

## From Miles and Ellie, by Don Zolidis

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MILES, 17

ELLIE, 17

*(MILES and ELLIE are dating, but have so far failed to have sex. MILES decides to spice things up with an inappropriate gift.)*

*(Setting: the Living room of Ellie's house.)*

I got the car tonight.

MILES

Woo hoo!

ELLIE

How much money do you have?

MILES

I have like eight bucks, why?

ELLIE

Just wondering.

MILES

You don't expect me to help pay for things, do you?

ELLIE

No. Obviously since I have a Y chromosome I'm responsible for all expenditures.

MILES

Yes. That is how it works. I provide the boobs. Therefore, you pay.

ELLIE

So if we were lesbians, we'd both pay?

MILES

No we'd make guys nearby pay because we'd have two sets.

ELLIE

I see.

MILES

ELLIE

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I didn't make the rules. I just exploit them.

MILES

So I got you something.

ELLIE (*completely charmed*)

You did?!

MILES

Because you have boobs.

ELLIE

You noticed!

MILES

So, anyway – um –

*(he produces a gift-wrapped box from behind his back)*

ELLIE

Wow! Fancy.

MILES

I know – so – like – I hope you like this.

ELLIE

You're all nervous.

MILES

Yeah, well –

ELLIE

Should I open it now or after dinner?

MILES

Are your parents home?

ELLIE

Ooh. I'll open it now. Yay!

*(She unwraps it. Inside is an extremely tiny, lacy negligee with a thong back. Probably red. Something that might be bought at an "adult" store.)*

*(Pause.)*

*(Pause.)*

*(Pause.)*

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What the hell is this? ELLIE

You like it? MILES

What the – what – why – what is this? ELLIE

It's lingerie. MILES

I know that. I just – I just – what is the meaning of this? ELLIE

I don't know that it has a meaning other than what it is. MILES

This is like – you want me to look like a hooker, is that what you want? ELLIE

This is not going how I planned. MILES

You want me to look like a hooker? ELLIE

I don't imagine you would wear it out. MILES

When do you imagine I would wear it? ELLIE

You know like, for us. MILES

For us? ELLIE

You know like – when we're doing stuff. MILES

You can't even get off my bra! How do you imagine, how do you possibly imagine, you could handle something like this? ELLIE

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MILES

I just thought you would like it.

ELLIE

Oh – yeah – cause that’s what I like? I’m thinking, wow, you know what would be great right now? If I looked like a total whore. That would be just great.

MILES

But who cares? It’s just us. So like – you know – be my total whore.

ELLIE

That’s great, Miles. You should put that on little candy hearts.

MILES

Oh come on – it’s not that bad.

ELLIE

Look at this! Look at the back of this! Where is this supposed to go? Like up in crevices? Like wedged –

MILES

I just thought it might be fun to play dress-up!

ELLIE

How am I supposed to wash this? What if I put this in the laundry and my Dad finds it? What is he going to think?

MILES

He’s gonna think it’s Illyana’s! It’s just for us! It’s just for fun. It’s just for... maybe this would help with...

ELLIE

With what?

MILES

You know... the... issues.

*(she gives him a withering look.)*

You know, you kinda have boring underwear, so I thought – maybe that’s why –

ELLIE

Oh! OH! My UNDERWEAR is the problem! That’s what’s wrong with this relationship! My UNDERWEAR isn’t slutty enough! Well you’re not gonna see it anymore!

MILES

Oh come on! I would wear whatever you wanted me to wear!

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ELLIE

Wear this, then!

*(She tosses it at him.)*

No. Do it. Put it on. Be my whore! Go ahead!

MILES

Okay, that's just not gonna look good!

ELLIE

Well now you know how I feel!

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 I went to the mall!

ELLIE

There's a Sluts-R-Us there?

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! 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.

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*(he stops, out of breath, spent.)*

ELLIE

You expect me to believe you bought this without looking at it?

MILES

Yes.

ELLIE

But why would you think we need something like this?

MILES

Because I love you.

ELLIE

That's idiotic.

MILES

Sorry. But you have to keep it cause I'm not taking it back. I can't go into that store again.

ELLIE

I'm not keeping it. And you know what, we shouldn't even be trying to have sex anyway.

MILES

How can you say that?

ELLIE

Clearly, God has struck you down because you're not supposed to be doing this. And also clearly, God has cursed me with boring underwear.

MILES

Well maybe you could borrow some of your sister's then.

ELLIE

Excuse me?

MILES

That was a joke.

ELLIE

No no no no – what?

MILES

I was joking.

ELLIE

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You want me to borrow my sister's underwear?

MILES

I was joking. Funny joke.

ELLIE

Get out. We're breaking up. You know that? Get out.

MILES

I was kidding!

ELLIE

Get out.

MILES

I was kidding. I wasn't being serious.

ELLIE

Get out! I don't even want to look at you.

MILES

Oh come on!

ELLIE

Go!

MILES

I'll call you later, okay?

ELLIE

No.

MILES

I'll call you.

*(He leaves. ELLIE fumes.)*

*(to read the rest of this play, please email me at [donzolidis@yahoo.com](mailto:donzolidis@yahoo.com))*