

# THEY'RE JUST LIKE US

BY BOO KILLEBREW

## CHARACTERS

RICHARD (late 20s, early 30s) has found a life "softer" than the fast-paced New York scene as a high-school drama teacher; BETH (late 20s, early 30s) yearns to be a famous Oscar-winning actress, but cannot forget the love they had together.

## SCENE

RICHARD'S house

## TIME

The present

(RICHARD walks into his house. BETH is in there, pacing. He is surprised to see her.)

RICHARD: How did you get into my house?

BETH: I broke your window.

RICHARD: You broke the window?

BETH: I am a passionate person.

RICHARD: What are you doing here?

BETH: I wanted to see you.

RICHARD: So you just show up and break my window?

BETH: I am an impulsive and passionate woman. Don't worry, the paparazzi don't know I'm here.

RICHARD: Okay.

(SHE goes to kiss him and HE pushes her away. It is awkward.)

BETH: It's really good to see you.

RICHARD: Yeah?

BETH: You know I really missed you.

RICHARD: Yeah?

BETH: Of course. It's nice to see your face.

(They both smile.)

POWELL: All we want is a headline: 'US Achieves Iraq Resolution'. I can get fourteen votes....

RICE: Fourteen?

POWELL: Maybe fifteen. Even Syria. Who knows? But I have to give in to the French. On this one thing. It's a way of saying, 'Look, we're not going to give you nothing.'

(RICE stares, undecided.)

We were going to do this in two weeks, remember? Do we want it to take longer? Do we want it to fail? I don't think so.

RICE: Do you like this guy?

POWELL: He's a self-defined intellectual who writes biographies of Napoleon. He destroyed my daughter's wedding to discuss 'and' and 'or'.

RICE: You like him.

(POWELL looks her in the eye.)

POWELL: Condi, I'm telling you: He gave me his word.

RICE: Okay.

POWELL: That means something.

(THEY stare at one another a moment.)

Do you think... do you think you could speak to the President?

RICE: Why don't you speak to him?

(THEY both know she answers, so neither speaks.)

POWELL: No point in being a trusted adviser unless she gives some trusted advice.

(RICE smiles in assent.)

Thank you.

(POWELL goes. RICE sits alone.)

RICHARD: Thank you.

BETH: How are you?

RICHARD: Peaceful and quiet and easy and good.

BETH: Good, are you—

RICHARD: Not a lot of buzz, buzz, buzzing going on around here, it's not loud here. I can slow down and sit still.

BETH: Yeah, I've been trying to go a little slower myself these days. I'm walking slower, leaving my cell phone at home, sitting in the park, petting dogs, calling my mom. I really have slowed down and it feels really good.

RICHARD: Yeah?

BETH: Yeah.

RICHARD: Really?

BETH: You don't believe me?

RICHARD: No, I believe you. I'm glad you're doing whatever you need to do to make yourself happy.

BETH: Thanks.

(Pause.)

RICHARD: How's the career?

BETH: Fine, I'm not really worried about it these days, like I said, I'm just trying to take it one day at a time.

RICHARD: Right.

BETH: I did get a new agent.

RICHARD: Yeah?

BETH: He really believes that I am a character actress, which is what I've known for years, so it's good that we are on the same page.

RICHARD: Great.

BETH: Oh, I did an eight-episode arc on that show "Divine Justice."

RICHARD: Great show.

BETH: Yeah, I was the head of an Internet pedophile sex-slave ring while that actor—the one who is sort of cross-eyed—talked about evidence and all that.

RICHARD: Great.

(Pause.)

BETH: I'm thinking about taking a break.

RICHARD: Really?

BETH: Yeah—just taking off and going somewhere quiet and resting and swimming and driving and all that.

RICHARD: You think you'd like that?

BETH: You know I would like that.

RICHARD: Where would you go?

BETH: Oh, I don't know. (*Gives him a little smile.*) Somewhere with space and roads and soft people.

RICHARD: Where would that be?

BETH: Why are you being such an asshole?

RICHARD: What?

BETH: You know exactly how you're behaving and don't act like you don't.

RICHARD: I don't know what—

BETH: I came all the way down here! I flew down here to see you. To tell you I'm sorry! That I will stop living my life the way I was living it if that will make you happy. I want to be with you. You know that's why I'm here. You know that's why I'm here and you're just standing there with your one-word sentences—making me swim around in my own stupid words. You're just standing there thinking of how stupid I am.

RICHARD: I am not—

BETH: I'll do anything you want. Happily. I will give myself to you. I want to be slow and I want to be soft and I want to be with you.

RICHARD: I don't want you to change who you are, that's not what I want. I love who you are.

BETH: But you can't be with who I am!

RICHARD: I can't, but I would never want you to change for me.

BETH: What do you want? Please tell me what you want!

RICHARD: I want you to be happy.

BETH: I'm happy with you.

RICHARD: You would be for a while. Then you would start looking out again.

BETH: No, I won't. I won't look out anymore.

RICHARD: Yes, you will.

BETH: You love me, but you don't want to be with me?

RICHARD: I love you so much. I do love you.

BETH: But you don't want to be with me?

(*HE is quiet.*)

You don't ever want to be with me?

(*HE doesn't answer. SHE cries. THEY are standing at opposite ends of the room.*)

RICHARD: Look at all that passion.

(*SHE looks at him.*)

You're really good.

(*SHE runs out.*)

# V-E DAY

BY FAYE SHOLITON

## CHARACTERS

EVIE (18), involved in the war effort; BERNIE (20s), her best friend's brother

## SCENE

The living room of EVIE's home in Cleveland Heights

## TIME

June 1943

In this recollected meeting, EVIE has been shooting pinup poses of Lil for the newsletter she sends to the troops. Lil's brother BERNIE, a young man planning to go to law school, arrives for a visit and finds that HE and EVIE are very compatible. HE has just gone to the kitchen to make himself a drink.

(BERNIE returns with his glass.)

BERNIE: Cheers!

(EVIE hands BERNIE a stack of newsletters.)

EVIE: You stack. I'll staple. ((To LIL.) You fold.)

(BERNIE and EVIE will fall into a rhythm of stacking and stapling.)

BERNIE: (To EVIE.) So where do you gals collect all this libelous material?

EVIE: Try to get the pages a little more uniform? ... Canteen, Mounds Club, The Statler Bar...

BERNIE: The Statler? How come I've never seen you there?

[LIL: She was in diapers.]

BERNIE: Best bourbon in town.

EVIE: Best bar.

BERNIE: Best music.

EVIE: Best dance floor.

[LIL: Best be going. (LIL hands her papers to BERNIE.) I know when to fold.