

Lucy: You didn't hear anything I said after died prematurely, did you?

DAVID: No, I didn't. You see, I'm a writer and language fascinates me. Sometimes I get fixated on words and phrases like "died prematurely" or "aperitif." So, was there any important information after that?

LUCY: Some.

DAVID: Well, give it to me again then. But just hit the high points.

LUCY: Oh, uh, well, father died, quit school, mother died, came here.

DAVID: Good. Good. Now, that was very succinct, and yet I got all the information required.

LUCY: I didn't tell you what my mother died of.

DAVID: Not important! Superfluous. She died and that moved your story forward and that's all we need to know. So, you've worked here for twenty-eight years. Have there been any romances in that time?

LUCY: Romances?

DAVID: Yes. Men. Or women. Either one. Doesn't matter.

LUCY: In my case it would be men, sir.

DAVID: And have there been any?

LUCY: ... Yes.

DAVID: Good. How many?

LUCY: How many? Well, I don't know exactly.

DAVID: Well, ballpark then. Five? Ten?

LUCY: Two.

DAVID: Two?

LUCY: Yes.

DAVID: Just two?

LUCY: Yes. Just two.

DAVID: In twenty-eight years?

LUCY: I'm selective.

DAVID: I should say you must be. Two men in twenty-eight years. Mensa isn't that selective.

LUCY: They each could have been long-term relationships. That would explain the scarcity of them over that time period.

DAVID: Were they?

LUCY: ... One was.

DAVID: All right, who were they and why didn't they marry you?

LUCY: Sir?

DAVID: These men. What made them jump ship?

LUCY: And how do you know they jumped ship? How do you know I didn't throw them overboard?

DAVID: I don't. I don't know that. That's what I want to find out. So, tell me their names and why it didn't work out and we'll try and make sense of it all.

LUCY: Mr. Kilbride, please. This is starting to make me feel uncomfortable.

DAVID: Why?

LUCY: Well, you're my employer. I don't think it's appropriate that I share personal facts with you.

DAVID: Why not? You know personal facts about me. You know about my three marriages.

LUCY: Yes.

DAVID: You know about my personal habits.

LUCY: Yes.

DAVID: Good heavens, Miss Hopperstead, you walked in on the first Mrs. Kilbride and myself as we made love, so you even have knowledge about my technique in that arena.

LUCY: Well, I wouldn't say that, sir. I didn't linger after all. I was in and out in the blink of an eye.

DAVID: Oh, it was a lengthier stay than that as I recall. I believe you had a fairly good look at the proceedings.

LUCY: Only as long as it took for me to process what was going on, sir. The moment I figured out what I was staring at—and what was staring back at me—I retreated.

DAVID: You should have knocked.

LUCY: It was the dining room, sir. I foolishly took for granted it was a safe zone. And besides, you were supposed to be out of town.

DAVID: There was a change of plans.

LUCY: Of which I was not informed.

DAVID: True, but ever since then I've kept you apprised of my every move.

LUCY: An act for which there is no thank you great enough.

DAVID: So, why do you feel uncomfortable sharing your story with me?

LUCY: Because, Mr. Kilbride, we're not chums. Moments of a life are something you share with a chum. With a good friend. The moments you ask me about are as varied as the stars but so personal. The moments that make up my story are happy moments, sad moments, moments you speak of in a whisper, moments you shout about with joy. But first and foremost they are moments to be shared with someone close. A confidant.

DAVID: I see.

LUCY: You understand?

DAVID: Completely. Completely.

LUCY: Good.

DAVID: And I believe I have the solution.