

SHARON

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A man and a woman are seated in a café. The man is checking his email on his computer, and so is paying only half attention to the woman beside him who lounges in her chair making large gestures as she drinks her coffee. The woman has long wild black hair, tall. She is dressed in one of those inside out sheepskin coats, but more wooly haired and is as long and black as her hair. She has a drawling, kind of lazy voice that prolongs words . Sometimes she is loud sometimes soft, as if she is high on something and her voice rises as if some nerve has been kicked in. Her face is long and thin and pale with large dark eyes when she is not wearing sunglasses. Occasionally she takes them off and it is then you see the incipient bags under eyes, the wrinkles, her age showing through – about late forties. The man has on one of those European porkpie caps, and a heavy accent. He wears a north face jacket, is younger than the woman, has short squat body, with a kind of hard-knocks, pugnacious face, a healed broken nose.

WOMAN: I blame Sharon. How can she treat him like that. That man is a certifiable star. And what is she. Nothing. I don't mean nothing as in nothing. I mean nothing in that she is not a star. Let's face it . The man invented rock and roll. And there's Sharon in front of millions of people dissing on him. Disrespecting him. Calling him names. Taking away his cell phone. A man of his caliber . No wonder he has drug problems. Wouldn't you?

MAN: (looks up) Wouldn't I what?

WOMAN: Have drug problems. Drinking problems. Problems of life. Living.

MAN: Living is a problem. I have problems... Like right now...I'mm

WOMAN: No, no, you're not listening. I'm talking about problems, sure. But not your problems specifically. The point I'm making is that if IF you have problems, and of course I am sorry if you do, But my point is, your problems are not caused by Sharon. Sharon is the problem. That's my point.

MAN: I don't know who Sharon is.

WOMAN: Sharon. Sharon. You haven't been listening. Ozzy's wife. You know, their show. Their reality show. I've told you about it.

MAN: Yes yes. The TV show. Now I rememer. (Goes back to the computer).

WOMAN: So go ahead ask me. No? Okay, I'll tell you anyway. As far as I am concerned, Ozzy is god. G-O-D. God. And Sharon treats him like dirt. D-I-R-T. Dirt. Like I'm watching them and I'm like what is she doing? For example. Listen to this. Last night, poor Ozzy, the first inventor of heavy metal music, wanted to go out for drinks with his manager and what not. And he said to Sharon nicely. "I'm going out". And he even told her where he was going. Can you imagine? A rock star asking permission. God, what an amazing human being he is, I love him. (She says out loud to the ceiling). Do you hear me, I Love you Ozzy. (She turns back to the guy at the computer). So any other decent human being would have said to him. Sure Ozzy, go have fun. You've worked hard all your life...what's a few drinks. That's what I would have said...

MAN: I would have said that too.

WOMAN: Of course. You're a decent human being.

MAN: Speaking of that, look at this. Now here is what I call a decent looking human being. (He turns his computer screen around. There is a picture of a woman, on it).

WOMAN: (she takes off her sunglasses and looks at the screen, then turns away)

T and A. That's what all you men think about. T and A.

MAN: T and A. What's that?

WOMAN: T and A. T and A. You don't know what T and A means. Oh I forgot, you're Italian. English is not your first language. But you must have something like that in Italian. You guys invented it.

MAN: I speak English well enough. All I asked you was, what is T and A.

WOMAN: How long you've been in this country? I can't believe you never heard of it. Nevermind. I will be your T and A teacher. (She stands up, opens her coat.) T for Tits (She points to breasts, then she turns around and lifts her coat and points). Ass. A for ass. Tits and Ass. T and A. Get it?

MAN: T and A. I like it.

WOMAN: Of course you like it. You just showed me that picture didn't you.

MAN: But it doesn't show her A. Only her T.

WOMAN: Doesn't have to. The way they took her picture. The way she's bending forward. It says Ass all over it.

MAN: It does? (He looks at the screen).

WOMAN: No silly. I meant the way she is posing. Look at it. Even though it is from the front, she is also saying, (The woman changes her voice to be breathy and sexy) Believe me guys, I also have a very nice ass.

MAN: Wow! Can I show you another picture?

WOMAN: (Regaining her real voice) My point exactly.

MAN; Your point exactly means you want to see another picture?

WOMAN: What I can't understand is why would men go for a woman like that. Go for a dumb broad just because of her tits and ass. Why can't they go for a woman only slightly less pretty but with a great personality, and is kind and generous, and is smart and understands things.

MAN: You're still very pretty.

WOMAN: Thanks.

MAN: No I mean it. You still look good.

WOMAN: (She puts her sunglasses back on) I wasn't fishing for compliments. But thanks anyway.

MAN: Maybe just a little tired. You should take care of yourself.

WOMAN; I do take care of myself. It's you who should take care of yourself. Looking at computer screens all day.

MAN: Yes, its hard. Do you want to see another picture or not?

WOMAN; Getting back to my point. What do you guys do afterwards with these dumb broads. You have nothing to talk about. Nothing of interest.

MAN:. Talking has its place. But who wants to talk all the time .

WOMAN: You're talking to me, aren't you. We are having a conversation. It's very important. We are exchanging thoughts, ideas. That's what's important. Even Sharon and Ozzy talk, well argue really. But what can you, you (she points to the computer dismissively) do with these women afterwards ?...Watch television? Give me a break.

MAN; You watch television. You watch television all the time.

WOMAN: It different. I'm watching it by myself. When you watch TV alone, its totally different. A totally different situation. So what are you doing tonight?

MAN: (The man suddenly returns to looking down at his computer) Tonight I am busy. Sorry.

WOMAN: Busy looking at these women, right?

MAN: (He snaps) None of your business.

WOMAN: Sorry I didn't know you were so sensitive.

MAN: (Smiling again) I'm kidding, This is just recreation. I have some things to do tonight. Very busy these days.

WOMAN: Doing what? Anything interesting.

MAN: I can't talk about it. A lot of things in the air. I don't want to jinx it.

WOMAN; Sure, sure I understand. That's okay. Maybe we can get together some another time? (Waits for an answer, none) Okay, do you have a cigarette?

MAN: (very preoccupied with his computer.)

WOMAN: I said, do you have a cigarette?

MAN: Oh? Uh, cigarette? I think so. (He searches his jacket, finds it, and extends the pack to her.) Here you go.

WOMAN: She takes the pack and shakes out a cigarette.) I forgot you smoke these non filtered ones. Good. Right now I need a strong cigarette.

MAN: (says nothing)

WOMAN: I said there's nothing like a strong cigarette. Probably could use another one tomorrow, if you're free.

MAN: (says nothing)

WOMAN: (She looks at her watch, picks up her coffee). So it looks like you're busy. I gotta go anyway. Get to the office. They can't live without me there. (She says a little more loudly). So I gotta get going now.

MAN: (He looks up) Okay.

WOMAN: It was nice seeing you again. Nice talking to you.

MAN: (Nods). Get some rest.

WOMAN: So..... sometime this week? Bring you up to date on what's happening with Ozzy.

MAN: I just said....

WOMAN; No what I mean is maybe when you are not so busy, maybe you'll call me. Or maybe I'll just bump into you here, like I did today.

MAN; Maybe. You know how it is.

WOMAN; Yeah. I know how it is. (She holds up the cigarette).You know I always forget which end to light on these things.

MAN: (He looks up at her then back to the computer) It doesn't matter,

WOMAN; No, I guess it doesn't.

(She tries to think of something else to say, to prolong the conversation. But the man is so intent on looking at the screen. She picks up her bag, hesitates, then turns and leaves.)

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