

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
up on a stage and making me watch it. With all my friends. She was
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