

LORIN

KENDRA. Or maybe he's interviewing for your job.

DEAN. Oh, shut up.

KENDRA. Or maybe he's telling her about your book and interviewing for your job at the same time. Nan has seemed unimpressed with you lately. And Miles is young and smart and capable and not a drunk —

DEAN. Why don't you tweet about this on your Twitter?

KENDRA. *Zine Dreams*. Who are you? What makes you think anything about your miserable little life is worth reading about?

DEAN. / Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet —

KENDRA. The only thing the world needs is another memoir of a drunk white guy wasting his twenties away in New York — I'M GOING TO STARBUCKS! (*Kendra grabs her purse and leaves. Lorin comes in.*)

LORIN. ARE YOU GUYS KIDDING ME RIGHT NOW?!

DEAN. Do you need to borrow a pair of headphones?

LORIN. I have my own headphones and I can still hear you even though I still hear you over my sixty-dollar noise-cancelling headphones because you are making more than noise, okay?!

LORIN

DEAN. Sorry.

START

ANI. How is the profile going?

LORIN. It looks like we're over the hard part.

DEAN. Don't take your morning nap just yet. Kendra just psyched Kara out with a bunch of notes that she's probably going to incorporate —

LORIN. WHAT?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

DEAN. I wish. Ask Ani.

LORIN. Where did she go? I'm going to kick her in the throat!

DEAN. Starbucks.

LORIN. WHAT?!? (*Lorin suddenly starts sobbing softly. Beat, as he cries.*)

ANI. (*Getting up going to comfort him.*) Lorin?

DEAN. Are you okay?

LORIN. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm just so tired.

ANI. You've been up all night.

LORIN. No. Not just that. I'm fucking just tired of this job. I just turned thirty-seven, you guys, and I'm still a fact-checker.

ANI. But you just got promoted —

DEAN. Yeah — You're the head fact-checker.

LORIN

END

LORIN. That is still a fact-checker! In fact, it's worse because you're the fucking mother of all fact-checkers. You have to stay here the whole fucking night fact-checking the fact-checkers and after like six hours of fact-checking fact-checkers fact-checking all these sloppy fucking facts the writers could actually give a shit about, you just want to claw your eyes off and bleed out through your skull holes! You're just like, "What does it even matter if this is true or not? It's all a fucking story in a fucking magazine! No one reads magazines for the truth! People just want something to read on the elliptical at the gym or to line their fucking canary cages with — " I don't fucking know! And all that work just winds up in the trash by Friday. And then there's fresh load of this bullshit waiting for you in your mailbox on Monday! And what is a "profile writer" actually doing besides throwing one human being after another to the wolves of history, rendering entire lives flat and uncomplicated and eight thousand words long? Like this fucking Sarah Tweed girl. ~~Why the fuck are we only interested in her now, now that she's dead? Why does dying suddenly make someone interesting? What~~

~~... Sell her CDs? She's fucking dead. What is this going to do except make money for people other than her? It's so fucking fucked up. And I really envy her, you know. I wish I was dead, full of opiates in the back of a station wagon right now. I fucking wish. Anything but this bullshit! I bet she was fucking smiling when she swallowed that bottle of painkillers and climbed into that sleeping bag. I bet she was just like, "Finally, I'm getting the fuck out of this miserable existence, off of this miserable planet of people who seem like they're interested in you, but really only want you dead, who only want you when you're dead!" What is this terrible place? Why are we like this? Is another human life anything to us but an excuse to think about ourselves? Sorry, her music — I think her music is just really powerful.~~

ANI. What did you just listen to?

LORIN. *Sylvia* Girl. Ugh — Everyone just suddenly feels so cruel!

DEAN. Yeah, just having a moment.

LORIN. And did you hear about poor Gloria?

ANI. What about Gloria?

LORIN. No one went to her party last night.

ANI. Dean went.

LORIN. Oh, you did?