CHRISTINA:

Well, it’s just nice to be able to, not have to worry about some place that’s gonna stay open or-

VICKY:

Yea, but, you, we probably should be worrying about our-what are, who are you looking at?

CHRISTINA:

Isn’t that the uh, isn’t that the painter that we just saw at the gallery?

VICKY:

Oh, yeah, right, he’s the painter with the bad divorce, Mark told us, I was half listening.

CHRISTINA:

He was looking over here.

VICKY:

Well, that’s because you keep provoking contact.

CHRISTINA:

I’m not provoking contact.

VICKY:

You are. You’ve been throwing looks at him all night.

CHRISTINA:

I’m just drinking my wine.

VICKY:

Umm hmm, yea, of course you are. You must be doing something because, uh, he’s coming over.

JUAN ANTONIO:

American?

CHRISTINA:

I’m Cristina and this is my friend Vicky.

JUAN ANTONIO:

What color are your eyes?

CHRISTINA:

Uh, they’re blue.

JUAN ANTONIO:

I’d like to invite you both to come with me to Oviedo.

VICKY:

To come where?

JUAN ANTONIO:

To Oviedo. For the weekend. We leave in one hour.

CHRISTINA:

What, where is Oviedo?

JUAN ANTONIO:

A very short flight.

VICKY:

By plane?

JUAN ANTONIO:

Mmm, hmm.

CHRISTINA:

What’s in Oviedo?

JUAN ANTONIO:

I got to see a sculpture that is very inspiring to me-a very beautiful sculpture, you’ll love it.

VICKY:

Oh, right, you’re asking us to flying to Oviedo and back?

JUAN ANTONIO:

No, we’ll spend the weekend. I mean, I’ll show you around the city and we’ll eat well, we’ll drink good wine, we’ll have fun.

VICKY:

Yeah, which one of us is going to have fun”?

JUAN ANTONIO:

Hopefully, the three of us.

VICKY: Oh, my God, JUAN ANTONIO: I’ll get your bill.

VICKY:

(cont.) this guy he doesn’t beat around the bush. Look senor, maybe in a different life.

JUAN ANTONIO:

Why not? Life is short, life is dull, life is full of pain and this is a chance for something special.

VICKY:

Right. Who exactly are you?

JUAN ANTONIO:

I’m Juan Antonio. And you are…Vicky. And you are Cristina, right? Or is it the other way around?

VICKY: Yea, but, you know, it could CHRISTINA: Yea, that’s right.

VICKY:

(cont.) be the other way around because frankly it doesn’t

JUAN ANTONIO:

Well, you are both so lovely and beautiful.

VICKY:

Yea, thank you, but we do not fly off with whoever invites us to charming little Spanish towns.

JUAN ANTONIO:

Does she always analysis every inspiration until its grain of charm is…uh…como se dese?...squeezed out of it?

CHRISTINA:

I guess that I have to say umm, my eyes are green actually.

VICKY:

Oh, God, look, I wouldn’t call our reluctance to leap at your offer being over analytical. If you would care to join us for some recognized form of social interaction like a drink, then we’d be fine, but otherwise, I think you should try, you know, offering to some other table.

JUAN ANTONIO:

What if I met you about the offer? Surely not that I find you both beautiful

VICKY:

Offended me? No. It’s very…amusing, gaulling to be honest. But uh….is it my imagination or is it getting a little late? Should we go?

CHRISTINA:

I would LOVE to go to Oviedo.

VICKY:

What? Are you kidding me? Can we discuss this?

CHRISTINA:

I think it would be so much fun. I think we should go. I would love to go.

VICKY:

Cristina, can we discuss this some other time when-

JUAN ANTONIO:

You know when I saw you across the room at the art gallery? I noticed you have uh, beautiful lips.

CHRISTINA:

Thank you.

VICKY:

O.K. O.k. look, you know, if you want to go-

JUAN ANTONIO:

I came over here with no subterfuge, and presented my best offer, now I hope you will discuss it and give me the pleasure to take you with me to Oviedo. I have the good fortune to borrow my friend’s plane, it’s just big enough for the three of us and I’m a very good pilot.

VICKY:

Oh, it sounds very safe.

JUAN ANTONIO:

Think it over. (Juan Antonio exits)

VICKY:

I hope you’re joking about going.

CHRISTINA:

My God, this guy is so interesting.

VICKY:

Interesting, are you kidding? What’s so interesting?

CHRISTINA:

Vicky? I’m a big girl, okay,

VICKY:

Cristina, he’s a total stranger

CHRISTINA:

Well, at least he’s not one of those factory made zombies, you know? I mean, this would be a great way to get to know him.

VICKY:

No, it’s not. I’m not going to Oviedo with this charmingly, You find his aggressiveness attractive but I don’t and he’s, he’s certainly not handsome.

CHRISTINA:

Well, I think he’s very handsome. He’s got a great look,

VICKY:

Hmm, mmm, well, you would because you…you know, you’re neurotic.

CHRISTINA:

You gotta admire his no approach.

VICKY:

What are you talking about? It’s ALL Crap!! I’m not going to Oviedo for some-I’ve never heard of Oviedo. I don’t find him winning. (Cell phone rings) Third, even if I wasn’t engaged and was free to have some kind of dalliance with a Spaniard, I wouldn’t pick this one. Hello? Hi! Hi, I can’t talk right now, I’m trying to save Cristina from making a potentially fatal mistake. What? No, the usual. Yea, I’ll call you back. I love you too.

CHRISTINA:

If we go back to the house now we can just throw some things in a bag and then we’ll meet him there. Look, I took an instant liking to this guy. I mean, you know, he’s not one of these cookie-cutter molds, you know, he’s creative and he’s artistic-

VICKY:

Cookie-cutter mold, what are-is that what you think of Doug?

CHRISTINA:

Doug? Who said anything about Doug?

VICKY:

It’s ridiculous, you like the way it sounds to pick up and fly off in an airplane.

CHRISTINA:

I know. I don’t know why I’m so scared, unless I’m scared of myself.

VICKY:

It’s a mistake, Cristina.