

## **“The Man With The Shellfish Heart” Sample #2**

STU: "That's it, keep going! Who needs you? I don't need anybody! Hey, don't walk out when I'm talkin' to you!"

*(Confused, WRIGLEY stops and looks back at STU with a perplexed expression.)*

STU: "Just walk out, like everybody else in my life! Just take a hike and lose old Oyster Stu, the loser! *(He puts his face in his hands and breaks down.)* Nobody wants a loser for a friend!"

*(WRIGLEY studies STU as he puts his head down and sobs into his sleeve, the detective's expression softening as he realises his own selfishness. He compresses his lips, then walks back over to STU and stands beside the table and takes off his hat, holding it in his hands contritely.)*

WRIGLEY: "Hey, Stu..."

STU: *(Looking up in surprise and sniffles.)* "You still here?"

WRIGLEY: "Yeah, well...I forgot something."

STU: "What's that?"

WRIGLEY: *(Sitting down)* "What it's like to need a friend. *(He smiles.)* And how to be one."

*(STU looks at him, then wipes his nose on his sleeve and takes a swig from his rootbeer bottle.)*

STU: "Lukewarm."

WRIGLEY: "You're right. I have been."

STU: "I meant the root beer."

WRIGLEY: "Oh. Well, anyway, I'm sorry. Look, I'm going to a Men's Bible Study tonight. The topic is gonna be "God's Love: Tougher Than Nails." How about joining me?"

STU: "I don't know..."

WRIGLEY: "Afterwards, the guys are coming over to my house for some food and fellowship. How about it?"

STU: *(A bit grudgingly.)* "Well, I could use a little of both, I suppose. A bottle of root beer ain't a very good listener. *(He suddenly looks up and slaps the table.)* Sure, why not?"

*(WRIGLEY extends his hand. STU regards it for a second then slowly reaches out to grasp it. As he does, and they shake, a big grin comes across his face.)*

STU: "It's about time I came out of my shell, anyway. It gets kind of lonely in there."

WRIGLEY: "Come on, I'll give you a lift." *(He stands with a renewed energy, as if a weight has been lifted from his shoulders.)*

STU: "Buddy, you already have!" *(STU stands and grins at WRIGLEY, seemingly a different man. He claps him on the shoulder and gives him a big one armed hug, squeezing him like a sponge, causing his eyes to bulge. STU turns his head and yells at an unseen bartender.)* "Hey, Bull! I'm outta here!"

*(WRIGLEY takes another stick of gum out and hangs it on his lip, then puts his hat back on.. They talk as they head slowly offstage.)*

STU: "You know those things are bad for you."

WRIGLEY: "Yeah. But I'm cutting back. Down to a pack a day. Is the food any good here?"

STU: "I don't think so... gives me heartburn. I just came here to be more miserable." *(Continues...)*