

*(Crossfade to bookstore. IZZY crosses into bookstore and stands behind the counter, burying her head in a book. TYLER MOSS enters.)*

TYLER. *(studying her silently, then:)* You must get a lot of reading done here.

IZZY. *(looking up from the book, startled)* Oh — Hi.

TYLER. I hope I haven't stopped you at a crucial moment.

IZZY. Oh — no.

TYLER. I remember back in school when I worked in the bookstore, if I really got into something I would go hide in the back room so I could finish a chapter without getting interrupted.

IZZY. We don't have much of a backroom.

TYLER. You don't seem to have much business either.... *(He looks around the store.)* How are things going?

IZZY. Fine. Fine. — We're well stocked on all your books. — We do our best to keep neighborhood authors prominently displayed — See, you're still out there—*(She points to the window.)*

TYLER. Yeah — *(looking over to the window)* — Looks a little yellow, doesn't it? — But I am going to have something new coming out — in the fall. I'll give you plenty of advance notice on it ... in case you want to do something special with the window.

IZZY. I'm sure we will. — Can I help you with anything today?

TYLER. I came in for the *Paris Review*.

IZZY. Not in yet.

TYLER. Yes, I noticed. Sorry to have interrupted your reading.

IZZY. No problem. — I've read it before.

TYLER. Oh? — *(He crosses back to her.)* Second reads can be the sweetest — like lots of things on the second tasting — What is it? *(She turns the book up, revealing the cover of his novel, FREEFALL.)*

IZZY. *(smiling shyly)* Actually, it's my third read.

TYLER. This is called adrenalin to the ego — my god — your third! It's not *that* good.

IZZY. Oh it is ... it is.

TYLER. Well ... thank you. Thank you very much. — I'm all mush-mouth — I don't know what to say .... Can I sign it for you?

IZZY. You already have. I got it the day you were here signing books. Just after it came out.

TYLER. *(picking up the book and looking inside the cover)* But — there's no inscription. That won't do — *(taking his pen from his pocket)* Please forgive me, I've forgotten your name.

IZZY. Isabelle Grossman. — Izzy mostly.

TYLER. Izzy — I like it. *(Holds the book and closes his eyes trying to think of something to write.)* My god, I can't think straight — I'm still swooning from your compliment — Okay, let's see. *(He starts to write. IZZY is glowing. He hands her back the book.)*

IZZY. Thanks, Mr. Moss.

TYLER. Tyler, please.

IZZY. Thanks, Ty.

TYLER. Just Tyler. *(Walks to the door.)* My deepest pleasure. *(exits)*