

13.

*(Back at the office. OMAR sits at KATHA's desk now. KATHA stands behind him, training him. They both look at the computer screen.)*

KATHA. I usually dump the Unsoliciteds in this folder.

OMAR. "Siberia." Cute.

KATHA. That way they aren't haunting me before I have time to deal with them.

Usually I give myself an hour on Friday morning and just burn through them. There's this one guy, Mr. Firestone? He must be in his eighties at least. He sends us all his war stories, and I mean war stories like *war*. Korea. Really, um, representational. And he always calls, asking for the hard copy back. We don't do that. He knows we don't do that. He's just looking for a way to get me on the phone – I mean you.

OMAR. Um, Katha, I wanted to thank you...

KATHA. Thank me?

OMAR. I don't want this to be weird, but you really made my career, by leaving I mean.

KATHA. Well, you can have it.

OMAR. I know I can.

KATHA. No, I mean, I don't want anything to do with it.

OMAR. You really burned out.

KATHA. I don't know if that's the word I'd—

Fine, I "burned out."

OMAR. Do you have any advice for me?

KATHA. Advice...

OMAR. I mean, to not burn out like you?

KATHA. Um. Take breaks. Try to punch out at five. I don't know.

With you I sense a... *(as though she's saying "ruthlessness")* stability I didn't have, so.

*(OMAR smiles at this.)*

OMAR. *(suddenly confidential)* Is it true you're joining a cult?

*(Short pause)*

That's what they're saying.

KATHA. Who.

OMAR. Everyone.

KATHA. If it's easier for you to believe, then yes, it's a cult.

OMAR. What do you mean easier to believe?

KATHA. If it means you don't have to wonder which of us is crazy: Me, for leaving? Or you, for working a 60-hour week just so you can pay for an apartment the size of a matchbox, while you spend the rest of what you make buying drinks to numb yourself while you complain to your husband which makes him hate you and makes you hate yourself even more because you're supposed to be this woman, this powerful woman because that's what you're supposed to BE, except for you don't feel powerful, you feel like someone who doesn't SLEEP or DREAM or do anything but just get THROUGH it.

OMAR. Wow.

KATHA. I'm sorry, that was – not really about you, was it.

Good luck. With everything, Omar. Really.

OMAR. What is this place you're going, anyway?

*(Short pause)*

KATHA. You know how you'll go hiking for the day in the clean air and come back feeling refreshed? You feel better, you think clearer. So then...why do you ever come back?

OMAR. I don't really go hiking, so.

*(Short pause. The phone beeps. JENNA's voice comes through the speaker.)*

JENNA. Fancy salads?

OMAR. *(pressing a button on the phone, leaning towards it)* Totally.

JENNA. Is she still there?