NINA: So? (Pause.) Spill it.
KENYATTA: There are these...letters....
NINA: I knew it.
KENYATTA: ...she wrote.
NINA: Paper thin.
KENYATTA: You know what I'm saying?
NINA: Transparent as hell. That's what you are. I don't even
know you and I can see through you like x-ray vision.
KENYATTA: I'm trying to be upfront.
NINA: Upfront. (Humph.) Yeah okay.
KENYATTA: She wrote them...to me....
NINA: So.
KENYATTA: You have them?
NINA: What if I do?
KENYATTA: I'd like to see them.
NINA: Fuck no.
KENYATTA: You have them?
NINA: I didn't say that.
KENYATTA: Please, Nina.
NINA: Don't please Nina me. Do not say my name as if you've
said it a hundred times. As if we have this familiarity
between us. We are not familiar. We are not close. We are
not in sync. You are a stranger that I let in and now that
you've finally said what you wanted, I'm letting you out.
KENYATTA: I know you don't trust me.
NINA: You think?
KENYATTA: I know you don't know me.
NINA: I don't know anyone. But her. I knew her. And she
knew me. She's the only person who knew me. She's dead,
and I'm a mystery to everyone else. Got it? You and me...
we don't know each other. She was the link and she's dead.
Let it go.
KENYATTA: I can't just let it go.

NINA: You better.
KENYATTA: I can't.
NINA: Why can't you?
KENYATTA: I need them.
NINA: For what?
KENYATTA: I just... need them.
NINA: You and everybody else.
KENYATTA: Who's everybody else?
NINA: Act like you don't know.
KENYATTA: I don't know.
NINA: Liar.
KENYATTA: I don't know.
NINA: How do you know there are letters?
KENYATTA: quiet.
KENYATTA: I'm not lying.
NINA: How do you know there are letters?
KENYATTA: I have heard.
NINA: From who?
KENYATTA: Friends. Former...colleagues.
NINA: (Laughing.) Colleagues? That's what you call them?
Colleagues?
KENYATTA: It's been a long time. Not exactly sure what to call
them now.
NINA: Losers. Deadbeats. Fiends –
KENYATTA: Alright. That's enough.
NINA: That's enough?
KENYATTA: Yes. That's enough.
NINA: You comin' in my house telling me what's enough?
KENYATTA: I'm coming in your house to try to...
KENYATTA falls silent again. Words escape him. NINA glares at him.
NINA: Try to...what?
KENYATTA doesn’t answer.

You can’t even admit it. Huh? Can you? You can’t even be straight up.

KENYATTA: It’s not what you think.
NINA: You don’t know what I think.
KENYATTA: Nina, do you –
NINA: Do not fucking call me Nina!
KENYATTA: That’s your name –
NINA: I hate the way it sounds when you say it. Like you know me. Like you own my name. You do not own shit around here. Got it?
KENYATTA: It’s your name.
NINA: I know it’s my name.
KENYATTA: We named you.
NINA: I know that.
KENYATTA: You know?
NINA: Yes, I know!

The buzzer rings. Pause.

NINA walks over to the buzzer to speak.

NINA: I’m coming down in one sec Damon.

Pause.

NINA: I gotta bounce.
KENYATTA: When will I be able to catch you again?
NINA: There is no catching me again.
KENYATTA: I need to see you again.
NINA: I don’t care what you need.
KENYATTA: I’m coming back to talk with you.
NINA: You come back and I’m calling the cops. You want me to do that?

KENYATTA stares at NINA silently.

I didn’t think you’d want me to do that.
KENYATTA: I need to know about the letters. Are they here?

NINA: I’m not telling you.
KENYATTA: They belong to me.
NINA: No. That’s where you’re way the hell off. They belong to me.
KENYATTA: She wrote them to me.
NINA: She left them to me. It’s in her will. “So that you will understand what we do for love, Nina.” That’s her statement. To me. They’re mine.
KENYATTA: You’ve read them?
NINA: I don’t have to tell you.
KENYATTA: You have them.
NINA: I don’t have to tell you that.
KENYATTA: Tell me or not. I know you have them.
NINA: It doesn’t matter to you. You’re not putting your hands on them.
KENYATTA: I just need to read –
NINA: No.

KENYATTA falls silent. Buzzer sounds again. NINA walks over and presses the button to talk.

NINA: (Into the speaker.) Two minutes.

She looks at KENYATTA.

NINA: You know how many people want these letters?
KENYATTA: How many?
NINA: Hundreds. Folks from all over. Stupid college robots writing their dissertations. Professors at universities. Publishing companies. The press. Everybody wants them. Long-lost love letters to a political prisoner. Notes on the revolution. Ashanti X writes to Kenyatta Shakur while he serves time for… what was it again?
KENYATTA: Nita –
NINA: Oh right… robbing an armored truck. Nice.
KENYATTA: Okay now.
NINA: In the name of some bullshit cause –