

## Scene 7

(Night. JACKSON stands next to a back alley stage door. VALERIE enters.)

Start —

JACKSON. ... Truly, magnificent.

VALERIE. I wouldn't have expected you to come.

JACKSON. You sent me an e-mail.

VALERIE. I sent everyone in my address book an e-mail.

JACKSON. You're luminous.

VALERIE. I don't understand you.

JACKSON. Really. I liked the play, a lot. But every time you walked out there, the whole stage lit up.

VALERIE. Thank you.

JACKSON. I'm sorry I didn't see you in *Julius Caesar*.

VALERIE. It was nice of you to come.

JACKSON. I'm sure you have people to get to?

VALERIE. No, my people came opening night.

JACKSON. Look... I'm sorry about...

VALERIE. Oh no no no. Not necessary. *(beat)* I actually had a moment... when I thought I might owe you an apology, that's why I stopped by the... It passed. You, stir me up.

JACKSON. Can I take you to get a drink or something?

VALERIE. No.

*(pause)*

JACKSON. It's an interesting play.

VALERIE. I know. Right?

JACKSON. And nobody's mama was on crack.

VALERIE. Nope. No crack in Ibsen.

JACKSON. Could we try again. Maybe dinner?

VALERIE. I told my girlfriends about you. There's some debate as to whether you're a sociopath, or just a horrible person.

JACKSON. OK then. Good luck with your life.

VALERIE. I really do appreciate that you came.

*(VALERIE exits.)*

END —