

CLAY: SORRY

HOLLY. Stop saying you're sorry. I don't care if you're sorry. You're so full of it. I know it. The people know it. The only one who doesn't know it is that girl. Whatever her name is.

CLAY. What? That's not—

HOLLY. You betrayed them. Understand. These people believed in you. Even if you're half the age of every Mayor this town's ever had. They believed. Believed in a POLITICIAN. For once, for the first time, and definitely the last.

CLAY. I was doing my best to represent the needs of my constituents. People can be short-sighted and sometimes tough decisions need to be made. I love the park, too. This is my home. I grew up here. I—

HOLLY. Stop, just stop. Stop campaigning for once will you.

CLAY. I'm not campaigning, I'm defending myself.

HOLLY. You're whole life is a campaign. Our marriage was part of your campaign. Not *our* campaign. *Yours*. You don't think I know what you're doing here in this park.

CLAY. I'm working.

HOLLY. Trying to work me. But it's not gonna work. Not anymore. Where is she?

CLAY. Where is she?

HOLLY. Is she here in the park? Is this where you sneak off to? Don't even try to deny it because I already know. I've known.

CLAY. That's over, okay. I told you the past is the past. You don't believe me? Look. Look.

*(CLAY takes out his cell phone, dials.)*

HOLLY. Who are you calling?

CLAY. You want me to prove it?

*(Someone answers on the other side of the phone. Speaking into phone:)*

Hi. Hi. Hi. . . . It doesn't matter. I said it doesn't matter. . . . Listen to me. It's over. . . . I mean it's over. That's what I mean. No. Over, over. Done. No . . . No . . . No . . . We already talked about this.

*(HOLLY is getting impatient, starts to leave.)*

CLAY. *(Still into phone:)* That's it. Just saying what I've already said. Goodbye.

*(He hangs up.)*

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