

The Fusco Brothers



No Exit



Obscure Imagery



Jim's Journal



Miscery Loves Comedy Theatre presents:

THE RELATIONSHIP THAT WOULD NOT DIE

A MINIMALIST QUASI-LOVE STORY IN THREE ACTS

by Ivan Brunetti

CAST OF CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

HE SHE

All the Action takes place Anytime, Anywhere.

Any resemblance between the characters represented in this play and any real persons, living or dead, is entirely intentional.

ACT I (the stage is bare and dimly lit)

scene 1

HE (enters right): I'm depressed. No one likes me.
SHE (enters left): I like you.
HE: I like you, too.
SHE: I really like you.
HE: I ... really like you.
SHE: I love you, but I don't want to commit. I like someone else.
HE: I hate you.
SHE: I hate you, too. (both exit)



scene 2

HE (enters right): I still like her.
SHE (enters left): I still like you, too.
HE: Want to try again?
SHE: Yeah ... but I'm beginning to hate men.
HE: Well, I hate women. Including you.
SHE: And I hate you.
HE: Fine.
SHE: I like you.
HE: I like you.
SHE: But there's someone else I'm equally interested in.
HE: OK, go out with him and forget about me.
SHE: But I still like you.
HE: Uh huh.
SHE: Can we still be friends?
HE (suppressing a contemptuous sneer): Yeah ... right.

SHE: I hate you. (leaves)

ACT II (several months later)

HE (alone on stage): I'm so lonely. I still like her. I've tried to find someone else, but I can't get her out of my mind.
SHE (enters left): You know, maybe I made a mistake. I still like you.
HE: I still like you, too. (they kiss)
SHE: I really like you a lot. I was a fool to leave you.
HE: Let's try to forget the past.
SHE: I love you.
HE: I love you.
SHE: This is wonderful.
HE: Yes, it is.
SHE: I am madly in love with you, but let's not get too serious.

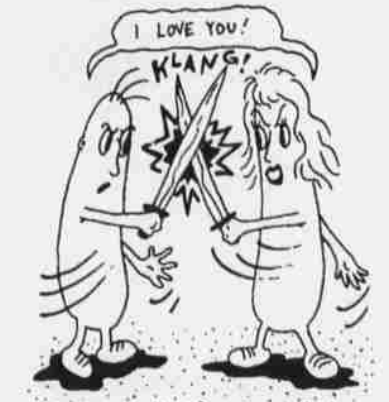
HE: Are you sure you love me?
SHE: Of course I love you.
HE: You're still in love with him aren't you?
SHE: I hate when you question me.
HE: Why are you being so defensive?
SHE: This is unfair. We're not married, you know.
HE: Then you don't really love me.
SHE: I hate you.
HE: What?
SHE: Nothing, I love you, OK? I just need space.
HE: You always need space. This relationship never goes anywhere. Why do we even bother?
SHE: I love you.
HE: I love you, too.
SHE: Love? Ha! That's a knee-slapper!
HE: I'm sick of you.
SHE: Good. The feeling's mutual. Go to hell. Besides, I'm interested in someone else, and he likes me.
HE: How quaint. Rot in hell, the both of you.
SHE: Goodbye. (leaves in a huff)
HE: I hate her! I can find someone else, too! And I will!

ACT III (weeks later)

HE: I love her.
SHE (enters left): I love you.
HE: I don't know what I want anymore.
SHE: Me neither. I keep getting screwed over.
HE: I can't let go of you.
SHE: I'm in love with you.
HE: Yeah, sure.
SHE: I hate you.

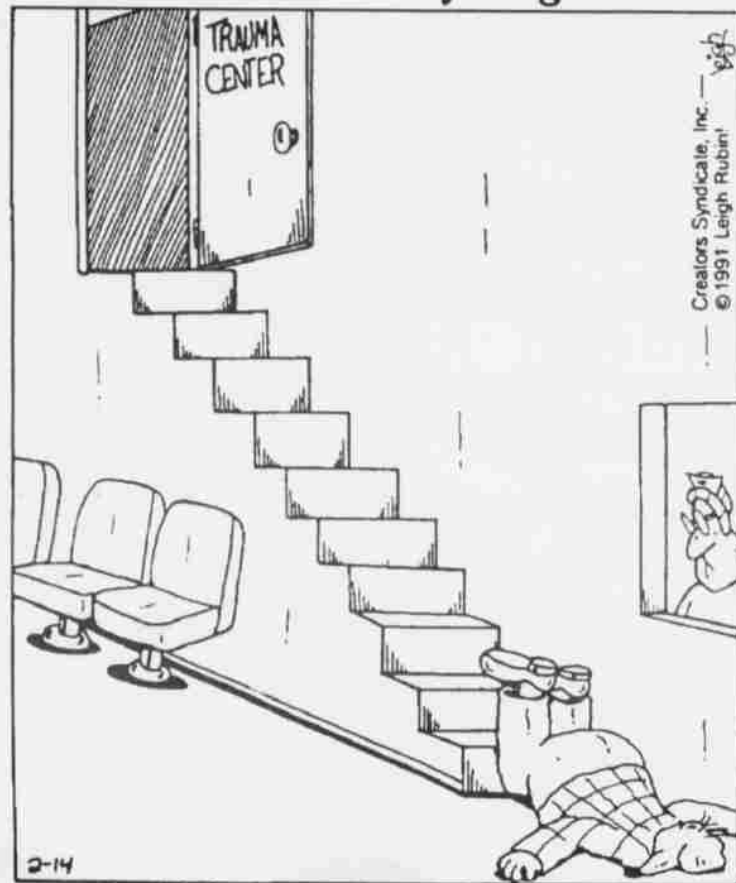
HE: I didn't mean that. I love you.
SHE: I thought you might have found someone else.
HE: I don't know what to do anymore. I'm attached to you.
SHE: Me, too.
HE: What about your significant other?
SHE: It turned out to be an insignificant nothing.
HE: I'm so confused.
SHE: I'm leaving.
HE: Wait, don't go ... I ... I love you.
SHE: I like you.
HE: But I love you.
SHE: I'm not ready for you, and you're not ready for me.
HE: I hate you, but I love you.
SHE: I love you, but I hate you.
HE: I need you, because I love you.
SHE: OK, whatever.
HE: Yeah ... whatever.

(they hug, but are soon startled by the sound of several nuclear bombs dropping in the distance ... an eerie glow illuminates the stage ... the annihilation of humanity and the gradual obliteration of the planet are not very far off ... lights fade to black, and curtain falls)



by J.C. Duffy Rubes

by Leigh Rubin



by Erik Andreson



By R. Sundin III



Roommate-type Dudes

by Rick

