

**A Many Splendored Thing**  
**by Mary Jones**

*Lights up on a couple sitting together in a park.*

JASON

Honey, I think you know why I asked you here, where we first met—

KAREN

*(Uncomfortably)* Yes, I think I know too...

JASON

We've been seeing each other for a long time, and I think it's time to really make a commitment—

KAREN

Wait—before we do that, there's something I have to tell you.

JASON

Whatever it is—

KAREN

Well, I just think that, uh, a couple should be completely honest with each other, right? I mean, we shouldn't hold anything back from each other, right?

JASON

You're absolutely right.

KAREN

Thank you.

JASON

Whatever it is you have to tell me, I'll still love you.

KAREN

*(startled)* Oh?

JASON

Well of course—that's what love is, right? Being able to accept each other, despite their faults. Like all those times you broke up with me? I forgave you for that, didn't I? Or like that time you locked me out of the house for three days, and even got a locksmith to change the locks? I didn't leave you then, did I? Or that time you sold my ultra-rare collection of polka albums? I forgave you, right? Because that's what love is.

KAREN

I always thought love was a biologically driven impulse to procreate, coupled with a social contract of food for sex, blinded by a late-Victorian sentimentality which has been carried over into the Hollywood-manufactured American culture. *(pause. Uncomfortable laugh)*

(Laughs) See why I like you?  
Oh God...  
So whatever you have to tell me will be OK.  
Of course. Um. Well...  
Go ahead...  
Right. Um. I... I'm the one who ran over Fluffy.  
I'm sure you didn't mean to.  
I... slept with your brother.  
We're twins, that's understandable.  
No! I-I used to be a stripper.  
That's OK—I used to strip at the Cave.  
(Looks him up and down) You're joking. ....And. And I... I'm really a lesbian.  
Great! We can have threesomes!  
Look, I just don't love you, OK?  
We can work around that—my parents did, and they're been together for fifty years.  
Oh God!  
*Karen pulls out a gun and fires at Jason.*

And you can't take a goddamn hint!

*Karen gets up and leaves.*

JASON

How about I call you tomorrow, and we'll talk about when you've calmed down?

*Lights out.*