

**Tiyaanah and Drew by Jeffrey Lo**

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**Tiyaanah and Drew**

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By Jeffrey Lo

**Written as Part of THE 2018 PROJECT**

*To read the 365 plays in THE 2018 PROJECT, visit:*

<http://www.jeffreywritesaplay.com/the-2018-project-365-plays>

**CHARACTERS:**

Drew

Tiyaanah

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*A park.*

*Sitting alone on a bench is TIYAANAH.*

*TIYAANAH, 29 years old, is wearing a nice pink silk robe.*

*Her name is embroidered onto the back of the robe.*

*She definitely sticks out sitting here alone in a public park.*

*TIYAANAH closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.*

...

*After a moment DREW enters.*

*DREW, 31 years old, is wearing a full suit and is carrying two ice cream cones.*

DREW: You wanted coconut in a waffle cone right? Or was it coffee in a sugar cone?

TIYAANAH: Which one did you get?

DREW: I got both and figured whichever one was the wrong one was for me.

TIYAANAH: You're the best.

DREW: Trying to be.

*They kiss.*

DREW: I was pretty sure it was coconut.

TIYAANAH: Coffee.

DREW: Damn it.

TIYAANAH: In a waffle cone.

DREW: Double damn it! Um...

*DREW looks at the coffee ice cream sitting on the wrong cone.*

DREW: I can fix this...

TIYAANAH: Sugar cone is fine.

DREW: You sure?

TIYAANAH: Yes. It's not a big deal.

*DREW sits next to TIYAANAH and hands her the ice cream.*

TIYAANAH: Thank you for this.

DREW: Sorry.

TIYAANAH: Don't be. All I wanted was to be sitting with my husband. And here he is. So thank you for that too.

*TIYAANAH puts her head on DREW's shoulder.*

*They sit in a comfortable, happy silence.*

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*Beat.*

DREW: I mean... I'm not your husband yet.

TIYAANAH: I know, I know...

DREW: But soon, enough.

TIYAANAH: It feels like forever from now.

DREW: I mean, it'll be today.

TIYAANAH: What'll be today?

DREW: Our wedding.

TIYAANAH: Will it be? I lost track. I forgot that all of this fuss was supposed to be for us.

DREW: Hm. Yeah... I feel that too.

*TIYAANAH looks at DREW.*

TIYAANAH: You got ready fast.

DREW: Yeah. A lot less prep goes into me, it seems.

TIYAANAH: And the rest of the guys.

DREW: All suited up. Playing Switch back at the hotel.

TIYAANAH: Are they gonna look for you?

DREW: They're playing Switch at the hotel.

TIYAANAH: The girls are probably all freaking out looking for me.

DREW: Hah, yeah I bet.

TIYAANAH: They'll be fine. I need my alone time.

*DREW stands up as a joke.*

DREW: Oh should I - ?

TIYAANAH: Sit down. You know what I mean, dummy.

*DREW sits.*

DREW: This has kinda sucked, huh?

*TIYAANAH nods her head.*

DREW: Yeah... I'm sorry about that.

TIYAANAH: It's not your fault our families are filled with crazy, self-centered monsters crawling around the Hilton like the first layer of hell.

DREW: Wow... That was quite a picture.

TIYAANAH: I've been thinking about it for a while.

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DREW: Yeah... This wedding doesn't totally seem like *us* does it?

TIYAANAH: No.

*Beat.*

DREW: What would that look like?

TIYAANAH: What?

DREW: An *us* wedding. What would a wedding – stripped away of any of the family and expectation – look like? A wedding that – hold onto your robe – was actually *about* you and me?

TIYAANAH: Huh. Wow.

DREW: I know.

TIYAANAH: Hard to even picture.

DREW: Is it?

TIYAANAH: What do you mean?

DREW: I can picture that version of our wedding pretty easily. Close your eyes.

*TIYAANAH gives DREW a look.*

DREW: Just close them.

*TIYAANAH closes her eyes.*

*They sit together.*

DREW: Now open them.

*TIYAANAH opens her eyes.*

DREW: Here we are.

TIYAANAH: What are you talking about?

DREW: Here we are at the wedding that is actually for us. Here it is. It's you. It's me. It's nobody else.

*TIYAANAH smiles.*

DREW: I have an idea.

TIYAANAH: Another idea?

DREW: Let's get married.

TIYAANAH: We are getting married.

DREW: No but like, not the way we were going to get married.

TIYAANAH: What are you talking about?

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DREW: Let's get married now.

TIYAANAH: Now?

DREW: Like now now. Like – before 5:30, now.

TIYAANAH: But everyone's waiting for us.

DREW: Well they can keep waiting for us. We can go to city hall and just do it.

TIYAANAH: You need an appointment for that.

DREW: You do?

TIYAANAH: Yes.

DREW: ... well shit... That's too bad.

*Pause.*

*They both burst into laughter.*

DREW: That would've been cool though, wouldn't it? Just up and getting married. Running away from everyone like – FUCK YOU GUYS!

TIYAANAH: Hahaha, you're ridiculous.

DREW: Ridiculously in love with you.

*TIYAANAH shoots DREW a look.*

DREW: That sounded better in my head.

TIYAANAH: You need to get your head checked...

DREW: Yeah, checked for a concussion.

TIYAANAH: I said I was sorry!

DREW: I don't even understand how you can turn in bed that quickly. Your elbow hit my forehead at like at least 70 miles per hour.

*TIYAANAH laughs and kisses DREW's forehead.*

TIYAANAH: Does it still hurt.

DREW: Yes! I don't have a vibranium skull.

*They laugh.*

*As the laughter dies down they hold hands.*

TIYAANAH: I love you.

DREW: I love you too.

TIYAANAH: Shall we go get married?

DREW: I don't have an appointment.

TIYAANAH: We have an appointment at 5:30.

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DREW: With all the scary people?

TIYAANAH: With all the scary people...

DREW: Well... good thing I *really* wanna marry you. Makes fighting off those scary people worth it...

**END OF PLAY.**