

Piñata: a dark comedy

by

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Abstract

Piñata: A Dark Comedy is a dark comedy written to explore what an audience is willing to laugh at and what remains when the laughter has finished. Set in a tavern, *Piñata* showcases the comedic on goings of a few young adults. Stephen enacts an extensive scheme to show Marcy that her boyfriend is no good for her. Stephen's friend Wick attempts to cope with haunting trauma as his sister, Lily, does what she can to get Stephen's attention. The characters navigate each others desires and needs through witty banter and outrageous stories. These comedic antics build in intensity until the play reaches a shocking climax. This moment thrusts the audience into a state of discomfort. The play is prefaced with a critical chapter that explores the way in which the play deals with its audience and how the play utilizes audience laughter.

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Dedication

For her unyielding support in my academic and artistic ventures, *Piñata: A Dark Comedy* is dedicated to my mother, Sandra Ramberran.

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Confetti: The Insides of *Piñata*

The tragic works of Shakespeare include hilarious witticisms about dead bodies and sex. The theatre of Brecht used humor to alienate or distance its audience to create the *verfremdungseffekt*, allowing Brecht's political notions to be more openly received. Absurdist works by Beckett, Ionesco, and Pinter later sharpened the knives of their messages on the gritted teeth of an audience's smile. Slipping between the two prominent masks of drama, the masks of comedy and tragedy, is productive. *Piñata* explores how each audience member must draw the line between the comic and the tragic. The play provokes the audience's laughter to examine what audiences are willing to laugh at and what is left when the laughter stops.

The audience (and particularly, their laughter) is as important to the theoretical success of *Piñata* as the actors or the stagehands are. Every member of the audience will influence the specific sensory effect of the play on every other member of the audience. As Mark Fortier states, "the sensory effects of theatre are central to phenomenological concerns" (39). The sensory effects of theatre come from many directions. In their study titled *Naturalistic observations of smiling and laughing in human group interactions*, Marc Mehu and Robin I.M. Dunbar discovered that group size influences laughter and its frequency. That influence can be dangerous. Laughter is inherently chaotic and anti-structural. To laugh is to be potentially vulnerable. This is especially true when viewing a dark comedy since dark comedies inherently provoke laughter brought on by the discomfort created by tense situations. Moreover, viewing any theatrical performance can also be a vulnerable act. To become an audience member, among other audience members, is to share an experience with others while also having a unique experience built by each person's own perspective. By joining an audience, individuals open themselves to a certain type of emotional exposure through shared experience. This exposure is

celebrated in the realm of comedy (and specifically dark comedy). Peter McGraw and researchers at Texas A&M University examined discomfort, comedy, and timing and discovered that when an audience is uncomfortable they are more likely to laugh. McGraw claims that this is why “most comedy clubs cram people into a tiny room and force them to sit on hard stools” (Khazan). This desire for discomfort does not mean that *Piñata* (or any comedy) must be performed in shoddy theatres with lousy seating. The discomfort and unease that *Piñata* requires to hit successfully is generated by the phenomenological awareness that “to be in the world is to encounter other people, and part of our awareness is an awareness that others perceive us, judge us and set limits for us” (Fortier 41). These limitations can create awareness in each audience member of his or her own laughter and amusement and the nature/source of it. As *Piñata* probes deeper into darker material, audience members are forced to deal with the fact that they are being exposed to what others are being exposed to, simultaneously limiting and judging other audience members whilst being limited and judged themselves. *Piñata* sets up its audience to judge itself in a particular way. Susan Bennett’s analysis of Wolfgang Iser’s phenomenological ideas proves useful when examining *Piñata*. She writes, “comedy... derives from situations of opposition which, instead of resolving as winner and loser, generally provoke a domino effect of losses... Laughter results...from the upsetting of the spectators cognitive and emotive capabilities” (44). For the dominos in a dark comedy to fall in the right order and achieve the proper effect, they must be set up carefully. In a dark comedy, the audience should be surprised by the chain reaction of losses. *Piñata* must connect with its audience in a certain way so that the play can successfully slip away from the normal and the expected. *Piñata*’s audience is initially led to believe that they are winners and are going to experience the familiar and the comedic.

Within a few moments of *Piñata*'s opening viewers and readers are exposed to a comedic pratfall as Stephen, the central character, slips on a cleaning rag thrown on the ground by his friend Wick just as the two characters begin to revel in loud music. This slapstick moment signifies to the audience what type of a show they are in for. "The reader [or audience member] measures what he or she reads against... expectations for the future." This moment, therefore, lubricates the audience with what can be called a permission to laugh (Bennett 43). The loud rock music and Wick's enthused gesticulations prime the audience with a felt sense of youth, excitement, and perhaps a touch of debauchery. Stephen's spill acts as an indicator to the audience that laughter is a critical component to their engagement and response. *Piñata* provides its audience with familiar images and humorous actions to comfort and prime them.

By using the bar/tavern atmosphere, *Piñata* lures its audience into a sense of security. In ways, the banter and silliness that takes place in *The Beer Seller* in *Piñata* may remind audiences of Paddy's Pub from *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* or Monk's Café from *Seinfeld*. The bar atmosphere is key in creating a sense of the riotous and libidinal carnivalesque. Young adults who find themselves in drinking spaces often indulge in two different types of interactions. One interaction will have the patrons discussing important emotional truths with one another, perhaps seeking to find their place in society and the world (much like the millennial crisis that Lily describes in Act 2 Scene 1). The other type will have them being jocular, making jokes, and perhaps seeking a lover (or at least a dance partner) for the night. Though *Piñata* does not show the onstage tavern while it is busy, it offers the audience scenes of both of these types of interaction. These depictions allow the audience to view *The Beer Seller* as a dynamic and familiar space.

Piñata's sliding back and forth between the genre brackets of tragedy and comedy also creates a tone that the audience can recognize as authentic and genuine. J. L. Styan celebrates the genre of dark comedy as being the most true-to-life in his book *The Dark Comedy*. The rug that *Piñata* pulls out from underneath its audience is not exclusively made up of atmospheric aspects: *Piñata* evokes the sense of the familiar by presenting its audience with comedic tropes and ideas seen in situational comedies on television. As in sitcoms, the characters in *Piñata* are built to represent certain traits. Stephen is oblivious and one-track minded. Lily is infatuated with a man who does not seem to notice her. Marcy embodies a need for approval. Wick needs real connection and friendship. Each character in *Piñata* is shown to be projecting his or her desires onto other characters. They seek to have those needs met in their interactions with one another. In this way, *Piñata* is an examination of how these needs become the oppression that individuals put one another through. Each character (as well as the overall narrative) signifies the absurdity of these types of expectations at various levels of severity. Near the end of the play, Lily's immense irritation at Stephen for not being able to realize that she has been in love with him proves to be destructive. Audience members may identify this act as oppressive. The character of David is more of an icon than an individual (though the actor portraying David must not look at the performance this way). He is the most typically negative and extreme embodiment of the aforementioned social burden all of the characters in *Piñata* represent. David's sexual assault on Lily serves as what can possibly be read as the most overtly offensive display of this same oppression. To threaten an audience with the depiction of sexual and physical violence is to make them a passive bystander to a heinous act. A theatrical audience is less likely to be surprised by being exposed to emotional turmoil and despair. Upon reflection, the audience is invited to examine their differing reactions and discover what allowed for their slippage of

reaction. The audience may come to the realization that conventionally, Stephen realizing Lily has been in love with him should result in the comedic trope of them getting together to be happy at the end. *Piñata* denies the audience this ending and instead has the revelation become a factor in an extremely disturbing act of violence. It thrusts the audience into a different state of awareness. That effect can only be achieved if the familiar notions mentioned earlier connect with the audience. Once the relationship with the audience is established, the play can begin to slip between the familiar and the unfamiliar, building a sense of unease and laughter in its audience.

After the familiar is established through comedic pratfalls, banter, and space, *Piñata* begins to build up to its destructive climax through explorations of the grotesque. Mikhail Bakhtin describes the grotesque body as one that is “never finished, never completed,” and in “the act of becoming” (Bakhtin 317). Throughout *Piñata* jokes are made regarding the “open”, the “penetrative”, and the “lower stratum” portions of the body as well as different excretions from the body. Early in the play, Wick mentions his stepfather sexually abusing him when he was a child. It is brought up in a darkly funny way that pushes the awkwardness of discussing such a topic into the audience’s “lap”. Less severe comedic moments are peppered throughout the first scene. These comedic moments include jokes about the food that Stephen and Wick eat and whether or not male erections are able to sync up in the same way as women’s menstrual cycles. These bawdy and lewd exercises in the grotesque allow audiences to find humour in some of the darkness they are being exposed to onstage. The slippage between the dark and the funny can begin to get more and more severe. Later, the audience is invited to laugh at sexually transmitted infections, a character catching their mother having sexual intercourse, racism, drug abuse, terrorism, and statutory rape.

The sitcom-like nature of aspects of *Piñata* coupled with the eventual effect the ending has on its audience exemplifies a difference between television and the stage. Though at first the experience seems familiar to a sitcom audience, the darkness of *Piñata* which the audience is eventually immersed in takes them to a point of uncomfortable contact. Bennett suggests “television...denies the audience the sense of contact with the performers” (Bennett 83-84). The phenomenological sense of contact inherent in a theatrical performance is exploited by *Piñata* to viscerally affect the audience by unsettling them with a shocking ‘theatre of cruelty’ ending. *Piñata* engages in the act of slipping between the comic and the serious to build the audience’s expectations in a way that will prime them for the sucker-punch ending.

Piñata only gives the slightest hint to the audience that things may get brutally serious with the final scene of the second act. David sexually assaults Lily as he attempts to rape her in the bar. The audience is put into an extremely tense position until Wick interferes and David runs off. This relief from the horror creates the illusion of safety. This illusion is buttoned up nicely with the joke of Devin opening the bathroom door and vomiting on the stage before passing out. The audience is once again staring at the friendly, comforting, laughing mask of comedy. Whether or not this moment causes laughter depends on a number of factors uncontrolled by the script but it is certainly a joke. If the ending of *Piñata* is the bottom dropping out, this moment is the support beam cracking.

Another way in which *Piñata* shows its hand is in the way it revels in miscommunication. The characters in *Piñata* are constantly frustrated by their inability to communicate with one another properly. *Piñata* indulges language to show its semiotic uselessness. The line “What?” is said over seventy times in the play. Lily and Wick’s dialogue at the beginning of Scene 2 is filled with jokes centered on the inability to understand what each other is saying. In the third scene of

the play, Stephen makes a number of failed attempts at communicating with Devin that often cause Stephen to back himself into a corner. The seemingly meaningful everyday language in *Piñata* is prone to ineffectiveness due to its inability to represent the truth. Many of the characters enact different methods to attempt successful communication. Yet, whether engaging in witty repartee, explanation, or story telling, clear communication is never truly achieved. This frustration builds throughout the play (particularly in Stephen) and eventually and inevitably causes the characters to lash out when they feel they are not being understood. These bursts of violence build to the truly vicious ending of the play.

As Bakhtin discusses the grotesque in the work of François Rabelais he describes a massive violation of the body. Bakhtin describes a scene from Rabelais' Book 4, Chapter 14 in which a character named Catchpole is viciously attacked, beaten like a carnival drum, and ultimately has several gallons of wine poured down his orifices (*Rabelais* 202). *Piñata* builds its own (mostly comedic) violations of the body throughout to the play to its own act of ultimate destruction as Stephen batters Wick to death, opening his insides to the outside world and turning Wick into a human piñata that rewards Stephen with a golden ping-pong ball. The bottom drops out. Suddenly, the violation of the body is no longer funny. There is still a joke present (that ping-pong ball ought to be funny) but the audience is no longer able to laugh. The spectators have been too disrupted.

The ending strongly echoes the ending of John Guare's *The House of Blue Leaves* in which Artie is subjected to a litany of farcical pratfalls and disappointments before he shockingly strangles his wife to death in depressed frustration. The ending of *Piñata* (as well as the ending of *The House of Blue Leaves*) destroys the structural notions the audience has developed throughout the course of the play. The readerly nature of the text becomes startlingly clear to the

audience. They must now view the play's actions through the lens of Stephen's final act. The bargain made throughout the early moments of the play is slipped away from. They must navigate between the absurdity of the act of murder and the reality of the darkness they have been laughing at throughout the course of the play. Stephen's obsessive madness becomes clearer as the audience retroactively examines the action of the play and, as they realize this, they are also drawn to the realization that the comedic occurrences and humiliations Stephen has been subjected to had actual repercussions.

The circus of slippage that is *Piñata* requires that the audience be primed for laughter. Laughter arises from slippage itself. Earlier, Bennett's interpretation of Iser's phenomenological ideas was mentioned as evoking a type of friction through a disruption of audience expectations and comfort. This friction results in laughter. Laughter is a type of disruption, but the phenomenological violation contained in the final moments of *Piñata* is more disruptive. The assault on the body is felt more viscerally due, in part, to the carnivalesque nature of the play (and the carnivalesque nature of theatre itself). In Rabelais, the carnival was a violation of the norm. The carnival represented a slippage from social conditions. "All were considered equal during carnival" (*Rabelais* 10). Due to this, when Stephen forces Wick's grotesque body to open itself to the outside world, the audience is more likely to feel it in their own guts.

The slippage of communication and the semiotic uselessness of language and inevitable violation are embodied by the discussion of the graffiti in the play. Throughout the play, the truth of the situation contained within the graffiti is revealed. At first, the graffiti in the bathroom seems to be a meaningless romantic conversation. As the play goes on, the slippage of language and communication allows for semiotic clarity that reveals that the conversation has resulted in a dark and horrible violation (the statutory rape of a thirteen year old girl) that the characters

desperately try to retreat from. This attempt at recovery is similar to the way in which the audience attempts to reestablish itself after the shocking act of slippage from the formed structural norms at the end of the play. It is worth noting that as Stephen beats Wick to death, Wick is still trying to communicate.

As the stage lights dim on the corpse of Wick and a blood soaked Stephen, the audience is confronted with the question of what exactly they found funny about the show and when did they stop finding enjoyment in it. *Piñata* aims to evoke a discussion among audience members about their own reactions and engage them in a conversation about their own sensory awareness. The comedic elements of *Piñata* are carefully constructed to hang above the audience in a cheerful and delightful way until that construction, that candy filled container of papier-mâché, is battered to the ground and the audience is invited to sit among the mess with Stephen.

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PIÑATA
by Kevin Ramberran

CHARACTERS:

STEPHEN FALTMAN – *Mid to late twenties*

CHRIS WICK – *Mid to late twenties*

LILY WICK – *Early to mid twenties*

MARCY WHYTE – *Mid to late twenties*

DEVIN SPENCE – *Mid to late twenties*

DAVID CAMDEN – *Early to mid thirties*

OFFICER BRIAN HARP – *Mid to late thirties*

AGNES WINTERBEE – *Mid to late eighties*

STEPHEN, WICK (Chris), MARCY, and DEVIN should be around the same age. They went to high school together. LILY is WICK's younger sister.

Productions of *Piñata* with alternative casting are welcomed and encouraged but it must be noted that the ramifications of changing the casting of the characters must be strongly considered and the text must be altered in a manner that preserves the spirit of the play.

Note: When the symbol “/” is shown, it indicates a point in which the next line is supposed to begin being said.

ACT I**SCENE 1:**

Closing time at The Beer Seller.

Lights up on The Beer Seller, a student run pub. It looks a little more on the new side but has a bit of wear. It's clear the owner has taken pride in it. Most of the décor is wood-based. It used to be an older tavern but it's taken a much more modern feel on with a new clientele in mind. There are bottles and glasses in all the usual places one would find at a pub. The entrance to the bar may be offstage. A bar runs along the back wall and there are two doors. One of the doors leads to the back office. The other leads to the bathrooms. There is a stairway up left that leads to the basement.

WICK is putting the stools back and cleaning the bar. He's wearing slightly dirty jeans, a faded graphic t-shirt, and a sport jacket/blazer. He rocks out with the music playing. He's almost finished cleaning the bar up. He wipes the counter with a rag and in his 'rocking out' to the music, he tosses the rag on the floor.

STEPHEN enters. He is dressed in slightly nicer clothes than WICK. He wears fancier jeans and a buttoned shirt. Upon hearing the music he also begins to 'rock out'.

STEPHEN: *(half walking/half dancing)* Great song!

WICK: *(not looking at him, but knowing it's STEPHEN)* Thanks! I had a great playlist tonight.

STEPHEN: No doubt! What-

In his dance-walking, STEPHEN slips on the rag that WICK had thrown earlier and falls.

STEPHEN: Shit!

WICK: Oh shit!

WICK turns off the stereo.

WICK: You alright man?

STEPHEN: *(getting up and dusting himself off)* Yeah, yeah.

STEPHEN tosses WICK the rag.

WICK: Thanks.

STEPHEN: How'd it go tonight Wick?

WICK: Not bad buddy. Not bad at all.

STEPHEN takes in WICK.

STEPHEN: Heh.

WICK: What?

STEPHEN: Since when did you start trying to dress nice?

WICK: Screw you, "trying"

STEPHEN: Well, I mean, the jacket's nice...

WICK: Yeah, it was my uncles.

STEPHEN: Ah. You want a beer?

WICK: Sure.

STEPHEN gets WICK a beer and gets one for himself. He still can't stop looking at the jacket.

WICK: Is there something wrong with how I'm dressed?

STEPHEN: Why nice though?

WICK: Oh. I was at a funeral this afternoon.

STEPHEN: Oh shit. Really? Is everything okay? Who..um-

WICK: My uncle.

STEPHEN: Oh jeeze. I'm really sorry man.

WICK: We weren't really close. And you see the thing is-

STEPHEN: Wait a minute

WICK: What?

STEPHEN: You went to a funeral for your uncle?

WICK: Yeah. And the thing is-

STEPHEN: How many uncles do you have?

WICK: Just the one. My mom was an only child and the thing is-

STEPHEN: You wore your uncle's jacket to his funeral?

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: Christ...

WICK: It's the nicest jacket I got!

STEPHEN: Jesus, Wick

WICK: *The thing is* I get to the church right, and it's a real nice ceremony and everything. I wasn't ever that close with Uncle Snurt but his-

STEPHEN: *(suppressing a laugh)* What?

WICK: Huh?

STEPHEN: What was your uncle's name again?

WICK: Snurt

STEPHEN laughs.

WICK: Come on dude! He *just* died.

STEPHEN: Snurtwick! *(laughs)*

WICK: It's not Snurtwick, you dick. It's Snurt-space-Wick. Wick's his last name. Like me. Get it.

STEPHEN: Yeah Wick, I get it. I'm sorry. It's just-

WICK: It's fine. So, Uncle Snurt's-

STEPHEN laughs.

WICK: Fuck you!

STEPHEN: *(regaining his composure)* I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

WICK: Uncle Snurt's kids were there and they were real upset and stuff. He was only sixty-one right? So they're all crying and such and I'm saying hello to family and whatever. Strange thing was, the church was having some renovations done so that the doors at the back of the church where you'd normally enter from were closed off. People had to walk in at the front and pass by the altar area where the coffin was. So, the ceremony is supposed to start soon and my dad hasn't shown up yet, which is kind of strange because although they didn't really talk at all in the recent years, they used to be inseparable when they were growing up. So I go to sit in a, um...what do you call those bench things in churches?

STEPHEN: Pews?

WICK: What?

STEPHEN: Pews.

WICK: Really?

STEPHEN: I'm pretty sure.

WICK: That's weird.

STEPHEN: I think it's Greek or something.

WICK: It sounds like a laser gun.

STEPHEN: *(firing a pretend laser)* Pew-pew!

WICK: *(firing back)* Pew-pew!

STEPHEN: *(clutching his groin)* You shot me in the nuts!

WICK: I was aiming for your face. Easy mistake to make.

STEPHEN: Screw you! Pew-pew-pew!

WICK: *(miming being shot in the chest)* You...you killed me!

STEPHEN: Good riddance...

Pause.

STEPHEN: You bitch.

They laugh.

WICK: So I sit in this “pew” right? And the ceremony starts. I’m guessing my dad is running late or confused by the doors being all switched around. My aunt gets up to pay her respects and she starts walking toward the coffin. Then I hear the sound of a door opening. She reaches the coffin and is about to place her hand on it when my dad emerges from around the corner. It is at this point that it became clear that my uncle hadn’t told a lot of people that he had an identical twin brother. My aunt is shocked at the sight of him so she faints and knocks the coffin over. She’s laying on the ground and out of the coffin rolls my uncle’s corpse. He lands right on top of her and everybody is screaming. My uncle died in a car accident so it’s kind of bad. It is at this point that it became clear that my aunt’s mother, who’s memory isn’t doing so well, never liked my uncle much. As my dad is trying to help, she’s starts screaming in Portuguese that he’s my uncle’s evil spirit come back to haunt them. She’s throwing the holy water and shit. Everybody’s crying and sad and confused so I sort of get up and walk to the back, sign the guest book and get the hell out of there.

Beat.

STEPHEN: ...Jesus

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: That's rough.

WICK: Yup. My uncle would be very...

STEPHEN: Upset?

WICK: I don't know. He was kind of a weirdo.

STEPHEN: He was a weirdo?

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: With a name like Snurt? Shocking.

WICK: Go to hell... Speaking of weirdos... You know how my step-dad was in jail right?

STEPHEN: Oh. Yeah.

WICK: Well... he's out now.

STEPHEN: Oh.

WICK: Yup. Started back at work and everything.

STEPHEN: Huh.

WICK: Back at the circus.

STEPHEN: No kidding.

WICK: Yeah. Talked to my therapist about it.

STEPHEN: That's good.

WICK: I've got to write this speech and deliver it to him.

STEPHEN: Oh?

WICK: Yeah. For closure. Or forgiveness or something.

STEPHEN: I see.

WICK: And I was wondering if maybe I could run it by you before I see him next.

STEPHEN: Me?

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: I-

WICK: Just 'cause like, you're one of the few people who know what happened and stuff and like... you know?

STEPHEN: No, I get it. Probably. Let me know when it's finished and we'll see what's up.

WICK: Thanks.

Beat.

WICK: Oh! some doctor's office called-

STEPHEN: And they said that I left some...papers there?

WICK: What?

STEPHEN: They probably said, that I left some papers there that belonged to someone else, hey?

WICK: I don't know...they just wanted to talk to you...

STEPHEN: Ah. Yeah, it's probably because I left someone's information there who actually needed medical assistance. Not someone like me, who is in great health.

WICK: Huh. Why would they want to contact you about-

STEPHEN: About someone else's information?

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: Isn't it obvious?

WICK: No.

STEPHEN: Really?

WICK: No.

STEPHEN: Because I've been...volunteering there!

WICK: You've been volunteering at a doctor's office?

STEPHEN: Yeah!

WICK: Do doctor's offices need volunteers?

STEPHEN: Yeah!

WICK: Since when?

STEPHEN: Since...forever.

WICK: I meant when did you start volunteering?

STEPHEN: ...Last week!

WICK: Last week?

STEPHEN: Yeah.

WICK: Why?

STEPHEN: Just 'cause.

WICK: 'Cause why?

STEPHEN: 'Cause it's good to be a good person.

WICK: You're trying to be a good person?

STEPHEN: Yeah.

Beat.

WICK: Gonna be a long process.

STEPHEN: Fuck you.

WICK: That's not something a good person would say.

STEPHEN: Go to hell. It's just about good karma, man.

WICK: Trying to get good karma for the future? It's probably too late for you anyways. I wouldn't waste your time.

STEPHEN: Why?

WICK: Because you're totally gonna die in your forties.

STEPHEN: How do you figure that?

WICK: Well, I went to this psychic the other week.

STEPHEN: Oh Christ.

WICK: She told me that I was going to die when I turned fifty.

STEPHEN: That's a load of shit.

WICK: So you believe in karma but not psychics?

STEPHEN: They are very different things.

WICK: How so?

STEPHEN: Karma is a concept...

WICK: Uh-huh

STEPHEN: And psychics are full of shit.

WICK: No way man. She was right about a bunch of stuff. She guessed my birthday, knew that I was working with my sister and that I was working for my best friend.

STEPHEN: Oh and she just knew when I was going to die?

WICK: What? No. She said I was going to die at fifty.

STEPHEN: Well what does that have to do with me dying at forty?

WICK: You eat way worse than I do. And you don't exercise. Use some logic man.

STEPHEN: You don't fucking exercise.

WICK: Yeah but I eat vegetables.

STEPHEN: I eat vegetables!

WICK: Vegetables other than potatoes.

STEPHEN: Potatoes are good for you!

WICK: Nobody needs fucking potatoes!

STEPHEN: Tell that to the Irish!

WICK: Dark.

Beat.

WICK: You're in later than usual tonight.

STEPHEN: Oh man, the roads were just awful coming here.

WICK: Really?

STEPHEN: Yeah, it was kind of nuts. Another?

WICK: Sure.

STEPHEN gets a beer for WICK and for himself.

STEPHEN: You know how that circus is in town, right?

WICK: Really?

STEPHEN: Yeah.

WICK: I hate the circus.

STEPHEN: Why?

WICK: My step-dad was a clown.

STEPHEN: So?

WICK: My *step-dad*...

STEPHEN: Oh shit...sorry.

WICK: Yeah.

Beat.

STEPHEN: So, as I was saying traffic is suddenly super backed up. It's right near that event center downtown-

WICK: Right.

STEPHEN: -And on the radio, they're saying it's because of an accident. Apparently it's this big thing because a bunch of people died-

WICK: Oh jeeze.

STEPHEN: -So I get right near the event center where the accident happened. There were only two cars though. One was a regular SUV. The other one was this weirdly small car-

WICK: Oh man.

STEPHEN: -And it's a pretty bad scene, I mean, there are bodies and stuff but the bodies look kind of weird-

WICK: Uh oh.

STEPHEN: -And it dawns on me that the tiny car is a clown car.

Beat.

WICK: Really?

STEPHEN: Yeah.

WICK: Holy shit.

Beat.

WICK: Wait...what circus is in town?

STEPHEN: I don't know, the um...the Riggle's something or other.

WICK: Riggle's Big Top?!

STEPHEN: I think so.

WICK: Holy shit!

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: That's where my fucking step-dad's works!

STEPHEN: Oh.

WICK: Holy shit!

STEPHEN: Wick...

WICK: What if he's dead?!

STEPHEN: Shit.

WICK: What about the speech?!

STEPHEN: It would kind of be closure?

WICK: You don't get it. The speech *is* closure. I have to deliver it! Fuck!

STEPHEN: Shit.

WICK: Damn it!

STEPHEN: Should you...check?

WICK: I don't even how to do that.

STEPHEN: Would your mom know about it?

WICK: Maybe... I'll call her on my way home.

Beat.

STEPHEN: Another beer?

WICK: Absolutely.

STEPHEN gets beers.

STEPHEN: Speaking of shitty father figures, guess what I did last night?

WICK: Dinner with pops?

STEPHEN: Bingo.

WICK: How'd that go?

STEPHEN: Pretty rough, as usual. But as I was leaving the restaurant, you'll never guess who I ran into.

WICK: Was it Marcy-

STEPHEN: Marcy! I mean, what are the chances, right?

WICK: We see Marcy a lot.

STEPHEN: She was out with her friends for some "girl time." And-

WICK: Is that when they sync up?

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: When they sync up?

STEPHEN: When who syncs up?

WICK: Girls. When they spend time together, I heard they sync up.

STEPHEN: "Sync up"?

WICK: They have their...*(whispers)* periods... at the same time.

STEPHEN: You don't have to whisper...no one else is here...

WICK: Whatever.

STEPHEN: Does that actually happen?

WICK: Apparently!

STEPHEN: Huh. Well, no, I don't think that's what she meant. I think she meant that she wanted to get out and just relax with some friends.-

WICK: Ah.

STEPHEN: -But she did that thing where it looks like something's wrong.

WICK: What do you mean?

STEPHEN: Well she had this look on her face.

WICK: Like this?

WICK pulls a face.

STEPHEN: You look like you're going to shit yourself.

WICK: Like that?

STEPHEN: Nobody looks like that.

WICK: Screw you.

STEPHEN: I just mean it kind of seemed like something was off so we went for a drink.

WICK: She's still with Devin, right?

STEPHEN: Yeah. But it seems like Devin has been...

STEPHEN gives a look.

WICK: Things...are rough?

STEPHEN: Clearly. I mean, why else would she need to blow off steam?

WICK: Don't girls sometimes just want to have an evening together? Like we have "boys nights."

STEPHEN: *(sarcastic)* Oh you mean when our erections sync up?

WICK: That doesn't happen!

STEPHEN: You and I might have synced up dinks.

WICK: We do not have synced up dinks.

STEPHEN: It would explain why you get an erection every time we see your mother.

WICK: What?...Oh...gross...and fuck you.

STEPHEN: I'm kidding. But it's just different if you're in a relationship.

WICK: I don't know, I mean-

STEPHEN: Wick, you've never been in a relationship.

WICK: I know. But-

STEPHEN: Especially not one like Marcy's.

WICK: What do you mean?

STEPHEN: I mean a relationship that is rocky.

WICK: Is Marcy's relationship kind of rocky?

STEPHEN: Ha!

WICK: What?

STEPHEN: C'mon man. Devin and Marcy's relationship is pretty much the definition of Sylvester Stallone beating meat.

WICK: Um...?

STEPHEN: Rocky!

WICK: Beating meat?

STEPHEN: You know, in the freezer, with the punches.

WICK: Oh. Yeah.

STEPHEN: Beating meat.

WICK: Beating *up* meat.

STEPHEN: Potay-to, potah-to.

WICK: Not really.

STEPHEN: Whatever. But it's for sure not the best relationship. Remember he cheated on her a while back?

WICK: Well, yeah. But they seem alright now. / Did you know-

STEPHEN: People in bad relationships always make it seem like they're happy.

WICK: How does that work? If you're in a relationship and it's going well, what are you supposed to make it seem / like?

STEPHEN: You don't have to *make* it seem like anything. It's just different. You wouldn't get it.

WICK: I don't know / that sounds-

STEPHEN: And, when we grabbed that drink, Marcy let on that things weren't exactly top notch.

WICK: What'd she say?

STEPHEN: Just stuff about how he's been going out a lot lately...you know?

WICK: Like, going out with his friends and stuff...or like *going out*?

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: *(suggestively, with hand motion)* Going out?

STEPHEN: I don't know what that means?

WICK: Ugh. Really?

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: It's pretty obvious.

STEPHEN: Apparently not.

WICK: It's like, *(repeating the motion)* "is he cheating on her?"

STEPHEN: That's "is he cheating on her?"

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: *(imitating the motion)* Going out?

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: That's not a thing.

WICK: Yes, it is!

STEPHEN: No, it isn't.

WICK: Well, is he?

STEPHEN: Well, I don't know but... I was telling her about how well things are going with the bar and she did sort of transition into saying that she kind of wishes Devin had more drive and ambition.

WICK: Ah. Still he seems like-

STEPHEN: Marcy doesn't have it that easy, man.

WICK: What do you mean? Isn't she training to be a lawyer?

STEPHEN: She applied to law school. And she's a secretary at that law office across the street.

WICK: Right. McCannus?

STEPHEN: I think it's pronounced McAnus.

WICK: McAnus?

STEPHEN: Yeah. She just-

WICK: McAnus?

STEPHEN: Yes. She-

WICK: You're sure?

STEPHEN: YES! She just needs someone who can really care for her, you know?

WICK: Someone like you?

STEPHEN: *(laughs)* I'd be great but no. She's just my friend. Besides, you're forgetting about Courtney.

WICK: Oh yeah. How are things with Courtney?

Pause.

STEPHEN: ...I broke it off last week.

WICK: Oh.

Pause.

STEPHEN: Yeah. You're in tomorrow, right?

WICK: Yup.

STEPHEN: And Lily's in for the mid shift?

WICK: I think so. Shouldn't *you* know? *You* made the schedule.

STEPHEN: Fuck you, I've been busy.

WICK: She's doing okay hey?

STEPHEN: Lily? Yeah, she is. I was pretty skeptical about hiring her just because I've known her for so long as your kid sister and stuff you know?

WICK: Tell me about it. She's a hard worker though.

STEPHEN: Yeah, she's doing well.

WICK: (*yawns*) You good to lock up?

STEPHEN: Yeah man. You getting tired?

WICK: I'm pretty tuckered. Plus I gotta deal with this step-dad stuff. See what I can find out.

WICK heads to the door.

STEPHEN: Good luck with that.

WICK: Thanks, have a good night man.

STEPHEN: You too. Hey Wick!

WICK: Yeah?

STEPHEN: What exactly did your step-dad do?

WICK: Oh. He full on fucked me.

STEPHEN: Oh.

WICK: Yup. Night.

STEPHEN: Yeah.

Blackout. End of scene.

SCENE 2:

Mid-day at The Beer Seller. A few days later.

WICK is having a few drinks. He isn't wearing the dinner jacket. His younger sister LILY is working. She has a sense of innocence about her but is a hard worker. She is dressed casually in a t-shirt and jeans and maybe has a flannel on or tied around her waist.

WICK: See, that's something that our mother never understood about me. I wasn't good at school. Me and University were doomed from the start. That one year was a nightmare. I had this course in language stuff...um...what do you call it?

LILY: I don't know what you're talking about.

WICK: Where you study the words and how they're made up. It sounds Asian. Wong-something or wing-something.

LILY: Wing-something?

WICK: No! I know! Wing-Jizz-Sticks.

Beat.

LILY: Wing-Jizz-Sticks...

WICK: Yeah!

LILY: You mean linguistics?

WICK: That's it! Linguistics! I had this linguistics class and I walk into class on the first day and the prof shows up, she couldn't have been much older than me, and she's this Korean girl who can barely speak English! She gives out the syphilis and-

LILY: What?

WICK: The syphilis.

LILY: She gave you syphilis?

WICK: What?

LILY: Like the STD?

WICK: What? No! The paper with the description of the course on it.

LILY: You mean the syllabus.

WICK: Whatever. Anyway- Oh, and by the way, it's STI now. STD is totally not PC.

LILY: STD isn't PC?

WICK: No. STI is PC.

LILY: STI is PC?

WICK: Yes.

Beat.

LILY: STD is not PC.

WICK: No.

Beat.

LILY: What about VD?

WICK: VD isn't PC.

Beat.

LILY: So, VD isn't PC?

WICK: Right.

LILY: And STD isn't PC?

WICK: Right.

LILY: But STI is PC.

WICK: Yup.

A beat.

LILY: WTF.

WICK: So, I'm in this ling-whatever class with this Korean prof and she gives out the *syllabus*.

The thing is filled with spelling errors. It's like she typed it in umm...what language do they speak in Korea?

LILY: Korean.

WICK: Really?

LILY: Yeah.

WICK: Heh. Well, it's like she typed it in Korean and put it into Google translate or something.

LILY: That is pretty ridiculous.

WICK: I know. But anyway, university and me were doomed from the start.

LILY: It's I.

WICK: Huh?

LILY: University and I.

WICK: What about University and you?

LILY: No, idiot, it's not University and *Me*, it's University and *I*.

WICK: Oh. Cool.

LILY: Maybe you should've tried an English course.

WICK: Maybe you should not be a grammar nazi.

LILY: I am not a grammar nazi!

WICK: You always correct everyone's grammar!

LILY: I do not!

WICK: Well, you always correct *my* grammar!

LILY: That's because you have terrible grammar.

WICK: No I don't!

LILY: And you're my brother, I'm just looking out for you.

WICK: Did you use to correct Keith's grammar?

LILY: ...No.

WICK: Are you sure that's not why he left you? Because you were a grammar nazi.

LILY: Fuck you!

WICK: Maybe he didn't like his stay in grammar Auschwitz.

LILY: You're a dick.

WICK: I miss him. He was a nice guy.

LILY: Nice enough.

WICK: Clearly not.

LILY: True.

Pause.

WICK: Any new sausages on the grill?

LILY: I'm sorry?

WICK: Any new guys in your life?

LILY: Who says sausages on the grill?

WICK: I don't know.

LILY: It's gross. And a little objectifying.

WICK: Are you trying to be PC?

LILY: FU. But, no, not really.

WICK: None at all?

LILY: Not really, I said.

WICK: You don't have *anyone* in mind?

LILY: Fuck off, Chris.

WICK: Alright, alright.

Pause.

WICK: Nobody?

LILY: (*throwing a rag at WICK*) You're a dick.

WICK: (*laughs*) C'mon.

LILY: You want another beer?

WICK: I'm fine, thanks.

LILY: Alright.

Beat.

WICK: Can you pass me my jacket?

LILY: Sure.

LILY gets WICK's jacket from behind the bar.

WICK: Hey... have you talked to mom today?

LILY: This morning.

WICK: How's she doing?

LILY: I mean, I think it's kind of weird for her, but she's okay.

WICK: Yeah.

LILY: How are you doing?

WICK: Well... it's strange.

LILY: I know.

WICK: But...my therapist said that as long as I get this speech out of the way, I should be okay.

LILY: Right. Are you done writing it?

WICK: I think so.

LILY: So, who are you going to deliver it to?

WICK: Well, I asked Steve to help me before and he said probably so I'm going to ask him.

LILY: That's nice of him.

WICK: Yeah. I'll talk to him about it next time I see him.

LILY: Cool.

Beat.

WICK: *(going to exit)* Think I'm gonna swing by mom's place on my way home.

LILY: Good idea. *(beat)* Oh! Make sure you knock first.

WICK: Why wouldn't I knock first?

LILY: I don't know, just do it.

WICK: Okay...

WICK is giving LILY a look.

LILY: It's just...

WICK: What?

LILY: I... sort of... walked in on her last week.

WICK: Gross!

LILY: I know.

WICK: With who?!

LILY: Mr. Fen.

WICK: Mr. Fen?!

LILY: Yeah.

WICK: The neighbor?

LILY: Yeah.

WICK: Ew.

Beat.

WICK: Wait a second.

LILY: What?

WICK: Mr. Fen is Chinese.

LILY: Yeah.

WICK: Mom hates Asian people.

LILY: ...Oh yeah...

WICK: What the hell.

LILY: Maybe she's realizing she was wrong.

WICK: Maybe.

LILY: Weird way to realize it.

WICK: I'll say.

Beat.

WICK: Well... see you later.

LILY: Don't forget to knock.

WICK: Fuck that. I'm calling first.

WICK exits.

Blackout. End of scene.

SCENE 3:

The Next Week at The Beer Seller.

STEPHEN is setting things up. A flush is heard offstage. A tap running water is heard and then WICK emerges from the bathroom. He has toilet paper wrapped around his head. STEPHEN is paying attention to the work he is doing and doesn't notice WICK's ridiculous headgear.

WICK: Hey Steve...

STEPHEN doesn't notice.

WICK: Steve.

STEPHEN doesn't notice.

WICK: STEPHEN!

STEPHEN: What?! (*turns and notices*) ...

WICK: I got mummy issues.

STEPHEN: I hate you.

WICK: Rude. Thanks for holding down the fort. I haven't seen you around much this week.

STEPHEN: I've been busy.

WICK: With?

STEPHEN: Lots of stuff.

WICK: Okay... like?

STEPHEN: Everything, man. Life is crazy right now.

WICK: You okay?

STEPHEN: Oh, totally.

WICK: Alright.

STEPHEN: Yeah.

WICK: 'Cause I know a good therapist.

STEPHEN: Ha-ha.

WICK: I'm joking.

STEPHEN: Of course. So in the-

WICK: She's helped me a lot.

STEPHEN: Right. So in the-

WICK: And I talked to her last week. Turns out that I can deliver it to someone else now that Walter's dead.

STEPHEN: That's good! Also, sorry about your step-dad.

WICK: Don't be sorry. I won't miss him.

STEPHEN: Whatever you say.

WICK: Yeah, so I was thinking about how I asked-

STEPHEN accidentally knocks a glass over.

STEPHEN: Ah shit.

WICK: I was thinking about how-

STEPHEN: Can you grab the broom?

WICK: Huh?

STEPHEN: The broom. For this? (*indicating the glass*)

WICK: Oh. Yeah. (*getting the broom*) But-

STEPHEN: Oh hey, did you manage to get that writing off the stall?

WICK: Uh, No. I don't understand it either.

STEPHEN: What do you mean?

WICK: Like, this stuff is weird and sappy and totally not what you'd expect in a guys washroom.

STEPHEN: What's it say?

WICK: Well, normally you'd expect the typical crap, you know? A swastika or a dick or a swastika made of dicks, right?

STEPHEN: Right.

WICK: Well, it's like there are people having a fucking conversation in there.

STEPHEN: What do you mean?

WICK: Well two nights ago, it just said, "I don't think she could love me," in black marker.

STEPHEN: Right.

WICK: And last night, someone else responded in red marker.

STEPHEN: Red marker now?!

WICK: Yeah, they responded. It said, "Follow your heart!"

STEPHEN: Jesus. This is a pandemic. (*in jest*) I'm gonna have to hire security to pat people down before going to the bathroom or something.

WICK: Hey man, it could be worse.

STEPHEN: True. People could be doing cocaine in there.

WICK: Yeah or like, eating their own shit.

Pause.

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: Eating their own shit.

Pause.

STEPHEN: What kind of bars do you go to Wick?

WICK: I don't know man. It happens.

STEPHEN: I don't think it does.

WICK: It for sure does.

STEPHEN: That's disgusting, Wick.

WICK: The world's a disgusting place.

STEPHEN: Maybe for you.

WICK: Well, I've seen some things!

STEPHEN: I believe it.

WICK: So, I was thinking I could maybe deliver the speech to you.

STEPHEN: Me?

WICK: Yeah, like we talked-

STEPHEN's cell phone rings.

STEPHEN: One sec.

STEPHEN looks at the phone. Ignores the call.

STEPHEN: Telemarketers.

WICK: Ah, so-

STEPHEN: I hate them.

WICK: Yeah-

STEPHEN: Like, what if I was expecting an important call?

WICK: Right-

STEPHEN: Like, what if it was important? You might be dying! But too bad, instead, take this survey! I mean, What if the doctor was trying to get ahold of me?

WICK: Oh! The doctor's office-

STEPHEN: Called here again? I thought they might. I went in there this morning, and when I was paying I totally forgot my credit card there! Such a dumb thing to do, right?

WICK: Your credit card?

STEPHEN: Yeah.

WICK: I thought you were volunteering there.

STEPHEN: ...I was.

WICK: Were you paying for people too?

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: With your credit card. Were you paying for people too?

STEPHEN: Oh! No, no. It was for the old folks.

WICK: What old folks?

STEPHEN: ...The old folks I take there.

WICK: You take old folks to the doctor's office?

STEPHEN: ...Yeah. When I'm volunteering at the old folk's home.

WICK: You volunteer at old folk's homes now?

STEPHEN: Yeah.

WICK: Why?

STEPHEN: It's a long story.

WICK: Well, why do they need your credit card at the doctor's office?

STEPHEN: For like, identification or something. I don't know man, I wasn't paying attention.

When you're trying to do a good deed, do you ask questions?

WICK: I...guess not? Hey, so-

LILY enters from outside.

LILY: Hey guys!

STEPHEN: Hey Lily!

WICK: Hey sis.

LILY: *(to STEPHEN)* How's it going stranger?

STEPHEN: Stranger?

LILY: I was beginning to think you'd sold the bar and left town.

STEPHEN: Oh?

LILY: You don't like your staff anymore?

STEPHEN: Ha-ha. I've just been busy.

LILY: I see. Got a new girlfriend?

STEPHEN: Ha. No time for that.

WICK: He's too busy with all these old folks.

LILY: Old folks?

STEPHEN: It's nothing.

LILY: *(a weird look)* Okay... well you should come by your own bar more often. You missed out last night.

STEPHEN: Did I?

LILY: Yeah. There was this guy here who kept talking about his ‘package’. Chris had to kick him out!

WICK: Oh yeah!

STEPHEN: What’d he look like?

WICK: Bald head, tattoos on his neck. Wore this leather vest-

STEPHEN: And you kicked him out?!

WICK: Well, I got security to kick him out.

STEPHEN: Oh jesus.

WICK: What?

LILY: Yeah, what’s wrong?

STEPHEN: I think that was No-Name Jack.

LILY: No-name Jack?

STEPHEN: No-name Jack.

WICK: Who the hell is No-name Jack?

STEPHEN: He’s just a guy.

WICK: A guy named No-name Jack?

STEPHEN: No-name Jack.

WICK: A guy who keeps talking about his ‘package’?

LILY: Sounds like most guys.

STEPHEN: Very funny.

LILY: Does he try to talk to *you* about his package?

STEPHEN: Oh shit!

WICK & LILY: What?

STEPHEN: Um... nothing... but you can't kick him out next time. I gotta text him.

STEPHEN pulls out his phone and starts texting.

WICK: You have Jackie Package's number?

STEPHEN: No-name Jack! And yes.

LILY: Okay... well...I just came by to grab my jacket.

WICK: You mean you're not taking my shift?

LILY: Ha-ha. No.

WICK: You're the best.

LILY: Go to hell. I'm in later anyway.

WICK: True.

LILY: Can I get by? My jacket's just behind the bar.

STEPHEN: *(now finished texting and the closest to the bar opening)* I can get it.

LILY: It's alright.

A bit of physical awkwardness occurs. WICK gets the jacket.

WICK: Here. Jeeze.

LILY: Thanks. Oh! I just wanted to mention, Steve, I think we get too many creeps in here. You might want to get a better screening process.

STEPHEN: Creepy customers?

LILY: Yeah.

STEPHEN: Like who?

LILY: Well, there's that No-name Jack guy, and Hubert,-

WICK: Hubert's a creep?

LILY: He went to jail!

STEPHEN: Yeah...

WICK: What?! He's so nice to me!

STEPHEN: Thing is...

WICK: He's been coming here since before you took over! We had this whole, father-son thing going on...

LILY: Um...

WICK: What'd he go to jail for?

LILY: He...uh...

STEPHEN: He molested a kid a while back.

Pause.

WICK: No!

LILY: Chris, it's okay.

WICK: Do I have, like, a pedophile magnet in my pocket or something?!

LILY: Apparently he's gotten help.

WICK: Fuck!

STEPHEN: Sorry bro.

WICK: It's just...ugh.

STEPHEN: Maybe you should give *him* your speech!

WICK: Dude.

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: Come on.

STEPHEN: Sorry. But that's only two creeps in here, and they're not *that* bad.

LILY: And there's Dave.

STEPHEN: Dave's not a creep!

LILY: He's definitely a creep.

STEPHEN: He's Marcy's boss!

LILY: Marcy's creepy boss. But, I should probably go right away, I'm going to be late.

STEPHEN: Where you going? Got a hot date?

LILY: (*sarcastically*) Oh yeah, totally. I always have hot dates...

STEPHEN: C'mon, when are you gonna find a guy?

LILY: I don't know. I've met a few but...

STEPHEN: So... what's the issue?

LILY: I don't know. What about you?

STEPHEN: You mean what's my issue? I told you, I'm too busy.

WICK: (*obnoxious*) I am also single.

LILY: Shut up, Chris.

STEPHEN: So, why are you rushing off if it isn't a hot date?

LILY: It's a rather cold one actually. I'm going with my mom to identify my step-dad's body.

Pause.

STEPHEN: Oh.

Pause.

WICK: Let me know how it goes.

STEPHEN: (*to WICK*) You're not going?

WICK: Nope.

Pause.

LILY: (*going to exit*) Bye.

WICK: See ya.

STEPHEN: Have fun.

LILY exits.

WICK: Have fun?

STEPHEN: Huh?

WICK: When she left you said “have fun.”

STEPHEN: Did I?

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: Whoops.

Pause.

WICK: So, is that something?

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: With my sister?

STEPHEN: What’s wrong with your sister?

WICK: What?

STEPHEN: Did you say something was wrong with your sister?

WICK: No. I was asking if that was something?

STEPHEN: Like *something* something?

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: That’s your sister, man! We’ve known each other forever.

WICK: I’m just asking. *(beat)* So, about the speech...

STEPHEN: Speech?

WICK: The one to my step-dad.

STEPHEN gets a text message.

STEPHEN: Shit, one second.

STEPHEN is reading.

STEPHEN: Ah! They're gonna be here soon.

WICK: Who?

STEPHEN: I'll explain in a second-

WICK: Okay, but I wanted to know-

STEPHEN: If you could-

WICK: If I could just-

STEPHEN: Help me out with-

WICK: Get closure on this whole thing-

STEPHEN: About her-

WICK: *(correcting)* Him.

STEPHEN: May I?

WICK: Uh-

STEPHEN: It's just, they're going to be here soon and, once they get here, I can't talk about it.

WICK: Who's they?

STEPHEN: Just listen. It's just, you know this whole Marcy problem?

WICK: Problem?

STEPHEN: Her relationship problem?

WICK: It's a problem?

STEPHEN: Of course it's a problem.

WICK: How is it a problem?

STEPHEN: Devin doesn't treat her properly.

WICK: Doesn't he?

STEPHEN: Wick?

WICK: What?

STEPHEN: Are you blind?

WICK: Did she say it was a problem?

STEPHEN: She didn't have to.

WICK: So you just think their relationship is really that bad? You don't think he cares about her?

STEPHEN: I think he cares a decent amount, but I don't think he's really capable of understanding her. I don't think either of them is as happy as they could be, you know?

WICK: It sounds like you're putting a bunch / of your own ideas onto-

STEPHEN: You know Spiderman?

WICK: What?

STEPHEN: Spiderman. You know who he is right?

WICK: Yeah...

STEPHEN: If he didn't do what he *thought* was right, all those old ladies would get their stuff snatched.

WICK: Yeah... but-

STEPHEN: *And* all those young girls would get their snatches stuffed.

WICK: Dude.

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: That is disgusting.

STEPHEN: But true.

WICK: And he's a superhero...and Devin's not a mugger. *(beat)* Or a rapist.

STEPHEN: How do you know?

WICK: How do you?

STEPHEN: I don't. But I'm going to find out. And Wick, you have to admit that he's not the best boyfriend. He's pretty inattentive to her when we see them.-

WICK: Right. But-

STEPHEN: -And remember when she started seeing him in school and how uncertain she was?-

WICK: Yeah. But-

STEPHEN: -And she mentioned to me, yesterday, that she thought he might want to get married soon and that that idea scares her a lot.

WICK: Huh. That is sort of weird. I mean, they've been together for like-

STEPHEN: Five years. Four months.-

WICK: Huh.

STEPHEN: -And seven days.

WICK: Wow.

STEPHEN: Right?

WICK: I can kind of see your point. But / it feels like this is a big leap to-

STEPHEN: I think you'd get it more if you understood the main problem. It's that Marcy isn't strong enough to do anything severe about her relationship, like leave him or anything. It's like how the general public aren't strong enough to stand up to the supervillians in Spiderman!

WICK: This whole Spiderman thing-

STEPHEN: Every time something comes up, she forgives him for it because it's minor and she doesn't see the big picture. He's chipping away at her though. She's too dependent on him but she doesn't have to be. Like how Lex Luthor seems like a big help to Metropolis but is actually really evil.

WICK: Lex Luthor is from Superman.

STEPHEN: Whatever. Marcy used to confide in me a lot and I know what she's like. My knowledge of Marcy is a great power which I must use responsibly.

WICK: I know Marcy... I don't consider it a superpower.

STEPHEN: You don't know her as well as I do. And you don't know how to help her out.

WICK: You do?

STEPHEN: I do.

WICK: How?

STEPHEN: Remember in Spiderman when Uncle Ben said, "Be the change you want to see in the world." (*checks his watch*)

WICK: Wasn't that Gandhi?

STEPHEN: Listen Wick! Marcy and Devin are going to be here real soon. So, the first step in this plan is for me to get closer to Devin.

WICK: The *plan*?

STEPHEN: Yes. I've got to get to know him well. I have to find out what he likes, what he does for fun. I need to figure out any dirt he's got on him and I've got to see what makes him tick. I need to learn all I can about him.

WICK: Are you trying to lure him away from Marcy? Because I'm pretty sure he's straight.

STEPHEN: Fuck you (*laughs*). I need to become his friend. That's step one.

WICK: Why?

STEPHEN: It's complex.

WICK: Try me.

STEPHEN: I don't have time to explain it all, but I need to get a good sense of what his mannerisms are like, so I need to spend a lot of time around him.

WICK: This sounds creepy.

STEPHEN: It's fine! I promise. But look, I need your help.

WICK: My help?

STEPHEN: And I need it today.

WICK: Oh come on!

STEPHEN: Wick!

WICK: I don't think this is a good idea!

STEPHEN: Have I steered you wrong before?

WICK: Probably!

STEPHEN: Look at it this way: I own the bar, right?

WICK: Right.

STEPHEN: And the bar has been running smooth and making money since I took over right?

WICK: Right.

STEPHEN: And my grandfather wouldn't have given me the bar if I didn't have a good sense of the world, right?

WICK: Your grandfather left you the bar in his will after he died from testi-

STEPHEN: Yeah, yeah. But he wouldn't have *trusted* me with it if I wasn't ready.

WICK: Didn't he have a huge drinking problem?

STEPHEN: He owned a bar!

WICK: *You* don't have a huge drinking problem.

STEPHEN: I'm not 75.

WICK: True.

STEPHEN: So just help me out here, alright? Worse comes to worse, I'm wrong and the blame isn't going to fall on you anyway, cool?

WICK: I'll help you on one condition.

STEPHEN: Name it.

WICK: If I help you with this scheme-

STEPHEN: Plan. Scheme sounds so devious.

WICK: This whole thing sounds devious.

STEPHEN: Plan!

WICK: Fine! If I help you with this plan, you have to listen to my speech.

STEPHEN: Speech?

WICK: The one to my step-dad! Come on!

STEPHEN: Right! Sorry. Sure. I'll listen.

WICK: Then I'll help you.

STEPHEN: *(punches his arm)* Ah you rock!

WICK: What do I have to do?

STEPHEN: *(checking time again)* Okay, they're going to be here right away. When they get here, all you have to do is get Marcy to go into the basement with you so I can get to know Devin better.

WICK: Why don't you just ask him to go for a beer sometime or something?

STEPHEN: Because he's never liked me! For some reason he thinks I'm a threat to his relationship.

WICK: You are a threat to his relationship.

STEPHEN: Anyway, take her downstairs and show her the kitchen and tell Eddie to cook her up one of the new menu items or something.

WICK: I fucking hate talking to Eddie.

STEPHEN: I know, but it's just for a bit.

WICK: He always looks at me funny.

STEPHEN: He's got a lazy eye!

WICK: Well, it makes me uncomfortable!

STEPHEN: Wick!

WICK: Ugh. Fine.

STEPHEN: Great. I'll holler down to you after a while and you can come up.

WICK: You owe me.

STEPHEN: I know. You're the best. *(an idea)* Oh! You know what. I got two tickets to the Silverbacks game tonight. You wanna go with me?

WICK: Sure! That'd be cool. I haven't been to a game in a while. *(pause)* Okay, so maybe after the game we can-

MARCY enters followed by DEVIN.

STEPHEN: Hey guys!

MARCY: Hey Steve!

STEPHEN goes to hug MARCY and is a bit awkward about it. He goes to DEVIN but DEVIN is texting on his cell phone.

MARCY: How are you, Wick?

WICK: Keeping busy, you know. Working here a bunch. You?

MARCY: Just pencil pushing at the office and waiting to hear back from schools.

STEPHEN: You guys want a drink?

MARCY: Sure.

WICK: What'll it be?

MARCY: What do you think I should have Steve?

STEPHEN: Hm...

MARCY: I want something light.

STEPHEN: Oh? No more heavy drinking for you?

MARCY: Only once in a while, now.

STEPHEN: Things have changed a fair bit then?

MARCY: Well, I like to reserve my heavy drinking for my nights with you.

WICK: That's probably because you're hard to be sober around, Steve.

STEPHEN: Screw you.

WICK: How's about a gin and tonic?

MARCY: Sounds great. Dev?

DEVIN: Hm?

MARCY: What do you want to drink?

DEVIN: Whatever.

MARCY: Just give him a beer of some kind.

WICK: Cool.

WICK gets the drinks.

STEPHEN: Not going back to the office today?

MARCY: Nope. David let me go early.

STEPHEN: That's cool.

DEVIN: Who's David?

MARCY: Really?

DEVIN: Hm?

MARCY: Dave is my boss, Devin.

DEVIN: I thought his name was Doug.

MARCY: No, Doug is my dad's name.

DEVIN: Oh.

STEPHEN: He was in here last night. Right Wick?

WICK: Hm?

MARCY: My dad was in here last night?

STEPHEN: What? No. Dave was in here last night, right?

WICK: Oh yeah, for a bit. He's here all the time. But Lily thinks-

STEPHEN: He's here a lot!

WICK: Yeah, but Lily was saying he's a-

STEPHEN feigns coughing.

WICK: Creep.

MARCY: What was that?

WICK: He's a-

STEPHEN coughs again.

WICK: Creep.

STEPHEN: Deep. Lily thinks he's a really deep guy.

MARCY: Oh. He's treating me really well. I think he wants me to stay with the company when I'm going through law school.

STEPHEN: That's awesome. I've been meaning to ask him to go for a beer.

MARCY: You should. This place keeps looking better and better Steve.

STEPHEN: Thanks! It was a big risk when we decided to change it from a sports bar but I think it was for the better.

MARCY: I always think it's great when people start developing and moving forward with their goals. Building on what they've already got.

STEPHEN: Thanks! I mean, I really wasn't sure it was a good idea to alienate the original clientele but a lot of them were just lowlifes who didn't spend that much money and gave this place a bad rep.

DEVIN: I used to come in here all the time.

Pause.

DEVIN's phone rings.

DEVIN: *(answering the phone and walking away from the bar)* Hey man. I'm just out at The Beer Seller... Yeah. It's shittier now though... *(conversation continues but isn't heard)*

STEPHEN gives WICK a look.

WICK: Uh. Hey! Marcy! You gotta check out...the...basement...

MARCY: What's in the basement?

WICK: Um...something *you* will find interesting...like...legal...stuff.

DEVIN's phone conversation cuts in.

DEVIN: That's her fuckin' job!

MARCY: What? You have illegal stuff in the basement?

WICK: What? No! *Legal* stuff, because you're a lawyer, so-

STEPHEN: *(hushed)* Wick!

WICK: I mean...we have...*regal* stuff...like our new kitchen...fit for a queen...

WICK looks at STEPHEN with an 'I don't know!' look.

DEVIN's phone conversation cuts in again.

DEVIN: Tell her she's a bitch! *(laughs)*

STEPHEN: Wick means that you oughta see the kitchen. You've been in here a bunch but you've never toured the facilities. Great idea Wick!

WICK: Yeah!

MARCY: Uh...okay. Are you alright if I head down there for a bit?

DEVIN doesn't hear her.

DEVIN: *(to his phone)* Fuck that. I can't afford tickets to the game tonight.

MARCY: Dev?

DEVIN: *(to his phone)* And the seats are usually shit anyway.

MARCY: I'm gonna go see the kitchen with Wick.

DEVIN: *(to his phone)* Yeah, they're too much man.

MARCY: Whatever.

WICK: Shall we?

MARCY: Sure.

WICK and MARCY exit to the basement.

DEVIN: *(ending his phone call)* Alright, have a good one. Bye. *(to STEPHEN)* Where'd Marcy go?

STEPHEN: I think she went to check out the kitchen with Wick.

DEVIN: Ah.

An awkward moment where STEPHEN and DEVIN are left alone. DEVIN sits down and begins to do something on his phone. STEPHEN observes DEVIN, maybe imitates him a bit. Then, STEPHEN makes some awkward attempts to position himself for the ideal 'bro' moment. Perhaps at one point leaning on the bar and slipping.

STEPHEN: *(too loudly)* SO Devin!

DEVIN: *(startled)* Christ! What?

STEPHEN: How's the beer?

DEVIN: Uh. Good.

STEPHEN: Good.

Pause. DEVIN goes back to his phone.

STEPHEN: Hey! You were in Mr. Grey's class right?

DEVIN: Uh...

STEPHEN: In grade 11?

DEVIN: Uh, yeah.

STEPHEN: Remember how we used to have those foreign exchange kids come in.

DEVIN: I think so.

STEPHEN: Yeah, and there was that crazy Indian kid in your class.

DEVIN: Um...

STEPHEN: I think everybody in our grade kept calling him Binder! And he would always complain like *(bad East Indian accent)* "My name is Haseed!" But we wouldn't listen.

DEVIN: Oh yeah! *(chuckles)*

STEPHEN: I mean, it was sort of mean but we were just kids.

DEVIN: Yeah, haha.

STEPHEN: And remember how that year, there was that one day where everybody shot spitballs at him?

DEVIN: Yeah. (*chuckles*)

STEPHEN: It was pretty bad. It was like this big fuck you because of September 11th. Which was kind of crazy because I didn't think people still cared that much about it anymore.

DEVIN: Well –

STEPHEN: It's like, I know it was sad, but move on! It was years ago.

DEVIN: I mean-

STEPHEN: It's just so "American" to hold a grudge to the point of bullying this Indian kid about it, you know?

DEVIN: Well –

STEPHEN: "Never Forget" pft. Fuck that. Forgive and forget, right?

DEVIN: My brother worked in the World Trade Center.

Pause.

DEVIN: So...yeah.

Pause. DEVIN returns to his phone.

STEPHEN: Hey! You want to try this new shot I made?

DEVIN: Uh...sure.

STEPHEN: Alright.

STEPHEN starts making a shot.

STEPHEN: It's great. It's got this sweet taste but a bit of a bite.

DEVIN: Cool.

STEPHEN: Yeah. I think I might name it after our team.

DEVIN: Oh yeah? The hockey team?

STEPHEN: Yeah. Well, they're called the Silverbacks, right?

DEVIN: Right.

STEPHEN: So I might call it Gorilla Glue.

DEVIN: Gorilla Glue?

STEPHEN: Yeah.

DEVIN: Like the adhesive?

STEPHEN: Yup.

DEVIN: That sounds kind of gross. I don't wanna drink glue.

STEPHEN: *(finishes pouring the shots)* Well, there's no glue in it, obviously. I figured, I'll tell people that if they drink enough of these they'll go 'apeshit crazy!' *(Laughs)*.

DEVIN gives a minor chuckle.

STEPHEN: And it's like...a shot you can stick with...so it's like glue.

DEVIN: It seems a bit off-putting though, don't you think?

STEPHEN: How so?

DEVIN: Well...it kind of makes me think of gorilla jizz.

STEPHEN: What? Really?

DEVIN: Yeah, man.

STEPHEN: That's gross.

DEVIN: I know.

DEVIN thinks for a second.

DEVIN: These are pretty silver-ish.

STEPHEN: Uh-huh.

DEVIN: Why not Silver Bullets?

STEPHEN: Cool. *(raises his glass)* Well, here's to Silver Bullets!

DEVIN: Cheers.

They drink.

STEPHEN: Great huh?

DEVIN: These taste like shit.

STEPHEN: What? Really?

DEVIN: Terrible.

STEPHEN: *(thinking)* Um... maybe I made a mistake. Hold on.

STEPHEN makes another two.

DEVIN: It's cool man.

STEPHEN: Don't worry about it.

DEVIN: ...Alright.

STEPHEN: *(indicating the phone call from earlier)* So, you going to the game tonight?

DEVIN: I can't. Want to, but the tickets are so expensive.

STEPHEN finishes making the shots and sips his.

STEPHEN: You know...if you want...I was gonna go tonight but I've got a spare ticket...

DEVIN: *(surprised)* Really?

STEPHEN: Yep. You wanna go?

DEVIN: Uh...sure!

STEPHEN: Awesome. *(raises his glass)* Shall we?

DEVIN: *(bracing himself)* Okay...

STEPHEN: How's about a toast!

DEVIN: Uh...sure.

STEPHEN: Do you know any good ones?

DEVIN: I have one.

STEPHEN: Go ahead.

DEVIN: To our wives and our girlfriends, may they never meet.

They laugh, STEPHEN laughs through gritted teeth. They drink.

STEPHEN: Well?

DEVIN: *(lying)* Much better.

STEPHEN: I told you!

DEVIN: *(laughs)* Yeah.

STEPHEN goes to the staircase to yell down.

STEPHEN: Marcy, come up here, I want you to try this new shot! *(to DEVIN)* Think she'll like it?

DEVIN: She's gonna love it.

MARCY comes back up the stairs.

MARCY: The kitchen's really nice Steve. You should see it Dev.

DEVIN: I'm good.

STEPHEN: You gotta try this new shot. Devin just helped me name it!

MARCY: Really?

STEPHEN: Yup. Hold on and I'll whip it up.

STEPHEN begins to make three Silver Bullets.

MARCY: *(to DEVIN)* You alright?

DEVIN: Yup.

MARCY: You good to go after this?

DEVIN: Sure. Dinner?

MARCY: Yeah, we'll head to-

STEPHEN: *(placing the glasses on the counter)* I present to you...the Silver Bullet!

MARCY: Very cool.

STEPHEN: It's named after the Silverbacks!

MARCY: Oh nice.

WICK walks up the stairs to watch the following. He is not seen by STEPHEN.

STEPHEN: Devin came up with the name for it. It's much better than the stupid name I was gonna use.

DEVIN: He wanted to call it Gorilla Glue.

MARCY: Like the adhesive?

DEVIN: Yeah. Or like ape jizz.

MARCY: That's gross.

STEPHEN: Well it wasn't my idea, it was really Wick's idea.

DEVIN: Such a bad call.

MARCY: *(laughing)* Yeah. The Silver Bullet is much better.

STEPHEN: I'm taking Devin to the game tonight to celebrate!

DEVIN: Should be good.

STEPHEN: Yup! Here's to the Silverbacks!

They cheers and drink. DEVIN secretly tosses his onto the floor, leaving a puddle.

MARCY winces.

MARCY: Wow. That was...good.

STEPHEN: I know right!

MARCY: *(to DEVIN)* I'm getting hungry, wanna go?

DEVIN: Sure.

MARCY: Okay. *(to STEPHEN)* It was nice to see you! Thanks for the drinks.

DEVIN: I'll get your number from Marce and shoot you a text.

STEPHEN: Sounds good. See you tonight!

MARCY: Bye! *(shouting out)* See you Wick!

MARCY and DEVIN exit. STEPHEN notices WICK.

WICK: You're going to the game with Devin?

STEPHEN: Oh yeah. I was going to let you know after.

WICK: What the hell?

STEPHEN: I'm hoping this will really seal the deal between us.

WICK: Sounds like you're trying to fuck the guy.

STEPHEN: I'll take you next time.

WICK: Whatever, man.

STEPHEN: No, I'm really sorry. And about the Gorilla Glue thing.

WICK: The glue thing was stupid anyway.

STEPHEN: Kind of.

WICK: Fuck you.

STEPHEN: Hey!

WICK: It's pretty harsh for you to do that, man.

STEPHEN: I know.

WICK: And it makes me feel like-

STEPHEN: How about I buy you dinner?

WICK: Dinner?

STEPHEN: Yeah. We can go now.

WICK: I'm supposed to be working.

STEPHEN: Get Eddie to watch over things.

WICK: Well...

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: That might not work...

STEPHEN: Why?

WICK: 'Cause he's got a lazy eye!

They laugh.

WICK: I left my keys downstairs so I can tell him I'll be back in a bit.

STEPHEN: Great.

WICK: *(going downstairs)* Be right back. Maybe I can do my speech thing-

WICK exits downstairs.

STEPHEN: *(checking his watch)* Oh fuck! *(yelling down to WICK)* I just realized I can't go for dinner, I've gotta be at this old folks home in ten minutes. I almost forgot. Sorry bud!

STEPHEN grabs his jacket and is heading out.

STEPHEN: Take the money out of the till when you come back, it's on me still! Sorry!

STEPHEN turns to leave in a rush, slips on the puddle left by DEVIN's drink and falls.

STEPHEN: Fuck!

STEPHEN rights himself.

STEPHEN: And there's some shit on the floor here, can you wipe it up before you go? Thanks bud!

STEPHEN exits.

Beat.

WICK comes back up the stairs, dressed in his dinner jacket. He looks at the puddle on the floor.

Blackout. End of act.

ACT II**SCENE 1:**

The Next Week at The Beer Seller.

LILY is working. WICK is visiting. He has a hangover.

WICK: God my stomach hurts.

LILY: Well, you were going pretty hard yesterday evening.

WICK: Hey man, I take beer pong seriously.

LILY: Clearly.

WICK doubles over a bit.

WICK: Ugh. No beer for a while.

LILY: It's probab-

WICK: I drank too much beer.

LILY: Well, that's what happens when you play. / But I think it's prob-

WICK: It's so much fun though! I think it's going to draw a lot of people to the bar.

LILY: It won't if you keep swallowing the ping-pong balls.

WICK: I didn't mean to!

LILY: I don't even know how you did that.

WICK: I slammed back what was in my cup.

LILY: But you didn't take the ball out first?

WICK: I forgot!

LILY: Stephen is gonna be pissed.

WICK: Why?

LILY: That ping-pong ball was special.

WICK: What?

LILY: You didn't think it was weird that it was painted gold?

WICK: What?

LILY: Don't you even listen to Stephen? His dad is this ex-ping-pong champ and he had this collection of ping-pong balls that were used in his dad's championship match.

Beat.

WICK: Shit.

LILY: Do you think you should go to the doctor? Get it removed?

WICK: I don't feel funny or anything. I think it went down fine.

LILY: You just said your stomach hurt.

WICK: It's probably the beer!

LILY: It's probably the ping-pong ball!

WICK: It'll pass.

LILY: The stomach ache?

WICK: ... and the ball...

LILY: Gross.

WICK: Then I'll just polish it up and it'll be fine.

LILY: That's actually so disgusting.

WICK: Steve won't even notice it's gone.

LILY: He hasn't been here much lately. It was nice to actually see him around last week.

Pause.

WICK: Do I smell a sausage on the grill?

LILY: Wick!

WICK: What?

LILY: That's disgusting.

WICK: Because it's Steve?

LILY: No, because you said the sausages thing again.

WICK: Ah.

LILY: And because it's Stephen.

WICK: What's wrong with Steve?

LILY: Stephen is like your brother.

WICK: And?

LILY: And...you're like *my* brother.

WICK: Okay...

LILY: So like... I don't know. He's busy. And I'm just... Whatever.

WICK: Heh. Busy is right. Dude's my best friend *and* my boss and I see the guy in five-minute spurts. We talked about him listening to my speech last week and he hasn't even given me the chance to bring it up at all. But! I do get to see him tonight... even if it is with other people.

WICK goes to get his jacket from behind the bar.

LILY: Think you'll get to do the speech tonight?

WICK: Probably not. It's not like it's just us hanging out. Ugh.

Beat.

LILY: Is everything okay?

WICK: *(a bit sarcastic)* Oh everything is fine. *(a beat)* He's just spending a lot of time with Devin and it's all because of this stupid idea of his.

LILY: What do you mean?

WICK: Ah it's a long story. And I can't really talk to you about it right now.

LILY: Um...okay.

Pause. WICK notices the look LILY is giving.

WICK: What?

LILY: *(baby voice)* Is somebody jealous?

WICK: Fuck off.

LILY: *(still baby voice)* Poor baby.

WICK: Screw you.

They laugh.

LILY: I do miss him though.

WICK: *(baby voice)* Who's the jealous one now?

LILY: No! It's not like that-

WICK: *(still baby voice)* I want Stephen's sausage.

LILY: There are a few things wrong with you imitating a baby and saying you want a guy's sausage.

Pause.

WICK: So *no* guys eh?

LILY: No!

WICK: They don't have to be sausages on the grill you know...

LILY: Wick!

WICK: *(Australian imitation, making a small penis sign with his fingers)* They could be shrimp on the barbie.

LILY: Screw you!

WICK: Or...*(thinking of it)* Fish on the grill?

LILY: Fish?

WICK: Yeah...like..*(indicating a vagina)*

LILY: Gross.

WICK: What?

LILY: You're such a dick!

STEPHEN enters from the basement in a bit of a hurry to exit. He heads towards the office.

STEPHEN: He can't help it Lily. "You are what you eat."

STEPHEN exits through office door.

Pause.

STEPHEN opens the door again.

STEPHEN: As in he eats dick.

LILY laughs STEPHEN exits to office.

LILY: *(to WICK)* Come on, that was pretty funny.

WICK: *(a small smile)* It was pretty good.

STEPHEN returns, a jacket in hand.

STEPHEN: *(to WICK)* You're still on for tonight right?

WICK: Yup.

STEPHEN: Great. Don't be late. Well, you can be like cool late, not like douche late.

WICK: Got it. Oh! Speaking of douches, that marker isn't coming off no matter what I do. And now there's more.

STEPHEN: Motherfuck. What does it say now?

WICK: So we've got "I don't think she could love me," and then, "Follow your heart," and now, "I'm worried what people will think."

STEPHEN: Good lord.

LILY: What kind of weird things go on in there?

WICK: Then the second guy-

STEPHEN: The red marker guy?

WICK: Yeah. He wrote, "Love knows no bounds."

STEPHEN: Who are these people?! Who writes that kind of stuff? Draw a rocket ship penis or a dirty limerick! I don't understand this!

WICK: It's fucked. / Anyway, later on I was thinking-

STEPHEN: No kidding. Gotta run!

STEPHEN exits to outside.

WICK: I could do the speech.

Beat.

LILY: You could do it for me.

WICK: What?

LILY: The speech. You could do it for me.

WICK: Naw, I can't.

LILY: How come?

WICK: My therapist said it can't be someone who was close to Walter.

LILY: He was a shitty step-dad to me too...

WICK: But he never actually *did* anything to you, did he?

LILY: He yelled sometimes.

WICK: Did he yell with his dick in your butt?

LILY: ...No.

WICK: Exactly.

Pause.

LILY: Why do you think that is?

WICK: What do you mean?

LILY: Like, am I so gross that even my creepy step-dad won't touch me?

WICK: What?!

LILY: Like, what's wrong with me?

WICK: He raped me!

LILY: Exactly!

WICK: That's fucked up!

LILY: I know... but-

WICK: No! No "but." He raped me.

LILY: I know. I'm sorry.

WICK: Jesus.

LILY: Sorry.

Pause.

LILY: But if you wanna give your speech to me...

WICK: My therapist said it has to be someone a bit removed, at least. I think she's right.

WICK starts to get his jacket.

LILY: That's alright. So are you just going to make sure your boyfriend doesn't get lured away from you?

WICK: *My* boyfriend?!

LILY: Mmhm.

WICK: Screw you. It's not *just* Devin and Steve.

LILY: Oh? Is Marcy going?

WICK: Yeah, later on. Steve wants me to come and make him seem cool to Devin with all these stupid stories. Like how he helped get you down from a tree when you climbed too high and got scared.

LILY: Fuck off.

WICK: I'm serious.

LILY: That isn't even what happened!

WICK: Hm?

LILY: *He* got stuck in the tree.

WICK: Oh yeah!

LILY: And I had to go up there and talk to him for a long time.

WICK: Yeah.

LILY: 'Cause he wouldn't come down.

Beat.

WICK: 'Cause he pissed himself.

LILY: That's right.

WICK: See you later sis.

LILY: Bye Chris.

WICK exits.

Pause. LILY thinks about STEPHEN.

The bar phone rings. LILY answers.

LILY: Hello?... Dr. Who?...No, not Dr. Who the television show, which doctor's office?...Oh....
He just left, I can give you his cell ... You tried that?... Can I take a message?... Well, I'll tell
him you called then... Okay. Bye.

*DAVID enters. He's dressed in a suit and has a confident stride. He makes LILY
uncomfortable but she tries to hide it and be professional and friendly.*

DAVID: Hey good lookin'.

LILY: Hi.

DAVID: Do me a solid and pour me a shot of Jack. I just won a case today.

LILY: *(pours the shot)* Congratulations.

DAVID: Pour yourself one. Let's celebrate!

LILY: *(uneasy laugh)* Not tonight.

DAVID: Ah come on. When are you gonna come out from behind that bar and have a chat?

LILY: You always come in when I'm working.

DAVID: That's just 'cause I like to see you.

LILY: Well shucks.

DAVID drinks.

DAVID: Hit me again. One more for the road.

LILY pours the shot. DAVID drinks.

DAVID: You know what would go great with this?

LILY: What?

DAVID: A cute bartender's number.

MARCY enters. Notices DAVID.

MARCY: Thought you'd be here.

DAVID: Oh?

MARCY: Hey Lily.

LILY: Hey Marcy.

MARCY: Just you two in here hey?

LILY: Slow day so far.

MARCY: Should I light some candles?

LILY: *(cordial laughter)* I'm on the clock.

DAVID: *(to MARCY about LILY)* She's too cute. It's criminal.

MARCY: Should we take her to court?

MARCY and DAVID laugh. LILY feigns laughter.

DAVID: When are they gonna put the TVs back in here? I think the game's starting soon.

LILY: Ten minutes.

DAVID: Right. Well, I better head to The Tusk?

MARCY: Maybe I'll see you there!

LILY: Okay. It's \$8.50.

DAVID: Here's ten.

DAVE holds out a ten dollar bill but plays a small game of keep away with it.

LILY: *(a minor laugh)* Quit it.

DAVID: You're just not fast enough.

LILY gets the bill.

DAVID: I just wanted you to work for it, you know, since your "on the clock."

LILY: Oh please.

DAVID: Have a good night.

MARCY: Bye David.

DAVID: *(to LILY)* Bye. *(to MARCY)* See you later, Marcy.

MARCY: You bet!

DAVID exits.

MARCY: Devin's not here, then?

LILY: I haven't seen him, but-

MARCY: Ugh. His phone died this morning and Steve told me that Devin would meet me here before the game.

LILY: Oh well-

MARCY: You know, he is the most unreliable guy sometimes.

LILY: Stephen?

MARCY: No, Devin.

LILY: Oh.

MARCY: He's never on time and he's never where he says he's going to be.

LILY: I think they went to The Tusk already.

MARCY: I guessed as much. I don't even like The Tusk.

LILY: You seemed excited about it just now.

MARCY: I'm just trying to get in good with Dave. Hoping for a promotion.

LILY: Oh, I see.

MARCY: And I shouldn't rush out because I bet if I get there, Devin will probably still be late and I don't want Dave to think I'm stalking him. But I wanna catch the start of the game.

LILY: Ah.

MARCY: You know, the only time Devin's ever early is when he really shouldn't be.

LILY: *(laughs)* Oh no.

MARCY: Not all the time. But it's happened.

LILY: *(laughs)* I shouldn't laugh. Sorry.

MARCY: Laugh away. I probably shouldn't have said that. It's not my problem.

LILY: Well...

LILY & MARCY: It kind of is...

They laugh.

LILY: It sounds like you could use a drink.

MARCY: Why not. Gin and Tonic?

LILY: You got it.

LILY starts to make the drink.

LILY: Yeah. So you're meeting Stephen there too?

MARCY: Devin and Steve has been spending a lot of time together so...

LILY: Lucky you. He's not around here much lately.

Beat.

MARCY: Dave comes in here a lot hey?

LILY: Yeah.

MARCY: He's always complimenting the service... and the servers...

LILY: What can I say?

MARCY: He seems to like it here.

LILY: I don't really know him that well.

MARCY: Well, maybe you should get to know him.

LILY: I don't know. He's-

MARCY: He's a pretty successful lawyer...

LILY: He kind of-

MARCY: With a nice car-

LILY: I don't think I should date customers.

Pause.

LILY: I didn't even know Stephen was a big Silverbacks fan.

MARCY: What do you mean?

LILY: Like, he never used to care that much about the Silverbacks.

MARCY: Really?

LILY: Not that I knew of.

MARCY: I always thought he was pretty into it.

LILY: Oh?

MARCY: Yeah. We used to watch the games together all the time.

LILY: Are you a big Silverbacks fan?

MARCY: Huge.

LILY: Really?

MARCY: Yup.

LILY: I wonder why he didn't take you to the game a few weeks ago.

MARCY: I was busy. Maybe We'll catch the home game next week.

LILY: I've been thinking about trying to get into it. Maybe I'll come along.

MARCY: That could be fun.

LILY: Yeah. I gotta check if I have enough for a ticket. Student life.

Pause.

MARCY: Does Steve hire a lot of students?

LILY: What do you mean? We don't have much of a staff.

MARCY: Right. But you're still in school right?

LILY: Yeah, but it's just a political science degree. I don't know what I'll do after.

MARCY: Poly-sci eh?

LILY: Yeah.

MARCY: Well, you don't really have to know yet.

LILY: I don't know, I get anxious.

MARCY: Really?

LILY: I have this awful fear that I'm going to wake up one morning, be in the exact same place, doing the exact same thing, alone. But I'll be thirty-five. Then I'll wake up and I'll be forty-five. And then I'll be fifty-five.

MARCY: It's normal to have those fears.

LILY: You're lucky to have it figured out. Like to just know that you're going to focus on law and drive forward with that.

MARCY: I don't think I've got my life figured out at all.

LILY: Really?

MARCY: I don't think it's all about what you do for work.

LILY: Huh. Well, at least you've got Devin.

MARCY: *(sigh)* It's good to know that you have that relationship when everything else falls apart.

LILY: I wish I had someone like that to lean on.

MARCY: ...There's this successful lawyer I know...

LILY: *(laughing)* Knock it off.

MARCY: Alright, I'm just kidding. People say it's good to be single. Helps you figure out who you really are.

LILY: I think I know who I am. A lonely girl, who works in a bar, and goes to university.

MARCY: *(laughs)* Well, I'm sure you'll find someone who can appreciate you eventually.

LILY: Sometimes it just takes time.

MARCY: And work.

LILY: I always thought that if you had to work at it, it shouldn't work.

MARCY: Every relationship is work. Romantic or otherwise.

LILY: You might be right.

MARCY: For example, Devin could use some work right now.

LILY laughs.

MARCY: Maybe you shouldn't be taking life advice from a woman waiting in a bar to go out to *another* bar because her boyfriend is remarkably unreliable all of the time.

They laugh.

LILY: Think he's at The Tusk yet?

MARCY: Oh probably. Even if he isn't, Steve should be there. I should go. How much do I owe you?

LILY: I've got this one.

MARCY: Thanks.

LILY: No problem.

MARCY begins to exit.

MARCY: And Lily?

LILY: Hm?

MARCY: When it comes to the whole relationship thing, you should just go for it. If they turn out to be a jerk, stuff some tampons in their toilet, flush it, and leave.

LILY: New or used?

MARCY: Definitely used.

MARCY exits.

Blackout. End of scene.

SCENE 2:

Last call at The Beer Seller. The same night.

LILY is cleaning things up.

STEPHEN and DEVIN stumble through the door. DEVIN is more drunk than STEPHEN.

STEPHEN: I just feel like I'd really like that, you know?

DEVIN: I totally get it. Totally.

STEPHEN: Like, who else could do it?

DEVIN: You're right.

STEPHEN: And people don't even *think* about it.

DEVIN: Totally.

STEPHEN: Emma Watson should be princess!

DEVIN: Yes.

STEPHEN: Prince Harry's single! And he's even got the right name!

DEVIN: HERMIONE AND HARRY!

STEPHEN: Exactly! And she could really do good stuff with that power, you know?

DEVIN: I'm with you, man.

They sit down.

STEPHEN: Lily!

LILY: Hey Stephen!

STEPHEN: Where is everyone?!

LILY: They all left. We just did last call.

DEVIN: What!

STEPHEN: What time is it?

LILY: 1:30am.

DEVIN: Holy shit.

STEPHEN: Wow. Alright, two Silver Bullets!

DEVIN: Oh Jesus.

LILY: Silver Bullets?

STEPHEN: Yeah!

LILY: That used to be the Gorilla Glue shot?

STEPHEN: Yep! But it's the Silver Bullet now. Thanks to this guy!

DEVIN laughs. LILY begins making the shots.

LILY: Where's Chris and Marcy? Weren't they with you guys?

STEPHEN: Ah Wick said he might come by and Marcy...what happened to Marcy?

DEVIN: I don't know. She was mad or something.

STEPHEN: Really?

DEVIN: Yeah. I don't know. Whatever.

STEPHEN: What about?

DEVIN: Don't know.

LILY finishes making the shots.

DEVIN: *(musters up courage)* Let's do this!

STEPHEN: To the Silverbacks!

DEVIN: Keep on winning!

They drink.

DEVIN starts making his way to the bathroom.

DEVIN: One sec.

DAVID stumbles in, slightly less drunk than STEPHEN.

STEPHEN: This guy!

DAVID: *(to STEPHEN)* Hey! *(to LILY)* Hey!

STEPHEN: *(to LILY)* This guy knows how to party. He was at The Tusk and it was a blast.

LILY: He's in here all the time. That's Dave.

STEPHEN: I know it's Dave! *(to LILY)* He works with Marcy.

LILY: I know. *(to DAVE)* We just did last call. Sorry.

DAVID: Damn. Can't I sweet talk you into making an exception?

STEPHEN: Fuck that. Get him a drink Lily, it's cool. *(to DAVE)* And it's on me.

DAVID: Thanks man.

LILY: What are you having?

DAVID: What do you think I should have?

LILY: Probably a water.

DAVID: *(laughs)* You're a funny one. *(to STEPHEN)* She's funny. *(to LILY)* I'll take a rye and coke.

LILY: Coming up.

LILY makes the drink.

STEPHEN: *(watches LILY work)* You know Lily, you've really gotten good at this.

LILY: Thanks.

STEPHEN: I mean it! *(to DAVID)* I was hesitant at first about hiring Wick's little sister but she's knocking it out of the park.

DAVID: Who's Wick?

STEPHEN: Oh, Wick is Chris. His last name is Wick.

DAVID: *(to LILY)* So, *your* last name is Wick then too, eh?

LILY: Yeah.

DAVID: *(playing with the sound of it in his mouth)* Lily Wick. Lily Wick...*(beat)* orrr....Willy Lick *(he chuckles)*

LILY: Gross.

LILY gives DAVID his drink and goes to the other side of the bar to do some minor cleaning.

STEPHEN: She's one of the best bartenders in the city!

LILY: Well, you were a good teacher.

STEPHEN: Naw, you're a natural.

LILY finishes making the drink.

LILY: Thanks Stephen.

DAVID: *(to STEPHEN)* She's not too bad on the eyes either. Thanks for the drink.

STEPHEN: Hey man, that's my friend's sister! *(beat)* Jokes. No problem.

DAVID: You're a class act. I think...I think the whole office should...party...here!

STEPHEN: That'd be GREAT! And you know what? I'll give you guys a good...fuckin'...

DAVID: A good fuckin'?!

STEPHEN: What? No!

DAVID laughs.

STEPHEN: What's the word!

DAVID: Lovin'?

STEPHEN: No! Fuckin'...discount!

DAVID: Discount!

STEPHEN: Yeah! On drinks and food and shit.

DAVID: You'd do that?

STEPHEN: Yeah, I mean, Marcy tells me you guys are awesome!

DAVID: Well shit. Thanks, man.

STEPHEN: No worries.

DAVID: Did you two ever...?

STEPHEN: What?

DAVID makes a gesture.

STEPHEN: No. No. We're just...friends.

DAVID: Seriously?

STEPHEN: She's seeing Devin!

DAVID: A boyfriend hasn't stopped some people I know.

STEPHEN: True. Especially if the boyfriend is a...

STEPHEN catches himself.

DAVID: Go ahead.

STEPHEN: I can't. I shouldn't. She's your employee.

DAVID: Hey! Steve! I care about my team. If I can learn about them, I try to.

STEPHEN: It's just... It's like...I just think he treats her poorly is all.

DAVID: She seemed a bit upset at him tonight.

STEPHEN: Yeah.

DAVID: Well, she's gotta learn to respect herself.

STEPHEN: That's what I'm saying!

DAVID: Mhm. I gotta piss!

DAVID quickly finishes the drink and goes to the bathroom.

A beat.

LILY returns to the bar.

DAVID comes back.

DAVID: Someone's passed out in the guy's bathroom.

STEPHEN: Is he in your way?

DAVID: Nah, he's in the stall. It's kind of funny.

STEPHEN: Leave him. He'll be out in no time.

DAVID: Okay.

DAVID goes to the bathroom.

STEPHEN: Lily, can you grab me a water?

LILY: Sure thing.

LILY gets STEPHEN a water.

STEPHEN: You're the best.

LILY: Oh shucks.

STEPHEN: No I mean it. I'm glad you're around.

LILY: *(fairly touched)* Thanks Steve.

STEPHEN: This bar wouldn't be the same without you.

LILY: Really?

STEPHEN: Really.

LILY: Why is that?

STEPHEN: Well, you're just... I don't know!

LILY: Oh?

STEPHEN: You brighten up the place.

LILY: Aw. Thanks Stephen.

STEPHEN: I mean it. And you do a great job.

LILY: Well, it's easy to be motivated around you. When you set your mind to something, you accomplish it.

STEPHEN: What can I say?

LILY: I admire that.

STEPHEN: Do you?

LILY: I do.

Beat.

STEPHEN burps. Gets up

STEPHEN: Well, I oughta hit the hay. I feel like I'm gonna pass out.

LILY: Where are you going?

STEPHEN: I put the couch in my office for a reason. I always think ahead.

LILY: Isn't it cold in there?

STEPHEN: I got blankets.

LILY: Fair enough. What do you want me to do about Devin?

STEPHEN: Ah leave him. If he's still passed out before you lock up, call him a cab or something. That cool?

LILY: Nothing I haven't dealt with before.

STEPHEN: You rock. Goodnight Lily.

LILY: Night Stephen.

STEPHEN exits to the office.

LILY takes a moment to look at the office door and goes back to her cleaning.

A pause.

DAVID returns. Looks around. He slightly advances on LILY, following her.

DAVID: Nobody here?

LILY: Closing time.

DAVID: Heh. Any big plans after work?

LILY: No.

DAVID: I'm not doing anything later.

LILY: One of those nights I guess.

DAVID: You'd like my place, I bet. It's really nice.

LILY: I'll take your word for it.

DAVID: *(stern)* You don't have to.

LILY: Okay, wait-

DAVID: Come here.

DAVID pins LILY against a wall/bar. He tries to kiss her. She struggles.

LILY: Stop it!

DAVID: Come on!

LILY almost breaks free from DAVID but he tosses her onto the ground. He pins her to the floor.

LILY: Steve!

DAVID: Hold still!

DAVID covers her mouth and holds her arms back. She struggles. DAVID starts trying to undo his pants.

WICK enters from outside. A quick beat where he realizes what is going on. He rushes over.

WICK: What the fuck!?

WICK throws DAVID off and starts hitting him. DAVID struggles free and scampers away.

WICK: I'm gonna fucking kill you!

DAVID runs through the door and leaves. WICK goes to LILY.

WICK: You okay? Did he hurt you?

LILY: Only a little. I'm okay.

WICK: Where's Steve?

LILY: He passed out in his office.

WICK: Fuck. I'm gonna kill that guy. You sure you're okay?

LILY: I think so.

Pause.

DEVIN enters from the bathroom. He vomits.

DEVIN: You guys are out of toilet paper.

DEVIN passes out onto the floor.

Blackout. End of act.

ACT III**SCENE 1:**

Mid-day at The Beer Seller.

LILY is working behind the bar. WICK is hanging out.

WICK: You need to say something.

LILY: It's not that easy Chris.

WICK: You have to.

LILY: I'll get to it.

WICK: Lily...

LILY: I'll get to it!

WICK: Okay. But if you don't tell Steve about it, I will.

LILY: He hasn't even been in here since.

WICK: That's not the point.

LILY: Have you given him your speech yet?

WICK: No, but that's different-

LILY: If he isn't going to listen to your speech, he sure as hell doesn't have time to deal with this Dave thing.

WICK: Well-

LILY: And don't you even think about going to the police.

WICK: Lily...

LILY: NO! This is MY issue. I'm dealing with it.

WICK: But I saw what happened-

LILY: I'm not a little kid anymore, Chris!

WICK: Alright. I just want to help.

Pause.

WICK: I think you should tell Steve today.

LILY: Fuck off okay?

WICK: No!

LILY: You don't get it, Chris. It didn't happen to you!

WICK: But Lily-

LILY: No! No, no, no! I don't know what I want or what I can want or what I feel or what I can feel and I don't want to talk about it so shut the fuck up!

WICK: Okay. I'm sorry.

Pause.

LILY: And I'm certainly not jealous of you and Walter anymore.

Beat.

STEPHEN enters in a great mood. Takes in the room.

STEPHEN: Jesus, who died?

WICK: Huh?

STEPHEN: Cheer up people. It's a good day.

WICK: Oh?

STEPHEN: In fact, today is *the* day, Wick!

WICK: *The* day?

LILY: Oh! Did you get your results?

STEPHEN: Results?

LILY: That doctor's office called again a few days ago and said your results are in.

STEPHEN: Oh, I got them.

WICK: What results? Everything okay?

STEPHEN: Oh, they aren't for me!

LILY: They aren't?

STEPHEN: No! They are for the old people I take there.

LILY: Why'd they call here then?

WICK: Yeah, why?

STEPHEN: Because...the old folks home is having phone issues.

WICK: Really?

STEPHEN: Yup. It's awful.

LILY: Huh.

STEPHEN: But regardless, today is *the* day!

WICK: I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

STEPHEN: It's Marcy's birthday.

WICK: Ah.

STEPHEN: And it's also the day that the plan comes together.

WICK: Oh.

LILY: What plan?

WICK: Um...

STEPHEN: It's okay, Wick. Lily can know! In fact, I think I may need your help, Lily.

WICK: Steve-

LILY: What are you talking about?

STEPHEN: It's a lot to explain so I'll try to get it out quickly. *(he breathes in)* I feel like Devin is the wrong guy for Marcy based on a substantial amount of observational and conversational evidence gathered over their entire relationship, so, I've enacted a plan to make Marcy realize they aren't right for each other and I know that Marcy is already irritated with his lateness so I've made him even less dependable by constantly making him run late by creating minor inconveniences and I know that Marcy thinks he's inconsiderate at times so I've convinced him that Marcy's birthday is, in fact, next week so if all goes according to plan, by the end of today, Marcy will have seen that Devin is not Mr. Right and she will leave him.

Pause.

WICK: Jesus-

STEPHEN: AND I've also been spending a lot of time around Devin lately and have been getting to know him so that I could understand exactly what he's like. I learned how to behave like Devin so that I can impersonate him and ruin his reputation.

Pause.

LILY: Wow.

STEPHEN: You know how I've been volunteering at that nursing home?

WICK: Steve-

STEPHEN: Thing is, there's this old lady I take care of and she's real blind. Her name's Agnes.

WICK: Angus?

STEPHEN: No, Agnes.

WICK: I know a guy named Angus.

STEPHEN: Well I'm not talking about a guy named Angus, I'm talking about fucking Agnes.

LILY: You wanna fuck this old lady?

STEPHEN: What?!

LILY: You're talking about fucking Agnes?

STEPHEN: No! I'm meant I'm fucking talking *about* Agnes!

WICK: Angus went to our high school!

STEPHEN: I don't-

WICK: He was always high, remember?

STEPHEN: No I don't fucking remember. Now listen to me because the stakes are high!

WICK: But-

STEPHEN: So *Agnes* can't see shit. You know, 'cause she's blind. So I've been doing just a terrible job. I leave her room in a mess. I'm mean to her all the time. I say just terrible shit to her. Sometimes, I fart in public and blame it on her. Last week, I took a shit right in the middle of her carpet and blamed it on her.

Pause.

WICK: Fucking hell Steve.

STEPHEN: What?

LILY: Holy shit.

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: I mean, come on.

STEPHEN: I don't understand.

WICK: That's some serious shit, man. You're straight up ruining this lady's life.

STEPHEN: You don't get it! It's brilliant because the entire time, I'm impersonating Devin. She thinks I'm Devin.

WICK: What do you mean she thinks you're Devin?

STEPHEN: Well, I've borrowed some of his clothes.

Beat.

WICK: Um...

STEPHEN: What?

LILY: You just said she was blind.

STEPHEN: Well... it helps me get into character! Plus, I've been watching how he behaves, I imitate his voice and his mannerisms and stuff.

WICK: You can't imitate Devin.

STEPHEN: Sure I can.

WICK: Prove it.

STEPHEN: (*decent attempt*) Hi, I'm Devin. I like sports.

WICK: Huh.

LILY: Not bad.

WICK: Still though...

STEPHEN: Shut up! There's no time! Wick, what I need you to do is head over to the nursing home on Regis and bring Agnes in here for the party I'm organizing for Marcy.

WICK: I'm not sure about this.

STEPHEN: Wick, we've been through this. You just don't get it.

WICK: I know but-

STEPHEN: I'm never wrong about these things. Am I?

WICK: Well you might be wrong about this one. This is some serious shit.

STEPHEN: As serious as getting closure with your step-dad?

WICK: Wait, what?

STEPHEN: You still need me to listen to that speech right?

WICK: Uh...

STEPHEN: So, help me out with this, and I'll listen to your speech. Right after the party.

Pause.

WICK: You promise?

STEPHEN: Right after the party. After everyone leaves, you can deliver your speech to me.

WICK: Really?

STEPHEN: Yes. You in?

WICK: I...I guess. Yeah.

STEPHEN: Great. Now we've gotta keep going because time is of the essence. Lily-

WICK: Listen Steve, I don't know if Lily-

LILY: I'm fine.

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: It's just that-

LILY: I'm fine. What do you need?

STEPHEN: Well, I was hoping you could-

WICK: Lily...

STEPHEN: What?

LILY: Shut up Chris. Go ahead.

STEPHEN: Um. I was hoping-

WICK: Lily got raped.

Pause. LILY is shattered but tries to hide it.

STEPHEN: ...That's brilliant.

WICK: I'm sorry?

STEPHEN: You're a genius.

WICK: What?

STEPHEN: We can say that Devin raped Lily.

WICK: Wait, Steve-

LILY: *(to WICK)* I didn't get raped. He only tried to rape me, you fucking idiot.

STEPHEN: Actually yeah, that's better. Rape is pretty far. Good thinking Lily.

WICK: I don't think-

STEPHEN: And so that's part of it, we can bring that up maybe after it all goes down and it will seal the deal.

WICK: Steve-

LILY: Let him talk Chris!

STEPHEN: Please stop interrupting me Wick.

WICK: The thing is-

STEPHEN: This needs to happen now.

LILY: Go ahead Steve.

WICK: No!

STEPHEN: God damnit Wick-

WICK: What's the fucking rush anyway?!

STEPHEN: My fucking nuts are gonna fall off, okay?

Pause.

WICK: What?

STEPHEN: I have testicular cancer. That's why I've been going to the doctor and that's why this has to happen now.

WICK: Are you going to die?

LILY: Stephen...

STEPHEN: I don't know. I have no fucking idea. So we need to do this now.

LILY: Why didn't you say something?

STEPHEN: Because I didn't want anyone to know.

WICK: Is that why you're going through with this plan? Just to have something to focus on?

STEPHEN: No! I'm doing what needs to be done!

LILY: He's just being considerate.

WICK: Maybe you need to reevaluate-

STEPHEN: NO! WE ARE NOT STOPPING NOW. I NEED THIS. NOW BE A GOOD FUCKING FRIEND AND DO THIS WITH ME OR-

STEPHEN frantically gesticulates. A brick of cocaine is accidentally revealed from either his clothes or the surroundings.

WICK: Woah.

LILY: Jesus.

STEPHEN: Oh shit, that.

WICK: Hey man...

STEPHEN: What? Oh! No. It's not like that.

WICK: Uh...

STEPHEN: This is the expensive part of the plan.

WICK: What the fuck.

STEPHEN: I'm going to plant some of this coke on Devin and call the cops here anonymously.

WICK: Where the fuck did you get that?

STEPHEN: From No-Name Jack.

LILY: Oh my god.

WICK: So that's No-Name Jack's 'package'.

STEPHEN: Yup.

LILY: It's huge.

WICK: Why did you buy so much?

STEPHEN: He kind of convinced me to take his whole package. Tricked me sort of. I didn't want to take his whole package at first but he said I couldn't just take some of it, I had to take the whole thing.

WICK: Fuck me.

STEPHEN: I need you, Wick.

WICK: And *I* need a drink.

STEPHEN: It's going to be great.

WICK goes behind the bar and grabs a beer.

STEPHEN: *(to Lily)* I'll hold down the fort while you go shopping. They're supposed to be here around 10pm. I'm gonna close down the bar for a private function.

LILY becomes militant to help distract herself.

LILY: Got it.

STEPHEN: And make sure to get the piñata.

LILY looks at the list.

LILY: A piñata? Really?

STEPHEN: Yep. That's my own special touch. Back in high school, Marcy always talked about how she always wanted a piñata when she was a kid but never got to have one.

LILY: Okay.

STEPHEN: Hurry up, we don't have much time.

LILY: I'll be quick.

STEPHEN: Thanks.

LILY: And Stephen?

STEPHEN: Yeah?

LILY: *(kisses him on the cheek)* It's going to be okay.

LILY exits.

WICK has already finished his beer.

STEPHEN: That was weird.

WICK: *(going to exit)* Oh hey, listen man, I've been meaning to tell you something...

STEPHEN: It isn't the speech thing again is it? I told you I'd listen after the party. Now really isn't the time-

WICK: No, it's not the speech thing. Although-

STEPHEN: Because I've gotta go get the decorations-

WICK: Fine, fine. It's just...you know those ping-pong balls you have?

STEPHEN: You mean my dad's championship ping-pong balls?

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: Yeah, what about 'em.

WICK: Well, we were playing beer pong here the other night and I guess I thought they were here for that and we started using one-

STEPHEN: Oh jeeze. So you got it a bit dirty and stuff?

WICK: Not exactly.

STEPHEN: You didn't lose it, did you?

WICK: Not exactly.

STEPHEN: So what happened?

WICK: Well, I got really into the game and I sort of...swallowed it.

Pause.

STEPHEN: You swallowed one of my dad's balls?

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: You just put one of my dad's balls in your mouth...and you swallowed it?

WICK: Well it was in the cup, and I went to throw back the drink, and I forgot to take the ball out first.

STEPHEN: Christ. ...It's fine. I gotta go to the bathroom.

WICK: Oh one sec!

STEPHEN stops.

WICK: You're not going to believe this.

STEPHEN: What?

WICK: So the black marker guy is back.

STEPHEN: Fuck sakes.

WICK: Yeah, so, the black marker guy said, "I don't think she could love me." And the other guy said, "Follow your heart!" Right?

STEPHEN: Right.

WICK: And then it said, “I’m worried about what people will think.” And the other guy said, “Love knows no bounds!” Right?

STEPHEN: Right.

WICK: Well, the black marker guy wrote, “She’s only 13. Did it.”

Pause.

STEPHEN: Woah.

WICK: I know, right?

STEPHEN: That’s fucked.

WICK: Yup.

STEPHEN: I’m betting the red marker guy feels like shit now.

WICK: No kidding.

STEPHEN: I gotta piss. And you gotta go.

WICK: Right, right.

STEPHEN exits to the bathroom. WICK begins to make his exit.

A beat.

STEPHEN opens the door again. WICK hasn’t left yet.

STEPHEN: But like, it might be someone else right?

WICK: What?

STEPHEN: Like the second black marker guy might just be someone else kidding around.

WICK: I guess so.

STEPHEN: Yeah, like, it’s a bar. People write crazy shit on stalls, right?

WICK: Yeah. Right.

STEPHEN: Yeah. So it’s probably fine.

WICK: Yeah.

STEPHEN: Yeah.

Pause.

STEPHEN exits to the bathroom. WICK makes his way out.

Blackout. End of scene.

SCENE 2:

Evening at The Beer Seller. The same day.

STEPHEN and LILY are decorating the bar throughout the scene. LILY has been drinking to distract herself and may continue to do so throughout the scene. STEPHEN is wearing a weird sport coat or jacket borrowed from DEVIN.

STEPHEN: Things look great! How'd the cake turn out?

LILY: Not bad. We probably should've kept Eddie around for an hour to help with it but it seems like it went pretty well.

STEPHEN: Great. I'll put the candles in it and bring it upstairs when the time is right.

LILY: Where's Chris?

STEPHEN: He went to get Agnes but he has to like, fill out forms and stuff. That's good though because I don't want her here early. I need to set the stage for Devin's downfall.

LILY: How exactly is this all going down?

STEPHEN: Okay, they're coming from dinner and I told them to come by a bit later than normal. They'll show up and we can do some Silver Bullets to get a buzz going. You know, set the tone.

LILY: Right.

STEPHEN: After that, I'll slip some of the cake into Devin's jacket pocket or something-

LILY: Why would you put cake in Devin's pocket?

STEPHEN: What?

LILY: Why would you put the cake in Devin's pocket?

STEPHEN: Oh. Cake is slang for cocaine.

LILY: ...Why would I know that?

STEPHEN: I-

LILY: Why do you know that?

STEPHEN: No-name Jack.

LILY: Jeeze. For the sake of clarity, let's call the actual cake the cake and the coke the coke.

STEPHEN: Okay, okay.

LILY: You're a goof.

STEPHEN: So I'll slip some of the *coke* into Devin's jacket pocket and then I'll go downstairs to get the *cake* and I'll call the police when I'm down there.

LILY: The cops are coming here?

STEPHEN: Yup.

LILY: Christ.

STEPHEN: Wick will hopefully be here with Agnes by that time. Agnes will flip out when I introduce her to Devin and she'll want to have him arrested and it'll be wonderful. To take Marcy's mind off of finding out about Devin, I'll crack out the bat and we can bust open the piñata. Voila.

The decorations have been completed.

LILY: It kind of sounds crazy when you put it together like that.

STEPHEN: Crazy good or crazy bad?

LILY: Just crazy. Kind of like that jacket.

STEPHEN: You don't like the jacket?

LILY: Where'd you get it from?

STEPHEN: I borrowed it from Devin.

LILY: Really?

STEPHEN: Well...borrowed...without asking.

LILY: You stole it?

STEPHEN: I liked it!

LILY: It's a bit much.

STEPHEN: It helped me get into character.

LILY: It's just so...loud.

STEPHEN: Fine! I won't wear the jacket.

STEPHEN puts the jacket on a barstool.

LILY: I didn't mean-

STEPHEN: No more jacket! *(about the room)* What do you think? *(beginning to tie up the piñata)*

LILY: Looks good. A few decorations make a difference.

STEPHEN: They should be here any minute.

STEPHEN notices the cocaine brick.

STEPHEN: Shit! Can you put the coke in the office? I just gotta finish this.

LILY: You got it.

LILY takes the cocaine into the office while STEPHEN sets up the piñata.

STEPHEN finishes putting up the piñata. He takes in the room.

STEPHEN: It's perfect.

LILY returns.

LILY: You know Stephen, you really do go all out for your friends.

STEPHEN: I'm a giver, I guess.

LILY: You care so much about-

MARCY and DEVIN enter.

STEPHEN: There she is! Happy birthday, Marcy!

STEPHEN greets them. Hugs Marcy.

MARCY: Oh my god!

DEVIN: Holy shit.

STEPHEN: What?

DEVIN: Jesus Christ.

MARCY: What?

STEPHEN: *(leading)* Did you not know it was her-

MARCY: *(to DEVIN)* You threw me a surprise party?!

DEVIN: *(a beat)* ...Yes...

MARCY: And you planned everything out so I wouldn't know!

DEVIN: ...Yes...

STEPHEN: But-

MARCY: And you even set it up at The Beer Seller! Even though you don't like it much since they changed things. That's so nice of you!

DEVIN: ...Yea...

STEPHEN: But-

MARCY: And you got some decorations! And a piñata! I've always wanted a piñata! I love you, hun.

DEVIN: You too!

MARCY kisses DEVIN.

STEPHEN: But-

MARCY: Is that why you have been so distant lately? You've been planning a party the whole time?

DEVIN: ...Yes. *(whispers to STEPHEN)* Thanks a ton man. I owe you one. *(louder, to all)* The place looks great, Steve!

STEPHEN: *(through gritted teeth)* Thanks! I couldn't have done it alone. I had help.

MARCY: Hey Lily!

LILY: Happy birthday, Marcy.

MARCY: Thanks!

STEPHEN: Well, I think I know what time it is... Silver Bullet time!

The responses are falsely enthusiastic but STEPHEN doesn't notice.

LILY: I'll make them.

LILY goes to make the shots.

STEPHEN: Great! So, how was dinner?

STEPHEN's cell phone rings. STEPHEN tries to shut it off in his pocket.

STEPHEN: Damnit.

MARCY: It's alright.

STEPHEN: No, no! It's your special day! I'm focusing on you!

MARCY: You don't have to-

STEPHEN: It's fine!

STEPHEN successfully ignores the call.

STEPHEN: So, how was dinner?

MARCY: It wasn't bad.

DEVIN: Yeah. We had fun. The game was on, so that was good.

STEPHEN: Oh! How'd we do?

DEVIN: Lost. But it was a good game. Just when I thought they had it, they let it slip.

STEPHEN: Well, c'est la vie eh?

DEVIN: Yup.

MARCY: Thank you for hosting this, Steve. You didn't have to.

STEPHEN: No I didn't. But I wanted to.

MARCY: Thank you.

STEPHEN: Anyone else find it cold in here?

LILY has the shots ready.

LILY: Here you go.

They pass around the shots.

STEPHEN: To Marcy! Happy birthday!

They drink. STEPHEN loves it. MARCY winces. LILY takes it bitterly. DEVIN subtly throws his on the ground.

STEPHEN: Woo! Who wants another?

Reactions are hesitant.

MARCY: I think I'm good for now.

DEVIN: Me too.

The bar telephone rings. STEPHEN goes to get it.

LILY: I can get it-

STEPHEN: Nonsense! This is a party! We can't have these interruptions!

STEPHEN gets to the phone, picks it up, and hangs it up.

STEPHEN: There! Lily! More Silver Bullets!

LILY: Alright...

LILY starts to prepare more shots.

MARCY: I'm expecting an important call-

STEPHEN: Well, *you* can take whatever call you want! It's your party!

DEVIN: Who's calling you?

MARCY: It's that phone call from work.

DEVIN: From Doug?

MARCY: Dave.

LILY reacts subtly.

DEVIN: Right.

STEPHEN's phone rings.

DEVIN: You sure you don't want to take that, man?

STEPHEN: *(pulling out his phone)* No way! It's Marcy's birthday! *(throwing his phone over his shoulder)* This is about her!

MARCY: That's sweet.

LILY: *(finished with the shots)* Here we are.

STEPHEN: Round two!

MARCY: I should probably slow down.

STEPHEN: Ah, come on!

DEVIN: She *did* drive here.

STEPHEN: Fine! I'll take yours! Lily! Devin! To Marcy's health!

LILY and STEPHEN take the shot. DEVIN subtly throws his on the ground again.

STEPHEN: Woo! Okay! I have a party related obligation. I've just gotta grab something from the office. But it's for the party! I'll be right back!

STEPHEN exits to the office to get the cocaine.

MARCY's cell phone rings.

MARCY: Oh, here's my phone call.

MARCY goes to get it and sees who it is.

MARCY: Yup.

MARCY goes outside to take the call.

LILY reacts to the mention of DAVE by having a drink.

DEVIN: Is your brother coming?

LILY: He's just picking something up.

DEVIN: Ah. I used to work at a bar kind of like this actually.

LILY: Really?

DEVIN: Yeah. It was kind of a dive too. It was called Skippy's.

LILY: Skippy's?

DEVIN: Yup. Awful bar. But it paid the bills.

LILY: What do you do now that you're not working behind a bar?

DEVIN: Oh, nothing too crazy.

LILY: Come on. It must be interesting if you've captured the attention of Stephen for this long.

DEVIN: I don't even know if we've talked about my work.

STEPHEN returns.

STEPHEN: Lily, where is the...*cake*...

LILY: The *cake* is downstairs.

STEPHEN: Oh. Okay.

STEPHEN goes downstairs.

LILY: Well, I want to know what you do! You're going to be the only one at the party I don't know that well.

DEVIN: It's kind of embarrassing.

LILY: Come on...

DEVIN: I...I write children's stories.

LILY: Really?

DEVIN: Yup.

LILY: Like, novels or-

DEVIN: Picture books mostly. Marcy wants me to move up to more important forms of writing. But I really enjoy what I'm creating right now.

LILY: That's so cute! Have you-

STEPHEN returns.

STEPHEN: Lily...I couldn't find the *special* cake.

LILY: *Special* cake?

STEPHEN: (*expectantly*) Mmhmm.

LILY: Oh! It's behind the boxes on your desk.

STEPHEN: Oh!

STEPHEN exits to the office.

LILY: Do anything else in your spare time?

DEVIN: Aside from watch the Silverbacks?

LILY: Yeah. (*chuckles*)

DEVIN: I spend a bit of time volunteering at the Children's Hospital.

LILY: That's so nice! What got you started doing that?

DEVIN: I was kind of a dick in high school. My brother died and I was dealing with that and I took it out on people. Then one day, something just clicked over and I realized that you can get a lot out of giving.

LILY: I never would've thought.

DEVIN: That you can get a lot out of giving?

LILY: No, no, no. That you would be a writer and a hospital volunteer.

DEVIN: Yeah well, I do my bit. I don't talk about it much because most people think it's kind of lame being a writer and all.

LILY: I think it's nice.

STEPHEN returns from the office, hiding the cocaine. He has the entire brick with him.

STEPHEN: I'm back!

DEVIN: Where's the special cake?

STEPHEN: What?

DEVIN: You said you were getting the special cake?

STEPHEN: Oh... I said Special K.

DEVIN: Like the cereal?

STEPHEN: Yeah...it's a topping for the cake.

DEVIN: Where is it?

STEPHEN: In my pocket.

DEVIN: That's kind of weird.

STEPHEN: You want a Silver Bullet?

DEVIN: Um...

STEPHEN: Sure you do! Would you mind, Lily?

LILY: Coming up.

LILY makes more shots.

STEPHEN: *(attempting to get DEVIN away from his jacket)* Have you ever seen how things work behind the bar?

DEVIN: Yup. I was just saying I used to work in a bar a few years back.

STEPHEN: Right. Well...*our* bar is state of the art! Right Lily?

LILY: I don't know what you mean.

STEPHEN: I mean our bar has interesting stuff to look at over there right?!

LILY: Oh! Yes...come...see our soda gun...that's new.

DEVIN: ...Alright.

DEVIN walks over to the other side of the bar. Throughout the following conversation, STEPHEN tries to find a pocket to put the cocaine in.

LILY: *(finishing the shots)* Here we are.

DEVIN: Thanks.

STEPHEN: 1.

DEVIN looks for a place to throw it away.

STEPHEN: 2.

DEVIN can't without STEPHEN noticing.

STEPHEN: 3. Cheers!

They drink. DEVIN chokes it down.

DEVIN: Whooh!

STEPHEN: Yeah!

LILY: So you see, the thing about our soda gun is, you have to press this button *and* this button to get water.

DEVIN: That's a bit strange.

LILY: Well it makes it easier to use the 7-UP button, which is this one.

DEVIN: Oh I see.

LILY: Yeah.

STEPHEN discovers that DEVIN's jacket has only one pocket and it is too small to hide the cocaine in.

STEPHEN: *(to himself)* Really?!

STEPHEN signs at LILY to keep him busy. STEPHEN makes his way behind the bar and cuts a hole in the cocaine brick.

LILY: Um...and the other cool thing we have is these little toppers on the rail bottles.

DEVIN: Oh I heard about these.

STEPHEN is now blocked by DEVIN and LILY and can't get back around to the jacket.

LILY: Yeah...they keep track of how much you pour so you can do inventory easy.

DEVIN: That's actually such a time saver.

STEPHEN decides to pour some cocaine into DEVIN's back pocket.

DEVIN: *(to STEPHEN)* And I bet a money saver too, eh?

STEPHEN: *(laughing and quickly hiding the cocaine)* Yeah! Totally.

DEVIN: *(turning and pointing)* What kind of vodka is that?

LILY: I'm not sure, actually. I think it's new.

STEPHEN gets the opportunity to pour some cocaine in DEVIN's pocket.

He goes for it.

It works.

STEPHEN looks for a place to put the rest of the brick.

STEPHEN: Oh! That! It's actually foreign. It's from Russia. My uncle brought it over.

LILY: Cool.

DEVIN: Yeah.

STEPHEN: We can try it! Devin, why don't you grab the bottle?

DEVIN: Sure.

LILY: Should be good.

STEPHEN gets around to the other side of the bar and frantically puts the rest of the cocaine in his own jacket.

STEPHEN: Pour up 5 shots Lily, Wick should be here soon and Marcy should be back right away. I'm gonna go get the cake!

STEPHEN goes into the office and DEVIN moves around the bar. LILY begins pouring the vodka shots.

DEVIN: I hear that Marcy's boss has got his sights on you.

LILY: I'm sorry?

DEVIN: Marcy was saying her boss is kind of into you. You should go for it, he's a cool guy.

LILY: Oh.

DEVIN: And he's pretty successful! Marcy always has nice things to say about him-

STEPHEN returns frazzled.

STEPHEN: Is the cake not in the office?

LILY: *(distracted)* What?

DEVIN: Are you guys okay?

STEPHEN: The cake. I thought it was downstairs.

LILY: No, I put it in the office. Didn't you see it?

STEPHEN: I...I don't know.

STEPHEN goes towards the office.

DEVIN: *(indicating the jacket)* Hey man, who's jacket is this?

STEPHEN: *(stopping)* Huh?

DEVIN: Who's jacket is this? I have a jacket just like this.

STEPHEN: It's...mine. Really?

DEVIN: Yeah. I was wearing it one day at some school function and Marcy came up to me and told me how much she liked it and we hit it off from there.

STEPHEN: Marcy said she liked this jacket?

DEVIN: Yeah.

STEPHEN: Well, hell, I might as well put it on. It's cold anyway!

LILY hears MARCY finish her phone call.

LILY: Steve, you better hurry up. I think she's coming back.

STEPHEN quickly runs into the office.

DEVIN: He's speedy.

LILY: Yeah.

STEPHEN returns with the cake.

STEPHEN: Candles?!

LILY: Oh shit! Downstairs!

STEPHEN: Fuck!

STEPHEN runs downstairs with the cake.

DEVIN: I think she's coming back.

LILY: Oh dear.

STEPHEN returns with the cake, now with candles.

STEPHEN: Ah. Woo!

LILY: The jacket!

STEPHEN: Oh shit!

STEPHEN quickly puts the jacket on and ready's the cake just as MARCY is returning.

STEPHEN: *(singing)* Happy birthday to-

STEPHEN slips on the spilled shot, falling to the floor and landing in the cake.

STEPHEN: Oh shit!

DEVIN: Woah!

LILY: Oh no!

MARCY is fuming.

MARCY: What the fuck did you do!

STEPHEN: What? I got you-

MARCY: Dave just called me and gave me complete shit. He said you got drunk with him and you said something about Devin treating me poorly?

DEVIN: What?

MARCY: He said he couldn't trust me if I don't respect myself. He fucking fired me!

STEPHEN: What?!

DEVIN: What the fuck?

LILY: Wait-

DEVIN: Steve?

WICK arrives, pushing in an old lady who is wearing sunglasses.

WICK: Hey every- What's going on?

AGNES: OH! Get me out of here right now, Christopher!

WICK: What? Why?

AGNES: This young man has been coming into my home and abusing me for weeks!

WICK: Oh shit.

STEPHEN: (*pointing at DEVIN*) Don't you mean this man!

DEVIN: What the fuck?

STEPHEN: Doesn't that voice sound familiar?

DEVIN: What the hell is going on?

AGNES: What are you talking about? I'd know your face anywhere! And that jacket!

STEPHEN: I thought you were blind?!

AGNES: I'm not blind. I just have style.

LILY: Steve-

WICK: I tried calling you! She didn't seem blind.

OFFICER HARP enters.

HARP: Is there a problem here? We received a call.

STEPHEN: (*approaching AGNES*) Listen, Agnes-

AGNES: (*wacking STEPHEN with her purse*) Stay away from me!

HARP: Hey now!

MARCY: Oh my god.

STEPHEN: Ow! Okay! Jesus. I can explain.

AGNES: This man abused me!

STEPHEN: Uh... Officer! This man is in possession of illegal drugs!

STEPHEN tries to pull the cocaine out of DEVIN's back pocket but as he does it, the brick in his jacket explodes all over him instead.

HARP: Woah. Freeze!

HARP pulls out his gun and is about to point it at STEPHEN.

AGNES: Help!

AGNES has a heart attack. WICK and OFFICER HARP try to help her.

OFFICER HARP: Oh god!

MARCY: I don't know what you were thinking Stephen, but you are a twisted piece of shit.

STEPHEN: Wait, don't-

MARCY: Is this why you've been getting so close with Devin?!

STEPHEN: What? No!

MARCY: Have you been trying to find a way to break us up?!

STEPHEN: No!

MARCY: STEPHEN!

OFFICER HARP: Let me give her CPR!

STEPHEN: Well, yes! But you weren't happy-

MARCY: How the hell do you know that?

STEPHEN: You complained all the time and-

MARCY: I complained a few times! Everybody fucking complains.

OFFICER HARP: Breathe!

STEPHEN: I thought-

MARCY: And who do you think you are that you can make a decision like that?

DEVIN: What did I ever do to you?

STEPHEN: I thought I could help!

Agnes comes to.

MARCY: I don't need help!

AGNES: Help!

OFFICER HARP: *(to WICK)* Let's get her outside. She needs air.

OFFICER HARP and WICK take AGNES outside.

STEPHEN: Listen Marcy, girls like you don't come around! You need someone who's going to appreciate you. I've never met a girl who I thought deserved happiness more than you! And I know what that happiness looks like! And it isn't this!

LILY is hurt.

MARCY: Stephen, stay out of my life.

DEVIN: Fuck you, man. You're crazy.

DEVIN leaves. MARCY almost exits.

LILY: Marcy! Wait.

MARCY: What?

LILY: You need to know something.

MARCY: What?

LILY: It's not Stephen's fault that you got fired.

MARCY: It isn't?

STEPHEN: Lily-

LILY: No. It's Dave's fault.

MARCY: What do you mean?

LILY: He was in here the other night. The night you guys went to watch the game. And he was the only one left in the bar after everyone passed out. He... he tried to rape me.

MARCY: Dave?

STEPHEN: You don't-

LILY: Yes.

MARCY: I don't...

STEPHEN: Wait-

LILY: So he's probably trying to stop you from ruining his reputation or something...

MARCY: I-

LILY: Stephen is a good guy who cares about you a lot and just wanted what's best for you.

Right or wrong, he wasn't trying to hurt you.

STEPHEN: Marcy-

MARCY: Wait a minute. I get it.

LILY: What?

MARCY: You're in on this sick plan of Steve's. Trying to make him look like Prince fucking Charming.

LILY: No-

MARCY: Have a nice life, you freaks.

MARCY exits.

An ambulance can be heard getting closer.

Pause.

LILY: Stephen...

STEPHEN: You didn't have to do that.

LILY: Do what?

STEPHEN: Make up all that stuff about getting raped. Thanks though.

LILY: Oh my god.

STEPHEN: What?

LILY: You... you ass.

STEPHEN: What?

LILY: Why don't you ever pay attention, Stephen?

STEPHEN: What do you mean?

LILY: Ever since we were young, you've never given me a second thought.

STEPHEN: What are you talking about?

LILY: That day I helped you down from that tree, after you pissed yourself?

STEPHEN: Yeah?

LILY: I thought you were so funny. So cute.

STEPHEN: What?

LILY: I thought it was just a small crush. I kept thinking it would go away.

STEPHEN: What are you saying, Lily?

LILY: I've loved you for years Stephen. Years.

STEPHEN: What do you mean?

LILY: I've always been here for you. Always. Throughout everything.

STEPHEN: I don't understand.

LILY: You should get that tattooed on your fricken head.

STEPHEN: I didn't think-

LILY: I didn't need to get a job but I worked here instead of studying, just to be around you more. Just to see you more.

STEPHEN: Lily... You really care about me that much?

LILY: Of course!

STEPHEN: But...you're-

LILY: What? I'm Chris's little sister so we couldn't possibly have had anything happen? You're ridiculous. I've done so much to get your attention.

STEPHEN: Well-

LILY: And nothing ever seemed to work!

STEPHEN: But-

LILY: And because of your stupid project to get Marcy's affection, I almost got raped because of you!

Beat.

STEPHEN: I'm...I'm sorry. I didn't realize you... Lily... You've been here for me all along?

LILY: All along.

STEPHEN: Through everything.

LILY: Everything.

STEPHEN: For me.

LILY: Yes.

Beat.

LILY: But not anymore.

STEPHEN: Lily! Wait! I-

LILY exits.

Pause.

STEPHEN is alone.

At a loss for what to do, STEPHEN looks around.

STEPHEN notices the piñata as it sways happily.

In a daze of sorts, he gets up, gets the baseball bat and batters the piñata down to the ground.

STEPHEN: GOD DAMNIT!

STEPHEN is smacking the piñata pieces on the ground as HARP and WICK enter, HARP leading.

HARP: Now just calm-

STEPHEN's swing unintentionally knocks out HARP.

WICK: What the fuck?!

STEPHEN: Ah shit.

STEPHEN has come apart.

WICK: What is the matter with you man?

STEPHEN: I...I just...I didn't want the piñata to go to waste.

WICK: Jesus bro. You gotta chill out.

STEPHEN: Everything's ruined.

WICK: Listen man, it was a crazy project to begin with.

STEPHEN: I don't know. I need a drink.

STEPHEN goes behind the bar and does the shots of vodka throughout. WICK follows.

WICK: I mean, like I said before, it doesn't really seem like you thought it out that well. You just sort of ran with it. Which I get. You found out about the cancer stuff and just sort of went

crazy. I totally get it. But you have to take your time with these things. But this cancer thing might not be so bad. You might even get to keep one nut.

STEPHEN: One nut...

WICK: Yeah. And just an FYI, Agnes is going to be okay. She's in an ambulance. I guess that means she might be able to identify you or something. But you know what, who cares if you have to go to court over abusing an old woman. It's not like you don't know people who work in law.

STEPHEN: Law...

WICK: Yeah. I mean, you could maybe plead insanity or something. And with the police officer, it's not like you meant to smack him in the face. You'll probably only get a few months for that. And he didn't even get a chance to catch you up on the drug charge, so you can clean that up real quick.

STEPHEN: Real quick...

WICK: As for Marcy, I know you were trying to make her see you differently. But come on, she was never going to really love you or anything.

STEPHEN: Love me...

WICK: But things aren't *all* bad. Like, maybe Marcy will look back on this moment and think that you meant well, even though you really fucked her life up. You might get through this whole cancer thing. It's about perspective. You know you should really consider giving it a shot with my sister, man. I've been thinking about the way she talks about you and the way you two get along and I think it could work. She doesn't have any other sausages on the grill or anything. But first, I think you should take a second and think about exactly what's been going on lately, man. I mean, I know what it's like to go through trauma. Things are scary. You're not sure what to do.

Let's look at today as a fresh start okay? What this situation needs is closure. And I've been trying to get closure with this speech, so why don't we start with that and then we can move forward. Sound good?

STEPHEN doesn't respond.

Okay, so, here goes. Walter-

STEPHEN hits WICK in the head with the baseball bat, knocking him out.

STEPHEN continues to beat WICK with the bat behind the bar.

Blood pools from behind the bar.

STEPHEN is covered in blood.

With the final strike, a golden ping-pong ball flies out of WICK's corpse and over the bar. It bounces along the ground.

STEPHEN walks out from behind the bar to the ball.

STEPHEN picks up the ball and examines it for a second. He drops the ball and slowly crumples to the ground with the destroyed piñata.

He is among the mess.

Blackout. End of play.