

*I Know*  
*By: Megan E. Tripaldi*

SETTING: A grassy hill next to a dirt road.

AT RISE: MEL and BRYAN are sitting in silence. MEL is dressed very nicely, BRYAN in jeans and a t-shirt. They sit in silence for a few moments.

So. BRYAN:

Don't. MEL:

Mel – BRYAN:

No. You don't get to do that. You don't get to do the "So" thing. No. Stop it. MEL:

Ok. BRYAN:

(Beat.)

I can't believe you. MEL:

Look, I – BRYAN:

Please? Can we just please sit here for a minute? You owe me that much. MEL:

Ok. BRYAN:

(Beat.)

Did you see what Michael was wearing?

MEL:  
Stop.

BRYAN:  
What?

MEL:  
You can't do that either.

BRYAN:  
Do what?

MEL:  
The humor thing.

BRYAN:  
Then what can I do? What can I possibly do?

MEL:  
Nothing. Absolutely nothing. You can't do...anything anymore.

BRYAN:  
Don't you have any questions?

MEL:  
Of course I have fucking questions! Why wouldn't I have questions? What would be the point in me asking questions? Why would you even ask me that?

BRYAN:  
I'm sorry –

MEL:  
Sorry? No, Bryan, you don't get to say you're sorry because you fucked up. You fucked up so badly that you can't...you can't...just fuck you.

BRYAN:  
Are you always going to be mad at me?

MEL:  
Yes.

(Beat.)

MEL (contd.):

You know *I* felt that way before.

BRYAN:

I know.

MEL:

It's not the first time I felt that way. I mean, I've thought about it a lot, but I never...there was always this part of my brain that knew I wouldn't go through with it. But I was always outward with my feelings, you know, I was always...I wore my heart on my sleeve; mom told me that. You never did. How...how the fuck could you do this to me...

BRYAN:

Mel...

MEL:

You were always so...Bryan, if I had *known* I –

BRYAN:

I know.

MEL:

Do you know that? Do you really? Do you?

BRYAN:

Yes.

MEL:

Then why - ?

BRYAN:

You know I can't answer that.

MEL:

But, *why*?

(They stare at each other. MEL looks down.)

You can't just –

BRYAN:

I know.

MEL:  
I don't want to have to say –

BRYAN:  
I know. I know.

(Beat.)

MEL:  
I have to go. I'm leaving. I have to leave.

BRYAN:  
Ok.

MEL:  
Yeah I'm um...I'm going back to the house.

BRYAN:  
Ok.

MEL:  
See the family...check on mom.

BRYAN:  
Right, of course.

(Beat.)

MEL:  
I wish you could come with me.

BRYAN:  
Mel –

MEL:  
I know, I know...it's just –

BRYAN:  
I know.

MEL:  
God, you're stupid. You're so...

BRYAN:

I know.

(Beat. They stare at each other. She starts to leave.)

Mel?

(She stops.)

You know that I –

MEL:

I know. Me, too.

BRYAN:

I know.

(They stare at each other until the lights fade. End of play.)