

# Dinner and a Movie

*Carrie Newell*

## CHARACTERS:

**GREG:** Early to mid 30's. In rumpled street clothes, everything is falling apart around him.

**ALEX:** Early to mid 30's. Casually dressed, though her clothes are wrinkled, everything is falling apart around her.

**SETTING:** A living room, late afternoon. Upstage there is an armchair, center there is a couch and a coffee table. The apartment is a collection of a combined life and used to be well kept.

*At rise: There is a man, Greg, sitting in the armchair holding a gun in his mouth. He stays like that for a long time, and then moves the gun from his mouth to his temple. He's on the brink. Hesits for a long time, then takes the gun and exits up stage.*

*A moment later, the front door opens and a woman walks in. She is carrying a bag completely full of mangos. She walks in and sets the bag on the floor near the coffee table. Takes off her jacket and shoes, then goes into the kitchen and grabs a knife and a cutting board. She comes back and sits on the couch, pulls out a mango, and starts peeling. She then begins toying with the knife. She is running it up and down her arm over a bandage that runs from her wrist up her forearm.*

*Off-stage, Greg is heard approaching, roused she begins peeling again. He walks back into the room from behind her. He is still holding the gun. She does not look back at him. He stares at her for a long moment, tucks the gun into the back of his pants, and begins.*

GREG: Hi.

ALEX: Hi.

GREG: I thought you were at work.

ALEX: I was. I left early.

*(He comes downstage and sits on the opposite end of the couch from her. She cuts a mango. When she finishes cutting it she takes a piece and eats it, not offering him any. He watches her.)*

ALEX: Do you want some?

GREG: No. *(Pause)* Yeah. Thanks.

*(She hands him a piece of mango, and he notices her wrist is bandaged.)*

GREG: How'd you do that?

ALEX: Mangos.

GREG: Mango.

ALEX: Sure.

*(They eat for a moment.)*

ALEX: How have you been?

GREG: How's work?

ALEX: I told Mark to fuck off. I'm not going back.

GREG: What happened?

ALEX: He said something smart.

GREG: You should've left a long time ago.

ALEX: I don't think he took it seriously. He just stared for a minute then said, "see you tomorrow." He thinks I'll get over it.

GREG: Prick.

ALEX: Ass.

GREG: Dick.

ALEX: Fucker. You?

GREG: It's work. I go, I go through some paperwork, I come home.

ALEX: You haven't been coming home.

GREG: No. I was out.

ALEX: I gathered.

GREG: What are you gonna do about a job?

ALEX: What'd you come by for?

GREG: I come by every day.

ALEX: While I'm at work?

GREG: Yeah.

ALEX: Why?

GREG: To think. You know, it's easier to think here.

ALEX: Where've you been staying?

GREG: With Mike.

ALEX: Yeah, he doesn't think much.

GREG: Never has.

ALEX: Awesome at beer pong though.

GREG: True. You two tore it up last Halloween. I had the toughest chick in the place.

ALEX: Sorry I'm home. Probably makes it harder to think.

GREG: No. I'm used to you.

ALEX: Took a few years.

GREG: Finally got the hang of it.

ALEX: Long nights with Lunchables.

GREG: Chick flicks and stale popcorn.

ALEX: Cult classics I never wanted to see.

GREG: Madonna tickets I never wanted.

GREG: Staying up late when I wanted to sleep.

ALEX: Waking up early when I wanted to sleep.

GREG: Scraping burnt waffles off the iron.

ALEX: Taco stands.

GREG: Swap Meets.

ALEX: Ice cream at 3 am.

GREG: 2 betas and a cat later.

ALEX: And now you're gonna leave?

GREG: We should have got a dog.

ALEX: A big one, a dog that barks all the time. Now that'd fuck with your thinking.

GREG: I'm not leaving.

ALEX: Just not coming home?

GREG: I come home every day.

ALEX: While I'm gone.

GREG: Ok, not coming home while you're here then.

ALEX: Let's be specific?

GREG: Yes, let's. Alex, I just can't—

ALEX: No, let's avoid it. Mango?

GREG: Thanks.

*(They eat in silence for a minute.)*

GREG: How'd you cut yourself?

ALEX: I told you.

GREG: You lied.

ALEX: Where'd you get the gun?

GREG: I—, *(he pulls the gun out and sets it on the coffee table)* It's Mike's.

ALEX: So.

GREG: So. *(Pause)* It's supposed to get easier.

ALEX: That's what they say.

GREG: The Dr.—

ALEX: She's a shrink not a Dr.

GREG: Has a PHD.

ALEX: I could have her PHD. I'm not comforted.

GREG: Maybe it won't get easier.

ALEX: No, it won't.

GREG: I can't do this, Alex.

ALEX: That's my line.

GREG: You always get it. It's mine this time.

ALEX: Fine.

GREG: If we're gonna do this you have to say something.

ALEX: We're talking.

GREG: Fuck Alex, come on.

ALEX: Do you really think there's something to be said?

GREG: We can't just sit here pretending like it never happened.

ALEX: But it didn't.

GREG: It did.

ALEX: It didn't.

GREG: It did.

ALEX: I fucking hate her.

GREG: What?

ALEX: I fucking hate her. *(This sits between them, taking up all the air)* Stay tonight. I wouldn't have done it.

GREG: I would have.

ALEX: If I hadn't been here?

GREG: Yes.

ALEX: But not tonight.

GREG: No, not tonight.

ALEX: And tomorrow?

GREG: I don't know. You?

ALEX: I don't know. Is this even possible?

GREG: I don't know. Mango?

ALEX: Yes, please.

GREG: You know I don't even like mangos.

ALEX: You don't?

GREG: Never have.

ALEX: But you always eat them.

GREG: You always give them to me and I like you.

ALEX: Do you want a peach?

GREG: Nah, too sweet, I want the mango. I'm used to them.

*(They both stare into space, closer, but still alone.)*