

LOVE SICK

BY KRISTINA POE



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.

LOVE SICK
Copyright © 2013, Kristina Poe

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of LOVE SICK is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission for which must be secured from the Author's agent in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for LOVE SICK are controlled exclusively by DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., 440 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., and paying the requisite fee.

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to The Gersh Agency, 41 Madison Avenue, 33rd Floor, New York, NY 10010. Attn: Quinn M. Corbin.

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce LOVE SICK is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author. The following acknowledgments must appear on the title page in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play:

Originally produced by Elephant Theatre Company, Los Angeles, CA, in 2011,
and by AirPort Bar Productions, NYC, in 2012.

SPECIAL NOTE ON SONGS AND RECORDINGS

For performances of copyrighted songs, arrangements or recordings mentioned in this Play, the permission of the copyright owner(s) must be obtained. Other songs, arrangements or recordings may be substituted provided permission from the copyright owner(s) of such songs, arrangements or recordings is obtained; or songs, arrangements or recordings in the public domain may be substituted.

For my first husband, J. Eric Cook

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Special thanks to LAByrinth Theater Company, Julian Acosta, Veronica Bainbridge, Eric Bogosian, Beth Cole, Marieke Gaboury, Stephen Adly Guirgis, Scott Hudson, Jackie Judd, Danny Mastrogiorgio, Mimi O'Donnell, Felix Solis, Scott Sowers, Michael Stuhlbarg, Wendy vanden Heuvel and David Zayas.

LOVE SICK was produced by Elephant Theatre Company (David Fofi and Lindsay Allbaugh, Artistic Directors) with Cheryl Huggins and Tara Norris in Los Angeles, California, in September 2011. It was directed by David Fofi; the set design was by Elephant Stageworks/Joel Daavid and Adam Hunter; the lighting design was by Matt Richter; the sound design was by Joseph “Sloe” Slawinski; the associate producer was Sean Thomas; the assistant director was Marisa O’Brien; and the stage manager was Rebecca Schoenberg. The cast was as follows:

EMILY Alexandra Hoover
DON Michael Friedman
THE MAN Dominic Rains
MOM Melanie Jones
JERRY Christopher Game
SHELLY Laura Harman
CHRIS *Kenny Suarez/*Robert Brewer
INEZ *Caryl West/*Melanie Jones
HELEN Etienne Eckert
JEFF *Salvator Xuereb/*Don Cesario
LEXI *Kate Huffman/*Nikki Mccauley

(* denotes Alternates)

LOVE SICK was produced by AirPort Bar Productions with J. Eric Cook, Cara Akselrad, Nidia Medina, Sheri von Seeburg at Theater for the New City in New York City on February 3, 2012. It was directed by Sturgis Warner; the set design was by Raúl Abrego; the costume design was by Meghan E. Healey; the lighting design was by Burke Brown; the original music was by Andre Fratto; the photography was by Monique Carboni; the assistant director was Courtney Wetzel; and the production stage manager was Marina Steinberg. The cast was as follows:

EMILY	Elizabeth Canavan
DON/CHRIS	Michael Puzzo
MOM/INEZ	Maggie Burke
THE MAN	Justin Reinsilber
JERRY FORTUNA	Charles Goforth
SHELLY/LEXI	Cara Akselrad
JEFF	J. Eric Cook

CHARACTERS

EMILY

MOM

DON

THE MAN

JERRY FORTUNA

INEZ

SHELLY

LEXI

JEFF

CHRIS

TIME

The present.

Note: The ellipses (...) are not generally pauses, better to think of them as mini-beat changes within the established beat, and you should drive through them with only a slight acknowledgment.

LOVE SICK

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Inside a public bathroom.

Tiled, old ... not disgusting but dingy.

*Has stalls, but we are not in one. A song like Tom Waits' "Green Grass" begins playing.**

On the floor, leaning up against a wall, is Emily. She is the worse for wear ... bruised, bloody, hair a mess, dress torn and ragged. She has a gun in one of her hands. She is crying.

A man lies on the floor next to her. He is roughed up, bloody, and motionless.

She leans over and feels around in the man's pockets, she finds what she is looking for, a soft pack of cigarettes, she digs around and takes one out, then puts her finger in and fishes out a lighter. She takes a couple of drags before speaking.

EMILY. I love you ... (*Smokes.*) ... I love ... I'm in love ... (*Smokes.*) ... love ... va ... va ... la-va ... laaavve ... I luuuurve you ... no matter what ... forever ... 'til death do us part ... (*She slowly begins to cry, silently, painfully, it's short lived, she stops herself and smokes.*) ... oh

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.

fuck. *(She puts out the cigarette. She takes a big breath and stands up. She looks at the body. She sighs and shakes her head. She goes over to the sink, puts the gun on the edge of the sink, and looks at herself in the mirror. Smiles, frowns, leans in closer. Turns the water on, puts a few paper towels in the sink to clog it up, she then wets a paper towel and begins cleaning herself up a bit. Dipping it in and out of the basin of water. There is a knock at the door. She ignores it. There is another knock. Emily continues slowly cleaning her face. More knocking, short bursts. She finishes part of her face. Turns off the water. She looks at the door. She lights another cigarette. She is deciding whether to open it. The knocking continues. Her phone rings. She looks at it ... she takes a drag, then drops it in the sink full of water. Knocking is louder, hard, insistent. She steps over the body and unlocks the door. Then steps back and leans on the sink, smoking. The door opens, Don, an attractive man, walks in.)*

DON. *(He sees the body. He stares at it for a moment. She watches him. He looks at her.)* Are you smoking?

EMILY. He had them in his pocket. *(Don sees the gun.)*

DON. Where did you get that?

EMILY. That was in his pocket too. *(They stare at each other. he turns and closes and locks the door.)*

DON. You want to tell me what happened? *(Silence. She looks at him and continues smoking.)* Why did you call me?

EMILY. You said if I needed anything to call.

DON. What happened?

EMILY. You know what happened.

DON. To him. Is he...? Is he dead?

EMILY. *(She smokes, she starts to silently/painfully cry, she shakes it off ... puts the cigarette on the edge of the sink, and turns to resume cleaning up ...)* Do you know how tired I am of crying?

DON. What? *(Looking at the man.)*

EMILY. Do you know how tired I am of crying? Truly, I don't think I can take it anymore ... I am tired of being so fucking pathetic.

DON. Emily ... what happened? What happened to him? Is he dead? Did he hurt you? Did you ... did you DO this?

EMILY. *(She doesn't acknowledge him.)* I mean, what happened to me? I was never this person ... oh Christ. *(Short burst of tears.)*

DON. Emily, sweetheart ... please, please tell me what happened? Are you okay ... did he hurt you?

EMILY. *(She looks at him.)* Of course he did! You know he did,

why are you asking me that. Oh God ... why doesn't he love me anymore? (*Crying hysterically now.*) I love him so much and he just stopped. Loving me. Stopped. I can't ... why ...

DON. No, THIS man, right here on the ground ... did HE hurt you?

EMILY. (*The crying subsides.*) What? Who are you talking about?

DON. This MAN on the FLOOR. (*She starts to retreat back into tears, he shakes her a bit, easy.*) Emily, please stay with me ... you have to tell me what happened. Are you okay!?

EMILY. (*She comes out of it, the hysteria leaving ... she looks at him.*) No. (*She looks at him a moment more. Then straightens up, and cleans herself up a bit.*)

DON. Emily. Please. You're freaking me out, I'm worried about you.

EMILY. Huh. (*Derisively.*)

DON. What?

EMILY. Nothing.

DON. Ah, no, not nothing. What did you just say?

EMILY. (*She finishes up. Dries off her hands and face, lights another cigarette.*) I said, "Huh."

DON. And what's that supposed to mean?

EMILY. (*Weary.*) It means I think you are full of shit. (*Pause.*)

DON. Picking a fight with me, or blaming me for things that are not my fault will not make this situation better. Now tell me what happened. (*She smirks a bit.*) You think this is funny?

EMILY. I don't think I'd use the word funny ... ridiculous maybe, but funny? No, not really, for funny I'd have to-

DON. Are you in shock? Truly, I think you are a little unstable right now ... I think you need some help, I'm going to call — (*He's taken out his phone during this and as he goes to call, she, simply, takes the phone and drops it in the water with her phone.*)

EMILY. Aren't you going to check and see if he's alive?

DON. Um, did you just — what did you — I, can't, did you just drop my phone in the sink? My new iPhone?

EMILY. I said ... aren't you even going to check to see if the guy, on the floor, with blood all over him, was ALIVE?

DON. I. Cannot. Do this anymore. I can't.

EMILY. (*Murmurs.*) Back at ya babe.

DON. What? Back at me? Back, at, ME? Really. I can't fucking believe you just said that to me. After everything I've done —

EMILY. Are you even going to check to see —

DON. NO! I AM NOT! Why? Do you think there is a chance he's alive? Do you? I don't think you do ... Jesus Christ! Well, you know what, fuck you. Fuck you. I am so fucking done with this shit. Why don't you check to see if he's alive if you are so interested.

EMILY. You're a coward.

DON. Excuse me?

EMILY. You heard me. You are a coward.

DON. I am not a coward.

EMILY. Are too.

DON. Am not.

EMILY. Touch him.

DON. What?

EMILY. You heard me. Touch him. Bend down and touch him. Feel his neck for a pulse ... or touch his hand, or kick his foot. Anything. I dare you. *(They stare at each other. He then goes to bend down, but can't touch him. He goes to nudge him with his foot, and barely touches him.)*

DON. You're a real bitch, you know that? Why don't you do it?

EMILY. I don't need to do it ... I know he's dead.

DON. *(Exhales/beat.)* Shit. Oh God. What happened?

EMILY. I shot him.

DON. Why? Why did you shoot him? Did he attack you?

EMILY. What does it matter? He's dead.

DON. It's going to matter to the police. They tend to take this shit seriously.

EMILY. The police?

DON. Listen, I need to know what to tell them when we talk to them ... I won't lie for you, but I —

EMILY. What are you talking about? You're not going to tell the police anything.

DON. I'm not going to, what?

EMILY. Talk to the police. The police are not getting involved in this ... why do you think I called you?

DON. *(Tenderly.)* Oh, sweetheart ... I'm not sure what happened to you, what this man did to you, but you are obviously a little — um, disoriented ... it's going to be okay, I swear, I will do everything I can to explain to them, to try and make sure that nothing happens that —

EMILY. The way you did with Jeff? The way you did with my husband and that girl? Like that, Don...?

DON. *(Disappointed.)* Emily, we've talked about this ... the heart

LOVE SICK

by Kristina Poe

4M, 3W (doubling)

Emily is love sick. Her husband has left her for a younger woman. She's killed one man who's crossed her. And worse, she's started smoking again. Family and friends offer no help. And group therapy ends up disappointing her. Can a mysterious man be the answer to rekindling her lost passion? Or will her husband finally realize the love he's thrown away? And how many men have to die before she finds the answer?

"Savagely funny and astonishingly perceptive ... hugely entertaining."

—LA Weekly

"Crackling with theatricality, insight, personality and wit."

—The Los Angeles Times

ISBN 978-0-8222-2774-8



9 780822 227748

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.