

JANE AND CAROLE AND A PIANO

JANE

You know what I'm going to say.

CAROLE

If I did I wouldn't bring it up.

JANE

You almost didn't bring it up.

CAROLE

God. This is why I didn't want to bring it up.

JANE

It's obvious.

CAROLE

It isn't

JANE

*Looks to the audience.*

Isn't it?

CAROLE

I need another drink.

JANE

If you're walking down the street and a guy drops a piano on your head, do you run to the flower shop on the corner and show up at his doorstep with a beautiful bouquet of Peonies?

CAROLE

I don't say anything. They're scraping me off the cement.

JANE

Right. And while they're getting out their little metal whatever-you-call-its to scrape you off the cement do you think the guy in the third story window is crying about it? No. He's eating a sandwich—best sandwich of his goddamn life.

CAROLE

What kind of sandwich?

JANE

Ham and cheese.

CAROLE

That's the best sandwich of his life?

JANE

Men are simple.

CAROLE

I don't even like peonies.

JANE

Well he loves em. Goes bananas for em.

CAROLE

What man do you know that loves peonies?

*ENTER The Waitress. She goes to Carole but is cut off by Jane.*

JANE

*(to WAITRESS)*

Two Mojitos. Thanks.

*(to CAROLE)*

He doesn't really love em. He's just that good at making you think he loves em. See. Now you think he's real sensitive. He's a real nice guy. Now you wanna let him take you home. What other guy have you ever met who loves peonies like that?

CAROLE

Are you calling me easy?

JANE

If you're walking down the street and a guy drops a piano on your head you climb out from under the damn thing and tell the loser to fuck off and watch where he's dropping pianos. Then on your way to work the next day change your route.

CAROLE

Am I the piano?

JANE

You're asking the wrong question.

*Jane takes a long swig.*

CAROLE

What if he's the one?

JANE

He isn't

CAROLE

You don't know.

JANE

You just told me.

CAROLE

But I love him.

JANE

Sure.