

"The Savior"
by, Dave Ulrich
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WOMAN

Oh, I'll go out with you. You see, I said 'no' because you asked if I would *like* to go out with you. And no, I wouldn't *like* to. Because I already know you... your type.

(sizing him up)

Granted, you're not a hedge-fundy, suited, stock & bonds sort of man with tombstones in your eyes and no peripheral vision. So that's good, and intriguing -- interesting, at least. But you came here to the big city years ago. Came with dreams, like everyone else who isn't from here. And now you're older, and your dreams have fallen short. But that's exactly how you got that elusive peripheral vision... why you can see other people. Because you look at them not as what they are, but as what they want to be, or wish they had been... or tried to be. And you still have that power to see it in them, when they aren't there yet -- haven't got it yet.

(beat)

Yeah, I can feel it. You look at the young with jealousy and the old with fear. You're headed for a crisis. And in me you see someone younger in the city, who is a server, and you assume that I'm not just some dull waitress... but striving for something. Something else. And you want some of that energy. It intoxicates you. You think someone else... someone young, can motivate you to give it another shot. One last shot. Because you aren't ready to give up...

(warmly)

No, not you. You still feel like you've been cheated somehow, somehow. Overlooked and underestimated. And if I were to go out with you, I would be regarded as your savior.

(getting riled up)

And if you came up short again, well, deep down you'd think it was my fault. I wasn't youthful enough, energetic enough, didn't rub off on you well enough. And then, I'd have wasted a chunk of my life -- on you... with nothing to show for it.

(beat)

So you see, going out with you would be unhealthy. It would be a...

(searching)

... a detriment. Detrimental to my happiness, and yours. So, no. I wouldn't *like* to. But I will, because... well, because I can't help myself.

THE END