

'ROUND AND 'ROUND WE GO



A comedy/drama in eight scenes by
ALAN SAFIER

SAMPLE PAGES



Contact:

SUSAN SCHULMAN LITERARY AGENCY LLC
454 WEST 44TH ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036-5205
T: 212 713 1633 C: 917 488 0906 • susan@schulmanagency.com

© 2019 Alan Safier
Reg. WGAe I-326715

SCENE 3: "WINSTON TASTES GOOD"
VIVECA & WINSTON

Two months later, at a Starbucks somewhere in the SoHo area of Manhattan. VIVECA is sitting at a table with a cup of something, looking around, waiting. After a few beats, WINSTON, 40–45, average-looking, medium height, maybe a little extra weight, nerdy, insecure, sexually questioning, comes up to her table.

WINSTON

Hi. You're Viveca, am I right?

VIVECA

You are indeed, and you can call me Viv.

WINSTON

(HE sits.) Hi, Viv. I'm Winston.

VIVECA

Well, I certainly hope so.

WINSTON

(HE gets up again quickly.) Oh. Am I being gauche? Should I not have sat down yet?

VIVECA

No. Please. Sit. If you don't, I'm going to have neck issues for a week.

WINSTON

(HE sits again.) So ... here we are.

VIVECA

Again.

WINSTON

Have we met before?

Oh! Haha, yes. "Again." (*An uncomfortable pause.*) Am I ... what I said I was?

VIVECA

Yes, I guess you come as advertised. You're somewhat attractive, like you said. You're in ... *fairly* good shape, like you said.

WINSTON

I work out ... occasionally ...

VIVECA

Clear-ish skin ...

WINSTON

Got that from mother.

VIVECA

Strong teeth.

WINSTON

Never said anything about that but thank you ...

VIVECA

Your eyebrows need a little curating ...

WINSTON

They do? Really?

VIVECA

And I wouldn't exactly say you were "tall" ...

WINSTON

No?

VIVECA

I mean, there's nothing wrong with you. You're not a gnome or anything. I just wouldn't see you and say to myself, "My goodness, that is some rangy guy!"

WINSTON

I don't know. Bessie Shimkus once said she thought I was.

VIVECA

Bessie Shimkus?

WINSTON

A friend of my grandmother's.

VIVECA

I see. And how tall was Ms. Shimkus?

WINSTON

Four-ten.

VIVECA laughs, then WINSTON joins in.

WINSTON (cont'd)

You know, I've never done this before.

VIVECA

I had no idea.

WINSTON

No really, I never have. You're probably an old hand at it, aren't you?

VIVECA

Yes, Winston, that's me: an old, *old* hand.

WINSTON

Well, I, for one, am nervous as anything. I've got sweat pouring out of ... every place that sweat can pour out of.

VIVECA

Relax, Winston. You're doing fine and I won't eat you.

WINSTON

Well, that's a relief! I'm glad you like mature men, anyway.

VIVECA

Yes, it's a new day. I've sworn off callow, coltish, studly, toothsome, breathtakingly gorgeous guys for a while. I mean, I'm not looking to date someone who's Medicare-eligible or anything, but a few miles on the odometer is perfectly acceptable. And what about you? What kind of women do you prefer?

WINSTON

I don't know. I haven't really thought about it for a long time. I was in a relationship until recently. I haven't been with a woman for maybe 15 years now.

VIVECA

You mean you haven't been with *another* woman for 15 years.

WINSTON

No, I mean I haven't been with a woman. Not since I met Peter.

VIVECA

(To no one in particular.) Dear God please tell me this is not happening.

WINSTON

Oh, I'm not gay. Please don't think *that*. I'm bi.

VIVECA laughs ironically.

WINSTON (cont'd)

What.

VIVECA

You wouldn't happen to have a spare bottle of strychnine on you, would you?
Just a few drops'll do.

WINSTON

It's not *that* bad, is it Viv?

VIVECA

Don't call me that! My name is Viveca.

WINSTON

Okay, okay, I'm sorry. Viveca.

VIVECA

Tell me something ... *Winst*. Is it all right if I call you "*Winst*"?

WINSTON

Not really, no ...

VIVECA

Tell me something *Winst*: do I have a sign painted on my forehead that says,
"Safe Haven for Homos. All Ye Enter"?

WINSTON

I told you, I'm not a homo.

VIVECA

Oh, please. I've seen this movie before. Correction: I've seen this *Jerry Lewis*
movie before.

WINSTON

Uch. I can't stand him. Not at all funny.

VIVECA

Well, isn't this cozy. We've finally found some common ground.

WINSTON

I'm thinking this is not going the way you hoped it was going to go, is it?

VIVECA

Very astute, Winst.

WINSTON

So now what?

VIVECA

Well, in a perfect world, you go off and meet some fabulous, wealthy guy who looks like Channing Tatum and live happily ever after — and I join the Navy Seals.

WINSTON

I'm not sure I want that. The Channing Tatum thing, I mean. I don't know *what* I want anymore.

VIVECA

Oh, Winst, Winst, Winst How did you get that disagreeable name, anyway? Were your parents admirers of Churchill or something?

WINSTON

No, they named me after their cigarette of choice.

VIVECA

You're fortunate they didn't smoke Virginia Slims.

WINSTON

I might change it.

VIVECA

Okay, maybe "disagreeable" was a tad harsh.

WINSTON

Oh no, I've been wanting to change it for quite some time now.

VIVECA

Why's that?

WINSTON

I need to make a fresh start. Invent a new me. I'm sick of the old one.

VIVECA

Wow. I'm sorry. What would you change it to?

WINSTON

Alvin.

VIVECA

Alvin. I don't know, Winst. That's pretty out there. You know, I'm trying to picture someone named "Winston" as a cute little infant, drooling milk and peeing all over his onesie. It sounds more like a dirty old man in Central Park handing out Necco Wafers to juveniles.

WINSTON

You're funny, Viveca.

VIVECA

Thanks. Please, call me "Viv."

WINSTON

I'm so confused right now.

VIVECA

I know. I'm sorry. Mea culpa. Mea maxima culpa. You're sweet, Alv.

WINSTON

So I've heard. Many times. Usually followed by a "but."

VIVECA

No, no. No "but." *Only* ... I don't see a romantic thing happening here, Alv.

WINSTON

I knew it. I never should have told you I was bi. If it helps, you can call me "Alv" any time you want. Hey! "Alv and Viv." It rhymes!

VIVECA

I don't think your name's the issue here. I've been with too many men who are just too much work, and I am plum wore out. I've got to be with someone who doesn't need my help more than I need his.

WINSTON

So this is a no-go.

VIVECA

I think maybe it needs to be.

WINSTON

Story of my life.

VIVECA

Oh, Winston. Don't say that. Please. You make me feel bad.

WINSTON

Hey, what if you're just a friend first? You know, a dinner pal? A theatre buddy?

VIVECA

A fag hag.

WINSTON

I'm not a fag and you're not a hag.

VIVECA

Nice of you to say. No, I just need a little vacay from the gender-confused world, you know?

WINSTON

What's the big deal about us going to dinner or a movie once in a while? Do you *enjoy* eating alone every night?

VIVECA

Of course not.

WINSTON

And it's always nice to have someone to pick apart a movie with when you're walking home.

VIVECA

Yes. It is.

WINSTON

Hey! Do you like documentaries?

VIVECA

I love documentaries.

WINSTON

Me, too. You know, the Film Forum is walking distance from here ...

VIVECA

I *love* seeing docs in a theater.

WINSTON

Me, too! And they're showing that one, what's it called again, about those three British actors ...

VIVECA

No. Please. Nothing with actors for a while.

WINSTON

Oh, okay. Well, maybe some other time then.

VIVECA

Some other time. (*Off WINSTON's look.*) No, honest. Some other time.

WINSTON

Great! Send your number to my Tinder and I'll call you. Or I'll send you mine. Or we'll email. No, wait, I don't have your email ...

VIVECA

Winston, why don't you just give me your number now. Easy, yes? (*WINSTON writes down his number and hands it to HER.*) Thank you. I *will* call you. I promise. Just not right away.

WINSTON

I'll be there when you do.

VIVECA

Take care of yourself 'til then, okay Alv?

WINSTON

You bet, Viv. (*HE starts to leave.*)

VIVECA

Oh. Just do one thing between now and then. For me?

WINSTON

Anything.

VIVECA

Curate those eyebrows ...

WINSTON

I will. I promise. (*HE turns to leave.*) Just as soon as I figure out what it means.

WINSTON exits. VIVECA sits back down.

Lights out.

Music: TV jingle, "Winston Tastes Good Like a Cigarette Should"

END OF SCENE 3