

Side #6: Rachel / Dave

RACHEL.

So, Dave Riley. The politician who's not good at politics.

DAVE. Right.

RACHEL. The guy who doesn't mind me asking questions.

DAVE. That's me.

RACHEL. In fact, something tells me you're *hoping* I'll ask questions today.

DAVE. Oh—

RACHEL. About Lulu Peakes, about the Governor, about a box of documents I found sitting on my desk two nights ago. Say, you wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

DAVE. (*Again, very bad at lying:*) I'm sorry, did you... did you say a box?

RACHEL. Can I play poker with you sometime? How did you not know that I would know that was you? Who else has access to Ned Newley's papers?; you're the only person who works for the guy. I swear, I talk to politicians every day, begging them to drop the veneer and be straight with me for once in their lives, but you... It's like I want to teach you how to lie.

DAVE. (*For some reason curious about that:*) Do you really play poker?

RACHEL. (*For some reason resenting the question:*) Yes. (*Then wondering:*) Why did you ask me that?

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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.