



Proudly Presents

TO EVERY COIN

WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS

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Characters:

He, a young man

She, a young woman

She: *(To the audience)* He was *handsome*.

He: *(To the audience)* She—was—beautiful.

She: *(To the audience)* I was sitting there— **He:** *(To audience)*

She was sitting there—

He: *(To the audience)* —alone

He: *(To the audience)* —in this coffee shop— **She:** *(To audience)*

—in this coffee shop—

She: *(To the audience)* —reading a book, when I noticed this man sit down at the next table.

He: *(To her)* You look smart.

She: *(To the audience)* He said to me, so I smiled.

He: *(To the audience)* She found me adorable.

She: *(To the audience)* I found him *annoying*.

He: *(To the audience)* She liked my confidence.

She: *(To the audience)* I thought he was *way* too arrogant.

He: *(To the audience)* I could *tell* she liked my confidence, because she just kept smiling at me.

She: *(To the audience)* I couldn't help but smile, as I continued with my book—

He: *(To the audience)* She thought, “Oh yes, today is my lucky day!”

She: *(To the audience)* —because I could tell he was still *staring* at me. For some reason, I found that to be funny.

He: *(To the audience)* She thought, “Today I have won the lottery!”

She: *(To the audience)* I thought, why *is* it that I attract crazy men?

He: *(To the audience)* She's celebrating in her mind!

She: *(To the audience)* It's true. I attract crazy men! Everywhere I go, there could be fifteen empty tables in the place, and every time—every single time—the crazy ones will plop right next to me!

He: *(To the audience)* They just can't resist my animal magnetism.

She: *(To the audience)* I'm a magnet! A magnet for lunatics!

He: *(To the audience)* Women like to know that men are interested in what *they're* interested in. So after ordering my coffee, I leaned over and told her, *(To her)* That's one of my favorite books.

She: *(To the audience)* Oh, I thought, you can *read*?

He: *(To her)* I thought it had some *really* juicy parts.

She: *(To him)* So—you've read this book?

He: *(To her, trying to impress her)* Twice.

She: *(To him, not believing him)* Really???

He: *(To the audience)* Truth be told, I couldn't even see the cover—

She: *(To him, holding up the book cover)* So you've read *What to Expect When You're Expecting*?

He: *(To the audience)* —until she held the book up to my face so that I could actually *read* the cover.

She: *(To him)* Twice?

He: *(To her)* I—I—

She: *(To him)* You lied.

He: *(To the audience)* I didn't know what to say.

She: *(To him)* Just admit it. You lied.

He: *(To the audience)* I had. I did. I lied. She caught me.

She: *(To him)* Just admit you lied.

He: *(To the audience)* I've never been caught! Wow, what a surreal feeling that is.

She: *(To him)* Admit it.

He: *(To the audience)* Two things suddenly occurred to me. One, she was, as I first suspected, *smart*—

She: *(To the audience)* Why can't men just admit when they've done something?

He: *(To the audience)* —and two, she was—she was—*(making a pregnancy gesture)* you know. *(To her)* Look. I'm sorry. I didn't know you were—

She: *(To him)* What? No! *I'm* not—my *sister* is—I'm *not*—whoa no, sir, I'm *definitely* not—I'm single! I haven't had a date in over a year—

He: *(To her)* A year???

She: *(To the audience)* Why in the world did I just say that?