

HIT ME BABY ONE MORE TIME

by Herbert M. Midgley
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TIME: Present

PLACE: In the South

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 orange dress, that isn't too flashy for her old town ethics.
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 all in black.

Playwright's note. Hitting is never the question.

BERT is standing in his living playing guitar and singing. BERT is rocking out to, "I Never Meant to Break Your Heart".

BERT

(Singing) I never meant to break your heart. Baby. I never meant to break your heart. Darling... (Knock at the door.) (No longer singing) Man, I was just getting to the good part! (Towards the door) Who is it?

WENDY

It's me.

BERT

Wendy? It's three o'clock in the morning.

WENDY

I know. Hey I'm freezing out here, can I come in?

BERT

Ok.

(BERT opens the door and shocked to see WENDY has a black eye and bruises and scratches on her body.)

WENDY

Bert don't say anything yet.

BERT

Wendy....I don't know what to say anyways. (He puts down his guitar.)

WENDY

He didn't mean it. I mean that...it was....my fault. All my fault.

BERT

Yeah. You deserved to get beat up by that....

WENDY

No. Stop! Don't say it.

BERT

Ok Wendy. He only hits you because he loves you. Right!?! (Beat) Is that what you want to say to me? Huh? That he's a super great guy that gets his kicks out of to beat the snot out of you. Is it some sort of sick way to say he loves you? With all his heart?

WENDY

(Screams) You just don't understand! (Quietly) Bert, you don't understand.

BERT

(BERT sits down on his couch.) Ok. (Beat) Enlighten me. I'm all ears.

WENDY

Well, (laughs) where do I begin? (Beat) He was watching his football games and was drinking beer. So we're watching the game and he was down to his last beer and I tipped it over. He got mad, but he didn't hit me. No he went to the store to get some more beer and came back all happy. Even brought me back a diet soda.

BERT

What a winner.

WENDY

Bert, let me get through this. So he gets back to his game. And he falls asleep, so I start to make him his supper then the phone rings.

BERT

Let me guess, was it Avon calling?

WENDY

No. It was Todd. He told Peter that he saw us out eating at the Chinese buffet off Main Street.

BERT

So?

WENDY

Well Bert, how can I put this the right way? Peter is jealous of any guy that talks to me.

BERT

I know. Brain Damage is a piece of work.

WENDY

Don't call him that.

BERT

Wendy, after what he has done to you, I will never speak his name again. To me he is and has always been Brain Damage. For the love of life he works the midnight shift at a donut shop! That doesn't make him a member of Mensa, does it?

WENDY

It's an easy job for him. It well... gives him time to sleep and get a paycheck.

BERT

Defending the jerk that gave you a black eye. Tisk, tisk tisk. (Beat) So Brain Damage doesn't like it when you and I eat out.

WENDY

Yeah. He told me to stop seeing you. But you're my friend! I can't stop seeing and talking to my friends! (Beat) I don't have many left now....

BERT

So I'm the reason that he used your face as a punching bag? Son of a....

WENDY

No Bert! It wasn't your fault! It was mine! I knew how he would react if I didn't do what he told me to do.

BERT

If you disobeyed him? (Beat) Wendy, why did you come here tonight? You have hundreds of friends, why me? I haven't seen or heard from you in weeks.

WENDY

I know. It was you know, Peter. He wanted to have me around him more. You know he took me out a lot. And we even did some things that I wanted to do. But mainly it was because he didn't want me to go out with my....my friends.

BERT

Meaning me. (Beat) At one point in my life, I wouldn't be sitting here. However I have grown up. There are two sides to the every issue. And it takes two to tango. So Wendy it's not all on him. (Beat) So how long have you been *disobeying* him?

WENDY

A few months. I figured if I only went out when he was getting drunk with his boys watching football, that he would never know.

BERT

(Touches her face) Wendy, why did you disobey him?

WENDY

Because I have fun with you.

BERT

You have fun with your other friends. I've seen it.

WENDY

That's true, but it's different with you. You're different.

BERT

I put my pants on one leg at a time like everyone else. That was what my grandpa told me whenever I got a big head. (Beat) He told me that a lot when I was growing up.

WENDY

You are different. What are you a saint....a poet?

BERT

I'm a time traveler. I travel in to the future one second at a time.

WENDY

(They both laugh) You could always make me laugh, you know. No matter how much pain I was in. My world was falling apart and you would put a smile on my face.

BERT

You know Wendy, I never wanted to add to the drama that is your life already. (Beat) There's never the right time so I'm just going to say it.

WENDY

Don't. Not to night Bert.

BERT

This is the end game between us. Both of us have to show our cards.

WENDY

You could just fold and walk away.

BERT

Yeah, I guess that I could. But I'm stupid sometimes. (Takes WENDY'S hand and kisses her check.)

WENDY

Bert....

BERT

Wendy, I'm in love with you. You're the girl of my dreams.

WENDY

I know.

BERT

You look worst now than when you walked in. (Beat) I don't know what is worst, telling a girl that you are in love with her or beating her? I hope it's beating her, however the girl acts the same way when you do both to her. Not that I have ever beaten a girl before...

WENDY

Of course you haven't. That's why you are a saint or a poet.

BERT

I know.

WENDY

Bert, I don't love you in that way. I never loved you. (Beat) I'm not worth your love anyways. Save it for someone that is worthy of you.

BERT

You know according to all of the articles that I've read in *Playboy*, if a chick tells you she isn't worthy of you then she probably isn't.

WENDY

You read the articles in *Playboy*?

BERT

Sure, there's only a few pages of photos in there and looking at them only takes a few minutes.

WENDY

Bert you're really are a saint or a poet.

BERT

Yeah.

WENDY

Yeah.

(WENDY takes BERT into his arms and makes out with him.)

BERT

Wow! Where did that come from?

WENDY

Every guy should have the chance to make-out with his dream girl at least once in his life.

BERT

Well, thanks. Is that what you tell a girl after she kisses you?

WENDY

Sure. (Beat) You know Bert, I'm hungry. You wanted go get breakfast with me?

BERT

What about Brain Damage?

WENDY

Ah, who cares? He's at work taking out the holes in donuts right about now. I'll deal with him later.

BERT

Is this a happy ending?

WENDY

No Bert, there are no happy endings in romance. Only drama and pain and more drama. (Beat) I'm tired of all this junk, let's just get breakfast, and it's on me this time amigo.

BERT

Well great, I do love to eat.

WENDY

Yeah me too. Maybe I should put on some make up to hide my brushes and black eye.

BERT

Wendy, screw it, those are love marks, let the world see them! Show them you're in love.

WENDY

Yeah, you're right. Ain't love great! (THEY both walk towards the door. BERT stops)

BERT

Computer, end virtual reality sequence Alpha Beta One. (WENDY disappears.)
Computer is this the way all romances happen in the 21st century? I can't believe that humanity survived those Dark Ages. Oh well, since humanity has gotten rid of marriage, there are no more wars. It turned out that romance was the root cause for all of the ugly things people did to one another. Now that we all are equal, there isn't a need for war, fighting or hate. Wow, I'm glad to live in this time. Computer take me to the year....

FADE TO BLACK

THE END