Something’s Gotta Give

Interior kitchen pajama party with Erica and Harry.

After making a late night date via email Erica and Harry enter the kitchen from opposite sides. They stop and look at each other standing in the kitchen in their pajamas.

Harry:

We are cute.

Erica:

Well, this is pretty unusual for me. I’m not used to having sleepovers.

Harry:

Me either.

Erica:

Really… With your social life, huh

Harry:

My dear… your confusing sex with sleeping. Sleeping is something that I prefer to do alone.

Erica:

Ok.. Good to know.. What are ya hungry for?

Harry:

What are my choices? .. I mean, I know you think I’m not very discriminating when it comes to….

Erica:

Oh please!.. What difference does it make what I think of you.. I can’t even imagine what you think of me.. “she looks in the refrigerator” Ahhh.. Ok.. Pancakes, Pasta, Leftover Co Co Va.. Grilled cheese?

Harry:

Pancakes.
Erica:
Ahhh.. Totally what I wanted..

Harry:
You ever miss being married? I bet you were great at it.

Erica:
Sometimes.. yeah, at night. But not that much anymore. Was one of us just saying something interesting?

Harry:
You said you can’t imagine what I think of you.

Erica:
Ohhhh…. Ah yeah, you don’t have to answer that.

Harry:
Ok.

Erica:
Well… But I mean… If you have an opinion I’d be curious.

Harry:
Will you tell me first why you only miss being married at night?

Erica:
Well… The phone doesn’t ring that much at night. And the whole alone thing happens at night. An sleeping by myself took some getting used to. But I got the hang of it. Ya gotta sleep in the middle of the bed. It’s absolutely not healthy to have a side, when no one has the other side.

Harry:
Now I’m convinced that what I think of you is right…. Your a tower of strength.
Erica:

Ahhhhh

Harry:

Try not to rape my answer…

Erica:

I’m sorry… Ok, I’m sorry, but….

Harry:

You know what your like…. Your like one of those great portraits you would see over a fireplace… Words have been invented to describe woman like you.

Erica:

Such as?

Harry:

Flinty…

Erica:

Ahhhh…

Harry:

And, Impervious…

Erica:

So, you think I’m inhuman?

Harry:

No… I think your formidable.

Erica:

Yeah. Cold, distant… Like I’m frozen in some painting?
Harry:

Not at all…. But I do think you use your strength to separate yourself from everyone… But Its thrilling when your defenses are down… an yr not isolated… That, I believe is your winning combo… Killer combo actually.

Erica:

Yeah, I can't decide if you hate me… Or if ahh.. Your like the only person who really got me.

Harry:

I don't hate ya.

Erica:

Ya don't?

Harry:

No.

Daughter enters.