

IT'S STRING THEORY, BABY!

by Herbert M. Midgley
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TIME: Present

PLACE: A garden 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 blue 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 in a black suit, white shirt and a power red tie.

Playwright's note. Given all the parallel universes, there is at least one couple that is truly happy.

WENDY is walking next to BERT on a nice spring day.

WENDY

Oh boy. (Beat) This is fun. (Beat) Bert? Bert!?

BERT

(Staring forward then looks at WENDY) Oh, what? (They both stop walking and stand near each other.)

WENDY

You'll never get a girl if you don't pay attention to her while walking her home. (Beat) Are you having fun?

BERT

Of course. I always have fun with you. Being with you is great Wendy. (Beat) It's a great day here. A great day to be alive.

WENDY

Your mind was elsewhere, wasn't it?

BERT

No it was.....

WENDY

Bert?

BERT

Yeah, I was thinking.

WENDY

Thinking? You're always thinking. Thinking about what Bert? (Beat) Something *important*?

BERT

No, yes! (Looks at WENDY nervously) Not really important to anyone other than me.

WENDY

Penny for your thought?

BERT

Do you even have any pennies anymore? (Both look at each other, then they smile at each other.) As we are walking around this beautiful garden, I can't help but think about how everything is put together.

WENDY

The flowers? The trees?

BERT

Yeah, and more. You and me. The dirt that we're walking on. The air we're breathing. That stone over there. The Earth, all of it. (Beat) The whole enchilada!

WENDY

Didn't God make it?

BERT

That's what I was taught in Sunday school.

(They start walking again.)

WENDY

Yeah. Me too.

BERT

(Looks at his feet then at Wendy's face.) Strings.

WENDY

What about them? (She turns around) Where? Do I need my scissors?

BERT

We are all made up of strings.

WENDY

(Gives him a 'what you talking about look') I was raised to believe that I was made of sugar and spice...

BERT

And everything nice. No. I'm not made of slugs, snails or puppy dog tails either. No, strings. You and I are nothing but a lot of strings combined together.

WENDY

(Thinks for a moment) M Theory, right?

BERT

Yeah Wendy. M Theory. It's where M can stand for the 'Master Theory'. It's skeptics like to say the that M stands for the 'Magical Theory', the 'Mythical Theory', the 'Mystery Theory', the 'Murky Theory' and even the 'Moronic Theory'.

WENDY

Are you one of those skeptics Bert?

BERT

I was for a while. I mean at one time there were five different 'string theories' floating around.

WENDY

Wow! That many?

BERT

Yeah. It wasn't until they started to think of those strings in the first dimension that all the different 'string theories' came together. Which meant that we would have eleven dimensions instead of the four ones we normally think about.

WENDY

Length, width and height are the three dimensions.

BERT

With time being the fourth dimension. (Beat) It's cool that you can think fourth dimensionally Wendy.

(Both smile at one another)

WENDY

Only when you're around Bert. It's hard enough to visualize the fourth dimension in one's mind. What could the eleventh dimension be like?

BERT

Multiverse. More than one universe. Well actually a lot more than just one universe. A whole more.

WENDY

How much more Bert?

BERT

Wendy, so many that our minds could never comprehend them all.

WENDY

So where does the Big Bang come involved?

BERT

That was the rub for a long time. Why there were so many skeptics. The reason why I was a skeptic too.

WENDY

It has something to do with the eleventh dimension, doesn't it Bert?

BERT

It sure does. With a multiverse as the paradigm the Big Bang could be explained.

WENDY

No way!

BERT

(Puts a finger up) Check this out. The common Big Bang theory that most people know states that our universe started from nothing. Nowhere. Zippo! However now the whole enchilada could start when two different universes collided together.

WENDY

It does?

BERT

Yes. With a snap of a finger, (snaps fingers) two different universes collided and our universe begins.

WENDY

Wow. Does that happen all the time?

BERT

You ready to have your mind blown wide open. (Whispers to her ear) It happens all the time!

WENDY

No....

BERT

Yes. It's happening right now. See every action that we do, every choice we make, a new parallel universe pops up. Us walking right instead of going to the left. Snap, a new parallel universe. You blinking your left eye instead of both eyes and bam, a new parallel universe.

WENDY

You smiling and me frowning instead the other way around and poof, a new parallel universe.

BERT

I do believe you got it Wendy. In one parallel universe you may not have been born. In another I wasn't born either. The next one the human race never occurred. Maybe I'm a conman and you're a grifter in another. Or maybe you're a Hollywood movie star and I'm an astronaut. (Beat) I bet in one, I make prank calls all of the time! (Beat) And perhaps in one parallel universe, snap, (snaps fingers) you and I are a couple.

WENDY

(Downplays his last sentence) If you say so Bert. (Beat) It's such a great day, let's not get *too* serious. You know we can have a talk and not have the weight of the world on our shoulders.

BERT

True. That's true Wendy. (Beat) You're the one girl that I can talk to about *strings, parallel universes* and other mind warping topics. Most other girls would run away as soon as I started to talk about other dimensions. I suppose that you have these kind of deep talks with everyone you hang out with.

WENDY

(Looks at him with a blank expression) No. You're the only one. At times I feel that you're the only one I can truly talk to. I mean it Bert, I can truly talk to you about anything and everything.

(Both stop walking)

BERT

Yeah, me too. (Beat) Hey Wendy, do you ever think about you know, you and me. Well, you know, being together.

WENDY

I think about you all the time! You know that.

BERT

That's not what I mean. I mean we are so close and you know that I'm crazy about you and...

WENDY

I'm crazy about you too, but...

BERT

Not *the but*. (Beat) Whenever there's *a but*, there are no happy endings to that story.

WENDY

(Sighs) But! But I have boyfriend. You know that.

BERT

I didn't ask about your boyfriend, I asked about *us* being together.

WENDY

(Looks up and down and fidgets) Then yes. (Looks him straight in the eye) Yes! I think about *us* being together all the time!

BERT

But...

WENDY

Bert, you know *the but*. Don't make me say it out loud. (Beat) Please.

BERT

I'm going to say it.

WENDY

(Softly) Don't.

BERT

Your boyfriend is a Type A controlling jerk that treats you like garbage and I'm in love with you.

(BERT and WENDY both snap their fingers. Fade to black. Lights return with a blue spotlight on them. Then the lighting is back to normal. BERT and WENDY have changed sides.)

WENDY

Yeah, me too. (Beat) Hey Bert, do you ever think about you know, you and me. Well, you know, being together.

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Wendy, you know *the but*. Don't make me say it out loud. (Beat) Please.

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BERT

(Softly) Don't.

WENDY

Your girlfriend is a Type A controlling harpy that treats you like garbage and I'm in love with you.

(BERT and WENDY both snap their fingers. Fade to black. Lights return with a blue spotlight on them. Then the lighting is back to normal. BERT and WENDY have changed sides and directions.)

BERT and WENDY

Yeah, me too. (Both laugh) Hey, do you ever think about you know, you and me. (Both look at each other and laugh) Well, you know, being together.

BERT

I think about you all the time Wendy! You know that.

WENDY

I think about you all the time Bert! You know that.

(Both look at each other weirdly)

BERT and WENDY

That's not what I mean. I mean we are so close and you know that I'm crazy about you and... (Both look at each other and laugh)

BERT

I'm crazy about you too, but...

WENDY

I'm crazy about you too, but...

BERT and WENDY

Not *the but*. (Beat) Whenever there's *a but*, there are no happy endings to that story. (Both stop and look at each other, and both shake their heads.)

BERT

Ok Wendy, let's only speak one at a time from now on. This is freaking me out!

WENDY

Agreed. Man Bert, that was weird. Like something out of a 1950's black and white Sci-Fi movie. I mean....

BERT

Wendy I'm crazy about you. I adore you my love.

WENDY

Bert honey, I'm crazy nuts about you. I adore you too, my love.

(Both hold each other's hand. BERT takes WENDY into his arms and gives her a romantic kiss. They break and are still holding hands as they start to walk again.)

BERT

You know Wendy, that in some strange parallel universe we may have never met.

WENDY

Or this is even crazier, maybe we know each other. And for some idiotic reason I'm dating some Type A controlling jerk that treats me like garbage and you are with Type A controlling harpy that treats you like garbage.

(Both stop and look at each other and shake their heads to indicate 'no way')

BERT

I have pity for them.

WENDY

Who honey?

BERT

Any 'Wendy' and 'Bert' in those parallel universes that aren't a couple. In life you have to take chances. Big chances. When you know it's the right thing to do, take that chance and make it happen. If two people are meant to be together, fate finds away to make it happen. (Beat) Fate always wins.

WENDY

(She tightens the grip of their handholding) I know that I'm lucky to have you in my life. That I'm glad to be in this universe, with you and I as a couple. And Bert honey, I love so much, it hurts.

BERT

Wendy my love, I love you so much that words are inadequate to express my feelings about you, my love of my life. (Beat) It's just sad that maybe there's a 'Bert' out there without a 'Wendy'.

WENDY

You know Bert, I bet that in most of those crazy parallel universes, we're together. I mean look at us together. (Both stop and take a pose.) No two people were meant to be together as much as you and I. We have to be together, if we aren't a couple, the universe just ain't right.

BERT

Your right, Wendy. You're always right honey. (Hugs her) When two people are destined to be couple, nothing can stop it. Not space or time. Nor crazy parallel universes. No one. Nothing.

WENDY

Bert honey, what should we do now?

BERT

(Looks her in the eye and hugs her again and smiles.) Everything.

(BERT and WENDY both snap their fingers. Fade to black.)

THE END