

BACKPACKING THROUGH THE LOUVRE

by Herbert M. Midgley
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TIME: Present

PLACE: The Louvre in Paris, France

CHARACTERS:

WENDY – A pretty girl in her late 20's. She was raised in a small Texas town and has good morals. She has on a nice brown dress, that isn't too flashy for her old town ethics. She has a brown backpack on.

BERT – A regular looking guy in his early 30's. He was raised in a small Texas town and has good morals. He is dressed in a black jean jacket, white tee shirt and black jeans. He has a brown backpack on.

Playwright's note. Your education isn't done until you travel the world.

WENDY is walking next to the *Mona Lisa*, BERT is standing there studying the painting. BERT stops looking at the painting and checks WENDY'S figure out with her noticing.

WENDY

Magnificence! Pure magnificence.

BERT

(Stops looking at the painting and looks towards her.) You're American?

WENDY

Yes. Yes I am.

BERT

Me too. I'm from Texas. Well, East Texas that is.

WENDY

Texas! Me too! I'm from a little small town in East Texas as well!

BERT

Well I bet you never heard of the little town that I grew up in, Woden.

WENDY

Woden, sure I have heard of it. We used to play you all in basketball. I'm from Zallava!

BERT

Zallava! (Jokingly) Well I guess I can still talk to you. (Laughs)

WENDY

Hey don't you laugh, we used to beat you all the time in b-ball.

BERT

Ok. Well what are you doing over here in *gay Parié*?

WENDY

I'm backpacking a few months in Europe. One youth hostel to the next. Being a student means you don't have a lot of money. How about you?

BERT

I'm backpacking it too. I've stayed in a few hostels, but most of the time I find a clean one or two star hotel to spend the night.

WENDY

Well look at you Woden! Mister big time!

BERT

Well I don't live in Woden anymore, I moved up to the big city of Nacogdoches. I got a job fixing computers.

WENDY

I hate computers. They seem to suck the life out of those that get hook on them.

BERT

(Lends towards her and whispers) You know, I'll tell you a secret, I don't like them either. I fix them all day long, so when I get home, the last thing I want to do is turn one on.

WENDY

So you didn't bring a laptop and go from one coffee shop to the next using the Internet?

BERT

You got me. I have one in my backpack. (Pats his backpack) Hey I have to update the blog you know. The MySpace crowd feeds off of this junk.

WENDY

I hate MySpace. All of those stalkers and weirdo stuff.

BERT

Quiet, I think that one of my MySpace stalkers is over there.

(He points to the right and both look at each and start to laugh.)

WENDY

Ok, maybe it's not that bad.

BERT

Man, it's sure good to hear someone else speak English. I'm getting a little tired of this *frog* language.

WENDY

You came to Paris without being able to speak French?

BERT

Parlez-vous anglais?

WENDY

What's that?

BERT

Do you understand English? And ninety-five percent of the time, they do. *Bonjour* and *Merci Bocu* is all the French that I've needed so far in France. Do you speak French?

WENDY

Are you kidding? (Beat) No. Not one word. In Zavalla the only choice for a foreign language was Spanish.

BERT

I guess they didn't have many fine arts classes either.

WENDY

Not much. But I've always loved art. I can't believe that I'm here at the *Louvre* looking at the most famous painting in the world!

BERT

Me neither. I've been here for over thirty minutes just looking at the *Mona Lisa*. Looking at every brush stroke and every color on that canvas.

WENDY

Woden, you're an artist?

BERT

Yes, I'm not a painter, however I do create art.

WENDY

Well Woden, what type of art do you make?

BERT

I make Art films.

WENDY

What's an Art film?

BERT

Well an Art film is a film that doesn't follow the Hollywood format. Therefore, most people that watch them don't understand them.

WENDY

Oh, ok. So an Art film is a film that isn't very good.

BERT

Well to put it bluntly, yeah. It's hard to make a good film without a budget. My computer repair job doesn't leave me with a lot to spend on sets and props. And most of the time, I have to act in them, because it's hard to people that are willing to be in a bad movie that you are going to post on the Internet.

WENDY

(Looks at him deeply.) I thought I recognized you! You were that stupid kid that was dancing with a lightsaber that everyone did parodies films of?

BERT

(Embarrassed) Yeah, that was me. (Puts his head down)

WENDY

Well Woden, you're famous!

BERT

What can I say, I'm the Internet Legend. Funny thing about being the Internet Legend, it doesn't pay. I was hoping to be *incognito* while I was on this trip. But as soon as I got on the plane the kid next to me recognized me. So for the next seven hours on the plane I had to hear how funny and stupid I was. Then he pulled out his laptop and showed me all the different versions of "Lightsaber Dance" he had collected. After that, the whole plane knew who I was.

WENDY

Fame is rough.

BERT

No, not really. I loved every minute of it. But it's good to be in a country where they don't know who I am. Apparently in France if you're an American star and not Jerry Lewis, you don't matter.

WENDY

Oh, he does such great work! I love his telethons every Labor Day.

BERT

Yeah, I think they did a skit biased on my "Lightsaber Dance" last year. (Laughs) As long as they had a good laugh and since it was for charity, I guess it's great.

WENDY

I feel like I've met a rock star now! Woden I even saw you on David Letterman for crying out loud!

BERT

Stupid human tricks. A moment of infamy for me.

WENDY

Well Woden, your girlfriend must be proud of you.

BERT

Girlfriend!? Are you kidding? Everything that I've done up to this point in my life has been girl repellent! I'm shocked that you even talked to me. Since my 'Internet fame' the only people that yell out my name are drunken frat boys. It's never the hot chick, it's always some drunk dude with his hat on backwards that knows who I am!

WENDY

Well, I guess I should be going. It was nice to talk to you and meet you Woden.

BERT

Listen, do you have any plans for lunch?

WENDY

Well actually I don't. However, you're starting to creep me out, so I'm going to go now Woden. (She starts to walk off and looks back at him for a quick second.)

BERT

Hey, I can speak English.

WENDY

That's ok, I hear English enough in Zallava. (She continues to leave)

BERT

I'm a celebrity, so I can get us a nice table in front of the Eiffel Tower.

WENDY

I've seen the Eiffel Tower every day since I've been in Paris. I'm cool thanks. (She continues to leave)

BERT

I'm buying.

WENDY

(Turns around and runs back to him) That's the magic words that every girl loves to hear.

BERT

I thought the magic words were 'I love you'.

WENDY

Yeah, yeah. A girl only wants to hear those words so that they can hear the real magic words.

BERT

Wow! I guess I have learned a few things on this trip.

WENDY

If you keep saying those magic words, you may even learn a *few* more things Woden.

BERT

Bert. My name is Bert. It's nice to meet you...

WENDY

Wendy. (They shake hands. Then she puts her arm through his and starts to walk out) You know Bert, you really ain't a bad looking guy. You know girls love a fixit upper. That way, you can get the guy that you really want.

BERT

(Surprised) I'm a fixit upper?

WENDY

Bert honey, any guy that has a video on the Internet of him dancing with a lightsaber is definitely a fixit upper. Don't take that as a bad thing. I've always liked a challenge.

BERT

Why do I feel like I'm not going to like this Wendy?

WENDY

Because Bert honey, you're smart. Let's get out of here and spend your nerd money.

BERT

Oh boy.

(WENDY kisses BERT and they walk out arm in arm.)

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.