

Lifeloop

by  
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Based on the short story by  
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The stage is the living room of Arran's apartment and includes a sofa, a small table, and an easy chair. Felice reclines on the sofa reading a gossip magazine. Arran sits in the chair, polishing her toenails.

FELICE

Did you read this? Julia Roberts died.

ARRAN

Julia Roberts? The actress?

FELICE

Yeah. On her eighty-second birthday. Listen.

(reading)

Because of the increased popularity of pseudo-reality programs known as Lifeloops, Ms. Roberts was considered by many to be the last of the great film actresses.

ARRAN

Pseudo-reality. What's that supposed to mean?

FELICE

That Lifeloops are fake.

ARRAN

Fake?

FELICE

And that the people in Lifeloops are actors.

ARRAN

That's ridiculous. The loops are of people's lives. Hence Life-Loop.

FELICE

So they say. You don't detect even a hint of theatrics?

ARRAN

Viewers aren't stupid, Felice. They can tell the difference between real people and actors.

FELICE

Not if the actors are really good actors.

Arran sighs in frustration and rolls her eyes.

FELICE

Think about the loops, Arran.  
Everything about these people,  
except for their performance, is  
fake. Take Brock Singleton for  
example. Who has a name like Brock?

ARRAN

I know three Brocks, Felice.

FELICE

Are you sure that's their real  
name?

Arran throws her a look.

FELICE

OK. Let's assume Brock is his real  
name. But think about this guy. He  
lives in a loft apartment in  
Manhattan, which he never leaves.  
And yet every night he gets laid by  
a different super model.

ARRAN

So?

FELICE

So? Doesn't that strike you as odd?

ARRAN

What's odd? A handsome guy in New  
York who gets laid all the time.  
Who wouldn't want to watch that?

FELICE

Exactly. That's exactly my point.  
It's too perfect. It's too staged.  
He's an actor.

ARRAN

He's an attorney.

FELICE

Who never goes to work?

ARRAN

So he works from home.

FELICE

He's an actor who lives in an apartment with a hidden camera in every corner, and he gets paid to act like an attorney.

ARRAN

Lifeloops are continuous, Felice. Who would memorize a 24-hour script?

FELICE

So they improvise.

ARRAN

For twelve days? Each episode is twelve days. Nonstop.

FELICE

OK. What about these women he's always bumping? How does he meet them if he never leaves the house?

ARRAN

I don't know. I'm guessing there are plenty of women who watch the show who would love to get in his pants.

FELICE

Aha. But that's just it. They aren't.

ARRAN

Aren't what?

FELICE

Women who watch the show. They never say, "Oh, Brock, I just love your show." Or "Oh, Brock, that last episode was amazing." They don't say that. It's always, "Brock, don't you remember me? I was in your third-grade class. Here, take my clothes off." They all know him already. They're phonies. All of them.

ARRAN

You're jealous.

FELICE

Of what?

ARRAN  
Brock's women.

Felice makes a sounds as if to say, "Whatever," then reaches for the toenail polish.

FELICE  
Give me that.

Arran holds on to it.

ARRAN  
Admit it.

FELICE  
I'd like to polish my toenails please.

ARRAN  
Get your own bottle.

FELICE  
This is your apartment, not mine.

ARRAN  
There's another one in my room if you're so desperate.

Felice goes.

FELICE (offstage)  
Where?

ARRAN  
On the night stand.

Felice returns holding a used condom wrapper.

FELICE  
Well well well. Looky what I found.

Arran looks, then goes back to painting.

FELICE  
I'm tired, you said. I'm going to bed early, you said.

ARRAN  
I was tired.

FELICE  
We throw you this big party, and you sneak off to-

ARRAN

I didn't sneak off.

FELICE

You sneak off to your bedroom and get it on with some guy while the rest of us are in here?

ARRAN

That's from a few days ago.

FELICE

Bull. We cleaned your room yesterday.

ARRAN

Well, not thoroughly enough apparently.

FELICE

Who was it?

ARRAN

None of your business.

FELICE

Richard?

ARRAN

Richard was in here with you.

FELICE

Oh, right. And so was...Phillip, Todd, Jackson, and that Persian guy.

ARRAN

Sching Sching.

FELICE

Right, Sching Sching. I can't believe this. You were in your room last night doing the nasty while I was in here playing Charades with Sching Sching.

ARRAN

You invited him.

FELICE

Who was it then?

ARRAN  
Read your magazine.

FELICE  
Carlton?

ARRAN  
No.

FELICE  
Stuart?

ARRAN  
No.

FELICE  
Felipe?

ARRAN  
No.

FELICE  
Peter?

ARRAN  
He wishes.

FELICE  
Benjamin?

ARRAN  
He died in a plane crash, remember?

FELICE  
Oh right.

ARRAN  
And thanks for bringing up such a  
painful memory.

FELICE  
Anthony?

ARRAN  
No.

FELICE  
That French guy? What's his name-

ARRAN  
Will you stop guessing. I'm not  
telling you.

FELICE  
Hamilton?

Arran looks away.

FELICE  
Hamilton. It was Hamilton. I knew  
it.

ARRAN  
It wasn't Hamilton.

FELICE  
You paused when I said Hamilton. I  
know when you're lying.

ARRAN  
It wasn't Hamilton.

FELICE  
But you wish it was Hamilton?

ARRAN  
Can we talk about something else  
please?

FELICE  
Arran, you haven't seen Ham in over  
a year. He's moved on by now.

Arran breaks into quiet sobs. Felice comforts her.

FELICE  
You poor thing. Listen to me,  
Arran. Ham was never good enough  
for you. He was a phony. He was  
never honest.

ARRAN  
He told me he loved me.

FELICE  
If he meant it, he wouldn't have  
left. War or no war.

ARRAN  
He didn't have a choice.

FELICE  
He enlisted. I call that voluntary.

ARRAN  
I drove him away from me.



FELICE

That's not true. You can't blame yourself.

ARRAN

I do.

FELICE

There are plenty of men a thousand times better than Hamilton in this world.

ARRAN

You sound like my mother.

FELICE

Then she was a wise woman.

Arran smiles and wipes her eyes.

FELICE

A smile. You see? That's more like it.

ARRAN

You're my best friend, Felice.

FELICE

Of course I'm your best friend. Who wouldn't want to be friends with Arran Handully, the sweetest, sexiest woman in this city. Now, come on. Tell me about this sexual conquest of yours last night.

ARRAN

I'd rather not.

FELICE

Come on. All the juicy details.

ARRAN

I'm putting on some pasta. You want some?

Arran exits to the kitchen.

FELICE

Wait a second. I was here all day yesterday. And after the party I slept here on the couch. How did this Casanova come and go without me knowing?

ARRAN (offstage)  
Forget it, OK?

FELICE  
Was he hiding under your bed or something?

ARRAN (offstage)  
No.

FELICE  
Your closet?

ARRAN  
Will you stop?

FELICE  
He snuck in your window?

Silence from the kitchen.

FELICE  
Ah cha cha. He snuck in your window.

ARRAN  
(entering)  
So he snuck in my window. So what?

FELICE  
No, I think that's romantic. It's so Romeo-at-the-balcony. I think that's great.

ARRAN  
Great. You're happy. I'm hungry. Let's eat.

Felice pulls her back into.

FELICE  
Not so fast, Juliet. You still haven't told me who it was.

ARRAN  
It was nobody. You don't know him.

FELICE  
Try me.

ARRAN  
OK. His name was...Charles. This financial clerk I met.

FELICE  
You're lying. I can tell when  
you're lying. Who was it?

ARRAN  
Nobody.

FELICE  
Why are you keeping this from me?  
Was is one of my old boyfriends or  
something?

ARRAN  
Can't we just forget about it?

FELICE  
No, now you've got me worried.  
You're keeping this from me.

ARRAN  
I'm not keeping it-

FELICE  
Then tell me!

ARRAN  
No!

FELICE  
Tell me or-

ARRAN  
Or what? You threatening me?

FELICE  
You bet I am. You're keeping this  
from me for a reason and I'm not  
going anywhere until...Lucas.

ARRAN  
Don't be ridiculous.

FELICE  
You balled my fiance.

ARRAN  
That's insane.

FELICE  
Admit it. You've been doing the  
funky watoosy WITH MY FIANCE!