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7.

*(Early that afternoon. KATHA and RYU in Madison Square Park, with hot dogs. KATHA isn't eating hers. RYU still has his scrubs on.)*

KATHA. Happy? I don't know.

RYU. I mean the last time you really – felt like yourself.

KATHA. I guess when we rented bikes in Amsterdam? And we got falafel?

*(RYU's beeper beeps. He takes it out.)*

That was almost two years ago.

RYU. *(glancing at it)* What about Cape Cod – was that after? When we pulled the bikes over

KATHA. And we had oysters from that stand.

RYU. That was good.

*(Beat)*

KATHA. So the secret is bikes.

RYU. Or food.

*(He takes a bite of his hot dog, trying to be jaunty.)*

KATHA. Great, Ryu.

Then we're all set, we'll just get some...*bikes* / and and

RYU. Baby.

KATHA. and some hot dogs and some Cherry fucking / *Garcia*

RYU. Baby okay / okay

KATHA. and it'll be like it never happened!

RYU. Of course it happened. It was terrible. But that doesn't mean we have to give up.

KATHA. Oh right, "Snap out of it, Katha – it's been six whole months, get over it. / Chin up, kiddo."

RYU. I didn't say that. I would never / say that.

KATHA. "Six months, time to pop out another one!"

RYU. Now you're just / being crazy –

OVER

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KATHA. Maybe I don't want to love something for all that time again just to have it, to have it / stolen away!

RYU. Settle down.

KATHA. We saw him, Ryu! We saw him!

*(quieter now, spent)*

He was real.

RYU. Of course he was.

He was mine too.

KATHA. I'm sorry – shit.

You must get / tired of this routine.

RYU. Don't be sorry.

KATHA. I love you.

RYU. I love you.

KATHA. I want us to be happy.

RYU. I think...people aren't happy. People have *never* been happy. The whole idea is a tyranny. Slaves building the pyramids...*Serfs*. They didn't have enough time to ask "Am I happy?" This is not even a hundred-year-old idea: "Am I happy."

KATHA. Maybe that's what happy *is*.

RYU. What.

KATHA. Not having enough time to wonder if you're happy.

*(RYU's beeper beeps again.)*

RYU. No, that's just busy.

*(He looks at it.)*

I should, I'm sorry –

*(He stands up, brushes crumbs off his pants.)*

We'll keep talking tonight.

KATHA. You just got here.

RYU. You think it stops?

KATHA. I know

RYU. Bags of blood, and bags of *fat*...

KATHA. ("*tasty*") Mmm



RYU. ...and 15-year-olds who want boobs.

I have to go back. You do too.

KATHA. No I don't. I quit.

*(RYU takes her in – she is strangely cavalier.)*

RYU. You quit?

KATHA. I quit. Finito Mussolini.

RYU. When?

KATHA. This morning.

RYU. Why didn't you say that before?

KATHA. I didn't feel like talking about it.

*(Pause. RYU is deeply weirded out.)*

*(His phone rings.)*

RYU. Jesus. *(The phone rings.)*

I'm going to cancel my procedures. I mean you're clearly – *(The phone rings.)*

Are you sure you're not –

KATHA. I'm not a flight risk. Go. *(The phone rings.)*

RYU. I'll be right back. *(answering)* Hello?

*(RYU runs off. KATHA doesn't know what to do with herself. She takes a first bite of her hot dog.)*

*(DEAN enters in his '50s garb. He is lost, squinting at street names. There is something unmistakably, gorgeously out of place about him.)*

DEAN. Excuse me.

KATHA. *(giving him the signal for "I just have to swallow this")*

Mmph.

DEAN. Oh, sorry.

*(He offers her the handkerchief out of his breast pocket in one smooth gesture.)*

KATHA. No, it's fine. Sorry.

DEAN. Not at all. Do you know where 200 Fifth Avenue is?

KATHA. Oh yeah, it's confusing. The entrance is on 25th.  
That's right by where I work Worked

END  
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