

Side 2: Mary, Trenner

TRENNER. This coffee cake is really good.

MARY. Thanks.

TRENNER. (*Sensually.*) It's really...*moist.*

MARY. You have to use old bananas. They have to be a little bit rotten.

TRENNER. (*Winking.*) There's nothing wrong with old bananas. Can I feed you some?

MARY. I'm good. I just finished dinner.

TRENNER. What'd you have?

MARY. Hungarian goulash.

TRENNER. Hungarian goulash, wow. Isn't that an aphrodisiac?

MARY. I've never heard that.

TRENNER. Can I try some?

MARY. Of course you can.

She serves him a bite from the pan on a serving spoon, which he sucks on sensually.

TRENNER. Oh my God. What makes this taste so good?

MARY. Well, there's paprika in it.

TRENNER. Paprika. That's fun to say. *Paprika.* My mother never cooks anything. She just nukes stuff.

MARY. Here. I'll fix you a plate. I made a double batch. Ellie's coming home next weekend...

TRENNER. It's so weird that you're a mother!

MARY. Why is that weird?

TRENNER. When I think about women having babies, it usually makes me not want to have sex with them.

MARY. Are you picturing them in labor?

TRENNER. It's more like this huge creature came out of her.

MARY. But the creatures were relatively small when they came out. I mean, it's not like *Alien*.

TRENNER. Sigourney Weaver! Another older woman who's hot.

Mary hands him a plate and a juice box.

MARY. Trenner, what are you doing here?

TRENNER. Haven't you ever seen a porno movie?

MARY. I'm sorry?

TRENNER. They get from the kitchen to the bedroom in like two minutes. How do they do that?

MARY. They have a script.

TRENNER. That would be cool, wouldn't it? If we had a script?

MARY. They don't usually have *much* of a script...

TRENNER. Awkward question. Do you think I'm hot?

MARY. I can't answer that!

TRENNER. Oh come on. *Objectively.*

MARY. I suppose if I were 20, I'd think you were hot.

TRENNER. That is a *bullshit* answer.

MARY. Trenner, I've known you since you were in pre-school!

TRENNER. What do you remember about me?

MARY. You had a perpetual cold.

TRENNER. I did?

MARY. You *always* had a runny nose.

TRENNER. Why didn't my mom take me to the doctor?

MARY. I know!

TRENNER. I probably had allergies!

MARY. You probably did!

TRENNER. *God.*

MARY. The other thing that always made me sad was that a cab picked you up to take you from morning kindergarten to afternoon day care. You know, because both your parents were working.

TRENNER. That sucked. The cab always smelled like those little mushroom air fresheners. I used to wish you were my mother.

MARY. You did? Why?

TRENNER. Because you always stopped to look at the doily valentine or the wax paper leaves or whatever crappy clay thing Ellie had made that day.

MARY. Didn't your mom look at yours?

TRENNER. Yeah, but by the time she got home at night the moment had sort of passed.

There is an urgent knock on the door. Mary peeks out.

MARY. Oh God. It's Liz.