Scene 1:
Interviewer: Mr. Jameson, when did you meet the defendant?

Owen: I met her really soon after the semester started, actually. It was at this coffee shop.

Owen and Casey are waiting in line for coffee.

Owen glances back at Casey for a split second, then turns back to face the register...she looks up at him, then down to her phone. Owen waits, then turns back once more, and Casey looks up just in time for them to lock eyes. He quickly turns away. Finally, he turns to her to talk.

Owen: Hey, you were in my orientation group, right?

Casey: Oh god I dunno. Was the lady you had...what was she called? Our administrator?

Owen: Oh! Our ambassador?

Casey: That. Was she kinda heavy-set, had long earrings?

Owen: Yeah. Oh my god I totally remember the earrings now! And her eyebrows were like the really skinny ones, like the 2000s kind?

Casey: (Laughing) Oh my GOD yes. That's so funny you noticed that.

Owen: Yeah. (Casey looks back down to her phone for a second and Owen follows her example)

(Pause - Then they both look back up)

Owen: Which-?

Casey: How-

Owen: Go ahead.

Casey: I was just gonna ask how you remembered me.

Owen: I think you're wearing the same dress.

Casey: Wait, actually? Jeez, you've got a really good eye.

Owen: Oh, thanks. (Pause) I was gonna ask which dorm you're in.

Casey: Thetner. What about you?
Owen: Scottsbury.

Casey: You’re so lucky. Thetner hasn’t been renovated since this place was like founded...and it always smells like shit.

Owen: I mean...at least you’re closer to the center of campus. Scottsbury’s so far away from everything.

Casey: Yeah, but none of my classes are really at the center of campus.

Owen: Oh, what’s your major?

Casey: As of now, I’m CS.

Owen: Ahhh that’s so cool. My roommate’s CS. His name’s Jake…?

Casey: Ooh, god. I don’t think I know a Jake. There are so many guys in CS they all kinda blend together.

Owen: Yeah, I bet.

Casey: What about you?

Owen: Polisci.

Casey: Oh, what are your politics?

Owen: Like my opinions?

Casey: Yeah. That’s okay to ask, right? Sorry, I’m not great at the whole like small-talk thing.

Owen: (Laughing) No, it’s great. I don’t really like defining myself as Democrat or Republican, but I’d say I’m mostly liberal.

Casey: Yeah, me too. Whole family is.

Owen: Oh I wish. My dad’s a pastor, so most of my family’s pretty religious, and they let that define their politics.

Casey: Aw, that sucks.
Owen: Yeah, I went to a catholic all-boys school so it was kinda everywhere, but you know, I’m hoping college will be a fresh start.

Casey: Yeah. I went to a public school right in the city, so it was pretty liberal.

Owen: Oh wow. What city?

Casey: Boston. You?

Owen: Oh god, the nearest city from me is like 3 hours away. I’m from Watsontown, Pennsylvania.

Casey: Never heard of it.

Owen: Yup.

Casey: So, you’re a small-town guy? (Owen nods) God I would hate that-

Owen: Believe me, I did. But I’m glad to be in a city now.

Barista: (from offstage) Owen!

Owen: Oh, that’s me. Shoot, I kinda wanna keep talking, but I gotta run. Do you go to the d-hall?

Casey: Yeah!

Owen: When do you usually get dinner?

Casey: Like around 6.

Owen: Ok cool! I’ll look for you there tonight.

Casey: (smiling) Ok, bye Owen!

Owen: (begins walking off, then stops) WAIT I forgot to ask your name?

Casey: Casey.

Owen: Casey. I like it.

Casey: I’m glad.
Owen: All right, see yah! (She waves, while Owen walks out and opens the door at the same time as Bennett is entering)

Bennett: Whoa, sorry!

**Scene 2**

Owen: Hey!

Jake: Hey.

Owen: What’s up?

Jake: Not much. Aren’t you in-?

Owen: It’s in an hour.

Jake: Ah.

Owen: So I was gonna run to the d-hall and grab some lunch.

Jake: I might have to go too. Ran out of pop-tarts.

Owen: Aw, dude, that sucks...but yeah, you should come, it’s got a lot of vegetarian stuff.

Jake: Alright. I’ll come for dinner.

Owen: Yeah, come with me at like 6. There’s this girl I talked to at Latte who I’m meeting there.

Jake: Oh...I don’t wanna intrude or anything.

Owen: Are you kidding, dude? We just met. Besides, who would have a date at the fuckin’ d-hall?

Jake: You right, you right.

Owen: Wait, you actually might know her. She’s a CS major. Think her name’s...Casey?

Jake: Wait, is she brunette, wears glasses?

Owen: Clear glasses?

Jake: Yeah...clear! Wait...what? Dude, she’s like really pretty.
Owen: Yeah...I guess.

Jake: Not saying you’re not...attractive, just-

Owen: No, I gotchu.

Jake: But she doesn’t talk to like anyone. She’s in my CS class and she sits alone which is like super confusing, so all the guys try to talk to her but she never really engages in a conversation.

Owen: Yeah...it was hard at first, but-

Jake: Wait, she must be into you.

Owen: What?

Jake: She’s totally into you.

Owen: Nah, I-

Jake: What, do you not think she’s hot?

Owen: I dunno, not really my type-

Jake: What the fuck is your type then?

Owen: Eh...I’m picky.

Jake: Whatever, man. Now I gotta go to the d-hall.

Owen: (laughing) Okay then. I should get going. (exits)

Jake: I gotta finish this paper. See yah! (turns to computer) 76 words?! What the- (Owen closes door)

Owen: (Shutting door behind him) Shit. Did I really lead her on?

Bennett: (leaves his room)

Owen: (turns around to see him; then, to himself) OH my god.

**Who Are You?**