

# **THE CHEATER EATER**

By  
Erika Kathryn

## THE CHEATER EATER

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THE CHEATER EATER

*For Kathryn Kay & Derek Lott*

## THE CHEATER EATER

### **CAST. 4M 5W - (In Order of Appearance)**

Kat Clyne	30's	Any race	Female   The Cheater Eater
Dr. Akbar	50's	Any race	Male
Ava Blossom	20's	Any race	Female (or Non-binary)
Sara Miles	20's	Any race	Female-identifying
Mrs. Clyne	50's	Swedish	Female
Cave Maverick	30's	Any race	Male   Charming AF; has hair
Emmett Lott	30's	Any race	Male-identifying
Mayor Bowen	50's	Any race	Male
Mrs. Bowen	40's	Any race	Female
Eddie Blaine	30's	Any race	Male-identifying
Maddy Maverick	20's	Same as Cave	Female-identifying

\* Eddie can double as Emmett/ Maddy can double as Sara...

Bringing the **Cast Count to 9**.

### **CASTING NOTE.**

The Playwright advocates for holistically conscious casting, not just of race and ethnicity, but of gender identity and expression.

### **SETTING.**

Kentucky. The action of this play takes place on a two-storied stage [*This can be done on one floor, however the stair scenes would need to be re-imagined.*] Including a Therapist's couch, a newspaper office, stairs that will be used in several super creative ways, a county fair with a fence and unseen goats (with a twisted sense of humor), as well as a Bar Halloween Masquerade party.

### **ORDER OF SCENES.**

#### **ACT ONE**

- Scene 1 - Therapy Session
- Scene 2 - Newspaper Office
- Scene 3 - County Fair
- Scene 4 - Newspaper Office

#### **ACT TWO**

- Scene 1 - A Stakeout
- Scene 2 - Masquerade Ball
- Scene 3 - Softball Game
- Scene 4 - Therapy Session

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**TIME.** Present day.

### **SYNOPSIS.** (4M 5W)

Revenge is a dish best served... period. Cold, hot, or with those little puff pastry hors d'oeuvres everybody loves... Just as long as Cheaters regret it. People don't typically get retribution after being cheated on... until now... Now, you can call Kat Clyne to carry out her own brand of justice on adulterers. And she confesses all her steps - and hilarious missteps - in a court-ordered therapy session with Dr. Akbar. As we peel back the layers of how she became THE CHEATER EATER, we meet Cheater Zero (Cave Maverick), a blast from her past. Her mother (Mrs. Clyne) not only pits them up against each other to compete for the reins of her company, but she also forces them to work together to break a story about a local politician and his wife (Mayor & Mrs. Bowen). While working together, Cave surprises Kat in more ways than one and is the only one who sees her for who she really is. But will forgiving a former cheater make her lose more than just her heart? The Cheater Eater eats away at the question: *can cheaters really change?*

### **PROPERTIES & FURNITURE.**

Notepad & Pen	Empty Pizza Boxes	Couch
2 Desks	Bookcase	Chairs
Sunglasses	Reading glasses	Handbag
Clock Timer	Podcast Headset	Rope
2 Laptops	Coffee Mugs	A Wire
Case Files	Coffee Table	Dirty laundry
Cell Phone(s)	Folding Screen	1 Apple
Box of Tissue	2 plastic flutes	1 Sandwich
Pocket Tissue	2 Chocolate red-hearts	Book(s)
Picture Frame(s)	Cheetah-print thongs	Bar Stools
Small American Flags	County Fair Banner	
Bale of Hay	Gun (can just be plastic)	
Binoculars	Podcast Microphone	
Masquerade Masks	Cocktails at Bar	
Briefcase	Shopping Bags	
Ear Buds	A portion of a fence	
Cotton Balls	Hydrogen Peroxide	
Champagne	Stack of Paper	

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# THE CHEATER EATER

ACT 1  
SCENE 1

*Two-Story Stage [It can be done on one floor, however the stair scenes would need to be re-imagined.] Top stage is a Therapist Office. Floor stage is a small humble Journalist's Office. Stage right are the stairs and stage left is a bar.*

*KAT CLYNE (30's) sits uncomfortably on a Therapist's couch behind her shades and sass. Unaccustomed to being in the hot seat, she's Fearless AF and smarter than she looks. Her attire is dark business professional, because Black is the old Orange.*

*DR. WENDELL AKBAR (50's) sits adjacent from her, writing on his notepad. Glasses slide on his nose.*

*BEFORE RISE, we hear: The sound of Sprinklers.*

**UNIDENTIFIED MALE.** (O.S.) (*cries; whimpers loudly*) Nooo! My Lawn! Noooo... Mommy...

**KAT.** (O.S.) Forgive me father... for I have sinned...

*AT RISE: Kat Clyne and her new Therapist in their therapy session:*

**DR. AKBAR.** This isn't a confessional, Miss Clyne. It's therapy.

**KAT.** Court-appointed therapy.

**DR. AKBAR.** Court-appointed just means we have to get through one session so I can sign off on your paper from the Judge... we have an hour and a half together. Plus an Intermission.

*He winks at the audience and starts a clock timer on his coffee table.*

**KAT.** I don't know how to do this.

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**DR. AKBAR.** Why don't you start from the beginning?

**KAT.** Like with my dad? Do I have to?

**DR. AKBAR.** Whichever beginning you feel most comfortable with.

**KAT.** Have you ever cheated on anyone?

**DR. AKBAR.** We're here today to discuss you.

**KAT.** You have, haven't you? Just wondering about your character, is all.

**DR. AKBAR.** My character isn't the one on trial.

**KAT.** (*Removes her sunglasses.*) We're all on trial, Doc. Including you...

**DR. AKBAR.** Where would you like to begin?

**KAT.** Well, I guess I could start with how I became her.

**DR. AKBAR.** Was that a significant moment for you?

**KAT.** It was the only moment for me.

**DR. AKBAR.** Start whenever you're ready.

**KAT.** Maybe it's best explained through my Podcasts. I have them memorized. (*She stands up and paces.*) Podcast Number One. The Birth of The Cheater Eater... (*uses hands to add drama*) Subtitled. Cheaters. Suck.

**DR. AKBAR.** Subtle. Your Podcast is what led to your arrest, correct?

**KAT.** What makes you think I didn't want to be caught?

**DR. AKBAR.** Well... contrary to belief, it's actually a myth that criminals and serial killers want to be caught.

**KAT.** You're comparing me to a serial killer? The hell kinda therapy is this?!

**DR. AKBAR.** My apologies... that was a poor example. Let me be more direct... did you want to be caught?

**KAT.** You tell me. You're the therapist.

**DR. AKBAR.** That's not how this works.

**KAT.** What am I paying you for then?

**DR. AKBAR.** You're not paying me.

**KAT.** Right. So. In the beginning... once upon a time... God said, let there be shit.

**DR. AKBAR.** I'm sorry. I don't follow.

**KAT.** I used actual shit when I first started. But I guess slightly before that... in high school, this popular girl named Debbie told me her boyfriend cheated. So, I helped her get revenge.

**DR. AKBAR.** How so?

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**KAT.** Well, I was a nerd... and I say that with the utmost admiration for them. Nerds love science. Ipso facto... I blew up his football helmet. And he had ridiculously great hair.

**DR. AKBAR.** Was he hurt?

**KAT.** Oh, I don't physically hurt Cheaters. I may wound their pride. But I've never sent one to a hospital or anything. Maybe a mental ward once...

**DR. AKBAR.** What happened after that?

**KAT.** I got the hunger. I was just *famished* to help others.

**DR. AKBAR.** And that's where the shit came in?

**KAT.** Shit is very versatile (*she sits back down.*)

**DR. AKBAR.** What are we talking about here?

**KAT.** Well, I'd love to play you a magical montage right now...

(*jazz hands*)... to show you, instead of tell you... but [add in your theatre name here] didn't want that kinda mess. So I'll just say this. I put poop in laptops, gym bags, video game consoles, wallets, sunroofs, business briefs, hair gel containers, even baked it into brownies... and while it's highly effective, it's not real pleasant to work with. Ya know?

**DR. AKBAR.** I can honestly say that I don't.

**KAT.** Cat poop is the easiest. But, I didn't have a cat at the time so that presented its own set of challenges. (*Dr. Akbar grimaces.*)

**KAT.** And when I finally got a cat, I didn't want him to think I only adopted him for his feces. So, I overcompensated by spoiling him excessively--

**DR. AKBAR.** This has... taken a turn.

**KAT.** Then I started using more tasteful methods.

**DR. AKBAR.** Such as?

**KAT.** Chili peppers, laxatives, leaking emails, anything the cheaters had allergic reactions to, very inappropriate pop-up ads during cheater's work presentations... (*Dr. Akbar crosses and then uncrosses his legs uncomfortably.*)

**KAT.** (*chuckles*) Those always get a reaction.

**DR. AKBAR.** Sounds... effective.

**KAT.** Like any good business strategy, I evolved my tactics. I created case files, goals, and timelines for each job. All while staying completely anonymous. I also hired an assistant.



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**DR. AKBAR.** *(Flips his notepad and pulls down glasses.)* A... Miss Blossom?

**KAT.** Ava. Without her, none of it would have been possible. She and I created a trusted vendor list. She helped me market by word of mouth. And she came up with the referral program.

**DR. AKBAR.** She was your accomplice?

**KAT.** If we're going with your serial killer theory, then sure. But to me, Ava was more than that. She was my partner.

**DR. AKBAR.** So, once you graduated from feces...

**KAT.** *(Jumps up from the couch and paces again.)* Look. I didn't have a mentor. I was the first and only person out there helping people get revenge on their cheaters. And revenge is in high-demand.

**DR. AKBAR.** The definition of revenge is to inflict harm.

**KAT.** Cheaters inflict harm. *(fists on hips, like a Superhero)* I impose justice... this is a Power Pose, Doc. You should try it sometime.

**DR. AKBAR.** But don't you believe people have the right to a fair trial?

**KAT.** Of course. In fact, some states across America agree. It's called the Alienation of Affections law. It allows spurned spouses to seek financial revenge. And actually, in eighteen states, adultery is a Class A misdemeanor. But, we're in the beautiful bluegrass state of Kentucky. So in this state... cheaters answer to me. Plus, the law only recognizes adultery for marriages. What about all the people dating and living together? It's an untapped market.

**DR. AKBAR.** Is there another method or approach you could have tried?

**KAT.** Listen. This isn't new. Chasing tail is a tale as old as time.

**DR. AKBAR.** *(jots down notes)* Mmmm hmmm.

**KAT.** Judaism punished adultery by strangulation. Islam flogged cheaters. In Asia, adulterers were caned-- literally, beat with canes. Many adulterers used to be stoned. The Romans used banishment. And let's not forget the Christians... thou shalt not commit adultery. Buddhism states that adulterers suffer in hell for thousands of years. Honestly, cheaters get off pretty easily with me.

**DR. AKBAR.** Do you feel remorse for the things you've done?

**KAT.** Define remorse. *(Stops pacing and leans against his desk.)*

**DR. AKBAR.** A feeling of guilt for wrongdoing--

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**KAT.** Look. I don't claim to be Mother Teresa. And I don't have extraterrestrial spidy-skills. I'm just a girl, standing in front of a boy, asking him to suffer for cheating.

**DR. AKBAR.** Mmm hmm.

**KAT.** Notting Hill... anywho... why do you think people cheat?

**DR. AKBAR.** There are many possible reasons.

**KAT.** Such as?

**DR. AKBAR.** I wouldn't claim to know all of them.

**KAT.** But you do admit to knowing some. Have you used them?

**DR. AKBAR.** Let's get back to you. So... people hired you, and paid you for these revenge services?

**KAT.** They hired me for two reasons. One: so there was no connection to them... and Two: because I was equipped to carry it out on their behalf.

**DR. AKBAR.** And what about just letting karma take its course?

**KAT.** Think of me as karma's delivery girl. While karma was out sharpening her nails, I was just taking care of business. Together, Karma and I are the dream team.

**DR. AKBAR.** *(reads notepad)* Tell me about a Mr. Maverick.

**KAT.** *(plops on couch, with defeat)* Do I have to?

**DR. AKBAR.** I think his involvement is significant. Would you agree?

**KAT.** I remember it like it was yesterday. The day he walked into KLNN. He changed... everything.

## SCENE 2

*Kat steps down the stairs; leaving the couch and the good Doctor sitting top stage. On floor level, she now plays out the series of events. As Kat makes her way down the stairs:*

**KAT.** By day, I was a journalist for my mother's newspaper, KLNN: short for Kentucky Lake News Now. *(cuffs mouth to tell us a secret)* By night, I was avenging broken hearts, totally unbeknownst to my Boss Mom.

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*ENTER AVA (20's). Kat's goddess Intern: the few pennies she has clearly fund her trendy wardrobe. She's an eager beaver aiming to always please and over-achieve. She puts the X in extra. Kat meets Ava on floor level, in her humble Journalist office.*

**AVA.** Your mom's already on a roll this morning.

**KAT.** That's... terrifying.

**AVA.** How did the job go?

**KAT.** You mean Case #32?

**AVA.** That's the one. *(Slips Kat an unmarked file.)*

**KAT.** *(opens it up and reads from it):* Client: Sara Miles, Target: Trent Bolington, Status: Dating Exclusively; 1 year, 5 months, Summary: Victim found sext-messages between boyfriend and his co-worker. Target Weakness: His front lawn.

**AVA.** So?

**KAT.** It was epic! At 7:50am exactly, Trent waited for his precious sprinklers to turn on and mist his precious hydrangeas... and BOOM!

**AVA.** Feverish Flamingo?

**KAT.** Hot pink Feverish Flamingo paint shot out of those sprinklers and drenched his yard. His suit. His house. And his Lexus!

**AVA.** Ohhh, you got the Lexus too? He got SERVED!

**KAT.** Shhhhhh. *(They stifle their excitement. Ava gets closer.)* It was a pink paint massacre.

**AVA.** I knew Feverish Flamingo was the perfect paint choice!

**KAT.** You called it.

**AVA.** I did call it!

**KAT.** Did you also call... Sara?

**AVA.** I called her too! She should be here by now... lemme go get her for you. *(Ava exits. Kat ruffles through papers on desk. Enter client SARA MILES (20's). She's a bundle of emotions.)*

**SARA.** Ava said it was a success?

**KAT.** Did he call?

**SARA.** *(plops down into a chair)* Like clockwork. Just like you said he would.

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**KAT.** They always call their Ex after I get done. Because you're his rock. His safety net. And he needs comforting.

**SARA.** Exactly what he's not gonna get from me! Can I see it? *(Kat pulls out her cell phone and plays the video. We hear the sprinklers. We hear the screams.)* He named one of his garden gnomes after me... *(Kat snags a box of tissue off her desk. Sara grabs one and starts to sob into it. Kat comforts her.)* He even taught me how to fertilize.

**KAT.** Is that a... euphemism?

**SARA.** I used to make him lemonade on that porch... with lemon slices.

**KAT.** You were way too good for him.

**SARA.** We just really had fun times together.

**KAT.** You didn't deserve this. He took you for granted.

**SARA.** When he called, he said he couldn't bear the thought of rebuilding his yard without my help.

**KAT.** I know this is hard to hear. But there are the five stages of grief, remember? *(Sara nods sadly.)* When you first found him sexting another girl, you went through denial. And then you got angry. Now you'll go through some bargaining and depression. *(Sara blows her nose loudly.)* Do you remember how we discussed unfollowing him on social media and deleting all pictures of him from your phone?

**SARA.** I'm almost done with those.

**KAT.** That's great! You're doing great. Before you know it, you'll be in the acceptance stage... you're so incredibly worthy of happiness. Whether it's on your own or with someone new... You're smart and funny--

**SARA.** I'm hilarious.

**KAT.** And you're stunning. Only a freaking fool would cheat on you.

**SARA.** You're so right. *(Stands up boldly.)* Screw Trent!

**KAT.** We did. And now that he's screwed you have to summon all your strength to just let go. Letting go creates room for new beginnings.

**SARA.** I'm gonna finish cleaning his crap out of my drawers.

**KAT.** That's the spirit! Literally creating room, I like it.

**SARA.** When do we go after his co-worker? She deserves to suffer too.

**KAT.** If she tried to steal your man... there's no better revenge than to let her keep him.

**SARA.** True... listening to his lawn woes alone is torture.

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**KAT.** Most importantly, it's okay to forgive him. Not because he deserves your mercy... but because you deserve peace.

**SARA.** *(She hugs Kat.)* I'd still be a raging mess without you.

**KAT.** Please get a massage on me and some goat yoga. It's all on the contact sheet from Ava. It's time to just focus on you.

**SARA.** I will. Thank you so much! *(Sara exits as Ava enters. Ava hands Kat a mug of coffee.)*

**AVA.** How'd she do?

**KAT.** The usual. But she's really strong. And Trent was really a douche. So, I have hope. Did you think about my idea?

**AVA.** I'm not sure, Boss Lady. Podcasting is just so... public.

**KAT.** If I had a Podcast, I could reach more hurting hearts.

**AVA.** It'd have to be untraceable.

**KAT.** My website already is, thanks to you.

**AVA.** If you think this is the next step in our Cheater Eater's evolution, then I'm down with it.

**KAT.** The Cheater Eater thanks you for your unwavering support.

**AVA.** And the... Intern Ava... loves you. Back. You didn't say love. I just made that awkward. *(Ava smiles awkwardly and then whips out memos that she shuffles through)* Okey... Dr. Shanny called and is wondering when you'd like to come to his practice to interview him. And then Mary Rainer called to find out about the piece on her missing hammock. And your mother hired a-- *(croaks this next part)* A new guy. *(back to speaking regular)* And she'd like to see you for a quick meeting.

**KAT.** Hold up. My mother did what?

**AVA.** A new guy in the office. But her meeting with you starts in five, so we better go. She literally breathes Swedish fire when you're late-- *(Enter MRS. CLYNE (50's), Kat's mother. She bursts in and we know she's a Swedish boss. Her head is held high, like a viper ready to strike at any given moment. She embodies professionalism and class in a tailored suit, because, the Devil really does wear Prada.)*

**MRS. CLYNE.** I hired an employee. Does that clear it up for you? Ava, call the salon and schedule an appointment for her to have Raul do a royal flush. *(She pulls out hand sanitizer and rubs it into her hands as she*

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*speaks.*) He has a water pick that will clear up that heinous wax build-up in both ears. Are you writing this down?

*Ava nods.*

**MRS. CLYNE.** With what writing utensils?

**AVA.** (*eyes dart, like she's about to have a stroke.*) Yes... ma'am.

**MRS. CLYNE.** (*Speaks in Swedish*) Shoo fluga.

*Ava EXITS; practically in tears.*

**MRS. CLYNE.** I hired Cave Maverick and seeing as how you can't be bothered to make it to my office timely, I've brought him down to yours. If this OSHA violation passes for an office... (*Enter CAVE MAVERICK (30's). Perhaps he moves in dramatic slow-motion. Perhaps a spotlight hits him and a choir sings. He's a dreamboat. Made of charm and slow motion and rainbows. Kat recognizes him from high school. He's dressed sharply and has great hair.*) Kat, you remember Cave? You went to school together.

**KAT.** Cave.

**CAVE.** It's nice to see you again, Kat.

**KAT.** Mom, could we--

**CAVE.** Mrs. Clyne--

**MRS. CLYNE.** (*Swedish*) Sitta! (*Kat and Cave briskly sit down. Mrs. Clyne paces.*) I'm looking to expand Kentucky Lake News Now to the town of Bowling Green. I plan to launch a new office there within six months. With that being said, I'll be heading up BGNN, so I'll need someone here to manage this location and oversee KLNN indefinitely. (*Kat and Cave eye each other.*) I've been carefully considering who would be the right fit for the Vice President role here. And I've boiled it down to you two.

**KAT.** Can I just--

**MRS. CLYNE.** No you may not.

**CAVE.** Thank you for the opp--

**MRS. CLYNE.** Shhhh. Save it for your barber. (*Cave anxiously runs his hand through his hair.*) I clearly had a first choice... but George had an unfortunate drowning accident while reporting on red tide last summer. (*Kat grimaces.*) I'm assigning you to a project so that I can see which of you is worthy. You'll both cover our new Mayor, Jeffrey Bowen.

**KAT.** I don't do political pieces.

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**MRS. CLYNE.** You do now. Cave, I'll want you to know his agenda and get in with his advisors. Are you-- *crying?*

**CAVE.** No. God no. Allergies. 'Tis the season.

**MRS. CLYNE.** (*Stares into his soul.*) Get a hold of yourself. KLNN needs the first and exclusive scoop on any new policies or changes Bowen plans to make. I want to know his ideas before his staff has the chance to tell him his ideas. (*Moves her focus to Kat.*) There are rumors that he's unfaithful to his wife, and Kathryn, this seems to be more up your alley. At least I think... it's a dark dreary alley with bad lighting... Anyways, I want you to know where Bowen is at all hours of the day. If he has a mistress, we better know first.

**CAVE.** A partner wasn't in my contract--

**KAT.** You know I only ever work alone--

**MRS. CLYNE.** That's funny. (*She doesn't break a grin. She holds up her pointer finger like it's a sword of silence. She speaks quietly and with an eerie calm.*) You both think you can object to this. Cute. You'll work together. Cave, stop crying. That is all. (*Mrs. Clyne exits abruptly. Kat and Cave jump out of their chairs and size each other up.*)

**CAVE.** Your Swedish mother haunts my soul.

**KAT.** I can't believe she hired you.

**CAVE.** Well, thank you for the warm welcome--

**KAT.** I guess we're hiring cheaters now. Like... heyyy cheaters. Come on in. The water's warm. Well, not the red tide water.

**CAVE.** Excuse me?

**KAT.** That may have been insensitive.

**CAVE.** Which part?

**KAT.** Hopefully, all of it.

**CAVE.** The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

**KAT.** Oh. Your dad's a cheater too?

**CAVE.** I meant you and your mother-- So, it was you! You were the one who set my helmet on *FIRE!* I heard rumors it was you, but now, now I know. What did I ever do to you?

**KAT.** You cheated on poor, poor, popular Debbie.

**CAVE.** Debbie set you up to it? She had a new boyfriend the very next day. I was always nice to you...

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**KAT.** She asked for my help... so, I borrowed a reactive compound from the chemistry lab that made your helmet explode. And that makes us even.

**CAVE.** Even?! You ruined my chances to get into college on scholarship, that game was huge for me! Also, you singed the hair clean off my head.

**KAT.** (*grimaces*) You always did have nice hair.

**CAVE.** (*with confusion*) Thank you...?

**KAT.** Listen. You shattered Debbie's heart into pieces; you can't exactly put a price on that. And honestly, I did you a favor. You had to use your brains and not your brawn to get into a University, and that's an invaluable lesson.

**CAVE.** You do understand that I was like sixteen, right?

**KAT.** Once a cheater, always a cheater.

**CAVE.** How original... for a writer. (*Ava enters with two mugs of coffee, she hands them each one.*)

**AVA.** I see you've met.

**CAVE.** Ava? I presume.

**AVA.** You can presume on me... anytime.

**CAVE.** It's very nice to meet you.

**AVA.** It's even nicer to... see you too.

*Kat rolls her eyes.*

**AVA.** Well. There's enough sexual tension up in this room to throw off my chi for a week. I'll leave you two to it.

**KAT.** You don't have to go... he should go... please don't go...

**AVA.** Find your joy, Boss Lady. (*Ava Exits with a laugh.*)

**CAVE.** So. We need to discuss our game plan.

**KAT.** Game plan?

**CAVE.** Yea. Like how we should tackle this assignment... your part, my part, ya know... the j.o.b. (*glides his hand along her self-help books, lining Kat's office bookcase.*)

**KAT.** You work his political side and I'll work his cheater angle. We don't even have to cross paths.

**CAVE.** We could hit a home-run if we work together. (*He lifts a book off the shelf - preferably one written by the Playwright - and reads the cover. Kat snatches it from him and replaces it on the shelf.*)



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**KAT.** Woa. Your life is like a box of terrible metaphors. I can tail him all by myself to see which woman or women or men even, he leads me to.

**CAVE.** Which woman? So you've already jumped to the conclusion that he's cheating. *(Cave picks up a picture frame, and Kat grabs it quickly to put it back down in its place.)*

**KAT.** I didn't jump blindly... I dove. Because if there's a rumor, there's a way. Only a matter of time until I expose him.

**CAVE.** Seems to me you have a lot of experience exposing people.

**KAT.** I exposed you.

**CAVE.** Young, dumb, unsuspecting high school kids are one thing. Sneaky, connected, rich politicians are quite another, Clyne. And speaking of rumors... there's some hushed chatter about a so-called Cheater Eater. Seeking revenge on those who cheat. Ever heard of this person? *(Kat gulps and takes a step back.)* This Cheater Eater runs a private website that you can only open by invitation and a password.

**KAT.** Never heard of it.

**CAVE.** I've already asked your mom if I can work a piece on it. I'm interested to find out what happened in her past to make her hate men.

**KAT.** What makes you think--

**CAVE.** Bev at reception has a few theories, but it's clear that she lives right near the Lake. Any thoughts on who it could be?

**KAT.** Sure don't, Cave. Maybe we should get back to our actual j.o.b. here... anything else? Game plan related?

**CAVE.** *(Smiles charmingly.)* Bowen will be at the County Fair tomorrow with his family; he's making a speech. We should both go to any and all public appearances. I'll text you, so we can meet up.

**KAT.** No need. Don't text. Good talk. *(Kat pushes him toward the door.)*

**CAVE.** *(Resists.)* Working with you is gonna be fun, Clyne.

**KAT.** Define fun.

**CAVE.** Entertaining, amusing... maybe even enjoyable.

**KAT.** I wouldn't count on like, any of those adjectives. *(Kat shoves him out. She sits down at the desk to record her first Podcast. She puts on a Headset and speaks into a microphone.)* Hear this Cave Maverick...

Podcast number one... Cheaters. Suck. Cheating is a Choice. It can be prevented. People cheat on us because they think we'll stay. But in the

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powerful words of Twisted Sister... We ain't gonna take it. No. We're not gonna take it anymore. I'm done hearing Cheater's excuses. Their 'she's just a friend'... 'this isn't what it looks like'... and their: 'it didn't mean anything's.' The only thing I want to hear now is the collective whisper of our footsteps as we walk away from the Cheater in our lives. This is my rally cry. And if you're hearing this, then you are my warriors. We can help end Cheatery... and it starts by just saying: We ain't gonna take it. *(Kat stands up and clenches her fists proudly.)* Now. I need a bomb-ass tagline... Karma's a beast and this beast is blabbing about it. *(Kat walks up the stairs)* I should have a theme song too... maybe... or just stick to the tagline... what do ya think, Doc? *(Kat moves to the top stage with Dr. Akbar, scribbling away on his notepad. Lights up on top set - dark below on floor - where a portion of waist-high fence slides on stage.)*

**DR. AKBAR.** How did it make you feel?

**KAT.** Starting my Podcast?

**DR. AKBAR.** How did it feel when your mother forced you to work with a Cheater? *(Kat's phone "dings". She hops onto the couch; showing slightly more ease with therapy.)*

**KAT.** That blow was softened by my new Podcast followers... real people had heard my words and taken the time to write back to me. Let it rip, Sound/AV Technician extraordinaire... *(We hear another "ding". Kat scrolls on her phone)*

**FOLLOWER #1 (O.S.)** MommaHernandez here! Dear hero-of-mine Cheater Eater, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful Podcastship. *(We hear another "ding")*

**KAT.** From SoulSearcher1984...

**FOLLOWER #2 (O.S.)** You had us at: Suck. If someone had taught my X-Nightmare of a husband a lesson, it woulda taken me less than 3 years to move the hell on. You're on to something huge here. *(Another "ding")*

**KAT.** From BarbieDollOne...

**FOLLOWER #3 (O.S.)** I've never heard of anyone doing what you're doing! Talk about a Pioneer! Can't believe no one has thought of this before. You're truly a revolution! *(“Ding, ding, ding”.)*

**KAT.** The followers just kept rolling in. It made me feel like I was on the right track. *(Single spotlight shines down on Kat. Maybe a choir of angels*

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*sing (O.S.) whatever drives the point home.)* Like it was my calling. You could even say, I was fulfilling my destiny. *(Lights back up.)*

**DR. AKBAR.** *(Writes in his notepad.)* Mmmm hmmm...

**KAT.** Knowing that others not only understood what I was doing but agreed and appreciated it. And that others didn't feel alone anymore, was life-changing for me.

**DR. AKBAR.** You needed the validation?

**KAT.** Well, how does it make you feel when you help your patients?

**DR. AKBAR.** We're here to talk about you.

**KAT.** But you like when they appreciate your feedback. Maybe more so when your female patients like it? The young female patients perhaps. *(Dr. Akbar clears his throat.)* Therapy's hard, isn't it, Doc?

**DR. AKBAR.** And Mr. Maverick? What became of your partnership? *Kat gets off the couch. She hikes up her business skirt, turning it into a mini skirt. (With one removable Velcro patch covering the butt), She adds a flannel top and a cowgirl hat. She swaps her heels for cowgirl boots.*

**KAT.** The next time I saw Cave was at the County Fair...

### SCENE 3

*Lights up on the floor stage, as we hear sounds of a carnival fair. Twinkly lights have us jonesing for a funnel-cake. Shimmers of colorful blues, pinks, and yellows swirl from an unseen Ferris Wheel. Perhaps a County Fair banner hangs. A bale of hay. Kat descends the staircase. She walks down to new client EMMETT LOTT (30's), standing by the fence.*

**KAT.** You must be Emmett Lott.

**EMMETT.** *(He paces.)* Thanks so much for meeting me here. I didn't know who else to call.

**KAT.** *(Whips out some tissue from her pocket.)* Ava trusts you.

**EMMETT.** My boyfriend... he-- I walked in on him with another man. We live together. He's my supervisor at work too. I'm trying to make all the arrangements. But it's a mess. My life's a mess. It's not fair. *(Emmett sobs into the tissue.)*

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**EMMETT.** He gets our apartment, the job, and gets to break my heart!

**KAT.** I can help. But not here. Let's meet tomorrow. My office will be more private.

**EMMETT.** At the newspaper?

**KAT.** It's the perfect cover. I just say you're a source for some story and no one asks questions.

**EMMETT.** So, you'll take me on as a client?

**KAT.** Of course.

**EMMETT.** I just wasn't sure how you felt about men.

**KAT.** Infidelity doesn't discriminate. We'll sit down and come up with a plan together. I'm so sorry this happened to you.

**EMMETT.** *(He hugs Kat.)* Thank you. Thank you so much.

**KAT.** Wine. Cookie dough. Watch Bridget Jones Diary and then I'll see you tomorrow. Okay?

**EMMETT.** You're like... a fairy Godmother for sad Cinderellas. *(Emmett kisses her cheek and exits. We hear goats bleating. Kat bends over the fence.)*

**KAT.** Hey there, baby goats. Do you perform yoga? *(Just then, a FEMALE runs past Kat crying loudly (this can be the actress who plays Sara; we don't even see her face.) Female exits. Cave chases after her until he arrives at Kat.)* Cheat on her too, Cave?

**CAVE.** Another one bites the dust.

**KAT.** Did you also run outta sports metaphors?  
*Kat bends back over to pet the goats we can't see.*

**CAVE.** She's my second assistant since I've started at KLNN and I just had to have the talk with her that it isn't working. *(Cave leans over to pet the goats with Kat.)* Who's this? Maybe he can be my new assistant. *(MAYOR BOWEN (50's) ENTERS and stands on the stairs. There are a few small American flags by the staircase for him. Perhaps a few cast members watch him from the bottom of stairs. He can be joined by his wife MRS. BOWEN (40's). We hear applause. He waves and shakes hands silently.)* Mayor Bowen. Right on time. Meanwhile, I've been here three hours waiting, because my assistant got the times mixed up.

**KAT.** *(Stops petting and leans on fence)* Precisely why I work alone.

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**CAVE.** Well, now that I have no assistant, and I'm working two stories at once, I think we should really partner on this thing.

**KAT.** Two stories?

**CAVE.** I thought I told you; I'm working on the Cheater Eater mystery as well. I feel like she's right under our noses. *(Kat doesn't take her eyes off Cave but pushes the goat away through the fence. We hear a few goat bleats.)* Could you help me interview some assistants?

**KAT.** Nope. I'm swamped, sorry. *(She pushes the goat's nose away from her leg without looking down. We hear it bleat again.)* This goat--

**CAVE.** Swamped? Your mom took you off everything except for Bowen. You obviously found a treasure in Ava--

**KAT.** Ava was like finding a press-on in the ocean. And this Bowen thing is twenty-four hour.

**CAVE.** We could share Ava.

**KAT.** I'm an only child. I don't share. *(Pushes the goat.)*

**CAVE.** What happened to you after high school? *(Kat Pushes the goat. It bleats again.)*

**KAT.** I heard you married poor popular Debbie and moved to Chicago.

**CAVE.** I didn't marry her. But that's what she wanted... so she dumped me and married someone else. She has two children now. I guess you and your friend haven't spoken in a while.

**KAT.** She was never a friend of mine.

**CAVE.** But you exploded my helmet for her?

**KAT.** In case you didn't notice, I didn't have friends in school.

**CAVE.** Then why'd you do it?

**KAT.** I don't like to see people hurting. Not even mean girls.

**CAVE.** You sound like the Cheater Eater.

**KAT.** What's it with you and this story?

**CAVE.** Honestly? She intrigues me. She's truly a talented writer.

**KAT.** She sounds enchanting.

**CAVE.** You really should read her stuff. I haven't seen anyone that fanatical in a long time. I can't stop listening to her voice. *(Kat squints at him and pushes the goat.)* And her listeners worship her. She gives them a reason to get past the hate. She lets them know at the end of the day... if

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they want revenge, there are options. I wouldn't be surprised if other Cheater Eaters rise up. *(Kat pushes the goat's nose again.)*

**KAT.** And how are you able to access her private website?

**CAVE.** I can't reveal my sources... *(We hear fabric TEAR as the goat RIPS a chunk out of Kat's skirt - her ass is exposed - unbeknownst to her. (Kat can simply tear off the Velcro patch and toss it behind the fence.) We hear CAT CALLS (O.S.) at her bare butt. Kat spins to see who's cat-calling her and as she does, Cave sees her bare butt exposed. He rips his shirt off without hesitation.)* Clyne! *(Kat spins back to see him shirtless.)*

**KAT.** The hell, Cave!?! Do you live at a gym?

**CAVE.** Your ass, Clyne.

**KAT.** Thank you--

**CAVE.** It's exposed! *(He wraps his shirt around her waist, just as Mayor Jeffrey Bowen walks up to them. They fumble awkwardly. Kat "air slaps" at Cave.)*

**MAYOR BOWEN.** Mrs. Clyne?

*Kat makes sure Cave's shirt is secure and gets her life together to respond:*

**KAT.** Mayor Bowen, it's a pleasure to meet you, sir.

**MAYOR BOWEN.** The pleasure is mine. Do you have a moment?

**KAT.** This is Cave Maverick. He's also a Reporter at KLNN. *(The two men shake hands kindly.)*

**MAYOR BOWEN.** Mrs. Clyne--

**KAT.** Miss. *(Mayor Bowen smiles.)*

**MAYOR BOWEN.** Miss Clyne. I've wanted to meet you ever since you wrote about the town's charitable organizations. Great piece.

**KAT.** *(beams)* How kind of you.

**MAYOR BOWEN.** It's an honor to have a writer like you in our town. I'd like to set up a meeting to discuss another article I hope you'll consider writing.

**KAT.** Of course.

**MAYOR BOWEN.** I'll have my PA call your office to work out a date. *(He nods politely, shakes their hands again, and exits.)*

**CAVE.** Wow, a few days on assignment and you have a date with him.

**KAT.** I don't date. But it's a good opportunity to learn his weaknesses.

**CAVE.** What do you mean you don't date--

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**KAT.** I just don't. Don't make it weird.

**CAVE.** Well... I have a date to do research on the Cheater Eater, so if you'll excuse me, Miss Clyne, I'm calling it a night. *(Cave walks across the stage, turns to yell.)* Keep the shirt, Sparky. Maybe next time, wear something with more coverage. *(Kat mocks Cave as she hops up the stairs back to Dr. Akbar. She removes Cave's shirt and all her cowgirl get-up until she's back down to basic business attire. She adds a new jacket over-top as well as a new Velcro patch to cover her rump.)*

**KAT.** Can you believe him?

**DR. AKBAR.** He seemed to be genuinely trying to work with you.

**KAT.** Exactly. The balls on him! *(Kat plops more comfortably on Dr. Akbar's couch. Down below on the floor stage, the fence is moved out.)*

**DR. AKBAR.** So you worked a Cheater Eater case simultaneously with the Bowen investigation?

**KAT.** I actually worked several overlapping cases. So, Cave can suck it! But Emmett Lott was special. He was a full phoenix.

**DR. AKBAR.** A phoenix?

**KAT.** His entire life went down in flames. *(Single spotlight shines down on just Kat. Maybe we hear that Angel Choir again, maybe not.)* He needed my help to rise up gracefully from the flames and the ashes. Just like a phoenix. *(Lights back up.)*

**DR. AKBAR.** Did you take revenge on his cheater?

**KAT.** As luck would have it... Emmett's cheating Ex was into cars. A 2000, sunburst gold, Saleen mustang, to be specific.

**DR. AKBAR.** And why was that lucky?

**KAT.** Because we live right near the Grand Rivers Quarry.

**DR. AKBAR.** Dare I ask--

**KAT.** We shot that Saleen right off the edge. *(Kat demonstrates this crash with her hands and hilarious mouth sound effects.)*

**DR. AKBAR.** So, you broke the law on that case?

**KAT.** If we're going with your serial killer example, sure. But in reality, Emmett had made payments on that bad boy and he was with me when it soared into the quarry, all Thelma and Louise style.

**DR. AKBAR.** Talk to me about your relationship with your mother.

**KAT.** What's there to say? You saw her. She's basically Darth Vader.

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**DR. AKBAR.** Are you afraid of her? (*Ava enters on the floor stage, down below. She sets down an APPLE. She frantically sets out two coffee mugs and straightens papers on the desk.*)

**AVA.** (*calls out*) Kat! Your mom is on her way now for that 7am meeting she scheduled!

**KAT.** (*Hops off the couch and looks at Dr. Akbar.*) See? 7am! She's a monster.

### SCENE 4

*Kat runs down the stairs as she straightens out her professional clothing. She joins Ava on the floor stage. Lights dim on Dr. Akbar above.*

**KAT.** How do I look?

**AVA.** Like a woman about to get barbecued... (*Kat's confused.*)

**AVA.** Because she's on FIRE!

**KAT.** (*grimaces*) Oh!

**AVA.** Sorry. Pep talks are one of my character flaws.

**KAT.** Ahhh. Well... you're oddly tech savvy. So. You have other skills. (*Mrs. Clyne enters angrily.*)

**MRS. CLYNE.** You're late. Shocker. (*Pulls out hand sanitizer as she speaks.*) Ava, I have a brunch with the Ladies of the Lake today and I need you to personally ensure that Mrs. Dexten has organic butter on her croissants or else she bloats like a blow-fish. (*Ava nods but stands frozen in fear.*)

**MRS. CLYNE.** Unless you have a butter churn in your pocket, you should already be on the phone with the caterer. (*Ava's eyes dart, like she's about to have a stroke.*)

**AVA.** Correct... I am on it now... your honor.

**MRS. CLYNE.** With what phone? (*Ava scurries off stage, leaving the apple on the desk.*)

**KAT.** Happy seven-am, mother.

**MRS. CLYNE.** Well... anything?

**KAT.** Bowen's hiding it well. I'll find him out. I just need time.



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**MRS. CLYNE.** (*Paces back and forth. Squirting sanitizer.*) Why aren't you working with Cave on this?

**KAT.** I tried to tell you like twelve times, I don't trust Cave--

**MRS. CLYNE.** I thought I was clear. Partnering with him isn't an option.

**KAT.** I'll tail Bowen all night to see what he does after his speech today. I promise. I won't fail you.

**MRS. CLYNE.** Cave told me about this self-titled, Cheater Eater. Any idea who this person could be? (*Kat's eyes bulge. She shakes her head.*) Cave's taking initiative. And you... don't you want to run the company I built for you?

**KAT.** What if I could build my own company?

**MRS. CLYNE.** Kat. I'm developing an ulcer. I'm-- (*braces herself on Kat's desk*) I'm afraid I'm failing you.

**KAT.** What?

**MRS. CLYNE.** People your age are married with children, you haven't even dated in years. You don't take your career seriously... I just need you to understand that not all men are your father.

**KAT.** What's that got to do with anything?

**MRS. CLYNE.** Maybe he-- maybe I made you focus on the wrong things.

**KAT.** He cheated on me too. But Dad has nothing to do with my life now.

**MRS. CLYNE.** Is that what you think? That he cheated on you too? And what happened with Eddie? We've never talked about it.

**KAT.** Mom, I need to watch through some of Bowen's speeches.

**MRS. CLYNE.** (*Utterly defeated in Swedish*) Jag ger upp... One last thing... here's your tickets for the Mayor's Masquerade Ball next week. You'll go with Cave so you can infiltrate Bowen's staff. And no. It's not optional.

**KAT.** I'll be there.

**MRS. CLYNE.** And eat something... you look thin. (*Mrs. Clyne tosses the apple to Kat and she catches it. Then Mrs. Clyne exits; Cave enters.*)

**KAT.** Excuse you. Knock much?

**CAVE.** They had a fight yesterday.

**KAT.** Who?

**CAVE.** The Bowens. And where were you?

**KAT.** What are you, my mother?

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**CAVE.** (*with real fear*) Oh God, is she coming back?

**KAT.** (*Rolls her eyes.*) What did they fight about?

**CAVE.** Wouldn't you like to know... is that an apple in your hand or are you just happy to see me? (*Smiles charmingly*) You bring me right back to high school. You know that?

**KAT.** (*grimaces*) The feeling's mutual.

**CAVE.** Listen, Sparky. I've been here for two hours thanks to my new, new assistant mixing up my schedule. I'm famished.

**KAT.** You were here at 5am and you didn't question that? That's on you.

**CAVE.** Give me the damn apple and I'll tell you about the fight. (*Kat raises the apple up to her lips and slowly, teasingly, she takes a dramatically big juicy bite. We hear the deliberate "crunch". Cave's mouth falls open a little, perhaps he drools.*)

**KAT.** Here's how this is going down, Hot Hair... you're gonna tell me about the fight first and then I'll give you the apple.

**CAVE.** Fine. They fought in the car over to their speech and Mrs. Bowen was ticked the hell off about it. (*Pulls out his phone and shows Kat a video.*) See the way she's pursing her lips on stage? See how she keeps uncrossing and re-crossing her legs? She's all sorts of sex-deprived...

**KAT.** And you're all sorts of creep-deprived.

**CAVE.** She's ready to jump the bones of the first man she sees. (*Kat grimaces at Cave.*) She keeps making eyes at her security guard. I have a theory that he may just be slipping the Misses his baton on the side, if you know what I mean, Clyne.

**KAT.** Please stop mansplaining. Batons were banned off police forces in like the 90's. I wrote a piece on it. (*Cave leans in on Kat as she watches the video.*)

**CAVE.** You smell nice. Now give me the damn apple. (*Kat hands him the apple.*) In other news... I'm getting so close to the Cheater Eater... I can literally taste her. (*He takes a huge bite out of the apple.*)

**KAT.** Really? Who... is she then?

**CAVE.** You'd need another apple to get that from me, Clyne.

**KAT.** Gross.

**CAVE.** She was definitely burned by someone. Whoever broke her really did a number.

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**KAT.** What makes you think that?

**CAVE.** It's personal. It's like every cheater she brutalizes she's getting back at the asshole who speared her in the heart.

**KAT.** Did it ever cross your mind that maybe she's a genuine human being that wants to help others get over the suffering and torment that cheaters have caused?

**CAVE.** She breaks countless laws committing these acts of retaliation. She's lucky she hasn't been caught. But not just by police... these cheaters. If they knew who had ruined their careers, or who had slashed their tires, they'd be coming after her.

**KAT.** She's helping people. Real people that have been hurt. How does that make her broken?

**CAVE.** You've been listening to her Podcasts? You sound like a fan.  
*(Cave bites into the apple again.)*

**KAT.** Damn right I'm a fan.

**CAVE.** Well, for what it's worth... I'm a fan too. I'm just worried for her.

**KAT.** Sounds to me like she has plenty of supporters; I doubt she needs protection.

**CAVE.** Anyways, are you even interested in this promotion or should I just take it?

**KAT.** Of course I'm interested.

**CAVE.** You're not making an effort. I've read your articles from KLNN and you stick to the safe stories. *(Kat snorts angrily.)* That baton bullshit is case in point. You wrote about local bands, the best sub-sandwich restaurant near Kentucky Lake-- I mean, these are not riveting pieces of American history.

**KAT.** I write what I'm assigned to write. For your information, a good Vice President also has to take direction well.

**CAVE.** I get that. But I also get that you're a much better writer than you're showcasing.

**KAT.** Oh, and you're going for the Pulitzer? Maybe you forgot what town you're in. You're not in Chicago anymore, Toto. We're in Kentucky. Home of bluegrass, bourbon, and fried freakin' chicken.

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**CAVE.** Yea, well Dorothy, you always had your mom employing you on the yellow brick road... you should do better. You'll break your mother's heart if you don't.

**KAT.** Can we get back to the Bowens? You think she's the one cheating? If so, I'm sure his cheating caused her to do it...

**CAVE.** What makes you so sure he's cheating?

**KAT.** People in power will cheat when given the opportunity. He's a politician, so there's the opportunity. And somehow you disgustingly determined that his wife is sex-deprived.

**CAVE.** So, the donations he's made and all the services he's been doing in the community, you don't think that maybe-- maybe there's a chance he's actually *good*?

**KAT.** *(Shakes her head boldly.)* Well. It's been... annoying. I need to go work.

**CAVE.** Later, Sparky. *(Cave exits. Kat moves to her laptop, Podcast microphone, and headset.)*

**KAT.** Podcast number fourteen... the Mythical Creature. *(Kat stops for a moment to sip her coffee and think.)* Among the likes of vampires, aliens, dragons, and giants, is the ever-so-rare and hardly spoken of mythical creature known as: a Good Guy. I like to think of them as Bigfoot sightings because people swear they've seen him. But no one can ever get a clear picture of what he looks like or find his native origins. On the hunt for a Good Guy, I've encountered three types of humans... *(Enter Cave, Mrs. Bowen, and Mayor Bowen. Holding her microphone, Kat walks up to Mayor Bowen first and spotlight shines on him.)* The Turtle. Those who only pop out of their shell when they do good deeds. They shield their nefarious ways, their true opinions, and their hurt pride. They say crap like... 'good guys finish last'... or 'good guys always end up in the friend zone'... realistically, if they were a good guy or gal, they'd shed their shell. *(Kat and the spotlight move to Mrs. Bowen.)* The Chameleon. Those who change their colors so often, they've even convinced themselves they're good guys or gals. They have long sticky tongues, better to tell their lies with. They're conceited, selfish, and vain and similar to chameleons, these peeps are extremely fragile. But true colors always shine through.

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*(Kat and spotlight move over to Cave.)* And last but certainly not least, the Jelly Fish. Those who appear to be good because they look transparent. These are the ones you see your friends marry and feel jealous that they got the last good one. You know the line we've all said before... 'all the good ones are either married or gay.' Then you find out a few years down the road that he's been cheating, or beating, or something else traumatic. These jelly fish look completely harmless, they mesmerize you... *(uses spirit fingers)* With their magical glowing and floating peacefully in the ocean, but next thing you know you're asking a stranger to piss on the sting. *(Cave, Mrs. Bowen, and Mayor Bowen exit. Kat slides back in front of her laptop.)* Karma's a beast and this beast is blabbing about it. Cheater Eater out. *(Kat scrolls her phone as she walks up the stairs back to Dr. Akbar. Her phone starts to "ding, ding, DING".)* From Podcast fan, BonnieFiedTruth1986...

**FOLLOWER #1** (O.S.) Dear Cheater Eater, I was married to a Chameleon for thirteen years. I'd love to break his creepy curled tail, clean off.

*(Kat's Phone "dings".)*

**FOLLOWER #2** (O.S.) PizazerDotCom here... Now that the myths are busted, let's stop flaunting our fake Big Foot pictures. I'm looking at you, Karen. *(Kat's Phone "dings".)*

**KAT.** From Fay One...

**FOLLOWER #3** (O.S.) A good guy must be an old wives' tale. A parable probably told to young children to help them sleep at night. BTW... anyone know someone that offers Miz Cheater Eater's services in Ontario? My friend is in need... *(Kat's Phone "dings".)*

**KAT.** From Talk\_To\_Me\_Goose... *(Kat scrolls her phone.)*

**CAVE** (O.S.) Dear Cheater Eater, I've enjoyed all of your Podcasts thus far. I mean no disrespect but there could be a few good guys left. Listeners, I urge you to consider your fathers, your childhood friend, maybe your high school sweetheart, your neighbor, the person who mows your lawn... Similar to Bigfoot, if you don't believe in Good Guys you'll never find them. Even if they're right under your nose, sitting next to you on the bus, or in the cubicle nearby. From, a Fan. *(Kat jumps out of her chair.)*

**KAT.** You know what that meant, right?

**DR. AKBAR.** You lost me at Jelly Fish.

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**KAT.** Talk\_To\_Me\_Goose... Top Gun... Maverick... I just need something to write him back on...

**DR. AKBAR.** You can use my laptop. *(Kat hops behind Dr. Akbar's desk and opens his laptop.)*

**KAT.** Cave Maverick was clearly this, Talk\_To\_Me\_Goose.

**DR. AKBAR.** But how--

**KAT.** Keep up, Doc... or shall I call you Dr. Chameleon?

**DR. AKBAR.** What makes you think I'm one of those?

**KAT.** *(Clicks angrily on the keys)* Dear Sir. For someone so sure that Good Guys exist... have you ever cheated on anyone? I'm willing to bet my next meal that you have... That'll shut him up. He'll never admit he cheated. *(Kat stops typing, leans back in Dr. Akbar's desk chair and puts her feet up on his desk. Her phone "dings". She leans into the laptop to read Cave's comment.)*

**CAVE.** *(O.S.)* Dear Cheater Eater, I'll man-up and admit that I made the appalling mistake of cheating when I was 16. I was humbly taught a lesson by somewhat of a missionary, much like yourself, and I'm thankful for her. Now to address your point... I must say that if someone has cheated once, it doesn't mean he or she are a serial cheater, and therefore shouldn't disqualify them of being considered a Good Guy. Sincerely, still a Fan. *(Kat looks appalled. She huffs angrily as she types back to Cave.)*

**KAT.** Kind Sir. Those who have cheated have disqualified themselves from any consideration. In addition, it sounds like your missionary is a kindred spirit. In regards to my wager, it appears you owe me a meal and this Cheater Eater eats well. *(Kat's phone "dings" immediately after.)*

**CAVE.** *(O.S.)* Dear Cheater Eater, I would gladly take you out for a meal. In addition, I'd be honored to speak with you offline as we reside in the same town. Sincerely, a Fan to a Fault. *(Kat snatches Dr. Akbar's tie and pulls him closer.)*

**KAT.** Do you think he was patronizing me?

**DR. AKBAR.** I think he was being... respectful?

**KAT.** Exactly. Ugh! *(Kat angry-types again. But stops short as her phone "dings".)*

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**CAVE.** *(O.S.)* Dear Cheater Eater, I've thoroughly enjoyed our conversation tonight and hope to speak again soon... preferably over the meal I owe you. Sincerely, a Fan Forever.

**KAT.** The balls on-- *(Kat's phone "dings" again.)*

**CAVE.** *(O.S.)* PS... Please don't get your thongs tied in a bunch. Sincerely, a Fan since High School. *(Kat's jaw drops.)*

**DR. AKBAR.** Maybe we should... take an intermission from this session? *(Spotlight on Kat.)*

**KAT.** And that was the moment that I knew, that he knew. *(Maybe we hear a "DUN DUN DUUUUN" Dramatic Sound Effect and the stage goes black.)*

**END OF ACT ONE**

**INTERMISSION**

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