

SARA. This is you — *(She pretends to be Callie driving then swerving. Callie puts her cards down.)*

CALLIE. These cards are driving me nuts.

START

SARA. One more hand, please. *(Callie picks the cards back up.)*

CALLIE. Can I ask you something about your job?

SARA. Yep.

CALLIE. Why did you want it?

Sara Side 1

SARA. You mean this fellowship?

CALLIE. Public school, the Bronx — teaching.

SARA. Instead of private school, St. Louis — teaching?

CALLIE. That's what you're used to, right?

SARA. It's where I *worked* for five years, I never got used to it. I mean, I never went to private school. We all went to the cruddy public school — I mean, it was cruddy compared to the private school, it's *the Sorbonne* compared to where I teach now. But in a private school ... I mean, what am I giving them? They have more than everything.

CALLIE. And the Bronx?

SARA. OK. These kids — you know who I was when I was their age? I was the kid who had the right answer, knew I had the right answer but would never raise my hand. Hoping the teacher would call on me anyway. Those are my favorite kids to teach. And here? Now? I've got a classroom full of them. *(Callie looks at the discard pile.)*

CALLIE. Did you pick up a card? *(Sara does.)*

SARA. You should come and meet them one day.

CALLIE. Yeah, OK.

SARA. I'll bet you've never even been to the Bronx.

CALLIE. I go every day.

SARA. *Fly over.*

CALLIE. That's more than most New Yorkers.

SARA. Can I ask you about your job?

CALLIE. *(Dread-filled.)* Go ahead.

SARA. Why the traffic?

CALLIE. Why the traffic indeed.

SARA. I mean, as opposed to news reporting or other kinds of journalism.

CALLIE. I'm not a journalist. I never worked in radio or TV

before I got that job.

SARA. So how'd you get it?

CALLIE. My boyfriend Tom's uncle worked at the station.

SARA. Oh.

CALLIE. I mean, it's the traffic it's not even — *the weather*. You just ride around in a helicopter and tell people what the cars are doing.

SARA. The helicopter part is pretty great, right?

CALLIE. Yeah, how great?

SARA. Well if you don't like it you should get another job.

CALLIE. I can't. *(Sara imitates Callie swerving in her imaginary car again. Slight pause.)* I don't get that.

SARA. What time is it? *(Callie looks at her watch.)*

CALLIE. 2:30.

SARA. Already? Is the subway OK this time of night?

CALLIE. You should take a cab.

SARA. How much will that be?

CALLIE. About 10 bucks?

SARA. I'll take the train.

CALLIE. I'll give you the money —

SARA. I have it, it's just too much. It's only four or five stops on the train. *(Callie sits up a little.)*

CALLIE. Listen you can ... you know, you're welcome to stay ... this pulls out to be a sofa bed ... you can take a train in the morning, when it's safe. I'm not getting up for anything in particular.

SARA. Maybe Caesar will come sleep with me.

END

CALLIE. Yes! You can reconcile with your cat!

SARA. He's holding such a grudge. He never comes out when I'm here.

CALLIE. It took a few days before he started to sleep with me.

SARA. Lucky. *(Slight pause.)*

CALLIE. I'm sure he'll sleep with you tonight.

SARA. Yeah.

CALLIE. Here, let me just get these — *(She pulls off the cushions; Sara helps. Together they pull out the bed.)* I think it's comfortable, I haven't slept on it myself — because I live here, but if it's not comfortable enough then I'll switch beds with you. In