

JOE
It's cool, man. I'm just teasin'. You doing okay?

ROB
Yes. Yeah. Yes. I... Yes.

JOE
Changin' your mind?

ROB
No. No! It's not that. I just...

JOE
It's weird, right?

ROB
(relieved for common ground)
SO weird. Six months by myself, all cooped up, I thought I was gonna go crazy.

JOE
We don't have to...

ROB
No. We do. I need to.

JOE
I wasn't sure when I...

ROB
Me either.

JOE
It was kind of just an impulse and I...

ROB
Me too.

JOE
So you haven't done this before?

ROB
Like this? No. You?

JOE
Back before, this was never a big deal, ya know? But now...

ROB
Yeah. I know.

Awkward beat.

JOE
But I think I need this.

ROB
(hurriedly)
I do too.

JOE
Did you bring the stuff?

ROB
Yes. I'm always really careful and I...

JOE
Yeah, you look really careful.

ROB
I went in this morning.

JOE
St. Mike's?

ROB
Mount Sinai.

JOE
Okay, cool.

ROB
You?

JOE
St. Mike's, couple hours ago.

ROB
And you're good?

JOE
I wouldn'ta come if I wasn't.

ROB
Right, right. I'm just...

JOE
No, I get it.

ROB
My mom is pretty old, and I gotta be sure...

JOE
Yeah, cool man.

ROB
Can I... see it?

JOE
Like, now?

ROB
I wanna see it before anything happens.

JOE
Yeah, cool. What about yours?

ROB
Yes. Of course. Uh... mine's on my phone.

JOE
(embarrassingly uncool)
Oh nice. Mount Sinai, got it sorted out.

ROB
It's a text. Here.

ROB pulls out his cell phone and holds it up to JOE. As he does, JOE pulls a piece of paper out of his back pocket and holds it up to ROB. They both take a second to figure out what they're seeing, read carefully. Finally, they're satisfied. They put their things away.

JOE
Hey, congrats man.

ROB
Thanks, you too.

JOE
You worried?

ROB
Clearly.

JOE
So why you doin' this then? Why not get in a bunker and wait?

ROB
Because when I read your post I knew that's what I needed. In my heart and soul. Right now. After all of this. I need it.

JOE
(tearing up a little)
It's weird, right? Back before I didn't really like people that much, but now...

ROB
Now it's different.

JOE

So you're negative as of when?

ROB

11.30 I got the test. I didn't see anyone else as I left. Straight home, three showers. Lysol and gloves, double mask and face shield.

JOE

Damn. Makin' me look like a chump.

ROB

I... go overboard sometimes.

JOE

It's all good. We'll keep the masks on, okay?

ROB

Yes, of course.

JOE

I just don't...

ROB

I get it, I was kind of worried I'd get here and you'd tell me you wanted masks off.

JOE

Like I lured you down here to...

ROB

No! Just that you might think...

JOE

No, trust me, I'm taking this seriously. I just need something, you know? To get me through.

ROB

I get it. I hear you.

JOE

So should we do this thing?

ROB

Right here?

JOE

Why not?

ROB

You don't mind if we're seen?

JOE

As far as anyone knows we're in each others' bubble. Right after this we go home, disinfect, new test tomorrow, and hopefully we...

ROB

Feel better.

JOE

Right.

ROB

Okay, so how do you want to do it?

JOE

Nothing fancy, just normal style.

ROB

Okay. Here I come.

ROB hesitatingly moves towards JOE, who also moves forward. They come close to each other, and tenderly, gently, trepidatiously, they clasp one another in a giant bear hug. And they just stand there. hugging. Feeling human contact. They stand, and clasp, and breathe. This is not sexual. This is human contact.

JOE

Oh my God.

ROB

This is...

JOE

I...

They hang on to each other. A giant sob escapes JOE. Six months of pent up frustration and lack of contact with the outside world bubbles out of him.

ROB

(starting to pull out)

Are you...

JOE

(desperate not to lose contact)

I'm okay, I just...

ROB

It's okay, buddy. Let it out.