

Scene 3:

(Lights come up, Elizabeth and Chris are on the couch, an open pizza box is near them.)

ELIZABETH: That was the best pizza I've had in ages.

CHRIS: Dominos? You must not get pizza very often.

ELIZABETH: They don't serve it at school.

CHRIS: So what do you study?

ELIZABETH: People.

CHRIS: People?

ELIZABETH: I am an observer of the human condition. Now it's my turn to ask a question.

CHRIS: Okey doke.. Shoot.

ELIZABETH: (*pause*) How long have you been in love with Annie?

CHRIS: Pfft. I'm not. I'm not in love with Annie.

ELIZABETH: Yes you are.

CHRIS: You've seen us together for what, four minutes? How do you even come to that conclusion?

ELIZABETH: (*let it linger*). Because I know what it looks like when you love someone and they don't love you back. How it feels to be invisible. Or worse, when they know how you feel and get a sense of power from the pain it causes you..

CHRIS: So, you've been there before?

ELIZABETH: A few times. Trust me on this, even with experience it doesn't get easier.

CHRIS: It doesn't matter.

ELIZABETH: But you matter.

CHRIS: But... it....Doesn't.

ELIZABETH: But...You...Do.

CHRIS: Is that what you learned in school?

ELIZABETH: Don't deflect. You matter.

CHRIS: To whom?

ELIZABETH: *(Pause)* I don't know. But to someone.

CHRIS: But not to Annie.

ELIZABETH: Plenty of Annies in the sea.

CHRIS: Plenty of Dan's and Bobbys too. A whole line of guys waiting on Annie, and I seem to be at the back of that line.

ELIZABETH: Ever thought about telling her?

CHRIS: All the time. *(Pause)* do you think I should?

ELIZABETH: Oh, hell no. Forget what you see on TV. Attraction isn't something you can discuss or negotiate. It's a feeling. It takes over. It consumes you.

CHRIS: You won't tell, will you?

ELIZABETH: Your secret is safe with me. Promise. *(beat)* tell me something.

CHRIS: What's that?

ELIZABETH: WHY? why do you love her?

CHRIS: I, I guess I don't really know.

ELIZABETH: Too easy. Try again.

CHRIS: Because she is a good person maybe?

ELIZABETH: Let's be honest about that. She really isn't. I mean, she's probably OK and all, but she's probably like most people, good when she wants to be, but mainly just ...human.

CHRIS: Because she's pretty?

ELIZABETH: Lots of pretty women in the world Chris. I'm pretty, are you in love with me? Nope. So that's not it.

CHRIS: I guess I haven't really thought out the why. Something just clicked when I met her, and have no idea why. Whatever she says is interesting, and I try and memorize her every movement so that I can think about it later.

ELIZABETH: So you're infatuated?

CHRIS: I guess so. I just, I love her so much there's almost nothing else I can focus on.

ELIZABETH: You need to re-focus.

CHRIS: Why?

ELIZABETH: *(long pause)*. Because it's never, ever going to happen. Sorry. Accept it, or you'll make yourself crazy. *(pause)*. Trust me on this.

CHRIS: You're probably right.

ELIZABETH: Probably.

CHRIS: But I can still hope, right?

ELIZABETH: Hope is a powerful emotion. And I know that people always say "Don't give up hope", but most times, it will save you a lot of heartache if you do.

CHRIS: So you're an optimist?

ELIZABETH: A realist.

CHRIS: There's someone you pine over?

ELIZABETH: There was. But that's over now. I've learned to accept, to move on.

CHRIS: Just like that?

ELIZABETH: It's a work in progress.

CHRIS: I'm going to hit the bathroom, then search the kitchen for something to drink. Want a beer or something?

ELIZABETH: No alcohol for me. But if you find another soda.....

(Chris leaves the room. Elizabeth begins to pace the room, opens a few drawers, looks under the bed, is generally nosy) (gets to the closet and kind of jumps back. Reaches in, maybe feels for a pulse. Looks freaked out, and then jumps back to the couch....Staring straight ahead, processing. Maybe frozen in fear, or wondering if she is next). (Chris returns to the room, sits on the couch).

CHRIS: Here you go *(handing a soda)*.

ELIZABETH: Thanks. *(Stiff)*.

CHRIS: You ok?

ELIZABETH: Can I ask another question Chris?

CHRIS: Oh god....Not about Annie. I've just...I'm kind of over that for the day.

ELIZABETH: No, not about Annie.

CHRIS: OK, shoot.

ELIZABETH: Shoot?

CHRIS: What's your question....

ELIZABETH: What's with the dead guy in the closet?

CHRIS: There's a dead guy in the closet?

ELIZABETH: Chris: You're a horrible liar. Want to try again?

CHRIS: Ohhh ya... The dead guy. ummmm. That's Bobby.

ELIZABETH: Who's Bobby?

CHRIS: Annie's Ex-Boyfriend.

ELIZABETH: Ex-Boyfriend?

CHRIS: Ya.

ELIZABETH: How long did they date?

CHRIS: A couple of years.

ELIZABETH: When did it end?

CHRIS: A few hours ago.

ELIZABETH: Did Dan kill him?

CHRIS: no!

ELIZABETH: Did Annie Kill him?

CHRIS: No....I think I sorta did.

ELIZABETH: Chris, but...Why?

CHRIS: *(You get a sense he is making it up as he goes along)* He came in waving his gun at me, pointing it at my head, screaming that if he

couldn't have her, no one could. He planned on killing me, then killing her, then killing Dan, then killing himself.

ELIZABETH: So you....?

CHRIS: Kind of saved everyone's life

ELIZABETH: Oh my god that is so hot.

CHRIS: I mean, I don't want to call myself a hero...

ELIZABETH: Wow...you saved us all...

CHRIS: a man does what a man has to do.

ELIZABETH: (*Jumping up from the couch*) So let me get this straight....He comes in (*She mimics Bobby*) and is waving the gun....(*Deep voice*) "I'm gonna kill you, and I'm gonna kill her"

CHRIS: Right, and I stood my ground and said "No way asshole. You're not going to hurt the woman I love.... or her new boyfriend"

ELIZABETH: Oh my god yes.....

CHRIS: And then he pointed the gun right in my face

ELIZABETH: Like this?

CHRIS: Exactly.

ELIZABETH: Then what?

CHRIS: Then he said. "that bitch dumped me, and put all my stuff in the closet." And he opened the door to show me the box.

ELIZABETH: Were you scared?

CHRIS: Fuck no. I thought the gun was a fake and he was bluffing....

ELIZABETH: (*breathing heavier*). Was it a fake? Was he bluffing?

CHRIS: No, cause when he came back I got a good look at the gun, and I could see the desperation in his eyes. He told me I would be the first to die. Then Annie. Then Dan.

ELIZABETH: Did he mention me?

CHRIS: I don't think he knows about you.

ELIZABETH: Right.. Exactly. Of course!

CHRIS: But there was a noise outside, so he looked to his left..

ELIZABETH: Like this?

CHRIS: YES And then I knocked the gun out of his hand with my left, and clocked him on the side of his head with my right.

ELIZABETH: Did he crumble?

CHRIS: He stumbled towards the closet, bent over at the waist, holding the side of his head.

ELIZABETH: Like this? *(Elizabeth gets into kind of a sexualized pose bent over at the waist, legs spread apart slightly, ass sticking out)*

CHRIS: Kind of.

ELIZABETH: is that when you got the gun?

CHRIS: Exactly

ELIZABETH: And you came right up behind him.

CHRIS: *(He moves closer)*Yes.

ELIZABETH: Got right up behind him...

CHRIS: *(Gets a bit closer still but still not touching)* Uh huh

ELIZABETH: RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM.

CHRIS: *(Positions himself directly behind her. Touching)* Ya.

ELIZABETH: And you weren't afraid of him anymore. You were holding the gun.

CHRIS: I had the control

ELIZABETH: *(begins to rub up on him)* His life was in your hands.

CHRIS: It was going to be him or me.

ELIZABETH: He underestimated you.

CHRIS: He did.

ELIZABETH: *(grinding)* And you put the gun to his head.

CHRIS: *(puts a fake gun finger to her head)* I had him right where I wanted him.

ELIZABETH: Life or death.

CHRIS: Him or me baby....

ELIZABETH: *(breathing heavy)* What did you say.

CHRIS: I said "Listen Mother fucker, I'm gonna make sure you never hurt me or anyone I love"

ELIZABETH: *(Really grinding now). (Heavy Breathing)* Then what Chris, then what did you do?

CHRIS: I felt the cold steel of the trigger on my index finger.

ELIZABETH: There was no going back, was there Chris?

CHRIS: No going back.....

ELIZABETH: And you?

CHRIS: And I pulled the trigger.

ELIZABETH: Bang *(Elizabeth falls to the floor, landing on her stomach, kind of humps it once, rolls over to her back and reaches up so that Chris can lift her up. Instead she pulls him down on top of her.)*

CHRIS: Well, umm this part didn't happen.

ELIZABETH: *(Rolls him over so that he is on his back, she is on him cowgirl style)* I am so turned on. We need to make love....RightNow....

(Lights fade)