

Illinois Wesleyan University

From the Selected Works of Jared Brown

2010

Menage á Trois

Jared Brown, *Illinois Wesleyan University*



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THREE FOR THE SHOW

three one-act plays

by Jared Brown

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Menage á trois

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Ménage á trois

A one-act play Jared Brown

THE TIME

The present – just before midnight.

THE PLACE

An apartment in San Francisco. There's a door leading to the hallway outside the apartment, another door leading to the bedroom, and an exit leading to the kitchen. On stage is a sofa, in front of which is a coffee table; a desk; a cell phone and a lamp on the desk. A CD player with numerous CDs are on the floor. There's a dimmer instead of a light switch next to the front door.

CHARACTERS

Phil, age 31

Molly, age 27

Dan, age 33

SCENE ONE

The stage is dark. A key turns in the lock of the front door. Dan and Molly enter through the front door. He turns up the dimmer and the lights come on. They are returning from having seen a play, and are nicely dressed for the occasion.

DAN

(taking off his jacket) God, I couldn't wait for the elevator doors to open.

MOLLY

(kicking off her shoes) Me neither. I'm going to pour us some wine, and then . . .

DAN

(as Molly is exiting to the kitchen) Who needs wine? Let's cut right to the bedroom scene.

MOLLY

(offstage) Chardonnay or Merlot?

DAN

Merlot, I guess. We're going to have some liquid foreplay, are we?

MOLLY

(appears at the kitchen door, holding a bottle of Merlot) Exactly – although I'm fairly liquid already.

DAN

Well, then, let's skip the foreplay. *(Moving toward her)* Put down the bottle and –

MOLLY

(Slipping away from him just as he begins to put his hands around her waist. She goes back into the kitchen) It'll be even better after a glass of wine, chum. Hold it right there. I'll be back in a second.

DAN

(groans, but not too deeply; then he goes to the CD player and puts on a soft jazz album; goes to the dimmer switch and lowers the lights) That's better. *(He sinks into the sofa)*

MOLLY

(Returning from the kitchen with two glasses of Merlot) Mmm. I've always loved this album. And it looks like you've adjusted the lighting, too.

DAN

A touch, a touch, I do confess it.

MOLLY

(Sits next to Dan on the sofa and hands him a glass of wine) This'll put us both in the mood. *(She takes a sip)*

DAN

Molly, my mood couldn't be more elevated. Come to think of it –

MOLLY

(Puts her hand over his mouth) That's not the only thing that's elevated, you were going to say?

DAN

I was going to say.

(They both take a deep sip of wine. Dan moves closer to her)

(In mock astonishment) By yimminy, you were right. Merlot must be the perfect aphrodisiac. Until I sipped this sublime nectar, I thought I was alone in here, but I've suddenly realized that somebody else is in the room. *(He begins to move his hand up Molly's leg)*

MOLLY

One more. *(She takes another sip of wine, then sets her glass on the floor)* What are you waiting for?

(Dan puts his glass down, too. He pulls her to him and they kiss – softly at first, then more passionately)

I'm a little dizzy. Do you remember where the bedroom is?

DAN

(Standing and giving her his hand) Well, let's see. The kitchen's over there. *(Points to the kitchen, then to the door from which they entered at the beginning of the play)* That leads to the hallway. So, by process of elimination . . . *(He points to the only other door in the room)*

MOLLY

(Stands) Shall we find out if there's a tiger behind the door?

DAN

There will be, unless I miss my guess.

MOLLY

Let's go see. *(They walk toward the bedroom, taking off articles of clothing as they go, and dropping them to the floor. They go into the bedroom, leaving the door slightly open. In the bedroom, Molly says:)* Oh, my goodness, it is a tiger.

(After a moment, a key turns in the lock of the front door. Phil enters. He sees the clothes leading into the bedroom. He walks silently to the bedroom door and opens it slightly. He watches whatever's going on in there, then goes to the desk, lights the lamp

and takes a gun from the top drawer. He checks to see if it's loaded. When he sees no bullets, he opens a box of ammunition and carefully loads the gun with six bullets. He puts the gun behind his back)

PHIL

Molly! Dan! I'm home.

(We hear some indistinguishable, whispered dialogue from the bedroom. Then, after a moment, Molly enters wearing a man's bathrobe)

MOLLY

Phil, what are you doing here? I thought –

PHIL

That I was staying over at my mother's tonight?

MOLLY

Wasn't that what you said?

PHIL

I planned to, but we had another argument. She threw me out, if you can believe. So, what have you two been up to?

(Dan appears in the bedroom doorway, wearing only a pair of jeans)

DAN

Hey, Phil.

PHIL

Hey, Dan.

DAN

(After an uncomfortable pause.) Didn't expect to see you tonight.

PHIL

I guess not.

MOLLY

(to *Phil*) There's a bottle of Merlot open. Would you like a glass?

PHIL

Sure. With some cheese, if we have any.

MOLLY

I'll go see. (*She exits into the kitchen*)

PHIL

Special night, huh?

DAN

Well, you know, we had dinner at Grimaldi's, saw a show . . .

PHIL

Wish I could have gone along. To help you celebrate.

DAN

Thirty-three years old. If I'm not careful I'll be grown up soon.

PHIL

I have a birthday present for you.

DAN

Really? That's thoughtful.

PHIL

It's not wrapped, but –

DAN

Oh, the hell with that. What is it?

PHIL

(taking the gun from behind his back and pointing it at him) Just this little token of my affection.

DAN

Hey. Is it loaded?

PHIL

To the gills.

DAN

Can I take a look?

PHIL

Sure. *(He hands it to Dan, who takes it)* Hope you enjoy it.

DAN

It's a beauty. Where'd you get this?

PHIL

Too much information could spoil the festive atmosphere, don't you think?

DAN

Maybe you're right. Hey, I love it.

(Molly enters from the kitchen, carrying a tray on which are a glass of Merlot and a plate with several slices of cheese)

MOLLY

Here I come, de dum de dum, with cheese and wine for a friend of mine.

PHIL

Thanks, Molly. *(He takes the glass of wine and a piece of cheese)*

MOLLY

(seeing the gun, which Dan is leveling at her) Hey, what's that?

DAN

(Humphrey Bogart) What does it look like, shweetie pie?

MOLLY

(peering at it) A pair of Argyle socks?

DAN

Guess again.

MOLLY

A philosophical treatise by Aristotle of Onassis?

DAN

One more try.

MOLLY

Could it be – a mechanism for firing a bullet?

DAN

Give the lady fifty dollars! It's a birthday present from Phil.

PHIL

No applause, please.

MOLLY

What a beauty. And does it really fire bullets?

PHIL

It really does.

MOLLY

What gave you such a good idea?

PHIL

Oh, I had some notion that I'd like to fire off a bullet or two tonight.

MOLLY

(feigning embarrassment) Oh, Mr. Whiffenpoof, how shocking!

PHIL

But now that Dan has the gun . . .

MOLLY

I'd take a bullet from you any time, Mr. Whiffenpoof.

PHIL

Right now?

MOLLY

Right now. And you won't even need the gun.

PHIL

I won't?

MOLLY

Funnily enough, Dan and I were getting ready to set off a firework or two, just when you came in, and we never quite got around to it.

PHIL

So you'd like me to pick up where Dan left off?

MOLLY

(British accent) You've grasped my meaning, Holmes. And in less than a fortnit.

PHIL

(British accent) Then we shan't let the moment pass. *(He takes a sip of Merlot, puts the wine glass down and extends his hand to Molly.)*

MOLLY

(taking his hand) Lead on, MacDuffy. *(As they go into the bedroom, Phil takes off his sweater—he's not wearing a shirt underneath—and drops it to the floor. Dan puts the gun on the coffee table, picks up a magazine and sits casually on the sofa. We hear Molly's voice from the bedroom)* Oh, what a nice surprise. *(Dan leafs through the magazine)*

DAN

(after a long moment) Phil, would you like me to bring your wine and cheese?

PHIL

That would be very nice, Dan.

(Dan picks up the tray and carries it into the bedroom)

MOLLY

(offstage) Would you mind getting my glass, too, Dan? I think it's on the floor in front of the sofa.

DAN

(offstage) Sure, Mol. Just a minute.

(Dan re-enters from the bedroom, picks up Molly's glass, then picks up the gun and carries both into the bedroom)

(offstage) Here you are. Or should I set it down?

MOLLY

(offstage) Just on the bedside table, if you would.

(Dan re-enters, still holding the gun. He returns to the sofa and picks up the magazine.)

MOLLY

(orgasmically) Oh, God!

PHIL

(offstage) Oh!

MOLLY

(offstage) God!

DAN

Sounds like a familiar melody. *(He sits at the desk, picks up the cell phone and taps in a number. Into the phone)* Maury's Pizza? Hi, is this Maury? *(pause)* Pete? Okay, Pete. Listen, could you deliver a large cheese to 36 West Columbia Street? Apartment 6B. *(pause)* Just closing up? But it's only – *(Looks at his watch)* – a few minutes past midnight. Isn't there time for one more delivery? *(pause)* Well, see if I come running the next time you call me for sauerkraut. *(pause)* All right, don't get your knickers in a twist. And say hi to Maury for me. *(hangs up and replaces the phone on the desk top. He reaches down for his wine – it's still on the floor in front of the sofa – and drinks it down. Phil appears in the bedroom doorway. Like Dan, he's now wearing trousers but no shirt, no shoes or socks)*

PHIL

What's the matter? You look gloomy.

DAN

No pizza.

PHIL

Oy vey. What a revoltin' development.

DAN

Where's Molly?

PHIL

Sleeping it off, I guess. She looks like she's asleep, anyway.

DAN

She's probably tired. It's late. And she's been going back and forth between the bedroom and the kitchen quite a bit tonight.

PHIL

(chuckles) Good old Molly.

DAN

Good old Molly.

PHIL

What are you going to do with your gun?

DAN

Hm. I'm not sure. Maybe I'll do a little target practice tonight.

PHIL

A little late for target practice, isn't it?

DAN

Depends on the target.

PHIL

I don't get it. Regardless of the target, the time won't change.

DAN

I guess you're right. Look, why don't you hold on to it. *(He holds it out to Phil)* I'm afraid the damn thing might go off.

PHIL

All right. Suppose I put it back in the drawer. That's where it was before I gave it to you.

DAN

For my birthday.

PHIL

I've been living with you for three years now and I've never seen you open that drawer. Seemed like a pretty good place to hide it.

DAN

Certainly worked out well.

PHIL

Come to think of it, I don't think I've ever seen you use the desk at all.

DAN

That wouldn't be accurate. I was just sitting at the desk when I called Maury's Pizza.

PHIL

Well, yes, but that's only because the cell phone is on top of the desk.

DAN

Exactly.

PHIL

But a desk suggests – oh, I don't know – scholarly activity, I suppose.

DAN

And you don't see me as a scholar.

PHIL

Not exactly. I hope this isn't upsetting for you, old man.

DAN

No, no. I don't really see myself as a scholar, either.

MOLLY

(appearing in the bedroom doorway, wearing a man's bathrobe) More like a . . . ?
What?

DAN

Why, it's little Mary Sunshine. Did you take a wee nap?

MOLLY

I closed my eyes, but I don't think I ever drifted off. I was listening to the two of you talk about pizzas and whatever else you were talking about.

PHIL

Well, I think it's time to call it a night.

DAN

(*yawns*) Might as well if we can't have a pizza.

PHIL

That's what I say.

MOLLY

Not often.

PHIL

What?

MOLLY

I don't think you've ever said that in your life.

PHIL

Probably true. Too true, now that I think about it.

MOLLY

(*To Dan*) Well, come on, Sir Lancelot, let's go to bed.

DAN

(*rising*) Have you straightened the sheets?

MOLLY

Of course. What do you think I am?

PHIL

(walking toward the bedroom) I'll just get a pillow and settle down on the couch. *(He enters the bedroom)*

DAN

How was he tonight?

MOLLY

Phil? Better than ever, I'd say.

DAN

Practice makes perfect.

MOLLY

Ain't that the truth?

(Phil returns with a pillow and blanket; he lies down on the couch)

Good night, Phil. *(She gives him a long, luxurious kiss)*

DAN

Come on, Mother Machree. *(He holds out a hand to her. She takes it.)* Let's trip lightly into the bedroom.

MOLLY

You probably don't want to make love any more tonight, do you?

DAN

I don't know. You could talk me into it.

MOLLY

Well, let's see what happens. *(As she and Dan move toward the bedroom)* Good night, Phil.

PHIL

Good night, Molly.

DAN

Good night, Phil.

PHIL

Good night, Dan. Sleep well.

(Dan and Molly go into the bedroom and close the door. Phil turns out the lamp. Blackout)

SCENE TWO

A few days later. Phil is on the sofa, reading a book. A folded newspaper is beside him. Molly, again wearing a man's bathrobe, is on her hands and knees, looking under the desk, under the sofa, and behind the CD player.

PHIL

What are you looking for?

MOLLY

My engagement ring.

PHIL

Which one?

MOLLY

Yours, I think. Although it could be Dan's. I can't keep them straight.

PHIL

Do you still have one of them? (*Molly raises her hand to show him that she has one ring on her finger*) How many carats does the diamond have?

MOLLY

I don't know. But there's a little pearl in the center.

PHIL

That's Dan's.

MOLLY

It is? Why did I think it was yours?

PHIL

Beats me. Why do you take one off, anyway? Wouldn't it be easier just to leave them both on all the time?

MOLLY

I suppose. But that's just not what I do. That's not the real Molly. It isn't me.

PHIL

I know that, Molly. You're always losing one ring or another. But why do you keep rotating them?

MOLLY

It depends on which one of you I'm feeling most romantic about at the time. I mean, I could hardly be making whoopee with Dan if I was wearing your ring, could I?

PHIL

I can see that that would complicate things.

MOLLY

Wait. There it is. (*She picks a ring up near the CD player and puts it on her thumb*) Sort of like tying a string around my finger, isn't it?

PHIL

I suppose. How would you like to see a movie tonight?

MOLLY

Let me check to see if I'm free. (*She opens the desk drawer, and rifles through her appointment book, which is blank*) Tonight, you say?

PHIL

Yup. (*He looks at the newspaper*) At seven o'clock. Unless you'd rather see the nine-thirty show.

MOLLY

(*looking at her appointment book*) Well (*she flips through several pages*), I don't see anything here. I could go at seven, but we don't have much time. It's almost six-fifteen now.

PHIL

We could gorge on popcorn or have dinner after the show.

MOLLY

Where would we have dinner?

PHIL

Chinese take-out, I'd think. We could bring it back here.

MOLLY

Yummy.

PHIL

Want to wait a few minutes to see if Dan shows up?

MOLLY

Oh, I think we should. Wouldn't he be hurt if we went without him?

PHIL

Okay, but he'll have to get here pretty soon.

MOLLY

Doesn't he generally get home from work by six-thirty?

PHIL

I'd say that's a pretty good estimate.

MOLLY

Well, I'm going to go put on some clothes. Will you excuse me?

PHIL

I might.

MOLLY

What would it take?

PHIL

A solemn commitment on your part.

MOLLY

To do what?

PHIL

Not to eat too much popcorn, so you'll have room for steamed dumplings.

MOLLY

(Elated) You're going to get me steamed dumplings?

PHIL

If you don't eat too much popcorn.

MOLLY

(As she heads for the bedroom, beaming) I may not eat any popcorn at all. In fact, I may hold my breath until I start in on my first dumpling. *(She enters the bedroom)*

(After a few seconds, the front door opens. Dan enters)

DAN

What a day.

PHIL

Did you finish that report?

DAN

Just. I thought Magruder would faint dead away.

PHIL

Well, you have been promising it to him for almost a week.

DAN

I know, but I kept finding postings on the internet that took so much time to read. I mean, fifty gazillion websites and they're all calling out to me.

PHIL

So how much work – actual work – did you put in today?

DAN

Maybe forty-five minutes. Well, of course, there was that phone call to Molly. Make it half an hour. What about you? What have you been up to?

PHIL

Oh, you know, reading the paper, doing the crossword puzzle, eating lunch, that sort of thing.

DAN

You didn't get out to look for work, then?

PHIL

Work? No, the thought never crossed my mind.

DAN

Will it soon, do you think?

PHIL

I doubt it. But, hey, you never know.

DAN

You'll have your share of the rent on Monday, though, right?

PHIL

If Mom sends me my check on time. Say, Molly and I are going to the movies. Want to come along?

DAN

I wouldn't be imposing?

PHIL

Imposing? You? With Molly and me?

DAN

I just thought maybe you'd like a night alone.

PHIL

No. But I could fix you up with Emily, if you'd like.

DAN

Emily?

PHIL

My sister.

DAN

Oh, that Emily. No, thanks. I'm a one-woman man. And Molly's the woman.

PHIL

Mm. Too bad she's not a one-man woman.

(Molly enters from the bedroom, wearing jeans and a blouse – and both engagement rings)

MOLLY

(crossing to Dan) You made it. I was afraid we'd have to leave without you.

DAN

You should know I'd be here by this time. I leave the office at five-thirty every day, even if I'm right in the middle of something. Ten minutes to the station, forty minutes on the bus, five minutes to walk home and here I am, popping through the door. Like clockwork. You can count on me.

MOLLY

And I do.

DAN

Good old reliable Dan. Never early, never late.

PHIL

(rising) Maybe we should get started.

DAN

Set your watch by me, if you want. You'll never be disappointed.

MOLLY

I never have been. *(She puts her arms around him and kisses him)*

PHIL

(clears his throat discreetly) Time for cuddles later. We've got to go.

MOLLY

Even if you're the cuddle-ee?

PHIL

Even if. Wouldn't want to miss the credits, would we?

MOLLY

God forbid.

DAN

Is there time for me to wash up?

PHIL

Well, maybe if you hurry.

DAN

Won't take a minute. *(He goes into the bedroom. Molly goes to Phil and puts her arms around him)*

MOLLY

Just a little cuddle? Half a cuddle?

PHIL

A cuddle, no. But a smooch? I'm good for a smooch.

MOLLY

(kisses him lightly) How was that?

PHIL

I'll think of it as a down payment. The balance'll be due after dinner.

MOLLY

The checkbook will be open. You can write your own ticket.

(Dan returns from the bedroom)

DAN

Ready.

PHIL

(opening the front door) We're off to see the wizard.

(Molly, imitating Judy Garland as Dorothy, skips out the door, followed by Dan and Phil. The door closes. Lights fade.)

SCENE THREE

Two weeks later. Phil is seated at the desk, Dan is on the sofa, Molly is standing near the front door.

MOLLY

Okay, so what's going on? You said you wanted to talk, so talk.

PHIL

This isn't easy, Molly . . .

DAN

It could be the most difficult conversation we've ever had. *(Molly looks at him with surprise)* That's what Phil told me.

MOLLY

More difficult than when you forgot your gun in the washing machine and you accused me of stealing it?

DAN

Well, I guess it's going to be a different kind of conversation.

MOLLY

What made you think I'd steal your gun?

DAN

I don't know. It was just the first thing I thought of.

PHIL

How the hell could you have put it in the washing machine, anyway?

DAN

It wasn't intentional. I had it in my pocket when I tossed my jeans into the machine.

PHIL

Good God, didn't your jeans feel a little heavy?

DAN

You know, I had a feeling that something was out of whack, but I couldn't figure out what it was.

MOLLY

Let's suppose I *had* stolen it. What would I do with a gun?

DAN

I don't know. What *do* people do with guns, anyway?

PHIL

You can use a gun for protection. Or you could shoot somebody.

DAN

Who do I need to protect myself against? And who would I shoot?

PHIL

I'm not saying you *would* shoot anybody. Just that you could.

MOLLY

Is this the serious conversation you wanted to have?

DAN

No, it's just our way of putting off the serious conversation for a few minutes.

PHIL

It isn't easy, Molly . . .

MOLLY

I know, you said that before.

PHIL

But I think it's time. Don't you, Dan?

DAN

It's hard for me to say until I know what we'll be talking about. But there are some topics that can't be avoided. No matter how much you'd like to avoid them.

MOLLY

All right, then, who's going to begin? Phil?

PHIL

Look, this isn't easy, Molly . . .

MOLLY

If you say that one more time, I'm going to shoot you full of lead.

DAN

So you *did* steal my gun!

MOLLY

I did not!

DAN

Then where is it? It wasn't in the washing machine when I took out my clothes.

MOLLY

Somebody probably stole it.

DAN

So – if I don't have it, and you don't have it . . . somebody could be coming after *me*.

MOLLY

Theoretically, I guess that's true.

DAN

Oh God, now I'm scared.

MOLLY

Do you know anybody who'd want to shoot you?

DAN

No. Other than you two, I hardly know anybody at all.

MOLLY

Well, I don't think you have anything to worry about, then.

PHIL

Listen, could we please stop the repartee and begin this conversation?

DAN

You think this is repartee? Your standards are lower than I thought.

PHIL

Anyway. Molly, could you sit down? You make me nervous hovering over us.

MOLLY

Hovering? You call this hovering? I'll sit down, but I don't know what's so damn important.

PHIL

Well, it's –

MOLLY

Don't say it, Phil. I'm warning you. (*she goes to the sofa and sits down next to Dan.*)

PHIL

(*Puts his hand over his mouth, so all we hear is a very garbled version of:*) -- not easy, Molly.

DAN

Everybody settled? Okay, Phil, over to you.

PHIL

Well, first of all, I want you to know that I've given this a lot of thought.

MOLLY

This sounds serious.

PHIL

It *is* serious, Molly, that's what I've been trying to tell you.

DAN

He's really serious, Molly.

PHIL

I've been living with you guys now for three years, right?

MOLLY

Three and a half, I think.

DAN

(*counting on his fingers*) Yeah, Molly's right, Phil.

PHIL

Well, that's all the more reason we need to have this talk.

MOLLY

You don't love me any more?

PHIL

No, Molly, sweetie, no. I love you more than ever.

MOLLY

That's good. You had me worried for a minute.

PHIL

What I'm questioning here is the arrangement.

DAN

(to Molly) He's questioning the arrangement.

PHIL

Look, we're not kids any more, you know? I mean Dan just turned thirty-three, right?
(Dan nods) And I'm thirty-one. Well, thirty-one or thirty-two. I know I'm over thirty.

DAN

You'll be my age before you know it.

PHIL

That's true. And I'm starting to wonder if this relationship we have is really appropriate for a couple of guys over thirty. I mean, when we were in our twenties, that was one thing . . .

MOLLY

I'm in my twenties. It seems appropriate to me.

PHIL

Yeah, but even you, Mol. You're no spring chicken any more.

MOLLY

No, I'm a parrot. Or a hedgehog. But I was never a chicken.

PHIL

Look, Molly, you're twenty-eight years old.

MOLLY

(exploding) What??

DAN

I think he's trying to point out that time is a river, and you're flowing right along.

MOLLY

A river. Typical remark for a man. *(To Phil)* How old did you say I was?

PHIL

Twenty-eight.

MOLLY

You have some kind of a nerve, you doddering senescent old – duffer.

PHIL

All right, then, how old are you?

MOLLY

Twenty-seven! And don't you forget it.

DAN

(to Phil) If you don't forget it, I won't forget it. In fact, I'd be willing to let Molly be any age she wants to be.

PHIL

Okay, Dan, thanks for the help, but why don't you let me do the talking?

DAN

Sorry. The floor is yours.

PHIL

(To Molly) Take it back.

MOLLY

Take what back?

PHIL

What you called me. Doddering. Senescent. Old duffer.

MOLLY

You're the second oldest one in the room, aren't you?

PHIL

That never seemed to bother you when we were in bed, as far as I can tell.

MOLLY

No, but what'll happen when I'm seventy-five and you're eighty?

PHIL

(Starts to answer her, then stops) You've got me there. I'm lost for words.

DAN

Hey, you two. Act your age, will you? You'd think you were both six years old.

MOLLY

If I'm six, that would make him ten. Or maybe eleven. Depending on whether he's thirty-one or thirty-two.

PHIL

(sighs) Look, this is hard enough for me without quibbling over details.

MOLLY

I'm sorry, Phil. Dan, you should apologize, too.

DAN

I apologize, too.

PHIL

Thank you.

DAN

You're welcome.

PHIL

Anyway, so. Recognizing that we're no longer kids, I think we ought to reassess our situation. You know, take the relationship to a whole new level.

DAN

I can see where you're going, Phil. At least I think I do.

MOLLY

I can, too, and I'll tell you right now that I don't like it.

DAN

I didn't say I liked it, Molly, just that I understood his point.

MOLLY

You mean you agree with him?

DAN

I'm not sure, yet. I guess I really *don't* know where all this is leading.

MOLLY

Where *is* all this leading, Phil?

PHIL

Well, you know, you two share the bedroom every night, and I have to admit that sometime I'm not exactly comfortable.

MOLLY

You don't think Dan and I should share the bedroom?

DAN

Or sleep in the same bed?

MOLLY

When you say you're not comfortable, do you mean that you're embarrassed?

PHIL

Embarrassed? About what?

MOLLY

Do we make too much noise sometimes?

PHIL

No, not at all. Make all the noise you want.

DAN

I'm losing you a little, Phil. Maybe you could explain what you mean?

PHIL

Well, you know, Dan, this is hard.

DAN

I know, old buddy, but it would help if we knew what you were uncomfortable *about*.

PHIL

Oh. Okay. Well, the sofa's a little lumpy, that's my point. When I wake up in the morning I'm stiff sometimes. Uncomfortable.

MOLLY

Oh.

PHIL

So it just seems to me that we should approach this like mature adults.

DAN

And? Do – what?

PHIL

Maybe exchange places some nights. Not every night. Maybe not more than two or three times a week.

MOLLY

You mean you want to sleep in the bed with me?

PHIL

No, no. Good golly, Miss Molly, I like to have some room in my bed, you know. Room enough to throw my arms around in the middle of the night. I mean, that's one of the reasons I'm uncomfortable on the couch. I'm trying to get some extra room for myself. So if you and I were in the bed together it would just sort of cramp me up, you know?

MOLLY

You mean I could never get into bed with you? Ever?

PHIL

Oh, sure. We're engaged, aren't we? But after we're finished, maybe you could go back to Dan.

MOLLY

On the sofa.

PHIL

Yeah.

MOLLY

Well, wouldn't that be a little confining for the two of *us*?

PHIL

That would depend on a lot of things. Like how much room you need. And how easily you can get to sleep when somebody's lying on top of you. Or you're lying on top of them.

DAN

Gee, Phil, I don't know. We're getting into some pretty serious territory here.

PHIL

Yeah, I know. That's why I didn't want to bring it up. But it's been more than three years, see, and I've got this semi-permanent crick in my neck.

MOLLY

(*To Dan*) Poor Phil. A cricky neck must hurt like heck.

DAN

When he puts it that way, Molly, it makes me think that maybe we should behave a little more responsibly.

MOLLY

I suppose you're right.

DAN

Consider Phil's feelings.

MOLLY

Maybe we've been thoughtless.

DAN

My point exactly. How about this, Phil? You sleep in the bed on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Molly and I'll use it the other days of the week.

PHIL

That'd be great, Dan. It would solve all my problems.

MOLLY

Gee, I wish you'd brought this up years ago, Phil. We could have gotten that crick right out of your neck.

PHIL

I know, and I've been meaning to talk about it ever since I moved in. But, you know, I was afraid that bringing up something like this could ruin our relationship.

MOLLY AND DAN
(*simultaneously*)

Never!

MOLLY

I love you, Phil, you know that. Just as much as I love Dan.

DAN

Nothing could come between us, pal, don't you know that?

PHIL

That's a relief. I almost didn't say a thing about it.

MOLLY

Why not, you sweetie?

PHIL

Well, you know, Molly, it wasn't easy. It was hard.

MOLLY

How about we take the ol' bedroom for a spin right now? (*stands*)

PHIL

Sounds good to me, but be careful of my neck. (*stands*)

DAN

If it gets stiff, just give me the high sign. I've got your back.

MOLLY

(Takes off Dan's ring) Would you hold your ring?

DAN

(Takes the ring) Sure.

MOLLY

(To Dan) Even if Phil's neck doesn't get stiff, you're next on the agenda.

DAN

Any particular time?

MOLLY

Say ten-thirty.

PHIL

Dan can give you his ring back and I'll hold on to mine.

MOLLY

Thank you, Phil. You *are* a sweetie.

PHIL

No, you're the sweetie, Molly.

DAN

This is the life, huh?

MOLLY

I'll say. *(To Dan)* See you soon, Amerigo Vespucci.

DAN

See you soon, Lady Godiva.

(Phil and Molly head to the bedroom as Dan picks up a magazine. Lights fade out. End of play.)