

KEVIN

A motel room in darkness.

After a moment the door flies open and Cheryl and Kevin enter, passionately kissing. Kevin kicks the door closed behind him.

They go at it for another few moments, Kevin steering things toward the bed. A siren sounds outside the window. Cheryl pulls away.

KEVIN

It's an ambulance, Lassie, Timmy's stuck in a well.

(laughs)

St. Mary's is behind us. Really romantic spot.

Kevin closes in on Cheryl again, kisses her. She pulls away, nervous.

CHERYL

Mercy General is behind us.

KEVIN

Huh?

Kevin steps toward the window to take a look.

CHERYL

To the south of us, actually, if we want to be exact. St. Mary's is on Riverdale, down the street from the cathedral, which makes sense if you / think about it.

KEVIN

Could've sworn that was / St. Mary's.

CHERYL

And I'd really prefer if the curtains weren't...

She gestures toward the windows.

As Kevin struggles to close the curtains Cheryl breathes deeply to calm herself.

KEVIN

Hope there's not some jealous husband I should be worried about.

CHERYL

I told you.

KEVIN

Yeah, I know. Completely unattached. Just seems a little hard to believe.

The curtains closed, Kevin turns back to Cheryl.

Unattached. And looking like you.

CHERYL

Pretty good line. I think it's what the kids are calling a "panty dropper."

KEVIN

You could just let me compliment you.

CHERYL

That's not the only thing you're trying to do to me.

KEVIN

Scout's honor, panties staying *firmly* where they are. I'll even...

He takes a step back from her, hands up in the air.

You're incredibly sexy. There. Was that so bad?

CHERYL

Guess not.

KEVIN

You're not *triggered*?

CHERYL

I don't think you know what that means.

KEVIN

But, be that as it may...

CHERYL

I don't know if I can do this.

KEVIN

We don't have to do / anything you don't want.

CHERYL

(ignoring this)

You know what it reminds me of? This big slide at the swimming pool when I was little, I would sit up there for what seemed like *forever*. Just getting up the nerve, no matter how convinced I was before.

KEVIN

There's some kind of joke in there. Something sexy, the wordplay and all...

(grins)

"Splashdown!"

CHERYL

Why did you come here with me? You can't be that desperate.

KEVIN

I prefer the word "smitten."

CHERYL

"Horny."

KEVIN

Well, it's better than "desperate."

CHERYL

You don't know me, honestly, you don't know the first thing / about me.

KEVIN

Then okay, tell me something.

CHERYL

What?

KEVIN

Anything you want.

CHERYL

(thinks)

I have a daughter.

KEVIN

Alright.

CHERYL

Do you have any kids?

KEVIN

We're really doing this? Um no, no kids.

CHERYL

Wife?

KEVIN

You want honesty? I have a fiancé.

CHERYL

Fiancé. My goodness, that's even worse. It's more...more...

KEVIN

French?

CHERYL

More *romantic*. Everything is possible with a fiancé, it's all planning and jewelry and dress shopping.

KEVIN

And there goes my boner.

CHERYL

Yes, my goodness, it must be just *awful*, having a woman *that excited* to vow her eternal love for you.

KEVIN

I'm sensing some sarcasm.

CHERYL

And I am *not* the sarcastic type, if you believe that.

KEVIN

Oh, I do. You've been engaged before, / haven't you?

CHERYL

We're not talking about me.

KEVIN

No no no, we said *honesty*.

CHERYL

You said / honesty.

KEVIN

Who was this guy? Was it the father? Of your little girl.

CHERYL

Well, she's not so little anymore.

KEVIN

There's no way / she could be...

CHERYL

And before you give me some cheesy line about how *young* I look...

KEVIN

You caught me. So, what happened to him?

CHERYL

I told him there were things I could accept...and things I couldn't.

KEVIN

Were you that specific?

CHERYL

He used to get pushy. And yes, that *is* a euphemism.

KEVIN

I'm sorry.

CHERYL

It was one thing when it was just me. But after *she* was born, well, it's a different story when you have someone else. She'd cry when he raised his voice and, believe me, that girl never cried. Compared to most babies, I mean. I thought she might be deaf, I made the doctor do that test with the electrodes on her forehead, you probably don't know the one. It scared me to death, goodness gracious. How did we get on this subject again?

KEVIN

Your fiancé, *ex*-fiancé. You must've loved him, at least.

CHERYL

And what would you know about that?

KEVIN

Okay. Ouch.

CHERYL

Anyway, your turn. How long have you been with *yours*?

Ha. Pass. KEVIN

What is she like? CHERYL

Is this your idea of foreplay? KEVIN

Maybe I like to know something about a man before... CHERYL

Fucking. KEVIN

Don't be gross. CHERYL

Well, I could say "making love," but you'd call me "cheesy." KEVIN

Another siren outside. Kevin ignores it but Cheryl's attention is distracted.

I hate my job. How's that? Not all that original but completely honest, believe me. "Regional director of promotional ad sales," that's my title. And I had to fight for the "director" part. I think my boss and I had three meetings about it. I was ready to put a gun in my mouth.

Is that last part true? CHERYL

No, that's what the kids call "hyperbole." Worried you're about to fuck a crazy person? KEVIN

I told you. CHERYL

"Make love," that's right. KEVIN

Kevin stands close to Cheryl, starts unbuttoning his shirt. Cheryl watches for a moment.

CHERYL

You know. This really would've worked on me once.

KEVIN

But now you're not so susceptible to a pretty face with a sob story.

CHERYL

Well, the story's not that sad.

KEVIN

Oh no? You haven't heard the whole thing. I was going to write the great American novel once. I was one hundred percent convinced I had it in me. But I got offered this comfy job straight out of college.

CHERYL

Tell me when we get to the sad part.

KEVIN

More sarcasm, good.

CHERYL

You must bring it out of me.

KEVIN

The sad part of the story is how I never really stopped looking for a way out. I guess I'm still waiting for the day when I'll stop believing my life is supposed to be something special. I figure things'll be peaceful then.

A lull. Kevin starts to pull off his shirt as Cheryl talks nervously over the following.

CHERYL

When my daughter was younger she wanted to be a singer. When she grew up.

KEVIN

Uh huh...

CHERYL

And I would just think, *goodness*, someone is going to have to tell this girl she can't carry a tune. And then I realized it was *me*. I was the one who would have to tell her that. I would have to tell her a *lot* of hard things but I always felt so *flustered* around her. And *she*...well, she could look right through me. Just *right* through...I thought it would all feel so much more *comfortable*. I thought I'd settle into it. Are you listening to me?

Kevin is very close now, stripped to the waist.
Cheryl is turned on but tries not to show it.

KEVIN

Uh huh.

CHERYL

I wanted to be a doctor, something like that, which is ironic now that you think about...

KEVIN

Ironic?

CHERYL

Oh, I just...I might not have liked it.

KEVIN

Huh.

CHERYL

And the hours they have to keep.

KEVIN

I bet you'd be good.

A beat. Kevin surveys Cheryl curiously. He pulls his belt off.

CHERYL

Hold on.

KEVIN

I think we're done with the meet-and-greet. I'm not going to beg. And, don't worry, I'm not going to *try* anything. I'll leave right now if you tell me to.

CHERYL

So, you're a nice guy.

KEVIN

Shit, is the bar really that low? I don't think I'm exactly distinguishing myself as a "nice guy" but I know the rules. How's that for honesty? I'm an asshole. I've got a great girl at home, but I screw around like this because I...I don't know, I tell myself it makes me feel alive. Some bullshit like...a world outside this "prison" I'm living in.

(Looks around)

Even if that world is a dingy room with fucking watercolors from Ikea hanging on the walls.

CHERYL

Does that make me some kind of existential crisis?

KEVIN

Or I'm just horny. Desperate.

CHERYL

You really know how to make a girl feel special.

KEVIN

I *tried* "special," I said let's get a room at the Plaza.

CHERYL

What difference / would that make?

KEVIN

(going on)

I said it was fate, running into you how I did. Almost like you were waiting outside my building.

Kevin goes in for a kiss but Cheryl puts a hand on his chest to stop him. They are very close now.

CHERYL

There's something I need.

KEVIN

We can do anything you want.

CHERYL

It's not like that.

KEVIN

Listen, it's been a while for me too.

CHERYL

That's not / the problem.

KEVIN

Well, a while since I *enjoyed* it.

CHERYL

You know, if you hate this girl so much you could do both of you / a favor and just...

KEVIN

She's pregnant.

(beat)

God, whose idea was honesty, again?

CHERYL

Pregnant.

KEVIN

Six months.

Cheryl laughs. She moves away from Kevin and laughs harder, bitterly.

What's funny?

CHERYL

Oh, I guess it's comforting. To realize I'm not just cynical.

KEVIN

This doesn't change anything, think about it. You knew I had someone else. You're a smart lady, you probably figured it out / before you got here.

CHERYL

You're going to be a *father*.

KEVIN

But it doesn't / change anything...

CHERYL

Do you have any idea what that means?

KEVIN

Can I *finish*? God. I have *every* idea. There are socks the size of my *thumbs* at home.

(off her look)

I'll lie to you if you want. I'll pretend you and I are just ships passing in the night, or whatever brand of bullshit you want. But there's a reason we're both here. And whatever that is, whatever it is for you, I won't ask. I'll give you whatever you want. Just...don't go.

Another siren outside. Cheryl listens for a moment, then turns back to Kevin.

CHERYL
You'll give me what I want?

KEVIN
Oh, I am dying to.

CHERYL
No one's missing you at home.

KEVIN
I think she likes it better when I'm gone. Imagine that.

CHERYL
Will she be a good mother?

KEVIN
(sighs)
She will. She's all those things, all the right things. Now go ahead and tell me I'm a lucky guy and I should be thankful for what I've got and I'll go jerk off in my car.

CHERYL
Why don't you leave her?

KEVIN
With a kid on the way? Come on. I couldn't live with myself.

CHERYL
You'd be surprised.

KEVIN
What?

CHERYL
The things you can do. And still live with yourself.

Cheryl take another deep breath, making up her mind.

Okay.

KEVIN
What.

CHERYL
Fine.

KEVIN

Yeah?

CHERYL

You have no idea how easy you just made this. Take off your pants.

KEVIN

Listen, I thought expecting a baby would change things, I honest-to-god thought it would change me / somehow.

CHERYL

Pants. Now.

KEVIN

Yes, ma'am.

Kevin pulls off his pants.

Meanwhile, Cheryl goes to her purse, looking for something.

I've got condoms, if that's what you're looking for.

Cheryl is suddenly nervous. Kevin comes closer.

Hey. It can still be special. All that shit I said, it doesn't change the fact that we can still / share this moment.

CHERYL

Don't talk. I think it's better if you don't talk.

Kevin nods, enjoying himself. He moves in for a kiss.

Could you just...give me a minute?

KEVIN

A minute, sure. I have to pee anyway.

CHERYL

You're really a class act.

KEVIN

What can I say, they don't make just *anyone* the "regional director of promotional ad sales."

He smiles. She doesn't.

Just stay right there, okay? Hey.

Kevin kisses Cheryl long and hard, one more time.

CHERYL

You have good hands. Strong.

KEVIN

(smiles)

I'll be right back.

Kevin hurries to the bathroom, singing to himself.

Cheryl, finally alone, takes a deep breath. She goes to her purse, digs through for a moment, and pulls something out...

A gun.

Kevin continues singing from behind the bathroom door. The toilet flushes.

Cheryl takes one more breath, nods, waits.