



Proudly Presents

# **THE ART OF FALLING APART**

**WRITTEN BY YOLANDA WILLIAMS**

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**Characters:**

**Calvin**, a young black man

**Marla**, a young white woman

**Time:** The present

**Locations:** A park. A picnic. Calvin's apartment. Marla's apartment.

**Scene One: Marla taking pictures of Calvin in the park.**

**Calvin:** I know why you chose *'taking pictures in the park'* as our first date.

**Marla:** Why?

**Calvin:** You, like many girls, just can't seem to get enough of my super-fly bod. (*Calvin laughs.*) You're smarter than the others though.

**Marla:** Smarter?

**Calvin:** (*Teasing.*) Oh, yeah. As an aspiring artist, you've probably thought this through! You take some pictures of me. Have the best one blown up life-sized. Tack it to the ceiling. Then you have me floating above your bed every night—thus assuring yourself you'll have sweet dreams forever.

**Marla:** You are—

**Calvin:** Humble? Yes, 'mam. Humble as the night is dark!

**Marla:** You do that a lot, don't you?

**Calvin:** What? Tease?

**Marla:** No. I mean, you have a tendency to use—*colorful* references.

**Calvin:** Colorful references? Girl, you're talking like a *white* girl now!

**Marla:** There you go again! No, seriously. You tend to make a point of letting everyone know you're—you know—

**Calvin:** Black?

**Marla:** Black. Right. I mean, I know you're black.

**Calvin:** And I know I'm black. So what's the big deal? I've

dated plenty of white girls before. I've also dated a couple of Hispanic girls, one Asian girl, and one girl—I don't know *what* she was. The point is—

**Marla:** You've dated a lot of girls!

**Calvin:** No, the point is that color doesn't mean anything to me. True, I jive around sometimes, but that's just me being silly. (*Looks Marla up and down.*) Now, you on the other hand—

**Marla:** What's that supposed to mean?

**Calvin:** I think you're cool. But I also think you are a little nervous about this whole interracial-dating-experiment of yours.

**Marla:** It's not an "experiment." Okay. I admit this is all new to me, (*Defensively.*) but I'm not prejudiced!

**Calvin:** Prove it.

**Marla:** How?

**Calvin:** We'll do a little test. I'll ask you a series of questions, and you answer as quickly as you can with the first thing that pops into your head. Game?

**Marla:** (*Pause.*) Game.

**Calvin:** What's your favorite cookie?

**Marla:** Oreos.

**Calvin:** Mine's strawberry wafers. What's your favorite animal?

**Marla:** Zebra.

**Calvin:** (*Surprised.*) Me too. What's your favorite sitcom from the 70's?

**Marla:** *The Jeffersons*.

**Calvin:** *Sandford and Son*. Although my mother's favorite was also *The Jefferson's*. She's watched that show so many times that she thinks the only way a black man can get ahead in life is to open a dry cleaning business.

**Marla:** Okay. Your turn.

**Calvin:** Shoot. Ask me anything.

**Marla:** No. (*Laughs.*) I mean, it's your turn to take pictures of me. (*She hands him the camera.*)

**Calvin:** Are you sure? (*Studying the camera.*) I'm very confident in my modeling skills, but I'm not sure about this.

**Marla:** Listen, I'll make you a deal. If you're any good—and if you're *lucky*—you might get a life-sized picture of *me*!