

Running With Scissors

Tiffany Myers

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Abby Martin, 23

Pete McDonald, 23

The action occurs in the apartment of Pete McDonald and Abby Martin. It is Sunday morning, around 9:00 am. The time is the present.

SETTING: This is a typical low budget apartment, encompassing only a bathroom, two bedrooms, and a multi-purpose room which functions as living room, dining room, and kitchen, all rolled into one. From the audience, all that can be seen is the living room/dining room/kitchen area, and closed doors which lead to each of the other segments of the apartment. The furnishings of this room are sparse: a tacky thrift store couch and beaten coffee table being the only essential parts of the set.

As the play opens, the audience sees that this apartment is obviously in more disarray than usual. The kitchen sink is piled with dishes, the couch cushions are misaligned, and the coffee table is covered with overturned wine bottles, two empty glasses, and a large stack of magazines. By all appearances, a celebration of some sort seems to have taken place here. Articles of clothing are also strewn haphazardly across the room. The conspicuous presence of a pair of men's boxer shorts on top of the lampshade, and a women's brassiere draped across the arm of the couch further suggests that something more has taken place here.

(As the lights come up, we see Abby Martin stumble out of her bedroom. She is wearing a bathrobe pulled tightly around her body, and moving with the cautious steps of a person with an obvious hangover. As she stops to survey the condition of the

apartment, she moans slightly and makes a frantic attempt to gather up the clothes that are scattered about the apartment. Her arms full, Abby opens the door to her bedroom, tosses the clothes inside, and slams the door. As she crosses back to the couch, she turns her head, suddenly aware of noises coming from Pete's bedroom. As the sound becomes clearer, we are able to distinguish Pete half singing /half humming a gaudily ornamented, completely cheerful version of Beethoven's "Ode To Joy" from behind his bedroom door.

Her hand to her head, she makes her way toward the kitchen. Opening a drawer, she takes out a bottle of aspirin and begins to fight with the child-proof cap. Finally opening the bottle, she counts out two aspirin into her hand and opens the cupboard to get a glass. Finding none, she systematically begins to open every cupboard in the kitchen, ultimately realizing that every glass in the apartment is lying dirty in the sink)

ABBY: (To herself) I told Pete it was his turn to do the dishes! What does he think I am? His maid? His mother?

(She stares at the sink, stares at the aspirin, shudders, and pops the pills into her mouth. Gingerly, she begins to chew as her face twists into a wince.

As Abby is wiping off her mouth with the sleeve of her robe, Pete bounds into the room from his bedroom. He is obviously in a good mood. He is wearing nothing more than a pair of brightly colored boxer shorts and a terrycloth robe which is untied, hanging loosely at his sides)

PETE: Morning, Roomie!

(Pete crosses over to Abby and whisks her into his arms. Abby's body remains limp and unresponsive as Pete throws her back into an exaggerated dip. As he moves to kiss her on the throat, Abby attempts to squirm from his grasp. She succeeds in escaping his embrace, and tumbles backwards onto the floor)

PETE: (Moving to help Abby up) Whoops, there!

ABBY: (Refusing his hand) I can do it myself, thank you.
(She stands)

PETE: (Shrugs) Have it your way. (Pete crosses over to the kitchen)

Hey, you want some breakfast? My treat, Ab.

ABBY: No.

PETE: (Oblivious) I could really go for some pancakes.
Oooh! Waffles! Waffles with butter and syrup and...blueberries.

ABBY: (Abruptly) I said no, thank you.

PETE: (Ignoring Abby's protests, Pete begins to rummage through the refrigerator and the kitchen cabinets, pulling "ingredients" from the shelves.)

Of course, I'm not too sure what we've got left in here. Let's see... What can we make with mayonnaise, marshmallow fluff, and beef noodle soup?

ABBY: (Exploding) I said no! No breakfast, OK?

PETE: Geez. I guess someone got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning.

ABBY: (Muttering under her breath) Got up on the wrong bed is more like it.

PETE: (Not hearing her, as he is clanking around in the kitchen, busily opening a can of soup)
Hmmm?

ABBY: Nothing.

(Abby watches Pete noisily grab a pot out of the sink and pour the soup inside. He is clearly making much more racket than Abby's hangover can stand)

Pete, what are you doing?

PETE: Making soup?

ABBY: It's nine o'clock in the morning.

PETE: What? You want some too?

ABBY: (Crossing over to the stove, she switches off the burner and removes the pot of soup)

Don't, Pete. Just...don't.

PETE: It seems to me that somebody here is just a little bit crabby this morning.

ABBY: Crabby? I'm *crabby*? After last night, all you can say to me is that I seem crabby this morning? Let me tell you, Pete, "crabby" doesn't even begin to describe what I'm feeling right now.

PETE: Oh...I get it. A hangover, right? That's tough. Myself, I *never* have hangovers. I'm one of the lucky ones, I guess. I can just drink and drink and...

(He examines the bottles on the coffee table)

Boy, we really did drink last night, didn't we?

ABBY: Three bottles.

PETE: Three bottles. It was quite a celebration.

ABBY: That's what I thought it was supposed to be.

PETE: What does that mean? Don't tell me that you didn't have fun last night. You sure looked like you were having a good time to me.

ABBY: I'm going to let you in on a little secret here, Pete. *Anyone* who drinks three bottles of champagne is going to look like they're having a good time.

PETE: Right. So what's the problem?

ABBY: You know very well what the problem is.

PETE: Abby, I don't have the faintest idea what you're talking about. Oh, wait a minute. If you're talking about the dishes, I can explain...

ABBY: You have an excuse for everything, don't you, Pete? And, no, even though I can't believe you forgot to do them again, I am *not* talking about the dishes.

PETE: Then what's the problem?

ABBY: Oh, I see. That's the game we're going to play now. You're just going to play little Mr. Innocent and pretend that last night didn't happen.

PETE: What? I'm not trying--

ABBY: That is just like you! You seduce me, and you don't even have the decency to apologize. Typical.

PETE: Whoa! Hold on there! Could you run that last part by me again? The one about the seducing?

ABBY: Don't try that with me, Pete. I'm not stupid. I know when I'm being seduced. And last night was a classic seduction. I don't know why I didn't see it then. God, I am so stupid! I come home to find flowers and champagne waiting for me, and I actually believe you, Pete, my roommate and supposed friend, when you tell me that you just want to celebrate my first article getting published? I can't believe I didn't see through that. None of my other roommates ever gave me flowers and champagne.

PETE: Abby, you used to live with two other girls.

ABBY: That is not my point! Don't change the subject. We're talking about you and how you purposely seduced me.

PETE: I did not!

ABBY: You did too!

PETE: I did not! You seem to be forgetting that I was there last night, too. I know exactly what happened.

ABBY: AHA! So now you're admitting that you did this on purpose. It wasn't the champagne, was it? You've been planning this all along. Oh, yes. Everything's clear to me now. I finally get it. You've just been pretending to be my friend all of this time, hoping, waiting, for the right opportunity. You probably only agreed to share this apartment with me to get me into bed with my room next door to yours.

PETE: (Sarcastically) Oh, that's it Abby. Yes, sir, you've really hit that one right on the head. Ever since I met you our sophomore year in college, I've been secretly planning for last night. For the past five years, I've been pretending to be your friend so that I could wait until you got your first article published, get you drunk, and jump on you so that the next morning I could ignore you. Jesus, Abby, you know me! You know that I don't have the patience to go through five years of foreplay.

ABBY: Look, I don't want to talk about this any more. We both know what happened last night, and we both know that it's never going to happen again. It was wrong and we both know it.

PETE: Wrong? Why was it so wrong?

ABBY: You know as well as I do that there comes a certain point in a relationship where sex is too...weird.

PETE: Thanks.

ABBY: You know what I mean.

PETE: No, I don't think I do know what you mean.

ABBY: I mean, this is not something I need in my life right now.

PETE: And how I feel doesn't make a difference.

ABBY: Oh, don't give me that. This should be quite a relief for you, me ending things like this. Now we don't have to go through that awkward stage where we tiptoe around each other pretending to be happy.

PETE: Forgive me for throwing some reality into this situation, but is this your idea of happiness? What's your idea of ecstasy? Throwing punches?

(In an attempt to break Abby out of her mood, Pete playfully boxes around her. In the grand tradition of Muhammad Ali, he bobs, weaves, and jabs in the air next to her.)

Abby remains motionless, trying her hardest to appear unamused)

PETE: Aw, come on, Ab. (Pete offers a feeble smile, and Abby giggles in spite of herself)
By George, I think she's got it! (Pete punches Abby lightly on the arm)

ABBY: Hey! (Abby returns his punch, only with slightly more force)

PETE: Hey! (Pete hits her back even harder)

ABBY: (This makes Abby furious. Not playing anymore, Abby punches Pete on the arm with all her strength)

PETE: OW!

(Pete rushes toward Abby. Thinking that he is about to kill her, Abby gives a shout and attempts to move away from him. However, she doesn't make her move in time, and Pete forcefully grabs her by the shoulders and spins her around)

ABBY: If you lay one hand on me, so help me, I'll—

(Abby is unable to finish her sentence, as Pete stops her mouth with a kiss. Caught off guard, Abby succumbs to Pete, and begins to put her arms around him. Suddenly realizing what she is doing, she shoves Pete away)

ABBY: (Wiping off her mouth) That was completely uncalled for.

PETE: (Confused) But...I thought...

ABBY: You thought wrong. Haven't you been listening to me? I'm not going to let you do that to me again.

PETE: Abby, I don't think you're being fair.

ABBY: Fair? I'll tell you what isn't fair. It isn't fair the way you used that cute little boxing trick on me. Did you think that I would find that even remotely funny?

PETE: Well, maybe a little...

ABBY: Well I didn't. Besides, Pete. You know as well as I do that this is no time for jokes.

PETE: (Recovering) That's where you're wrong. A little humor is exactly what this situation needs. But not on my part...

ABBY: Let me get this straight. You're telling me that I don't have a sense of humor?

PETE: Not about this you don't. In fact, you don't have a sense of humor about a lot of things. About most things. Really, Abby, you need to lighten up.

ABBY: What?

PETE: You heard me. You can't stop analyzing things long enough to just sit back and be happy for awhile.

ABBY: I do not over-analyze.

PETE: You do so! And you're just about the least spontaneous person I've ever met.

ABBY: And I thought you knew me.

PETE: But I do know you. I've know you for five years, Abby, and never in all that time have I ever seen you do something the least bit reckless...Until last night, that is. And the truth is, you can't handle it.

ABBY: So you're telling me that the key to my happiness lies in just letting go and doing something crazy?

PETE: Yes!

ABBY: Something crazy, like, oh I don't know...Throwing away my college degree in psychology to join a band? Would that do it?

PETE: What are you trying to say about my band?

ABBY: Oh, nothing. Lovely bunch of fellows, really. Whose idea was it to call the band "Fleshy Bologna," again?

PETE: It was mine, and I don't see your point.

ABBY: You can dish it out, but you can't take it, eh Pete?

PETE: I can take it, all right. I've been taking it from you ever since we moved in together. I've been listening to you spout off about my joining that band for so long, that I can't even hear the words anymore. It's like a song. Abby's little song that she keeps playing over, and over, and over. But now that we've finally got all this out in the open, I think it's your turn to listen.

ABBY: I don't see what you could possibly say that would justify throwing four years of college away on a whim.

PETE: A whim? Is that really what you think?

ABBY: Well it wasn't exactly a shrewd financial decision.

PETE: Maybe not. But I'm something that you can never be while you stuff yourself behind that receptionist's desk all day.

ABBY: What's that? Happy?

PETE: No, not happy. Happy is too easy. Puppies make you happy. Finding five dollars in the street makes you happy. I'm talking about something more important. I'm talking about...fulfillment.

ABBY: You sound like my father.

PETE: I sound like *my* father. But I'll worry about that one later. I'm on a roll here. Now, here's my point. What are you?

ABBY: Excuse me?

PETE: I mean your career. What do you *do*?

ABBY: I'm a writer. You know that.

PETE: Aha! If you're a writer, then what are you doing answering phones all day?

ABBY: I work for a publishing firm.

PETE: You're a receptionist for a publishing firm. You don't work for them. There's a difference. See, a writer writes. On the other hand, a receptionist only has to look good in a short skirt.

ABBY: (Flattered) Do you really think I look good in a short skirt?

PETE: Are you kidding me? But that's not the point. A great visual, but definitely not the point.

ABBY: What are you trying to get at, then?

PETE: It's simple. Why are you settling for a job as a receptionist when you call yourself a writer?

ABBY: Pete, I have enough reasons to wallpaper my bedroom.

PETE: I take it you're talking about your rapidly growing collection of rejection slips.

ABBY: Yes, and thanks so much for reminding me.

PETE: Stay with me now. Why do you think that your writing gets so many rejection slips?

ABBY: I would hardly say that I get "so many" ...

PETE: Whatever! Now listen to me for once. I'm trying to tell you exactly what your problem is. You don't get this kind of opportunity everyday, you know.

ABBY: Let me get this straight. You're going to tell me what "my problem" is?

PETE: Right.

ABBY: Well, by all means, enlighten me.

PETE: I think I'll do just that, thanks. Your problem is that you're a lousy writer.

ABBY: What did you just say to me?

PETE: You heard me. I said that you're a lousy writer. But I've recently come to a very important realization about you.

ABBY: A realization? About me? Why bother if I'm so lousy? God, Pete, I can't believe you're saying this to me. I thought you were my friend.

PETE: I am your friend. That's why I've been keeping quiet about this for so long. For the last five years I've been reading your stories and watching you get your rejection slips, biting my lip the whole time, dreading the day when I would finally have to tell you how lousy you were. But the funniest thing happened the other day. This article. The one you got published. I read it and I realized an important thing: You're a lousy writer...with potential.

ABBY: Potential? I've been working on becoming a writer ever since I read my first Dr. Seuss book, and now you stroll along and inform me that all I am is lousy...with potential? This is all I've ever wanted. I even took that crummy receptionist job right out of college so that I could have more time to write.

(Composing herself) Why am I even listening to you? What does your opinion matter, anyway? I'm published now.

PETE: Lots of lousy writers get published.

ABBY: Oh, sure. Now I get it. You're jealous.. Ha! You're absolutely green because I'm actually good at something. Admit it! You've finally realized how empty and pathetic your life really is. You're nothing but a second rate musician in what barely even passes for a band. You just can't stand living under the same roof as a published author, can you? Especially when it's a woman, right? Classic. This is so classic. You're attacking my writing because you're intimidated by my success.

PETE: Abby, you only got one article published. One article doesn't make anyone a success. Especially not *that* article.

ABBY: Oh yeah? What suddenly make you an expert on the arts? You don't even know how to play an instrument.

PETE: I'm working on that. What are you doing to fix our lousy writing?

ABBY: I don't have to take this from you.

PETE: No, you don't have to take this from me. But you're going to. Now look at this stack of magazines here. Twenty-three copies of your first published work lie here on this table.

(He thumbs through the magazine on top of the stack)

Here it is. Called *Running With Scissors*. So what's it about?

ABBY: It...It's about...

PETE: Yes! It's about passion, and risks, and danger, and above all it's about having the courage to forget all of your mother's warnings and daring to take a pair of scissors out of the drawer and run around the sofa with them pointing straight towards your heart. I didn't make this up, mind you. It's all right here. (He taps the article)

And it's all right *here*. (He taps her head)

But Abby, for God's sake, it just isn't *here*. (He taps near her heart)

This is a good story. The best I've ever read from you, in fact. But how do you expect it to have anything more than "potential" when you don't put any of yourself into what you write. You write about passion, and risks, and danger, and running with scissors, but you've never done it. How can you expect anyone to read this and feel emotions that you're too afraid to feel?

ABBY: I resent that. Just because I don't choose to take risks everyday doesn't mean that I'm afraid to.

PETE: Oh, really?

ABBY: Really.

PETE: Then do it, Abby. Do it!

(Pete rummages in a drawer for a pair of scissors and thrusts them towards Abby)

Take them! Prove to me that I'm wrong!

ABBY: (Abby reaches out a hesitant arm, but abruptly pulls it back)

This is crazy! Why are you doing this?

PETE: (Frenzied) Come on, Ab. It's not hard at all! See, watch me.

(He runs around the couch with the scissors, making wild cutting motions in the air)

(Taunting) I'm running, Abby! I'm running with scissors!

ABBY: (Unable to stand it any longer) Stop it, Pete! Stop it!

PETE: (He stops abruptly, dropping the scissors)

That's what I thought. You just don't think you have it in you, do you? Well, I have some news for you. We've been best friends for five years. I've lived with you since we graduated. I know you better than you think. I know that more than anything, you want to be able to bend down and pick up those scissors. I know you want to let go, Ab. That's why you're so mad at me about last night, isn't it? Last night you let go for once in your life and forgot to worry about the consequences. I didn't make you do anything you didn't want to do last night. You wanted to run around the couch with scissors, and God help me, I let you.

ABBY: That's great Pete. Just great. I can't believe that you're telling me that I should be happy that I lost control last night. It was the worst mistake I've ever made in my life. Don't you see? Everything's changed now.

PETE: What do you mean?

ABBY: You know what I mean! A nightmare. That's what this is. It's like one of those dreams where you run and run, but you never can seem to get away from whoever's chasing you. Only, I can't just wake up and go on with my life. This *is* my life.

PETE: Abby--

ABBY: No! Don't you get it? After five years of friendship we slept together. Now how are we ever supposed to have a normal life? We live together, for God's sake. We have to face each other every night and every morning.

PETE: What's wrong with that? Just because we're sleeping together doesn't mean that we're not still friends.

ABBY: We are *not* sleeping together. We slept together. Do you catch the difference there? It's in the past tense.

PETE: You're such a writer.

ABBY: Ha! Some writer I am. You even said it yourself. You think I'm some sort of control freak in my writing? What about my life? I need to have control over the events of my life, just

like I do over my writing. But now there's nothing I can do. I lost control and let something happen that never should have. It's over and done with. I can't exactly rip the last couple of pages out of the typewriter and start over again. It's too late to start over again.

PETE: This is what I don't understand about you. Why do you think that we have to start over again? I know that I'm crazy for saying this, but I want things to work out for us.

ABBY: "Us?" Oh, I see. Now we're an "us," are we. You see? This is exactly what I didn't want to happen. One night of sex--

PETE: Incredible sex.

ABBY: All right. One night of fairly incredible sex and you think that you own me or something. I want my life back, Pete! I don't want to have to worry about dating someone I live with. I can't! It's too hard!

PETE: I don't see what would be so hard about it.

ABBY: Ok. For instance, how am I supposed to bring back dates to the apartment now?

PETE: In all the time we've been living together, you've *never* asked one of your dates back to the apartment.

ABBY: But what if I wanted to? And worse yet, what if you decided to bring home one of those... "friendly"...girls from one of the various dives you're always playing at? Do I pretend like nothing ever happened between us? Do you pretend like nothing ever happened between us?

PETE: I would never do that to you. Jesus, you're neurotic! And I do believe that you're forgetting one more important detail about last night. You kissed me first.

ABBY: I most certainly did not!

PETE: You kissed me first, and you know it. So there's no way I'll let you put the blame on me for last night. Why? Because I was not the one who did the kissing.

ABBY: (Accusingly) Oh, you didn't, did you?

PETE: Well not at first, at least. But the first kiss is the important one. I never in a thousand years would have laid a hand on you if you didn't do it first.

ABBY: (Grudgingly) Well, maybe I did...start things. But it was your fault for letting things go as far as they did! You should have known that I was drunk! I didn't know what I was doing.

PETE: You knew perfectly well what you were doing. I can't believe that you'd accuse me of taking advantage of you.

ABBY: So you're telling me that you've never thought of me...in that way...before last night?

PETE: Well...sometimes. But that doesn't mean that I planned any of this. You know, when you first suggested it, I thought that this whole living arrangement thing was going to work out just fine. Even though I sometimes thought about you...in that way...I convinced myself that we could just be friends. That was the way it was supposed to be. But, no! You had to go and ruin everything with that little flannel bathrobe of yours.

ABBY: What?

PETE: You know what I'm talking about. That robe. Ever since that first morning we moved in together, you've been prancing around the apartment in that little flannel bathrobe of yours. How is a person supposed to concentrate on friendship when you walk around looking like that? No one is supposed to look that sexy in plaid flannel.

ABBY: (Defensively) Oh, yeah? And what about you? You don't even have the decency to cover yourself.

PETE: Cover myself?

(Realizing that she is speaking about his open robe, he wraps it around himself, belting it securely)

ABBY: Much better. I never could understand why you insisted on flaunting yourself around the apartment like that.

PETE: Flaunting myself? Oh, that's rich.

(As he delivers the next speech, Pete moves toward the kitchen. Talking all the while, Pete grabs the bottle of aspirin, pulls off the lid, and shakes out a handful of pills into his hand)

You know, you'd think that a person with a degree in psychology would be able to handle a relationship with a woman. Just one woman. How hard could it be? People do it everyday. It's just, "Hi. How are you? Great. Let's go out." No problem, right? But, no. I have to go off and pick the single most incomprehensible female on the planet to start up with. Start up. Jesus, that makes you sound like you're some sort of car or something.

(Without even attempting to look for a glass, Pete pops the aspirin into his mouth and effortlessly begins to chew them up. He delivers the next line with his mouth full)

Gentlemen, start your engines!

ABBY: How can you do that?

PETE: What?

ABBY: That! *That!* That's the reason we could never be a couple!

PETE: Because I spout off extended metaphors about cars? I don't even know why I did that. I hate cars. I don't understand how they work, either.

ABBY: No, no. That! The aspirin! It only goes to prove my point that we are totally incompatible.

PETE: Forgive me for not following a word you're saying.

ABBY: No. It doesn't matter anymore. I don't care if you follow me or not. As of this moment, this discussion is over. Do you hear me? Any type of relationship between us is completely

out of the question. The best thing for us to do is to just pretend like nothing ever happened last night. We'll just clean up this mess, and move on with our lives. Above all, you are *never* to mention a word about last night again.

PETE: What? Where did that come from? You're the one who seems to want to fight about this. This isn't a problem for me, Abby. God help me— when I woke up this morning i was actually happy about what happened last night. Silly me, but I thought that our relationship was going somewhere.

ABBY: Relationship? The only relationship we can possibly have now is strictly business. I need a roommate to split the rent. Even though I have every right to throw you out on your ear after last night, I have to let you stay. So all I need from you is the rent money at the end of the month. Not your so-called friendship. Not your opinions. And certainly not your bed.

PETE: You're not being reasonable.

ABBY: I'm not, am I? Well, I don't expect you to understand.

PETE: You're the one who doesn't understand. Can't you hear what I'm saying? If you think I'm going to barricade myself in my room until you decide you need me again, you've got another thing coming. I'm not like your typewriter. You can't turn me on and off whenever the mood strikes you. This is not over, Abby. Much as you'd like it to be. I'm not going to let you leave things like this. Don't you know what last night meant to me? It wasn't just sex, it—

ABBY: I thought we agreed never to talk about this again. I don't want you to say that word around me again. Not around me, not in reference to me, not in spite of me. Never! Now leave me alone! Please!

PETE: Fine! If that's what you want, fine! (He heads for the door)

(Playfully) But I can't help it if it makes you crazy to think about...SEX!

ABBY: Shut up.

PETE: Sex!

ABBY: Shut up!

PETE (Simultaneously) ABBY
Sex! Sex! Sex! Shut up! Shut up, shut up!

(A moment of silence. All appears to be calm, as Pete starts to make his way to his bedroom. On his way there, he stops close behind Abby)

PETE: (Whispering) Sex.

(Abby shrieks in frustration and heaves a throw pillow at Pete, who has made a beeline for his room. He makes it to his room in time, and the pillow bounces harmlessly off the closed door)

PETE: (Poking his head out the door)
Missed. (He slams it shut again)

ABBY: (Fuming, Abby throws herself down on the couch. She groans and places her head on a pillow near the arm of the couch. Trying to relax, she reaches her hand under the pillow to find a more comfortable position. Feeling something underneath the pillow, she confusedly pulls out a small piece of fabric. Shocked, it dawns on her that she has pulled out a pair of her underwear.

She holds the underwear in the air in front of her for a moment, too stunned for words. Finally, she begins to chuckle. These chuckles then become all-encompassing laughter. By all appearances, Abby has lost her mind)

PETE: (Overhearing Abby's laughter, Pete stands near the doorway, watching her. Abby remains unknowing of his presence)

ABBY: (Slowly, Abby's laughter turns into tears. Breaking down, she begins sobbing on the couch)

PETE: (Not realizing how much Abby has been affected by the night's events, Pete moves over to comfort her)
Abby? Hey, Abby. (No response from Abby)

Oh, Ab. I'm sorry. I didn't know. I mean, I didn't realize that you took all of this so seriously. No, I didn't mean that either. Bad word choice. I just... What I mean to say is, if I did this to you, Ab, I'm sorry. Hey? Come on. We'll fix this. If you want us to go back to how things were before last night, well, that's what we'll do, then.

(Comforting her, Pete grabs the nearest thing to a tissue that he can find and begins to wipe away her tears. Suddenly, Abby grabs his arm, realizing that Pete has mistakenly used the pair of underwear as a handkerchief. Horrified, they stare at each other in silence. After a few moments pass, they begin to laugh. Realizing the humor in the situation, they laugh hysterically until they become exhausted)

ABBY: (Timidly) I don't want to fight anymore.

PETE: I don't want to fight anymore, either. I'm sorry about all of this, Ab. It wasn't fair for me to expect you to automatically want the same things I do. If a friend you want, then a friend you've got. Nothing more. No strings attached.

(In a brotherly gesture, Pete puts his arm around Abby)

That's it then. Friends. Just friends, nothing more.

(Abby and Pete slowly turn and look at each other. Pete sheepishly grins and kisses Abby lightly on the forehead. They both face forward for a few moments without speaking. Abby then turns and begins to stare at Pete. Pete glances confusedly at Abby, and Abby suddenly grabs hold of Pete's shirt and throws him down on the couch. Springing on top of him, she kisses Pete passionately)

BLACKOUT

(As the lights come back up for the curtain call, Pete and Abby are caught still kissing on the couch. Aware of the applause, they break apart, bow embarrassedly, and hurry offstage)

THE END