

**LOVERBOY**

A Ten Minute Play  
By Michael Jalbert

c.2009  
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## CHARACTERS

WILL 27, a wounded man.

CAROL 27, His fiancée, His strength. (At the end she speaks in Eva's voice.)

About the play

Carol helps Will face his past and discovers where the real ghosts live.

(An empty room of a suburban house. Enter CAROL carrying a short stack of newspapers. She sets the stack on the floor and begins spreading newspaper pages beneath one wall.)

CAROL

We only have an hour's worth of light. Let's go.

(Enter Will, carrying a can of paint. He stops in the doorway. He puts the can down and exits.)

CAROL

Will?

(Will enters with paint tray with brushes and a roller in it. Again he stops in the doorway.)

CAROL

Change your mind?

WILL (Not moving)

No.

CAROL

Come in.

WILL

Just a second.

CAROL

Hey, I can do this alone, if you'd like.

WILL

That sort of defeats the purpose.

CAROL

How so?

WILL

Because Gary said so.

CAROL

Come here, Loverboy.

Don't call me that!

WILL (startled)

Sorry, I forgot

CAROL

How could you forget that?

WILL

I apologize. I don't know what made me say it.

CAROL

I told you...

WILL

Really, I am sorry, Will. It just came out.

CAROL

Jesus Christ! You almost sounded like her.

WILL

I'm here to help you, Will.

CAROL

I know. It's just an empty room. This is stupid.

WILL

No. It... I mean *YOU*, are *NOT* stupid! Look, we can just stop this right now and drive back to the city. Maybe this Gary isn't such a genius after all.

CAROL

At \$150.00 an hour, he'd better be.

WILL

He's expensive. That doesn't mean he's a genius.

CAROL

Please, he figured a way to make \$150.00 an hour by sitting in a chair listening to nuts whine about their problems. That sounds pretty fucking smart to me.

WILL

I thought you weren't going to curse anymore.

CAROL

Right. Sorry. I owe you a dollar.

WILL

Shall we paint?  
CAROL

Painting the room. It feels cheesy, doesn't it?  
WILL

You think so?  
CAROL

Like a sort of "New Age Exorcism."  
WILL

Well, it got you to come back here for the first time in- how many years?  
CAROL

What I don't get is this: Paint is really just another layer covering it up. The room will still be underneath the paint.  
WILL

What would you like to do?  
CAROL

I hope you don't think I'm sick, but I used to fantasize about driving a bulldozer into the side of this house and then setting the whole thing on fire.  
WILL

Then what would you have?  
CAROL

A big charred pile of rubble. And then I would put a fence around the lot and I would just leave it there.  
WILL

Sort a monument to Eva. Maybe she'd actually like that.  
CAROL

Maybe.  
WILL

Probably, from what you tell me about her.  
CAROL

Probably.  
WILL

CAROL

That way she would still have hold of this place. Right?

WILL

I don't know.

CAROL

Think of this: All her garbage is now rotting in the city dump. Her dead body is sealed in a box under six feet of dirt. Very soon, another family is going to move into this house. Another child is going to sleep in this room, and the house is going to fill up with their happy memories. Then it will be like she was never here.

WILL

For them.

CAROL

That's right. For them. So let's paint these walls white. Let's clear the last of Eva out of this room.

WILL

Now why couldn't Gary explain it like that?

(Will steps into the room expectantly. CAROL looks at him reassuringly. He crosses the room and hands the tray to CAROL.)

CAROL

You're going to be fine.

WILL

I can feel her in here.

CAROL

Deep breath.

WILL

Huh. I smell her cigarette.

CAROL

It was probably the realtor or the moving men.

WILL

It smells like a freshly lit cigarette.

Maybe it's someone outside. CAROL

The windows are closed. WILL

Well... then... We must be imagining it. CAROL

You smell it too? WILL

Yes. Open the paint can. We'll start by the bed. CAROL

The bed? WILL

I mean over here, this wall. CAROL

That's where my bed was. WILL

Was it? Well of course. Where else would you put the bed? CAROL

There. Or there. Or there. WILL

Okay, I guess I just figured.... CAROL

You said "by the bed, "as if the bed was still there. WILL

Then I pictured it there. CAROL

You pictured it. You saw it? WILL

I guess I did. CAROL

WILL

Even though you've never been here. You've never seen a photograph.

CAROL

Will, I've never seen a photo of this house, or your mother, or even of you as a child. You never told me anything about what happened here until last fall. Nothing. When I asked you brushed me off. But you want to know everything about where I'm from, who I dated...

WILL

You're really angry at me.

CAROL

No, I am not angry. I am frustrated. We are supposed to be able to share. Tell each other things. Everything. But it had to get so bad before I even knew what street you grew up on.

WILL

I couldn't.

CAROL

I know. I know. I'm sorry I sound snappish. If I had a mother like yours I also would have done whatever it took to forget her. Fucking bitch.

WILL (laughs)

Oh my God. I've never heard you swear before.

CAROL

Well, she deserves it, doesn't she? Fuck you, Eva!

WILL

I've never seen this side of you. Say it again.

CAROL

No, I won't. I already owe you two dollars. Let's paint the room and leave.

WILL

The lid is on awfully tight.

CAROL

Use your car keys.

WILL (pries the lid off)

What kind of bed did you picture?

I didn't. CAROL

Try. WILL

Well, I don't know. A twin bed? CAROL

Of course. WILL

CAROL  
Maple headboard. *(beat)* Brown bedspread with Cowboys. Bucking broncos.  
Gunslingers. *(Beat)* On the head board is... are...

(CAROL covers her eyes)

Where was the bureau? WILL

CAROL  
Over there. Maple. With a mirror. A big mirror.

WILL  
What was over here? By the closet door?

CAROL  
A white wooden chair. From the kitchen?

Yes. WILL

I'm right? CAROL

WILL  
About everything. And what's on the chair?

CAROL  
I don't like this.

WILL  
What's on the headboard?

Please, Will. CAROL

You know. WILL

Rope. Rope on the chairs. Rope on the headboards... She kept you tied up. CAROL

Yes. *(beat)* Let's paint. WILL

*(Will pours white paint into the tray. They begin to paint the walls)*

I feel like a pizza. Shall we stop on our way back to the city? CAROL

Let's. Hey, how's Mac? WILL

What made you think of him? CAROL

I don't know. WILL

*(They paint silently.)*

Go away, go away, go away, go away, go away, go away, go away, go away. WILL *(softly)*

Go away, Eva. CAROL

Go away, go away, go away, go away, go away, go away, go away, go away. WILL and CAROL

*(The door slowly swings shut. They both stand still for a moment.)*

Keep painting. CAROL

*(They quietly return to painting.)*

What do you want on your pizza? WILL

Why did you ask about Mac? CAROL

He called you, right? WILL

He called my cell phone. How would you even know that? CAROL

I... uh... WILL

...listened to my messages. CAROL

No, I just saw his name come up. When I borrowed your phone yesterday. Why did he call? WILL

He wanted to know if I had his tax return from last year. Look, I don't like that you're grilling me about every call I get. CAROL

One call. From your ex-boyfriend. WILL

This is not just about one call. CAROL

(There is a loud slam. They freeze.)

She's in here. WILL

There. CAROL (points to where bureau was.)

What? WILL

I can see her. CAROL

Where? WILL

In the mirror. CAROL

There is no mirror. WILL

(Carol covers her eyes again.)

Pathetic. CAROL (in Eva's voice)

What's wrong? WILL

Scared, stupid, jealous. CAROL (in Eva's voice)

Mother? WILL

CAROL (in Eva's voice)  
The problem was never this room. The problem was never me. The problem is you. The problem has always been you. Scared, stupid, jealous you.

Stop it, please. WILL

CAROL (in Eva's voice)  
Paint the house, burn the house, fuck the house. You're still mine. You'll always be mine, Lover boy.

**THE END**