

JAMES: Water?

SARAH (*To Richard*): Hey.

MANDY: Water's great, thanks.

SARAH: Hey! Notice anything different?

RICHARD (*Uncertain*): Um . . .

(*She mimes holding a cigarette.*)

SARAH: I'm not smoking!

RICHARD: Oh!

SARAH: When was the last time you saw me without a cigarette? I haven't had one in six weeks!

RICHARD: Good for you!

SARAH: I *was* unconscious for *two* of those weeks . . .

RICHARD: But still!

(*James's passport on the table piques Mandy's curiosity.*)

MANDY (*To James*): You mind if I uh . . . ?

JAMES: Go right ahead.

MANDY: I love looking at people's passports; all the cool stamps and stuff? (*Regarding his photo*) Wow. I like you in a beard.

JAMES (*Flattered*): Yeah? I've been thinking of growing it back.

SARAH: You have? (*He nods*) Since when? Two seconds ago?

JAMES: No, I uh . . .

MANDY (*Regarding the passport*): God, look at this, you guys have been *everywhere*. Sudan . . . Sierra Leone . . . Congo!

RICHARD: She asked me; I couldn't remember half the places you've been!

MANDY (*Showing James*): What's this say?

JAMES: Kurdistan.

MANDY: Wow. When did you start doing this?

JAMES: Summer after college.

MANDY: Where'd you go to school?

JAMES: Stanford.

MANDY: Oh, wow.

JAMES: I was an economics major, with a minor in illegal substances. Looking at what: a year at Bear Stearns, then on to business school? (*He shudders*) Two weeks after graduation, I was on my way to Somalia.

MANDY: You joined the army?

JAMES: No, no, as a reporter. There I was: this stupid, cocky kid with no idea what the fuck I was doing, filing stories from Mogadishu that started getting picked up, and before I knew it, I was hooked. Cut to: one night, like eight years ago, on my way home from the West Bank, in the lobby of the American Colony Hotel in East Jerusalem, there was this beautiful woman arguing with the desk clerk.

RICHARD (*Feigned ignorance*): Gee, I wonder who that could be?

JAMES: Needless to say, I did not go home.

(*James kisses Sarah.*)

MANDY: Aw . . . That is so cool.

(*James sits with mugs of coffee for Richard and himself.*)

JAMES: It's high-test; we're out of decaf.

RICHARD: That's fine.

(*A beat.*)

SARAH (*To James, regarding the coffee*): Don't I get any?

JAMES: It's caffeinated.

SARAH: So?

JAMES: I'm afraid it'll keep you up.

SARAH: So?

JAMES: I thought you were worried about sleeping through the night.