

Just A Kiss

He
Drea, do you like Chamomile?

She
My name is Linda.

He
Oh, what, is Drea like your club name or something?

She
Where am I?

He
You're in my apartment.

She
And you are?

He
Dag.

She
Dog? Like you walk a dog?

He
You don't remember me?

She
Could you get my clothes please?

He
Yeah, yeah. Here.

She
Those aren't mine.

He
Oh, sorry. Here.

She

Thank you.

He

Hey, listen, Linda. I've got a lot of work to do today which I have to finish today so, I'm afraid we can't have a morning.

She

Well, why don't you tell me what happened?

He

Nothing. Nothing happened. We met at the bar. We drank too much. We tried, but... I couldn't hold up my end.

She

Okay. God, I'm so embarrassed.

He

No, hey. Leave your phone number, and I'll call you when you calm down a bit.

She

I'm engaged.

He

You can forget the phone number then. Was that the guy in the Ferrari?

She

What Ferrari?

He

I'll walk you out.

She

Listen, Drea? She does this. Once I found my self in Iceland on Air Force One surrounded by the Secret Service.

He

I see. Well, Bye.