

In Rooms Such as These

A comedy

by
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CHARACTERS

MAGGIE - mid 20s, female

Neurotic, a bit selfish, and over-educated, but endearing. She deflects tension with humor. Maggie is flirtatious but insecure. She's probably never really gotten over anyone. She is committed to the romantic notion of living in New York.

ROSE - mid 20s, female

Caring and practical, with a strong maternal instinct that sometimes comes across as overbearing. Rosie handles heartbreak with the same meticulous attention she would approach any problem. Hometown: Tempe, AZ.

TIM - mid 20s, male

Genuine and warm, if a bit aloof. Tim is used to being the smartest guy in the room, and prides himself in his taste in music, books, and movies. When he likes something, or someone, he is bowled over. An untrained eye might mistake Tim for a hipster. Hometown: Washington, DC.

NICK - late 20s, male

Charming, attractive, and keenly aware of it. He doesn't open up to many people, but people instantly like him. Prone to spells of moodiness and introversion, but careful to project an image of confidence and nonchalance. Hometown: Seattle, WA.

HESPER - early 20s, female

Creative, spiritual, and always sincere. Hesper was raised on Deepak Chopra and folk rock. She feels a deep communion with the universe and nature. She has enough confidence to let the cynicism of New Yorkers roll off her shoulders. Hometown: Austin, TX.

RHEA - mid 20s, female

Clever, tough, and with a thick skin. She doesn't like many people, but she's very loyal to her close friends. Hometown: Riverside, IL

SETTING

New York, New York

TIME

Now

"By the time you swear you're his,
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying--
Lady, **make a note of this:**
One of you is lying."
-Dorothy Parker, "*Unfortunate Coincidence*"

"I suppose this would be my way of saying, again, yes, everything really is about sex, by which I mean, everything is about love. . . And yet, with Leo Bersani, I would say that, although there is nothing more banal in human culture than the phrase "I love you," we can still hold out some hope for its meaningfulness, and even for its meaningfulness within the very context of the university itself and within the freest possible circulation of every possible discourse we can imagine into conversational being. By which I mean, **there should be no limits whatsoever on what we can say to each other in rooms such as these and we should never want to stop talking like this.**"

- Eileen A. Joy, from *Alexander Penetrated and Undone: Queer Orientation in the Old English Letter of Alexander to Aristotle*

"I think of the postmodern attitude as that of a man who loves a very cultivated woman and knows that he cannot say to her "I love you madly", because he knows that she knows (and that she knows he knows) that these words have already been written by Barbara Cartland. Still there is a solution. He can say "As Barbara Cartland would put it, I love you madly". At this point, having avoided false innocence, having said clearly **it is no longer possible to talk innocently**, he will nevertheless say what he wanted to say to the woman: that he loves her in an age of lost innocence."

- Umberto Eco

1. AUGUST.

Graham Avenue, East Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

Very early morning.

MAGGIE tries to enter slowly, tip-toeing so as not to wake sleeping ROSIE. ROSIE raises her head, looks up groggily.

ROSIE

You're alive.

MAGGIE

Technically.

ROSIE

What time is it?

MAGGIE

Go back to sleep, Ro.

ROSIE

I dreamt we were scuba diving.

MAGGIE

Sorry.

ROSIE

No, it was nice.

MAGGIE

Go back to sleep.

ROSIE

I missed you, Maggie.

MAGGIE climbs into bed beside ROSIE.

MAGGIE

Here.

ROSIE

You smell like sex.

MAGGIE
You told me to get into bed.

ROSIE
No, I didn't.

MAGGIE
You did.

ROSIE
How was Mr. Wonderful?

MAGGIE
I think he broke me.

ROSIE
What?

MAGGIE
I'm serious. I'm going to be walking like a cowboy for a week.

ROSIE
Big?

MAGGIE
Like a sub.

ROSIE
Six inch or foot-long?

MAGGIE
No, like a fucking submarine.

ROSIE
That's good, right?

MAGGIE
I guess.

ROSIE gestures with her hands toward her face.
What's that?

ROSIE
I'm you, and these are the dicks flying at your face.

Stop. MAGGIE

It's ridiculous. ROSIE

You're crazy. MAGGIE

I'm not. You act like you never get laid, and every time we leave the house there's some guy falling off his face for you. ROSIE

Only once they hear you're taken. MAGGIE

Was. ROSIE

Come on, Rosie. MAGGIE

Was taken. Now I'm free as a bird. ROSIE

He'll see you and be crawling back before you know it. I give it a week, two tops. MAGGIE

I'll be gone by then. ROSIE

Stop. MAGGIE

I'm serious. My uncle said I can start as soon as next week. ROSIE

You're not actually leaving New York because of some fucking *guy*. MAGGIE

It's not because of him. ROSIE

MAGGIE

Don't be stupid. What the fuck are you gonna do in Arizona?

ROSIE

Sell insurance.

MAGGIE

Fuck off.

ROSIE

Meet someone nice. See actual nature. Cacti and shit.

MAGGIE

People here are nice.

ROSIE

Not really.

MAGGIE

I'm nice.

ROSIE

Maggie...

MAGGIE

I'm nice to you.

ROSIE

It's not about him.

MAGGIE

He'll come back.

ROSIE

What if he doesn't?

MAGGIE

Then he's a fucking idiot.

ROSIE

He is a fucking idiot.

MAGGIE

He is. Jesus, I'm actually sore.

ROSIE gestures with hands again.

I lead a charmed life. MAGGIE

Do you think you'll see him again? ROSIE

Who? MAGGIE

The submarine. ROSIE

Yeah, he hangs out at that bar off Morgan. MAGGIE

The vegan place? ROSIE

Yeah. MAGGIE

The guy with the neck tattoo? ROSIE

No, the guy with the neck beard. But he shaved. He looks pretty cute, actually. MAGGIE

What's his name? ROSIE

You know the one. MAGGIE

Come on, what's his name? ROSIE

You know who I'm talking about. MAGGIE

You don't know his name. ROSIE

I know his name. MAGGIE

Then what is it?
ROSIE

Tim.
MAGGIE

It's Jim, but close.
ROSIE

Seriously? I think I was calling him Tim.
MAGGIE

It's Tim. I'm just fucking with you.
ROSIE

He's pretty cool. He lives in Manhattan though.
MAGGIE

That's still a thing people do?
ROSIE

I knew his name was Tim.
MAGGIE

You should come up with a slutty alias for your little trysts.
ROSIE

Like a pornstar?
MAGGIE

I don't know. I don't watch porn.
ROSIE

You should get over that.
MAGGIE

What?
ROSIE

Your hangup with porn.
MAGGIE

I don't have a hangup. I just don't find it appealing.
ROSIE

MAGGIE

Maybe you're watching the wrong porn.

ROSIE

I think it's just not for me.

MAGGIE

I used to only watch girl-on-girl stuff.

ROSIE

Really?

MAGGIE

Yeah, I feel like penises in porn look so intimidating. Like...giant tusks.

ROSIE

Do you like him?

MAGGIE

It was kinda fun. I don't know.

ROSIE

Just, be careful, Maggie. Did you go look at that apartment today?

MAGGIE

I don't want to live in Bed-Stuy.

ROSIE

It's the next Crown Heights.

MAGGIE

Then I won't be able to afford it in six months.

ROSIE

You know you can't afford to live here once I move out.

MAGGIE

So don't move out.

ROSIE

It's kind of insulting that you won't take this seriously.

MAGGIE

Insulting?

ROSIE

Yes, you don't take me / seriously.

MAGGIE

You're the one who's leaving. You're not allowed to be insulted.

ROSIE

Thank you.

MAGGIE

Was that sarcasm?

ROSIE

Thank you for at least / acknowledging--

MAGGIE

You know, you're terrible at thanking people. And apologizing.

ROSIE

You're terrible at letting me talk.

MAGGIE

It's for your own sake. That I don't want you to leave. I don't think it's fair to say I'm being selfish--

ROSIE

I didn't say that.

MAGGIE

You did though. You said it with your . . . I don't want you to leave because it's wrong for you, and I know that. I'm not thinking of myself here. I think it's / a little sad, actually--

ROSIE

Here we go.

MAGGIE

I do. I think it's sad to just leave your whole life 'cause some asshole dumped you.

ROSIE

I told you, it's not because of him. I'm leaving New York. I'm not leaving my whole / life.

MAGGIE

New York is not a thing to be left.

ROSIE

Okay, I know you feel that way. But it's not *my* life.

MAGGIE

Rosie, stop.

ROSIE

I'm leaving. And I know you like doing this fly-by-the-seat-of-your-pants thing / this I don't-have-attachments--

MAGGIE

Seat of my pants? Jesus, what are you, / ninety?

ROSIE

This, I don't need to make plans because people who have their shit together are squares--

MAGGIE

I have my shit together.

ROSIE

How are you going to pay for things, Mags?

MAGGIE

I'll figure it out. I got a PA job for three days next week.

ROSIE

Does it pay?

MAGGIE

No, but I'll be networking. Meeting people. That's how the film industry works. You don't just jump in and immediately start making money. You have to put in time.

ROSIE

I worry about you, Maggie. You're always losing your keys. You haven't ironed a piece of clothing once since I've known you. You--you never have a lighter. Ever.

MAGGIE

Beautiful people don't light their own cigarettes.

ROSIE

You need to find a place to live.

MAGGIE

I know that.

ROSIE

So why didn't you go look at that place?

MAGGIE

I'll go tomorrow.

ROSIE

I'm leaving Monday, Maggie.

MAGGIE

I said I'll go tomorrow.

ROSIE

Will you? Or will you blow off your appointment to go have nasty porn sex.

MAGGIE

I didn't say it was nasty.

ROSIE

Okay.

MAGGIE

It kind of was though.

ROSIE

Maggie...

MAGGIE

I've got options. I have other friends, you know. Rhea said I could stay with her.

ROSIE

Rhea?

MAGGIE

Yeah, she's got a massive place up in / Greenpoint.

ROSIE

Greenpoint, yeah, we were there for the Fourth of July party.

MAGGIE

Yeah. She said I could stay there.

ROSIE

Just...go look at the place in Bed-Stuy, Maggie.

MAGGIE

You just don't want me replacing you, is that what this is?

ROSIE

I think you should try to find your own place.

MAGGIE

What do you have against Rhea?

ROSIE

Nothing.

MAGGIE

I'm going to stay at Nick's until I find an apartment. I know you hate him / but--

ROSIE

I hate you and Nick together. I like him perfectly fine when you're not sleeping with him.

MAGGIE

Thanks.

ROSIE

Don't be mad, but--he came into the restaurant last week with that girl.

MAGGIE

The fucking flower child?

ROSIE

She seems really nice, Mags.

MAGGIE

She's not nice. She's a bitch.

ROSIE

You're always the one calling me out for not being feminist enough. When did it become okay to start calling girls we're jealous of bitches?

MAGGIE

One: I'm not jealous of her. Two: She probably is a bitch. Acknowledging that doesn't make me less of a feminist. If she were struggling to get equal pay or have a safe abortion, I'd be right at her side. But being a feminist doesn't mean I have to like every girl who fucks my ex.

ROSIE

I don't know. This one seems different, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Different than whom, Rosie?

ROSIE

Don't do that..

MAGGIE

Different than me, that's what you're saying, right?

ROSIE

He looked happy.

MAGGIE

What do you have against Rhea? Whenever I bring her up, you do this weird thing.

ROSIE

I don't know what you're talking about.

MAGGIE

Like when she came over to watch the Superbowl you spent the whole time in the kitchen, scrubbing things.

ROSIE

I just...I just don't know if that's who you should be spending time with.

MAGGIE

You're jealous!

ROSIE

Oh, Maggie, / shut up.

MAGGIE

You are! You're leaving and you're jealous because you think I should just sit around / pining for you.

ROSIE

Fine. You want to know? / Fine.

MAGGIE

Yeah, I do.

ROSIE
She's a hooker.

MAGGIE
What?

ROSIE
Rhea is a hooker. Stacey Schwartz told me.

MAGGIE
No fuckin' way.

ROSIE
I'm serious. She does...she has sex for money.

MAGGIE
She said Rhea was a hooker?

ROSIE
I didn't want to tell you because I knew you'd react like this. This is why people don't tell you things.

MAGGIE
People tell me things.

ROSIE
Stacey Schwartz's cousin told her that Rhea meets guys on Craigslist and she bangs them for cash.

MAGGIE
People tell me lots of things, Ro.

ROSIE
And drugs. How do you think she pays for that massive apartment in Greenpoint?

MAGGIE
Jesus. Craigslist?

ROSIE
But you didn't hear it from me.

MAGGIE
You tell me things, right, Rosie?

ROSIE
You know, I said I missed you.

When? MAGGIE

When you came in. ROSIE

Thank you. MAGGIE

Why do you do that? ROSIE

I didn't do anything. MAGGIE

When I say I miss you, you're supposed to say I miss you, too. ROSIE

I was gone six hours. You didn't actually miss me. MAGGIE

I missed you, Maggie. I think you're the best thing that's ever happened to me, and when I think about living without you, there's no air. I can't breathe. My lungs keep pushing something in and out and I don't understand why, because the air is wrong, I can't really be breathing, I can't imagine breathing without you. I don't know how to start to imagine breathing-- ROSIE

Enough, okay. MAGGIE

Who says I don't mean it? ROSIE

I say. MAGGIE

I could mean it. ROSIE

I did miss you. MAGGIE

I don't like it when you disappear. ROSIE

MAGGIE

You didn't want to go out.

ROSIE

You said you'd come home early.

MAGGIE

Not home much longer, is it?

ROSIE

Don't argue semantics.

MAGGIE

Semantics is the only thing worth arguing about. Is there even a subway in Arizona?

ROSIE

Like the sandwiches?

MAGGIE

No, the subway, the fucking--train--why, why do you always think I'm talking about sandwiches?

ROSIE

I'll have to buy a car.

MAGGIE

Don't go.

ROSIE

Is that--? Damn it.

MAGGIE

What?

ROSIE

You're bleeding.

MAGGIE

What?

ROSIE

Here, lean your head back. Your nose--it's--fuck, it's on the pillow.

MAGGIE

Shit, really?

Here. Take this. ROSIE

Shit. I didn't / notice. MAGGIE

Of course not. ROSIE

Thanks. MAGGIE

Does it hurt? ROSIE

No, I didn't even notice. MAGGIE

Are you high? ROSIE

No. MAGGIE

I can't believe you. ROSIE

I did a couple lines. MAGGIE

What are you going to do when I'm gone? ROSIE

I don't know. MAGGIE

She really doesn't know. ROSIE holds MAGGIE's head in her arms.

We'll still talk, right? MAGGIE

Yeah, we'll talk loads. ROSIE

MAGGIE

Are you going to find some new girl to tell your stories, too?

ROSIE

Maybe some of them, but I'll save the really good ones for you.

MAGGIE

Where were we?

ROSIE

Hm?

MAGGIE

Where were we scuba diving?

ROSIE

I don't know. Hawaii maybe. The water was really clear.

MAGGIE

That sounds nice.

ROSIE

It was nice. Somewhere in the Pacific.

ROSIE closes her eyes. They lie beside each other for a time. Then, MAGGIE crawls out of bed, slowly.

Where are you going?

MAGGIE

You told me to shower.

ROSIE

It's too late now. Just stay.

MAGGIE

I can't sleep.

ROSIE

You didn't even try.

MAGGIE

I know myself.

ROSIE

I know you better.

MAGGIE
I'll toss and turn and keep you up.

ROSIE
Turn the light off.

MAGGIE
It's off.

ROSIE
Seriously?

MAGGIE
That's sunshine, Sunshine.

ROSIE
Just stay in bed.

MAGGIE takes a small bag of coke out of her pocket.

MAGGIE
Do you have a dollar?

ROSIE
In my wallet.

MAGGIE
I'm going to get coffee.

ROSIE rolls over and falls asleep. MAGGIE looks in ROSIE's wallet. She grabs a dollar bill. She puts the wallet back. She does a line. She retrieves the wallet again. She takes a couple twenties and pockets them.

2. SEPTEMBER.

E. 10th Street, East Village, Manhattan.

Mid-morning. Maggie wakes up beside TIM. She still has all her clothes on.

TIM
She's alive.

MAGGIE
Sorry. Have you been up for a while?

TIM
Not too long.

MAGGIE
What time is it?

TIM
Eight something.

MAGGIE stands then sits back down suddenly.

MAGGIE
Fuck.

TIM
Still drunk?

MAGGIE
I think so.

TIM
Me too.

MAGGIE
Picklebacks.

TIM
Don't remind me.

MAGGIE
So, this is your place.

TIM
Yeah, sorry for the / mess.

MAGGIE
No, it's cool. I don't think I've ever been here in the daytime before.

TIM

You usually sneak off in the middle of the night.

MAGGIE

I don't sneak off.

TIM

You've never stayed past 5:30.

MAGGIE

I don't sleep that well.

TIM

It's okay.

MAGGIE

Plus, I'm crashing at my friend's place. I wouldn't want him to worry if I didn't get back--

TIM

You don't have to explain yourself.

MAGGIE

I wouldn't want it to be weird.

TIM

It's nice having you here, that's all.

MAGGIE

This place is huge. I mean, especially for the Village.

TIM

Thanks. Yeah, my dad like bought all this real estate in the '80s, but he still thinks that only crackheads live below 14th Street, so he's never around.

MAGGIE

Does that mean he thinks you're a crackhead?

TIM

Basically.

MAGGIE

Are these your records?

TIM

Yeah, the good ones. The shit stuff is Krystin's, / but I told her she can pick them up whenever.

MAGGIE

Oh, shit. Right. When did you guys--

TIM

She keeps saying she'll come get her shit and then calling and saying she has to work late. Sorry if that's weird. I shouldn't be talking about that. I just don't really censor myself, you know?

MAGGIE

I envy that.

TIM

Maybe it's because I've never become a real New Yorker.

MAGGIE

You're not a real New Yorker?

TIM

No way. I mean, my dad's always lived up here, so I'd spend summers here and stuff. But I went to school in DC.

MAGGIE

DC's okay.

TIM

It's amazing, unless you have to park. Where are you from?

MAGGIE

Here.

TIM

Really? That's odd. I didn't read you as a New Yorker.

MAGGIE

Ouch.

TIM

No, I just mean--you seem genuine.

MAGGIE

New Yorkers are the most genuine people in the world. They say everything in their heads.

TIM

That's definitely not true. Everyone here is so focused on looking cool and detached. God forbid they express a feeling. The extent of emotions for most people in Manhattan ranges from mild perturbation, usually directed at tourists, to blind rage.

MAGGIE

That's not fair. Generalizations like that aren't actually useful--

TIM

It's so easy to live here and just spend all your time hating everything. Or liking things ironically. Have you read *Infinite Jest*?

MAGGIE

Yeah, of course.

TIM

I'm trying to live as authentically as I can. I think people should live without shame, you know?

MAGGIE

Shame?

TIM

And without irony. I'm interested in sincerity. In people being who they are. And that's what I try to do, every day. That's why I like you so much.

MAGGIE

(*looking at a record*) I love The Zombies.

TIM

Exactly! Yes. They're fucking awesome.

MAGGIE

Did you always collect / records, or--

TIM

Just--careful, because those can scratch like really easily--

MAGGIE

Sorry.

TIM

No, if you just hold it like--

Like this? MAGGIE

Your hands are really soft. TIM

Tim tries to kiss Maggie, but she leans away.

Can I borrow some mouthwash? MAGGIE

Yeah, no problem--the bathroom's right there. TIM

Yeah, I know. MAGGIE

Cool. TIM

I just like have this awful pickle-juice/whiskey/stale cigarette thing going on, and I'd really rather-- MAGGIE

It's behind the sink. TIM

Thanks. MAGGIE

MAGGIE steps out. TIM puts on a record. After a moment, she returns.

Better. God, I shouldn't have done so much coke last night. MAGGIE

You were high? TIM

I mean, a little, yeah. Weren't you? MAGGIE

No. I don't do that shit too much. I think it takes me away from my best self. TIM

MAGGIE

Oh, I don't do it that much either.

TIM

You don't have to change what you do for me. You should just be yourself.

MAGGIE

Okay. Well, this is myself.

TIM

Are you sure you're from here?

MAGGIE

100%. I was actually born in Ray's Pizza, right on Sixth Avenue. They were rolling a large mound of pizza dough and I miraculously appeared.

TIM

Come on, where are you from?

MAGGIE

I am here and here I'll stay.

TIM

Would it be weird if we get coffee together?

MAGGIE

No? Why would that be--

TIM

It's just like, I think we both want coffee but I don't want to scare you away-

MAGGIE

I'll try not to read into it.

TIM

And I've got a lot going on. I'm really focused on my work right now.

MAGGIE

That's cool.

TIM

But I think you're really all right.

All right? MAGGIE

Yeah. TIM

Is that / good? MAGGIE

TIM
You bite your lip when you look at me sometimes and it makes it really hard not to kiss you.

Like this? MAGGIE

Just like that. TIM

I'll make a note of that. MAGGIE

TIM
I've got this interview this week, and I'm trying to stay focused, you know?

Where's the interview? MAGGIE

New York. TIM

That's a little vague. MAGGIE

New York Magazine. TIM

Oh, that's / really cool. MAGGIE

TIM
It's like culture blogging. Online content, but it's a step up.

MAGGIE
I'd love to read some of your / stuff.

Fuck, I'm out of cigarettes.

TIM

I can roll you one.

MAGGIE

Yeah?

TIM

Yeah, I've been / practicing--

MAGGIE

I can do it. You want one?

TIM

No, I'm okay. Mouthwash.

MAGGIE

Right. Do you mind if I smoke inside?

TIM

It's your place.

MAGGIE

I know, but some people hate it. Krystin hated it.

TIM

Rosie, too.

MAGGIE

Is she your ex?

TIM

Ex-roommate. Best friend. Currently. And forever.

MAGGIE

Right on.

TIM

She hates it when I smoke inside. She says it makes her clothes smell like a bowling alley.

MAGGIE

How did you meet Rose?

TIM

MAGGIE

It's Rosie, actually. We used to wait tables together at this place in Chelsea.

TIM

Where at?

MAGGIE

Um, you know that place Utah's?

TIM

No shit, with the / cowboy boots?

MAGGIE

Cowboy boots, yeah.

TIM

Fuck. When you get promoted, did you get spurs?

MAGGIE

Fuck off. It's a job.

TIM

No, that's cool. That place is fun.

MAGGIE

It is. It is fun.

TIM

You're a fun girl, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Thank you.

TIM

Fuck it. I want you to get coffee with me.

MAGGIE

Okay.

TIM

And maybe a croissant. Or a pastry. Something you can enjoy slowly.

MAGGIE

I could go for a pastry.

TIM

Maybe a bagel even.

MAGGIE

Would that make it breakfast?

TIM

I want people to see you sitting next to me, leaning in, sipping coffee. Everyone here spends all their time trying to be looked at. Trying to be seen--no one just spends time being themselves.

MAGGIE

Does it matter what other people think?

TIM

No. That's what's beautiful about it. And you're beautiful.

MAGGIE

I don't even have any makeup with me. I probably look like a--

TIM

You look like yourself. I like it.

MAGGIE

I like the way you look, too.

TIM

I'm glad.

MAGGIE

And I like the way you look at me. It's very...intense.

TIM

Let's get coffee.

2B. VOICEMAIL

ROSIE

Hi, you've reached Rosie Kelly. I'm not here right now, but if you leave a message with your name and number, I'll get back to you as soon as possible.

MAGGIE

Rosie, I'm an asshole. I'm literally the dumbest person you've ever met. Last weekend, I left my toothbrush at Tim's apartment, but like totally on accident, and then I realized I'd left it there, so I called him to make sure he knew that I hadn't left it there on purpose. So he knows that I'm not trying to claim my territory or anything. But he hadn't even noticed I'd left it there. I think maybe I like him. Rosie, come save me. I'm thinking of dressing like a slutty Ruth Bader-Ginsberg for Halloween. Do you think I can pull off glasses? I miss you. I miss you so much that I'm actually willing to leave you a voicemail. Even though I hate phones, and I hate recordings of my voice. Promise me you'll never play this in front of me. Fuck you, come back, I love you. Oh, it's Maggie, by the way.

3. OCTOBER

South 5th Street, Park Slope, Brooklyn.

MAGGIE hurries in from a bedroom offstage, disheveled. She spots one of her shoes on the floor. She puts it on and searches frantically for the other one.

NICK (FROM OFFSTAGE)

Come on, don't do this.

MAGGIE

Fuck off, I'm not speaking to you.

NICK (FROM OFFSTAGE)

Just wait a minute--

MAGGIE

Fuck. Off.

NICK enters, pulling a t-shirt over his head, carrying a bra in one hand.

NICK

Would you wait--

MAGGIE

Where's my shoe?

NICK

You're not leaving now.

MAGGIE

I'm getting the hell away from you.

NICK

It's 30 degrees out there. You'll freeze to death.

MAGGIE

Fine. I'd rather be dead than with you.

NICK

Don't be melodramatic.

MAGGIE

I am not mel--You, you only think of yourself. You're the most arrogant, self-absorbed, narcissistic, solipsistic--

NICK

Bit redundant, don't you think?

I'm not talking to you.

MAGGIE

(*handing her the bra*) You might want this.

NICK

You called me Hesper.

MAGGIE

It was a joke!

NICK

What kind of name is that anyway?

MAGGIE

I may not have timed it well.

NICK

You're so full of shit.

MAGGIE

Are you going to ruin our night over this?

NICK

I need my shoe.

MAGGIE

I didn't mean to upset you.

NICK

You were thinking about her--

MAGGIE

What does that matter?

NICK

--while you were with me.

MAGGIE

I'm with you now.

NICK

It matters who you're thinking about when you're in my mouth.

MAGGIE

I was thinking about you. NICK

Where's my goddamn shoe? MAGGIE

It was a joke. A bad joke. NICK

A terrible joke. MAGGIE

You're sexy when you're angry. NICK

The worst fucking joke I've ever heard. MAGGIE

Fine, I'm an idiot. Your shoe's over there. NICK

I didn't say that. MAGGIE

NICK reaches down to pick up the shoe for her. He extends it toward her with one arm.

I never called you an idiot. MAGGIE

You could have. NICK

I wouldn't say that. MAGGIE

I understand if you want to go. NICK

MAGGIE takes the shoe.

You should eat something. NICK

I'm not hungry. MAGGIE

You didn't like the pasta. NICK

I did. Of course, I did. MAGGIE

I'm not much of a chef, I know. NICK

No, it was great. MAGGIE

But I thought I'd try, seeing as it's your last night here and all. NICK

Thank you, for trying. MAGGIE

Our last night, I should say. NICK

It was great. MAGGIE

NICK grabs a bottle of wine off the table.

Still a bit left. NICK

He pours some wine into a glass and hands it to her.

Thank you. MAGGIE

It's been nice, you know, having you here. NICK

I should have left sooner, but-- MAGGIE

No, I like having you around. You're...calming. NICK

Am I? MAGGIE

NICK

Yeah. You have a soothing presence. I feel calm around you. When you're not, you know, acting totally insane.

MAGGIE

I'm glad, I think.

NICK

What about me?

MAGGIE

What do you mean?

NICK

I mean...do I have that effect on you?

MAGGIE

Calming?

NICK

Do I make you feel good?

MAGGIE

Nick...

NICK

What? Are you afraid Big Dog will object?

MAGGIE

His name is Tim. You know his name.

NICK

Buzz Feed Boy?

MAGGIE

He's a journalist.

NICK

He writes lists, Maggie. Professionally.

MAGGIE

He's smart. He's one of the smartest people I know, honestly.

NICK

25 Things You Won't Believe I'll Do to / Your--

You're pathetic. MAGGIE

Did you tell him about us? NICK

I told him you're an old friend. MAGGIE

Friends. / Nice. NICK

Well, what else should I call it? MAGGIE

What would he say? NICK

I don't know. I don't know what he would say. We haven't had that conversation yet. MAGGIE

About me? NICK

About us. MAGGIE

Do you mean us as in you and me, or us you and him? NICK

Him and me. MAGGIE

So, what if you have that conversation, and he says he doesn't want to see other people? NICK

Then, we'll stop. MAGGIE

Can you do that? NICK

God, you have some fucking ego. MAGGIE

I want you to stay.

NICK

Nick, / stop--

MAGGIE

I was thinking about you. I think about you.

NICK

Okay. I don't think you're an idiot.

MAGGIE

I am though. And what was it--a narcissist?

NICK

I was pretty upset.

MAGGIE

I noticed.

NICK

Well, how did you expect me to react?

MAGGIE

You could have at least finished.

NICK

For a brief second, she contemplates hitting him. He kisses her.

So, who is she?

MAGGIE

Are you sure you want to do this now?

NICK

Hesper?

MAGGIE

I met her a couple months ago.

NICK

And?

MAGGIE

I don't know. And she's...nice.

NICK

What does she do?

MAGGIE

She's a nurse. Pediatrics.

NICK

She sounds perfect.

MAGGIE

She doesn't throw things.

NICK

I don't throw things. Is she pretty?

MAGGIE

The lamp?

NICK

I didn't throw it at you. I threw it at the wall. Is she pretty? How old is she?

MAGGIE

Twenty-two.

NICK

Wow.

MAGGIE

A mature twenty-two.

NICK

You're thirty.

MAGGIE

I'm twenty-nine.

NICK

Are you?

MAGGIE

NICK

You know I'm twenty-nine. We had dinner on my birthday. You're doing this on purpose, kid.

MAGGIE

Is she the biter?

NICK

What?

MAGGIE

There's a bruise on your shoulder like a--

NICK

She's nice, okay? You're the one who said we should keep things casual.

MAGGIE

Yes, and I was right.

NICK

Fine, then you're not allowed to get jealous.

MAGGIE

I'm allowed to get however I want. You're the one who's jealous.

NICK

I am. I'm so fucking jealous. Is that what you want to hear?

MAGGIE

I'm jealous, too.

NICK

Then what are we doing?

MAGGIE

Nothing. We're stopping. I'm leaving and we're stopping this right now.

NICK

I don't want to fight with you, kid.

MAGGIE

Don't say that. Don't act like I start the fights. You had just as much a role in this / as I did.

NICK

You like getting upset so you don't have to think about how you actually / feel.

MAGGIE

I like being happy.

NICK

No, you don't. You never have. You're never happy unless you're completely miserable.

MAGGIE

Well, that explains why I spend time with you.

NICK

Come back to bed.

They kiss.

MAGGIE

I should go.

NICK

You'll go tomorrow. It's still tonight.

They kiss again. She pulls away.

MAGGIE

We won't do this anymore.

She kisses him.

NICK

Definitely.

They kiss again.

No more.

3B. VOICEMAIL

MAGGIE

Hey, you've reached Maggie! Leave a message and I'll get back to you. Thanks!

ROSIE

Hey, it's me. Guess I missed you. Just wanted to see how you're settling in to the new place. It's really warm here, still. I miss leaves--can you send me some pictures of some leaves? But don't tell anyone. I don't want people to think we're those people who go to Connecticut on foliage trips. I think we may be the only two people in the world who leave voicemails. Single-handedly, keeping the technology alive. My aunt keeps trying to set me up on blind dates with guys from the hospital she works at. She gave my number to a proctologist. I'll leave the rest to your imagination. Maggie, I haven't seen any garbage on the streets. There's no garbage here. I think they must melt it all together and form it into housing developments. And I missed the Halloween parade! There's so much trash after the Halloween parade. Can you believe I miss the garbage? Call me, Mags. I love you.

4. NOVEMBER

Kent Avenue, Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

RHEA enters with bags of groceries. MAGGIE is passed out on a futon. MAGGIE stirs when RHEA enters.

MAGGIE

Hey, Rhea.

RHEA

Good morning.

MAGGIE

My phone's dead. What time is it?

RHEA

2:30. Good afternoon, I guess. My stepdad used to say that, when I overslept. "Good afternoon." It drove me nuts. Sorry--good morning.

MAGGIE

I don't mind. Sorry I slept so late.

RHEA

I don't give a shit, girl. Now--I have an important question for you.

MAGGIE

I'll answer to the best of my ability.

RHEA

Am I the greatest roommate ever, or am I the absolute fucking greatest roommate ever?

MAGGIE

Tough call.

RHEA

Tonight, I am making lasagna.

MAGGIE

Oh, god, I can't even think about eating.

RHEA

Well, I've eaten nothing but Special K all week, and I am making a goddamn lasagna. I used to fuck this guy on Mulberry Street., and he said my lasagna is as good as a real Italian. I brought you gingerale.

MAGGIE

Seriously?

RHEA

You look like you could use it.

MAGGIE

You're the absolute fucking greatest.

RHEA

Good. Now that I have you in that mindset...

MAGGIE

Utilities?

RHEA

Sixty five for this month. And fifty eight from last month.

MAGGIE

Fuck, I think maybe my phone's shut off.

RHEA

Why would it be shut off?

MAGGIE

Because I haven't paid the bill in two months.

RHEA

You should have told me. I can lend you some cash. You need a phone.

MAGGIE

I already owe you so much-

RHEA

And you'll pay me back. I'll make sure of it.

MAGGIE

Maybe you could help me out with a little job again--

RHEA

I don't know, Maggie.

MAGGIE

I did fine last time.

RHEA

I'm sure you did.

MAGGIE

Then what's the problem?

RHEA

You met one guy. It's not always that simple, Maggie--

MAGGIE

I'll do a good job. I'll do better this time--

RHEA

It's not about doing bad or good. I just think you need to think before you decide to get involved in what I do.

MAGGIE

I think about it. I think about it every time I get a call from a collections agency--

RHEA

You gave one guy a handjob, Mags. You're not exactly a fucking geisha.

MAGGIE

And you are?

RHEA

Don't be a snob, Maggie. You can't afford it.

MAGGIE

I can do this, Rhea. You can help me--you can help me do this so I don't--

RHEA

Look, I don't have any qualms about what I do. I'm safe, I'm in control, and I don't do anything I don't want to do.

MAGGIE

Then what's the big fucking deal?

RHEA

This guy I'm seeing tonight--he's completely harmless. He doesn't even touch me. He pays me to clean his apartment, and I wear little outfits for him. Or sometimes I don't wear anything. It's kind of endearing, actually. But...they're not all that harmless.

MAGGIE

Men used sex to oppress women for centuries. Now, we're making up for it. It's progressive, if you think about it.

RHEA

No, it's not. If you justify it with your private school mumbo-jumbo, that just proves to me that you're not ready --

MAGGIE

I'm not a kid. I've done shit. All sorts of shit, probably crazier than what you do.

RHEA

Sweetie, I love you, but you're a fucking tourist.

MAGGIE

I can do this. You'll know where I am.

RHEA

But, baby, I don't want to. I don't want to know.

MAGGIE

I feel like some animal crawled into my head to die.

RHEA

Where'd you end up last night?

MAGGIE

It's a little hazy. I know I spent -

(Checking her wallet)

All my cash.

RHEA

What's your hand say?

MAGGIE

Hm?

RHEA

There's a stamp, on your hand. Check it.

MAGGIE

"Lone Star."

RHEA

You went to Pony Bar.

MAGGIE

Oh no.

RHEA

Did you ride the mechanical bull?

MAGGIE

Oh no.

RHEA

It's okay. We've all done it from time to time.

MAGGIE

No, Nick--Nick drinks in Pony Bar.

RHEA

Sounds like a fun guy.

MAGGIE

That's one word for it.

RHEA

Don't stress about it. You got home, didn't you?

MAGGIE

Apparently.

RHEA

So you couldn't have done anything too bad.

MAGGIE

Oh, I should have gone home after the margaritas.

RHEA

Fuck it. You're young. You're hot. Why shouldn't you be getting some?

MAGGIE

I hope I didn't do anything stupid.

RHEA

I'm going to make you toast. Toast will make you feel better.

MAGGIE

No, I can't eat. Fuck, what did I do?

RHEA

You know, Maggie--I'm not trying to start shit, but--he's in all of your stories.

MAGGIE

No, he's not.

RHEA

He is. Maybe it's not such a bad thing, you and Nick?

MAGGIE

No, it's bad. It's very bad. He's dating someone.

RHEA

And so are you.

MAGGIE

I know.

RHEA

It's okay if you're not that into Tim, Maggie.

MAGGIE

I am. I'm really into him. I don't know if he's into me, but--

RHEA

I've seen the way he looks at you. He's into you. Look, I know you've heard me say this a thousand times--but Maggie, people just aren't meant to be monogamous.

MAGGIE

But I am. I like having one person to kiss goodnight before I fall asleep. I like knowing all the little tricks to get him off.

RHEA

Once you know all the tricks, it's gotten boring.

MAGGIE

It's not. It's really not.

RHEA

So, what's the deal with Nick?

MAGGIE

We both know it's a disaster. And I like Tim. I like that he's into me and not fucking some twenty-two year old.

RHEA

Twenty-two?

MAGGIE

And skinny.

RHEA

Let's see.

MAGGIE

What?

RHEA

Oh, don't "what"--I know you've stalked this bitch. Let's see her.

MAGGIE

My phone's off.

RHEA brings her laptop over. Maggie types something onto the laptop.

MAGGIE

See?

RHEA

She's okay.

MAGGIE

She's hot. She weighs like twenty pounds.

RHEA

She wears her skirts at a very unflattering length.

MAGGIE

I need more than that, Rhea. If all we've got against her is skirt-length, I'm completely fucked.

RHEA

She's not that hot. She's definitely wearing a lot of makeup.

MAGGIE

I wear a lot of makeup.

RHEA

And what kind of fucking name is Hesper?

MAGGIE

That's what I said. She is hot, though. Fuck, I'm an asshole.

RHEA

First you say--you want to make some quick cash, you want to be a sex worker. / Then you say--

MAGGIE

I didn't say / that exactly--

RHEA

You did. Then you say, you want to have a boyfriend.

MAGGIE

I do.

RHEA

Those things don't go together, Mags.

MAGGIE

They could. Tim is . . . open-minded. He would understand.

RHEA

Even the most open-minded men close up real fast when you're talking about their assholes and their girlfriends.

MAGGIE

You hook up with lots of guys.

RHEA

I wouldn't say lots--

MAGGIE

Okay, some. How do they feel about what you do?

RHEA

They don't know.

MAGGIE

Then, what's the difference?

RHEA

Things are different when you're talking about monogamy.

MAGGIE

And you don't want that?

RHEA

Honestly? No. Look, I am human. I've tried monogamy a few times. Well, twice--but it's not like I'm completely immune to falling for someone. Would it be nice to have someone to talk to before I fall asleep? Sure.

Someone to make breakfast, and hate the same films, and all that. But--it's not enough. When I think about what I want from my life, I think I'd rather have a series of lovers. Or non-lovers--fucks. Sometimes, I just want to have sex. Sometimes, I want to have sex and never see that person again. Sometimes I just want someone to fuck me so hard that I can't remember his name, or her name, or my name even--I want to come so hard that I can't think of my own name. The only thing we need to have in common is an orgasm. And you can't have that with a boyfriend. You have to think about his needs and his feelings. And right now--I'm busy enough thinking about mine.

MAGGIE

You can have great sex with a boyfriend.

RHEA

Maybe for the first three months.

MAGGIE

Tim and I have great sex.

RHEA

Then what the fuck are we talking about?

MAGGIE

I'm just. . . I'm so fucking broke.

The doorbell buzzes. RHEA picks up a phone on the wall to see who it is.

RHEA

Yeah?

(she listens to the other end of the phone)

Do we know a Nick?

MAGGIE

Fuck.

RHEA

Should I say you're not here?

MAGGIE

No, let him in. How do I look?

RHEA

You're hot.

Honestly?

MAGGIE

Maybe throw a little mascara on.

RHEA

Okay, will you--

MAGGIE

I'll let him in. Go.

RHEA

MAGGIE scurries off. RHEA goes to the couch and folds the blanket MAGGIE was using. She straightens the pillows.

After a moment, a knock. RHEA opens the door. NICK is in the doorway.

Hi, I'm a friend of Maggie's. Is she here?

NICK

Mhm.

RHEA

Great. I'm Nick.

NICK

Okay.

RHEA

Should I just--

NICK

You can come in.

RHEA

You must be Rhea.

NICK

I must be.

RHEA

I'm an old friend of Maggie's. NICK

She hasn't mentioned you. RHEA

Is she-- NICK

She'll be right out. RHEA

You can sit. (*pause.*)

I'm okay. NICK

MAGGIE returns.

Hi. MAGGIE

Hi. NICK

Pause.

This is Rhea. MAGGIE

We met. RHEA

Nice place. NICK

It is. RHEA

It's a great place. MAGGIE

Pause.

I'm going to hop in the shower.

RHEA

You can stay.

MAGGIE

RHEA steps out.

NICK

I've been trying to call you all morning.

MAGGIE

My phone's off.

NICK

Thirty-seven.

MAGGIE

What?

NICK

You sent me thirty-seven text messages last night, Maggie.

MAGGIE

We weren't together?

NICK

Fourteen.

MAGGIE

Fourteen what?

NICK

Fourteen phonecalls and thirty-seven text messages, Maggie.

MAGGIE

So we didn't see eachother?

NICK

No, I was at home.

MAGGIE

Oh, thank god.

NICK

This is not okay, Maggie.

I'm sorry. Margaritas.

MAGGIE

You can't do this to me.

NICK

I wasn't thinking.

MAGGIE

NICK pulls out his cellphone and begins reading.

NICK

"Hey. You up?"

MAGGIE

Okay, I get it.

NICK

"Hey." "Hey, call me back. I need to talk to you." "I miss you." "You awake?"

MAGGIE

Okay, you've made your point.

NICK

"Come herr now." "I need you here nww." The spelling gets worse from there, but I think you get / the general gist.

MAGGIE

You can stop now.

NICK

No, *you*, Maggie--you have to stop. What are you doing to me?

MAGGIE

I'm sorry. I'm sincerely sorry. I was drunk, okay?

NICK

I had to lie to my girlfriend. I don't like lying to my girlfriend.

MAGGIE

Girlfriend?

NICK

You know I'm with Hesper, Maggie.

MAGGIE

I don't think I've ever heard you call anyone your girlfriend.

NICK

Why did you text me thirty-seven times, Maggie?

MAGGIE

Don't shout at me. I'm hungover.

NICK

That's not an excuse. You can't get drunk every weekend and then say, "it's not my fault, I was drunk."

MAGGIE

I said I was sorry.

NICK

I need you to say it won't happen again.

MAGGIE

It won't happen again.

NICK

You know--you know this is not okay, don't you?

MAGGIE

I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

NICK

Are you okay?

MAGGIE

I'm good.

NICK

Seriously, kid--you gotta take care of yourself.

MAGGIE

Don't call me that.

NICK

I always called you that.

MAGGIE

Think of something new to call me.

NICK

I'll work on it.

MAGGIE

Thanks. I'll work on the--not calling a thousand times thing.

NICK

Thanks. How's the Boy Wonder?

MAGGIE

He got a new job.

NICK

No more list-icles?

MAGGIE

He had to work last night.

NICK

Great.

MAGGIE

I'm really happy.

NICK

It seems like it.

MAGGIE

I am.

NICK

I'm glad. I am, too.

MAGGIE

Excellent.

NICK

I want us to be able to be friends, kid.

MAGGIE

Maggie.

NICK

I want us to be friends.

MAGGIE

We are friends. And I am sorry. Next time, I'll give up after the tenth call.

NICK

That's a start. I'll take it.

MAGGIE

Was Hesper upset?

NICK

Not upset--curious, I think. She says you're in all of my stories.

MAGGIE

That's funny.

NICK

I turned the phone off after a while.

MAGGIE

Did you mean that?

NICK

What?

MAGGIE

Does she make you happy?

NICK

Yeah.

MAGGIE

That's great.

NICK

I should go. I told Hesper I'd meet her at the Farmer's Market.

MAGGIE

You've gotta be shitting me.

NICK

I know. I'm those people we hate.

MAGGIE

The weird thing is--it suits you.

Does it? NICK

Just don't start getting brunch. MAGGIE

Deal. NICK

Do I hug you? *(He turns to leave.)*

They hug.

Enjoy the produce. MAGGIE

I'll try. NICK

4B. VOICEMAIL

MAGGIE

Hey, it's Mags! You know the drill.

ROSIE

Hey, Mags--haven't heard from you in a while. You should see the Christmas decorations here--everything is unbelievably kitschy and I haven't seen a single menorah. It's all neon and there's no snow anywhere. I'm going on a third date with this guy Adam later. Third date--you know what that means! Just joking, I've already slept with him. But I think we're going to see the new James Bond movie. Are we too old to make out in movie theatres? I bought your present earlier. This is plenty of advance warning so you know that you have to get me one, too. I have an Amazon wish list, so you can just pick something from there. Why are you quoting David Foster Wallace on Twitter? Call me. I know you have some excuse not to, but fuck that excuse--call me, Maggie. I miss you.

5. DECEMBER

E. 10th Street, East Village, Manhattan.

Maggie and Tim stumble into his apartment, kissing. They move to the couch. He takes his shirt off.

Here hold on, I'll just--

TIM

He fumbles for the light switch. Maggie continues kissing him, aggressively. She takes her shirt off.

TIM

You're so hot. I was thinking about you all day. '

(More kissing.)

I've been dreaming about this.

MAGGIE

Less talking, more kissing.

He reaches over and successfully turns the light on.

He kisses her chest and then stops abruptly.

MAGGIE

What?

He stares a long time and moves away.

MAGGIE

What's wrong?

TIM

Is there something you want to tell me, Maggie?

MAGGIE

What are you talking about?

TIM

What's that?

MAGGIE

What?

TIM

Don't play innocent. What is that?

MAGGIE

Okay, you're going to have to speak in full sentences--

TIM

Is that...is that a bite?

MAGGIE

Tim, I can explain.

TIM

Did...did something bite you, Maggie?

MAGGIE

It's really not a big deal--

TIM

Jesus Christ, they're everywhere.

MAGGIE

I know--I know it looks bad, but--

TIM

Oh fuck. Oh fuck--

MAGGIE

If you just let me explain, it's not as bad as it looks--

TIM

Maggie, do you...do you have fucking bedbugs?

MAGGIE

I know. They're the worst. I think we got rid of them, though.

TIM

You *think*?

MAGGIE

Yeah, I mean--Rhea put tape on the side of the bed like it says to do online, and we haven't seen any for at least two days now.

TIM

Two days?! Maggie--you slept here two days ago.

MAGGIE

I sleep here all the time.

TIM

I have to burn my sheets.

MAGGIE

I'm not a leper.

TIM

You have to go.

MAGGIE

Jesus, calm down--we followed all the protocol. Everything was washed--

TIM

You know they can travel on clothes, right?

TIM takes MAGGIE's handbag and throws it on the floor.

MAGGIE

What the fuck is wrong with you?

TIM

Bags--they live in fabric, Mags. These things are ruthless.

MAGGIE

I told you--we got them all.

TIM

I can't believe you didn't tell me about this.

MAGGIE

You've been working nonstop.

TIM

You have to tell me about shit like this. This affects me, / too, Maggie.

MAGGIE

We usually just come in and go straight to bed. I don't know why you're / freaking out.

TIM

I can't have fucking bedbugs, Maggie.

MAGGIE

I didn't want to have them either. But this is New York. These things happen.

TIM

All my clothes are tailored!

MAGGIE

Calm down.

TIM

You have to go.

MAGGIE

You're kicking me out?

TIM

I'm going to need a new couch. I just got new carpets like six months ago.

MAGGIE

You're acting like a crazy person.

TIM

No, you are--this, *this* is a big fucking deal.

MAGGIE

I told you, I'm taking care of it.

TIM

I can't believe I didn't even know my girlfriend has bedbugs.

MAGGIE

What?

TIM

BEDBUGS, MAGGIE. They feed on human blood.

MAGGIE

Did you say girlfriend?

TIM

We've gotta go. We'll stay in a hotel or something.

MAGGIE

Can we just--get back to the girlfriend thing--

TIM

I'm getting an Uber. There are tee-shirts in the closet. Go grab something.

Tim? MAGGIE

TIM
But not The Strokes shirt. That's my favorite.

MAGGIE
Tim! Am I your girlfriend?

TIM
I don't know. I thought--things are going well, at least, I think they are, and--

MAGGIE
They are. They so are.

TIM
-and...and do you want to be?

MAGGIE
Yeah. Yeah, I do. If that's what you want.

TIM
I want that.

Maggie kisses Tim.

TIM
Not that this isn't totally nice and everything--

MAGGIE
Right, bugs.

5B. VOICEMAIL

VOICEMAIL VOICE
You have reached the Sprint voice mailbox of 917-925-6828.

BEEP.

ROSIE

Hey, Mags. It's me. I haven't heard from you in a few weeks, but I just thought I'd call and...and okay, I know you're going to make fun of me for this, but could you just call and say, you're okay? I just had this weird dream. We were scuba diving, actually, and it was this gorgeous, clear day and then as soon as we were under the water everything went black, the water was black, and I couldn't see you. And I just heard this--this horrible scream, but underwater--and I couldn't get to it, because everything was dark, and I couldn't find you. Because I knew the scream was you. That probably sounds very silly, doesn't it? Anyway--just--I hope you're okay. I sent you my flight info, but I haven't heard from you, so--I hope I can see you. I hope you okay.

6. JANUARY

South 5th Street, Brooklyn.

ROSIE, TIM, RHEA, NICK, and HESPER are drinking.
Rosie is in the middle of a story.

ROSIE

So, we're on the fire-escape of this--what, I mean, I guess you can call it a frathouse--

NICK

They called it that. More like a big apartment, really--

ROSIE

Right, so we go to this frathouse in the middle of Hoboken, and all the guys are in muscle-tees and hair gel. It's like Jersey Shore,--

RHEA

Jesus, really?

ROSIE

--except they're all Jewish, 'cause, ya know, NYU. And we go out to the fire-escape so Mags can have a cigarette. And there's this guy out there, chain-smoking Marlboro Reds. And he was just so aggressively . . . normal.

NICK

Thanks.

ROSIE

You know what I mean, cute--but normal. And Maggie said, right away, she said--that's the only guy I'm talking to for the rest of the night.

HESPER

I didn't know you smoked cigarettes.

NICK

I quit.

ROSIE

You quit smoking?

NICK

Yeah. Mostly.

TIM

Has Maggie called at all? Do you know what's keeping her?

RHEA

I'll text her again. I'm sure they just kept her late.

NICK
Where are they shooting?

TIM
Prospect Park, I think.

NICK
Tonight?

RHEA
I wouldn't worry, Tim.

NICK
I can look up when they get out. Let me get my / laptop--

RHEA
I'm sure that's not necessary.

ROSIE
Wait, guys, I'm almost at the best part.

RHEA
Yeah, let's hear the story!

ROSIE
So, ya know, Nick's older --

NICK
Again, thanks.

ROSIE
Oh come on, he's *a bit* older, so he's been to a few of these parties before, and he tells us sometimes the fraternity association, the group that oversees them--

NICK
The IFC.

ROSIE
Right, the IFC will try to break up the parties sometimes, but it's no big deal, just tell them to fuck off. We must have been out on the fire escape for two hours, my toes were basically numb because we had these idiotic heels on, and the party's getting--out of control, rowdy. So we hear this voice lean out the window, and he says, girsl if you're underage, put those drinks down now. And Maggie swings around and goes--

NICK

Oh God, I remember this.

ROSIE

And she says, “who the fuck are you, IFC?” But it’s a fucking cop.

NICK

I’ve never run so fast in my life.

HESPER

And that’s how y’all met?

NICK

Feels like ages ago now.

HESPER

That’s beautiful.

RHEA

I think I met Mags smoking, too.

TIM

Did she answer?

RHEA

We were PAs on some indie and we used to sneak squares behind the Kraft Services trailer.

ROSIE

I’m sure she’ll come traipsing in with some excuse. Probably the train--that’s one of her favorites.

HESPER

I have to be up at 4:30, babe.

NICK

You can head to bed. We’ll keep it down.

TIM

Sorry, are we keeping you up?

NICK

No, no--I just wish Maggie was here.

HESPER

I was so excited to meet her.

TIM

I'm so sorry. She's not usually like this.

ROSIE

She's always like this.

NICK

It's great to have you back in town, Rosie. You look good.

ROSIE

Thanks.

RHEA

You really do, Ro.

HESPER

We should do a toast--Nick, do a toast, love.

RHEA

Yeah, Nick, Give us a toast, love.

TIM

I really don't know what could be keeping her.

RHEA

She's been working a lot lately.

ROSIE

That's a change of pace.

RHEA

Look, you gotta give her a break.

ROSIE

Excuse me?

RHEA

You've been on her ass this whole night.

ROSIE

How could I be on her ass? She hasn't bothered to show up.

NICK

To Rosie in New York!

They cheers. "To Rosie," etc.

ROSIE

Thanks, guys. This was fun. I hate to be the one to call it, but--

HESPER

No, we've got an early morning, too.

TIM

I'm so sorry if we kept you up.

NICK

Don't worry about it. I'm sorry Maggie wasn't here to / celebrate--

TIM

Yeah, me too.

NICK

You'll have to tell her hi for me.

HESPER

Yes, hi from both of us.

RHEA

I'm sure she'll be here, if we just wait / a little--

ROSIE

I think we've waited enough.

TIM

When do you fly out again, Rosie?

ROSIE

Sunday afternoon.

TIM

Great. I know Maggie has been dying to see you, / so I'm--

ROSIE

That's what tonight was for.

HESPER

We'll have to do dinner tomorrow. I make this quinoa that is just--

NICK

Hess is a great cook.

ROSIE

I'll bet. I'm headed into the city. Tim do you want to split / a cab?

TIM

Yeah, are you downtown?

MAGGIE enters.

MAGGIE

I'm so sorry--

TIM

Hey, I was worried about you--

MAGGIE

I know, I know we were on set for ages and then the train--

ROSIE

What did I tell you?

RHEA

Sit down, Mags.

TIM

I'm glad you're here.

Maggie kisses Tim passionately.

ROSIE

Well then.

MAGGIE

Where are everyone's drinks?

ROSIE

We were just leaving.

MAGGIE

Oh my gosh--Ro! My Rosie is here!

ROSIE

Hey, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Look at you, you're so fucking skinny. I hate you. Come here!

ROSIE

I missed you, too.

MAGGIE

And this must be Hesper.

NICK

Hesper, Maggie. Maggie, Hesper.

HESPER

I've been looking forward to meeting you. Your spirit is so with Nick. I feel like I've known you for years.

RHEA

I think we're all headed home, Mags.

MAGGIE

Oh, no! We can have one more, right? I'm so sorry I was late.

NICK

Don't stress, kid. I think you had Tim a bit nervous, though.

MAGGIE

Isn't he amazing?

ROSIE

Are you high?

RHEA

Rosie...

ROSIE

No, I can tell--she's high.

MAGGIE

I'm just on a buzz from working all day.

TIM

You sure, babe?

MAGGIE

I could get some shit though, if you guys are down. I have cash, finally.

HESPER

I work in a hospital, so we can get tested at any time. Me and Nick don't even smoke weed anymore.

Short chain, huh? MAGGIE

I don't even miss it. NICK

Are you a doctor, Hesper? RHEA

A nurse. HESPER

Hesper heals sick children, because she's fucking perfect. MAGGIE

Maggie--Nick told me you were funny. Let me guess--you're a Cancer? HESPER

I don't really buy into astrology. MAGGIE

I get it. That's a very Cancer point of view. HESPER

Maggie's a skeptic. NICK

Like me. TIM

I was like that for a long time, before I found yoga. HESPER

We should get to bed. NICK

Are you kicking us out, Nick? MAGGIE

We're all gonna do dinner tomorrow, Mags. TIM

A little blow would wake you right up-- MAGGIE

ROSIE
You haven't changed.

MAGGIE
I'm just saying.

ROSIE
You know I'm only here for three days, right, Maggie?

MAGGIE
I know. Frowny face.

ROSIE
You can be such an asshole.

TIM
Let's call it a night, huh?

MAGGIE
Come on, I just got here. Let's take a shot.

RHEA
We should let Hesper sleep.

MAGGIE
Nick will take shots with me.

TIM
Thank you so much for having us over.

NICK
It was great to see you, Rosie.

ROSIE
You, too.

NICK
Don't be a stranger, okay?

MAGGIE
Jesus, when did you all get so fucking old?

TIM
Maggie, come on--

MAGGIE

I said I wanted a fucking shot.

TIM

You're embarrassing yourself.

Maggie takes a shot.

MAGGIE

No, I'm not. I'm just not a fucking drag.

TIM

Fine. Well, you're embarrassing me.

Maggie takes another shot.

MAGGIE

Fuck--for being so hot, you know, you're such a fucking pussy.

RHEA

Okay, Mags, let's just--.

MAGGIE

Fuck off, Rhea.

TIM

I'll take her home.

MAGGIE

I'm in the room. Don't talk about me like I'm, like I'm, like I'm--

ROSIE

She can't even talk straight.

MAGGIE

I--fuck you, Rosie, ya know, you don't look that skinny. I was only saying that to be nice, but I don't have to be nice to you, because you fucking left--you left me with these assholes, and--don't talk about me like I'm not in the fucking room.

TIM

I'm so sorry about this. Let's go, Mags.

TIM tries to lead Maggie to the door. She pushes him away.

Don't touch me. MAGGIE
 Fine. Find your own way home. TIM
 She can stay with me tonight. RHEA
 I'll walk you out. HESPER
 Thanks, kid-- NICK
 Kid? MAGGIE
 I was talking to Hesper. NICK
HESPER, ROSIE, and TIM exit.
 Jesus, Nick. MAGGIE
 Come on, girl. We got a long subway ride. RHEA
 Take a cab. Here-- NICK
Nick gets money out of his wallet. Maggie swats it away.
Rhea backs off.
 Okay, honey, let's just-- RHEA
MAGGIE
 No, fuck you. *(to Nick)* I don't want your cash. I don't need your money. I have my own money. I don't need you or your stupid apartment and your--
(Maggie takes a wineglass and throws it on the floor. Rhea immediately goes to clean it up.)
 And your stupid fucking Pinot Noir. Who the fuck do you think you are?

(Maggie swerves and almost falls to the ground. Nick steadies her. She starts hitting herself in the head, violently, until he restrains her arms.)

Fuck fuck fuck--Rosie Rosie Rosie Ro come back come back I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry.

RHEA

Look at me, honey. What'd you take?

MAGGIE

Don't touch me don't touch me dont

NICK

You're okay, kid. You're okay.

MAGGIE

No, I'm not I'm so I'm so I'm so oh Ro fuck what did I do? She left you left and everybody left

NICK

I'm right here.

(Maggie tries to tear away again until Nick holds her tightly.)

Don't do that, kid. Don't hurt yourself.

MAGGIE

I think about it.

NICK

You're okay.

MAGGIE

I think about it all the time. I dream about it.

NICK

Oh, Mags, don't say that.

MAGGIE

I don't dream about doing it, I just see my feet after I've done it--hanging a few feet above the floor, just sort of--hanging there, swaying back and forth and I think and I and I just and I just think

(Maggie starts laughing uncontrollably.)

Fuck. I hate those shoes.

Maggie puts her head in Nick's lap. She starts to pass out.

Hesper enters and looks at them.

RHEA

I'm not sure I can take her on the subway like this.

HESPER

She can crash here tonight.

NICK

I'm sorry, Hesper.

HESPER

I'll go get some blankets.

RHEA

Can I help?

HESPER

No, stay. I'll just--

NICK

Hess--

HESPER

I'll be right back.

7. FEBRUARY

E. 10th Street, East Village, Manhattan.

TIM sits reading a newspaper. MAGGIE is putting her things into a bag. She comes across two copies of Brief Interviews with Hideous Men.

MAGGIE

I'm not sure which one's mine.

Mine's the paperback.

TIM

Are you sure?

MAGGIE

Yes, I prefer them on the train.

TIM

Great. I think that's everything, then.

MAGGIE

Did you look under the sink?

TIM

No, I'll go / now.

MAGGIE

I think you left some stuff under the sink.

TIM

Really?

MAGGIE

What?

TIM

That's your concern right now? Tampons?

MAGGIE

Well, I don't need them.

TIM

You're worried I'll leave behind a box of tampons?

MAGGIE

I'm not trying to argue with you. I just want . . . I mean, I don't want . . .

TIM

Yes?

MAGGIE

I don't want there to be any reason for you to come back here.

TIM

MAGGIE

...

TIM

That came out harsher than I thought.

MAGGIE

No, that's fine.

TIM

I'm sorry, I--no fuck that, you're incredible. How am I apologizing to you? How do you do that?

MAGGIE

I didn't do anything--

TIM

We both know that's not true.

MAGGIE

You had no right to look at my emails.

TIM

I told you, it was open / on my computer--

MAGGIE

Sure. How many messages did you "accidentally" read, / then?

TIM

My computer, Maggie.

MAGGIE

I'm not having this conversation again.

TIM

Again?

MAGGIE

Yes.

TIM

We can't have it again because we didn't have it the first time.

MAGGIE

You have no respect for my privacy--

TIM

Respect?

MAGGIE

Is that your rhetorical technique here? Repeating words I say back to me?

TIM

Can you at least be honest with me?

MAGGIE

I thought you wanted me to leave.

TIM

I do. And I don't. I feel sick.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry.

TIM

I feel sick looking at you.

MAGGIE

You told me if I came back here you wouldn't do this again--

TIM

I know, but Maggie, you gotta--

MAGGIE

I don't need you yelling at me again. You said it would be safe to come get my / things.

TIM

You're safe. Of course you're safe. Don't act like you're the victim here.

MAGGIE

You have your keys, okay?

TIM

I just want you to tell me. Explain it to me so I can understand. I did yell before--I know I yelled and I lost my temper and I don't like that, I don't like being that guy, I didn't want to be that guy with you--

MAGGIE

Then don't. Don't be that guy.

TIM

You're right--I lost it. But Maggie, you have to know this is killing me. Because I see you and I see this person I know and I -- genuinely, loved, at least I think I did -- and then I see this other person who I don't know at all, and who frankly makes me feel --

Maggie kisses Tim.

TIM

No, don't--Jesus, no.

MAGGIE

You know me.

TIM

Sick. I feel sick about it.

MAGGIE

You know me.

TIM

I don't even know where you're from.

MAGGIE

I told you, I--

TIM

No, the truth! Tell me the fucking truth. Just say it out loud.

MAGGIE

Do you want me to tell you that I slept on the R train last night, Tim? Does that make you feel more like a big man?

TIM

Maggie.

MAGGIE

I have to go.

TIM

Can I just . . .

MAGGIE

What?

TIM

Can I have my key back?

Maggie takes the key off the ring and hands it to Tim.

8. FEBRUARY - PHONE

MAGGIE

Hey, Rosie--it's me. Sorry we keep missing each other--

ROSIE

Maggie?

MAGGIE
You're there.

ROSIE
I'm here! Oh it's good to hear your voice.

MAGGIE
Rosie, I'm so sorry.

ROSIE
Let's not--.

MAGGIE
No, I was such--I'm sorry.

ROSIE
Let's just--happy Valentine's Day!

MAGGIE
I got dumped.

ROSIE
Oh, no. Oh, Maggie. He dumped you on Valentine's Day?

MAGGIE
No, a few weeks ago.

ROSIE
I didn't know.

MAGGIE
I haven't really told anyone. Are you still seeing that guy?

ROSIE
Adam, yeah, I am.

MAGGIE
Wow.

ROSIE
I really like him.

MAGGIE
That's--that's so great.

ROSIE

Thanks. You know, I think you'd like it here. The weather is / amazing.

MAGGIE

Sounds great.

ROSIE

But I have good news! I'm coming back to New York.

MAGGIE

You're coming / home?

ROSIE

Adam and I were talking about maybe coming out for Memorial Day weekend.

MAGGIE

A weekend?

ROSIE

Well, he's got Monday off, so three days, really. Don't worry--we'll get a hotel.

MAGGIE

I'm sure I'll have a place by then. You can stay with me.

ROSIE

We'll all have to get together and do brunch or something.

MAGGIE

I usually work brunch.

ROSIE

What? Sorry my phone is--

MAGGIE

I'm back at Utah's. I work lunch.

ROSIE

That's great! You'll have to say hi to Maggie, I think the line is breaking up.

MAGGIE

Okay, well, I love you. Rosie? Happy Valentine's Day.

9. MARCH

Park Slope, Brooklyn. After midnight.

The doorbell buzzes. HESPER answers. Maggie stands in the door.

MAGGIE

I didn't know where else to go.

HESPER

Come in.

MAGGIE

I shouldn't have come here, but--

HESPER

No, come in, come in. Can I get you some water, or--

MAGGIE

Sorry--were you sleeping?

HESPER

No, come in.

MAGGIE

Is Nick here?

HESPER

He didn't come home.

MAGGIE

Oh.

HESPER

I actually assumed he was with you.

MAGGIE

No. No, I haven't seen him. He's probably out with / a friend.

HESPER

You don't have to lie for him. God, you're bleeding.

MAGGIE

It's not so bad.

HESPER

No, here, I have some--Just sit here.

(HESPER goes to get some bandage.)

What happened to you?

MAGGIE

I hit it on the side of a mirror.

Maggie, I--
HESPER

It's just a scrape.
MAGGIE

What happened, Maggie?
HESPER

Some guy.
MAGGIE

Some guy?
HESPER

He's just some guy I met on Craigslist.
MAGGIE

This might sting for a second. . . . I don't think you need a stitch. Do you need me to call someone, or--
HESPER

I called Rhea.
MAGGIE

Should I call the / police?
HESPER

She was supposed to come in if anything went wrong. Rhea knew where I was.
MAGGIE

You can stay here tonight.
HESPER

He didn't even pay me.
MAGGIE

. . .
HESPER

He told me he would pay me two hundred dollars and he didn't even give me any cash.
MAGGIE

HESPER

Oh, Maggie.

(Hesper puts a bandage over Maggie's
scrape.)

I don't think it'll scar.

MAGGIE

I should go.

HESPER

You know--if you combed your hair this way--sorry, can I?

MAGGIE

Sure.

HESPER

If you just push your hair over this way--then you won't even see it.

MAGGIE

Yeah?

HESPER

It's great. It looks great.

MAGGIE

Thank you. You're nice.

HESPER

I'm not dumb, you know.

MAGGIE

Sorry?

HESPER

I know you and Nick had...something.

MAGGIE

That's been over for a long time.

HESPER

You don't have to explain yourself. I just wanted you to know that I'm not dumb.

MAGGIE

I didn't think that.

HESPER

Good.

MAGGIE

I don't even remember why I came here?

HESPER

You can't sleep on the street.

MAGGIE

No, I mean, New York--I don't remember why I moved here in the first place.

HESPER

I think I fell in love with it from the movies.

MAGGIE

Yeah, I think I saw it like a movie once, too. I think I saw it, and I thought, that would be nice.