

DEE (*Fluffs his hair and sprays a bit of product.*)
Sweetie, only our daddies did the comb over thing.
Just a little lift and, ta-da!

PAUL (*Fanning away the smell.*)
Hell. Now I smell like one a' your fairy friends.

DEE
Here. (*Hands him some men's cologne.*) And we don't like that name either.

PAUL (*Looking at the bottle.*)
Which one? And where did you get this? (*Sprays himself.*) This is great. Why do you have—

DEE
Someone left it. After we, you know—

PAUL (*Closing his ears.*)
La, la, la. Too much information. Remember, I don't want to—

DEE
Okay. Okay. But you did start it.

PAUL
Sorry, you're right—

DEE
It's not fair, you know that.

PAUL
I just can't—

DEE
I have *always* listened to your endless tales of one night tail.

PAUL

Yeah, okay, I just—

DEE (*Stands, showing off.*)

Can't fully embrace the new me?

PAUL (*Pulls her back.*)

C'mon, Dee. I'm doing the best I can. Let's just—

DEE (*Grabbing the cologne*)

Forget it. After all, princess Alison awaits, am I right? (*Pause*) You do know she's married?

PAUL

Divorced, actually. Pretty recently.

DEE

Not that you keep up with her or anything that stalker-creepy, right?

PAUL

The internet can be a beautiful thing. (*Pause*) Lemme' make sure I got this straight: You're my date until you give the all-clear sign, yes?

DEE (*Picking up a colorful scarf*)

Scarf on—still buried deep in the closet as your lovely date and work associate, Dee Parker. Scarf off and I'm out as Dee Parker, formerly—

PAUL

My best buddy, David Parker. Star of track and debate teams—

DEE

Not to mention Varsity letter winner at the teen depression unit at Mental Health.

PAUL

Shit, Dee. It wasn't that bad.

DEE (*Pulling up her sleeves*)

Really? Want to see my scars?

PAUL (*Pulling her sleeves*

down.)

Stop. It's. You're different now.

DEE

You can say that a-

PAUL

I mean it. You're fine now. Right? No new, you know, scars? And, you're still here, thank God. And still my best buddy.