

**COINS**  
**By Jenny Connell Davis**

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**PROMPT – Rosalyn Smaldone:** I once had a small collection of foreign currency from places I've never been.

*A man studies at a library table. A woman enters, sees him, beelines for him, sits directly across from him. He doesn't look up.*

MAN  
Hey Babe. Just a sec.

*Silence. During which the woman stares at him. He turns a page. The silence is excruciating.*

WOMAN  
I need –

MAN  
Hang on.

*He scribbles something in the book.*

MAN  
Sorry, I'm almost done.

*He continues working. The woman takes out a small change purse, removes several coins one-by-one, and sets them up in a line on the table. It's so quiet in the library that we can hear each coin as it slides across the table into alignment.*

*As she lines up the final coin, the man finally looks up.*

MAN  
Hey. What's this?

*The woman slides one of the coins toward him.*

WOMAN  
This is a Quetzal. You brought it back from Guatemala when you went to your college friend's wedding. You told me to hang onto it, that there was a village in the mountain you wanted us to visit.

*She pushes another coin toward him.*

WOMAN

This is a Hungarian Forint. You went there for work – you said it was beautiful, and everything was so cheap there that we could live like royalty for a summer, next time you got a break.

MAN

It's been busy, but --

WOMAN

This is a koruna from the Czech Republic. Same trip. You promised to take me to Prague for Christmas – and we went to Pittsburg instead.

*He sighs. But she's not finished.*

WOMAN

A shilling. A rupee. A shekel. A peso. A zloty. A ruble. A dinar. A lira. All from places I've never been.

MAN

Quite a collection. If you hit up a currency exchange, you could –

*She slides all of the coins back into her palm.*

WOMAN

I'm not trading in the coins, my love.

*She takes something in her palm, slaps it against the table. We hear metal against wood, but can't see what she's covering with her hand.*

MAN

What's that?

WOMAN

My key.

*(standing)*

Hang onto my mail, will you? It'll be a while before I have an address.

End of Play