

TIMING...ALL IN THE**CHARACTERS:**

JOHN – *Early 30s – a very lucky guy*

PAUL – *Early 30s – a very unlucky guy*

THE WOMAN – *Multiple characters, broad personality*

SETTING: Los Angeles

Lights up on two guys lying in two beds on opposite sides of the stage. JOHN is having a very restful sleep, big smile on his face. PAUL is tossing and turning, a very disturbed look on his face. After a few moments, he too settles in to a restful sleep, but doesn't seem nearly as comfortable.

They both lie there for a few moments and then a clock alarm sounds. JOHN sits up, does a couple stretches and hops out of bed looking refreshed. PAUL doesn't budge.

JOHN goes offstage really quick to grab a newspaper and a cup of coffee. Comes right back on and goes to center stage pretending its the door to his roommate PAUL's room. Taps on the "door."

JOHN: Hey buddy, you getting up?

PAUL: Uhh...

JOHN: Remember, we both got that audition this morning.

PAUL: Uhh...

JOHN: Remember, the audition...for the Michael Bay thing.

PAUL: Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh....

JOHN: Okay buddy, as long as you're up. I know we said we were going to go to it together, but I've got a couple errands to run after so I'll just see you there, okay?

Silence

JOHN: Sounds good buddy.

JOHN exits and lights go down briefly. From offstage we hear a female's voice:

VOICE: Ten minutes later!

PAUL stirs from his restless sleep, looking agitated. Sits up and looks at the alarm clock.

PAUL: Goddammit!

Jumps out of bed and runs offstage to get ready.

Scene changes to a casting office. WOMAN is sitting at a desk looking through headshots. Phone rings and she answers.

WOMAN: Michael Bay Productions. Yes sir...no sir...I understand, but...yes...but, we've tried to get him to stop making movies. He just won't! I know, I know. Yes, I'll tell him. Thank you for calling.

Phone rings again.

WOMAN: Michael Bay...yes ma'am. I know. Okay, I will tell him. Asshat? Okay, I will tell him he's an asshat...yes, thank you for calling.

Phone rings one more time.

WOMAN: Look, this is happening okay?! He's making this movie!

She hangs up as JOHN walks in and flashes a winning smile.

JOHN: Hi, I'm here for the audition.

WOMAN: Oh. My. God. You're perfect!

JOHN: Oh well uhh...

WOMAN: Shhh, don't speak. This is a Michael Bay film, you don't have to worry about talking so much...Just hold on a second (*calls someone*). Michael, yes it's me. Listen...okay, yes, I'll bring you your Jello in a second, but...yes, I know you don't like lime...I know, please stop crying a second and listen. I think I found our guy. Yes, I'm bringing him in now. Do you have your pants on? Okay, put on your pants like a good boy and I'll bring him in with your Jello...It's fucking cherry, okay!....I'm sorry I yelled. (*hangs up exasperated*) Right this way, Mister....

JOHN: John. Just John. This is amazing! I never...

They start walking offstage.

WOMAN: Okay John. Don't get too excited. Honestly, I just want to get this movie cast so I can get the hell out of here. I was going to send through the next person who walked through that door. I'm going to tell him you're Shia Lebeouf. He won't know the difference. Congrats, you're a star.

JOHN: Alright!

They exit. As soon as they're offstage, PAUL rushes in all disheveled, obviously running late. Looks around and sees nobody there.

PAUL: Hello? Hellooooo? I'm here for the audition.....shit!...shhhhiittttt!

PAUL leaves. Quick blackout and scene cuts to a grocery store. WOMAN is behind counter chewing gum and looking bored and miserable. PAUL approaches on his phone looking to buy one thing.

PAUL: Yeah, so I got there and everyone was gone. I must have missed it. Anyways, call me back dude, I want to hear how your audition went...okay later. *(to WOMAN)* Hi, just this gum.

WOMAN: \$1.75

PAUL pulls out a card.

WOMAN: Our card scanner is down for the moment so we're only taking cash.

PAUL: Well, I don't have any cash.

WOMAN shrugs, continues to chew loudly.

PAUL: Could you...I mean...its just a pack of gum...

WOMAN: *(very monotone)* Sir, are you implying I allow you to steal this gum because that is against the law.

PAUL: No, just...nevermind. Well, can I have a piece of your gum? I have a date.

WOMAN: *(monotone)* No.

PAUL hands her the pack of gum forcefully and runs out. She pockets it. We hear a manager's voice from offstage.

VOICE: Computer's are back up on line. You can take cards now.

JOHN walks in on phone.

JOHN: Hey bud, just missed you. Yeah, I got some big news...will tell you later. Anyways, good luck on your blind date buddy. Don't forget to get cash. You always forget to have money on you. Cash impresses. *(hangs up and addresses WOMAN)*. Just this gum.

WOMAN: \$1.75.

JOHN pulls out a card and swipes. Just then a siren of some kind goes off. Either a sound effect or people yelling. WOMAN looks at computer screen and in same monotone voice...

WOMAN: Congratulations. You're the 1 millionth customer. Please enjoy this \$1,000 check...which actually makes you a part owner of the store. Thank you for shopping at Jon's.

JOHN: Awesome!

Lights down quick and comes back up with the two guys sitting in chairs facing the audience. They're each driving.

PAUL: *(annoyed)* Traffic.

JOHN: *(happy)* No traffic!

Lights down again and come back up with JOHN standing in line. He's on his phone again.

JOHN: Seriously, call me. I've have the weirdest day...oh, one more thing. Don't be late for your date! And make sure you make it back in time for the soccer game tonight...unless of course, ya know...*(makes horrible porn noises)*. Okay later buddy.

JOHN talks to a teller offstage.

JOHN: Yep, just the deposit. Thank you.

He exits looking down at his phone as PAUL walks right by him looking down at his phone. They miss each other. PAUL is at the bank to get some cash. Stands in line for a second...when a bank robber (WOMAN) comes in wielding a gun.

WOMAN: All y'all be cool. This is a mutha fuckin' robbery! Now give me your wallets and purses.

PAUL: *(to himself)* Are you kidding me?

WOMAN: *(in his face, threatening)*. You gettin' wise?!

PAUL: No...

WOMAN: Then give me your purse, bitch!

Paul pulls out wallet as lights go down. Lights come back up with the two guys sitting in the two chairs again as if they're driving.

PAUL: (annoyed) Traffic.

JOHN: (happy) No traffic!

Lights down again and come back up with JOHN getting a coffee. There is WOMAN sitting at a table looking at her watch very impatiently. She is obviously waiting for someone. JOHN is on his phone.

JOHN: Okay, I know you're on your date, so I'll just see you when you get home. Remember, Chivas plays at 7. Big soccer game. Don't be late! Okay later buddy.

JOHN gets his coffee and passes WOMAN who looks up at him and smiles. He stops and does a backtrack of sorts.

JOHN: Hi.

WOMAN: Hello.

JOHN: Are you...expecting someone?

WOMAN: Blind date...and he's late.

JOHN looks up for second as if in his head, trying to determine if this is PAUL's blind date. Shakes his head, it couldn't be.

JOHN: Well...I'm here.

WOMAN: (big flirty smile) Yes you are.

JOHN: Look, I have somewhere I have to be. I promised to watch the game tonight with my roommate. He's...uhh...dying of cancer. But how about we share this coffee, I walk you to your car, you give me your number and I take you on a proper date tomorrow night?

WOMAN: Sounds good to me.

They start to leave. Talking as they go.

WOMAN: So what do you do?

JOHN: Well...I own a Jon's grocery store.....how about you?

WOMAN: I'm a film critic.

JOHN: Oh yeah, what kind of movies do you like?

WOMAN: Well I know this sounds weird, but actually big budget action flicks with no plot, shitty acting and lots of explosions.

JOHN: Fantastic!

As soon as they leave, PAUL rushes in. He looks around. Doesn't see a girl there. Looks at his watch.

PAUL: Goddammit.

He leaves, near tears, talking on his phone.

PAUL: Hey dude, its me...I'm having the worst day. Will see you at home for the game...

Lights go down and the actors take they're places for driving one last time. Lights up.

JOHN: No traffic.

PAUL: *(totally freaking out)*. FUUUUUUCKKK. GODDDDAAMMMMIT. FUCK YOOOOUUUUU L.A.!!!! FUUUUUUCCCKKKKKK!!!! *This can totally be improved by actor.*

Lights down briefly and then they're back up. PAUL is walking up to the front door of their house. He's on the phone.

PAUL: I know dude. I've had...traffic...and just...the worst...anyway. I'm just walking up now. Game's almost over? No score yet though, right? Well hopefully it goes to extra time. Okay cool, I'll be up in a second.

PAUL struggles with his keys to get them in the door. Well all of a sudden we hear JOHN offstage.

JOHN: GOOOOOOOAAAAAAALLLLLL! CHIVAAAAAAAASSSSSS!!! OH MY GOD, THAT WAS THE MOST AMAZING GOAL OF ALL TIME!!! I HAVE NEVER SEEN A PLAY LIKE THAT IN ANY SPORT EVER. IF I HAD MISSED THAT GOAL, I WOULD LITERALLY KILL MYSELF. WOW! BEST SPORTS MOMENT EEEEEEEERRRRRR!

PAUL just sighs depressed and starts to light up a smoke. Just then a neighbor (WOMAN) walks by, coming home from work. As she passes PAUL, she slips and falls backward. PAUL catches her.

WOMAN: Wow, I'm so clumsy sometimes.

PAUL: It happens.

WOMAN: Thank God you were there to catch me.

PAUL: Well, ya know...timing.

WOMAN: What?

PAUL: Timing...all in the...

WOMAN AND PAUL: Timing.

WOMAN: Yes...I guess it is...

They laugh, share a moment, that starts awkward, but then they both notice some chemistry and tension there and after a brief moment, they actually start to lean into each other like they're going to kiss. They get right there and then the moment is broken by...

JOHN (from offstage): HEY BUDDY, YOU COMING UP OR WHAT?!

Lights out.