

The Exotic Flavors of Bradley Copperfield

a Play in Two Acts by

Jon Christie

Jon Christie  
18354 Collins St. #F  
Tarzana, CA 91356  
972-415-7274  
jonmichael613@gmail.com

GRANDPA

It all started when I was twenty-five. I was young, attractive, had a good job in marketing, I had it all. Well, except common sense. I was hanging out at a bar one Friday night and my buddy Zane was doing what he did best: talking out of his ass.

Lights shift from the present to the past. Bradley lines up his break as Zane speaks. 1980's rock music plays in the background.

ZANE

I'm tellin' you man, two words: role playing. There's just nothin' like havin' sex with a hot girl pretending she's a different hot girl. It's like I'm havin' sex with two hot girls at once! I mean, when she turned into that nurse and pulled out her stethoscope-

Bradley breaks, billiard balls crackle on the table.

BRADLEY

I know, I know, that's when the magic happened.

ZANE

You know it! Haha! It was so totally rad! You know, I think I was in heaven. Yeah like a crazy, hot, awesome sex heaven.

BRADLEY

Alright mister sex heaven, it's your shot.

ZANE

Hey, no need to get all sassy with me just because you suck at pool.

BRADLEY

I hate breaking. I never have any luck on my breaks.

Zane quickly finds his shot and aims.

ZANE

Bradley, Bradley, Bradley... It's not whether you make or miss, but how you use your stick.

Zane sinks the shot.

BRADLEY

Very profound.

Zane scopes out the pool table.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

So was "hot nurse" better than the girl you slept with last week?

ZANE

Who Angie? No. But you can't really compare the two. I mean Angie was a gymnast. She was flexible.

(Zane takes his shot, and  
makes it.)

Ooo! So flexible!

BRADLEY

But of course Angie was nothing compared to, oh what was the name of that circus performer? Cherise?

ZANE

It was Chantelle, and don't think I can't read all the sarcasm you're throwin' at me. It's not like you're this sympathetic saint of a gentleman. You're just as hard up as me.

Zane takes his shot, but  
misses. Enter Kate  
Overland. She is dressed  
for business - suit pants,  
blazer, and a dark colored  
top.

BRADLEY

Zane I don't think a Dalmatian in heat is as hard up as you.

KATE

Who's a Dalmatian in heat?

BRADLEY

Well that's a bit of a rhetorical question, isn't it?

KATE

Oh yeah right. It's both of you.

ZANE

Ha ha! See?

BRADLEY

Yeah yeah. How was the office Kate?

KATE

Thrilling. Eight hours of sucking up to bitchy clients is enough to make any girl need a drink. You boys need anything from the bar?

BRADLEY

No thanks, I'm good.

ZANE

Oh he wants something from the bar, it's just not alcohol.

KATE  
(A little confused.)

Okay.

She makes her way to the  
bar.

BRADLEY  
What are you talking about?

ZANE  
You think I haven't noticed what's been goin' on with you tonight?

BRADLEY  
Zane, if this is about you getting mixed signals from me, I have to say right now that this can never be more than a platonic relationship.

ZANE  
You have been sneaking peeks at that bartender all night.

Beat.

BRADLEY  
I think it's your shot there Zane.

ZANE  
Actually it's yours. When are you gonna make your move?

BRADLEY  
I'm gonna make it. I'm just waiting for my opening.

ZANE  
You know what kind of guys wait for openings? Virgins. Guys like us create our own openings.

BRADLEY  
Hey, you have your way, I have mine.

Kate returns with a drink.

ZANE  
Your way takes too long. I mean look, how many lions do you see lurking in the bushes for hours of the day before they finally pounce on their prey?

BRADLEY  
Quite a few of them actually.

ZANE  
Uh no, they only wait long enough to find out which part they want to devour first.

BRADLEY  
I don't think you know anything about lions Zane.

KATE

Why are we talking about safari animals?

ZANE

Sometimes it's the legs, sometimes it's the back, but most of the time it's their giant, meaty, fleshy chest. Mmm the chest... So juicy and tantalizing and big! The lion will leap out like lightning and bolt for the hottest gazelle on the prairie.

BRADLEY

Actually, lions will usually try to pick off the weaker-

ZANE

He'll run faster and faster, knowing that with each stride he gets that much closer to his prize. The gazelle takes a brief moment to glance back mid-stride, almost as if she wants to be caught. Until finally it's over! The lion latches on to her hide, digging his claws into her soft, velvet skin. He wrestles her violently to the ground. She flips over, stares into the face of her captor, and-

BRADLEY

And that's when the magic happens. You know there's no point in listening to your stories, they always end the same.

KATE

Your endings always leave me wanting more.

ZANE

The point, dear Bradley, is you're scared to ask her out.

BRADLEY

What? No, I'm not scared.

ZANE

Scared shitless.

BRADLEY

No I'm-

ZANE

Shitless.

BRADLEY

Kate, you don't think I'm-

KATE

Little bit.

ZANE

Women can smell the insecurity man. And it reeks.

BRADLEY

Alright then. I'll prove I'm not scared. I'm going to ask her out right now.

So then do it. ZANE

I will. BRADLEY

Okay then. ZANE

Okay then. BRADLEY

Bradley crosses to the bar where the barista is polishing glasses. Kate joins Zane at the pool table and drinks her beer as the two settle in to watch the show. Bradley leans over the counter, summoning up courage and masculinity. He looks at the barista, who returns the glance, and nods.

'Sup? BRADLEY

The bar scene freezes.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Whoa whoa whoa, wait a minute. I thought you said guys back then had to work harder to pick up women?

GRANDPA  
Well yeah, but I never said I was one of them. Now don't interrupt me.

(Beat.)  
Where was I?

You just said- JAKE

Bar scene resumes.

'Sup? BRADLEY

Can I get you anything? BARISTA

BRADLEY  
Yes I would like a rum and coke and your phone number.

BARISTA

How about I get you two out of three.

She stoops down under the bar to get the liquor. Bradley looks back at his friends, who are doing their best to keep a straight face. The barista stands up with a glass and bottle. She pours the drink and slides it to Bradley. She then pulls a slip of paper out of her top and hands it to Bradley.

BARISTA

We're out of coke.

BRADLEY

Nice trick.

He takes the slip of paper, and then takes a sip of the rum.

BARISTA

I see you in here every Friday night. Was wondering how long it'd take before you finally asked for my number.

BRADLEY

Would I be pressing my luck if I asked for your name?

Bar scene freezes.

GRANDPA

Now since my mind isn't what it used to be, and I'm naturally awful at remembering names anyway, for the sake of the story we'll just call her... Strawberry.

JAKE

Strawberry?

Bar scene resumes.

BARISTA

Strawberry.

BRADLEY

It's nice to meet you Strawberry.  
(He extends his hand.)

I'm-

Strawberry takes his hand and shakes.

STRAWBERRY

Bradley. I know.

BRADLEY

Either you're stalking me or I've had one too many rums with no coke.

STRAWBERRY

Like I said, I see you here every Friday night. Your friend has already told me so much about you. Do you really work with terminally ill blind orphans?

Bradley looks at Zane who  
raises his drink to him.  
Kate rolls her eyes.

GRANDPA

People can say what they want about Zane, but there's not a better wingman that ever walked this earth. He could have set me up with Morgan Fairchild given the opportunity.

BRADLEY

What can I say? Those orphans bring a smile to my face every day. They have such courage.

STRAWBERRY

(Impressed.)

Wow.

JAKE

Wow Grandpa, you're full of crap.

GRANDPA

Hey! I eventually told her the truth, but I was trying to score here! Cut me some slack!

BRADLEY

Maybe I can call you sometime and we can talk more about it.

STRAWBERRY

I'd like that.

BRADLEY

Great. I'll call you.

STRAWBERRY

You'd better.

Strawberry exits to the  
back room of the bar.  
Bradley returns to the  
pool table with a hint of  
swagger.



BRADLEY

Ladies and gentlemen, the lion has landed its kill.

ZANE

Haha! Atta boy!

KATE

Careful Bradley, some venison carry diseases.

BRADLEY

Easy there Peaches. Green does not become you.

KATE

Please, the day I get jealous over one of your one night stands is the day Zane lets a doctor give him an X-ray.

ZANE

No way man! Those X-ray machines are the devil.

(To himself.)

No one's gonna see *my* insides.

BRADLEY

Whatever you say. C'mon Zane, let's start a new game. I'll rack, you break.

ZANE

How about Kate racks, and then I rack her rack, and then I break.

KATE

How about Brad racks, I break, and you go chalk your stick.

ZANE

You're fun. I like you.

The three hover over the  
pool table as the bar fades  
out and focus returns to  
the living room.

SCENE ONE

JAKE

This is a great story and all Grandpa, but so far all I've learned is that you're a hypocritical liar and your best friend is a weirdo perv.

GRANDPA

That is grossly untrue.

(Beat.)

I never said he was my *best* friend.

JAKE

Grandpa what does this have to do with me and Jessica?

GRANDPA

Hold on, I'm getting to it.

Strawberry enters into the dining room, followed by Bradley. Strawberry now wears a stunning red dress. A WAITRESS enters soon after, hands them a couple of menus, and exits.

GRANDPA

Remember how I said each of my flavors possessed a fatal flaw? Well Strawberry's first manifested itself on our third date. We dined at Perry Street and hit it off really well, discovered things in common, laughed at each other's jokes, you know how it goes. But that third date showed me that this relationship wasn't going to last... There was just something about her I couldn't get past.

Focus shifts to the couple in the dining room. Strawberry is laughing.

BRADLEY

Okay okay, it's your turn.

STRAWBERRY

Oh no, I don't have any embarrassing childhood stories.

BRADLEY

I find that hard to believe.

STRAWBERRY

I'm serious.

BRADLEY

You grew up with five brothers, there has got be a story in there somewhere.

STRAWBERRY

Well, there was this one time.

BRADLEY

I knew it.

STRAWBERRY

I was ten and my family had just moved into the area. We were still unpacking and trying to find furniture and stuff, so for the first few days all the kids slept on the floor in the living room. Well I always wished I had sisters instead of brothers, so one night I stole my mom's lipstick and smeared it all over my brothers' faces.

(MORE)

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)

(Bradley laughs.)

It gets better. When they woke up they all thought one of the others had done it. They wrestled each other for hours before they found out it was me.

BRADLEY

So that's what broke up the Jackson Five.

Strawberry laughs heavily.

STRAWBERRY

That is so funny! You are so funny Bradley.

JAKE

Okay so her fatal flaw is that she laughs at your bad jokes?

GRANDPA

No, and I happen to be very funny. You just don't get it because you're too young to remember the Jackson Five.

JAKE

No I know the Jackson Five.

(Beat.)

Still not funny.

GRANDPA

Just let me finish.

BRADLEY

Do you know what you want?

STRAWBERRY

No. I just know I don't want anything with onions.

BRADLEY

(With peeking interest.)

You don't like onions?

STRAWBERRY

Oh no, never have.

BRADLEY

I hate them too!

STRAWBERRY

Really?

BRADLEY

Yes really, ever since I was little. Whenever I got in trouble, my mom would sit me down in the kitchen and make me peel onions till I cried.

STRAWBERRY

(Shocked.)  
That's horrible!

BRADLEY

Yeah, me and the onion have never gotten along.

A waitress wearing a blue  
uniform approaches the  
couple.

WAITRESS

Are we ready to order?

STRAWBERRY

Oh gosh I don't know. Do you want to go first?

BRADLEY

Sure, I think I'm going to have the roasted chicken with the scotch  
bonnet sauce.

WAITRESS

Okay.

STRAWBERRY

Ooo that sounds good. I think I'll have that too.

WAITRESS

Alright, two roasted chicken entrees. Can I get you anything else?

BRADLEY

Yeah on that roasted chicken, is there any way I could get that  
without pecans?

WAITRESS

Yes.

STRAWBERRY

Oh it has pecans? Hmm... Yeah could I have mine without pecans  
too?

WAITRESS

Not a problem.

BRADLEY

You don't like pecans?

STRAWBERRY

Not really.

WAITRESS

Would you two like to start off with any appetizers? Our sweet  
chili crab dumplings are very popular.

BRADLEY

No thank you, but I would like a side salad.

WAITRESS

What kind of dressing?

BRADLEY

Thousand island if you have it.

WAITRESS

We do.

STRAWBERRY

Oh can I get a side salad too? I've been craving one all day.

WAITRESS

Dressing?

STRAWBERRY

Thousand island please.

WAITRESS

Okay. So I have two roasted chicken entrees, both with no pecans, and two side salads, both with thousand island. I'll have those salads right out for you.

She begins to collect the menus.

BRADLEY

One more thing... Could I have extra red onions on mine?

(To Strawberry.)

I think it's about time I give them a second chance.

WAITRESS

Not a problem.

Waitress starts to leave.

STRAWBERRY

Oh what the heck. Miss?

The waitress returns.

STRAWBERRY

Could I get extra red onions on mine too? This wonderful man has inspired me to overcome my hatred for them.

WAITRESS

(Confused.)

Sure.

Waitress exits.

STRAWBERRY  
You're so daring.

BRADLEY  
Yeah that's me. Daring.

JAKE  
Okay, that's a little weird.

GRANDPA  
Trust me, it gets weirder.

Bradley coughs.

STRAWBERRY  
What's wrong? Are you okay?

BRADLEY  
I'm fine.

He coughs again.

STRAWBERRY  
No you're not, something's wrong. What's wrong?

BRADLEY  
Calm down, I'm fine. I just need some water.

He takes a sip of his water.  
As he does so he  
accidentally spills some  
on his jacket.

BRADLEY  
Ah damn it.

STRAWBERRY  
Oh no. Here let me get that for you.

She gets up and crosses to  
Bradley. She takes her  
napkin and starts to dry  
him off like a bib-less  
infant.

BRADLEY  
Strawberry it's okay. I can get it.

STRAWBERRY  
Ta-da! All better now!

She playfully pokes his  
nose and returns to her  
seat.

Whooooooaaaaa.

JAKE

Wait for it.

GRANDPA

Waitress returns with two  
salads and sets them on  
the table.

WAITRESS

Here are your salads.

BRADLEY

Excuse me, miss? I didn't get a fork with mine.

WAITRESS

I'm so sorry sir. I'll bring one right out to you.

STRAWBERRY

Oh don't worry. Use mine.

She hands Bradley her fork.

BRADLEY

Don't be ridiculous, you need your fork.

STRAWBERRY

It's really okay, I don't need a fork.

BRADLEY

You're eating a salad. You need a fork.

WAITRESS

I can bring another fork.

BRADLEY

She'll bring another fork.

STRAWBERRY

We don't need another fork.

BRADLEY

Please bring another fork.

STRAWBERRY

(Crying.)  
Why won't you take my fork?

Beat.

WAITRESS

I'll bring another fork.

Waitress smiles awkwardly  
and exits.

BRADLEY

Strawberry don't- okay. It's okay, please stop- look alright,  
give me the fork. I'll take the fork.

(He grabs the fork.)

See? I have the fork.

STRAWBERRY

(Sniffling.)

Thank you.

Bradley takes a bite of  
his salad. Strawberry  
picks at the salad with  
her hand. She grabs a  
piece of lettuce and eats  
it.

BRADLEY

Uh Strawberry, the waitress is coming back with another fork. You  
could just-

STRAWBERRY

I'm fine. I eat salads like this all the time.

The mood of the dinner is  
now wholly uncomfortable.  
To add to the weirdness,  
Bradley and Strawberry  
simultaneously remove the  
red onions from their  
salads. Only Bradley catches  
the odd coincidence.

JAKE

Grandpa are you sure you're talking about Strawberry and not crazy  
berry?

GRANDPA

Be nice Jake. She wasn't crazy, she was just...

JAKE

Psycho.

GRANDPA

Peculiar.

JAKE

"Potayto, potahto."



GRANDPA

She was a little indecisive and a little eager, but I didn't think much of it at the time. I thought it was just a girl thing so I let it go.

JAKE

So she completely copies your meal, wipes your jacket like a bibbed baby, and eats a salad with her hands and you let it go!? Why?

GRANDPA

Well...

Bradley and Strawberry get up from the table and cross to the bedroom, but they don't get there... Traditionally. All along the way the two make out heavily. They finally end up on the bed in the bedroom.

JAKE

(Disgusted.)

Oh Grandpa!

GRANDPA

Come on, can you blame me? I spent fifty bucks on that dinner. I wanted to get my money's worth.

(Bradley and Strawberry get under the covers.)

And let me tell you, her eagerness in that particular activity-

JAKE

Oh please don't.

GRANDPA

Let's just say there was no fatal flaw to be found.

JAKE

(Appearing nauseous.)

I think I just threw up in my mouth.

GRANDPA

In hindsight it was a very impulsive, testosterone-driven decision, and not one of my better ones; for if I had been able to predict how the relationship would progress from that point...

## SCENE TWO

Bradley and Strawberry emerge from under the covers. Bradley is wearing an undershirt and Strawberry is wearing a pinkish red

bra. Bradley rests with his eyes closed as Strawberry watches him sleep. This goes on for an eerily amount of time, until finally Bradley opens his eyes.

STRAWBERRY

Hey you.

Bradley slowly opens his eyes and jolts awake upon seeing Strawberry.

BRADLEY

Whoa! Hey.

STRAWBERRY

Sleep well?

BRADLEY

Did I doze off? I'm sorry. How long was I out?

STRAWBERRY

About two hours.

BRADLEY

Two hours? Why didn't you wake me up?

STRAWBERRY

I don't know. You just looked so peaceful... And beautiful.  
 (Sweetly stroking his hair.)  
 Breathing in, breathing out... I've never met anyone like you  
 Bradley.

BRADLEY

(Growing increasingly uncomfortable.)

The feeling is very mutual.

STRAWBERRY

You're so kind and generous, loving and caring, strong.....  
 (She kisses him.)

...and gentle.

(She snuggles up to Bradley.)

You're so wonderful.

BRADLEY

And you're... Something.

STRAWBERRY

(A little too sincerely.)

Thank you.

She kisses him again, a little more passionate than the last. She cuddles with him and soon falls asleep. Bradley stares at the ceiling, wide awake. Lights dim on the bedroom. During the following, Strawberry and Bradley exit.

JAKE

How is this story supposed to convince me *not* to break up with Jessica?! All I'm getting from this is that all women are bat-freakin-crazy!

GRANDPA

This example is pivotal to my overall point. But if you don't want to listen to me anymore, fine. Go break up with your girlfriend. It's pretty obvious you don't love her or care about her enough to even give your relationship a second thought. Do whatever the hell you want.

Grandpa coldly grabs his newspaper and buries himself in it. Jake gets up and starts to leave, but stops himself. He stands conflicted. Finally he turns around and sits back on the couch.

JAKE

What happened with Strawberry?

GRANDPA

We broke up. The end.

Beat.

JAKE

Please?

GRANDPA

(Grinning.)

As you wish. Now where was I? Oh yes, I had just had sex with Strawberry-

JAKE

Oh what have I done?

GRANDPA

I realized right then and there I should have ended things with her at dinner, but I had reached the emotional point of no return.

(MORE)

## GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Getting out quick and only slightly painless was no longer an option, and I knew the longer I put it off the stickier it would become. I had to break up with her as soon as possible. However Zane was not in favor of that idea.

SCENE THREE

Bradley crosses from the bed to the bar. Zane enters and joins him at the billiards table. They both drink a beer as they lean on the table conversing.

## ZANE

No, this is unacceptable. I, Zane Mallock a one hundred percent red-blooded pure bred male, will not stand idly by drinking this barely passable alcoholic beverage while you throw away a free pass for sex.

## BRADLEY

I'm sorry Zane, but it has to be done.

## ZANE

No, what has to be done is you driving that sexy Ferrari until she's on empty. You want to trade her in and you're barely out of the driveway.

## BRADLEY

I can't keep sleeping with her, she's crazy!

## ZANE

But crazy sex is the third best kind of sex.

## BRADLEY

Third best?

## ZANE

Yeah right behind make-up sex and I'm-going-off-to-war-and-we-may-never-get-another-chance-to-sex-each-other sex.

## BRADLEY

What are you talking about? You've never been to war.

## ZANE

Well there about five girls in this zip code that would say otherwise. By the way if we ever run into a red head named Paula, I'm on leave for the next two weeks.

## BRADLEY

It's over Zane.

ZANE

Look, I'm not telling you to keep dating her. I'm just saying don't be hasty with closing doors.

BRADLEY

Let me get this straight. You're saying don't break up with her, just distance myself so we can still have sex while I pursue other women?

ZANE

Finally you understand!

Beat.

BRADLEY

There's something seriously wrong with you.

ZANE

If boinking multiple women while in a relationship is wrong, then I don't want to be right.