

## KISSING JESSICA STEIN

HELEN: Jessica? Uh...Jessica.

JESSICA: Hi! Hi, I was just looking for you, Helen. Hi.

H: Right. Hi, good to meet you.

J: I'm sorry I'm so late. I'm always late.

H: Don't worry about it. Come sit.

J: I hope you didn't wait long.

H: No, well, I was just starting to get worried that maybe you weren't going to show at all.

J: Yeah, yeah...um...Helen, right? Um, gosh, I shouldn've said this on the phone, and I didn't. I'm sorry that I didn't, but you should really know that this isn't me.

H: It isn't?

J: Not at all. I'm sorry. ~~Taxi!~~

H: Which part of it isn't you?

J: Uh, all of it.

H: So, why did you...

J: Um, yeah, you know what? The truth is I've been trying to be a little less me lately, and that's why this...but really, I'm still me. See?

H: I see. Well, look we don't have to do a whole big...we could just ~~get a~~ drink.

~~J: Yeah, I don't think so. Taxi!~~

H: Oh, come on. You don't want to go to your dinner so frazzled.

~~J: My...oh, dinner...right, right.~~

H: Yeah, I think a little red wine would really help you to...you know.

~~J: Look, um, you seem really nice. I just made a mistake. I have to go.~~

H: (DROPS PURSE) Oh, my God!

J: Oh, my God! I'm so sorry.

H: ~~Oh, oh, God.~~ You know what? I missed my yoga class this morning, and I'm not my usual centered self.

J: Do you do yoga regularly? Is that something...

H: Oh, yeah, yeah...everyday actually. I found it keeps me really strong, and energized, and uh, usually graceful.

J: Right. I've heard that.

H: Have you never tried it?

J: Oh, no, no. I don't think I could sit still and breathe for long. I'd panic.

H: So, what do you like to do for exercise.

J: Oh, um, I like basic exercise. I like to run or walk. Just keep moving, you know? I feel like as long as I'm moving, I'm safe.

H: What do you do when you're sleeping?

J: I'm a terrible insomniac.

H: Oh, I'm so sorry. Since when?

J: Um, I don't know. Birth.

H: Well, listen, if you ever change your mind and wanna try a class, I'd be happy to--

J: Yeah, I don't think so.

H: Oh, well, don't decide right now. Just let it marinate for awhile.

J: Um, okay, I will let it marinate. ~~I'm never going to get a cab.~~

H: ~~Maybe just one drink.~~

~~J: Okay, just one. I have like 20 minutes.~~

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YOU TOLD ME ON THE PHONE ABOUT LARRY  
H: ~~Well, wait, wait. This Larry,~~ that must've been pretty serious, huh? If he proposed?

J: Oh, no, no. I mean...no, it was. It was.

H: Well, what happened?

J: I--it wasn't right. He...he just wasn't funny, you know?

H: Oh, bummer.

J: I think that's been my big thing. Not smart, or not funny, or not smart and not funny. Or smart but funny in a totally unappealing way, you know? Just like funny/stupid, or funny/dopey, but not funny/witty, or funny/ironic, or funny/goofy, you know? Or...or they seem smart, and then, you realize that they aren't at all. And that's funny, but funny/tragic. Um...so, if you're then lucky enough to find someone who's the good kind of smart and the good kind of funny, then, generally they're kind of--

H: Ugly.

J: Ugly? Ugly. I'm sorry. Yes, alittle. Is that--that's awful, right?

H: No, ugly doesn't do it for you. That's okay. Me, I'm kind of into ugly.

J: What?

H: As long as it's sexy-ugly.

J: Sexy-ugly? I...define.

H: Well, you can't. He just is, you know? Sexy-ugly.

J: Okay, well, um, could you, um..could you give me a celebrity...who would fall into that category?

H: Um, yeah. Hold on a second. I'll get you one. Um...

J: Angelica Huston? Is that kind of the right idea?

H: Yeah, I guess. I was gonna say Mick Jagger. He's the big one.

J: Oh.

H: Oh, Lyle Lovett...um...James Woods. Harvey Keitel...very sexy ugly.

J: Oh, yeah. So, uh...so, you're not...I mean, you've...you've tried...um, you've dated men.

H: Of course.

J: Oh, good!

H: What?

J: Good. I'm...no, I'm relieved. I--I--I just--I assumed that you had--

H: Oh, I have...also.

J: Oh, yeah? I, um--

H: I just find alot of different things sexy.

J: Oh, I don't...

H: So, should we settle the tab?

*get off this call?*

J: What?

H: Yeah, it's, um, 8:10. Don't you have a...

J: Oh, uh...no.

H: You don't?

J: No, I lied.

H: But I thought--I know a great Indian place.

*J. okay*