

CHARACTERS:

JEFF

CATHY

ADRIAN

All in their early twenties, all fairly likeable.

(Voices in the dark.)

ADRIAN: Jeff.

JEFF: Cathy.

CATHY: Adrian.

(Pause.)

ADRIAN: Say it.

JEFF: Somebody.

CATHY: Say it. (Pause. Pools of light on ADRIAN and CATHY. They are facing the audience.) Adrian?

ADRIAN: Cathy?

CATHY: He's OK.

ADRIAN: She's OK.

CATHY: He's a bit shy.

ADRIAN: She's a bit shy.

CATHY: But he's OK.

ADRIAN: She's OK.

CATHY: It's nothing serious.

ADRIAN: It's nothing serious.

CATHY: I mean we haven't done anything.

ADRIAN: I'm not sure she wants me to.

CATHY: Not that I want him to.

ADRIAN: I'm not sure I want to.

CATHY: It's not that I love him.

ADRIAN: I can't say I love her.

CATHY: But by now he should've at least tried something.

ADRIAN: I don't love anyone.

(Beat of darkness.)

(Light on ADRIAN and CATHY together.)

CATHY: Adrian.

ADRIAN: Cathy.

CATHY: Well.

ADRIAN: Well.

CATHY: Nice night.

ADRIAN: What?

CATHY: Nice night.

ADRIAN: It's OK. (Pause.) About tonight.

CATHY: That's OK.

ADRIAN: I'm sorry.

CATHY: Don't worry about it.

ADRIAN: I'm just really old-fashioned.

CATHY: I understand.

(Pause.)

ADRIAN: I like your socks.

CATHY: What?

ADRIAN: Your socks.

CATHY: My socks.

ADRIAN: Yeah.

CATHY: You should.

ADRIAN: Yeah?

CATHY: They're from Germany.

ADRIAN: Oh.

CATHY: Straight from Germany.

ADRIAN: Oh.

(Pause.)

CATHY: Did you like my teacups?

ADRIAN: Your what?

CATHY: Teacups.

ADRIAN: Teacups?

CATHY: Yeah.

ADRIAN: Loved them.

CATHY: Really?

ADRIAN: Truly.

CATHY: Did you like the designs?

ADRIAN: The designs?

CATHY: On the teacups.

ADRIAN: The teacups.

CATHY: Blue and pink flowers with butterflies flying around them.

ADRIAN: Oh, that.

CATHY: Yeah, that.

ADRIAN: Yeah.

CATHY: Yeah.

(Pause.)

ADRIAN: I like your socks.

CATHY: Thanks.

(Pause.)

ADRIAN: Listen.

CATHY: Yeah?

(Pause.)

ADRIAN & CATHY: (Together.) I wanna call it off. (They laugh awkwardly. Pause. Together again.) I'm just not ready. (They laugh awkwardly. Pause.)

ADRIAN: About tonight.

CATHY: That's OK.

ADRIAN: I'm sorry.

CATHY: Don't worry about it.

ADRIAN: I'm just really old-fashioned.

CATHY: I understand.

(Pause.)

ADRIAN: I like your socks.

CATHY: Thanks.

(Pause.)

ADRIAN: Bye.

CATHY: Bye.

(They part. Light lingers on their separate figures.)

(Beat of darkness.)

(Pools of light on JEFF and CATHY; they are facing the audience.)

JEFF: Cathy?

CATHY: Jeff?

JEFF: What can I say?

CATHY: He's gorgeous.

JEFF: Her hair.

CATHY: His face.

JEFF: (Getting excited.) Her breasts.

CATHY: (Getting excited.) His chest.

JEFF: Her legs.

CATHY: His butt.

JEFF: And up.

CATHY: And down.

JEFF: (Comes.) Oh, God.

CATHY: (Comes.) Jesus fuck!

JEFF: What can I say?

CATHY: Nothing much.

JEFF: What's there to say?

CATHY: Nothing much.

JEFF: We don't talk much.

CATHY: It would ruin everything.

JEFF: We're just fucking machines.

CATHY: We're nothing to each other.

JEFF: It's better that way.

CATHY: And I want it that way.

(Beat of darkness.)