

Sides do not need to be memorized

KATH: Student is what I would call you.

HENRY: Yeah. I guess that's what I'd be. But not *your* student.

KATH: No. So where's *your* desk? (*Beat.*) Oh, look at your face.

HENRY: What?

KATH: You're white!

HENRY: No, I'm/ not...

KATH: I'm so sorry, I'm kidding, I just couldn't stop.

HENRY: It's / fine

KATH: Look at you! You're terrified!

HENRY: No. Actually, I'm not/at all.

KATH: "Where's your desk?" / HAH!*

HENRY: (*nervous laugh*) Yeah. Yeah.

KATH: *I'm so sorry, I just thought you had a sense of humour.

HENRY: I *do*.

KATH: You don't find this funny?

HENRY: No, I do, it's / *totally hilarious*.

KATH: Because me trying to seduce you would be *totally* inappropriate.

HENRY: *Totally*.

They laugh.

KATH: Do you have anything to drink?

Beat.

HENRY: To drink? Yeah, I think I have some whiskey...

KATH: Well for God's sake, let's get the whiskey out before you die of shock because someone your mother's age said they still enjoy sex.

He gets a bottle.

HENRY: You're older than my mother. So.

Start /

KATH: How old do you think I am?

HENRY: Oh, no. No thank you. Pleading the fifth.

KATH: Wise beyond your years.

HENRY: You know, I always thought when people said that, they were saying "Wash behind your ears".

KATH: Cute.

HENRY: So do you want to see it?

KATH: That's why I'm here, isn't it? Your great discovery?

HENRY: Yeah, I just...because I know you teach about bones and animals and stuff...

He gets a shoebox, opens it, they both look inside, expectantly.

KATH: You invited me here to show me your...pet lizard?

HENRY: No, no, it's not mine. It's Johnny's. The guy across the hall. I just want you to see his tail.

KATH: You stole Johnny's lizard/ to show me its tail?

HENRY: No, Johnny's lizard *escaped*, and I found him in the kitchen, and I freaked out because I was chopping onions and he jumped, he fucking jumped, right onto the cutting / board...

KATH: They jump.

HENRY: - well, *I've* never had a lizard - so I didn't know that, and I freaked out and I chopped his tail off. *Right* off. And...it like, kept wriggling. After I chopped it off.

KATH: Well, that's *autonomy*. Sacrificantes parte totum. (HENRY: Uh-huh.) Sacrificing a small part to protect the whole. (HENRY: Right.) The animal sheds or damages an appendage to protect itself. The hairy frog, for instance, breaks its own bones and shoves them through the skin to create claws.

HENRY: Well that is fucking neat.

KATH: (*finds it funny*) It is neat.

HENRY: (*how could he have used this word*) Neat.

KATH: Why didn't you give it back to Johnny?

HENRY: Um... "Hey bud, here's half your lizard, sorry, hope that's okay?" - *nope* - but here's the thing, here's why I invited you - if you look here, you can see...he's...

KATH: Growing it back?

HENRY: Yeah!

KATH: They do that. Some of them, some species.

HENRY: That's normal? They just...grow another tail?

KATH: Well, yes. But it's different - not quite as good as the other tail.

HENRY: Better than dying I guess.

KATH: It's not a sacrifice unless you lose something.

HENRY: *(disappointed)* I thought you'd be impressed. I thought I had discovered something new about lizards.

Beat.

KATH: Did you. Did you really?

Beat. The jig is up.

HENRY: Hey, I thought that was good. I thought it was pretty good. *(beat)* Why would that be funny?

KATH: What?

HENRY: Us sleeping together. Having sex.

KATH: Is that why you invited me here?

HENRY: Course not. It was to see my groundbreaking discovery

KATH: The first of its kind.

HENRY: A zoological marvel.

KATH: An osteological MIRACLE.

HENRY: Because I hold you in *such* high esteem.

KATH: So... you wouldn't feel taken advantage of if...?

Beat. They laugh. This is a game of chicken.

HENRY: I can't stop thinking about you.

KATH: *(Beat.)* Is this a benchmark for you? Like a bucket list thing? Have sex with teacher - check. Have sex with woman over sixty - check check.

HENRY: (*incredulous*) You're over sixty?

KATH: Oh, well done. Wash behind your ears.

HENRY: (*grinning*) Hey, we're animals. Beasts. Beasts with two backs, right? And we're attracted to each other.

KATH: How do you know I'm attracted to you?

HENRY: I'm not an idiot.

KATH: That's good, because I thought you stole a lizard and chopped off its tail to get me to sleep with you.

HENRY: I didn't steal it.

KATH: How much was it?

HENRY: It was worth it.

KATH: (*Beat.*) You have no idea.

End

MEET KATHERINE - KATHERINE'S OFFICE - KATHERINE/RAPP

RAPP with two coffees.

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Start

RAPP: You said milk and sugar,/ right?

KATHERINE: Oh, no.../Black

RAPP: Oh, fuck sorry. I can go get you/another one.

KATH: That's alright.

RAPP: Your office is very fucking cool. This is a fucking cool...skeleton thingie...Was it like a/bird or...

RAPP goes over and pokes at a fucking cool skeleton thingie.

KATHERINE: Please don't touch that.

RAPP: Sorry.

KATH: You seem a little young to be a detective.

RAPP: *(takes a sip of coffee)* Oh, blech. Oh, fuck me. Oh, this is *your* coffee! You must have mine. You wanna trade?

KATH: No,/ thank you.

RAPP: Come on. I just took one sip! What - you afraid I got cooties?

KATH: I'm sorry, how *old* are you Mr. Rapp?

RAPP: You can't just go around asking people how old they are - how old are YOU?

KATH: Fifty-five.

RAPP: Well you don't look a day over fifty.

KATH: Well, thank you very much. I looked great at fifty.

RAPP: You look great now, and it's, *Detective* Rapp... "How old are you, *Detective Rapp*." Like you didn't go through, what, a decade of training to be called *Mrs. Yazov*, right?

KATH: *Ms.*, actually.

RAPP: Divorce?

KATH: No.

RAPP: He died?

KATH: No, there's no "he".

RAPP: *She* died?

KATH: Someone has to die for me to be unmarried?

RAPP: Yazov, that's...Russian?

KATH: Originally, yes, but my family's Ukrainian.

RAPP: I love perogies.

KATH: Yeah. Please call me Katherine. Everyone does, even my students.

RAPP: Got it, but I'm gonna call you *Dr. Katherine* then, you know, because we go through all this training to be official, right, to get like, your doctor badge?

KATH: We don't get badges.

RAPP: But wouldn't that be funny, if a doctor had to like, show you his badge - just a second, Ma'am, let me just find my doctor badge, ah shit! Where'd I put that fucking thing? (*as nurse*) Doctor, doctor, he's bleeding out! Beeeepppp.

Beat.

KATH: I'm not that kind of doctor.

RAPP: Right, you're an *academic* doctor. You must be *very* smart.

KATH: Oh, I am.

RAPP: What's your like,...speciality?

KATH: Osteology.

RAPP: Cancer.

KATH: No, bones. And zoology is the other one - I believe you just observed a lecture of mine.

RAPP: Yeah, the invisible monster. Cool stuff.

KATH: Yes, it is.

RAPP: Hey, you saw me? I didn't just look like a student, on account of my youthful demeanour?

KATH: I notice a new face.

RAPP: You must be very observant.

KATH: Yes, I am. Sorry, am I being interrogated?

RAPP: No, no, I just have a few questions about a student, are you single?

KATH: That's relevant to your investigation?

RAPP: Yes, and I'm/just

KATH: I'm sorry, how old *are* you, Detective?

RAPP: Twenty-nine.

KATH: Oh God, you're younger than my daughter.

RAPP: You have a *kid!*

KATH: Yes, I'm *very* progressive, unmarried with a child, can you just ask me questions like this?

RAPP: We're just chatting. Sparring. You don't like sparring with me?

KATH: Oh, sure. You're affable enough.

RAPP: That's not a real word.

KATH: Yes it is.

RAPP: Sounds made up.

KATH: No, it isn't.

RAPP: You're fucking with me.

KATH: I wouldn't.

RAPP: Are you flirting with me?

Beat.

KATH: No.

RAPP: Little bit?

KATH: Detective, I don't like being teased.

RAPP: I'm not teasing.

End

RAPP: Did you want some harder questions?*

KATH: Sure.

RAPP: *Some hard-hitting questions?