

CALLIE. I got it second-hand.
SARA. Really?
CALLIE. A hundred and fifty bucks.
SARA. That's cheap.
CALLIE. It's comfortable. *(Pause.)*
SARA. Are your feet hot?
CALLIE. What?
SARA. My feet get hot when I sleep.
CALLIE. Even in winter?
SARA. Yeah.
CALLIE. Take them out.
SARA. I usually move the sheet so that it goes the other way, you know, the short —
CALLIE. OK. *(Sara gets up and turns the sheet around so that both pairs of their feet are exposed. She lies back down. Pause.)*
SARA. Do you see him?
CALLIE. Who?
SARA. Caesar.
CALLIE. Not yet. *(They both lie there staring at the ceiling. After a while.)* Huh? *(Pause.)* Are you asleep? *(No response.)* You're not asleep already, are you? *(She turns to look at Sara who has just shut her eyes. Callie draws her feet under the covers then turns to her side to sleep. Sara opens her eyes.)*

SCENE EIGHT

George Side 2

START *Callie's apartment. There's loud banging on her door. Callie enters from her bedroom wearing pajamas. She looks through the peephole.*

CALLIE. All right George, I hear you! *(She unlocks the door and opens it. George bursts in wearing his bartender uniform.)*
GEORGE. How long have you been home?
CALLIE. Lower your voice.

GEORGE. Why didn't you answer your phone?

CALLIE. I don't know.

GEORGE. You wanna know how fucked up and worried about you everyone is right now?

CALLIE. No.

GEORGE. You wanna know how I heard?

CALLIE. No.

GEORGE. You wanna know exactly what drink I was making at the moment I heard your name on the goddamn TV?

CALLIE. No, I don't.

GEORGE. Dirty martini. TV's on in the background. I hear about this gay bashing, two women attacked and I sort of pay attention, not really. I'm making this drink and thinking about how I gotta run downstairs and get some more peanuts. And then I feel my ears close and my face gets all hot, like I just swallowed a mouthful of hot peppers. So I turn to the TV but now they're talking about some apartment fire. So I switch the channel and they're just starting the story. Gay bashing. Woman in a coma. Callie Pax.

CALLIE. I'm not in a coma.

GEORGE. What?

CALLIE. Sara's in a coma.

GEORGE. How do I know that?

CALLIE. What was I —

GEORGE. How do I know anything but what I see on the goddamn —

CALLIE. What did you want — me to call you from the hospital?

GEORGE. Yes!

CALLIE. What would I say? On a pay phone. In the hospital. Sara lying in a room swollen and blue, face cracked open, knocked out, not responding to anything but the barest reflex — all because ... because —

GEORGE. *Come and get me.* That's what you could've said. *(Pause.)* Are you hurt? *(Callie doesn't respond.)* Did a doctor look at you?

CALLIE. Sara's hurt.

GEORGE. Nothing happened to you? *(Callie doesn't respond. He walks towards her; she walks away.)* Callie —

CALLIE. Bruises.

GEORGE. Where.

CALLIE. Cracked rib.

GEORGE. Let me see.

CALLIE. It's nothing.

GEORGE. Let me see.

CALLIE. There's nothing to see. *(Pause.)*

GEORGE. Do you want me to call anyone?

CALLIE. No *(Slight pause.)*

GEORGE. Do you want me to spend the night?

CALLIE. No.

END

GEORGE. Do you want me to go? *(Slight pause.)*

CALLIE. No. *(Pause.)* George, do you remember the first time we kissed?

GEORGE. *(Thinks about it.)* No.

CALLIE. Me either. *(Pause.)* You know, I would stand here at the door with Sara and say "good night," "take care," "see ya tomorrow," "get home safe — " When what I *really* wanted to do was plant her a big, fat, wet one. Square on the lips. Nothing confusing about it. She wouldn't have to think, "Maybe Callie meant to kiss me on the cheek and ... missed." You know, just right there. Not between friends. Not a friendly kiss, at all. Bigger. So she'd know. She'd know for sure. That I was answering her. Sara is always asking me "What do you *want*, Callie?" And finally, I let her know. I answered.

SCENE NINE

Callie's apartment. Callie walks in from the kitchen carrying a roasting pan in two mittened hands. She pulls the top off and rears her head back as the smell assaults her. She reaches in and pulls out a drumstick, it's fossilized. She bonks it on the table; it sounds like a baseball bat. There's a knock on the door — Callie starts. She looks out the peephole and sees Sara. She hurries to hide the roasting pan and all signs of cooking. She opens the door and Sara steps in.