

TRIPP. I hate tattoos on women.

TRISHA. Oh, but you love them on men? Is there something you need to tell me, Tripp?

TRIPP. You don't need a tattoo.

TRISHA. Well, nobody *needs* a tattoo. People get them because they want them.

TRIPP. I don't want you to have a tattoo.

TRISHA. A minute ago we just liked each other, and already you're trying to run my life. This is a bad idea.

TRIPP. So you're admitting that we do like each other.

TRISHA. I'm saying we did a minute ago.

TRIPP. At one point in time, we liked each other.

TRISHA. I think we can agree on that.

TRIPP. Good. *(Pause.)* Now what do we do?

TRISHA. Who says we have to do anything?

TRIPP. You know, you have this way of answering every question with a question —

TRISHA. Do I?

TRIPP. As if you have to challenge everything I say.

TRISHA. Does that bother you?

TRIPP. No, it doesn't bother me.

TRISHA. Good.

TRIPP. I like it. I need to be challenged. Sometimes I can be full of shit.

TRISHA. No. I don't believe it. You?

TRIPP. It's true.

TRISHA. I'm shocked.

TRIPP. It's hard to imagine you being shocked, somehow.

TRISHA. Oh, I get shocked.

TRIPP. By what?

TRISHA. By how stupid people can be. How selfish. How people are so willing to add to other people's suffering.

TRIPP. Wait a minute, are we going to have a real conversation, now?

TRISHA. I don't know, what do you think?

TRIPP. I'm not opposed to it, I just need to shift gears a little bit.

TRISHA. We don't have to, if you're not up to it.

TRIPP. No, let's do it. Okay. Do you believe in God? Do you ever think about Death? When was the first time you had sex? When was the first time you really *liked* it? Do you ever feel guilty, just because your life isn't too terribly difficult?

TRISHA. Never.

TRIPP. Good, me neither. Let's go to the mall.

TRISHA. The *mall*?

TRIPP. Yeah. It's Saturday, we could go the mall, hang out with the teenagers at the multiplex, chow down on some Chick-fil-A? Shop for hours in the tape and record store without buying anything?

TRISHA. We're not dressed for it.

TRIPP. Why not?

TRISHA. Oh, I couldn't.

TRIPP. Trisha, this is uncharacteristically gutless of you, I'm surprised.

TRISHA. I am thirty-four years old, I am not about to traipse around a mall looking like I just came from my prom. The only way I would do such a thing is with the assistance of major pharmaceuticals.

TRIPP. Well, in that case. (*He produces a packet of cocaine from his pocket.*) Say hello to our surprise guest.

TRISHA. (*Obviously pleased.*) No! I have a feeling you could be a bad influence on me.

TRIPP. I have a feeling nobody is ever a bad influence on you.

TRISHA. (*Suddenly serious.*) Tripp, I really like you.

TRIPP. Oh, I bring out the drugs and suddenly I'm Mister Wonderful.

TRISHA. You're not a coke head, are you?

TRIPP. No, this is strictly a special occasion thing.

TRISHA. Would you tell me if you were?

TRIPP. Yes, I would tell you if I was. We don't have to do this.

TRISHA. No, I want to.

TRIPP. But now you're nervous, now you don't trust me.

TRISHA. It's not that.

TRIPP. What is it, then? (*Pause.*)