CHRISTOPHER walks on but doesn't see CHRIS.

CHRISTOPHER
Steve? Rachael? Emily?

CHRISTOPHER exits.

CHRIS
Holy shit! Was that me?

Walks over to where CHRISTOPHER exited and follows him off. After a moment, JOAN, RACHAEL and EMILY enter. The blanket gets spread out. The lawn chair gets set up.

RACHAEL
So, what kind of spot are we looking for?

JOAN
Something with private spaces nearby.

EMILY
If you want to do "private" things then maybe you should go find your own picnic spot.

JOAN
Says the voice of experience.

EMILY
I haven't heard anyone singing your saintly praises.

JOAN
Can't a girl just have a little fun?

EMILY
I'm all about that.

RACHAEL
Are you really planning to do something tonight?

JOAN
I sure hope so.

RACHAEL
Out here in the woods with everyone around?

EMILY
Why not? It's not like the guys aren't interested in us.

JOAN
I have my sights set on Steve. How about you two?

RACHAEL
I... kind of like...Christopher.

EMILY
Really? I know Paul likes you. I thought you guys were a good match.

RACHAEL
What makes you say that?

EMILY
The way he looks at you.

RACHAEL
Yeah, but to be a match, I have to look back at him. Christopher is more my style.

EMILY
I like Christopher, too.

JOAN
Uh oh! Looks like someone is going home unhappy.

EMILY
Well, it won't be me.

RACHAEL
Or me. I can spark his interest.

EMILY
(*Laughs sarcastically.*) "Spark his interest?" Yeah, right, Goodie Two Shoes

RACHAEL
I am not! Joan, tell her.

JOAN
I'm sorry Rachael, but Emily's right.

RACHAEL
I bet I could get a guy out of his clothes faster than either one of you.

JOAN
You're on! I bet a bottle of wine I can get Steve all worked up before either of you.

EMILY
You both are all talk. You've been flirting all summer and this is the first opportunity to get them alone outside of work.

JOAN
You've haven't been alone with them either. I've seen the way you look at Christopher.

EMILY
I wouldn't mind spending more time with him, but I've got bigger plans.

JOAN
You're just afraid to take my bet!

EMILY
(Laughs.) Okay, what the hell. What's one night. I'll take that bet. Winner gets a bottle of the alcohol of their choice?

RACHAEL
Whoa! I'm not sleeping with anybody for a bottle of booze.

JOAN
Rachael's right. Let's say you have to get a guy naked. An extra bottle if you can do it without taking off any of your own clothes.

RACHAEL
How do you prove that?

JOAN
First one back here with a clothing trophy wins. And it can't be a sock or a shoe!

RACHAEL
You're saying we talk them out of their pants?

EMILY
That's exactly it. First one back here with someone's pants wins.

RACHAEL
I don't know. How do you do that?

EMILY
Do we have a bet? Or are you gonna wuss out, Little Miss Priss?

RACHAEL
I'm not a prude!

JOAN
Bet?

RACHAEL
I am not a prude! Oh, all right! Bet.

RACHAEL grabs the basket of food.

JOAN
We need to split up. I'm looking forward to my bottle of vodka! Or two!

RACHAEL
My bottle of wine is very expensive!

EMILY
Don't count your grapes before they're smashed.

RACHAEL, JOAN, and Emily go off in different directions. STEVE enters. He is clearly lost.

STEVE
Where the hell did everyone go? *(Turns around and tries to get his bearings.)* Let's see *(Points.)* The lake is that way. *(Looks the other way.)* No, maybe that way. *(Looks the other way.)* Or is it that way? *(Looks up at the sky.)* Maybe if I can find the north star that will tell. *(Searches for a moment as CHRIS walks on unseen.)* Nope, they all look the same to me. Dammit.

STEVEN exits.

CHRIS
(To himself.) Steve?

EMILY enters from a different direction.

EMILY
(Blinking and rubbing her eye.) Damnit.

EMILY takes a small mirror out of her pocket to check her eye. CHRIS is dumbfounded.