

9.

The subway.

EDIE watis for the train.

Duane enters the platform.

He pretends he doesn't see her.

Drifts in her direction.

Makes perhaps too much of an effort to meet her eyes.

They meet.

She smiles and nods.

He wants to say something

Doesn't.

A silence.

They...uh. Hi. DUANE

Hey. EDIE

DUANE mills around.

DUANE
They broke ground on the second avenue line.

EDIE
(nods without eye contact)

DUANE
It's causing all these delays on the weekends. They say it will decrease congestion on the green li—

EDIE
Someone jumped.

DUANE
What?

EDIE mimes someone jumping and going 'splat.'

DUANE

Whoa. Really?

EDIE

If you keep people waiting long enough they jump.

DUANE

You wanna...I mean, if you want, we could just / split a cab—

EDIE

Thirty seven people commit transit suicide every year. And that's just Manhattan. Imagine if you lived in Queens or something. I would. I'd totally jump.

DUANE

Would you?

EDIE

But then I'd get my dress dirty and I couldn't take it back tomorrow.

DUANE

I think it's beautiful.

EDIE

Don't you live in Jersey? Shouldn't you be on the uptown side?

DUANE

I'm meeting a friend.

Pause.

EDIE

Thank you.

DUANE

For what?

EDIE

You said my dress was beautiful and I told you to go back to Jersey. I'm sorry and thank you.

DUANE

You should take advantage while you have it. Go somewhere. Have fun.

EDIE

The tag's itchy.

DUANE

Cuz I was gonna say: there's this lounge uptown. They got a mixologist. He makes a ginger thing. Wow...so good..they serve it in a copper mug and you drink it in your mouth and you're like, "ahhh."

EDIE

I thought you were meeting your friend.

DUANE

He cancelled.

EDIE

When?

DUANE

I was gonna meet up with him but he cancelled.