

MARC

Is this yours?

KATELYN

Scroll down.

He does. He reads.

KATELYN (cont'd)

“Amateurish and unfocused.” I was so proud of my work on that. I thought it was good.

She buries her head in her hands.

MARC

It's only one review.

KATELYN

It's the only review I've gotten since I've been here.

A beat.

KATELYN (cont'd)

I told you I had the Met show tonight because I was going to come home to surprise you. For our anniversary. I thought I had finally done something I could come home and tell you about and not feel like I was on some bullshit PR mission to justify my life. And then that came out... And then you showed up...

(a beat)

Am I any good at this? Like, at all?

MARC

Of course you are.

KATELYN

I mean, like, good. Like professional good. Like I can do this good.

MARC

I don't know.

Katelyn looks at him.

MARC (cont'd)

I don't know enough about it.

KATELYN

(re: the review)

They do.

(a beat)

Why did you let me do this? If you didn't know?

MARC

Because I wanted you to be happy.

(re: the review)

Baby, I don't care about this. I don't. Look at what you've done. You worked at the Metropolitan fucking Opera. You got a review for a show in New York City. You did that. When you left ten months ago, you said it didn't matter what happened. You said you were going to give it a shot. It didn't matter if you succeeded or failed, you would have given it a shot. And look at what you've done. I'm proud of you, Katie.

A silence.

KATELYN

I found my limit, Marc. And it's not where I thought it would be. That's why Aaron doesn't matter. God, he doesn't matter. He's an idiot. But when he saw that review he said he was going to find that guy and "punch him in the fucking soul." And you know, it felt good.

MARC

Is that what you want? For me to threaten to punch people in the fucking soul?

KATELYN

No. No. Just to stick to our deal and give me a chance to come home with just a little fucking dignity. Just a little bit. Because my year is almost up. And then I'm coming home. Because I didn't make it. I didn't even come close.

(a beat)

There is no part of me that thought I wasn't going to make it here. If I really gave it a shot. And now I am mourning the death of the person I thought I would be. And it's really awful to do with you with you looking at me. You know?

(beat)

It hasn't been a year...

MARC

I shouldn't have come.

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She smiles at him.

Marc reaches into his pocket and pulls out the ring. He holds it between them and turns it over in his hand. They both look at it.

MARC (cont'd)

We've been together twelve years, and we've spent all this time waiting for the universe to tell us it's okay. Waiting for our lives to settle down so we can start a life together. But maybe "settling down" isn't something life does. Maybe it's something people do.

(a beat)

I was ten years old when my dad was my age. You know?

KATELYN

This is not who we talked about being. Either one of us.

MARC

No, but then... life. Most people don't end up being the people they said they'd be when they were twenty-two.

KATELYN

We weren't supposed to be most people.

MARC

No one thinks they're going to turn out to be most people. But most people do.

Marc takes Katelyn's hand. She gazes out across the plaza towards the Met.

KATELYN

I failed at this, Marc.

Marc kisses her hand.

MARC

I don't care.

Marc lifts the ring and moves to slide it onto Katelyn's finger. But before it gets there, she balls her hand into a fist. She punches him in the mouth. Then once again for good measure.

She scoops up her things and shambles towards the door, wiping the blood from her hand onto her bag as she does - leaving Marc alone and bleeding.

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