

# Melanie & Ryan

RYAN. Melanie. Am I glad to see you.

MELANIE. I can't believe you're here.

RYAN. Neither can I.

MELANIE. It's so romantic.

RYAN. Nahhh, it's more like stupid. Stuck in a bathroom wearing a towel. I should be out there, in the heart of this country. Searching for its soul.

MELANIE. Oh c'mon, Ryan, you're searching to find Courtney and rekindle your lost love.

RYAN. No way. I'm on a quest to discover why America took a right turn and I didn't. I've got to get back on the road before your family wears me out.

MELANIE. Don't hand me that crap. I know why you're here. You have the heart of a lonely hunter. Makes me swoon.

RYAN. You're not a swooner, Mel.

MELANIE. I know. I just like saying the word. It's as close to love as I'll ever get.

RYAN. Like you've never been in love?

MELANIE. Are you talking about the mutually satisfying exchange of emotion and intellect, herpes-free? I once loved a turtle but that's because he was hypoallergenic.

RYAN. There's no guy in your life?

MELANIE. There are several. But they're all from Ohio. They're buckeyes.

RYAN. I've always liked Ohio. It always calms me down. It's so placid.

MELANIE. It's the Valium of the Midwest.

RYAN. I thought you were going to get out of here.

MELANIE. It's hard to overcome the gravitational pull that is Ohio. We get stuck. The license plate should read Ohio: The Perfect Place to Die.

RYAN. I'm as good as dead if your mom sees me.

MELANIE. Yeah, that's because you're too weird. You scare her.

RYAN. I do? God, I thought she liked me.

MELANIE. No, she's just super polite. It's why she gets migraines.

RYAN. Melanie, I've got to get out of here. My clothes are in the wash. I need them.

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MELANIE. We've missed you.

RYAN. I miss my clothes.

MELANIE. I don't. Do you miss Courtney?

RYAN. I guess. Of course I do. But I try not to think about it. It hurts. I'm not big on pain. I've got to get over her and get on with my life.

MELANIE. Why didn't you marry her?

RYAN. Courtney? Marriage? Those words are mutually exclusive. Could you imagine Courtney dressed in white, outdoors in your garden?

MELANIE. Awash in floral arrangements.

RYAN. A table laden with useless gifts.

MELANIE. Wedding vows written the night before.

RYAN. Caterers carousing with canapés.

MELANIE. Shrimp boats as far as the eye can see.

RYAN. And the final touch, a chocolate fountain.

MELANIE. I love a good chocolate fountain.

RYAN. Who doesn't.

MELANIE. Makes me quiver.

RYAN. Courtney's wedding day. The mind reels at the thought.

MELANIE. You never know. Every woman has a soft spot. Even me.

RYAN. Courtney has no soft spot. She's a writer. Can I tell you something? I've never told anyone this. I always thought we'd stumble into marriage. One day we'd wake up, have breakfast, do the laundry, get married. No big deal.

MELANIE. I bet if she saw you here, that's exactly what would happen. You look yummy.

RYAN. Easy.

MELANIE. You're getting yummier by the minute.

RYAN. Melanie.

MELANIE. I can help you through the pain. I'm a nurse.

RYAN. I don't need help. *(Melanie starts stalking Ryan.)*

MELANIE. I think you do. Why not? You're a free man and I am definitely a free woman.

RYAN. It feels a bit incestuous.

MELANIE. We'll get over that hump.

RYAN. Melanie, stop it! I just want to get out of here.

MELANIE. No one's stopping you.

RYAN. Clothes. I want my clothes.

MELANIE. Clothes, clothes, clothes, all you can talk about is clothes. Don't you believe in love?

RYAN. All you talk about is sex, sex, sex. Don't you believe in clothes?

MELANIE. Enough with the clothes already. *(She rips his towel off him. Sees his boxer shorts.)* Un-fucking-believable! That's more horrifying than seeing you naked. No wonder she left you. You can't