PLEASE BE AWARE THAT
THIS PLAY IS FULLY PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT

All plays, books, music and other materials published by Heartland Plays, Inc. are fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries which the United States has reciprocal relations including, but not limited to all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, The Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention. All rights to the plays and materials on our website are strictly reserved including, and without limitation, professional and amateur performance rights; motion pictures; public reading; radio and television broadcasting; audio and video recording and reproduction of any type known or yet to be invented; information storage and retrieval systems of any type known or yet to be invented; and the rights of translation into any and all languages. No individual or organization whether amateur or stock may perform this or any play published by Heartland Plays, Inc. without first obtaining advance permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. and paying the appropriate fees including Royalties and Single-Use Copyright fees. Heartland Plays, Inc. collects royalties on behalf of the Playwrights whose plays it publishes. Unauthorized copying, transcribing or reproduction of this or any play or excerpt, or storage or transmittal in any form and by any means whether known or yet to be invented, is strictly forbidden except as provided by Agreement with Heartland Plays, Inc. Any unauthorized use is a violation of copyright laws and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

FIVE SIMPLE RULES TO REMEMBER

1. DO take advantage of the free online perusal of our plays to help you make the best choice for your particular needs or production.

2. DO enjoy the convenience of our online purchase application for performance rights and single-use copyright.

3. DO understand that this play and all plays and materials on our website are controlled by Heartland Plays, Inc. and fully protected by copyright.

4. DO NOT attempt in any way to copy, transcribe or reproduce this play by any means or perform this play or use any play or material from our website without first receiving permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. Any attempt to use this or any other work without first obtaining permission is a violation of copyright and punishable by law.

5. DO NOT rob this Author or any of the Authors we represent of their right to be paid for the use of their property. It is a crime and it is wrong!
boy meets girl

A Contemporary One Act by

Jon Jory
boy meets girl
by Jon Jory

2 CHARACTERS

JENNA: In girl attire; played by a boy

JOEY: In boy attire; played by a girl

SETTING

In and around a High School and a Hospital Room

APPROXIMATE PLAYING TIME

30 Minutes
boy meets girl
by Jon Jory

AT RISE: KENNA, female attire, played by a boy, sits on an empty stage with a copy of Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet in hand rehearsing an audition piece.

KENNA
The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse:
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that’s not so.
O, she is lame! Love’s heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster…

(Can’t think of the next line)

Which ten times faster…

(Looks at script)

Faster glide than the sun beams,
Driving back shadows…

(Looks at script)

Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble – pinion’d doves draw love
And therefore do…

(Looks at script)

These lines, these lines! How does anybody learn Shakespeare? What is the matter with my brain? “Therefore do nimble pinioned doves…” How can I audition if I can’t learn the monologue?

JOEY enters.

JOEY
Therefore do nimble pinion’d doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highest hill
Of this day’s journey, and from nine ‘til twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.”

Hi.
KENNA
You know the speech.

JOEY
I played Juliet in this scene in middle school.

KENNA
And you still remember it?

JOEY
Maybe not all of it.

I’m Kenna.

JOEY
I’m Joey. I heard you all the way up the hill.

KENNA
Well, it’s comforting to know I’m loud enough.

JOEY
Not everybody is. They had to say, “louder” to me all the time.

KENNA
Are you auditioning for the play?

JOEY shakes his head.

Why not?

JOEY
Acting is a little much for me right now. How come I don’t know you?

KENNA
Because we’re in the ninth largest high school in the United States which kind of makes high school not high school, if you know what I mean.

JOEY
Oh, I do. Has its benefits though.

KENNA
Does it?

JOEY
Doesn’t it?
KENNA

Some. Okay, I get it.

JOEY

I thought you might. Actually, I came from a small rural school in Kansas.

KENNA

Rural?

JOEY

You know, wheat and then more wheat and after that, wheat. The high school has a hundred and ninety kids. Let’s just say I wasn’t fully appreciated.

KENNA

Painful, huh?

JOEY

I learned to enjoy my own company. Anyway, my mom, who is the best, moved us here because…

KENNA

It’s the ninth largest high school in the U.S.

JOEY

Bingo. It’s sort of like Noah’s Ark. There are at least two of everything.

KENNA

So you have one friend?

JOEY

Several actually. Plus a retinue of haters.

KENNA

What’s a retinue?

JOEY

Ooooo, I love vocabulary quiz. In this case, let’s just say a bunch. You?

KENNA

I’ll go with retinue. Are you okay?

JOEY

Peachy delicious. You?

KENNA

Good days and bad days.
Today?

A little hall confrontation.

Oh yes. My strategy is to go outside and walk around the building and come back in at the doorway nearest to my next class. There seems to be less hostility in the open air. Kenna, dearest, I’m going to risk saying you have a…

Black eye.

I was going to say an unusual makeup sense.

I hate looking ugly.

It’s not ugly, it’s just real. I’d even go so far as to call it a badge of honor. (A pause) Care to tell me?

She shakes her head.

So how do you like LA?

Fabulous. Everything in the world a boy could want. You know, I’d never been to a museum before I moved here. I thought a painting was something they did to your house.

Joey in Toyland.

Absolutely.

Where do you live?

Koreatown.

In the midst.
JOEY
Glorious food and mainly good manners. You?

KENNA
The wild outskirts of Santa Monica. It’s where they exile people who aren’t beautiful and don’t drive Range Rovers.

JOEY
And here I hoped you were the aristocracy.

KENNA
So you’re just off Wilshire?

JOEY
Three blocks. How can you go to school here?

KENNA
We use an uncle’s address.

JOEY
Kenna without a country. Did you tell me your last name?

KENNA
Mlynarsky.

JOEY
Polish.

KENNA
How did you know?

JOEY
Smigli. Isn’t that dreadful?

KENNA
We should dance the mazurka.

JOEY
Just two gender-fluid idioci. Goodness, I was so thrilled to meet another Pole your first name jumped out of my head.

KENNA
Kenna. Or the “Amazing Marilyn” on the weekends.

JOEY
You do drag! Oops, is that gender-cool?
KENNA
Do I care? I only do it once a month. A place called, “The Living Room” in Glendale.

JOEY
You have to absolutely tell me when?

KENNA
Cross my heart. You’ll come?

JOEY
With bells on.

KENNA
Honesty to the core. Do you think I can do Juliet?

JOEY
You know the school better than I do. Can you?

KENNA
The drama teacher gets it, I think.

JOEY
Juliet’s a tough one.

KENNA
Why?

JOEY
For real?

KENNA
Might as well.

JOEY
Okay, but don’t tell anyone I said this because it’s scandalous. Funny stuff is easier, or mean stuff or just bigger wilder stuff. That gets accepted. A straight-on famous love thing by Willie? Scares ‘em. I’m not saying you can’t do it, I’m just asking if they’ll come along for the ride.

KENNA
Hard to say.

JOEY
I know.

KENNA
I’m a little scared to try. You know the way Miss Spicer runs the auditions…
JOEY
I don’t.

KENNA
Everybody auditioning sits at the back of the auditorium and watches everybody else.

JOEY
Really?

KENNA
Really.

JOEY
Sort of like throwing the Christians to the lions. That’s just wrong.

KENNA
She tells everybody to be supportive.

JOEY
Yeah, right.

KENNA
What if they laugh?

JOEY
Absolutely don’t do it if you’re straight up scared.

KENNA
Isn’t that why I should do it?

JOEY
No. No, no, no. You know that thing about how the bee won’t sting you unless it senses you’re scared. You have to shut them up with your iron nerves.

KENNA
I don’t know, Joey.

JOEY
When anybody goes off on me, I force myself to look them in the eye and most times they stop.

KENNA
I’m not scared of them, I’m pretty much over that part. I figured out fast that you can’t do this if you’re that kind of scared. I’m just scared of how I might react.

JOEY
What do you mean?
I have anger problems.

(Laughs)
So you’re afraid you’d go off on an entire audience?

No seriously.

I would pay such a lot of money to see that.

(Southern accent)
Well, y’all come on down!

They high five.

I have to go.

Could I…

Yes, you could. 323-502-4111.

Wait a minute, I have to write it on my arm. Meanwhile, I’m KennaM@me.com

I have a memory like a steel chastity belt.

(Points at him)
Joey.

(Points at her)
Kenna. Blood brother-sisters.

Or sister-brothers. Would you help me with the audition?

No.
KENNA
Wow.

JOEY
When I think about acting I cry. It’s terrible for my macho.

KENNA
Isn’t that letting them define you?

JOEY
Yes. (Pause) Of course I should help you.

KENNA
Of course you should. (Pause) I’m liking this.

JOEY
Me too. I warn you, I’m a terrible taskmaster.

KENNA
Oooooo Joey, you give me the shivers.

JOEY
Very funny.

KENNA
I thought so. I’ll style your hair. It’s a little Kansas.

JOEY
Deal.

KENNA
Tomorrow.

JOEY
Four o’clock?

KENNA
Perfect.

JOEY
Well met by moonlight proud Titania.

KENNA
Huh?
JOEY
Midsummer Night’s Dream. Act 2, Scene 1. I played Titania, the Fairy Queen. It was the only Shakespeare we did. They hated it but I looked glorious. Just imagine me all see-through leafy with judiciously placed wild roses.

KENNA
I bet you were a sight.

JOEY
For sore eyes. Tomorrow then.

KENNA
Tomorrow.

JOEY
(As he exits.)
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
to the last syllable of recorded time –

He’s gone. A pause. He pops back in.

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death.

He exits.

Quick blackout. Immediately back up. They are rehearsing.

KENNA
But old folks, many feign as they were dead; unwieldy, slow, heavy, pale as lead.

(A pause)

Well?

JOEY
Great. You know, pretty great.

KENNA
You mean it was terrible.

JOEY
What? No I just said… well maybe it was a little terrible, not much though, really pretty great.
KENNA

You are such a wuss.

JOEY

See, she’s sent the nurse to find out if Romeo will marry her and the nurse…

KENNA

I know she…

JOEY

Says she’ll be back in a half hour…

KENNA

Joey, I know…

JOEY

And she takes forever and…

KENNA

Joey! Just tell me what to do.

JOEY

Fine. Don’t yell.

KENNA

Just tell me.

JOEY

Do you remember I said I didn’t want to get into this?

KENNA

Please.

JOEY

Too much. Too big. Too, I don’t know… too pushy.

KENNA

It’s an audition, Joey, I need to impress, right?

JOEY

I don’t know what to say.

KENNA

You do, you just won’t say it.

JOEY

Then you know already.
KENNA
Yes, I know. How could I not know? I just don’t know how to fix it. (Covers her face)

JOEY
Hug time.

They hug.

I have the cure.

KENNA
What?

JOEY
Swedish fish.

KENNA
I love Swedish fish.

JOEY
Hold out your hands.

She does.

Oops, I gave you one too many.

KENNA
You’re taking back one fish?

JOEY
I don’t want you to overdose.

KENNA
It’s still too butch.

JOEY
Did I say that?

KENNA
Yes.

JOEY
No way.

KENNA
It’s called subtext, Joey. Why does it have to be so hard?

JOEY
Like that.
KENNA
Hard like what?

JOEY
No, no, no. Do it like that. Ummm, heartfelt.

KENNA
I thought it was.

JOEY
Be it, not like acting heartfelt. Go, go.

KENNA
But…

JOEY
Hey.

KENNA
What?

JOEY
You want help or you want a debate club?

KENNA
I want help.

JOEY
Do it. Simple. Simple as pie.

KENNA
Now is the sun upon the highest hill
Of this day’s journey, and from nine ‘til twelve
Is three hours long; yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
But old folks, many feign as they are dead
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as led.

(Pause)

JOEY
That’s good. That’s enough.

KENNA
Enough what?
Enough acting.

KENNA
You think somebody would really cast me as Juliet?

JOEY
If they had a brain in their head.

KENNA
Should I do it again?

JOEY
No.

KENNA
Why?

JOEY
So it won’t be stale.

KENNA
Can I have another Swedish fish?

JOEY
You had five and I have five left so if I give you another one, I care more about you than I do about me.

KENNA
Do you?

JOEY
No. But I’ll loan you one more, so when you have Swedish Fish you’ll give me three.

KENNA
That’s like a payday loan.

JOEY
I have to look for an edge.

KENNA
What’s this?

JOEY
Well, gee, I wonder what you think it is?
KENNA

I think it’s a nasty scar on your wrist.

JOEY

Bravo. So when is the audition?

KENNA

Next Monday. Why is there a scar on your wrist?

JOEY

It’s from the old days when I was dramatic.

KENNA

That’s pretty dramatic.

JOEY

It was a cry for… Swedish fish.

KENNA

Poor, Joey.

JOEY

I was sent to the nutsoid ward. In Kansas that’s where the elite meet to greet. It’s silly to talk about, I only tried it… three times.

KENNA

Three times?

JOEY

Once I threw myself in front of a train, but it stopped, and once I swallowed a hundred aspirin which didn’t do anything but give me a terrible headache.

KENNA

It’s not funny, Joey.

JOEY

It is when you know you would never, ever, ever, ever do it again.

KENNA

How do you know that?

JOEY

You know how I know. (A pause)

I do.
JOEY
And so we return to the art of acting.

KENNA
We do?

JOEY
We do. You’re going to be good. Better than anybody.

KENNA
My mantra, oh master.

JOEY
The only problem is that Juliet is dumb as a mossy rock and you’re smart.

KENNA
She’s not dumb.

JOEY
Really? A guy jumps the wall and hides in your garden. You talk to him for five minutes and you tell him you’ll marry him the next day?

KENNA
Joey.

JOEY
What?

KENNA
If I don’t get the part, we know why.

JOEY
They should call her the dim bulb of Verona.

KENNA
Joey.

JOEY
No, no there’s more. Romeo is dating a friend of hers. She knows he’s a Montague and Montagues are dirt bags. She kisses him once and is ready to rumble. Fourthly, he’s in a gang. Fifthly, he kills her brother. Let me repeat that, he kills her brother. Sixthly, he gets thrown out of town so she’ll never see him. Seventh, she takes a priest’s advice on drugs and eighth she makes it a double suicide when she’s not even fourteen years old. Where is the evidence she has a brain in her head? So to sum up you, Kenna, are smart, so you could probably cover all that up. But it’s conceivable they want a dumb Juliet and that’s the only way you could lose out.
KENNA
You’re nice.

JOEY
Well, that’s something nobody accused me of before. Oh look, you’re healed.

KENNA
What?

JOEY
Your black eye. Gone. Did you go to a tent meeting?

KENNA
What’s a tent meeting?

JOEY
It’s when two hundred gullible Kansans go into a tent in a godforsaken cornfield and a preacher from a big city like Tulsa, who smells of alcohol and is incredibly sweaty, heals you by the putting on of hands and after you faint and come to you don’t have acne any more. By the way, did I ever tell you I spent six months in juvie?

KENNA
No.

JOEY
Want to know why?

KENNA
If you’d like to tell me.

JOEY
Are we friends or are you just passing through?

KENNA
It’s a little early to tell.

JOEY
Honest answer. I’ll tell you why I was in juvie when we’re friends. Give me a whistle after your audition. Just care enough not to do too much. (Starts to exit) Oh, by the way, today was my birthday.

KENNA
(Calling after him)
Joey!

*But he’s gone.*
Hi Joey?

He looks at her and then smiles.

Well, look what the cat dragged in.

How are you feeling?

Oh, terrific. I like hospitals, want to know why?

Sure.

They expect so little of you. It’s so easy to get a passing grade. Anyway, I’ll be out tomorrow.

(Pulling a bag out of her backpack)

Swedish fish!

You are an angel from heaven. My mother brought me a fruit cup. Do you even know what a fruit cup is?

I think I can figure it out.

A fruit cup has rules. One: it has to be covered in a horrible sickly-sweet fluid. Two: it must have cantaloupe pieces so hard you would need a jackhammer. Three it absolutely must have rotten watermelon and four, there is always one, and no more than one grape. A really first-rate fruit cup has five kinds of fruit in it, all of them inedible for different reasons. I give this one a B minus.

Why didn’t you call me?

Why would I call you?
KENNA
Because I would be a good person to call. Was this because of me?

JOEY
What? Are you out of your blonde-wigged mind? This is food poisoning. Did you poison my food?

KENNA
No.

JOEY
Then it’s not your fault.

KENNA
I like to take care of people, Joey, it’s my hobby.

JOEY laughs.

JOEY
You’re a little young for a hobby. Hobby’s only come into play when you no longer have a sex drive.

KENNA
That’s so cold. I found out when I was twelve that taking care of people is the best substitute for being popular. Popular people don’t take care of anybody, not even other popular people, so there’s a definite job opening. By taking care of popular people I could hang out with them. And, by the way, they are much nicer when they have the flu or are trying to lose weight. (Pause) So why are you here?

JOEY
Bad halibut. I’m surprisingly glad to see you.

KENNA
And surprisingly I’m really glad to see you. (Pause) So why are you here?

JOEY
Dare I say it aloud?

KENNA
Come on, Joey.

JOEY
I want to say ahead of time, I don’t want you to take care of me.

KENNA
I’m really good at it.
JOEY
And I’m really bad about being taken care of. I am prone to telling whoever is doing it that they are clumsy as an ox and that is emotionally as well as physically. (Pause)

KENNA
So why are you here?

JOEY
(Very directly)
I tried to hang myself from a door knob but it’s obviously an acquired skill.

KENNA
Why?

JOEY
Aren’t we inquisitive?

KENNA
Why Joey?!

JOEY
Because I didn’t try out for the play. And don’t tell me it’s a dumb reason, I know it’s a dumb reason. I actually started laughing.

KENNA
(Furious)
That is so stupid and unforgivable, Joey. It’s just punishing me because you’re a scaredy cat, and making everybody else feel horrible for the rest of their lives. Ooooo, I could just kill you!

JOEY starts to laugh uncontrollably.

How dare you laugh? How dare you?

JOEY applauds.

JOEY
(Wiping his eyes)
Oh my goodness! Sorry, sorry, that was just hilarious. Lordy lord! Seriously, that really cheers me up. If you don’t look out I’ll fall in love with you. You should have done that for an audition. Oh! The audition! What happened at the audition?

KENNA
We’re not talking about the audition. And why didn’t you call me? How dare you do this without calling me? And don’t sit there smirking it’s beneath you.

JOEY breaks out laughing again.
KENNA, Continued

I hate you.

JOEY
Actually you don’t. For one thing I’m unfortunately the only one in your pale orbit who more or less understands you.

KENNA
You wouldn’t do this crap, if you did.

JOEY
But that’s the joke I didn’t. Okay, here’s the real deal. I was about to cross the street – I mean I had stepped out and this lady yells, “Sir, you dropped something.” So I turned around to look and this car hits me and now my parents are convinced it was a suicide attempt because I’ve, you know, and they won’t believe it wasn’t no matter what I say and I’m absolutely drowning in psychologists and psychiatrists and social workers. I’ve had three this morning. I mean it’s absolutely killing.

KENNA
Do you swear?

JOEY
Well, I’ve never read the bible and I don’t have a bible but if somebody ever gave me a bible I’d swear on it.

KENNA
Really, really, really, really?

JOEY
Really, really.

KENNA
Really?

JOEY
Really.

KENNA
And your parents won’t believe you?

JOEY
Absolutely will not.

KENNA
That is kind of hilarious.

JOEY
I know. It’s a stitch. To use the medical term.
KENNA

Are you badly hurt?

JOEY

No. I have a fractured rib and two broken toes and supposedly a minor concussion though I don’t even have a headache. But a wonderful thing happened, a football player came to me and said he always liked me in class and wanted to confide he was gay.

KENNA

And are you gay?

JOEY

Well really, I haven’t decided. I read in the paper they are now listing fifty-six gender options and the menu is so glorious that I just can’t order a meal.

KENNA

I know it’s confusing.

JOEY

Choices to the right of us, choices to the left of us. But aren’t you glad I didn’t commit suicide?

KENNA punches him hard in the shoulder.

Ow. Ow! You hit me.

KENNA

Did I?

She hits him again.

Ow!

JOEY

Ow!

KENNA

Do not ever joke about that again! Never, ever, forever! Do you understand me? Say you understand me?

JOEY

You hit like a boy.

KENNA

(Warningly)

Joey!
JOEY
Okay already, I won’t joke about it. Geez, Louise. I never thought I’d be mugged in the hospital.

KENNA
From now on you tell me the truth.

JOEY
Well I did, it just took a little while. (A pause) You’re kind of sweet actually. Would you care to finish my fruit cup?

KENNA
No, I don’t like to eat things that have too many colors.

JOEY
Give with the audition?

KENNA
I didn’t get it.

JOEY
Don’t they understand it would be the talk of the school and all two thousand little students would batter down the doors to see it and I would tip off the *New York Times* and you would become famous and host a game show?

KENNA
But…

JOEY
There’s a “but”?

KENNA
I got cast as the nurse.

JOEY
You didn’t.

KENNA
I did. I pretended to be you and they loved me. The drama teacher’s wife got up and shouted bravo.

JOEY
I am just desolated I missed that. The nurse is a better part than Juliet anyway. Shakespeare just blew it by not giving her a good speech at the end. I could write one for you. I don’t think the drama teacher ever really reads the play anyway. She just wants everything to go faster. I’m really pleased, Kenna.
KENNA

You got me there.

JOEY

You got yourself there.

KENNA

When will you be out?

JOEY

They say tomorrow, so it will probably be the next day.

KENNA

I’ll give you a week then I want to meet up.

JOEY

You’re so pushy.

KENNA

On the hill a week from today.

JOEY

Yes, master.

*The lights change. JOEY rises and pulls off his hospital gown. He is under dressed in his street wear. KENNA exits. JOEY moves downstage and speaks to the audience.*

JOEY, Continued

So, there are now fifty-six gender options. No really. And just imagine, you’re in there somewhere, my prettykins. And don’t you just know I’m going to recite all fifty-six? I am such a toots. Feel free to let your mind wander but I’m going to do it in two minutes. Think of it as my audition piece. 1. Agender/Neutrois – neutral gender. 2. Androgyne/Androgynous – both male and female gender characteristics. 3. Bigender – identifies as male or female at different times. 4. Cis/Cisgender, aligns with birth sex 5. Female to Male – transitioning. Me. 6. Gender-Fluid. Expresses both whenever. 7. Gender non-conforming-tomboys, cross-dressers, transgender. 8. Gender questioning – not sure but working on it 9. Genderqueer – all who are non-conforming. 10. Intersex –sexual organs of both. 11. MTF, male to female. Kenna. 12. Neither – no name fits. You know what? It’s a long way to fifty-six. You’re off the hook. Just stop thinking it’s so simple. I’ll count to five and at five you’ll become a fan of complexity. One, two, three, four, five. Boom! Now you’re just a zucchini in a great big stew!

KENNA enters. JOEY sees her and gives a sweeping bow.
JOEY, Continued
My glorious Queen! I say that in the monarchial sense.

KENNA

Hi Joey.

She has a black eye and a purplish bruise on the other cheek.

JOEY
Not again! What happened?

KENNA
A guy at school just walked up and hit me.

JOEY
Somebody you know?

KENNA
I never saw him before in my life.

JOEY
That is monstrous!

KENNA
Kind of a terrible, no good, very bad day.

JOEY
(Hugging her)
You poor, sore, adorable child!

KENNA
The people I was with chased him but he got away.

JOEY
They are heroes, those people. I am so, so, so sorry.

KENNA
I was just feeling kind of normal.

JOEY
Whatever normal is, it’s just not on my flight path. Oh Kenna, it’s just not fair. I just can’t stand it.

KENNA
I’m all right, really. It’s kind of like I paid my dues. I kept thinking some ill-wind was out there which was messing with me. Now it’s like – hey, I survived. How are you?
JOEY
I just got hit by a gender-neutral car. You got hit by what I hoped we wouldn’t have to go through on the trip. Now I’m scared.

KENNA
He’s one person, he got chased by four people. The odds are on our side.

JOEY
Did he say anything?

KENNA
Oh, several things you don’t need to hear. Don’t let it mess with your head. Why are we so threatening? It’s like we’re rabid dogs instead of geeky queers.

JOEY
My darling, you know the answer to that!

KENNA
Anyway, it’s just embarrassing and I look terrible.

JOEY
You do. You just look gawdawful. Nobody in their right mind could ever be attracted to you again, you’re worse than the elephant man. You look like Gloria Swanson in Sunset Boulevard.

KENNA
Is this supposed to cheer my up?

JOEY
However…

JOEY takes KENNA’s hands,

KENNA
What on earth?

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes