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THE THE PLAYS
by Joshua James

Featuring:

- **THE FIGHT** (2m, one set, fifteen minutes) - A small man does his utmost to pick a fight with a much larger man.
- **THE DANGER** (1m,1f) - A housewife has had it with her secure and quiet husband, her very safe and predictable life, and decides to tell him she's leaving.
- **THE PAP** (1m, 1f) - A young lady in a hurry for her pap gets a young doctor on his first day.
- **THE ITCH** (2m, 1f) - Two quadriplegics bicker with each other as their nurse referees.
- **THE RACE** (1m, 1f) - A married couple lay in bed on a late evening, drunk and happy, and wish to have sex but are too tired to move.
- **THE VIEWING** (2m, 1f, one set, twenty minutes) - A priest, and art critic and a beautiful painter match wits at a funeral-slash-performance art show.

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THE THIRD DATE was first produced by The Rage of The Stage Players in the Pittsburgh New Works Festival, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The world premiere performance was on September 25, 2008, with the following cast and crew:

Bradley	Pete Fernbaugh
Dad	Thomas David Sterner
Angela	Bethany Vahabzadeh

Director	Joseph A. Roots
Co-producers	Carrie L. Shoberg James Michael Shoberg
Stage Manager	Jeffrey J. Prebeg, Jr.
Makeup Design	Chucky Hendershot

THE THIRD DATE was first produced in New York City by Sticks and Bones Productions (Bara Swain, producer) in “The Goldberg Variations: an Evening of Short Plays” at Roy Arias Studios, New York, New York, on October 15, 2008, with the following cast and crew:

Bradley	Ean Sheehy
Dad	Nick Ruggeri
Angela	Catia Ojeda

Director	Tom Wojtunik
Stage Manager	Chris Davis

THE THIRD DATE

CHARACTERS:

BRADLEY
ANGELA
DAD

(Lights rise on BRADLEY'S apartment. BRADLEY happily cleans the living room of his apartment. He alternately sings stretches of lyrics when he knows them, and hums when he does not.)

He uncorks a bottle of wine, sniffs it, pours himself a glass, then thinks better of drinking before she arrives. He delicately pours the wine back into the bottle, then cleans up after himself.

The buzzer buzzes. He jumps slightly, then crosses to the door and presses the button.)

BRADLEY: Come on up!

(He unchains and opens the door a few inches. He continues singing and humming and faces the mirror. He quickly untucks his shirt and backs up from the mirror, looking. He unbuttons one button. Then another. Frustrated, he unbuttons them all, quickly.)

BRADLEY: Damn!

(He exits to the bedroom. Within a few moments a hand knocks at the door.)

BRADLEY (O.S.): Come in! I'll be out in a second.

(DAD enters. He timidly closes the door behind him and looks around. He walks over to the mirror, picks up the photo frame next to it, and looks at it. He catches his own reflection in the mirror and stares.)

BRADLEY (O.S.): Go ahead and pour yourself a glass of wine.

(Dad breaks from the mirror and looks over at the wine. He crosses and pours himself a glass. He sniffs, sips, and swallows. He sits on the couch. Bradley enters in a new shirt.)

DAD: This wine is crap. And leaving the price tag on for \$8.99 doesn't help.

(Bradley freezes, petrified.)

BRADLEY: Dad.

DAD: Hi Bradley. Looking sharp.

BRADLEY: What...what are you doing here?

DAD: I thought I'd drop in for a visit, check up on my boy, see how he's doing, you know the drill. But don't ask me for money, I don't have any.

BRADLEY: No, of course I wouldn't.

DAD: It's been a while.

BRADLEY: Six years.

DAD: The place looks nice. Very tidy. Unusual. Unless...having a special lady over?

BRADLEY: I have a date, yes.

DAD: Cancel it. Let's hang out. Catch up on old times.

BRADLEY: She's already on her way. Should be here any minute.

DAD: Even better. I get to meet the lovely lady! Been dating long?

BRADLEY: Dad.

DAD: Is she the one? Are you going to marry her?

BRADLEY: It's our third date. Thought I'd have her over for a glass of wine before we went out to dinner.

DAD: *(playfully, not stern)* Maybe two glasses. Or more?

BRADLEY: Dad.

DAD: Where'd you meet? A bar? A club? Do you go clubbing? Do people still say "clubbing?" Have you slept with this girl yet? I hope not. You don't want to be with anyone too easy, Bradley. There has to be some challenge to the whole thing, or it just isn't worth it. When I first went out with your mother, we went at least two months before I got any. I'm talking nothing. Didn't even touch her breasts. A little kissing, maybe. Because of respect. Respect is the cornerstone to any solid relationship. And you build from the cornerstone up. That's what I said when I presented any of my designs. Build from the cornerstone up.

BRADLEY: What are you doing here?

DAD: Come here.

(Dad gets up and approaches Bradley for a hug. Bradley backs off.)

BRADLEY: I don't think I can.

DAD: Okay. Too fast.

BRADLEY: Or something.

DAD: Or something. God, you look great! I was trying to remember the last time I saw you. I think it was Memorial Day weekend. When was that, five years ago?

BRADLEY: Six.

DAD: Really? Are you sure it wasn't five?

BRADLEY: Six.

DAD: Boy, time flies, doesn't it? It couldn't have been six.

BRADLEY: It was six.

DAD: Fine, no need to bite my head off. You've got your mother's temper, I've always said. How is your mother?

BRADLEY: Good.

DAD: Is she dating anyone? Is she? Did she finally go out with Dr. Melsky? I knew he had a thing for her. She wouldn't go out with him, though. She can't stand ear hair. Unless he got rid of it. Did Dr. Melsky finally trim the old ear hair and get back on the market?

BRADLEY: I don't know.

DAD: Your mother used to threaten to go to their Halloween party in a white medical coat with a pair of earmuffs and go as Dr. Melsky. Did she ever tell you that?

BRADLEY: Dad-

DAD: I dared her, but she always chickened out. I told her if anyone asked she could say she was Princess Leia. You know...with the...

(Dad mimes the buns of Leia hair.)

DAD: But she always made us go as a Renaissance Lord and Lady. I was the Lord. Lord Bottingham of Cheshire. One time your mom wore the gown without underwear. That was a good party.

BRADLEY: Dad-

DAD: Trick or treat!

BRADLEY: Why are you here?

DAD: I told you, to see you. To catch up. Do I have to tell you twice?

BRADLEY: But...how...are you here?

DAD: That's a silly question. I flew in.

BRADLEY: You flew in.

DAD: I flew in.

BRADLEY: You flew in.

DAD: Are you a parrot? Keep your head in the game, boy.

BRADLEY: I don't understand.

DAD: Well I don't either, but let's not get bogged down in details. It's the first time we've seen each other in five years!

BRADLEY: Six years.

DAD: Right, six years. Memorial Day weekend.

BRADLEY: No. Memorial Day weekend was the last time you saw me.

DAD: Right.

BRADLEY: The last time I saw you was two months later. At your funeral.

DAD: Oh. Right.

BRADLEY: It was humid. Your brother gave the eulogy and talked about when you both were backstage at that Rolling Stones concert. I got a ticket for parking too close to a hydrant. I saw you, in your coffin. We buried you next to your parents.

DAD: Right.

BRADLEY: You were dead. You are dead.

DAD: Right.

BRADLEY: And now you are right in front of me, sitting on my couch, drinking my wine which you already told me is cheap and crappy, and asking if my date is a slut? Oh, and telling me about mom not wearing underwear while dressed as Lady Bottomsworth.

DAD: Lady Bottingham.

BRADLEY: Whatever.

DAD: Of Cheshire.

BRADLEY: We buried you. I saw the coffin sealed.

DAD: You were good to your mother. You were very responsible, unlike when you were a kid. You took care of everything.

BRADLEY: So that was all fake?

DAD: What do you mean?

BRADLEY: You put all of us through the hell of mourning just so you could get out of your life? You didn't have the balls to say "hey, I'm unhappy, and I'm gonna take off for a while" and remove yourself from our life properly? Are you truly that sadistic?

DAD: No. I'm actually dead. For real.

BRADLEY: So...you haven't been hiding out? You're, like, dead dead?

DAD: Yep.

BRADLEY: So now you've returned as a supernatural being. Do I look like I was born yesterday?

DAD: You want proof? Wait...

BRADLEY: What?

DAD: Wait for it.

BRADLEY: Wait for what?

DAD: Buzzer.

(Sound - The intercom buzzer.)

BRADLEY: How...how did you do that?

DAD: I didn't do anything.

BRADLEY: You made the buzzer sound. You didn't move. How did you do that?

DAD: I didn't do a thing, I just knew the buzzer was going to sound. It must be your lady friend at the door.

BRADLEY: Yeah, but how did you know?

DAD: I don't know, I just do know, if you know what I mean. I don't have any special powers, other than - buzzer.

(Sound - The intercom buzzer.)

DAD: You better get that.

BRADLEY: Is this a trick?

DAD: Is she cute? What's her name?

BRADLEY: You can tell when the buzzer goes off but you don't know her name?

DAD: I don't have control over these things.

BRADLEY: Try.

DAD: I'm telling you, it's not one of my-

BRADLEY: Indulge me.

DAD: Nicole?

BRADLEY: Angela.

DAD: See? Not even close.

BRADLEY: Did Steve put you up to this?

DAD: Who's Steve?

BRADLEY: Steve at the office. Steve. He's still mad about the Facebook jockstrap incident.

DAD: I don't know a Steve.

BRADLEY: Did he sneak in here and plant something? There's a signal or something so you'll know when the buzzer goes off.

DAD: Cell phone.

BRADLEY: I knew it! So he-

(Sound – Bradley's cell phone - A popular song ringtone. He looks at his father in astonishment. He picks up the phone.)

BRADLEY: Hey. Yeah I'm home, you downstairs? Yeah, I was in the bedroom, and I couldn't hear the buzzer.

DAD: What did we teach you about lying, Bradley?

(Bradley angrily waves him to shush.)

BRADLEY: Yeah, I'll buzz you up.

(He hangs up the phone, crosses to the buzzer, and presses it.)

DAD: Why don't people say goodbye anymore?

BRADLEY: What?

DAD: Or hello? People used to say hello and goodbye. What-ever happened to being polite?

(Bradley freezes.)

BRADLEY: Dad. You can't be here.

DAD: What do you mean?

BRADLEY: You can't be here! I have a date! I like her and I really want this to go well and you know how this won't go well? When she gets here and finds my father who hasn't been around in six years is here and he's dead, that might freak her out. Can you come back? Can we meet up and catch up tomorrow? Or Sunday. We can go for a long walk on Sunday, just you and me. You can ask about mom and Rebecca, and I can ask you questions about the afterlife. We can get a hot dog. Can you eat hot dogs?

DAD: Knock knock.

(Sound - knock knock at the door.)

BRADLEY: I don't believe this.

DAD: Lighten up, Bradley. You've always been high-strung. Again, your mother.

BRADLEY: Get out!

DAD: But she's already at the door. Do you want me to hide in the spare bedroom?

BRADLEY: Spare bedroom? How well do you think I'm doing for myself?

DAD: I just assumed, what with business school and all, that you could afford at least two rooms. Knock knock knock.

(Sound - Knock knock knock.)

BRADLEY: Go out the window.

DAD: You're seven flights up.

BRADLEY: So what, you're going to die from the fall?

DAD: You don't shove your father out a window!

BRADLEY: Get out!

ANGELA (O.S.): Hello?

BRADLEY: Coming.

(He opens the door. ANGELA stands there, stylish and casual, with a tasteful hint of third-date sexuality.)

BRADLEY: Hey.

ANGELA: Hey.

BRADLEY: You look great.

ANGELA: Thank you. I like your shirt.

BRADLEY: Thank you. Picked it out myself.

ANGELA: Big boy.

(She notices dad. He waves.)

DAD: Hello.

ANGELA: Hello.

BRADLEY: Come on in. Would you like a glass of Shiraz?

ANGELA: Please.

BRADLEY: You got it.

(He crosses to the table with the wine.)

ANGELA: So this is your place?

BRADLEY: Yeah...you want the grand tour?

DAD: Aren't you going to introduce?

(Bradley thinks about it.)

BRADLEY: No, I'm not.

DAD: I'm Bradley's father-

BRADLEY: -'s brother Victor. This is my Uncle Victor. Victor Hess.

(Dad gives Bradley a look.)

BRADLEY: *(Ignoring him)* He just...flew in...and surprised me.

ANGELA: Oh, how nice. I love when my family comes to town.

DAD: I'm glad you think so!

ANGELA: How long are you here?

DAD: Not sure. We haven't seen each other in a while.

BRADLEY: Since my dad's funeral.

ANGELA: Oh yes. Bradley was telling me about that. So tragic. He was very young.

DAD: Good looking man, my brother. Vibrant. Loved his family very much. He was devoted to his children.

BRADLEY: *(cutting him off)* Strange, I remember him absent a lot. And when he was there, he was usually distant.

DAD: He did love his job. And it supported his family. So they could live comfortably. Did you ever thank him for that?

BRADLEY: I would have if he was ever around!

(They sit in silence.)

ANGELA: So...what brings you to town, Mr. Hess?

DAD: I have some business to attend to.

ANGELA: And what do you do?

DAD: (*thinking, then*) I'm a Congressman.

ANGELA: Oh, that's fantastic!

(*Bradley hands her a glass of wine.*)

ANGELA: Thank you. Bradley never told me.

DAD: He's modest.

BRADLEY: Uncle Victor was recently indicted.

DAD: So how did you kids meet?

ANGELA: Well, it's a funny story. We have a mentoring program at my school.

DAD: You teach?

ANGELA: Fourth grade.

(*Dad looks at Bradley approvingly.*)

DAD: Wonderful.

ANGELA: Thank you, I love it. So for this mentoring program we always have people come in from Bradley's investment firm. They are usually all the same, cocky, full of themselves, ready to walk out the minute they walk in, addicted to their Crackberries. But Bradley...well, he didn't even look up when I walked by. He was too busy reading to his mentee.

BRADLEY: Oh, I noticed you.

ANGELA: Well, if you did, you played it cool.

BRADLEY: (*playing cool*) I am cool.

ANGELA: So I'm learning. So I waited until after he finished his mentoring session, and I asked him out.

DAD: You asked him out?

ANGELA: Yup.

DAD: I like that. See something you like and go for it.

ANGELA: I went for it.

LYING NAKED was first produced by NewGround Theatre Collective in Planet Connection Festivity. The world premiere performance took place at The Gene Frankel Theater on June 3, 2010. The cast and crew was as follows:

Lilly	Rosebud Baker
Carter	Dominic Spillane

Director	Michael Schwartz
Asst. Director	Samantha Cooper
Stage Manager	Nicole M. Smith
Lighting Designer	Jessica Burgess
Asst. Lighting Designer	Dan Ozminkowski
Sound Designer	Jacob Subotnick

LYING NAKED

CHARACTERS:

LILLY

CARTER

(Lights remain in black. Most of the play takes place in darkness or near darkness. Pre-show music cuts off abruptly and we hear LILLY and CARTER having sex. We hear her rhythmic, staccato moans. After a few seconds, we hear Carter groan in pleasure. Carter rolls off of her, sighing. They breathe for a moment.)

CARTER: Do you-

LILLY: Nah, I got it.

CARTER: No, I want to.

LILLY: S'okay. I'm happy to do it.

CARTER: Shut up.

(Carter rolls towards her. After a few moments Lilly starts to moan and then reaches orgasm. She finishes, gasping for breath.)

LILLY: Thank you.

CARTER: Sounded like a good one.

LILLY: Thank you. *(she sighs happily)* All right. All right.
Here goes.

(Lilly gets out of bed. She is completely naked but as the room is dark it is nearly impossible to see anything. She exits to the bathroom and closes the door.

Carter rolls over to her side of the bed and picks up her cell phone. He sits up in bed. He is also naked, but covered by the sheets. The blue screen lights up his face as he reads her text messages. We can make out the room, night tables on each side of the bed, a lamp on the night table on her side.

The toilet flushes. The sink runs.

Carter hurriedly closes her phone and puts it back, the room once again in black. He returns to his side of the bed.

The sink turns off. The bathroom door opens and Lilly returns to bed. She moves close to Carter.)

LILLY: Don't be a guy.

CARTER: Hmm?

LILLY: Stay up. Talk to me.

CARTER: You wear me out.

LILLY: You wear yourself out.

CARTER: Aren't you tired?

LILLY: Yeah, I guess.

(Lilly rolls back to her half of the bed. She stares at the ceiling.)

CARTER: What?

LILLY: Nothing.

CARTER: I have to get up early. I have a meeting.

LILLY: I know.

CARTER: Don't be mad.

LILLY: Shh. Go to sleep.

CARTER: Wednesday night I'll make it up to you. No, Thursday. I'm busy Wednesday night.

LILLY: It's okay. Go to sleep.

CARTER: It's very important. My last meeting before my review.

LILLY: You don't have to say anything. It's okay. I promise.

CARTER: You sure?

LILLY: Go to sleep, already.

(They sit in silence. Lilly turns on the light next to her side of the bed. She picks up her book, opens to the earmarked page, and starts to read. Carter rolls over and looks at her.)

CARTER: Don't do this.

LILLY: Do what?

CARTER: Be passive aggressive.

LILLY: What are you talking about?

CARTER: Don't play dumb, either. You want to talk, I want to sleep. I try to sleep. You try and keep me up.

LILLY: I'm reading.

CARTER: Now?

LILLY: I can't sleep, you need to sleep, I'm in the middle of a book, I'm reading. Jesus, Carter, that's all it is. I'm not playing the drums or breakdancing in bed, I'm reading a book.

CARTER: Fine.

LILLY: It is fine. I can read a book when I want to. You don't need to tell me it's fine.

CARTER: You're right. Of course.

(Carter rolls back over and tries to sleep. Lilly glares at him. She returns focus to her book. After a few seconds she loudly and deliberately turns the page.)

CARTER: You know I'm a light sleeper.

LILLY: You want me to stop?

CARTER: Of course not.

LILLY: You want me to go to the living room?

CARTER: Would you mind?

LILLY: Fine.

(She gets up and turns off the light.)

LILLY: Sleep well. In my bed. In my apartment.

(She exits to the living room and closes the door behind her. After a few seconds Carter rolls back over and grabs her cell phone. He opens the phone and starts scrolling through it.)

Lilly opens the door; the living room lamp off stage barely illuminates the bedroom.

Carter snaps the phone shut and hides his hands under the covers. Lilly crosses to her side of the bed and starts looking around.)

LILLY: You asleep?

CARTER: Not yet.

LILLY: Have you seen my phone?

CARTER: Your what?

LILLY: My cell phone. Have you seen it?

CARTER: Why would I have seen your cell phone?

LILLY: I don't know. I keep it right here. It's not.

CARTER: Maybe you left it in your purse.

LILLY: I didn't leave it in my purse.

CARTER: Well, maybe you did.

LILLY: Carter, I didn't.

CARTER: But how can you be sure?

LILLY: Are you kidding?

(Lilly picks up her purse and quickly rummages through it.)

LILLY: It's not in my fucking purse, Carter.

(Carter stands up.)

LILLY: Where are you going?

CARTER: Might as well go to the bathroom since I'm awake.

(Carter exits into the bathroom, concealing the phone as he walks. He turns the light on and closes the door. Only a sliver of light shines under the door into the bedroom. Lilly feels around under the bed. Carter opens the bathroom door.)

CARTER: Lilly.

LILLY: What?

CARTER: Looking for this?

(He waves the phone through the crack in the door.)

LILLY: In the bathroom?

CARTER: In the bathroom.

LILLY: I don't remember leaving it in the bathroom.

CARTER: It is what it is.

(She crosses and grabs it from him.)

LILLY: When did I have it in the bathroom? When do I ever take my phone into the bathroom?

CARTER: How should I know?

(Carter closes the door. Lilly climbs into her side of the bed, pulls the sheets up, and scrolls through the text messages. She brings the phone close to her face. She sniffs the phone. She pauses, and sniffs again.

The toilet flushes, the sink runs, and the door opens. The light goes out as Carter re-emerges. He gets in bed and turns his back to her. Lilly sniffs at her phone.)

LILLY: My phone smells like my vagina.

CARTER: What?

LILLY: My phone. Smells. Like my vagina.

CARTER: Congratulations.

LILLY: Why does my phone smell like my vagina?

CARTER: I don't know. Did you keep it in your underwear when we were out?

LILLY: I did that the one time. Never since.

CARTER: Well...

LILLY: I've cleaned the phone since then. I cleaned it yesterday in fact. But my phone definitely- (*she sniffs*) - definitely smells like my vagina.

CARTER: You sure?

LILLY: Well, it's possible it could be someone else's vagina. I mean, I've only smelled one in my lifetime, so I could assume that everyone's smells the same, but since I can definitely vouch that every penis is its own snowflake, then I can assume that every vagina has its own unique page in the olfactory encyclopedia.

CARTER: Go to sleep or go read in the other room.

LILLY: Were you looking through my phone?

CARTER: No.

LILLY: You were. It's fresh. You were looking through my phone.

CARTER: Did you consider how you got to be holding this phone right now? Did you consider that I handed you the phone, not 10 minutes after this very hand was immersed in the vagina of which the scent you are intimately aware? Consider that, Columbo.

LILLY: It's possible.

(*Carter tries to sleep.*)

LILLY: But not likely. This phone smells like it had a relationship with my vagina, not a passing moment of introduction, like at a cocktail party. No. My phone and my vagina went out recently for a full meal together. Multiple courses. And dessert.

CARTER: Who's Josh?

LILLY: So you did look at my phone!

CARTER: Who's Josh?

LILLY: I can't believe you! Snooping on me.

CARTER: Who's Josh?

LILLY: Reading my phone when I'm not looking. Violating my privacy. You're paranoid.

CARTER: Who's Josh?

LILLY: And the least you could do is wash your hands. You made this all sticky. If it's ruined you're buying me a new phone. And I want an iPhone this time.

CARTER: Who's Josh, Lilly?

LILLY: Josh is none of your business.

CARTER: He texts you after midnight. He texts you while we are having sex. It is my business.

LILLY: We have other lives. We are not exclusive, you and I.

CARTER: We don't lie.

LILLY: I never lied. I never lie to you, Carter.

CARTER: What about-

LILLY: No. I am always honest with you. You think I have this deception streak, this passive aggressive M.O., but I am always brutally honest. It's one of the things you liked about me.

CARTER: But-

LILLY: Remember when you liked things about me? Remember how there were things I did or said that you liked? That made you smile?

CARTER: You're overreacting.

LILLY: I'm overreacting? I'm gone 30 seconds and you turn into the F.B.I.!

CARTER: If you're so honest, how come you never told me about Josh?

LILLY: There's a difference between dishonesty and not telling everything that goes on in my brain.

CARTER: Aha.

LILLY: "Aha" what? "Aha" what? I've done nothing wrong here, other than failing to fall asleep immediately after sex.

CARTER: And why was Josh thanking you for a great time the other day?

LILLY: Because we had a great time the other day.

CARTER: And what did you and Josh do the other day?

LILLY: None of your-

CARTER: What did you and Josh do-

(Lilly gets out of bed.)

LILLY: Go to sleep, Carter. We'll discuss it in the morning. You're tired. If you need me or my phone...

(Lilly exits to the living room with the cell phone. Carter sits up in bed, fuming. He pulls out his cell phone, types in a text and hits send. He puts down his phone and goes back to sleep.

After a few moments, Lilly storms in, fuming.)

LILLY: You're breaking up with me?

CARTER: Shh. I'm asleep.

LILLY: You're breaking up with me? By text message? From 15 feet away?

CARTER: Big meeting tomorrow. Brevity.

LILLY: You're being an idiot.

CARTER: Well at least I'm no longer your idiot.

LILLY: Brevity? Brevity? That's your answer? Your excuse?

CARTER: It's done, Lilly. I don't need any excuse. Whether or not I checked your phone isn't the root of our problem and you know it.

LILLY: Oh.

(Lilly gets back in bed and puts her phone down.)

LILLY: I met Josh a few weeks ago. I was in the bookstore in the medieval history section. I don't know why I was there but I was there. Maybe I was there to meet Josh. If one believes in fate. I certainly do not believe in fate or any sort of destiny that forced me to go there. He was there, passing through, as he doesn't have an interest in medieval history either. That's the first thing we had in common. He was cute. Sleepy eyes. Big smile. And he was nice. He was so nice and polite. He was nervous, but he asked me out for coffee.

CARTER: Did you fuck him?

LILLY: Carter, this is my story, okay? We just met and I'm telling you about it and I'm being honest, and you jump right in with "did you fuck him?" Listen to what's important.

CARTER: Did you?

LILLY: *(ignoring him)* So he's in publishing, and we got to talking about books. And I told him about how I love Tom Robbins books, and he told me he did too and not only that, his publishing house handles Tom and he was going to be in town for a reading, and would I like to go and maybe meet him after? So of course I wanted to go, of course. Why would I pass up an opportunity like that?

CARTER: I bought you the newest Tom Robbins book last week.

LILLY: I know, thank you.

CARTER: I bought it for you and you go with him?

LILLY: It wasn't our night. And frankly, you are not part of this story.

CARTER: Clearly.

LILLY: Do you want me to go on?

CARTER: No.

LILLY: Well you shouldn't have picked up my phone then, Mr. Snoopy. So we went to hear Tom Robbins speak and he was amazing. God, his stuff sounds better coming out of his mouth than coming up off the page, if you can believe that. And after, I got to meet him and he was so charming. We even went out for drinks. The four of us. Me and Josh and Tom. And Jeremy.

CARTER: Okay.

LILLY: Don't you want to know who Jeremy is?

CARTER: Fine. Who is Jeremy?

LILLY: Josh's boyfriend. Of three years.

CARTER: Oh.

LILLY: So there. Happy?

CARTER: I'm sorry.

LILLY: You're sorry for what?

CARTER: I'm sorry I mistrusted you. I'm sorry I read through your cell phone. I'm sorry I doubted you. I'm sorry I sent you a break-up text.

LILLY: Thank you.

CARTER: Please. Stay in bed. Read all night if you want. Please. I'm sorry.

LILLY: It's okay. I think I can sleep now.

CARTER: Okay. Me too.

(They kiss, and Carter rolls back over. Lilly stares straight ahead.)

LILLY: I'm sorry.

CARTER: For what?