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## Mother Nature's Winter Games

### Characters:

Miranda, a woman in her early 30's with a giant purse

Steve, her boyfriend, also 30's

Wilkie, a younger man dressed in VERY preppy attire (i.e. rolled up khakis and topsiders)

Miranda, Steve and Wilkie are all stuck in the airport on a layover because of the polar vortex.

Miranda

Maybe this is for the best. Maybe mother nature is trying to tell us something.

Steve

That we shouldn't be traveling to New York in the middle of a polar vortex? No. Come on, honey! It'll be fun. Once they de-ice the plane tomorrow.

Miranda

It just seems like a sign that we're not supposed to go. Remember when that guy in Florida got swallowed up by a sinkhole while he was sleeping, and it was like nature reminding me to stop swallowing my feelings? (*gesturing toward an almost empty whiskey bottle on the table*) Are you gonna finish that?

Steve

(*handing her the bottle*) I do. I do remember that. But I bet this pocket of arctic air is saying... "Miranda and Steve are totes going to have fun at her best friend's wedding!"

Miranda

'Totes'? Steve, please don't. Anyway, the guy Courtney's marrying -- there's something not right about him. Although you refuse to tell me what it is.

Steve

Look, I --

*Enter Wilkie, running with a suitcase.*

Wilkie

(*out of breath*) Did they close the gate?

Steve

A while ago. Bar's closed, and the shuttle stopped running for the night, so...looks like this is it!

Miranda

Hey, but this bar's open (*pulling mini wine bottles out of her purse*) -- Sutter Home, anyone?

Steve

Wow, sweetie, where did you get those? I'm Steve, this is my girlfriend Miranda.

Wilkie

Wilkie, pleasure. (*the men shake hands, he politely refuses wine*) No thanks.

Miranda

Wilkie. (*considering his name*) Are you a detective or something? I like your undercover look.

Did a pearl necklace go missing in the Hamptons?

Steve

*(ignoring her comment)* You headed to New York as well?

Wilkie

Yep -- on my way to a wedding. Hope I make it. And uh, how did you know I was a private investigator? Usually the opposite happens -- I tell people and they laugh.

Miranda

I didn't -- just a feeling. *(cracks a mini wine bottle and starts drinking)* Courtney's wedding, right? Your name was the only one I didn't recognize on the guest list.

Steve

Funny that we all met in Lincoln on our way there -- it was nice meeting you --

Miranda

It's gonna be a long night -- how about we all play a game? I vote truth or dare. You know, so we can all get to know each other better.

Wilkie

To be honest, I'm not one to share a lot of personal stuff with people I've just met.

Miranda

Ooh, so mysterious! Luckily it's called truth OR DARE. And anyway, it'll give you a chance to practice your skills on us. You know, asking the really tough questions.

Steve

Sorry Wilkie, she gets a bit overzealous when she's tired. *(trying to lead her away)*

Miranda

Oh, and if anyone refuses to answer a question or do a dare, they have to pound one of these. *(puts out more mini wine bottles)* White zin. Not advisable.

Wilkie

Well, since you're friends of Courtney's, I guess I could play one quick round.

Miranda

Detective Wilkie, are you going to Courtney's wedding to investigate the shady guy she's about to marry?

Steve

You shouldn't say things like that out loud.

Wilkie

I actually wanted a dare.

Miranda

You need to work on your basic lying and evasion skills, Wilkie P.I. And grow a mustache, if you can. *(to Steve)* I want you to pick.

Steve

This is silly. *(beat)* I...ok. I dare you to...*(looking around)* eat that raisin off the carpet.

Wilkie

*(hesitant but obliging)* Sugary wine gives me headaches, so, here goes...*(gets down on hands and knees and eats the raisin straight off the carpet)* Mmm, done. Ok, it was great meeting you two. I'm pretty beat so I'm just gonna find a place to --

Miranda

That's not how it works. Now you get to put someone in the hot seat. Like in your job when you're interrogating a dangerous suspect.

Wilkie

That's not what I do, exactly --

Miranda

Steve's ready. Make it good...I want to root out some things.

Steve

Root out some things? Dare.

Wilkie

Look, I don't feel totally comfortable with this. *(pause)* How far can a dare go?

Steve

Technically, I can drink pink wine if I don't want to do it. *(beat)* Or choose truth.

Wilkie

*(getting a gleam in his eye)* Kiss my feet. Like, make out with them. *(wiggling his feet in the air)* I want to...feel your tonsils with my big toe. *(beat)* They're really clean.

Miranda

*(hides full bottles; pretends to look around and holds up an empty one)* Wine's done.

Steve

Whoa whoa WHOA, hold on a minute.

Miranda

This is the absolute best!

Wilkie

Ok, truth then. What do you know about Courtney's fiancé laundering drug money through his build-a-donut business?

Steve

*(after a pause)* I need you to please remove your your boat shoes.

Miranda

You can't go back to the dare now! And by the way, what the fuck?

Steve

I don't know anything about drug...donuts...I just eat there a lot, ok? *(exasperated)* Have you *tried* the vegan jelly donut with Nutella? Look, I can't say anything more right now. Which is why I'm about to eat feet. *(cringing, goes to kiss Wilkie's feet)*

Wilkie

You don't actually have to do that. I was just bluffing.

Miranda

Yes you do -- get back down there. Dammit, I KNEW you were lying to me. *(beat)* I'm in the hot seat. Come on, Wilkie, make it good.

Wilkie

Ah, that tickles -- ok ok. I dare you to...do a cartwheel.

Miranda

God that's weak. And no -- I'm tired of holding it in. I want to say the truth. Now.

Steve

Can I interrupt for a moment? *(spraying binaca in his mouth)* It's gotten pretty late -- I think it's 'game over,' as they say.

Wilkie

Technically, the game's not over 'til everyone's had a turn. Or until someone falls in a sudden death truth or dare speed round. That's how we played it in college last year.

Miranda

Are we all in? Oh wait, look what I just found! *(she takes out the hidden mini wine bottles; they*

*clink and drink, although Steve is not happy with the plan) Ok, go!*

Wilkie (*to Miranda*)

*(emboldened)* Truth. Have you ever...been with a younger man? Or, you know, wanted to.

Miranda

Duh, of course. Steve, dare -- get down on one knee and start singing a Whitney Houston song -- your pick. To Wilkie. With your shirt off. (*Steve removes shirt and gets into position*) While juggling. (*takes 3 mandarins out of her purse and hands them to Steve*)

Steve

Ok, but -- (*starts singing and juggling*)

Miranda

Truth: are you really a private investigator, or were you just playing along? (*beat*) Whatever, I dare you to put all these gummi worms in your mouth and dance with me. (*shoves worms into his mouth; they start dancing; she's harmonizing with Steve*)

*Steve finishes the chorus of "I Wanna Dance With Somebody"; Miranda and Wilkie are still dancing and humming the song.*

Steve

*(getting up)* Miranda, truth. Do you even want to be with me?

*Wilkie is still humming and they are both doing dance moves as Miranda answers.*

Miranda

Yes. (*beat*) Mostly. Except when you're hiding stuff from me. Oh, and I also hate the rule that it might have to be JUST you, for the rest of time. I mean, how fun would it be if I could just take Wilkie here on the carpet with you watching, and then at the wedding you could get it on with Courtney's hot redhead sister, and that would make OUR sex life better, because we'd be getting all the novelty and variety we're hardwired to --

*Wilkie is backing away as she's talking. Her speech is then interrupted by an announcement:*

Airport person voice (*over a loudspeaker*):

Any passengers still waiting for flight 916 to JFK, the plane has been defrosted and is now ready for boarding.

Wilkie

I'm gonna see if I can get an exit row. (*exits fast*)

*Miranda looks contrite and is about to say something when Steve begins.*

Steve

No, it's better to know the truth. (*pause*) And I swear I only found out about the drug stuff last week -- I just didn't want to upset you. I also didn't want to stop eating there.

Miranda

(*apologetic*) I'm not sure what happened just now...

Steve

Well, truth be told, that guy's feet tasted liked powdered sugar. And I liked it. (*beat*) I also sort of liked it when you yelled at me to stay down there.

Miranda

Well, maybe we all learned something new tonight. Buy me a white zin on the plane?

*BLACKOUT*