

A Dilemma of the Heart, a Plight of the Stomach

Grade 10

02/18/2003

## **Characters**

Michael: Bichaël's roommate, the straight man, rational and cynical, just wants his pizza.

Bichaël: Michael's roommate, hopeless romantic, dramatic and theatrical, just wants true love.

Sue: The pizza delivery girl, patient and professional, but knows when to draw the line.

## **Set**

Two chairs stage right and a "door" center stage. "Door" could be real, could be a frame, could be pantomimed.

## **Plot**

Michael and Bichaël order a pizza, but Bichaël makes things a little more complicated than they need to be by falling in love with the pizza girl.

*(Michael and Bichaël are playing Wii Sports when they hear a knock on the “door”.)*

**Sue:** Pizza’s here!

**Michael:** Can you go get that?

**Bichaël:** Yeah yeah I know, “Oh I’m Michael I pay the rent so I instantly have authority”.

*(Bichaël opens the door, stares at Sue with wide eyes for a second, and immediately slams the door)*

**Sue:** Oh, um, okay.

**Michael:** Did you forget your wallet?

**Bichaël:** *(realizing what he just did)* N-no. I panicked. She’s... really pretty.

**Michael:** Oh is she? *(looks at Sue through the “door”)* I mean I guess. But why did you slam the door?

**Bichaël:** I think I’m in love with her.

**Michael:** WOAH! That’s a bit much for someone who you’ve just met and never spoken to. Besides, I bet the only person who’s ever told you “I love you” is your mom.

**Bichaël:** Correction: Step mom. Mom and I had a more respectful relationship than that, we were too busy selling bonds and pwning the stock market for silly little *(in a mocking tone)* I wuv yous.

**Michael:** Oh for pete’s sake just get the pizza already!

**Bichaël:** No Michael, this is about more than just the pizza at this point.

**Sue:** *(to herself)* I don’t understand what’s taking him so long, it’s just a pizza. But what do I know, I’m just some lowly pizza girl.

**Michael:** I can't treat her like some lowly pizza girl. Love is built upon mutual appreciation and respect, you don't put one person higher than the other. *(Adjusts hair and walks to the door and opens it) (suavely)* Hello again my darling. *(Immediately realizes what he's said and slams the door)* WHAT AM I SAYING?!

**Michael:** Okay, so what went wrong this time?

**Michael:** I got caught up in her beautiful green eyes. Green eyes just kill me every time I see them.

**Michael:** *(looks through "door" at Sue)* Dude, they're blue.

**Michael:** *(looks at Sue through "door")* I meant blue.

**Michael:** Would you stop being such so dramatic and get the pizza already?

**Michael:** But how can I? There's no time for pizza, I'm too caught up in this ordeal of love. *(looking towards the house, daydreaming)* Why I'm imagining our future together as we speak! We're cuddled up together on the couch in our cozy suburban home watching Space Jam.

**Michael:** Space Jam is a good movie but that's besides the point! Have you even considered if you two are compatible? You have some big downsides y'know!

**Michael:** Like what?

**Michael:** Well for one you're very unreliable.

**Michael:** What are you talking about? I'm so reliable! I'm like the most reliable person I know! I'm always there for people!

**Michael:** Yeah, like the time that you said you couldn't come pick me up at the hospital after I had jaundice because you just had to go and see Kiss Me Kate? *(to house)* Kiss Me Kate, the

2019 Teen Summer Stock Ensemble production on Mainstage running from July 12th to the 24th.

**Bichaël:** Besides the point dear Mikey, that woman out there needs me. And there's no time like the present.

**Michael:** Okay, fine. You're gonna open that door and talk to her with all the confidence and bravado this world has to offer. Just whatever it takes man.

**Bichaël:** Wow, you're really supporting me in this now?

**Michael:** No, I just want my pizza already.

**Bichaël:** Fair enough. *(walks up to "door")* And here we go! *(opens "door")*

**Sue:** Hi! Is everything okay in there? You were taking a while...

**Bichaël:** Why yes, everything is simply peachy in here...

**Michael:** *(whispering to Bichaël)* Dude... your wii strap is still on.

*(Bichaël looks down and notices his wii strap is still on his wrist)*

**Bichaël:** *(whispering to Michael)* So it may seem. *(slams door again)* Oh what am I doing? I'm a fool! I'm the biggest fool! Why there could be a worldwide contest for biggest fool and I'd get 2nd place to my own mother. *(taking off wii strap)* I mean who forgets to take off their wii strap when talking to cute girls? ONLY FOOLS DO THAT!

**Michael:** Wait, why would your mom win the award for biggest fool? You were just talking about her selling bonds and all that.

**Bichaël:** BECAUSE SHE PUT ME ON THIS CRUEL AND UNFORSAKEN EARTH!

**Michael:** Woah there pal, take it back a notch. You can still recover from this. You have to. The pizza's getting cold.

**Sue:** *(to herself)* Good thing the pizza isn't getting cold because we started putting these pizza warmers in every box. They sure are useful when *(to the boys through the door)* some people leave pizza girls standing in the hallway!

**Michael:** There's gotta be something I can do to woo her after such a... *(with a poor french accent) snafu.*

**Michael:** *(without accent, correcting him)* Snafu.

**Michael:** I'm sure my suffering has brought you much *(with accent) schadenfreude.*

**Michael:** *(without accent, correcting him again)* Schadenfreude.

**Michael:** This sure is one *(with accent) mucho problemo.*

**Michael:** *(without accent, correcting him again)* Mucho problemo. None of that is french, get over yourself.

**Michael:** It's the accent that counts in the *(with accent) language of love.*

**Michael:** Whatever, women like it when you play hard to get. So don't just give it to her, make her work for it.

**Michael:** Um, alright. Simple enough. Let's give this a shot. *(opens door)*

**Sue:** ... hello again. So do you want your pizza or not? Because company policy is I can't leave until *somebody* takes this thing.

*(Michael proceeds to ignore Sue)*

**Sue:** ... Hello? *(waves her hand in front of Michael's face)*

*(Michael continues to pretend that Sue isn't even there)*

**Michael:** I'm sorry, I don't know what's gotten into my friend here. How much is the pizza?

**Sue:** It'll be \$11.47.

**Michael:** Wonderful. *(pulls out wallet and takes out a bill)* Here's a 20.

*(Bichaël comes to his senses and slams the door, almost closing it on Michael's arm)*

**Michael:** WOAH! What are you doing?

**Bichaël:** I acted the fool again! But this time it's all your fault! She totally was NOT buying the whole "play hard to get" shtick like you so confidently suggested. And what were you thinking by paying? You almost let her get away! Why would you do something like that?

**Michael:** ... pizza.

**Bichaël:** Okay okay, I see how it is. It seems I am truly all alone in this world as I am pushed through this passionate endeavor. But no matter, papa always said I was a strong and striking young man. I guess I'll have to get through this myself, like the pioneers.

**Michael:** ... You really want a chance with this girl, don't you?

**Bichaël:** *(cheesy)* Why, I don't know her last name, but I think I'd like it to be mine. Know what I'm saying?

**Michael:** *(cringes)* You're disgusting. But okay, I guess I can take this a little more seriously and help you out.

**Bichaël:** *(tightly hugs Michael, on the verge of tears)* Oh Mikey you're the best friend a guy could ever ask for! I'd never get through this without you! Two heads are better than one, and there's no head I'd rather have in junction with mine than yours!

**Sue:** *(looking through "door")* Is he crying? Yikes...

**Michael:** *(pushing Bichaël away from him)* If you keep hugging me I'll tell her about how you wet the bed.

**Bichaël:** Oh please like I'd be embarrassed by that, it happened *eons* ago.

**Michael:** It was a month ago-

**Bichaël:** Is this conversation aiding me in my quest to win the fair maiden? Methinks not! Now, give me some ideas to make my babe-o-meter go off the charts my dear chum!

**Michael:** Well, there's one more tactic up my sleeve. *(puts hands on Bichaël's shoulders)*  
*(sincerely)* It's called being yourself. Quit trying to put up a facade for this girl, because if that's what she gets used to, she won't ever know the real you. And if she doesn't like the real you, then she doesn't deserve the real you. But no matter what, *I* deserve my pizza.

**Sue:** *(to herself)* Oh brother at the rate these two are leaving me hanging, they hardly even deserve this pizza.

**Bichaël:** *(taking Michael's hands off his shoulders)* Wow okay, no need to be sappy. I guess I can give that a shot. *(starts walking up to "door", Michael follows in pursuit and stands behind him)*

**Michael:** *(to himself)* Oh yeah so *I'm* the sappy one.

**Bichaël:** Let's try this one last time. *(Opens "door")*

**Sue:** Hello again, are you finally ready to pay?

**Bichaël:** Y-yes, but before that I'd like to ask you something.

**Sue:** Well make it fast, I've still got 5 more deliveries to make tonight.

**Bichaël:** *(hesitating)* Would you like to go on a... date?

**Sue:** A... date? Why I don't even know you at all, at least tell me about yourself a bit. What's your name?

*(Michael and Bichaël look at each other with worry)*

**Michael:** Oh um, yeah, I'm Michael.

**Sue:** No no, not you. Your friend here who decided to ask me on a date.

**Bichaël:** *(sighs)* It's uh... Bichaël. My parents really liked Bicycles...

*(Sue begins hysterically laughing as Bichaël has a look of defeat)*

**Bichaël:** *(turns to Michael)* Well looks like I blew it, my name always ruins it for me.

**Michael:** Don't worry about it pal, it's just one girl.

**Sue:** *(composing herself)* Oh I'm sorry. I'm typically much more professional than that.

**Bichaël:** *(dejected)* It's alright... the laughing happens a lot. I'm used to it. Could I at least know your name?

*(Sue begins to look very worried)*

**Sue:** Oh of course... It's uh... Sue.

*(Michael and Bichaël look at each other with suspicion)*

**Michael:** Clearly not if you're so apprehensive to tell us.

**Sue:** Fine you got me. It really is Sue, but it's short for... Sewage. You can guess what my dad does for a living...

**Bichaël:** *(surprised)* You hear that Michael?! *(to Sue)* We both have strange names! We really were meant to be! Don't you think so too?

*(a pause, Bichaël thinks he's finally won her over)*

**Sue:** Haha, no. Bye. *(slams the door in the boys' faces and exits)*

**Bichaël:** That was my last chance and I blew it. I'll never see her again.

**Michael:** Well how do you know she's not just playing hard to get and is still standing right outside our door?

**Bichaël:** I can see her walking away *(looks through "door" at Sue walking away)*

**Michael:** *(seeing Sue leave as well)* Oh, I guess so. Well there will always be other opportunities.

**Bichael:** How do you know that?

**Michael:** This is the ninth delivery girl you've fallen in love with this month Bichael.

**Bichael:** Really? Huh, *(with poor French accent)* Deja vu.

**Michael:** Shut up.

**Bichael:** What? Deja vu is french!

**Michael:** Doesn't matter. *(realizes they have no pizza)* Wait, she never gave us our pizza! That son of a *(brief pause)* Sanitation worker!

**Bichael:** So... Chinese instead?

**Michael:** You always could read me like a book. But this time, I'll be taking the food and you'll be locked in the bathroom so you can't see the delivery girl this time.

**Bichael:** Haha, oh Michael!

*(the two start laughing together for a while)*

**Michael:** I'm serious.

*(long and awkward pause)*

**Bichael:** Fair enough

***Fin (Now that's French!)***

