

ear protection, safety goggles and a dust mask. Fred says something to Marty, but it's unintelligible due to the mask

MARTY: What?

More unintelligible mumbling from Fred

Will you take off that stupid mask? And those stupid earmuffs.

Fred takes off the mask and hard hat and also removes a mouth guard.

FRED: I said...

MARTY: *(interrupting)* What's that thing?

FRED: It's a mouth guard, what does it look like?

MARTY: It looked like you took your dentures out.

FRED: A chunk of wood could go flying anywhere. And I don't wear dentures.

MARTY: Fine!

FRED: A couple of implants and three crowns, that's it.

MARTY: So you floss, wonderful. What did you want?

FRED: What did I want?

MARTY: You wanted something.

FRED: I did?

MARTY: Apparently not.

FRED: Oh yeah... are you sure this wood is hypoallergenic?

MARTY: Can you breathe?

FRED: *(inhales deeply)* Yes.

MARTY: Anything itching?

FRED: *(pause)* No.

MARTY: Anything swollen?

FRED: No

MARTY: Then it's hypoallergenic.

FRED: You know, now we have our own project, I'm kind of enjoying this. I'm excited about it...my heart is in it.

MARTY: Trust you to get all emotional over wood. Not to mention it's a weird thing to be excited about. I can't believe I let you talk me into it. What was wrong with a coffee table?

FRED: Everything is wrong with a coffee table, but this makes sense, this is something everybody needs.

MARTY: Everybody needs a coffee table.

FRED: No they don't, but this... this is universal!

MARTY: The rest of the class thinks we're strange. Have you noticed nobody talks to us?

FRED: They can think what they want. Here, sand this edge, it's kinda rough.

MARTY: Why do I have to sand the edge, I'm always sanding?

FRED: Because sawdust could lodge in my bronchial tubes, I happen to have unusually small bronchial tubes.

MARTY: Who measures their bronchial tubes?

FRED: Forget it, it's good enough, it's an inside edge, it'll be covered by the joint. Pretty soon we'll be able to screw it all together.

MARTY: Wouldn't nails be faster?

FRED: Think about it, is this something you want falling apart? It needs to be fastened with screws. We'll use an impact driver.

MARTY: A what?

FRED: It's like a cordless drill but it's specifically designed to drive screws. It's a hundred times faster than doing it by hand. I saw one on the internet.

MARTY: I'll screw my hand to something.

FRED: I know, that's why I can handle the complicated parts and you can handle the wood.

MARTY: How do you know all this?

FRED: I didn't until I decided to learn.

- MARTY: Seeing as you are suddenly omniscient, how do you suggest I explain this thing to Deb?
- FRED: You'll think of something, you're good with words.
- MARTY: Wait a minute, why do I have to do all the explaining?
- FRED: Because we haven't built mine yet.
- MARTY: Why do I ever listen to you?
- FRED: Look, after we screw this together, we'll put a finishing coat on it then we can take it back to your place. I'll help you explain to Deb.
- MARTY: I can see my whole life flashing before my eyes.
- FRED: Well then, our timing is perfect, isn't it? I can hardly wait to see the look on Deb's face.
- FRED: You and me both.

Lights down, End of Scene Eight

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ACT TWO SCENE 1

Place: Living Room

Time: A week later

Lights up on the living room. We hear thumping noises from outside the front door as if someone is wrestling with something heavy.