

LOVE@CENTRALPARK.COM

A COMEDY DUET

by
Randall David Cook



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CHARACTERS: SUZETTE and MARCUS

SETTING: Summer. A park bench near John Lennon's "Imagine" circle at Strawberry Fields in Central Park in New York City. MARCUS is reading a copy of James Joyce's "Ulysses" as SUZETTE approaches.

SUZETTE: Did James Joyce have minty fresh breath?

MARCUS: What?

SUZETTE: Did James Joyce have minty fresh breath?

MARCUS: He was Irish, so I doubt it.

SUZETTE: Is that all you have to say?

MARCUS: Yes.

SUZETTE: Continue.

MARCUS: Excuse me?

SUZETTE: Did James Joyce have minty fresh breath?

MARCUS: You must have me confused with someone else.

SUZETTE: Have you forgotten the prepared response?

MARCUS: Please go away.

SUZETTE: Oh dear me. I am so sorry.

MARCUS: It's okay.

SUZETTE: A mistake has been made.

MARCUS: Nobody's perfect.

SUZETTE: How mortifying.

MARCUS: It's all right.

SUZETTE: This is so horrible!

MARCUS: It's okay.

SUZETTE: What a fright I am!

MARCUS: Really, it's fine.

SUZETTE: You fit his description perfectly, and you're reading Joyce, although it's not the book we agreed on, or rather, not the book he had agreed to. With me.

MARCUS: Don't worry about it.

SUZETTE: But I do! I worry! Blind dates are horrible enough ...

MARCUS: No need to be embarrassed.

SUZETTE: ... but to make this kind of goof! What must you think of me?

MARCUS: I'm sure he'll be here soon.

SUZETTE: He's already late.

MARCUS: Perhaps he got held up in traffic or on the subway.

SUZETTE: I've been waiting eight hours.

MARCUS: I'm sorry to hear that.

SUZETTE: You've been sitting here for a very long time. Not eight hours, of course, but I got here quite early to prepare.

MARCUS: I'm reading.

SUZETTE: You're supposed to give me the response. You promised you'd give me the response.

MARCUS: Listen.

SUZETTE: I've been nervous for hours and didn't know how to approach you.

MARCUS: I'm trying to read.

SUZETTE: Even if you're not attracted to me, even if I repulse you, you are supposed to give me the response. That's what we agreed to in the e-mail. Don't pretend you don't remember all those conversations and prior agreements just because I'm not your idea of beautiful. Give me the response!

MARCUS: Listen, lady. I have no idea who you are. I don't even have a computer.

SUZETTE: No computer? What kind of weirdo are you?

MARCUS: I'm a Luddite. Now if you'll please ...

SUZETTE: How do you communicate without a computer? We're well into the new millennium and you still don't even have an e-mail address! You're going to be left behind! People have important things to say to you and you're nowhere to be found.

MARCUS: I'm not that hard to find. Now, if you'll ...

SUZETTE: My computer changed my life!

MARCUS: Please leave.

SUZETTE: I used to be afraid to talk to anyone. Now technology allows me to blossom in front of complete strangers.
Like you.

MARCUS: Please go blossom somewhere else.

SUZETTE: When attached to a modem, I'm a ravishing red rose.

MARCUS: I'm trying to read.

SUZETTE: You must be one of those people who can't see the big picture for all the details.

MARCUS: You sit here alone for hours, anxious and nervous and hoping for the best. This is progress?

SUZETTE: You sat here alone for hours too!

MARCUS: I came here by choice. To read. I want to be alone.

SUZETTE: Why is New York City filled with a thousand and one Greta Garbos? Why do you people move to one of the world's most populous cities and then spend most of your time and energy trying to find solitude! Go to Montana! Build a shack!

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