

SONGS OF LOVE:
A Theatrical Mixtape
By Nat Cassidy

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Track Listing

1. The Bagel
2. “Can’t Wait to Get You Alone”
3. FUCK. YOU.
4. An Interrogation
5. “Jennifer”
6. Waking Up Is Hard to Do
7. “You”
8. The Lunar Eclipse
9. “The Last Time”
10. Ticking
11. “Freddy Dingo”
12. Love Song
13. “I Don’t Need You Around”
14. The Club
15. “Don’t Blow Your Chance of Happiness on Me”
16. The Scariest Thing
17. “Cliché”
18. Coda: The Bagel Reprise

NOTE:

The songs performed by the singer-songwriter should segue smoothly in and out of the scenes, like a crossfade. The singer-songwriter is also encouraged to perform other incidental foley effects, and, if he/she can beatbox, to score “The Club” entirely with his/her mouth. Also, harmonies/participation in the music by the rest of the cast is highly encouraged.

Songs of Love: A Theatrical Mixtape

was originally produced by Tin Drum Productions as part of the 2012 New York International Fringe Festival at The Players Theatre in New York City in August 2012.

The cast and crew were as follows:

THE BAGEL.....Matt Bailey, Tarantino Smith
FUCK YOU.....Ben Williams, Abby Royle
AN INTERROGATION.....Kristen Vaughan, Tarantino Smith
WAKING UP IS HARD TO DO.....Alexis Thomason, Ben Williams
THE LUNAR ECLIPSE.....Kristen Vaughan
TICKING.....Matt Bailey, Alexis Thomason
LOVE SONG.....Matt Bailey, Abby Royle
THE CLUB.....Abby Royle, Kristen Vaughan
THE SCARIEST THING.....Ben Williams, Abby Royle

Music written and performed by Nat Cassidy

Director: Nat Cassidy

Stage Manager: Genevieve Ortiz

Lighting Designer: Kia Rogers

Music Director: Alexis Thomason

ACR: Montserrat Mendez

"It's like an episode of Kids in the Hall written by Ionesco and scored by Jonathan Richman. This mixtape is so diverse that at times it can be hard to believe that the same writer wrote them all, and is a testament to Cassidy's versatility that he did. ... Cassidy's voice is truly unique, confident, and strong. [Some of the short plays] are so gorgeous they just about defy gravity. ... I wrote nearly half the thing down verbatim in my notebook as I watched because I wanted to make sure I'd remember those lines. It's hilariously self-referential, and poetic, and chilling. ... [Ben] Williams' performance in [the track titled "The Scariest Thing"] is one of the most upsetting, honest, jaw-droppingly raw moments of theater I've ever seen. ... At the end of the evening, my date turned to me and said, 'This restored my faith in theater,' and it's easy to see why. Mixtape is compassionate, hysterical, and has moments of gut-punching raw beauty."
- Mariah MacCarthy, The Happiest Medium

"Fabulous ... I crumbled. Tears poured down my face and I wasn't even embarrassed. ... [A] force of nature ... Hilarious ... The last piece may be the most warped first date I've ever witnessed or heard of. I could feel the audience freeze in their seats. ... Expect to laugh. Expect to relate. Expect to remember past love. Expect to speculate over current love. Expect to look to future love. Expect to cry. Expect to be moved. Expect to fall in love with this mixtape."
- Katelyn Collins, Around the Fringe in 20 Plays

"Nat Cassidy is an audacious fellow. ... He's clearly poured his heart into the project ... Gorgeous ... Brilliant satire ... [Cassidy's musical offerings] are truly inventive and well-utilized – a flattering imitation of Jonathan Richman from the film There's Something about Mary came to mind. ... I will be looking forward to Cassidy's next project, even if it's a set of covers."
- Josh Sherman, nytheatre.com

Track 1
“The Bagel”

[Lights rise on a deli with outdoor seating. CARLYLE sits at a table, drinking a coffee. There’s a bagel on a plate on the table. CHAD comes back from the bathroom and sits.]

CARLYLE (*stifling giggles*): Welcome back.

CHAD: Good to be back.

CARLYLE: Enjoy the bathroom?

CHAD: It was the best.

CARLYLE: Ready for your bagel?

CHAD: Cannot wait.

[CHAD starts to eat the bagel. CARLYLE starts giggling.]

CARLYLE: Hey, what kinda bagel is that, anyway?

CHAD: Everything.

CARLYLE: Ohhh. Yeah, it sure is.

CHAD: Uh-huh.

[CARLYLE giggles. Pause. CHAD continues to eat, suspicious now.]

CARLYLE: Soooo, how’s it taste?

CHAD: Fine. Good.

CARLYLE: Does it taste like every ... thing?

[CHAD puts the bagel down.]

CHAD: Goddamn it, dude, did you have sex with my bagel while I was in the bathroom?!

CARLYLE: I totally fucked your bagel!

CHAD: You asshole!

CARLYLE: I fucked the shit outta that bagel.

CHAD: Man, I'm starving—I haven't eaten all day!

CARLYLE: Hahaha—look at you, eating that slut bagel.

CHAD: Why the fuck would you do that?

CARLYLE: It was just sitting there, staring at me. It had to be done. That tight, round ...

CHAD: You dick.

CARLYLE: You know what?

CHAD: What?

CARLYLE: It was really good. Like, amazing.

CHAD: Really?

CARLYLE: Yeah! I don't know if it was the placement of the poppyseeds or what, but, man—best bagel I've ever fucked. No—made love to.

CHAD: Wait, you've fucked other bagels before?

CARLYLE: Made love to! And, of course! Whoa, don't tell me you've never penetrated a bagel before.

CHAD: Why would I ever fuck a bagel?! What the hell's wrong with you?!

CARLYLE: With me?! What's wrong with you? I thought you were Jewish!

CHAD: On my Dad's side!

CARLYLE: But you must've banged at least *some* of your breakfast foods, right?

CHAD: No!

CARLYLE: You never tossed your cereal?

CHAD: No!

CARLYLE: Felched your grapefruit?

CHAD: No!

CARLYLE: Hot Carl'd your egg whites?

CHAD: No!

CARLYLE: Fingerbanged your Toaster Strudel?

CHAD: Carlyle! Kids eat those! How long have you been a pervert?!

CARLYLE: WhoawhoawhoawhoaWHOA. How DARE you cast aspersions on me?! Who are you, Chad, to define what love is? Love abides by none of your petty rules. It is the river that overflows the dam. It is the light that pierceth the dark. Love, Chad, is a many-splendored thing, full of mysteries and winding paths. It is the melody that skips its time, but is made all the sweeter for its irregularities. L-O-V-E, sir, is nothing your paltry language can lock within its cell. Four letters encompassing the greater purpose of life itself, and what IS it to inhabit this feeling, Chad?

CHAD: Stop—

CARLYLE: What is it when *I* am in L-O-V-E, Chadrick, but to L-I-V-E. To love is to live, my friend, and if you cannot understand that, if you cannot rectify yourself to this simple but profound truth, I shall have no choice but to **SHOW YOU WITH A SERIES OF SHORT PLAYS!**

CHAD: Oh, god ...

[Lights fade on them as a singer/songwriter enters, carrying a guitar.]

Track 8
“The Lunar Eclipse”

[A monologue. Musician underscores as desired.]

“It was a joke, more or less. He had to have known that.” This is the first thought that crosses her mind. It was a joke, more or less. He had to have known that.

How absurd that this is what she thinks. But it is. There is no stopping that, anymore than there is stopping a dead tree from being brown. Water from being wet. A chinchilla from not being a typewriter.

It is night.

They first met when they were 7 years old. This is how many old stories begin—with meeting as children. It is a shorthand for a journey beginning in innocence. This journey begins in innocence. Almost everything does. We don’t need to think about the exceptions for this particular story.

She is standing outside, alone. Not then. Now. She is standing outside, alone, and it is night.

When they met, when they were 7 (this is the then-world now, not now), they behaved like most children do. They hated each other, then got distracted by some new emotion or object, and, within minutes of fomenting that hate, latched onto the other’s presence with hunger. They were children, after all. Children view other children as dogs view other dogs. As survivors view other survivors. Competition and confirmation. And innocence is nothing if not mercurial. This is because innocence is simply experience that hasn’t made up its mind yet.

She doesn’t know why she’s standing out here. Outside, alone, at night. It is cold and eerie. Some idea brought her out here. A whimsical remembrance of an eider-thought, a threadbare-cotton-thought, an ... oh, that’s right, an eclipse. Tonight is the eclipse. Tonight is the night the moon gets bashful.

After the age of seven, they floated in and out of each other’s lives. Sometimes they were featured characters, sometimes no more than an extra. It wasn’t until they reached their teens that their focus on the other reestablished itself. When their innocence began to make up its mind.

Back in the now-world, she thinks momentarily of her ex-husband. And of her children, now fully grown. Those closest to her had known of this boy from her past, this boy who had defined so many things for her ... but the depth of her passion was a well-guarded secret. She did not want to allow those she cared about in the now-world to resent this then-boy for getting there first. For being the definition. Sometimes, when we are not the definition, we are filled with

resentment. We do this even if we know we are the *embodiment*—a far more desirable station to hold, all things considered—we envy the definition. We are jealous creatures.

They were together from their teens to their mid-twenties. They lived together and played at the idea of marriage and a family together. But, unfortunately, it was not to be. Perhaps their shared history brought with it unnecessary and unbearable pressure on the relationship to succeed, to be a perfect story. Or perhaps it was just entropy. Acrimony. It builds up in a relationship the way lactic acid builds up in an overworked muscle. It's not necessarily personal, not always, but it is painful, and however beneficial the exercise may be, it must come to an end.

Back to the now-world. The thought of her ex-husband has come and gone. This is sad for him, to shortchange him like this. He has made an impression on her life, after all. He gave her her children. Her identity as a grown-up. But he is not the point tonight. Tonight she looks up at the sky and remembers.

She remembers how she moved on. How she lived her life. How she added to her definitions of love and motion, but how she was never able to change their root, their morpheme, the definition of the definition. And when she had learned of her love's death through friends, she was well into middle-age. The news was devastating, but in a distinctly quiet way. She had not seen or spoken to him in decades. Nothing in her life had changed due to this new compounded absence, so nothing *felt* particularly different. Only everything *was* different. Green was still green but the *meaning* of green was now new-green. Molecule for molecule, the world was still there. But the meaning of the word molecule had changed. When a possibility dies, it does not leave a body ... but it does leave a smell.

She remembers a night when they were in their early twenties, at the apex of their optimism, as their innocence quietly gathered its facts. They stood outside, in an equally cold and dark night as tonight. They were in their twenties and there was a lunar eclipse. They stayed up til 3 in the morning to see it. They stood outside, looking up. And, as they watched, he said, "The moon is like you." Oh, yeah? she replied, not knowing if it was time to be insulted or if this was a compliment made sweeter by disguise. "Yeah," he answered. "She has no problem being the center of attention, but every now and then, she gets a little bashful. And this only makes you love her more." This made her feel warm, blanket-on-a-stormy-day-warm, and she gripped his hand, as if the loveliness of his words might have accidentally threatened some jealous god and she had to act as his anchor to keep him from being whisked away in punishment. "The next one won't be for another 40 years, you know." Lunar eclipses happen all the time. "Not like this," he answered. And he was right. It was a special one. The moon was red.

Tonight, the moon is red. 40 years later, the same moon. Blushing and ready to hide, as if remembering a delicious secret. And she is alone, remembering, as well.

She was holding his hand and she brought it to her mouth to kiss. 40 years, huh? Let's make a promise. He laughed at this, patient but mocking, and she bit his hand playfully in reprimand. Let's make a promise. No matter what happens, let's be together for the next one. "What could happen?" he asked. She looked up at the moon and didn't answer.

Now she is an old woman. Which is to say, now she is that same twenty year old girl, but her body has, like all bodies, made her mind promises and then broken them. It has lied to her. Bodies are the worst, cruelest liars. And they make up their minds without having all the facts

She looks up at the moon. The red, blushing moon, slowly hiding behind an upheld palm, needing privacy for just a moment.

And when she hears footsteps behind her, she is filled with fear. Fear of the unknown. And fear that the 40 years in between points on the timeline of her life have just been folded over and lost. There is exhilaration in that fear, but that's still an awfully big chunk to lose. And with the fear comes sadness. Is she sad that she is alone? She doesn't know. She can't decide ... and there is some peace in that.

She hears footsteps behind her and she turns around. The footsteps are coming from far away, echoing in the isolated dark. But then a silhouette appears on the horizon. Too far away to see clearly. And the moon is red. Embarrassed. Or demented.

No matter what happens, let's be together for the next one.

What could happen?

And the footsteps grow louder. And the figure approaches in the red-tinged moonlight.

It was a joke, more or less. He had to have known that.

Track 9
"The Last Time"

DON'T LET IT BE THE LAST TIME
DON'T LET IT BE THE LAST TIME
DON'T LET IT BE THE LAST TIME
LIKE LAST TIME

ALL THE NIGHTS
YOU DON'T COME HOME
TELL ME, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

ANOTHER GUY
JUST DON'T EXIST
WHO COULD EVER, EVER LOVE YOU MORE

THE HOUSE BECAME A MESS
WHEN HE TOOK OFF YOUR DRESS
BUT BABY I CONFESS
YOU'RE STILL MY HAPPINESS

DON'T LET IT BE THE LAST TIME
DON'T LET IT BE THE LAST TIME
DON'T LET IT BE THE LAST TIME
LIKE LAST TIME

ANOTHER NIGHT
AND WE BREAK UP
BABY YOU DON'T HAVE TO FEAR

NO, NO MATTER WHERE YOU SAY YOU'RE
COMING FROM
I WILL ALWAYS, I WILL ALWAYS BE RIGHT HERE

SO DON'T BE SUCH A BITCH
LEAVE ME STANDING IN THIS DITCH
I'LL SCRATCH YOUR EVERY ITCH
JUST GRANT MY LITTLE WISH

DON'T LET IT BE THE LAST TIME
DON'T LET IT BE THE LAST TIME
DON'T LET IT BE THE LAST TIME
LIKE LAST TIME

Track 10
“Ticking”

Scene One

[Nice apartment. Couple sitting around. One on laptop. One reading. Silence. After a few moments, the woman, LISA, goes to the bedroom and comes back in wearing a bulky sweatshirt. The man, DAVE, gives the outfit a subtly judgmental glance that she doesn't notice, and goes back to his work.]

[Then, we start to hear a ticking. A loud, slow ticking. It echoes slightly—though it's not so loud as to cause discomfort (in point of fact, it's being made by the musician's muted guitar). They both look up—the woman more visibly curious, the man more halfheartedly, as if he doesn't want to pry his eyes off of what he's looking at.]

[They both decide to not comment ... but the slow, regular ticking continues. Finally, she puts her book down.]

LISA: Are you hearing that?

[Pause. Tick.]

DAVE: Hm?

[Pause. Tick.]

LISA: Are you hearing that?

[Pause. Tick.]

DAVE: What?

[Pause. Tick.]

LISA: That!

[Pause. Tick.]

DAVE: Oh. Yeah, is that a ... ticking?

LISA: Yeah.

[Pause. Tick.]

DAVE: Yeah.

[Pause. Tick.]

LISA: What is that?

[Pause. Tick.]

DAVE: It's just something outside, I guess.

[Pause. Tick.]

LISA: You think?

[Pause. Tick.]

DAVE: Yeah.

[They both go back to work.]

[Tick... .. Tick Tick Tick. She goes to the window.]

LISA: What is that?!

DAVE: Calm down, just ignore it.

[She looks at him, slightly annoyed. Lights fade.]

Scene Two

[Lights rise back up and they're in bed. The ticking is still going. Finally, she sits up.]

LISA: Oh, my God!

DAVE: Mmmm.

[She gets up and goes to the window. She can't see anything. Tick. She gets in bed and tries to sleep. Pause. Tick. Pause. Tick. She covers her head with the pillow. Lights fade.]

Scene Three

[Lights rise again and they're at the table, eating. The ticking is still going, regular, monotonous. She is annoyed, distracted—he looks oblivious.]

DAVE: —but the best thing is that now you can save the game at any point on the map, which you weren't able to do the last version! Then you had to get to the end of each level or you'd lose everything.

[*Tick.*]

DAVE: Hey. Are you listening to me?

LISA: You're still hearing it, right?

DAVE (*sighs, "of course"*): You're not listening to me.

LISA: I'm sorry, I just can't—

[*Tick.*]

LISA: What *is* that?!

DAVE: What?

LISA: That fucking noise!

DAVE: Babe. It's probably just something outs—

LISA: It's not outside! I've looked, I don't see anything.

DAVE: Well, we'll talk to Jim about it.

LISA: Jim doesn't do shit.

DAVE: Maybe they're working on something in the building.

LISA: For this long?

DAVE: I don't know.

[*Pause. Tick. Pause. Tick. Pause. Tick. He groans; it's getting to him, too.*]

DAVE: I'll talk to Jim about it.

LISA: You will?!

DAVE: Yes!

[*Pause. Tick. Pause. Tick.*]

LISA: Okay.

[*Lights fade.*]

Scene Four

[Lights back up and no one is there. Silence. After a little while, they enter, dressed nicely, laughing.]

LISA: —and, like, what the fuck was up with that scene when she's driving?!

DAVE: I KNOW!

LISA: Like, what the fuck was up with that?! Who acts like that?

DAVE: Reese fucking Witherspoon, I guess.

LISA: God, that was such a waste of time!

DAVE: Hey! It wasn't a total waste. I mean, it taught us some very important life lessons.

LISA: Oh yeah? Like what?

DAVE: Well, never see a Reese Witherspoon movie again, for starters.

[She laughs and pulls him close.]

LISA: Thank you for taking me.

DAVE: You had *such* a good time.

LISA: I did. I needed to bitch about something.

DAVE: You've been very stressed about things.

LISA: But at least I'm not Reese Witherspoon.

DAVE: Nobody wants to be Reese Witherspoon.

[They laugh and kiss. We hear the first TICK. Their eyes go wide.]

LISA: Noooo. Noooooo!

DAVE: Fudge.

LISA: Did you ask Jim about—

DAVE: I did. He said he didn't know what I was talking about.

LISA: Oh. Well, did you ask him in Retard?

DAVE: Lisa—

LISA: How could he not know?! It's so loud!

DAVE: It *is* loud ...

LISA: And it's been like this for days now, am I right?!

DAVE: Yeah ...

[Beat. TICK. LISA groans.]

DAVE: Well, let's just try to ignore it. Maybe it'll be over soon.

LISA: Yeah ... maybe ...

[Lights fade.]

Scene Five

[Lights rise and they're in their same positions as Scene One: laptop, book. The ticking is faster now, more insistent. They're both really cross, trying to ignore it but ready to snap at any moment. Offstage, a tea kettle whistles.]

DAVE: Do you want some tea?

LISA: Sure. Whatever.

[He looks like he's going to say something about her tone, but doesn't. He goes to the kitchen. She watches him go, seething. He comes back with two mugs full of tea. He hands one to her.]

LISA: Why do you always do that?

DAVE: Do what?

LISA: I have a mug right here, I was drinking water out of it.

DAVE: So?

LISA: Why does it never occur to you that maybe you can just use *this* mug instead of using *yet another* one and giving me more dishes to wash?

DAVE: You? I wash the dishes all the time!

LISA: Oh, sure, sure you do. That's your Biiiiig Contribution!!

[Beat.]

DAVE: Here's your tea.

[He puts it down on the coffee table next to her and goes back to what he's doing. Then, after a few moments, she gets up and goes to the bedroom. She comes back out wearing her bulky sweatshirt. He sees it and gives an audible sigh.]

LISA: What?

DAVE: What?

LISA: What was that sigh about.

DAVE: Nothing.

LISA: You just went "uuggghhh."

DAVE: So?

LISA: What are you "uuugh"ing about? Why are you always doing that?

DAVE: Another thing I'm always doing?

LISA: "Uggghhh."

DAVE: I hate that fucking sweatshirt, okay?

LISA: What?

DAVE: That sweatshirt. You wear it all the time and I fucking hate it. It's bulky, and it's stained, and it reminds me of my fucking high school gym teacher. It's really, really unattractive.

LISA: It's unattractive?

DAVE: Yeah!

LISA: You're saying I'm unattractive?

DAVE: No, I'm saying that fucking sweatshirt is.

LISA: The sweatshirt that I wear all the time.

DAVE: The sweatshirt that you wear all the time.

LISA: So, I'M unattractive.

DAVE: Why do YOU always do THAT?! Why do YOU always turn every little bit of criticism into some endemic statement about your worth as a person?

LISA: I always wear this sweatshirt!

DAVE: And I always hate it!

LISA: Well, thank you so much for telling me! What else do you ALWAYS hate and yet never mention?

DAVE: You really want to know?

LISA: Of course, I do! If they're as important as a fucking sweatshirt, how could I NOT want to know?!

DAVE: Well, let's see. I hate the way you chew, I hate how you constantly say things like "pneumonia" with that nasally lilt, I hate the way your hair looks when you just get out of the shower, I hate how you never notice when I've got a new hat, I hate your inability to ever take a fucking compliment, I hate the way you abbreviate things when you send me a text message but then make fun of other people for abbreviating things in their text messages, I hate how sometimes you burp in my face while you're asleep, and you never want to go out when I want to go out, except to watch awful Reese Witherspoon movies and maybe this is why every single relationship of yours has never worked!

LISA (*overlapping after "shower"*): Great. Great. Well, I hate how you're constantly describing things with terms like "Cornflower Blue," like you're so much better than everybody else. And I hate the way you smell after you've eaten brisket. I hate your stupid fucking video games and, and whenever you cook pasta, it's never as al dente as I want it to be, no matter how many times I tell you to leave it in for longer, and maybe this is why every single relationship of YOURS has never worked!

[They stare at each other. The ticking is super fast now.]

LISA: So that's how you really feel.

DAVE: Yeah. You?

LISA: I guess so.

DAVE: You're just like all the others. You know that? You're just like all the others.

LISA: I could say the same thing to you.

[He leaves, slamming the door. Lights fade.]

Scene Six

[Lights rise and DAVE is standing in the living room, holding a box—the last of his things. LISA enters. They look at each other. The ticking continues, though it's slowing down. He's about to say something, when—TICK. They both cringe. He exits.]

[And then the ticking stops. She is blissfully relieved. She sits alone. With defiance, she gets her sweatshirt, puts it on, and sits some more. The silence is painful. She gives a glance to the door, wondering if he's coming back. Silence. Sadness. She starts making a ticking noise with her mouth. Tick ... tick ... tick ... LIGHTS FADE.]

Track 11
“Freddy Dingo”

FREDDY DINGO SITS ALONE
AN ISLAND FAR AWAY FROM HOME
CONVINCED HE’S SAFER ON HIS OWN
WHERE DOES ALL THE TIME GO?

YOU AND I SAT IN THE PARK
AND WATCHED AS THE EVENING SKY GREW DARK
AS WE SNUFFED OUT THE LAST OF THE SPARK
WOND’RING WHERE DOES ALL THE TIME GO?

I WISH
I COULD MAKE THINGS DIFFERENT
BUT THE TRUTH IS
THERE’S NO USE WOND’RING WHERE IT WENT

FREDDY WATCHES THE SUN GO DOWN
AND HEARS THE GULLS CRY OFF THE SOUND
A BALL OF THREAD THAT’S COME UNWOUND
WHERE DOES ALL THE TIME GO?

I WISH
I COULD MAKE THINGS DIFFERENT
BUT THE TRUTH IS
JUST MAKE SURE THAT IT’S TIME WELL SPENT

FREDDY CLOSES HIS EYES AND DIES
AND FAR AWAY THE SEAGULLS CRY
BUT SURE ENOUGH, HE REALIZED
WHERE DOES ALL THE TIME GO?

AND I’LL SIT HERE AS YOU DRIVE AWAY
AND WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD SAY
BUT SOMETIMES THE SILENCE FEELS OKAY
WHERE DOES ALL THE TIME GO?

Track 12
“Love Song”

[*A happy couple.*]

MAN: Happy anniversary!

WOMAN: Happy anniversary! Yay!

[*They toast.*]

WOMAN: You know what?

MAN: What?

WOMAN: I'm awfully fond of you.

MAN: Oh yeah?

WOMAN: Yeah.

MAN: How convenient! I'm rather fond of you!

WOMAN: Happy anniversary!

[*They kiss.*]

MAN: So, I did something ... **PROMISE ME YOU WON'T LAUGH!** ... I, you know, we promised not to spend too much on each other, but ... I had to do something special.

WOMAN: I told you not to buy—

MAN: I didn't buy, I didn't buy! But it's our first anniversary! Come on!

WOMAN: ... what did you do ... ?

MAN: Promise you won't laugh?

WOMAN: I promise.

MAN: ... I wrote you a song.

WOMAN (*kissing him repeatedly*): You diiiid? Awwwwww! That's so sweet!

MAN: I just felt so inspired about you, about us. I had to do something!

WOMAN: Awwww, honeyyyy! I want to hear it!

MAN: Okay ... But, you know, just keep in mind, I'm still working on it. It's still really new. And I'm still figuring out the lyrics—

WOMAN: I love it already! You're so sweet!

MAN:

YOU ARE MY LIGHT
YOU ARE MY LOVE
FROM EVERY NIGHT
TO WHEN THE SUN'S ABOVE
YOU ARE THE MOON
BY WHICH I SEE
IT'S SUCH A SHAME
I GAVE YOU HPV.

WOMAN (*immediately*): What?

MAN: What?

WOMAN: What was that last line?

MAN: I told you, I'm still figuring out the lyrics.

WOMAN: Did you say—

MAN: Baby. Do you want to hear the song or not?

WOMAN: ... Yes, I do. I'm ... sorry.

[*Beat.*]

MAN:

GENITAL WAAARTS
INSIDE OF YOU
TURNING YOUR WOMB
INTO A PULPY STEW
GENITAL WAAAARTS
THAT I GAVE YOU
AND THERE'S A CHANCE IT COULD TURN INTO CERVICAL CANCER

WOMAN: Oh, my god!

MAN: What?

WOMAN: What are you saying? Did you give me—?

MAN: What?! Come on. It's a metaphor!

WOMAN: A metaphor?

MAN: About intimacy, and about how scary it can be to let someone in. That's all. Jesus, you're making me very self-conscious here.

YOUR EYES ARE OCEANS
ON WHICH I SAIL
TOO BAD YOUR CROTCH
IS GONNA LOOK LIKE BRAILLE
HUMAN PAPILLOMA VIRUS AFFECTS MOST MEN
SO THERE'S A CHANCE YOU DIDN'T GET IT FROM ME
MAYBE THAT TIME YOU FUCKED THAT WHOLE SOFTBALL TEAM
WHICH I HEARD ABOUT
FROM THAT SHORTSTOP, CRAIG

HERE ARE SOME PICTURES OF HPV!

[Projected onto the wall are disgusting slides showing close ups of HPV.]

WOMAN: OH MY GOD!

[She grabs her things and storms out. The projections disappear.]

MAN: Oh, come on! I didn't know you were so unable to appreciate music!! *(Beat.)* Well ... great ... I guess it's just me and you again.

[He looks into his pants.]

MAN: Me and you ... and you ... and you ... and you ... and you're new! ... Oh, fellas.
(Singing sadly.)

GENITAL WARTS
GENITAL WARTS
GENITAL WARTS
GENITAL WARTS

[He continues to sing. Faintly we hear the sound of hundreds of little voices harmonizing with him from inside of his pants.]
