

WALKING AND TALKING

Knock at the door.

Amelia – Who is it?

Laura (from outside) – Help!

Amelia – Oh my God! What happened?

Laura – She just kept spraying and curling and spraying and curling and spraying and curling....

Amelia – And your make up.

Laura – I know. I look like a drag queen.

Amelia (helping her with her hair and make up) - Did you really pay for this thing?

Laura – No, you only pay if they do it at your wedding.

Amelia – God, what'd you tell them you wanted to look like?

Laura – Baby Jane, what do you think I told them?

Amelia – So, I guess you guys made up.

Laura – I tried. He gave me his mole, in a box.

Amelia – Oh, well clearly you're not going to get married then.

Laura – Yea, wouldn't you be thrilled?

Amelia – What?

Laura – Nothing.

Amelia – You think I don't want you to get married? You know what, brush your hair yourself.

Laura – What just happened?

Amelia – I don't want to talk about it.

Laura – Well I do. What's your problem?

Amelia – My problem? My problem, Laura, is that you're different, okay?

Laura – How?

Amelia – We used to talk about things. You used to need me for Christ's sake! When something happens to me, good or bad, I tell you. When something happens to you, you tell Frank. It feels unfair.

Laura – Amelia, I need you.

Amelia – Not in the same way.

Laura – Okay, you're right. You're right. I don't call you ten times a day like I used to. I don't tell you every single thing that happens to me because I do have Frank. But does that make me a bad friend because I don't need you when you want me to need you?

Amelia – Fine.

Laura – You know, when I do call you it's not enough. And if I do see you that's not enough. Nothing I do is ever enough for you. It's like when Frank and I got engaged you decided that I don't care about you anymore and that is just not true.

Amelia – I didn't decide anything.

Laura – What did I do wrong?

Amelia – I know you're busy. I know that you're having problems with Frank. I do! I know that. But you're so wrapped up in what's happening to

you that you don't even know what I'm going through. Stop for a second and think of what it's like for me. That's all I want.

Laura – Okay. What is it like for you?

Amelia – Hard. Sad. I miss you. What's it like for you?

Laura – It's lonely.

Amelia – I'm sorry.

Laura – I'm sorry.

Amelia – I love you.

Laura – Oh God, I love you.

Amelia – I slept with Andrew.

Laura – What?

Amelia – It was fun!