

**BEN AND JESS (A MARRIED COUPLE. BEN IS
BILL AND NANCY'S ELDEST SON.)**

NOTE: A double slash (//) indicates the place where the next character's line should begin.

JESS: Ben? What are you doing? // You're still working?

BEN: Hey, babe. I'm so behind- The judge on this case is like monumentally unsympathetic. What are you doing up?

JESS: I just did four back-to-back phone sessions- and then my sleepwalker needed an "emergency call." What happened to Brian?

BEN: Who?

JESS: Your brother?

BEN: Oh, yeah, he went out for a drink.

JESS: Sounds kind of lonely.

BEN: I think he was lonely and that's why he went.

JESS: And your parents?

BEN: Went to bed hours ago.

JESS: In the same room?

BEN: I thought it was kind of a good sign.

JESS: Sure, if you block out the part where they barely spoke to each other, and then your mom pretended to have dementia. And then your dad told a dick joke.

BEN: No, I know, it's insane, they're children. Come here. Come here come here.

NOTE: IGNORE STAGE DIRECTIONS FOR THIS AUDITION

(She goes to him. Leans down to kiss him. He kisses her stomach.)

JESS: It's not even that. It's more how you get when you're around them.

BEN: Wait, how do I get?

JESS: And what's going on with your hands?

BEN: It's my eczema, you know // and I don't have my cream-

JESS: Where's your cream?

BEN: I don't have it.

JESS: Okay, it's fine, let's go to bed, we'll be home in the morning.

BEN: Babe.

JESS: What?

BEN: We can't // leave them like this-

JESS: Wait, no, Ben, no, no, no. I already canceled today's sessions to be here. // I have like a million things to do before this baby comes-

BEN: They need us- They need us-

JESS: They need professional help-

BEN: And look, Brian is obviously useless, and-

JESS: They don't even want us here-

BEN: Trust me. I get it -you don't think, you don't think it pisses me off.

JESS: What?

BEN: I mean none of this makes any sense. Are they serious? Is it a cry for help? Is it even real?!

JESS: Wait, no, people crying for help is real Ben. It means they need help; it means help me.

BEN: No. I know, all I'm trying to say is - Just look at the facts, okay.
They never fought.
They always got along.
They have stuff in common- they're about to have a grandchild together.
What else do they want?

JESS: I don't know. Love.

BEN: Sure, whatever that means.

JESS: Do you not know // what it means?

BEN: No, I know what it means for us, obviously-

JESS: Okay.

BEN: I'm saying for them, at their age. And anyway, I'm not even talking about love; I'm talking about marriage.

JESS: What are you talking about?

BEN: I don't know what we're talking about. All I'm saying is, sure, maybe they never had some, like, great marriage, But I always thought they had, like, a regular marriage.

JESS: A regular marriage.

BEN: Uh-huh.

JESS: And what is that to you? What's a regular marriage?

BEN: A marriage, I guess, that doesn't end. Sorry, babe, I'm not in a place to be like super articulate or deep right now- I'm getting crushed.

JESS: Could you- Could you maybe just not call me that anymore..

BEN: What?

JESS: Babe. I'm not a baby.
I'm not an actual baby you do realize that.

BEN: It's a term of affection.

JESS: Right. But **when** somebody doesn't like it then its hostile.

BEN: Okay. Good night. Love you, babe. I love you.

JESS: Good night. Love you too.

BEN MONOLOGUE (BEN IS BILL AND NANCY'S ELDEST, MOST RESPONSIBLE SON)

BEN: Great, so great, so now it's official, the whole thing was a joke.

No, great, no, that feels good.

To finally get that out in the open. Nobody was happy, nobody was honest, everyone was suffering and compromising.

Hallelujah

What a relief to know that nothing was anything other than pure, unmitigated, bullshit

I mean, every Christmas. Every birthday.

Every baseball game. Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.

Every family photo, every family trip, every hug, every lesson learned, take your pep talks, your matching plaid pajamas-

Just erase it all and replace it with bullshit.

Our whole childhood.

Just blown sky-high into bullshit.

(To Nancy) And here I am, like an idiot, finding an Airbnb

for you. Because I want you to be happy
And comfortable. And making sure it has AC and wifi,
and is pet-friendly in case you want to get a cat-
Because Dad was always "allergic:" but hey, it's a new day-

And I'm putting it all on my credit card and handling
things, like an idiot-

(To Jess) And then you're pissed at me, for calling you
"babe; 'When, like, you used to love that, You used to
talk in baby talk, literal sexy baby talk- When we were
fooling around-

~~JESS: Are you serious, are you-~~

BEN: Oh, sorry everyone, is this too personal now-?
Sorry Mom, Dad, Bri. Fuck you all.

(Back to Jess) You did, you talked in that high little baby
talk-

~~JESS. I was playing around-~~

BEN: You wanted to be all sexy baby. And now I'm
the jerk, 'Cause I don't see you-

When the truth is, you never told me you changed your mind, and you never told me we do not communicate! That's the truth.

We do not communicate.

And that scares the shit out of me
Because we are about **to-to-to-**
Start a family!

Start a family -
That sounds stupid.
How stupid does that sound right now?

I mean, I mean,
What kind of a loving family-
What kind of grandparents are you-
You're supposed to want to be-
Knitting booties or woodworking a crib or whatever-
And now, because of you, my skin is literally like
peeling off my body-
And-

(To his parents) I don't even want you. I
don't even want you around him.
You-yes, you- With the lies and the-
I-just feel like-honestly- Honestly, it would be
simpler,
It would be easier if you had just died.
Because at least that would make

sense. At least then, I could keep my memories.

You want to know what love is?

Love is commitment.

Love is commitment!

(Ben breaks down completely.)

BILL - "STAND UP" ROUTINE

(Night has turned into day. Bill is alone, puttering and packing. Some furniture is missing. More huge piles of clothes fill the living room. From across the way, a neighbor's dog whimpers tragically, left alone. It might even howl. Bill pauses to listen. Maybe he considers murdering the dog. Instead, he continues to pack as he works on his stand-up.)

BILL: ... "I've been married fifty years... We each had a very happy twenty years. After that, we met!"

"I'm the kinda guy who... I'm the kinda man who... I'm a guy who... I'm the kinda husband who... I'm a gentleman, ladies and gentlemen!"

Oh no. That doesn't work.

"I'm a gentleman, folks."

"Folks. Hey there, folks. Thanks for coming out. I'm from Delaware."

Delaware.

Think of a joke about Delaware.

(He tries to think of something)

There's nothing funny about Delaware. Maybe that's the joke. "There's nothing funny about Delaware"

Work on it.

"I worked my whole life as a pharmacist, folks. Let me tell you what that's like. Nobody much cares that you're there

'til they need you- It's not like being a doctor, ooooh doctors. Nope, the pharmacist, well, you're just expected to be there, twenty-four seven- but make one mistake, you could kill someone!”

(Tries again.) “Make one mistake, you could kill someone!”

Nope.

“So, recently, my wife kicked me out... The wife and I split up. She walked me to my car and said: ‘I hope you die a miserable death.’”

“I said, ‘So you're asking me to come back?’”

So, you're asking me to come back?

(A sudden plea.)

So, you're asking me to come back?

BILL AND BEN (FATHER AND OLDEST SON.)

NOTE: A double slash (//) indicates the place where the next character's line should begin.

BEN: I'm actually glad we have a quick sec here, um...

BILL: Uh-oh.

BEN: Nope, not going to be intense, just- I actually had a quick check-in with Bri this morning, and, uh, he seemed pretty upset, but you know, that's Brian.

BILL: That's Brian.

BEN: Obviously, we all know that Mom is the instigator of all this-

BILL: I would have slogged it out.

BEN: Right. And now she's throwing around blame.

BILL: Typical.

BEN: And, and, and according to Brian, she's got something stuck in her head about a new friend of yours named Carla.

BILL: Who is that?

BEN: You don't know who that is.

BILL: No idea.

BEN: Okay, great. Because Brian said that Mom said You guys "sext."

BILL: What is that?

BEN: You send each other text messages of a sexual nature.

BILL: Brian is not a reliable narrator. He's like your mother that way.

BEN: So, you've never sexted with a "Carla?"

BILL: Nope.

BEN: Do you even know a Carla?

BILL: Nope. Not that I know of.

BEN: You don't know a Carla that you know of. Do you know a Carla that you don't know of?

BILL: Ben, for God sakes. There's no Carla. There're no sex messages. You know I don't text. I don't even know how.

BEN: Can I see your phone?

BILL: What?

BEN: Can I see your phone?

BILL: What phone?

BEN: Just show me your phone.

BILL: I don't even know where it is. I hardly use the thing.

BEN: You don't have it.

BILL: Can we let this go? Can I get off the witness stand please?

BEN: You're right you're right you're right. I don't know what's wrong with me I'm under a lot of pressure and it's a very stressful time and... Come on. Come here, Dad. You know, I think you're right, I think Mom's imagination gets the best of her sometimes.

BILL: She was always a dreamer.

BEN: Still is.

BILL: Exactly.

BEN: Didn't mean to make you feel like I was cross-examining you.

BILL: No harm done.

BEN: Come here.

(They hug.. Ben tries to feel in all of Bill's pockets for a possible phone. They get in a weird tussle.)

BILL: What the hell are you- Stop that - // stop it. Stop it. Stop it. Get off me.

BEN: I felt it! I fucking felt it in your- chest pocket-give me that-

BILL: That is a box of Tic Tacs!

BEN: Fine, give me a Tic Tac. Give me just one Tic Tac.

(Bill does not.)

Hand over the phone. Dad? Hand over the phone.

BILL: What am I, twelve years old? No. No, I'm not handing over my phone.

BEN: GIVE ME THE FUCKING PHONE.

(The dog across the way starts wildly yapping again)

BILL: Quiet down. We'll be the talk of the entire neighborhood.

BEN: I would love to make you the talk of the neighborhood. Do you want me to see if I can?

BILL: There's nothing on it anyway. You're not going to find anything.

(He hands the phone to Ben.)

BEN: What's the password?

BILL: Our anniversary.

(Ben types it in.)

What's going on with your hands.

BEN: It's my eczema, Dad, you know I get eczema when I get stressed.

BILL: Don't get it all over my phone.

BEN: You know what? You know what?

Never mind.

(Ben glares at his father. He stares at the phone. He looks into the mid-distance for a while. He walks around. For a while he has no idea what to do.)

Okay. Okay. So. This is... pretty disgusting.

BILL: Well, you looked, so.

BEN: Did you actually do all the things in these - No, forget it, forget it, forget it-

BILL: It can't shock you. You were in a fraternity.

BEN: This doesn't shock me. The thing that shocks me is... Not this, it's...

BILL: What?

BEN: I just, I never realized how, like, completely full of shit you are.

BILL: It takes two to tango.

BEN: I mean you were... You were...You were a veteran, you signed up to go. And work- You worked your ass off. - And you were so hard on anyone who dared to falter-

BILL: I love your mother.

BEN: How can you say that? Come on, you lied and now you're running away-

BILL: I do love her. I do. I always have and I always will.

BEN: Then I guess you've got a pretty fucked up idea of love.

(side one) BILL AND NANCY (A COUPLE MARRIED FOR 40-50 YEARS, WANTING A DIVORCE)

NANCY: *(Referring to wedding her ring)* I guess I should give this back. That feels sort of strange.

(She puts her ring on the kitchen table.)

BILL: Keep it. Go on. It didn't mean a thing anyway.

NANCY: How can you say that? You don't mean... Hal?

BILL: Yeah, Hal. Good old Hal. Let's not talk about Hal- I spent enough of my life thinking about that bag of shit.

NANCY: Hold on. No-you have to understand- I thought it was just mine- A problem I had, I never meant for it to hurt you. Honestly, I'm shocked you even noticed.

BILL: Oh, I noticed. It's a lot easier being the fantasy, you know that? You never have to do the day in, day out.

NANCY: Well, I'm shocked. You never seemed to notice me at all- It's just like the canoe.

BILL: What canoe?

NANCY: I've told you this- How my father used to take me out on the lake in the canoe- We would paddle for hours in total silence... And he taught me never to take my paddle out of the water. Forward and back, forward and back. So that I wouldn't even make the smallest splash, the tiniest sound. And now I think... I lived my entire life that way - no splash - No impact. I said I would like a divorce, you just said, "All right."

BILL: What was I supposed to say? Was I supposed to fight for you?

NANCY: Is that too much to ask?

BILL: I can't play this game with you, Nancy, I don't know the rules. I was trying to be accommodating.

NANCY: I don't want to be accommodated. Don't accommodate me. See me. Challenge me. Touch me. Destroy me. Do something to me so I know that I'm here. I just want to know that I'm here, alive.

BILL: Nancy, I drove a truck through the wall of our house.

NANCY: That was an accident.

BILL: You know, for a bright woman, you can be remarkably slow on the uptake.

NANCY: You're saying you did that for me?

BILL: I don't know, I don't know why I did it. I hate this place, "Grand Horizons. You try to smash it, and it grows back like an octopus. It's an octopus. I'd blow the whole thing up if I could.

(side two) BILL AND NANCY (A COUPLE MARRIED FOR 40-50 YEARS, WANTING A DIVORCE)

NANCY: You're a maniac. You're out of your mind.

BILL: Well, if I'm out of my mind, it's because you made me this way. You think you had no impact in your stupid canoe with all your splashing and paddling around, that's a laugh.

NANCY: What impact did I have?

BILL: You were my whole life, Nancy. You've been my whole entire life.

(A pause. Nancy takes that in.)

NANCY: How?

BILL: It's just science, plain science- Every meal you've ever cooked is now what makes up the cells in my body. This stuff you picked out at the grocery store. The pot roast you made over and over and over, the eternal pot roast, I am literally made up of that now. My cholesterol, well... That's your fondness for eggs in the morning.

NANCY: You liked eggs. That was you-

BILL: I prefer toast. (*Pause*) I have more wrinkles on the left side of my face, ever notice that? How it's sort of smushed up? That's from years and years of sleeping on my left side. Because I know you like to sleep on your left and I used to like to hold on to you that way. So, my face, my whole face is a result of how you sleep.

NANCY: You can't hold me responsible for your crooked face-

BILL: And while we're on the subject of romance. Let me tell you something, Nancy. You were no acrobat.

NANCY: Oh, fuck you, Bill.

BILL: You just lay there expecting me to figure it out, Well, I'm not a mind reader. How the hell was I supposed to know what you wanted.

NANCY: You could have asked.

BILL: I didn't know the questions. I would have done anything, anything to please you.

NANCY: You didn't even try.

BILL: I was trying the whole time. That was me trying.

NANCY: Well, you don't have to try anymore. Doesn't that feel fantastic?!?

BILL: It does. // It feels fucking great. I'm a new man.

NANCY: I'm twenty years old again. I can't wait to get the hell out of here.

BILL: Then go. Get the hell out!!

A NEIGHBOR: *(From off)* Hey, quiet down over there!

BILL: You quiet down! Quiet down your goddamn self.

NANCY: We will NOT QUIET DOWN. WE WILL NOT BE QUIET.

BILL: We spent enough time being quiet.

NANCY: We're going to be loud. And if you don't like it, you can come at us.

BILL: Okay, that's okay, Nancy-

NANCY: We will fuck you up, lady. We will fuck you up.

Group- Bill, Nancy, Ben, Brian, Jess

NOTE: A double slash (//) indicates the place where the next character's line should begin.

(The sudden sound of several sharp gunshots)

BEN: Jesus Christ, // what is that-

JESS: Oh my god-

(Now it's recognizable as the TV next door)

BILL: The lady next door watches crime shows all day. Over there, they've got a dog, yappy little thing. Nothing to be done 'til they ship them off to Rose Court.

JESS: Rose Court?

BILL: This is independent living. Rose Court is the next stop on the line, it's more of an assisted situation.

JESS: Got it.

BRIAN: There's a medical facility-

BILL: You stay until you... *(Die)*

BEN: Okay, Dad, let's come sit with Mom-

BILL: It's one-stop shopping. And then in the cafeteria they put your picture up there on the bulletin board with all the other news. So, it's like, "Okay, everyone, so it's gonna rain Friday, Ed is this week's bingo champion, Sheila's started a new book club. Sam and Joanie are dead.

JESS: Okay, Bill-

BILL: I'm taking a class. They got classes here. I've been doing stand-up comedy. I'm starting to think, if I wasn't a pharmacist, I would've been a stand-up comedian. Anybody want to hear a joke?

BEN: No, Dad, definitely not.

BRIAN: Not right now, Dad.

NANCY: God, no.

JESS: One thing I've been thinking about is the fact that You've both been through a lot of transitions recently. Moving here, packing up the old house- Also, fifty years, that's a big milestone. And I don't know if we marked that enough, Or, like, celebrated enough-

BRIAN: I made a video.

JESS: That's right.

BRIAN: Did you guys even watch it?

JESS: Yes. Yes, we did.

NANCY: I watched it, Brian.

BRIAN: Thanks, Mom.

NANCY: It was very good.

BRIAN: Thanks.

JESS: Obviously, talking about all this stuff can feel awkward, even painful. Communicating. Honestly, when I work with couples in my practice we often start with just trying to make eye contact, or hold hands-

BILL: *(With great disdain)* Hold hands?

JESS: When was the last time you two held hands?

NANCY: // I don't know...

BILL: I don't think so.

BEN: Guys, hold hands.

JESS: Don't push them.

BEN: They can hold hands.

JESS: But they don't have to right now. Fear is normal.

BILL: Fear? I'm not afraid of it. I can hold anybody's hand.

BEN: *(Sharper, like a coach)* Guys. Guys. Come on.

BILL: Fine, what do I care.

*(Bill and Nancy very awkwardly hold hands. It's agony.
Ben looks to Jess like: "This is progress.")*

JESS: Okay, how does that feel?

NANCY: Fine.

BILL: Stupid.

JESS: Now Nancy, if I were your therapist-which obviously- But I have done this a lot, I have helped a lot of people avoid a lot of loneliness and regret- So, anyway, the next exercise would be for you to try telling Bill, what you want-

NANCY: I want a divorce.

**BRIAN AND NANCY (BRIAN IS NANCY'S
YOUNGEST SON.)**

NANCY: Your father has something on the side.

BRIAN: What?

NANCY: I want to say that outright because I feel like I'm getting blamed about all this and it's not fair.

BRIAN: What do you mean he has something on the side?

NANCY: What do you think I mean? A woman.

BRIAN: What?

NANCY: A girlfriend. He has a girlfriend on the side. Carla.

BRIAN: Carla?

NANCY: Yes. She lives in Vista View.

BRIAN: Vista View?

NANCY: It's the set of homes near the highway.

BRIAN: Near the highway?

NANCY: Why do you keep repeating everything I'm saying?

BRIAN: I'm having trouble understanding.

NANCY: I'm only telling you because he's saying I'm the one who suggested a divorce. Which is true, in a way, but he's hardly blameless in the situation.

BRIAN: How did this...How did they...

NANCY: Stand-up comedy class, at the rec center. Apparently he's a "real hoot." He parades her around the rec room, the cafeteria, that kind of thing. She's much younger. A real floozy, you know the type. Very provocative.

BRIAN: Uh-huh.

NANCY: And I think they "sext." That's what you call it, right? Sexting? Sending pictures?

BRIAN: Okay, Mom? Mom? I actually don't think I can have this conversation with you.

NANCY: You're a grown man, Brian.

BRIAN: What's that supposed to mean?

NANCY: You're old enough to contemplate the fact that your father sexts.

BRIAN: No, I know that. I just don't want to.

NANCY: You've certainly put us through enough.

BRIAN: Right. Okay.

(A bit colder now) Mom. I'm sorry this is happening.

If it even is happening.

It's, it's... it must be very embarrassing for you.

NANCY: More for him, I would think. *Carla*.

He's not funny. He's not.

BRIAN: Well, this is good information. And now I'm going to get him to stop.

NANCY: I'm not taking him back.

BRIAN: What do you mean?

NANCY: I'm not taking him back. I love him - I mean I must on some level. But I don't think I'm in love with him.

BRIAN: What does that even mean? Of course you're not "in love" with him anymore. That's not a feeling that lasts.

NANCY: That's a very disappointing attitude, Brian, And I think it explains why you're alone.

BRIAN: I'm only trying to say that... Even if you don't feel "fully in love" right now... Whatever that even means.

I think you can honor the time,
The memory of the time when you were. I know you were.
Once. I know it. Weren't you?

NANCY: I suppose I was.

BRIAN: Of course you were.

NANCY: With Hal Barrow.

BRIAN: Who?

NANCY: Hal Barrow.

BRIAN: Who is that?

NANCY: He was my high school sweetheart.

BRIAN: What are you talking about?

NANCY: Then he went away to college. And then he joined the Peace Corps to pay for it. And then he got a full scholarship to law school. And then he became a lawyer in Chicago. He was very smart... He's dead now.. Stroke.

I saw that on Facebook,

**NANCY AND CARLA (NANCY IS BILL'S
WIFE. CARLA IS HIS MISTRESS)**

NANCY: I don't think I've... Ever really recognized what I saw in the mirror.

CARLA: Oh yeah?

NANCY: I think I can count on one hand the number of times I've looked in the mirror, and the thing I saw matched anything I felt inside.

CARLA: I look in the mirror these days I'm like...
AAAAAAH! I'm not leaving treats; I'm running for cover.

NANCY: I always felt like I had these big things inside me. I mean I did; I know I did. But on the outside, I just looked like a librarian.

CARLA: You mean because...

NANCY: Well, because I was. I was a librarian.

CARLA: Oh. *(Laughs)* Well, that's a great job, you must get to read everything.

NANCY: I did read a lot. I still do. Sometimes I thought about writing a book. I had this idea I could put *my* book on the shelf.

CARLA: You probably could, I mean who's more qualified to write books than a librarian? Write what you know. And you know books.

NANCY: Being a librarian is mostly just telling people to be quiet.

CARLA: Oh, sure, yeah, I could see that.

NANCY: How about you?

CARLA: Oh, I'm a ... I *was* a receptionist-dentist's office.

NANCY: Oh.

CARLA: I mostly tried to cheer people up while I was, you know, finding a time for their root canal. I'd make jokes. Wear a bright print. I'd dress up for holidays, you know? Like those reindeer horns with the bells for Christmas. Or I had this axe that I would put on my head like, chopping through my head, for Halloween. Just trying to say, "*Okay, it's the dentist, but we can still have a good time.*" I did the job that way for forty years.

When I was young, people thought it was cute.
When I got older I think people thought it was kinda sad and crazy. And then, when I got even older, nobody noticed me at all. I could have had a real axe in my head, nobody would have noticed. You know, you get older, you become invisible.

NANCY: Or you're reduced to a cartoon.

CARLA: I know!

NANCY: You're either a cute old grandma, or you're a crotchety old bitch- There is nothing in between.

CARLA: I know, and then I hear younger women complain about- Well, anything- And I just want to punch them in the fucking face. They have no idea what's coming for them.

NANCY: Do you still have sex?

CARLA: That's sort of personal.

NANCY: You're taking my husband; I think it's fair.

CARLA: Well, I'll tell you. I had stopped for a long time. I was so tired of these men, bumping around down there As I pretended to have a good time. So, I had given it up.

NANCY: (*Apprehensive*) Until Bill?

CARLA: Until I got a vibrator.

NANCY: Oh, that's smart.

CARLA: You don't even have to go into a sex store anymore. You just order them on the internet. It comes in a plain box, so nobody knows. And they don't look like a penis anymore, I mean you can get a penis one if you want, but they come in all kinds of shapes. Mine looks like an egg.

NANCY: Really?

CARLA: Like a little blue egg. And it's hands-free.

NANCY: Hands-free? How is that possible...

CARLA: It just tucks right in there. It has different speeds, different rhythms, you can do harder, softer, pulse, steady. It's just like on a blender.

NANCY: That's fantastic.

CARLA: I'm telling you.

NANCY: Who needs marriage, right?

CARLA: Who needs marriage is right. Not that-I mean- look, I don't want you to get the wrong impression- I have the greatest respect for marriage.

NANCY: Have you ever been married?

CARLA: No, like I said I was a receptionist.

NANCY: Well, if you had been, I doubt you would respect it so much.

CARLA: Oh yeah?

NANCY: It's not some high and mighty thing up on a hill. It's sort of a stray dog of a thing. Sometimes it's nice to have someone around. Other times it's more of a box you can't claw your way out of. It holds you. It keeps you. But don't respect it because God knows it doesn't respect you- It's a boa constrictor- It will watch you wither and keep going and going for generations, whether you live or die. Are you getting married?

CARLA: Who?

NANCY: You and Bill.

CARLA: I never thought of myself as the marrying type really. And I don't cook or anything, so...

NANCY: Well, you'll have to cook a bit now. Bill likes to be cooked for. I can send you some recipes.

CARLA: Oh yeah? I don't want to trouble you.

NANCY: It's no trouble at all. It's the least I can do.

**BRIAN AND TOMMY (BRIAN IS BILL AND NANCY'S
YOUNGER SON. TOMMY IS A "HOOK UP" BRIAN MET IN A
BAR.)**

NOTE: A double slash (//) indicates the place where the next character's line should begin.

BRIAN: Come in, come in, come in, Come in – don't mind the pile, That's just clothes of the deceased. So, wait – what was I saying, before, in the –

TOMMY: You mean about the play - your school play-

BRIAN: Right, so-right, Right, so-right... I'll give you like... I'll give.... Like what I do is.... I gave Abigail a best friend. John Proctor has a sister. Reverend Hale has a sort of assistant reverend. Danforth has a clerk and there's a court stenographer-

TOMMY: Am I supposed to know who those people are.

BRIAN: No. they're not people, they're parts. They're parts in a play-

TOMMY: (*Teasing him*) Ohhhh.

BRIAN: The point is. I rotate.

TOMMY: Mmmm, you rotate.

BRIAN: And then, like... like a third of the way through, the first Abigail switches with a new Abigail. But we all know it's still

the same Abigail because she takes off her locket and gives it to the other Abigail.

And, like, John Proctor hands over his glasses to the new Proctor- And the new reverend has a collar, and you know, and so on and so forth- and then it all happens like three more times. // And, of course, I've added extra girls and more spectators in the court room and-

TOMMY: No idea. No idea what you're talking about. No idea. No idea.

BRIAN: I can, seriously. I've managed to get, Like, over two hundred kids into the show-

TOMMY: Wow, I am so hot for teacher // right now.

BRIAN: Okay, okay-

TOMMY: What's your last name?

BRIAN: French – Brian // French.

TOMMY: Mr. French. Ooooh la la, come here-

BRIAN: (*Enjoying the attention*) Alright, hold on - Do you want a drink?

TOMMY: Sure, why not?