

IT'S LIKE MAMET DAMMIT
A One-Act Play

by

Noel Rustia

ACT 1

SCENE 1

SETTING: BACK-END ALLEY.

(Dangerous looking alley, night, wet by rain. a twenty-something woman in business attire composed of a mid-length skirt and high heels walks by herself across the stage. About halfway through her walk a man runs on stage to meet her also in his twenties and wearing business attire. The woman is greatly startled. They both stop.)

WOMAN #1

(frightened)
What do you want?

MIKE

(nervous)
Nothing.

WOMAN #1

Here, keep my purse, just don't hurt me.

MIKE

(raising the palms of his hands)
No, no, no.

WOMAN #1

What is it?

MIKE

Uh...are you see...

WOMAN #1

I don't know?

MIKE

What?

WOMAN #1

I don't have it.

MIKE

Have what?

WOMAN #1

Have what you're asking for.

MIKE

I'm not asking for anything.

WOMAN #1

Do I know you?

MIKE

(hesitating)
Are you seeing anybody?

WOMAN #1

(combing the hair on top of her ear with her hand)
Yes, I am seeing somebody.

MIKE

Oh, okay, I'm sorry, I'll go.

(He walks in front of her, but still moves offstage from the same direction.)

MIKE

(continuing)
By then. I guess I'll see you.
(pause)
I mean, I hope...uh...oh, no, okay bye.
(waves his arm)

(Mike walks offstage.)

SCENE 2

SETTING: BAR.

(Straight looking bar, evening. Mike talks with a friend, a husky-looking drinker. The place is decently filled.)

JERRY

So what did you say to her?

MIKE

I didn't say noth...

JERRY

What the fuck do you mean you didn't say nothing?

MIKE

I didn't tell her anything.

JERRY

I thought you asked her out.

MIKE

I did ask her out.

JERRY

Then what do you mean you didn't say anything?

MIKE

I mean I just asked her if she...

JERRY

Wait hold on.

(picks up his glass and slams it down toward
the bartender)

Phil, I want something stronger. I think I've tried
the most potent thing you guys got. Piss in it, okay?

(Phil the bartender fills the glass
with whiskey. He then picks up the
glass and fakes pissing in it. The
three laugh.)

JERRY

(continuing)

Okay, continue.

MIKE

I mean I just asked her if she was seeing anyone.

JERRY

Then?

MIKE

She said yes.

JERRY

Then?

MIKE

Then I walked away.

JERRY

Why did you walk away for?

MIKE

It was in a dark alley.

JERRY

(moving his hand)

Mike, come here.

(Mike lowers his head, like Jerry has
something to tell him. When Mike
stops, Jerry gives him a good whack on
the side of the head.)

JERRY

(continuing)

Why the fuck would you follow a girl into a dark
alley?

MIKE

I finally realized what I was doing, and that's why
I left.

JERRY

You left?

MIKE

I mean, I just lost my composure. Something just clicked when she left the office...

JERRY

Left the office, and that's when you followed...

MIKE

Yeah, and I knew that this was going to be the night...

JERRY

The night to get yourself in the door...

MIKE

For a moment my penis took full control of my body, over-powering my central nervous system, and told me this is the night Mike, this is the night...

JERRY

And that's what drove you...

MIKE

To start my...

JERRY

Will you stop interrupting me?

MIKE

Sure.

JERRY

What drove you to ask this lady out in a dark fuckin' alley.

MIKE

In a dark fuckin' alley.

JERRY

Shit.

MIKE

Shit.

JERRY

(pause)

So, when she said she was seeing someone, how did she say it?

MIKE

She said it the way you said it.

JERRY

She said it in the form of a question?

MIKE

No, no, I mean she just said she was seeing somebody.

JERRY

And that's when you left.

MIKE

And that's when I left.

JERRY

What a pinchi huevo dick like kind of a response, Mike.

MIKE

Her?

JERRY

No, you, you stupid unsociable retarded-like substitute for an introverted Don Juan.

MIKE

Come on Jerry, tell me, what should I do?

JERRY

Okay, let me put this in a metaphor type of a perspective. She's inside, you're outside. You got you're foot in the door by approaching her and asking if she was seeing anybody, which is good for starters. Now here comes the problem which any shy troubled in the brain psychopath would get into. You let you're dick do the talking. Girls don't like to talk to dicks, especially shy ones. You're dick choose to follow her into a dark alley at midnight out of all times, which would scare the shit out of any woman, probably even Emma Peale of the Avengers, even with her superhero powers.

MIKE

Emma Peale?

JERRY

Yeah, Emma Peale. At this point, you're still outside, and it's hailing ice the size of watermelons. And I'm not talking of the shit they grow in Mexico, I'm talking about the mutated blue-ribbon Mid-west shit that get bigger than Toyotas. But...you approached, her, one thing almost every man fears just below death and marriage. You knocked on her door. And she even opened. You, like any dick talking crazy slid your foot in so she couldn't close it.

Suddenly, like a twenty-four foot wave over approaching a calm beach with children, she takes out a sledge hammer. She takes it back, and with all the forces in inertia clobbers you're sorry

little foot. You pull it back like a wounded animal. She slams the door shut and locks it for eternity. And, that, is where you are right now.

(Mike takes a drink from glass.)

MIKE

So?

JERRY

So what?

MIKE

So what do I do?

JERRY

Hmmm. Maybe that string of metaphors might have been a little too confusing. Let me try to simply...

(like an Indian)

No, girl. Girl, no like. You, no girl. You, hopeless jack-ass.

MIKE

Jerry, what the hell?

JERRY

She's history Mike, find a new one.

MIKE

I can't, I think I'm in love with her. Oh, if things only went as planned.

SCENE 3

SETTING: BACK-END ALLEY.

(Same scene as earlier. The same woman walking in the dark alley. Mike approaches her halfway through her walk.)

WOMAN #1

What do you want?

MIKE

(nervous)

Nothing.

WOMAN #1

Here, keep my purse, just don't hurt me.

MIKE

(raising the palms of his hands)

No, no, no.

WOMAN #1

What is it?

MIKE

Uh...are you seeing anybody?

WOMAN #1

(flattered and smiling)

No I'm not.

MIKE

I look at you everyday at work. When you use the restroom.

(pause)

No, I mean I see you enter the restroom. I didn't look inside.

WOMAN #1

You do that?

MIKE

Yes, everyday.

(to audience)

And this is how listening to 'Hey Jude' all night before asking a girl out will pay off.

WOMAN #1

Make love to me, right here, in this alley.

MIKE

Right now?

WOMAN #1

Yes now, goddammit, now!

(runs up and kisses him aggressively)

MIKE

(trying to talk by getting away from her lips)

I don't know what to say.

(pause)

I don't have a condom.

WOMAN #1

Who cares, you love me, and I sensed it by your non-verbal cues.

(screaming at the top of her lungs)

I'll have your baby!

(Lights go out. Lights go on. Mike sits leaning on a wall holding the woman in his arms.)

MIKE

I guess you're pregnant now.

WOMAN #1

No I'm not, I'm on birth control.

MIKE

I thought you wanted my baby.

WOMAN #1

I did, I mean the pill takes some time to wear off.

MIKE

Do you have AIDS?

WOMAN #1

No, I've been checked.

MIKE

Well, if I'm not having your kid, and you didn't just give me AIDS right now, I guess there's no reason for us to get married.

WOMAN #1

Who said we're getting married?

MIKE

I thought you loved me?

WOMAN #1

Hey, this is your fantasy. Maybe something in your subconscious is saying that you're not ready for marriage.

MIKE

This is my fantasy?

WOMAN #1

Sure, who's else's would it be? It's definitely not mine.

MIKE

Then I guess it's mine.

WOMAN #1

Well enjoy it while it lasts.

MIKE

You're right.

(Mike grabs her head and kisses her on the lips. She pushes him away.)

WOMAN #1

That's not what I meant.

MIKE

Okay.

(They continue to snuggle.)

MIKE

(continuing; to the audience)
See, even the characters in the my dreams have some
sort of hold on reality.

(A tough looking goon walks on stage
holding a knife.)

GOON

Hey you exhibitionist, the broad and your wallet is
mine.

MIKE

Hey, what are you doing here?

GOON

What do you mean what am I doing here, I saw you do
her, and now I want to do her.

MIKE

What are you doing, this is my dream.

(pause, then worried)

You saw me have sex with her?

GOON

Yeah. You guys did make a bit of noise.

MIKE

Oh shit. Wait a minute. You're just another bite
from my conscience.

GOON

I have no idea what you're talking about, nor like
I would. What's a bite?

MIKE

You're a bite. You're an idea. A character in my
head. I hate it when my mind let's me accomplish my
goals subliminally. But what are you doing here?

GOON

Uh...maybe to try off the new moves you learned from
the Jackie Chan movie you watched last night?

(Mike gets up, and jumps to a karate
position.)

MIKE

You're right.

SCENE 4

SETTING: BAR.

(Same bar. Jerry and Mike are both
passed out. Phil the bartender, wipes

a glass, and walks toward them. The bar is closed.)

PHIL

(foreign accent)
Piss in his glass. I should piss in his glass. I should piss on them. These fat Americans. They talk and talk and talk and talk like two stupid parrots talking and talking. And when we close we have to be the ones to kick them out, while they shit and puke on the floor. I take my Visa and spit at it. What a big mistake. Like this fat one.

(referring to Jerry)
Doesn't have to work hard like us immigrants. He's getting good education and humping college girls while I barely making boat across America. All he does is drink drink and shit shit, trying to find beaver anywhere he can get it.

(Phil shakes Jerry's head. Jerry doesn't move.)

PHIL

(continuing)
What an asshole. Probably dreaming about beaver right now.

SCENE 5

SETTING: FLOOR.

(Empty floor. Jerry's in the middle of the floor in a doggy-style position getting it up the ass by a woman. They're both going at it hard; Note: Both are fully dressed.)

JERRY

Thank...heaven...for...strap...on..dildos...yes....
oh...yeah...don't...fuckin'...stop...oh...I...love..
..this...I...know...now...why...women.....find...no
t...being in control...such...a...turn-
on...and...like...it...because...it...gives...so...
much...pleasure...owwww!

SCENE 6

SETTING: OFFICE.

(Mike is busy shuffling papers at his desk. He's on the phone with someone, trying to juggle a bunch of things in his head at the same time.)

MIKE

(on the phone)

No.

(pause)

We sent the shipment Monday.

(pause)

It'll be there, just wait a few days.

(pause)

It's coming. Federal Express has it.

(pause)

Yes they do, they're sending it over now.

(pause)

How do I know?

(pause)

They have it.

(pause)

You ever seen the commercials?

(pause)

They're very expedient.

(pause)

No they weren't actors. They were real employees.

(pause)

How do I know?

(pause)

I think they would think of themselves as more credible if they used real employees.

(Jerry, in business attire, walks in the room reading a copy of Playboy. Mike continues to talk on the phone.)

MIKE

(continuing)

These big corporations don't use actors.

(pause)

Members of the Screen Actor's Guild have better things to do.

(more testy)

Who gives a shit okay?

(pause)

Okay I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

(pause)

No, no, I'm sorry, please.

(pause)

You don't want my boss.

(pause)

Please.

(pause)

It's coming. Just wait for it okay?

(pause)

They might be taking a break. Maybe a short coffee break. The driver might be a little hungry. He has to eat.

(pause)

You'll get it. Are we good?

(pause)
Okay. Bye.

(Mike hangs up the phone.)

MIKE
(continuing; to Jerry)
Jerry, I'm kind of busy, I'll talk to you at lunch.

JERRY
So, you see her yet?

MIKE
Quiet!...Let's just forget about it okay?

JERRY
Come on Mike, let's see if she put a court order on you and your fuckin' dick.

MIKE
She won't do that? I haven't seen her today.

JERRY
Where is she?

MIKE
I don't know.

JERRY
Mike.
(holding his hand out)
Give me the keys.

MIKE
I would never, ever, think about doing that.

JERRY
Who knows...
(moving like the Shadow)
The Shadow hides...

MIKE
Jerry, I'm busy.

JERRY
Check this out. Look at what the new innovations of science and technology are churning out today.

(Jerry drops the Playboy to Mike, folded and opened up to a specific page. Mike stops working and looks at the picture.)

JERRY

(continuing)

I'd say those are two of the most perfectly proportioned, geographically positioned, in equal radius, set of breasts I have seen in my entire life. Both shaded with a gentle hint of tan, airbrushed to leave out the blemishes, and capped delicately by natural, God-created, staring-right-at-you, pink and bumpy nipples.

(Mike picks up the magazine and hands it back to Jerry.)

MIKE

I have no time.

JERRY

I have no time? My nuts were just ready to about explode man. My cock's like a fuckin' nuclear missile that sets off by itself without a button.

Like the Doomsday machine in 'Doctor Strangelove.' It can't be controlled by man alone. It blows when it wants to. But I said wait...instead of going into the restroom to relieve myself and set off this canon, why not go check up on Mike and greet him with an air of kindness and gentility. And that's why I'm here Mike. I'm here because of you.

MIKE

Well thank you Jerry, now would you mind being off on your way?

JERRY

(pause)

You're a funny guy, you're a funny guy.

(Jerry exits. Mike closes his eyes and rubs his temples with his fingers. Another woman, much more conservative than the first, walks on stage holding a stack of folders. The woman, an extreme traditionalist, wears a long skirt, has her hair up, and has on a pair of glasses. She seems to be as pretty as the first woman, but seems to hide her most attractive features.)

WOMAN #2

(shyly)

Hi, do you know where Room 306 is?

MIKE

It's down the hall more, left.

WOMAN #2

Uh...is that your left or my left?

MIKE

I'm sorry, my left.

WOMAN #2

Thanks.

(They stare at each other. Suddenly, she drops her papers, jumps on his desk, and kisses him passionately.)

(After a long kiss, she moves away.)

MIKE

What was that for? Do I know you?

WOMAN #2

(putting finger to mouth)

Shhhh...I think some things are better left unsaid.

(As Mike tries to get another word in, she quickly puts her finger back up to her mouth. She picks up her papers, but still keeps her eyes on Mike. She exits. Mike starts slowly rubbing his lips. After a few moments, his phone rings. He lets it ring a few, than picks it up.)

MIKE

Hello, this is Mike speaking.

(pause)

Let me check.

(finds a paper on his desk)

Yeah, we shipped it Friday.

(pause)

It'll be there Tuesday.

(pause)

Okay.

(pause)

No problem.

(pause)

I'll connect you to someone from distribution.

(pause)

Okay.

(pause)

You have a good day yourself.

(pause)

Bye, bye.

(Mike pushes a button on the phone and hangs it up. He goes back to feeling his lips again. Suddenly, Woman #2 runs on stage, more wild and ecstatic than before. Her hair is pulled down, and her glasses are off.)

She climbs up back on Mike's desk and takes a hold of his shirt, moving his face closer to hers. Mike is in a deep state of malaise.)

WOMAN #2

Make love to me, right here, right now.

MIKE

Right here?

WOMAN #2

Sure, why not?

MIKE

I barely know you...I mean, I don't even know you.

WOMAN #2

I don't know you either. We're even.

MIKE

Somebody might see.

WOMAN #2

We'll hide under your desk then.

MIKE

Are you sure?

WOMAN #2

I won't scream.

MIKE

Have you done this before?

WOMAN #2

Never in my lifetime.

MIKE

Why me?

WOMAN #2

(slowly)

I think you're the most sexiest, handsomest man I've ever seen in my life.

MIKE

Are you sure?

WOMAN #2

Definitely.

MIKE

I don't have any protection.

(pause)

Are you sure nobody will see?

WOMAN #2

Come on, I'm losing the moment. Here.

(She pulls out a condom from her pocket. Mike takes it.)

MIKE

Sure, why not, I'm a sucker for new experiences.

(Lights go out. A few seconds. Lights go on. Mike and Woman #2 are both sitting and leaning on the front of Mike's desk, eating their lunches.)

MIKE

(continuing)

Masturbation hasn't been much of a problem for me, I kinda do it every so often when I'm not seeing women.

WOMAN #2

And how long have you not been seeing women?

MIKE

Let me see. Kindergarten, I guess.

WOMAN #2

You're joking.

MIKE

I wish I was.

WOMAN #2

Wow. Do you go out on dates?

MIKE

Not really.

WOMAN #2

Why not?

MIKE

It's mainly because I have this problem obsessing over women. While I'm obsessing over a woman I don't usually find the time to go out on dates. It's as if you were to obsess over a guy, and blocked out every other guy from your life who would interfere with that obsession. My problem is that this has been going on since kindergarten.

WOMAN #2

Funny, I've been obsessing over you. But sure enough, I approached you.

MIKE

That's what I find hard to believe. I have a very low self-esteem.

WOMAN #2

Don't worry. It's more a physical attraction than anything else. And now that I know more about you, I realize this is still is just a physical attraction.

MIKE

Thanks.

WOMAN #2

Don't worry. I'll still lust after you.

MIKE

Great. Just remember. I won't go down on you.

WOMAN #2

How about you? You want me...

(She starts pulling on his zipper.
Mike quickly stops her by grabbing her hand.)

MIKE

No, no, no...I think sex in the workplace pushes the fine line of financial security.

(Out of nowhere, Jerry walks on stage,
not realizing who else is in the room.)

JERRY

So Mike, you want to go to lunch...
(spots Mike and the woman on the floor)
I'll be going.

MIKE

I'll talk to you later Jerry.

(Jerry exits.)

WOMAN #2

That buffoon your friend?

MIKE

Yeah Jerry, the primate.

WOMAN #2

Is he seeing anyone?

MIKE

Only me. He was seeing this girl for awhile but they broke up recently.

WOMAN #2

You think he'd like to go out with a girl like me?

MIKE

Sure, Jerry will go out with anything.

WOMAN #2

Good. My theory is that men as big as gorillas usually hold their ejaculations longer than other men.

MIKE

Was I a gorilla?

WOMAN #2

No, and thank heaven you don't look like one.

MIKE

Now what was I gonna say?

WOMAN #2

Something about obsessions.

MIKE

Oh yeah, right.

WOMAN #2

So, who are you obsessing over now?

MIKE

You don't want to know.

WOMAN

Sure I do. Does she work here?

MIKE

I'm sorry, but it's not you. But don't worry though, I just met you.

WOMAN #2

Don't bother. I don't want to leave too much of an impression on your life. I'm just obsessed over you, you know, one of those things. It'll pass.

MIKE

Thanks.

WOMAN #2

Now who is it?

MIKE

I think she works in marketing, although I'm not sure. I see her almost everyday when she uses the restroom.

WOMAN #2

One of the benefits of having your room right in front of the womens' restroom. Did you approach her yet?

MIKE

Last night. And I'm sure to say things didn't go as planned.

WOMAN #2

Let me guess, you snuck up on her when she was going through the dark alley to the parking lot, maybe around midnight?

MIKE

How'd you know?

WOMAN #2

I think that's the only way you can blow it at this place.

MIKE

What should I do?

WOMAN #2

Well, if I were her, I probably would want you to approach me again, and this time where there's some light.

MIKE

I don't think she's here today.

WOMAN #2

Don't worry. It probably wasn't you. She might be sick or something.

(pause)

You know I got to get going now, lunch is almost over.

(She gets up.)

MIKE

So what about us?

WOMAN #2

Hmmm...I don't think this relationship would've went anywhere. Let's be friends okay.

MIKE

Don't you think that what you did today was a little brash?

WOMAN #2

Sure. I was giving my wild feminine instincts a whirl. Enjoyed the sex though. Catch up with you later Mike.

(They shake hands.)

WOMAN #2

(continuing)

Remember, whenever you get horny and want nasty erotic sex, I'm your gal. Bye-bye.

(She exits.)

MIKE

(to audience)

I don't believe what happened right now too. It's like my brain is playing tricks on me. And maybe even worst, God is playing tricks on me.

(Mike starts walking toward an empty bench on the side of the stage. Jerry walks on stage holding some food and sits down on the bench before Mike.)

MIKE

(continuing)

Actually what happened right now is another one of my fantasies. Right now I'm really talking to Jerry at lunch, arguing about all the predispositions and assumptions we have about women. I guess I wandered off during our talk. Let me see. Maybe it's time for me to wake up again.

JERRY

(with intense hand movements)

You see, all women love it. So you gotta practice man. I was looking in one of those magazines, I don't know, maybe Cosmopolitan, and it was something on improving sex life. There's these exercises you have to do with your penis. Let me think...Oh, yeah, see you gotta practice controlling that diaphragm or whatever that stops the piss and starts the seeds. You feel it, try it.

MIKE

I'll try...Yeah, I feel it.

JERRY

Well, you gotta hold it in for a twenty count, and then release.

MIKE

And do this for how many sets?

JERRY

I don't know how many sets. Just do it enough so you have control over that area.

MIKE

That's great Jerry. Now if only I had someone worth practicing for.

JERRY

Nah, man. You first have to develop this. And then the women will start flockin' like a bunch of swallows.

MIKE

Tell me. Why would the women start coming, if I haven't had sex with any of them yet?

JERRY

Well how the fuck should I know?

MIKE

Don't worry, I get what you mean...Soon word passes around that I'm the man with the golden penis, the penis able to hold ejaculation longer than any ordinary man, able to give seconds in a single bound, able to stop a bullet with a single hand...of course word will pass around.

JERRY

Hey, we all have a right to dream.

MIKE

You doing anything tonight?

JERRY

Yeah, gotta date. Girl in the office walks in my room and asks where Room 306 is. I tell her where, and then she jumps on my desk, grabs it, and gives me a French like a fuckin' vacuum. Says she wants to have sex with me right there in the office, and I say no, no sane decent normal man would do that there, so I say let's save it for tonight.

Says she was looking at me for awhile and wanted to do that for such a long time now. So I say great, give me your number, we'll go out tonight. And that's that.

MIKE

All this happen today?

JERRY

Yeah. Just after I left your room and walked back into mine. What fuckin' luck.

MIKE

I guess tonight I'll relax at a bookstore or something, maybe pick up some books on screenwriting.

JERRY

You don't want to do that shit. Screenwriters are the scum of the earth. If you want to do anything, you want to become a producer. That's where the money is.

MIKE

Yeah, whatever. I'll see you tomorrow Jerry. Tell me how it is. Tell me if she bites your nuts.

JERRY

Sure, Mike, anything for you.

(Mike gets up and walks offstage.
Jerry continues to eat his lunch.)

JERRY

(continuing; laughing)
Bites my nuts? What a funny guy.

SCENE 7

SETTING: COFFEE SHOP.

(Mike sits alone at a small table. He looks over a few books he purchased at a store. There are a few other people filling the scene up. A pretty waitress walks up to Mike's table. She looks at the books.)

MICHELLE

So, you want to be screenwriter, like everybody else here in L.A.

MIKE

No, I was just thinking about it. I think I've come down with some sickness or something. It'll pass.

MICHELLE

That's great. Can I get you anything? How does a nice cool iced-cappuccino sound like?

MIKE

That'll be good.

MICHELLE

Sure, one nice cool and let me add refreshing iced-cappuccino.

MIKE

What's your name?

MICHELLE

Oh I'm sorry. I'm Michelle and I'll be the waitress serving you this evening.

MIKE

You're funny.

MICHELLE

You think so? People tell me I'm funny but I try not to admit it.

MIKE

Funny with a touch of cynicism.

MICHELLE

You think I'm cynical? I get it from my dog. My dog gets cynical sometimes.

MIKE

He must be one sure heck of a cynical dog.

MICHELLE

Hey, you're pretty funny too.

MIKE

Thanks, I get it from reading screenwriting books.

MICHELLE

So, you work in the film industry as a P.A. or something?

MIKE

No, I graduated a business major, and I got a good job working in the business industry.

MICHELLE

Are you financially secured...uh...

MIKE

Mike.

MICHELLE

Mike?

MIKE

Yes I am, although I still am not satisfied with life. Look, I've just bought a couple of screenwriting books.

MICHELLE

That's quite a shame.

MIKE

Sure it is. I also spend my off days talking to women on America Online hoping to improve my self confidence and my sensibility to women.

MICHELLE

Wow. I think we have a pervert here.

MIKE

I think you have beautiful eyes. Wait a minute, where's my cappuccino?

MICHELLE

(looks at her watch)
Too bad I'm on break now. Someone else is suppose
to bring you a cappuccino. Is this seat taken?

MIKE

Only if you don't want to hurt my imaginary friend's
feelings.

(She takes a seat.)

MICHELLE

Now tell me again about my pretty eyes.

MIKE

Actually I wasn't suppose to say that. I think my
subconscious got the better of me.

MICHELLE

Can I talk more to your subconscious?

MIKE

Sure. But you'll have to come closer.

MICHELLE

Okay.

(Michelle moves closer to Mike. She
kisses him gently on the lips.)

MIKE

He done it again. That wise-ass.

MICHELLE

I like him. Why don't you let him come out?

MIKE

I got to warn you, he farts whenever he pleases.

MICHELLE

Don't we all.

(Lights go out.)

