

Mike opens the door and flicks on the lights in his sparsely furnished single.

He drops his keys on the table and makes a bee line to the answering machine.

He pushes the button.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

She didn't call.

Mike collapses into his futon and lights a smoke.

Beat.

He pulls out the COCKTAIL NAPKIN. He stares at the number.

He looks at the clock. 2:20 AM.

He looks at the napkin.

He thinks better of it, and puts the napkin away.

Beat.

He takes out the napkin and picks up the phone.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

Don't do it, Mike.

**MIKE**

Shut up.

He dials.

It rings twice, then...

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.

(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. This is Mike. I met you tonight at the Dresden. I, uh, just called to say I, uh, I'm really glad we met and you should give me a call. So call me tomorrow, or, like, in two days, whatever. My number is 213-555-4679...

(beep)

Mike hangs up.

Beat.

He dials again.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.  
(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. This is Mike, again. I just called because it sounded like your machine might've cut me off before I gave you my number, and also to say sorry for calling so late, but you were still there when I left the Dresden, so I knew I'd get your machine. Anyway, my number is...

(beep)

Mike calls back right away.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.  
(beep)

**MIKE**

213-555-4679. That's all. I just wanted to leave my number. I don't want you to think I'm weird, or desperate or something...

(he regrets saying it  
immediately)

... I mean, you know, we should just hang out. That's it. No expectations. Just, you know, hang out. Bye.

(beep)

He hangs up.

Beat.

He dials.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leaves a message.  
(beep)

**MIKE**

I just got out of a six-year relationship. Okay? That should help to explain why I'm acting so weird. It's not you. It's me. I just wanted to say that. Sorry.

(pause)

This is Mike.

(beep)

He dials again. There's no turning back.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.  
(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. This is Mike again. Could you just call me when you get in? I'll be up for awhile, and I'd just rather talk to you in person instead of trying to squeeze it all...  
(beep)

He dials yet again.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.  
(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. Mike. I don't think this is working out. I think you're great, but maybe we should just take some time off from each other. It's not you, really. It's me. It's only been six months...

**NIKKI**

(Live, in person. she picks up the line)

Mike?

**MIKE**

Nikki! Great! Did you just walk in, or were you listening all along?

**NIKKI**

(calmly)

Don't call me ever again.

**MIKE**

Wow, I guess you were home...  
(click)

She hung up on him.

He's frozen.

He hangs up.

Beat.

He pulls the comforter off the futon and curls up in the corner of the room.