

PROLOGUE

Mid Afternoon. A year and a half ago, on the Anacostia Trail system in College Park, Maryland.

Coming from one side is BRIDGETTE MCGINNIS, a sweet, beating heart of a country girl, running with her head down and headphones in.

Coming from the opposite side is SEBASTIAN TRAVERS, a fairly handsome, but sheepish urbanite. He is also running quickly with headphones in.

As they reach the middle of the stage, they collide in front of a large mound of blue flowers. BRIDGETTE flies left into the flowers. SEBASTIAN goes right.

For a second, neither moves. Then, SEBASTIAN stands and rips out his headphones.

SEBASTIAN

Hey! Do you mind looking where --

(BRIDGETTE pulls out her headphones, laughing)

SEBASTIAN (CONT)

What I mean is...

(SEBASTIAN begins laughing)

SEBASTIAN (CONT)

I'm Sebastian.

BRIDGETTE

I'm Bridgette.

(He sits. They smile)

SEBASTIAN

Those flowers are beautiful.

(BLACKOUT)

ACT I

SCENE ONE

New Year's Eve. Present time. The inside of Bridgette and Sebastian's ground floor, one bedroom apartment in College Park, Maryland. Outside, the air is bitter, even for the end of December.

BRIDGETTE sits in the midst of a pile of boxes, again with headphones on. She is dressed in a utilitarian manner, but it fits her attractively. She hums something distinctly Eighties and glows effervescently as she tapes up boxes of belongings. The music soon gets to her and the humming intensifies nearly into singing.

SEBASTIAN quietly enters, sees her with her back turned, and sneaks up to her with flowers in one hand and what looks to be grocery bags in the other. He wears stained blue jeans and a leather jacket over a hooded sweatshirt. He taps her on the shoulder and holds out the flowers.

SEBASTIAN

Boo!

BRIDGETTE

Oh! Sebastian! You're home!

(She leaps into his arms and they
kiss)

SEBASTIAN

I am, thankfully. It's freezing out there! I think this is
the coldest I've seen it in D.C. Do you know what the
temperature is?

BRIDGETTE

No. The thermometer is packed up.

SEBASTIAN

Are you sure it's packed? I think it ran into hiding.

(he looks around)

And where did all the boxes go? It's incredibly empty in
here.

BRIDGETTE

A beautiful thief came while you were at work and she put
everything into the moving truck.

SEBASTIAN

How thoughtful. I should thank her. Would a nice card
suffice?

BRIDGETTE

Oh, Mister Travers, I believe she requires more than that.

(They kiss again)

SEBASTIAN

Well, well, Misses Travers.

BRIDGETTE

No, no, no. Not yet. It's still Misses McGinnis. Six more
months, then I'm Misses Bridgette Renee Travers. For forever!

SEBASTIAN

And ever!

BRIDGETTE

And ever, and ever, and ever, and ever!

(They kiss again)

BRIDGETTE (CONT)

Oh, Sebastian! It's like the universe wants us to be together.

SEBASTIAN

It does. That's why it made sure we ran into each other.

BRIDGETTE

Next to the flowers.

SEBASTIAN

On the path.

BRIDGETTE

At night.

SEBASTIAN

Ernest Hemingway would be impressed.

BRIDGETTE

Georgia O'Keefe would be furious.

SEBASTIAN

You look beautiful tonight.

BRIDGETTE

I feel it. I don't think I've been this happy in my whole life, Sebastian. And you're happy, aren't you?

SEBASTIAN

Ecstatic. I'm so happy I'm about to burst. It's even making my finger nails grow faster.

BRIDGETTE

I know, right? Me too! This past year has been -- so hard for me at times -- But we made it! Even though it felt like thirty years in a hard labor camp. And now that the day has finally come and we're moving home and I get to have you for forever. And ever, and ever, and ever!

(She jumps onto him again and
SEBASTIAN grabs his back)

SEBASTIAN

Oh! Oh! Not so hard!

BRIDGETTE

I'm so sorry. Are you OK?

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, it's all right. I just -- exhausted my back, I think.
Those spruce trees must weigh at least seventy pounds. And I
had to move twenty of them.

BRIDGETTE

Did your boss do that because you're quitting?

SEBASTIAN

No, I wanted to.

BRIDGETTE

That old pervert Winston made me do extra copying my last day
at the law office. I can't wait to have a job where I can
wear a skirt and not be gawked at. Creepy old man... And you!
I'm sure you'll be so happy to come home at night without
being exhausted.

SEBASTIAN

Every job is tiring, Bridgette. That's why they call it work.

BRIDGETTE

I know, but we'll find you a better job in West Virginia
and --

(SEBASTIAN gently presses fingers
to her lips and picks up the bags)

SEBASTIAN

Shh. No talk of that right now. I have some news to tell you.
And... I brought some surprises home for us.

BRIDGETTE

News? What news?

(He begins pulling things out of
the bag one by one)

SEBASTIAN

Look! I got us a bottle of champagne!

BRIDGETTE

Is it cheap?

SEBASTIAN

Of course. I spare every expense for you, my love.

BRIDGETTE

Good. I hate being spoiled.

SEBASTIAN

And I got some red velvet Oreos.

BRIDGETTE

You mean, you got regular Oreos with red food coloring?

SEBASTIAN

You're cute. Especially when you don't talk.

BRIDGETTE

And you're the devil, showing up early with champagne and
cookies. What are you trying to do, sweep me off my feet?

SEBASTIAN

Never. Sweeping is far too graceful for what I intend. I plan
on pouncing on you like a hungry Indian tiger.

BRIDGETTE

How exotic! What else do you have for our celebration?

(He pulls out two scratch off
lottery tickets)

SEBASTIAN

(mildly embarrassed)

I got two of these. One for you, one for me.

BRIDGETTE

I thought you were giving those up.

SEBASTIAN

They were only five dollars. I couldn't say no. They have little snowmen with carrot noses on them.

BRIDGETTE

Sure, it's five dollar snowmen today. Yesterday it was ten dollar reindeer. And the day before that, it was twenty dollar ornaments. You've been celebrating Christmas for a month.

SEBASTIAN

That's two months less than K-Mart.

BRIDGETTE

We have so little money. You promised to stop.

SEBASTIAN

I will.

BRIDGETTE

Give them up tomorrow. For New Year's.

SEBASTIAN

No, I promised myself I'd give up exercise for New Year's.

BRIDGETTE

How about Lent?

SEBASTIAN

Of course! Lent! I'll give them up on Ash Wednesday.

BRIDGETTE

Really?

SEBASTIAN

Cross my heart and hope to die. For forty days, I'll be good as pie.

BRIDGETTE

I'm going to be Mrs. Travers!

SEBASTIAN

You are. Forever and ever. Amen.

(They kiss again)

BRIDGETTE

Now that we settled that, will you tell me your news?

SEBASTIAN

Yes. It's -- it's about something we always wanted.

BRIDGETTE

Hmmm... Something that we wanted...

SEBASTIAN

Yes, both of us. But maybe we should have some champagne first.

BRIDGETTE

No, let's just have the news. Straight.

SEBASTIAN

All right. Then, here it is... So, I was at work today and --

(BRIDGETTE's cell phone rings. She pulls it out of her pocket and looks at it, as the ringing continues)

BRIDGETTE

It's my dad.

SEBASTIAN

Don't answer it.

BRIDGETTE

I have to. He'll just keep calling.

SEBASTIAN

Fine. But I'm going to find some glasses and pour the champagne.

BRIDGETTE

OK. Just a little one for me.

(into the phone)

Hello?... Oh, hi, Dad.... No, nothing's wrong. I just couldn't get to the phone...

(SEBASTIAN begins cutting into a box and pulling out the wrappings)

SEBASTIAN

Tell him we were about to do it on an air mattress. He'll love that.

BRIDGETTE

Wait, what?... But, Dad, we're fine. The boxes are almost all loaded...

SEBASTIAN

He isn't coming here, is he?

BRIDGETTE

He's already on the I-270 spur.

SEBASTIAN

Oh my God. Tell him to turn around.

BRIDGETTE

How? You want him to throw a U-turn across eight lanes of traffic?

SEBASTIAN

Can I say yes?

(BRIDGETTE wags her finger at him and puts the phone back to her ear)

BRIDGETTE

No, I'm sorry. I missed it... What?... That's very sweet of you, Dad... I guess if you insist...

(SEBASTIAN holds up two glasses)