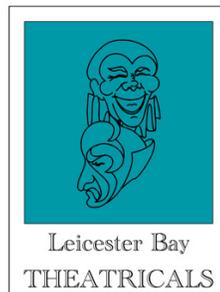


PERUSAL SCRIPT

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a play by
eric samuelsen



Newport, Maine

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INTERSECTION

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INTERSECTION had its world premiere as a Plan-B Theatre/Theatre Arts Conservatory co-production in 2009. Jesse Harward directed, Colleen Lewis produced. The cast was as follows:

MCKENNA–**Emily Harris**

NIKKI–**Sarah Young**

ALANA–**Emma Munson**

NEVAE–**Courtney Bell**

ROSA–**J J Peeler**

DEIRDRE–**Tilly McInnis**

TINA–**Rhiannon Ross**

RILEY–**Rebecca Sands**

BROOKLYN–**Katy Pierce**

CAST of CHARACTERS - 9 f

MCKENNA – her ringtone is The Decemberists, Sixteen Military Wives

NIKKI – her ringtone is Britney Spears, Hit me Baby one more time.

ALANA – her ringtone is Aimee Mann, Wise Up

NEVAE – her ringtone is Franz Ferdinand, No You Girls

ROSA – her ringtone is Tori Amos, Silent All These Years

DEIRDRE – her ringtone is Pussycat Dolls, When I Grow Up

TINA – her ringtone is Flyleaf, Fully Alive

RILEY – her ringtone is Rob Zombie, Living Dead Girl

BROOKLYN – her ringtone is Alice Cooper, Poison

INTERSECTION by Eric Samuelsen 9f About an hour *INTERSECTION* is a snapshot of today's world, a quick glance at troubled friendships, broken families, and domestic violence. Nine young women negotiate a space where evil threatens and violence looms. Premiered as a Plan-B Theatre/Theatre Arts Conservatory co-production in 2009 **Order # 3250**

Eric Samuelsen taught at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio before joining the faculty at Brigham Young University in 1992. He became head of the Playwriting program at BYU in 1999. He has also taught as an adjunct faculty member in the Religion department. He retired from BYU in 2012.

As a playwright, Samuelsen has had twenty-seven plays professionally produced in Utah, Indiana, Louisiana, New York, and California. Some of his plays include *Gadianton*, which has seen three professional productions across the country, *A Love Affair with Electrons*, *Family*, *The Plan*, and *The Way We're Wired*. He is resident playwright at Plan-B Theatre Company in Salt Lake City, who designated their 2013-14 season a 'Season of Eric, including productions of six of his plays.

He is a member of the Playwrights' Circle, and the Dramatists Guild. He is three-time winner of the Annual Award in Playwriting offered by the Association for Mormon Letters (AML) and he became president of AML in 2007. In 2013 the organization awarded him the Smith Pettit Award for his lifetime work as a playwright.

He has been a staff writer for the on-line satirical magazine *The Sugarbeet*. He was also featured in the book *Conversations with Mormon Authors*, edited by Chris Bigelow. He is a noted Ibsen translator, and has also published scholarly articles on 19th and 20th century Scandanavian Theatre, and more recently, on LDS drama and film. He blogged at *Mormoniconoclast.com*. Eric died in September of 2019 after a long battle with polymyositis. This has left a huge hole in the Theatre Community within, and outside of, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

(The set consists of four stools. They could ideally be configured asymmetrically, but with a sense of each marking a corner of the space.)

[OPTIONAL OPENING:]

(MCKENNA's cell goes off; ring tone is The Decemberists, Sixteen Military Wives.)

MCKENNA: Yeah. Yeah, just like I said, I'm here.

(NIKKI's cell, the ringtone is Britney Spears, Hit me Baby one more time.)

NIKKI: Hi.

(ALANA's cell, almost simultaneously, her ringtone is Aimee Mann, Wise Up. She takes a very long time to answer; we hear her ringtone under the next four. DEIRDRE's cell, ringtone is Pussycat Dolls, When I Grow Up.)

DEIRDRE: Yeah?

(TINA's cell, ringtone is Flyleaf, Fully Alive.)

TINA: Hello.

(BROOKLYN's cell, ringtone is Alice Cooper, Poison.)

BROOKLYN: Yo.

(RILEY's cell, ringtone is Rob Zombie, Living Dead Girl.)

RILEY: *(She does a Hannibal Lecter impression.)* Hello, Clarise.

(She laughs.)

Good, huh? So, Brooklyn. 'Sup.

ALANA: *(Wearily.)* Hey Nikki.

(NEVAE's cell, ringtone is Franz Ferdinand, No You Girls.)

NEVAE: Um...yeah?

(ROSA's cell, ringtone is Tori Amos, Silent All These Years.)

ROSA: Yes?

[END OPTIONAL OPENING. IF NOT USED, THE PLAY BEGINS WITH THE FOLLOWING.]

MCKENNA: *(On cell.)* I'm in line. No, I mean, I'm in line, I'm right here.

(NIKKI and ALANA are together.)

NIKKI: So, guess what? Guess who called.

ALANA: Do I even want to know?

NIKKI: Maybe not.

ALANA: Then don't tell me.

NIKKI: No, but...I want to tell you. I mean, I need to.

(DEIRDRE and TINA are together.)

DEIRDRE: So.

TINA: Yeah.

DEIRDRE: I guess we're hanging out. At least until the, you know...

TINA: The sun didn't shine, it was too wet to play, so we sat in the house, all that cold cold wet day.

DEIRDRE: What?

TINA: I'm waiting.

DEIRDRE: For what?

TINA: You already know the answer.

DEIRDRE: I really...

TINA: Thing one and thing two.

ROSA: Some people blog because they know all the answers. Others blog because they're at least aware of the more pertinent questions. Me, I don't know what the questions or the answers are. I blog because I don't know. I blog because I'm scared. I blog because what happens, happened, won't leave my head. I blog because I can't not.

BROOKLYN: Say hello to midnight.

RILEY: Uh, yeah. Nine thirty.

BROOKLYN: We can't go by watches. We can't give in to, what?

RILEY: Time?

BROOKLYN: (*Enraptured.*) The mundane, the pedestrian. We're about to be empowered.

RILEY: I like the sound of that.

BROOKLYN: So it's midnight. The witching hour.

RILEY: Except we're not witches. No eye of newt or toe of frog or--.

BROOKLYN: Don't get hung up on labels.

RILEY: No. Power, that's what we're about. And midnight's more a state of mind.

BROOKLYN: A state of mind, a state of being.

(Mock pretentious.)

Our dark paths cross again.

(RILEY laughs.)

RILEY: And you're hungry, right?

BROOKLYN: I've heard there's a snack involved.

RILEY: Snacking? Okay...

BROOKLYN: Just a snack. From what I've heard.

RILEY: Well. Okay. I've always been open to new experiences.

(They look at each other, laugh.)

BROOKLYN: I feel so... *strong* tonight.

NEVAE: Mom? Could you come get me?

(Pause.)

I'm just really tired.

MCKENNA: No, I'm not...I'm here! Like I said I'd be.

NIKKI: I thought you'd have more to say.

NEVAE: No, Mom, I can't deal with....Mom!?!?!?

MCKENNA: No, if I'm not in line tonight, they won't....No.

ALANA: So. Someone called.

NIKKI: Like I said.

ALANA: A certain someone.

NIKKI: Yeah.

ALANA: So...

NIKKI: That's all?

ALANA: Is there more you would like me to say?

MCKENNA: I'm at the place now.

NIKKI: I'm just saying. He called me.

ALANA: I got that.

MCKENNA: No, I told you I'd get the tickets.

NIKKI: I mean, that's good, right? Him calling.

ALANA: Define good.

MCKENNA: So who's in?

NIKKI: You're pissed.

ALANA: Did I say I was pissed?

NIKKI: You are.

ALANA: Not necessarily.

NIKKI: You're pissed at me.

ALANA: I'm really not.

MCKENNA: No, I told you I'll put 'em on my card and you can pay me back.

ALANA: You say it's none of my business and I'm fine with...

NIKKI: You don't have any right to be pissed at me.

ALANA: Why so defensive?

NIKKI: I'm not.

MCKENNA: Well, obviously, you know, I'm not going to pay for something we're not going to use.

NIKKI: You think, he calls, I should just, like, not pick up or...

ALANA: Did you consider not picking up?

MCKENNA: So I need to know who's...

NIKKI: No. 'Course I'm going to pick up.

MCKENNA: No, no no, that doesn't... I need a *count*.

NEVAE: I didn't get in.

MCKENNA: A head count, I need a....

NEVAE: Yes, Mom. Yes, they posted the...

MCKENNA: I told you before I left, I said you need to, like, twitter or...

NEVAE: No, this was not the call-back, this is the final company...

MCKENNA: No no no, you can't just put this on facebook! Not now!

NEVAE: No, Mom, I did, I checked twice.

MCKENNA: Fine, it's on your wall, that's not... I need a count! Now!

DEIRDRE: So. How's your brother these days?

TINA: Dead.

DEIRDRE: Yeah. Real funny.

TINA: In Iraq, he was killed in Iraq.

DEIRDRE: He was not.

TINA: He was killed by a roadside IED. Tore both his legs off, drove shrapnel deep into his groin.

DEIRDRE: Your brother's not dead.

TINA: Are you sure?

DEIRDRE: He's my cousin, we'da heard.

TINA: He's my brother.

DEIRDRE: Your brother's not dead. Sicko. I mean, what is your deal, we're here, at like a family funeral and you have to make up some nasty ...

TINA: You wondered, though. For a second. You weren't sure. Right?

DEIRDRE: No.

ROSA: So, I found this a couple years ago—here's the link. It's from an event at the University of Michigan, a series of meetings between the university's Women's office and the members of the inter-fraternity council. So this woman, a university attorney, is describing various women's legal issues, and here it is, one of the frat guys, he clues in, he comes up to the mic. Look at his face, absolute outrage, fury. Listen—the audio's not great—but what he says is 'do you mean to tell me, if we have a party, and some chick ends up passed out drunk in one of our rooms, and we take advantage of that, we're guilty of rape? You're calling us rapists?' Outrage, fury. A little fear. 'You mean to tell me this normal, everyday situation is ...criminal?' Like that.

NIKKI: I mean you should have seen me when I heard his ringtone, I mean, that ringtone, I mean I hadn't even heard it for like weeks, old song, Britney's, like, not a ringtone I use for anyone else except him and I forgot it even was his, so you know, it took me a second, you know, I was all 'who is that?' Calling.

ALANA: Mmm hmm.

NIKKI: I'd forgot I even had Britney.

ALANA: And it's that song, right? The real old video with Britney as a Catholic schoolgirl? Back when she was a virgin still? Dancing in the school gym.

NIKKI: Shirt tied at the waist.

ALANA: Strange you'd forget that was his ringtone.

NIKKI: Yeah, weird.

ALANA: I helped you pick out that ringtone. As a warning.

NIKKI: Look it's 'hit' as in like Facebook. It's not...there's a Spongebob cover, it's not what you....

ALANA: Baby one more time.

NIKKI: It's not that. It's not.

ALANA: That's why we picked it.

NIKKI: No. I just like that song is all.

MCKENNA: No, what, no, *ebay*, no, forget it, I'm going to like buy tickets, *just in case*, *sell* the rest on...you were going to talk to people!

NEVAE: I'm telling you I didn't make the corps Mom. That's what I'm saying.

ROSA: Like Burger King, they've got this new thing, this little tiny hamburger, like a culinary step down from White Castle, right? Link to their ad for it; this guy opens the wrapper, instantly five amazing hot girls are leaning over him: 'oh, look, that's so cute!' Like he's holding a puppy or a kitten. And they're like spilling out of their tops, unaware of course, because when women encounter cuteness we forget we

even have such a thing as cleavage. They've got another one, the Burger King King sampling Sir Mix Alot, the big butts song. With Sponge Bob. Burgers equal sex—talk about selling the sizzle. And we're not talking Whoppers. We're talking nasty nasty little tiny burgers

(DEIRDRE Sighs deeply.)

DEIRDRE: I'm sorry. I just feel kinda weird.

TINA: Hey. It's fun to have fun. You just have to know how.

DEIRDRE: What are you doing?

TINA: You just need to look under the hat.

DEIRDRE: I don't get what you're...

TINA: I'm saying there's stuff we can do. We could view this as an opportunity.

DEIRDRE: I guess.

TINA: If you want to. The funeral's not for hours; perfect time for some creative anarchy.

DEIRDRE: If you want to.

TINA: So we put the fish in the teapot and ruin your Mom's best dress.

DEIRDRE: What?

TINA: Do something fun!

DEIRDRE: I'm sorry. I guess I'm being sort of a bitch.

TINA: It's all good.

DEIRDRE: To you. My friends are all like at cheerleading camp and crap...

TINA: That's nothing, mine are mostly in prison.

DEIRDRE: Yeah, funny.

TINA: Well, you know, not so much for them.

ALANA: Look, I'm your friend. That's all.

NIKKI: Best friend.

ALANA: Well, yeah. Point is, I'm not your Mom. Or, you know, confessor, priest, bartender.

NIKKI: No, I know.

ALANA: I want to help. If I can. If you'll let me.

(NIKKI turns from her.)

Nikki?

TINA: So. Things one and two are cheerleading. Your house: entertainment options include...?

(DEIRDRE laughs uncertainly.)

DEIRDRE: Well, we're supposed to be mourning.

TINA: Rend our clothing, sure, I can get behind that.

DEIRDRE: I'm saying we probably shouldn't go anywhere.

TINA: Oh we absolutely should go somewhere.

DEIRDRE: I'm saying our Moms, you know. Poor Uncle Jerry. The viewing and all. And out of town family and all.

TINA: Yes, please let us look for ways to make ourselves useful.

DEIRDRE: Or at least not underfoot.

TINA: How well did you know Uncle Jerry?

DEIRDRE: Some. Same as you.

TINA: So we don't either of us actually feel bad. About him ...

DEIRDRE: Passing on.

TINA: Croaked. Bit the dust. Rebooted. Food for worms.

DEIRDRE: Tina!

NEVAE: It's not really that big a deal, Mom.

MCKENNA: Do I have to go through all our friends? Okay, Jesse, is she in?

ROSA: Plus, you know, Judd Apatow movies, bromances, guys being guys. Some of those are sort of sweet, and they're mostly honest, and that, that's what's sort of horrifying. Not that they're wrong. They're not wrong. They're right.

TINA: We're cousins, right? We're friends, even. Officially.

DEIRDRE: Sure.

TINA: And similarly disinclined to sentimentalize the death of a relative we hardly knew and didn't like?

DEIRDRE: What?

TINA: How bad do we really feel as opposed to how bad we're supposed to feel?

DEIRDRE: What's your point?

TINA: Well, like even my visit, it's pro forma. Sad times. Mourning, ritual. Wipe a tear.

DEIRDRE: He was our Uncle Jerry.

TINA: Right.

DEIRDRE: I mean, cancer and all, that sucks.

TINA: Sure.

DEIRDRE: Even for...well, don't want to speak ill of you know

TINA: A pervy old grabass.

DEIRDRE: Tina ...?

TINA: Our moms' brother, and thus a tragic tale, but he groped me at your sister's reception last year, and I'm pretty sure I saw him touching you in a bad place too.

DEIRDRE: He tried.

TINA: You can feel...loss. I don't, but you can. I just think it unlikely you feel all that devastated.

DEIRDRE: Well yeah. I guess.

TINA: Meanwhile...

DEIRDRE: Meanwhile what do we do? When you can't really do what you normally would do.

TINA: We hang. We explore what's under the hat.

DEIRDRE: Are you, like, quoting something?

TINA: You really are hopeless. Komm, wir dröhnen uns zu.

DEIRDRE: What?

TINA: Let's roll.

DEIRDRE: Yeah okay. I just wish I felt better

TINA: So do that. Feel better.

DEIRDRE: If I just weren't so tired...

TINA: Be less tired.

DEIRDRE: All this...talk, I'm kind of getting a headache. I was just wondering if you'd mind too much if...

TINA: What?

DEIRDRE: If I took a nap.

TINA: I would, yes. I'd mind a great deal.

NEVAE: No, they just... They took eight. Eight.

MCKENNA: Okay, what about Alison? No, Alison.

DEIRDRE: I was just thinking since we're cousins, family.

TINA: We find something to do.

NEVAE: And I was like eleven or thirteen or...

DEIRDRE: And if I weren't so exhausted...

TINA: Mom's making Swedish meatballs for the thing, the wake. Thirty pounds sausage, thirty pounds ground beef. You wanna spend three hours molding little tiny meatballs? 'Cause she will find us up here if we stay much longer.

(Pause.)

DEIRDRE: We could go I guess.

TINA: I'll drive. You navigate.

NEVAE: No, I'm not going to, no, no, Mom, they *posted the list*. That's it.

ROSA: And their role models, my God, Tom Cruise, wacked out on thetans and ARC and KRC triangles, and Mel Gibson wacked out on like fourteenth century latinate ritual, which of course, of course means Ahmandinjad levels of anti-semitism—can we even watch Lethal Weapon or Max Max anymore? And Will Smith wacked out on 'am I a good person' fantasies, and Will Farrell on sports fantasies and Robert Downey wacked out on his own recovery. Oh, and sports, yes, always sports, A-Rod and Manny being Manny. And Kobe, who they even *caught*.

DEIRDRE: I think maybe I'm anemic.

TINA: Eat a banana.

DEIRDRE: Okay, I don't think they saw us.

TINA: Sweet. And you wanted to show me some places?

DEIRDRE: Right now I'd settle for a park with a good bench.

TINA: I could get into that. Afterwards.

DEIRDRE: After what?

TINA: Well we pretty much have to trash something first.

DEIRDRE: What?

RILEY: Booyah!

BROOKLYN: Yes! Awesome!

RILEY: Oh my gosh. Oh my gosh oh my gosh.

BROOKLYN: Amazing.

RILEY: Wow.

(They catch their breath.)

BROOKLYN: I didn't expect...He said we'd come into our powers, he said we'd feel it—.

RILEY: He said it'd be a rush.

BROOKLYN: But I was thinking it'd be like an initiation. Like a sorority rush, or something, swallow a goldfish, skinny dip in a public fountain.

RILEY: No, like a rite of passage.

BROOKLYN: I didn't expect to be...transformed.

RILEY: No.

BROOKLYN: I didn't know what to expect.

RILEY: No.

BROOKLYN: I didn't expect ...

RILEY: Power.

BROOKLYN: No.

RILEY: I thought I'd feel bad.

BROOKLYN: Yeah...

(They both laugh, the laugh of the empowered.)

I thought it'd be like when you do something really bad and you know it and, you know, guilt and shame and...

(She laughs again.)

RILEY: It's not like that at all.

BROOKLYN: Dang.

(Touches her mouth.)

RILEY: What?

BROOKLYN: Bit my lip.

(Feels her lip. Suddenly they both laugh again.)

RILEY: That could take some getting used to.

BROOKLYN: Yeah.

(Shrugs it off.)

So. What's next?

RILEY: He said we'd be on our own. No instructions.

BROOKLYN: Just, like, wing it?

RILEY: But be smart about it.

BROOKLYN: Well then. I guess we...

RILEY: Start.

BROOKLYN: I'm so psyched.

(RILEY and BROOKLYN look at each other, excited, quickly hug. Start hunting.)

TINA: Deirdre...

DEIRDRE: My head's just killing me.

TINA: Sucks to be you.

DEIRDRE: Seriously. You gotta help me.

TINA: Yeah. Okay.

DEIRDRE: Find me something.

TINA: Sure.

DEIRDRE: Something...

TINA: You bet.

NEVAE: So...can I quit?

(She gets to listen to a very long telephone monologue from her Mom)

MCKENNA: What do you mean, who...it's the Decemberists. The Decemberists! Oh, come on, you can't possibly, we've been talking about this for...Crane Wife! Hazards of Love! The Tain!

NIKKI: So he wants to see me again.

ALANA: I figured.

NIKKI: So I'm seeing him tomorrow night.

ALANA: Okay.

(Pause, she processes.)

Again, unsurprising.

NIKKI: See! You are pissed!

ALANA: Somewhat concerned.

NIKKI: Not just.... you think I'm screwing up. Again.

ALANA: I didn't say...

NIKKI: You've got that look. Your mouth...

ALANA: I don't know what look...

NIKKI: Judgmental.

ALANA: Worried.

NIKKI: This is my life. This is my choice.

ALANA: Yes it is.

NIKKI: Yes it is!

ALANA: So do what you think you need to.

NIKKI: I will!

MCKENNA: No, that's not...that's the Fray. "How to save a life," you're thinking about The Fray. You seriously think I would stand in line for tickets for a boring-ass band like The Fray?

TINA: We could go to your school.

DEIRDRE: My school? And what?

TINA: Do stuff.

DEIRDRE: Like?

TINA: Stuff. Make a statement.

DEIRDRE: Make a *statement*?

TINA: Like they do with the Earth Day stuff.

DEIRDRE: Earth Day?

TINA: They put up posters. Yeh rah earth. Save the planet. With baby seals.

DEIRDRE: I've seen those...

TINA: So we're here, we go, we do something that says that. We came, we saw, we tagged something.

DEIRDRE: Oh, no. No, I can't tag my school, I'd get in so much trouble.

TINA: That's sort of the point.

DEIRDRE: No. No, I'm all about doing something, you know, like meaningful and all, but that doesn't mean I...

TINA: Fine, Earth Day's cool, whatever. Hacky sack. We could go to the park and watch the hacky sack guys.

DEIRDRE: Or not.

TINA: See how long they can keep it in the air. My old school, there was this one guy, he had like dreadlocks; he'd hacksack in Sketchers: amazing.

DEIRDRE: In Sketchers?

TINA: Yeah and a headband. I had to break his ankle, he was too beautiful.

DEIRDRE: You, what? Broke his...

TINA: Even hacky sack has its own requirements, and beauty pays a price. Or, you know what, farmer's market, I bet there's a farmer's market weekends and we could go and get some squash, like really exotic squash, shapes and colors, and toss it off an overpass, nail an SUV, splat, save the planet that way.

DEIRDRE: Pass.

TINA: I'm saying there's stuff we can do.

DEIRDRE: Don't think so.

TINA: Lots of stuff.

DEIRDRE: Loser bullcrap.

TINA: Or. You know what, get a Jamba Juice.

DEIRDRE: Fine.

TINA: If you're not into other things.

MCKENNA: (*Spelling aloud.*) D-E-C-E-M-B-E- Never mind, I'll text it.

NEVAE: Mom...

NIKKI: You're not being supportive.

ALANA: I'm always supportive.

NIKKI: You're not.

ALANA: I'm supportive of you.

NIKKI: You think I shouldn't see him.

ALANA: I think...

NIKKI: No, I don't want to hear it.

ALANA: I just need to say one thing...

NIKKI: Not interested.

ALANA: I think he put you in the hospital. The last time you were together.

(Pause.)

NIKKI: That's not what happened.

TINA: You said you were depressed. Down. Over poor Uncle Jerry.

DEIRDRE: Headache.

TINA: Prompted, methinks, by lassitude.

DEIRDRE: I thought you might have drugs.

TINA: Like Zoloft. Totally.

DEIRDRE: My mom locks hers up.

TINA: Yeah, sucks.

DEIRDRE: You've got Zoloft?

TINA: Sorry.

DEIRDRE: You just said...never mind, sounded like you might have...

TINA: No. I've got some Sudafed.

DEIRDRE: I'm tired, I'm depressed, I don't have a cold.

TINA: Who said anything about having a cold?

ROSA: Guys, say sixteen to twenty eight. That demo. Single-handedly keeping four industries afloat—video games, beer, sports and porn. Probably six industries, if you add fast food and hip hop. I mean, there are twenty two million guys in that demo, and they share apartments and work crappy jobs and they're basically the only growth sectors of the economy, keeping them amused. And we have to keep them amused. Un-bored. Here we are now. Entertain us. Nothing's changed for twenty years.

NIKKI: He didn't put me in the hospital. I put myself in the hospital.

ALANA: I drove you.

NIKKI: No, I had an accident...

ALANA: I was who you called, I drove you...

NIKKI: And I remember and you were great, but lets get our facts right...

ALANA: I checked you in, I called your Mom.

NIKKI: It was an accident.

ALANA: So you say now.

NIKKI: Because that's what it was.

ALANA: Well, you say that now.

NIKKI: He's changed. He promises.

ALANA: That makes me feel so much better.

ROSA: Like the Columbine guys, Harris and Klebold, everyone's all 'they were into Halo.' Well, and Marilyn Manson. And bowling, as Michael Moore pointed out. But who were they really—perps or victims? No, that's not the question, that's not putting it right. What they were was terminally not cool. Thanatops. Killers who were also mostly already dead.

NIKKI: Look, you don't...you're not...this is my ...

ALANA: I know it is.

NIKKI: Me and him, we're... he wants me back.

ALANA: Yes.

NIKKI: You're not the boss of me.

ALANA: You sound like my brother. 'You're not the boss of me.'

NIKKI: You're pissed at me, you think I'm being stupid, you think...

ALANA: I think the next time he hits you it could very well be with a baseball bat.

NIKKI: This conversation is over.

ALANA: And when he does, it's my number you'll call.

NIKKI: I'm not listening to this.

(NEVAE waits forlornly. RILEY and BROOKLYN approach her, unsure how to approach.)

NEVAE: Hey.

BROOKLYN: Hey.

NINE MORE PAGES TO THE END