

FINAL CHOICES

ROBERT & EMMA *Act 4*

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with Chris Corey

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CAST

RECEPTIONIST: 25 – 65

ROBERT: handsome, intelligent, takes life seriously, but has a fun side, early 30s

EMMA: bright, attractive, strong voice and presence, early 30s

JASON: Emma’s husband, early 30s.

WAITRESS: friendly, but a bit cranky, 45 – 65

TOTAL: 2 – 3 males and 2 – 3 females

This script contains the fourth act of a four-act play, designed for the high school classroom. The acts are divided into four separate books which correspond with a four-year curriculum entitled *Principles and Choices*®. The play may be produced as a full-length play by putting all four acts together. **To acquire Acts 1, 2, and 3, contact the publisher.**

There is little to no direction for sets, staging, and lighting. This act has no intermission, but if combined with Acts 1, 2, and 3 for a full-length play, an intermission can be placed between the second and third acts.

Act 4

FINAL CHOICES

ROBERT & EMMA

SCENE 1

(It is 10 years later. Robert is now a doctor of oncology and has just finished with a patient in his office. The Patient is exiting the office as the Receptionist pops her head in.)

RECEPTIONIST: Hey, Doc.

ROBERT: What's up?

RECEPTIONIST: I've locked up the office and am about to leave, but there's a woman in the lobby. She doesn't have an appointment, but is very insistent on seeing you. She wouldn't give her name or insurance information, and said it was personal. What should I do?

ROBERT: She doesn't look crazy or anything does she?

RECEPTIONIST: No. Just a little upset.

ROBERT: Send her in, I guess.

(The Receptionist nods and leaves the door open. While Robert waits, he puts the Patient files away in their folder. Emma pokes her head in Robert's office.)

EMMA: Robert?

(Robert, completely caught off-guard, fumbles the file, and its contents spill on the floor as he stands up. He locks eyes with Emma, very surprised to see her.)

ROBERT: Emma?

EMMA: Hi, Robert.

ROBERT: *(still surprised)* Wow! I mean, hello. It's been a long time. Please, come in. *(he motions to a chair)*

EMMA: Thanks.

(Emma timidly sits and puts her purse down as Robert crosses back over to his chair. He sees the scattered papers on the floor, scoops them up, and begins putting them back in the file.)

ROBERT: How long has it been? Five years?

EMMA: Almost ten. I missed you at the wedding.

ROBERT: *(awkwardly)* Em. I'm sorry. I was so busy with medical school... and then starting a new practice. *(awkward pause)* So, are you a lawyer now?

EMMA: I'm in my last year of law school right now.

ROBERT: Really?

EMMA: Yeah. Things were kind of tough for a while, financially — especially after I got married. But I managed to find a scholarship.

ROBERT: That's great. You probably have eight kids by now, too.

EMMA: Actually, I have one. *(she pats her stomach)* Seven weeks pregnant.

ROBERT: Wow. *(looking at her trim stomach)* Congratulations. Justin must be thrilled.

EMMA: Jason. He is. He's actually the reason why I'm here today. *(her demeanor becomes serious and she draws in a breath)*

ROBERT: *(catching on to her serious tone)* Alright. Is everything okay?

EMMA: I... Look, I... I don't want to waste your time.

ROBERT: Emma, you're not wasting my time... what's going on?

EMMA: You're an oncologist.

ROBERT: Right. I specialize in kidney cancer.

EMMA: Jason has cancer.

ROBERT: *(letting it sink in, and then suddenly becoming more empathetic in his demeanor)* I'm... Emma — I'm sorry. I didn't... what do you.. do you need a referral? I mean, I... does he have a doctor?

EMMA: Three of them, actually. They say it's untreatable. They've tried everything. Everything. It spread so fast...

(Emma wants to continue, but her emotions get the better of her. She tries her best to hold back as her jaw tightens and her eyes become watery.)

(Robert looks at Emma with great concern. He grabs a box of tissues on his desk and hands it to Emma. Emma takes a tissue and dabs the corner of her eyes as she nearly regains her composure.)

ROBERT: Emma, I'm so sorry. I wish I had known...

EMMA: I don't know what to do, Robert.

(Robert sits with her a minute, not sure of what to say.)

EMMA: I'm sorry Robert. I shouldn't have come to you with this. You're busy and I shouldn't be burdening you with my problems.

(Emma starts to get up. Robert stands up and stops her from leaving.)

ROBERT: Emma, hold on. Where are you going?

EMMA: It's not fair of me to come to you like this...after all this time....

ROBERT: For crying out loud, Emma. It was my fault we didn't keep in touch — not yours. I'm still your friend. Talk to me.

(Emma pauses a moment. She sighs and sits back down.)

ROBERT: How can I help?

EMMA: That's just it. I don't know if you can.

ROBERT: Who's his doctor?

EMMA: Klein.

ROBERT: Samuel Klein? I know him. He was actually one of my professors. He's an excellent doctor.

EMMA: So if he can't help Jason, then you can't do anything?

ROBERT: Of course I can take a look at his charts, but... but that's not really why you're here, is it?

(Emma seems to have calmed down a little. She wipes her eye with the tissue.)

EMMA: No. He's had so many different opinions. Each one with the same conclusion.

ROBERT: Then what is it?

EMMA: Well, Jason's tried to be so upbeat, you know? Especially when we found out about the baby. But then we got the news last week that the cancer has spread everywhere. Yesterday we got a letter from our insurance company saying that they're cutting us off.

ROBERT: What do you mean, "cutting you off?"

EMMA: *(Emma's jaw tightens)* Apparently they have this policy—right there in the fine print—that if your diagnosis is less than three months to live, they stop paying for everything—hospital visits, experimental therapies, drugs, everything. Except...

ROBERT: Except what?

EMMA: Suicide.

ROBERT: What are you talking about?

EMMA: Robert, physician-assisted suicide was just legalized here a few months ago.

ROBERT: I'm aware of that, but what does that have to do with Jason? They can't force him to commit suicide.

(Emma pauses while she looks at him, almost as if she is surprised at his lack of understanding. Then, she reaches into her purse and takes out a letter. She hands it to him and he reads it as she explains.)

EMMA: Once they found out that the doctors are giving Jason only a few weeks to live, they sent that letter. It says they won't pay for any more treatment. But they'll pay for his assisted-suicide drugs if he wants to kill himself. It's so unbelievably cruel, and disgusting, and inhuman. They won't pay for him to live, but they'll pay for him to die. What's the matter with people, Robert?

ROBERT: He's not gonna do it, is he?

(Emma pauses for a long moment before answering.)

EMMA: Yes. He is.

ROBERT: Why?

EMMA: He's gone from really optimistic to highly depressed, Robert. Just like that. I mean, who wouldn't when you find out you've got a few weeks to live? He's not seeing anything clearly

anymore. His whole perspective has changed. He's scared and he's confused and depressed... then he gets this letter. It's like the entire human race has completely rejected him. "Nobody wants you around anymore, so why don't you just kill yourself. We'll even pay for it as a parting gift."

(Robert is quiet for a moment. He isn't sure of what to say.)

EMMA: I shouldn't have come to you with this.

ROBERT: Why do you keep saying that?

EMMA: Because I don't want to ask you to do something I don't think you'll be comfortable doing.

ROBERT: Wait, you don't want me to write the prescription?

EMMA: No!

ROBERT: What then?

EMMA: I need someone he'll listen to...someone other than me to tell him that he doesn't need to kill himself. That his life is worth living. That there are still important reasons for him to stay here. That there's still faith... and hope... and love... and the cancer can't take those things away from him... unless he lets it.

ROBERT: So you want someone to talk to him? You want me to talk to him?

EMMA: I know it's crazy Robert, but...

ROBERT: Why do you think I wouldn't be willing to do that?

EMMA: I just assumed that you wouldn't –

ROBERT: *(cuts her off)* That I wouldn't want to keep someone from committing suicide?

EMMA: *(surprised by Robert's reaction)* I didn't think you'd see it that way.

ROBERT: Emma, you haven't changed much since high school. You think you know me, but you really don't. I didn't vote for assisted suicide and I won't ever be a part of it in my practice. I'd be happy to talk to Justin.

EMMA: Jason.

ROBERT: Jason. Sorry. I think I should talk to him alone. Can he come tomorrow, after the office closes?

EMMA: Yes, that would be great. *(she sighs with relief)* Thank you, Robert.

(They smile awkwardly at each other. Emma picks up her purse and exits. Robert is left looking after her, worried and concerned.)

SCENE 2

(Robert's office, after hours. The receptionist has gone home and it's quiet. Robert is leaning against the edge of his desk. Jason is seated in a chair, staring at Robert. He is thin and less energetic than you would expect from a healthy man his age, but he is otherwise normal. Jason's attitude is uncomfortable and defensive. Robert is serious and professional, but has a soft side that shows empathy and compassion.)

ROBERT: Thanks for coming in, Jason. Emma thought it would be helpful if we talked.

JASON: Sure. No problem.

ROBERT: Can I get you something to drink?

JASON: No, I'm fine. *(pause)* I bet you get a lot of dead guys in here.

ROBERT: *(ignoring the comment)* Emma tells me you two are expecting a baby. Congratulations.

(Jason looks at Robert like he's an idiot, but doesn't say anything.)

ROBERT: Do you know if it's a boy or a girl?

JASON: So, what are you, another cancer doctor?

ROBERT: *(unfazed by Jason's rudeness)* Yes. I specialize in kidney cancer. I'm assuming that since you've been seeing Dr. Klein, you have lung cancer?

JASON: *(slightly annoyed while trying to look casual and in control)* Look, Doc. Being as I don't have a lot of time left, we should probably skip the small talk.

ROBERT: Okay. Do you mind if I sit down?

JASON: No. *(Robert sits behind his desk)* So my guess is that Emma told you I'm thinking about checking out early.

ROBERT: Yes. She did.

JASON: And you're supposed to tell me that everything's going to be okay, and I should stick around and, you know...see how it all plays out.

ROBERT: According to your doctors, everything's not going to be okay. You're dying. But you're not dead yet.

JASON: Might as well be. Look... I'm here because Emma wanted me to come. I don't want to hurt her. I really don't. She's been the light in my life, and I love her. But I'm the one with cancer. And quite frankly, I'm not too keen on ending up flat on my back in a hospital bed, hooked up to machines, with tubes sticking out of every part of my body, screaming in agony because the two of you think I shouldn't kill myself. That's not exactly the way I want to go.

ROBERT: Jason, the law already allows you to withhold or withdraw any medical treatment you don't want. Nobody has to be hooked up to machines against their will.

JASON: That's not what happens on television.

ROBERT: Right. That's television. In the real world, people understand that sometimes medical treatment doesn't make sense anymore. When your body is dying and it becomes too burdensome for you to continue treatment, you have the moral and legal power to say, "no more."

JASON: And what happens if I don't die right away? I'm just supposed to waste away in agonizing pain so that you can feel good that I didn't commit suicide?

ROBERT: This isn't about me, and no, you don't have to waste away in pain. It's a big myth that you have to suffer agonizing pain when you are dying. It isn't true, Jason. We can eliminate virtually all pain—and in the few rare cases where we can't totally eliminate it, proper treatment can control it to the point where it's no longer unbearable.

JASON: You mean I'll be a vegetable, all drugged up.

ROBERT: No. That's another misconception. Modern palliative care...

JASON: English, please.

ROBERT: Palliative care is comfort care at the end of life. With modern advances in pain control, comfort care is a precise art. If you have doctors who know what they are doing, you can get pain relief while still being very conscious, and free of nausea and most side effects.

JASON: How am I supposed to get doctors who know what they're doing when my insurance cut me off?

ROBERT: What your insurance company did to you should be illegal. I talked to some colleagues of mine about it. They've had patients who received the same letter you did. You don't seem like the kind of guy who would normally give up this easily. If you're interested, some of us are thinking about filing a lawsuit.

JASON: I'm not interested in fighting anymore. I just want this to end, and I'm not one of the lucky ones who will get the kind of care you're talking about. Emma's in law school, and I'm obviously not working anymore. We're broke, and we've got a kid on the way. How am I supposed to pay for this?

ROBERT: Jason, the letter from your insurance company was talking about withdrawing payment for treatment that could extend your life. They'll probably still pay for your palliative care. And even if they don't, hospice is not expensive—and neither is good pain medication. You would probably qualify for state and federal assistance. And there are some organizations that will provide you with comfort care free of charge if all else fails.

JASON: If that's true, then why didn't Klein tell me this?

ROBERT: Klein is a good lung cancer specialist. He's cured a lot of cases that other doctors couldn't. But many doctors have never had a course in pain management. He's probably not aware of what's available today. I can help you find a good doctor who can treat your pain...and your depression, Jason.

(Jason draws in his breath and looks at Robert. He shows the first sign that Robert may have put a crack in his armor.)

JASON: Why would you care? You didn't even come to the wedding, man. You broke her heart.

(Robert appears disturbed at this comment. He stares at Jason for a moment, and then looks down. Suddenly, as if having a revelation, he stands up, walks around to the front of his desk, and looks directly at Jason again.)

ROBERT: (*with conviction*) I care because your life is worth living, Jason.

JASON: Says who?

ROBERT: (*with determination*) Emma. And I do, too. And so does God. I'll bet the rest of your family and friends would say it too, if you'd give them a chance. Every human life is worth living, Jason. That's something I learned from your wife.

JASON: (*with a sudden outburst of uncontrolled emotion*) This isn't living! I've lost everything... my job, my savings, my driver's license. You know, I can't even run anymore, or play golf, or take Emma hiking in the mountains. Next I won't be able to walk anymore, and then I won't be able to lift my head off the pillow. And people will have to bathe me, and feed me, and help me in the bathroom. How is that any kind of life?

ROBERT: (*pulling up a chair and sitting next to Jason*) What were you living for before you got sick? Was it playing golf? Is that really what made life worth living before you had cancer? Your hopes and dreams were all about being able to run and hike and feed yourself?

JASON: (*becoming more dejected*) You don't get it, man. It's over. I don't have any hope left. I don't have any more dreams. I don't have control over anything!

ROBERT: (*speaking with a certain calmness*) Yeah, you do. You have control over the most important things of all now, Jason. I'm not gonna try to whitewash it. I've seen death before. You will become physically weaker. You will need others to do the simple everyday tasks you used to do by yourself. But your greatest control lies in your ability to choose what you will live for in the last days of your life. Are you gonna hang on to golf? Really? Or are you going to choose to live for love? For faith? For hope? For family and friendships, and for the wisdom and goodness that you can still bring into this world — in ways that you couldn't before?

Yeah, you'll need somebody else to brush your teeth and wash your hair. But when you are flat on your back in bed with only days left to live, the world will need you more than you will need the world.

JASON: What do you mean?

ROBERT: I mean that you can make a final choice to do the most selfish thing and kill yourself because you're grieving the things you've lost. Or you can make a final choice to do the most generous thing you've ever done in your life—and let the people who love you serve you. What you think is a weakness is really the greatest strength you've ever had. You have the power to move other people to compassion and love.

JASON: *(mocking)* Because I'm dying?

ROBERT: Yeah, because you're dying. I'm not saying it's an easy choice. It's gonna require a lot of patience, humility, and generosity on your part to let people in like that. But maybe, Jason... maybe that's where you'll find the best part of life. Maybe you haven't even lived real life until now. Either way... you are in control. You can seize that opportunity and grow deeper in faith and love, or you can waste it, and throw away the best chance you've ever had to really experience life. If you give it a chance, the last weeks of life can become more meaningful, more full, more profound, and more positive than all the years before your illness.

JASON: *(finally breaking down with a sob)* I don't want to die. I don't want to die. *(Robert puts a hand on his shoulder while Jason collects himself)* I just don't want to be afraid anymore. I want to live again. *(suddenly looking at Robert)* How do I know she's not gonna abandon me?

ROBERT: Who... Emma?

JASON: Yeah.

ROBERT: *(smiles reassuringly)* Because Emma sees God in you. And Emma would never abandon God.

(Robert keeps his hand on Jason's shoulder, and Jason buries his head in his hands while the stage lights go out.)

SCENE 3

(Emma is sitting on a bench outside in her backyard. Jason is sitting next to her in a wheelchair, with a blanket on his lap. He is weak and frail, but alert and free of pain.)

EMMA: Are you comfortable, Jason?

JASON: Yes...thank you.

EMMA: Can I get you anything?

JASON: No.

EMMA: *(stroking his head)* I can rub your legs.

JASON: That's okay.

EMMA: How about if I read to you?

JASON: Emma... just listen for a moment. *(a long pause while Jason breathes and gathers strength)* It's not going to be long now.

EMMA: I know.

JASON: It's okay. ...I'm going to be okay.

EMMA: *(smiles empathetically)* I know you are.

JASON: You didn't give up on me.

EMMA: You don't have to...

JASON: It's important. *(the next lines are delivered with pauses for breathing)* I never really told you how grateful I am to you. When I was really depressed, the thought of asking Dr. Klein to give me a suicide pill seemed so easy. You have no idea how making it legal totally messed with my head.

EMMA: I understand, Jason. I do.

JASON: I never would have thought about killing myself before it was legal for doctors to help you do it. But suddenly it's legal and the doctors are all talking about suicide like it's just another medical option, and you're so swallowed up in grief and confusion that it seems like everyone thinks you're supposed to do it.

(Jason pauses to catch his breath. Emma adjusts his pillow to make him more comfortable.)

JASON: The pressure was insane, Emma. People think it's just an option, but it's not. It's an enormous burden to put on people who are already really vulnerable. If it wasn't for you... I wouldn't be here right now.

EMMA: I'm so grateful for you.

JASON: I would have missed so much if I had chosen just to end it. It seems ridiculous to say this, but the last few weeks have been the best, and most important weeks of my entire life. I don't deserve you.

EMMA: You deserve better than me, baby.

JASON: Well, the only thing better than you is God, and apparently, He agrees with you on that one. *(they share a smile, which Jason breaks off in a coughing fit)*

EMMA: Are you okay?

JASON: *(catching his breath and swallowing)* I'm so sorry I couldn't have been a better husband for you.

EMMA: You're a great husband.

JASON: I'm sorry I won't be here for our baby. Promise me that you'll find someone else after I die.

EMMA: Jason, please don't...

JASON: Emma, the only thing worse than the thought of being without you is the thought of you being alone and our baby being without a father. Promise you'll at least think about it.

EMMA: I'll try.

JASON: *(smiles weakly, but playfully)* But not 'til after I'm gone, okay?

EMMA: Sweetheart, I'm not going anywhere. I love you, and I'm here to the very end.

(Emma leans her head on Jason's shoulder, and the lights close on them as they sit quietly.)

SCENE 4

(Six months later. Robert sits at the same pizzeria he and Emma frequented in college. The same waitress—now ten years older—approaches with a piping hot platter of pizza. She sets it before Robert, who looks somewhat nervous, and stares at him for a moment.)

ROBERT: It's not all for me. I'm meeting a friend here.

WAITRESS: Whatever you say, hun.

(The waitress doesn't give Robert a chance to retort and walks away to attend to other customers. Robert shakes his head and waits patiently. He looks over and sees Emma walk through the doors. She's nine months pregnant. Emma spots Robert right away and her face lights up with a smile. She waddles over to the table. Robert stands up and gives her a hug. They both sit down.)

EMMA: What I want to know is, how do you always manage to get this booth?

ROBERT: That's funny. What I want to know is, how do you always time it where you come in right after the pizza is delivered?

EMMA: You try walking here when you're nine months pregnant, pal.

(Emma leans in and inhales the aroma of the pizza. Her shoulders relax and she smiles at Robert. They both take a slice of pizza. Robert watches as Emma takes the first bite. They both eat for a moment, and then Emma puts her slice down and wipes her mouth.)

EMMA: Robert, I want to thank you for being there for me these last several months. For helping with the funeral, and helping me with Jason's things. I mean, for just being there when I needed a friend. I couldn't have asked for anything more.

ROBERT: *(looking at her almost longingly for a moment)* You would've done the same for me.

EMMA: You saved his life, Robert. You saved mine too. I don't know what I would've done if he had...you know, ended it early. It would have been such a waste because those last few weeks, we both grew so much. It was amazing how, just hearing you tell him that his life was worth living made all the difference.

ROBERT: I don't think most doctors realize the power they have. Dr. Klein's suggestion that assisted suicide was an option

was totally crushing to Jason. I've seen it happen several times in patients who come to me for a second opinion. To someone who's dying, the suggestion that your doctor can legally help you end your life hits you like a nuclear blast. It just makes it seem like you're supposed to kill yourself. I don't think people realize the number of victims this new law is creating. People like Jason who don't have the support and encouragement that he had... I mean, you were his rock, Emma. Without you, my words wouldn't have meant as much.

EMMA: It wasn't easy — in fact, near the end, it was really difficult. But you know what the last thing he said to me was? He looked at me and said, "It was worth every minute." I want to be like him someday.

ROBERT: Well, here's your chance. I told Jason this, but I didn't want to tell you until I had some of the pieces in place. I've gotten a group of my colleagues together. We're working with a law firm to sue insurance companies that are doing what yours did to Jason.

EMMA: Are you serious?

ROBERT: It gets better. It'll take months to put the case together, and the firm could use your help. You're smart, and with what you and Jason went through, you'll be an incredible resource. So after you've had the baby, and while you're finishing law school, they'll give you a paid internship.

EMMA: But, the baby...

ROBERT: Already talked to your mom. She said her door is wide open for child care... and the law firm said you could work part time, if you like.

EMMA: Robert! That's...that's amazing! *(her eyes well up with tears)* Thank you!

ROBERT: You're welcome. *(then tensing up, suddenly becoming very nervous)* I would do anything for you, Emma. Anything.

EMMA: *(completely missing the importance of his last sentence)* Jason would be so happy.

ROBERT: I think he is happy. And I think he wants you to be happy too...

EMMA: *(helping herself to more pizza)* He lived, Robert. He really lived. I mean, he wasn't happy about dying and leaving me and the baby behind, but he knew he was filling up every minute God gave him with faith, and hope, and love. That conquered the cancer for him.

ROBERT: Emma, there's something I want to talk to you...

EMMA: *(interrupting)* I'm so thankful for you, Robert. I feel like all the time we've spent together has made up for the ten years we didn't see each other at all. *(she stuffs a huge bite of pizza in her mouth)*

ROBERT: Ten years, four months, and five days.

EMMA: *(through a full mouth)* What?

ROBERT: It was ten years, four months, and five days. Exactly.

EMMA: *(swallowing, and then suddenly putting down the pizza as she realizes what he's referring to)* Was it really?

ROBERT: Yeah.

EMMA: *(looking at him, confused, and then frowning)* You were counting? *(an awkward moment passes)* Okay, wait. You said you got caught up with medical school, and that you were busy starting your practice. Which I thought was a pretty lame excuse, by the way. But, how do you know exactly how many days it was that we didn't see each other? How can you know something like that, but never pick up the phone to say, "hi"?

ROBERT: I didn't want to... you know, I didn't want to get in your way, Emma.

EMMA: Get in my way?

ROBERT: I... look... I... oh, for heaven's sake. *(he looks around at the crowded pizzeria, and then, completely out of character, he stands up and takes Emma by the arm)* It's too distracting in here. Come with me.

EMMA: Where are we going?

ROBERT: Outside, where we can talk.

EMMA: But, the pizza! *(he pulls her outside)* Robert, I'm hungry...!

(They are outside now.)

ROBERT: Good grief, Emma. You're as big as a boat. You're not going to starve to death.

EMMA: *(looking in the window of the pizzeria)* Look! They're taking it away!

ROBERT: Would you just listen to me? You never listen to me.

EMMA: I've got a baby to feed, you know...

ROBERT: Emma, I love you!

(A shocked pause hangs in the air as a wide-eyed Emma stares at Robert with sudden realization of what he's trying to say.)

EMMA: Wait, what? What are you saying?

ROBERT: Emma, you're impossible. I'm talking about me and you. I mean...I already lost you once because I was too shy and dumb to ever say anything. To tell you what I really felt. I'm not gonna lose you again over a stupid piece of pizza.

EMMA: You love me? You mean... that way? (*she stares at him, dumbfounded*)

ROBERT: For crying out loud, Emma. Yes. I love you! That way. I always have and I always will.

EMMA: Why didn't you ever tell me?

ROBERT: I wanted to so many times. But you said...you always said you liked me as a friend, and I was afraid to tell you I wanted more. I always wanted more.

EMMA: (*she suddenly bursts into tears, and hits him on the chest*) You're a real jerk!

ROBERT: What?

EMMA: You totally swept me off my feet in school, and you didn't even bother to give me the slightest hint that you felt the same way about me. And then for ten years you don't even talk to me... and now you're actually bringing this up in the middle of a sidewalk outside a stupid pizza joint when I'm hot and sweaty, and... and big and fat with a nine month old baby in my stomach, and pizza sauce on my blouse? Are you being for real?!

ROBERT: (*unsure of how this is going, and a bit confused about what to say next*) Yes, Emma. I'm being for real. I want to be with you. Like... date you. On a date. Like... when people... date each other.

EMMA: So you mean this is supposed to be our first date?!

ROBERT: I guess...yeah...

EMMA: At a college pizza joint.

ROBERT: I mean, we could go somewhere else.

EMMA: (*wiping her eyes*) I just have one question. Are you the kind of guy who would kiss a girl on a first date?

ROBERT: No! ... I mean, yes... well... not if you didn't... what was the question?

(Emma grabs Robert around the neck, closes her eyes, and kisses him on the lips. Robert is shocked and has to grab her shoulders because her pregnant belly makes it awkward for him to hug her. The kiss lasts several seconds, and then Emma gently breaks it.)

ROBERT: *(softly, somewhat amazed)* I didn't know you could...

EMMA: *(smiling)* Kiss like that? Robert... there's a lot about me you don't know. So I guess we're even.

ROBERT: *(smiling back)* If I order you another pizza, will you let me take you on a walk? We could just talk.

EMMA: *(putting a hand on her back)* Walking? Not so good. But I'd love to talk. I could talk to you for hours. Maybe even days.

ROBERT: How about for the rest of your life?

EMMA: *(grinning)* One step at a time, Robert.

(They both go back into the pizzeria as the curtain closes.)