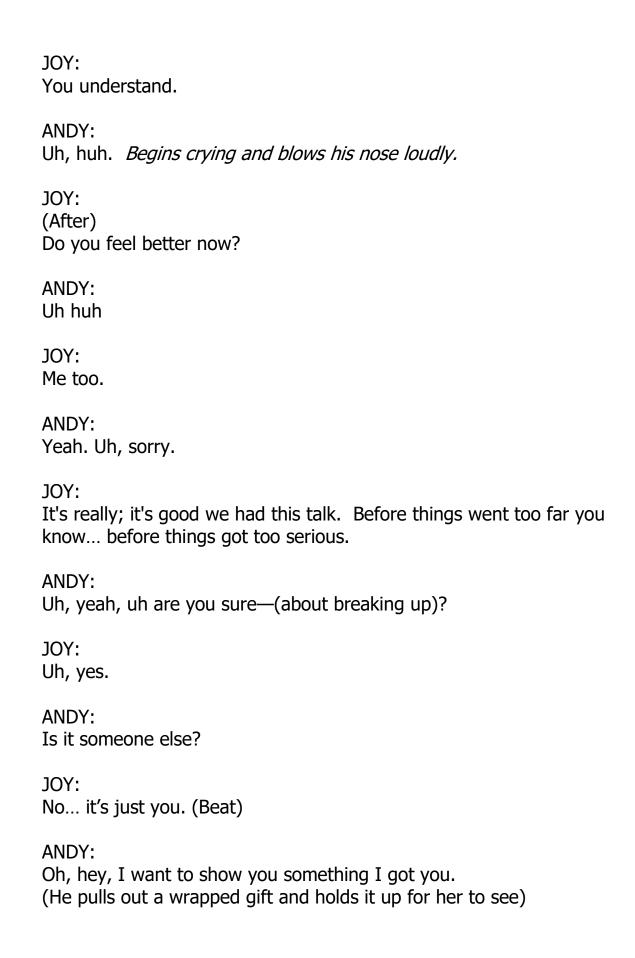
HAPPINESS Andy & Joy
Andy and Joy are on a zoom call
JOY: Andy? Are you okay?
ANDY: Yeah. Sure, I'm fine.
JOY: Good. Well, I had a really nice time the other night the food was great. I'm gonna recommend it to my sisters.
ANDY: Yeah, me too and you're right it was.
JOY: How many stars did it get?
ANDY: Three and a half. (Beat)
JOY: Oh. Of course you know I've always had a really nice time with you.
ANDY: Same here.
JOY: But
ANDY: Yeah?



JOY: For me?
ANDY: Yeah, let me open it. (He does and holds it up)
JOY: Oh, but Andy, that isoh. Oh, that is beautiful.
ANDY: Thanks. It's a Gansevoort reproduction. Boston late 1880s, I sent away for it right after we had our first date.
JOY: Oh, I just love it—it's a collector's item.
ANDY: Oh Yeah. It's pretty special.
JOY: It almost makes me want to learn how to smoke. (Laughs)
ANDY: (Laughs) Hey, let me show you the back.
JOY: Ohhh
ANDY: It's a fourteen karat gold plated inlaid base.
JOY: Oh, Andy, I just love it. This really means something to me; I'll always treasure it as a token

ANDY:

(Angrily cuts her off)

No you won't, because this is for the girl who loves me—the girl who cares about me for who I am. Not what I look like. I just wanted you to know what you'd be missing. You think I don't appreciate art. You think I don't understand fashion. You think I'm not hip. You think I'm pathetic, a nerd. You think I'm shit. Well you're wrong. Cause I'm champagne and you're shit. Until the day you die, you, and not me, will always be shit. A stinking, steaming, pile of shit!

He triumphantly reaches over and hangs up, leaving her alone feeling like, well... like shit!