

Forever Love

*A comedy by
Michael Grant*

True love never fades

©2024

Forever Love

Characters

- Young Max: A high school student who falls in love with Kyle. She loves books and volunteers at the local library. She intends to study in hopes of being a librarian.
- Young Kyle: A high school student who falls in love with Max. He loves the outdoors and intends to someday be a Forest Ranger.
- Adult Max: In her early fifties. The head librarian at the local library. She has never married. She still carries a torch for Kyle.
- Adult Kyle: In his early fifties. After moving to British Columbia, he graduated, married and worked as a Forest Ranger until contracting Lyme disease. He has lost his job and marriage as a result and returned home to live with his aging parents. He still carries a torch for Max.

Playwright notes: This was written to be a two-person play using adult actors. However, it could be performed as a four-person play. The intent was to create an eighties feel through the use of wardrobe and soundscape.

Forever Love

(The stage is dark. USC is a flat wall, exits on both sides. There are also exits downstage on both sides. Slowly we hear an 80's love ballad starts to play, and a disco ball reflects on the stage. Other lights should give the aura of a high school dance that can encompass the entire theatre.)

Kyle: (Entering USR moving DSR) Did you feel that rush of air? That was the vacuum created by a gym full of young hormonal boys stampeding off to wrestle the cutest girl possible to the dance floor. Nineteen eighty-six, Maitland District High School fall dance. A gymnasium, hot, sweaty, full of hormones, testosterone and half a mickey of rum hidden in the bleachers, all ready to explode at the wink of an eye, or a shy smile. The entire gymnasium swaying like ocean waves to the sounds of our romantic, neon coloured, hair teased youth. (Looking center stage to his imaginary self-dancing.) But listen to that music. Phil Collins, Chicago, Foreigner.

Max: (Entering USL moving DSL) The Bangles.

Kyle: Richard Marx

Max: Tina Turner

Kyle: Paul Young

Max: Debbie Gibson

Kyle & Max: Chris de Burgh!

Max: The songs of fresh, innocence and honest love. High school in the eighties, a simpler time. A time when the burdens of adulthood have yet to take hold. We were free, eager, in search of validation. In search of love. In search of...(Looking DCS at the "dancers") What in the bloody world is going on with my hair? I actually did that? Why wouldn't have someone said something?

Kyle: Probably because we were all busy doing the same thing.

Max: But look at me (Indicating out centre.) How did I fit through doorways? I have a head like an Inca god. And I do not mean that in a good way.

Kyle: How many cans of Aqua Net did you go through on a Friday night?

Max: I should have bought stock. Did it really smell this bad? I don't remember it smelling this bad.

Kyle: It is a fine blend of hormones, body sweat, Aqua Net and far too much Ralph Lauren Polo.

Max: And a healthy dose of young boy's hope.

Kyle: There was definitely a lot of that. If only we had the courage to take the chance.

Max: There never was a chance, Kyle.

Kyle: But I was wearing Ralph Lauren Polo? I thought it was like kryptonite for girls.

Max: no. But that didn't matter. It was all part of the game.

Kyle: All part of the hunt.

Max: Easy there Mr. Fudd. We were young ladies, not animals.

Kyle: Come on Maxine, I see zebra prints, leopard prints and even a couple tigers. It's like the damn Serengeti out there.

Max: Touché.

Kyle: I'm not about to throw stones. Look at me. What a goofy looking Miami Vice reject. I looked like Don Johnson's malnourished love child. Complete with a popped-up collar and sunglasses. Indoors. Ridiculous.

Max: Don't be so hard on yourself. This was grade ten. You eventually grew into your hair. Besides, I thought you looked cute.

Kyle: You did?

Max: I went out with you, didn't I?

Kyle: I suppose.

Max: It took us both awhile to build up the courage...

Max: We were a couple from that night until the end of high school. Over three and a half years of school.

Kyle: Almost four full years I asked you out in October.

Max: True.

Kyle: What ever happened to us?

Max: You left.

Kyle: I did.

Max: You went to university out west.

Kyle & Max: It was the best program.

Kyle: Hey, I called.

Max: Three times.

Kyle: No, I called more than that.

Max: Three times.

Kyle: (Regretful) Three times. (He exits.) (Dance lights fade, basic wash lights the stage.)

Max: And that's how our high school dance of love ended. Almost three years of youthful bliss. After graduation, we shared one more magical summer together before he flew halfway across the country to pursue his study of some nature conservation something or other. I stayed here and went to the local university to pursue my second love, books. More specifically, I studied to be a librarian. I know, not that exciting, but for me, books held so much knowledge and so much emotion. To think among the small pieces of paper meticulously glued together, you can find powerful words. Words that have changed the world and how we perceive it. They also contain such raw emotions, passion, love, desire. The words of Shaw, Hemingway, and Shakespeare somehow harnessed and captured on a fine piece of uncoated paper. They contain even more emotion than a Richard Marx song at closing time. I never saw Kyle again after that summer. Not for a very long time when he finally returned when he got sick. Although we both made promises that our love would overcome the distance between us, we were simply too young and too naive to realize the truth. We were growing into young adults and as such, we feel a need to be social and sometimes those social interactions grow to something bigger. Bigger than a hometown sweetheart three thousand miles away can compete with. I don't blame him. It was foolish to think we could make it work when he would only be travelling home for Christmas, and I definitely could not afford to fly out to him. But he did call. Three times. That is true. (She exits)

Kyle: (During the next, he pulls a table from the upstage flat like a murphy bed, takes two black cubes, and sets them on either side of the table.) She's not wrong. I called. Three or four times. (Pause) I intended to call more. Good intentions! But I don't know. I was half a continent away. No one knew me. It was like being born again. I don't mean in a religious way, but truly reborn. A fresh start. A clean slate. I appeared with no baggage. A chance to start over. Besides, I was busy with school and everything they had to offer. But can you blame me? I was a small-town kid who had barely been away from home, at least not on my own, and now I found myself alone on the other side of the country. Let's be honest for a second, post-secondary educational facilities are bursting at the seams with one thing. Beautiful women. Now I wasn't some womanizing pig, don't get me wrong. When I landed, I had planned to remain fully committed to Maxine back home, but how realistic was that really. Can two people in their early twenties really remain faithful to someone who they may only see two or three times a year? How long can that honestly go on? I'm sure there are people who can, but I as it turns out, was not one of them. I stayed out there. That's where the work was. I got married, got bit. Got sick, but I'm getting away ahead of myself here. We need to start this story at the beginning. The school library, of course. Where else would I find her? (Exits)

(80's pop music plays. Young Maxine enters. She is dressed like she just came out of a Madonna video. She is wearing a Walkman and carrying books and a backpack. She's chewing a large wad of gum. Perhaps blows a few bubbles. She sits at the table, places her Walkman on the table and opens the books. Pulls a tissue from her bag and places her gum in it. She can place it back in her bag. She begins to do her homework. Young Kyle enters. He's wearing deck shoes, white or light beige pants and a pink polo shirt

with the collar up. He is carrying books. He stops when he sees Maxine. He looks around, does a quick breath and zipper check. Attempts to look natural by striking several poses, but none satisfy him. Eventually in his attempt to find a cool pose he drops his books in a loud crash. Maxine looks up. Kyle drops to pick them up but quickly realizes he's been caught.)

Kyle: Oh, hi there. Maxine, isn't it? (To Audience.) I thought I'd play it cool. Act like I don't recall her name. Too cool for school, kind of thing.

Max: (To Audience) What an idiot. We went to the same elementary school and were in the same Sunday school class for five years. (To Kyle) Kyle, you all right?

Kyle: Yeah, I was, ah, I hit my, ah,

Max: Head?

Kyle: No. Why would you say that?

Max: No reason. (Gives the audience a knowing look.)

Kyle: No, I wasn't paying attention, I guess.

Max: Oh.

Kyle: I was too busy reading. (Holding up book and setting it on the table.)

Max: (Reading book title) Environmental Science? Got you hooked, does it?

Kyle: Yeah well. (Realizing he's been caught) What can I say? It's totally rad.

Max: (Playful) You're such a dip.

Kyle: Guilty as charged. Mind if I sit down?

Max: Here?

Kyle: I was hoping.

Max: (Nervous) Why?

Kyle: Because I need to study.

Max: (starting to get very nervous) Why were you hoping?

Kyle: Because my books are already on the table. It would save me having to move them to another table. As you saw, I'm struggling with book transportation.

Max: I suppose. We don't want another book accident. Mr. Hewitt is already giving you the evil eye. Sit down and be quiet. It's a library after all.

Kyle: (Quickly sits) Thanks.

Max: No biggie. But quiet down. He's still looking this way.

(During the next, they talk in a hushed tone unless otherwise indicated or speaking directly to audience. Both begin to look at their books, but each steals glances at the other. Eventually she catches him. He must think quickly.)

Kyle: Hey Max. (Pause.) Max.

Max: What?

Kyle: What are you listening to?

Max: What?

Kyle: (Pointing at his ears.) What are you listening to?

Max: Cyndi Lauper.

Kyle: Cool.

Max: Big fan, are you?

Kyle: I want girls to have fun as much as the next guy.

Max: (To someone off stage) Sorry sir. (Quietly.) Would you quiet down? I don't want detention. I got a clean record.

Kyle: (Loudly) Sorry Mr. Hewitt!

Max: (Quietly.) What are you doing?

Kyle: Just trying to be polite.

Max: Just trying to get us detention. Knock it off, I got a clean record.

Kyle: You've never had detention?

Max: Never gave them a reason to.

Kyle: Really?

Max: Really, and I don't intend to start now. So, if you've going to sit here, stop talking.

Kyle: (To audience) Stop talking? That's going to make casual conversation difficult. How am I supposed to nonchalantly pop the big question? (Pause.) No, no. Not that question. We haven't even been on our first date yet. (Pause.) Give me time folks. Give me time. (Long Pause as Kyle contemplates how to begin.) Max? Hey Max?

Max: Shh.

Kyle: (Pause.) Can I ask you something?

Max: Do you have to right now? We are supposed to be studying.

Kyle: It seems to be the only place I can ever find you.

Max: So, it can't wait?

Kyle: Not really.

Max: I give up.

Kyle: I really am sorry. I know you don't want detention, but I need to ask you something.

Max: Holy cow, you talk more than Max Headroom.

Kyle: What?

Max: You need a pencil or something?

Kyle: No. Why?

Max: Because you said you needed something.

Kyle: No. I said I wanted to ask you something.

Max: This is getting ridiculous.

Kyle: What is?

Max: This here.

Kyle: What here?

Max: Who's on first?

Kyle: What?

Max: Second Base.

Kyle: I'm not following.

Max: Never mind. (To herself.) This is getting complicated.

Kyle: I'm confused.

Max: You should try sitting on this side.

Kyle: Why?

Max: Never mind. What is it?

Kyle: What?

Max: Your question. You said you wanted to ask me something.

Kyle: You know how the school dance is this Friday.

Max: (nervous stumble) Yeah.

Kyle: (Rising. To the audience.) This is it the moment. The moment that happens in every young man's life when he must dig down deep and find the courage to stand in front of a girl that he thinks is the cat's ass. (Pause) That's probably not the best term to use in this situation. A girl he finds, ah, bodacious and ask her on a date. My palms feel like

they have been through the car wash. I'm totally wiggling out. Ok, deep breath. You can do this. What's the worst thing that can happen? She says no. Big deal. You'll get over it. No, I wouldn't! Who am I kidding? If she says no, I'll be so totally warped, and then she'll tell Jennifer who spreads shit faster than Besieger's new manure spreader. By the end of the day, everyone will know that I asked her out and she said no. I'll have to change schools. I couldn't face anyone again. Not with everyone knowing what a loser I am. Why is my leg twitching? What the hell is wrong with my leg? She'll think I'm a ditz with my leg shaking like a bad Elvis impersonator. Oh gawd, what am I doing? I should bolt for the door. I want to go home. This is a mistake. A horrible, horrible mistake. I think my throat is swelling shut. I can't breathe. I'm going to pass out! If she says... I think I might piss myself. Yes, I'm definitely going to piss myself. Ow gawd, why am I here? (He sits.)

Max: (rising. To Audience) Oh my Gawd! He's about to ask me to the dance. The cutest guy in the school is about to ask me out! This is mental! Wait until I tell Jennifer! She'll never believe me. Kyle Andrews is about to ask me out on a (catching her breath) a, a date. I'm shaking. Can he tell I'm shaking? He'll think I'm some sort of space cadet! He'll change his mind. Especially if I barf on him. I think I might barf. Oh, yeah, the barf is coming! I can taste it. Deep breaths. Breathe Max, just breathe. Not that deep. It looks like you are thrusting your boobs at him. You can do this. Just breathe! Without thrusting! (noticing) My armpits are sweating. What the hell is that? It feels like Niagara Falls under my shirt. The American falls under my left pit and the Canadian side on the right. My face is losing colour, or is it turning red. I don't know. I think it's on fire. Oh, my gawd. I think I'm about to pass out. I'm a mess. I'm going to black out. I'd run but the room is spinning! The barf is ready to be released. (She sits.)

Kyle: I was wondering if, you know, I drive near your place anyways.

Max: (Terrified she my vomit) Hmm hmm.

Kyle: Well, I was thinking, maybe I could stop by and get you.

Max: HmMMM.

Kyle: Yeah, and then we could go together. Kind of like, you know, a, a date. What do you, ah, think?

Max: YES!!! (Both pause in shock. Look to Mr. Hewitt) Quick, grab your books. We have to go. He's coming. (Both run off)

Kyle: (Kyle enters stage right) (Doing the next he puts the table back and pushes the blocks together to create a bench.) The night of the dance, I totally nailed it. I mean, I really nailed it. I spent the entire day preparing. I got a haircut. Bought flowers for both Max AND her mother. I was smooth. I knew how to play it. My brother told me. I washed AND waxed dad's Oldsmobile. I vacuumed the interior and sprayed half a can of Armour All on every surface. I mean everywhere. The dash, the arm rests, everything looked brand new. The car mats were shimmering as if they were just installed. That's the day I learned not to spray it on the steering wheel. So, I then spent the next two hours trying

to get it off so we wouldn't go careening off the road at the first curve in the road. That would not be the best first impression. But the Delta eighty-eight was looking mint and so was I. I showed up at her place with handfuls of flowers. I looked like a florist showing up to the funeral home. But I was a perfect young gentleman with her parents. They really liked me right from the start. At least her mom did. Her dad didn't say much. He was busy cleaning his guns at the time. But I was smooth. My hair was perfect. Just the right amount of Ralph Lauren cologne and the coolest clothes I think I ever owned. Complete with shades. (Puts on sunglasses) Because, I'm that cool, I wear them at night. (He exits.)

Max: (Entering.) Crockett! He looked like an acne-riddled version of Crockett from Miami Vice. Pink shirt and a white suit. Complete with sunglasses, which he didn't take off in the house until he walked into the closet door. He met my mother like that, a massive goose egg growing on his forehead. He's lucky my father didn't shoot him right then and there. But he was charming. I'll give him that. Mom liked him. She loved Miami Vice, so I guess he played that right. He opened the car door for me, every door for that matter. I felt like Sandy from Grease. But, instead of John Travolta, I got baby Crockett as my date. I made him take the shades off to drive us to the dance.

Kyle: (Entering) I'm really sorry. (He takes his glasses off and leads her to a cube, she sits and lets out a yelp.) What happened?

Max: I landed hard on my ass!

Kyle: (On one knee beside her) Why?

Max: I don't know. I started dancing and it was like being on ice skates. Did they wax the gym floor?

Kyle: Nobody else seems to be having trouble. Are they new shoes?

Max: No, I've had them for a while.

Kyle: Weird.

Max: I'll just dance in my bare feet once the numbness in my butt goes away.

Kyle: Do you think that's safe?

Max: What?

Kyle: Dancing in bare feet?

Max: I guess that depends on how clumsy of a dancer you are. Besides, most of the girls are.

Kyle: (He picks up her shoes and examines them.) Wow, you sure these aren't new?

Max: I got them in the spring for an outdoor wedding. They've been well used.

Kyle: The soles look brand new. So shiny.

Max: Nope. Well-travelled. (Focused on her sore backside)

Kyle: (He smells the sole.) Oh shit!

Max: What? What's the matter?

Kyle: Nothing. Nothing at all. I agree. You should dance barefoot.

Max: Why were you smelling my shoes?

Kyle: I wasn't.

Max: You were. Do you have one of those weird foot fetishes?

Kyle: What? No! Of course not. I'm not into feet like that.

Max: No?

Kyle: God no!

Max: Then what kind of guy are you?

Kyle: I'm not any kind of guy.

Max: Sure you are. Every guy is a kind.

Kyle: Not me.

Max: Come on. What are you? You an Ass Man or a Breast Man? Please don't tell me you're one of those creepy hands guys or neck guys.

Kyle: I'm not any kind of guy.

Max: Sure you are. Which is it? Let's lay all our cards out on the table.

Kyle: Why am I the only one with cards?

Max: Spill it!

Kyle: (Standing to audience) I have zero chance of answering this line of questioning correctly and coming away in any kind of positive light. If I say Ass man, I can never walk behind her again. If I say Breast Man, my gaze will never be able to drift below the tip of her nose. I'll walk around like I'm in a neck brace and I have absolutely no idea what a hand or neck guy is, and truth be told, I don't want to know. They sound kind of creepy. I thought quickly and came up with what I thought was the safest answer. (Back to Max) I'm an Eyes Guy.

Max: What?

Kyle: An Eyes Guy.

Max: An Eyes Guy? Are you being serious right now?

Kyle: They are the windows to the soul.

Max: (to audience) Holy shit he's good. I was just messing with him. I knew he was nervous and sweating. His hands were as slick as the armrest of his father's car. But an Eyes Guy?

He couldn't have squeaked out of the corner I painted him into any better. I'm impressed. This guy's alright, and kind of cute. (Back to Kyle) Ok, an Eyes Guy huh?

Kyle: You bet.

Max: That's too bad.

Kyle: It is?

Max: Yeah, cause right now I need an Ass Man to rub some life back into my butt.

Kyle: Well, I ah, I guess, I... I don't know. Ah.

Max: Settle down, Eye Guy, I was messing with you.

Kyle: Do you want me to get you some ice?

Max: Kyle, that's sweet but we are juniors in this school. If I walk around the gym with an ice pack on my ass I might as well put the school transfer in immediately.

Kyle: I was just trying to help.

Max: You're sweet. (Music in the background changes.) I think I need to walk it off. Or dance it off. Come on Swayze, show me what you got. Help me up. (He helps her up and they walk hand in hand to a different area of the stage. The lights depict a high school dance.) Our first dance.

Kyle: The first of many, I hope.

Max: (To Audience) Damn he's smooth! (They clumsily figure out where each other's hands go. Both have their arms outstretched with a huge gap between them. They are at full length with both having their hands on each other's shoulders) This doesn't seem right. (She takes his hands and places them on her waist.) That's better. (They rock back and forth while moving in a circle in time to the music. Arms still at full length.)

Kyle: You're a really good dancer.

Max: We're rocking in a circle, but thanks.

Kyle: Yeah.

Max: My parents taught me a few of the old-style dances, like the waltz and stuff.

Kyle: Did you want to try one? I'm a quick learner.

Max: Now?

Kyle: Sure.

Max: Read the room Eye Guy. We're juniors.

Kyle: So, that's a, no?

Max: Definite no.

Kyle: I learned to moonwalk.

Max: Keep it down. Do you want everyone to hear you?

Kyle: My parents didn't teach me though.

Max: I suppose not.

Kyle: I learned it by myself in my room.

Max: I don't know whether that makes me happy or sad.

Kyle: I taught myself the whole Beat It dance.

Max: Well, isn't that's something.

Kyle: I could show you!

Max: Like right now?

Kyle: I could go to the DJ and request it.

Max: That would not be necessary.

Kyle: It's not a problem. I know the DJ, Joe, he'd play it. He's a friend.

Max: Not if he played it, he wouldn't be.

Kyle: It'd be cool.

Max: Let's focus on you being an Eyes Guy. Baby steps. It's our first date after all.

Kyle: First? That would imply that you plan on there being more.

Max: Perhaps, but first things first, we need to mind the gap as they say.

Kyle: What gap?

Max: (Indicating the space between them) No man's land here.

Kyle: Sorry, am I crowding you?

Max: Crowding me? I feel a draft.

Kyle: At the middle school dances, they always told us to leave space for Jesus.

Max: Catholic Middle School?

Kyle: Yeah.

Max: Well Kyle (She pulls him into an aggressive close dance) You ain't in Kansas anymore.

Kyle: No, I suppose not. (Pause) Is this like Dirty Dancing?

Max: Not even close.

Kyle: Oh.

Max: We save that for the second date.

Kyle: I guess I should start practicing.

Max: But probably not with your parents.

(The next as they turn in a circle. Each speak while facing the audience.)

Kyle: (To audience.) If this song goes on much longer, there will be something other than Jesus between us.

(Max says nothing on this rotation. Rather, trying to determine what she might be “feeling.”)

Kyle: (To Audience.) Oh dear. Maybe she won’t notice. No. It’s not like we’re that close.

(Again, Max says nothing on this rotation, rather shows a wide-eyed shock)

Kyle: (To Audience) It’s okay, she hasn’t noticed. It’s all good. Nobody’s the wiser.

Max: (To Audience) Holy shit! Someone needs to teach this boy the benefits of briefs. Jezz.

Kyle: (To Audience) If this song were long, like Stairway to Heaven, I would be in serious trouble here.

Max: (To Audience) This song is less than four minutes.

Kyle: (To Audience) She hasn’t noticed.

Max: (To Audience) Good God, Talk about quick out of the gate!

Kyle: (To Audience) When this song ends, it’s going to be really awkward.

Max: (To Audience) This is going to be awkward.

Kyle: (To Max) Are you having a good time?

Max: (To Kyle) Ah, yeah. I suppose. You?

Kyle: Definitely.

Max: I thought so.

Kyle: What’s that?

Max: Nothing. The song is ending.

Kyle: (to Audience) SHIT! (To Max) Can we just keep dancing?

Max: We probably should.

Kyle: (To Audience) Thank goodness the next two songs were slow ones too.

Max: (To Audience) I’m going to need to pee soon.

Kyle: (To Audience) I really think she’s into me.

Max: (To Audience) When the hell is he going to put the stallion back in the barn?

Kyle: (To Audience) This is so romantic.

Max: (To Audience) We danced this way for the next five songs.

Kyle: (To Audience) We just held each other. Lost in the moment.

Max: (To Audience) We danced like this to Billy Idol's Rebel Yell.

Kyle: (To Audience) This is perfect.

Max: (To Audience) And Motley Crew's Dr Feelgood.

Kyle: (To Audience) This feels good.

Max: (To Audience) This is ridiculous!

Kyle: (To Audience) This is perfect!

Max: (To Audience) I'm ending this! He's a teenaged boy. I've heard this could go on for hours. Kyle?

Kyle: Yes?

Max: I need to use the washroom.

Kyle: (Shocked) Does that mean you want to stop dancing.

Max: That would probably be necessary.

Kyle: Oh. (They separate. Kyle immediately drops to one knee.)

Max: What are you doing?

Kyle: Tying my laces. All that dancing, they came undone.

Max: (To audience) He was wearing loafers. Nevertheless, I did not call him out on it. I gave him a moment. There was no need to embarrass him. I really was starting to like him and well, I got the impression he liked me too. (To Kyle) How are we doing?

Kyle: Almost got it. (Long pause while he "recovers") (After a moment, he jumps to his feet. He immediately puts his hands in the front pockets of his pants.) All right then. Let's get you to the lady's room. (She gives him a look) What?

Max: Everything good?

Kyle: Couldn't be better. (He offers his arm, hands still in pockets.)

Max: (Smiling) Excellent.

(They exit. After a moment, Kyle stumbles on stage as if being pushed. He looks off confused. At audience. He is very confused eventually shaking it off.)

Kyle: (To audience) Anyways, that was how our first date started. I had a bit of an awkward moment, but hey, no harm, no foul. Besides, she was none the wiser. I covered it up pretty well too with the shoelace thing. Funny part was. I was wearing loafers. She never

even noticed. But as I said, that was the beginning of our first date. We were off and rolling and I was killing it. I was winning her over with my stylish good looks. Attractive? Check! I was opening every door for her, including the girl's washroom door, which, in hindsight, was probably not the best idea. Nevertheless, I was being charming. Check! I brought her AND her mother flowers. Double check! Only one thing left to do. Win her over with sweets. The tri-factor of romance. Charm, flowers and sweets. (To a member in the audience) You can use that if you like. So, after the dance we headed over to Patti's Ice Cream Parlour. Where I got her, not just one scoop but two. I spared no expense. I even got her a sugar cone. No plain dried out cones for my girl. (He pushes the two cubes together to create a bench and exits.)

Max: (Entering.) Bathroom doors always open inward, so him opening the door like a doorman was incredibly uncomfortable for all involved. This includes the three girls who were helping Jennifer fix her broken bra strap. Nothing was exposed, but I am sure he was left wondering why three girls had their hands in Jennifer's sweater. After that, we pretty much danced the rest of the night. Fast dancing mostly. No touching. There were a few slow dances, but we made sure to leave a little space. Not enough for Jesus, but you could have got a Holy Spirit or two in there. After the dance, we slid into the Oldsmobile, and I mean slid. It was a virtual Slip and Slide on wheels. I had to dig my heels into the car mats so I wouldn't slide off the seat every time he stopped. (Realizing.) The shoes. Hey Kyle! (She exits.)

Kyle: (Entering.) After we had our ice cream, we had time to walk around the river in the park. With the Tri-Factor complete, I was feeling pretty confident. The park was working in my favor too. The river was shimmering in the moonlight. It was perfect. This was a slam dunk!

Max: (Entering) Goose shit. It was everywhere. It was like trying to wander through a minefield. On the upside, the goose shit was dulling down my skates. Kyle was trying. Hard. He was pretty good. He talked endlessly about the shimmering moonlight on the river though. I was beginning to think he had never been out after dark before. However, I'll give him credit. An "A" for effort. However, and this is a big, however. At that point in my life, I had seen every John Hughes movie ever made. I was educated and prepared. Thank you, Mr. Hughes. Shimmering moon light my ass. I knew what river we were headed down, I didn't have a paddle. (Pause) However, truth be told, I didn't care. He was really cute.

(During the next, the director should feel free to move around. The actors don't need to be nailed to the bench but in place for certain events which are obvious.)

Kyle: Want to sit on the bench for a while?

Max: (To Audience) Here we go! He's taking his shot. (To Kyle) Batter Up!

Kyle: What's that?

Max: Sure. Let's take a load off. (They sit)

Kyle: I can't get over how beautiful the river looks at night.

Max: (Sarcastically) Yeah, it's quite something.

Kyle: I'm sorry. Did I say something wrong?

Max: No, don't worry about it.

Kyle: Oh, shit I did. I'm sorry.

Max: For what?

Kyle: I don't know, but I'm sorry for it.

Max: Don't worry about it.

Kyle: How can I not worry about it? We are on a date. It was going fantastic. It was going fantastic, wasn't it?

Max: Yeah, it was going fantastic.

Kyle: Yes! I knew it!

Max: That's good.

Kyle: But now you're looking totally bummed out. What have I done?

Max: Nothing.

Kyle: I'll admit. I'm kind of new to the whole dating scene.

Max: Oh, you coming off a long-term relationship or something?

Kyle: You know what I mean. It's kind of embarrassing. I haven't been on many real dates. You know, like with a car, and going to a dance. Flowers. Doors. I mean, without a bunch of other kids and my mom chaperoning.

Max: Well, you are doing great for a rookie.

Kyle: But I screwed up. What did I do?

Max: Never mind.

Kyle: But if I don't know what it is, how do I know not to do whatever it is again?

Max: (Pause) Okay, I'll tell you only as educational dating advice. So, you do not make the same mistake again.

Kyle: Okay.

Max: It more like a public service announcement.

Kyle: I completely understand.

Max: But you must promise me you will not apologize. Take it as feedback. Learn from it. But do not apologize.

Kyle: I promise.

