

**GLAD TIDINGS &  
HIGH WATERS**

by:  
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**Players:**

**MARC**, a young family man

**PAUL**, his best friend

**A YOUNG MAN**, a tad too handsome for this play

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*AT RISE: A Manhattan sidewalk.*

*MARC walks back and forth, holding up a sign on a stick.*

*The sign reads: THE END IS NEAR.*

*PAUL enters from stage left. He is burdened by a half dozen shopping bags: Bergdorf Goodman, Saks Fifth Avenue, Barneys New York and the like.*

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PAUL  
Marc!

MARC  
Paul?

PAUL  
Marc, my friend! Long time no see.

[Eyeing the sign] Hmm...

MARC  
Don't ask.

PAUL

Now, don't get me wrong. The lettering's nice. Uniform. Good balance. Good use of color. I just wonder. Isn't it a bit, well, over-the-top?

*MARC twirls the sign to reveal the other side.*

*It reads: MATTRESS MADNESS! STORE CLOSING! JULY 29!*

Ahh... Three exclamation points. Impressive.

MARC

It's a paycheck.

*MARC sets the sign down.*

PAUL

Didn't Artie Witcomb e-mail you?

MARC

No.

PAUL

Gary at Dobson and Bauer?

MARC

No.

PAUL

Nick at Hammerstein Krauss? Caroline at Miller Figbee?

MARC

No, nobody's called or e-mailed.

PAUL

Those putzes! I'll call them again. And this time, I'll tell them not to show their faces at the Stonewall until they've called you.

MARC

Thanks. Do you realize that the last serious interview I had was before the Obama administration?

PAUL

[*Tisk-tisk*] Dark times, dark times.

MARC

Not much brighter today.

PAUL  
How's Becky?

MARC  
She's, okay, I guess. Working two jobs. I never see her anymore.

PAUL  
And the kids?

MARC  
Andy needs a tooth pulled, and Annie wants to go to Williamsburg on a fieldtrip.

PAUL  
Sounds like fun. The trip, not the tooth.

*YOUNG MAN wanders on stage from left. He is carrying a sign just like MARC's.*

*YOUNG MAN, being a tad too handsome for this play, immediately captures PAUL's attention.*

MARC  
Both are expensive.

*MARC notices YOUNG MAN.*

*YOUNG MAN glares at MARC.*

For Christ's sake. I'm on a break!

*YOUNG MAN hardens his glare.*

Seriously. On. A. Break.

*YOUNG MAN makes a gesture, indicating he's keeping his eyes on MARC. He exits.*

PAUL  
The boss?

MARC  
With the IQ of a water beetle. Actually, I bet water beetles have bigger brains.

PAUL  
Mmm... [Watching YOUNG MAN leave] You know what they say, itty-bitty brains, great big organs.

MARC  
Paul?

PAUL  
You know, if I were single—

MARC  
Paul!

PAUL  
Just looking. Just looking.

MARC  
I need to ask you about something. I mean, I need to ask a favor.

PAUL  
O, hey! I just remembered. We haven't received your RSVP.

MARC  
My what?

PAUL  
Your RSVP. You're coming, right? You and Becky?

*MARC appears worried.*

I mean, it's not every day you get to see two good-lookin' guys tie the knot. It's gonna be worth a vidy.

MARC  
Right...

PAUL  
You're hesitating...

*YOUNG MAN wanders back on stage and glares at MARC.*

MARC  
I told you, I'm on a break!

PAUL  
You're not coming, are you?

MARC  
Paul—

PAUL  
You. Of all people!

MARC  
Of all people?

PAUL  
[*A tad too loudly*] I love Albert, and I'm going to marry him. Whether you like it or not!

*YOUNG MAN looks surprised.*

MARC  
That's great, Paul. Really. I'm happy for you guys.

*YOUNG MAN snorts, trying to contain a laugh, then exits.*

PAUL  
Then, why aren't you coming?

MARC  
It's just that. I mean. It's not—

PAUL  
No. It's *not* a real wedding. But, it's important to me. To Albert.

MARC  
[*Ugh!*] You're not listing.

PAUL  
Well, I'm sorry. I guess I'm just upset to hear that my best friend isn't coming to my life-commitment celebration.

*Off stage, YOUNG MAN laughs hysterically.*

MARC  
You don't understand.

PAUL  
Then, give me one good reason. One good reason why you and Becky aren't coming.

MARC  
It's black tie.

PAUL  
I don't understand. "It's black tie." What's that got to do with the price of Mary Jane in Bahrain?

MARC

Nothing. But it's got everything to do with the price of renting black tie in Manhattan. I just can't afford it.

PAUL

O?

MARC

And Becky would need to have her gown dry cleaned, and we'd need to pay a sitter, and there'd be drinks after and taxis and well, you see. It has nothing to do with you. It has nothing to do with Albert. And nothing to do with you marrying Albert.

It's about me not having a job. Needing to put food on the table. For my family.

Something you wouldn't understand.

PAUL

What do you mean, something I wouldn't understand?

MARC

Look at you. How many stores did you clear-out today?

PAUL

These are just a few little things I needed.

MARC

Becky hasn't been shopping in months. Andy is wearing high waters. And Annie is going to flip when she finds out she can't go to Williamsburg with her friends.

And you... You probably just dropped a thousand dollars on socks and underwear.

PAUL

I think you're being unfair.

MARC

Am I? Or maybe I'm just frustrated that an attorney, a *bona fide* Berkeley educated attorney, can't support his family, while a bartender and a part-time concierge can prance about in Armani, planning a *life-commitment celebration* more lavish than my *real* wedding.

I mean, for Christ's sake, Paul. Black tie? Really?

PAUL

That bad, huh?

MARC  
Yes, that bad.

*Pause.*

Listen, Paul. I hate to ask, but I could really use a loan right now.

*YOUNG MAN returns to the stage.*

YOUNG MAN  
Hey, buddy. Pick up the sign or don't get paid.

*MARC begins to pick up the sign, but PAUL beats him to it.*

*PAUL hands the sign to YOUNG MAN.*

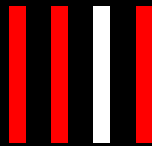
PAUL  
Here you go, you charming little nuisance.

*YOUNG MAN takes the sign.*

Now, run along. Find someone else to hoist your glad tiding. My friend just quit.

YOUNG MAN  
[Turning away] Faggot.

*MARC lunges at YOUNG MAN, but PAUL holds him back.*



**FIND OUT HOW  
THIS PLAY ENDS.**

**E-MAIL**  
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