

(At Rise: A stands, holding a wrapped Christmas present, right outside B's office door. She waits for him to finish reading a paper on his desk. B has glasses over his nose. He pushes the glasses up onto his head and looks at A expectantly.)

A

Sorry to bother you.

B

You're not bothering me. Why aren't you home? The roads are going to be really messy soon.

A

I'm a native; I can drive through anything. Listen, so you were my secret santa.

B

I wondered why you weren't at the holiday party.

A

I'm not very good at parties especially office ones.

(B chuckles)

A (cont'd)

But, I thought, you shouldn't feel left out wondering why you didn't get a gift. So, here you go.

(A hands B the wrapped gift with a big silver bow.)

B

Thank you so much. I like the bow.

(B starts to put the gift next to his briefcase on the floor.)

A

You can unwrap it now if you want.

(B picks up gift.)

B

Sure. Okay.

(He unwraps it. It's a pair of fluffy red mittens. He's slightly taken aback.)

B (cont'd)

Wow. Really colorful and soft. Thank you.

A

I purchased them off Etsy from my favorite mitten maker.

B

Nice.

(A beat.)

A

Do you want to try them on to make sure they fit?

B

Ah, I guess.

(Puts on mittens and holds them up. Suddenly, he stands up and walks over to A.)

Can I . . .uh . . . touch a freckle?

(A jump backs.)

A

What?

B

Touch a freckle.

(A backs up more.)

A

Oh, my God. You're not harassing me, are you?

(B waves mittened hands in front of A's face.)

B

I don't think I've ever seen you.

A

(sarcastic)

Right! I've work here for five years. We talk occasionally. Joke about how much we hate football.

B

No, not that. You're thirty-eight years old. Divorced. A vegetarian who secretly likes a good slab of beef tenderloin once a year. **(Continued . . .)**