

FRANCESCA

So my job. Is not interesting, but it pays me reasonably well and I still have my mind to myself, I'm not owned by a career. The plumbing in this apartment isn't so great, my job is boring, and I have a small circle of friends. Sort-of-friends. A small circle of sort-of-friends. But I get compliments. Just yesterday, the guy who sells me coffee told me I have very nice skin. That kind of thing happens to me with a pretty surprising regularity. I like getting compliments. Well, who doesn't? *(checks her watch)* I have to go to work now.

(FRANCESCA walks into her office in mid-conversation with MIRANDA. ADELE is at her desk.)

MIRANDA

I liked it, but I can see how people wouldn't. Hey, Adele.

ADELE

Good morning!

FRANCESCA

You're way too good at mornings, Adele.

ADELE

I know...

MIRANDA

(starting up her computer) Adele, did you ever see "Crash"?

ADELE

Oh, no! But I really wanted to. I'll rent it sometime.

FRANCESCA

Knock yourself out. *(coat off, she wipes at her skirt and hose)*

ADELE

Ick. Splashed?

FRANCESCA

By a bus. Fucking tidal wave. *(she finishes blotting; while her computer is starting up)* Who has Triad Development?

MIRANDA

I do.

FRANCESCA

Did I owe you something on that?

MIRANDA

You did, but I figured it out.

FRANCESCA

Mm. Sorry.

MIRANDA

No big.

ADELE

Done! *(off their look)* Partidia Pharmaceuticals. Done. And it's not even ten past nine.

FRANCESCA

Adele, you are so the shit, it's scary.

MIRANDA

Truly. You frighten children with your prowess.

ADELE

Oh, that's sad...but true!

FRANCESCA

(to the audience) We work for a smallish accounting firm. We manage data. That means we – oh, GOD, you don't care. Even if you do? Trust me, you don't.
(FRANCESCA's phone rings, and she returns to the scene) Data, this is Francesca.

(we see ROBERT, who is shaggily nice-looking but not, like, a model or anything)

ROBERT

Hey.

FRANCESCA

Hey, what's up?

ROBERT

Quick question.

FRANCESCA

Hit me.

ROBERT

Who did put the bop in the bop-shu-bop-shu-bop? (*FRANCESCA laughs*) Seriously, it's been bugging me for weeks.

FRANCESCA

I'm not certain, but I believe it was Kierkegaard who put the ram in the ramma-lamma-ding-dong.

ROBERT

I'll make a note, soon as you spell that for me. Dinner Thursday?

FRANCESCA

'kay. I'll cook.

ROBERT

(*he laughs*) Good one.

FRANCESCA

Yeah.

ROBERT

Cool. So...see you Thursday.

FRANCESCA

Bank on it. (*he laughs, she hangs up*)

MIRANDA

Robert?

FRANCESCA

Yeah. Anyone need anything from the kitchen? (*MIRANDA and ADELE shake their heads and mutter their thanks, and FRANCESCA grabs her mug and leaves the area*)

(*she addresses the audience*)

FRANCESCA (cont.)

So there it is, that's my life in a nutshell. I'm not going to read a book or watch TV in front of you, even in the name of "fleshing things out," because Jesus, that would be so fucking boring you'd want to kill me, or yourselves, or maybe all of us. So just use your imaginations, okay? Okay, then.