

## Sarah Side

WALLACE. Or we could stay here.  
 SARAH. Sure.  
 WALLACE. Well, which one?  
 SARAH. Whichever.  
 WALLACE. Come on, I'm horrible with decisions.  
 SARAH. So am I.  
 WALLACE. Sarah, you're the valedictorian of our class, for Chrissakes. If you can't make a decision, who can?  
 SARAH. Umm, do you want to . . . stay here?  
 WALLACE. Yes.  
 SARAH. Okay. Let's stay here, then.  
 WALLACE. Settled. Do you want something to drink?  
 SARAH. Umm, sure.  
 WALLACE. What do you want? Some wine? A screwdriver?  
 SARAH. Oh, you mean something to drink. I don't drink.  
 WALLACE. Oh. (Pause.) Do you mind if I drink something?  
 SARAH. Oh, no, don't let me stand in your way.  
 WALLACE. I'll be right back.  
 SARAH. Okay. (Wallace walks out. Sarah looks around the room. She looks at a photograph in a frame by the bed. Wallace walks in, sipping a glass of wine.)  
 WALLACE. In vino veritas.  
 SARAH. Who's this?  
 WALLACE. It's my mother.  
 SARAH. She was beautiful.  
 WALLACE. She was okay. I'm going to light a candle, okay?  
 SARAH. Sure. (Wallace gets a candle. He takes a lighter from his pocket.)  
 WALLACE. My great-grandfather was lighting a pipe with this lighter when he died. It's a Zippo. Pretty sharp, huh?  
 SARAH. It's very nice. (Wallace tries to light the lighter. It won't light.)  
 WALLACE. I think it has to warm up. (Pause. Wallace tries to light the lighter a few more times. It won't light.) Uh, I guess my great-grandfather forgot to refill it before he died. It's just as well. I have candles. They're so clichéd. (Pause.) You want to listen to some music?  
 SARAH. Sure.  
 WALLACE. What do you like?  
 SARAH. Oh, anything.

WALLACE. You like James Taylor?  
 SARAH. Sure.  
 WALLACE. Let me just find the tape. (Wallace looks for the tape.) I don't know where I put it. Maybe it's out in the car. I can go check —  
 SARAH. That's okay. We don't need music. Do we?  
 WALLACE. Uh, no, I guess not. (Pause.) Well.  
 SARAH. What was your mother like, Wallace?  
 WALLACE. What was she like?  
 SARAH. Yeah.  
 WALLACE. She was like Sylvia Plath without a Fulbright scholarship.  
 SARAH. What do you mean?  
 WALLACE. I mean — I don't know what I mean, I'm sixteen. (Wallace drinks his glass of wine.) Would you mind if I kissed you?  
 SARAH. The wine works fast.  
 WALLACE. No, I do. Can I?  
 SARAH. Umm, can't we talk for a while —  
 WALLACE. I don't want to talk. I want to kiss. Can I kiss you?  
 SARAH. I'd really feel better if we just —  
 WALLACE. Oh, come on — (Wallace kisses Sarah, long and hard.)  
 SARAH. Maybe I should go.  
 WALLACE. What? Oh, come on —  
 SARAH. No, I mean, maybe this wasn't such a good idea.  
 WALLACE. Don't you like me?  
 SARAH. Very much, Wallace. But I don't want this to be just — I don't know, a lot of stupidity, just kissing and nothing else. I wanted to talk to you, you know?  
 WALLACE. Yeah, whatever.  
 SARAH. Oh, Wallace, don't do that —  
 WALLACE. Just go, please.  
 SARAH. What?  
 WALLACE. You said maybe you should leave, so leave. I don't want to — I just don't want to deal with this, okay?  
 SARAH. But —  
 WALLACE. But nothing. Just, please, go, okay?  
 SARAH. I — fine. Bye, Wallace.