

A Dilemma of the Heart, a Plight of the Stomach

Grade 10

02/18/2003

Characters

Michael: 18, Michael's roommate, the straight man, rational and cynical, just wants his pizza.

Bichael: 18, Michael's roommate, hopeless romantic, dramatic and theatrical, just wants true love.

Sue: 18, The pizza delivery girl, patient and professional, but knows when to draw the line.

Set

Two chairs stage right and a "door" center stage. "Door" could be real, could be a frame, could be pantomimed.

Plot

Michael and Bichael order a pizza, but Bichael makes things a little more complicated than they need to be by falling in love with the pizza girl.

(Michael and Bichaël are playing Wii Sports when they hear a knock on the “door”.)

Michael: Must be the pizza, can you go get it?

Bichaël: Why can't you get it for once?

Michael: *(still playing Wii Sports)* Because I'm about to hit this strike, now go get it! I'm so hungry I could eat anything! Except anchovies... there's nothing I despise more on pizza than anchovies.

Bichaël: Okay okay just quit whining. *(rolls eyes and walks to the door)*

(Bichaël opens the door, still with his wii remote, and stares at Sue with wide eyes)

Sue: Hello, did you order a-

(Bichaël quickly slams the door on Sue)

Michael: Did you forget your wallet?

Bichaël: *(realizing what he just did)* N-no. I panicked. She's... really pretty.

Michael: Oh is she? *(looks at Sue through the peephole)* I mean I guess. But why did you slam the door?

Bichaël: I think I'm in love with her.

Michael: WOAH! That's a bit much for someone who you've just met and never spoken to. Besides, I bet the only person who's ever told you “I love you” is your mom.

Michael: Correction: Step mom. And I don't need your sass mister!

Michael: Oh for pete's sake just get the pizza already!

Michael: No Michael, this is about more than just the pizza at this point. I can't treat her like some lowly pizza girl. Love is built upon mutual appreciation and respect, you don't put one person higher than the other. *(Adjusts hair and walks to the door and opens it) (suavely)* Hello again my darling. *(Immediately realizes what he's said and slams the door)* WHAT AM I SAYING?!

Michael: Okay, so what went wrong this time?

Michael: I got caught up in her beautiful green eyes. Green eyes just kill me every time I see them.

Michael: *(looks through the peephole at Sue. Sue looks at the same time and the two jump back in surprise)* Dude, they're blue.

Michael: *(looks at Sue through peephole)* I meant blue.

Michael: Would you stop being so dramatic and get me my triple pepperoni already?

Michael: But how can I? There's no time for pepperoni, I'm too caught up in this ordeal of love. *(looking towards audience, daydreaming)* Why, I'm imagining our future together as we speak! We're cuddled up together on the couch in our cozy suburban home watching Space Jam.

Michael: Space Jam is a good movie but that's besides the point! Have you even considered if you two are compatible? You have some big down sides y'know!

Michael: Like what?

Michael: Well for one you're very unreliable.

Bichaël: What are you talking about? I'm so reliable! I'm like the most reliable person I know!
I'm always there for people!

Michael: Yeah, like the time that you said you couldn't come pick me up after I got out of the hospital because you just had to go and see Kiss Me Kate? *(to audience)* Kiss Me Kate, the 2019 Teen Summer Stock Ensemble production on the Prescott Center for the Arts Mainstage running from July 12th to the 24th.

Bichaël: Besides the point dear Mikey, that woman out there needs me, and I need to seize this opportunity.

Michael: Okay, fine. You're gonna open that door and talk to her with all the confidence and bravado this world has to offer. Just whatever it takes man.

Bichaël: Wow, you're really supporting me in this now?

Michael: No, I just want my pizza already.

Bichaël: Fair enough. *(walks up to door)* And here we go! *(opens door)*

Sue: Hi! Is everything okay in there?

Bichaël: Why yes, everything is simply peachy in here...

Michael: *(whispering to Bichaël)* Dude... your wii strap is still on.

(Bichaël looks down and notices his wii strap is still on his wrist)

Michael: (*whispering to Michael*) So it may seem. (*slams door again*) Oh what am I doing? I'm a fool! I'm the biggest fool! Why there could be a worldwide contest for biggest fool and I'd be the one taking home the gold medal. (*taking off wii strap*) I mean who forgets to take off their wii strap when talking to cute girls? ONLY FOOLS DO THAT!

Michael: Woah there pal, take it back a notch. You can still recover from this. You have to. The pizza's getting cold.

Michael: You're right, there's gotta be something I can do to woo her after such a... (*with a poor French accent*) *snafu*.

Michael: (*without accent, correcting him*) Snafu.

Michael: Oh but I'm sure my suffering has brought you much (*with accent*) *schadenfreude*.

Michael: (*without accent, correcting him again*) Schadenfreude.

Michael: This sure is one (*with accent*) *mucho problema*.

Michael: (*without accent, correcting him again*) Mucho problema. None of that is French, get over yourself.

Michael: It's the accent that counts in the (*with accent*) *language of love*.

Michael: Whatever, women like it when you play hard to get. So don't just give it to her, make her work for it.

Michael: Um, alright. Simple enough. Let's give this a shot. (*opens door*)

Sue: ... hello again. So do you want your pizza or not? My boss is holding a contest, I get a raise if I deliver the most pizzas by the end of the day, so I kind of need to get a move on.

(Michael proceeds to ignore Sue)

Sue: ... Hello? *(waves her hand in front of Michael's face)*

(Michael continues to pretend that Sue isn't even there)

Michael: I'm sorry, I don't know what's gotten into my friend here. How much is it?

Sue: It'll be \$11.47.

Michael: Alright. *(pulls out wallet and takes out a bill)* Here's a 20.

(Michael comes to his senses and slams the door, almost closing it on Michael's arm)

Sue: *(gets a confused look and then sighs out of frustration)* I don't have time for this!

Michael: WOAH! What are you doing? *(slips the bill back into his pocket)*

Michael: I acted the fool again! But this time it's all your fault! She totally was NOT buying the whole "play hard to get" shtick like you so confidently suggested. And what were you thinking by paying? You almost let her get away! Why would you do something like that?

Michael: ... pizza.

Michael: Okay okay, it seems I am truly all alone in this world as I am pushed through this passionate endeavor. But no matter, papa always said I was a strong and striking young man. I guess I'll have to get through this myself, like the pioneers.

Michael: ... You really want a chance with this girl, don't you?

Michael: *(cheesy)* Why, I don't know her last name, but I think I'd like it to be mine. Know what I'm saying?

Michael: (*cringes*) Fine, I guess I can take this a little more seriously and try to help you out.

Bichael: (*tightly hugs Michael, on the verge of tears*) Oh Mikey you're the best friend a guy could ever ask for! I'd never get through this without you! Two heads are better than one, and there's no head I'd rather have with mine than yours!

Michael: (*pushing Bichael away from him*) If you keep hugging me I'll tell her about how you wet the bed.

Bichael: Oh please like I'd be embarrassed by that, it happened *eons* ago.

Michael: It was a month ago-

Bichael: Is this conversation aiding me in my quest to win the fair maiden? Methinks not! Now, give me some ideas to make this girl head over heels for me my dear chum!

Michael: Well, there's one more tactic up my sleeve. (*puts hands on Bichael's shoulders*) (*sincerely*) It's called being yourself. Quit trying to put up a facade for this girl, because if that's what she gets used to, she won't ever know the real you. And if she doesn't like the real you, then she doesn't deserve the real you. But no matter what, *I* deserve my pizza.

Bichael: (*taking Michael's hands off his shoulders*) Wow okay, no need to be sappy. I guess I can give that a shot. (*starts walking up to "door", Michael follows in pursuit and stands behind him*)

Michael: (*to himself*) Oh so *I'm* the sappy one.

Bichael: Let's try this one last time. (*Opens "door"*)

Sue: (*fed up*) It's about time! Are you finally ready to pay? I don't have all day.

Bichaël: Y-yes, sorry. But before that I'd like to ask you something.

Sue: Well make it fast, I've still got my contest, and mama needs that dough.

Bichaël: *(hesitating)* Okay, well, would you like to go on a... date?

Sue: A... date? Why I don't even know you, at least tell me about yourself a bit. What's your name?

(Michael and Bichaël look at each other with worry)

Michael: Oh um, yeah, I'm Michael.

Sue: No no, not you. Your friend here who decided to ask me on a date.

Bichaël: *(sighs)* It's uh... Bichaël. My parents really liked Bicycles...

(Sue begins hysterically laughing as Bichaël has a look of defeat)

Bichaël: *(turns to Michael)* Well looks like I blew it, my name always ruins it for me.

Michael: Don't worry about it pal, it's just one girl.

Sue: *(composing herself)* Oh I'm sorry. I'm typically much more professional than that.

Bichaël: *(dejected)* It's alright... the laughing happens a lot. I'm used to it. Could I at least know your name?

(Sue begins to look very worried)

Sue: Oh of course... It's uh... Sue.

(Michael and Bichaël look at each other with suspicion)

Michael: It sure doesn't seem like that's your name.

Sue: Fine, you got me. It really is Sue, but it's short for... Sewage. You can guess what my dad does for a living...

Bichael: (*surprised*) You hear that Michael?! (*to Sue*) We both have strange names! We really were meant to be! Don't you think so too?

(*a pause, Bichael thinks he's finally won her over*)

Sue: Haha, no. Why would I date someone with a weird name like that?

Bichael: Yeah... I guess you're right... (*tearing up a little*) sorry for bothering you. You should get back to delivering, since you have your contest and all that.

Sue: (*realizing how rude she's been*) No, I'm sorry. Maybe I was a little too harsh there. I don't need some raise from a stupid contest. It's still a no from me, but I think there's something I should give you. (*pulls out a piece of paper and writes on it*) Here. (*handing the paper to Bichael*)

(*Bichael takes the paper with a confused look on his face*)

Sue: And here's your pizza. (*Hands the pizza to Michael*)

Michael: Oh, right. (*hands her the bill*) Keep the change.

Sue: Thanks! Bye now. (*exits*)

Bichael: (*inspecting the paper*) Can you believe it? She really gave me her number! And she even wrote a cute message for me on the back! Looks like everything's coming up roses for little old Bichael!

Michael: Nice one, let me see! *(takes the paper and inspects it, looks at the number skeptically, looks back and forth between the pizza box and the paper)* Dude, this is the pizza place's number. *(looks at the back)* And the cute little message says "If you were satisfied with Sue's service, call and tell us!"

Bichael: *(with a stunned look)* Oh, so it was all a ruse. I really did blow it.

Michael: Well how do you know she's not just playing hard to get and is still out there waiting for us to open the door so she can give you her real number?

Bichael: *(looks through the peephole)* She's gone, our hallway is as empty as my heart.

Michael: Oh. Well cheer up, there will always be other opportunities.

Bichael: How do you know that?

Michael: This is the ninth delivery girl you've fallen in love with this month Bichael.

Bichael: Really? Huh, *(with poor French accent)* *Deja vu.*

Michael: Shut up.

Bichael: What? *Deja vu* is French!

Michael: Doesn't matter. Now, it's time for papa to get his tasty pepperoni! *(opens pizza box)* Wait, it's anchovies! I asked for triple pepperoni, not anchovies! Why that son of a *(brief pause)* Sanitation worker!

Bichael: So... Chinese instead?

Michael: You always could read me like a book. But this time, I'll be taking the food and you'll

be locked in the bathroom so you can't see the delivery girl.

Bichael: Haha, oh Michael!

(the two start laughing together for a while)

Michael: I'm serious.

(long and awkward pause)

Bichael: Fair enough

Fin (Now that's French!)