

(BRANTLEY, nicely dressed, alone with a drink, taking a breather. Suddenly ABIGAIL enters, also dressed nicely, rubbing her stomach. She draws a deep breath, and maybe another.)

BRANTLEY

I have something to tell you – are you okay?

ABIGAIL

I am, I'm fine, my stomach's a mess these days.

BRANTLEY

I have something to tell you:

BRANTLEY
I'm in love!

ABIGAIL
You're in love.

ABIGAIL

No, you're not.

BRANTLEY

Yes, I am.

ABIGAIL

No, you're not.

BRANTLEY

Yes, I am!

ABIGAIL

No, you're not, I can tell from the way you said it.

BRANTLEY

The way I – ?

ABIGAIL

You're not in love, you think he's hot. Who is he?

BRANTLEY

Excuse me, he is hot, but that does not mean that I'm not in love!

ABIGAIL

Who is he?

BRANTLEY

He's a banker. An honest-to-God, non-Republican, gay investment banker. His name is Ethan! I met him in the supermarket, the fucking supermarket!

ABIGAIL

And when was this?

BRANTLEY

A month ago, it's really early, too early to invite him today, but it's so sweet, and he's so sweet and he's so hot –

ABIGAIL

And is he kind?

BRANTLEY

He's very kind.

ABIGAIL

And is he good?

BRANTLEY

(with a lewd grin) He's fucking great.

ABIGAIL

Not what I meant.

BRANTLEY

I know, I know, but he's the sweetest kindest man I've ever met who's also hot and isn't nuts.

ABIGAIL

And you're in love.

BRANTLEY

And I'm in love.
It's not just lust it feels like love.
And that's completely consequential
I mean, I want to have his babies
It's fucking scary, but it's awesome
That now I feel the opportunity
For love.

ABIGAIL

(smiling) It isn't love.

BRANTLEY

Shut up, it is.