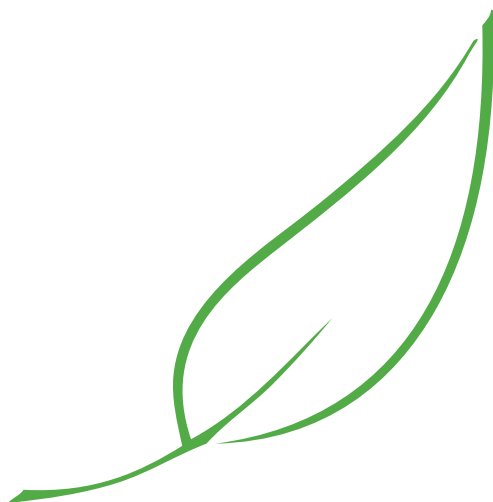


That's What Lovers Do

By Kai Harpole



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

THAT'S WHAT LOVERS DO

By Kai Harpole

Copyright © MMV by Kai Harpole, All rights reserved.

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press, INC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press, INC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press, INC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press, INC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press, INC.*

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press, INC.

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 350-5005 • FAX (319) 368-8011

THAT'S WHAT LOVERS DO

By Kai Harpole

SYNOPSIS: A simple scenario: A young woman wants to go out to eat with her boyfriend. Her boyfriend just wants to stay home and take a nap. While resisting her demands, he makes a few harmless jokes . . . but scandalous things will be revealed when the lines between truth and jest are blurred and we learn that she intends to get her way . . . by any means necessary!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 males, 1 female)

ANNA (f) Early to Mid 20s.

TOM (m) Early to Mid 20s.

MARK (m) Early to Mid 20s.

SETTING

An apartment. A table is seen stage left, a couch stage right of the table. There are two “closets” upstage. These can be curtain breaks, doors, etc. (anything signifying a closet).

AT RISE: ANNA is straightening things up. She sits on the couch and begins reading a magazine. Enter TOM stage right. He is wearing a coat and carrying a bag of groceries. He crosses and sets the groceries on the table.

ANNA: I'm hungry.

TOM: How can you be hungry? You just ate two hours ago.

ANNA: No I didn't. I had a few bites of your curry. I didn't like it.

TOM: I thought it was good.

ANNA: Then why didn't you finish it?

TOM: I wasn't hungry.

ANNA: Neither was I.

TOM: But now you are?

ANNA: (Looks into bag of groceries. Nods.) Let's go somewhere.

TOM: Why? We've got plenty to eat here.

ANNA: I feel like something different.

TOM: You can go ahead. I'm not hungry.

ANNA: No. I don't want to eat alone. Come with me.

TOM: I don't feel like going anywhere now. I just got home. I'm going to take a nap.

ANNA: Do it for me?

TOM: Don't start that now, Anna.

ANNA: What? I thought you loved me.

TOM: You know I do. I'm just tired.

ANNA: If you love me, you'll go get something to eat with me. Even though you don't want to. That's what lovers do.

TOM: Yeah. And they also hold hands and go on walks and ride the Ferris wheel together and then come home and go to sleep. Because they're tired. Just like I am.

ANNA: Oh . . . can we ride the Ferris wheel later?

TOM: Sure, baby. Just let me take a nap.

ANNA: But I thought we were going to get something to eat.

TOM: I told you I wasn't going.

ANNA: But Tommy . . . lovers do things for each other . . . like keep each other company so that they're never left alone. Now let's go get something to eat. Together. Because that's what lovers do.

TOM: You can go get something to eat. I'm going to take a nap. Because that's what lovers do when they're tired.

ANNA: Well, if you're not going to go, then I won't. I probably shouldn't eat anyway. I think I'm getting fat.

TOM: Yeah, maybe a little.

ANNA: Asshole!

TOM: I was joking. You're . . . beautiful.

ANNA: Well, maybe I don't think I am.

TOM: Well I'm telling you - -

ANNA: I'm fat.

TOM: Yes.

ANNA: What?

TOM: Joking again. Lighten up, would you?

ANNA: They say there's truth to joking . . .

TOM: There's also joking to joking. I was joking.

ANNA: But how can I tell?

TOM: I guess you can't. I could be joking. I could be telling the truth.

ANNA: So I have to trust you?

TOM: Is that so hard?

ANNA: I guess not.

TOM: Good. So let's review. Are you fat?

ANNA: No. You were joking.

TOM: And how do you know?

ANNA: Because I trust you.

TOM: Ah! But what if I was lying?

ANNA: You wouldn't lie to me, Tommy.

TOM: But if you think about it, you can't tell . . . If I'm lying or hiding something from you.

ANNA: Neither can you.

TOM: What?

ANNA: Nothing.

TOM: I can't tell what?

ANNA: If I was joking.

TOM: You weren't joking. I was joking.

ANNA: I thought I couldn't tell. You could've been telling the truth.

TOM: So could you.

ANNA: But I was joking.

TOM: No. I was joking. You were telling the truth.

ANNA: I could've been. You can't tell.

TOM: Exac . . . Wait, what did you mean?

Pause.

ANNA: Tommy . . . ? What if I told you I have a secret?

TOM: I'd tell you that you shouldn't have secrets.

ANNA: Why not?

TOM: Wait. You just said we should never leave each other alone.

So why don't we share our secrets?

ANNA: Why should we?

TOM: Because . . . I have a secret, too.

ANNA: Oh really? Touché! Then we're even.

Pause.

ANNA: So can we go get something to eat now?

TOM: You can go anytime.

ANNA: But I don't want to go alone.

TOM: Nobody does, but that's just how life goes.

ANNA: But I don't have to be alone. You can go with me, silly.

TOM: I'm not going.

ANNA: Fine. Then I won't go.

TOM: Sounds good.

ANNA: I'll starve and my body will rot while I'm sleeping and you'll wake up tomorrow with a lifeless corpse in your arms.

TOM: I'll plan on it.

ANNA: I swear your heart is empty!

TOM: But it still pumps my blood.

ANNA: I say I'm going to die in my sleep tonight, and what do you say?

TOM: You're not going to die from missing one meal, Anna.

ANNA: Yes, I am! If we don't leave this apartment to go eat, I'm going to starve!

TOM: Don't be ridiculous, Anna. It takes more than one meal to starve.

ANNA: It takes more than you to make me full.

Pause.

TOM: What?



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

THAT'S WHAT LOVERS DO

by Kai Harpole.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.

customerservice@greenroompress.com

www.greenroompress.com