

MAN. What about me?

ABBY. You said you haven't been here in thirty years. Where've you been?

MAN. Where've I been? Where've I . . . Not that far away really. I kind of, moved on . . . teaching, like I said. I tell you though, sometimes you wake up in the morning and wonder, "How did I get here," you know?

ABBY. Yeah . . .

MAN. I'm telling you guys . . . it all looks like blue skies and green lights to you right now. But at this end . . . *(Awkward, he laughs. Beat.)* Listen to me, sounding like the old sage here . . .

JAMIE. Oh, we know life is tough.

MAN. Of course, of course. I don't mean anything. It's the booze talking I tell you!

(A little light laughter.)

So, I know I'm wearing you guys out here, but I'm having a great time.

ABBY. No, we're fine. I mean, you're buying! How's your time?

(MAN checks his watch.)

MAN. I'm good, I'm good.

JAMIE. Cool. *(Beat.)* So, what do you say, we seem to be drinking. Let's play a drinking game!

MAN. Oh boy, this is trouble.

ABBY. What game?

JAMIE. How about Truth or Dare? Someone asks a question and if you don't want to answer, you do a dare, or a shot? Nothing that involves taking off clothing!

MAN. Oh, thank God!

JAMIE. That good?

ABBY. Sure, but I'm smaller than you guys. You have to do two shots.

MAN. Deal.

JAMIE. Deal. OK, who starts? Ask me anything!

ABBY. OK! Truth or dare?

JAMIE. Truth!

ABBY. If you were stranded on a desert island and could have one person with you, and it couldn't be me, who would you want?

JAMIE and MAN. Oooo!!!

MAN. Walked right into that one! BAM!

JAMIE. I did not see that coming! You are fiendish!

ABBY. I am!

JAMIE. OK, well, sorry, but it's not going to be a guy. So, who would I want . . . who would I want . . . ? *(Pause.)* Bo Derek!

ABBY. Bo Derek!? She's a model! How would she help you survive on a desert island?!

JAMIE. *(He thinks a beat.)* By running up and down the beach in slow motion.

MAN and JAMIE. Oh!

MAN. You are in so much trouble.

ABBY. Yes, you are! I could do that!

(ABBY gets up and runs across the downstage in excessively sultry slow motion.)

ABBY. Oh Jamie, Jamie, I'm going to go get some coconuts for lunch . . . Oooo, oooo . . . !

(JAMIE and MAN laugh. ABBY stops the running and sits.)

How was that?

JAMIE. You run much better than Bo Derek.

ABBY. Good answer!

JAMIE. OK, we need to move on. *(Pause. He shifts in tone.)* OK, who's next? You! Jimmy, truth or dare?

MAN. I'll take . . . truth!

JAMIE. OK, who are you?

MAN. I'm Jimmy.

JAMIE. No . . . who are you?

MAN. What do you mean?

JAMIE. I mean, how did you play "Asteroids" better than me? That game just came out!

MAN. Well—