

THE MERRY GO ROUND OF OOO-LA-LA!

by Jon Jory

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THE MERRY GO ROUND OF OOO-LA-LA!

A One Act Rom-Com

by Jon Jory

SYNOPSIS: Perfect pandemic-era teenage rom-com! Couples navigate the whirligig seas of love, prom, 6-foot distances and masking with style and nuance. The teddy bears are a plus! Super flexible for virtual or live performance.

DURATION: 25 minutes.

SETTING: Various locations.

TIME: Present day.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females, 3 males)

CANDACE (f) 18 years old *(56 lines)*
 CLICK (f)..... 17 years old. *(80 lines)*
 DANIEL (m)..... 18 years old. *(76 lines)*
 WINSOME (f) 17 years old. *(51 lines)*
 ROCK (m)..... 18 years old. *(46 lines)*
 LT. JOHNSON (m)..... 18 years old. *(15 lines)*

COSTUMES: Contemporary.

SET: None.

SOUND: Very simple: A doorbell ring, a knock.

PROPS

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------|
| ○ Teddy bears | ○ Letter |
| ○ American Girl Doll | ○ Flowers |
| ○ USPS Cap | ○ Frisbee |
| ○ 2 Masks | ○ Sticker |

NOTE: *The Merry Go Round of Ooo-La-La!* is written to be easily done virtually or onstage with everybody at an eight foot distance.

AT START: *CANDACE and CLICK are onstage. All the scenes are two character scenes.*

CANDACE: You are driving me crazy!

CLICK: You are driving me crazy!

CANDACE: You are soooo irritating.

CLICK: You are unbearably smug.

CANDACE throws teddy bears at CLICK.

CLICK: Stop throwing teddy bears at me!

CANDACE: They are my teddy bears!

CLICK: Ow! That was an American Girl Doll.

CLICK throws teddy bears back at CANDACE.

CANDACE: You said to stop, so stop.

CLICK: We are drowning in teddy bears! These are your teddy bears.

I hate these teddy bears!

CANDACE: Truce!

Quiet reigns for a moment.

CANDACE: This is happening all over America.

CLICK: Teddy bear wars?

CANDACE: Unnecessary conflict due to lockdown.

CLICK: We're sisters we're supposed to conflict.

CANDACE: Not all the time! This is a zoological conflict caused by an all-female population in the zoo.

CLICK: What about Dad?

CANDACE: Dad is trapped in Bolivia and can't get a plane back. You, me, Mom, Grandma, all female. It doesn't work with apes or guppies or parrots and it doesn't work with us.

CLICK throws a stuffed animal at her.

CANDACE: Stop that!

CLICK: That one was just for fun.

CANDACE: We need male companionship. The only reason for men is to be a distraction.

CLICK: What from?

CANDACE: Reality. Men live in a haze of football, *Call of Duty*, pizza, and sweat socks. We live in the real world and they live in Gonzo-Land. We're left to deal with reality and they are our only escape. I need fifteen minutes in the male fantasy world, but I'm locked in the house with you!

CLICK: But you have to admit I have really good hair.

CANDACE: Fine. You have good hair.

CLICK: And I can tango.

CANDACE: Yes.

CLICK: And I smell better.

CANDACE: You smell like an abandoned library.

CLICK: I'm not absolutely sure, but that might not be a compliment. Really, Candy, aren't you sick of femaleness? We are way, way too smart for our own good. We can't fool each other. Women always have each other's number. I need a guy to fool. I mean they are smart in their own way. They're like genius dogs. I want to earn their trust and then betray them because their sad eyes are so adorable. Where can we get one?

CANDACE: The odds are like stacked against us. For one thing, we have to wear masks which means we can't do our lip magic. I mean, have you noticed men never make eye contact? They just stare at our lips as if they were the secret of life. Secondly, we can't go out unless we cross the street whenever we see one. Thirdly, since they can't see our nose or mouth, they're dependent on our eyes which are bloodshot because of the air quality. It's hopeless.

CLICK: And should one turn up there's nothing to talk about because we're locked down so nothing happens. And if, despite all this there's a spark there's nothing to do with it and the spark is smushed.

CLICK and CANDACE: What is the answer?

The following is spoken, not sung.

CANDACE: All we need is love.

CLICK: All we need is love.

CANDACE: All we need is love, love.

CLICK: Love is all we need.

SFX: a doorbell ring.

CANDACE: What was that?

CLICK: That was the door. There's someone at the door.

CANDACE: (*Amazed.*) The world exists!

CLICK: Quick, look out the window!

CANDACE: It's a person of the male persuasion.

CLICK: No!

CANDACE: Yes!

CLICK: How can you tell looking down from the second floor?

CANDACE: The person looks incredibly sloppy.

CLICK: Okay, it's a man.

CANDACE: Wait, wait! He's carrying flowers.

CLICK: No!

CANDACE: Yes!

CLICK: It's the Prince, he wants us to try on the glass slipper!

CANDACE: You have finally gone off the deep end.

CLICK: I'll go.

CANDACE: No, I'll go.

CLICK: No, I'll go!

CANDACE: We'll flip a coin. Okay, you call it.

CLICK: That's an imaginary coin.

CANDACE: Yes, but I know which side is which.

CLICK: I'm going! (*Exits.*)

CANDACE: (*Calling after CLICK.*) It was tails!

CANDACE exits as CLICK and DANIEL enter. He is as was described, a clothing mess, but wears a US postal cap.

CLICK: (*Sultry.*) Hello, I'm Click. I was actually named Clique, but that sounds pretentious so I prefer Click. Under this mask I am wearing Unicorn Blood lipstick. I tell you that so you can imagine it.

DANIEL: (*Finds this a little strange.*) Ummm, okay.

CLICK: You are an imaginatively dressed postman.

DANIEL: Yeah. Sorry. To tell you the truth, my dad is the mailman, but he stepped on my skateboard going out and kind of, you know, sprained himself, so I'm doing his route.

CLICK: What is your name, mysterious stranger?

DANIEL: Daniel. I'm Daniel.

CLICK: Is it not within the realm of possibility that you are doing something massively illegal, Daniel?

DANIEL: I know, but see they're cutting staff at the postal service and he knows they would use his inability to handle the route to like fire him.

CLICK: Your secret is safe with me, oh Daniel of the Flowers.

DANIEL: Oh these.

CLICK: Yes, those.

DANIEL: (*Shaking his head.*) Oh boy.

CLICK: You have perhaps sometime seen me through the window or raking and were struck as if by lightning and have, in a romantic mood, ventured to bring me flowers.

DANIEL: Ummm. No.

CLICK: No?

DANIEL: Oh boy.

CLICK: Oh boy, what?

DANIEL: Maybe you know Winsome Flaherty up two blocks?

CLICK: Her name is Winsome?

DANIEL: Yeah. Oh boy. See, I've been like, you know, kind of struck by her since she beat me in the day camp wrestling final in third grade, but she is incredibly beautiful and smart and poised and I am, well, what you see, so I have never, you know, opened my heart to Winsome Flaherty.

CLICK: I have quite an open heart, Daniel.

DANIEL: Great! I really need someone to talk to. The prom is my last chance before she goes off to some Ivy League school and meets the son of someone running a giant tech company. So when I deliver the mail, I'm going to give her the flowers and ask her to, you know, go to the prom.

CLICK: We're in lockdown, Daniel, there will be no prom.

DANIEL: A virtual prom.

CLICK: A virtual prom is even more of a cesspool dependent on looks, Daniel, rather than the rich internal life I sense in you and, of course, me.

DANIEL: And I don't dominate in the looks department, right?

CLICK: I didn't say that. It is possible that your look is based on an acquired taste which I have acquired, but Winsome may not have. You would definitely dominate in a regular non-lockdown Hawaii themed prom, but the virtual prom may not work to your advantage. How do you deal with rejection, Daniel?

DANIEL: I lock myself in my room and binge watch *Game of Thrones*.

CLICK: Daniel, the times we live in are not the best for risk taking. We are all living on a mental precipice from which we might well descend into overeating. I do have a suggestion.

DANIEL: Please.

CLICK: Is there mail for Winsome?

DANIEL: There is a flyer for Maybelline Color Cosmetics.

CLICK: Give her the flyer, but mentally keep saying the word prom over and over to yourself.

DANIEL: I should say, "prom" over and over?

CLICK: No, no, no—you don't say it, you think it and if she is in tune with you she will sense your question and give you an obvious opening to ask her. If she's not in tune you must bring the flowers back here and ask me.

DANIEL: Ask you what?

CLICK: With a woman, Daniel, you must hear the unsaid.

DANIEL: Boy, am I no good at that.

CLICK: We must leave it at that. We must revel in the unsaid.

DANIEL: (*Has no idea.*) Right. The unsaid.

CLICK: Was there any mail for me, Daniel?

DANIEL: Oh right! Wow! There's this letter from Publishing Clearing House Contest where you can win \$5,000 a week for life and it's in a purple envelope and the word on the street from mailpersons is that the purple envelope is the winner!

CLICK: Really?

DANIEL: My dad said.

CLICK: Really?!

DANIEL: Yes. I'm sorry, I got all wrapped up in my own problems when this is a life changing moment. I mean, wow! Congratulations!

CLICK: Give me the letter!

DANIEL: Here!

CLICK takes the letter. A pause.

CLICK: This letter is addressed to my sister, Candace Giordano.

DANIEL: Oh. Oh right.

CLICK: Candace Giordano big as life.

DANIEL: Well... that's good, right?

CLICK: Five thousand dollars a week for life. That's like, oh I don't know, four dollars a minute or roughly six cents a second. You could just stand there and count 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6 until you died.

DANIEL: Weird.

CLICK: I have to go and... I have to go and give this purple letter to my sister Candace and then I must rend my garment.

DANIEL: Do what?

CLICK: It's an ancient Greek thing.

CLICK exits. We now see DANIEL knock and WINSOME appears.

WINSOME: Yes?

DANIEL: Hi.

WINSOME: Yes?

DANIEL: Hi.

WINSOME: Excuse me, but I am in the midst of a crucial Pilates moment while I attempt the hip twist with stretched arm and move directly into the jack knife, so what-is-it?

DANIEL: Mail delivery. For Winsome Wilde.

WINSOME: You represent the United States Mail Service?

DANIEL: Yes.

WINSOME: So neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night will stay you from the swift completion of your appointed rounds?

DANIEL: Yes, or rather, no.

WINSOME: Well, we are in a world of trouble. You are a mess.

DANIEL: It's me, Daniel.

WINSOME: (*Confused.*) It's you, Daniel?

DANIEL: We've gone to school together since second grade.

WINSOME: I think you are confusing me with some less attractive person.

DANIEL: You defeated me in the Schleicher Day Camp third grade wrestling finals by suddenly applying the step over arm lock camel clutch and then switching immediately to the chicken wing over-the-shoulder cross face.

WINSOME: Daniel! Of course, it's you! Are you in for a funeral from out of town or something? I am sooooo glad to see you, you little ragamuffin!

DANIEL: I go to school with you.

WINSOME: What? Now?

DANIEL: I sit behind you and two seats left in Advanced World Culture and Geography. I always give you the raisin chocolate chip cookie from my lunch.

WINSOME: I don't think I ever fully looked at the person who did that, but I think they were taller.

DANIEL: No, I'm shorter.

WINSOME: And despite the fact we are taking classes virtually have you brought me a cookie?

DANIEL: Shoot!

WINSOME: What?

DANIEL: I should have thought of that. Ummm, I do have a Twizzlers in my back pocket, but it's somewhat worse for the wear.

WINSOME: No, no, I'm purging.

DANIEL: I don't know what that is.

WINSOME: Well, we won't go into it. Daniel, are you here to deliver the mail or is it as I've gradually come to suspect, a horse of a different color?

DANIEL: Well, I would be here to deliver the mail but, see, the thing is no one sent you any mail so I'm actually here to give you these.
(Holds out the flowers.)

WINSOME: You brought me flowers?

DANIEL: Yes.

WINSOME: You brought me flowers in the middle of the day?

DANIEL: Yes.

WINSOME: Are you a sometime traveler from the eighteenth century?

DANIEL: I don't think so.

WINSOME: You have brought me flowers midday on a Wednesday?

DANIEL: I think it's Wednesday.

WINSOME: I love that!! Do you hear me? I love that!!!

DANIEL: You do?

WINSOME: You have filled an ordinary hour on an ordinary day in the midst of lockdown with the unexpected fireworks of romance! No one does that, Daniel, no one! People think of romance as something for a moonstruck midnight or a yacht in the South China Sea, but they never, never, never-ever see it as commonplace that could last a lifetime or a jewel of the ordinary because it is the ordinary that lasts! Wait, wait, are those snapdragons?

DANIEL: I don't know, they were in my backyard.

WINSOME: Daniel.

DANIEL: Yes?

WINSOME: Daniel!

DANIEL: Yes.

WINSOME: Daniel, Daniel, Daniel!

DANIEL: Yes!

WINSOME: Two years ago, I visited a psychic who had a big neon sign over a little pink house with a white picket fence and she told me I would go to the senior prom in a flurry of snapdragons.

DANIEL: Okay.

WINSOME: It was you, Daniel. You are the flurry of snapdragons!

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