

**SIDES: DOROTHY/JOHN**

**DOROTHY (*female/20s-30s*)** A sad, wistful woman who has recently lost her husband in the war. Searching for intimacy and connection within an uncertain new start.

**JOHN (*male/20s-30s*)** A direct and honest man. He has seen death around him and is changed from his carefree high school days. He has feelings for his widowed high school sweetheart, but wishes that he didn't.

*DOROTHY is outside her small house, not too long after WWII has ended. There are wooden crates which used to house Victory Gardens, but are now no longer in use. JOHN is removing the unused crates from people's yards, and is in Dorothy's yard now.*

DOROTHY

Here.

(hands him the bottle)

Just got a new refrigerator. GE. It's pink. Walt would never have let me get a pink refrigerator in his house, but what the hell? He's not here, right.

(pause)

What do you think?

(JOHN drinks)

JOHN

Ice cold. Thank you.

(pause)

Don't you want something?

DOROTHY

I only drink water and tea.

JOHN

But you keep 7Up in your pink refrigerator?

(pause)

DOROTHY

There are...kind men who help me out from time to time. I should be prepared, shouldn't I?

JOHN

You're a good hostess.

DOROTHY

I'm lonely.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

DOROTHY

I'm being horrible in admitting that, aren't I?

JOHN

Half the world is lonely now.

DOROTHY

Yes, but we shouldn't mention it to our best friend—let alone a...I was going to call you a stranger. Isn't that odd?

JOHN

Do I feel like a stranger to you?

DOROTHY

In a way. Do I?

JOHN

In a way.

(pause)

DOROTHY

But why should we?

JOHN

We've known each other since we were six.

DOROTHY

But you call me "Mrs. Rogers" now.

JOHN

I thought that's what you wanted.

DOROTHY

No.

JOHN

Isn't that what Walt would want?

DOROTHY

I can't speak for the dead. Can you?

JOHN

I can't, but I haven't seen him since—I don't know—graduation, I guess. Couple years ago. You—you shared a life with him.

DOROTHY

I shared a year of a life with him. And then...well.

JOHN

You're angry.

DOROTHY

Of course I'm angry. Everyone who's sacrificed their husband is angry. I probably shouldn't say that out loud either, should I? My mother is rolling over in her grave to hear me talk. She never sent me to Finishing School though, so what did she expect?

JOHN

I think it's good you say what you feel.

DOROTHY

Yeah?

JOHN

Yeah.

*(LATER IN THE SCENE)*

JOHN

Are you fishing for me to say, you want me to say I'm still hung up on you?

DOROTHY

No.

JOHN

I think you do.

DOROTHY

I don't. I just—

JOHN

You're alone so you want someone to make you feel good now?

DOROTHY

Don't be crass.

JOHN

You want me to say that I didn't go to your wedding because I couldn't stand to see you marry Walt?

DOROTHY

That's not—

JOHN

You want me say the only reason I survived the war was because I had a picture of you in my pocket?

DOROTHY

Stop.

JOHN

But maybe you didn't know, there were a whole lot of other women I could find to distract me from the war.

DOROTHY

You're being mean.

JOHN

I didn't need your high school picture, Dorothy.

DOROTHY

Okay.

JOHN

I didn't need you.

DOROTHY

Okay! Okay!

(pause)

JOHN

You're never happy unless you're wanted.

(pause)

DOROTHY

Isn't that true for everyone?