

BRONWEN

I live in London. How about...

BRONWEN / DANIEL

... both to the left (/right). (----) Okay, both to the right (/left).

DANIEL

Let's just... one of us stand still while the other passes.

BRONWEN + DANIEL

You pass. (-----) Or I'll pass. (-----) Okay, you...

(Each makes a RUN for the middle. They meet, hand-to-hand, palms raised like someone facing his/her reflection. They each try pushing the other aside, but they're apparently evenly matched in strength. They strain, move, raise their hands, lower them.)

BRONWEN

Stop, stop.

(They stop pushing. Each feints to his/her rear, then makes a dash for the center. They end up facing each other, hands and faces inches apart. They break. Another feint – but each catches the other in the identical symmetrical movement and backs off. They break.)

(They flatten themselves against the back wall and try sliding sideways like that. They meet. They fake towards the middle of the passage, but at the same time.)

DANIEL

Dr. Powell, do you have the impression the universe is trying to tell us something?

(The train clacks.)

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 2

(BRONWEN and DANIEL stand equidistant from the center, looking out the downstage windows into the night. A slight change in the OS train sounds, with LIGHTS flickering past the roomette curtains, indicates a station quickly transited.)

START HERE →

BRONWEN
Isn't the Collider nearby?

DANIEL
Back that way.

BRONWEN
Perhaps we were affected by all those subatomic particles splitting into -
(pointedly)
- matching *pairs*.

DANIEL
Or, like quarks, into *odd* groups.

BRONWEN
The quarks making an *even* number in the most abundant atoms.

DANIEL
Not with Deuterium. Nine quarks.

BRONWEN
Deuterium, that's your whole position?

DANIEL
You know my position or you wouldn't have come to Switzerland to debate it.

BRONWEN
Discuss it.

(Each moves to make another run at the middle. Mirroring each other exactly, they decline the effort and return to the windows.)

BRONWEN
You read my first book?

DANIEL
Most of it. You read mine?

BRONWEN
I have it. As I say in the Introduction, there are practically no odd numbers in any basic theory...

DANIEL
As I say I didn't read all of it.

BRONWEN

... and there can't be an odd number of sides to the question: Does the universe have an odd or an even number of particles?

DANIEL

That's rather facile.

BRONWEN

I expected you might think so.

DANIEL

There can't be an even number of truths. One truth to every question, whether we see it or not.

(THEY dash for the center. They meet and break. Feint upstage, feint downstage...)

DANIEL

We could toss a coin.

BRONWEN

A two-sided coin.

DANIEL

A single two-sided coin.

BRONWEN

My change is in my room.

DANIEL

Mine's in my pants pocket.

BRONWEN

I'd rather you didn't go in my room.

<—END HERE

DANIEL

I'd rather you didn't go in my pants pocket. Perhaps there's something in here...

(DANIEL unzips his toiletries kit. Small scissors, toothpaste.)

DANIEL

Tiny scissors. Band Aid...

BRONWEN

The toothpaste! Big type on the side with the brand, small type on the other. Flatten it and we can call Big or Small type, like a coin.