

“ALL NIGHT LONG”

Scene 1

Lights up on the apartment, Andy is finishing packing up his equipment for the game in the living room, Steve is in the bedroom in sweats getting ready for a night at home with Susie.

Steve: Hey, Andy!

Andy: What?

Steve: Come here.

Andy: I can't, you come out here.

Steve: *(enters carrying a pair of underwear, x's to Andy)* I need you to help me figure something out.

Andy: Shoot.

Steve: *(holds the underwear under Andy's nose)* Do you think these are clean?

Andy: I hope so!

Steve: Yeah, they were by my clean clothes pile, they must be.

Andy: Clean underwear! Must be a big night.

Steve: Nah...well, Susie's coming over and since you've got a game we thought we'd like have a quiet night alone.

Andy: Cool.

Steve: So, who are you guys playing tonight?

Andy: The division champs. If we win this game, we have a chance to go to the championships.

Steve: Nervous?

Andy: Are you kidding? This is the game that could decide my entire future with the team.

Steve: Don't worry, I have good feelings about tonight.

Andy: Easy for you to say. What could go wrong with your night. Susie showing up and with another man? Not too likely.

Steve: Yeah. My night is set. By the way, what time is it dude?

Andy: Quarter to seven, time for me to take off.

Steve: Quarter to seven, that's six forty-five, right?

Andy: Yes.

Steve: Righteous. Good luck dude.

Andy: Thanks. You too.

Steve: Luck will have nothing to do with it, it's all in how you approach it. Skill. Pure skill.

Andy: I'll keep that in mind. Catch you ...

Steve: ... later. See ya dude. *(Andy exits and Steve goes into the bathroom, the space is empty for a few seconds until Whitney enters)*

Whitney: Steve, I was wondering if I could borrow... Steve? Andy? *(Steve enters in only his underwear and maybe a dress shirt unbuttoned)* Is anyone here?

Steve: HOLY... *(dives back into the bathroom)*

Whitney: Steve!

Steve: *(off-stage)* Hello, Whitney.

Whitney: I don't think I've ever seen you move quite so fast. Did I startle you?

Steve: *(re-entering with sweats back on along with the shirt buttoned up)* Don't ever do that again.

Whitney: I had no idea you were so modest.

Steve: Wait and see what happens when I catch you in your underwear.

Whitney: Fat chance.

Steve: Is that an invitation.

Whitney: Yes Steve, I've always had this overwhelming urge to throw myself at you, but something has always held me back.

Steve: Oh, and what's that?

Whitney: Common sense and a healthy fear of the unknown.

Steve: Good one. You're learning. So what brings you by.

Whitney: I was wondering if I could borrow your Mozart disc to help me study.

Steve: Whoa, the heavy stuff. You must have one totally massive test tomorrow, normally Debuss

gets you through.

Whitney: You have no idea. And actually the test is tonight in one of my night classes, I'm doing some last minute cramming. If I don't get an A on this test I am going to be knee deep in it.

Steve: Knee deep in what?

Whitney: Never mind, is that the disc?

Steve: Yeah, here you go.

Whitney: What's Andy up to tonight?

Steve: He has a big game, (*x's back into the bathroom to put on the real pants, and any other finishing touches, except the tie*) he was totally whacking out. Of course you know Andy, every game is a big game to him. He has it in his head that this one is the big game though.

Whitney: Well I hope he does well.

Steve: So do I, You have no idea what he gets like when he loses. Last time he lost a "Big Game" he moped around for three days. And that was in high school.

Whitney: Boy, he's almost as bad as I am about exams. Of course I haven't had a C on my transcript since Junior high.

Steve: You got a C!? In what?

Whitney: Home Ec. I was making a dress and sewed the teacher to the skirt.

Steve: (*Re-enters*) You aren't exactly the homemaker type are you.

Whitney: I got better. Well, I better get back to the books, I only have another half hour to cram the rest of the human body into my head.

Steve: All right. See you later.

Whitney: (*like a drug addict looking for some more dope*) You wouldn't happen to have any Tchaikovsky would you?

Steve: Help yourself. (*x's up to fridge to take out a bottle of wine*) Tonight Luther Vandross is going to set the mood.

Whitney: Big date?

Steve: (*coming out*) Well, not like totally big, but Susie's coming over and we haven't seen each other for three days, so since Andy's out... Well, I'm hoping for overtime if you like know what I mean.

Whitney: You sick... Goodbye.

Steve: Good luck on your test.

Whitney: Thanks, Oh, by the way, I like the polka dot underwear. (*She exits, Steve goes into the bedroom and begins to put on his tie humming a Vandross ballad. Susie enters with Luke*)

Susie: You're kidding. That's so funny, I never could stop laughing around you.

Luke: You're a great audience.

Susie: Steve! Are you here? (*whispers*) Don't say anything, I want this to be a surprise.

Steve: Just a second.

Susie: I have a surprise for you.

Steve: Awesome. I'll be right out. (*splashes on some cologne and gives one last check over*)
Excellent.

Luke: Are you sure this is a good idea.

Susie: Of course. Oh, that was a joke. You're so funny, Luke.

Steve: (*enters*) Hey Susie, what's the ...

Susie: Surprise!

Steve: Luke.

Luke: Hi, Steve.

Susie: Isn't this great? I ran into Luke at the Stop and Shop and I said to myself, I said "Susie, you should invite him over to Steve's tonight. It's just going to be the two of you, and Steve and Luke would get along great!" So I marched right over to him and asked him and here we are!

Luke: Here we are.

Steve: Here we are.

(*Long Pause*)

Luke: Well, It was nice seeing you again Steve, but I think I ought to be going.

Susie: Don't be silly, we'll put on some music and play some Trivial Pursuit and have a great time

Luke: Well...

Susie: This will be fun. I'll just take this Luther Vandross out and put in something else. (*she rummages through the music*)

Steve: So, Luke, would you like something to drink? I've like got some wine that I've been saving but I don't think I'll be using it any time soon, and I'd hate for it to go bad.

Luke: No, thanks. I'll take a soda if you have one.

Steve: Sure. The game is over by the drafting table.

Luke: Who's the artist?

Steve: I am.

Luke: You're very good.

Steve: Thanks.

Luke: No, really. This is some great stuff, I've never been able to get my hands right. This one is terrific. Do you mind if I look at some of this stuff?

Steve: Go ahead.

Luke: You have some real talent. Have you ever sold any of this?

Steve: No, I... do you think I could?

Luke: No doubt.

Susie: Luke sold one of his pieces for three thousand dollars. Isn't that incredible.

Steve: Three... You're kidding.

Luke: It was one of my better works. I'll let you see my stuff sometime. You'll have to come by the studio.

Steve: But you said at the interview that your major was business administration.

Luke: That's just to keep my dad happy, and art is really just a thing on the side for me. But you could make a real living at it. Say, did you ever find a roommate?

Steve: Huh? Oh, my roommate ended up not being pregnant so he didn't have to leave.

Luke: What?

Steve: I mean, he thought he ... it's really complicated, but in any case I didn't lose my roommate, so I didn't need a new one. Sorry I didn't like call you, I hope it didn't mess you up too bad.

Luke: No, I found a nice studio apartment in Lakewood Hills.

Steve: Aren't those like expensive?

Luke: And even worse they aren't this close to school, but it is a nice large place, and it has a pool, so I can't complain too much.

Steve: Must be rough.

Susie: OK, it's all set up. Luke you take blue, Steve you take pink, and I'll take yellow.

Steve: I'd better warn you, I'm the Trivia God.

Luke: Warning taken.

Lights out, screen comes down and hockey highlights are played on it as the furniture is moved out of the way and a single hardwood bench is put in place, as well as a piece of plywood painted white with some plexiglass from chest height up to about six or seven feet.

Scene 2

Screen disappears to reveal Andy on the bench in a pool of light taking off his skates. He is the last one at the rink. Whitney enters.

Whitney: Hi, Andy.

Andy: Holy... don't do that.

Whitney: Sorry. And sorry about the game.

Andy: There's always next season. Did you see the whole game?

Whitney: No. I came over after my night class. I just wanted to see you. I thought you could cheer me up.

Andy: Why do you need cheering up?

Whitney: I...I'm just a ... Andy, can I ask you a question?

Andy: Go ahead.

Whitney: Do you think I could ever be a doctor or am I just fooling myself.

Andy: Of course you could.

Whitney: Sometimes I wonder if I'm smart enough to make it.

Andy: You're the smartest person I know.

Whitney: That's a real comfort, Andy.

Andy: You know what I mean.

Whitney: Yes.

Andy: Can I ask you one now.

Whitney: Sure.

Andy: Am I wasting my time on hockey. I mean, I know you didn't see the whole game. In fact you probably got here just in time to see me blow it for the whole team, but...I can't help thinking it's just a stupid dream.

Rink custodian: *(enters)* You two are going to have to leave.

Andy: Yeah, just a second I have to get my shoes on.

RC: Well, hurry up, I want to get home sometime tonight.

Whitney: Don't worry we'll be out of here in a few minutes. *(RC exits)* Boy, what a jerk.

Andy: What's up with you?

Whitney: Nothing, why.

Andy: I don't think I have ever heard you use that tone with anyone but me or Steve.

Whitney: I failed my test tonight.

Andy: You mean you got a B.

Whitney: No, I mean I failed it.

Andy: How do you know.

Whitney: He went over the test afterwards and I got forty-three percent.

Andy: Forty...? That sounds like one of my test scores.

Whitney: Fortunately for you, you aren't trying to get into Med School. I am.

Andy: Oh... I didn't think of that.

Whitney: I did.

RC:*(off-stage)* I'm turning off the lights.

Whitney: Just a minute you dictatorial baboon!

RC: What did you say?

Whitney: You heard me, or maybe you ought to turn up your hearing aid.

Andy: Take it easy, Whit.

RC: You'd better not be down there when I get there.

Whitney: Is that a threat?

Andy: Let's go home, Whitney.

Whitney: I don't want to go home. Let's go out for an after-game, after-test drink.

Andy: All right, let's just get out of here.

Whitney: You're lucky we're leaving, or my friend Andy here would body check you into next week.

Andy: Whitney, I don't think I've ever seen this side of you. I think I like it.

Lights out

Scene 3

Lights up on Steve and Luke in the last few moments of Battleship, there is a Twister mat off to the side, a deck of cards dealt out on the table face up, and about seven different board games around the room, including a chess board that is entirely white pieces, and a checker board of entirely black.

Steve: I-3

Luke: Miss. B-14.

Steve: Hit. D-11.

Luke: Miss. B-15

Steve: What?

Luke: B-15?

Steve: Miss! It's a miss. It's a miss! I can't believe it. He missed! So now it's my turn. F-11.

Luke: Miss.

Steve: What do you mean by "miss"?

Luke: It's a miss.

Susie: Are you guys almost done?

Steve: Just a minute. Check again. F - Ee-Lev-en

Luke: Sorry Steve, It's a miss.

Steve: Do you even have ships on that board?

Susie: You have been playing games all night long. Are you ever going to quit?

Steve: If I win something, we'll quit. It's your turn.

Luke: B-13.

Steve: D-13?

Luke: No "B" as in boy.

Steve: Hit. A-3

Luke: Miss. *(Steve drops his head to the table.)* B-12

Steve: You like totally sank my battleship, dude!

Luke: Sorry, guess I win again.

Steve: Is there anything you can't win at?

Luke: Well, I never have quite gotten the hang of petanca.

Steve: Petanca?

Luke: Yeah, It's this game where you throw this little ball and try to get close to it with other ones.

Steve: I knew that. Just a second, I'll find some balls.

Luke: If you'll excuse me a moment, is that your bathroom.

Steve: Yeah. *(Luke exits to bathroom)* I can't believe him. Balls.

Susie: He's incredible.

Steve: He won Trivial Pursuit in fifteen minutes. Petanca, how obscure is that?

Susie: He got lucky.

Steve: He used all of his letters every time in Scrabble. I wonder if these will work. *(holds up some old tatty tennis balls and a ping pong ball)*

Susie: He sure can pick those tiles.

Steve: He missed me *once* in Battleship. *(reconsiders and puts them away)*

Susie: I wonder if he has X-Ray vision.

Steve: He's inhuman. How does he do it.

Susie: Steve, are you jealous?

Steve: *(x's to bathroom door)* What kind of balls?

Luke: Like croquet balls.

Steve: Where am I going to find croquet balls?

Susie: You didn't answer me, Steve.

Steve: What? Wait a minute. *(he runs to his bedroom and pulls out JENGA)*

Susie: Are you ... Steve. Steve, you aren't listening to me.

Steve: He has to have a weakness. *(Sets up the game)*

Susie: Not another game.

Steve: I am great at this. I've never lost. This is going to be his downfall.

Susie: Steve?

Steve: Yeah?

Susie: I love you.

Steve: There. It's all set.

Susie: Did you hear me?

Steve: What kind of car does he drive. *(x's out front door)*

Susie: You are jealous. How cute.

Steve: *(off-stage)* Tell me that Jag belongs to the O'Mally's. *(re-enters)* There is nothing wrong with this guy. Susie, why did you...

Luke: *(re-enters)* Say, Steve, your sink was dripping so I fixed it.

Steve: Of course you did.

Luke: I hope that's all right.

Steve: Sure. It saves me a visit from Mrs. O'Mally.

Luke: Oh, yeah. I met her on the way out of your apartment that day. She nearly pinched my butt off.

Steve: That was Mrs. O'. all right.

Luke: Say are either of you hungry?

Steve: Food?

Luke: I'm in the mood for a bite to eat, how about we go get some food, my treat. *(phone rings)*

Steve: I'm always in the mood for food. Just one minute. Hello. Yeah, this is Steve Taylor.

Susie: Good idea, I'm starving.

Steve: WHAT?! You're kidding! You're not kidding! Whitney? Are you sure you are reading it right? Yeah, sure I can. OK, like, I'll be there in ten minutes. *(hangs up)* Whoa.

Susie: What is it?

Steve: I have to go get Whitney and Andy at the police station. Whitney was picked up for a DUI.

Luke: Is there anything I can do?

Steve: I have to go right now.

Luke: Can we do anything?

Steve: I'll be back in twenty minutes. Don't go anywhere.

Luke: But... *(Steve exits)* Jenga? *(sits down behind it, studies it for a moment and carefully pulls out a piece. The whole thing falls.)*

Lights out.

Scene 4

Lights up on an empty clean apartment.

Steve: *(off-stage)* Ouch. Don't grip my neck so tight dude.

Andy: *(sings a heavy metal song from under his drunken stupor)*

Steve: I have to get the door open so I'm going to set you down, OK Andy? *(The singing stops with an abrupt thud and the door opens. Steve enters helping Whitney stay upright)* OK. Whitney?

Whitney: Andy?

Steve: Steve.

Whitney: Oh, hi Steve. What are you doing here?

Steve: I live here.

Whitney: What am I doing here?

Steve: I picked you and Andy up at the police station.

Whitney: What were we doing there?

Steve: You were picked up for drunk driving.

Whitney: Oh, good. I really shouldn't be driving in this condition.

Steve: No, you shouldn't. I'm going to set you down here on the sofa, OK?

Whitney: Ho-Kay

Andy: *(Andy crawls in the door)* Where'd everyone go?

Whitney: Andy?

Andy: Whitney?

Whitney: Andy?

Andy: Whitney? *(he crawls to Steve's feet, and pulls himself up, takes a moment to focus on him)*
Whitney??

Steve: Dude, you are totally wasted.

Andy: You aren't Whitney.

Steve: No, I'm Steve.

Andy: Hi, Steve.

Steve: Hi, Andy.

Andy: Where's Whitney?

Whitney: Andy?

Steve: You just sit here on the sofa with Whit.

Whitney: Hi, Andy.

Andy: You're Whitney. Hi, Whitney.

Steve: I can't believe this. You two are plastered.

Whitney: We went out for a couple of drinks.

Steve: I can like see that.

Andy: We were arrested.

Whitney: She was a nice officer though. She didn't even test me to see if I was drunk. She just went right ahead and arrested me.

Steve: I can't imagine how she figured out you were drunk without a test.

Whitney: You hate me now, don't you.

Steve: No, Whitney, I don't hate you.

Andy: I'm drunk.

Whitney: Shhhhh. Steve hates me.

Steve: What happened?

Andy: I blew the game.

Whitney: I failed my test.

Steve: You got a B?

Whitney: No, I failed. I got forty-three percent.

Steve: That sounds like one of Andy's scores.

Andy: Hey.

Steve: Why didn't you call me to pick you up at the bar?

Whitney: You and Susie were having a quiet night alone. Remember, you were hoping the hockey game would go into extra innings.

Steve: Wait a minute. Where is Susie? Where's Luke?! They're gone!

Andy: *(to Whitney)* They're gone.

Whitney: *(to Andy)* Who's gone?

Andy: *(to Steve)* Who's gone?

Steve: Susie and Luke, they're gone. I left them here when I went to pick you guys up. I don't believe it. And he cleaned up before they left!

Whitney: You're my best friend, Andy.

Steve: I can't believe that... that... that guy is so nice!

Andy: And yur my bust friend.

Steve: He cleaned my apartment before he stole my girlfriend!

Whitney: Where's Susie?

Steve: That's what I want to know!

Whitney: Did you two have a nice evening alone?

Steve: No! We did not have a nice evening alone. She ... and then he... and Battleship ... and cleaned ... Where are they?

Whitney: That's nice. Why is the room moving like that?

Steve: You're drunk.

Whitney: Oh.

Andy: You too?

Steve: Look, I'm going to make you two some fresh coffee.

Whitney: Irish coffee?

Steve: No! That's like the last thing you need. Just some plain black coffee.

Whitney: Ow.

Andy: What?

Whitney: I'm sitting on something.

Andy: Get up, I'll find it. (*Whitney manages to get herself somewhat upright and Andy pulls out a Jenga piece.*) Got it. (*Whitney sits down on top of Andy straddling his legs*)

Whitney: That's better. (*Andy is smothering, Whitney puts her hands on Andy's knees*) That's odd.

Steve: What?

Whitney: Now my legs are numb. And my back is throbbing. (*Andy finally throws her off of him and comes out panting*)

Andy: Gah.

Whitney: Hi, Andy.

Andy: Here.

Whitney: What's this?

Steve: What's what?

Whitney: J-E-N-G-A.

Steve: Jenga? Where did you get this.

Whitney: I was sitting on it.

Steve: But how did it get... They missed something!

Whitney: Who?

Steve: He isn't perfect!

Whitney: Who?

Steve: I'm going over to Susie's, I'll be right back.

Whitney: Bye. (*Steve exits.*) I can't believe this night. I have never gotten a ticket in my life. I'll never get into medical school. I can't cut it. It's the one thing I've dreamt about my entire life though. It's like you and hockey. I got a doctor's kit when I was five years old. I'll never forget how happy I was. I checked everyone's pulse. I checked my dad, I checked the dog, I checked the TV, the refrigerator, the kitchen table. I made my brother be the nurse and said I was going to be a doctor. Now look at me. I couldn't even pass a Biological Chemistry exam. Who am I kidding.

What do I do now? I wouldn't be happy as a nurse. I want to be a doctor. What now. Andy, you are my best friend. I mean that. You have a free spirit that I've always been jealous of. You are everything I'm not. The only thing you have to worry about is whether you're shooting the puck right. Not that that isn't important too. I know it is. You are the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me. We'll be together forever won't we? Yes, I think we will. (*Whitney sniffs the air*) Coffee. Andy, will you go get me some coffee? Andy? Andy? (*sighs*)

Lights fade

Scene 5

Lights up on Whitney asleep in Andy's lap and Andy flopped over her. Steve is in the bedroom asleep on his bed. Whitney's eyes flutter open. She looks up to see Andy asleep on her

Whitney: Oh - my - god.

(Whitney stands up quickly knocking Andy up. Both suffer a major head rush. Whitney sits back down)

Whitney and Andy: Oh man. Owwww.

(Religion Guy enters dancing in a Toga with a wreath around his head and a chalice in his hand)

RG: Hail Dionysus!

Whitney and Andy: Shut Up!

RG: Smile and be gay!

Andy: What in the ... RG. What are you doing.

RG: I found it Andy! I found my religion! I am a follower of Dionysus!

Whitney: Do you have to follow him so loudly?

RG: A Maenad! Here, drink of the wine of fertility!

Whitney: Don't say drink! Ow.

Andy: All right, I'll bite. Who is Dionysus?

RG: He's a Greek god of Wheat, wine, theatre, and ecstasy.

Andy: How nice for you.

RG: Oh happiness and merriment. Let's dance!

Whitney: Can I hit him?

Andy: No, let me.

RG: What's wrong with you two?

Andy: We went out for a little bit of that wine and merriment last night.

RG: You mean you already knew about Dionysus?

Andy: No, but I'm sure he'd be real proud of us.

RG: And this is what you look like now?

Whitney: Thanks a lot.

RG: You mean, this is the result of praising Dionysus.

Andy: You got it.

RG: Well, back to the drawing board.

Andy: Good luck.

RG: Thanks.

Andy: And don't slam the ... *(RG slams the door on the way out)*

Whitney: OUCH!

Andy: ...door.

RG: *(pops his head back in)* Sorry. *(Softly closes the door.)*

Andy: One of these days I'm going to kill him.

Whitney: Right now, I wish you would. *(Steve enters)* Steve don't slam... *(slams the door behind him, x's to the stereo and turns it on out of habit, Carmina Burana comes on, knocking Andy and Whitney's headaches to massive levels)*

Andy: *(x's to the stereo and turns it off)* Ow. Whitney, no one has respect for the dead any more.

Steve: Hey, who turned off the tunes? Oh, sorry guys. I forgot.

Andy: It's OK. Want some coffee?

Whitney: Yes! Ow. I'll help you get it. *(She moves VERY slowly to help Andy, she passes the door on the way there, a loud knock just as she gets there. She flings it open)* What!

Officer Schletski: I'm Officer Diane Schletski.

Whitney: Oh my, sorry, I thought...come in.

OS: How are we this morning?

Whitney: Suffering, but alive.

OS: I didn't think you would remember anything from last night so I thought I would stop by to check on you.

Whitney: You were the Officer who...last night. Oh yeah, now I remember. Oh no, I have to go to jail don't I.

OS: No, you don't have to go to jail. You can even have your license back, but there are some stipulations.

Whitney: I can? What do I have to do?

OS: Is Mr. Douglas here as well?

Andy: *(who has appeared passed out at the counter)* What?! I'm here!

OS: I can see you are feeling the effects.

Andy: Yeah, Dionysus had his way with us last night.

OS: What?

Andy: Never mind.

OS: OK, here's the deal. It's your first offense, and you've never had a violation before so, If you agree to go to AA meetings once a week for a minimum of six months, I will return your drivers license.

Andy: No problem. I'll make sure she gets to them.

OS: No, no, not just Whitney. You too.

Andy: What? But I wasn't driving.

OS: No, but your Blood Alcohol Level was high enough to have killed a moose, and you were still semi-conscious. Your tolerance has to have been raised by a lot of drinking to reach that resistance.

Andy: Well, I drink but...

OS: I'm not an alcoholic? Fine, you aren't an alcoholic, but that's the deal. If the two of you agree to go to the meetings I'll give Miss Freye her license back.

Steve: *(Enters in just his underwear and a T-Shirt)* HOLY... *(Dives back into the Bathroom)*

OS: Hello, Mr. Taylor. So, is it a deal.

Andy: All right, I'll go for Whitney.

OS: Just so you go. There is your license, and have yourselves a good day.

Andy: Thanks. Oh, and don't slam the ... *(slam)* ...door.

OS: *(off-stage)* Sorry. Excuse me. *(Luke and Susie enter)*

Luke: Hi. Um...

Susie: Hi Whitney, I heard you were arrested last night.

Andy: Andy, and you are...?

Luke: Luke McIntyre, pleasure to meet you.

Whitney: Yes. I was.

Susie: Is that why the police-person was here?

Whitney: No, she was selling tickets to the policeman's ball.

Susie: Isn't that a coincidence.

Whitney: Isn't it though.

Luke: Is Steve home?

Andy: Yeah, I'll get him. (*x's to bathroom to get Steve*)

Susie: Do you know Luke?

Whitney: No, I don't think I've had the pleasure.

Andy: Steve, Susie and some guy are here.

Luke: I'm Luke McIntyre.

Whitney: I'm charmed. My name is Whitney, Whitney Freye. How do you know Steve?

Steve: (*comes out with shampoo dripping down his face and a robe on*) Where in the world were you! I was going crazy looking for you.

Luke: I don't really. I know him more through Susie, and I interviewed for the apartment.

Susie: We went to Perkins(Ember's, Fryin' Pan) to catch up, why?

Steve: And you're just getting back now?

Susie: We just sort of lost track of the time. We looked outside, and suddenly it was the next day.

Steve: I thought...well... you two like...he...you know I could have had an aneurysm worrying about you!

Susie: An aneurysm?

Whitney: How nice. So tell me about yourself.

Andy: Whitney, coffee's ready.

Steve: Well, you know.

Susie: You're so cute. Now go rinse and condition.

Steve: You're sure you aren't going back to him?

Susie: Why would I go back to him when I've got you?

Steve: Yeah? Yeah! Don't go anywhere, and this time I mean it.

Whitney: Hmm

Andy: Coffee?

Whitney: Oh, thanks.

Luke: So are you guys OK? I saw the officer leaving.

Susie: She was selling tickets to the policeman's ball. *(x's down to sofa, fluffs some cushions, and sits to wait for Steve)*

Andy: Well, we have to go to some meetings for six months, but Whitney got her license back.

Luke: What meetings?

Andy: Well, It's more for Whitney than myself, but...

Luke: What meetings?

Andy: Alcoholics Anonymous.

Luke: Hey, tell you what, I'll go with you. I go every week anyway, and it'll be a lot more comfortable to go with friends.

Steve: *(re-enters)* I'm back little brunette babe.

Luke: Steve!

Steve: Luke!

Luke: Hey, sorry we weren't here when you got back. Why didn't you join us?

Steve: I didn't know where you were.

Luke: You're kidding. Didn't you listen to your machine?

Steve: The machine?

Luke: Yeah, I called and left a message.

Steve: I didn't even listen to it.

Susie: Steve, what did I tell you about not listening to messages?

Andy: *(knock at the door)* Now what?

Corey: *(enters)* Is Whitney here?

Andy: Yeah, come on in. *(almost has the door closed when Rachel comes dashing in)* Hi, Rachel. Oh yes, come in Rachel. *(x's to coffee pot)*

Rachel: Whitney, guess what!

Whitney: I don't know.

Rachel: Oh, come on guess!

Whitney: I have no idea.

Rachel: Come on, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon! Just try to guess! Just try. You'll never guess. But try.

Corey: Dr. Jacoby curved the test because everyone did so bad.

Rachel: I wanted to tell her!

Corey: Sorry.

Rachel: So, you want to know the curve? Hm? Do you? I'll tell you.

Corey: Someone got a forty-three, and the next score is thirty-two.

Rachel: I said I wanted to tell her. You take the fun out of everything.

Corey: Sorry. Well, we've got to get to class. We just wanted to stop by and tell you the good news.

Rachel: You mean *you* wanted to tell her the good news. I didn't get to tell her anything.

Corey: Bye, Whitney. *(they exit)*

Andy: Don't slam the ... *(door closes softly)* Oh.

Luke: Well I'd better be going.

Steve: Re-match tomorrow night.

Luke: Sure. That'd be great. And I'll call you guys about the meeting.

Andy: OK. Thanks. *(exits and closes the door softly)*

Whitney: I passed. I got an A! Everything's fine!

Steve: It's great.

Andy: I still lost the game last night. *(Flips on the radio)*

Radio: And in college sports last night's Wildcats / Sabres game has been forfeited to the Sabres due to the fact that one of the Wildcats players was on the ice while under the influence of illegal drugs. A spokesman for the Wildcats *(flips radio off)*

Andy: Did you hear that! That guy that was skating circles around me was high! I knew no-one was naturally better than me.

Whitney: Well, I guess last night wasn't so bad after all.

Andy: I still have a splitting head-ache.

Steve: Oh poor baby. Noogeeeeeeee!

Andy: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Lights out