

Dave and Rachel

DAVE. (*The honest answer:*) I don't know. So, did you... did you look in the box?

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.*)