

MY IMAGINARY BEST FRIEND CHEATED WITH MY REAL BEST FRIEND

By Steven Stack

Copyright © MMXVIII by Steven Stack, All rights reserved.

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Heuer Publishing LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Heuer Publishing LLC.

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

MY IMAGINARY BEST FRIEND CHEATED WITH MY REAL BEST FRIEND

By Steven Stack

SYNOPSIS: Finding out that your real best friend is cheating on you with another friend is bad. Real bad. Finding out that she's cheating on you with your imaginary best friend is even worse. And super weird. But that is exactly where Gina finds herself when Chris, her real best friend, shows up with a cake. A cake she made with Savine, Gina's imaginary best friend. An outrageously fun ten-minute melodramatic comedy that somehow manages to touch on real-life issues, like friendship, trust, and fathers who continue to vacuum with vacuums that do not work.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females, 1 male)

BILL (m).....Gina's dad, the consummate 1950's housewife, in dad form. *(18 lines)*

GINA (f)A strong-willed teenager who is having friendship issues with both her real best friend and her imaginary one. *(43 lines)*

CHRIS (f).....Gina's best friend, who is having a best-friend-affair behind her back. *(22 lines)*

SAVINE (f).....Gina's imaginary best friend, who's having an imaginary best-friend-affair with Chris. *(23 lines)*

DURATION: 10 minutes

TIME: Present.

SETTING: Living room in a house.

SET

The set can be as elaborate or as simple as desired. There are no requirements so the play can be performed on a bare stage or one with a plush living room set-up.

PROPS

- ☐ Non-working vacuum cleaner (BILL)
- ☐ Book bag (GINA)
- ☐ Cake (CHRIS)
- ☐ Kitchen clock (BILL)

COSTUMES

Bill wears a jacket that matches his personality.

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

My Imaginary Best Friend Cheated With My Real Best Friend was first performed at Bartell Theatre in Madison, WI on July 11, 2017 with the following cast:

BILL	Eddie Redwine
GINA	Ella Roach
CHRIS	Suzanne Downey
SAVINE	Nora Williamson

DEDICATION

To Zoe Stack, aka "Bandit." May you continue to always have your happiness and share it with the world. Love you, kiddo.

AT RISE: *BILL is vacuuming using a vacuum that does not work. The cord stretches across the stage. He is humming happily. GINA enters with her book bag, looking dejected. She throws her book bag down and crumples to the floor. BILL continues vacuuming.*

GINA: Dad!

BILL: *(Jumps, startled.)* Oh, dearie me, I didn't know you came home, Gina.

GINA: You know I don't like it when you call me by name, Dad.

BILL: What? I can't hear you... let me turn off the vacuum cleaner.

BILL turns off the already silent vacuum cleaner. He stares at GINA and then lies down beside her and sighs.

GINA: Why don't you get another vacuum cleaner – you know, one that works?

BILL: Because it was the last gift your mother gave me. *(Looks off.)* God, I miss her so. *(Sobs a little.)*

GINA: She'll be home from work in an hour.

BILL: Yes, yes she will. And that's why we need to take your frowny face and turn it into a happy, hunky-dory face. *(Pats her hair gently.)* So what's troubling you, my little over-cooked pumpkin pie?

GINA: *(Suddenly gets up and crosses away.)* Everything! Everything in the entire world!

BILL: Now is that true, my little green bean, or are you exaggerating just a wee bit?

GINA: *(Sighs.)* I am exaggerating just a wee bit. It's only one thing.

BILL: That's certainly more than a wee bit, but let's not quibble over that. What's this one thing, pudding pop?

Pause.

GINA: Have you seen Savine, Dad?

BILL: Your imaginary best friend?

GINA nods.

BILL: Can't say I have. Ever. Because she's your imaginary best friend, not mine. I've seen mine though. Todd. We had lunch together just today at a lovely diner. I ordered—

GINA groans for longer than expected. Much longer. BILL looks at her.

BILL: I suppose my going-ons are of no importance to my tiny wasabi sauce. Why do you ask if I've seen Savine?

GINA: I think she's mad at me. I haven't seen her in like two weeks.

BILL: Maybe you've outgrown her.

GINA: *(Turns to BILL angrily.)* How dare you, Dad! You don't outgrow imaginary best friends.

BILL: You're right. Do you think you did something?

GINA: No, I... what makes you say that? It could've been her.

BILL: Really?

GINA: *(Considers.)* It was probably me. *(Looks at BILL.)* Could you stand up or something? It's weird that you're still down there.

BILL: *(Cheerfully.)* Of course, Mrs. "No One Can Lie on the Floor if They're Not Pants." *(Stands up and crosses to GINA.)* So... did you have an argument?

GINA: No, everything was perfect as far as I know. *(Looking off.)* I mean, the last day that I saw her everything went great. She greeted me in the morning with freshly picked flowers, we talked over pancakes about the things we were excited about for the coming day, and then on the walk to school, we sang all the songs of *Westside Story*. *(Turns to BILL.)* I'm getting way better at snapping, by the way.

BILL smiles and nods. GINA looks off again.

GINA: And at school, nothing happened... *(Considers.)* Well, there was one thing. When Chris and I were talking about trying out a new cake recipe, I swear she was acting uncomfortable. And come to think of it, so was Savine.

BILL: Before you continue, I have a little story to tell that I think might help. (*Looks off.*) When I was a fetus, I wanted more than anything to run, play, and frolic with the other non-fetus children. Day after day after day, I would float there, curled up, hearing such glee. I yearned to be (*Singing.*) part of their world (*No longer singing and now looking at GINA.*) like Ariel yearned to leave the ocean. I wanted that glee. The glee that could never be mine. Because I was a fetus. But it never stopped me from wanting it. That glee. So I tried with all my might to join those non-fetus children, but I never could. And you know why?

GINA: Because you were a fetus inside your mom's belly?

BILL: That's right. The umbilical cord that gave me life also served to hold that life back. Do you understand?

GINA: Not in the slightest. I have no idea why you told me that story.

BILL: I see. (*Silence.*) Speaking of Chris, she's in the next room with a present for you.

GINA: Were we speaking of... wait, Chris is here?

BILL nods.

GINA: But we were supposed to meet later to make a cake.

CHRIS enters, holding a cake, and looks at GINA.

GINA: Christ! Why are you... Is that a cake?

CHRIS: It is.

GINA: I thought we were going to make a cake together.

CHRIS: We were, but I made it with someone else.

GINA: (*Looks at the cake. Reading.*) "Sorry." (*GINA looks at CHRIS.*) Why does it say... who did you make this cake with?

SAVINE: (*Enters.*) She made it with me. For you.

GINA: Savine? You're back!

BILL: Oh, she is? Where?

CHRIS and GINA: She's right there.

CHRIS and GINA point to the same spot.

GINA: (*Looks at CHRIS.*) And apparently making best friends with my non-imaginary best friend.

SAVINE and CHRIS: We need to talk.

GINA: You talked at the same time? That was my thing. With both of you!

Awkward silence as GINA, CHRIS, and SAVINE stare at each other.

BILL: (*Pulling a kitchen clock from jacket.*) Oh, would you look what time it is. Vacuuming-in-another-room o'clock. (*Crosses to GINA.*) Gina, I'll be here when you need some fathering. Because I'm your father. Or you could make sure this takes long enough for your mother to handle it. (*Looks at GINA.*) Really hoping for the latter.

GINA: Thanks, Dad.

BILL crosses and starts wrapping the vacuum cord up. It takes a long time. A really, really long time. GINA, CHRIS, and SAVINE watch him. After what seems like forever, BILL is done and begins to exit. CHRIS motions for BILL to take the cake, he does before exiting.

GINA: (*Looks at CHRIS.*) You can see Savine?

CHRIS: I can.

GINA: But she's my imaginary best friend.

SAVINE: About that.

GINA: That sounded ominous.

SAVINE: Look, Gina, this is hard for me to say, but... I've been imaginary best friend cheating behind your back. With Chris.

GINA: But... that's not possible. You're my imaginary best friend. Only I can see you.

SAVINE: That used to be true. Until it wasn't. When Chris and I first laid eyes on each other.

CHRIS: And that's when it started. Our imaginary best friendship behind your back.

GINA: Best friendship? Are you saying that you guys are best friends now?

SAVINE: We have been.

CHRIS and SAVINE: (*Staring at one another.*) From the first time we saw each other.

GINA: *(To SAVINE.)* That's why you haven't been around. Because you've been with Chris. *(Turns to CHRIS.)* And that's why you haven't been around – because you've been with her!

CHRIS: Well, I was on vacation for a week visiting my mother and father in San Quentin... but since Savine came with me... look, I know this must be hard—

GINA: How could you? Is your imaginary best friend cheating with your non-imaginary best friend behind your back? No. Because, I, being your non-imaginary best friend, would know. *(Shakes her head in disbelief.)* I can't believe that my non-imaginary best friend is cheating on me with my imaginary best friend.

SAVINE crosses to GINA and places her hand on her shoulder.

SAVINE: I want you to know something, Gina. Chris and I didn't mean for this imaginary best friendship affair to happen. It just... did.

GINA: That... doesn't help me at all. *(To SAVINE.)* Savine, how could you cheat on me? I thought we had something special?

SAVINE: We did. We do. But sometimes, things simply happen. Like the fates had intended it. Chris and I were two stars passing in the night and we just happened to collide and form a supernova imaginary friendship bond.

GINA: I'm... not even sure what that means. *(To CHRIS.)* Chris, how could you cheat on our non-imaginary best friendship with my imaginary best friend?

CHRIS: *(Turns away.)* I don't want to talk about it.

SAVINE: It just happened. Like I said earlier. In a convoluted way. Like all good best friend affairs do.

CHRIS: That's not actually true.

SAVINE: Wait, are you saying there's another reason we became best friends?

CHRIS: There is.

GINA and SAVINE: What?

CHRIS: Because... the reason I began best-friend-cheating with you is because... Gina first began best-friend-cheating with you!

SAVINE: Well, that's a twist I did not see coming. I feel like I got dropped in an M. Night Shyamalan film. Makes my "two-star" analogy kind of pointless it seems. (*Turns to CHRIS.*) So... I mean nothing to you?

CHRIS: (*To SAVINE.*) I didn't say that. You mean something to me... I'm just not sure what. The thing is... this isn't about you. It's about me and Gina. (*To GINA.*) Shouldn't a non-imaginary best friend have been enough? Why did you have to cheat on me with another best friend? An imaginary one?

SAVINE: Hey now. I find that hurtful. I'm clearly bending the lines between real and imaginary at this point. I think we can all agree to that.

GINA: I didn't mean to hurt you, Chris. I wanted a backup. Just in case.

CHRIS: Just in case what?

GINA: Just in case something happened and we weren't best friends anymore. Look, no one has ever, and I stress to you... ever, in my entire life, picked me to be their best friend because I am clearly not best friend material. I'm crass, obnoxious, tiresome, and any other negative qualities you can think of... I would fit the bill. Heck, I wouldn't be my own best friend. Yet, you picked me as yours. It was unexpected, shocking even. And the best thing that's ever happened to me. I love it. Being a best friend and having one. Then I got scared. Scared of losing you because clearly I would mess up at some point and I didn't want to end up best friendless like I had been BC...

CHRIS and SAVINE are confused.

GINA: Before Chris. So I created Savine, which I didn't think was a big deal because she was imaginary.

CHRIS: Was your constant talking about her imaginary? And the constant pictures even though I couldn't see her imaginary? How did you think it made me feel to hear about all the fun you two were having? Awful is how. And jealous. Don't you think I wanted to have pancakes with you in the morning? Because I did.

GINA: So you decided the best way to get me back was to best-friend-cheat with my imaginary best friend, whom I apparently was cheating on you with, who's also apparently cheating on me? Oh my god, this is so confusing.

SAVINE: *(To CHRIS.)* But how could you see me if you didn't really—

CHRIS: Some things don't need an explanation. Especially when there isn't one. But I want you to know that I'm sorry for using you. That was wrong. *(To GINA.)* But either way, Gina, you hurt me. You betrayed our friendship. But even having said that, I shouldn't have non-imaginary best-friend-cheated on you. Especially not with your imaginary best friend.

GINA: And I shouldn't have created an imaginary best friend to non-imaginary best-friend-cheat on you. I'm so sorry. If I'd known that it was going to hurt you, I never would've done it.

SAVINE: I feel like I'm the imaginary best friend third wheel here. How did that happen? *(Considers.)* And you know what, I should feel that way. Because I clearly am. You, Gina, created me as an imaginary best friend on the side. One you could spend time with behind your real best friend's back but never have to commit to. Keep around in case things went bad. And you, Chris, used me to make Gina jealous. I feel like such a fool. *(Looks away.)* Did I mean anything to you?

GINA and CHRIS: Which one of us?

SAVINE: I suppose both of you.

GINA: Yes. At times. And to be fair, I didn't know that my imaginary best friend could be seen, much less best-friended by someone else. I mean, you are imaginary.

SAVINE: Are my feelings imaginary? If you take out my imaginary pancreas and crush it with your bare hands, does it not bleed and cease beating?

CHRIS: It wouldn't. Because it's not real.

GINA: And also pancreases don't beat.

SAVINE: Well, sometimes... what's imaginary turns out to be imaginarily real. And painful. And beating! If my heart were a teeter-totter, it would neither teeter nor totter, because it would be too broken to do either.

GINA and CHRIS: We're really sorry.

GINA, CHRIS, and SAVINE stare at each other awkwardly.

SAVINE: *(Sighs.)* There's that saying the same thing at the same time thing. Look, I know you are both sorry, and I'm not mad at either one of you. I mean, most imaginary best friends disappear eventually, except for Todd, so this is rare. And even though I can see now you were both clearly using me... I did have some good times with each of you, and I guess, in some ways, I made your non-imaginary best friendship stronger.

GINA and CHRIS: That you did.

GINA, CHRIS, and SAVINE smile because GINA and CHRIS are talking at the same time. Silence.

SAVINE: Well, I guess I should disappear now. Go to where all imaginary best friends who are no longer needed go.

CHRIS: Where's that?

SAVINE: *(Looks off. With disdain.)* Michigan. *(She turns and begins to exit.)*

Optional: Sad "walking away" music plays.

CHRIS: Stop, Savine.

SAVINE stops and turns.

CHRIS: Why do you have to go?

SAVINE: Because I'm not your imaginary best friend anymore. *(Turns to CHRIS.)* Or yours.

CHRIS: But couldn't we all be non-imaginary/imaginary best friends? Like all of us? Together?

GINA: That's a great idea. Why say goodbye when we can say hello to a new type of friendship. A better one. What do you say, Savine?

SAVINE: *(Stares at CHRIS and GINA for a moment, then smiles big.)* I say, another quick plot twist out of nowhere. This one, an awesome one! Come here, you guys.

GINA, CHRIS, and SAVINE share a big goofy group hug.

GINA: *(Pulls back from the hug.)* This... right here... is going to be better than we can ever IMAGINE.

GINA, CHRIS, and SAVINE laugh as the lights fade.

THE END

DO NOT COPY