

From Miles and Ellie, by Don Zolidis

From Miles and Ellie

By Don Zolidis

Miles, 17

(Miles has just bought an inappropriate piece of lingerie for his girlfriend.)

MILES

Do you have any idea how hard this was for me to buy?

<ELLIE

You didn't just get it out of a magazine?>

MILES

No – there is a store – and it took me a while to find it – And I WENT INTO THAT STORE FOR YOU.

<ELLIE

WOW! I'M SO FUCKING IMPRESSED!>

MILES

You should be impressed! There's this ancient woman, like fifty years old, and she just looks at me – they all turn – right? It's like one of those Western movies where a guy walks into the bar and the music stops and everybody turns. Well that's what happened? Except they're all there – and they're all looking at panties and bras and Jesus knows what else – and I just can't even look at anything! I start to sweat! I start feeling this pounding pressure in my brain and I'm thinking, do they think I'm a cross-dresser? Is that what they're thinking? And everything around me is pink and black and red – and what am I supposed to do? Am I allowed to touch these things? How am I supposed to behave? And finally – I'm walking through molten lava and the grandma behind the counter says, "Can I help you find something?" And I said...

(gasping)

...Yes! And one of the girls says, "For your Mom or your girlfriend?" And they all start laughing and the lingerie is screaming out, touch me touch me touch me and finally I just grabbed the closest thing next to me – I didn't even look at it – and I said I want this! Please God this and let me go! And a gift box.

(he stops, out of breath, spent.)

(to read the rest of this play, please email me at donzolidis@yahoo.com)

From Miles and Ellie, by Don Zolidis
