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Love/Gick, Part 3

UH-OH

It's 7:30 on the same Friday night in the same alternate suburban reality. Lights up on Bill and Sarah in the study. Bill is wearing earbuds—watching episode 3 of season 4 of a very funny comedy on his iPad. Sarah reads from her iPad. Bill enjoys what he's watching. Loudly. Sarah is irked by this. She looks at Bill disdainfully; she looks away; she thinks she looks at him again and gets his attention—maybe with a little smack on the shoulder or the leg.

SARAH. Bill—...

BILL. (De-earbudding.) Yeah?

Sarah is full of something to say...but thinks better of it and instead says, laughing:

SARAH. Nothin'.

She goes back to her iPad. Bill re-earbuds. He enjoys what he is watching. Even more. Sarah is irked by this. She looks at Bill disdainfully; she looks away from him; she thinks she looks at him again and gets his attention again, probably with another little smack.

BILL?

BILL. (De-earbudding.) Yeah?

SARAH. (Full of something to say...and again thinking better of it, smiling, and finally saying:) Nothin'.

BILL. You sure?

SARAH. (Totally convincing.) Yeah! Yeah—yeah—yeah!

She goes back to her iPad. Bill re-earbuds. He enjoys what he's watching. Even more. Sarah is irked by this again. She looks at Bill disdainfully; she looks away from him; she thinks she looks at him again and gets his attention again, probably with another little smack.

BILL?

BILL. (De-earbudding.) Honey, what?!

SARAH. (Again full of something to say and again thinking better of it, laughing at herself and finally saying:) Nothin'.

BILL. Well, I'm watching something, here. Let me watch. Shh!

Beat. Sarah has just been shushed by her husband. She is taken aback and a little furious. She stares at Bill while he re-earbuds and watches whatever he's watching. He loves and laughs at what he's watching even more. Sarah has had it and decides that she really does have something to say to Bill.

SARAH. (Exasperated and giving him a final little attention-getting smack.) Bill!

BILL. (Also exasperated; de-earbudding.) Honey, what?

Little beat.

SARAH. Just...

She wants to say something else but instead smiles and says:

I love you!

BILL. Well, I love you, too! What's goin' on? >

SARAH. Nothing!

BILL. Are you okay?

SARAH. Yeah! Yeah! I just...

BILL. What?

SARAH. Well...just—... Can I ask you something?

BILL. Yeah.

SARAH. (Really asks the question.) How long does it feel like we've been married?

BILL. (Receives and processes.) What? How long does it feel like we've been married?

SARAH. ...feel like we've been married—yeah—to you, yeah.

BILL. Um...well, about a year and a half, because // that's how—

SARAH. That's how long it feels like we've been married, to you, about a year and a half?

BILL. Um...yeah, because that's how long we've been married. Best year and a half of my life.

SARAH. Aw [That's sweet.]



BILL. Why do // you ask?

SARAH. (*Little explosion.*) Wow! Only one little year. And a half of another one, huh?

BILL. Yeah.

*Little beat.*

Does it feel... longer to you or something?

SARAH. What?!! No!—Wait: Uh-oh: Yeah—it does—maybe. A little.

BILL. What do you mean?

SARAH. Well, Bill:

*Beat as she searches for how to put this.*

I'm bored.

BILL. Oh.

SARAH. Yeah. I mean—it's a Friday night, and look at us. We're just sitting here. You're watching something, I'm reading something.

BILL. I thought we liked reading. And watching stuff.

SARAH. Well—we do, but I'm bored, and being bored at this stage of the game—I mean, a year and a half in—is not what I hoped and dreamed, honestly.

BILL. Okay.

SARAH. Yeah, I feel like I'm languishing.

BILL. (*Receives and processes.*) Languishing?

SARAH. Yeah, and I don't wanna languish. I wanna have *fun* and do exciting *things*!

BILL. Okay. Okay, okay, Honey: I think I might know what this is. You're just—I think—... You know what? This is just what happens.

SARAH. Huh?

BILL. Yeah—I was just reading about this somewhere—

*Bill searches his iPad.*

—can't remember where—I'll send you the link—but... there was a big study done recently about how after the first year/year and a half of marriage—the "honeymoon period" they call it—romance and passion can fade a little, and, when that happens, couples just have to work a little harder to figure out how to rekindle whatever

it is they've lost, and the best way to do that—the study said—is for them to try to find the *fun* again. And maybe we just need to... find the *fun* again.

SARAH. Oh! Yeah! Maybe we do!

*Little beat.*

So let's find it!

BILL. Huh?

SARAH. Let's find the fun again! Right now! You first! Find the fun! Go!

BILL. Well, honey, you know what? I don't really feel like we've lost the fun, actually—

SARAH. Well, I do.

BILL. Well... can we find it tomorrow? I've had a long week, and I just wanna // watch my show—

SARAH. I don't think I can wait that long.

BILL. Okay/y—

SARAH. Yeah, I need to find the fun *now*.

BILL. Okay/y.

SARAH. Because I don't wanna be *bored*, because being *bored*... well, it's just not good for people. Do you think it's good for people? >

BILL. No—

SARAH. 'Cause I don't think it is. 'Cause, see, I was just reading something, too, here, actually...

*Sarah quickly searches on her iPad.*

Argh, I can't find it—but it was in an article that was written about a study that was done by... experts... on... people who just can't. Be. Bored.

BILL. Oh?

SARAH. Yeah, it's about how there are people in this world who just can't *help* themselves but take extreme *action* when // they get bored, and—

BILL. Wait, "extreme action"?

SARAH. Yeah.



BILL. Like what? Like skydive, bungee jump, bullfight—?

SARAH. No, like kill.

BILL. What?

SARAH. Kill. The theory is that that's what they'll do when they're bored: Kill.

BILL. What?

SARAH. Kill. In the cases cited in the article, kill the people they love most.

BILL. What?—No!

SARAH. Yeah. Because their hopes and dreams haven't been fulfilled. It's a [psychological] thing. (*Indicates her head.*) >

BILL. Really?

SARAH. They call it—argh!—I can't remember what it's called, but there are people who have this [psychological] thing, // and—

BILL. Well, like people like who?

SARAH. Well, like people in prison.

BILL. Really?

SARAH. Yeah!

BILL. I had no idea.

SARAH. Yeah, it's a [psychological] thing, and, well—I was just thinking:

*Little beat. Then, really, truly asking:*

What if I was one of those people? What if when I got bored, I killed? I killed you.

*Little beat. Then, really, innocently asking:*

What would you do?

BILL. Um—...

SARAH. (*Really, truly asking.*) Would you stay with me?

BILL. (*Considers.*) I—, I—...

SARAH. (*Matter-of-factly.*) Yeah, it's a tough one. 'Cause if you stayed, I'd probably kill you, 'cause I'm bored. But if you left, you'd be a promise-breaker, 'cause we are married, and you *did* promise to stay with me in good times and in *bad*, for better or for

worse, in sickness and in health, and—if you left me, you'd be breaking a vow.

*Little beat.*

That's a tough one. You'd kinda end up losing either way.

*Little beat. Then, really, innocently asks the question:*

What would you do?

*Little beat.*

BILL. (*Receives and processes.*) Um...well...I'd like to think that—A) that something like this would never happen, and B)...that...I'd stay. Because I love you. And because we'd be dealing with mental illness. And you'd need my help in dealing with that, so, yeah: I'd stay. And help you get better. Help you...not be bored.

SARAH. If you knew I was gonna kill you, you'd stay?

BILL. I think I would.

SARAH. Really?

BILL. Yeah.

SARAH. Really?

BILL. Yeah. I can't imagine my life without you, s/o...

SARAH. Aw, that's really sweet of you, Bill.

*She gives Bill a quick kiss. All of a well, Bill resumes watching his show. Sarah gets her bag or reaches into a drawer and produces a gun, which she points at Bill with conviction and authority and know-how. Eventually Bill notices that his wife is pointing a gun at him.*

BILL. What—? Honey!

*He kind of puts his hands up because...what else do you do?*

What are you doing?

SARAH. (*Utterly reasonable discovery.*) Bill: I think I'm one of those people who kills the people they love most when they're bored, and I never-ever-ever-ever thought I'd get bored with you, with us, with things, but I did: Uh-oh.

BILL. What? You're—one of those people?

SARAH. Yeah.