

w/ SARA K.

Dwyer, Lawrence

A Guy Thing

[*KAREN puts a package of frozen peas on the forehead of PAUL as he lays backward*]

KAREN. Poor thing - sweetheart. Okay, just sit tight, I'm gonna go get you some aspirin, okay?

[*KAREN exits*]

PAUL. Thank you baby.

KAREN. (*off stage*) I'll be interested to see if the police come up with any leads.

PAUL. Yeah, you know honey - I don't think they will. "A little mugging" I'm sure they have bigger fish to fry. But they're good men.

[*KAREN enters holding up a pair of green tropical women's panties*]

KAREN. What are these?

[*Silence*]

PAUL. Ahh? I don't know.

KAREN. Well, I'll tell you what they are, they're a pair of women's underwear. I found them in the toilet tank.

PAUL. The toilet tank?

KAREN. Yeah. Yeah, the water was leaking and so I went in there to lift the... (*beat*).

What's going on here? (*beat*) Did you have a girl in this apartment?

PAUL. Karen, absolutely not. Those underwear are yours.

KAREN. No they are not.

PAUL. I mean, they were gonna be yours. I got them for you - ah - for your birthday. Enjoy.

KAREN. Paul my birthday was 3 months ago.

PAUL. I know. But see then I found that locket that you wanted - and, and I gave that to you instead. , I wanted to give these to you at a later date. So , what I went ahead and did was, ah , hide them - in the toilet tank.

KAREN. Why aren't they in a box?

PAUL. Why aren't they in a box?

KAREN. Mmm Hmm...

PAUL. Oddly enough that's - that's how they came. I, I found them in a underwear... bin.

KAREN. A bin? Where do they sell underwear out of a bin?

[*Beat*]

PAUL. Spend-Mart.

KAREN. So YOU expect ME to believe that you purchased a pair of underwear - out of a bin - at Spend-Mart. Is that your story?

[*Beat*]

PAUL. Yeah.

[*She examines underwear*]

KAREN. Oh my god, these are dirty.

PAUL. What?! Oh that's disgusting! I can't believe those fuckers sold me dirty underwear! That's just wrong. Boy, now I'm really glad I didn't give them to you.

[*PAUL grabs the underwear and tosses them aside to a corner*]

I'm hungry, should we eat something?

KAREN. Now Paul listen to me - I am not stupid. Please tell me what's going on here, and I want you to be totally honest with me. Did you - have a girl - in this apartment?

PAUL. No I did not.

KAREN. Alright.

[*Goes to the phone*]

PAUL. What are you doing?

KAREN. Well you know I'm calling Spend-Mart. I think they'd probably wanna know that they are selling dirty women's underwear.

PAUL. Karen, come on. This whole thing's silly. I mean, I very much doubt they'll admit they're selling dirty women's underwear. I'm, I'm sure it's against corporate policy.

[*KAREN in to the phone*]

KAREN. Yes I have a question regarding your, "Underwear Bins".

PAUL. Karen hang up the phone.

KAREN. Oh yeah, see my "fiance" has informed me that he bought a pair of dirty women's underwear out of one of your bins and I just wanted to hear your thoughts on this.

PAUL. Karen please...

KAREN. Yeah...underwear bins.

PAUL. This is ridiculous. Don't you trust me?

KAREN. What's this? (*Beat*) College kids playing a prank? Are you sure? They keep putting dirty underwear in your bins.

PAUL. What?

KAREN. Your bins? Underwear bins - Bins of underwear?

PAUL. Yep!

KAREN. No, no that won't be necessary. Thank you.

[*Hangs up the phone*]

Look Paul I am really, really sorry. I feel terrible.

PAUL. It's okay honey.

KAREN. I am a terrible person for accusing you.

PAUL. No...

KAREN. No. You are so honest. I don't deserve you.

[*KAREN puts the underwear up to her waist*]

Thank you. I love them.

PAUL. Well I knew you would. (*They kiss*) You know, let's just forget about it though.

Ah, you know, like it never happened. I love you, you love me - that's all that really matters.

KAREN. Okay honey
[*She exits*]

PAUL. (*Collapses into chair*) Woo...!

[*Beat*]

KAREN. (*Off stage*) Honey? What's this?

PAUL. Shit! (*jogging off stage*) What's what baby?