

HAPPINESS

Andy & Joy

*Andy and Joy are finishing dessert in a restaurant*

JOY:

Andy? Are you okay?

ANDY:

Yeah. Sure, I'm fine.

JOY:

Good. Well, I had a really nice time.

ANDY:

Yeah, me too.

JOY:

Of course you know I've always had a really nice time with you.

ANDY:

Same here.

JOY:

But...

ANDY:

Yeah--

JOY:  
You understand.

ANDY:  
Uh, huh.

JOY:  
Well, the food here was excellent. I'm gonna recommend it to my sisters. How many stars did it get?

ANDY:  
Three and a half.

JOY:  
Oh.

ANDY-  
*Begins crying and blows his nose loudly.*

JOY:  
(after)  
Do you feel better now?

ANDY:  
Uh huh

JOY:  
Me too.

ANDY:  
Yeah. Uh, sorry.

JOY:  
It's really, it's good we had this talk. Before things went too far you know... before things got too serious.

ANDY:  
Uh, yeah, uh are you sure—(about breaking up)?

JOY:  
Uh, yes.

ANDY:  
Is it someone else?

JOY:  
No... it's just you.

ANDY:  
Oh, hey, I want to show you something I got you.  
(He pulls out a wrapped gift)

JOY:  
For me?

ANDY:

Yeah, open it up.

JOY:

Oh, but Andy, this is... oh. Oh, this is beautiful.

ANDY:

Thanks. It's a Gansevoort reproduction. Boston late 1880s, I sent away for it right after we had our first date.

JOY:

Oh, I just love it—it's a... collector's item.

ANDY:

Oh Yeah. It's pretty special.

JOY:

It almost makes me want to learn how to smoke. (Laughs)

ANDY:

(Laughs)

Hey, look at the back.

JOY:

Ohhh---

ANDY:

It's a forty karat gold plated inlaid base.

JOY:

Oh, Andy, I just love it. This really means something to me, I'll always treasure it as a token--

ANDY:

(Angrily cuts her off and emotionally says)

No you won't, cause this is for the girl who loves me—the girl who cares about me for who I am. Not what I look like. I just wanted you to know what you'd be missing. You think I don't appreciate art. You think I don't understand fashion. You think I'm not hip. You think I'm pathetic, a nerd. A lard ass—fatso. You think I'm shit. Well you're wrong. Cause I'm champagne and you're shit. Until the day you die, you, and not me, will always be shit. A stinking, steaming, pile of shit!

*He triumphantly turns and goes leaving her alone feeling like, well... like shit!*