

### Longer Scenes – Group 1

- |                        |                               |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1) Break-up?           | M/W, 20s                      |
| 2) Assisted Living     | W/W, 20s-40s                  |
| 3) Romance             | W/M, late-teens, early-20s    |
| 4) Harvard             | W, mid-thirties/W, late-teens |
| 5) Mission             | W/M, 30s-40s                  |
| 6) Little Alex         | W/M, 30s                      |
| 7) Hollywood Hills     | W, 30s-40s/W, 20s             |
| 8) Doctor, Doctor [BS] | M, early-20s/W, 20s           |
| 9) Sunday Morning      | M/W, late-20s, early-30s      |

### Longer Scenes

I also wrote these scenes for my acting class. They were the second scenes the students performed. They had two weeks to prepare. Each scene is five to ten minutes long.

1) Break-Up?

MATT (M)/ALEX (A) – Both in their 20s

(A kitchen in an apartment. Morning.)

A Where were you last night?

M Do you have the keys to the car?

A Where were you last night?

M Don't talk to me that way.

A Where were-

M DON'T TALK TO ME THAT WAY.

(Pause.)

A I'm sorry.

M Where are the keys to the car?

A In the bowl. Where they always are.

M Thank you.

A Where were you last night?

M At the office.

A You weren't at the office.

M Did you call? To check up on me?

A No.

M I was at the office.

A Where were you last night?

M I am not having this conversation.

A Answer the question.

M To have this conversation is to admit you have the right to ask the question. You don't. So forget it.

A Am I supposed to throw you out? Is that what I'm supposed to do?

M Can you? Can you throw me out? I'm not sure you can.

A Pack your shit.

M No.

A Pack you're shit. You're immature and childish and I'm sick of this. Pack your shit.

M Immature and childish are the same thing.

A No, they're not. Anyone can be immature, even an old man.

M Are you saying I'm old?

A But you are both behaving too young for your age and as a child would behave.

M To say I'm childish covers both aspects. The "immature" is therefore unnecessary.

A I am not having a linguistic debate with you. Get out.

M You're being very theatrical.

A I'm being very dramatic.

M Drama indicates need, a necessity. Theatrical is effect, for effect. You're just doing this for effect.

A Fuck you!

M More theatre.

A Fuck you! Get out!

M You want to know where I was?

A Get out!

M Do you want to-

A If it's the truth. Go ahead. Tell me.

M I was with Karyn.

A Fucking her?

M No.

A Ok.

M But I wish I was. I really wish I was.

A Why would you even say that?

M I don't know. I guess I'm upset. I guess I'm pissed off. I guess I'm sick of being treated like a husband when I'm just a boy friend. I guess I'm sick of your assumptions, your fucking assumptions about who I am and what we are to each other.

A Ok.

M You're my college sweet heart. We moved in together because we couldn't figure out anything else to do with ourselves. And now we've settled into a groove. Out of laziness. I'm sick of pretending it's something else.

A And you want to fuck Karyn.

M I actually didn't mean... I mean, I do but... I want to go out with her. I want to spend time with her. I like her.

A And you want to fuck her.

M Yes, that's what people do. When they like each other... if it comes to that.

A And you don't like me any more.

M I didn't say that.

A But you're tired of me.

M No.

A You want it both ways.

M I don't want it anyway. I want to be left alone.

A But you crawl into bed every night with me. And hold me. And wrap your arms around me. And place your hand under my neck because it's warm and soft and it puts you to sleep, feeling my breath, and my soft neck.

M Yes. I used to do that with the cat. Put my hand under him. To go to sleep at night. But he died.

A So now you do it with me.

M Yes.

A Because our cat died.

M I don't know. Yes. Forget it.

A So when will we break up? When you've slept with Karyn? When you know you have somewhere else to go?

M I'm not saying we should break up.

A Karyn's my friend.

M Does that mean you possess her?

A You met her through me.

M Finders keepers?

A What if I wanted to fuck her?

M Do you?

A Maybe.

M Why?

A Because you do.

M I don't think she's that pliable.

A I don't think pliable is the word you want.

(Pause.)

M I have to go to work.

A Yeah, ok.

M You going to be all right?

A Do you care?

M I was being polite. (Pause.) Yes, of course I care.

A My parents lived like this. Argument every morning.

M So it's in your genes.

A They were fifty. I'm twenty-three.

M Let it go.

A I can't. I love you. I'm used to you.

M You'll get over it.

A So it's over.

M I don't know.

A But it might be.

M I have to go to work.

A Will you see Karyn tonight?

M I don't know. Maybe. Yes.

A Will you sleep with her? If you get the chance.

M That's none of your business.

A It actually kind of is.

M I don't know. Yes.

(Pause.)

M Do I have to move out?

A I don't know. Maybe. Yes. Yes, maybe you should.

M Ok. After tonight.

A Ok.

M I'll see you later.

A Ok.

(Pause.)

A Will you hold me tonight? When you get home? You didn't last night.

M I felt guilty.

A Whatever happens. Will you hold me tonight?

M Ok. Maybe. I don't know.

A Don't feel guilty. Or do. But hold me tonight. Under the neck. When you get home.

M I'll see you.

(He leaves.)

End

## 2) Assisted Living

DIANE (D)/SUSAN (S) – Both 20s -40s

(A restaurant table, outside.)

D

Can you just go up and see her, once in while.

S

I can't.

D

Please.

S

No. I'm sorry. It's too far away.

D

She really appreciates it. She loves it.

S

She barely remembers who I am.

D

That's not true.

S

It is. She's always calling me Diane.

D

Then she remembers and corrects herself.

S

I don't like visiting her.

D

She's a lonely old woman. Please. Just once in a while.

S

You do so much for her. So much. And I know she's grateful. I just... it's just not something I want to do.

D

She needs visitors.



S  
Well...

D  
Please.

S  
I'll try.

D  
Thank you.

S  
Why do you do it? Why do you spend so much time with her?

D  
She's our mother. She needs our love.

S  
She never needed it when we were small, when we were growing up.

D  
She did, Susan.

S  
She had a funny way of showing it.

D  
Are you still angry about all that?

S  
No, I'm not. I'm angry about what happened later.

D  
Susan.

S  
Yes?

D  
I don't want to talk about all that.

S  
About all what?

D  
About anything. That was all a long time ago. All of it.

S  
Seems like yesterday to me.

D  
When are you going to let it go?

S  
When are you?

D  
I'm not holding on to anything.

S  
You are, Diane. Big time.

D  
I don't want to talk about this.

S  
We're already talking about it. She pretends she doesn't remember Veronica's name.

D  
She remembers Veronica's name.

S  
She referred to her as my roommate the other day.

D  
Ok.

S  
She asked me if I ever thought about getting married.

D  
Yeah.

S  
I am married, Diane. Veronica and I have been married for ten years.

D  
I know.

S  
Ok, so...

D  
She has trouble remembering things.

S  
No she doesn't. She was like this before Dad died, when I first told her about Veronica and me.

D  
Yes, I remember.

S  
She was a bitch.

D  
Ok. Then she wasn't. They accepted it.

S  
They pretended to. Now that he's gone she's reverted. She's back to being a bitch about it.

D  
She's not. She just doesn't remember. She has trouble keeping things straight.

S  
You want to be my sister, you want to be close, but you never want to talk about anything.

D  
I do.

S  
Except movies. And shit you've seen on TV.

D  
Give me a break.

S  
Listen to me. If you really didn't want to talk about this you wouldn't. You'd walk away. So I'm going to assume you do. (Pause.) I hate to see you turning into her caregiver.

D  
I'm not her caregiver.

S

You are. If you ever moved up here you'd take her in, room with her, become her nurse.

D

Well, I'm not up here so no danger of that.

S

But you're up here more often. You're drifting back into her web.

D

Her web? Don't be so dramatic.

S

I know they said shit about me, for years, and I know you listened to it. And even agreed. To win their favor, so you could all be friends. I know that.

D

Ok.

S

But it's not worth it. Listen. Straight or gay, you're entitled to a personal life. You are. And whatever they said to make you think it was a bad thing to be queer-

D

That's not how I feel.

S

Ok.

D

And I'm not queer.

S

Ok.

D

And anyway, you know it goes against my religious beliefs.

S

Your religious beliefs.

D

Yes.

S

Ok. Sex goes against your religious beliefs?

D

No. Just being queer.

S

All right, well, I don't exactly see you dating guys.

D

Oh, forget it.

S

I'm just saying, I'm resentful. I am. That's why I have trouble spending time with her. Even if she is kind of brain dead and doesn't really remember who I am.

D

She's not brain dead.

S

Ok, fine. But I can't forgive her. I cannot. Not for all those years she was a bitch about it. I can't. But you have to.

D

I don't resent her.

S

No. But you still feel some obligation to her, to him. To be single. To not mess up their lives. Go ahead, take care of her, visit her, but let all that go. It's not worth it. It's not worth giving up companionship to this... idea of theirs... that it's somehow a mean thing you've done to them. Like having a sex life, a personal life, is some attack on them.

D

It really has nothing to do with that.

S

Doesn't it?

D

I've always had trouble meeting men. Always.

S

Well then.

D

Your being gay really upset them. It did.

S

It just upset their social status. They didn't like the fact that their friends knew. They were just assholes about it.

D

Yes, they were.

S

And you've spent fifteen years trying to not upset them again, by being nothing. You saw how upset they were by me and you've suppressed everything, everything.

D

I just haven't met anyone. It's got nothing to do with being gay or not being gay.

S

Let me tell you something. When I was a freshman I brought a boy home. Ryan. He was... well he was kind of my boyfriend. I brought him around a few times.

D

Yes, I remember him.

S

They hated him. Hated him.

D

No they didn't.

S

Yeah, they did. He had zits and he didn't stand up straight and his parents were middle class, from Long Beach. They thought he was a low class, unattractive slob and they despised him. Dad ignored him and she was a bitch. I hated the way they treated him.

D

That's weird.

S

Why?

D

They always talked about him, like he was a good guy, like he was proof that you were straight and normal.

S

No, Diane. They didn't treat him that way. They were assholes to him. Total dicks.

D

Well, I'm sure they just wanted what was best for you.

S

That's a cliché, Diane. They didn't like him because he was unpresentable, he wasn't a Kennedy or a Rockefeller. He was just a geeky little boy. They couldn't imagine him at a party with their friends, or hanging out at the country club. He was an embarrassment.

D

All right, well that's not what they ever said to me.

S

Of course not. They wanted you to think I was a nice straight girl who could have married this hot guy but I chose, I chose to be queer to piss them off. It's ridiculous. It was good though. When they turned on Veronica I knew it had nothing to do with her being a woman, it was just their own selfish snobbishness. I knew that from Ryan. It was just their awful self-centeredness.

(Pause.)

S

They didn't like anyone, no one was ever good enough for them – straight, gay, no one. They're hateful that way. They always put themselves before us.

D

I had a very different experience of them.

S

Yeah, I know they were your buds, you hung out with them, for years. You listened to all their shit and it seeped in.

D

That's not what happened.

S

It is what happened. You heard them trash me. For years. When are you going to let yourself be happy, in spite of them, in spite of their fucking judgments? Veronica and I have been so happy, DD. So incredibly happy. Every day we're happy, just being together, sharing everything, reading to each other, planning trips, eating out at new restaurants we've read about. I've had a life to share and it's been glorious. They're over. He's dead and she's, well... she's winding down. When are you going to move

on? Let them be. Man or woman, when are you going to allow yourself to find someone?

D

I'm just different, Susan. I am.

S

Not from them. You're just like them. No one's good enough for you.

D

That's not true.

S

You're one of the shy ones. You're another one of those shy people who look down on everyone because they're unworthy of you. You're selfish. Like them.

D

You're hateful. You always have been.

S

Where my family's concerned, you're right. It's how I was raised.

D

I don't even know what to say to you.

S

And yet, you're still sitting there. You haven't left.

(Pause.)

D

You didn't see how upset they got. About you. And Veronica. They were upset. For months. For years. It was horrible to watch.

S

They had no right to be. It was my life, not theirs. If they couldn't be supportive they could at least have kept their mouths shut. Instead they hurled abuse at me. They made me feel awful.

D

I know they did.

S

And what did they say to you?



D

Oh, come on.

S

What did they say to you?

(Pause.)

D

They said if I ever made them that upset they'd never speak to me again.

S

Ok.

D

I didn't take them seriously.

S

Yes, you did. You were lonely growing up and they were your only friends and you were afraid to lose them so you took them seriously. You still do.

D

I know you and Veronica think I'm gay.

S

No we don't.

D

Yes, you do.

S

How can we think you're gay? You don't have sex. You have to have sex to be gay and you don't have sex. Sorry. You're nothing. And you saw how they treated Ryan. You don't remember but you saw. Deep down you knew, you remembered, in your soul, you saw how they treated him and you saw how they treated Veronica and you knew nothing would please them. Nothing. So that's what you settled for. Nothing. Cause it's the only thing that would please them. It's the only way they'd stay your friends.

D

I don't know what to say.

S

You know that no one even cares any more. Young people. People younger than us. They just don't care any more. Straight, gay, they don't care. They don't even see the

difference. The world has moved on. Their view of things, Mom and Dad's view, their hateful view, it's defunct. It's over.

(They smile at an unseen waitress.)

S

Let me get this.

D

Ok. Thanks.

S

I love you, Diane. I really do. Veronica loves you. We'd like to see you happy, finally. Take care of Mom. Go ahead. It's a good quality you have. You take care of things. But let her go. She doesn't remember any more. So stop remembering yourself. Look at you. You're beautiful. You know that song: "Make someone happy, make just one someone happy..."

D

God, this is ridiculous.

S

Ok. Sorry. I gotta run. Everything all right?

D

Yeah.

S

Call me and tell me how she is.

D

I will.

S

Ok, bye.

(SUSAN exits, leaving DIANE.)

End

## 3) Romance

(Street on campus. Night)

KYLE (K)/SHARON (S) – Both in their late-teens, early 20s

(KYLE stands waiting. SHARON enters.)

K  
Hey.

S  
Hi.

K  
So, how's it going?

S  
Is this an ambush?

K  
Nah.

S  
Were you waiting for me?

K  
Nah. Well, yeah, sort of.

S  
Wow, should I be scared?

K  
Nah.

S  
So what's going on?

K  
Can I carry your books for you?

S  
Carry my books? What is this, third grade?

K  
Ha ha.

S  
Ok, carry my books.

K  
Thanks.

S  
My pleasure.

(They walk in place as if he's walking her home.)

K  
So...

S  
So what?

K  
How's Marty?

S  
Whoah! That's a segue?

K  
Just curious.

S  
Why do you want to know about Marty?

K  
I heard you were dating.

S  
Dating?

K  
Yeah.

S  
What is this, high school?

K  
Well....

S

We shoot pool, we hang out.

K

Yeah, that's what I mean, dating.

S

I don't really date. I hang out with people I like.

K

I wish you'd hang out with me.

S

Oh, ok, what do you have to offer?

K

What?

S

What do you have to offer? Why should I hang out with you?

K

Um...

S

I mean, usually people I hang out with have something to offer: weed, coke, great sex, you know, stuff like that.

K

Uh, ok...

S

So what you got? What you got, playa?

K

Uh, great sex?

S

I doubt it.

K

Yeah, so do I. (Pause.) I could get some weed.

S

Yeah, you got some good shit?

K  
No.

S  
So where you going to get it?

K  
Guys down the hall are always getting baked. I could ask them.

S  
Ask some guys down the hall who are always getting baked?

K  
Yeah.

S  
Boy, you sound hooked up.

K  
Yeah, I'm connected.

S  
Big time.

(They laugh.)

S  
So who told you Marty and I hang?

K  
No one.

S  
How do you know?

K  
I kind of stalk you, you know, casually.

S  
Casual stalking.

K  
Yeah, nothing illegal like. I'm not dangerous or anything, just low key surveillance.

S  
Yeah? Give me an example.

K  
I followed you two around for four hours yesterday.

S  
Oh, yeah?

K  
Yeah.

S  
Ok, tell me exactly where we went and when.

K  
Ok, I exaggerated. I saw you two walking across the quad around two.

S  
Boy, you're a major spy.

K  
Yeah, I know. I started to stalk you but then I got bored.

S  
So you're a wannabe stalker.

K  
Yeah, sorry.

S  
Marty's not my boyfriend and we're not dating.

K  
Good.

S  
I think he's gay or something.

K  
Gay?

S  
Or something.

K  
What's something?

S  
You know, like pre-sex or post-sex.

K  
Or asex.

S  
Yeah, I don't think he's in the game.

K  
Unlike me.

S  
Oh, yeah. I always think of you as like a man with a nasty habit.

K  
Yeah, I'm basically insatiable.

S  
Yeah, that's how I see you. (Stopping and pointing to a building) Here's me.

K  
Oh, yeah, nice place.

S  
Yeah, it's a beautiful dorm, isn't it?

K  
Oh yeah, I like pink concrete, my favorite building material.

S  
Yeah, I love the huge fire escapes. I always feel so safe inside.

K  
Ask me how I feel about you.

S  
Ok, how do you feel about me?

K  
I don't know. I've tried to stalk you but I got bored. I guess I'm ambivalent. What have you got?

S  
What have I got?



K

To offer. Weed, grass, great sex?

S

I have breakfast cereal. I'm a breakfast cereal junkie.

K

Oh, yeah?

S

Yeah, do you like breakfast cereal?

K

Love it.

S

You want to come up for some Cocoa Puffs?

K

Yeah, sure, I can handle that.

S

It's not too a large a commitment for you?

K

No, no, I can deal with that.

S

Ok, but I use whole milk.

K

I'm into fats. Love 'em.

S

Yeah, that's why they call me Mama Fats. The Carb Queen.

K

Cute name.

S

Come on.

(They exit.)

End

4) Harvard

MEGARA (M) – mid-thirties/DELILAH (D) - sixteen

(Kitchen table. Morning.)

M

We can't afford it.

D

It's Harvard, mother.

M

We cannot afford it.

D

It's a scholarship.

M

I read that Stanford is the place to go anyway. I read that somewhere. That Harvard's over.

D

Mom.

M

You'll freeze to death.

D

Mother.

M

Boston's the coldest city on earth. It's in the North Pole.

D

Mom.

M

Forget it.

D

Mommy.

M

No.

(Pause.)

D  
The scholarship covers everything. Everything.

M  
It doesn't. It covers barely two-thirds. Look at the literature.

D  
I don't need your approval.

M  
You do, girl. You're sixteen. You do need my approval. Who's going to pay for airfare, incidentals? Those rich kids you'll be living with... Who's going to give you pocket money? To keep up with them?

D  
I'll work.

M  
You'll work? All you know how to do is study and volunteer. Volunteers don't get paid. Hello. Volunteers work for free.

D  
I can get recommendations to get a job. They even said they'd give me something.

M  
Dining Hall. You'll be hosing down the kitchens in the dining hall at night, you'll be humiliated.

D  
Stop it.

M  
The answer's no.

D  
So what am I supposed to do? Go to State?

M  
It's a good school.

D  
Anyone can get into State. This is Harvard.

M  
No.

(Pause.)

D  
Fine.

M  
Fine?

D  
Yeah, fine.

(Pause.)

M  
What are you up to?

D  
Nothing.

M  
If you're thinking what you're thinking stop thinking it.

D  
I'm not thinking anything.

M  
You are.

(Pause.)

M  
He doesn't give a shit.

D  
I know.

M  
He won't give you any money.

D  
I know.

M  
He'll say he will, but he won't.

D  
Yes.

M  
You know that.

D  
I know I do.

M  
It's a bad idea.

D  
But he'll sign it. He'll sign everything.

M  
And you know why.

D  
Yes, but that's what you're driving me to.

M  
I'm driving you to? You'd actually do that?

D  
Yes, Mom. Yes, I'd actually do that. To go to Harvard I'd actually do that.

M  
Fine, go ahead.

D  
I will.

M  
I said go ahead. Do it.

D  
I will.

(Pause.)

M  
I won't speak to you again. Ever.

D  
Fine.

M  
Not ever. It's not a threat.

D  
It's fine. We barely speak as it is.

M  
That's not true.

D  
It is true. We barely speak.

M  
We spoke this morning.

D  
We argued.

M  
We spoke before that. You read to me what you were working on, what you were writing.

D  
That was a peace offering. I was trying to butter you up.

M  
Butter me up?

D  
Yeah, so you'd sign off on Harvard. It didn't work. So we're back to not speaking.

M  
Jesus, girl.

D  
Sorry.

M  
I hate him. You know that.

D  
Yep.

M

And you'd do this?

D

I don't want to.

M

So don't.

D

So I have to.

M

Why?

D

Because it's stupid. It's a stupid conversation. I got into Harvard, Mom. Harvard. That's like getting to the moon. To Jupiter. It's impossible. And I did it. A poor girl from a public high school. And I did it.

M

You're not poor.

D

Fine. Lower middle class.

M

Middle class. Staunchly middle.

D

We're not, Mom.

M

Well say working class, not lower middle.

D

What's the difference?

M

Lower middle sounds lazy. We're working class. I insist on working class.

D

Fine, working class girl from a public high school gets into Harvard. That's a miracle. And you're saying I can't go because you won't, not can't, you won't provide me with

pocket money. It's ridiculous. I'll go to Daddy and have him sign everything and he'll do it.

M

Because he hates me.

D

Because you hate him.

M

For good reason.

D

Why. His honey? What do you care?

M

One day you'll be married and you'll know what it feels like, having a husband who bangs everything he can get his hands on.

D

Well that's all over, he's no longer your husband.

M

No.

D

But he is my father and he will sign it, for whatever reason.

M

I can't believe you.

D

Girl's got to do what a girl's got to do.

M

I can't afford it, D. I can't.

D

Well, then don't. I'll work, I'll borrow, I'll sponge off the rich girls from Park Avenue. I have chutzpah. It'll work out. But you have to sign it. It's the American Dream.

M

I won't see you.

D

Yes, you will. I'll come home on holidays and you'll come visit.



M

I'll feel like such a frump at Harvard.

D

You won't. You're my sexy-ass mother whose only thirty-six while their mothers are all fifty years old and decrepit. You'll be the mother all the dormies want to bang.

M

That's just crude.

D

It's true mom. Why do you think my friends all like you? You're a hottie.

M

Don't condescend to me.

D

Just sign the thing.

M

I'll think about it.

D

You have till this weekend. Friday at 500.

M

What's the rush?

D

I have things to do. I'm trying to speed up the decision making process around here. We've had our argument, I've manipulated you into the correct decision, you've basically made it. It's time to sign the papers and get on with it.

M

Jesus.

D

It's a new world, Mom. Sign, scan and send.

M

Shit.

D

And don't swear.

M

You swear like a sailor.

D

I'm young. When I do it, it 's fun. When old people do it, they're crotchety.

M

I thought I was still young.

D

Except when you swear.

M

I think this is a mistake.

D

Then it's a mistake. I'll go, feel out of place, fail, and spend the rest of my life regretting it.

M

You shouldn't joke about that. I regret things. It's not fun.

D

Yes, you regret dad. But you two did create me and I got into Harvard. Guess something went right in that relationship.

M

I guess.

D

Mom.

M

What?

D

Smile.

(M does.)

D

And sign.

(M signs.)

D

Now don't you feel better?

M

Do I have a choice?

D

Yes, you can feel miserable. But you've tried that for a few years now. Time to try something new.

M

God, you're a smug one.

D

Like dad?

M

No, not like Dad. He was smarmy. There's a difference.

D

Smarmy to smug. That's evolution. Progress.

M

I guess.

(Blackout.)

End.

## 5) Mission

AKERS (A)/DELANEY (D) -- Both in their 30s-40s

(A room with a window in a tall building. AKERS and DELANEY are agents on a mission. Both have guns.)

D

What time is it?

A

0400.

D

Jesus.

A

Three minutes.

D

You're not going to tell me who it is.

A

No.

D

Or why we're here.

A

Who the hell trained you?

D

You know damn well who trained me.

A

Then shut up with your bitch ass questions.

D

Don't talk to me that way.

A

I'll talk to you any way I want.

D

Don't talk to me that way.

A  
I just did. You're acting like an ol' bitch.

D  
Is this supposed to endear you to me? Is this supposed to make me like you? Respect you?

A  
It's supposed to shame you into shutting up. (Pause.) What do you see?

(D looks out the window cautiously.)

D  
Nothing.

A  
Give me the break down.

D (Looking)  
Up the street clear. Down the street clear. Roof clear. Sidewalk clear.

(Pause.)

A  
Jesus.

D  
What?

A  
This is your first mission, right?

D  
What are you talking about?

A  
I just figured it out.

D  
I don't know what you're talking about.

A  
You're like a desk jockey, right? You push paper. This is your first fucking mission.

D  
What time is it?

A

We have one minute. You were sent up because they had no one else or you begged them to give you a chance in the field, right?

D

Fuck you.

A

No, tell me.

D

I don't have to tell you nothing.

(Pause. AKERS points her guns at the back of DELANEY's head)

D

What are you doing?

A

Shut up.

D

What are you-

A

Shut the fuck up. You're going to do exactly what I tell you to and you're not going to say a word. If you don't I'll shoot you in the head. Now indicate to me that you understand. Nod your head.

(D nods.)

A

Give me your weapon. Slide it across the floor to me.

(D does.)

A

Now lie down on the deck. Face down.

(D lies down.)

A

Tell me a story.

D  
What?

A  
Tell me a touching story about your childhood.

D  
What the hell are you-

A  
Do it.

D  
Why?

A  
It will help you.

(Pause.)

A  
DO IT!

(Pause.)

D  
People didn't like me. In school. They didn't tease me or anything, they just didn't like me. I didn't have any friends. I was always alone.

A  
Keep going. This is interesting.

D  
I used to tell a lot of lies. Just to amuse people. I made up a lot of stuff because it got people's interest. And then they'd get angry at me for making stuff up. So I was caught in a vicious cycle. I lied, they'd like me. They found out I lied, they'd hate me. I didn't know how to get out of it.

A  
What broke the cycle?

D  
I stopped telling lies. I became a much more reliable person but a lot less interesting person as well. I realized that most people were boring and they wanted everyone else to be boring. So I became a boring person, so I could fit in, have friends, be accepted.

A  
Are you happier now?

D  
No. I'm just bored. That's why I asked, that's why I begged to be sent on this mission. You're right.

(She presses her earpiece to her ear. She listens. She speaks into her mouthpiece.)

A  
Are you sure? Confirm. Confirm that order. Ok, copy. Over. Over and out. (To D) Get up. Mission's scrapped. Time to go home.

D  
Really?

A  
Yes.

D  
We're not... we don't have to carry out the mission?

A  
No.

D  
But we haven't... we didn't get our target.

A  
Our target proved to be false. False target.

D  
Oh.

A  
Time to go home.

(Pause while she gathers up her stuff. He just watches.)

D  
Was I the target?

A  
Yep.



D

Why?

A

They thought you were selling secrets: codes.

D

To whom?

A

Russians mostly, but also to other enemies of the state.

D

I would never do that.

A

We know that now.

D

You just figured that out?

A

Litmus test proved it.

D

Was that the litmus test?

A

Yep, usually on the "gun pull and tell a story" segment they confess everything, they beg for mercy. You told a boring story about your childhood. You're innocent. Mission's off.

D

Jesus. Fuck!

A

Sorry. We had to be sure. Someone was selling information. On your floor. We thought it was you.

D

Fuck!

A

Let's go.

D  
So I just go back to work? That simple?

A  
I don't know. That's up to your boss. Let's go.

D  
I know who's selling the codes. On my floor. I know who it is.

(She stops and stares at him.)

A  
How do you know?

D  
I just figured it out.

(She holds ear piece, speaks into mouthpiece.)

A  
Hey. You there? (She listens.) He says he knows. He knows who. Over. (She listens.)  
Copy. (To D) So who is it?

D  
I want things. In return. For the information. And I won't talk to you. I'll talk only to  
my boss. Ask them if they heard that.

A  
They heard it.

D  
Let's go. (He starts to leave.)

A  
(Into mouthpiece) Did you hear that?

D  
(Angry) Right now! Move!

(She exits in front of him. He follows her off.)

End

6) Little Alex  
CAM (C) /DANNY (D) – Both in their 30s

(Kitchen table. CAM is folding laundry.)

D  
Mom wanted us to talk.

C  
Mom did?

D  
Well, I did. I want to talk.

C  
Ok, so talk.

D  
Can you stop folding laundry for a second?

C  
Danny, I have three kids. I can't ever stop folding laundry. Ever.

D  
Ok, well, can you at least pay attention to me?

C  
(Stops folding) Ok, yes, fine, I'm paying attention. Happy?

D  
No.

C  
Danny. It's fine. I'm paying attention. I'm just in a hurry. I'm always in a hurry. In five minutes I have to leave to pick up Denny. And then I have to take Alex to his appointment. I'm just nervous.

D  
About what?

C  
About getting everything done, Danny. About not being late. About everything.

D  
Why isn't Ryan here?

C

I don't know, Dan. Why isn't Ryan ever here? Why hasn't Ryan ever been here? It doesn't matter. He's not and it still has to get done.

D

Ok, go ahead and fold. It seems to help you.

C

Don't be mean.

D

I'm sorry. Go ahead.

C

What is it?

D

I wish you'd fold.

C

I don't want to now.

D

Just fold. It helps me.

C

Ok, I'm folding. What is it?

D

Mama wanted me to talk to you about Alex.

C

What about Alex?

D

What has the Doctor said?

C

Nothing. He said it's the flu. He's treating him for the flu.

D

Has he taken a blood test?

C

Blood test? I don't know.

D  
You don't know?

C  
No, I don't know.

D  
Well have him take a blood test.

C  
Dan, what are you talking about?

D  
Shit. Can I have a drink?

(D goes to refrigerator.)

C  
No. You drink too much.

D  
That's why I need a drink.

C  
Have a beer.

D  
What about this champagne?

C  
That's Ryan's.

D  
He drinks champagne?

C  
Yes, he likes champagne. What are we talking about, Dan?

D  
Mom and I think Alex should get a blood test.

C  
If the doctor thinks he needs a blood test he'll get a blood test.

D  
Jesus, I never drink beer. It's awful.

C  
Not like a vodka sour, huh?

D  
No.

C  
Why does Alex need a blood test?

D  
He's been sick too long, Cammy.

C  
He's had the flu.

D  
He's always been sick. With something.

C  
For God's sake, Dan. He's a little boy. Little kids are always sick.

D  
They're not.

C  
Well, some are. He's very small.

D  
The girls were never sick.

C  
They were, Dan. They were.

D  
Not like Alex.

C  
Ok, not like Alex. Not like Alex.

(She is crying.)

D  
Are you all right?

C  
No, I'm not fucking all right! I'm never fucking all right! Are you happy?

D  
Why would I be happy?

C  
Forget it.

(They fold in silence.)

C  
What did Mom say?

D  
It's not important. I mean, it is, but we don't have to-

C  
What did she say?

D  
She said Alex should get a blood test. That's all. She's concerned, like I am.

C  
I'm concerned too. I am also fucking concerned. I am his mother.

(Silence.)

C  
Can you go with me?

D  
Where?

C  
To the blood test.

D  
Yes. Yes, of course.

C  
I'm not sure I could alone.

D  
I'll do that.

C  
You have time?

D  
I do.

C  
In your busy schedule. I mean, you're not flying off to Rio or Paris or where-fucking-ever.

(She stands and crosses away, upset.)

D  
No, I have time.

C  
Do you know what it is? With Alex?

D  
I have a guess.

C  
Based on what?

D  
What?

C  
What is your guess based on?

D  
What I know about Ryan.

C  
Shit.

D  
It's ok.

C  
That was forever ago.

D  
It wasn't. It wasn't forever ago.

C  
It was before the girls were born. It was before we got married. He's changed.



D  
He hasn't.

C  
How do you know?

D  
I don't. I don't know for sure.

C  
How do you know?

D  
Come on.

C  
Tell me.

D  
I just do.

C  
Did you sleep with him?

D  
No.

C  
Did he hit on you? Did he?

(D just looks at her.)

C  
And the finding religion and the having babies and the marrying me, that was all bullshit?

D  
The babies aren't bullshit, Cam. They're beautiful. They're beautiful children. All of them. And they love you. They adore you.

C  
Is Alex going to die? Is he?

D  
I don't know, Cam.

C

Is that where Ryan is, dying somewhere?

D

You know better than I do.

C

I don't. I haven't seen him in months, four months.

D

Cammy.

C

I thought this was all cured. I thought you took inhibitors or something.

D

If you catch it early. If it becomes full blown, if it goes completely untreated, for years, it's just like it always was, it kills you.

C

Alex has been sick for years. He has been. You're right.

D

Let's just get the blood test. They can tell us right away. They can do that. And then they'll know what to do.

(He holds her. She is crying.)

End

7) Hollywood Hills

WILLO (W) – 30s-40s/JENNIFER (J) – 20s

(WILLO, well dressed - very well dressed - sits and sips coffee in her nice - very nice - living room. JENNIFER enters, very hung over.)

W

You're finally up.

J

Yeah, guess we kind of overdid it last night.

W

Guess you kind of overdid it last night.

J

Yeah, that's what I meant.

W

There's coffee.

J

Ugh. Ok, let me get coffee. You going somewhere?

W

Why?

J

A ton of luggage in the hall.

W

Yeah, I'm going somewhere.

J

Ok, let me, you know, get some coffee in me then I'll shower.

W

There's no rush.

J

We have the museum this morning. I know how much you want to go.

W

Yes, ok.

(J exits. A waits, nervous, impatient. J returns with coffee.)

J  
Ugh, too late. I stay up too late.

W  
That's not the problem.

J  
And I drink too much.

W  
That's not the problem.

J  
And I'm craaaazy.

W  
Yes.

J  
That's not the problem.

W  
No, it's not.

J  
You look great.

W  
Thank you.

J  
Is that new?

W  
Yes, of course it's new.

J  
Everything you wear is new.

W  
Yes.

J  
How do you do that? How do you afford it?

W

It's all given to me, baby. It's all gifts. So I can say, "Oh, it's Dior." Or "Oh, it's Givenchy." I don't even like a lot of it.

J

But it's beautiful.

W

Most of it isn't even comfortable. It just looks good.

J

And you look good in it.

W

I do. That's important.

J

You want me to get dressed. To get my shit on. You have that impatient look.

W

No, relax. Take your time.

J

Ok. I was thinking last night how lucky am I. To live in his house, with you. It's like a fantasy. My mom told me this house was in an old architecture book. She recognized it from my posts. She said it was photographed in the fifties. It's a Case House? A Case Student House? Something.

W

A Case Study House.

J

That's it. So you knew that.

W

Yes, I knew that.

J

And the view. Out over Hollywood. I love it. All the lights twinkling. I remember a Robert DeNiro movie when he lived in a house like this. The one he made with Al Pacino. It was on TV when I was little. And the city twinkled blue at night with all the little yellow dots.

W

Yes, and he ended up dead at the airport. In that movie.

J  
That's right. Al Pacino shot him on the runway. Have you ever worked with either of them?

W  
No. I've slept with one of them but I've never worked with either of them.

J  
You're joking.

W  
Yes. I don't know. I don't remember.

J  
You'd remember that.

W  
I've been to some pretty wild parties, baby.

J  
Wilder than last night?

W  
Oh, yes, much wilder.

J  
Oh, I could just lay here all morning I'm so comfortable.

W  
Why don't you?

J  
You want to go to the museum. You're all dressed up. And I want to go with you. I want to show you off.

W  
It's you that gets shown off. By me.

J  
Because I'm so young.

W  
Yes. I like having a nineteen year old on my arm.

J  
I'm twenty-two. You know that.

W

You pass for nineteen.

J

Oh, God, this house. All these windows. I walk around naked and I worry someone will see. But there's no one. No one on this hill but us. It's amazing. In the middle of Hollywood. Our own little hill. Ok, I see you looking at your watch. I'm up. I'm ready. I can do this, shift gears this fast, I'm nineteen.

W

No. Relax. The car will be here soon. I'm just wondering why he's late.

J

I need to get ready.

W

No. Stay here, take the morning.

J

But what about you?

W

I'll go on alone. It's fine. You don't really like the art anyway.

J

You sure?

W

Yeah.

J

You're right. I'm not really all that into art. Not yet. One day. When you've taught me about it. When I know what to see. Why do you like to go so early?

W

No one there. No one to bother me.

J

But you love your fans.

W

Not all the time. My mother used to take me to the Walker Art Center in the early morning, when it was empty, when no one was there. We had it all to ourselves. And sometimes the museum director would be there, early, walking around, well propelling himself around, just looking. Once he asked us if we were enjoying

ourselves and we said very much and my mom said, "We've seen you looking at the art before, early, like us," and why did he do that? When he could look at it any time, when the museum was closed, when he had it all to himself. And he said an interesting thing. He said, "Well, I like seeing it with the public but not too much public, just a few people. When there are just a few people they don't stare."

J  
Stare? At the art.

W  
No, at him. He was handicapped. Crippled? I forget what the word is, what's the correct word?

J  
Otherly mobile.

W  
Yes, he was otherly mobile. On crutches. And no one knew it. He kept it pretty much secret, from the public. And when the museum was full of people they used to stare at him, but when there were a just few, for some reason, they were more polite, they just glanced and looked away. He said people in crowds are rude but people on their own, they were more respectful. So he would look at the art with people but never with a crowd.

J  
How did he keep it a secret, his being otherly mobile?

W  
He always sat, never got up to greet people. The curtain would go up at a lecture he was giving and he was already at the podium. He was a master at hiding it. Like Roosevelt.

J  
Roosevelt?

W  
Franklin D. Roosevelt. He was in a wheel chair but no one knew it. The whole time he was president. He hid it.

J  
You know everything.

W  
No. I don't.



J  
What happened to the museum director?

W  
He came out here. To run a bigger museum. He followed his dream. Like me. Got out of Minneapolis.

J  
Like I got out of Scranton.

W  
Like you got out of Scranton. (She gets a text on her device, looks at it.) Here's Monroe.

J  
Ok, have fun, honey, give me a kiss.

W  
Here's a kiss.

(They kiss. J notices money on the coffee table, obviously left for her.)

J  
What's this?

W  
Some cash.

J  
Some cash? There must be... what is all this?

W  
I have to go.

J  
Why are you giving me all this cash? It's ridiculous.

W  
Just so you have it.

J  
Honey.

W  
I have to go.

J  
This is too funny. You're leaving me gobs of cash on the coffee table now?

W  
I really do have to go. The museum is part of my ritual.

J  
Honey.

W  
Call me if you have any questions.

J  
Hun.

W  
(Snapping) Ok, just don't call me that... ok?

J  
Ok.

W  
I never liked it.

J  
Ok.

W  
The cash is for you. Monroe will be back when he's dropped me off.

J  
Ok.

W  
I'll see you later.

J  
Those bags in the hall. Is that my stuff?

W  
You can keep the luggage.

J  
I don't want it.

W

It's old. You keep it.

J

You packed all my shit and put it by the door?

W

I have to go.

J

Willo.

W

Yes.

J

Are you throwing me out?

W

I have to go.

J

Are you throwing me out?

W

The museum is part of my ritual, kid. I have to go.

J

Fuck your ritual. (Pause.) Sorry.

W

The money's for you. Monroe will take you to a condo in Bel Aire. It's paid for, for this month. If you need anything else, call me.

J

Jesus. Is this cause I like to have fun at parties?

W

No.

J

I thought you liked that I like to have fun at parties.

W

I do.

J  
You're throwing me out?

W  
I'm not throwing you out.

J  
Um... Excuse me, but that's what it looks like to me.

W  
Don't use that tone with me.

J  
Excuse me?

W  
Don't use that tone with me. Ever.

J  
Ok.

W  
I don't like that tone.

J  
Ok.

W  
You're all set. You're good for a month. You can ask for more and I'll see what I can do. I might even be able to help you find work but don't ask for on camera work. I can't help you with that.

J  
You mean you won't.

W  
I mean I can't. That's a principle of mine, no screen work.

J  
Jesus. This is really it, is it? This is what it feels like, the big brush off.

W  
Yes, well, you're a big girl.

J  
Deal?

W  
What?

J  
I'm a big girl, deal with it?

W  
Something like that.

J  
That's fucking unbelievable.

W  
Don't swear around me. I've told you that.

J  
Fuck you.

W  
Ok.

J  
And fuck your big house and your crappy series. I never liked it anyway. And I never thought you were all that talented, except in that movie. That one movie you made. The only one anyone ever liked.

W  
You're hung over.

J  
Yes.

W  
One thing I can never figure out.

J  
What's that?

W  
Why you guys think you own me. Why you think because I pick you up and make love to you and let you stay here, why you think you own me. Why you're all surprised when you're given your walking papers. I've never figured that one out. You seem smart enough, all of you. But you're not. Not really. You're just cute party girls who like to snort coke and live a fantasy. My life's not a fantasy. It's a pain in the

ass. I work damn hard and you leaches, you never figure out you have a half-life. You're always so surprised.

J  
I won't be. Not next time.

W  
No, you wont be. You all learn from the experience.

J  
Just as you did, I'm sure.

W  
Just as I did.

(Pause.)

J  
We weren't really anything to each other. Except fun. We're completely different people, aren't we?

W  
I guess.

J  
Ok. Thanks. Funny being treated like a whore. Never happened to me before, but I guess I acted like one.

W  
Don't say that.

J  
No, it's ok. It was a blast. But not what I came here to do. To LA.

W  
No, you came to act.

J  
Yeah. And I haven't done that. (Holding up cash) So I'll take this and try to do some acting, buy myself some time.

W  
Good idea. (Pause.) You surprise me.

J  
Because I'm not throwing a fit. Not all freaked out and yelling at you?

W  
Yeah.

J  
Go to your museum. I like that about you. You're actually cultured. That's amazing in this town. Can I call you? Ask for advice.

W  
Sure. I'd like that.

J  
I won't ask for help.

W  
That's ok. I might even be able to do that.

J  
I'm sorry I said those shitty things. About your series.

W  
It's ok. A lot of it is lousy.

J  
No, it's not. It's work. And I know you take it seriously. It's a good series. You know that.

W  
Yes.

J  
And that movie, you in that movie... it really is something else. You in that role. You're amazing.

W  
It was just another job for me. It's the make-up and lighting that make me fabulous.

J  
No. You have something on camera. You do. I see that. Everybody does.

W  
Thank you. I'm off then, to look at some real art.

J  
No, you're real. You are.

W  
Thanks. Call me.

J  
I will.

(WILLO leaves.)

End



8) Doctor, Doctor

DR. FANNARD CHARMIN (F) – early-20s/CAROLYN (C) – 20s

(Consulting room. FANNARD, an MD, is talking to CAROLYN, his patient.)

F

Well, I ran the test and it's all fine. It's nothing. I thought it was a benign tumor, maybe even malignant, but it's actually not a tumor of any kind. It's more like a cyst.

C

A cyst? On my brain?

F

Yes, some kind of blockage but not related to anything with the blood. Maybe dirt.

C

Dirt?

F

Yes, you have a dirty brain I guess. Too many dirty thoughts.

(Pause.)

F

That was joke.

C

I know. I just can't believe you made it. I thought I had a brain tumor. You shouldn't make jokes at a time like this.

F

Sorry. I was relieved you weren't going to die. That's how I express relief. Jokes.

C

Yeah, I'm relieved I'm not going to die also. Thank you.

F

Anyway, the report is good. You're fine. There's nothing wrong with your brain.

C

Ok. Could you maybe bandy around some technical terms, you know, like most doctors do?

F

I find those only confuse people.

C

Yes, but they inspire confidence. I mean, what are you ten years old? Brain surgeons are supposed to be fifty and bald, or at least gray.

F

Sorry about that. I'm a genius. Yale undergrad, UCSF for Med School, I'm published in Lancet, frequently.

C

Great. So you're like Doogie Howser, twelve year old polymath?

F

I get that a lot.

C

You get what a lot?

F

Sarcasm. Contempt. Boy geniuses are a minority too.

C

Oh, so now I'm a bully?

F

No, you're just responding normally to a challenge. I don't take it personally.

C

Thank you.

F

You have a clean bill of health. Whatever is in your cranium, it is of no danger whatsoever.

C

Thank you. I'm relieved. Sorry to be such a bitch.

F

That's ok. My girl friend's a bitch so I'm used to it.

C

That's a great way to talk about your girl friend.

F

Oh, she knows it. She was diagnosed with bitchiness at an early age. It's actually a diagnosable pathology: bitchiness.

C  
Wow. (Pause.) Oh, that's a joke.

F  
Yeah.

C  
Ok, sorry. I'm still not amused by your sense of humor.

F  
I know, it's inappropriate and often ill timed. Nevertheless, it is harmless and it is funny.

C  
Ok. I still don't think you should say things like that about your girl friend.

F  
It's ok. There is no girl friend. I'm gay.

C  
Oh.

F  
But my boy friend's a bitch so it still makes sense.

C  
Am I done here? I mean, can I go?

F  
Of course. I was just flirting. But you're free to leave at any time.

C  
Do they teach bedside manner at UCSF?

F  
Yes. But I don't subscribe to current theories on the subject. I'm ahead of my time.

C  
Yeah, but I'm not. So maybe you should try an old fashioned approach in future.

F  
Sorry. (He laughs.) I'm just super relieved. You're my first patient and I was really afraid I'd have to watch you die an excruciatingly painful death.

C  
Well, I'm glad I don't have to die.

F  
Are you single?

C  
I have been. It's complicated.

F  
He has trouble committing?

C  
No, I do. I'm a nymphomaniac.

(Pause.)

C  
That was a joke.

F  
Oh. Ok. Too bad.

C  
Too bad?

F  
Too bad you're not a nymphomaniac.

C  
Oh, ok.

F  
Because I am.

C  
I'm sorry, I just have trouble believing that.

F  
Why?

C  
You just don't look like a nymphomaniac.

F  
Well, I'm not. It was a joke.

C  
Oh, ok.

F  
I'm mostly a virgin.

C  
Mostly a virgin?

F  
My left ear has been deflowered.

(They both laugh.)

F  
What a relief.

C  
The laughter?

F  
Yeah. I was beginning to think we were a pair of frigid bitches.

C  
Yeah, nice to be able to laugh. Oh, my God. Is it not true, about my tumor? Were you just making a joke?

F  
No, it's true. It's nothing. A cyst.

C  
Oh, good. It's hard to tell with you.

F  
I'm actually not gay.

C  
Was that a joke?

F  
No, a ruse.

C  
A ruse?

F

To scare off gold diggers.

C

Yeah, that must be a problem when you're a rich surgeon.

F

I'm also an heir.

C

Wow. Oh, my God! Charmin. Doctor Charmin. I just put it together. You're heir to the toilet paper!

F

Yes, I'm a butt wipe heir.

C

My God, your family's gotten up the ass of everyone on the planet!

F

Well, not in the developing countries. They still use newspaper or their hands.

C

You should work on that.

F

Yes, we're trying to airlift free Charmin into those nations but the toilet paper tends to be seized by the warlords and sold on the international market.

(She laughs.)

F

In some parts of the world black market Charmin is worth more than rocket launchers and WMDs.

(She continues to laugh.)

F

You see, you're getting used to my sense of humor. Genius always triumphs in the end.

C

So why if you're so rich do you even work? Why don't you just hang out on yachts?

F

I like looking at brains. It's a weakness. You have a very pretty one.

C  
Thanks.

F  
I have a weakness for women with weak brains.

C  
Weak brains?

F  
I meant pretty ones. It was a Freudian slip.

C  
I am in a relationship.

F  
I thought it was complicated.

C  
It is.

F  
Then simplify it.

C  
Ok.

F  
I can take you out for something very nice. I know all the maitre ds.

C  
How about a movie?

F  
I love movies! Everything I say comes from movies. That's why I speak in clichés.

C  
What's your favorite genre?

F  
I like everything except art films, documentaries and anything that's too serious or well made.

C  
You like cheesy Hollywood stuff.

F  
Yes, exactly.

C  
I like tiny independent films with bad camera work and obscure stage actors.

F  
I like those.

C  
Ok. Well, you've got my number so call me. I can't believe I don't have a brain tumor.  
Whoopee!

F  
You can dance if you want.

C  
What does that mean?

C  
Some patients like to dance with happiness when they find out they're not going to die.

F  
Really?

C  
Of course.

F  
Ok.

(She dances about joyfully, then stops.)

C  
That felt stupid.

F  
It looked pretty stupid.

C  
I thought you said some patients do that.

F  
As I said, you're my first. I just wanted to see what it looked like. They do it movies.



C  
Maybe cheesy Hollywood things.

F  
Yes. Usually there's music. That helps.

C  
Ok. Call me. No, I'll call you.

F  
Let's just make the date now. Saves awkwardness later.

C  
Ok.

F  
Tonight.

C  
That's kind of sudden.

F  
I know, but let's live like insane young people without inhibitions.

C  
Yes, ok, tonight.

F  
I'll pick you up at seven and we'll eat afterwards.

C  
Great. You know where I live?

F  
I know everything about you. I have files.

C  
Yes, yes, of course. Well, thanks for my brain.

F  
My pleasure.

C  
Bye.

F  
Bye.

(She leaves. He smiles.)

End

9) Sunday Morning

DAVE (D)/KAREN (K) – Both in their late-20s, early-30s

(DAVE and KAREN lie in bed together in pajamas, Sunday morning, reading newspapers.)

K I think we should just do it.

D Which?

K Which what?

D Do which?

K What are you talking about?

D Do which thing? Get married or have the baby?

K Have the baby.

(He gets up and crosses away, frustrated.)

D I knew you were going to say that. I knew you were going to choose the baby.

K Why are you so upset?

D Because if we have the baby it means we have to get married.

K If we get married it means we have to have a baby.

D No, it doesn't.

K Yes, it does. What's the point of getting married if you're not going to have a baby?

D That's ridiculous. A lot people are married and don't have babies.

K Because they can't. Because they can't have babies.

D You don't know that.

K It's a pretty good guess. And we can have a baby without being married.

D No, we can't.

K Lots of people do that.

D Hippies.

K They're not all hippies.

D And movie stars.

K Movie stars?

D Jessica Lange and Baryshnikov.

K I don't even know who those people are.

D They're movie stars. Old movie stars.

K Tons of people have babies and never get married.

D So we're suddenly going to have babies because you're pregnant.

K Well, we can abort it and then have another baby but that just seems stupid.

D Why would we do that?

K I mean, if you want to make the point that we're not having it just because I'm pregnant.

D Isn't that bad for your body? Another abortion?

K Yes.

D It just feels like I'm being pressured into something.

K We've been talking about it for three years, that's not really pressure.

D But you got deliberately pregnant so I'd be forced into this decision.

K I didn't. Jesus, how many times have we been over this?

D Ok, you got deliberately drunk so we could get accidentally pregnant.

K You were drunk too. And it wasn't deliberate. And stop putting the deliberately in front of the drunk and the pregnant like that, it sounds weird.

D What are you saying?

K I mean, say, "You deliberately got drunk" not "you got deliberately drunk." It doesn't sound right, like deliberately drunk or deliberately pregnant are acts in of themselves. I don't know what's wrong with it but it's stylistically ugly.

D Is this an English lesson?

K No. It's a lesson in not sounding like a retard. You don't talk right.

D Wow.

K Yeah, wow.

D This is our nice relaxing Sunday?

K No, it's our big blowout argument Sunday. Enjoy it. Tomorrow I have to go to work.

D Meaning I don't? Meaning tomorrow I don't have to go to work?

K Whatever.

D So this is it? Have the baby or you never speak to me again.

K No, it's not it.

D So what?

K So nothing.

(Pause.)

D Now I get the silent treatment.

K You don't get anything. Leave me alone.

D Shit.

(He starts to put on his shoes.)

K Where are you going?

D For a run.

K You're going to go for a run?

D Yeah.

K We're having an argument.

D That's why I'm going for a run.

K Excuse me but shouldn't you stay here and have the argument?

D Arguments are unnecessary.

K This is a necessary argument. Take your shoes off and argue.

D That's ridiculous.

K Life is ridiculous. Participate.

D Forget it.

K I want you to move out.

D Jesus.

K Yeah, it's time.

D Because I won't get married? Because I won't have a baby?

K No.

D Oh, ok, then why?

K Uh, because you don't pay rent. Uh, because you don't work.

D You're joking, right?

K No, no joke. It's time. We can date, that's fine. But I'm tired of supporting you.

D Is that how you see it?

K It's not "how I see it," it's how it is. I'm sick of it.

D I do work. I do have a job.

K You don't make money.

D But I do work.

K Designing games? Everyone on the planet designs games. It's only work if you get paid. Do you get paid to design games?

D Not yet. You know that.

K Then it's not work. It's play. It's fooling around.

D Jesus. You sound like my parents.

K Two people who work.

D Yeah, and are always on my case.

K Not about me, they love me.

D Yeah, they love you.

K You make it sound like they shouldn't.

D They wouldn't like this aspect of you.

K What aspect is that?

D This hectoring, needling, pushy aspect.

K Well, I like it about me. I like to hector and needle and push when I've been sitting around on my ass watching you do nothing for three years.

D I've only been sitting around doing nothing for one year.

K Fourteen months.

D Thirteen months. I took that temp job at Christmas.

K You worked at the wrap desk for three weeks.

D And I was a Santa's helper for one week.

K But Santa ran off with all the money.

D He was supposed to pay me.

K But he didn't, Dave. He didn't. You don't seem to understand money. That's your problem. There's money you might get for games and money you didn't get for being Santa's helper and then there's real money – you know, the kind that actually happens, the kind you can actually put in your pocket.

D What does all this have to do with the baby?

K Get married or have a baby or move out. You have to do one of the three. You don't have to do two of three, just one.

D Can I do two of three if I want?

K Of course.

D Can I get married and move out?

K Yes, you can do that.

(They laugh.)

D Look...

K What?

D I'll tell you how I feel and maybe we can take it from there.

K Ok.

D However it happened...

K However what happened?

D The baby.

K It was a mistake, Dave. You know that.

D Ok, well... however it came to pass...

K It came to pass as a mistake.

D Fine. What I'm trying to say is...

K Just say it.

D I don't think you should have an abortion.

K Ok.

D Because you've already had one and...



K Ok, yes, I hear you.

D But...

K But you're not ready to be a father.

D No.

K Or a husband.

D That I'm not so sure about.

K Ok, well this is how I feel. I'm not ready to support you. Although I have been, it's a thing... I'll call it an accident, a mistake, like other mistakes... it's something we've drifted into that I don't feel comfortable with.

D Why not?

K It makes me feel like I'm buying a boyfriend.

D But if I was a husband it would be ok.

K No. It wouldn't.

D Ok. So where does that leave us?

K I don't know. I want you to want me to have the baby.

D I don't. It might be right for you but it's wrong for me, right now. And I don't think I'll "grow up" because I suddenly have this responsibility thrust upon me. I don't. I might screw it up. I don't want to set myself up to screw up.

K Ok. Well, if I have the kid, the baby, I'll need your help.

D I know. I'm just not sure I'm ready to be a full time dad. I'm just being honest.

K Ok.

D So what have we established?

K We've established I'm having a baby.

D And what else? What else have we established?

K Nothing.

D You don't seem annoyed.

K I'm not. I'm having a baby. That's a pretty big deal.

D Yeah.

K The rest I don't know about.

D Ok. So I don't have to get a job.

K Not any time soon.

D Ok. Good. Cause that's all I really care about.

K For now.

D Ok.

K I mean, if you're living here you're not going to ignore the baby.

D What do you mean?

K If it's like crying and starving to death and peeing all over itself you'd be some kind of pig to not get up from your computer and help it.

D Well obviously.

K And if you're not working that means you're basically loafing around here all the time with the baby crying and puking and needing attention so...

D Look, you just gave me nine months of freedom. Can we not get all into the next eighteen years already?

K Seven months of freedom.

D Ok, seven months.

K And kids need to be supported into their mid-twenties now. It's no longer you're done when they graduate from college.

D Really?

K Look at you. If I didn't support you your parents would have to.

D I guess that's why they like you.

K Hello.

D Ok.

K Ok.

(Blackout.)

End

