

*(Embarrassed and furious, she instantly rights herself. She smiles artificially round at the restaurant. Attempted nonchalance again. After a pause.)*

WOMAN. *(Normal voice. Facing him. Smiles.)* David.

MAN. *(Matching her.)* Yes, Ann?

WOMAN. *(Overwhelmingly gracious.)* David, will you please come over here and sit down at this table with me?

MAN. That's very sweet of you, darling, but no thanks. *(Pause. Both are furious. Both are smiling a lot.)* Ann?

WOMAN. Yes, David?

MAN. When are you going to come over here and join me?

WOMAN. *(Brilliant smile.)* I'm not.

MAN. *(Leaning toward her. Quietly.)* You started this.

WOMAN. *(Leaning toward him. Quietly.)* Never mind who started it. Will you stop it?

MAN. *(Inching his chair toward her.)* I'm not doing anything.

WOMAN. *(Inching her chair toward him.)* You're sitting over there.

MAN. *(Inching in chair.)* Why don't you join me?

WOMAN. *(Inching in chair.)* Because we usually sit over here!

MAN. *(Loudly triumphant.)* Ah!! *(They are both startled by the Man's volume, and instantly try to appear to be sitting casually at their respective tables, which is difficult because their chairs have been inched in well toward Center. Focused away from each other.)*

WOMAN. Don't ever say "ahs" again.

MAN. Why not? If you can say "pooch," I can say "sha." *(Beginning to inch in again.)* Ann, quite soon one of us, probably you, is going to say something un-

forgiveable. I think we should stop this before that happens. One of us should be adult enough to apologize. It doesn't matter who was right and who was wrong, someone should be mature enough to say they're sorry. *(Beat.)* Go ahead, say you're sorry.

WOMAN. *(Inching in.)* You're being childish.

MAN. *(Inching in.)* I'm not the one who's being childish. I was perfectly content, having a good time until you started all this. *(They and their chairs are getting quite close to one another, and quite a long way from their tables.)*

WOMAN. *(Inching in.)* I didn't start it.

MAN. *(Inching in.)* Of course, you started it.

WOMAN. You did.

MAN. When?

WOMAN. When you came home and said "let's go out," after watching me peel pounds of potatoes.

MAN. You didn't peel pounds of potatoes.

WOMAN. Yes, I did. You were watching me.

MAN. That wasn't pounds. I counted.

WOMAN. When?

MAN. While I was watching you. I took the time to count the potatoes. There were two.

WOMAN. Very heavy potatoes.

MAN. I thought you wanted to go out.

WOMAN. I did want to go out. *Before* I peeled those huge potatoes.

MAN. I thought it would be fun.

WOMAN. I thought it would be fun too.

MAN. Well, wasn't it fun?

WOMAN. No. *(Their chairs are side by side. Center.)*

MAN. Why not?

WOMAN. I don't know, David. I don't know. I wanted to go out and be part of all those people, who all seem to be part of something I'm not part of.

MAN. That's . . . that's just the way it seems.

WOMAN. I guess. I just wanted something different.

START

END

WOMAN #1