

# **MY (VIRTUALLY) PERFECT ROOMMATE**

*By  
Nicky Lowney*

## MY (VIRTUALLY) PERFECT ROOMMATE

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*For Brendan*

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### **ABOUT THE PLAY**

I wrote *My (Virtually) Perfect Roommate* in 2021, when our local theater group was searching for a way to connect while creating a fun and engaging online show. This script benefited from the generosity of many talented people. A big thank you to Rachel Bailit and the *Boston Method Actors* for hosting the first online “table” read. *ShirleyArts!* generously held a script workshop and produced the hilarious premiere. Thank you, *Virtual Theater Lab*, for putting your own comical spin on the story for its second show (and first live performance). I am grateful to Brendan, Annabelle, George, Declan, Mamaluch, Marie, Mike, Sally, and Dawn for unwavering support and some yummy dialogue morsels. Many, many thanks to Jen Lewy, my virtually perfect comedy consultant and test reader. *Merci, dahling!*

*My (Virtually) Perfect Roommate* was originally staged by *ShirleyArts!* in Shirley, MA. It was directed by Meredith Marcinkewicz and produced by Matthew Valeri. The premiere featured Amanda Leigh Nelson as AMANDA and Vicki Landry as SHIRLEY. Roomies were Jonny Aperture, Katie Broach, Desirée Feigley, Sara Fieberg, Katie Fox, Allison Fradkin, David Givens, Marsha Hoecker, Sheila Kelleher, Ann Marie King, Jen Lewy, Nicky Lowney, Laurie Marcinkewicz, Nancy Marie Nicosia, Nancy Sawyer, and Wendy Storm.

The play had its second production through *Virtual Theater Lab* in Phoenix, AZ. The performance was directed by Erin Buvala-Benites, with Krystal McComb as Assistant Director. The show starred Giselle Torres as AMANDA and Cindy Miesse as SHIRLEY. The roommate ensemble included Nicki Barnes, Erin Buvala-Benites, Dayna Donovan, Vaughan Grey, Taryn Landis, Daniel Makoutz, Jim Merlin, Lamar Overton, Toni Marie Preder, and Jennifer Scott.

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### **PRODUCTION NOTES**

- The play can be livestreamed or pre-recorded to show online. With some imagination, it could also be adapted for a lively stage performance!
- SHIRLEY and potential roommates pronounce Boston-area town names correctly. AMANDA confidently mispronounces town names (options are provided in the text). Feel free to substitute other town names if you live in an area with neighborhoods that are hard to pronounce.
- SHIRLEY and AMANDA pronounce DEVON's name exactly as it looks until DEVON confuses them with his/her unique pronunciation (*de-VINE? DEV-araux? De-VOO?*).
- Except for SAM, all characters should have real (not virtual) backgrounds to keep things natural and to avoid the appearance of "floating" body parts.
- I recommend that actors memorize their lines. Eyelines are important in virtual theater, and viewers tend to notice if actors look away to read lines.
- Music for Scene 4 is in the public domain:
  - *By The Beautiful Sea* (1914). Lyrics by Harold R. Atteridge, music by Harry Carroll. Published by Shapiro Bernstein & Co.
  - *Beautiful Dreamer* (1864). By Stephen C. Foster. Published by William A. Pond & Co.
- Learn more about the script and view clips of past performances at [www.facebook.com/MyVirtuallyPerfectRoommate](http://www.facebook.com/MyVirtuallyPerfectRoommate) and [www.NickyLowney.com](http://www.NickyLowney.com).

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### **CAST: 3 WOMEN, 1 MAN, 11 ANY AGE/GENDER**

*(Can be played by as few as 6 actors with doubling)*

**AMANDA.** (F/25) Upbeat, organized. Falls apart over the course of the play.

**SHIRLEY.** (F/60+) Pleasant and nurturing. Able to pronounce Massachusetts towns like a native, but not quite up to date on young person slang.

**PAT.** (Any) Seems agreeable but shows a pet-crazy side.

**DEVON.** (Any) Dark, serious, with an unnerving interest in bleak philosophy.

**CASEY.** (Any) Theater aficionado. Launches into song at the drop of a hat.

**XANDER.** (M/any age) Looking for a girlfriend.

**KRIS.** (Any) Friendly, fun. Shares Amanda's love of baking. Perfect roommate.

**RONNIE.** (Any) Appears to be a great match at first, but secretly a violent mobster.

**MEL.** (Any) Grammar enthusiast.

**SAL.** (Any) Diehard sports fan.

**SAM.** (Any) Fantasy-world gamer.

**ANDY.** (Any) Fashionista, food thief.

**CAMILLE.** (F/50+) Art historian, socialite, bitter divorcée.

**RILEY.** (Any) Great potential roomie, but apartment has serious problems.

**EVERY.** (Any) Friendly enough, but pushy about health and fitness.

*(Optional: extra characters to join in the chaos at the end of Scene 8.)*

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## SCENE 1: INTRODUCTION

*SHIRLEY is alone on screen, dressed in business attire with an office background. She is looking through papers and seems unfamiliar with video conference technology. She notices someone in her virtual “waiting room” and tries to let them in. Calmly, at first, then a little harried. After several attempts, she lets AMANDA in. Amanda is cheerful-looking, tidy, wearing a neat, multi-layered outfit. She has a well-lit home background: office, bedroom, or kitchen. There may be a stack of moving boxes visible in the background. Shirley begins speaking but doesn’t realize she is muted.*

**AMANDA.** *(Cheerfully.)* Oh, is that Shirley? Oh, hi, I think you’re muted... *(Shirley hears this, and tells Amanda she can hear her. Then she understands her sound is off but doesn’t know how to fix it.)* It’s the little picture of the microphone? You just click on it to get your sound going?

**SHIRLEY.** *(Finally finds the button.)* Can you hear me? Oh, thanks hon! I have to admit, I’m sort of new to the computer calls! That’s good to know about “muting” though!! *(Writes on her paper as a note to self.)*

“Microphone picture.” Amanda, it’s so great to meet you. Congrats on the new job!

**AMANDA.** Thank you! I really appreciate you organizing this call so last minute. My new company just told me that they need me to get to Boston in four days! So, I’ve got to get this roommate situation figured out tonight and get on the road tomorrow.

**SHIRLEY.** Wow, ok! Well, good thing we’ve got a few interviews lined up here! Now. As I’m sure you know, we at BestBostonRoomies.com like to take a personal approach to the roommate search. With the computer calls, it should be really efficient! I’m committed to mastering this

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technology and learning how to communicate the way all you young people do these days. I believe this “rad” new approach will help us find you a “killer” roommate! (*Amanda is a little taken aback by the term “killer” but gets over it quickly; realizes Shirley is just trying to sound hip.*) By the end of this cutting-edge conference, we should have some “sick” possibilities for you. Did you get the “snaps” of the apartments I sent you?

**AMANDA.** Yes, I think I got all the pictures. Thanks for helping me narrow down the neighborhoods. I realized that Worcester (*Mispronounced WORE-chester.*) might be a little far for my commute, so I’m glad we took it off the list.

**SHIRLEY.** (*Politely, with a strong MA accent.*) Worcester. (*Pronounced WUSS-tah.*)

**AMANDA.** Sorry?

**SHIRLEY.** (*A little louder, moves in closer so AMANDA can see her better.*) Worcester.

**AMANDA.** Oh, right. Worcester. (*Mispronounced WOOH-sestah.*) Anyway, the pictures you sent me look great! I printed them all out, and I’ve got a list of questions here too.

**SHIRLEY.** Terrific! You’re so organized! All right, hon. Let’s get started. I’ve got Pat “chillin” in my “waiting room”. S/he’s got that super “dope” 2-bedroom brownstone in the Back Bay. (*Taps on keyboard to let PAT in. One or two tries till it actually works.*) Hi Pat...Hi? Hello? Hi Pat!

### **SCENE 2: PAT**

*PAT is dressed colorfully, with a bright and cluttered background that includes pet-themed items or photos.*

**PAT.** Shirley! Great to see you again! Don’t you look like the cat’s meow! RRaWR!

**SHIRLEY.** (*Amused, flattered.*) Oh Pat. This is Amanda, she’s the gal who’s moving to Boston this week all the way from California.

**PAT.** Amanda from California! So nice to meet you!

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**AMANDA.** Thanks Pat! What a nice apartment you have! I just have a few questions for you... (*Consults her paper.*) I see that we'll be sharing a bathroom. Can I ask what your daily routine is like? I'd hate for us to get in each other's way in the mornings!

**PAT.** Of course not—Oh just one minute... (*Leans down, talks to someone off-camera in a baby voice.*) Oh, my little pumpkin! You just wait one second for me sweetie...yeah! You are [Mommy/Daddy]'s special little girl—

**AMANDA.** I'm sorry, is there someone else there? I didn't realize you're a [mom/dad]—

**PAT.** (*Lifts a pet into view.*) No, no, just talking to my fur baby! This is Queen Lulabelle! Lulu, come give Auntie Amanda a big kiss... (*Brings Lulu's face right next to his/hers; leans WAY into the camera and tries to get the pet to kiss the camera while murmuring sweet nothings and kissing the pet.*) Oh, that's my sweet baby girl; youreallyaresuchasillysweetone... (*Or other ad-libbed incoherent baby-pet talk. Keeps the pet in view for the rest of the speech.*) Now, you were asking about bathroom time! Yes, it's really quite a schedule we have. Ms. Lulupants here usually wakes me up at about 4:30 or 5—such a naughty girl! —and we have to run to the bathroom to start the shower for her so she can get the steam treatment her esthetician recommends. Then I fix some yummy breakfast for her and Dr. Jones.

**AMANDA.** Dr. Jones...

**PAT.** Dr. Horace P.P. Jones is my little intellectual! (*Picks up another pet or a photo of another pet.*) He's really the smartest cat [or other pet] you'll ever meet. (*Moves him—or photo of him—in close to camera.*) Just look at those eyes. Can't you just see the intelligence?... then there's Beef. (*Picks up another pet or photo. Brings it very close to the other side of the screen.*)

**AMANDA.** (*Getting nervous.*) Oh. He's cute...?

**PAT.** She. Obviously, Beef's a girl. Now, Beef is really all about the food. My fridge is completely stuffed with smelly fish treats for her!! [or other treats befitting that pet.] The smellier the better!! I can't deny her anything!! Now, which is your favorite? (*Amanda is confused.*) It's OK!

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You can tell me! *(Pat is getting more animated, showing Amanda her choices.)* Queen Lulabelle? Dr. Jones?! Beef?! WHICH ONE?

**AMANDA.** Um... Beef?

**PAT.** *(Miffed by this choice.)* Oh. OK. I get it. No, no, that's fine. *(To the other pets, rudely. Throwing photos down or seeming to rudely push the pets away.)* Lulu! Doc! You're out! She hates you!

**AMANDA.** Oh Pat, no, no, not at all! Please don't do that! You know what... Um, I'm actually, um. Allergic? To those kinds of pets... *(Pat glares straight at camera, arms folded, still seething over Amanda's choice. Amanda is intimidated.)*

**SHIRLEY.** *(Wants to gracefully help Amanda out of the situation.)* Oh, silly me! I'm such a "doof" as the kids say! It says right here on the... *(Grabs any paper and pretends it's the right one.)* ...paperwork! "Amanda has a severe allergy to cats [or other pet]!" Oh dear!! Well, we will be in touch, Pat! Thanks for your time!! *(She tries frantically to cut Pat's camera and audio. Pat still glaring menacingly.)* Toodles, Pat...umm... Bye [kitties/puppies/pets]. Bye Pat? Talk soon. Later days. Bah-bye... *(Successfully cuts Pat's camera and audio.)*

### **SCENE 3: DEVON**

*Amanda has started on the path to looking unkempt...maybe one piece of hair falling out of place. She is scratching herself as if she has developed hives.*

**SHIRLEY.** Well, that was a little hairy...

**AMANDA.** Yeah. Thanks for covering for me there. I don't mind pets, really, but I think I could actually become allergic if I moved in with Pat and [his/her] "fur babies."

**SHIRLEY.** I "feel" you, "Bro"! We should probably just move on. Let me let Devon in here. Devon has the cute little ranch in Billerica *(Pronounced bill-RICK-uh.)*

**AMANDA.** In what now? *(Looking through papers)*

**SHIRLEY.** Billerica.

**AMANDA.** Oh! Billerica. *(Mispronounced Ba-LERR-icka.)*

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**SHIRLEY.** *(Amused by the pronunciation, taps on keyboard several times. DEVON appears, seated slightly off-center, with half his/her face cut off from the camera. The lighting is dark and gloomy, and the background, if visible, is spare or adorned with books. S/he is staring straight into the lens, unmoving.)* Hi there Devon! I'm here with Amanda—the young lady we emailed about—looking for a roommate...? *(Amanda gives a friendly wave.)* Devon? Oh nuts. I think the screen's frozen...we don't have the sound working on this contraption...umm. err...where is that unmute microphone thingy—

**DEVON.** — I can hear you. *(Shirley and Amanda are startled.)*

**AMANDA.** Oh! Hi Devon!

**DEVON.** *(Uncomfortable pause.)* It's Devon. *(Unusual pronunciation.)*

**AMANDA.** Oh! Hi Devon! *(Correct use of unusual pronunciation.)* Are you...still looking for a roommate?

**DEVON.** *(Uncomfortable pause.)* Yes.

**AMANDA.** OK! Great. Mind if I ask you a few questions?

**DEVON.** *(Slightly shorter pause.)* No.

**AMANDA.** Umm. OK! *(Looks to her papers.)* What is your philosophy on the division of labor between roommates? Do you think we'd be working together on chores, or maybe dividing them up?

**DEVON.** *(Repositions self or camera to be centered on screen.)* My first philosophy, is that I abhor the colloquial use of the term “philosophy.” Philosophy is a vast field of knowledge not accessible to the average person, Mandy.

**AMANDA.** Oh, I actually go by Amanda.

**DEVON.** Right. Whatever. My view on sharing “work” grows from a great saying from the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche: “He who has a why to live can bear almost any how.” You'll find that all will get done, which needs doing. Whatever is unimportant falls by the wayside.

**AMANDA.** Ah. Right. *(Beat.)* So, do you like to entertain on the weekends? Dinner parties and stuff? I'm really looking forward to making some friends in Billerica. *(Mispronounced.)*

**SHIRLEY.** *(Unobtrusively, almost overlapping with Devon's next line.)* Billerica— *(Pronounced correctly.)*

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**DEVON.** —Billerica. (*Pronounced correctly.*) Mandy, there's something I'd like you to know, in the words of Confucius: "What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the inferior man seeks is in others."

**AMANDA.** OK. Umm. (*Beat.*) So, I get the sense that you're sort of a private person? (*Waits for response from Devon; gets none.*) Umm... What kinds of qualities are you looking for in a roommate?

**DEVON.** (*Uncomfortable pause.*) I find truth in the words of the incomparable Russian Selfist, Vladimir Utrashikin: (*Moves in uncomfortably close to the camera.*) "When those with whom we habitate become too familiar, all lines are blurred, and the vines of friendship become like a net of chains that suffocate and strangle." (*Amanda and Shirley take a beat to digest this. Devon remains close to camera, staring into lens, for the remainder of the scene.*)

**SHIRLEY.** (*Attempting to break the tension.*) Okey-dokie then. "Gnarly!" as they say. I think we have everything we need, right Amanda?

**AMANDA.** (*Still stunned.*) Uh. Yeah. Gnarly.

**SHIRLEY.** OK then. Thanks for your time, Devon (*back to traditional pronunciation.*) Very enlightening! We really must dash! (*Gets flustered trying to make Devon's camera disappear.*) Make a break for it! Hit the skids! LOL! LMAO! (*Pronounced Lamaou.*) Bye now Devon! (*Traditional pronunciation.*)

**DEVON.** It's Devon (*Unusual pronunciation. Devon's camera disappears.*)

**SHIRLEY.** Ah. Well.

**AMANDA.** Yeah.

**SHIRLEY.** (*Shares a moment of incredulity/disgust with Amanda.*) Devon. (*Correct unusual pronunciation.*)

### SCENE 4: CASEY

*Amanda is now looking slightly more ruffled.*

**SHIRLEY.** (*Big sigh.*) Should we move on then?

**AMANDA.** Yup.

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**SHIRLEY.** Great! Clutch! (*Shuffles papers.*) Let's meet Casey, shall we? You will absolutely love this house. A cute little cape in Gloucester (*Correct pronunciation: GLAH-ster.*)

**AMANDA.** Sorry, where? I don't think I have that one on my list.

**SHIRLEY.** Gloucester! A few blocks from the beach, actually!

**AMANDA.** (*Looks through her papers; finds the correct one.*) Ah! Gloucester! (*Mispronounced GLAW-chester.*) Yes, I've got it. Oh, I'd love to live on the coast! (*Shirley taps on her keyboard to let CASEY in. Casey is wearing a costume with a wig or hat. Background can be cluttered with costume pieces and hats, or plain and well-lit.*)

**CASEY.** (*Smiles and winks at the camera.*) Five, six, seven, eight! (*Presses a button on their phone to play a few bars accompaniment to "By the Sea" chorus or finds a note by using a pitch pipe or other instrument, then sings and dances. During this performance, Shirley and Amanda grow confused, silently trying to communicate to each other about possibly interrupting. Casey may notice Shirley and Amanda trying to get his/her attention but holds up a finger, as in "just a sec, the best part is coming up!"*)

By the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful sea,  
You and I, you and I, oh! How happy we'll be.  
When each wave comes a rolling in, we will duck or swim,  
And we'll float and fool around the water,  
Over and under, and then up for air!  
Pa is rich, Ma is rich, so now what do we care?  
I love to be beside your side, beside the sea, beside the seaside,  
By the beautiful sea!

(*Music ends and Casey stands panting and smiling, as if a crowd is cheering and clapping. Amanda and Shirley are smiling but not quite sure what to do.*)

**SHIRLEY.** Wow. Hon. Nice song...Are you still looking for a roommate?

**CASEY.** Yes, hi Shirley! And you must be Amanda! I'm positively delighted to see you both! That was just a little tune I've been working on for an audition. I thought, ah well, how apropos to share a song about the sea with someone who might become my roommate by the sea!

**AMANDA.** Ah! OK. An audition. So, you're an actor?

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**CASEY.** *(Takes off wig or hat, gets pretend-serious.)* Guilty as charged, ma'am. Not actually, technically “working” right now, but I am able to pull together an audition at a moment’s notice, as you can see!

**AMANDA.** Yes, I see! Great, well, OK if I ask you a few questions?

**CASEY.** *(French accent.)* But of course, ma cherie!

**AMANDA.** OK. *(Looks through her papers.)* I’m a little confused by the photos of the house. Is it a one-bedroom or a two-bedroom?

**CASEY.** It’s a two-bedroom. Right now, I’m using the second bedroom as my studio, as you can see. There’s a divan over in that corner you can use for sleeping! I really just need to keep my equipment and “accoutrements” in here.

**AMANDA.** *(Writing.)* “Accoutrements...”

**CASEY.** This room really has just the best lighting! But I’m sure we can share the space, no problem. *(Holds up one finger, as in “wait a second.” Gets off camera, then reappears suddenly on the other side of the camera with a different hat or wig, very close up, different accent.)* We’ll get along famously, my dear!

**AMANDA.** I’m sure we will! You seem...fun! It’s just...I’m going to be working from home one or two days a week, so just wanted to make sure I’ll have a little space of my own, you know, not just for sleeping—

**CASEY.** *(Interrupts with a song, can also switch into another hat or wig while singing. Once again, Shirley and Amanda are confused and wondering if/when they can interrupt.)*

Beautiful Dreamer, wake unto me!

Starlight and dew drops are waiting for thee.

Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,

Lull'd by the moonlight, have all pass'd away!

*(Again, smiling as if receiving applause.)*

**SHIRLEY.** *(Beginning to lose patience.)* Beautiful, hon. YOLO. Now, about the rooms though? Can we make one of them just a private little space for our Amanda?

**CASEY.** *(Puts this to a little tune.)*

Amanda, Amanda, what do you demand-A?

A private little space? *(Grabs a scarf or flouncy material, moves in for another closeup.)*

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A bit of taffeta and lace?

**AMANDA.** *(Not amused.)* I'm actually all set for taffeta and lace.

**CASEY.** *(Moves back.)* Right! Of course you are! I just can't help putting most things to music. But mais oui, I can carve out a little slice of solitude for you! I may just need to sneak back in here to work a few scenes now and then. You don't mind! *(Moves in close again, perhaps a profile this time.)* You might even be able to read for me, right? These auditions really should start coming in fast and thick now that I've got my reel up and running online! *(Phone rings. Casey moves back, checks the phone.)* Oh. Mon Dieu. Unknown Caller! This must be that casting director I've been tracking down. Gotta go! Chat soon! Kiss-kiss! *(Picks up phone.)* Ciao? Allo? Hello? Mushi Mushi? Pronto! HELLOooo? *(CASEY moves in close, winks and smiles at the screen, taps keyboard and is gone. A beat or two as we see Amanda and Shirley's stunned reactions.)*

### **SCENE 5: XANDER**

*Amanda looks a little more bedraggled.*

**SHIRLEY.** Oh, OK then. Amanda, do you want me to email Casey to see if [s/he] will come back and finish the interview after that call?

**AMANDA.** No, I'm good. I think living with Casey might actually be a little too exhausting for me. What else do we have?

**SHIRLEY.** Let's see. *(Consults papers.)* Oh! I've got Xander here! He's got a two-bedroom half of a duplex in Methuen. *(Pronounced muh-THOO-in.)* Shall we give him a try?

**AMANDA.** Ah, Methuen. *(Mispronounced METH-when.)* Sure, why not!

**SHIRLEY.** *(Kindly.)* Methuen. *(Shirley taps keyboard; lets XANDER in. Any home background. Xander gives off a creepy vibe from the start. Shirtless or dressed in a bathrobe with no shirt underneath. Flexing muscles or some other "sexy" behavior.)* Hi, Xander!

**XANDER.** *(Dismissively to Shirley.)* Hi. *(Sees Amanda; likes what he sees.)* OOOh hey there! Amanda, wow! *(He looks up and down; takes her in.)* Just, wow! Pretty smile. You are much hotter in person than your picture. You must get that all the time though.

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**AMANDA.** *(Trying to hide her disgust.)* Um. Thanks, Xander? I'm actually not in person though. It's a video conference. Are you still looking for a...roommate?

**XANDER.** Oh, sure. But first, I have to ask: Did it hurt?

**AMANDA.** Sorry, what?

**XANDER.** When you fell from heaven? *(Amused with himself.)* Wait. Hold on. Are you in a museum over there?

**AMANDA.** Huh? No. It's my room, in California—

**XANDER.** 'Cause you are a work of art! No, seriously though. I could use a roommate. I've got plenty of space here if you know what I mean. Roommate, friend, with benefits, who knows...? *(Beat. Xander nods knowingly, Amanda tries to formulate a response.)* Can you turn around for me there? Maybe back up a little bit? Give a little spin?

**AMANDA.** *(Not sure she heard that right.)* What now?

**XANDER.** You know, I just gotta make sure we're "sympatico"—

**SHIRLEY and AMANDA.** *(Together, cutting him off.)* Nope! Not sympatico! No! *(Ad lib Xander and Amanda back-and-forth, Xander trying to keep Amanda interested, Amanda shooting back at him, while Shirley tries frantically to find the button to end it, until his screen finally disappears.)*

### SCENE 6: KRIS INTRO

*Amanda looks like she might be sick. Gets a large bottle of hand sanitizer and works some into her hands to try to get Xander out of her mind.*

**AMANDA.** Wow, Shirley. That's just... a lot...

**SHIRLEY.** *(Cringing.)* I am positively "shook." Sorry, hon.

**AMANDA.** *(Deep breath.)* Not your fault. Let's forget it, ok? We have a couple more options, right? Anyone on your list who might just be...well...not a creep? And maybe not obsessed with pets, or philosophy? Or theater? *(Leans in close to camera.)* Somebody just looking for an actual roommate??

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**SHIRLEY.** Of course! (*Consults papers and monitor.*) Let's see...I have Ronnie here just “vibing out” in the waiting room. Ronnie works full time and enjoys golf and cooking!

**AMANDA.** (*Looks through papers.*) Yes! Ronnie seems nice. It's the new condo in Dorchester, (*Mispronounced DOR-ster*) right?

**SHIRLEY.** Dorchester, (*Correct pronunciation: DOOR-chester.*) right.

**AMANDA.** Dorchester, (*Mispronounced a different way: DOOR-sester.*) yeah!

**SHIRLEY.** Dorchester would be a little bit of a commute for you, but it's a cute neighborhood, and the price is right! (*Shirley confidently taps on her keyboard. We get a flash of RONNIE, then that cuts out and we see KRIS's screen—no sound. Kris is sweating profusely, violently hitting something just out of the view of the camera...we find out later it is dough for bread. Eyes are looking crazy to us...we find out later they are looking at a recipe just next to the camera. Mouth is moving, words that could be construed as angry yelling...we find out later Kris is reading the recipe out loud.*)

**SHIRLEY.** Oh! I saw Ronnie for a second there. Oh shoot, I just let Kris on by mistake. Oh. Kris, honey? It's not your turn...Kris? Kris?! Oh, I don't think Kris can hear me... (*Notices Kris's violent-looking motions. She and Amanda react to the scene playing in front of them.*) Oh! Dear. OK. Let's see if we can get back to Ronnie. (*Tapping more frantically now. Finally, Kris disappears, and we see Ronnie.*)

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—  
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