

Chris and Jenny's Cross-Curtain Relationship

by

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Jenny and Chris are getting ready to enter a house party. The hosts of the party are Jenny's theatre friends who are roommates.

Jenny: Chris, you are going to love my friends. You're going to have a great time.

Chris: I hope so, I just haven't spent a lot of time around this kind of people--- I mean, aside from you. Once you all get together it's like this foreign environment.

Jenny: (Knocking on the door) Don't worry Chris, I'm sure everyone will be pretty tame.

Molly: (Opens the door singing a popular show tune and pulls Jenny and Chris into the house in a choreographed way). Enter! (Continues singing and Jenny joins her).

Chris: Jenny, I can take your coat. (Jenny throws her coat to Chris in the rhythm of the music). Where should I... (Chris looks around for a place to put the coats, knowing that he won't get an answer from Jenny or Molly. He eventually sets them down neatly on a chair and then sits in another chair. Moments after he sits, Molly and Jenny finish their theatrical singing).

Molly: (Approaches Chris putting her hands on his shoulders.) So. Chris. I've heard so many spectacular things about you. (She continues to caress his shoulders and then sits on his lap. Chris looks startled). So. How'd you two schmabulous people meet? (She squeezes Chris's cheeks in the way that older relatives usually only do to toddlers).

Chris: Well it was the summer-

Molly: OH! Summer theatre in the park! How romantic! Jenny do you remember that guy I was in looooooove with that I met during that production of... I can't remember... the play, or his name!

Jenny: (Vibrantly) Oh! The Green Moccasin! I loved that play! Jason! I loved you loving that guy!

Molly: So. Chris-topolous. Was it like the first rehearsal or did it take a long time to fall for our sweet Jenny?

Chris: Well, actually it wasn't a-

Molly: Oh, I see, sweetie- you're a techie! (She starts looking at his hands, and holds his hands in hers). You definitely are the I-wear-black, quiet type. I can tell by your hands that you are a set builder.

Chris: No, actually I do-

Molly: Lighting! That's it... sorry, I tend to get the lighting type and the set building type confused.

Jenny: Molly, I was going to tell you-

Travis: (Enters in a dramatic fashion) Pretzels! Get your fresh out of the bag salty PRETZELS! I've been trying to get a man to chomp on my pretzels for ages, if you know what I mean! BUT! A girl's gotta do what a girls gotta do! Oh Molly, who's your new boyfriend?!

Molly: This is my boyfriend Chris. I'm going to have his babies. I love him so much (she lightly caresses him again, and then hugs him) because he loves our Jenny! He's a lighting guy you know!

Chris: Well-

Travis: Well! Wasn't I just saying that I needed someone to turn me on? Light me up? (Gyrating) Mount my instruments... I mean only if we gel! I kill myself.... and FOLLOW SPOT! (He dramatically walks with the bowl of pretzels and sets them on the table, mouthing "thank you" to a pretend lighting booth, then "thank you" off stage left, "thank you" off stage right, and "thank you" to the orchestra before taking a long bow.

Jenny: The funny thing about Chris is actually that he isn't-

Molly: (Pulls Chris up to a standing position). Chrississippi River Basin! Get this! When I was working my (she deliberately puts his hands over his head to simulate a pole and then gyrates a la pole dancer) SUMMAH JOB back in college they had such bad lighting. Here I would be making my moves around the pole (she demonstrates using Chris as the pole) and about the time I'd get to here I'd be in the dark.

Travis: Now I know a thrust stage when I see it! (Travis approaches the pole/Chris and starts dancing suggestively while singing an upbeat dance tune. At this stage Chris is mortified, cringing and trying to keep his eyes closed).

Jenny: Hey guys! Hey! (Molly and Travis continue a well choreographed routine around Chris, Jenny tries to get their attention). Hey! Guys! Chris isn't! Guys! Chris isn't a theatre person! (Instantly they stop, in shock and dismay). He's just not a theatre person. He's not like us.

Molly: Chris? Not my precious father of my children Chris? Chris is this true? (Chris nods his head "yes"). Jenny? Chris? I just never expected Jenny to be with a... a...

Jenny: Normal person?