

CHRISTOPHER GOES THROUGH A BREAKUP

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a comedy about getting dumped

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CHARACTERS

CHRISTOPHER, a sophisticated, somewhat shallow, San Franciscan who looks to popular men's style magazines for all the answers in life. Late twenties.

LASZLO, a kind, nervous, nerdy redhead. Christopher's best friend and roommate. Late twenties.

PENELOPE, a confident and mysterious woman who enchants Christopher. Late twenties.

BARTENDER, a grumpy-looking bartender. Mid thirties.

OLD MAN, a friendly old Irish man. Early seventies.

PATRICK, an old Irish Episcopalian priest. Early seventies.

TWO OLD MEN, two old Irish men who sit at Old Man and Patrick's table.

AIDEN, Penelope's ex-boyfriend. Late twenties – early thirties.

ALEXIA, a beautiful European woman. Mid-late twenties.

ACT I

Scene 1

Lights up on CHRISTOPHER and LASZLO'S apartment. A sofa and coffee table are set center stage. The place is impeccably neat. A glass vase filled with faux flowers and river stones sits on top of the coffee table, next to an array of magazines such as "GQ," "Forbes," etc. A dining table and chairs are set upper right stage – placemats and pre-placed plates and silverware are set on top.

Behind all of this, upper center stage, there is a counter with two bar stools. Above the counter, there is a large wall mirror.

LASZLO enters through a door set on stage right. He is a nervous-looking, sweater-clad, redheaded nerd in his late twenties. He holds a paper bag full of groceries, and a letter with "Christopher" scrawled across it. LASZLO turns around and locks the door.

LASZLO: *(full of despair)* No, no, no.... *(He quickly walks to the counter and sets the bag of groceries down. He stares at the letter for a moment, then puts it in his back pocket.)* Alright, Laszlo, you can do this. You can do – *(he drops his house keys, then shoots a panicked glance towards stage left)* Shit. Okay. *(He quietly begins to take the groceries out of the bag, one by one. CHRISTOPHER enters from Stage Left, dressed in a suit, a glass of brandy in his hand.)*

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, Laz.

LASZLO: *(nervous)* H – h- hey, man. What's up?

CHRISTOPHER: So I was thinking, do you think I should take Quinn to Majorca or get her one of those little bracelets from Cartier?

LASZLO: *(confused)* What?

CHRISTOPHER: Next week is our 2-year anniversary.

LASZLO: *(guilt-ridden)* Ohh, that's right. *(CHRISTOPHER stares at him, waiting for an answer to his question)* Well, isn't that a pretty huge contrast: Majorca or a bracelet?

CHRISTOPHER: No, they'd cost about the same.

LASZLO: *(wide-eyed)* Oh. Oh, well, I guess it just depends on what you want to say with the present then.

CHRISTOPHER: *(sits back on the sofa and sips his brandy)* Well, that's easy. I want it to say, "Quinn, I adore you. When I saw you at Richard's cocktail party, I couldn't take my eyes off of you all night. When you moved in downstairs, I knew you were the one. I love everything about you. I love you completely with my body, mind, and soul. I wish to never be parted from you. You are an exquisite, *recherché* being and you make the world a brighter and more beautiful place just by being in it..." *(LASZLO is now face-down on the counter)* Anyways, which gift sounds better?

LASZLO: *(muffled)* Sounds like you should just get her a ring.

(CHRISTOPHER stares into the distance, thinking. LASZLO stares at CHRISTOPHER, panicking, hoping that CHRISTOPHER won't actually take his suggestion seriously.)

CHRISTOPHER: *(reaching an epiphany)* That's it! LASZO: *(screams)* NO!

CHRISTOPHER: But you just –

LASZLO: Look, Chris, I need to give you something. *(He takes the letter and holds it out to CHRISTOPHER. CHRISTOPHER stares at it.)*

CHRISTOPHER: You wrote me a letter?

LASZLO: No, but I think I know what it says...

CHRISTOPHER: Because you wrote it. *(moment of awkward silence)*

LASZLO: I just said I –

CHRISTOPHER: *(takes the letter and sets it down on the coffee table)* Look, Laz. We've lived together for three years, been friends for four. You don't need a letter to tell me how you feel.

LASZLO: *(Stares. Slowly, he realizes what CHRISTOPHER is implying)* Oh my god.

CHRISTOPHER: *(Nods understandingly)* It's okay.

LASZLO: Oh my god.

CHRISTOPHER: I'll always be your friend, Laz.

LASZLO: No, no, no.

CHRISTOPHER: *(sighs)* Look, I know you may not want to be just friends. But I'll always be here for you, Laz.

LASZLO: No, no, no. Quinn's left you.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LASZLO: Quinn's gone.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LASZLO: She's gone!

CHRISTOPHER: How do you know?

LASZLO: Svetlana told me.

CHRISTOPHER: When?

LASZLO: About ten minutes ago. She caught me in the elevator. She said movers came and took all of Quinn's things earlier this afternoon. Then I found this letter outside...

CHRISTOPHER: *(ripping open the letter)* I don't believe you. This is complete and utter bullshit. *(He reads the letter with no change in expression. LASZLO watches him expectantly.*

CHRISTOPHER finally sets the letter down.)

CHRISTOPHER: She's left me.

LASZLO: I'm really sorry, man.

CHRISTOPHER: She's left me for Ari Haraldsson.

LASZLO: Wait.

CHRISTOPHER: Yep.

LASZLO: Her Icelandic swimming instructor?

CHRISTOPHER: The sonofabitch.

LASZLO: Wow. I mean, he was really, *really* buff...*(CHRISTOPHER glares)* Sorry. Sorry, man. *(CHRISTOPHER doesn't say anything)* ...are you going to be okay?

CHRISTOPHER: *(pensively sips his brandy)* I don't know.

LASZLO: Hey, man. At least you can take comfort in the fact that she didn't leave you for just *anybody*.

CHRISTOPHER: *(sips his brandy again)* Is that so, Laz?

LASZLO: Girlfriends leave their boyfriends *all* the time – for absolute shitheads. For STD-collecting, protein shake-guzzling oafs named “Chad” or “Brody.” You got left for a freakin’ Nordic god. *(few moments of silence)*

CHRISTOPHER: If you say so, Laz.

LASZLO: You should be *flattered*.

CHRISTOPHER: If you say so, Laz.

LASZLO: She went from a Jen to an Angie.

CHRISTOPHER: Alright, Laz.

LASZLO: She not only just put you back on the list of San Francisco's Most Eligible Bachelors, she boosted you to the top by leaving you for that model-god of a man.

CHRISTOPHER: *(voice flat)* Did she?

LASZLO: The man is legendary.

CHRISTOPHER: Alright, Laz. *(few moments of silence. LASZLO nervously paces back and forth.)*

LASZLO: I'm not really helping, am I?

CHRISTOPHER: Not really.

LASZLO: Sorry. *(LASZLO takes CHRISTOPHER'S glass of brandy and refills it to the brim with a decanter of brandy from behind the counter. He hands it back to CHRISTOPHER.)* Here.

CHRISTOPHER: Thanks, Laz.

LASZLO: *(sorting through the groceries on the counter)* I got that golden quinoa you like. And I – I got some – some *kale*, I think. Kale always makes you feel better. *(rifles through the groceries left in the bag)* Aha! Here it is. Oh...it looks a little wilted in this light. Oh, dear. Well, you know what? We can make a smoothie with it. Would you like a smoothie, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER: *(sips his brandy)* I'd like Ari Haraldsson's severed head on a silver platter, that's what I'd like.

LASZLO: *(clears his throat)* Would you like berries in your smoothie?

CHRISTOPHER: I'd like Ari Haraldsson to be devoured by locusts, that's what I'd like.

LASZLO: Well, it looks like all that Sunday school really stuck with you.

CHRISTOPHER: I wish ten *thousand* plagues upon him.

LASZLO: Alright, Chris, would you like me to make you a kale smoothie? *(few moments of silence)*

CHRISTOPHER: I'd like some Neapolitan pizza from Reggie's, actually.

LASZLO: *(relieved)* Alright. You got it, man. *(he organizes the groceries behind the counter.)* Neapolitan pizza it is. Anything else?

CHRISTOPHER: Some spumoni ice cream.

LASZLO: Alright, man. You know what, lemme just – *(he grabs CHRISTOPHER'S glass and refills it again. He plumps some pillows, unfolds a blanket and lays it over CHRISTOPHER.)*

There we go. All comfy. You need anything else?

CHRISTOPHER: No.

LASZLO: Alright, great. I'll just head over to Reggie's and be back soon. Just call me if you think of anything else you need. You're doing great, man. You really are. *(He waits for CHRISTOPHER to say something. CHRISTOPHER doesn't say anything.)* Alright, well, yes, good. *(He exits through the door on stage right. CHRISTOPHER continues to sip on his brandy for another minute. Then, Lights Out.)*

SCENE 2

Lights up on CHRISTOPHER and LASZLO'S apartment. CHRISTOPHER is laying down on the sofa, dressed in a bathrobe. His once perfectly-groomed hair is messed up. He stares straight ahead (towards the fourth wall), presumably at a TV. We hear an Icelandic TV show. A spiralizer sits on the coffee table in front of him, along with the empty brandy decanter. Spiralized carrot shreds are spread all across the table and the floor. River stones are spread across the room in odd places. A lone kale leaf is on the floor by the counter.

LASZLO enters through the door on Stage Right, carrying two pizza boxes and a small dessert box.

LASZLO: Hey, Chris, they didn't have the spumo- *(he stops, taking in the room with no small amount of confusion)* What happened here? *(CHRISTOPHER doesn't say anything)* Christopher, I said, 'What happened here'?

CHRISTOPHER: All the people on this show are too good-looking.

LASZLO: What the hell are you watching?

CHRISTOPHER: *(sounds like gibberish)* "Leiðin hjarta mitt er sárt."

LASZLO: What.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm learning Icelandic.

LASZLO: What? Why?

CHRISTOPHER: Quinn needs me.

LASZLO: What? No, she doesn't.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm learning Icelandic so I can go to Iceland and rescue Quinn from that weight-pumping, angel-faced, golden-tanned fricken' slab of thick muscle.

LASZLO: They're not in Iceland.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm going to Iceland to rescue her.

LASZLO: Christopher, they're not in Iceland. *(few moments of silence)* They're probably at Ari's house in Balboa Terrace. Your pizza's on the table. *(he starts crossing towards the counter, but slips on the lone kale leaf)* Damnit! Shit. Ugh. Christopher. Christopher, what the hell is this kale doing in the middle of the floor?

CHRISTOPHER: It fell out when I was getting the carrots.

LASZLO: *(slowly realizing as he looks at all the carrot shreds across the floor)* Wait....wait...did you spiralize *all* my carrots?!

CHRISTOPHER: All *our* carrots.

LASZLO: *(hits the floor)* Damnit, Christopher. Why would you *do* that?!

CHRISTOPHER: I was envisioning them to be Ari Haraldsson's fingers.

LASZLO: *(sighs)* Ari had really big hands...*(CHRISTOPHER gets up and furiously storms to the counter. He rummages behind the counter for a moment before returning to the spiralizer with a cucumber. He begins spiralizing it, LASZLO watches in horror for a minute.)*

LASZLO: *(sarcastic and upset)* Well, that's great. That's just great, Christopher. Now I won't be able to make my cucumber gimlets. I hope you're *happy*. I hope you found that *really* satisfying. *(CHRISTOPHER crosses over to the pizza and begins eating)* You're welcome, by the way. You know, you're free to spiralize that pizza. You might as well. You've spiraled everything else that's good in this house.

CHRISTOPHER: Thanks for picking this up.

LASZLO: *(getting up off the floor, suddenly chill)* Yeah, yeah, it's no problem, man.

CHRISTOPHER: *(opening the dessert box)* They didn't have the spumoni ice cream?

LASZLO: Yeah, sorry, man. They didn't. So I got you baklava from the place next door. *(He starts watching the TV.)*

CHRISTOPHER: Hmm. Thanks.

LASZLO: Damn, you were right. These people are really good-looking.

CHRISTOPHER: *(scoffs)* They all have nice noses. It's really off-putting.

LASZLO: No wonder Ari is so perfect.

CHRISTOPHER: Perfect is boring. Quinn will come crawling back to me soon.

LASZLO: I really hope so, man. *(He crosses behind the counter and stops.)* Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah?

LASZO: Christopher, what did you do?

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, uh –

LASZLO: You ripped this pillow up, Christopher. *(he holds up pieces of fluff)*

CHRISTOPHER: Yes.

LASZLO: Why would you do that?

CHRISTOPHER: I, uh –

LASZLO: Svetlana got us this pillow as a house-warming present.

CHRISTOPHER: It was at the wrong place at the wrong time. *(moment of awkward silence)*

LASZLO: This was in your room.

CHRISTOPHER: Yes.

LASZLO: Please tell me you didn't trash your room. *(CHRISTOPHER doesn't reply. LASZLO exits stage left. We hear him let out a pained yell. He crosses back onto stage.)* Damnit, Christopher! Are you *trying* to get us evicted? Do you *want* to pay thousands of dollars in damages?!

CHRISTOPHER: I'm in pain, Laz.

LASZLO: Oh god, I can't leave you alone.

CHRISTOPHER: It's fine. I *want* to be alone.

LASZLO: *(crosses over and begins cleaning up the pillow fluff)* No, I *can't* leave you alone, Christopher. Sheesh. Will you look at this? Just look at this. Just *look* at this.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, it's not like you were going anywhere anyways. *(He lays back down on the sofa)*

LASZLO: Actually, I was, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LASZLO: I was going to go to Rajit's party.

CHRISTOPHER: What? When?

LASZLO: Tonight.

CHRISTOPHER: Rajit's having a party?

LASZLO: Yeah, at some pub. He got a promotion and now he wants to – wants to be *fly* or something. So he's having a themed costume party at a pub but it's really not even a costume party. Cause it's a "1930's" theme but you know that's the sort of thing that's really easy to half-

ass. So, I was just gonna wear a 3-piece suit and that hat I still have from when I was in the ensemble for “Newsies” in high school. *(sighs)*

CHRISTOPHER: Wait, Rajit’s dating Taylor…

LASZLO: …yeah?

CHRISTOPHER: Taylor is best friends with Christine…

LASZLO: Oh lord, Christopher. No. I will not go talk to Quinn’s sister for you.

CHRISTOPHER: Take me with you.

LASZLO: Christopher, I’m not going. I’m staying here and keeping an eye on you.

CHRISTOPHER: *(crawls off the sofa and kneels at LASZLO’S feet)* Laszlo, *please* take me with you. I’ll talk to Christine, and she’ll talk to Quinn and then Quinn will come back.

LASZLO: *(laughs)* Why would Quinn come back? She’s with Ari: the most perfectly sculpted human male in the history of…human males. *(CHRISTOPHER starts to look teary)* Whoa, whoa, whoa, man. I’m sorry.

CHRISTOPHER: Just take me with you.

LASZLO: You weren’t even invited.

CHRISTOPHER: You know how these things work. Rajit and Taylor probably told Quinn and expected me to tag along.

LASZLO: Look, man. I don’t think it’s a good idea.

CHRISTOPHER: Take me with you, Laszlo.

LASZLO: No, I can’t. I’m sorry.

CHRISTOPHER: Take me with you.

LASZLO: I can’t. *(CHRISTOPHER gets up and rummages around the counter. He finds an eggplant and holds it up.)*

CHRISTOPHER: *(suddenly menacing)* Take me with you, Laszlo.

LASZLO: What are you doing with that eggplant?

CHRISTOPHER: Take me with you.

LASZLO: Just put the eggplant down, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: Take. Me. With. You.

LASZLO: This is real mature of you, Christopher. You know what? Put the eggplant down and *then* we’ll talk. *(CHRISTOPHER quickly crosses the room and begins to put the eggplant in the spiralizer)* Alright!!! Alright. Alright. Just stop. Stop it, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: You'll take me?

LASZLO: Fine.

CHRISTOPHER: Fine what?

LASZLO: Fine, I'll take you.

CHRISTOPHER: *(giving LASZLO a hug)* Thank you, Laz. Thank you so much.

LASZLO: Alright, well. Go change or something. *(CHRISTOPHER exits Stage Left. LASZLO crosses over and carefully removes the eggplant from the spiralizer. Lights out.)*

Scene 3

Lights up on a pub. A bar is set stage right, with four+ bar stools. A vast array of liquor bottles are set behind the bar, which is manned by a grumpy-looking young BARTENDER. Four old men sit at a table set upper stage left, playing a spirited card game. An empty table is set center stage. We hear the sound of distant thunder throughout the scene.

LASZLO and CHRISTOPHER enter from stage left. They both wear damp trenchcoats. LASZLO is wearing an unfashionable wool beanie. CHRISTOPHER'S hair is damp. LASZLO takes off his beanie and wrings the water out of it.

CHRISTOPHER: *(Watching LASZLO wring his beanie)* Ugh.

LASZLO: What?

CHRISTOPHER: 'No, no,' you said. 'The rain should lighten up in five minutes. We don't need to bring an umbrella.'

LASZLO: I was simply quoting what the website said.

CHRISTOPHER: What website? The Online Encyclopedia of *Bullshit*?

LASZLO: *(stares)* No. The Regional Specialized Meteorological Information website...whatever. It's not my fault. It's your fault. You listened to me. Don't bitch about it. If you feel the urge to bring an umbrella next time, *bring* an umbrella. Or bring a hat. Like me.

CHRISTOPHER: *(scoffs)* If you can call that a hat. *(Looks around the pub)* Wait. Wait, Laz. You got the wrong address.

LASZLO: No, no. I'm sure this was it.

CHRISTOPHER: No, it's not. I don't see Rajit. I don't see Taylor.

LASZLO: Well, I have the invite on my phone...*(pulls his phone out of his trench coat pocket)*
Oh. Um.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LASZLO: Well.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LASZLO: Um.

CHRISTOPHER: *What?*

LASZLO: My phone's dead.

CHRISTOPHER: Good lord, Laz.

LASZLO: I'm sorry. *(wiping his phone)* I charged it right before we left. Some water must have seeped into it...if they have some rice, I can -

CHRISTOPHER: Are you serious?

LASZLO: I'm so sure this is it, though. This is what – O'Leary's Pub? That's what it said on the sign, right? I'm positive it said "O'Leary's Pub" on the invite.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, Laz, this isn't the place.

LASZLO: *(to BARTENDER)* Excuse me, this is O'Leary's Pub, right?

BARTENDER: Yes, O'Leary's.

LASZLO: *(thinking)* Hmm.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LASZLO: *(to BARTENDER)* Sorry, how do you spell that?

BARTENDER: O – apostrophe - L – E- E – R – Y – apostrophe – S.

LASZLO: *(dramatically)* Ohh.

CHRISTOPHER: Wait.

LASZLO: Oh dear.

CHRISTOPHER: L – E- E – R – Y – apostrophe – S?

LASZLO: *(covering his face)* That's where I went wrong.

CHRISTOPHER: *(in disbelief)* L – E – E – R. That's, "Leer." Like, "Leering." *(shudders)* Ew.

LASZLO: It's supposed to be at O'Leary's with an A.

CHRISTOPHER: O'Leary's with an A?

LASZLO: Yep. Sorry.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, thank goodness. *(pulls out his phone)* I knew this was the wrong place.

LASZLO: Sorry.

CHRISTOPHER: Ok, the GPS says it's...30 minutes away. Damn it. What if Christine's gone by the time we get there?!

LASZLO: *(putting his beanie back on, determined)* We'll make it. I know a guy. The fastest cab driver in town.

CHRISTOPHER: Great. What's his number?

LASZLO: Ohh. I had it saved on my phone.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, what's his name? Or the cab company's name?

LASZLO: I don't know.

CHRISTOPHER: Shit, Laszlo. Really?

LASZLO: It's fine, man. We'll, uh, we'll grab a cab out there and we'll be fine.

BARTENDER: I wouldn't go out there.

CHRISTOPHER: Why not?

BARTENDER: Well, there's been a severe weather alert.

LASZLO: A severe weather alert?

BARTENDER: Yeah, it's all over the news. Severe thunderstorm alert. "Stay inside"...how did you guys even get here? *(LASZLO and CHRISTOPHER look at each other. LASZLO puts his hand on CHRISTOPHER'S shoulder.)*

LASZLO: We can do this, man.

CHRISTOPHER: *(determined)* Yes. We can.

LASZLO: Let's go get Quinn back! *(He and CHRISTOPHER run off stage left. They return a minute later, drenched. LASZLO is shivering. They silently walk over to the bar and sit. LASZLO sniffles.)* I don't know how the street flooded so fast.

CHRISTOPHER: Brandy. Neat.

LASZLO: I'd like a Gin and Dubbonnet, please.

CHRISTOPHER: Pfft.

LASZLO: I'll have you know that's the favorite cocktail of *The Queen*.

CHRISTOPHER: I can't believe we're stuck here.

LASZLO: It really should lighten up soon. The Regional Specialized Meteorological Information website said it wasn't even supposed to rain. *(Thunder crashes loudly. BARTENDER hands CHRISTOPHER his brandy. CHRISTOPHER downs it quickly.)*

LASZLO: *(judging)* Whoa.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LASZLO: Nothing.

CHRISTOPHER: *(mutters quietly)* It's all your fault we're stuck here. *(louder, to BARTENDER)* Another.

LASZLO: What did you say?

CHRISTOPHER: I said, 'It's all your fault we're stuck here.'

LASZLO: Ha. Excuse you. *(BARTENDER hands CHRISTOPHER another brandy. CHRISTOPHER downs it quickly.)* Good lord.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LASZLO: You weren't even supposed to come, Christopher. You weren't even *invited*.

CHRISTOPHER: Yes, I was. I was invited by proxy.

LASZLO: Oh, please. We all know Rajit doesn't even *like* you. *(looks guilt-stricken)*

CHRISTOPHER: Wow.

LASZLO: I mean –

CHRISTOPHER: *(sarcastic)* Please, Laz, tell me how you really feel.

LASZLO: I just mean, you know, Taylor. *(PENELOPE has entered stage left, unnoticed by anyone except the BARTENDER. She is drenched as well. She is wearing a black raincoat, which she takes off to reveal a tight, red dress. She displays extreme confidence, but it's obvious she's in a bad mood. She crosses over to the bar.)*

CHRISTOPHER: Look, Laz. Just because I dated Taylor when we were both at UC Berkley, it doesn't mean –

PENELOPE: *(to BARTENDER)* Brandy. Neat. *(CHRISTOPHER and LASZLO stare at her for a minute. The BARTENDER hands PENELOPE her drink. She downs it quickly.)*

CHRISTOPHER: *(Clears his throat. To LASZLO.)* Anyways, as I was saying...you know.

LASZLO: *(still observing PENELOPE)* Yeah. I know.

PENELOPE: *(to BARTENDER)* Another.

CHRISTOPHER: *(to BARTENDER)* I'll have another as well.

PENELOPE: *(to CHRISTOPHER)* What's your deal?

CHRISTOPHER: My girlfriend just left me.

LASZLO: For a Nordic god.

CHRISTOPHER: (to *PENELOPE*) What's yours?

PENELOPE: I just broke up with my boyfriend.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh.

PENELOPE: He really was a son of a bitch.

CHRISTOPHER: Really?

PENELOPE: Very, very clingy. He was one of those sops who act like they can't *breathe* when they're not with you. (*BARTENDER hands her and CHRISTOPHER their brandy.*)

CHRISTOPHER: I see.

PENELOPE: And he thought he was posh. Always trying to feed me all these posh things. And sometimes it was just like, "No, Alden. I don't want lobster tonight. I would like a burger and some beer." And he'd get all, "Ohh but but but – " And I'd be like, "I want a burger." And he'd be say, "Red meat will harden your blood vessels, Penelope. I can make you a bean and kale burger here." And I'd have to go off and get a *real* burger and beer and eat somewhere in my car.

LASZLO: You'd drink beer in your car?

PENELOPE: (*ignores him*) The stiffness of my blood vessels is my own damn business.

LASZLO: This whole beer in car thing though –

PENELOPE: He also just – just couldn't be *a man*.

CHRISTOPHER: How so?

PENELOPE: He was gentle as a lamb. It really bothered me. We'd be out somewhere, and maybe a guy would hit on me. Maybe a guy would say something mildly disrespectful. And I'd go, "Alden, that man just hit on me," or, "Alden, that man said something disrespectful." And do you know what he'd do? He'd say, "*Oh wow.*"

CHRISTOPHER: Wow.

PENELOPE: "*Oh wow*" I mean, a girl likes to have her man fight for her sometimes, you know? And do you know what bothered me the most?

CHRISTOPHER: What?

PENELOPE: Whenever we went anywhere, he would *always* insist that he be the one to drive. He'd say, "Penelope, *hun*, I think I should drive." And I'd say, "Why, Alden?" And he'd say, "Well, we both know that you're challenged when it comes to parallel parking." Because I hit a car *once* when I was trying to parallel park. And this would happen every. Single. Time. I'd ask, "Why, Alden?" You know, to give him a chance to say something else. To change his mind. But

no. Always, “You know how challenged you are when it comes to parallel parking, Penelope.” Bullshit. It was *one* time. One time. (*PENELOPE downs her brandy.*) And that’s why I broke up with him.

CHRISTOPHER: Well...that sounds reasonable. (*CHRISTOPHER downs his brandy.*)

PENELOPE: Damn right it was reasonable to break up with him. I can’t even begin to list all the times that I’ve parallel parked and *not* hit a car. I can’t be with a guy who doesn’t trust me because of *one* mistake, you know?

CHRISTOPHER: (*to BARTENDER*) Could I get another?

PENELOPE: I’ll get another as well. (*few moments of silence*) So, why’d your girlfriend leave you?

LASZLO: She left him for an Icelandic swimming instructor named Ari Haraldsson.

PENELOPE: Ohh, I think I’ve heard of him.

CHRISTOPHER: I thought she was the one.

PENELOPE: Damn.

CHRISTOPHER: I was gonna propose.

LASZLO: No, you weren’t, Christopher. No, you weren’t.

CHRISTOPHER: She just made life better. She just...she was like the sun.

PENELOPE: Wow. (*BARTENDER hands her and Christopher their brandy.*)

CHRISTOPHER: She was like the sun, and she made life better just by shining in it. The plants grew, the creek sparkled, the bees multiplied at the ideal rate. (*CHRISTOPHER downs his brandy.*)

LASZLO: Oh lord.

CHRISTOPHER: She was my life. She was the stars. She was the moon. And the world.

LASZLO: Christopher, we might have to cut back on the brandy now.

CHRISTOPHER: Our love was like...(*moment of awkward silence*)

PENELOPE: Your love was like what?

CHRISTOPHER: Our love was like a really well-constructed box of chocolates. You know how when you get a box of chocolates and sometimes there’s too many duplicates or not enough of one? Well, my love with Quinn was like the perfect box of chocolates. You got as many as you needed of each kind of chocolate.

PENELOPE: How profound.

