

SLONE II

THE ROOMMATE

27

3.

(Night. A week later.)

(ROBYN at the kitchen table, alone.)

(Her pot plants are set on the window-sill.)

(Very carefully, with immense precision, she rolls a joint. SHARON comes in, phone in hand.)

ROBYN. Hey!

SHARON. *(Startled.)* Oh!

(Sees.)

I thought you quit.

ROBYN. It's not tobacco.

SHARON. *(Not kidding.)* Then what is it?

(A beat.)

(ROBYN looks at her like: Seriously?)

(A beat.)

(SHARON gets it.)

OH.

You -?

Are those -?

Are those drugs?

ROBYN. Sharon.

SHARON. What!

ROBYN. It's medicinal.

Medicinal herbs.

SHARON. I thought it was drugs?

ROBYN. Herbs only become drugs when a capitalist economy gets involved.

SHARON. Oh.

(A beat. She sits at the kitchen table.)

(She can't help her curiosity.)

SHARON. Is there some – place – here? Where you go? And buy...herbs?

ROBYN. You mean like a long sticky alley, and a guy with a ski mask is waiting at the end of it?

SHARON. Is that...?

Is that –!

ROBYN. No!

I grew these.

(Gestures to the plants.)

I grow my own medicinal herbs, Sharon.

SHARON. *Those* are...?

ROBYN. I thought you knew. You said you liked them!

SHARON. I did like them! I thought they were just...weird... plants.

ROBYN. Oh man, Okay. Well.

(Finishes rolling the joint.)

Outside. Right?

SHARON. Right.

ROBYN. Right.

(She gets up.)

(But SHARON isn't ready to be left alone.)

SHARON. I can't get ahold of my son.

ROBYN. You called him?

SHARON. I've called. I've been calling.

ROBYN. It's a Friday night.

SHARON. I know.

ROBYN. So he's probably out.

SHARON. I texted him too.

ROBYN. Is something the matter?

SHARON. What do you mean?

ROBYN. Well if it's a Friday night and you're texting him and you're calling him, is something the matter?

(A beat.)

SHARON. I just think it's a good thing for us to stay in touch.
For a mother and a son to stay in touch.
Don't you?

ROBYN. Yeah. Yes. I do.
But it might be better to stay in touch on a Thursday.
Or in the morning.
You know?

(A beat.)

SHARON. *(Completely unconvinced and kind of upset.)* No,
sure, of course.

(A beat.)

(ROBYN sits back down.)

ROBYN. Is he dating someone?

SHARON. Yeah.

I think so?

He doesn't really
communicate

about that kind of thing.

ROBYN. Maybe he's out with his boyfriend.

SHARON. Girlfriend.

ROBYN. Right, sorry. Straight. You said that.

SHARON. Just because he's a designer doesn't mean

ROBYN. You're right, I forgot.

Maybe he's out with his girlfriend, at a nice dinner.

SHARON. I met her once.

ROBYN. That's nice.

SHARON. She's a lesbian.

ROBYN. ...Oh?

SHARON. Not that there's anything wrong with that!!

ROBYN. How long have they been dating?

SHARON. A few years.

She's got that short hair.

You know.

We went to brunch and she mentioned an ex-girlfriend.
Apparently they're friends with her ex-girlfriend.
It's all very confusing.

(A beat.)

ROBYN. I was married to a man.

SHARON. You were??

ROBYN. Yeah.

SHARON. I didn't know that.

ROBYN. I've only been here a week, why would you know that?

SHARON. But then you realized you were gay? And you left him?

ROBYN. No, we were in love. And it ended badly. But we loved each other.

SHARON. *(Amazed and a little scared.)* Are you... a bisexual?

ROBYN. No. I'm just saying
people find specific words for themselves because it's
easier than not having words.

You know?

But

it doesn't mean those words are *all* accurate
all the time.

So if she's been with your son for years, she probably
loves him.

Which means, your son probably has lots of people
who love him.

Which is a good thing.

He's probably out right now with people who love him.

And if you call him in the morning, maybe he'll tell you
about it.

(A beat.)

*(SHARON gets up. She goes to the cupboard,
gets out some Johnnie Walker.)*

ROBYN. Ohhh-kay.

SHARON. You want some?

ROBYN. I'm okay.

SHARON. Just a little nightcap.

ROBYN. I'm sober. But you go ahead.

SHARON. *(Factually, not mean.)* You do drugs.

ROBYN. I medicate myself with medicinal herbs.

But my days with alcohol are over.

(SHARON sits down but doesn't pour herself a drink. She studies the joint carefully. ROBYN gets up.)

I'm gonna have a smoke on your porch and then call it
a -

SHARON. *(Doesn't want to be left alone.)* I've never.
Smoked that.

ROBYN. ...No?

SHARON. No.

Not even in college.

I kissed a -

I told you that.

But drugs? I never.

ROBYN. Please stop calling it that.

SHARON. Sorry.

(Beat.)

ROBYN. Would you like some?

SHARON. Yes.

Yes please.

ROBYN. Okay.

(She hesitates, then sits back down. Lights it up. Takes a long drag, then hands it to SHARON.)

SHARON. How do you...?

ROBYN. You just...like a cigarette.

Have you ever...?

SHARON. Once.

ROBYN. Once. Okay. Like that.

Just drag it in deep, and then hold your breath.

SHARON. This isn't gonna give me cancer, right?

ROBYN. Nope. No cancer.

SHARON. Okay.

(She takes a deep drag.)

(Lets it out, coughing a little, but...)

ROBYN. Yeah! Nice.

SHARON. I don't feel anything.

ROBYN. Give it a second.

SHARON. What am I going to feel?

ROBYN. Relaxed.

SHARON. Am I gonna hallucinate?

ROBYN. No! No. You'll just feel relaxed.

SHARON. *(Getting more tense.)* I never feel relaxed. I'm not a relaxed person. What if I don't feel relaxed?

ROBYN. You will one hundred percent feel relaxed.

(SHARON takes another drag, just in case.)

(Then gives the joint back to ROBYN.)

~~**SHARON.** I think my son doesn't like me.~~

~~**ROBYN.** I'm sure that's not~~

~~**SHARON.** He *loves* me. I know he *loves* me.~~

~~But I think he doesn't like me very much.~~

~~**ROBYN.** Our kids don't have to like us, they just have to survive long enough to become us.~~

~~**SHARON.** Do you have kids?!~~

~~*(Beat.)*~~

~~*(ROBYN passes the joint back to SHARON.)*~~

~~**ROBYN.** Your turn.~~

~~*(Beat. SHARON takes another drag.)*~~