

# WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

By Robert Lynn

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## WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE

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**SYNOPSIS:** Whoever said dating is easy hasn't dated Julie. Roger is ready to introduce Julie to his mother, but it's one romantic disaster after another when Roger's meddlesome friends and neighbors get involved - especially when sweet, sexy Candy, a gangster's girlfriend, moves in next door. There are many ways to propose to your girlfriend, and there are many *more* ways to disastrously propose to your girlfriend. Some people might say that Roger is simply unlucky in love, but that's rarely the case when you have friends like these.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 MEN, 3 WOMEN)

ROGER MORGAN (m).....An average guy, late 30s. (438 lines)  
JEREMY JENKINS, JR. (m)...Roger's pothead neighbor, late 20s. (99 lines)  
RALPH MORGAN (m).....Roger's older and un-wiser brother, early 40s. (97 lines)  
EDDIE (m).....Roger's best friend, late 30s. (72 lines)  
MR. SHUMER (m).....Roger's across-the-hall neighbor, 50s-60s. (66 lines)  
LILY MORGAN (f).....Roger and Ralph's loving but meddling mother. (98 lines)  
CANDY (f) .....Ditzy, gorgeous female, 29, who lives in the penthouse apartment of Roger's building. (151 lines)  
JULIE (f).....Roger's suspicious, hesitant girlfriend, mid-30s. (93 lines)

**SETTING**

Roger’s apartment in a mid-rise building on Chicago’s north side. It is a typical, sparsely decorated bachelor pad. Upstage right is the door to Roger’s apartment. Downstage right is the kitchen area with a small table and two chairs. Center stage is the living area with a couch, coffee table and two side chairs. Upstage center is a picture window with views of the city. Upstage left is the door to Roger’s bedroom. Downstage left is the door to Roger’s bathroom.

**TIME:** Spring. Present day.

**PRODUCTION HISTORY**

*WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE* was first produced at Bell Tower Theater in Dubuque, Iowa on October 2, 2009, with the following cast (in order of appearance):

JULIE..... Nicole Tegeler  
ROGER MORGAN ..... Robert S. Beltran  
JEREMY JENKINS, JR..... Alan K. Schoer  
MR. SHUMER..... George Wm. Holland  
RALPH MORGAN..... Robert Lynn  
EDDIE ..... Greg Foley  
LILY MORGAN..... Patti Giegerich  
CANDY ..... Carri (Seeley) Johnson Burroughs  
  
Director ..... Sue Riedel

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

**AT RISE:**

*In the curiously decorated apartment of ROGER MORGAN, JULIE, an attractive, serious woman, is looking through ROGER'S refrigerator as ROGER, a late-thirties doormat, enters from the bedroom.*

**JULIE:** You don't have any snack food.

**ROGER:** There's food in there.

**JULIE:** No, I mean real food. You don't have any vegetables or fruits.

**ROGER:** There's some Fruit Loops in the cupboard.

*JULIE closes the refrigerator and forces a smile.*

**JULIE:** Roger, I'm serious. You have horrible eating habits, you hardly ever exercise—

**ROGER:** I go bowling.

*ROGER sits on the couch.*

**JULIE:** That's not exercise.

**ROGER:** Sure it is.

**JULIE:** You have to raise your heart rate into the target zone for a minimum of twenty minutes, at least three times a week to do any good.

**ROGER:** Heart rates, target zones— Listen to yourself. I just want to bowl. It's an excellent sport.

**JULIE:** Bowling is not exercise! It has a beer frame! No activity with beer consumption built into it can be considered a sport. You're sitting around most of the time. And your bowling league lasts— what?—three months? What do you do the rest of the year?

**ROGER:** I do other stuff for exercise. I, uh, well, let's see. I play...football.

**JULIE:** You play football?

**ROGER:** Well, *fantasy* football. And sometimes I play, uh, poker...online...

**JULIE:** Listen, Roger, you've got to start taking care of yourself. Take control of your life. You seem to just be floating through life and letting the world lead you along. You know, experts agree that—

**ROGER:** Experts! What do they know?

*JULIE sits next to ROGER, holding his hand.*

**JULIE:** Listen, Roger. I love you, and I want you to be around for a long time. And I want you to be happy. That's all I'm saying.

**ROGER:** You love me? You really love me?

**JULIE:** Of course I do. I've told you a thousand times.

**ROGER:** I know, but—

**JULIE:** Do you think I would still be dating you after two years if I didn't love you?

**ROGER:** Well, my last girlfriend dated me for a really long time and she—

*JULIE glares at ROGER.*

**ROGER:** You probably don't want to hear about my ex-girlfriend when you're telling me you love me.

**JULIE:** Or any other time, for that matter.

**ROGER:** Got it.

*JEREMY, a pothead with ambition, opens the door and steps in. ROGER rises and approaches.*

**JEREMY:** Hey, dude. I made some brownies. You want a brownie? Have a brownie, man.

**ROGER:** There's marijuana in them, isn't there?

**JEREMY:** Dude, no way! How did you know that? Man, you're like a skeptic or something.

**ROGER:** Psychic.

**JEREMY:** Exactly! That's what I meant. How did you know *that*?

**ROGER:** Marijuana brownies, Jeremy? Seems a little unimaginative.

**JEREMY:** You think?

**ROGER:** Everyone does the marijuana brownies thing. I expected more from a pothead like you.

**JEREMY:** Huh... So, you don't want one?

**ROGER:** No.

**JEREMY:** Oh, hey, I found your sunglasses by the mailboxes. The temple screw was loose so I tightened it up for you. Here you go.

*JEREMY hands the sunglasses to ROGER.*

**ROGER:** Wow. Thanks, Jeremy. That's very nice of you.

*JEREMY sees JULIE.*

**JEREMY:** Hey, Julie.

**JULIE:** Hey, Jeremy.

**JEREMY:** You want a brownie?

**JULIE:** No, thanks.

**JEREMY:** *(To ROGER.)* All right, dude. See you in the halls.

**ROGER:** See ya... Dude.

*JEREMY exits. ROGER closes the door and heads for the couch.*

**ROGER:** Sorry about that.

**JULIE:** I don't know why you associate with someone like—

*MR. SHUMER opens the door and steps in. He is wearing an open robe, Speedo underwear, slippers, and has a towel over his shoulder.*

**MR. SHUMER:** How's your water pressure?

**ROGER:** Fine. And yours?

**MR. SHUMER:** Are you sure? 'Cause I can hardly get a trickle in my shower.

**ROGER:** As far as I know, it's fine. Now, would you, like, cover that up, please?

*ROGER gestures to MR. SHUMER'S robe.*

**MR. SHUMER:** Do you mind if I check? I want to see if it's just me.

**ROGER:** Listen. Now is not a good time.

*ROGER gestures toward JULIE.*

**MR. SHUMER:** Oh, hi, Julie.

**JULIE:** Hi, Mr. Shumer.

**MR. SHUMER:** It will just take a minute. I wouldn't ask if it weren't important. You know how I get when I don't bathe.

**ROGER:** You stink.

**MR. SHUMER:** Precisely.

**ROGER:** All right...

**MR. SHUMER:** Sixty seconds...

*MR. SHUMER exits into the bathroom. ROGER rejoins JULIE on the couch.*

**ROGER:** Okay. What were we talking about?

**JULIE:** We were talking about us. And our quickly diminishing chances for a life together.

**ROGER:** Right, well—

*RALPH enters.*

**RALPH:** Hey.

*RALPH heads for the kitchen and opens the refrigerator. The sound of a shower can be heard.*

**ROGER:** What are you doing?

**RALPH:** I was in the neighborhood, and I thought I'd stop by and see how my baby brother is doing.

**ROGER:** Have you heard of a phone? Or even knocking?

**RALPH:** I would have knocked, but I didn't want to interrupt. Hey, you're completely out of fruits and vegetables.

**ROGER:** So I've heard...

*RALPH notices JULIE.*

**RALPH:** Oh, hey, Julie.

*RALPH plops down on the couch between JULIE and ROGER.*

**JULIE:** Hey, Ralph.

**RALPH:** So, kids. What are you up to?

**ROGER:** Ralph, Julie and I were having a private conversation.

**RALPH:** Great. What about?

**ROGER:** Ralph...

*ROGER motions with his head for RALPH to leave.*

**RALPH:** What?

*ROGER motions more emphatically with his head.*

**RALPH:** Oh. Hey, no problem. I can take a hint.

*RALPH slowly walks toward the door.*

**RALPH:** Yeah. Don't worry about me. I'll get out of your hair here. I'll just...be in the bedroom 'til you're done.

*RALPH exits into the bedroom. JULIE sighs.*

**ROGER:** So, I was thinking that we should, ya know, start thinking about the future.

**JULIE:** Roger, I *have* been thinking about the future. And I know I'm ready for the next step, but I don't think you are.

**ROGER:** I've got a good job, my own apartment, a cupboard full of Fruit Loops...

**JULIE:** I'm serious, Roger.

**ROGER:** Look. If it's about the eating and exercise thing—

*JULIE stands and walks to the kitchen area.*

**JULIE:** It's about much more than that. I mean, look at your life. Look at your friends. Your friends scare me. And after two years of dating, I haven't even met your mother.

**ROGER:** You're right. You're absolutely right. How 'bout next Saturday? I'll call my mom right now, and we'll have dinner here, and you two can get to know each other and—

**JULIE:** Do you hear that?

**ROGER:** What?

**JULIE:** Is Mr. Shumer taking a shower?

*ROGER swiftly walks to the bathroom door and opens it.*

**MR. SHUMER:** (*Off-stage.*) Hey, Rog. I'll be out in a minute.

*ROGER jumps back, shutting the door.*

**ROGER:** Oh, man! I did not need to see that.

**JULIE:** This is exactly what I'm talking about.

**ROGER:** Julie, please—

*EDDIE enters, holding a bag of chips.*

**EDDIE:** Hey, Julie!

*EDDIE hugs JULIE, kissing her on each cheek.*

**JULIE:** Get offa me!

**EDDIE:** Whoa. Touchy. Are the painters in?

**JULIE:** What?

**EDDIE:** Ya know, is Aunt Flo in for a visit? Is it raining down South?

**JULIE:** You're disgusting.

**EDDIE:** Really? I was trying to be tactful. Chip?

**JULIE:** You failed.

*EDDIE looks at ROGER.*

**EDDIE:** Did I interrupt something? I'd better go...

*EDDIE sits.*

**JULIE:** No, stay, Eddie. I was just leaving anyway.

*JULIE steps to the door. ROGER runs to her.*

**ROGER:** Wait!

**JULIE:** No, I think I should go.

**ROGER:** Next Saturday? Dinner with my mother?

**JULIE:** Fine.

*ROGER moves to kiss JULIE. She turns her cheek. JULIE exits.*

**EDDIE:** What's her problem?

**ROGER:** HER problem?

*RALPH sticks his head out of the bedroom.*

**RALPH:** Is she gone?

**EDDIE:** She's gone. Hey, Ralph.

**RALPH:** Eddie.

*RALPH enters from bedroom and sits in a chair. JEREMY enters.*

**JEREMY:** Did I leave my hat in here?

*EDDIE reaches under a couch cushion.*

**EDDIE:** Hey. I put a porno here last week. What did you do with it?

**ROGER:** That was you?

**EDDIE:** No need to thank me.

**ROGER:** Julie found it.

**EDDIE:** Oops...

**ROGER:** Yeah, oops. Thanks a lot, buddy. That was another two-hour conversation about what a shallow jerk I am.

**EDDIE:** Sorry.

**ROGER:** Ya know, you guys have no respect for me and Julie.

**RALPH:** Aw, c'mon. What are you talking about?

**EDDIE:** That's crazy talk. We love Julie. Didn't I ask her to play naked Twister with us last week?

**RALPH:** Julie's great. I love her like a sister.

**JEREMY:** I like Julie. Where's my hat?

**ROGER:** It's not here. Check down in the laundry room.

**JEREMY:** This building has a laundry room? Cool!

*JEREMY exits.*

**EDDIE:** You and Julie are great together. I'm very happy for you. If you weren't together, I'd be after her myself.

**ROGER:** Oh, really?

**EDDIE:** I'm speaking hypothetically, now. I would never—

**RALPH:** We have nothing but the utmost respect for you and Julie.

**ROGER:** Well, I'm glad to hear that, because I think I'm going to ask her to marry me.

*Beat. EDDIE stands.*

**EDDIE:** Roger, you've been my best friend since we were kids. We've been through a lot together, and you've always been there for me. So let me be the first to say—I think you're making a big mistake, buddy.

**ROGER:** What?

*MR. SHUMER enters from the bathroom.*

**MR. SHUMER:** Did I hear someone say "marriage"?

**ROGER:** I didn't say you could take a shower here.

**MR. SHUMER:** You didn't have to. I knew in my heart it would be okay with you.

**ROGER:** Your heart is stupid.

**EDDIE:** At least his heart isn't getting married.

**ROGER:** If that remark made any sense, I think I would be offended.

**RALPH:** Roger, let me give you my advice.

**ROGER:** This oughta' be good.

**RALPH:** Listen. I'm your brother. Would I steer you wrong?

**ROGER:** Yes. I believe you would.

**RALPH:** Aw. C'mon.

**ROGER:** All right. What marital advice do you have for me?

**RALPH:** Don't get married. Really. Don't do it. The men in our family were not meant for marriage.

**ROGER:** That's a bunch of crap. I'm not going to be like you and Dad. Julie and I are going to make it work.

**RALPH:** Roger, who knows more about marriage than me?

**ROGER:** Oh, I don't know... That dancing bear from the circus?

**RALPH:** C'mon. Seriously.

**ROGER:** You've been divorced three times.

**RALPH:** Just because my marriages ended in divorce doesn't mean they weren't successful.

**ROGER:** Your first marriage lasted five days!

**RALPH:** Five and a half. Okay, clearly, that was a mistake. But it was a starter marriage. It wasn't supposed to last forever. I learned from the experience, and I moved on. My second marriage lasted a hundred times longer than my first.

**ROGER:** It was a year and a half.

**RALPH:** Exactly.

**ROGER:** Exactly what?

**RALPH:** Exactly a hundred times longer. Towards the end, I knew it was over, but I stretched it out so it would be exactly one hundred times longer than my first marriage.

**ROGER:** I'm sure that was best for all involved.

**RALPH:** Do you know what my wife said to me on our wedding night?

**EDDIE:** Which one?

**RALPH:** The first one. She said, "Robert, we're going to have a wonderful life together." And I said, "My name is Ralph." And she said, "Are you calling me a liar?" And things kinda went—*pfffft*—downhill from there.

**ROGER:** Is there a point?

**RALPH:** Well—

*The door buzzer rings.*

**EDDIE:** I got it.

*EDDIE runs to the intercom and presses the Talk button.*

**EDDIE:** C'mon up.

*EDDIE presses the door button.*

**ROGER:** Did it occur to you to see who it is first?

**EDDIE:** We'll find out soon enough. Besides, the latch on your security door is broken. Anyone can walk right in here.

**ROGER:** And apparently they have...

**MR. SHUMER:** Well, congratulations, Roger. I think it's wonderful that you're getting married. I wish you the best.

**ROGER:** *(To RALPH and EDDIE.)* You see that? That's how you act supportively. Thank you, Mr. Shumer. I appreciate your well wishes.

**MR. SHUMER:** If you've made up your mind to throw your life away, I support your decision, my personal feelings aside. I should be getting back to my apartment.

*ROGER sighs. There is a knock at the door.*

**EDDIE:** I got it.

*EDDIE opens the door. MRS. MORGAN enters.*

**EDDIE:** Mrs. M!

**ROGER:** Mom? What are you doing here?

**MRS. MORGAN:** Well, if I waited for an invitation, I might never see the place.

**ROGER:** Oh, well, I didn't think you wanted to—

**MRS. MORGAN:** How long have you lived here, ten years?

**ROGER:** Two.

**MRS. MORGAN:** You would think that maybe once in all that time you'd invite your poor mother over to see your place.

**ROGER:** Mom—

**RALPH:** Roger's getting married.

**MRS. MORGAN:** What?! You told me he was gay...?

*ROGER looks at RALPH.*

**RALPH:** Well, I thought— you know, the nice clothes, you cook, the Cher CDs...

**ROGER:** Thanks, Ralph.

**MRS. MORGAN:** You're getting married? I don't believe it. Well, what are you all standing around for? There are preparations to be made, choices and plans to make. Oh, my goodness. We'll have to invite your aunt Sheila, but I don't want your cousin Mike there—

**ROGER:** Mom, slow down.

**MRS. MORGAN:** You're right. You're right. I haven't a thing to wear. I have to go buy a dress.

**ROGER:** Slower, Mom.

**MRS. MORGAN:** Yes, of course. I haven't even met this girl yet. Don't you think I should meet her before you get married? Where are your manners? Your father must have raised you.

**ROGER:** Mom, I haven't even asked her yet. And I want you to meet her next Saturday for dinner here. Can you make it?

**MRS. MORGAN:** Can I make it? What kind of a ques— Can I make it to meet the mother of my grandchildren? Of course I can.

**ROGER:** We don't know if we're going to have kids.

**MRS. MORGAN:** Don't know? Is she climbing the corporate ladder?

**ROGER:** Mom—

**MRS. MORGAN:** Infertile. Is she infertile?

**ROGER:** Mom—

**MRS. MORGAN:** They have drugs for that, you know.

**ROGER:** Mom—

**MRS. MORGAN:** Oh, no. Tell me she didn't have a hysterectomy.

*MRS. MORGAN makes the sign of the cross.*

**ROGER:** Mom, no—

**MRS. MORGAN:** It's you, isn't it? Always running around in your tight underwear...

**ROGER:** Mom! I haven't asked her to marry me yet. You're getting way ahead of yourself. Just calm down.

**MR. SHUMER:** Would you like a drink?

**MRS. MORGAN:** Oh, yes, of course. That would help me— Who the hell are you?

**ROGER:** Mom, this is my next-door neighbor, Mr. Shumer.

**MR. SHUMER:** *(Kissing her hand.)* Charmed...

**MRS. MORGAN:** Oh, my heavens. I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Shumer. You can call me Lily.

**MR. SHUMER:** And you can call me Shumer.

**ROGER:** I thought you had to go?

**MRS. MORGAN:** *(To ROGER.)* Why is he in a robe in your apartment? Omigod, you are gay.

**ROGER:** Mom, would you calm down? I just told you I was about to get engaged.

**MRS. MORGAN:** To a woman?

**ROGER:** Yes, to a woman. Her name is Julie, and you'll meet her next Saturday.

**MRS. MORGAN:** Oh. Okay. Yes, of course. Next week. All right. I'll see you then.

**ROGER:** You're leaving? You just got here.

**MRS. MORGAN:** There's no time to visit now. There's so much I have to do. I have to make a guest list, pick out invitations, shave my corns—

*MR. SHUMER brings MRS. MORGAN a drink.*

**MR. SHUMER:** Are you sure you can't stay? I'll put some pants on...

*MRS. MORGAN gulps the drink.*

**MRS. MORGAN:** No, no. Why go to all that trouble... I have to go.

*MRS. MORGAN opens the door. JEREMY is standing there.*

**MRS. MORGAN:** Oh!

**JEREMY:** Well, hello there. My name's Jeremy Jenkins Junior. You can call me Jeremy or Jay or J.J. As long as it has a J in it, it's cool. Ya know what I mean?

**MRS. MORGAN:** No. I don't know what you mean.

*MRS. MORGAN exits.*

**JEREMY:** Dude, who's the babe?

**ROGER:** (*Disturbed.*) That was my mom.

*JEREMY shrugs.*

**RALPH:** Roger's getting married.

**ROGER:** Would you shut-up with that?

**JEREMY:** Oh, no way, dude. That is totally excellent.  
Congratulations. To who?

**ROGER:** Julie!

**JEREMY:** That's what I was thinking! Hey, maybe I'm skeptic, too.

**ROGER:** Maybe...

**JEREMY:** Oh, hey, listen. That reminds me. I'm doing some cooking,  
and I need a few ingredients. Do you have anything on this list?

*JEREMY pulls out a dirty white sock with writing on it. ROGER looks at the sock, then at JEREMY.*

**JEREMY:** I'm totally out of paper, dude.

**ROGER:** Check in that cabinet. Take whatever you need.

**JEREMY:** Aw, thanks, dude.

**MR. SHUMER:** Well, I suppose I should really be going now.

*MR. SHUMER readjusts his robe, first opening it to the view of EDDIE and ROGER and RALPH, then overlapping the flaps and tying the belt tight.*

**EDDIE:** Hey!

**RALPH:** Whoa!

**ROGER:** Oh! Hey! Have some compassion.

*MR. SHUMER shrugs, then exits.*

**EDDIE:** I think I have hysterical blindness.

*EDDIE stares at his hand in front of his face.*

**RALPH:** That's not funny.

**EDDIE:** I'm not kidding.

**RALPH:** My second wife had hysterical blindness...the first time she saw me naked...

*ROGER laughs.*

**ROGER:** And yet you continued on with the relationship.

**RALPH:** I had to. Her dad was my boss.

**ROGER:** And I'm supposed to take marital advice from this man.

**JEREMY:** Okay. I got everything I need, dude.

*JEREMY holds up the sock, filled with spices, etc.*

**JEREMY:** I'll get this stuff back to you as soon as possible.

**ROGER:** That's okay. Keep it. Really.

*JEREMY exits. BLACKOUT.*

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ACT ONE, SCENE 2

*JEREMY, wearing an apron, cooks frantically at ROGER's stove. ROGER enters via the apartment door.*

**ROGER:** How did you get in here?

**JEREMY:** You keep your spare key over your doorjamb. (*To himself.*) And the dude calls *me* unimaginative...

**ROGER:** Okay. WHY did you get in here?

**JEREMY:** Isn't it obvious? I need to cook, dude.

**ROGER:** What's wrong with your stove?

**JEREMY:** Nothing. I'm cooking there, too. But I needed more burners, man. Here. Taste this. This is the best chicken potpie you've ever had.

*JEREMY holds up a forkful of food to ROGER. ROGER sniffs it.*

**ROGER:** There's pot in this, isn't there?

*JEREMY picks up the recipe and looks intently at it.*

**JEREMY:** Uhhhhh, let's see. Chicken, mushroom soup, piecrusts, garlic, vegetables, onion, marijuana— Yup, it's in there.

**ROGER:** No, thanks.

**JEREMY:** You don't know what you're missing, dude.

**ROGER:** A lifetime as a listless deadbeat?

**JEREMY:** Well, that's only part of it. There's also a downside.

**ROGER:** What's with all the cooking, anyway?

**JEREMY:** Well, I really thought about what you said about my brownies, and you were right. So I decided to get serious.

*EDDIE enters.*

**EDDIE:** Hey, what's cookin'?

**JEREMY:** Chicken pot pie. You want some?

**EDDIE:** Sure. I'm starving.

**ROGER:** It's got pot in it.

**EDDIE:** Well, duh. It's called chicken "pot" pie.

**ROGER:** Pot, as in “marijuana.”

**EDDIE:** Oh. Well, maybe just a bite.

*EDDIE takes a bite.*

**EDDIE:** Wow, that's good. And I'm not just saying that because of the pot. (*To ROGER.*) You oughta' try this.

**ROGER:** I don't think so. I have a strict rule about eating anything that could put me in jail.

**EDDIE:** That is the wrong way of looking at it. Just having it in your apartment is enough to land you in jail. There are no additional penalties for eating it.

**ROGER:** That's good to know.

*RALPH and CANDY, a blonde bombshell sweeter than her name, enter.*

**RALPH:** Hey, hey, hey, little brother.

**EDDIE:** Hey, Ralph.

**JEREMY:** Dude!

*EDDIE and JEREMY ogle CANDY.*

**ROGER:** Ralph, what are you doing here?

**RALPH:** Roger, I'd like you to meet Brandy.

**CANDY:** Candy. Brandy is my twin sister.

**EDDIE:** You have a twin sister? Excuse me while I have an ecstatic vision...

*ROGER pulls RALPH aside as EDDIE and JEREMY greet CANDY.*

**ROGER:** What are you doing bringing your girlfriend over here?

**RALPH:** Oh, she's not for me. She's for you. I just met her in the lobby. We started talking, and I thought she'd be perfect for you.

**ROGER:** I have a girlfriend. Julie. Remember?

**RALPH:** Just talk to her. What do you have to lose?

**ROGER:** My girlfriend. My future.

**RALPH:** C'mon, man. Loosen up a little. Just talk.

*ROGER and RALPH move back toward the others as the others finish their conversation.*

**CANDY:** Did you know that Friday the thirteenth is on a Tuesday this month?

**ROGER:** So, uh, Candy. You live in the building?

**CANDY:** Yes. On the top floor.

**JEREMY:** You live in the penthouse? Awesome.

**CANDY:** It's a nice apartment.

**ROGER:** You must have a great job to afford that place.

**CANDY:** I do. Do you know the Avenue G Hair Salons?

**ROGER:** You own them?

**CANDY:** No. I'm a nail technician at the one on Maple.

**ROGER:** Hmph.

**RALPH:** Candy, Roger is a CPA.

**CANDY:** Oh, I'm so sorry. My cousin had that once. He died.

**RALPH:** No, no. He's an accountant.

**CANDY:** Oh, really?

**ROGER:** Yeah, I, uh—

**CANDY:** What do they do?

**ROGER:** They, uh...maintain and audit business accounts in accordance with government and regulatory authority rules.

**CANDY:** What?

**ROGER:** They, uh...count things...

**CANDY:** Oh. So do I! A nail technician has to keep a count of how many nails she's done. You don't want a client to go home with only nine nails finished. Yes, sir. You better count ten finished nails on every client before you release them to the support staff for payment processing. Except this one time, I had this lady who lost two fingers in a lawn mowing accident, so I only had to count to— *(CANDY holds up her fingers, stares up at the ceiling, and counts.)*—eight for her.

*Beat.*

**ROGER:** Okay, well—

**JEREMY:** I gotta check on the stuff at my place. Nice meeting you, Candy. If you ever want to try my dishes, stop by my apartment. I'm in 105, on the first floor.

**CANDY:** Oh, how sweet.

*JEREMY exits.*

**ROGER:** You don't want to go there.

**CANDY:** I usually just go between the lobby and my apartment. I didn't know so many fun and nice people live here.

**ROGER:** Neither did I.

**CANDY:** Well, I should get going. Thank you for your hostility.

**ROGER:** Hospitality.

**CANDY:** Oh, yeah. What did I say?

**ROGER:** It doesn't really matter.

**CANDY:** Oh, you're so sweet.

*CANDY grabs ROGER'S face with both hands and kisses him briefly on the mouth.*

**CANDY:** Nice meeting you all.

*CANDY exits.*

**RALPH:** Now, you see? When she came in here you didn't even want to talk to her. But by the time she left, you were kissing her.

**ROGER:** Kissing her?! SHE kissed ME!

**EDDIE:** Lucky dog...

**ROGER:** You are my witnesses. I did not kiss her.

**RALPH:** Let's just say that the two of you kissed. Who kissed whom really doesn't matter.

*MR. SHUMER enters.*

**MR. SHUMER:** Hey, guys. Who was the babe I saw coming from your apartment?

**ROGER:** That was Candy. She lives in the penthouse.

**MR. SHUMER:** So that's her...

**EDDIE:** She's hot, isn't she?

**MR. SHUMER:** I'd stay away from her if I were you.

**ROGER:** Why?

**MR. SHUMER:** Her boyfriend is a mob boss.

**ROGER:** What?!

**RALPH:** Roger kissed her.

**ROGER:** Did not!

**RALPH:** Did too.

**ROGER:** She kissed me!

**RALPH:** Eddie?

**EDDIE:** Saw it.

**ROGER:** Saw what?

**RALPH:** On the mouth.

**ROGER:** What was I supp—

**MR. SHUMER:** Tongue?

**EDDIE:** Tonsil tossin'.

**ROGER:** Wait a—

**MR. SHUMER:** How long?

**RALPH:** Thirty seconds.

**ROGER:** No—

**EDDIE:** Was it worth it?

**MR. SHUMER:** How'd it feel?

**ROGER:** It felt...really, really good. But the point is—

**MR. SHUMER:** You got guts, kid.

**ROGER:** Wait a minute. What do you mean, he's a mob boss?

**MR. SHUMER:** I mean he's a mob boss. How do you think she can afford an apartment like that?

**ROGER:** (*Nervous.*) She does a lot of nails?

**MR. SHUMER:** I thought everyone in the building knew.

**ROGER:** I didn't know. Jeremy didn't know.

**MR. SHUMER:** I had never actually seen her before. But if I had, I would have looked the other way. I don't need Tony Saganaki after me.

*MR. SHUMER sits on the couch.*

**ROGER:** Tony Saganaki? Tony Saganaki?! The half-Italian, half-Greek crime syndicate boss who everyone thinks is Japanese?

**MR. SHUMER:** Rumor has it that's her boyfriend.

**ROGER:** Great... I just kissed the girlfriend of a mob boss...

**RALPH:** So now you admit it?

**ROGER:** Ralph, shut-up. You were the idiot who brought her here in the first place.

*ROGER pushes RALPH.*

**RALPH:** —to help out my little brother. And this is the thanks I get.

**ROGER:** Hey, moron. I have a girlfriend. And provided she doesn't break up with me for what just happened, and provided I don't get killed by the mob, I intend to marry her. I don't need your "help."

*JEREMY enters, now wearing a chef's hat and holding a pot and ladle.*

**JEREMY:** Dudes, you gotta try this soup. It's awesome.

*JEREMY puts the pot and ladle on the stove.*

**ROGER:** Jeremy, I'm not interested in your marijuana stew.

**JEREMY:** Dude, maybe you're not as septic as I thought. It's mushroom soup, and there's no marijuana in it...yet.

*JEREMY lifts up his chef's hat to reveal a potted marijuana plant.*

**EDDIE:** I'll try some.

*EDDIE jumps up, moves to the stove, and sips a ladleful of soup.*

**EDDIE:** Wow! That's good stuff.

**RALPH:** Let me try it.

*RALPH walks to the stove and tries the soup. MR. SHUMER walks to the stove.*

**RALPH:** Ooh. That IS good.

*MR. SHUMER tries the soup.*

**MR. SHUMER:** Roger? You gotta try this.

*ROGER takes the ladle.*

**ROGER:** Wait a minute. The mushrooms—?

**JEREMY:** Shiitake... (*Thinking he swore.*) ...uh, pardon my French...

**ROGER:** Well, all right.

*ROGER tries the soup.*

**ROGER:** Okay. It's good soup. Congratulations, Jeremy. You surprise me sometimes.

*A knock on the door. ROGER moves to the door.*

**EDDIE:** Who knocks? It's Roger's place.

*ROGER opens door. CANDY enters.*

**CANDY:** Hi, Roger. Can I hang out here for a while? Oh, please say yes. You've been such a good friend to me.

**ROGER:** I just met you a couple minutes ago.

**CANDY:** But I can tell you're a good person.

**ROGER:** Is your boyfriend Tony Saganaki, the mob boss?

**CANDY:** (*Laughing.*) Oh, no. He's not a mob boss. Where did you get that silly idea?

**ROGER:** From Mr. Shumer.

**CANDY:** Oh, hi, Shumer.

**MR. SHUMER:** Hi, Candy.

**ROGER:** I thought you said you didn't know her?

**MR. SHUMER:** As far as anybody knows, I don't.

**ROGER:** But her boyfriend isn't a mob boss.

**CANDY:** No, he's not. (*Beat.*) He's a hit man. His cousin—who has the same name—is the mob boss.

**ROGER:** Well, that makes me feel better.

**RALPH:** What are you looking at me for?

*There is a pounding at the door.*

**TONY SAGANAKI:** *(Off stage.)* Candy? Are you in there?

**CANDY:** *(Whispering.)* It's Tony!

**ROGER:** *(Whispering.)* Nobody move!

*Knocking again.*

**TONY SAGANAKI:** *(Off stage.)* Are you in there, Candy?

**CANDY:** No!

**ROGER:** Oh, god. I'm dead.

**TONY SAGANAKI:** *(Off stage.)* Candy, come outta there. We gotta talk.

**CANDY:** Go away. I don't want to see you anymore. I found somebody new.

*CANDY grabs ROGER'S arm. ROGER is frantic.*

**ROGER:** *(Whispering.)*No!

**TONY SAGANAKI:** *(Off stage.)* Don't make me break the door down.

**ROGER:** *(Whispering.)* Don't make him break the door down!

**CANDY:** All right. I'm coming.

*CANDY goes to the door.*

**RALPH:** Aren't you going to protect your girlfriend?

**ROGER:** She's not my girlfriend!

*CANDY slips out the door. ROGER locks the door and looks through the peephole.*

**MR. SHUMER:** *(Panicked.)* I've never met your girlfriend. I'm not even here.

**ROGER:** Would you shut up?! They're gone.

**EDDIE:** What are you going to do?

**ROGER:** I'm going to kick you all out of here.

**EDDIE:** I mean about Candy?

**ROGER:** Nothing. I have nothing to do with Candy. I just met her. She's my neighbor, like she's Jeremy's neighbor and Shumer's neighbor.

**MR. SHUMER:** I don't even live in this building.

**RALPH:** But *they* didn't kiss their neighbor.

**EDDIE:** On the mouth.

**MR. SHUMER:** For thirty seconds.

**ROGER:** Out. Everybody out. I'm going to take a shower and go to bed. I don't know about you deadbeats, but I have to work tomorrow.

*ALL but JEREMY exit.*

**JEREMY:** Dude, I'm not finished cooking.

**ROGER:** I don't care.

**JEREMY:** C'mon, man. Be a dude. I'm almost finished.

*ROGER walks to the door and opens it.*

**ROGER:** All right. Finish up and get out. I'm locking this door. And I'm moving my spare key.

*ROGER searches for the spare key.*

**ROGER:** Where IS my spare key?

**JEREMY:** Oh, here you go.

*JEREMY lifts his chef's hat and pulls the key out of the pot plant.  
ROGER shakes his head.*

**ROGER:** Thank you.

*ROGER exits into his bedroom.*

**JEREMY:** *(To himself.)* All right. I think it needs a little more onion... Or maybe garlic... Of course, I haven't put the pot in it yet...

*ROGER enters from his bedroom in a robe, and hurries into the bathroom. The sound of the shower can be heard. There is a knock on the door. JEREMY goes to the door and opens it. CANDY enters.*

**JEREMY:** Hey, Candy.

**CANDY:** Is Roger here?

**JEREMY:** He's in the shower.

*JEREMY moves back to the stove.*

**CANDY:** I wanted to thank him and let him know that everything is okay. And that I'm back together with Tony.

**JEREMY:** That's too bad. I thought you and Roger made a great couple.

*RALPH enters.*

**RALPH:** My car won't start.

**JEREMY:** Bummer, dude.

**RALPH:** Do you have jumper cables?

**JEREMY:** Of course.

**RALPH:** Can you give me a jump?

**JEREMY:** I'd be happy to, but I don't have a car.

**RALPH:** Do you have a car, Candy?

**CANDY:** No. Tony doesn't like me to drive...or think.

**RALPH:** Where's Roger?

**CANDY:** In the shower. Want me to get him?

*CANDY heads toward the bathroom door.*

**RALPH:** Nah. I'll get Shumer.

*RALPH exits.*

**JEREMY:** So, Candy, do you ever go up on the roof and look at the stars?

**CANDY:** I used to, but they're so hard to see from up there. So I went down to the street, and I think I saw Oprah once.

**JEREMY:** Cool. But I was thinking more of the stars in the night sky. Ya know, like, sometimes I just stare at the stars and feel really small, and then all of a sudden I'm expanding out of control and moving at the speed of light and I feel like I'm as big as the whole universe and I'm not even buzzed or nothing—

**CANDY:** I think things expanded out of control for me a long time ago.

**JEREMY:** —and I feel like I am everyone and everyone is me. Ya know what I mean?

**CANDY:** I feel like the real me has almost completely disappeared.

**JEREMY:** Exactly. And then as you're shrinking back down this purple leprechaun dude keeps telling you to kill your cats, right?

**CANDY:** Uh, no.

**JEREMY:** Maybe it's just me. I don't see him all the time, but when I'm doin' 'shrooms, the little dude won't leave me alone. And I'll be like, dude, I don't even have any cats.

*MR. SHUMER enters, followed by RALPH.*

**RALPH:** What's the big deal?

**MR. SHUMER:** The big deal is I'm not mechanical, and I don't want you messing around with the engine of my car.

**RALPH:** It's a jump-start. How hard can it be?

*EDDIE enters.*

**EDDIE:** What are you guys still all doing here?

**MR. SHUMER:** Why can't Roger do it?

**RALPH:** C'mon. It will take five minutes.

**EDDIE:** Will somebody tell me what's going on here?

**JEREMY:** Hey. Keep your voices down. Roger is trying to sleep.

**CANDY:** I thought you said he was in the shower?

**JEREMY:** Oh, yeah. That's right. Party on.

*The phone rings as RALPH, MR. SHUMER, and EDDIE continue bickering.*

**CANDY:** I'll get it!

*CANDY picks up the phone.*

**CANDY:** Hello?...What?

*CANDY moves toward the apartment door, straining to hear.*

**CANDY:** Hold on a minute. *(To guys.)* Could you guys be quiet please?

*RALPH, EDDIE and MR. SHUMER lower their voices.*

**CANDY:** *(On phone.)* Who is this? ...Julie who?

*RALPH, EDDIE, and MR. SHUMER stop talking and turn to CANDY, frantic trying to wave her off.*

**CANDY:** Oh, this is Candy. Roger's "friend."

*ROGER, in robe, enters via the bathroom door, shocked, and moves diagonal to CANDY. The couch is between them.*

**ROGER:** What the hell are you all still doing here?

**CANDY:** *(On phone.)* No, Roger's in the shower.

**ROGER:** Who is she talking to?

**CANDY:** *(On phone.)* Can I take a message, Julie?

**ROGER:** Julie?! *(To guys.)* Is she talking to Julie? *(To CANDY.)*

Don't hang up!

**CANDY:** *(On phone.)* Okay, bye-bye.

**ROGER:** Don't hang up!

*ROGER runs toward the couch, places one foot on it and attempts to leap over it. But he catches his other foot on the couch back and falls on his face behind the couch. CANDY places the phone back in its holder, as everyone silently looks on. Beat.*

**CANDY:** That doesn't look comfortable. *(Beat.)* That was Julie...I think she's in a bad mood. Maybe it's her time of the month.

**EDDIE:** Told ya!

**CANDY:** I can see your butt. *(Beat.)* Aren't you guys going to help him up?

**EDDIE:** My father taught me never to touch a naked man.

*CANDY and RALPH help ROGER to his feet.*

**ROGER:** *(Calm.)* Why are you all here?

*ALL ad lib responses simultaneously. ROGER cuts them off.*

**ROGER:** One at a time!

*ROGER points to RALPH.*

**RALPH:** My car won't start and I came back in to see if someone could give me a jump, but Shumer is too—

*RALPH continues talking.*

**MR. SHUMER:** Hey, don't blame it on me. I was in my own apartment, minding my own business—

*MR. SHUMER continues talking.*

**CANDY:** I just wanted to let you know that—

**ROGER:** All right. All right. Enough... Eddie, what are you doing here?

**EDDIE:** What do you mean?

**ROGER:** I mean I asked everyone to leave.

**EDDIE:** Oh, you meant me, too? I thought you were just being nice, and you really wanted me to stay, so I just circled the block and came back in.

**ROGER:** No. I wanted all of you to get out. And maybe it's my fault. Maybe I wasn't specific enough. I wanted all of you to also STAY out.

**RALPH:** Hey, if you're having troubles with Julie, don't take it out on us.

**ROGER:** This is all your fault!

*ROGER grabs RALPH by the throat, and they fight. EDDIE and MR. SHUMER try to break up the fight. JEREMY joins in. CANDY jumps on ROGER'S back.*

**JEREMY:** Dudes! This is so uncool.

**CANDY:** Don't hurt him!

*The group is stacked up in front of the couch, a tangled mess of flailing body parts. JULIE enters.*

**JEREMY:** Julie!

*ALL freeze and fall silent. Beat. Eyes dart back and forth. Finally, JEREMY picks up the newspaper from the coffee table, holds it stiffly and horizontally, and flicks an imaginary spinner on top of it.*

**JEREMY:** Okay, right foot blue.

*ALL look at JEREMY, confused. JEREMY looks up at them.*

**JEREMY:** I said, right foot blue!

*ALL move right feet in unison, then fall over.*

**ROGER:** Okay. Now, I know this looks...rather...peculiar.

**JULIE:** So, this is what you do when I'm not around?

**ROGER:** No!

**JULIE:** Well, maybe I shouldn't be around at all.

*JULIE exits, slamming door.*

**ROGER:** No, wait!

*ROGER stands, with CANDY still on his back. He exits the apartment.*

*Beat.*

*ROGER reenters with CANDY on his back.*

**ROGER:** Candy...?

**CANDY:** Oh, sorry.

*CANDY gets down, then ROGER rushes off again. The remaining people look to one another. Beat.*

**JEREMY:** Anyone want some soup?

*ALL ad lib positive responses: "Sure, I'll take some." "Sounds good." "Fighting always makes me hungry." etc.*

**BLACKOUT.**

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