RACHAEL walks on backing up from a different direction as PAUL walks on carrying the cooler. He is backing on from a different direction looking off in the other direction. We hear STEVE from offstage with another Tarzan yell. They bump into each other. PAUL sets the cooler down.

RACHAEL & PAUL

Ahhhh.

RACHAEL

You scared me!

PAUL

Sorry, you scared me, too. Did you hear that?

RACHAEL

Yes! *(Pointing in the opposite direction.)* I thought it came from that direction.

PAUL

Is that a coyote or a bear?

RACHAEL

It sounded more like a baboon howling.

PAUL

These woods are crazy. It's like you can't pin down where a sound comes from. I haven't seen anyone since we left the bar. Maybe we should build a fire to signal the others. It would also keep away whatever animal made that awful noise.

RACHAEL

Good idea.

PAUL

Help me gather some sticks.

RACHAEL

Oh, no! I've already almost stepped on a snake. I am not picking up anything. I'm just going to step over here where its safe.

PAUL

No worries.

RACHAEL steps away to what she thinks is a safe spot and in the process an insect lands on her that suddenly emits a loud buzzing sound. RACHAEL, starts to trying to bat it off twisting and turning and waving her arms.

RACHAEL

Get it off me! Get it off me!

PAUL

What is it? What is it?

RACHAEL

I don't know but get it off me!

PAUL

Hold still. Hold still. (He *removes a cicada from her back.)* There it's gone. It was just a cicada.

RACHAEL

Snakes, giant bugs, ticks and mosquitos! Why do people think going into woods is fun?

PAUL puts his arms around RACHAEL.

PAUL

It's okay. Everything is fine.

RACHAEL

I'm just a little bit frustrated right now. *(She looks up at him, and he kisses her. She is surprised but regains her composure.)* I wasn't expecting that.

PAUL

I hope that was okay. I've wanted to do that since I first met you.

RACHAEL

(Trying to change the subject.) I'm sorry I lost my cool over a little bug.

PAUL

I'm not. It gave me the chance to be a hero.

RACHAEL

You probably think I'm one of those girls who faints at the sight of a spider. Well, I don't.

PAUL

Good. Because you've got a big one on your shoulder.

RACHAEL

(She whirls around.) What!

PAUL

(Brushes it off of her.) Just a Daddy Long Legs. It's gone.

RACHAEL

I hate this place!

RACHAEL takes in a long deep breath and lets it out, calming herself. PAUL looks at RACHAEL for a long moment.

RACHAEL

What? What is it?

PAUL

Sorry, it's just that you look so beautiful in the moonlight.

RACHAEL

Thanks. I think.

PAUL

Don't think I'm creepy, but I've watched you this past year. Your favorite color is blue. You like pizza, but don't like pasta. You always speak up when you see injustice. *(Rachael starts twirling her hair with her finger.)* And you always twirl your hair when you're nervous.

RACHAEL

(Kindly)

(Stops twirling her hair.) That's a little intimidating. Why didn't you say something before this? I saw you every morning when we checked in at the Rec Office and you never said a word.

PAUL

There was never a time when it was just the two of us. You always had guys around you who were more athletic and better looking than me.

RACHAEL

Well, it isn't creepy, but it's a little odd. However, I noticed some things about you, too.

PAUL

Yeah?

RACHAEL

I will say you were very organized each morning.

PAUL

I know I'm weird. I like order and lists.

RACHAEL

Being organized is a really good skill.

PAUL

Thanks.

RACHAEL

So why did you wait until tonight?

PAUL

When I heard about tonight, it felt like destiny. I was hoping to get a chance to talk to you. I'm confident when I'm working with numbers. I'm not so good with people. *(Looks around at the woods.)* Do you feel it? There's something strange about the woods tonight. *(Takes a deep breath.)* It gives a shy guy like me the courage to say the things I always wanted to. I have a secret,

RACHAEL

(Unsure.) You do?

PAUL

I have an alter ego.

RACHAEL

An alter what?

PAUL

Ego.

PAUL unbuttons his shirt to reveal a Superman T-shirt underneath.

RACHAEL

Superman?

PAUL

Yeah. Superman. That's my alter ego.

RACHAEL
(Backs away a little.) Wow. I ahhh....don't know what to say.

PAUL
Too much information. My downfall. *(Starts re-buttoning his shirt.)*

RACHAEL
No. Not at all. *(Remembering the bet.)* Hey, why don't you take the rest of your clothes off... I mean so I can see your superman alter ego better.

PAUL
Well, I'm not wearing the tights or the cape. That'd be silly.

RACHAEL
But, I'll bet the shorts match, don't they?

PAUL shyly nods his head, yes.

RACHAEL
C'mon, you can show me.

PAUL

You won't laugh?

RACHAEL
No. In fact, I think its kind of sexy.

PAUL
You do? *(Starts to strip off his clothes.)* You know, I keep a journal of all of my thoughts so that I can categorize them into provable and non-provable theorems.

RACHAEL
That sounds...great. Here let me hold those for you.

RACHAEL collects Paul's clothing.

PAUL
(Getting excited about sharing his theory.) Yes. In fact if you put the events of tonight into an equation you and I are the x and y factors and the full moon can be a quotient that can be added into the sum when divided by the number of days we have known each other. *(Finishes taking off his outer clothes.)* I feel like Clark Kent during the day, but underneath *(He whips off his glasses and assumes a Superman pose and voice.)* I'm Superman.

RACHAEL

It's not all that strange....

PAUL

You don't think it's weird?

RACHAEL

Here, *(reaches for his glasses)* I'll hold those for you.

RACHEL takes his glasses and begins to take the last of his clothes. He is wearing a pair of Superman underwear..

PAUL

(Superman voice.) So what do you think?

RACHAEL

(Doesn't know what to say.) You wear this under your clothes all the time?

PAUL

(In a Superman voice.) Oh, no. That would be weird. I'm not weird. I only wear this when I really need a confidence boost, like tonight when I wanted to talk to you. *(Suddenly self conscious.)* Maybe I should get dressed.

RACHAEL

No! I mean I think you look great! I think you should just let your secret identity out for tonight.

PAUL

You do?

RACHAEL

Yes. I'll just hang your clothes right over there. *(Indicates a spot offstage.)*

PAUL

Thanks!

RACHAEL

You wait right here. I'll be right back.

PAUL

(Not sure.) I don't know. Being alone in the woods in my underwear? What if the others come along. They might not understand.

RACHAEL
Oh, sure they will. They'll be impressed.

PAUL
You think so?

RACHAEL
Stay there. I'll be right back.

PAUL
Right back?

RACHAEL
Yes. I'll be right back.

RACHAEL exits with PAUL'S clothing.

PAUL
(He calls after her.) Hey, Rachael, come back. I need to keep my glasses. I can't really see without them. *(No response.)* Rachael?

We hear STEVE doing his Tarzan yell.

PAUL
(Looks around.) Rachael? *(Starts to walk. Assumes Superman voice and pose hands on hips.)* Don't run, don't run, don't run.

We hear branches crashing like something nearby is breaking tree branches and then a loud thump.

PAUL
To hell with that!

PAUL takes off running. STEVE enters wearing a loin cloth tunic made out of ivy leaves and vines that looks like Tarzan.

STEVE
Oww, oww, oww. *(Groaning in pain.)* Okay, no more swinging on vines.