

Love Love Love

Three Stories of Love

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Characters:

Rufus – A co-worker and friend of Sean. Hopeless when it comes to women.

Sean – Friend and co-worker of Rufus. Gave up on love.

Christine – Spencer's girlfriend.

Spencer – Christine's boyfriend.

Walter – Middle-aged man. Sad and lonely.

Miranda – Daughter of Sean's boss.

Cassandra – A young woman in her 20's.

Scene 1 – A Payphone

(Lights up on a man on the phone. He looks sullen and tired.)

Walter: I just can't stop thinking about her. I just want to see her again. I know... I know. I said I wasn't going to but I need to. I can't live without her anymore. I know... Yes I know the agreement, but maybe there's a way around it. I know I shouldn't obsess, but the more I try not to the more I think about her. (Laughs painfully.) Yeah... I haven't slept in while. Oh well. I... I think I'm going to call... Look, I know it's a bad idea. It's just. I don't know. It's a kind of loneliness that doesn't go away. I feel like a piece of myself is missing. As cliché as it sounds... it does feel like it there's a hole inside me I can't fill. I feel like... like... God I don't know. I feel pathetic, but I know I need her. You understand don't you? Yeah. (Sighs.) Thanks for listening. I don't know what I'm going to do.

Scene 2 – An Office.

Rufus: Morning, Sean. What's happening?

Sean: I'd think of something clever to say in response, but I don't know what rhymes with data entry. I don't see you working.

Rufus: It takes me a couple minutes... or hours to get into the working groove. I have to get myself into the zone.

Sean: Slacker.

Rufus: Is it too late to tell you I pissed in your coffee?

Sean: How was clubbing over the weekend?

Rufus: Ehhh. I don't want to talk about it.

Sean: But you said you were going to find "the love of your life" this weekend.

Rufus: Yeah... no dice.

Sean: You just have to lower your standards.

Rufus: My standards are "available," isn't that low enough?

Sean: How about inanimate objects?

Rufus: I'm that that desperate. Yet. You should come out with me next weekend. We can be like wingmen for each other.

Sean: I'm not interested into getting into a relationship right now.

Rufus: Come on! You've been single for what? Two years now? Time to move on.

Sean: I'm not ready yet.

Rufus: It's not like you have to marry the next person you see. Just come out for some fun. Or is the stick too far up your ass.

Sean: I just don't like the whole clubbing scene. It's so... awkward... and sleezy... and weird... you know all of your best characteristics.

Rufus: It's the only way to meet some singles, man.

Sean: Then I guess I'm screwed.

Rufus: Hey, have you seen the boss's daughter? She just transferred over from the New York branch.

Sean: No, I haven't seen her.

Rufus: (Looks around to make sure no one is listening.) Her name is Miranda. She is a beautiful creature, my friend. I heard she's single.

Sean: Heh, boss's daughter, eh? A little out of our league, don't you think?

Rufus: Yeah I know, right? But a man can dream, can't he? Wait until you see her... hot damn.

Sean: You have a one-track mind... Look, Rufus, I have to get back to work.

Rufus: Oh! Here she comes! Six o'clock.

(Miranda walks by; she glances over at Sean and Rufus. Sean and Miranda lock eyes for a second and then she resumes walking by and exits.)

Sean: (Breathless.) Wow.

Rufus: Did I tell you or what?

Sean: Oh my God, Rufus.

Rufus: What did I fucking tell you, man?

Sean: Rufus, I'm in love.

Rufus: I can't blame you. Especially with those legs.

Sean: No, I'm serious. I am in love with that woman.

Rufus: What is this a Shakespeare play? Love at first sight?

Sean: No, it's better than that. It's real. I think she felt it too.

Rufus: She just looked at you for a second. It wasn't exactly a profession of love.

Sean: It was. The look in her eyes went from a stern, professional look to one of care and passion. It was magic... or lightning... or something.

Rufus: Um... you are seriously kidding right, Sean? I mean... that's silly.

Sean: I'm not joking. I am in love with Miranda, and I think she loves me back.

Rufus: Okay... well, good luck with that, just don't get your hopes up, buddy. That woman is out of your league by a long shot.

Sean: Our love is beyond social status or social classes.

Rufus: Didn't you just say you weren't ready for a relationship like two minutes ago?

Sean: I'm ready now.

Rufus: You know what? I am suddenly in the mood for working. See you later, you crazy bitch.

Scene 3 – An Apartment

Christine: Keys, keys, where are the keys?

Spencer: Right on the table.

Christine: Sweet. You coming?

Spencer: (Ignores her.) We should get a pop-up toaster. They are much better than this shit.

Christine: We don't need a pop-up toaster. Our toaster oven is perfectly fine.

Spencer: It's fine for people who like unevenly toasted toast.

Christine: We don't need to spend money on a toaster that does less than our current toaster.

Spencer: But we already have an oven. Currently this toaster oven neither toasts nor performs the function of an oven. So I think they should rename it to waste-of-fucking-countertop.

Christine: Would you shut up about the Goddamn toaster oven?

Spencer: No. I won't. I want a pop-up toaster, damn it.

Christine: Hey will you run to the grocery store with me?

Spencer: Why? That doesn't need two people to accomplish.

Christine: Well, you are always complaining how I never get what you want, so the best way to solve that is to come along.

Spencer: I'll tell you what I want, so I won't need to come along. I have to do some... writing.

Christine: Don't be like this. Just come along.

Spencer: No. My publisher's been on my ass. And when you're out, get me a pop-up toaster.

Christine: Shut up about the Goddamn toaster! Jesus Christ.

Spencer: No.

Christine: Just come grocery shopping with me. You're not going to write, we both know

that.

Spencer: You don't need me... and I will get some writing done.

Christine: No you won't! Come on! Come with me.

Spencer: I really don't fucking want to! AND NOW MY FUCKING TOAST IS BURNT!

Christine: UG! Fine, I'm just gonna buy shitty food, and you better fucking like it.  
(Storms to the door.)

Spencer: Good, I will.

(Christine exits, slamming the door.)

Scene 4 – An Office.



Rufus: Gooooood morning, Sean. Another day at the grind!

Sean: Hey... Rufus.

Rufus: Wow, you look terrible. You okay?

Sean: I'm fine... I guess I'm just not sleeping much.

Rufus: I hope you aren't losing sleep over the boss's daughter.

Sean: As a matter of fact...

Rufus: I told you, man. That's a lost cause.

Sean: No, she loves me back... that much I know, but her father doesn't approve of our love.

Rufus: So wait... you've actually spoken to her?

Sean: No, we don't need to.

Rufus: You can't love someone you haven't spoken to. Correct me if I'm wrong but usually communication is a huge part of a relationship.

Sean: We communicate. Just in different ways.

Rufus: Wow you do? That sounds a lot like bullshit.

Sean: It's not.

Rufus: So how did she come to tell you her father doesn't approve of your bogus relationship?

Sean: The way she walked past my desk yesterday told the whole story. Her father doesn't want Miranda dating a pauper like me.

Rufus: Okay, and that's why you're losing sleep?

Sean: Yes, but we've come up with a plan. We're gonna run away together. She looking into plane tickets as we speak.

Rufus: Plane tickets?

Sean: Yes.

Rufus: And she wants to run away with you and have babies with you and love you

forever... and you get this all from... what?

Sean: Well I don't know about babies but...

Rufus: Okay, I give up. There's no way this is real. You would at least need an email or at the very least a text message. What told you all that? The way she walked up to the water cooler?

Sean: Actually...

Rufus: I don't want to hear it! You need to take some real risks! Go out to a club, go to a fucking church social, anything. I don't want to hear about your bullshit fantasy relationship. A relationship is all about risks and communication and stuff... and don't tell me that you two are special.

Sean: Rufus...

Rufus: When you start actually talking to Miranda... going on real dates with Miranda, then I'll believe you. Better yet, drop this fantasy and come find real girls with me.

Sean: Miranda is a real girl.

Rufus: Sure... okay... Jesus...

Scene 5 – In a dark apartment  
(Phone rings. Walter answers it.)

Walter: Hello? Oh... (Getting excited.) Really? REALLY? She'll meet with me? She'll meet with me? No. I won't get my hopes up too much. Yes. I understand. So I'm to meet with her at Jake's Café? Okay. What time? Okay... okay at noon? Yes... I understand. Thank you so much for arranging this. Yes. Yes. Thank you so much. (Hangs up phone.) Don't... don't screw this up, Walter.

(Christine walks in with bags of groceries. As she comes in Spencer rushes to the door to help her with the bags.)

Spencer: Hey, hun. Look, I'm sorry about not going with you.

(Christine glares at Spencer and pushes pass him.)

Spencer: Okay... Well, you'll be happy to know I did get some writing done.

(Christine unpacks the bag, slamming each item onto the table. Spencer watches.)

Spencer: You should probably not punish the groceries if you're angry with me. Here let me help.

Christine: No!

Spencer: What's the big deal? It's just the grocery store. Anyways, I said I was sorry.

Christine: It's not just the grocery store. It's everything. You've been so self-centered. Talking about your career, your writing, and never asking me how my day was or anything. Not to mention never taking me out, asking me how I am. It's just... everything. Show some interest in me. And then there's that shit about the GODDAMN TOASTER. What the fuck is that about? Who gives a shit about toasters?

Spencer: I like pop-up toasters. I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't just bottle all of this shit up until it explodes. I have no idea that this bothered you. Should I read your mind?

Christine: You don't have to read my mind. Just give a shit.

Spencer: I do give a shit. You're just crazy. Say what's on your mind. Don't be such a crazy bitch.

Christine: Fuck you. You've cared less and less about me since I moved in. Maybe it was a mistake.

(She starts to shove stuff into bags.)

Spencer: Christine...

Christine: If we can't live together, then we obviously can't work.

Spencer: I wouldn't have asked you to live with me if I didn't think we could work. I guess I just got used to you.

Christine: Is getting used to me the same as treating me like shit?

Spencer: Just fucking talk to me like a reasonable human being. DON'T ATTACK ME LIKE A LUNATIC.

Christine: Whatever. I'm leaving.

Spencer: All right, go ahead. Leave. Fuck you. Don't come back unless you have a pop-up toaster.

Christine: Fine.

(Christine exits and slams the door. Spencer puts his hands to his face, visibly upset and crumples onto the couch.)

Sean: Hey, Rufus.

Rufus: (Grunts not facing Sean.)

Sean: I'm just here to say "Goodbye."

Rufus: You and Miranda running away?

Sean: Yeah...

Rufus: Heh.

Sean: Miranda is meeting me here with the plane tickets and we're gong to leave.

Rufus: Yeah okay... (Coughs) bullshit.

Sean: Well... bye, Rufus.

(A car coming to a screeching halt outside.)

Rufus: What the hell was that? Sounds like an accident or something.

(They run to the window.)

Sean: MIRANDA! No!

(Sean rushes out the door.)

Rufus: Sean! Holy shit.

(Rufus and Sean are now on the street. Miranda is on the ground. Sirens are heard.)

Sean: Miranda?! (Sean runs to Miranda and cradles her in his arms. Rufus just stands watching in awe.) Miranda are you okay? Talk to me. Oh Jesus.

Miranda: I got hit by a car...

Sean: Yeah... I can see that.

Miranda: I got the... tickets. They're in... my jacket pocket. (She reaches for them, and Sean pulls them out for her.)

Sean: You got the plane tickets? You're gonna be okay.

Miranda: I'm sorry.

Sean: Don't be sorry. You're going to be okay, and I'm going to tell your father of our love.

Miranda: I love you.

Sean: I love you too.

(Christine enters with an EMT and a stretcher.)

Christine: My name is Christine. I'm here to help.

Sean: Thank God. Here, Rufus, hold on to these for me. (Hands Rufus the plane tickets.) I'm going to ride in the ambulance.

Christine: She should be fine. Let's go.

(The EMT, Christine, Sean, and Miranda on the stretcher exit.)

Rufus: (In disbelief looking at the plane tickets in his hand.) Holy shit...

(Lights go down.)

(Lights up on Spencer typing at a typewriter working on a manuscript. There's a knock at the door. Spencer opens the door to reveal Christine.)

Spencer: Oh hey.

Christine: Hey. Um...

Spencer: Hey... what's up?

Christine: I was... Here, I got you this.

(Christine pulls a pop-up toaster out of a bag. Spencer laughs.)

Christine: You said not to come back until I got you this.

Spencer: So I did. (Laughs.)

Christine: I wanted to say I'm sorry. I should have talked to you sooner about how I was feeling.

Spencer: Well, I'm sorry too. I was too wrapped up in my own world. I was being selfish.

Christine: No, I shouldn't make you assume what I was feeling.

Spencer: I should have been more interested in your life. Your career. Look, I'll make you a deal.

Christine: What's that?

Spencer: You should move back in here, and we'll agree to communicate more often.

Christine: yeah?

Spencer: And... I'll take this toaster.

Christine: (Laughs.) I think that can work out.

Spencer: Plus I need someone to go grocery shopping with... I just don't like going alone.

Christine: Maybe. I think I might be able to fit that in, you know if my career doesn't get in the way.

Spencer: Hey... I missed you



Christine: I missed you more.

Spencer: Bullshit! (Drops the toaster and grabs hold of Christine.)

Christine: So we'll talk more, right?

Spencer: Definitely.

Christine: Promise?

Spencer: Most definitely.  
(They kiss.)

Spencer: Come on! Let's fire this baby up. I want some toast.

(Scene opens at a Café. Cassandra is sitting at a table waiting for Walter. Walter approaches visibly nervous.)

Walter: H... hello, Cassandra?

Cassandra: Um... Walter?

Walter: Hi! Can I sit?

Cassandra: Yes of course.

Walter: So... I'm not really sure... what to do. I'm not really sure what I'm doing here.

Cassandra: It's okay. I understand.

Walter: There's just so much I'd like to say to you. So much I want to apologize for. I'm just...uhh...

Cassandra: No need to. You don't have to apologize for anything.

Walter: How have you been? What are you doing with your... you know... whole life?

Cassandra: Good. Um... where to start? I'm getting married.

Walter: Well! Wow. Wow... Congratulations. Is he a keeper?

Cassandra: Yes he is. What about you? How are you?

Walter: Just... working really. Nothing too exciting, I know.

Cassandra: I'm glad you did this.

Walter: Really?

Cassandra: Yeah. The mystery is over, now I know what you look like.

Walter: You look more like your mother. I could tell when you were born... you...well, yeah.

Cassandra: Do you ever see my mother?

Walter: No... no. I don't hear from her. We met at a party... and well one thing lead to another and then you came. But I never forgot about you. It hurt so bad to give you up, but I was in no condition to take care of anyone. Your mother she... she wasn't a bad person, but confused like I was. We went separate ways after you were born. I tried to clean up, get a job, and live a stable life. Your mother lives in a trailer park in Florida

with her boyfriend. I have her number if you want to contact her.

Cassandra: Oh... Maybe I will.

Walter: I know I was never in your life. (Beat.) You are more beautiful than I imagined. After you were born, I would always think about you. Even if things in my life were crazy, you were always in the back on my mind. I tried to guess when you took your first step. I imagined what your first day of school might have been like. Whenever your birthday rolled around, I always hoped that you were happy, and having a good time. I was never in your life, but I loved you everyday. I'm not asking to be in your life or anything. I just wanted to tell you that. That's all.

Cassandra: Would you like to come to my wedding? My Dad will be giving me away, but you are more than welcome to come.

Walter: Really? Wow... yes I'd love to.

(Beat.)

Cassandra: Are we going to eat? Or what?

Walter: Yes, of course.

(Lights fade as they continue talking.)

Walter: So where did you go to school?

Cassandra: I went to Salve Regina... I studied English.