

**JOSH:** *(He hugs her.)* I'm gonna miss you, little girl.

**CARRIE:** Me, too.

**JOSH:** Carry this bag out to the car, I'll take the suitcase.

**CARRIE:** Hey, Josh...

**JOSH:** Yeah?

**CARRIE:** Thanks for caring.

**JOSH:** It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it.

## BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

**SANDY:** A nice girl... which may be her problem.

**JIM:** The actor must remember that Jim is not arrogant, just confused about his feelings.

**SANDY:** *(From kitchen)* Jim, you want anything?

**JIM:** *(In living room)* Just you. *(Shakes his head to himself.)*

**SANDY:** Funny. Really, can I get you anything?

**JIM:** No, I'm fine.

**SANDY:** *(Entering)* Yes, you certainly are.

**JIM:** *(Patting couch for her to sit.)* C'mon and sit with me.

**SANDY:** *(Does)* I love you.

**JIM:** I know.

**SANDY:** *(After a moment of silence)* I know? That's an odd response to "I love you."

**JIM:** I know.

**SANDY:** The correct response is: "I love you, too."

**JIM:** I know... *(Sighs)*

**SANDY:** Why do I get the feeling I'm in for a lousy way to end this evening.

**JIM:** I don't know... *(Quietly)* I do love you.

**SANDY:** Why does that not sound very reassuring?

**JIM:** What do you mean?

**SANDY:** I love you. The way you said it. It sounded more like "I'm fond of you."

**JIM:** Sandy, we've been together for almost a year. I think I've proven myself to be more than fond of you.

**SANDY:** Yes... but...

**JIM:** What?

**SANDY:** Nothing.

**JIM:** I hate when you do that.

**SANDY:** I'm sorry.

**JIM:** I also hate it when you say you're sorry all the time.

**SANDY:** I'm sorry.

JIM: Dammit, stand up for yourself.  
SANDY: I try, but everytime I do you get mad.  
JIM: I do not. It's just that you can be such a doormat sometimes. It bugs me.  
SANDY: It seems like everything I do lately bugs you.  
JIM: *(Silence for a moment)* What were you going to say?  
SANDY: When?  
JIM: Before.  
SANDY: Before what?  
JIM: *(Irritated)* Before you went into your usual doormat routine.  
SANDY: Geez. What is with you tonight?  
JIM: I don't know what you're talking about.  
SANDY: It seems like you are just begging for a fight.  
JIM: Oh, that's it. Blame me.  
SANDY: I'm not blaming anyone.  
JIM: Everytime it ends up like this lately.  
SANDY: Everytime what ends up like what and since when?  
JIM: You. You pick at everything I say.  
SANDY: You know, I get the feeling we are having a fight, but you just forgot to let me in on it.  
JIM: Don't play dumb with me.  
SANDY: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?  
JIM: All I said was I love you and you jump on it like a dog after a bone.  
SANDY: *(Shaking head, at a loss)* I do not know what you are talking about.  
JIM: You accused me of not loving you.  
SANDY: I didn't. *(Confused)* Did I?  
JIM: Fine, now deny it.  
SANDY: I'm not denying anything.  
JIM: So you admit it.  
SANDY: ADMIT WHAT?  
JIM: That you think I don't love you?

SANDY: No... I mean yes... I mean... What the hell are we talking about here?  
JIM: Whether or not I love you.  
SANDY: You do... don't you?  
JIM: *(Silence)*  
SANDY: Don't you?  
JIM: *(Pause)* Yes, I love you.  
SANDY: *(After a second)* I think I remember what we were supposed to be fighting about.  
JIM: What?  
SANDY: The "I love you."  
JIM: *(Quietly)* What about it?  
SANDY: It sounds like you *(Put hand in downward motion)* love me. Not like you *(Hand in upward motion)* love me.  
JIM: *(Not looking at her)* I don't know what you mean.  
SANDY: That's why you've been so hard to be with lately. You don't love me anymore.  
JIM: I do love you.  
SANDY: But are you "in love" with me? *(Silence from JIM)*  
I thought so.  
JIM: *(A long pause)* I didn't know how to say it.  
SANDY: So you tried to make me miserable by fighting with me all the time?  
JIM: No. I just... I don't know. I don't want to hurt you.  
SANDY: Honesty would be nice.  
JIM: I am being honest. I do love you. I'm just not...  
SANDY: *(Puts finger on his lips.)* Don't say it. Just don't say it out loud.  
JIM: Not saying it won't make it untrue.  
SANDY: *(Quietly)* Please leave.  
JIM: I can't. I don't want to leave it like this.  
SANDY: Like what? What do you want me to do? Smile, shake hands, wish you well? Fine. I wish you well, now just leave, please.  
JIM: Sandy, I love you. I don't want you to be hurt. I

don't want to see you cry.

SANDY: Then leave, cause I'm about to.

JIM: I'm sorry. Really.

SANDY: I know. Me too.

JIM: I do love you. We will always be friends.

SANDY: No, we won't.

JIM: But why?

SANDY: I can't handle that. I can't go from lover to friend in that short a time period. You have obviously had time to get used to the idea. I don't think I ever will.

JIM: But...

SANDY: Go. Please. I can't have you here right now.

JIM: I don't understand why you want me to leave.

SANDY: Because I'm going to cry, and I don't want to do that in front of you.

JIM: I've seen you cry before.

SANDY: But not over you. And you never will. Goodbye, Jim.

JIM: I'll call you tomorrow.

SANDY: Goodbye.

JIM: (A pause) Goodbye, Sandy. (He leaves.)

SANDY: (Runs hands over face, through hair, then quietly.)  
Jerk.

## CHOICES

SHARON: Eighteen, soon to graduate from high school. Full of wonderful expectations for the future.

TONY: Sharon's boyfriend, also eighteen, filled with dreams and hopes, but facing frustration about achieving them.

SHARON: Two more months. I don't know if I can take any more than that.

TONY: (Preoccupied) Tell me about it.

SHARON: Graduation, summer, and then we are gone. Tony, are you as excited as I am?

TONY: Thrilled.

SHARON: Yeah, I can tell. Tony, what's the matter?

TONY: Nothing. Everything is fine.

SHARON: No, I can tell something is the matter. What is it?

TONY: There is "nothing the matter." God, what a stupid phrase.

SHARON: Listen, I know something is wrong. You are trying to start a fight with me. Well, we've been through this little plot line too many times, and I am not following it. When you feel like opening up, let me know. (She continues what she was doing.)

TONY: (After a moment's brooding) Sharon, I'm leaving.

SHARON: Fine. Call me when you're in a better mood.

TONY: No, I mean I am leaving-leaving.

SHARON: Me? You're leaving me? Because I don't want to fight with you this time and stand up for myself, you want to break up?

TONY: No, no, that's not what I mean.

SHARON: (Grabbing him, holding him close) Don't scare me like that, please, ever again. I don't know what I would do if I lost you.

TONY: I was hoping you'd say that.