

(EVELYN is in the midst of trying to deface an installation at the museum but is interrupted by guard ADAM.)

ADAM: Ahh...so, you're a student, then, or is this just basic anarchy?

EVELYN: Yep. Student.

ADAM: Oh. So, is this, like, a project?

EVELYN: No, I'm just getting started on my thesis project now. A big sorta installation...“thingie.”

ADAM: That's a good word, huh? “Thingie.”

EVELYN: It is.... *(Points)* Anyway, *this* is only a pet peeve....

(They stand there for a moment. ADAM checks his watch; EVELYN shakes her spray can.)

EVELYN: You're cute. I don't like the way you wear your hair....

ADAM: Thank you. I think....

EVELYN: No, you're definitely cute, but you shouldn't style it so much. Your hair. Just let it go...

ADAM: Right. Yeah, I...can I call you?

EVELYN: What do you wanna call me?

ADAM: Up. Just up, right now. Talk, maybe get crazy, take you to dinner...

EVELYN: Okay. Ahh...sure. *(Beat)* Do they allow you to do that here?

ADAM: What, eat dinner?

EVELYN: I meant hit on the patrons....

ADAM: ...ummm, no, they've got a pretty strict policy about that, too, actually. But...

EVELYN: ...ahh, the great equalizer. “But.”

ADAM: Exactly. I'll take the risk....

EVELYN: ...good answer, grasshopper.

ADAM: Huh?

EVELYN: “Kung Fu.” On TV. Remember when he was a kid? The old guy with the fakey contact lenses, and the....

ADAM: Oh, right...sure. “Grasshopper.” I don’t really watch much television....

EVELYN: My brothers loved that show. *(Beat)* So, do you want a number?

ADAM: Absolutely! *(Checks)* Damn, I don’t have a pen.

EVELYN: Me either. *(Thinks)* Here...gimme the jacket.

ADAM: What?

EVELYN: Your jacket. Take it off for a second.

ADAM: Oh, that’s, umm...it’s supposed to be a “blazer.”

EVELYN: What?

ADAM: It’s my own...it’s not part of the uniform. It’s mine.

EVELYN: Good. Then you’ll always have it on you... from the looks of it.

(ADAM follows her orders. EVELYN lays the coat open on the floor, looks around, then uncaps the paint and sprays a phone number inside.)

EVELYN: ...don’t worry, it dries quick.

ADAM: Thanks. Okay, so, I’ll...yeah. *(He glances back.)*
Good luck with the...nice to meet you. Again.

EVELYN: You too.

(ADAM smiles at her, looks back again, walks off. EVELYN is left alone. She turns back to the statue and starts shaking her paint can.)