

## **Nothingness**

*A coffee shop (atmosphere / music etc.)*

**Adam and Nathalie** are sitting at a table. The **Waiter** arrives to take the order:

**Waiter:** "Bonjour." What can I get you?

**Adam:** I'll have a coffee - an espresso - and a muffin.

**Nathalie:** Me too.

*(Waiter leaves)*

**Adam:** We left the conversation at the point of nothingness...

**Nathalie:** Yes.

**Adam:** I believe you recognise the importance of this... as a concept.

**Nathalie:** Not really. I've never separated it from myself as a concept, but of course it means something to me.

**Adam:** Then you have to recognise that nothingness is beyond anything. It creates terrible fear if you experience it. It's a nullification of self by others through yourself. A disappearing.

**Nathalie** (*somehow disturbed*): Really... It might be that it's the other way round... perhaps? At least for me.

**Waiter** (arrives) : "Voilà!" An espresso for Madame and one for Monsieur. And the "gateaux".

*Adam turns to Nathalie.*

**Adam:** Might be – how so?

**Nathalie:** Nothingness?

**Adam:** Yes.

**Nathalie:** A full forgetfulness of meanings, words, histories. A melting of self with a pure totality. A

fulfilment as if I am living for the first moment. Let's say a beginning. A new beginning.

*Adam places his hand over Nathalie's. Than in a sentimental tone:*

**Adam:** You never responded to my feelings, why not?

*Pause. Nathalie does not answer.*

**Adam:** You know.. Sometimes I have even cried for you. When alone.

*Nathalie remains silent*

**Adam:** Once I even dreamed of you becoming nothing. Just to have you.

*Nathalie does not react.*

**Adam:** Tell me why? Why you are so cold to my feelings?

*Nathalie breathes deeply then answers*

**Nathalie:** Because one cannot travel very far with the sort of nothingness you have...

*Pause whilst they both stay silent after her answer.*

**Waiter (arrives):** Would you like the bill?