

LIGHTS UP

BOB

I'm sorry, I just, I just can't take this anymore. I have to get some fresh air.

BOB exits pulling on tie. JENNIFER and GARY look up from their chairs where they've been typing.

JENNIFER

Bob's on a real roll. He's had two meltdowns this week already.

GARY

I know, and it's about time he knocked it off.

JENNIFER

I think he means it.

GARY

Oh, I bet he does. But it makes us all look like slackers.

JENNIFER

So what do you suggest?

GARY

We have some panic attacks of our own, mon frere.

JENNIFER

You know that means, "my brother," right?

GARY

Whatever. We gotta get upset enough about our hard work that the boss will notice how upset we are and give us a raise or some vacation or some sunglasses.

JENNIFER

Sunglasses?

GARY

For the UV stress! Bob was wearing some last week.

JENNIFER

He went to the optometrist, his eyes were dilated.

GARY

Whatever.

PATRICIA the boss comes in shaking her head.

GARY
(to Jennifer)
Alright, cover me.

PATRICIA
Now we all know that Bob has been putting in a lot of hours lately, and the stock market news has come as a bit of a blow. But we can't allow...

GARY
I JUST CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE!

PATRICIA
What's that Gary?

GARY
I'm just...I'm coming apart at the seams boss. This portfolio, I've been working on it for, how long Jennifer?

JENNIFER
3 minutes.

GARY
3 WEEKS, BOSS.

JENNIFER
He's got a point, boss. You should come look at these figures.

GARY
(standing up abruptly)
NO, no, no. You don't want to get stressed out, alright?
Look, I...I'm ok, I just need to focus on my breathing a little bit.

PATRICIA
Good. And while you're at it, finish filing the Young report too.

PATRICIA exits.

GARY
(whispering)
What the hell?!

JENNIFER

You aren't gonna drag me down, mon frere.

GARY

Ok, ok, I see how it is.

JENNIFER

I did three reports for you last month.

GARY

But I was going through a divorce.

JENNIFER

(whispering angrily)

YOU'RE FULL OF IT.

GARY

Prove it.

JENNIFER

What's your wife's middle name?

GARY

Cheryl.

JENNIFER takes out a notepad.

JENNIFER

So your wife's name is Cheryl Cheryl Sharington?

GARY

I did not say that. Her name is Carol.

JENNIFER

Carol Cheryl Sharington?

GARY

Surlington.

JENNIFER

Carol Cheryl Surlington.

GARY

Yes...I should have known things were doomed.

JENNIFER

I'm done with this. You try to pull something over me again and it's game over.
I'm taking my lunch.

JENNIFER exits. GARY breathes a heavy sigh out slowly.
BOB re-enters, cautiously.

BOB

Coast clear?

GARY nods, slowly.

BOB

My wingman!

GARY

Yeah. I don't think Jennifer realizes your fake meltdowns are flirts.

GARY's phone vibrates. H looks at it, then looks away, pained.

BOB

Carol?

GARY

Carol Cheryl.

LIGHTS OUT