

“YELLOW”

A Play in One Act
By Steven Korbar

Cast of Characters

Natalie- 20's/30's. Rather average looking though well groomed and dressed.
Seemingly shy and fragile
Roger- 20's/30's. Exceptionally good looking. Outgoing, confident. A little shallow

“Yellow” – Synopsis

Natalie is a shy, average looking woman who has fallen deeply in love with her extremely handsome and popular coworker, Roger. Understanding that he has no idea of her feelings, she resolves to tell him, but loses courage in the process. Somehow Roger gets the idea that Natalie is suffering from terminal cancer, a misinterpretation she does nothing to correct.

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“YELLOW”

A Play in One Act

(As lights come up, Natalie is seated at a desk. She is in her mid-thirties and rather average looking; though well dressed and groomed. After a moment, Roger enters as if passing through an office. He is an exceptionally handsome man in his thirties. At his presence, Natalie immediately rises as if someone important has entered the room.)

ROGER

Hey Natalie.

NATALIE

Oh, Roger, hi. How are you?

ROGER

I'm good. Hey, I wanted to say thanks, I got your text about what's going down at corporate. I've been working all morning to be ready when they surprise me.

NATALIE

It's not that I thought you would have any sort of problem; I just know it's always nice to have a little early warning.

ROGER

Well thanks to you I'll have just enough unfair advantage to make everybody else look bad.

NATALIE

Well, I just wanted to help out if I could; I know this has been a hard time for you, with the break up and everything.

ROGER

(Confused for a moment)

...With the... (Brightly) Oh no, I'm all over that.

NATALIE

Well you may think you are; but...

ROGER

...No. I'm completely over it. Really, I'm already seeing somebody else.

NATALIE

(Stopped)

Oh. Boy...that was quick.

ROGER

Well, when you find something like Vanessa, you don't proceed slowly. Well, I mean, you saw her, I don't have to get graphic about it.

NATALIE

When would I have seen her?

ROGER

At the Christmas party. The tall brunet who looks like Angelina Jolie...oh, I guess you left early that night, didn't you? I didn't see you after I ambushed you for a dance.

NATALIE

I wasn't feeling well. I've been fighting this flu.

ROGER

Vanessa came later. I would have introduced you to her. You would have been the only girl who talked to her the whole night.

NATALIE

(Brave smile)

Well that's really nice to hear. I'm so relieved things are going better for you; I won't have to worry about you sitting alone over Christmas.

ROGER

Well, unfortunately, Vanessa has to spend the whole week with her family in Virginia and I'm cordially not invited.

NATALIE

(Subtle Interest)

So you don't have anything to do for the Holidays?

ROGER

(Caught for a moment, then vamping)

I wish! I have to see my family and we do Christmas Eve and church in the morning and a whole horrible 'Secret Santa' thing. By the time we're finished I don't feel like doing anything but sleeping right through to New Years.

NATALIE

Well that'll work out perfect. By the time you wake up, your new girl friend will be back.

ROGER

(Lightly)

Yeah, and it's probably better I don't bring her home with me anyway. My brother has this huge thing for Angelina Jolie and he'd spend the whole time reminding me I'm not Brad Pitt.

NATALIE

(Forgetting herself)

You're a whole lot handsomer than Brad Pitt.

(A very awkward silence)

ROGER

Well, anyway, thanks again for the heads up about corporate and if I don't see you before; have a terrific holiday. What kind of plans do you have?

NATALIE

Oh, I have so much to do I hate to even think about it.

ROGER

Well, have a good one. And hey, take care of yourself; I hear the flu's bad this year. Don't want to get sick now; totally ruin your whole holiday.

NATALIE

(Forced smile)

That would do it.

(Lights dim and Natalie walks downstage into a pool of light)

NATALIE

(Calmly in a controlled, quiet voice)

To my journal- December the 22nd. I opened my mouth and actually heard the words 'you're a lot handsomer than Brad Pitt' come falling out. It occurred to me that I could have defecated on the floor in front of him and achieved roughly the same effect. What's worse than making myself pathetic, worse even than the desperation he clearly noticed but didn't fully comprehend...was how wonderful it felt to finally say it out loud. After almost a year and a half it felt like...a fever breaking. Of course I had noticed pseudo Angelina Jolie; I just didn't know who she was with...but I should have. I know how this game works. I know that we're all assigned a certain value; in accordance to our cheekbones and checkbooks. And I know where I stand. I'm the girl who warrants a call back; but usually when he knows I'm not at my desk so he can just leave a message. He's not unkind, he doesn't wish to hurt me; he's just playing his part. And I've played mine. But lately, I've begun realizing that I'm playing by rules I never agreed to. I find myself feeling like some sort of extra in a movie. One of those people who walk around behind the stars and move their lips, but you're never meant to hear what they're saying. I've always wondered, what would happen if all of those silent people just suddenly looked straight into the camera and started yelling, what would they have to say?

If I told him how I felt; if I phrased it just right, let him know I don't expect anything from him; maybe he could except it ...even understand a little. At least that would be something, our own little secret almost. And how could it hurt him; just being told that he's wanted? Some people go their whole lives without ever hearing that.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Why should it be such a fearful thing? Why is it so shameful, admitting you care for someone more than they ever could for you? Why? That was not a rhetorical question.

(Lights dim on Natalie. Lights come up on Roger sitting at a desk. Natalie enters behind him, hesitating a moment before catching his attention.)

ROGER

(Casual)

Oh, hi Natalie. Hey, I haven't seen you around lately; how were your holidays?

NATALIE

Oh, nice thank you. How were yours?

ROGER

Good. When I didn't get any texts from you I thought maybe you took a couple of extra days or were out sick again or something.

NATALIE

...Are you in the middle of anything right now?

ROGER

Well, I have to be at a meeting on your floor in about five minutes...

NATALIE

Oh, than maybe I should just let you go, I don't want to make you late.

ROGER

I've still got a few minutes. What can I do you for?

NATALIE

(Rehearsed)

...Well Roger...I've actually been wanting to speak to you about something...

ROGER

(Suddenly alert)

...Oh Jesus, you're not going to tell me I'm getting laid off. You haven't heard anything? Did you hear something?!

NATALIE

No! No, nothing like that. You're fine; really. It's not about you, at least not...

ROGER

...Oh holy crap. God, you scared the shit out of me. Jesus, don't do that! I just bought my girlfriend a Tennis bracelet for Christmas; I have to stay employed. Damn. (Laughs) So now that you've given me a small coronary, just what *did* you want to talk to me about?

NATALIE
(Difficulty)

Well...Roger...it's really not such a big thing

ROGER
(Playfully)

Well when you put it that way, of course now I'm all curious.

NATALIE
(Upset)

Oh God, no. Forget it. It's nothing. Just, please, don't be late for your meeting.

ROGER
(More somber)

Natalie, what? Is there something wrong?

NATALIE
(Trying to compose herself)

I just have kind of a problem...do you remember when you danced with me at the Christmas party?

ROGER
Right before you went home with the flu. Yeah, I was sort of worried my dancing made you sick.

NATALIE
(Trembling)

It wasn't the flu.

ROGER
Then what was it?

NATALIE
Well, Roger...I...I (unable to continue)

ROGER
What?

NATALIE
(Her face crumbles and she begins to cry)
I...I didn't think it would be this hard...

ROGER
It's something bad?

NATALIE
(Nodding).

ROGER

Well, tell me. Is it serious?

NATALIE

(Nodding, still in tears).

ROGER

What? Are you really sick or something? Natalie, what is it?

NATALIE

(Blurting)

Yes! Yes, I'm sick. I'm very sick.

ROGER

Oh Natalie, I'm really sorry. I didn't have any idea.

NATALIE

I don't want to talk about this anymore.

ROGER

Well, is there anything I can do?

NATALIE

No. I don't even know why I said that.

ROGER

It's okay.

NATALIE

No, no it's not. It's terrible- just terrible!

(Roger reaches out and embraces Natalie, rather awkwardly, in his arms)

ROGER

Oh no, no it's not terrible. You should talk to someone. I'm not sure I'm exactly the best guy for it, but really; it's just not good to be alone.

NATALIE

(Relaxing in his embrace)

No.

ROGER

And whatever the problem is, I'm sure you can get it fixed; that there's some medicine.

NATALIE

I don't think so.

ROGER

But why not?

NATALIE
(Distant)

I waited too long.

ROGER

Oh, Natalie no (Embracing her more tightly)

NATALIE

Yes...yes; it's metastasized.

ROGER

Oh God Natalie.

NATALIE

They said I've only got three or four months

ROGER

Oh man, I don't believe this.

NATALIE

I don't want anyone else to know.

ROGER

Of course not. I won't tell anyone. This will be just between you and me; I swear. But, I mean, Natalie, there's gotta be something you can still try.

NATALIE

(Strangely calm. Enjoying his embrace)

I don't even want to think about it now; what I'm going to do, how this happened. I guess I've really just reached the point where I'm only living for the moment now. Just living for this very moment...

(They embrace for a moment longer and lights dim. Natalie walks into a pool of light)

NATALIE

To my journal-January the 5th. I opened my mouth and heard the words 'It's metastasized' come falling out...and as they hung there in the air I thought to myself; this is probably even worse than 'you're handsomer than Brad Pitt'. I have no idea why I said I was sick. It was like being a kid and saying you have a stomach ache when what you really mean is that you're frightened or unhappy; just the wrong phrase for a bad feeling. Nobody needs to tell me how horrible it was; it was unforgivable. But I couldn't take it back. Not standing there, finally in his arms. I'll give my notice on Friday and then quietly move out of the area. I think he'll keep my secret. And the women he holds from now on will have earned it honestly; with shining hair and perky breasts.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

A man like him, he probably didn't even mean any of what he was saying. Really, he probably couldn't get away from me fast enough and was just happy to...

(The sound of Rogers off stage voice leaving a voice mail message comes up as lights go down on Natalie).

ROGER: (O.S.)

...Natalie, hi, it's me, Roger, from work. Look, the last thing I want to do is invade your privacy, but I just wanted you to know if you need someone to get you anything, or just drive you some place, you can always call. I mean it- any time. You've got my number and I'm usually up pretty late so...

(Lights come up on Natalie at her desk. She is about to lift a box as Roger comes up behind her)

ROGER

(Mindfully dropping his voice to a conspiratorial whisper)

...Don't even think about lifting that. Are you kidding me with this? (He takes the box)

NATALIE

It really isn't that heavy.

ROGER

It doesn't matter. You have to start letting people help you now. I really don't think you should even be working still.

NATALIE

I have to work Roger; I need to keep my insurance.

ROGER

Well than call me when you need something. If you don't want to talk in front of people, send me a text and I'll get to you.

NATALIE

Roger, I can't thank you enough for all you've done for me the last few weeks.

ROGER

If you really want to thank me you know what I want you to do. I just don't believe nothing else can be done. When my dad had his kidney thing we found this amazing doctor, and there's all that holistic stuff. I went on line last night and saw...

NATALIE

...Roger, it really means so much to me that you would care like this...but I have to ask you to respect my wishes. I'm tired of hoping for things I can't have. I just want to enjoy every single moment I've got while it's here, now. Can you understand that?

ROGER

(A little pause. Deeply felt)

Not really. I can't understand cause if I were in your place I wouldn't be able to come up with 1/10th of the...grace, you're showing. I don't know anyone who could. Look, I know that you don't like me talking about it, but I gotta tell you, I think that you are a really special person; the way that you're handling all of this. It's just incredible to me. I mean it Natalie; really...you're just...very, very special.

(Lights come down; Natalie walks into a pool of light)

NATALIE

To my Journal-February the 14th. (Like a schoolgirl) He thinks I'm special. (More knowing) And of course, in a way, he's right. How many girls would do this for a man; damn themselves for eternity just to be near him? Not Natalie. Not dull, soft spoken Natalie. She couldn't have something like that inside her; something that would let her use a man's unsuspected depth against him. And he's been so easy to fool too. Everyday I just use a little less makeup and it seems to simulate impending death perfectly.

And the pastier I get the sweeter he becomes. He watches over me at the office and on weekends he comes to my apartment and lifts my water bottles and brings me protein bars I try not accept like roses. Of course I know that this is nothing more than a good deed for him. But maybe that's my one hope for absolution, that he's not really investing any more in me than a little bit of pity and maybe some...

(There is the sound of knocking on a door)

ROGER: (O. S.)

Hey, knock knock. It's me

(Lights come up on Natalie's apartment. A bed is the primary set piece)

NATALIE

Oh, Roger, hi. I thought you'd have picked up Vanessa by now. Don't you have reservations?

ROGER

(Entering)

We did, but it doesn't look like it's going to happen now. I think you'd say we had a little disagreement.

NATALIE

Oh no, not on Valentines Day.

ROGER

Not exactly a coincidence. I guess I haven't really been Mr. Romantic lately. Vanessa's got it in her head that I've been ignoring her.

NATALIE

I hope that...I mean I hope it doesn't have anything to do with all the time you've been spending over here?

ROGER

It actually does.

NATALIE

(Upset)

Oh Roger, no. Please, don't fight over me. She just doesn't know why you're coming, that's all. If she knew the truth I'm sure she would just think you were being very generous.

ROGER

(Becoming nervous. Avoiding Natalie)

No she wouldn't. If I really told her the truth she'd be even more pissed off. Infact she would probably think I was one pretty sick fuck.

NATALIE

Just for being kind to me?

ROGER

(Haltingly)

...If I really wanted to tell her the truth, I mean, I could tell her how much I admire you, and that would be the truth; totally. And I could say that we've become really good friends, that I think you're really cool and funny and know as much about hockey as I do and that would be true too. But if I told her the rest of it, that's what would really piss her off. I mean...(Ashamed) for me to be thinking about you...like this, when you've been so sick; that is just really fucked up. I mean, I knew I could be pretty scummy, but man; guys really are just dogs.

NATALIE

(Staring at him. Quietly)

Roger, do you really mean this?

ROGER

I'm sorry Natalie. Jesus. I know this is the last thing you need to be dealing with now. I'm just so...

(Natalie quickly walks to Roger and kisses him on the mouth. They break and he looks at her surprised.)

ROGER: (CONT'D)

You mean, it's really okay? It's alright with you?

(NATALIE nods. They kiss again and fall on to the bed)

ROGER

(Stopping himself)

But maybe this wouldn't be safe for you right now.

NATALIE

(Quickly)

No, it's okay.

ROGER

But I don't want to get too physical; I'm afraid I might hurt you.

NATALIE

It's alright Roger. (Fatalistically) At this point, I don't see what more harm it could do me.

(They kiss again and lights come down. Natalie walks into a pool of light)

NATALIE

March the 9th. I never could keep houseplants alive. They always turn yellow and I have to throw them away. My friend told me I over watered them, that's why they yellowed; that I literally gave the poor things so much attention I drowned them in it. And I'd think to myself; what a wonderful way to die. To be given more than you could ever possibly take in. And now I wake up in the morning, with my sickroom Chrysanthemums, and him lying next to me; and I can't even pretend I didn't dream of just this. When the poor dream at night, they don't wish for a hot meal and a warm winter coat. They dream of wicked, unwarranted luxury; of drowning in what they most desire. And now, slowly, day by day, I drink this in more deeply. More and more, with a sense of expectancy that shocks me, I walk into my bathroom, look into the mirror and I find myself unsurprised to see my face reflecting back at me...yellow.

(Lights dim. Lights come up on Natalie's apartment. Roger is lying in the bed shirtless as Natalie approaches.)

ROGER

Are you alright?

NATALIE

Of course. I just got up for some water.

ROGER

I told you to wake me if you need something. I don't like you getting up alone at night.

NATALIE

(A little smile)

Well what if I just need to go to the bathroom.

ROGER

Then you just let me know, and I'll do it for you.

NATALIE

Wow, do all your girlfriends get this kind of service?

ROGER

No, not the strippers- they don't expect it.

NATALIE

I'm scared that you're only half joking.

ROGER

(Lightly)

Not even half. I'm man enough to say I've dated every kind of skank that would have me.

(NATALIE laughs)

ROGER (CONT'D)

It's true; exotic dancers, semi-professional models, beach volleyball players. That one actually had a whole wall of mirrors opposite her bed.

NATALIE

Did she really? And was she worthy of all the extra scrutiny?

ROGER

...I honestly can't say. (A bit more pensive) I think I spent most of the time watching myself.

(NATALIE laughs)

ROGER (CONT'D)

Again; not joking.

NATALIE

And now you're here; watching me shuffling to the bathroom in my bedroom slippers.

ROGER

(Quite contentment)

Yeah...now I'm here. With you.

(He kisses NATALIE with great feeling)

Don't get up without waking me again, okay? It scares me when I can't find you.

(Lights dim. Natalie walks into a pool of light)

NATALIE

All I want is for him is to be happy. I want to be everything he wants me to be, and he's in love with a dying girl. The truth would just hurt him now. And if you really think about it, aren't all new relationships built on lies anyway? On sucked in stomachs and feigned interests? Don't all those little lies add up to at least one big one? And it isn't as if I'm not paying for what I've done. I'm starving. It's the only way I can look emaciated

NATALIE (CONT'D)

enough to keep this relationship alive. Why does it seem that no matter what the situation, woman can just never feel comfortable eating in front of their boyfriends?

(Lights dim. Lights up on Natalie's apartment. Roger is entering with a bucket of chicken as Natalie joins him).

ROGER

Well, I've just finished preparing us a delicious, homemade chicken dinner, and if you don't sit down and eat it, the Colonel and I are going to be very insulted.

NATALIE

I'll do the best I can.

ROGER

(A small pause. More subdued)

You know, just for your information, the KFC is right across from a pharmacy, I could pick things up for you real easy. I don't like you ordering your meds on line; you don't know what you're getting.

NATALIE

My doctor says that it's fine; and it really is a whole lot cheaper.

ROGER

(An edge)

If I have to hear you combine the terms cheaper and medication ever again you really are going to be needing painkillers.

NATALIE

I told you Roger, I don't feel right taking money from you.

ROGER

(Sarcastic)

Oh good, that makes sense. I wouldn't want to invest anything really important in you.

NATALIE

You know I didn't mean it that way.

ROGER

(Suddenly forceful)

I don't know anything. How could I? You won't let me take you to your Doctor; you won't even let me touch your medication. There isn't anyone you'd rather have doing this for you, is there?

NATALIE

Of course not. I just take so much from you as it is.

ROGER

(An outburst; with strong emotion)

You're the one person who doesn't have to *take* things from me. I want to give them to you. I want to donate an organ! I want to become a scientist and cure cancer in the nick of time! Don't you get it, don't you... (Gather himself) I can do this. I want to know what it's like to have someone depend on me. I want to feel that if I don't show up, a girl's going to miss out on more than just a boring dinner and a better than average lay. So don't try to spare me, don't worry about taking my time, okay! When someone gives you a gift it's just fucking rude to throw it back in their face... especially if you know it took them a really long time to find it. (More controlled) So now I'm going to go make the two of us a couple of plates. Maybe you can't eat the chicken but I know you can handle the potatoes. If you have any class at all you'll clean your plate right here in front of me.

(Lights dim. Roger steps into a pool of light)

ROGER

I don't believe this is happening. I must be a total idiot. I didn't realize till this very minute what the term hopelessly in love means. It's not great. It means her pain becomes my pain. Not in some gooey, chick flick kind of way, but literally; her pain inflicted on me. And it's too late now to run and I'm just lying here watching the malignancy spread from her body into mine. And I know I should want to save myself; but I don't anymore. Because I'm hopelessly in love. And I'm just not prepared for the violence of it. I'm not tough-I've never even been in a real fight before- not even in football. I have no idea what I'm doing. I've never had to be very smart either. Which is probably why I'm here to begin with. Obviously. I mean, any guy who volunteers to do a chicks laundry for her... pretty much deserves what he's getting; right?

(Lights dim. Lights come up on Natalie's apartment. She is in the bed as Roger enters)

NATALIE

Sweetheart, I'd like to talk to you about something.

ROGER

(A new detached hardness to his voice)

I was just about to leave for the store. We're running low on a couple of things.

NATALIE

That can wait a little while, can't it?

ROGER

(Ignoring her)

I just changed your sheets; why don't you get into bed; see if you can get some sleep.

NATALIE

Roger, I need to talk to you.

ROGER
(Looking at her)

Alright. I'm listening.

NATALIE
I've made a decision. I'm going away. I've made arrangements for hospice care and I need to leave immediately. And I need to go alone. I know you're going to argue with me about this, but I truly think it's for the best- for both of us. I want you to know that I wouldn't have traded these last few months with you for a whole lifetime with anyone else. I am truly contented and at peace now, and that's the way I always want you to remember me.

ROGER
(A beat. Blankly)

And that's what you have to say to me?

NATALIE
Yes. And I know it's hard, but I'm going to have to ask you to please honor my wishes.

ROGER
(A Beat)

...No.

NATALIE
What?

ROGER
No. Hell no. You're not leaving me. I won't let you. No way.

NATALIE
Roger, it's so sweet of you to want to...

ROGER
(Curtly)
...There's nothing sweet about it; it's just a fact. You brought me into this and now we're seeing it through together. You're not going anywhere unless I'm right at your side every minute.

NATALIE
But you know a lot of it isn't going to be pretty and I don't want you to see me like that. I don't want you to have to watch me suffer.

ROGER
Than don't. (A meaningful pause) You don't need to suffer. (Staring at her intensely)
When the time comes...I'll help you.

NATALIE
(A beat. Slight panic)
You don't have to do that.

ROGER

Don't you think I'm strong enough?

NATALIE

Of course I do.

ROGER

Then there's nothing to discuss, is there? Who else could you ask? You have no close family. You don't see friends anymore. It's just down to you and me now. Isn't that the way you always wanted it? Who else are you going to trust with your life but me? I can tell you this much; without the slightest doubt...I'd trust you.

(Lights dim. Natalie steps into a pool of light)

NATALIE

To my journal-May the 28th. I keep wondering...why, in my initial prognosis, did I only give myself three or four months? Why didn't I at least leave open the possibility of lingering? Maybe some part of me knew that this was all I could ever have. And now, that time has past and I have lived it exactly how I would have wished; spent with the person I have loved most dearly on this Earth. (Growing realization) I said to him, I wouldn't trade these months for a lifetime with anyone else. That I accept my fate and I am at peace...(A slight smile of discovery) This *once*, I wasn't lying.

(Lights dim. Lights come up on Natalie's apartment. She is lying in bed and Roger is slowly feeding her from a large bowl of ice cream)

NATALIE

(After a moment, apprehensive)

I don't taste anything.

ROGER

(Rather clinical)

You're not supposed to. That's why you lace it through the ice cream. It digests quicker too.

NATALIE

I'm starting to feel sleepy already.

ROGER

Are you?

NATALIE

Yes. I think I'd better get something said right now. I've written a letter.

ROGER

I don't want to read it.

NATALIE

(Her breathing slightly labored)

But you may need it later. I've sent a copy to my attorney.

ROGER

(Flatly)

How could you do that; you can't leave the house without me.

NATALIE

(Her voice weakening)

They're going to ask you questions Roger. The letter will make things clear to people. Clear to you too, I hope. That I would never hurt you if I could help it. People may say things; make you doubt everything you know about me. But there's one thing you should never doubt; that in my way, I've loved you as much as anyone ever could.

ROGER

(Quietly)

I love you- more than you can ever imagine. But I still don't see why you had to write a letter...(Slight pause) I'm sure your journal would have done just as well.

NATALIE

(For a moment, an outraged teenage girl)

You read my diary?

ROGER

(Repressed sarcasm)

I know that it was an unforgivable breach of trust; but if you're going to hide it under the bed when someone else is changing your sheets...but maybe that's another example of you contempt for my intelligence.

NATALIE

How long have you know?

ROGER

Not very.

NATALIE

And you didn't say anything?

ROGER

(Controlled)

I guess I wanted to see just how far you would really go. (Looking at her and shaking his head) ...Wow.

NATALIE

(A beat. A bit astonished at herself)

I know.

ROGER

So now that we both know just what a very special girl you are; I guess you must be about ready for that really awkward call to the paramedics?

NATALIE

(Thinking a long moment then slowly, her breathing heavy, her voice whispery)
...No...No. There wouldn't be any point in it now, would there? I don't want to be in a world where you're hating me. And I couldn't expect you to understand what possessed me.

ROGER

(His bitterness rising)

How could I? Not Roger. Not smiling, stupid, Roger. I couldn't have anything like that inside of me, could I?

NATALIE

Oh, Please Roger, I just did it cause I wanted you so much. Don't punish me now.

ROGER

How could I ever punish you enough? I was happy before I met you. I was cool not knowing any better.

NATALIE

(With great effort)

It's too late to hurt me anymore. Whatever you say, nothing can ever change the way I feel about you. Can't you see that, can't you understand? Roger, you mean more to me than my own life.

ROGER

(Looking at her a moment. Suddenly calmer)

You know something Natalie, for the very first time since I met you...I think I can honestly say that I know just exactly how you feel. (He leans back, takes a spoonful of the remaining ice cream and eats it)

NATALIE

(She gasps in horror and tries to protest, to reach out to him, but she is too weak and falls back on the bed)

No. Oh God.

(Roger deliberately, spoonful by spoonful, eats the remaining ice cream. They stare at each other in silence for a long while until slowly, exhausted, they seem to except their fates.)

ROGER

(Perfectly calm. Contemplating)

There's one thing. One thing I keep asking myself, over and over. Why didn't you ever just...ask me if I wanted to grab a coffee at Starbucks?

NATALIE
(Barely audible)

You always seemed so far out of my league- I guess I was just afraid you wouldn't say yes.

ROGER
(Thinking for a moment. Flatly)

...Probably not. (He eats another spoonful of ice cream. Now with a touch of sadness)...Probably not.

(Natalie and Roger watch each other from different sides of the bed. Lights dim and
END OF PLAY)