

SARAH. Just like that?

CHRIS. Just like that.

SARAH. Leave work?

CHRIS. Leave work.

SARAH. Leave the Kellogg's account?

CHRIS. Okay, here's another idea. Tell your parents about us. Say, "Parents, Chris and I love each other and we're going to be together and if you don't like it you can lump it." Or something. I can get Bruce or somebody to help you with the copy.

SARAH. You're pressuring me, Chris. Don't pressure me.

*(The DOORBELL rings.)*

SARAH. You have to go now.

CHRIS. I really hate this.

SARAH. I'm sorry. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

CHRIS. Sure. My stand-in is here. Only I'm left out in the cold and my stand-in gets to do all the fun bits.

SARAH. This is *not* fun! *(SHE opens the door. BOB is there.)*

BOB. Hi.

SARAH. Hi. Come on in.

BOB. *(Enters and sees Chris.)* Chris, hi.

CHRIS. *(On his way out, to Sarah.)* Talk to you later.

SARAH. I'll call you tomorrow.

CHRIS. Right. Good Yontif.

← End

*(CHRIS exits. SARAH closes the door.)*

RS#6 Chris, Sarah, Bob

Start



CHRIS. You remember where we were one year ago tonight?

SARAH. Yes. We went to that horrible concert and then we went for seafood where you got sick from a bad clam.

CHRIS. It was the greatest night of my life.

SARAH. (*Opens the gift and removes a small black object*) What is this?

CHRIS. It's an automatic speed dialer. You can program it to hold up to eighty separate phone numbers. You just hold it up to your telephone, push a button, and it dials for you. I've already programmed the first number. You push number one and you get ... me.

SARAH. Thank you. I'm sorry I didn't get you anything. I've been so busy. Getting ready for the seder.

CHRIS. All I would like for our anniversary is for us to be together.

SARAH. Chris, please, I'm under enough pressure.

CHRIS. You know what I wish?

SARAH. What?

CHRIS. You want to know what I wish?

SARAH. (*Slightly impatient*) What?

CHRIS. I wish we could run away together to some exotic, tropical island and live on coconuts and sea anemones.