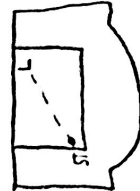


Blocking Draft

Scene 2: The Singing Telegram

It's 7:30 on the same Friday night in the same alternate suburban reality.
 Lights up on the LIVING ROOM of a modest home.
 A MAN in full singing telegram regalia arrives.
 He knocks on the door.



Behind SL door

LOUISE. (From off.) Oh, my gosh! Gary?!? You're early!
 LOUISE OVERBEE—ebullient, open, passionate, driven, successful, and smart—enters, scrambling to get herself together.
 We hear more knocking.
 Hold on! It's only 7:30, sweetie! I thought you said be ready at eight?!?
 Louise grabs her bag.
 We hear more knocking.
 I'm comin', I'm comin', cool your jets!
 Louise opens the door.
 The man dressed in full singing telegram regalia is not who she was expecting to see.

Cross to DSR door

Oh—um... Hello.
 SINGING TELEGRAM MAN (STM). (Cheerily.) Hello! Singing telegram for Miss Louise Overbee!
 LOUISE. Um—I'm sorry—what?
 STM. Singing telegram for Miss Louise Overbee!
 LOUISE. Wh—? Singing telegram?
 STM. Yup. For Miss Louise Overbee, are you Louise Overbee?
 LOUISE. Yeah.
 STM. Okay, good! Singing telegram for Miss Louise Overbee!
 LOUISE. Are you [serious]—? Seriously?
 STM. Yeah!
 LOUISE. I didn't know they had those anymore, // singing telegrams.

STM. Oh—they do!
 LOUISE. Really?!?
 STM. Yup.
 LOUISE. Okay, um...well, can I see some credentials?
 STM. Oh—yeah—sorry—here.
 The Singing Telegram Man presents some sort of identification.
 LOUISE. The SuperCenter? >
 STM. Yeah—
 LOUISE. You work out of the SuperCenter?
 STM. Yeah, it's a new service they're providing. They have a kiosk.
 LOUISE. Oh. Okay. Well...um... [This is weird.] Who's it from?
 STM. Huh?
 LOUISE. My singing telegram: Who's it from?
 STM. Oh. Um—sorry—this is my first day—um...
 The Singing Telegram Man checks an information card.
 ...Gary.

LOUISE. (Super happy and excited.) GARY?!?
 STM. (Confused.) Yeah...
 LOUISE. Really?!?
 STM. Yeah...
 LOUISE. Well—... (Overjoyed.) What's he—? What is he doing?
 What is he up to?!?
 STM. Um, I // don't know.
 LOUISE. This is so neat!
 STM. Yeah, um, can I ask you somethin' real quick? Who is... Gary?
 LOUISE. Oh! He's my guy!
 STM. He's [your guy]?!—
 LOUISE. I think we're gonna get married! >
 STM. Oh!
 LOUISE. And honestly—that's something that I just thought wasn't gonna happen for me, and now— (JOY!) —aaaaah!
 STM. Well, congratulations! // Um—

she steps inside and paces, lost in her own world!



LOUISE. Thanks! I'm lucky. He's pretty great. I mean—get this: Tonight—he's taking me dancing! Isn't that neat?? For a guy to take a girl dancing on a Friday night, in this day and age??

STM. Y//eah!

LOUISE. Yeah! He's always doing stuff like that, always surprising me, and boy, this takes the cake!! I mean, a singing telegram?? So retro!!!

STM. Yeah!

LOUISE. And so fun! So, how do we do this?, I guess just come on in, and...

STM. (Not wanting to enter Louise's home and sing what he has to sing.) Oh—u//m—

LOUISE. Where's good?

STM. You know what? I don't want to intrude, so—

LOUISE. You're not intruding!

STM. No, I don't think—

LOUISE. You're not! Now get in here and sing me my singing telegram, Singing Telegram Man!

STM. Well—

LOUISE. (Insistent.) Get in here!

STM. O//kay.

The Singing Telegram Man reluctantly enters.

LOUISE. Arggh! This is so FUN! I mean, what is he up to??

STM. Um...I'm not sure. — *Are for USSR after line*

LOUISE. (Gasping—huge revelation.) Oh! Oh-my-gosh! Wait! Aaaa! I think I might know what he's up to! Oh-my-[goodness]-aaaaaaaah! I've been thinking that he might do something like this!, Is he—...Oh, my goodness, I can't breathe—hooooo: Is he proposing to me?? >

STM. Um...

LOUISE. Is that what's happening right now??

STM. Well—

LOUISE. Aaaaah! He's proposing, isn't he! >

STM. Well—

LOUISE. Aaaaaah!!!, He's-proposing-he's-proposing-he's-proposing-he's PROPOSIIIIIIIIIIING!!!! AAAAAAAAH!!! — *she turns to face him*

Beat.

Louise is overjoyed and full of anticipation, waiting for the Singing Telegram Man to start singing.

But the Singing Telegram Man is not singing.

He's just standing there, doing nothing.

Well, don't just stand there! Go ahead! Sing! Sing!! Aaaaaah! This is so crazy!

STM. Yeah.

Beat.

The Singing Telegram Man is frozen.

LOUISE. What's wrong?

STM. Nothin'.

LOUISE. Are you okay?

STM. Yeah.

LOUISE. Well—then, let's go! Sing!

The Singing Telegram Man does nothing.

Come on! Sing me my singing telegram, Singing Telegram Man!

Beat.

STM. I can't.

LOUISE. What?

STM. I can't do this.

LOUISE. You can't do what?

STM. (Coming up with an excellent lie to get himself out of the predicament he finds himself in.) Sing!

LOUISE. What?

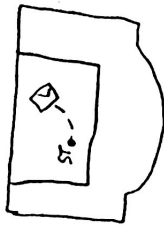
STM. I can't sing!

LOUISE. You can't sing!!? — *Louise stands as she says "sing"*

STM. Nope!

LOUISE. Of course you can sing, you're a singing telegram man!

STM. No. I can't.
 LOUISE. Well—how in the world did you get to be a singing telegram man if you can't sing? >
 STM. Um—
 LOUISE. How did you get this job if you can't sing?!!
 STM. Um, well—
 LOUISE. I mean, didn't you have to audition?!!
 STM. No—
 LOUISE. No?!!
 STM. No, 'cause, see, I guess there's just a real shortage // of us—
 LOUISE. There's a shortage?!!
 STM. Yeah, there's a shortage of singing telegram men right now, // and—
 LOUISE. There's a shortage of singing telegram men right // now?!!
 STM. Yeah, and I guess they just liked me and thought I was pretty charming // and that—
 LOUISE. Really. — *begin cross to S.T.M.*
 STM. —yeah—and that I had a lot of charisma, and, so, I think they had the confidence that I could pull it off.
 LOUISE. Really. — *end meet to STM*
 STM. Yeah, // but—
 LOUISE. Well then, pull it off.
 STM. Huh?
 LOUISE. Pull it off. *cross back to STM*
 STM. But I can't sing, / *cough*
 LOUISE. Tough! It's your job, so do your job! — *cut*
 STM. But I—
 LOUISE. Do your job, Singing Telegram Man!
 STM. (Fear.) But—
 LOUISE. (Fiercely—and losing it a little.) Do it!! I'm excited about this!!! This could be BIG for me!!!!
 STM. (Finally—and reluctantly—obliging.) All right, Miss Overbee.



LOUISE. Thank you!
 STM. Um...
The Singing Telegram Man collects himself...and then continues.
 Okay, um...singing telegram for Miss Louise Overbee from Gary.
 LOUISE. (All starry.) Aw, Gary. He is somethin' else, isn't he?
 STM. Yup. He is.
Little beat.
 Well, here goes.
The Singing Telegram Man takes out a pitch pipe, finds his note, and sings a song called "No Lie."
"No Lie" is an original song written for this scene. Sheet music is available from Dramatists Play Service.
Here are the lyrics:
 We met and BAM!
 You said I was the one.
 We have good times.
 We have way too much fun.
 And now it's time
 For me to tell you
 Somethin' straight from my heart,
 Somethin' that's true.
 Now I don't want you to misconstrue,
 So listen close cuz this is the truth.
 Just like that old song says:
 I want you, I need you,
 But I ain't ever gonna love you, Louise.
 Don't you dare go gettin' down on your knees.
 I gotta set myself free.
 It's no lie.
 I'm sorry if I am makin' you cry.
 I never loved you, although I tried.
 I gotta be true to me.

I know you thought
 You found a love that would last.
 I know your heart
 Is probably smashed.
 But I can't live
 This lie anymore.
 I need to go my own way.
 I'll show myself the door.

Just like that old song says:
 I want you, I need you,
 but I ain't ever gonna love you, Louise.
 Don't you dare go gettin' down on your knees.
 I gotta be true to me.
 It's no lie.
 I'm sorry if I am makin' you cry.
 I never loved you, although I tried.
 I gotta set us both free.

[Note: If you can get the rights, the chorus of "Two Out of Three Ain't Bad" by Meatloaf works really well as the song the Singing Telegram Man sings.]

After the Singing Telegram Man sings his song there is a long, long beat.

The awfulness of what just happened washes over Louise.

She is devastated.

And finally says:

LOUISE. What the [F#@ just happened, here]—.

A horrible little beat.

I thought you said you couldn't sing.

STM. Yeah, well—

LOUISE. You sing very well.

STM. Yeah. I can sing fine. I just didn't want to sing *that* to you.

Beat.

LOUISE. Wow. This is—...



*cross to be
next to couch*

The surreal awfulness of what has just happened consumes Louise.

Long beat.

STM. Um...I have another appointment that I have to get to...

The Singing Telegram Man starts to leave. — turn and step

And then he stops.

Um... — turn around to face Louise

The Singing Telegram Man produces a business card or an information card.

Here's—...um...they ask us to ask you to rate my performance.
 Here's info on how to do that.

The Singing Telegram Man leaves a business card or an information card somewhere and starts to go.

LOUISE. (Stopping the Singing Telegram Man.) What's—?!? Why did he do this?!? Why would anyone do this? What kind of a person... does this—like this?

STM. The kind of person I don't think you want to be with.

Little beat.

I'm so sorry.

Little beat.

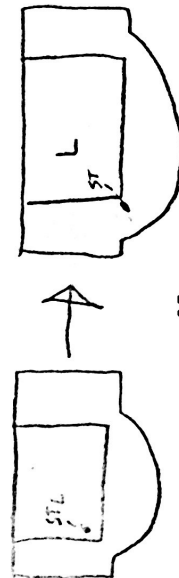
Goodbye, Miss Overbee.

The Singing Telegram Man starts to go—but stops and turns to Louise...but doesn't say anything...and then leaves.

The lights fade on a sad and perplexed Louise—and on a sad and perplexed Singing Telegram Man, who is just outside her door.

Existential space vacuum sound/music/transition.

And we move on to...



STM takes a couple steps to leave. Louise springs up from couch and pursues

