

(Crystal jumps on the couch. Lays out seductively, laughs, sits up and bounces up and down a few times.)

CRYSTAL

It's great. Just enough give.

BURT

Enough for what?

CRYSTAL

You're making breakfast in the morning, right?

BURT

Would you like eggs and bacon or pancakes?

CRYSTAL

Both.

BURT

Then both it is.

CRYSTAL

Good. I like a big breakfast, and strong coffee. You do have coffee? You're not a tea man are you?

BURT

No. I'm not.

CRYSTAL

My ex is a tea man. Drives me nuts with that shit. Camomille. Oolang. Rooibos. Jesus, I just want something brown and hot that will wake me up.

BURT

You should watch your phrasing.

CRYSTAL

Maybe I meant to phrase it that way. Young girl like me, all alone in a stranger's home. (Crystal leans over the side of the couch, seductively.) Anything can happen, right? I've left myself open to that possibly just by stepping through your front door.

BURT

Please stop.

CRYSTAL

(laughs) Relax. I'm not trying to seduce you. Where's your TV?

BURT

I don't own one.

CRYSTAL

Really? Man. Alright. Well, what about music? What kind of system do you have?

BURT

None.

CRYSTAL

You are killing me. What the fuck are you, a monk?

BURT

I have an iPod, but no music.

CRYSTAL

What do you have on there then?

BURT

Books. Audio books. Mostly non-fiction.

CRYSTAL

I guess it'll be an early night.

BURT

We could talk.

CRYSTAL

We've been talking.

BURT

Not about anything important.

CRYSTAL

What's important?

BURT

That's an awfully strange attitude to have.

CRYSTAL

No, I'm asking. To you, what's important?

BURT

I don't know. What you think, who you are. That kind of stuff.

CRYSTAL

That's way too much to get into in one night.

BURT

Well, my couch is free for a while.

CRYSTAL

So you live all alone?

BURT

I am a bachelor.

CRYSTAL

Yeah, but no roommates or kids?

BURT

No. Yes. Not anymore.

CRYSTAL

So you didn't always live alone. Interesting. Let me guess, you were married, for less than a decade. It was a loveless marriage, completely convenient and passionless. You went whole days without even once thinking of your wife. Then, one day, you came home to a letter and an empty house. You barely even noticed. You just bought your shit-brown furniture and moved on with your quiet life, quietly.

BURT

Something like that.

CRYSTAL

How close was I?

BURT

She died. But we'd been married around ten years at the time. I came home from work and she was in our bathtub, a bloody razor sitting next to her. I sold all of her furniture. It was completely inappropriate for me anyway. Frilly and covered in a hideous floral pattern. I always hated that furniture. I guess I did go a little overboard when I picked out this stuff though.

CRYSTAL

Sorry.