

JANE AND THE BOYFRIEND HAVE A HEART-TO-HEART

*SPOTLIGHT stage right. THE BOYFRIEND in all his mediocre glory. He wears a worn band Tee and ill fitting jeans. He seems surprised to have been conjured.*

*He looks into the audience, squinting to make sense of it.*

THE BOYFRIEND

What the fuck?

JANE

Over here!

THE BOYFRIEND

Who are you?

JANE

I'm Jane.

THE BOYFRIEND

Who?

JANE

You know Carole?

THE BOYFRIEND

Carole?

JANE

What are you hard of hearing? You play all that prog rock too loud and now your ears are shot? Ca-role. Your girlfriend. Remember her?

THE BOYFRIEND

What I-

JANE

Been droppin any pianos lately?

THE BOYFRIEND

I play the guitar.

*Jane rolls her eyes and looks to the audience. She points at the boyfriend as if to say “get a load of this guy.”*

JANE

She fakes it.

THE BOYFRIEND

What?

JANE

You wouldn't know an orgasm if it walked up to you and said hey asshole your time to be a rockstar was up four years ago. And yes you need to buy her a gift on her birthday. What kind of loser dickwad can't pull something together for his woman on her goddamn birthday and no it doesn't matter if you're not really “a birthday person.” And you know something else. You're really goddamn selfish, I mean really how fucking hard is it to think about someone else for a change? What are you bringing to the table?

THE BOYFRIEND

I'm not gay.

JANE

Oh that you hear.

*THE BOYFRIEND shrugs, its a despicable shrug, an enraging shrug.*

THE BOYFRIEND

I finish I'm just really quiet.

JANE

Sounds like you really rock her world.

THE BOYFRIEND

She doesn't fake.

JANE

She does.

THE BOYFRIEND

I would know.

*JANE laughs a full over the knee belly laugh. THE BOYFRIEND stares at her expectantly. He is not amused.*

*Jane pulls her phone from her pocket and begins to send an email. While she does so she begins to fake an orgasm. It starts small and really builds. This is the performance of her life.*

*She finishes.*

*A few breaths.*

*The boyfriend looks bewildered.*

JANE

(to the audience)

Thank you Meg for your service

*Jane salutes*

*She walks over her bag and pulls out a little pair of reading glasses from somewhere offstage she wheels out a whiteboard. On it is a diagram of a vagina. She pulls a yardstick out from somewhere and begins pointing.*

JANE

This is a clitoris

THE BOYFRIEND

Oh my god.

JANE

Now when you take a woman to bed—

*The boyfriend cuts her off abruptly rolling the whiteboard away from her reach. She looks down her nose at him.*

THE BOYFRIEND

This is ridiculous. You are ridiculous.

JANE

You are such a loser.

THE BOYFRIEND

You are such a bitch.

JANE

Thank you.

*Jane bows to the audience. The boyfriend cups his hands around his eyes trying to see past the stage lights.*

THE BOYFRIEND

I love her.

JANE

You're selfish.

THE BOYFRIEND

*A beat.*  
So?

JANE

And you love her.

THE BOYFRIEND

Yes.

*Jane laughs. It's hysterical, out of control, a little broken.*

*The boyfriend looks at Jane. Looks at the audience. He makes an attempt to defend himself. We can't hear him over the laughter. He shrugs and walks off stage.*

*Jane laughs for a few more beats before realizing that he's gone.*

JANE

*She calls after him cupping her hands around her mouth.*

Watch where you're dropping pianos asshole!

*Lights return to normal.*