

*(lights up on DREW. SCENE TWO.)*

DREW

I have been stuck in a rut lately. Emotionally. Physically. I feel like a plant without water, or bread without yeast or--you get the picture. It is not as if I haven't had the opportunity; indeed girls throw themselves at me all the time—at first. They seem to find my ...disfigurement... handsome. One even told me it was rugged. She also balked at the idea of actually being in a serious relationship with it. With me. And that was the start of my streak of bad luck. As soon as I develop an attachment to a girl—a *romantic* attachment to a girl she finally realizes that I am blind in one eye. It is when we are alone together in the bedroom, in that most intimate of places, she thinks I will whip the eye patch off-- I will bow and say, "fooled you!" and then we will make sweet passionate love in the moonlight. Probably while natives dance naked around a fire. Who knows. Women get crazy about stuff like that. It may be hard to fathom, but I am not a pirate king or a masked bandito. I am ... *(Lights up on ELAINE)*

ELAINE

Hey! I'm glad I could make it too. Where can I set my jacket? Over here? Great, thanks. *(Lights up on ANGIE)*

ANGIE

Geeze. You sure haven't made much progress tonight. I guess we've both been talking so much that you haven't been able to write. We're closing now, but I've really enjoyed talking to you. Will ya be back tomorrow? God knows I will be.

DREW

Well I'll tell you what I'm not! I'm not emotionally unconnected, I'm not hiding behind "a wall of defense so strong that even a diamond-tipped battering ram couldn't break through", and I am *definitely* not "reminiscent of a marble statue in bed". Well shit. What a waste of an evening. I need some pie.

ELAINE

So I said, "What a great spread you've laid out here. Oh, yeah, the food looks great. Four different types of potato salad? Perfect."

ANGIE

Last week I had a biology test. I failed it. I studied hard too. Really hard. I read and reread the textbook. It didn't do me any good. Why are some people so good at school and others have to work so hard? It's always been like this for me. Back in elementary school we were going over something really simple, fractions I think, and I really wasn't getting it. I mean, the teacher explained it again and again and I just couldn't figure it out. Why would a 3 on top of a 4 make less than one? It seemed kind of hopeless to me. Hey I've got to go help that lady over there. But I'll be right back. Please don't go anywhere.

DREW

You know, my mother was right. The girls who are easy to get are only interested in one thing. And it sure isn't me.

ANGIE

Oh good you didn't leave. I was afraid I'd get back and you would've gotten tired of waiting and left. You finished a new page? Can I read it? You know I always wished I could write. When I was little I told myself that I had the soul of a writer. Then I got a solid D in English. So I tried drawing instead.

ELAINE

Well, it's rather difficult to say. Oh, we went to the same university? I don't remember you. Well, there were a lot of students there. No I am not a member of the alumni organization. Yes, I am sure I don't remember you. We had Early American Poets and European History together? Sorry, not ringing a bell. No I don't want your phone number.

DREW

I never share my work with anyone except my secretary. She always tells me what she thinks. She thinks I am a prick. I am not really. I just do not know how to truly express myself in personal conversation. I know how to express what others want to hear, when it serves my interest. I do know how to mingle. I know how to charm. I mingle with the adroitness of a born and bred socialite. Some people—some women-- attribute my social success to my lack of true accessibility. People see that I am charming, jolly, great to have at a party, but not someone you actually get to know. I always think that next time it will be different. Then comes that awful moment when I am supposed to take off my mask and reveal—myself. That seems to be the problem. There's nothing there.

ANGIE

Any boys? Hardly. I haven't got the time to date. You aren't flirting are you? Never mind, of course ya' are, you probably flirt with everyone, dontcha? But it doesn't mean anything. I did have one serious crush when I was fourteen. There was this boy in my art class. He was so good. At drawing that is. His shadowing was so...so...shadowy. I thought that if I got really good at drawing he would notice my art and then he would notice me and then what could keep us apart? So one day I started this little scene. It was something I saw out of the window, some trees and grass in the quad in between the math and science buildings. I worked on it for forty-five minutes. When I was finished I stood back, held it up against the window, and admired it. Wow. It was really something. I mean, you could totally even tell what everything was. The bell rang and that boy was about to walk right past me. It was my chance! I maneuvered myself so that he would have to brush my arm in order to make it out of the door. That part of the plan worked great—then, I opened my fingers slowly, carefully, and let the paper fall to the floor. Instead of picking it up for me, he just continued on his way out the door, his boots leaving a dirty print on the paper. Didn't even see it.

ELAINE

I've told you for the last time. I am not interested. Please...stop.

DREW

I don't know why I am going on like this. I never talk to strangers. Or anyone. Not for real. Although I suppose we are not strangers anymore, not since I have been coming here for how long now? About two weeks, yes that sounds about right. I am a lot farther in my work as well. I think you have become my muse. No, *(laughs)* no pressure. Just, keep being yourself. *(End of SCENE TWO. Lights out.)*