

The beginning of

HOW TO SCORE (from **COME AGAIN**)

a comedy in one act

by Rich Orloff

Place: A hotel room

Time: Friday night

Characters: LARRY, Sharon's husband
BONNIE, Larry's wife

An empty hotel room. As the play begins, a keycard opens the door, and LARRY enters with a small suitcase. He opens the suitcase and lays out an array of items, including massage oil, candles, grapes, chocolate, fruit preserves, whipped cream, blindfolds, a feather duster, condoms, champagne glasses, and finally, a bottle of champagne. Larry's in a fine mood, singing a romantic song as he prepares the room. He finds the room's ice bucket and exits with it down the hall.

A few moments later, a keycard opens the door, and BONNIE enters. She carries a very small suitcase.

BONNIE

Larry? Are you here?

Bonnie surveys the room: Yes, he's here. Bonnie smiles and exits into the bathroom with her suitcase.

Larry returns with ice in the ice bucket, and he places the champagne in it. He lights all the candles. Since he uses the same match, he burns his fingers.

LARRY

Ow!

Larry puts his hand into the ice bucket. Bonnie enters from the bathroom. She's wearing something special for the occasion.

BONNIE

Hello, sailor.

LARRY

I'm checking the temperature of the champagne.

BONNIE

I don't give a flying fig about the champagne. All I care about is *you*.

Bonnie walks up to Larry and kisses him hard. In return, he caresses her. Bonnie jumps back when he touches her.

BONNIE (cont'd)

Cold hand!

LARRY

Sorry.

BONNIE

That's okay.

She takes his hand and kisses it. They resume their kissing. Bonnie unbuttons Larry's shirt. Swept up in passion, Larry tilts Bonnie back, and they fall on the bed. Bonnie's head lands right in the grapes.

LARRY

Sorry.

BONNIE

Hmm, seedless.

Bonnie pushes away the grapes. They continue to kiss. Bonnie pulls Larry's shirt out and pulls it off over his head. At least, that's her goal. But the shirt gets stuck on his wrists, in that way where the shirt is inside out making it that much harder to unbutton the cuffs. She tries harder to remove it.

BONNIE

Larry –

LARRY

Just pull it off!

She pulls on the shirt as Larry pulls away against the side of the bed. Finally, the shirt comes off and Larry goes flying, landing hard.

LARRY (cont'd)

Shit!

BONNIE

You okay?

LARRY

I'll be fine.

Larry gets up and applies the ice bucket to his injured bottom.

BONNIE

Do you want me to kiss it and make it well?

LARRY

That's okay.

BONNIE

Do you want me to kiss something else
and make it swell?

LARRY

Would you like some champagne?

BONNIE

I'd love some.

Larry removes the wrapper around the champagne cork. He tries to uncork the cork. And tries. He tries with all his might. Then he tries even harder.

BONNIE (cont'd)

Let's have the champagne later.

LARRY

I almost got it.

BONNIE

Let's have it later.

LARRY

I bought this for tonight.

BONNIE

I, I really don't like champagne anymore.

LARRY

You used to love champagne.

BONNIE

I know, but, well, ever since you got your hernia...

Larry puts the bottle back in the ice bucket.

LARRY

So... Do you recognize this room?

BONNIE

Of course, I do. This is the room designed by the guy who wanted to make sure that every hotel room in America looked the same.

LARRY

Guess again.

BONNIE

This is the room they hold for married couples who are lucky enough to get a relative to stay with the kids for the night.

LARRY

No. This is the room where we ended up on our first date.

BONNIE

We saw a movie on our first date.

LARRY

I mean the night we met. We were dancing at that club, remember, the one with all the lights and smoke and stuff –

BONNIE

That's every other club in the city.

LARRY

It was closed down for selling drugs.

BONNIE

That's *every* club in the city.

LARRY

I went up to you and told you how beautiful you looked. You couldn't hear a damn word I said, and so I just pulled you on the dance floor. We danced, we drank, we danced, we drank, we kissed. We both had roommates so I suggested we go here. We danced into the room together, I held you close, we kissed, you went into the john and threw up, and after I cleaned up your mess, we both passed out. And in the morning, I ordered room service. When you woke up three hours later, we had cold eggs and hot sex. In this very room.

Bonnie studies the room a second.

BONNIE

We stayed at the Days Inn down the block.

LARRY

No, that was full. We stayed here.

BONNIE

No, this was full. We stayed there.

LARRY

I wasn't that drunk. We stayed here.

BONNIE

The view was different.

Larry looks out.

LARRY

Like I said. We spent our first glorious night together... somewhere on this block.

BONNIE

Thanks for arranging things with your sister.

LARRY

Well, when I told her my plan...

BONNIE

When I got your call at work this morning, well... I bought this at lunch. What do you think?

Bonnie displays her apparel.

LARRY

There isn't a toad in the universe as horny as I am now.

BONNIE

So it turns you on?

LARRY

You always turn me on.

BONNIE

Even when I was throwing up in the bathroom?

LARRY

I just considered that kinky foreplay.

Larry returns to the champagne bottle and tries to open it again.

BONNIE

I'm really not that thirsty.

Larry gives up.

LARRY

I hate France. Why couldn't Germany be the country of love? We'd get together, I'd get a six-pack...

BONNIE

Would you like a grape?

LARRY

Sure.

Bonnie gives Larry one grape. She lifts one as if to toast. He lifts his. They encircle each other's arms.

BONNIE

To us.

LARRY

Happy Anniversary.

They toss grapes into their mouths.

BONNIE

Our anniversary isn't for another three months.

LARRY

Not our wedding anniversary.

BONNIE

Our first night together wasn't this time of year; I remember what I was wearing.

LARRY

It's not the anniversary of our first night together.

BONNIE

The anniversary of when we started living together?

LARRY

Nope.

BONNIE

The first time you told me you loved me –

LARRY

That's next month.

BONNIE

The first time we shampooed our dog?

LARRY

Maybe "anniversary" isn't the word.

BONNIE

I'll settle for "random opportunity to screw".

LARRY

God, I love you.

BONNIE

Yeah, yeah, I love you too, so
what's the big deal about tonight?

LARRY

Well, if my calculations are correct, and they are, and if all goes well, tonight will be the one thousandth time we've made love.

BONNIE

With each other, or lifetime achievement?

LARRY

Together.

Larry walks over to the champagne, gives it one mighty tug, and puts it right back in the ice bucket.

LARRY (cont'd)

Anyway, that's why I wanted to spend tonight in the room where we first made love... or someplace just like it. Tonight, prepare yourself for Numero One-Thousand.

BONNIE

Larry...

LARRY

Sweetheart.

BONNIE

You've been counting?

LARRY

Well...

BONNIE

You've been counting.

LARRY

You make it sound sleazy.

BONNIE

No, no, no, it's okay.

LARRY

You sure?

BONNIE

Darling, our sexual journey together has been wonderful. I just didn't realize you had one eye on the odometer.

LARRY

I, it's, I just, after our first night together, it was so – well, I just had to put a star in my week-at-a-glance calendar. And our first real date was so amazing that – well, soon I just put down stars after every time we made love.

BONNIE

What about the nights you couldn't –

LARRY

I put an asterisk.

BONNIE

But you still count them.

LARRY

It's about making love, not about achieving – any goal that's impossible to achieve when you have a major report due the next morning.

BONNIE

Don't forget when we went camping and you insisted on making love under the stars... with a twisted ankle.

LARRY

You still had a lot of fun that night.

BONNIE

Or when we went skiing and you asked me to go down on you because you couldn't move with your dislocated shoulder.

LARRY

If we experienced the pleasures of intimacy, if I felt our hearts merging blissfully, and/or if either of us came, I counted it.

BONNIE

That's reasonable.

LARRY

And tonight, according to the stars, is our one thousandth time of rapturous lovemaking.

BONNIE

No, it's not.

LARRY

Yes, it is, Bonnie.

BONNIE

I don't think so, Larry.

LARRY

How many times do you think we've made love: one hundred, five hundred, ten thousand?

BONNIE

997.

LARRY

You kept score, too?!

BONNIE

Well, so did you.

LARRY

But I'm the type of idiot to do that; you're not.