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*Dramatic Publishing*

# Converting

by  
Catherine Filloux

From...

## 35 in 10

Thirty-Five Ten-Minute Plays

Compiled and Edited

KENT R. BROWN

This excerpt contains sexual references.



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# **CONVERTING**

By  
Catherine Filloux

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**Converting** premiered in 1995 at Women's Project & Productions in New York City. It was directed by Anne D'Zmura, and featured Bill McGuire and John Daggett.

### CHARACTERS

HARRY: Old and shaking.

FRED: Old and shaking.

SETTING: Central Park.

TIME: The present.

## CONVERTING

AT THE CURTAIN: *HARRY and FRED sit in Central Park. A flash of fluorescent light streaks across the stage.*

HARRY. Now, that roller-skating. You're young, you could do that...

FRED. Oh, sure. I could do that.

HARRY. Why don't you? I don't mind. I'll just sit here and watch. If you want, go ahead and take a turn around with all of them, with their fluorescent clothing. Please, it would give me pleasure to know someone is having fun.

FRED. Well, maybe I will.

HARRY. Go. It will be light for hours.

FRED. Are you sure? I hate to leave you alone.

HARRY. Oh, come on. You're young, you should enjoy yourself.

FRED. And you? You shouldn't enjoy yourself?

HARRY. The young should enjoy themselves. The old should watch.

FRED. Well, you're right, I am in rather good physical shape.

HARRY. It's from all that pingpong you do.

FRED. Yes, you do develop a strong, supple arm. (*FRED flexes his arm, admiring its sinew.*)

HARRY. Is the sex still as good?

FRED. Oh, sure.

HARRY. Even with Jan gone, and all?

FRED. Oh, yeah!

HARRY. Ah, youth!

FRED. Well, yes. I'm just lucky, I guess.

HARRY. I envy you your energy, your vitality.

*(FRED breathes with difficulty, touching his heart.)*

FRED. Oh, of course...vitality.

HARRY. Go ahead, go get some of those roller skates.

FRED. In a second.

HARRY. Is the sun getting to you?

FRED. No.

HARRY. It's coming down a bit hard, shall we move into the shade?

FRED. In a second.

HARRY. Tell me, the writing? On its way to Broadway yet?

FRED. ...On...its...way, sure. Agent...confident.

HARRY. Oh, well that's good. I wish I could write. I dictate, but I can't transcribe. That movie I wrote for Paul Newman, he still wants to make it. They're still in discussions with DreamWorks.

FRED. Huh...

HARRY. But *you*, you have your life in front of you. You're worth another few plays. And they'll probably be your best, you devil. *(FRED grunts. He is nearly laying on the bench now.)* Taking a little nap? That's what I envy most I think. The way you all can sleep. Anytime, anyplace. I resign myself now to an hour or two a night. The rest of the time I'm *thinking* about sleeping. But you, you can even sleep during the day. Don't let me bother you, go ahead and get some shuteye. Then you can go rent the skates.

FRED. Blades.