

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.

SARAH: No, you were worried about my sleeping through the night. I'm going to end up taking a Xanax anyway.
 JAMES: How 'bout I make you a cup of green tea or something?
 SARAH: I don't *want* a cup of green tea! All I want is a fucking cup of coffee!

(*A beat. James gives her his.*)

Thank you! Jesus . . .

(*Awkward silence.*)

RICHARD: You know, we really don't have to uh . . . ?

MANDY (*Picking up his cue to go*): Oh. Totally.

SARAH: Mandy? What kind of work do you do?

MANDY: Me? Oh, it's really boring.

RICHARD: Public relations.

MANDY: What?! I do not!

RICHARD: No? Doesn't it fall under the heading of public relations?

MANDY: No it does not! (*To Sarah, regarding men*) Don't you love how they listen? I am not in PR. (*To Richard*) How could you even *think* that?

RICHARD (*Sheepish*): I'm sorry, I thought . . .

MANDY (*To Sarah*): I'm an event planner.

SARAH: A what?

MANDY: An event planner. Event planning is a field unto itself.

You know: like arts events, book launches and stuff?

SARAH: Uh-huh.

MANDY: That's how I met Richard.

RICHARD: The Darfur book. Party was at MoMA.

MANDY: In the sculpture garden.

RICHARD: Gorgeous night.

MANDY: Very dramatic. Everything all lit up?

JAMES: Uh-huh.

MANDY: Sometimes we work pro bono for charities? (*Parenthetically*) That means we do it for nothing. Like, we did this masked ball for AIDS in Africa at the zoo?

SARAH: So you . . . ?

MANDY: I get to choose the location . . .

SARAH: Uh-huh . . .

MANDY: *You* know, like where? Come up with the theme . . .

RICHARD: She conceptualizes the whole thing!

MANDY: Work with the caterer, florists . . . help plan the menu . . .

RICHARD: I never thought twice about what goes *into* these things!

MANDY: Like, sometimes . . .

RICHARD: It's incredibly complicated!

MANDY (*Over Richard*): Sometimes you want it to be some place you never in a million years would think of?

JAMES: Uh-huh.

MANDY: Like, one of my favorite spaces is the Egyptian rooms at the Met.

SARAH: Uh-huh?

MANDY: *You* know: with all the uh (*To Richard*) What's the word again, for all the mummies and stuff? Sar . . . ?

RICHARD, JAMES AND SARAH: Sarcophagi.

MANDY: Sarcophagi! Right! We had an after-party there. For a movie set in Egypt? It's like you're really there, in this spooky ancient place. King Tut's tomb or something. Really intense.

SARAH: I bet.

(*A beat.*)

I guess you can say *I'm* into events, too.

MANDY: You are?

SARAH: Wars, famines, genocides . . .