

JOE: (*From Outside.*) Kathleen?

KATHLEEN: Just a second.

(*Cleans up, opens door.*)

JOE: Hello.

KATHLEEN: What are you doing here?

JOE: I heard you were sick and I was worried and I wanted to --(*he hears voices*) Is someone here?

KATHLEEN: No. Oh, It's the Home Shopping Network.

JOE: You buy any of those porcelain dolls?

KATHLEEN: I was thinking about it. (*beat*) You put me out of business --

JOE: Yes I did --

KATHLEEN: You come to gloat?

JOE: No.

KATHLEEN: To offer me a job --

JOE: I would never --

KATHLEEN: Because I have plans, I have lots of offers. I've been offered a job by -- well, actually by --

JOE: By my former uh--?

KATHLEEN: --Oh, your former?

JOE: We broke up.

KATHLEEN: That's too bad. You were so perfect for each other. (*she claps her hand over her mouth*) I don't mean to say things like that. No matter what you have done to me, there is no excuse for my saying anything like that. But every time I see you --

JOE: Things like that just fly out of your mouth.

KATHLEEN: Yes.

JOE: I bought you flowers.

KATHLEEN: Oh. (*trying as hard as she can*) Thank you.

JOE: Why don't I just put these in some water?

JOE: You're sick. You should sit down.

JOE: Ok, I need a Vase? A Vase?

KATHLEEN: Upper left.

JOE: George says hello. He's the one the told me you were sick.

KATHLEEN: How is George?

JOE: He's Great. Really great. He's revolutionizing the place. Except you can't work in his department unless you have a Ph.D. in children's literature.

KATHLEEN: I love daisies.

JOE: You told me.

KATHLEEN: They're so friendly. Don't you think that daisies are the friendliest flower?

JOE: I do.

KATHLEEN: When did you break up?

JOE: Couple of weeks ago.

KATHLEEN: Everyone is breaking up. You. Me. This other person I know broke up with someone in an elevator. I think it was in an elevator. Or just outside it. Or after it. It got stuck. I think. When I saw you, at the coffee place, I was waiting for him and I was --

JOE: -- charming.

KATHLEEN: I was not charming.

JOE: Well, you looked charming. Tea?

KATHLEEN: Yes. I was upset. And I was horrible.

JOE: Honey?

KATHLEEN: Yes.

JOE: I was the horrible one.

KATHLEEN: Well that's true. But I have no excuse.

JOE: Oh. Oh I see what you're saying. That's interesting. Whereas I am a horrible person, therefore I have no choice but to be horrible, that what you're saying. But that's alright. I put you out of business, so you're entitled to hate me.

KATHLEEN: I don't hate you --

JOE: But you'll never forgive me. Just like Elizabeth.

KATHLEEN: Who?

JOE: Elizabeth Bennet in Pride and Prejudice. She was too proud --

KATHLEEN: I thought you hated Pride and Prejudice.

JOE: Or was she too prejudiced and Mr. Darcy too proud? I can never remember. *(beat)* It wasn't personal --

KATHLEEN: What is that supposed to mean? I am so sick of that. All it means is it wasn't personal to you, but it was personal to me, it's personal to a lot of people. What's wrong with being personal anyway?

JOE: Nothing.

KATHLEEN: I mean, whatever else anything is, it ought to begin by being personal.

KATHLEEN: My head's starting to get fuzzy. Why did you stop by again? I forget.

JOE: I wanted to be your friend.

KATHLEEN: Oh.

JOE: I knew it wasn't possible. What can I say? Sometimes a guy just wants the impossible. Can I ask you a question?

KATHLEEN: What?

JOE: What happened with that guy at the cafe?

KATHLEEN: Nothing.

JOE: But you're crazy about him --

KATHLEEN: Yes I am.

JOE: Then why don't you run off with him? What are you waiting for?

KATHLEEN: (*beat.*) I don't actually know him.

JOE: Really.

KATHLEEN: I only know him through the -- oh God, you're not going to believe this --

JOE: Let me guess. From the Internet.

KATHLEEN: Yes.

JOE: You've Got Mail.

KATHLEEN: Yes.

JOE: Those are very powerful words.

KATHLEEN: Yes.

JOE: I'm happy for him. Although -- could I make a little suggestion? I think you should meet him. No. I take it back. Why would you want to meet somebody you're crazy about?

KATHLEEN: I hardly think I need advice from someone who --(*Joe covers her mouth for her*)

JOE: I concede I bring out the worst in you, but let me help you not to say something you'll just torture yourself about for years to come.

(*beat, then he removes his hand.*)

JOE: I hope you feel better soon. It would be a shame to miss New York in the spring.

KATHLEEN: Thank you for the daisies.

JOE: Well, you take care.

KATHLEEN: I will.

JOE: Goodbye.

KATHLEEN: Goodbye.