

Waking up with giggles
By Laurie Schreiber

Molly, Larry, Spectra, Fantasm, Shazzam and 'Tude

Molly and Larry are two people who are ordinarily energetic and full of life and ideas, but both have emerged from failed relationships and are temporarily waylaid, confused. They are still inquiring individuals, though, seeking answers. They found each other and are moving ahead enthusiastically but with new, wise caution. This is their first night together.

Both are kind of frowzy, not too concerned about their appearance. Larry's in his fifties, Molly's in her forties. Both have graying hair, kind of messy, and reading glasses, kind of spotted and cock-eyed. Larry's in socks, boxers and T-shirt; Molly's in an old granny gown and socks. Molly's starting to wonder what menopause will be like; Larry's starting to get prostate trouble. Larry's becoming a little absent-minded; strays from conversation not because he's bored, but just because it's an effort these days to stay focused {"Huh?" he says more and more frequently, forgetting the previous things said). Molly's almost cliché in her combination of neurosis and love-cooing; she's confident enough, but resorts to cooing and wooing when she feels stupid, or else checks in to see if she's still loved (Was that wrong? Is that okay? Do you still love me?)

Spectra and Fantasm are exaggerated, comic relief. Spectra wears flowing fairy-like garb, flowers, flowy scarves. Fantasm is in exaggerated warrior-type outfit. Throughout, they roam around the room, going in and out of curtains, under the bed, throwing blankets over selves and each other, tossing cushions, snapping lamps on and off. They're free spirits and pretty argumentative; they have no duties and are there just to mess with Larry and Molly's heads, so they have fun.

Two children, Shazzam and 'Tude are a "Greek chorus." They sit on opposite sides of the stage, playing handheld video games. When the action doesn't involve them, they are in the dark; when it does involve them, stage is dark and spotlights are on them only. Their eyes are on the games. They slouch in comfy chairs through entirety, pizza boxes, potato chip bags, soda cans strewn about.

Screen above reflects action of "video game" – kicking, hunting, hiding, morphing.

Set: stage is split into larger bedroom and smaller kitchen, with communicating threshold. Bedroom has double bed, nightstands on both sides with lamps, books, clock, telephone, stack of postcards, windows with full-length drapes. Kitchen not too elaborate: a counter or just a table, with coffee pot, tea-fixing things. Stowed under bed is clown gear/wigs/noses, Groucho Marx glasses/nose/cigar, doll, balloons, paddle ball, Santa hat, whisky bottle.

[two spots up only on Shazzam and 'Tude. Game logo comes up on screen; game is

loading]

Shazzam: Are you hosting?

‘Tude: No.

Shazzam: Then I’ll host.

‘Tude: I’ve got Mega-Psychic. She can see into the future and re-invent it if she gets enough strength points.

Shazzam: Good one! But I can beat yours with my Transformer. He can transform the past so it warps into a new present whenever he wants. But he’s got to find enough memory coins.

‘Tude: My Mega-Psychic’s gonna mess up your Transformer. She’s got a Wraith with her. Transform that, dude!

Shazzam: Yeah, but I’ve still got all my health points. I am way healthier than you, dude. My Transformer’s gonna change your reality, don’t worry about that! And I’m gonna use my Delusional!

‘Tude: Ha! I’ll psych you out so bad. My Wraith has invisibility and can morph – it can slip around behind you and disappear and seep through doors. It’ll find out where the Golden Room is, find its way back to me, and take me there.

Shazzam: Oh, sure. I’ll just follow you. Anyway, on the next level, I’ll gain a Revealer Ray. Then your Wraith can’t disappear and my Delusional will make it think it’s going in one direction when it’s going in the other. Then your Mega-Psychic can’t hide anywhere! [pause, game still loading] Dude, did you remember to save last time?

Shazzam: Yeah, I saved. Remember we were about to reach the Golden Room and your mom yelled it was time to go home?

‘Tude: Yeah man, that sucked. We fell back, like, three levels.

Shazzam: Well, I froze the Golden Room in the time warp, so it’s still there but we just won’t be able to see it until we do all the battles.

‘Tude: Cool! [coming up on screen: two battle figures in a bleak landscape with a fortress and mountain. The kids, manipulating the controllers, make Transformer and Mega-Psychic spew rays at each other.]

Shazzam: Dude, you are gonna be so wasted after this.

[spotlights down on kids. Lights up on Larry in bedroom, lying in bed, reading. Molly comes in from kitchen tentatively, candle and book in hand.]

Molly: I'll light a candle. Maybe that will help.

Larry: [looks up, apologetic] I don't know if this will work out.

Molly: [reassuring, getting candle ready] I know, I know, first time sleeping together. When the kids were little, I used to go out like a light. I wish I could still fall asleep like that. [looks around bedroom] I'm not used to your bedroom.

Larry: We could have slept at your house.

Molly: I don't think it's the "where." It's just the newness. I'm guessing we're going to have a terrible night.

Larry: [patting bed to beckon her in] Well, anything for love.

Molly: [lights candle, snuggles in with book, turns to him] Did you sleep better when you were younger?

Larry: [shrugs] Doesn't everybody? I only started having problems during the divorce. It was so sudden.

Molly: Seems like you woulda known something was coming.

Larry: Mmm.

Molly: I knew mine was coming.

Larry: [reaching to her and smiling but sardonic] You're brilliant.

Molly: [snuggling in but not buying it] But I understand. Change is hard. At our age. It's just too bad it's affected your sleep.

Larry: I hate it. Especially at two in the morning, when I know I'm going to lie awake for hours.

Molly: It's not sleeping I have a problem with. I mean by myself. It's when there's any noise or movement. I can't stand snoring, or the bed shifting.

Larry: Well, I don't snore.

Molly: You do so! The other day on the beach you were snoring.

Larry: [joking around] That wasn't me! That was a motorboat!

Molly: Mm hm. Anyway, just heavy breathing or the slightest movement wakes me up. In our glorious future together, we might never actually sleep in the same bed.

Larry: That would be weird.

Molly: Yeah. I miss spooning. In the old days, we'd wake up all twined together. I'd smile and look at him and hop out of bed and make coffee and bring him his. And he'd call me his wench and we'd laugh. Then I started waking up and I wasn't smiling anymore. I think it was one of those things I realized all of a sudden.

Larry: If I'd called her a wench she'd have said I was being ridiculous.

Molly: I said to myself, What happened? Why don't I smile anymore? [massages face] My face got stiff. I actually worried my face would stiffen up into a permanent frown.

Larry: I felt stupid around her. And old. And now I am old.

[Spectra peeks out from behind bedroom window drape and makes buzzing sound]

Larry: [swats hand around head] Damn! Hand me the fly swatter. {Points across bed, Molly reaches under bed to get fly-swatter. Larry jumps out of bed and swats, looking for fly, as Spectra unfurls from drape and buzzes around the room, flowy and dancey. Larry doesn't see Spectra at first. Larry makes a ruckus. Choreography to keep Spectra behind Larry. Molly immediately sees it's Spectra, and points]

Molly: [trying to get Larry's attention] Honey, it's not a fly.

Larry: [swatting and making a ruckus] You know what I mean? I felt stupid...

Molly: Honey, it's just...

Larry: ..but I thought I was happy. I had the good stuff – the kids and a wife and a home...

Molly: [raising voice] Honey...

Larry: [huffing and puffing, lunging] I worked hard. I just thought that was everything.

Molly: I understand, honey, but...

Larry: And if she was [stops and stands, Spectra pauses, too] angry and blamed me for stuff, I just thought that's what she did.

Spectra: [stops flowing] What? I wasn't angry! I didn't blame you for anything!

Larry: [startled, spins toward Spectra] Oh! It's you! [tosses away swatter, plunks onto bed]

Molly: that's what I was trying to tell you. [disgusted, to Spectra] Get out!

Spectra: [shrugs] This is my room. [saunters over to bed, smooths quilt] I chose this quilt. [cheerily] Don't you love the design?

Larry: [helpless, to Molly] It's her room, too, I guess.

Molly: [instructionally, to Larry] what – are – you –talking- about? [points to Spectra] That's only the voice in your head.

Larry: [taking heart] Oh yeah. [to Spectra] It's not your room.

Spectra: [to Molly] See how I come back when he misses me? [dances gaily around] He talks about me and talks about me and talks about me! I know he needs me.

Molly: This is ridiculous. You left! What do you care?

Larry: [faithfully watches Spectra, to Molly] Damn! I'm sorry, when she's here, I do miss her.

Molly: [worried] Did you love her more than me?

Spectra: [in Molly's face] Does he love me, not did he. [sing-songy] His heart hurts. His head aches. He misses me.

Larry: [sinks into bed under quilt, suddenly notices it] Damn! I gotta get rid of this quilt. [points] And that picture. And the clock. No, I did not love her more than you. Just – there's all the memories.

Molly: [reflecting] Yeah, sometimes I'm driving to work and I find myself thinking about him. All the good stuff. I wish I had it back. [worried glance at Larry] I mean – I don't wish I had it back...just, you know, good stuff is good.

Larry: Sometimes I find myself wallowing in memories. Everything gets dark and I sit there in the chair and I can't even really see what I'm looking at.

Molly: I find myself having old arguments over and over, trying to fix the outcome. Even when I'm driving over here and I should be thinking about you.

Larry: [slumps down] I do miss her. It seemed like life. And now the kids are grown and the house is empty and it really is dark and gloomy because I never dust and the wallpaper is peeling. And my joints ache all the time.

[lights down on bedroom, up on kids]

Shazzam: [one battle figure stalks the other in a dusky tunnel] Man! I thought I saw a golden light down this way! I gotta find some life coins somewhere. [front figure turns to battle rear figure] Dude, get off my butt!

‘Tude: No way, man. You’ll never escape me. Anyway, how’d you see me? I was behind my invisible Wraith.

Shazzam: Don’t be stupid, dude, you cast a shadow.

‘Tude: Good one! [Wraith swoops in and swaths Transformer] But you can’t escape my Wraith!

Shazzam: [harried and frantically manipulating controller] Man, I’m being suffocated! Ha! My Transformer’s free! Now I’m gonna get your Mega-Psychic

‘Tude: No way! I’m going after those strength coins so I can change the outcome my way in case you win.

[enthusiastic battling. Mega-Psychic heads down tunnels]

Shazzam: Ha! So you admit I’ll win!

‘Tude: Even if you win, you won’t win, man. Don’t you get it?

Shazzam: Oh ha ha! Not if I change the past and keep you from getting those strength coins even if you get the strength coins.

‘Tude: Man, this is such a cool game. Lotta strategy.

Shazzam: [chagrined] Ooh, I saw that! You sent your Wraith toward the light. But you can’t hide from me!

‘Tude” Oh no? How you gonna stop me?

Shazzam: My revealer ray, man. I’m gonna follow you wherever you go. I’m gonna dog your every footstep.

‘Tude: tough, dude. Every time you hit a psychic with a revealer, the psychic just morphs into an alternate reality. [Mega-Psychic disappears. Transformer twirls around in search]

Shazzam: Whoa! Wait! Did you just disappear?

‘Tude: Burn, dude. I told you. [shifts in chair] Oooh, my butt hurts!

[lights down on kids, up on bedroom]

Larry: Stop talking about inner voices. Maybe she'll go away. And I don't want yours starting up.

Fantasm: [charges in, ready to kick butt] Are you talking about me?!

Molly: [to Fantasm] unbelievable! [to Larry, about Fantasm] What a twit. [to Fantasm] I was talking about you, not to you! What do you think this is, an invocation? I'm trying to have a nice night here.

Larry: [whispers confidingly to Molly] We can't talk about them. It's a jinx.

Spectra: [chiming in, flowing around, sings] "Love the one you're with, love the one you're with."

Molly: [to Larry] Do you want some tea? I'm getting stressed out.

Fantasm: [outraged] Oh! I stress you out!

Larry: [to Molly] Sure, I'll take some tea, baby.

Fantasm: [to Larry] Don't call her baby.

Molly: [getting out of bed and heading to kitchen, to Fantasm] Don't talk to me. Don't talk to Larry. Don't talk.

Spectra: [stops singing, continues flowing] Anyone want to dance?

Fantasm: [to Spectra] You're a cutie. [to Molly, following her into kitchen] I'm not your problem! If you've got a problem, go see a therapist!

Molly: [sighing] Yes, I know. You're not my problem. So therefore – that's not why I left you.

Larry: [sighs] We'll never get to sleep.

Spectra: [re-arranging pictures on wall and trinkets on bureau, in just-curious tone, to Larry] I thought you liked a little unpredictability. A little vixen in the kitchen.

Fantasm: [coming up behind Molly in kitchen] C'mon baby, give it another chance.

Molly: [annoyed] God, you're like a gnat! Leave me alone!

Larry: That was the good times.

Spectra: [moves closer to Larry, arranging stuff on his night table] I was your little wood nymph.

Fantasm: [cooing] Aaaw, I bet you want me, sister. Ain't nothin' that old guy in bed can do that I can't.

Molly: [slams tea boxes and cups around. To Fantasm] What are you doing?! Get – out –

Larry: [smiles fondly] Yeah. But you shut me out. Slowly. You got into your garden and your yoga, and your New Age naturopathic hyper-alternative friends, and your massage classes and encounter groups, and your biokinetic, transformational, past-life, spiritual healing whatever all that was.

Spectra: [remembering, delighted] Yeah! That's good stuff!

Larry: [working himself up] And you go off traveling with friends without me, and – [sarcastic] oh yeah, you move into the other bedroom and lock the door after the kids are in bed. Your peace and love and - where was the peace and love at home? And then! – and then! - to cap it all off, you fly off to a monastery in Thailand – god damn it, Thailand of all places? – and serve me with divorce papers!

Molly: [yelling to Larry from kitchen} Are you okay?

Larry: [yelling to Molly] How do you like that for peace and love?

Molly: Sorry, I didn't catch it.

Spectra: [to Larry] ooh, sorry. I'll do better now.

Fantasm: [to Molly, nuzzling up] What about tomorrow night? [great idea] Or lunch! A quickie!

Molly: [chasing him out] Dream on! [Fantasm backs into bedroom]

Spectra: [moves up to Larry and attempts to straighten his reading glasses and blanket] I want to show you how much I love you now.

Larry: [to Spectra] That's awful tough, considering you're still in Thailand and all, and – huh! - are a figment of my idiot mind.

[Spectra starts to nuzzle up to Larry]

Larry: [frantic whisper] Get off, she's coming back!

Spectra: [langorous but compliant] Oooh, all right. But just remember, I bore your children.

Larry: [to Molly] Do you need help?

Molly: [sighs, arranges tea tray and comes back to bed] Believe me, if he were real, you'd be the first person I'd call for help. [pauses, looks at Larry, stares frostily at Spectra] What's going on in here? [sweet to Larry, serving tea] Milk? Lemon? Honey?

Spectra: [to Larry, mournful] But can't we be friends? [perky] I'm having a great time in Thailand! Aren't you happy for me? Do you want to dance? (dances around room like flower child.)

Larry: No, I'm not happy for you.

Fantasm: [booming] Way to go, man! Stick it to her. The women leave and we're supposed to dance around.

[Spectra gets cushion and makes herself comfy in lotus pose, falls into meditation)

Molly: [to Fantasm] Oh, shut up! [puts hands over ears]

Larry: [picks up book] Let's read. [puts down book] Did I tell you about her postcards? Last time, she wrote, "You'd love Thailand!" She told me she hated my guts when she was packing up her stuff, and now she's suddenly my tour guide. [slumps]

Molly: I try to remember to turn on the radio when I'm driving, to drown out his voice. But sometimes I forget, and here he comes and then I feel this funny nothing in my heart, like something was there and now it's missing.

Fantasm: [querulous] So turn on the radio! I hate having to yammer all the time.

Molly: [annoyed] So quit yammering!

Spectra: [opens an eye] Meditation would definitely help you. It's very refreshing. [gets up, dances around room, flowing scarves, lightly skipping, patting her things, sing songy, a taste of Ophelia} All is good. All is right. We pay the bills and cook the meals and love the kids. We think we know what's meant to be and yet it never is. The future falls. Our true selves rise.

Larry: [confidingly to Molly] Don't get sucked in by these jokers. They think they're real, but once you and I get a good night's sleep without bad dreams, they'll be out for good.

Molly: [doubtful] I hope.

Larry: [doubtful] I hope.

Molly: But we'll never get a good night's sleep with each other. You'll snore and I'll twitch and we'll keep each other awake.

Larry: We haven't even tried yet.

Molly: [gesturing toward Spectra and Fantasm] But look at them – we're nowhere close to trying.

Spectra: You'll be loonier if you shut us out. We've got your memories.

Fantasm: Yeah! Ha ha!

Spectra: And we have your former love. And what seemed right at the time. And the products of that rightness: your children and your homes and the blossoming of your place in the world.

Fantasm: [triumphant] Ha! Whoo hoo! Got you there!

[lights down on bedroom, up on kids]

Shazzam: ooh, my Transformer just transformed memory into deception! Did you see that? Now I can use deception on you to trick you into doing the exact opposite of what you thought you were doing.

'Tude: Yeah! That was a good one! But all I gotta do is do the exact opposite of what I wanted to do and then you're screwed. [battle] There's the secret passage to the Golden Room!

Shazzam: Are you sure? Or are you just doing the opposite?

[pause, as they play silently but enthusiastically]

'Tude: Hey, get that Delusional off me! Ouch! Here comes Wraith!

Shazzam: dude, that Wraith is so annoying. [Transformer fires down Wraith] Ha! I got it. Now I'm gonna get you! [fires at Mega-Psychic]

'Tude: [firing back and running at same time] Man, I'm losing my endurance.

Shazzam: [gleeful] Yeah, the deception coins fooled you, man, 'cause they didn't strengthen you, they weakened you. Now you can't use strategy to find your way down the secret passage.

'Tude: So how am I supposed to find my way to the next level?

Shazzam: I don't know, man. Trial and error, I guess.

'Tude: That sucks!

Shazzam: Yeah, but I read that the closer you get, the more your strength comes back.

'Tude: I can't use cheats?

Shazzam: Yeah, you can use cheats. But I read the game is programmed that your guy can die all of a sudden on any cheat, and you never know which one. Then you gotta start all over again.

'Tude: At the same level as when you died.

Shazzam: No, dude, at the bottom.

[lights down on kids, up on bedroom]

Molly: [sighs] They're right. There was a lot of sweetness. Mostly around sex. It almost made the relationship seem right.

Fantasm: [snide] Glad you enjoyed it.

Spectra: You two need to laugh and love and flow and spin. [she flits and flows around room] My soul is like the open sky, the shining sun, the mother earth, the twinkling stars.

Larry: [to Molly] I liked that oneness-with-all stuff. I liked the open sky/shining sun feeling I got from her.

Molly: Until she picked up after thirty years of marriage and followed her spiritual path to Thailand.

Larry: That was a problem.

Fantasm: [to Molly and Larry] Lighten up. What a couple of killjoys.

Molly: Sometimes I can't tell if the crazy voice is his crazy or mine.

Fantasm: [diving for tea pot, pours for himself and Spectra, to Spectra] C'mere, good-looking. I want to drink with you. [They cheerily clink cups, swig, then waltz around the room. Larry and Molly eye all of this with disgust.]

Molly: [to Larry, shrugs.] He's a good dancer, though. I'll give him that.

Fantasm: [to Spectra] Aha! She's going to 'fess up! I'm a stud! [Fantasm and Spectra become entangled in Spectra's scarves and flowy dress.]

Larry: [laughing] Look at those bozos.

Molly: [resigned] You and I just want to be able to sleep, and they're the ones having all the fun.

Fantasm: Don't blame your moping on us! [rummages under bed, emerges with clown gear - wigs, noses] Aha! Here we go! [hands some to Spectra, they put in on and prance around]

Spectra: Look at me, look at me!

Fantasm: [in Molly's face] Look! We're clowns! Har-dee-har-dee-hoo! [Molly tries to hide under blanket as he pries it off her] I'm trying to cheer you up! You don't appreciate me!

Larry: [to Molly] I thought, once the kids are grown, I'll get my love back. Then the kids grew and left home and love went out the door, too. Love hopped an airplane to Thailand. I really thought we'd have a great old age together.

Molly: I feel haunted all the time, all the old recriminations and failures and dark times that can never be fixed and never reclaimed.

Fantasm: [has been rummaging under bed, comes out with Grouch Marx nose/glasses/cigar] 'I never forget a face, but in your case I'll be glad to make an exception.' One morning I shot an elephant in my pajamas. How he got in my pajamas I'll never know.' 'I could dance with you till the cows come home. On second thought, I'd rather dance with the cows till you come home.' [to Larry and Molly] Oh, come on, kids, cheer up.

Spectra: [has been rummaging under bed and comes out with balloons and paddle ball, skips around like kid, sing-songy] La lala lala. Ha haha haha.

Larry: The last time I was really happy was when I was a kid. I remember when I was maybe ten, and a friend of my father's took me out to watch birds. We got up before dawn and it was already hot. Everything's quiet, and then suddenly all the birds wake up and it's this amazing symphony as the sun comes up. There was no one else, just us and the birds.

Molly: I used to leap up out of bed, all vigorous and smiling. The kids occupied me. But then they got older and I realized there was no one else. There wasn't one moment of one day that he'd want to spend with me. He'd say I was wrong. He'd say, 'But I live here, I haven't gone anywhere.' I'd say, 'You're right, we share the mortgage on the house. But what else do you want to do with me?'

Spectra: [caressing tone, to Larry] Don't forget all the good times we had. Remember how we piled on each other? You were happy!

Larry: [remembering a shared phrase] We both liked that Gerard Manley Hopkins bit, 'I caught this morning morning's minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin.' [rethinking] But I don't think I ever felt that kid joy again. I had everything a man ought to have. But there was no joy.

Molly: So I figured I should be more independent. He does his thing and I do mine. And I figured, now I've got to leap out of bed and smile on my own - it's got to come from within, not because of anything I'm doing with another person. But I couldn't come up with a real smile. And I said to myself, What happened to me? Why don't I wake up smiling anymore? Why am I not leaping out of bed? What's wrong with me? I'm not independent enough. I should be more independent.

Larry: Probably sometimes I woke up smiling. I don't remember.

Spectra: You did! You laughed and chuckled and hummed and grinned. [lets out giggles]

Fantasm: You leapt out of bed! You sniggered and snickered, and cackled and chortled! Your nose ran and your eyes wept. [Fantasm gets Santa hat from under bed and lets out a booming santa-type laugh]

Spectra: [rummaging under bed, comes out with doll. Lets out loving maternal coos]

Fantasm: [rummaging under bed, comes out with whisky bottle, pretends to swig and stagger like a drunk, lets out drunken laughter]

Spectra: [sings] Smiling makes the world go 'round, the world go 'round, the world go 'round.

Larry: [gets stack of postcards from dresser drawer] Get a load of these postcards she sends me from Thailand. I'm supposed to be delighted by her ruminations. 'Thirty years of wedded bliss and, oh boy, am I ever lonely for you.' 'We had something yummy for dessert. Yum yum yum - but I'd rather eat you.' 'Dear dear dear man. Yeah, I'm really missing cuddles bad.' 'Here's the three most important words in the world for you - I love you!' 'If it's a nice evening, I'll probably go for a hike and watch the sunset. Maybe you're on the plane now and you'll be here when I get back.'

Molly: [self-doubting] Do you still save her postcards?

Larry: [reassuring] No no no.

Spectra: [delighted, dances around flowy] You saved all those! You miss me!

Larry: [leans close to Molly] Honey, you know how it is. She just goes on and on. Like a virus. It's got to run its course.

Spectra: [to Molly] And I'll have him back, too. Anytime I want.

Molly: [jumps up} Tsk! Don't be ridiculous.

Spectra: I'll just come flyy-y-ying in.

Molly: Who do you think you are? You don't just come waltzing back—

Fantasm: [arms crossed, watching and laughing] Look at those two!

Larry: [dismayed] Ladies!

Molly: [to Larry, flustered] What do you mean— ladies? She's not even here. Why do I have to argue with your inner voice? What's with you? Do you really want her back?

Spectra: I just went to find myself —

Fantasm: [elbows Larry over catfight and laughs. Larry doesn't laugh. gestures at Larry] What a mope. [to Molly] What do you see in him anyway?

Molly and Spectra: [simultaneously] He's sweet. [they look at each other in 'who do you think you are' way]

Larry: [shrugs] Maybe I'd have been better off if I'd never married.

Fantasm: [oratorical] My life it stinks, and now methinks, today's the day - I shoot myself!

Larry: Why don't you shut up?!

[lights up on kids. Lights are up on all. Kids face stage action, and are now manipulating the stage action with their controllers]

'Tude: are you going to admit this is a losing game?

Shazzam: Never!

Molly: [going face to face with Spectra] If you thought he was so sweet, you shouldn't have gone to Thailand.

'Shazzam: Dude, nice shot! Your Wraith is still going strong. Why doesn't its strength ever get sapped?

Spectra: But I went to Thailand for him! Self-fulfillment makes the world a better place [dances around].

Molly: You leave him alone!

'Tude: Aaw, I don't know. I'm beginning to think that Wraith actually feeds off Mega-Psychic, even though they're friendlies.

Fantasm: [jumping up, to Larry] Oh, don't be so innocent. You're all – 'oh, agony and doubt!' [rampages around] While you're hopping into bed and doing the nasty and trying to forget all about us.

Shazzam: Good to know, man, 'cause now I'm going to use my Transformer to destroy your weakened Mega.

Spectra: - after everything I gave him.

Shazzam: That Wraith doesn't look strong but it comes up on you and – wham!

'Tude: I know! It's, like, got no substance but It's awesome!

Larry: [outraged, at Spectra, rampages around] What!? [sputtering]!?

'Tude: Whoa! Go, man!

Larry: You barely gave me the time of day! [jumps out of bed, to Molly] They go on and on! [going face to face with Spectra] Just leave us alone!

Shazzam: Ha! I'm coming after you!

Spectra: Paranoia's a beautiful thing, too, you know. [sing-songy] Love the crazy, write a poem.

Molly: [laughs, face to face with Fantasm] Doing the nasty? You're right. Sex is a good diversion.

'Tude: No way. Time to re-invent the future!

Spectra: [dancing into Larry's face] See! That's all she wants from you. Now look at me! I can mold your self-loathing into a thing of beauty! [dancing around]

'Tude: Aaw, that sucks, I'm too low on strength to re-invent.

Shazzam: So now you think you've distracted me and you can send the Wraith to find the Golden Room, don't you.

Molly: [rampages around] This is garbage!

Shazzam: But I'm gonna change your past so you won't know where the Wraith is headed.

Molly: [face to face with Fantasm] You – are – full of garbage. Everything you've ever said has been twisted.

'Tude: I'd watch out with that changing stuff, man You do it too much and you get stuck at a lower level.

Molly: [pushes up at Fantasm] I'm sorry, no. I apologize. Everything we've ever said together ended up as nothing but a horrible quagmire.

Shazzam: Ha! Gotcha! You're down!

'Tude: Don't count your chickens, dude!

Fantasm: [in her face] Not my fault!

Molly: Not your fault, not my fault! [pushes at him]

‘Tude: Your goose is so cooked, man.

Larry: [rampages around, to Molly] Our lives tore apart before we ever even met each other!

‘Tude: [excited] I’m gonna knock you out!

Molly: [face to face with Fantasm] It’s just no one’s fault!

Shazzam: You’re pooched!

Molly: We just get more and more bloated with things we can’t figure out!

‘Tude: You’re toast!

Molly: Things that can’t be fixed, roads without directions, blown-up bridges, blasted landscapes, stopped-up tunnels, aliens and monsters at every turn, and what’s the prize?

Shazzam: [sings] I got the joy-oy-oy.

Molly: An epic poem written over a lifetime? A heart-rending song? A gold coin? A new chance to try again and be happy?

‘Tude: The Golden Room shall be mine!

Larry: [face to face with Fantasm] A night of sleep! [Spectra flows up to grouping, which is pushing and struggling against each other]

Shazzam: All your wraiths and demons shall be slain! Ha ha! And I shall win the prize!

[Molly, Larry, Spectra and Fantasm struggle with each other]

Larry: [in Spectra’s face] I’m unworthy of your special, magical powers, okay?

Shazzam: Kapow!

Fantasm: [in Larry’s face] You got that right.

‘Tude: Zap!

Larry: [to Spectra] This is life! Right here! This is it!

Shazzam: [excited] Kaching, man! I am so gonna rule!

‘Tude: Man, this game rocks!

Shazzam: The epic battle continues!

[Molly, Larry, Spectra and Fantasm knock each other out and collapse in a heap]

‘Tude: [shocked, keeps on trying controller] What!?

Shazzam: [shocked] What happened?! This sucks!

‘Tude: The game can’t just end there. I can’t believe this!

Shazzam: [manipulating controller] Go to the menu.

‘Tude: No way! That will restart it and we’ll lose everything we gained!

Shazzam: [gesticulating at stage] We’re losing everything anyway! It’s, like, completely frozen. [‘Tude and Shazzam toss controllers, walk to collapsed heap on stage. ‘Shazzam pretends to kick at heap]

‘Tude: Don’t kick it.

Shazzam: [laughs] I don’t feel like going back to the first level.

‘Tude: don’t we have to finish this in order to qualify for the sequel?

Shazzam: Yeah, but if this one’s a bust, the sequel’s probably just as bad.

‘Tude: Must be a glitch in the program.

Shazzam: Man, whoever wrote this game needs to go to the back of the class.

‘Tude: That’s, like, weeks wasted on getting this far.

[Shazzam and ‘Tude head offstage]

Shazzam: That’s life, dude. Things get messed up.

[lights out]