

**MARISSA** (20s-early 30s)

*After escaping certain death, Marissa becomes the "tough chick," but later events will crack that façade.*

*This scene takes place after Jeff has left Betsy:*

MARISSA

Betsy. Enough.

Betsy sniffs and tries to choke back the tears.

MARISSA

What was so great about him?

BETSY

What?

MARISSA

You heard me. Why are you so torn up about him leaving?

MARISSA

Tell me one thing that you had in common.

BETSY

What?

MARISSA

Just one thing.

BETSY

He liked my paintings?

MARISSA

Did you ever discuss art or did he just say...

(deep voice)

"Uh, that's nice, babe."

BETSY

The sex?

Marissa gives her a "you're kidding" look.

BETSY

He was here. Okay? He was here.

Marissa takes Betsy's hands in hers.

MARISSA

You and I...

A pause to get her words together and change tactics--

MARISSA

You stared down that fucking maniac.  
You stood there with nothing but a  
little pipe in your hand and you were  
ready to tear him apart. You don't  
need some jerk around just to--

BETSY

I was dead. I-I knew I was go--

MARISSA

That's the point. That's what makes us  
special. We should both be dead.  
We've seen how we were going to die but  
we're both still here.