

Friends – “The One with the Chicken Pox.” Adapted for the stage.

Phoebe is sick with the chicken pox. She can't stay at home because her grandmother, who has never had them before, is living with her so she is sitting in her friend's apartment. Phoebe's boyfriend Ryan, an officer in the navy, returns from a lengthy submarine voyage and is eager to spend time with her. Phoebe has covered herself with a bed sheet so that her visitor won't see her blemished face. She is facing the audience so that *they* can see her face as she performs. Phoebe has red spots all over her face. Actors will need to arrange a lightning flash and thunder crash. This can be done by a fellow actor from off stage.

[a knock at the door]

PHOEBE: Come in.

RYAN: [enters] Hey baby, I'm back...

PHOEBE: Hey Ryan, what's up?

RYAN: What's goin' on?

PHOEBE: Well, no no, you have to stay back. I, I have the pox.

RYAN: Chicken or small?

PHOEBE: Chicken. Which is so ironic considering I'm a vegetarian.

RYAN: Why aren't you at home in bed?

PHOEBE: 'Cause my, my grandmother's never had chicken pox. Please, please tell me you have, 'cause I forgot how cute you are.

RYAN: I'm sorry, I never had 'em.

PHOEBE: [disappointed and itchy] Ohh, ohh.

RYAN: [frustrated and desperate to show his love for her] If I had one wish, it would be to build a time machine, go back to when I was 7, when Jimmy Hauser had the chicken pox. I would grab that kid and rub him all over my face.

PHOEBE: Yeah, or you know, you could just wish that I didn't have them now.

RYAN: Can I please see your face?

PHOEBE: Nope. You don't want to see a face covered with pox.

RYAN: Your face could be covered with lochs, I wouldn't care. [*'lochs' as in fish from loch ness lake*]

PHOEBE: And you hate fish. Oh. That's so sweet, alright. Ok, alright, you can see. This is me... [*she unveils herself right as a huge lightning bolt crashes outside. Ryan screams in terror.*] Oh, I **am** scary.

RYAN: Sorry, the lightning. The lightning was an unfortunate coincidence. You look lovely, lovely.

PHOEBE: I hate this. 'Cause I tell you, I had the most amazing two weeks planned for us. And now those plans are ruined!

RYAN: Phoebe, I have spent the last eight months in a steel tube with men, thinking about this moment. I am not gonna let a bunch of itchy spots stand between us. [*He walks to her and hugs her tight, pressing their cheeks together, facing the audience.*]

PHOEBE: Ok, this is the most romantic disease I've ever had.