

#1

*(PAUL asleep in bed. MARIE speaks to the audience.)*

MARIE

I wake before him. Think about what the day could be. Wonder if it will be a day he remembers or not. Make coffee. I wonder about decisions I made, things I did, things I didn't do. Is this regret or just general malaise? I make plans. Change plans. Make other plans. Have a moment of panic. There. But it passes. Wonder about gardening. Soups I could make. Or. Not. I make some toast, maybe an egg and then I wait for him to wake so I can see what version of him he will be.

*(MARIE brings him a tray in bed. Sits beside him. She waits. He wakes.)*

PAUL

I'm alive.

MARIE

Yes.

PAUL

Funny.

MARIE

You expected something else?

PAUL

No. Yes. I don't know. Don't ask me questions. Do you smell smoke?

MARIE

Are you grumpy?

PAUL

Yes.

MARIE

Why are you grumpy?

PAUL

I don't know. I was thinking about. No. Yesterday we . . . or was it . . .

MARIE

You want some toast?

PAUL

I'm a very sick man. It hurts.

MARIE

I know. Toast?

PAUL

Thank you. Do you smell smoke?

MARIE

No. Maybe a little.

*(She hands him a mug of coffee.)*

PAUL

Thank you. Sugar?

MARIE

You don't take sugar in your coffee.

PAUL

Don't I?

MARIE

No.

PAUL

Maybe I do today. Do we have any?

MARIE

Maybe. In the top cupboard. Maybe.

PAUL

I'd have to get the stool.

MARIE

You'll fall again.

PAUL

I won't fall.

MARIE

I could get it. But you don't take sugar.

PAUL

Did I used to take sugar?

MARIE

No. You never did.

PAUL

Did you used to take sugar?

MARIE

We drink it black.

PAUL

Do we drink it black because the sugar is out of reach or because we like it that way?

MARIE

Try it.

*(He drinks.)*

PAUL

Is there sugar in it?

MARIE

No. How is it?

PAUL

It's fine. It tastes like coffee.