

2. BOB, 52, and ZELDA, 50. *In the back of a taxi. After a party. They stare out their opposite windows.*

BOB

who, do you mean. you mean that couple with the matching?/

ZELDA

yeah, they were both wearing burgundy.

BOB

no. no i didn't talk to them.

ZELDA

they sell housewares.

like, Balinese imports.

bowls, and stuff, to high-end retailers.

out of their *living* room. their desks are side-by-side, all day long.

and she said, they never get bored with one another.

*(Beat)*

BOB

he had dog hair, like all over his s/weater

ZELDA

they have a Rottweiler and two boys.

*(They weakly smile at each other. Beat. ZELDA starts to say something. Beat. Finally.)*

boys

boys

boys

boys

boys

boys

boys

boys

boys

boys

boys

boys

boys

*(Continuing, turning to smile at BOB)*

boys

boys

boys

BOB

men

boys

men

boys

men

boys

men

boys

boys

...i'm hearing like, Boise. Idaho! I'm hearing

*(He smiles, nods.)*

Idaho.

i'm hearing like berries...*boison*berries, yeah...

(boys boys boys boys boys boys boys)

i'm like, *seeing* blackberries!

men

men

men

men

men

i-- yeah, i'm hearing. i'm

hearing menstruation!

men

men

men

and, like, pen...

men

men

men

men

men...

*(Smiles. Small beat.)*

ZELDA

betsy and roth are nice people.

BOB

yeah.

*(Small beat)*

but they always make/

ZELDA

yeah, it's always risotto with her

BOB

every time. every single time the risotto.

*(Long beat.)*

ZELDA  
so. did you. did We have a good time?

BOB  
don't ask it like that.

ZELDA  
i know.

BOB  
one-foot-in-front-of-the/-other

ZELDA  
yeah yeah...

*(Long beat.)*

BOB  
girls  
girls  
girls  
girls  
girls

*(ZELDA turns to him, upset.)*

gi--

ZELDA  
don't. cuz all i can hear is.

*(She trails off, looks out the window. BOB reaches over to place his hand on hers. She moves it back to her lap. Lights out.)*