

## From Too Fabulous to Fail

By Don Zolidis

CARLY, 20s.

Carly believes she is in a musical. She is chasing after her man, who she has just fired from his job. She is outside his apartment, shouting up at him.

CARLY

And I know you feel it too! You can't admit it to yourself because –  
*(SPENCER leaves.)*

Hey! Hey this isn't over! This isn't over!  
*(She stands there.)*

Okay maybe it's over now.  
*(she looks down.)*

I guess I'll go then!  
*(she starts to walk away, then stops.)*

This would be the point when you stop me!  
*(nothing happens.)*

You know if you were listening right now you'd probably start a song. You know, one where it begins real quiet – you're probably singing by yourself in your apartment right now, actually. I just can't hear it. You're probably saying something like, "why did I tell her to go away when I love you?" I know you can't say you love me. You're too complicated for that. You have to keep this smooth, investment banker exterior intact. Probably all your finance friends would make fun of you if you let on that you were in love with a musical theatre actress. Even if she is CEO.

*(she starts to sing, recording herself on her phone again)*

If I loved her – that's probably what you're singing. In kind of a high voice. You're probably a high tenor.

IF I LOVED HER

WHY AM I SO SAD AND ALONE

I'M KIND OF PATHETIC ON MY OWN

HER FACE

SHE'S GOT SUCH A GREAT FACE

NICE BUTT TOO.

Maybe you're not a butt guy. I don't know. But I guess I'd like to find out.

To read the rest of this play, email me at [donzolidis@gmail.com](mailto:donzolidis@gmail.com)