

NOTES

There is an old adage which reminds us that there are two sides to every coin. In the following play, two individuals, brought together by a chance meeting, recount two very different versions of their brief courtship. *To Every Coin* chronicles the birth and death of that relationship. With its presentational style, this play allows the performers to talk directly to the audience and each other. There is a lot of humor found in the first half of the play, and both performers should play that humor. Comic timing will be crucial to the success of the overall performance. Each character should have an immense amount of likeability, thus, allowing the audience to truly enjoy the company of each character. It is important that both characters stand behind what each says and believes to be true; after all, each character's lines are a true reflection of his or her version of their relationship. Both performers should be adept at playing the humor found at the beginning of the play, as well as the emotional transition when the relationship turns sour. The second half of the play should take on a much darker tone, and each performer should really dig deep to find the internal hurt each character has experienced. With the right chemistry, this is a tour-de-force play for two talented performers. This selection should be performed by a male and female and be entered in Duo Interpretation or Duet Acting.

Characters:

He, a young man

She, a young woman

She: *(To the audience)* He was *handsome*.

He: *(To the audience)* She—was—beautiful.

She: *(To the audience)* I was sitting there— **He:** *(To audience)* She was sitting there—

He: *(To the audience)* —alone

He: *(To the audience)* —in this coffee shop— **She:** *(To audience)* —in this coffee shop—

She: *(To the audience)* —reading a book, when I noticed this man sit down at the next table.

He: *(To her)* You look smart.

She: *(To the audience)* He said to me, so I smiled.

He: *(To the audience)* She found me adorable.

She: *(To the audience)* I found him *annoying*.

He: *(To the audience)* She liked my confidence.

She: *(To the audience)* I thought he was way too arrogant.

He: *(To the audience)* I could *tell* she liked my confidence, because she just kept smiling at me.

She: *(To the audience)* I couldn't help but smile, as I continued with my book—

He: *(To the audience)* She thought, “Oh yes, today is my lucky day!”

She: *(To the audience)* —because I could tell he was still *staring* at me. For some reason, I found that to be funny.

He: *(To the audience)* She thought, “Today I have won the lottery!”

She: *(To the audience)* I thought, why *is* it that I attract crazy men?

He: *(To the audience)* She's celebrating in her mind!

She: *(To the audience)* It's true. I attract crazy men! Everywhere I go, there could be fifteen empty tables in the place, and every time—every single time—the crazy ones will plop right next to me!

He: *(To the audience)* They just can't resist my animal magnetism.

She: *(To the audience)* I'm a magnet! A magnet for lunatics!

He: *(To the audience)* Women like to know that men are interested in what *they're* interested in. So after ordering my coffee, I leaned over and told her, *(To her)* That's one of my favorite books.

She: *(To the audience)* Oh, I thought, you can *read*?

He: *(To her)* I thought it had some *really* juicy parts.

She: *(To him)* So—you've read this book?

He: *(To her, trying to impress her)* Twice.

She: *(To him, not believing him)* Really???

He: *(To the audience)* Truth be told, I couldn't even see the cover—

She: *(To him, holding up the book cover)* So you've read *What to Expect When You're Expecting*?

He: *(To the audience)* —until she held the book up to my face so that I could actually *read* the cover.

She: *(To him)* Twice?

He: *(To her)* I—I—

She: *(To him)* You lied.

He: *(To the audience)* I didn't know what to say.

She: *(To him)* Just admit it. You lied.

He: *(To the audience)* I had. I did. I lied. She caught me.

She: *(To him)* Just admit you lied.

He: *(To the audience)* I've never been caught! Wow, what a surreal feeling that is.

She: *(To him)* Admit it.

He: *(To the audience)* Two things suddenly occurred to me. One, she was, as I first suspected, *smart*—

She: *(To the audience)* Why can't men just admit when they've done something?

He: *(To the audience)* —and two, she was—she was—*(making a pregnancy gesture)* you know. *(To her)* Look. I'm sorry. I didn't know you were—

She: *(To him)* What? No! *I'm* not—my *sister* is—I'm *not*—whoa no, sir, I'm *definitely* not—I'm single! I haven't had a date in over a year—

He: *(To her)* A year???

She: *(To the audience)* Why in the world did I just say that?

He: *(To her, laughing)* Seriously???

A pretty lady like you hasn't dated in over a year?

She: *(To the audience)* Why? Why? Why? That's one of the side-effects of attracting crazy men. It makes me say crazy things!

He: *(To her)* Who's lying now?

She: *(To the audience)* Did he just say I was pretty?

He: *(To her)* And I admit it. You caught me. I lied. And I'm sorry.

She: *(To audience, surprised)* He admitted it.

He: *(To her)* I thought women like it when a man, you know, acts like he's *interested* in what they're interested in, and—

She: *(To him)* Well, I hope you weren't—'acting.'

He: *(To her)* Absolutely not. I like women who read.

She: *(To him)* Do—you like to read?

He: *(To her)* No. *(Realizing that wasn't probably the answer she wanted to hear)* Well, I like to read the *sports page*—

She: *(To the audience, defending him)* It has *articles*.

He: *(To her)* And the comics—

She: *(To the audience, still defending him)* He's letting me know he enjoys a sense of *humor*. He's obviously a man who likes dialogue, perhaps he even likes to go to plays—where characters *converse* through dialogue—*(Realizing she might be trying to defend him too strongly)* Okay, at least the comics have little bubbles above their heads with something that *resembles* dialogue!

He: *(To her)* And of course, I like to look at the ladies' lingerie advertisements—

She: *(To him, having had enough of his rambling)* SO...you like women who READ.

He: *(To her)* I do.

She: *(To the audience, sweetly)* Ah, the two most *precious words* every woman yearns to say.

He: *(To her)* And I sincerely apologize for lying to you. I meant it when I said I thought you were smart.

She: *(To the audience)* Well, at least he's a good judge of character.

He: *(To her)* You are.

She: *(To the audience, touched)* He seems so sincere, *and* he said he 'sincerely apologized—'

He: *(To her)* And I'm sorry.