

PHILLIP: Uh-huh. Fine...

ADAM: Fine.

PHILLIP: I just hope next time we pass each other I recognize who the hell you are....

ADAM: Well, if not, you and Evelyn can always head over to Record City and have a chat....

PHILLIP: Hey, I wouldn't get too deep into the moral issues during this particular conversation...okay, Romeo? I may have a big fucking mouth, but at least I keep it to myself....

*(They stare at each other, a nearly visible wall going up between them. ADAM blinks first and walks off. PHILLIP watches him go.)*

PHILLIP: So long, matey!

## START

*(The coffee shop)*

*(A local Starbucks knockoff, with lots of cozy nooks and corners in its bi-level design. Glass lamps hang overhead.)*

*(EVELYN stands with JENNY at a high table, sipping hot drinks.)*

EVELYN: ...and you, everything's good?

JENNY: Yeah, you know. Okay.

EVELYN: Huh. Well, that's nice to hear....

JENNY: You?

EVELYN: Oh, you know, pretty great. Just studying, working on my art...

JENNY: Right, you've got a big thing you're doing, or, what do you call it?

EVELYN: Thesis project. For my degree...

JENNY: That's terrific.

EVELYN: Yeah. The showing's in a couple weeks....

JENNY: And it's going well? What is it again?

EVELYN: I never said....

JENNY: Oh, well, that's why.

EVELYN: Right. *(Beat)* It's this sculpture thingie....

JENNY: "Thingie." That's one of Adam's words...

EVELYN: You oughta know.

JENNY: ...mmmm, I love the arts.

EVELYN: Really?

JENNY: Yeah, you know, going to movies and stuff. We don't get so many here, we have to drive into the city for any of the new releases, but I see a lot of videos. Phil watches 'em constantly.

EVELYN: Yeah, and what kind does he like?

JENNY: Oh, a bunch, but more artsy ones than I do... *Aliens. Stargate. The Twelve Monkeys.* Is that right, or were there ten of 'em?

EVELYN: No, it was twelve...a dozen monkeys, all together.

JENNY: Anyway, that kind. Sci-fi, but with some meaning, too. And action.

EVELYN: Huh. That's great...I hate sci-fi. *(Beat)* And you? What kind do you like, Jenny?

JENNY: Ummm, any, I don't mind...but I usually like at least some romance in them. That's always nice.

*(EVELYN studies her for a moment.)*

EVELYN: Yes...romance's good. Especially when you least expect it.

JENNY: Uh-huh...

*(JENNY looks over, sees that EVELYN is watching her, looks away quickly.)*

JENNY: ...you know, I was gonna say, I think what you've done with Adam, it's really great.

EVELYN: And what've I done?

JENNY: You know, just...he's changed.

EVELYN: That's right. *He's* changed.

JENNY: That's what I mean.

EVELYN: He's done the work....

JENNY: Of course, I didn't mean that you....

EVELYN: I know. I'm just saying, he did it.

JENNY: Right. That's always what they say, though, isn't it?

EVELYN: What? And who are they?

JENNY: You know, like, in *Cosmo*, when they have those tests, asking what you'd like to change about your guy....

EVELYN: Ahhh. Now you're gonna get all scientific on me....

JENNY: It's true, though, right? Almost everybody I've gone out with, if you could alter just one thing, or even get them to stop wearing sunglasses up on their head all the time...then they'd be perfect. It's that sort of deal, isn't it?

EVELYN: Something like that...or it could just be that I care about him.

JENNY: Phil's got, like, six of those "one things," but it's the same idea....

EVELYN: Right. And how is ol' Phil?

JENNY: He's...Phil. Six "things" away from being **amazing...** **END**

*(ADAM arrives at the table, obviously unprepared to find both women waiting for him. He wears no bandage.)*

ADAM: ...hey, Evelyn. Hi. Jenny, hello.

EVELYN/JENNY: Hi, Adam. Hello.

ADAM: I didn't know you guys were....

EVELYN: I invited her.

ADAM: That's alright, then....

JENNY: I like your new jacket! Phil told me about it....