

# Meteor Shower

by

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SCENE 1

A modern house in Ojai,  
California, early evening, 1993.  
There are three EGGPLANTS - with  
a bow around them - sitting in a  
display basket on top of the  
coffee table. Corky, mid-  
forties, enters with a tray of  
party food. NORM, her husband,  
hurried, walks onstage from the  
bedroom, in the process of  
getting dressed. He's in boxers,  
but carries his pants.

CORKY  
(seeing the state of his  
undress)  
Norm, they're here in fifteen minutes.

Norm is exasperated. He's trying  
to remember something.

NORM  
I'm going crazy. Help me.

CORKY  
What?

NORM  
I'm trying to think...this book title. It's for Jeopardy...  
(indicates the TV toward the  
bedroom)  
It's...oh...the tip of my tongue. Something like...Death to  
the cuckoo. But not that...com'n...book title. It's like  
death to the cuckoo...something.

He snaps his fingers, and his  
body language pleads for help.

CORKY  
(calmly thinking)  
Oh...Death to the cuckoo...Oh, I know...To Kill a  
Mockingbird.

NORM  
Thank you! Thank you! And yet another reason to be married.

CORKY  
You had a brain freeze, that's all.

NORM  
Yeah. I repressed it. And when I repress something, I push it  
way down and kick dirt over it. It's not coming back.

He puts on his pants.

CORKY  
(instructive)  
If you don't deal with your subconscious, it will deal with you.

NORM  
That's good. Who said that?

CORKY  
In that book, remember?

\*

NORM  
Oh yeah.

CORKY  
You want a pre-wine?

NORM  
I'm going to cool it on the wine.

CORKY  
You're not drinking that much. Maybe a bit.

NORM  
I know, still.

CORKY  
No fat.

NORM  
No fat in wine?

CORKY  
No.

NORM  
Transfats? Cholesterol?

CORKY  
No.

NORM  
Then what's the problem?

Norm takes a big swig and re-pours.

CORKY  
What's *she* like?

NORM

I don't know her; just him. She was a west coast editor at Vogue for three years. She seemed fine.

CORKY

You met her?

NORM

She was picking up Gerald after tennis. She's the one who mentioned the meteor shower.

CORKY

Ohhhhh.

(then)

How does a meteor shower come up in conversation?

NORM

She said Gerald wanted to leave town to see this meteor shower, first I had heard of it. So he puffs up - kept calling it a rain of fire, can't miss the rain of fire, once in a lifetime, blah blah, and I said we live in Ojai and he said can you see stars there and I said "yeah, shopping on the weekends." And he looked at me like a blank but she laughed.

CORKY

You liked that.

NORM

Well, yeah. She got the joke.

CORKY

I read people know if they want to sleep with a person within two seconds of meeting them.

NORM

Is that a non-sequiter or a sequiter?

CORKY

I believe it. Do you?

NORM

I could see that.

CORKY

(miffed)

Oh yeah well that's fine.

NORM

I didn't mean I wanted to...You said you believed it.

CORKY

(softening)

In college I had fifteen beliefs over three months. Remember the summer I believed in crystals?

NORM

Ha! How about when I bicycled with a pyramid on my head. For mind energy. People lost control of their cars when they saw me.

CORKY

Put a weapon in the hand of a stupid belief and it kills you.

NORM

Wow. That's a thought. Who said that?

CORKY

I did.

NORM

You did?

CORKY

Why?

NORM

It's clever. I just doesn't sound like you.

Corky, hurt, steps toward him and enters a "talking mode." Norm goes to meet her. They hold hands and face each other.

CORKY

I love you and I know you love me.

NORM

(quoting Corky back to her)

You said, "I love you and I know you love me."

CORKY

I understand you probably did not know you hurt me.

NORM

You said "I probably did not know I hurt you." That's what you meant?

CORKY

Yes. I'm asking you to be more careful with my feelings. They are not playthings.

NORM

Your feelings are not playthings. That's what you meant?

CORKY

Yes.

NORM

I'm sorry that I hurt you in this way. I hope that you understand that I did not intend to hurt you, and I will try to use that particular joking manner less often.

CORKY

I do understand.

They both lean back, take another swig of wine.

CORKY (CONT'D)

What kind of car?

NORM

Brand new '93 Mercedes 560.

CORKY

That's odd.

NORM

I know. Exactly our car.

CORKY

How come she's not with Vogue anymore?

NORM

No clue. I met her for five seconds.

CORKY

I hope they like our place.

NORM

This place could be in Architectural Digest. We ought to submit it. The Beckwiths know the editor. She lives in Santa Barbara.

CORKY

I heard the Beckwiths are having trouble.

NORM

Really? Haven't heard that.

(looks around)

Let's get some photographs taken and send them in.

CORKY

*He* sounds nice.

NORM

He is nice.

I don't like *her*.  
CORKY

Huh? Why?  
NORM

I don't know, it all adds up to too cute. The Vogue thing.  
What was she wearing?  
CORKY

I can't remember. A top...a black top, pencil skirt...is that  
what they call it?  
NORM

It is if that's what it was.  
CORKY

Brunette. With streaks. Slightly bobbed. [This description  
can change to suit the actress]  
NORM

Sexy?  
CORKY

Not in the least.  
NORM

So she was.  
CORKY

A bit.  
NORM

Thank you for being considerate.  
CORKY

I honor your feelings.  
NORM

And him?  
CORKY

Him. He's hard to describe, kind of two people. Can be  
vicious on the tennis court if he's behind, then if he's  
ahead, wonderful guy. I figure for one night it could be  
interesting and it actually could be good for us since he's  
connected with the business.  
NORM

I'm fine with it.  
CORKY

I really appreciate your attitude on this.  
NORM

CORKY  
I acknowledge your appreciation.

NORM  
(picks up his glass)  
A bit more wine.

CORKY  
Maybe you should wait.

NORM  
Good idea. Don't want to peak too early.

CORKY  
Or not at all.

He looks at her.

CORKY (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry...

NORM  
I honor that you're sorry.

CORKY  
I honor and cherish you as a person.

NORM  
I need to be in my cave now.

CORKY  
Yes.

She exits to the kitchen. He  
picks up a newspaper from a low  
table. Looks at a circled column.

NORM  
(reads aloud, to himself)  
...from the northern sky. Tonight, fifty to sixty meteors are  
expected per hour. It has been suggested that life on this  
planet could have been generated by meteors striking the  
earth...

Lights fade.

TRANSITION TO:

SCENE 2