

CALLIE. It's just ... what I wore to my hippie friend's wedding.
SARA. Let me see? (*Callie opens her coat a little bit.*) Oh. You look great. (*Callie shuts her coat.*) I'm underdressed.

CALLIE. We don't have time to stop by your place.

SARA. Can I borrow something of yours?

START

CALLIE. Let's just forget it, I don't want to go. (*Callie sits with her coat on.*)

SARA. I thought you had to.

Callie Side 2

CALLIE. Technically.

SARA. Isn't your station getting an award?

CALLIE. They are, I'm not.

SARA. So do you want to go or not?

CALLIE. I have to.

SARA. OK, let's go. (*Sara makes for the door. Callie remains seated.*)

What's going on.

CALLIE. Nothing. (*Pause.*)

SARA. Why are you still sitting down? (*Callie shrugs.*) Let me see what you've got in your closet. (*Sara goes to her bedroom and comes back holding a dress on a hanger.*) Could I wear this?

CALLIE. I wore that to a reception last week.

SARA. You did, I didn't.

CALLIE. People will recognize it.

SARA. Do you care? (*Callie shrugs.*) Callie, what the hell.

CALLIE. I don't know.

SARA. OK. Just tell me. What do you want?

CALLIE. I have to go to this thing.

SARA. Do you not want me to go? Is that it?

CALLIE. You don't have to go if you don't want to.

SARA. Callie, will you say what you want?

CALLIE. I have to go, I have to.

SARA. So let's go. (*She heads for the door.*)

CALLIE. What are you going to wear? (*Sara stops, then turns.*)

SARA. What? (*Callie gets up.*)

CALLIE. I have to go to this thing and I want you to go with me but I don't want you to wear what you're wearing and I don't want you to wear my clothes. What will people think if we walk in together and you're wearing my clothes? (*Sara sits down.*)

SARA. I'm not going.

CALLIE. Now this.

SARA. I'm tired, I'm underdressed, I'm not going to know anyone there except for you — forget it.

CALLIE. Sara, I asked you to go to this thing with me a week ago; I told you it was an awards ceremony, why did you dress like you were going camping?

SARA. You didn't make it sound like it was that big a deal.

CALLIE. An *awards ceremony*?

SARA. If you had wanted me to get dressed up you should've told me.

CALLIE. I told you to be here at 5:30, you couldn't manage that.

SARA. What's the big deal — you don't even like your job.

CALLIE. I don't like my job the way you love your job but that doesn't mean you shouldn't come at the time I asked you to, wearing something appropriate.

SARA. Obviously this is more important than you — *(The clomping from upstairs starts again.)*

CALLIE. There's my cue. I'm leaving now, I don't care what you do.

SARA. Yeah go, get chased out of your own apartment again.

CALLIE. What?

SARA. Better to plan your life around someone else's schedule than have to face them and tell them what you have every right —

CALLIE. What do you care? What do you care? This is my apartment —

SARA. You're pathetic, Callie — *(Callie takes off her coat.)*

CALLIE. Fuck it, I'll stay right here then.

SARA. Perfect.

CALLIE. *You* can leave.

SARA. Glad to.

CALLIE. I'm busy tomorrow so forget about the museum.

SARA. Yeah, I'm busy too. *(Callie opens the door for Sara. Sara grabs her coat and exits. Callie slams the door behind her.)*

END