

**Part One: "Sam" - Some Girl(s) by Neil Labute**

**SAM** You're very careful with your things.

**GUY** Yeah. I picked that up somewhere ...

**SAM** You must've, because you sure were never like that when I knew you. Back then ...

**GUY** Well, we were just kids, right?

**SAM** Eighteen. When you dumped me, I mean. That's an adult.

**GUY** I think the reason we broke up back then-

**SAM** Not we. You. *You* ended it.

**GUY** Yes, but . . .

**SAM** It wasn't a "we" thing. "We" was when we were a couple, we decided to start dating, we would choose what movie to go to on Friday night, but the finishing-it-off part? That was *you* . . .

**GUY** I know that. I do. I do know it . . . So, yeah, I stopped calling, coming over, but it wasn't any one thing that prompted it, it wasn't . . . and for some reason, I always had the idea that you thought you'd done something . . . some . . .

**SAM** No . . . (Beat.) I . . . no.

**GUY** Right, so I'm just reiterating for you, then--albeit a bit late in the game--you did nothing wrong.

**SAM** Thanks.

**GUY** I dunno. I felt, like, at the time ... I wanted to have my freedom and *you* were a girl that I could sort of look at, you know, take a glance at and maybe . . . see her whole future.

**SAM** *Really?*

**GUY** . . . history has proved me right. It has. I mean, still here, with kids and your husband doing what I pretty much would've guessed he'd be doing . . . and back then, I could see *myself* with that produce manager's vest on and I suppose I got nervous and backed out of the situation the best way I knew how .. (Beat.) So.

**SAM** .. he's not the produce manager. He runs the store. The whole thing.

**GUY** Oh. Okay.

**SAM** He's the *store* manager. There is a difference.

**GUY** Granted. Sorry . . .

**SAM** Forget it. . . .and that's really it? That's the *whole* reason why we suddenly just ended like that? Because you had a *vision* of working at some Safeway for the rest of your life?

**GUY** Basically, yeah . . . I mean . . .

**SAM** Not some other girl?

**GUY** Umm, no, not that I . . . I don't, you know. I don't *recall* anybody else.

**SAM** No? You don't?

**GUY** Uh-uh.

**SAM** And you never went to the prom with somebody else? Right?

**GUY** . . . no. You know that. No, I even . . . I worked that night. *On* prom night.

**SAM** Wow. Geez, it's amazing how ... it's all still pretty fresh. You know? I mean, you think it's gone, put in some box under your bed, but God . . . somebody mentions a dance or a boy you knew and it's, like, just *right* there. Instantly it's . . . there.

**GUY** Yep. That's true . . .

**SAM** Yeah. (Beat.) Guess it's partly due to the whole "virginity" thing . . .

**GUY** . . . right. I feel the same way.

**SAM** Well, that's great. *Terrific*. At least we have that . . .

**GUY** I am sorry about stirring up all the...

**SAM** 'Kay. Thanks . . .

*She starts off but comes to a dead stop. Turns.*

**SAM** . . . I didn't mean our prom. I was referring to the one over at North Central. That one.

**GUY** Oh. Okay ..

**SAM** So? Did you go there with someone? To her prom?

**GUY** ... not that I can . . . I mean, this is, you know, *fifteen* years ago . . .

**SAM** Please.

**GUY** I didn't ask anybody to that prom, no. I didn't.

**SAM** Okay. Not what / heard, but okay.

**GUY** I think I . . . there was some girl, a senior friend of- remember that guy I knew from, like, kindergarten? Tim somebody? Him--and he asked me to just drop in with this ... really just stop over with this one gal who was his date's friend. A tall girl, played volleyball, I think ...

**SAM** . . . now *this* is what I heard. Go on.

**GUY** Nothing else. No, we just . . . didn't do the pictures or even, like, a *corsage* or anything, it was not at all like that ... I was more like a, what do ya call it?

**SAM** I dunno, I'm dying to hear.

**GUY** A, you know . . . a *chaperone*. More of that, really.

**SAM** Her "chaperone."

**GUY** Yeah. Basically . . .

**SAM** And she's a senior. I mean, *you're* a senior, and she's a senior . . .

**GUY** . . . I thought we even talked about this once.

**SAM** No.

**GUY** We didn't? Over the summer there, just before I . . .?

**SAM** No, we didn't. Not ever. (Beat.) We talked about *marriage*, but not this ..

**GUY** Oh. Okay, my mistake.

**SAM** Yeah, apparently so . . . (Beat.) No, I overheard it once, just a mention of it this one time in the store . . . you know, where you almost ended up. In your *vision*. I hear a voice, this blast from the past. It's your mother. Your mom, standing in the juice aisle, talking to somebody, and somehow they get on the subject of proms. Of big dances.

And, boy, do I get an earful! About you, and us, and, well, lots. Lots of *stuff*. And part of that "stuff" is how nice you looked- how well you "cleaned up," she called it--for your big night. *Prom* night. And I'm thinking, "What night? I didn't have a big night. We didn't go to any prom." But of course she wasn't talking about me. Or us. No, this was about you. And her . . . some girl. (Beat.) She also said you don't call home enough. Your mom did.

*The man tries to say something but just goes for a quick nod instead. Not much to say, really. He glances at a clock.*

**GUY** . . . 's good to see you. It really, really is.

**SAM** Yeah, you said that.

*Without warning, she reaches over and slaps the man hard on the cheek. His head snaps back as he catches himself.*

*The woman exits through the door, shutting it tightly behind her.*

*He begins to open a drawer in one end table but is stopped by a light knock. He jumps up and goes to the door, swinging it open.*

**SAM** Forgive me. That suddenly felt . . . overdue. Just couldn't help myself. So . . .

*They stand there a moment, a curious kind of face-off. The man silently offers the cashews she shakes her head no.*

**SAM** (Beat.) This is . . . I don't need her name. I don't. This is so childish! I can't believe that I'm . . . just, look. Tell me what page she's on. All right?

**GUY** Hmm? What do you mean?

**SAM** In the yearbook. Their yearbook, at North Central.

**GUY** I don't . . . why? I mean . . .

**SAM** What page is she?

**GUY** She was . . . I mean, I'm not . . .

**SAM** Just tell me. *Please*.

**GUY** . . . near the back, I guess. Last name was Walker, maybe? Yeah. Something Walker. She was a ..

**SAM** Fine. Thanks. (Beat.) It's funny . . . You want to believe that, at some point in your lie, you mattered to someone, that at least when you're young and cute that you . . .

**GUY** ... Sam, you did. To me. Absolutely.

**SAM** Yeah, but I mean, you know. *Really* mattered. Like, Romeo and Juliet-type stuff. And I always kind of wanted to feel that way about us. (Beat.) But I realize now, though, it was just a teenage thing and you dated somebody else right after me, so . . . how's that for a wake-up call, huh? Shit.

**GUY** . . . I just gave her a *ride*.

**SAM** Sure. (Beat.) . . . out on the freeway, just before I hit this exit, I had, like, a moment . . . this daydream for a second where I imagined that you were really asking me here because you wanted me to run off with you. How's that for crazy?! Now . . . I wouldn't, I'd never do it, but that's the kind of *crap* running through my head since I heard your voice again. So . . .

**GUY** That's . . . Sam, that's amazing to, I mean, for you to tell me. I'd never do that . . . (realizing) Because of your *family*, I'm saying —but it's really very moving. Thank you.

**SAM** 'Course. Well, so long . . .

**GUY** . . . bye. (Beat.) Oh, wait, hey . . . did I mention I was getting married?

**SAM** Ahh, no. (Beat.) . . . no, you didn't.

**GUY** Well, I am. Yeah. I'm getting . . .

**SAM** ... married. Huh. (Beat.) Good for you ..

*This time she's gone for sure-the man tries to get in a last hug, but misses it. Catches himself without too much dignity lost.*

*He wanders back to the bed and sits. Starts up again with the cashews. Turns up the volume on the TV. Loud.*