

SANDRA. Where? Right. Now that's really depressing.
MARY LOU. Why?

SANDRA. We play twenty-four games, like a thousand minutes of basketball, a billion potential images, and the only reporter who ever shows up takes a picture of the one man on the floor running into a basket support.

ANDREA. Poor baby. Is he looking for a contact?

MARY LOU. Actually, I think he's looking for his tooth.

ANDREA. Ouch. Maybe I'll take him out for a coke. Well, we lose by twenty-two. Another day at the office.

COACH. I am the laughing stock of Marymount College. (He sits on the bench.)

SANDRA. I wonder if, historically, moments of social significance have always felt this silly to the participants at the time.

MICHELLE. Hubba-hubba, Jordan. Hubba-hubba, Jordan!

ANDREA. You know what, I think on this campus that will always be his name. (The lights fade out.)

The Quadrangle

CHARACTERS

SAM

DANIELLE

SCENE: A campus quadrangle. Eight in the morning. SAM, a young man, waits.

SAM. Double-damn, blue-eyed crap. Damn. Terrific, really terrific. I mean *really* terrific. (He looks at his watch.) Great. Now what? Shoot!

(DANIELLE appears. She sees SAM, stops, undecided, then starts off. SAM turns, sees her, and speaks.)

SAM. Hey! (DANIELLE turns). You didn't see me, right? I'm the only living human in the middle of . . . I don't know, . . . a thousand square damn yards of completely unobstructed grass, but I'm invisible, right?

DANIELLE (beginning to cry, fighting back the sobs, then yelling). Why don't you talk a little louder in case nobody can hear you?

SAM. Oh, man.

DANIELLE. Shoot. (She cries.)

SAM (referring to her crying). Wonderful. Outstanding. I don't know if I can take this. I really don't.

DANIELLE. Then don't. (SAM moves toward her.)

SAM. Look . . .

LE. And get the hell away from me. (SAM moves

Look, are you all right, or what?

ELLE (angrily). I'm terrific, obviously.

(after a pause). I tried calling.

ANIELLE. Who?

M. What?

ANIELLE. Calling who?

AM. Calling you.

DANIELLE. I was there.

SAM. It was busy.

DANIELLE. I didn't use the phone.

SAM. I tried to call on the mother-lovin' phone. Don't give me that crap!

DANIELLE. Look, pal . . .

SAM. And don't, for hell's sake, call me pal!

DANIELLE (dangerously calm, after a pause). I am feeling much better, thank you. I bled a little bit afterwards, but not badly.

Judy took me back to the apartment, then she drove down to

Georgetown to see her family, and I stayed in the apartment for

three days during which time I made one two-minute call,

which, coincidentally, must have been the exact time you,

frantic with concern, made your one, single, unduplicated

attempt to reach me . . . pal.

SAM. Look, can we get some coffee?

DANIELLE. I don't want coffee.

SAM. Well, I would like some coffee.

DANIELLE. I don't want any coffee.

SAM. And I would like to talk to you, so why don't you come along . . .

DANIELLE. No coffee.

SAM. . . and you can sit there without any coffee.

DANIELLE. Sam, we don't know each other very well, and that's good. I just had an abortion and I am very, very, very sad and pissed off. Why I got involved with you, why I let you do this to me, I cannot possibly imagine. You weren't there when they cleaned me out, and that's good. You didn't call, and that's good. I imagine you are uptight and feeling guilty and that is very, very good. There is nothing, and let me emphasize this for you, pal, nothing more to say about this. Good-bye.

SAM. If you try to walk off on me, I'll knock you on your butt. (DANIELLE stops.) Fact one: I *am* feeling guilty. Fact two: You just had an abortion. Fact three is that some of us here didn't even know you were pregnant. Some of us found out from third parties. Some of us here in the quadrangle would have liked to relate to that. You know what I mean? DANIELLE. And the difference would have been?

SAM. Knowledge, options, feelings! Hey, man, you got a corner on the emotional market here or what? Takes two people to make babies. You know what I mean?

DANIELLE. No, I don't know what you mean.

SAM. I mean *everybody's* baby got killed!

DANIELLE. You are suggesting we should have raised the baby here in the quadrangle during our junior year, or solicit our parents to adopt, or get married after two fucking dates, or what?

SAM. I am suggesting we should have talked about it.

DANIELLE (after a pause). You didn't use protection.

SAM. What?

DANIELLE. Prophylactics, rubbers . . . you want me to spell it?

SAM. You didn't ask me to.

DANIELLE. You got them out. You put them on the night-stand. . . . y-gto colors, they were hard to miss.

SAM. It's all I could get.

DANIELLE. I thought you had one on.

SAM. You didn't ask. I thought you were on the pill.

DANIELLE. Nobody is on the pill. The pill gives you cancer.

SAM. Then nobody should tell somebody so that somebody makes sure to wear a rubber. (A pause.) How about some coffee?

DANIELLE. No coffee. On our two dates we discussed, in order, your suit, given the fact I hadn't been out with anybody in a suit since my Senior Prom. Then we discussed the World Series, the fact that your car needs a valve job, our mutual friend, the twit Judy, Lily Tomlin pictures, Woody Allen pictures, the sexual revolution which seemed up to that point to have passed us by, what my father did and what your father did, and then, to relieve the itch, we went to bed and scratched. The sperm got lucky. I saw no reason to tell you. I got an abortion. Judy took it upon herself to call you and then tell me she had, and I, in a depressed state, sort of expected you to call, which was very stupid. You have waited here, Sam, because you know I walk through the quadrangle. Now, what is it you want to say to me?

SAM (after a pause). You hear the one about Jesus taking over at the gate for St. Peter and this old guy comes up to the gate and Jesus thinks he looks familiar, so he asks him what he does, and the old geezer says he's a carpenter, and Jesus asks him does he have any children and the old man says one, and Jesus, getting really excited, asks what happened to the kid and the old guy says the kid grew up, left home and became famous, and Jesus throws his arms around the old man and says "Father!" — DANIELLE (interrupting, flat out). I've heard this.

SAM (continuing the joke). . . . and the old man pulls back to arm's length—

DANIELLE (interrupting again). I have heard this.

SAM (continuing the joke). . . . looks at Jesus wonderingly and says "Pinocchio?"

DANIELLE. You told me a joke.

SAM. Yeah.

DANIELLE. You waited out here to tell me a joke?

SAM. Yeah, I guess.

DANIELLE. King of the nuts.

SAM. Yeah?

DANIELLE. Nutso. You're a nutso.

SAM. What have you got on for dinner?

DANIELLE (furiously, after a pause). Say that to me again. SAM. Dinner.

DANIELLE. Dinner what?

SAM. How about dinner?

DANIELLE. No dinner. I have classes 'til nine.

SAM. It's illegal to eat after nine?

DANIELLE. I hate your guts, pal.

SAM. In that case, we better go dutch.

DANIELLE. You're serious, right?

SAM. Yeah.

DANIELLE (after a pause). I usually get a sandwich at the Heidelberg about nine.

SAM. It's Friday. It'll be noisy.

DANIELLE. I like noisy.

SAM. It'll be hard to talk.

DANIELLE. So, what else is new?

SAM. Right.

DANIELLE. Okay.

SAM. Just one thing. Don't yell at me while I eat. Don't be so fuckin' mean, okay?

DANIELLE. I wouldn't promise you diddley-do, Pal. (She starts off.) And don't wear a suit. (She exits.)