

**ACT II, SCENE 5**

*Lights rise at restaurant. Sam and Michelle are waiting for a table.*

**SAM** How long for a table for two?

**WAITER** [*With a ridiculous accent*] A few minutes.

**SAM** [*To Michelle*] It'll be a few minutes.

*Julia and Chuck enter.*

**CHUCK** How long for a table for two?

**WAITER** A few minutes.

**CHUCK** [*To Julia*] It'll be a few minutes.

**JULIA** Hi Sam.

**SAM** Hi. What are you doing here?

**JULIA** We came to eat.

**SAM** At my favorite restaurant?

**JULIA** You don't own the restaurant, Sam.

**SAM** No, but you knew it was my favorite.

**JULIA** Can't be that sacred if you brought those [*to Michelle's breasts*] here.

**CHUCK** Is this a friend of yours, Julia?

**JULIA** Chuck, this is Sam. He's... an old friend.

**CHUCK** Hi.

*They shake hands.*

**SAM** Yeah, old. Michelle, this is Julia and Chad.

**CHUCK** Chuck.

**SAM** Right.

*General handshakes all around.*

**WAITER** I have a table of four available right now, if you all want to sit together.

**JULIA** No— **SAM** I don't think—

**MICHELLE** That sounds fun.

**CHUCK** Yeah, let the old friends catch up.

**JULIA** Um, okay. **SAM** Well, um, sure.

**WAITER** Right this way.

*They sit at the table.*

**WAITER** My name's Viv, I'll be your waiter. [*Handing them menus.*] I'll be back in a second to get your drink orders.

*Waiter exits.*

**CHUCK** [*To Julia and Sam*] So how do you two know each other?

**MICHELLE** It's so sweet. I was at this coffee shop, y'know, and Sam asked if I wanted a caramel mochafrappalatte. He said it's the drink of love. A man has never said that to me before. It was so sweet. He asked if I wanted anything to eat, and I said I'd love to go to dinner with him. And here we are.

**JULIA** Wow, that's magical.

**MICHELLE** He was such a gentleman. He just kept bringing me drinks and taking away my napkins and stuff.

**JULIA** You know he works there, right?

**MICHELLE** Omigod, you work there?

**SAM** Yep.

**MICHELLE** Wow! It really is a small world after all.

**CHUCK** I work at Wesson and Smith, the largest brokerage on the east coast. I don't want to brag, but I made six figures last year, and almost half of that wasn't insider trading.

**MICHELLE** That's amazing!

**SAM** Fascinating, Chip.

**JULIA** [*Glaring at Sam*] Chuck.

**CHUCK** Yeah, it's getting harder to earn an honest living these days, what with the SEC and all.

*Jack enters, dressed as the Waiter and adopting the Waiter's ridiculous accent. Looking at his menu, Sam doesn't notice Jack. No one else sees or hears a difference between Jack and who their waiter is supposed to be.*

**JACK** Sorry for the wait, folks. Just to let you know our specials are almond crusted salmon on wild rice with asparagus spears, and we also have a veal bolognese with a double baked betrayal and served with acute depression.

*Sam snaps up to see Jack.*

**SAM** What comes with the veal?

**JACK** A double baked potato with a mushroom and marsala reduction. Though I can tell you're already interested in tonight's breasts. Can I start you off with some drinks?

**MICHELLE** I'll have a long-island iced tea.

**CHUCK** Make it a double. I'll have Golden Goose martini.

**JULIA** What kind of wine do you have?

**JACK** San Quentin cyanide, we just got a fresh bottle of arsenic, a bottle of Drano under the sink, and we have a nice Greek Hemlock that just came in—

**JULIA** I'll have the merlot.

**JACK** [To Sam] Something to pull your head out of your ass, sir?

**SAM** What did you just say?

**JACK** What would you like to drink?

**SAM** Um, just water would be fine.

**JACK** Okay, I'll be back in minute with your drinks.

*Jack exits. Sam looks concerned, but shakes it off.*

**MICHELLE** So, how'd you two lovebirds meet?

**JULIA** We're not really—

**CHUCK** We went to Gerald Ford High School together. I ran into her today at a grocery store. We recognized each other instantly, and picked up like we weren't a day apart.

**JULIA** Well, maybe not instantly.

**CHUCK** Naturally, I asked how her investment portfolio was doing.

**SAM** Naturally.

**CHUCK** Found out she didn't have one, so I offered to help set one up over dinner.

**SAM** Sounds like the cornerstone to a great relationship.

**CHUCK** Don't it though? I think it's great that she's a teacher. That's what a woman should be before she becomes a wife.

**SAM** I couldn't agree more.

**MICHELLE** What's an investment portfolio?

**CHUCK** Oh, sweetie, you don't invest?

**MICHELLE** No, I don't go to church.

**CHUCK** No, no—

*The lights suddenly go out.*

**MICHELLE** Omigod, what's going on?

**CHUCK** [Loudly] Everyone relax, I think the lights have gone out!

*Jack appears with a floodlight bright enough to perform freeway construction at midnight.*

**JACK** [Shining the light on himself and Sam] Sorry for the power outage folks. Looks like we're having some problems with our sanity. [Breaks from the Waiter character] What is she [Julia] doing here?

**SAM** [Whispering] What are you doing here?

**JACK** You don't need to whisper, Sam. They can't hear us. I don't exist, remember?

**SAM** Which begs the question, what the hell are you doing here?

**JACK** I wasn't having much fun, and I didn't think you were either, so I thought we'd hang out. Y'know, like old times. So how's tricks?

**SAM** Just great until you showed up.

**JACK** Bullshit. You're miserable.

**SAM** I'm fine.

**JACK** Yeah? Heard you flew your kite the other day. How was it?

*Sam snaps and glares at him.*

**JACK** Sam, you're killing me. Literally.

**SAM** That's fine with me, Jack. We were having a perfectly nice date without you.

**JACK** Really?

*Jack shines the light on Chuck and Michelle who are making out. Actually it looks like they're trying to devour each other's face.*

**JACK** Michelle and Chet are certainly hitting it off nicely.

**SAM** It's Chuck.

**JACK** Whatever. Is that the date you were referring to? Or is this it?

*Jack turns the light to Julia, who's sadly and awkwardly staring off into space. She is undeniably alone. Jack then turns the light back to Sam.*

**JACK** Yeah, you're a real lady killer.

**SAM** Go away.

**JACK** What's wrong, Sam? Thought you could just turn me off? Thought I was just some accessory? Doesn't work like that, pal.

**SAM** You don't exist.

**JACK** And neither do you. Not like this you don't. Deny it all you want, but you're just denying yourself. You need me.

**SAM** No, Jack. You need me. I don't need you.

**JACK** Maybe I should let you get back to your fun little dinner. We'll talk later.

**SAM** Not if I can help it.

*The lights return. Chuck, Michelle and Julia are sitting like they were before the lights went out.*

**WAITER** [*Off*] Hey!

**JACK** Oh merde.

*Jack runs off stage, chased by the waiter wearing just an undershirt and boxers. Waiter exits after Jack.*

**MICHELLE** Where is the ladies' room? I have to tinkle.

**SAM** [*Pointing*] That way.

*Michelle exits in the opposite direction. Beat.*

**CHUCK** She's been gone for awhile. I'll see if she's okay.

*Chuck exits in Michelle's direction.*

**JULIA** You realize they just ditched us.

**SAM** Yep.

*Beat.*

**JULIA** That was quite a catch you had there. If I thought she was going to walk like that, I would have given her some gum to stop her.

**SAM** Well, I didn't realize I was bringing bait for the cromagnon Donald Trump.

**JULIA** At least my date—

**SAM** Know what? Maybe we should just accept that we're both rejects.

**JULIA** [*Laughing*] Okay. Fair enough. Truce.

**SAM** [*Laughing*] Truce.

**JULIA** So, how are you, Sam?

**SAM** Um, fine. Yeah. I'm well. Yourself?

**JULIA** I'm great, thanks.

*Long, awkward pause.*

**SAM** You want to grab a bite? Somewhere else? A burger or something.

*She thinks for a second.*

**JULIA** No. Thanks. I think I'm just going to call it a night.

**SAM** Sure.

**JULIA** What are you doing?

**SAM** I think I could use a double long-island iced tea with a martini chaser.

**JULIA** Okay, well, I'll be going.

*She gets up sooner than Sam thinks she will. As he's half standing, Julia kisses him on the cheek. Sam can't even respond before she's on her way out.*

**JULIA** Bye Sam.

**SAM** Bye.

*Julia exits. Sam is left sitting alone at the table. Fade out.*