

RS#1 – SHARON & ROBYN

Start



SHARON. My son lives in New York.

ROBYN. Oh!

You have a son?

SHARON. I do, he lives in New York.

ROBYN. That's great. In the Bronx?

SHARON. No! No no

He lives

"Park Slope" do you know where [that is?]

He lives in "Park Slope."

ROBYN. Oh yeah, that's great.

SHARON. He pays way too much for [rent]

I tell him that all the time, I say

In Iowa you could have a *house* for the money you
spend on [rent]

(Laughs a little, stops.)

He doesn't like it when I say that.

He didn't like Iowa.

ROBYN. The tornados?

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SHARON. No he just didn't like it.

*(Beat. Have they run out of conversation?
SHARON hastens.)*

He's a designer.

ROBYN. Oh! That's great!

SHARON. He's very good, everybody thinks he's very good.

ROBYN. What does he design?

SHARON. *(Doesn't really know.)* Clothes, he mostly designs clothes. For women?

ROBYN. Oh!

SHARON. Everybody thinks he's a homosexual, but he's not.

(Where did this come from?? SHARON has surprised herself. A beat.)

ROBYN. I'm gay.

SHARON. Oh!

You're -?

Oh!!

You're -??

(Beat.)

I mean, I don't have any problem with homosexuals.

ROBYN. Oh good.

SHARON. Nope. Not at all. I think, you know, gay rights!
Let them marry!

ROBYN. Thank you.

SHARON. Some of my son's friends are homosexual people.
Probably most of them.

ROBYN. Oh.

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SHARON. I think most New Yorkers are.

ROBYN. I think actually there are a lot of straight people in New York.

SHARON. I kissed a girl once in college.

(Beat.)

I'm sorry. I'm nervous.

ROBYN. Why are you nervous?

SHARON. I mean. A roommate! I've never had a roommate.

(This is an admission of failure:)

I'm sixty-five years old.

A roommate!

ROBYN. It's OK. You'll save money.

SHARON. No, I know! I know. I definitely
I will definitely save money.

(Beat.)

You – did you have a lot more boxes in the car?

ROBYN. I've got it.

SHARON. *(Really doesn't want to keep carrying boxes.)*
Well if you're sure.

ROBYN. Be right back.

(She exits back out to the car.)

(SHARON sits alone in her kitchen with all these new weird vegetables. She takes a deep breath. OK. It's OK.)

SHARON. *(Calling after her.)* Today is my reading group!

ROBYN. *(Offstage.)* What did you say?

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SHARON. Oh, I said: today is my reading group.

If you want to come with me.

(ROBYN returns. She's carrying a heavy box.)

ROBYN. Your "reading group"?

SHARON. You know, a book club. Only Tanya calls it a reading group –

(She jumps up to help ROBYN set the box on the table. ROBYN pulls away.)

ROBYN. I've got it!

SHARON. – Tanya's the one who runs it, she says everything just a little bit wrong, it's because she's from Idaho and there wasn't any culture there, so she didn't get exposed to things until much later in life.

(Beat.)

Is that more vegetables?

ROBYN. No that goes upstairs.

A reading group...

(Beat.)

Isn't that. Kind of. For old people?

SHARON. *(Amazed.)* We are old people.

ROBYN. *(Amazed.)* We are?

(A beat. They study each other.)

(Each is kind of baffled by the other.)

(Then ROBYN turns away.)

I'll just take this upstairs. But thanks for the invitation.

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SHARON. You're so welcome. You let me know if there's anything you need.

Mi casa es su casa!

(Beat.)

Literally.

ROBYN. OK then.

(She picks up the box and almost drops it.)

(A ceramic doll falls out and smashes.)

(The box is full of ceramic dolls.)

SHARON. Oh no!

ROBYN. Stay there!

(ROBYN moves quickly between SHARON and the shards.)

SHARON. Are you OK? Do you need help?

ROBYN. *(Sharp.)* I've got this!

Is there a [broom]?

SHARON. Here...

(Gets her a broom.)

Do you want me to...?

ROBYN. No no

I've got it.

(As she sweeps – calmer.)

Sorry. I didn't mean to [snap]

I just didn't want you to get cut.

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SHARON. (*Peering into the box.*) What...are all these dolls?

ROBYN. Please!!

(**SHARON** moves away from the box.)

Sorry. They're – it's personal.

SHARON. I didn't mean to pry.

ROBYN. I made them. I used to be a potter.

SHARON. You were?

ROBYN. They're patterned after these antique South American dolls.

SHARON. Oh! Wow

ROBYN. But then I stopped. So.

It's a little embarrassing.

SHARON. You shouldn't be embarrassed, they're very

(*She doesn't like them.*)

Evocative.

ROBYN. *Evocative?*

SHARON. They evoke things.

ROBYN. They're actually voodoo dolls.

SHARON. Voodoo??

ROBYN. Kidding.

SHARON. I mean I don't know

They look a little voodoo-y to me.

ROBYN. Maybe they *evoke* voodoo.

(*A beat. They share a smile.*)

SHARON. I didn't mean that in a bad way.

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ROBYN. It's OK. I'm done with all that.

SHARON. Why did you stop?

ROBYN. I stopped because

uh

it wasn't the sort of lifestyle

that...

Being a potter can be very

stressful.



End