

KITCHEN SINK EXPERIMENT(s)

by Colby Day

[Crashbox Theater Company Production Script]
directed by Andrew Scoville

Colby Day
646-673-4733
Colby@ColbyDay.com

© Colby Day 2015

CHARACTERS

SIMONE: A woman

BRIAN: A man

THE SCIENTIST: A scientist

A NOTE: Dialogue in [brackets] is unspoken, for intention only.

PLACE

Right here.

TIME

Right now.

Brian & Simone's Apartment.

A pretty nice for two people studio apartment. It's in pretty good shape. Lived in, well nested. The "bedroom," a lofted area screened off from the rest of the space, is by the door to the hall.

In the center of the space is the kitchen. A large table centered. Countertops with cereal boxes, pastas, spices line one wall. Books line the other.

On the far end of the space, under the large windows, is the little "living room" area, where Brian and Simone will sometimes do crossword puzzles or read books. There's also a door to what is the tiniest of bathrooms.

The alarm RINGS.
A pause until it rings again.
A pause.
It rings a third time. Off.
Groans. Rustles from the bed.

SIMONE enters from the bedroom. She is not a morning person per se. She inspects cereal boxes, makes a selection, and pours herself a bowl.

She sits at the table, then gets up and gets a magazine. Ugh. Spoon. She keeps forgetting all the things she needs for breakfast.

SIMONE

Accio spoon.

She goes and gets it. When she's finally eating, she softly sings something to herself.

SIMONE

(sing song)

Cereal ethereal...

She turns through her magazine. Reading. She LAUGHS at something, sharp, surprising.

Silence. She turns the page.

CRUNCHING cereal. She drinks her milk from the bowl. KEYS jingling, scratching against the lock.

SIMONE

S'open!

The door opens. BRIAN enters.

BRIAN
Open sesame.

SIMONE
Bri! How was work?

BRIAN
I watched a movie.

SIMONE
Oh?

BRIAN
I took a nap in the green room.

SIMONE
Yeah?

BRIAN
I rolled around the entire ninth floor.

SIMONE
That's nice. You're home early. So you can stay up with me!

BRIAN
I kind of have to [stay up, at least another hour or two]. Don't want to mess with my schedule. You're awake so early!

SIMONE
I'm waiting for the scientist.

BRIAN
The scientist.

SIMONE
She comes today.

BRIAN
Today's the day!

SIMONE
(sung)
We are scientists' experiments!
(spoken)
They pay us \$150 a day!

BRIAN
We will teach them about cohabitation!

SIMONE

They will learn from us what unwed people are like when they live in sin.

BRIAN

Is that how you'd describe it?

SIMONE

Sometimes. Not as often as I'd like.

BRIAN

We can do sex now if you want.

She moves over to him.

SIMONE

How sexy you are when you talk about sex.

BRIAN

How sexy you are with a milk mustache.

They kiss. She reaches down and begins to unbuckle his belt. She unbuttons his pants.

There's a BUZZ at the door.

SIMONE

Oh. Science interrupts us.

BRIAN

I can come really fast.

SIMONE

You Cassanova, you.

BRIAN

If I need to.

SIMONE

If you need to. (laughs)

He redoes his pants as she heads to the door.

BRIAN

So are they really just watching everything we --

SIMONE (OFF)

Hello, hi, down this way! The numbers don't make any sense.

The SCIENTIST enters. the front door. We can't necessarily see yet but she's business casual with a clipboar. Official looking, but would blend in on the street.

Brian joins them at the door.

SCIENTIST (OFF)
Hello. I'm here from the University.

SIMONE (OFF)
Hi.

BRIAN (OFF)
Hello.

SCIENTIST (OFF)
Hi.

SIMONE (OFF)
Let me shut the [door]

BRIAN (OFF)
Sorry about all the barking. Our neighbors are dogs.

SCIENTIST (OFF)
Oh it's fine.

SIMONE (OFF)
You're the scientist?

SCIENTIST (OFF)
Yep.

BRIAN (OFF)
(indicating clipboard)
Looks official.
(he reaches out to shake hands)
Brian.

She's friendly, but doesn't shake his hand.

SCIENTIST (OFF)
Hello, Brian.

SIMONE (OFF)
Simone.

SCIENTIST (OFF)
We talked on the phone!

SIMONE (OFF)

We did.

BRIAN (OFF)

What was your name again? I'm sorry.

SCIENTIST (OFF)

I'm not really supposed to introduce myself.

BRIAN (OFF)

Mysterious.

SIMONE (OFF)

Mysteries await. Come in. Come in.

They enter the main living area.

SCIENTIST

Thank you.

She unpacks a few scientist's belongings: a recorder, a notebook.

SCIENTIST

Think about me like I'm not here. Or, don't think about me.

BRIAN

Okay.

SIMONE

Okay.

SCIENTIST

Okay.

The scientist steps back into a corner. Brian goes to sit down at the kitchen table. The scientist makes a note. Brian looks at her. The scientist smiles uncomfortably.

BRIAN

So, uh... Do you want to sit down, or, talk, or...

SCIENTIST

No, I'm just observing.

SIMONE

Right now, or?

SCIENTIST

Yes. Yeah.

Okay, well...

SIMONE

I thought we'd talk first, before...

BRIAN

We can just dive right in.

SCIENTIST

It's a little uncomfortable is all.

BRIAN

I understand. Did you read the, the University sent a pamphlet over, right?

SCIENTIST

Brian gives Simone a "Sure would've loved to see a pamphlet," in a joking way look.

I think so?

SIMONE

Okay. Well.
So then. Ground rules.

SCIENTIST

Perfect.

BRIAN

Rules are good.

SIMONE

Well. Okay. The main thing really is: there's no need to be any special way. Or do anything out of the ordinary.

SCIENTIST

Done.

SIMONE

Okay.

BRIAN

And, obviously, behave as though I weren't here. As though you were unobserved.

SCIENTIST

I feel like that might be --

BRIAN

You'll forget I'm even here. Make sense? Sound good?

SCIENTIST

SIMONE
Yep.

BRIAN
Alright.

Brian and Simone sit at the table.

BRIAN
We were about to have sex.

Scientist notes this down. SILENCE.

BRIAN
What's on the docket at work today?

SIMONE
Um... Normal stuff.
Just catching up.

Silence, other than the scratching pen of a scientist taking notes.

BRIAN
Are you really going to learn anything like this?

SCIENTIST
Oh, I think lots. Hopefully.

SIMONE
Like [what]?

SCIENTIST
Well studying people where they really live, not in a lab, or... a fake home, or... We're only ourselves when we're with ourselves. But please, just, we went over all this on the phone, it's in the pamphlet. Do you have the --

BRIAN
Simone probably filed it away "somewhere safe," [where we'll never find it again].

SIMONE
It's fine, it's just, obviously, having a stranger in your house is...

BRIAN
A little different.

SCIENTIST
Of course. You'll get used to it though. I'm not here.

SIMONE
Okay.

Okay.

BRIAN

They sit.

BRIAN

I mean, obviously though, you are here.

SCIENTIST

Yes. Physically yes.
But if we don't interact, if we keep that to a minimum, you for the most part, should be able to be yourselves. Sometimes. There's always observation bias, I'm not saying there isn't --

SIMONE

Atoms observed behave differently!

SCIENTIST

Exactly.

SIMONE

[I remember from] physics.

BRIAN

Science.

They high five.

SCIENTIST

But, at least this way, you're atoms on your home turf.

BRIAN

Cool. Cool cool. Atoms with the home field advantage.

SIMONE

We're a good team.

SCIENTIST

Oh it's not a competition.

BRIAN

Good. If it were we'd win.

SIMONE

Unless it's Catchphrase.

BRIAN

She gets flustered.

SIMONE

You get really aggressive.

We're cute.

BRIAN

Okay.

SCIENTIST

Okay.

SIMONE

Okay.

BRIAN

SILENCE.

Simone stands and rinses out her cereal bowl. She starts getting ready to leave for work, dressing in the little entrance way.

Brian reads the cereal box aloud.

BRIAN

"Did you hear about the guy who invented the knock knock joke?"

The scientist takes a note of this. For the record, the scientist takes a note of everything. Brian and Simone are very aware of this. Like, HYPER aware. In a bad way.

The way when sometimes you're not even trying to eavesdrop but you can't help it and you keep forgetting you're supposed to be in the middle of your own conversation. That aware.

"He won the 'no-bell' prize."

BRIAN

Aha! Did you make that up?

SIMONE

Aha!

BRIAN

She gives him a kiss.

Are you going to paint today?

SIMONE

Mm. I want to submit to that gallery thing.

BRIAN

That's due Friday?

SIMONE

BRIAN
Yes ma'am.

SIMONE
Paint. Paint like the wind.

BRIAN
With all the colors of the wind!

SIMONE
Ok. Well, I'm going to work. Play nice.

She leaves.

Brian watches the scientist. The scientist watches him. This can go on for a while.

BRIAN
So... how long are you here?
Hello? How long are you in our house?

SCIENTIST
For a week. You signed the consent forms. Remember?

She hands him a stack of paperwork.

BRIAN
Yeah. Right. I couldn't remember. I didn't really read it. Simone's kinda the one [who takes care of those things]. Yeah. One week, huh? Hm. Okay. Well. Am I supposed to do anything, or [what would you want]?

The Scientist shakes her head.

SCIENTIST
Whatever you'd normally do. Really. I'm not here. Forget I'm here.

BRIAN
I don't know about that.

SCIENTIST
You will.

BRIAN
Alright, well, I guess that it's TV Time.

Brian heads up to the bedroom, leaving the Scientist behind. We can hear him start watching something on Netflix. Maybe it's as new as BoJack Horseman, maybe it's as old as Battlestar Galactica.

Meanwhile, the Scientist makes notes.

BRIAN (OFF)

I can hear you out there, with your note pad.

The Scientist makes a note.

BRIAN (OFF)

Do you want to like look in, or?

The Scientist does not respond. Brian peeks out from the bedroom area.

BRIAN

Okay. So, before we go full radio silence, what exactly is the point of this experiment? What are you trying to find out? What's your hypothesis?

SCIENTIST

Well, experimentally, we observe a lot of people in labs. Almost everyone we observe in a lab. Or they self-report. About themselves. They do surveys.

BRIAN

Yeah I've done surveys.

SCIENTIST

Right so, what are people like when they aren't being observed? In a lab?

BRIAN

What are we like?

SCIENTIST

How do you observe people, like you would chimps, in their natural habitat?

BRIAN

Like chimps.

SCIENTIST

I'm not explaining it well.

BRIAN

No I get it.

SCIENTIST

People act differently in a lab. They're in a lab. What do people actually act like? When they're themselves? When are they themselves?

BRIAN

Okay. Well, I normally watch TV now.

SCIENTIST

Fine.

BRIAN

It's in there.

SCIENTIST

Sure.

BRIAN

Would you --

SCIENTIST

We really aren't supposed to talk. I just wanted to explain what we were doing. So you didn't have to worry.

BRIAN

I'm not worried.

SCIENTIST

Or preoccupy. That's all. Just be like what you're like. I'm fine here. I'm not really going to move around.

BRIAN

Alright. Okay. Be like what I'm like. I'm like this.

He returns to the bedroom. He shuts the room off from the kitchen. He clicks play once again. The Scientist takes notes.

NIGHT ONE

It's even later now.

Simone sits on the steps up to the bedroom.

She's chatting on her phone. It's kind of heavy.

SIMONE

It's hard is all. Well, we never see each other. I know it's temporary. This too shall pass. But we see each other maybe for an hour in the morning when he's exhausted and I'm groggy still, and then an hour or two in the evening when he's groggy and I'm tired. And that's if I don't make plans. I like making plans. I like seeing people. I don't know what he likes. He says he gets work done in the day. He says he likes that. But he hates his job. He hates the loneliness. I think. Maybe he'll quit in the winter. When it's crappy out. Maybe he'll make time for me. [It's hard to love someone when you're always tired.] Everything's hard when you're always tired. I hope that's it.

She sets the phone down.

SIMONE

There wasn't anyone on the line. I just needed to -- Sorry. Thank you. Goodnight. Bedtime for Bonzo.

She heads up to the bedroom, changing into her pj's.

She pops her head out.

SIMONE

Oh, we have an uh air mattress thing if --

SCIENTIST

That's okay.

SIMONE

Do you want me to find it, or? Are you going to sleep? Do scientists sleep?

SCIENTIST

That's fine. Don't worry about me.

SIMONE

Ok.

She turns the light out. Flops down into bed. A moment.

SIMONE

I might worry anyway.

Darkness.

DAY TWO

LIGHTS UP on the Scientist alone again.

Brian enters from the front door.

BRIAN

Science, I'm home! Ah, I see you've been very busy.

He stretches. He sighs. He sits down for a minute.

BRIAN

Pretty cushy job, huh?

The Scientist takes notes.

BRIAN

Just watch guinea pigs.

Take notes.

Not complaining. Me too. I think we've really made it. Living the dream.

Well, I'm going to watch TV, decompress. Do you move ever, or? Okay. I'm not going to get used to this.

SIMONE (OFF)

(sleepy)

Scoops, are you home?

BRIAN

Yep.

SIMONE (OFF)
Make love to me.

BRIAN
Neener, you're embarrassing me in front of my scientist.

SIMONE (OFF)
I want you deep inside me.

BRIAN
She isn't normally like this.

SIMONE (OFF)
Yes I am! I'm worse!

SCIENTIST
(softly, to Brian)
You don't have to worry about me. Really.

BRIAN
Okay.

SCIENTIST
Act like I'm not here. The way you'd normally behave. If you normally have sex, have sex. People have sex.

BRIAN
Alright. Thanks boss.

Brian heads up to the bedroom. He and Simone talk off.

BRIAN (OFF)
(sung)
My love.

SIMONE (OFF)
(sung)
My darling.

(spoken)
How was work?

BRIAN (OFF)
Fine.
I had to call my boss and wake her up. Something was weird with the episodes or... I don't know.

SIMONE (OFF)
Did you figure it out?

BRIAN (OFF)
The tech guys did.

I'm sorry. SIMONE (OFF)

It's alright. BRIAN (OFF)

It's over. Everyone can watch their TV show now. You did it. SIMONE (OFF)

Yeah. BRIAN (OFF)

(quiet, sexy)
The scientist told me we can have sex.

Good. I like sex. SIMONE (OFF)

It was weird. BRIAN (OFF)

Take your clothes off. SIMONE (OFF)

Okay. BRIAN (OFF)

I'm naked under this sheet, look. SIMONE (OFF)

Oh, that's sexy. BRIAN (OFF)

I had sexy dreams. SIMONE (OFF)

Yeah? BRIAN (OFF)

Yeah. SIMONE (OFF)

I woke up and it was almost like I could feel you inside of me.

I like being inside of you. BRIAN (OFF)

I like it too. Get on top of me. I want to feel you. SIMONE (OFF)

Okay. BRIAN (OFF)

He climbs. We can't see them, but can hear them moving around off in the bedroom. These lines have space between them.

Oh. SIMONE (OFF)

Mmhm. BRIAN (OFF)

I love you. SIMONE (OFF)

I love you. BRIAN (OFF)

I love you I love you I love you. SIMONE (OFF)

How's that? BRIAN (OFF)

Mmhm. SIMONE (OFF)

Yeah? BRIAN (OFF)

Yeah. SIMONE (OFF)

Okay. BRIAN (OFF)

Yeah. SIMONE (OFF)

Give me [your leg]. BRIAN (OFF)

They laugh and shush one another.

Here. SIMONE (OFF)

Oh. BRIAN (OFF)

You feel good.

I want you to come inside me. SIMONE (OFF)

Mm. BRIAN (OFF)

Please come for me. SIMONE (OFF)

Ah. BRIAN (OFF)

Come. Come inside me. Please. SIMONE (OFF)

Oh god. I'm close. BRIAN (OFF)

Oh I want it. SIMONE (OFF)

I'm so close. BRIAN (OFF)

Oh Brian. SIMONE (OFF)

I'm -- BRIAN (OFF)

Please, yes. SIMONE (OFF) Ah. Ah. BRIAN (OFF)

Yes. Yes. Oh.

Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Oh Simone

Oh.

Oh.

Yes.

Oh. You feel so good. BRIAN (OFF)

SIMONE (OFF)

Oh I love you inside me.

No, stay there.

Stay. Stay.

Stay there. Stay right there.

BRIAN (OFF)

Okay.

How was that? Was that good?

SIMONE (OFF)

Mmhm.

BRIAN (OFF)

Was that a sexy dream?

SIMONE (OFF)

Yeah.

BRIAN (OFF)

You're a sexy dream.

SIMONE (OFF)

(laughs, he's such a dork)

You're corny.

BRIAN (OFF)

I know.

SIMONE (OFF)

Corn on the cob with butter and salt.

BRIAN (OFF)

That's --

SIMONE (OFF)

No. Don't move.

Please.

Don't move.

Just stay there. Press down on me. Stay there.

BRIAN (OFF)

I'm heavy.

SIMONE (OFF)

No.

A long silence.

The Scientist listens for something, but there's nothing to hear.
Maybe just two people breathing.

SIMONE (OFF)

Okay. I have to get ready for work. Off. Off.
Do you want to shower with me?

BRIAN (OFF)

Mmmmmmm...

SIMONE (OFF)

You don't have to.

BRIAN (OFF)

I'm tired is all.

THE ALARM RINGS.

BRIAN (OFF)

We know!

SIMONE (OFF)

We're all awake, alarm.

She hits it off.

BRIAN (OFF)

Dumb fucking alarm.

They laugh. Simone whispers to Brian "Shut up," as she enters in a robe.

SIMONE

Hi.

She walks through the kitchen past the scientist to the bathroom, where she turns the SHOWER on. She reappears a few seconds later.

SIMONE

You could hear us [obviously].

SCIENTIST

[Yes.] That's the point, though. To hear everything.

SIMONE

Okay.

SCIENTIST
You don't have to be shy.

SIMONE
I'm not.

SCIENTIST
Okay. Just be yourselves.

Simone opens the bathroom door. She undoes her robe, letting it drop to the floor.

SIMONE
I wouldn't have agreed to do this if I was shy.

She stands staring at the scientist, who stares back.

Simone turns back to the shower, she reaches in, testing the water. She WHISTLES for a little while, adjusting. She gets into the shower.

END OF SCENE.

DAY THREE

It is MORNING.

Brian enters. He has a sandwich. A beer. He sits in the kitchen unwrapping his dinner/breakfast. Whatever.

The Scientist stands nearby. He doesn't look at her.

BRIAN
I see you there. Seeing me. It's like being under a microscope.
Does Simone ever [talk about me]?
Never mind. Happy two day anniversary by the way!

Okay. Just eat your sandwich. Eat your manwich.
Your university paid for it. That's nice.
Roast beef, pepper jack, lettuce, tomato, onion, mustard, mayonnaise. On a hero. Hot peppers. I didn't skimp.
I'm going to eat this sandwich and drink this beer and sleep until tomorrow.

He eats.

BRIAN
Am I likable? Do you like me?
Blink if you like me. Not romantically, just --

The Scientist might blink.

BRIAN
Sometimes I think maybe nobody likes me.

AN ALARM RINGS.

BRIAN
Oh, it's today!

IT KEEPS RINGING.

BRIAN
Neener!

He eats. He drinks.

IT KEEPS RINGING.

BRIAN
Simone!

IT TURNS OFF.

BRIAN
What do you think, snoozing, or waking?

There's some NOISE up in the bedroom. The lights turn on.

BRIAN
Waking. That's for your sake. She's a snoozer. Four, five times.

Simone comes down into the kitchen, she heard that.
She gives Brian a kiss.

SIMONE
(makes a "gross" face)

Beer.

BRIAN
Yeah, sorry.

SIMONE
I'm gonna brush my teeth.

She waves to the scientist before exiting.

Brian continues to eat.

SIMONE (OFF)
(through toothbrushing)

Did you want to get dinner with Cara? Early.

Uhh...

BRIAN

What?

SIMONE (OFF)

I just...

BRIAN

We can eat by your office.

SIMONE (OFF)

Yeah, sure.

BRIAN

Sure?

SIMONE (OFF)

Sure.

BRIAN

A pause.

SIMONE (OFF)

I just want to do things.

BRIAN

I know you do.

She re-enters, teeth mid-brush.

SIMONE

Don't you?

BRIAN

Not really.

(off her look)

I'm kidding! Of course I do.

SIMONE

You don't though. You aren't, really.

BRIAN

It's just hard. Before work.

SIMONE

Well.

She exits. Spits.

Well what? Well what?

BRIAN

She returns, teeth clean.

You chose it, bud.

SIMONE

Don't bud me pal.

BRIAN

I'm not your friend -- fuck. I fucked it.

SIMONE

She sighs.

I have to get dressed.

SIMONE

She heads off to the wardrobe in the front.
A pause as she considers clothes.

So are we eating with Cara?

BRIAN

Are we?

SIMONE (OFF)

No response.

Look, I'm gonna go.

SIMONE (OFF)

Topless?

BRIAN

No response.

Tapas?

BRIAN

Yeah. That sounds good.

SIMONE (OFF)

Sounds good. Sounds good.

BRIAN

I like that place.

SIMONE (OFF)

BRIAN

Started at the bottom now we on tapas.
I'll come. I'd like to see her. It's been a while.

SIMONE (OFF)

Yeah.

He sighs. The Scientist SNEEZES.

BRIAN

Oh. Do you want a [tissue]?

The Scientist pulls her own out.

SIMONE (OFF)

What?

BRIAN

What?

SIMONE (OFF)

You're talking to your scientist.

BRIAN

Am not.

SIMONE (OFF)

Telling her what you really think.

BRIAN

I'd never.

SIMONE (OFF)

You would.

She reenters.

SIMONE

I do. I tell Science all my secrets. Isn't that right, Science?

She grabs her bag, winking at the Scientist.

BRIAN

You're a monster.

SIMONE

Maybe I am. 6:30?

BRIAN

Mm.

SIMONE

We'll just say we're in a rush.

Brian nods.

SIMONE

You don't have to, if you don't want to.

BRIAN

I want to. 6:30.

SIMONE

K. Bye.

She leaves.

Brian sits, eating. He's not excited.

BRIAN

Should I work on my painting? I should work on my painting. I'll paint. Yeah, I'll paint. Good idea, Brian.

He heads off, grabbing his easel, paints. He starts setting them up.

BRIAN

The light's really better in... I sometimes rent a little studio downstairs. But I figured. Be polite. Be a good host. Or whatever.

He stares at the scientist as he squeezes out paints.

SCIENTIST

You can paint wherever you'd paint. You don't have to.

BRIAN

Um... I don't know. It doesn't matter. Whatever. We have a window. Studio space costs money.

He grabs his canvas.

BRIAN

This isn't going very well. I don't like it. What do you think?

He turns the painting to show the Scientist.

BRIAN

Not that you'd know. Or, well, maybe you do. I don't want to judge. I don't know. You might get art.

He turns it back around, works.

BRIAN

Just. I'm sick of it. I'm sick of it and I don't know what to do.

It's the only thing I used to like, when I was like a kid, I used to LOVE painting and drawing and then I went to college...

And now it's... I don't want to do it anymore.

I don't want to do anything.

You ever just want to curl up and die without the dying part?

He paints.

BRIAN

Jesus. I sound BLEAK. Ha!

I don't want to be dead.

I just want to be...

different.

He keeps looking at the painting. Maybe working on it.

BRIAN

What do people do? Like. Regular people.

I don't like anything anymore. At all.

People like things right? Doing things.

Hello?

SCIENTIST

Brian.

BRIAN

I don't know how to do stuff anymore. I don't FEEL anything. I think?

UHHHHH.

You know, I pour my heart and soul out to you. I tell you...

What's the point? You're no help.

SCIENTIST

As I've said. I'm not here to help. I'm not here to contribute. I'm just here, studying. That's it. You don't have to talk to me.

BRIAN

I don't -- What do you want?

SCIENTIST

To observe. That's it.
You can pretend I'm a lamp. An ugly lamp. If that's helpful.

BRIAN

Ugly?

SCIENTIST

An unobtrusive lamp.

BRIAN

Fine. You're a lamp. You're a lamp.
Ughh.

SCIENTIST

It's not that hard. Act like I'm not here.

BRIAN

What good are you?

SCIENTIST

I'm just here studying. I don't have to be any good for you.
[But I am sorry if you feel that way.]

BRIAN

Sorry. Sorry.

SCIENTIST

Like I said. I can't give you advice. I can't. You can talk things out with yourself if you want, but unless that reflects your ordinary day-to-day life, it will most likely not be helpful for me. So, don't do it for my benefit. Just be yourself.

BRIAN

I'm always myself.

SCIENTIST

You're being difficult. You know what I mean.

BRIAN

I really don't. I don't.

He LAUGHS.

He works (in fits) on his painting.

BRIAN

I think this is maybe going to be garbage. This one. Yeah. It's a throwaway.

He does just that.

NIGHT THREE

The Scientist sits, waiting.

Sounds from the bedroom, where the bedside lamp is on. Simone is on the phone.

SIMONE (OFF)

I'm disappointed. I think that's what it is. I'm disappointed that he's not better. It's not his fault, necessarily but [I'm mad]. I don't know what I can do.

I know I can't. I know I can't make him different. I don't even want him to be different. I want him to be the same.

That's --

I don't know what I did. Did I do something?

Listen, I have to go. I have to.

Because. Because I can't talk about this anymore.

Because there's a scientist in the kitchen and she can probably hear everything I'm saying.

Because we needed the money.

Because I don't like asking you.

Because you make me feel bad.

Because I'm a grown up.

I don't want to talk about it. I'm sorry I called. I'm sorry my feelings scare you. I'm sorry I scare you. Goodbye. Goodbye.

Silence. Simone enters the kitchen. She's embarrassed.

SIMONE

Hi.

Moms.

She heads off to the bathroom. The SINK RUNS.

She returns.

SIMONE

Hm. Well. What to do tonight? Something cheerful. Something sweet. Sweets? Would you like a hot fudge sundae? If I made one? Oh, you're no fun.

She goes to the freezer, getting ice cream and assembling ingredients.

SIMONE

This is going to be a serious one. Walnuts. Cherries. Do we have... Fudge. Hot cold fudge. Fancy sundae for one, Bob. Coming up, Simone!

She begins to make it.

SIMONE

Sorry for saying you're no fun. You might be. I don't know. I don't know you. Weird, right? You really know me, by now. Right? But, I don't even know your name. Science. The Scientist. Hm. I guess that would mean I'm "The Real Estate Assistant?" Hm.

She sits at the kitchen table with her hot fudge sundae. She starts eating it.

SIMONE

You can sit [here at the table with me] if you want.

She stops.

SIMONE

Sit.
Sit please. Okay?
Sit. Please. Just sit with me.

The scientist doesn't do that.

Simone takes another spoonful.

SIMONE

So, let's play a game. I'm going to guess what you're thinking. Tell me if I'm right.

No response.

SIMONE

Okay. Ummm.... Well, you think Simone self-medicates. That's what you wrote, huh? Huh? You know, I do, with ice cream. Which isn't that bad when you think about it. I could be self-medicating with alcohol or heroin.

Simone seems dissatisfied?

Simone keeps desperately trying for human contact with me, even though she knows, KNOWS, that it won't happen. That it isn't allowed. That I won't talk to her. No sir, never ever. That I can't give her what she wants.

She knows it, but she'll try anyway. Because she is desperate for someone to notice her and -- I know I have problems. I could just tell you. You don't have to watch for -- What is the point of this experiment?

Alright. Was that it? Did I win? I think I won. Yeah. Ding ding ding. The new heavyweight champion of the world! Simone Russo.

She lets her spoon clatter to the empty bowl. She goes and washes her dishes.

She puts them away.

SIMONE

I'm going to get ready for bed.

She heads to the bathroom. The SINK RUNS. She returns, brushing her teeth.

SIMONE

Do you get tired? Do you sleep? Do scientists dream of electric sheep? Oh I crack myself up.

She heads back into the bathroom.

After a few moments, she returns.

SIMONE

Do you want these on, or [can I turn them off]? I'll leave them on.

She exits.

She sits in bed for a while. Then she turns the lights off.

DAY FOUR

It is now MORNING.

Brian enters, carrying bags. He maybe turns a small table lamp on.

Brian unpacks his groceries: orange juice, pancake mix, berries, a bottle of cheap champagne.

BRIAN

Sh.

He sets about putting things away.

BRIAN

Brunch, baby.

He starts brewing coffee.

BRIAN

So, on Saturdays, sometimes, when I get home from work. I'll cook food. Simone likes berries. So we'll have berries. I'll make french toast, or pancakes, we'll drink mimosas -- got the good stuff, on the company dime. And I'll have it all ready for Simone when she wakes up. It's a nice thing to do. It's been a bad week. Or, a weird week. You know. Science. So, just want to keep it normal, or whatever.

Simone enters.

BRIAN

Sim Card. You're up early.

She's really not a morning person.

Mm-hm.

SIMONE

She huddles up against him, leaning into him.

Pancakes?

BRIAN

He kisses her.

Yeah!

SIMONE

Coffee?

BRIAN

Yeah!

SIMONE

Boozy brunch, baby!

BRIAN

He kisses her again.

Yeah!

SIMONE

Okay.

BRIAN

He keeps prepping breakfast as she sits at the table, checking her email and instagram.

How was the rest of the night?

BRIAN

Good, we went out.

SIMONE

Good.

BRIAN

Cara made out with a guy.

SIMONE

Good.

BRIAN

SIMONE

Yeah.
She cried in the cab later.

BRIAN

Less good.

SIMONE

And then she threw up and I had to tip him a lot.
She's a mess.

BRIAN

Well, that, yeah.

SIMONE

Do you, have you heard from Chris or --?

BRIAN

Mm.

SIMONE

What?

BRIAN

I don't think it's fair.

SIMONE

What?

BRIAN

To do both sides. Like. I don't know, it feels weird.

SIMONE

I'm just asking.

BRIAN

I've talked to him, he's okay. You know, bummed out.

SIMONE

Yeah.

BRIAN

Sad.

SIMONE

Yeah, well.

BRIAN

Confused.

It's his fault.

SIMONE

I don't know.

BRIAN

Well [Cara feels like it is].

SIMONE

I just, I don't know, I mean... I kind of think he did the right thing. If they aren't, you know?

BRIAN

What?

SIMONE

If it isn't working, then. Might as well, you know?

BRIAN

He told her she was too happy for him.

SIMONE

See this is what I mean. I don't like that we're playing both sides or whatever. I'm not saying he's great, alright?

BRIAN

It kind of sounds like you are.

SIMONE

I'm not. Or that he's even right.

BRIAN

So, what?

SIMONE

I don't know. I think they're probably just both better off this way. Even if it's terrible.

BRIAN

Silence.

What do you want to do today?

SIMONE

I don't know. What do you want to do?

BRIAN

I don't know.

SIMONE

Simone reads something on her phone.

He takes mugs out, pouring coffee for her.

BRIAN

Coffee.

SIMONE

Thanks.

He gets her milk.

BRIAN

Milk.

SIMONE

Yeah.

She sips it, a face.

BRIAN

Sugar.

SIMONE

Yeah.

BRIAN

Spoon.

Simone smiles, prepares her coffee. She sips it.

SIMONE

Yeah.

BRIAN
(hands her a plate of pancakes)

Dinner is served.

SIMONE

Aha! Syrup, syrup?

BRIAN

Oh, still in the...

He gets it out for her.

SIMONE

You're a chef!

BRIAN
Chef Boyardee, that's what they call me.

SIMONE
Mm. These are good.

[If they look bad, maybe say: "Mm. A for Effort. B for Aesthetic."]
SIMONE (CONT'D)
I love when you cook for me.

BRIAN
That's why I cook for you.

SIMONE
I love when you do things for me.

BRIAN
That why I do them for you.

SIMONE
I'm going to finish before you [get to eat].

BRIAN
That's okay.
I think these still have a minute to go.

SIMONE
I'll sit with you though.

BRIAN
I know.

She eats. He cooks. He sits and joins in. They eat.

SIMONE
Did you hear I'm trying a new seafood diet?

BRIAN
Oh?

SIMONE
Yeah, when I see food I eat it.

She shows him her mouth full of pancakes.

BRIAN
You're good you.

Her PHONE RINGS. She shows Brian.

The ghost of Cara past.

BRIAN

She answers, heading off.

SIMONE

(into phone)
Hi Miss Hangover, how you be?

LIGHTS OUT.

NIGHT FOUR

It is now night time.

Brian and Simone make out in the kitchen. The Scientist watches.

SIMONE

This is weird.

BRIAN

Too weird?

SIMONE

Weird sexy.

BRIAN

Fuck me.

SIMONE

You're a fucking weirdo.

They start undressing one another.

SIMONE

Where do you want me?

BRIAN

Here.

SIMONE

Fucking weirdo.

She leans back.

BRIAN

No, here.

He turns her around. She leans over the kitchen table. He pulls her skirt up, kissing down her neck.

He pulls his pants down and slides inside of her.

SIMONE

Ah.

BRIAN

Yeah.

SIMONE

Jesus. What is happening right now?

BRIAN

Oh god.

SIMONE

You feel so good.

BRIAN

Mm.

He looks up, sees the scientist taking notes. He looks away.

SIMONE

Brian. This feels good this feels good.

BRIAN

Simone.

SIMONE

Brian.

BRIAN

Simone.

SIMONE

Brian.

Hm. Something isn't really working here this just isn't...

SIMONE

Mm. Nope. Nope. This doesn't [work, really.]
Can we [try a different position]?

BRIAN

Yeah yeah yeah.

He turns her over onto her back. She wraps her legs around him.

BRIAN

Here.

Aha. Oh, there.

Yes?

Yes.

Yeah.

Yeah.

Harder. Harder.
Harder.
Fuck me. Fuck me Brian.
Fuck me. Fuck me.
Fuck me fuck me fuck me.
Harder harder.

Ungh.

Brian. Brian.

AHH.

Ah. Ah. Ah.

That was good.

Did you like it?

SIMONE

BRIAN

SIMONE

She wraps her arms around him.

SIMONE

BRIAN

SIMONE

BRIAN

Oh fuck.
Ah.
Simone.
Oh Simone.
Fuck fuck.
Oh.
Mm.
Mm.

BRIAN

SIMONE

BRIAN

He leans over onto her, resting his sweaty head on her body.

BRIAN

She grabs his back with her nails pressed into his skin.

BRIAN

SIMONE

Mm hm. Five stars.

BRIAN

With [the scientist]?

SIMONE

Yeah. It was hot. Did you?

BRIAN

Yeah.

SIMONE

He starts to move.

SIMONE

Stay with me like this. Stay like this forever.

BRIAN

Okay.

SIMONE

I like having you inside me.

BRIAN

I like it too.

SIMONE

I like feeling you.

BRIAN

Me too.

SIMONE

I think our bodies are good.

They stay this way for a little while.

BRIAN

How's it going?

SIMONE

Good. How are you doing?

BRIAN

Good.

He pulls away.

SIMONE

Ah.

He puts some clothes back on, Simone watches.

BRIAN
Do you want some dinner cereal?

SIMONE
Sure.

He gets two bowls out.

BRIAN
Charms or Flakes?

SIMONE
Jacks.

BRIAN
We have too many cereals.

SIMONE
Insufficient. Insufficient cereal.

BRIAN
You're weird about cereal.

SIMONE
You're just weird.

BRIAN
Yeah.

SIMONE
Yeah.

She puts her underwear back on.
He pours them each a different cereal.
They eat.

Silence.

Brian's uncomfortable.

BRIAN
Good Jacks?

SIMONE
Mm-hm.

BRIAN
Good.

They eat.

BRIAN

Good.

SIMONE

You're being weird.

BRIAN

Am I?

SIMONE

Yeah.

BRIAN

Sometimes, do you ever...
forget it.

SIMONE

No, what?

BRIAN

It's weird.

SIMONE

Okay. What?

BRIAN

I don't know. Nothing.
Sometimes I don't know what to say.

SIMONE

What do you mean?

BRIAN

Like.
Now.
Like what are we supposed to say?

SIMONE

I don't know. Nothing.

BRIAN

Sometimes I just feel like I don't know what to say to you.

SIMONE

Oh.

BRIAN

Sorry, is that --

SIMONE

Uh, it's --

BRIAN

Um, it's my thing. Like I'm the problem. I don't think it's you. You're just the person I spend the most time with, so.

SIMONE

I don't know how to not take that personally.

BRIAN

I'm telling you not to.

SIMONE

Oh okay. Well I won't then.

BRIAN

I mean it. It's a weird thing. I just kind of shut down sometimes. Like, I don't know how to be. With someone.

SIMONE

I don't know how to tell you how to be. I can't tell you.

BRIAN

I'm not asking you to.

SIMONE

Just be you.

BRIAN

I get uncomfortable.

SIMONE

Yeah, well.

BRIAN

Sorry.

SIMONE

You hurt my feelings a lot Brian.

BRIAN

Look, I'm sorry, I told you --

SIMONE

Not now. Just a lot.

BRIAN

I don't mean to.

I know.

SIMONE

It's a stupid thing. I'm working on it.

BRIAN

Okay.

SIMONE

I am.

BRIAN

You don't have to say anything.

SIMONE

Sorry.

BRIAN

Don't apologize. Be better.

SIMONE

They both sit there for a minute, no idea what to say. Brian says nothing at all. Eventually, Simone heads up to bed.

Brian sits alone and uncomfortable in the living room. You ever have your thoughts curl up into a little ball in your head where they can only go over and over the things you were just saying and maybe a better way to say them? That.

He may or may not look up at the bedroom. She may or may not toss and turn a little.

He looks to the scientist, doesn't tell her anything.

He gathers the garbage together, his painting included. He takes it out.

Who knows what time it is by now. It might've been ten minutes. It might've been all night.

Brian looks up to the dark bedroom, and climbs up the stairs.

Hey. You aren't [asleep].

BRIAN (OFF)

Are you alright?

No. SIMONE (OFF)

Do you want to talk about it, or? BRIAN (OFF)

I'm just sad. Very sad. Very very sad. SIMONE (OFF)

What can I do? BRIAN (OFF)

I don't know. SIMONE (OFF)

Don't be sad. BRIAN (OFF)

Well, I am. SIMONE (OFF)

(sighs) BRIAN (OFF)

Sorry. SIMONE (OFF)

Don't be sorry. Be better. BRIAN (OFF)

They sit in silence.

I'm sorry I said that. SIMONE (OFF)

It's just, it's all the time. Is all. Like. Sorry. BRIAN (OFF)

What's happening to us? SIMONE (OFF)

What do you mean? BRIAN (OFF)

We used to be [happy]. SIMONE (OFF)

Silence.

What? BRIAN (OFF)

Happier. SIMONE (OFF)

Ha, well... if that's the -- I honestly don't know what happiness feels like. BRIAN (OFF)

You know what I [mean]. Jesus. SIMONE (OFF)

(sighs) BRIAN (OFF)

What? SIMONE (OFF)

What's going on?

I don't know if [now's a good time]. BRIAN (OFF)

What? Brian, what? SIMONE (OFF)

I... I don't know. BRIAN (OFF)

Silence.

Don't. Don't do that. Just say it. What? SIMONE (OFF)

I don't know if... Ugh. BRIAN (OFF)

Some silence.

Do not shut down. What? SIMONE (OFF)

I don't know. BRIAN (OFF)

You do. I think you do. SIMONE (OFF)

I can't do this anymore. BRIAN (OFF)

What? SIMONE (OFF)

I don't... BRIAN (OFF)

What? What are you saying? SIMONE (OFF)

It's just -- BRIAN (OFF)

Silence.

[Can we not talk about this] with the scientist here? BRIAN (OFF)

[Who cares about] the scientist? SIMONE (OFF)

She's just [listening]... BRIAN (OFF)

Silence.

I don't think we can do this anymore. With the scientist. I want her out of here. BRIAN (OFF)

Yeah? SIMONE (OFF)

I don't like what it's doing to us. BRIAN (OFF)

What it's doing? SIMONE (OFF)

I don't like how it makes me feel. BRIAN (OFF)

Like what? SIMONE (OFF)

Like I'm not good enough. Like I'm bad. Like I don't know myself. BRIAN (OFF)

You think that's [the scientist]? SIMONE (OFF)

Yeah. BRIAN (OFF)

Yeah? SIMONE (OFF)

Yeah. And you. You're sad now. BRIAN (OFF)

Yeah. SIMONE (OFF)

How does it make you feel? I think it's made us both weird in a bad way. BRIAN (OFF)

Yeah, I don't know. SIMONE (OFF)

And we were good before. You said it. BRIAN (OFF)

You said you never feel happy. SIMONE (OFF)

I don't know. We were doing better. BRIAN (OFF)

Yeah. SIMONE (OFF)

So maybe we [get rid of the scientist]? BRIAN (OFF)

If that's alright with you?

If you want to. If you think it's going to [help]. SIMONE (OFF)

I do. BRIAN (OFF)

Then [let's]. SIMONE (OFF)

Yeah. BRIAN (OFF)

Will you [tell the scientist]? SIMONE (OFF)

Okay. BRIAN (OFF)

Okay. SIMONE (OFF)

Now? BRIAN (OFF)

Yeah. Now. SIMONE (OFF)

Brian and Simone return from the bedroom.

Hey, uh, we need to talk. BRIAN

We really aren't supposed to. SCIENTIST

But we are. And we don't want to do this anymore. The experiment. BRIAN

Can I ask why not? SCIENTIST

It just, we just don't think it feels good. BRIAN

The scientist takes notes.

It doesn't feel right. We feel... stifled. BRIAN
Would you stop? Would you stop that?

What? SCIENTIST

Taking notes. BRIAN

I've always been doing it. SCIENTIST

I know, it's -- It drives you [crazy you know.] BRIAN

The scientist takes more notes.

BRIAN
Stop!

SIMONE
Brian.
We just don't feel like this is the right thing to be doing for us at this point.

BRIAN
Right. Living under a microscope.

SIMONE
We're going through a lot right now, and this isn't making it any easier. I'm sure you understand, right?
That we can't do this right now? That it isn't healthy? That it isn't what we need?

SCIENTIST
This isn't about what you need. This has never been about that.

BRIAN
Well what is it about?

SCIENTIST
Just seeing.

BRIAN
Seeing what?

SIMONE
Look we just need... [something, but I don't know what it is].

SCIENTIST
What?

SIMONE
We need...

BRIAN
To just be by ourselves. With each other. We just need to be with each other.

SCIENTIST
Aren't you?

BRIAN
We are without you. We are when you aren't watching us.

SIMONE
I don't know.

SCIENTIST
You both feel this way then?

BRIAN
We do.

SCIENTIST
That we should end the experiment?

SIMONE
Yes.

SCIENTIST
Once it's over, it's over.

BRIAN
We know that. We know.

SCIENTIST
I don't know if we'll publish with you. You definitely won't get paid for the last two days.

BRIAN
We understand.

SCIENTIST
We had an agreement.

SIMONE
Sorry.

SCIENTIST
This wasn't about giving you what you need.

SIMONE
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

SCIENTIST
It's fine, it's... personally disappointing.

Simone literally can't right now. She has to turn away at the very least.

SCIENTIST
I just feel like [you two are projecting something onto me].

BRIAN
What?

SCIENTIST
I tried to explain to you. I'm just observing. That's it.

BRIAN

Well it's [not good].
We can't.

SCIENTIST

I have never been sitting here judging you. I don't know how to explain myself. I TRIED to explain.

SIMONE

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I wish I was better.

SCIENTIST

You're fine. You're fine.

SIMONE

I don't [know].

SCIENTIST

I just wanted to SEE. What we're like. That's it.

SIMONE

I know I know.

SCIENTIST

Whatever you're thinking makes you bad or weird or wrong I don't think that's real I think it's....
Ugh.
I don't even know why I'm explaining myself anymore. I'm gonna pack up my things.

SIMONE

Okay. Can I [help you]?

She tries to.

SCIENTIST

Please just [don't touch anything].

She puts things away.

BRIAN

Are you still going to publish a paper about this?

SCIENTIST

Honestly, it -- I don't know. It means a new... I don't know.

BRIAN

Okay.

SCIENTIST

If I do I'll let you know. I'll send it to you.

SIMONE
Okay.

SCIENTIST
Okay. Thank you.

She extends her hand to shake Brian's.

BRIAN
Sure. No problem. Sorry we suck at science.

SCIENTIST
No, you don't.
It's --
I understand that this experiment could be difficult.

BRIAN
Well, sorry.

SCIENTIST
It's okay.

She looks at Simone, crying still maybe. [The scientist wants to say something. To tell her what she thinks. What she's learned. What would be good for Simone.]

SCIENTIST
Okay, um, here's what I think... Alright. Um...
(she thinks better of it)
Who knows? Well. Good luck you two. I'll send you what we publish, if we publish. I'm not sure yet [if we even will]. I'm sorry if this has been an intrusion, or caused undue stress or... Anyway. Sorry. Goodbye.

The scientist waves then exits.

Brian and Simone stand and watch.

BRIAN
Hey are you [okay]?

SIMONE
Yeah. I don't know. It's weird.

BRIAN
Sorry, I didn't mean to [do anything you didn't want].

SIMONE
No, I think you're right.

BRIAN
Okay.

SIMONE

I thought.

(hard to admit)

I thought we were going to break up. For a second.

BRIAN

Oh. Oh.

SIMONE

When you [started the conversation].

BRIAN

Oh, god. I'm sorry.

SIMONE

I can't [get dumped].

BRIAN

Neener.

He holds her, her head in his shoulder. She closes her eyes. He stares off into the middle space where there's nothing but the worry in your head.

BRIAN

We aren't.

SIMONE

Okay.

BRIAN

I wouldn't.

SIMONE

I don't want to.

BRIAN

Me neither.

SIMONE

Okay.

BRIAN

Okay.

They separate. Try to shake it off.

SIMONE

Well, good riddance to science, huh?

	BRIAN
Good riddance. Who needs it?	
	SIMONE
Boo stars!	
	BRIAN
Yeah, I hate it!	
Down with science.	
	Some time.
	SIMONE
It was really weird.	
	BRIAN
Yeah.	
	SIMONE
Yeah.	
I love you.	
	She does.
	BRIAN
I love you.	
	He wants to.
	SIMONE
I'm sorry I'm so fucking weird.	
	BRIAN
I'm sorry I'm so fucking weird.	
	SIMONE
We're so fucking weird.	
	Some time.
	SIMONE
Now what?	
	BRIAN
I don't know.	
	SIMONE
Do you need to take a nap?	

Probably. For a little while.

BRIAN

Okay.

SIMONE

As he heads up to the bedroom.

I'm glad we got rid of the scientist.

BRIAN

Me too.

SIMONE

I think we're gonna be better this way. Without anyone watching.

BRIAN

He flops down into bed. Simone sits for a second.

Time passes.

They turn the lights out.

THE END.