

Ryan & Harper

RYAN. She's always had a flair for the dramatic. *(A door slams upstairs.)*

HARPER. It's just one of the many things I love about her. *(Beat.)* Finished?

RYAN. Yes. *(Harper takes Ryan's plate from him and places both on the coffee table. He stands and crosses behind the sofa towards the chair downstage right.)*

HARPER. Honestly now, Ryan, why did you come here?

RYAN. Honestly? I was hitchhiking.

HARPER. Seriously, Ryan, did you come here to get Courtney back?

RYAN. Seriously ... No. I just stopped by to say hi to her folks.

HARPER. Did you come here to stop the wedding?

RYAN. No, because I didn't know there was going to be a wedding. HARPER. Don't you feel a person might find that difficult to believe?

RYAN. You might find it difficult, but imagine how I feel. *(Harper assumes the position of a therapist. He deliberately sits in the downstage right chair, pulls out his pen, and crosses his legs. Then he speaks.)*

HARPER. How do you feel?

RYAN. How do I feel. *(He slowly lays on the couch.)* How do you think I feel? You're the shrink.

HARPER. I don't like that word.

RYAN. What don't you like about the word?

HARPER. It doesn't make any sense. Shrink what?

RYAN. It's an acronym.

HARPER. For?

RYAN. Someone Helping Reduce Insecure Nihilists Knowledgeably.

HARPER. *(Smiles.)* Clever. And what do you mean by an insecure nihilist?

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RYAN. Beats me, you're the shrink. *(He laughs.)*

HARPER. That's funny. You really are a sarcastic prick, aren't you?

RYAN. It's one of my stronger suits.

HARPER. It's such a superb defense mechanism.

RYAN. It's highly overrated, but it works well in the moment.

HARPER. I always wanted to be sarcastic, but I was never any good at it.

RYAN. You have other virtues.

HARPER. Of course I do. Though it seems like it would be a lot more fun just to be sarcastic. I can see why Courtney was attracted to that part of you.

RYAN. You don't have to be so polite, Harper. *(He sits up.)* Honestly, you just don't seem her type.

HARPER. Ryan. *(He rises.)* When a woman senses the ticking of her biological clock, tick tock tick tock. She looks for more of a, how can I put this, provider. One who brings a self-confidence to the table so that she can feel a bit more secure about her place in the world. And with that comes a bonding of mutual hopes, dreams and desires, a shelter from the storm, if you will. To put it simply, Ryan, a woman wants a romantic who is also a realist.

RYAN. Are you saying I am not a grown-up?

HARPER. *(Sitting back down in his chair.)* I was saying a lot more than that, I think.

RYAN. You are good. This is all starting to make sense to me. I just don't get the whole wedding thing.

HARPER. I wouldn't expect you to. You're quite the primitive when it comes to emotional transactions.

RYAN. You don't think this is a little fast.

HARPER. Time is meaningless when one is certain of one's feelings.

RYAN. So one can be certain of one's feelings. Must be nice. The only thing I'm certain of is uncertainty.

HARPER. Heisenberg ... Interesting, *(Checks his watch.)* well, we will have to continue this some other time and it's my fondest hope that we do. I must be on my way. I have a few things left on my plate that need attending.

RYAN. Good luck. *(Harper stands and crosses to the staircase.)*

HARPER. Will I see you later?

RYAN. If they don't call the cops.