

# **There is No You and Me**

by

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"You see him, he sees you, what  
more is there."

The Invisible Woman  
by Claire Tomalin

Time

Now

Set

A dive bar

Characters:

Raymond - middle aged, 50's, once a good looking man, now a barfly, but still carries himself with charisma and charm

Inez - late 40's, innately sexy, heated, anxious, she embodies an odd combination of confidence and vulnerability, she lives a lot in her head

Bartender - a young man, aged beyond his years, desperate to achieve something

John - late 50's, attractive, well put together and slim, knows himself

*(In blackness amplified voices are heard  
over the sound of cutlery on plates.)*

INEZ

*(off stage)*

How was your day?

JOHN

*(off stage)*

Good. Quite good. And yours?

INEZ

*(off stage)*

Fine.

JOHN

*(off stage)*

Good.

INEZ

*(off stage)*

I've been thinking ...

*(Amplified sound of a chair scraping  
across the floor, heels walk quickly  
...)*

JOHN

*(off stage)*

Where are you going?

*(A door shuts.)*

*Lights up.*

*Upstage is a long wooden bar with a row  
of cracked vinyl stools in front of it.  
Behind the bar are shelves of dusty  
booze bottles, glasses, old framed  
photos and signs with corny sayings.  
Downstage of the bar is empty, no  
tables and chairs. The walls are dark  
wood. The place is a dive.*

*Raymond, in his 50's, once a good  
looking man, now red-faced, unwashed*

*and ragged, leans on one end of the bar  
staring into his empty glass.*

*Inez, pushing 50, sexy, heated,  
anxious, walks in and sits down at the  
other end of the bar. She hugs her coat  
tight around herself and clutches her  
purse to her lap. She waits.*

*Raymond feels her presence but does not  
look up. A long silence.)*

RAYMOND

You want a drink?

INEZ

No. Thank you.

*(Another long moment when their eyes  
meet.)*

RAYMOND

I need a drink. Barkeep!

*(He waits. Silence.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Do you think he's disappeared?

INEZ

I don't know ...

RAYMOND

Vanished. Flown the coop.

INEZ

I'm sure he'll be back.

RAYMOND

Maybe you scared him.

INEZ

I doubt that.

*(Silence.)*

RAYMOND

Little shit. *(yelling into nowhere)* Barkeep!!

INEZ

Maybe he doesn't like being called "Barkeep".

RAYMOND

I don't give a damn what he likes, I pay him. Hey, little shit!

INEZ

Listen, I want to ...

RAYMOND

What?

INEZ

What?

RAYMOND

What do you "want to" . . . ?

*(Her confidence gone, Inez is silent.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

I used to just reach over the bar, help myself ... not anymore, against the rules, they got very strict around here.

*(Silence.*

*She begins to speak again.*

*Raymond watches her and waits.*

*She decides not to.*

*She seems lost now.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Maybe he felt something. He didn't know what it was. Like a wave, like a storm, like a hurricane. And then you opened the door and a chill ran through his whole body. He had a split second to make a decision, stand here and take whatever was coming, or run. Or maybe he's just somewhere busy ... in the back ...

INEZ

Maybe.

RAYMOND

You waiting for someone?

INEZ

I'm not sure.

*(The Bartender hustles in behind the bar carrying so many booze bottles he is about to drop one. He is young man, aged beyond his years. He sets everything down, and then sees Inez and freezes for a moment.)*

INEZ

*(to the Bartender)*

Hello.

RAYMOND

Now that you two are all chummy can I have a drink?

*(The Bartender fills up Raymond's glass.)*

BARTENDER

*(to Inez)*

Can I get you something?

RAYMOND

She's not drinking.

INEZ

Vodka.

RAYMOND

Make it ice cold, lots of ice ... right?

*(They watch silently as the Bartender methodically makes her drink.*

*He places it on the bar in front of Inez, and then goes about his business behind the bar, keeping an eye on Raymond.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

*(to the Bartender)*

You been busy back there? So busy you couldn't come out and make drinks. Expecting a big night? Lots of people coming into this shit hole? *(pause)* Lots of people like her. She doesn't really fit into this place, doesn't really make sense here.

INEZ

Why is that?

RAYMOND

Your shoes. They're expensive.

*(The Bartender climbs on the bar and gazes over the edge down at Inez's shoes.)*

INEZ

They were a gift.

RAYMOND

From a guy?

INEZ

Yes. I wear them all the time.

RAYMOND

That's a sweet story. I see a ring on that finger. Married?

INEZ

Yes.

RAYMOND

How long?

INEZ

As long as I need.

RAYMOND

How's that working out?

INEZ

How's it supposed to work out? Do you know?

RAYMOND

No idea.

INEZ

You married?

RAYMOND

Hah.

*(Silence.)*

*Inez takes a big drink.*

*He watches her. Decides.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

I'm just waiting for the first beautiful woman to walk through that door and I'm taking her home.

INEZ

What makes you think some woman is going to want anything to do with you?

*(They stare at each other.)*

INEZ (CONT'D)

I think I came into the wrong bar.

*(She gets up from the stool, pulls a \$20 bill out of her purse, slaps it on the bar, and heads toward the door.)*

RAYMOND

Did I insult you?

*(Inez freezes with one hand on the door.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You thought I should be referring to you as that woman? You think maybe I don't think you're beautiful, or beautiful enough? Or the fact that I said it like there would be another woman who was more beautiful than you made you mad, crazy mad, wild mad, out of your head mad? And so you marched to the door clutching your coat and your bag ready to throw a dagger over your shoulder and walk out of here, right?

*(She turns back toward him sharply.*

*Her confidence is coming back.)*

INEZ

Do I look mad, crazy mad, out of my head mad?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

*(pause)*

INEZ

Do you think I'm beautiful?

RAYMOND

Take your coat off.

*(She drops her coat to the floor.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Turn around, slowly.

*(She does.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You'll do.

INEZ

For what?

RAYMOND

You tell me.

INEZ

For you ... would I do for you? I mean, it's late, there's nobody else around, would I do for you?

RAYMOND

You playing a game?

*(The Bartender pulls out an old manual typewriter, puts it down on the bar, inserts a piece of paper and thinks, his fingers poised.)*

*Inez takes a breath.)*

INEZ

Kiss me. Walk over here, take me in your arms and kiss me, like a man.

*(The Bartender talks to himself as he quickly types. The tip, tap of the keys is interwoven with the dialogue.)*

*Throughout the play whenever the Bartender goes on long rants, they all tolerate him, taking in what he says. He is obsessive when he writes.)*

BARTENDER

*(as he types)*

Raymond began his day hunched over his whiskey contemplating the new bruise on the back of his hand. And then she walked in, heated, anxious, and sat down at the other end of the bar.

INEZ

*(referring to the Bartender)*

What is he doing?

RAYMOND

I don't kiss married women.

INEZ

Oh, is this a rule you live by?

RAYMOND

Yeah, and I never break it.

INEZ

You sure about that?

RAYMOND

Positive. Barkeep ...

BARTENDER

Stop calling me that.

INEZ

I was right. He doesn't like it.

RAYMOND

... two more ... scribe.

*(The Bartender pours two more and goes back to the typewriter, waiting.)*

INEZ

*(overlapping)*

No, thank you.

RAYMOND

Great, two for me.

*(He downs his own drink and then hers.)*

BARTENDER

*(typing)*

Now he had something outside of himself to contemplate, what a strange sensation.

*(Raymond and the Bartender eye each other.)*

RAYMOND

*(to Inez)*

Trying to stay sharp, keep your wits about you?

INEZ

Yes.

RAYMOND

So you'll remember every detail?

INEZ

Every detail of what?

RAYMOND

Your story. You've got a story, right? That's why you came in here? *(gesturing to Bartender)* This one loves stories.

BARTENDER

True stories are the best.

*(As Inez speaks the Bartender types.)*

INEZ

I remember being carried on a man's back down a steep muddy hill because I had on these heels and I couldn't walk and I thought we were going to pitch forward, but he held me and we made it all the way down, laughing.

RAYMOND

Where was he taking you?

INEZ

To his bed.

RAYMOND

And then what?

INEZ

We lay side by side staring at the ceiling with our clothes on, knowing it was the last time, it had to be the last time.

RAYMOND

Are you sure *he* knew it was the last time?

INEZ

I'm positive.

RAYMOND

Are you sure he wasn't expecting to see you again, but then you just disappeared on him?

INEZ

He rolled over, his face was very close, he pulled open my dress ... and then he said something.

RAYMOND

What did he say?

*(Typing stops.)*

INEZ

He said, there is no you and me.

RAYMOND

There is no you and me.

INEZ

There is no you and me. How can he expect to see me again after saying that?

RAYMOND

So you thought there was a you and him?

INEZ

Oh, there was.

RAYMOND

Details.

*(Typing resumes as she speaks.)*

INEZ

The first time on the black pavement when we met, freezing in our winter coats. I couldn't feel my feet on the ground. Later that spring he told me to stop talking to him so much, he didn't want to *talk*, and he made fun of the way I dressed. One night in the bar I was lying sideways on a bench and I looked over and caught him staring straight into me. At the end sitting in my car while he covered my face with his hand, I put his fingers in my mouth.

*(Typing stops.)*

RAYMOND

But you never let him in, did you?

*(No answer.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You look like the type to let a lot of men in.

INEZ

The type?

RAYMOND

But if you look beyond the obvious, the pretty face, you see the fear pouring out of your eyes and the tension in your shoulders, you're ready to run, you are protecting yourself every second. Always in control, never letting go, keeping him at an arm's length, but grasping at the same time.

INEZ

You don't know what he did to me ...

RAYMOND

It's confusing to any man, you're holding back but demanding he find his way in at the same time.

INEZ

Demanding that he make it safe for me to let him in.

RAYMOND

Letting a person in is never safe. That's the point.

*(pause, they listen to the Bartender  
type this last line)*

INEZ

*(to the Bartender)*

Oh, I get it. You're his audience. Certain men need an audience to be seen -- to know who they are --

RAYMOND

You're changing the subject.

INEZ

-- someone who will listen to them talk about themselves endlessly, someone they can lay it all out in front of. Because the most important thing to men like that is their own self-regard and how they can maintain it at whatever cost.

RAYMOND

Hah. I bet you opened your mouth for him plenty to keep him there, but did you ever give him a kiss that was just his, that he could keep ... one kiss that would set him free?

INEZ

You think there is a kiss that is going to take away all the boo-boos in his life ...

RAYMOND

Yes!

INEZ

... erase the gnawing thoughts that he made a wrong turn somewhere back there, five, ten, twenty years ago, and he no longer has the time to set it right, he is on a course that can't be righted, ever, and this is his life and it is going, going, gone?

RAYMOND

You kept lying down. You kept showing him your insides. You kept peeling back the layers, you kept promising something, yet you kept up a wall, a paper thin wall ...

INEZ

Of course I held back. I was afraid.

RAYMOND

Of what?

INEZ

Of his recklessness, his booze-soaked romance, the raging little boy he hid behind all that swagger. I could see that desperate little boy, begging to be transported into something higher, something beautiful, something profound and that little boy would do anything to get it, including consume me.

RAYMOND

Did that man take you somewhere higher, somewhere beautiful, somewhere profound?

INEZ

He was going to take everything from me until there was nothing left.

RAYMOND

But did he take you there?!

BARTENDER

*(still typing away)*

"... his booze-soaked romance, the raging ..." What did you say after that?

INEZ

I don't know what I'm doing here.

RAYMOND

DID HE TAKE YOU THERE?!

INEZ

Yes. He did.

*(Typing stops.)*

RAYMOND

So what else is there?

*(No answer.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Is that why you're back, you want to be taken there again?

INEZ

No!

RAYMOND

I think you do.

*(Raymond starts moving in on her. Inez doesn't back away.)*

INEZ

No.

RAYMOND

I think you can't live without being transported to somewhere higher, somewhere beautiful, somewhere profound.

*(He takes her in his arms. On the verge of a kiss.)*

INEZ

He was more like me than I was like me.

*(This is too much for Raymond. He breaks away.)*

RAYMOND

Maybe you should get out.

INEZ

What is this quick sand I'm standing in?

RAYMOND

An empty bar.

INEZ

Why can't I look away?

RAYMOND

Because you're blind.

INEZ

What is this? This nothing, this thin air, this space?  
This NOT you and me?!

RAYMOND

Maybe you are weak. Maybe you're a ragged bag of bones that  
came in here to be filled up with all the foul shit that  
that bad man who wronged you can spew out of his mouth ...

BARTENDER

*(typing)*

She stops him with a long, slow, deep kiss.

INEZ

So maybe he and I are done? This is it?

RAYMOND

This is it.

BARTENDER

*(typing)*

She stops him with a long, slow, deep kiss!

*(Bartender watches and hopes.)*

INEZ

We're done.

RAYMOND

You've been done.

*(Inez moves to the door, opens it and  
is about to walk through.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Do you remember the last time you saw him?

INEZ

Of course. It was right here in this bar. Five years, three months, and eighteen days ago.

*(The Bartender drops a glass.)*

*Inez turns back, lets the door close, slowly sits back down, and pushes her glass forward.*

*Raymond pushes his glass forward.)*

RAYMOND

*(to the Bartender)*

Do your job.

*(The Bartender refills their glasses.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Clean that up.

*(The Bartender gets a broom and dust pan and sweeps the broken glass.)*

*Inez and Raymond quietly drink and watch him.*

*The Bartender, suddenly inspired, goes back to his typewriter.)*

BARTENDER

*(typing)*

They both stop, silently paralyzed, no, gripped, no, transfixed by an unbearable longing that they cannot name nor wish to ...

RAYMOND

Just type.

*(Inez points to the paper.)*

INEZ

So I am in there.

RAYMOND

You are now.

INEZ

Last time I saw him he was up on that stage. Both of his hands and his feet were all moving separately, pounding out different rhythms, but his body was perfectly still, contained. He was precise and out of control at the same time. When he played I felt like he was talking to me.

BARTENDER

*(typing)*

He wants to tell her about the final concert.

*(Raymond gestures to the typewriter.)*

RAYMOND

Put it away, now.

*(The Bartender keeps going.)*

BARTENDER

*(typing)*

The flight to Barcelona ...

RAYMOND

I'm warning you!

BARTENDER

*(typing)*

... drinking so much he shit his pants, being escorted off the plane. The guys all walked away after that, refused to play with him. He's adrift.

*(Raymond grabs the typewriter, holds it high above his head, vibrating with the desire to smash it to pieces.*

*Silence.*

*He stops shaking, and slowly places the typewriter carefully back in front of the Bartender.*

*Silence.)*

INEZ

I was in a play that got some good write ups, you might have heard about it, seen my picture in the paper?

RAYMOND

I don't read the paper.

BARTENDER

*(typing)*

She spent every night backstage imagining where he was in the audience, and kept a little part of herself back from the truth of the play so she could watch herself out there under the lights the way he was watching her from his seat in the blackness.

INEZ

I've had a couple of small film parts lately ...

BARTENDER

But he never showed up.

RAYMOND

Things are going well for you then?

INEZ

Yes. Fine.

RAYMOND

Then what are you doing in a place like this?

INEZ

What do you mean?

RAYMOND

Why are you here?

INEZ

I don't like to talk in innuendo and fragments and implications.

RAYMOND

You want to talk straight?

INEZ

Yes.

RAYMOND

Is that why you're here, need someone to talk to?

INEZ

Yes.

RAYMOND

To solve the puzzle?

INEZ

So things are a puzzle for you too?

RAYMOND

Go ahead.

INEZ

What?

RAYMOND

Solve it.

BARTENDER

*(typing)*

She stops him with a long, slow, deep kiss.

INEZ

*(to the Bartender)*

That is not happening!

*(Silence.)*

RAYMOND

What happened tonight, you lose the war to stay away?  
Thought you might run into him?

*(Inez is shaking with the desire to call out the truth of who they are to each other. But something inside stops her. If she says it, if she stops playing his game, maybe it will be over. She doesn't want that.)*

*She stays silent.)*

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Came here to feel out your options?

INEZ

He's not an option. I never felt good after we were together.

RAYMOND

Then what are you doing here?!

INEZ

I need to get rid of him. I need him gone. Out of my head. Out of my body.

RAYMOND

That's what you want?

INEZ

Yes.

*(Silence. Raymond absorbs the blow.)*

RAYMOND

You don't need to come in here to do that.

INEZ

I don't seem to be able to do it on my own.

RAYMOND

You want him out, gone, vanished?

INEZ

Yes.

RAYMOND

No record. No trace. No trail. No memory.

INEZ

I didn't say that.

RAYMOND

You're not making yourself clear.

INEZ

I've been having problems. I don't seem to be able to think clearly. I get lost in my head sometimes. My mind moves in confusing, overlapping circles. And he's always in it.