

**SQUIRREL SCREAMS  
AND OTHER DATING  
SOUNDS**

by

**Lindsay Timmington**

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS premiered at The Madison Theatre (Angelo Fraboni, Artistic Director; Bethany Moore, Assistant Artistic Director; Kathleen Marino, General Manager) opening on June 16, 2022. It was directed by Joe Ricci, with scenic design by Michael Clark, costume design by Vanessa Leuck, lighting design by Matthew Guminski, prop design by Carl Tallent, hair & wig design by Bobbi Zlotnik, Marketing & PR by Janine Lee Papio (Think Big Picture), the stage manager was Jenny Kennedy, and the assistant stage manager was Stevie Allen. The cast was as follows:

BRIDGIE.....	Kaitlyn Black
KATE.....	Josephine Rose Roberts
MAN 1.....	Ben Williamson
MAN 2.....	Sean Davis
U/S BRIDGIE/KATE.....	Lisa McGurn
U/S MAN 1/MAN 2.....	Robbie Dema

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*Thank you, Kathleen Marino, Josephine Rose Roberts, Kaitlyn Black, Sean Davis, Ben Williamson, Robbie Dema, Lisa McGurn, Jenny Kennedy, Vanessa Leuck, and Matt Guminski, for bringing this show to life.*

*To Mark Gallagher, Sue Glausen, and Dominic Cuskern: you believed in this play from the beginning. I am eternally grateful to you all.*

*Thank you to Maria (Countess) de Vries, the original Kate, for your stories, friendship, and love.*

*For Mary Morrison and Julie Clemens.*

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### SETTING

McSweeney's Pub - a dive bar in New York City. Upstage there is an EXIT sign with a coat rack next to it. A jukebox sits next to the bar. Stage right there's a "KARAOKE ROOM" sign leading offstage.

### CHARACTERS\*

**BRIDGIE:** Female-presenting. Thirty-something. One type of girl. Bridgie has a tough exterior with an underlying vulnerability. Acerbic wit. Banter is her thing. She'll cut you down but will always have your back if she cares about you. She's terrified of getting hurt and keeps people at arm's length. She's dirty sexy and a guy's girl. She does not have a lot of female friends. She's a Queens/Bronx type girl who'd shop at Hot Topic well before The Gap.

**KATE:** Female-presenting. Thirty-something. Another type of girl. Kate is the epitome of sweetness. She has a charming naïveté about her but underneath it all she can hold her own if pushed. She's sometimes a little flighty and has an endearing giggle that comes out when she's nervous. She cares about what others think of her and is truly searching for connection. She does not have a lot of guy friends. She's a Midwestern-type girl who'd shop at The Gap well before Hot Topic.

**MAN 1:** BRIDGIE'S DATES - GUYS #1, #3, #5, #7, #9

**MAN 2:** KATE'S DATES - GUYS #2, #4, #6, #8, #10

*\*Squirrel Screams* explores dating, and the challenge of finding real, sustainable, fulfilling relationships in the digital age. The play draws from true experiences about dating in New York

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City and actors of all identities, ethnicities, and backgrounds should be considered in casting.

\**Squirrel Screams* includes highly sexual, graphic language, and profanity.

### NOTES

It's important that two actors play all ten male-presenting roles. The guys are all based on real people. Every effort should be made to avoid playing stereotypes or making the scenes "sketch comedy."

TV Announcer lines should be pre-recorded.

A slash / in a line of dialogue indicates an overlap, where the next character should begin speaking.

Dual dialogue appearing on the same line indicates both characters are speaking simultaneously.

[Brackets] around dialogue mean the words aren't necessarily heard by the audience but are shown physically or emotionally.

Regarding the transitions: The ultimate goal is to underscore the movement from one scene to another with music found on a jukebox in a bar. Think Rick Astley, Ray Charles, Elton John, Journey, Chicago, Eddie Money...

Regarding the sound in Scene 11-If you've never heard a squirrel bark/scream, search online for "squirrel bark" and then have fun with it...

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## SCENE 1 JANUARY

*GUY #1 is at the bar with whiskey and a beer in front of him. He's good-looking and dressed "normally" but is fidgety and skittish. Throughout the scene, GUY #1's sounds of enjoyment begin soft and slow but gradually gain momentum. KATE is at a table, drinking and occasionally glancing at GUY #1. BRIDGIE comes flying in. KATE jumps a little, nearly spilling her wine.*

**BRIDGIE.** What a cluster-fuck out there. I had to titty-punch three tourists just to get outta Times Square. New record for me. Someone write that down!

**GUY #1.** *(Flustered, but excited by her directness.)* Bridgie?

**BRIDGIE.** In the flesh.

**GUY #1.** Oooh, love it...

**BRIDGIE.** *[Move it.]* You're in my seat.

**GUY #1.** Yesssss...I see what you did there.

**BRIDGIE.** Squeeze me? *(Guy #1 rubs his hands together.)*

**GUY #1.** Ok! Let's jump right in.

**BRIDGIE.** I need a drink first. *(Guy #1 pushes a whiskey toward her. She ignores it.)*

**GUY #1.** Guiltiest pleasure, GO.

**BRIDGIE.** Fireball float while watching "Naked and Afraid" in the tub.

**GUY #1.** Fireball float?

**BRIDGIE.** Fireball on ice cream.

**GUY #1.** Yes Chef!

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**BRIDGIE.** What'd you say? (*Beat.*)

**GUY #1.** Aren't you a chef?

**BRIDGIE.** How'd you know that?

**GUY #1.** It was in your profile.

**BRIDGIE.** Oh, sure. That.

**GUY #1.** So whaddya say we fire it up?

**BRIDGIE.** What are you doing?

**GUY #1.** I'm trying to speak your language. You know, "fire it up!"

**BRIDGIE.** Yeah, I do and I'm also trying to enjoy the first night off I've had in a month, and it doesn't look like it's going to be with you/so I'll just-

**GUY #1.** Ok! Heard! Heard. (*Beat.*)

**BRIDGIE.** Great. So, what do/you-

**GUY #1.** I knew you'd be a firecracker though!

**BRIDGIE.** What?

**GUY #1.** You came in here all hot and angry. I thought you were going to punch me.

**BRIDGIE.** No... I said I had to titty-punch TOURISTS to get through Times Square. [*Duh.*] But everyone does.

**GUY #1.** I like Times Square.

**BRIDGIE.** Yeah, I don't need strangers touching me more than my last boyfriend did. (*She downs her drink and slams it on the table. Guy #1 is slack-jawed and loves it.*)

**GUY #1.** You're so intense!

**BRIDGIE.** 'Fraid I don't have much of a choice.

**GUY #1.** You're a boss!

**BRIDGIE.** Sure. Can we move on/please-

**GUY #1.** Yes, mistress.

**BRIDGIE.** Excuse me?

**GUY #1.** Mistress.

**BRIDGIE.** Absolutely not.

**GUY #1.** ...Ok. What do I call you then? (*Beat*)

**BRIDGIE.** ...Bridgie.

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**GUY #1.** No, I mean your nickname.

**BRIDGIE.** That IS my nickname.

**GUY #1.** Ok. Heard. Heard. So... your profile said you like sports.

**BRIDGIE.** Everyone likes sports. (*Guy #1 makes a noise of appreciation.*)

**GUY #1.** Do you play?

**BRIDGIE.** No. (*Beat.*) I watch. Wrestling, mostly. (*Guy #1 makes another noise of appreciation.*)

**GUY #1.** And you hate slow walkers.

**BRIDGIE.** Yep, move it or lose it. (*Guy #1 makes a louder noise of appreciation.*)

**GUY #1.** And you're a Taurus. Stubborn and/fiery-

**BRIDGIE.** I don't believe in that shit but sure, right now/I'm- (*Guy #1 practically growls with pleasure.*)

**GUY #1.** Oh, Goddd, you're/so-

**BRIDGIE.** What is with the fucking sounds, bro?

**GUY #1.** I'm just an active listener! (*He leans forward, hands on his legs beneath the table/bar.*)

**BRIDGIE.** What are you doing?!

**GUY #1.** This is how I listen.

**BRIDGIE.** Nope. Hands where I can see them! (*Guy #1 puts his hands on the table/bar.*)

**GUY #1.** Am I a BAD boy?

**BRIDGIE.** WHAT?

**GUY #1.** Maybe you should PUNISH me.

**BRIDGIE.** What the fuck are you talking about?

**GUY #1.** You wanna HIT me?

**BRIDGIE.** Yeah, a little!

**GUY #1.** Do it! Make me cry!

**BRIDGIE.** What is wrong with you?! (*Pause. Guy #1 realizes.*)

**GUY #1.** Oh my God.

**BRIDGIE.** WHAT?



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**GUY #1.** You didn't read my profile.

**BRIDGIE.** Dude, do you know how many apps I'm on? I swipe ALL THE TIME. When I'm at work when I'm eatin' Cheetos on the/can-

**GUY #1.** You have to read the profile!

**BRIDGIE.** What? Why?

**GUY #1.** To avoid THIS!

**BRIDGIE.** Only thing wrong with THIS is/you-

**GUY #1.** No! (*Beat.*) I'm a sub.

**BRIDGIE.** (*Beat.*) You better be talking about a sandwich.

**GUY #1.** No! Muzzles, ball gags, leashes-you know.

**BRIDGIE.** No, I don't!

**GUY #1.** But your profile said you have pets.

**BRIDGIE.** Uh-huh, a dog.

**GUY #1.** And you hate vanilla.

**BRIDGIE.** Right. ICE CREAM.

**GUY #1.** But the whole titty-punch--

**BRIDGIE.** TIMES SQUARE!

**GUY #1.** Seems like you're cut out for it though!

**BRIDGIE.** Ok, careful there Shades of/Gray!

**GUY #1.** I love that/movie!

**BRIDGIE.** I own this place.

**GUY #1.** And me!

**BRIDGIE.** What?

**GUY #1.** If you want...

**BRIDGIE.** I will blacklist you in an instant.

**GUY #1.** Oh my God, yes!

**BRIDGIE.** Knock it off!

**GUY #1.** But I've been so bad! (*Bridgie goes to the bar.*)

**BRIDGIE.** I don't have time for this.

**GUY #1.** Wait! (*He follows her to the bar, Bridgie's back is to him.*) Sorry! I'm sorry! (*Beat.*) I'm new to...you know...this...(He drops to his knees in supplication. Bridgie slowly spins around on the bar stool.)

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**BRIDGIE.** What?

**GUY #1.** It's my first time trying - well, going out with/a-

**BRIDGIE.** Jesus.

**GUY #1.** Can I get up? My knees hurt.

**BRIDGIE.** *(Instinctively, without thinking.)* No.

**GUY #1.** *(Delighted.)* Yes! You're so good at it! *(He bows his head and lifts his hands toward her.)* I am yours for the taking mistress Chef/Bridgie-*(Bridgie grabs one of his hands, hard.)*

**BRIDGIE.** OK, time for you/to go-

**GUY #1.** *(Cries out in agony.)* Ow! Stop! Stop! HIPPO!

HIPPO! HIPPO! *(Bridgie drops his hand. Guy #1 shakes it out in relief.)* Whoa. It worked!

**BRIDGIE.** What the fuck is "hippo?"

**GUY #1.** My safe word!

**BRIDGIE.** That's the stupidest safe word ever.

**GUY #1.** Hippos are magnificent creatures. You kind of remind/me- *(Bridgie instinctively starts towards him, Guy #1 backs up.)*

**GUY #1.** You're really strong.

**BRIDGIE.** I barely touched you.

**GUY #1.** I have a low threshold for pain.

**BRIDGIE.** Might wanna rethink this kink, cream puff.

**GUY #1.** Shut up! *(Beat. Bridgie looks at him. She's got her out.)*

**BRIDGIE.** Did you just tell me what to do?

**GUY #1.** ...No.

**BRIDGIE.** I think you did, Chef.

**GUY #1.** I'm sorry. I'm still learning.

**BRIDGIE.** I don't care. I'm in charge here. *(Guy #1 makes a noise or physically reacts.)*

**GUY #1.** Yay! I knew it!

**BRIDGIE.** Zip it, skippy. *(Guy #1 mimes zipping his lips shut. The following happens without words, but Guy #1 is still making little noises. Bridgie motions for Guy #1 to stand up. He*

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*does. She motions for him to turn around. He does. Bridgie walks up behind him and gets close. He's vibrating with excitement.) GET OUT! (Deflated, GUY #1 turns back around to her.)*

**GUY #1.** DAMN IT!

**BRIDGIE.** NOW!

**GUY #1.** You HAVE to read the profiles!

*MUSIC AND LIGHTS TRANSITION INTO NEXT SCENE.*

### **SCENE 2 FEBRUARY**

*KATE is sitting at her table drinking wine and scanning the bar occasionally. GUY #2 walks in wearing a very tight FDNY T-shirt. He meets Kate's eyes and walks toward her.*

**GUY #2.** Hi, Kate. *(Kate pops out of her chair and makes a beeline for him. She is overwhelmed by him.)*

**KATE.** OH MYLANTAH! I'm Kate! NOPE. You know that! You just said it. Ohmygoodness. HI! Imsonervous.

**GUY #2.** *(Sweetly)* Don't be nervous. *(Kate giggles nervously and thrusts the beer at him.)*

**KATE.** I got you a beer. I heard that fire...guys like this...kind of beer so here you go!

**GUY #2.** Well, that's sweet. It's nice to meet you. *(Kate gives him a bear hug, and then grabs him by the wrist and leads him to her table. She is running at the mouth.)*

**KATE.** No, sirree, the pleasure is all mine! Ha-ha! Sirree! Who says that? No one but my grandma! Not anymore though cause she's dead. WHAT? KATE! NO.

**GUY #2.** I am so sorry for your/loss-

**KATE.** No, she's been dead forever. I mean not forever but...you know. No, you don't. That's why I'm telling you. It's a funny story! I mean not funny, "ha-ha" funny, but you know.

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No, you don't. Come on get it together, Kate! What I mean is, that I missed her funeral and had to go later. Not to her funeral, cause that was over, but to the cemetery, where she was buried, where she IS buried. Cause she's dead...She's still dead. (*Guy #2 touches her hand.*) But when she was alive she LOVED firefighters. One time she accidentally sprayed her hoo-hah with perfume and called 911 and a firefighter showed up to help her with her...Chanel #5...that she sprayed...in her...Oh, gracious. STOPKATE!

**GUY #2.** (*Leans into her*) You. Are. Charming.

**KATE.** I am?

**GUY #2.** Yeah. Take a breath. (*Takes her hands and they breathe together. It's sweet. Kate swoons*)

**KATE.** Ohthatwasnice.

**GUY #2.** Good. Now, tell me about you.

**KATE.** No! I'm boring.

**GUY #2.** I don't believe it. What do you do?

**KATE.** (*Quickly.*) You. NO! I mean- (*She tries to gain control of herself.*) Tell me to do you. (*Makes a noise.*) NO! ABOUT you. TELL ME ABOUT YOU. (*Breathing hard again.*) What do you do?

**GUY #2.** I'm...a firefighter. (*Kate laughs nervously.*)

**KATE.** Right, I know that! Yes! Of course! You fighter of the fires you! Yes sirree. (*To herself, under her breath.*)

STOPITKATE.

**GUY #2.** You're adorable.

**KATE.** You're adorable! (*Punches him in the arm.*)

**GUY #2.** And strong too!

**KATE.** No! You are. (*She hits him again with an open hand and holds on this time. Her hand moves over to his chest.*) And this is. And these are so... (*She knows she needs to take her hand away but can't.*) Help. (*Guy #1 takes her hand and holds it.*)

**GUY #2.** It's okay. (*Sweetly reassuring.*) You're good.

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**KATE.** I'm good?

**GUY #2.** Yeah, but you've yet to tell me anything about you. And I want to know.

**KATE.** I'm a teacher, I'm boring! I don't climb ladders!

**GUY #2.** Oh, I don't do that.

**KATE.** You don't?

**GUY #2.** No. *(Pause, Kate waits with bated breath.)* I drive the truck.

**KATE.** *(Breathless.)* The truck.

**GUY #2.** Yeah, I'm the captain.

**KATE.** My captain!

**GUY #2.** I like the way that sounds. *(Kate is beyond flustered and going downhill, fast.)*

**KATE.** You trees kitten rescue?

**GUY #2.** What?!

**KATE.** You kitten rescue?

**GUY #2.** I don't understand/what-

**KATE.** You kitten?

**GUY #2.** Are you okay? *(Kate fans herself.)*

**KATE.** It's really hot in here.

**GUY #2.** No. It's just you. *(Kate makes some sort of incoherent noise/giggle and then tries hard to recover - maybe takes a drink or breathes deeply.)*

**KATE.** So, have you...?

**GUY #2.** Have I what?

**KATE.** Saved anyone. Lately.

**GUY #2.** Not since yesterday.

**KATE.** Really?

**GUY #2.** No big deal. Anyone can open a door.

**KATE.** What happened?

**GUY #2.** You know that bar on 56th? Murphy's?

**KATE.** Yes, I got tipsy there once!

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**GUY #2.** Well, some dude passed out in the second-floor bathroom. When he came to it was 4 am and the bar was empty, so he called us.

**KATE.** Was he hurt?

**GUY #2.** No, but I came close to killing him.

**KATE.** Why?

**GUY #2.** He was three feet away from an emergency exit.

**KATE.** *(Sweetly serious.)* You're not supposed to open those though.

**GUY #2.** ...Unless it's an emergency.

**KATE.** I probably would have still called you.

**GUY #2.** If he'd looked like you I mighta forgiven him. *(Kate loses her composure again and swoons a little.)*

**GUY #2.** Are you okay?

**KATE.** It's just so hot...and... here...and...you...

**GUY #2.** Let's get you to a place where I can lay you down. *(He grabs her and lifts her into a fireman's hold. They share a look. Something is about to happen when Guy #2's phone rings. Still holding Kate, he answers it.)* Hey, Buck. No man, no worries, I'm just on a date. Yeah. Where? McSweeney's, off of 49th and 5th. I dunno man, she picked it. Oh, come on dude, I'm not on call tonight. *(Pause.)* No, I hear you-yeah, I'm on my way. *(He hangs up.)* Bummer.

**KATE.** What's a bummer? *(Guy #2 gingerly sets Kate back down into her chair.)*

**GUY #2.** One of our guys called out to be at his kid's school play.

**KATE.** Aw...that's so sweet.

**GUY #2.** Yep. But they asked me to cover his shift.

**KATE.** Oh...

**GUY #2.** Family first, right?

**KATE.** Oh yes, absolutely.

**GUY #2.** It's the right thing to do.

**KATE.** That's the right thing to do.

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**GUY #2.** Yeah. It was nice to meet you, though.

**KATE.** It was so nice to meet you too, you! Do you want to try this again/another-

**GUY #2.** *(Tips his hat.)* Stay sweet.

**KATE.** No, you stay sweet *(Guy #2 exits as Kate is still talking.)* you sweet, you GOSHDARNITKATE. *(She drops her head into her arms on the table.)*

*MUSIC AND LIGHTS TRANSITION INTO NEXT SCENE*

### **SCENE 3**

#### **MARCH**

*Bridgie is at the bar. GUY #3 comes flying in. He is of the Long Island ilk, wearing a hockey jersey and a Bluetooth headset. He goes directly to Bridgie.*

**GUY #3.** Yo yo yo! You gotta be B, right?

**BRIDGIE.** Jesus Christ.

**GUY #3.** In the flesh! Ha! Joke. *(Crosses himself & apologizes to his ma.)* Soz, ma.

**BRIDGIE.** What?

**GUY #3.** What what?

**BRIDGIE.** The part that's not English. What the fuck is "soz?"

**GUY #3.** Oh. Sorry.

**BRIDGIE.** No. What's it mean?

**GUY #3.** It means "sorry."

**BRIDGIE.** No, it doesn't.

**GUY #3.** Yeah, it do.

**BRIDGIE.** In what language?

**GUY #3.** Strong Island, baby! *(He moves to sit next to Bridgie.)*

**BRIDGIE.** Ok...you're in the big city now, fella.

**GUY #3.** Don't I know it. Usually never leave the island.

**BRIDGIE.** Your parole officer on vacation?

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**GUY #3.** Ha! Dat's funny! No. Came for you. Dat's a compliment in case you don't know.

**BRIDGIE.** Is it? (*Guy #3 looks her up and down.*)

**GUY #3.** Yeah, and I gotta say you look waaaay better in real life. Dat's a compliment too.

**BRIDGIE.** Anyone ever tell ya you sound like Joe Pesci?

**GUY #3.** Take it back! Pesci's from Jersey. (*He fake spits once in front of himself, on the floor.*)

**BRIDGIE.** Same difference.

**GUY #3.** Whoa! Hey! No! Whoa!

**BRIDGIE.** Soz. (*Fake spits once in front of herself, on the floor.*) Joke!

**GUY #3.** Yo! I see whattya did dere! Funny lady! Like my ma!

**BRIDGIE.** You don't say.

**GUY #3.** I do!

**BRIDGIE.** Cool. (*Beat*) Whiskey, neat.

**GUY #3.** Huh?

**BRIDGIE.** You asked me out for a drink. I'm telling you what I want.

**GUY #3.** Oooh, I like a woman who knows what she wants. Like my ma.

**BRIDGIE.** Jesus. (*Guy #3 crosses himself.*)

**GUY #3.** Dat's my boy! Just so's you know I bailed on a party tonight to be here. Dat's another compliment.

**BRIDGIE.** Yeah yeah, I get it. I'm awesome.

**GUY #3.** It's my brotha's birthday today.

**BRIDGIE.** Super.

**GUY #3.** He's da baby of da family. I'm da oldest. My ma said dat I was such a good baby dat she wanted to have a million more of me, can you believe dat?

**BRIDGIE.** Not in a million years.

**GUY #3.** Dey're all celebratin' out dere. But I told 'em' I got a date wit a beauty!



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**BRIDGIE.** Whiskey, neat/ (*Guy #3 nods and goes to the bar, maybe pounds on it to get service.*)

**GUY #3.** Usually, I look for a youngah woman cause Ma says I don't look my age.

**BRIDGIE.** Must be that Long Island wat-ah.

**GUY #3.** Yeah, dat shits da shit! Listen, nuttin' wrong wit lookin' your age—not sayin' you do—just sayin'. But you should see my ma-she's lookin' real good for sixty—so good I took her to Glamour Shots for her birthday—it's this place where they get ya all dressed up like and put makeups on ya and do a real live photo thing—like with a real camera, not yer phone. (*Pause*) Nuttin' I won't do for my ma! Even tho dat shits expensive-like. Check dis foxy lady out! (*He digs in his wallet and pulls out a photo.*) Now dere's a good lookin' broad! (*Bridgie looks at the photo.*)

**BRIDGIE.** What is she wearing?

**GUY #3.** Izza scarf! Just wrapped around her, (*Gestures to his chest.*) you knows...like BOOM! (*Snaps*) Fo-xy la-dy! (*He looks at the photo again. Bridgie stares at him.*)

**BRIDGIE.** Is your dad in jail?

**GUY #3.** What?! No! (*Crosses himself and fake spits, on the floor in front of him*) Why'd you say dat?

**BRIDGIE.** Are you Greek?

**GUY #3.** No! Why you saying dese things?

**BRIDGIE.** You called your mom foxy like six times.

**GUY #3.** Yeah! She's my ma. I love her.

**BRIDGIE.** So did Oedipus.

**GUY #3.** Wuzza Oedipus?

**BRIDGIE.** Skip it.

**GUY #3.** I mean there's worse things in life than a man who loves his ma, amirite?

**BRIDGIE.** If you say so.

**GUY #3.** And just so's you know - my ma's gonna call while we're here and I'm gonna take the call 'cause she's my ma.

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**BRIDGIE.** Why?

**GUY #3.** ...Cause she's my ma.

**BRIDGIE.** No...why's she gonna call?

**GUY #3.** Oh. *(Suddenly emotional.)* Ta make sures I got here safe and so's we can say "hi" ta da family.

**BRIDGIE.** WE? No. Nope.

**GUY #3.** *(Emotion builds.)* Aw, you're gonna love her! Ya know just talkin' about her makes me...ah jeez...soz it's just dat... *(To himself.)* Ah, what're ya doin' man yer practically cryin' on da first date.

**BRIDGIE.** Ohhhkay. *(Guy #3's phone starts to ring, it's a FaceTime call. He answers it with his Bluetooth headset. It's an old-school one.)*

**GUY #3.** Ma! Hi Ma! Yeah, I made it. Oh, sure yeah, hang on! *(He flips the phone to face Bridgie)* Dat's her! *(Bridgie holds up her hand to block the view. He flips it back.)* Ma, I dunno how old—you told me not to ask. She looks pretty good though, right? Now you show me! Where's everyone at? I wanna see em'! Baby bro-ski! Happy birthday toilet turd! Show me Ma's cheesecake! Ah damn, dat looks de-LISH! Hey! Ma! Bro, gimme back to Ma! Ma! Ma! Listen, dis one's a cooker too, you can teach her how to make yer famous- *(He listens to her. And looks at Bridgie. She is at the bar pouring herself a drink. She pulls cash from her bra and sets it on the bar.)* No. Ma come on; she can hear me. No, I'll tell you later. Ma! Fine. *(He looks at Bridgie again then turns away for privacy.)* Yeah. I need you to wash em' - I only got one pair left plus the ones I got on but when you fold em' make sure to crease em' right k, cause otherwise they rub. No Ma I AM grateful- *(He turns back to look at Bridgie who is stoically staring straight out. He turns away from her again.)* Ma, I gotta go now she's waitin' and she actually looks a little mad so I'm gonna—no, you don't need to talk to her I'm a big boy. K. Love you too. Yeah, midnight I

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promise. *(He hangs up and sits back down. Bridgie stares at him.)* What?

**BRIDGIE.** What happens at midnight?

**GUY #3.** Ma gets real mad if I'm not home 'cause she can't sleep 'less I'm in my bed.

**BRIDGIE.** You live with your ma?

**GUY #3.** No! I live above the garage. I got my own entrance!

**BRIDGIE.** How old are you?

**GUY #3.** Forty-two. *(Emotional again.)* But I'll always be her little boy.

**BRIDGIE.** The little boy in the garage.

**GUY #3.** She fixed it up real nice! Folds the corners of the bed just like I like!

**BRIDGIE.** She's a keeper!

**GUY #3.** Dat's what I'm sayin'! She's a real fine woman. And I bet, I bet right now she's lighting the candles on dat cheesecake. What if they don't save none for me? You know no one makes dat cake like Ma. No one creases my underwears like her or leaves dat little baby mint on da pillow cuz I'm her baby boy. *(Pause.)* What time is it?

**BRIDGIE.** I'm guessing time to go.

**GUY #3.** Yeah, otherwise Ma will worry and won't be able to sleep/

**BRIDGIE.** Ok, bro.

**GUY #3.** Bro! My baby bro-ski! I can't believe I'm missing—I mean yer a fine-looking broad, but I gotta...I gotta/

**BRIDGIE.** Go!

**GUY #3.** *(Pushes his chair back, stands up, and activates his Bluetooth.)* Make me a plate, Ma! I'm comin' home!

*MUSIC AND LIGHTS TRANSITION INTO NEXT SCENE*

### **SCENE 4**

#### **APRIL**

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

*GUY #4 is sitting at Kate's table. There is an open bottle of wine resting in an ice bucket that he brought with him, along with a bouquet of lilies laid on the table. He's a very proper, refined guy who over-enunciates words for effect (ex: vegetable = veg-ih-tuh-bul). He's overzealous but not creepy and doesn't understand social cues. Bridgie is eating pretzel sticks at the bar. Kate bursts in and looks around. Guy #4 stands immediately.*

**KATE.** Ah! I'm so sorry. So very sorry. The 4/5/6 train! I'm telling you I left over an hour ago. I don't know what happened, but I'm sorry. I'm normally not late for a first date.

**GUY #4.** Truly not a problem. I very much enjoy any unaccounted-for pocket of time in my day. I had the honor of ordering a bottle of wine while I waited. Pinot Grigio, am I correct? *(He presents her with a bottle of wine.)*

**KATE.** Why, yes. Thank you. How did you know I like Pinot Grigio? *(She looks at the bottle.)* And that vineyard...and year? That's impressive. *(Guy #4 pulls out a folded piece of paper and clears his throat.)*

**GUY #4.** "The best wine I've ever had was from a little vineyard in Sicily, the summer of 2008. The sunset from Etna that night was spectacular."

**KATE.** *(Impressed.)* Is that from my dating profile?

**GUY #4.** Indeed. I pay attention.

**KATE.** Well, that's charming. *(Pause.)* What else did you pay attention to? *(Guy #4 pulls her chair out for her, and gestures for her to sit.)*

**GUY #4.** Ah, my favorite part! You love to brush your teeth.

**KATE.** *(Delighted.)* I do!

**GUY #4.** And you went to undergraduate in West *(VIR-GIN-EE-UH)* Virginia. Don't worry, I won't tell!

**KATE.** You know I/went to...

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**GUY #4.** And graduate school in (*LOS-AN-GEL-EEZ*) Los Angeles but you hated it because you don't like (*VEG-IT-UH-BULL*) vegetable smoothies or the smell of (*CO-CO-NUT*) coconut oil on sun-damaged skin.

**KATE.** [*This is getting weird.*] Melanoma is a silent/killer-

**GUY #4.** And ah! How could I forget? You put hot sauce on everything you eat except Cheerios, which is your favorite breakfast cereal.

**KATE.** You know what I eat for breakfast?

**GUY #4.** Cheerios Monday through Friday. (*AH-MUH-LETS*) Omelets on the weekend. (*Kate laughs nervously and slowly reaches for her purse.*) No! Don't leave! Gah! I was trying to be thoughtful. I thought you'd appreciate (*AH-PRE-SEE-ATE*) that I did my due diligence and found out what makes you *you*. With the dating landscape being what it is I thought that'd make more of an impact, well a *positive* impact, well I didn't think it'd implode into this mess that I've suddenly made of a first date. I'm sorry if I came on too strong, I just think you're extraordinary and I wanted to stand out!

**KATE.** (*Puts her bag back down and moves closer to the table.*) No, no. It's okay. You're sweet, and yeah. Maybe we should start over?

**GUY #4.** Oh. Yes. I am amenable to that. Very good. (*He pulls out her chair again and then sits across from her.*)

**KATE.** Thank you. It's nice to meet you.

**GUY #4.** It is so nice to meet you Katherine Elizabeth McCoy, daughter of Eric/and Julie- (*Kate grabs her purse and stands.*)

**KATE.** Ok, would you excuse me for a moment?

**GUY #4.** I wait with bated breath. (*Kate starts to the bar but quickly returns for her wine glass and then goes back to the bar. Bridgie is drinking. Kate is frantic.*)

**KATE.** Where's the bartender?

**BRIDGIE.** Fuck if I know.

**KATE.** Dang it!

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**BRIDGIE.** Yo princess, where's the pea?

**KATE.** The pea is I can't drink this cause I thought that guy was sweet, but now I think he's trying to roofie me and keep me in a cedar closet with porcelain dolls. (*Bridgie grabs the wine and downs it. Dumps her beer in the wine glass and hands it back to Kate.*)

**BRIDGIE.** Don't die, yo. (*Kate turns around and Guy #4 is standing directly behind her which startles her. She quickly begins to move away from him.*)

**KATE.** Listen/

**GUY #4.** Before you say anything/

**KATE.** Oh, please/don't-

**GUY #4.** You cry after your third glass of wine and you've never owned a dog, but if you did it'd be a Dalmatian because you have always wanted to name a dog "Freckles" and you have three sisters that you're close to even though you're all different as can be.

**KATE.** That's not on my profile!

**GUY #4.** (*Delighted.*) I know! This is second-level research and requires a commitment rarely demonstrated by a pedestrian user on a dating site. I take matters into my own hands when I find a mate of substance and consequence.

**KATE.** A what?

**GUY #4.** A mate! Why else would I be here?

**KATE.** I don't know—a drink? A laugh? Bar peanuts?

**GUY #4.** You're allergic to peanuts!

**KATE.** WHAT?!

**GUY #4.** Come now, I know you know little of me, but I am prepared to fill you in. And I assure you I come from fine stock. Good stock. Stock worthy of your DNA. Statistically speaking we are perfect for one another.

**KATE.** Statistically?!

**GUY #4.** I did the math.

**KATE.** What math?! (*Guy #4 pulls out another piece of paper.*)

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**GUY #4.** Let me show you/

**KATE.** Nope, no thank you. No need.

**GUY #4.** What? Why?

**KATE.** Because we don't...have any chemistry!

**GUY #4.** Pish-posh! Chemistry requires a time commitment beyond the first ten minutes of the first date. Give me a chance and I'd wager that you will warm to me by our third encounter.

**KATE.** Well, A) I'm not really looking for an "encounter" and 2) I don't think this is going to work, so let's part ways/amicably- (*Guy #4 politely cuts her off.*)

**GUY #4.** No, thank you.

**KATE.** Pardon me?

**GUY #4.** I respectfully decline your offer.

**KATE.** It wasn't an offer!

**GUY #4.** "I need a strong man to push back against my stubborn nature."

**KATE.** Ok, buddy. I'm trying really hard here because I actually don't like conflict, but you're kinda pissing me off now so-/

**GUY #4.** Wait!

**KATE.** No! (*Starts to leave.*)

**GUY #4.** Wait! I'm sorry! Here - at least take the flowers!  
(*Pause.*) Please. (*Kate stops*)

**GUY #4.** Lilies.

**KATE.** (*Softens.*) My favorite. (*Takes the flowers.*)

**GUY #4.** (*Delighted.*) I know! Because of your grandmother.  
(*Kate drops the flowers and exits quickly. Guy #4 reacts a la "Star Trek".*) Damn it, Jim! Too far!

*MUSIC AND LIGHTS TRANSITION INTO NEXT SCENE*

### **SCENE 5**

#### **MAY**

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

*Bridgie is at the bar. Kate fiddles with the jukebox trying to change the song, but only succeeds in turning it off.*

**KATE.** Oops! Sorry!

**BRIDGIE.** What the hell?

**BRIDGIE.** (*Clocks GUY #5*) What. The. Hell.

*Guy #5 is wearing an "I Heart NY" shirt, an NYC baseball cap, and a fanny pack or backpack. He has a bag from "Cake Boss Bakery" and "The M&M Store" or something along those lines. He is struggling to juggle all his belongings. He dumps everything on a table and looks around the room. He takes up A LOT of space. He addresses Bridgie with a strong Southern accent.*

**GUY #5.** Well, hello there darlin'. (*Bridgie ignores him.*) I said, howdy. (*Silence.*) Hi there. (*Silence.*) 'Sup? (*Silence.*) You know, where I come from its bad manners to ignore a polite greeting. (*Bridgie slowly turns to face him and points at Kate.*)

**BRIDGIE.** You sure you're not looking for that lil' ol' cowpie over there?

**GUY #5.** Oh my, if you ain't a beauty with a capital B!

**BRIDGIE.** Oh, I'm a capital B alright, Sonny.

**GUY #5.** Naw, it's Jimmi. (*Beat.*) With an I.

**BRIDGIE.** Ya don't say.

**GUY #5.** I do! Two of 'em' ackchli. One at the start, the other at the finish.

**BRIDGIE.** Which one has the heart over it?

**GUY #5.** Naw, New York has my heart! Oooh, I just love it here!

**BRIDGIE.** Oooh, you're a long way from home, Dorothy.

**GUY #5.** Name's JIMMI, I said.

**BRIDGIE.** Oh, I heard ya.

**GUY #5.** Well fiddlesticks, you're salty! Who do you remind me of?

**BRIDGIE.** Beats me.



## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**GUY #5.** Darlin,' that was what we call a (*mispronouncing: REHTOR-ICK*) rhetoric question.

**BRIDGIE.** (*This is fun now.*) Was it?

**GUY #5.** Yeah! Gosh, whatta smile! Say! I'd like to buy you a bev-rage if I may.

**BRIDGIE.** I don't drink. (*She takes a drink.*)

**GUY #5.** Goll-ee! You're a hoot! I'm still tryin' to remember who you remind me of...geez, maybe I just need to sit down, grab a refreshment and it'll come to me. (*He sits down right next to her.*) You don't mind do ya darlin'? No sense in you sitting here all alone in the big city, now that there's a strong fella to protect you here.

**BRIDGIE.** Baby, my mama gave birth to me behind this bar. I need protectin' about as much as I need you next to me.

**GUY #5.** You are SA-SSY! I love it! And I love this place! This is some city, innit? You know what I saw today? The Empire States Building! And then the (*mispronouncing, "Nine-One-One"*) 9-1-1 Memorial, and after that, we took a boat to that good ol' green gal, Lady Liberty herself, before we scoot-scooted up to Times Square where I got discount tickets to "The Phantom of the Opera" tomorrow from the (*pronounces it quickly as "TIK-IT-TIS"*) TKTS booth in Times Square thanks to an insider tip from the Big Bus Lady!

**BRIDGIE.** That tracks.

**GUY #5.** Yeah! If that's not a great way to see the city, then Colonel Sanders wasn't my mama's boyfriend. It's a lil' spendy, but if ya can swing it, it's worth it cause the Big Bus lady was a little firecracker who knew just about everything you could want to know about this here city! You Northern gals just tickle me pink! (*Beat, snaps, and points at her as he realizes.*) Angela!

**BRIDGIE.** Sure.

**GUY #5.** That's the Big Bus Lady!

**BRIDGIE.** Cool, dude.

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**GUY #5.** Naw! That's who you remind me of! Man, she gave a great tour. You wanna see some pics?

**BRIDGIE.** Sure. Let's see this treasure.

**GUY #5.** Oh, no can do/She made me delete the pitchers of her. But here—check THIS out! (*He pushes the phone her way and she ignores it.*)

**BRIDGIE.** Not Angela, not interested.

**GUY #5.** Aw, come on. When's the last time you were at the Empire States Buildin'?

**BRIDGIE.** Never.

**GUY #5.** You've never been to the Empire States Buildin'?

**BRIDGIE.** Never heard of it.

**GUY #5.** Really? (*Tries again. Mispronouncing: Nine-One-One*) 9-1-1 Memorial?

**BRIDGIE.** That's not how/you say-

**GUY #5.** Central Park?

**BRIDGIE.** Okay, yeah.

**GUY #5.** Now we're gettin' somewhere!

**BRIDGIE.** Spent the night there once.

**GUY #5.** What, like campin'?

**BRIDGIE.** No, like drunk.

**GUY #5.** You're spicy with a side of Pace Picante! Man, I love that Central Park!

**BRIDGIE.** I bet you do.

**GUY #5.** The merry-go-round, that fountain next to the zoo... I love that zoo! Didya know that's where they filmed the movie "Madagascar?" (*Beat.*)

**BRIDGIE.** Filmed...

**GUY #5.** Yeah! The movie with them talkin' lemurs. Have you seen it?

**BRIDGIE.** No, I'm grown.

**GUY #5.** Oh, come on! You should watch it! It's a classic. (*Bridgie slams her drink and grabs her bag.*)

**BRIDGIE.** Great idea. I'll do that right now.

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**GUY #5.** No! Don't go! We was just gettin' to know each other.

**BRIDGIE.** Sorry. I really love lemurs.

**GUY #5.** Me too! It's fate!

**BRIDGIE.** Is it? *(She just moves to the other side of the bar. Guy #5 is oblivious and not stopping. Leans towards Bridgie.)*

**GUY #5.** It may just be...Say. I know we just met but, howdya like to be my date for "The Phantom of the Opera" tomorrow night? *(Bridgie shakes her head "no".)*

**GUY #5.** Why not?

**BRIDGIE.** Seen it.

**GUY #5.** Really?

**BRIDGIE.** No.

**GUY #5.** They're balcony seats!

**BRIDGIE.** I'm afraid of heights.

**GUY #5.** You can hold my hand!

**BRIDGIE.** I have to wash my hair. *(Guy #5 looks at her hair. He's a little grossed out.)*

**GUY #5.** Yeah. You should. *(Bridgie is a little impressed.)*

**BRIDGIE.** Ok. Respect.

**GUY #5.** Yeah! So you'll go with me?

**BRIDGIE.** Probably not.

**GUY #5.** That's not a no!

**BRIDGIE.** No.

**GUY #5.** I'll buy you a drink.

**BRIDGIE.** Here or at the theatre?

**GUY #5.** What's the difference?

**BRIDGIE.** Twenty dollars.

**GUY #5.** Whoa, spendy!

**BRIDGIE.** Yep. Go home.

**GUY #5.** Can't. Flight's not 'til Thursday.

**BRIDGIE.** It's Thursday somewhere.

**GUY #5.** Ooh, that's a good one!

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**BRIDGIE.** Sure is. Later, gator. *(She moves across the bar, away from Guy #5. He gathers up all his stuff and makes to leave. As he passes Bridgie he tries one more time.)*

**GUY #5.** *(Tempting.)* What if I told ya I can get us reservations at... *(Pause for dramatic effect.)* RUBY TUESDAYS.

**BRIDGIE.** What if I told ya-*(She turns her back to him)*, Guy #5 *peeks around her*)

**GUY #5.** I'll get a table with a booth!

**BRIDGIE.** I'm claustrophobic.

**GUY #5.** Candle with a REAL flame.

**BRIDGIE.** Not allowed near fire.

**GUY #5.** All the Long Island Iced Teas you/can drink!

**BRIDGIE.** He dies at the end.

**GUY #5.** What?! *(Bridgie mimes slitting someone's throat.)*  
Who?!

**BRIDGIE.** Phantom. *(Guy #5 drops all his bags.)*

**GUY #5.** No!

**BRIDGIE.** Yeah.

**GUY #5.** Why would you do that?

**BRIDGIE.** I didn't kill him.

**GUY #5.** You RUINED it!

**BRIDGIE.** Talk to Andrew.

**GUY #5.** I take it back. You're NOTHING like Angela! *(Beat. Bridgie feigns hurt.)*

**BRIDGIE.** What?!

**GUY #5.** Yeah, I said it!

**BRIDGIE.** How could you be so cruel?

**GUY #5.** Seriously?

**BRIDGIE.** *(Continuing the bit)* I mean I'm used to Northern guys, but this is a low blow.

**GUY #5.** *(Beat.)* Oh darlin', I didn't mean/to-

**BRIDGIE.** No! Don't bother.

**GUY #5.** I'm sorry! My dogs are barkin'—I'm not thinking straight.

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**BRIDGIE.** Sounds like jet lag, time to go back to your hotel.

**GUY #5.** I am a little tired. Been walkin' all day.

**BRIDGIE.** The city will do that to ya.

**GUY #5.** Yeah. Plus, I got a big morning tomorrow. Gotta be at GMA by 6:30 in the AM. Wanna make sure my sign gets on the big screen.

**BRIDGIE.** Heck, you should go NOW. They say after you spend the night in Times Square you can call yourself a real New Yorker.

**GUY #5.** Ya don't say?!

**BRIDGIE.** Yep. Giddyup. *Guy #5 clumsily gathers all of his bags and leaves through the door, but a fanny pack or bag or part of him gets caught and he has to open it back up and recover whatever is caught.*

**GUY #5.** Sorry I couldn't take ya on that date, but thanks for the tip! Bye-bye, beauty with a capital B!

**BRIDGIE.** Yeah-yeah. Bye-bye Jimmi with an I. (*Guy #5 exits.*)

*MUSIC AND LIGHTS TRANSITION INTO NEXT SCENE*

### **SCENE 6**

#### **JUNE**

*Bridgie is at the bar, Kate is at her table reading a book. GUY #6 is wearing a tight tracksuit with white trainers and is drinking a tall, pale beer. He has a pronounced Irish accent. He sees Bridgie drinking whiskey and does and beelines to Kate who is drinking white wine.*

**GUY #6.** Aright?

**KATE.** Pardon me?

**GUY #6.** Aright? (*Kate has no idea what he means but tries to play along.*)

**KATE.** Okedoke!

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**GUY #6.** ARIGHT?

**KATE.** Sure?

**GUY #6.** Ah, deadly! (*Kate looks around frantically*)

**KATE.** Deadly? What's deadly?! (*Guy #6 gestures to her, the bar, etc.*)

**GUY #6.** This!

**KATE.** What?

**GUY #6.** DEADLY!

**KATE.** Where?!

**GUY #6.** Here!

**KATE.** Oh no! I'll call the/police-

**GUY #6.** Ah, I'd say you should! (*Kate digs in her purse for her phone.*)

**KATE.** Shit! / It's in here somewhere-

**GUY #6.** Tell 'em us twose are gearin' up for a savage night of deadly fun!

**KATE.** Whose twose?

**GUY #6.** Us! You, me, tonight!

**KATE.** Oh! It's a saying! Oh, I get it now—sorry but did I forget/a date-

**GUY #6.** Ah, no bother/

**KATE.** No—I mean, did we have a date scheduled? I haven't been on the apps lately so-

**GUY #6.** (*Chuckling.*) No! I'd say I saw youse sitting here and figured you'd like some company.

**KATE.** Oh! Well, I was just reading my book.

**GUY #6.** Blah! Boring-like.

**KATE.** It's quite good, actually.

**GUY #6.** Splendid! What're drinking?

**KATE.** White wine. I know some people think that white/wine-

**GUY #6.** Did ya need another? (*Kate smiles and gestures at her full drink.*)

**KATE.** I'm all set, thanks.

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**GUY #6.** What a smile! (*Beat. Kate is more than a little into him now. Guy #6 looks at the TV as she tries to engage.*)

**KATE.** Thank you! So, where are you from?

**GUY #6.** Ah, here like.

**KATE.** No, I know! I meant...your accent...it's-

**GUY #6.** Ah right! Sure as I was born in Donegal but been here a spell.

**KATE.** (*Smiling*) Is that right?

**GUY #6.** Tis!

**KATE.** (*Charmed.*) Well, lucky me.

**GUY #6.** Grand! Let's have the craic (*Pronounced "CRACK"*) then!

**KATE.** The what?

**GUY #6.** The craic. A bit of fun!

**KATE.** Oh! I like fun. (*Guy #6 lifts his glass to toast her.*)

**GUY #6.** Slainte. (*Pronounced "SLAN-CHA"*)

**KATE.** (*Going for it*) SLAN... (*Fails, with an unintelligible sound. They go to toast. She pulls back and indicates his beer.*) It's bad luck to toast with water.

**GUY #6.** Oh, you're funny like aren'tcha missus? 'Tis Coors Light. I'd say Guinness gives you mad gas and whiskey is for nights with the lads so here we are.

**KATE.** Yes! We are here.

**GUY #6.** So, what is it you do... (*Realizes he doesn't know her name.*) Oh Jaysus, I don't even know your name! (*To himself.*) Ask the girl her name, you big girl's blouse.

**KATE.** Big girl's blouse!

**GUY #6.** (*Joking.*) Strange name for a lady innit?

**KATE.** That's not my name!

**GUY #6.** Thank ya, baby Jesus.

**KATE.** It's Kate.

**GUY #6.** Well. Tis fittin' for a beauty such as yerself. (*Kate swoons a bit.*)

**KATE.** Stop.

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**GUY #6.** I won't.

**KATE.** What's your name?

**GUY #6.** Sham.

**KATE.** Like what you put on a pillow?

**GUY #6.** It's a nickname I'd say.

**KATE.** Oh! What's it short for? Seamus?

**GUY #6.** Christ no!

**KATE.** Oh, sorry! (*Guy #6 downs his beer.*)

**GUY #6.** No bodge. (*Pronounced "BAHDGE"*)

**KATE.** Um, ok...so...what do you do, Sham?

**GUY #6.** Ah, some construction here and there. A wee bit of bartending when it suits. (*Kate giggles.*) Like that do ya?

**KATE.** Yeah. It's cute.

**GUY #6.** Which part then?

**KATE.** (*Giggling.*) Wee.

**GUY #6.** Mad cute, amirite?

**KATE.** Yeah!

**GUY #6.** Aye.

**KATE.** (*Flirting.*) Ooh, you're Scottish too?!

**GUY #6.** (*Aggressive.*) No!

**KATE.** Sorry! Joke!

**GUY #6.** Take it back!

**KATE.** What?

**GUY #6.** What ye said!

**KATE.** I'm sorry, I didn't think/that-

**GUY #6.** No, you didn't did ya?

**KATE.** Excuse me?

**GUY #6.** Mad insulting I'd say.

**KATE.** I'm not trying to be insulting. It's Irish and Scottish. Got it. (*Feebly attempts to lighten the mood.*) So, it's just the British you won't share with?

**GUY #6.** Oh...don't be an eejit (*Pronounced "EEED-JIT"*) then.

**KATE.** A what?



## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**GUY #6.** You're out of your depth there now. I'd say I let you get away with that one cause you're cute-like, but watch yourself now.

**KATE.** I was making a joke! My dad is from England.

**GUY #6.** Oh, is he now?

**KATE.** Um. Yes?

**GUY #6.** Are ya going to apologize then?

**KATE.** For my dad?

**GUY #6.** For yer comment!

**KATE.** Um. Sorry?

**GUY #6.** Grand. I love American girls.

**KATE.** Oh good.

**GUY #6.** Aye. So, what is it you do, Kate with a Limey Dad?

**KATE.** Hey!

**GUY #6.** Ah, relax. Tis a joke like.

**KATE.** Are you going to apologize then?

**GUY #6.** Sorry, I suppose.

**KATE.** Grand. I'm a teacher.

**GUY #6.** Lovely. You seem the sort. Carry a ruler with you, then?

**KATE.** (*Flirting*) A yardstick, actually.

**GUY #6.** Look at you then, schoolteacher Kate!

**KATE.** (*Giggling.*) Yeah. Do.

**GUY #6.** Ah, tonight's turning out to be splendid all around.

**KATE.** Aye. (*Beat.*)

**GUY #6.** At what point is it suitable for me to ask to walk ya home?

**KATE.** Um, well we just met/so I don't think that's necessary.

**GUY #6.** It's alright, like. No pressure - just asking.

**KATE.** No. It's not that—it's well, now I've made this awkward, but no one really does that here/so-

**GUY #6.** Sure as I know that...that's why I asked to do it.

**KATE.** (*Enamored.*) Oh...Okay then.

**GUY #6.** Now we're gettin' somewhere.

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**KATE.** Yes. You can walk me home later.

**GUY #6.** Grand.

**KATE.** (*Giggling.*) Yeah! Grand!

**GUY #6.** Will ya have tea and toast then?

**KATE.** What's that now?

**GUY #6.** (*Spells it out.*) TEA AND TOAST.

**KATE.** Um...I'm sure I have Sleepytime tea somewhere and probably some Rye bread, no I just threw that out - wait, why?

**GUY #6.** For the mornin' like.

**KATE.** The morning what?

**GUY #6.** It's proper to have tea and toast in the morning to serve to your guests.

**KATE.** My guests...As in... you?

**GUY #6.** Sure, as I'll be staying over.

**KATE.** Oh, you will?

**GUY #6.** I said I'd walk you home, didn't I?

**KATE.** (*Now she gets it.*) Oh dear, I think there's a language barrier here.

**GUY #6.** No. I speak English like.

**KATE.** Ok, well to me "a walk home" doesn't mean "BEING WALKED HOME." (*Her phone buzzes and they both look at it. Guuy #6 leaps out of his chair.*)

**GUY #6.** Jaysus!

**KATE.** What?!

**GUY #6.** (*Points at her phone.*) Feckin' cat!

**KATE.** Yeah, that's Trudy! (*Holds the phone closer for him to see and Guy #6 dances around in a weird sort of panic.*)

**GUY #6.** Oh, Jaysus! I feckin' hate cats!

**KATE.** What?

**GUY #6.** I FECKIN' HATE CATS!

**KATE.** Why?

**GUY #6.** Look at the right wee bastard!

**KATE.** She's adorable!

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**GUY #6.** No! She's staring at ya sure as she's to take your soul!

**KATE.** She can't steal souls. She's a cat...

**GUY #6.** Ay, don't matter none. I feekin' hate em!

**KATE.** Well, I love Trudy so maybe this/

**GUY #6.** Promise me when I come over you'll lock Satan there in the closet?

**KATE.** Oh...you're not coming over.

**GUY #6.** What?!

**KATE.** No, thank you.

**GUY #6.** I even bought youse a wine!

**KATE.** No, you didn't!

**GUY #6.** I offered!

**KATE.** You called my cat Satan!

**GUY #6.** Sure as she is, like. But you, I'm quite fond of.

**KATE.** Doesn't really feel like it...

**GUY #6.** *(Sweet again as he moves closer to her. Tips her chin up.)* I am. You're clean, not caked or nothing like the others. *(Kate's phone lights up again before she even has time to figure out what this means. He jumps back.)*

**GUY #6.** No! Feck! Manky beast!

**KATE.** She's not a beast!

**GUY #6.** She is! Jaysus, I feekin' hate cats! *(He starts pacing and mumbling to himself.)* Don't even have tea and toast ready for a lad willin' to walk youse home after buying ye a wine.

**KATE.** You didn't buy me wine!

**GUY #6.** But sure as ya have the spawn of the devil there waiting to devour me.

**KATE.** I don't understand what is happening!

**GUY #6.** Jaysus, they're terrible they are.

**KATE.** OH, SIR! Trudy is lovely! You, I'm not so sure about.

**GUY #6.** OH! Right then, I trust you'll get home safe where you'll find the she-devil but no tea and toast. Right wonky this is!

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**KATE.** Something's wonky alright.

**GUY #6.** Oh, you're crazy like.

**KATE.** I'M crazy?! (*She holds up the phone to his face and he loses it again and bolts out the door.*)

**GUY #6.** Jaysus NO! FECKIN' cat!

*MUSIC AND LIGHTS TRANSITION INTO NEXT SCENE*

### **SCENE 7** **JULY**

*Bridgie is at the bar aggressively eating pretzel rods while watching a Mets-Phillies ball game. The remote for the TV is next to her. Suddenly, the door to the bar opens and Guy #7 appears. He stands in the doorway, braced and tense. He looks around for the television. He's wearing a Phillies t-shirt with a short-sleeved button-down over it so it's not obvious and a Mets baseball cap. Bridgie does not notice. He continues to stand in the doorway watching the game.*

**TV ANNOUNCER.** The count is two and two with no one on. (*We hear the sounds of a crowd cheering and talking and then the distinct sound of a baseball hitting the catcher's mitt and the ump grunting an "out" call.*) He gone!

*Guy #7 silently, subtly cheers, and moves a little further inside, but remains aware of his surroundings. Bridgie slams her drink on the bar with disgust. Guy #7 looks back to the door, checks his watch, then back to the TV and ventures a little further in. Bridgie senses someone behind her and swivels to check him out. He's the best thing that's walked into the bar today. Guy #7 is too focused on the game to notice. He wants to watch but is uncomfortable. He ends up near Bridgie but refuses to sit or even perch at a high top. Bridgie continues to keep tabs on him. We hear the crowd cheer.*

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**TV ANNOUNCER.** With that, the Phillies retire the side to end the inning. It's still a scoreless game as we go to commercial break. *(Bridgie groans audibly in an attempt to grab Guy #7's attention and mutes the sound on the TV. Bridgie addresses him anyway, though never taking her eyes off the TV.)*

**BRIDGIE.** What's your at-bat song?

**GUY #7.** *(Startled.)* What? *(Bridgie points at the TV.)*

**BRIDGIE.** What's your walk-up song?

**GUY #7.** *(Hesitant, but this is a good question.)* Uh. "Never Gonna Give You Up."

**BRIDGIE.** Huh. Interesting. A pitcher.

**GUY #7.** *(Smiles.)* No. Shortstop.

**BRIDGIE.** Nice. *(Flirts.)* I dig a little infield action.

**GUY #7.** Do you? *(Bridgie nods.)* Actually, shortstops play both infield and shallow out.

**BRIDGIE.** Love a guy who's good with in and out.

**GUY #7.** *(Beat.)* So, uh what's your walk-up song?

**BRIDGIE.** "Take Me Home Tonight."

**GUY #7.** I like that song.

**BRIDGIE.** I bet you do. *(Flustered, Guy #7 turns back to the TV.)* You got money on the game?

**GUY #7.** Uh, no. I always watch at home, alone. Work ran late- and I couldn't get back in time but I need to see the score/so-

**BRIDGIE.** Here you are.

**GUY #7.** Yeah. Here I am.

**BRIDGIE.** I think we both agree that's a good thing.

**GUY #7.** Do we?

**BRIDGIE.** Yeah. *(Guy #7 takes off his outer layer and reveals his Phillies shirt and Mets hat.)* Well, hey there, mixed messages.

**GUY #7.** I have a vested interest in the outcome of the evening.

**BRIDGIE.** Oh, me too. *(From the TV we hear the crack of a bat and the roar of the crowd. They both look up.)*

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**TV ANNOUNCER.** High-drive, left field! That one is OUTTA here! Put it on the board. Mets 1, Phillies 0. *(Bridgie slams the table in excitement and sits back down. Guy #7 exhales in relief.)*

**BRIDGIE.** That's how it's done! *(Guy #7 adjusts his hat.)*

**GUY #7.** Hell yeah!

**BRIDGIE.** You're a conundrum wrapped in bacon, aren't ya?*(From the TV we hear the roar of the crowd)*

**TV ANNOUNCER.** Broken bat, roller to first, and Phillies get the force out to end the inning, holding the Mets to one run. *(Guy #7 adjusts his hat again.)*

**BRIDGIE.** Help me out, do you want them to score or not?

**GUY #7.** I do...ish.

**BRIDGIE.** *(Beat.)* Do YOU want to score tonight?

**GUY #7.** *(Looks at the TV then back to Bridgie, then back to the TV, and back to Bridgie again.)* I do...ish.

**BRIDGIE.** Seems like it's been a long time...

**GUY #7.** Four months.

**BRIDGIE.** Jesus, I'm like the Red Cross. *(Guy #7's cell phone alarm goes off and he silences it. Reaches into his pocket, pulls out a little packet, shakes something into his hand, and pops it in his mouth.)* Birth control?

**GUY #7.** Apple seeds.

**BRIDGIE.** *(Beat.)* You know, the apple tastes better.

**GUY #7.** Ha-ha. It's not about that.

**BRIDGIE.** What's it about?

**GUY #7.** Linda told me to take them.

**BRIDGIE.** You know I don't know who that is, right?

**GUY #7.** She's my psychic. *(Bridgie turns away from him.)*

**BRIDGIE.** Okedoke, apple bottom.

**GUY #7.** She prescribed it for my Mithridatism *(Pronounced "Mith-Rih-Duh-Tis-Um")*.

**BRIDGIE.** Prescribed?

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**GUY #7.** Yes, it's a regimen. I'm conditioning my immune system to ignore cyanide when I'm poisoned.

**BRIDGIE.** (*Beat.*) When you're poisoned.

**GUY #7.** Yes. Linda told me I'm gonna die when I'm 48.

**BRIDGIE.** Wow.

**GUY #7.** Yeah.

**BRIDGIE.** Bummer.

**GUY #7.** I know.

**BRIDGIE.** Who poisons you?

**GUY #7.** My wife.

**BRIDGIE.** You're fucking kidding/me! **GUY #7.** Seriously!

**BRIDGIE.** Son of a/bitch

**GUY #7.** Right?!

**BRIDGIE.** Married?!

**GUY #7.** Poisoned!

**GUY #7.** What? No! (*Bridgie picks up the remote and unmutes the sound.*) I'm single!

**BRIDGIE.** Whatever you say.

**GUY #7.** At least until the Phillies make their comeback.

(*Bridgie snorts.*) What's funny?

**BRIDGIE.** When the Phillies make their comeback?! The only time a Phillies batter makes contact with a bat is when he's hit by one.

**GUY #7.** Linda said they will, and she has an 86% accuracy rate!

**BRIDGIE.** Yeah, me too.

**GUY #7.** But I have five more weeks to go, so I gotta watch them closely. Pay attention to my surroundings, you know? I'm only at 147 seeds right now and 183 a week is the magic number for immunity. I take them every night at 9:00 p.m. It's like birth control. Except for poison. (*Bridgie raises her hand.*)

**BRIDGIE.** Quick question. If someone has sex with you now, will they die because of the whole Mothra thing?

**GUY #7.** Well, that's a fictional monster and this is a very real thing, but unclear. (*Beat.*) I've not really tested it out.

## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**BRIDGIE.** Interesting. I'm into experimenting. Are you? (*Guy #7 makes an unintelligible sound that's a cross between desire and fear.*)

**GUY #7.** Uh...yeah? I think so.

**BRIDGIE.** Great. Let's make a bet.

**GUY #7.** What kinda bet?

**BRIDGIE.** If the Phillies win, I go home with you. If the Mets win, you go home with me.

**GUY #7.** Oh, that's a good bet.

**BRIDGIE.** I thought so.

**GUY #7.** We could have a little fun.

**BRIDGIE.** There ya go! No harm, no foul, right?

**GUY #7.** (*Alarmed.*) What'd you say?

**BRIDGIE.** No harm, no foul. What's the problem?

**GUY #7.** Linda said my wife would say that.

**BRIDGIE.** Everyone with teeth says that. (*From the TV we hear another crack of the bat.*)

**TV ANNOUNCER.** He lines it back to the mound and Syndergaard sends it to second for the double play! Mets hold the lead by one as we go to the bottom of the fifth. (*Guy #7 sighs in relief. Takes a deep breath. Collects himself.*)

**BRIDGIE.** Look, your boys just struck out. But you don't have to...Let's watch the rest from somewhere more comfortable.

**GUY #7.** Where?

**BRIDGIE.** My place. I've got a dog.

**GUY #7.** (*Hesitates.*) What kind of dog?

**BRIDGIE.** Mutt. Lab, boxer, asshole. (*Guy #7 backs away.*) I'm the only one who bites, I promise!

**GUY #7.** No... Do you remember how I was talking about my wife?

**BRIDGIE.** YES, I DO WHAT NOW?

**GUY #7.** She is supposed to have a dog...A mutt.



## SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

**BRIDGIE.** Sounds like a great gal. Meanwhile, I'm a random girl in a bar who wants to sit on you. I am every man's dream!  
*(Guy #7 swings back around to face Bridgie.)*

**GUY #7.** Or nightmare!

**BRIDGIE.** Excuse you?

**GUY #7.** You could be my wife!

**BRIDGIE.** Do I sound like your wife?!

**GUY #7.** Linda says she's loud!

**BRIDGIE.** I'M NOT- *(Catches herself, then whispers.)* loud/

**GUY #7.** But the saying and the dog-I mean this is getting a little freaky!

**BRIDGIE.** *(Tries for soft and sexy.)* Ok, buddy...the only thing that's gonna get freaky here is us. We can go to your place-

**GUY #7.** But you have a dog!

**BRIDGIE.** Oh, we're not having a sleepover, pal.

**GUY #7.** Okay...

**BRIDGIE.** But you can keep my thong. *(Guy #7 is a little turned on.)*

**GUY #7.** Oh, God. Ok. Let's go. Right now.

**BRIDGIE.** Yes! Best call of the night! *(They start to leave.)*

**GUY #7.** I'm not going to regret this, right? *(Bridgie gives the Girl Scout salute - raising three fingers with her thumb and holding down her pinky.)*

**BRIDGIE.** You won't.

**GUY #7.** What's that?!

**BRIDGIE.** Scout's honor.

**GUY #7.** You're a GIRL SCOUT!?! *(We hear the roar of the crowd from the TV.)*

**TV ANNOUNCER.** That's a long way to left field/aaaaand-

**BRIDGIE.** Not anymore! *(Guy #7 bolts for the door.)*

**TV ANNOUNCER.** That baby's gone!

**BRIDGIE.** Wait!

**TV ANNOUNCER.** It's outta here!

SQUIRREL SCREAMS AND OTHER DATING SOUNDS

*Bridgie reacts verbally, grabs the remote, turns off the TV, and slams the remote on the bar.*

*MUSIC AND LIGHTS TRANSITION INTO NEXT SCENE*

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