

HAPPINESS
Andy & Joy

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!