

AFTER HOURS

A storm rumbles outside. Julie and Paul enter, She puts on some music and starts dancing.

JULIE: You like the Monkeys?

PAUL: What's your name, again?

JULIE: Julie.

PAUL: I'm Paul.

JULIE: Rough night, huh Paul. You look depressed.

PAUL: I came downtown...oh God...I didn't even know this girl...O god, I didn't even know her.

JULIE: Hang on...

Julie switches the music to a more solemn tune.

JULIE: Is that better? Go on, honey. What is it? Talk to me...

Paul gets up.

PAUL: I'm fine, really, I'm going to be out of your way in just a second. I'm just waiting for them to open up downstairs. Then I can just get my keys and go home. Oh boy.

JULIE: Let it go honey, tell me your problems.

PAUL: I don't think so.

JULIE: Oh lighten up, what is this?! This doom and gloom. I'm feeling loosey goosey, come on.

PAUL: What are you talking about?

JULIE: Come on, just tell me your problems.

PAUL: Where the hell is he? And what time is it?

JULIE: It's very late.

Paul looks around and finds an odd bedspread as well as rat traps everywhere.

PAUL: Jesus.

He walks back to find Julie sketching his face on a pad.

PAUL: So you really hate that job, huh.

JULIE: Yeah, I hate both my jobs.

He takes a look at her lava lamp.

PAUL: What else do you do?

JULIE: I work in a Xerox shop downstairs.

PAUL: Downstairs?

JULIE: Yeah, we're right on top of it. I've got the keys, you want to go down and see it?

PAUL: Umm, no thanks. I've had about enough excitement for one night.

JULIE: It's a lousy job, but I can get free copies whenever I want to.

PAUL: Gee whiz.

JULIE: Hey what is that? I mean, are you humoring me? I don't have to take that sort of shit. What is it with people today, you can't say anything without getting some sort of smart answer. You just have to be so goddamn careful about everything you say!

She throws the sketch pad down.

JULIE: You think I don't notice, I know what's going on. I overhear the customers at the Xerox shop when they're making fun of me.

PAUL: I didn't mean anything by that.

JULIE: I mean, it was raining outside and I invited you into my home I didn't have to do that, now did I?

PAUL: Now first of all, you're not stupid.

JULIE: Look, I have trouble figuring out the tax on checks. So what, I mean 8% is a bitch! So I make a few mistakes, so I make a few mistakes, so sue me!!! Call your lawyers.

PAUL: Ok come on, come on, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.

She smiles.

PAUL: Can we sit down?

JULIE: Ok.

PAUL: Look, I'm sorry I was rude before, I really am. No more crying, please. What a night...

JULIE: Hey Paul, do you like my hairdo?

PAUL: Yes, yes I do.

JULIE: Well why don't you touch it?

PAUL: I don't want to mess it up.

JULIE: You won't.

PAUL: You want me to?

JULIE: Yeah.

PAUL: Ok.

He touches her hair. The bar gate opens downstairs. He gets up suddenly, with his finger still stuck in her hair.

PAUL: Oh that's him, I hear him. He's there. Oh I can go home, thank God. Excuse me, I have to go. What's the matter?

JULIE: Oh, nothing. I just really got the feeling that you kind of liked of me, no. I mean, you're not going to leave now, not after I brought you out of the rain, are you?

PAUL: Alright, alright. Here's what I'll do. I'm going to go to the bar, give your boss back his keys, get my keys from him, then I'll be back. Ok?

JULIE: Yeah, sure.

PAUL: 2 minutes, ok.

