

The Crush

by Curtis Chang

Chris, Luke, Margaret are sitting studying for a test. Suddenly, Chris slams his book shut and flings it to the side.

Luke: Whoa, big guy, what's the problem?

Chris: I am so sick and tired of this. I can't take it. I can't take it anymore.

Margaret: Take what? What's wrong.

Chris: This. I can't take anymore of this. (pointing to books). I'm so tired of studying for this mid term.

Luke: Hey, man. Maybe you should just take a study break. I'm feeling in the mood for a little fried chicken fingers action myself...

Chris: Why? So we can just get back to this in another hour. So I can memorize some more cell biology. RNA, ATGC, I mean, what's the point? I don't care about any of this. I'm bored stiff by this stuff.

Margaret: Hey, Chris. Take it easy. All you need to do is make it thru this exam and you've got the weekend ahead of you.

Chris: Oh, yeah, the weekend. That really changes things. That's really an exciting prospect. More time to sit around and do nothing. There's nothing to do on this campus. And this weekend, there's not even March Madness.

Luke: Oh come on, there's stuff to do, Chris.

Margaret: Yeah, there stuff you could do.

Chris: Name one.

Luke: Well... I keep telling you, you could come with us to the Spring Formal.

Margaret: Yeah, it's going to be fun, Chris. You should come.

Chris: Hah, hah. I'm not going to the Spring Formal.

Margaret: Why not?

Luke: Yeah, why not?

Chris: Very funny. There's no body that I want to go with.

Luke and Margaret exchange glances. Margaret nods and cocks head, as if to encourage Luke to "go ahead."

Chris: What? What?

Luke: Well... you could just come with us. We're not just going as a couple. We're going to go with a group of other people. It'll be fun.

Chris: Hah, hah. You couples, you drive me crazy. "Oh, yeah, just come, it doesn't matter, we'll be a big group." And then everybody pairs off with who they're interested in and I'm left standing by the punch bowl by myself.

Luke and Margaret again exchange glances. Luke shrugs his shoulder, as if to signal "Look, I tried!"

Margaret: Well... maybe...there might be someone in the group who you'll hit it off with.

Luke: Oh, forget about it, Margaret, you're just going to set him off..

Chris: (Hits Luke) Hey, shut up, Luke, what do you mean set me off? And Margaret, what do you mean there might be someone I might hit it off with. I've told, Luke, there's no one I'm interested in. There hasn't been anyone I've been interested in, let's see, (counting fingers) in eighteen months. Oh, God, has it been that long. This is why I'm so bored. There's just no spark with anyone. I haven't felt really attracted to anyone in so long, I've forgotten what it's like. I'm, like, dead inside.

During this monologue, Chris is getting self absorbed and dramatic. Luke is mimicing him behind his back.

Margaret: So, there's no one you're interested in? At all?

Chris: Zippo.

Margaret: No one even remotely. Like no one in any of your classes?

Luke: Give it up Margaret, you heard him.

Margaret: So, like no one in any of your classes has even made you go, like, "Huh."

Chris: Nada.

Margaret: In none of your classes. Even classes where you get to meet girls. Like even your aerobics class... for example.

Chris: Zero. I told you. What are you getting at?

Margaret: Oh, nothing. I'm just trying to make sure.

Luke is sort of giggling at this point.

Chris: Is there something I should know?

Luke: No, forget about it, Chris. Hey, what do you say we do a chicken fingers run. I'm getting hungry.

Chris: Wait a minute. What, what are you saying, Margaret?

Margaret: Nothing, never mind. You've said you haven't ever been remotely attracted to anyone. That's fine. Let's go. I'm hungry also. Who's still got points left.

Chris: Wait, wait, wait, hold on a minute. There's something you guys aren't telling me.

Margaret: No, it's not important. Let's go. Luke, do you have your car or should we walk.

Chris: No, no, no. Hold on! What, what about my aerobics class?

Margaret and Luke pause and look each other. Luke signals, "Fine, go ahead."

Margaret: Well, I happen to know there's someone who just might be interested in you from your aerobics class who is also going to be part of the group going to the Spring Formal. That's all.

Luke: OK, buddy, you happy? You're a stud, you turn women on in your tiny shorts. Let's go, I'm getting hungry.

Chris: Well, who is it????

Margaret: I'm not going to tell you. You said you're not interested.

Chris: Well, no.... I mean, yeah... but that's... you know... who is it????

Margaret: I'm not going to tell you. She's my friend and I'm not going to tell you if you're not interested.

Chris: Wait, so she's a friend of yours. Uh, let's see, who do you know in that class. It's not, oh, shoot what's her name. Brown hair, always wears her hair in a pony tail... man what's her name.

Luke: Come on, already, can we talk about this over chicken fingers?

Chris: Margaret, who is it? You can't just tell me someone's interested in me and not say who it is!

Margaret: What do you care? You said you're not interested. Let's go.

Margaret and Luke pick up their stuff. Chris follows.

Chris: Yeah, but... Come on, how about just a clue? Luke, do you know? Hey, help me out here. Is she cute? What's she like? Wait, she doesn't wear blue leggings, does she?

THE END