

STAGE KISS

HARRISON

Oxytocin—

HE

Whatever—I'm afraid it was fate, being cast in that play. We're in love again.

LAURIE

You are?

HARRISON

Oh, are you?

SHE

I'm sorry, Harrison. I don't mean to be flippant. This is deadly serious.

SHE/HE

We're in love.

Laurie runs to the bathroom and slams the door.

LAURIE

Asshole!

START

Angela (She and Harrison's sixteen-year-old daughter) walks in.

ANGELA

(To He) Hi, you're a total asshole.

Mom, come home, you're being a total bitch. Dad's a wreck. He puked all night. He was like, shivering, on the bathroom floor.

SHE

You were?

HARRISON

Angela, what are you doing here?

SHE

Angela what on earth—? This is my daughter, Angela.

ANGELA

(To He) Nice to meet you, asshole. You sucked in the play.

HE

A pleasure.

ANGELA

I don't mean to be rude, I just didn't think you were very good. And I think my mom is pretty good and I've never understood how good actors could have sex with bad actors, like how could they not know. Actors must be dumb or something because they mismatch all the time. But like I'm a painter and I think it's pretty objective, it's like, can you copy a Renaissance portrait or can't you? You can, great, so you're decent at least, but with acting it's like, you're just doing human behavior so who's to say who's better, but with painters, if they sucked I'd be like, no you can't get with me, don't even try it. You don't see good painters fucking bad painters as much as you see good actors fucking bad actors, and you are fucking right?

SHE

When did you start saying fucking all the time.

ANGELA

When did you start sleeping with the leading man?

Angela looks hard at She and He.

The door of the bathroom flies open and smoke comes out.

SHE

I—

HARRISON

Angela, go home.

Angela glimpses Laurie smoking pot on the toilet.

The bathroom door flies shut.

STAGE KISS

ANGELA

(To He) So this is your place? It's kind of dumpy. It's kind of dumpy, Mom. I walked up like ten flights of stairs. Do you have any food? I'm starving. Dad forgets to buy groceries when you're gone. And you can't really eat leftover kung pao chicken on an empty stomach unless you're like totally hungover which I'm not.

END

A toilet flushes.

Laurie comes out, tear-stained and wonky after crying and smoking a joint in the bathroom.

LAURIE

Would you like a sandwich?

ANGELA

Yes!

LAURIE

P b and j?

ANGELA

You rock.

LAURIE

Never underestimate the power of a p b and j to make you feel better. Poor thing. No groceries at home.

SHE

(To Laurie) She has groceries. *(To Harrison)* She has groceries, right?

HARRISON

We have some milk. Look, don't leave me, honey. I can't bear it. I may not be a rakish actor. I might not be a romantic who believes in "fate" or soul mates but I believe in you. I believe in eighteen years of choosing each other, morning after morning.