

What Do You Mean?

By Jim Martyka

Jim Martyka
9650 Columbus Ave.
North Hills, CA 91343
(818) 497-3701
JimMartyka@gmail.com
www.JimMartyka.com

Cast of Characters

JILL: 20s/30s, Mike's girlfriend

MIKE: 20s/30s, Jill's boyfriend

Scene

In a car on a way to a friend's party

Time

Evening

What Do You Mean?

Scene starts with a couple driving to a party. The man MIKE is driving and JILL and gazes out the window. They drive in silence for a while. Then...

JILL: You're going the wrong way.

MIKE: No I'm not.

JILL: Are you sure?

MIKE: Yep. *(beat)* Positive.

JILL: Umm...never mind.

MIKE looks at her quizzically. He turns back to his driving, looking around.

MIKE: I'm glad we decided to go to this party. We haven't seen them in a while. You know they're going to be thrilled. Plus, the wine. Steve always puts out the best--

JILL: I think we should break up.

MIKE: WHAT?!

JILL: You just missed the turn.

MIKE looks around at the streets.

MIKE: Wait, what? No I didn't. I always go this way.

JILL: Are you sure--

MIKE: What did you just say? You want to break up?

JILL: No! No, I don't want to...I just think we have to.

MIKE: What the hell? Why?

JILL: I don't know, I just...I don't know.

MIKE: Well, there has to be a reason. *(trying to calm himself)*. Honey, what's going on?

JILL: Are you absolutely positive this is the right way?

MIKE: Yes! I mean, it's A way. Anyway, I'm driving and I'll get us there, I promise. Never mind that, tell me what's going on. Why do you want to break up?

JILL: You haven't seen this coming?

MIKE: No, not at all! I thought things have been really great lately.

He turns to look at a street he just passed.

MIKE: Wait, was that--

JILL: What?

MIKE: Uhh, never mind. Jill, talk to me. Please, baby.

JILL: I don't know where to start. I guess, first of all, we don't have anything in common.

MIKE: What do you mean? We have a ton in common. *(beat)* We both like "Chopped."

JILL: That's literally the only thing I can think of. You love your sports. I hate them. I love musicals. You hate them. And to make it worse, I hate it when you watch sports and you hate it when I watch musicals.

MIKE: That's not true.

JILL: Mike, you said that the musical "Oklahoma," which is my favorite musical by the way, made you wish the entire state would disappear in a huge funnel cloud. You wished a mass extinction of Dust Bowl residents because of "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." And do you remember later that night what I said when you were watching the Dodger game?

MIKE: You said, "I hate the Dodgers and I hope they lose by two touchdowns."

JILL: See?

MIKE: Yeah, but that's okay, sweetheart. So we like different things. Opposite attract, right? It's what keeps it interesting. I love that you don't like all the same things as me. It keeps things fresh.

JILL: But that's just one example.

MIKE: Well, give me another.

JILL: I want kids and you don't.

MIKE: Well, if they're that important to you, I'm willing to talk with you about it. A relationship is about communication, compromise and working together to solve problems.

JILL: You're not very good at compromising.

MIKE: Yes I am.

JILL: Well, what about our living situation?

MIKE: What about it?

JILL: You want to eventually move back to the Midwest and I want to move to New York.

MIKE: Fuck the Midwest. See?

JILL: *(looking around)* Mike, I really think you took a wrong turn. I don't even recognize this neighborhood.

MIKE: *(looking around)* Jill, I got this, okay? I know exactly where I am. Now, what else is bothering you?

JILL: I miss my friends.

MIKE: By all means, go see them. Hang out with them more. I want to support you and your personal life, not take away from it. I want you to be you and do what you want to do.

JILL: You complain that I steal the sheets.

MIKE: And you complain that I snore. We'll get two blankets and I'll start wearing breathing strips. If that doesn't work, I'll move to the couch for a bit.

JILL: *(looking around again)* This is not a good neighborhood. That man is peeing.

MIKE: It's a shortcut.

JILL: But--

MIKE: Is that it?

JILL: No. I had a reading done the other day and my psychic reminded me that our signs don't match up.

MIKE just looks at her for a second.

JILL: Okay, fine. I'll give you that one. She's a fruit loop.

MIKE: Yes, but again, I know you believe in it and I...support that. I support you. If you want a deck of cards to tell your future, well then, shuffle up and deal.

MIKE smiles at her. JILL ignores him and keeps going.

JILL: Well, there's also--

MIKE: Wait one second. *(looks around again)*. Huh.

JILL: What?

MIKE: Uhh, nothing. Go on.

JILL: Well, I also feel like I'm letting myself go. I don't feel attractive anymore. I feel like we do nothing but sit around and eat and drink. I feel disgusting.

MIKE: You are beautiful. You are honestly the most beautiful woman in the world and you look better to me each and every day. But if you're not happy with our lifestyle or our eating and drinking habits, then we'll change it up. I'm down for some more working out or eating better or whatever. It'll be good for us.

JILL: Oh, and also, we can't really afford this relationship. It's expensive.

As he's speaking the following lines, MIKE is looking around confused, making a sudden right turn stopping the car, and then backing up in reverse and turning around, making another turn.

MIKE: I'm not sure what that even means, but again, we'll find a way together. I don't need us to spend money to be happy. I just want to be with you. We'll tighten the purse strings and if need be, I'll find myself a part time job to bring us in some more money. And you can budget us. The point is, we'll do it

together. That's what a couple does. They work together. On any and all problems. We're a team, sweetheart. I would do anything for you. I love you with all my heart.

There is a long moment or two of silence as he drives and she looks out the window. Finally..

JILL: I don't like you and I don't want to be with you.

MIKE: Well, thank you. It's about time!

He pulls the car over to the side of the road.

MIKE: *(laughing right at her)* Good God. You. Are. Awful.

He gets out and starts to walk away, still laughing. JILL is stunned and looks around frantically.

JILL: Wait, where are you going? And where the hell are we?

MIKE: *(yelling from offstage)* We're lost!

LIGHTS.