

KEVIN: Jesus Christ, that's a lot of stairs.

TANYA: Two flights.

KEVIN: I don't know why the Fascists make us smoke outside anyway.

TANYA: Do we have to go through this every day?

KEVIN: (filling his coffee cup) So, what did I miss?

JULIE: Nothing.

TANYA: We were just talking.

KEVIN: Unnh. Smolinsky was outside having a smoke when I got there. Wanting to talk about time-travel again, buncha shit.

TANYA: You don't think it's possible?

KEVIN: Time-travel? Well, they don't invent a time-machine in my lifetime.

TANYA: How do you know?

KEVIN: I would have come back and told myself about it by now.

TANYA: That's stupid.

KEVIN: What?

TANYA: Maybe time-travel won't work that way. Meeting your doppelganger might cause a paradox. Or maybe you won't be able to go backwards.

KEVIN: What would be the point then? If I can't go back and say stuff to myself like 'Don't eat that shrimp, you'll get ptomaine!' or 'Get out of bed, her husband is coming up the stairs', stuff like that?

TANYA: You're taking the narrow view. Again. The self-serving, shallow view.

KEVIN: And?

JULIE: Time travel could be neat.