

Zach/Cassie:

ZACH: (*Shouting*) Casse! (*Calmer*) You can't do it.

CASSIE: But I did it. I did what you wanted. I pulled in- I cooled it- I danced like everybody else.

ZACH: I know you did. And to be perfectly honest- I couldn't stand it.

CASSIE: You know that's **your** problem. Why? Because you took me out of the chorus in the first place? Does that make you feel like some kind of failure? (*Cassie starts to run off, stage right, but Zach stops her*).

ZACH: Why did you leave?

CASSIE: Oh, so we're gonna get into that?

ZACH: Why did you leave me? I came home one night and you were just gone.

CASSIE: Why, Zach- you noticed.

ZACH: Very funny.

CASSIE: You'd already left me weeks before.

ZACH: Left? I thought we were living together.

CASSIE: No, sharing the same apartment, maybe. No, I mean, in the real sense of the word- left. You left. Well, you were madly in love again and...

ZACH: I wasn't, you know I wasn't. I was directing my first play.

CASSIE: And you were in love with it and off in the only world that means anything to you.

ZACH: Cassie, you know how important that was to me. Christ, if I could direct a straight play and pull it off, it meant I wasn't going to be stuck just making up dance steps the rest of my life.

CASSIE: Oh, you were never gonna be stuck. You were gonna make sure you did it all- direct, choreograph- musicals, plays, movies...I knew you loved work- but you really get off on it, don't you?

ZACH: Yeah...I guess I do. You didn't seem to mind it when we were working together. It was only when we weren't that-
(*Zach crosses to Cassie*)

CASSIE: Oh, Zach, I don't mind not being a part of your work. I loved you, I could have handled that. It was not being a part of your life that got to me. And not being able to keep up with you. Because that's what you expected. I know you did. You were moving up and you wanted me to be right up there with you. Well, I was a good dancer, but you wanted me to be a star.

ZACH: What's wrong with that? Why shouldn't you be? Why shouldn't you be the best you can be? When I got out of the chorus I decided I was going to...

CASSIE: (*interrupting*): That's not a decision. That's a disease. God- Good, better, best!- I hate it! How can you stand it? Are you gonna go from one show to the next to the next, rehearsing them all twenty-four hours a day for the rest of your life? You know you're not even doing it for yourself. You're trying to prove something. Like I was- because I was doing it for you, to please you, to keep you- to get you back. But I don't want to prove anything anymore. I want to do what I love as much as I can and as long as I can. But at least now- I'm doing it for me. Who are you doing it for? (*spoken, as she realizes she has been too blunt*). I'm sorry. I have no right to judge. Why are we doing this? We must be over this by now, aren't we?

(*Zach crosses to stage left and turns his back to Cassie*)

ZACH: I am.

CASSIE: Good. Then don't feel you owe me any favors. Just treat me like everybody else.

ZACH: Is that what you really want from me? (*Pointing to the Line*) Is this really what you want to do?

CASSIE: Yes...I'd be proud to be one of them. They're wonderful.

ZACH: But you're special.

CASSIE: No, we're all special. He's special- she's special. And Sheila- and Richie, and Connie. They're all special. I'd be happy to be dancing in that line. Yes I would...and I'll take chorus...if you'll take me.