

INT. CARLA'S FRONT ROOM - EVENING

Carla reads in a dark room; her phone rings.

CARLA

Hello.

DALE (O.S.)

You alone?

CARLA

Dale? Just reading.

DALE (O.S.)

Thought I'd come by.

CARLA

Why's that?

INT. DALE'S FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DALE

Haven't seen you in a while.

CARLA (O.S.)

You were at my party.

DALE

Not that kind of see. The other
kind of see.

INT. CARLA'S FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CARLA

(giggling)

Oh Dale, you silly.

DALE (O.S.)

How about it?

CARLA

How about what?

DALE (O.S.)

How 'bout we see each other?

CARLA

You're serious.

Carla becomes uncomfortable.

INT. DALE'S FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DALE

Yeah, I'm serious. Miss you baby.

INT. CARLA'S FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CARLA

Don't do this.

DALE (O.S.)

I do; I do miss you baby. You know that.

CARLA

I don't know.

INT. DALE'S FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DALE

You alone.

CARLA (O.S.)

Yes.

DALE

All alone?

CARLA (O.S.)

Yes.

DALE

You hate that.

INT. CARLA'S FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CARLA

Yes. You know that. Ooooo....

(beat)

But I'm handling it better.