

SCENE 3

Later that day, at the coffee shop.

Arthur and Mia sit center stage, ENSEMBLE moves around to create the illusion of business and continues to throughout the scene. There are several tables downstage, perpendicular to a counter with typical coffee shop fare. Everyone moves slowly in relative darkness, except for Arthur and Mia who are illuminated center stage.

Both Arthur and Mia have a cup of coffee, Mia holds hers gently in her hand and takes small sips, Arthur's remains untouched on the edge of the table.

Chaotic orchestral music once again plays, coming to a climax then suddenly stopping.

MIA

Arthur? Arthur-

ARTHUR

Oh, sorry, I zoned out. Uh... right. What were you saying?

MIA

I said what do you do?

ARTHUR

My job?

MIA

Yes.

ARTHUR

Creamy dreams. *(beat)* Fro-yo store, 2nd Avenue and 80th.

MIA

I like frozen yogurt.

ARTHUR

How about you?

MIA

I'm a teacher. Used to be. Still am, I just don't have a job right now.

ARTHUR

How old?

MIA

Twenty-eight.

ARTHUR

I mean the kids. You teach kids, right? *(she nods)* How old are the students you teach, or, uh, taught?

MIA

Oh, kindergarten. Sorry. How stupid of me. *(Mia takes a slow sip of her coffee)* So.. do you like your apartment?

ARTHUR

It's fine. I've been using my dad's money for it, but I'm kind of running out. I'm trying to get a new job, uh, find something nicer. *(beat)* Not that the apartment isn't nice.

MIA

You don't need to protect my feelings, Arthur, I know they're shitty apartments.

Arthur and Mia laugh, then sit in silence until Mia looks down and sighs softly.

ARTHUR

You ok, Mia?

MIA

Yes. Fine! I'm sorry if I seem off, it's just been a weird couple of weeks for me. I- my mom died.

ARTHUR

Oh, I'm so sorry.

MIA

No, it's ok. We weren't very close. I... uh... anyway, I'm trying to start a new life here. New York, right? I'm from New Jersey. My

brother, Jack, I think you met him earlier? Anyway, he's a big-shot lawyer, he works at this fancy investment house, Broadridge Financial Solutions, and he's paying for me to move into the new apartment, and I have a few interviews with some elementary schools-

ARTHUR

Sorry, did you say Broadridge?

MIA

Yeah, why?

ARTHUR

That's actually where I'm trying to get a job right now... one of my old buddies from high school works there, uh, Ryan Wayne?

MIA

I know Ryan! He and Jack are good friends.

ARTHUR

That's weird. Small world. I cut you off, continue.

MIA

Oh, nevermind. I don't mean to lay my problems at your feet. I don't know why I'm telling you my whole life story, anyway... *(laughs)* I mean, I barely know you.

ARTHUR

Ok. You're right. But I don't mind. You can tell me your life story. *(laughs)* Or not, I mean, if that's weird.

MIA

Arthur, are you close to your mother?

ARTHUR

(somewhat taken aback)

We actually haven't spoken in about a year. Why do you ask?

MIA

You should call her.

ARTHUR

I do. *(beat, softly)* She doesn't answer.

MIA

I'm sorry, that was weird of me to ask you, I just... Ok, I think it's really important to keep in touch with family. I've been thinking about that a lot. I miss my mom, and we weren't talking the last few months. Wow, I'm getting personal. I'm not usually like this. Ok, I don't know what your relationship with her is like, but all I know is if it's anything like mine, I don't know, I just- I wish I could go back in time and talk to her more, even just one more time. One phone call. Is that lame? I mean, if you literally had the power of time travel you could do some insanely cool shit, right, but I just want to talk to my mom. Hell, I didn't even really like her. *(beat)* I'm rambling now, aren't I?

ARTHUR

No, you're fine, I'm happy to have someone to talk to. *(beat, he feels like he needs to say something)* And uh, my mom, Josephine, she kinda ditched me. My dad died when I was in college and she took it hard. Well, I moved here and I'm kind of living off his money, but she's not really a part of my life. Not because I don't want her to be, she just isn't. But I think about my parents a lot. I feel like I'm failing them somehow. My dad was a mean man, mean to my mom, mean to me, but she still loved him. I'm... I'm not sad he's dead. But to tell you the truth, Mia, I don't have any family I'm close to now. In fact, I never really did. Maybe my family just doesn't know how to love. We don't know what it means to have relationships. Anyway, I'm fine. Like in the long run. I mean, I don't know, I'm not shy but I still feel... uh-

MIA

What?

ARTHUR

Lonely. Quiet. Like the world shuts me out. I don't know. It's stupid, because if there's anything that New York isn't, it's lonely.

MIA

I get it. It's not stupid, sometimes you can be surrounded by people but still feel alone.

ARTHUR

I just feel out of place- insignificant, you know? Not in a philosophical way, I know my life doesn't mean a goddamn thing, but that doesn't bother me. It's more the fact that I don't mean anything

to anyone. Like, if I just ran away, or even died, nobody's life would change. Creamy Dreams would hire some other desperate loser, someone else would move into my apartment, my mom wouldn't even know until someone tracked her down, and then she probably wouldn't care, or wouldn't even understand because she was too fucking drunk-

MIA

Arthur?

ARTHUR

Yes? *(beat)* I'm sorry, guess it was my turn to ramble.

MIA

Arthur, do you believe in fate?

END EXCERPT