

The Living Room. Same.

BECKY looks at the door -- looks at her watch -- looks quickly to the audience, saying ---

BECKY

I need to change. I mean: *everything*. I mean: *completely*.

BECKY rushes off, calling ---

BECKY (cont'd)

CHRIS -- CAN YOU GET THAT?

--- just as CHRIS -- hair wet, wearing only sweatpants and a towel around his neck -- answers the door:

It is KENNI. In sportswear, looking great. She holds a pair of crutches.

KENNI

(a rush of words)

It's a lie, okay?! There is nothing wrong with my ankle. I don't have any ligament damage. I just really hate running, okay?!

(throws crutches to floor)

I hate running, I hate exercise, I hate to sweat, but I really really really like you.

And she plants a good long kiss on CHRIS' lips.

CHRIS

(stunned, happy)

Thanks.

KENNI

And I have a boyfriend. His name is Ramsey McCord. He's in Nantucket for the summer. Or maybe Barbados. It depends on the winds. I can't stand him. I don't ever want to see him again.

CHRIS

One of the McCord's?

KENNI

Yes.



CHRIS

The billionaire hedge-fund McCords?

KENNI

Yes. We grew up together. Got thrown together by our families. Spoiled rich kids -- collect the whole set. But the thing is ---

CHRIS

I can't believe you know the McCords.

KENNI

--- right, who cares, it's no big deal ---

CHRIS

I read that one Christmas they gave each kid their own island.

KENNI

--- WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST LET ME SAY THIS?

(a breath)

Ramsey is gone. And you're here -- you are kind and funny and sweet and odd -- but the main thing is: you're real. You're real and you are right here ---

CHRIS

That's called *Proximate Urgency*.

KENNI

--- yes -- sure -- whatever ---

CHRIS

And that means ---

KENNI

--- that means you should put your clothes on so I can take you home and rip 'em off you ---

CHRIS

Um, okay ---

KENNI

--- we can take my car -- it's parked on the lawn, I never even turned it off ---

CHRIS is hurriedly throwing on a sweat shirt and some flip-flops ---

BECKY'S VOICE

(from OFF)

CHRIS? ---