

SARA. I really should go.
CALLIE. Just wait one minute.
SARA. Why?
CALLIE. I wanna ... show you something.
SARA. Callie —
CALLIE. Take my watch. *(Callie takes off her watch and hands it to Sara.)* What time is it now?
SARA. 5:59.
CALLIE. And how many seconds?
SARA. 38 seconds.
CALLIE. And what day is today?
SARA. Thursday.
CALLIE. What time is it now?
SARA. 5:59 and 50 seconds.
CALLIE. So count 'em.
SARA. What?
CALLIE. Count 'em down. Five seconds, four —
SARA. Four, three, two, one — what. *(Callie opens her hands towards Sara.)* What? *(Callie gestures towards the ceiling.)* It's quiet. Oh! *(Callie nods.)* It's Thursday at 6:00! And it's quiet! *(Callie points her thumbs towards herself. Sara opens her arms and they hold each other. They keep holding — Callie lets go.)* I'll call you tomorrow.
CALLIE. OK. *(Pause.)*
SARA. Um, see ya.
CALLIE. OK. Bye. *(Sara opens the door and lets herself out. Callie ambles slowly over to the sofa, looks at the door, buries her head in a pillow and screams.)*

Mrs. Winsley Side 2

SCENE EIGHTEEN

A coffee shop. Mrs. Winsley is sitting at a table. Callie walks in.

START

CALLIE. Mrs. Winsley?
MRS. WINSLEY. Yes. *(Callie extends her hand; Mrs. Winsley*

shakes it.)

CALLIE. I'm sorry I'm late. I came straight —

MRS. WINSLEY. It's fine, it's fine. I don't have to meet my husband until 8:00. *(She gestures for Callie to sit.)*

MRS. WINSLEY. Should we order something? Coffee or tea?

CALLIE. Coffee would be great.

MRS. WINSLEY. How are you doing?

CALLIE. I'm OK.

MRS. WINSLEY. Yeah?

CALLIE. I want to thank you for ... what you did, Mrs. Winsley.

MRS. WINSLEY. I only did what I should've.

CALLIE. Not everybody —

MRS. WINSLEY. How's your girlfriend?

CALLIE. Sara — she's better. Alert and responding. We just have to wait to see what kind of effect. How much and what.

MRS. WINSLEY. I read in the paper she's from Kansas or something?

CALLIE. St. Louis. Missouri. Kansas City is in Missouri but Sara's from St. Louis.

MRS. WINSLEY. I'm from outside Cincinnati myself, although I've been here 20 years. When I first moved here I would smile at strangers on the subway, give quarters to beggars on the street.

CALLIE. Sara gives a dollar.

MRS. WINSLEY. So I can imagine what it must've seemed like to her. Small-town girl in the big city — seeing men dressed as women, women holding hands — must've seemed like gay paradise to her.

CALLIE. St. Louis is not a small town.

MRS. WINSLEY. She's at St. Vincent's, isn't she?

CALLIE. Yes.

MRS. WINSLEY. How are the doctors there? Are you pleased with them?

CALLIE. It's hard to say. You want them to do everything, you want them to make her better. But they do what they can, I think they're OK.

MRS. WINSLEY. How do you find it — spending all your time there. I mean I know they have limited visiting hours but they probably let you stay all day.

CALLIE. I have to go to my job —

MRS. WINSLEY. Of course. I didn't mean to imply —
CALLIE. But I do visit every day.
MRS. WINSLEY. It must be exhausting for you.
CALLIE. Well, her family's here —
MRS. WINSLEY. Are you close with them?
CALLIE. No ... Not close.
MRS. WINSLEY. I know what it's like with in-laws. It took years before mine ... Have you and Sara been together long?
CALLIE. Um ... no.
MRS. WINSLEY. Oh, I'm sorry I thought you two were —
CALLIE. I know.
MRS. WINSLEY. Here I've been talking as if —
CALLIE. It's OK.
MRS. WINSLEY. So you're not really —
CALLIE. No, like I said I go there every —
MRS. WINSLEY. But you're not really involved.

SCENE NINETEEN

END

Callie's apartment. George, wearing jeans and a dress shirt, checks himself out in the full-length mirror. Callie walks in from the bedroom wearing a dress.

GEORGE. I'm a little strapped 'cause business was slow last night.
CALLIE. Just don't worry about it.
GEORGE. I brought 50 bucks.
CALLIE. That'll get you a salad.
GEORGE. How expensive is this place?
CALLIE. Expensive.
GEORGE. Why do we have to go to a place like that? Why can't we just go to Benny's Burritos and drink a bunch of margaritas.
CALLIE. I *told* you, I'm gonna pay for the whole thing so stop stressing out about it. *(She pushes George out of the way with her hip and looks at herself in the mirror.)*