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KELLY. Awesome.

~~But Kelly and Mark are buried in their phones~~

MARK. Oh, how was your luncheon?

KELLY. Huh?

MARK. You had a luncheon today, // didn't you?

KELLY. Oh, yeah, // yeah.

MARK. How was it?

KELLY. Really good.

MARK. Good, what'd you have?

KELLY. Hm?

MARK. For lunch, at the luncheon?

KELLY. Oh, sex.

*She says this nonchalantly, buried in her phone, as if she were saying she had a BLT. Mark finally really looks at Kelly and takes in what she just said.*

MARK. What?

KELLY. Sex.

*She still thinks she's saying something like "a BLT," and is still buried in her phone.*

MARK. What?!

KELLY. Sex, had sex for lunch, it was really good.

*She still thinks she said she had a BLT for lunch, and that it was really good. Beat. Kelly slowly comes to realize what she just said—and then smiles and covers extremely well, because she's not about to admit that she knows what she just said.*

I mean...salmon! I had salmon! They had chicken, beef, salmon, and a vegetarian option, and I had the salmon! It was really terrific salmon—had a nice little mango sauce!

MARK. *(Takes in this information, trying to figure out what just happened.)* Honey/y—

KELLY. What'd you have? *(Moving on, grabbing her work clothes, and exiting to hang them up in the closet.)* You didn't have a luncheon, did you?

MARK. ...No...

KELLY. *(From off.)* No, I didn't think so, so what'd you have?, // For lunch?

MARK. *(More to himself than to her.)* A meatball sub.

KELLY. Huh?

MARK. I had a meatball sub.

KELLY. *(Returning.)* Was it good?

MARK. It was oka/y...

KELLY. Great!

*She aggressively occupies herself with some sort of activity to deflect. Lotioning aggressively is very funny. After a little beat:*

MARK. Honey, can we just go back for a second? Did you just say that you had sex for lunch? Is that what you just said?

KELLY. No!

MARK. Um...I think you did.

KELLY. No, // I said—

MARK. No, I think you did.

KELLY. No, // I said—

MARK. No—you did! >

KELLY. No! I said I had salmon!

MARK. No, you did—twice—three times—no *four!* Four times!! After I asked you how your day was and how your deposition was, I asked you what you had for lunch at your luncheon, and you said, "Sex," and I said, "What?," and you said, "Sex," and I said, "What?," and you said, "Sex, had sex for lunch, it was really good."

*Little beat.*

Why did you say that?!

KELLY. *(Laughing it off, like he's crazy.)* Well, honey, I don't know—I mean, I had salmon! I didn't have sex for lunch at the luncheon! I mean, who has that for lunch at a luncheon?!

MARK. I don't know, Kelly—

KELLY. What kind of a thing is that for a person to have for lunch at a luncheon?!



MARK. (*Uncorking a little.*) I don't know, Kelly, what kind of a thing is that for a person to have for lunch at a luncheon, huh?!

*Beat. Kelly busies herself.*

Kelly!: Why did you say that?

KELLY. Well—Honey—I don't know.

MARK. You don't *know*? What do you mean you don't know?

KELLY. It just...it slipped, I guess.

MARK. It slipped?

KELLY. Yeah—

MARK. (*Getting worked up.*) It slipped, you guess?!

KELLY. Yeah, and don't get all worked up, 'cause it was nothing.

MARK. What was // nothing?!

KELLY. It was just what they had—for lunch at the luncheon—

MARK. Just what *w//ho* had?

KELLY. ...and it was really good!

MARK. What do you mean it was really good?!

KELLY. It was just different than the way you make it.

MARK. Make what?

KELLY. Love—>

MARK. Kelly!:

KELLY. Argh! *Lunch!*, I mean *lunch!*, *Lunch!*—>

MARK. What—?!

KELLY. And besides, like I said, it was nothing!

MARK. Kelly!—

KELLY. It was nothing!, It was nothing!, It was nothing!, It was just—...

MARK. WHAT?!

KELLY. I was just—...I was *hungry*!

MARK. (*Receives and processes.*) You were *hungry*?!

KELLY. Ye//ah!

MARK. You were *hungry*?!

KELLY. Yeah!

MARK. (*Exploding.*) Well, then...*have a SANDWICH!*

*Beat. Everything settles. Kelly busies herself—maybe grabs a magazine and leafs through it.*

Kelly, *WHO?* Who did you have sex for lunch with?

KELLY. Oh, honey, I don't even know...

MARK. You don't even *know*?!;, >

KELLY. No—

MARK. You don't *know*?!?

KELLY. No—

MARK. What do you mean you don't *know*?

KELLY. Just that! And besides, it doesn't matter.

MARK. It doesn't *matter*?!

KELLY. Yeah, 'cause it was just what they *had*, >

MARK. Why do you keep saying that?!

KELLY. (*A defensive blurt.*) and it looked really good and I hadn't had any for a long time, and so I *had* some!!!

*Beat. Everything settles. The truth is out.*

MARK. Kelly, you haven't had any for a long time because you don't let me near you anymore.

KELLY. (*And we rev up again.*) That's not right.

MARK. I know!

KELLY. No! I mean you've got it wrong.

MARK. What?

KELLY. You don't let *me* near you.

MARK. No!

KELLY. Yes! Every time I try to get near you, you shrink!

MARK. What?!

KELLY. You shrink!

MARK. I // *shrink*?

KELLY. Yeah—away from me. And you make a face.

MARK. I do not!

KELLY. You *do*!



MARK. No, you shrink and you make a face when I try to get near you!

KELLY. No, you do that! You do that! Every time I try to seduce you!

MARK. Every time you try to seduce me?!

KELLY. Yes.

MARK. Kelly: Honey: I can't remember the last time you tried to seduce me!

*Beat. A standoff. Then, a huge realization.*

Oh, my God! Are you having an affair?!

KELLY. No!

MARK. You're having an affair, aren't you?!

KELLY. I'm not!

MARK. Are you having an affair?!

KELLY. No! >

MARK. Answer me!!

KELLY. I'm not having an affair!!

*Beat. A standoff. Mark puts his shoes back on and starts to go.*

What are you doing?

MARK. I'm—...

*He stops, turns to his wife, and what he says next is loaded.*

*He's playing what he thinks is her game now.*

I'm...hungry. I want something for dinner. And I'm thinking of going out for it. For my dinner.

*He starts to go.*

KELLY. *(Realizing what Mark means, stopping her husband.)* No! Mark! Wait—please don't do that! Please don't go! Please!

MARK. Well, it's dinnertime, and I gotta eat, 'cause let me tell ya: I'm very hungry.

KELLY. Okay: I understand that. But—I'm hungry, too. So...

*This is an olive branch that becomes a gentle, tentative seduction.*

...why don't you—right now—let me...apologize...and maybe...make a little something. For you. For dinner. So that...you don't have to go out for it.

*Little beat.*

MARK. I don't know, Kelly—

KELLY. Please, Mark. I made a mistake. It was a mistake. Let me try to make this up to you.

*Little beat.*

MARK. All right.

*Little beat.*

And maybe...I could...make a little something for you, too.

KELLY. That'd be nice.

MARK. 'Cause I can make it better than whoever made it for you for lunch. At the luncheon. I know I can.

KELLY. Okay.

MARK. 'Cause dinner is a way better meal than lunch.

KELLY. Way better.

*Mark goes to kiss Kelly; Kelly shrinks/pulls away from him and turns away, making a face. [Note: These "shrinks" and "faces" are kind of like what you do when someone smells bad. Big enough to read; small enough to be real. Tip: It's a two-part move. Shrink/pull away first, then turn away and make a face.]*

MARK. Hey! Honey?!

KELLY. Huh?

MARK. You just did it again.

KELLY. Huh?

MARK. You shrank.

KELLY. Oh—

MARK. Away from me. And you made a face.

KELLY. Oh, God. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, honey.

*An awful beat. Then, she goes in for a conciliatory touch or hug or kiss. Mark shrinks/pulls away from Kelly and then turns away, making a face.*

Honey!

MARK. What?