

## RS#3 Glen & Cassie

RUMORS

45

~~GLENN. Your wife?~~

~~ERNIE. Cookie. A water pitcher broke, cut her arm. I  
burned my fingers.~~

~~GLENN. That's a shame.~~

~~ERNIE. Nothing to worry about. We'll have dinner ready  
soon. Nice meeting you both. (He returns to the kitchen.)~~

~~GLENN. I wonder why they're not using the Chinese girl?~~

**Start** → CASSIE. Do I look all right?

GLENN. Yes. Fine.

CASSIE. I feel so frumpy.

GLENN. God, no. You look beautiful.

CASSIE. My hair isn't right, is it? I saw you looking at it in  
the car.

GLENN. No, I wasn't.

CASSIE. What were you looking at then?

GLENN. The road, I suppose.

CASSIE. I can always tell when you hate what I'm wearing.

GLENN. I love that dress. I always have.

CASSIE. This is the first time I've worn it.

GLENN. I always have admired your taste is what I meant.

CASSIE. It's so hard to please you sometimes.

GLENN. What did I say?

CASSIE. It's what you *don't* say that really drives me crazy.

GLENN. What I *don't* say? ...How can it drive you crazy if I  
don't say it?

CASSIE. I don't know. It's the looks that you give me.

GLENN. I wasn't giving you any looks.

CASSIE. You look at me all the time.

GLENN. Because you're always asking me to look at you.

CASSIE. It would be nice if I didn't have to ask you, wouldn't  
it?

GLENN. It would be nice if you didn't need me to look,  
which would make it unnecessary to ask.

CASSIE. I can't ever get any support from you. You've got all  
the time in the world for everything and everyone else,

but I've got to draw blood to get your attention when I walk in a room.

GLENN. We walked in the room together. It was already done. Cassie, please don't start. We're forty-five minutes late as it is. I don't want to ruin this night for Charley and Myra.

CASSIE. We're forty-five minutes late because you scowled at every dress I tried on.

GLENN. I didn't scowl, I smiled. You always think my smile looks like a scowl. You think my grin looks like a frown, and my frown looks like a yawn.

CASSIE. Don't sneer at me.

GLENN. It wasn't a sneer. It was a peeve.

CASSIE. God, this conversation is so banal. I can't believe any of the things I'm saying. We sound like some fucking TV couple.

GLENN. Oh, now we're going to get into language, right?

CASSIE. No, Mr. Perfect. I will not get into any language. I don't want to risk a scowl, a frown, a yawn, a peeve or a sneer. God forbid I should show a human imperfection, I'd wake up with the divorce papers in my hand.

End

GLENN. What is this thing lately with divorce? Where does that come from? I don't look at you sometimes because I'm afraid you're thinking you don't like the way I'm looking at you.

CASSIE. I don't know what the hell you want from me, Glenn. I really don't.

GLENN. I don't want *anything* from you. I mean I would like it to be the way we were before we got to be the way we are.

CASSIE. God, you suffocate me sometimes... I want to go home.

GLENN. Go home? We just got here. We haven't even seen anyone yet.

CASSIE. I don't know how I'm going to get through this night. They all know what's going on. They're your