

ANTIQUES BY GARY YOUNG ©2007 GARY YOUNG

ETHAN, age 32, and COLEEN, age 28, enter. The store is old itself, full of antiques, weathered near-antiques, junk memorabilia, evenly dispersed throughout the store. ETHAN does not want to be here, but COLEEN is mesmerized.

COLEEN

Come on. It's not so bad. Just a few minutes. I just have to look at this stuff. (looking around) This is amazing stuff. Are you coming with me or do you just want to wait outside? It's okay. I won't be here long. I just have to do a little exploring. Aren't you in the least little bit curious?

ETHAN

The old curiosity shop, heh. I'll give you ten minutes.

COLEEN

By your watch or one of the antique Big Ben's?

ETHAN

Those big guys are all on a different time. Just do your thing. I understand. It's just not my thing. You know that shopping only gets me excited when I'm looking for socks. That's something worth at least forty-five seconds.

COLEEN

Look at this. Isn't it beautiful? (Eyeing an old desk)

ETHAN

Well, other than the decomposition, the scratches, the discoloration, the dust, and the musty odor, yeah. Anything in the drawers?

COLEEN

Shhh. Not so loud. You'll embarrass the owner, wherever he is. That's not the thing you look at, the drawers. They're always empty. (Opens a drawer) Empty.

(MORE)

COLEEN (CONT'D)
(Another) Empty. (Another. Pause.
A look to Ethan.) Empty.

ETHAN
Keep looking. Maybe you'll find an
old will or a treasure map.

COLEEN
It could happen.

ETHAN
Yeah.

COLEEN
But the odds don't favor it. (Sees
an old doll) Wow. Look at this! I
know that this isn't your thing.
It looks like one of those turn of
the century dolls that you might
have seen on the Titanic.

ETHAN
Oh, that century. Cool.

COLEEN
I know you think so. (Sees a bowl
with some paper objects inside)
Now here's something that might
tweak your interest. (Holds up a
Chinese finger capture, a straw-
like, woven cylinder, which traps
your fingers if you put your two
pointer fingers inside.)

ETHAN
Now you're talking. Gimme that.
(He begins to play) This is on the
same level, in my mind at least, as
yo yo's, scout knives, BB Bats,
although that's a candy, and um,
what's that thing...um,
it's...well, it's
round...and...(looks and there is
it on the table). That's it.
(Picks it up. It is a sparking
wheel. When the wheel turns,
sparks fly off in all directions,
and there is a whirring sound.) I
haven't seen one of these since I
was a kid. Mine looked just like
this one, only mine always jammed
after a few sec...(it jamms). I
guess they all did that. (Tosses it
back to the table)

COLEEN

Don't scratch the table.

ETHAN

Sorry. That was cool. Really took me back. (Looks over to HER) Son of a bitch. (Crosses to a chair in back of COLEEN. He picks up the chair, examines it, turns it over.)

COLEEN

See something you like, afterall?

ETHAN

No. Yes. Well, it's just that it's amazing. It's just like the chair that I had in my bedroom when I was, like probably around five, six, around that. I'm trying to remember. I used to hide under it. Couldn't do that now, huh? One day I spent probably two hours under it, hiding from my mother. I forget what I had done. Of course, she could have seen me, but she must have pretended not to see me. Or maybe I don't remember it quite right. Memory can play tricks. It used to be my creative time chair.