Rose: I figure between you and the show, I could learn something. So what do you say, Mr. Donnelly? Is it a bet?

Donnelly: ... Mmm...  
Rose: Be a sport. Come on. (Pause.)

Donnelly: ... Ten minutes?
Rose: From the time I go through that door to the time I come back in.

Donnelly: And all you want—if you win—is to listen to Information, Please?
Rose: With you.

Donnelly: That's a terribly strange... (Silence.)
Rose: What have you got to lose, Mr. Donnelly? You'd listen to it, anyway. And besides, you're positive I can't do it, so—

Donnelly: You can't.
Rose: Then why not take the bet? (Pause.)

Donnelly: Ten minutes. (He looks at his wristwatch.) Starting... now.
Rose: Thank you, Mr. Donnelly. (She hurries out of the room. Pause.)

(Donnelly begins typing. He stops. He touches his chin, his nose, the top of his head—then his right ear, then his left ear—then the top of his head, his nose, his chin—then places the hand flat on the desk. . . .)

Donnelly: She can't win. She won't win. She can't win.

(He begins to type. He stops.)
She won't. (Pause.) She won't.
BEN: You know I can't! I cannot do that!! / No, no, NO!!

ABBY: Why?!! / WHY NOT?!!

BEN: Because it ruins it. It ruins the ending.

(ABBY takes this in, processing. BEN fiddles with the door.)

ABBY: This is not a movie, Ben.

BEN: I'm not saying that.

ABBY: You can't dictate how life is supposed to—

BEN: Yeah, I could. . . . In this one instance, I could've! (Beat.) We had no chance here. . . . A day ago, we were just another two people fucking each other and pretending that we had something special. Now we've got a chance to actually make it that. Special . . .

ABBY: It wasn't special?

BEN: It was an affair, Abby, fuck, can't we just be . . .?

ABBY: It was special to me.

BEN: Of course it was "special," that's the wrong word. I just mean that it was common, regular. It happens. But this thing . . . this disaster . . . makes what we're doing . . . possible.

ABBY: I see. . . . Now I see.

BEN: All we have to do is walk away, Abby! Not run. . . . just walk. Walk off into the sunset.

ABBY: All right. Okay. Duly noted. (Beat.) But after you make the call.

BEN: Shit. . . . Abby. . . . Don't ask me to—

ABBY: I need you to do that for me. / Will you? Ben?

BEN: I can't . . . / . . . oh God—

ABBY: Please . . . / Ben, please . . . for me . . . Please.

BEN: Yes. (Beat.) Okay.

ABBY: Thank you.

BEN: I will. (Beat.) You, umm, you want me to . . . what, make the call that I was gonna make yesterday, right? The call I said I was going to make before this. . . . all this. . . . happened.

ABBY: That's what I want. Yes.

BEN: All right, Abby, I'll do that.

(BEN crosses back to the couch and sits, rubbing his eyes. Pulls his cell phone out of his pocket and switches it on. ABBY starts across the room.)

ABBY: I'll give you your privacy.

BEN: No, you don't have to.

ABBY: It's okay, you should have time to . . . / It's fine.

BEN: I want you to hear this, Abby. / ABBY! (ABBY stops and looks at him.) You need to hear this. . . . Go ahead, take a seat.

(ABBY crosses back toward the kitchen and sits on the edge of a stool near the counter. BEN takes a deep breath, then dials a number and waits. After a moment, ABBY's phone begins to ring. SHE looks up, startled, and mimes to BEN: "What should I do?" SHE starts to panic, but BEN motions for her to take the call.)

ABBY: Hello?

BEN: Hi.

ABBY: Ben? Why're you . . . ?

BEN: Just listen. Okay? Just . . . listen to me. (Beat.) So . . . this was the call I was going to make yesterday.

ABBY: No, no, I don't want you to pretend with me, I want you to call them and—

BEN: Abby, shut the fuck up and listen! I was going to call you yesterday, not them. I was gonna make this call on my way to work, and then I thought, What the hell, it's only a few blocks over, I'll stop in and talk to her. Tell her face-to-face. Be brave, like she's always asking me to be . . . she deserves that. (Beat.) I wasn't gonna phone home, Abby, I can't do that. You can call my wife, spill your guts if you want to, but I'll never be able to . . . can't do that. (Beat.) That's why all . . . this . . . suddenly seemed so logical, like the only thing possible. And I wanted it, God, I did! But now. . . . Look, I think you're great, and we've had, umm, the most amazing . . .

ABBY: Ben. . . . don't.

BEN: No, I promised you I'd make a call, and this is it. I'm calling to tell you I can't do this anymore, I'm tired of dodging and hiding and all the, just, bad
shit I've done so effortlessly since we met. If you'd taken this...meal
ticket...of ours, then great. I'd've worked in a fucking lumberyard the rest of
my days to be with you, but if you wanna make me come clean about what
I've done, purge all my sins for some un-fucking-fathomable reason...I mean, if I'm publicly forced to choose between those little girls' hearts and
your thighs, well then, there's just not much question. (Beat.) Sorry, Abby,
I'm really very...I don't know. Just sorry. G'bye.

(Ben clicks off the call. After a moment, his cell phone begins ringing and continues
while they sit staring at each other. Abby slowly hangs up. Ben finally slams his
phone shut.)

CHARACTERS
Alison (20s), single; Tom (20s), single

SCENE
A fairly upscale bar

TIME
Now

Both Alison and Tom have come to Mr. Lucky's Bar hoping to meet someone.
After one glance, each is very impressed with the other.

(Tom and Alison are seated on bar stools.)

Tom: (To audience.) I've been sitting here a few moments, just taking in all the
ambience: the burnished wood and low lighting, the posters of showgirls
from the Ziegfield Follies—girls who are dead now, it's true, but my God,
what legs...I look around, and I have a really good feeling about this place.
A better feeling than I've had about any place in a while...I'm pretty sure
I've never been here.

Alison: (To audience.) I come to this bar all the time. All the time. No one
interesting ever comes here.

Tom: I passed by this place lots of times, I'm sure of that much. Lots of times
before tonight. I really don't know why I never came in.

Alison: It's like there's a sign on the door. "Interesting guys stay away. Pathetic
morons are welcome."

Tom: Maybe it was the name. Yeah, I guess that was it. "Mr. Lucky's."

Alison: Once or twice I saw someone. Some guy. He'd sit down and nod at the
bartender, then order a draft in a confident voice. My interest was piqued, I
glanced over, flashed him my best cryptic smile...Then he'd look back, he'd
turn the full force of his gaze on me, and I'd see the words printed right there
on his forehead: "More of the Same."

Tom: I was a little put off at first, ya know, that's a lot of pressure to put on a guy.
But now I think I can deal with it. I think I've gone through enough bad
times that I'm ready for something good. Yeah. "Mr. Lucky's."