

*Jordan's girlfriend, Jessica, recently broke up with him because he blew her off to spend the night at Carrie Benson's house. Jordan and Carrie are good friends. Here, he tries to convince Jessica that nothing happened. But the harder he tries, the more his words come out wrong.*

**Jordan:** Hey Jessica. Oh C'mon. Can't I talk to you for just a minute? Look, I know I was a jerk-- (Beat.) Okay, a major jerk. And I don't blame you for dumping me. Well, just a little. Joke - that was a joke! I'm sorry I blew you off last Saturday. But the only reason I did was because Carrie Benson was upset about Doug breaking up with her. She was lonely, she needed a friend, and she promised me a good time. Jess, wait! That's not what I mean. I didn't sleep with her. She didn't want to. Hold up, hold up! That came out way wrong. What I'm trying to say is that she wanted me to spend the night, and I wanted to be with her. Not be with her, be with her! Don't you understand? Every time I think of you, that little four letter word keeps flooding my head. You know, the "L" word? Does that happen when you think of me? It does?! (Beat.) Liar? That wasn't exactly the word I had in mind.

*Craig's mother died of cancer two weeks ago at a very young age. Craig's father sent him to a therapist to help deal with this tragic loss. Craig does not like the idea of seeing a therapist, but he agrees to go to please his father. Here, he is speaking to the therapist.*

**Craig:** You understand? You understand? No, you *don't* understand. You think just because you have a Ph.D. and a framed certificate on the wall, that you magically know what I'm feeling? What a load of crap. You've just doing your job -- making your money. You probably never cared about anyone in your life. Well I do. I care too much. That's why I'm going crazy. I feel like I'm losing my mind. Every time I see a woman who even slightly resembles my mom, I swear she's gonna turn around and it will be her. Alive, here, now, smiling at me. But it never is. I keep waking up in the middle of the night, screaming, all drenched in sweat. Yesterday, I put my fist through the window and shattered it into pieces. My mom is dead. She's dead, and I can't even cry. Cause if I do, it'll mean I accept, really accept, that she's gone forever. I don't want to do that. I *can't* do it. Can you understand that? I can't let my mom be gone.