

**Sides—AMY & VINCE**

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AMY. You haven't changed, have you, Vincent?

VINCE. Whattayou mean?

AMY. I can remember you doing the exact same thing when we were dating.

VINCE. Doing what?

AMY. Putting pressure on people to follow whatever schedule you've already worked out in your head.

VINCE. That's not true.

AMY. It *is*, but it's nice. It's like you stayed up the night before thinking for hours how the next day was going to work and now you just want people to partake in your vision.

VINCE. OK, that's not true, Amy—

AMY. OK.

VINCE. Jon can do anything he wants —

AMY. I know —

VINCE. I'm just suggesting he joins us for dinner.

AMY. *(Pause.)* Are you high, Vincent?

VINCE. ...A bit.

AMY. You've been smoking pot since high school?

VINCE. It's no different than drinking —

AMY. I know, but do you also still drink? —

VINCE. So?

AMY. I'm just saying you should be careful—

VINCE. What is this, "Lecture Vince Night"?

AMY. Who's lecturing you?

VINCE. *You* are. *He* did, I'm waiting for the Motel 6 *desk guy* to come in here next.

AMY. It's only because I care about you.

VINCE. You haven't seen me for five years.

AMY. But you were my first boyfriend. It's inevitable. You could turn into a dirty old man and I'd still care.

VINCE. Really?

AMY. Of course. It's one of those things.

VINCE. *(Beat.)* Do you wanna get married?

AMY. I can't right now.

VINCE. Why?

AMY. I have a boyfriend.

VINCE. Who is he?

AMY. He's the district attorney.

VINCE. That is so typical! ...

AMY. Why?

VINCE. I don't know, it just is ...

AMY. If it doesn't work out, I'll give you a call in Oakland.

VINCE. Yeah, right.