

Side 1

ETHAN. Don't sound so surprised!

OLIVIA. *(She is.)* I'm not.

ETHAN. I've been working on it, on and off, for a while, so once the movie's over ... *(Back to his point.)* Anyway, all that to say, sex with strangers is basically done.

OLIVIA. Basically?

ETHAN. Yeah. I mean, sure, every now and then ...

OLIVIA. Sure.

ETHAN. Hey — at least I'm not fucking over any poor people in third-world countries or robbing anyone's life savings or whatever. I mean, I'm one of the good guys, *relatively*, just trying to make a living without selling my soul.

OLIVIA. You are so right! You're kind-of a modern day Mother Teresa! But instead of *helping* poor strangers, you have sex with them!

ETHAN. I do what I can. *(Looking to her manuscript.)* So, let me read your new book.

OLIVIA. What? No.

ETHAN. Come on.

OLIVIA. No.

ETHAN. Why not?

OLIVIA. Why do you want to?

ETHAN. Self-explanatory.

OLIVIA. Thanks. But no.

ETHAN. Why not?

OLIVIA. I don't know you at all.

ETHAN. If that's your criteria, no wonder things have stalled out for you. It's finished, isn't it?

OLIVIA. Mostly. There are a few things ...

ETHAN. Let me read it.

OLIVIA. Sorry.

ETHAN. Come on!

OLIVIA. No.

ETHAN. Really?

OLIVIA. *(Just looks at him.)* ...

ETHAN. OK. OK. *(After a moment.)* So, what do you do around here for fun?

OLIVIA. People come here to write, not to have fun.

ETHAN. Let's watch a movie.

OLIVIA. Sadly, no TV.

ETHAN. Seriously?

Start

OLIVIA. Seriously. Uh ... cards?
ETHAN. Sure. Are there some?
OLIVIA. (*Looking around.*) I don't think so.
ETHAN. We could download a — oh, no we can't! We can't do anything! Well ... actually ... there is one thing we could do.
OLIVIA. Are you making a pass at me?
ETHAN. Yeah. I am.
OLIVIA. Don't do that!
ETHAN. Why not?
OLIVIA. You're a total stranger! You literally just walked in off the street.
ETHAN. I thought that was all right with you.
OLIVIA. Well ... not ... // I mean —
ETHAN. OK. You seemed ... OK.
OLIVIA. Seemed what?
ETHAN. Seemed into me.
OLIVIA. What?!
ETHAN. You did.
OLIVIA. I didn't.
ETHAN. You did.
OLIVIA. What did I...?
ETHAN. It's fine. You're into it or you're not.
OLIVIA. I don't know you at *all*.
ETHAN. I thought you were cool with that.
OLIVIA. I am. But why would I sleep with *you*? So you can write about me? No, thanks.
ETHAN. I wouldn't.
OLIVIA. Why should I trust you?
ETHAN. You probably shouldn't.
OLIVIA. You seem like you might be an asshole.
ETHAN. I'm not saying I'm not an asshole. I pretty much *am* an asshole. I'm just saying I won't be an asshole to you.
OLIVIA. OK...?
ETHAN. I'm only an asshole to people who are assholes. The world is just really, really full of assholes.
OLIVIA. Oh, I know.
ETHAN. And I like you. A lot.
OLIVIA. You've known me for ten minutes.
ETHAN. (*Moving in on her.*) I've been inside your head.
OLIVIA. Oh, please. My book was fiction, not like yours.

ETHAN. How many people do you think you're close to?

OLIVIA. What?!

ETHAN. I bet I get you more than ninety-five percent of them.

OLIVIA. That is an arrogant thing to say.

ETHAN. I think you're brilliant. If I could write like you ... *(A beat.)* "I felt like a ruined city ... "

OLIVIA. What are you...?

ETHAN. "I felt like a ruined city ... whose loss will be built over and forgotten."

OLIVIA. Are you *quoting* me?

ETHAN. I am fucking quoting you. *(Ethan kisses her. Passionately. She kisses him back. Passionately. Clothes begin to come off. Sex is imminent.)*

End

Scene 2

Late the next morning. Snow continues to fall outside. Olivia is cleaning up a stack of books that were knocked over the night before. Ethan enters from the bedroom.

ETHAN. Hey.

OLIVIA. *(Overly casual.)* Hey.

ETHAN. Still snowing?

OLIVIA. Yeah.

ETHAN. *(Re: her cleaning up.)* Is someone else coming?

OLIVIA. No. Anne called and everyone else cancelled because of the snow. I'm just cleaning up.

ETHAN. So, it's just us.

OLIVIA. Just me, officially. Anne asked if I could take care of the place while she checks on her Dad up in Mackinaw. I didn't mention you were here.

ETHAN. No?

OLIVIA. Since you're not staying.

ETHAN. Right. So ... last night was pretty great.

OLIVIA. Oh. Don't. I hate to reminisce about sex.