

DEAN. Well, I mean, it's a memoir.

KENDRA. Uh-huh. And what have you written?

DEAN. Nothing really ... Yet. *(Beat.)* It's actually been a weird experience trying to write this thing. You know, I've actually blacked out most of that day?

KENDRA. You did?

DEAN. I can only seem to recall it in bits and pieces — and trying to put it all together has really forced me to reflect on that time and myself and who I was ... back then ... before Gloria, and I've kind of come to this conclusion that maybe I wasn't ... the best guy ... that I was an asshole basically — which might have something to do with that environment — but also you know I was drinking a lot and sort of unhappy with where I was in my life and only kind of just realizing that — and, anyway, it's all kind of led me to this place of really wanting to apologize you ... for anything I might have said that hurt your feelings or anything like that —

KENDRA. You don't have to do this.

DEAN. No, but I want to. *(Beat.)* Also, I guess, I feel like it's one thing to have felt — it still feel! — however we felt slash feel towards each other, but I guess it would be another thing if these feelings sort of ... found their way into our work. You know what I mean? Since we're both writing about that time and that place —

KENDRA. What could I possibly have to write about you, Dean? That you were a mediocre assistant with a drinking problem?

DEAN. I don't know, Kendra. It's not my book. *(Starts going through his book.)* I think it would just be a good idea if we bury the hatchet, if there even is a hatchet. Because who wants, like, a literary feud, right? And it might be nice to actually be watching out for each other, you know, as we both embark on this new chapter in our lives.

DEAN. Okay great! *(Beat.)* Oh! And then there's this other weird thing ... *(Dean pushes a small stack of pages towards Kendra.)*

KENDRA. Uh, what is this...?

START

DEAN. It's a little thing that my lawyer and agents drafted up and I guess it's something they want us to both sign.

KENDRA. Saying what?

DEAN. It's a kind of non-disclosure agreement? But I guess it's totally a formality at this point, since you're not writing about me. *(Beat.)*

KENDRA. Dean, this is crazy. I'm not signing this.

DEAN. You can take it home, if you want — / Show your —

KENDRA. Dean, I'm not signing it.

DEAN. But you just said you aren't writing about me. *(Beat.)*

KENDRA. Obviously I am writing about you. *(Beat.)* For one thing, after Gloria, you're the freaking face of the tragedy. It's unavoidable. Every other news item about the shooting quotes you or features you or —

DEAN. Right, but I don't think this says you can't write about me. I think it's more about what you write about me. And, if you read it, you'll see it cuts both ways — We each basically get approval over how we appear / in the other's —

KENDRA. You are not going to tell me what I can and can't write. *(Beat.)* You don't, like, own this experience Dean. You are aware of that, right?

DEAN. With all due respect, Kendra, don't I? Or at least a little more than you. You weren't there. You were at Starbucks. Nothing happened to you.

KENDRA. But everything happened to you?

DEAN. Were Miles' last words to you? How about Ani's? Do you know the sound she made between the first and second bullet? Does that sound keep you up at night? Or what about Gloria? Do you know what the look in a person's eyes is like right before they shoot themselves in the face? No. But this is my lived experience, my actual life and I can't have you tarnishing it with your — with your —

KENDRA. With my what?

DEAN. With your ambition, Kendra. I just can't have you ... profiting from my trauma. **END**

KENDRA. How?!

DEAN. How?!

KENDRA. I lost friends, Dean!

DEAN. Friends? Kendra —

KENDRA. Do you know what it was like to stand outside that building and watch them cart away body after body and not know who was inside a bag and who wasn't? *(Beat.)*

DEAN. Are you really going to ... and tell me you actually considered any of these people "friends"? When you made no secret of what you thought of that place or how much better you thought you were than everyone else? When you tore apart everyone's else's work and ambitions behind their backs? When we were all either competitors to you — or, worse, just an audience to the tragedy of