

SCENE ONE.

The scene is a hotel room with front door, bathroom door, dresser, and vanity mirror. One small window with the shades drawn. A small desk sits under the window, with a chair and a phone. A briefcase leans up against the legs of the desk and a large tote bag sits on the chair. Bed is up against the wall center. There is a bedside table with a lamp and a clock radio. A figure is sleeping in the bed opposite the bathroom door. MARGOT enters from bathroom wearing a nightgown. She is barefoot.

MARGOT

John? . . . John?

(Silence comes from the bed. She stands at the vanity, fixing her hair. She looks back at the figure, sighs, and continues to fix her hair. The figure rustles about in the bed. She looks again.)

John?

(The figure grumbles and keeps rustling.)

Are you ever going to get up?

(Silence.)

You can't sleep for the whole day you know. You have to wake up sometime.
(Muffled complaints are heard from under the covers.)

Hurry up, the water was already getting cold on me.

JOHN

Grumpf, harumpf, yeah . . . yeah . . . I'm up.

(He slowly rolls onto his side and sits up. He is wearing wrinkled slacks and a white T-shirt. He has socks on.)

What time is it?

MARGOT

Late enough. Take a shower, you need it.

JOHN

Right.

John slowly walks into the bathroom, closing the door behind him. Faint sounds of a shower can be heard as Margot continues to get ready. After a few seconds, faint singing can be heard over the sounds of the shower. Margot smiles and finishes her makeup and opens the dresser drawer. She pulls out a nice skirt and blouse and a pair of nylons. As she is laying them on the bed, John comes out of the bathroom wearing the same thing as before, but without socks.

MARGOT

Better.

John opens a different drawer in the dresser and pulls out a new pair of socks. He goes back to his seat on the bed. Margot sits on the other side. As she is putting on her stockings, he puts on his socks. She gets only through with one leg by the time he is done. He turns and watches her put on the other leg in silence. After she has the nylons on, she stands and without turning to face him, takes off her nightgown and puts on her skirt and blouse. He watches her in silence. He doesn't speak until she has finished.

JOHN

Do I snore?

MARGOT

Pardon?

JOHN

Do I . . . did I snore last night?

MARGOT

I don't think so . . . I don't really remember. I sleep well.

JOHN

But I didn't wake you up?

MARGOT

No.

JOHN

My last girlfriend said I snored too much.

MARGOT

I didn't notice anything.

JOHN

She used to say that I sounded like an old rusty lawnmower.

MARGOT

Yeah?

JOHN

Mmm.

MARGOT

Well, I didn't notice.

JOHN

Oh that's good.

They both remain silent for a few seconds. John gets on his knees and begins looking under the bed. Margot does the same thing on the other side. John pulls out a heel from his side and places it on the bed without lifting his head.

JOHN

One.

MARGOT

(Finds a weathered wing-tip shoe and does the same.)

Two.

JOHN

(Finds the second wing-tip shoe, repeats action.)

Three.

MARGOT

(Finds the other heel, repeats action, this time lifting her head, still kneeling on the floor next to the bed.)

Four.

JOHN

(Lifts his head, still kneeling. He grins.)

You going to wear that shoe?

MARGOT

You'll look awfully funny in my pumps.

They toss the shoes to each other.

JOHN

I've worn heels before.

MARGOT

Really? Weren't they uncomfortable?

JOHN

They weren't too bad, they were lower than these. How do you walk?

MARGOT

I hate them.

JOHN

Why do you wear them?

MARGOT

I don't have any other shoes.

They both stand and sit on the end of the bed facing the audience. Margot quickly puts on her heels. John slowly slips on his shoes and takes his time tying them. Margot watches him in silence.

MARGOT

What time is it?

JOHN

You wouldn't tell me.

MARGOT

I don't have a watch.

JOHN

(Gets up and goes to the briefcase. He pulls out a watch.)

Eight.

MARGOT

Already? I should be going.

(She stands and goes to the tote bag. She digs around until she pulls out a pair of sunglasses and puts them on. She takes the tote bag, gathers herself, and heads out the door.)

I'll see you tonight.

She leaves. John watches her go and stares at the door for a few seconds longer. He gathers a black bag from next to the dresser and rustles through it. He checks the watch again. The phone rings.

JOHN

Hello? . . . No she left . . . Later tonight . . . No problem.

(He hangs up. Phone rings again immediately.)

Hello? . . . Yeah . . . Where? . . . Okay, be there soon.

John hangs up, gathers the black bag, the briefcase, and stands in front of the mirror for a moment. He exits.

FADE OUT.

SCENE TWO

Fade up. It's evening and faint singing can be heard over the sound of a shower. The room is the same except the chair has been turned to face the desk. The bed has been made. Margot enters from the front door and places her bag on the bed. She hears the singing and smiles. She takes off her heels while hopping across the floor to the dresser. At the dresser she takes off her nylons and places them in a drawer. She goes back to the bed and sits on it facing the bathroom, and lays back. John enters from the bathroom wearing the same outfit as before, wearing socks.

JOHN

Long day?

MARGOT

Terribly.

JOHN

Would you like a drink?

MARGOT

More than anything.

John goes to the dresser and reaches down into the bottom drawer and pulls out two glasses and a small bottle of alcohol. He pours them each a drink. He walks around to his side of the bed, sits, and sets a drink on Margot's stomach. After a second she grasps it but does not sit up.

MARGOT

How was your day?

JOHN

Boring.

Mmhmm. MARGOT
(Long silence.)
Do you think I'm pretty?

Sure. JOHN

Do you really think so? MARGOT

Sure. You're much better looking than some of my old girlfriends. JOHN

Only some? MARGOT

Why do you ask? JOHN

Never mind. MARGOT
(Silence.)
How many girlfriends have you had?

Lots. I stopped counting. JOHN

I've only had one boyfriend. And that was a long time ago. MARGOT

Is that why you asked if you were pretty? JOHN

Would that make sense? MARGOT

I guess so. JOHN

Sure then. MARGOT

Silence.

JOHN
What was your boyfriend like?

MARGOT
Boring. He was an accountant.

JOHN
That is boring.

MARGOT
And he didn't like the way I laugh.

JOHN
What's wrong with the way you laugh?

MARGOT
He said it reminded him of a goose.

JOHN
Really?

MARGOT
Mmm.

JOHN
What was his laugh like?

MARGOT
He didn't have a sense of humor.

John lets out a small chuckle. Margot also giggles. Then silence. Margot sits up and stares at the wall. John watches her for a minute. Then he turns to stare at opposite wall. After another minute, Margot speaks.

MARGOT
What do you do for a living?

JOHN
Me? Oh, nothing special I guess . . . I'm an accountant.

Long silence.

MARGOT
Oh? Is it very interesting?

JOHN

Sometimes. When I get to meet interesting people.

MARGOT

Right.

JOHN

But most of the time it's boring.

MARGOT

Right . . . How long have you been doing that?

JOHN

A while . . . My father was an accountant too. I took over his business when he died.

MARGOT

Oh . . .

(Short silence.)

My mother is dead.

JOHN

I'm sorry . . . My father jumped from the roof of our apartment building.

MARGOT

Oh . . . my . . .

JOHN

Its okay, it happened a long time ago. He was unhappy.

MARGOT

Why was he unhappy?

JOHN

Lots of reasons. He was never a happy man.

Long silence.

MARGOT

Was it a very tall building?

JOHN

Fairly.

Long silence. Margot gets up slowly and goes into the bathroom. John gets under the covers and lays facing the ceiling.

A toilet flushes. Margot reenters wearing her nightgown. She looks into the mirror once and gets into bed, facing the ceiling. John sits up.

JOHN

How long were you dating?

MARGOT

Why?

JOHN

I've been married.

MARGOT

Not me.

JOHN

How long?

MARGOT

Only a few months. You?

JOHN

Three years. She left me for a lawyer. She said I was too boring.

MARGOT

Oh.

(John gets up and paces in front of the bed. Then he begins to tango with an imaginary partner.)

What are you doing?

JOHN

I used to dance a lot . . . With my wife . . . During the good times.

Margot gets out of bed and stands watching him. After watching him for a bit, she goes to the clock radio and finds a radio station that is playing a tango. She faces him.

MARGOT

I used to dance too . . . With my boyfriend.

JOHN

Were you very good?

MARGOT

No, but that never mattered.

John walks over to her and takes her in his arms and they start to tango. The song ends about a minute later. Long silence as they look at each other. They part and both turn and get into the bed. Margot turns off the side lamp and the radio.

FADE OUT.

SCENE TWO AND A HALF

Fade up. Lights indicate morning. Margot is getting ready as usual. John is sleeping. She walks over, squats next to him so she's eye level, looks him over for a minute, then gathers her things and leaves. The phone rings.

JOHN

Mmpf . . . Gway . . . Ugh, not today . . .

(He answers the phone.)

What? . . . Oh . . . fine . . . where? . . . Yeah, I'm on my way.

FADE OUT

SCENE THREE

Lights fade up to morning. Singing is again heard from the bathroom over the shower. Margot is sitting on her side of the bed putting on her heels. She walks to her tote bag, picks it up, and exits through the front door. John enters from the bathroom, looks around, and looks at the door. He goes back into the bathroom. Silence. Hank enters from the front door quietly. He walks over to the desk chair, turns it around, and sits facing the bathroom. John reenters, only seeing Hank once he has already closed the door. He starts at first, then simply stands and they stare at each other.

HANK

How's it going John? Done showering?

(John simply stands there.)

That's good. Good to be clean for a change.

They stare at each other.

JOHN

How did you get here?

HANK

What?

JOHN

How did you . . .? Find this place?

HANK

Shit, it was easy, you were never very good at covering your tracks.

(John stares at Hank. Hank looks around the room, studying each piece of furniture in turn. He gets up and goes to the window and peeks out through the blinds. John watches him.)

Who's the girl?

JOHN

What girl?

HANK
The one I saw leave here a little while ago.

JOHN
I don't know what you mean.

HANK
What were you up to last night?

JOHN
None of your business.

HANK
(Hank turns back to face him.)
What?

JOHN
Don't ask me questions.

HANK
Now what's wrong with you?

JOHN
Nothing . . . I'm tired.

HANK
From what?
(John is silent. He is still standing in front of the bathroom door. Hank crosses to the stage left side of the bed and gives it a once over, fluffing the pillows, feeling the covers. John slowly walks to the dresser and stands in front of it.)

You make the bed?

JOHN
Yes.

HANK
You don't make your bed. I always made the bed.
(John says nothing. He stares at his feet.)

So she made the bed?

JOHN
Who?

HANK

We both know who.

(Long silence. Hank sits on the bed, facing the audience. He looks at John, who is standing with his arms crossed, defiant in front of the dresser.)

What have you been up to? How have you been holding up?

JOHN

I don't think you have any right to ask.

HANK

Can I have a drink?

JOHN

No.

HANK

Right.

(He stands and gets himself a drink. He pours one for John also. He takes it to John but John makes no move to grab the glass, so he places it on the dresser behind him. John twitches.)

You can just have that whenever you feel like it.

JOHN

I quit drinking.

HANK

Since when?

JOHN

Long enough.

HANK

It hasn't been that long. But I feel like we've lost touch. I've missed you.

JOHN

I don't want to talk about it.

HANK

But I do.

JOHN

Talk to yourself then. I'm not talking about it.

HANK

Why not?

JOHN

I don't want to dwell in past history. Some things should be best left un-dwelled upon.

HANK

I'm not dwelling.

JOHN

You came here to find me.

HANK

You can't ignore history.

JOHN

But I can avoid repeating it.

HANK

I'm not asking that.

JOHN

This isn't a good time.

HANK

That was always your problem.

JOHN

I already told you not to dwell!

HANK

Can't we even talk about it?

JOHN

You're starting to irritate me. I'd rather you just leave.

HANK

I came all this way though. You owe me that much.

JOHN

I owe you nothing.

Long silence.

HANK

Nothing then? Come on, I came all this way and I think we should at least be able to talk like civilized adults.

JOHN

I've already told you no.

HANK

You were always so fucking stubborn.

JOHN

And you were always so fucking unbearable.

HANK

I guess you haven't changed much then.

JOHN

Neither have you. You still won't ever leave well enough alone.

HANK

Fuck you!

JOHN

Fuck you back!

Long silence as they stare at each other,
tension brewing.

HANK

I have to use your fucking bathroom.

Hank walks into the bathroom and closes the door. John stands fuming and then goes to stand in the doorway. When Hank reopens the doors, John pushes him back in and slams the door shut behind them. Red light illuminates the bathroom door as the rest of the stage is pitched into blackness. Drum beats are heard, starting slow and gaining speed for about thirty seconds. Beats stop. Black out.

Fade up. John is sitting on the bed facing the bathroom door.

He is wearing the same slacks and white t-shirt as before, but they are obviously clean. He is not wearing any socks. Margot enters from stage left door, tosses down her tote bag, throws off her shoes and plops down on the other side of the bed, laying back as before. Her head ends up near John's hip and he looks down at her face. She scratches his chin, which is growing stubble.

Hi. MARGOT

Hi. JOHN

Is there anything to drink? MARGOT

Not anymore. JOHN

Oh. MARGOT

How was your day? JOHN

Same. Yours? MARGOT

Nothing special. JOHN

Margot sits up and turns, still sitting on the bed. She sits cross-legged.

What's your favorite dish? MARGOT

Italian. JOHN

Mmm. Mine's Indian, I love spicy food. I want to make you dinner. MARGOT

JOHN

I'd rather make you dinner.

MARGOT

Indian is hard to make well.

JOHN

I'm an excellent chef. I'll make you dinner sometime.

MARGOT

But only if I can make you dinner sometime.

JOHN

Deal.

MARGOT

Have you ever been to Italy?

JOHN

No, I've never been outside the country.

MARGOT

I've always dreamed of seeing Italy, traveling down the watery streets of Venice, seeing the architecture of Florence, and the history of Rome. I love history. Do you love history?

JOHN

When the time is right.

MARGOT

I love history.

(She gets up and goes into the bathroom. Silence. She reemerges, having changed into her nightgown. John stands and crosses to his side of the bed and sits. She sits on her side. Slowly she reaches over to the radio and turns on the same radio station. A waltz is playing. John covers his ears slightly.)

Hmm.

They don't speak. The song ends shortly and a tango begins. John uncovers his ears but they remain seated. After a few seconds, Margot stands and crosses to John.

She practically yanks him to his feet and they proceed to dance the most passionate, intense tango ever seen, complete with mood lighting. Music should get louder as well. The whole atmosphere should become completely enveloped in their dance. The song finally ends, and they stand, sweating a good deal and staring at each other. After a semi-long silence, they return to their sides of the bed. John puts on the pair of socks that are lying on the floor next to his side. Margot gets into bed and sits upright. John lays down under the covers. Silence. The next lines are said, still somewhat out of breath.

MARGOT

Why do you always wear socks to bed?

JOHN

My feet get cold.

MARGOT

Right.

CURTAIN