

Fiction Excerpt

By

Ayelet Schrek

ACT I

A garden restaurant. Lunchtime. Em is sitting. She and Kay have been friends for years. Kay enters, wearing noticeable gloves--not white.

EM
You're early.

KAY
I believe you are late.

EM
Oh. I guess that means you're late too.

KAY
Yes. Very.

A pause.

EM
Sit please.

Kay sits.

KAY
Such a secluded spot!

EM
I didn't want to be in the sun.

KAY
Ah.

EM
We can move if you'd like.

KAY
Oh no, this suits me just fine.

EM
Good.

Pause.
Would you like to eat?

KAY
I suppose. Are you eating?

EM
Not this week.

KAY
I like roast beef. I think I'll get roast beef.

Another pause.
Do you like roast beef?

EM
I'm not eating this week.

KAY
What about next week?

EM
Yes, I'll like roast beef very much next week.

Starting to rise:

KAY
We should meet again then next week.

EM
We meet every week.

KAY
Oh yes.

Sits again. A pause.

EM
You're wearing gloves. How curious.

KAY
Not really.

EM
No?

KAY
It makes perfect sense.

EM
Oh.

KAY
Yes.

A pause.
How's Jay?

EM
Well, well. Jay's...just jolly!

They both laugh loudly. A difficult question:
(MORE)

EM (cont'd)

How's Ee? Still giving you trouble?

KAY

No, no. No more trouble. None at all.

EM

That is very good. I am very glad to hear it! I thought...

KAY

You? Thought?

EM

Bruises, you know. Gloves could cover bruises.

KAY

No, no bruises. No new bruises.

EM

Oh, good. I'm very glad!