

*Check Please:*  
*Stay-At-Home Edition*  
a play by Jonathan Rand

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## Cast of Characters

GUY	CHASE
GIRL	ANNIE
JACKIE	MATT
LOUIS	MATT'S FAMILY
DONNA	JULIA
LYLE	BARRY
RUTH	CLEO

## Production Notes

The cast size ranges between 4 and 13 (or a little more). Guy and Girl should be played by the same two performers, but the rest can be doubled. Feel free to change any character's gender.

Each blind date happens on Zoom or a similar online video platform – a side-by-side two-window scene between two performers. Other characters can wait in the wings when their video is switched off, and Hide Non-Video Participants is switched on. Be sure to set the default view to Gallery View so the audience sees both characters. All of the above should be easier to manage in Webinar mode.

Ideally each scene ends with a strong sound effect or music cue and a sharp visual transition for a definitive scene ending as the screen cuts to some static visual.

Certain stage directions are harder to execute in a livestreamed production (as opposed to a prerecorded/edited production), in which case it could be easier to use the alternate options in the footnotes.

## Acknowledgments

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## Scene 1

(GUY and JACKIE connect over Zoom.)

GUY. You see me okay, right? Can you hear me?

JACKIE. Loud and clear. First blind date on Zoom, I'm guessing.

GUY. Yeah. I'm more of a—more of an *in-person* kinda person. Sort of old-fashioned.

JACKIE. Oh I'm the opposite. I only go on virtual dates.

GUY. Well, yeah—that's the new normal, right?

JACKIE. No, I mean, even before lockdown, virtual dates only—no exceptions.<sup>1</sup>

GUY. Really?

JACKIE. imho it's the best way to date tbh.

GUY. Sorry, say again?

JACKIE. imho it's the best way to date tbh.

GUY. tbh?

JACKIE. Ohhhhhh... OMG, OMG, OMG. You said you're old-fashioned, so you're a noob who doesn't get how to talk online! lmao! lulz! \*facepalm\*

GUY. Well I've heard *some* of it, but generally not out *loud*.

JACKIE. That. is. adorbs! rofl! You're like a walking #tbt. So tell me about yourself in less than 140 characters.

GUY. Uh, well before quarantine I got into skydiving...

JACKIE. OMG, yolo, fomo.

GUY. Also my sister's pregnant.

JACKIE. Uhhh, TMI! jk jk jk...

GUY. So can I ask you something?

JACKIE. Yassss queen! AMA!

GUY. What do you do for a living?

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<sup>1</sup> Alternate line for post-quarantine: No, it's always been virtual dates for me—no exceptions.

**JACKIE.** Oh—well I spend about half my work day on TikTok, and the rest Gramming. And when I'm lookin' for luuuuv —jk, lol—I'm on Tinder, Bumble, J-Date—y'know, the yoozh.

**GUY.** Wait, J-Date?

**JACKIE.** Yep!

**GUY.** Isn't that for Jewish singles?

**JACKIE.** Yep!

**GUY.** Didn't your profile say you were Catholic?

**JACKIE.** Yep!

**GUY.** Then why are you on J-Date?

**JACKIE.** Why are *you* on J-Date?

**GUY.** I'm *not* on J-Date.

**JACKIE.** So I have a few more FAQs, e.g. What's your favorite gif?

**GUY.** [...]

**JACKIE.** Oh no I can tell you're lost again and BTDub that's totes redonkadonk. It's like I speak English and you speak Canadian.

**GUY.** That doesn't make sense.

**JACKIE.** You make me laugh. Winky face. omg, you're so confused; you're like ttyl, #whuuut??

**GUY.** Listen, I just gotta be honest: That whole...dialect ...is kind of exhausting.

*(JACKIE is blindsided.)*

**JACKIE.** Frowny face.

**GUY.** Sorry, I'm just used to standard talking.

**JACKIE.** Frowny face with a single tear. #sadselkie.

*(She quickly takes a picture of herself.)*

**GUY.** I'm not saying it's bad; maybe it's just a little unusual?

**JACKIE.** WTF... W. T. F-ing. F! You know what? Eff this date. EFF IT. I'm leaving. But before I do? FYI? I've already turned this whole date into a meme that just got rofl emojis from both my roommate *and* my mom.<sup>2</sup> So you tell *me* who got the last laugh!

(Beat.)

**GUY.** lol...?

(Scene ends.)

## Scene 2

**LOUIS.** It's great to meet you.

**GIRL.** Likewise.

**LOUIS.** So how long have you lived here?

**GIRL.** Eight months. Feels longer, though.

**LOUIS.** Three years for me. It's a great city.

**GIRL.** Definitely. What do you like most about it?

**LOUIS.** What do you like most about living here?

**GIRL.** (Momentarily confused:) Well... I love walking my dog in the park. Especially in the fall.

**LOUIS.** Oh yeah? I'm a little different. I'm all about walking my dog in the park in the fall.

**GIRL.** No, I enjoy that, too.

**LOUIS.** Hey, so you're into violent action movies, right?

**GIRL.** No.

**LOUIS.** Same here!!

**GIRL.** Are you listening to me at all?

**LOUIS.** I was watching this sweet one last night – what was it *called*... I think it was, like, *Death Punch* or *Death Kick* or *Kick Punch*... Anyway, it had the *perfect* amount of needless

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<sup>2</sup> Optional visual for prerecorded productions: Jackie taps something and instantly on the screen is a screenshot of their Zoom date with **EPIC FAIL BLIND DATE** at the top and on the bottom **#nofilter**.

violence. And I just sat there thinking: I could totally be in movies. I bet I could do acting. And I've already got the face and body for it.

**GIRL.** Wow.

**LOUIS.** But enough about *me*. I wanna hear about *you*.

**GIRL.** Or I could just leave, since you're a self-centered tool.

*(Beat.)*

**LOUIS.** I'm a Capricorn myself.

*(Scene ends.)*

### Scene 3

*(DONNA is terse and serious throughout – even on her personal calls.)*

**GUY.** So on your profile it said you're an E.R. doctor?

**DONNA.** Yes. Trauma surgeon.

**GUY.** That's amazing. Especially these days.<sup>3</sup>

**DONNA.** Thank you for saying so. It is rewarding work. What do you do?

**GUY.** Well it's gonna sound trivial in comparison, but...

*(Donna's cell rings.)*

**DONNA.** One moment.

*(DONNA looks at her phone.)*

This is rather important. *(Answers:)* Dr. Johnson. ... Yes. ... Yes. ... Yes. ... Who's there? ..... Mel Gibson who. ... That is a relatively amusing knock-knock joke. Also quite offensive. ... We will speak later. ... Thank you. ... Good evening. *(Hangs up.)* Where did we leave off? Ah yes, trauma surgery. It was my aspiration from a young age and it remains a genuine passion.

**GUY.** That's great.

**DONNA.** You were saying what you do.

*(Donna's phone rings.)*

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<sup>3</sup> Alternate line for post-quarantine: Cut "Especially these days."

One moment. (*Answers.*) Dr. Johnson ... Yes ... Yes ... I'm unavailable at present. ... A virtual date ... It's going fine. ... 4 out of 10. ... Moderately attractive. ... He's contributed nothing to the conversation. ... Good evening.

GUY. You know I could hear you.

DONNA. That is a flagrant breach of doctor-patient confidentiality.

(*Her phone rings.*)

Dr. Johnson. . . . David, yes. ... I concur that we never should have terminated our relationship. Will gladly resume. Regroup in one hour. ... I love you, too.

(*She hangs up.*)

GUY. Who's David?

(*Her phone rings.*)

DONNA. One moment. (*Answers.*) Dr. Johnson...

GUY. Okay, can you please turn off your phone? It's just rude.

DONNA. It's the hospital. A ten-year-old needs a heart transplant.

GUY. Oh no...

DONNA. Try and have at least some respect for a child's life.

GUY. I am so sorry.

DONNA. In actuality, I just punked you. It's David again. (*To the phone:*) Marry me tonight.

(*Scene ends.*)

#### Scene 4

GIRL. So your profile said you're fluent in a bunch of languages?

LYLE. Yes.

GIRL. That's awesome.

LYLE. Thanks.

GIRL. I forgot everything from school except *biblioteca* and *baño*.

LYLE. I'm sure you know more than you think. I get rusty all the time.

**GIRL.** How many languages do you know?

**LYLE.** (*Sheepish:*) Oh I sorta lost count.

**GIRL.** Really? Wow. Can you give me a few samples?

**LYLE.** I'd hate to seem like I'm showing off.

**GIRL.** Just a few?

**LYLE.** Okay, fine... All right, so... Let's see... If I wanted to say "It's a pleasure to meet you" in Latin, I would say: *Pro bono habeas corpus magnum opus.*

**GIRL.** That sounds familiar.

**LYLE.** It's a fairly common expression.

**GIRL.** Okay. What else?

**LYLE.** Well if I wanted to tell you in Italian, "You look beautiful in the color red," I would say: *Mille grazie DiCaprio al dente.*

**GIRL.** Did you say "DiCaprio"?

**LYLE.** DiCaprio means "color" or "hue." Then in German, if I wanted to say, "Looks like rain tomorrow," that would be *Schadenfreude lederhosen bratwurst.*

**GIRL.** Hold on a second.

**LYLE.** In French, "hold on a second" is *Bonjour, baguette* or in Hebrew *dreidel dreidel dreidel.*

**GIRL.** Okay, stop. I'm not an idiot. Do you know *any* foreign languages, or are you just a total fraud?

(*LYLE is disgusted, scoffing at this rude accusation. He delivers the following as if it means "You're a jerk."*)

**LYLE.** *Chorizo taco...*

(*Scene ends.*)

## Scene 5

**RUTH.** My fellow American...good evening.

**GUY.** Good evening.

**RUTH.** It is a honor and a privilege to spend this moment with a citizen of our magnificent country.



**GUY.** Likewise. So I'm gonna take a wild guess that you're in politics.

**RUTH.** On the contrary. We must *abandon* partisan politics, bridge the divide, reach across the aisle, and at long last dispense with the same old Washington games. Politics? Not in *my* backyard.

**GUY.** (*Might as well continue:*) So, where you from?

**RUTH.** I was born in a small village called Farmandfactorytown. Farmandfactorytown is a humble community of hard-working families...rolling prairies...and oats. And I'll ya: the first lesson you learn as a proud citizen of Farmandfactorytown is the difference between a good oat...and a bad oat. A good oat has *character; resolve; dedication*. A bad oat? Well a *bad* oat leaves a bitter taste in a young child's mouth; a bad oat can't be trusted; a bad oat destroys homes and increases deficit spending.

**GUY.** Can I jump in here...?

**RUTH.** I've traveled all across this fine land shaking the hands of real Americans just like you. Take the 60-year-old mill worker I met in Stoneridge, Ohio. His name was Yipple. Now Yipple may have a ridiculous name, but Yipple does *not* have a ridiculous heart. Yipple spoke to me about what we need in this country – that we need is a leader...who leads. Not a leader who *doesn't* lead. That would be a waste of the first four letters in "leader." Or the young woman I met in Great Bend, Kansas. Her name was Lynn...she was black.

**GUY.** Please stop. You're on *date*.

**RUTH.** A date which will live in infamy.

**GUY.** That was in poor taste.

**RUTH.** Give me your poor; your huddled masses, yearning...to meet me.

**GUY.** Okay... I don't mind politics. It's great that you're so dedicated to the country. But can we change the subject?

**RUTH.** It *is* time for a change!

**GUY.** No, like a new topic of *conversation*.

**RUTH.** Time for a new beginning! A new dawn! I'm Ruth Hayes and I approved this message.

(*Beat.* GUY tries a new tactic.)

**GUY.** Y'know, I just remembered something. (*Beat.*) I already voted.

*(Suddenly RUTH's diplomacy vanishes. She looks off-camera in disgust and holds up a printout.)*

**RUTH.** Richard!! These call sheets are wrong *again!* That's *twice* today! *(Back to GUY with a halfhearted diplomacy-smile:)* God bless you. And God bless America. *(Off-camera:)* Richard, clean out your desk!

*(Scene ends.)*

### Scene 6

*(GIRL and CHASE are mid-conversation, fully engaged.)*

**CHASE.** No, I agree!

**GIRL.** And still it's #1 on Netflix!

**CHASE.** For real! I thought I was the only one who was bothered by that.

*(They share a moment.)*

**GIRL.** Hey listen—this is great.

**CHASE.** It *is* great.

**GIRL.** It seems like we've got the same taste, same values...

**CHASE.** ...same religion...same *therapist*...

**GIRL.** ...we're from the same part of the country.

**CHASE.** Pretty unreal.

**GIRL.** That's not *bad*, right? To have too much in common?

**CHASE.** No, I think that's good. Unless you also shave your beard.

**GIRL.** Ahhh we're so different.

**CHASE.** So hey I know we're supposed to wait a few days before scheduling another date, but... can we schedule it now?

**GIRL.** Totally.

**CHASE.** Yeah?

**GIRL.** Yeah!

*(They check their phones.)*

**CHASE.** Cool. Well, I can't next Friday.

**GIRL.** Yeah, me neither. Not to be a downer, but I've got a virtual funeral.

**CHASE.** Actually, me too. My whole family's doing a Zoom service.<sup>4</sup>

**GIRL.** Same here. My Cousin Trudy had like a hundred cousins.

**CHASE.** That's *so weird*. The funeral I've got is for *my* Cousin Trudy.

*(They look askance.)*

**CHASE.** Wait a second, are you —?

**GIRL.** Is your dad —?

*(Quiet, subtle, frozen, pure, uncut... horror. Or some quick slightly overlapped grossed-out dialogue [e.g. "No!"] or groans if it works.)*

*(Scene ends.)*

### Scene 7

**ANNIE.** No, I agree!

**GUY.** And still it's #1 on Netflix!

**ANNIE.** For real! I thought I was the only one who was bothered by that.

*(They share a moment.)*

**GUY.** This is fun.

**ANNIE.** Same here. I'm having a good time.

**GUY.** Speaking of dates that somehow go well—I just heard this story where the date turned out to be their *cousin*.

**ANNIE.** No. Way.

**GUY.** I kid you not.

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<sup>4</sup> Alternate dialogue for post-quarantine:

**GIRL.** Yeah, me neither. Not to be a downer, but I've got a funeral.

**CHASE.** Actually, me too. My whole family's in town.

ANNIE. That's exactly how my parents met.

*(Scene ends.)*

### Scene 8

GIRL. Good to meet you.

MATT. Wow. *Wow*. Do you *feel* that?

GIRL. Feel what?

MATT. That *spark* between us that just *detonated*. It's straight-up *kinetic*. What a rush. WOW. And it's well beyond physical attraction – there's something about the way we *vibe* with each other on an *intellectual* level. It like we finish each other's...

*(For a second MATT tries to coax GIRL into saying the same word at the same time.)*

GIRL. Oh, you want me to...?

MATT. *(Interrupting:)* –sentences! Amazing. We should just schedule our second date now. Right? Y'know? It just feels right, right? Next Sunday? There's this virtual<sup>5</sup> party and you could be my date and I could introduce you to my friends and my parents and my extended family and I should mention it's less a "party" and more "my nephew's baptism."

GIRL. Oh I don't think so.

MATT. You're right. Too soon? It's too soon. Right. Sometimes I get ahead of myself. Sorry about that.

GIRL. It's okay.

MATT. So let's pivot from the baptism to this virtual wine tasting my folks are throwing on the eighteenth, which would be the ideal chance for you three to meet, because if you don't, and you and I end up getting serious, my parents might be skeptical of our relationship, which could then make for an uncomfortable ceremony and the ten-day honeymoon in Cabo, and then nine months later, you can't tell me Kayla won't notice because she'll notice I know she'll notice she'll notice.

GIRL. Wow...

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<sup>5</sup> Alternate line for post-quarantine: cut "virtual"

**MATT.** You don't like the name Kayla? My backup names are Penny and Apple. What? Something's on your mind. You know can always tell me anything – today and *always*.

**GIRL.** Well, stating the obvious: we just met and you have our whole relationship mapped out.

**MATT.** Does that make you uncomfortable?

**GIRL.** Yes.

**MATT.** You're right. You're right! I mean, wedding? Kids? I barely know you!

**GIRL.** Exactly.

**MATT.** Of course, of course, of course... That said, my nephew's virtual baptism is actually *today*, so...

*(The screen instantly fills with dozens of other windows of people, including family, friends, a priest, and parents with an infant.)<sup>6</sup>*

Hi everyone! So this is the girl I was telling you about.

**MATT'S MOM.** It's *so* great to meet you.

**MATT'S GRANDPARENT.** Welcome to the family!

**MATT'S SISTER.** *(To the infant:)* Look, honey – it's your godmother...

*(Scene ends.)<sup>7</sup>*

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<sup>6</sup> If you've got character names in the Zoom window, you can make up names for these three roles.

<sup>7</sup> If this multi-screen effect is too difficult to manage, change the scene ending as follows:

**GIRL:** ...we just met and you have our whole relationship mapped out. I mean, you've got everything figured out but the wedding dress.

**MATT.** Does that make you uncomfortable?

**GIRL.** Yes.

**MATT.** That's fair. *(Beat.)* Let's just pick it out now.

*(He shares his screen with maybe a Pinterest board of wedding dresses, or just shows wedding dress pictures on his phone, or shows an actual wedding dress or two.)*

Also, in a post-quarantine world, feel free to remove "virtual" wherever it appears in this scene.

**Scene 9**

(JULIA is in the middle of a hearty, uncontrollable laugh, and continues laughing for a good amount of time. It is quite an intricate string of boisterous sounds. She eventually lets the laughing subside.)

**GUY.** (Serious:) No, my dog really died.

(Scene ends.)

**Scene 10**

**BARRY.** Thanks for meeting on short notice. Shall we get started? Good, good. I recently underwent a failed merger with my previous client so what I'm looking for at this stage is a floor-to-ceiling overhaul of the status quo — essentially a paradigm shift, if you will, that takes us to the next level, bringing us from Relationship to Relationship 2.0.

**GIRL.** Can I say something?

**BARRY.** Please hold your questions till the end. Now as you'll see in these projections —

(He shares his screen to reveal a PowerPoint presentation, or reveals posters.)

— my four-year plan is to hit the ground running with a strong foundation in the first three quarters, synergizing from the word Go, and by 2024 have fully reinvented our relationship using a game-changing, scalable approach to seamless integration.

How exactly do I *plan* to accomplish this? I'll tell you:

Thinking outside the box.

Win-win situations.

Giving 110 percent.

Maximizing leverage.

Pushing the envelope.

Squaring the circle.

And finally... texting if one of us is late for a movie or something.

If I'm reading the room right — and I do believe that I am — in short order you'll co-sign my proposal as a value-add and if we run it up the flagpole and see who salutes; if we

skate to where the puck is going; if we stick a fork in it to see if it's done; if we tickle the artichoke till it sings a cappella hip hop – then I guarantee this merger will bear fruit.

And by “bear fruit” I am not referring to babies.

Unless you want to talk about it.

But totally cool if not.

I want four.

Any questions?

*(GIRL raises her hand.)*

**BARRY.** Ah, yes, you.

**GIRL.** Can you tell me how it's possible that I've actually had worse dates than this one?

*(BARRY thinks it over, and the reason dawns on him. He confidently scoffs.)*

**BARRY.** They didn't use PowerPoint.

*(Scene ends.)*

### Scene 11

**GUY.** So your profile said you're a psychiatrist?

**CLEO.** No, that was a typo.

**GUY.** Oh, psychologist?

**CLEO.** Psychic. I know – obviously it's an incredible career, but there *are* drawbacks to clairvoyance. For example: last week I foresaw sunburn in my future, so I had to cancel my trip to Cancun. I know what you're thinking: Sunburns are the worst! See how I knew what you were thinking?

**GUY.** *(Reluctantly:)* So what made you become a psychic?

**CLEO.** What made me become a psychic? I anticipated that question. Here's how: Back in school I had a vision that I was going to fail a math test. Then I took the test, and *failed*. A flawless prediction. In that moment I knew I'd become a psychic. And then a week later? I became a psychic! *Another* flawless prediction.

**GUY.** But all of those are things you can control.

**CLEO.** How about a free reading?

*(Over the next couple of lines, CLEO retrieves a few tools places them in front of her: tarot cards, chakra beads, and a Magic 8-Ball.)*

**GUY.** Oh I'm not interested.

**CLEO.** I insist! Show me your foot.

**GUY.** Sorry, what?

**CLEO.** Your foot. In the *movies* psychics read palms, but *real* psychics read *feet*. Take off your shoe.

**GUY.** I'm don't think I'm comfortable with this.

*(CLEO picks up the Magic 8-Ball and speaks to it.)*

**CLEO.** Is he comfortable with this?

*(She quickly shakes the Magic 8-Ball and looks it for the answer.)*

"Signs point to Yes."

**GUY.** Fine.

*(He reluctantly removes his shoe and eventually shows his socked foot to the webcam.)*

**CLEO.** The feet have a spiritual connection to the earth. Since they so often touch the ground— *(Instructing GUY:)* SOCK—the feet have the most powerful bond to the paranormal ether.

*(GUY is now showing is bare foot to the webcam, which CLEO scrutinizes.)*

Interesting. This crease between your heel and midsole tells me that you like sports. Is it true that you like sports?

**GUY.** I like sports.

**CLEO.** Yes. I see that right here. Sports... I knew it. And your history line is right there below the lateral plantar nerves. Let's have a look. *(To the foot:)* What? What's that? Sometimes feet *whisper*. Yes? Yes? Oh, I see... *(She seems troubled, like she's about to reveal something disturbing from his past.)* When you were a teenager... did you attend a high school?

**GUY.** I did.

**CLEO.** Yes. High school. Yes.

**GUY.** Listen, can we just stop? You haven't told me anything not obvious.



CLEO. Oh, but here comes the grand finale. The main line is on the big toe, but yours is faint. Closer, please. No no – *much* closer. CLOSER.

(GUY *grudgingly* brings his toe very close to the camera. CLEO *inspects it seriously*.)

Ah yes. Ready? (*Beat*.) Your favorite music is sixties R&B, you live in a second floor apartment on Fifth Street, and your mother's name is Doris.

GUY. Wait, what?! How did you know that?

CLEO. Knowledge is feet.

GUY. That's amazing! What else can you tell me?

CLEO. Only that you wake up every morning at eight, you just binge-watched *Breaking Bad*, your fantasy team is in third place, and you've reached the Jurassic Pork level on Angry Birds.

(*Beat*.)

GUY. (*Simply*:) You hacked my phone, didn't you...?

(CLEO *looks at the Magic 8-Ball*.)

CLEO. "Signs point to Yes."

(*Scene ends*.)

## Scene 12

GUY. Hey just so you know? This is probably my last date, ever. Staying single seems... less stressful.

GIRL. Yeah, same.

GUY. So I'll just skip the formalities and get right to it?

GIRL. Sure.

GUY. Are you really into emojis, politics, or bare feet?

GIRL. No...?

GUY. Interesting...

GIRL. I've just got one question, actually: Are you my cousin?

GUY. No.

GIRL. Huh. I like that. That's a good quality in a person.

**GUY.** (*Honored:*) Thank you.

**GIRL.** Interesting...

**GUY.** Yeah, interesting...

**GIRL.** So hey, when this quarantine thing is over... wanna grab a drink?<sup>8</sup>

**GUY.** I'd like that. Actually, we could have one now.

**GIRL.** Sure.

*(They pick up whatever beverages they've got. Could just be water or coffee.)*

*(They toast the screen.)*

**GIRL.** Cheers.

**GUY.** Cheers.

*End of Play*

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### **Curtain call**

In lieu of a standard curtain call, this one will mirror some films (e.g. *Office Space*) where a song plays under a montage of a few seconds with each character doing something character-relevant, with the actor's real name on screen:

- JACKIE: Carefully angling her phone for the perfect one-chin selfie
- LOUIS: Looking at a handheld mirror – he's just far too awesome
- DONNA: Wearing scrubs, holding a scalpel, talking on her cell
- LYLE: Reading a phrase book for some obscure language (e.g. Esperanto)
- RUTH: Delivering a speech to a "crowd" or balloons falling as she wins her election
- CHASE: Still horrified – frozen with the same exact face from earlier
- ANNIE: Opening an Ancestry.com DNA kit
- MATT: Straightening a boutonniere on his tuxedo lapel
- MATT'S FAMILY: All with the same wide smile, possibly waving gleefully, possibly dressed for the wedding
- JULIA: Still laughing
- BARRY: Presenting a new PowerPoint slide entitled Managing Rejection
- CLEO: Trying to read her own foot – it's difficult

<sup>8</sup> Alternate line for post-quarantine: So hey... At some point, do you maybe wanna grab a drink?

- GUY & GIRL: It's months later, which can be conveyed with something like different outfits or winter gear. One of them looks at their watch, gives a "You ready?" thumbs up to the other who gives one in response. It's time. They each put on a protective mask (if that makes sense given current circumstances), grab a jacket or sweater or scarf, lean over to their device to switch it off. Blackout.

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