

AMANDA. You don't ask her nearly enough questions. If she was my grandma I'd know everything. I'm like obsessed with family history. If you want to know the names of all my great-grandmother's siblings in Chural Rina I'll...

*(She cracks up.)*

Rural. China. I'm drunk. Are you drunk?

*(LEO pours two Camparis.)*

LEO. I wasn't drinking.

AMANDA. You *weren't*? Are you gonna like date rape me?

LEO. *(nervous)* Uh...

AMANDA. I'm just kidding, I'll totally sleep with you. I mean probably. I like you. You're like a mountain man. Like a real live mountain man. Of the mountains. You live outside of society's, like...

*(She can't think of how to finish the sentence. He hands her a Campari.)*

LEO. I don't really know what this is, but it matches your bandaid.

AMANDA. Oh, yeah!

*(She lifts a pinky finger, revealing a bright pink/orange bandaid.)*

Did I tell you how I got this?

LEO. No.

AMANDA. I totally shut my finger in a cab door! If I showed you, you wouldn't believe it, it's like nine colors. I might not have a pinky fingernail ever again!

LEO. That's good, it's like your signature. Like your original thing.

AMANDA. But I'm already like a total freak, I mean look at me.

LEO. I don't think you're a freak.

AMANDA. *(disappointed)* You don't?

LEO. *(backtracking)* I mean -

AMANDA. I'm just teasing you, I'm just kidding. You're adorable, you're so cute.

LEO. I wanna see under it.

AMANDA. Under what? My bandaid?

LEO. Yeah, I wanna see the colors.

AMANDA. Ew! Gross! No! I mean, not *yet*.

*(She drinks some of the Campari.)*

Wow, this is nasty.

LEO. Sorry, I can –

AMANDA. No, in a good way.

*(A flirtatious pause. He leans in for the kiss. She ducks coquettishly away and goes back to the window.)*

So what's your deal, mountain man?

LEO. My – ?

AMANDA. I'll tell you my deal first, that's only fair. I'm at Parsons, duh. I sort of have a boyfriend but mostly not right now. I grew up in San Francisco, my parents run like a dim sum empire, so I'm kinda rich and I don't really like to apologize for it. Um, my sister is five years older and she already has two kids which I think is so gross. Like I can't even stand to be in her house because of the smell. And I'm gonna be an international art star, that much is clear, though I don't know exactly what medium yet.

Your turn.

LEO. Um, I'm from St. Paul. And...now I'm here, by way of Seattle.

*(brief pause)*

AMANDA. Wow, you're really, like, milking this man of few words, romantic scruffy beard thing.

LEO. I just really want to kiss you, Amelia.

AMANDA. Am / anda.

LEO. Amanda! Sorry! I knew I was gonna do that.

AMANDA. Yeah, that just set you back, like, at least twenty minutes.

LEO. Amanda Amanda Amanda Amanda Amanda.

AMANDA. You should do that inside your head instead of out loud.

LEO. Sorry.

AMANDA. Your name is Leo, which means Lion. What's your astrological sign?

LEO. Not Leo. Virgo.

AMANDA. Mine's Libra.

*(She mimes scales.)*

Balance.

LEO. You're really beautiful, Amanda.

AMANDA. That's good, keep practicing my name, soon you won't even have to think about it.

LEO. I'm sorry, I'm really not an asshole.

AMANDA. Who's Amelia. Ex-girlfriend?

LEO. No, I – don't take this the wrong way, but I think I did that because all night I was afraid I was gonna call you Lily? Which is my sister's name? You sorta remind me of her.

AMANDA. *(a joke)* Is she Chinese?

LEO. Yeah.

AMANDA. Seriously?

LEO. Yeah, she's adopted.

AMANDA. And she's an amazing dresser? No, that's a joke. But seriously, is she?

LEO. No, she's much more, like...Banana Republic than you.

AMANDA. Ooh.

LEO. But it's just, something in the...

*(He gestures vaguely toward his face.)*

I dunno.

AMANDA. That's sweet, mountain man. I think that's really sweet.

Where is she?