

KAY
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INT. GOLDIE'S - LATER

Sully is comforting Kay, the waitress from earlier, who dabs her eyes between sobs.

Start →

SULLY
Of course Clay loved you.

KAY
Two months. Hardly a romance for the ages.

SULLY
Who wouldn't be crazy about you?
You're pretty, kind, you never mess up my drink order...

Kay sniffs and laughs despite herself.

KAY
Vodka and tonic. That GED's paying for itself.

A long silence between them. After awhile, Kay taps on Sully's wedding band with her forefinger.

KAY (CONT'D)
What's that like?

SULLY
It doesn't burn if that's what you're asking.

KAY
I'm serious.

Sully goes to say something. Stops. Tries again.

SULLY

A lot like here. There are nights you kill... nights you bomb. But for some fucked-up reason... you keep coming back.

Kay smiles and squeezes Sully's hand. They look into each other's eyes. Then Kay, sadly resigned:

KAY

We're going to fuck, aren't we?

Sully is thrown by Kay's frankness.

SULLY

Are we?

KAY

You're gazing into my eyes. That's how it starts. Question is... will you still be gazing into them after we screw?

SULLY

After good sex, couples gaze into each other's eyes. After great sex... they avert them. Here's to not looking at you, kid.

Sully smiles as does Kay, albeit weakly.

KAY

Don't.

SULLY

Don't what?

KAY

Don't be funny. Don't... charm me. I'm just a different pussy than the one you brush your teeth next to before bed, I know that. So, just for today let's... be who we are. You can pretend again when you go home to her.

There's a beat as Sully takes her hand and holds it. He nods, touched by her words. Then:

SULLY

So, where do you want to do it?

← stop