

OH, LEAVE ME ALONE  
– a play by Daniel Curzon

CHARACTERS: (4)

CHRIS #1, a man of any age, 21-70

CHRIS #2, a woman of any age, 21-70

(They should be close in age to each other.)

MALE FRIEND, about the same age as CHRIS #1

FEMALE FRIEND, about the same age as CHRIS #2

SETTING: Basically a bare stage that can provide any setting as needed.

Upstage there should be a closet with a door that opens and that can be locked with a key.

PLAYING TIME: About 45 minutes

SCENE 1

(LIGHTS UP on male-female couple embracing.)

MALE CHRIS: (removing himself from the other person's arms) Whoa! I think that's enough for now.

FEMALE CHRIS: Really?

MALE CHRIS: You never know where it might lead.

FEMALE CHRIS: (not pleased) All right, if you say so.

MALE CHRIS: Don't take it personally.

FEMALE CHRIS: How am I supposed to take it then? Generically?

MALE CHRIS: (changing the subject) Where's Pookie?

FEMALE CHRIS: I don't know. She was on the cat thing the last time I saw her.

MALE CHRIS: I think she's sick.

FEMALE CHRIS: She's faking it, to get some attention.

MALE CHRIS: She's never sick.

FEMALE CHRIS: Maybe she's dying.

MALE CHRIS: Hey! Don't say that!

FEMALE CHRIS: My saying it or not saying it won't make it happen. Or not happen.

MALE CHRIS: (calling) Pookie! Are you okay?

FEMALE CHRIS: (pretending to be the cat) "I'm dying! I'm dying! I'm dying!"

MALE CHRIS: No, you're not.

FEMALE CHRIS: (as the cat) "I'm going to die right in the middle of your bed!"

MALE CHRIS: You do and I'll kill you!

FEMALE CHRIS: (coming over to MALE CHRIS, very close, waits)

MALE CHRIS: What are you doing?!

FEMALE CHRIS: Am I doing something?

MALE CHRIS: You're hovering.

FEMALE CHRIS: I can remember when you loved me hovering.

MALE CHRIS: (changing the subject) Pookie! Get up! Do you want some yum yums? (Starts to leave.)

FEMALE CHRIS: (following him, very closely) Yeah, let's feed Pookie some yum yums together.

MALE CHRIS: Why don't you stay here?

FEMALE CHRIS: Why don't I come with you?

MALE CHRIS: Maybe I want a little personal space?

FEMALE CHRIS: I can't even get a hug?

MALE CHRIS: You're making me uncomfortable.

FEMALE CHRIS: (insincerely) Sorry!

MALE CHRIS: You're not very good at reading body language, are you?

FEMALE CHRIS: Wow! I guess not.

MALE CHRIS: I'm going to check on Pookie. (Starts to exit.)

FEMALE CHRIS: (Rushes after him and encircles him from behind.) Got ya!

MALE CHRIS: (removing his arms) Oh, for Christ's sake, Chris, stop it!

FEMALE CHRIS: I just want a hug!

MALE CHRIS: Can't you take a hint?!

FEMALE CHRIS: Do you want a divorce?

MALE CHRIS: No!

FEMALE CHRIS: You don't want sex. You don't want a hug. What do you want?

MALE CHRIS: How about a pause? Would a pause be too much to ask?

FEMALE CHRIS: Are you having an affair?

MALE CHRIS: Oh, for God's sake! What a cliché! No, I'm not!

FEMALE CHRIS: You might as well be.

MALE CHRIS: Why are you insisting that we talk about this?

FEMALE CHRIS: *Because!*

MALE CHRIS: Well, I don't want to talk about it. Not now, not ever.

GENE #2: Cat got your tongue?

MALE CHRIS: Because whatever it is I can't put it into words, all nice and laid out on a plate.

FEMALE CHRIS: Like a yum yum?

MALE CHRIS: Yeah, like a yum yum.

GENE #2: Do you think I want to live like this?

MALE CHRIS: I don't know. Do you?

FEMALE CHRIS: Absolutely not. No. . . . No. . . . Never. . . . In case it's not clear enough, that's a no.

BLACKOUT

SCENE 2

MALE CHRIS: (on cell phone) Hi! Can you come over? I need someone to talk to.

MALE FRIEND: Sure. (Enters immediately.) What do you want to talk about?

MALE CHRIS: (putting the phone down) What took you so long?

MALE FRIEND: I had to sign some mortgage papers.

MALE CHRIS: Really?

MALE FRIEND: My life goes on even without you. What do you want to talk about?

MALE CHRIS: My love life. Make that my lack of a love life.

MALE FRIEND: I'm leaving now. (Turns to exit.)

MALE CHRIS: Hey! . . . Please.

MALE FRIEND: Is there anything more boring than other people's love lives?

MALE CHRIS: Their mortgage papers?

MALE FRIEND: You got me. But I didn't call you to discuss *them*, *did I*?

MALE CHRIS: Let's discuss them then. Did you get a decent rate?

MALE FRIEND: Three point four.

MALE CHRIS: Really? Is that good?

MALE FRIEND: In today's market, yeah.

MALE CHRIS: Adjustable or fixed?

MALE FRIEND: I like my mortgages like my dogs?

MALE CHRIS: (Throws his hands up, not comprehending.)

MALE FRIEND: Fixed!

MALE CHRIS: How much is your property worth?

MALE FRIEND: You're right! Let's discuss your love life.

MALE CHRIS: You're sure?

MALE FRIEND: No, but what are friends for if not to bore them with your troubles?

MALE CHRIS: Thanks. I think. It's Chris.

MALE FRIEND: Yeah?

MALE CHRIS: She won't leave me alone. Always touching and hugging and –

MALE FRIEND: And this is bad?

MALE CHRIS: Very bad.

MALE FRIEND: She's attractive.

MALE CHRIS: So I understand. I just don't want to have sex with her anymore.

MALE FRIEND: You've given up sex? What else is there?

MALE CHRIS: Just with Chris.

MALE FRIEND: So you want a divorce?

MALE CHRIS: Not really. I just don't want to touch the woman any longer.

MALE FRIEND: What do you want me to do about it? Have sex with her?

MALE CHRIS: No!

MALE FRIEND: I don't mind, if it will help a buddy out.

MALE CHRIS: Are you going to take this seriously or not?

MALE FRIEND: I'm taking it seriously, as seriously as it needs to be taken. So separate. Don't live together anymore.

MALE CHRIS: I would, but I don't want to be lonely.

MALE FRIEND: Lots of married people stop having sex. I've heard.

MALE CHRIS: Yes, but that's mutual. Chris doesn't want to stop.

MALE FRIEND: And you've told him this?

MALE CHRIS: By body language.

MALE FRIEND: You slap his hands away?

MALE CHRIS: Not quite. I don't want to hurt his feelings.

MALE FRIEND: What do you do then? Paint me a picture.

MALE CHRIS: I - I deflect. (Demonstrates avoiding hands.)

MALE FRIEND: And he still keeps coming back?

MALE CHRIS: Yes.

MALE FRIEND: What does he think you mean by running away from him?

MALE CHRIS: I'm not sure. Maybe that I'm not feeling well. Or it's a phase.

MALE FRIEND: Are you sick? Is it a phase?

MALE CHRIS: I don't believe so. I think it's permanent. Do you have any suggestions?

MALE FRIEND: (thinks) No.

MALE CHRIS: No?

MALE FRIEND: No. Okay, I've got to go. See ya! (Exits.)

MALE CHRIS: That's it?

BLACKOUT

SCENE 3

(Enter CHRIS #2)

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) Chris?

MALE CHRIS: (offstage) Yeah?

FEMALE CHRIS: Can I see you for a minute?

MALE CHRIS: I'm busy.

FEMALE CHRIS: What are you doing?

MALE CHRIS: It's personal!

FEMALE CHRIS: Are you in the shower?

MALE CHRIS: I am!

FEMALE CHRIS: With the bathroom door open?

MALE CHRIS: Sorry! It gets too hot in here. (Closes the bathroom door.) (more muffled) How's that?

FEMALE CHRIS: Are you masturbating in the shower?

MALE CHRIS: (Pause.) What's it to you?

FEMALE CHRIS: You'd rather masturbate alone than have sex with me?

MALE CHRIS: (Pause.) I don't know what to say to that.

FEMALE CHRIS: I don't get you.

MALE CHRIS: It's complicated.

GENE #2: No it's not! It's selfish.

MALE CHRIS: Why can't we just *not* talk about it?

FEMALE CHRIS: You're hurting my feelings!

MALE CHRIS: Can't you ever just leave something alone?

FEMALE CHRIS: It's also adultery.

MALE CHRIS: *What?!*

FEMALE CHRIS: You're being unfaithful to me.

MALE CHRIS: You don't own my sperm!

FEMALE CHRIS: Yes, I do.

MALE CHRIS: No, you don't.

FEMALE CHRIS: You made a vow.

MALE CHRIS: Oh, for God's sake!

FEMALE CHRIS: So stop right now!

MALE CHRIS: I will not! I'm being faithful – to myself.

FEMALE CHRIS: I'm going to come in there!

MALE CHRIS: A moment or two for myself, please!

FEMALE CHRIS: No. Till death do us part!

MALE CHRIS: Is that a threat?

FEMALE CHRIS: Maybe. Have you stopped?

MALE CHRIS: I'm not telling you!

FEMALE CHRIS: I'm coming in there!

MALE CHRIS: With what, a gun?

FEMALE CHRIS: Don't tempt me. I just want a hug.

MALE CHRIS: Nobody wants a hug that much.

FEMALE CHRIS: Just one hug, and then I'll leave.

MALE CHRIS: I don't believe you.

FEMALE CHRIS: This is so embarrassing. Why do I have to beg you?

MALE CHRIS: Don't beg me! . . . You've made me lose my erection.

FEMALE CHRIS: Good!

BLACKOUT

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SCENE 4

(Enter FEMALE FRIEND to CHRIS #2.)

FEMALE FRIEND: I heard you need a shoulder to cry on.

FEMALE CHRIS: (vacuuming furiously) Thanks but no thanks.

FEMALE FRIEND: Are you sure? You never vacuum. Something must be wrong.

FEMALE CHRIS: What do you mean?! I love to vacuum! (Vacuums even harder.)

FEMALE FRIEND: Chris, is it Chris?

FEMALE CHRIS: Who?

FEMALE FRIEND: Your husband.

FEMALE CHRIS: I don't have a husband.

FEMALE FRIEND: There hasn't been enough time for a divorce.

FEMALE CHRIS: Divorces start long before they start! And you can quote me!

FEMALE FRIEND: Are you going to divorce him?

FEMALE CHRIS: (abandoning the vacuum cleaner) Oh, I'm so unhappy! (Runs to FEMALE FRIEND.) I need a hug! (They hug.) (Pulls back from the hug.) But I don't want to hug somebody who doesn't want to hug me.

FEMALE FRIEND: (hugging CHRIS #2) Of course you don't.

FEMALE CHRIS: Do I smell bad?

FEMALE FRIEND: Of course you don't! (Sniffs her.) Maybe a little day-old perfume.

FEMALE CHRIS: Really?

FEMALE FRIEND: No, no, no. I was kidding.

FEMALE CHRIS: I don't want kidding right now.

FEMALE FRIEND: Of course you don't! (Hugs her again.) There!

FEMALE CHRIS: Are you a lesbian?

FEMALE FRIEND: This is my reward for comforting you?

FEMALE CHRIS: Are you part of the Gay Agenda?

FEMALE FRIEND: I am the Gay Agenda. And I've been waiting to pounce on your agenda for years.

FEMALE CHRIS: Now I know you're kidding? . . . Aren't you?

FEMALE FRIEND: I must say you think very highly of yourself.

FEMALE CHRIS: It's Chris's fault. He's made me feel undesirable, and I . . .

FEMALE FRIEND: Took it out on me.

FEMALE CHRIS: There's nothing wrong with being a lesbian.

FEMALE FRIEND: I know that.

FEMALE CHRIS: As long as you're a nice lesbian.

FEMALE FRIEND: I think you don't even have to be a nice one anymore, and it's still okay.

FEMALE CHRIS: Really? I haven't been keeping up.

FEMALE FRIEND: Anyway, I'm not a lesbian, and I'm sorry I came over. So I'd better be –  
(Starts to leave.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Wait! Don't go. I need your non-lesbian advice on Chris.

FEMALE FRIEND: Is he a lesbian?

FEMALE CHRIS: I don't think so.

FEMALE FRIEND: Is he thinking of turning lesbian?

FEMALE CHRIS: If he were turning into a lesbian, he'd probably want to touch me, a woman,  
not run away from me. . . . Unless I'm not his type, even as a lesbian.

FEMALE FRIEND: Lesbians have types?

FEMALE CHRIS: I suppose they do. Doesn't everybody?

FEMALE FRIEND: Let's get off this topic, what do you say?

FEMALE CHRIS: I could ask Chris if he's turning into a lesbian.

FEMALE FRIEND: Would he tell you?

FEMALE CHRIS: Of course that would mean he'd have to change sex first and then change into a lesbian, wouldn't it?

FEMALE FRIEND: Beats me.

FEMALE CHRIS: Why is life so complicated?

FEMALE FRIEND: It's not. Do you want me to speak to Chris?

FEMALE CHRIS: You'd speak to Chris?

FEMALE FRIEND: No. But do you want me to?

FEMALE CHRIS: I don't know what you'd say.

FEMALE FRIEND: I'd come right to the point and ask: "Why don't you want to touch him anymore?"

FEMALE CHRIS: You wouldn't! You wouldn't have the nerve.

FEMALE FRIEND: Yes, I would.

FEMALE CHRIS: He'd accuse you of butting in.

FEMALE FRIEND: I'd say you asked me to.

FEMALE CHRIS: You can't do that!

FEMALE FRIEND: Do you want my help or not?

FEMALE CHRIS: You'd ask him point blank why he is being so standoffish?!

FEMALE FRIEND: What do you think he'll say?

FEMALE CHRIS: I don't know. I don't think I want to know.

FEMALE FRIEND: I don't think I can help you.

FEMALE CHRIS: Sure you can.

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FEMALE FRIEND: I'm leaving.

FEMALE CHRIS: (loudly) No!

FEMALE FRIEND: (loudly) Yes!

(FEMALE FRIEND exits.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Friends, my ass!

BLACKOUT

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SCENE 5

(Enter CHRIS #1 to CHRIS #2, who is sorting laundry.)

MALE CHRIS: (low key) Hi.

FEMALE CHRIS: (low key) Hi.

MALE CHRIS: How's your day been?

FEMALE CHRIS: So so.

MALE CHRIS: Mine too. I almost got fired.

FEMALE CHRIS: (no reaction)

MALE CHRIS: I filed some wrong paperwork.

FEMALE CHRIS: (holding up a pair of shorts) Do you want these? They're ripped.

MALE CHRIS: You don't care that I was almost fired?

FEMALE CHRIS: (about the shorts) Do you want these or not?

MALE CHRIS: I don't know.

(FEMALE CHRIS throws the shorts on the floor.)

MALE CHRIS: Hey!

FEMALE CHRIS: They're dirty already.

MALE CHRIS: Are you talking to your friends about us?

FEMALE CHRIS: (after thinking it over) No. Are you?

MALE CHRIS: (after thinking it over) No.

BOTH: (together) Good!

FEMALE CHRIS: I never talk about my dirty laundry with others.

MALE CHRIS: I could say that you used to tell your mother that I had a crooked dick. But I won't.

FEMALE CHRIS: You used to tell your mother that I had a loose pussy.

MALE CHRIS: I did not!

FEMALE CHRIS: Ah, but you did.

MALE CHRIS: I seriously doubt that you and my mother discussed your pussy. Ever!

FEMALE CHRIS: How little you know women.

MALE CHRIS: And how little you know men.

FEMALE CHRIS: Men are from Mars. They're Martians.

MALE CHRIS: And women are from Venus. Venus Fly-Traps.

GENE #2: (making a sound) Buzz, buzz!

MALE CHRIS: I'm sorry if I have hurt your feelings in some way.

FEMALE CHRIS: Feelings? Who has feelings?

MALE CHRIS: I'm trying to apologize.

FEMALE CHRIS: Is that what this is? It's hard to tell.

MALE CHRIS: I just want there to be peace between us.

FEMALE CHRIS: But why? The other is so much more exciting.

MALE CHRIS: I don't like the tension.

FEMALE CHRIS: There's always tension between men and women.

MALE CHRIS: There doesn't have to be.

FEMALE CHRIS: Apparently there does.

MALE CHRIS: Do you want a divorce?

FEMALE CHRIS: Um, not today. I guess.

MALE CHRIS: Tomorrow?

FEMALE CHRIS: Who knows.

MALE CHRIS: Do you want to take a lover?

FEMALE CHRIS: Thanks.

MALE CHRIS: I mean . . .

FEMALE CHRIS: I know what you mean. You want to take a lover. But no thanks.

MALE CHRIS: I think men get restless.

FEMALE CHRIS: And women don't?!

MALE CHRIS: Don't start lecturing, please!

FEMALE CHRIS: Perhaps you need a lecture.

MALE CHRIS: I can lecture too, you know.

FEMALE CHRIS: Go ahead.

MALE CHRIS: Believe me I can. I just didn't do it before.

FEMALE CHRIS: Wonderful you. How restrained.

MALE CHRIS: I didn't because I wanted sex from you.

FEMALE CHRIS: And now that you don't want it, you can say what's been bottled up. Is that it?

MALE CHRIS: Pretty much.

FEMALE CHRIS: That doesn't say very much about your inherent honesty.

MALE CHRIS: No, but it does about my sex drive.

FEMALE CHRIS: What makes you think I want your precious body so much? Trust me,  
it's not that great!

MALE CHRIS: I know it's not that great.

FEMALE CHRIS: A little affection doesn't have to lead to you thrusting and grunting like  
a rabid monkey.

MALE CHRIS: It doesn't?

FEMALE CHRIS: Lord knows, it doesn't take that long. You'd think you'd hardly miss the time!

MALE CHRIS: Finished with the insults?

FEMALE CHRIS: I've just started. Got any for me?

MALE CHRIS: Be careful what you wish for.

FEMALE CHRIS: I can handle it. Get it off your chest. Let's clear the air around here.  
(Swipes at the air.)

MALE CHRIS: It might poison the air.

FEMALE CHRIS: Let's see, shall we?

MALE CHRIS: I'm not trying to insult you.

FEMALE CHRIS: That's funny. You've managed to do so amazingly well without even trying.

BLACKOUT

## SCENE 6

(Enter FEMALE FRIEND to GENE #1.)

FEMALE FRIEND: You called?

MALE CHRIS: (exercising) I was about to.

FEMALE FRIEND: I got right on it.

MALE CHRIS: Did Chris ask you to talk to me?

FEMALE FRIEND: No. Yes. Sort of. It was my idea.

MALE CHRIS: I think it's past the talking stage.

FEMALE FRIEND: You're never past the talking stage.

MALE CHRIS: How much did he tell you?

FEMALE FRIEND: Just that you're having intimacy issues.

MALE CHRIS: Intimacy issues?! Like a rash?

FEMALE FRIEND: I'd like to help.

MALE CHRIS: Jesus! How intrusive! Is nothing off-limits?

FEMALE FRIEND: Chris wants to save your marriage. And so do I.

MALE CHRIS: Well, you can't.

FEMALE FRIEND: He can't figure out what she's done wrong.

MALE CHRIS: He's done nothing wrong. There is no wrong here. It's just over.

FEMALE FRIEND: And yet you don't want a divorce?

MALE CHRIS: Divorces are expensive.

FEMALE FRIEND: She'll give you a clean break and ask for nothing.

MALE CHRIS: I don't believe it.

FEMALE: Your money and her money can be separated.

MALE CHRIS: That'll be a first!



FEMALE FRIEND: Chris has always kept her money separate from yours.

MALE CHRIS: Is that what she tells you? It's not true. She has mooched and leeches off me for years.

FEMALE FRIEND: Mooched and leeches? My, that sounds like a loving husband!

MALE CHRIS: I've never bought into this dynamic that the man is supposed to pay.

FEMALE FRIEND: Why? Too stingy?

MALE CHRIS: I don't like being taken advantage of. It's also like I'm paying for sex. I don't like being a John to a prostitute!

FEMALE FRIEND: Wow! Is that how you see it? Most people don't.

MALE CHRIS: Most people are blind to their own victimization. I don't care that most men are brainwashed into giving diamond rings and flowers and houses and cars in order to secure a regular supply of vaginal, oral, or anal.

FEMALE FRIEND: Well, women put up with a lot that don't want in order to be married! A lot!

MALE CHRIS: You're making my point for me. Give me present and I'll give you a body part!  
It's disgusting!

FEMALE FRIEND: You're reducing it to –

MALE CHRIS: I'm reducing it to what it is! Well, I'm fed up with participating in the system.

FEMALE FRIEND: Chris doesn't ask for things from you.

MALE CHRIS: Of course she does. Every time we go out to dinner she expects me to pay.

FEMALE FRIEND: Well, the man pays.

MALE CHRIS: Well, this man doesn't want to. And never did want to.

FEMALE FRIEND: So you want Chris to pay for your dinners?

MALE CHRIS: I want her to pay for her own dinners, not always smiling and being coy and flirtatious when it comes time to pay the bill.

FEMALE FRIEND: Everybody does it. Why does it bother you so much?

MALE CHRIS: Because it makes me feel like I can't get a date, a kiss, a cuddle, or an orgasm unless I pay for it!

FEMALE FRIEND: Well, women don't make as much as men.

MALE CHRIS: Please! Even when they make more than men, they want men to pay! I dated a lot more women than you ever did. So don't tell me what women do and don't do and want and don't want!

FEMALE FRIEND: You never should have married, Chris or anybody else.

MALE CHRIS: No, the institution of marriage should be different!

FEMALE FRIEND: I somehow doubt that's going to happen.

MALE CHRIS: Change has to start somewhere.

FEMALE FRIEND: And this is what's behind it all?

MALE CHRIS: It isn't just one thing.

FEMALE FRIEND: So when you wife tries to hug you, you view it as some kind of "financial" overture? Have I got that right?

MALE CHRIS: Don't go telling Chris all this!

FEMALE FRIEND: Why not? How else are things going to get better?

MALE CHRIS: Things aren't going to get better. She is what she is, and I'm no longer what I was. So things are not going to get "better."

FEMALE FRIEND: Then maybe "bitter" if not "better"?

MALE CHRIS: I think you've got it.

BLACKOUT

## SCENE 7

(Lights up halfway.)

MALE CHRIS: (in bed by himself) . . . Are you awake?

FEMALE CHRIS: (in separate bed) . . . No.

MALE CHRIS: Do you want to talk or go to sleep?

FEMALE CHRIS: I am asleep.

MALE CHRIS: . . . Okay.

FEMALE CHRIS: What do you want to talk about?

MALE CHRIS: Never mind. I just thought you might want to talk.

FEMALE CHRIS: You're so thoughtful.

MALE CHRIS: (very flat) That's me.

FEMALE CHRIS: So smug.

MALE CHRIS: Boo!

FEMALE CHRIS: Boo?

MALE CHRIS: I'm scaring the ghosts out of our bedroom.

FEMALE CHRIS: Is that what you think is in our bedroom?

MALE CHRIS: Maybe we should have separate bedrooms.

FEMALE CHRIS: Good idea. You snore like a buzz saw anyway.

MALE CHRIS: So do you.

FEMALE CHRIS: I do not.

MALE CHRIS: Whatever.

FEMALE CHRIS: You also fart.

MALE CHRIS: I'm sorry.

FEMALE CHRIS: Do I fart?

MALE CHRIS: . . . No.

FEMALE CHRIS: You sure?

MALE CHRIS: I'm sure.

FEMALE CHRIS: You're quite the catch.

MALE CHRIS: (Doesn't reply.)

FEMALE CHRIS: A snoring, farting Romeo.

MALE CHRIS: (Doesn't reply.)

FEMALE CHRIS: But I made my bed. . . . How does the rest of it go?

MALE CHRIS: Now you must lie in it.

FEMALE CHRIS: And you in yours.

MALE CHRIS: (Doesn't answer.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Do you love me at all? Is there anything left?

MALE CHRIS: Yes.

FEMALE CHRIS: Lucky me. I guess I'll have a bedtime snack, on those crumbs.

MALE CHRIS: Actually there is a lot of love left.

FEMALE CHRIS: Really?

MALE CHRIS: Of course.

FEMALE CHRIS: Of course? . . . Now I know everything: you're lying in your bed, and you're  
*lying* in your bed.

SLOW FADE

SCENE 8

(Lights up, both CHRISES fully dressed.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Did you sleep well?

MALE CHRIS: Well enough. You?

FEMALE CHRIS: I slept like a baby.

MALE CHRIS: Good for you.

FEMALE CHRIS: I cried all night.

MALE CHRIS: I'm sorry. . . . You did not!

(There is the sound of some critter scratching at a door slightly offstage.)

FEMALE CHRIS: What's that noise?

MALE CHRIS: Is it Pookie? (calling) Pookie?

FEMALE CHRIS: It doesn't sound like her.

MALE CHRIS: That's the cat door, right?

(Another scratching sound is heard.)

FEMALE CHRIS: I assume so.

MALE CHRIS: It's raccoons.

FEMALE CHRIS: I thought that was over, they were gone.

MALE CHRIS: They remember.

FEMALE CHRIS: You shouldn't have left cat food out.

MALE CHRIS: That was a year ago.

FEMALE CHRIS: They remember.

MALE CHRIS: What are we going to do about it?

FEMALE CHRIS: They don't usually come in the daytime.

MALE CHRIS: Do you have the soaker gun?

FEMALE CHRIS: I thought you had it.

MALE CHRIS: I think I know where it is. (Hurries off, away from the scratching noise.)

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) Make sure it's cold water, not hot!

MALE CHRIS: (calling) Maybe if I use hot, they'll stay away this time!

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) Don't scald the raccoon! They were four of them last time,  
with two babies!

MALE CHRIS: (calling) I promise not to scald the babies. Just the adults.

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) You can't scald the parents! Who will look after the babies?!

MALE CHRIS: (re-entering with a soaker gun) So sensitive!

FEMALE CHRIS: What are you doing?

MALE CHRIS: I'm getting some water for this gun. It evaporated.

FEMALE CHRIS: Put some soap in the water.

MALE CHRIS: I'm on it! No scalding, just soap in their eyes!

FEMALE CHRIS: Hurry up! They're going to get away!

(There is another sound of scratching offstage.)

MALE CHRIS: They're bold.

(Sound of attempted forced entrance against the cat door.)

MALE CHRIS: Jesus!

FEMALE CHRIS: Wait! (Runs offstage the same way he did earlier.)

MALE CHRIS: Are you going to help me with this or not?

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) I'm getting something! . . . I'm looking!

MALE CHRIS: (calling) I'm going to the cat door!

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) Wait for me!

MALE CHRIS: (calling) They're going to get away!

FEMALE CHRIS: (re-entering with a flag folded around a stick) I found it!

MALE CHRIS: What's that?

FEMALE CHRIS: (unfurling the flag) A flag. (Waves it about.) To scare away the raccoons!

MALE CHRIS: Do you want them to laugh at you?

FEMALE CHRIS: They won't be laughing when I shake this at their babies! (Waves and shakes the flag.)

(Another sound of forced entrance at the cat door.)

MALE CHRIS: (Hurries offstage toward the sound.) (offstage) Its face is halfway through the cat door!

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) Shoot it with the soaker!

MALE CHRIS: (calling) I don't have any water in it yet!

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) Oh, for God's sake, shoot it. Shoot it!

MALE CHRIS: (calling) The plug is stuck! I don't think I can get any water into it!

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) Shoot it!

(GENE #1 slowly re-enters with soaker at his side.)

MALE CHRIS: Are we still talking about the raccoons?

(Another harder sound of a raccoon at the cat door.)

BLACKOUT

## SCENE 9

(Lights up on FEMALE FRIEND, who is using a toothpick assiduously.)

MALE CHRIS: (entering) Can we talk?

FEMALE FRIEND: Don't you knock?

MALE CHRIS: I did. You didn't answer.

FEMALE FRIEND: Maybe that's for a reason.

MALE CHRIS: Continue with what you were doing.

FEMALE FRIEND: I intend to. (Picks at teeth.)

MALE CHRIS: It's about me and Chris.

FEMALE FRIEND: When isn't it?

MALE CHRIS: There's a lot of anger there.

FEMALE FRIEND: I'm not taking sides. Just give Chris what she wants.

MALE CHRIS: You're no help!

FEMALE FRIEND: Do I still have that piece of kale in my teeth? (Shows teeth.)

MALE CHRIS: I don't think so.

FEMALE FRIEND: I can still feel it.

MALE CHRIS: You're fine.

FEMALE FRIEND: No, I'm not. I have kale stuck in my teeth. I don't feel comfortable trying to remove it with you watching me.

MALE CHRIS: Yeah, it is pretty gross.

FEMALE FRIEND: Well, you're the one who barged in! Not me!

MALE CHRIS: What if I turn my back? (Turns his back.) Like this.

FEMALE FRIEND: You can still hear me picking.

MALE CHRIS: Try me.

FEMALE FRIEND: (Uses the toothpick.) How's that?

MALE CHRIS: I can barely hear it.

FEMALE FRIEND: What do you want me to say?

MALE CHRIS: Tell me how to save my relationship with GENE , without sex.



FEMALE FRIEND: Maybe it's not possible.

MALE CHRIS: You think so?

FEMALE FRIEND: Close your eyes and think of England.

MALE CHRIS: When I close my eyes, I think of GENE doing stuff that completely turns me off.

FEMALE FRIEND: Such as?

MALE CHRIS: The way she drives – she's dangerous. The way she can be so passive with her mother. It drives me crazy! The way she wants me to stop the raccoons from getting in and then won't let me actually stop them once and for all.

FEMALE FRIEND: Sounds like you're making up excuses.

MALE CHRIS: No, I'm not! I have built up a ton of bad memories and can't get them out of my head.

FEMALE FRIEND: Maybe you should see a therapist.

MALE CHRIS: I thought you were my therapist.

FEMALE FRIEND: I'm afraid I'm nobody's therapist.

MALE CHRIS: The way she tickles Pookie's butt. It's obscene!

FEMALE FRIEND: What?!

MALE CHRIS: It's thing after thing after thing. Sometimes it's the very thing I used to love about her. And now I can't stand that very thing! Does that make any sense?

BLACKOUT

SCENE 10

(MALE CHRIS is sitting on a sofa, reading a book.)

(Enter FEMALE CHRIS, agitated.)

FEMALE CHRIS: What are you doing?

MALE CHRIS: (gestures to the book) What does it look like?

FEMALE CHRIS: I had a terrible day at work today.

MALE CHRIS: Change jobs.

FEMALE CHRIS: I want sex. To calm my nerves.

MALE CHRIS: (about the book) Have you read this?

FEMALE CHRIS: I want sex. Now.

MALE CHRIS: What is that supposed to mean?

FEMALE CHRIS: What?!

MALE CHRIS: I can never figure out what women want.

FEMALE CHRIS: You're not funny.

MALE CHRIS: Did I say I was funny?

FEMALE CHRIS: I want you to do me.

MALE CHRIS: Sounds like a trap to me. Are you Vice Squad?

FEMALE CHRIS: My boss wants me.

MALE CHRIS: Well, good for him! Is he the one with the piercing?

FEMALE CHRIS: Yes. In his eyebrow.

MALE CHRIS: You hate piercings.

FEMALE CHRIS: Yes.

MALE CHRIS: (about the book) This is really good. It's about snakes.

FEMALE CHRIS: I hate snakes.

MALE CHRIS: Or maybe it's about leprechauns.

FEMALE CHRIS: I hate leprechauns.

MALE CHRIS: You're hard to please.

FEMALE CHRIS: Can a woman rape a man?

MALE CHRIS: Now we're getting heavy.

FEMALE CHRIS: No, maybe we're getting somewhere.

MALE CHRIS: Call me old-fashioned, but I don't think that's a good idea.

FEMALE CHRIS: I wonder what it feels like to rape a man.

MALE CHRIS: God, it must have really been a rotten day at work.

FEMALE CHRIS: Make him scream as you thrust a dildo or something into him.

MALE CHRIS: (laughing) A dildo?

FEMALE CHRIS: A sharp dildo, with serrated edges.

MALE CHRIS: You've thought too much about this.

FEMALE CHRIS: Until he shits himself. And weeps.

MALE CHRIS: Is that from a poem?

FEMALE CHRIS: Yeah, the one I'm writing.

MALE CHRIS: Lyrical or narrative?

FEMALE CHRIS: I haven't decided yet.

MALE CHRIS: Can't wait to read it.

FEMALE CHRIS: You'll be the first to read it. And the last.

MALE CHRIS: You're scaring me.

FEMALE CHRIS: I want sex.

MALE CHRIS: I don't want sex.

BLACKOUT

SCENE 11

(Lights up on MALE CHRIS, brushing his teeth. It does not have to be realistic.)

(Enter FEMALE CHRIS, carrying a jar.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Can you open this? (Shows him the jar.)

MALE CHRIS: You can't?

FEMALE CHRIS: Evidently not.

MALE CHRIS: There's a new can opener in the top drawer. It has a hook for jars.

FEMALE CHRIS: I tried it. It didn't work.

MALE CHRIS: Did you bang on the top with a heavy spoon and then twist with a dish towel?

FEMALE CHRIS: Can't you just open it?

MALE CHRIS: Here, let me see it.

(He hands the jar over. MALE CHRIS tries to open it but can't.)

MALE CHRIS: (straining) Can't do it. (Hands the jar back.)

FEMALE CHRIS: You didn't try very hard.

MALE CHRIS: You didn't try very hard either.

FEMALE CHRIS: How do you know?

MALE CHRIS: Maybe the jar just doesn't want to open.

FEMALE CHRIS: But I want a pickle.

MALE CHRIS: You want a . . . ? (Shows frustration with her.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Why do you have to make everything about *you*?!

MALE CHRIS: About me? Oh, God! Here, give it to me! (Reaches for the jar.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Don't break it.

MALE CHRIS: Perhaps that's the only way to get it open.

FEMALE CHRIS: I could get a hammer.

MALE CHRIS: You could. But let me try again. (He tries to twist the lid off, can't.)

FEMALE CHRIS: A real man could get it off.

MALE CHRIS: A strong woman could get it off even faster.

FEMALE CHRIS: It's about upper body strength.

MALE CHRIS: Oh, I thought it was because of sexism.

FEMALE CHRIS: Give it to me. (Gestures for the jar.) I'm sorry I asked.

MALE CHRIS: So am I.

FEMALE CHRIS: Give it to me!

MALE CHRIS: Why do men always have to do the shit work?

FEMALE CHRIS: Because they get all the perks!

MALE CHRIS: No, they don't don't. Not anymore. But they sure get the shit work.

FEMALE CHRIS: It's getting impossible to be around you anymore.

MALE CHRIS: And yet you stay!

FEMALE CHRIS: (about to cry) You're mean.

MALE CHRIS: Now you're going to cry! No, *you're* mean! You cry or threaten to cry and I do the shit work. How equal is that?!

FEMALE CHRIS: I do shit work!

MALE CHRIS: Only when you can't get out of it. (imitating her) "Oh, Chris, can't you carry the groceries up from the car? Please!"

FEMALE CHRIS: I only do it because I know you like to carry the groceries up from the car!

MALE CHRIS: Bull! (imitating her) "Oh, Chris, can't you lift my seventeen bags into the trunk of the car? Pretty please!"

FEMALE CHRIS: Seventeen bags won't fit into the trunk of the car! So I'd never ask.

MALE CHRIS: (imitating her) "Oh, Chris, can you re-program my DVR for the thousandth time?  
I must have touched something!"

FEMALE CHRIS: (shouting) A marriage is supposed to be a partnership! A partnership!

MALE CHRIS: (shouting) Exactly my point!

BLACKOUT

(Sound of a glass jar crashing in the dark.)

SCENE 12

(Lights up on both CHRISES at a table in a restaurant, opposite each other. There is a candle.)

MALE CHRIS: (looking around) This is nice.

FEMALE CHRIS: It is. Very romantic.

MALE CHRIS: Good choice.

FEMALE CHRIS: (looking over the menu) I'm feeling vegetarian.

MALE CHRIS: (looking over his menu) Good choice.

FEMALE CHRIS: I'm paying.

MALE CHRIS: No need to.

FEMALE CHRIS: I'm paying.

MALE CHRIS: Good choice.

FEMALE CHRIS: Stop saying that.

MALE CHRIS: Bad choice?

FEMALE CHRIS: I can't seem to win.

MALE CHRIS: I know the feeling.

FEMALE CHRIS: (about the menu) They have quesadillas.

MALE CHRIS: Interesting choice.

FEMALE CHRIS: Do you know that they tax tampons?

MALE CHRIS: I beg your pardon?

FEMALE CHRIS: Because they're for women.

MALE CHRIS: They tax men's things!

FEMALE CHRIS: No, they don't.

MALE CHRIS: Yes, they do.

FEMALE CHRIS: It's part of the War on Women.

MALE CHRIS: That's quite a slogan.

FEMALE CHRIS: You don't think there's a War on Women?

MALE CHRIS: As a matter of fact, no.

FEMALE CHRIS: You used to call yourself a feminist, back when we first got together.

MALE CHRIS: I've grown.

FEMALE CHRIS: Grown? So now you're back to being a sexist pig?

MALE CHRIS: Let's just say I'm an *ex*-feminist.

GENE s#2: (makes a scoffing sound)

MALE CHRIS: I am.

FEMALE CHRIS: Since when?!

MALE CHRIS: Let's have a pleasant evening.

FEMALE CHRIS: Since when?

MALE CHRIS: Since feminism went from an A-plus idea to a C-minus one.

FEMALE CHRIS: What?!

MALE CHRIS: You asked.

FEMALE CHRIS: We haven't even begun the fight yet!

MALE CHRIS: Down with those tampon taxes!

FEMALE CHRIS: You think that's a C-minus idea?

MALE CHRIS: Dump those tampons in Boston Harbor!

FEMALE CHRIS: Not funny.

MALE CHRIS: Of course not. Only men and their body parts are funny.

FEMALE CHRIS: You want to make fun of women's body parts?

MALE CHRIS: Every social movement eventually goes to the C-minus version of itself. Or lower.  
Full of half-truths and great big pieties.

FEMALE CHRIS: You have a problem with strong women.

MALE CHRIS: No. . . . But I don't want to fuck them.

FEMALE CHRIS: Nice!

MALE CHRIS: It may not be nice, but it's what I think. Shall we order?

BLACKOUT

SCENE 13

(Lights up on MALE CHRIS crouching far upstage right.)

(Enter FEMALE CHRIS, not sure where he is.)

FEMALE CHRIS: I know you're in here somewhere.

MALE CHRIS: (Puts his hand over his mouth.)

FEMALE CHRIS: I want a baby. . . . Did you hear me? I want a baby!



MALE CHRIS: (after a pause) Buy one.

FEMALE CHRIS: (seeing him) You owe me a baby.

MALE CHRIS: (sarcastically) Yeah, just what we need.

FEMALE CHRIS: You thinking I'm joking?

MALE CHRIS: Probably not.

FEMALE CHRIS: Did you hear me? I want a baby.

MALE CHRIS: (emerging from hiding) Okay, I'll buy you a baby.

FEMALE CHRIS: Or we could adopt!

MALE CHRIS: Even worse idea.

FEMALE CHRIS: It would bring us together.

MALE CHRIS: Or tear us even more apart.

FEMALE CHRIS: I saw this brochure. All those big, sad eyes.

MALE CHRIS: Do you not know the statistics on adopted children?

FEMALE CHRIS: We could get one from Romania.

MALE CHRIS: No.

FEMALE CHRIS: It would be so grateful.

MALE CHRIS: They always turn out to be horrible. They slash their new family to death.

FEMALE CHRIS: We'd save a life.

MALE CHRIS: And then eat that family.

FEMALE CHRIS: Bring some love into this relationship.

MALE CHRIS: Then feed their bones to the raccoons.

FEMALE CHRIS: Do good for once.

MALE CHRIS: No good deed goes unpunished.

FEMALE CHRIS: Why are you always so negative?

MALE CHRIS: Then blacken their reputations as parents. Posthumously.

FEMALE CHRIS: Thank god, I don't listen to you.

MALE CHRIS: Say we tried to sodomize them in their cribs.

FEMALE CHRIS: You probably would try to sodomize them in their cribs!

MALE CHRIS: Then we agree after all? We shouldn't adopt.

FEMALE CHRIS: It was just an idea.

MALE CHRIS: So was Auschwitz.

FEMALE CHRIS: I think we are reaching a crescendo in this marriage.

MALE CHRIS: With a happy ending?

BLACKOUT

SCENE 14

(Lights up on FEMALE CHRIS sitting in a chair, which represents a car, facing the audience.)

(Lights up a cigarette or a joint or perhaps just opens a package of gum and begins to chew.)

(Stares over the heads of the audience.)

(Mimes turning on the car's radio. Music.)

(Continues to stare at something in the distance.)

(Enter MALE CHRIS, comes up to the car, taps on the window.)

FEMALE CHRIS: (not startled) You startled me.

MALE CHRIS: What are you doing out here in the car?

FEMALE CHRIS: Hanging out.

MALE CHRIS: It's five A.M.

FEMALE CHRIS: So?

MALE CHRIS: What are you doing?!

FEMALE CHRIS: What do you care?

MALE CHRIS: You're on the street. It's not safe.

FEMALE CHRIS: I'm fine. I'm listening to the radio.

MALE CHRIS: You can't listen in the house?

FEMALE CHRIS: It's peaceful out here. So calm.

MALE CHRIS: You're acting weird.

FEMALE CHRIS: Go back to sleep.

MALE CHRIS: I worry about you.

FEMALE CHRIS: Yeah.

MALE CHRIS: I do.

FEMALE CHRIS: I'm fine!

MALE CHRIS: I saw you staring at something.

FEMALE CHRIS: You going to call the police?

MALE CHRIS: Should I?

FEMALE CHRIS: I'm meditating.

MALE CHRIS: You were staring. Are you stalking somebody?

FEMALE CHRIS: Don't worry, it wasn't you.

MALE CHRIS: What is it you see? (He looks where she was staring.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Do you really want to know?

MALE CHRIS: I do.

FEMALE CHRIS: Our neighbor likes to undress for me.

MALE CHRIS: What?!

FEMALE CHRIS: Three doors down – Mr. Chow.

MALE CHRIS: That's hilarious.

FEMALE CHRIS: He loves to strip. I love to watch.

MALE CHRIS: You're not serious. Are you?

FEMALE CHRIS: He dances for me too.

MALE CHRIS: Mr. Chow? He must be seventy.

FEMALE CHRIS: He's still very limber.

MALE CHRIS: Does he know it's you?

FEMALE CHRIS: Of course he knows it's me. It's just for me.

MALE CHRIS: What about his wife?

FEMALE CHRIS: It's after she goes to bed. And after you go to bed.

MALE CHRIS: And what else goes on after I go to bed?

FEMALE CHRIS: He does his special moves.

MALE CHRIS: I think that's illegal. Pornography.

FEMALE CHRIS: Oh, he doesn't do anything dirty. Just graceful.

MALE CHRIS: Oh, that's tai chi!

FEMALE CHRIS: How would you know what it is?!

MALE CHRIS: (imitating tai chi) He's not dancing for you! He's doing his exercises!

FEMALE CHRIS: I guess it's all in the eye of the beholder.

MALE CHRIS: You're going to get arrested as a Peeping Tom!

FEMALE CHRIS: He leaves his shade up. He mouths things at me.

MALE CHRIS: He mouths things? What things?

FEMALE CHRIS: Wonderful, intimate things. Just for me.

MALE CHRIS: Are you sure you don't need an eye exam?

FEMALE CHRIS: Leave it to you to ruin a beautiful experience.

MALE CHRIS: Come back inside. Okay?

FEMALE CHRIS: Why go back in there, when I can have the loveliness of the night out here?

BLACKOUT

SCENE 15

(Lights up on FEMALE CHRIS in garden with gardening shears. Enter FEMALE FRIEND.)

FEMALE FRIEND: There you are! I looked all over the house.

FEMALE CHRIS: You have to tend to your garden sometimes.

FEMALE FRIEND: (looking around) Your garden looks great! I don't think I've ever been out here before.

FEMALE CHRIS: It's overgrown. Those trumpet plants have gotten out of hand. (She snips at some invisible plants.)

FEMALE FRIEND: I thought I'd check to see how you are. You and Chris.

FEMALE CHRIS: We're magical.

FEMALE FRIEND: Magical?

FEMALE CHRIS: We haven't spoken in a week.

FEMALE FRIEND: That's not good.

FEMALE CHRIS: It's better than screaming at each other.

FEMALE FRIEND: Well, there is that.

FEMALE CHRIS: (a bit loopy) Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow? (Snips at invisible plants.)

FEMALE FRIEND: Are you all right, Chris?

FEMALE CHRIS: Don't I seem all right?

FEMALE FRIEND: Frankly, no.

FEMALE CHRIS: I'm fine. I finally know what I am going to do about Chris and me.

FEMALE FRIEND: Do you want to tell me?

FEMALE CHRIS: I don't think it's a happy ending.

FEMALE FRIEND: So you're going ahead with a divorce.

FEMALE CHRIS: Something like that.

FEMALE FRIEND: Has he finally agreed? Or you've agreed?

FEMALE CHRIS: Something like that.

FEMALE FRIEND: Where is he? I didn't see him.

FEMALE CHRIS: In the shower. Did you look in there?

FEMALE FRIEND: No.

FEMALE CHRIS: He likes showers, long showers. I tell him he's wasting water. I haven't watered these plants out here for ages, and yet they grow and grow. Why is that?

FEMALE FRIEND: (concerned about her friend) I don't know. They're hardy? It's good to be hardy, in this life.

FEMALE CHRIS: God, you're boring!

FEMALE FRIEND: What?!

FEMALE CHRIS: Every word out of your mouth is boring as hell.

FEMALE FRIEND: Hey, I'm just trying to help.

FEMALE CHRIS: I get it. You're trying to numb my pain by making me so bored I can't feel anything.

FEMALE FRIEND: Chris!

FEMALE CHRIS: So thanks. It's working.

FEMALE FRIEND: Maybe I should come back some other time.

FEMALE CHRIS: Maybe you should.

FEMALE FRIEND: Are you okay?

FEMALE CHRIS: I'm at peace. Didn't you say you were leaving?

FEMALE FRIEND: Okay, if that's what you want. I hope you feel better. . . . I'll call you.

FEMALE CHRIS: Don't bother. Goodbye! (She snips at more invisible plants) I won't be here much longer.

FEMALE FRIEND: You won't be –

FEMALE CHRIS: Didn't we say goodbye?

FEMALE FRIEND: (unnerved) I guess we did. (She hesitates, but then exits.)

FEMALE CHRIS: (not looking at the other woman) Good.

BLACKOUT

SCENE 16

(Lights up on FEMALE CHRIS entering, still carrying the garden shears. Places the shears on a table.)

FEMALE CHRIS: (shouting) Honey, are you still home?

MALE CHRIS: (calling, offstage) Still here! Was somebody here?

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) Just Bridget.

MALE CHRIS: (calling, offstage) I thought I heard somebody.

FEMALE CHRIS: (quietly) But you couldn't be bothered to check.

MALE CHRIS: (calling, offstage) What did she want?

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) Oh, nothing.

MALE CHRIS: (calling, offstage) Well, she must have wanted something!

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) It doesn't matter. (quietly) Nothing matters. (calling) Are you about done?

MALE CHRIS: (calling) Just about!

FEMALE CHRIS: (quietly) Just about.

(FEMALE CHRIS takes a key out of a pocket and examines it.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Key. (Places the key back into a pocket.)

(FEMALE CHRIS walks over to the closet door and opens it.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Closet door. (Leaves it open.)

(FEMALE CHRIS gets a bottle of red wine that she has already de-corked.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Red wine.

(GENE #2 gets two wine glasses and puts them on the table. Takes a powder out of a pocket, opens it, and pours it into one of the wine glasses.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Powder.

(FEMALE CHRIS pours wine into both glasses. Looks at each.)

(Thinks of something. Goes away and comes back with a spoon.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Spoon.

(Stirs the powder in the glass. Looks at it.)

FEMALE CHRIS: How delicious.

MALE CHRIS: (calling) I'm finished!

FEMALE CHRIS: (quietly) He's finished.



MALE CHRIS: (calling) Let me dry off!

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) Would you like some wine?

MALE CHRIS: (calling) So early?

FEMALE CHRIS: (calling) Oh, have some. It's already open.

MALE CHRIS: (calling) Oh, okay. I'm easy.

FEMALE CHRIS: (quietly) He's easy.

(Gets up and takes the garden shears from the table and hides them just offstage. She does not hurry.)

(MALE CHRIS enters with a towel around his waist, with another rubbing, drying his hair.)

MALE CHRIS: What a perfect shower.

FEMALE CHRIS: (flatly) Was it? I'm happy for you.

MALE CHRIS: Where's that wine?

FEMALE CHRIS: It's right here, freshly poured.

MALE CHRIS: Didn't you let it breathe?

FEMALE CHRIS: I did. I stirred it.

(MALE CHRIS comes to the table and takes the glass of wine FEMALE CHRIS points to.)

MALE CHRIS: This one?

FEMALE CHRIS: That one.

(MALE CHRIS takes a sip of his wine.)

MALE CHRIS: It tastes funny.

FEMALE CHRIS: That's because it's expensive.

MALE CHRIS: Really? (Takes another sip) A bit yucky.

FEMALE CHRIS: It'll taste much better by the time you get to the end.

MALE CHRIS: You think?

FEMALE CHRIS: Trust me.

MALE CHRIS: All right. Here goes nothing. (He drains the wine glass.) Ah!

FEMALE CHRIS: (flatly) Ah. . . . Another?

MALE CHRIS: Sure. I was going to take a nap anyway.

(FEMALE CHRIS pours him a second glass of wine.)

MALE CHRIS: (reacting to the first glass) Wow! That's strong!

FEMALE CHRIS: Did it go right to your head?

MALE CHRIS: It did! What's it called?

FEMALE CHRIS: Beddy bye.

MALE CHRIS: Beddy bye? (He looks at the label.) It says Generic Wine.

FEMALE CHRIS: That's to disguise how expensive it is. It's only for the cognoscenti.

MALE CHRIS: You're shitting me.

FEMALE CHRIS: Is that what I'm doing?

MALE CHRIS: You're acting sort of funny.

FEMALE CHRIS: Am I? How about you? How are you feeling? Funny?

MALE CHRIS: I'm . . . (Gets groggy) I'm a little woozy.

FEMALE CHRIS: (in a mocking child's voice) Him a little woozy.

MALE CHRIS: I think I need to sit down for a minute. (Staggers)

FEMALE CHRIS: Him needs to sit down for a minute.

MALE CHRIS: Why are you talking like that?

FEMALE CHRIS: I'm talking perfectly normal. It must be the wine.

MALE CHRIS: Maybe you're right. Did you put something in the wine?

FEMALE CHRIS: . . . Yes. Do you feel it breathe?

MALE CHRIS: I think I'm going to pass out. (He gets up from the table.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Here, let me help you. (She gets up as well, starts to guide him.)

MALE CHRIS: Where are we going?

FEMALE CHRIS: Over here. (She guides him toward the closet.)

MALE CHRIS: Hey, the closet door is open.

FEMALE CHRIS: Is it? Well, let's close it.

(Guides him closer to the closet.)

MALE CHRIS: I think I'm going to fall.

FEMALE CHRIS: Hang on to the closet door. I'll get something.

(He clutches the closet door. FEMALE CHRIS goes offstage and returns with the garden shears behind her back.)

MALE CHRIS: What have you got? Are you going to help me or not? (He can barely stand.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Sure, honey, let me assist you.

(Comes over and pushes him into the closet, then goes in herself with the garden shears in both hands.)

MALE CHRIS: What are you doing? Chris? Oh, my God, you wouldn't!

(There is the sound of the shears snipping.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Oh, but I would!

(We hear a scream from MALE CHRIS.)

(FEMALE CHRIS comes out of the closet without the shears. She is holding something in her hand.)

(Slams the closet door shut, takes the key from her pocket, and locks the door, returns the key to the pocket.)

MALE CHRIS: (inside the locked closet) Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

(FEMALE CHRIS sits at the table, waits, then takes a sip of the wine without sleeping powder in it. She is still holding something in her hand.)

MALE CHRIS: I'm bleeding! Chris! Oh, my God! I'm bleeding to death!

FEMALE CHRIS: (quietly) Don't worry. You'll nod off soon enough. (Takes another sip of wine.)

MALE CHRIS: Chris! Chris! Let me out! I'm going to die! My penis! My penis!

(FEMALE CHRIS throws the thing in her hand across the stage.)

FEMALE CHRIS: Who the hell cares about your goddamned penis! (Takes another sip of wine.)

BLACKOUT