



GINGER

Everyone has candles, Steve.

(beat)

You sell cars?

STEVE

I'm afraid I do. Or used to. Before it all, you know ... crumbled into dust. And your line of work is what?

GINGER

Pardon?

STEVE

Oh god, I'm sorry -- it's just small talk, I know -- but I'm not really good at it -- I'm not good at making my talk *small enough* when I talk to people who are ... *female ... people.* I'm way out of practice.

GINGER

Steve.

STEVE

Yes?

GINGER

I would very much like you to ask what I do for a living.

STEVE

Okay, well ---

GINGER

I bartend.

STEVE

Really?

GINGER

Yes. Five nights and Saturday lunch.

STEVE

I see.

GINGER

I'm pretty good at it.

Beat. He stares at her.

STEVE

I was just headed to the kitchen. I brought some Pomegranate Spritzer.