

# KAREN + CHARLES

JOHN BISHOP 33

## ◆ Borderline

.....JOHN BISHOP

CHARACTERS: CHARLES (30's), KAREN (30's)

SETTING: A large city, the present.

CHARLES is a marketing executive whose life has become a series of meetings, often violent encounters with the women in his life: his wife, his secretary, and KAREN, a very attractive colleague. The women swirl fluidly in and out of scenes with CHARLES, blurring the borders of his life, and the settings are left purposely vague, allowing for freedom in staging. Here, CHARLES has a "meeting" with KAREN.

KAREN: Do another hit

(She hands CHARLES a spoon of cocaine. He snorts it)

CHARLES: This is why your mind is weird, right?

KAREN: Only on special occasions.

CHARLES: You mean like Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays...

KAREN: Like now.

CHARLES: You mean I'm a special occasion?

KAREN: We are.

CHARLES: Yeah. We are. (Beat) Put on something else.

KAREN: What?

CHARLES: Anything. Something else.

(She crosses and mimes changing cassette on stereo)

KAREN: I love watchin' you walk. It is, actually, my hobby.

KAREN: Your hobby.

CHARLES: And it's my job "Your job, should you choose to take it

... "Hey, did he ever choose not to take one of those jobs?"

KAREN: Who?

CHARLES: The guy. "Mission Impossible." "Your job, should you

choose... No I choose not to, fuck it."

KAREN: Can I tell you something... serious.

CHARLES: Okay.

KAREN: You got some problems at work.

CHARLES: Babe, I got problems with work.

KAREN: McKee thinks you aren't doing enough on the brand.

CHARLES: Fuck him.

KAREN: Wrong.

CHARLES: Know something? You can only do certain jobs so good. You can't do them better, because there is no better. You got this thing... this product and you market it. You do it good, which is, on a scale of one to ten, as against a painting, say, well it's a two... maybe a two. A good painting being a ten. A hook shot from the key is an eight. But I can't paint and they don't pay me for hook shots. So I do my job good... and that's it. But it's only a two.

KAREN: See, there's another game goin' on. It's called "upper management comfort factor". They gotta think you're dedicated.

CHARLES: I am. I am committed to pursuing quality excellence.

KAREN (Laughs): You're dangerous.

CHARLES: You bring me up here to shape me up? That it? I was wonderin' why...

KAREN: Oh fuck off. I brought you here... no I didn't bring you here... I asked you here because I wanted to. 'Cause I think you're bright... and funny... and you're the best at marketing I've ever seen. I think you could, if you wanted to, go right to the top in this company.

CHARLES: Do you... also, think I'm sexy? That is, I warn you, a trick question.

KAREN (Beat, then matter of factly): Yeah, you're sexy.

CHARLES: So are you. (Pause) So... what do we do about it?

KAREN: Nothin', you're married.

CHARLES: Yes, I am. I am also heavily into sin.

KAREN: Another hobby?

CHARLES: Hobbies are it with me. 'Cause the fuckin' work is nowhere, Karen. Admit it Karen, it's nowhere. You care about it?

KAREN: Yes.

CHARLES: Enough to kill your wife?

KAREN: What?

CHARLES: Nothin'.

KAREN: Want another hit?

CHARLES: Want to dance?

KAREN: Okay.

(They stand. He moves toward her)

CHARLES: You got cocaine on your nose.

KAREN: Tacky.

(She reaches to rub it off. He stops her)

CHARLES: I'll do it.

(He brushes it with his finger. Puts his finger on her lips. She licks it. He puts his hand gently over her mouth. She kisses it. He puts both

*hands on her face)*

You are so goddamn beautiful.

**END**

~~He kisses her. She puts his arms around her waist, putting her shoes  
on her heels. She starts to pull back a bit.  
Please don't stop me. Please don't stop me.  
(CHARLES and KAREN continue to kiss... growing more passionately)~~

Source: Dramatists Play Service, Inc.