

Characters:

Greg The boy next door. Adorable, smart, funny yet at certain times quite geeky.

Sahara The attractive girl who moved in recently across the street from Greg.

Sarah Greg's best friend and consultant on girl matters.

Act One: LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

(Sarah and Greg share the rent for an apartment in downtown New York, the first scene begins with Greg alone in the apartment one evening. The sun was setting, and rush hour had passed. Random sounds of different channels were coming out of the TV set. On center stage, Greg watches the TV lazily on the couch, and then stands up and stretches.)

Greg: *(Yawns and then murmurs to himself)* There's nothing good on TV today.

(Greg looks around and walks towards the kitchen to grab some food. Then walks to the window and looks outside. He's silent for a few seconds, but then widens his eyes in disbelief.)

Greg: So I guess that's the new girl they've been talking about. She looks... *perfect*, almost too good to be true.

(Sarah enters)

Sarah: Hey man!

Greg: Sarah, you've got to see this. I think this might be love at first sight.

Sarah: Oh come on. Don't tell me you're checking out the new girl living down the street.

Greg: Yeah, dude I'm serious. Tell me her name. On second thought, tell me everything you know about her! Does she have a boyfriend? ...*or* girlfriend!? Does she like Chinese food? Does she like olives or does she pick them all out of salads like I do?

Sarah: Greg, she is single, and you're being a stalker.

Greg: Oh, sorry. I am being a stalker, aren't I? Okay, I'll key it down. *(Short pause)* But does she really have a boyfriend! Help me help me *please*, Sarah. I need your advice on girls; you know I never know what they're thinking.

Sarah: Urgh! Okay, I'll help you, but under one condition: if you get this girl, I want a year's supply of free beer and Uncle Bob's Chili Cheese Nachos.

Greg: Deal!

Sarah: Deal. *(They shake hands)*

(Lights out)

Act Two: DRESS TO IMPRESS

(Lights on right stage. Greg sits in a chair facing Sarah. Sarah is standing in front of a blackboard dressed in a doctor's robe, wearing glasses, and holding a lecture stick in her hands.)

Sarah: Allow me, Doctor *Love* to show you the ropes on how to get the girl of your dreams: Sahara. *(Points to Sahara's enlarged photo on the blackboard)* All you have to do is to follow the simple steps I tell you, understand? *(Greg nods)* Easy peasy!

Sarah: Step one — “Dress to Impress.” Leaving an impression is important. In order to make her notice you, you have to make yourself stand out.

(Lights out on right stage, and switch to the left. Sarah and Greg change clothes and walk to stage left, where Sahara is in the middle of a chat with her friends. Greg is dressed in a hip-hop rapper style.)

Sarah: Look she's talking to her friends, that guy in the blue shirt is into her, but she's doesn't feel the same. *(Looks to her right)* What the! I said dress to “impress,” not dress to “depress.” What are you wearing for heaven's sake!

Greg: *(Posing)* Y'all don't get it, d'is all that. D'is my swagger, aight?

Sarah: Greg, you're Asian.

Greg: What's wrong with my outfit? I spent a lot of time putting this together!

Sarah: Let me do it. *(Pushes Greg to the back of the nearly transparent curtain on stage, which leaves the audience a clear sight of their shadows. She cuts his hair, throws hip-hop accessories in the air, and spins him around.)*

Sahara's friend: What was that? (*giggles*)

Sahara: I don't know. (*Smiles back*)

Greg: (*Walks out shockingly handsome and tidy*) What just happened?

Sarah: Now, walk by Sahara and give her the most charismatic smile you've got. Then walk around the block and return here, roger that?

Greg: Roger.

Sarah: Go!

(Greg walks like a supermodel towards Sahara, and Sahara notices him. She smiles at him, and Greg cracks a smile so ugly that ruins the whole moment. He walks down left stage and comes out the right.)

Greg: That went *extremely* well.

Sarah: (*Laughs*) Don't give up now! Now we're moving on to step two. (*The two run towards the other side of the stage as they quickly change clothes.*)

Act Three: BREAK THE ICE

Sarah: Moving on! (*Takes a breath*)

Greg: Do you need some water, Doctor *Love*?

Sarah: *No*, thank you. (*Takes another breath*) All worth it! Free beer and nachos! Now, we've got her to notice you, (*clears throat*) whatever the impression may be. Introducing step two — Break the ice!

Greg: Oh, I think we still have some ice left in the fridge. Let me get them!

Sarah: No, not that *ice*! I'm talking about the ice between you and Sahara.

(*Greg looks to right stage. Suddenly the lights are on the right stage as well, where Sahara stands. A huge block of ice is between them. Lights off*)

Greg: (*Focuses on Sarah again*) Hmmmm surprising. I did not notice that at all while I was walking.

Sarah: Breaking the ice means two people getting to know each other. It is when people break the barriers between them and start to feel less like strangers and more like friends. In your case: more than friends. (*Laughs dramatically and quickly turns back to “the serious doctor” mode*)

Greg: Breaking the barriers ... I would like that. She looks like a movie star that came out from the television or the perfect girl in those stories, you know? There really is a wall between us. I could feel it.

Sarah: That’s only the wall in your mind. All you have to do is conquer your fears: walk up to her! Starting... now!

(*They rush towards center stage again, and lights on right stage turn on. Sahara is at the library looking for a book.*)

Greg: Oh, she likes reading.

Sarah: And you *love* reading. See! This is something to talk about. Right now, this is the perfect moment. Someone will rush in to her and knock her books down. You, the knight in shining armor will dashingly appear and save the damsel in distress. Alas, a hero!

Greg: But how? Who’s going to knock her books down?

Sarah: (*Takes out her cell phone*) Hey Raj, I’ll be right there!! (*Runs towards Sahara and knocks her books to the floor*)

Sahara: Ouch!

Greg: (*Picks up her books*) Hey, are you all right?

Sahara: I’m fine, thank you...

Greg: Greg.

Sahara: Sahara. (*Smiles*)

(Greg and Sahara freeze, and Sarah peaks out from the books.)

Sarah: It's working! (*Laughs dramatically*) Thanks to Doctor Love. Beer and nachos! Beer and nachos! Bear and nachos! But something doesn't feel right... (*Walks back and Greg and Sahara unfreeze.*)

Greg: So you like Stephen King's novels, too? (*Their conversation fades out as they walk off stage. Lights out.*)

Act Four: REALIZATION

(*Lights on. Sarah sits on the sofa watching TV. Beer and Nachos cover the coffee table. Greg walks in.*)

Greg: Sarah, she said "yes", she said "yes!" Sahara said she would love to go on a date with me! Can you believe it?

Sarah: (*smiles wryly*) I'd never doubt it.

Greg: I feel like I'm soaring in the sky. I close my eyes and I literally see Sahara and I jumping on clouds!

(*Greg freezes. Sarah sits up.*)

Sarah: Sahara, Sa-ha-ra! What kind of name is that? What does she think she is—a desert flower in the bloom? Ha! I only need to add a "ha" in my name and I can be "Sa-HA-ra" too! But Greg has been my best friend since kindergarten, so I should be happy for him anyway.

(*Sarah sits back on the sofa.*)

Sarah: Congratulations, Greg. I'm happy for you.

Greg: Thanks, man. Honestly, this is all because of you. Thank you, Sarah. (*Hugs Sarah*)

(*Sarah sits on the sofa and picks up a clock. She starts to turn the clock faster and faster. Meanwhile Greg and Sahara move in a fast forward mode in the background. "Tick-tock" sound effects and music appear. They enter and exit, greet and hug many times, representing the time going by. In the end, Sarah is the only person on stage.*)

Sarah: I can't take this anymore!

(Greg walks out from his room.)

Greg: Sarah, why are you up so late. It's three in the morning.

Sarah: I think I realized something, that's all.

(Lights out.)

Act Five: I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW

(Lights on center stage. Sahara walks by with another boy.)

Sarah: What's wrong, your face is looking pale.

Greg: Nothing. It's just Sahara. Apparently, she's not looking for commitment and she treats me like her slave. I see clearly now, and I am so over her.

Sarah: That's too bad. *(Small pause. Then turns towards audiences and shouts in joy.)*
It's her loss, trust me.

Greg: Hey, are you going to drink that? *(points toward beer)*

Sarah: Go ahead. You know what, Greg? I think I like it best when it's just the two of us. One of the best things about friends is that friends don't break up. So I'm here whenever you need me.

Greg: Eww! Sarah, you actually sound like a girl.

Sarah: What! *(punches Greg)* But eww, you're right. By the way, a promise is a promise, so you're still paying for my life supply of beer and nachos.

Greg: Fine, and I remember it to be a year's supply, thank you!

Sarah: *(sighs)* Thought you forgot about that. *(Picks up the beer and laughs)* Love ya, Greg.

END.