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THE MYSTERIOUS GIFT IN APARTMENT 122

WRITTEN BY BRYAN DENBOW

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Characters:

Ricky

Brenda

Ricky: (*Stepping into the apartment, closing an umbrella*) Hurry and get inside. Of course, I washed the car today. That's the only reason it's raining. (*To Brenda, who is visibly upset*) What's wrong? I can wash it again tomorrow.

Brenda: I can't believe you didn't like it.

Ricky: I just didn't like it.

Brenda: How can you say that? It's one of Broadway's biggest hits!

Ricky: Okay, I admit *Wicked* was better than *Cats*, but...anything is better than *Cats*. Still, I didn't like it.

Brenda: I think *Wicked* is the best show I've ever seen.

Ricky: I was just expecting something more. It was a little full of itself, too commercial.

Brenda: Honestly, I am really surprised you didn't like it.

Ricky: I wanted to like it, but it was just a little too 'girly' for me.

Brenda: What? You've watched *The Sound of Music* about a thousand times.

Ricky: That's a classic. Besides—(*Noticing something on the floor*) What is that?

Brenda: Don't change the—(*Also noticing something on the floor*) What IS that?

Ricky: (*Leaning down and looking at something on the floor*) Is that...?

Brenda: Is that dog poop?

Ricky: I don't know. Smell it.

Brenda: You smell it!

Ricky: (*Looking closer*) How could...Where did that come from?

Brenda: A dog.

Ricky: We don't have a dog! How could...?

Brenda: (*Jumping into his arms*) Oh Danny! I love you. I love you. I love you!

Ricky: (*Pushing her off*) I mean, how in the world could...?

Brenda: Ricky! (*Snuggling into him*) This is the best surprise! You

finally did it!

Ricky: Did what?

Brenda: (*Pointing to floor*) This! I've been hinting for this for so long!

Ricky: You've been hinting for me to poop on the floor?

Brenda: No! Stop teasing! (*Looking around*) Where is it?

Ricky: Right there in the middle of the floor!

Brenda: Here, puppy, puppy...puppy, puppy. Here, Sweetie.

Ricky: Brenda, I didn't get you a puppy.

Brenda: (*A little disappointed*) A kitten. (*Looking at the floor perplexed*) You didn't get a litter box for it? I've never had a cat before, but I'll love it! (*Super excited*) Where is it?

Ricky: I didn't get you a cat either. I think you're missing the big picture here.

Brenda: (*Disappointed*) You didn't buy me a pet?

Ricky: No.

Brenda: So where did this come from?

Ricky: I don't know.

Brenda: Well, get a paper towel and clean it up!

Ricky: Why do I have to clean it up?

Brenda: Ricky, please!

Ricky: You know I have a sensitive gag reflex.

Brenda: Please. Just clean it up.

Ricky: (*Defeated*) Okay. (*He goes to get a paper towel.*) You owe me for this.

Brenda: This is crazy. How could this get in our apartment? Someone came over, while we were at *Wicked*.

Ricky: (*Picking up mess*) Who would have... (*Gagging*)...come over... (*Gagging*)...I can't do this. Sorry. (*Gagging*)

Brenda: (*Frustrated*) Give me the towel. (*Picking it up and throwing it in the trash*) Can you take out the trash now, or is that too much for you?

Ricky: I have a sensitive gag reflex! Are you really mad at me?

Brenda: I just think there is something going on here. You don't just come home and find dog poop on your living room floor, when you don't have a dog!

Ricky: Maybe we have a mouse or a rat living in here?