

*She hits send.*

*Across the space, Alice's phone lights up. She takes it, then sets down her phone.*

RON. Hey. You think Nelson's going to ask her?

DEBORAH. To get married?

RON. Yeah.

DEBORAH. Tonight.

ALICE. I'm going to put my feet under the faucet.  
*Alice walks off.*

DEBORAH. No. He's smart. Nelson wouldn't add his moment to this insanity.

NELSON. Actually.

*Nelson reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ringbox.*

Got a second?

*Nelson follows her off.*

DEBORAH. I have a new shampoo. I'm excited to use it.

Why is that such a sad and beautiful thing?

*Deborah walks off.*

RON. At this moment, who knows what's happening. Ethan and Alice might be together right this instant. And you know, it wouldn't be the worst thing. No one ever fought over me.

Deborah? I set you up for a whiz-bang of a joke.

Deborah?

*Ron continues, mostly to himself.*

Deborah, I'm gonna get in bed. Will you hit the lights?

*Blackout.*

*Then—*

### Scene Thirteen.

*Night.*

*Jordan works on her iPad at a pretty nice kitchen table.*

*Ethan arrives home from the "date"; he takes off his coat.*

ETHAN. Hey.

JORDAN. Hey. Did you eat?

ETHAN. Sea bass.

JORDAN. Nice. Dude, check it out—the beta is THIS close to hitting eighty thousand downloads.

ETHAN. But can it order me a pizza?

*He kisses the top of her head.*

JORDAN. (Re: her iPad.) Hilarious. This is great. You make one choice and everything changes.

ETHAN. You're right.

JORDAN. I mean, with the DMP in place, I can finally get IDs to the automation platform.

ETHAN. Wait. How'd you do that? My DMP keeps falling off my automation platform.

JORDAN. Haha. It means we will start to make a profit. Just in time.

Yo. I still need you to take those photos for the website.

ETHAN. You should hire a professional.

JORDAN. I thought I did, idiot.

ETHAN. You smell good. What is that?

JORDAN. Soap. You should try it.  
Hey. You're good at what you do.  
ETHAN. Thanks, man.  
JORDAN. I wouldn't waste my time with anyone but the best. In fact, I spent, like, three hours talking about you to Monica.  
ETHAN. Ooof.  
*Beat.*  
JORDAN. Am I a bad person?  
ETHAN. What?  
JORDAN. I feel like a bad person.  
ETHAN. You're a monster.  
Um. Of course not. What are you—  
JORDAN. So I went over to Monica's for a girls' night. I thought it'd be fun. Monica made these amazing brill fillets. Beurrrr blanc. Champagne.  
ETHAN. Shmannnnny.  
JORDAN. Monica drank most of it.  
ETHAN. No surprise there.  
JORDAN. We drink. We eat. I talk about you. Then... She's quiet.  
ETHAN. Big surprise there.  
JORDAN. We clear the table. Sit on the couch. She's looking out the window at a tree branch. I said, "Um. Are you OK?" You know what she says?  
ETHAN. "I'm so drunk, where are my hands?"  
JORDAN. Haha. No. She says: "I think I'm gonna marry Andy because I'm thirty-four and it's time."  
I said, "What do you mean? You love Andy."  
She goes, "I'm not sure. What if there's someone out there who's really my soulmate?"  
I said, "Andy is your soulmate."  
She says, "Maybe. I feel like I'm mourning my own life."  
ETHAN. Yikes.

JORDAN. I didn't know what to do. I've known her forever and in, like, twenty years she never once said anything like this...  
ETHAN. What part of that makes you a bad person?  
JORDAN. By saying how I feel about you I maybe made her realize she was fooling herself about Andy.  
ETHAN. She was tipsy. She only wanted you to say, "Nooooo. You love Andy. It's normal to feel confused. Sometimes I'm confused about Ethan."  
JORDAN. Yeah, but I'm not.  
ETHAN. Never?  
JORDAN. You're very confusing but I'm not confused.  
*Silence.*  
ETHAN. Do you believe there's only one person out there for us?  
JORDAN. Um. I dunno. But I don't like the word "soulmates."  
ETHAN. You know what? I don't like it either.  
JORDAN. It's icky, right?  
ETHAN. That's exactly the word I'd choose.  
JORDAN. I mean, obviously there have got to be other people out there that we could be with.  
ETHAN. Obviously...  
JORDAN. You think this too.  
ETHAN. I do, do I?  
JORDAN. Yes, you do.  
ETHAN. Fine. How many?  
JORDAN. What?  
ETHAN. How many people do you think you'd be just as happy with?  
JORDAN. C'mon...  
ETHAN. This is funny. How many?  
JORDAN. I don't know.  
Fifty?  
*He laughs hard.*  
Don't laugh at me.