

ACCEPTANCE RESOLUTION

(Long, tense silence)

ROSE: Wait a minute.

JEREMY: Huh?

ROSE: Why did you go and sign up already if you didn't even know I was accepted?

JEREMY: What?

ROSE: I just told you I got in.

JEREMY: Uhh. I knew you'd get in. I mean I thought you would. Your essay was incredible; you've been through so much more than me—I guess I just assumed . . .

ROSE: Okay, I can tell you're lying.

JEREMY: No, really! I think you're so smart.

ROSE: Jeremy I'm going to murder you. Are you not telling me something? Is this a joke? Did you actually not get accepted?

JEREMY: Rose. I didn't get in. I really didn't.

ROSE: And you actually signed up for the military?

JEREMY: I really did.

ROSE: Then what?

JEREMY: *(giving in)* My dad made me. It wasn't up to me.

(Pause) You know he served, and basically, because I didn't get into NYU, I have to join the army.

ROSE: You're kidding.

JEREMY: Nope. It's real. That's my dad.

(ROSE falls into JEREMY's lap, still crying. They stay there a long while, not talking. Finally, Rose lifts her head.)

ROSE: Look at the sunset—it's so pretty.

JEREMY: It looks like a big fire to me—right there on the horizon.

(Blackout)