

CLAIRE

(to audience)

So obviously something's up. Or maybe not. Is it so strange to remind people of ... people? I have no idea what's going on; no theories. Until the third time it happens. I'm in the grocery store. It's actually a drug store that has groceries.

Victor, 30, a little shy, is examining a store aisle and passes Claire. Victor does a doubletake and looks at Claire. Claire sees Victor out of the corner of her eye and turns. Victor stares for a little too long.

CLAIRE

Hey.

VICTOR

Oh.

CLAIRE

That's right you were staring.

VICTOR

I was ... distracted.

CLAIRE

I remind you of someone. ... It's OK. I don't bite.

VICTOR

It's you, isn't it.

CLAIRE

Yes, it's me. It usually is.

VICTOR

I mean, you're real. I didn't think you were real.

CLAIRE

I don't know how to react to that.

VICTOR

Sorry. That sounded weird. Uh. Did I say sorry? I--

CLAIRE

Calm down. Take a breath. I'm Claire, by the way. And I think I'm definitely real.

VICTOR

Victor. I'm Victor. Claire. ... didn't picture you as a Claire, Sienna.

CLAIRE

Sienna, that's a pretty name.

VICTOR

Well, nice meeting you.

CLAIRE

Not so fast. What do you mean, Sienna?

VICTOR

In the S.V.R. You were Sienna.

CLAIRE

(to audience)

This is more information than I can process in the aisle of a Drug Store that's kinda like a grocery store - they sell sushi. Victor doesn't seem serial killerish, so ... (to Victor) How do you feel about talking about this over dinner?

VICTOR

With who?

CLAIRE

Me.

VICTOR

Dinner with me and you? Like a date?

CLAIRE

Sure. Like a date. OK?

VICTOR

Definitely OK. More than OK. I mean. I'm in.

CLAIRE

(to audience)

He went on for a bit. Just want to make it clear, I had no interest in Victor, not my type. But this was a fact finding mission. I went home to start my research.

Claire is sitting at a desk with a computer

CLAIRE

Search. S.V.R.

A person speaks for the computer.