

MASTER
COPY

PSYCH

12/12/01

MOLLY

No, it's just... I know you've been depressed.

SUNNY

And people are twenty-eight percent more likely to kill themselves within a year after someone they know kills themselves.

MOLLY

Yeah.

SUNNY

I'm not going to kill myself.

MOLLY

I worry about you.

SUNNY

I know. Thanks. But you don't have to. I'm OK.

MOLLY

Good.

SUNNY

I've been taking Buspar.

(MOLLY looks questioningly at her.)

It's like Prozac with half the calories. Some good shit. Want one?

MOLLY

Maybe later.

SUNNY

I need a favor.

MOLLY

What?

SUNNY

I need you to be my mediation advocate. I'm suing my school.

MOLLY

Oh, Sunny. Don't.

SUNNY

I have to.

MOLLY

No you don't.

SUNNY

Yes, I do.

MOLLY

You don't! What are you going to accomplish except make more enemies and waste a lot of money?

SUNNY

Just listen to my plan.

MOLLY

No, I can't help you.

SUNNY

It's not that much work.

MOLLY

Sunny, Sunny, I'm saying No. I want you to hear me and respect that. I'm saying No. Look, here's the thing. You know I love you. You're one of my closest friends, the closest. But I don't think I'm doing you any good living with you. It's bringing out a side of me that I don't like.

SUNNY

What side?

MOLLY

You know.

SUNNY

No, what?

MOLLY

Bossy, mean, scolding.

SUNNY

I don't mind.

MOLLY

I do.

SUNNY

No, it's good for me. I like having you here.

MOLLY

Even when I bitch at you?

SUNNY

That's the way you are.

MOLLY

No, that's not the way I am! I'm not a bitch. You make me a bitch.

SUNNY

I make you a bitch?

MOLLY

No, you don't make me a bitch. But around you sometimes I get bitchy. It's a side of myself that I don't like.

SUNNY

Well, I'll stop.

MOLLY

Stop what?

SUNNY

Doing whatever it is that makes you... whatever.

MOLLY

It's not that simple.

SUNNY

What do you want me to do? You want me to clean up the papers? You want me to stop talking about school?

MOLLY

Sunny, no, just, forget about it. It's not something you can fix.

SUNNY

I can try. Just tell me what I do.

MOLLY

It's not something you do, it's... it's who you are.

(Pause.)

SUNNY

Who am I?

MOLLY

Look, forget I even brought it up. It doesn't matter and I'm not expressing myself well. All I'm saying is, I'm going to live with Michael and Karen while I look for a new apartment, so I can't help you with your lawsuit or whatever it is. So good luck and...

SUNNY

Why not?

MOLLY

Because I just can't.

SUNNY

You're too busy?

MOLLY

I can't because I don't want to.

(SUNNY nods.)

I don't think it would be in the best interest of our friendship for me to get involved in anything like, um...Look, my stuff is in the stairwell. This neighborhood is not...

(MOLLY exits.)

SUNNY

What do you mean, it's "who I am?"

MOLLY

(off) Nothing.

SUNNY

You mean something.

MOLLY

(off) Just let it drop.

SUNNY

I think it might be important. I seem to be provoking some sort of negative response in you, and you say it's not my behavior but my essential being.

(MOLLY enters with luggage.)

MOLLY

That is not what I said.

SUNNY

You're leaving now?!

MOLLY

Yeah.

SUNNY

You can't just drop this on me and then walk out!

MOLLY

I don't mean to be abrupt, but I don't feel like this is the best time to go into it. Perhaps at a later date--

SUNNY

Stop it! Why won't you tell me?

MOLLY

Don't worry about it! It's not your problem. It's my problem.

SUNNY

It is my problem. Obviously I have a big problem.

MOLLY

Well, you know what? Just say, "Fuck you, Molly. Get out of my life." That is my advice to you.

SUNNY

I don't want you to get out of my life.

MOLLY

Right. Well, sorry. I'd like to be able to help you there, but I just can't.

SUNNY

You're supposed to be my friend.

MOLLY

Well, I'm not OK? I haven't been your friend in a long time. Are you happy? That's what I didn't want to tell you. I no longer enjoy your company. I'm leaving. It's over. The End.

SUNNY

You just said you'll always love me.

MOLLY

I lied.

SUNNY

I don't believe you.

MOLLY

(dumbfounded) You don't believe me?

(She shrugs.)

OK. Then that's that, I guess.

(MOLLY exits. SUNNY picks up her suitcase and carries it off-stage and re-enters. MOLLY enters with another suitcase.)

Where's my suitcase?

SUNNY

You're not leaving 'til you tell me what's going on.

MOLLY

Sunny, give me my suitcase.

SUNNY

No.

(MOLLY starts looking for the suitcase, exits, then returns.)

MOLLY

Sunny. Where is it?

SUNNY

Why don't you like me?

MOLLY

Give me my stuff!

SUNNY

Why don't you like me?

MOLLY

Give me my stuff!

SUNNY

Why don't you like me?

MOLLY

I don't have to tell you! What are you going to do, force me to be friends with you? It won't work.

SUNNY

I need to know! Why does this happen to me?

MOLLY

Stop it! Why --? It's like picking at a scab. You are forcing me to say things that will be hurtful.

SUNNY

You're the one who said you didn't like me. That's what you're saying.

MOLLY

OK. Fine. That's what I'm saying. I don't like you. So. What do you say back?

SUNNY

Why not?

MOLLY

NO! Say, "Well, I hate you, you fucking bitch, eat shit and die!"

(Pause.)

Say it.

SUNNY

I hate you, you fucking bitch, eat shit and die.

MOLLY

There.

SUNNY

And that is supposed to make us friends again?

MOLLY

No.

SUNNY

Then what's the point?

MOLLY

Give me my suitcase.

SUNNY

No.

MOLLY

I'm leaving, Sunny; I need my suitcase.

SUNNY

OK, OK, you want me to be more aggressive. You want me to be a hard-ass bitch. Fine. I'm not giving you your suitcase - I'm not letting you go.

MOLLY

You're not *letting* me go.

SUNNY

No. You want me to be a hard-ass, I can be a hard-ass.

MOLLY

I'll come get my suitcase later.

(MOLLY picks up her other bag and moves toward the door. SUNNY blocks the way.)

This is what you did to Jennifer.

SUNNY

Bullshit. Jennifer was a classmate who was causing me problems at school. I was just trying to get her off my back. You're my best friend for the last ten years. I'm trying to-- This my life! You want me to not care?

MOLLY

The more you beg, the more I--

(MOLLY tries to force her way past SUNNY. SUNNY pushes her back. MOLLY tries to shove her aside, but SUNNY grabs her bag and pulls her back. They struggle for the bag. MOLLY grabs papers from the floor.)

MOLLY

I will destroy all of your work.

(It's a stand-off.)

SUNNY

Please just tell me! What am I doing?! Why does everybody hate me?! What am I supposed to do?!

MOLLY

I don't know. Just please stop asking, OK?

(MOLLY moves to go out the door. SUNNY moves to block her exit, standing defiantly in front of the door.)

You know, if I want to get through that door, I'm gonna get through that door.

(Pause. MOLLY approaches the door and stands in front of SUNNY.)

I'm stronger than you are.

SUNNY

No, you're not.

(MOLLY slowly but with great force shoves SUNNY out of the way and opens the door. SUNNY slips on the papers and falls.)

SUNNY

I hate you, you fucking bitch. Eat shit and die.

(MOLLY turns to look at SUNNY.)

Too late. MOLLY
→ end

(Before MOLLY can exit, GAR enters. He carries CDs in plastic grocery bags.)

Hey. GAR

Gar. SUNNY

Desiree wanted you to have these. GAR

(He throws the bags of CDs down next to SUNNY.)

What is it? SUNNY

(He squats and tries to untie the knots in the plastic bags, but they won't come undone. He becomes frustrated. He takes a huge bowie knife out from his boot and cuts one of them open. CDs spill out.)

CDs. GAR

Oh. Thanks. SUNNY

You know, you bitches really fucked her up. GAR

You hurt her more than anyone. SUNNY

I loved her more than anyone. GAR

If you loved her so much, why did you hurt her? SUNNY

I never meant to hurt her. I wanted to help her. GAR