

February 3rd

By Pete Malicki

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Cast

Bill, Cindy, Frank, Alex, Jen, Ben.

Stage

Bill's bed is to one side of the stage. An entrance for the actors is on the other, and some living room furniture.

Scene One

Bill is lying in bed. 'I Got You Babe' starts playing on the radio. Bill wakes, hears the music, then panics. He leaps out of bed.

BILL: What the hell?

He approaches the radio tentatively and takes a closer look.

BILL: Channel six. What the hell?

He turns off the radio then takes out his mobile, turning it on.

BILL: Seven thirty-two? I haven't seen seven thirty-two for years. What the hell is this?

Puts the phone away. It beeps/buzzes and he looks at it again.

BILL: 'Hey asshole. You're dead fucker. I'm gonna fucking rip your fucking nuts out your asshole, you fucking...' geez, that's getting offensive. Ooh, another one. 'Oy Bill you stupid...'

Bill mouths swear words as he reads, then switches his phone off and throws it on the bed.

BILL: How is this possible? These guys can't be dissing me. And it's seven thirty-two. What the *hell* is going on?

There is a loud knock on the door. Bill looks worried. Another knock, and in storms Cindy.

CINDY: You stupid son of a bitch. How dare you? How could you do a thing like that and stay around? You should be fleeing the country, you pig.

BILL: Hey, steady on. How are you even here?

CINDY: What?! I walked here, you dumb bastard. You expected I wouldn't come after what you did yesterday?

BILL: No, no, I mean... how are you here today? I shouldn't even be awake.

Bill walks away from Cindy, frowning. She makes a face.

CINDY: If you're trying to pretend you're nuts to get out of this, it isn't going to work. Dave is on his way here and he's going to knock every one of your teeth out in alphabetical order. That's if the police don't get here first.

BILL: Cindy, look, you have no idea what's going on. It's a *lot* more complicated than you think.

CINDY: No, Bill, it isn't. You did a horrible, horrible thing and you're going to pay for it. Eight years of friendship is the only reason I've come to warn you to get the hell out of here before someone kills you.

BILL: Have you seen the movie *Groundhog Day*?

CINDY: What kind of a stupid, irrelevant, dumb arse question...

BILL: You have seen it. Everyone has. Now, you're going to struggle to take this in, but I've spent the last three or so years living this movie.

CINDY: Bill, I don't normally curse, and I don't normally stab my friends. Today feels like a day of exceptions so you'd better...

BILL: You have a mole on your labia.

CINDY: (*Pales*) What?

BILL: Sorry, I never thought I'd ever bring that up, let alone so soon. But you have a mole on your left labia, right down the bottom. How could I possibly know that?

CINDY: I have a... you... a mole? Who told you that?

BILL: No one. I saw it myself.

CINDY: When?

BILL: Yesterday Cindy.

CINDY: That's not possible! You were doing... you know... with the...

BILL: No, not that yesterday, another yesterday. Cindy, I've been having Groundhog Day. I've been living in yesterday for years. Just like in the movie. At the end of the day I wake up and it's the same morning again. Over and over and fucking over again. No matter what I do, it's February the second, which ironically enough *is* Groundhog Day.

CINDY: That's ridiculous.

BILL: I've slept with you a hundred times, Cindy, that's how I know about the mole. I know your middle name is Emilie with French spelling, and your uncle's friend tried to abuse you when you were eight, and you really don't like Asians. I know all your secrets because I've lived out yesterday hundreds of times and you've told me everything.

Cindy looks horrified. She bites her lip.

CINDY: Is it really true?

BILL: It is.

CINDY: I mean, do I have a mole. I've never noticed it.

BILL: Well, it's pretty tiny. I didn't see it the first few dozen times.

CINDY: I don't believe you, Bill. It's a trick to calm me down and it's not going to work.

BILL: It's no trick. I could tell you all about your mother's whipped cream fetish.

Cindy starts leaving via the bathroom exit.

CINDY: You could've found that out from her Facebook page. *(calling from offstage)* I never knew I had a mole though. If it's there, I guess I'll have to believe you.

BILL: You might need the hand-held mirror from the top drawer.

CINDY: Okay.

Bill picks up his phone again and turns it on. He reads texts, looking increasingly upset.

CINDY: I don't see it.

BILL: It's right near your a-hole.

Pause.

CINDY: Oh.

Bill turns off the phone and lies down on the bed, covering his face. Cindy returns.

CINDY: This is unbelievable.

BILL: You're telling me.

CINDY: I'm going to have to get it burned off. But it's going to hurt. Do you think I can get a general anaesthetic?

BILL: Cindy, what am I going to do? I've ruined my life.

CINDY: You ruined several lives yesterday.

BILL: But it wasn't supposed to stay. You know, I've done yesterday a thousand times and I've done everything you can imagine. I've flown an aeroplane, I've fought a bear with my bare hands, I've killed myself in every way possible, I've had sex with twins, I've stormed a government building and shot a dozen cops. Every

morning I've woken up to "Can't Get You Outta My Head" by Kylie Minogue and I hunted that bitch down and cut her tongue out with a Stanley knife. I did like in the movie and made the day perfect; absolutely perfect. I gave all my money to charity, helped a stranger find true love, did a clown act at a children's party, and I even gave away a kidney. It was the perfect day, but I still woke up and it was February second. But yesterday... I did things Satan would've blushed at. Every rotten, horrible thing I could imagine, I did it yesterday. What you saw isn't even the half of it.

CINDY: You did worse than *that*?

BILL: Ooh yeah. Way, way worse. And now that I've spent the day trying to outdo Hitler, Charles Manson, and George W Bush combined, I wake up and it's February the third.

CINDY: Well... I'm still very upset with you. Why'd you punch out the flower girl?

BILL: Her? Because the little twat drops the bloody ring *every* day. It's not that hard. All you have to do is stumble across the floor, hand the ring to the groom, and stumble back to mummy. I must've been to that wedding eighty times and she drops it every freaking time. I've given her holding lessons beforehand, but nothing. Once, I glued it to her palm, and she ended up pulling it off and throwing it in the organ. Trust me, if Mary MacKillop watched her drop that thing as many times as I did she'd bitch slap the little fucker right to Hell.

CINDY: See, Bill, that's the kind of attitude that makes me want to call the groom and tell him your address.

BILL: No Cindy, *please* be on my side. People are going to kill me after what I did. I need someone who believes in me.

CINDY: I'm still not sure I *should* be on your side. Okay, so the flower girl bugged you, but why'd you have to... grope the bride and assault the groom's... testicles.

BILL: Because Dave is a dickhead and Charlie looks hot in that dress. Look, Cindy, I did good things all the time. I fell in love with *you*. How do you think I know so much about your... vag. Because I fell for you and I did everything I could think of to make you love me back. We made love lots of times, and went on dates, and I even proposed to you and you said yes, and... argh! It never went anywhere. I had to start again every day. What I did last yesterday was a culmination of years of frustration. I was supposed to wake up again as if nothing had happened. I only wanted to wake up with you.

CINDY: Alright. Well, I'm incredibly angry with you, but maybe...

There is a loud knocking on the door.

BILL: I'm hiding in the bathroom cabinet. Please don't let whoever that is kill me. Please!

CINDY: Fine. Go.

Bill runs offstage as there is another bang. Frank enters, mad.

FRANK: Where the fuck's Bill? I'm gonna rip his damned scrotum off and choke him with it. Who the fuck are you?

CINDY: Excuse me? That's no way to address a lady.

FRANK: I never *would* address a lady like that. Any woman in this maggot's house must be a slut, a whore, or a prostitute.

CINDY: A, I'm deeply offended. B, they're all the same.

FRANK: (*Screaming*) Where is he? I don't care who you are. I just wanna kill that bastard.

CINDY: He's not here, actually. I came to give him an earful after he ruined my friend's wedding. His door was open, I came in and looked around, nothing.

FRANK: Damn! I'm gonna find him and... break his damned legs.

CINDY: What did he do to you?

FRANK: To me? Nothing. But he killed Buffy.

CINDY: Buffy?

FRANK: Buffy was my ferret. He smashed my window and threw her out of it. Seven storeys is too far for a ferret.

CINDY: That's awful. Why did he do that?

FRANK: I dunno. Something about how she always bit him no matter how hard he tried to bond. But he hasn't seen her in months. Buffy...

Frank starts crying. Cindy moves over to comfort him when Alex storms in.

ALEX: Where's Bill? Who are you? I need to have words with Bill.

FRANK: We came to kill him, but he's not here. Who are you?

ALEX: I'm the guy whose disabled sister he pushed down a flight of stairs. Apparently 'The little retard had *that* coming ever since she put her spastic, wonky legs on my landing.'

CINDY: Bill said that?

ALEX: Word for word.

Jen bursts in.

JEN: Where's the guy who raped my poodle?

CINDY: You've got to be kidding.

JEN: Is this where he lives?

FRANK: The prick killed my ferret.

CINDY: He actually... raped your dog?

JEN: Yes!

ALEX: And he broke my sister's ulna.

Ben comes in.

BEN: Uh, excuse me. Does Bill Waxley live here? I think he stole my grandma's heart medication. She's having a bit of a coma right now and I'd really like to get it back.

CINDY: Right, that's it. I'm not helping him. Guys, he's in the bathroom cabinet. Take his balls.

Frank, Jen, Alex and Ben exchange glances, then run offstage. Bill screams and protests. Cindy faces the stage with her arms crossed. Bill's screams grow louder and louder and there are bangs and curses and grunts from the others. The lights slowly fade. After a pause, 'I Got You Babe' starts playing on the radio. The lights return and Bill is in bed. The others are gone. Bill sits up quickly and looks at the radio.

BILL: Oh no. Please God, no.