

A waiting room. SUE and DAVID sit in chairs next to each other reading magazines. At rise: A long beat; DAVID considers SUE, who's lost in her magazine. Then finally.

Start

DAVID: Sue?

SUE: Excuse me?

DAVID: Your name is Sue, right?

SUE: (*Uneasy.*) It is . . .

DAVID: (*A little overcome.*) Wow . . .

SUE: What?

DAVID: So we're finally talking . . .

SUE: (*Even more uneasy.*) We are . . .

DAVID: I mean, after all this *time* . . .

SUE: It's been . . . a while now, I guess . . .

DAVID: And it was just as easy as saying that one word: Sue. Who knew it would be that easy?

SUE: You know what? And please don't take this the wrong way.
But I'm not sure I like it that we're talking.

DAVID: You don't?

SUE: I think . . . no, I'm pretty sure I *preferred* it when we never spoke at all.

DAVID: Oh, shit. Oh, God. I crossed a line. I crossed a line and you hate it.

SUE: I think you might have crossed a line.

DAVID: I am so sorry.

SUE: That's okay.

DAVID: So I should shut up now.

SUE: I think that would be for the best.

DAVID: Gotcha. Right. I'll stop talking to you. I can do that. The end.

(*A long beat.*)

SUE: (*Then.*) You know my name. Okay, that's a little weird.

DAVID: No, it's not.

SUE: Yes, it is. I'm sorry, but it is.

DAVID: Of course I know your name, Sue. Do you mind if I call you Sue?

SUE: Look, okay, I'll have you know I have *Mace* in my purse.

DAVID: Calm down! Hey, easy there! I know your *name* because your *therapist* has come through that door, stood there, smiled at you, and said "Sue?" every Monday night for the last eighteen months. Hello?

SUE: (*A little flattered at this.*) I didn't realize . . . that you'd paid attention to that.

DAVID: Of *course* I'd paid attention to that!

SUE: Huh.

DAVID: (*Gently playful; not pissed.*) But I wouldn't want to upset you anymore. And I wouldn't want you to Mace me.

So like I said . . . the end.

(*Another long beat.*)

SUE: (*Almost embarrassed to admit this.*) I . . . I'm afraid I don't know *your* name.

DAVID: Excuse me?

SUE: You remembered my name. I don't know yours; I feel bad.

DAVID: Well, that . . . that's because *my* therapist comes through the door, stands there, glowers, and says, "It's time."

(*Then.*)

He's this super-strict, super-scary Freudian.

SUE: Oh my God, he *does* seem scary. Is he German?

DAVID: Oh my God, he is! We do the whole routine. I lay on the couch. He sits behind me. All very formal.

(Then.)

Actually, I'm not entirely sure if *he* knows my name.

SUE: I bet it's Albert.

DAVID: What?

SUE: Your name.

DAVID: Albert?

SUE: Yeah. You just . . . look like an Albert. If I had to guess.

DAVID: Ouch. Okay, that hurts.

SUE: You don't want to look like an Albert?

DAVID: Uh, no. No self-respecting man wants to look like an Albert.

SUE: Fine, I bet it's Herman then.

DAVID: Double ouch.

SUE: Or Thaddeus.

DAVID: Okay, you're not making any friends here, Sue.

SUE: Or Simian.

DAVID: *Simian?*

SUE: I went to college with a guy named Simian. I'm kidding. I always thought that was, like, the meanest name ever.

DAVID: Please, Simian's *parents* should be in therapy!

END

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