

Renovations or Walnut-Crusted Goat Cheese and other Psychic Disturbances  
by Mia McCullough ©2011

Bowling with Larry

MARIE ENTERS with glass of wine, curls up on her chair with her book. DOORBELL RINGS. She is annoyed and not expecting anyone. She answers it. LARRY stands there in a purposely tacky bowling shirt, and carrying his ball in a bag.

Hi!

LARRY

Hello, Larry.

MARIE

Is Evers ready?

LARRY

For...

MARIE

Bowling!

LARRY  
(presenting his bag)

I. Um. **Evers**?

MARIE

Do you think these pants are ok?

EVERS  
(ENTERING from upstairs)

Can you crouch?

LARRY  
(EVERS crouches)

Lunge?

(EVERS lunges)

Looks good.

You're bowling?

MARIE

EVERS

Larry's going to teach me.  
There's a spot open in his league.  
But, you know, I want to go out a few times first. Don't want to embarrass myself.

LARRY

You wanna come?

Beat.

MARIE

No.  
Thank you.

LARRY

Anne's coming. It's really fun.

MARIE

I'm sure.  
I was hoping to finish my book this evening.

LARRY

Ok. Well, we should get going.

MARIE

Could you give us a moment?

LARRY

Oh, sure.  
I'll be in the car, E.

LARRY EXITS.

MARIE

E?

EVERS

He's trying it out.

MARIE

Bowling?

EVERS

I need a hobby.

MARIE

But bowling.

EVERS

You have your yoga and your pottery.

MARIE

I'm not saying you shouldn't have a hobby, /but---

EVERS

/but bowling.

MARIE

It's so pedestrian.

EVERS

This is why I didn't tell you. I wanted to minimize the scoffing. The belittling. Before I left.

MARIE

I don't belittle you, Evers. Only /the bowling.

EVERS

/the bowling. I know.

I need to get out, be social, I can't be a homebody like you. It gives me malaise.

MARIE

I don't think that's the proper use of malaise.

EVERS

I should go.

MARIE

Are you growing tired of me?

EVERS

No. No, Marie.

I just need more. External stimuli. The house is suffocating in the winter.

MARIE

The unfinished projects staring you down.

EVERS

You hide from them in your nook.

MARIE

We've both been remiss. Not finishing what we started.

EVERS

I shouldn't work on the mantel until it's warm enough to open the windows.

MARIE

To ventilate.

EVERS

I wouldn't want to poison you.

MARIE

With the fumes.

EVERS

They're caustic.

HORN HONKING.

MARIE

You should go.  
Have fun.

EVERS

(at the door)  
Try not to think less of me.

LIGHTS FADE.