

(The lights shift. Marsha appears in the computer center. It is one year ago. Herman moves to the computer next to hers. They work next to each other in silence for a moment.) MARSHA. Hello, Herman.

HERMAN. Uh, hi, Marsha.

MARSHA. What are you doing?

HERMAN. I'm writing a program for a game.

MARSHA. A game?

HERMAN. Yeah, you know, a video game. You ever hear of those?

(A goofy laugh slips out of his mouth which he quickly gets control of. Marsha looks at him for a second and then laughs herself.)

MARSHA. No, I've never played a video game. Duh, of course. HERMAN. Duh?

MARSHA. (Playful.) Stop it.

HERMAN. Stop what?

MARSHA. Stop making fun of me.

HERMAN. (Also playful.) I wasn't making fun of you.

MARSHA. Yes you were.

HERMAN. No, I wasn't.

MARSHA. Yes, you were.

HERMAN. No ... All right, I was. I just hadn't heard ...

MARSHA. What?

HERMAN. I just didn't expect "duh" to be a word that would come out of Marsha Dixon's mouth.

MARSHA. Why not?

HERMAN. I don't know.

MARSHA. So what, do you do this all the time? Make video games? HERMAN. You ain't going to be laughing when I'm rich and famous next year because of this game.

MARSHA. You really think you can sell it?

HERMAN. Oh, yeah. Definitely.

MARSHA. No way, that is awesome.

HERMAN. Yeah.

MARSHA. Like, how much could you get if you sold it?

HERMAN. Enough to be one of the youngest billionaires around. MARSHA. I didn't even know you could talk.

HERMAN. You never talked to me before.

MARSHA. Don't get snotty. (Susan appears and beckons to Marsha.)

I gotta go. (She runs over to Susan.)

SUSAN. Oh, my God, are you really talking to Freakshow?

MARSHA. Yeah.

SUSAN. Why would you talk to him? What, do you like him? MARSHA. No! Eeeew! I just wanted to hear what his voice

sounds like to see if he's the one leaving me dirty VMs. (They break into laughter and Susan exits.

Marsha lingers for a moment, looking helplessly at Herman.)