

Writing Sample

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ACT 1

SCENE 1

May and Amber are in May's one bedroom apartment having a girl's night a la typical break up night where we eat ice cream, bake cookies, or whatever the hell we need to do to cope with this emotional bullshit.

May:

NO!

She laughs.

He tells me, "Oh, May, I'd love to hangout with you, but I think it might be awkward if we went on a date...for my long distance BOY-FRIEND."

Amber:

NO!

May:

YES!

Amber:

WHAAAAAAT?!?

May:

Exactly.

Amber:

What about the - the-?

May:

EXACTLY.

Amber:

I mean he -

May:

HE DIPPED ME.
HE.
DIPPED.
ME.

...

WHO DIPS SOMEONE THEY AREN'T SECRETLY IN LOVE WITH?

Amber:

And the winks! Why the winks?

May:

I dunno, Amber, maybe he has a tick.

Amber:

May. He does not have a tick. A tick does not make you serenade someone while staring lovingly into their eyes.

...

MUHL-TIP-PUL-TIMMMMMMES.

May shrugs her shoulders and hands a la emoticon. Speechless.

Amber:

And the – the – the story! The moment.

May doesn't know. Or maybe she does.

The story he told you about? How he thought he would never be able to drive a car because his dad told him he couldn't have drive if he wanted to be a musician?

May:

Just a private moment between two best buds.

Amber:

I mean, he said he wanted to hang out with you!

May:

As friends.

Amber:

NO!

You were going to watch a movie.

Together.

A-LONE.

WHO WATCHES A MOVIE ALONE TOGETHER AND ISN'T ENDING IT IN A GIANT MAKE-OUT SESSION?

May:

Honestly, I don't know.

Amber:

Did he - I mean - do you think he's -

Large gesture from Amber. No idea what. Not a stereotype. Not even something that means "Gay". But somehow, being the friends that they are -

May:

Gay? I mean, that does seem to be a qualifier, doesn't it?

Amber:

I mean - he could be bi right?

May:

Sure. He could be.

(They consider this)

Amber:

But that was just - SO. MUCH. EYE CONTACT.
AND SINGING.
THERE WAS THE SINGING!

May:

To be fair. He is a musician. And his job is to connect with his audience. He's good at his job. What can I say? I fall for gay men and workaholics. Sometimes both!

Amber:

But he sang "Just the way you are" to you AND CHER AND "WE FOUND LOVE IN A HOPELESS PLACE,"

May:

While pointing out another couple...

Amber:

Okay,
but -
what about when he personally requested you as his guide?

May:

He's a smart guy. He can recognize a boss ass bitch who knows what she's doing.

Amber:

I don't buy it.

May:

Well, you don't have to. He isn't for sale.

Deep breath. And then Amber remembers:

Amber:

HE BOWED TO YOU. HE CALLED YOU, "HIS QUEEN."

May:

He did not call me his queen.

Amber:

It was implied.

May:

A lot was implied.

Amber:

You've been in love with this man for MONTHS. Dancing. Singing. Losing your mind over him-

May:

Well-

Amber:

Remember phone day?

May:

The day I walked home so elated I forgot that I left my phone in a waterproof box inside of a 2500 seat stadium?

Amber:

MONTHS

May:

I know.

Amber:

What. The. Fuck.

May:

So, yeah. . .not a great night for me.

Amber:

Why didn't he tell you sooner?

May:

...

Amber:
He could have told you sooner. He knew you were into him.

May:
Did he, though?

Amber:
I mean you were dripping ALL OVER HIM. Constantly. No offense.

May:
None taken. yeah - uh - well, he told me that he *meant* to tell me, but wanted to tell me in person . . . outside of work and we never really -

Amber:
Saw each other outside of work...

May:
Yeah, so when I finally texted him -

Amber:
Wait - was this before or after the love note you left in a plastic bag on his windshield?

May:
Okay to be fair - that was an / invitation

Amber:
/ You are so obsessed / with this man

May:
/ I am not *OBSESSED* -

Amber: (*knowing the answer*)
And why was it in a plastic bag?

May:
It was supposed to rain! I didn't want it to get lost. . .

Amber:
Your love note?

May:
Again, it was an *invitation* / not a-

Amber:

/ Who in (INSERT CURRENT YEAR HERE) leaves an “INVITATION” on the windshield of someone’s car?

Mays:
Cops. And honest people who have insurance.

Amber:
If you’re calling a traffic violation an / “invitation”

May:
/ It’s an invitation to court. (she smiles at her quick wit)

Amber:
May. This is not about the classification of a traffic ticket.

May: *(deflecting)*
I’m pretty sure that’s exactly what this is about.

Amber:
Are you okay?

(Beat) (A moment) (Is she okay?)

May:
No.

No. I’m not.
I mean - I’m not not okay. But I’m not...”okay.”
Ya know?

Amber:
Yeah.

(Deep breath) (together)

Amber:
So?

May:
so.

(Breath)

Amber:
Yeah.

yeah.

May:

(Breathe) (redirecting)

Hey, so, Halloween is coming up!

Amber:

Thank you, Google Calendar .

May:

You love Halloween!

Amber:

You love Halloween.

May:

Okay, but *you* love parties.

Amber:

I-

May:

Okay, you love *hosting* parties.

Amber:

Correct.

May:

You should be a lawyer.

Amber:

For Halloween?

May:

No? What? Oh! No! I mean – maybe? A sexy lawyer? Sure, why the hell not. I'm getting turned on just thinking about it.

Amber:

Huh. Me too.

May:

They think about it.

No! But – like – You should have a Halloween party! Your new place! It could be like a housewarming? It would be so much fun! And you can invite – *(she was about to say*

Amber:

his name and then remembers the entire conversation they just had and how maybe that's not exactly what she wants to do right now) – whoever you want!

Subtle as it is. May catches the missed name, but pretends not to.

May:

yeah. Whoever I want.

Amber: *(Trying to sell the idea to May)*

I could help you! It could be fun!

May still a little stuck in her rut.

Amber:

We could make cuuuppcaakkkes. . . with little ghosts on top. . . and mummy brownies...

May:

OH MY GAWD THE ONES WITH THE MONSTER EYES?!? THOSE ARE SO CUTE.

Okay, but we HAVE to make the machete knife blood cupcakes too and maybe they could spill out cherry liquid or jelly or OH MY GOD CAN WE MAKE MUMMY DOGS.

Amber:

It's your party, you can make hot dogs die if you want to.

May's love of hosting is fully functional and the scene trails off as she starts going Hallmark wedding planner - Maybe she goes to her room to pull out different decorations she's already started or crafting supplies to potentially put something together. Amber is pleased to see her smiling and passionate and her full creative self again.

May:

Oh my god we could make our own garland out of colored paper like papel picado but maybe we could do bones. Oh my god we could also have papel picado because day of the dead is like the next day and then we could do skeleton themed stuff, but not the scary skeletons with the spiders and the bugs, no, more like chibi adorable cute bones OR PUMPKINS OH MY GOD CUTE LITTLE PUMPKINS EVERYWHERE