

LOOKING

NINA. Yeah, in a span of two hours.

MATT. Well, now you're being unkind.

NINA. Unkind how?

MATT. Well, we spent an hour and forty-five minutes in the bar.

NINA. Look, I'm sorry, Matt, but I just don't feel very good about this right now.

MATT. About what?

NINA. About us. About me. Everything. Dammit. You know, all these years I never thought about this stuff. I went out, had fun, and if I liked the guy, well, I didn't mind sleeping with him. What's the harm, right? Now, all of a sudden I'm second guessing myself. I mean, maybe I've been wrong all this time. Shit, last month I slept with a married man. Oh, sure, I didn't know he was married, but maybe if I hadn't jumped in so quickly. Maybe if I had a more stringent screening process. Right now my screening process is 'Have you got a car?.' I mean, take you. You recite a stupid poem and boom! We're in bed. I didn't even hear the whole poem! Two lines and I'm naked. God. Why don't I take my time with these things? What's the rush? I'm living my life like it's some sort of sexual relay race and I'm the baton. That's why I don't feel so good about myself right now. Maybe it'll pass. I don't know. But at this moment I'm very angry. In fact, just looking at you makes me angry. You represent everything I don't like about myself. Every man I ever slept with and never heard back from. Every man who ever tried to hit on me with a dumb line or a silly poem. Every man I fell for because I was so damned desperate to have someone love me. You're every one of them. Standing right here in front of me. You make me sick right now!

MATT.So, should I call you?

NINA. I don't know. I just...I'm very confused. I'm sorry.