

~~Stephen / Molly~~

Frank, that's all I'm saying. Look at the numbers and then look at his record — there's your story ...

MOLLY. Hey Steve?

STEPHEN. (*Into the phone.*) You guys have been begging for more issue shit, so now I'm giving it to you and —

MOLLY. Steve?

STEPHEN. (*Covering the phone.*) What's up?

MOLLY. I'm gonna go.

STEPHEN. (*Into the phone, holding up a finger for Molly to wait.*) Yeah, but you're missing the point ... (*Molly heads for the door anyway, starts to open it. Into the phone:*) Hold on a sec, Frank (*Covering the phone.*) Don't go yet.

MOLLY. You have work to do.

STEPHEN. Wait a minute. I wanna talk to you about something. (*During the following Molly picks up one of the newspapers on the bed and peruses it. Into the phone.*) Frank? Sorry about that ... Nobody, just the uh, the cleaning lady. What was I saying? Oh right, I was saying you're missing the fucking point. What this is about is — ... (*Glances over at Molly.*) Hey, Frank? Look, I got a meeting with Paul I really got to run to. Can I call you later about this? Yeah, that's good ... Okay, talk to you soon. (*He hangs up. Referring to the phone.*) Alright, I'm putting this down.

MOLLY. The cleaning lady?

STEPHEN. What?

MOLLY. You told him I was the cleaning lady.

STEPHEN. Oh, that — come on. I / was just —

MOLLY. It's fine. I don't care.

STEPHEN. Look — it was just easier to —

MOLLY. Really — I don't care.

STEPHEN. Okay, I just don't want you / to think —

MOLLY. You said you wanted to talk to me about something?

STEPHEN. Yeah — I just wanna ... how do I put this? I just want to be clear about everything so there's no confusion, to make sure we understand each other.

MOLLY. I won't tell anyone about last night.

STEPHEN. No no, it's not that. I mean, yes, I'd appreciate if we kept this ... if you could be discreet, because, I mean, you know how people are ...

MOLLY. Wouldn't look good that you screwed an intern.

STEPHEN. Hey now ...

MOLLY. Yes. I know how people are.

STEPHEN. They look for every opportunity to —

MOLLY. I get it. Don't worry. Your secret is safe.

STEPHEN. Okay.

MOLLY. So.

STEPHEN. So what I wanted to talk to you about was that ... alright, the truth is I have — I *had* — I don't know, it's complicated. I *had* this girlfriend back in D.C., a pretty serious girlfriend. And things have been rocky lately so we're kind of taking a break, but I'm not really looking to get into anything serious, you know? Or even want to give the hint of that, so —

MOLLY. You told me all of this last night.

STEPHEN. What?

MOLLY. Your girlfriend. How you guys have been having trouble ...

STEPHEN. I told you about that?

MOLLY. Her name is Helen, right?

STEPHEN. Yeah.

MOLLY. You told me all about her.

STEPHEN. When did I ...

MOLLY. At the bar. You don't remember? You kept telling me how much you love her. How much you miss her.

STEPHEN. I did?

MOLLY. You talked on and on about her.

STEPHEN. I must have been really fucking drunk.

MOLLY. I think we were both pretty drunk.

STEPHEN. Wait — last night — did I say anything about — ...

(*Stopping himself.*)

MOLLY. About what?

STEPHEN. Besides what I said about, Helen. Did I — ... I just talked about Helen right?

MOLLY. Pretty much.

STEPHEN. Not about anything else?

MOLLY. What are you getting at?

STEPHEN. You know what? Never mind. It's not important. (*Changing the subject, laughs to himself.*) Man, you must think I'm a complete dipshit ...

MOLLY. No — I don't.

STEPHEN. 'Cause it's not like I just got totally wasted and this thing happened because ... I mean, I wanted to. I really like you. You're smart as fuck. You're gorgeous ... but I just ... well, I wanted

~~I talk to you because I don't want there to be any expectations,
because I ...~~

MOLLY. Stephen — you don't have to say anything.

STEPHEN. I just don't want you to think that I'm some sort of player.

MOLLY. Well, you *are* kind of a player, but that's okay.

STEPHEN. No, I'm not.

MOLLY. The way you asked me to sit down and have a drink with you.

STEPHEN. I was just being polite.

MOLLY. Bullshit.

STEPHEN. I *was*.

MOLLY. You were hitting on me.

STEPHEN. No, I wasn't.

MOLLY. It was totally obvious.

STEPHEN. I was *obvious*?

MOLLY. *So* obvious.

STEPHEN. I thought I was being all smooth and subtle.

MOLLY. You were pretty forward about it.

STEPHEN. You were pretty forward yourself, telling me when you got off work.

MOLLY. Well, yeah. I've been wanting to get in your pants for a long time.

STEPHEN. Really?

MOLLY. Back in headquarters, when you'd stroll into the office ... yeah. I couldn't keep my eyes off you.

STEPHEN. I never knew.

MOLLY. Because you didn't know I existed.

STEPHEN. So when you came with the envelope ...

MOLLY. It wasn't supposed to be me that was gonna bring it. Jerry was gonna bring it over, but I told him I'd do it 'cause I wanted to see you.

STEPHEN. So you totally planned on ...

MOLLY. Yup.

STEPHEN. Wearing those ass-hugging jeans and that shirt ...

MOLLY. I changed before I came to the hotel.

STEPHEN. I played right into your hands.

MOLLY. Exactly.

STEPHEN. Wow.

MOLLY. Pretty slutty of me, huh?

STEPHEN. No — not at all. I mean — I kind of respect it — in a weird sort of way — how you — yeah.

MOLLY. Good.

STEPHEN. So you're cool with this, you know, with where I'm at and —

MOLLY. We had fun. That's all it was.

STEPHEN. We *did* have fun, didn't we?

MOLLY. If you remember it.

STEPHEN. Of course I remember.

MOLLY. Well you seemed to have blacked out about the —

STEPHEN. I remember coming back here okay. That I completely remember.

MOLLY. You passed out right after we had sex.

STEPHEN. No, I didn't.

MOLLY. You said, "I gotta get up really early baby. Guh-night." Then you rolled over and passed out.

STEPHEN. I *did* have to get up early.

MOLLY. It was cute. I watched you sleep for a little while. You snored.

STEPHEN. Oh shit. Was it loud?

MOLLY. No, it was kind of adorable actually. Like a kitten. You didn't really snore. You purred.

STEPHEN. I *purred*?

MOLLY. It was like. (*Molly purrs. Stephen laughs.*) Are you gonna tell her about me?

STEPHEN. Who?

MOLLY. Your girlfriend.

STEPHEN. Um ... I don't know. Like I said — it's complicated.

MOLLY. You said last night that you usually tell her when you hook up with someone.

STEPHEN. That's the deal we have. If one of us — you know — we tell each other.

MOLLY. Even though you're broken up?

STEPHEN. Do we have to talk about this?

MOLLY. Sorry, I —

STEPHEN. It's fine.

MOLLY. You can tell her, though. I know it's none of my business, and I know I don't have to give you permission, but in case you're wondering — I don't mind if you tell her.

~~STEPHEN. You're incredibly mature.~~

END