Andy and Joy are on a zoom call

JOY: Andy? Are you okay?

ANDY: Yeah. Sure, I'm fine.

JOY: Good. Well, I had a really nice time the other night the food was great. I'm gonna recommend it to my sisters.

ANDY: Yeah, me too and you're right it was.

JOY: How many stars did it get?

ANDY: Three and a half. (Beat)

JOY: Oh. 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. *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. (Beat)

ANDY: Oh, hey, I want to show you something I got you. (He pulls out a wrapped gift and holds it up for her to see)
JOY: For me?

ANDY: Yeah, let me open it. (He does and holds it up)

JOY: Oh, but Andy, that is...oh. Oh, that 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, let me show you the back.

JOY: Ohhh---

ANDY: It's a fourteen 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)
No you won't, because 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. 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 reaches over and hangs up, leaving her alone feeling like, well... like shit!*