

LONG RUN

By David Hlavsa

Hlavsa

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Characters:

Charlie, 16

Liz, 19

Setting: A park in a medium-sized town, upstate New York. Park bench. Trash can. Small duffel bag, about half full, under the bench. November. Cold.

CHARLIE, dressed in sweats and running shoes, sits on the top rail of the bench, hugging himself against the cold. After a while, he stands, hands in his arm pits. Pause. He jogs in place. He stops.

LIZ, carrying a shoulder bag, also under-dressed for the cold, enters behind him. HE doesn't see her. She gets closer.

SHE grabs his ass. He jumps and lets out a whoop.

LIZ

Gotcha.

CHARLIE

I wish you wouldn't—

LIZ

You went about three feet straight up—

CHARLIE

—do that. You know? It's embarrassing—

LIZ

BAWK like a fucking rooster—

CHARLIE

It's disrespectful. It's—

LIZ

BAWK!

CHARLIE

—It's rude, Liz.

LIZ

Some guys like it—

CHARLIE

Not from their sister, they don't.

LIZ

Aw. C'mere, baby. Gimme some sugar.

(THEY hug. SHE kisses him on the cheek and then the lips – hard, not sexual.)

So ...Miss me?

CHARLIE

Where have you been?

LIZ

... Oh, you know. Me and some other girls got a place—

CHARLIE

Still in the City?

LIZ

Fuck, yeah.

CHARLIE

Manhattan.

LIZ

No, *Queens*. Yes, Manhattan.

CHARLIE

You back in school?

(SHE looks at him for a moment before answering.)

LIZ

... No.

CHARLIE

Working?

LIZ

Yeah, waitressing, temping, you know. Everybody I know's got three, four things going

—

CHARLIE

What'd you do? You flunk out?

LIZ

Of course not.

CHARLIE

You get in trouble—

LIZ

Naw, I –

CHARLIE

You pissed somebody off—What'd you put a tack on the teacher's chair?

LIZ

I didn't do anything.

CHARLIE

Then what—

LIZ

Is that what dad told you? I did something?

CHARLIE

He didn't tell me anything.

LIZ

...Forget it, then.

CHARLIE

...Okay.

(Pause.)

How was the bus?

(LIZ shrugs. CHARLIE nods offstage.)

You see the car?

LIZ

Yeah. ...Looks good...

CHARLIE

New plugs. Oil. Filter. Air filter. Transmission fluid. Points. ...Did I tell you? Last winter, Monday morning, dad and I get in the car. Hadn't been anywhere all weekend. He tries to start it up, turns the key. Nothing. We get out and open the hood. There was a chipmunk in there.

LIZ

No shit.

CHARLIE

Yeah. ... chewed through some wires. Anyway, we cleaned it out. So, it's rodent-free, now. ... Tank's full, too—

(Pause.)

You're welcome.

LIZ

Don't mention it. ... You didn't think I was coming back for it, huh? I've been gone so long, you were thinking it's your car now, weren't you?

CHARLIE

No...

LIZ

C'mon, admit it...

CHARLIE

No...

LIZ

C'mon...

CHARLIE

Well, maybe.

(SHE slugs him in the arm.)

LIZ

You're bulking up. Like Chuck Norris.

(SHE slugs him again.)

That hurt? How about that?

CHARLIE

Cut it out.

LIZ

How about that?

CHARLIE

Liz—

LIZ

(Chicken sounds)

Chuck, chuck, chuck.

(More arm punches; SHE starts to spar with him.)

Bap. Bap. Bap. Bap. C'mon.

(And so on, ad lib. HE doesn't do much at first, just the least he needs in order to block her, but as SHE continues to spar, he ramps it up, dancing backwards, dodging and weaving. Clearly, this is something they've done a lot of. SHE lands light slaps on him. HE fakes serious punches, but doesn't land anything on her.)

LIZ

(To the theme from "Rocky.")

Punching *beef* now. Drinking *eggs* now.

(HE gets her in a clinch.)

I know what you've been doing. I Googled your ass.

(SHE tries to grab his ass again. THEY break the clinch and SHE tags him.)

Pow.

(THEY continue to spar, he keeps dodging. SHE tries and misses him several times.)

CHARLIE

You see I'm on the track team? I—

LIZ

On the team? Shit. You *are* the fucking track team. How many records you set?

CHARLIE

Three.

LIZ

"Jenny, I believe that God has made me for a purpose and he made me *fast!* And when I run I feel his pleasure!!!"

(HE tags her. Hard.)

OW!

(SHE doubles over.)

That hurt?

CHARLIE

YES!

LIZ

Really?

CHARLIE

OW! MY EYE! JESUS!

LIZ

Did I ... ? I'm sorry. Let me see—

CHARLIE

(SHE straightens up and tags him a few more times.)

Bap, bap, bap. *Gotcha.*

LIZ

Hey! Hey!

CHARLIE

(CHARLIE reacts, but then stops playing, drops his hands, goes slack. LIZ tags him one last time, but he doesn't defend himself. Beat. LIZ hugs him impulsively. After a second, HE hugs her back.)

Say you missed me.

LIZ

(Pause. THEY stop hugging and look at each other for a second. HE breaks away, moves to the bench.)

Hey, you hungry?

CHARLIE

(Lightly. Distracted.)

LIZ

Mn. Yeah. I could eat.

(Sitting on the bench, CHARLIE takes a paper bag out of the top of the duffel bag. Holds it up to her.)

CHARLIE

You want a turkey sandwich?

(LIZ sits, opens the bag.)

LIZ

You're not ...?

CHARLIE

I ate already.

(LIZ tucks in as if she hasn't eaten in days)

LIZ

Oh. Oh. This is good. Cranberry sauce.

CHARLIE

Stuffing.

LIZ

You put the whole turkey dinner on here.

CHARLIE

It's the best way.

LIZ

It's the *only* way.

CHARLIE

I cooked the turkey.

LIZ

You cooked this?

CHARLIE

For Thanksgiving, yeah – I did the whole thing. Turkey, stuffing, yams with marshmallows—

LIZ

And you're still on leftovers?

CHARLIE

Thanksgiving was just the other day.

LIZ

Still. You guys must have had a huge bird, just the two of you—

CHARLIE

Naw. I wouldn't cook a turkey that size just for – there were, what, seven of us.

LIZ

...Who?

CHARLIE

You met Bob, right? Guy dad's been doing jobs for?

LIZ

Yeah.

CHARLIE

He was there. And his sister, Laurie. She's got three kids. Twin boys, 10 years old; girl about your age.

LIZ

And she and dad...?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I guess. They've been out a few times. So, yeah, it was my first, you know, formal Thanksgiving dinner, as a chef ... and, you know, it had to be right because it's the boss *and* the girlfriend. So I'm all in there with *The Joy of Cooking* and stuff. I did a turkey and a ham. And I did all right, I mean, maybe I overdid it on the quantity, 'cause everyone ate themselves into a coma and we're still working on the ... you know ... well, I didn't poison anyone with ...

LIZ

Salmonella—

CHARLIE

Yeah, salmonella. Soo it was okay ... Everybody took home leftovers and we still had ... anyway, I saved you some ...

(Pause. Liz eats more of the sandwich.)

LIZ

She hot?

CHARLIE

Who?

The girl. What's her name? LIZ

Valerie. She's all right. CHARLIE

You dog. ...And Laurie? LIZ

What? ...She's all right too. CHARLIE

(Quiet.) LIZ

You dog.

(LIZ has stopped eating. SHE re-wraps the rest of the sandwich and puts it in her bag.)

Well, thanks, this'll come in handy on the road.

(SHE stands, looking out at the car, waits. Holds out her hand.)

Keys?

(CHARLIE doesn't move.)

Does he know you're here?

Who, dad? Naw. I didn't tell him. CHARLIE

You drove by yourself? LIZ

What do you think? CHARLIE

You got a license? LIZ

I got a learner's permit. CHARLIE

LIZ

Good. That's good.

(Pause.)

Well, thanks for—

CHARLIE

You got some balls just texting me. You just *expect* me to show up. What if I wasn't here?

LIZ

I don't know. ... I thought you'd be glad to see me.

CHARLIE

Doesn't mean I want to be your errand boy. You don't talk to us for almost a year, you don't even answer e-mail. And then you *text* me? "I'll be on the 3:30 bus." You want your car, why didn't you just come up to the house and take it?

LIZ

I don't have the car keys.

CHARLIE

Inside the kitchen door. Same place as always.

LIZ

I don't have the house keys either.

CHARLIE

You lost them.

LIZ

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Again?

LIZ

Yeah.

CHARLIE

What's that? Fourth set of house keys...

LIZ

You think it means something?

(Pause. SHE holds out her hand.)

Come on.

(HE holds up the car keys. SHE reaches for them. HE closes them in his fist.)

CHARLIE

How you going to keep a car in Manhattan?

LIZ

What?

CHARLIE

You going to park it on the street? ...If you're living in the City, when are you ever going to use it? Dad and I—

LIZ

I have the paperwork on the car. I own it. His name is not on the title. The title is in my name. It's my fucking car.

CHARLIE

Okay—

LIZ

You can't have my car.

CHARLIE

Okay, I get it. I don't want your car.

LIZ

Then give me the keys.

CHARLIE

What I want to know is – because there's no way you're going to keep a car in the City – what you're going to do with it. You going to sell it?

LIZ

I might. It's mine.

CHARLIE

Or are you going someplace? ...I mean, I don't get it: don't you want to go back to school?

LIZ

Yes, I want to go back—

CHARLIE

Then why don't you?

LIZ

And pay for it how?

CHARLIE

I don't know. You're the scholar, win a scholarship. Get a job. Take out a loan. How do I know?

LIZ

I have a job. I have three jobs. They pay shit. You know why? Because I don't have a college degree. ...I had a scholarship, but I lost it. You know why? I lost it because dad won't fill out a stupid form.

CHARLIE

Get another one.

LIZ

I could get fifty fucking scholarships and it wouldn't make a difference. I'm still his dependent. And I'll be his dependent until I'm 24, that's the law. When you're daddy's dependent, you can't get financial aid until daddy says so—

CHARLIE

But he doesn't have any money—

LIZ

I don't need his money. All I need is the form. Then they can look at the form and *see* he doesn't have any money. Then I'll get financial aid again, and I'll go back to school, and I'll be out of his life for good. You know why he won't fill it out?

CHARLIE

No, I—

LIZ

Because not filling it out: that's the only way he can still fuck with me—

CHARLIE

You don't know—

LIZ

What other possible—

CHARLIE

How do you know that if you won't talk to him? What if there's another reason? You know how it is with him and money. Nothing's ever straightforward.

LIZ

You got that right.

CHARLIE

He gets work, and then he gets laid off, then he gets unemployment. Bob's paying him in cash, off the books. Maybe that's why he won't—

LIZ

I don't care *why*...

CHARLIE

Did you ask grandma and grandpa to help?

LIZ

Yes.

CHARLIE

What did they say?

LIZ

Oh, *he* didn't say anything. And she just sat there telling me how much they love us, all their children and their little grandchildren. And I said that's really nice grandma. And then, in a little while it was time to leave, and she sent me off with a tin of cookies. ... I asked her about mom ... She's still married, you know, still out in California. She hasn't had to go to the hospital for a while. I guess she's doing all right, I mean this guy Roger takes care of her, keeps her on her meds.

CHARLIE

You going to look her up?

LIZ

I might ... So, hey, I looked into how you can get yourself declared independent before age 24 and it turns out there's two ways. I could get married or I could have a baby. Isn't that brilliant? All I gotta do to get an education is give birth.

CHARLIE

You pregnant?

LIZ

...Did I *say* I was pregnant?

CHARLIE

Are you? ...So get married.

LIZ

Not likely.

Why? He won't marry you? CHARLIE

What if I don't know who the father is? LIZ

Wouldn't surprise me. CHARLIE

What if I like girls better? LIZ

What? You? Give me a fucking break. CHARLIE

What, that would shock you? But your sister being a ho, that wouldn't? LIZ

Nobody's calling you a ho. CHARLIE

Yes you are. LIZ

You just like boys. CHARLIE

Some boys. LIZ

As I recall, a lot of boys. CHARLIE

Yeah, bite me. LIZ

Just tell me where you're going. CHARLIE

Why? LIZ

...I could drive you... CHARLIE

(LIZ snorts.)

Hey, I'm a good driver. Maybe first we'll go up to the house and hang out for a bit, then I'll take you— Wherever, there. You can relax and I can get in my supervised behind-the-wheel hours.

LIZ

No. ...Thanks.

CHARLIE

I help you, you help me—

LIZ

Just give me the keys to my car, okay?

CHARLIE

No.

LIZ

...He's bad again, huh?

CHARLIE

What?

LIZ

He drinking again?

CHARLIE

No. Not since, you know—

LIZ

I can't take you with me, Charlie. I'm sorry, I just—

CHARLIE

I'm not asking to "go with you." I was just talking about going for a drive.

LIZ

Christ, you are such a — What's the bag for then?

CHARLIE

What?

LIZ

You're just going for a drive, why'd you pack your duffel bag?

(Pause.)

CHARLIE

Oh. ...Well.

LIZ

Not that I blame you. ... Look, if things are that bad—

CHARLIE

They're not—

LIZ

—I bet you could stay at Beth's, I mean at least for a while—

CHARLIE

Liz, Beth left—

LIZ

I know—

CHARLIE

Soon as things got hard, she fucking *left*—

LIZ

I don't blame her.

CHARLIE

I *do*.

LIZ

You're sixteen. You're going to run away from home, you better have someplace to go.

CHARLIE

I'm not going anywhere. I'm not the one who takes off as soon as there's—

LIZ

I went to college. Like normal people are supposed to—

CHARLIE

I'm not talking about you.

LIZ

—when they grow up. Yes you are.

CHARLIE

What do you know about normal people?

LIZ

He's not going to change—

CHARLIE

I'm telling you, he has changed. ... Bob's got more and more work for him all the time. I come help out sometimes on weekends. We get paid cash, good money. And Laurie's nice. I mean she's a ... a genuinely nice person. Talk about normal. Sometimes she's so sweet I don't even ... I don't know, sometimes we're all together and I think, this could be, like, a *commercial*. Sunday morning, put on your best clothes and go to church. I tell you, Christmas, you should have come—

LIZ

A bunch of white people singing gospel songs. No thank you.

CHARLIE

I dunno. I like it there.

LIZ

Rolling on the floor, spouting that crazy shit.

CHARLIE

Speaking in tongues.

LIZ

They do that?

CHARLIE

No. Well, yeah, but no it's not—

LIZ

And how long do you think he's going to keep this up? Huh? How long before he's onto the next thing? I'll tell you how long: soon as he gets tired of Laurie and starts boning someone else. Soon as he gets some other crazy fucking scheme for making a killing. Day trading or internet gambling or Amway. Or maybe he'll start up the llama farm again. Wouldn't that be some fun? New woman, new business plan, new religion, new life. Remember when the plan was to move to Jamaica, become a Rastafarian or some shit? Okay, so now he's born again, he knows Jesus personally. Or, hey, he's a carpenter, maybe he thinks he *is* Jesus. Fine, good for him, but why does he have to *inflict* every new thing on us? And you, you jump on board because you're a good little boy. And I get blamed for everything.

CHARLIE

Yeah, poor you.

LIZ

Tell you a story. Back when we had the llamas, one night I couldn't sleep, and I walked outside to have a smoke. Full moon. Bright white light, like a dream. I'm just about to light up when I hear singing over by the corral. So I go over there and there's all the llamas, standing right together, looking up at the moon. So I go stand by the fence, and after a while, the brown one breaks away, comes over and she's all soft and glowing in the moonlight. She comes right up close to me, swear to God, she looks me in the eye. Then I hear someone say, "Bitch." I spin around and I say, "Who said that?" And when I turn back to the llama, she spits right in my face.

CHARLIE

This was a dream.

LIZ

Really happened. This is my—

CHARLIE

You did something.

LIZ

—my point. I never—

CHARLIE

They never spat on anyone but you.

LIZ

—Did anything to them. They up and fucking spat on me all the time. When no one was looking. Totally without provocation. And you never believed me. ... You have to put up with a lot living in the City, noise, weirdos, dirty air, live in a closet, but at least you don't get spat on by llamas. ...Swear to God. "Bitch." Right in the eye.

CHARLIE

... Well, no more llamas.

LIZ

And thank you Jesus for that.

CHARLIE

Don't *do* that, okay?

LIZ

Do what?

CHARLIE

Take the Lord's name in vain like that.

LIZ

Serious?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

LIZ

Christ—

CHARLIE

Stop.

LIZ

Jeepers creepers. Fuck me—

CHARLIE

And don't be such a fucking bitch about it either.

LIZ

So ... it's okay to call a woman a fucking bitch, but it's not okay to say God damn it.

CHARLIE

No.

LIZ

Swear to God?

CHARLIE

No.

LIZ

...How about Christ on a cracker—

CHARLIE

(Smiling in spite of himself)  
Shut *up*!

LIZ

Do Father Alfred.

CHARLIE

Naw...

LIZ

C'mon. "... and we ask you in Jesus' name, for ever and EVER and—" Shit, I can't do him. You used to do them all.

Father Seamus. Father Jim. CHARLIE

You were bad. LIZ

I was bad. CHARLIE

What happened to you? LIZ

(HE shrugs.)

You ever go to mass? CHARLIE

No, but at least I'm not confused about it. We're Catholic, bro. That's plenty weird, but it's who we are. It's the special sauce you get dipped in when you're born. I don't like the Church either, but at least it's, I don't know, *stable*. ... He sends me links to all his crazy end-of-days internet shit, you know. Every day. Every. Day. So, I'm sorry, anything from you guys I just delete. ... So he writes me a letter. I let it sit in the mailbox for days. I don't want to touch it. I should have just thrown it away, but I open it. He says he's having three or four mystical experiences a day now. What the hell does that mean? Are you around him when he does this? LIZ

Does what? CHARLIE

Heal the sick? See writing on the wall? LIZ

Why do you have to distort everything? CHARLIE

You believe him? LIZ

Yes. CHARLIE

Oh, Christ, Charlie, how could you? LIZ

CHARLIE

Liz—

LIZ

I fucking depend on you –

CHARLIE

How can you be so certain all the time? How do you know he's not having mystical experiences?

LIZ

Trust me.

CHARLIE

You don't know what he's—

LIZ

Yes I do.

CHARLIE

Oh come on. How?

LIZ

Because the same shit is happening to me, all right?

CHARLIE

What—

LIZ

And it's not Jesus, talking, okay? I may not be the most level-headed person, but when I hear someone talking and there's no one in the room with me, I don't go thinking Jesus has suddenly decided he wants a chat. This is a medical problem.

CHARLIE

So get some meds. That's why you're running away?

LIZ

I'm not –

CHARLIE

That makes a lot of sense.

LIZ

You want a reason?

CHARLIE

I want a better reason than that.

LIZ

What if there isn't a reason?

CHARLIE

Oh, what is that? Some kind of philosophical – talk sense, will you?

LIZ

Okay, here's a reason: I've become a Satanist. I'm running off to join a death cult.

CHARLIE

...Is that true?

LIZ

No, it's not fucking true! But you wanted a reason. There's a reason.

CHARLIE

You're not sick. You're just cruel. ... All he wants to do is make peace with you.

LIZ

... Well, he sure wasn't all peace and love last Christmas.

CHARLIE

You antagonize him.

LIZ

I what?

CHARLIE

You do. You piss him off on purpose. Minute you walk in the door. And you got it so you don't even have to say anything. You get back from the City, and you're wearing these clothes, and you, like ... If you had to get pierced—

LIZ

Oh, here it comes—

CHARLIE

If you had to get pierced, why didn't you at least take out your tongue stud, and your, whatever, nose-bone –

LIZ

Listen to you –

CHARLIE

Before you walk in the house?

LIZ

Why should – should I take out my nipple rings too?

CHARLIE

Aww – I don't want to hear about your –

LIZ

I got other piercings too, how about—

CHARLIE

La, la, la. This is what I'm saying: too much information. ... Why do you tell him things you know are going to— What possible reason could there be for telling him that you were going to be in a play called "The Vagina Monologues"?

LIZ

I don't know. What reason is there to talk with him at all? For years he never asks me anything about myself.

CHARLIE

*Vagina* monologues—

LIZ

Not a single question. Not even, how was your day? I go away for a few months, I come home and suddenly he's grilling me about my business. He really wants to know? All right: I'll tell him about my business –

CHARLIE

Yeah, that'll fix him –

LIZ

He can't have it both ways. He wants to ask me questions about my life, he's going to get answers—

CHARLIE

He's worried about you—

LIZ

Worried about—He's the guy who can't keep a job.

CHARLIE

What are you, the judge and jury?

LIZ

— He's the alcoholic—

CHARLIE

He's sober now.

LIZ

Well ... *now*.

CHARLIE

So why don't you drop the charges, huh?

LIZ

Why don't you give me my fucking car keys?

(Pause.)

CHARLIE

All right.

(HE holds up the keys. SHE makes a move to take them. HE closes them in his fist.)

But I want you to give me a ride home.

LIZ

...Okay.

CHARLIE

And before that, I need to stop at the supermarket.

(LIZ just looks at him.)

And when we get back to the house, you hang out in the kitchen with me while I cook dinner. And then, when dad gets home, we're going to sit down one more time like a real family. We're going to thank God for the food and for each other.

LIZ

Yeah, then what?

CHARLIE

Eat. We'll eat, like normal people do. And then you'll stay for a while. He's sober, you're respectful. Everybody tries to get along. If it doesn't work, then goodbye and God bless you.

LIZ

...You mean, goodbye and fuck you.

CHARLIE

I meant what I said.

(Pause. HE looks away from her. SHE slaps him in the back of the head.)

LIZ

Give me my keys.

(After a moment, CHARLIE puts the keys down on the bench.)

CHARLIE

All right. There. Go.

(SHE picks up the keys. HE holds up the duffel bag.)

Take this too.

LIZ

What for?

CHARLIE

They're not my clothes, they're yours...

(HE hands her the bag. SHE looks inside.)

LIZ

What are you—

CHARLIE

Truth is, I'm used to your not being around any more. Dad's not used to it – he prays for you all the time, and then he cries. But I am. Thanksgiving, he had me set a place for you at the table, and then when you didn't show, he filled your plate too, like you were coming but you maybe just got held up in traffic. And then when we cleared the table, he wrapped it up, and it's been sitting there in the fridge ever since. ...When I got your message this morning, I thought: *great*, she wants her car, all right. I went to your room and I took everything I could find of yours and I put it in the trunk. And then the trunk got full and I ran out of bags, and there were still some clothes in your closet, so I stuffed them in my duffel and threw it on the front seat. I was thinking I don't want you to have any reason to come back here. Not your car, not your books, not your clothes, nothing. Not the leftovers. ... But then when I got here, I started to think maybe you'd, just for once ... I got this picture in my head, and then ... There are sides here. Ever since I can remember, there have been sides. And people keep saying we're not supposed to have them, or we're really all on the same side. And it's a lie. ... If you're coming back, I want you to come back, Lizzie. But if you go, I want you gone.

LIZ

...I don't want this shit.

(SHE throws the duffel bag in the trash can. THEY stand there.)

CHARLIE

...You better take it anyway. Might be something you want in there.

LIZ

I don't wear these kind of clothes any more.

CHARLIE

Still. Take it. Look through it anyway. You can always give – I mean, why throw perfectly good clothes in the garbage?

(Pause.)

There's an envelope at the bottom of the bag. There's some money...

LIZ

How much money?

CHARLIE

Two thousand, give or take.

LIZ

...Where'd you get it?

CHARLIE

I told you. He gets paid in cash.

LIZ

(Laughs.)

Oh. You *are* bad. Man, are you ever going to catch hell.

CHARLIE

I don't think so.

LIZ

You're not going to tell him you saw me, huh?

CHARLIE

No.

(Pause.)

LIZ

Put it back.

No. CHARLIE

You took it, put it back. LIZ

No. CHARLIE

I'm not going to keep it. LIZ

You don't pick it up, I'll just leave it there. CHARLIE

Bullshit. LIZ

I will. CHARLIE

He's going to think I took the money. LIZ

Yeah. CHARLIE

He's going to blame me for it. LIZ

... You might as well take it, then. CHARLIE

(Pause.)

You little fucker. You are so cold. How did you get to be so cold? LIZ

Or you can come back. CHARLIE

I can't come back. ... You know why? LIZ

I think so. CHARLIE

LIZ

...Then I wish you'd tell me.

(SHE picks up the bag.

...You can think what you want, Charlie. You can make up whatever story you want about it. But it's not one thing.

(SHE rummages in the bag, finds the envelope, looks in it, puts it in her handbag.)

CHARLIE

You're welcome.

(SHE looks up. Tosses the bag back in the trash can.)

LIZ

Don't mention it.

(SHE gives him another hard kiss, steps back to look at him for a moment, then leaves.

HE watches for a bit until it's clear she's gone, then he picks the bag out of the trash and sits on the bench. He shivers.

Lights fade.)