



Betsy Ross Ate Here

A Play by
Daniel S. Kehde

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“Betsy Ross Ate Here” premiered February 14, 2015 on stage at the West Virginia State University Capitol Center Theater in Charleston, WV.

The Original Cast

Doc, Steven, Henry...Nik Tidquist
Gina...Sophia Mallory
Adrian...Kim Waybright
Marty...Matt Connelly
George...John Boggess
Harry...Ben Draper
Francine...Devin Elliott
Benny...Blaize Hurlbutt
Chris...Rubin Shirley
Carol...Fiona Sullivan
Bella...Amanda Skidmore
Anita...Avery Page
Lenore...Lisa Anderson
Mom[Act 2]... Lisa Anderson
Finn...Shawn Casey
Albert...Lee Armstead
Frank [Act 2]... Lee Armstead
Betty...Samantha Cox
Greta [Act 2]...Samantha Cox
Oscar...Brett Smith
Pam...Leah Draper
Cruella...Leah Draper
Deanie [Act 2]... Leah Draper
Emmet...Dan Kehde
Directed by Dan Kehde

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Interested in producing this piece? Send all inquiries to CYAC2001@me.com. Enjoy the play!

CHARACTERS

STEVEN...Mid 40's, retired psychiatrist, owner/manager of '76, a mid scale restaurant in downtown Phillie, across the street from the local hospital, St. Dims, in whose mental wing he formerly worked.

GINA...A waitress. Maybe mid twenties. Might be a student

ADRIAN... Steven's ex lover.

MARTY...mid twenties or older, lost soul

JOCELYN...overly made up dating site gold digger

Act 1 Customers

Table

1

GEORGE...Theater Producer

HARRY...Agent

FRANCINE...Actress who just walked off the stage

Table 2

BENNY...Straight friend, gym partner for

CHRIS...Gay, who just came out to Benney

Table 3

CAROL...School Girl

BELLA...School Girl

ANITA...School Girl

Table 4

LEN...mid twenties or older, dying

FINN...his partner, healthy

Table 5

ALBERT...mid thirties, nasty customer

BETTY...his perservering wife

Table 6

OSCAR...mid twenties married couple

PAM...mid twenties married couple

ACT 2 Customers

Table 3

CAROL

BELLA

ANITA

Table 1

HAROLD...Greta's Doc

GRETA...patient from St. Dim's on her first furlough

IKE...an orderly

Table 2

DEANIE...mid twenties, or about. Frank's girlfriend

EMMETT...Deanie's father

FRANK...Conservative young man in love with Deanie

Table 4

FRANCINE

HARRY

GEORGE

Table 5

JANE...mid forties, victim of a tragedy

KENNETH...Her son

SETTING:

The interior of the '76 Grille. Overly patriotic themed with flags and red white and blue tablecloths. A small service area is up right. Main entrance down left, door way to kitchen is down right. The tables are arranged at the director's whim. A raised area upstage is preferable depending on the height of the stage itself.

Time: Present Day

Act 1:Friday of the week before Christmas

Act 2:The following Valentine's Day

ACT I

(The restaurant is full, Steven is bringing in a group of patrons [George, Francine, Harry to the down left table. The down right table is empty, but dirty. He crosses to the serving table, takes out a bin and begins to quickly clear the table, Gina enters, her coat still on, semi breathless. As they work on the down left table a well dressed woman in her thirties crosses, apparently unseen, to the up left table)

GINA:

It's full of crazies tonight, Doc.

DOC:

Weekend before Christmas. Desperate times, desperate lives.

GINA:

I think St. Dim's let them all out at once.

DOC:

I always threatened to.

GINA:

Really?

DOC:

Why not? Most of them were saner than the world around them. They just didn't know it.

GINA:

If I asked why you quit?

DOC:

The answer's in my new book.

GINA:

Really?

DOC:

Maybe. When I write it. If I want to put it in there. Oh look, there's one now.

GINA:

Yours or mine?

DOC:

Be my guest. Or my employee...

FRANCINE:

I'll do it. I'll stand on the chair and I'll shout...the pledge of allegiance.

GEORGE:

Get down.

HARRY:

Let her.

FRANCINE:

Naked!

HARRY:

In that case, definitely let her.

(Gina crosses,)

GINA:

Excuse me.

HARRY:

It's okay. She's an actress.

GEORGE:

Or was.

GINA:

She can't.

FRANCINE:

[On the chair] I pledge allegiance.

GEORGE:

Fine.

GINA:

No, she really can't.

FRANCINE:

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS, ONE NATION, UNDER GOD, DID YOU HEAR THAT???? UNDER GOD BY GOD, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL.

HARRY:

But I didn't see your boobs.

GINA:

Please get down. The other patrons...

FRANCINE:

FINE!

GEORGE:

Don't, Francie. I...I get your point.

FRANCINE:

No you don't. You're just trying to keep me quiet. I DON'T WANT TO BE QUIET ANYMORE.

HARRY:

I think you've gotten your wish.

GINA:

Please get down. Now?

FRANCINE:

I'll do it again. I will. [Gets back up on the chair] I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS, ONE NATION, UNDER GOD, DID YOU HEAR THAT???? UNDER GOD BY GOD, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL.

(Steven enters the alcove and watches momentarily. Gina sees him and shrugs. Steven crosses)

HARRY:

It's alright. It's okay. I...I know she's disruptive but she's got to get it out of her system.

FRANCINE:

[Still on the chair] HEY. HEY. I'M NOT DRUNK IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK. CHRIST, IT'S ONLY ... [Steven offers her his hand and leads her off the chair] Fine, fine.

STEVEN:

[To Gina] And she's one of the sane ones.

GINA:

Are you sure it's not a full moon.

STEVEN:

She's an actress, it doesn't apply.
(Lights To upstage right booth)

BENNY:

You know what I hate about exercise? Do you?

CHRIS:

I can't guess.

BENNY:

It's the sweat. I don't mind the heavy breathing, but the sweat's a real pain in the ass.

(Gina crosses to them.)

GINA:

Sorry, I just started my shift. Have you ordered yet?

BENNY:

No. Could we have two really tall glasses of water and some menus, please?

GINA:

Of course.

CHRIS:

I just don't like it. Any of it. It's seems archaic--like we're being obligated to return to the cavemen we once were. Ugh. Me strong like bull. Ugh.

BENNY:

No offense, but you make a lousy Indian.

CHRIS:

That's because I was a caveman.

BENNY:

You want to go see a late movie tonight?

CHRIS:

I don't think so. I've got too much work to do.

BENNY:

I'll pay.

CHRIS:

[After a look] NO! No, that's okay.

BENNY:

Oh.

CHRIS:

Crap.

BENNY:

No, it's okay. It's just a movie. That's all.

CHRIS:

I'm sorry. I didn't mean for it to come out like that.

BENNY:

Yeah, I think you did.

CHRIS:

Oh come on, Benny.

BENNY:

No, I think you did. I think because you know I'm gay that me asking you to a movie was like me asking you out on a date.

CHRIS:

You offered to pay!

BENNY:

Because I thought that money was why you turned me down, not latent homophobia.

CHRIS:

I am not homophobic! I went to the gym with you, didn't I?

GINA:

Here we are! [Bringing water and menus.] I'll be right back to

take your order.

([Steven brings 3 girls to the newly cleared down right table])

STEVEN:

Here you go. You girls are out late tonight.

CAROL:

School project. We were taking pictures of the city at night.

STEVEN:

Philadelphia is lovely at night any time of year.

BELLA:

You see, I said the same thing. But they're too scared to come in at night unless it's for a project.

STEVEN:

You're not natives?

ANITA:

We came in from Downingtown.

ALL THREE:

Home of the Blob!!!

STEVEN:

A masterpiece to be sure. Gina will be your server. So nice to speak with you. [He exits]

([Anita, one of the girls from the table down right gets up and crosses to the window, center, overlooking the audience])

ANITA:

[Looking out the front window over the audience] Is he ever going to get here?

BELLA:

He's just lost.

CAROL:

Again.

ANITA:

You'd think he'd know the way by now.

CAROL:

His phone's probably dead.

BELLA:

Or he forgot it.

ANITA:

He's never without his phone. [Returning to her seat]

BELLA:

He could have lost it.

ANITA:

Let's order.

CAROL:

Good plan. I haven't eaten all day.

BELLA:

Why not?

CAROL:

School Ravioli? Do you have to ask?

ANITA:

I like their ravioli.

CAROL:

IT COMES FROM A CAN! Italian food does not come from a can.

ANITA:

I wish he'd get here.

BELLA:

So do I.

CAROL:

I don't really care.

BELLA:

Carol!

CAROL:

Oh, did I say that out loud? Sorry.

ANITA:

Do you think I could just have a salad? I'm not really hungry. Do you think a salad would be okay?

BELLA:

I think you can get anything you want.

(They look through the menus)

(Gina crosses to the table to their left)

GINA:

Now, calm down have we? Shall we order?

GEORGE:

A few more minutes?

GINA:

Of course. [She exits. Eventually bringing the girls water]

FRANCINE:

What time is it?

GEORGE:

9:30.

FRANCINE:

Is it THAT late?

HARRY:

It's that late. Curtain went up at 8. You walked out at before the third scene which would have been...almost nine. [George offers his hand and Francine takes it and climbs down].

FRANCINE:

I had a right.

HARRY:

Not sure about that. What you had was a contract.

FRANCINE:

The show sucked.

GEORGE:

Hey, I helped write that.

FRANCINE:

Only the good parts. And there were damned few of those.

HARRY:

Take it up with the producers.

FRANCINE:

It sucked.

GEORGE:

And I'm pretty sure you don't have a "I can walk out on opening night if the show sucks." Clause.

FRANCINE:

But I should have. Hell, if every actor had that in his contract, we'd have a hell of lot better theater in this country.

HARRY:

Maybe so, but...

FRANCINE:

I had a right. Call it, an artistic categorical imperative.

GEORGE:

Yeah, no. Call it the end of your career.

FRANCINE:

That show was the end of my career. I could either end it with the performance or end it making a statement. I chose the latter.

HARRY:

Well, either way it's ended.

GEORGE:

So true and so sad.

FRANCINE:

[Standing] THE SHOW SUCKED. WANT ME TO DO IT AGAIN? I PLEDGE...

HARRY:

[Pulling her down] NO!

GINA:

I'm really going to have to....

HARRY:

It's okay. She's under control now.

FRANCINE:

I'm sorry but the pledge of allegiance is NOT a soliloquy. It's a....pledge.

GEORGE:

They were trying to make a statement.

FRANCINE:

Well they failed. Can we get some food. I'm starving.
(Gina crosses to take their order, finally)

GEORGE:

You will be soon.

FRANCINE:

Oh God, my rent is due next week.

HARRY:

And you have no job.

GEORGE:

Or career.

FRANCINE:

I have my artistic integrity.

HARRY:

Yeah, that'll taste good on a sandwich.

FRANCINE:

Waiter?

HARRY:

[Standing quickly] No, no never mind. Um, just a few more minutes? I promise.

(Gina walks away)

BENNY:

And that's not a homophobic statement? A straight guy goes to the gym with a gay guy so he must be turning to the dark side.

CHRIS:

That's not what I meant and you know it.

BENNY:

All I wanted to do was go to the movies tonight. I thought you might like to go. I always feel weird going to the movies alone. Can't two guys just go to a movie together without one thinking the other is gay?

CHRIS:

But you ARE gay.

BENNY:

But I'm not BEING gay right now. I'm just being me.

CHRIS:

And gay is who you are.

BENNY:

Look. Do you have lesbian friends?

CHRIS:

A few.

BENNY:

Do you ever go to the movies with them?

CHRIS:

No.

BENNY:

Really.

CHRIS:

Why would I go to the movies with a bunch of Lesbians?

BENNY:

Why not?

CHRIS:

I guess because they're not interested in the same movies I am.

BENNY:

You really ARE a homophobe.

CHRIS:

I AM NOT!

GINA:

So, what are we having?

BENNY:

Greek salad?

CHRIS:

That's appropriate.

BENNY:

What the hell?

CHRIS:

I'm kidding. I'm just kidding.

GINA:

A greek salad, and you?

CHRIS:

[Vengefully, and over macho] Steak. Um small ribeye, baked potato and a house salad.

GINA:

Very good. To drink?

BENNY:

Water with lemon?

CHRIS:

Sam Adams, no, BUDWEISER!

GINA:

Very good.

CHRIS:

What? What?

(To table down front)

CAROL:

'Nita, why are you so worried about him anyway. He's Bella's boyfriend.

ANITA:

So?

BELLA:

Do you like him?

CAROL:

Duh.

ANITA:

NO! Not...NO!

CAROL:

And another one falls into the Mason Morgan trap.

BELLA:

Anita!

ANITA:

I didn't want to.

CAROL:

They never do.

BELLA:

Shut up.

CAROL:

Why? I've been there, remember? You got him from me.

ANITA:

Wait? You stole Mason from Carol?

BELLA:

I did not!

CAROL:

It was more like a gift. A really bad gift.

ANITA:

Bella?

BELLA:

I thought it was over.

CAROL:

After he came on to you, it was. Believe me, it was.

ANITA:

He cheated with you?

BELLA:

It wasn't like that. I didn't know Carol and he were together.

CAROL:

Apparently, neither did he.

ANITA:

Wait. What did he say?

BELLA:

About what?

CAROL:

[Laughs]

ANITA:

When he first...

BELLA:

I knew him before. We have the same homeroom.

CAROL:

So did we.

ANITA:

Where did he...?

CAROL AND BELLA:

The library.

ANITA:

BOTH OF YOU?

BELLA:

At different times. Oh no.

ANITA:

I can't believe this.

CAROL:

Ha! Who says libraries are obsolete?

BELLA:

That worm!

ANITA:

I'm so sorry. I didn't know.

CAROL:

Next...?

GINA:

[Crossing with bread]. Can I get you something to drink while you're deciding?

ANITA:

Diet Coke

CAROL:

Water?

BELLA:

Orange Daiquiri?

GINA:

Nice try.

BELLA:

Diet Coke.

GINA:

Fine. [Turns to the other table] Drinks?

FRANCINE:

Good idea.

GEORGE:

Martini, dry, with an olive.

FRANCINE:

Manhattan?

HARRY:

Whiskey, straight up.

(Gina leaves)

FRANCINE:

What do you think happened?

GEORGE:

I think you closed the show.

FRANCINE:

Maybe they got Inge to fill in.

HARRY AND GEORGE:

Noooooo.

FRANCINE:

Why not? She could do it.

HARRY:

No, she really couldn't. She's a walk on.

FRANCINE:

She's female.

GEORGE:

And that's about her only qualification. No, the show ended. Period. The people got their money back and that's that.

FRANCINE:

Maybe we should go to the after party.

HARRY:

There isn't an after party. There was nothing to party after. [Stands up. Performing very dramatically] I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS, ONE NATION, UNDER GOD, DID YOU HEAR THAT???? UNDER GOD BY GOD, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL.

STEVEN:

[Crossing] Oh, for God's sake

GEORGE:

Bravo, bravo.

GIRLS AT THE NEXT TABLE::

Bravo! Bravo.

ANITA:

You should come to our homeroom.

STEVEN:

Down, now! [Harry gets down. Gina crosses with drinks for both tables]

(Steven crosses upstage)

ADRIAN:

[Sitting at a table, alone. Steven enters]

Hello, Steven.

STEVEN:

[Startled] Oh.

ADRIAN:

That's not much of a greeting.

STEVEN:

I'm...sorry. I...

ADRIAN:

I should have called, I suppose. But I didn't know what to say. Or to whom, for that matter. I made a reservation.

STEVEN:

I... I'm sorry I didn't see your name.

ADRIAN:

Swensen? Oh, of course.

STEVEN:

Oh, of course.

ADRIAN:

You're not easy to find.

STEVEN:

I'm seventy feet from the hospital.

ADRIAN:

You're not practicing anymore?

STEVEN:

Sorry, the patients became saner than the doctors, at least this doctor. I always liked to cook.

ADRIAN:

You did.

(an awkward pause)

ADRIAN:

I'm sorry.

STEVEN:

Are you. [Turns to leave]

ADRIAN:

Steven wait.

STEVEN:

That's what I do. I got so good at it that, after a while, it became my job.

ADRIAN:

[A look]

STEVEN:

What do you want from me, Adrian? Oh, wait, can I take your order? Would you like a menu? Can I bring you a drink while you make up your mind? Long Island Ice Tea as I recall.

ADRIAN:

I should be going.

STEVEN:

Why not. You always do.

ADRIAN:

You had a lot to do with that.

STEVEN:

And I'm sure your...what was his name again...Swansen, Swinsen, no, Swensen. I'm sure your Mr. Swensen had nothing to contribute.

ADRIAN:

I hadn't even met Sven yet.

STEVEN:

Oh God. You didn't marry a man named Sven Swensen.

ADRIAN:

I did.

STEVEN:

Sounds like a muppet.

ADRIAN:

He was an olympic skier.

STEVEN:

Of course he was. [In a Swedish accent] Ya, und here is the handsome Sven Svensen in da downhill.

ADRIAN:

You don't even try to understand, do you.

STEVEN:

That you left me? What's to understand. I come home from work and you're gone. Period. We didn't even have an argument. You just left.

ADRIAN:

[Stands to leave] Forget it.

STEVEN:

I tried but here you are reminding me.

ADRIAN:

I just...

STEVEN:

I know.

ADRIAN:

It's nice. The place? It's nice. Very...you.

STEVEN:

Messy? Frantic? You're a little late for dinner.

ADRIAN:

No. Quiet. Competent. Sturdy.

STEVEN:

That's me. Sturdy.

ADRIAN:

You know what I mean.

STEVEN:

Are you staying long? In town, I mean.

ADRIAN:

A day or two.

STEVEN:

Then back to Sweden?

ADRIAN:

Something like that. Do you think I could have that drink?

STEVEN:

Of course.

ADRIAN:

You've really done well.

STEVEN:

No. I'm just really done. I'll be right back.

(Steven exits, Adrian gets up, sighs, leaves money on the table and walks off in the opposite direction)

GINA:

And here we are.

(Gina passes out drinks...)

BENNY:

Let's just suppose that you went to the movies with your Lesbian friends. Would you expect any of them to jump you in the theater.

CHRIS:

Ha. That would be something to see.

BENNY:

I'm serious.

CHRIS:

No, of course not.

BENNY:

And that would be because...

CHRIS:

Because they're more interested in each other.

BENNY:

Right. But they're still women.

CHRIS:

Yeah.

BENNY:

You know what I mean. The plumbings all still there and functional, but I'm assuming you're not attracted to them any more than they are to you?

CHRIS:

But I would be if I didn't know they were gay.

BENNY:

But you do and they are, and so you aren't.

CHRIS:

Right.

BENNY:

Well, just consider me a lesbian friend.

CHRIS:

But you're not.

BENNY:

But I'm not attracted to straight men any more than you're attracted to lesbian women.

CHRIS:

Why not? I'm not good enough for you?

BENNY:

Actually no.

CHRIS:

That's not what ANY NUMBER OF GIRL FRIENDS say.

BENNY:

I honestly find that hard to believe but okay.

CHRIS:

Fine.

BENNY:

Can we go to the movies or not?

CHRIS:

If we go and you find a really attractive gay man there who's all by himself, are you going to abandon me?

BENNY:

No, I'd never do that.

CHRIS:

Then it really is a date and I'm not going.

GINA:

[Crossing with their food]. Here you go. Greek salad for you, steak for macho man.

CHRIS:
Hey

BENNY:
For that your tip's double.

GINA:
Thank you!

(Steven returns with Adrian's drink, sees the money and sighs.)

FRANCINE:
[Raising her glass]
It was a triumph, I tell you. A true triumph. A rare delight.

GEORGE:
My turn. I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS, ONE NATION, UNDER GOD, DID YOU HEAR THAT???? UNDER GOD BY GOD, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL.

GINA AND STEVEN:
(From their own places in the room)
DOWN!

(George complies)
FRANCINE:
I wept, I wept. In fact, I'm weeping now.

GEORGE:
That's because you just lost your job.
FRANCINE:

It sucked.
HARRY:
So you've said. You get it out of your system now?

FRANCINE:
I suppose.
GEORGE:

You're sure.
FRANCINE:
It sucked, it sucked, it sucked, it sucked. IT SUCKED.

HARRY:
Now?
FRANCINE:

Yeah, okay.

GEORGE:

Are you ready to be a good girl?

FRANCINE:

That's sexist.

GEORGE:

Fine, are you ready to be a good little actor?

FRANCINE:

Fine.

HARRY:

Okay let's go back and apologize to our poor director and get your job back.

FRANCINE:

But they closed.

HARRY:

[Waving his cell phone] I lied. Early intermission. They opened the bar. By now everyone's so sloshed we could be doing Hamlet and they wouldn't know the difference.

GEORGE:

Come on, my little diva.

FRANCINE:

They should have made it the Star Spangled Banner. I have the boobs for the Star Spangled Banner.

HARRY:

I'm sure you do. [As they exit, Harry puts two twenties on the table and turns to Gina and Steven.] Thanks for the use of the space. Here. Two tickets to the show. See you next time.

(Gina crosses To next table)

BELLA:

Well, this sucks.

ANITA:

Well, I don't want him.

BELLA:

You know, I trusted that guy.

CAROL:

You did not.

BELLA:

Well sometimes I did.

ANITA:

Worm. He said you and he were just friends.

CAROL:

God, 'Nita, you knew better than that. Bella, you knew better when he said the same thing about me.

BELLA:

Lying scum.

CAROL:

You wanted to believe him. Both of you did.

BELLA AND ANITA:

Lying scum.

CAROL:

Are you alright?

BELLA:

I'll live.

CAROL:

Are you alright?

ANITA:

I feel...That guy really sucks. I was worried about HIM?
[Crosses to window]I HOPE YOU GET HIT BY A CAR!

CAROL:

(To Gina)

I think I'll have the spaghetti.

BELLA:

Ooooo, that sounds good.

ANITA:

Oooo, good idea. Screw the salad.

GINA:

Three spaghetti's, very good. Be right back.

(Steven shows Benn and Finn to the down left table as Benny and Chris continue)

BENNY:

It's not a date.

CHRIS:

If you were straight and we went to the movies and there was a hot girl there just dying to be picked up, I'd dump you in a second.

BENNY:

Thanks a lot.

CHRIS:

It's what straight guys do.

BENNY:

Makes me even more glad I'm gay.

CHRIS:

It's a date and I'm not going.

BENNY:

It's not a date.

(Pause)

CHRIS:

Do you really, you know, kiss guys?

BENNY:

Yes, Chris, I really kiss guys.

CHRIS:

God. How?

BENNY:

On the lips. Generally.

CHRIS:

I didn't need to know that.

BENNY:

I think you probably did.

Yeah. And I LIKED IT TOO.

(STEVEN is called off right, the two men stand, looking around curiously. BENNY AND CHRIS FALL SILENT)

LEN:

It's supposed to be really famous. Betsy Ross ate here.

FINN:

And they haven't changed the decor since.

LEN:

I like it. It's...homey.

FINN:

Not my home.

(Gina enters, with the food for Benny and Chris)

LEN:

Um, excuse me. Miss?

GINA:

Just a second.

FINN:

I guess ole Betsy didn't have much of a staff

LEN:

Hush. It's late.

FINN:

So? You can't have good service at ten o'clock?

GINA:

I'm sorry. Can I help you? [Seating them]

LEN:

Is it true Betsy Ross ate here?

GINA:

Across the street.

LEN:

At the hospital?

GINA:

Well. It wasn't a hospital then.

FINN:

No kidding.

GINA:

Sorry to disappoint you. Most of the city maps still have it wrong.

LEN:

So this isn't her house?

GINA:

That's a few blocks down. Drinks?

FINN:

[Rising] If she didn't eat here...

LEN:

[Stifling a laugh] Finn. Sit.

GINA:

Then you don't want menus?

LEN:

Yes. Of course.

FINN:

Fine.

GINA:

The city's beautiful this time of year, don't you think?

LEN:

It's beautiful.

GINA:

[Handing them menus] Here you go. The kitchen closes in a few, so...

FINN:

Fine, thank you. Could I have a glass of water?

GINA:

Of course.

LEN:

See? Isn't this nice?

FINN:

Its...it's fine.

BENN:

I told you it would be fun.

FINN:

Why do you bother?

LEN:

What?

FINN:

You don't have put on the act.

LEN:

What act? I'm cheerful. I'm a cheerful guy.
(To upstage right)

CHRIS:

This is good.

BENNY:

[Looking over at Len and Finn]
Mmmmmhmmmm.

CHRIS:

You see? You see? You're attracted to one of them aren't you.
You're dumping me!

BENNY:

Hush. I'm not dumping you. I know one of them.

CHRIS:

Go on over, if you want.

BENNY:

No. They're...from the hospital.

CHRIS:

Crazy or dying?

BENNY:

God, would you shut up. You've got as much subtlety as a runaway train.

CHRIS:

Fine.

BENNY:

I hope they doesn't look up this way. They don't need me here.

LEN:

Look, there's Benny.

(They wave, over cheerfully)

CHRIS:

Too late. How bad is...

BENNY:

Can we change the subject? I just want to get away from that place for a few hours.

CHRIS:

It's only across the street. Fine.

BENNY:

How's your mom doing?

CHRIS:

Good days and bad days. You know the routine.

BENNY:

She looked good the last time she came in.

CHRIS:

Yeah. My turn to change the subject.

(TO DOWN RIGHT)

ANITA:

SWINE!

CAROL:

It's alright, Anita.

ANITA:

How can you say that? He lies to every girl he meets.

BELLA:

So, they all do.

(Manny brings out their food)

CAROL:

Thank you.

GINA

You're very welcome.

ANITA:

Well, I, for one, have given up trusting men.

BELLA:

You're sixteen, you don't know any.

ANITA:

Well, when I do I'm going to kick them in the balls and walk away.

GINA:

Good plan.

BELLA:

[Laughing].

GINA:

Is there anything else?

CAROL:

This will be fine. Thank you.

(Steven brings the annoying couple to up left. They sit)

CHRIS:

I can't even imagine.

CHRIS:

You really kiss them?

BENNY:

Jesus, Chris, it's only kissing them. I'd think straight guys would be more grossed out by the rest of the stuff.

CHRIS:

Yeah but, exchanging spit? With a guy?

BENNY:

Sorry, it's what comes natural.

CHRIS:

Don't guys taste funny?

BENNY:

Don't girls?

CHRIS:

Hell no. Besides that's what they make gum for.

BENNY:

Yeah, that's what they make gum for. And lifesavers, and tic tacs and toothpaste and mouthwash.

CHRIS:

I get it.

BENNY:

So do I. A lot.

CHRIS:

You see? I didn't need to know that.

BENNY:

And you don't.

CHRIS:

Apparently not as much as you. Eat.

(To down left)

GINA:

Here you go. Sorry to rush you. Have you decided?

LEN:

I'm sorry, could we have little more time?

GINA:

Of course. It's just...

FINN:

We'll take that into consideration.

LACY:

Oh...okay. I'll just give you a few more minutes.

FINN:

It is kind of nice here.

LEN:

Peaceful. I...I don't like the machines.

FINN:

They're keeping you alive.

LEN:

I don't want to go back.

FINN:

You have to.

LEN:

It's... Why can't we just...go. Drive over to the shore and watch the waves.

FINN:

I could see if there's a hospital in Atlantic City that could...

LEN:

That's not what I mean...

GINA

So, what are we having today?

FINN:

Do you...

LEN:

We'll each have the garden salad, oil and vinegar dressing, and just a cup of your black bean soup, if you have any left.

LACY:

It's very good.

FINN:

I'm sure.

LACY:

I'll be right back with your bread. [Exits]

FINN:

Did we order bread? I'm not letting you do that.

LEN:

I'm not asking you to. I'm not getting better. Two hours away from those damned machines is all I can take any more.

FINN:

It's more than some have.

LEN:

And none of us have our lives back. And we never will again. Why bother?

FINN:

Because there are people who love you.

LEN:

But won't let us go.

FINN:

[Rising] I won't talk about this.

LEN:

Don't leave.

FINN:

I won't talk about this. I won't.

GINA:

[Entering with bread] The restrooms are just down through that doorway, past the flags.

FINN:

Thank you. [Crosses off]

GINA:

Here you are. Henry's fresh bread. You'll like it. All our customers adore our bread.

LEN:

Thank you. Who's Henry?

GINA:

The owner. Well, actually his name is Steven but the bread is called Henry's. He showed you to your table.

LEN:

Henry?

GINA:

Steven.

LEN:

Oh. Yes. Of course.

(Steven shows Betty and Albert to the booth up left, beside Chris and Benny. Chris and Benny watch as they pass.)

STEVEN:

Here you go. You got in just before the bell. The kitchen closes in a few minutes.

ALBERT:

THIS ISN'T A GAY BAR, IS IT??? YOU DIDN'T BRING ME TO A GAY BAR??? THAT NUT HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET IS BAD ENOUGH.

BETTY:

Shhhhhh,

ALBERT:

Well is it?

STEVEN:

I assure you, as proved by your own presence here, that we'll serve anyone.

BETTY:

Oh, maybe we shouldn't.

ALBERT:

Sit down, Betty. And we'll take our time, thank you. I am not going to be rushed.

STEVEN:

Of course not.

(To Chris and Benny)
(Gina crosses to the girls.)

GINA::

Everything okay?

ANITA:

It's excellent!

(Girls giggle)

ANITA:

I'm sorry. We hate boys.

ALBERT:

Dammit. It is a gay bar.

BETTY:

It is NOT a gay bar. Was Betsy Ross gay????

GINA:

That's okay. So do I sometimes.

CAROL:

There's one out there somewhere that's really pissing us off.

GINA:

[Looking at Albert] I know how you feel. [To the girls] I have the cure.

BELLA:

Really?

GINA:

Hot chocolate brownie with vanilla toffee ice cream.

ALL THREE:

Oh God. Yes.

GINA:

I'll be right back.

(Gina crosses to Chris's table and drops off a check)

BENNY:

It's getting late. Are you coming or not?

CHRIS:

You're not going to try to hold hands with me or anything, right?

BENNY:

No, Chris.

CHRIS:

We each get our own popcorn. Right?

BENNY:

Fine. Can we go now?

CHRIS:

Fine, okay. I guess. [Check]. I'll get that.

BENNY:

Works every time.

CHRIS:

Very funny

(They begin to exit)

BENNY:

Oh, and we need to stop at the 7/11 on the way. I'm out of gum.

CHRIS:

(A look as they leave)]

(STEVEN crosses with water for Albert and Betty)

ALBERT:

[To Betty] I told you... [To STEVEN] Coffee.

STEVEN:

And you?

BETTY:

Just water.

STEVEN:

I'm sorry. We have a ten dollar minimum at dinner time.

ALBERT:

That's ridiculous.

BETTY:

No, no. I understand. [Looking at the menu] What's...

GINA:

Cheap?

ALBERT:

That's an insult!

BETTY:

No, no. He's right. I'll have... The fruit cup. How much is the fruit cup?

STEVEN:

Twelve dollars and ninety five cents.

ALBERT:

For a lousy fruit cup? How much is the coffee?

BETTY:

Albert, hush. It's alright.

STEVEN:

Seven ninety five.

ALBERT:

[To the woman] Seven ninety five for a cup of coffee.

BETTY:

Albert, don't get so excited. It's fine. It's a fancy restaurant. It's not that expensive.

STEVEN:

With one free refill.

BETTY:

See? With one free refill.

ALBERT:

Huh.

BETTY:

That's fine. I'll have a cup of coffee as well.

ALBERT:

What? Then why get the fruit cup? You didn't want the fruit cup in the first place.

BETTY:

That's my order.

STEVEN:

With the fruit cup? Are you sure you can afford it?

ALBERT:

I want to talk to your supervisor.

STEVEN:

My supervisor?

ALBERT:

Yes. I want to lodge a complaint. This is ridiculous. You insult us and then charge us thirty dollars for two cups of coffee...

STEVEN:

...With one free refill each...

ALBERT:

And a lousy fruit cup.

STEVEN:

There are no lice in our fruit cup, I assure you. Unless they jump in once you've been served.

ALBERT:

That's it. Your supervisor. Now.

STEVEN:

As you wish. [To Betty] Have you finished your order or shall I read you more of the menu.

ALBERT:

That does it! [Starts to get out of his seat, Betty takes his arm to restrain him]

BETTY:

Yes, yes. We're finished.

STEVEN:

Excellent.

BETTY:

Would you please try not to make a scene?

ALBERT:

Me? I'm not the one making the scene.

(STEVEN LEAVES, NOT WITHOUT A LOOK FROM GINA AS SHE COMES IN WITH DESERT FOR THE GIRLS)

ANITA:

OH MY GOD!

GINA:

I thought you might like it.

CAROL:

There goes the diet.

BELLA:

What diet? I'll be at the gym for a month.

GINA:

Here you go. Enjoy. I'll be back with your checks. Separate or together?

ALL THREE:

Separate.

GINA:

No problem

(Finn returns)

BENN:.

I wasn't sure you were coming back.

FINN:

I wasn't sure either.

BENN:

I'm sorry. We should just...enjoy our meal.

(Steven enters with the food)

STEVEN:

Here you go.

BENN:

Thank you. Steven or Henry?

STEVEN:

Steven. It's Henry if you like the bread.

FINN:

I like the bread, Henry.

STEVEN:

Remind me to fire Gina.

BENN:

So Betsy Ross really didn't eat here?

STEVEN:

[Laughs] She might have. Who knows?

BENN:

But...

STEVEN:

It was a stable.

FINN:

Really???

STEVEN:

They had to park their horses somewhere, I suppose. The kitchen was across the street. Ben Franklin started the rumor.

BENN:

Really?

STEVEN:

[Looks at Finn]. It was a stable. Or a trough. I don't know. It makes for a good story.

(Benn coughs terribly)

STEVEN:

Can I get you anything?

FINN:

No, no. He'll be fine.

BENN:

We could only wish.

STEVEN:

If there's anything.

BENN:

There's nothing. Believe me.

STEVEN:

(A look to Finn)

I understand.

([Gina crosses to upstage right, picks up tip and bussess the table, Steven crosses to her])

GINA:

5150 at table 4.

STEVEN:

Yeah. I'll be right back.

ALBERT:

YOU! WAITER!

GINA:

Can I help you?

ALBERT:

Not you. The other guy. The guy.

GINA:

I'm sorry. I'll see if I can catch him. [Exits hurriedly, passing Steven]

(Steven crosses to Albert, having put on a jacket over his

apron.)

STEVEN

You wish to speak to a supervisor?

ALBERT:

(Confrontationally) You're the same guy.

STEVEN:

No I'm not. I'm the supervisor.

ALBERT:

You're the same guy. You're the waiter.

STEVEN:

You're mistaken. I'm the supervisor. You wish to lodge a complaint?

ALBERT:

You're the...

BETTY:

Albert. If he says he's the supervisor then he must be the supervisor. Do you have any brothers?

STEVEN:

Of course.

(Gina returns to finish the table)

BETTY:

There, see? It was probably his brother.

STEVEN:

You've seen my brother? Where?

ALBERT:

Our waiter was very insolent. He insulted my date. I wish to have him fired.

STEVEN:

Oh, a shame. But you're too late. He just quit.

(GINA LAUGHS, STEVEN TURNS TO SHUSH HER)

BETTY:

See? It's all taken care of.

ALBERT:

He quit? When.

STEVEN:

Just now. Had you already placed your order?

BETTY:

Yes.

STEVEN:

[Looking worried] I see. This might be a problem. He may

have taken the order with him.

ALBERT:

How could he take the order with him. Where did he go?

STEVEN:

Who's to say? We have many restaurants in the city. He may have taken another job with one of them.

ALBERT:

What does that have to do with us.

STEVEN:

If he took the order with him, then you may have to go there to get your food.

BETTY:

Go where?

STEVEN:

To his new job site. It's happened before. Excuse me. Please allow me to check to see if he left your order before he quit.

ALBERT:

But you're him.

STEVEN:

Sir, I am only the supervisor. Perhaps you'd like to speak to the owner?

ALBERT:

Absolutely

STEVEN:

Fine. [Steven exits. Gina brings in Pam and Oscar to the up left table, Manny exits]

GINA:

Here you are. Better hurry, I'll try to hold the cook for a few more minutes.

PAM:

That's okay. Any bread left?

GINA:

[Laughs] You've been here before!

OSCAR:

Three years ago, right after we were married. I don't remember you.

GINA:

I only started last winter. Coffee?

OSCAR:

Please! I feel like I've run a marathon.

PAM:

Oscar! Coffee sounds really good.

OSCAR:

See?

GINA:

And a basket of Henry's bread. Butter and honey?

PAM:

That sounds wonderful.

GINA:

Be right back.

OSCAR:

It's December.

PAM:

Don't you think I know that?

OSCAR:

Then why aren't you pregnant?

PAM:

Very romantic.

OSCAR:

You were supposed to be pregnant by now. We did everything right. Everything.

PAM:

Well, I guess not everything.

OSCAR:

What hell is THAT supposed to mean.

PAM:

If we'd done everything right I'd be pregnant. And I'm not.

OSCAR:

You're sure.

PAM:

Can you be any more stupid?

OSCAR:

You see it on TV all the time. "Woman gives birth and never knew she was pregnant."

PAM:

I don't know what their problem was, but I know I'm definitely NOT pregnant.

OSCAR:

How?

PAM:

[A look]

OSCAR:

Oh.

PAM:

Yeah, oh. Did you ever think that maybe it was your fault?

OSCAR:

MY fault???? How is it my fault? I was tested, remember? I was normal.

PAM:

Maybe all that weed you smoked when you were a teenager...

OSCAR:

You sound like a health teacher. It's an urban myth. Right up there with aspirin and coke.

PAM:

Well something's wrong.

OSCAR:

Maybe we're not doing it right.

PAM:

We're doing it right.

(Gina returns with a check for the girls, stopping by Finn's table on the way.)

GINA:

Everything okay?

FINN:

Wonderful!

GINA:

(To girls)

And here are your checks. No rush. You can pay Steven out front when you're ready.

CAROL:

Thank you.

ANITA:

Yes, thank you. You saved our lives.

GINA:

The healing powers of the brownie.

(Gina crosses off as the girls finish up and prepare to leave)

BENN:

We can't live forever, Finn.

FINN:

Please stop.

BENN:

No, we need to have this conversation.

FINN:

But not here. Not now.

BENN:

Then when???? I don't have much more time.

FINN:

Don't say that. Don't say that!

BENN:

Finn. Finn. Can we just drive over to the ocean one more time? That's all I want. Just to look out over the waves.

FINN:

In the middle of the night? In December?

BENN:

Yes, Finn. In the middle of the night. In December.

FINN:

[After a look]. Okay.

BENN:

Wonderful. Let's go now.

FINN:

But we haven't finished our dinner!

BENN:

I don't have time to finish dinner. Please, Finn, I need to do this.

(They stand. Steven crosses to them. Albert see them.)

ALBERT:

Look, there he is. Excuse me. [Stands] Where's the owner. I ASKED TO SEE THE OWNER!

BETTY:

Sit down. I'm sure he's on his way.

ALBERT:

From where? New Jersey???

STEVEN:

So soon? I hope everything was okay. The food?

BENN:

No, it was fine.

STEVEN:

Boxes? Let me put it in boxes for you. For later.

FINN:

[Sees his understanding and nods. Steven rushes off]

ALBERT:

Excuse me!!!!

(Steven ignores him and exits momentarily)

BENN:

I wish we'd come here before. This could have been our place.

FINN:

It still can be.

BENN:

Finn.

FINN:

It's our place and I won't let you argue with me.

BENN:

I wouldn't dream of it.

(Steven returns with boxes)

STEVEN:

Here we go.

(Puts food in boxes)

FINN:

Wait. Our check?

BENN:

Give him a big tip, Finn. It's our place now.

STEVEN:

(Giving Finn the check)

Really? You barely tasted the food.

BENN:

It's not the food. It's the... Well it's not the food, anyway.

FINN:

(Pays in cash)

Keep the rest.

STEVEN:

Thank you. I hope... I hope things work out.

BENN:

You see? That's why it's our place now. Thank you.

(They exit. Steven watches them leave. Manny crosses to bus the table.)

GINA:

Friends of yours, Doc?

STEVEN:

They're all friends of mine, well, at least most of them. Aren't

we closed yet????

ALBERT:

EXCUSE ME!!!

BETTY:

Albert!

(Steven crosses off right)

(Anita stands. The others follow, putting on their coats)

ANITA:

We have got to come back here again.

CAROL:

Absolutely.

BELLA:

I know. A pact! Every time one of us breaks up with guy, we come here to celebrate.

CAROL:

Or commiserate.

ANITA:

I maybreak up with my boyfriend every once in a while just to have another brownie.

BELLA:

That's the truth.

GINA:

Here we are, then.

PAM:

Thank you.

GINA:

(To the girls)

All finished?

CAROL:

It was wonderful.

ANITA:

We're coming back.

GINA:

You're always welcome.

BELLA:

Which boy are we going to pass around now?(As they exit through the alcove off right. Gina gives them an odd look)

OSCAR:

Maybe we should try...

PAM:

I AM NOT GOING TO TRY OUT ANY MORE POSITIONS.
We've done like thirty of them. They could write a whole new
Kama Sutra on what we've done this month alone.

OSCAR:

Oh come on. "The flying oak tree...????"

PAM:

Where the hell did you get that from anyway, the dark Web???

OSCAR:

No, that was the loquacious eel.

PAM:

Well, send it back where it came from and tell it to shut up.
The Dark Web. Really.

OSCAR:

Desperate times call for desperate measures.

PAM:

Too desperate, if you ask me.

GINA:

Here you are. Two cups of coffee, bread, butter and honey. I
can sneak in the order if you want anything else.

PAM:

Oh. No. We just want coffee...and, maybe dessert?

GINA:

I'll see what's left, Gina crosses off]

(Steven enters, this time with an overcoat and a hat. He
crosses to Albert])

STEVEN:

You asked to see the owner?

ALBERT:

This is ridiculous. You're the same guy.

STEVEN:

Sir. I assure you I don't know what you're talking about.

ALBERT:

You're same guy. You're the waiter.

STEVEN:

I am the owner, sir. What seems to be the problem?

ALBERT:

I want my food. NOW!

BETTY:

Albert. Hush.

STEVEN:

I'm sorry. What did you order?

ALBERT:

You know perfectly well what I ordered. YOU TOOK MY ORDER!

STEVEN:

I'm terribly sorry. If you would lower your voice...

ALBERT:

I WILL NOT LOWER MY VOICE.

BETTY:

Albert, Please.

(Manny crosses to Steven's side)

GINA:

Trouble, Boss?

STEVEN:

No trouble. Unfortunately, the waiter is no longer with us.

GINA:

Hit by an ambulance on the way to his new job.

BETTY:

That's terrible.

GINA:

Tragic.

STEVEN:

He took the order with him.

ALBERT:

This whole place is insane.

BETTY:

Albert!

GINA:

[Crossing] He died. He was a real bastard.

STEVEN:

It's not nice to speak ill of the dead.

GINA:

He deserved it. Destined for hell, that man is. He took this man's order when left. Well, the kitchen's closed now, anyway.

ALBERT:

What???

STEVEN:

I understand my manager has described the problem?

ALBERT:

It's ridiculous!

GINA:

Once your waiter takes an order, we cannot interfere.
Union rules.

ALBERT:

That's it.

STEVEN:

Ordinarily, we would suggest that the customer follow him to his new place of business...perhaps...

ALBERT:

That's it. Come on, we're leaving.

STEVEN:

I certainly hope it was nothing we said.

ALBERT:

(insensed)

STEVEN:

I sincerely hope you find that order of yours soon, sir.

ALBERT:

How the hell am I supposed to do that, huh?

(Exits, dragging Betty. Who stops, momentarily)

BETTY:

Ohhhhhh. I get it.

ALBERT:

Come on.

BETTY:

Very good. [Chuckles and leaves. Gina crosses to station, Steven and Manny high five and cross to the service entrance off left.]

OSCAR:

Maybe it's the coffee that's doing it.

PAM:

Forget it. If that's it, then we're adopting.

OSCAR:

It's an option. Or in vitro.

PAM:

No. Not yet.

OSCAR:

It's safe. They do it all the time.

PAM:

Yeah. All the time. Where's the cream?

OSCAR:

Um...

PAM:

Shut up. [To Gina] Where's the coffee creamer?

GINA:

Oh, I'm sorry. [She brings it to them, as she does Adrian returns and sits at the down left table]

GINA:

I'll be right with you.

PAM:

You know, you're being particularly unfunny this morning.

OSCAR:

It comes from sleep deprivation. Maybe THAT'S it.

PAM:

Ha. Well it certain describes us right now.

OSCAR:

Maybe it IS it.

PAM:

Oscar...

OSCAR:

No, listen. Maybe we've been trying so hard that we've lost so much sleep that we've triggered something inside--like one of those fight or flight reactions from Psych 101.

PAM:

An accurate description for last night, for sure.

OSCAR:

You're not the only one who's caught the unfunny virus. It must be going around.

PAM:

Ha.

OSCAR:

Maybe sleep deprivation causes the body to tell itself "I'm too busy to reproduce or, there's too much stress right now, maybe we should wait until things calm down. Or...OR... Maybe we've made our bodies think it's too DANGEROUS for the baby to be born right now."

PAM:

Dangerous????

OSCAR:

If you were a kid, would you have wanted to be born last night.

PAM:

Hell no.

OSCAR:

Would you have wanted to be alive even.

PAM:

It wouldn't be sleeping with us.

OSCAR:

Last night it wouldn't have been sleeping at all. We're stressing our offspring to be right into not wanting to be born in the first place.

PAM:

Forget the coffee, I need a beer. You want a beer.

OSCAR:

Are you trying to get me drunk? Because common decency demands that it's the other way around.

PAM:

It's Saturday. Common decency isn't in effect on weekends.

OSCAR:

It wasn't last night. That's for sure. I'll take one.

PAM:

Miss? Is the bar still open?

GINA:

[Crossing to them]. We're closing. What would you like.

PAM:

Two beers. Sam Adams.

GINA:

Now how could Betsy Ross refuse Sam Adams? I'll be right back.

(Steven enters and sees Adrian. He stands still for a moment or two, sighs and turns to leave, Adrian looks up)

ADRIAN:

You can't ignore me the whole night. I am a customer, if nothing else.

STEVEN:

I'll find you a waiter.

ADRIAN:

No..[stands]

STEVEN:

As you wish.

ADRIAN:
Steven.
STEVEN:
Why are you here? Why did you come back...again?
ADRIAN:
I was hungry [laughs, nervously]
STEVEN:
No. No.
ADRIAN:
Was it wrong for me to want to see you again? Even after?
STEVEN:
Yes.
ADRIAN:
Oh
STEVEN:
[Turns]
(Marty enters, standing at the doorway, looking around.
Awkward. Gina crosses with the beers, drops them at Pam
and Oscars, then notices Marty and crosses to him.)
ADRIAN:
I wasn't pregnant.
STEVEN:
[Pain]
ADRIAN:
I didn't lose the baby. It never was.
STEVEN:
Of course not.
ADRIAN:
I...needed to think that you loved me.
STEVEN:
Why are you telling me this? Now?
ADRIAN:
Because it matters.
STEVEN:
To whom? I've got work to do.
ADRIAN:
[Looks around] Really?
STEVEN:
I've got to set up for tomorrow.
ADRIAN:

You're closed tomorrow. The sign...

STEVEN:

I've got to be anyplace but around you. I've got to lock up before any more unwanted guests try to get in.

(Steven crosses angrily off right. Adrian goes to leave, then thinks better of it and sits.)

GINA:

Can I help you?

MARTY:

I...um...I was looking...I was supposed to meet someone here.

GINA:

Oh. [Looks around] I don't see anyone...well I see...people...but I don't see anyone who might be waiting for you.

MARTY:

Probably not.

GINA:

Would you like a table? Or...you could sit at the bar.

MARTY:

No, no. I...I don't drink. I don't think I've ever sat at a bar in my life.

GINA:

It's not so bad. Oh. Not that I...you know...go to bars that often...or... At all actually but the folks over there, they seem alright. Pretty friendly. And we have big screen tv. You like football.

MARTY:

Not...I watch it sometimes. On Sundays sometimes.

GINA:

Well, they're watching the game now...if you're interested. I know it's Thursday but...maybe you'd like to try a new thing?

MARTY:

I...

GINA:

Or maybe not... How about a table? We have a nice table.

MARTY:

I think I should be watching...

GINA:

You can face the door.

MARTY:

I'm...okay. Sure. [She leads him to the table. He sits facing the entrance at right.]

GINA:

There. Let me just clean this up a bit. Now, can I get you anything while you wait? No not that, I know... how about water, or coffee? It's fresh.

MARTY:

It kind of makes me jittery.

GINA:

Water it is. [Turns to leave]

MARTY:

I... I don't know what she looks like.

GINA:

Excuse me?

MARTY:

I...I don't know what she looks like. We were supposed to meet here before the movies, but I don't know what she looks like and now...it's...the movie starts in fifteen minutes.

GINA:

Oh...I tell you what...Why don't I bring you out a couple of burgers? That way you won't have to wait and if she doesn't like it...it'll be on the house.

MARTY:

Do you think she's coming?

GINA:

Of course she is. Let me just get this order in. I'll be right back. [Exits]

PAM:

I hate to admit it, but your theory might actually have some merit.

OSCAR:

Maybe we should take a vacation. Go off to some romantic island and lie naked on the beach.

PAM:

Sure, except we have no time and no money.

OSCAR:

And our bodies are saying "are you crazy? You can't have a baby you have.."

BOTH:

No time and no money.

PAM:

Right... I'm beginning to get the picture. "Sorry little fellow, I didn't mean to scare you back into your safe little Fallopiian tube."

OSCAR:

I don't think he believes you.

PAM:

How would you know?

OSCAR:

Because I didn't, and I'm half of what you're trying to convince. Who. I'm half of who..m you're trying to convince.

PAM:

Yeah? You try.

OSCAR:

Okay, I will. [Crosses and gets down on one knee to pat her stomach] I'm here, little fella. I'm your future dad and I'm going to protect you from life's pains and heartaches for as long as you want me to. It's okay to be scared. It's okay to wonder what's going to happen to you, but know this, I'll always be there for you. And I'll hold your hand on your first day of school and I'll hug you when your heart gets broken and I'll buy you your first pack of cigarettes.

PAM:

You will not.

OSCAR:

Okay, maybe not. But I will love you. I will love you always.

PAM:

Awwwww. That's so sweet.

OSCAR:

It's the beer.

PAM:

It's not the beer, it's the dad in you. You really want a baby, don't you.

OSCAR:

Don't you?

PAM:

I do now.

OSCAR:

O...kay. You didn't before? Because you sure were working hard at it.

PAM:

I was and I did, but...now I really want one.

OSCAR:

Then maybe the next time, it'll take.

PAM:

Maybe.

(They hold hands and drink. Gina enters to clean up the tables, Steven enters and crosses to her)

GINA:

Someone special, Doc?

STEVEN:

A ghost from the past.

GINA:

We locked up?

STEVEN:

Not yet. Wish we were. Wish me luck. [He crosses to Adrian]

STEVEN:

I should ask you if you want something. Again. I'm afraid your Manhattan got a little watery.

ADRIAN:

Am I so hard to face?

STEVEN:

[Laughing] You're kidding.

ADRIAN:

I wrote you.

STEVEN:

Never got them.

ADRIAN:

Never mailed them.

STEVEN:

[Silence]

ADRIAN:

I...brought them. [Searches her purse]

STEVEN:

I don't want them.

ADRIAN:

They explain...

STEVEN:

I DON'T WANT THEM. [They fall silent]

ADRIAN:

I'm not a bad person...

STEVEN:

I never said you were.

ADRIAN:

I only...

STEVEN:

[Walks off to exit]

(Pam has scooted over to the chair beside Oscar's and is resting her head on his shoulder. She yawns, finishing her beer.)

OSCAR:

Aren't you tired?

PAM:

Exhausted.

OSCAR:

Me too. You ready to go home and go to sleep? And I mean sleep.

PAM:

[Giggles] All night. [She gets comfortable against him]

OSCAR:

Pam? Pam?

PAM:

[Falling asleep] All night and all day tomorrow...

OSCAR:

You're going to be a great mom.

PAM:

I know.

OSCAR:

Okay. Let's go dream of the six kids we're about to have.

PAM:

Three boys and three girls.

OSCAR:

Come on.

GINA:

[Crossing. Gently]

Here's the check. I'll take it when you're ready. I'll have to unlock the door.

(Steven returns)

GINA:

Here you are. No luck?

MARTY:

No...She isn't coming.

GINA:

Now you don't know that.

MARTY:

It's...happened before. I...I should have...no, I never should have tried. What was I thinking?

GINA:

Of course you should have... I think. You meant trying...

MARTY:

On line.

GINA:

On line, good. That's what I thought.

MARTY:

Girls look at me and...I'm sorry. I know I'm not 6 foot 5 and older and rich, but it's the only way they'll even answer my e-mails. Is it too late to cancel the order.

GINA:

Awww. I don't want to hear that.

MARTY:

But the movie's going to start...and I already bought tickets. On...

BOTH:

Online.

GINA:

Yeah.

MARTY:

This was a stupid idea.

GINA:

Look, for what it's worth. You seem like a nice guy. There are lots of girls out there just looking for a nice guy like you. Maybe you're going about this the wrong way.

MARTY:

I...I don't know what else to do. I'm not popular, I'm not handsome. I don't drink. I...work alone. I never go out. I don't...

GINA:

[Seeing Oscar stand]. Wait, I'll be right back. [Crosses to Oscar]

OSCAR:

Come on, sweetheart. We've had a long day.
(Helps Pam with her coat)

Thank you. **PAM:**

[Walking them out] Sleep well. **GINA:**

Sleep well. **PAM:**

(They exit)

I don't know why I left. **ADRIAN:**

And I do? **STEVEN:**

I just...did. **ADRIAN:**

[Just stands] **STEVEN:**

I'm...sorry. **ADRIAN:**

No. NO NO NO NO NO. **STEVEN:**

Can't we just sit down and have a cup of coffee? **ADRIAN:**

No, we can't. No. Not ever. No. No. **STEVEN:**

I see. **ADRIAN:**

I hurt you. I know. **ADRIAN:**

Oh God. "I hurt you, I know." Sorry, no. NO. **STEVEN:**

I only want to talk. **ADRIAN:**

No you don't. You don't. It's not about loving me or hurting me or what we had then or what you think we're going to have now... **STEVEN:**

I never said anything about now... **ADRIAN:**

Why are you here? **STEVEN:**

ADRIAN:

I wanted to see an old friend. I needed to see an old friend.

STEVEN:

Sorry, no. No. Not buying it. Not. No. It's about...who's better or stronger or can control each other. Where's Sven? Or did you run out on him when you couldn't control him any more.

ADRIAN:

He's dead. He died. Last...month.

STEVEN:

Oh.

ADRIAN:

Sports Illustrated honored him ... Last night. That's why..

STEVEN:

Oh. I'm sorry.

ADRIAN:

No, you're not. And you shouldn't be.

STEVEN:

I'm not sure what to say.

ADRIAN:

[Both silent]

(Marty sits for several moments until Gina returns with two glasses of water)

GINA:

You're just a nice guy.

MARTY:

Oh my gosh. The movie's started. Here, um, what do I owe you for the burgers?

GINA:

Nothing.

MARTY:

I...I'm...thanks for the talk. I'm not sure I could have stood sitting there all that time alone...waiting...for someone to never show up.

GINA:

Maybe she got caught in traffic.

MARTY:

[Laughs] Thank you, Gina. It is Gina, right? Your name tag?

GINA:

Yeah. Sure.

MARTY:

I'm...I'm Marty.

GINA:

Glad to meet you, Marty. You come back any time.

MARTY:

You wouldn't mind? Even if I'm not 6'5'?

GINA:

I like guys my own height.

MARTY:

I didn't spend much.

GINA:

That's okay. I didn't do much.

MARTY:

I'm sorry. I've...got to go. [Exits, Gina follows]

GINA:

Wait. You're locked in.

STEVEN:

It's late.

ADRIAN:

Yeah.

STEVEN:

You're going back, then?

ADRIAN:

Probably. I have the ticket. Tonight.

STEVEN:

That's... I really need to...head home.

ADRIAN:

I know. It was nice seeing you.

STEVEN:

It was nice...

ADRIAN:

[Politely laughs]

STEVEN:

Yeah, okay. [Walks her to upright alcove]

ADRIAN:

That's not who I am any more.

STEVEN:

It doesn't matter.

ADRIAN:

Steven.

STEVEN:

No. It doesn't matter. I'm here, you're there. You go to Sports

Illustrated banquets and I wait on tables.

ADRIAN:

You're more than that.

STEVEN:

Not to you. No. I never was anything more than that to you.

ADRIAN:

Steven.

STEVEN:

Go home, Adrian. Go back to Sweden or wherever and have a lovely life. I'm sorry Sven Svenson died and I'm sorry that you thought you should come here but, no, no. I just can't do this again. I really can't.

ADRIAN:

[Kisses him on the cheek] I always loved you.

STEVEN:

And I loved you. Once. [They exit momentarily, Gina returns to bus the last table. There's a noise offstage.]

STEVEN:

I'm sorry, we're closed.

JOCELYN:

I don't care. This will only take a minute.

STEVEN:

We're closed.

JOCELYN:

I don't care~!

[A young totally disagreeable woman crosses to the alcove. She's expensively dressed and with a serious attitude. Gina looks up.]

GINA:

Can I help you?

JOCELYN:

I'm looking for someone. We were supposed to meet? [Reading off her cell] Tall guy, 6'5, mid thirties, kind of rich looking?

GINA:

He just... [She pauses and looks her over] No. I'm sorry. I don't remember seeing anyone like that.

JOCELYN:

Well that's just great. Just great. I don't suppose your kitchen's still open. I'll pay extra.

STEVEN:

[Standing in the alcove] I'm sorry, but the chef just quit. Maybe you can catch him stealing your cab.

JOCELYN:

Son of a bitch. Let me back out. NOW.

STEVEN:

Anything you say.

(Gina finishes clearing the tables. Steven returns)

STEVEN:

Any coffee left?

GINA:

Something you'd like to share with the class, Doc?

STEVEN:

You can be really nosy sometimes. What's with you and Cruella?

GINA:

She wasn't right for the guy.

STEVEN:

Hmmmm, do I sense a burgeoning romance?

GINA:

I could ask the same thing about you.

STEVEN:

Long dead. Long dead. [He looks out the window] It's starting to snow again. You should take off.

GINA:

You gonna be alright?

STEVEN:

Hell no. Yeah, no, I'll be fine. Do we really serve this stuff [coffee] to customers?

GINA:

When it's younger.

STEVEN:

I'm not reassured. Maybe we should import that coffee brewed from monkey droppings.

GINA:

Oh, yeah, that'll bring them in. I'll see you Monday.

STEVEN:

Yeah, Monday. Good night.

GINA:

Good night Henry.

STEVEN:

Remind me to fire you someday for giving away our trade secrets.

GINA:

I'll be sure to do that.

(She exits. Steven crosses and turns off the lights, then returns to his seat at the down left table, drinks his coffee and watches it snow.)

END OF ACT ONE:

ACT 2.

(It's Valentine's Day night towards the end of the evening. The tables have hearts and flowers as centerpieces and there's a red/white theme throughout. Gina is passing out menus to Greta et al are at down left table. Gina is clearing the down left table. Deanie and Emmet are at the down right table. Steven, stands, looking out over the audience as the lights raise, then sighs and crosses out the alcove past Gina, who enters with service for Manny's table)

GINA:

You look like crap.

STEVEN:

You mean my tie doesn't camouflage the pain.

GINA:

Are you ever going to tell me about that?

STEVEN:

I have the title for my latest cookbook. "Cooking with abandonment. Or the proper etiquette for serving self pity." I'm so tired of this.

GINA:

Then take a vacation. Drive over to the shore for the day. Walk on the sand.

STEVEN:

It's frozen solid. I might as well be walking on a parking lot.

GINA:

Yeah, while listening to the sound track from Titanic. What's going on? You haven't been the same since that woman showed... Oh no. Is that really what it is?

STEVEN:

Who invented Valentines Day anyway? You have a customer. Looks like another victim.

(Carol enters, standing at the alcove., She's well dressed, as if she's been out with someone. Her make up is a mess. She's been crying. She looks around. Gina crosses to her, Steven crosses off right,)

GINA:

Can I help you?

CAROL:

No. I guess not.

GINA:

Were you meeting someone?

CAROL:

I was hoping.

GINA:

Oh. Why don't you go clean up a little bit and I'll clear you off a table...just in case.

CAROL:

Do I look that bad?

GINA:

NO! Well...

CAROL:

[A look]

GINA:

Just down past the flags.

CAROL:

Thank you. [She exits]

(Steven returns with Greta, et al and seats them at the down left table)

STEVEN:

Here you are. Menus?

HAROLD:

Wonderful.

STEVEN:

I'll give you a few minutes. Can I get you something to drink?

HAROLD:

Just water.

GRETA:

Yes. Water.

HAROLD:

And there'll be another... Three of us.

STEVEN:

Very good. [Steven exits]

GRETA:

[At first whispering, then progressively louder]

I'm a bird. I'm a bird. I can fly! [Flies around the table]

HAROLD:

Sit down, Greta.

GRETA:

I can fly. You wanna see? You wanna see me fly?

HAROLD:

No.

GRETA:

Ohhhhhh.

(Steven stops, turns, then returns]

STEVEN:

Excuse me. Is everything alright here?

HAROLD:

I'm terrible sorry. We're trying.

GRETA:

Want to see me fly?

HAROLD:

We're from St. Dimmies. It's her first try. We thought, maybe, since it's late?

STEVEN:

Of course. [To Greta] Let's confine the flight pattern to around the table, shall we?

GRETA:

[Giggles] I'd be happy to.

(Enter Ike)

STEVEN:

Let me get you some bread. [To Greta] Would you like some bread.

GRETA:

I'd like some crumbs. Birds like crumbs.

STEVEN:

I'll see what I can do.

BENNY:

Excuse me, aren't you the flying girl?

HAROLD:

Good grief. I'm sorry.

STEVEN:

No problem.

GRETA:

I am. I am! See????? Benny knows! He does. [Flies] I can fly! I can fly!

BENNY:

[Laughs]

HAROLD:

WHY DID YOU DO THAT?

BENNY:

She wants to be free! Now come on down. Even high fliers need a rest from time to time.

(Frank crosses to down right table.)

DEANIE:

You have spinach in your teeth.

EMMET:

Where?

DEANIE:

Right---right there.

EMMET:

Have I been eating spinach?

DEANIE:

Apparently

FRANK:

Hi, sorry I'm late. You have spinach....

EMMET:

I know. I'm trying... Excuse me. [Exits through the alcove, past Gina, entering]

GINA:

Just past the flags.

EMMET:

Thank you.

DEANIE:

Where were you?

FRANK:

I'm sorry. It's work. It's...just work.

DEANIE:

It's always work. That's my father. You could show a little more respect.

FRANK:

I'll apologize when he gets back. Have you ordered?

DEANIE:

No! We were polite enough to wait for you. Someone around here has to show a little class.

FRANK:

I said I was sorry. [They pick up their menus and read]

DEANIE:

Fine.

(Carol returns. Gina crosses to her.)

CAROL:

Thank you. [Looks around] I...I think I should be going. I just came back to say thanks.

GINA:

I tell you what. Why don't you sit here. [Up left table, by the station. Gina crosses to clear it]

CAROL:

I'm really not hungry.

GINA:

Not even a brownie?

CAROL:

You remember?

GINA:

Some of my customers are harder to forget than others.

GRETA:

[Gets up and flies again]. I'm freeeeeeee!

BENNY:

[Gets up and flies behind her].

BENNY

FREEEEEEEEEEEE. [Starts to fly with Greta]

GRETA:

[Stops abruptly] You can't fly you're just a...a man.

BENNY:

I can too.

GRETA:

No. You don't even know how to use your wings.

BENNY:

I...I WANT to fly... [Flaps his arms]

GRETA:

Not like that you don't. You'll fall down. You'll be a...a Dedalus. That's who you'll be. You'll be a dead Dedalus and they'll make candles out of your arms. You shouldn't fly.

BENNY:

But I want to.

GRETA:

NOOOOOO. [Flies] Only I can fly. Only girls can fly. Boys can't fly. Boys have to stay on the ground.

BENNY:

Says who?

(Steven calmly works his way over to the table. Harold notices.)

HAROLD:

Greta, you're grounded. Now sit down.

GRETA:

But he can't fly.

BENNY:

I want...

HAROLD:

Both of you. Down. Now.

GRETA:

Yes sir.

STEVEN:

Here's your bread. Crumble at your own risk. And later, for dessert, we have Henry's special Valentines Day cake.

GRETA:

Can I have some of THAT?

HAROLD:

Only after we have regular food. We have to eat first.

STEVEN:

Coffee? While you decide.

BENNY:

Coffee would be fine.

GRETA:

Do you have milkshakes?

STEVEN:

I'll see what I can do.

(Francine, George and Harry arrive and stand at the alcove.
Gina crosses to them.)

GINA:

Hi! Is this okay? [Pointing to the booth/table up right.

GEORGE:

Looks good to me.

GINA:

How was the show tonight?

FRANCINE:

You're a fan!

GINA:

Theater major. It was an assignment. I enjoyed it, though.

FRANCINE:

[Stands] I pledge...

HARRY:

Sit down Francie.

GINA:

It must be exciting to be in a hit show.

FRANCIE:

Hit?

GINA:

Oh, here are your menus. Happy Valentine's Day.

GEORGE:

Happy Valentine's Day to you too.

HARRY:

You see? It's a hit.

FRANCIE:

No, it's a miracle and you know it.

GEORGE:

It got good reviews. YOU got good reviews.

FRANCIE:

I know. Aren't I wonderful?

(Gina crosses down right to Deanie, et al)

FRANK:

Deanie, I said I was sorry.

EMMET:

[Returning] Sorry for what?

FRANK:

For being so late. Work's been...frantic to say the least.

EMMET:

Not a problem. Dear, it's not a problem.

DEANIE:

I think it is.

GINA:

Ready to order?

DEANIE:

Could we have a few more minutes?

GINA:

Of course.

EMMET:

I'd rather have you seeing someone who takes his work seriously, than some of the those guys you used to bring home.

DEANIE:

Daddy.

EMMET:

Come on, Deanie, you've got to admit that some of your boys were a little bizarre.

FRANK:

Really?

DEANIE:

Daddy! When I was younger...

EMMET:

I'm not even talking about THEM. What was his name? The one with the mustache tattooed to his scrotum?

DEANIE:

YOU KNEW ABOUT THAT?

EMMET:

Apparently, wouldn't you say?

FRANK:

Apparently.

DEANIE:

Shut up. How did you know?

FRANK:

A father is not obligated to reveal his sources.

EMMET:

There, I agree. A father is not obligated to reveal his sources.

FRANK:

Why.....?

DEANIE:

It was a...he was making a statement.

FRANK:

That had to hurt like hell.

EMMET:

'Tis a brave man, my lad, that allows another man near his privates with a pointed object. Or a stupid one. I'm thinking stupid.

DEANIE:

I thought it was cute.

EMMET:

You might want to rethink what you're here to ask me tonight.

DEANIE:

Daddy, you knew that too?

EMMET:

No. I was just guessing. [Looking at his menu] Do they have good pie? I'm in the mood for pie.

(Frank laughs)

DEANIE:

Oh.

GRETA:

Can I fly now?

BENNY:

Not without me.

HAROLD:

Both of you, sit down. We have to order.

GRETA:

I don't want... Okay, I want a salad. But just a little salad--too much food weighs me down.

BENNY:

I'll have what she's having.

GRETA:

You can't. He can't. Tell him he can't.

BENNY:

But I wanna salad too.

GRETA:

Boys don't eat salads. Boys don't eat salads and they don't fly. They....they eat steak and they work in offices. They work in offices while the girls fly.

BENNY:

I WANT TO FLY.

GRETA:

NO!

HAROLD:

If you two don't shut up.

GRETA:

Don't speak to me like that.

BENNY:

Yeah.

HAROLD:

Fine. I'll order MY food and you two can starve.

GRETA:

I wanna salad.

BENNY:

So do I.

GRETA:

NO.

HAROLD:

Shut up. I'm ordering two salads and a hamburger.

BENNY:

I want a hamburger.

GRETA:

And no salad.

BENNY:

I want a hamburger and a salad and then I want to fly.

GRETA:

Harold!

HAROLD:

We'll see.

GRETA:

WHAT????

HAROLD:

We'll see.

(Steven returns to down right with their drinks.)

STEVEN:

So what are we having?

HAROLD:

Three Franklin Burgers and three house salads.

STEVEN:

Good choice.

HAROLD:

Are those Henry's buns?

STEVEN:

In a manner of speaking, yes.

GRETA:

Where? [Giggles]

BENNY:

Greta!

STEVEN:

It happens all the time.

HAROLD:

Traffic's cleared off. Hell of a way to spend Valentine's Day, isn't it?

STEVEN:

How's Pam?

HAROLD:

She's still feeling kind of sickly. They say it'll go away soon. I don't know how they can call it morning sickness when it lasts all day. We still miss you over there.

STEVEN:

[Laughs] How? Most of your clients are here. [Crosses, Looks momentarily out the window].

GINA

[Crossing to him] You okay, Doc?

STEVEN:

I hate Valentine's day.

GINA:

Good for business. Here. [Takes the order] I'll take care of this.

(Steven crosses up to Francie etal)

STEVEN:

Have you been taken care of?

GEORGE:

We have menus.

STEVEN:

I'm sorry, we're busy tonight.

FRANCIE:

So I see.

STEVEN:

We have some new flags, would you like to go pledge?

HARRY:

Touche'.

STEVEN:

They say it turned out pretty well. You should be proud.

FRANCIE:

We are.

STEVEN:

What would you like?

HARRY:

Just dessert and coffee.

STEVEN:

We have cake. Really good cake. Chocolate with raspberry grenache?

FRANCIE:

YES!

HARRY:

Okay, fine. Three?

GEORGE:

Sounds good.

STEVEN:

I'll be right back.

FRANCIE:

So, what's your next project? Can I be the star?

STEVEN:

[Steven crosses through the alcove, Anita and Bella arrive and see Carol sitting alone. She nearly runs to them. They hug]

CAROL:

I was hoping you come here.

ANITA:

Where else would the two most popular girls at school spend their Valentines Day?

(Gina crosses to them, a brownie in her hand)

GINA:

Hi!

ANITA:

Oh that looks good.

GINA:

Sorry, This one's taken. [She leads them to their table.]

BELLA:

Awww, Carol.

CAROL:

Oh God, I'm going to cry again and I just got myself cleaned up. [She leans against Anita and sobs.]

GINA:

And I'll bring some water. [She leaves]

[Steven crosses to Franks table with bread, then crosses down

left to look out the window]

FRANK:

Sir, I'd...

EMMET:

Oh come on, Frank. Sir? Now? We were just ragging on scrotum boy.

DEANIE:

His name was Howard.

EMMET:

Fine. Howard the scrotum boy.

DEANIE:

And he just thought it needed a mustache.

FRANK:

What needed a....oh.

EMMET:

And he was one of the more normal ones.

DEANIE:

He was a graphic artist. I mean, he was an artist who did the illustrations for graphic novels.

EMMET:

Oh, well, that explains it then.

DEANIE:

It does! No really. He's working late and so he gets home and takes a shower and when he gets out he sees himself in the mirror and he realizes that it needs a mustache. That's what he said. He said he'd been looking at himself in the mirror for nearly thirty years and he always thought it was missing something and then he realized that what he really needed was a mustache to make the whole thing complete.

EMMET:

We used to call it pubes.

FRANK:

Pretty much.

DEANIE:

NO! I mean, maybe so, but he didn't have much in the way of...

FRANK:

This is way more information about your former boyfriends than I need.

EMMET:

Go on.

Daddy!

DEANIE:

Fine.

EMMET:

Wait. How'd he get it to look like a mustache?

FRANK:

Fu Manchu.

EMMET:

Only part of the time.

DEANIE:

Come on!

FRANK:

You asked.

DEANIE:

You did.

EMMET:

Can we order?

FRANK:

(Steven turns to them)

Great idea.

DEANIE:

Who's paying?

EMMET:

Dad...

DEANIE:

I like to know ahead of time so I can feel comfortable with what I order.

EMMET:

I'll get the check.

FRANK:

Great. Filets all around. Just kidding. Just kidding.

EMMET:

What's good here?

DEANIE:

I don't know.

EMMET:

Pretty much everything. The sausage with bow tie pasta.

FRANK:

THAT'S what it looked like.

EMMET:

DEANIE:
DADDY!

FRANK:
[Emmet and Frank try not to laugh] I think I'll have a salad.

EMMET:
How're their hot dogs?

DEANIE:
One more word. One more and... And I'm leaving.

FRANK:
Fine.[Emmet laughs] No, not fine. No. No, not fine that you're leaving, fine that we're not doing sausage and mustache, I mean pasta.

(Emmet can't stop laughing)

EMMET:
Unlike my daughter.

GINA:
Our pasta is good. Some say the best in town.

DEANIE:
Daddy. You guys are acting like a bunch of third graders.

EMMET:
Fine, fine. You're right. I'd like a 12 ounce ribeye, baked potato and house salad.

FRANK:
The same.

DEANIE:
Just a house salad.

STEVEN:
Good choice. Drinks?

FRANK:
Water?

DEANIE:
That's fine

EMMET:
Sure. Water.

STEVEN:
I'll be right back.

(Steven crosses to Greta's table.)

STEVEN:
Everything alright?

HAROLD:

It's wonderful. Thank you.

STEVEN:

Anything else I can get you?

BENNY:

Not that I can think of.

STEVEN:

Excellent.

(Adrian appears at the alcove. Gina is at the station. Steven turns, sees her, and turns momentarily out the window. Then looks back across and crosses to her)

ADRIAN:

Hello.

STEVEN:

I'm sorry, we don't have any tables right now, if you'd like to wait.

ADRIAN:

Steven.

STEVEN:

I know. It's Valentine's Day, right?

ADRIAN:

I want to get back together with you. There, I said it. We're older, we're more mature, we know each other better than any one else in our lives. We can make this work.

STEVEN:

And that's it? That's all it takes? Steven, I'm sorry, when can I move in? What are you doing here, anyway? You're the first lady of the Fjords. Go yodel someplace else.

ADRIAN:

Sven died. Can't you at least respect that?

STEVEN:

You don't. If you did you wouldn't be here.

ADRIAN:

Can't we talk about this civilly?

STEVEN:

Why? No, okay. [Leads her to a stool beside the station.] I've got work. This'll have to do for now. [He crosses through the alcove, Gina enters from kitchen with brownies for the girls]

GINA:

Here you are.

Thank you. **ANITA:**

Anything else? **GINA:**

A new heart? **CAROL:**

GINA:
[Hands her a plastic heart from the centerpiece] This one will have to do for now.

Thank you. [Gina exits] **CAROL:**

CAROL:
What gives boys the right to break up with you on Valentine's day?

He's scum. **ANITA:**

BELLA:
They're all scum. We should lock them all in the gym locker room and set the school on fire!

Bella. **ANITA:**

CAROL:
No, x-lax in their gatoraid.

ANITA:
Super glue their lockers shut.

BELLA:
Ben Gay in their jock straps.

CAROL:
Ohhhhh, that's cruel.

ANITA:
These brownies are really good.

GRETA:
I want to fly.

BENNY:
So do I.

GRETA:
We'll see him crash on the floor. That's what we'll see.

BENNY:
No you won't. NO YOU WON'T. I can eat and fly. Haven't

you ever heard of Lindbergh?

GRETA:

What's a Lindbergh?

BENNY:

Only the greatest pilot that ever lived. He was a man. And he ate hamburgers too.

GRETA:

No. He ate Lindberghers.

BENNY:

Well he flew. He flew farther than you. [Gets up and starts to fly again] I'm flying. I'm flying.

GRETA:

NO! You can't do that. You can't do that. Tell him Harold. Tell him he can't fly.

BENNY:

I'm flying. See me? I'm flying.

GRETA:

No. No. It's not fair. Tell him Harold. Tell him how only girls can fly. Tell him.

HAROLD:

Greta, that's not true.

(Gina returns with cake and coffee for Francie.)

GINA:

Here you go. Everything....

GEORGE:

[Watching Greta] Shhhhhh.

FRANCIE:

You've got to be kidding.

GEORGE:

I said, hush.

(Gina crosses offstage through alcove)

GRETA:

No. That's my place. Up there is MY PLACE.

BENNY:

IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL UP HERE.

GRETA:

GET DOWN! GET DOWN FROM THERE!

BENNY:

NO!

GRETA:

You can't be up there. You can't.

HAROLD:

Ike, can you make room?

GRETA:

I don't. NO! He shouldn't be there. He shouldn't.

BENNY:

Then it's all mine. Alone.

GRETA:

That's not fair. Get down from there.

BENNY:

It sure is peaceful up here. And safe.

(Greta looks very confused)

GRETA:

Ohhhhhh.

(Steven enters and begins to cross to Greta but Harold waves him off.)

BENNY:

I really like it up here.

GRETA:

Ohhhhhhhh. [She starts to fly again] I'm not sure I like this.

BENNY:

[Starts to fly] Come on, Greta. It's great!

GRETA:

Not like that. Stretch your arms out more. See? Now you can GLIDDDDDDDDE.

(Ike lands on his chair. Harold moves the other chair right beside Ike's)

BENNY:

Come on, Greta. Perch with me!

GRETA:

(flies around hesitant to land)

I'm not sure I should.

HAROLD:

You can, Greta. If you want to, you can.

GRETA:

I'm not sure.

BENNY:

Come on.

GRETA:

[Lands, tentatively.]

Ohhhhhhh.

(Steven, stands watching until Gina brings in food for Emmet's table. Gina pauses waiting for Steven's permission)

FRANK:

Sir, I'd like your daughter's hand in marriage.

EMMET:

[Bursts into laughter]

DEANIE:

Oh I give up.

EMMET:

I didn't say anything.

DEANIE:

You didn't have to.

FRANK:

I'm serious, sir.

EMMET:

About what?

DEANIE:

Daddy!

EMMET:

Fine, fine. You can have her.

DEANIE:

Oh, thanks a lot.

FRANK:

Thank you sir.

(Steven and Gina cross to Emmet's table with tray of food)

GINA:

And here we are.

STEVEN:

I'm sorry for the disturbance.

EMMET:

Ha. That's nothing, believe me.

FRANK:

[Laughs, Deanie hides her head]

CAROL:

I thought he loved me.

BELLA:

You always think they love you. And then they lie to you.

ANITA:

And cheat on you.

BELLA:

And tell the whole school how you chased him because you were so desperate.

CAROL:

Oh, no. Did he do that?

BELLA AND ANITA:

Nooooo.

CAROL:

I want to pour molasses in his carburetor.

BELLA:

Do you even know what a carburetor is.

CAROL:

Do I need to?

BENNY:

See? Isn't it peaceful?

GRETA:

Ohhhhhh.

BENNY:

See? Nobody can see us up here. We're invisible.

GRETA:

No we're not. We're just high up.

BENNY:

Okay.

HAROLD:

Can I come up?

GRETA:

[Laughs]

You can't fly!

HAROLD:

Of course I can.

GRETA:

No you can't. You're an office sitter. Office sitters can't fly they just...sit.

BENNY:

We could teach him.

GRETA:

You can't fly either. Not very well.

BENNY:

I got up here.

GRETA:

Barely.

HAROLD:

Come on, Greta. [Tries to flap his arms]

GRETA:

[Laughing] You can't fly! Look at you. You just look stupid.

BENNY:

Greta!

GRETA:

But he does! He looks stupid.

HAROLD:

[Hurt] I'm trying.

(Harold nearly bumps into Steven, who grabs his arm gently to steady him)

GRETA:

See?

HAROLD:

I'm doing my best

BENNY:

I know you are, Harold.

GRETA:

But...

HAROLD:

It's just... It looks like so much fun. It's not fun being an office sitter.

GRETA:

But...

BENNY:

There's room...Greta, we can make room.

GRETA:

[Looking confused again] Ohhhhhhh.

HAROLD:

It's okay. I'll be okay.

GRETA:

Do you really want to fly?

HAROLD:

Oh yes. Yes. Please?

GRETA:

[Climbs down off her chair and crossing to him] Okay, but I don't think you'll be able to. Are you ready?

HAROLD:

I'm ready.

GRETA:

Okay, now, hold out your arms like this.

HAROLD:

This????

GRETA:

[Laughs] No silly, like this.

HAROLD:

Oh. Like this?

GRETA:

Now, flap your wings.

(Harold flaps frantically)

(The rest of the tables are all watching)

GRETA:

NO! SLOWER! SLOWER!

GRETA:

Okay. Now just push off. [Harold begins to fly]

HAROLD:

Oh. Ohhhhhhh.

GRETA:

That's it! [Greta, Harold and Ike all soar around the room.]

BENNY:

Watch out, here I come.

HAROLD:

This is wonderful!

GRETA:

You're really good at this.

HAROLD:

I had a good teacher.

(Ike lands on his perch)

BENNY:

I'm tired.

GRETA:

[Lands] Ohhhhhhh.

HAROLD:

[Still flying] Do you think I could?

GRETA:

Ohhhhhhh.

BENNY:

Greta? Do we want him to crash.

GRETA:

Noo.....

HAROLD:

Greta????

GRETA:

Okay. [She gets off the chair and moves the third chair in line with the other two and then climbs back on, and nests. Harold climbs onto the next chair]

(They all catch their breaths. The rest of the patrons break into applause.)

DEANIE:

That's it? You can have her?

EMMET:

You should have seen the one who thought he was a dog.

DEANIE:

YOU CAN HAVE HER????? And he didn't think he was a dog.

EMMET:

He wore a dog collar and ate dog biscuits. How would you describe him?

FRANK:

I...

DEANIE:

He was a performance artist.

EMMET:

He was a nut. Is their veal good? Veal parmesan?

DEANIE:

He was very good.

FRANK:

Excellent.

EMMET:

You knew the guy?

FRANK:

NO.

EMMET:

He'd shit on the front lawn.

DEANIE:

HE DID NOT!

EMMET:

He did.

DEANIE:

Only once and that was to see how it felt.

EMMET:

I'm sorry, but some things are best left to the imagination. Maybe the stew. On second thought.

FRANK:

[Tries not to laugh]

DEANIE:

Honestly. You two.

FRANK:

The veal. The veal is very good. You should try the veal. Grass fed.

EMMET:

Not...

(They laugh)

DEANIE:

Oh come on.

EMMET:

Do you blame me? Deanie, sweetheart, you finally bring home a guy with a regular job wearing a suit. Do you see this? It's a suit! A nice suit.

FRANK:

Thank you.

EMMET:

You think I'm NOT going to let him marry you? You don't have any tattoos, do you?

FRANK:

No, sir.

DEANIE:

Dad.

EMMET:

Welcome to family, son. Do you like football? Of course you do. We'll get season tickets to the Eagles. I finally have the son I never had.

DEANIE:

Thank you very much.

EMMET:

No boa constrictors or tarantulas, right?

FRANK:

No, sir.

EMMET:

Good boy.

DEANIE:

Tell him, Frank.

EMMET:

You like baseball? The Phillies are going to be great this year. We should order a bottle of wine. This is a celebration!

DEANIE:

Frank.

FRANK:

Deanie.

DEANIE:

Frank's a Republican, Dad.

EMMET:

[Standing, furious.] Get out.

DEANIE:

Daddy!

(Frank gets up and leaves.)

DEANIE:

[Running after him] Frank! Frank! [Turning to Emmet] Daddy?
[Running out.] Frank!

(Emmet throws bills onto the table. To Steven)

EMMET:

There, that should cover it. [Storms out] I want dog boy back. I'll even buy him a leash!

(the others have fallen momentarily silent)

HAROLD:

Ohhhh. It's beautiful up here.

GRETA:

Yyyess. Yes it is.

BENNY:

I like it here.

HAROLD:

Thank you for letting me land here.

GRETA:

It's okay. I think.

BENNY:

We're all here. All three of us.

GRETA:

I know.

BENNY:
Greta?

GRETA:
I know. Is it okay if I get down now?

HAROLD:
Of course.

(They all get down and put their seats back around the table, sitting. Steven enters, crosses to table beside them to clear it.)

HAROLD:
You did very well.

BENNY:
Thank you.

GRETA:
He meant me.

HAROLD:
I did.

GRETA:
This is going to take a long time, isn't it?

HAROLD:
Not as long as you think. You trusted us enough to let us up there this time.

GRETA:
I want to go back.

HAROLD:
That's fine. We can go. [He picks up the check and reaches for his wallet]

BENNY:
[Helping her on with her coat.] But you did really well. [They start to exit]

GRETA:
I really wish I could fly Benny Benny.
(Adrian crosses to Gina)

ADRIAN:
If I help you clear this off, do you think I could sit here?

GINA:
Oh, um, sure, I guess.

ADRIAN:
I'm not the enemy.

GINA:

I have no idea what you're talking about. You're just another customer, right.

ADRIAN:

I love him.

GINA:

I'm really not the person you should tell that to.

ADRIAN:

I haven't had much of a chance to tell him.

GINA:

Here. Have a seat. I'll bring you a menu. You do want a menu, don't you?

ADRIAN:

No. Yes, yes of course.

(Gina crosses offstage through alcove. Steven leads Jane and Kenneth to the down right table, then pauses, seeing Adrian occupying it, moves them to the down left table instead.)

STEVEN:

I'm sorry, I'll clear this off right away.

CHRIS:

That's fine.

JANE:

They should be here anytime. I don't understand what's keeping her.

CHRIS:

Do you want some wine? Wouldn't like a nice glass of wine?

JANE:

What? Oh, okay. Wine. Where is she?

CHRIS:

Red or white? Mom?

JANE:

She's never late. Ever. I'm going to go outside and look for them. Maybe she's lost.

CHRIS:

Wait, I'll go with you. I just need to...

JANE:

Don't be silly. I'll be fine. I'm just going to stand outside the door.

CHRIS:

White it is.

(Jane exits)

CHRIS:

Restrooms still in the same place?

STEVEN:

(pointing off right)

Right over there, past the flags.

CHRIS:

(rising)

Thank you. Oh, and a glass of white wine.

STEVEN:

We have several types.

CHRIS:

I've got to use the restroom. [He exits]

STEVEN:

Of course.

ADRIAN:

I hope you don't mind. It was...becoming available.

STEVEN:

Are you going to pay for your drink this time?

ADRIAN:

I might even order something to eat.

STEVEN:

I wouldn't want you to commit yourself to something you couldn't finish.

ADRIAN:

Steven...

(Steven crosses to down right window)

(Gina crosses to up left with check)

GINA:

Can I get you anything else?

FRANCINE:

No, I think he's seen enough.

HAROLD:

You're not making this a musical, are you?

GEORGE:

I don't know. Have they made Cuckoo's Nest a musical yet?

FRANCINE:

George!!! Yuk.

GEORGE:

(Standing) I might.

(They leave, laughing)

JANE:

(entering)

Excuse me, was there a young man...

STEVEN:

Restroom.

JANE:

[Laughs nervously]

Of course. My son's got the bladder the size of a walnut. Aren't men supposed to... You know, self control?

STEVEN:

Would you like to choose your wine? We have a charming white zinfandel.

JANE:

Oh, there they are. I think. I'll be right back. [Exits]

STEVEN:

Of course.

(Chris returns)

CHRIS:

Now then, that's better.

STEVEN:

I'm so glad. Now then...

CHRIS:

[Looks around] Excuse me, do you know where my mom...

STEVEN:

Outside. She said she saw someone she knew.

CHRIS:

(gets up and runs off)

Oh no

STEVEN:

But...

(moments later they both return. Jane is breathless, her hair mussed and she is limping)

JANE:

I was sure it was them. She had the children with her. They looked so grown up, Kenneth. Has it really been that long?

STEVEN:

Are you injured?

CHRIS:

Here, sit down.

JANE:

No no. I broke the heel off my shoe. I'm fine. I was so sure it was them. That poor woman must think I'm crazy, chasing her like that.

CHRIS:

But didn't you catch her?

(Steven moves to a station just right and pours a glass of water, then returns)

JANE:

NO! She grabbed the children's hands and they took off. The faster I ran, the faster she ran. I tried to call her name but I was so out of breath that all that came out was Randy. She thought I was calling her Randy.

STEVEN:

Water?

JANE:

Thank you. There's something wrong. I'm sure of it.

CHRIS:

It'll be fine. Just catch your breath. It's probably just the traffic. You know how bad it gets this time of day.

JANE:

No no. If it were the traffic she'd have called. You know how she is. She always makes sure everyone knows where she is.

CHRIS:

She may not have service. I'm sorry, can I help you?

STEVEN:

The wine, sir?

CHRIS:

Oh, of course. Mom? White?

JANE:

That will be fine.

STEVEN:

Martini and Rossi?

JANE:

Zinfandel?

STEVEN:

Domestic?

JANE:

Fine.

STEVEN:

And a coke?

CHRIS:

Yes.

STEVEN:

Excellent. Perhaps your guests will have arrived before I return.

(Steven crosses to the station up right and listens to the girls)

JANE:

Oh, I hope so. And thank you for saying so.

CHRIS:

Thank you.

JANE:

Such a nice man. I don't know what could be keeping her.

CHRIS:

Maybe it's the weather.

BELLA:

I'd like to fall in love. Just once.

ANITA:

You've had tons of boyfriends.

BELLA:

Three. I've had three. And you stole one of them.

ANITA:

I didn't know you were still together.

BELLA:

But that's not love. Love is that beautiful feeling when your heart is ready to explode through the smile in your soul.

CAROL:

Oh God, I already miss him.

BELLA:

Shut up, that wasn't love. Love isn't missing someone when they've left you, it's missing them when they're in the next room. It's holding his hand in the WalMart parking lot or across the booth at MacDonalds.

ANITA:

I've done that.

BELLA:

Yeah?

ANITA:

And the creep cheated on me.

BELLA:

You know what I mean. I want that. I don't just want datenight. I want the whole enchilada. The guy you trust, and admire, and at whose side you want to be forever, and who will do anything, anything, to support you no matter what it is.

CAROL:

When you put it that way, this one was a schmuck. Can we get out of here? My emotional wounds are scabbing over and I'd kind of like to get home before they open up again.

(Gina crosses to the girls table.)

GINA:

Anything else, girls?

CAROL:

Check?

GINA:

Separate.

CAROL:

No, it's on me. Small price for good friends.

ANITA:

Awwwww.

GINA:

I'll ring you out. [The girls follow her off right]

(Steven returns to Kenneth and Jane with their wines.)

JANE:

It's not supposed to snow, is it? You know what happened last time, in the snow.

CHRIS:

I'd never take you out in the snow. You know that.

JANE:

Yes, of course. Of course I know that. Of course. She should have called.

CHRIS:

Maybe her phone died. Phones die you know.

JANE:

Oh don't say that. Don't say that. Do you really think that's what happened? Do you think she's alright?

CHRIS:

I'm sure she is.

JANE:

I'll just go and...

CHRIS:

No, why don't you sit for a few minutes and drink your wine.

STEVEN:

Here we are. No luck yet, huh?

JANE:

No and I just don't understand. She's never late. Never. I really should...

(Gina returns to clear the girls' table)

CHRIS:

No. No, I tell you what. You sit here for a few minutes and drink your wine, and I'll go out and see if I can see her.

JANE:

You'd do that?

CHRIS:

Of course.

JANE:

I just don't know what's keeping her.

CHRIS:

I'll go look. Here now. Here's your wine. Why not take a sip or two?

JANE:

Well...

CHRIS:

I'll be right back. I'll go look. [Chris exits]

JANE:

I really shouldn't drink alone. Isn't that what they say is a sign of being an alcoholic? Drinking alone. Would you mind staying here with me for a moment. I'll...order something if you'd like. I wouldn't want you to get in trouble with your boss.

STEVEN:

That's alright. [Sits at the table with her]

JANE:

I'm really not like this normally, it's just...she really shouldn't be this late. It's my sister. We're going to the theater tonight. She's bringing her children. We're having dinner before. She's always on time. And the children will be getting hungry. You know how children are when they're hungry.

STEVEN:

Of course. Maybe I should move you to a larger table?

JANE:

Oh, I... I think you should ask Christopher. He makes all the

decisions. Oh dear, what time is it? [Looks at her watch] Oh no. We'll miss the curtain. We have to be there for the curtain. Why is she so late?

STEVEN:

Excuse me, I'll be right back. [He crosses out the alcove, passing Marty as he stands looking to be seated]

MARTY:

Ummmm, excuse me.

STEVEN:

I'm sorry, I'll be right with you.

(Gina looks up and sees Marty. She immediately smiles and crosses to him.)

GINA:

Hi!

MARTY:

Hello. Um.

GINA:

Table for one?

MARTY:

Of course. I mean, you know, always. You don't remember...

GINA:

Of course I do. Six four, right? Athletic in an understated kind of way.

MARTY:

Seriously understated.

GINA:

[Leading him to the up left booth]. How's this? So, are you expecting someone tonight?

MARTY:

No, I've given that up.

GINA:

Awww, that's a shame. Can I get you a cup of... Decaf. We have decaf. What do you say?

MARTY:

Okay. I can do that.

GINA:

Wonderful.

(Kenneth returns, Gina crosses to the alcove where Steven has returned. Steven nudges her.)

STEVEN:

And a Happy Valentines Day to you too.

GINA:

Did I ever tell you how much I love this holiday? [She disappears off right]

CHRIS:

How are you doing?

JANE:

Do you know how late it is? We have to be going. [She stands, putting on her coat, Steven crosses] I'm sorry. We shouldn't have ordered. Look, Christopher, you've hardly touched your coke.

CHRIS:

It'll be fine, Mom. We have some at home. It'll be fine. What do I owe you?

STEVEN:

It's on the house.

CHRIS:

You ARE the same waiter, aren't you?

STEVEN:

For the past ten years.

CHRIS:

It just...she's usually...she never... She tried, she really tried, but she just never... She's usually better though. Sometimes we can go a whole day and it's almost...like normal. But this was the night. Remember? It's been five years now. Five years ago tonight. She had to come into town. I think part of her still hopes they'll come through that door. I'll take her home now. She'll be better tomorrow. She'll fall asleep in the cab and tomorrow she won't even remember she was here.

STEVEN:

Well, good luck to you.

CHRIS:

Thank you. I'm...I'm glad you're still here. It's helped.

JANE:

Come on. We'll be late for the overture! They'll be waiting at the theater. I know they will. Hurry.

CHRIS:

See you next year.

STEVEN:

Yeah. Next year.

(Kenneth and Jane exit)

ADRIAN:

How sad.

STEVEN:

[Shakes his head and sits in Kenneth's seat]

ADRIAN:

What happened?

STEVEN:

Nothing. Nothing that hasn't happened a million times before to a million others. Her sister--a car wreck--she was coming in with her husband and kids for dinner and a show. Kenneth and Jane waited. It was a bad night.

ADRIAN:

They were lucky you were here.

STEVEN:

Oh stop it. Stop it. Stop trying to be so nice.

ADRIAN:

[After a pause] I never got my drink.

STEVEN:

Right. [Crosses off right]

(Gina crosses to Marty with a cup of decaf and a piece of cake)

MARTY:

I didn't order cake.

GINA:

It's late, we're not going to sell any more of it anyway. I thought you might enjoy it.

MARTY:

It's been a long time since I've had cake.

GINA:

It's good. Henry's best.

(Steven enters with Adrian's drink)

MARTY:

Is that Henry?

GINA:

Only when he doesn't want to be Steven. So yeah, I think right now that's Henry. [She sits across from him, tentatively] I didn't think you'd come back.

MARTY:

I've wanted to. I wasn't sure if I'd embarrassed myself too badly the last time.

GINA:

Oh no. You didn't at all.

MARTY:

You get to be this old and alone and...it's hard not to appear desparate.

GINA:

I know.

MARTY:

Yeah?

GINA:

Yeah. Excuse me, I need to clean this up.

(Gina gets up and clears off the up right table)

ADRIAN:

You always found the good in people. I envied you that. I watched you tonight.

STEVEN:

I don't. I just don't like seeing the bad. It's a nicer world when you turn away from the ugliness.

ADRIAN:

You never turned away from anything in your life.

STEVEN:

[Looks at her]. Yeah.

ADRIAN:

Damn you.

STEVEN:

Yeah.

ADRIAN:

Steven.

STEVEN:

It's late. You're the last table. Go home.

(Adrian looks up at Marty)

STEVEN:

He's not leaving, believe me.

ADRIAN:

I'm not sure where home is anymore.

STEVEN:

Don't ask me.

ADRIAN:

Is there really nothing left? Between us. Is there nothing left?

STEVEN:

You broke my heart. What do you think is left after that?

ADRIAN:

How many times do I have to apologize.

STEVEN:

You never did.

ADRIAN:

[Looks away]

ADRIAN:

I...

STEVEN:

Too late. Don't bother. I don't know what you want, Addy. A second chance? Really? Ten years after you pack up and disappear? Sven Svenson?

ADRIAN:

We all make mistakes.

STEVEN:

No, no. We don't make mistakes, not like that. No. You always did that. You always found a way to erase your past. I don't think Sven Svenson would have appreciated being called a mistake so that you could reunite with a past lover. No.

ADRIAN:

I was just trying to make it easier.

STEVEN:

[Laughs] Because lying always makes it easier.

ADRIAN:

Lying?

STEVEN:

[Turns in silence]

ADRIAN:

I'd better go.

STEVEN:

[Silence]

ADRIAN:

I closed the house in Stockholm. I'm moving back here. Just so you know.

STEVEN:

[Silence]

ADRIAN:

I'm well off. There's something to be said for being married to a sports icon. I'm...well off. We could fix up the restaurant. Maybe change the bar. We could move it all to the riverfront.

STEVEN:

Yeah, we could do that.

ADRIAN:

You could have the boat you always wanted.

STEVEN:

Stop it.

ADRIAN:

And the dock. You could go fishing in the morning. We could find happiness. Both of us.

STEVEN:

Until you decided to leave again.

ADRIAN:

I suppose I deserved that.

STEVEN:

Don't you think I want you back?

ADRIAN:

Then take me!

STEVEN:

No! You...you sit at the table and I see you and I want to go back ten years and have what we had. Parts of my heart that are alive for the first time since you left but...that's just it. The other parts keep reminding me that you left. That you're the reason I'm not...complete...that I'm not ever going to be complete with or without you. I can't be with you without wondering when you're going to leave again, or how much of my heart to give you without ending up being a complete idiot when you broke it again. NO no, I won't. That part of my heart is not going to win this time.

ADRIAN:

Even though we're older? Even after everything I've gone through?

STEVEN:

You can't do that. You can't be the poor little rich waif on the side of the road. I won't rescue you Addie, I won't.

(they fall silent, again)

(Finn appears at the alcove)

FINN:

I ummm, I'm sorry, I...didn't mean to interrupt.

STEVEN:

You weren't. Believe me. Can I help you? We're nearly closed.

FINN:

I know. I'm... I was here last year with my mom.

STEVEN:

Oh, I remember. How...

FINN:

[Turns momentarily]

STEVEN:

Oh. I'm sorry. We have a table.

FINN:

No. I'm not staying. She...Do you have any bread left?

STEVEN:

Bread.

FINN:

Henry's famous bread? I'll be happy to pay for it. I...I know it sounds silly, but I was hoping to drive over to the shore tonight and... That last time, we drove over and sat on the dunes until morning. Just watching the waves and...well...you gave us boxes, remember? And the bread...Mom loved the bread.

STEVEN:

I'll see what I can do. [Leads him to the up right table] Here. Have a seat. I'll be right back. [Exits]

GINA:

You can still talk to me, you know. I'm just sweeping up.

MARTY:

I didn't want to get you in trouble.

GINA:

Do you like the cake?

MARTY:

Oh, yes. Very much.

GINA:

Would you like some more?

MARTY:

Yes..no, no, I'm fine.

GINA:

You're sure? I'll go get you another piece, just in case.

(Steven returns with three take out boxes)

STEVEN:

Here you go. The last of the night.

FINN:

Oh I didn't....what if someone else comes in?

STEVEN:

They won't. It's late.

FINN:

What do I owe you?

STEVEN:

On the house.

FINN:

No, really.

STEVEN:

No, really.

FINN:

Our place, you know.

STEVEN:

I'm honored.

(Benny appears in the alcove, Finn sees him)

FINN:

Well...

STEVEN:

Drive carefully.

FINN:

Thank you.

(Finn and Benny leave together. Steven follows them out momentarily)

GINA:

More decaf? I just brewed a fresh pot.

MARTY:

Really? I'm not sure I'm staying that long. Am I?

GINA:

Let me go get you a fresh cup.

(Steven returns)

ADRIAN:

You always were the nicest guy in town.

STEVEN:

Yeah.

ADRIAN:

But I'm ready for you now!

STEVEN:

You were here, didn't you see them? Didn't you see all those people just trying to make their way home tonight? That guy lost his mom. Or That poor woman from the hospital who thought she could fly, and the broken hearts, and the Republican. Did you watch them? God Addy, I stopped trying to live my life the day you walked out on me. I left the hospital, I left my practice, I bought this place so I could stand stock still and let the rest of life pass me by. And I just waited. I just looked out that window at every crowd ever day for ten years waiting for you to come back. And you did. The damnedest thing. You came back. But every night for ten years I watched this stuff go on in here and when you showed up... Damn, Addy, all that I could ask myself was what the hell have I been waiting for? You? Some dream of what you were back then? No. You're just the same as you always were. And I'm not.

ADRIAN:

Please let me out.

STEVEN:

Yeah, okay.

ADRIAN:

We could have been so good together.

STEVEN:

When we were together, we were always good.

ADRIAN:

Good bye, Steven.

STEVEN:

Good bye, Addie.

(Gina returns with a piece of cake, and fresh coffee, passing Addie and Steven in the Alcove.)

MARTY:

I...I brought you something.

GINA:

[Stops and looks over at him, seriously surprised] Really?

MARTY:

I probably shouldn't have.

GINA:

Why not.

MARTY:

It's forward of me, isn't it? We met...here, I was supposed to be with another woman...and I didn't come back for three months.

GINA:

Why didn't you?

MARTY:

I wanted to, honest. But...I didn't want to seem pushy.

GINA:

Well that certainly worked.

MARTY:

[Laughs]. It did, didn't it. [Reaches into his pocket and pulls out an envelope] It's...it's a valentine. Is that okay?

GINA:

[She opens and reads it]. Marty? Is that your name?

MARTY:

Is it okay?

GINA:

[Hugs him] It's wonderful.

GINA:

I need to confess something.

MARTY:

What?

GINA:

Your date did show up that night. You passed her as you left.

MARTY:

I know.

GINA:

You knew?

MARTY:

I wasn't interested anymore. I'd met you. [They hug again.]
(Steven returns, sadly, crosses to the station and pours himself a cup of coffee)

GINA:

That stuff's pretty old. You want a fresh pot?

STEVEN:

Hell no. I hope I'm not staying that long.

GINA:

You okay?

STEVEN:

You heard?

GINA:

I guess love doesn't conquer all every time.

STEVEN:

I don't know about that. [Crosses down to the window down right] You know I spent the last ten years searching for that woman. Checking my mail, then my e-mail, every day in hopes of hearing from her. All I had to do is read Sports Illustrated and I would have found her. I should have become the jock that my father wanted me to be and all my problems would have been solved.

GINA:

I carried a torch for a guy once. He was a jerk.

STEVEN:

This wasn't a torch, this was a goddamned bonfire. [Pause] I'm glad it's over. Is that wrong? I just rejected the girl I'd been waiting for for the last ten years and I feel great. [Laughs] What's more, she was rich! She wanted to buy me a boat! [He begins to fly around the tables]. I'm free! I'm freeeee! Come on Gina, fly with me!

GINA:

Steven

MARTY:

Come on, Gina. Let's fly!

STEVEN:

Come on, my beautiful waitress and her new man, we've futures to plan. He takes his coffee cup as he flies by and climbs on to a chair. To the end of our pasts: new loves await, my friends, new loves await!

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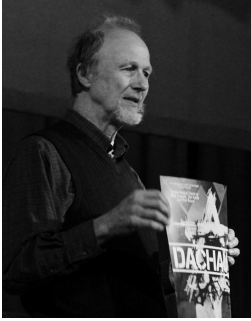
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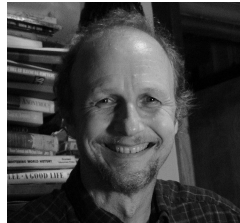
NOTES

About the Author



Dan Kehde is a Charleston, WV- based playwright, librettist and director who, for the past 25 years, has served as co-founder and managing director for the The Contemporary Youth Arts Company of Charleston, WV, an organization dedicated to giving young artists hands on opportunities to bring new works to the American stage. A nearly unfunded, for profit theater company, CYAC has produced over 60 new works in the past 20 years including 17 new Scarpelli-Kehde musicals , more than thirty new plays and ten touring social action one-acts.

Together with his perservering wife, Penny, Dan continues to work with the young people of CYAC while constantly striving to challenge the ever changing lists of new actors that come into the company. Dan is currently working on new pieces of musical theater with composer/collaborator Mark Scarpelli, as well as continuing to create and produce three or four new plays of his own each year.



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