

## **P.S. I Love You**

### **Holly & Gerry**

*From the hall as they enter the Apartment*

Gerry:

I know I should know thi, darling, but are you mad at me?\par  
Baby.

Holly:

(sighs)

Gerry:

I did something, right? I did something bad, right?  
Should I know what it is?

Gerry:

Or is it something maybe you just think I did?

*Holly glares*

Gerry:

No, no. I did it, I did it. It was a bad, bad thing I did, and I'm so,  
sooo, sorry.

*(Beat)*

Gerry continues:

Holly come on, will you? You have to let me in on it.

Or are you waiting until we're in the apartment before you talk to  
me? Are you gonna make me sleep in the bathtub again? Oh no, .... I  
don't know what I said.

Holly:

You said it. You know you said it.

Gerry:

No, I don't know what I said... but I didn't mean it.

Holly:

Yes, you did. You mean everything you say.

Gerry:

Sometimes I mean nothing when I say something.

Holly:

Something is never nothing; it's always something.

Gerry:

Well, most of what I say is nothing. It's just something to say.

Holly:

No, men say it's just something to say in order to get away with saying something, but they know they're saying something when they say it.

Gerry:

Say what? What did I say?

Holly:

You said at my mother's, you would have a baby, but that I'm not ready. To my mother! You might as well have said I'm a lesbian!

Gerry:

Well, I am the only man you ever had.

Holly:

Oh, I dated Timmy Harrison for four months before I met you.

Gerry:

Isn't he a woman now?

*Holly throws shoe*

Holly:

You told my mother I didn't want children!

Gerry:

I did not. I didn't say that.

Holly:

Yes, you did. You said exactly that.

Gerry:

I did not.

Holly:

You did say exactly that.

Gerry:

I didn't say that you weren't ready to have a baby. I said that you wanted to wait.

Holly:

Which means; I don't want one right now.

Gerry:

Right

Holly:

Thank you.

Gerry:

Wait a minute. I'm confused. Can I get a ruling on this?

Holly:

No, you're not confused. You're just wrong.

"Holly doesn't wanna have a baby ". We had a plan Gerry.

To wait to have children until we could buy an apartment, put 25 percent of each paycheck into a separate joint account, with a 6 and a quarter interest for 5 years. Why didn't you tell my mother that?

Gerry:

Ha-ha-ha - Each paycheck? Darling, you only just started getting regular paychecks. You quit 5 jobs in 2 years, remember?

Holly:

Well, i can't work for idiots

Gerry:

They can't all be idiots!

Holly:

Yes, they can. They can all be idiots. And why didn't you tell my mother about the business loan you and John took out without asking me?

Gerry:

OH-Aha! You see - you, you finally said it!  
I knew that's why you're angry.

Holly:

That's not the reason I'm angry.

Gerry:

It's the reason.

Holly:

We should have waited. Why couldn't we have waited?

Gerry:

Waited for what? What are you talking about?

I've been driving limos for 4 years, Holly. So John and me, we wanted to start a business. We buy a few cars, we get a few clients. That's a career right there. What is your problem?

Holly:

And what if it doesn't work out? What if we always have to live here?

And what about what I want, huh? You think I want to be a real estate agent...

Holly: (cont.)

Showing other peoples apartments to buy that I can never live in?

There may be other things that I wanna do with my life.

Gerry:

Okay, like what?

Holly:

I don't know... other things.

Gerry:

Then quit, all right? The job makes you cranky at home every bloody day anyway.

(beat)

You wanna have a baby? Let's do it.

Holly:

See? I hate it when you do that!

Gerry:

Do what?

Holly:

"Let's have a baby" - La-la-la - In a five-floor walkup we can barely move in. I'd change diapers on the window-still. You have to have a plan. You can't act like everything's just gonna work out by itself

Gerry. Why do I have to be the responsible grown-up who worries?

Why can't I be the cute, Irish guy who sings all the time?

Gerry:

Cause you can't sing without making dogs bark?

Look, Holly, people have babies with no money all the time.

And if you're so worried about it, why don't you stop buying designer clothes, huh?

Holly:

I buy everything on e-Bay! It doesn't count when you're wearing Marc Jacobs from Minneapolis.

Gerry:

Do you want to have a baby?

Holly:

Do you?

Gerry:

Yes, I do.

Holly:

See.

Gerry:

See what?

Holly:

I know what you're really saying even when you don't say it.

Gerry

Oh, you mean the two conversations thing.

The one we're actually having and the one you think we're having.

Holly:

You said that to my mother because you're mad at me for not wanting children yet, And because I'm no fun anymore and we don't have enough hot, nasty, sex because I'm always bitching about bills right? Why don't you just be honest and say it? Say what you mean.

Gerry:

All right... I wish we had more, hot, nasty, sex!

*Holly throws another shoe*

Gerry (cont)  
Or the other kind is fine.

Holly:  
What you're really saying is this isn't the life you wanted, is it?

Gerry:  
Well, that's not what I'm saying. Is that what you're saying?

Holly:  
And what if this is it, Gerry?  
What if this is all there is to our life?

Gerry:  
What do you mean?

Holly:  
It means this is it. We're a married couple who owns a limo company, who may or may not have children, end of story.

Gerry:  
Well, what other story do you want?

Holly:  
I don't know, I --

Gerry:  
What?! (Grabs Holly) What do you want, Hol? What?  
Because I'm tired of trying to figure it out; you want a bigger apartment? I'll take a second job. You want a child? You don't want a child? What? I know what I want because I have it in my hands right now. Do you? Do you know what you want? Because you better tell me now if I'm not it.

*End*