

The following excerpt is the first time we meet Jack and Amy in my new G20 play I'm beginning to write. I've tentatively titled it *Cheese Sandwich* – after all, it was the image of the cheese sandwich in the detention centre on Eastern Ave that we saw so many times in the media. Jack and Amy have a variety of experiences at the protest, but it is the tumult of the relationship that gets established.

(Saturday Night. Jack and Amy's apartment. Amy has just come in from the G20 protests, some of which became violent when the Black Bloc trashed stores and burned cop cars.)

Jack: *(jokey)* Hey, how's this joke, it's weak but - ok, what's a G20 between friends?

Amy: That's not funny! Do you know what happened today? What fucked up thing happened at the protest?

Jack: I was only kidding, Amy. Come on. You're always on edge when you come home from those protests. Why don't –

Amy: Jack, I don't want to hear it again. I'm tired. I've got bleeding blisters. This is the G20. It's not going to happen again in Toronto, and you're making fun of it. This is very important to me that I can make a statement, and look what you are doing.

Jack: Hey, baby. Ok, ok, but what happened, oh my god, come on, let me take your shoes off. Do you –

Amy: No. Just be quiet.

Jack: I did, Ams, I did hear about the violence and the Black Bloc. I don't just watch cartoons regardless of –

Amy: Ok, ok. I just need silence.

Jack: Ya, cool. Let me just get these video games out of the way.

Amy: What the fuck are you doing?

Jack: I'm cleaning up the –

Amy: No, with your life? I don't know why we are together. We're a million miles apart.

Jack: Amy, come on. Yes, we're not getting along 100% sometimes, but you go out all day and get into trouble because you get associated with those violent assholes.

Amy: I did not get into trouble, you asshole. What pisses me off is that people don't care, or don't care enough, or don't do anything about what they do care about.

Jack: Ok ok, trouble got into you. Anyway, the point is that you come in here and unload all your hostility on me, and I am the innocent bystander. What happened to equal rights here?

Amy: Jack, we're a million miles apart, and you don't even know it. That's pretty fucking sad.

Jack: Baby, baby, what are you talking about? We're going through shit ok, but that is not a million miles apart. I know for sure that it's not much more than a hundred miles. I mean I can see you fine ass if I look real hard and –

Amy: Ok, Ok!

Jack: I know I've been involved with that film way too much lately, but I've just about got the script cracked.

Amy: It's not about your stupid fucking writing. Who gives a shit what you write, cause what's it about anyway? It's a void within which you sprinkle banal entertainment for young male wankers. And it's a void between you and me, right here, right now, a void. I can't talk to you anymore.

Jack: There's nothing wrong with entertainment. Why are you so negative? Why do you hate me? Baby, baby, you don't know what you are talking about. We're going through shit, ok, I admit it, but we can get back, we can, it's only ten miles now. All you have to do is reach out and grab my hand. *(she leaves)* And don't give me that silent treatment. That's not fair. You know that...I love you, Amy. Don't walk out like that. Please. I love you. Come back and tell me you love me too. *(silence, door slams, pause)* Well, hey, I might do that too, under the circumstances. I know she loves me, she's just too pissed right now.

So that she doesn't come back doesn't mean anything...Then why am I so scared? I love her more than she loves me. Especially right at this moment. I don't know if that's because I am more capable of love or that she is more worthy of love. I've just got to talk more G20 with her, to show her I care. I would wash and put bandaids on her feet if she would let me, if she wouldn't hate me, at least right at this moment.