

MICHAEL

It's just a guarantee.

ELAINE

But a guarantee you both decided you needed. What's the trusting wife's name?

SUZANNE (off)

You already told her!

ELAINE

**START HERE** → Sorry, you said Carol. Carol agreed to this cos she caught you cheating on her that time, am I right?

MICHAEL

I've never cheated on her...

ELAINE

But you give off a less-than-faithful vibe? She thought you'd drive off the ferry into Lake Woman, and this was her insurance. She's back in L.A.?

MICHAEL

Carol's home with our daughter.

ELAINE

How d'ya know she isn't here in the hotel? How do you know this clasp on my bag isn't a camera, sending her a feed of this conversation?

(ELAINE aims her bag at him.)

MICHAEL

I don't know anything.

(SHE takes her lipstick from the bag, speaks into it.)

ELAINE

Carol! He didn't bite! He's pure! Come on out Carol!

MICHAEL

If she sent you, you'd have a list of little things to get deliberately wrong, to throw me off. Like guessing "son" instead of daughter. I also said right off the bat I was from L.A.

ELAINE

I forgot. I've had a long day.

MICHAEL

And you told me the Disney Hilton, but when I said Holiday Inn you didn't correct me.

ELAINE

It's rude to correct people. How am I supposed to have found you?

MICHAEL

Online photos. My itinerary. Easy.

ELAINE

Does this paranoia infect your dealings with every female? You're, like, the Mike Pence of traveling salesmen? Any time a woman walks in a boardroom - "Oh my God, was that a wink?"

MICHAEL

Nothing's happened in seven years.

ELAINE

But you told her to surprise you. Doesn't this make things edgy at home? Especially with that big sex trough you're in because of the baby.

MICHAEL

Suzanne's six, and there's no sex trough, thanks for asking. But I do find it hard to believe she'd get someone to flat-out proposition me.

ELAINE

What, you think they'll just ask you to dinner? And when you say no, they'll call your wife, "Boy, I'm sorry, I tried." Michael. Carol's not paying me five hundred bucks plus expenses to tippy-toe around. I'm gonna come to your room in the middle of the night, naked, holding a big jar of Mr. Spankalot's Sex Jelly.

(MICHAEL laughs and shakes his head.)

ELAINE

And I'm gonna unscrew the lid - skrerker, skrerker - and scooop me up a big fingerful...

MICHAEL

Bit of a giveaway, don't you think? Like asking me to lick you like a lemon when I've only known you five seconds.

ELAINE

You don't believe a normal, un-purchased woman would come to your room naked with a jar of lube? Obviously you didn't attend the same finishing school I did.

MICHAEL

Anyway, it's academic. Sorry.

ELAINE

Cos you're incorruptible.

MICHAEL

I love and respect my wife.

ELAINE

President Coolidge is touring a farm...

MICHAEL

What?

ELAINE

The First Lady asks, how many times a day does the rooster mate? The farmer says, "Seven, eight times." "Really! Would you please tell that to Mr. Coolidge?" So the President asks the farmer, "Same hen each time?" "No, Mr. President, with a different hen each time." He says, "Would you please tell that to Mrs. Coolidge."

MICHAEL

You're saying love isn't sex.

ELAINE

You know how many male animals don't display the Coolidge Effect? Some crickets. One spider. Two species of snail. NatGeo. But never mind. You're virtuous. Sigh. So how far can we go for you to still return home with your virtue intact? Handshake? Discussion of online porn? **<—END HERE**

MICHAEL

How would that come up?

ELAINE

Say I asked you, Michael, since you're in computers, how do I keep my employees from watching dirty movies? And you said, "Wow, Elaine, tough question. Cos with morality arrests won't they have to look up some sexual matters for legit work-related research?" And I say, "Hmm! Good point. I just don't want them Googling the stuff on this list." And maybe, being from small-town L.A. you're mystified by some of the terms on my list...

MICHAEL

I think I'd know the terms.

ELAINE

Tribbing.