

"Buying the Moose" was first produced by Globus Theatre,  
Bobcaygeon ON, Canada, July 2016

*Cast:*

**Betty:** Sarah Quick

**Rob:** James Barrett

**Greg:** Matthew Olver

**Cheryl:** Lisa Horner

Directed by: Sarah Quick

*Community Theatre debut: London Community Players,  
February, 2015*

### **Characters**

ROB: slightly heavysset

GREG: (Rob's brother) Slightly older than Rob.

BETTY: (Rob's wife)

CHERYL: (Greg's wife)

Characters can be any adult age providing their ages make sense relative to the other characters

### ***Setting***

Two similar front porches, one stage left, one stage right, each with seating for two. There is a small basket on the stage left porch. There is a small bare playing area between the two porches. Each porch has a small bistro table for drinks etc.

# Act One

*It's early Friday evening. A Tchaikovsky waltz is playing. Lights up on the central space between the two porches. ROB is waltzing with a life sized inflatable doll. The doll is wearing a yellow sun dress with spaghetti straps. ROB is wearing a tube top (no shirt) and casual pants. He has a large flesh coloured bandage covering his left bicep. The bandage should be barely noticeable. After ROB has been dancing a short time, BETTY enters. Betty has been away for three days and is carrying two small suitcases and a purse.*

**BETTY:** Rob, what are you doing!?

**ROB:** Betty!

**BETTY:** What's that!!

*ROB tries to hide the life sized doll behind his back*

**ROB:** Nothing! Nobody!

**BETTY:** This is what you do when I'm gone for three days?

**ROB:** Yes.. I mean no! I mean...

**BETTY:** What the hell is going on!?

**ROB:** *(to the doll)* Susan, don't look at me like that! I've never seen this woman before in my life!

*Lights down. Lights up on stage right porch (CHERYL's porch). It is now around noon the next day. CHERYL is on her porch, her cell phone rings, she looks and recognizes the caller.*

**CHERYL:** Bread, kitty litter, computer paper and light bulbs. Which one did you forget Greg? I told you to make a list.

*Lights up on the central space. GREG is talking on his cell phone to CHERYL.*

**GREG:** Don't worry, that's all taken care of, I can't remember four things? Anyway, I'm calling about Rob. Have you heard from him?

**CHERYL:** No, why?

**GREG:** He just left me a strange message. He said "It all went wrong last night, everything's all screwed up with Betty. I need to see you." I called him back but he didn't want to talk about it. Then he yelled "Get off the grass!" and hung up.

**CHERYL:** Get off the grass?

**GREG:** Who knows.

**CHERYL:** What's all screwed up with Betty?

**GREG:** How am I supposed to know, he didn't say.

**CHERYL:** He's your brother, don't you guys ever talk?

**GREG:** Not about that stuff.

**CHERYL:** What do you talk about?

**GREG:** I don't know... other stuff.

**CHERYL:** Well go find out what happened.

**GREG:** What am I supposed to say to him?

**CHERYL:** Ask him what happened!

**GREG:** But he said he didn't want to talk.

**CHERYL:** That's because he wants to talk to you in person.

**GREG:** What's the difference?

**CHERYL:** It would take too long to explain, just go see how he is.

**GREG:** Maybe I'll text him.

**CHERYL:** No, go see him!

**GREG:** OK, OK. I'll call you when I can. Bye.

*They hang up*

**CHERYL:** *(incredulous)* Text him?

**GREG:** Light bulbs... damn!

*Lights down on central area. CHERYL makes a call on her phone. The call goes to voice mail.*

**CHERYL:** Hey Betty, it's Cheryl. From the sound of your message there's something going on with you and Rob. Give me a call or drop by if you can, I'm home right now. Hope you're OK. Bye

*Lights down on CHERYL's porch. Lights up on stage left porch. (ROB's porch) ROB is sitting in one of the Adirondack chairs he is wearing a long sleeved shirt over a short sleeved T-shirt, pajama bottoms and slippers.*

**ROB:** *(loudly)* Off the grass! How many times do I have to tell you? Ya punks. Get off the grass!

*GREG approaches the porch*

**GREG:** Ok, what's going on?

**ROB:** I'm keeping the punk kids off the grass.

**GREG:** There's nobody on the grass.

**ROB:** I can see that, I'm not crazy.

**GREG:** Tell that to the neighbours. From here, you're looking a little crazy.

**ROB:** Since when has that bothered you?

**GREG:** It doesn't, unless I have to come over here and find out why. Now, I'm sure you have a perfectly reasonable explanation for doing this, but humour me. Why are you doing this?

**ROB:** Because it's now obvious I'll die a lonely, eccentric old man, so I might as well start acting like one.

**GREG:** *(to himself)* Why me? *(to ROB)* Would you care to elaborate?

**ROB:** How's Cheryl?

**GREG:** Fine. Why?

**ROB:** No reason. Is Betty over there?

**GREG:** No, we haven't seen her. What's this all about?

**ROB:** I said everything in my message.

**GREG:** No you didn't. You said something about everything getting screwed up with Betty last night and you needed to see me.

**ROB:** Yeah

**GREG:** And...

**ROB:** I don't want to talk about it.

**GREG:** Then why did you want me to come over?

**ROB:** Just because you're here doesn't mean we have to talk.

**GREG:** Fine, goodbye.

*GREG starts to leave*

**ROB:** No, wait.

**GREG:** Do you want me to stay or not?

**ROB:** Yeah I do.

**GREG:** Why?

**ROB:** I don't want to be alone.

**GREG:** Whatever you want.

*GREG sits*

**GREG:** Oh, do you have any spare light bulbs?

**ROB:** Yeah, in the garage.

**GREG:** I need a few, I'll get them back to you later, but don't tell Cheryl.

**ROB:** Take the forty watts, I never use them anyway.

**GREG:** *(pause)* So. How's things?

**ROB:** Could be better.

**GREG:** Anything new?

**ROB:** I guess.

**GREG:** So...

**ROB:** So?

**GREG:** So, something happened.

**ROB:** You could say that.

**GREG:** Why didn't you call me last night after whatever it is happened?

ROB: I went to bed as soon as it happened.

GREG: Why are you only half dressed?

ROB: Didn't wake up till eleven. By that time I figured the day's almost half over so what's the use in getting more than half dressed.

GREG: Might be an idea to put pants on.

ROB: These are all the pants I need.

GREG: Well they're pajama pants and sometimes they pop open at the front.

ROB: Then don't look.

GREG: I never do.

ROB: Then we don't have a problem, do we?

GREG: If you say so

*Pause*

ROB: Maybe I'll bring the TV out here. If the cable reaches, I can put it right here, about three beer cases high.

GREG: Betty may have something to say about that.

ROB: What does it matter, she's not coming back.

GREG: I take it she left?

ROB: That's about the size of it.

GREG: I figured it was something like that.

ROB: Well, you figured right.

GREG: I'm supposed to find out what happened.

ROB: Instructions from Cheryl?

GREG: Pretty much.

**ROB:** Has Betty called?

**GREG:** Nope. Didn't know anything had happened till I picked up your message. *(pause)* So, she left last night?

**ROB:** Yep.

**GREG:** Why?

*No response from Rob*

**GREG:** I get it, you don't want to talk about it. *(pause)* Did she say anything when she left?

**ROB:** No, but she did make a... sound.

**GREG:** They usually do.

**ROB:** A sound like a disgusted goat.

**GREG:** And what did that tell you?

**ROB:** She was trying to speak German?

**GREG:** No, I mean what was she trying to say?

**ROB:** I typed it into Google translate but nothing came up.

**GREG:** What did it sound like?

**ROB:** A weird kinda guttural screamy sound, like this...

*Lights down on ROB's porch. Lights up on CHERYL's porch. CHERYL is standing on the porch as BETTY approaches. This transition should be as seamless as possible so it appears as if BETTY is finishing ROB's sentence.*

**BETTY:** Aaaaaarrggghh!! He drives me crazy!

**CHERYL:** Betty, honey, what's wrong!

**BETTY:** Everything!

**CHERYL:** Oh no, come here, sit down.

**BETTY:** He just let me walk out. Just like that!

**CHERYL:** I knew something was wrong, it was kinda obvious when your voice message started with "if this is Rob, either hang up or drop dead"

**BETTY:** And I hope he hears it! You would think he'd try to stop me, or at least say something, but no! He let me do all the yelling, I look like the crazy person and I'm the one who has to walk out.

**CHERYL:** Oh Betty...

**BETTY:** I am so mad at him. All he said was "I'm sorry... but I thought... but... but..." He stood there with eyes the size of dinner plates as if he had no idea what he'd done! I gave him a chance to talk. I say "So.....?"and he just stood there with his mouth hanging open looking confused. Why do they always do that? Why do they pretend they have no idea what's going on?

**CHERYL:** I hear ya. So... what was going on?

**BETTY:** I don't know where to start! All last night at the hotel I was...

**CHERYL:** The hotel?

**BETTY:** I stayed at a hotel last night.

**CHERYL:** Why didn't you come here?

**BETTY:** I was upset and I didn't want to bother you and Greg.

**CHERYL:** Well, Greg's gone over to see Rob and..

**BETTY:** Greg's gone to see Rob?

**CHERYL:** He picked up a message from him about something going wrong with you two.

**BETTY:** Did Rob admit it was all his fault?

**CHERYL:** I don't think so.

**BETTY:** Figures.

**CHERYL:** Well, he'll talk to Rob and we'll get this all straightened out.

**BETTY:** I don't know about that. I baked him a cake.

**CHERYL:** You what?

**BETTY:** I couldn't sleep. The hotel room had a kitchenette so I went to the grocery store, bought everything I needed and baked him a cake.

**CHERYL:** You're an angel.

**BETTY:** I went right over to the house this morning and...

*Lights down on CHERYL's porch. Lights up on ROB's porch.*

**ROB:** ... she must have left it right on the arm of this chair because I found it here when I got up.

**GREG:** A cake?

**ROB:** A cake.

**GREG:** I've always liked her chocolate layer cake.

**ROB:** Wasn't chocolate.

**GREG:** But she baked you a cake, that's a good sign!

**ROB:** It was a carrot cake.

**GREG:** So?

**ROB:** A carrot cake? I'm allergic to carrots, gives me hives.

**GREG:** Maybe she forgot.

**ROB:** It was in the shape of a middle finger.

**GREG:** She didn't forget.

**ROB:** I think I'll eat some. If get hives maybe she'll feel sorry for me and come back.

**GREG:** That's it? Your wife leaves you and your master plan to get her back is to give yourself hives?

**ROB:** I don't know. Maybe I don't want her back.

**GREG:** Do you want her back or not? Make up your mind.

**ROB:** I don't know what I want. Before last night I did, now I don't know. What am I going to do Greg?

**GREG:** The first thing you need to do is put on some pants.

**ROB:** I don't need pants.

**GREG:** You look ridiculous.

**ROB:** I doesn't matter, I don't care!

*(He stands and faces GREG)*

Nobody's gonna look at me anymore.

**GREG:** Oh come on Rob.... *(he turns his head to ROB)*  
Ohhh!! I wish I hadn't. That's it, you're puttin' on pants!

*GREG rushes into the house. ROB checks the fly of his pajamas and realizes it had "popped open"*

**ROB:** Sorry 'bout that!

*ROB rummages through the basket on the porch and finds some clothes pins. He uses one to fasten the front of the pajamas closed.*

**ROB:** It's fixed!

*GREG enters with a pair of pants.*

**GREG:** With a clothes pin? That's a pretty risky maneuver.

*He tosses the pants to ROB*

**GREG:** Here, but these on.

**ROB:** *(tossing them back)* You put them on.

**GREG:** *(tossing them back to ROB)* I'm already panting.

**ROB:** *(tossing them back to Greg)* Pants are for sissies!

**GREG:** *(tossing them back to Rob)* Then they should fit you perfectly!

**ROB:** Fine! *(he rips the pants in half)* We'll share them.

*ROB tosses one leg of the pants to GREG*

**GREG:** *(holding his half of the pants)* How did you do that?

**ROB:** I'll do yours next if you want.

**GREG:** Ok enough. I'm not here to watch you yell at invisible kids and destroy your wardrobe. Tell me why Betty walked out.

**ROB:** I told you, I don't want to talk about it.

**GREG:** Wow, you must have really blown it.

**ROB:** Why?

**GREG:** Because if it was her fault, you'd be telling me all about it right now.

**ROB:** So it's my fault she left?

**GREG:** I don't know, is it?

**ROB:** What does it matter, she's gone. She's walked out.

**GREG:** So you're just gonna sit here, all alone, covered in hives with your pants popping open. That'll teach her.

**ROB:** Go ahead, make fun, but you don't know what it's like. You and Cheryl are great. You're not living a life of loneliness and rejection.

**GREG:** She's been gone less than twenty four hours.

**ROB:** And look at me. Think of how pathetic I'll be this time tomorrow.

**GREG:** You can't get any more pathetic, I'm not surprised she left. If you had a dog it would leave you. If you had a pet *fish*, it would leave you.

**ROB:** Where would it go?

**GREG:** What?

**ROB:** The fish. Where would it go? When it tried to leave it would just bump into the side of the aquarium. Eventually it would realize it's stuck with me. That's what I need, a fish. A fish can't leave me

**GREG:** No wonder she left. OK, let me get this straight, she left and she baked you a cake?

**ROB:** She baked me a cake...

*Lights down on ROB's porch, Lights up on CHERYL's porch.*

**BETTY:** ... in the shape of a middle finger. I gave him the frosted finger.

**CHERYL:** *(laughing)* You can buy cake pans in any shape these days.

**BETTY:** It wasn't actually a "middle finger" pan. Similar shape so I had to change the decorating a bit.

**CHERYL:** Similar shape? *(realization dawning)* Ohhh.. where do you find a cake pan like that?

**BETTY:** You don't want to know.

**CHERYL:** A cake pan shaped like a ... that's just rude!

**BETTY:** You think that's rude, you should see what else they had in there.

**CHERYL:** Really. And did you....

**BETTY:** Never mind, let's just say I got what I needed and left. Eventually.

**CHERYL:** You eventually left. Just you and your cake pan.

**BETTY:** Yes!

**CHERYL:** Then you baked your porno cake.

**BETTY:** I thought if I disguised it enough, it would look like a middle finger.

**CHERYL:** I can see that. What if he got the wrong idea?

**BETTY:** Probably did anyway, their minds always go to the same place! If something's taller than it is wide they immediately head straight for the gutter.

**CHERYL:** Exactly, why do you think men are always building bigger and bigger skyscrapers? They can't stand it if some guy has a bigger one. Manhattan is like the world's biggest locker room... they're all on display! The Big Apple. It should be called The Big Cucumber.

**BETTY:** They can only think of one thing.

**CHERYL:** Or The Big Zucchini.

**BETTY:** They have one track minds.

**CHERYL:** The Zucchini That Never Sleeps!

**BETTY:** Will you cut it out!

**CHERYL:** Sorry.

**BETTY:** Problem is, Rob thinks like a man.

**CHERYL:** How should he think?

**BETTY:** Like a normal human being!

**CHERYL:** You mean like us.

**BETTY:** Yes! I knew that if I didn't disguise that shape enough the first thing he'd think would be...

*Lights down on CHERYL's porch, Lights up on ROB's porch.*

**ROB:** Whoa mama! She baked it from memory! It's a sexy peace offering! Then I took a closer look and realized I had totally misconstrued the message.

**GREG:** So she was saying the same two words but with a totally different meaning than what you thought.

**ROB:** They're good at that.

**GREG:** No kidding. Why don't you bake her one back. Show her two can play the anatomical cake game.

**ROB:** You mean... *(pause)* Can you even do that? *How* would you do that?

**GREG:** I dunno. Check one of Betty's cookbooks... in the cake baking chapter.

**ROB:** Sure, it'll be right under the heading "Cakes that look just like a..."

**GREG:** OK, stupid idea. Forget about it.

**ROB:** You see, wise counsel. That's why I asked you over.

**GREG:** Fine. But first, you have to tell me what happened.

*ROB is silent*

**GREG:** Come on, what am I supposed to do, just sit here?

**ROB:** OK, go out to the garage and get my water skis.

**GREG:** What?

**ROB:** It'll give you something to do.

**GREG:** I'm just trying to help.

**ROB:** Then get me a footstool, ten feet of rope and a tree.

**GREG:** Look, Rob, I came over here because you called me so the least you can do is...

*Lights down on ROB's porch, Lights up on CHERYL's porch.*

**CHERYL:** .... let me know what's going on. I wish you'd have told us something sooner. I mean, Greg gets a frantic message from Rob and then takes off for your place...

**BETTY:** It's not my place anymore.

**CHERYL:** Wow, he must have really done something. Another woman?

*BETTY is silent*

**CHERYL:** Another man?

**BETTY:** No.

**CHERYL:** Two other women?

**BETTY:** No. It's complicated. And embarrassing.

*Lights down on CHERYL's porch, lights up on ROB's porch*

**GREG:** Embarrassing?

**ROB:** Yes!

**GREG:** What's so unusual about you doing something embarrassing?

**ROB:** It's embarrassing for the both of us.

**GREG:** You and me?

**ROB:** No doofus, me and Betty.

**GREG:** Hey, we're brothers.. I can be *plenty* embarrassed by you.

*Lights down on ROB's porch, lights up on CHERYL's porch*

**CHERYL:** I could never be embarrassed by you honey, we're like sisters.

**BETTY:** Not embarrassing for you and me, embarrassing for me and Rob.

**CHERYL:** Oh Betty, what has he done?

**BETTY:** Why don't they ever think before they talk? Some of the dumbest things I've ever heard have come out of a man's mouth..

*Lights down on CHERYL's porch, lights up on ROB's porch*

**ROB:** If a man farts and there's no woman around to hear it, has he still farted?

**GREG:** *(Greg thinks)* I don't know. It depends how soon afterwards she walks into the room.

*Lights down on ROB's porch, Lights up on CHERYL's porch.*

**BETTY:** And why don't they think before they act? If just once they could think "this is a stupid idea" and then not do it, that would be a major milestone!

**CHERYL:** It must be great to do whatever you want and worry about it later.

**BETTY:** No kidding. Act on your instincts, consequences be damned. *(pause)* Why not! Let's you and me go back to Vegas and see the Chippendales again.

**CHERYL:** Nah, you've seen one, you've seen 'em all.

**BETTY:** Act now, think later! Come on, this time, we'll *really* see them!

**CHERYL:** What?

**BETTY:** We'll find out if there's any "go" in their "show".

**CHERYL:** Are you serious?

**BETTY:** Sure! They must get all worked up during the show with all that dancing and thrusting and posing and thrusting and strutting and thrusting...

**CHERYL:** You want us to go to Vegas and... what?

**BETTY:** Well, you know.

**CHERYL:** Pick up Chippendale dancers?

**BETTY:** Don't say it like that.

**CHERYL:** Well that's what you mean isn't it?

**BETTY:** It sounded so much better in my head.

**CHERYL:** That's because you don't really want to do it, do you?

**BETTY:** No.

**CHERYL:** And why not?

**BETTY:** Because I don't want to be with someone prettier than me?

**CHERYL:** No, because it's a stupid idea.

**BETTY:** But it'd drive Rob crazy!

**CHERYL:** Yes, but it's still a stupid idea.

**BETTY:** You're right. See, this is one thing that separates us from men. We are superior creatures because we can recognize a stupid idea, and then decide not to do it.

**CHERYL:** Exactly.

**BETTY:** I'll find another way to drive Rob crazy.

**CHERYL:** Good. Going to Vegas is a stupid idea.

*Lights down on CHERYL's porch, lights up on ROB's porch*

**ROB:**           *(leaps to his feet)* I'm going to Vegas!!

**GREG:**        Are you nuts?

**ROB:**        Think about it! All those things that stay in Vegas, that's where they start out and they never go anywhere, so that's why *I* have to go *there*.

**GREG:**        That's insane!

**ROB:**        It's insanely perfect, it's exactly what I need.

**GREG:**        What, revenge?

**ROB:**        No.

**GREG:**        Then why do you want to go to Vegas?

**ROB:**        Because Betty isn't there.

**GREG:**        And who is?

**ROB:**        Somebody else. A scantily clad somebody else.

**GREG:**        Is somebody else, even a scantily clad somebody else better than who you have now?

**ROB:**        But I don't have anyone now do I?

**GREG:**        How should I know, you haven't even told me what happened.

**ROB:**        I don't know, I really don't know.

**GREG:**        But if you do something stupid, you definitely won't have anybody.

**ROB:**        Then what do I do? You tell me.

**GREG:**        I'll tell you what you don't do. You don't take off to Vegas to pick up showgirls.

**ROB:**        Don't say it like that.

**GREG:** Well, that's what you mean, isn't it?

**ROB:** It sounded so much better in my head.

**GREG:** They say what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas, but it doesn't. It leaves with you, it sticks to you. It's called a conscience.

**ROB:** You sure about that?

**GREG:** Yeah, why?

**ROB:** Nothing.

*There is a short silence between them*

**GREG:** So what's going on with you? I mean how do you, umm you know, "feel", I mean are you.. umm. Do you need...is there anything I can.. Shit. Wanna beer?

**ROB:** Yeah, at least beer won't leave me.

**GREG:** Well it kinda does.

**ROB:** Beer always treats you right. Beer never says no, and... you can pick up twenty four of them at the same time. Goodbye Betty, hello beer.

*Lights down on ROB's porch. Lights up on CHERYL's porch. CHERYL has a bottle of wine and two glasses.*

**BETTY:** Hello wine.

**CHERYL:** Yeah, I figured this calls for a bottle of "drown your sorrows" white.

*CHERYL pours them each a glass of wine*

**BETTY:** Wine, you're my new best friend. You've never disappointed me. You've never hurt me, you've never made me feel bad.

**CHERYL:** Well, there was that one time Rob had to hold your hair back.

**BETTY:** OK, we've had the odd misunderstanding, but that's all behind us now. Goodbye Rob, hello wine.

**CHERYL:** This must be really serious.

**BETTY:** What if it's all over?

**CHERYL:** Is that how you feel?

**BETTY:** How about abandoned and betrayed? There's a couple of good feelings. You think you know somebody, you think they have no secrets. You think they love you. Then, all of a sudden... kablooeey! How can the man I've shared my heart with do something so... be so... Oh God Cheryl, what if it is over?

**CHERYL:** Betty, honey, whatever happened it's not all over, in fact this could be a whole new beginning. Remember, today is the first day of the rest of your...

**BETTY:** Don't say it!

**CHERYL:** Yeah, you're right, that's dumb. I used to have coffee mug with that written on it, until I smashed it with a hammer. I couldn't stand being reminded every morning that nothing I did yesterday mattered. I felt like I had to start over again every day. I replaced it with a mug that read "A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single plane ticket."

**BETTY:** I'd like to buy *him* a plane ticket. He throws five years away like it didn't even count for anything. I'm not going to just sit here and take it, I'll show him.

**CHERYL:** This is your need for revenge talking. I know, you feel like hurting him just like he's hurt you.

**BETTY:** You're right, I want revenge. I do but I don't, you know what I mean?

**CHERYL:** Absolutely. You want to kick him where it hurts but not so much that it really hurts him.

**BETTY:** Yes, I want to leave him but only so he *thinks* I've left him.

**CHERYL:** He has to realize that you've left, but you haven't really left, but you *will* really leave unless he acts like you *have* really left and smartens up.

**BETTY:** Yes.

**CHERYL:** Makes sense to me.

**BETTY:** (pause) Thanks for this.

**CHERYL:** You're my sis, or at least the closest I have to one.

**BETTY:** You "get me", you really do. As far as I'm concerned, you *are* my sister. You've always been the one I can come to and that is so precious... you mean so much to me.

**CHERYL:** You're not going to break into "Wind Beneath My Wings" are you?

**BETTY:** No.

**CHERYL:** Good, I love you too but you can't sing. Don't worry, no matter what happens with you and Rob, I won't let it undo what we have.

**BETTY:** I just want things back the way they were.

**CHERYL:** And Rob hasn't picked up on that?

**BETTY:** No.

**CHERYL:** He should have. You walked out didn't you? If you didn't want it to work you'd have stayed there and ignored him.

**BETTY:** Exactly.

**CHERYL:** Men can be so dense.

**BETTY:** Doesn't he realize I want him to miss me?

**CHERYL:** You really want him back don't you?

**BETTY:** After what was said, he probably doesn't want *me* back.

**CHERYL:** There must have been good reason for what was said.

**BETTY:** I'm scared.

**CHERYL:** That your marriage might be over? That he's not the person you thought he was?

**BETTY:** What if all that's true?

**CHERYL:** It's OK to be scared, but let's just talk through this. Now, what exactly happened?

**BETTY:** *(pause)* OK, but you're not going to believe it...

*Lights down on CHERYL's porch. Lights up on ROB's porch  
They're both drinking a beer*

**GREG:** I don't believe it!

**ROB:** Believe it! She peeled out of that driveway and laid three feet of rubber, go measure it.

**GREG:** How do you lay rubber with a minivan?

**ROB:** It's the "Super Sport" model.

**GREG:** Oh, it's got pin-striping, that makes all the difference!

**ROB:** But that's how mad she was, she must have stood on the gas. I could still hearing tires squealing two blocks away

**GREG:** You'd better have the alignment and drive train checked out when she gets back with it.

**ROB:** If she comes back.

**GREG:** Well... you've always hated that minivan.

**ROB:** True.

**GREG:** (pause) Does she know you didn't want her to leave?

**ROB:** Of course she does.

**GREG:** What did you say?

**ROB:** I told her I was sorry.

**GREG:** And she didn't pick up on that?

**ROB:** No.

**GREG:** Women can be so dense.

**ROB:** Exactly. If I didn't want her to stay, why would I be sorry?

**GREG:** It's so simple.

**ROB:** I let her yell at me.

**GREG:** Can't be much clearer than that.

**ROB:** What else can I do?

**GREG:** Beats me. I mean, it's not as if you slept with somebody else. (pause) Did you?

**ROB:** If only it were that simple.

**GREG:** All right, just how stupid were you?

**ROB:** Believe me, I've broken new ground here.

**GREG:** Well?

*ROB is silent*

**GREG:** Tell me or I'll beat it out of you.

**ROB:** You and whose army?

**GREG:** Oh grow up.

**ROB:** You first.

**GREG:** Fine, don't tell me, I don't want to know.

**ROB:** Yes you do.

**GREG:** No I don't.

**ROB:** Yes you do, double

**GREG:** No I don't, infinity.

**ROB:** Yes you do, that's why you're here.

**GREG:** No, I'm here for the stimulating conversation.

**ROB:** *(pause)* I'm glad you came. I really didn't want to be alone.

**GREG:** I'll buy you a cat, just get on with it.

**ROB:** *(pause)* I don't know, everything went so wrong. It all spun out of control. It's like I was standing on the sidelines watching my life go down the drain.

**GREG:** Apart from the horribly mixed metaphor, I think I understand. You're saying it's not your fault.

**ROB:** Exactly.

**GREG:** That's the usual starting point. Go on.

**ROB:** *(pause)* I was dancing.

**GREG:** You're not the most co-ordinated guy in the world, but that's nothing to leave you over.

**ROB:** There were special circumstances.

**GREG:** You weren't alone.

**ROB:** Nope.

**GREG:** Here we go. All right, who was it?

**ROB:** Nobody.

**GREG:** Let me get this straight, you were dancing with somebody who was nobody.

**ROB:** Not somebody, *something*.

*Lights down on ROB's porch. Lights up on CHERYL's porch*

**CHERYL:** A what?!

**BETTY:** a blow-up doll.

**CHERYL:** An exploding doll?

**BETTY:** No, an inflatable sex doll!

**CHERYL:** Oh my god.

**BETTY:** I don't know who looked more surprised, him or the doll.

**CHERYL:** What do you mean?

**BETTY:** You've never seen one?

**CHERYL:** Of course not!

**BETTY:** Oh, well! Let me enlighten you! I'll find a picture.

*BETTY picks up her phone*

**CHERYL:** You can Google that sort of stuff?

**BETTY:** You don't know the half of it.

**CHERYL:** What if somebody sees?

**BETTY:** Who's gonna see?

**CHERYL:** I don't know. Spy satellites?

**BETTY:** Here.

*She passes the phone to CHERYL who is shocked speechless for a couple of seconds.*

**CHERYL:** Oh my god!

**BETTY:** See what I mean?

**CHERYL:** Oh my god!

**BETTY:** I walk into our living room and there he is, with his arms wrapped around... (*pointing to the phone*) ... that!

**CHERYL:** Why are they all so skinny?

**BETTY:** They must be under inflated.

**CHERYL:** He wasn't... you know. Was he?

**BETTY:** No, but he was obviously working up to it.

**CHERYL:** Oh my god, he was romancing an inflatable sex doll.

**BETTY:** Exactly! Thank goodness I didn't get there half an hour later!

**CHERYL:** Half an hour? He should talk to Greg.

**BETTY:** And, it was wearing one of my dresses!

**CHERYL:** Which one?

**BETTY:** The little yellow sun dress in the floral print with spaghetti straps.

**CHERYL:** And the three buttons down the front?

**BETTY:** The one I bought at Winners when I bought the patent leather pumps.

**CHERYL:** Closed or open toes?

**BETTY:** Closed.

**CHERYL:** I love that dress!

**BETTY:** I used to.

**CHERYL:** He was dancing?

**BETTY:** Waltzing... to my favourite Tchaikovsky waltz!

**CHERYL:** I thought Rob couldn't dance?

**BETTY:** He can't. But it looks like he finally found someone who won't complain.

**CHERYL:** He certainly changed the rules of the game.

**BETTY:** And he brought in the inflatable pinch hitter.

**CHERYL:** What did you do?

**BETTY:** What else could I do? I picked up a pen and stabbed it.

**CHERYL:** Did it fly around the room like a balloon?

**BETTY:** No, but there was something very satisfying about watching his girlfriend deflate in his arms. But, that's not all.

**CHERYL:** There can't be more.

**BETTY:** He was wearing a tube top.

**CHERYL:** A tube top? Are you kidding me?

*Lights down on CHERYL's porch. Lights up on ROB's porch.*

**ROB:** Why would I kid about something like this? She stabbed it!

**GREG:** With a knife?

**ROB:** With the gold filled Cross ballpoint I gave her for Christmas.

**GREG:** Why were you dancing with it in the first place?

**ROB:** Betty always complains that I'm a terrible dancer, so I was just trying to learn, that's all.

**GREG:** An inflatable doll was teaching you?

**ROB:** No, I was practicing with it.

**GREG:** Why didn't you take lessons? That's what any normal person would do.

**ROB:** When I dance, I step on my own feet. It's embarrassing enough with Betty, never mind somebody I don't even know.

**GREG:** Like your sex life?

**ROB:** Oh shut up!

**GREG:** OK, OK, so that's why she left you, because you were dancing with an inflatable doll?

**ROB:** She thought there was something more going on.

**GREG:** Fine, I'll be your therapist. Were you, in some way, involved with this doll?

**ROB:** No! She saw me with it and went right off the deep end. Maybe I shouldn't have put it in one of her dresses.

**GREG:** I see...

**ROB:** And when she asked why it was wearing her dress I said "because it makes it feel real".

**GREG:** I may have to refer you to a professional...

**ROB:** It's the truth!

**GREG:** Let me guess... after you said that, you didn't get much chance to explain anything.

**ROB:** Not really. She kinda took it personally.

**GREG:** What *did* you say?

**ROB:** I'm sorry.

**GREG:** That's it? "I'm sorry"?

**ROB:** That's all I could get out. She's accusing me of all kinds of perversion, a sex doll is deflating in my

arms, a Tchaikovsky waltz is playing and I'm being threatened with a gold filled Cross ballpoint. It's not the type of thing you can rehearse for!

**GREG:** Have you tried calling her?

**ROB:** Yes. When I woke up.

**GREG:** Why didn't you tell me? What did she say?

**ROB:** She didn't pick up.

**GREG:** At least she'll know you called.

**ROB:** No she won't, I blocked call display.

**GREG:** Why?

**ROB:** So she'd pick up.

**GREG:** Did you leave a message?

**ROB:** No. Her message starts with "If this is Rob, either hang up or drop dead".

**GREG:** I don't think you were actually limited to those two choices.

**ROB:** I know Betty, there is no grey area.

**GREG:** This is just a misunderstanding and we can sort it out but first, I need to eat. You hungry?

**ROB:** I'm supposed to eat while my marriage is ending?

**GREG:** Well mine isn't and I'm hungry. What have you got?

**ROB:** There's a bag of cheese doodles on the coffee table and the carrot cake is in the kitchen.

**GREG:** You can't eat while your marriage is ending, *(picks up ROB's empty beer bottle)* but obviously you can drink while your marriage is ending.

**ROB:** No problem.

**GREG:** Good. More beer, it's just what we need.

*GREG exits into the house as lights down on ROB's porch.  
Lights up on CHERYL's porch.*

**CHERYL:** I have just what we need!

**BETTY:** George Clooney!

**CHERYL:** No, a little instant happiness.

**BETTY:** So it is George Clooney!

**CHERYL:** No, just a whole tub of butterscotch ice cream!

**BETTY:** I'll take it.

*CHERYL exits, BETTY rummages looks in her purse and finds  
her phone.*

**CHERYL:** *(calling from inside):* I don't have any clean  
bowls.

**BETTY:** I don't care, just bring the tub.

*BETTY enters numbers in the phone, checking messages.  
CHERYL enters with the ice cream. She picks up the wine  
bottle*

**CHERYL:** Another libation Madame?

**BETTY:** Absolutely.

*She holds out her glass and CHERYL and pours for each of  
them*

Can you believe there's no message? He didn't even  
call.

**CHERYL:** You're surprised?

**BETTY:** Well... yes.

**CHERYL:** But your message says "If this is Rob either hang  
up or drop dead".

**BETTY:** He knows I don't mean it.

**CHERYL:** Did you tell him that?

**BETTY:** Of course not.

**CHERYL:** That doesn't matter, he should know.

**BETTY:** Yeah.

*They eat a spoon of ice cream passing the tub to each other and take a sip of wine.*

**CHERYL:** Now, about that tube top he was wearing.

**BETTY:** I didn't want to know, I didn't ask, I just left.

**CHERYL:** One of yours?

**BETTY:** You think I would own a tube top?

**CHERYL:** Sorry! OK, he had a blow up doll dressed in your clothes and he was wearing *somebody else's* tube top. You think you know someone.

**BETTY:** I never thought it might belong to someone else. Do you think he has a secret girlfriend *and* a blow up doll?

**CHERYL:** *(thinks)* Nah, nobody has both.

**BETTY:** It's one thing to lose your husband to another woman, I could almost handle that. But to an inflatable plastic woman?

**CHERYL:** Have you lost him?

**BETTY:** Well I'm not going to share am I? What would I say? "should I put on lingerie tonight honey or just hand you a bicycle pump!"

**CHERYL:** You know this isn't about you don't you. It's about him and his weirdness. Maybe you should give him a chance to explain why he's...

**BETTY:** And if Greg did the same thing?

**CHERYL:** I'd drop him where he stood.

*Lights down on CHERYL's porch. Lights up on ROB's porch.  
ROB is alone on the porch and calls back into the house*

**ROB:** I thought she was going to drop me where I stood!

*GREG appears in the doorway holding the carrot cake on a plate, a bag of cheese doodles and two beers*

**GREG:** What?

**ROB:** She had this look in her eyes. I thought she was going to pick up the couch and hit me with it.

*GREG hands ROB a beer and sits*

**GREG:** She could probably take you.

**ROB:** I mean, fooling around with a sex doll? After five years of marriage she should know me better than that.

**GREG:** I've known you all my life and I don't know that. *(pause)* Five years, has it been that long?

**ROB:** Five years next week.

**GREG:** Look on the bright side. Now you don't have to buy her a present.

**ROB:** I was looking forward to it, but not anymore.

**GREG:** Do you have any gloves, I don't want to get orange fingers.

**ROB:** Suck it up.

**GREG:** *(looking at the cake)* Why did she write "Sorry 'bout Vegas" on here?

**ROB:** Who knows.

**GREG:** Ok, so paint a picture here for me. Betty came home early...

**ROB:** She was at a three day conference in Saskatoon...

**GREG:** ...from a conference in Saskatoon and found you in a compromising position with..

**ROB:** I was not in a compromising position, we were dancing.

**GREG:** We?

**ROB:** You know what I mean. I was dancing, the doll was just with me.

**GREG:** I can see it now. . . the lights were dim, a waltz was softly playing, her face nuzzled in your neck as you gently squeezed her...

**ROB:** Shut up! You're as bad as Betty! You both think I was up to something!

**GREG:** *(laughing)* No I don't, but I've gotta bust your chops about this, what do you expect?

**ROB:** A little understanding! A little compassion!

**GREG:** Ooops. Fresh out.

**ROB:** I shoulda known.

**GREG:** Is that what you expected from Betty, compassion?

**ROB:** I didn't have time to expect anything, she just came home six hours early and it all kicked off. It's all a big loud blur.

**GREG:** What did you say? I mean besides "duh. . I'm sorry"

**ROB:** It doesn't matter. Besides, I don't remember.

**GREG:** Come on, I know the guy code. That means you do remember, you just don't want to say.

**ROB:** (pause) I tried to be funny.

**GREG:** Oh boy.

**ROB:** You know, diffuse the situation with humour.

**GREG:** What could possibly go wrong?

**ROB:** I'm standing there with the doll, she said "what the hell is going on" then I looked at the doll and said...

*Light down on ROB's porch, Lights up on CHERYL's porch.*

**BETTY:** "Susan, don't look at me like that, I've never seen this woman before in my life!"

**CHERYL:** He denied you?

**BETTY:** Yes!

**CHERYL:** To a blow up sex doll!?

**BETTY:** Yes!

**CHERYL:** Called Susan!?

**BETTY:** Yes! He even named it!

**CHERYL:** It's a sex doll! It should be called "Amber" or "Tiffany"!

**BETTY:** He gazed right into its beady eyes and called it "Susan".

**CHERYL:** So, that's when you stabbed it?

**BETTY:** No, it was after I asked him why it was wearing my dress.

**CHERYL:** What did he say?

**BETTY:** He said it was to make it "feel real".

**CHERYL:** Ouch.

**BETTY:** I reached in my purse, I pulled out a ball point pen and stabbed it. I stabbed it and it felt good.

**CHERYL:** I'd love to hear his explanation.

**BETTY:** He didn't have one. I said "What the hell is going on" and then he called her "Susan".

*Lights down on CHERYL's porch. Lights up on Rob's porch.*

**GREG:** Susan? Isn't that...

**ROB:** Yes, I know I know! The girlfriend before I married Betty.

**GREG:** Susan! Are you insane? It's a sex doll! Call it "Jayde with a y", "Krystal with a K", anything that ends in "i", but Susan?

**ROB:** It's the first name that popped into my head.

**GREG:** At least there was plenty of room for it up there in that great empty space.

**ROB:** I can't believe I said that.

**GREG:** Why did you?

**ROB:** I don't know, maybe it reminded me of Susan... plastic, no personality...

**GREG:** Bad kisser?

**ROB:** I didn't kiss it!

**GREG:** Maybe if you told her that.

**ROB:** That I didn't kiss it?

**GREG:** No. Tell her that you called it Susan because all it's bad qualities reminded you of your ex and by doing that, it was reinforcing the ways in which Betty is infinitely superior to her.

**ROB:** Don't you think that might sound like a pathetically contrived excuse?

**GREG:** Of course, but she'll be expecting that. Come to think of it, she may be more impressed if you just hired someone to walk behind you and kick you in the ass every ten seconds.

**ROB:** It's no use, things were said, things were done. It's finished. We're finished.

**GREG:** Come on, it's just a stupid misunderstanding.

**ROB:** You and Cheryl OK?

**GREG:** Yeah, why?

**ROB:** She wasn't acting weird today?

**GREG:** No, why should she?

**ROB:** No reason. I just hope things are OK. With me and Betty on the rocks, I don't want the same to happen to you guys. Just pay attention to her, you know what I mean?

**GREG:** Hey, don't worry we're great, and you and Betty will be great again too.

**ROB:** We were great. Last night changed a lot of things.

**GREG:** *(indicating ROB's beer)* That went down fast. Another?

**ROB:** Sure. Yep, once upon a time we were great, now she just thinks I'm a...

*Lights down on ROB's porch. Lights up on CHERYL's porch*

**BETTY:** ...pathetic low-life pervert.

**CHERYL:** Did you tell him that before or after you stabbed the doll?

**BETTY:** During.

**CHERYL:** Sounds like he deserved it. Especially after naming a sex doll after his ex girlfriend.

**BETTY:** He stood there and watched her deflate.

**CHERYL:** Now he knows what it feels like. Top up your wine?

**BETTY:** *(holding out her glass)* Sure, why not.

*CHERYL pours wine*

**BETTY:** You and Greg OK?

**CHERYL:** Sure, why?

**BETTY:** I mean, like you're strong, nothing could hurt you guys?

**CHERYL:** No, we're good. Why?

**BETTY:** Oh, nothing. It's just with what's happened with me and Rob, I worry about you and Greg. I love you guys. I don't want anything to come between you, I really don't. I'd feel really bad if something did.

**CHERYL:** Oh, Betty I love you guys too. Even that doofus Rob. I'm sure you'll be good again as soon as Rob comes around. There must be some explanation.

**BETTY:** Like what?

**CHERYL:** I don't know. I can't think like a man does, my head would cave in from the vacuum! Men do dumb things, it's in their DNA. Remember when Greg found that full sized stuffed moose in the antique store?

**BETTY:** And he wanted to mount the head on the rec room wall...

**CHERYL:** And the rest of the moose in the next room on the other side of the wall?

**BETTY:** Something only a man would think of. But, he didn't actually buy it.

**CHERYL:** The only reason he didn't buy the moose was because I was there to stop him.

**BETTY:** But I wasn't there to stop Rob from buying *his* moose.

**CHERYL:** I like that! He "bought the moose". How many times has Rob "bought the moose"?

**BETTY:** We have a sizeable herd. And Greg?

**CHERYL:** At some point he must have bought a mating pair.

**BETTY:** Someday we'll spend an afternoon comparing stories of dumb things our men have done. We'll compare mooses. Meeses. . . . Moosi. . . whatever.

**CHERYL:** It's a date.

**BETTY:** Why? Why would he do that? It's our fifth anniversary next week and I thought he'd have a nice surprise for me. Boy was I wrong. Probably doesn't even remember.

**CHERYL:** You're probably right.

**BETTY:** Don't I satisfy him? Aren't I enough for him?

**CHERYL:** Who knows what he's thinking Betty.

**BETTY:** What was I doing wrong?

**CHERYL:** Nothing. You did nothing wrong. Remember, this isn't about you, it's about him. He's responsible for his own weirdness. To be honest, I can't believe he's always been into that, can you?

**BETTY:** I don't know, I really don't know.

**CHERYL:** *(pause)* This ice cream is going soft.

**BETTY:** Great! Why does everything have to remind me of Rob?

*Lights down on CHERYL's porch. Lights up on ROB's porch  
GREG enters carrying two bottles of beer*

**GREG:** Got these from the back of the fridge... nice and cold.

*Hands a beer to ROB*

**ROB:** Great. Why does everything have to remind me of Betty.

**GREG:** From here, that sounds like it's pretty much your own fault buddy.

**ROB:** Gee, thanks for the unwavering support.

**GREG:** You're welcome. *(looking at his beer bottle)* What is this stuff?

**ROB:** The thing is, I didn't do anything wrong.

**GREG:** Maybe not with Betty, but what's with this beer?

**ROB:** What?

**GREG:** Old Vienna. I didn't even know they made this anymore.  
*(\*note: a suitable local beer name may be substituted)*

**ROB:** I buy it so friends won't come over and drink all my beer. It's the "untrendiest" beer I could find, they think they don't like it.

**GREG:** So you never give a friend a beer?

**ROB:** Of course I do. If I want someone to have a beer, I just put it in a glass and give it a fancy name like "Suede Head" and they love it.

**GREG:** You're diabolical. Cheers.

**ROB:** Cheers

**GREG:** So, are you ready?

**ROB:** For what?

**GREG:** To do something about this.

**ROB:** Like what?

**GREG:** Resolve it.

**ROB:** It's unresolvable.

**GREG:** No, it's a stupid misunderstanding which sounds like it's almost all your fault.

**ROB:** Eat your doodles.

**GREG:** You were teaching yourself how to dance, you were doing that for Betty. You have to let her know that.

**ROB:** Will you stop pushing me? I know what it is, I know what happened and I also know that what's come between us is not that easy to fix.

**GREG:** Anything can be fixed you just have to know which part isn't working.

**ROB:** I'm the part getting replaced.

**GREG:** Nah, you just need to be refurbished.

**ROB:** I need *something*. (pause) You know, this is the first time we've sat down and talked like this since... I don't know when.

**GREG:** Who's keeping track?

**ROB:** Nobody. But it's nice for each of us to be aware of how the other is doing.

**GREG:** I'm doing fine, you're doing not so fine. There.

**ROB:** We're each just trying to make our own way, aren't we.

**GREG:** I guess.

**ROB:** Just trying to be the best we can be..

**GREG:** What are you talking about?

**ROB:** Us. You, me.

**GREG:** What?

**ROB:** What's the thing that scares you the most?

**GREG:** Who says I'm scared?

**ROB:** We all are.

**GREG:** Now you're starting to worry me.

**ROB:** What makes you want to curl up in a corner and cry?

**GREG:** You asking questions like that.

**ROB:** Well, what is it? What makes you feel vulnerable?

**GREG:** What's with the flakey questions?

**ROB:** It's one of those questions that helps you see inside the other person.

**GREG:** Why do you want to see inside me?

**ROB:** With Betty leaving I've been re-evaluating.

**GREG:** Re-evaluating what?

**ROB:** My relationships.

**GREG:** What's that supposed to mean?

**ROB:** It's about strengthening bonds. I've lost one relationship and I'll be damned if I'm going to let others go too.

**GREG:** *(takes his beer)* You're cut off.

**ROB:** Why are you here?

**GREG:** You're my brother, it's my job.

**ROB:** *(takes his beer back)* Sure it's not more than that?

**GREG:** No, it's my job to make sure you do something about this. Call her. Right now.

**ROB:** No.

**GREG:** Why not?

**ROB:** Because she won't answer.

**GREG:** So what if she doesn't? You'll be no worse off than you are now. And if she answers maybe you won't have to do all this weird re-evaluating stuff.

**ROB:** *(joking)* I need a hug.

**GREG:** *(showing his fist)* Hug this! Now call her.

**ROB:** I dunno...

**GREG:** Do it!

**ROB:** Fine.

*ROB picks up his phone and starts to call. Lights up on CHERYL's porch. Both porches are now lit. BETTY's phone rings.*

**BETTY:** *(BETTY looks at her phone) AAAHHHH!! (or eek! Or some similar sound.)*

*The exchanges before BETTY answers the phone are quick and frantic.*

**ROB:** Damn! I forgot to block it, she's gonna know it's me!

**BETTY:** It's him. It's him!

**ROB:** I'm gonna hang up.

**GREG:** Don't you dare.

**BETTY:** What do I do?

**CHERYL:** Answer it!

**ROB:** What if she answers?

**GREG:** Talk to her!

**BETTY:** What if he wants to talk?

**CHERYL:** Of course he wants to talk!

**ROB:** I don't know what to say to her!

**GREG:** Think of something!

**BETTY:** He won't talk, he never knows what to say!

**CHERYL:** Give him a chance!

**ROB:** She probably won't even give me a chance!

**CHERYL:** Answer it, answer it!

**BETTY:** Ok! Ok! *(very coolly)* Hello?

**CHERYL:** What? What's he saying?

**BETTY:** Too late it went to voice mail.

**ROB:** Can you believe it? She let it go voice mail.  
Listen!

*He presses the speaker button on the phone and we hear Betty's voice "either hang up or drop dead".*

That's it, I'm not calling back. I want to be insulted again like I ... *(we hear the "beep")* ...I want a hole in my head.

*He presses a key to end the call*

**CHERYL:** See, you should've answered it.

**BETTY:** I did. I tried.

**ROB:** This is perfect for her. This way she can tell me to drop dead without even wasting the oxygen. She doesn't even have to bother inhaling.

*Lights down on ROB's porch*

**CHERYL:** OK, just breathe... calm down. . .Did he leave a message?

**BETTY:** *(she looks at her phone and presses numbers)* Yes.

**CHERYL:** That's good, he wants to talk.

*BETTY listens to the message*

**BETTY:** All he said was... "I want a hole in my head".

**CHERYL:** I want a hole in my head?

**BETTY:** Yeah.

**CHERYL:** What do you think that means?

**BETTY:** What else could it mean?

**CHERYL:** You don't mean...

**BETTY:** No, he wouldn't do something like that. Would he?

**CHERYL:** What if he's desperate?

**BETTY:** Oh my god!

**CHERYL:** Does he have a gun?

**BETTY:** No, but he has a baseball bat.

**CHERYL:** You think he's going to poke a hole in his head with a baseball bat?

**BETTY:** How should I know?

**CHERYL:** Maybe you should call him back.

**BETTY:** But what if he's done something stupid?

**CHERYL:** Then he won't answer, will he? Call him!

**BETTY:** I can't.

**CHERYL:** Never mind, I'll do it.

*CHERYL takes the phone from BETTY and calls. Lights up on ROB's porch. Lights are now up on both porches. ROB's phone rings, he picks it up and looks at it*

**ROB:** It's her. Maybe she wants the chance to hang up on me.

**GREG:** Answer it.

**ROB:** No. *She* can go to voice mail. I wish I had an insulting voice message.

**GREG:** Gimme that thing! *(he takes ROB's phone and answers it)* Hello Betty.

**CHERYL:** Hello?... Greg?

**GREG:** Cheryl? Where are you?

**CHERYL:** At home. Betty's here with me. Is Rob alright?

**GREG:** He's a little upset but he's fine.

**CHERYL:** *(to BETTY)* He's a little upset but he's fine.

**BETTY:** *(angry)* Only a *little* upset!?

**CHERYL:** He hasn't tried to hurt himself has he?

**GREG:** Only with a clothes pin, but apart from that he seems OK. When did Betty get there?

**CHERYL:** Not long after you called.

**ROB:** She's with Betty?

**GREG:** They're both at my place.

**ROB:** How is she?

**GREG:** *(to Cheryl)* How's Betty?

**CHERYL:** Well, she's a little upset too.

**GREG:** (to Rob) She's a little upset.

**ROB:** Only a little upset? That's good!

**GREG:** Quiet! This is our chance to fix this.

**CHERYL:** Have you heard what happened?

**GREG:** Yep, I heard the whole story.

**CHERYL:** About the sex doll?

**GREG:** Yep, the whole thing.

**CHERYL:** What on earth was going on?

**GREG:** Actually, it was all perfectly normal, he...

**CHERYL:** Normal? Is that what you call normal?

**GREG:** I mean what he was doing with it was perfectly normal...

**CHERYL:** How can you do anything "perfectly normal" with a sex doll? I can think of a lot of things to do with a sex doll and not one of them is "perfectly normal".

**GREG:** What kinds of things?

**CHERYL:** How many things did Rob do with it?

**GREG:** He didn't do anything!

**CHERYL:** Do you want one?

**GREG:** No, of course not!

**CHERYL:** Then why are you defending Rob?

**GREG:** That doesn't follow...

**CHERYL:** So you don't think what Rob was doing was a bad idea.

**GREG:** I don't think so, not really.

**CHERYL:** Not a bad idea!?

**GREG:** No, not really, he...

**CHERYL:** I can't believe what you're saying!

**GREG:** But the thing is he was just...

**CHERYL:** He was just what? Cheating on Betty with a plastic paramour?

**GREG:** No, dancing! *(to ROB)* What's a paramour?

**CHERYL:** A secret lover, you idiot.

**GREG:** I wasn't talking to you. And they weren't "cheating", they were...

**CHERYL:** *(interrupting)* I know, "dancing". Well, dancing is a vertical expression of a horizontal desire!

**GREG:** Isn't that an old country music song?

**CHERYL:** Don't change the subject. Rob was alone with a sex doll and he...

**GREG:** Come on, it's not as if we was trying to...

**CHERYL:** So now you're making excuses for him? *(to BETTY)* He's making excuses for him!

**ROB:** What's she saying?

**GREG:** Come on baby, I ...

**CHERYL:** Don't you "baby" me! I know he's your brother but I really didn't expect you to take his side on this. There's a line that has to be drawn when it comes to reasonable behaviour in a relationship and up until now I was pretty sure which side of the line you were on but now, I'm beginning to wonder what you've been doing down in that man cave of yours!

**GREG:** I'm sorry, I...

**CHERYL:** You're sorry? Sorry for what?

**GREG:** I don't know!

**CHERYL:** Well why don't you think about it and call me back when you're ready to explain yourself and your brother.

**GREG:** But he didn't do anything wrong. In fact if I were in Rob's place I might do the exact same thing!

**CHERYL:** The same thing!? Ok, that's it! You've really done it... you've bought the moose. Goodbye!

*CHERYL hangs up. Lights down on CHERYL's porch. GREG stands with the phone in his hand looking stunned and confused.*

**GREG:** What just happened here?

**Lights Down**

**End of Act 1**