

Nice to Meet you Again

Written by

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Based on last night

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CHARACTERS

STEPH, late 20s

MARTY, late 20s.

SETTING

The sidewalk outside an apartment building. Night.

THE STOOP OF AN APT - EVENING

STEPH, late 20s, and MARTY, late 20s. They're walking out of the building with some other people lingering after a small party of mutual friends.

They look around, at the other people (unseen). Polite smiles. Are they supposed to talk to each other now or can they just walk away? There are no rules for this sort of thing.

STEPH  
(somewhat inaudible)  
A little chilly out.

MARTY  
(not hearing or sure she  
was talking to him)  
What?

STEPH  
Huh?

MARTY  
Were you talking to me?

STEPH  
I. I guess.

MARTY  
What did you say?

STEPH  
Nothing.

MARTY  
Oh. You did say something though,  
right? I mean I'm not going crazy.

STEPH  
I said something.

MARTY  
Oh, good. What was it?

STEPH  
I just. I said.  
(we can't hear her)  
It's a little chilly out.

You can't really hear/understand her when she's saying this line. Ever.

MARTY

Huh?

STEPH

It's a little chilly out.

Marty still can't hear her. Pause. Marty is at the crucial decision point when he decides whether or not he should ask her again what she said, just let it go, or pretend he heard her and risk getting called out.

MARTY

I. Didn't catch that.

Pause. Steph is annoyed and she's at the crucial point when she needs to decide to drop this all together or keep repeating herself. She equally annoyed now that he didn't hear her and that it's really of zero importance. A breath.

STEPH

It's a little chilly out.

Uh oh. He still didn't hear her.

MARTY

Sorry. I can't. Hear you.

STEPH

A little. Chilly. Out.

Pause. He thinks he got it that time, but... just shakes his head.

STEPH (CONT'D)

How are you not hearing me?

MARTY

I, uh.

STEPH

It really doesn't matter.

MARTY

No. No it does.

STEPH

How do you know if it matters or not? You don't even know what I said.

MARTY

Haha.

STEPH

What?

MARTY

Well thanks.

STEPH

What?

MARTY

Wait - what did you say? Just this last time.

STEPH

(too loud)

I said YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I SAID.

MARTY

Oh.

STEPH

What?

MARTY

I thought you said "You sir have got street cred."

STEPH

Why would I say that?

MARTY

I don't know.

STEPH

If you don't think I would've said it, why did you think I said it?

MARTY

I didn't. I don't. I just thought that's what you said and I was like wow I barely know you and I don't if that's actually what you said but if you did that's wow kinda flattering. I've never been told I have street cred before.

STEPH

You still haven't.

MARTY

Right.

STEPH  
And you don't.

MARTY  
...Not yet.

Marty smiles to himself like a 13-year-old who thinks he might be a superhero one day. She almost finds it endearing. Almost.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
What did you say the first time?  
It's kinda killing me.

STEPH  
I don't even remember.

MARTY  
Sure you do.

STEPH  
I really don't. I lit-ter-ly don't remember.

MARTY  
Did you say "it's a little chilly out"?

STEPH  
So you did hear me!

MARTY  
You mumble.

STEPH  
I don't mumble.

MARTY  
Excuse me?

STEPH  
Are you making a joke or could you not hear me?

MARTY  
I lit-ter-ly couldn't hear you.  
That's why I said "Excuse me".

STEPH  
You have a hearing problem.

MARTY  
Actually I do. But you also mumble.

STEPH  
How would you even know?

MARTY  
I can read lips. And yours don't  
move very much. Very tight lips.  
They're nice lips. They're just.  
Tight. Together. When you're  
talking.

He demonstrates. She watches his mouth. Pause.

STEPH  
I'm going to go now.

MARTY  
You are?

STEPH  
Yes.

MARTY  
Well.

STEPH	MARTY
Nice to see you again.	Nice to meet you.

STEPH	MARTY
What?	I.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Why did you say "see you again"?

STEPH  
I don't know.

MARTY  
Have we met before?

STEPH  
Really?

MARTY  
I'm sorry. I. Yikes. We met before?

STEPH  
Um. Yes. At a party. Last summer.  
That bar-b-que at Ben what's-his-  
name's place.

MARTY  
Oh. Right.

STEPH

You don't remember. Don't lie about it.

Pause. She's right.

STEPH (CONT'D)

Actually you look like... other people. Like a lot of other people. You're a blend-into-the-crowd type so who knows, it could've been someone else I met. I meet a lot of people.

MARTY

I'm so sorry. I'm horrible with faces. And names. And stuff like that.

STEPH

That's okay.

MARTY

You don't look like anyone I've met. Ever. You have a very uniquely shaped face and your ears are...

STEPH

Don't worry about it. I'm going to go.

MARTY

Okay. I'm sorry. I'm gonna...go, too.

He sticks out his hand.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you again.

She shakes it, limply.

STEPH

Yeah. Okay. Bye.

They both head off. But in the same direction.

STEPH (CONT'D)

Oh. Are you?

MARTY

Oh. Yeah, going this way.

STEPH

Oh.

She stop. He stops.

STEPH (CONT'D)

You're going to the subway.

MARTY

Yeah. This way, right?

STEPH

Uh, yeah.

MARTY

Okay. Guess we'll have to say bye again. When we get there. Unless we're going the same way? Are you? Which way do you go?

STEPH

I, uh, just realized.

MARTY

What?

STEPH

That I'm going to go... that way.

She points the opposite way down the street.

MARTY

But the subway is this way.

STEPH

I like to... Take the long way sometimes. It's refreshing. And you never know who you're going to meet.

MARTY

Strangers?

STEPH

Sometimes. Sometimes you meet people you've met before. Sometimes it matters and sometimes it doesn't.

Pause. They linger. She turns to go.

MARTY

Can I call you?

