

Two theatre seats. 1 shuffles into a seat. They flip through a program. 2 shuffles past them into the second seat. They sit for a moment, then stand and take off their coat. The action takes up a lot of space. They sit and wait.

2

These things never start on time, do they.

I mean, I rush and rush and rush to get here on time, fight to the death for a parking spot, and shove my way past a whole row of people - you'd think that the least they could do is start when they say they're going to start.

I don't even know what it's about...

The only reason I'm here is because my fiance is in it.

1

Congrats.

2

Thanks.

I don't know why I said fiance. They aren't my fiance. We aren't engaged. I don't know why I said that. I think I thought it might sound more interesting.

It's actually... it's a first date. Is it weird to ask someone on a date that's just them in the audience for your show? That's weird, isn't it. That's a weird reason to be here.

(to self)

Oh, what are you doing...

1

Hard to say. I'm here because it's a notch better than going home alone.

2

Oh, that's... that's fun.

The lights go down.

1

About time.