

## SEEING THE THING

DAVE. (To himself.) Jeezum Crow.

*Dave sullenly gathers his things.*

*And his painting.*

*And leaves.*

*Little beat.*

*Dave suddenly returns.*

← START

(Yelling.) HEY, RHONDA!!

RHONDA. (From off.) WHAT?!?

DAVE. YOU REALLY ARE WHAT THEY SAY!

RHONDA. WHAT? WHAT DO THEY SAY?!?

DAVE. THAT YOU'RE A LITTLE HUNG UP, THERE!

RHONDA. (Entering forcefully.) Who says that?

DAVE. (Retreating—Rhonda's tough.) Everybody.

RHONDA. Everybody who?

DAVE. Everybody, Rhonda. It's what people in town say!

RHONDA. When?

DAVE. When they're *talkin'*! They say that you're a little hung up, there, so I gotta be a little persistent, there, if we're ever gonna be together, // and, boy, they were right!

RHONDA. Aaah! What is with you and all this talkin' about us bein' "together" tonight?

DAVE. Rhonda! Come on! I like you! And everybody knows it! >

RHONDA. Everybody *who*?

DAVE. And I want us to be together or go out or somethin'! And everybody else does, too!

RHONDA. Everybody *who*?

DAVE. Everybody!

RHONDA. *Who*, Dave?!? Who's sayin' all this stuff?!?

*This is a tough question to answer, because the people who said this are Rhonda's friends.*

*Ultimately, Dave realizes that he has no way out and meekly admits:*



DAVE. Just...Suzette.

RHONDA. *Suzette?*

DAVE. Yeah, and Dan...

RHONDA. (*In disbelief.*) Suzette and Dan *Harding* said that I'm a little hung up there and that we oughtta be together or go out or somethin'?

DAVE. Yeah.

RHONDA. Well [why would they say that?]-.

*Rhonda is hurt that people have been talking about her love life behind her back.*

Who else said that?

DAVE. Marci.

RHONDA. *Marci?!?*

DAVE. Yeah, and Phil, // and— >

RHONDA. Marci and *Phil?!?*—

DAVE. Yeah—and Randy and Chad/Deena and Shelly,<sup>20</sup> and >

RHONDA. *Randy and Chad/Deena and Shelly?!?*—

DAVE. Lendall and Gayle, and >

RHONDA. *Gayle?!?*

DAVE. Marvalyn and Eric, and >

RHONDA. Marvalyn...?

DAVE. Jimmy, and Sandrine, and *East!*

RHONDA. *East?!?*

DAVE. Yeah. And that's just to name a few...

RHONDA. (*Deeply hurt.*) Well, why would they [say that we oughtta be together behind my back]—...? I love those guys. I'm good to those guys. Why would they say that? That's talkin' about me. Behind my back. That's mean.

DAVE. No, no—I don't think they're bein' mean, Rhonda. They were just tellin' me to go for it with you... 'cause they like you. And me. Us. They're rootin' for us, Rhonda.

<sup>20</sup> Insert the appropriate names depending on which version of Scene 5, "They Fell," was performed.



RHONDA. Who's rootin' for us?

DAVE. Everybody! Gayle and Lendall and Randy and Chad/Deena and Shelly<sup>21</sup> and Marci and Phil—

RHONDA. Well, they never told me that, that they're "rootin' for us"—

DAVE. Well, that's 'cause I told 'em not to tell you they were. 'Cause I wanted you to find out from me that I liked you. Not [from] them.

*Beat.*

*Rhonda is still hurt.*

*But mostly confused.*

Just—... I'm sorry if I made you mad. When I kissed you.

RHONDA. You can't just do that [kiss someone like that], you know.

DAVE. Yeah—I know—sorry—I just thought you liked me the way I like you.

RHONDA. I do.

DAVE. (*Stunned.*) You do?

RHONDA. Yeah. I guess.

DAVE. (*Taking this in.*) Well...all right, then!

*Little beat.*

So...then, can I [kiss you]—wait—so, do you wanna be...together?

*Rhonda thinks.*

*And then answers.*

RHONDA. Yeah. I guess.

DAVE. (*Overjoyed—but holding it together.*) Well, all right, then!

*Little beat.*

So...then...can I [kiss you]—I would like to kiss you, if that's okay.

*Dave moves in for a kiss.*

RHONDA. It's not.

*Dave stops.*

21 Insert the appropriate names depending on which version of Scene 5, "They Fell," was performed.



*And deflates.*

DAVE. Oh.

RHONDA. It's not.

DAVE. Okay.

*Beat.*

*And then Dave starts to go, because—what else can he do?*

RHONDA. 'Cause—...

*Dave stops and turns to Rhonda.*

'Cause I don't know how.

DAVE. (*Confused.*) Huh?

RHONDA. I don't know how.

*Little beat.*

I've never done it before.

DAVE. What do you mean?

RHONDA. I won arm wrestling at every Winter Carnival from fifth grade on, and I work in plywood at Bushey's Lumber Mill, and that's not what most men wanna...want.

DAVE. Oh, now, where do you get that?

RHONDA. From *everybody*.

DAVE. Well then...you got it wrong, Rhonda, 'cause, I gotta tell ya, there's a lotta guys that think you're...somethin' special.

RHONDA. Nah.

DAVE. Yeah! I mean—I do.

*Beat.*

So, um, have you never [really ever been with anybody]—?

*A revelation.*

You never...have [been with anybody]...?

RHONDA. No.

DAVE. Oh.

*Little beat.*

Well...do you wanna [be with me]...?

*Little beat.*

← END