

Bearskin

by: Stephen DeCesare Copyright 2001

Time: 1991. After the Gulf War

Setting: Mid-west USA

The Narrator comes out in front of the closed curtain with a storybook, opens it, and starts his story. Start war movie.

Narrator:

There was once a young fellow who enlisted as a soldier, conducted himself bravely, and was always the foremost when it rained bullets. So long as the war lasted, all went well, but when peace was made, he received his dismissal, (**Stop movie**) and the captain said he might go where he liked. His parents were dead, and he no longer had a home. The soldier had nothing left but his gun; (**Open curtain**) so he took that on his shoulder, and went forth into the world.

Soldier: NOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER, WHAT AM I GONNA DO?
I HAVE NO PLACE TO CALL MY OWN;
NO ONE TO GO HOME TO.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN IN THE FAST LANE
AND THAT'S WHERE I WANNA STAY.
TO BECOME A REGULAR JOE, I'LL ONLY WASTE AWAY.

SO I'M IN THE SLOW TRACK AGAIN.
HOPING OPPORTUNITY WILL REAR ITS HEAD;
BUT UNTIL THEN, THE WALLS CLOSE IN
AND MY PATIENCE STARTS WEARING THIN;
IT GETS TO POINT
WHERE I ALMOST START TO LOSE CONTROL.
AND IT GETS SO BAD; I CAN FEEL IT WITHIN MY SOUL.

WORKING EIGHT HOURS A DAY - THAT'S NOT WHO I AM;
TO PUNCH IN A CLOCK FOR FIVE DAYS A WEEK -
IS A MONOTONOUS SHAM.

I'D RATHER BE WHERE THE ACTION IS;
NOT WORKING NINE TO FIVE.
BUT WITH THE WAR BEING OVER,
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO SURVIVE?

FOR I'M IN THE SLOW TRACK AGAIN.
HOPING OPPORTUNITY WILL REAR ITS HEAD.
AND YOU THINK FOR ALL I'VE DONE;

I'D HAVE MONEY, BUT I HAVE NONE.
IT SEEMS EVERYTHING I DO
ALWAYS ENDS LIKE THIS - IT DOESN'T CHANGE;
JUST A PENNILESS NOBODY
WITH NO CHANCE FOR WEALTH OR FAME.

CAUSE I'M IN THE SLOW TRACK AGAIN.
HOPING OPPORTUNITY WILL REAR ITS HEAD.
I'M STARTING TO LOSE CONTROL
AND I'M READY TO SELL MY SOUL
TO ANYONE WHO HELPS ME GET OUT OF THIS RUT I'M IN.
I NEED SOMEONE TO HELP ME
GET OUT OF THIS RUT I'M IN!
I NEED SOMEONE TO HELP ME
GET OUT OF THIS RUT I'M IN!

HE SLUMPS SADLY ON A FALLEN TREE.

Narrator:

Suddenly, a strange man enters from out of nowhere.

Devil comes in whistling his tune.

Soldier:

Who are you?

Devil:

Someone who can help you. I already know what you are in need of. Money and possessions you shall have, as much as you can make away with, but first I must know if you are fearless, that I may not bestow my money in vain.

Soldier:

A soldier and fear - how can those two things go together? Let me prove it to you.

Devil:

Very well, then, look behind you.

A large bear will come growling at him.

Soldier:

Oho! I will tickle your nose for you, so that you shall soon lose your fancy for growling.

The soldier aims his gun and shoots the bear down dead

Devil:

I see quite well that you are not wanting in courage, but there is still another condition which you will have to fulfill.

Soldier:

If it does not endanger my salvation. If it does, I'll have nothing to do with it.

Devil:

You will look to that for yourself.

YOU'VE SPENT YOUR LIFE SAVING OTHERS FROM DANGER;
AND LOOK WHERE YOU ARE NOW.
WHAT I AM OFF'RING COMES ONCE IN A LIFETIME.
YOU ONLY HAVE TO VOW
THAT FOR ONLY SEVEN SHORT YEARS
YOU'LL DO JUST WHAT I ASK -
AND WHAT YOU'LL GET IN RETURN IS:

MONEY. YOU'LL BE SWIMMING IN MONEY.
YOU'LL HAVE SO MUCH THAT YOU WILL REALLY

NEVER KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT ALL.

MONEY. WHO DOESN'T LOVE MONEY?
IF YOU JUST AGREE TO MY TERMS,
I GUARANTEE YOU A LIFE OF DELIGHT.

YOU'LL BE RICHER THAN MIDAS. (I guarantee.)
NO MORE TROUBLES OR SORROWS
AND NO MORE ANXIOUS TOMORROWS.
ALL THIS CAN BE YOURS AND WHAT'S MORE -
IT ALL IS TAX FREE.

MONEY. IT'S SWEETER THAN HONEY.
C'MON, THERE'S NO NEED TO DECLINE;
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE.

The Devil whips out a written contract.

Soldier:

What are your conditions?

Devil:

You shall for the next seven years neither wash yourself, shave your beard, nor cut your hair and nails. I will give you a coat and cloak, which during this time you must wear. If you die during these seven years, or tell anyone of our deal, you are mine; if you remain alive and haven't told anyone, you are free, and rich to boot, for all the rest of your life.

Narrator comes over.

Narrator:

You shouldn't listen to him.

The Devil rushes over to the Narrator, grabs him by the shirt and pulls him to one side so that the soldier cannot hear.

Devil:

Put a plug in it, Mary Poppins or I'll shove that storybook up your ass!

The Devil goes over to the soldier, takes off the green coat he is wearing, and gives to the soldier.

Devil:

Now, if you have this coat on your back and put your hand into the pocket, you will always find it full of money. See for yourself.

The soldier sticks his hands in the pockets and pulls out wads of \$100.00 bills. While the soldier stands amazed, the Devil then pulls the skin off of the bear.

Devil:

This shall be your cloak, and your bed also, for thereon shall you sleep, and in no other bed shall you lie, and because of this apparel, you shall be called Bearskin.

SO WHAT DO YOU SAY? (Narrator waves his arms gesturing 'no'.)

Bearskin: I SAY, WHAT THE HELL! I'LL DO IT!!! (He signs the paper)

Both: MONEY. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE MONEY.
WHO SAYS THAT THE MEEK GET THE EARTH?
IT GOES TO THE ONES WHO TAKE A CHANCE.

MONEY.

Devil: I KNEW YOU LOVED MONEY.

Bearskin:

I do.

Devil: AND IF YOU THINK THAT YOU WILL WIN;
GUESS WHAT, BUSTER, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE.

BEARSKIN LOOKS STUNNED. IT JUST DAWNED ON HIM WHO HE JUST MADE A BARGAIN WITH.

Devil: I'LL BE WATCHING YOU CLOSELY. HA! HA!
YOU, STUPID, HUMAN WALKING MONEY TREE.
I'LL ANXIOUSLY WAIT FOR THE DAY
WHEN YOU SLIP UP AND I TAKE YOUR SOUL TO HELL.

MONEY. IT MADE YOU SO GREEDY.
AND NOW THAT YOU'VE SIGNED ON THE LINE,
I HOPE YOU SCREW UP OR DIE
SO THAT YOU'LL BE MINE!
SO THAT YOU'LL BE MINE!
SO THAT YOU'LL BE MINE! (Leave laughing)

AFTER SONG ENDS, DEVIL WILL VANISH LEAVING SOLDIER (WHO FROM THIS POINT ON WILL BE CALLED BEARSKIN) ALONE IN THE WOODS.

Narrator: DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO YOURSELF?
YOU'RE NOW A TARGET, BOY;
THE BULLS-EYE IS YOUR SOUL.

HOW COULD YOU NOT KNOW JUST WHO THAT WAS?!
IT WASN'T SANTA CLAUS!
OR A YOUNG ED MCMAHON.

AND ONLY YOU ARE THE CAUSE FOR BLAME.
YOU SHOULD HAVE STOPPED TO THINK
BEFORE YOU ACTED.
NOW IT'S WAY TOO LATE.

YOU'VE MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!
YOU'VE MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!
AND IT WILL COST YOU YOUR VERY SOUL!

Bearskin:

Why don't you do me a favor and shut up!

Narrator:

I tried to warn you. Why didn't you listen to me?!

Bearskin:

I don't even know who the hell you are.

Narrator:

I'm the Narrator.

Bearskin:

The Narrator? (**puts his arm around him**) Hey, buddy, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it when I told you to 'shut up'. I hope there's no hard feelings?

Narrator:

It's all right. I can understand, with all this new pressure you have now and all.

Bearskin:

Good; Now that that's all settled. How about you flip back a couple of those pages and uh... erase that little teensy little part where I signed the contract. I'll make it worth your while.

Narrator:

Can't do that.

Bearskin:

Why not?! I said I was sorry.

Narrator:

It's not that. I'm the Narrator, not the author. I can't change what's been written.

Bearskin:

Then rip the damn page out! (**He reaches for the book**)

Narrator: (**pulls book away**)

You're gonna have to deal with the consequences and figure a way out of this mess.

Bearskin:

How?! I'm a soldier, not a thinker.

Narrator:

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE TO YOURSELF
YOU CAN DO ANYTHING IF YOU PUT YOUR MIND TO IT.

THERE IS NOTHING THAT YOU CANNOT FACE.
TAKE ONE STEP AT A TIME.
THEN YOU WILL REALIZE
THAT YOU NOW STAND AT THE CROSSROADS OF LIFE.
THERE ARE TWO ROADS THAT YOU CAN TAKE;
JUST ONE WILL SET YOU FREE.

FROM YOUR DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!
THAT LOUSY DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!
MAYBE ONE DAY, YOU'LL GAIN YOUR SOUL!

TICK, TOCK. TICK, TOCK.
TIME IS NOW YOUR ENEMY.
TICK, TOCK. TICK, TOCK.
NOW YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO PLEA FOR YOUR LIFE.
YOU MUST ASK PEOPLE TO PRAY FOR YOU.

CAUSE YOU MADE THAT DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!
THAT ONE-SIDED DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!
AND HE'S WAITIN' FOR YOUR SOUL!!!
OH YEAH!!!!

AFTER SONG BEARSKIN WILL EXIT

Narrator:

During the first year his appearance was passable, but during the second he began to look like a monster. **(ENTER MONSTROUS BEARSKIN: His hair covers the whole of his face, his beard is like a piece of course felt, his fingers had claws, and his face is covered in dirt.) (The following is also pantomimed out)** Whosoever saw him, ran away, but everywhere he went, he gave the poor money to pray that he might not die during the seven years, and as he paid well for everything he still always found shelter. In the fourth year, he ended up in Rhode Island. He went to the Holiday Inn in Providence and the manager would not receive him. But as Bearskin thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a handful of money, the manager let himself be persuaded and gave him a room.

Bearskin:

Could you have room service bring something up to my room, please.

Manager:

We can't do that, sir. It's almost midnight and the kitchen's been closed since ten.

Bearskin pulls out a wad of money and gives it to the manager.

Manager:

I'll have something brought right up to you. How about tonight's special: a meatball grinder and side salad. (pronounced "grinduh")

Bearskin:

A what?

Manager:

A grinder, sir.

Bearskin:

What the hell is a grinder?

Manager:

It's a sandwich, sir. Usually made with a torpedo roll.

Bearskin:

Why didn't you just say that. That'll be fine. (walks away and mumbles) "Grinder"? Sheesh. (shakes his head)

Bearskin enters his room, puts the light on and goes looks at the clock. He takes out a pocket calendar and waits for it to strike midnight. As soon as midnight strikes, he will sing his song.

Bearskin:

MIDNIGHT.
ANOTHER DAY HAS COME AND GONE.
CROSS IT OFF THE CALENDAR.
ONE DAY LESS TO FEAR WHILE ANOTHER BEGINS.

LATELY THIS HAS BEEN MY ONE ROUTINE:
DREADING EVERY HOUR, EVERY MOMENT OF EACH DAY;
WISHING THERE WAS A SIMPLE WAY
TO ERASE THE CHOICE I MADE. (Looks at Narrator)
BUT I KNOW, IT'S NOT TO BE.

I THOUGHT ALL THIS WOULD BE SO EASY;
JUST A LITTLE MISCOMFORT
I WISH THAT I COULD HAVE SEEN THAT NOT ONLY
WAS THIS BARGAIN ONE VAST MISTAKE;
IT HAS FORCED ME TO BE ALL ALONE.

LONELY. THAT'S WHAT I AM, LONELY.
NO ONE WANTS TO BE MY FRIEND;
THEY ARE ALL AFRAID I MIGHT HARM THEM.

BECAUSE OF THIS, THEY JUDGE ME
ON JUST WHAT THEY SEE.
THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND;
I WISH I COULD TELL THEM WHY.
LIFE FOR ME IS ONE GOOD-BYE;
FEELS LIKE EVERYDAY I DIE
CAUSE I'M DESPISED BY MY FELLOW MAN.

SOMETIMES WHEN I JUST CAN NOT TAKE NO MORE,
I WANT TO PUT AN END TO IT ALL;
BUT I KNOW IT'S WRONG.
IT WOULD DAMN MY SOUL.

FURTHERMORE,
IT WOULD ONLY SEAL THE FACT
THAT THE DEVIL WOULD WIN;
AND THAT JUST CANNOT BE;
FOR A SOLDIER NEVER FAILS:
THIS IS REAL, NOT A FAIRY TALE.
SO I MUST KEEP GOING ON.
I'LL KEEP GOING ON!

After song he hears a loud lamenting in a neighboring room. Bearskin opens the door and sees an old man weeping bitterly and wringing his hands. Bearskin goes nearer, but the man will spring to his feet and tries to escape from him.

Bearskin:

Please, don't be afraid. I mean you no harm.

Old Man: (still a little shaken)

You're human?

Bearskin:

You'd never know it to look at me, but yes. **(The old man settles back down in his chair, relieved)** They call me Bearskin.

Old Man:

Bearskin? Are you in rock band or something?

Bearskin: (chuckles)

No.

Old Man:

Oh, well, in any case, the name's Nathaniel, but you can just call me Nate.

Bearskin:

Well, Nate, you sounded like you needed help? Is there anything I can do?

Nate:

If only you could. I came all the way out here from D.C. for a job interview, and I didn't get it.

Bearskin:

I'm sorry to hear it.

Nate:

You're sorry? I don't know what I'm going to do. I needed that job to pay off the fifteen credit cards I maxed out trying to support three grown daughters. It's not easy being a single parent these days. I'm going to lose everything. I know it. **(starts to break down and cry)**

Bearskin:

If that is your only trouble, I have plenty of money.

Nate:

That's kind of you, but there's no way you can afford to pay off all that I owe.

Bearskin:

How much is it?

Nate:

About \$45,000 dollars.

Bearskin pulls out wads and wads of money from his wallet and gives it to Nate.

Bearskin:

I want you to have this. **(Takes out more money)** This should put you back on track for a while.

Nate:

I can't take this.

Bearskin:

I don't see how you can't. Take it.

Nate:

How can I ever thank you?!

Bearskin:

You don't have to. But you can do something for me.

Nate:

Anything.

Bearskin:

Please pray that I will live for another three years.

Nate:

Certainly; That's the least I can do. **(pause) (getting excited)** Come with me.

Bearskin:

What?

Nate: You're coming with me. Along with my prayers I'm going to drive you to D.C. and introduce you to my daughters. All of them are miracles of beauty and you will choose one of them for yourself as a wife. When she hears what you have done for me, she will not refuse you. You do in truth look a little strange, but she will soon put you to rights again.

Bearskin: I don't know...I wouldn't even know what to say to them, never mind marrying one of them. My career has always come first, and to be honest, I never really had any luck with the opposite sex. Besides, who in their right mind would want me?

Nate: Trust me. I know my daughters and never underestimate the power of a woman or of love.

LISTEN UP, MY HAIRY FRIEND, AND HEED WHAT I SAY:
THE POWER OF A WOMAN CAN MAKE MEN GO ASTRAY.
THEY HAVE BEEN THE CAUSE OF MANY WARS AND STRIFE.
BUT WHEN YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH ONE;
THEY CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

THEY SOMEHOW MAKE A MAN MUCH BETTER
THAN HE WAS.
IT'S A SCIENTIFIC FACT AND IT IS TRUE BECAUSE
A WOMAN'S CAPABILITY TO FALL IN LOVE
IS MUCH GREATER THAN A MAN'S.

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND;
IT MAKES YOU WANT TO SING OUT LOUD
WHEN YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND SOMEONE TO LOVE.

DON'T BE A CYNIC STANDING ON THE SIDELINES
WATCHING ALL THOSE AROUND YOU
FIND LOVE AT EVERY CORNER.

GUMPTION IS THE KEY TO INITIATIVE
IN THE GAME OF LOVE;
PLAYING THE SHY TYPE DOESN'T WIN ANYONE OVER.

SOMETIMES IN LIFE YOU HAVE TO REACH OUT
AND GRAB THE RING;
OR IT WILL PASS YOU BY.
COME FEEL THE JOY THAT CAN ONLY COME FROM LOVE!

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD THE WORLD GO ROUND.
IT MAKES YOU WANT TO SING OUT LOUD
WHEN YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND SOMEONE TO LOVE.

LIFE'S NOT A DRESS REHEARSAL.
IT'S A PARTY.
AND NOW YOU HAVE YOUR INVITATION
TO COME AND JOIN IN THE FUN.
CAUSE LOVE IS A WONDERFUL GAME.

Bearskin: LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND;
IT MAKES YOU WANT TO SING OUT LOUD
WHEN YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND SOMEONE TO LOVE.

Nate: DON'T BE A CYNIC STANDING ON THE SIDELINES
WATCHING ALL THOSE AROUND YOU
FIND LOVE AT EVERY CORNER.

Both: GUMPTION IS THE KEY TO INITIATIVE
IN THE GAME OF LOVE;
PLAYING THE SHY TYPE DOESN'T WIN ANYONE OVER.

SOMETIMES IN LIFE YOU HAVE TO REACH OUT
AND GRAB THE RING;
OR IT WILL PASS YOU BY.
COME FEEL THE JOY THAT CAN ONLY COME FROM LOVE!

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD THE WORLD GO ROUND.
IT MAKES YOU WANT TO SING OUT LOUD
WHEN YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND SOMEONE TO LOVE.

Nate's hotel room will be struck and behind it will be a set of Providence and Bearskin and Nate will walking on 'Weybosset Street' which is thronged with couples.

LIFE'S NOT A DRESS REHEARSAL.
IT'S A PARTY.
AND NOW YOU HAVE YOUR INVITATION
TO COME AND JOIN IN THE FUN.
CAUSE LOVE IS A WONDERFUL GAME.

Chorus: GUMPTION IS THE KEY TO INITIATIVE
IN THE GAME OF LOVE;
PLAYING THE SHY TYPE DOESN'T WIN ANYONE OVER.

SOMETIMES IN LIFE YOU HAVE TO REACH OUT
AND GRAB THE RING;
OR IT WILL PASS YOU BY.
COME FEEL THE JOY THAT CAN ONLY COME FROM LOVE!

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND;
IT MAKES YOU WANT TO SING OUT LOUD
WHEN YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND SOMEONE TO LOVE.

DON'T BE A CYNIC STANDING ON THE SIDELINES
WATCHING ALL THOSE AROUND YOU
FIND LOVE AT EVERY CORNER.

Nate & Bearskin: EVERYBODY NEEDS TO FALL IN LOVE.

Chorus 1, GUMPTION IS THE KEY TO INITIATIVE IN THE GAME OF LOVE
Nate PLAYING THE SHY TYPE DOESN'T WIN ANYONE OVER.
& Bearskin:

SOMETIMES IN LIFE YOU HAVE TO REACH OUT AND GRAB THE RING;
OR IT WILL PASS YOU BY.
COME FEEL THE JOY THAT CAN ONLY COME FROM LOVE!

Chorus: EVERYBODY NEEDS TO FALL IN LOVE.
HEY! HEY! EVERYBODY NEEDS TO FALL IN LOVE.

All: LOVE MAKES THE WORLD THE WORLD GO ROUND.
IT MAKES YOU WANT TO SING OUT LOUD
WHEN YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND SOMEONE TO LOVE.

LIFE'S NOT A DRESS REHEARSAL.
IT'S A PARTY.
AND NOW YOU HAVE YOUR INVITATION
TO COME AND JOIN IN THE FUN.
CAUSE LOVE IS A WONDERFUL GAME!

Narrator:
I'll take you now to Nate's house, where also lived his three daughters. (**enter Nina**) The oldest is Nina, (**enter Cheri**) the second one's name is Cheri, (**enter Anne Marie**) the youngest is Anne Marie. Three very beautiful women, but not the happiest people in the world.

Nina: (to Narrator)
Yeah, well, you'd be miserable too if you went out with the shit-bum I went out with last night. He was such an asshole.

Anne Marie:
What happened?

Nina:
Nothing. Absolutely nothing. That's the last time I date an actor. I've never seen a person so preoccupied with his looks and figure like this guy. Oh, and he made sure that everything he said was (**mimicking**) pronounced and articulated so correctly in round, pear-shaped tones. (**speaking normal**) Oh, it made me sick.

Cheri:
It doesn't sound any worse than the date I had. He said he wanted to take me to his apartment and make love all night long.

Nina:
What's wrong with that?

Cheri:
With his boyfriend?

Nina & Cheri: EVERYTIME IT'S THE SAME OLD THING;
IT RARELY SEEMS TO CHANGE.
THE DEGREE OF MEN WE'VE DATED
GOES FROM SICK'NING TO THE STRANGE.

ALL WE WANT IS A BOYFRIEND
IN ACCORD TO OUR TASTES.
BUT INSTEAD OF EASY-PICKINGS,
WE END UP WITH THE WASTE.

Nina: I LOOK FOR A MAN WHO IS WEALTHY,
GOOD-LOOKING, AND HAS THE MOST

LUSCIOUS, WAVY HAIR.
TO TAKE ME TO RESTAURANTS, THE THEATRE,
THE MOVIES AND BUYS ME THINGS TO WEAR.

BUT ALL THAT I SEEM TO ATTRACT
HAVE NO MONEY AND BALD AND PURSUED BY THE FBI.
I'M SO SICK AND TIRED OF IT.
WHY AM I ALWAYS ATTRACTING
THE WRONG TYPE OF GUY.

Cheri: THE MAN THAT I LOOK FOR IS WELL-BUILT,
HAS MUSCLES AND VERY EQUIPPED UNDERNEATH.
A MAN WHO CAN THRILL ME, SEDUCE ME,
AND KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING UNDER THE SHEETS.

BUT I GET THE SCRAWNY ONES
WHO UNDERNEATH, JUST TO SEE IT,
IT NEEDS TO BE MAGNIFIED.
I'M SO SICK AND TIRED OF IT.
WHY AM I ALWAYS ATTRACTING
THE WRONG TYPE OF GUY.

Nina: IF THEY BRING ME A ROSE, IT HAS THORNS.

Cheri: IF IT'S CANDY I GET, IT'S ALL MELTED.

Nina: IF WE GO ON A DATE, THEY HAVE GAS.

Cheri: OR THEY'RE PICKING SOME "THING" FROM THEIR ASS.

Nina: WHY CAN'T THEY BE CHARMING,

Cheri: WELL-MANNERED,

Nina: CONSIDERATE,

Both: ANY OF THOSE WOULD SURELY DO.

Nina: BUT THEIR HAIRY,

Cheri: AND DUMPY,

Nina: AND IMPOTENT

Both: AND HAVE A MINIMAL IQ.
WE DON'T THINK WE'RE PICKY OR SHALLOW,
OR LIMITED BUT THERE'S ONE THING WE CAN'T DENY:
THEN WHEN IT COMES TO MEN,
WE GET THE WORST OF THEM;
IT'S ALWAYS THE WRONG TYPE OF GUY.

Nina and Cheri act out a typical date with Nina playing the guy and Cheri being herself. Nina, for instance, can ask Cheri out while grabbing her crotch area, pretend to pull her shorts down from riding up, that type of thing.