



## FIRST ACT – SAMPLE

By Robert J. Wheeler, 15 Windsor Cres., London, ON N6C 1V6 Canada – Revised Jan. 30/25

Settings – A bus stop, Heaven, Hell. Run time – approximately 50 minutes.

Actors -- 7 M -- 4 F – 3 With doubling Actors – 4 M – 2 F – 2

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Email [robwheeler999@gmail.com](mailto:robwheeler999@gmail.com) if you would like to read the play  
for a possible production and I will send it to you.

THE DO-OVER

By Robert J. Wheeler

CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
ROB	Dead Playwright	30-60	Male
STELLA	God's Special Angel	30-60	Female
GUS	Hen-pecked husband	30-60	Male
HILDA	Gus's wife	30-60	Female
BASIL	An actor, Julia's husband	30-60	Male
JULIA	Librarian and Basil's wife, has an average bust	30-60	Female
TRUCK DRIVER	Truck driver	30-60	Male

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: Morning

Place: Bus stop

*A "Bus Stop" sign is on top of a three-panel screen to represent a bus shelter. A bench is in front of the screen. Both the bench and screen are at an angle to the audience, with the SL end of bus stop closer to the audience than the SR end.*

*ROB (35-40), ruffled, casually dressed, possibly with a worn sport coat or blazer, strolls from UR to the bus stop.*

ROB This can't be right.

*Rob walks around disoriented.*

No. This is all wrong. I can't remember where I've been or where I'm going. *(looks around, pauses)* I should leave.

*Rob starts to leave, stops, sits on the bench.*

I'm lost and alone at a bus stop with nowhere to go.

*Rob jumps up.*

I wish I had taken better care of my heart. Being dead is so, so, so limiting. *(new idea)* Hey! I could write a play about a man at a bus stop, so I'm not fully dead. *(another idea)* Forgot! There's a manual!

*Rob pulls a manual from a pocket. The word "MANUAL" is printed on the cover. He sits on bench, looks through it.*

Bla-bla-bla-bla. The interesting part. The steps. Step one. Move to the bus stop. Step two. Sit on the bench. Step three. Wait for the bus. Step . . .

STELLA *(O.S.)* BOO!

*Frightened, Rob jumps up, looks around.*

*(O.S.)* I swear, all playwrights are directionally challenged! Where does it say to wander around complaining about being lost, alone and dead?

*STELLA (30-60) is covered with a shimmering silver robe with a black lining. She seems to glow with the robe and long blonde hair.*

(MORE)

*Stella snatches the manual from Rob.*

Does step four say that? No, it says wait for passengers to exit the bus! Here, read it.

*Stella hands the manual to Rob.*

ROB            So, who are you?

STELLA        Stella.

ROB            Stella who?

STELLA        Stella The Star. You're Rob The Playwright. I know about you, all about you!

ROB            All?

STELLA        All!!!! Not good!!!! You neglected your body. No exercise! Writing at all hours! Eating pizza, pop and chips? Does any of that sound healthy to you?

ROB            *(nervous)* I'm, I'm not an exercise nut or a culinary nut. I'm a play . . .

STELLA        *(interrupting)*. . . nut! Making you one dead nut!!! You gave yourself a heart attack!! You were unable to perform the simple task of maintaining a healthy body!!

ROB            *(moves forward)* So, are you an angel, or, or *(steps back)* maybe you're the Other?

STELLA        Other what?

ROB            The not nice Other.

STELLA        Oh, that Other!

*Stella flings off her robe, turns it inside out so the black side faces out and wraps it around herself.*

*(demented)* The Other has it easy, real easy! Mean, real mean, takin' care of business, grab you, throw you into the red-eye express, straight on the long, winding, shrieking, torture express, straight, and I mean straight down, into excruciating burning Hell!!!!

*Terrified, Rob jumps onto the bench.*

*(nice)* But no, I'm required to be nice, oh so nice. The Other has it easy. Everything dark. No grey, pathetic loose ends to deal with.

*Stella turns her robe black side in so the shimmering silver side faces out and wraps it around herself.*

*Rob sits on the bench.*

ROB I'm a grey loose end?

STELLA You left out pathetic.

ROB But . . .

STELLA *(interrupting)* Pathetic, grey and loose! Dark grey, verging on black, and loose! I've never had looser.

ROB But you're not the Other.

STELLA I'm a facilitator, a problem solver, here to solve your nasty problem.

ROB In a good way?

*Stella shrugs. Rob jumps up.*

My prayers have been answered!

*Stella takes the manual.*

STELLA *(big smile)* Prayers are backed up, way back. I'm not from prayers!

ROB *(fearful)* Where?!!!

STELLA I'm from . . . *(loud)* COMPLAINTS!

ROB *(guiltily)* Oh-oh.

STELLA Multiple complaints have been lodged against you.

ROB Me?

STELLA Multiple! Complaints get priority over everything. Squeaky wheel? There's nothing worse than a whiney, squeaky complainer.

*Rob's terrified, jumps onto the bench.*

You've been whining on and on about not finishing your sordid play after it happened, remember?

ROB Yes, yes, that's right. I am soooooo soooooorry.

STELLA *(writes on manual)* He says he's sorry.

ROB I was just wondering, sometimes out loud, possibly insisting a little, off and on, from time to time, that I be permitted to finish it. Sorry again.

STELLA *(writes on pad)* Oh so sorry. *(looks to Rob)* Is that right?

ROB Yes! Yes! Yes!

STELLA      You're sorry for turning Playwrights' Heaven into PLAYWRIGHTS' HELL?!!

*Rob sits on the bench.*

ROB          (*guilty*) I was about to write the last scene of my play "I'll Miss Me When I'm Gone" when I felt a pain in my chest, and I found myself without my body.

STELLA      (*sarcastic*) So, are you missing yourself?

ROB          Very much. (*sales pitch*) It's an important play. A fantastic comedy that also promotes organ donation! It has a husband and wife who . . .

STELLA      (*interrupting*) Hold on.

ROB:        He has a roofing company, and she works as a . . .

STELLA      (*interrupting*) Hold it!

ROB          So, you don't care about my play?

STELLA      At this moment I'm REQUIRED to find you a temporary body so you can finish your supposed precious play.

ROB          Hallelujah!!

STELLA      In another moment I'll be about saving a child from a preventable mishap, but now I've got you, just you, understand?

ROB          That's fine. (*eager*) I'm listening.

STELLA      The transfer procedure doesn't happen often.

ROB          No?

STELLA      Permission has been given for the passionate playwright clause. The PPC needs to be enacted.

*Stella throws arms up, indicating herself.*

All this just for you.

ROB          Tremendous! "I'll Miss Me When I'm Gone" has a poignant ending, one I've been dying to write.

STELLA      Unfortunately.

ROB          So, do I get to choose the body? How about sex?

STELLA      We've just met. I'm not that kind of facilitator.

ROB          (*shocked*) No, no!

STELLA When I was a young star, maybe. Lately, I've elevated myself.

*Rob stands.*

ROB No, I don't mean . . . Look, I didn't mean . . .

STELLA *(interrupting, points at him)* Got ya! You're so serious. Lighten up. The manual explained everything.

ROB *(guiltily)* Manual?

STELLA *(perturbed)* Are you telling me you didn't read your manual?!

ROB I skipped the boring stuff, went right to the steps. First, second, you know.

STELLA *(glances up)* He didn't read his manual!

ROB Booooooring.

STELLA Playwrights are directionally challenged and non-manual readers. *(looks skyward)* Why me?

ROB Sorry. I see myself in . . .

STELLA *(interrupting)* Hold on!

*Stella looks heavenward then back to Rob.*

Checking my transfer resources. You were saying?

*Rob puts a foot on end SL end of bench, enthusiastic, eyes aglow, clears throat.*

ROB I see myself in a young, strong, male body. Football player. Yes, football player.

*Rob throws out his chest, motions with left hand.*

I'll take a handsome, rich quarterback.

STELLA You're more interested in scoring with the ladies than your dreary play.

ROB It's funny yet poignant, not dreary.

STELLA It has to be dreary.

ROB Why?

STELLA You're dreary. Dreariest facilitation I've ever had. Now you, YOU want me to make you look good for the ladies.

ROB It's been quite a while since, you know.

STELLA You died in the arms of a hot blonde!

ROB           They say if you've gotta go, then . . .

STELLA       *(interrupting)* Last Saturday night?!!

ROB           How time flies.

STELLA       I'll see what's available.

*Stella gives Rob a stern look, he takes foot off bench.*

ROB           Okay, okay, male or female. Young, attractive.

STELLA       Can you convince any male or female to lay down and die for you?

*Rob sits on the SR end of the bench.*

ROB           *(deflated)* No. That's why I'm a playwright. If I could have convinced people to buy houses, cars, appliances, I'd be rich.

STELLA       Multiple failures! You're one big failure!

ROB           Okay, okay, so you're right. Can we move on to finding me a body, any body to occupy whatever I am.

STELLA       You are your essence, minus the physical stuff.

*Stella sits on the SL end of the bench.*

ROB           A sad situation.

STELLA       Why couldn't you have been an assembly line worker, a person turned into a machine? They're blissful, no need to write anything.

ROB           *(frustrated)* To finish my play I'll need a nimble body and fingers for typing.

STELLA       *(not hearing him)* No stories bouncing around in their heads. Nothing to obsess about! Pleasant souls, easy to please with nothing going on. So, so, so easy. *(sigh)* The good eons. Wonderful.

*Rob jumps off the bench.*

ROB           *(aggressive)* Can I send you back?! Get someone who cares about what's happening to me, not their past!!?

*Stella jumps off the bench.*

STELLA       *(indignant)* Send me back?! Me?! You're looking at the cream of the crop. You got lucky when I got unlucky. I'm your ticket to finishing your boring play.

ROB           *(earnest)* It's a life changing masterpiece. Very significant. A monumental contribution to humanity.



STELLA      *(indignant)* If you had drawn any of the others, you'd be regretting it, really regretting it.

ROB          *(sarcastic)* Yeah, right.

STELLA      They could scoot you into an old lady with arthritic fingers and failing eyesight. How about that? Or a prisoner who's getting unwanted, intimate attention. Try writing with that going on!

ROB          I had no idea.

STELLA      Oscar Wilde is crafting his sequel to his "The Importance Of Being Earnest" in the body of a diminutive insurance salesman married to Prudence, a champion kick boxer. He could finish it.

ROB          He could finish it?

STELLA      She likes to spar with him.

ROB          Oscar's better half is abusing him?

STELLA      Actually, that's not correct.

ROB          No?

STELLA      She's his better three-quarters.

ROB          *(reluctantly)* Oscar's suffering for his craft?

*Rob staggers to and sits on bench.*

STELLA      Somewhat.

ROB          How much what?

STELLA      He's missing some teeth.

ROB          Missing teeth?

STELLA      Just six, maybe seven.

ROB          *(stunned)* Oscar is performing the role of a living punching bag for his craft?!

*Rob fathoms.*

STELLA      All transferees experience side effects.

ROB          So, what's the title of Oscar's sequel?

STELLA      "The Importance of Loving Prudence".

ROB          *(fearful)* On second thought, a transfer might not be a good idea.

STELLA      *(annoyed)* There's no turning back. It's in the manual!

*Rob shrugs. Stella swats at Rob's head. Rob ducks. She misses him.*

STELLA      You didn't have to duck.

ROB          I did!

STELLA      No, you didn't. My hand would have gone right through you.

ROB          *(sarcastic)* Yeah, right.

STELLA      You don't have a body, remember?

ROB          That's right.

STELLA      *(wicked smile)* Watch, I'll prove it.

*Stella winds up and punches Rob in the stomach. Rob keels over.*

ROB          Ahhhhhhhh!

STELLA      *(perplexed)* That's not supposed to happen.

ROB          Ow! That hurt!

STELLA      *(insincere)* Soooooorry.

ROB          *(still suffering)* It happened! It hurt!

STELLA      Oh, that's it. I know. It's your body memory.

ROB          *(still suffering)* You huuuuurt meee!

STELLA      You're whining again!

ROB          Sorry.

STELLA      You remembered your old body so well you made it hurt. It was your fault.

ROB          You punched me, and it's my fault?!

STELLA      Absolutely! You've got too much body memory! You expected it to hurt, so it hurt. All your fault!

ROB          Okay, okay, that's fine, can we move on?

STELLA      *(resigned)* I'll fill you in. People in bodies, who can't handle the situation they're in, request a transfer out of the situation which necessitates leaving their body.

ROB          *(stands)* I could end up married to a kick boxer?

STELLA *(enjoying it)* Or worse!

ROB Oh my Go . . .

*Stella brings her finger up to Rob's lips, looks around.*

STELLA *(interrupting)* We don't want to attract any undue attention. *(takes her finger away)* It's a significant sacrifice to step into a body again. But you want to finish your play, the hallmark of your life, right?

ROB I don't know about hallmark of my life.

STELLA Oh?

ROB I've written a dozen plays, all of the highest quality, full of humor, with poignant or profound characters, dealing with the hurdles life has put in their path. "I'll Miss Me When I'm Gone," is my passion to complete right now.

STELLA Wait a micro-millisecond! Are you saying I, or one of my associates, might have to go through the transfer all over again? You could skip from body to body, writing plays your passionate about willy-nilly, until the end of time.

ROB *(feeling his power)* If I were given a sound body, I'm very, uh, moderately sure, I'll be content with it.

*Dejected, Stella sits on the SL end of the bench.*

STELLA *(resigned)* The tail is wagging the dog.

*Rob sends a big smile to Stella.*

Woof.

ROB *(upbeat)* Got ya! You're so serious. Lighten up.

STELLA *(dejected)* The prospect of this being a failure has raised its ugly head.

ROB Okay, okay. Stella, listen.

STELLA What?!!

ROB I have a small request.

STELLA More from the ugly head.

ROB I don't think I can write if I have to fight off a spouse who's a kick boxer. Whoever imagined a diminutive insurance salesman married to a champion kick boxer has to have a screw loose.

STELLA I know, but keep it down! You're talking on thin ice. They just got off the bus. Here they come.

END OF SCENE ONE

LIGHTS OUT

ACT ONE SCENE TWO

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: Morning

Place: Bus stop.

Rob and Stella are as before.

*GUS and HILDA (60s), ENTER from DR. They wear worn out coats. Hilda has a head scarf, Gus a hood. They behave like they're in a snowstorm.*

*Hilda has a grating voice. Gus is forlorn. Both speak with foreign accents. (not French)*

ROB They look odd.

STELLA They stepped off a cold bus into a snow blizzard.

ROB I don't see a blizzard or a bus.

STELLA In your present state you're allowed to see just what you need to see. We see and hear them, but they don't see or hear us.

*Gus and Hilda sit on the bench, Hilda SL and Gus SR ends of the bench, both oblivious to Rob and Stella.*

*Rob and Stella are near Gus. Hilda and Gus never look at each other.*

HILDA It'll take the six bus a good ten minutes to get here. Thanks to you we'll probably freeze to death before it arrives.

GUS The shelter will keep the wind off.

*Whenever Rob and Stella speak Hilda continues to yammer on, but we don't hear her.*

ROB So, that's a bus shelter?

STELLA The best I could do on short notice. Shusssh.

HILDA If you ran faster, we would have caught the five bus and been home by now.

ROB It feels odd to see people huddled from the cold with no cold to speak of.

STELLA Weather is a physical condition.

HILDA This shelter is full of holes.

(MORE)

*Hilda points to the bus shelter.*

There's a hole the size of a watermelon blowing right on me.

*Gus moves to the base of the shelter where she was pointing, facing DS.*

GUS Better?

*Hilda shrugs,*

HILDA If you had run faster, we'd be warm at home, free of all this. Why?!!!

*Hilda lifts her bum a little, FARTS. Gus reels from the odor, hangs his head dejected.*

*Hilda's nagging mouth keeps moving but we don't hear her.*

ROB *(wincing from the fart)* The smell.

STELLA It's your body memory again. I don't smell. Gus placed his request for transfer two years ago. Tonight is his night to fly.

ROB Gus? I'm to be Gus?

STELLA After his momentary heart attack. You'll look like Gus, but you'll still be you. Ready?

ROB Have you noticed Hilda has an attitude problem?

STELLA No body is perfect.

ROB She's so negative!

STELLA She doesn't kick box. Your teeth will be safe.

ROB It'll take me a month to finish the play. I doubt I'll last a week with her nagging on and on. I need peace to write.

STELLA Get ear plugs!

ROB I don't know.

*Stella touches Gus with her robe. Gus grabs his chest, staggers to DC, collapses on floor, head down, bum up.*

*Hilda doesn't see Gus go down, mouths words without us hearing her. Stella and Rob are around Gus.*

STELLA Touch him and you'll go on the next bus with Hilda so you can finish your precious play.

(MORE)

*Rob goes to Gus, hesitates.*

Finishing your play means everything to you, right?!!

ROB Touch that?

*Rob reaches out but doesn't touch him.*

I can't. *(pulls back)* If I can choose between living with Hilda or living with a kick boxer, I'll take the kick boxer.

STELLA What are you thinking?

ROB I can get false teeth, but sanity, once lost, is gone forever!

STELLA What am I supposed to do now?

ROB Bring him around. He can go with the next dead playwright.

*Stella mouths a profound, silent "fuck," looks up and mouths a silent "sorry" then she touches Gus with her robe. Gus awakens, sits on the bench.*

HILDA There's our bus. Come on.

*Hilda and Gus move to exit, towards DR.*

*Rob takes two steps toward Gus, close to his ear, says the following like a howl of wind toward Gus.*

ROB Diiiiivooooorrce.

GUS *(to Hilda)* Did you hear anything?

*Hilda and Gus stop.*

HILDA It's the wind!

GUS Odd. I swear I heard a word.

HILDA Now you're hearing things! Dementia! Schizophrenia! Is there no end to my torment?

STELLA You're not supposed to communicate with a subject.

*Rob pulls back.*

ROB Sorry.

*Hilda and Gus move toward the exit. Rob moves to Gus, whispers in his ear.*

Muuuuurrrdeeeer.

*Gus stops, straightens up, looks DS, smiles, EXITS with Hilda.*

STELLA *(looks up)* See what I'm dealing with. Playwrights are the worst.

ROB So it was just a couple words.

STELLA If Gus divorces or murders her, he lives a happy life and withdraw his transfer request.

ROB So?

STELLA Deceased passionate playwrights rely on distressed people wanting transfers.

*Rob sits on the SL end of the bench.*

ROB Sorry again.

STELLA *(looks up)* This one is permanently sorry!

*Stella looks up for three seconds.*

ROB What?

STELLA *(snaps at Rob)* I need to think!!!

*(to herself)* He's the worst I've ever . . .

ROB *(interrupting)* Me? I'm just . . .

STELLA *(interrupting, calmer, looks heavenward)* Checking on my transfer resources.

LIGHTS OUT

END OF ACT ONE SCENE TWO

ACT ONE SCENE THREE

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: Morning

Place: Bus stop

*Rob and Stella sit on the bench. Stella looks up, Rob's depressed.*

STELLA Okay. *(looks to Rob)* Another option is being arranged. Their car will break down. They'll take the next bus stopping here.

ROB What have you got?

STELLA Female librarian and male actor. Julia and Basil are in their 30s.

ROB The actor is perfect. Playwrights love actors.

STELLA It's the female librarian who wants the transfer.

ROB Oh. I had wanted . . .

STELLA *(interrupting)* Take it or leave it!

ROB Okay, okay. I'll take it.

STELLA Good. I've got better things to do than molly coddle a stubborn playwright. Here they come.

*BASIL (35) and JULIA (35), dressed in theatre opening night wear, her with a black wrap and slightly tastefully low-cut gown, rush into the bus shelter from DR.*

*Basil looks into a bound play, oblivious to the weather or Julia.*

*Both speak with British accents. They sit on the bench, Basil SL side, Julia toward the SR side.*

*Stella and Rob are beside Julia.*

BASIL You're sure the seven bus is our bus?

JULIA The driver said it should be here in five minutes.

*Julia holds up two bus transfers for Basil to see.*

BASIL Good. We will get to the theatre in sufficient time. I want a perfect opening night.

*Basil and Julia talk without sound when Stella and Rob talk.*



ROB            Okay, okay, I'm ready. Have her heart stop. I'll touch her.

STELLA        Patience. I need to know why she wants the transfer. For my records.

JULIA:        You're still learning lines?

BASIL         Every word must be perfect. Paraphrasing is unthinkable.

ROB            He's a playwrights' dream.

STELLA        Good to know since you'll be living with him.

JULIA         You're a perfectionist about your acting, but not about everything.

*Basil looks away from his book to Julia.*

BASIL         What do you mean?

JULIA:        Our marriage.

BASIL         Have I missed an anniversary, a birthday? I've been busy with the play.

*Julia jumps up, moves to SR end of bench.*

JULIA         As if you don't know!

BASIL         I don't know?

JULIA         I forgot my lunch last week and came back for it.

BASIL         You got your lunch and went on your way, right?

JULIA:        No! I bought my lunch but couldn't eat it because I was sick to my stomach.

BASIL         A touch of the flu?

JULIA         (*intense*) I saw you with another woman in our living room, on our sofa! I almost screamed out, then I ran back to the library as fast as I could run. You called her Gwendolyn, the love of your life.

BASIL         No! You've got it all wrong.

JULIA:        You broke my heart.

STELLA        Another broken heart.

*Stella, Julia and Rob jump up.*

*Julia is in tears.*

*Stella touches Julia with her scarf. Julia grabs her chest, gasps, starts to fall.*

BASIL         (*stands*) I was acting!

*Julia collapses, her upper body on the SR end of the bench.*

*Stella moves behind the bench to Basil, touches him on the shoulder. Basil becomes calm, smiles out to the audience, sits on SL side of bench.*

*Stella turns to Rob.*

STELLA Don't stand there! Touch her! I'm behind schedule.

ROB Okay, okay.

*Rob rushes to Julia, kneels beside her, brings his left hand up, his fingers splayed and gently lowers his hand on her back, his head down for three seconds, then simultaneously (because Rob's finger presses into her back unseen) they jerk their heads up and take deep breaths.*

*Julia is now in Rob's body and Rob is in Julia's body.*

*Julia In Rob's body has a blissful smile, stands, circle moves behind the screen.*

*Rob In Julia's Body is on her knees. The voice is Julia's but deep with no accent.*

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY (deep voice) So, what's . . .uhm . . . (clears throat) what's this!

STELLA It's your new voice. You'll adjust to it.

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY (clears throat, normal voice, looks around) So, what's this?

STELLA Your new you.

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY No, no, this is weird. I feel like a child!

STELLA It's normal to feel different at first.

*Rob In Julia's Body takes a step forward on knees, toward DS. Stella moves with her on SR side of her.*

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY You've turned me into a 10-year-old girl!

STELLA It's not what you think.

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY I wish I had a facilitator who knew what she was doing. I hated my childhood. Now I need to go through another one?! This time as a girl?

STELLA Gabriel told me there'd be times like this.

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY Okay, okay, listen! You've got to do something!

STELLA You're on your knees! Stand up!

*Rob In Julia's Body, tries to stand, is in high heels, slips half a dozen times holding onto the bench before falling onto the bench.*

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY I've been hobbled!

*Rob In Julia's Body frantically struggles to stand holding onto the bench.*

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY So, help me!

STELLA Stop! You're on heels. Stand straight.

*Rob in Julia's Body stands still, feet firm. One ankle goes over, then it straightens, then the other goes over and straightens.*

As a playwright you're barely tolerable. As a woman, you're impossible.

*Rob in Julia's Body is out of breath, struggles to breath,*

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY *(desperate)* My chest! Tight, so tight! Can't breath! Heart attack!

STELLA *(sarcastic)* Heart attack?

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY I've got experience!

*Rob in Julia's Body COLLAPSES on one knee.*

STELLA It's a self-imposed torture device.

*Rob in Julia's body is on her knees and struggling to breath.*

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY You can't make the transfer, so you're burying your mistake. You're evil.  
Evvviiiiil!

STELLA *(looks up toward God)* Why can't a man act like a woman? *(to Rob In Julia's Body)* You're wearing a bra!

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY I'm dying! I'm sure of it! *(pause)* Bra?

STELLA Relax. Take a few breaths. You'll get used to it.

*Rob in Julia's body takes a few deep breaths, breathes easier, tenderly tries to stand, clomps two steps toward DS falls forward, heels struggle to find traction, is saved by the bench. Stella moves with her.*

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY I'm falling forward. I can't walk..

STELLA A common side effect.

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY My balance has gone! So, you've wrecked my inner ear!

STELLA It's not inner ear.

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY Ears are very sensitive!

STELLA You've got boobs.

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY My hearing will be the next to . . . Boobs?

STELLA Have a look.

*Rob In Julia's Body stands, looks down at chest, is SHOCKED, jumps back suddenly.*

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

*(as loud as possible)* AHAAAAAA!

*Rob In Julia's Body looks to the audience, confused, smiles to the audience, then looks down to the boobs again, looks up toward the audience, smiles to the audience.*

I've got boobbs. *(to Stella)* Can I touch them?

STELLA

Of course.

*Rob In Julia's Body tenderly cups them from below.*

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

My very own boobbs. So, can I name them?

STELLA

Sure. They're yours.

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

Okay, okay. I'll call them . . . uhuh. I'll call them . . . Yes! I'll call them the Boobsie Twins. What if they're not real?

STELLA

They're real.

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

You're sure? I wouldn't want this body if they're silicone. Everything about me is natural. How about a warranty?

STELLA

Comes with a lifetime body back warranty. Don't like this one, you get a walrus! You can finish your play with flippers!

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

Okay! Okay! I was just wondering out loud.

STELLA

Look. I've got to get going. You're happy with the transfer, right?

*Rob in Julia's Body, shoulder shimmies, tries to twirl the boobs, does a Gypsy Rose Lee imitation with the wrap behind the shoulders, like a boa.*

What are you doing?

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

The twins want to break out.

STELLA

You know they're in bra-cataz?

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

Yet they yearn to fly free.

STELLA

*(hums the Stripper music)* Da da da, ta da da da etc. It's not as easy as it looks.

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

It took me forever to learn to drive. There's movement! I detect movement! Nearing lift off! With a little practice I'll . . .

STELLA

*(interrupting)* You're transferred, and you've got a new hobby. So, I'll be on my way.

*Stella moves toward the bus shelter.*

*Rob In Julia's Body stops shoulder shimmying, turns serious.*

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

Wait a minute! Wait just aaa minute! Something's wrong! Very wrong!

*Stella moves back to Rob in Julia's Body.*

STELLA

What now?

*Rob in Julia's Body does a hip swivel.*

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

Nothing's swinging below deck!!

STELLA

*(happily)* C'est la vie. You've got swinging above deck. You can't have both.

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

*(desperate)* They're missing!

STELLA

*(happily)* Enjoy your new body. Finish your play.

THE DO-OVER

By Robert J. Wheeler

ROB IN  
JULIA'S  
BODY

*(desperate)* No! You can't leave me like this!

LIGHTS OUT

END OF ACT ONE – END OF SAMPLE