

No response.

TRACY

We've been spending time together.
Lunches, meetings, that kind of
stuff...

Silence. She closes her eyes tightly.

TRACY

I slept with him. Kind of.

Tracy opens one eye, taking a peek. Nothing.

TRACY

No, no kind of. I can't believe I
said kind of. That's just not
something you do in a kind of way.
I slept with someone. There. I
said it. I slept with someone.
Oh God. It's the worst thing I've
ever done but it feels so good to
say out loud. I slept with
someone. I SLEPT with someone. I
slept with SOMEONE. I slept with
... please stop me, please say
something.

No reaction.

TRACY

David Jacobowitz. From work. You
met him at the Christmas party.
You remember that party? They had
the giant paper-mach◆ wreath? I
kept asking the decorator how he
made it? You wore that sweater --

Finally, Cal speaks --