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Scene one

A table in a bar, two chairs. TONY sits alone, a little nervous, waiting for someone. He is an attractive man in his thirties. He is drinking a beer. THERESA enters, a bit hesitant. She carries a big bag, looks a little flustered. They stare at each other for a second.

START
THERESA Tony?

TONY Theresa? (They laugh awkwardly.) Hi. (He rises, offers his hand, she shakes it.)

THERESA I'm sorry I'm late.

TONY It's okay.

THERESA No, I just . . . I didn't want you to be sitting here thinking I wasn't going to come. I mean, I wouldn't do that. I tried to call but I can't get my phone to work. They gave me this new phone . . . (She pulls a cellular phone out of her bag.) And I don't know. The display thing comes on but then I can't get a dial tone. (She pushes a button, listens, holds it out to TONY.) Do you know anything about these?

TONY No. (Takes it, listens.) I don't think it's working.

THERESA Anyway, I'm really sorry.

TONY It's okay, really.

THERESA Well, anyway. Hi.

TONY Hi. (Beats.) Do you want to sit down?

THERESA Yeah. I think, though, I might get a beer.

TONY Let me get you one.

THERESA No. It's okay.

TONY Let me get you one. What would you like?

Boy Gets Girl

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THERESA Whatever. Just nothing dark.

TONY Do you want a Weiss beer?

THERESA Is that the big tall one?

TONY Yeah.

THERESA I don't think so. Just an, you know, an ale or something. *(He starts off.)* Let me give you some money.

TONY No, you can get the next one. Okay?

THERESA Okay. *(He exits. She sits. The phone rings. She quickly answers it.)* What? . . . Oh, hey. Don't call me on the phone . . . *(She looks to where TONY excited.)* I lied, I said it was broken and I couldn't call. I was late. *(Beat.)* Well, I was thinking I wouldn't come. I was just sort of walking around. *(Beat.)* Look, I came, I'm here, so don't, you know, get all . . . whatever. *(Beat.)* He's fine, I guess. I've been here two minutes. *(Beat.)* I've been here two minutes and I don't know. All right? *(Beat.)* Okay, you know what? I'm hanging up now. *(Beat.)* I'll call you tonight. *(Beat.)* I'm pretty sure I'll be home in time to call you. *(Beat.)* No, he's fine. I'm not saying that. *(TONY enters with a beer, gives her a slightly puzzled look. She's been watching, knows he's coming. She makes a motion to him for one more second.)* I'm going now. Goodbye. *(Moving the phone away)* Goodbye. *(She looks for a button, hangs up. To TONY)* That was Linda.
TONY Really?
THERESA *(Looking at the phone)* I guess people can call in, but I can't call out.
TONY What did she want?

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THERESA She wanted to know how it was going.

TONY You just got here.

THERESA That's what I told her.

TONY Oh. *(Small beat.)* I got you an India Pale Ale. Is that okay?

THERESA That's great, thanks. It used to be a lot easier when everybody just drank Miller High Life.

TONY I never had Miller High Life.

THERESA Well, if you had been living the high life you would have. *(Beat.)* I mean, it's the champagne of beers.

(Beat.)

TONY Maybe I should try it.

THERESA No. I'm sorry. You know, I have kind of a dumb sense of humor. I'm usually not serious when I say stupid things like that.

TONY Oh.

THERESA I mean, it's obviously not very funny either, so don't feel bad.

TONY No, I mean . . . I'm sorry, too. I guess I'm a little nervous.

THERESA Me, too.

TONY Really?

THERESA Yes.

TONY Oh, good. I mean, not good you're nervous, but good I'm not alone.

THERESA I understand.

TONY I've never actually been on a blind date before.

THERESA Really?

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TONY Have you?

THERESA Tons. Nobody who actually knows me will go out with me. *(Beat.)* That was a joke.

TONY *(Laughs.)* Sorry.

THERESA I'll just stop trying. No, actually, I had a blind date in high school once, when I was a junior. I was supposed to meet this guy from another school at a party and when I did, he asked me if I wanted to go out to his van and "fool around" and I said I had to go to the bathroom and left with some friends. *(Beat.)* I guess I probably shouldn't tell you that, on your first blind date, how I just ditched some guy.
TONY I think it's good you ditched him. I mean, anybody with a van.

THERESA *(Smiles.)* Exactly. What'd you drive in high school?
TONY A Dodge Dart.

THERESA Cool. I drove a Chrysler Cordoba.
TONY With fine Corinthian leather.

THERESA Exactly.
(Small beat.)

TONY So you know Linda from work?

THERESA I do. Before she quit to go off and have babies and everything, she was my research assistant.

TONY You know, I have to make a confession: I've never read your magazine.

THERESA Well, first of all, it's not my magazine, and second of all, don't worry about it.

TONY What sort of stuff do you write?

THERESA All sorts, really.

TONY Do you get to pick? I mean, what you write about?

THERESA Usually. A couple of weeks ago I did a story about Edith Wharton's upstate estate. *(Small beat.)* That was kind of hard to say. Upstate estate.

TONY I don't . . . I don't know who she is.

THERESA Oh, she's a writer. She's dead, first of all. But she was a New York writer from the turn of the century.

TONY Is she really famous?

THERESA I guess her most famous book is *Age of Innocence*?

TONY Oh, with Winona Ryder?

THERESA Exactly. So, that was interesting. But then, I do get assignments still and it's usually something annoying. Like, on Thursday, I have to go interview Les Kennikat.

TONY The filmmaker?

THERESA I think "film" is a generous term.

TONY I thought he was dead.

THERESA So did I, actually. *(They laugh.)* So you met Linda through her sister?

TONY Right. I met Sarah at Michigan.

THERESA Right.

TONY And when I moved here, you know, I looked up everybody I even vaguely knew because I was terrified—this is the first big city I ever lived in—

THERESA Where are you from?

TONY Terre Haute?

THERESA The home of Eugene Debs.

TONY Yeah.

THERESA And Theodore Dreiser and Paul Dresser.

TONY I guess so.

THERESA On the banks of the Wabash.