

Act III cont'd

(Rebecca goes into the room. Joey follows her in and shuts the door. Emma bursts in from the door to the outside holding a giant stack of paper in one arm and a canvas in the other, all while talking on the phone. She comes in the door, kicks it shut, and walks to the kitchen counter where she spreads out all of her stuff.)

Emma: *(into the phone)* Yes, I completely understand, but I really can't-- Is there no way I could-- Yes, okay, okay, okay, okay. I'll figure it out. Yes, I understand. Alright. Alright. Thank you so much. *(Hangs up the phone, then screams into it.)* FUCK YOU! *(Looks at phone for a second, realizes the call is still on, and nervously puts the phone back to her ear)* Hello? I am so sorry. No that's not what I said--you misheard me. No please don't -- I didn't--hello? *(Slams the phone down on the counter)* And that is how you get fired from a job you didn't even have yet.

Floor: Job hunt is going well then?

Emma: The hunt is going fine. I've found open job opportunities all over the place. The gathering part...not so much. No one wants me working at their "place of business".

Floor: Or do you not want to be working there?

Emma: *(shrugs)* Both I guess. Ugh, I don't know. Why does everything have to cost money?

Floor: Because it's stupid.

Emma: You can say that again. Who's here right now?

Floor: Rebecca and Joey are in the other room.

Emma: Wonderful. Is Jamie here?

Floor: Nope.

Emma: Okay, cool.

Floor: How is this stuff coming along?

Emma: It's coming...There's just so much to do, and I know I'm jumping the gun a little, but I just really want to make sure I have it 100% ready to go at any time.

Floor: Why haven't you told Jamie yet?

Emma: *(scrawling notes and filling out papers)* Sorry?

Floor: Jamie doesn't know you're doing this right? Why haven't you told him?

Emma: Honestly, I have no idea. I really should. I don't know why I'm not. I mean he should've been one of the first people I told, but I just...can't. I don't know why. Honestly, I don't. It's just...I don't know. You know?

Floor: I get it.

Emma: So yeah, just don't tell him. Like, don't lie, but try not to tell him.

Floor: Oh yeah, I was so worried it would come up in one of our intense heart to hearts.

Emma: You need to start getting along with him.

Floor: I do get along with him!

Emma: That means more than standing silently near.

Floor: That is a matter of interpretation.

Emma: Shit! My pen just ran out. Do you have another one?

(Floor empties his pockets taking a cigarette out then puts it back.)

Floor: No sorry.

Emma: Wait...what was that?

Floor: What was what?

Emma: That.

Floor: *(takes cigarette out of pocket)* This?

Emma: You sentimental--

Floor: Shut up.

Emma: Do you always walk around with a three year old cigarette in your pocket?

Floor: Yeah.

Emma: That's kind of gross.

Floor: I'm not gonna smoke it. Plus, they don't expire. They just get stale.

Emma: Well I think it's adorable.

Floor: Hey!

Emma: Joey better watch out or you'll be reciting that lovely poem you wrote at camp that summer about a...turnip garden?

Floor: And on that note I'm going to get dressed.

Emma: Well, finally!

Floor: Hey, at least it's happening.

Emma: Fair enough.

(Floor walks into his room, and Rebecca walks out. Rebecca goes to get water behind Emma without acknowledging her. Emma looks up. It's awkward)

Emma: How's it going in there?

Rebecca: Fine.

(pause)

Emma: Do you need me to--

Rebecca: You're fine.

(pause)

(Rebecca takes her cup of water and starts moving towards the room)

Emma: Listen, I'm sorry.

Rebecca: That's nice.

Emma: Rebecca. I'm trying here.

Rebecca: Congratulations. Would you like a gold star? A warm pat on the back. A cheery fucking smile?

Emma: I don't understand why you're still so mad.

Rebecca: Then you shouldn't be apologizing.

Emma: That's not what I meant.

Rebecca: Seems to happen a lot with you.

Emma: I was trying to help.

Rebecca: Bullshit. Bull fucking shit. "Help" normally implies that a person is better off.

Emma: I was--

Rebecca: What else? Please tell me. I'm so excited to hear about the selfless Emma rushing to the rescue of her skank friend and simply doing the very best she could.

Emma: Brian was--he wasn't good for you!

Rebecca: The fuck is that supposed to mean?

Emma: And I heard him talking about the things he'd done to people, his arrest record. And that black eye--

Rebecca: I fell!

Emma: That's not what you said last time

Rebecca: How would your remember?

Emma: I was worried for you

Rebecca: So you told him I--

Emma: There was more to it than that.

Rebecca: And then sat back as he told everyone he knows and ruined my life.

Emma: That's not how it happened.

Rebecca: Oh, really?

Emma: He just kept talking about every girl he fucked and then left for nothing, and I knew I had to get him out of there for you, and I was looking for a way and he said it was a miracle he hadn't gotten anything yet and then I just insinuated--

Rebecca: Great! Wonderful! That makes all of this better!

Emma: I was just trying to protect you from --

Rebecca: Do not give me that. It's a fucking lie. If you were thinking of me, you would have talked to me. You wouldn't have told him I--

Emma: IknowIknowIknow. It was bad.

Rebecca: Do you? Do you know? Because watching people side-eye you while they whisper to their friends//

Emma: Rebecca--

Rebecca: //Or having all of your friends stop talking to you//

Emma: Hey--

Rebecca: //Is the kind of thing where you have to be there.

Emma: You stopped talking to us--

Rebecca: Well I wasn't going to talk to you. And there's no way they would want to lose their precious Emma.

Emma: What's that supposed to mean?

Rebecca: So I decided to step back--

Emma: All I said to Brian was--

Rebecca: Stop! I don't want to hear it from you.

Emma: I was trying to help you.

Rebecca: If you were trying to help me you wouldn't have let that bullshit spread to everyone without doing something. Oh my GOSH! I just started to feel so...diseased. And I was looking at myself the way everyone else was looking at me...and I hated me. You think that's helping me? No, you were thinking of yourself. You were sick of all of the people coming and going from the room. *(Emma goes to protest)* Don't. Don't even try to lie to me about it because I know that I'm right. You were. You couldn't stand the possibility that I was getting away with something that you thought was somehow "wrong". But no, you couldn't talk to me about this in person. You just had to balance around the edges while I had to hear from someone else and connect my own fucking dots. How do you think that makes me feel?

Emma: Terrible, I--

Rebecca: I thought you were my best friend. But then I look back at all of the ways that you ruined my life.

Emma: What do you mean all?

Rebecca: That's what you want to talk about right now?

Emma: I just want to know what else I did.

Rebecca: You didn't...I didn't...UGH..Why am I being interrogated right now! We are talking about you and for once it's not all good. Fuck! Why is it you can pull this shit off, and I'm the one people stop talking to. If what you did wasn't bad enough, I didn't get an apology from you until now. And it sucks by the way.

(Rebecca goes to leave again)

Emma: Maybe I was annoyed, but I didn't want this to happen. I was just...dumb. I wasn't thinking. I was wrong. Completely wrong. I did 1,000 things that I shouldn't have. I have spent

four months trying to figure out how to make this better, but I've been too fucking scared to try anything because I was afraid the answer would be no, and maybe it is. But I need you to know I would do anything to change what I did, and I'm going to do anything to make things at least...better. *(beat)* I am sorry.

(long pause)

Rebecca: Um...Joey and I were going to move work out here.

Emma: *(grabbing papers)* Oh yeah...I should be heading out soon anyway. *(Turns back and starts walking towards her room. She turns back.)* Also...Rebecca? Thanks for not telling...these guys what I did.

Rebecca: You would have done the same for me. Right?

(Emma turns and goes into her room. Rebecca turns and notices Joey standing at the open door to his room.)

Rebecca: Did you--

Joey: Yeah.

Rebecca: All of it?

Joey: Most of it.

Rebecca: Can you forget it?

Joey: Can you help me grab the stuff from in here?

Rebecca: Thank you.

Joey: Don't thank me yet. We've got a long day ahead of us.

Rebecca: Really?

Joey: No. But I was trying to change the subject.

Rebecca: Got it.