

JAMES & THERESA

JAMES. He said that you were still hung up on Mark?

THERESA. Schultz said that?

JAMES. Yeah.

THERESA. So / he —

JAMES. He called me and Marty the other night. He was really upset. He hadn't heard back from you and / he —

THERESA. Oh god. That's ...

Oh god. Poor Schultz. I'm such a ...

(She shakes her head.)

JAMES. What?

THERESA. It's just ... I mean, I *am* really screwed up about Mark. But it's like ... I mean ... I would ... I would like to be, to try being in a relationship right now, you know?

(Pause.)

Just not with Schultz.

Oh god. I hate myself.

JAMES. You shouldn't hate yourself.

(Pause.)

Was it ... did you feel like he was too old for you?

THERESA. Oh. God. No. I always date older guys.

(An awkward silence. Theresa goes back to drinking from her Nalgene. James watches her.)

JAMES. You shouldn't hate yourself.

(Theresa smiles at him.)

THERESA. Aw. James. Well ... thanks.

You're really cool.

(James looks down.)

THERESA. You and Marty are like the coolest couple ever. I loved hearing all your ... your stories and ... it made me really happy. I was just like: this couple is so cool!

JAMES. Yeah. She —

(Lauren enters.)

~~LAUREN. Oh~~

~~THERESA. Hey, Lauren.~~

~~*(James nods. Lauren goes over to the corner, sits down, ruffles through her backpack, and pulls out a wrapped sandwich. She slowly opens the sandwich and begins eating it, while curiously looking over at James and Theresa. They are self-conscious. After a while.)*~~

THERESA. So tell me about Erin!

JAMES. Oh. Ah ...

(James rubs his forehead.)

THERESA. How old is she?

JAMES. She's twenty-three.

THERESA. Okay. Cool.

JAMES. She actually ah ... she refuses ... she's refusing to, ah, speak to me right now.

(Lauren, still in the corner, stops chewing. James clears his throat.)

THERESA. Oh no. Um ... can I ask / why —

JAMES. Marty, ah ...

(He shakes his head.)

I guess it's not really Marty's fault.

THERESA. Uh-huh.

JAMES. Ah ...

(He lowers his voice.)

About two months ago, she — Marty — told her something I wish she hadn't ... Marty didn't — I don't know *why* she — but Marty didn't realize that Erin ... That I hadn't told Erin about, ah ... this ah ... this, ah ...

(His voice drops even lower and quieter.)

... very minor infidelity that I, ah, committed during my marriage to, ah, Erin's mother —

THERESA. Oh. Okay.

JAMES. — And ah ... anyway Marty sort of brought it up on the phone in this sort of casual — I don't know *why* she — but that's

beside the — and Erin said: "Who's Luisa?"
 THERESA. Oh. God.
 JAMES. And now she's not speaking to me.
 THERESA. Oh James.
 JAMES. She is speaking to Marty.
 THERESA. Well. That makes sense.
 JAMES. Yeah. Ah ... does it?
 THERESA. I'm sorry.
 JAMES. Yeah. I just ah ...
 THERESA. It'll get better.

(James nods. Lauren chews her sandwich and stares at them from her spot in the corner. Blackout.)

V

They are all lying on the floor again. The lights are dimmed.

THERESA. One.
 JAMES. Two.

(Silence.)

MARTY. Three.
 SCHULTZ. Four.

(Silence.)

SCHULTZ. Five.

(Silence.)

LAUREN. Six.
 MARTY. Seven.

(Silence.)

JAMES. Eight.
 THERESA and SCHULTZ. Nine.

(A very long, disappointed silence.)

JAMES. One.

(Silence.)

LAUREN. Two.

(Silence.)

SCHULTZ. Three.

(Silence.)

MARTY. Four.

LAUREN. *(Still lying on her back.)*

I don't get it. I don't get what the point is.

MARTY. Lauren, maybe you should wait until after class to talk to me about this.

(Lauren sits up abruptly.)

LAUREN. *(To Theresa.)*

You were like a real actress. Why aren't you the teacher?

(Still lying down, Theresa shuts her eyes and shakes her head.)

LAUREN. What's the point of counting to ten?!

MARTY. The point is being able to be totally present. To not get in your head and second-guess yourself. Or the people around you.

LAUREN. I want to know how to become a good actress.

MARTY. That is how you become a good actress.

THERESA. She's right, Lauren.

(Lauren looks at Theresa, wounded. After a few seconds she lies back down. A long silence.)