AMBER: No, she's right. People come in and out of each other lives all the time. (Slight pause.) Are we only at 34th?

NATALIE: Stop counting the stops!

TERRY: Don't fight it. It'll all be over soon.

NATALIE: Oh, yeah? Well, you can't dump me if I stop the trand we never get there.

(NATALIE marches over to the emergency brake cord at one end of the sway car. She reaches for the cord, but JOHN grabs her and wrestles away, sitting her down on the bench.)

JOHN: Don't take this so hard. You'll find other friends.

TERRY: Yeah, you'll have lots of friends. You're young.

NATALIE: (bursting into tears) But why? What did I do? I don understand! Why?

AMBER: Because you're boring!!

(Silence.)

NATALIE: What?

AMBER: You're boring. All you ever want to do is go to the same restaurants and the same cafes. We've eaten at the same six places on the Upper West Side fifty times each. And when we go to the movies all you want to see are those stupid romantic comedies. Never a thriller. "Too scary." No action films "Too violent." No foreign movies. "I don't like reading subtitles." There's no variety. You never want to get away for some ski weekend or time at the beach. You're stuck in your routine. You need to break out, take more chances. You're a wonderful person, intelligent and funny, patient and loving. Anyone would be lucky to have you for a friend . . . but my God, you're boring!!

(Silence.)

NATALIE: What happened to "It's not you. It's us"?

R: We lied.

Oh, no, now come or to do it this way.

Well, it has to get do

leave me?

We have dinner reserv

MATALIE: You're dumping me

Does that really matter

MATALIE: It matters to me.

Don't make this any ha

wanted to try?

MHN: It's not about where we

**TALIE: Then where are you

ERRY: Don't.

MATALIE: Where?!

AMBER: We're going to the] happy now?

NATALIE: (pause) Have you gon

JOHN: (pause) Yeah. A couple o

NATALIE: Oh my God! Why? W food!

TERRY: It's spicy. You know you

NATALIE: Yeah, well, you have lo

TERRY: What?

MEST

ne in and out of each other's Are we only at 34th?

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t dump me if I stop the train

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ot you. It's us"?

BER: We lied.

HN: Oh, no, now come on, Amber. We said we weren't going to do it this way.

BER: Well, it has to get done, and we're almost at 14th Street.

leave me?

RY: We have dinner reservations at eight.

TALIE: You're dumping me and then going to dinner? Where?

RY: Does that really matter?

MALIE: It matters to me.

N: Don't make this any harder.

TALIE: Are you going to that Moroccan restaurant you always wanted to try?

EN: It's not about where we eat.

MALIE: Then where are you going?

EERY: Don't.

ALIE: Where?!

BER: We're going to the Moroccan place, okay? Are you happy now?

ALIE: (pause) Have you gone there before?

N: (pause) Yeah. A couple of times.

FALIE: Oh my God! Why? Why?! I would've tried Moroccan food!

RY: It's spicy. You know you can't take spicy food.

EALIE: Yeah, well, you have lousy table manners.

RY: What?

NATALIE: You talk with your mouth full. You slouch and put your elbows on the table. (*To* JOHN *and* AMBER.) Keep me. I'm better than her.

JOHN: Natalie, please don't make this harder than it is. Don't cry. We just need to make a change. With the baby on the way we only have room in our lives for one close friend.

NATALIE: But why her?

AMBER: Do I have to repeat the whole "you're boring" speech?

NATALIE: But I'm not boring.

TERRY: (slight pause) Natalie, what did you do last Saturday night?

NATALIE: (pause) I ordered in Chinese food and rented a movie.

JOHN: What movie?

NATALIE: Sleepless in Seattle.

TERRY: And the Saturday before that?

NATALIE: When Harry Met Sally.

JOHN: See?

NATALIE: But I can be different. I can change. I'll watch whatever movies you want.

TERRY: We don't want you to change. We want you to be yourself and be happy.

JOHN: And we hope you'll wish the same for us.

NATALIE: Yeah? Well, I don't! I hope you for choke on your Moroccan food!

(NATALIE stomps over to the door of the subway car.)

JOHN: Where are you going? This is only 14th Street.

NATALIE: I'm not riding this train a second longer if I'm not wanted.

(She darts off the train an and sit down together.)

AMBER: Well, that was

JOHN: How did you e:

TERRY: I thought she'c

(There is a pause.)

AMBER: You know, I (
food anymore.

IOHN: No?

AMBER: No. Would your some Chinese?

JOHN: Of course, of

TERRY: Wait . . . I tho

AMBER: I know, but v

JOHN: You understan

TERRY: But I was rea could've had a d

AMBER: We're sorry.

JOHN: Next weeken

TERRY: Well, I guess

They get up and mov. The train stops and : moment and look at e.

JOHN: Natalie would

AMBER: Yeah, I miss

(They exit. End of pl