

FOUR

Evan's bedroom.

Zoe slowly walks around, taking it in.

Evan hovers, nervously watching.

A palpable tension between them.

Start

ZOE: So when does your mom get off work?

EVAN: She has class Sunday nights, so she won't be home for another few hours.

ZOE: We have the whole house to ourselves?

EVAN: You know it.

ZOE: We should throw a kegger.

EVAN: We should definitely throw a kegger. For sure.

ZOE: Until your mom comes home.

EVAN: In three hours.

(Pause.)

Thank you for, um, for coming.

ZOE: You realize, I've been asking to come to your house for, like, weeks, and every time you've immediately said no.

EVAN: I know. Which is why I appreciate that you're here now.

(Zoe glances at papers on his desk.)

ZOE: What are all these?

EVAN *(Hurries to put them away)*: Oh. Those are, my mom is obsessed with

these college scholarship essay contests she found online. She keeps printing out more of them.

ZOE: There are so many.

EVAN: Yeah. I know. I mean, I'd have to win probably a hundred of them to actually pay for college. When you add it all up. Tuition, housing, books.

ZOE: Your parents, they can't . . . ?

EVAN: Not really.

ZOE: I'm sorry.

(Evan shrugs.

Uncomfortable, he changes the subject.)

EVAN: Well, hey, I meant to tell you before, we had a meeting with The Connor Project a few days ago and I think we have a really great strategy for raising more money for the orchard.

ZOE: We, um . . . can we talk?

EVAN *(Crestfallen)*: Oh. Shit.

ZOE: What?

EVAN: No. Just. You're breaking up with me, right? That's why you came over.

ZOE: Breaking up with you?

EVAN: God. Like, how presumptuous can I get? I don't even know if we're, like, dating officially or whatever, which isn't even . . . never mind, why am I even talking right now? It's fine. Don't worry, you can tell me, I'm not going to *cry* or start breaking things . . .

(Zoe just stares at him.)

ZOE: I'm not breaking up with you.

EVAN: Oh. Well. Okay. Thank you.

ZOE: Don't mention it.

EVAN: That's really great news.

(She takes a breath, struggles with how to articulate this.)

ZOE: It's just, The Connor Project . . . I mean, it's great. But maybe we don't have to talk about my brother all the time. Maybe we can talk about . . . other things.

EVAN: I just thought maybe you'd want to know.

ZOE: No, I know you did, but it's just . . . my whole life, everything has always been about Connor. And right now, I just want . . . I need something just for me. If this is going to be a . . .

(She chooses the word carefully.)

. . . relationship, I don't want it to be about my brother. Or the orchard. Or the emails. I just want . . . I want you.

Stop.

ONLY US

ZOE:

I don't need you to sell me on reasons to want you

I don't need you to search for the proof that I should

You don't have to convince me

You don't have to be scared you're not enough