

# LOVE'S LABORS

by Ken Bradbury



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**RICK:** (*entering in a huff, followed closely by Greg*) You did it again, didn't you!

**GREG:** I did not do it again!

**RICK:** You did it again. I told you not to do it again. I warned you. And what did you do? You did it again! Am I right? I said, am I right?

**GREG:** I did it again!

**RICK:** Told you!

**GREG:** But it wasn't my fault!

**RICK:** It's never your fault, Greg. Some girl comes up, smiles at you and Boom! You fall in love!

**GREG:** It was an accident!

**RICK:** Earthquakes are accidents. Athlete's foot is an accident. You can't accidentally fall in love. It's a planned event.

**GREG:** Maybe that's ...

**RICK:** Yeh, maybe that's why you always end up the loser.

**GREG:** I am not a loser!

**RICK:** You are a loser.

**GREG:** I'm a loser. Help me, Rick.

**RICK:** Sure, that's it. Get yourself in a jam then come running to good old Rick. And good old Rick gets you out of a good old jam so good old Greg can hop back into it again. No, Greg, this time you're on your own.

**GREG:** You can't do that! You can't just abandon me! That's cruel and unusual!

**RICK:** It may be cruel, but in your case there's nothing unusual about it. Okay, tell me about her.

**GREG:** She's gorgeous, Rick. I swear she's the most gorgeous girl I've ever seen in my life.

**RICK:** You've talked to her?

**GREG:** Not exactly.

**RICK:** What's that mean?

**GREG:** No. No, I haven't talked to her ... but she smiled at me at McDonalds. I swear she smiled at me!

**RICK:** Everyone smiles at McDonalds. It's a happy place ... and besides, they get paid for it.

**GREG:** No, Rick! It was that ... you know ... that certain kind of smile.

**RICK:** She was looking at your French Fries.

**GREG:** No! Her eyes ... her eyes, Rick. They're the kind of eyes that just look right through to your very soul and they sort of whisper ...

**RICK:** Eyes whisper?

**GREG:** ... they whisper ... "You know, Greg. I think we may have a future together. You're my kind of guy ..."

**RICK:** Noisy eyes. Did her nose say anything? How about her ears? Did they sing?

**GREG:** You don't believe me, do you?

**RICK:** I believe you've done it again. I believe you've fallen head over heels for some girl without knowing a thing about her. And I believe that she's gonna dump you like a hot rock once she gets to know you.

**GREG:** You don't have any confidence in me, do you?

**RICK:** Not the way you're going about it. Look Greg, I've told you over and over ... you can't just fall in love with a girl. You've got to ... you know ... investigate ... check her out ... ask around and see what she's like. Do some research. It's like buying a car on the Internet without a test drive. Check her out, then fall in love.

**GREG:** How do you research a girl?

**RICK:** Okay, you start with a few important questions ... "Look honey, where do you live? What sort of things do you like to do? Where do you shop?"

**GREG:** Huh?

**RICK:** Okay, use the usual Greg method (*ala ga-ga*) "Gosh you smell good? Wanna go to a movie then get married?"

**GREG:** I'm that bad?

**RICK:** You're that bad. Remember that blonde last week? You told her she had great shoes. Great shoes! Good grief! The Romeo of Calvin Coolidge Jr. High! Juliet! Juliet! Wherefore art thou Reeboks?

**GREG:** I'm sorry ... I just get tongue-tied.

**RICK:** You're tongue should be tied permanently. Remember when you told Lindsay Parker you loved her belly tattoo?

**GREG:** (*groans*)

**RICK:** It was an appendicitis scar for gosh sakes! The poor girl was humiliated! She left the Dairy Queen in tears!

**GREG:** (*seeing "the girl" coming*) Oh no!

**RICK:** What?

**GREG:** It's her! She's coming right now!

**RICK:** Miss French Fry?

**GREG:** (*on his knees*) Whatta I do, Rick? Help me! Whatta I say? Whatta I ask her?

**RICK:** Maybe you can start by getting off you knees and acting like such a wimp.

**GREG:** But I am a wimp!

**RICK:** Get up, Greg! You're embarrassing me. Look, just be calm. Look her right in the eye and find out about her. She's only looked at you once. I'm tellin' you, falling in love is a business. You gotta be professional ... cool ...

**GREG:** (*the girl is now upon them ... Rick still hasn't seen her*) Hi. (*to the girl, confidently*) My name is Greg Willowby, I saw you in McDonalds and I'm very happy to make your acquaintance. I carry a 3.1 grade point average on a weighted scale, I have a part-time job at Plastic-Are-Us and I bathe regularly.

**RICK:** (*holding his head in agony and whispering*) Easy, Greg ... just look her in the eye (*and Rick now turns to look at her for the first time*) ... and ... (*he mouth drops open, he goes ga-ga, and just stands there speechless*)

**GREG:** This is my friend, Rick. He carries a slightly lower grade point average but he has a multi-rack CD changer with Pioneer speakers and a digital camera.

**RICK:** (*still agog*) I ... I ... uh ...

**GREG:** His family has a Jacuzzi and they all have regular medical checkups.

**RICK:** uh ... I ... gosh you smell good. Wanna go to a movie then ... ?

**GREG:** Rick!



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