

please ... (Beat. All three are embarrassed.)

DEWATA. We're having technical difficulties, so I leave you with this: Lady Larkin and I have a lot in common. We aren't both perfectly pretty, and I don't have Lady Larkin's perfect soprano voice. But we had something in common until you ruined everything up. (She feels her stomach.) Fuck you, Mr. Healy! (Lights shift, focus on Healy, who is busy typing.) His message is projected on the screen, *Healy: "liked your blog entry 'Have my own dirt on Healy, yur right — mayor isn't the only one keeping secrets. Call me. 503 555 4736 — SOLOMON'."* (Blackout.)

SQ 6.7 go

LA 20 + SQ 6.8

projection 6.9 go

T. LA 22, shift go

projection 7.1 go

SQ 7.2 go

LA 24 go

SQ 8.1 go

SQ 8.2 go

LA 26 go

SCENE 4: STORYTELLING

In the blackout we hear a phone ring. Howie picks up the call.

Phone ring

HOWIE. (O.S.) Howie pick up phone

SOLOMON. (A.) I'm looking for the person who owns the screen-name "B-L Boy" in ACT; screenname: "Boy" is spelled "B-O-Y."

HOWIE. Who is this?

SOLOMON. I'm a reporter, from *The Trojan*. I just read a post on a website called monoblog.com — it listed this phone number. The post read: "Got my own dirt on Healy, yur right — mayor isn't the only one keeping secrets."

HOWIE. I didn't realize my post was public, sorry. I posted it for the girl who did that podcast —

SOLOMON. I'm working on a story for *The Trojan* involving the mayor's sex scandal. I'd like to interview you.

HOWIE. Why do you want to interview me?

SOLOMON. Your message implies that Mr. Healy has also had relationships with younger guys, like the mayor. That might be newsworthy. He is a high school teacher.

HOWIE. (Overlapping.) Wait, is *The Trojan* — is that the school paper?

SOLOMON. (Overlapping.) Don't hang up, please. I just want to find out what you know about Mr. Healy. Can you just tell me that? —