

TOO EASY

By Eirik Gumeny

Cast of Characters:

GUINEVERE, young woman, employed at Dunkin Donuts

LANCELOT, young man, new to town

Setting:

A Dunkin Donuts – or equivalent, non-trademarked coffee shop. There's a counter, a register, and, you know, doughnuts and stuff. There are a few empty tables in the likewise empty store. GUINEVERE is employed there, and is currently working the cash register.

[LANCELOT enters and walks to the counter to order a cup of coffee.]

LANCELOT

Uh, yeah, hi, I'd like...

GUINEVERE

Oh my God. It's you.

LANCELOT

I'm sorry?

GUINEVERE

I can't believe you're here.

LANCELOT

I... wanted a cup of coffee. This is an establishment that sells coffee. It seemed like the place to go.

GUINEVERE [embarrassed]

Oh, oh, God. That's... that's not what I meant. I... uh...

LANCELOT [raising an eyebrow]

No, please. Elaborate. I'm both worried and confused.

GUINEVERE [still kind of embarrassed]

Oh, God, OK. Alright. It's just... well... I, uh, I've kind of... been... dreaming recently that you're really good at sewing.

LANCELOT [pauses briefly]

That seems alarmingly random. And more than a little unlikely.

GUINEVERE

Yeah, I was actually thinking the same thing.

LANCELOT

Well... look, no harm done, right? And I'm pretty bad at sewing for what that's worth. Subway construction worker and all. Calloused, unkind hands. Not exactly made for delicate stitch work or anything. Sorry about that.

GUINEVERE [laughing]

Yeah, no, it's fine. I'm sorry, too. I... It was... Anyway, you were... You were getting... coffee?

LANCELOT

Oh. Yeah... Yeah, please. Medium, with milk and sugar.

GUINEVERE [nodding]

Sure thing.

[GUINEVERE proceeds to make his coffee and, upon completion, hands LANCELOT the Styrofoam cup containing said coffee.]

GUINEVERE

That'll be 1.89.

LANCELOT [handing her two dollars]

Here you go.

GUINEVERE [putting the bills into the register and removing the change]

Do you want your...

LANCELOT

Oh, uh, no, you can...

GUINEVERE [dropping the change into the tip cup]

Right, yeah, thanks.

LANCELOT

Yeah, no problem. Um, thanks.

[LANCELOT smiles awkwardly, then slowly walks toward one of the tables. He looks over his shoulder at GUINEVERE and smiles again, then shakes his head slightly. He sits down somewhat embarrassed and slightly confused. Guinevere watches him sit down and begins wiping down the counter. She stops abruptly and walks over to Lancelot's table, sitting down in the chair opposite him.]

GUINEVERE

OK, hi, look, I'm sorry that was so weird. I just... I've been having these very vivid dreams about this random guy and then, lo and behold, there he is, in my coffee shop, buying coffee from me. I just kind of got weirded out and I'm really sorry I transferred that to you. Please just... enjoy your coffee. My name's Guinevere and...

LANCELOT

Mine's Lancelot.

GUINEVERE [insulted]

Oh, ha ha. Fine. [she gets up from the chair] I was just trying to apologize, you don't have to be such a douchebag about it.

LANCELOT [apologetically and little frantically]

What? No. Seriously. My name is Lancelot. Here's my ID.

[LANCELOT pulls his wallet out and removes his driver's license. He hands it to GUINEVERE.]

GUINEVERE

Oh. That's... that's equally as unlikely as earlier.

[GUINEVERE sits back down.]

LANCELOT

At least.

GUINEVERE [handing Lancelot his ID back]

Sorry I called you a douchebag. It's just residual from childhood teasing.

LANCELOT

No problem. Believe me, I get it.

GUINEVERE

I guess it's not even all that weird, all things considered. I mean, there was bound to be a Lancelot out there somewhere, right? It's not like you're the only one in the world. Hell, my boyfriend's name is Arthur, I probably should've been expecting it. [laughing] Oh, man, the shit we catch for that...

LANCELOT

Yeah...

GUINEVERE

You still seem a little freaked out. If anything I should be the one still freaked out. [laughing] I mean, clearly, I'm about to fall in love with you for no reason.

LANCELOT [dead serious]

Guinevere... I'm not a subway construction worker.

GUINEVERE

Uh, OK... Don't sweat it. I mean, I'm not a cosmonaut, but that doesn't mean I haven't told guys at bars I was to get free drinks. Although, honestly, construction worker seems a little..

LANCELOT

I'm a tailor.

GUINEVERE

I don't... [her eyes go wide] Oh.

LANCELOT

Yeah...

GUINEVERE

Um, are you, you know... good?

LANCELOT [with a defeated air]

Really good. [with elbows on the table, he runs his hands up his face and rubs his eyes] I actually moved out here to open my own business. Just rented out a nice little storefront on...

GUINEVERE

... the corner of Main and Union.

LANCELOT

Yeah, actually. How...

GUINEVERE [she puts her head on the table]

I live in the apartment above it.

LANCELOT

And here we are right back at insanely unlikely again.

GUINEVERE

Oh yeah.

[GUINEVERE lifts her head. She and LANCELOT sit in the Dunkin Donuts in silence. They are sitting opposite one another, but not looking at one another, instead just staring into space.]

LANCELOT

You know, if I were smart, I would just take my coffee, get up and go.

GUINEVERE

But you're not going to.

LANCELOT

But I'm not going to.

GUINEVERE

Crap.

LANCELOT

I know!

GUINEVERE

What the fuck, man?!

LANCELOT

Oh, come on, it's not my fault!

GUINEVERE

Yeah, I know. But it would be so much easier if it was!

LANCELOT

I know. I'm sorry. You can still blame me if you want.

GUINEVERE

And now you're an understanding, nice guy to boot.

LANCELOT

I could... punch you? If you want?

GUINEVERE

Would you?

LANCELOT

... no.

GUINEVERE

Damn it!

LANCELOT

What?

GUINEVERE

Nothing! You've gotta have some horrible, fatal flaw though, right? Do you smoke?

LANCELOT

No. Why? You have asthma?

GUINEVERE

Yeah. How... you know what, no. [she takes a moment to settle herself] You an alcoholic?

LANCELOT

Nope. What about you? You missing any fingers or toes?

GUINEVERE

Ten and ten. Any ex-wives or children?

LANCELOT

None of either. How are you with money?

GUINEVERE

Got a balanced checkbook and an IRA. What's the capital of Kansas?

LANCELOT

Topeka. You leave cabinets and drawers open after you get stuff from them?

GUINEVERE

I close 'em tight, it drives me crazy. Beatles or Stones?

LANCELOT

Stones. Hagar or Roth?

GUINEVERE

Roth, hands down. How many bottles of hair care products are in your shower?

LANCELOT

One, you?

GUINEVERE

I honestly don't know and now you're cheating. Try again.

LANCELOT

If I were to start talking endlessly about the intricacies of residential zoning laws, what would you do?

GUINEVERE

Pretend to care and then avoid the topic for the rest of time. How many Stooges were there?

LANCELOT

Three. Curly Joe and Shemp will never count. Do you actually find them funny?

GUINEVERE

Not really, I'm a girl. How'd you know I wasn't talking about Iggy Pop?

LANCELOT

I didn't, but I didn't know the answer to that one. Stop backtracking. You kill your own spiders?

GUINEVERE

I set them free. You ever go hunting?

LANCELOT

No. How do you like your steak?

GUINEVERE

Medium. Wine?

LANCELOT

Red. Smooth or chunky?

GUINEVERE

Chunky. Raging Bull?

LANCELOT

Overrated. Casablanca?

GUINEVERE

I'd have stayed. Titanic?

LANCELOT

Second half was good. King Kong?

GUINEVERE

Never saw it. 10 Things I Hate About You?

LANCELOT

Never admit I saw it. Star Wars?

GUINEVERE

Han Solo.

LANCELOT

That...

GUINEVERE

Doesn't matter, the correct answer is always Harrison Ford.
Miss Congeniality?

LANCELOT

I plead the fifth. Who's the Boss?

GUINEVERE

Bruce Springsteen. If I had said Tony Danza?

LANCELOT

I'd have walked right out. How do you make a Cosmopolitan?

GUINEVERE

I ask the bartender. Ever kill anyone?

LANCELOT

No. You snore?

GUINEVERE

Yes, but it's adorable. Boxers or briefs?

LANCELOT

Boxers. You think those are appropriate questions given that
we've only known each other for ten minutes?

GUINEVERE

I wouldn't normally. You think we should stop?

LANCELOT

Either that or we have sex in your break room.

GUINEVERE

We don't have a break room.

LANCELOT

Then I think we should stop.

[GUINEVERE and LANCELOT each take a deep breath.]

GUINEVERE

This really didn't work the way it was supposed to, did it?

LANCELOT

Actually, I think it did. That's the problem.

GUINEVERE

What if I, like, just really fucked up your face with a knife or a pot of coffee or something?

LANCELOT

You'd feel terrible about it and spend the night at the side of my hospital bed.

GUINEVERE

Damn it. I would.

LANCELOT

You didn't... have a tail at any point in time, right?

GUINEVERE

No. You really want to start that again?

LANCELOT

No. I'd probably end up proposing before it was over.

GUINEVERE

I'd probably say yes.

[LANCELOT drinks his coffee. GUINEVERE sits there biting her lip and scrunching her face with each thought.]

LANCELOT [clears his throat]

So, uh, Arthur, your boyfriend.

GUINEVERE

Right! Arthur! My boyfriend!

LANCELOT

He a good guy? Well, of course he's a good guy, you're dating him...

GUINEVERE

Great guy.

LANCELOT

You guys've been dating a while then?

GUINEVERE

A year. No, shit, more than that. Fourteen months!

LANCELOT

Oh, wow, fourteen months, great, good for you. And, Arthur, what's, uh, what's Arthur do?

GUINEVERE

Arthur – my boyfriend – is in acquisitions for a large manufacturing company. He's away a lot. Away now, actually.

[LANCELOT hangs his head.]

GUINEVERE

Well, what about you, huh? A handsome, intelligent guy like... I mean, you have a girlfriend, right? Please?

LANCELOT

I, uh, I did. But then a couple months ago I asked her to move in with me, she said no, said she wasn't ready, and then, just

to make sure I got the point, she slept with half of the local college's soccer team.

GUINEVERE

Oh, God.

LANCELOT

Yup. Dated a bit, but I couldn't find... the, uh...

GUINEVERE

Oh, Jesus.

LANCELOT

... I couldn't find the right girl.

[LANCELOT and GUINEVERE stare at one another across the table, the spell only disrupted when Lancelot shakes his head.]

LANCELOT

This is ridiculous. It's one dream, and a couple coincidences, and you and I are just reading way, way too much into it.

GUINEVERE

Right, yeah. It was one dream... one dream, every night, for six weeks.

LANCELOT

OK, yeah, sure, but it was just the ONE dream, though...

GUINEVERE

And it's not like you ever saw me in your head or anything, right?

LANCELOT

No, no. Of course not. I mean, unless you count the fact that you look exactly like how I'd describe the perfect woman.

[GUINEVERE smiles, then immediately forces herself to stop.]

GUINEVERE

Well, I... I just look like... every woman ever. It happens all the time.

LANCELOT

Clearly. I mean, otherwise this would be destiny, right?

GUINEVERE

Yeah, but it's not like we believe in that, right? 'Cause that'd be... that'd be...

LANCELOT

Too easy.

[LANCELOT and GUINEVERE stare at one another again.]

GUINEVERE

We are so screwed.

END