

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: Sandy, 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 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.