

Lights up on Mike, sitting on the Brooklyn Bridge, writing furiously. He looks over the bridge and paces back and forth. Sound of traffic. It is very early morning. Steph enters. She is carrying a fast-food breakfast bag. She stands and looks at Mike for a second. He doesn't see her at first. When he does, he crumples up whatever he was writing and throws it over the bridge.

STEPH: What were you writing?

MIKE: Nothing. Nothing.

STEPH: Oh, getting my hopes up, I guess.

MIKE: Yeah, well.

STEPH: I've been trying to radio you for the last hour from the dispatcher's office.

MIKE: Sorry, I was here. I had to come back. See for myself.

STEPH: That's what I thought. What are you thinking about?

MIKE: We should get home.

STEPH: No, let's stay. I brought breakfast. We can eat.

MIKE: Here?

STEPH: You're the one that came here.

MIKE: Yeah well, I want to get home now. It's early. Late. Whatever. It's been a long night.

STEPH: It's in the paper. Do you want to see?

MIKE: No, I don't want to see....

(STEPH opens paper and reads it)

MIKE: I should have known when she asked for the pen.

STEPH: Here, eat something. This one's yours.

MIKE: A pen. Now why would anyone need a pen?

STEPH: To write something down.

MIKE: Yeah, but in a cab. I mean, its not like I take checks. And at that hour, after what she'd already told me...

STEPH: She told you?

MIKE: Well, no, but... I mean, I guess there's a lot that could be written.

END OF SAMPLE