

EMILY. Okay. We'll talk soon.

**START**

*John hangs up. Lights down on Emily.*

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JOHN. You know the way to the airport?

JIM. I can find it. Um—sorry, I didn't mean to totally crap out on

your couch.

JOHN. Got everything?

*Jim reaches the front door and opens it.*

JIM. I think so.

JOHN. Travel safe.

*John turns away, starts walking randomly away from Jim, tired. Jim can't restrain himself. He crosses to John, getting to within a few feet of his back.*

JIM. I do have one question.

JOHN. (Startled.) What?! What is it?!

*Recovering, he starts approaching Jim menacingly, driving him back toward the front door.*

JIM. (He hesitates.) Nah, I'll get going.

*John opens the front door.*

JOHN. Good idea.

JIM. It's just—

*John closes the door.*

JOHN. What?

JIM. Okay. You say they found the world's oldest bottle of Tabasco sauce beneath the Buckets of Blood Saloon. But they found it underneath the Boston Saloon, which is fifty feet away.

JOHN. So?

JIM. So, we should change it, it's wrong.

JOHN. How so?

JIM. Because it's not correct?

JOHN. Do you pay any attention to prepositions? They found it *underneath* the Boston Saloon. But by the same token it was found *beneath*, at a lower level than, the Buckets of Blood Saloon next door. "Beneath" is exactly correct.

JIM. That's not what most people understand by "beneath," but okay.

*Jim starts to leave. But—*

JOHN. "Buckets of Blood" is more interesting than "Boston Saloon." And since they found the bottle *down*—and just a few feet away—the

claim is fine. You're fact checking this, right? Not editing it?

JIM. Just fact checking.

JOHN. So long.

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*Jim opens the front door.*

**END**