

Sara Demetree

The Fault in Our Signs

Two people mid-30s are sitting together at a nice restaurant, candlelit dinner, holding hands across the table, slightly tipsy.

Judy: Well, Tom, to tell you the truth, I was really nervous about going out with you, I mean you're the first guy I've dated since my break up; but these past few weeks have been amazing.

Tom: I feel exactly the same Judy. It's like we have this connection that's on an astronomical level.

Judy: Oh I know, it's like when I look at the stars, I see a constellation of our faces surrounded by hearts and little people demonstrating erotic sex positions.

He takes her hand as she sips her wine.

Tom: Oh Judy, I love the way you drink your wine so sexy and mysterious, it just reminds me of last week when you were licking that chocolate syrup right off my-

Waiter approaches, he is desperately trying to have an Australian accent. Very chipper.

Waiter: G'day maties! Welcome to Outback! My name's Irwin and I'll be your server this evening, looks like you've already hit the bar, so...

Waiter trails off as Tom and Judy angrily stare at him, obviously ruining an intense conversation. Still chipper as ever. Smiling the whole time.

Waiter: You know, I'll just give you two a couple more minutes.

Look back at each other and smile again.

Judy: Now, where were we? Oh I remember...

They both giggle together. Judy pauses and looks at him a little bit drunkenly, speaks seriously.

That suit makes my groins ache.

There is a very, very long pause. Uncomfortable for the audience. We hear someone ordering something in the background, maybe a baby crying like in Shrek 2. Irwin comes up to refill the waters then leaves. Tom clears his throat trying to cool down the conversation.

Tom: Hey, a buddy of mine is throwing a party for my birthday on Saturday, I really want you to come.

Judy: Wait, your birthday is *this* Saturday?

Tom: Yeah, what's the problem?

Judy: It's just that...makes you a...a Capricorn.

Tom: Yeah... aren't you a Pisces?

Judy: No...I'm an Aries.

They stare at each other, a little bit aggressively, still sexual tension. Breathing heavily, still drunk.

Tom: But how...? I mean we've been having such a great time together. An Aries really?

Judy: Jesus Christ, what a Capricorn thing to say, asshole.

Judy finishes off the wine. Refills the glass with the bottle of wine on the table.

Tom: Judy don't get defensive here, I'm sorry you just don't seem like an Aries ya know? Are you sure you aren't a Sagittarius or Taurus maybe?

Judy: No Tom thanks for the concern but I know when my own birthday is, and you don't seem like a Capricorn either by the way.

Tom: Damn it Judy! Okay WHY do you drink your wine like that? Huh? Judy, we're at fucking Outback I'm pretty sure you're drinking a \$4.00 glass of Sutter Home Moscato.

Carefully puts wineglass on the table.

Judy: Okay Tom, if you want to go there,
Number 1: We're at Outback, which you so dutifully pointed out and picked for dinner, so why are you wearing a goddamn suit?
Number 2: Wake the fuck up from this upper middle class dream you're having. Tom, you go door to door selling Tupperware. What are you trying to prove here? And its Zinfandel!

Speaks quietly and moves closer to her.

Tom: We said we'd never speak about my job in public! My path to success is very important and you know how hard I'm working on it! Pyramid schemes are no joke, and I for one want to be on the TOP of the Tupperware pyramid!

Beat.

Judy: I'm..I'm sorry Tom, it's just really hard for me to go against my daring, spontaneous, and courageous nature!

Tom: You know, I get that. I completely get that. Every day I think "Tom, you can do this, you can break out of this Capricorn mold. You don't have to do what your horoscope tells you."

Getting more and more flustered.

But I just can't! I simply *have* to be ambitious, conservative, determined, practical, and helpful!

Judy: I know, like sometimes, I don't want to be spontaneous! Last Friday I just drove my car right off a bridge for no reason!

Getting frustrated because she doesn't know how to help herself.

I just want to watch a movie and eat an entire roll of Pillsbury crescent rolls, but every time I think that way, there's like an unseen force that's making do something crazy!

Tom: Okay listen Judy, I don't care if some weird, natural disaster happens because our signs say we aren't compatible. I want this.

Judy: Me either Tom, and honestly...I think that cheap suit is really sexy.

Tom: Fuck! Judy I don't care that you slurp your wine! I don't care that you ordered three bloomin' onions all to yourself!

Judy: I want you so badly right now!

Tom: YOU KNOW WHAT? LET A DAMN COMET HIT THIS EARTH JUST AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER!

Judy: YEAH I WOULDN'T EVEN CARE IF...IF THE NAZIS CAME INTO POWER AGAIN JUST BECAUSE OF US!

Tom: ME EITHER! HAIL HITLER!

Judy: I'D EVEN LET A CONTAGIOUS VIRUS CONTAMINATE EVERYONE ON THIS EARTH CAUSING OUR SKIN TO PEEL OFF, WATCHING AS OUR BODIES SLOWLY SHED TO REVEAL OUR BARE ORGANS, MUSCLES, AND BONES! AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER. FOREVER.

Beat.

Tom: SAME JUDY. SAME!

They embrace.

In comes Irwin, trying to stay cool, trying to be liked, a little bit intimidated by them. Breaking fake Australian accent.

Irwin: Hi guys, I'm sorry but can you please lower your voices? You're disturbing some of our other guests, and you know I don't really mind but you did mention something about hailing Hitler and here at Outback that's just not something we condone.

Tom and Judy look at each other.

Tom and Judy: Gemini.

END.