

Near Misses

Mark S.P. Turvin

Characters:

Jeff-Early 30's. Heavy set. Brunette and balding.

Amy-Late 20's. Thin and attractive. Long brown hair tied back.

Scene:

A pier on a lake in Wisconsin.

Time:

The present.

The Lights come up, with Jeff and Amy sitting on folding chairs. Night sounds. They are both looking out over the audience, toward a lake.

Jeff

Boat?

Amy

Hmm?

Jeff

Wanna go out when they get back?

Amy

Not tonight. Too late.

Jeff

Mmm.

(Pause)

The stars.

Amy

Bright.

Jeff

Cleared up nice. Tomorrow?

Amy

Paper said clear.

Jeff

Boat then?

Amy

We'll see.

Jeff

Could drive into town.

Amy

Could.

Jeff

Just a thought.

(Beat)

Maybe they have plans.

Amy

I'll ask.

Jeff

See what they're up to.

(Long pause)

Drink?

(Amy shakes her head)

Mind if I get myself...?

(Amy shakes her head again. Long pause as Jeff doesn't stand)

Amy

(Not harshly)

I said I don't mind.

Jeff

Maybe later.

(Pause)

Six years.

Amy

Mmm.

Jeff

Every summer for six years.

(Pause)

Since our first summer.

(Silence)

Enjoyed 'em all.

(Pause)

You?

Amy

(Distantly)

Six years...

Jeff

Mmm-hmm.

Amy

(Realization dawning)

It has been six years.

Jeff

Six summers here.

(Beat)

Six years together.

Amy

(Pointedly)

That long.

Jeff

(Assuming a joke)

Not that long.

Amy

(Turns to Jeff)

Longer than anyone else.

Jeff

They've been together longer.

Amy

Longer than I've been with anyone else. And anyway, they're married.

Jeff

(Suddenly uncomfortable)

Oh. Mmm-hmm.

(Looks at her, pausing, hesitantly)

Problem?

Amy

(Stares at him for a few seconds, then looks away. Noncommittally)

Mmm.

Jeff

Backrub?

(She shakes her head)

Hungry?

(No answer)

Honey?

Amy

(Distantly)

Hmm?

Jeff

Hungry?

Amy

Nope.

(Long pause)

I'm leaving.

Jeff

Cold?

Amy

This.

Jeff

Back to Chicago? We can go back tonight, 'f you want. Tell them when...

Amy

(Turning on him)

Not we. I'm leaving you, Jeff. I'm moving out.

Jeff

Why? What happened?

Amy

(Standing, looking at him and shaking her head. Sighing)

God. Six years.

(She exits)

Jeff

Honey?

(Beat, louder)

Honey?

(Pause, louder)

Amy?

(Silence. Looks back at lake. Lights fade)