## **Excerpt from DAMON and DEBRA**

(Damon, a 20-something African-American male, and Debra, a 40-something Italian American woman, meet on a stalled subway shortly after the 9/11 terrorist attacks. Their encounter moves from immediate circumstances to race, relationships and personal revelations that pave the way for a provocative ending.

**DEBRA** 

You got a girlfriend?

(DAMON looks at her as though she's demented)

**DAMON** 

Damn, you nosy!

(He gets up and begins pacing around)

**DEBRA** 

I'm nosy? I just revealed intimate facts about the death of my marriage, at your request, I might add, and you're calling me nosy?

**DAMON** 

Well, some folks more private than you--don't want their business blown all over the street, especially when it ain't none of your business!

**DEBRA** 

I'm only asking because the young girls where I work--

**DAMON** 

Oh, fuck them young girls where you work! Bunch of dancing fools can't speak English? They the ones you talking about?

**DEBRA** 

I was going to say that they'd take one look at you and eat you up alive.

**DAMON** 

What? They cannibals or something?

**DEBRA** 

Look, you must know you're a very good-looking kid--

#### **DAMON**

First off, I ain't no kid--

(He breaks off, watching her as if beginning to see the light. He begins slowly backing away from her)

## DAMON (Continued)

Maybe--maybe you better lay off that bottle now. Settle down and read your book or—or something.

#### **DEBRA**

What? You think I'm drunk? It happens I'm not, but so what if I--

(She looks at him, understanding dawns, and she bursts into laughter. She laughs and laughs, as he watches, warily. Finally she regains control)

## DEBRA (Continued)

Oh, dear God--what, you think I'm trying to seduce you? On the fucking B train at three o'clock in the afternoon? Relax--it ain't gonna happen.

(She begins laughing again. DAMON is mildly insulted)

## **DAMON**

Well, what I'm supposed to think? All that talk about dancing, then you start drinking, now you want to know if I'm hooked up--

#### **DEBRA**

I'm making conversation! You're the only one here, for Christ sake! If you don't want to answer, don't answer! Jesus!

**DAMON** 

Don't act like you so--

**DEBRA** 

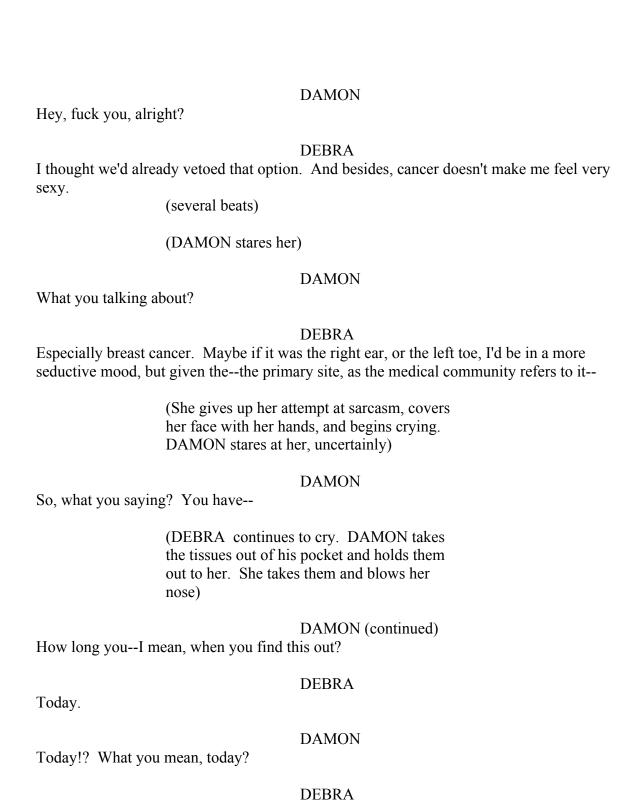
God, this is absolutely perfect! On today, of all days!

**DAMON** 

Hey, it ain't like women don't--

#### **DEBRA**

I'm sure those hospital wenches are dropping like flies every time you transport somebody down a hallway, or into the elevator--



Today, at 1:03 p.m. I was coming from an appointment at Columbia Presbyterian.

**DAMON** 

And all this time you been drinking wine, making jokes--

# DEBRA

What the hell was I supposed to do!	
You could have	DAMON
I barely know you! I don't even know	DEBRA your name!
It's Damon.	DAMON
	DEBR A

I'm Debra. Pleased to meet you.

(They both smile at the absurdity of this. DAMON sits back down on the long seat closest to where DEBRA is sitting)