

A MATTER OF INTERPRETATION

By Matthew Haldeman

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A MATTER OF INTERPRETATION

Short Plays for Children
(and their adults!)

by
Matt Haldeman

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INTRODUCTION

Growing up, I had two best friends: Matt Oestreicher and television. Now Matt was a great guy: he could hit a baseball a mile and he did this great impression of Smokey the Bear, so he was probably my favorite of the two. Next to him, though, television was my best friend.

However, my mom limited me to half an hour a day. And so it was accidentally, and without much expectation, that I stumbled on to reading. To my surprise, I loved it!

Reading opened my mind the way nothing else could, not even television. I read *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*, and got completely lost in the Land of Narnia. I took a ride on the Polar Express, inside the *Phantom Tollbooth*, and *Through the Looking Glass*. I laughed at the wild antics of Fudge in *Fudgemania*, and the even wilder antics of *Amelia Bedelia*.

I read everything I could get my hands on. And yet it wasn't until high school that I first picked up a play. Oh, I'd been to the theater before, but it had never crossed my mind that I could read a play and actually enjoy it. To this day, it amazes me how many hundreds of books I must have read before I stumbled across my true love of reading and writing plays.

And that, in a nutshell, is why I wrote this book. There are millions and millions of children who love to read and there is no shortage of fabulous fiction books, written by some of the best authors in the world. However, there IS a shortage of other types of books, at least for children. I know far too many adults who discovered their passions way too late in life. I know doctors who didn't begin reading medical books until college. I know athletes that didn't begin reading biographies and autobiographies of their sports heroes until high school. I know journalists: editors and reporters who never picked up a newspaper until they were teenagers.

And while I love novels, and I always will, I think it really is too bad that it took many of us so long to discover our true passions.

Maybe this will book inspire you to begin a lifetime of reading and writing plays. Or maybe reading this book will open you up to all different types of writing. Maybe it will convince you to get out of your chair and head down to your local library and check out something new.

And if that doesn't happen, then I hope this book makes you laugh so hard that milk squirts out your nose.

You are more than welcome to perform these plays, or to use the lessons learned to write your own. But don't feel you have to. Just because they're plays doesn't mean they have to be performed. You can enjoy them as you would any other type of writing.

That's enough for now. I'll let you get to the plays. If you're inspired to try your hand at writing, keep reading after the last play. I'll provide you with some tips that I've learned and then I'll give you details about how to contact me and where to send your work.

And don't say I didn't warn you about the milk...

Do Not Copy

BATHROOM HUMOR

by
Matt Haldeman

CHARACTERS

TOM	a regular kid
MATT	his friend
WAITRESS	a teenager, female
WAITRESS #2	could also be a man

SET: A table and two chairs.

RUNNING TIME: 10 – 12 minutes

PRODUCTION NOTES

OK, I know this isn't Shakespeare. I don't expect that in thirty years, a school teacher will be telling children that the two greatest plays of all time are *Romeo and Juliet* and *Bathroom Humor*. But no matter how many plays I write, it remains my favorite and I suspect it always will. I love how it starts with two guys in an understandable position (they are too embarrassed to ask how to spell *diarrhea*) and by the end they have made even bigger fools of themselves.

There are a couple of things you need to figure out before the performance. First, when does the Waitress enter and exit? In some productions, I've decided to keep her on stage at all times; it just makes it easier that way. Second, is Matt in on the joke, or just as clueless as Tom? In one interpretation, Matt honestly thinks the things he says and does are good ideas. In another, he knows how ridiculous he sounds and is just having a little fun. It's your decision.

Finally, you have to decide why the Waitress acts as she does. These guys are clearly being ridiculous. Why would she talk to them for so long? Why would she agree to go out with one of them? Is she too tired to tell them to go away? Is she amused by their antics? Does she overhear their supposedly private conversations?

I've tried to act in this play in as many productions as possible. I've played every part in the show, including the Waitress. The main thing to remember while performing is this: if you're having a good time, the audience will as well.

At Rise: A diner. Two men are seated by a small round table.

TOM: I think its D-I-A-R-A-H-

(WAITRESS brings silverware.)

MATT: Aren't there 2 R's?

TOM: I don't know.

MATT: It's definitely H-E-A...or H-I-A.

TOM: But you're sure there's a H?

MATT: I don't know.

TOM: Well there's no Y, I'm pretty sure of that. **(pause)** What's your best guess?

MATT: D-I-A-R-R-H-

TOM: Shhh! **(WAITRESS walks by.)** Look, let's just break it down. How many different ways are there to spell die?

MATT: D-I-E...or D-Y-E. Or just D-I.

TOM: And UH, is just A, right?

MATT: OK.

TOM: And RIA?

MATT: R-I-A or R-E-A.

TOM: And no H?

MATT: Well, I guess maybe after the-

WAITRESS: Your food will be up shortly. **(exits)**

TOM: Keep it down.

MATT: Why?

TOM: I don't want her to know what we're talking about, you know?

MATT: Why not?

TOM: It's embarrassing.

MATT: It's just a disease.

TOM: It's not a disease.

MATT: Well, what is it then?

TOM: It's a condition.

MATT: A condition?

TOM: One in five men, ages 10 to 65, has experienced some sort of intestinal problem at some point in the course of his life.

MATT: **(laughing)** You sound like a brochure. Wait a minute, you've got it.

TOM: Got what?

MATT: Diarr-

TOM: Shhh. **(pause)** That's ridiculous.

MATT: No, it's true, that's why you refuse to go on those hot air balloon rides, isn't it?

TOM: Don't be silly.

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MATT: You don't wear those adult diapers, do you?

TOM: Will you keep it down, she'll hear you.

MATT: So what if she does?

TOM: I don't want her to know what we're talking about. She'll think we're immature.

MATT: But we're discussing it.

TOM: That's different.

MATT: Why?

TOM: Because you're you.

MATT: So I am.

TOM: And she's –

MATT: Beautiful?

TOM: And sweet.

MATT: You like her.

TOM: I do not.

MATT: You do so. You can't lie to me. You like her and you have diarr-

TOM: Shhh! **(pause)** Why do you need to know anyway?

MATT: What?

TOM: I mean, why do you even care about the spelling?

MATT: It's for a crossword puzzle.

TOM: You're doing a crossword puzzle?

MATT: I always do them at lunch. I won't leave 'til I'm done.

TOM: How long does it take?

MATT: Put it this way: I'm usually home for dinner.

TOM: Are you kidding? I don't have time for this.

MATT: So you're leaving?

TOM: Yeah.

MATT: Have you forgotten it was my mom who drove us here?

TOM: So I'm stranded?

MATT: 'Til I'm done.

TOM: Well, can I give you a hand?

MATT: Excuse me?

TOM: Let me help you with the puzzle; maybe we'll finish sooner.

MATT: All right fine, here's the one I don't get. Seven down. It says "Excessive –owel movement."

TOM: Owl movement, like migration?

MATT: No. Excessive, blank -O-W-E-L movement. The one letter got cut off. I'm assuming it's a B.

TOM: You don't know for sure?

MATT: What else could it be?

TOM: I don't know, a T?

MATT: Excessive towel movement?

TOM: Yeah.

MATT: What's that?

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TOM: When you waive your towel too much? Maybe it's a V.

MATT: Excessive vowel movement?

TOM: (**counting on his fingers**) Wheel of Fortune. How many letters is that?

MATT: It's definitely a B.

TOM: It might not be.

MATT: Are you sure?

TOM: No.

MATT: Here, let's ask the waitress.

TOM: No, we can't tell her what we're doing.

MATT: Why not?

TOM: She'll think we're dorks.

MATT: Because we do crossword puzzles?

TOM: No, she'll think you're a dork because you do crossword puzzles. She'll think I'm a dork by association.

MATT: So we can't ask her to help us.

TOM: We can, she just can't know what we're doing.

MATT: How do we do that?

TOM: (**thinks**) If we need her help spelling something, we just get her to say whatever word we don't know. Then we say, 'What's that? I've never heard of that. Can you spell it so I can look it up later?'

MATT: Look it up later...that's brilliant.

TOM: What are the other ones you don't know?

MATT: Well, I don't know this one: an Italian dessert of lady fingers soaked in espresso.

TOM: Tiramisu.

MATT: What?

TOM: That's what it is.

MATT: How do you spell it?

TOM: I don't know.

MATT: Here, we'll ask the waitress. Excuse me, what desserts do you have?

WAITRESS: We have pecan pie and apple-

TOM: How about Italian desserts?

MATT: Yeah, Italian.

WAITRESS: Guys, this is a diner.

TOM: Made with espresso.

MATT: And ladies' toes.

TOM: Fingers.

MATT: That's what I meant.

WAITRESS: We just have pie.

TOM: Do you make any of them with espresso?

WAITRESS: Maybe you guys want a different restaurant.

MATT: Yeah, well we can't leave until I figure out how to spell-

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WAITRESS: You don't know how to spell?

TOM: No.

WAITRESS: At all?

MATT: I have a very rare psychological disorder that prevents me from spelling any word but my own name.

TOM: Look, you've got to know what we are talking about.

MATT: C'mon, espresso, lady fingers...

WAITRESS: Oh, I know, its, uh...tiramisu.

TOM: Yes, that's it.

WAITRESS: I guess you guys really like it, huh?

MATT: Like what?

WAITRESS: Tiramisu.

MATT: I've never heard of it, have you?

TOM: No, what's that?

WAITRESS: We were just talking about it, lady fingers, espresso-

TOM: Can you spell it?

WAITRESS: What?

MATT: That thing that we didn't know what it was.

TOM: Just so we can look it up later.

WAITRESS: But I just told you what it-

TOM: Please.

WAITRESS: T-I-R-A-M-I-S-U.

TOM: Thanks.

(WAITRESS starts to leave.)

MATT: By the way, we don't want any of it.

WAITRESS: We don't have any- OK, I'll cancel your order.

TOM: I think she digs me. **(pause)** Hey, are we done yet?

MATT: We're good to go. As soon as we find out how to spell you know what.

TOM: This won't take long. **(WAITRESS walks by.)** Excuse me, where's the men's room?

WAITRESS: Second door on the left.

TOM: **(gets up, then comes back)** Can I use it?

WAITRESS: Yeah, of course.

TOM: But what if I can't?

WAITRESS: Uh, I don't think I can help you there.

TOM: No, I mean I can, but what if I can't?

WAITRESS: What are you talking about?

TOM: What if someone's in there?

WAITRESS: Well, wait for him to come out.

TOM: Well maybe he's not coming out.

WAITRESS: Ever?

TOM: Not for a long time.

WAITRESS: Look, there's no one in there, I just saw someone leave.

TOM: There could be.

WAITRESS: There isn't.

TOM: But there could be.

WAITRESS: All right, there could be.

TOM: And then what would happen?

WAITRESS: You would use another bathroom?

TOM: No, I mean why would he be in there so long?

WAITRESS: Who's he?

TOM: The guy.

WAITRESS: Who could be in the bathroom?

TOM: Yeah.

WAITRESS: But isn't?

TOM: Right.

WAITRESS: I don't know, maybe he's sick.

TOM: He's not sick! He has a condition.

WAITRESS: What condition?

TOM: That's what I'm asking you.

WAITRESS: Is he claustrophobic?

TOM: No.

WAITRESS: Does he have excessive bowel movement?

TOM: Yes, thank you! Wait, come back.

(WAITRESS has already exited.)

MATT: Nice going.

TOM: Think you can do better?

MATT: I'm pretty sure I can.

TOM: You're not going to embarrass me, are you?

MATT: No.

TOM: I mean it; I think I've got a chance with this girl.

MATT: Don't worry about it.

TOM: Remember, don't let her know what we're doing.

MATT: I've got it under control. ***(calls the WAITRESS over)*** Excuse me.

My friend has diarrhea and he likes you.

WAITRESS: ***(confused)*** OK.

MATT: But we're not doing a crossword puzzle. We also made a bet that you couldn't pronounce the word diarrhea.

WAITRESS: Diarrhea.

MATT: What?

WAITRESS: There, I said it.

MATT: No, I'm on your side, he's the skeptic, tell it to him. (**WAITRESS opens her mouth.**) Actually he's deaf, could you just write it on a piece of paper?

WAITRESS: I know sign language; can I sign it to him?

MATT: NO!

WAITRESS: Why not?

MATT: He's blind.

WAITRESS: And deaf?

MATT: Blind and deaf.

WAITRESS: So you want me to write it on a piece of paper?

MATT: Yes.

WAITRESS: For your blind friend?

MATT: Yes. No! OK, he's not really blind.

WAITRESS: (**sarcastically**) Really?

MATT: But it is his birthday.

WAITRESS: Today?

MATT: Yeah, it's his twenty-fifth birthday.

WAITRESS: Happy Birthday.

TOM: Thanks. (**HE remembers HE's deaf**) Uh, what?

MATT: Listen, can you make him a cake?

WAITRESS: Sure.

MATT: Can you put his name on it?

WAITRESS: Yeah, what is it?

MATT: What's what?

WAITRESS: What's his name?

MATT: Oh, right, it's Diarrhea.

WAITRESS: Diarrhea?

MATT: Yeah, that's his name.

WAITRESS: Diarrhea?

MATT: Hey, I didn't name him.

WAITRESS: OK, how do you spell it?

MATT: How do you spell it?

WAITRESS: Yeah, for the cake.

MATT: Just spell it like you normally would.

WAITRESS: I've never met anyone with that name.

MATT: Spell it like the word.

WAITRESS: You mean, like the disease?

TOM: It's not a disease... it's a condition.

WAITRESS: OK, well how do you spell it?

MATT: You don't know?

WAITRESS: No.

MATT: Well, I'm not going to spell it.

WAITRESS: Why not?

MATT: It's embarrassing.

WAITRESS: But you've already said it.

MATT: That's different.

WAITRESS: Look, I can't help you.

(WAITRESS leaves. TOM gets up and approaches her.)

TOM: Look, I'm sorry about everything, but there's a perfectly simple explanation: we were doing a crossword puzzle.

WAITRESS: Oh, OK, that makes perfect sense.

TOM: No really, everything we did was to get answers for some stupid crossword puzzle.

WAITRESS: Why didn't you just ask me? I'm good at crossword puzzles. I could have helped you.

TOM: We didn't want you to think we were dorks.

WAITRESS: Because you were doing a crossword puzzle?

TOM: Right.

WAITRESS: Because people who do crossword puzzles are dorks?

TOM: Exactly. No, I mean, not dorks, just-

WAITRESS: You're not making much sense.

TOM: Anyway, I was wondering if now that you know, maybe you'd like to go out sometime.

WAITRESS: With you?

TOM: Yeah.

WAITRESS: You know, normally as a rule, I don't date blind, deaf guys with intestinal problems.

TOM: No, listen, everything we said, we made it up. It's all untrue.

WAITRESS: So you don't like me?

TOM: No, that part was true.

WAITRESS: And you don't have diarrhea?

TOM: Well, we didn't make everything up. But the point is: I'm not usually this weird.

WAITRESS: ***(motioning to MATT)*** And him?

TOM: No, he usually is. So what do you say, come out with me?

WAITRESS: I don't even know your name.

TOM: Tom. Diarrhea is my maiden name.

WAITRESS: We just met.

TOM: You're not going to turn me down on my birthday, are you?

WAITRESS: Will you wait until I finish cleaning up?

TOM: Can you give me a ride home?

WAITRESS: Sure, my mom works in the kitchen.

TOM: Certainly.

(WAITRESS exits.)

TOM: I'm out of here.

MATT: You're not going to stay and help?

TOM: You're on your own. I've got my own ride.

(TOM exits and a second waitress enters.)

WAITRESS 2: Are you finished, honey?

MATT: No, but I'm done eating.

WAITRESS 2: What's wrong?

MATT: I can't finish this crossword puzzle. I always finish them.

WAITRESS 2: Can I help?

MATT: Here, have a seat.

WAITRESS 2: Now what don't you know?

MATT: Well, I've got all the answers; I just don't know how to spell them.

WAITRESS 2: I'm afraid I'm not going to be much help. I have a rare disorder that prevents me from spelling anything but my own name.

MATT: Wow, I thought I made that up. What's your name?

WAITRESS 2: Diarrhea.

END OF PLAY

IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT ROOMMATE

by
Matt Haldeman

CHARACTERS

JOE a guy (or girl) looking for a roommate

KATE a girl

Guys looking for an apartment (can be played by male or female – refer to PRODUCTION NOTES):

MICHAEL

AARON

TREVOR

NICK

OSCAR

DAVE

BRIAN

RON

MANNY

MATT

BOB

ANDY

SET: 2 chairs

PROPS: A clipboard

RUNNING TIME: 8 – 10 minutes

PRODUCTION NOTES

This play is by far the most difficult to stage. That's because after the first potential roommate leaves, we enter the other interviews in the middle. Why did I do this? Well, there are thirteen different roommates. I didn't want the audience to have to sit through thirteen entrances and exits and thirteen versions of "Hello," "Nice to meet you," "What is your name?" etc.

So what do you do? There are thousands of ways to solve this problem. I'll give you a few that have been used in the past. I'm sure you can come up with even better solutions. That's part of the fun of directing a play.

You can have all thirteen roommates on the stage at one time, and have Joe move from one to the other. You may want to have some sort of signal, like a bell ringing, to let the audience know that Joe has moved on. You could even add a narrator, someone who says something like, "And Manny exits, and Joe begins a new interview."

My favorite option is to have all the roommates (except for the last one) played by the same guy. How do you distinguish between characters? Lots of ways. Perhaps the actor has twelve name tags, and every time he becomes someone new, he takes off an old name tag and puts on a new one. Perhaps he has small props: sunglasses, different hats, a fake mustache and he puts a different one on each time.

The important thing is to think of this obstacle as an opportunity to be creative, and not as an annoyance that gets in the way. I love being creative as a director and trying to think of new ways of performing a piece.

At Rise: Two chairs. Two men.

ONE

MICHAEL: Good morning.

JOE: Hello (**checks his clipboard**) Michael. Please have a seat.

MICHAEL: I've been here since three this morning. They're all lined up around the block. When we saw you were looking for a roommate, well, it was almost too good to be true. Hardwood floors, a skylight, satellite television, what more could you ask for?

JOE: I should warn you that I'm very picky. I'm looking for someone very specific.

MICHAEL: Fire away.

JOE: You're not messy, are you?

MICHAEL: I'm very neat.

JOE: Do you smoke? I can't stand smokers.

MICHAEL: I think it's disgusting.

JOE: I like to go to bed early. Are you going to be coming home at all hours of the night?

MICHAEL: Definitely not.

JOE: Loud music?

MICHAEL: Classical...and only on my headphones.

JOE: Do you sing in the shower?

MICHAEL: Never.

JOE: Do you shower?

MICHAEL: Yes, absolutely.

JOE: And you won't hog the bathroom?

MICHAEL: No.

JOE: Or the remote?

MICHAEL: I don't watch TV.

JOE: And what about pets?

MICHAEL: None.

JOE: No, I mean, do you mind them?

MICHAEL: Why, do you have any?

JOE: A few. **(pause)** I hope that isn't a problem.

TWO

JOE: **(checking his clipboard)** So, Aaron, before we go any further, I should warn you that I do have pets. I know that makes some people uncomfortable.

AARON: I guess I could handle a cat.

JOE: Or two?

AARON: Or two.

JOE: What about a dog?

AARON: Dogs are ok, I guess. Why, do you have a dog?

JOE: No. **(pause)** I have two.

AARON: Two dogs?

JOE: Is that a problem?

AARON: I don't know. Do they fight with the cats?

JOE: Sometimes.

AARON: Is it bad?

JOE: Sort of.

AARON: How bad is it?

JOE: They fight like, like, like...

AARON: Like cats and dogs?

JOE: Yeah. **(pause)** Is that going to be a problem?

THREE

JOE: **(checking his clipboard)** And Trevor, I just want to let you know that I have two dogs.

TREVOR: OK.

JOE: And a cat.

TREVOR: Just one?

JOE: Well, that depends.

TREVOR: On what?

JOE: Do you consider a tiger a cat?

TREVOR: Yes.

JOE: Oh. In that case I have three. **(pause)** Is that going to be a problem?

FOUR

NICK: You have a tiger?

JOE: Two.

NICK: Two! What do you need two tigers for?

JOE: Well, for protection of course.

NICK: Protection? Against what?

JOE: Against the gorilla. **(pause)** Did I mention I have a gorilla?

NICK: No.

JOE: Is that going to be a problem?

FIVE

OSCAR: You have a gorilla?

JOE: Is that a problem?

OSCAR: Don't gorillas have bad tempers?

JOE: Just don't interrupt him when he's watching *Tarzan*. And don't sleep in his bed.

OSCAR: Where does he sleep?

JOE: Anywhere he wants.

OSCAR: Is he housebroken?

JOE: Of course. He even gets me my paper in the morning.

OSCAR: Is he quiet?

JOE: Quiet as a mouse. **(pause)** Come to think of it, he's quieter than all my mice. You get twenty or more mice together and they'll keep you up half the night.

SIX

DAVE: Is he quiet?

JOE: Very.

DAVE: And gentle?

JOE: He wouldn't hurt a fly. **(pause)** And I would know; we have millions of 'em.

SEVEN

BRIAN: Is he quiet?

JOE: Very.

BRIAN: And gentle?

JOE: Oh, extremely. **(pause)** At least compared to the elephant.

BRIAN: You have an elephant?

JOE: Is that going to be a problem?

EIGHT

JOE: Did I mention **(checks his clipboard)** Ron, that I have an elephant?

RON: No, you didn't.

JOE: You'll love him. He'll give you rides to work. You'll save tons of money on gas.

RON: I don't know, it still seems kind of scary.

JOE: And he uses his trunk as a shower. You do shower, don't you?

RON: No.

JOE: Next!

NINE

JOE: So it's three cats, two dogs, a tiger, a gorilla and an elephant. Did I mention the crocodile?

MANNY: You just did.

JOE: Is that going to be a problem?

MANNY: I don't think so. I mean, it's not like they'll all be sleeping in my bed. **(pause)** Right? Right?

JOE: Is that going to be a problem?

TEN

JOE: So it's three cats, two dogs, a tiger, a gorilla, an elephant and a crocodile. Is that going to be a problem?

MATT: No, I love stuffed animals.

JOE: Next!

ELEVEN

JOE: So you don't mind all those animals?

BOB: I'll be fine.

JOE: You're not scared?

BOB: Nope.

JOE: At all?

BOB: Hey, that's why I brought my gun.

JOE: Next!

TWELVE

JOE: So you're sure you don't mind living with all these animals?

ANDY: It'll be an adventure.

JOE: That's what Richard said.

ANDY: Who's Richard?

JOE: My old roommate.

ANDY: Oh, did he move out?

JOE: Kind of.

ANDY: What do you mean, kind of?

JOE: He was eaten. *(pause)* Is that going to be a problem?

ANDY: Yeah, I'm out of here! *(as HE walks out, HE passes KATE who is walking in and HE speaks to her)* Good luck with all the animals!

KATE: Uh, OK. *(SHE sits down)* Hi, I'm Kate.

JOE: Tell me about yourself, Kate.

KATE: I love loud music, but I don't have headphones, so I usually just crank my music up real loud. I get in at all hours of the night, three or four in the morning sometimes, and I'll probably wake you up. Oh, and you should know that I smoke all the time. I mean it. All the time.

JOE: I doubt you mean all the time.

KATE: No, I do.

JOE: I'm sure you don't smoke in the shower.

KATE: See, I don't really believe in showers. I think my natural body odor is quite pleasing, actually. Oh, and let's see, I'm going to be throwing lots of parties and my boyfriend will be over all the time, and sometimes I break things. Is that going to be a problem?

JOE: I don't see why it would. Do you have any questions for me?

KATE: Just one. Do you have any pets?

JOE: None.

KATE: None at all?

JOE: Absolutely not. I'm not an animal person.

KATE: Really? From what that guy said...

JOE: Oh, well actually, I kind of lied to some of those guys who were looking at the place.

KATE: Some of them?

JOE: OK, all of them. See, the thing is, I really wanted to have a girl as my roommate.

KATE: Now, hold on a second, I already told you I have a boyfriend.

JOE: No, that's not what I mean at all. It's just that my last roommate was a woman, and well, we had a really nice time together. She would help me with things around the house, and sometimes make me dinner, and I really miss that.

KATE: That's sweet. What was her name?

JOE: Mom.

KATE: Mom?

JOE: Would you be willing to make blueberry pancakes for me in the morning and use whipped cream to make a smiley face?

KATE: No.

JOE: And when I'm sick, you could do the airplane noises with the spoon while you're feeding me, so that it doesn't taste so bad going down?

KATE: I don't think so.

JOE: And just before bed, you can tuck me in, and read me a story, maybe the one about trucks, because trucks are my favorite, and then you can get me a glass of water (**KATE gets up and begins walking away**) and kiss my forehead, and then, just before you turn out the light, you can... (**calling after her**) Hey, wait! Is that going to be a problem?

JOE: Next!

JOE: Next!

JOE: Hello?

JOE: Anyone?

JOE: I want my mommy!

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