staying over? What's the matter? Did I say something?

JOYCE. I just have a paper due Friday, and it's already. . . it's after one. I'm all Matrixed out.

EDWARD. What's the paper on?

JOYCE. Dissociative disorders. (*Beat.*) So, dinner. Saturday?

EDWARD. Just let me know where. I had a great night.

JOYCE. Me too.

EDWARD. Hey, I almost forgot. I got you a present. (*Edward grabs a gift bag.*)

JOYCE. For me? What is it?

EDWARD. Open it. (*Joyce unwraps the gift. Swimming flotation devices.*)

EDWARD. Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water. They're Floogies.

JOYCE. Floogies?

EDWARD. Yeah, you blow 'em up and they go around your arms. To keep you afloat.

JOYCE. I know what they are, I just. . . Floogies?

EDWARD. I don't know. That's what I called them when I was a kid.

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JOYCE. Thank you. That's sweet. I love them. *(She kisses him.)*

EDWARD. I'll walk you out. *(Edward's phone rings.)*

JOYCE. Get the phone, I'm parked right out front. *(Another kiss. Joyce exits. Edward answers phone.)*

EDWARD. Hello? . . . Oh, hey Lynn. . . I'm fine, how are you? . . . Yeah, look, I did get your messages and I'm sorry but Friday isn't going to work. . . Well to be honest, this isn't easy to say but, well. . . I've met someone.

SCENE 6

A restaurant.

LILY. It wasn't my fault!

JOYCE. You said it would give me a healthy looking, streakless tan!

LILY. That's what the bottle said!

JOYCE. I couldn't leave the house for a week.

LILY. No lie. She was a teenage Oompa Loompa. And she exfoliated so much trying to get it off, she lost an entire layer of skin.

EDWARD. Well, she looks perfect now. Come here, you have a little- *(Edward delicately dabs Joyce's mouth with a napkin.)*

JOYCE. Oh god. Not again.

EDWARD. Still there. Joyce is the messiest eater I know. Last week I found a chicken wing in her hair.

JOYCE. Very funny. Okay, I obviously need a mirror. I'll be right back. *(To Lily.)* Wanna come?

LILY. No, I'll just keep Edward here company.

JOYCE. Okay. Be back in a sec. *(She exits. Beat.)*

EDWARD. So, Lily. Joyce has told me a lot of great things about you.

LILY. We're like family.

EDWARD. Right, right. She's not very close to her real family is she? What's that all about?

LILY. Have you asked her?

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EDWARD. I have. She always changes the subject.

LILY. It's kind of a touchy situation. *(Beat.)* Her mom got remarried and her stepdad kicked her out of the house when she was fifteen.

EDWARD. Fifteen?

LILY. She's been on her own ever since. She's worked really hard to get where she is. She doesn't have many people backing her up.

EDWARD. Except for you.

LILY. True. I guess I'm all she's got.

EDWARD. Well, I'm glad you're here.

LILY. I'm glad I'm here.

EDWARD. I'm glad we're all here. *(Beat.)*

LILY. So. . . you really like her?

EDWARD. What's not to like? She's pretty amazing.

LILY. What do you like about her?

EDWARD. She's sweet, funny, smart as a whip, beautiful.

LILY. Interesting.

EDWARD. What do you mean, interesting?

LILY. Call me crazy, but I don't think Joyce is your type.

EDWARD. Oh really?

LILY. You seem more like the uptown girl type, not the girl next door type.

EDWARD. That's where you're wrong, I've always had a thing for the girl next door.

LILY. Maybe I'm mistaken, but I'm usually right about these things. You know, you're even better looking than Joyce said you were. She usually she goes for the dark, brooding type. Blue eyed blondes are definitely more my type.

EDWARD. I don't know what to say. Thanks?

LILY. You're very welcome. *(She hands him her card.)* If you ever get bored with the girl next door, feel free to give the uptown girl a call. *(Edward looks down at the card. Beat.)*

EDWARD. Yeah, uh. . . I don't think so. *(Hands card back to her.)*

LILY. No?

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EDWARD. Look, yeah. I'm flattered. Boy oh boy am I flattered, but. . . I just can't. I care a great deal about your friend. As should you. The last thing I want is to see her hurt.

LILY. Point taken. Can't blame a girl for trying. (*Joyce returns to the table.*)

JOYCE. Miss me?

EDWARD. Oh yeah. (*He stands, pulls out her chair and gives her a kiss.*)

LILY. Awww. You guys are adorable.

JOYCE. Don't be bitter. Lily isn't seeing anyone right now. She's always been really shy.

EDWARD. Yeah, I can see that.

JOYCE. We've been working on getting her to be more assertive.

EDWARD. Well, you know, good luck with that. (*Edward puts his card in the check cover and pushes it to the corner of the table.*)

LILY. So, you've met Joyce's BFF. (*To Joyce.*) Next up you'll be meeting the parents. (*Awkward silence.*)

LILY. What? Did I say something?

EDWARD. No, just. . . My parents died when I was a kid. (*Beat.*)

LILY. Oh. Wow. I'm sorry.

EDWARD. Why are you sorry?

LILY. I don't know. Because. . . that's what people are supposed to say?

EDWARD. No, people are supposed to say- "That's too bad, let me give you some money".

LILY. Oh. . .well I-

JOYCE. Relax. He's kidding.

EDWARD. Just a little orphan humor. (*Edward's phone rings.*) Will you both excuse me for a minute? It's one of my editors. Feel free to finish the cheesecake. (*He gives Joyce a quick peck and exits.*)

JOYCE. Nice.

LILY. Why didn't you tell me his parents died? I felt like a complete ass. (*Joyce opens check cover. She stares at it for a few*

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moments. Lily takes it out of her hands and sets it back on the table.)

JOYCE. Well, what do you think?

LILY. Handsome. Charming. *(Beat.)* I gave him the test.

JOYCE. Okay. *(Deep breath.)* What's the verdict?

LILY. Flattered- definitely, interested- no way.

JOYCE. Wow. Go Edward.

LILY. He handled it rather impressively. Didn't insult me, just let me know it was *not* going to happen.

JOYCE. Thanks for the report.

LILY. Don't think I like doing it. Makes me feel like a slut and a half.

JOYCE. I can't believe he passed. He didn't pass the first one.

LILY. Give him some time. *(Shrugs.)* I like him.

JOYCE. You do?

LILY. What's not to like? Well-mannered, well-dressed, great sense of humor. . . loyal.

JOYCE. I've been through this before. Great guy until I discover his fatal flaw.

LILY. Don't be so pessimistic. Maybe you'll finally settle down. Maybe I'll see you more.

JOYCE. Don't get ahead of yourself. He only passed one test. *(Beat.)*

LILY. I don't know how you do it.

JOYCE. Do what?

LILY. This.

JOYCE. Lighten up. It can happen to you, or for you I should say.

LILY. Have you met that friend of his he mentioned?

JOYCE. Not yet.

LILY. I wonder if he's cute. *(Beat.)* Nah, he's probably a complete moron.

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SCENE 7

Edward's apartment.

CHRIS. *(Eating out of a jar of peanut butter with his fingers.)*

Dude, let it go.

EDWARD. You're going tell me that wasn't a perfect three pointer?
It was beautiful man.

CHRIS. Breathtaking. *(Edward tosses Chris a magazine and exits.)*
What's this?

EDWARD. New issue.

CHRIS. “What Your Wingman Can do for You, by Edward Campbell. A good wingman is a sure-ticket to putting that hottie at ease and interested in the after hours party back at your pad.” I can't believe you write this stuff. I can't believe they pay you to write this stuff.

EDWARD. *(Returning with two beers.)* You're just jealous 'cause your job sucks.

CHRIS. It's temporary.

EDWARD. Can I have double prints? Better make them glossy.

CHRIS. Shut up. I don't know why you can't just hook me up.

EDWARD. I've told you; the guys who do those pictorials have major credentials. Taking pictures at your cousin's wedding does not a photographer make.

CHRIS. At least I don't write features like *(Flipping through magazine.)* “How to Make the Most Out of Your Booty Call.”
(Chris tosses the magazine aside and plops down on couch. He notices a pair of panties behind a cushion.)

CHRIS. What's this? I thought you switched to boxer briefs?

EDWARD. Hey, give me that. *(Edward tries to grab them as Chris plays keep away.)*

CHRIS. Whoa. Hold on there big fella. It isn't very often I get my hands on a pair of undergarments as fine as these.

EDWARD. I mean it Chris-

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CHRIS. Lovely pastel thong. Who's the flavor of the week again? Lynn? Lynn has some pretty fine taste in-

EDWARD. (*Edward snatches them back.*) They aren't Lynn's.

CHRIS. No? What happened? Too clingy? I like clingy. Remember that chick who paged you thirty times a day? I don't get thirty pages a year. (*Beat.*) Where the hell've you been anyway?

EDWARD. I've been busy.

CHRIS. Too busy for your best friend. Nice. (*Beat.*) Hey, whatever happened with Personals girl? (*Edward smiles. Beat.*) What? (*Chris picks up panties again.*) Ohhhh, wait. No. These are hers?

EDWARD. (*Snatching them back.*) I'm gonna mess you up Chris.

CHRIS. I don't believe this. How long?

EDWARD. Two months.

CHRIS. Two months? Dude. That's a record for you. (*Beat.*) And you're not seeing anyone else?

EDWARD. No. Not since I met Joyce.

CHRIS. Someone has finally gotten Edward's undivided attention. Well, I must say, I'm shocked.

EDWARD. You wouldn't be if you knew her. (*Edward picks up an envelope of photos, files through and hands one to Chris.*)

CHRIS. This is her?

EDWARD. Nice huh?

CHRIS. She's okay.

EDWARD. Okay? You couldn't get a girl that fine if you ordered her online. (*Edward holds up a Nerf basketball.*) Up for a re-match?

CHRIS. You're on. Grab the net. (*Edward sets up and they begin to play.*) What'd you do last weekend?

EDWARD. Worked. Had dinner with Joyce and her friend, Lily.

CHRIS. Lily. Lily of the valley. Lily the fragrant flower. I like Lily. What's she like?

EDWARD. Pretty, flirty. . . a little aggressive.

CHRIS. I can take aggressive. Oh god, can I take aggressive.

EDWARD. She's not your type.

CHRIS. What do you mean my type? If she has breasts, she's my type.

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EDWARD. Okay then, you aren't her type.

CHRIS. Why not?

EDWARD. Just forget it.

CHRIS. You brought it up man. Don't dangle Lily of the valley in my face and then tell me to forget it.

EDWARD. I just told you. You're not her type.

CHRIS. So what type am I?

EDWARD. I don't know. The short, pale and ugly type.

CHRIS. And I suppose she'd be more into you. The cocky stick-up-your-ass type.

EDWARD. I know she is. She made a pass at me during dinner.

CHRIS. Oh, I get it. You want to keep your girlfriend's girlfriend all to yourself.

EDWARD. No way. You never mess with the friends. Rule number one. I wrote an entire series on this. There are millions of ladies out there, just stay out of the friend pool. They will always find out.

CHRIS. Fine, you can't date her, but I can. Get me her number.

EDWARD. No. She's high maintenance, man. You're going to get your hopes up, get shot down, mope around for months and take it all out on me. Forget I said anything. (*Edward scores a basket. Chris holds the ball. Beat.*)

CHRIS. When are you going to stop low balling me man?

EDWARD. I don't know. When are you going to quit this inferiority complex?

CHRIS. Your job is better than mine, your car is cooler, your girls are hotter. Just stop thinking you're better than me.

EDWARD. Chris, we're in two separate categories. The girls who go for me aren't gonna go for you. Just look at you man. You date the girls who work in the video store and still don't know what they want to be when they grow up. Lily makes some major bank. She's filet mignon and you're. . . Big Mac extra cheese.

CHRIS. Fuck you Edward. You are so fucking full of yourself.

EDWARD. Oh, I see what this is. Admit it. . . this is killing you.

CHRIS. What are you talking about?

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EDWARD. Just like the days back at school. Two words - Julie Thompson.

CHRIS. Shut up.

EDWARD. I can't help the fact that opportunities like this just fall into my lap.

CHRIS. Why do you always gotta-

EDWARD. I didn't even date her! Never gave her a second look. It's not my fault she broke up with you seconds after you introduced us.

CHRIS. I said drop it already! *(Beat.)*

EDWARD. Do you wanna know what really sucks? You were better looking back then. Look at you, you've completely let yourself go.

CHRIS. You have some nerve.

EDWARD. Just admit it- you're pissed because things like this never happen to you.

CHRIS. I don't need them to happen to me. I do fine on my own.

EDWARD. Your sisters are running out of friends who owe them favors.

CHRIS. *(Under his breath.)* I hate you man.

EDWARD. No you don't. You love me. C'mere gimme a kiss. *(Edward gets Chris in a friendly headlock.)*

CHRIS. Get the hell off me. *(Pushes him off.)*

EDWARD. What's the matter, that the most action you've seen all month?

CHRIS. I don't wanna play anymore.

EDWARD. Could you sound any more like a five-year-old? Stop being a little baby and let's play.

CHRIS. I said no.

EDWARD. *(Laughing.)* Whatever you want, Beaver. I gotta take a leak anyway. Grab me another beer. *(He exits.)*

CHRIS. Asshole. *(Beat. Chris notices photo on table. He takes it in, tracing image with his finger. He pockets it, just as Edward re-enters.)*

EDWARD. What're you lookin' at?

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CHRIS. Nothing.

EDWARD. Another game?

CHRIS. Fine.

EDWARD. You okay Beav? (*Beat.*)

CHRIS. I'm great.

END OF ACT ONE

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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