

WINGMAN

Written by

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Cast of Characters

PRESTON, college student, over-sexed douchebag with a heart of gold. Maybe.

CHARLIE, his virgin roommate.

Production Notes

The "car" needs to have both a front and back seat. Do your best to keep it from looking cheesy.

Charlie uses deep breathing as an anti-panic technique. Feel free to let him take additional deep breaths as appropriate, though be mindful not to let them take up so much time that they kill the pacing.

Lights up. It's the wee hours of the morning on a suburban street. On the ground might be a streamer or beer can, some shred of evidence that a college party raged here earlier. PRESTON, perfect looking and he knows it, walks toward a car--perhaps a collection of chairs or couches--with CHARLIE, the guy who usually goes for the nearest wall and stays there until you pry him off it.

PRESTON

And the shy, sensitive guy finally gets the girl. Straight out of a fucking John Hughes movie.

(Beat.)

You should get down on your knees and thank God I'm your wingman.

CHARLIE

Her hair smelled so good. There's like these floral notes.

PRESTON

Did you just say "floral notes"?

CHARLIE

Her hair smelled like flowers.

They reach the car.

PRESTON

Her pussy smelled like flowers?

CHARLIE

You are so gross.

PRESTON

What? I like when a girl shampoos the rug. Mountain spring, *floral notes*, cream of weed--whatever. Just make sure that bad boy is clean enough to eat off.

CHARLIE

Preston!

PRESTON

Seriously. You remember that klepto I banged a couple times last year?

CHARLIE

No.

PRESTON

Me neither, but she'd shove like a whole fuckin' case of breath mints in her muff. Smelled amazing.

Preston fumbles for his keys.

CHARLIE

I should drive.

PRESTON

Chill--I'm sober as fuck.

Charlie holds out his hand for the keys.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Seriously. I had a wine cooler.

CHARLIE

I saw you do at least three shots.

Preston tries to hold out, but Charlie has him busted.

PRESTON

I didn't say I *only* had a wine cooler...

Beat. Preston surrenders the keys. Charlie gets into the driver's seat. Preston hesitates, then gets in on the passenger side.

CHARLIE

Put your seatbelt on.

PRESTON

Dude, you just got laid for the first time in recorded history. So stop acting like you have a dick in your ass.

Silence. Charlie takes multiple, overly audible deep breaths in an effort to calm himself down.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

(Thinking he gets it:)

Oh shit. She blue-balled you. That fuckin' tease.

Charlie tries to reach across and help Preston with his seatbelt, but Preston isn't having it.

CHARLIE

Fine. Get thrown through the windshield and die if you want.

PRESTON

Oh...oh shit. Did Charlie's little rocket explode on impact, or did it not launch at all?

CHARLIE

Fuck you, Preston.

Silence. Charlie takes his deep breaths again.

PRESTON

(Finally gets it:)

Shit. You totally wussed out.

CHARLIE

Can't a guy and a girl have a conversation fir-

PRESTON

Holy fucking shit. I tee up the hottest ass in Omega Psi on a silver platter and you have a conver-

CHARLIE

I'm sorry I'm not you. Will you just put your seatbelt on so we can go?

PRESTON

Stop acting so butthurt. I could've fucked like three girls tonight--wait four--forgot that girl making fuck-eyes at me at the top of the stairs--but all I got was blown in the bathroom by some chick who'd be a six on a good day because I was on a mission to help my roommate finally lose the V card. But am I angry about that? No, because I care about your happiness.

(Beat.)

Let's see some happiness.

Charlie isn't mustering up much happiness. Preston starts poking at him and then graduates to play slapping him using Charlie's own hands, almost like a grade school bully.

PRESTON

Let's see it. Let's see. C'mon, Charlie, where's Mr. Happy?

Charlie finally has enough and pushes him away.

CHARLIE

Get off.

Beat. Preston turns around in his seat and starts rummaging through the junk in the back seat of the car.

CHARLIE

Let's just go.

PRESTON

Fine--go.

CHARLIE

I can't if you're all turned around and--

PRESTON

(Thrusting a pair of panties into Charlie's hands:)

Hold this.

CHARLIE

Dude.

PRESTON

They're not gonna kill you.

Charlie flings the panties back into the back seat.

CHARLIE

Come on. It's late--

PRESTON

(Grabbing hold of a large "calendar":)

Victory!

CHARLIE

Is that--

Preston unfurls what looks like a calendar. As he talks, he flips through the pages, only instead of animals or swimsuit models, each page has a giant heading: FUCKED, BLEW ME, HAND JOB, ATE OUT.

CHARLIE

You brought it with you?

Preston adds a notch under BLEW ME.

PRESTON

I might forget by the time I get home.

Preston pauses, trying to remember something. He notches one under HAND JOB as well.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

See? I almost forgot that preppy goth chick jerked me off behind the fake tree. I think it's 'cause subliminy--subliminal-

(Takes a breath and sounding it out:)

sub-li-mi-nall-y--I feel weird counting it if I don't cum.

(Beat.)

I'm just saying if you want it, you gotta go for it, or you're always gonna be *that guy*.

Silence from Charlie, who goes back to his deep breaths.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Does that really do anything?

Charlie shrugs.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

We should go. I need a shower. Blow job girl had this weird acid reflux, and I think she got some of it on my-

Charlie kisses Preston on the lips.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

(More surprised than anything else:)

What the fuck?!

CHARLIE

You said go for it.

PRESTON

Holy fucking shit.

CHARLIE

And you're right, so I'm tryin-

PRESTON

I didn't mean go for me!

CHARLIE

But-

PRESTON

I'm your fucking roommate!

Charlie's resolve collapses.

CHARLIE

(Panicking and getting out of  
the car:)

Shit!

Charlie plunges back into deep  
breathing with desperate abandon.  
Preston gets out of the car and  
follows him as he speaks:

PRESTON

Unfuckingbelievable. Guaranteed some creeper is recording  
this from his window.

CHARLIE

Sorry. I'm-

PRESTON

(Pointing toward an offstage  
house:)

Probably that house right there.

(Beat. To the guy he believes  
is watching:)

I see you, you fuckin' perv!

(Back to Charlie:)

This all makes sense now.

CHARLIE

Preston, I-

PRESTON

Three fuckin' years--how did I not see this coming?

(Beat.)

You're gonna bone me in my sleep. That's your master plan--  
isn't it?