

GUYS & MA

HOW ODD
HE CALLED HER
GOOD GOD
HE CALLED HER
AND SUDDENLY

DEBBIE

BIRDS ARE A-SINGIN' IN THE SKY
(DEBBIE is showered with rose petals from above.)

GUYS & MA

OH YES
HE CALLED HER
GOD BLESS
HE CALLED HER
AND NOW SHE THINKS

DEBBIE

Could this be...

A NICE...

(She's interrupted by the sound of a telephone ringing. She answers her Golden Phone Award.)

Hello? -- Ken! --- You're calling again just to say "hi"?

(A triumph.)

He's needy!

GUYS & MA

YES, HE'S NEEDY
WHAT A NICE GUY!

(The PIZZA DELIVERY GUYS lift DEBBIE onto their shoulders and MA joins them for the final tableau; blackout. Applause segue into:)

MUSIC 9A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 10: "Scared Straight"

(Lights up on an arrangement of chairs. SUSAN and BRAD talk during a reception, as MRS. WHITEWOOD, a proper woman claps her hands to get their attention.)

MRS. WHITEWOOD

All right, singles...singles...mingle time's over! Take seats, take seats!

(Music out. BRAD and SUSAN sit and MRS. WHITEWOOD addresses the audience.)

Hello. I'm Mrs. Arthur Whitewood and it is my happy job to welcome you all here today to this special interfaith program for single persons over thirty!

(SUSAN and BRAD applaud politely.)

And today is especially special since this is the first time the group is meeting here, at Attica State Prison.

(The sound of steel prison bars slamming shut; the lights dim, becoming cold.

SUSAN and BRAD applaud again, this time a bit unsure.)

Our speaker today is a gentleman by the name of Mr. Kevin Trentell. Mr. Trentell is an inmate here at Attica and is currently serving seven consecutive life sentences. So without further ado – Mr. Trentell.

(SUSAN and BRAD applaud again as TRENTCELL enters dressed in a prison jumpsuit. He is, in a word, scary.)

TRENTCELL

My name is Trentell. I am a convicted mass murderer. I'm going to be locked in this shithole till the day I die. And I'm single. That's right, single. Oh sure, once I was like all of yous. Good job, latest stereo equipment, drank bottled water. But no matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't seem to find my significant other. Sound familiar?

(BRAD and SUSAN stir uncomfortably.)

Then came New Year's Eve. I got an invite to this party, but I couldn't get no date. So I went alone. And all my friends were there, all my married friends. All kissing and cuddling and calling each other cute names like "sweetie" – "pumpkin" – "Pooh bear!" Well, I couldn't take it any longer! I snapped! I got out my AK-47 and blew their married asses straight to hell!

(BRAD lets out a very nervous laugh; TRENTCELL rushes to him)

What you laughin' at?!

BRAD

(Petrified)

I wasn't laughing!

TRENTCELL

You a wise-ass, boy? You think it's funny I'm pushin' fifty with no soul-mate?!

BRAD

Please don't talk to me!

TRENTCELL

(Turning to SUSAN.)

And what about you, lady?!

SUSAN

(To MRS. WHITEWOOD.)

Can I go home now?

MRS. WHITEWOOD

No.

TRENT

You want to end up like me? No one to share your golden years with?!

SUSAN

God, no!

TRENT

Then listen up! 'Cause I got some friends on the outside, my age, who are still single! Wanna hear about 'em?

SUSAN

I can't take it! I can't take it!

BRAD

No! No! Please!

TRENT

I know a guy in his fifties who recently took out his one-thousandth personal ad! And I know a woman, forty-five years old, she's been on the same diet for fifteen years.

(SUSAN deflates as BRAD crumbles in tears.)

You're all waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Right to come along, ain't you? Well I got news – they ain't coming! You gotta compromise a little, you dickheads!

(To BRAD and SUSAN.)

All right, you and you! Up here! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now!

(BRAD and SUSAN quickly rise and stand on either side of TRENT)

What's your name, boy, and what're you looking for?

BRAD

It's...it's Brad.

(BRAD offers his hand; TRENT slaps it away.)

I'm thirty-four. I'm looking for a nice Christian girl who shares my values and wants to stay at home and raise my children.

TRENT

(To SUSAN.)

And you?

SUSAN

Susan – forty-ish. I'm looking for a Jewish man who will let me continue my career as a corporate lawyer.

TRENT

(To BRAD.)

Well, motherfucker?!

BRAD

(Trembling to SUSAN)

You wanna get married?

SUSAN

Yes!