



DEAR CHICKFLICKCHICK

An Original One Act

by

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Directed by Olivia Haas

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"Dear ChickFlickChick"

Lights up on the common room of a college suite. Off Stage Left leads to the kitchenette, bedrooms and bathroom. Off Stage Right is the suite's front door. Center stage is an ugly, worn couch, the kind that makes you fearful of infectious diseases and left-overs from last year's lacrosse team. In front of the couch is a low coffee table, also provided by student housing. The table and floor are strewn with evidence of female college life. Empty cans of diet Dr. Pepper, jackets, boxes of tissues, boxes of Wheat Thins, and perhaps even an empty tampon box litter the floor. A stack of dining hall plates, bowls, and utensils has grown next to the table. Text-books, note books, and coffee cups are stacked on the coffee table. Old muffin wrappers would be nice. It is late on a weekday night. KELSEY sits alone on the couch in loungewear (loosely defined), a towel wrapped around her head, laptop on her lap, watching "The Notebook." We can hear audio of some sappy, recognizable scene (the kissing scene? You get it). KELSEY is fully captivated by the movie. She hugs a box of Wheat Thins to her chest like a soft teddy bear. She is bawling. Perhaps even quoting the lines as they're said.

THE NOTEBOOK

YOU WROTE ME? IT WASN'T OVER...IT STILL ISN'T OVER. SOUNDS OF KISSING ETC.

We hear sounds off stage right of a door being unlocked and opened. SARAH enters, carrying backpack etc. She goes behind couch and watches over KELSEY's shoulder. KELSEY barely notices.

SARAH

The Notebook? Again? Really?

KELSEY

HE WROTE HER EVERY DAY FOR A YEAR.

SARAH

Yeah. Stupid carrier pigeons.

KELSEY

Oh my god stop itttt. You know you love it.

SARAH

Ah you're right. You got me. Attractive peoples' problems are my favorite.

SARAH tosses her bag on the couch, goes around and sits, pulling out laptop etc.

KELSEY

Such a cynic. My little cynical movie critic.

SARAH

Ta-daa.

KELSEY

How's the column?

KELSEY gets up and heads off stage left as KELSEY talks. We hear sounds of an electric toothbrush firing up.

SARAH (*yelling*)

I don't know what to write. Nothing is out...I mean, nothing I want to see. And there's no way in *hell* I'm seeing that new computer vampires from Fargo thing.

KELSEY enters from offstage left, toothbrush in mouth.

KELSEY

(While still brushing her teeth) *Revenge of the Sorcerer's Airbending Dragon Master?* But it looks so good. Epic.

SARAH

Right.

KELSEY

(Punctuating with her toothbrush) Ooh how about *MarioKart: The Movie*. Write about that.

SARAH

Yeah sign me up. (*sighs*)

KELSEY

The Santa Claus 4? Or is it 5...

SARAH

Who knows. Maybe I should just drop the column.

KELSEY

What? No! Wait hold on lemme spit.

She exits. We hear noises off of spitting and rinsing. She returns.

KELSEY

I mean there's gotta be something. You could do a piece on popular hipster films.

SARAH

Right. (*Adopting hipster status*) "This film just brings a certain smell of revolution and emotional significance to it and the people around it...you know, like movies can smell? I mean, when you sit and connect with its struggle and neon flow. And smell? Because you know, life is like doing laundry in a Chinese Restaurant. Let's have sex and take high definition photos." I don't own enough American Apparel for that.

KELSEY

The *Land Before Time* series? And its cultural relevance?

SARAH

Which is...?

KELSEY

Uhh ok never mind. Stoner movies and the guys who watch them? You'd get some great quotes.

SARAH

Yeah I can see it now: (*Now stoned out of her mind*) "Uhh you know, it's just...so...and. You know?" (*She stares at the couch with great intensity. Then breaks free*). Yeah no.

KELSEY sits on arm of couch. Absentmindedly picks up box of Wheat Thins and starts slowly, unconsciously munching on them.

KELSEY

Hmm. K. Well...wait, you get fan mail, right?

SARAH

If by fan mail you mean emails in response to the column, then yes.

KELSEY

What if this week you use the column to respond to some emails?

SARAH

I mean, most of them are just informing me that I got some minute detail wrong –

KELSEY

Yeah but there've got to be *some* interesting ones.

SARAH

Lemme look. (*Opens email inbox and starts scrolling*) Didn't you just brush your teeth?

KELSEY

(*Becoming aware of the box of Wheat Thins in her hand*) Aww damnit. Not again...

SARAH

Huh. Here's one that's not a blatant critique... "*Dear Sarah, Love your column*" – why thank you – "*I was hoping you could solve a debate my friends and I are having. He's Just Not That Into You. Good movie or not? They say it's the same old same old, I say it's a more realistic take on the typical romantic comedy. Your thoughts?*" Signed "*ChickFlickChick*". *ChickFlickChick?* Wow. Well that's just dumb.

KELSEY

What's the email address? Can you tell who it is?

SARAH

No. It's gmail. "*darcyislife10*". Please tell me this is a joke.

KELSEY

He's Just Not That Into You...I loved that one.

SARAH

Never got around to seeing it.

KELSEY

What??!? There were a bunch of stories, but the main one is basically about this girl who is bad at reading signs from

guys and is soo awkward (*She picks up the Wheat Thins box again and starts eating*) and desperate and then she meets this guy who becomes a friend and then she thinks he loves her so she tells him she loves him but he doesn't love her back so she gets over him but then it ends with the guy friend falling in love with her and they end up together. Oh my god it's so cute. (*Eating*).

SARAH

(*Pointing at the Wheat Thins*) You're doing it again.

KELSEY

Gah. They're just so good. The movie...is just so good. God.

SARAH

So how is this movie any different from the nine million and sixty five trillion and a half other chick flicks?

KELSEY

Well...it's just really cute because you think that he really doesn't like her even though they're friends and he's super nice to her but then he DOES love her—

Midway through this KELSEY is interrupted by the sound of SARAH's cell phone receiving a text. KELSEY continues to prattle about the movie as SARAH checks her phone, and is clearly happy with what she reads. Tries to hide a smile.

KELSEY

Who is it?

SARAH

What?

KELSEY

Who is it? You're smiling.

SARAH

Nobody.

KELSEY

Oh please. Is it him?

SARAH

Who?

KELSEY

Shut up. It's totally Matt.

SARAH

It's not a big deal.

KELSEY

What does he want?

SARAH

Just saying hi. Asked how I'm doing. (*Begins texting back*)

KELSEY

Sarah. This has to mean something.

SARAH

Kelsey. No it doesn't. We're just friends.

KELSEY

Don't you think it means something though? He didn't used to text you randomly but now he does, you hang out all the time, he sent you a birthday present...he is straight right?

SARAH

Yes he's straight. But no it doesn't mean anything. Texts are stupid, and I'm sure he sent it cause I'm like a sister. A platonic sister. Besides, what you're leaving out is the part where *I* initiate the hanging out, the texts are things like funny license plates he sees, and the fact that he has said repeatedly how if a guy wants a girl, he will pursue her.

KELSEY

Oh my god this is totally the movie.

SARAH

What.

KELSEY

The whole situation. You are the girl and he is the guy!

SARAH

Wow. Well put, Kels.

KELSEY

No, no, no. You know what I mean. You just need to tell him.

SARAH

What.

KELSEY

How you feel. How *do* you feel?

SARAH

I dunno.

KELSEY

Come on, yes you do. What do you want?

SARAH

I don't know.

KELSEY

Yes you do.

SARAH

Yeah. No.

KELSEY

You can talk to me. I'm your best friend come on. It's safe.

SARAH

Why does it matter how I feel though? I know it's just me and that's ok. I'm ok just being friends.

KELSEY

But you like him, don't you.

SARAH

Please don't make this sound like some 4th grade thing. "Like."

KELSEY

Well, what *is* it?

SARAH

I don't know. What am I supposed to do?

KELSEY

How am *I* supposed to know. You have to tell me how you feel before I can know what to say.

SARAH

Forget it. It's ok.

KELSEY

Sarah. This is dumb...what are you afraid of?

SARAH

This has got to be the most cliché conversation ever.

KELSEY

Stop it. What are you afraid of? I mean what do you have to lose?

SARAH

Um, our friendship? Obviously. I hate awkward.

KELSEY

Yeah but what if you take that chance and tell him and it works?

SARAH

Yeah but what if I take that chance and tell him and it doesn't.

KELSEY

A-ha. You said tell him. Tell him what.

SARAH

I didn't mean that.

KELSEY

Tell him what. You'll feel better.

SARAH

False.

KELSEY

If you don't tell me I'll tell him!

SARAH

Right.

*KELSEY lunges for SARAH's phone.
SARAH tries to fend her off.*

KELSEY *wrestles the phone into her hands, holding it hostage. SARAH blurts.*

SARAH

Tell him that I care more about him than I've ever cared about anyone—well not you but you know what I mean—and with no good reason. That I think about him all the time for the stupidest reasons and how I constantly wish he were around and how I want to travel with him and listen to his problems and be the thing that makes him feel better and to be able to make eye contact with him and have him know what I'm thinking and know what he's thinking and hold his hand and to know, you know?

KELSEY

Know what?

SARAH

That it's not just me. That's what.

After a moment's hesitation, KELSEY holds out the box of Wheat Thins. SARAH remains still, but then grabs the box and begins violently stuffing her face.

KELSEY

See? Feel better?

SARAH

(Through a mouth full of Wheat Thins) NO. I feel awful.

KELSEY

Ok. Well I'd say next step is to tell him. You can't keep holding back. It's been three years.

SARAH

I know. But I just—

SARAH is interrupted by the sound of her phone ringing. KELSEY looks at SARAH's phone.

KELSEY

Oh my god.

What. SARAH

It's him. KELSEY

Matt?!? SARAH

YES. KELSEY

GIVE ME THE PHONE. SARAH

TELL HIM. KELSEY

KELSEY tosses the phone to SARAH, who fumbles it in a moment of fabulous physical comedy. Answers it just in time.

SARAH
Hello? Hey! What's up? Good how are you? Nothing. I'm just...working. (She looks at KELSEY) Yeah, alone. You too? I mean...I have a...lot to...yeah. For a while definitely. Late. Really? Um, sure! Yeah. Uh, should I come over there or do you, I-ok. Sure. Yeah. Bye. (She closes the phone)

Um. KELSEY

So I guess he's coming over here for a...study party. SARAH

WHAT. SEE I TOLD YOU. KELSEY

It's a study party, Kels. Work. He says he's more productive when there's someone else. SARAH

And he calls *you*. KELSEY

Yeah. Ok whatever. SARAH

KELSEY

When will he be here?

SARAH

Like five minutes. *OH GOD FIVE MINUTES.*

She realizes how much of a disaster the room is. Begins insanely straightening. Throws the box of Wheat Thins at KELSEY, who catches them and, not knowing what else to do, stands there munching while SARAH flies around her. SARAH speaks as she cleans.

SARAH

It's really not a big deal. We're just friends, ok? I know it. My feelings just come from knowing him well and caring about him. But it'll never be more than that. And it's ok. It's really ok. Right? That's ok. He doesn't have to feel anything. I mean I know...I think he cares about me. As a friend. A friend. It's ok. We're friends. It's ok.

KELSEY

Sarah. Come on you've got to admit...this *is* more than that. Guys don't do things like randomly text or send you a birthday present unless he's *thinking about you*. He *thinks about you*. He cares about you. You've just got to make that move. Seriously. If you continue to avoid this, someone is going to spontaneously combust.

SARAH

It's just not worth it...I'd rather stay friends and know that we're good friends. And not fuck it up with the "Well actually I really...you know...". Ugh. Here. Can you take these to the kitchen?

She starts handing KELSEY the stacks of plates etc including the mugs from the table. KELSEY's arms are soon full of dishes and she cannot hold onto the box of Wheat Thins any longer. Yet she does. As she exits SL she speaks.

KELSEY

I'm just saying. All signs point to yes, in my opinion. There's such little time left...wouldn't you rather risk it?

And how do you know that you're not misleading him with all your friend business? He's probably worried about making things awkward just like you.

SARAH *continues cleaning*

KELSEY (cont. from offstage)

This is your movie magic moment. These movies don't come out of nowhere. Someone, somewhere had to have their *When Harry Met Sally* moment and then wrote a script about it...and now it's your turn. But you've got to be brave. (*She re-enters*) You've got to go to the top of the Empire State Building to meet your Tom Hanks.

SARAH

Way to mix up your romantic comedies.

KELSEY

*When Harry Met Sally...Sleepless in Seattle...*you know what I mean. Same diff.

SARAH

Exactly. They're both *movies that don't come true*.

KELSEY

SARAH. Stop.

SARAH *doesn't stop cleaning. She continues frantically.*

KELSEY

STOP.

She grabs SARAH, who stops.

KELSEY

Sarah. You've got to tell him.

SARAH

Why?

KELSEY

Because this is how it happens. Two people feel the same way. One of them breaks the wall of...awkward. And then they're both happy and *relieved*. Don't you want that?

SARAH

How do you know so much?

KELSEY

Dating for Dummies. Self-assigned summer reading Freshman year.

SARAH

Oh, great.

She grabs a compact off the table and looks at her face.

SARAH

Oh god. My face. My hair. Me.

She exits to change as KELSEY continues to speak

KELSEY

No seriously. I mean, yes I read the book. But you have to be brave. How do you think Tom and I ended up together? Because I *finally* said, "Hey this is ridiculous." I couldn't keep thinking about him and wanting to tell him things but not knowing how he felt. So I just blurted it out! In the *dining hall*.

SARAH (*offstage*)

Romantic.

KELSEY

I know right? We were both eating spaghetti and it was all over his face...

SARAH (*offstage*)

They totally made a movie of that. *Lady and the Tramp*.

KELSEY begins singing Bella Noche from Lady and the Tramp in her best operetta voice.

KELSEY

Thiiiiis is the niiiiight, it's a beauuuutiful niiiiight, and they caaaall it –

(SARAH *re-enters*)

SARAH

Bleargh.

KELSEY

Lovely. Ok now just pretend none of this happened. You were caught totally off guard. I'll go unlock the door and then hide in my room. Eavesdropping.

She goes off SR momentarily to unlock the front door.

SARAH

Hey!

KELSEY

Jkaaaaay.

She takes a hold of SARAH.

KELSEY

Look. You can do it, ok? I love you.

SARAH

Love you too.

KELSEY

May the force be with you. The force of Harry, and Sally, and Kate, and Leo, and Bella, and Edward, and Jasmin, and Aladin –

She exits SL

SARAH

And Bert, and Ernie, and Elmo, and Kermit, and Cookie Monster...

SARAH gets her laptop and sits on the couch. She then realizes that she has the opportunity to pose herself oh so attractively for the arrival of her guest. She spends a few moments positioning herself. Suddenly there's a knock on the door.

SARAH (too loudly)

Come in!

Enter MATT, carrying a bag of pistachios. Is he aware of the effect he has on SARAH? Unclear.

Hey.

MATT

Hey.

SARAH

Want a pistachio?

MATT

Holds out bag to SARAH.

Thanks.

SARAH

She stands up and takes a pistachio from the bag. Holds it awkwardly not wanting to eat in front of him.

What're you working on?

MATT

SARAH remains standing.

Article. For the paper.

SARAH

Cool. Can I...sit?

MATT

Oh! Yes. Of course.

SARAH

She gestures to the couch, the only piece of suitable furniture in the room. MATT sits on one side, sets bag down etc, very oblivious to any awkwardness in SARAH's behavior. He is very comfortable.

How you doing?

MATT

SARAH

Great! Good. Gah. Gram...cracker. Yeah. Good. You?

MATT

You should have heard my mom on the phone today. She must have talked for like forty-five minutes straight about absolutely nothing. It's like she has no life and so she has to fill up my life with her boring whatever in order to feel accomplished. I dunno. I don't get it. It's so depressing. And you know that she's just sitting at home watching the cats run around and thinking of new things to call me about and bother me with. Have you applied for *this*, and do you know about *that* program and have you decided what you're going to do about *this* and can't you come home this weekend to help with *that* and can you talk to your sister because she's a brick wall with bangs. And of course my dad's always gone which doesn't help. What does he even do? I have no idea. He just makes a lot of money and travels a lot. I'm like ninety percent sure that he's having an affair. I only know that because he seems happier. God why did they get married, you know? Is Kelsey here?

SARAH

Uh...no. Just me.

*From OSL we hear a door—
KELSEY's bedroom door—slam.
MATT looks at SARAH. Moment
of silence.*

SARAH

Wind.

MATT

But anyway, yeah. That was my day.

SARAH

Why do you think they got married?

MATT

What?

SARAH

Your parents.

MATT

I dunno. I guess they were in love then. Apparently my dad was crazy about her. But now it's just...toleration. How stupid is that. Waste of time. Scary, huh?

SARAH

Yeah. How stupid is that. To love someone.

(MATT shrugs)

MATT

It's too bad. Relationships should make you feel better, happier. Something to look forward to. Someone you can look at and just know, you know?

SARAH

Wouldn't that be nice.

MATT

I feel like if I just had that, then everything else wouldn't be a problem.

SARAH

Yeah.

MATT

Oh well. Anyway. Work.

Throughout, MATT has been pulling out text books, note book, laptop etc. He now begins working, very focused on his work. SARAH stares at the bag of pistachios on the table as MATT works. She finally takes some out of the bag and starts eating them, the nuts getting stuck in her teeth. Suddenly MATT looks up from work and speaks, catching SARAH in the middle of trying to pick pistachio out from between her teeth.

MATT

OH! You should have been in my law class today. It was absurd. The professor asks us a question, and no one answers, so finally I give him an answer, and he's like "No you're totally wrong" and then this girl who I can't stand

raises her hand and literally says the exact same thing and he's like "oh wow you're so brilliant let me give you a Nobel Peace Prize for all eternity and a pony." I was so pissed off that I seriously did not speak for the rest of the two hours. It was kind of scary. I was just so angry that I knew I would lose it if I talked.

SARAH

Wow.

MATT

Yeah...keep that in mind thirty years from now when we're at a State Dinner and I go stony silent.

MATT chuckles to himself and goes back to working. SARAH instantly begins analyzing the fact that MATT just referred to some sort of future together.

SARAH

Yeah. Will do. Haha.

SARAH picks up her laptop, but then puts it back on the table. She takes the compact from the table and, checking to make sure MATT is engrossed in his work, leans over the far side of the couch to discreetly check her appearance in the compact mirror, particularly her teeth. She returns. Sits for a moment.

SARAH

Hey, have you ever seen *He's Just Not That Into You*?

MATT

Nope.

SARAH

Ah. *When Harry Met Sally*?

MATT

Mmmnope. Why?

SARAH

Just wondering.

She remains staring at the pistachios. Eventually, MATT realizes that she's not working.

MATT

You ok?

SARAH

What? Oh. Yeah. I'm fine!

MATT

You just seem kind of...I dunno. Distracted.

SARAH

Oh, yeah.

MATT

'K.

He goes back to working.

SARAH

Actually, not really.

He keeps working.

MATT

What's up?

SARAH

Well, it's just...what you were saying about your parents. I wonder...how does it happen? How do you find that person?

MATT shrugs.

MATT

Eh, it'll happen, don't worry.

SARAH (*to MATT*)

That's the thing. I actually feel like it has happened. All those things you were saying, about looking at someone and feeling and knowing, and wanting to be around them, and caring, I do feel that.

She can't look at him.

MATT

That's great! About who?

SARAH

About you.

MATT stops working.

MATT

Oh.

Both sit staring straight ahead.

MATT

And how long have you...felt this way?

SARAH

Well, for a while now, but I didn't want to ruin things. It's just...well, like, last summer when we were all at David's house and we were watching that stupid, stupid movie and you laid down on the couch next to me and I started messing with your hair and then you fell asleep. Remember? And I thought to myself, I want to take care of him, and mess with his hair and let him know that I...lo—I want to be able to mess with your hair.

Long silence.

SARAH (cont.)

But of course I never said anything because I didn't know if you felt the same way, but then I finally realized that it shouldn't always be the guy's responsibility to say something, right, like in the movies? And it's ok for the girl to say something because you never know, maybe he feels the same way but doesn't want to say anything because he doesn't know how she feels...and then you sent me that birthday present and it was just such a...caring thing to do and I thought, oh maybe he *does* feel the same way, and I've been wanting to say something for a while, but didn't want to, but did, but didn't know how you felt, but now I've said it. And now I'm wondering how...you...feel. About it. But you know it's really ok, I just wanted to say it and, well, say it.

Moment of silence. SARAH fiddles incessantly with the pistachio shells.

MATT

Yeah. Wow. Well. I'm not really sure what to say.

SARAH

That's ok. You don't have to say anything. I'm sorry.

MATT

No, no. That's ok. I understand. It's just that...well...

SARAH

Right, of course. No totally. I understand. I'm sorry.

MATT

You know, I'm just not, well, I just don't think that...you know. And I mean, I care about you. But I just don't know what I...and the gift was...yeah. Sorry.

SARAH

No, no! That's ok. Yeah. I mean. I was just, you know. It's such a girl thing...reading into things. Haha. But yeah. Of course.

*They remain silent for a moment.
Awk. Ward.*

MATT

Yeah, this happens sometimes. It's ok. Don't worry about it.

SARAH

Yeah. No. Don't worry about it.

*SARAH picks up her laptop to
'work', as if nothing's happened.
Of course, everything has
happened.*

MATT

Hey, well maybe I should give you some space to...you know, space.

SARAH

What? Oh! Oh that's ok! No I'm fine it was just a thing, you know. I mean, totally up to you. Don't worry about me I'm fine.

MATT

Ok, well I should probably get back anyway since it's getting late.

He begins haphazardly packing up his stuff.

SARAH

Oh ok.

MATT grabs his bag and heads for the door OSR.

SARAH

Wait! Don't forget...your pistachios.

She hands him the bag.

MATT

Oh you can keep them. Or, I mean. Yeah.

They stand for a moment.

SARAH

Oh, and what I said, it's really—

MATT

Yeah, I'm sorry. I'm just not...it's just I don't—

SARAH

Oh yeah no worries. Really. Sorry I brought that up.

MATT

So...are we...ok?

SARAH

Oh yeah. Of course. We're good.

MATT

Great. K well see you later.

SARAH

Bye.

MATT heads OSR, we hear the front door open and close. SARAH looks at the bag of pistachios. She sits down on the couch. After a moment,

KELSEY *sticks her head in from OSL, checks to make sure MATT has left.*

KELSEY
I heard the door. Has he left?

SARAH
Yeah.

KELSEY
Well?!? What happened?!?

SARAH *remains silent.*

KELSEY
Oh. Was it bad?

SARAH
Pistachios. I spill my guts and he leaves me pistachios.
Well fuck.

KELSEY
What did he say?

SARAH
Oh just the usual. "I care about you as a friend."
Actually, there weren't a whole lot of coherent sentences.
I can't even tell you what he said.

KELSEY
Well wait. Did he say he doesn't like y-sorry-*feel* the same way?

SARAH
I don't know. I have no idea what was said. We could have been talking in Swahili. "Click. Waka."

KELSEY
Ok, then not all is lost. It's not necessarily over. How many times has this happened! Someone confesses their feelings and then the other person freaks out because they don't know what to say. This is just what happened in the movie. The girl was like, I like you, but the guy was like, woah I don't know no way, but then he was like, oh wait a minute, and then the tables turned and it worked out! Classic.

SARAH

I hate movies.

KELSEY

You love movies.

SARAH

I hate movies. And I hate Jennifer Aniston. And Matthew McConaughey. And Vince Vaughn. And all Disney movies – except for *Fox and the Hound*. No romance in that one. No fucking Prince Charmings. Or skinny women who can sing really well. And cute animals. Fuck that. Fuck cute animals. And any movie with a dance sequence. Or a soundtrack with The Fray. God listen to me. It's not his fault. No one said he had to feel the same way.

KELSEY

Hey it's not over yet. You never know–

KELSEY is interrupted by SARAH's phone ringing. SARAH looks at her phone.

SARAH

Oh my god. It's him.

KELSEY

Oh my god. This is it. This is exactly what I was talking about. He's thought about it and–

SARAH goes to answer it.

KELSEY

Oh my god, don't answer it.

SARAH

What? Why?

KELSEY

No. You have to let him know that you're not sitting around waiting for him to figure it out. Make him suffer. Really want it.

SARAH

That's perverted.

KELSEY

That's the game.

SARAH

Games are stupid. Great. Now I've missed his call.

KELSEY

Do not call him back. Oh my gosh, this is so great. See, I told you. I told you. Cinematic.

SARAH

Why does it have to be like this though? All this guessing, and second-guessing and...Kelsey, do you really think he's changed his mind?

KELSEY

He hasn't changed his mind...his mind was always the same. He just didn't know it. His mind has had a spiritual awakening. This calls for Wheat Thins.

SARAH

God what a mess. What an exhausting, terrifying mess.

KELSEY

But it's wonderful. It's just like in that one mov—

KELSEY is interrupted by a knocking at the door. KELSEY and SARAH both freeze.

KELSEY

Oh my god. Is that him?

SARAH

Holy shit. Has he come back?

KELSEY

Sarah this is perfect.

SARAH

Shut up shut up shut up. This is so unfair.

KELSEY

Oh my god I'm so jealous. This is so romantic. You should never doubt me. I was right. Say it.

No. SARAH

Say it. KELSEY

No! SARAH

I was right. Say it. KELSEY

Fuck you. You were right. I hate him. No, I love him. *I love him.* SARAH

I know. And now he's back because he wants you. Oh god this is great. You can't write this shit. KELSEY

Go go go! SARAH

Ok ok ok going, going. Where are the fucking Wheat Thins. KELSEY

KELSEY silently squeals, and then dashes OSL. SARAH stands on the SL side of the couch.

Come in! SARAH

MATT enters somewhat sheepishly.

Hey. MATT

Hey. SARAH

Sorry this is really awkward, but uh... MATT

He starts walking towards the couch.

SARAH

It's ok. I'm just so glad that—

MATT

Ah. Here it is.

He reaches under the couch pillow and pulls out one of his books.

MATT

Can't write the paper without this one. Sorry to keep barging in. Thanks. See ya.

He exits.

SARAH

Yeah. No problem. Bye.

SARAH stands for a moment in the silence, coming to terms with it all. She sits, stares at the bag of pistachios. Eventually picks up her laptop.

SARAH

"Dear ChickFlickChick: Thanks for your email. According to my sources, He's Just Not That Into You is a great pick! Love me some RomCom! Sarah."

(SARAH pauses, starts again)

SARAH

Too fake. "Dear ChickFlickChick: To be honest, I'm a little turned off by the genre at the moment. I think that the idealization of romance in these movies is poisonous shit. They have completely colored the way we, especially women, view relationships, and what to expect from love. It's a recipe for disaster, really. Because the truth is, sometimes things just don't work out. Sometimes, the girl isn't beautiful and photogenic. And sometimes, the guy doesn't come running after the girl in the pouring rain. Sometimes the guy doesn't even realize that the girl is in the rain. Sometimes Meg Ryan or Jennifer Aniston is actually some poor girl with bad teeth and worse luck. Sometimes the guy really just sees a friend. And that's it. And it sucks."

(Pauses, starts again)

SARAH

Too psychotic. *"Dear ChickFlickChick: Sometimes...the movies lie."*

Fade to blackout, as Lenka's "Like a Song" plays. So emo.

END