

## ***Kat for Short*** *by Kitt Lavoie*

*Music. Lights rise on an empty stage. Scott races onstage from the lobby. He speaks to someone in the lighting booth.*

**Scott**           Jenn!

**Jenn**            Scott!

**Scott**           *(from the booth)* You set for tomorrow?

**Jenn**           *(from the booth)* All closed up.

**Scott**           Kill it before you go. I'll get the lights.

*The music cuts out.*

**Jenn**           *(from the booth)* Killed.

**Scott**           You'll be at the place.

**Jenn**           *(from the booth)* Yep. See you there.

*Scott heads backstage as Alexis emerges. They see each other.*

**Scott**           Hey!

**Alexis**         Hey!

*Scott throws his arms around Alexis.*

**Alexis**         Good?

**Scott**           You were fantastic. Thank you.

**Alexis**         Thank *you*. It was an honor to do it. The script was awesome.

**Scott**           *(shruggingly)* Not bad for a first shot, I guess.

**Alexis**         “Novels, not plays,” right.

**Scott**           Well...

**Alexis**         Really, though, it meant a lot to me to be part of your first show.



**Scott** It meant a lot to me to see you up there.

**Jenn** *(from the booth)* I'm off.

**Scott** *(to Jenn)* You'll be here to run those cues?

**Jenn** 6:30.

*Alexis checks her watch.*

**Scott** Thanks!

**Alexis** Aaron's waiting in the lobby with my Mom. I gotta head.

**Scott** You're going out later, though, right?

**Alexis** Yup.

**Scott** See you there. Be sure to find me.

*Alexis heads for the door.*

**Alexis** Yeah. See 'ya out Sash.

**Sasha** Mmm-hmmm.

**Scott** Katzon. *(Alexis turns)* Thanks. Really.

**Alexis** We'll talk tonight.

*Alexis exits. Scott watches her go, then turns to Sasha, who is seated in the house.*

**Scott** So, what did you think?

**Sasha** *(tentatively)* I think... it was good.

*A pause.*

**Scott** But?

**Sasha** But nothing.

**Scott** No, but something. What is it?

**Sasha** Nothing. It was good.



*Scott eyes Sasha for a moment, then goes and begins to pack up his things. After a moment...*

**Sasha** It just explained a lot. You know.

**Scott** No I don't know.

**Sasha** Let's just go.

**Scott** No. Talk to me.

**Sasha** I'm not in a place were I can talk to you right now.

**Scott** Are you mad?

**Sasha** No, I'm too humiliated right now to be mad. But give me time.

**Scott** What? About the play? It was just a play.

*Sasha picks up her bag, readying to go.*

**Sasha** You know what, we'll have this conversation. But not right now.

**Scott** Yes right now. What is up with you?

**Sasha** This is a really disturbed way to tell somebody something, you know that.

**Scott** I don't know what you're talking about.

**Sasha** Please.

**Scott** I write a play about teaching in the inner city--

**Sasha** Where the lead character is fucking his girlfriend's best friend.

**Scott** Is *that* what this is about--

**Sasha** Don't, Scott. For real.

**Scott** It was a *play*!

**Sasha** About a guy named Matt who cheats on his poor, unassuming girlfriend  
Sash—... *Shana*— with her best friend Catherine— (*quoting back a line*  
*from the play*) “Kat for short.” And Shana just happened to  
introduce them during their junior year in college at a bar  
called “The Tinker.”

**Scott** I needed a name. So?

**Sasha** And Matt and Kat get married and Shana stands by as the maid of honor.  
Fat fucking chance.

**Scott** That's not--

**Sasha** What kind of fucked up male fantasy is that?

**Scott** That's not--

**Sasha** And it's my own fault. I always knew something was up. You going so  
far out of your way for her. Meeting her every day for your lunch  
break. But I have just spent the past four years so happy that the  
two most important people in my life get along so well.

**Scott** Sash--

**Sasha** But couldn't you just fucking tell me? Couldn't you? Instead of putting it  
on a stage and making me watch it. With all my friends. She was  
up there playing me and everybody here knew it. All of our  
friends know now, Scott. How can I face them?

**Scott** Sasha. I swear to you, that's not what this is about. There is nothing  
going on between Alex and I.

**Sasha** Everyone in the room tonight saw--

**Scott** *I swear to you.*

**Sasha** Then why? What was that? It wasn't just some play about teachers.

**Scott** It... it just started out as, like, a meditation. An experiment. "What would  
happen if..."

**Sasha** If what?

**Scott** If there were people like us. But the guy fell for the other girl.

**Sasha** But you haven't.

**Scott** No. I mean, I'm crazy about Alex, you know that. And, I mean, I guess  
I've thought about, you know, "under different circumstances."  
But the circumstances are that I love you and I would never  
hurt you like that. Ever.

**Sasha** So you have feelings for her.

**Scott** She's one of my best friends, Sash. But... yeah, my feelings for her are not entirely platonic. But they haven't been for a long time.

**Sasha** Great.

**Scott** No, I mean, I'd never do anything about it. I've resigned myself to that.

**Sasha** You've resigned yourself to being with me.

**Scott** No, that's not what I meant. Shit, this-- I wasn't prepared to have this conversation.

**Sasha** You should have thought of that before you put on a show about it. You should go. Everybody's waiting.

**Scott** You're not coming?

**Sasha** I don't think I can.

**Scott** Then I won't go.

**Sasha** You should. (*she starts to exit*) I'll see you at home.

**Scott** Sasha--

**Sasha** I need to be alone right now, Scott. Just go.

**Scott** Can we talk when I get back?

**Sasha** I think we have to.

*Sasha turns to go.*

**Scott** (*trying to make light*) I hope you noticed how guilty Matt was about everything.

**Sasha** (*sadly ironic*) Yeah, I don't know how big a difference that makes.

**Scott** I would never. Ever. Ever actually do anything. No matter how I felt.

**Sasha** Yeah, I don't know how big a difference that makes, either.

**Scott** Page me when you get home. So I know you're okay.



**Sasha**        Have a good time.

**Scott**        I won't be late.

*Sasha nods her head. She exits.*

***END***