

SIDE 5

SCENE 3

Michael
Ginger

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SCENE 3 - INT. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY - NIGHT.

15. "INTERLUDE: READ WITH YOU"

Several hours pass, again. MICHAEL holds his hands over Ginger's eyes. They are in a dark Special Collections Floor of the Huntington Library. An ominous portrait, or series, of Melvil Dewey hangs ominously.

MICHAEL.

...Just a few more steps—

GINGER.

Just so you know, I told people I'm here so they know my whereabouts! I even sent my geotag, just in case—

MICHAEL.

(HE removes her blindfold.)

The Huntington Library...*after hours!*

(Beat. GINGER looks around. SHE notices the portraits.)

GINGER.

Is that who I think it is?

(SWING, dressed in doctoral graduation regalia, appears with two Capri-Suns on a silver platter.)

GINGER (CONT'D).

And who's he?

MICHAEL.

(Taking Capri-Suns and handing Ginger one.)

Certified Librarian.

GINGER.

But there are no *actual* books at that library...unless you're on... THE SECOND FLOOR! We can't be!

(Beat. Suspicious.)

GINGER (CONT'D).

Who *are* you? You would have to be a literary scholar to get access, and not just any amateur scholar. You have to be accredited and working on a thesis at some *big* university with a *big* name that you pay *big* money for! And then you're bled dry, working thirty hours a week at some job you don't really like just to keep afloat while you finish your degree!--

(SWING enters and presents two pairs of white gloves. MICHAEL hands one to Ginger.)

GINGER (CONT'D).

Tiny, white gloves?!

MICHAEL.

Except I *do* like my thirty-hour a week job.

16. "READ WITH YOU"

GINGER.

You... like books. I've never felt this... like a lot, you like books. I think I'm dying...

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MICHAEL.

Don't freak out. I'm coming in.

*(MICHAEL leans in for a kiss. Suddenly GINGER'S phone goes off.
GINGER jumps.)*

SFX: Phone ping.

SWINGS.

Shh!

GINGER.

Let's try that again—

(GINGER leans in, expectantly. Suddenly:)

SFX: Phone ping.

(BOTH are startled by the sound.)

SWINGS.

Shh!

MICHAEL.

Are you going to take that?

GINGER.

It can wait 'til after!

(Suddenly:)

SFX: Too many phone pings.

(SWINGS, at wits end, storm off stage.)

GINGER (CONT'D).

(SHE looks at her phone. Her demeanor shifts.)

Uh oh...

MICHAEL.

What?

GINGER.

It's Roberta and Agnes. They say the library is in danger?! This was perfect, but I've got to go. The library! The library!

(GINGER begins removing white gloves and leaves one behind a la Cinderella. Ad lib as GINGER runs off stage. MICHAEL remains, dumbfounded. HE picks up the glove. THEN:)

BLACKOUT.