

A *Mystery* by Jeremy Wilson (July 2018)

Dramatis Personae: **Detective 1**
 Detective 2
 This
 That
 The Other Lover

Possible props: Pocket-fold shields for the detectives worn at waistband

At rise, a couple is lying down. The woman is cradled semi-romantically next to the man, both stock still. They are This and That. Doesn't matter which gender the roles are.

Detective 1 strides in, as Detective 2 stares down at them.

Another broken-up couple? Cause? DETECTIVE 1

Dunno. Old age... DETECTIVE 2
 (giving a best guess shrug)

Tough way to go. DETECTIVE 1

Maybe...let's...wait in the radio car? DETECTIVE 2

The 2 Detectives exit.

As if coming out of an unrestful sleep, This and That peel themselves off each other.

They stand, paces apart, and look at each for a few beats, with a cageyness that communicates this will be the last time.

So, your stuff... THIS

I didn't keep anything important here. THAT

Ok. Well...be good. THIS

Yeah. You too. THAT

THIS & THAT
(nearly simultaneously)

I... It's just this... No, you go.

They laugh.

That starts stepping backward
from This, awaiting some signal,
some sound. When This speaks,
That stops and listens intently.

THIS
I'm really gonna miss you. Really. I don't know anyone like you. And I don't know what I'll—

THAT
(exhausted, mad)
Oh, fuck you. Fuck. Off.

That exits promptly, in a cloud of
self-disgust.

Simultaneously, The Other Lover
enters and begins to caress This's
shoulders. This never acknowledges
The Other Lover's presence and
gives an upper body shake-and-roll
to get The Other Lover's hands off.

THIS
(never taking eyes off That's exit path, worried)
I need for her/him to be okay.

Black out.