

SCENE 3

Later that night.  
Everything is dark but a  
lamp in the living room.  
BRIAN lies on the couch,  
scrolling on his phone.

JILL ENTERS wearing pajamas  
and rubbing in hand lotion.

BRIAN  
It's not so bad for a fold-out.

He pats the spot next to  
her.

JILL  
Why did you tell them?

BRIAN  
They thought you had the flu. And Emma's a total germophobe. She  
would've made us stay at a hotel.

JILL  
Then let them think I have the flu. We could've stayed at a hotel.

BRIAN  
You're not ashamed of this.

JILL  
No, I'm not. It's just not something I wanted to share with your  
parents. Or your sister. Who I just met.

BRIAN  
I know. I fucked up. I know.

JILL  
You didn't fuck up. I just wish you hadn't told them.

BRIAN  
I'm sorry.

JILL  
What'd your mom say after I left?

BRIAN  
I don't remember.

JILL  
I made the appointment. It's next Thursday.

Okay.  
BRIAN

It's at 2. Can you drive me?  
JILL

Yeah.  
BRIAN

It just isn't the right time for me to -  
JILL

- You don't have to explain it to me. And you don't have to explain it to them. You don't owe anyone anything.  
BRIAN

She settles into his shoulder, looking at his phone with him.

Lights up in Emma and Cate's room.

They are preparing for bed.

That was eventful.  
CATE  
(no response from EMMA)  
I'd call it eventful, anyway.  
(a beat)  
Wouldn't you?

It was something.  
EMMA

It'll blow over.  
CATE

My father was shoveling in food like he was about to walk the Green Mile and my mother stood on the porch for 20 minutes trying to remember verses in Latin. It will not blow over.  
EMMA

Ems...  
CATE

And there go our plans.  
EMMA

You didn't even want to tell them.  
CATE