

*The V-Word*  
By: Megan E. Tripaldi

SETTING: An unexciting bedroom.

AT RISE: Two teenagers sit on either side of the bed, looking awkward, nervous, and slightly flushed.

So... OLIVER:

So. SIOBHAN:

(Beat.)

You look really pretty. OLIVER:

Thanks. You, too. SIOBHAN:

(Beat.)

Look, I'm sorry, but I have to say something. OLIVER:

Let me guess...you changed your mind. SIOBHAN:

No! No, not at all, no... OLIVER:

Then what? SIOBHAN:

(He mumbles.) OLIVER:

I'm nervous...

What? SIOBHAN:

I'm nervous! I've never...this is my... OLIVER:

You're a virgin? SIOBHAN:

Shh! OLIVER:

What? SIOBHAN:

You don't have to say it so loud... OLIVER:

What...the *V-word*? SIOBHAN:

Yes, that! OLIVER:

But we're the only ones here... SIOBHAN:

Just...ok? OLIVER:

I'm sorry, I just...I'm surprised, I guess. SIOBHAN:

We've been going out for two months...it didn't seem like it would be an issue. OLIVER:

Oh... SIOBHAN:

I didn't mean it like that! OLIVER:

No, no it's –

I want to, I really want to. I'm just...

Nervous?

Oh, yeah.

Wanna know a secret?

Yeah.

I am too.

What, nervous?

Mmhmm.

Oh, good...I felt bad, I mean...I really like you, Siobhan.

I really like you, too, Oliver.

I just never thought a girl would want to...um...have sex with me, ever.

Well, I do...but, um...you should know something, too.

What?

SIOBHAN:

OLIVER:

SIOBHAN:

OLIVER:

SIOBHAN:

OLIVER:

SIOBHAN:

OLIVER:

SIOBHAN:

OLIVER:

SIOBHAN:

OLIVER:

SIOBHAN:

OLIVER:

SIOBHAN:

I'm a virgin, too.

OLIVER:

You...are?

SIOBHAN:

Don't sound so surprised!

OLIVER:

No, I...I mean I thought you lost it a year ago to Sam Bonacelli.

SIOBHAN:

Sam Bonacelli? Oh, oh no, that was made up.

OLIVER:

What do you mean? The whole school knew about it! He told everyone! He kept going on about how great it was...

SIOBHAN:

Yeah.

OLIVER:

And it was made up?

SIOBHAN:

It was.

OLIVER:

Well, why didn't you say anything about it?

SIOBHAN:

I asked him to go along with it.

OLIVER:

So he lied for you?

SIOBHAN:

Pretty much.

OLIVER:

But...why?

SIOBHAN:

Oh my god, because I was a nerd, Oliver! Everyone was making fun of me and he felt bad, so he asked if there was anything he could do. So I told him to help me boost my reputation.

OLIVER:

So...sorry if this sounds insensitive, but why wouldn't he just sleep with you?

SIOBHAN:

Seriously...?

OLIVER:

I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I'm sorry...I just meant...he's like, a horndog, or whatever...

SIOBHAN:

I didn't want to. He offered, but I wanted to wait until the right guy came along. Jeeze.

OLIVER:

So...you're saying...I'm the right guy?

(Beat. She's still annoyed, but softening.)

SIOBHAN:

Yes...god...

OLIVER:

Ha, wow...

SIOBHAN:

I'm still mad at you.

OLIVER:

I'm really sorry...is there anything I can do?

(She smirks.)

SIOBHAN:

Well...there is one thing.

OLIVER:

Anything.

SIOBHAN:

After tonight...tell everyone you know that you were my first. Set the record straight, ok?

OLIVER:

So...you still want to?

SIOBHAN:

Yes, I still want to.

OLIVER:

Ha, wow...

SIOBHAN:

So, you ready to loose your V-word?

OLIVER:

Yeah. Yeah, I'm ready. You?

SIOBHAN:

Yeah, I am.

(They kiss.)

OLIVER:

I think I love you, Siobhan.

(SIOBHAN hugs him.)

SIOBHAN:

I think I love you, too.

OLIVER:

This is the best night of my life!

SIOBHAN:

Mine, too. Happy Valentine's Day, Oliver.

OLIVER:

Happy...wait, it's Valentine's Day!?

(She laughs and kisses him. Blackout.)