

ROXANNE. It's a banana and a prop.  
HARRY. Not to Bruce. Bruce doesn't even know the banana exists. Did you know about this? That Bruce could buy Guatemala? Did you know that?  
ROXANNE. Yes I did know that because I've been listening to you guys on the loudspeaker in the dressing room, Harry. Could we get back to work?  
HARRY. Actually could I take a little break?  
ROXANNE. You just had a little break. While I went and got the gun, you guys had a break.  
HARRY. I need to pee.  
ROXANNE. Why didn't you pee while I was getting the gun?  
HARRY. I didn't think of it.  
ROXANNE. How could you not think of it! You either have to pee or you don't!  
HARRY. I was having an interesting conversation and eating a banana.  
ROXANNE. Which you were not supposed to be DOING because it's a PROP.  
HARRY. Look I really have to —  
ROXANNE. Go go go.  
HARRY. I'll be right back. *(He goes. Roxanne rolls her eyes and starts to throw away the bananas, reset the scene.)*  
JAKE. You're pretty hard on him.  
ROXANNE. Yes, well, it was hard on me, when he disappeared two weeks before we were supposed to walk down the fucking aisle.  
JAKE. Two weeks?  
ROXANNE. Yes. Two. Weeks.  
JAKE. So you had the dr ...  
ROXANNE. Yes I did I had the dress. I still have the dress. It is hanging in my closet. Like a wound, on a hanger.  
JAKE. Sorry.  
ROXANNE. Why are you apologizing?  
JAKE. I don't know. Just, when you hear another guy has been an asshole to a woman you kind of feel guilty by association or something.  
ROXANNE. And why is that, I wonder.  
JAKE. Yeah, right?  
ROXANNE. You know what I hate the most about it is how dumb the story sounds. It's like an insult to my life, how without

interest the whole "he left her when she was practically walking down the aisle." You try telling that story without sounding like a bad fucking romance novel, "jilted when," and the endless moaning about, "the flowers!" "the caterers!" "The invitations must have cost a fortune and then he just," all that money that's all anyone could talk about because nobody wanted to talk about my broken heart. It just reduces, everything, the internal story is obliterated by the external facts in such a grotesque and to have the, and not just me, but the both of us, to have that annihilated in such a careless, because that's what, I'm telling you I can't even finish my sentences that's how mad I still am about it. Because even if there was some question there, in him, some secret that could not enter the, that is only one small piece, why should that secret become everything? The destruction of everything? And with silence. Six years of silence. That is what I got. He left without a word, not one word, and then there was nothing, and then he was back, and of course I found out about it in the most hideous way, I'm at an audition, and someone I barely know starts talking about how she saw him at a reading, he's been back for months and no even, nothing. Ever. He's back in the same city, he lives within miles of me and there is no, what is it, why do people think silence is such a why is it a choice? The failure of words. Yes words fucking fail us this is hardly news but you TRY ANYWAY BECAUSE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE AREN'T YOU. Silence is such a defeat.  
JAKE. You know, Kafka —  
ROXANNE. Yes I do know Kafka and I know the whole story about him and Felice and I think Kafka is full of shit if you want to know the truth. All those years he was supposedly in love with her and going to marry her but he just couldn't pull it off, could he? He dumps her to go off with Milena and Dora and all the other cute little literary groupies who were suddenly all hot for Franz Kafka because he was Mr. Literary Genius at the end, and there's Felice the whole time, when he's nobody, just loving him and ready to marry him and does she show up in even one of the novels? No. The only chicks who ever show up are like barmaids with whips. Oh and his sister, she gets to show up and throw an apple at him when he turns into a bug. I hate Kafka. Why do you guys think that not talking to us, like we're not even worth talking to, why is that such a great idea to you? *(She starts to cry. Jake watches, helpless.)*  
JAKE. We don't. Come on. We don't.