

P2 (over)

He

Hungry? I got turkey, some mashed potatoes. I got cranberries, and I've even got some corn bread.

(BEAT)

Oh, I'm sorry about the Santa suit, I was just goofing around. I didn't mean to scare you. I hope that dinner is still warm. If not, I have the microwave, so. Are you feeling any better? Good.

She

What happened to my clothes?

He

Like I said, you fell, and your clothes got dirty, so... Maybe you'd like some wine. Help you relax a little bit.

She

Look, I don't know what you're doing, but you just better fucking untie me.

He

(BEAT)

This is a California wine. Sonoma county, that's where I'm from. It's beautiful up there. Where are you from?

She

What do you want?

He

I want to know where you're from.

She

I'm from Reedfield.

He

Reedfield, where's that?

She

Please, why don't you just tell me what you want?

He

I just want to know where Reedfield is. And I want you to relax.

(BEAT)

Cheers.

(BEAT)

Okay, I'll make a toast. Here's to good friends, and hometown's, and Reedfield... where ever that is.

She

Listen...

He

Tom.

She

Tom. I have someplace to be. You know, I have obligations.

He

Yeah. I know. Way too many. You need time for yourself. You know? You don't need to be at everyone's beck-and-call.

She

So, then maybe we should get a drink in the new year.

He

But I've already prepared everything. I mean, it's all here.

She

I know, and it looks really good.

He

Yeah? Great, well, let's eat. I am starving.

She

Tom, this is really sweet of you, and I mean that, but my whole family's expecting me, I have plans.

He

I guess some plans are made to be broken.

(BEAT)

Do you want to say grace, or should I?

(BEAT)

Hell, let's skip it. I've never been real religious anyway. So... "*bon apatite*"

(BEAT)

What do you like to do? After work and stuff. I guess hobbies and... You know what, that's a mundane question, but I guess people ask that just to get to know each other, right? I read. Right now I'm reading Hemmingway. "*The Sun Also Rises*"? You really should eat. It's gonna get cold. Anyway, so in the book, this guy he loves this girl so much that he's willing to forgive everything that she does. Even her infidelities. It's a pretty intense story, but... that's what loves supposed to be, right?

She

(BEAT)

My boyfriend's gonna get worried, and he's gonna come looking for me. If I don't show up, he's gonna come looking for me here, he knows where I work.

He

How long have you guys been dating or hanging out?

She

Two years.

He

Two years? Do you guys live together?

She
That's none of your fucking business.

He
That's not very nice dinner talk.

She
Yeah, we live together, okay?

He
Oh. Two years. That's more than a
boyfriend. That's a... Sounds like wedding
bells. Do you guys have any plans?

She
Yes.

He
What? What does your fiancée do?

She
He's a journalist.

He
Journalist. See, I knew he had to be smart.
What kind of journalist?

She
Sports.

He
Sports? Oh, a paper.

She
The Post.

He
I read the post, what's his name?

She
Mark Clayton.

He

Clayton. Clayton. I don't remember that name. Hey, I have a Post over here.

She

It's online. The Post Online.

He

You know, it is amazing that you're able to keep a relationship with the amount of hours that you work. I mean, he must get really lonely when you have to work late, right? Do you love him? Does he love you?

(BEAT)

I'm only asking, because I'm worried about how quickly he's gonna get here.

She

I'm sure he's already on his way.

He

Right. He's probably already on Harlem River Drive. What kind of car does he drive?

She

I don't know.

He

You don't know? You don't know what kind of car your fiancée drives?

She

Toyota.. I think.

He

Toyota. Hmm, that's a fast car. He could be here a lot sooner than I was thinking. He could be coming down this ramp right now, as we speak.

(BEAT)

You know, until now, you haven't been very talkative. But now, you're telling me all about your boyfriend, sorry, fiancée. So either we've become, best friends over dinner, or your lying to me. I'm gonna guess.

(BEAT)

You're lying to me.