

#5

MALE

Hello. I'm Mrs. Arthur Whitewood and it is my happy job to welcome you all here today to this special interfaith program for single persons over thirty!

*(SUSAN and BRAD applaud politely.)*

And today is especially special since this is the first time the group is meeting here, at Attica State Prison.

*(The sound of steel prison bars slamming shut; the lights dim, becoming cold.*

*SUSAN and BRAD applaud again, this time a bit unsure.)*

Our speaker today is a gentleman by the name of Mr. Kevin Trentell. Mr. Trentell is an inmate here at Attica and is currently serving seven consecutive life sentences. So without further ado – Mr. Trentell.

*(SUSAN and BRAD applaud again as TRENTELL enters dressed in a prison jumpsuit. He is, in a word, scary.)*

#1

TRENTELL

My name is Trentell. I am a convicted mass murderer. I'm going to be locked in this shithole till the day I die. And I'm single. That's right, single. Oh sure, once I was like all of you. Good job, latest stereo equipment, drank bottled water. But no matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't seem to find my significant other. Sound familiar?

*(BRAD and SUSAN stir uncomfortably.)*

Then came New Year's Eve. I got an invite to this party, but I couldn't get no date. So I went alone. And all my friends were there, all my married friends. All kissing and cuddling and calling each other cute names like "sweetie" – "pumpkin" – "Pooh bear!" Well, I couldn't take it any longer! I snapped! I got out my AK-47 and blew their married asses straight to hell!

*(BRAD lets out a very nervous laugh; TRENTELL rushes to him)*

What you laughin' at?!

BRAD

*(Petrified)*

I wasn't laughing!

TRENTELL

You a wise-ass, boy? You think it's funny I'm pushin' fifty with no soul-mate?!

BRAD

Please don't talk to me!

TRENTELL

*(Turning to SUSAN.)*

And what about you, lady?!

SUSAN

*(To MRS. WHITEWOOD.)*

Can I go home now?

MRS. WHITEWOOD

No.

TRENTELL

You want to end up like me? No one to share your golden years with?!

SUSAN

God, no!

TRENTELL

Then listen up! 'Cause I got some friends on the outside, my age, who are still single! Wanna hear about 'em?

SUSAN

I can't take it! I can't take it!

BRAD

No! No! Please!

#2

TRENTELL

I know a guy in his fifties who recently took out his one-thousandth personal ad! And I know a woman, forty-five years old, she's been on the same diet for fifteen years.

*(SUSAN deflates as BRAD crumbles in tears.)*

You're all waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Right to come along, ain't you? Well I got news – they ain't coming! You gotta compromise a little, you dickheads!

*(To BRAD and SUSAN.)*

All right, you and you! Up here! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now!

*(BRAD and SUSAN quickly rise and stand on either side of TRENTELL)*

What's your name, boy, and what're you looking for?

BRAD

It's...it's Brad.

*(BRAD offers his hand; TRENTELL slaps it away.)*

I'm thirty-four. I'm looking for a nice Christian girl who shares my values and wants to stay at home and raise my children.

TRENTELL

*(To SUSAN.)*

And you?

SUSAN

Susan – forty-ish. I'm looking for a Jewish man who will let me continue my career as a corporate lawyer.

TRENTELL

*(To BRAD.)*

Well, motherfucker?!

BRAD

*(Trembling to SUSAN)*

You wanna get married?

SUSAN

Yes!