

THREE DATES: A DIALOGUE

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Cast of Characters

<u>Deena:</u>	Psychiatrist in her late 20s.
<u>Lucas:</u>	A man in his late 20s.
<u>Alice:</u>	A woman in her mid 20s; Desiree's assistant
<u>Sonja:</u>	A woman in her late 20s.
<u>Jess:</u>	A woman in her late 20s.
<u>Michael:</u>	A man in his late 20s.
<u>Waiter:</u>	A man in his mid 40s.

Scene

Various city locations.

Time

The present.

ACT I

Scene 1

SETTING: Scene begins in DEENA's office.

AT RISE: DEENA is diligently reviewing paperwork when LUCAS trudges in forcefully as ALICES's protests are heard off-stage

DEENA

(To ALICE off-stage, her head still buried in her work.)

It's fine, let him in.

LUCAS

(LUCAS saunters in, looking back jovially.)

Well, good morning, Doc! Thanks for fitting me in.

(LUCAS continues his saunter over to the couch and plops down casually.)

DEENA

(DEENA looks up from her work.)

You can't really afford to sit on that couch.

LUCAS

Even with the friends and family discount?

DEENA

Come on, Luke. You know I don't give discounts.

LUCAS

I'm not really looking for your professional opinion. Just some friendly advice.

DEENA

Well then get off the couch.

LUCAS

You're serious?

DEENA

Damn straight. I'm trying to do my work.

(She finally looks up from her
work.)

And if you're going to make me stop, I'm not talking to the
back of your head.

LUCAS

Fine.

(He gets up grudgingly and sits
in the chair facing DEENA's desk.)

DEENA

So?

LUCAS

You know Liz, right?

DEENA

(a confused expression)

Yes, of course, we all had dinner together last week,
remember?

LUCAS

Yeah, yeah. I know. I meant it more as a preface, an
overture.

DEENA

OK, Hemmingway. What about Liz?

LUCAS

Exactly!

(He jumps to his feet and
begins pacing while gesticulating
wildly)

LUCAS (Cont.)

What about her? Er, I mean, what do I do about her?

DEENA

(She follows LUCAS's frantic
pacing across the room from her
desk)

Maybe you should be paying me. You're making no sense. Are you alright?

LUCAS

Yeah, I'm fine. At least... I think I am. Actually, I feel great. That's the problem.

DEENA

Are you aware of the definition of "problem"?

LUCAS

OK, OK.

(He stops pacing and breathes
in deeply, steadying himself.)

It's just I really do like her and I'm pretty sure she feels the same way...

(DEENA interrupts)

DEENA

Still failing to see the problem.

LUCAS

Well, where do we go from here? How do we go from here? I want to get this one right but I can't seem to figure it out.

DEENA

What's to figure out? You just do it. You talk. And then you act.

LUCAS

It's not that simple...

(DEENA interrupts again.)

DEENA

It sure is.

LUCAS

... Well, we don't have that much in common.

DEENA

Oh God! Why would you want to?

LUCAS

(a confused expression)

Have things in common?

DEENA

Yes. Having everything in common would be unbearably tedious.

LUCAS

(Still looking at DEENA
dubiously.)

...Or, the foundation of a relationship?

DEENA

Not at all! What you're referring to is a couple. Two people, that's it. Fit together out of convenience; just accommodating each other, separately. A relationship is more than two people. You can't just accommodate a partner, you need to be open to them and all the changes they bring about. Life shouldn't be a puzzle, pieced together by design. Life should be a painting!

LUCAS

So you're saying I should paint with Liz?

DEENA

Maybe. It's not for me to say.

LUCAS

(frustrated)

Well that's no help.

(DEENA drops her shaking head
into her open hand.)

DEENA

I'm your friend, not your subconscious! How can I tell you
what to do?

LUCAS

I just don't know.

DEENA

You do know. You're decision is blurred by all the notions
you've developed.

LUCAS

Same difference. If I don't decide soon, the whole thing
will stall. She's really great but I don't want to make
this kind of decision under duress. And if I'm wrong I'll
end up hurting us both.

DEENA

Being wrong is okay, you know. I'm sure she'll get over it.

LUCAS

Thanks. I'm more worried about me.

DEENA

Alright, I might be able to help.

(She begins writing something
down.)

LUCAS

(Realizes DEENA is writing on
a prescription pad.)

No, no, that's OK. I don't think it's serious enough for
pills.

(DEENA shakes her head as she
tears of and passes LUCAS the
piece of paper)

DEENA

Relax, they don't make a fix for what you have. It's a
number for a friend of mine.

LUCAS

You're referring me, really?

DEENA

Sort of, I want you to take her on a date.

LUCAS

(startled)

What? A date? How will that help me?

DEENA

Oh, I think you'll learn a lot from Sonja.

LUCAS

And how do you know Sonja will even go out with me.

DEENA

(a cunning inflection)

She will.

LUCAS

Isn't this pretty disrespectful to Liz?

DEENA

I'm not sending you to get laid. In fact, forget what you
think you know about dating. You're not going so much to
learn about the other person. Listen and try and learn
something about yourself. If it gives you clarity then I'm
sure Liz will understand. Besides, you said yourself, you
haven't talked to Liz about being serious.

LUCAS

Sure, but do you really think going on a date will provide me with clarity?

DEENA

No, not really.

LUCAS

Well then, why should I do it?

DEENA

You misunderstand. I don't think one date will provide you with clarity, I think three might.

LUCAS

Three! Come on.

DEENA

That's my prescription.

LUCAS

Jesus, where did you get your degree? MTV University?

DEENA

Funny. You're in the throes of a conundrum. You claim to lack adequate information.

(She points to the piece of paper.)

That's information. That's insight.

LUCAS

So this is your professional opinion?

DEENA

Hey now, you asked for friendly advice.

LUCAS

And what if I wanted to upgrade to full service?

DEENA

(She taps her index finger on
her desk)

Then I'd need cash up front.

(LUCAS shakes his head and turns
to leave)

LUCAS

Hey!

(He turns quickly and points
to the paper.)

A prescription for love!

(DEENA shakes her head and returns
her attention to the papers
on her desk. LUCAS walks off.)

LUCAS

(off)

Hi, is this Sonja? ...This is Luke, I'm a friend of
Deena's.

(He laughs.)

...Yeah, this is going to sound strange...

(CURTAIN)

(END OF ACT)