

Fuck It, We Ball, a new play

By Jake Alexander

CHARACTERS

CHLOE, mid-twenties, female-identifying

FARRAH, mid-twenties, female-identifying, CHLOE's roommate

NILES, mid-twenties, male-identifying, FARRAH's brother

GREGG, mid-twenties, he's got two g's in his name so that about sums it up

(Pre-show: projected on a wall is the following tweet: @laylology: "God grant me the serenity to accept the things that are so over, the courage to say fuck it we ball, and the wisdom to know we are so fucking back".)

(Lights up. CHLOE and FARRAH's apartment; a first floor unit that looks out onto the street. The front door opens to an alley, a front window is covered by curtains, cracked open- the vibe can only be described as "furniture that has been owned once, twice, or three times before." It's the middle of the night. CHLOE, FARRAH, and NILES are engrossed in heated discussion.)

FARRAH

I'm saying she's the "People's Princess".

NILES

You can't say that.

FARRAH

I just did.

CHLOE

Why is *she* the "people's princess"?

FARRAH

Have you heard her stuff? She's it.

NILES

You can't say that!

FARRAH

Why the fuck not, Niles?

NILES

Haven't you ever heard of Princess Di?

FARRAH

What about her?

NILES

She was the people's princess.

CHLOE

What people?

NILES

Everyone.

FARRAH

She's not my princess.

NILES

You're basically spitting on her grave right now.

CHLOE

Where is Princess Di buried?

NILES

Some family plot probably.

CHLOE

They were divorced.

(She pulls out a laptop and starts researching, FARRAH dives back in.)

FARRAH

I'm saying that Chappell Roan is *our* "People's Princess".

NILES

Can't you give her another title?

FARRAH

I'm not the one who assigned the title, Niles. Twitter did.

NILES

X.

FARRAH

Fuck you too.

NILES

She can be the "greatest pop star", even though that's like a super stretch, or even like "the best songwriter", but again, I don't think that's true.

FARRAH

Have you even listened to her album?

NILES

I did. And I didn't care for it.

FARRAH

So who is?

NILES

What?

FARRAH

Who's the "greatest pop star"?

NILES

Oh. Katy Perry.

FARRAH

What?!

NILES

"Teenage Dream" was named one of the "Greatest Pop Songs" by Billboard in 2023.

FARRAH

Who gives a fuck about Billboard?

NILES

People who read Billboard, namely me.

FARRAH

You ever heard the rumor that Katy Perry might be Jon-Benet Ramsey?

NILES

It wasn't number one, so I'm not being like, super technical here. I just think in terms of artistry and growth and meeting the culture where it's at, it's Katy Perry.

FARRAH

Who was number one?

NILES

I don't remember.

FARRAH

Where did Katy Perry fall on the list?

NILES
I think in the 30s.

FARRAH
But you don't remember who was number one?

NILES
No. I don't, like, memorize every fucking thing I read, Farrah.

FARRAH
Then your argument has no standing.

NILES
First off, not an argument, you just disagree with me. And second off, fuck you, I don't need to provide examples for everything I believe.

FARRAH
I'm just saying.

NILES (*to CHLOE*)
Fine, fuck it, look up the list from Billboard!

CHLOE (*looking up*)
Althorp.

(A beat.)

FARRAH
What?

CHLOE
Princess Di is buried in Althorp at the Spencer Estate.

NILES
Can you look up who was number one?

CHLOE
Sure. Are we eating?

NILES
We're waiting for Gregg.

FARRAH
Ew.

NILES

Can you not do that?

FARRAH

He's gross.

NILES

He's a friend. You like him, don't you Chloe?

CHLOE

I don't really know him.

NILES

Well, all the more reason for him to come.

CHLOE

Does he have a lazy eye?

NILES

Chloe, that's so rude.

CHLOE

No, I'm just asking! One eye doesn't really, like, open all the way.

NILES

I have never noticed that.

CHLOE

Maybe he stares at me longer than he stares at you.

FARRAH

See, that's creepy.

NILES

Farrah, come on. You don't have to be a bitch all the time.

CHLOE

Hey-

FARRAH

I'm hungry and I don't want to wait for Gregg with two g's in his fucking name.

NILES

It's a family name.

FARRAH
We should order soon.

CHLOE
Why?

FARRAH
Places are closing.

CHLOE
Most places don't close until ten.

NILES
Yeah?

CHLOE (*not really listening*)
And it's later than that now?

FARRAH
It's almost 1AM.

(*A beat.*)

NILES
Gregg and I are fine with Taco Bell.

FARRAH
I can't eat Taco Bell every time you come over. I'm starting to associate you with a crunchwrap supreme.

NILES
You have *GOT* to try the new cantina menu.

CHLOE
Okay, how much is Taco Bell paying you as a sales rep?

FARRAH
I went on a date the other night.

NILES
With who?

FARRAH
Some guy.

NILES

What's his name?

FARRAH
Doesn't matter.

CHLOE
Did you have fun?

FARRAH
What?

CHLOE
On the date?

FARRAH
Yes. It was. Fine. Whatever.

CHLOE
That doesn't sound like fun.

FARRAH
You never called or texted me.

CHLOE
That wasn't the plan.

FARRAH
What do you mean?

CHLOE
The plan was that you would text or call *me* if they were lame or stupid or creepy, and I would call to say there was an emergency.

FARRAH (*ignoring her*)
I guess he was fine. He was nice. But he has a stupid job.

NILES
What was it?

He called himself a consultant. I don't know what that is. Do you know what that is?

CHLOE
I don't. I've always thought that title was made up.

FARRAH
Yes exactly! He said he "consults" for amateur athletes.

NILES
What's that mean??

FARRAH
I don't know! And he just kept saying it! Like I'd ask "what do you do for amateur athletes?" and he would just say "consult for them", and I'd be like "like give advice?" and he would say "I give them consultation!". Like *using the word* does not define it.

CHLOE
So he's like....working with little leaguers? Or like, women's field hockey college players?

FARRAH
He told me he makes 75K doing it.

NILES
That's...not really a brag?

FARRAH
No, exactly! Like, talk to me when you have over 100K and then maybe I'll put out.

NILES
I hate when you say that shit in front of me.

FARRAH
I'm a sexual woman, Niles.

NILES
Oh my god, I'm telling mom.

FARRAH
Mom and I talk about sex.

CHLOE
You do?

FARRAH
Of course. She's my best friend.

NILES
That's so weird.

FARRAH
It's not weird to have your mother as your best friend. There's no stigma.

NILES
There's stigma.

FARRAH
Just because you and Dad don't SPEAK-

NILES
HEY.

FARRAH
I'm just saying. I talk about my orgasms with Mom.

NILES
Here are words I'd like you to never say in front of me again: sexual being. Put out. Orgasms.

FARRAH
You could talk to me about your orgasms if you wanted. But you haven't had sex in years, so you wouldn't have anything to talk about.

NILES
That's not true.

FARRAH
Prove it.

(A beat.)

NILES
Fuck you.

FARRAH
See? I knew.

NILES
How would I prove it?

FARRAH
You just would.

(A beat. FARRAH looks at her phone.)

CHLOE
So you didn't?

FARRAH
Didn't what?

CHLOE
Didn't...put out.

FARRAH
I kissed him goodbye.

CHLOE
Why?

FARRAH
He was nice. And he paid for dinner.

CHLOE
Eww.

FARRAH
What's wrong with that?

CHLOE
Did you *want* to kiss him?

FARRAH
I never know who I want to kiss.

CHLOE
You didn't have to do that.

FARRAH
Please, explain to me how consent works, I've been dying to know.

CHLOE
I just don't think you should kiss anyone unless you're attracted to them.

FARRAH
Who said I wasn't attracted to him?

NILES
What has Chappell Roan done to deserve the title? Is all I'm saying.

FARRAH
She's iconic.

NILES
I can't stand that shit.

FARRAH

What?

NILES

You can't just say "iconic" about a person and immediately assume everyone else feels that way.

FARRAH

But people do! People love her now.

CHLOE

I haven't heard her music.

FARRAH

What?? "Pink Pony Club"???

CHLOE

Doesn't ring a bell.

NILES

See? She represents you. Not everyone else.

FARRAH

Then mark my words: Chappell Roan will be the "People's Princess" in two months.

CHLOE

Did you pick up dish soap today?

FARRAH

Who? Me?

CHLOE

Yes, you.

FARRAH

Did you ask me to?

CHLOE (*agitated*)

You didn't. I fucking know you didn't.

FARRAH

Chloe.

CHLOE

You're not a good roommate.

FARRAH

Okay? Sweeping generalization.

CHLOE

You forget shit. You don't contribute to the household. You rely on me too much.

FARRAH

I do so contribute!

CHLOE

When was the last time you bought toilet paper?

FARRAH

Last week!

CHLOE

You **STOLE** that **SINGLE** roll from your office, and you know it!

FARRAH

I brought you a little snack the other night.

CHLOE

That's just a bag of chips, you don't actually add anything to this arrangement.

FARRAH

Is that so? So you didn't like the bag of chips I got you?

CHLOE

They were my favorite but that's not the point!

FARRAH

Okay this is clearly about something else and you're lashing out.

(A beat.)

CHLOE (lying)

I'm not mad at you.

FARRAH (lying back)

Me neither.

(A beat.)

NILES

Gregg is coming up the block now.

FARRAH

Don't leave me alone with him.

NILES

He's not a predator, Farr.

FARRAH

He gives me the creeps.

NILES

Can you just be nice, please?

CHLOE

I'll be nice.

NILES

I know you will.

CHLOE

I'm always nice.

FARRAH

You're so not. You're a bitch sometimes.

CHLOE

That's twice! Put a quarter in the jar. We have house rules here.

(FARRAH gets up and comes back with a mason jar labelled "BITCH JAR". It has one quarter in it. She takes it out, holds it up to CHLOE to show her, then drops it into the jar. CHLOE scoffs.)

CHLOE

You're so cheap.

FARRAH

I'm saving my quarters for the laundry.

NILES

You do wash-and-fold and you know it!

FARRAH

Okay I am feeling like so attacked right now. Tell Gregg not to come.

NILES

He's already here!

FARRAH

Well I don't want a stranger in my house!

NILES

You're being such a cunt right now.

FARRAH

And he doesn't have to drop a quarter in the jar?!?

CHLOE

It's a "bitch" jar, not a cunt jar. That word is on the table always.

NILES

Did you look it up?

CHLOE

What?

NILES

The number one pop star.

CHLOE

Oh. I forgot.

NILES (*checking a text*)

Gregg is here.

FARRAH

If we don't order food right now I'm going to be pissed.

NILES

We will, chill out.

(There's a knock at the door. NILES gets up to answer it. GREGG comes in, looking a little ragged. He's on a call, with very loud volume, which we can hear because his hand is not pressed against his ear, but instead like six-inches away from it. We hear the mumbling of someone else on the other end from where we sit.)

GREGG

I just got here. (*mumbling*) I said I JUST GOT HERE. (*mumbling*) Yes, I'll be safe. Yes. (*mumbling*) Mom, fuck, stop lecturing me. (*to the group.*) Sorry, it's my mom.

FARRAH

We can hear that.

GREGG

Yes, mom. (*mumbling*) Look, that's all happening in Manhattan, I'm nowhere near that.
(*mumbling*) No, mom, I don't live in Manhattan. I live in Brooklyn (*mumbling*) Yes those are different places. (*mumbling*) Mom, those guy with guns are nowhere near me. Listen, there are five boroughs, four if you don't count Staten Island, which we shouldn't- (*mumbling*) Okay. Yes. I promise. I love you too. Kisses. (*he hangs up*). So where are we eating?

CHLOE

What did you just say?

GREGG (*to NILES*)

I'm starving, you want pizza?

CHLOE

Did you say "guys with guns"?

GREGG

Huh? Oh yeah. Some protest thing.

FARRAH

What protest thing?

GREGG

I don't know, I saw it online on my way over and then my mom called me. That was my mom on the phone before.

FARRAH

We literally heard you. (*to CHLOE*) look it up.

CHLOE

Nothing on CNN.

GREGG

Probably because they're at CNN.

FARRAH

The protest is at CNN?

GREGG

All the news stations I think. Some massive organized thing. (*to NILES*) Do we have to wait for them for food?

NILES (*running over to CHLOE's laptop*)

Anything on the Times?

FARRAH

Just call it the New York Times, don't call it "the Times" like an asshole.

NILES

It's a pretty common colloquialism-

CHLOE

Nothing. Looking at twitter.

NILES

X.

FARRAH

Literally shut the fuck up.

CHLOE

Okay seems like- yeah, a bunch of people, not really saying who, like coordinated attacks on media outlets across New York.

GREGG

Not just New York- they got LA and Chicago, too. D.C. is holding I guess.

FARRAH

For a guy who came in saying "I don't know" *a lot*, you sure have a lotta details now.

CHLOE

There are deaths reported.

NILES

People got shot?

CHLOE

It seems like- yeah.

NILES

Fuck.

FARRAH

I'm calling mom.

(FARRAH exits into the kitchen. CHLOE and NILES continue to scroll on her laptop. GREGG takes off his coat, looking around.)

GREGG

Hey, I gotta take a leak, where's the-?

(A beat. No one answers him.)

GREGG
I'll poke around.

(He explores to find the bathroom.)

NILES
They took camera equipment, phones, laptops, everything at the exact same time. This had to take forever to plan.

CHLOE
Are terrorist cells even capable of this?

NILES
Maybe one we don't know about.

CHLOE
Are there terrorist cells we don't know about?

(They look at each other. She immediately begins searching it online. She begins scrolling. Suddenly, her connection goes out.)

CHLOE
Why is this running so slow?

NILES
It's not your wifi, it's Google.

CHLOE
Did they fucking get Google?

GREGG *(finally finding the bathroom)*
Oh, got it. Gotta piss so bad.

(He exits into the bathroom and shuts the door.)

NILES
Try bing.

CHLOE
Did you just say "try bing"? What year is this?

NILES
Fine, Safari!

CHLOE *(looking)*

It's also down. Where are they out of?

NILES

No idea. I just assumed not-New York.

CHLOE

Do you ever feel bad for Safari? It's like, not the choice for laptop browsing.

NILES

But for cell phones.

CHLOE

Twitter is saying this could be global.

NILES

Did they get to London?

CHLOE

The BBC, The Daily Mirror-

NILES

Well, the Mirror isn't *really* a newspaper, it's more of a gossip rag-

CHLOE

You're driving me crazy.

(FARRAH re-enters, off her phone call. GREGG comes out of the bathroom a second later. He clearly didn't wash his hands.)

FARRAH

Mom and Dad want us to come home.

NILES

Now?

GREGG

That's not gonna happen. They've killed all of the subway lines for the night.

NILES

How did you get here?

GREGG

I got a Revel scooter.

FARRAH *(to CHLOE, aside)*

There's literally nothing appealing about him.

GREGG

Plus all the cabs are locked in traffic on Manhattan, you'd have trouble finding one.

CHLOE (*looking at her phone*)

I'm looking at Lyft.

FARRAH

No, do Uber.

CHLOE

You're homophobic. (*A beat.*) Lyft would cost you \$200 right now??

NILES

We can do that.

FARRAH

I can't do that.

NILES

I have forty-two dollars to my name.

FARRAH

I get paid tomorrow.

NILES

You get your *allowance* tomorrow.

FARRAH

Is that like, constructive right now?

NILES

I'm just saying. You're an influencer, you don't have a 9-5. Mom and Dad pay your rent.

FARRAH

Literally fuck you. (*A beat.*) What're we supposed to do?

(A beat. They look at each other. Finally, lights down, scene shifts. About an hour later. FARRAH and NILES are out of the room. CHLOE sits on her phone, scrolling. GREGG picks at his nails looking around. His eyes land on her. He studies her for a moment. Finally, he speaks.)

GREGG

Is it ever this quiet here?

CHLOE

Huh?

GREGG
Spooky, right?

CHLOE
It's the middle of the night.

GREGG
Yeah, you just usually hear sirens. In the city, I mean.

CHLOE
I don't know.

(Another beat.)

GREGG
It's okay to cry, you know?

CHLOE
Excuse me?

GREGG
I'm just saying, this is a little scary.

CHLOE
I'm not scared.

GREGG
But the uncertainty of it. Kinda makes me want to cry.

CHLOE
You can cry.

GREGG
I might.

(A longer beat. He continues to stare at her.)

GREGG
Where's your parents?

CHLOE
Portland.

GREGG

Oregon or Maine?

CHLOE
Oregon.

GREGG
They should be fine.

CHLOE
They are.

GREGG
You've been texting?

CHLOE
Yeah?

GREGG
I just haven't seen your phone go off.

CHLOE
I get it through my laptop. What is this line of questioning?

GREGG
I just wanted you to know you aren't alone.

CHLOE
Thanks.

(A beat.)

GREGG
Because I'm here.

CHLOE
I got it.

GREGG
Cool.

CHLOE
I'm not gonna fuck you, you know?

GREGG
Whoa, hey, what?

CHLOE

I'm not going to have sex with you.

GREGG

I wasn't asking you to.

CHLOE

I don't need anyone. Not in a "I don't need no man" kind of way, I'm just. I'm good.

GREGG

I understand. But again, I wasn't trying to. Do anything.

CHLOE

But you're "here for me".

GREGG

Of course. For you. And Niles and Farrah.

CHLOE

She hates you.

GREGG

Seriously?

CHLOE

Yeah.

GREGG

For what reasons?

CHLOE

Well for one, you have three G's in your name.

GREGG

It's a family name.

CHLOE

I don't really care.

GREGG

What else did she say?

CHLOE

Do you have a crush on her?

GREGG

Once, not now. I'm just curious.

CHLOE

She said you always stare at her.

GREGG

Ah.

CHLOE

Like whenever you see her.

GREGG

I don't think I do, but okay.

(A beat. He ponders this.)

GREGG

I stare at her because I think she is genuinely very unattractive.

CHLOE

Wow.

GREGG

What?

CHLOE

Me thinks the lady doth protest too much.

GREGG

What's that mean?

CHLOE

You stare at her because you think she's unattractive?

GREGG

Yes. And that's interesting to me.

CHLOE

You can see how that could be counter-intuitive, right?

GREGG

It's just true.

CHLOE

Am I attractive to you?

GREGG
Yes. Of course.

CHLOE
Of course?

GREGG
Yes. I've always thought so.

CHLOE
Because people have always said Farrah and I could be siblings.

GREGG
That's a serious insult. I'd sue.

(A beat. They stare at each other.)

CHLOE
You do stare too much.

GREGG
I'll work on it.

(FARRAH and NILES enter mid-conversation.)

FARRAH
You just could've fucking said it.

NILES
Well I didn't want to. Just because there's guys with guns doesn't mean Dad and I don't have
shit to work out.

FARRAH
We might not get out of here, do you get that?

CHLOE *(interrupting)*
How'd it go?

NILES
There's smoke above Manhattan.

GREGG
What's that?

NILES

There's fires. They don't know from where, but there's crazy plumes of smoke rising above Manhattan.

CHLOE (*shocked by that*)

That's... scary.

NILES

And our parents think we should stay put.

CHLOE

Like, stay here? Didn't they want you to go, like, an hour ago?

FARRAH

That was before the smoke. They think it's dangerous to try to move right now. Because there's no information coming from anywhere.

GREGG

So. We just wait it out?

FARRAH

We wait it out.

(A beat. That's not comforting to anyone.)

NILES

Well. You guys can go. If you want to.

CHLOE

I'm not going out there.

GREGG

Yeah. I'm just gonna stay put if that's okay?

NILES

Sure.

FARRAH

Fuck it.

NILES

What?

FARRAH

We ball. Grab the vodka.

(A beat. Scene shifts later that night, early-early morning, around 3am. A thick haze of smoke fills the apartment. NILES and GREGG sit on the couch not talking to each other. NILES appears to be in mid-thought, but is stalled. There's music playing, as if no mind is being paid to neighbors. They are silent for too long. GREGG finally turns his head to NILES.)

GREGG

And?

NILES

Huh?

GREGG

You stopped.

NILES

I did?

GREGG

Yeah. You were saying something.

NILES

I can't remember. What were we talking about?

GREGG

Dude where did you get this bud?

NILES

My dad's friend. He owns a farm out in the green triangle.

GREGG

Did you watch that documentary about bigfoot in the green triangle?

NILES

I *cannot* talk about Bigfoot right now.

GREGG

Okay. We were talking about whether you're ever gonna write again.

NILES

Dude. No.

GREGG

I thought you had something there for a bit.

NILES

I was interested in that for like, a day.

GREGG

Didn't you like it?

NILES

Yeah, I just don't have the- what's that word? The like, you know. The like. Fuck. What is it called.

GREGG

Talent?

NILES

No- hey. You said I was good.

GREGG

Dude, joking.

NILES

The fucking, it starts with a D.

GREGG

Diligence?

NILES

YES. That's it. How did you get that?

GREGG

Educated guess.

NILES

I'm worried about my brain, man. (*A beat.*) I've been thinking a lot about how my brain works. Like. There's a steel wall around it, like it's coated in aluminum or something. Isn't it funny how British people say aluminum? Ally-mini-um. Stupid accents. But like, this wall, it's there and I can never get out of it. I'm trapped in there, and I try to, like, convey what I mean, but sometimes it's so hard. And I think it's my own fault. Like, I build that wall, coat it with the alloy. I don't want you to see it. Something in there doesn't want you to hear my ideas or what I care about. But every once in awhile, late night or in the shower or when I'm spacing out, there's like an alleyway. A space opens and light comes streaming out, and something gets out with it. Something comes through.

(*A beat.*)

GREGG (*maybe he didn't hear him*)

It's really good bud.

(CHLOE enters from the bathroom.)

CHLOE

What're you two talking about?

GREGG

You were in there for forever.

CHLOE

I was doing that thing where you discover you're drunk after looking at yourself in the mirror.
You know?

NILES

What is it about the human brain that we perceive drunkenness only when we are faced with our
own image?

CHLOE

Shut the fuck up, Niles.

NILES

I'm high, don't be mad at me.

CHLOE

Where's your sister?

NILES

Isn't she here?

(They look around.)

NILES *(to GREGG)*

How long has she been gone?

GREGG

Dude I didn't realize she was gone until just now.

NILES

You're saying "dude" a lot.

GREGG

Fuck you.

NILES

Well she's gotta be around here somewhere.

CHLOE
Did she go outside?

NILES
If I knew I'd tell ya.

CHLOE
Well she didn't disappear into thin air.

NILES
She'll turn up.

CHLOE
You're not worried about her?

NILES
Why would I be worried?

CHLOE
With everything going on.

NILES
There's not much trouble she can get into.

CHLOE
It's not her getting into trouble that I'm worried about.

GREGG
Did service come back on?

CHLOE (*checking her phone*)
Nothing yet.

GREGG
It's been like an hour. I would've thought-

NILES
You're all so fretful. Stop being so fretful.

(FARRAH enters through the front door holding a bottle of vodka. She's barefoot.)

FARRAH
GUYS./

CHLOE

/Where the fuck were you?!/

NILES

/See! Told ya she'd come back!/
/CHLOE

I was worried Farrah, you can't just take off like that.

FARRAH

I needed air.

GREGG

And you went barefoot?

FARRAH

Huh?

GREGG

You're not wearing any shoes.

FARRAH

Was I when I left?

GREGG

Bitch, we didn't see you leave!

FARRAH

JAR!

GREGG

What?

FARRAH

Chloe! Jar!

GREGG

How cross-faded are you?

CHLOE (*taking out BITCH JAR*)

No, she's right. We have rules in this house. Put a quarter in the jar.

GREGG (*taking out his wallet, checking*)

I only have a fifty.

NILES

Gregg, that's insane.

CHLOE

I can't make change.

FARRAH

Why don't I have shoes right now.

CHLOE

We were asking *you* that.

FARRAH

Give me a second.

GREGG

Why is there a "Bitch Jar"?

NILES

They both wanted to give it up for Lent.

CHLOE

No, we are not religious in this household. We just say it too much.

GREGG

And it costs a quarter to swear in this household?

FARRAH

No just that word. And I'm not saying the word because I owe like, hundreds of dollars to the jar.

CHLOE

You finally admit that!

FARRAH (*peace-sign*)

Cross-faded baby.

NILES

Are you going to tell us where you were?

FARRAH

Who?

NILES

YOU.

FARRAH

When?

NILES

Just now. You came running in, not wearing shoes, which, I dunno, I'm pretty sure you had on when you left, and you came in shouting "GUYS", which by the way, gendered.

FARRAH

Right. Wait- RIGHT. MY SHOES.

GREGG

You lost them?

FARRAH

No. I mean- no. I left them.

CHLOE

Left them?

FARRAH

You know that creepy bodega down the street, that we don't go into because we don't trust their deli?

GREGG

Why don't you trust their deli?

CHLOE

They don't wrap the sandwiches in wax paper. They just put the loose sandwich in a paperbag and hand it to you?

FARRAH

Plus, the tomatoes.

CHLOE

Yes. The tomatoes.

FARRAH

So, I needed a water, and I walked in there, because like, a ton of the spots around here have closed because of everything going on- do we have service yet?

NILES

It'll come back when it comes back.

FARRAH

So, I go in for water and Carlos has like killed a ton of the lights in there, and his kid, the teenager who doesn't look like it should be his kid but he told me one time that it was his kid, he put up this blue light against the back and then Carlos was joking and put on some disco music,

and I'm there, and I know I'm drunk and high because I took FOREVER to pick out a bottle of water. There's too many choices for water now: sparkling, still, Fuji, Dasani, Poland Springs- is it Poland Spring? People say that differently, I have heard people say that both ways. *(A beat.)* So Carlos is bumping the disco beats, and his kid is playing with this multicolored light thing he had, and then all of the sudden, this group of people come in, and they were pretty lit, but like they started dancing, and then Carlos starting letting them take beers out of the fridge, and he moved the ice cream chest-thing, and now. I dunno guys. We got a club going on down there, you gotta come with me.

(A beat.)

CHLOE

So where are your shoes?

FARRAH

I left them there! To remind myself to come back! Come on.

NILES

And you walked a block barefoot? Gross.

FARRAH

C'mon, there's nothing going. And it's a party over there.

CHLOE

I don't think we should go.

FARRAH

Why not?

CHLOE

We don't know **what** is going on out there, because there's no way to get information.

FARRAH

There's nothing going on in Brooklyn, is what I mean! It's incredible how quiet the streets are, you gotta hear it.

CHLOE

Also this isn't some club or bar you stumbled upon, it's a convenience store that's playing music.

FARRAH

But it's fun, and we don't have anything else to do!

NILES

I'm down.

CHLOE *(to GREGG)*

What do you think?

GREGG

I'm still stuck on what was wrong with the tomatoes.

CHLOE

I vote no.

NILES

I vote yes.

FARRAH

I vote yes.

(They all turn to GREGG. He decides.)

GREGG

Fuck it. Right?

(At that exact moment, there's an emergency-alert notification on all of their phones. It's deafening. They all take out their phones.)

CHLOE

Shit.

FARRAH *(reading)*

“Severe emergency alert for following cities.....remain indoors if possible.”

NILES

“Situation may be deadly to those caught without shelter.”

(A beat. They look at each other.)

CHLOE

So what now?

(She looks to GREGG.)

GREGG

Fuck it. We ball. Let's go.

(Lights down. Scene shifts. The next morning. The night went exactly as you might expect. GREGG is asleep on the couch. We hear sirens in the distance. Suddenly, his phone starts blowing up with notifications. It's startling, he jolts awake. He turns over and starts looking through the notifications.)

GREGG
Well fuckkkkkk-

(He continues to scroll. Suddenly his phone, overwhelmed at the sheer amount of information it's receiving and it's lack of charge, dies.)

GREGG
Comeon.

(He attempts to turn it back on, it won't start up. He gives up, it's not going on. NILES comes out of a bedroom wearing a set of women's pajama pants.)

NILES
Why loud?

GREGG
Sorry, my phone got service all the sudden.

NILES
What time is it.

GREGG
Like noon.

NILES
For a bodega, they know how to throw a party.

GREGG *(nonchalantly)*
Things are bad out there.

NILES *(taking out his phone)*
Lemme check.

(FARRAH enters from another bedroom in her clothes from last night.)

FARRAH
Does anyone else have service?

GREGG
I did, my phone died.

FARRAH
Did you see the shit about the supreme court?

GREGG
I don't know how you kill nine people at the exact same time.

FARRAH (*to NILES*)

Mom called again. They changed their minds, but it's a little too late.

NILES

What do you mean?

FARRAH

They want us to come home again, but there's no way. They have shut down all public transportation and we can't get a rental car now.

NILES

What did you say to her?

FARRAH

I said we'd talk about it.

GREGG

Did you sleep in Chloe's room?

FARRAH

I had to, fucker here fell asleep on my bed before I could get under the sheets.

NILES

I starfish.

GREGG

What's that mean?

NILES (*demonstrating*)

You know.

GREGG

Is Chloe still asleep?

FARRAH

Go cuddle her.

GREGG

Shut up.

FARRAH

We saw you dancing with her.

NILES

You two were all over each other.

GREGG
We were not.

FARRAH
So what do we do about Mom?

NILES
How do I know? If we can't get out, we can't get out. Guess we gotta stay put.

FARRAH
Carlos said he's gonna throw another party tonight.

GREGG
I have to shower and change my clothes.

NILES
You won't get home. No trains.

GREGG
I'll uber.

FARRAH
Please.

(CHLOE enters from the bedroom where FARRAH exited.)

CHLOE
Fuck you guys.

FARRAH
Sorry.

CHLOE
What time is it?

NILES
Noon.

CHLOE
What time did we even get back here.

FARRAH
The sun was coming up, so must've been like six.

CHLOE

I need more sleep.

GREGG
Did you check your phone?

CHLOE
Why?

GREGG
We got service back. (to NILES) Where's your charger? I gotta borrow it.

(CHLOE exits into the bedroom, comes back out with her phone and throws a charger to GREGG.)

CHLOE
Use mine.

NILES (*insinuating*)
Ooooooooooh.

FARRAH
Shut up.

CHLOE (*checking her phone*)
My mom called me like forty times.

FARRAH
Go call her back. I'm gonna see where we can get coffee.

(CHLOE exits into the bathroom.)

NILES
Nothing is gonna be open. Half this city escaped while we were sleeping.

FARRAH
I love that movie.

GREGG (*plugging his phone in*)
Which movie?

FARRAH
"While You Were Sleeping". Sandra Bullock.

NILES (*looking at his phone*)
Why is congress praying?

GREGG
What does it say?

NILES
“For peace in this land”.

FARRAH
There hasn't been peace here as long as we've been alive.

(CHLOE re-enters, wiping her eyes.)

FARRAH
What's wrong?

CHLOE
She's like, mad at me.

FARRAH
Why??

CHLOE
For not getting out last night. She says I'm trapped now.

FARRAH
You're not, we all will go. Soon.

CHLOE
She's afraid the government is gonna bomb it's own people.

FARRAH
Like us?

CHLOE
Yeah.

FARRAH
They won't do that. There's too much that's uncertain right now

CHLOE
And, like, what am I supposed to do, you know? Like, make a run for it? What could I have done last night that would've changed it?

FARRAH
Nothing, babe.

CHLOE

And I'd just be sitting in their fucking living room, watching whatever there is to watch, and every once in awhile have my mom say "it's horrible". In that tone she uses.

FARRAH

Your mother believes that her stress is more important than anyone else's. And that's ridiculous. You're not doing anything wrong.

CHLOE

I'm too hungover for this shit.

NILES

So the party continues?

CHLOE

What else is there to do?

FARRAH

Don't do that thing you do.

CHLOE

What thing?

FARRAH

When you're anxious. You do that thing.

CHLOE

You have to be more specific.

FARRAH

You go online and make edits to that-/

CHLOE (*super embarrassed*)

/Okay! That's enough.

NILES

What does she do?

CHLOE

Nothing!

GREGG

Seems like something.

FARRAH (*to CHLOE*)

You don't want me to say?!

GREGG

/Come on, tell us./

CHLOE

/Please don't. *(A beat.)* So what are we doing today then? Sitting around here?

FARRAH *(checking her phone)*

It says the Dunkin' is open.

NILES

Gross. But okay.

GREGG

I have to shower.

CHLOE

Get coffee with us first.

GREGG *(more quiet)*

You want me to go with you?

CHLOE *(matching his volume)*

Yes, please.

GREGG

Okay.

NILES

We going?

CHLOE

Let's do it.

(They all get on their shoes, exit together. The apartment is empty for a moment. The sound of sirens in the distance grows. Scene shifts: later on the in the day, early evening. NILES and FARRAH sit together on the couch. FARRAH is on the phone.)

FARRAH *(into phone)*

Mom, I know *(a pause)* Well, what are we supposed to do? We can't get out. And even if we could, the roads might not be safe. *(A pause)* Niles said it! I didn't "come up with it"! *(A pause, to NILES)* Tell her you said it!

NILES *(into phone, from afar)*

I said it! We don't know what the roads look like!

FARRAH (*back into phone*)
See? (*A pause*) I know. I know you both do. (*A pause.*) We love you too. (*A pause, to NILES*)
Say it to them.

NILES
C'mon-

FARRAH (*sternly*)
Niles.

NILES (*taking the phone*)
I love you guys too. Stay safe. (*a pause, he hears something he didn't expect*). Hi. Yeah. No, I
know, dad. I know- (*A pause.*) It's okay. (*A pause.*) We will. I promise. We'll stick together.
Love you guys. (*A pause.*) Bye.

(*He hangs up, handing the phone back to her.*)

FARRAH
What did he say?

NILES
He doesn't want us to separate.

FARRAH
Anything else?

NILES
Must be bad out there if he's apologizing to me.

FARRAH
We'll go as soon as we can.

(*A beat. NILES takes FARRAH's hand.*)

NILES
We will.

(*CHLOE enters from the bathroom, wrapped in a towel, freshly showered. She moves through
the room to her bedroom.*)

FARRAH
Good shower?

CHLOE
Huh?

FARRAH
You were in there awhile.

CHLOE
Just needed a long shower.

FARRAH
Okay.

CHLOE (*changing subject*)
Am I dressing to go out?

FARRAH
Yeah, Carlos texted to say it's already filling up there.

NILES
You text him?

FARRAH
Yeah?

CHLOE
Okay.

(She exits into the bedroom. NILES and FARRAH share a look. After a moment, GREGG enters from the bathroom also wrapped in a towel. There's a tense moment between the three of them. FARRAH gets up from the couch.)

FARRAH
I'm gonna change. We're leaving in half an hour.

(She exits. NILES smiles at GREGG.)

NILES
I didn't think **that** would be the result of this.

GREGG
It's nothing.

NILES
You showered together.

GREGG
It's casual.

NILES

I feel like I cock-blocked you last night.

GREGG

Absolutely no one says “cock block” anymore.

NILES

I’m sure college students do.

GREGG

You didn’t, is my point.

NILES

I should’ve slept on the couch, then Farrah would’ve been in her room and you could’ve done what you just did *standing up*, in a bed.

GREGG

Can we not make this a big deal?

NILES

Sure. Get changed, we’re going.

GREGG

To the bodega again?

NILES

Evidently.

GREGG

Why?

NILES

Listen, something you have to know about Farrah: she needs to be distracted. She can’t focus on what’s going on. She’s worried, of course, I think we all are. I dunno, maybe. And if she can’t focus on something, she’ll go crazy. And our mom gets in her head, and she thinks “gotta move”, and so we go out. This is for her. So even if you don’t want to, just go along with it. Plus, maybe you’ll get to dance with Chloe again. Even though you just did, kinda.

GREGG

Okay. Can I borrow a shirt?

NILES

There’s a pile of my clothes in Farrah’s room. Anything that fits.

GREGG

Can I ask something?

NILES
Yeah?

GREGG
What did your dad do?

NILES
What do you mean?

GREGG
To you?

NILES
He was an asshole. That's all.

GREGG
Okay, but that's not all. Right?/

NILES
/It doesn't matter./

GREGG
/Listen, I'm not gonna push you-/

NILES
/He said I was a disappointment. That was all.

(A beat.)

GREGG
He said that to you? Directly?

NILES
Yes. That I disappointed him.

GREGG
I'm sorry.

NILES
It's fine.

GREGG
No, I mean, it must've been hard.

NILES
He just told me he loves me.

GREGG
He did?

(A beat.)

NILES
Doesn't sound too good, does it?

GREGG
Given the circumstances.

NILES
Go get changed.

GREGG
This feels ridiculous, right?

NILES
Going out?

GREGG
It's inevitable, right? We all know what's going to happen?

(A beat.)

NILES
We ball. Right?

GREGG
Right.

(A moment between them. GREGG exits into the other bedroom. NILES sits there alone for a second. Finally, he goes to the kitchen area and grabs the bottle of vodka. He takes a massive swig. Lights down. Scene shifts: later that night. The apartment is empty. Suddenly, noises form outside. A crack and a bang. FARRAH and CHLOE come crashing into the apartment, completely soaked. They stumble, sliding on the floor with the wet shoes. They giggle, although it's also frantic. They are both drunk.)

CHLOE
That came out of nowhere.

FARRAH

Where did the boys go?

CHLOE

I thought they were right behind us.

FARRAH

I'm gonna get some towels.

(She exits into the bathroom. CHLOE goes over to the fridge, grabs a drink of some kind and begins to undress. She calls out to FARRAH.)

CHLOE

I didn't know Carlos could do mash-ups like that.

FARRAH *(in bathroom)*

Which one?

CHLOE

The White Lotus theme and Madonna? Then into Espresso? Incredible.

FARRAH *(re-entering with a pile of towels, tossing her one)*

If only it hadn't been interrupted by that emergency alert.

CHLOE *(drying herself off)*

Didn't stop anyone from dancing.

FARRAH

What happened with Gregg?

CHLOE

He's an asshole.

(FARRAH starts undressing, drying off with one of the towels. CHLOE watches her. After a moment, FARRAH notices.)

FARRAH

What?

CHLOE

You never change in front of me.

FARRAH *(joking)*

Well: It's the end of the world!

CHLOE

Don't joke.

FARRAH
Where are those boys?

CHLOE
Fuck 'em.

FARRAH (*taking a sip of CHLOE's drink*)
Right. Fuck 'em.

(They both plop down on the couch. They stare at each other.)

FARRAH
Seriously, what did he do?

CHLOE
Can I be honest?

FARRAH
Of course.

CHLOE
I don't even remember.

FARRAH (*laughing*)
What?

CHLOE
I'm wasted. And I don't remember what he did to annoy me, all I know is that I am annoyed with him.

FARRAH
So it's over?

CHLOE
What is?

FARRAH
You and him?

CHLOE
We weren't anything.

FARRAH (*pretending to look at her watch*)
A whole 28 hours that lasted!

CHLOE (*grabbing her, pinning her onto the couch*)
Don't joke!

FARRAH (*not fighting back*)
Her longest streak yet, folks!

(They end up wrestling a little. They pause, CHLOE pinning FARRAH down on the couch. There's a charged moment.)

CHLOE
Sorry.

FARRAH (*staring her down*)
It's the end of the world.

(CHLOE leans in to kiss FARRAH. They are interrupted by the door slamming open, NILES and GREGG enter, also soaking wet. The girls adjust themselves, not shy but also not wanting to show anything. They both cover up.)

NILES
Why did you leave us out there?!

FARRAH
You were taking forever, I'm not going to stand in the pouring rain.

NILES
I wanted a cigarette.

CHLOE
You stayed out there to smoke?

GREGG
Kind of.

CHLOE
What's "kind of"?

NILES
The cig sort of....disintegrated.

FARRAH
You shouldn't smoke.

NILES
That was a fun party.

FARRAH

Who knew emergency alerts were kind of bops.

GREGG

I didn't even check, what was it?

CHLOE

Who cares.

GREGG (*quieter*)

Chloe- can we talk?

NILES

I need a drink. Farr- do you have any tequila?

FARRAH

Since when do you drink tequila?

NILES

Since Carlos makes a fucking lit skinny-margarita.

FARRAH

Check the cabinet.

(NILES dances over to the cabinets. GREGG grabs one of the towels, removes his shoes.)

GREGG

So much for showering. It's fucking pouring out there now.

CHLOE

Was that thunder before?

GREGG

Must've been.

FARRAH

Sad that party had to end.

NILES (*pouring shots*)

Carlos' baby mama was kind of a bitch.

FARRAH

Niles!

NILES

What?

FARRAH

We don't know that was his baby mama. And also that's a super offensive thing to call a woman.

NILES

Whatever.

CHLOE

Did anyone ever check that alert?

GREGG

You just said "who cares".

CHLOE

I'm just curious.

GREGG

You okay?

FARRAH

She's fine. Leave her alone.

GREGG

"Leave her alone"?

FARRAH

Don't be so creepy.

GREGG

Excuse me?

NILES

Farrah don't be a bitch.

CHLOE

Jar!

NILES

I'm not putting any money in any fucking jar.

GREGG

Since when am I "creepy"?

FARRAH

Since like forever.

GREGG

Whoa.

NILES

She doesn't mean it, she's drunk.

FARRAH

No I mean it. You stare.

GREGG

What did Chloe say to you?

CHLOE

I didn't say anything.

GREGG

Where is this coming from?

FARRAH

I never liked you.

NILES

Farrah!

FARRAH

I'm just being real.

GREGG

Why are you, like, attacking me right now? *(to CHLOE)* Can you believe this?

CHLOE

Yeah.

GREGG

You don't like me either?

CHLOE

I don't know.

GREGG *(stunned)*

Wow. How long have you felt this way?

CHLOE

I don't know, since I've known you.

GREGG
Okay, you're both drunk.

FARRAH
No, we both mean it. I said it before you came over the other night. I told Niles "tell him not to come". Because all you do is stare and it creeps us both out.

GREGG
This is fucked.

NILES
Dude, don't listen to them.

GREGG
No, like, this is insulting. *(to NILES)* Why didn't you tell me they felt this way?

NILES
They're drunk dude.

GREGG
Well you seemed to like me a lot when you had my dick in your mouth this afternoon.

CHLOE
Gregg!

GREGG
What? I'm just being "real". Right?

(A beat.)

FARRAH
You're a pig.

GREGG
I'm fucking leaving.

NILES
No you're not. Stop it.

GREGG *(to CHLOE)*
Why hook with me? Huh? Why do that?

CHLOE
I was bored.

GREGG
You're fucking liar-

(Suddenly there's a loud crack outside- not directly next to the building, but close. They all jump a little.)

FARRAH
What the fuck?

GREGG
I'm getting out of here, I don't need to stay here and be insulted-

CHLOE *(getting up to the window)*
Was that thunder?

FARRAH
Thunder comes after lightning and we didn't see any lightning.

NILES *(to GREGG)*
Dude, just wait-

(Another loud CRACK and a flash. Whatever it was hit the road at the intersection near their apartment. Everything happens at once.)

NILES
Jesus Fuck!

FARRAH
That definitely wasn't thunder.

CHLOE *(looking out window)*
Oh my god-

FARRAH
What is it?

CHLOE
Is that fire?

NILES *(joining her at window)*
Fuck.

CHLOE
That building at the end of the block- isn't that where-

FARRAH

Get away from the windows.

(FARRAH moves fast. She shut the blinds, triple locks the front door. As a last resort, she shuts off the lights in the apartment. She notices the bathroom light is on.)

FARRAH

The bathroom, fuck-

NILES

I got it.

FARRAH

Be quiet. Everyone.

(NILES turns of the bathroom lights.)

FARRAH

Get the fuck down.

(From the street there's the sound of voices, loud, shouting. It's muffled, but it's clear it's a mob. We see torches. Flashlights. Someone gets close to their apartment window. A flashlight shines through the window pane, someone looking inside to see if anyone is home. At that moment, NILES' phones goes off with a loud notification and bright lights.)

CHLOE

Are you fucking kidding me?!

NILES *(checking his phone)*

/Fuckin' Citizen app./

FARRAH

/Turn it off! Turn it off!

(He silences the phone, shoves it under a couch cushion to hide the brightness. The person outside continues shining their flashlight in. We hear other voices. After a moment, the torches and people and flashlights move on. The group stays down, quiet for several moments. Then FARRAH subtly looks out from behind the curtain.)

FARRAH

They moved on.

CHLOE *(to NILES, in a hushed whisper)*

Dude what the fuck were you thinking?

GREGG

What was that? What did they want?

FARRAH
I don't know.

NILES
My phone went off! It isn't my fault!

CHLOE
We aren't safe here. We have to move.

FARRAH *(to CHLOE)*
It's okay, they are moving down the block. We are okay.

CHLOE *(to NILES)*
What could be so important that you almost get us killed!

NILES
It's was Citizen! I don't even know!

(He checks his phone, shielding the light from shining too bright. FARRAH holds CHLOE close.)

NILES
It's- fuck.

CHLOE
What?

NILES
They invaded Brooklyn.

FARRAH
"Invaded"? They used that word.

NILES
That's what they said.

CHLOE
What does that mean? Are we in danger?

NILES
You saw them just now!

CHLOE
But are they gonna come back?

GREGG (*to himself, mostly*)
I'm getting out of here.

CHLOE
Wait-

NILES
Dude you can't do that, it isn't safe-

GREGG
I'm not fucking sitting here waiting to die with you fuckers.

NILES
Wait-

GREGG (*to FARRAH and CHLOE*)
You two are assholes. You know that?

CHLOE
Gregg, don't-

GREGG
Save it. I'm not sure what happened here, but I'm not fucking staying with you all.

CHLOE
If you go out there they could kill you.

GREGG
I'll be fine. The fuck you care anyways?

(GREGG gets up, takes a towels and wraps it around his head. NILES gets up to stop him.)

NILES
Dude, we don't know who those people were. They could be looters or rioters or that weird mob in Manhattan, but we have to stay here-/

GREGG
/Get out of my way./

NILES
/You don't want to go out there!

(GREGG shoves NILES into the wall, aggressive.)

GREGG

Stay here and be a coward, Niles! *(A beat.)* It's what you're fucking good at. *(he turns to the front door to exit. Before he exits he turns to CHLOE.)* I don't know why you turned on me or whatever, but you should know that if I fucking die it's you're fucking fault.

(He exits out the front door. FARRAH gets up after him and locks the front door again. Everyone is stunned. They do not speak. Finally, NILES gets up and grabs his phone. He dials. Lights shift, scene shifts: later that night, around 1AM. CHLOE is on the couch, asleep. She dreams, shifting and grunting. Finally she jerks awake.)

CHLOE
Gregg!-

(She realizes she was dreaming. She sits up, rubs her eyes, checks her phone. After a second she takes out a laptop from under the couch. She checks the front window to make sure there's no movement. She opens her laptop. She's on for several moment when she decides to search something specific. She searches, scoffs, starts typing. FARRAH enters, unseen by CHLOE. After a moment, she interrupts.)

FARRAH *(half-whispering)*
Hi.

CHLOE *(startled)*
Fuck.

FARRAH
Sorry. Come to bed.

CHLOE
I'm fine out here.

FARRAH
No word from Gregg?

CHLOE
No.

(A beat.)

FARRAH
He'll be okay.

CHLOE
He's walking through a warzone. But sure.

FARRAH
It's not a warzone.

CHLOE

Tell that to the charred remains of the apartment building down the street, Farrah.

FARRAH

It was empty. I'm sure.

(A beat.)

FARRAH

Carlos texted that he'll throw one last party today.

CHLOE

He's not leaving?

FARRAH

His wife took his son. They got out after the, whatever, the mob, passed through. Made it to the LIE and hitched a ride I guess.

CHLOE

Why didn't he leave.

FARRAH

He said he didn't want to leave the store unattended. Plus his dad doesn't get around well.

CHLOE

Fuck.

(A beat.)

FARRAH

I guess it's weird I'm texting our bodega guy.

CHLOE *(smiling at her)*

Maybe.

FARRAH *(sitting down on the couch with her)*

You okay?

CHLOE

Yeah. Just worried.

FARRAH

As soon as it clears tomorrow we will see if we can get out.

CHLOE
And go where?

FARRAH
I don't know.

(A beat.)

FARRAH
What were you doing on your laptop?

CHLOE *(moving the screen so she can't see)*
Nothing.

FARRAH
What was it?

CHLOE
It was nothing.

FARRAH
You're not letting me see so I feel like it was bad.

CHLOE
It's nothing!

FARRAH *(knowingly)*
/Oh, Chloe, not again-/

CHLOE
/It's not what it looks like./

FARRAH
/Oh it's not?/

CHLOE
/Farrah, stop-

FARRAH
I thought we had this under control.

CHLOE
It was one slip up.

FARRAH

I'm not going through what we went through the last time!

CHLOE

We won't.

FARRAH

I thought you got locked out the last time?

CHLOE

I did.

FARRAH

I thought the admin said you couldn't make any-

CHLOE

They did, but they don't- they don't check new accounts to verify.

FARRAH

So. You got in under a new username.

CHLOE

Yes.

FARRAH

This is an obsession, Chloe.

CHLOE

There are factual inaccuracies that need to be pointed out!

FARRAH

You can't do this.

CHLOE

What else is there to do!-

FARRAH

You can't be obsessed with changing the Wikipedia pages for all the of Twilight movies! It's so fucking weird!

(A beat.)

CHLOE

Don't call me that. I'm passionate.

FARRAH

Passionate about updating three movies' Wikipedia pages.

CHLOE

It's four movies, and maybe if you were a better roommate you'd know that!

FARRAH

I'm literally not doing this with you again.

CHLOE

I was making one quick change, they got it wrong!

FARRAH

I don't care! You went down the rabbit hole so far last time! It was impossible to pull you out.
You can't cope like this.

CHLOE

It wasn't that bad.

FARRAH

You didn't shower for two weeks. You ate Chinese food every day.

CHLOE

If you let me explain!

FARRAH

You know what, go for it: what was so important this time?

CHLOE

What do you mean?

FARRAH

What was so important in the middle of all of this, you had to create a fake username to trick the admin of the Wikipedia page for the Twilight films, to edit?

CHLOE

You're going to say it's stupid.

FARRAH

We are well past that. Just tell me.

CHLOE (*hyper focused*)

Okay. Okay fine. We watched the movies together.

FARRAH

We did, you showed them to me.

CHLOE (*not letting up*)

And the final battle? The one between the good vampires and bad vampires? The Cullens versus the Volturi?

FARRAH

And the wolves.

CHLOE

Yes, Jacob's tribe- yes. Sure. Them too. So that final battle? Doesn't happen like that. In the books.

FARRAH

Do they fight?

CHLOE

Yes.

FARRAH

In a big open field with snow?

CHLOE

I mean they never say specifically- yes, but yes.

FARRAH

Are the wolves there too?

CHLOE

Yes, the Therianthropes- yes, they are ready to battle, but that's not- wait. You're not taking this seriously.

FARRAH

I'm taking it as seriously as a person could. I'm trying to understand.

CHLOE

And you know how in the movie, you remember, Alice has a vision in which her father is ultimately beheaded by the Volturi? Well that doesn't happen.

FARRAH

What do you mean?

CHLOE

Stephanie Myers wrote a big confrontation to happen, but ultimately she thought it was more powerful if the Cullens and Jacob's Tribe, the Quileute, stand in opposition to the Volturi in support of Bella, rather than actually fight. Because the Volturi know they will ultimately be

wiped out! So they stand down- they see what Bella means to the future of the vampiric council, the future of the vampiric race, and they see that the best thing they can do, for themselves to not be destroyed, and for Renesmee to be the next generation, is to not fight. But that's not what someone wrote under the Breaking Dawn Part Two page! Someone, some fucking idiot, said that they didn't fight because the Therianthropes entered the chat, but that's not what happened! It's a greater power struggle than that! It's a more important conversation than that! It's about race and survivability and not just some stupid love triangle. I am so sick of- (*CHLOE notices FARRAH is smiling at her*)- what?

FARRAH
What?

CHLOE
You were smiling at me.

FARRAH
Not on purpose.

CHLOE
Were you listening?

FARRAH
So you changed the Wikipedia page?

CHLOE
Well I was trying to and then you showed up.

FARRAH
Well don't let me stop you.

CHLOE
Seriously?

FARRAH
If you need to.

(CHLOE, hesitantly, pulls her laptop back in front of her while maintaining eye contact with FARRAH. FARRAH doesn't stop her. Finally, she begins furiously typing. FARRAH stares at her smiling for a moment.)

FARRAH
Who's Bella?

CHLOE
Kristen Stewart.

FARRAH
And which one is Alice?

CHLOE
Edward- Rob Pattinson's sister.

FARRAH
Who plays her?

CHLOE
Ashley Greene.

FARRAH
What else was she in?

CHLOE
I don't know. Can I finish this?

FARRAH
Sorry.

(FARRAH opens her phone, starts typing. She googles the actress Ashley Greene. She looks confused.)

FARRAH
She really didn't do anything after the twilight movies. *(A beat.)* Oh, she was in that horror movie Tusk with Justin whatshisface. *(A beat.)* I wonder if we should be worried about them like, tracking our cell phones.

CHLOE *(finishes up)*
Done.

FARRAH
Do you really think I'm a bad roommate?

CHLOE
What're you talking about?

FARRAH
I forgot the dish soap.

CHLOE
That? I mean? You just annoy me sometimes.

FARRAH
I'm sorry if I rely on you too much.

CHLOE
You don't.

(A beat.)

CHLOE
Something happened between us earlier.

FARRAH
What do you mean?

CHLOE
When we got back from Carlos'.

FARRAH *(lying)*
I don't remember.

CHLOE
You go on a lot of dates.

FARRAH
Do I?

CHLOE
Do you ever think you date so much because they aren't your type?

FARRAH
What's my type?

CHLOE
I don't know.

(A beat.)

FARRAH
I'm mysterious.

CHLOE
Mysterious doesn't have to mean unreliable.

FARRAH
I thought you weren't mad at me for being unreliable.

CHLOE
I'm not calling you unreliable as a roommate.

FARRAH
As a what then?

(A beat. There's a charged moment, anything could happen.)

FARRAH
I have to ask, why do you care so much about whether the Wikipedia pages for those specific movies are accurate?

CHLOE
Because I like the movies.

FARRAH
Yeah, a bunch of people do, they don't edit the pages themselves.

CHLOE
Technically, I don't edit the pages, I send edits to the admin.

FARRAH
I'm saying people don't do that even if they love the movies.

CHLOE
Well. What else is there to do?

(A beat.)

FARRAH
Do you want to go to sleep?

CHLOE
Yes.

(CHLOE shuts her laptop. They exit together into FARRAH's bedroom. There's sirens in the distance, growing louder. Scene shifts: the next morning. NILES sits on the couch, trying to place a call on his phone. He dials, it doesn't ring, beeps, the line goes dead. He shakes his head, tries again.)

NILES
Come on.

(He dials again; it beeps, the line goes dead. He puts the phone down, rub his eyes hard. He picks the phone back up, tries again, CHLOE enters as he does. She watches him, the line goes dead.)

NILES
Damn it.

CHLOE
What's going on?

NILES
I think our service is out again.

CHLOE
Yeah, I was just on facetime with my mom and it went out. Do you think they-?

NILES
Probably.

(A beat.)

CHLOE
What were you trying to do?

NILES
Reach Gregg's mom.

CHLOE
You have her number?

NILES
No but I found her on instagram.

CHLOE
You can call someone from instagram?

NILES
I don't really know, there's just a little phone icon.

CHLOE
You're trying everything, huh?

NILES
Yeah. *(A beat.)* Have you heard from him?

CHLOE
I'd tell you.

NILES

I know. I was just. You know. Hoping.

CHLOE

I don't think I've ever seen you worried.

NILES

About Gregg?

CHLOE

About anything.

(He considers her.)

NILES

We don't know each other super well, do we?

CHLOE

What? I've known you since college.

NILES

Yeah, but, we've never really talked.

CHLOE

We talk all the time.

NILES

We argue about Princess Di.

CHLOE

Hey, I wasn't arguing.

NILES

But I don't know what you care about.

CHLOE

Oh. I guess I don't know what you care about either.

NILES

I'm worried all the time.

CHLOE

Why don't you talk about it?

NILES

Because what's the point in talking about it?

CHLOE

I would think so that you could get it out there. And not feel like it's weighing on you.

NILES

It doesn't weigh on me.

CHLOE

You can't move through things that way.

NILES

What way?

CHLOE

Ignoring your stressors. Shoving them down with partying and smoking and complaining about the title of the "people's princess".

NILES

Who says?

(A beat. FARRAH enters from her bedroom.)

FARRAH

I think we're out of food.

NILES

There's pasta.

FARRAH

But no pasta sauce.

CHLOE *(heading to the kitchen)*

Lemme see.

FARRAH *(to NILES)*

How long have you been up?

NILES

A few hours. Listen- I think we should go looking for him.

FARRAH *(dismissive)*

We're not doing that.

NILES

Whoa. Okay. Why not?

FARRAH
It's not safe.

NILES
That's exactly my point. Gregg isn't safe out there.

FARRAH
And he made his choice.

NILES
He left because of you.

FARRAH
Doesn't matter. He left. So now he's in charge of himself.

NILES
But it's not safe!

FARRAH (*blowing up*)
Then you fucking go, Niles! (*a beat.*) We, Chloe and I, are staying put. We just need to keep this place locked down, to find a way to get food, and we will ride it out. There's nothing else to do. It's like a wave crashing down on a person- at some point the crest is too high to get over. And you gotta just let it hit you, try not to get knocked down. Dig your feet into the sand, close your eyes tight, and hope the force doesn't pull you under. I'm not going under, you hear me? I'm not putting myself in danger to go after a guy who would do that. Who would choose to leave, because he didn't like what he was hearing? He knew what he wanted and he made that choice. But I'm staying put.

(*A beat.*)

NILES
What happened to getting out as soon as we could?

FARRAH
That was before they started burning down buildings. We have no idea what it looks like out there.

NILES
You want us to hide in here? Like a bunker?

FARRAH
Bunkers are safe.

NILES
Ask Hitler.

(CHLOE re-enters from the kitchen.)

CHLOE

Okay, it's not looking good in those cabinets, but I did find these in the freezer.

(She holds up a sandwich baggie full of mushrooms, shriveled.)

FARRAH

Are those shrooms?

NILES

How old are those?

FARRAH *(snatching the bag)*

Who cares?

CHLOE

You're taking them?

FARRAH

Why wouldn't we? What a, literally, perfect time! Nowhere to go, no one to see, we can just straight up veg-out.

NILES

Farrah this seems so stupid.

FARRAH

Stop worrying. What else do you propose we do?

CHLOE

Will it even do anything?

FARRAH

Even if they don't, they are still food.

NILES

Guys, I don't know-

FARRAH

Are you seriously turning down shrooms right now?

NILES

What if Gregg-

FARRAH

What? What if he what?

(A beat. NILES reaches into the baggie and takes a mushroom. He pops it into his mouth. They all chew.)

FARRAH

Oh yeah. We so back.

(The lights fade. Scene shifts: later that afternoon, the middle of their trip. NILES plays with the zipper on a jacket. FARRAH stares at a house plant. CHLOE's feet can be seen poking out from the bathroom. No one speaks for several minutes.)

NILES

Why has no one made music using just zippers?

CHLOE *(from bathroom)*

I'm sure someone has.

NILES

Just a whole album. Playing zippers.

CHLOE *(sitting up so her face pokes out the bathroom door)*

If they haven't, you should do it.

NILES

Like, listen to this.

(He slowly zips up the jacket. CHLOE's mouth is agape.)

CHLOE

You can hear every tooth. Is that the right word? Tooth? Do zippers have teeth? They don't have jaws. Oh, god, do they?

NILES

And then there's this-

(He quickly unzip the jacket.)

NILES

Like, playing with tempos, you know?

CHLOE

Why do we give some many things teeth?

FARRAH

I swear I can see the water moving through these leaves.

NILES
How do you mean?

FARRAH
Like. I'm watching the plant drink.

NILES
It drinks through it's roots. Right?

CHLOE
I don't know.

FARRAH
Fine. Then I'm watching it digest it's water.

NILES
That's so crazy.

FARRAH
Look, see? You can see it?

NILES
WAIT.

CHLOE (*startled*)
What? What's wrong?

NILES
We never figured out what the number one pop song was.

CHLOE
When?

NILES
A few days ago.

FARRAH
That feels like forever ago.

NILES
FUCK. I wish we had internet.

FARRAH
Have we tried to hotspot from our phones.

CHLOE

I don't think that works if you don't have service.

FARRAH

That sucks.

CHLOE

I so wish the last thing I did on the internet wasn't update the wikipedia page for Twilight Break Dawn: Part Two.

NILES

.....what?

CHLOE

There were so many letterbox scores to look up. How am I ever going to know how Ayo Edibiri felt about the Godfather?

FARRAH

Remember TV? Like cable?

CHLOE

We haven't had cable since college.

NILES

Can we get back to the wikipedia thing?

CHLOE

It's something I do.

FARRAH

It's a coping mechanism.

CHLOE

Hey, don't call it that.

FARRAH

It is! It's cute!

CHLOE (*smiling*)

Shut up.

NILES

I just wish we could know what number one was.

FARRAH

What do you think it was?

NILES

Well it wasn't what my original idea was.

CHLOE

Katy Perry. Right.

NILES

So like, some other white woman, probably.

CHLOE

Hey, it could be a dude.

FARRAH

No, he's right, men don't write pop music well.

CHLOE

What about the Justins?

NILES

The who?

CHLOE

Timberlake. Bieber.

FARRAH

You did *not* say that.

CHLOE

What?

FARRAH

Refer to them as "the Justins"!

CHLOE

They are!

NILES

No one calls them that, she means.

CHLOE

I do. So someone does. Acknowledge them that way.

FARRAH

You think Justin Bieber wrote the number one pop hit?

NILES
Oooh, maybe Ed Sheeran.

CHLOE
Gross.

NILES
You don't think "Shape of You" is up there?

CHLOE
"Cry Me a River" changed a generation.

FARRAH
I don't even consider that pop.

CHLOE
It's an off-shoot of the boyband era!

FARRAH
No, that was his Timberland- R&B period. I think it's more soul than anything else.

NILES
That man doesn't have a soul. After what he did to Britney.

FARRAH
That's one thing we absolutely agree on.

CHLOE
Wait. I've got it.

FARRAH
What?

CHLOE
It's iconic. *The* culture.

NILES
Tell us!

CHLOE
You're gonna wanna kill yourselves. Okay, it's-/

(At that exact moment there's a loud pounding at the front door. They all freeze. No one says anything. The pounding occurs again.)

NILES (*in a whisper*)
Is it locked?

FARRAH
Yes. Shh.

(The pounding again. Finally, a grunt. Someone attempting to pull themselves up against the door. There's faint breathing. Finally, a raspy voice, struggling.)

GREGG (*outside the front door*)
Guys- it's me-

(He tries to pound again, falls.)

NILES
Is that-?

CHLOE (*getting up to answer the door*)
Gregg??

FARRAH
Wait! Don't!

CHLOE
It's Gregg!

FARRAH
We don't know that.

NILES
He just said-

FARRAH
He said "it's me". That could be anyone. It could be one of the guys with guns trying to get in.
Circling back to places they didn't get last night.

NILES (*getting up*)
Farrah, you're being ridiculous, he needs help!

FARRAH
Stay right the fuck there!

CHLOE
Wait, hold on, okay-

(The pounding is heard again. More coughing.)

CHLOE
Who is it?

GREGG (*outside front door*)
It's me, it's Gregg- please-

CHLOE
Okay. If that's you. What did you say to me the other night when we were dancing?

GREGG (*outside front door, coughing*)
Wha-?

CHLOE
You leaned in to kiss me and I stopped you and what did you say?

NILES(*to CHLOE*)
What are you doing?

CHLOE
Making sure it's him. (*back through door*) What did you say to me?

(There's a beat. It might not be him. Finally, he coughs out an answer.)

GREGG
I said "I know it's weird I have three G's in my name". And you- (cough) you laughed and then we kissed.

(CHLOE smiles slightly. She unlocks the door, GREGG falls inside. He's been beaten, covered in blood. He holds his ribs on his right side. CHLOE shrieks, helps him move inside. FARRAH stands, terrified. NILES is stricken by fear.)

NILES
Jesus christ.

CHLOE
Someone help me, someone get some-

GREGG
Lock the door, they aren't far behind me-

(FARRAH gets up, locks the doors, checks the curtains.)

CHLOE
Niles! Don't just sit there! Get a fucking towel!

NILES
I, uhh-

(NILES runs into the bathroom. He comes back with paper towels. CHLOE starts to feel around GREGG's body, wiping at the blood on his face and arms. Finally, she comes across a stab wound, deep and seeping blood, just underneath his ribs. Her hand comes up bloody.)

CHLOE
Oh my god-!

NILES
/Gregg!/

FARRAH
/What happened? What happened to him?/

CHLOE
/I need a- I need something-/

NILES
/Gregg, what did they do to you?/

FARRAH
/Get some water, we have to stop the bleeding-/

CHLOE
/Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck-/

NILES
/Gregg, can you hear us?/

GREGG
/They-/

FARRAH
/Shh, he's trying to say something-/

CHLOE
/Get some scissors, we need to cut this shirt off of him./

NILES
/We should move him, into the bathroom, so the blood doesn't get-/

CHLOE
NILES. GET THE FUCKING SCISSORS.

(NILES exits into the kitchen, frantically searching drawers. CHLOE caressing GREGG's head.)

FARRAH
His breathing is-

CHLOE
I know.

NILES (*shouting*)
I can't find the FUCKING scissors!

GREGG
They- (*cough*) had me held somewhere. There were so many of us. Carlos' wife- his kid- (*coughs*) I ran as soon as I could see- I had to get back here.

FARRAH
Did he say Carlos' wife-?

CHLOE
Shhh. Gregg, what happened? Tell us if you can.

GREGG
They- they got me in the rain. I didn't even hear them coming. They knocked me down, gagged me and threw this hood over my- I had no idea where I was. Then they were looking for information-

FARRAH
What kind of information?

CHLOE
Shh. Go on.

GREGG
And I wouldn't give it to them, and they kept bringing me into new rooms, tying me up, and hanging me from ropes and all of these (*coughs*)- but I wouldn't give them anything. And they finally had enough, and they brought in this, I don't even know what- it was sharp, and they starting on my legs and worked up and (*coughs, a little blood comes out of his mouth*). I passed out. And when I came to, I was bleeding and has this pain, and I think they thought I was dead and they left me alone and I finally got free and worked my way to a window (*he coughs, long hard, nasty*)-

FARRAH
I'll get him some water-

NILES

What is water going to do?

CHLOE

Shut up, Niles! Gregg, stay with us, we will get you help-

FARRAH (*coming back with a glass of water*)

Drink this-

(*GREGG sips, but it comes up immediately. He's losing oxygen, bleeding out.*)

GREGG

Listen you have to- (*coughs, bleeds*) listen. You all have to go. They followed me, I think-

NILES

Fuckin' shit.

CHLOE

How long did you go like this for?

GREGG

Stop, listen- you have to go. They can't find you. The things they will do. Like what they did to Carlos' wife- you have to all go.

FARRAH (*to CHLOE*)

How're we going to carry him?

GREGG

No-

CHLOE

We're not leaving you here.

GREGG

I just had to get back here. You can go-

CHLOE

No-

NILES

We should listen to him.

FARRAH

Niles, no.

NILES

He said so himself, they're coming after him and if they find him here-

FARRAH

We are not leaving him here alone, he'll die.

GREGG

I just needed to-/

CHLOE (*seeing him slip away*)

Gregg??

FARRAH

Where would we even go? There's no escape. They'll find us.

NILES

We have to try!

FARRAH

Where are we supposed to fucking go, Niles?!

(She bursts into tears. She sinks to the floor. CHLOE cradles GREGG's head. NILES looks everywhere, not sure where to start.)

NILES

We have to- we have to-/

FARRAH

/Why didn't we fucking leave? Why did we stay here?/

CHLOE

/Gregg? Gregg stay right here. Help is coming. Help is coming I promise./

FARRAH

/We could've run. We could've run-/

NILES

/If we just. If we just get everything together not h/

GREGG (*to CHLOE*)

/I didn't mean it. It wasn't your fault-/

(At that moment, pounding at the door. There's a voice, maybe multiple voices, outside. There's chaos. They don't know what to do.)

FARRAH

It's over. It's so fucking over.

(Lights Down. Chapell Roan's "After Midnight" begins playing.)

(End of play.)