

ACT I, SCENE 1. Morning. X and Y walking down the street.

So what's the story? X

That's a good question. Y

I know it's a good question. X (Beat.) So ... ?

I can't talk about it. Y

You're shittin' me. X

I wouldn't do that. Y

You're doin' it now. Enough already! X

I wish. Y

(Annoyed) You wish what? X

It was enough. (Sighs.) It never is. Y

I'm gonna kill you if you don't fuckin' tell me! X

Hey! Y

All right, all right, but you drive a person ... ! (Beat.) Spill! X

She won't go out with me. Y

That's it? X

What do you mean? Y

That's what you couldn't talk about?! You're a bigger moron than I thought ... X

That's not very nice. Y

I'm done bein' nice, Y. X

I just told you this heart-breaking thing, and you-- Y

--Heart-breaking? (*guffaws*) A chick stiff's you, and you're heart broken?! I bet you don't even know her last name. X

I do! That's why I'm bummin'. Y

'Cause of her name? I swear, you are the looniest tune I ever-- X

--Mirov. Y

Not the money Mirov. X

The one. Goin' to work. Y

No Mirov rides the subway. X

I got no reason to lie, X. Y

You wouldn't get past the door of the places she goes. X

Checkin' out da *hoi polloi*, I guess. Y

Right. You hustle a woman you don't know on the subway? You're lucky you didn't get fucked up. X

It didn't happen like that. Y

I'm waiting. X

(*Hemming and hawing*) It's not easy ... Y

(*Yelling*) TELL ME!!!!!!!!!!!! X

Y

The train stopped on the bridge. It was nice, looking at the river and everything. But then it was clear we weren't gonna be moving for a time. So I said, "Lucky I don't have a meeting first thing." And she asked me where I worked, for how long, you know, the basic chitchat. Then I asked her. And she said - like it was the answer to everything in life - "I'm a Mirov."

X

Get out o town! On the fuckin' subway ...

Y

I know! Maybe she's some kinda eco-nut. She just looked at me. Like a dare. But not. So I asked, could I call her sometime. And she just kept looking at me. I ... I didn't know what to say. So I said it again, but the train started up and she didn't hear me. Then we're nearing the station and she's picking up her things and I say, "So, can I have your number?" and she says, real sweet, "No" and then "Bye," and gets off.

X

Real sweet?

Y

Real sweet.

SCENE 2. Next day. Lunchtime. Y standing at a computer in a library, typing, scrolling.

Y

Mirov Foundation ... Mirov, Lucky -- don't I wish ... Mirov, Jay ... Mirov, Nelson ... Mirov this one, Mirov that one ... damn, where is she? Maybe search "pictures" (*typing*) ... Man, like the giants of industry catalog. Guess the women don't matter ... (*hits stand in frustration*) Shit!

(*Z enters.*)

Z

Can I help you find something?

Y

Someone, actually.

Z

Alive, dead, local, national, international, biography?

Y

Uh ... local. Very alive.

Z

That makes it much easier. Name?

That's the problem. Mirov, female, Y under 40.

From? Z

Here. Yesterday, anyway. Y

No first name. Z

No. Y

Workplace? Z

No. Y

Can I ask ... ? Z

(Embarrassed) On the subway. Y

Oh. *(points at keyboard)* May I? Z

Sure, sure. *(steps aside)* Y

(While typing) Hey, this isn't a stalking thing, right? Z

Jesus, no. *(Z keeps typing, searching)* We talked, stuck between stops. It was ... nice. But she wouldn't give me her number. She said goodbye, though. Y

Hard to get. Z

(Pointing at computer) Clearly. Y

Hmmm ... let me try one other place ... hah! Z

What?! Y

Z
There's this big Green conference in town. She's on a panel, if that's her picture.

(Moves aside quickly to avoid being run over, while pages print out.)

Y
Yes! That's ... wow ... you are f--

Z
Don't say it -- library, remember?

Y
Oh, yeah, right. Hey, can I buy you ...

Z
One pursuit at a time.

Y
At least tell me your name.

Z
Z.

Y
No. Come on.

Z
Raleigh.

Y
Like the city?

Z
Like the debonair guy with the cape.

Y
(Getting her meaning) Point. But really. Thanks so much.

Z
No problem. My job.

(Y leaves library, reading papers in hand, walking on street.)

Y
Panel starts at 2 o'clock. *(Beat.)* Take a long lunch. Maybe really long! *(Beat.)* Don't get your hopes up. Too late, they're up. *(Beat.)* I gotta have a better line, can't have her diss me as soon as I open my mouth. Maybe ... what's this? "Green Rooftops" -- fuck, it's some building conference! What the hell do I know about rooftops? Man, I'm gonna have to spend all night looking this shit up! Just my luck ...

(Checks watch, pulls out cellphone, dials.)

Hey X. Yeah. You with a client? Great, meet me at Cuppa Joe, wouldja? Ten minutes. *(hangs up)*

SCENE 3. *Same day. Ten minutes later. X and Y seated at Cuppa Joe, paper cups, etc.*

Y
Yeah, "green." And not paint, y'know what I'm saying? How'd I get the hots for some brainiac?

X
You've always had strange tastes.

Y
Just 'cause I like tripe has nothing to do with anything.

X
Lighten up -- sheesh, you got it bad.

Y
(Sarcastically) Tell me.

X
Y'know, you'll do better if you don't pretend like you actually know something.

Y
Yeah? And what comes after I say "hello" like a dork?

X
Chicks dig the truth. Definite mileage to say you skipped out on your big job to see her again.

Y
Nunh unh.

X
Seriously.

Y
And when was the last time that worked for you?

X
Hey, I don't swim in deep water. I let the fish come to me.

Y
Yeah, right. *(Beat.)* So then what.

X
You got to be cool. Be sweet, but don't take no for an answer.

Be sweet? Who're you talking to? Y

I know, but I thought you might be ready for a life-change. X

Give up everything I know about getting laid? Y

Seems to me it hasn't worked for you recently. X

I thought you were my friend. Y

Y, you're tired of the chase, admit it. X

I ain't admittin' nothin'. Y

Look, you liked her, right? (Y nods) Fucking is good, but you can have more with this one. Won't be easy, though. X

Thanks for the encouragement. Y

(Pause.) You're my bud, so I feel I can say this to you. X

What? Y

Grow up. X

What the fuck?! Y

You think you're gonna have some hot quickie with a Mirov? She's part of running the world, you bonehead. She's gonna know who you are in 20 seconds or less, if she doesn't already. You get past "hello", it's gonna be 'cause of how you were in the train. X

I'm screwed. Y

Guess you don't really want her. X

It's not that. Y

X
What, then?

Y
It'd be like going to a job interview naked.

X
You can always say you have to get back for a meeting. (*Y doesn't respond*) Well?

Y
You'll answer if I call you?

X
I'm there.

SCENE 4. *Next day. 2 p.m. At the conference. Piped in sound of unseen panelist, droning on.*

(Y enters, last touches to hair and clothes, deep breath, takes a seat. Looks around as if scoping out other attendees. Flips through conference book. Reads Mirov's profile. Looks around some more. Nods off. Sound of clapping startles Y awake. Y gets up from the chair, straightens clothes and hair, clears throat, walks cross stage as if toward front of conference room.

MIROV, at other side of stage, enters, as if just leaving panel. Almost walks into Y, waiting for her.)

MIROV
Well, well. Y, right?

Y
Uh, hi.

MIROV
I thought you were in marketing, ... journalism, ... marketing journalism?

Y
Yeah, right, marketing at the daily rag.

MIROV
And you're here because you want to get in on the green revolution?

Y
(Beat.) No, that's not what I want to get in ... I mean, I ... I want your phone number, like I said. On the train.

For real? MIROV

For real. Y

You have balls, I'll grant you. MIROV

How hard you gonna make this on me? Y

Frankly, I don't know you well enough to answer that. MIROV

Then let's get a drink or something. Y

(Pause as she checks him out.) MIROV I guess you earned that.

Now? Y

No. MIROV 9.

(Annoyed) TONIGHT?! Y

I'm only in town until -- MIROV

Fine, fine. Where? Y

The Oak Room. MIROV

9 it is. Y

SCENE 5. Same day. X and Y at Cuppa Joe, after work.

She busted me. Y

Wha'd you expect? X

Man, I was dressed nice, just standing there, wham! Y Right off.

X

I hope you didn't--

Y

--No, no, you were right. Nothing I could learn overnight, I looked. All engineering and shit, absorption rates, unbelievable.

X

Good thing. She'd have caught you out in a nanosecond.

Y

No shit.

X

Oak Room, that's pretty good.

Y

At least the snacks are free. What if I get wasted?

X

Now why do something stupid like that?

Y

'Cause she, like, totally threw me. I'm nervous as hell, and I got 2 hours yet.

X

Hunh. *(Beat.)* How'd it go at work this morning?

Y

What?! I don't want to talk about that shit.

X

C'mon, it'll chill you out.

Y

(Beat.) I'm gonna get my ass fried for sure.

X

I don't think so. You're not half bad, as humans go.

Y

(Beat.) You wanna know the truth? I spent the morning in a stupid-ass meeting watching Henks and Malooski try to kill each other without actually drawing blood. Like, who were they fooling? Everyone knows they're out for Frymer's job, who wasn't even there.

X

Sounds like they oughta give the job to somebody else.

Y

That would be too smart.