

[Curtain open revealing a park with a single bench. From left to right there are 3 people on the bench. Nyle is a young, jittery looking fellow with his head in his hands. He is dressed clumsily with no discernible hairstyle or fashion sense. Maje is a 30 something, good looking, well-built man who has his arms across the back of the bench looking nonchalant and relaxed. He is wearing jeans and a tight shirt. Trick is a beautiful young, 20 something hippy girl in a dress. She is not wearing any shoes and is resting her bare feet on Maje's leg as she sits on the arm of the bench. Standing to the right of the bench, is an older man who appears to be painting. Doc.]

Nyle: I don't know what I should do!

Maje: (sarcastically) Maybe you should get an ice-cream

Trick slaps Maje on the forehead: Don't worry Nyle, I know you will do what makes you happy.

Maje *rubbing forehead*: So Trick, how's work? And you already know what he is going to do.

Trick: I don't need your sarcasm today. And work is dull. It's oppressing my soul. And yes, we all know what he is going to do, but he still needs to go through the motions.

Maje: Doc?

Doc *is still painting and does not turn around*: Sometimes you have to fire your arrow Maje. Even though you know where you have aimed your bow... you don't necessarily know where the arrow is going to land.

Maje: Well that settles it then.... Nyle maybe you should get an ice cream.

Trick once again slaps Maje on the forehead: Nyle? Are you ok sweetie?

Nyle: I don't have a bow. Or an arrow. What am I gonna do?

Maje rolls his eyes.

Trick: It's a metaphor dear. Just do what makes you happy. So... ** to Maje** ... how is work?

Maje: Work... is good. Everything is good.

Trick: If everything was good you wouldn't have told me about everything unless I asked about everything.

Maje: Nevertheless, it's good. All of it....Doc?

Doc *(again, not removing his gaze from whatever subject he is painting)*: A positive attitude is the beginning of positive things.

Maje: See? How can you argue with that logic?

A tall well-dressed man and a young black gentleman arrive on the scene, stage left. The taller man is Holt. He is constantly eating something. Today he has a packet of something that he is nibbling from, as well as a carton of warm beverages that he offers to everyone on the bench.

Holt: Hey guys... and gal. This is Tim. He's new at the office, so I'm showing him around.

Everyone but Doc and Nyle: Hey Tim.

Tim: Hey guys...

Tim notices that Nyle looks stressed.

Tim: Is he ok?

Maje: Oh don't pay any attention to Nyle. He does this every day. He has to bear the cross of being an uber genius.....

Tim stares on confused

Maje: Doc?

Doc: People are strange creatures. What one man is given in abundance, another is never given at all. Some are provided with more than they can handle. Our little Nyle is a paradox in some ways.

Tim stares on confused

Tim: What ways?

Holt: Complex equations are easy for him. Solving puzzles and cracking secret codes are like breathing. But simple social interaction, or day to day decision making remain an enigma. But it's ok *Rubs Nyle's hair as if he was a puppy* ..we love him all the same, don't we?

Trick: So are you enjoying working with Holt?

Tim: Well he hasn't stopped offering me food all day. It's lunch time and I don't want any lunch cause I'm so full.

Maje: Hardly surprising really...

Nyle: Am I not ok?

Maje: You're fine squire. Pay no attention to anything going on around you. Although sometimes, I doubt whether you actually do that in the first place.

Nyle stands up without warning and walks off, stage left.

Tim: Where's he going? Did we say something wrong?

Maje: He's going to get an ice-cream.

Trick *slaps Maje on the forehead*: You don't *know* that. Don't worry about it sweetie. He does this every day. Like Maje said, he's really smart... and that's a lot coming from Maje. What was your IQ again dear? 150...?

Maje: 153

Trick: ...That's it! So you see, when Maje says Nyle is smart. He means really smart.

Tim: But where is he going?

Maje: At the risk of getting slapped again, he's going to do the same thing he does every day. He loves ice-cream but his dear departed mother would never allow him to have any. So when he's not eating one he feels terribly guilty about wanting one. And when he is... well... he could care less. The problem is getting him from the stage where he is feeling guilty about wanting one, to the stage where he just accepts that he is going to get one anyway, and goes on his merry business.

Trick pushes her foot against the side of Maje's head.

Trick: It's just something he does. We love him regardless. We all know he is going to do it I suppose.

Tim: Why not just give him an ice-cream?

Holt: What? And miss out on his drama routine?... In all honesty he doesn't like anything that he doesn't get himself. Says it tastes different. If you ask me I think that he should just...

Trick makes a threatening motion towards Holt

Holt: ...So how's work Maje?

Maje: Great. Everything is just great.

Holt: If I wanted to know about everything I would have asked how everything was. But with you telling me things that were not inquired about are great, then that forces me to believe that what you are saying is that things, outside of work aren't actually that great.

Maje: And what you are leading me to believe, is that you have done absolutely no work today other than show Tim here around the office and providing him food from your various little nooks in the office. And because of that, your imagination is running away with you causing you to see things that were never there in the first place.

Nyle returns brandishing an Ice-cream in his hands, looking completely delighted with himself, and returns to his seat.

Maje: Doc?

Doc: Intellect is not the equal of wisdom. An intellectual knows what the answer is. A wise man knows when to shut up.

Trick slaps Maje lightly over the back of the head.

Maje: What did I get that for now?

Trick: For not knowing when to shut up.

Holt: You may as well just keep on slapping him indefinitely then.

Tim: Who's that?

Trick: That's Doc.

Tim: Does he work with you?

Maje: No. Doc is just Doc. We found him here. He is always doing something...

A young girl enters from stage right, notices Doc and goes and stands next to him. She sees whatever he is painting, and starts flirting with Doc. Putting her hand on his arm and whispering in his ear. Doc is all giggly but continues to paint as he whispers back. The girl exits stage left looking very happy and waving to Doc. Trick and Holt wave at the girl with no response.

Maje: ... and he's definitely happy here.

Tim: Who was that?

Trick has started to paint her toenails.

Maje: Who knows? Happens all the time. **Maje looks sarcastically at Trick** Enjoying your ice-cream Nyle?

Nyle: Yes! Very much. Who did we find here?

Holt: Doc.

Doc: Ours is not to reason why. Ours is but to do.

Tim: Or die?

Holt: What?

Tim: Ours is but to do or die. That is the line.

Holt: Doc? **Holt is now reaching the end of his nibbles**

Doc: I don't want to die just yet thank you.

Tim: That's not what I was saying...

Holt: Don't trip over the flow of conversation my dear man. Now... I've.. actually... lost the flow of conversation myself. What were we talking about?

Tim: So is he an actual Doctor?

Maje: I think so. I don't know. I don't actually know what he does when he isn't here. We just arrive and here he is. We just call him Doc...

Tim: Why Doc?

Maje: Because he looks like Bugs Bunny.

Trick: Maje! It's because he has the answers to all of our woes. Our life problems. You just say "Doc" and he will tell you exactly what you need to hear.

Tim:Doc?

Doc: Tim my boy, sometimes we are brought into people's lives for a reason. Sometimes that reason is for them. Sometimes it is for you. In this case, I suggest you breath slowly, keep calm, and try to keep a level head.

Tim: I'm not upset.

Trick: That might not be what you need to hear right now, but it might be what you need later on.

Tim: Yeah, I'm sure. So how long have you guys been coming here for your lunch?

Everyone: 6 years.

Tim stares

Tim: And what do you guys do here every day... for 6 years?

Maje: Talk. Eat. Braid our hair. Paint our nails.

Tim: Ha ha

Holt: Don't laugh, last month he went periwinkle blue. Now that was a showstopper.

Maje: It was sky blue, and it didn't suit my complexion.

Trick: I remember when you didn't know what a complexion was. Oh it's so sad, one of the ladies in our office died last night.

Maje: How old was she?

Trick: 93...

Holt: Ah so she died of old age...

Trick: No she was hit by a car.

Maje: Hold on a minute. She was 93 and still working?

Trick: I wouldn't say that. She'd been with the company so long, and she was so sweet and kind,... no one really had the heart to tell her that she didn't work there anymore...

Holt: When did they let her go?

Trick: 1976

Nyle: I broke wind in the elevator this morning and no one knew it was me.

Maje: How many people were in the elevator this time?

Nyle: Just the CEO.

Holt: ...Right! I can't hold out anymore. Who's hungry?

Tim: You just ate.

Maje: Careful Tim. Trick here has a nasty habit of slapping people who state the obvious.

Trick *slaps Maje on the shoulder*: Yes sweetie, that's Holt. The man is a furnace when it comes to food. And no Holt, I'm fine thank you.

Maje: You see Trick! You actually do what I say you are gonna do and then I get in trouble for it. Maybe I should say the opposite of what you will do and I won't get smacked.

Holt: Nyle?

Nyle is not really paying attention to anything but his diminishing ice-cream: Ok

Holt and Nyle exit stage left. Tim is still standing there but Maje and Trick are blissfully unaware of his presence.

Trick: You're such a smartass.

Maje: So.... Cherry red today?

Trick: You always notice these little things don't you? Like when you noticed I coloured my hair.. or when I wear a dress for the first time.

Maje: The only time. Hey, have you ever seen that movie Chasing Amy? The one where the guy gets the lesbian to fall in love with him.

Trick squeezes Maje's cheek.

Trick: Silly. Blow.

Trick is waving her bare foot in front of Maje's face. Maje looks uncomfortable and gets up quickly remanding himself to the front left corner of the stage.

Trick: What's wrong?

Maje: Nothing...

Trick: I've known you for long enough to know something is wrong.

Maje: Yeah but not long enough to be able to tell what I am thinking it seems. I thought all you women had ESP or whatever. Or is that only when you are in a relationship?

Trick: Are you going to tell me what's up or do I have to wrestle it out of you?

Maje: I don't know how much longer I can keep this up Trick...

Trick: Keep what up hun?

Maje: Don't call me that please.

Trick: Call you what?

Maje: Nice names! Terms of endearment.... Anything that will make me...

Trick: Make you....?

Maje: I love you Trick.