

up from into  
from another life  
5 or 6 years

## BEST FRIENDS

FEB 11/2010

Richard and Paula lived together for a couple of years and then decided to get married. Nothing has gone right since. Here they are making a futile attempt at finishing the final scene of a movie they are writing for their boss, Larry.

PAULA: I'm going to tell Larry we can't do it...

RICHARD: Oh, come on. It's one stinking scene.

PAULA: We've been here since eleven o'clock this morning. We're not going to do it.

RICHARD: Want to quit, huh?

(Paula to door)

PAULA: It's locked.

RICHARD: Oh, my God, that means we're going to kill each other.

PAULA: (bangs on door) Larry! Larry! Do you think he's really stupid enough to lock us in?

RICHARD: Is the door locked?

PAULA: Yes, the door is locked!

RICHARD: (crossed to her) If the door is locked, then he locked us in.

PAULA: How do you know he locked us in?

RICHARD: (shouting) Because the door is locked! (getting crazy) It's not open! It's locked!!!

(Paula starts to pace)

PAULA: You know why this happened don't you? You know why? Because we got married. That's why. This would not be going on now if we hadn't gotten married. That's what did it. Marriage. That's what it does.

RICHARD: What marriage?

PAULA: Our marriage.

RICHARD: No. We have not been married. We went straight from being married to separating. No marriage.

PAULA: What about those two weeks back East? What was that, Roman Holiday? We were married then and it ruined everything.

RICHARD: That wasn't marriage. That was two weeks in the cradle.

PAULA: (taunting) Oh, poor little baby boy. Doesn't like being tucked in, doesn't like having to shovel all that mean snow.

RICHARD: Look at you. Trying to kill yourself in a tearoom.

PAULA: I was not trying to kill myself!

RICHARD: Oh, no, you just thought taking fourteen Valium would help you get through your pastrami on rye.

PAULA: I did not have pastrami on rye!! I had chicken salad you asshole!!!

RICHARD: (goes to window, resigned) That's it. I can't take this anymore. I'm tired of hearing how signing a piece of paper screwed up three years of a beautiful relationship. Let's not go through any more pain. In the morning, we'll file for divorce. All right?

PAULA: (hesitates; then nods. Starts to cry softly) You know what the worst part is? ~~What~~ What I need right now is to go and tell my best friend all my problems. But you're my best friend and I'm losing you. I lost you the day we got married.

RICHARD: You didn't lose me. I'm still your best friend.

PAULA: But that's not who I wanted to marry. When you get married you're supposed to have romance and passion and feel that you... can't live without the other person. We didn't have any of that.

RICHARD: Yes, we did. We had it all.

PAULA: Then why couldn't we have just left it alone?

RICHARD: Because I love you so much... (tears in eyes). I wanted to say it to the world. You didn't want to marry your best friend, I did. We had it all, Paula. (beat; he walks to the door, it doesn't open)

PAULA: That could have been the best exit line of your life.

RICHARD: I know. Damn.

PAULA: I guess you're stuck with me, huh?