

Ancient History

David Ives

Ruth: Would you still love me if I had varicose veins?

Jack: Of course not.

Ruth: Would it be all over?

Jack: It would be *all over*.

Ruth: Somehow I thought so. But you know you're not supposed to say things like that on my birthday.

Jack: What? I'm *not*?

Both: *Uh-oh!*

Ruth: But speaking of birthdays...

Jack: Birthdays? Birthdays?

Ruth: Yeah. Do I get my presents now?

Jack: Sorry, Pinky. No presents until after the guests leave.

Ruth: Pleeeeeeeeeeease, Pinky?

Jack: Oh all right. One present.

Jack: Try this. Do you like it?

Ruth: Oh, God...! It's incredible!

Jack: So what do you expect from tall, thin, and tasteful people?

Ruth: Can I attack you?

Jack: *(He opens his arms wide and she jumps into them. They fall onto you bed together.)* Yes! Yes! More sex, you lusty wench! *(Ruth lies back blissfully and sighs.)*

Ruth: Christ, it's six o'clock! We have to get dressed! *(She turns off the alarm and runs into the bathroom. Jack stares at the place on the bed where she had been, as if she had just disappeared.)*

Jack: Nora? Nora...? OH GOD, NORA!!!

Ruth: *(from the bathroom)* Six o'clock, pal!

Jack: Plenty of time, plenty of time...Everybody's going to be fashionably late anyway.
(RUTH appears in the bathroom doorway with a toothbrush.)

Ruth: Do you want to wash up in here? Scrape off some of the funk?

Jack: *(starts to dress)* No, I want to reek of sex. I want everybody exchanging furtive glances from across the room and wondering why the place smells like an aquarium.

Ruth: *(In the bathroom)* Like a what?

Jack: An aquarium.

Ruth *(puts her head into the room):* If you tell that joke tonight, I'll kill you. *(she enters room)*

Jack: Good God!

Ruth: What?

Jack: What are those?

Ruth: They are called shoes in my language.

Jack: I recognized the general species, but-*blue shoes?*

Ruth: I got them to go with my dress.

(the phone rings)

Jack: Go away! We don't want any!

Ruth: Somebody's probably late. Want to get it?

Jack: Gotham porno line, Pinky speaking.-Hello? *(listens)* I know you're there, sir. I can hear you breathing.

Ruth: Give me that. Jack, give me that. Hi, Dad. Sorry about that... What's up? Oh. Uh-huh... No, it's *not* all right, actually.... Well I hope you're going to change your-- Okay. Okay. No, don't call me later in the week. I said *don't* call me. 'Bye! *(she bangs down the receiver)*

Jack: What's the matter?

Ruth: They're not coming.

Jack: Did he bother to make any flimsy excuses?

Ruth: No.

Jack: Look. Do you want me to leave so that they can come to your party?

Ruth: What? Don't be crazy. I could just kill him.

Jack: Well listen, you have to be your thin, witty and charming self in about fifteen minutes, so you'd better get it together. People will think we've been having a serious conversation or something.

Ruth: We do have a good time together, don't we?

Jack: Sure. We're friends. It's a new concept in relationships. So hey. Since we are such good friends...you wanna fuck, pal?

Ruth: Ohhhhhhhhhh no....*(she moves away and he persues.)*

Jack: Come on, just a quickie.

Ruth: Why does this always happen right before a party?

Jack: I won't even take my pants off. We'll do it Polish-style. Come on. You'll love it.

Ruth: Do you promise we'll be quick?

Jack: Scout's honor.

Ruth: You're on.

(They start to undress. The doorbell rings. They stop.)

Jack: We could still do it really quick.

Ruth: Sorry, pal. Fate has spoken.

Jack: Oh my balls are going to be sapphire blue all night.

Ruth: Good. They'll match my shoes.