

## Scene One

*Chris Walker*

*Ken Foster*

*(Curtain opens, Chris and Ken are sitting at a table. Chris is finishing off a call on his cell phone.)*

Chris (on the phone): What time?... OK, I'll be ready... Where are we having dinner?... THEY are going to be there? I'll wear my best! Together we ought to turn some heads!... Bye, now.

Ken (seriously): Chris, I have a question.

Chris: Don't you sound serious. Ask it.

Ken: Do you love Daphne?

Chris: I always feel so proud to walk beside her, we look great together. I always wanted a lady to complement me. You know, when they look at me they see her, or when they look at her they see me. Daphne does that, we just BELONG to each other. If people are watching I'll seat her at the table as if she were the queen herself. I'll even cut her steak for her.

Ken: Cut her STEAK for her? At a public eating place? HOW EMBARRASSING!

Chris: It's just another way of making people look at us. I love it!

Ken: That doesn't sound like MY definition of love. I asked if you LOVE her. Would you still love her if she were in a wheelchair? Would you still love her if something happened that damaged her gorgeous looks? Do you have meaningful conversations? Do you care about how her day went at work? Does SHE care about how YOUR day went at work? Do you have anything in common?

Chris (takes a sip of coffee, looks up at Ken with an amused smile): Well, she's a doctor and I'm a doctor but we don't waste our time discussing work, not when we can make plans for the next party. (Changing the subject) Oh, Ken, did I tell you I got an invitation to a Christmas Dinner at my home town of Selinsgrove? The church I used to go to has been having monthly special events to celebrate their 50<sup>th</sup> year, and the Christmas Dinner is the final kickoff and they are trying to get as many of the former attendees as possible.

Ken: Sounds like fun. I assume you're going.

Chris: Not on your life! That little town was too small for MY plans, I didn't leave anything there that I need to go back for.

Ken: You mean you don't have any family there, no friends, not even any curiosity about the church or the town?

Chris: Sometimes I do wonder about how Melanie is doing, whether she got married and if so, who to.

Ken: Melanie? I've never heard of a Melanie.

Chris: Yeah, we dated all thru high school. Everyone expected us to get married, but she didn't want to move to the city and I refused to stay in Selinsgrove. She was the pianist at our church, taught a Sunday School class, and planned to get a teaching degree and come back to teach at the public school there.

Ken: At least she sounds like she has more character than Miss Daphne whose only use in life is to make you look good. What about family?

Chris (disgusted): My father, but I don't have much respect for a man that was more interested in setting up a new business than in spending time with his dying wife. He put her in a nursing home, said he'd done all he could do. Then he rented a building close to the school, moved all Mom's books down there, and then put up a sign to welcome anyone who wanted to study after school. He was a retired school teacher and was good with kids, even if he was my father. By the time Mom passed away, he was so busy at the Study Hall that he didn't even miss her. I left right after they buried my mom and haven't been back since.

Ken: Sounds like you NEED to go back and get some things settled instead of staying away and trying to forget. You might find out there is more to love than how a person looks. You might even find out that your Mom and Dad had that kind of love. I think you need to go back, I really do.

Chris: I'm not making any promises.

*(Curtain closes.)*

## **Scene Two**

*Chris Walker*

*Bill Tremble*

*(Curtain opens. Chris walks in with suitcase in hand to check in to the motel for the weekend. Bill Tremble is behind the counter to check him in.)*

Chris (laying credit card on the counter): Reservation for Chris Walker