

Scene One

(Lights come up on CHUCK, a nerdy teen dressed like a Grunge Rocker roadie. He's wearing large headphones, a flannel shirt tied around his waist, and jamming out to Beck's loser as he's working the counter of a "RPG gaming store.")

CHUCK. *(Singing to himself.)*

SOY UN PERDEDOR

I'M A LOSER BABY, SO WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME?

(AGNES enters and pokes his shoulder which startles him!)

WHOA, WHAT IN THE HADES!

AGNES. Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you –

CHUCK. I wasn't scared. I'm a black belt...in Jedi...jitsu –

AGNES. I'm looking for a Chuck Biggs?

CHUCK. You're looking at him! But my homies just call me simply DM Biggs 'cause, you know, I'm "big" where it counts.

AGNES. Uh...

CHUCK. As in MY BRAIN!

AGNES. *(Relieved.)* Oh!!!

CHUCK. Not because I'm fat.

Seriously, it really has nothing to do with body mass index, I actually work out...or plan on working out –

AGNES. I get it.

CHUCK. So what can I do for you?

AGNES. Someone told me you might know a thing or two about Dungeons and Dragons.

CHUCK. Depends if we're talking first or second edition...
PSYCHE! It doesn't matter which edition 'cause my D&D IQ is plus three hella high!

AGNES. You're very odd.

CHUCK. "Odd" as in hot, right?

AGNES. No.

CHUCK. So what do you want to know about the D and the D?

AGNES. Well, I have this thing. I'm not quite sure what it is.

CHUCK. Well, lemme checkity check it out!

(AGNES hands CHUCK the notebook.)

AGNES. Be careful with it. It's not mine.

(CHUCK takes it and carefully begins leafing through the pages.)

You know, you're not exactly what I was expecting.

CHUCK. What? Were you expecting some nerd? 'Cause I'm no nerd.

I got a girlfriend.

From New York.

AGNES. How did *you* meet someone from New York?

CHUCK. *(Proudly.)* On a little thing I like to call... THE INTERNET! You've been on the Internet, right?

AGNES. We have it at work.

CHUCK. It's the bomb, right?

I got it hooked up at my house. Top of the line. I'm talking 56 kilobits per second! Blazing fast. If you ever want to come over and check it out...

AGNES. I'm good.

So about the notebook...

CHUCK. Well, it's clearly a homespun module.

AGNES. Clearly. What's that?

CHUCK. It's like a map for a D&D game. An adventure. And this one looks like it's written for one to two players at entry level skills and power designations with –

(Something stops him.)

Yo, hold up. Where'd you get this?

AGNES. It's my sister's.

CHUCK. Your sister is Tillius the Paladin?

AGNES. Who?

CHUCK. Tilly Evans.

AGNES. You knew her?

CHUCK. Of course I knew her. Every player here in Athens has been on a campaign with her. And she was your sister?

AGNES. IS my sister.

CHUCK. Oh man, I'm sorry – I didn't realize –

AGNES. So can you help me figure out what it all means?

CHUCK. Sure, but –

Look, I should tell you something up front now that I know who you are.

Nothing can happen between us, okay?

I know you were vibing me and all when we first met, but now that I know who you are, it would be disrespectful.

Plus you're like wicked old and that would be creepy.

AGNES. Okay.

CHUCK. So if you're cool that –

AGNES. I'm cool.

CHUCK. Then I can help you. So what do you want to do with this module exactly?

AGNES. Well, Chuck, it's a game, right?

I want to play it.

Chuck & Miles

Scene Seven

(CHUCK is chilling in AGNES's house when MILES enters.)

MILES. Agnes! Check it out, guess who just got the new Smashing Pumpkins double disk –

CHUCK. Dude, nice! But I'm not gonna lie, I much prefer the consistency of "Siamese Dream" over the gaudiness of "Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness."

MILES. Who the hell are you?

CHUCK. Oh, sorry, I'm Chuck. I'm Agnes's DM and you are?

MILES. You're her what?

CHUCK. Oh right, I'm not supposed to talk about that. I'm her friend. Her secret friend.

MILES. You're my girlfriend's "secret friend"?

CHUCK. Yeah, and you are?

MILES. Her boyfriend.

CHUCK. Oh yeah? I didn't know she was dating anyone.

MILES. Hold up, she didn't tell you about me?

CHUCK. Well, that's probably my fault. I keep her pretty busy if you know what I mean.

MILES. Keep her busy doing what?

CHUCK. Fighting monsters, my man. Fighting. Monsters.

MILES. I don't even know what that means. But I do know it means I sorta really want to punch you right now.

CHUCK. Why?

MILES. 'Cause she's my girlfriend!

CHUCK. No, man! It ain't like that. We just role-play!

MILES. You what!?!

CHUCK. Look, I got no feelings for her, okay? This is just for fun. I'm just here to help her play out this fantasy. There's no long term commitments!

MILES. Alright, I'm gonna break you in half, you son of a –

(MILES grabs CHUCK and tries to put him in a headlock. However CHUCK's actually too big and strong.)

(MILES ends up looking pretty silly trying to wrestle down CHUCK to no avail.)

(AGNES comes out of the front door, holding a pair of black leather gloves.)

AGNES. Hey Chuck, sorry I'm late, but check out what I found! I think they'll help me stay in character...

(The two guys immediately separate.)

MILES. Hey.

AGNES. Oh, hi.

MILES. Um... I think I should go.

AGNES. Why?

MILES. You're clearly busy.

AGNES. Oh God, you know about this now, don't you?

MILES. Yeah, I'd say so.

AGNES. You don't think I'm a dork now, do you?

MILES. No, that's not what I'm thinking.

CHUCK. Hey man, you can join us if you want.

MILES. Say what?

CHUCK. I mean if you're comfortable. You could watch us for a bit and once you get a hang of it, just jump right in. I'll be easy on ya.

AGNES. Yeah, Chuck can be pretty rough.

CHUCK. Please, call me Biggs. 'Cause I'm big. Where it counts. So do you wanna play?

MILES. I'm gonna have to...bye.

(MILES exits.)

AGNES. I'll call ya later?

CHUCK. Wow, that dude really hates D&D.

(Seeing the gloves.)

Oooh, nice gloves!

(AGNES shrugs and puts on her gloves. As she does, she's instantly transported to the D&D world.)

Miles

AGNES. I'm still not finished packing Tilly's room.

MILES. No, what I'm saying is maybe we can go back...to
OUR new place and, you know, do some unpacking.
I have something special planned that you might like.

AGNES. Like what?

MILES. Like...special.

CHUCK. I think he's implying sex.

AGNES. Thank you, Chuck.

CHUCK. But the unpacking analogy is really confusing.

AGNES. I'm busy, Miles.

MILES. You're just playing a game.

AGNES. It's more than that.

MILES. Can it not wait for just one night?

AGNES. No.

MILES. Well, okay, how about Friday? Can we hang out on
Friday?

AGNES. I don't know...

MILES. I thought you said you weren't mad.

AGNES. I'm not mad. I'm just focused on this right now.

MILES. Baby, come on.

AGNES. I'm not in the mood for –

CHUCK. Hey, do you want to play?

MILES. What?

AGNES. Huh?

CHUCK. Yeah, you should play. I mean if you want to hang
out, let's hang. I mean you can't do any worse than
Agnes here, right? She sucks.

AGNES. He doesn't want to play.

(MILES looks at CHUCK, the game, and AGNES.)

MILES. Actually, I would. I would like to play, Chuck.

AGNES. What are you doing?

MILES. This is important to you and I want to be part of it.

AGNES. It's private though.

MILES. I know. But you never talk to me about Tilly or your parents or any of it. I just...if this could help me get to know you better, I wanna try. Please.

AGNES. You're for real?

MILES. I am.

(AGNES thinks it over...)

AGNES. Fine. Roll him up a character sheet.

(CHUCK rolls dices as TILLY, KALIOPE, LILITH, and ORCUS enter.)

LILITH. Agnes, look out!

KALIOPE. Boss Number Two!

AGNES. It's okay!

ORCUS. Dude, if that thing is that hard to kill, I give up now.

AGNES. NO! This is not Boss Number Two. This is Miles, the real Miles, my boyfriend.

TILLY. What's he doing here?

AGNES. He wanted to come.

TILLY. We already have five people in our party.

AGNES. He wants to get to know you – us – better.

TILLY. It's not really the same thing, now is it?

ORCUS. 'Bout time we got some more testosterone into this estrogen party. What's up? I'm Orcus, resident "horny dude."

MILES. So this is Dungeons and Dragons, huh? Neat.

TILLY. You're not serious.

AGNES. Look, you may not like him, but at least I know he has my back.

TILLY. We have your back.

AGNES. Right, just like last time when you made me **KILL MY BOYFRIEND?**

MILES. You killed me?

AGNES. No, I just killed a big fat blob that looked like you.

MILES. I look like a big fat blob?