

Hallucinatory Love

A comedy

Characters:

Dave – Main character, about 25 years old. Needs change.

John – Dave’s friend. Generally supportive

Veronica – Waitress/imaginary lesbian

Abby – Dave’s girlfriend/fiancé

Police Officer – After Abby “The Bitch” O’Riely

Prop List:

A restaurant booth

A foot tray, with plates and cups

A park bench

A straight jacket

Set Design:



Booth



Park Bench

Scene I

John and Dave enter a small restaurant, and sit at a vacant booth.

Dave: Man, John, I can't believe this weather!

John: Yeah, it's a nice break from the heat.

Veronica, the waitress approaches the booth

Veronica: What can I get for you guys?

John: *(to Veronica)* I'll have the gardenburger and a diet coke.

Dave: *(to John)* Pansy. Have some meat.

Veronica: *(to Dave)* And you?

Dave: *(to Veronica)* The double bacon sausage steak burger.

Veronica: *(to Dave)* And to drink?

Dave: *(to Veronica)* A bud.

Veronica: *(to Dave)* We don't serve alcohol.

Dave: *(to Veronica)* Oh, just water then.

Veronica exits

John: You know you're gonna kill yourself eating like that, Dave.

Dave: Yeah, yeah.

John: I don't know how your Abby lets you eat that shit.

Dave: That's just it: She doesn't.

John: You're always complaining about her. Why can't you just break it off?

Dave: Well...I can't...

John: *(interrupting)* You won't.

Dave: I can't make myself end it.

John: Pussy.

Veronica approaches the booth with a tray and food.

Veronica: *(handing a plate to John)* One burger: no meat. *(handing the other plate to Dave)* One burger: extra meat.

John: *(to Veronica)* Thanks. *(to Dave)* Well, if you don't break up soon, I'll do it for you...

Dave: *(to himself)* I think...

John: I mean you've been together for over a year now...

Dave: *(to himself)* Maybe I'll...

John: It's time to do something. You need a change. *(takes a drink)*

Dave: I'm gonna ask Abby to marry me.

John: *(spits diet coke)* What?!?

Dave: Well, you said it's time for a change.

John: But I didn't mean for you to marry her!

Dave: I think maybe I'm ready...

John: You can't!...I mean...You don't even like her!

Dave: *(determined)* I'll ask her the next time I see her.

John: You don't even have a ring, Dave!

Dave: She doesn't wear jewelry.

John: *(after long silence; as lights fade)* Whatever, man.

Scene II

Abby on a bench in a park, Dave facing the audience.

Dave: *(to audience)* I'm pretty sure this is the right thing to do. I think I love her. I'm pretty sure I love her. She's not perfect, of course, but who is? We'll be happy together. Probably. For a while, anyway. But what if she says no? I guess it won't be that bad. But there's only one way to know for sure. Well, here it goes. *(walks to Abby as she rises from the bench and begins to walk next to her.)**(to Abby)* It sure is great weather.

Abby: I wish it could stay like this forever...

Dave: Well...uh...

Abby: The weather, I mean. I wish it was like this all year.

Dave: *(embarrassed)* Oh, yeah...that would be great.

Abby: It would be perfect. We could enjoy it for the rest of our lives.

Dave: *(quietly)* Together...?

Abby: Huh?

Dave: *(quickly)* Oh, nothing...

Abby: But I guess we just can't keep everything the same can we?

Dave: *(disappointed)* I suppose not...

Abby: I mean, it wouldn't be very fun to live every day the same.

Dave: *(unconvinced)* No?

Abby: I just think we need some change.

Dave: *(confused)* We do?

Abby: *(realizing his confusion)* Not you and me, *(hugs Dave)* the world.

Dave: Oh, but we're fine...?

Abby: Of course...

Dave: Then,...there's something...I...

Abby: *(interrupting)* For now anyway. I'm sorry, Dave. What were you going to say?

Dave: *(stalling)* Oh, um, nothing.

Abby: *(determined)* No. You were going to say something.

Note: Everything after this point is a dream. (The audience isn't supposed to know.)

Dave: *(stops walking; pauses)* Marry me, Abby.

Abby: *(stunned)* Wow...it's so...sudden.

Dave: I know...and you don't have to answer now, but...

Abby: *(with confidence)* No.

Dave: *(confused)* What.

Abby: I won't marry you. I don't even like you.

Dave: But...we're...

Abby: *(finishing his sentence)* Over.

Dave: But how could you...

Abby: *(interrupting)* How could I!?!? How could you? I'm not some puppy you can keep because I followed you home! I can't believe you'd even ask that! Bastard.

Dave approaches audience.

Dave: *(to audience)* Well that would suck. I hope it goes better than that. Let's see...

(returns to Abby)

Dave: Marry me, Abby

Abby: *(without pause)* Of course!

Dave: (*not noticing Abby's response*) You don't have to answer now, of course...

Abby: I will marry you!

Dave: (*stunned*) That's great.

Abby: (*excited*) We'll start a family...and get a house...and a puppy that followed me home...and a new car...and...and...

Dave: (*nervous*) Abby. Abby!

Abby: (*suddenly very serious*) I have some news, Dave.

Dave: (*confused*) What is it?

Abby: I'm pregnant.

Dave: You're what!?!

Abby: (*excited*) Now we'll have a family! Oh, it will be so much fun! We should go shopping for Nikki's clothes.

Dave: (*confused*) Nikki? Who's Nikki?

Abby: Our daughter.

Dave: (*pauses; approaches audience*)(*to audience*) No, that wouldn't be much of an improvement, would it? I hope it works out better. Only one way to find out.

(*returns to Abby*) Marry me, Abby.

Abby: (*pauses*) Dave, there's something I've been meaning to tell you.

Dave: (*nervous*) Um...can it wait?

Abby: I think we should see other people.

Dave: What?!?

Abby: I just need some space.

Dave: (*almost pleading*) I give you space.

Abby: But not as much as John.

John enters and stands with his arm around Abby.

Dave: John? He's my best friend. How the hell could you do this to me?!?

Abby: He's so cute. He's like a puppy that followed me home.

Dave: John? A puppy?

John: Just don't worry about it, Dave. It's cool.

Dave: What?

John: I've got it covered. *(to Abby)* Marry me, Abby.

Abby: I will. I love you!

Dave approaches audience. John exits.

Dave: *(to audience)* Oh my God! Why would I even think that!?! That would never happen. John's my best friend, and he knows how much I love Abby...I hope...but no. I just know it will go better than that. *(returns to Abby)* Marry me, Abby.

Abby: *(pauses)* Dave, there's something I've been meaning to tell you.

Dave: *(nervous)* Um...can it wait?

Abby: I'm a lesbian.

Dave: What?!?

Abby: I just need some someone who understands me.

Dave: *(almost pleading)* I understand you.

Abby: But not as much as Veronica.

Veronica, the waitress, enters and stands with her arm around Abby.

Dave: What? She's my favorite waitress. How the hell could you do this to me?!?

Abby: She's so cute. She's like a pussycat that followed me home.

Dave: What the hell are you talking about?!?

Veronica: Just don't worry about it, Dave. It's cool.

Dave: What?

Veronica: I've got it covered. *(to Abby)* Be my life partner, Abby.

Abby: I will. I love you!

Dave approaches audience. Veronica exits.

Dave: *(to audience)* Now this is ridiculous. Abby's not a lesbian! No woman could be that good in bed, and not like men. It won't be that bad. *(returns to Abby)* Marry me, Abby.

Abby: *(looks around suspiciously)* Alright, but we'll have to make it quick.

Dave: What?

Abby: I have something I've been meaning to tell you...

Dave: *(sarcastically)* You're a lesbian?

Abby: *(confused/offended)* No. God no! That's sick.

Dave: Oh, well, what's the problem?

Abby: I'm kind of in trouble with the law.

Dave: What do you mean?

Abby: Well...it was a long time ago. I was just a kid. I didn't know any better, I swear!

Police officer arrives with straight jacket. Abby continues to ramble quietly.

Officer: *(cautious)* Sir, step away from the criminal.

Dave: *(confused)* What?

Officer: Don't worry. Just stay calm.

Dave: What the hell are you talking about?!?

Officer: God, man! Don't frighten her! She might snap.

Dave: Damn it! What's going on?

Officer: I'll get her!

Officer approaches and puts the straight jacket on Abby, still rambling.

Officer: You're a lucky one, son. This is Abby "The Bitch" O'Riely. She's been convicted of multiple rape/homicides over the past decade. You were probably next on her list.

Dave: But...

Officer: Well, have a nice day son.

Dave approaches audience. Officer leaves with Abby, who soon returns.

Dave: *(to audience)* Alright that's it. I've let my imagination go too far. She's not a murderer, she's not a lesbian, she's not in love with my best friend, she's not pregnant, and she at least likes me. It's time to do it for real. *(returns to Abby)*
Marry me, Abby.

Abby: *(pauses)* I will.

Dave: *(suspicious)* But...?

Abby: But nothing. I'll marry you. I love you.

Dave: *(still not convinced)* That's it?

Abby: Yeah. I want to spend my life with you.

Dave: *(to himself)* What a relief...

Abby: What do you mean?

Dave: Oh, nothing...I was just lost in thought.

Dave approaches audience. Abby watches him.

Dave: *(to audience)* Well, that wasn't so bad. In fact, that worked out great!

Abby: *(to Dave)* Honey? Who are you talking to?

Dave: *(to audience)* Oh, shit, it's for real this time! I almost forgot. *(to Abby)* Oh, nobody.

Dave puts his arm around Abby and walks slowly offstage.

Abby: *(while walking)* I can't believe we're going to do this. It's so exciting.

Dave: I know. *(lights begin to fade)* Everything is going to be just great.