

Sincerely Yours

BRAD

KATE

(BRAD is sitting on the stage with a notepad, making notes and groaning loudly. Every time he writes something, he scratches it out wildly and groans at the top of his lungs. KATE enters and sees him.)

KATE: Like, hi, Brad.

BRAD, *forlorn*: Oh. Salutations, Kate.

KATE: What'cha doing?

BRAD: I am attempting to compose an affectionate epistle to Adrienne.

KATE: Adrienne? You've got a crush on *her*? Brad, she's, like, the most popular girl in the whole, like, school!

BRAD: I know! She's amazing! She's more beautiful than a fully operating graphing calculator!

KATE: So what have you written her?

(BRAD hands her his notepad, and KATE reads over it for a moment. After a second, she hands it back to him.)

KATE: Okay, like, Brad—Like, I can't understand anything on there.

BRAD: Fine. I'll read it to you. (*clears throat*) "Dearest Adrienne. You are more thrilling to me than solving a particularly difficult equation. You are the X-axis in my Y-axis, and for you I would do the unthinkable and divide by zero. My joy would be greater than a googol if you would attend a diverting activity with me. Sincerely yours, Brad."

(KATE has been listening quietly, nodding her head and obviously not understanding a word he said.)

KATE: That's—really interesting, Brad.

BRAD: I feel I truly expressed the depths of my love.

KATE: Yeah, for sure. So what does it mean?

BRAD, *shocked*: What do you mean, what does it mean?