

REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD 1

HE

Thanks for the game.

SHE

Thank you. How many chances do I get to play with two professionals in the same day?

HE

I'm not a professional.

SHE

No? Then you're missing your calling. What do you do for a living?

HE

Later. How about a drink first?

SHE

My God, I thought you'd never ask.

HE

What's so funny.

SHE

I won't tell you.

HE

Why not?

SHE

You might be offended.

HE

Try me and see.

Resume call 2

SHE

It's your name. It's a funny name, strange but marvelous.
I love it.

HE

I hate it. But I'm stuck with it. So I grit my teeth and
bear it.

SHE

Where did you learn your tennis?

HE

Southern California. Everybody plays at a very early
age. They put a tennis racket in your little baby hand
long before a rattle. In Los Angeles, if you don't play
tennis, they think you're a queer. They put you in
corners at parties. And you? Where did you learn your
tennis?

SHE

I don't know. I've always loved the game. My mother's
been a member here for years, so it was always available.
The courts, I mean. Instructions. Of course, if you
believe in chromosomes, I might have inherited it from
my father.

HE

Your father?

SHE

He was a tennis pro at this club a long time ago.

HE

Oh? Then, he met your mother here.

REINC. OF P.P. 3

SHE

Yes. I suppose this is pretty corny. But they probably fell in love playing singles.

HE

Nothing like a good tennis romance.

SHE

Oh? Then you know all about them.

HE

They're the best kind.

SHE

Well, it's nice hearing that from an expert.

HE

Those who volley together, stay together. And so your father and mother lived happily ever after.

SHE

No. My father's dead.

HE

I'm sorry.

SHE

You don't have to be. He's been dead for almost thirty years. I never knew him. I was only three months old at the time. He drowned in some lake. It broke my mother up. She was madly in love with him. Why am I telling you all this?

HE

I don't know.

REINC. OF P.P. 4

SHE

I know you about an hour, you're a perfect stranger, and here I am babbling along as though this is a confessional. You wouldn't be a priest in white shorts, would you?

HE

No.

SHE

Or a psychiatrist? Will the real you please stand up. You said you have Indian blood.

HE

That's right. No high cheekbones. But I'm one sixteenth Seneca. Or maybe one thirty-second. I'm not sure. At this point.

SHE

Talk about coincidence. I've got Indian blood in me too, from way back. On my father's side. My mother tells me he was very proud of it.

HE

What tribe.

SHE

Pequot.

HE

Not too far apart, geographically. Maybe it isn't a coincidence at all. Maybe we met in some previous incarnation.