

Written by: Jennifer Peters

For-Never not Always

ACT I

FOR NEVER, NOT ALWAYS

a one act play

by Jennifer Peters

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MICHAEL is in his late 20's and has trouble explaining what he means. He dated Brenda a year ago for about 3 years.

BRENDA is in her mid- 20's and tends to draw her own conclusions about things she knows nothing about.

RYAN is Michael's best friend, and Brenda's fiancé.

GARY is a counsellor who speaks very little English.

The stage is set with a park bench and some scenery stage right. Center stage and Stage left is set up like an apartment with a bedroom and living room.

SCENE I

At rise, BRENDA is sitting on a bench outside in a wedding dress, and MICHAEL is pacing back and forth nervously. His hair is somewhat of a mess due to continuously running his hands through it. His suit is wrinkled and tie is crooked.

MICHAEL: Look, I know it was bad timing but at that moment it was now or never, you know? Seeing you in that dress... it was so real, I mean it still is so real, but what was I supposed to do? Just let it happen?

BRENDA: I know.

MICHAEL: *(sits down next to BRENDA on the bench)* I didn't want to ruin this day for you, but it just didn't feel right. I had to do something.

BRENDA: I think you did exactly what you should have done, Michael. You don't need to explain. I know. I've always known deep down.

MICHAEL: You have?

BRENDA: Yeah I have. All throughout our relationship I was trying to get you to be open with your feelings, and finally you have.

MICHAEL: I'm so glad you understand. I hope that you can forgive me for what I've done.

BRENDA: I forgive you. Maybe this time apart is exactly what we needed to make us realize.

MICHAEL: Yeah, maybe we both could start fresh.

BRENDA: I would love that.

MICHAEL: I'm so glad this all worked out. I thought that you were going to have a fit. I should have stopped you and Ryan from dating the moment it happened. I'm sorry it's taken me this long. Seeing him there... with you... I had to stop it.

BRENDA: It's okay. I never should have dated your best friend in the first place. I just wanted to make you jealous.

MICHAEL: Well, I was definitely jealous.

BRENDA: Jealousy is natural when you are in love.

MICHAEL: Yeah, true. I'm glad we can finally have a mature conversation. I feel like this is the very first time we are actually communicating with each other. We never were good at the whole "communication" part of a relationship.

BRENDA: Exactly, I like that you are opening up to me with your feelings.

MICHAEL: Well, I have always tried to, but it seems that I am never able to get you to understand. But, I'm glad you do now.

I'm sure I will see you around. Thanks for being so understanding. I should get going.

BRENDA: Get going? What do you mean?

MICHAEL: To tell Ryan.

BRENDA: Tell him what?

MICHAEL: That I'm in love with him.

BRENDA: Um, what? That makes no sense.

MICHAEL: I thought you understood...

BRENDA: Understood that you are in love with him?! What I understand, is that you are in love with me! That's why you broke up my wedding. I would know if you were into men, Michael...

MICHAEL: Ugh you always do this! I've been into men for a long time, Brenda. You know that, but you continue to lie to yourself.

BRENDA: Really... and how was I supposed to know that?

MICHAEL: For one thing, it was me who would always drag you to see movies with shirtless Channing Tatum... and Zac Efron.

BRENDA: I thought you wanted to be *like* them... not *with* them.

MICHAEL: After the movie all we would talk about was how sexy they looked and how it would be awesome to touch their abs.

BRENDA: Okay and so I should have known you liked men from that?

MICHAEL: I don't know, but you've known I'm gay for a long time. You're in denial, you've always known!

BRENDA: I'm not in denial!

MICHAEL: When you saw that I had an account made to meet men online, you shrugged it off saying that it's good for me, because I need more friends.

BRENDA: Well, I was being nice. I thought you needed more friends than just Ryan.

MICHAEL: It was an account on a site to meet gay singles...

BRENDA: I thought you were just going through some stuff.

MICHAEL: No, you didn't. What about when we would go to the mall just to play a game to see who can find the best looking guy?

BRENDA: I thought... maybe... we could have a threesome... maybe.

MICHAEL: What?! Brenda... we never even had sex anymore at that point. Our sex was never any good anyways.

BRENDA: So... maybe that's what we needed to spice our sex life up.

MICHAEL: You make excuses for everything when all of the evidence is there right in front of you!

BRENDA: Evidence of what? None of that screams out that "Brenda, I'm gay," to me...

MICHAEL: I have literally screamed at you: "BRENDA, I AM GAY."

BRENDA: And I was supposed to *believe* that?

MICHAEL: Well yeah. But all you would do is start to laugh and say "Oh honey, you are so funny!"

BRENDA: Well, you're a funny guy! I thought you were joking!

MICHAEL: Do you even hear yourself? I thought that when you said you have always known deep down that you were finally admitting to yourself that I am gay.

BRENDA: No, I meant that I've always known deep down that you have always loved ME. (*Grasps onto MICHAEL's hands*) You said you wanted to start fresh together!

MICHAEL: Not together, (*releases the grip of BRENDA's hands*) start fresh separately! You never want to listen to what I say! Even if I wasn't gay, this relationship wouldn't work. You

don't want to listen to anything you don't want to hear. There is no truth between you and me; there never has been.

BRENDA: I know what's best for you, Michael.

MICHAEL: No you don't. You really don't. You don't even know what's best for yourself.

BRENDA: Well go then. Ryan loves me, you know. He is probably so heart-broken that you destroyed our wedding. It would have been the best day of his life. Soon you will come crawling back to me.

MICHAEL: Not. Happening. (*MICHAEL starts to walk off the stage and the lights go down*)

SCENE II

(*Lights stage left go up where RYAN is organizing some things. MICHAEL walks on stage left holding two beers*)

MICHAEL: Here man, (*hands RYAN one of the beers*) you probably need this after everything that has happened.

RYAN: Thanks.

MICHAEL: I'm really sorry for everything. I ruined your wedding day.

RYAN: Yup. It's ruined, alright.

MICHAEL: I know what I did is inexcusable. But we've been best friends for a long time. I'm really sorry.

RYAN: Sorry? Dude, you saved me! I'm so glad you stopped it. This morning all I was thinking about was how this was going to be the worst day of my life.

MICHAEL: What? Really? So, why were you going to marry her?

RYAN: She tricked me into it. I don't know how, but she did. She plays so many mind games, you know how she is. I am happy for you to take her off of my hands!

MICHAEL: Okay, so we're cool?

RYAN: Yeah man, you can go to town with her... or should I say Crazy Town. I finally have a way out and I love it. I'm a free man thanks to you.

MICHAEL: Okay... um sweet. But uh I think I have had enough of "Crazy Town" too. I love you. I mean... You're awesome.

RYAN: Aw dude. Love you man. *(Gives MICHAEL a "bro" hug)* I'm so happy that we can just be brothers again, you know? It's time to help each other pick up some chicks. *(Laughs)*

(RYAN and MICHAEL do some sort of "secret" handshake. MICHAEL fakes being excited)

MICHAEL: Ah yeah! Totally! Just like old times. *Door opens, Enter BRENDA.*

BRENDA: Aw look at you two! *(Looks at MICHAEL)* I take it you haven't told him? *(MICHAEL gives her an angry look and BRENDA smiles back)*

RYAN: Ugh Brenda, don't you knock? What are you doing here? *(Looks to MICHAEL and rolls his eyes)*

BRENDA: Well don't sound so excited to see me, *ex-fiancé!* I came over here to tell you what I knew Michael would be afraid to tell you.

RYAN: And what would that be?

BRENDA: Well, Michael... Are you going to tell him... or should I?

MICHAEL: Brenda, don't.

BRENDA: Michael *thinks* he is in love with you. *(Smiles, happy with what she just did)* *(Beat)*

RYAN: I know.

BRENDA: *(Gives RYAN a death stare)* What do you mean, you know?

RYAN: I mean... (*Grabs MICHAEL's hand*) I know. I've known for a long time... and I love him back.

BRENDA: WHAT?! This is ridiculous. You don't love each other. You are supposed to love me. Michael is not gay.

MICHAEL: I've told you hundreds of times Brenda. I'm gay. That's just something you will have to deal with. Don't you think it's time for you to move on?

BRENDA: You know what? I don't think it's me that has problems.

RYAN: It really is just you. You put yourself in everyone's life and don't leave.

BRENDA: Ryan, I really have nothing to say to you. (*Grabs MICHAEL's other hand*) Michael, honey... you are just confused. Don't worry. I will get you help. We can get through this.

MICHAEL: I don't want your help, Brenda. I don't want you in my life at all. I want you gone. I have had enough of you prying into my life.

BRENDA: You don't mean that.

MICHAEL: Yes, I do. I've tried to be nice about it, but nothing works. For once can you please just leave me alone? You need help Brenda. Go see a counsellor.