

HEDY

an adaptation of HEDDA GABLER

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May 3rd, 2018

Characters

Hedy Morris- 17. Skinny but sexual and adult, always one step ahead of everyone else. Not hot yet, will figure it out in college.

Tim Teasman- 18, still can't grow a beard but desperately wants to rule the world.

Brent Marshalls- 18, Tim's best friend, football/lacrosse bro. Meaty but not a blockhead.

Ellie Theos- 17, Hedy's friend. Cutesy and curvy at the same time. Makes cupcakes but doesn't eat them.

Elijah Lunberg- 17, Listens to records. Coolest kid of the bunch but pays for it with self-hatred.

Setting

The day after prom.

The finished basement in Tim's dad's beach cottage. 70's wood paneling, a wet bar, a shitty couch and a giant brown velvet bean bag chair. An old tv set (maybe with a game cube still attached), a minifridge, a speaker with an aux cord, and a small safe line the walls. Stairs on one side lead up to the kitchen, there's a half bath on the other side. Underneath the stairs there is a small closet that houses the water heater. Next to the stairs there's a door that leads out to the beach. It's not fancy but only rich people have a beach cottage with a finished basement.

Note

Characters interrupt and overlap each other a lot. This should be done at the actor's discretion, so it's not completely written in. But assume if it's dragging that there should be more overlapping.

Scene

Tim is lying in the beanbag chair, asleep. Hedy is sitting on the couch. She hasn't slept. She's picking at her socks. She walks into the bathroom, grabs a pill bottle, wanders back into the room, shaking it nonchalantly. Tim stays sleeping. She loudly rattles it. Tim is unaffected. She shrugs, pops a pill, puts the bottle back, and slams the bathroom door shut. Tim is still unaffected. She wanders over to the bar, takes her phone off the bar counter and plugs it into a small speaker system. She presses play. Very loud Coachella-worthy music starts blaring. Hedy dances at her personal rave. Tim jumps up, clearly hung over.

TIM
FUCK.

It takes him a minute.

TIM
What the FUCK Hedy.

HEDY
It's the after party. Time to go!

TIM
You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

HEDY
Dance with me Tim.

TIM
Turn it the fuck OFF.

Hedy keeps dancing. Tim stands, unsteady. He pushes past Hedy, rips the phone off the connecting cord and throws it on the ground. The music keeps playing, but out of the very wimpy phone speakers.

TIM
You've gotta be...

Tim presses random spots on the phone until the music stops.

HEDY
Fine, asshole.

Hedy stomps upstairs. Tim looks around, sees his tux crumpled next to the beanbag chair. He picks it up, tries to fold it, gives up, balls it up and tosses it behind the bar. He exits to the bathroom and takes a piss. He doesn't flush or wash his hands. He comes back into the main

basement room and sees Hedy's dress lying nicely over the couch arm. He sits down next to it. He wipes his hands on the dress before grabbing his phone off the table and checking.

TIM

Holy fuck holy FUCK HEDY.

HEDY (*offstage*)

YEAH NO TIM.

TIM

NO BABE C'MERE.

HEDY

SORRY I'M BUSY.

TIM

NO HED- IT'S ELIJAH-

HEDY

YOU CAN COME UPSTAIRS IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME.

TIM

HEDY.

Hedy walks coolly downstairs.

HEDY

Yeah.

TIM

Babe- you're not- He. Holy shit babe-

HEDY

Elijah's back

TIM

-Fuck. He's ba- Yeah, he's back, he's back this fucking weekend he just busts out?

HEDY

Yeah. I'm shocked.

TIM

Yeah you sound ecstatic.

HEDY

I am. It's exciting.

TIM

Yeah, it's exciting, it's. It's crazy, I mean, how did he even.

HEDY

I don't know. I bet Ellie'll tell us.

TIM

Do you think that they like, let him out or he?

HEDY

Ran away? He's not that stupid.

TIM

Yeah, but he's that, like, crazy.

HEDY

No his crazy is so much more specific than like, running away from authority.

TIM

It's not like he *respects* authority.

HEDY

No but that's different.

TIM

Not that different. When did you even find out?

HEDY

Like noon.

TIM

And you decided to wake me up by blasting music but then not tell me.

HEDY

I've been up for a while, it's almost four. It's the afternoon.

TIM

Well we were up for- when did we end up coming back?

HEDY

I think one. I'm not sure.

TIM

And then we-

HEDY

I've been up since six, didn't go to sleep until two-ish. I don't know when you passed out.

TIM

Cool. Cool. But I was just, passed out?

HEDY

Yeah. You just passed out.

TIM

We didn't.

HEDY

You didn't seem up to the task.

TIM

I mean we both went pretty hard, it was a long night.

HEDY

Ended pretty quick.

TIM

Yeah, but like, probably better that we just. Called it a night.

HEDY

Better than what?

TIM

You know. I wouldn't want you to like. Regret anything.

HEDY

I mean I have regrets in my life, that's like, generous of you, but-

TIM

I just mean, like, it should be special, so.

HEDY

Yeah well. Last night wasn't special.

TIM

Right, exactly, so. We made a good choice.

HEDY

Oh it was a choice?

TIM

I just mean, yeah. Yeah because, not everyone would just call it a night when they were all whacked out. Like we both were so messed up.

HEDY

I was fine. But I'm glad you made such a safe choice.

TIM

Yeah and like, we have the whole weekend, it's not like.

HEDY

We have tonight and Sunday, since it's basically almost four. And we're not gonna have the place to ourselves.

TIM

Is. Did Ellie? When did she text you?

HEDY

Oh she's here.

TIM

What?

HEDY

Yeah she came over about an hour ago.

TIM

She's just upstairs?

HEDY

ELLIE.

We hear movement from upstairs, Ellie comes bounding down, on the phone.

ELLIE (*mouths*)

I'M ON THE PHONE. (She continues to listen to the phone,)

TIM (*mouths*)

IS THAT HIM? (whispers) Is that him? (normal speaking volume) Ellie. Ellie is that him?

HEDY

No Tim it's Elijah the goddamn prophet.

TIM

Is Brent- Is he here yet?

HEDY

Tim, Brent drove us here last night, he's upstairs. Fuck, seriously? Do you-

ELLIE (*Shushing them with her hand*)

Yeah that's... ok you have the address? Ok. Ok. Ok. Okbye.

Ellie hangs up the phone. Hedy and Tim both stare at her.

ELLIE

He's out!

Hedy and Tim, simultaneously:

HEDY

No waay. Shit.

TIM

Oh fuck, FUCK!

ELLIE

Yeah he is he's out, officially out. Coming over. It's like insane. Oh my GOD.

TIM

But like what. What happened, like how did that.

ELLIE

Well so his social or like his counselor was like convinced that his biggest um, trigger? Was this weekend, like all the build-up and she was like so convinced that the MEDIA and everything contributes to the social pressure to you know, go nuts and party really hard and he told her, like being removed from that social pressure for so long he was able to negate the negative influences of peer-induced triggers? And that since the like main party of the weekend had already passed, that like, this would be the perfect way to test that trigger theory but like if he screws up or anything he has to go back on Monday, like he's going back to the center and getting tested on Monday no matter what so like he's coming here now to hang out with us and everything but can we maybe just keep it like low-key for him? So he's not um, like...

TIM

Ellie are you seriously telling us not to peer pressure him right now?

ELLIE

No not like that I just mean...

TIM

He just broke out of FUN PEOPLE PRISON if the dude wants to let loose a little bit that's up to him I'm not going to tell him what he can't do.

ELLIE

Not like that-

TIM

Fuck he's had enough of that for the past what 2 months? No, if Elijah wants to celebrate I'm gonna be there for him. I'm gonna go find Brent, we'll set this up.

ELLIE

Tim I'm literally just asking you to not *help* him ruin his chances of staying out.

TIM

I'm not going to ruin anything. Did I say anything about ruining things?

ELLIE

No, but like if you go crazy-

TIM

The dude has been GOING crazy cooped up, like-

ELLIE

He's been making actual progress that-

TIM

Oh my god PROGRESS?

ELLIE

I just mean in the eyes of like, the school and the program-

TIM

Fuck the school, it's their fault any of this even happened, like-

ELLIE

But they are in charge of like-

TIM

They just don't want him anywhere near his friends, they're facists.

ELLIE

Like he could graduate if he stays out.

TIM

Wait, they're gonna let him-

ELLIE

Yeah, he completed all his classes in the center. He's already taken finals and everything.

TIM

We have like 3 more weeks.

ELLIE

He had a one-on-one tutor and they reduced his course load and literally Tim they said they'll *let him walk with us* if he can come back before the end of the year. Otherwise he just has like a GED, which is like, not the point of going to high school.

TIM

Ellie, look, I swear to you, we are going to have Elijah's back. I want him with us as much as anyone. But like, this is up to him, he should get the chance to make his own decisions now that he's out. They can't test for alcohol, so we'll just make sure it's totally out of his system before Monday. No SundayFunday.

ELLIE

Hedy, do you?

HEDY

I'm not in charge.

TIM

Ellie, this is Elijah. He deserves the chance to celebrate.

ELLIE

Ok fine.

TIM

He should get to celebrate! Elijah is free at last! Free from chains! Free from unjust oppression!

Tim continues shouting Elijah's various freedoms as he walks upstairs to look for Brent.

TIM

Free from sexually frustrated bitch counselors! Free from expectations of righteousness! Free from fucking FINALS! Free from THOSE FUCKTARDS AT SCHOOL!

Hedy waits for Tim to invent a final freedom. It doesn't come.

HEDY

Always the poet.

ELLIE

You don't think they're gonna like-

HEDY

Go crazy and screw everything up?

TIM (*from upstairs. Muffled*)
FREE FROM SOBRIETY BULLSHIT!

ELLIE
Shit.

HEDY
Idiots. Literally I don't know why boys are allowed to be in the same classes as us.

ELLIE
Oh my god.

HEDY
You know their brain function is so far behind ours? Like their actual brains do not function at the same rate.

ELLIE
Fuck.

HEDY
And then they do their best to ensure their brains don't function at all, their stupid brains just do their best to stay as fucked up as possible for as much of their youth as possible because it's not like they need their brains for anything they're doing because they can just coast straight through til thirty and then they're like SHOCKED when...

Hedy notices that Ellie is crying.

HEDY
Hey, hey hey hey, I was just, Ellie.

ELLIE
No, no, it's not you, I just-

Hedy holds Ellie to her and pats her hair. It's not natural to Hedy but she's practiced.

HEDY
It's ok, Ellie. I promise, they're just stupid boys, they're just-

ELLIE
He's gonna get so messed and it's gonna be so shitty and like, he was doing so good and I just don't get WHY Tim would... I mean I just like, Tim's great, Tim's awesome and I get that Tim wants to like, celebrate...

HEDY
Hey you can call Tim an asshole, that's fine. He's being an asshole.

ELLIE

He's not, that's not what I'm saying.

HEDY

Well, he is. He is.

ELLIE

I just mean like, Elijah has worked so. Like SO hard.

HEDY

Yeah, I mean they said he was going in for like four months, right?

ELLIE

Three months minimum, up to six months but like including transitional stuff.

HEDY

Yeah, so I mean two and a half months is...

ELLIE

It's amazing, and like I'm not saying he didn't do it for himself, I just feel like so invested, like *me*, in everything he's...

HEDY

I mean he did it for you Ellie.

Ellie bursts into sobs.

HEDY

He did. El, like. He did it for you.

Ellie sobs and rocks into Hedy. Hedy stares at the beanbag chair while holding Ellie.

ELLIE *(through sniffles)*

Like what should I do to like, you know they're all going to...

HEDY

We are going to be here the whole night. Brent's the only one with a car, so they're not going anywhere.

ELLIE

Uh-huh.

HEDY

And Elijah wouldn't do anything bad if you're here. You're his like, moral center.

ELLIE

I mean we're not like, we're not.

HEDY

No but you're that one person for him who he trusts with everything.

ELLIE

Yeah, and we talk, like about everything, you know? We really talk to each other, we can be so open with each other, like we talk so much.

HEDY

You're that person for him. You know he's gonna be able to look back at this and be like, "Ellie was there for me. She saved me."

ELLIE

Yeah.

HEDY

You get to be that for him. He's not going to do anything.

ELLIE

Yeah, you're right. He wouldn't.

HEDY

He would never hurt you like that. Honestly, I think he's coming from a place where wants to live up to you.

ELLIE

And I don't need anything or I mean like- I don't expect us to...

HEDY

No, you're so much more than that. You don't need that. You're bonded on such a deep emotional level.

ELLIE

Yeah, we totally are.

HEDY

He wants to be good for *you*, Ellie.

*Ellie sighs and nods, gracefully accepting her role as *savior*. She's almost glowing. Hedy can't help but roll her eyes when Ellie looks away.*

ELLIE

I just, I really believe in him. I really do.

Brent comes down the stairs, arms loaded with two 30 racks of Rolling Rock.

BRENT

Hey! Oh, hey, I'm sorry are you guys...

HEDY

No, we're good.

ELLIE

I'm just really excited that he's finally...

BRENT

Yeah, it's awesome.

ELLIE

I'm just worried that you know, maybe this isn't.

BRENT

Oh totally-

ELLIE

Like maybe us, we are the reason... *(she starts to break down)*

BRENT

El, no I promise.

HEDY

Hey, it's ok.

BRENT

El, seriously, it's just beer. I'm gonna be watching out, we're all gonna be watching out for him. If it makes you feel better, both of these are going down here and we're going to be hanging out mostly upstairs. So it won't even really be around even. Just like, if we want it.

HEDY

There's not gonna be any pressure.

BRENT

Like, none of us want him to have a bad time.

HEDY

And you'll be here.

BRENT

Exactly. It's gonna be totally chill, like low-key. We're just here to celebrate being together.

ELLIE

Do you think I should maybe not drink tonight?

BRENT

Yeah, if you don't want to.

HEDY

Why don't you wait and find out if that's what he wants?

BRENT

I mean, yeah, play it by ear. Low-key.

ELLIE

Ok.

Beat. Brent is just standing there holding the two cases.

BRENT

Well, I should-

He moves towards the minifridge. Kind of.

HEDY

Yeah. Sorry, go ahead.

No one moves. '

Tim comes down the stairs staring at his phone.

TIM

Yo, Brent, how long does it take to put beer in a fridge?

BRENT

I was just talking.

TIM

What kind of frat bro are you gonna be, dude?

BRENT

One who can actually lift a thirty rack above his head.

TIM

Ellie, are those your speakers upstairs? I didn't see an audio jack.

ELLIE

Oh you have to, it's- I have to go call Elijah anyway give me your phone I'll plug it in.

TIM

Cool thanks.

Ellie gives Hedy a meaningful glance, which Hedy meaningfully returns, and then heads upstairs with Tim's phone.

TIM

What were you guys even talking about?

BRENT

Just Elijah.

HEDY

Reassuring Ellie.

TIM

You've gotta be kidding me. She's so worried that she needs all of us to calm her down?

HEDY

Ellie just externalizes.

TIM

Ok, sure, fine, but like. She's not gonna be a total buzzkill right?

HEDY

No. She'll be fine.

TIM

Ok. If she starts to get weird.

HEDY

I'll take care of her.

TIM

Good. I really don't want anyone to ruin this for us.

BRENT

I mean, I don't know if there's anything to ruin, right? We're just hanging out, having a good time.

TIM

We're having a GREAT time.

BRENT

But like, safe.

TIM

No. Safety not included. No DARE program. No parental advisory. We are having a party.

HEDY

I think that's kind of what Ellie was worried about?

TIM

You're taking her side?

HEDY

No. Just maybe if Elijah had sat through DARE he could have been with us last night.

TIM

Elijah SAT through the DARE program right fucking next to me, and all it did was tell us we were evil if we smoked weed. So guess what we did.

BRENT

I'm just gonna. Go make some ice.

Brent awkwardly powerwalks upstairs, attempting nonchalance, but getting the fuck out of there.

TIM

Seriously, tonight is going to be about having fun.

HEDY

Oh my god, cut the shit Tim.

TIM

What?

HEDY

Tonight is not about having fun, tonight is about making sure you're still king of the hill.

TIM

What the fuck does that mean?

HEDY

Elijah's back, and you're scared.

TIM

Scared of *what*?

HEDY

It means you're not in charge any more.

TIM

Literally, I have no idea what you're talking about.

HEDY

You have no idea?

TIM

I don't even know what even the fuck what you're saying.

HEDY

Oh you actually have no idea.

TIM

Hedy, I don't even know what you mean by in charge. No one is in charge of our friend group, we're just friends.

HEDY

We're friends the way that everyone is friends. We have a hierarchy.

TIM

What hierarchy.

HEDY

Your dad's beach house. You decide where we go, how we spend the weekends, how we party, who's invited.

TIM

Um, yeah my dad has a beach house, does that mean I'm in charge?

HEDY

It means you're in control of the situation, yeah.

TIM

What we're just not supposed to use it? Because not everyone has a beach house? That's fucking crazy.

HEDY

I never said not use it-

TIM

That's like, some people shouldn't be allowed to have a house?

HEDY

No that's not-

TIM

Because there are also homeless people?

HEDY

You are literally being intentionally obtuse.

TIM

Or I'm like not allowed to take advantage of what I have? That's just like communism.

HEDY

What's wrong with communism?

TIM

Um a lot of fucking things. Mainly that I shouldn't have to suffer because some people are miserable.

HEDY

Or maybe not everyone should have to suffer so you don't have to look miserable.

TIM

Who is suffering here?

HEDY

Children in Bangladesh.

TIM

I don't give a fuck about children in Bangladesh.

HEDY

Obviously.

TIM

And neither do you.

HEDY

I didn't say I did.

TIM

And even if I did care, they'd be suffering anyway because children in Bangladesh get shit on anyway-

HEDY

Mmmm pretty sure it's still our fault though.

TIM

-So we might as well throw some fucking parties. And yeah, everything is our fault, Hedy we're America. It's our fault. We know that.

HEDY

Do we?

TIM

Well I do because I'm not a fucking idiot. And like this great country of ours, if I'm hosting a party, yeah I'm deciding who is invited, because I want to hang out with the people I want to hang out with.

HEDY

But that's my whole point. You get to decide who you want to hang out with. Everyone else gets to wait to see if they're invited.

TIM

That is completely batshit. Anyone can do whatever they want.

HEDY

That's just not true.

TIM

And what does Elijah have to do with me throwing parties? Elijah is invited because he's my friend, he can come or not, nobody is making him come.

HEDY

But if Elijah didn't come, it wouldn't feel like a party. And you hate that.

TIM

I miss having my friend around, yes. Sue me.

HEDY

No, you hate that parties feel lame without Elijah and you're scared it wouldn't feel lame without you, if you were the one who got caught.

TIM

Fuck you.

HEDY

It's not an insult.

TIM

The fuck it's not.

HEDY

It's just the way things are.

TIM

No, it's the way you are making shit up. Elijah is my friend but he's also a screw up. I'm not jealous about him or threatened or whatever. He's a great guy, but he's not like- we're not the same, it's not a comparison thing.

HEDY

If there were a comparison, though-

TIM

There isn't.

HEDY

You're scared you'd lose.

TIM

I'm not scared of shit.

HEDY

It's ok to be scared. Just don't pretend.

TIM

I'm not pretending anything!

HEDY

Sure you are.

TIM

Oh my god, Hedy no. You're the one who's pretending. You're making shit up because you're bored or cruel. Or both.

HEDY

I'm not being cruel, Tim, I'm just being honest.

TIM

Or you're just making shit up because you're pissed about last night and you have no idea how to deal with it, so you're just inventing a conflict between me and Elijah so you don't have to focus on your own disappointment.

HEDY

Why would I be disappointed Tim? Like you said, you did the safe thing. The right thing.

TIM

Oh my god.

HEDY

The only time you've ever even tried to be gallant in your life.

TIM

I didn't say I was *gallant*-

HEDY

Like trying to make yourself out to be the responsible one last night, when all you were doing was getting so unbelievably wasted that you didn't even know who I was.

TIM

So it's about me getting drunk? Because yeah, I got drunk. Everyone got drunk. Everyone gets drunk, and everyone got laid except for you and you're mad about it.

HEDY

You didn't get laid either.

TIM

Yeah, and I'm not tweaked about it because it doesn't actually matter.

HEDY

You sound pretty tweaked.

TIM

I'm tweaked, I'm annoyed, because you are driving me crazy because you are making shit up about me and Elijah that doesn't even make any sense.

HEDY

I'm not making anything up. You are scared of Elijah's social capital. Maybe you're scared of our friendship. I don't know, I would understand that.

TIM

I'm not scared of your- wait your *friendship*? Oh. Ok. Let me clarify for you, because actually how I feel about people does not automatically relate to how they are related to you. You dated for two weeks in eighth grade. Elijah and I have been friends since preschool, we didn't even have a choice, we were born best friends, we- and honestly, if you decided to leave me for him, just today, the second he gets out of rehab, that would be HILARIOUS to me, because seriously you'd be just shooting yourself in the foot. No, you'd be shooting him in the head, and then yourself in the foot, thinking that somehow, you'd be wounding me.

HEDY

I think you're overestimating how much I think about you.

TIM

You seem to have thought a lot about me and my Elijah-phobia!

HEDY

I haven't spent that much time thinking about it. I didn't need to. It's pretty obvious.

TIM

It's obvious to you because you're crazy and you like to INVENT problems that aren't there.

HEDY

It's not invention, it's discovery. I'm being honest, I thought you would appreciate honesty.

TIM

Since when have you ever been fucking honest about anything.

HEDY

I don't know, it kinda feels like it's my thing.

TIM

Your thing is making everyone else feel like you're more impressive than you actually are, and then when you have the chance, you fucking bail. And you get whiny. And it's everyone else's fault. You're a fucking toddler.

HEDY

You're defensive. So I might be a toddler, but I'm right.

TIM

I have no idea why I waste my time with you. Like you are never the person you feel like in front of other people.

HEDY

I give you plenty of reasons to stay.

TIM

Yeah and then you hate me for it.

HEDY

I don't hate you, Tim.

TIM

Then what? Because you don't like me.

HEDY

Of course I do.

TIM

You don't fucking act like it.

HEDY

You know what I'm like.

TIM

A nut job.

HEDY

I keep you on your toes.

TIM

You keep me somewhere. In a glass jar in a laboratory.

HEDY

For experiments.

TIM

Like a hobby.

HEDY

You're fun to play with.

TIM

How are you so fucked up already?

HEDY

I'm mature for my age.

She grabs Tim's neck and kisses him. Plenty of tongue. He lets her go for it. They're making out, but she's doing all of the work. She pushes him down into the beanbag chair. He obeys. As she's kissing him, she untucks his erection from his basketball shorts.

TIM

Fuck.

HEDY

Shhhh

TIM

Uh-huh.

She starts to jerk him off. It's clear they've done this before, but not enough times to be good at it. There are a few extra pauses, a few "Waits", readjustments, quick inhalations that could be pleasure or discomfort. It takes under a minute.

TIM

Fuuuuuuck.

Hedy gets up and goes to the bathroom. She comes back with TP, and hands it to Tim, who wipes up.

TIM

Oh shit. Hold on.

Holding the TP over his crotch, Tim waddles to the bathroom. As soon as he's in, Hedy starts to move towards the stairs, as quietly as possible.

TIM

I don't know why I let you do this to me.

HEDY

Me neither.

She exits up the stairs.

TIM

It's like, masochistic. Kinda.

Beat

TIM

Maybe there's like, a way for us to not do this. Like not fight about stupid stuff. And then hook up.

Beat

TIM

It's just like, exhausting, you know? Like I never know who I'm gonna get when I see you. It doesn't have to be this hard. It could be easier.

Beat

TIM

I mean, I know I'm kind of a dick sometimes so I'm not saying like it's just you. But it's like you enjoy fucking with my head and I don't get it. I actually, like, want this. Like I want to be with you. Not just for now but you know, for a while. I don't mean anything serious, serious. But like, theoretically Penn State isn't that far from Pratt or UConn and we could like. I don't know, we could at least try for it? Maybe it's fucking stupid but I think if we both really worked for it. I really want this to work, Hedy. I l-

Tim walks out of the bathroom, sees Hedy is gone.

TIM

Fuck.

He sighs, sits down in the beanbag chair.

TIM

Fuuuuuuuck.

He gets back up, kicks the bean bag chair, walks over to behind the bar. Opens a drawer, pulls out a grinder, a bag with a very old bud, a pipe and a lighter.

TIM

Well screw you too, Scooby Doo.

He pulls apart the bud, throws it in the grinder, starts to aggressively grind. With each turn, sing-songy:

TIM

Fuck! You! You Piece! Of Shiiiiiiiit!

He smacks the grinder on the counter in rhythm to the song he has now started to spontaneously compose. He takes the ground weed out of the grinder and starts pinching it into the pipe.

TIM (Singing to no tune)

Why do you think it's ok? To just fuck with everyone. Everyone around you. Feels like shit. Piece of shit.

Packs the bowl down, adds more weed.

TIM (Still singing)

Don't you know. You're not that hot. Not enough. To be such a bitch. (Ending on a high note)
You piece of shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit.

Tim lights up, inhales, coughs heavily. Exhales. He puts the grinder back in the drawer, closes it, walks back to the beanbag chair to settle in. About to take another hit, Brent comes downstairs with paper towels.

BRENT

Hey dude.

TIM

Oh, hey bro, you wanna hit?

BRENT

No, I'm good. Hedy said there was a spill down here, you needed help cleaning up?

TIM

Oh. No, no, I got it.

BRENT

Oh ok, cool.

TIM

Fucking bitch.

BRENT

Whoa, dude.

TIM

No, it's a compliment.

BRENT

Um, ok.

TIM

Seriously, for her, it's a compliment.

BRENT

Whatever.

TIM

Hey, take a hit of this, dude, seriously. It's good shit.

BRENT

I thought you said no smoking in the house.

TIM

It's the basement. It doesn't count as the house.

BRENT

Won't your dad, like, smell it?

TIM

We'll febreze.

BRENT

But like, the carpet.

TIM

Brent, this nasty carpet has so much nicotine in it from my dad sneaking cigarettes from my mom, there is no more room for the weed.

BRENT

Whatever.

TIM

God, seriously, you too?

BRENT

No, man, I just, want to like, maintain until Elijah gets here.

TIM

Take the hit, Brent.

BRENT

Fine.

Brent takes a hit. He holds without coughing, exhales.

BRENT

How old is that shit?

TIM

I don't know, it's my brother's stash.

BRENT

From when??

TIM

Probably his senior prom. Who the fuck knows. Still tastes fresh.

BRENT

No it fucking doesn't.

TIM

Good enough.

BRENT

It's rank, man.

TIM

Who cares. It's mellowing me out.

BRENT

You really wanna mellow out right now?

TIM

Who gives a shit.

BRENT

Ok.

TIM

It takes away the temptation. From Elijah.

BRENT

The weed?

TIM

I'm being a good friend. Smoking everything in the house before the real drug addict gets here. It's like charity.

BRENT

You should get community services hours.

TIM

Fuck yeah! What if I legit tried that?

BRENT

Like went into guidance?

TIM

Yeah and was like, Ms. Taratella I did all my community service hours. Saving my friends from sin, I did all the drugs on their behalf.

BRENT

She'd have to sign off on it. It was a service to the community.

TIM

Ha. Ms. Taratitties. Sign my shit, Taratitties.

BRENT

Hah. Yeah.

TIM

Dude, fuck, marry, kill, Taratitties, Sullivan, Mendoza.

BRENT

I mean-

TIM

Come on.

BRENT

Ok, well, Mendoza is hot. Sullivan's too uptight so kill her, fuck Taratitties, marry Mendoza?

TIM

Yeah? Mendotha is worth thpending a lifetime in Barthelona?

BRENT

It's not that bad.

TIM

Cooking for jou thome thpithy thauthaeg?

BRENT

Ok, so what would you?

TIM

Kill Mendoza, marry Sullivan, fuck Taratitties. I don't mind uptight. It's kinda hot.

BRENT

You're such a freak, dude.

TIM

Ok, fine. Taratitties, Mendotha, GRANVICH.

BRENT

What?

TIM

Yeah!

BRENT

Um, well, Granvich is a dude, so kill him, obviously.

TIM

Dude, I would *marry Granvich!*

BRENT

What the fuck?

TIM

No you don't understand like, he is a dude but he's like a dad so he would do all those dad things for you, like pay for your shit, and cook really good breakfast, but he's also a dude so you could like drink and smoke and shit together and just be like bros. Like have a little bro house and do bro shit together.

BRENT

But married.

TIM

Yeah! Married bros. That's the dream.

BRENT

That's fucking gay, dude.

TIM

No, it's fucking not.

BRENT

Marrying a dude is gay. That is like the definition of gay.

TIM

No, if I wanted to fuck Granvich, I'd be gay.

BRENT

Bro, whatever floats your boat I support you man.

TIM

Fuck off.

BRENT

I would be there for you, totally. I'm so proud of you for trusting me with your gayness.

TIM

You're the one getting gay. It's your fucking turn. Fuck marry kill.

BRENT

Wait who?

TIM

No, you pick. Fuck marry kill.

BRENT

Uhhh, ok. Taratella, Ellie, Hedy.

TIM

Easy.

BRENT

Yeah, I mean you know what you're getting with one of them.

TIM

Fuck Taratitties, Marry Ellie, Kill Hedy.

Beat.

BRENT

Dude.

TIM

What?

BRENT

That's just like. It's kinda fucked up.

TIM

No bro, please don't judge me with that.

BRENT

I'm not judging it's just-

TIM

Dude it's FUCK MARRY KILL the point is no judgement.

BRENT

I get it but like I assumed-

TIM

What that because I'm with Hedy I wouldn't kill her?

BRENT

I mean yeah.

TIM

Dude it's a fucking game. It just made sense.

BRENT

Whatever.

TIM

But also, I totally wanna strangle her.

BRENT

Bro, come on.

TIM

What?

BRENT

Seriously, that's the sort of shit where like-

TIM

What?

BRENT

Like if there's a 48 hours mystery-

TIM

Fuck you.

BRENT

And they're like, Brent, you were his best friend, were there any warning signs? And now I gotta be like, FUCK YEAH THERE WERE.

TIM

I swear to you, if I kill Hedy, I will not list you as my best friend on my police intake form. I will list you as the murderer.

BRENT

Tim.

TIM

What? It was a joke, I wouldn't list you as the murderer. Obviously you're way too righteous. You could carry a dead hooker into the FBI and they'd be like, oh, thank you good Samaritan sir, for your kind deed of returning to us this dead hooker.

BRENT

Why would you even say you want to kill Hedy.

TIM

I don't know it's just something people say about their girlfriends.

BRENT

Yeah, people who murder their girlfriends say shit like that.

TIM

No, everyone does. Most guys wanna kill their girlfriends.

BRENT

No they don't.

TIM

I mean, maybe you should take my word for it?

Beat

TIM

No offense, bro, but like, you literally don't know what these girls are like.

BRENT

I feel like most girls are nice if you are nice to them.

TIM

And that's why you're single bro.

BRENT

I'm just-

TIM

It's totally not your fault though. Like I know the girls you've been with, it's just been at parties and stuff.

BRENT

It wasn't. I mean, I've been with a couple of girls and I'm not. Inexperienced.

TIM

Right, but then none of them actually want to date you the next day. I'm not saying you're inexperienced, dude. That's the problem, these girls say they want nice guys who do shit for them and then the second you give them what they want they're like, ew, not you though.

BRENT

Ok but-

TIM

Then they like trip over themselves running to douchebags who fuck up all the time. Like, Elijah's an awesome guy, and like we're bros, obviously, and like just, you know, but like. He's kind of a fuck up. Not really his fault, but still. He's literally in rehab before he even gets out of high school, and still you have like Ellie, who is a total sweetheart and like good girl, freaking out over him. Ellie totally should be with someone like you, who is like dependable and nice. But she's not, she wants Elijah.

BRENT

I'm not really into Ellie, so-

TIM

Yeah, yeah I know, but like my whole point is that theoretically, you are the TYPE of guy she should go for, even if it's not literally you.

BRENT

But like, we all smoke.

TIM

No that is absolutely not my point.

BRENT

I don't get what the fuck you're trying to say.

TIM

My point is that there are types, and you are the nice type and Ellie is the nice type. Theoretically, all the girls you've been with are the shitty like, get wasted at a party, not remember the next morning type, so even when you're super nice to them and really into them, they don't even care because they don't even remember who they sleep with. That's not your fault. Ellie's not like that. Elijah is the bad guy, like creative rebel type. So Ellie should be trying to suck your dick and not Elijah's.

BRENT

Ok, but so if Elijah is the like creative rebel type should he technically be with Hedy?

Silence

BRENT

Just because Hedy's like the creative type too, and she's not really a good girl like she drinks and smokes and stuff.

TIM

Yeah but Hedy doesn't have sex. And Elijah definitely does so.

BRENT

Oh. Sorry, I didn't mean.

TIM

No that's the super annoying thing about Hedy is that she has that whole child porn star act and you know it has to be an act going in, but you sort assume, like.

BRENT

So last night?

TIM

Pretty sure all I got was a drunk blow job.

BRENT

That's depressing.

TIM

Yeah, and she's like, mad at me about it.

BRENT

What?

TIM

Yeah, sorry I got drunk at my own prom the way everyone does. Sorry you put an insane amount of pressure on one night. Sorry no one has ever wanted to fuck you before. Not even Elijah.

BRENT

Dude, I didn't mean it like that, about Hedy and Elijah. I just. She's just a creative type, with her photography and Pratt.

TIM

Hedy's not going to Pratt.

BRENT

What?

TIM

Yeah, she's going to UConn.

BRENT

Like she switched?

TIM

No. She didn't get in. She's on the waiting list but. When the fuck does that ever happen.

BRENT

Oh. Dude I had no idea.

TIM

Probably shouldn't tell people you got in if you didn't actually get in, huh?

Beat.

TIM

It wasn't really her fault, they sent the wrong email to everyone who applied. Which sucks but still, it's pretty lame to post a status about it the literal second in between getting in and getting an "oops never mind" email. Like. Desperate. Because, then, you gotta like post another one letting everyone know. Or, you just don't and lie.

BRENT

Does she still want to go, or like?

TIM

Fuck if I know. Good thing her parents like MADE her apply to UConn though. Otherwise she'd have to take a gap year. A year of "I'm a fucking loser and I need a whole nuther year to get in anywhere".

Beat

BRENT

I mean, Sam-

TIM

It's different, he's FROM New Zealand. It's not a gap year, it's "the world is upside down where I'm from and things work backwards" year.

BRENT

Yeah.

Beat

BRENT

Why didn't she-

Hedy comes downstairs.

HEDY

Ellie's coming down, put that shit away.

TIM

Fuck.

Tim runs into the bathroom to dump the weed, flushes the toilet. Brent unhelpfully waves the smoke around, not looking at Hedy. Tim comes out as Ellie is coming down the stairs.

ELLIE

Hey, oh good, you're all down here.

TIM

Yeah.

BRENT

We were just-

TIM

We decided to smoke all the weed before Elijah gets here. So he's not tempted. You know, like a service.

Hedy tries to hold in a snort.

ELLIE

Oh. Ok. That's actually. That's really thoughtful of you guys.

TIM

Yeah, we just. We want to be there for him. As friends.

ELLIE

Oh my god. You guys are just. He won't know, but that's like... it just shows he has so many people he can count on, like a community? I mean, he must have been so lonely in there and knowing we're all out here.

TIM

Yeah, no one but other young offenders who could totally drag him down.

ELLIE

Exactly.

TIM

Or like, nice lady social workers ready to raise him up.

ELLIE

Yeah, but not like we can, that's like, artificial support.

TIM

Yeah, the way she was lifting him up, he was probably all like immobile. Like stiff.

ELLIE

Totally. You guys are the ones who are really there for him.

TIM

Yeah, all he gets in there are like social workers making him super stiff all the time. Just like, no room for play, just hard, stiff support. She probably rode him pretty hard.

HEDY

Will you shut the fuck up Tim, Ellie is trying to say something actually humane about you.

TIM

What? I'm just agreeing with her-

Brent nudges him

TIM

That after being stiffened up and ridden hard by his social worker that it will be nice for him to have a release!!

BRENT

Dude, shut the fuck up.

HEDY

Oh my god Tim.

ELLIE

I mean, yeah make a joke of it all you want but he's actually been in there, like stuck. And alone.

Ellie is tearing up

ELLIE

And like, the reality is none of us were really there for him, he didn't have us there for him.

Hedy is comforting her, Brent is uncomfortably looking up at the ceiling, Tim is rolling his eyes.

ELLIE

Like, we fucking abandoned him.

TIM

Ok, that's not really fair-

BRENT

Do you need a glass- does she need some water? I'm gonna-

Brent leaves to go get a glass of water for Ellie, he does not intend to come back at all.

ELLIE

The fuck it isn't fair, Tim. Obviously it could have been any one of us.

TIM

Not fucking really, because not all of us leave our fucking stashes lying around.

ELLIE

Like you don't have a bottle of Hennessy in your locker? That you brag about every fucking day?

TIM

I do have a bottle but I don't do body shots off of the PRINCIPAL.

ELLIE

No, you just do shots on snapchat every morning. How many shots are actually in that bottle, Tim? Because it's just magically always full every day. What is that, a filter?

TIM

Oh my god, I get more than one bottle, why does it matter?

ELLIE

It matters because you could have taken the fall or he could have ratted you out but he didn't and you didn't even bother trying to help him-

TIM

What was I supposed to do?

ELLIE

And he's been stuck up there literally rotting away. They won't even let him have his MUSIC because they say Bob Dylan is a trigger for drug culture. That's how fucked up it's been for him. And you haven't even tried to make it any better.

TIM

Neither the fuck have you!

ELLIE

I've been writing to him!

TIM

So that you can be first in line to suck his dick the second he gets out!

Ellie looks like she's been slapped. She bursts into tears.

HEDY

Tim...

TIM

Fuck, Ellie, I'm sorry, I just-

Ellie shakes her head, sobbing, dramatically holds Tim away with a hand.

TIM

Seriously, I'm just wired because it's- I didn't mean-

Ellie chokes out some very intense sobs, catching her breath, looks around wildly, and runs up the stairs, almost in slow motion.

TIM

Fuuuuuuuuck.

HEDY

That was bad.

TIM

Fuck.

HEDY

Even for you, that was baaaaad.

TIM

Just shut the fuck up.

HEDY

You should go find her.

TIM

Yeah, I will.

HEDY

And apologize.

TIM

Yeah, yeah, fuck off.

HEDY

Get Brent to help you.

TIM

Fuck no Brent fucking sucks too.

Tim goes upstairs.

TIM (yelling)

ELL!! Ellie I'm sorry!!

Hedy's alone. She waits a beat, exhales.

Hedy starts to giggle a little, lets it go into something like a sigh. She kicks the beanbag chair. She walks over to her prom dress and touches it, gently. She notices a bead is hanging loose and she pulls it off, inspects it, puts it in her pocket. Takes the dress and balls it up under her arm. She walks behind the bar, stashes the dress in a drawer. Looks around, notices the safe. Looks upstairs and listens, walks over to the safe. Knocks on it three times. Smiles. Spins the tumbler quickly, she stops it. Tries three numbers:

HEDY

Eleven, nine, one?

The safe clunks, she swings open the door. Inside is what looks like a packaged kilo of coke, a cigar box, a Rolex, two boxes of bullets and two guns. One is a Colt 45 revolver and one is a Taurus 9mm Semi Automatic handgun Luger. She pulls out both, puts them on the floor side by side. She picks up the handgun. She's never held a gun before. She points it out, mimes pulling the trigger and the gun going off. She points it at the side of her head, mimes the explosion. She starts to enjoy herself. She points the gun at the dart board on the wall, concentrating. Brent comes down the stairs.

BRENT

Whoa.

HEDY

Bang. You're dead, Brent.

BRENT

What the fuck-

HEDY

It's Tim's birthday.

BRENT

Um.

HEDY

The safe combo? It's Tim's birthday.

BRENT

Oh.

HEDY

Pretty stupid huh? My first guess.

BRENT

Why would you...

HEDY

Bored.

BRENT

Okay?

HEDY

Like use an old phone number or some shit right? Not your kid's birthday. Fucking obvious.

BRENT

Yeah.

Beat.

BRENT

Hedy, you wanna um... you wanna put those back?

HEDY

Why?

BRENT

I don't know cuz they're like real guns?

HEDY

You ever held one before?

BRENT

Yeah, no.

HEDY

It's no biggie me neither. First time. They're heavy.

BRENT

No shit.

HEDY

They feel kinda good. Here.

She puts down the handgun and grabs the revolver. She stands up, walks over to him, revolver loosely at her hip. She's moving slowly to make sure he's watching her hips. She presses the gun into his hand, hanging dumbly at his side.

HEDY

Grab it.

He does. He looks at her.

He walks the gun back to the safe, lays it down inside with the other, and shuts the door.

HEDY

Pussy.

BRENT

No I'm just not an idiot. And I like all my toes.

HEDY

Uh huh.

Beat

HEDY

Do you at least wanna beer?

BRENT

I actually came down, cuz Ellie-

HEDY

Ugh just forget that shit for a minute?

He shrugs. She grabs two from the mini fridge, cracks the tabs, hands his over.

BRENT

Thanks.

HEDY

No problemo.

Beat. They both drink.

HEDY

I didn't mean to scare you.

BRENT

You didn't.

HEDY

You looked scared.

BRENT

I just-

HEDY

It wasn't even loaded.

BRENT

It's stupid. Like even having them here.

HEDY

Yeah?

BRENT

Yeah like shit happens.

HEDY

Sure.

BRENT

Yeah, I just. Yeah.

HEDY

Shit happens.

BRENT

Yeah.

HEDY

But see that's what makes it fun.

BRENT

Yeah but-

HEDY

That danger. Shit happens so like anything could happen, right?

BRENT

Yeah that's exa-

HEDY

That's why it felt so good in your hands.

Beat.

HEDY

Right? Because you could do anything with it.

Beat.

HEDY

Like having all that weight in your hand. It's like, fun.

BRENT

What're you...

HEDY

Hey we should be friends.

BRENT

We...

HEDY

Yeah.

BRENT

Okay?

HEDY

Okay.

BRENT

Sure.

Beat

HEDY

What.

Beat

HEDY

You don't want to be my friend?

BRENT

What? No I-

HEDY

No it's cool.

BRENT

I didn't-

HEDY

I go all kindergarten and ask you to be my friend.

BRENT

I said-

HEDY

Nope, you don't want to. It's cool.

Beat

HEDY

You're Tim's friend I get it.

BRENT

That's...

HEDY

Nah bros before hos right?

BRENT

Not really?

HEDY

Oh no?

Brent shrugs

HEDY

So Tim doesn't talk to you about me?

BRENT

Like, we *talk* but like... guys don't talk the way you do.

HEDY

Like I do?

BRENT

You know, guys don't do that kinda...

HEDY

Kinda...

BRENT

Bullshit!

HEDY

Uh-huh.

BRENT

No I just mean- Guys like shoot the shit right?

HEDY

And what do I do?

BRENT

I don't know.

HEDY

You seem to.

BRENT

No girls like- girls talk about so much stuff and they like want everyone to know about what they do and I just don't think... Guys want people to know but they want that like, legendary status right? They don't want to be the one to tell other people. They wanna like exude that shit. They don't care if it's vague cause, like, it's probably not true even. Girls want to make sure the details are right so, they make sure they're the ones telling the stories.

HEDY

You think?

BRENT

I dunno.

Beat.

BRENT

Whatever.

Beat.

HEDY

So Tim doesn't give you details?

BRENT

No.

HEDY

Don't you want them?

BRENT

Yeah, no.

HEDY

Ohhh you're a shitty liar, Brent.

BRENT

Whatever.

HEDY

Holy shit you totally do.

Beat

HEDY

I was like, kidding, but... you do.

BRENT

I want another beer.

She gets one out of the cooler, cracks the tab, takes a swig. She licks a drop off the rim before handing it to Brent.

HEDY

Don't worry. No cooties I swear.

BRENT

Thanks.

Long beat. Brent doesn't drink.

HEDY

Well. It's been fun, but I'm not gonna bug you anymore. I'll go find Ellie and tell her all my *details*.

BRENT

I don't-

HEDY

What? You said straight up you don't wanna be my friend, you don't wanna hear my shit, it's fine dude. I get it.

BRENT

I do though.

HEDY

Sure.

BRENT

What the fuck ever.

Beat.

BRENT

You're just so like- you know sometimes you just don't take a breath, you just talk the things you want someone else to say before they even have a chance to stop you. You know how annoying that is?

HEDY

Maybe I'm tired of people letting me talk, you know how annoying it is to be around people with nothing to say?

BRENT

I have shit to say Hedy you just would never listen. Because you don't give a fuck about-

HEDY

If there's one thing I give Brent, it's *fucks*.

BRENT

That's it! That's what I'm talking about. You don't let anyone *say* anything because you don't wanna *hear* it because you're so busy making sure everyone knows what you want them to know about you, which is actually just a bunch of bullshit, and we all know it.

HEDY

Shut up.

BRENT

We all. Know it.

HEDY

I thought Tim didn't give you details.

Brent goes back to his beer.

HEDY

Got it.

Hedy gets another beer for herself, takes a long swig.

BRENT

Hedy, I...

He turns back to his beer.

BRENT

Yeah. I do wanna be your friend.

HEDY

Yeah?

BRENT

Yeah.

HEDY

Well you're doing a piece of shit job so far.

BRENT

I'm sorry I didn't mean-

HEDY

Don't worry you didn't hurt my feelings.

BRENT

Okay.

HEDY

I don't really have feelings.

BRENT

Uh huh.

HEDY

No for real though I think there are all these feelings I just don't have sometimes.

BRENT

Like what, compassion?

HEDY

Ha ha. No like...

BRENT

What?

HEDY

It's just easier. And like, I get to sleep better.

Beat.

Drink.

Beat.

HEDY

It's just not one of my talents.

BRENT

I wouldn't say- it's not really a talent...

HEDY

Oh of course it is. Some people are so good at having feelings. Ellie's really good at having feelings. Fuck you saw her, she is genuinely excited about Elijah. Like her *eyes* were excited and her cheeks were stretched wide and her tits were heaving and everything in her body was excited. She is very talented at feeling. And then the opposite, she just totally freaks out. You know she can't help it either, she gets weepy when shit goes down and just fucking dissolves into a syrupy mess and actually it's really beautiful because she kind of pools up into a squishy little puddle and it makes you want to stroke her hair and tell her it's going to be ok. Ellie has feelings so well that she makes other people have feelings about her feelings.

BRENT

I don't think Ellie's feelings are like, an act though. I don't think she tries to be emotional.

HEDY

No, they're real. She feels it all that hard.

BRENT

And you don't?

HEDY

Well I've never fallen apart on the floor.

BRENT

Sure but, like a lot of people have feelings they just keep it together, you know?

HEDY

Like you?

BRENT

I mean... I guess. I don't really see the point of getting too upset about anything? Because like nothing's *that* serious. And if something is, there's nothing I can do to fix it by being upset so like why waste the energy.

HEDY

You know what I think though?

BRENT

I literally have no fucking idea, and I probably won't understand it when you tell me.

HEDY

I think that you're right about feelings being a waste of energy. And I think that's the reason that you give yourself for not punching a wall every day when you get home but I also think you are afraid, fucking terrified of what it would mean if you punched a wall just once because I think that you are so sick of being forgettable and dependable that if you let yourself lose control you know you'd never ever get it back. I think you know getting upset would mean tilting the world upside down. I think you are so incredibly ANGRY. I think you're seething. And I think you're scared of that.

Beat

BRENT

Wow.

Beat

BRENT

You're a fucking cunt Hedy.

HEDY

Oh seriously, that's what got you?

BRENT

Is this fucking fun for you? Criticizing people who are just trying to have a conversation with you?

HEDY

It wasn't a critique, I think it makes you interesting.

BRENT

Jesus.

HEDY

No really, I think you're cool Brent.

BRENT

I think you're fucked up Hedy, you're legit fucked up and I don't know what you're trying to do but I think you should stop and like actually get help.

HEDY

I'm trying to be your friend.

BRENT

Well you're really fucking bad at being friends because friends don't psychologize each other.

HEDY

I'm sorry.

Beat

HEDY

I super didn't mean it like... I'm sorry.

Beat

HEDY

In my head, it was like. I thought we kinda had the same way of thinking about things? But. I'm sorry.

BRENT

I don't get how you think about anything.

HEDY

I just, it was like because of the way you're always watching the world? You know you like hang back a little and you're quiet and strong and I thought you must be holding back that anger because you're scared and you'd rather be on the outside? Because you're smart, we all know you're like incredibly smart. I just thought you were doing it because you like being on the outside, to like observe and analyze. Which is really what I was doing, not criticizing or judging or psychologizing you. Just trying to analyze how you work.

BRENT

Do you do that to all your friends? Analyze them?

HEDY

No. I thought you might be different.

BRENT

What, is that supposed to get me upset too? I hate to break it to you but you're not as provocative as you want to be. You're just annoying.

HEDY

That's what I mean though.

BRENT

What?

HEDY

You can see that I want to be provocative. You analyze too.

BRENT

I guess.

HEDY

You don't have to like it, Brent, but I get you. And maybe I suck at being friends but I do want to be friends with you. I want to sit back and watch the world with someone who knows how.

BRENT

I...

Beat

HEDY

It's cool.

Brent puts his beer down.

BRENT

It would be nice. To let go a little bit with someone.

HEDY

Yeah?

BRENT

Yeah. But I don't think it's you and me. I can't keep up with you. I gotta check on Ellie.

Brent stands up and leaves. Hedy sits, a little surprised. She takes a swig of Brent's leftovers, as Tim comes down the stairs. He yells back to Brent.

TIM

Don't unplug let Ellie unplug my phone! I'm not high enough for that shit. Babe what the fuck why did I have to take care of Ellie all by myself?

HEDY

I texted you.

TIM

Um no you didn't and my phone is in the fucking speaker system why didn't you just come back upstairs?

HEDY

Brent and I were just talking.

TIM

You got Brent to talk?

HEDY

Not really. He's good at nodding though.

Tim goes to the fridge, starts loading his arms with beers.

TIM

Yeah he's a fucking champ wingman, comes with the territory.

HEDY

He seems great. I get why you're friends.

TIM

Yeah. You wanna help me with this?

HEDY

Do we have anything other than beer?

TIM

There's the vodka in my dad's office but I'd be screwed once he found out...

HEDY

We'll refill it later.

TIM

Matt's back at college already-

HEDY

Jesus Tim, I'll take care of it. Your brother is not the only person on the entire fucking planet over 21. Just grab the vodka.

TIM

All right. Calm down.

HEDY

I'm fine.

TIM

What the fuck ever.

Tim closes the fridge door with his foot, he starts to leave.

HEDY

So...

TIM

What?

HEDY

Right. Grab the vodka Tim, Elijah hates Rolling Rock.

Tim starts to leave again, Ellie rushes down stairs.

ELLIE

Hey! Um, he's here!

HEDY

Oh my god.

TIM

I didn't even hear anything what did he come in the dog door?

ELLIE

Well he literally just got here and apparently before he can do anything else, he wants a bro-powow? He said you'd know what that means?

TIM

Fucking YES!

ELLIE

Yeah so just text me when it's safe for us to come up.

TIM

Yeah... you better get comfortable.

HEDY

Whatever this shit is, don't take too long I'm sick of this basement.

TIM

Why? You loved it when Brent was down here.

Tim leaves, we hear shouting upstairs.

ELLIE

Um, ok what the fuck is his deal tonight?

HEDY

What the fuck is a bro-powow? Sounds like a racist douche secret handshake.

ELLIE

Who knows-

HEDY

Or like a gay thing.

ELLIE

-But like, are you ok?

HEDY

I hope it's a gay thing.

ELLIE

Is he ok?

HEDY

I mean I'm fine.

ELLIE

Like you and Tim.

HEDY

What.

ELLIE

He's like off tonight. I mean he apologized to me and everything, but he didn't really give me any kind of explanation, he just was like "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it, I'm excited for Elijah too". But like. Nothing about why he blew up.

HEDY

He was just being a dick, Tim's a dick, we know that. Everybody knows that. Like sometimes he pretends to be a nice guy to show off but way down deep inside his heart he's a fucking dick.

ELLIE

I mean. Ok like did something happen?

HEDY

No, actually.

ELLIE

Like last night?

HEDY

Nothing happened.

ELLIE

But I mean...

HEDY

Nothing fucking happened Ellie.

ELLIE

Ok. Ok Jesus. Ok.

HEDY

Yeah. Yeah I had it all planned, and. He came over like in his tux and everything we went to go take pictures- fuck my MOM took us to the marina for pictures. And he was already fucking wasted. Fucking Matt got him his own personal fifth "for the occasion" and he downed it BEFORE HE EVEN PICKED ME UP.

ELLIE

Oh shit.

HEDY

Yeah. So the whole night I'm still having, I'm still trying to have a good time. We come back here, and by the way, I have had exactly zero beers so I'm jittery as fuck-

ELLIE

Babe...

HEDY

I bring him down here, I take off his tux and put him in the beanbag chair, I tell him to get comfortable. I go in the bathroom, I take off my dress, I come back and he's passed out in the beanbag chair.

ELLIE

I mean, here's the thing, if he's gonna pull that then maybe it's a good thing you didn't do anything, right? It would super suck if he treated you like shit after, and now you know, so... I'm sure he didn't mean to do anything bad anyway, like it sounds like he was maybe just nervous too? He just made a mistake. Like, it wasn't on purpose...

HEDY

No.

ELLIE

Yeah I'm sure it doesn't mean he doesn't want to I'm pretty sure he wants to, he's a guy I'm sure that's what he wants. And he's had sex before so.

HEDY

Yeah.

ELLIE

And he's definitely attracted you, like that's probably not the issue. You're hot and even if you weren't, guys like bone anything. You know.

HEDY

Uh-huh.

ELLIE

Did you try that thing I sent you before hand?

HEDY

No, I didn't wake him up with a blow job.

ELLIE

I mean, I know it sounds kind of stupid but sometimes it can actually work, even if someone is super drunk because like, their reactive mind is still activated by the stimulation.

HEDY

Honestly I didn't want to touch him. He smelled like sweaty whiskey.

ELLIE

It sounds like maybe he was nervous too, though, and that's kind of sweet.

HEDY

He wasn't nervous. I wasn't nervous.

ELLIE

Maybe some time when there's less pressure. Later this weekend.

HEDY

It really isn't even something I'm thinking about any more.

ELLIE

Ok, so maybe just put it out of your mind, and just don't think about it.

HEDY

Yeah, that's kind of the goal.

ELLIE

Because you know, maybe it's better if it happens for you in college anyway. Like there's no benefit to doing it early if it's not special.

HEDY

Yeah, it honestly doesn't affect me one way or the other.

ELLIE

And maybe with a college guy it won't hurt as much, because he might be more experienced, and he'll understand a little bit better.

HEDY

I'm not worried about pain.

ELLIE

Well it really does hurt pretty bad, even if you've gotten fingered before, it's really different.

HEDY

I'm sure it is.

ELLIE

Like the difference in pressure is just, so intense. And there's sort of no way to prep for it.

HEDY

Yeah it's not like anyone could ever know about it ahead of time. From hearing about it.

ELLIE

And it's not just the first time. It hurts for like, the first ten times before it makes a difference, and I feel like nobody warns you about that.

HEDY

I feel over-warned, about everything.

ELLIE

Ugh I'm sorry though.

HEDY

It's whatever, there's nothing, like it's fine.

Ellie gives Hedy a big soft mushy hug that ends with Hedy patting Ellie on the back for comfort.

ELLIE

So has he like-

HEDY

No.

ELLIE

-Gone down on you?

HEDY

I mean. Yeah, once.

ELLIE

Oh my god you have nothing to worry about, he's definitely in it.

HEDY

Yeah it wasn't. I mean like, I didn't love it I feel like I'm maybe just not that type of person.

ELLIE

Wait really? Maybe he just needs some practice...

HEDY

No. It definitely. I don't know I feel like blow jobs are just more fun for me, so I just won't. I'll just stick to that.

ELLIE

Was he doing it wrong?

HEDY

No, he- I mean. He said he had never done that before, that it was different with me. But he also didn't like it, so it's just not our thing.

ELLIE

I mean boys don't like it, they never like it.

HEDY

Yeah. He said it was like old pennies? Which just sounds awful so like. I do *not* blame him. I mean I blame him for everything else, but I feel like that one is kind of on me.

ELLIE

Yeah that's weird. I've never heard the old pennies thing before.

They're interrupted by loud stomping upstairs.

HEDY

Oh good I was right. Gay stuff.

ELLIE

It's like they don't even want to hang out with us.

HEDY

I bet it's you and not me.

ELLIE

Oh my god, don't even say that.

HEDY

It was a joke, El. Obviously it's me.

ELLIE

Don't say that either!

HEDY

I just won't say anything.

Beat

ELLIE

Does my eyeliner look ok?

HEDY

Yeah, it's fine.

ELLIE

I just was crying so hard.

HEDY

You honestly can't tell.

ELLIE

I feel like it's all over my face.

HEDY

It's not.

ELLIE

Can you fix it for me though?

HEDY

There's nothing even to fix, it's-

ELLIE

I'm just worried that like, if Elijah sees that my eyeliner is smudged, he'll think I've been crying, and like, when I've been writing to him I've been trying so hard to sound like strong and steady for him, and I think he really relies on that like, calming presence of mine, and I want to be that calming presence for him even in this situation where he'll have like, so much temptation and I know he'll be counting on me being a solid source of um, like calm?

HEDY

Ok, you want help?

ELLIE (*nodding*)

Just to like, make sure.

HEDY

Ok.

Hedy and Ellie start to go into the bathroom, but the boys come careening down the stairs. Ellie runs into the bathroom and slams the door, Hedy stays out. Tim comes down first, with Elijah's head under his arm in a half headlock, half hug. Brent comes down behind them, banging on the ceiling above the stairs on his way down.

TIM

The dude is officially back! Sworn in by a true and formal bro-powow, and ready to have the best fucking weekend ever.

Elijah breaks free from Tim, runs to Hedy, giving her a loose but sincere hug. They overlap:

ELIJAH

Hedy! Ahhhh fuck I missed you.

HEDY

Hey you look great. I missed you so fucking much.

ELIJAH

Ugh man it's fucking surreal right now. Like all I wanted was to be here literally just here with you guys hanging out for so fucking long and that's where I'm AT! This just feels nuts like too much.

BRENT

Where's Ellie?

HEDY

She's in the bathroom.

ELIJAH

She ok?

HEDY

Yeah, just excited you're here.

BRENT

We're all pumped.

TIM

Dude you have no idea how much we missed you. Fuck we were so sad that you weren't gonna be here. And like honestly, don't feel bad about last night you missed literally nothing.

ELIJAH

Oh yeah? Not as cool as the movies?

HEDY

It was pretty fucking stupid.

TIM

Seriously, the only fun part was everyone was wasted.

BRENT

Even Hannah Johnson.

TIM

HoJo got drunk, dude!

HEDY

There's no way to know for sure if she actually imbibed alcohol, but she kept yelling "HASHTAG WHITE GIRL WASTED" and drinking out of Amanda Durso's hairspray bottle.

TIM

Which, was just perfect, because do you remember how she PROMISED our whole CCD retreat that she'd never give in to peer pressure?

BRENT

I think a lot of CCD promises were broken last night.

Hedy grabs beers and starts passing them out. Ellie comes in with a full face of heavy make-up and takes one after seeing Elijah take one.

TIM

But the dinner was like, awful. Like cold chicken.

ELLIE

Like it was wet though, wet cold chicken.

TIM

And nobody even danced.

HEDY

Mr. Granvich did.

TIM

Oh fuck that's right! Dude, Granvich was like dad-dancing the whole night-

ELLIE

I think Hannah got it on Instagram hold on.

BRENT

But like, it was so bad.

TIM

Yeah so we like went over and started grinding on him.

HEDY

It was ridiculous.

TIM

And we were yelling like "DO THE GRANVICH GRIND"

BRENT

Oh my GOD it was so good.

ELLIE

I can't find it fuck whatever it was great, everyone was like crying laughing.

ELIJAH

Cool.

Beat.

HEDY

Like Tim said, you didn't miss anything.

ELIJAH

Guys, it's ok. You're allowed to have fun without me. Like, I knew the world was still moving.

TIM

Nah, man, it sucked without you there.

ELLIE

It really did.

ELIJAH

No, seriously. I know you're trying to be nice, but it's- I don't need it. I really appreciate it though, you guys are good friends and I get that-

TIM

Bro-

Elijah cuts him off by sitting down on the couch, everyone is fixated on him. He's holding court. It's effortless.

ELIJAH

But like, that type of reassurance, it's not helpful to me. It doesn't get me anywhere.

TIM

Ok. I'm not trying to get you-

ELIJAH

It's ok. It'd be helpful to me if you let that go a little bit.

TIM

Helpful- dude what-

ELIJAH

I'm finding that certain things are helpful to me, and other things aren't.

TIM

Sure. That's everything.

ELIJAH

Like, since I've been- one of the major things I've been doing is reading up on Siddhartha, and like, his whole thing was like, he was never allowed to see suffering. Nobody let him. His whole life was just perfect, he married a beautiful woman, he was a prince. And then one day, just by accident, he saw an old man who was suffering. And suddenly like, his world shattered and he like ran away and lived on nothing and made himself suffer because he thought all life was just suffering.

TIM

Well that's a sucky-

Ellie gives him a look, Tim cuts himself off, Elijah keeps going.

ELIJAH

But then that didn't work either, because he like, accepted food, or something.

BRENT

Rice pudding.

ELIJAH

Fucking rice pudding. And then he went way way in the other direction, just like indulging, but that didn't work, and then he like listens to a river.

BRENT

A boatman helps him-

ELIJAH

The whole point is that he finds this middle way, which isn't suffering, but isn't ignoring suffering, and isn't indulgence, but isn't ignoring indulgence. And then he becomes the Buddha. Right?

BRENT

Yeah, I guess, I- there's a lot more-

ELIJAH

So like, you guys pretending that you didn't have fun without me, it's nice but it's not like, real, you know?

ELLIE

Yeah.

ELIJAH

Like, you guys having fun isn't even what's important in that situation anyway. The important part of that is that we weren't together and now we are.

TIM

Absolutely.

ELIJAH

And what's important about that is that we actually get to like, spend time with each other now.

BRENT

Yeah, man that's what we're here to-

ELIJAH

I mean like, not just get fucked up. But like actually spend time together.

ELLIE

Do you not want to drink?

ELIJAH

That's like, literally not the point of what I'm saying.

TIM

Dude, do you want to party or not, you just tell us, like we're here for-

ELIJAH

No, Tim, like, that's not-

He looks at Hedy.

HEDY

I think the point is that while we're drinking and/or not drinking, that we actually talk to each other and like, listen. To each other. Without so many, um, barriers.

ELIJAH

Yeah. Exactly.

ELLIE

I mean, what do you want to talk about?

TIM

Dude, I don't want to hear more about Buddha. Like any more of that and my head's just totally gonna blow up.

BRENT

So like, how did you learn about Buddhism?

TIM

Not the fuck you too.

BRENT

I'm just making-

ELIJAH

No, Tim, shut up, we don't have to talk about it, but we should like-

HEDY

We should ask each other questions.

ELIJAH

Yeah, like, real questions.

TIM

Just fucking questions?

ELIJAH

Yeah, just questions.

TIM

What the fuck are we supposed to ask? I know everything about you guys, I-

HEDY

You know everything about us? That's interesting.

TIM

Shut up, Hed, we're like-

BRENT

I don't know-

TIM

If this is like, some fucking, exercise a shrink invented for thirty thousand a month, I am super not interested in spending my time like this, I just-

ELIJAH

No, it's not even about that-

BRENT

It sounds like we could gain-

TIM

I think it's actively retarded-

ELLIE

Umm-

TIM

And yes, I am using the word retarded to mean actually retarded, Ellie.

HEDY

Oh my god, Tim, what the fuck are you afraid of?

TIM

Hed, I swear to god-

ELLIE

It's ok, I can go first.

HEDY

It's just a question.

BRENT

Go for it, El.

TIM

It's not just-

ELLIE

Ok, ok- um. Do you guys think Granvich is divorced or just like-

TIM

Ugh, that dude is SO divorced.

BRENT

He like, had to sell his childhood baseball cards to get a lawyer.

ELLIE

Really? Because I feel like he was never in good enough shape to get married, and like, I don't know, it just seems sad. You know? I don't know if he ever really had that like, connection.

TIM

Oh, there was no connection. That's why he's fucking divorced, because there literally was no connection, just like bad wedding cake.

Elijah and Hedy are looking at each other. Hedy rolls her eyes.

BRENT

He's totally divorced.

Beat.

TIM

Brent you ask a question.

BRENT

Oh, uh-

TIM

Ask your burning question that you want the whole group to answer. Group therapy.

BRENT

I guess, uh, I don't really have anything specific, but.

ELLIE

It's ok, it doesn't have to be smart. My question wasn't smart.

ELIJAH

You gave a good opener.

ELLIE

Oh, thanks.

ELIJAH

Sometimes you need to get all those like, stupid, superficial questions out of the way first.

Ellie is hurt, Elijah doesn't notice. Brent does.

BRENT

So like, um. When you're in college, what would you ideally reinvent yourself as?

TIM

Why would you reinvent yourself?

HEDY

Like if you could take on a new persona for all your new college friends.

BRENT

Yeah, exactly, like, would you pretend to be. Um, what would you pretend to be?

TIM

I mean, the goal is to like not pretend to be-

ELLIE

Do you mean like Made? Like MTV?

BRENT

Yeah, like Made.

TIM

Oh my god MADE?

ELLIE

I always wanted to get Made, but like in middle school.

BRENT

Me too. I wanted to be a snowboarder.

TIM

Is that who you'd be in college?

BRENT

I don't know.

ELLIE

I think I'd want to be like a fashion street style person. Like someone with a really good Instagram who walks around the city and just looks really good all the time.

TIM

I'd want to be rich but you can't really fake that.

HEDY

Tim, you are rich. We're all rich.

TIM

I mean, we're fine, but I'm not like RICH-rich.

HEDY

What do you think rich looks like if it's not having a beach house?

TIM

This is my DAD's beach house, and it's not even nice, it's like, pretty ugly. He got it in the seventies.

HEDY

You still have a dad who owns more than one house. In the wealthiest state in the-

TIM

But we're not in the wealthiest town, we're like, in a middle town.

HEDY

We are not in the middle.

TIM

I drive a Subaru from the 90's, that's pretty-

HEDY

Your parents bought you a CAR.

TIM

No, they bought-

BRENT

We're all in a good spot, but none of us are like, loaded, right? Like for where we are, we aren't rich. I think everyone wants to be, like, richer than they are.

TIM

Exactly.

BRENT

Like, yeah, we're pretty high up the food chain, but like, rich kids of Instagram-

TIM

THAT'S the kind of rich I wanna be in college. Apple watch for every day of the week.

ELLIE

Ugh, those are so ugly.

TIM

What? They're so fucking cool, they-

ELIJAH

Hedy, you got one?

HEDY

Sure.

ELIJAH

Go.

TIM

To the group, though.

HEDY

Yeah, of course. Don't worry. You don't need to be scared.

Tim looks like he's about to smack her. Hedy takes a deep breath.

HEDY

Do you think that it's better to die beautifully and quickly, or to live out a long mediocre life and then die?

Beat.

ELLIE

Like, the twenty-seven club?

TIM

I don't know, maybe that's a weird question to ask while we're all fucking drinking.

BRENT

And how are you measuring mediocre? Do you mean like, not happy but not sad? Just like living?

ELIJAH

No, it's perfect. A beautiful death is better, because a mediocre life is wasting something beautiful. The chance to be something better. If you don't make yourself better, and you just fucking live, that's like. Pigs fucking live. You might as well take your chance at something special and give yourself a beautiful death. No regrets. On your own terms.

HEDY

Yes. You're able to make something that everyone does and make it mean something, that's what's beautiful.

ELIJAH

Most people don't even bother.

HEDY

They just let it happen.

ELIJAH

People should put more effort into making it mean something.

HEDY

Not everyone can handle it, though.

ELIJAH

No. You have to be an artist.

HEDY

Artists have beautiful deaths.

ELIJAH

Not all of them. But some.

Elijah and Hedy are completely in their own world. Almost word fucking. Everyone else is deeply uncomfortable.

ELLIE

Um, I mean. The goal is to live, though, like a beautiful life first though, right? Like, a long-

HEDY

Yeah, of course.

ELIJAH

Totally. No, obviously.

ELLIE

Right, I mean, you don't want to go before like, you get to do everything-

BRENT

Yeah, I mean this is a little depressing.

TIM

Yeah, I feel like I've totally lost my buzz.

HEDY (*staring straight at Elijah, they haven't dropped their gaze*)

Do we need more beers?

ELLIE

Maybe we could eat something?

TIM

FUCK yes I'm hungry.

BRENT

We got that pizza. In the freezer.

ELLIE

We could make the pizza and maybe like, I could make grilled cheeses?

TIM

That sounds so fucking good to me right now oh my god.

BRENT

You make really good grilled cheeses.

ELLIE

Ok, let's like, take a break.

TIM

And then not come back to this, it sucks.

HEDY

That's fine. I have to pee.

Hedy goes to the bathroom. Ellie and Brent get up to go upstairs. Tim looks at Elijah.

ELIJAH

I'll be right up. I think I should like, clear my head for a minute. Meditate. If we're taking a break.

ELLIE

Oh, of course.

BRENT

Whatever you need bro.

TIM

I won't leave you any pizza. If it's gone it's your own fault.

ELLIE

I'll make you a grilled cheese.

Brent, Ellie, and Tim start upstairs.

TIM

Oh fuck, I think we have PESTO.

Tim, Ellie and Brent are gone. Elijah is alone. He leans back. He's clearly not meditating. He ruffles his hair a little bit. Hedy comes out of the bathroom. No flush, no sink running. She's holding the pill bottle, standing in the doorway.

HEDY

Fun party game.

ELIJAH

Yeah, I'm not sure I still have friends.

HEDY

Pretty sure I'm single now.

ELIJAH

Nah, we both know Tim will just lie back and take it. As long as you're giving it to him.

HEDY

He deserves it. He was a total dick to Ellie earlier.

ELIJAH

Yeah, he seems a little.

HEDY

He's amped. Want one?

ELIJAH

It'll show up in the tests.

Hedy opens the bottle, takes one for herself, puts the bottle back in the bathroom. She walks back towards Elijah.

ELIJAH

Poor Ellie.

HEDY

She's fine now. Better now that you're here.

ELIJAH

Yeah. Poor Ellie.

HEDY

It's not your fault.

ELIJAH

It's a little bit my fault.

HEDY

No, she's just. It's probably good for her. She'll learn.

ELIJAH

I just can't tell her not to.

HEDY

She wouldn't listen if you did.

ELIJAH

And it's just, like, running out the clock now.

HEDY

Oh, you KNOW she's gonna insist on visiting you in your dorm. She'll come up for parent's weekend.

ELIJAH

Like surprise me?

HEDY

With a fucking cherry pie.

ELIJAH

As long as I'm eating a pie.

HEDY

Oh she'll expect payment in the form of emotional and sexual commitment.

ELIJAH

Maybe I'll make sure I'm away for parent's weekend.

HEDY

She'll stake out your dorm.

ELIJAH

Maybe I won't have a dorm to visit.

HEDY

What, you're gonna be that asshole in an off campus apartment? Freshman year?

ELIJAH

Maybe I won't go.

HEDY

But you got in.

ELIJAH

Yeah, but.

HEDY

Did they rescind? The school said they weren't going to alert-

ELIJAH

Yeah, no, they didn't. It was cool of them. Given they weren't gonna let me walk at graduation.

HEDY

I'm sure the school cares more about the college stats than whether or not their students are stuck in rehab on graduation day.

ELIJAH

Yeah. It wouldn't look great if the only kid who got into Yale suddenly didn't graduate. Even with a zero tolerance policy.

HEDY

Well. On the plus side, the school would still send someone. Henry Robinson gets your spot.

ELIJAH

I'm surprised he hasn't tried to kill me yet, just to make sure.

HEDY

I'm surprised he hasn't combusted.

ELIJAH

What if he killed me, and then didn't get off the waitlist?

HEDY

Like he goes to all the trouble of concocting a really great murder and then they give the spot to some kid from Choate.

ELIJAH

That's like some Macbeth shit.

HEDY

It's more Macbeth if he kills you and gets in, and then dies from meningitis after getting his first kiss at a party.

ELIJAH

Oh my god!! Henry Robsinon, your senior superlative is, most likely to die from meningitis.

HEDY

Henry Robinson, your senior superlative is: Most likely to be a secret brony.

ELIJAH

What do you mean “secret”?

HEDY

Stephanie Reeves, your senior superlative is: “most shaped like a stick of butter”.

ELIJAH

Kevin Kelly, your senior superlative is: “most likely to find out you have a three-year old while in prison”.

HEDY

Brent Marshalls, your senior superlative is: Most likely to be the next scandal on the Duke lacrosse team

ELIJAH

No no no, Brent Marshalls, your senior superlative is: Most likely to be the next GAY scandal on the Duke lacrosse team.

HEDY

Oh he’s deep in if he’s in the closet.

ELIJAH

I’ve got a feeling.

HEDY

Probably sophomore year of college?

ELIJAH

He’s just gonna like the hazing way too much.

HEDY

Get very confused, because he’s never had feelings about anything.

ELIJAH

And now he knows why!

HEDY

And his poor tinder match turned actual girlfriend, she doesn’t know how to please him.

ELIJAH

It’s just blowjobs all day long she doesn’t know what to do.

HEDY

She comes from a small town, she’s southern. She came to Duke for a ring.

ELIJAH

Her name is something stupid and she has monogrammed everything.

HEDY

Harper?

ELIJAH

No, Harper's nice. It's gotta be pretend. Braelynn.

HEDY

Braelynn and Brent.

ELIJAH

She gets a charm for her Pandora bracelet every year for her birthday.

HEDY

Her dad still calls her "cupcake".

ELIJAH

And she calls him "Daddy". To everyone. It's weird.

HEDY

She's a communications major.

ELIJAH

She tried to do make-up tutorials but her vlog never took off and now it's her biggest fear that her new college classmates will find the videos.

HEDY

She has a pinterest board about Brent.

ELIJAH

And Brent has a strap-on for her.

It's too much, they split into laughter, leaning in together to hold their stomachs. They're very close, familiar with each other physically. No awkwardness. They sigh, moving in towards each other, relaxed from letting go with an equal. Settling down, they're cuddling, maybe Hedy has her legs over Elijah's, she's picking at his socks or playing with his leg hairs. Not sexual, just incredibly intimate and familiar.

HEDY

So what, you're gonna defer?

ELIJAH

No. I don't think so. I'm just gonna.

HEDY

Disappear?

ELIJAH

Just for a bit. Come back in on a wave of artistic genius. Different name, different story.

HEDY

Oh shut uup. What, with music?

ELIJAH

Yeah. Maybe train hop for a little while.

HEDY

That's pretty stupid.

ELIJAH

There's like a whole culture, they're like, amazing. These people, they're like transient.

HEDY

You're literally talking about being a train hopping hobo so you can, what, gain artistic legitimacy?

ELIJAH

No, just experience the world and like, the country from a completely different vantage point. You know, not rely on anything. Just what you have with you.

HEDY

Yeah, who needs food when you can fight Toothless Jim over a can of beans on your way to Tampa.

ELIJAH

What, because it's better to fight over TVs on Black Friday? Having more stuff doesn't make us better.

HEDY

Having no stuff doesn't make you purer.

ELIJAH

Eh. I think it does.

HEDY

Ok, even if it makes you purer it also makes you more of a dick.

ELIJAH

Ahhh come on Hed. Don't do that, please.

HEDY

Do what?

ELIJAH

Shrink me down to size. It's my one free night.

HEDY

It's my job to make sure you can still fit your head through the door after a night of pure adoration.

ELIJAH

You really can't help yourself, can you?

HEDY

Not with you.

ELIJAH

Oh it's so different with me?

HEDY

Yeah. It is.

Elijah leans in towards her.

ELIJAH

You're just. Singular.

HEDY

I had a twin, but I killed it in utero, so-

ELIJAH

Of course you did.

HEDY

Couldn't handle sharing. Anyway, Hedy Lamarr isn't the sort of namesake that could be divvied up.

ELIJAH

I don't think I would have liked weaker you anyway.

HEDY

Yeah, Lamarr would have been a real pain to drag along everywhere.

ELIJAH

Good thing you knocked 'em off when it was still legal.

HEDY

I was very pro-choice as a fetus.

ELIJAH

Yeah you chose who got to live.

HEDY

No, I picked who got to die.

Pause

HEDY

I let Lamarr go first. Only polite.

Beat

HEDY

You're not really gonna be a train-hobo are you?

ELIJAH

I think they prefer train-hopper.

HEDY

God, Elijah, sometimes you out-stereotype yourself. They're not fucking train hoppers, they are actual homeless people, without homes, who are sleeping in trains because they have no other option. They are sick or they are addicts or they're crazy or they're just shit outta luck and they're not creative white people with folksy names and bandanas. They are real people.

ELIJAH

You're acting like you think I haven't done any research, I know these- of course they are real people, I'm not like using them.

HEDY

Of course you are using them Lij, of course you are. Because that life is going to give you nothing except street cred.

ELIJAH

I don't want street cred, I want-

HEDY

What. What? What could they give you?

ELIJAH

I want *suffering*.

Pause, Hedy is taken aback by his honesty.

ELIJAH

I want to feel some fucking risk. I want to feel hungry. I want to be exhausted, I want to be sunburnt, I want to know what I smell like, I want my feet to hurt, I want to feel some kind of normal pain in my body. I'm too young, my body is too young to carry around my head, which feels so heavy, because you're right, it's too fucking big to fit through the door, so I just get stuck everywhere I am. I go to rehab and end up teaching yoga, and I don't know how to fucking DO YOGA. I just youtubed some lessons and I could just get the whole group to follow me. The fucking staff, the NURSES were asking me to work out the kinks in their form. The only thing I'm good at is lying.

HEDY

Yeah. You got me.

ELIJAH

I didn't mean to lie to you Hed.

HEDY

It doesn't matter. You couldn't help it.

ELIJAH

Yeah. Well. I'm such a fucking excellent liar, I didn't even know I was lying.

HEDY

Well. Maybe you shouldn't tell someone you love them if you can't tell when you're lying.

ELIJAH

I thought I was telling the truth.

HEDY

It really doesn't matter now. Maybe you could start a cult.

ELIJAH

I'd be a great cult leader.

HEDY

You can get people to do whatever you want.

ELIJAH

That's the problem. What if, for once, there was a group of people who didn't give a fuck about what I told them, who were just completely on their own journey?

HEDY

Oh that's the wrong fucking group. Transients, by definition, are directionless. They're probably ripe for the cult pickings.

ELIJAH

They just age right out of train cars and into cults?

HEDY

Exactly. Or they die horrible accidental deaths.

ELIJAH

Who says you can't die a horrible accidental death in a cult.

HEDY

Yeah, I'm sure most deaths in cults are ruled *accidental*.

ELIJAH

By the cult coroner.

HEDY

Who is also the cult leader.

ELIJAH

Who I guess just has carte blanche to kill whoever the fuck he wants.

HEDY

Wait, do you want to turn into a hobo so you can be a hobo serial killer? Are you coming out to me right now? Oh my god, what's the right reaction?

ELIJAH

Do serial killers have to come out?

HEDY

Well the best ones probably don't.

ELIJAH

I would be a terrible serial killer.

HEDY

You make friends too easily.

ELIJAH

Yeah, I'd get invested. It would be too tough.

HEDY

You don't hate anyone.

ELIJAH

Just myself.

HEDY

Yeah well, so does everyone else. Mazel.

ELIJAH

Do you think so?

HEDY

Everyone our age? Yeah.

ELIJAH

I think most people are uncomfortable with themselves. Maybe they dislike who they are or the way they act around certain people. But the like, deep, down, like knowledge.

HEDY

Knowing you're a fundamentally bad person.

ELIJAH

Hating the person you are, I think that's unique.

HEDY

It's not unique. Maybe uncommon for it to go that far. But I think there are plenty of other people who hate themselves.

ELIJAH

You don't hate yourself.

HEDY

No I love myself way too much. It's a different kind of punishment.

ELIJAH

How is that a punishment?

HEDY

Because then everyone else ends up hating me on my behalf. Whereas you, you hate yourself so much, they can't help but love you.

ELIJAH

Which is terrible, because I end up feeling like a fraud. And like there's nothing I could ever do to make them hate me.

HEDY

Is that why you're running away? To make them hate you?

ELIJAH

Partially.

HEDY

It won't work.

ELIJAH

Why not? I'll disappoint everyone.

HEDY

Yeah but you'll become less relevant, not hated. You'll be mysterious for a month, maybe the full semester, and then everyone is going to get so into their own brand new lives, that they won't give a shit anymore. When you do come back, it won't be a shock, it'll be, "That guy? Oh shit, he looks rough". You'll be coming back here without a diploma when everyone else is started on their masters? Getting engaged? You'll be a cautionary tale. That's it, Elijah. You'll be working at Willoughby's until you're 37 and decide you'd rather rescue dogs because you "just connect better with open creatures". You'll get a shitty apartment and you'll drive your mom's old car. You'll date a girl in New Haven who works at a tattoo shop. She'll cheat on you with her boss but you won't leave her because at that point, she'll be your only edge. You'll sell pot to high schoolers. You'll sell merch at Toad's Place during shows. You will be the only person who doesn't get a fucking life because you threw yours away at eighteen to gain a few months of what, faux perspective, suffering, street cred? That's the future you want? It's pathetic, Elijah, and you know that. You're too smart to not know that.

Beat. Long beat.

ELIJAH

And it's gone.

HEDY

Good riddance.

ELIJAH

You're scary, sometimes. How you do that. How you just. Take everything away with logic.

HEDY

If it's just logic, you could have figured it out for yourself.

ELIJAH

Yeah but I didn't. I didn't want to.

HEDY

Well, that's what you have friends for. Take your dreams away.

ELIJAH

Yeah, just. Shatter your illusions.

Beat

ELIJAH

What if I never came back?

HEDY

Where would you go? You know you're looking for a reaction. If you don't come back, you don't know if people are still staring at you. You're in love with the way people notice you.

ELIJAH

What if I walked into the ocean.

HEDY

People would be sad. I don't know if they would hate you. That's too romantic.

ELIJAH

What if I hung myself?

HEDY

No. Your parents would claim it was just auto erotic asphyxiation. And you'd be a poster boy for teen challenges gone wrong.

ELIJAH

Overdose?

HEDY

Too hard. Most people never die from too many pills. Unless you have straight heroin to shoot, you'd end up in the hospital. Plus that's an ugly death.

ELIJAH

It should be beautiful. That's why I said ocean first.

HEDY

The ocean turns you hideous. It pulls you apart and swells you up.

ELIJAH

So what is a beautiful death, Hedy.

HEDY

Burning. Or freezing. Burning is the worst, most painful way you could go, but what is more beautiful than all of your anguish, energy, memories, all releasing in bursts of heat and light? Expelling yourself into the universe.

ELIJAH

And freezing?

HEDY

Beautiful, but you get to keep yourself exactly as you are. Nothing will ever change. Your memories come to you in the last moments, you feel happy and at peace. You stay at peace. You're not dying, just resting. It's incredibly gentle.

ELIJAH

Gentle is exhausting. Rehab is gentle.

HEDY

Not for most people?

ELIJAH

Everything is white and calm voices. Rehab is freezing to death because you spent too much time burning.

HEDY

So no freezing or burning.

ELIJAH

Fuck. No. I wish I had a gun.

Beat

HEDY

What would a gun fix.

ELIJAH

I mean, we're talking about killing myself here.

HEDY

Like, as a joke, Lij, we're always joking.

ELIJAH

Are you? Because I don't think you are.

HEDY

I wasn't- this isn't like a real thing, you're not going train hopping, you're not gonna die, you're gonna go to Yale.

ELIJAH

What, so I can get a degree I don't want so I can get a job I don't want so I can support a family I don't want so I can die later? Come on. We talked about this.

HEDY

You have to do something great before anyone would even notice though. That's the point of a beautiful death. It's only on your own terms if you've given what you need to give.

ELIJAH

What if I'm not going to do anything great, Hed? What if all my potential is ONLY potential? And that's all I have to give any way, just the hope that I'll do something good?

HEDY

But you're smart, you're brilliant, you-

ELIJAH

All I will ever do is disappoint people. That's it. I'm only ever, I'm only ever the potential people want to see. What better way to get them to hate me? Something violent. A gun.

Beat

ELIJAH

Don't look stupid, I don't even have one, it doesn't matter, you're right I'll go to Yale and suck my own dick for-

HEDY

I do.

ELIJAH

You do what.

HEDY

I have a gun.

ELIJAH

No you don't.

HEDY

It's not mine, but I have it. I know where it is.

ELIJAH

What, you brought a gun to an after party?

HEDY

It's not mine. I didn't bring it. But it's here. Do you want it?

ELIJAH

No, I-

HEDY

Ok, good then. Done.

ELIJAH

I mean-

HEDY

No, Elijah, you obviously don't actually want to kill yourself, and thank god, because you haven't even done anything with your life yet. It would be sad because you're young, not because you're meaningful.

ELIJAH

Maybe I'm saving people from what I would do, what I would do to them.

HEDY

Oh, how fucking noble of you. No one is asking to be saved by you, from you, whatever, Elijah. You're not so important in our lives that we didn't go on without you. Our lives went back to normal after a week.

ELIJAH

You do this, you start getting cruel.

HEDY

I'm not cruel. I get real, I'm not angry, I'm not heated, I'm not yelling at you. I'm not saying any of this to be cruel. I'm telling you the truth because just maybe you are the one person in the house who can handle hearing it.

ELIJAH

What if I can't?

HEDY

Then maybe you should kill yourself.

ELIJAH

Good. You get it.

HEDY

Gun's in the safe, you can go get it. It's Tim's birthday. The combo.

Elijah doesn't move.

Beat.

Hedy walks over, opens the safe, takes out the Colt 45.

HEDY

Here.

She loads the gun up for him. She walks towards him and puts the gun in his hand. Brent starts down the stairs, stops when he sees Hedy and Elijah close.

HEDY

Have a beautiful death Elijah.

Hedy kisses him, unpassionately but real, and puts the gun in his hand. Elijah takes it. He sees Brent, says nothing.

ELIJAH

Tell them. Tell them I said, "You're welcome".

HEDY

I'll tell them you said something much better than that.

Elijah walks to the external door. He puts his hand on the handle and pushes. We see a moon, some sand, maybe the underneath of a deck. We hear the ocean. Elijah looks out, Hedy watches him, then turns her back. With Hedy's back turned, Elijah salutes Brent with the gun. He walks out and closes the door. Hedy, hearing the door close, runs into the bathroom, slams the door, and throws up. Brent, walks down the stairs, slowly. He looks at the safe, and at the bathroom. Tim and Ellie come downstairs.

TIM

Did you tell them? They fucking missed out. Where the fuck?

BRENT

I think Hedy's in the bathroom.

ELLIE

Where's Elijah?

BRENT

I don't know, he wasn't here.

TIM

Yo, whaaaat is my dad's safe doing open?

Tim closes it.

TIM

There's like shit in there, how the fuck?

Hedy comes out of the bathroom.

TIM

Where's Eiljah?

HEDY

I felt sick. He said he was going to get me some pepto, I thought he went back upstairs like twenty minutes ago.

ELLIE

He wasn't down here with you?

HEDY

I was in the bathroom, I don't know.

BRENT

The safe was open.

HEDY

What safe?

TIM

My dad's safe, the safe that is right fucking here, it had my dad's shit in it, it had shit in it.

HEDY

Is it missing?

TIM

I don't know, I just closed it, I didn't inspect it for like a fucking burglary-

ELLIE

Where is Elijah, though?

HEDY

I don't know, I thought he got stuck with you guys?

TIM

How did anyone even get the safe *open* I don't know the combo, even, what-

A shot outside. Everyone jumps. Brent stares at Hedy. Hedy looks like she's about to throw up again.

TIM

FUCK. What the fuck was-

ELLIE

Who is setting off fireworks right now?

TIM

It's a private beach, they're not allowed.

ELLIE

Well who else is out here?

TIM

No one, it's just, it's just us-

Tim opens the door to the outside.

TIM

HEY ASSHOLES, NO FIREWORKS ON THE BEACH.

ELLIE

I'm gonna go look for Elijah. Maybe he went upstairs and needed to meditate?

TIM

There's no one even there, who-

Tim walks outside a little bit.

TIM

There's just some dipshit, lying out there.

ELLIE

Maybe he got hit by a firework?

TIM

It doesn't matter, it's not his beach.

Tim walks out of the house, leaving the door open.

ELLIE

I'm gonna go upstairs, I just want to see if Elijah is ok, if he needs anything.

HEDY

I'm sure he's fine, he just, couldn't find the pepto-

TIM

FUUUUUUUUUCK!

All turn, Ellie starts to follow Tim outside, Brent holds her back.

TIM

It's Elijah HOLY FUUUUCK OH MY GOD.

ELLIE

What? WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT'S Elijah??

BRENT

Oh my god.

HEDY

Shit.

TIM

FUCK fucking FUCK. Oh my god, CALL 911. CALL 911. HE FUCKING FUCKKK Elijah
WHAT THE FUCK.

ELLIE

IS HE HURT? IS HE OK?? WHAT THE FUCK IS- BRENT, LET GO!

BRENT

No, Ellie, don't, he can't,

ELLIE

Brent, LET THE FUCK GO OF ME.

Ellie wriggles out of Brent's arms, she runs out the door. We hear her scream. Brent stares at Hedy. Hedy is very cold.

HEDY

Why would he do that, what was he thinking?

BRENT

You should try to calm down.

HEDY

Fuck you, Brent, I should try to calm down, why are you calm?

Ellie runs back inside.

ELLIE

CALL 911. SOMEBODY HAS TO CALL 911. HE, Elijah HE, HE SHOT HIMSELF.

HEDY

Oh my god.

BRENT

Jesus.

ELLIE

He SHOT himself, there's a big fucking hole in his, uh, in his, oh fuck, his chest, like his shoulder is gone, his arm, it's just, he's still MOVING FUCKING CALL 911.

BRENT

Ok, ok, ok, I got it.

Brent pulls out his cell phone and starts dialing.

ELLIE

Oh my GOD OH MY GOD WHAT THE FUCK.

Ellie collapses on the beanbag chair. She's having an actual panick attack. Hedy goes to her.

HEDY

Listen, Ellie? You gotta stay calm.

BRENT

Hello, yes, I need an ambulance to-

HEDY

You gotta keep breathing, you gotta keep it together.

BRENT

184 Old Sachem's Head Road, there's been an accident.

HEDY

We can't have two medical emergencies, ok?

BRENT

There was a gunshot wound. Just one person, but he's uh-

ELLIE

HE'S GONNA FUCKING DIE. I CAN'T BREATHE, HE IS GOING TO BLEED OUT AND DIE.

BRENT

He's in really bad shape. In the chest.

HEDY

Listen, I can give you something but you have to promise me you're not gonna pass out or anything, ok?

BRENT

Just fucking hurry, ok?

ELLIE

What the fuck are you talking about, you're gonna give me?

HEDY

I have a Xanax.

Hedy goes to her bag of toiletries in the bathroom, grabs a pill out of the bottle.

HEDY

You gotta chew it up, ok? It doesn't taste good, it tastes like chemicals, but it's gonna stop you from freaking out.

ELLIE

I should be freaking out, Elijah, he just- he-

HEDY

Ok, ok, we can't help him right now. The ambulance is coming, they're gonna help him.

Hedy puts the pill in Ellie's mouth, massages her jaw.

HEDY

There you go, ok.

ELLIE

Fuuuuuuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

Ellie starts sobbing, Hedy holds her while she chews and sobs. Brent stares at Hedy. Tim starts walking back. He's shaking, his hands are bloody.

BRENT

Ambulance is coming.

TIM

Fuck the ambulance. He blew the top of his chest off.

BRENT

They're on their way, they-

TIM

He'll be fucking gone it doesn't matter.

BRENT

They have-

TIM

Fuck you man. THEY CAN'T FIX THAT.

BRENT

Somebody is going to need to show them where he is.

TIM

What, you want me to go wait out there with him? I can't do it, I can't sit there I can't look at it, it's just everywhere, he- he tore out his whole fucking chest, his collar bone is exploded, his body is just fucking. I can't stop seeing it, it's just fucking meat. He is meat out there.

Ellie has calmed down, stopped sobbing.

ELLIE

Tim?

TIM

Yeah, El, I'm here.

ELLIE

Tim, he's alone.

TIM

Yeah, I know.

ELLIE

We can't leave him there alone.

TIM

El, there's nothing-

ELLIE

We gotta go stay with him.

TIM

The ambulance is coming.

ELLIE

We gotta go stay.

Ellie gets up, walks to Tim. She takes his hand, covered in blood, starts to break down a little, he pulls her close.

ELLIE

We gotta go stay.

TIM

I don't want to.

ELLIE

We can't leave him alone.

TIM

I'm- I'm scared-

ELLIE

Me too.

TIM

I don't want to see.

ELLIE

You don't have to look, we just need to sit with him. He can't be alone.

Beat

ELLIE

You gotta be brave.

TIM

I am brave.

ELLIE

I know. We gotta go be brave for him.

Tim nods. He shudders a little.

They walk out the door together.

Beat.

BRENT

I actually think she might be good for him?

HEDY

What the fuck, Brent?

BRENT

You don't think so?

HEDY

Our friend just-

BRENT

No. You just told my friend-

HEDY

No, I no- Brent,

BRENT

I know, Hedy.

HEDY

He could have guessed the combination just like I did, you have-

BRENT

I watched you hand him the FUCKING gun.

HEDY

I didn't...

BRENT

I WATCHED YOU, Hedy. I saw.

HEDY

What did you do about it Brent. You just watched and didn't say anything?

BRENT

Yeah. I watched you push him down the stairs and I didn't say anything because you needed to see what would actually happen.

HEDY

I didn't do anything he didn't want to do. He would have done it anyway.

BRENT

You TOLD him to do it. I heard you TELL HIM TO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL DEATH. WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU THINK WAS GOING TO HAPPEN.

HEDY

I didn't think he'd. I didn't know, I didn't want him to die, he's a, a coward, he-

BRENT

You FUCKED WITH HIS HEAD.

HEDY

No, I didn't, I gave him guidance-

BRENT

ALL YOU HAVE DONE ALL NIGHT IS FUCK WITH OUR HEADS.

HEDY

I DON'T MEAN TO. IT'S NOT ON PURPOSE, I'M NOT A PSYCHOPATH.

BRENT

Are you sure? Because you act like a psychopath.

HEDY

I'm not a psychopath, Brent, I'm just a person.

BRENT

You do terrible things. You have done horrible things.

HEDY

I didn't do anything, I didn't DO anything, I-

BRENT

You killed Elijah.

HEDY

That's not my fault. It's not-

BRENT

You fucked with his head until he didn't want to be ALIVE any more.

HEDY

Why do you think he was fucked up in the first place? That's not on me, that's, we all are fucked up.

BRENT

We're all fucked up because we're all WITH YOU. You are the one who has fucked everything up. You are responsible, so just take some responsibility.

HEDY

What does that even mean? What kind of responsibility do you want me to take Brent?

BRENT

I'm telling the cops what you did.

HEDY

He was out of REHAB, Brent, he, he'd been drinking-

BRENT

Your fingerprints are on the gun.

HEDY

So are yours.

BRENT

So I can either tell them exactly what happened.

HEDY

Or I can tell them something they'll actually believe.

BRENT

No matter what you say, Hedy, you need me to back up your story. You were the last one to see Elijah alive. You need me to corroborate.

HEDY

So what, you're gonna tell on me? And then what? How does that solve anything?

BRENT

You'd get some punishment.

HEDY

I would get probation at worst. If they even do anything to me.

BRENT

You'd get kicked out of school. You wouldn't graduate. You'd be stuck here. You'd never leave.

HEDY

So what, you want to punish me with the suburbs? What does that solve Brent? Elijah is fucking dead and he's always going to be dead and chances are, he was always going to kill himself. He would have relapsed and we both know that.

BRENT

He was just a kid who DRANK too much, he smoked too much in HIGH SCHOOL, he wouldn't have relapsed, what- what are you even talking about?

HEDY

He would have killed himself, accidentally or on purpose, before we were thirty. That is not my fault. Ruining my life doesn't change Elijah. It doesn't make him not a fuck up.

BRENT

Wow. It's really easy for you. Just, cutting him- did you ever give a shit about him? Did you ever even like him?

HEDY

He was my friend, Brent, he was our friend.

BRENT

I mean, like, before you were friends.

HEDY

I didn't love him.

BRENT

No?

HEDY

No, I- I didn't love him.

BRENT

That's absolutely terrifying Hedy, because I could have sworn I saw you kiss him before you killed him.

HEDY

I didn't love him, Brent. I don't know what you want.

BRENT

I want you to stop ruining lives, that's what I want.

HEDY

Well if you have any suggestions about how I could go about not fucking up everything I touch, I'd really appreciate hearing them, because I don't WANT TO RUIN THINGS.

BRENT

That's incredibly hard to believe. You are so destructive. It is unbelievable to me that you have fucking convinced yourself it's not intentional.

HEDY

What the fuck do you want me to say, Brent?

BRENT

I want you to say it's your fault.

HEDY

It's not.

BRENT

Even if you don't believe it, I want you to feel the words come out of your own mouth.

HEDY

It's my fault. It's my fault that everything here sucks, it's my fault none of you can get your shit together, it's my fault you're stuck in your tiny vapid heads, it's my fault you'll never do anything worthwhile, it's my fault that Elijah realized that, and so then sure, it's my fault he did the one thing he could do to gain control over himself. And, of course, he did it like an idiot so he ruined any chance he had at a meaningful or purposeful death.

BRENT

He blew out his heart.

HEDY

He shot himself in the chest, he made a fucking mess of everything, he's probably still bleeding on the sand, not thinking, not existing, just emptying onto the beach. He blew out his SHOULDER. He probably won't even die, he'll have to go back and be the kid who fucked up his own suicide because he couldn't handle the real world the first day out of rehab. It's pathetic.

BRENT

And that's your fault, Hedy.

HEDY

If that's what you want me to say, Brent. It's my fault.

Beat.

BRENT

I want more than that.

HEDY

What the fuck do you want, Brent?

BRENT

I want you to know what it feels like to get your head fucked so bad you want to die.

HEDY

You think you're the one to do it?

BRENT

Yeah. I do.

HEDY

Brent, you are not smart enough to mind fuck a toddler. You mind fuck yourself just to rub two neurons together.

BRENT

I want you to know what that feels like.

HEDY

Well great, me the fuck too. All I want is someone who can meet me at my level. And it's not you Brent. You couldn't follow our conversation for shit.

BRENT

I don't want to have a conversation. I want to fuck you in the head. I want to pry open your jaw, and fuck your head until you can't breathe.

HEDY

Oh.

Beat.

HEDY

That's where we are?

BRENT

That's where we are.

HEDY

I gave you too much credit, Brent.

BRENT

Yeah. You fucking did.

HEDY

I mean, really? Sexual violence? That's where we're taking this, all the way to the Neanderthal lowest denominator.

BRENT

Don't talk about low. You killed someone tonight.

HEDY

And in exchange, you want me to give you a blow job? That is so sad, Brent. Oh my god, that's the funniest, saddest thing I've ever heard. Do you know how easy it is to get a blow job? If you had just asked an hour ago I might have just given you one for FUN.

BRENT

I don't want you to give me a blow job. I want to fuck your head until you want to die.

HEDY

You watch waaay too much porn. You don't have the HIP STRENGTH to fuck me like that. You don't have the stamina. You obviously have the anger and I really do feel bad for whatever twink you decide to experiment with in college because I can tell, you're gonna take a lot of it out on him, but it's not going to be me, Brent. You literally couldn't hurt me if you wanted to.

BRENT

Here's what's going to happen. I'm going to go out to Tim and Ellie. The ambulance will be here soon. I am going to tell them it got to be way too much for you and I'm taking you upstairs and you're taking a Xanax to calm down. I'll be watching out for you the rest of the night, making sure you're ok. Then I'm going to come back in here. We are going to go upstairs. And then I am going to hurt you. I am going to hurt you until you tell me you wish you were dead. And then it will be over, and we will never talk about it again. But you deserve that.

HEDY

And you're so generous, you are going to be the one to give it to me.

BRENT

No one else knows you like I do, Hedy. No one else knows what you deserve. So yeah, I'm the only one who can give it to you.

HEDY

Yeah, sure you know me. Then I guess I await your imminent arrival. You don't mind if I take a Xanax first, just to make it look real?

BRENT

Sure. But if you pass out, we're starting over.

HEDY

To think of all the anxiety and the build up to this one weekend. I had nothing to worry about, it's all gonna be taken care of.

BRENT

I'm not gonna take care of you. At all.

HEDY

No you're taking care of yourself, I get it. Just do me a favor while you're out there? Just think about how sick you have to be, how fucked up you are that your method of punishment is sex. That's pitiful, Brent. I hope it'll be good for you.

BRENT

I hope you fucking bleed.

Brent walks out. He closes the door behind him.

HEDY

Mother fucker.

Hedy starts pacing. She goes to the bathroom, grabs her toiletries bag with the Xanax, opens the bottle. Closes it, throws it against the wall.

HEDY

Mother FUCKER.

She is still.

HEDY

Here's the funny part, here is the hilarious part about this, is that it is so stereotypical, it is such a PREDICTABLE load of bullshit that *that's* what you want. You know how sad that is? That's it? You just want to be a rapist when you grow up? That's your endgame?

High school and that is who you are already. No peer pressure, no frat games, not shitfaced. Two beers in and you're ready to go for it. Just a regular old, down home, suburban, football playing sexual predator with a crew cut. Is that what you wanted this whole time? What the fuck have you been waiting for.

Mother. Fucker.

HEDY (cont.)

And the hilarious thing is I thought it would have been Tim. Like theoretically if it had been anyone tonight he makes the most sense. He's a dickwad. Brent's not a monster, you just got caught up, you were in the wrong place at the wrong time. You'd never actually PLAN IT OUT. You'd never try to PUNISH someone. Because that's a completely fucked up, ridiculously evil thing to do. That's like, what a pimp does on SVU, that's like, deep into stupidsville, that's like, the worst most banal boring bullshit way to go about it you fucking CLICHED PIECE OF SHIT.

Mother fucker.

It is so fucking hysterical to me because obviously I came here for a reason. This wasn't an accident. Just because I didn't know everything that was going to happen, but like- I didn't want any of this- I didn't want Elijah- But I did want one thing to happen and everyone was counting on it and it is just so COMICAL to me because, like, how did I think it was going to happen? Of course this is how it goes. Everyone knows, everyone is expecting. My mom. My MOM put condoms in my clutch, which she bought me at Macy's. She bought me a clutch to match my dress and condoms to match my clutch. Ellie has been sending me *Teen Vogue* articles for a month. Everyone knew, everyone wanted it, everyone knew this was the weekend. It's like a code, the teachers knew, they kept raising their eyebrows whenever we talked about the beach house weekend. And we talked about the beach house in front of them because we wanted. I wanted them to know, I wanted them to think about me. I wanted them to hear about going away with my boyfriend and have them think about what it'd be like for me. I wanted them to want, I mean their advice, I wanted them to worry. I wanted them to stop me. I wanted someone to stop me, to say "this scares me". But nobody does that no matter how scared they are, even when you are making people scared for you. Or of you? This whole time it was about everyone else knowing. Which, I guess, makes you right Brent, it was always about everyone else knowing. It was never about me. It was never about what I wanted.

It was never about just wanting to get it out of the way. It was never about being afraid of the pain. I mean, I guess the good news is, I was never expecting to get anything good so. I'm not gonna miss anything there. It could be better this way. Maybe it will justify something. Maybe it will actually fuck me in the head, or I've been fucked in the head and this now, is that part that will make all of that make sense.

I don't love the idea of not coming up with it myself. Ideally, I would have goaded him into it if it were gonna happen this way. I didn't not goad him, but like. End goal. Is. The one thing I didn't make him do. I'm sure that's his point. I'm sure that's what he's getting out of this. Some sense of control. Some entitled bro code reclaiming.

He'll never talk about it again. He will bury it so deep. He will die and not think about it for sixty years. And he will literally forget about it, that's how deep it will go. He will think it never happened. If it did, it wasn't him, it was Elijah on a bender. That's why. That's why. Fucking idiot, I TOLD him. Make it mean something, make it. Worth something. I guess it is worth something now. Just not to him. Best thing that ever happened to Brent though. Best night of his goddamn piece of shit cliché life.

HEDY (cont.)

I never did that, I was never that predictable, Brent. You know how sad that is? To be that predictable?

Hedy goes to the safe and undoes it.

HEDY

You know what would be hilarious, Brent? If I did the next most predictable thing. That would be comedy gold.

Hedy takes out the gun. She holds it firm. She pulls back the safety.

HEDY

If I did the saddest white girl lifetime movie bullshit thing you could do. What if I did that? What if I was going to do it anyway? And now you have to think it's you. And you look for someone to punish you the way you wanted to punish me. But even if you hadn't. What if it was always gonna happen like this. What if I wanted to do it anyways?

What if I did something meaningful before I went out on my own terms. What if I made a rapist look at himself for the first time. What if I put an addict out of his misery. What if I put together the only two people who have any hope of ever curing each other. What if I was an artist. What if I painted people into corners where they belong. What if I went out on my own terms before I wasted into-

What if I gave myself a beautiful death? How funny would that be?

Hedy is sitting on the beanbag chair. She puts the gun to her head and pulls the trigger. Her head whips back, behind the beanbag chair so that the audience sees her body splayed on the beanbag. Her head (or whatever is there) is in direct view of the outside door. Tim, Ellie, and Brent come sprinting back in, shove the door open. Tim sinks to the ground, Ellie goes down with him. Brent stands in shock.

BRENT

That bitch.

End of play.
