Psych 117

By
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“Only in dreams
We see what it means
Reach out our hands
Hold on to hers
But when we wake
It's all been erased
And so it seems
Only in dreams”
-Rivers Cuomo, Weezer

SYNOPSIS: Sometimes life can be pretty boring, like when you’re waiting for your professor’s office hours. Sometimes dreams can be pretty exciting, like when you’re hunted by a demonic sheep-lion. What would happen if you lived somewhere between the two?

CHARACTERS:

BEN: A shy boy whose heart is in the right place and whose head is turned optimistically toward tomorrow. The only trouble is that his feet won’t move to take him there. Initially BEN wears a gray shirt or jacket; however, upon returning to the stage with CARRIE in the final scene he wears a tie-die shirt.

CARRIE: A confident girl with a sense of humor who knows better than to second-guess herself. Initially CARRIE wears a yellow shirt or jacket; however, upon returning to the stage with BEN in the final scene she wears a tie-die shirt.

NARRATOR: In Reality, the NARRATOR is just as timid as BEN (which makes sense, because BEN is the NARRATOR’s projection of himself). However, in Dream Reality he gets to play god and let his true colors show: he is wry, mischievous, and sardonic. His rough treatment of BEN stems from his frustration with his own condition. The NARRATOR is dressed as an ordinary college student.

FRANKENSHEEP: An innocent, genetically modified sheep. FRANKENSHEEP is the epitome of an Ungodly Scientific Abomination as this little lamb bleats with a lion’s roar. FRANKENSHEEP has U. S. A. marked on its belly to let it be known that it is indeed an Ungodly Scientific Abomination.

SIMON: A carefree boy for whom everything always works out, despite his own antics. In Dream Reality SIMON wears a Chi Psi (XY) fraternity T-shirt. In Reality he wears a Mu Delta (ΜΔ) fraternity shirt of the same colors as the XY shirt.

PROFESSOR WOLF (THE PROFESSOR): A stodgy old teacher who has seen it all.

THAT JERK: A very rude student.
THE SCIENTISTS: Mad geniuses who will either end up destroying this world or saving it. They’re having too much fun to worry about any ethics committee. Each SCIENTIST (minimum two) wears a white lab coat.

GIRL: The girl who inspired the NARRATOR’s daydream; the foundation for the idealized CARRIE. Thus this character is cold and aloof, unlike CARRIE. GIRL wears a sigma omega rho (ΣΩΡ) sorority shirt.

SETTING:

REALITY (Opening and Closing Scenes): The cold, drab, and whitewashed interior of Dayton Laboratories, an academic building on a college campus.

DREAM REALITY (The majority of the play): The exact opposite of Reality. Everything is bright, colorful, and hyperbolic. Dream Reality is the cartoon version of Dayton Laboratories.

CITATIONS:


SPECIAL THANKS:

Thank you Daniel Sturman, for your support and for editing the final draft of this play.
The stage is lit harshly by fluorescent light as the play begins in Dayton Laboratories, an old college academic building. The NARRATOR enters, sees GIRL waiting outside of PROFESSOR WOLF’s office, and approaches the door. The NARRATOR leans against the wall, and sees GIRL is reading The Great Gatsby.

NARRATOR (Shyly): Are you waiting for Professor Wolf?

GIRL nods absently; there is an awkward moment where it seems like the NARRATOR is going to say something else.

NARRATOR (Unsure what to say): Umm…

GIRL turns away, clearly disinterested as the NARRATOR slides down the wall in defeat. Then, suddenly, he has an idea; he stands up.

At this point the lights dim so only the NARRATOR is illuminated. GIRL exits and CARRIE enters, taking GIRL’s spot next to PROFESSOR WOLF’s door. BEN also enters and stands next to the NARRATOR.

NARRATOR: (Lights up on BEN.) This is Ben. He’s about to have the best sex of his life (BEN excitedly pumps his fist). (Lights up on CARRIE.) And this is Carrie. She’s about to have sex with (awkwardly)…a…really nice guy.

CARRIE sighs as an offended BEN gives the NARRATOR a dirty look. The NARRATOR shrugs and continues, unphased.

NARRATOR (Continuing): But to show just how remarkable it is that these two unsuspecting rabbits started doing like the birds and the bees today of all days, I’ll have to give you a little context. You see, Dayton Labs isn’t the most romantic of all spots on campus, with all the outdated bulletin boards and the fluorescent lighting and that one custodian who has the unnerving tendency to go about his work without blinking at all. And this particular branch of Dayton holds the university’s Advanced Research Program, a lightly clandestine, highly lucrative series of projects supposedly sponsored by DARPA. But then, that could be any building on any college, and I can promise you, there’s nothing original about having sex in an empty classroom.

No, what make’s Ben and Carrie’s romance so surprising is the reason they’re here in the first place: to attend The Professor’s office hours. Even as we speak Carrie stands stoically to pick up her test for Psych 117: The Hyperbole of Dream Reality, which should really only take a minute (CARRIE nods). So how did the objectively unsexy Ben (BEN flips the NARRATOR off; the NARRATOR ignores him again) manage to dance the horizontal tango within the hour? Let’s find out…and remember, you can’t make this stuff up.

The NARRATOR steps back as BEN approaches the office door and addresses CARRIE.

BEN/NARRATOR (Spoken together, shyly): Are you waiting for The Professor?

CARRIE (Looking up from her book): Oh, yeah, I just have to pick up a test, which should really only take a minute, but he’s on the phone right now.
Lights up in THE PROFESSOR’s office. All eyes turn to the door as the conversation is overheard.

THE PROFESSOR: Kids these days are too damn dependent on technology. (Beat) That’s right, they won’t do a damn thing if there isn’t an app for it. (Beat, then, laughing) You said it. It’s really been too long, let’s get lunch sometime. (Beat) Well how does next Thursday at one work for you? (Beat) Well, yes, ordinarily I have a lecture then but I cancelled it. (Beat, then, indignantly) I won’t teach in that room, the projector’s broken! What am I supposed to do, use the blackboard?

Lights return to normal.

CARRIE: It’s been like that for 10 minutes.

BEN: I guess we’ve just gotta wait it out. I wish he wasn’t in Dayton, it gives me the creeps.

CARRIE: I know! He’s got the only office on this whole floor.

BEN: I guess he must have really pissed off the Dean.

The pair laugh politely as two SCIENTISTS in lab coats walk by and enter a lab down the hall (offstage). They slam the door heavily. The SCIENTISTS speak emphatically in gibberish, the exact style of which is left to the director’s discretion.

CARRIE (Offput by the SCIENTISTS): Maybe I’ve seen too many B movies, but every time I hear about the university’s Advanced Research Labs I’m always imagine they’re making some… (lights turn red; dramatically) Ungodly Scientific Abomination. Lights return to normal as BEN nods, gravely. CARRIE and BEN talk silently as NARRATOR soliloquizes.

NARRATOR (Surprised, stepping forward): What kind of girl has watched too many B movies and goes to this school and takes Psych 117 and goes to office hours and has (suddenly defensive) a totally justifiable fear of the Advanced Research Labs? Don’t screw this up Ben.

The NARRATOR steps back again.

BEN (Pointing to CARRIE’S shirt): So, umm, Gamma Chi Mu?

CARRIE: Yup, Grace, Charity, and Matriarchy. It’s a great group of girls, and we have a lot of fun.

BEN: You know, I’ve thought that if I were gonna start a sorority (NARRATOR groans), I’d name it Chi Chi.

CARRIE: What?

BEN (Nervously): Think about it. Chi Chi, X X…female chromosomes, sorority. What could be more feminine?

NARRATOR (Sarcastically): Hey, good one Riddler. What makes jokes in spades but never gets laid?
CARRIE: (To the Narrator) No, I get it. And I guess the best fraternity would be what, Chi Psi?

BEN (Gaining confidence): Yeah.

CARRIE: And who would be to president, Simon. (Addressing BEN’s confusion) Simon…Simon. Psi, Y chromosome, man…

BEN (To a stunned NARRATOR): Who makes pretty rhymes but is fucking wrong this time? (To CARRIE) So…where are you-

CARRIE cuts him off.

CARRIE: Nope, let’s not do that.

BEN: Do what?

CARRIE: The college name, rank, and serial number, like we’re being interrogated by our friend’s mom in the supermarket. “College is hard, but it can be fun too HAHA. I like my major, and my friends!” This is Dayton Labs, so let’s try and experiment: only fun, weird questions, okay?

BEN: Sure! But, umm…why don’t you start?

CARRIE: Okay…what is your…favorite night of the week?

BEN (Without hesitation): Trash night.

NARRATOR: What?

BEN: Yeah, it’s like Christmas Eve. The air is cool and there’s jingling all around as bearded men with big coats and huge bags on their shoulders go from house to house to, well…take your recyclables for the five cent deposit. But up until that last part it’s like a scene from a storybook.

CARRIE: Wow, alright well that was the best answer I could’ve expected.

BEN: Thanks. Okay, what is the scariest movie you’ve ever seen?

CARRIE: My parents’ wedding video. (There is an uncomfortable silence for everyone but CARRIE). You know, like…“Oh my God…don’t do it! Both of you, RUN!!!”

BEN ( Unsure how to respond): Alright, well…I appreciate the honesty.

CARRIE: Hey, it’s fine…really. Okay, so, moving on…What is your…biggest fear?

BEN: Oh, I, ummm…

CARRIE: No, come on, you’ve gotta answer…

BEN: You really want to know? It’s that I’m wasting it.

CARRIE: What?
BEN: Look, when I walked up were you reading *The Great Gatsby*?

_The NARRATOR yawns conspicuously and takes out his phone, sends a text, then puts it away. This occurs as BEN and CARRIE talk._

CARRIE: Yeah, it’s for a paper I’m writing about the American Dream.

BEN: You know the green dock light, how it’s supposed to symbolize Gatsby’s pursuit of Daisy?

CARRIE (*Nodding*): Yeah, how everyone has a green light to pursue, their American Dream.

BEN: Right, that’s what all the English teachers tell me. Well there’s this tower, the city’s only real skyscraper. I think about it every night I walk back to my apartment. They put this light display on top of it that changes color every couple of seconds. I always feel like that just shows how confused I can get. That every time I figure out what I want from tomorrow and the next twenty years it changes right as the color starts to set. College is really…everyone says that it’s such a great place, that it’s the best four years of your life, but I don’t know. But even to admit that…maybe I’m not really happy here all the time…it’s like I’m messed up. Look I get how lucky I am to be here—and I’m truly grateful—but if this is supposed to be the highlight of my twenties, and I just can’t figure it out, then what do I have to look forward to? What if I waste this opportunity?

CARRIE: I’m sorry, that was…shitty of me to ask you that. But look, I get it. I’d be lying if I said I didn’t get caught up in this every few months. I don’t know how, but it always works itself out. I wish I had all the answers; maybe then I wouldn’t need to go to any Psych 117 office hours. Just…try not to get so ahead of yourself. Sometimes you just need to sit back and enjoy the show.

BEN: No, it’s alright. It actually feels good to say it out loud. So then I guess you’re better off than me; you’re only here to pick up your test, which should really only take a minute, but it looks like I might need a little extra help.

CARRIE: There’s no shame in admitting that.

_Lights up in THE PROFESSOR’S office. The rustle of papers and squeak of an office chair are heard as THE PROFESSOR says a few goodbyes and hangs up the phone._

CARRIE: I don’t believe it.

BEN (*Gesturing to the door*): After you.

CARRIE: Why thank you.

_CARRIE and BEN playfully shake hands and turn around to pick up their backpacks. As their backs are turned, THAT JERK enters and quickly walks into to THE PROFESSOR’s office, loudly slamming the door behind him. CARRIE, BEN, and the NARRATOR stare in disbelief._

NARRATOR, BEN, and CARRIE (*Simultaneously*): Son of a bitch!/What a prick!/Asshole!

CARRIE: God I wish this wasn’t a dry campus.
BEN: Didn’t he see us standing here?!

NARRATOR: Well, technically I’m not even real, per say…

CARRIE: It doesn’t matter, because assholes don’t have eyes!

NARRATOR: Yeah, but could you imagine if they did… (Revolted) Eww, I just did…

BEN: Well, this would be the place to see one in real life. That’s exactly the kind of (lights turn red) Ungodly Scientific Abomination (lights return to normal) I’d expect to find up here.

CARRIE: I don’t know about eyes, but we just saw an asshole that could walk.

BEN: Man, I wanna drop a few grains of sand in every bite of food That Jerk eats.

CARRIE: I wanna drop That Jerk’s key ring in the ocean, then steal his goggles and watch as he tries to find it.

NARRATOR: I wanna wrap cellophane over That Jerk’s toilet, then take every mop, rag, sponge, tissue and towel out of his apartment.

CARRIE: I wanna take AdBlock off That Jerk’s Google Chrome account!

BEN: Oh, Oh! I’ve got one! I wanna send him a strongly worded email explaining exactly how I feel. (Both CARRIE and NARRATOR look at him, disappointed; BEN continues, trying to save his prank)…with an attachment that’s a picture of one of those red-butted monkeys mooning the camera and an arrow pointing to the butt and it says “You”. BEN nervously looks to see if they bought it.

CARRIE: Ok, not bad…

NARRATOR: The bones are there… (To CARRIE) I think it’s safe to say you won this one.

_BEN and NARRATOR clap as CARRIE bows._

CARRIE (Bowing, but still upset): Thank you, thank you…

_During the NARRATOR and BEN’S next two lines, CARRIE looks with an angry disbelief at THE PROFESSOR’S door._

NARRATOR (sighing): This was fun.

BEN: Yeah, I liked this.

BEN (To CARRIE): Hey, would you mind watching my stuff, I’ve gotta run to the bathroom and I guess we’ve got time to kill…

CARRIE (Visibly disturbed): Actually, I was gonna ask you the same thing. Would you mind if I went first?

BEN: Yeah, I can wait, take your time.

CARRIE: Thanks.
Exit CARRIE.

NARRATOR (Nodding): Dude…

BEN: What?

NARRATOR (Still nodding): …Nice.

*BEN shakes his head and rolls his eyes. Enter SIMON.*

BEN: Hey Simon!

SIMON: Yo, what’s up man?

BEN: Not much man, just waiting for The Professor’s office hour. Get this, me and this girl have been here for like 20 minutes waiting for him to see us, and just as he finally gets off the phone *(gesturing to the door)* That Jerk walks right past us and goes in!

SIMON: Bastard! I’m gonna break into That Jerk’s apartment and switch every piece of lettuce with kale!

BEN/NARRATOR *(Together)*: Nice!/There it is!

SIMON: What?

BEN: Oh, nothing we just had a whole thing and you nailed it!

SIMON: Happens all the time. Anyway, you should say something to That Jerk when he leaves.

BEN: I don’t know, I don’t wanna cause a whole scene…

Narrator *(To audience)*: It’s true, he really doesn’t. He thinks its maturity, but mature people know its cowardice.

SIMON: It’ll look good in front of that girl…

BEN: No, I just…wait, how’d you know about that?

SIMON: Please, the Narrator texted me like 20 lines ago *(NARRATOR waves)*. Listen, I’ll take care of That Jerk if you tell me about… *(Gestures for BEN to finish his sentence)*.

BEN: Oh shit, I never got her name!

NARRATOR *(To all)*: Carrie, her name is Carrie.

BEN: Thanks, but it doesn’t matter because I’m not asking her out. I’m pretty busy right now …

*NARRATOR rolls his eyes.*
SIMON: Hey now, don’t go 0 for 2 today. You got me? I’ll pinch hit with That Jerk, but you get a homer with this chick. At least ask for her number.

BEN: Look, Simon, you know I don’t follow hockey but you’re a friend, so…I’ll think about it. Hey, what are you doing here anyway?

SIMON: Me? I’m looking for evidence the university and DARPA are making…(lights turn red) Ungodly Scientific Abominations. (Lights return to normal; BEN nods gravely). And trollin’ for booty.

BEN: Wait, what?! In an empty academic building?

SIMON: I like to beat the odds.

BEN: Dude, you’re a maniac…

SIMON (Surprisingly profound): No, I’m just twenty.

Exit SIMON. There is a quiet moment on stage while BEN ponders SIMON’s last remark. The NARRATOR breaks the silence.

NARRATOR: You notice Carrie’s been gone for a while now? (BEN shrugs). She’s probably dropping a deuce.

BEN gives him a look.

NARRATOR (Mumbling): Just saying… I hope she washes her hands.

BEN groans in defeat.

NARRATOR: Hey, listen man, I’m just trying to lighten the mood. Look, Simon’s right. You’ve got a real shot with this girl, one you probably don’t even deserve. You’ll never feel happy if you don’t stop thinking so much about trying to be happy.

A door is heard opening and closing offstage.

NARRATOR (Continuing): Look, that’s probably Carrie so just give this thing a shot.

BEN (Half-heartedly): Ok, I’ll try.

Enter FRANKENSHEEP. As FRANKENSHEEP walks towards BEN and the NARRATOR, they are too surprised to move. FRANKENSHEEP arrives at BEN, who looks to the NARRATOR for advice. The NARRATOR shrugs, so, for lack of anything else to do, BEN cautiously bleats.
BEN (Apprehensively): Baa-a-a-a…

In return, FRANKENSHEEP unleashes a ferocious lion’s roar.

FRANKENSHEEP: ROAAAR!!!

BEN jumps into the NARRATOR’s arms.

NARRATOR/BEN (Together, stuttering from fear and amazement; dramatic music is played and the lights dim to red): Ungodly Scientific Abomination!!!

Lights return to normal after FRANKENSHEEP turns to reveal the U.S.A. label on its belly.

Two SCIENTISTS come rushing out of their lab. One corrals FRANKENSHEEP and exits with it while the other points menacingly from his eyes to BEN’s. The latter SCIENTIST slowly returns to his lab, not taking his eyes off of the pathetic NARRATOR and BEN. Upon reaching the stage’s exit, this SCIENTIST claps twice and the lights return to normal; this SCIENTIST now exits. The offstage lab door slams shut, and together NARRATOR and BEN call for CARRIE.

NARRATOR/BEN (Together): CARRIE!!!

The NARRATOR suddenly realizes he’s still holding BEN and drops him. Enter CARRIE, wiping her hands on her pants.

CARRIE: Jeez, what?!

BEN (Still shocked): I…sheep…baa-a-a-a-a…

CARRIE (Confused): Weirdo.

BEN: N-N-Nevermind. (CARRIE reaches for his backpack.) What are you doing?

CHELSON: Didn’t you want me to watch your stuff so you could go to the bathroom?

BEN (Looking away, ashamed): No, I…don’t have to go…anymore.

CARRIE shakes her head while the NARRATOR massages his sinuses in annoyance.

NARRATOR (Muttering): At least she washed her hands.

BEN’s phone suddenly chirps.
BEN (Checking phone): Hang on… I got an email. It’s… from the I.T. department. (CARRIE and NARRATOR are wildly intrigued). Hey everyone (shouting)… IT’S AN EMAIL FROM THE I.T. DEPARTMENT!

There is utter pandemonium onstage! Lights flash and move and upbeat music is played. The PROFESSOR and the JERK literally waltz out of the office. The two SCIENTISTS leapfrog onto center stage and FRANKEN SHEEP sneaks out. SIMON and CARRIE run into the audience and bring members onstage. The NARRATOR and BEN hug and high-five everyone they can. Everyone crowds behind BEN, who holds up his phone and reads from it as the crowd behind him murmurs.

BEN: They’re performing routine maintenance…

CROWD: Go on!/Say it, man!

BEN:…on the DA4529 backup server…

CROWD: Gotta maintain that server!/ Bless the DA4529!/ I know exactly what that is!

BEN:… It’s scheduled to be done between 3 and 4 AM.

CROWD: I’ll be sure to ease off the ol’ 4529 by then!/ Sorry night owls!

BEN (Excitedly): … There should be no noticeable drop in service!

CROWD: This why we fight wars!/ A sexual moan is also heard.

BEN: You hear that! No noticeable drop in service! (The CROWD cheers.) Thank you “IT@university.edu” for this absolutely crucial email notification!

CROWD (Together): THANK YOU!!!

BEN (Decisively tapping his phone): Okay, and “Do not send automatic reminder.”

CROWD cheers, then disperses, still reeling from all the excitement.

SIMON (Menacingly, to THAT JERK): Hey, I need to talk to you!

Exit THAT JERK, pursued by SIMON.

CARRIE (To THE PROFESSOR): The Professor, can I just run in and grab my test?

THE PROFESSOR: Sorry, but I need another 10 minutes to answer a few emails.

BEN (Holding phone): But your office hour ends in 15 minutes!

THE PROFESSOR: Well if you just need to pick up your test, which should really only take a minute, then there will be plenty of time. (Satisfied by his solution) Ha! They don’t call me The Professor for nothing!

Exit THE PROFESSOR, slamming his door. CARRIE groans in defeat.

CARRIE: We’re gonna die in this hallway!
BEN (Comfortingly): Come on Carrie. You’ll get your test!

CARRIE: Yeah, I know, it’s just such a huge waste of time. And what about you, anyway? Is four minutes going to be enough time to …what are you doing here anyway?

BEN: Oh, yeah it’s…nothing urgent. I think the TA just misgraded a homework question. I should get a few points back.

CARRIE: Are you sure there’s no rush. I mean, if your grade is in trouble... (BEN looks away, embarrassed). What, it’s not? What’d you get on that last test?

BEN: Oh, come on, it’s not important; I don’t even remember.

CARRIE gives BEN a look; she sees through his bluff.

BEN: Ok, fine, I got a 97.

CARRIE: What?! Then why did you even waste an hour waiting for The Professor? What’s a few homework points?

BEN: What do you care?

CARRIE: Excuse me?

BEN: Look, can we just drop it; I knew you wouldn’t understand.

CARRIE: Try me.

BEN has been backed into a corner, and everything he’s held onto up to this point comes out. The NARRATOR is extremely moved by this monologue.

BEN: Look I don’t really do all that much, okay? I spend most of the day working really, really hard on my academics. And yeah, it’s paid off. But that’s it. That’s my one color, my one thing. I don’t have a job, or a team, or a club…I’m not in some stupid college acapella group. I barely see my friends and the most meaningful relationship I’ve ever had was in 10th grade. So what excuse do I have? What’s my prior engagement? And now that I know I can get straight A’s, it’s hard to accept anything else; it’s like it’s all I’m good at. How else do I prove I’ve learned anything since coming here? This is all I’ve got. So if the grades fall, even a little bit, then what am I doing here anyway? And yeah, it sucks, and yeah, I’m bitter, because the entire time I’m not really having any fun, and I lie in bed at night hoping to God college isn’t the best four years of my life because it really sucks. And it’s my fault. I’m self-defeating and I’m too weak to try and fix it; it’s just so much easier to be miserable.

A beat as the monologue has climaxed. CARRIE puts her arm around BEN to comfort him.
BEN (Continuing): Gatsby just had the green light, one stupid dream, and look where it got him. And me, I’ve got every color of the rainbow flashing inside me all at once, and everyone telling me what I should do, but they’re a chorus of Sirens. The dream is always better than the reality. Always. So I just picked one, one stupid goal that I could chase all the way to graduation …gray for gray matter, gray for grades. (The next three lines are spoken with the NARRATOR) Sometimes I wonder if I made the right choice. Sometimes I wish I would let my grades drop. Sometimes I wish I could.

CARRIE looks up at the closed office door, then down at the pitiful BEN.

CARRIE: “The Age Demanded”

BEN: What?

CARRIE: Hemmingway:

“The age demanded that we sing
Then cut away our tongue.
The age demanded that we flow
Then hammered in the bung.
The age demanded that we dance
Then shoved us into iron pants.
And in the end the age was handed
The sort of shit that it demanded."

CARRIE (Continuing, angrily): Do you really want to know how I deal with school? Every now and then, or as often as some entitled prick takes my spot in office hours, I go into the bathroom, wash my face, look at myself in the mirror and say “Fuck this shit.” It’s the truth; every girl’s gotta know when to call bullshit.

BEN: Carrie…

CARRIE: No, really, the age demanded that we go to school and get good grades… and meet up with friends every day…and go Greek…and get an on-campus job…and become president of some stupid club…and start a fulfilling relationship…and don’t forget to throw a Frisbee on the quad every now and again. They even advertise college like some paradise for twenty-somethings! How many movies and TV shows are there where kids get drunk, go to a frat, steal a farm animal for some reason, randomly get laid, then sleep through class the next morning; they don’t even show the inside of a classroom! But what really happens? When you show up the first day it’s like you’re automatically handed a 150-page reading assignment with your dorm key. You end up studying in the library five hours at a time. You try and decipher cryptic lab assignments. You have to play Mother Theresa at meetings with your irritable group partners. And then you watch your friends go out on a Saturday night with people they met while you
were working. Where’s the homesickness? Then the loneliness? Then the frustration? Then the bitterness? And eventually the emptiness? At best Hollywood throws that stuff into a 3-minute montage; I guess it just doesn’t make for good entertainment.

*The three characters break the fourth wall and stare directly at the audience.*

CARRIE (Continuing): Look, I know it doesn’t actually solve anything, and that once we graduate there’s just going to be more hoops to jump through, but somehow it just helps to recognize that the deck is stacked and the dice are loaded. They lied to us, and they’re not going to apologize. But once you come to terms with that, that every second you spend here can’t be on Cloud Nine, then you can start to take it in stride and find humor on the little things. Maybe then you can even have a little fun once in a while. So yeah, maybe you’re not handling college that well, but right now this is how you’re getting by, and you can’t feel like the time you spent to find rock bottom was a waste. You’re not broken, just disillusioned. *(Looking around the hallway)* This place, it isn’t some playground, it’s…it’s…it’s a colonoscopy.

BEN (After a beat): You lost me…

CARRIE: Yeah, think about it. You’re required to have valid health insurance, everyone makes a big deal about it all the time, you complain about it even though you know how lucky you are to be there, and the final exam may just be the worst two hours of your life. Yeah… “College: The Colonoscopy of Your Twenties.”

*BEN can’t help but smile, then, laugh. CARRIE and the NARRATOR join in.*

BEN (Laughing despite himself): College is a colonoscopy: you hope whoever’s running the show is a doctor.

*The trio cannot keep from cracking up.*

BEN: Thank you Carrie.

*BEN and CARRIE hug.*

CARRIE: Don’t mention it; I’m just happy I got to meet someone cool in the waiting room.

*BEN smiles, flattered. The pair lock eyes and maintain eye contact throughout the NARRATOR’S next line.*

NARRATOR (Checking his phone): There’s only a minute left for The Professor’s office hour…Sorry Carrie, I guess you won’t have time to pick up your test after all. *(The NARRATOR sees that no one is listening and that the two are clearly falling for one another)*. Well, what are you waiting for?
BEN: Absolutely nothing.

_BEN and CARRIE kiss._

CARRIE: Come on, I think there might be an empty room down the hall…

BEN: Wait, do you mean… (CARRIE nods her head; BEN is stunned, though the NARRATOR knew this was coming all along). What?!

CARRIE: Yeah…

BEN: Wait…

CARRIE: What?

BEN: Why?

CARRIE: Well…

BEN: Well???

CARRIE: Who’s on first!

_BEN gives her a look._

CARRIE: Because maybe you don’t need two extra points. Because maybe I like you. And because maybe gray (CARRIE kisses BEN) matches my favorite color…

BEN (Being led offstage by CARRIE): And what color is that?

CARRIE: I have a feeling you’ll find out…

_CARRIE is washed in a beautiful yellow light. An exit is illuminated in the same yellow light._

CARRIE (Leading BEN offstage): Just one thing: I never got your name…

BEN (Laughing): An empty academic building…unbelievable. Is this a dream?

_BEN and CARRIE exit through the exit illuminated in yellow light; this light fades out once they have left. During the NARRATOR’s monologue, the bright, colorful lights of Dream Reality fade into the cold white of Reality. BEN’s rhetorical question breaks the fourth wall of the NARRATOR’s daydream, and with this symbolic splash of cold water the NARRATOR begins wake up as Dream Reality washes away._

NARRATOR: Yeah…it’s all…just a dream. Pretty cute, aren’t they? Dreams, I mean. You can laugh and cry, scream and shout, and get laid all the same. (The SCIENTISTS walk by, quietly speaking to themselves in ordinary English, but with technical jargon so complex it might as well be gibberish (while the exact jargon is left to the director’s discretion, the science should somehow pertain to FRANKENSHEEP); a wave of color leaves the stage.) Everything seems so
simple, so easy, like it’s meant to be. You can say do anything, say anything and people just…understand. (SIMON walks by. The NARRATOR waves warmly, but receives only an imperceptible nod in return; a wave of color leaves the stage.) But then you have to wake up. It’s like ice water down your spine, to realize all those good things were just pretend. That nothing’s changed, and you’re still…you (The NARRATOR’s cell phone chirps. He checks its screen then, annoyed, puts it back in his pocket; a wave of color leaves the stage.) But I have to keep hoping, believing that someday reality will be based on a dream, and not the other way around. (THAT JERK leaves the office and pushes past the NARRATOR, who stifles a weak protest; a wave of color leaves the stage.)

Enter BEN and CARRIE, holding hands and holding FRANKENSHEEP by a leash; they watch the NARRATOR. By this point GIRL has returned to her original spot, and she is still reading The Great Gatsby).

NARRATOR (Pointing to the book): The Great Gatsby?

The girl nods, then quickly puts headphones in her ears. The last bit of color washes off of the stage. THE PROFESSOR (who is PROFESSOR WOLF in Reality) walks out, sees the girl has headphones in, and asks the NARRATOR:

PROFESSOR WOLF: Are you here for the Hyperbole of Dream Reality office hours? Psych 117?

NARRATOR: Yeah, I guess the age demanded (Beat; PROFESSOR WOLF is confused.) I’ll be right in Professor Wolf.

PROFESSOR WOLF returns to his office as the NARRATOR puts on his backpack.

NARRATOR (Chuckling): The age demanded…

CARRIE: Hey (The NARRATOR looks up). It took him 437 tries, but…I had to have the best sex of my life eventually.

BEN (Sending the sheep over to the Narrator and meeting his gaze): What can I say, I’m a sucker for a girl in a wedding dress. Keep dreaming kid.

The NARRATOR takes FRANKENSHEEP’S leash and turns to enter PROFESSOR WOLF’S office.

NARRATOR (To FRANKENSHEEP): Yeah… (Counting) One… You know, one of these days I won’t need to count sheep to live my dreams, and no offense but I can’t wait. I guess you’ll be out of a job though…

FRANKENSHEEP roars like a lion.

NARRATOR (Chuckling, and parodying Casablanca as he leads FRANKENSHEEP into PROFESSOR WOLF’S office): “Louie, I think that’ll be the end of a beautiful friendship.”

Blackout.