

ALLISYN:

No. I'm just giving you a heads up.

(beat)

ALLISYN (cont'd):

Edward, does Ben know? When I asked you to reassign me? That I flew to London from Cairo--- that I was with you?

EDWARD:

Of, course not. You were already back in New York by the time he called. He asked me where you were and I told him. The rest was one night. I'm not about to put my own marriage in jeopardy.

ALLISYN:

Good. Thanks, Edward.

EDWARD:

Stay safe, Allisyn.

They hang up. The camera stays on Edward. BEN (is onstage,) Skypes EDWARD. EDWARD answers his call; we see the men both on the screens and live on stage.

EDWARD:

Edward Evans speaking.

BEN:

What, there's no caller ID in London?

EDWARD:

Sorry, I didn't recognize the number.

BEN:

I'm just messing with you- it's an unlisted line.

EDWARD:

What's up?

BEN:

Listen, I want you to take my name off this piece.

EDWARD:

Why? Did we get something wrong?

begin

BEN:

No- no. The story is there- the facts are tight.

EDWARD:

Some conflict of interest with your work in Cairo?

BEN:

No, no. It's nothing like that.

EDWARD:

What is it then?

BEN:

It's just... this is Allisyn's piece. I think she deserves to take full credit for it.

EDWARD:

Since when did you become so altruistic?

BEN:

Listen, this story's gonna knock your socks off. I'm proud to have been a part of it.
It's just-

EDWARD:

You spontaneously don't care about the advancement of your own career?

BEN:

It's not my piece. We both know I wouldn't be here if she had gotten in.

EDWARD:

But she didn't. And when I called you, you asked be brought in. So why the back-peddling?

BEN:

I'm just trying to do the right thing here, Edward.

EDWARD:

By whom?

(beat)

EDWARD (cont'd):

We've known each other a long time now, Ben. You, me, Allisyn. If you think she's going to appreciate the gesture, I think you are mistaken.

BEN:

And why's that?

EDWARD:

Because Allisyn wants credit for
the work she does, nothing more- nothing less.

BEN:

I was trying to be respectful.

EDWARD:

You're smarter than that, Ben. Take off the God damn blinders and
learn when to be a reporter and when to be a man.

(beat)

We're running it tomorrow. Let me know what you decide.

They hang up.

end