

ACT TWO, PART I

LANA's apartment, interior. LANA and STACY enter, wearing exercise clothes and looking like they just finished a grueling workout.

LANA

I have to say, twenty is a lot of miles.
When I think of what we have in store -
Adding six more -
I'm filled with the urge to regurgitate a bucket or two of bile.

STACY

Just think of each mile
As if it's the last mile,
And in a little while
You'll be done.
All you have to do is run,
And don't stop...

LANA

'Til my heart throws in the towel and I drop.

STACY

It's not such a daunting feat...

LANA

...says the Triathlete.

STACY

Not to judge, but...
Maybe if you weren't out 'til 2 AM,
Hanging out with my brother Simon and his dumbass friends...

LANA

It's true, I have to admit,
Each one of those dudes is an idiot.

And yet...

STACY

...What?

LANA

Nothing...they just crack me up,
They get my weird sense of humor
When the rest of the world has got me feeling fatigued.
Besides, I can't get enough women on board to form
A ladies-only fantasy football league.

STACY

Some of us have better things to do, it's true,
Than make bets on who will be
The first to develop Chronic Traumatic Encephalopathy.

LANA

That's not quite how it works, Debbie Downer.
It's a game of skill and wit
But mostly talking trash, then beating your friends,
And rubbing their noses in it.

STACY

It seems more fun when you put it that way...
...But what was it you were about to say?

LANA

Oh, nothing, just...
...I think I have feelings for someone.

STACY

A crush? On one of them?

LANA

Well, more than a crush, and more than a friend...