

KENZIE: But you're my hero. You're everybody's hero around here.

MILO: I didn't ask for that.

KENZIE: You loved it! You loved being right in the centre, saying hi to all the teachers, patting the younger kids on the head. You loved being the best. You loved being the sun at the centre of the universe. You are my sun, you're the person I aspire to be. Everyone wants to be you. You got out! Milo got out of this rotten town. If Milo got out we can too. You're our hero. We need you.

MILO: I can't.

KENZIE: Promise me you won't quit.

MILO: I tried.

KENZIE: Promise.

MILO: I'm done.

KENZIE: So now what?

MILO: I don't know.

KENZIE: You gonna work at the mall? You gonna work at the fry truck on Jasper?

MILO: I don't want to do anything right now.

KENZIE: You were our hope, Milo. Now what do we do? What do we do?

MILO stares at her, then turns away.

— THE END —

Weird

by Lindsay Price

Characters

DAVE (twenties) A little insecure. But genuine and sincere. And has a secret.

POLLY (twenties) A little insecure. But sweet and open. And has a secret.

Setting

A quiet street.

DAVE and POLLY enter. They are on a first date and are having a good time.

POLLY: I'm so glad we got to do this.

DAVE: Me too.

POLLY: I can't believe I, I mean – *(she shakes her head and laughs)*

DAVE: What?

POLLY: It's just – don't take this the wrong way, but I can't believe this worked out. *(she makes a face)* That came out wrong.

DAVE: Oh no. I totally know what you mean.

POLLY: Oh yeah?

DAVE: I don't think, I didn't think internet dating was for me.

POLLY: Me either. I never thought I'd do it at all.

DAVE: Me either.

POLLY: It's just so, you know? I always thought... I don't want to be mean.

DAVE: Go ahead, be mean.

POLLY: You know, those kind of people, the ones who need the internet to find a date.

DAVE: Those desperate people...

POLLY: And it gets you thinking, am I one of those people? Am I?

DAVE: And then, you meet them.

POLLY: Exactly.

DAVE: I met a girl, my first match, I mean, we had a great time. But she wouldn't date me, couldn't date me because she was a Gemini and I was a Scorpio.

POLLY: Ok, so why would a guy say he was slim and athletic in his profile, and then turn out to be an overweight smoker?

DAVE: No!

POLLY: He said he didn't smoke but he reeked of it. Reeked! You know that everywhere smell? *(she shakes her head)* So! What movie do you want to see?

During the following POLLY gets really fidgety and agitated.

DAVE: There's *Association of Evil* and *Beat Cop*, which could be funny and *Wound* which is definitely not funny. So it depends what you're up for, funny or not so funny and I think I want funny but I hear *Wound* is really good. But maybe it's better if we keep it –

POLLY: Hold on a sec will you?

POLLY turns away from DAVE and proceeds to make the most obnoxious, loud, vomit-sounding noise. She hacks and dry heaves with her whole entire body while DAVE stares at her. When she's finished, she turns right back toward DAVE and is right back in the moment. DAVE is in shock.

POLLY: Let's see *Beat Cop*. I love action flicks. *(DAVE says nothing)* Dave? What's the matter?

DAVE: *(in shock)* Are you... are you all right?

POLLY: Oh yes.

DAVE: But you just –

POLLY: *(totally relaxed)* I'm fine. I can't believe you volunteer for the MS run! I've been doing it for five years now, and I can't believe we've never crossed paths. Do you do any other volunteering?

DAVE: Uh... *(shaking it off and getting back into the swing of things)* Yeah. I'm a big brother.

POLLY: You are not.

DAVE: I'm not?

POLLY: *(pointing at herself)* Big sister.

DAVE: You are not!

POLLY: Were you at the picnic this summer? At Sumner Park?

DAVE: I totally was.

POLLY: *(same time as DAVE)* That's so weird.

DAVE: *(same time as POLLY)* That's so weird.

They both laugh.

DAVE: Jinx!

POLLY: *(she speaks easily without thinking about what she's saying)* Must mean we were destined to meet – *(she claps a hand over her mouth)* Sorry! That just came out. Sorry.

DAVE: *(not bothered)* It's ok.

POLLY: It's too soon. Way too soon. Holy cow, I can't believe –

DAVE: It's ok. Really.

POLLY: You think?

DAVE: Absolutely.

POLLY: You know it's a – internet dating is a –

DAVE: A tightrope.

POLLY: A crap shoot.

DAVE: You never know if you're going to get a fat Gemini who smokes.

POLLY: *(laughing)* Exactly. I'm starved! Where do you want to eat?

During the following POLLY gets really agitated.

DAVE: I don't know. We could do Chinese, or there's this great seafood place down town, or maybe Thai. Do you feel like Thai? I could go either way, Chinese, Thai, Chinese, Thai –

POLLY: Hold on a sec will you?

POLLY turns away from DAVE and proceeds to make the most obnoxious, loud, vomit sounding noise. She hacks and dry heaves with her whole entire body while DAVE stares at her. When she's finished, she turns back and is right back in the moment.

POLLY: Let's do Thai.

DAVE: What are you doing!

POLLY: What?

DAVE: You vomit when I mention movies, you vomit when I mention restaurants.

POLLY: It's nothing.

DAVE: That is not nothing.

POLLY: I don't like to talk about it.

DAVE: That is very much something.

POLLY: It's complicated.

DAVE: That is not Scorpios and Geminis.

POLLY: All right!

DAVE: I mean is that going to happen every –

POLLY: All right, I said all right. I'll tell you. *(she exhales noisily)* I'm... you see I'm... you know?

DAVE: No.

POLLY: Right. Ok. *(she laughs nervously)* I'm... allergic to indecision.

DAVE: Excuse me?

POLLY: I'm allergic to indecision.

DAVE: How?

POLLY: When I hear someone being indecisive, I – you know... *(she cutely fake vomits)*

DAVE: You're kidding.

POLLY: I wish.

DAVE: Ok.

POLLY: As long as I'm not around indecision – perfectly normal.

DAVE: Ok.

POLLY: In every way.

DAVE: And you're not kidding.

POLLY: I wish. *(stepping forward)* Go ahead.

DAVE: *(stepping back)* What?

POLLY: Try it.

DAVE: On purpose?

POLLY: Sure. It doesn't hurt. It sounds a lot worse than it actually is.

DAVE: Ok... So if I can't decide between the red wire and the blue wire... you're sure?

POLLY: Keep going.

DAVE: Ok. The red wire and the blue wire, *(he looks at POLLY who waves)* I don't know which to cut and if I choose the wrong one it will mean the end of all mankind as we know it. But I can't decide. Oh boy how indecisive am I! Red wire, blue wire, I can't make a decision! Red wire, blue wire, red, blue, red, blue, red, blue, red –

During the above, POLLY becomes agitated, runs around in a circle, flapping her arms and finally turns away to make the most obnoxious, loud, vomit sounding noise. She hacks and dry heaves with her whole entire body. When she's finished, she daintily turns back as if nothing has happened and dabs at her mouth with a tissue.

DAVE: Holy cow.

POLLY: You ok?

DAVE: Sure...

POLLY: It's weird. It's too weird, isn't it?

DAVE: No...

POLLY: It is.

DAVE: (*more decisive*) No, it's not.

POLLY: It's too weird for the first date.

DAVE: Hey, everybody's got, you know. Everybody's weird in some way.

POLLY: I couldn't exactly put that in my profile. By the way, I vomit.

DAVE: It's more of a dry heave.

POLLY: I'd never get a date.

DAVE: There's not one person on this earth who's perfect. Not one.

POLLY: Not even you?

DAVE: Of course not! Far from it.

POLLY: Good. People are more interesting when they're flawed.

DAVE: I'm glad you said that. And think that. And since we seem to, um...

POLLY: What?

DAVE: Nothing. Well, we've sort of arrived at this juncture, this kind of conversation...

POLLY: What?

DAVE: It's not something I wanted to reveal on the first date either, but maybe...

POLLY: (*now really curious*) What is it?

DAVE: It's not something I go around sharing... You'll laugh.

POLLY: How could I? I've almost vomited on you three times.

DAVE: You won't laugh?

POLLY: I promise.

DAVE: Ok. (*really fast*) I really like *Star Trek*. (*he closes his eyes and cringes*)

POLLY: And?

DAVE: (*opening his eyes*) You didn't laugh.

POLLY: Why would I? Everybody's got a favourite TV show.

DAVE: (*dead serious*) It's not just a TV show, Polly. It's a state of mind. A belief system.

POLLY: Oh?

DAVE: I go to the conventions.

POLLY: Conventions?

DAVE: And the cruises.

POLLY: They have cruises?

DAVE: They're awesome! Everyone dresses up and there are all these panels, and a ton of peel and eat shrimp. I have a model of the *Starship Enterprise* hanging in my bedroom.

POLLY: A model...

DAVE: I made it myself. It lights up even! Took me forever to get the wiring just right. And at night, I look up into the starry sky, I have the milky way painted on the ceiling, and I see the lights of the ship blinking in the darkness and I can believe everything is all right in the world. Everything is going to be all right. (*he exhales and laughs*) Whew! You know, that feels so good to get out. Let's get some food. (*he steps forward*)

POLLY: (*she steps back*) I don't think so.

DAVE: What?

POLLY: You know what, I'm not all that hungry. And I'm tired. Really tired. (*she fake yawns*)

DAVE: Are you kidding?

POLLY: And I have to wash my hair. Every night for the rest of my life.

She runs off.

DAVE: Oh come on! It's just a model! (*he shakes his head and puts his hands on his hips*) Stupid internet dating.

– THE END –