

My Ex-Girlfriend is the Centerfold

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A ten-minute play

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“My Ex-Girlfriend is the Centerfold”

Characters

John.....	Just a guy who’s trying to get over his girlfriend.
Jack.....	The guy posing in the magazine.
Samantha.....	John’s ex-girlfriend, posing in the magazine.
Mary.....	John’s other ex-girlfriend, also there.
Jen.....	John’s high school girlfriend. She’s there, too.
Abby.....	John’s mom. You know she’s there.

Setting

John’s bedroom.

Synopsis

*Every time, after sex, I would go to the bathroom and come back and he would have his phone out and watching Border Collies being rescued from Puppy Mills. He would be crying, and he’d want to be held. Every time. It doesn’t matter where we were. At home, in a parking lot, my parents bathroom. It didn’t matter. Until finally, I realized it was a larger metaphor for our relationship!*

JOHN is at his table with a magazine in front of him.

JOHN

Okay Sam. This is my night, and I'm not going to let you ruin it with your passive-aggressive texts. I am going to have a great time. It will be memorable and you will just be a dull ache in the back of my head. (*JOHN puts his left-hand down his pants*) Now this is what I'm talking about. (*he opens the magazine and tilts it*)

JACK enters and poses.

JACK

Hey

JOHN starts to masturbate.

JACK

Hey.

JOHN

Hi.

JACK

I'm Jack.

JOHN

Hi.

JACK

I know what you're thinking. (*indicating his shirt*) You want me to take this off. And I'm going to, but I'm going to do it slowly, so that you'll ache to see every inch of my chest. And I'll make you work for it. (*as he's slowly unbuttoning his own shirt*) But I promise that it will be more than worth it. Flip the page for the next button.

JOHN

I'll wait here, thanks.

JACK

You're sensitive. You want to wait until I'm ready. I can see that in you. I like that. Tell me what you're thinking about.

JOHN

Just-

JACK

Tell me what you want me to do. Do you want to see what's underneath?

JACK starts to unbutton his shirt more.

JOHN  
Stay like that-

JACK  
Like this-

JOHN  
No, go back. To how you were.

JACK  
Are you okay?

JOHN  
Yes, just stop talking-

JACK  
You don't look too happy. Is it something I said-

JOHN  
I am happy.

JACK  
If you're interested, there's someone taller on page 56, but guys *love* me.

JOHN  
I'm concentrating-

JACK  
My chest is like a Ken doll.

JOHN  
Leave it one.

JACK  
All I'm saying is that you don't look like your into this. And I think it's because of the shirt.  
Turn the page.

JOHN  
I'm losing my concentration.

JACK  
Maybe if I took this off you wouldn't have to concentrate so much.

JOHN  
If you take that off, we're done.

JACK  
Then why the hell did you even buy me?

JOHN  
Because I want to jack-off to the picture of a hot guy, but one who shuts the fuck up and doesn't send me texts that rip my soul in half! Can you be that guy?

JACK goes back to his original pose, sullen.

Like this? JACK

JOHN continues to masturbate. SAMANTHA enters.

Hey John. SAMANTHA

Sam. Go away. JOHN

Who the hell is this? JACK

No one. I'm flipping the page. JOHN

I don't think I want to take off my shirt anymore. Excuse me, who are you? JACK

His ex. SAMANTHA

I'm gay now Sam. Go away. JOHN

Because I really want to be here. So hurry up, I have better places to be. SAMANTHA

How about I leave you two alone to talk. JACK

(to JACK) SAMANTHA

Yeah, why don't you go scamper-away (to JOHN) Want me to do something sexy, John?

You have to ruin this, too? JOHN

Ruin what? SAMANTHA

My gay fantasy! JOHN

This is bullshit, I didn't shave my chest so I could keep my shirt on. JACK

You want me to do something sexy? SAMANTHA

No, I want you to go away- JOHN

SAMANTHA

Well tough shit.

JOHN

I don't want to have this talk right now.

SAMANTHA

You wanted me here, so guess what we're going to talk about-

JOHN

(to JACK)

So have you been in many magazines-

JACK

You're not sucking me into this-

SAMANTHA

I asked you to do one thing-

JOHN

Sam-

SAMANTHA

And that thing was to-

SAMANTHA & JOHN

Empty the trash.

SAMANTHA

And everyday when I came home from work, and you were *playing games-*

JOHN

*Blogging-*

SAMANTHA

The trash can would be full, and I would have to pick up the bag and empty it again. Three months. Three months until finally, John, are you listening?

JOHN

Just go away-

SAMANTHA

Until I realized that maybe this was a larger metaphor for something fundamentally cracked in our relationship. Me setting the bar too low, you not hitting it, so that's why we're done.

JACK

I would have done it sooner-

JOHN

This is only one side-

SAMANTHA

Oh, this is isolated?

That is only one side- JOHN

Mary! SAMANTHA  
(to offstage)

Not fair! JOHN

Oh, it's you. MARY  
(to JOHN)

Jack and I are trying- JOHN

I want to see where this goes- JACK

What is the one thing- SAMANTHA

You don't have to- JOHN

He'd cry after sex. MARY

Some people can't help- JACK

MARY  
Every time, after sex, I would go to the bathroom and come back and he would have his phone out and watching Border Collies being rescued from Puppy Mills. He would be crying, and he'd want to be held. Every time. It doesn't matter where we were. At home, in a parking lot, my parents bathroom. It didn't matter. Until finally, I realized it was a larger metaphor for-

You, all of you, have to go- JOHN

Is there another side, John? MARY

Please- JOHN

Jen! MARY  
(to offstage)

JEN enters from offstage.

JOHN

Before you say anything, I have not seen you since high school.

JEN

He would always have his eyes open when we kiss. Every time. And that's the one thing I always asked him to stop doing. These giant eyes would just be staring at me. And then I realizes it was a larger metaphor- *(pause)* Abby!

ABBY enters.

JOHN

Just go away!

ABBY

John? John? What have your father and I told you about masturbating in the bathroom? It's the one thing that we ask you not to do.

JOHN

Mom-

ABBY

The running water isn't fooling anyone and we're not made of money. Do it in your bedroom. I honestly think that this is a larger metaphor for-

JOHN

Go away! Just go away, I can't deal with any of this-

SAMANTHA, MARY, JEN, AND ABBY

Why do you think about us? Why do you need us? Why can't you just do the one thing that we ask you to do-

JOHN

Because you're crazy! Because everyone of my girlfriends has been crazy and that's why I have Jack-

SAMANTHA, MARY, JEN, AND ABBY

We're not crazy. You're the problem. You ignore us, you need to change, this is your fault.

JOHN

I am fine. I am dependable-

SAMANTHA, MARY, JEN, AND ABBY

Your problems, your fault. You're the reason that your relationships fail. You're the reason that your relationships fail. You're the reason-

JOHN climaxes with a yell, and they stop talking.

MARY, JEN, and ABBY leave.

SAMANTHA

And I meant that text I sent you. I'm engaged.

SAMANTHA walks-out.

I don't really know what to say. JACK

Just go away. JOHN

You need some help. JACK

No, don't say anything. Just go. JOHN

John. All I do is pose, but Carl, on page 67, he's a great listener. He's the one that plays the shrink. And as long as you don't go past page 72, you won't see anything. JACK

I don't know. JOHN

We're here for *you*. We'll talk to him together, and I promise that I'll leave my shirt on. JACK

Alright. JOHN

JOHN flips the magazine page.

END OF PLAY