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THE HOTEL HALLWAY

By Tara Meddaugh

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CANDACE, a woman in her late 20s-50s, stands in hotel hallway, at the door of a bedroom. She speaks to Samuel, an older man, and former fling. They have just been reunited after 10 years apart, and each is married to someone else now.

CANDACE

Your hair is—shorter, right? I mean, I don't think I could run my fingers through it now. But it's fine—it's—it's—I wouldn't expect you to look exactly the same. It's been ten years. I don't—I know I don't look the same. Look at these lines under my eyes. I don't sleep. I mean—I didn't sleep back then either, but it's just—my body doesn't bounce back as much, maybe?

(pause)

But it is good to see you...I mean...I've been thinking of you and imagining and...but now, we're really here, and you're standing in front of me and we're back at a hotel hallway and I—I...A few weeks ago? When you found me online after you saw my concert? I just...

(pause)

If I had seen you then...it would have been...Dangerous...

(pause)

But, you know, we can't sustain that level of...needing each other—waiting for the texts, the emails, to hear your breath over the phone...Those weeks were...dizzying...intoxicating...but, it's not—it's not practical—and I know you don't care what's practical or not, and “throw caution to the wind” or whatever it is that you always used to say. But I'm not like you. And it's not just age—I know you're older, but that's not it. We're just—we're different. Aren't we, Samuel? It's what drew you to me in the first place. Maybe what drew me to you too...We're fundamentally just—we don't have the same morals. But yet—I know...and you know...

(pause)

You make all those lines blurry for me...

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