

# Conscience: A Story of the Inner Psyche

## *CHARACTER LIST*

**MAX:** 18 years old. He is a spastic, Jim Carrey type. He is nerdy and insecure. He is also in love with Charlie Remington. He is dressed in plaid and khakis complete with sad-looking sweater, although by the end of the play, he should look slightly ruffled.

**Charlie:** Also 18 years old. She is the typical girl-next-door type. She is easy-going, fun, and attractive. But she is also insecure when it comes to her family and trusting people. Although Max confuses her and she is a little freaked out by him, she likes hanging around him, because she feels like she can be herself.

**One:** She is Conscience # One. She could be anywhere from 18 to 20, just as long as she look's about Max's age. She is a confident, picky know-it-all. She is also the logical side of Max's brain, so she should be suave and intelligent, but clueless when it comes to handling matters of the heart. She is also really sarcastic and has no patience with Max.

**Two:** He's Conscience # Two. This needs to be a man of any age who is ok with acting like he's two. (Get it? Ha ha) He is absorbed in his own world and seems immature. This should be a flexible actor, because it involves many activities, such as bike riding, yoga poses, rolling and dipping across the stage, etc. This is an integral part of the character, because while he is childish, his puerility makes his heart seem really big.

**Cinnamon:** He is Charlie's one and only conscience and he's proud of it! This should be a man close to Charlie's age, but could be a little older. He is a larger than life character and for any of those who have seen *The Birdcage* with Robin Williams, will know what I'm talking about. There is innuendo that he is homosexual, but he insists that he is not. In fact, he has 3 girlfriends. This actor should be able to trendy, flip his hair, talk in a "ghetto" sort of way (without offense, just for laughs), and be extremely comfortable with his masculinity. He also needs to be loud. REALLY loud.

**Beautiful Girl:** This part is an integral part of the plot, not because it's big, but because it reinforces the audience's perspective on Cinnamon's sexuality. She also provides a little humor after the gushy part in the ending. This girl can be of any age, as long as she is drop dead gorgeous. \*There is some preference on the author's part for her to be blonde and needy, which translates into stupid. (Ha ha again.)

## Conscience: A Story of the Inner Psyche

**Setting:** Three bookcases are set up further backstage center; one round table is set up directly CS. A guy dressed in plaid and khakis sits at the table. He looks nervous and agitated.

**Max:** Ok. (*Counts books on the table*) I think I've got all the books. Civil War, Revolutionary War, World War I...(*Looks*)...and II. All the major American conflicts. (*Turns around and looks*) Where is she? (*Looks at his watch*) She's late. It's never a good thing when someone's late. What if she doesn't like me? What if she only agreed to study with me, because I am the smart kid, and I know the stuff? (*He gasps dramatically*) She's using me! (*Gets up and begins to pace*) I knew she was gonna do this. She probably found out that I am a candidate for valedictorian and picked me, because I'm a pushover. Like I couldn't say no to her or something...(Thinks to himself)... 'cause you know I could. (Charlie enters SL. At the moment Max is turned the other way.) She'll do the typical girl thing and give me some sort of fake excuse, like.....

**Charlie:** (Interrupts) I had a flat tire?

**Max:** Like a flat tire, thank you...(He whips around. \*When he says this next line, it should be high-pitched.) Charlie! (Clears his throat. Manly) I didn't hear you come in.

**Charlie:** Sorry I'm late. (Sits her stuff on the table and on the floor) I was coming back from Vestavia, and as soon as I got off the interstate, my tire blew.

**Max:** No problem. Really. I just got here. (Goes to lean nonchalantly on the table and falls a little bit.)

**Charlie:** Max, the books are arranged alphabetically, and when I described you to the doorman, he knew you by name.

**Max:** (A little embarrassed.) I'm friendly.

**Charlie:** (Laughs) Ok...I'm just kidding with you. You need to go with the flow.

**Max:** I am. (She doesn't believe him) I'm flowing! I'm flowing like the kitchen sink! (Laughs nervously.)

**Charlie:** No.

**Max:** Too much?

**Charlie:** (Laughs) Put that in the trunk and lock it.

**Max:** Put what in the trunk.....

**Charlie:** (Waves her hands.) Never mind. You ready to tutor me?

**Max:** I sure am. I've got all the books we need.

**Charlie:** (Looks at the stack) You're missing Vietnam.

**Max:** (Smile fades.) What?

**Charlie:** (Stops him before he gets sad) Chill. I'll go get it. (Turns to go)

**Max:** Hey Charlie?

**Charlie:** (Stops) Yea?

**Max:** Uh.....You should really know something before we start.

**Charlie:** Uh-huh....

**Max:** I...think...(Blows out a breath) I think you should ask the librarian for help to find that book, 'cause you know we should get started! (Points and laughs at his watch.)

**Charlie:** (Smiles, not understanding why that was so important.) O.k. I will....(Exits SL)

**Max:** Take your time. (Waits until she leaves. Mocks himself.) *OOOhhhh, I think you should ask the librarian for help...yea!* I am such an idiot.

**One:** (Comes out from behind one of the bookcases.) That's because you never listen to me.

(Max screams like a little girl and jumps.)

**One:** (Scoffs) That was manly.

**Max:** (Regains his composure) You snuck up on me! You just don't do that to a person!

**One:** Oh, waaah. Don't be such a baby.

**Max:** For all you know, I could have had a heart condition! I could be lying on the floor like a vegetable right now!

**One:** But, you're not. You don't even have any allergies.

**Max:** None that I know about...(Realization sinks in) Hey, how did you know that? I don't even know who you are!

**One:** But, I know you. That's the important thing. For instance, I know you're here because you tutor on weekends.

**Max:** Anyone could have known that. You could have followed me here, or heard about it at school.

**One:** You're wearing a blue sock and a red sock.

**Max:** Big deal... You could have seen them when I wasn't looking.

**One:** Ok...(Pulls out the big guns) Your name is Macadamia, but you prefer Max, because the kids used to tease you when you were younger.

**Max:** (Eyes get watery) They called me num nuts....

**One:** If the shoe fits....(Pause. Max starts to make a retort) You're a senior in high school. You're wearing contacts, but you prefer glasses. You're a hypochondriac, and you are completely in love with Charlene Remington.

**Max:** (Stares in disbelief) Are you CIA?

**One:** (Laughs) No. But, I can pretty much tell you everything about you. Probably some things you don't even know.

**Max:** Yea (Scoffs) Ok...Like that's....

**One:** You wear a size ten shoe.

**Max:** So?

**One:** In women's.

**Max:** Shhhh!(Looks around paranoid.)

**One:** Relax, I didn't come here to spill the beans about your shoes. I came to help you.

**Max:** Who are you?

**One:** You can call me One. (They shake hands) Pleased to meet you.

**Max:** One? Well your parents really screwed you on that *one* didn't they? (Chuckles. She is not amused. ) I thought it was funny.

**One:** A-huh. Well, it's just so much easier.

**Max:** Than?

**One:** Than having to say “Hello, my name is Conscience Number One!”

**Max:** Conscience? Wait....

**One:** I know how it sounds.

**Max:** Sound like you’re nuts.

**One:** What? You don’t believe me?

**Max:** I don’t believe they prescribed enough medication for you! (Thinks for a minute) What’s my middle name?

**One:** We’re going to be at this all day.....

**Max:** A ha I knew it!!! You don’t....

**One:** Cashew. (Max gasps dramatically) I’ve been meaning to ask you...did your mom have a thing with nuts or is it that she had a bowl of Planter’s Mixed Nuts that day...just something she ate?

**Max:** (Backs away from her, turning his fingers into a Crucifix) You’re the Devil....

**One:** No, *I’m* not. But I’ve met him. He’s rather...how shall I put this...*hot*? (Laughs, but he doesn’t.) Well, I just thought I would take a crack at your corny humor.

**Max:** (Gulps) So let me get this straight....you’re my conscience?

**One:** Yep...

**Max:** But, you’re a woman.

**One:** So...Is that a problem?

**Max:** (Sarcastic) It just makes me feel really secure about my manhood. (A beat) Wait, a woman is running the logical side of my brain?

**One:** I just told you that I’m your conscience and that I know all, and the only thing you can say is “But you’re a woman?” Which by the way, the most brilliant men in the world were run by girl consciences. Albert Einstein, Donald Trump, Picasso (Snaps her fingers) Brad Pitt.

**Max:** Was I supposed to say something else?

**One:** (Sighs as she leans against the table) Most seem to ask about the future...who they're going to marry, whether or not they'll die tomorrow. One guy actually asked his conscience whether or not his stock would go up.

**Max:** And?

**One:** No, actually it went down. He ended up losing his house, his car, his dog....

**Max:** (gulped) His dog?

**One:** Sad, but true. But, only because he didn't listen to his conscience. His conscience told him to buy the McDonald's stock years ago, before it was popular. He didn't listen. And now he's dead. (A beat. Max is in a stunned silence) So, how can I help you?

**Max:** I don't need any help.

**One:** Yea Ok.

**Max:** I don't!

**One:** (Points to a chair and leads him to it) What is one of the first things I told you?

**Max:** (Thinks) You said I didn't have any allergies...

**One:** After that...

**Max:** You told me I wore girl's shoes...(Looks around)...which is entirely untrue...

**One:** No before that...

**Max:** I don't think you came here to help me match my socks...

**One:** No! After that...

**Max:** Hypochondria happens to run in my family!(One picks up a book and hits him in the face. This should stun the audience.) YOU JUST HIT ME IN THE FACE WITH A BOOK!

**One:** How did you notice with all your going on about "Hypochondria runs in my family.."

**Max:** (Checks his nose for bleeding) Am I bleeding?

**One:** I told you that you were in love with Charlie. You are aren't you?

**Max:** You can't prove it...

**One:** That tattoo says differently....

**Max:** (Covers her mouth) Alright! Keep it down! Yes ok. I like her a lot.

**One:** And every time you try to tell her, you chicken out. Correct?

**Max:** Yea, so.

**One:** (Presents herself) Here's your confidence!

**Max:** You said you were my conscience...

**One:** What did you say your IQ was again?

**Max:** Alright I get it. But, why do you choose now? I could have used you a long time ago.

**One:** (Plays with her immaculate nails) It's not my fault you never listen to us...

**Max:** Well, maybe it's your fault....(He does a double take) us?

**One:** Yea, there's two of us.

**Max:** Why do I need two?

**One:** There are two sides to everyone. A sensible side and a non-sensible side. The sensible side has to do with smarts and good decisions. The non-sensible side has to do with having fun, with loosening up, with smiling and rainbows, bladdhy, bladdhy, blah, but most importantly with the matters of the heart.

**Max:** Which one are you?

**One:** Does it look like I'm the fluffy, mushy, "I believe in fairies" type?

**Max:** Well, no. I guess not.

**One:** I'm your sensible side.

**Max:** Where's my non-sensible side?

**One:** Unfortunately, non-sensible people are consistently late...(looks at her watch) And I should probably warn you. He's a little...different.

**Max:** What do you mean?

**One:** Well let's just say that I'm the cool one of the group.

**Max:** I'm not following.

**One:** Look, there's a reason why you're not good at expressing yourself when it comes to Charlie.....there's a reason why you're what we call (Makes quotation marks with her fingers) *emotionally retarded*.

**Max:** (A beat.) There's a term in your world called *emotionally retarded*?

**One:** It's all in the handbook....

**Max:** There's a handbook?

**One:** (Annoyed, she sighs.) No wonder you get good grades. You never stop asking questions.

**Max:** Is she....he....it coming soon?

**Charlie:** (Returning with a book) Is who coming soon?

**Max:** (Freaks out) Charlie!

**Charlie:** What?

**Max:** (Stutters looking flustered) This...is...One...(points to bookcases where One has drifted to.)

**One:** (Pulls a book off shelf to peruse. Nonchalantly) She can't see me Charlie....

**Max:**...one heck of a library! Huh?

**Charlie:** I guess....(Sits down)Ok, so I found the book. But, the librarian said it didn't have enough information in it. She said we might have better luck with the one that's upstairs.(Starts looking through the book)

**Max:** (Looks nervously around with his hands in his pockets) Oh yea?

**Charlie:** I don't think there's enough about Saigon in here....

(Conscience 2 enters from SR in a pink tutu and roller skates. He skates straight through to the other side between the table and Max)

**Two:** (Gasps) *Miss Saigon*? I love that musical!

(A beat)

**Charlie:** ( Looks up to ask him a question, only to be confronted with his "deer-in-the-headlights" look) Are you OK.?

**Max :**( Snaps out of it) Yea. I'm just feeling a little queasy.....

**Charlie:** (Puzzled) Do you need to go home?

**Max:** No, I just need to sit down.

**Charlie:** If you're sure.(Goes back to reading) I don't think I like this one. I'm going back to find the other one. I'll be right back.(She exits SL)

**Max:** Hurry back!(Fake laughs until she is gone.) What was that?

**One:** (Notices) What was what?

**Max:** The bubble gum on roller skates?

**One:** Oh, was Two here?(Looks around)

**Max:** That's my other conscience!?

**One:** He's actually very sweet once you get to know him...

**Max:** (Sarcastic) Sweet?

**One:** I will admit that he does take some getting used to.

**Max:** You're kidding right?

**One:** Nope.

**Max:** Well one thing is for sure....

**One:** What?

**Max:** I know why you call me (Makes quotation marks and mocks her too) *emotionally retarded*.

(Two comes back on stage with the roller skates around his shoulder.)

**Two:** Hi Macadamia!

**Max:** (Looks around nervously) Do you have to shout it out like that?

**One:** Well, that is the reason we're here. Because, *some* people don't exactly listen when we're quiet about it.

**Max:** Fine, ok. Just keep it down to a dull roar!

**Two:** (Begins to roar like a lion. Almost childlike.) Arrrgghhh...!!!(*\*Could improvise an Austin Power's Scene.*)

**Max:** (A beat) This has to be the reason why I can't get a girlfriend.

**One:** Yep.

**Max:** Makes a lot of sense actually. I've always had a weird fascination with pink tutus.

**One:** So, you ready to get your girlfriend?

**Max:** I don't know...

**One:** What's not to know? You love her...

**Max:** Yea well.....

**One:** Well what?

**Max:** I'm not exactly her type. I'm sort of..kind of...nerdy.

**One:** Listen, do you think she cares about whether or not you are a dork or not? I mean, I'm a girl and it doesn't matter to me.

**Max:** Something tells me that you don't look like the kind of girl who dates Trekkies...  
(Two does a cartwheel across stage) Although, I am getting a better idea of who you hang out with in your spare time.

**One:** Don't make fun of me!

**Max:** Alright, but can you please make him stop doing that?

**One:** (Looks at Two. He has found himself a corner and is doing leg lifts) Oh. (Calls to him) Honey, stop. You're going to pull a muscle.

**Two:** You're right.

**One:** The hoola-hoop is by the anatomy section. Go have fun. (Two giggles and runs offstage.) Now where was I?

**Max:** Telling me how to get a girlfriend.

**One:** Alright. Well, how much do you know about her?

**Max:** I know her middle name is Elizabeth.... I love that name....She smells like lavender and lip balm...she's awful in history....she always chews gum when she plays volley ball...

**One:** Ok...I meant like what's her favorite food....stuff like that.

**Max:** I don't exactly sit at the same lunch table.

**One:** Well have you asked her?

**Max:** (Sarcastic) That's a good start to a conversation... 'Hey Charlie. How's your day going? What's your favorite food?'

**One:** (A beat) Yea something like that. I imagine something with a little more finesse...

**Max:** Such as.....

**One:** 'Gee I'm hungry. You in the mood for pizza?'

**Max:** What? How does that get a conversation going? 'You in the mood for pizza?'

**Charlie:** (Entering) Nah. I hate pizza. I really want a doughnut though.

**Max:** (Squeals and falls down. A beat for an audience laugh.)

**One:** (Curiously disgusted) You've really got to stop doing that.

**Charlie:** (A little freaked out.) Max? Are you sure you don't need to go home?

**Max:** (Pops up fast. Smooths out his hair.) No. I'm good. I am great!

**Charlie:** What's wrong?

**Max:** There was a bee.....

**One:** (Slaps her forehead.)

**Charlie:** (Puzzled) Ok...Um...I get all the battles from the Civil War and the Revolutionary War mixed up. I need to get them straight.

**Max:** (Sits down and nervously looks all around.) Yea...Ok. I can do that.

**Charlie:** So, the Bay of Pigs...Civil War right?

**One:** Well, you don't really go for the intelligent ones do you?

**Max:** She is intelligent.

**Charlie:** Who's intelligent?

**One:** Pretend I'm not here. When she's around, I'm like the air.

**Max:** A bunch of hot air is more like it.

**Charlie:** What?

**Max:** (Realizes what he's saying) Um....

**Charlie:** Max, who's intelligent? And what about hot air?

**Max:** Um....you are. Not hot air. But intelligent. I was....speaking in the third person. You know? I was saying you got the question right. Like (Points to her) 'She is intelligent. Yes she is!'

**One:** You know, if she fails this test because you keep talking to yourself, she won't want you as a tutor anymore.

**Charlie:** Right. And what about the hot air?

**Max:** I just was trying to say....(One fans herself and pants).....My....mouth is burning?

**Charlie:** Your mouth is burning?

**Max:** (Realizes) I'm hot! That's what I meant to say! I'm burning up!

**Charlie:** Well take that sweater off then.

**Max:** (Takes off his sweater as he glares at One. She is giving him a thumbs up sign.)

**Charlie:** So I was right?

**Max:** (Tries to remember what they were talking about.) Um....yep Got it without me. So smart.

**Charlie:** (Smiles) Thanks. I got that one wrong on the test last time, so I will know it this time.

**One:** Oh, Max. I think you should correct her. (To Charlie) Bay of Pigs was in the 1900's dear.

**Max:** It's just one question.

**Charlie:** That's how I look at it! Except the teacher gets all mad, when I don't get a certain amount right. It should be like the AP tests. You know? You can leave some blank and not get counted against.

**Max:** Huh?

**Charlie:** Oh come on. You should know. You're in *all* of the AP classes.

**Max:** Oh right. (One is motioning for him to move on) So, you were saying?

**Charlie:** Well, I have this study sheet of major battles throughout history that I'm supposed to know. We're having a quiz tomorrow. I know a lot of them. It's just hard to keep the time period straight, you know?

**Max:** Oh right. Well, (Looks at the sheet) Battle at Wounded Knee involved the Indians...

**Charlie:** Right, right....now I remember. (Writes stuff down on her sheet of paper.)

**Max:** Battle of Sara Toga didn't have to do with a horse race either. It had to do with.....(Looks up as Two crawls and dips and rolls across the stage.)

**Two:** (Machine gun sound. Should pretend the audience is who he's speaking to) I won't leave you Johnny! I gotta get you back to Debra in the States because you two belong together! We just gotta make it through this one raid, and then we're home free. (Talks into an invisible walkie-talkie) Cappie! Johnny's hurt! He's hurt real bad! I don't know if I can get him out! Help me Cappie! (Looks into the air with wild eyes.) INCOMING!!!! SOUND THE ALARMS! TAKE COVER! HOIST THE MAINSAILS AND FOR GOD'S SAKES, CAPTURE THE FLAG!!!! (Takes another wild dive offstage.)

(A beat for audience laugh)

**Charlie:** Well what was it?

**Max:** (Scared.) I have no idea.

**Charlie:** I thought you knew about it.

**Max:** About what?

**Charlie:** Battle of Sara Toga.....

**Max:** Oh right! Sara Toga....(Thinks for a second..) I think the librarian has a book all about it. Go ask her to bring you the one from the back.

**Charlie:** There's a back to this library?

**Max:** It's sort of underground. Not too many people know.

**Charlie:** Ok. (Walks off, a little freaked out.)

**Max:** (Turns to One when Charlie is safe out of the room.) Ok, you have got to keep the one-man circus looney tune in a pink tutu away from me!

**One:** That's not very nice. (Looks at Two who is in the corner playing with dolls) He's just *special*.

**Max:** Are you gonna help me? ‘Cause so far, she thinks I’m a lunatic! (Thinks to himself) I’m starting to think I am too. I’m talking to my conscience, which is a split between a sarcastic woman and an “*emotionally retarded*” man-ballerina!

**One:** I’ll try, but like I said, this isn’t exactly my area of expertise.

**Max:** (Points at Two) I’m not asking him for help. You can forget it.

**One:** (Rolls her eyes and is extremely bored with the whole affair) Oh alright. I’ll have to call in back up.

**Max:** You have....*backup*?

**One:** I’ll call in her conscience.

**Max:** (A beat.) You can do that?

**One:** (Talking on a cell phone) Oh yea. That’s why your conscience is usually right most of the time. We talk to one another. You know, check things out?

**Max:** (Amazed.) My conscience can’t help me get a girlfriend, so she uses a lifeline.

**One:** (Into the phone) Cinnamon? Yea, hi! It’s One.

**Max:** She has a name?

**One:** (Tells him to talk to the hand) I’m on the phone!

**Max:** (Backs away)

**One:** Yea sorry about that. I’m having sort of a difficult time with Max here.....You know about Max....yea the nerdy one....(Max is offended.)...ten minutes? Great. See you then. Ciao!

**Max:** How comes she has a name? And why did she call me the nerdy one?

**One:** *He* didn’t like the whole idea of being just another number, so he changed it.

**Max:** He? A he named Cinnamon.

**One:** He picked Cinnamon, because he said he was the “spice of life.”

**Max:** Cinnamon.....( He snickers)

**One:** Don’t make fun of his name. He’s very sensitive.

**Max:** (Arches his eyebrow) What kind of sensitive?

**One:** (Understands what he's talking about) No he's not...*sensitive*...he's definitely not that. If you didn't know him, you would swear he was a Mormon. He has like 3 girlfriends.

**Max:** I just want one....how long before he gets here?

**One:** Don't you listen?

**Max:** Ten minutes?

**One:** You listened to my phone call? That's really rude, you know.

**Max:** What?

**One:** (Comes toward him) Alright. Well, to bide our time before he gets here, I want to try something.

**Max:** Ok.

**One:** Have you ever thought of like maybe pumping some iron? Being macho?

**Max:** Well, every time I go to the gym I get laughed at.

**One:** Why?

**Max:** (Stares at her)

**One:** Right, dumb question. Got it. Forget the muscles. Just focus on being tough. You know like eating your meat raw, beating people up, riding a Harley motor-bike, something like that.

**Max:** Yea, but will she like that?

**One:** Well, I don't know. I'm not *her* conscience you know.

**Max:** Well, I'm desperate, so I'll do it....(Charlie enters. He stiffens and tries to look macho.) Hey, Charlie.

**One:** Atta, boy. (Looks at him sideways) Try not to look like you're getting a colonic ok?

**Max:** (Hisses) Shutup!

**Charlie:** What?!

**Max:** I'm fed up! (Tries to Cover.) I'm fed up with my.....(Looks to One for help. She shrugs her shoulders.).....(Growls this in a sexy bad-boy voice) with my Harley.

**Charlie:** You have a Harley?

**Max:** Yea. She's my hog.

**One:** (A beat) Uh-uh.

**Charlie:** That's funny. You don't really seem like the biker type.....

**Max:** You'd be surprised.

**Charlie:** (Laughs after a minute.) You are so weird.....(Realizes he is offended)...Not a bad weird though. What would life be like if everyone was normal right?

**Max:** Right. Wait, what are you talking about?

**Charlie:** Normal is boring Max. (A beat) Although, you are a much braver soul than I to get a Harley.

**Max:** It's starting to look like a bad idea to me too.(Glares at One)

**One:** Ok. Try jock. See if that works.

**Max:** (Frustrated.) Did you happen to catch that football game this weekend between Auburn and Alabama?

**Charlie:** No, why? Was it good?

**Max:** It was awesome!.....Uh...I was there. I was the guy on the Auburn side who painted himself green.

**One:** Their colors are orange and blue, Max.

**Charlie:** I thought they were orange and blue?

**Max:** It.....was "Dress Up in Green" day.....

**Charlie:** Oh. (Shrugs) I don't really follow foot ball that much.

**Max:** (Looks to One)

**One:** Try the suave, sophisticated type. She'll love that.

**Max:** (Puts on a coffee-house aura) I'm not too big of a football fan. I just watch it when I get writer's block.

**Charlie:** Writer's block?

**Max:** I write poetry.

**Charlie:** You do? You want to read one of your poems out loud? I would love to hear your work.

**Max:** (Freaking out inside) Um....it's sort of private.

**Charlie:** Come on, we're bored.

**Max:** Ok. (Clears his throat. He is practically improvising this. He should squint and take his time.)

*The tree flows in the wind.*

*The frog leaps in the water.*

*Fries are good.*

**Charlie:** (Cocks her head trying to grasp the meaning.) Hmm.....

**Max:** Everyone at the coffee shop thinks I could be the next Edgar Allen Poe.

**Charlie:** That's different. Although, I can't say I'm surprised. You're so smart. I was always awful with poetry. I couldn't interpret one of those things to save my life.

**Max:** (Snaps his head in One's direction.)

**One:** Um.....

(Two prances across the stage doing Tai-chi.)

**Two:** *The tree flows in the wind.*

*The frog leaps in the water.*

*Fries are good.*

(He keeps chanting that as he crosses the stage doing bizarre movements.)

**One:** I don't know. I'm fresh out of ideas. Ask her what she does for fun.

**Max:** So, what is your idea of fun then? What's something crazy that you would do?

**Charlie:** (Starts to talk happily) It would definitely have to...(Realizes she is getting off-topic)

**Max:** What?

**Charlie:** Nothing.

**Max:** No, what?

**Charlie:** I think we should study. You know, just stick to homework?

**Max:** (Confused) Sure...Charlie. Ok.

**Cinnamon:** (Yells in a very gay way.) OOOOONNNNNNEEEEE! Oh my gosh! You look fabulous!

**One:** Cinnamon! Darling! Back at you! (They do a girly secret handshake involving weird hip shakes, occasional hoots, and a “Girrrlfriend” at the end.) What have you been doing with your hair?

**Cinnamon:** I frosted it! Isn't it divine?

**Max:** (Is looking at Cinnamon but talking to Charlie) I think you need to go get another book.

**Charlie:** My gosh Max. Don't we have enough?

**Max:** There is a very special one on the very top shelf upstairs that you can only reach with a ladder and help from the librarian....it's all about Gettysburg.

**Charlie:** Oh yea?

**Max:** It's a goldmine...(She scampers off to find the other book.)

**One:** Max, this is Cinnamon.

**Cinnamon:** (Sticks out his hand) Echantee....

**Max:** You have got to be kidding me.....

**Cinnamon:** (Withdraws his hand) Is he always this charming?

**One:** Yea. (Glares at Max) You got here so fast. We really appreciate it.

**Cinnamon:** Hey, I'm here to turn this nerd into the man of Charlie's dreams! Stand up and take a turn...(A beat. He begins to get impatient. Stamps his foot.) Well, stand up! Come on, don't be shy!

(Max stands up and takes an awkward turn. Cinnamon shakes his head.)

**Cinnamon:** Oy veh! Ok....did you try the macho thing?

**One:** Yep.

**Cinnamon:** Jock?

**One:** She doesn't follow football.

**Cinnamon:** Please, tell me you didn't try the poetry thing?

**Max:** Is that bad?

**Cinnamon:** That's where you went wrong...she doesn't need a beat nick. She needs a sensitive guy....

**Max:** (Raises his hand like an impatient kid in class.) That's me.

**Cinnamon:** Ok I said sensitive, not desperate.

**One:** How do we make him sensitive and not desperate?

**Cinnamon:** Well, to tell the truth, she's not really looking for a boyfriend right now. I don't know how much luck he's going to have, to tell the truth.

**Max:** Why not?

**Cinnamon:** She's going through a hard time at home. Her parents are divorced and her mom is remarried. It would be alright, except her dad is trying to get closer to her. She kind of feels abandoned.

**Max:** Oh.

**Cinnamon:** Yea....She's not real fond of the males right now. Which is a shame.

**Max:** Ok, so I should probably just back off.

**Cinnamon:** I didn't say that. I just wouldn't go all gung-ho the way you keep doing.....be her friend and listen to her. (With attitude) She will handle the rest, sister...

**Max:** Ok. So I listen to her.....then what?

**Cinnamon:** (Turns to One) If it is not like a boy to want everything right now.....

**One:** Amen.

**Cinnamon:** Talk to the girl. I can't do everything for you.

(Charlie enters.)

**Cinnamon:** Here she is. Remember. Be her friend first.

**Max:** (Sighs a breath) Did you find it?

**Charlie:** No. And I think the librarian is tired of helping me. She got really flustered when I kept telling her she was pulling out the wrong books. She threw a library list at me and stomped off.

**Max:** Forget about the book.

**Charlie:** I wish I could forget about all books.....I hate to read.

**Max:** (Looks to Cinnamon. He, annoyed with Max's incompetence, points him towards Charlie. That should be exaggerated.) So, you hate to read?

**Charlie:** Yea..

**Max:** I could lie and say I don't like it, but I have a really horrible poker face.

**Charlie:** (Laughs) It's ok Max. Reading does have its good points. It's just not for me. (A beat.) You know, you don't really sound like you're from the South.

**Max:** I'm not. I am actually from Colorado.

**Charlie:** Ahhhh, a Yankee, eh?

**Max:** Not exactly. I'm an army brat. Dad moves us around a lot.

**Charlie:** (Drawing inside herself again) That must be hard. (Leans down to pick up a book from her book bag. Cinnamon smacks Max from behind.)

**Max:** Ow!

**Charlie:** What?

**Max:** I stubbed my toe.

**Cinnamon:** Say something about dancing. She likes to dance.

**Max:** Uhhhh.....

**One:** (Whispers) *Dirty Dancing!*

**Max:** .....Have you seen *Dirty Dancing*?

**Charlie:** That's my favorite movie!

**Max:** Oh yea?( Wincing) Mine too.

**Charlie:** Yea?

**One:** He's never seen *Dirty Dancing* in his life.

**Cinnamon:** (To One) This could be good.

**Charlie:** So what is your favorite part?

(One and Cinnamon laugh cruelly.)

**Max:** (A beat) Well..... (Looks, without being obvious, in One's direction.)

**One:** Not me. I'm having too much fun watching.....

**Cinnamon:** (Max looks at him.) Closed for business.

**Charlie:** Come on.....

**Max:** The....end. I hate it that he dies.

**Charlie:** (Confused.) Patrick Swayze doesn't die.....

**Max:** (His voice cracks) He doesn't?

**Charlie:** No.....

**Max:** I must be thinking of.....something else.

**Charlie:** I was about to say.....

**Max:** You know I've been looking to take dancing. I wish I could find a good book on dancing.....

**Charlie:** Ooooh, there's this book....(Thinks) I just can't remember what the name of it is.

**Max:** Well, what better place to check than the library?!

**Charlie:** Right...(Confused) Wait...Does that mean go get it?

**Max:** Yea.

**Charlie:** Ok.

**Max:** (After her) Take your time.

**Cinnamon:** You're doing a bad job of tutoring. I mean if you were my tutor I would have failed by now.

**Max:** Shut up....Martha Stewart!

**Cinnamon:** (Turns to One) Oh no he didn't!

**One:** Max! That was mean!

**Cinnamon:** (Begins to fake cry like a girl would when they're fishing for an apology) I don't know if I want to help him anymore....(Is talking to One and wanting Max to hear)...I mean I'm trying very hard to turn fat Oprah into thin Oprah here.....it takes time....He just doesn't appreciate anything I do.(Viciously in his direction) And by the way, Martha Stewart is out of jail and better than ever, you woman-hater!

**One:** Max, apologize.

**Max:**.....Cinnamon

**Cinnamon:** (Gives a girly grunt.)

**Max:**...Cinnamon

**Cinnamon:** (Looks in his direction. Pouty)

**Max:** I'm sorry.

**Cinnamon:** (Turns around like new) Ok. But if you make any more cracks concerning Martha Stewart or my stylish flair, I'm leaving. Capeach?

**Max:** Capeach.

**Cinnamon:** Good. Now, you were doing so well. Before you freaked out with the whole *Dirty Dancing* thing. Never talk about something you know nothing about.

**Max:** You said talk about dancing.....*Dirty Dancing* is the only thing that I know about dancing.

**Cinnamon:** (Should say it like they have something in common) So does my girlfriend! (A beat) Ok, when she gets back, what are you going to talk about?

**Max:** I don't know.

**Cinnamon:** Well let's role play. (Sits down in Charlie's seat. He flips his hair.) Hey Max.

**Max:** I don't know if I can do this.

**Cinnamon:** Play along. Come on.

**One:** Yea come on.

**Max:** (Hesitant) Hey Charlie.

**Cinnamon:** (Bats his eyelashes) So, what were you saying about *Dirty Dancing*?

**Max:** I thought you said not to talk about something I know nothing about?

**Cinnamon:** This is where you change the subject.

**Max:** Oh right. (Clears his throat.) Umm.....My sister loves that movie.

**Cinnamon:** Don't talk about your sister. (Turns to the right and then back real quick) Ugh.

**Max:** Er.....

**Cinnamon:** Be honest with her.

**Max:** I haven't really seen the movie, I just know that you like it.

**Cinnamon:** (To One) Well, he just spells it out doesn't he? (To Max) The name of the game is "Be Honest" not "Spill Your Guts."

**Max:** I don't know what you want. And it's hard to think with you batting your eyes at me like that.

**Cinnamon:** Sorry.

**Max:** (Says the first thing that comes to him) I really like the music in the movie.

**Cinnamon:** That's good. But, how do you know about the music?

**Max:** My sister has the soundtrack.

**Cinnamon:** Ahhh. (In his Charlie voice) I love it too!

**Max:** What's your favorite song?

**Cinnamon:** Duuhhh! (Mock sings) "Cause I had the time of my life.... and I never felt this way before...."

**Max:** Don't sing.

**Cinnamon:** This is all good Max! You took a general interest in what she was thinking. (Touches his hand to his lips) I'm so proud of you! My baby's all grown up.

**Max:** I'm not your baby.....

**Cinnamon:** Ok, so when she gets back...

**Max:** I'm going to talk to her and be interested in what she has to say. And then....what happens?

**One:** Mazzel Tov! It's a boyfriend!

**Cinnamon:** That's right! She's not gonna know what hit her! (Charlie enters.)

**Max:** (Takes a deep breath) Did you find it?

**Charlie:** They have to transfer it from another library. You can come pick it up Thursday.

**Max:** Ok.

(There is a pause. Max is waiting for Charlie to say something about *Dirty Dancing*.)

**Charlie:** What?

**Max:** We were talking about *Dirty Dancing*.

**Charlie:** Yea, so?

**Max:**.....Are we....not gonna talk about it.....anymore?

**Charlie:** If you want to.....

**Max:** I really like the music.

**Charlie:** It is good music.

**Max:** What's your favorite song?

**Charlie:** (Breaks out into song) 'Cause I had the time of my life....."

**Max:** Wow. I see the resemblance now.

**Charlie:** (Chuckling) Huh?

**Max:** Never mind.

**Charlie:** I don't think we're gonna get any studying done today. What with my song and dance and you always needing different books.

**Max:** (Laughs) Yea. Sorry about that.

**Charlie:** It's ok. I won't have to run this afternoon. I got all my exercise here.

**Max:** You're making me feel bad.

**Charlie:** I know. I'm sorry. I couldn't help it.

**Max:** (Laughs) I'm the worst tutor in the world.

**Charlie:** Nah.(A beat) I'm sure there's worse.(Laughs) I'm not learning anything new anyway.

**Max:** (Gets courage) So, if we're not focused on that anymore, tell me about you.

**Charlie:** Why?

**Max:** Because I'm genuinely interested.

**Charlie:** What do you want to know....

**Max:** I don't care. I just want to know who I'm tutoring.

**Charlie:** You mean who you're not tutoring? (Gets a look from him) I'm just kidding. You left it wide open.

**One:** Wow. They're really making me sick.

**Cinnamon:** Aren't they sweet?

(Two goes to the table and does yoga poses on top of it. While Charlie is oblivious, Max is a little distracted. Two begins to do yoga poses.)

**Cinnamon:** This could be good. This could be really good.

**Max:** (Distracted.) So...do you have a favorite food?

**Charlie:** (Wonders why he's squirming.) Lasagna. Are you Ok? Do you have to go to the bathroom or something?

**Max:** No....I just am stretching.....

**Charlie:** Oh. (Sighs) Well, you made me have to go to the bathroom. I'll be right back.

**Max:** (Waits until Charlie leaves.) Do you have to do that on the table?

**One:** Two get down from there! You could break your neck....

**Two:** (Hops down. Turns to leave, but then turns back around and talks for the first real time to Max.) You know Macadamia, I like you just the way you are.

**Max:** What do you mean?

**Two:** She would have to be crazy not to like you. You're sweet. You make people laugh. Most importantly, you know how to be a good friend. You don't have to be the smartest kid in class to be that. You already are everything that Charlie needs.

**Max:** (Sees why Two is so important) You think so?

**Two:** I know so. (Winks. Then he merrily skips offstage.)

(A beat)

**Cinnamon:** .....Macadamia?

(Both of them bust out in laughter)

**Max:** Sure laugh. (Just to be mean) Hey Cinnamon.....

**Cinnamon:** (Through giggles) Hmmm?

**Max:** You're hair looks a little flat.

**Cinnamon:** (Gasps and proceeds to pull out a mirror from the knapsack that he set on the floor when he first entered. It should be one of those great big cosmetic mirrors with lights.) You lied.

**Max:** You made fun of my name.

**Charlie:** (Enters) Sorry.

**Max:** No that's Ok. (Doesn't waste any time.) So, tell me what's going on with your family?

**Charlie:** (Her smile fades.) What?

**Max:** I heard a rumor that you're having a tough time with your dad?

**Charlie:** Where did you hear that?

**Max:** Are you?

**Charlie:** Max, I think we should study.

**Max:** It might help you to talk about it.

**Charlie:** (Getting flustered) I don't want to talk about it!

**Cinnamon:** That's code for "Yes I do want to talk about it!"

**One:** Don't push it Max. Take it slow.

**Max:** Will you two shut up?

**Charlie:** Huh?

**Cinnamon:** Zipping the lip.

**One:** Consider us not here.

**Charlie:** Max, who do you keep talking to? This whole time you keep sending me for books and every time I come back you always sound like you're talking to yourself! What's going on?

**Max:** Nothing. I just do that. I talk to myself.

**Charlie:** You talk to yourself?

**Max:** Yea. It's weird. But it's me.

**Charlie:** No it's ok. Lots of people do it. It just freaked me out a little bit.....because, you like *really* talk to yourself. (A beat) And yes. I am having a little bit of trouble with my Dad. But, why do you care? You barely know me.

**Max:** I know you Charlie. (Takes a deep breath) How could I not? You practice volley ball across the gym from me when I'm getting picked last for basketball, because FYI, I'm not really a sport's fan. You always chew that stupid pina colada gum. I could pick your scent out of a crowd, because I don't know anybody else who smells like lavender and lip balm. I also know that you look sad in the hallways now, and it's driving me crazy.

**Charlie:** Max, what are you saying?

**Max:** I am crazy about you Charlie. And I don't care if you think I'm a dork or if I'm not your type. And I also don't expect you to do the *Revenge of the Nerds* thing and fall down at my feet. I just wanted you to know that somewhere, one guy cares whether or not you smiled yesterday, or today, or tomorrow.

**Charlie:** (Swallows hard.) I don't know what to say.

**Max:** You don't have to say anything. (A beat) I sort of feel stupid now. (Another beat) And kind of sick...(Gets up to run) I'll be right back.

(Charlie is left alone with One and Cinnamon. Charlie's dialogue in this part of the scene is to herself.)

**Cinnamon:** (Creeps over to stand at Charlie's left.) You know he's kind of cute.

**Charlie:** (To herself) He *is* kind of cute.

**One:** (Stands at Charlie's right.) Sensitive.

**Charlie:** Sensitive.

**Cinnamon:** But not desperate!

**Charlie:** (Reassuring herself) Oh no. Not desperate.

**One:** You think maybe you might give it a try? He listens to you.....

**Charlie:** But, what if he dumps me?

**One:** That boy will never break your heart.

**Charlie:** Guys have done it before.

**Cinnamon:** Do you really think he will?

**Charlie:** (Thinks) Nah. (Thinks some more) Nah. He wouldn't. He's so sweet.

**One:** I think we have a winner.

**Charlie:** I think we *do* have a winner.

(One and Cinnamon slap hands. Max enters. A little paler, but steadier.)

**Max:** (Sits down uneasily) I'm not really good at public speaking.

**Charlie:** No it's ok.

**Max:** I get nervous, and then I get nauseous, and well, yea.....

**Charlie:** (A deep breath) I like the fact that you listen to me.

**Max:** (He's not really asking, but it's more out of surprise) What.

**Charlie:** I like the fact that you're picked last in basketball, because I remember that you make this cute little pout face when you don't get picked.

**Max:** You've seen me in gym?

**Charlie:** Yea. I just never really thought about it. You know? I didn't really know what you were like until today. There is so much more to you than meets the eye, Max.

**Max:** Not really. I'm just an ordinary guy. A hypochondriac, valedictorian who is crazy about a girl that is way out of his league. It happens to guys every day.

**Charlie:** That's good. I like that too. I don't need extraordinary. I've been out with the jocks, and with the tough guys, and with the hunky guys. They listen to me, but they don't hear me.

**Max:** What are you saying?

**Charlie:** I don't want to rush into marriage or anything, but if you were wondering whether or not I had free time to study again, I'm free Friday night.

**Max:** Like a date?

**Charlie:** Yea.

**Max:** (Giggles. Clears his throat.) Sure.

**Charlie:** Ok. (Uncomfortable) Well, as much as I want to continue running around looking for books and listening to you talk to yourself, I have to get home.

**Max:** (Gets up.) Ok.

**Charlie:** Thanks Max....for making me feel special. I haven't felt like that in a long time. (She lingers for a moment and gathers her things. He helps her. Then she walks away.) Bye.

**Max:** Bye.(Waits until she leaves.) YEESSSSSS!!!! (Does a little cha-cha) I got a date with Charlie, I got a date with Charlie.....One, you are fantastic. (Kisses her on the cheek.)

**One:** Ok, you so just invaded my bubble.

**Max:** Cinnamon!!!! (Goes to kiss him. He gladly sticks out his cheek, but Max thinks twice and pats him on the shoulder.) Thanks! Where's Two?

**Two:** (Comes waddling on-stage in floaties, a life preserver complete with duck head, flippers, and a mask.) Yes, Macadamia?

**Max:** Thanks for all your help!

**Two:** No problem! (Puts his mask down over his eyes) I gotta go dive now.

**Max:** (Trying to show support) You go do that!

(Two waddles offstage.)

**Max:** (Gathers his things.) I gotta go tell my mom and the librarian and the doorman. They'll be so happy for me! You know why?

**One:** (Humoring him) Why?

**Max:** 'Cause I got a date with Charlie.....

**One:** I think she was just kidding Max

**Max:** (Squeaks) What?

**One:** (Giggles) Just kidding. I like hearing your voice go that high.

**Max:** (Laughs at himself.) Thanks you guys. (Exits offstage doing a happy dance.)

**One:** (Her and Cinnamon go CS.) Well, we had our work cut out for us, but we pulled it off. I think it turned out famously, don't you darling?

**Cinnamon:** I concur.

**Beautiful Girl:** (Walks on stage from SR) Cinnamon Bun! We're gonna be late for the movie!

**Cinnamon:** I'm coming sweetie! (Beautiful Girl walks offstage.) I gotta go. I'll be late for my date. These girls are killing me.

**One:** You have so many.

**Cinnamon:** I know. But, I have so many moods.

**One:** I'm sure there is one girl that could do it.

**Cinnamon:** No one woman is enough for this man, baby. (Snaps his fingers in a Z pattern.)

**Beautiful Girl:** (offstage) Cinnamon Bun!!!!!!

**Cinnamon:** (Feisty) I am coming Rita! (To One) See you later doll! (They do another cheek to cheek and Cinnamon exits SR).

**One:** (Comes CS. Talks to the audience now.) I'm sure you're all curious as to what happened to Max and Charlie. Well, they went on their date. And even though Max spilled his tea on Charlie's new shirt, they still had a great time. He even brought her some flowers. I told him to do that. (A beat) It just goes to show you.....(++Two \*If possible\* rides a mini-tricycle across, and zig-zag around the stage.).....sometimes the best parts of you are the strangest. (One walks

offstage. Two is left riding on the tricycle. The last thing the audience sees is Two honking his little bicycle horn and waving as he exits.)

The End

*Exeunt*

++ Note to Director: If the tricycle stunt proves to be too difficult, just have the actor doing something odd , but trademark at the end. Suggestions: pogo stick, Playmate little car(The red and yellow kind.), jump rope, etc.