

FLIPSIDE – 10-pg sample

Music by Andrew Hertz, book and lyrics by Mike Pettry

Act I, Scene 4 – Rachel’s apartment.

JAMIE comes in. RACHEL is at her desk, engrossed in a book.

JAMIE: *(tentatively knocking)* Hey.

RACHEL: Hi.

JAMIE: I was just in the neighborhood, and I wanted to apologize about the other night. *(over-rehearsed)* I should have paid more attention to you, and I love you, and I’m sorry.

RACHEL: Cool.

JAMIE: I mean, I know things have been kind of weird in our sex life or whatever, but I want it to work. *(RACHEL nods)* So ... you want to talk about it, or ...

RACHEL: *(finally looking up)* Darling, we don’t have to. I got a book.

JAMIE: A book?

RACHEL: This is going to blow your mind.
I WAS AT THE STRAND TODAY
PEERING THROUGH THE OVERSIZED COLLECTION.
AND I DON’T KNOW WHY
BUT FOR ONCE I STOPPED BY
THE SELF-HELP SECTION.
ADVICE ON FINDING CHAKRAS
OR ON STAINING BACKYARD DECKS.
BUT A DIFFERENT BOOK CAUGHT MY EYE:
THE IDIOT’S GUIDE TO SEX.
And I bought it.

(RACHEL takes a beaten up book out of the bag and shows it to him)

THE IDIOT’S GUIDE TO SEX
IS A VERY THOROUGH BOOK
WITH DETAILED ILLUSTRATIONS,
IF YOU’D CARE TO TAKE A LOOK.
IT’S FULL OF HIDDEN WONDERS.
AND APPARENTLY, SO ARE WE.
MAYBE WE COULD TAKE A LOOK AND SEE?
IT’S GOING TO WORK.
I’M GOING TO MAKE IT HAPPEN.
IT’S GOING TO BE SUPER SEXY BLAST.
THE THUNDER’S GONNA ROLL
AND THE GROUND IS GONNA SHAKE
THIS IS GOING TO WORK FOR ME AT LAST.

JAMIE: A book is a lot of work, Rachel – all that reading.

RACHEL: It'll be fun!

JAMIE: Maybe I should head out – those first edition still-in-the-box Thundercats aren't going to sell themselves ...

RACHEL: Ooh, looky here!
THERE ARE FOUR ENTIRE CHAPTERS
ON THE INDIAN TECHNIQUES.
A GLOSSARY FOR BEGINNERS,
AND AN APPENDIX FOR THE FREAKS.
I COULD DRESS UP AS A NURSE,
AS YOU TURN YOUR HEAD AND COUGH.
WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET ME OFF!
IT'S GOING TO WORK.
I'M GOING TO MAKE IT HAPPEN.
IT'S GOING TO BE AN OH-MY-GOD OH-MY-GOD BLAST.
THE EARTH IS GONNA MOVE
AND THE SEA IS GOING TO SPLIT
THIS IS GOING TO WORK FOR ME AT LAST.

(as the song progresses, RACHEL becomes more and more seductive to JAMIE, who eventually gives in. She puts him in the following positions to demonstrate:)

WE CAN "SPLIT THE BAMBOO"
LIKE ON PAGE TWENTY TWO,
FOLLOWED BY "THE CHURNING OF THE CREAM."
THERE'S THE FOUR-LEGGED CLOVER,
WITH THE GIRL BENT OVER,
GUARANTEED TO MAKE HER SCREAM.
WE CAN "UH-UH-UH!"
WE CAN "YES, OH-MY-GOD"
IN THE BACKWARDS SHEATHING OF THE KNIFE.
I'M A STICK OF DYNAMITE
ABOUT TO BLOW HER WAD
FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE!

(she pushes him down on the bed, "mounting him," so to speak. He is overpowered by her)

IT'S GOING TO WORK.
I'M GOING TO MAKE IT HAPPEN.
I'M GONNA BOOM-BANG HOLY SHIT OH MY GOD YES YES YES! (ad lib etc.)
THE ROCKS ARE GONNA SPLIT
AND THE LAVA'S GONNA FLOW,
HARD, LONG, LOUD, AND FAST!
THE BOOK IS GONNA WORK, I DON'T DOUBT IT.
NO IF'S, AND'S, OR BUT'S ABOUT IT.
'CAUSE YOU AND I
ARE GOING TO WORK OUT AT LAST!

(on the last note of the song, RACHEL pushes JAMIE down on the bed forcefully. They make out for a moment, until)

RACHEL: What's the matter?

JAMIE: Nothing, I just ...

RACHEL: Wake it up!

JAMIE: I'm trying!

RACHEL: Jamie, I'm ready! Close your eyes, think about other women, think about a hundred women, just get hard and let's make this thing happen!

JAMIE: Okay ... *(he closes his eyes and concentrates very hard)* think sexy, think sexy, think ... *(he opens his eyes wide with shock)* No, not that ... anything but that!

RACHEL: What???

JAMIE: No, it's too terrible! It's toooo terriibblleeee!!!

(He shrieks and runs out. After a moment, she sits at her computer and types)

RACHEL: *(typing)* Successful ... sex ... stories ... *(She begins to touch herself over her clothes (above and below), moaning with frustrated pleasure)*

(ROBBIE enters)

ROBBIE: Hi, Rache...

RACHEL: *(SHE slams her laptop closed)* ROBBIE! Hi! *(he turns around, clearly having "caught" her)* You just get in?

ROBBIE: Yeah ... should I leave?

RACHEL: No! No. I was just checking for lumps. Cervical cancer awareness month and all. Where've you been?

ROBBIE: Auditioning. I got a part.

RACHEL: Oh, wow – in what?

ROBBIE: Oh you know, a gay show. I love m'gay shows!

RACHEL: Great! I've just been here – working.

ROBBIE: Uh-huh. *(eyeing the Idiot's Guide to Sex)* What's this?

RACHEL: The Idiot's Guide to Sex. Wanna see?

ROBBIE: ... Sure.

RACHEL: Here. *(tosses it to him)* I showed Jamie, but he thought it put him in a compromising position.

ROBBIE: *(leafing through it)* Is that who I passed, running down the stairs screaming?

RACHEL: I don't want to talk about it.

ROBBIE: My "gay-dar" says "Maybe next time." (*He finds a particularly interesting page*) Wow, look at this. "The Banana Splitter."

RACHEL: That one's supposed to maximize female pleasure via clitoral stimulation. (*ROBBIE giggles*) What?

ROBBIE: I've never heard a girl say "via clitoral" before.

RACHEL: You're silly. (*looking over his shoulder*) Gee, how does this one even work? Okay, the guy gets on one knee, and the girl sort of- fits onto him like a Tetris piece. Here - (*not thinking, she puts him in position to demonstrate. ROBBIE dumbfoundedly allows this*) You get down on one knee - no the other knee, and the girl sort of attaches herself, like this. (*RACHEL gets in position, which involves her wrapping one leg behind ROBBIE, and sliding her other leg under his "down" knee. Something occurs to RACHEL*)

RACHEL: Robbie?

ROBBIE: Y-yeah?

RACHEL: Are you ... hard?

ROBBIE: (*realizing this to be true. Very calmly*) Yes. I have an erection. (*she pulls back, and awkwardly falls to on the floor, breathless. Now more nervous-*) Don't freak out, it's because of my mom. I mean, I'm part Bi- on my mom's side.

RACHEL: (*winded*) Oh, okay, cool. (*thick air between them - A long exhale, then*) Well. I'm going to take a shower.

ROBBIE: I'm gonna go to a gay bar. (*he somewhat exits*)

Act I, Scene 6 - "Candy Ass"

Candy Ass is a Manhattan gay club. A neon sign reads "Candy Ass." WAYNE, moonlighting as, a go-go boy, dances on the bar. A modern disco song, "Dance with you," plays on the jukebox.

THE JUKEBOX:

DANCE WITH YOU ...

I WANNA DANCE WITH YOU ...

I WANNA DANCE WITH YOU ...

WAYNE: Hey boy, welcome to Candy Ass! It's Sexy Seventies Night! Give a big-ass holler to Miss Hershey Kiss!

(*A "drag queen," played by AUXILLIARY WOMAN, emerges. So divine.*)

HERSHEY KISS:

CLOSE YOUR EYES, AND COME WITH ME.

MAKE MY MELODY YOURS.

SING THE SONG I'M DANCING TO.
GET YOU DOWN ON ALL FOURS.
SET MY BODY ON FIRE LIKE A FUNERAL PYRE IN THE RAIN.
BURN THE FUEL OF MY DESIRE –
PLEASURE MIXED WITH PAIN.

(Robbie shows up. He is carrying the script, and seems very nervous. A guy that's leaving smacks Robbie's ass as he walks by. ROBBIE sheepishly sits at the bar and tries to observe, making notes in the script he's brought with him. WAYNE waves at Robbie when he sees him)

I WANNA DANCE WITH YOU,
I WANNA DANCE WITH YOU.
FLUTTER YOUR PERDY EYES, UTTER YOUR DIRTY LIES
I WANNA DANCE WITH YOU!
I WANNA DANCE WITH YOU,
MAKE A SWEET ROMANCE WITH YOU.
I'M IN A TRANCE WITH YOU, I WANNA PRANCE WITH YOU,
I WANNA DANCE.

(A tired-looking JAMIE walks in. He sits at the bar, next to ROBBIE. They don't notice each other. JAMIE watches WAYNE dance, and notices ROBBIE. He panics, and starts to leave. ROBBIE notices him leave.)

ROBBIE: Jamie?

JAMIE: Robbie! Hey man!

ROBBIE: What are you doing here?

JAMIE: Oh you know, cruising around. I was, uh, in the neighborhood, and I've passed this place a bunch, and always thought, Hey, there's a bar I've never been in.

ROBBIE: Jamie ... *(hushed)* this is a gay bar.

JAMIE: I know. I mean, what? No way! I didn't, uh ...

ROBBIE: It's okay, maybe Rachel will meet us here, then you ... *(pulling out cell)*

JAMIE: *(stopping him)* No no no! Don't. I, uh ... Rachel and I had a kind of weird day, I've been just been walking around for a long time, not really sure where to go. And this is where I ended up. I know it's a gay bar. I ... think I may be here for the same reason as you.

ROBBIE: You're an actor?

JAMIE: No. To ... you know.

ROBBIE: You're gay?

JAMIE: No, no, Robbie, *Robbie*. I didn't say that.

ROBBIE: But ...

JAMIE: See, sometimes I think about guys ... that way ... but I'm not attracted to them. Well I guess, yeah, maybe a little attracted, but I don't like ... *want* them. It's complicated.

ROBBIE: What about Rachel? Don't you love her?

JAMIE: Well, yeah! Look at it is this way. Rachel's like a cheesecake. You know? Cheesecake is really sweet and awesome. But imagine eating it every day. I mean, if you're hungry, like really, really hungry, sometimes you just wanna bite into some steak. You know?

ROBBIE: (*a brief pause*) Can I tell you something? When my parents were young, they were going to be an acting team, like the Lunts. Then they had a baby – me – and suddenly couldn't afford to move to New York. My mom couldn't handle that, so she left us to join the Rockettes.

JAMIE: I don't want to be a Rockette, Robbie.

ROBBIE: All I'm saying is, my dad's kind of screwy because of that, and I wouldn't want Rachel to end up the same way because you kept all this gayness bottled up inside you.

JAMIE: Yeah ...

KYLE: (*breaking the mood*) Oh my god, decade shift! It's totally Eighties time! Whooo!

(*The music to "So Eighties starts." The vibe of the club reflects this.*)

ROBBIE: Wow!

JAMIE: Oh, come on.

ROBBIE: Aren't you a vintage toy seller? This should be your alley.

JAMIE: Enh. The eighties were hip back in like 2002, but now everyone's catching on. It's so trendy. If I tried to be all eighties now, peeps would be like, "Oh, there's Jamie, hopping on the bandwagon."

ROBBIE: Listen, do you think the 8-bit Nintendo was cool or not?

JAMIE: Well, sure, but ...

ROBBIE: Then forget what people think.
WHEN I WAS SIX, I'D CROUCH IN THE BASEMENT,
PLAYING NINTENDO FOR HOURS.
I WAS SAVING ZELDA, AND BLASTING METROIDS,
AND EATING FIRE FLOWERS.
THE GRAPHICS KIND OF SUCK NOW,
BUT BACK THEN, EV'RY PIXEL SEEMED NEW
IT COULD BLINK, IT COULD SING, IT COULD DO EVERYTHING
THAT A KID COULD WANT IT TO DO.

JAMIE:
IT WAS SO EIGHTIES.
WHOA-OH-OH-OH.

ROBBIE:
SO EIGHTIES.
WHOA-OH-OH-OH.

JAMIE:
LIFE WAS RAD WITH A POWERPAD,
AS YOU BLASTED TO TETRIS LEVEL TEN.

ROBBIE:
YEAH, I'D STAY UP REAL LATE, PLAYING GAMES THAT WERE GREAT

ROBBIE and JAMIE:
IF I WERE BACK IN THE EIGHTIES AGAIN.

JAMIE:
WHEN I WAS EIGHT, I'D JUMP OFF THE SCHOOL BUS,
AND RACE UP TO MY ROOM
AND AS MY HEART WOULD SPEED, I WOULD START TO READ,
A BOOK BY JUDY BLUME -

ROBBIE: Bor-ing!
YOU REMEMBER NINJA TURTLES? (JAMIE: Cowabunga, dog.)
"... HEROS IN A HALF-SHELL AND THEY'RE GREEN ..."
EV'RY SATURDAY MORNING, I'D BE DOWN ON THE FLOOR,
STARING UP AT MY T.V. SCREEN.

JAMIE:
IT WAS SO-OH-OH EIGHTIES.

ROBBIE and JAMIE:
WHOA-OH-OH-OH.
WE'RE SOO-OH-OH EIGHTIES.
WHOA-OH-OH-OH!

ROBBIE:
SO WHEN THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY,
AND I FELT ALONE OR SAD,
MARIO AND ZELDA BECAME MY MOM AND DAD.

JAMIE:
YEAH, WHEN KIDS AT SCHOOL WERE ASSHOLES,
OR MY PARENTS YELLED AT ME,
I CHOSE MY OWN ADVENTURE.

ROBBIE and JAMIE:
I SWITCHED ON MY T.V.

JAMIE: W could pretend we're our own T.V. family, like on *Rosanne*.

ROBBIE: I'll be Becky!

JAMIE: I'll be Darlene!

ROBBIE:
WE'LL LIVE IN BROOKLYN HEIGHTS,
AND BILL COSBY'D BE OUR DAD.

JAMIE:
I'LL HIRE MR. T TO BE THE
BROTHER THAT I NEVER HAD.

ROBBIE:
DELTA BURKE WOULD BE OUR MOM.
OUR GRANDMAS: THE GOLDEN GIRLS.

JAMIE:
DAVE COLIER WOULD BE OUR UNCLE,
WITH HIS ROCKING MULLET CURLS!

ROBBIE:
RAINBOW BRIGHT, DOMINO ALLEY, HUNGRY HIPPOES, MACARONI!

JAMIE:
LITE BRITE, HIT STIX, TALKING ALF, MY LITTLE PONY!

ROBBIE:
SNORKS, SPORKS, MORK AND MINDY!

JAMIE:
CINDY LAUPER, RUBIK'S CUBE!

ROBBIE:
GO VERSACE!

JAMIE:
LIBERACE!

ROBBIE:
MUPPET BABIES!

JAMIE:
JIFFY LUBE!

ROBBIE:
LIKE THE NEVER ENDING STORY,
THE LIST WILL NEVER END.

JAMIE:
BUT TO GO BACK IN TIME,
WE DON'T NEED NO DELORIAN

ROBBIE and JAMIE:
BECAUSE A PERFECT STRANGER
IS SUDDENLY MY NEW BEST FRIEND!
NEW BEST FRIEND!

ROBBIE: *(bringing it down)*
AND WE'RE SO-OH-OH EIGHTIES.

JAMIE:
WHOA, OH OH OH.

ROBBIE:
SO-OH-OH EIGHTIES.

ROBBIE and JAMIE:
WHOA, OH OH OH!!

ROBBIE:
IT WAS WRONG, IT WAS RIGHT.

JAMIE:
IT WAS BLACK, IT WAS WHITE.

ROBBIE and JAMIE:
IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

ROBBIE:
BUT IT'S GREAT
THAT I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT

ROBBIE and JAMIE:
TO GO BACK TO THE EIGHTIES WITH YOU.

ROBBIE:
WE'LL MAKE IT A DATE.

JAMIE: *(putting his hand on Robbie's)*
EAT PIZZA AND SKATE.

ROBBIE: *(awkwardly)*
JUST LIKE ASH AND MARY-KATE ...
OLSON.

(An uncomfortable beat, then -) Uh , I should be going. Rehearsal tomorrow. But we'll talk about hooking up ... for a game night.

JAMIE: Great!

ROBBIE: And I – this was fun.

JAMIE: Yeah.

ROBBIE: Later.

(Robbie exits)

JAMIE:
I'LL GO BACK TO THE EIGHTIES WITH YOU!