Christina: What.

Matt: You're not French, are you? I mean you might be, right? But I'm almost totally sure you're like this very talented imposter. So you can like stop the routine. I won't tell anybody. I mean your accent is spot-on perfect, and the slight lack of knowledge of English vocabulary is very subtle and authentic, i.e., your purported ignorance of words like smitten and demarcate and unscribe, but you sort of blew it when you sang. I mean, you have this totally like mellifluous voice or whatever, and your song really is affecting—it's just that there was a moment or two there where you suddenly sounded really Midwestern. I'm from Illinois so I have these like Des Plaines River Valley superpowers.... I mean, if you want to continue in like character or whatever it's fine with me.

(Suddenly a cell phone starts ringing. Christina goes into her bag, removes it, stands and faces the corner for privacy, answers.)

Christina: Hello? Oui... Oui... Oui... No... No... (She hangs up.)

Matt: Who was that?

(She turns to face him.)

Christina: (Dropping the accent, American English now.) Albert.

Matt: Your boyfriend?

Christina: My husband.

Matt: You're married?

Christina: It was arranged. He's gay, lives in Paris.

SCENES FROM AN UNFINISHED LIFE
BY LEIGH KENNICOTT

CHARACTERS
Mark (early 30s), a dark, athletic, young man; Florrie (28), moderately attractive

SCENE
A coffee shop in San Francisco

TIME
The present

Mark is in the doghouse, and he knows it. He and Florrie were an item until she got pregnant. Now, in the aftermath, he wants her back, but she is insulted. Still, part of her wants to hang on to the relationship.

Mark: Hey.

Florrie: Hey.

(He looks at the menu. Sets it down.)

Mark: Did you get my message?

Florrie: Which one?

Mark: From Effie and Edgar?

Florrie: No. Stop that. What message?

Mark: When I had to go out of town.

Florrie: For the month, right?

Mark: Well, not—

Florrie: I know. You were hiding. And it wasn't a month. It was six weeks.

Mark: Well, you know. It's ski season.

Florrie: That's where you went?

Mark: After the month.
Florrie: And did you know what I was doing?
Mark: (Ineffectually) There was nothing I could do to help.
Florrie: Except hold my hand!
Mark: I took some emergency time off. I had to think.
Florrie: How fitting.
(They both look at the menu.)
Well?
Mark: Well, I'm—glad you agreed to see me.
Florrie: (Menacingly) I meant the food.
Mark: Oh. I don't—I'm not hungry. But you eat.
Florrie: Whyyyy?
Mark: I'll pay.
Florrie: You keep doing that. I meant, why did you suddenly want to see me?
Mark: Be—because I thought... and I suddenly realized how much I love you.
Florrie: Hmmm. Why don't I believe you?
Mark: I know. I panicked.
Florrie: Edgar said it was because you were broke.
Mark: I was. I am. (Forlorn) I just couldn't handle it.
Florrie: Oh. (Beat) And I could.
Mark: (He's silent. Then) I missed you.
Florrie: So now, you just want to get back together, no questions asked?
Mark: Effie and Edgar—
Florrie: Are spies.
Mark: No. They begged me to call you.
Florrie: That's what they said.
Mark: I just wasn't ready—for that.
Florrie: Oh, icing on the cake!