

LIFE WITH JAMIE

By

Lauren Yee

Setting: Coffee Shop

Characters: Rebecca: a woman waiting for her date

Jamie: her "date", in her imaginings

Time: Now

REBECCA

Inner poise, Rebecca. Inner poise. He's coming. Of course he is. And if he isn't, he's an ass.

(looks at audience, defensive)

Yeah, stare at me. Like you've never had this kind of trouble. I'm waiting for a guy, and I don't even know what he looks like. Damn desperatesoulmates.com. This would have never happened if I had just avoided dating sites in the first place. What do I need a boyfriend for? What do I need any guy for? I'm independent, I'm intelligent, I can change my own tires. And I wouldn't have posted my profile if I weren't absolutely, positively brimming with self-confidence, right? Of course. And Jamie sounds like a fun guy. Sweet, sensitive, somebody whose company I could really enjoy.

(Rebecca takes out phone. Jamie "appears" and recites text)

JAMIE

Dear Rebecca, I read your profile on desperatesoulmates.com and I, too, have a passion for children, poker and Italian food. I also love old movies, Scottish moors, and the idea of meeting you. See you soon, Jamie Cardoza.

(Jamie disappears. Rebecca puts phone down)

REBECCA

What's not to like? I can see myself in a healthy, stable relationship with him. I like poker. I like moors. We could be the perfect couple. With the perfect life.

(Scenes with Jamie are played out in Rebecca's imagination. At the beginning and end of each, Jamie "appears" and "disappears").

JAMIE

Three months and not one fight.

REBECCA

I love you, Jamie.

JAMIE

I love you, Rebecca.

REBECCA

Isn't it amazing how we both love exactly the same things?

JAMIE

It's so perfect.

REBECCA

It is.

JAMIE

We are so happy.

REBECCA

We spend so much time together people think of us as one organism.

JAMIE

Like Ramie.

REBECCA

Or Rebecca.

(mutual sigh of bliss)

JAMIE

Our wedding is going to be beautiful.

REBECCA

April.

JAMIE

In Scotland.

REBECCA

On the moors.

JAMIE

My mother, Petra's, coming.

REBECCA

I love your mother.

JAMIE

I love you more.

REBECCA

I love you more.

JAMIE

No, you.

REBECCA

No, you.

(to audience as Jamie disappears)

I can imagine that happening. Why not? But then they always warn you about these things. About the creeps to watch out for. The ones who'll put pills in your drinks and hands up your skirts. Or the ones who love you a little too much. What if he's a bit off?

(Jamie appears as the overzealous boyfriend. Rebecca responds indifferently)

JAMIE

Honey, where are you?

REBECCA

Over here, Jamie.

JAMIE

You're so far away, I missed you.

REBECCA

Yeah, yeah. Missed you too.

JAMIE

Missed you more.

REBECCA

Uh huh.

JAMIE

Oh, we're just the perfect couple. With the perfect mother. We are going to have soooo many children together.

REBECCA

Ummm....

JAMIE

And I stopped by Neiman Marcus so we can design the stationary for our wedding. The only question is: cream ribbons on white cards or white ribbons on cream cards? And if we get engaged by early next month, we can shoot for an April ceremony. In Scotland. On the moors! And we can arrange the lineup of our bridesmaids. All nine of them! There's Petra and Connie, and Erma and Jordana and...oh, I love you, Rachel....

REBECCA

Rebecca.

JAMIE

Rebecca! Well, we are going to spend so much time together that I'll eventually remember. I've quit my job so I can be with you every day. And at night, after poker, we can concentrate on creating...

REBECCA

Uh huh.

JAMIE

So do you want to go out on a second date or something?

(Jamie disappears)

REBECCA

(to audience)

But that's crazy. No guy's ever that clingy, right? I'm sure his character is impeccable. After all, they don't give just anyone your profile to answer. But how much do I know about Jamie? He must have had some life before he met me. What if there were other women?

(Jamie appears as the sleazy thrice-married fiancé)

JAMIE

Just the perfect couple. With the perfect mother.

REBECCA

Let's not rush it. I've only known you three months.

JAMIE

And not one fight, gorgeous.

REBECCA

That must be a record.

JAMIE

If you were a record, I'd play you all night long.

REBECCA

Oh, don't stop.

JAMIE

And the kids would...

REBECCA

Keep going...what? Who's kids?

JAMIE

Our kids. And I would...

REBECCA

Wait, when did we have kids? I don't remember that.

JAMIE

Oh, it wasn't with you. It was with Petra, my ex-wife. Didn't I tell you, Rebecca? My kids are coming over from Scotland. All nine of them.

REBECCA

Nine kids? From Petra?

JAMIE

And Connie and Erma. And a couple that I'm not really sure where they came from. But they're mine. I think. Yes, darling, you're going to be the perfect mother. Mrs. Jamie Cardoza. Number four. Once I get my divorce...s...

(Jamie disappears)

REBECCA

I guess that wouldn't be too bad. I mean, all guys must have had at least one relationship before. So why should it matter if he's had one or two or...several wives before? But what if it's not just women?

(Jamie appears as the gay boyfriend with an oblivious Rebecca)

JAMIE

Just the perfect couple. With the perfect boyfriend. And not one fight.

REBECCA

That must be a record. Gorgeous!

JAMIE

(thinking “gorgeous” refers to him.)

Yes I am, aren’t I?

REBECCA

Honey, what do you think of April for the wedding?

JAMIE

Wedding? Oh, you mean our wedding. Ummm...I have so much to tell you. But right now I’m off to my guys night with Jordan. The fellows are coming over. All nine of them.

REBECCA

What are you doing?

JAMIE

Poker at Sexy Man Tim’s.

REBECCA

Have fun.

JAMIE

No problem.

REBECCA

And we owe it all to desperatesoulmates.com.

(to audience as Jamie disappears)

Okay, I could probably tell if he liked the best man more than me. Then I would know. Goodbye Mrs. Jamie Cardoza. No little Spaniards running around. Or is it Italian? What if he’s like one of those mobsters, the jealous type who never solves a problem except with his revolver. What if he got tired of this broad one day?

(Jamie appears as a tough gangster. Rebecca as his cheap floozy of a wife. Scene done in overblown, melodramatic style of bad film noir)

REBECCA

Where ya going, Jamie?

JAMIE

Out.

REBECCA

Another big job?

JAMIE

Ain't none of your business, baby.

REBECCA

Can't you tell me, Jamie?

JAMIE

That's just between me, Big Tim Soriano, and a certain shipload of cement out of Scotland.

REBECCA

I'm your wife, dammit! I deserve to know more.

JAMIE

You deserve nothing, you cheap floozy. I saw you at Big Tim's the other night. I know what...and who...you've been doing.

REBECCA

Lies, Jamie. They're all lies.

JAMIE

No, they ain't, sweetheart. Everybody knows you've been crossing me more times than the Potomac. With Big Louie, Old Joe, Fat Sam, Sexy Man Tim, Lefty, Pinky, Hot Cat Harry, Tall Terence, One-eyed Vinnie. All nine of them. Heck, even Little Ralphie's got your measurements.

REBECCA

Not Little Ralphie. Never, Jamie. You're the only paddle in my canoe.

JAMIE

Well, you'd better start towing your boat back to shore, kid. Because I ain't supplying the gas no more. Or else it'll be curtains for you.

REBECCA

Are we playing Gone with the Wind again, honey?

JAMIE

Gone is the only thing you are, baby. Real gone. See?

REBECCA

No, Jamie. Don't say it. Say you don't mean it.

JAMIE

Sorry, sweetheart, but the pool game's up and you scratched every round. Ain't nothing left here but the trash.

REBECCA

(pronounced "hi-May" in Spanish_

Jai-meeee!

JAMIE

You'll always have desperatesoulmates.com.

REBECCA

Nooooo!

(Rebecca falls to floor as Jamie exits. Then, back in reality, goes back to chair and sits.)

REBECCA

Oh my God. I bet that's him. Okay, inner poise. Inner poise. I wonder what he's like.

BLACKOUT / END OF PLAY

