

# I Guess So

By Pamela Morgan

## Cast of Characters

CLAIRE

30s, female, any race, she is social,  
friendly, smart, but has a hard time making  
up her mind

## Place

At the front door of her fiance's house or apartment.

## Time

Present Day.

## Synopsis

Claire worries that her inability to choose a pizza topping  
might be an analogy for the rest of her life.

SETTING: At the front door. There should be a purse with a ten-dollar bill at hand for Claire to grab.

AT RISE: Clair has just opened the door to get the pizza.

CLAIRE

*(calling off camera)*

Pizza is here!

*(to the pizza deliveryman, squinting at his nametag)*

Hi, Todd is it? Let me get you a tip.

*(She grabs her purse and starts digging inside for cash, conspiratorially)*

Do you know what he ordered? It's sausage, isn't it? I can never pick, so I said, surprise me! Sausage or pepper-ope!

*(she looks down at her hand in the purse, tries to yank it out)*

My ring is stuck. Shoot, hang on, I can't quite—

*(she continues attempting to pull her hand out of the purse as she continues)*

It's a new ring. *(feels the need to explain)* Diamond. *(feels the need to explain further)* It's an engagement ring. *(short pause as she struggles)* Awkward.

I didn't say yes, you know. I said, I guess so. Who says that? I guess so. *(defensively)* But then who proposes over a pizza menu and true crime dramas?

He'll want to get married soon. That's what engagement leads to. We're not young anymore. Then he'll want to buy a house with a picket fence and a porch swing. Have a dog or a cat.

*(suddenly realizing in horror)*

Oh my god, he's going to want a kid, Todd. Kid-SUH! Plural. And I can't even decide between pepperoni and sausage! What was I thinking, I guess so? *(angry)* I guess no! *(insistent)* I'm not ready for a house and kids and marriage.

*(short silence, desperately)*

Am I, Todd?

*(the purse drops to the floor)*

Oh! Look at that. *(awkwardly)* Here, all I have is a ten, just keep it for your trouble. I think I smell sausage, it is sausage, isn't it? It's exactly what I wanted, he gets it right every time.

*(she stares down at the diamond ring for a moment, musing to herself)*

I guess so. *(to Todd)* Have a good night!