

# The Object of My Obsession

## Excerpt from Act 1, Scene 1:

*{Ray enters}*

WARREN: Hi Ray, the usual?

RAY: That's right.

WARREN: Baccacino. Mezzo, Soprano, or Alto?

RAY: Alto, half skimmed, half whole, with just a fiddle of sugar.

*{Jessica enters}*

JESSICA: Hey you.

RAY: Where you been? I thought you might have quit. I guess I keep coming in on your days off.

JESSICA: No. I was in the back rehearsing my two weeks notice speech and then I heard some very familiar footsteps and I heard some one order a Baccacino.

RAY: Am I the only one who orders that?

JESSICA: Yes.

WARREN: I drink it occasionally.

JESSICA: You don't count. You work here.

WARREN: I do work here. I'm also employed here. You on the other hand are just employed here. *{To Ray}* Baccacino, half skimmed, half whole, the way you like it.

JESSICA: I don't think he is going to like it.

WARREN: What are you talking about? It's his favorite drink.

JESSICA: But you made it.

WARREN: All the more reason that he'll enjoy it.

JESSICA: I make it better. *{Sits up on counter and gazes at Ray}* Right?

RAY: *{Laughs}* *{Sips}* *{Pulls tie back}* I'm going to Australia next week so I won't see you for a couple of weeks. I'll bring you back something. Peace out.

*{Ray exits}*

JESSICA: Bye. *{Notices Warren smiling devilishly at her}* What?

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