

Uh I think we have a problem. This light-hearted comedy is set in the living room of a friend's house. The Kelly has wrongly fallen for her best friend. Unfortunately, she learns the hard way that he 'isn't his type'. The idea that Eric could be a homosexual just doesn't seem possible, and Kelly comes up with the notion that he must have become desperate waiting for her as she tries to 'snap him out of it.'

KELLY: *(Sitting on opposite sides of the couch watching TV. With every line, moving a little closer to Eric)* So what's on TV?

ERIC: Will and Grace is on! I love that show!

KELLY: I'm thinking no. *(Changes channel with remote)*

ERIC: Oh, look! America's Top Model.

KELLY: Ugh, gag. *(Changes channel again)*

ERIC: Queer Eye for the Straight Guy!

KELLY: I've had enough of them for a while. *(Changes channel once more)*

ERIC: Stop right there. Ellen is on. Oh my god.

KELLY: Say, Eric. How bout we "Turn the heat up."

ERIC: Okay! *(Runs over to adjust thermostat. Kelly more than a little disappointment. He returns)*

KELLY: You know what, I don't think I wanna watch TV right now.

ERIC: But Kel.... It's Ellen. You know I love Ellen. And she's about to dance!

KELLY: I know you like Ellen, and I know you like dancing, but there's something important I need to talk to you about.

ERIC: More important than Ellen?

KELLY: Yes, Eric. Something more important than Ellen.

ERIC: Okay, it better be if I'm missing her dance.

KELLY: Don't worry, it's important. Actually... it's something I've been meaning to tell you for a while now. *(Hesitant. Can't figure out how to say it so it comes out fast and blurted)* Eric, I love you.

ERIC: *(Laughing hysterically)* Cute, dear. Real cute. Now what is it that you wanted to tell me.

KELLY: I'm serious. I don't know why. We've been friends for so long but it wasn't until recently I noticed something different about the way you carry yourself. After your dance concert I realized how much I like to watch you dance. And the drama monologues you do in class, it seems like your talking to me. Like I'm the only one in the room. *(With Eric's concerned facial expression, she stops herself from going on).*

ERIC: I... see. Well, um. I must say that I'm very.... flattered. Slightly freaked out.... but flattered. *(Not sure how to tell her)* I think you're a great girl...

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KELLY: Oh, great, here comes the speech. "I think your a great girl BUT...."

ERIC: Yes, but. Um... you see, you're not my type. We could never work.

KELLY: What do you mean "I'm not your type." I've been your best friend through junior high and straight through high school. I think I'd know what you're 'type' is.

ERIC: I thought you did, but obviously you must be a little confused. What I mean to say is you're a great girl... but you're a girl.

KELLY: And?

ERIC: I like boys.

KELLY: And you say I'm confused? That's supposta be MY job.

ERIC: *(Tapping her shoulder)* Now, it's both of ours, deary.

KELLY: *(Grossed out)* But... you never gave me any signs!!!

ERIC: Honey, for one.... I match. Two.... I know how to dance. Three.... Will and Grace, America's Next Top Model, Queer Eye for the Straight Guy, Ellen. And if that isn't enough proof for ya... I watched the "Notebook".... and cried.

KELLY: Yowch.

ERIC: In public.

KELLY: *(Trying to make excuses)* Well, that doesn't mean.... *(Reality check)* Ok, yeah it does. Well, what do you have to say for yourself?!

ERIC: Excuse me?

KELLY: What in hell would make you go... *(whispered, as if embarrassed for herself)* gay.

ERIC: I never "went" gay. I've always been.

KELLY: Well, there's gotta be some kind of mistake. *(Inspired)* I know! You were waiting for me for so long that you decided to start looking elsewhere and once you were running out of female options, you went to guys! It makes perfect sense!

ERIC: Umm, Kelly. I don't think that--

KELLY: *(Cutting off)* Shut up and listen, boy!

ERIC: Oh no she didn't.

KELLY: Say, Eric. I think I gotta way to rid of this horrible spell. I feel terrible that I'm responsible for sending you to the other side. I guess the only thing you need to fix things is to be convinced that I'm here for you now.

ERIC: I really don't think that'll make a difference, Kel, I'm sorry.

KELLY: Oh but Eric, I've got a great position for you.

ERIC: Yeah, I do to. You stand over there and I'll stand right here.

KELLY: That wasn't quite what I had in mind....

ERIC: Kelly, you'd do anything for me, right?

KELLY: Of course.

ERIC: Than do me a favor and just stand right there for a little while. Don't come anywhere near me.

KELLY: Your wish is my command.

ERIC: Okay, good. I have to make a quick phone call, so if you'll excuse me for just a minute.

KELLY: No problem, sweetie.

ERIC: Okay, stay right there. Don't move (Moves to more stage left, away from Kelly's view. He begins to dial and manages to say hello into the receiver before Kelly sneaks behind him and attacks) What the hell is your problem?! You're nuts! Get away from me! (Heading toward stage right) My god!

KELLY: *(To the audience)* See? It's already working!