

# **Looking for Fun(bags)**

by

Vincent S. Hannam

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*Thank you, Bryant Hernandez.*

*For Mark Brotherton. Love ya, buddy.*

**LOOKING FOR FUN(BAGS).** (*2f, 2m; int.; comedy*) A misguided man seeks to reconnect with his lost love, asking her to coffee. She agrees only to realize his reasons are anything but romantic. Lives are unraveled as lies, deceit and vulgarities are revealed in this tale of love and friendship.

**VINCENT S. HANNAM.** A playwright who seeks to ground fantastic stories in honest people. BFA Acting, University of Central Florida; MA Teaching, St. Mary's University of Minnesota. He lives in Minneapolis with his family.

## **PRODUCTION HISTORY**

LOOKING FOR FUN(BAGS) was produced as a web series by Mischief Tales (2016); directed and edited by Max Hannam; screenplay by Vincent S. Hannam, Armando Rivera and Max Hannam; the production manager was Josh Rios. The cast was as follows:

BRANDON	Eduardo Rivera
SHIRLEY	Elena Kritter
JACKIE	Deirdre Manning
BUD	Armando Rivera

LOOKING FOR FUN(BAGS) was produced as a one act at the Minnesota Fringe Festival, August, 2015. Produced by Up Top Theatre; directed by Philip Muehe; the production stage manager was Sarah Wolf. The cast was as follows:

BRANDON	Vincent Hannam
SHIRLEY	Alyssa Brooke
JACKIE	Diana Jurand
BUD	Mike Swan

LOOKING FOR FUN(BAGS) was produced as a 10 minute play at the 2nd annual Bad Theater Festival in New York City at The Tank @ 46th St., November 2, 2014. Directed by Nick Saldivar; the production stage manager was Aubrey Russell. The cast was as follows:

BRANDON	Bryant Hernandez
SHIRLEY	Alison McCartan

LOOKING FOR FUN(BAGS) was developed at the University of Central Florida, October, 2013. Produced by Second Glance Theatre; directed by Vincent S. Hannam; lighting and sound by Austen Edwards; the production stage manager was Deirdre Manning. The cast was as follows:

BRANDON	Rashad Guy
SHIRLEY	Dee Quintero
JACKIE	Edmarie Montes
BUD/BUD WIZER	Joaquín Montes

## **CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)**

BRANDON:	Very nice, but very naïve. Male. Any race/ethnicity. Mid 20s.
SHIRLEY:	Very in love, but very confused. Female. Any race/ethnicity. Mid 20s.
JACKIE:	A tough, yet loving woman. Female. Any race/ethnicity. Early-mid 20s.
BUD:	A most endearing bum. Male. Any race/ethnicity. Mid 20s.
BUD WIZER:	An evil monster that must be stopped. Double cast with BUD.

## **PLACE & TIME**

ACT I; SCENE 1: A New York City café

ACT I; SCENE 2 - END: A dirty one-bedroom apartment in NYC

The present

## **NOTES ON PRODUCTION**

*ON DIALOGUE:* A slash ("/") in a line indicates overlap. Where there is a "/", the next character begins speaking.

*ON PRESENTATION:* Please keep in mind that "immaturity" will kill this play. *Looking for Fun(bags)* is inherently juvenile, so let the script handle that aspect; by all means, have a ball, just never lose sight of the honest-to-goodness stakes. These characters are real people. They are flawed and insecure, but sincerely searching for what we all desire - connection with others.

## **ADDITIONAL THANKS**

Mark Routhier, Scott Dixon, Jay Pastucha, Michael Dritto, Thor Jonsson, Jonathan Rasmussen, Patrick Sylvester, Jesse Hinton, Amanda Tavarez, Maggie Langlais, Kayla Ann, Claney Outzen, Hillary Watkins, Ana Hagedorn, Courtney Bergey, Stef Dickens, Terrance Jackson, Carla Joseph, Pete and Bebe Keith, Ross Neal, Mark and Dee Seaquist, Laura Nelson, Dave Greenlund, Dan Westbrook, Alyssa Thompson, Emily Cherry, Nic Murphy, Luke Murphy, Thomas White, Tod Petersen, Ryan Lee, The Guys, Aunt Tracy, Uncle Bill, Daddy, Da and Ellen, my love.

**LOOKING FOR FUN(BAGS)**

**ACT I**

**SCENE 1**

*Lights rise. A café.*

Wow, Brandon. SHIRLEY

I know. I know. BRANDON

This is not what I expected to be doing today. SHIRLEY

My call did sort of come out of the blue. BRANDON

It's only been four years. SHIRLEY

Only? BRANDON

Since college. SHIRLEY

Yeah, but do you remember exactly? BRANDON

Diane's graduation party. SHIRLEY

What a mess that was! BRANDON

SHIRLEY

Yeah...

BRANDON

Sorry to bring it up.

SHIRLEY

No, no... so why now after so long?

BRANDON

I saw online you finally moved to the City and I thought, hey, let me reach out to an old friend to catch up.

SHIRLEY

I'm glad you did that.

BRANDON

Me too. How's your family?

SHIRLEY

My family? (*beat*) No, what? You must have also seen I don't have kids.

BRANDON

Right. Someday?

SHIRLEY

I hope! But if nothing happens soon then "someday" is going to pass me over.

BRANDON

You must have a wonderful husband? Boyfriend?

SHIRLEY

Well...

BRANDON

Sorry, I don't mean to pry.

SHIRLEY

It's okay! I will admit my life isn't exactly how I had envisioned it, we did have plans after all... but you make the best of it, right?

*Beat.*

But hey, how have you been!? You're not secretly engaged right now are you?

BRANDON

No, not this guy.

SHIRLEY

I don't suppose you have any kids then either?

BRANDON

No. Well, kind of.

SHIRLEY

Kind of? What does that mean?

BRANDON

It means "no" like on paper, officially... but... maybe. Somewhere. Out there... you know what I mean?

SHIRLEY

Uh-huh.

BRANDON

Shirley, I just have to say how glad I am that you were able to meet me.

SHIRLEY

Me too.

BRANDON

I know we left off on a sour note. At that party.

SHIRLEY

We did.

BRANDON

And I just... I just want to make things right again.

SHIRLEY

Brandon, I don't know about that.

BRANDON

Please, just hear me out.

SHIRLEY

Okay.

BRANDON

Okay. So I've been thinking, and the other night I was with a buddy of mine and I was telling him about us and I was telling him about how we parted and that I wish there was something I could do. Well, he told me "Why don't you just call Shirley and start over?" and I said, "After so long?" to which he replied, "Time stands still for love."

*Beat.*

And I gotta tell ya, that little mantra there hit me like a bolt of lightning! And I knew, I knew my life wouldn't be complete until I was able to see you again and at least... try!

SHIRLEY

Oh, Brandon...

BRANDON

And I realize this may be a little too late, and that that ship probably sailed after the party, but if you believe in second - do you believe in second chances?

SHIRLEY

I might.

BRANDON

Shirley, you're still so beautiful and I can't help but think about you. Do you think about me?

SHIRLEY

All the time.

BRANDON

You do!

SHIRLEY

Yes! And if you're trying to say what I think you are then it's okay, because I feel exactly the same way!

BRANDON

Really! Oh my God, I just... wow, I never thought. Here? Now? There are so many people.

SHIRLEY

Right now it's just you and I.

BRANDON

I hope so. Sorry, I'm just a little nervous. I mean, I've wanted to ask you this for a long time.

SHIRLEY

Let's each say what we want to say at the same time.

BRANDON

Okay, yeah, that could make it easier.

*SHIRLEY gets ready to respond.*

Shirley. I... I mean, you. Will you... let me titty fuck you?

*Each of their last words are said simultaneously.*

SHIRLEY

Yes!

BRANDON

WHAT! I can't believe it!

SHIRLEY

What?

BRANDON

(to the other people)

She said yes! She said yes!!

SHIRLEY

Brandon. Brandon!

BRANDON

You have made me the happiest guy in the world!

SHIRLEY

What did you just say to me?

BRANDON

Huh? I said, I want to titty fuck you.

SHIRLEY

You're kidding?

BRANDON

No? I mean it. I want to make amends for that stupid party when everything went wrong.

SHIRLEY

I know, so start making amends.

BRANDON

I will as soon as you take your tits out.

SHIRLEY

Excuse me??

BRANDON

I thought you said yes.

SHIRLEY

I thought you were going to propose!

BRANDON

What? No, I just want to put my dick in your tits.

SHIRLEY

I'm leaving.

BRANDON

Wait! No, sit back down, please. Please! Okay, let me explain. Four years ago we broke up on rather bad terms, right?

SHIRLEY

Yeah, I caught you with Diane!

BRANDON

Are you still on that?

SHIRLEY

Why else would I leave you!

BRANDON

I was under the impression it was because of what happened before I ran into Diane.

SHIRLEY

What happened before?

BRANDON

Think about it.

SHIRLEY

We... were in the bedroom...

BRANDON

What else?

SHIRLEY

...On the floor...

BRANDON

And...?

SHIRLEY

...Oh my God. Titty fucking.

BRANDON

But no, we weren't! At least not properly! See when I was with my buddy he opened my eyes! I was telling him about it and how you were on the floor and I was trying to kneel, or crouch, or something over you and how it just wasn't working out.

SHIRLEY

You slipped and your elbow hit me in the eye.

BRANDON

That was/ an accident...

SHIRLEY

I had a black eye in my graduation/ photos!

BRANDON

Those were taken after the/ ceremony...

SHIRLEY

For a week I had to lie to everybody - my grandma, my priest! That a door hit me!

BRANDON

Even your priest?

SHIRLEY

Oh yeah, the truth that my boyfriend was trying to "titty fuck" me would have been so much better.

BRANDON

Okay, /I...

SHIRLEY

And then you ran into Diane's perfect/ chest...

BRANDON

I get /it...

SHIRLEY

Not an hour later!

BRANDON

WILL YOU JUST LISTEN! Listen. My buddy told me we were doing it wrong.

SHIRLEY

Was this before or after that "time stands still for love" crap?

BRANDON

Please! How it's supposed to work is that you get on your knees and I stand there. And we need lubricant/ in order...

SHIRLEY

I can't listen to this/ kind of...

BRANDON

Which I have now, so it'll be great! I can make good, you'll see!

SHIRLEY

I have to leave.

BRANDON

Wait! It's not like I'm asking you for sex! Just show me your tits!

SHIRLEY

Goodbye!

BRANDON

GOD SHIRLEY! You have no idea what it is like for me!! I'm glad your life is going well, but not for me! Not for this asshole! Do you know I'm living at a hostel? My dog just died? And I am barred from more than one public park?

SHIRLEY

How could I/ know...

BRANDON

And just when I thought something good was finally happening, that you could be back in my life and at least give a dying man his last wish, you turn your back on me. Isn't that typical! Just like in college! Looking out for yourself! Well, there is just one thing I have to say now - shame on you! And shame on your house. And shame on the children you may or may not bear.

SHIRLEY

You're dying?

BRANDON

I don't have long.

SHIRLEY

Oh my God, I'm so sorry...

BRANDON

It's okay, you didn't know.

SHIRLEY

Brandon... I want to make this very clear. I think what you're asking of me is morally reprehensible and incredibly sleazy.

BRANDON

I know.

SHIRLEY

And you're probably going to hell.

BRANDON

Probably.

SHIRLEY

But I had no idea of your situation.

BRANDON

It'll be okay, I promise.

SHIRLEY

Can you just do one thing for me?

BRANDON

Of course.

SHIRLEY

Can you look me in the eyes and tell me that you're dying?

BRANDON

What?

SHIRLEY

Tell me the truth.

BRANDON

Really?? That is the truth!

SHIRLEY

In my eyes!

BRANDON

I don't have to!

SHIRLEY

Are you really dying!?

BRANDON

What... I... I...

SHIRLEY

Brandon!

BRANDON

NO!! All right!? That's just what I tell girls so I can fuck their tits!

SHIRLEY

You do this with other women??

BRANDON

I've been practicing! For you! It's always been for you! Please, Shirley, let's start over and do it right this time.

SHIRLEY

I skipped a call with a client for this date! I've risked everything now because you called me this morning and like a stupid little girl, I fell for it! But you're still the same! And I might have fallen for that in college, but not now. Not like this, no matter how desperate I may be to fill the void of sleeping alone in my California king sized bed.

BRANDON

That sounds like more than you need.

SHIRLEY

And I am sorry, Brandon, for you and your life but I am really glad I'm no longer a part of it. My life may not be what I had envisioned to be, but I'm sure it's a hell of a lot better without you in it! And I nearly threw it away? For you? I hate you!!

BRANDON

I'm... I'm so sorry. I got carried away. Please sit down, I see our food coming.

*SHIRLEY hesitates but sits. She is hungry. The waitress delivers two sandwiches. They eat in silence. Beat.*

Did you get a breast reduction? I didn't mean it that way!

SHIRLEY

Fuck. Off.

*She storms out of the café. The waitress returns with the check.*

BRANDON

I'm dying. Can I put my penis in your funbags?

*The waitress takes a glass of water, throws it in his face. She exits. Lights out.*

## **SCENE 2**

*Lights rise. The dirty one-bedroom apartment of BUD. There is a coffee table, a couch, and a bean bag with pillow and sheet. On one side a door frame with a bead curtain leading to a larger closet/ bathroom area; the other side, a window and fire escape. Upstage there is a kitchenette with a mini fridge and folding table.*

BUD

(on the phone)

You're full of it! Really? But the "dying" line always works! No... no, you must have done it wrong. Lemme offer something.

*He reaches for a fortune cookie from a bowl. Opens it. He reads the line and then makes it up from there.*

"You're a tiger." A tiger... with nine lives... and you've only used up one of them! Doesn't that help?

*JACKIE enters, upset. She is the waitress from Scene 1.*

That's a fine thing to say to your best bud... okay... how can you even say something like that?

JACKIE

This world is so messed up.

BUD

Tell you what, just come down here and we'll talk it out like normal, mature, and rational people... Well fuck you too!

*He hangs up.*

Some people, ya know?

JACKIE

Oh, I know! Don't even get me started!

BUD

What's a' matter?

JACKIE

I cannot believe what happened to me at work.

BUD

Before you start, can you grab me a beer?

JACKIE

Sure.

*She gets the beer - a can of Budweiser. A moment.*

BUD

Oh, thanks.

JACKIE

So it's my last table, and I'm serving this couple who seem to be breaking up or something. I don't know what they're talking about but there seemed to be a lot of emotion.

*BUD is reading the label of his can.*

BUD

Why aren't there nutritional facts on the cans of beer?

JACKIE

Seriously?

BUD

Yeah, look, nothing. You'd think there would be something. Even water has something.

JACKIE

No, are you seriously not listening to me?

BUD

Yes! I'm listening! I am! I just - I don't know, go on. Sorry!

JACKIE

When I came back with the check, the woman was gone, but before I left the guy asked... if he could put his "penis" in my "funbags."

BUD

(choking on beer)

What the hell?

JACKIE

I threw water in his face and stormed out.

BUD

That's... despicable!

JACKIE

I can't stand men sometimes! You're all sick!

BUD

Not me!

JACKIE

Even you sometimes!

BUD

You don't mean that.

JACKIE

You're not that bad. But that... makes my skin crawl.

BUD

Your skin is my skin.

JACKIE

And if you ever had a friend like that, I don't ever want to meet him or have him set one foot in this apartment!

*Beat.*

JACKIE (cont'd)

Who was that on the phone when I came in?

BUD

A friend of mine. He'll be over soon... *(realizes)* Hey, are you doing anything tonight? Going out for a few hours?

*JACKIE gives him the most intense glare in the history of girlfriend glares. BUD feels it in his soul.*

Oh right, I completely forgot about that! Sorry!

JACKIE

About what?

BUD

What?

JACKIE

You forgot what?

BUD

That... you are going out tonight with the girls.

JACKIE

No, we're going out tonight!

BUD

Of course we are! I've already made the reservations!

JACKIE

For what?

BUD

The restaurant?

JACKIE

Our anniversary!

BUD

Anniversary!!

*JACKIE exits into the bathroom.*

But it's only been a few weeks!

*JACKIE enters.*

JACKIE

A month to the day! I don't know why I put up with you sometimes.

BUD

Hey! Don't say something like that. I know it's been a few weeks, but you know what? It feels like forever.

JACKIE

You read that off a fortune cookie?

BUD

That one's straight from the heart.

JACKIE

God, help me.

BUD

It's true though!

JACKIE

But when you see I've had a bad day why do you stress me out even more?

BUD

I don't mean to.

JACKIE

What have you even done for me lately?

*BUD looks around.*

JACKIE (cont'd)

Yeah, look at this place. How can I move in if you don't clean up? How can I eat if you don't have anything more than fortune cookies and corndog nuggets? And how can I sleep over, if all you've got is this ratty old bean bag?

BUD

Hold it right there! I get it! I promise to change or whatever.

JACKIE

Just get dressed.

BUD

I would but my clothes are still at the laundry.

JACKIE

You literally sit at home all day.

BUD

What are you getting at?

JACKIE

Get your fucking clothes!

BUD

You pass the laundry on your way here!

JACKIE

I'm not arguing this because it doesn't even matter. All you own is a pair of jeans and a poncho.

BUD

Hey, you love that poncho.

JACKIE

Not when it's our anniversary and I want to go somewhere nicer than the Pierogi Palace!

BUD

Look, putting a suit and tie on this leopard isn't going to change his spots.

JACKIE

And I really need you to stop that.

BUD

I'm a poet.

JACKIE

You're not a fucking poet! You're not! You're a guy who reads fortune cookies and doesn't wear shoes... and smells like cheese... and... and...

*She is overwhelmed; begins to cry.*

... and I don't know why I'm so in love with you.

BUD

I think I know why you're in love with me.

*He reaches for a fortune cookie.*

JACKIE

Read it from a cookie and I will break your hand.

*BUD puts the cookie back down and summons all his creative thinking.*

BUD

You love me because I make you feel like the most important girl in the world.

*He begins to kiss her. She gives in.*

I hate you. JACKIE

No you don't. BUD

I can't. JACKIE

Happy anniversary thing. BUD

I love you. JACKIE

I love... yooouu still want to go out tonight? BUD

I think we can stay in. JACKIE

*She playfully pushes him away.*

Is your friend still coming over?

Let me text him. BUD

*As he texts, JACKIE begins playing with him.*

Guess what? JACKIE

What? BUD

For our special day, I learned something new. JACKIE

BUD

Really? I think every day should be our anniversary then.

JACKIE

Just sit back.

*She disappears under a sheet and BUD is in heaven.*

BUD

Hey, you've never... Oh yeah. Wow! That's awesome! Wait, what are you...?

*Suddenly he doubles over in agony. JACKIE comes up.*

Ahhhhh!

JACKIE

Oh my God, what'd I do??

BUD

...what the FUCK!

JACKIE

Oh my God, oh my God. I'm so sorry!

BUD

Holy fucking shitballs! Ahhhhh!!!

JACKIE

I just... I just...

BUD

Just what?? What did you do down there???

JACKIE

I just blew!

BUD

You blew??

JACKIE  
Did I do it wrong?

BUD  
You don't actually... fuck!! It hurts so much!

JACKIE  
How does it feel?

BUD  
My balls just popped like tiny balloons.

JACKIE  
Should I get some ice?

BUD  
I'm scared.

JACKIE  
Tell me what to do!

BUD  
Where the hell did you learn that, a fucking medieval torture chamber?

JACKIE  
I read a Cosmo.

BUD  
Fuck Cosmo!

JACKIE  
I didn't know!

BUD  
You're so stupid!

JACKIE

Whoa now.

BUD

I can't move...

JACKIE

Don't make me feel any worse.

BUD

Please... my balls...

JACKIE

I was trying to do something nice for our anniversary.

BUD

I'm going to have an embolism...

JACKIE

A what?

BUD

Air bubble.

JACKIE

I don't get it.

BUD

I'm going to die!

JACKIE

What??

BUD

A tiny bubble of air that is now flowing through my blood stream towards my heart! Or brain! Because you sent hurricane force winds down the pipe.

JACKIE

Don't exaggerate/ now.

BUD

I'm a ticking time bomb!!!

JACKIE

No! You're just another example of how perverted men are! I hope you're happy with yourself!

BUD

I didn't do anything!

JACKIE

And to think I loved you.

BUD

It's only been a few weeks!

JACKIE

Have another beer!

*She gets another beer, shakes it and lets it loose on BUD.*

*She exits.*

*BUD grows weak in the knees. He clutches his left arm, thinking he's having a heart attack.*

BUD

Don't leave.

*He collapses onto the floor, in a pool of beer, knocking over the bowl of fortune cookies.*