

Variations 1-7

*(inspired by "7 Variations in E-flat Major on Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen"
WoO 46, Ludwig Von Beethoven)*

He

She

First Variation: *a café. He and She are standing at the counter waiting for their drinks.*

He: So, do you come here often?

She: Every morning before class. I've seen you here before.

He: I like to write here.

She: What do you write?

He: Fiction. Romance mostly. Believe it or not, I'm the brain behind the name Linda Folger.

She: Romance, really? That's fantastic.

He: May I ask... are you a teacher or a student?

She: Oh, a teacher. Ballet. I teach at the community college. Four mornings a week.

He: Do you perform?

She: Sometimes, yes.

(Both react as if their names have been called.)

Together: That's my drink.

(Both laugh.)

She: I'd better get going. Have to warm up before my students arrive.

He: I'll see you tomorrow?

She: Very likely. Happy writing.

Second Variation: *a bookstore. SHE is carrying a book HE wrote.*

She: So, do you come here often?

He: My writing group meets here on Thursday evenings; yes.

She: Is that usual? For a published author to still have a writing group?

He: Absolutely. Feedback is better than a home-cooked meal.
She: I'd think that would depend on the meal.
He: Oh?
She: Well, you know, pot noodles aren't exactly on par with shrimp scampi.
He: Valid point. *(beat)* I happen to love shrimp scampi.
She: I happen to love cooking for people other than me.
(A bell rings off stage)
He: *(reluctant)* Our group is about to start...
She: I'm sure we'll meet again.

Third Variation: *a train station. Night.*

He: So, do you come here often?
She: *(laughing)* Does that line actually work?
He: Only when the person being asked wants it to.
She: And if she does?
He: Then it would depend on if he means it as an overture or just can't think of anything better to say.
She: I like overtures. They give hints of what may come without revealing the entire story.
He: Are you taking the 8:30 northbound?
She: I am. Shall we sit together?
He: Let's do.

Fourth Variation: *He is standing at the door to her apartment, carrying a bouquet of flowers and a bottle of wine. He knocks, and She opens the door.*

She: *(teasing)* So, do you come here often?
He: *(chuckling softly)* I hope so. I brought these for you *(holds up flowers)* and this for us *(holds up wine)*.
She: *(taking the flowers)* Come in, come in! They're lovely. Does that need to chill, or shall we open it right away.
He: It should breathe for a few minutes before we pout.

She: I can live with that.

He: *(sniffing the air)* Dinner smells wonderful.

She: I heard you were a fan of shrimp scampi.

He: You really made it?

She: I did. And a salad, and the bread is just warming. Unless you'd rather chat first and eat later.

(She puts the flowers in a vase, and sets them on her dinner table. He picks up a bottle opener and opens the wine, setting it next to the flowers).

He: Or we could do both at once.

She: Yes... yes, we could.

Fifth Variation: *An apartment bedroom, early morning. He and She are in bed, with sheets concealing their lack of attire. But each are on their side, facing each other, heads propped on bent arms.*

He: *(flirting)* So... do you come here often?

She: *(happy, joking)* Well, I definitely did last night.

He: You are so beautiful.

She: I bet you say that to all the women who cook for you.

He: Only after they share my wine.

She: Ahh, I see, it was a subtle ploy. Get me drunk and have your way with me.

He: I'm pretty sure you were having your way with me.

She: *(teasing)* Trust a writer to rewrite the story.

He: Care to find out what happens in chapter two?

She: Oh, please...

(They kiss.)

Sixth Variation: *a romantic bistro. He is waiting at the table. She enters, searches the space, and joins him.*

She: So, do you come here often?

(This is a running joke between them at this point. And She continues before he can answer.)

I'm sorry I'm late. I hope I didn't make you worry.

He: Only a little. I ordered wine for both of us. *(he gestures to the glasses at both places)* I hope you don't mind white?

She: Well, this restaurant is known for their seafood, so it's perfect.
He: I was thinking of the sea bass.
She: Don't they serve that for two?
He: They do...
She: How romantic.
He: Speaking of romantic...
She: Yes?
He: Would it be totally cheesy if your portion was garnished with something... sparkly?
She: You ordered it already?
He: Well, we'd talked about both wanting to try it. Are you upset?
She: No, it was thoughtful... but... Sparkly???

(From offstage a serving trolley with covered dishes rolls up to their table. He uncovers both dishes and serves them.)

He: Look.
She: (looking down at her plate) Oh. Ohhhh! (She picks up a ring) Are you proposing?
He: Are you accepting?
She: Mmm. Depends on how good the sea bass is.
He: *(looks stricken)*
She: I'm kidding. Of course, I accept.

(He slides the ring onto her finger, and then they lean across the table for a tender kiss.)

Seventh Variation: *He and She are standing under an arbor with candles glowing around them. Both are dressed in wedding clothing.*

He: So, do you come here often?
She: No... only the once.
He: As it should be.
She: Definitely.

(They take each other's hands and turn away from the audience, ready to say their vows.)

Curtain.