

SCENE 2:

*(Lights up on LEONARD, fifty, fierce and brilliant.)*

LEONARD: You got to understand that this is a totally irrelevant dream state you're hibernating in up here. It's irrelevant. I mean I was just in Moldova, doing research for this, thing and I ate cabbage with a Chechnyan psychopath. Then I'm in Dubai with a bunch of Shiites and Sunnis, people wanting to kill each other. I almost got into a fist fight with this Russian prostitute who was of a totally indeterminate gender, don't get me started on that story, anyway the fact is I was stoned out of my mind. It was fucked up, all of it, but it was relevant. The world we live in? It no longer exists! Last year I was in Rwanda. I was hanging out with this guy, he's a genocide survivor, his arms are gone, chopped off, he can't do anything anymore except beg for whatever pittance, half a bowl of rice some fucking UN peacekeeper throws him every other day, the rest of the time he just lies in the mud unless someone like me comes along and helps him get drunk. So I spend like three hours with this guy, listening to him tell his fucking story and finally he gets really quiet and he says, you know, he says listen man. I got HIV. I'm going to die. And I'm like forget it, I'm overwhelmed I go, why are you telling me all this? Why am I the receptacle of this incredible fucking story, man? And he says: Because you are a writer. You must write this. It must be told.

*(a beat)*

How did I get off on this. What were we talking about?

MARTIN: Um, Kate had a story . . .

LEONARD: Right! Kate's story. Where is it?

MARTIN: It's in your hand.

*(Leonard finds it in his hand.)*

LEONARD: Yeah. Right. So what were we talking about?

KATE: The first sentence.

LEONARD: *(reading)* Oh yeah, Christ, I remember now.

Oh, Christ. "When t  
is also universally d  
can't even—

KATE: That's not the wh

LEONARD: *(abrupt)* Ye  
understand that that r  
that more is coming  
Okay? I'm not even m  
So why don't you tel  
not exactly drawing

KATE: What am I—

LEONARD: What are yo

KATE: *(stumbling)* I'm  
the first sentence of  
sardonic commentary

LEONARD: What's so fi

KATE: It's the narrator sl

LEONARD: I don't give  
get past the first five w  
find out enough about

KATE: It's not a him, it's

LEONARD: Well see that  
tell what gender your  
done your job have y

KATE: *(defending herself)*  
five words how can y

LEONARD: Listen to me  
defending yourself yo  
your narrator is. She's  
perienced sexually in  
who give her everythi  
she sits around and thi  
I don't give a shit ab  
saying. I don't have to  
I already know enoug