

VIOLET. “Under the instruction of his guru, Ashrita says he can overcome the physical pain and mental anguish of his testing record attempts.”

FREDDY. Holy Zeus.

VIOLET. Ashrita is amazing! I don’t want to beat him—I want to be just like him.

FREDDY. Be like Ashrita, Vi.

VIOLET. I will, Freddy. OK let’s pick, one last time...

(VIOLET does an elaborate physical gesture, closes her eyes and picks. FREDDY reads.)

FREDDY. “Longest Duration Balancing on One Foot.”

VIOLET. I can do that!

FREDDY. “The longest recorded duration for balancing on one foot is 76 hr 40 min by Arulanantham Suresh Joachim of Sri Lanka...” You can do that!

(VIOLET balances on one foot, contorting her body and waving her arms as needed.)

VIOLET. I’m breaking a world’s record right now—see? Freddy, time me!

FREDDY. I am! I’m always timing you, Vi, just in case.

VIOLET. How long?

FREDDY. Two minutes and 5 seconds, 6, 7, 8, 9...

VIOLET. And how much longer until—

(The ringing of a very loud school bell.)

FREDDY. School?

VIOLET. I hate the fifth grade.

BOY MEETS GIRL: A YOUNG LOVE STORY

by Sam Wolfson

based on a sketch written by Sam Wolfson and Richie Keen

Characters

SAM

KATIE

Scene

Sam and Katie are 5-year-olds who, like everybody, have some emotional baggage. They grow acquainted over lunch and in each other find a reprieve from the doldrums of everyday pre-school life.

Author Note

The two actors in this scene should not in any way, shape or form try to “act 5 years old,” in terms of voice inflection, posture, etc... The actors should just be themselves, and act their age. That is where the comedy lies.

(Lights up on a pre-school playground.)

(KATIE sits alone and eats lunch on a bench. SAM enters.)

SAM. *(Saying hello to an offstage friend:)* Stuie! What’s up buddy, how’s it going? Good to see you out. *(To another offstage friend:)* Jose—como sta, mi amigo? Sweet lookin’ Izod, buddy, that’s sharp. *(Beat.)* No, they’re coming back, they’re coming back.

(SAM sits down next to KATIE on the bench. He opens his lunchbox and proceeds to eat his lunch. Then, attempting conversation with KATIE...)

SAM. How’s it going?

KATIE. OK.

SAM. Right on. *(Beat.)* How ’bout that coloring inside the lines, huh?

KATIE. Yeah, it’s pretty tough.

SAM. I mean, I’m five, I don’t need those boundaries.

(Beat.)

KATIE. Counting to 20 is hard.

SAM. Tell me about it. Up to 9 it's easy, then you get to the teens and it's just like, woah.

KATIE. And is it really necessary to be tested in front of the entire class. Like I need that added pressure.

SAM. I know! What are we, playing Hot Lava out there?! Save that energy for the playground.

(They both laugh. Then have nothing to say. Awkward beat as they go back to eating. SAM goes in again...)

SAM. And that spelling bee this morning...

KATIE. Oh yeah, sorry I can't spell "parachute" correctly. Like that's really a first round word.

SAM. You totally got screwed on that one. "C-H?" What the hell are those letters doing in that word?

KATIE. I know, right?!

(They stare at each other for a beat, then smile.)

KATIE. I'm Katie.

SAM. I'm Sam.

KATIE / SAM. Nice to meet you.

KATIE. What do you do, Sam?

SAM. I eat paste. That's more of a hobby really. I'm a day trader in the lunchroom. Snoballs, Star Crunches, desserts mostly. And yourself?

KATIE. I'm in sales.

SAM. Oh, what area?

KATIE. Girl scout cookies.

SAM. Really?

KATIE. I'm still just a brownie, but fingers crossed.

SAM. Wow. It is so great to finally meet a girl in this grade who does not want to be a princess. How's that going for you?

KATIE. Please—the cookies sell themselves. In fact, I made a huge sale this morning to Timmy Baker. He bought like six boxes of Thin Mints. He's so sweet—oh, there he is! *(Calling to offstage Timmy:)* Hi Timmy! *(Beat.)* I don't know how they get 'em so minty, they just do! *(Then to SAM:)* He's so yum.

SAM. Yeah, he is. So yum. *(Beat.)* It's too bad.

KATIE. What?

SAM. He got his test results back. Cooties.

KATIE. He tested positive?

SAM. Extremely positive.

KATIE. Timmy Baker has cooties?

SAM. Big ones.

KATIE. He seemed like such a nice boy.

SAM. Timmy Baker? He is kissing girls all the time. His mouth's all over the water fountain. And he's always sniffing those fruit scented markers, that can't be healthy. But I'm clean, Katie. Circle circle dot dot, I got my cootie shot, but Timmy...that guy's dirty.

KATIE. Thanks for the tip. It's nice to meet a boy who's not just trying to get into my cookies.

SAM. Boys can be such jerks, can't they?

KATIE. All I really want is someone to pull my hair, pull my skirt over my head, make me feel special, you know? I'm so sick of these boys who think they're so cool.

SAM. And I'm so sick of these girls where all they care about is, what kind of Big Wheel do you drive, and hanging out in the back of the bus. I've hung out in the back of the bus, it's really not that cool. What am I missing?

KATIE. Most people are so full of doody.

SAM. My last girlfriend was the worst.

KATIE. How long did you guys go out?

SAM. Two hours.

KATIE. That long?

SAM. Yes.

KATIE. What happened?

SAM. Well, in the morning I wrote her a note—I said check yes if you want to be my girlfriend, she did, everything was going great. And then by lunchtime I could tell she was growing a little distant. Then at the end of the day at the carpool circle, she was like, this isn't working out, and I think we should see other people.

KATIE. What changed her mind?

SAM. *(Beat—embarrassed:)* I might have uh...peed in my pants a couple of times.

KATIE. That happens to a lot of guys.

SAM. That's exactly what I told her! Don't get me wrong, I'm in total control now, I mean, I can hold it, but um...she uh...she hurt me really bad. And I just said, no more relationships for awhile.

KATIE. I'm so with you on that. My last boyfriend was just as bad. He bailed right when things started to get serious. One day we were just hanging out, sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G, first came love, then came marriage...but when it came to the baby in the baby carriage, he didn't want any part of it. He was like—hey, I never wanted kids, and I was like, hey, I didn't write the song buddy!

SAM. Well you know what—if he left you for that, then he wasn't Worth it. You deserve better, you're a great girl.

KATIE. *(Touched:)* Thanks. You're a great boy. *(Beat.)* So...what do you want to be when you grow up?

SAM. I'd rather not say, it's stupid.

KATIE. Just tell me.

SAM. *(Beat—embarrassed:)* I want to be a cowboy.

KATIE. Me too!

SAM. No way!

KATIE. Way!

SAM. You're like the coolest girl ever!

KATIE. I know!

SAM. We could be a posse together!

KATIE. I have been looking for a posse!

SAM. This is so cool— *(Looking around:)* Where is everybody going? *(Then realizing:)* Oh...naptime already.

KATIE. *(Gathering her stuff:)* Oh well, I guess we better go lay down.

SAM. *(Hopping up—nervous:)* Woah...

KATIE. No, not together!

SAM. Of course not—you go to your cubby area, I'll go to my cubby area. We're not going to lay down together—that's crazy, right? *(Beat.)* Well, it was really nice to meet you. And I'll see you in PE later.

KATIE. Cool. We're playing with the parachute today. *(Spelling the word:)* P-A-R-A-S-H-O-O-T—parashoot!

SAM. Hey, you're preaching to the choir.

(Awkward beat as they stare at each other, not wanting to leave.)

SAM. God, I want to nap with you.

KATIE. I want to nap with you too.

SAM. I don't mean that in a dirty way either, I really like you.

KATIE. I like you too—you're just all kinds of pretty.

SAM. But we probably shouldn't...unless you want to.

KATIE. I hardly know you, I can't nap with you.

SAM. It's too soon.

KATIE. If I nap with you, I'm napping with everyone you've ever napped with.

(Awkward beat as they stare at each other.)

SAM. I can't believe I'm about to do this.

(SAM takes out a folded up piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to KATIE.)

SAM. That's a standard girlfriend contract. Just check yes or no, no maybes! Please, no maybes. Just take your time and look it over—

KATIE. Do you have a crayon?

SAM. Yeah—right here.

(SAM hands KATIE a crayon.)

SAM. But there's no pressure to give me an answer now, I mean we just got out of relationships, so if you want to take your time and think about it—

KATIE. *(Checking yes:)* YES!

SAM. *(Grabbing the contract:)* Oh my God—you're my girlfriend!

KATIE. You're my boyfriend!

(SAM and KATIE grab the rest of their stuff and begin to exit SAM notices that KATIE left some garbage behind.)

SAM. Uh...girlfriend?

KATIE. *(Stopping and turning around:)* Yes, boyfriend?

SAM. *(Pointing to the garbage:)* You're a quitter if you litter.

KATIE. *(Embarrassed—picking up the garbage:)* I am so sorry.

SAM. It's not my rule.

KATIE. I am NOT a quitter.

SAM. No judgments. We're just doing our part.

(KATIE exits. SAM is left onstage alone. He holds up the girlfriend contract to the unseen Timmy Baker.)

SAM. IN YOUR FACE TIMMY BAKER!!!

(Lights out.)