

# The Outsider - Rachel Side 2

## Start

~~... I don't know. So, did you... did you look~~

RACHEL. We're not talking about the box, Dave. You don't get to "anonymously" drop off a bunch of documents and then quiz me on my reaction to them. And you don't get to steer me toward certain questions you want me to ask the Governor; that's not how this works. Last time I was here, I let Arthur Vance tell me what I couldn't ask. This time, maybe I'll ask whatever I want to ask.

DAVE. Okay. Great.

RACHEL. (*Annoyed that he's misunderstanding:*) I'm not saying that's gonna make your guy look good.

DAVE. No, I know.

RACHEL. (*Suspicious of this—almost accusatory:*) And you're okay with that. You're the one person in politics who *wants* reporters to ask damaging questions.

DAVE. I'd have thought you'd *like* that.

RACHEL. Who says I don't like it?

DAVE. Well, you sound kinda *angry*.

RACHEL. Well, *you* sound kinda... *nice*.

DAVE. And... that's another thing you don't like about me?

RACHEL. No, it's another thing I *do* like about you.

DAVE. Why do you *yell* at me when there's something you *like* about me?

RACHEL. You're an idealist, Dave. You want me to be the kind of reporter who... (*A better way to put it:*) You want me to be the kind of reporter I want me to be. But if I defy my boss, and just ask the Governor and Lulu Peakes what I *want* to ask them—what I *ought* to ask them... I will lose my job. Or, worse, end up hosting the morning show, interviewing reality TV stars, and celebrity chefs; do you want that to happen?

DAVE. No.

RACHEL. Well, neither do I, so I'm not gonna... I can't just... *Damn* it. A. C.?

A. C. (*He's heard enough of the conversation to know what she's grappling with:*) Yeah?

RACHEL. How long till we're on the air?

A. C. (*The question means she's debating which way to go, which he takes as a good sign:*) Seven minutes.

RACHEL. (*A little beat. To DAVE:*) I've gotta go do some thinking.

DAVE. Right.

(RACHEL moves to exit out the Reception door, but comes back.)

RACHEL. Why did you ask me if I play poker?

DAVE. I honestly don't know.

RACHEL. (*Accepting that response:*) Alright. (*Beat.*) How many reporters did you leak those papers to?

DAVE. Just you. You were the only one.

RACHEL. Okay, first of all, thank you. And second: (*With actual anger and frustration:*) You're supposed to say "what papers?"!

DAVE. Right. Sorry. "I, I don't know what you're talking about."

RACHEL. Oh my God, you're the worst liar ever.

DAVE. (*As she exits:*) And you like that about me?

RACHEL. (*A little angry:*) Yes.

(RACHEL exits out the Reception door. NED enters from the Hallway door.)

NED. (*The idea of being on camera, moments from how, is making him mumble again.*) Oh, Dave, I've gotta get my (microphone on.)

DAVE. What's that—your mic?

NED. Yeah, I've told me to come in and (have A. C. put my mic on.)

DAVE. (*Reassuring him:*) That's fine; you get set-up, and I'll tell Arthur we're almost ready, okay?

(A.C interrupts to talk to NED about the placement of his mic and mic pack.)

A. C. (*Making a few grunts, accompanied by gestures, meaning, perhaps:*) (I'm gonna clip the mic to the lapel of your jacket.)

NED. (*In response, mumbling, perhaps:*) (Okay, last time I wasn't wearing a jacket.)

A. C. (*In response, grunting, perhaps:*) (Yeah, that's fine. And the mic pack will go in the inside pocket of your jacket.)

NED. (*In response, mumbling, perhaps:*) (Last time, it was in my pants pocket.)

**END**