

*(pause)*~~Eleven each.~~~~*She hands money to Avery. She walks over to Sam and tries to hand him money, but he is furiously mopping. She puts the money down on the armrest of the seat nearest to him.*~~

ROSE

~~Could one of you give me a ride home tonight?  
My sister borrowed my car.~~~~*Sam continues mopping. After a pause:*~~

AVERY

~~Oh. Um. My dad is picking me up.~~

ROSE

~~Sam?~~~~*He doesn't respond. He continues mopping.*~~

ROSE

~~Sam.~~~~*No response.*~~

AVERY

~~But.~~~~Um.~~~~I guess I could ask him if he'd take you back to Boylston.~~

ROSE

~~Sam.~~~~What the fuck.~~*Sam mops some more. Then he walks over to the mop bucket. He squeezes the mop in the mop bucket with tremendous power. Then he dips it in the water and squeezes it again.**Rose and Avery watch him do this. Sam does not take his eyes off the mop when he finally says:***START**

SAM

*(quietly)*

Why'd you show Avery how to use the projector.

*Pause*

SAM

What the fuck is *wrong* with you.

AVERY

Uh.

I'm gonna go to the bathroom.

*Avery walks up the aisle and leaves. Rose is looking at Sam. Sam is staring into the dirty mop water.*

ROSE

I didn't know you / wanted—

SAM

Yes. Yes you did.

I've been working here for almost twice as long as you and you know Steve only promoted you first because he thinks you're hot. And three months ago I asked you if you would train / me and you said—

ROSE

Okay. Okay.

You're right.

I'm sorry.

ANNIE BAKER

SAM

Do you know how humiliating it is to be working with like *twenty*-somethings who are rising in the ranks of your shitty job faster than you are?

*Pause.*

ROSE

I'm sorry.

It's—

I was stupid. I wasn't thinking.

I just—

I can train you too. Then if I get sick you can / take turns—

SAM

No. No way.

I'm not interested anymore.

*Pause.*

SAM

No fucking way.

ROSE

Okay.

*Pause. Sam is starting to look ill.*

ROSE

So. What.

Are you gonna like hate my guts now?

*After a pause:*

THE FLICK

SAM

*(quietly)*  
Oh god.

ROSE

What's going on?

SAM

I feel sick.

I feel like I'm gonna . . .

Oh my god.

*He sits down in one of the front rows and faces the movie screen, away from Rose.*

ROSE

Sam.

*Silence.*

SAM

I just . . . I can't stand it. I can't do it anymore.

*Pause.*

SAM

It's making me nauseous. It's making me sick.

*(a short pause)*

I'm like breaking out in fucking rashes.

ROSE

I have no idea what you're talking about.

SAM

You don't?

*Pause.*

Really?

SAM

*A long silence.*

I like—I fucking love you.

SAM

**END**

*Pause. Sam is still looking out at the movie screen.*

I don't even know why.

You're like . . .

I see all these things that are wrong with you.

But it's like—

*Pause.*

It's really bad.

It's really bad.

It's not like a—

It goes way beyond the word "crush," or like—

I want to like—

I can't sleep.

I mean, I haven't really slept for like the past year and a half. And then when I do sleep I dream about you. And you're like talking to me. Or like fucking some other guy. Or standing in front of me in like a motel room like brushing your teeth.

*(a short pause)*

It's never been like this before.

I walk down the street and all I'm thinking is:

Rose.

Rose.

Rose.

It's like the fucking soundtrack to my life.

Just your name makes me like . . .

*Silence.*

I've pictured saying this to you.

I've pictured saying it so many times.

*Pause. He does not turn around. They are both very still.*

So what do you want?

*Pause. He is still facing forward.*

What do you mean?

Like what do you think is gonna happen now?

*Pause.*

I don't know.

*Pause.*

I guess I just . . .

I guess I needed to get it off my chest.