

An Awkwardly Delightful Bus Ride

By: Chad Marriott

Characters:

Jacob: College aged, dresses typically with average tones, a nice guy.

Emma: College aged, dresses conservatively and with darker tones.

Girl: College aged, dresses more typical, with bright tones.

(Characters costumes should reflect their personalities)

A man and a woman are on a bus that is relatively empty. It is a typical bus. To stage you only need a couple of seats. The man is sitting behind the woman. The woman is on her cellphone. The woman's cell phone dies.

Emma: Of course!

Jacob: (Leans forward) Cell phone die?

Emma: No I just randomly get upset for no apparent reason.

Jacob gives her a surprised look

Yes, my phone died.

Jacob: Well, I just thought maybe we could chat for a bit, you know, since this is such a boring bus ride.

Emma: Didn't your mother ever tell you it was weird to talk to people on the bus?

Jacob: No, I guess not, she did teach me to be polite though.

Emma: What're you trying to say?

Jacob: Oh, nothing.

Emma: No you're saying I'm not being polite- it's just my phone died.

Jacob: Such a shame. How're you going to get my number now?

Laughs and leans back

Emma: You are so funny!

Suddenly aware that she is in a "public space"

So do you always hit on random girls on the bus?

Jacob: No, don't have to. Besides, I am not really hitting on you. I am just trying to make a friend or at the very least pass the time.

Emma: Oh....well that's....still strange.

Jacob: Well I've got you talking to me don't I?

Emma: I guess so, but don't you think it's weird to talk to people on the bus, like to talk to strangers? I mean you're trying to get my number and all... on the bus.

Jacob: No, not really. How else can anyone meet anyone anyways? It's not like they have a Tinder for friends. And by the way, that thing, I would not recommend it.

Awkward pause

Emma: Guess you could say I'm a bit too shy for this kind of stuff.

Jacob: Nothing to do with shyness. You think you have to follow social rules and it's awkward for you to break it.

Emma: Oh.....guess you're right.

Jacob: Want to break that?

Emma: Um, how?

Jacob: What's your favorite song?

Emma: Why?

Jacob: Well I was going to ask you to sing it.

Emma: Oh, well I guess I could do that for you.

She gets up and starts to sing Bohemian Rhapsody. Shyly at first and then excitedly ending with a flourish

Is this the real life, is this just fantasy

Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality

Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see

I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy

Because I'm easy come, easy go, a little high, little low

Anyway the wind blows, doesn't really matter to me, to me

Jacob claps his hands and chuckles

Jacob: Yes!

Turns and looks at Jacob

Emma: What are you laughing at?

Jacob: Nothing! That was awesome! More I demand more!

Emma: Okay!

Continues singing and Jacob joins in

I see a little silhouetto of a man,

Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango?

Thunderbolt and lightning,

Very, very frightening me.

(Galileo) Galileo.

(Galileo) Galileo,

Galileo Figaro

Magnifico.

I'm just a poor boy and nobody loves me.

He's just a poor boy from a poor family,

Spare him his life from this monstrosity.

Easy come, easy go, will you let me go?

Bismillah! No, we will not let you go.

(Let him go!) Bismillah! We will not let you go.

(Let him go!) Bismillah! We will not let you go.

(Let me go) Will not let you go.

(Let me go) Will not let you go.

(Never, never, never let me go) Ah.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

(Oh, mama mia, mama mia) Mama mia, let me go.

Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me, for me.

Both laughing

Jacob: Now was that so bad?

Emma: Yes, that was just horrific!

Jacob: Look at you! You were having fun! Even with social rules being broken!

Sitting down, noticing people staring

Emma: Yeah, I guess I did.

Jacob: Back to our old ways are we?

Emma: No.

Jacob: Could you have this much fun with your phone?

Emma: Guess not. Don't you have a phone.

Jacob: Yes, but I don't use it when I have a chance to talk to people.

Emma: You love talking don't you?

Jacob: Sure do. I love being talked to or listening if you will, especially when the person I'm talking to is interesting.

Emma: Am I interesting?

Jacob: We just sang Queen, on the bus. Yes, you are very interesting.

Emma: Well thank you.

The bus reaches a stop they both look at each other and at the stop as a girl enters and sits in front of them on the opposite side of the bus a couple rows up

Jacob: This your stop?

Emma: No.

Jacob: So, I don't get it.

Emma: Get what?

Jacob: Oh nothing.

Emma: Come on! Now you have to tell me!

Jacob: Well why is a girl as good looking as you, so shy?

Emma: You think I'm good looking?

Jacob: Oh. You're one of THOSE girls.

Emma: What do you mean?

Jacob: One of those girls that either doesn't know she's pretty, or knows it so well that she pretends she doesn't and goes fishing for compliments.

Emma: Well, being the latter I must ask if I fished anything good out of you?

Jacob: Although I'd have to say that I definitely don't think that you are ... that kind of girl.

Emma: I'm waiting.

Jacob: I already said you're pretty twice? What more do you need?

Emma: Look who's being afraid now?

Jacob: How about a dare then? Dare me to do anything.

Emma: Okay, let me think.

Jacob: Whenever you're ready.

Emma: Okay, I've got it.

Jacob: Is it a good one?

Emma: Yes, I think so.

Jacob: So...let's hear it.

Emma: That girl a couple seats ahead.

Jacob: Yeah?

Emma: Go over and ask for her number.

Jacob: Oh this'll be easy.

She grabs him by the sleeve

Emma: But, there is a catch.

Jacob: Oh yeah?

Pause

Emma: Um...

Jacob: Yeah?

Emma: You have to use a fake accent.

Jacob: Oh.

Emma: Can't you do a fake accent?

Jacob: I can try.

He goes and sits next to the girl

Girl: I have mace.

Jacob: *(In a fake accent)* I am a foreign exchange student. I was looking for a friend, but if you don't want to be my friend, I understand.

Girl: I was just kidding. I thought you might be a creep.

Emma is leaning on the edge of her seat.

Jacob: No, I'm not a creep....Could I have your number? In case you want to be my friend?

Girl: Just like that? Aren't you going to work for it?

Jacob: What do you mean work for it?

Girl: Well you know, try and- never mind. You're kind of cute anyways.

She writes the number on a piece of paper and hands it to him

But, weren't you sitting with that girl back there?

Jacob: One can never have too many friends. Thanks!

Returns to his seat

Jacob: Ha! I did it! Something the matter?

Emma: No just-

Jacob: I know it was a bit easy. But hey, with looks like these...

Emma: Be lamer. Come on, I dare you to try.

Jacob: So...I pick a truth.

Emma: What?

Jacob: Well, you dared me, so now I truth you?

Emma: Oh, okay.

Jacob: What was the most awkward situation you have ever been in?

Emma: Besides this moment that is happening to me right now? Well, I would have to say the time where a friend of mine was complaining about how I put him in the friend zone in front of everyone at the party.

Jacob: Do you mind if I comment? Well I am going to anyways. Here is the deal- the “friend zone” is someone trying to guilt you into something. Like seriously, if it “hurts that bad”, then don’t be friends with them- which means that they were never really your friend anyway.

Emma: Wow. I’ll remember that...weird guy on the bus.

Jacob: So...could I have your number?

Emma: Honestly, I wouldn’t feel comfortable with that.

Jacob: Okay that’s cool.

Emma: Really?

Jacob: Yeah, I mean, I would be a hypocrite if I got upset about that.

Emma: Thanks. You’re so weird.

Jacob: Thanks.

Emma: Why are you thankful that you’re weird?

Jacob: It’s a compliment. If you had said I was so normal it would have insulted me. I don’t care much for being normal. I think normal people are boring....honestly I think they are just kidding themselves. Like how can anyone be normal? What is normal? If you’re “normal” like society dictates it, you’re a fake. Don’t you think?

Emma: I suppose. Am I weird?

Jacob: Most definitely!

Emma: Well, thank you for helping me pass the time during what would have otherwise been awkward.

Jacob: Your stop coming up?

Emma: Yes and sorry I was so rude at first. I didn’t mean to come off like that

Jacob: It’s okay, I understand. The other girl almost pulled the mace out on me.

Emma: Oh really? Maybe she had the right idea.

Jacob: Yeah.....So maybe I will see you around some time.

Emma: I’ve got to go. Oh! I almost forgot! What’s your name?

Jacob: It’s Jacob. You?

Emma: Emma...Deuces.

End of play.