



FIX IT

An Original One Act

by

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Directed by Morielle Stroethoff

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STANFORD
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FIX IT

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MOLLY TUCKER, early thirties. She looks strong, like she would know how to deal with shit; it surprises her when she can't.

BUCK, a surprisingly intelligent chav who tries just enough to get by.

SCOTT TUCKER, mid-thirties. A startling physical resemblance to Buck.

SETTING: Various rooms in the Tucker home in the middle of summer.

FIX IT

(Playroom. Low lights up on MOLLY, clad in a white flannel bathrobe and resting against one side of a long loveseat. The room itself is a nursery room, with childish-coloured walls, neatly-arranged toys, and a rocking horse. A Lego set and Lego house sit in the corner. It is a nursery that looks absolutely unlived in. MOLLY is poised, as if expecting something to happen. Then, she looks up.)

MOLLY

I first met Buck on a late summer evening... That's right, just about this time this year. Trite, I know. I almost expected crickets, a full moon, a warm breeze. Movie things. In fact, there was none of this. There wasn't even any saucy lovemaking, which, if I predict right, must disappoint you. There was only –

(Light on BUCK. BUCK is wearing only underwear, a pile of his clothes folded neatly at his feet. He sits on the other edge of the loveseat, a picture of Grecian seduction. The moment he speaks, we find out that he is neither Greek nor seductive, but in the meantime he is staunch, legs slightly apart, elbows resting on his knees, hands clasped.)

MOLLY

– my racing heart, but not from love.

There was a lot to be nervous about. I had a short timeframe to work with; two hours till ten. After which I had some cooking to do, and cleaning. Then dinner. We had late dinners, Scott and I.

(Beat.)

MOLLY

But it was still early in the evening, and I guess everything was possible.

(Light change.)

BUCK

...Hey.

MOLLY

Hello, Buck.

(MOLLY walks up to the side of the room.
BUCK is aware of her presence and she knows it.
She takes the robe off slowly, almost slyly, then
looks at him quickly. He hasn't been watching.)

MOLLY

Watch me.

(BUCK abides, but it's mechanical.)

MOLLY

Buck.

BUCK

Yeah?

MOLLY

Buck, we don't have time. It begins now.

BUCK

Oh.

MOLLY

I'm waiting.

BUCK

...Come here.

MOLLY

Yes.

BUCK

I want you.

MOLLY

Yes.

BUCK

Do you want me?

MOLLY

(Honestly.) ...yes.

BUCK

Come here.

(She goes. A beat. They sit side by side.)

BUCK

What do you like about me?

MOLLY

Your dark hair...your eyes...(She is touching him.) Your face, of course. Your shoulders, your hands...so many things that I like about you. There are so many things.

BUCK

I want to take care of you...

MOLLY

Do it.

(A moment of unresolved sexual tension, and in a sudden movement, BUCK grabs her around the waist, as if passionate, as if wanting to ravish her.)

MOLLY

STOP.

BUCK

What –

MOLLY

Stop...

BUCK

– I'm sorry...

MOLLY

It's wrong –

BUCK

– timing?

MOLLY

Yes...

BUCK

– only a little wrong.

MOLLY

No.

No? BUCK

It was very wrong. It was terribly wrong. MOLLY

I'm sorry. BUCK

(Beat.)

(Accusingly.) You didn't study it well enough. MOLLY

I did. BUCK

No, you – MOLLY

I *did*, I was supposed to take you after you told me you liked...you liked so many things...? BUCK

No. MOLLY

You wrote it yourself – BUCK

No! MOLLY

I'm sure. *Look.* BUCK

(BUCK rips out a crumpled script, shoves it at her. A tense moment.)

(Quietly.) I'm looking. MOLLY

I followed it right. BUCK

(Silence.)

Look, you wrote, *Take me*.

BUCK

Gently. Take me gently. *Gently*.

MOLLY

(A moment of hesitation, and then MOLLY puts her arms around BUCK, as if holding a small child. She looks exhausted.)

I –

BUCK

Continue.

MOLLY

...I hope you want me. Because I love you.

BUCK

(BUCK touches her, a little awkwardly. MOLLY closes her eyes. It's weird for him, but he continues, begins to rub her arm slowly, trying to be comforting.)

(Unconvinced.) I really do.

BUCK

(MOLLY opens her eyes.)

It's...nice to be with you.

BUCK

(A pause.)

MOLLY

I never wrote the word "nice." He would never have used the word "nice."

I think you did.

BUCK

(Another pause.)

MOLLY

(Quietly.) That's enough for today. Get me my robe.

(BUCK hesitates. MOLLY watches him blatantly as he acquiesces. There is a long silence.)

BUCK

Here.

MOLLY

The next time...there is...there will be a next time and – and you need to do it right. Then.

BUCK

OK well. I guess I'll do my best.

MOLLY

Thanks.

(Silence.)

BUCK

Hey Mrs. Tucker –

MOLLY

Molly.

BUCK

Molly, I – sorry. About today. I'll learn it better.

MOLLY

Yeah.

BUCK

I'll do my best.

MOLLY

Your cheque is on the dresser –

BUCK

– thanks –

MOLLY

– I'll call you again.

(A pause.)

MOLLY

Yes, I'll call you again.

(Lights fade.)

(Dining room. A clock on the wall reads 10 PM. MOLLY is seated at a dining table, neatly laid out with food. She's relaxed until an alarm goes off. She bashes it quiet, then becomes tense, checking the clock, then looking down at her empty plate.

The front door opens. Enter SCOTT. He, too, is exhausted, and pissed off that he is. Exhaustion, to him, is a vulnerability.)

What's for dinner.

Scott, hi –

You hear me the first time?

...Leeks. You like leeks.

Just leeks?

I got some lamb roasted up.

I like lamb.

I know.

Good.

You not eating?

SCOTT

MOLLY

SCOTT

MOLLY

SCOTT

MOLLY

SCOTT

MOLLY

SCOTT

(He sits, tucks a paper napkin into his collar and begins to eat. MOLLY waits.)

SCOTT

I am.

MOLLY

(She serves herself a little portion, then plays with her food, but does not take a bite.)

...how do you like them?

MOLLY

What, the leeks?

SCOTT

Yeah.

MOLLY

They're decent.

SCOTT

...Thanks.

MOLLY

SCOTT

Goddamn cafeteria food they serve at work is a real downer. Makes the job depressing as hell, so leeks, whatever. They're decent.

MOLLY

Oh...well...I'm sure the cafeteria food's the worst part.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

MOLLY

The job...it's going well?

SCOTT

...what do you know about my job.

MOLLY

I'm just asking, Scott.

SCOTT

Do you even remember being a lawyer?

MOLLY

...now that's just unfair.

SCOTT

You're not the one who has to be unhappy working.

MOLLY

It wasn't so bad.

SCOTT

Well things have changed since you were there, Molly.

MOLLY

It's only been a year.

SCOTT

It's been a whole year.

MOLLY

Scott.

SCOTT

...That's a long time to be doing nothing.

MOLLY

I'm not doing nothing –

SCOTT

– but you're not at the firm, are you?

(Beat.)

SCOTT

Are you?

MOLLY

No.

SCOTT

Don't give me shit for my unhappiness.

MOLLY

It's not shit, I was asking.

SCOTT

Then don't ask.

MOLLY

...I couldn't do both things at once.

SCOTT

Well apparently you still can't. Aren't women supposed to be good at multi-tasking?

MOLLY

I'm *coping*.

SCOTT

Well how goddamn long are you going to cope?

(Beat.)

SCOTT

You know? First is, I can't prepare for the kid and work. Then it's I can't carry the damn thing and work. Now it's, I'm coping. I'm *coping*? It's your body that killed him, Molly, and you're the one that needs a break? Feminism and bullshit. Think about the man for once.

(He looks at her. Purposefully, he forks a piece of leek and eats it calmly. MOLLY is trying her best not to cry, and furious that she has to try.)

MOLLY

You say, My body killed him. You say, it's been a year.

SCOTT

Both are true.

MOLLY

...how long do *you* take to get over the death of your son?

(Beat.)

SCOTT

He wasn't our son yet.

MOLLY

God.

SCOTT

I'm just saying, Molly. Why can't we just try again?

MOLLY

Because...

SCOTT

Because? It was a miscarriage, Molly. People get over them, they have to. But you're just sitting in this goddamn house *cooking? Cleaning?* Go back to work, Molly. Get over it. We'll do it again, it'll work, I know it, so why can't you just do it?

MOLLY

I can't.

SCOTT

Great.

MOLLY

I can't.

SCOTT

That's not a proper argument –

MOLLY

Scott. I can't. He died in *my* body, Scott. You tell me I killed him. You tell me I killed him so many times I'm beginning to think I did. Because after all that, now I can't. *I can't.*

SCOTT

Well I wanted a kid too.

(SCOTT looks away, looks down at his dinner plate.)

SCOTT

This leek's too goddamn salty.

(Lights fade.)

(Light up on MOLLY.)

MOLLY

Scott...we met in law school, and I was twenty-three. We met at a costume party. He was dressed as a legoman and I couldn't see any of him. He was wearing loads and loads of cardboard boxes and all I could see were his eyes. They were brown.

He came up to me, said, Hey, I know you, you're Molly, and I hadn't a clue who the heck he was. Turns out we knew one another. Degrees of separation. Friends of friends of friends of friends.

That's how it began. At some point he said, Can I kiss you, Molly. It was late summer, in the evening. I think there may have been crickets, palm trees, a balmy breeze. I can't remember. He was drunk off his ass, but it was still hot, the sex. He was still wearing his Legoman legs.

We met many times later, costumes off. It was less hilarious. Still hot. But it was so trite, so fucking trite how he would come out from the shadows (BUCK emerges from the shadows) and kiss me from behind (BUCK kisses her from behind) and then touch me, terribly gently.

(BUCK holds her gently from behind, and she responds, closing her eyes, arching into him, breathing in. A flitting pause.)

MOLLY

I fell in love and all that jazz. The day we got married my mum called and said, Stay with him as long as you love him, honey. As long as he makes you happy. She liked him. He had a way with me.

You know, I cry all the time and I have all these damn headaches and nothing makes itself right again. And Scott says, "If you don't make yourself right again nothing will." It hurts but it's true. It's true but it hurts. And though it hurts, it's weird that he's there, he still makes me happy or maybe it's just that I still love him.

(Light change.)

MOLLY

I don't.

BUCK

(He is playacting.) But I do. Tort sucks. I mean, what does it all mean? Injunctive relief, reposs, injury, all kinds of injury, intentional tort, intentional tort of battery...

MOLLY

You make it sound worse than it is.

BUCK

I just don't know if lawyers are here to fix a fucked up world or if the world is fucked up cause there're lawyers.

MOLLY

I can't believe you're talking about law in bed.

BUCK

My favourite thing to do.

Oh? MOLLY

Compensate for the fact that there isn't any law in bed. BUCK

(She laughs.) No intentional tort of battery. MOLLY

Never. BUCK

Oh? MOLLY

Never! Because I love you. BUCK

Oh. MOLLY

And I like your tits. BUCK

Thanks, Scott. MOLLY

(They kiss. It lasts for awhile.)

Mmm. MOLLY

(They kiss again. Then, an alarm goes off.)

Oh. MOLLY

(Dropping the playacting mode.) Yeah. Is it ten already? BUCK

Nine thirty. MOLLY

Why so early today? BUCK

MOLLY

(Trying to find a sweater.) Chicken. I gotta make chicken, it takes a little longer than usual.

(She begins to dress. BUCK watches for a second, then follows in turn.)

BUCK

You had me remember such a difficult one today.

MOLLY

Sorry.

BUCK

That law stuff, it's one of the weirdest things I ever got asked to do.

MOLLY

Ha, law kink.

BUCK

Kink...for the law?

MOLLY

I liked studying it. I really liked it. It's nice being talked to about it.

BUCK

In bed.

MOLLY

Why not?

BUCK

Well, you're a strange woman.

MOLLY

Maybe I am.

BUCK

...Strangest request I ever got.

MOLLY

You a student, Buck?

BUCK

Yeah.

MOLLY
A drama student, something like that?

BUCK
No...computer science.

MOLLY
...computer science.

BUCK
Yeah.

MOLLY
That's...nice.

BUCK
You don't seem to think so.

MOLLY
No, just...it's very unrelated. Computer science and your job, this acting...(She waves a hand around vaguely).

BUCK
To tell you the truth, Molly, you're the first one to ask me for...I dunno. Acting. Usually it's just, you know, regular stuff.

MOLLY
Hum.

BUCK
Yeah...sex.

MOLLY
Yes, I get it.

BUCK
Yeah, so, that's awesome. College, the computer science thing...that goes on the side.

MOLLY
On the side!

BUCK
College's not giving me money, is it?

MOLLY
(Dryly.) Unlike prostituting yourself?

BUCK
I'm where the money's at.

MOLLY
(Even more dryly.) I guess that's why you're here.

BUCK
I mean. Yeah.

MOLLY
Hum.

BUCK
You're not offended, are you?

MOLLY
No. We all have our own reasons for doing things. I was just surprised, that's all, because you're the best actor I've had.

(Beat.)

MOLLY
Well I need to roast the chicken now.

BUCK
Yeah.

MOLLY
You can dress and leave, cheque's in the usual place.

BUCK
Wait, Molly.

MOLLY
Yes?

BUCK
I mean, it's only thirty past nine.

MOLLY
I have to do the chicken.

BUCK

No, I mean. I got lots of time, if you want. I can help you.

MOLLY

Oh.

BUCK

I'm serious.

MOLLY

...I know.

BUCK

...so.

(MOLLY looks him, half-smiles. It hurts to watch.)

MOLLY

Maybe next time, Buck.

BUCK

Yeah?

MOLLY

Go on home.

(Exit MOLLY. BUCK looks after her. Lights fade.)

(Light up on BUCK.)

BUCK

I've been meeting with her now for six weeks, yeah...she's a really funny woman. Funny like weird, you know, but funny like, hella funny. And smart, too. She writes all of this stuff – (He pulls out copious numbers of printed scripts.) – and I don't know, sometimes it's weird and sometimes it's funny.

- So what were you thinking of?
- (He imitates her.) I don't know...
- Come on, tell me.
- I just thought we could...that it was time.
- Time.
- For us to...

(BUCK looks up.)

BUCK

There's a silence right here, then...

- We're graduating soon, Scott.
- I know.
- What's going to happen?
- I don't know...

Yeah...that's how this one goes. I told Molly that time, I'm doing it for the money, but I guess now it's also "Days of Our Lives." I mean, the job's a bit like that. Being a soap star, even though I don't get the fame. You know, I watched the show as a kid. My mom would cry at it and tell me my dad was an asshole like John Black, but real sweet like him too. I thought it was a crummy script, though I guess life's always a bit like a crummy script. It takes way too much effort to be smart all the time.

It'd be so much easier if real life followed a script. I think it'd be cool. Shit happens but you'd always know what to say next.

(He picks up a script.) Like in this episode Molly asks Scott what he wants to do. Scott says, I don't know. And then Scott says, do you want to get married, all hesitant and stuff, and Molly doesn't even miss a beat, she says, Why did you never ask? They kiss and are about to make love and then it's ten o'clock and the scene ends. (He picks up another script.) In this one they fight over where they'll move to when they're married and Molly says, Come to San Francisco because she got a job offer and he hasn't yet and he agrees and they're about to make love and it's ten o'clock and the scene ends. (He picks up a third script.) And in this one they just hold each other and Molly says, We'll put Lego men in the room for the baby and he says, OK. And they say nothing else and maybe they're about to make love but it's ten o'clock and the scene ends.

...This Scott guy. You know I asked her once, who's the Scott guy if you don't mind me asking, Molly. And she looked all forlorn-like and said, Someone I used to know.

Yeah...

Yeah. This Scott guy, she sure as hell misses him.

(Dining room. A clock on the wall reads 10 PM.
MOLLY and SCOTT sit among half-eaten plates.)

SCOTT

I've charted it.

The case you're working on? MOLLY

No, the number of days we haven't fucked. SCOTT

(Beat.)

And you know what? SCOTT

...No. MOLLY

It's OK. It's perfectly OK with me. SCOTT

(Silence. MOLLY shifts the food around her plate with a fork.)

It's not like I don't *care*. SCOTT

I know. MOLLY

I just thought I'd share that I'd noticed. SCOTT

Yeah. MOLLY

I'm just counting the days. SCOTT

(A pause.)

Scott, we need to talk. MOLLY

Dinner conversation is always good. SCOTT

What's happening? MOLLY

I think you have to inform me. SCOTT

What happened to us? MOLLY

What happened to *you*? SCOTT

A relationship takes two – MOLLY

No, actually, I'm having a sexual relationship by myself in that corner over that, just me and my right hand. SCOTT

That's not funny. MOLLY

I know it isn't, my hand fucking hurts. SCOTT

So this is about sex. MOLLY

Or lack thereof. SCOTT

So it is. MOLLY

No, it's me trying to fulfil the feminist theory that all men are driven by their dicks. Of course it's about sex, Molly, I'm charting the days we haven't fucked, what else could it be about? SCOTT

It could be about him. MOLLY

Who? SCOTT

Our child. MOLLY

...We never had one. SCOTT

(Realising.) ...You want a kid. MOLLY

...No. SCOTT

Scott... MOLLY

I... SCOTT

It's *not* about sex, is it? MOLLY

Goddamn, Molly, have you been listening to me? SCOTT

Well, I don't know what you want. MOLLY

I'm telling you – SCOTT

What *are* you telling me? You want sex? You want a kid? You want both, is that the problem? MOLLY

No. SCOTT

How do we fix things, Scott? What's happening to us? MOLLY

What's happening to you? SCOTT

...What are you trying to say? MOLLY

What happened to Molly the upright, successful woman who was good at everything she did? SCOTT

MOLLY

What are you talking about?

SCOTT

When I asked you to marry me, I didn't want some domestic bitch who cooked and did nothing the fuck else. You said you couldn't do both things, I said okay, it's hard to be a working mother, but now you're not either!

(Beat.)

SCOTT

If we had a kid I could've used that to explain you.

MOLLY

(Trying to keep her voice steady.) So...you're just ashamed.

SCOTT

Of what?

MOLLY

...me...

SCOTT

No...

(MOLLY rises abruptly, begins gathering the plates noisily. She doesn't look at us, or at SCOTT.)

SCOTT

Don't overreact.

MOLLY

Overreact!

SCOTT

You know what I mean.

MOLLY

Do I.

SCOTT

Stop it.

No. MOLLY

No... SCOTT

(MOLLY bangs down a stack of dishes with some anger.)

Corner me. Just corner me. MOLLY

...what? SCOTT

If you don't want a kid, you have to work, if you don't work you have to have a kid. MOLLY

Is that what I'm saying? SCOTT

What are you saying? MOLLY

I... SCOTT

(SCOTT shrugs.)

...I'll call tomorrow. MOLLY

Call...? SCOTT

Them... MOLLY

...who. SCOTT

Work, okay? I'll go back. MOLLY

(Beat.)

SCOTT
 ...Yeah?

MOLLY
 It'll...it'll be fine.

(Lights fade.)

(Playroom. Lights up. MOLLY and BUCK are on the loveseat, BUCK's head her lap. BUCK is out of playacting mode.)

BUCK
 You sure you don't want to start now?

MOLLY
 No, just continue.

BUCK
 Well as I was saying, it's no big deal. It's just a language. Like talking to the computer in a secret code and it gives you what you want. You tell it to do something, it does it if you tell it right.

MOLLY
 Interesting...

BUCK
 Compsci's cool like that. It's simple. It's not like, I don't know. Literature, history, that stuff you know? A says this, B says something else, nobody really knows who's right and who's wrong. Here it's me and the programme but it's one way, you know? I tell it right, it works. I tell it wrong, it doesn't.

MOLLY
 I studied History.

BUCK
 Oh.

MOLLY
 You can hate it if you want. But who's right, who's wrong, how we decide, it's fascinating. Same for Law, later, but backward. We decide who's right and who's wrong first, then we fight.

You liked it? BUCK

...I like it. MOLLY

(BUCK takes a script from his back pocket.
Flirtatiously -)

I like *you*. BUCK

I told you not to start yet. MOLLY

...but I do. BUCK

You like..me. MOLLY

What I said. BUCK

Oh. MOLLY

I really do. BUCK

That's nice...yes. (She looks at BUCK.) That's nice. MOLLY

Molly...it's not ten yet. There's still plenty of time. BUCK

I'm working on a tight schedule. MOLLY

(BUCK reaches up suddenly, strokes her cheek.)

Buck. MOLLY

I don't need a script. BUCK

Buck. MOLLY

I want you. BUCK

Buck, I'm starting work again in a week. MOLLY

(Beat.)

What does that mean? BUCK

I don't have evenings free. I'm not cooking, we're buying take-out meals. MOLLY

We? BUCK

...my husband and I. He wants me to work, and I need to start. I need to start somewhere. It'll make things better and I have to. MOLLY

...but how about Scott? BUCK

(Shocked.) Excuse me? MOLLY

Scott. How does the story end? BUCK

I...I don't know, Buck. MOLLY

Scott. BUCK

What are you talking – MOLLY

I'll be Scott. (Playacting mode.) I *am* Scott. (He begins kissing her all over her face, her neck, her hands, her fingers.) I love you. I need you. I want you. I think you're like no BUCK

other woman I've been with before. I think you're funny. I think you make life interesting. I think you're beautiful.

(By this time, MOLLY is frozen.)

Scott...
MOLLY

There's still time.
BUCK

No.
MOLLY

Make time.
BUCK

I can't.
MOLLY

(Silence. BUCK looks at her.)

Your cheque's on the dresser.
MOLLY

Don't.
BUCK

It's time.
MOLLY

(BUCK still looks at her. Lights fade.)

(Lights low on MOLLY.)

MOLLY
We met on summer evenings, in a way that seemed to have no end. One of these romance stories that conclude on a good note and it makes you think, that note will play forever. It's love forever, it's tender.

But Buck told me, On "Days of Our Lives," nothing ever ends happy.

It doesn't end happy for Scott, who leaves one evening saying, "I hate leeks, I hate fucking leeks, get those goddamn leeks out of my face" and he is raging in his seat

shouting and for the first time Molly realises, absolutely and concretely, that he did want a kid. He *did*, but she never knew for sure and it is too late.

It doesn't end happy for Buck, who leaves college a few months after Molly stops calling, stops paying him. He thinks that college is too expensive, and that he didn't like it that much anyway, that they made him do too much of "that humanities shit." It was too much.

As for Molly... I'm not sure what happens to Molly. Or I'm sure what happens next but I'm not sure what happens in the end. In this episode the writers are trying to decide if she is crying hysterically or if she contemplates suicide. Maybe she does both, or, in an abnormal feat of female courage, maybe she does neither. Maybe she goes on living.

Or maybe in this episode she picks up the telephone. She dials a familiar number. She asks for a man, any man that they've got. Dark hair, dark eyes. Someone will come to the phone. She'll test their voice. She'll test to see if they do it right. (In a tender voice.) Come here, touch me like it's always been. Just that way, that one way. It's fixed.

(A moment, then, fade to black.)

THE END