

ZACH

How can you do it? You got out of the chorus when you were twenty-two – what the hell makes you think you can go back when you're thirty-two?

CASSIE

My sanity.

ZACH

Cassie, 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?

ZACH

Why did you leave me?

CASSIE

Oh, so we are gonna get into that?

ZACH

Why did you leave me? I came home one night and you were 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. 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 your 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 you –

CASSIE

Oh, Zach, I didn't mind not being 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

That's not a decision, that's a disease. God, good, better, best! -- I hate it! How can you stand it? Are you going to 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? I'm sorry. I have no right to judge. .. Why are we doing this? I mean, we must be over this by now, aren't we?

ZACH

I am.

CASSIE

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

ZACH

But you're special.

CASSIE

No, we're all special. He's special and she's special. And Shiela – 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.