

INT. GALLAGHER KITCHEN - DAY

Fiona reads an ancient, crumpled US Weekly, killing time as she keeps her foot wedged against the washer door. Washing machine churns away happily, until... KNOCK at the back door. As she abandons the washer, it grinds instantly to a stop.

She opens the back door, surprised to see Steve.

STEVE

Hiya!

She returns to the washer, jams her foot against the door, to jump start the machine. Steve saunters in.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Wondering what your schedule's like Friday?

FIONA

I've got a party.

STEVE

Want a chaperone?

Steve clocks the small pyramid of toilet paper rolls and pile of tiny bars of wrapped motel soap on the kitchen table.

FIONA

You're not eligible.

STEVE

Right. Pre-nup chick thing?

No reply. She just stares at him cynically.

FIONA

Steve, you're not that desperate.

STEVE

(thrown)

Wanting to see you again's
desperate?

FIONA

Feeling like you have to. That's
desperate. You could get laid
anywhere.

STEVE

(scoffs)

So I'm only here for a fuck?

FIONA

Never crossed your mind?

She coldly dismisses him by moving to the freezer, removing ingredients for a family meal.

STEVE

This is all a bit Hans Christian
Anderson. Just when you think you
collared your dream girl... her
incontinent, alcoholic father
appears, wrecks everything... And
she's blaming you!

FIONA

Dream girl? Please, we had drunken
sex on my kitchen floor.

STEVE

Stop pretending you don't even know
me. You weren't that drunk.

(which gets her attention)

If the only reason last night
happened was because it happened,
so what? At least something did.
It did for me.

Pause. They hold a look. She's genuinely thrown by his choice of words. Or guts to use them. He's off her radar for the kind of guys she's used to dealing with. Lip barges in from the living room, dumping a lunch plate in the sink.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey, it's Phillip!

X
LIP

Hey, it's ~~dead~~ man walking! Jimmy
Clifton ~~called~~ looking for you.

STEVE
 No school?
 LIP
 Couple teeth pulled this morning.

STEVE
 Wisdom teeth?
 LIP
 Sugar rot.
 STEVE
 Little known fact: make sure you
 don't just chew your food on one
 side. It can buckle your jaw, which
 can buckle your lips and affect
 your posture.

LIP
 That a fact?

STEVE
 Skeletal fact.

Fiona moves back to her store position against the washing machine. It hums back into action. Steve clocks this small mechanical blip.

FIONA
 (sideglance)
 Lip

Mimes "fuck off". Lip respects her privacy. As he exits --

LIP
 (to Steve)
 Talk out of your ass with that much
 conviction, you end up needing a
 much bigger toothbrush. Anal fact.

Exits grinning. Steve registers the variable intellects of this neighborhood.

FIONA
 Listen, thanks for trying to get my
 purse back, and... stuff. But -

STEVE
 'Stuff'?

FIONA
 I'm not looking. Not right now.

STEVE

(pause)

Okay if I leave my number for when
you might be?

She shrugs indifferently. Steve finds a pen, scrap of paper.

CUT TO: