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Norman Maine Publishing

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THE MALADROIT ROMBO

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THE MALADROIT ROMBO and ONE YEAR ONE DAY were first performed June 17, 2010 at the London Fringe Festival, London, Ontario.

ENIGMATIC LUCIDITY was first performed Feb 1, 2008 at the Snowdance Comedy Festival, Racine, WI.

THE MALADROIT ROMEO

“Enigmatic Lucidity,” Finalist, Lakeshore Player’s 10-Minute Play Contest, White Bear Lake, MN, 2008.

Finalist, Emerging Artists Theatre EATFest, New York, NY, 2008.

COMEDY. Bob loves Angelina but when it comes to romance, he can be a little inept. Bob’s plan to propose to Angelina in the college library where they first met studying “Romeo and Juliet” goes awry when he forgets his lines and loses the engagement ring. Then as Bob and Angelina settle into married life, they discover that marriage can be, literally, a series of nightmares. And when the couple reaches their one-year anniversary, not only does Bob forget, but he accidentally surprises Angelina with 1.7 tons of chicken rock instead of concert tickets. But in the end, it may be Angelina who has the biggest surprise of all!

Performance Time: Approximately 45 minutes.

NOTE: Scenes can be performed as individual plays. For a family-friendly version of this play, please see the Big Dog Publishing version at www.BigDogPlays.com.

CHARACTERS
(1 M, 1 F)

BOB: A simple man with a simple spirit who has a gift for making simple things complicated.

ANGELINA: Bob's girlfriend/wife, a competent idealist who is a romantic at heart.

SET

Library. There is a library table and chairs.

Bedroom. There is a bed CS and parallel to the stage. Bob's side of the bed is downstage. There is a towel on the floor downstage.

Dining room. There is a table with a tablecloth and two chairs SR.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1: Library.

Scene 2: Bob and Angelina's bedroom, several months after their wedding.

Scene 3: Bob and Angelina's dining room, one year and one day after their wedding.

PROPS

Papers	Towel
Watch, for Bob	Knife
Watch, for Angelina	Cell phone
Tall garbage can	Small newspaper
Assorted pieces of garbage (cup, crumpled paper, etc.)	advertisement
Half-eaten sandwich	Wallet
Engagement ring	Credit card
Romeo and Juliet book	Box of junk
Checkbook	Pencil with a broken lead
Check	Marker
Pen	Grocery bags
Bed	Coat, for Angelina
Hooded blanket (hood for a head)	Bent-up homemade anniversary card

SOUND EFFECTS

Cell phone ringing

“Better Days” or another suitable song

“FOUR THINGS IN LIFE
CAN REALLY SUCK:
VACUUMS,
GRAVITY,
AND REAL THICK MUCK,
OH,
AND MOST OF ALL,
WHEN I’M NOT WITH YOU.”

—BOB

SCENE 1
THE MALADROIT ROMBO

(AT RISE: Library. Bob clears some papers from a library table and throws them into the garbage. He checks his watch, takes a quick look to see if Angelina is coming, closes his eyes, and takes a big deep breath. He opens his eyes and checks his pockets.)

BOB: *(To himself.)* Okay, here we go. Ring. Where's the ring? *(Realizes the ring is missing and starts to panic.)* Where's the ring? *(Walking through all of his recent actions from the table to the garbage can.)* I had it right in the envelope...that...that I pulled out and put...here...that I threw in the garbage? Oh, no! No, no, no!

(Bob leans over the garbage can, searching. Angelina enters. Bob's back is to her.)

ANGELINA: Bob?

BOB: *(Startled, turns.)* Angelina!

ANGELINA: What...are you doing?

BOB: What am I doing? What am I doing...well, I...

ANGELINA: You look like you're about to puke in the trashcan.

BOB: Crossed my mind.

ANGELINA: Are you okay?

BOB: Yeah, yeah. I...I was just waiting for you to arrive.

ANGELINA: Well, I'm here. Sooo...what's the big surprise?

BOB: Well, umm...I've got something for you.

ANGELINA: Nice. Look, I have, like, 15 minutes, so it needs to be quick. Sorry.

BOB: Do you know where we are?

ANGELINA: What do you mean?

BOB: Where are we right now?

(Pause.)

ANGELINA: Well, Bob, you said, "Meet me at the library," so I'm guessing the library.

BOB: Yes, yes, but, look around. What do you see?

ANGELINA: Um...books?

BOB: C'mon, don't you remember? This spot, nine-and-a-half months ago today. *(No response from Angelina.)* At this same time? *(No response from Angelina.)* Where we first met?

ANGELINA: Oh. Of course. Our nine...and a half...month anniversary.

BOB: This is where it all began. Do you remember?

ANGELINA: Of course. This is so...sweet. Right here at this very table.

BOB: You remember! *(Pause.)* You and I...we were studying Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"?

ANGELINA: Well, yes. I was studying William Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." You were studying Lois Burdett's "Romeo and Juliet: For Kids." The Shakespeare Can Be Fun series.

BOB: Well, it can be fun. *(Pause.)* Doesn't it seem fitting that we met over "Romeo and Juliet."

ANGELINA: "Romeo and Juliet" was a tragedy, Bob.

BOB: I have something to say to you...but...I need you to find that book again..."Romeo and Juliet."

ANGELINA: Oh, okay. Shakespeare or the kid's version?

BOB: Doesn't matter. Just go find it.

(Bob pushes her toward the exit.)

ANGELINA: Sure. *(Exits. Bob searches the garbage can for the ring. He pulls out various items from the garbage can. He pulls out a half-eaten sandwich. Angelina enters with the book. Bob is caught with the sandwich in his hand and tries to hide it.)* Okay, got it. *(Indicating sandwich.)* What is that?

BOB: This? You mean this? Just...a sandwich.

ANGELINA: You going to share that with me?

BOB: No! I mean...ah, you don't want to eat this.

(Angelina grabs the sandwich from him.)

ANGELINA: Bob, I missed lunch. I'm starved.

BOB: Give that back.

(Bob grabs the sandwich from her.)

ANGELINA: Bob, almost a year we've been dating, and you won't share your lunch with me?

BOB: Well, you probably won't like it.

ANGELINA: Right now, I could eat almost anything. *(Takes the sandwich from Bob and takes a bite. After a moment of chewing, she gags, runs to the garbage can, and spits it out.)*

What was that? It tasted like trash. *(Spits.)* No wonder you were hanging over this garbage like you were going to— *(Sees the ring in the garbage and picks it out.)* Whoa, check this out! Take a look at what I just found!

BOB: Uh...like, wow.

ANGELINA: Like wow is right! Look at this thing! It looks like an engagement ring. It was just sitting there in the garbage can. It sparkles like crazy. What would a ring be doing in the garbage like that?

BOB: Well, actually...

ANGELINA: I wonder who lost it. Someone must be having an absolute fit right now.

BOB: He is.

ANGELINA: I'd better take it to the checkout desk in case someone is looking for it.

BOB: No...wait.

ANGELINA: I'll be right back, Bob.

BOB: Give me that.

(Bob grabs the ring from her.)

ANGELINA: What are you doing?

BOB: You don't want to go giving it to just anybody.

ANGELINA: I'm not. I'm giving it to the librarian.

BOB: What are you, nuts? The librarian? They're probably the most deceptive of all, talking in that Dewey Dismal Code. You don't want to be giving it to them.

ANGELINA: You're being ridiculous.

BOB: Ridiculous? You want to hand over a 2,000-dollar diamond ring to someone who shushes people for a living?

ANGELINA: Did you inhale fumes from the trash? You're blathering. And it shows how much you know about rings. That is not a 2,000-dollar ring.

BOB: Well, yes, it is.

(Angelina grabs the ring from him.)

ANGELINA: No one in their right mind would pay 2,000 dollars for that ring. I'm turning this in.

BOB: Way, way, way, wait. Don't you think that since you found it, you should just...keep it?

ANGELINA: I can't just keep this ring.

BOB: Why not? You found it. I say it's rightfully yours. Think about it. If no one claims it, you think they're going give it back to you? Not a chance. They'd be hawkin' it to buy the rest of the Shakespeare Can Be Fun series: "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Oliver"—

ANGELINA: *(Correcting him.)* "Othello."

BOB: That too.

ANGELINA: Well, maybe you have a point.

BOB: Of course, I do. Hey, you know what? Call me crazy if you want, but that ring just gave me a great idea. Why don't you and I get married?

ANGELINA: Where's that coming from? You still feeling nauseated?

BOB: No, I'm serious.

ANGELINA: You're serious. You're...proposing?

BOB: Well, yeah, I guess I am.

ANGELINA: But you don't even have a ring.

BOB: Well, we could use that ring.

ANGELINA: This ring? I found this ring. Doesn't that seem a bit cheap to you?

BOB: That is not a cheap ring.

ANGELINA: It is, if you didn't pay anything for it.

BOB: What?! Fine. (*Thinks.*) Okay. Then how about if I buy it from you?

ANGELINA: Buy this ring? You want to buy this ring from me?

BOB: Yeah, why not? What do you think it's worth?

ANGELINA: Gee, I don't know. (*Examines it.*) A thousand bucks?

BOB: A thousand bucks?! (*Calm.*) Okay, fine. I'll give you a thousand dollars for that ring.

ANGELINA: Really? Well, I guess that sounds reasonable.

BOB: Perfect. Give me the ring.

ANGELINA: Give me the money.

BOB: Well, I don't exactly have a thousand dollars on me.

ANGELINA: Well, then, you can't have what you can't pay for, can you?

BOB: Oh, come on. Well, then, how about I write you a check?

ANGELINA: Well, I guess that's okay. How can I be sure it's good? You have the money in your account?

BOB: I used to before today. (*Writes her a check.*) There. Now can I have the ring?

ANGELINA: Let me just look this over first. (*Looks at check.*) Seems good. (*Points to check.*) Is this your current address?

BOB: Oh, come on, Angie.

ANGELINA: Okay, okay, here.

(*Bob takes the ring from Angelina.*)

BOB: Okay. Now, will you marry me? *(Holds the ring out to her.)*

ANGELINA: That's really classy, Bob. That's your proposal? *(Pause.)* Think Romeo. Think Romeo. Say it with me.

ANGELINA/BOB: *(Bob gradually gets excited as he repeats the phrase.)* Think Romeo. Think Romeo. Think Romeo.

(Pause.)

BOB: I don't get it.

ANGELINA: Oh, Bob. *(Climbs up and stands on the table.)*

BOB: What are you doing? You're gonna get us kicked out of here.

ANGELINA: *(As Juliet.)* "O gentle Romeo, if thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully." *(Bob is confused.)* And you respond...

(Bob climbs onto the table and holds his arms straight out to his sides.)

BOB: With you... "I'm the king of the world!"

(Pause.)

ANGELINA: That's nice, Bob, but that's "Titanic." Right actor, wrong movie. Now get off the table.

BOB: But...

ANGELINA: Seriously, get off the table, and let's do this right. Now get down there on your knees.

(Bob gets off the table and gets down on his knees.)

BOB: *(Down on his knees.)* Like this?

ANGELINA: Like that. Good. *(As Juliet.)* "What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?"

BOB: (*Trying, from memory.*) “Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench. Thou cutts’t my head off with a golden axe.”

ANGELINA: What?!

[END OF FREEVIEW]

SCENE 2

ENIGMATIC LUCIDITY

(AT RISE: *Bob and Angelina's bedroom. They have settled into married life. Bob and Angelina are sleeping in their bed, which is CS and parallel to the stage. Bob's side of the bed is downstage. The couple is covered with a blanket with a hood [for a head]. There is a towel on the floor downstage. After about five seconds, Bob abruptly sits up as if waking from a bad dream.*)

BOB: (*Screams.*) Noooooo!

(*Bob stops and realizes he's having a bad dream. Angelina awakens slowly.*)

ANGELINA: I know how you feel. I can't believe it's already morning, either. (*Wraps the hooded blanket around herself, gets out of bed, and heads toward the door.*) If you don't mind, I think I'm going to grab the first shower.

BOB: Ah, yeah. Sure, honey. (*Angelina exits.*) Boy, I gotta quit eating that cheap cheese. What a nightmare. (*Gets out of bed and heads toward the door. Angelina appears at the door draped in the blanket with the hood over her head and a knife in hand. She looks like the Grim Reaper. Jumps back, screams.*) Ahhhh! Geez, Angie, ya scared the crap out of me. Don't do that. (*Angelina approaches.*) Okay, a little too early in the morning for gags. Okay, okay, someone's gonna get hurt with that knife and that someone is probably going to be me. (*Angelina swipes the air with her knife and Bob jumps back.*) Whoa...honey. You would have hit me if I hadn't moved. C'mon, I'm not in the mood for this. Wha-what's going on? (*Angelina continues to approach Bob. Bob backs up, hits the bed, falls onto it, and crawls backward up the bed. He eventually ends up at the head of the bed with the sheets pulled up to his nose.*) Okay, okay...I sense something's wrong. Are you mad at

me about something? Honey, please, what's this all about? I don't understand. Just put the knife down and we can talk about it. You're starting to scare me now. Honey, please...
(*Angelina moves quickly to the bed, raises the knife as if attacking, and pounces on Bob, landing right beside him in her original sleep position. Screams.*) Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh! (*Angelina settles in, and after one or two seconds, Bob abruptly sits up again as if waking from a nightmare. Screams.*) Ahhhhhh!

ANGELINA: (*Slightly awake.*) Bobbie, honey, are you having a dream?

BOB: (*Wipes his face, waking up.*) Geez, Louise. Dream? Yeah, yeah, I guess so. Sorry to wake you.

ANGELINA: Were you dreaming about me?

BOB: About you? The dream wasn't about you. The dream *was* you.

ANGELINA: Oh, Bobbie, that's so sweet.

BOB: No, no. It wasn't good. You turned out to be someone different than I thought.

ANGELINA: Well, honey, you were warned about that before we got married. (*Starts to get out of bed and wraps the hooded blanket around her as before.*)

BOB: It was so weird...like I was dreaming that I was having a dream. Does that make sense? That is so weird. And you were trying to kill me.

ANGELINA: Now why would I want to do that?

BOB: I'm...I'm not really sure. You weren't saying anything.

ANGELINA: Maybe it was because you left the seat up again.

BOB: You'd kill for that?

(*Angelina starts to exit.*)

ANGELINA: Well, maybe you mentioned your old girlfriend, Brenda what's-her-name.

BOB: (*Still in a daze.*) Where are you going?

ANGELINA: I'm going to have a shower.

BOB: Oh. Yeah. *(Pause.)* Hey, wait. Why don't you just leave the blanket here?

ANGELINA: If I take this blanket off, things will just spiral out of control, and we'll just end up late for work.

(She exits. Bob lies down for a moment. Angelina appears in the doorway again, as before, dressed as the Grim Reaper with a knife in her hand.)

BOB: I gotta get up. Geez, I feel like I barely got any sleep. *(Sees Angelina approaching and quickly sits up.)* What the—? Angelina...what...no, no, not this again. Please. What is this? What's going on here? *(Angelina quickly approaches the bed and then pounces on Bob again, landing beside him in her original sleep position. Bob goes back down as she lands. After about one or two seconds, Bob sits back up quickly as if waking up out of a nightmare. He squeals loudly, quickly looks around, and then tries to shake himself awake. To himself.)* What's the matter with me? I must be hallucinating or something.

(Bob looks at Angelina and touches her to make sure she's real and still in bed. Bob jumps out of bed.)

ANGELINA: Bobbie, honey, where are you going?

BOB: I'm going to have a shower.

ANGELINA: Can't you just get one in the morning?

(Bob hesitates, thinks.)

BOB: It's...it's not morning?

ANGELINA: It's the middle of the night.

BOB: It's the middle of the night?

ANGELINA: Three a.m. to be exact. Go back to sleep.

BOB: You're not tricking me so you can get in the shower first, are you?

ANGELINA: You're such a child. Go back to sleep.

BOB: *(To himself.)* Yeah...sure. That's easy for you to say. You're not the one living the freak show. *(Angelina rolls back over. Bob slowly and hesitantly returns to bed. After he lies on his back for a moment, Angelina sits up. She slowly lifts the knife with her left hand and then swipes down fast with the knife right beside Bob. As the knife hits the bed, Bob sits up quickly as if waking from a nightmare.)* Geeeee, I can't take this anymore. Something is seriously wrong, here. *(During this conversation, he does every physical thing possible to wake himself up: punches himself in the side of the head, shakes himself, pulls on his cheeks, makes noises, slaps himself, jumps. Angelina sits up and watches as he does this.)* Wake up! Wake up! Snap out of it! Come on! Snap to, man! Pinch myself. Ouch! I must be awake. I feel awake. Wakie, wakie, man...wakie, wakie.

(Bob realizes Angelina is watching him and turns to her. Pause.)

ANGELINA: Well, this is a different side of you I've never seen.

BOB: You don't understand. I keep waking up from a nightmare, only I'm not waking from it because I'm still in the nightmare, and I think I'm still in the nightmare now, but it doesn't feel like I am...although I'm not totally sure.

(Pause.)

ANGELINA: I think you need a good, cold shower.

(Bob yanks the hooded blanket off the bed and wraps it around him.)

BOB: You know what, I think you're right.

ANGELINA: What are you doing?

BOB: I'm going to have a cold shower...like you said. And I'm taking this blanket with me.

ANGELINA: I can see that, but why? I'm freezing here.

(Confused, Bob just stands there and then he takes the blanket and throws it at her.)

BOB: Fine. Have it. But I'm the first in the shower.

(Angelina lies down and pulls the blanket up over her head.)

ANGELINA: Whatever, honey.

BOB: You just lie there and rest awhile.

ANGELINA: *(From under the blanket.)* Thanks, honey.

(Bob pretends to walk across the room and leave, only to sneak back and hide.)

BOB: *(Tries to throw his voice.)* I'll be in the shower...the cold, cold shower...brrrrrr. I'm in the bathroom now. *(Waits and sees no movement.)* Just looking for my razor now...oh, here it is. *(Finally giving in, he exits, but quickly runs back in for one more check. Still no movement from Angelina. Rubs his eyes, shakes his head, and exits. After about five seconds, Angelina gets up and sits on the upstage side of the bed with her back to the audience. She has the hooded blanket on. She sits on the edge until Bob appears at the door again. Bob saunters in.)* I forgot my towel. *(Notices Angelina.)* Holy crap! I knew it! Exactly what I was afraid of! *(Starts dancing around the bed and doing an assortment of kung fu moves. Finds the towel on the floor, picks it up, twirls it up, and snaps the towel at Angelina's back.)* Take that! *(Snaps towel again.)* And that!

ANGELINA: *(Slowly turns around with the hood on.)* Bob, what are you doing?

BOB: *(Still moving his body kung fu style, threatening.)* I don't know karate, but I do know crazy, and I'm not afraid to use it!

[END OF FREEVIEW]

SCENE 3

ONE YEAR ONE DAY

(AT RISE: Bob and Angelina's home. They have been married for one year. There is a table SR. Bob is on his cell phone with a small newspaper ad in his hand. Angelina is off SL.)

BOB: (*Into phone.*) Just calling about your ad in the paper for chicken rock...Yeah, I'm just looking at your ad here. Looks like the price got torn off when my wife ripped it out of the paper...Oh. Okay. Is 13 cents a pound good?...I don't really know. She didn't say how much. She just said to get it for our anniversary...Oh, thanks. It's our first. Still rookies...Maybe, like, a hundred pounds of this stuff would be good?...Oh, really? Like really big boulders?...Well, what's the smallest load you have?...Okay, that should be okay. When can you ship that?...Perfect...202 Shepherd Avenue. (*Talks while pulling out his wallet and credit card.*) Okay, it's Robert Winchester, as in the gun. Winch-ster dash Botticelli... (*Spells.*) ...B-o-t-t-i-c-e-l-l-i dash Smith...Yeah, I know. It's my wife's and her mother's last names. I just inherited them. We wanted to preserve her heritage. Well, she wanted to preserve it. I wanted to preserve our marriage...Yep. It's 5090—2311—9214—8190. Expiration 09/14...Yes, okay, just give me a sec so I can find a pencil. (*Searches through a box of junk on the table. To himself.*) Okay, there's gotta be something I can write with in here. (*Finds a pencil with broken lead.*) Ah, here's one. (*Into phone.*) Okay. 34. Oh, hang on, this pencil is no good. (*To himself.*) Why would she not sharpen that before putting it back in the box? (*Tosses pencil back into the box. Finds a marker.*) Here's a marker. (*Into phone.*) Okay, sorry about that. I just had to find something to write with. Okay, go ahead...34. Oh, hold on. (*Realizes he has nothing to write on. Decides to write on his hand.*) Never mind. Go ahead...34-78-563. Okay, I

should probably get your name, too. *(Pause.)* Brenda. *(Writes.)* Okay, got it. Perfect. Thank you very much. *(Pause.)* Yes, you, too. Goodbye. *(Angelina enters and crosses.)* Hello, honey.

ANGELINA: *(Strained.)* Hello.

(Angelina walks past him, drops the bags on the table, takes her coat off, exits, and returns. She looks at the table, moves the chairs, and pulls the table a couple of feet across the floor toward SL.)

BOB: Okay, what's the matter?

ANGELINA: *(Adjusting the table from SR side.)* Nothing.

BOB: Something's wrong.

ANGELINA: Nothing's wrong.

BOB: Yes, there is.

ANGELINA: No, there isn't.

BOB: You're rearranging the furniture.

ANGELINA: So.

BOB: That means you're upset.

ANGELINA: That's not true.

BOB: Oh? Then how do we account for the marks in the drywall?

ANGELINA: What?

BOB: *(Points at a wall.)* Right here. This chair gouge. Last October. When you didn't get the job. *(Points to another location.)* And over here. Table strike. Last summer. When your best friend moved away. *(Points to another location.)* And here. Remember? When your mother came to visit?

ANGELINA: That was you.

BOB: *(Realizes.)* Oh, right.

ANGELINA: Bob, I'm fine.

(Angelina moves the table again. On the SL side, Bob pushes the table toward the original spot.)

BOB: No, you're not.

(She stops the table and pushes it back.)

ANGELINA: Yes, I am.

(Bob pushes the table again.)

BOB: You are not. *(They start leaning against each side of the table, nudging it back and forth as they argue.)* Just leave the furniture alone and tell me what's wrong.

ANGELINA: Get out of the way.

BOB: Only if you tell me what's wrong.

ANGELINA: You're in the way, that's what's wrong. *(Bob pulls the table and Angelina falls.)* That was really mature, Bob. *(Bob pushes the table back past her. Angelina grabs the table leg and gets dragged along with the table. Bob stops and walks away.)* What is your problem?

BOB: I'm not the one with the problem. Look, if I did something wrong, I'm sorry, okay?

ANGELINA: Who said you did something wrong?

BOB: Intuition.

ANGELINA: I'm fine.

(She exits. He watches as she exits.)

BOB: Fine. Just don't say I didn't ask.

(Bob picks up something to read. Angelina enters. She stands and stares at him until he looks up at her.)

ANGELINA: You were at the doctor's today, weren't you?

BOB: There. See, I told you it was me.

ANGELINA: So? Were you?

BOB: Yeah. Why?

ANGELINA: You went to the doctor's and you didn't tell me?

BOB: Was I supposed to?

ANGELINA: I thought we told each other everything. I thought we were open and honest about everything.

BOB: Well, yeah, but I'm not going to announce every move I make. There're lots of things I don't talk about.

ANGELINA: Like what?

BOB: What do you mean like what? Why would I tell you things that I don't talk about if I don't talk about them?

(Angelina goes to the table to move it again.)

ANGELINA: It makes me wonder if there're other things you don't tell me.

BOB: Oh, man. *(Pause.)* Stop moving the table. Why do you have to move furniture every time you get upset?

ANGELINA: Because it releases something, okay? I don't know. Why do you do the things you do?

BOB: Like what?

ANGELINA: Like lots of things.

BOB: Like?

ANGELINA: Like...like forgetting to do the things I ask you to do.

BOB: What? I do not.

ANGELINA: Yes, you do. I write notes for you all the time, and then you tell me you forgot or you lost the note or something like that.

BOB: Well, there's your problem right there: you write notes. Why not just try telling me?

ANGELINA: I write notes because when I just tell you, you forget and say I should have written it down.

BOB: Well, yeah, exactly. You should tell me, then write it down. It's called reinforcement. Like when you told me what we should get for our anniversary. You cut the ad out of the paper and told me to call. I see it. I hear it. I remember. I make the call. It's elementary, my dear Watson.

ANGELINA: Really? Did you call right at ten o'clock?

BOB: Why wouldn't I?

ANGELINA: Because you'd probably sit there until five minutes before I came in the door and miss the time they went on sale.

BOB: Don't worry. They're on sale all day.

ANGELINA: Yes, but they all get sold starting right at 10 a.m.

BOB: Well, believe me, they weren't all sold when I called.

ANGELINA: The good ones are.

BOB: It's rock, for crying out loud!

ANGELINA: [Michael Bubl ] is not rock. *(Bob is confused.)*
Okay, what have you done now? *[Or insert the name of another suitable singer.]*

BOB: Don't jump to conclusions. This is the ad you left out, right?

ANGELINA: Yes. *(Pause.)* Why are you looking on the back?

(Bob flips the ad over.)

BOB: [Michael Bubl ] concert tickets. Okay, see, now here's another problem.

ANGELINA: I didn't tell you what side of the ad to look at?
Are you serious?

BOB: Well, how would I know?

(Angelina looks at the back of the ad.)

ANGELINA: What would we want with chicken rock?

BOB: That's exactly what I thought.

ANGELINA: And part of the ad is missing on this side.

BOB: That's what I said.

ANGELINA: Wouldn't it seem obvious that rock would not be an appropriate gift for our *paper* anniversary?

BOB: And why would a concert be considered paper?

ANGELINA: The tickets?

BOB: They're cardboard.

ANGELINA: Yeah, much like this anniversary is turning out to be. And what is chicken rock?

BOB: Landscaping boulders.

ANGELINA: Landscaping...boulders? And how much of this did you buy?

[END OF FREEVIEW]