

Soulmates, Stop Slow

A full-length play

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ACT 1

SCENE 1

MOLLY a woman decorated in worn highway worker gear, shuffles her feet making a deep pattern in the grass beside a dirt road.

Orange and white striped barrels and cones block off an area of the road around Molly.

She looks up and hawk-eyes a man stumbling into view on the road.

MOLLY

Lets go! Glad to see you're so on time for your first day!

A man JOE comes hustling up huffing and puffing, gravity tugging on his stiff transportation worker duds.

JOE

What did you say?

MOLLY

You're late.

JOE

Sorry, had trouble finding Left Field on the map.

MOLLY

Always been here, have to know the right way to go.

JOE

(happily)

Hi I'm Joe.

MOLLY

Why are you telling me? Look at you playing the roll of flagger today, all decked out fancy bright and new.

JOE

Look at you my boss? This will be fun.

MOLLY

This was your idea, you picked the career.

Joe gives two big thumbs up.

MOLLY

You have cologne on?

JOE

Yeah, wanna be fresh.

MOLLY

(rubbing her mouth)

My eyes are burning. I feel the need to spit.

JOE

I smell the scent of a McDonalds playground... Quite a bit of dried ketchup on your reflector vest there.

MOLLY

Had an enthusiastic lunch a week ago.

Pause

JOE

So why are we here? This roads not even paved?

MOLLY

Someone's gonna dig a hole.

JOE

When?

MOLLY

Today, tomorrow, sometime this month.

JOE

Standing in this heat all month?

MOLLY

You'll be standing in some heat, might as well be this one.

JOE

Why don't we just dig the hole?

MOLLY

I'm not diggin' the hole, you wanna dig the hole?

JOE

Not really but it's still heat and I'd have a flagger.

MOLLY

I'm the trainer. I can't flag in official capacity. And--

JOE

To dig a hole you have to have a flagger.

MOLLY

Life is just a fantasy job.

JOE

Do we even need a flagger out here in left field?

MOLLY

It's all about safety and probability.

JOE

What? The odd tractor, truck or cow?

MOLLY

The Ram thinks the El Camino will yield, but come on is it even a truck? I'm a Minneapolis Moline out of my way. Can you even pull a plow? Does that cow have a bell? Don't fear the reaper. BAM! Crash Boom BA!

JOE

But--

MOLLY
(flamboyantly)

Got to have the flagger.

JOE

But there's no hole yet?

MOLLY
If you have one cow there are always more. Rustled by a wreck? You can't dig a hole in a stampede.

JOE

In a stampede...

MOLLY
Now I'm leaving after lunch, so I only have a few hours for you to learn all the ins and outs.

JOE

That's it for training, just a few hours?

MOLLY
What are you worried about, there's not even a hole yet?

Molly bends down and picks up a battle scared signal sign as Joe sneaks a look at her butt.

JOE

Oo there it is.

MOLLY
Yep, this bad girl is the signal hand sign.

JOE

Bad girl?

MOLLY
The only two words a woman needs, stop and slow.

JOE

Is it heavy?

MOLLY

Like any relationship as heavy as you make it.

Joe reaches for the sign but Molly yanks it just out of his reach.

MOLLY

To reiterate this side says stop, the other side here says slow. Get those two meanings.

JOE

Stop and go.

MOLLY

Go slow.

JOE

Slow going.

Joe again grabs for the sign and Molly passes it to her other side behind her back.

MOLLY

Those steel toed boots?

Molly jams the end of the sign down hard onto the front of Joes boot.

JOE

(jumping back)

Jesus what was that for ?

MOLLY

Boot store on your way home.

JOE

And I forgot an apple.

MOLLY

I heard you slept with my sister once.

JOE

No way, she would never admit that.

MOLLY

That's how I know you did it.

JOE

It was just a kiss.

MOLLY

Thoughts and prayers, thoughts and prayers.

Molly spins the sign as it rest on the end of her boot.

MOLLY

Stand on the shoulder, look at traffic making eye contact, turn the sign signal to stop and raise your free hand with you palm exposed to the driver that is farthest away. Turn your body around to the closer driver and with you free hand wave them through. Once that driver is though the work zone turn the sign signal to the stopped driver to slow and wave the driver through.

Joe yanks the sign from Molly stubbing it on his hurt toe.

MOLLY

Got all that sign savant?

JOE

Stop and slow.

Joe tries to spin the sign and it flops and wang bangs to the ground.

MOLLY

Your parents should have put in a little more effort.

Joe embarrassed, fumbly picks of the sign and jerks up stiff at attention.

MOLLY

(shaking her head)

The signal sign is not a Ninja weapon. Do not dance with the sign. The sign is not a baton. You are not the grand Marshal. This is not a car parade. There is no candy, just candy wrappers blowing in the wind. Modern natures tumble weeds.

JOE

(relaxing)

No candy?...

MOLLY

But I did bring champagne for lunch for your graduation celebration. It's in the cooler there. Assuming you graduate?

JOE

We drink at lunch?

MOLLY

This is one of the most dangerous jobs there is. Constant threat of being hit and obliterated by a car. You want to be a professional flagger or not.

JOE

I would love to have a flute of bubbly.

MOLLY

Alright get to, I'll be watching. If you have any questions don't be afraid to speak up.

Molly and Joe stare straight ahead standing side by side, Molly with her arms folded in front of her and Joe slowly flipping the sign back and forth.

Pause

JOE

What time is lunch?

MOLLY

When ever I want.

Pause

JOE
What's on your menu?

MOLLY
Duck l'Orange and some McDonalds fries

JOE
Typical.

Pause

MOLLY
You?

JOE
Two tacos.

MOLLY
Soft shelled or hard?

JOE
Hard.

MOLLY
Where's your cooler?

JOE
They're in my pockets.

MOLLY
They'll go warm?

JOE
That's the plan, who wants to eat a cold taco.

Molly unfolds her arms and hooks her thumbs
in her pockets.

Pause

MOLLY

Pudding packs are like there own currency at work sites.

JOE

Which one's big mighty money, Chocolate?

MOLLY

Butterscotch actually.

JOE

Huh, I wonder why?

MOLLY

Butterscotch tends to pair better with beer. Not very visually striking though.

JOE

Lemon and Jager.

MOLLY

Pistachio and Campari.

JOE

Merry freakin' Christmas.

Pause

JOE

I'm not familiar with this area., where's the road go behind us?

MOLLY

A place called Godot

JOE

French?

MOLLY

Must be. Heard Irish though.

JOE

And that way?

Missouri.
MOLLY

Pause

JOE
It's gonna be a hot, hot, hot one.

MOLLY
The air already smells like burnt fries.

JOE
You need some ketchup rain.

MOLLY
You need your fryer grease changed.

Joe bend the sign down a bit and starts waving it
in front of his face.

MOLLY
You are not Cleopatra . Stop, not slow, stop it.

Joe tugs the sign up quick and shoots it right out
of his hands onto the ground with a chunk
chung.

MOLLY
You gettin' enough oxygen over there?

Joe pick the sign up putting down again on his
stubbed toe.

JOE
Napoleon and Josephine!

Joe kicks at the bottom of the sign kicking it
over, wacking it on his head.

Molly glances over and shakes her head.

Pause

MOLLY

Where's your water jug?

JOE

I got some juice pouches in my back pocket.

MOLLY

Somebody let you have kids?

JOE

They were on sale.

MOLLY

Knew there was no woman involved.

JOE

That's sexual harassment.

Joe turns his rear to Molly showing his back
pockets stuffed with juice pouches

MOLLY

No, that there is sexual harassment.

Pause

MOLLY

What flavors?

JOE

Fruit punch?

MOLLY

Typical.

Pause

MOLLY

Well I'm gonna head over the berm and take a --

JOE

Wait there's no porta potty? What happens if we have to go number two?

MOLLY

You dig a hole. Waaay out in left field.

JOE

There are no trees?

MOLLY

Bring a shrub and dig two holes.

Molly scoots to the field.

Joe slaps the pole back and forth between his hands spinning the signal sign.

MOLLY (O.S.)

You have the sign, don't strike oil with it.

JOE

(standing on his toes)

A car is coming, a car is coming!

MOLLY (O.S.)

Your first action.

JOE

What'll I do?

MOLLY (O.S.)

Just stand there.

JOE

It's coming in fast.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Just stand there.

Joe glances up quick to make sure the slow side of the sign is facing the new land speed record.

JOE

Do I point the sign exactly straight ahead or more towards the side of the road a bit?

MOLLY (O.S.)

Just eyeball it.

JOE

Coming in hot, not slowing, Godot side clear, already in their passing lane!

MOLLY (O.S.)

Just stand there!

JOE

So fast. So very fast.

Joe jumps back as the sign signal twisters beside him.

A woman's doppler laughter ricochets through the heat waves.

JOE

OH MY GOD!!! OH MY GOD!!

MOLLY (O.S.)

I said just stand there!

JOE

(stunned)

No, no. The passenger...

MOLLY (O.S.)

What?

JOE

She uh...

MOLLY (O.S.)

She what?, She what?

JOE

She kinda... No she did.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Kinda did, kinda did, kinda what?

JOE
She flashed me.

MOLLY
(running on stage)
No? What did they look like?

JOE
Two Doritos.

MOLLY
Oh I'm sorry. Still flammin' Hot lucky though.

JOE
(disappointed)
More Cool Ranch.

MOLLY
I ran back for cool ranch?

JOE
You missed somethin'

MOLLY
I was diggin' a hole.

JOE
Oh... With what your hands?

Molly pulls something out of her back pocket.

MOLLY
KFC spork, perfect tool for the job.

JOE
Wow, you brought it back?! Are you recycling it?

MOLLY
(chuckling patting her pants)
No, I have a pocketful, I'm a regular customer. I'll throw it away at home.

JOE

Just burry it.

MOLLY

That's like thousands of sporks buried in left field if everyone did that.

JOE

So...

MOLLY

Two thousand years from now what would the archeologist think of our mankind? They'd think it was some part of a cult ritual.

JOE

Oh that's right Stonehenge was a public toilet/rest stop area.

MOLLY

You're having day old pocket tacos for lunch, do you have a spork?

Pause

MOLLY

Just a couple of juice box straws.

They both assume there positions staring straight ahead, Joe holding the sign rigidly.

Pause

JOE

I'll bet it's true love.

MOLLY

Nacho Cheese Joe. Just drive by chips.

JOE

Not me, the couple in the car.

MOLLY

How do you know they were a couple? Guy or girl?

Guy.
JOE

MOLLY
Through what psychiatrics wizardry do you know they were a couple and in love?

JOE
He wasn't laughing with her, just staring straight ahead.

MOLLY
And the love part?

JOE
He let her do it.

MOLLY
Oh he let her do it? I can't wait 'till you discover fire.

Joe stares up at the sign and spins it around.

Pause

Joe pluck his phone out of his pocket and starts thumbing the screen.

MOLLY
Put your phone away, this isn't planet of the apps.

JOE
Convoy ahead!

MOLLY
I'll put you in a bag of rice.

Pause

JOE
You have any sort of nickname?

MOLLY
They're gonna call me "working with dufus."

JOE

I had a friend who lost a finger, we called him “KitKat.”

MOLLY

I had two friends called Mike.

JOE

Great nicknames.

MOLLY

We called one of them “Mike who didn’t murder his wife.”

Joe wipes his forehead with his sleeve.

JOE

You win.

MOLLY

Always do.

Pause

MOLLY

She just let him think he was letting her flash you.

JOE

And that’s true love.

MOLLY

How do you figure?

JOE

She made him feel important.

MOLLY

He prolly knew she was giving him the win.

JOE

Guys aren’t that self-aware.

MOLLY

Ah ha! Your first quotable quote.

JOE

Tricking me doesn't make it true.

Joe turn the sign facing slow.

Pause.

MOLLY

You get high?

JOE

Like ten years ago maybe. You smoke up out here? Boss?

Molly reaches into the top of her shirt and digs out something in cling wrap.

JOE

(alarmed)

Black tar heroin?

MOLLY

That's it.

JOE

Really?

MOLLY

Double chocolate gooey Maui Wowie pot brownies.

JOE

Say that twice without laughing after you've had one.

Molly starts unwrapping the enticement.

MOLLY

I have two, want one?

JOE

These are big, I won't want lunch.

MOLLY

Uh huh...

Joe takes a brownie and Joe holds it up to the sun.

MOLLY

What are you doing seeing if it's eclipse proof?

JOE

I really don't know.

MOLLY

You should know to eat it.

JOE

How will it make me feel.

MOLLY

In you I would hate to guess.

Joe sniffs his brownie inhaling deep.

MOLLY

You're gonna have to put it in your mouth...

JOE

Does it work quick?

MOLLY

Maybe you should just try eating just--

Joe mashes the whole huge brownie into his mouth and starts chomping.

MOLLY

The whole big ass brownie all at once.

JOE

(with mouthful)

So tasty and gooey. Superb chocolaty flavor. Really taste the heroin.

MOLLY

Thank you brownie sommelier.

JOE

(still mouthful)

No really, it's good. Don't feel anything though?

MOLLY

Well you must have got a dud, it happens.

Molly slowly starts to nibble her brownie.

JOE

(chewing)

I prolly have a high tolerance, it happens in different folks.

Joe finally swallows with a big gulp and looks up and spins the sign.

MOLLY

You are a different folk.

Pause

JOE

You have any ink?

MOLLY

I have one.

JOE

So I can't see it? Is it in a naughty place.

MOLLY

Are you twelve?

JOE

You know, cho, cho area.

MOLLY

Naughty place to cho, cho.

JOE

Well can I see it?

MOLLY

My vagina? Gonna be your first one?

JOE

Just the tattoo I don't need to see the whole flowering inferno.

MOLLY

Naughty flowering inferno.

JOE

Your call and all.

MOLLY

So glad its my call.

JOE

I'm very chivalrous.

MOLLY

I can see that. Are you ready?

Molly take a nibble of brownie and grabs the top of her pants with one hands.

JOE

You're really gonna show me?

MOLLY

I think it's already been established that this is a nudity zone.

JOE

Uh, well. Maybe I should at least know your last name first.

MOLLY

Kunz.

JOE

Oh wow that's not helping, not really helping at all.

MOLLY

Yep you got a dud.

JOE

Ok you drop-trow and I'll just peek a little. At the tat.

MOLLY

That makes me feel much more comfortable.

Molly undoes her pants and lets them drop to the ground.

The sign falls in front of Joe with a thud, barely missing Molly.

JOE

Commando, I thought I'd at least have the bikini bottoms layer.

Joe puts his hands over his eyes.

Molly eats a bit of brownie.

MOLLY

Look down.

JOE

I don't wanna see it now. Though it is nice and expertly scapped.

Molly turns her leg sideways to Joe.

MOLLY

At my calf, down at my calf.

Joe looks down through his fingers.

MOLLY

It's a connect the dot's tattoo.

JOE

That's new, Jesus of what?

Jesus.

MOLLY

Why connect the dots?

JOE

It's the path we travel to get there.

MOLLY

The pants path?

JOE

It's a pain to pull the cuff over my boots and get it back over.

MOLLY

Smart... What time does the museum close.

JOE

Oh sorry.

MOLLY

Molly nibbles a bit of brownie and pulls her pants back up laughing.

Joe cracks his knuckle, interlocking his fingers and stretching them out in front of him.

MOLLY

How 'bout you?

JOE

You're right you saw mine. It's only fair.

Joe starts to undo his pants.

MOLLY

No! Ink, just ink.

JOE

Oh right, I have a wave file on my arm.

Are you a surfer?

MOLLY

Joe pulls his phone up out of his pocket.

No it's a music wave file see.

JOE

Joe places his phone over the wave tattoo and the chicken dance song begins to play.

Oh that is so cool.

MOLLY

I'm a hit at weddings.

JOE

Oh really?

MOLLY

I am thee best.

JOE

Joe swipes at his phone and gets the whole song playing on his phone, and tosses it to Molly.

Like the best in the world?

MOLLY

Joe goes over and grabs two orange traffic cones and shoves his arms into them.

You'll see.

JOE

Molly take a peck of brownie.

I'm seeing something.

MOLLY

JOE

Turn it up, really crank it!

Molly pushes the volume up full blast and Joe starts to flap his cone arms to the polka beat.

MOLLY

Look at you go. The bridesmaids must love, love you.

Joe starts doing wide circular motions with his cone arms and he dances with his knees knocking together.

JOE

Sweating, but I don't feel hot anymore.

Molly holds Joe's phone up and out blasting the music and obviously recording the moment to video.

MOLLY

(laughing)

Yep you defiantly got a dud.

As Joe is waving his orange cone arms over his head to the chicken beat, the sound of a tractor comes slowly rolling by.

MOLLY

Wave hello to farmer Brown, his daughters looking for a husband.

Molly waves with her brownie hand then takes a bite

Joe laughing and smiling, waves vigorously with his cone arm.

JOE

Hi farmer Brown.

Molly laughs hysterically.

The sound of a tractor revving and speeding up.

The tractor sound slowly fades as Joe is still flapping strong.

MOLLY

Yeah I don't think the Maui Wowie effects you much at all.

JOE

I don't know I'm feeling something just a little bit.

MOLLY

Yeah maybe just a bit.

JOE

I'm really sweating.

MOLLY

We should prolly calm down and get back to work.

Molly plops the last bit of her brownie into her mouth with a smile.

JOE

Whooo.

Joe flaps the cone arms off with a whirl.

MOLLY

Don't forget the sign wedding crasher.

Joe picks up the sign, drops it with a bang and yanks it up again.

JOE

That was fun, I'm hungry.

MOLLY

You just had a break.

JOE

Yes boss.

Molly and Joe Both look straight ahead as Joe salutes and laughs.

JOE

You think it's called the chicken dance cause we're afraid to get married.

MOLLY

I think it's called the chicken dance 'Cause it's time to cross the road. I just remembered the hole's being dug on the other side.

ACT 2

SCENE 1

Molly and Joe and standing staring from the other side of the road with all the barrels and cones moved over. Joe hold the sign with slow facing forwards.

JOE

Get high, stand, six hundred every Thursday.

MOLLY

Not a bad choice you made huh.

JOE

Not to shabby.

MOLLY

Painter in Paris might, just might have been a bit better way to go.

JOE

According to your leg it's all by numbers.

Pause

Joe twirls the sign faster with each smack of the hands.

JOE

All the things that have to fall in place, it's ironic that it's just one little thing that lets us know.

The sign eases onto slow.

MOLLY

Know what.

JOE

That a persons found their soulmate.

MOLLY
You don't know.

JOE
At first sight.

MOLLY
Tipsy drunk.

JOE
Same music.

MOLLY
You lie your way through and don't go to concerts.

JOE
Help each other out at the right time. The serendipity.

MOLLY
A girl in trouble is a temporary thing.

JOE
Both enjoy the fall colors.

MOLLY
Fall colors? You have to earn your seasons.

JOE
OK how about you save them from themselves.

MOLLY
A super hero isn't coming for you.

JOE
Well then great sex.

MOLLY
A lotta drunk. And the cramp time-outs.

JOE
Here we go, fall in the same hole.

MOLLY

It's not dug yet.

Joe gives the sign another spin landing on stop.

MOLLY

Maybe it's seeing someone's cho, cho.

JOE

Everyone wants to marry a nudist until your bits are baking in the sun at the beach in the hot, hot sun.

MOLLY

Comfortably self destructing together.

JOE

We all crave messy lives just look at the TV we watch.

MOLLY

Got it, you like the same foods, every one gets hungry.

JOE

If you wanna cook for a soulmate you'd better know lots of recipes.

Molly wipes her brow with her arm.

MOLLY

Both have never been to Godot or Missouri.

JOE

You just might have something there.

Pause

JOE

She gives you the look.

MOLLY

With you your fly's proolly open.

JOE

They both want to settle down together at the same time.

MOLLY

Humans live in a state of incompleteness. We are born and die hunter gatherers. Love is just the force to gather more berries.

JOE

And eat barbeque.

Pause

MOLLY

What happens if you never find your soulmate?

JOE

Well, then... You're free.

MOLLY

Free of what?

JOE

Free to do whatever you want.

MOLLY

But not dig a hole.

JOE

Not dig a hole... Lets say you know who your soulmate is but it's unrequited.

MOLLY

You get one of those word calendars?

JOE

Then you don't have to worry about a soulmate anymore, you free to do whatever.

MOLLY

Uh huh, whatever.

JOE

Free to run in a burning building and save the kids. Run out into traffic to save the cat. It's like you're Superman and a soulmate was your kryptonite.

MOLLY
From soulmate to rock.

JOE
I didn't choose to be free.

MOLLY
Free to be a flagger.

JOE
Not much needs saving in left field.

MOLLY
With denial as your kryptonite.

JOE
Love.

MOLLY
Love always translates into perhaps.

Pause

JOE
Truck.

MOLLY
I can't say I prefer a car.

JOE
No a semi is coming.

MOLLY
Good eye, turn the sign to slow.

JOE
Oh yeah.

Joe quick flips the sign to slow.

The sound of a truck roaring up gets closer.

MOLLY

You know what to do?

JOE

Hell yes I know what to do.

As the sound of the truck rumbles by Molly and Joe start pumping there arms up and down as fast as they can.

MOLLY

Come on do it!

JOE

Lets go!!

The truck blast its horn.

WAAAA , WAAAA, WAAA, WAAAAAAA.

MOLLY

WHOO HOO!

JOE

YES!

Molly and Joe high five each other as tall as they can reach

They both smile at each other in silence.

Pause

JOE

Ahh left field. Where you can stop life or just slow it down.

MOLLY

And a rookie flagger mansplains true love soulmates. Such a fantasy.

JOE

How can you deny the truth?

MOLLY

You just crapped out a bunch of details, clone mixtapes same affordable brands. All just lazy fact. True love, soulmate love is a feeling.

Joe lets out a big juicy fart smiling.

MOLLY

Very self aware, thank you.

JOE

Sorry accident.

MOLLY

I'll bet you had one.

JOE

True love is like a fart.

MOLLY

Oh hell no, nope.

JOE

But?--

MOLLY

Enough of your butt.

JOE

I--

MOLLY

Spin your sign, drum up some business.

Joe spins the pole with a hard slap of his hands and the sign lands on stop.

Joe stares straight ahead with Molly giving him the side-eye.

Pause

MOLLY

I think it might be just about champagne time.

JOE

BEE!!!!

Joe suddenly swing the sign around three sixty nearly taking off molly's head as she barely ducks under it.

MOLLY

Watch it!

Joe takes another big full body swing.

Molly bends over at her waste.

MOLLY

Stop!

JOE

Almost had it.

Joe slaps the breeze again with all his might.

MOLLY

Had me!

Joe stabs the air with the sign then give another huge roundhouse at the bee as Molly leans chin back.

MOLLY

Are you mad.

Joe stabs and double whacks the air with both ends of the sign.

JOE

I'm getting there.

Joe swings hard again as Molly squats in a courtesy then bounces back up.

MOLLY

Stop it right now you're gonna kill someone.

JOE

'bout had it that time.

Joe rare back coiled for the money swing.

Molly kicks him right in the nuts.

The sign clanks down and Joe crumples over in the road moaning loudly.

JOE

(still moaning)

That's not right, what the hell was that for?

Molly strolls over to her cooler.

MOLLY

You were fast becoming my favorite comedian, and I couldn't let that happen.

Joe drags himself up to a sitting position with his legs out in front of him.

Molly pulls a bottle of champagne out of the ice and tosses it to Joe.

MOLLY

Slap that on your nards.

JOE

I'd rather drink it.

Molly picks up the sign with slow facing forward.

MOLLY

You're welcome honey.

Pause

Joe slowly stands up moaning a bit.

MOLLY

Third place punt, pass and kick boys division, you didn't stand a chance.

JOE

(shaking his head)

Man, got any glasses?

Molly holding the sign on her shoulder, reaches over into her cooler and tosses something to Joe.

MOLLY

Here, we'll have to empty a couple of pudding cups.

JOE

Oo chocolate my favorite.

Molly flips out a spork to Joe from her pocket.

MOLLY

Save it for left field.

They both silently eat their pudding cups with Joe sticking his fingers in the bottom to dig up the last bit then licks his fingers.

Molly just stares at him without blinking or moving.

JOE

You gonna finish your bottom?

MOLLY

(tossing Joe the plastic cup)

I've come this far, go for it.

Molly grabs the champagne bottle off of the ground and holds it out in front of her.

JOE

You're not?

MOLLY

Oh I am. The last thing to learn as a flagger.

Molly hold the sign above her head and behind her back a bit.

JOE

How?

Molly suddenly whip the sign around in a whirl with the edge expertly slicing off the top of the bottle as champagne foams out.

MOLLY

Let us taste the stars!

Joe holds out the cups as Molly pours them to the brim.

JOE

Again and again.

They both daintily sip with their pinky's out.

MOLLY

(surprised)

Simple but elegant.

JOE

And again until we puke.

MOLLY

And there it is.

JOE

What?

MOLLY

Chicken butt.

They both sip their champagne in silence.

*Pause*Joe holds out his pudding cup as Molly ours
another round.

They both sip.

JOE

Champagne is the soulmate of wines.

MOLLY

That doesn't even make any sense.

JOE

It makes the most sense.

MOLLY

What you know about love and soulmates would fit in a pudding cup.

JOE

Full of champagne the love of wine.

MOLLY

I feel the rumble of the Mensa bus coming to pick you up.

JOE

Maybe you could come along they might need a driver?

MOLLY

You could say a hundred things about love and soulmates and not one, one thing would
make any sense.

JOE

Lightning round?

MOLLY

I'll be shocked if you get two, one could just be luck.

Molly fills up both pudding cups and they
swash them back, taring into each others eyes.

Molly spins the sign to stop.

JOE

You know you're with a soulmate because you feel taller.

MOLLY

I'll wait for the Sherpa.

JOE

Everything else is secondary.

MOLLY

I always come first.

JOE

Soulmates are easy to forgive.

MOLLY

Promises don't count in true love.

JOE

You sell off your happy hunting grounds.

MOLLY

You're the hamburger of the doofs.

JOE

You leave your past in boxes.

MOLLY

I've already moved on.

JOE

Your composure is lost forever.

MOLLY

You'd still need a conductor.

JOE

Heartbreak music is just noise.

Molly flips the bird finger in Joes face.

MOLLY

Name this tune.

JOE

You know you're better off.

MOLLY

Now you are my favorite comedian.

JOE

You know longer have a favorite ex.

MOLLY

Like anyone ever dated you past payday.

JOE

Anniversaries mean something.

MOLLY

I'd defiantly come up short on the fifth anniversary.

Long Pause

JOE

You can hold a mirror up to it.

MOLLY

Seven years bad luck.

JOE

Caught in the moment floating.

MOLLY

You're a haunting.

JOE

You wanna party at home instead of going out.

Open bar?
MOLLY

You want to change.
JOE

Oh I don't need to.
MOLLY

You can just sit and say nothing.
JOE

Getting warmer, you not saying anything is very tempting.
MOLLY

Soulmates are never miserable.
JOE

Two words, Romeo and Juliet.
MOLLY

That's three.
JOE

You're still working on one.
MOLLY

You feel a higher power.
JOE

You're proof God doesn't love everyone.
MOLLY

You feel so much smarter.
JOE

You're Brian dead.
MOLLY

Joe juts out his arm.

JOE

Just hand my the damn bottle I give up.

Molly laughs hysterically as she hands Joe the champagne.

MOLLY

Guess I should have let the kitty catch the toy a couple times huh.

Joe chugs the rest of the champagne careful of the sharp edge.

JOE

Thought I really had you with happy hunting grounds.

MOLLY

You're the McDonalds of love. Which is OK, you just need to put plenty of ketchup in the bag.

JOE

Well you'll need plenty of napkins.

Molly jerks and grabs her stomach.

MOLLY

I've been hit.

JOE

Uh huh.

Molly slaps his but as they both stare at the horizon.

Pause

JOE

Car.

MOLLY

Back to work.

Molly starts to hand the sign back to Joe spinning it to slow.

JOE

Can you keep it I'm a little tipsy.

MOLLY

Guess the second bottles mine at lunch.

The sound of a car with a bad muffle gets louder.

JOE

That's a jalopy.

MOLLY

I think they've updated the term to Junker.

JOE

A jalopy Junker, it's missing a door.

MOLLY

That horsepower might not make it across the finish line.

The rattling loud muffler sound slowly gets louder and louder, then suddenly stops right beside them.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Auhhhhhhhhhhhhg!

JOE

She's louder than the muffler.

MOLLY

She needs help.

Molly spins the sign to stop and drops it to the road.

A woman obviously ten months pregnant crawls onto the stage.

WOMAN

(in panting pain)

I was sure I could make it to Godot.

JOE

You made it to left field.

WOMAN

(talking through a contraction)

Now what? This is nowhere?

MOLLY

Now what is your going to have a baby.

Molly softly turns the woman on her back and lifts her dress. Joe is standing over them.

WOMAN

Auhhhh, ooooo.

MOLLY

Like right now.

JOE

(surprised)

Oh my, business end twice in one day.

WOMAN

You can't have a baby in left field?

MOLLY

It's happened once before.

JOE

Don't worry we childproofed it, we recycle the sporks.

WOMAN

(panting)

What?

MOLLY

Nevermind him just look at me love.

WOMAN

(blowing out strong)

OK, OK.

MOLLY

I see the head, it's crowning.

JOE

Very handsome head, won't need a haircut for quite a while.

Molly just shakes her head.

MOLLY

OK, one big push love.

WOMAN

I can't I'm so tired.

JOE

Should I push from the other end?

MOLLY

The other end of the road. Hold her head up, gently.

Joe holds her head carefully from underneath.

WOMAN

Oh! It hurts so bad.

MOLLY

Just one big push.

WOMAN

I can't, I just can't, I have to make it to...

MOLLY

This is where we're at now, it'll be OK.

JOE

She is persistent, trust me she won't let it go.

JOE

We have to do...

MOLLY

Nothing, they'll be here soon now to dig the hole.

Joe stands up slowly.

JOE

The hole was for her?

MOLLY

There was no good way to tell you, first day and all.

JOE

OK? But in the road?

MOLLY

We are on the road that's paved with good intentions. Lucky or unlucky as it may be.

JOE

Really?

MOLLY

She was already so close to Godot.

JOE

So sad.

MOLLY

It's a good thing.

Molly rocks the baby back and forth lightly.

MOLLY

She is so precious, just look at her.

Joe leans against Molly, looking down at the baby.

JOE

And what do we do with the baby?, 'cause... You know we're supposed to take her into Godot.

MOLLY

I'm not going to Godot, you wanna go to Godot? I'm having to much fun.

JOE

You're right to much fun... So the baby?... We just stay here forever? Left field is nice but there are no umpires.

MOLLY

We were obviously going back again... So... We take her back with us!!

JOE

Oh no! No!! Remember what happened last time? We're still dealing with that.

MOLLY

That was over two thousand years ago, move on.

JOE

Move on?

MOLLY

Look at it this way, Christmas is our favorite time of the year.

JOE

I do like that Rudolph song.

Joe puts his arm around Molly and gives her a hug.

MOLLY

I think I'll call her Jesus. I love that name.

Molly kisses the babies little fingers.

JOE

No, definitely not. No! And she's a girl?

MOLLY

That's OK it'll make her stand out more.

JOE

Oh I think she's gonna stand out plenty.

MOLLY

And can you please make a reservation, last time without one was such a hassle.

THE END