

SHEP

(Shep, who is under Gillian's love spell, has made the decision to call his fiancée, who is waiting for him at a friend's Christmas party, and break up with her.)

(Into phone.)

Is this Miss Carlson's apartment? I'd like to speak to Miss Kittridge please.

And --- Is there some place where she can sit down a minute. I mean, where she can talk without being disturbed? Yes, I wish you would.

(He holds on, then nervously when his fiancée picks up the phone.)

Merle? This is me. I'm --- out some place . . . I know. That's what I'm calling about. I can't get there. I can't get there. I can't get there! No, not at all. Never. I've suddenly realized --- it's no good. It's no use. *Us*. I mean --- *us!* Yes, I'm afraid that is ---just what I mean. I can't explain. I don't understand it myself. Yes --- yes--- okay --- let's have it . . .

(He listens wretchedly.)

Yes . . . yes . . . Ouch! No, it's alright. I'm still here. Go on, I deserve it. Say it all. Yes, I am. Yes I'm that. Yes, I guess I'm that too. No, wait a minute, I'm not that!

(He realizes she has hung up the phone.)

I guess I am.