

About Alex

Josh: Hey Sarah come here for a sec. Look at me. Sarah. I'm sorry, okay? Sometimes things they need to be said and in those instances being an asshole comes in handy. You okay?

Sarah: Stop.

Josh: What?

Sarah: Josh stop, I'm serious.

Josh: Come on, all that talk about death? Tell me you don't want to.

Sarah: No stop.

Josh: What?

Sarah: You know what I want? I want you to have acted like my boyfriend seven years ago. Taken me to a movie, bought me a fucking ice cream cone. That's what I want. Instead of being the guy who permanently fucked up my expectations for normalcy in a relationship. The guy that made me explain to my mom, no Josh isn't exactly my boyfriend, he's just some guy that sleeps with me when he comes home pining for my best friend, too drunk to see straight.

Josh: Sarah, I was twenty.

Sarah: So was I.

Josh: My dad had just left my mom.

Sarah: Is that your excuse?

Josh: I was angry. Okay? I was angry at my dad. I was angry at fucking Ben.

Sarah: But you didn't even see what you were doing to me?