

RAW PROVOCATIVE HUMANE PLAYS

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All Over Me (How Does it Feel)
A Dylan Play
Inspired by "If You See Her, Say Hello"
By Jerzy Gwiazdowski

A modest suburban living room in Burnsville, Minnesota. Late May, 1989. Ten in the morning. CRAIG, 33, still wearing his clothes from the bakery, is standing, looking at a pair of airline luggage bags that have been strewn on the floor as hastily as they were packed. He reads from a green sheet of construction paper that he is holding in his hand. As CRAIG is attempting to make sense of the paper in his hand, we hear the sound of twenty-three dollars worth of change spilling onto the kitchen floor, OSR, followed by a woman's voice: "Gack!" MAUREEN, 31, enters hurriedly, with a large fistful of bills. Craig looks at her as she stuffs it in her purse.

MAUREEN: Hello.

CRAIG: Hey buddy.

MAUREEN: ... Hey, buddy.

CRAIG: So. How's it going?

MAUREEN: It's... going... great.

CRAIG: Yeah. *(beat)* So. I guess you had a good time at the shoot.

MAUREEN: Yeah.

CRAIG: Yeah. Wow.

MAUREEN: I mean, *that's* crazy. But great. Unexpected.

CRAIG: Unexpected?

MAUREEN: Yeah. I mean, I haven't had time to do anything. That I need to do.

CRAIG: Right.

MAUREEN: And I'm probably fired. I mean, the kids are gone... but we're supposed to be in meetings for the whole... June. I'm definitely fired.

CRAIG: Yeah. *(He holds up the paper)* I read about it.

MAUREEN: Oh yeah. I put that in there?

CRAIG: You mentioned it. Briefly.

MAUREEN: I mean, I know I did. I just... I thought I might have left out some details.

CRAIG: "Left out some details?"

MAUREEN: I've been trying to tie up so many ends this morning, I forget what I said to whom.

CRAIG: I see. You forgot. What you said to who.

MAUREEN: *Whom*.

CRAIG: What?

MAUREEN: *Who* is the subject of a sentence. *Whom* is the object.

CRAIG: Right.

MAUREEN: Sorry. Sixth graders.

CRAIG: I would say that's a dollar in the grammar jar, but-

MAUREEN: Sorry-

CRAIG: It appears that you have emptied the grammar jar. So I think I'm off the hook.

MAUREEN: There were over two hundred dollars in there. Can you believe it?

CRAIG: Yes, I can. That actually seems low.

MAUREEN: You're funny.

(Beat)

MAUREEN: You're mad.

CRAIG: You didn't say anything to me.

MAUREEN: Craig...

CRAIG: What the fuck, Maureen? You didn't *say anything*.

MAUREEN: I know. I didn't have a lot of time. I *wanted* to tell you in person. But- I knew you would understand. I mean, I knew *you* would understand.

CRAIG: I guess I don't. Explain it to me.

MAUREEN: I didn't think I would *have* to.

CRAIG: Well, you do.

MAUREEN: I wrote you a note!

CRAIG: Yeah. You wrote me a note. (*CRAIG holds up the green paper*) On the back of Gus Herbrechtschmeier's homework.

MAUREEN: You weren't here.

CRAIG: But you didn't wait? You knew I would be home. And you didn't wait?

MAUREEN: I didn't know...

CRAIG: It's Tuesday morning.

MAUREEN: I forgot that it was Tuesday. I was frazzled.

CRAIG: *You forgot that it was Tuesday?*

MAUREEN: I'm sorry. I had zero time to prepare for this. I couldn't wait around.

CRAIG: So you forgot? Or you couldn't wait?

MAUREEN: I forgot, but I wouldn't have been able to anyway! I had to go. I *have* to go.

CRAIG: You're here now. Why are you here now?

MAUREEN: Grammar Jar.

CRAIG: Right. Disappearing wasn't enough. You needed to steal our vacation fund.

MAUREEN: I didn't take all of it. I left the change.

CRAIG: On the floor. Thank you.

MAUREEN: I'll replace the rest. I forgot to take out some cash.

CRAIG: You're very forgetful today.

MAUREEN: I know.

CRAIG: Did you feed the fish?

MAUREEN: No.

Beat. Craig considers feeding the fish now. He decides not to. She's a Betta. She'll be fine.

CRAIG: You could learn a thing or two from Gus Herbrechtschmeier. Gus Herbrechtschmeier was very detailed. That is what I call a family tree.

MAUREEN: He's great, when he applies himself.

CRAIG: He did a very good job. I learned a lot about his heritage. He traced his way back to pre-unified Germany in five generations.

MAUREEN: Yeah.

CRAIG: And on the other side here, you've traced your way out of this house and all the way to Morocco in three sentences.

MAUREEN: It was longer than that.

CRAIG: It was *three sentences*. (*CRAIG hands her the note.*)

MAUREEN: It felt a lot longer when I was writing it.

CRAIG: Did it?

MAUREEN: It really did. In the midst of it. It really did.

CRAIG: Why didn't you tell me?

MAUREEN: I didn't have time! I told you-

CRAIG: No- why didn't you tell me there was something going on here? That there was something wrong?

MAUREEN doesn't reply.

CRAIG: I thought we were going to be more honest with each other.

MAUREEN: I know, but-

CRAIG: That's what we said, right? If we were having doubts, or questions- that we would want to know before something happened.

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MAUREEN: I wasn't having-

CRAIG: So how did this happen?

MAUREEN: Nothing happened.

CRAIG: What do you mean, nothing happened?

MAUREEN: I mean, nothing *happened*.

CRAIG: Nothing happened.

MAUREEN: No.

CRAIG: Well, something is happening here. Right now. Something must have happened then. I mean, all of a sudden, you're leaving me.

MAUREEN: Craig. I'm not leaving you.

CRAIG: You're not?

MAUREEN: No.

CRAIG: Okay- How is this *not* you leaving me?

MAUREEN: It isn't. I mean- I'm not leaving you. I'm- going somewhere.

CRAIG: You're going to someone *else*.

MAUREEN: No. I'm going to Morocco.

CRAIG: With someone else.

MAUREEN: Yes.

Beat

CRAIG: I didn't even know you were *talking* to him. I thought he was just *around*.

MAUREEN: That's what happens when people are around each other. They talk.

CRAIG: But *he* has *people*. Bodyguards. Personal Assistant. You can't just approach him and *talk*.

MAUREEN: He approached me.

CRAIG: Oh. Did your brother “set that up?”

MAUREEN: No... Alex had nothing to do with it.

CRAIG: Well, he had something to do with it. He invited you there.

MAUREEN: To *observe* the shoot. That’s it.

CRAIG: So how did this *happen*?

MAUREEN: It was just... I was there, he came up to me, and we started chatting.

CRAIG: Chatting? Just chatting. About what.

MAUREEN: I don’t know. Stuff people talk about. Music.

CRAIG: Music? Music?? What did you say to him about music?

MAUREEN: Well, *he* talked about music.

CRAIG: He just started talking about music?

MAUREEN: About the new album.

CRAIG: He was talking about the new album?

MAUREEN: Yeah. I asked him about it. I mean, you’d been talking about it so much. So I just- asked him how it was coming along.

CRAIG: You just- asked him?

MAUREEN: He said they were going to record with these musicians in Morocco, they’d wanted to go back there for a long lime, like fifteen or twenty years, and they were about to make this trip to record with this group-

CRAIG: The Master Musicians of Jajouka?

MAUREEN: Yeah. How do you know? Never mind, of course you know, and I made a joke, and that sort of broke the ice, and we started *chatting*. And then he invited me.

CRAIG: And now you’re going with him to Morocco. To record with the Master Musicians of Jajouka.

MAUREEN: Yes. I mean, not *alone*. The band is coming.

CRAIG: The band. And you.

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MAUREEN: Some other people. Some of Alex's documentary crew.

CRAIG: And you.

MAUREEN: Yes.

CRAIG: As the personal guest of Michael Phillip Jagger.

MAUREEN: Yes?

CRAIG: Jesus.

MAUREEN: "Mick" isn't his real name?

CRAIG: No! This is crazy.

MAUREEN: I know!

CRAIG: No, not crazy-neato, Maureen. Crazy insane.

MAUREEN: Why?

CRAIG: Why? You *hate the Stones!*

MAUREEN: No I don't!

CRAIG: Oh *please*. You made me take down my *Sticky Fingers* poster.

MAUREEN: It was creepy!

CRAIG: You somehow "lost" my bootleg of the '75 show, which you had no reason to take out of the car- or even the glovebox- because you fucking hate the Stones!

MAUREEN: Okay: My tapes are organized! Why was *your* Rolling Stone tape in *my* *Spyro Gyra* case? If you loved it so much. You lost my tape first!

CRAIG: That jazz fusion shit? I would never *touch* that tape.

MAUREEN: And I didn't want to listen to yours!

CRAIG: Exactly! Because *you hate the Stones!*

MAUREEN: I don't hate the Stones. I like them fine!

CRAIG: You "like them fine??" You hate them.

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MAUREEN: No I don't!

CRAIG: You think I'm obsessed. You said I needed help!

MAUREEN: Well, Craig, you *are* a little obsessed. But I've gotten used to it!

CRAIG: Gotten used to it?

MAUREEN: Yeah! It's part of who you are, and I've gotten used to it. I *understand* that you love them. And I *like* them.

CRAIG: You can't *stand* them! All of a sudden that changes?

MAUREEN: *You said* I should give them a chance! That I would love them too if I got to know them. That's what I'm doing.

CRAIG: I didn't mean for you to *fuck Mick Jagger*!

MAUREEN: Oh, seriously! I didn't fuck him, Craig!

CRAIG: Right- you didn't fuck him. He could have *any woman in the world*. You just had a little *chat*, and he figured he'd invite you to Africa!

MAUREEN: That's what happened!

CRAIG: He just couldn't wait to whisk you away to an exotic location and chat your brains out! Come on, Maureen. I know what these guys are like. I know how these things happen.

MAUREEN: Nothing *happened*! We didn't do anything!

CRAIG: Well, even if you didn't-

MAUREEN: We didn't.

CRAIG: Well, if you didn't-

MAUREEN: We didn't, Craig!

CRAIG: Well, I bet he's planning to.

MAUREEN: Planning to?

CRAIG: That's why he invited you.

MAUREEN: It isn't. And if it is, I wouldn't.

CRAIG: You wouldn't fuck him.

MAUREEN: No.

CRAIG: *Come on.* Everyone wants to fuck him.

MAUREEN: I know.

CRAIG: Including you.

MAUREEN: No.

CRAIG: Of course you want to. That's part of his *job*. That's what people do. They fuck him. Come on. *I* want to fuck him.

MAUREEN: Well, I don't! Why do you have to say "fuck" all the time?

CRAIG: I don't. I only say "fuck" when we are talking about whether or not there is any fucking taking place. Or if there has been any recent fucking that I should be aware of. If there are any personal heroes of mine WHOM you have been fucking. "Fuck" is the subject. And you are the object.

Beat. Maureen stares him down.

CRAIG: You've probably missed your flight by now.

MAUREEN: There is no "flight." There is a jet. Waiting.

CRAIG: Oh.

MAUREEN: He'll call if they're leaving.

CRAIG: Oh. That must have been some *chat*.

MAUREEN: I didn't have sex with him, Craig! We talked. About *music*. I thought you would be excited about that!

CRAIG: I am excited. I really think he could use a schoolteacher perspective.

MAUREEN begins to collect her things.

MAUREEN: Shut up.

CRAIG: “Ah, Excuse me, Mick, but you really *should* be saying “I Can’t Get *Any* Satisfaction!”

MAUREEN: Fuck. You.

CRAIG: Oh, really? Fuck *me*? I’m not the one who’s leaving, Maureen. Fuck you.

MAUREEN: Oh, please. You would be on that plane in a heartbeat.

CRAIG: Well, I guess we’ll never know because your brother didn’t fucking invite me to the shoot, did he?

MAUREEN: No. He didn’t. He’s not plotting ways to make your life miserable, Craig. He didn’t invite you the shoot because he didn’t want you to embarrass him by spazzing out!

CRAIG: Spazzing out?

MAUREEN: Craig, you had his poster on your wall until you were thirty! You named your fish “Angie.” When you found out Mick was coming to St. Paul, you couldn’t even eat breakfast! And when Alex told us he was working on the documentary, you were like a kid! It was embarrassing to *me*. I can’t imagine what would have happened if you had actually met him! I mean, you treat him like he’s superhuman.

CRAIG: He is.

MAUREEN: No he isn’t.

CRAIG: Yes he is, Maureen. He saved my life. You don’t fucking understand that. He saved my life. So, I’m obsessed. Sorry: I’m obsessed. What do you want me to do? You said it: this is *part of who I am*. I thought you’d “gotten used to it.”

MAUREEN: I’ve never gotten used to it. I’ve just learned to turn it off.

CRAIG: And now you’re running off with him. You don’t even like his music. Why?

MAUREEN: Because I need to get away from this.

CRAIG: From what?

MAUREEN: From my boring fucking life. From Minnesota. And sixth-graders. And *this*.

CRAIG: I don’t think you really want to go.

MAUREEN: You think I don't *deserve* to go. But I do. And I am. And you know what, Craig? I don't know if I'm going to come back here.

CRAIG: You said you weren't leaving me.

MAUREEN: I know. But I think I have to.

CRAIG: Why? Because I said you fucked him?

MAUREEN: No. Because you think he could do better.

CRAIG: I'm sorry.

MAUREEN: And because I think I can do better, too.

MAUREEN has collected her bags and heads for the door.

MAUREEN: Goodbye, Craig.

MAUREEN exits, shutting the door behind her. Craig watches the door for a moment. From the kitchen, we hear the phone ring. Craig looks toward the sound, and starts toward the kitchen. He stops. BLACKOUT, as the phone continues to ring.

END OF PLAY.