

## CLIFF & THE SISTERS CALLBACK

(CLIFF's cellphone rings. It is some catchy, ridiculous song. He takes it out and checks the number.)

CLARA: Nice ringtone.

CLIFF: I should probably get going. That's my boss, so—

ROSE: Oh, just one drink.

CLIFF: I really can't.

ROSE: Oh come on! It'll help! It's so cold outside.

CLARA: You sound like that rape-y Christmas song.

ROSE: *One drink* won't kill you.

EMILY: He doesn't want to.

CLIFF: One drink *could* actually kill me if I got into an accident because of it.

CLARA: That's fucking bleak, Cliff.

CLIFF: I'll just, ah... collect my tip? And go.

EMILY: Hm. Presumptuous.

CLIFF: Sorry. It's just... I—I don't get paid very much. I sort of make a lot of my money in tips, and nobody reimburses me for gas, so—

ROSE: Of *course* we're tipping you!

CLIFF: And, I mean, I *did* make it all this way, in the snow—

CLARA: Well, you've *got* the snowmobile. You just bragged about how you have a monopoly on the whole market tonight.

CLIFF: Yeah, it's just—

ROSE: I am absolutely gonna give you a *great* tip, don't worry.

CLIFF: Thank you.

ROSE: Right after you share *one drink* with us.

CLIFF: Ah—                      EMILY: *Rose*.

ROSE: One drink, that's all!

CLIFF: I've really—

ROSE: Come on, surely Pizza Mania can wait *five minutes*, can't it?

CLARA: Yeah, why are you even working there? You're like a thousand years old.

ROSE: *Clara.*

CLARA: I'm just *saying*. Doesn't he seem a little *old* to be delivering pizzas?

ROSE: *Clara!*

CLIFF: No, no. She's right. I used to have a... better job—

EMILY: What happened?

CLIFF: I got fired.

CLARA: Why?

ROSE: *Clara!*

CLARA: I'm curious!

CLIFF: Oh, you know. Just downsizing. No real reason. Cutbacks. Layoffs. Too many employees. So. They fired me. (Beat.) *Only* me.

ROSE (with great sympathy): Oh *no!* CLARA: Ha.

EMILY: Wow. That's so miserable. I like you more and more, Cliff.

CLIFF: Okay.