

Scene Nine.

Evening.

A different (but also nice) restaurant.

Ethan and Alice sit at a table set for two.

ETHAN. Lipstick. That looks really nice.

ALICE. Must have put it on earlier today and forgot.

ETHAN. Same carpet. Same lamps. Kind of like a time machine.

ALICE. Kind of like a restaurant.

ETHAN. Are you feeling nostalgic yet?

ALICE. No.

ETHAN. Do you remember that we sat at this exact table? Or whatever table that was in this exact spot, to be precise.

ALICE. Yup.

ETHAN. Do you remember when you locked yourself in that bathroom and the manager had to saw the door knob off?

ALICE. Yup, thanks for bringing that up.

ETHAN. Yeah, no worries. Hey Alice? I think this is going really well.

ALICE. What?

ETHAN. I think this is going really well.

ALICE. I just sat down.

ETHAN. So you don't think it's going well?

ALICE. Let's not do a check-in so early, OK?

ETHAN. Definitely.

ALICE. Can we flag down a waiter? I need to order.

ETHAN. You haven't even looked at the list of options yet.

ALICE. Menus. They're called MENUS. Why do you—

ETHAN. *Menus...* I did not take any French. *Menus...*

ALICE. Anyway, I already know I want the salad I like.

ETHAN. Salad. And maybe something from the entrées? Go crazy.

ALICE. Oh no. Did you give them your fucking card?

ETHAN. No.

ALICE. Why do you do that? You don't have any money. It doesn't impress anyone.

ETHAN. Alice. I didn't. I swear.

ALICE. Oh. I'm sorry. Really?

ETHAN. I didn't give them my card. OK? I was gonna wait till you went to pee and then give them yours.

ALICE. And stop shaking your knee.

ETHAN. Sorry.

You wanna order? Garçon? Oh wow! Did you hear that? I do speak French. C'est magnifique!

ALICE. Ethan.

ETHAN. Ethan! Who's that? That's me! Aw, too bad.

ALICE. You're spiraling. FOCUS!

She flicks water in his face.

He stops.

I want you to reiterate what the deal is.

ETHAN. Fifteen minutes then I ask if you want to get back together. You answer. And if the answer is no, I stay out of your life forever.

ALICE. Good.

ETHAN. Good.

ALICE. Why do you look so sad?

ETHAN. Because it's not good. Because I can already see you've made up your mind.

ALICE. And why does that surprise you?

There have been zero mixed messages between us.

ETHAN. You say that, but you agreed to this date.

ALICE. To make you go away.

ETHAN. But you *agreed*. So....

Silence.

ALICE. Stop.

ETHAN. What?

ALICE. *That.*
 ETHAN. What?
 ALICE. You know what face you're doing...
 ETHAN. I don't.
 ALICE. You do. You know that face does things.
 ETHAN. What does this face do?
 ALICE. *I...tch...* I used to say it made me—
 ETHAN. What was the word?
 ALICE. The word... was "melty."
 ETHAN. See! You remembered!
 ALICE. Look at that, I remembered. I didn't scrub you from my brain, Ethan. You were an important part of my life. Now, I'm with someone new. But that doesn't mean that what you and I were is now, like, redacted. I didn't "upgrade" from you. Relationships aren't like phones.
 ETHAN. Please don't monologue yet.
 ALICE. I'm trying to pay you a compliment.
 ETHAN. You know when people get the most compliments? In eulogies.
 ALICE. You're doing it again!
 ETHAN. Am I?
 ALICE. Change the face!
 ETHAN. Or I could just turn up the juice...
 ALICE. Stop!
 ETHAN. *Maybe this'll help.*
He puts a napkin over his head. Silence.
 ALICE. If only they made a napkin big enough to cover your personality.
 What's really going on?
 ETHAN. What's really—
 ALICE. What's behind this?
 ETHAN. *(Re: napkin.)* This? Twenty-twenty vision, perfect-teeth-

no-braces, and a full head of hair.
She yanks off his napkin, holding it.
 How long was that up there and you didn't have the decency to tell me?
 ALICE. You are so dumb.
 ETHAN. You are so beautiful.
 To me... Is a song.
She stands, throwing her napkin down on the table.
 ALICE. God dammit!
 ETHAN. Sit down.
 ALICE. STOP.
 ETHAN. Please.
Alice sits.
 I'm sorry. I can be normal.
 ALICE. No you can't. Because this is who you are: someone who comes into your life because he has nothing better to do and ruins everything; destroying stuff like a—
 ETHAN. My methods may have been a bit unorthodox, but—
 ALICE. Dude, you don't even want me.
 ETHAN. I do, I do...
 ALICE. We were miserable. We fought every night.
 ETHAN. No!
 ALICE. We were searching around for... for units of *pain* to lob at each other like water balloons.
 ETHAN. But that wasn't all the time.
 ALICE. You made it seem like it was.
 ETHAN. I know I did.
 ALICE. *You* broke up with *me*.
 ETHAN. I did.
 What else was I supposed to do? And you know, breaking up worked. You begged to get back together. Said it was "a wake-up call."