

The Candid Biography of a Single Chess Table Chosen at  
Random on an Ambiguous Spring Day in Central Park

by

Matt Fotis

Copyright © Matt Fotis  
773-369-8566  
[shantz100@msn.com](mailto:shantz100@msn.com)

CHARACTERS

Man #1	Gay man from Wisconsin. Early 20s.
Man #2	His significant other. Early 30s.
Young Man	Teenage boy.
Young Woman	Teenage girl.
Writer	Up and coming writer. Male. 30s.
Friend	The writer's friend of many years. Female. 30s.
Woman (Carol)	Woman searching for love 20-30s.
Career Woman	Crooked lawyer. 30's.
Career Man	Unsympathetic Psychiatrist. 30's.
Patient	Woman with terminal cancer. 40-50's.
Nurse	The woman's nurse. Either sex. 20's.
Woman	A woman in the park. Late 20's.
Man	A man in the park. Late 20's.
Man (Brian)	Man searching for love. 20-30s.
Jeff	On the verge of suicide. Male.30s.
Amanda	An attractive woman on a walk.30s.
Guy	A man in the park. 20-45.
Indignant Woman	A woman who likes scarves. 20-45.
Expectant Mother #1	20's.
Expectant Mother #2	30's.
Boss	CEO of a major corporation. 50's.
Employee	An accountant in that corporation. 30's or 40's. Male.
Carol	Woman in search of love.
Brian	Man in search of love.
Jogger	Attractive, successful woman.20's.
Criminal	Man in late 20's, early 30's.

\*Actors will play multiple roles.

Throughout the course of TIME  
a spring day - 2000.

SETTING  
A chess table in Central Park.

<u>SCENES</u>		
Scene 1	Jogging	Early Morning
Scene 2	Young Love	Morning
Scene 3	The Great American Novel	Morning
Scene 4	Dating, Part I	Morning
Scene 5	The Digital World	Late Morning
Scene 6	The Theory of Relativity	Afternoon
Scene 7	Lunch Break	Afternoon
Scene 8	Dating, Part II	Afternoon
Scene 9	High School Reunion	Afternoon
Scene 10	Scarves in Spring	Afternoon
Scene 11	Expectant Mothers	Mid-Afternoon
Scene 12	Downsizing	5:05pm
Scene 13	Dating, Part III	Early Evening
Scene 14	The Lonely Hearts Club	Night

**SCENE 1**

Jogging

(Early morning. The stage is void of scenery except for a chess table and two chairs center stage. The set need not be made of stone but of that style. Two men enter dressed in running attire. MAN #2 is very spry and light of foot, MAN #1, however, slowly drags in behind and collapses in a chair. They each have a water bottle. MAN #2 continues jogging in place, checking pulse, & performing odd stretches throughout the scene.)

MAN #2

You're never gonna shed those love handles if you sit down every five minutes.

MAN #1

(Panting.)

I think I'm gonna...die...

MAN #2

(Checking his pulse.)

Oh, quit being such a baby.

MAN #1

I've been out of breath...since the second we started...My thighs are on fire...my heart is racing...my feet are two giant blisters...How on earth is this...gratifying?

MAN #2

You need to visualize silly. It's all in your mind. Visualize yourself as energized now as you were when you had your first orgasm and you can't get tired. There's too much to live for; to run for.

MAN #1

You're an idiot.

MAN #2

And you're no fun.

MAN #1

I like you better in heels.

MAN #2

You'd like a dog if it were dressed like Judy Garland.

MAN #1

You wouldn't?

MAN #2

Only if it could carry a tune.

MAN #1

Finally the truth spills out. He only loved my voice, never me; my mother'll be devastated.

MAN #2

Too late, your mother was officially devastated last Christmas—

MAN #1

--when you showed up at my parent's house—

MAN #1/MAN #2

--wrapped in a tinsel boa.

MAN #2

I was being festive and I thought you had already told them.

MAN #1

I couldn't. You don't know how my mom gets.

MAN #2

'Mom, I'm gay.' is a lot easier to handle than, 'Mom, I brought home my flamboyant roommate whom I occasionally sleep with to affirm my heterosexuality.'

MAN #1

I didn't say that.

MAN #2

Not word for word.

MAN #1

Whatever.

MAN #2

(Pause. Through fake tears.)

Whatever? Oh. . .whatever? How eloquent. You've stirred emotions deep within this pathetic excuse I've grown to call a man that I had long forgotten. You've pried open my soul and peered deep within me, only to be greeted by a lifeless black heart methodically thumping away. Oh Hamlet, speak no more!

MAN #1

If only there were more people awake at five a.m. to witness your brilliant wit.

MAN #2

Sleep away your life if you want to, but anyone who is anyone knows that you haven't really lived until you've seen the sun rise over Central Park.

MAN #1

This coming from a man who voted for Bush.

MAN #2

On accident.

MAN #1

Twice?

MAN #2

I thought he was somebody else.

MAN #1

Who?

MAN #2

I forget.

MAN #1

C'mon. Who? Bob Fosse? George Washington? C'mon...

MAN #2

Would you just drop it already?

MAN #1

It's like a priest voting for the devil.

MAN #2

15-Love, you made your point.

MAN #1

Like a Jew preaching the New Testament.

MAN #2

Very funny...

MAN #1

Like Martin Luther King throwing a dinner party for David Duke.

MAN #2

I made a mistake alright, now can we please play grown up and drop it?

MAN #1

How is it possible that a gay man from Wisconsin is more in touch with reality than you?

MAN #2

That's why I love you.

MAN #1

I hate you.

MAN #2

Then I love you more.

MAN #1

Quit being so damn perky. You're giving the rest of us a bad name.

MAN #2

Sorry, from now on I'll try harder to be an honest to God normal gay.

MAN #1

I haven't sweat this much in my entire life.

MAN #2

Then you haven't lived!

(He pours some water over MAN #1.)

MAN #1

Five more minutes. And don't ever pour water on me again.

MAN #2

I'm not waiting any more.

MAN #1

Playin' hard to get, eh?

MAN #2

Worked once.

MAN #1

You owe me so big for this.

MAN #2

For whipping your mashed potatoes into shape, I owe you?

MAN #1

Yes.

MAN #2

How often I forget the foolishness of youth.

MAN #1

Oh, that's right, I forgot that you got elected to the council of Soho-fag-elders last November. I voted Democrat.

MAN #2

It's an appointed position.

MAN #1

Go without me. Go. Go frolic in the park.

MAN #2

If only I could.

(Short pause.)

C'mon sugarpants, let's go.

MAN #1

Fine, but I'm never sleeping with you again.

MAN #2

We've slept together?

MAN #1

Funny guy.

MAN #2

(As he is running off stage.)

You'll thank me in six months.

MAN #1

I bet I will.

(Lights fade out as MAN #1 trudges off stage.)

**SCENE 2**

Young Love

(Morning. The lights come up on YOUNG MAN(YM) and YOUNG WOMAN(YW), who are seated at the table. Their bookbags are lying next to them. One of the water bottles from the previous scene remains on the table, which YM unconsciously plays with throughout the scene. Pregnant pauses fill the scene. )

YW

(Beat.)

I'm glad it's over.

(Beat. Defensive.)

Not that I'm mad it happened -- I'm just glad it's over.

(Beat. Unsure.)

I think we made the right choice.

YM

I'm pretty sure of it.

(Beat.)

But we don't hafta again...if you don't-

YW

No, no...I want to.

YM

Yeah. Me too.

Me too.

Me too.

YW

(Beat.)

Do you think people can tell?

YM

Tell what?

YW

You know, I feel dirty, like everyone's eyes are penetrating right through me.

YM

I don't think they care.

YW

...Do you?

Do I care if they can see th-  
YM

No. Do you care?  
YW

Yes?  
YM

(Beat.)  
YW  
So that's how it's gonna be, huh?

No. I'm not really sure what-  
YM

Do you love me?  
YW

Of course I do.  
YM

Say it.  
YW

I love you.  
YM  
(Matter-of-factly.)

Say it again.  
YW

I just said it.  
YM

Again.  
YW

(YM and YW's speech overlap.)

I just said it.  
YM

...again...  
YW

How many times do you want me to say it?  
YM

YW

...Say it!...

YM

What do you—

YW

...Say it you fucking bastard!...

(They both rise during these mini speeches, which should overlap but also shift focus back and forth. YM still has the water bottle in his hand.)

YM

...I knew I shoulda listened to my older brother. He said you'd get all bitchy and clingy after we did it and that I shouldn't stick around, but I did, and do you know why I did? Cause I'm a nice guy, and this is how you repay me? I didn't halfta sit there and 'hold you' and 'cuddle' and I sure as fuck didn't have to pull out...

YW

...Don't you understand how important this was to me. Your El Camino? Your fucking El Camino? That's romantic! Now when people ask me where I lost my virginity I have to say, 'Oh, in the back of some guys El-fucking-Camino!'

YM

...And how many guys do you know that willingly succumb to foreplay? Oh, that's right, not very-fucking-many I can tell you that much. Biggest waste of forty-five minutes in my life.

YW

Forty-five minutes my ass, and taking my shirt off does not constitute foreplay jackass. Fuck you!...

YM

No, fuck you...

YW

No, fuck you!

YM

No, fuck you!

YW

You got what you wanted.

That's right. YM  
(He begins to exit.)

Then fucking leave! YW

Fine! YM  
(He throws the water bottle to the ground, and continues off-stage until he is out of sight.)

Fine! YW

Fine! YM  
(Off-stage.)  
Bitch!  
(Beat.)  
(YM re-enters in an agitated state.)

You wanna do it again? YM  
(Pause. Nonchalant.)

Okay. YW

Awesome. YM  
(Blackout.)

**SCENE 3**

The Great American Novel

(Morning. Lights come up on the WRITER, and his FRIEND, sipping coffee at the table. FRIEND is also reading a Vanity Fair.)

WRITER

So...what'd you think?

FRIEND

Of what?

WRITER

The book.

FRIEND

Oh, right, your book...

(Lights a cigarette.)

...I thought it was horseshit.

WRITER

What?

FRIEND

It was trite. Sheer namby-pamby. The characters were flat, complete clichés and totally predictable—

WRITER

What are you talking about?

FRIEND

--and you basically ripped the story from Nabakov's Invitation to a Beheading.

WRITER

I didn't steal anything from anybody.

FRIEND

Don't get me wrong, I hate it; but the public, the mass of humanity, they'll love it. They'll love whatever they're told to; probably got a bestseller on your hands—

WRITER

The New York Times called it, and I quote, 'A compelling piece of literature...The best American novel in ten years.'

FRIEND

My point exactly.

WRITER

Denver Rocky Mountain News: 'If talent were measured in people, Hanson would be China: His talent is that huge!'

FRIEND

Honestly-

WRITER

'Hanson is a gorgeous writer capable of being at once melancholy and tart, achingly innocent and astonishingly ironic. Cellblock-C is a masterpiece, revealing the surreal poetry of life.' That's Elle talking.

FRIEND

Decadent fatuous fluff.

WRITER

Well at least I'm still writing and not a pretentious clerk at Borders.

FRIEND

Touché.

Have you ever thought about killing yourself?

WRITER

What? No-

FRIEND

Seriously? Have you?

WRITER

What are you talking about? Have you completely lost your mind?

FRIEND

You call yourself a writer? Because I'd call you an imbecile. It's called subtext.

WRITER

I know what subtext is, and me killing myself is not the subtext of the-

FRIEND

It manifests itself on the first page, and overtly screams at you like a spoiled New Englander for the next agonizingly supercilious three-hundred and fifty-four-fucking pages-

WRITER

Three hundred and fifty five, you obviously didn't read the book-

FRIEND

A monkey could see that you want to kill yourself. It's all right there, to quote Harpers, 'In Hanson's masterpiece.'

WRITER

You completely missed the point.

FRIEND

Oh come on. Don't sit here and tell me that you've never even thought about it. I bet you don't masturbate either.

WRITER

I'm a creator. I create things. I take something that didn't exist yesterday, and today - because of me - it does. I create for tomorrow. I'm the exact opposite of you.

FRIEND

(She reads from the magazine, then slides it over to WRITER.)

Vanity Fair: 'Brilliant insight from one of today's brightest young literary stars.'

WRITER

(Pretending to read from the magazine.)

You're just jealous that I made it and you didn't.

(Pushes the magazine back.)

FRIEND

Of course I'm jealous, Jesus you're obtuse.

WRITER

You're just a bitter washed up never was.

FRIEND

And you want to kill yourself. Don't you have anything novel to say? Or is it all recycled rubbish?

WRITER

Some friend.

FRIEND

Everyone should be so lucky to have an honest friend.

WRITER

Yeah, I'm one lucky son-of-a-bitch.

FRIEND

You are. Now quit beating around the bush and just admit it.

WRITER

(Short pause.)

Fine, I've thought about it, okay. Are you happy?

FRIEND

Really?

WRITER

Yes, the human desire to destroy oneself is imbedded into us all. I mean look at us. We've simply taken that desire and manifested in different ways. Why do you think we have guns? Alcohol, drugs, cigarettes...

(Pulls the cigarette out of FRIEND's mouth and drops it in FRIEND's coffee.)

FRIEND

They're my vice.

(Lights a new cigarette.)

Have you ever put a gun in your mouth?

WRITER

(Pause.)

What?

FRIEND

Have you ever tasted the barrel of a gun?

WRITER

Are you kidding?...Have you?

FRIEND

(Casually.)

Yeah.

WRITER

Really?

FRIEND

Almost everyday.

WRITER

Are you serious?

FRIEND

You could put that in one of your little books. A character who tries to kill herself but can't -- God dammit. I'm becoming one of those people.

WRITER

A suicidal maniac? Mary Todd Lincoln.

FRIEND

Worse, one of those annoying little people who tell you what to write about. 'Oh my God, the funniest thing happened to me yesterday, you should put it in one of your books!'

WRITER

Are you pulling my leg?

FRIEND

Used to happen to me all the time.

WRITER

About killing yourself?

FRIEND

Why would I be pulling your leg?

WRITER

Because you just said you hold a gun in your mouth every night—

FRIEND

I said everyday -- you really need to pay closer attention to people's word usage, the spoken language, if you want to be a writer -- and I don't always put it in my mouth; sometimes I hold it under my chin.

WRITER

Jesus Christ! You should be institutionalized.

FRIEND

I'd rather kill myself.

(Laughs.)

C'mon, you said so yourself that it was a natural urge to destroy oneself. Basic human instinct. Am I not just fulfilling my chemical destiny?

WRITER

But putting a gun in your—

FRIEND

Relax. If I ever gather up enough gusto to actually go through with it there will be one less pretentious clerk at Borders, so what?

(Lights fade out.)

**SCENE 4**

Dating, Part I

(Moments later. A woman enters the park. She sits at the table.)

WOMAN

Brian...I don't know how else to say this so I'm just going to come right out and say it -- I think we should see other people.

(As Brian.)

What?

(Normal.)

I know this might be coming as a bit of a shock to you, but I need something more than our relationship is giving me.

(Brian.)

But I thought--

(Normal.)

You're right, what we have could be special, but we're at different places in our lives right now. You're a wonderful guy Brian, but we just want different things.

(Brian.)

I want whatever you want.

(Normal.)

No, he'd never say that, but if he did....Listen Brian, I'm not saying that it's over, I'm just saying that I need some time for myself. I need a break.

(Brian.)

A break?

(Normal.)

I need some time to figure out what I want.

(Brian.)

Are you seeing someone else?

(Normal.)

Yes - no! That would crush his little heart...Of course not Brian. I just need some time for myself. This is what I need right now, and I need you to support me on this.

(Long pause.)

Don't you have anything to say?

(Brian.)

What do you want me to say?

(Normal.)

I don't know, what are you feeling?

(Brian.)

I don't know.

(Pause. She gives BRIAN a look. As BRIAN.)

I don't know.

(Pause. Normal.)

Well, are you willing to give this a try?

(Pause. Brian.)

I guess.

(Normal.)

Good.

I can do this...

(Lights fade out.)

**SCENE 5**

The Digital World

(Late morning. CAREER MAN C CM, and CAREER WOMAN C CW; dressed in finely tailored business attire are seated at the table.)

CM

I really needed to get out of that office and get some fresh air.

CW

You cannot let work totally run your life. You've got to draw the line somewhere.

CM

Like Europeans.

CW

Southerners. No, no...Italians. Now they know how to relax.

CM

Italians are Europeans.

CW

Really?

CM

Yeah.

CW

Well, the point is that they know how to relax.

(They share a forced chuckle. Beat. They try to relax. Beat. Uncomfortable silence. Their cell phones ring almost simultaneously. They re-compose themselves. They talk on their cell phones while continuing their conversation with each other. The dialogue is practically simultaneous, but focus should shift back and forth.)

CW

(On her phone.)  
Miller...

CM

(On his phone. He has much longer pauses in between his speech than CW.)  
Dr. Banelli?

CW  
That's what I said Marla...  
(To CM.)  
It's Marla...

CW  
(On her phone.)  
...now if you don't get  
Collins to sign then we  
don't have a deal and if we  
don't have a deal then how  
can I be happy? Huh Marla,  
is that your goal? To make  
me miserable, because  
you're doing a marvelous  
job at that.

CW  
Now get Collins to sign...I  
don't care what he  
said...no that's not an  
issue...he can't take us to  
court Marla, he doesn't  
have a leg to stand  
on...Hun, did you graduate  
from Harvard Law or did I?  
(To CM.)  
God, they think they're  
fucking lawyers.

CW  
...if you need to blow him  
then fucking blow him...

CW  
(To CM.)  
You're right, is that what  
you wanna hear?

CM  
(To CW.)  
Cookie Williams.

CM  
...Really? Well I couldn't  
be happier for little  
Richie...

...Wow...

...Little League and  
piano...

CM  
(To CW.)  
Why do they insist on  
telling me about their  
fucking kids.

CM  
(On his phone. Pantomimes  
masturbating.)  
...Oh really, well that is  
very interesting...  
(To CW.)  
Do they really think I  
care?

CM  
(On his phone.)  
...I'm deeply touched that  
you told me...  
(To CW.)  
I told you to fire her.  
Yes.

CW

(On her phone.)

I don't care Marla. But if you don't get Collins to sign then you are fired.

(To CM.)

When's Peg due?

CW

(On her phone.)

Do you realize that? Do you realize you're fucking fired?

CW

(She hangs up her phone. To CM.)

God, these stupid fucking - If Marla gives me that fucking high road bull-

(Her phone rings.)

Miller...Mr. Collins just the person I wanted to talk to...I know that there are some things that on the surface look a little sketchy. But believe me when I tell you that this contract is one-hundred and fifty-five percent legal.

CW

George Washington would sign this contract, if he were alive and could write his name-

CW

...It was a joke sir, of course George Washington could write his name-

(To CM.)

And fuck his slaves.

CM

(On his phone.)

...Listen, Mrs. Williams, yes, I'm glad for Richie, but in order for us to find the root of your problems...

(To CW.)

Any minute. She hasn't stopped eating in three days. It's gross.

CM

(On his phone.)

Yes, I realize that...

CM

I know there are more important things than... You're absolutely correct...uh-huh ...right...Explore that avenue...

(He puts his phone on the table and begins reading, eating an apple, etc.; he continues to say 'yeah, uh-huh'.) (Picking up his phone.)

...I've done as much as I can Mrs. Williams...

CM

(To CW.)

What?

CM

(To CW.)

That was Jefferson...who fucked his slaves.

CW  
(On her phone.)  
...Yes, I would sign if I  
were in your shoes. It's a  
sound deal sir...

CW  
(To CM.)  
Jefferson? You sure?

CW  
(On her phone.)  
...Thank you Mr. Collins. I  
assure you that you are  
making the right  
choice...Three-thirty.  
Perfect...You too.

CM  
(On his phone.)  
Why don't you just come into the office for a session on the  
house...yeah...uh huh...yes, you can bring your cat...What?  
I can't hear you Mrs. Williams. Our phone system is having  
some-

(He hangs up. Beat.)

CW & CM  
I love the Park in Spring

(Lights fade out.)

CM  
(On his phone.)  
...Exactly. Only you can  
help you. That is what I'm  
trying to...

CM  
(Thinking he is  
speaking to CW, but  
into his phone on  
accident.)  
I'm positive you fucking  
moron.

CM  
(Pause. On his phone.)  
No Mrs. Williams...there  
was a little...in the  
office...my secretary  
spilled some coffee...well  
I know that Jesus  
doesn't...this has very  
little to do with Jesus...

## SCENE 6

### The Theory of Relativity

(A bit later. The lights come up as PATIENT is walked in by NURSE.)

#### PATIENT

I love the Park in Spring. The sun's so warm on my skin. It's funny how sixty degrees in April feels so warm, but sixty in August is like the middle of winter. Everything's relative.  
I'm dying.

#### NURSE

No you're not ma'am. You're—

(During PATIENT's speech, NURSE takes out a stick of beef jerky and begins eating it. NURSE throws in many 'uh-huh' 'right' etc during the speech. Dialogue in parentheses is NURSE's under the breath retorts.)

#### PATIENT

I'm not afraid anymore.  
The world will go on without me. You'll realize it someday cause it'll go on without you too. (Uh-huh)  
You'll figure it out. Maybe I did enough good. Tried to be honest. Most of the time. When it was convenient. Loved my husband. Loved my kids.  
I won't be forgotten...That's what matters. They'll remember me. (uh-huh). Not because I did anything extraordinary. (You got cancer). I didn't make any great scientific discoveries. I didn't write The Great Gatsby (couldn't have), I didn't buy the right gifts, or have the best job, or the most fashionable friends. (Nope).  
I was my son's den mother. (Cool). I told my husband that I loved him every morning. I made the coffee extra strong even though I hated it that way. I grew to like it. Not the taste. Never cared for it so bitter. (Uh-huh). But after a while I couldn't drink weak coffee either. Didn't appeal to me anymore.

#### NURSE

(Finishing the beef jerky.)

We should really be getting back to the hospital...

#### PATIENT

What's a few minutes gonna matter?

NURSE

I'm supposed to have you back by one o'clock.

PATIENT

Typical liberal. You want everything right now.

NURSE

Uh-huh.

PATIENT

You don't realize that change has to be gradual in order to be effective.

(Slight pause.)

You don't just wake up one morning with cancer. (What!?) It grows, it mutates...it takes time.

NURSE

Dr. Johnson will-

PATIENT

Screw that asshole.

What are you looking at? I'm not a saint. You don't think people with cancer swear? (I don't know.)

I had sex too. (I bet.)

With eleven men. (Busy.)

Not at once. (That's good.)

Two. (Whoa.)

Before I was married. (Good for you.)

Only one man after 1978. (Wow.)

(Pause. She takes in the park.)

Can I die here?

NURSE

You aren't dying.

PATIENT

Will you tell?

NURSE

I'll have to tell somebody-

PATIENT

Will you tell Dr. Johnson?

NURSE

Not if you don't want me to.

PATIENT

I don't want him to know.

NURSE

He'll probably figure it out eventually.

PATIENT

Maybe after I die he won't seem like such a prick.

NURSE

Maybe...

PATIENT

(Beat.)

Do you remember the moment when you first realized you were going to die?

NURSE

Pardon?

PATIENT

The exact moment in your life when you realized that someday you would die, do you remember it? The moment it hit you, that it sunk in, that you, the person staring back at you in the mirror, was going to die. Not your grandmother or your dog or the guy next door, but you.

NURSE

No. I don't think so.

PATIENT

I don't either. Isn't that amazing? That we can't remember? It had to happen. Had to occur at some point in time. Like ridding a bike; one day all of a sudden you can ride. One of the greatest intellectual discoveries any person can make, and we don't remember it. Isn't that amazing?

NURSE

We should get back.

PATIENT

(Beat.)

That no matter what you did there was no avoiding death. Whether you were an honest man or Dr. Johnson, the end result was the same...

(Lights fade out.)

## SCENE 7

### Lunch Break

(A late lunch break.)

(A WOMAN is seated at the table. She is dressed in business attire, and is writing in a day planner or something of that nature.)

(After a few beats a MAN enters. He is carrying a small plastic bag with a loaf of bread. He is dressed casually. He scouts out the area, and the WOMAN, and then non-verbally asks for permission to sit at the table, which is reluctantly given.)

(The WOMAN glances up, turns away from the MAN, then goes back to her planner.)

(The MAN sits, taking note of the WOMAN's reaction, places his bag on the table, takes out the loaf of bread, and begins tearing off small pieces of bread.)

(The WOMAN sighs.)

(The MAN pauses before tossing the pieces of bread around the table, making a clicking sound as he tosses.)

(The WOMAN, after several beats of the clicking, coughs loudly in the MAN's direction. He stops clicking. She puts her planner away and pulls out a magazine. As she opens it up, the MAN's clicking resumes in a far more annoying tone.)

(The WOMAN shuts her magazine in annoyance and shoots the MAN an irritated look, which he greets with a click and a smile.)

(The WOMAN, after a beat changes her expression from annoyance to mischief. She resumes reading her magazine, only now she softly reads to herself as she goes along. She should be reading

something about feminine hygiene, beauty products, etc .)

(The MAN, not wanting to be outdone, continues clicking and tossing bread and also begins fumbling with the plastic bag he brought the bread in.)

(The WOMAN's reading becomes louder and more nasally the more the MAN plays with the bag.)

(The MAN in a quick change, tosses down the bag, continuing to mash it with his feet, and begins throwing pieces of bread at the WOMAN.)

(The WOMAN, turns her magazine to block the bread, reads very loudly, and tries to ignore the MAN, who begins throwing the bread with more and more force, and continues clicking and smashing the bag violently.)

(The MAN continues throwing bread, clicking and smashing the bag as the WOMAN continues to ignore him and read loudly until the two are at the brink of complete chaos - this shouldn't be too long, nor too short. Just before chaos ensues the MAN runs out of bread and the WOMAN comes to the end of her magazine.)

(Silence.)

(A tense beat.)

(They lock eyes. Beat. They drop everything and begin passionately kissing. After a few seconds their kiss ends crisply, and they begin gathering up their things.)

(The WOMAN takes out her planner, writes her number on a piece of paper and hands it to the MAN. She gives him a click and a smile and exits. The MAN exits in the opposite direction.)

(Lights fade out.)

**SCENE 8**

Dating, Part II

(A man enters the park. He has two notecards and a pencil. He nervously paces about the stage.)

MAN

I can't do this. This is crazy. I mean it's just plain crazy. There is no way...

(Reading.)

Carol.

(To himself.)

Relax. You can do this. You can do this. You can do this. Okay,

(Reading.)

Carol, These past...

(Erasing.)

No, no...

(Writing.)

Dearest Carol.

(Pause. He looks at the notecard.)

Okay,

(Reading.)

Dearest Carol...These past six months have been without question the best six months of my life...except November. But I've never really had a good November, so I don't think that has anything to do with you.

(To himself as Carol.)

They have been, they really have.

(Reading.)

I've never felt more alive. More invigorated. More inspired.

(As Carol.)

Me either.

(Reading.)

I mean I look into your eyes and I can't tell if I'm the luckiest or the happiest guy in the whole world...

(As Carol.)

I feel the same way.

(Reading.)

Before I met you I was lost.

(Pause.)

No, before I met you I was...okay scratch that. The less she knows about my past the better.

(Reading.)

Carol, all I do know is that I love you...

(Flips to the second notecard.)

...and I want you to marry me.

(To himself.)

I want you to marry me?

...Too volleyball coach.

Carol, will you marry me?

...No, I can't say that to her face.

Marry me.

...That's too threatening.

(Pause.)

I love you and I want you to marry me.

That's not so bad.

(Quickly.)

I love you and I want you to marry me.

(Normal.)

Carol, I love you and I want you to marry me.

(Writing on the note card.)

Write this down, it's gold...Carol, I love you and I want you to marry me, question mark.

Now all we need is for her to say yes.

(As Carol.)

Yes.

(Normal.)

And there we have it. That wasn't so bad.

(He starts to walk off-stage as the lights fade.)

I can do this...Carol I love you and I want you to marry me.

Carol I love you and I want you to marry me.

**SCENE 9**

High School Reunion

(A MAN is seated at the table. Next to him is an umbrella, a notebook, and a leash B with no dog attached. He is writing. After a beat, WOMAN enters dressed very casually.)

MAN

(Looking up from his writing.) Amanda. Amanda Moore! I can't believe it. It's you! It's really you. It's me! Jeff!

WOMAN

(Turning around.)

I think you might have the wrong—

MAN

Jeff. Jeff Engels. From Richwood. Goooo Knights!

WOMAN

I'm sorry...

MAN

(MAN crosses to WOMAN, puts his arm around her and escorts her to the table.)

C'mon...Jeff? Engels? Richwood High? Remember? I gave you my trigonometry homework for a whole semester.

WOMAN

Oh, right, Jeff.

MAN

Awesome. I can't believe Amanda Moore remembered my name.

WOMAN

How've you been?

MAN

I've been crying a lot lately.

WOMAN

That's too bad. Look, I'm late for a meeting—

MAN

It's funny that we ran into each other.

WOMAN

Yeah.

MAN

You look great. Really great. Wow great.

WOMAN

Like I said, I really need to get—

MAN

I'm journaling about you right now.

WOMAN

Journaling?

MAN

It's part of the new Jeff. Instead of crying and trying to kill myself, I journal.

WOMAN

Oh.

MAN

It's giving me a whole new perspective on life.

WOMAN

That's really great Jeff. Well, it was nice seeing you again—

MAN

I know it isn't any of my business, but I'm sorry that you and Josh didn't work out.

WOMAN

Excuse me?

MAN

The big D. Divorce. It can be tough, I know. My parents got divorced when I was a kid. Then my mom and step-dad got divorced. Then my real dad kicked me out.

WOMAN

I'm sorry to hear that.

MAN

I'm sure you'll be just fine though. Won't leave any permanent scars with you.

WOMAN

I'm trying to move on.

MAN

I've got a few scars. Mostly from trying to kill myself. But that's my problem so I don't know why I'm telling you. I've got emotional scars too.

WOMAN

I really need to run—

MAN

Aren't you gonna ask me why I have this umbrella and leash?

WOMAN

Um, okay, why do you have an umbrella?

MAN

Funny you should ask. Last time I came to the park it rained, and my journal was ruined. Isn't that funny? Everything I had been working on was ruined. I guess I forgot the first rule of scouting, be prepared.

WOMAN

I see...and the leash?

MAN

My dog was hit by a car and instantly killed. His leash was all that survived. I know he's gone, but I carry it around with me just in-case he comes back.

WOMAN

Look, I've really gotta get to this meeting—

MAN

Dressed like that.

WOMAN

It's business casual.

MAN

And Don Henley is just a drummer.

(Laughs.)

WOMAN

Look, I'm sorry for whatever I did to you in high school—

MAN

You didn't do anything.

WOMAN

I really need to leave now.

MAN

I'm not trying to stop you. I was just trying to catch up.

WOMAN

I need to leave.

MAN

Right. For your meeting. Wouldn't want to be late.

WOMAN

(Starts to exit.)

Right.

MAN

I'll just journal the rest of our conversation.

WOMAN

(From off-stage.)

Okay.

MAN

I hope I don't try to kill myself tonight.  
Wouldn't want you to feel guilty.  
Could have prevented it if you just stayed and talked to me  
for five minutes.

(Lights fade.)

**SCENE 10**

Scarves in Spring

(Afternoon. GUY is seated at the table. After a beat INDIGNANT WOMAN enters and defiantly sits down. She is wearing a loud scarf. GUY's dialogue is basically washed out by INDIGNANT WOMAN who doesn't stop speaking.)

GUY

Awfully nice day to be wearing a scarf, don't-cha-think?

INDIGNANT WOMAN

Excuse me? Why am I wearing a scarf on such a nice day? You ask me why? As if your very presence should somehow evoke feelings of respect and gratitude within whomever you should happen to grace with your being. A reverence you have come to expect from people simply because you open your mouth - the most rudimentary of human functions - and vibrate your vocal cords; a process you think you grasp but if asked to explain you'd find yourself stumbling like a baby deer on a wet rock. The same baby deer you probably shot through the head last weekend with your three thousand dollar rifle and your rich friends just for fun -

GUY

I work at the Citgo on forty-

INDIGNANT WOMAN

You? Who has taken everything in your life for granted-including your mother, who now lies under the precious top soil you stole from the Indians and have precipitously squandered, slowly eroding; experiencing no afterlife because your childish monotheistic beliefs are based in fantasy and fear, and deep down you know this and it petrifies you, but you'd never admit it because you aren't a secure enough human being to admit your fears. Too terrified of your inner-self, or soul if you will, to bare it to anyone, not even yourself - let alone your wife who lies night after night in a king-sized cotton void you've created, quietly crying while you snore away fantasizing about a woman the media told you was beautiful.

GUY

My wife left me three--

INDIGNANT WOMAN

How dare you assume that your approval is somehow important to me? How dare you question my very individuality, the core of my soul that makes me different from the dog you walk

every night and feed every morning and cling to when you get home from your quote unquote job; as if it cared one iota about your pathetically monotonous little life. A dog you named Rufus after an obscure yet highly influential and esteemed statesman from the eighteenth century who was one of the leading figures in the founding of this fraudulent democracy, whose last name ironic or not, is King - as some sort of ivy-league joke that you probably thought I wouldn't understand. A joke to prove to the self you don't really know that your one-hundred thousand dollar education was worth a damn.

GUY

(Trying to walk away.)

Well, you nailed me-

INDIGNANT WOMAN

To justify to yourself the amount of money you spent smoking pot and reading poetry supposedly broadening your mind and preparing for the 'real world', whatever the hell that bullshit means, while five families of four starved in the cold rather than obtaining the bare human necessities your corporate money could have provided them had you only had half a mind and obtained a library card.

GUY

I do have--

INDIGNANT WOMAN

You, who stand here before me underneath the continually combusting orb of fire that heats the city you call New York, in the country you have the audacity to call United?

GUY

Everybody does-

INDIGNANT WOMAN

...you dare question my choice to wear a finely knit cotton garment around my beautiful neck, the very same neck that connects my heart and mind, my body and soul?

(Short beat.)

I think not, for I happen to like scarves, and nobody, not you nor Rufus King can take that right away from me.

GUY

(Long pause.)

I was just saying it's nice out.

(Blackout.)

**SCENE 11**

Expectant Mothers

(Afternoon. Two pregnant women, EXPECTANT MOTHER #1 C EM #1, and EXPECTANT MOTHER #2 C EM #2, enter and head for the table. They are both nine months along and on the edge of bursting. Their gait is off-balance and they are obviously laboring to get to the table, and let out a collective sigh when they finally sit down.)

EM #1

I can't wait to take Adeline here.

EM #2

(Beat. Matter-of-factly.)

I wish it would just fucking come out already.

EM #1

Kids love the park.

EM #2

I'm in constant pain.

EM #1

I know I did.

EM #2

My ankle's are like my mother's.

EM #1

Grandmother's - But it'll all be worth it when we finally get to hold our little miracles.

EM #2

It better be.

Do you ever worry about what you're going to do to your kid?

EM #1

What?

EM #2

You know, do ever worry about warping your kid? Making them the freak? The outcast? You know, emotionally destroying them...stuff like that?

EM #1

What?

EM #2

Dr. Phil said that the single leading cause of mental illness in adults is a lonely childhood - kids who don't have friends end up killing people. And who's in charge of developing their social skills?

EM #1

You'll be fine. You're just nervous, it's perfectly natural.

EM #2

Thanks Doctor Linda.

EM #1

You're welcome doctor smart ass.

EM #2

I'm serious though, what if you fuck up?

EM #1

People make mistakes.

EM #2

(During this speech she takes out a pack of cigarettes and begins playing with them, without actually smoking; and she pulls out several empty bags of snack food from her purse.)

I'm talking major league though. You know, like if your kid ends up on the evening news...Fox evening news...I mean they come into this world with a completely clean slate, tabula rasa, no strikes against 'em -- I mean if you don't believe in original sin, which I do and don't -- and it's all on you. The decisions you make now will determine the entire course of their lives. Leave 'em in diapers too long and they never have a healthy relationship. Don't buy 'em the right toys and they're in remedial math. Put 'em in the wrong crib and they're a fag. They're completely dependent on you for everything. Everything. That's alotta pressure - Where do you think all this bread came from?

EM #1

What?

EM #2

Do you wanna have some?

EM #1

What? No. That's disgusting. It's on the ground.

So what? You eat carrots. EM #2

That's different. EM #1

How so? EM #2

Because it's different. EM #1

Well I don't care. EM #2

(She struggles to get up and goes to get some bread. She carefully picks it up, studies it, and then takes a bite. Beat. Another bite. She continues eating.)

Not bad.

Peg! Cut it out. That's disgusting. EM #1

Nobody said you had to watch. EM #2

EM #1  
(She struggles to get up and crosses to EM #2 and rips the bread away from her.)

What's the deal? I was eating that. Give it back. EM #2

EM #1  
(She cautiously takes a bite.)

Who gave you permission to eat the bread, huh? I thought you were too good for the bread. Now suddenly the bread's good enough for you? EM #2

Not bad. Not bad at all. EM #1

(They continue eating bread.)

I told you. You're always so image conscious. EM #2

EM #1

At least my kid won't be a psychopath.

EM #2

At least mine'll...know...how to...be good.

EM #1

Ouch. Stings.

(Beat. In actual pain.)

Ow.

EM #2

You made you're point.

EM #1

(Slowly sits on the ground.)

No...no, I think...oh, Jesus Christ!

EM #2

Is it moldy? I thought it might—

EM #1

Call...call a doctor.

EM #2

Who brings a cell phone to the park?

EM #1

Call!...OH GOD!...Call a doctor - a cab...call a cab.

EM #2

Call a cab on a day like this? My mother'd kill me.

EM #1

(They hold hands and start breathing deeply. Gasping for air.)

In my purse...my phone...call...

EM #2

I don't wanna use up your minutes.

EM #1

CALL!

EM #2

Okay.

(She goes to get the phone. To herself.)

Just trying to be courteous...

(She fumbles with the phone not sure how to use it. She gets a sharp pain in her stomach causing her to drop the phone.)

Slowly sitting down.)  
Ow. Ow. Ow, ow, ow.

EM #1  
(Takes the phone.)  
Just give it to me.

EM #2  
(Trying to take back the phone. In obvious pain.)  
I can do it.

EM #1  
You obviously can't...so just...give it to me.

EM #2  
No...I can do it.

EM #1  
Just gimme...the Goddam...phone.

EM #2  
Make me.

EM #1  
What?

EM #2  
You...heard me.

EM #1  
Are you...threatening me?

EM #2  
Maybe I am...or maybe...I'd just prefer...you be civil.

EM #1  
Maybe I don't...feel...like bein'...civil. You gotta...problem with that...fatty?  
(Nudges EM #2 with her free arm.)

EM #2  
Maybe I do...  
(Struggling to find an insulting name. Frustrated.)  
...Linda.  
(Nudges back.)

EM #1  
(In severe pain. On the brink of tears.)  
What are you gonna do...cry?...Is the baby gonna cry? Come

on baby...cry...

EM #2

You're gonna cry...you're rubber and I'm glue...

EM #1

It's the other way...

EM #2

What?

(They rise during the following and end up belly to belly.)

EM #1

The saying...it's the other way.

EM #2

No it's not.

EM #1

Yes it is...I'm rubber...and you're glue...

EM #2

No...I'm glue and...you're rubber...

EM #1

You're wrong.

EM #2

No...you're wrong.

EM #1

No...you're wrong.

EM #2

Oh yeah?

EM #1

Yeah.

EM #2

What are you gonna do about it?

(Long pause. They stare at each other as if they are about to come to fisticuffs. Simultaneously they lock hands. Their speech should overlap, but not be simultaneous.)

EM #1  
Oh God it hurts!...Gimmie the drugs...

EM #2  
...Get it out...please...

EM #1  
...I don't care if isn't good for the baby...

EM #2  
...just rip it out...for the love of God...

EM #1  
...Dear Lord, if you love me...

EM #2  
...pry it out with salad tongs...

EM #1  
...you'll do this favor for me...

EM #2  
...I'll give up coffee for good...

EM #1  
...I'll do anything you want...

(Lights fade out as they rant on.)

EM #2  
...cigarettes...

EM #1  
...anything...

EM #2  
...chocolate...

EM #1  
...be reasonable now...

(Blackout.)

**SCENE 12**

Downsizing

(5:05pm. BOSS and EMPLOYEE enter.)

BOSS

...I love coming to the Park after a long day at the office.

EMPLOYEE

The fresh air is a nice change of pace, Ms. Johnson.

BOSS

It's lovely, but that's not why I asked you out here.

EMPLOYEE

Oh?

BOSS

You've certainly been an asset over in accounting...ahh...

(Searching for his name.)

...don't tell me...

EMPLOYEE

Norman-

BOSS

ACT-39871. I knew I knew it.

EMPLOYEE

You can call me Norm.

BOSS

I know that you've put in some awfully long hours-

EMPLOYEE

Seventy-four hours a week, but who's a-counting?

BOSS

That's not my job, ACT-39871.

EMPLOYEE

I know. It's my job. It's just a joke we made up over in a-

BOSS

A joke. You're right! Business is funny ACT-39871. Sometimes you win. Sometimes you lose. Sometimes you aren't even sure if you're playing. Sometimes you win, but you really lose, they have a saying for that, but I can't recall it off the top of my head-

EMPLOYEE

I believe that is called a Pyrrhic-

BOSS

Other times you win without losing, and vice-versa. One time I had a really nice shirt. I can't find that shirt. That saddens me. In the winter you win without winning or losing. In the summer nobody is really trying very hard, so it's hard to tell who's winning and who's losing. The fall is always the toughest time to lose, but at the same time isn't a very gratifying time to win. And the spring, well, the spring is anybody's guess, heck, sometimes you don't even know whether you want to win or lose. Sometimes you win, but the Colts end up in Indianapolis. One time I won while losing, only in the end to come out of it a conglomerate. Do you see where I'm going with this ACT-39871?

EMPLOYEE

It doesn't matter what I say, because you're-

BOSS

Of course ACT-39871.

EMPLOYEE

You're a moron.

BOSS

...Sometimes in order for a company to grow...no, umm...

EMPLOYEE

My shit is smarter than you.

BOSS

...Tough love often times is the best kind of love...

EMPLOYEE

I quit.

(He exits.)

BOSS

...Oh, hell. You're fired. Get out of the office by six or I'll have you arrested.

(BOSS exits. Beat. Lights fade out.)

**SCENE 13**

Dating, Part III

(Lights rise on MAN (Brian) seated at the table. He has a stuffed dog with him. After a beat WOMAN (Carol) enters. They awkwardly embrace. The scene is filled with nervous tension and pregnant pauses.)

MAN

You look great Carol.  
Really great.  
Wow great.

WOMAN

Thanks.

MAN

Your hair looks different.  
Did you get it cut?

WOMAN

No.

MAN

Really?  
Cause it looks like maybe you did.  
But I guess you'd know best, right?

WOMAN

I guess.

(Pause.)

Listen, Brian-

MAN

(Over 'Listen Brian'.)

Carol, I want-

WOMAN

Sorry.

MAN

Sorry. Go ahead.

WOMAN

No, you go ahead.

MAN

Go ahead.

WOMAN

Just go Brian.

MAN

Ladies first.

WOMAN

I really want you to go first.

MAN

You can go.

WOMAN

BRIAN, go ahead.

MAN

(Pause.)

I got you this stuffed dog.

WOMAN

Thanks.

MAN

You said you liked dogs one time.

WOMAN

They're okay.

MAN

The tag says its name is Poochy, but you could name it whatever you want.

(Pause.)

You could name it Rufus.

See 'cause dogs bark, roof.

And me and you is us, us...Roof...us.

Rufus.

WOMAN

I'll name it later.

MAN

You don't have to name it Rufus, it was just a suggestion. I mean, name it whatever you want. He's your dog.

(She starts to speak.)

She.

He, she...that's up to you too.

WOMAN

Look Brian, this is hard for me to say-

You don't like the dog? MAN

No- WOMAN

I knew it was stupid- MAN

It's not the dog- WOMAN

I just thought that it would be cute. MAN

Brian- WOMAN

In my defense you did say MAN that you liked dogs.

I do- WOMAN

I distinctly remember it. You said, MAN  
(As Carol.)  
Brian, I like dogs.

WOMAN  
I LOVE THE GODDAMN DOG NOW WILL YOU SHUT UP!

MAN  
(Long pause.)  
Roof...us.

WOMAN  
Is that what you wanted to tell me?

MAN  
No.

(Pause.)

WOMAN  
Well...

MAN  
You can go ahead.

You sure? WOMAN

Yeah. MAN

WOMAN  
(Trailing off.)  
I think we should...

What? Get a pizza? MAN

You're a great guy Brian, but— WOMAN

--I need to floss more, I know, I know. MAN

Forget it. WOMAN

Okay. MAN

What did you want to tell me? WOMAN

Nothing. MAN  
(Pointing to his notecards.)  
Just a list of names. You could look it over later.

Oh. WOMAN

Well... MAN

So... WOMAN

You wanna go to a movie or something? MAN

Not really. WOMAN

Me either. MAN  
But if you did...I'd go.

WOMAN  
I think I'm just gonna go home. It's been a long day.

MAN  
You're telling me.  
I'll call you later.

WOMAN  
Sure.

MAN  
Okay.

(The awkwardly embrace.)

MAN  
I'll call you then.  
Probably tomorrow.  
Long day.

WOMAN  
Right.

MAN  
(As Carol is leaving.)  
You forgot Rufus.

WOMAN  
Oh right, Rufus.

MAN  
You said you liked dogs.  
(BRIAN hands her the dog.)

WOMAN  
I do.  
(Pause. Lights fade.)

**SCENE 14**

The Lonely Hearts Club

(Night. JOGGER is sitting on the ground stage left. She is dressed in running attire. CRIMINAL is seated at the table with his head in his hands. He is dressed in all black, including black winter gloves, a nylon over his face, and electrical tape under his eyes. He is not a real criminal! Long pause. \*A sense of vulnerability and playfulness between the characters is imperative to the scene.)

JOGGER

(Sitting up.)

What exactly are you trying to do?

CRIMINAL

I don't know. I'm sorry.

JOGGER

I mean I think you just tried to—

CRIMINAL

Look I said I was sorry, okay?

JOGGER

(Beat.)

I know, but Jesus...

CRIMINAL

Would you just drop it already? I know I fucked it up, okay. You don't need to tell me, I was there too...Would you just hustle along. I wanna be by myself.

JOGGER

No. I think I've earned a few minutes.

CRIMINAL

Fine.

JOGGER

(Beat.)

You give in pretty easily for a criminal.

CRIMINAL

Sorry, I'll try to better fit your stereotype next time.

JOGGER

Was this your first time?

CRIMINAL

No.

JOGGER

Really? Cause you don't have to lie to me. I'm not going to tell-

CRIMINAL

I can't seem to get the hang of it.

JOGGER

No offense buddy, but there's not much to it. I mean you just do it.

CRIMINAL

That's easy for you to say, but I've gotta lotta things goin' on in my life right now, okay. A lotta pressure and I don't handle stress well.

JOGGER

Like I don't have stress in my life? I think you just tried to attack me. Most people would classify that as pretty traumatic.

CRIMINAL

Well, I'm sorry. I don't know what else to say, okay? I'm sorry.

JOGGER

Are you sure this wasn't your first time?

CRIMINAL

Yes.

JOGGER

Because my cat is more vicious than you.

CRIMINAL

Oh fine, go ahead, kick me while I'm down.

JOGGER

(Beginning to laugh.)

I mean, you tripped me, and then sat down. Somebody call Batman-

CRIMINAL

It wasn't that bad.

JOGGER

Yes it was. I mean, I'm not proud of this, but I've had my fair share of encounters with this city's...professionals - and believe me, you have got some work to do.

CRIMINAL

This wasn't your first time?

JOGGER

Are you kidding me? I need to get a new driver's license every week. I must have a sign taped to my back that says 'Naive Jersey Girl'.

CRIMINAL

You are a very attractive woman...

JOGGER

Prom queen.

CRIMINAL

You seem to have a successful career. I mean I saw those shoes at Foot Locker-

JOGGER

Six-figures.

CRIMINAL

You stay in shape.

JOGGER

I try to keep fit.

CRIMINAL

You've got a good sense of humor.

JOGGER

Obviously.

CRIMINAL

You don't find that too often in you career women.

JOGGER

So you tried to rob me to show your approval?

CRIMINAL

Forget it, I was just trying to give you a compliment-

JOGGER

Go on.

CRIMINAL

I just mean that it's hard to meet a nice girl.

JOGGER

I think your approach might be the problem.

CRIMINAL

It's not like I planned for this to happen.

JOGGER

Did your parents, you know...

(She gestures to her genitalia.)

CRIMINAL

No.

JOGGER

Did they beat you?

CRIMINAL

No.

JOGGER

Never there? Crushed your dreams? Give me something to go on here.

CRIMINAL

(Beat.)

They didn't properly develop my social skills.

JOGGER

What?

CRIMINAL

I never learned how to make friends. I was always the weird kid at school that nobody talked to or hung out with. My mom was always worried I'd turn out to be some sort of psychopath...

(Short beat.)

Well it doesn't help to hear it everyday.

JOGGER

Have you ever thought of seeing a psychiatrist?

CRIMINAL

I don't need to pay somebody to tell me I'm messed up.

JOGGER

I know this really great one.

How do you know him? CRIMINAL

A friend. JOGGER

Oh really? CRIMINAL

Yes. A friend of mine goes to a psychiatrist and she tells me about him. JOGGER

And does this friend just happen, totally by coincidence, to have the same problems you do? And look an awful lot like you? And wear the same fancy shoes— CRIMINAL

Fine, don't take my help, freak. JOGGER

Okay, fine, what's his name. CRIMINAL

Banelli. Dr. Banelli. He's a really great listener. JOGGER

You're not so bad yourself. CRIMINAL  
(Beat.)

Will you see me?

What? JOGGER

You know, we could go out and talk. This is the longest conversation I've had in eight weeks. CRIMINAL

I don't know. JOGGER

C'mon. It'll be fun. And no more of...well, you know. CRIMINAL

I'm not a psychiatrist. JOGGER

So what? I can't afford a real one anyway. I could use a CRIMINAL

friend.

JOGGER

It is hard to meet guys in this city...but I don't think so.

CRIMINAL

Gimmie a second chance. I'll make it up to you. Promise.

JOGGER

I don't know. You did try to attack me...I think.

CRIMINAL

(Pathetic.)

Please?

JOGGER

How could I trust you?

CRIMINAL

(On his knees.)

Pretty please?

JOGGER

I—

CRIMINAL

Pretty pretty please with a cherry on top?  
With a cherry on top?

JOGGER

(Pause.)

Do you wanna grab a bite to eat?

CRIMINAL

I'd rather stay here.

JOGGER

What? I thought you said no more—

CRIMINAL

(Motioning to the table.)

There's room for two.

(She slowly begins to move toward the table.)

You know, you haven't really lived until you've seen the sun rise over Central Park.

(Lights fade out.)

**The End**