

# **Hackers and Lovers**

v. 5.1

A drama in 19 scenes

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### Synopsis

Six friends, five of them professional hackers, find their relationships endangered when minor quarrels lead them to start hacking each other and revealing their pasts. The group includes one straight couple, one gay couple, one single man, and one single woman, all of them aged 25-40.

### Cast

All characters are in age range 25-40.

- Sylvia: Female, African-American. Milo's girl friend. Level-headed businesswoman.
- Milo: Male, Caucasian. Sylvia's boy friend. Physically strong, at least slightly buff. College-educated plumber.
- Katherine: Female, any race but African-American. Emotionally very tough on the outside, but vulnerable beneath.
- Aristide: Male, any race but African-American. Nerdy, but not a weakling.
- Adolphus: Male, any race but African-American. Diogo's live-in lover. Sharp dresser, likes wearing ties.
- Diogo: Male, any race but African-American. Adolphus's live-in lover. Sloppy dresser, wears anything he can get away with.

### Time

The present.

### Place

The scene settings are below. Sets should be minimal, indicative only. The only necessities are noted below. There is no need for painted walls, wall art, carpets, or any other decorations, although they could be used. Changes should be as simple as possible. For example, to shift from the living room to a café should require only movement of a table and chairs, with lighting to isolate areas. Use of placards to label a scene's location would be perfectly acceptable, e.g., "Sylvia's and Milo's Apartment".

### Scenes:

1. Sylvia's and Milo's apartment, living room. Sofa, coffee table, three chairs of any type. Three doors, upstage, sides and center: entry door, swinging door to kitchen, door to bedroom
2. Adolphus's and Diogo's apartment, kitchen table.
3. Katherine's apartment, kitchen table.
4. Sylvia and Milo's apartment, living room.
5. Sylvia and Milo's apartment, living room.
6. Sylvia and Milo's apartment, living room.
7. Bar. Could be at a high bar, facing out, or a table.

8. Café, at a table.
9. Katherine's apartment, kitchen table.
10. Sylvia and Milo's living room.
11. Coffee shop, table.
12. Sylvia and Milo's living room.
13. Sylvia and Milo's living room.
14. Park bench.
15. Bar, at a table.
16. Sylvia and Milo's living room.
17. Sylvia and Milo's living room.
18. Bar.
19. Sylvia and Milo's living room.

#### Costumes

Casual or business casual clothing for all. Exceptions would be Adolphus, who likes to dress sharply, favoring suits and ties, and Diogo, who is at the opposite extreme, wearing just enough to avoid offending anyone. Sylvia works at home, so when she's at home with only Milo she could wear anything. Milo does NOT need plumber's outfit; he changes at his workplace. Between-scene costume changes should be just enough to indicate passage of time.

#### Props

Director should feel free to depart from this list as appropriate.

##### Scene 1:

- Laptop computer for Sylvia
- Yellow pad of paper, pen, for Sylvia
- Lunch box or bag for Milo
- Gym bag or similar for clothing for Milo
- Coffee cup for Sylvia

##### Scene 2:

- Dirty dishes
- Flatware
- Napkins
- Coffee cups
- Wine glasses
- Wine bottle.

##### Scene 3:

- Coffee cups, two
- Spoons, two
- Napkins
- Cream container

Sugar container

Coffee pot

Scene 4:

Coffee cup, two

Spoons, two

Napkins

Cream container

Sugar container

Pink pastry box

Cannoli and zeppole

Scene 5:

Dirty dishes, six

Flatware, six

Napkins

Beer bottles

Wine glasses

Scene 6:

Laptop, Sylvia

Cell phone, Sylvia

Beer bottles, two

Scene 7:

Drink glass, Diogo

Drink glass, Katherine

Scene 8:

Dishes with food, two

Flatware

Water glasses, two

Coffee cups or other drink glasses, two

Cell phone, Sylvia

Scene 9:

Laptop, Katherine

Coffee cups, two

Scene 10:

Beer bottles, two

Grocery bags, two

Scene 11:

Coffee cups, two

Spoons, two

Napkins

Cream container

Sugar container

Scene 12:

Drink glass

Scene 13:

Dirty dishes

Flatware

Napkins  
Glasses  
Beer bottles  
Scene 14:  
Cell phone, Sylvia  
Scene 15:  
Drink glasses, two  
Scene 16:  
None  
Scene 17:  
None  
Scene 18:  
Drink glasses, two  
Scene 19:  
Large casserole dish with something that looks like moussaka  
Large salad bowl  
Stack of clean dishes  
Flatware, serving spoons  
Napkins  
Beer bottles  
Gym bag, for Milo, as in scene #1  
Cell phone for each character

#### Sound Effects

Doorbell for the apartment, possibly with manual button to be used by the actor who is about to enter. **However, having the actors knock instead of using a doorbell is perfectly acceptable; in which case, replace stage direction *Doorbell* with *Knock at door*.**

#### Definitions

There are a few technical terms in the play. Dramatic impact does not depend on the audience understanding all of them, but I have included three definitions below for the sake of the actors and for use in program notes, if that is desired.

**Tor:** (noun) A free open source web browser that leaves no browsing history or other means to track where the user has been. Tor is also used for browsing the so-called “dark web”, where many questionable transactions occur. Tor is not installed in Windows and does nothing in the Windows Registry. It can be downloaded to a flash drive and used with any computer. See: <https://www.torproject.org/projects/torbrowser.html.en>

**Stingray:** (noun) A device that scoops up all cell phone communication within its range. There is a commercial product called StingRay, from Harris Corporation, but the term is commonly used for all such devices. Stingrays are not supposed to be used by anyone who is not in law enforcement, and even when used by law enforcement they are controversial. See: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stingray\\_phone\\_tracker](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stingray_phone_tracker)  
<https://www.aclu.org/issues/privacy-technology/surveillance-technologies/stingray-tracking-devices-whos-got-them>

**Dox:** (verb) To dox is to search and publish documentary information—e.g., loan documents, insurance documents—about an individual.

Scene 1

*Living room of SYLVIA and MILO's apartment. MILO is getting ready to go to work, making sure of his lunch and his bag of extra clothing, checking his pockets, etc., while SYLVIA is getting ready to work from home—specifically, from her spot on the sofa—powering on her laptop, preparing pad and paper, putting her coffee on the coffee table, etc..*

SYLVIA

If you'll be on that side of town, that would be lovely.

MILO

I'll be there, I might as well.

SYLVIA

And it'll keep?

MILO

I'll put it in the ice chest on the truck. It'll be fine, and it should be good in our fridge for a week.

SYLVIA

Salmon would be a nice change, and theirs is the best.

MILO

Whatever you cook is always fine.

SYLVIA

I just feel like my pasta's getting boring.

MILO

How could anything once a month be boring? Besides, I'd just love to hear one of them complain about your food.

SYLVIA

Always so quick to defend me.

MILO

Is that bad?

SYLVIA

No, sweet, it's one of the reasons I love you.

MILO

And one of the reasons I love you is that I know you don't need defending. It's just. *(He completes the thought by shaking his head.)*

SYLVIA

Are they really that bad?

MILO

*(Meaning they are that bad.)* They're fine. Especially since you guys dropped the formal agendas.

SYLVIA

You didn't like the agendas? *(Sarcastic.)* Secrets of the DMZ? How to crack into Unix modules? *(She moves to him and puts her arms around his neck, and says what follows in ever more seductive tones.)* How to spoof program objects? Trackless wireless hacking? How to keep the target computer from entering sleep mode?

*They kiss, long.*

MILO

*(Pulling away.)* I don't know about sleep mode, but I've got to go.

SYLVIA

You should learn Unix. You could stay home and we could work together.

MILO

Then who would go to the fish market?

SYLVIA

*(Pushing him away.)* You got me there.

MILO

*(On his way out the door.)* Maybe I should make the agenda. *(Seductively.)* Snake operation. Leak detection. What to do when the shut-off valve fails.

SYLVIA

Get out.

*He goes.*

*Blackout.*

Scene 2



*Kitchen table in the apartment of ADOLPHUS and DIOGO. They have just finished a meal and are lingering over the wine. ADOLPHUS has just told DIOGO he's planned a pleasant surprise.*

DIOGO

For what?

ADOLPHUS

For the one you've wanted, of course.

DIOGO

That one? You got those?

ADOLPHUS

Are there others you have in mind?

DIOGO

Dolph, you are the best. The absolute best.

ADOLPHUS

Nothing is too good for you, my love.

DIOGO

Thank you, Dolph. This is really special. (*He fills their wine glasses.*) And we might as well tack dinner on before the show, huh?

ADOLPHUS

I've already made reservations.

DIOGO

Of course you have. Pardon me for not assuming.

ADOLPHUS

Consider yourself pardoned.

DIOGO

Next week'll be busy, with Sylvia and Milo's on Thursday.

ADOLPHUS

Oh, lord, I'd forgotten.

DIOGO

Oh, come on, you always enjoy those dinners.

ADOLPHUS

I suppose I do.

DIOGO

You suppose, huh. You'll be the center of attention, as always, sounding off about your latest exploits.

ADOLPHUS

Do I always do that?

DIOGO

As a rule. Almost. Yes, you do.

ADOLPHUS

That's terrible. Why didn't you tell me?

DIOGO

Because you hate it when I criticize you. And because you're almost always entertaining. And because you're always the center of my attention anyway.

ADOLPHUS

I don't deserve you.

DIOGO

No, you don't.

ADOLPHUS

Will the whole gang be there?

DIOGO

Afraid so.

ADOLPHUS

Including our beloved Steed?

DIOGO

I believe so, yes.

ADOLPHUS

Lord preserve us.

DIOGO

Oh, come on. He's weird, but he's fun to listen to.

ADOLPHUS

He is that. But you know, we all love getting paid to have fun, but Steed? For him it's a wet dream, and a waking one at that.

DIOGO

Okay, but you really shouldn't say things like that to his face.

ADOLPHUS

Please. He loves it.

DIOGO

You embarrass him.

ADOLPHUS

I think he likes being embarrassed, it gets him going. And he really does get comical, all that theorizing, my god.

DIOGO

And of course, you'll have your regular duel of wits with Kit.

ADOLPHUS

Yes, of course. Kit. Whatever would we do without Kit.

*DIOGO rises and starts to clear the table. During the rest of the scene he is stacking dishes, using a napkin to wipe the table, etc. ADOLPHUS makes no move to help.*

DIOGO

You talk like you don't like her but if she was a man I'd worry.

ADOLPHUS

Worry? About me?

DIOGO

Well, you know. When you're out late.

ADOLPHUS

*(Heard this before.)* We're not discussing my evening habits, are we?

DIOGO

*(Wanting to discuss his evening habits.)* No. Of course not.

ADOLPHUS

You going over early next Thursday to help Sylvia cook?

DIOGO

No. I've got work. And she doesn't need my help anyway.

ADOLPHUS

Nobody would ever turn down your help cooking, as you well know.

DIOGO

Thank you. You know, she's helping me. On work.

ADOLPHUS

Hacking your employer?

DIOGO

That's it.

ADOLPHUS

I love it.

DIOGO

And it's our turn to bring wine.

ADOLPHUS

*(Sarcastic)* And don't forget flowers for Milo.

DIOGO

You're just a riot, you know?

ADOLPHUS

You're not jealous of Milo.

DIOGO

He's a hunk.

ADOLPHUS

But, alas, he's Sylvia's hunk.

DIOGO

Don't forget it.

*Blackout*

Scene 3

*Kitchen table of KATHERINE's apartment. KATHERINE and SYLVIA are sitting at the kitchen table talking over coffee.*

SYLVIA

Actually, Diogo offered.

KATHERINE

He's so sweet.

SYLVIA

And a great cook, too. But then work called.

KATHERINE

I'd help, but unlike Diogo, I'm a lousy cook.

SYLVIA

I've got it all covered.

KATHERINE

Of course. You've always got it all covered.

SYLVIA

*(Takes that in.)* Am I that bad?

KATHERINE

No. That's just me talking. My compliments always come out like insults.

SYLVIA

You don't pull punches, Kit.

KATHERINE

I know. Cost me a couple of relationships.

SYLVIA

You're honest. We all appreciate that.

KATHERINE

Do we? Do you?

SYLVIA

What on earth are you talking about?

KATHERINE

Maybe I'm too honest. I make people uncomfortable.

SYLVIA

Sometimes, maybe.

KATHERINE

Maybe.

SYLVIA

We all know you're basically good natured.

KATHERINE

I guess. I hope. *(Glad to change the subject.)* But my original point, you're the one who makes our group happen.

SYLVIA

I just like to have dinner parties. It's not like the group wouldn't exist without me.

KATHERINE

I don't know about that. You're not just the hostess. When somebody goes too far, like me, for instance, or Dolph, or Steed, you're the one who makes sure no feelings are hurt.

SYLVIA

*(Surprised.)* Am I really?

KATHERINE

Yup. *(A pronouncement)* You're our soccer mom.

SYLVIA

*(Takes a moment to take that in.)* Well, shit.

KATHERINE

See? There I go again, making people feel bad.

SYLVIA

I don't feel bad. I just don't picture myself that way.

KATHERINE

That's my role, to reveal everyone's true nature.

SYLVIA

Well, it beats shop talk. Remember when we just talked hacking?

KATHERINE

I know. It got boring even for me. I swear I wanted to set Dolph's shoes on fire just to get him to change the subject.

SYLVIA

Oh my god, those arguments about firewalls and operating systems? And then after you brought Steed, with him and Dolph, I swear they were debating in code. Even I couldn't understand it.

KATHERINE

And it got so intense.

SYLVIA

But then you'd steer the conversation into the personal.

KATHERINE

And make sure of hurt feelings. But then you'd make everyone see everyone else's point of view.

SYLVIA

Right. Soccer mom.

KATHERINE

Exactly. And then Dolph would crack an unfunny joke at someone else's expense, and Milo would top him with a funny one.

SYLVIA

That's Milo, alright.

KATHERINE

Now, don't get jealous, but if you ask me, we all should thank god for Milo.

SYLVIA

He sure keeps me grounded.

KATHERINE

I'm happy for you. And, I have to go. (*She starts to gather the cups, etc., from the table.*) But I insist on cleaning up.

SYLVIA

Okay. I'll let you. Next Thursday, then.

KATHERINE

In our next episode, Dolph continues to boast of his quest for the perfect hack.

SYLVIA

Steed rationalizes random destruction, while Diogo refuses to take credit for his obviously great work.

KATHERINE

And Milo shuts them all down with a joke.

*Blackout.*

#### Scene 4

*The living room of Sylvia and Milo's apartment. SYLVIA and MILO are on the sofa, ARISTIDE on a chair drawn close to the coffee table. On the table is a large pink pastry box.*

SYLVIA

Steed, you didn't have to do this.

MILO

Right. You're not the only one we feed.

SYLVIA

Milo.

MILO

What? I'm just pointing out that Steed's the same as everyone else.

SYLVIA

Right.

MILO

They all come here to eat.

SYLVIA

Steed, pay no attention to him.

ARISTIDE

No, actually, he's right. And it's really not fair. Why should you bear all the burden?

MILO

Steed, I rarely agree with you, but this time—

SYLVIA

It's not a burden. We like dinner parties.

MILO

*(Not liking dinner parties.)* You know, I'll bet the coffee's ready.

*MILO exits to kitchen.*

ARISTIDE

I think the whole group should bear the burden, but at the same time I think each individual should take responsibility. Since nobody else is, I'm doing it on my own.

SYLVIA

It's still very kind of you, Steed.

ARISTIDE

Kindness has nothing to do with it.

*MILO enters with coffee, cups, cream, sugar, etc. During the next several lines he sets them down on the coffee table.*



ARISTIDE

*(Continued)* It's just the right thing.

MILO

If you mean bringing cannoli and, what's the other one?

ARISTIDE

Zeppole.

MILO

Right, zeppole. Bringing them is definitely the right thing.

*Sylvia pours and distributes coffee.*

ARISTIDE

I thought bringing a dessert would be better than barging in on your dinner.

*MILO opens the pink box.*

MILO

So, which is which?

SYLVIA

It wouldn't be barging in, Steed, but this is still very nice of you.

ARISTIDE

The tube-shaped ones are cannoli.

MILO

Right, and the ones that look like super donuts are Zoppeli.

ARISTIDE

Zeppole.

MILO

Then I'll have a zeppole.

ARISTIDE

Zeppola.

MILO

What?

ARISTIDE

Zeppole is plural. One zeppola, two zeppole.

MILO

*(Taking a moment to let Steed's correction sink in.)* Whatever, they look wonderful. I'll take one of those. *(He does.)*

SYLVIA

*(Seductively.)* Of course you would. And I'll have one of the tube-shaped ones, please.

MILO

*(Topping her seductiveness.)* Of course you would.

SYLVIA

Milo.

MILO

You started it. Here's your cannoli.

ARISTIDE

Cannolo.

MILO

*(Takes a moment.)* Ah, yes. Singular. And what would you like Aristide?

ARISTIDE

*(He takes a moment to register the use of his full name.)* I'll start with a zeppola, please.

*Milo passes him a zeppola. They all start to eat.*

SYLVIA

My god, this is beyond wonderful.

MILO

Yeah, I've never had a, um, one of these before. It's fantastic. Enough to make me switch from donuts.

SYLVIA

Tastes like another. Thank you, Steed.

*MILO passes her another cannolo.*

ARISTIDE

I'm just wondering. I do add something to the group, right?

SYLVIA

What a question. Absolutely you do, Steed.

ARISTIDE

I mean, I know how to hack.

SYLVIA

Boy, do you. Sometimes when you get rolling on a topic, I can't keep up with you.

MILO

Actually, wasn't it Kit who brought you in?

ARISTIDE

It was.

SYLVIA

You two met at a client meeting, right?

ARISTIDE

Right.

SYLVIA

About a year ago, when we were still calling ourselves a hackers' interest group.

MILO

Before it evolved into a twelve-steps-to-becoming-a-human-being interest group.

SYLVIA

Milo.

ARISTIDE

Actually, that's right.

MILO

Well, I hope you brought her some pastries.

ARISTIDE

Last night. For her, it was baklavas.

MILO

One baklava? Two baklavi?

ARISTIDE

Several baklavas. It's Greek.

SYLVIA

*(Jumping in to change the conversation.)* I'll bet she loved it.

ARISTIDE

She did. I guess. You know how Kit is.

SYLVIA

Right. Was she in a mood?

MILO

Does the Pope wear a yarmulke?

SYLVIA

Milo.

*Aristide stands.*

ARISTIDE

Well. I don't want to keep you from the rest of your evening. I'll just clean up before I go.

MILO

No, Steed. Even I think that would be wrong. I'll do it.

*Sylvia stands.*

SYLVIA

Sure you don't want more coffee?

ARISTIDE

No, I'm good, thanks.

SYLVIA

Thank you, Steed. You're coming Thursday night?

ARISTIDE

Sure. The whole gang?

SYLVIA

Far as I know.

MILO

You can engage in witty repartee with Dolph.

ARISTIDE

Dolph. Right. Good old Dolph.

*Silence.*

ARISTIDE

*(Continued)* Well. I'll see you Thursday night then? Shall I bring anything?

SYLVIA

No, we've got it all, thanks. Bye, Steed.

ARISTIDE

Okay. Bye.

*MILO opens apartment door and ARISTIDE exits. During the following sequence, MILO and SYLVIA clear the coffee table.*

SYLVIA

That was nice.

MILO

It was.

SYLVIA

Surprising.

MILO

Yeah.

SYLVIA

Kind of, anyway. Steed wants to look good.

MILO

You think he did this to look good.

SYLVIA

Maybe. But in his mind looking good and being good are kind of the same.

MILO

Huh?

SYLVIA

Racists aren't known for their logic.

MILO

Which is why—

SYLVIA

You're wondering why I even tolerate him.

MILO

Yeah.

SYLVIA

I don't see much choice, really.

MILO

I see choice. I'd make sure I never saw him again.

SYLVIA

You're white. It's easier for you.

MILO

I know.

SYLVIA

Look, if he came right out and used the n-word on me or called me a black bitch, it would be different.

MILO

I'd punch his lights out.

SYLVIA

I know you would, honey. But the reason you can't do that is the same reason I can't banish him from our lives. He doesn't say those things. He's more subtle than that.

MILO

So if you accuse him of being racist he'd deny it and make all kinds of arguments about why he's not.

SYLVIA

And he'd tell the group and I'd end up looking like the bad guy.

MILO

They'd come around.

SYLVIA

They would, I think. But it wouldn't be easy.

MILO

No, it wouldn't.

SYLVIA

Which is why.

MILO

Why you put up with racists like Steed.

SYLVIA

And why this shit tires me out. And hurts. But it gets worse.

MILO

Tell me.

SYLVIA

Steed wants to have lunch with me.

MILO

For real?

SYLVIA

I don't get it either. But how can I refuse after this (*gesturing to the indicate the pastries*)? Part of being black in America.

MILO

(*Takes a moment to see how tired out and hurt SYLVIA is.*) Does BLM help?

SYLVIA

It does.

MILO

I hope I do.

SYLVIA

Baby, you do. Believe me.

MILO

That's good. (*Lightening the mood.*) And the group? The rest of your computer nerd buddies. Do they help?

SYLVIA

Sure. Underneath, we're all just perfectly normal people.

MILO

I don't know if perfectly normal is how I'd describe them.

SYLVIA

Takes one to know one.

*Blackout.*

### Scene 5

*The living room of Sylvia and Milo's apartment. All characters present. Aftermath of their dinner. Used plates on the coffee table, on chair arms, and on the floor. Everyone is drinking, beer, wine, or other.*

SYLVIA

He wanted dirt on his employees?

ADOLPHUS

Yep.

ARISTIDE

Totally out of bounds.

KATHERINE

Bounds? What bounds? Who says there are bounds?

ARISTIDE

Depends. Was it just from work?

ADOLPHUS

I started there.

SYLVIA

Company emails about sizzling rendezvous in conference rooms.

DIOGO

I've been seriously tempted to write those, from time to time.

KATHERINE

Tempted?

DIOGO

Okay, I've actually done it, but everyone knew they were a joke.

ADOLPHUS

Precisely.

KATHERINE

And boring.

ADOLPHUS

Precisely. So . . .

KATHERINE

So you had to take it outside.

ADOLPHUS

So to speak, yeah.

KATHERINE

Also boring. Social media. Yawn.



ADOLPHUS

Well, yeah. I'd rather watch Milo work. No offense, Milo.

MILO

None taken.

SYLVIA

I'm offended. Well, sort of.

ADOLPHUS

How sweet.

KATHERINE

And you doxed them, of course.

ADOLPHUS

Of course. More productive than social media but not less boring. I mean, what's duller than finances.

DIOGO

So, my darling Adolphus revealed that the client's employees date, drink, date, have sex, drink, party, date, drink, have sex, et cetera.

KATHERINE

And that was only the married ones, right?

ADOLPHUS

Precisely. Boring. Big fucking deal. So the client wanted me to go further.

DIOGO

At least find something not boring.

ADOLPHUS

So, into the rabbit hole, or holes—pun definitely intended—where the rabbits live.

DIOGO

Or where their sweet spots are.

ADOLPHUS

Ha ha.

SYLVIA

Of course, the ones with Tor.

ADOLPHUS

Of course. Them first. They take the most risks.

MILO

What risks?

SYLVIA

Are you that naïve, baby?

MILO

I know what you're talking about. Sort of. But maybe there's nothing wrong, maybe they're not cheating or stealing or anything bad, but they just use Tor so that nobody else can see. Like Adolphus, for instance.

SYLVIA

My sweet Milo. Dolph has nothing to hide, do you, Dolph?

MILO

It's not about sainthood.

ARISTIDE

Wait. I want to hear the rest of Dolph's story.

ADOLPHUS

So, yeah, people use Tor exactly because they have things to hide—

ARISTIDE

But you don't know that.

ADOLPHUS

Steed, why are you always so tiresome?

ARISTIDE

It's about principle, Dolph, which you don't understand.

ADOLPHUS

Oh, please, Steed.

KATHERINE

Just get on with the damn story, Dolph.

ADOLPHUS

I would, if a certain person—

ARISTIDE

Okay, I'll shut up.

DIOGO

Someone write down the date and time.

ADOLPHUS

You too, dear. Anyway, as I was saying, the Tor people did have things to hide. An affection for certain kinds of porn. Drugs. Prostitution. Shall we say, ritual sex. A lot of totally natural but not necessarily socially acceptable proclivities.

DIOGO

But my boy didn't stop with the low-hanging fruit, did you?

ADOLPHUS

There's another joke there. A bad one.

DIOGO

True, and true. Excuse me.

ADOLPHUS

Of course, my love. There was also windfall fruit from people without Milo's sense of risk-aversion. And from there, I just kept hopping from one rabbit hole to another—

DIOGO

Like the true rabbit that you are—

ADOLPHUS

Stop it, Diogo, you're embarrassing Steed. Anyway, one hop to the next to the next.

KATHERINE

Fascinating.

ADOLPHUS

You would know.

KATHERINE

Yes, I would.

SYLVIA

So, the client. Was he happy?

ADOLPHUS

Delirious.

MILO

You mean you gave it all to him?

ADOLPHUS

No. I wasn't sure what to do, so I told him I had cached it, so to speak.

SYLVIA

Hoping that he would leave it at that.

ADOLPHUS

Yes.

KATHERINE

But he didn't.

ADOLPHUS

Of course not. Not exactly, anyway. It's his piggy bank.

KATHERINE

To break open when he needs to get to someone.

ADOLPHUS

Well. To fire someone.

KATHERINE

I'm shocked. You mean this company's not at-will?

ADOLPHUS

Sure it is, but even at-will employers need an excuse sometimes.

MILO

But what if he pushes back? The employee, I mean. He finds out that his employer's been snooping. Couldn't he sue or lodge a complaint or something?

DIOGO

Probably. But then he'd have to spend time and money and all his secrets would come out anyway.

MILO

Do you ever feel guilty about what you're doing?

ADOLPHUS

Me? Why should I?

MILO

Outing people the way you do.

ADOLPHUS

Guilty, no. I will say that with some of the shit I see, even I do a double-take sometimes.

SYLVIA

Milo says that's why he'd rather deal with real shit.

MILO

Any day.

SYLVIA

And he gets paid pretty well too.

KATHERINE

What's up, Steed? You look like you got caught in a do-loop.

ARISTIDE

Nothing. Just thinking.

DIOGO

That's why we love you, Steed. An anarchist who thinks.

ARISTIDE

I am not an anarchist.

DIOGO

Some day, my friend, you have to explain the difference.

ARISTIDE

I would if I thought you'd understand.

MILO

*(Rising.)* Well, if you night-hawks will excuse me, I have early business tomorrow.

ADOLPHUS

Why, Sylvia. You don't make him wash the dishes?

KATHERINE

Yeah. How unliberated of you.

SYLVIA

If you'd seen the shit his hands were in today, you wouldn't want him washing dishes either.

*Blackout.*

### Scene 6

*SYLVIA and MILO's living room, an evening soon after. Sylvia sits at one end of the couch working on her laptop.*

*MILO enters.*

MILO

Hey. *(He goes directly to the sofa and sits next to her.)*

SYLVIA

*(Still intent on her laptop.)* It's late. Tough day?

MILO

You know, the usual. Late calls have to get finished. People need their faucets to work. Not to mention their drains.

*Sylvia looks up from her screen, reaches for him and they kiss.*

SYLVIA

You smell good. I mean, better than usual.

MILO

New showers at work. Different soap.

SYLVIA

But all for me.

MILO

Everything's for you, all day slaving over that laptop.

SYLVIA

I'm destroying 'em. They call these defenses?

MILO

You've always been good at tearing down mine.

SYLVIA

Yours are way easier than these. But this I-T guy. What a dick. Smirked at me, told me I'd never get through. *(To computer screen)* Sorry, bud, after my report, you'll be lucky if you have a job next week.

MILO

You are heartless. Except with me, of course. Want a beer?

SYLVIA

Sure

*MILO goes for beers.*

SYLVIA

*(Shouting.)* How many already?

*MILO returns, puts beers on coffee table, sits down on sofa.*

MILO

How many what?

SYLVIA

Come on, darling, I tasted it.

MILO

What? Oh, just one. With Tony.

SYLVIA

Just Tony, huh?

MILO

Yeah, just Tony. One game of eight ball. Well, two. Games, I mean. Well, maybe beers also. What are you thinking?

SYLVIA

Nothing. Why didn't you call?

MILO

What makes you think I didn't?

*SYLVIA picks up her phone from the coffee table, looks at it.*

SYLVIA

You're right. I'm sorry. I'm a terrible girlfriend.

MILO

No, you're not. *(Leans to her and kisses her.)* Dinner?

SYLVIA

Sorry again. I didn't know when you'd be here, obviously with my phone on silent. So I ate. Left-over pizza.

MILO

Any left?

SYLVIA

A slice or two.

MILO

Ever get tired of that?

SYLVIA

What? This?

MILO

Seems like you'd want to do something more creative.

SYLVIA

This is creative.

MILO

Sliding through little holes in defenses? (*He puts a hand on her leg and starts stroking.*) Gauging reactions. Finding the open areas.

SYLVIA

Something like that, yeah. (*She puts the laptop down and reaches for him.*) Just Tony, huh?

MILO

(*Freezes.*) What do you mean?

SYLVIA

I mean it was just Tony. Right?

MILO

(*Suddenly irritated*) What I said. Just now—and before that in a V-M and a text. You want an email too?

SYLVIA

I'm sorry. But, you know, I'm here all day, lonely woman, wifey laboring over her laptop, and I need reassurance.

MILO

(*Irritation soothed.*) Why don't you go labor in a coffee shop like other people?

SYLVIA

With the half-assed security they always have? Baby, you should limit your online buying.

MILO

I do my twice-a-year buying only in the security you've put around this place.

SYLVIA

How can you be so dull and so attractive?

*They resume their embrace.*

MILO

Come follow me around at work one day. Never a dull moment. Leaks and squirts and hard-to-break blockages of muck.

SYLVIA

I just love it when you talk mucky.

*Blackout.*



Scene 7

*DIOGO and KIT in a bar after work.*

DIOGO

So, you could help me.

KATHERINE

By fucking your company?

DIOGO

When I do it, it's masturbation, which is good but has its limitations.

KATHERINE

*(Taking DIOGO'S last comment personally.)* It can be very good.

DIOGO

Kit.

KATHERINE

I know, I know. I'm too sensitive. I should be less picky about partners.

DIOGO

Kit, please, I didn't mean . . .

KATHERINE

I know. I've had Mr. right and Ms. right and both times I got left.

DIOGO

Maybe I should take off so you could sit at the bar alone. Who knows what might happen.

KATHERINE

You're just trying to launch me on a new career. I start by whoring for your company and go on to smaller jobs.

DIOGO

Kit, all I'm asking—

KATHERINE

I know. I'm sorry. I'm a bitch.

DIOGO

You're not—

KATHERINE

No, I'm not. But anyway, I will help you.

DIOGO

Thank you.

KATHERINE

So the deal is?

DIOGO

I need you to get through our firewall, through our D-M-Z, and into both payroll and production areas. A bonus for development and test areas.

KATHERINE

Fun.

DIOGO

You worried about getting caught?

KATHERINE

Me? They'll never catch me. You couldn't catch me. But they'll blame you.

DIOGO

They'll want to blame me, even though I've been warning them for months that my budget's too small.

KATHERINE

They'll still blame you, darling.

DIOGO

I'll tell them it was an outsider. And I'll tell them I have an idea who it was.

KATHERINE

Thank you so much.

DIOGO

But they'll be totally embarrassed. They'll want to hide it. From the customers, from the press, and mostly from the board.

KATHERINE

So they'll never know.

DIOGO

Not unless you're sloppy.

KATHERINE

Now I'm insulted.

DIOGO

Hundred an hour, in cash, directly from me, you count the hours.

KATHERINE

Now I really am insulted.

DIOGO

Kit, I insist.

KATHERINE

If you push cash on me I'll really feel like a whore and besides, I do it for my friends for free.

DIOGO

If you were a man—

KATHERINE

Then with you I might be a whore.

DIOGO

Okay, okay, enough. What would you like?

KATHERINE

Hmm. How about dinner at La Plume?

DIOGO

Ouch. Way more expensive than cash.

KATHERINE

Exactly. And I'll make you wear a suit.

DIOGO

I'll bring Dolph. He'll wear the suit.

KATHERINE

What if I want you to wear it?

DIOGO

For this favor I would do a lot, but a suit?

KATHERINE

All right. Wear a bikini with a tank top.

DIOGO

You really are the best.

KATHERINE

How's everything else?

DIOGO

Me? Great, I guess.

KATHERINE

You guess.

DIOGO

You know. Relationships.

KATHERINE

Right. Since I've had so many, people think I'm an expert.

DIOGO

You're too hard on yourself, Kit.

KATHERINE

Just unlucky, I suppose.

DIOGO

Luck has a lot to do with everything.

KATHERINE

So when you guess that your relationship is good, that's the luck part.

DIOGO

Jesus, Kit, you're too sharp for your own good.

KATHERINE

That's what my exes say.

DIOGO

I don't know. He's out a lot. Shit, we both work late. And it's not like he comes home totally disheveled, like he's been doing it in a men's room. But it's that white shirt and suit. It seems like they shouldn't look quite so crisp when he gets home at ten. You know? He looks too good. Smells too good. His breath's too good. His smile's too good.

KATHERINE

Maybe he's doing it for you.

DIOGO

We've been partners for three years.

KATHERINE

But maybe he's worried about you, huh? Jealous? Trying to look sexy for you.

DIOGO

He knows me way too well. He knows I'm too chicken to cheat even if I wanted to.

KATHERINE

Do you?

DIOGO

No. Shit, you should have been a lawyer.

KATHERINE

Well, I do have forensic skills. Want me to put 'em to work for you?

DIOGO

*(Thinks for a moment about what she means.)* No. Yes. No. I suppose I could do it myself.

KATHERINE

Easier for someone else. Someone not so emotionally involved.

DIOGO

True.

KATHERINE

Up to you.

DIOGO

Look at me. I'm the one who's out late drinking.

KATHERINE

This? This is business, right? *(Back to the business problem.)*  
When?

DIOGO

In a week. Take five days to reconnoiter and then tell me before you do it. Just don't surprise me.

KATHERINE

This does seem like great lengths to win an argument, even if it does make you look good.

DIOGO

My sacred duty to protect our customer privacy.

KATHERINE

Your company doesn't give a shit. Ever think you're too loyal?

DIOGO

Maybe I want to look good for my next job. (*Shifting topic.*) What about you? How're you doing?

KATHERINE

Oh, you know. I don't have to worry about anyone's fidelity. I get off fucking my clients—and they love it.

DIOGO

They don't pay you enough.

KATHERINE

Word.

*Blackout.*

Scene 8

*A café. SYLVIA and ARISTIDE are having lunch.*

ARISTIDE

A hospital, an insurance company, a nursing home chain, some kind of medical management company.

SYLVIA

God, Steed, if nobody got sick you'd starve.

ARISTIDE

Everybody gets sick and I make money off it.

SYLVIA

Mercenary.

ARISTIDE

Like you're not.

SYLVIA

I suppose.

ARISTIDE

Oh, and the government. Can't forget them.

SYLVIA

The government? Which one?

ARISTIDE

Feds. State.

SYLVIA

What, exactly?

ARISTIDE

Medicare and Medicaid, exactly. Well, not really exactly, I mean, not directly. Working with the government directly is a nightmare.

SYLVIA

So, how?

ARISTIDE

They all accept government money, so naturally government data gets exposed.

SYLVIA

So you're helping the detested government.

ARISTIDE

Yeah, that's the downside. The fun part is exposing how utterly incompetent they are.

SYLVIA

I suppose your motivations don't matter.

ARISTIDE

Any more than yours. Isn't that why you love financials? I mean, hate financials?

SYLVIA

They're assholes.

ARISTIDE

I guess we all have our villains, huh?

SYLVIA

I guess. I feel like I'm protecting the public from their carelessness.

ARISTIDE

So is there anyone you wouldn't work for?

SYLVIA

Probably not.

ARISTIDE

Tobacco?

SYLVIA

I'd defend their customers and their employees. Their dirty little secrets? I don't know.

ARISTIDE

Is that in your contract?

SYLVIA

No, of course not.

ARISTIDE

So, what do you do? Just sort of direct your eyes where you want them to go?

SYLVIA

The contract does limit what I'm supposed to look at.

ARISTIDE

But it doesn't stop you from looking.

SYLVIA

Actually, it stops me from revealing.

ARISTIDE

So if you're supposed to be unlocking payroll, and along the way you just happen to open the wrong door, the wrong filing cabinet, so to speak, and right there is a memo—

SYLVIA

All right, Steed, I get your point, but I'm not going to rat out a client.

ARISTIDE

Even if it's really bad?

SYLVIA

So what do you do, Mr. Libertarian?

ARISTIDE

Slam the cabinet drawer shut, and warn them.

SYLVIA

That they have a bad lock or that they shouldn't write incriminating memos? Or that they shouldn't do bad stuff?



ARISTIDE

The first two.

SYLVIA

And they listen to you? And don't fire you?

ARISTIDE

Both.

SYLVIA

What if it's really bad?

ARISTIDE

Well, none of us is doing drug cartels—are we?

SYLVIA

How can we know?

ARISTIDE

Just not our job, huh?

SYLVIA

Something like that.

ARISTIDE

I think you would.

SYLVIA

What?

ARISTIDE

Rat out a client.

SYLVIA

If I did, who would hire me?

ARISTIDE

High principles, huh?

SYLVIA

I'm trying to remember why I agreed to have lunch with you.

ARISTIDE

Because you wanted me to pick at you so you could convince yourself of your righteousness.

SYLVIA

Why do libertarians always preach at other people?

ARISTIDE

You know the difference between you and me?

SYLVIA

God, Steed, don't get me started.

ARISTIDE

I follow strict principles, which include never ratting out a client to the government because whatever the client is doing, the government does worse. You, on the other hand, have squirrely principles that you follow when you feel like it, and you rely on the authorities to protect you from yourself. I think the world would be better without authorities, whoever they might be, because then people would have to follow principles.

SYLVIA

Now I remember.

ARISTIDE

What?

SYLVIA

Why I like seeing you. You're so goddamned entertaining.

*SYLVIA's phone chimes for a text.*

SYLVIA

*(Talking to her phone screen.)* Hmmm.

ARISTIDE

Worked, huh?

SYLVIA

My bot got in.

ARISTIDE

Great. But something else.

SYLVIA

They'll pay me the rest of the fee.

ARISTIDE

But?

SYLVIA

That open file drawer you talked about? They're red-lining.

ARISTIDE

So?

SYLVIA

It's illegal, Steed. Also immoral.

ARISTIDE

But you won't rat them out.

SYLVIA

That's a principle, right?

ARISTIDE

Also a good business practice. But you feel shitty about it when you don't have to.

SYLVIA

Don't have to what? What the hell do you mean?

ARISTIDE

There's no reason you should feel bad about not ratting them out.

SYLVIA

They're discriminating against people who look like me. Wouldn't you feel shitty?

ARISTIDE

Eventually, they'll do what the market says.

SYLVIA

I'm supposed to believe they'd do that, and also that the result would be good.

ARISTIDE

You'd feel better if you believed that, and it wouldn't change what you do at all.

SYLVIA

You and your high fucking principles. Are you the same guy who brought us pastries?

ARISTIDE

I'm still grateful, Sylvia. But that doesn't change what's right.

*Blackout*

Scene 9

*Kitchen table of KATHERINE's apartment. ADOLPHUS and KATHERINE are having coffee, hunched over her laptop.*

ADOLPHUS

*(Points at screen.)* It's there. That module, the third one.

KATHERINE

Of course. How stupid of me. Yep. That's the door, isn't it.

ADOLPHUS

You knew that already.

KATHERINE

Knew it? Why would I bother you if I already knew it?

ADOLPHUS

My question exactly.

KATHERINE

More coffee?

ADOLPHUS

Sure.

*KATHERINE goes, returns with a pot and refills cups.*

KATHERINE

Okay. I did know. It was a ruse to get you into my clutches.

ADOLPHUS

I always enjoy seeing you, Kit.

KATHERINE

Sure you do.

ADOLPHUS

I mean, for a woman, you are extremely attractive, I must say.

KATHERINE

Thanks.

ADOLPHUS

No, I mean it. You're like Lola in the song. Look like a woman and act like a man? Is that it?

KATHERINE

Sort of.

ADOLPHUS

We'll have to listen to it together some time.

KATHERINE

Right.

ADOLPHUS

Delicious coffee.

KATHERINE

It is kind of creepy how you read people, Dolph.

ADOLPHUS

Not like you to beat around the bush, Kitty.

KATHERINE

What did you call me?

ADOLPHUS

Oh, I forgot, you don't like that. You like Kit. Just plain Kit.

KATHERINE

Like you didn't know. *(Beat)* Plain Kit is worried about Diogo.

ADOLPHUS

Well, that makes three of us.

KATHERINE

Should we be?

ADOLPHUS

If you mean about the fact that he's a drama queen who drives himself and me crazy, maybe so. If you mean something else, what would that be?

KATHERINE

You are one shitty piece of work, Adolphus.

ADOLPHUS

What did you call me?

SYLVIA

Sorry. Dolph.

ADOLPHUS

Like you didn't know. But in any case, it's the nature of our relationship. He needs fidelity. I need him, but I also need an occasional brief adventure. He knows that, but at the same time he doesn't, because he doesn't want to. I suppose you could say he's in denial.

KATHERINE

You like him that way, don't you?

ADOLPHUS

His anxiety is very sexy, I must say.

KATHERINE

God, Adolphus, do you hear yourself?

ADOLPHUS

Katherine, what would you have me do?

KATHERINE

Well, for one thing—

ADOLPHUS

I know. Kit.

KATHERINE

And for another, don't ask me to cover for you again.

ADOLPHUS

*(Thinks for a moment.)* Agreed. That was very nice of you.

KATHERINE

I didn't do it for you.

ADOLPHUS

I know that. I don't want to hurt him either, you know?

KATHERINE

Yeah. I'll give you that. You want it all.

ADOLPHUS

We all do our best.

KATHERINE

Don't fuck with me, Adolphus.

ADOLPHUS

Might be fun, Katherine.

KATHERINE

You know what I mean. If you hurt him, I will get you.

ADOLPHUS

You mean by hurting him more? By showing him my most private emails and texts and whatnot? You think he'd feel helped by that?

KATHERINE

Be warned, Dolph.

ADOLPHUS

Okay, Kit. I'm warned.

*Blackout.*

Scene 10

*SYLVIA and MILO's living room. MILO and ARISTIDE drink beer on the sofa.*

MILO

You guys are like the police, huh? Private police.

ARISTIDE

We don't arrest people.

MILO

Okay, right. Kind of like private security guards, then. Only you know a lot more tech stuff than the average security guard.

ARISTIDE

I suppose.

MILO

Not a flattering comparison, huh.

ARISTIDE

Makes us sound like law-and-order freaks. Only half-assed.

MILO

Well, you are, aren't you?

ARISTIDE

Not me. I don't know about the others.

MILO

I guess you're right. Sylvia says you're all security experts, which I know is true. But if, say, Sylv and I felt really paranoid about someone breaking into our home, we might hire someone to look at our locks, maybe recommend an alarm system, that kind of thing. We wouldn't hire someone to try to actually break in.

ARISTIDE

The police don't do that either. Do test break-ins, I mean.

MILO

True. So, you're defenders, but not enforcers.

ARISTIDE

What does Sylvia say?

MILO

Oh, we've discussed it. But she has a different feeling about it than you seem to have.

ARISTIDE

And what feeling do I seem to have?

MILO

I don't know, Steed. You tell me.

ARISTIDE

I feel like I'm protecting companies from lawsuits by people who think their precious personal information's been compromised.

MILO

Ah. So identity theft isn't real.

ARISTIDE

Of course it is. But if you leave the door to your house unlocked, you shouldn't be surprised when strangers walk in. And if you entrust your stuff to people you don't even know, you should expect them to share it with other people you know even less.

MILO

Come on, Steed. You know that's bullshit.

ARISTIDE

Okay. Yeah, sure. But it's my job to protect my clients because they're the ones who pay me. You will admit that people have to learn to be careful and protect themselves. Isn't that part of being an adult?



MILO

And if somebody really gets fucked by a data breach. Don't you think the perp should be punished?

ARISTIDE

I suppose so. But I believe in minimizing state punishment, which generally does more bad than good. I think the free market gets to people eventually.

MILO

What goes around comes around, huh?

ARISTIDE

Kind of. But let me ask you. Suppose you found out that one of your clients, or customers, or whatever, was stealing water. I don't know if that could even be done, but suppose they were tapping into somebody else's pipes somehow.

MILO

You know, it's theoretically possible, but I've never seen it.

ARISTIDE

But if you did. Would you call the water police?

MILO

Good question. Who would I call? I'd probably tell the victim. I'd lose one customer, but gain another. And then, yeah, I'd probably tell the police.

ARISTIDE

Well, there's the difference. For me, that customer swap wouldn't be a possibility, so my financial motivations would be different, but also I would think, that's pretty smart, stealing water that way. Not my job to report it.

MILO

Aristide, you're a sociopath.

ARISTIDE

Wow. Big word.

MILO

Bachelor's. But let's make this personal. What if you were the victim?

ARISTIDE

Of a water theft or a data breach?

MILO

Either.

ARISTIDE

I'd get revenge. Much cleaner than going to the police.

MILO

Yeah, that's true. My first impulse would be to bust the perp's face in.

*SYLVIA enters, with grocery bags.*

SYLVIA

Hi, guys. Milo, hon, would you please help me with these?

MILO

*(Getting up.)* You got it.

SYLVIA

So what were you guys discussing?

*Blackout*

Scene 11

*A coffee shop. SYLVIA and KIT are having afternoon coffee.*

SYLVIA

But, Kit, you're really attractive. I bet if you sat here alone for a couple hours, lots of assholes would hit on you.

KATHERINE

Exactly.

SYLVIA

You know, people say they're giving up on relationships, but I don't think anybody really does.

KATHERINE

I know. Be like trying to avoid trees. Wait, we still have trees, right?

SYLVIA

With rare exceptions, trees don't hurt you.

KATHERINE

I do envy you and Milo.

SYLVIA

Yeah. I mean thanks. I mean, I don't know what I mean.

KATHERINE

*(Thinking about it.)* Sylvia?

SYLVIA

*(Thinking about it.)* Well, he's out late a lot and he comes home with beer on his breath. I know. I'm paranoid.

KATHERINE

Paranoia is an unreasoning fear, like if you worry about Martians under the bed. If you have reason to worry, like about having an accident on the freeway, that's not paranoia.

SYLVIA

I don't really have a reason.

KATHERINE

Sylvia.

SYLVIA

Well, he has to work late a lot, and if he wants a beer on the way home, what's the harm. Might put him in a better mood for me.

KATHERINE

You think he worries about you? Working at home all day?

SYLVIA

He hasn't said.

KATHERINE

Well, if you want to check on him, you have the means.

SYLVIA

What? Oh, that.

KATHERINE

You could do it.

SYLVIA

But I'd feel dirty.

KATHERINE

But not as dirty as you would if you found out he was cheating. Have you asked him?

SYLVIA

I have, and he answers, and he's totally believable.

KATHERINE

He is that.

SYLVIA

I would like to know. God, am I that insecure?

KATHERINE

Everybody is.

SYLVIA

I guess. I better go. You going to sit here and get picked up?

KATHERINE

I have this fantasy where a strange guy sits next to me in a bar, introduces himself, and I use the stingray I've already set up to get his phone info, and we chat each other up and then I smile at him, warmly, and out him right there on the spot. All his bullshit, whatever it may be.

SYLVIA

And then, do you sleep with him?

KATHERINE

And he's totally at my mercy.

*Blackout.*

### Scene 12

*SYLVIA and MILO's living room. MILO and ARISTIDE are there. SYLVIA is offstage in the kitchen. At lights up, MILO is at the door welcoming KATHERINE, taking her coat. She goes to a chair, he remains standing, waiting for drink orders.*

KATHERINE

You know, you two don't have to entertain all the time.

MILO

I agree. Let's all go to your place.

KATHERINE

God. First I'd have to get the clutter off my kitchen table.

ARISTIDE

I've heard that clutter can hurt relationships.

KATHERINE

That would explain your perpetual celibacy, Steed. Lovely to see you.

MILO

Everyone. Beer? Wine? Martini?

KATHERINE

Martini.

ARISTIDE

White wine, please.

*Milo exits thru kitchen door. Doorbell sounds.*

KATHERINE

I'll get it.

*She opens door to find DIOGO, who is distraught.*

KATHERINE

Diogo, come in.

*DIOGO enters.*

KATHERINE

Where's Dolph? *(She notices that he is upset.)* Diogo?

DIOGO

I don't know what I'm doing here. Did I really want to wreck the party? Seriously?

KATHERINE

Diogo, sit down. *(Shouts to kitchen as DIOGO sits.)* Milo, Diogo needs a Scotch. Neat. *(To DIOGO)* What?

DIOGO

He's gone.

ARISTIDE

Adolphus?

KATHERINE

How do you know?

DIOGO

The usual way.

KATHERINE

I mean, maybe he was in an accident or something.

DIOGO

Note.

KATHERINE

Tell.

*MILO and SYLVIA enter with drinks.*

DIOGO

Good. Now I can ruin everyone's mood at the same time.

MILO

Scotch?

DIOGO

*(Taking Scotch)* You're an angel. *(Drinks.)*

SYLVIA

Diogo, what happened?

DIOGO

First, I apologize. I should be getting drunk alone rather than inflicting myself on you all. I just sort of got here on auto-pilot. Second, I'm glad you're all here to hear it.

*There is a silence as they all look at him.*

DIOGO

Well, I broke the rules. I mean, I feel like I broke the rules. I hacked him.

KATHERINE

If anyone ever deserved it.

DIOGO

Sure, well, I got the evidence about his affairs. Not exactly news. I confronted him. He glared at me accusingly, like it was my fault for finding out. And, of course, I felt ashamed of my snooping and he became the righteous one.

MILO

That sucks.

DIOGO

Well. It's a dynamic we've perfected. He hurts me, I call him on it, he calls me on calling him, I feel guilty, he's righteous, I grovel, he wins.

SYLVIA

A healthy relationship doesn't have winners and losers.

DIOGO

Who said it was healthy? Anyway, that was last night. Today when I got home I found his note. Very righteous, about how he couldn't stand my stifling him any longer. And his stuff was gone. Most of the moveable stuff, anyway.

KATHERINE

Poor Diogo.

DIOGO

I wish I hadn't hacked him.

SYLVIA

It's not your fault.

DIOGO

I know. In my brain. But my heart wishes I'd never done it.

MILO

What a jerk.

DIOGO

I'm so sorry for ruining the party. Until the door opened I planned on lying, saying he had to work, but as soon as Kit opened the door, I lost it. So it's really your fault, Kit.

*Kit goes to him and embraces him as he breaks down.*

KATHERINE

Don't worry, baby. I'll take care of this, okay? You're a very attractive man and you'll be fine.

SYLVIA

Kit, what are you going to do?

KATHERINE

Oh, just something to cheer this cute guy up.

SYLVIA

Kit?

KATHERINE

I'm hungry, Sylvia. Well, that was rude, wasn't it? Kit in a nutshell. Maybe I can help in the kitchen and speed things up.

*Blackout.*

Scene 13

*Milo and Sylvia's living room, post-party. MILO and SYLVIA are cleaning up. At lights-up, she's in the kitchen. They yell to each other through the door.*

MILO

*(Picking up dirty dishes and glasses, yelling.)* I don't agree.

SYLVIA

*(From kitchen)* What's the difference between what Diogo did and hiring a private investigator?

MILO

If the investigator hacked Dolph's emails, there would be no difference.

*Sylvia enters from kitchen.*

SYLVIA

I see your point, but investigators snoop into private places, don't they? In the movies they're always snapping photos through windows or using secret recorders.

MILO

I know. It just seems different.

SYLVIA

It sort of does, doesn't it. But is it worse than what Dolph did?

MILO

I don't know. Does it matter? Is it okay to do something bad to someone if you suspect they're doing something bad to you?

SYLVIA

It's complex. And I'm too tired to figure it out. I wonder what Aristide thinks.

MILO

Steed? He'd probably come up with some iron-clad principle to justify whatever he wanted to do.



SYLVIA

Yeah, that's Steed, alright. But it's terrible about Diogo. I think if Dolph had ever really loved him he would have forgiven what Diogo did. At least for Diogo it was about love.

MILO

Yeah.

SYLVIA

If I ever did something like that to you, what would you think?

MILO

What do you mean? Cheat?

SYLVIA

No. What if I got really paranoid and hacked your emails. Your texts maybe.

MILO

To check on me?

SYLVIA

To relieve my paranoia. Speaking theoretically.

MILO

Theoretically.

SYLVIA

Yeah. I mean. Yeah. Theoretically.

MILO

Have you?

SYLVIA

No.

MILO

Have you thought about it?

SYLVIA

No. Maybe. Honey, I don't want to start a fight.

MILO

I'm not fighting. But don't you trust me?

SYLVIA

Yes. I do. You trust me?

MILO

Absolutely.

SYLVIA

But if I did, you'd feel really insulted, wouldn't you?

MILO

Yeah, I think I would.

SYLVIA

I guess that's how Adolphus feels.

MILO

Yeah.

SYLVIA

I guess you'd feel insulted even if the insult turned out to be true.

MILO

Well, Dolph had been fooling around forever. Diogo just finally got the goods on him.

SYLVIA

Maybe Diogo should have been tougher and just split with Dolph without getting the goods on him.

MILO

Maybe.

SYLVIA

Easy to say, huh.

MILO

Yeah. Easy to say. You were right, before.

SYLVIA

When?

MILO

When you said it's too complex.

SYLVIA

I love you.

MILO

I love you.

*Blackout.*

Scene 14

*A park bench. Lights up on SYLVIA sitting there alone. ARISTIDE enters, sits on the bench next to her.*

ARISTIDE

A bit cloak and dagger, huh?

SYLVIA

What?

ARISTIDE

Park bench meeting. Is there a drop box? You know, there still could be listening devices.

SYLVIA

You're sick.

ARISTIDE

Oh, really.

SYLVIA

You invaded my space, Aristide. You rummaged through my bureau. And not just mine, other people's. My client's. And now you're making spy jokes?

ARISTIDE

Just trying to lighten the mood.

SYLVIA

My god, Aristide.

ARISTIDE

What did you call me?

SYLVIA

It's your name.

ARISTIDE

And you know I prefer Steed.

SYLVIA

Yes, of course you do, Aristide. Steed sounds so much more manly.

ARISTIDE

Anyway. Why are we here?

SYLVIA

Because I needed to talk to you and I couldn't ask you into my house again, even with Italian pastries.

ARISTIDE

Could have used the phone.

SYLVIA

After this?

ARISTIDE

Yeah, I can see why you wouldn't.

SYLVIA

You can see? Aristide, if you can see why, then why would you do it?

ARISTIDE

Don't be so touchy. I haven't shared it with anyone.

SYLVIA

Touchy? You call this touchy? How should I feel, Aristide?

ARISTIDE

I wish—

SYLVIA

Yeah, I know, you want me to call you Steed. At the moment I can think of other names that would fit better.

ARISTIDE

Honestly, Sylvia.

SYLVIA

Honestly? Seriously? Seriously honestly?

ARISTIDE

Come on, Sylvia.

SYLVIA

You are sick. I need an explanation.

ARISTIDE

Okay. An explanation? How about you being so goddamn smug about not ratting out a client?

SYLVIA

Wait. I'm confused. You did this because of our conversation about client confidentiality?

ARISTIDE

In part, yes.

SYLVIA

In part.

ARISTIDE

And because you're all so smug generally. I mean, what we do is spying, right? Isn't that what it boils down to?

SYLVIA

They hire us to show them their vulnerabilities, so they can fix them.

ARISTIDE

They hire us because they're idiots.

SYLVIA

What are you talking about?

ARISTIDE

You said if you found out a client was doing something you thought was bad you would keep it confidential.

SYLVIA

You think it's that simple?

ARISTIDE

Obviously you don't. You don't even think it's a principle. Now, I'm not saying that what you did was wrong. Necessarily.

SYLVIA

There's more, isn't there?

ARISTIDE

Besides you scarfing up data about the red-lining? Maybe.

SYLVIA

Aristide, do not toy with me.

ARISTIDE

Okay. Here it is. You've been leaking to Black Lives Matter. Here, want to see?

*He holds up his phone to her and she takes in what's on it.*

SYLVIA

That's what this is about?

ARISTIDE

It's about smugness. If you do stuff you'd best be prepared for other people to know. Especially if you're righteous about it.

SYLVIA

It's race, isn't it? You had great fun hacking BLM.

ARISTIDE

No. I mean, sure, race is involved here, but it's—

SYLVIA

It is. You can't stand it.

ARISTIDE

What?

SYLVIA

Me with a white guy.

ARISTIDE

Oh, please.

SYLVIA

And BLM, which I happen to believe in, passionately.

ARISTIDE

All I wanted—

SYLVIA

I have totally lost interest in what you want, Aristide. I did what I did out of principle.

ARISTIDE

Just like with the bank you were hired to protect. Just like Diogo did to Adolphus. I've watched you, the whole bunch. You're all so goddamn pompous and superior. You follow the contract and you obey the rules, except when they don't suit you.

SYLVIA

Things aren't as simple as that.

ARISTIDE

No, they are simple. It's a fight. Everybody's at risk. Everybody can attack and defend. And we don't run to grownups to sort out every little spat.

SYLVIA

Free for all.

ARISTIDE

Right.

SYLVIA

So what are you going to do now?

ARISTIDE

You mean with what I learned? Probably nothing. I just wanted to show you that what's good for one is good for all. All's fair. I mean, I could go to the cops or the news about what you did, but it would be against my personal rules.

SYLVIA

Shit, Steed. You really are crazy.

ARISTIDE

Alright. I'm crazy. Maybe so. But what are you going to do about it?

SYLVIA

Is that a challenge?

ARISTIDE

Sure. Let's see what you've got.

SYLVIA

Good bye, Aristide. Stay the fuck away from me.

*Blackout.*

### Scene 15

*A table in a bar. KATHERINE and ADOLPHUS, over drinks.*

KATHERINE

What would you have done if the situation was reversed?

ADOLPHUS

You mean if I'd been jealous enough to spy on him?

KATHERINE

Yeah.

ADOLPHUS

Well, in the first place it's hard to picture.

KATHERINE

Because you've never given a shit if Diogo cheated?

ADOLPHUS

Sort of, but not exactly.

KATHERINE

Not exactly.

ADOLPHUS

Exactly, that I would have been shocked if Diogo had cheated. He's not the type.

KATHERINE

A one-man man.

ADOLPHUS

Right.

KATHERINE

And you're certain.

ADOLPHUS

Yeah. As certain as I could be about anything.

KATHERINE

Well, shit, Adolphus.

ADOLPHUS

Please call me—

KATHERINE

Dolph, I know.

ADOLPHUS

Thank you.

KATHERINE

So, Dolph, you can't see yourself being so jealous or worried about Diogo that you'd hack him.



ADOLPHUS

No, not really.

KATHERINE

You knew he loved you. Still does.

ADOLPHUS

Yes.

KATHERINE

Did you ever love him?

ADOLPHUS

Yes. At first.

KATHERINE

Love's not really your thing, huh?

ADOLPHUS

I've nothing against it.

KATHERINE

You've broken his heart.

ADOLPHUS

And what's that to you?

KATHERINE

Oh for god's sake, Adolphus. He's my friend and he's hurt. Are you really that cold?

ADOLPHUS

What would you have me do? Forgive him and move back in?

KATHERINE

Forgive him? I don't know what you should do but I think you ought to care just a little. Maybe trying to soothe him is beyond you, I don't know, but just giving a shit that he's in pain would be a start.

ADOLPHUS

On the one hand, his love was smothering me. I might as well have gone home to my mother, except for the sex.

KATHERINE

And on the other hand?

ADOLPHUS

On the other hand my coldness, if you want to call it that, is exactly why Diogo loves me.

KATHERINE

Yeah, I want to call it that.

ADOLPHUS

What?

KATHERINE

Coldness. You are one cold asshole, Adolphus.

ADOLPHUS

I must say his was nice and warm.

KATHERINE

Oh. Oh. I knew you were a snark to the max but I never thought. Jesus, you should be locked up.

ADOLPHUS

And you, Katherine? If you're such an expert about love, you should write an advice column or a blog or a book, maybe.

KATHERINE

You don't need a PhD in love to know a monster when you see one.

ADOLPHUS

Monster? Oh, please, Katherine.

KATHERINE

It's Kit, you bastard. *(She gets a bill from her wallet and tosses it onto the table.)* That should cover my beer.

*KATHERINE exits.*

*Blackout.*

Scene 16

*SYLVIA and MILO's living room. The two of them are talking.*

MILO

Why didn't you tell me about this before?

SYLVIA

I don't know.

MILO

You told Aristide something.

SYLVIA

Only a little about what I saw at the bank. We were talking about, what if we found out one of our clients was doing something wrong.

MILO

There must have been something specific.

SYLVIA

I told him I'd seen red-lining at the bank.

MILO

So that was his jumping off place.

SYLVIA

You could call it that I guess.

MILO

So he hacked you.

SYLVIA

Yeah. I know what you're thinking, hackers should be more secure than anyone, but nothing's break-proof.

MILO

So you've told me.

SYLVIA

He got into me, the bank, and BLM.

MILO

I just wish you'd told me about this before.

SYLVIA

I know. I'm sorry. I didn't want you to be involved.

MILO

How could I not be? You had to know it would come out.

SYLVIA

It didn't have to. Except for Steed.

MILO

Right. But I feel like you were on this crusade and you didn't talk to me about it.

SYLVIA

Would you have objected?

MILO

I don't know. I might have asked you some questions. I hope you know I'll always support you.

SYLVIA

I do. Baby, I apologize.

MILO

I accept. (*Softening.*) So what do you want me to do? Turn off his water? Clog his toilet? Make his drains back up?

SYLVIA

God, I hadn't thought of that.

MILO

Well.

SYLVIA

But you wouldn't do it, would you?

MILO

I don't think so. But it's tempting. Maybe I should do it to Dolph as well.

SYLVIA

The avenging plumber.

MILO

As if. But I've got your back.

SYLVIA

Thank you.

MILO

So, what are you going to do?

SYLVIA

Even nerds like Aristide have secrets.

MILO

Support doesn't mean I'll go along with anything. Not without at least trying to talk you out of it.

SYLVIA

He's the one who says that all's fair.

MILO

Is he your role model?

SYLVIA

No. But think about this. He said he wouldn't do anything with what he stole. He said he just wanted to show me. Teach me a lesson.

MILO

But that's just what he said.

SYLVIA

Exactly. So how could I stop him? In case his sense of wild west justice makes him reconsider.

MILO

You could dig up dirt about him.

SYLVIA

Exactly.

MILO

I see your point.

SYLVIA

He could cause me a lot of trouble.

MILO

Serious. Which is why I wish you'd—

SYLVIA

I know. I've already agreed with that.

MILO

And apologized.

SYLVIA

So, should I?

MILO

It does seem like the only solution. Am I now an accessory?

SYLVIA

I won't get caught. And he won't retaliate any more. And he definitely won't share what he knows.

MILO

Because then you would.

SYLVIA

Mutually assured destruction. Best deterrent.

MILO

Evil.

SYLVIA

But in a good way.

*Blackout.*

Scene 17

*SYLVIA and MILO's living room. SYLVIA has just opened the door to reveal ADOLPHUS in the doorway.*

SYLVIA

Adolphus, how nice to see you.

ADOLPHUS

If it were nice, you'd call me Dolph.

SYLVIA

Aren't we sensitive.

ADOLPHUS

Okay, I know. Everyone's pissed at me.

SYLVIA

You can sit and have coffee. I really need to keep working.

*She exits to kitchen. While she's gone he peeks at her laptop, sees nothing amiss but he's still looking when she enters with coffee.*

SYLVIA

Really, Dolph?

ADOLPHUS

Can't help it. Thank you. *(He takes coffee and sits on sofa, the end away from her.)* You don't know?

SYLVIA

What?

ADOLPHUS

Good grief, you really don't.

SYLVIA

If you mean that Diogo hacked your emails, everybody knows that.

ADOLPHUS

And my texts.

SYLVIA

Ashamed of yourself?

ADOLPHUS

Ha. You have no idea. I mean, you really do have no idea, do you?

SYLVIA

I have the idea that you're a cheating asshole. What else is there?

ADOLPHUS

Yeah, everybody knows I cheat. But that wouldn't have killed our relationship.

SYLVIA

Could you just get to the point here, I really do have work. And shouldn't you be at your fancy office in that gleaming tower?

ADOLPHUS

Yeah. I should. So you know it's serious.

SYLVIA

Diogo thinks it is.

ADOLPHUS

Well, so do I. I'm here because I thought you could talk to him for me.

SYLVIA

Couples counseling is not really one of my skills, Dolph.

ADOLPHUS

But you've always seemed so sensible.

SYLVIA

Dolph, please just explain.

ADOLPHUS

He went deeper. And, no, that's not a pun.

SYLVIA

What on earth are you talking about?

ADOLPHUS

Well, he went and found, um, other things.

*SYLVIA does not speak.*

ADOLPHUS

*(Continued)* God. You actually don't know.

SYLVIA

Wait, you mean he found out something even worse?

ADOLPHUS

Way worse. Unfathomably worse. Nobody knows this. Or, at least nobody but me, until now.

SYLVIA

Now. Just him?

ADOLPHUS

I think just him. I hope just him.

SYLVIA

And he's holding it over you?

ADOLPHUS

Not really. But when I saw that someone had been into my records, shit, my life, really, and not a charming part of it, I blew. And the reason I know about this is that the perp—presumably Diogo—left a sort of calling card, a message like, nyah-nyah, I got you. So, in a rage I went to his office and more or less dragged him outside and reamed him. He played dumb, but then he got mad and there we were by the loading dock, screaming at each other. And now, of course, I wish I hadn't done it.

SYLVIA

Which?

ADOLPHUS

Confronted him that way.

SYLVIA

He won't speak to you.

ADOLPHUS

I miss him.

SYLVIA

Bullshit.

ADOLPHUS

I know how it looks. But really, I do.



SYLVIA

Either that or you're just scared about this other thing.

ADOLPHUS

He insists he had nothing to do with that.

SYLVIA

But you don't believe him.

ADOLPHUS

I know I'm not universally loved, but I don't see anybody else wanting to do this to me.

SYLVIA

So you want me to help you get back with Diogo so you can have your relationship and go on fooling around. And avoid more embarrassment.

ADOLPHUS

Embarrassment? Embarrassment doesn't come close to what I'd feel if this came out. You know, I came to beg for help, but if you start by judging me—

SYLVIA

Alright, alright, I guess your fidelity or lack of it is between you and Diogo.

ADOLPHUS

I do appreciate this, Sylvia.

SYLVIA

Don't thank me yet. I haven't decided. Whatever I do will be more for Diogo than for you. Now, if you don't mind, I'll be in touch.

*Doorbell sounds.*

SYLVIA

Excuse me. *(She opens the door.)*

*ARISTIDE stands glaring at her.*

SYLVIA

Well, Steed. You were faster than I expected.

ADOLPHUS

My, my. What's going on here at eleven in the morning?

ARISTIDE

Adolphus, don't you have a tennis match about now?

SYLVIA

Come, in, Aristide. Adolphus was just leaving.

ADOLPHUS

None of my business, of course. Thank you, Sylvia. Sincerely.

*ADOLPHUS exits. ARISTIDE enters and remains standing.*

ARISTIDE

The fuck have you done.

SYLVIA

Like some coffee?

ARISTIDE

Not right now, thanks.

SYLVIA

Wise choice. Looks like you're wired enough. Or maybe you'd like something different? On a lovely morning like this, maybe something with vodka? Screw driver? Bloody Mary?

ARISTIDE

You know I don't drink hard stuff.

SYLVIA

Right. Maybe you should start. Might improve your personality.

ARISTIDE

What you did is entirely out of bounds and you know it.

SYLVIA

Oh, here we go with bounds again.

ARISTIDE

There have to be bounds. It's a matter of honor.

SYLVIA

My god, Steed.

ARISTIDE

You know exactly what I mean, you just don't want to face it.

SYLVIA

Face it? Face what? It's honorable for you to hack not just me, but my client, and Black Lives Matter—a perfectly legitimate organization—but it's not honorable for me to hack you?

ARISTIDE

And my finances and my school records.

SYLVIA

And that's not all.

ARISTIDE

I was not going to do anything with what I got.

SYLVIA

Just an academic exercise, huh?

ARISTIDE

Pretty much, yeah.

SYLVIA

You were just going to hold onto it.

ARISTIDE

I wouldn't describe it exactly like that.

SYLVIA

Just store it away for a rainy day.

ARISTIDE

You think I'd store it?

SYLVIA

Oh, I see. You didn't download anything, you just kept keys to all the closets.

ARISTIDE

After what you did you should expect this. Especially given that what you're doing is illegal.

SYLVIA

Oh, Aristide, dear—

ARISTIDE

Don't call me Aristide.

SYLVIA

Accessing your data was for leverage. And what you did is also illegal, I think.

ARISTIDE

I told you that what I did was to show you—

SYLVIA

What?

ARISTIDE

That your situational ethics are not acceptable.

SYLVIA

Forgive me, Steed, but I had no idea you were the one who gets to decide about ethics or what's acceptable.

ARISTIDE

It was not personal. What you did was personal.

SYLVIA

Wasn't personal? What do you think it was?

ARISTIDE

Politics, which are faddish and passing. Not deeply personal.

SYLVIA

Not deeply personal? Steed, you should get out more. People get passionate about politics. They're personal.

ARISTIDE

They're games. That's all politics are. Games. And yours is even more of a game, because it's—

SYLVIA

Bullshit. That's what you're thinking, isn't it?

ARISTIDE

Politics are bullshit, yeah.

SYLVIA

But my politics, in particular, are bullshit because they're about race.

ARISTIDE

Now you're playing the race card.

SYLVIA

Race is not a card. Unfortunately, it's something some of us have to take account of every day.

ARISTIDE

Only if you spend all your time thinking about it.

SYLVIA

You know, Steed, I underestimated you. I thought you were just a nerdy guy with no social skills. I felt sorry for you. But it's real clear now what you are.

ARISTIDE

Racist, huh? Now you're calling me a racist. It figures.

SYLVIA

Aren't you?

ARISTIDE

I'm the opposite of racist. I don't think race matters. You're the one who obsesses about it all the time.

SYLVIA

You can't see how my feelings for my brothers and sisters would be personal for me?

ARISTIDE

Not personal like what you found about me. Not like that. If my family found out, god—

SYLVIA

You'd be embarrassed. Maybe humiliated? Well at least you're capable of feeling something, but, whatever, it would be all about you. You don't see anything wider than you. You don't see the humiliations that black people face every day because they don't fit into your concept of honor.

ARISTIDE

Okay. I never had any intention of making public what I found. Just promise you'll do the same for me.

SYLVIA

Promise? I don't know, Steed. How do you weigh your humiliation against my silly politics?

ARISTIDE

Okay. We've made our points. Truce?

SYLVIA

Sure, Steed. Truce. Now leave.

ARISTIDE

Okay. But one other thing. I have to admit. The little note you left. That was cool.

SYLVIA

Why thank you, Steed.

*ARISTIDE exits. SYLVIA stands thinking.*

*Blackout.*

Scene 18

*A bar. DIOGO and KATHERINE.*

DIOGO

So, he's begging me to let him come back.

KATHERINE

Will you?

DIOGO

I don't know. Maybe. Probably. I didn't want to speak to him at all, but Sylvia called me and said I should at least give him a chance. Tell me, how could I love such a shit?

KATHERINE

I've been there.

DIOGO

What did you do?

KATHERINE

Both times I kept on clinging until they dumped me. So I got the best of both, unrequited love and the humiliation of rejection.

DIOGO

You needed a Kit to complain to.

KATHERINE

Yeah. So I guess my advice is pretty useless, huh?

DIOGO

Your advice is great. There's really just one thing.

KATHERINE

Tell me.

DIOGO

He wants me to apologize to him.

KATHERINE

Of course, he does. What for?

DIOGO

You don't know?

KATHERINE

I'm not sure.

DIOGO

It seems he got hacked. Again. Not like what I did, nothing, quote-unquote, trivial, like that. This hacker got into really deep personal stuff, evidently, some long ago thing that he hasn't shared with me, or anyone else it seems.

KATHERINE

And he assumes you did it.

DIOGO

Well, I have to admit if I were him I'd assume it was me.

KATHERINE

Only it wasn't.

DIOGO

Totally not. And it hurts me all over again that he assumes I would be that vindictive and would want something to hold over him. And then he demands an apology?

KATHERINE

But you really want him?

DIOGO

Not having him is physically painful. Pathetic, huh?

KATHERINE

Then you don't have to forgive him.

DIOGO

That's nice of you, but he says I do.

KATHERINE

You can tell him you know the true perp.

DIOGO

And who would that be?

KATHERINE

After he left you, you looked so bereft, so sad and vulnerable. I thought that anyone who did that to you should be punished.

DIOGO

You?

KATHERINE

You're one of my dearest friends, Diogo.

DIOGO

Oh, Kit.

KATHERINE

Please, don't be hurt, Diogo. I did it for you, to help you.

DIOGO

But, Kit—

KATHERINE

I thought your relationship was done and you were in such pain and I just wanted him to suffer a little.

DIOGO

Kit, you should never have assumed—

KATHERINE

And, really, I don't want you to go back to him. He's bad for you. He won't stop cheating, and, from his own mouth, he likes your helpless jealousy.

DIOGO

I know that, Kit. Do you think I'm an idiot?

KATHERINE

Diogo, I'm so sorry. You're right. I should have minded my own business.

DIOGO

So now what do I tell him?



KATHERINE

Tell him the truth. I don't care.

DIOGO

You're sure?

KATHERINE

Yeah. I'm sure.

DIOGO

Thanks. I guess. I don't see any other way, really. But Kit, you shouldn't have done it.

KATHERINE

I know. You're right. I'm sorry.

*Blackout.*

Scene 19

*SYLVIA and MILO's living room. SYLVIA is putting dishes on the coffee table, walking off to the kitchen and back again. MILO is standing, drinking a beer and watching her.*

MILO

Tell me again what this is for?

SYLVIA

We need to air some things. Get some things out so we can discuss them. Like I said.

MILO

So, you're holding a group therapy session?

SYLVIA

If you want to call it that, sort of.

MILO

Sort of.

SYLVIA

We have a nice circle of friends, and I just don't want it to get broken up by gossip.

MILO

You know, they're really your friends.

SYLVIA

I know. But you do like them, don't you?

MILO

Sure. Some of them. Sometimes. I guess.

SYLVIA

You guess?

MILO

You're including Steed in this?

SYLVIA

Yes.

MILO

My god, Sylv. Italian pastries aside, he's a mean, racist little shit who hacked you.

SYLVIA

True. But I don't see how I can leave him out. I'd rather have him here where I can watch him. You're just going to stand there and not help, aren't you?

MILO

Honestly, what I'd like to do is go out to a movie by myself. Or, as an option, I could stay here long enough to punch Steed out and then go to a movie. Or, I could also stay long enough to punch Adolphus out as well. Or, I could take them both to a movie and punch them both out before we get there.

*Doorbell.*

SYLVIA

Would you?

MILO

If it's Steed, I won't be responsible.

SYLVIA

Okay, never mind.

*SYLVIA opens the door to ADOLPHUS and DIOGO.*

ADOLPHUS

Diogo promised me it was okay if I came.

SYLVIA

If he can stand you, I can. Come on in.

*ADOLPHUS and DIOGO enter.*

ADOLPHUS

Hi, Milo.

MILO

Dolph. Hello, Diogo. How're you doing?

DIOGO

We're good, thanks. Aren't we good, Dolph?

ADOLPHUS

Diogo is. I'm, well, I'm just me, I guess.

SYLVIA

Milo, would you get drinks, please?

MILO

Beer okay, guys?

*ADOLPHUS and DIOGO assent. MILO starts to exit.*

ADOLPHUS

Do I detect some tension here in paradise?

MILO

Dolph, I'm on my good behavior for Sylvia, but it's hard for me, you know?

ADOLPHUS

Oh, I believe you. Count on me not to test you.

DIOGO

Sylvia, it's up to us to keep these two ruffians in line.

MILO

*(Glaring at ADOLPHUS.)* You know, Dolph, I was thinking about a movie tonight. Like to come?

*ADOLPHUS is baffled as MILO glares at him. MILO exits to kitchen.*

*Doorbell.*

SYLVIA

It's open.

*Door opens to reveal KATHERINE and ARISTIDE.*

ADOLPHUS

Well, look who's hooked up.

ARISTIDE

It's not how it looks. We just got here at the same time.

ADOLPHUS

How disappointing.

SYLVIA

Kit, Aristide, please come in. Kit, you look good today.

KATHERINE

Considering.

SYLVIA

Right.

*As ARISTIDE walks in, he and SYLVIA exchange hard stares. MILO enters with enough beers for all.*

ARISTIDE

Maybe I shouldn't stay.

SYLVIA

No, Steed, I invited you. Have a beer. Get mellow. Let's try to be civil, okay?

*MILO passes out bottles of beer.*

MILO

Civil. Is that something libertarians actually do?

SYLVIA

Everyone relax. I have moussaka and salad to bring in.

KATHERINE

Want help?

DIOGO

I've got it.

*As DIOGO and SYLVIA go to the kitchen. ADOLPHUS and KATHERINE find chairs. MILO stands. ARISTIDE goes to the end of the sofa where Sylvia likes to sit. Awkward silence.*

MILO

Not there, Steed.

ARISTIDE

Huh?

MILO

You've been here enough times to know.

ARISTIDE

Yeah, okay. Sure.

*(ARISTIDE slides to the other end, but Milo is still staring, so he gets up and goes to a chair.)*

*SYLVIA and DIOGO enter with a casserole dish, and a big salad bowl, which they put on coffee table.*

SYLVIA

Okay, everyone. *(She takes her usual place and looks at MILO, who remains standing behind the sofa. She motions to the food.)*  
Please help yourselves. I hope you're hungry.

*Nobody moves.*

KATHERINE

Well.

DIOGO

Yes, well.

*Silence.*

MILO

*(Theatrically)* Well. Nora and I have gathered you here because all of you had either the means, the motive, or the opportunity, but only one of you had all three.

*Nobody laughs.*

SYLVIA

Kit?

KATHERINE

You go, Sylvia.

SYLVIA

Okay. Kit and I talked. How long has it been since we've been doing this?

ADOLPHUS

You mean, sitting and glaring at each other?

MILO

She means the rest of you eating our food and drinking our booze.

SYLVIA

Milo.

DIOGO

It's been years, right?

KATHERINE

I checked my calendar. It's been at least once a month for three years and five months.

ADOLPHUS

An eventful period for you, Kit.

KATHERINE

Yes, as I'm sure we all remember, during that time I've been through one serious and one not-so-serious boyfriend and one serious girlfriend. After each breakup you've all been around for me. You've all been supportive and cheered me up. I've had group therapy here in this living room without paying for it.

SYLVIA

And the rest of us have also, from time to time. We've been almost like family.

KATHERINE

Until recently.

ADOLPHUS

Right, until recently, when we became really like family.

SYLVIA

Meaning?

ADOLPHUS

We abuse each other.

KATHERINE

Don't be so cynical, Dolph.

ADOLPHUS

Look who's talking. It was a joke.

KATHERINE

On yourself, right?

ADOLPHUS

I am the main reason for this particular dinner, no?

DIOGO

I want to short-circuit this right now. What happened between me and Dolph is what happens in relationships. I know some of you—maybe all of you—put the blame on Dolph, but you know it always takes two.

ADOLPHUS

Besides, he got back at me.

DIOGO

Dolph.

ADOLPHUS

I'm sorry. I should not have said that.

KATHERINE

Diogo? You didn't tell him?

ADOLPHUS

Tell me what?

DIOGO

Kit, it's alright the way it is.

ADOLPHUS

Oh, no. The cat's out now. What are you two talking about?

DIOGO

The hack. The second one.

ADOLPHUS

Wait. Everyone knows about the first one, right? The one where Diogo finally got hard evidence of what he knew all along?

KATHERINE

That proved you to be a lying, cheating asshole?

ADOLPHUS

Yes, Katherine, darling, that one.

DIOGO

So, there was a second one.

SYLVIA

Diogo, you told me someone else did that.

DIOGO

No, I did it.

SYLVIA

But you told me.

DIOGO

Let's not talk about it, okay?

ADOLPHUS

Diogo, be honest.

KATHERINE

You know, Adolphus, you have no right to talk about honesty.

DIOGO

It's alright, Kit.

ADOLPHUS

Why does it have to be alright with Kit?

DIOGO

It doesn't. Forget it.

ADOLPHUS

Wait. You lied to me, Diogo.

DIOGO

I did, but I admitted it.

ADOLPHUS

No, that time you were telling the truth. About not doing that second hack. It's when you said you did it.

DIOGO

It doesn't matter, I lied, you lied, we both lied and then we admitted it.

ADOLPHUS

It matters. It was you, Kit, wasn't it.

*Silence.*



KATHERINE

Yes.

ADOLPHUS

Oh, shit. I should have known. Diogo, as pissed as he was, is not the type to go dumpster-diving like that. It took someone really vicious, like you.

SYLVIA

Dolph.

KATHERINE

Diogo is too gentle to defend himself, so somebody else had to.

ADOLPHUS

So you did it for him.

SYLVIA

Oh, good lord.

ADOLPHUS

You going to show it off, Kit? Huh? As you said, Diogo's not mean enough to drain the septic tank, much less publicize the contents, but you are, aren't you?

MILO

Dolph, I think you've made your point.

DIOGO

Stop it, Dolph.

ADOLPHUS

Stop? Why? I need to know who knows about this.

ARISTIDE

About what, the content?

ADOLPHUS

No, shithead, the color of my socks. Of course, the content. Jesus Christ, do you know?

ARISTIDE

Everybody should be able to know, if they want. So far, I don't.

ADOLPHUS

Aren't you the one who talks about boundaries?

ARISTIDE

The boundaries are about not wanting to know. Some things we shouldn't want to know.

ADOLPHUS

Okay, let's forget Ayn Rand, here (*indicating ARISTIDE.*) Who else? Sylvia, you know about it.

SYLVIA

But not what's in it.

DIOGO

Wait a second, Sylvia knows?

ADOLPHUS

I confided in her, Diogo, because I needed a family member to help get you back to me.

DIOGO

If you wanted to keep it secret, telling other people is kind of weird.

SYLVIA

Well, now, thanks to you, Dolph, everybody knows about it.

DIOGO

But only half of us know what's in it.

ADOLPHUS

Tell us this, Katherine, did you go shit-fishing after you got dumped?

KATHERINE

No, I did not.

ADOLPHUS

Why not? You were willing to do it for Diogo.

KATHERINE

You wouldn't understand, Adolphus. I loved them. I didn't want to hurt them.

ADOLPHUS

Even after they'd hurt you. How noble. But you assuredly don't love me.

SYLVIA

Maybe we should stop here, people.

ADOLPHUS

I didn't open this can of worms, but this is why you gathered us, right, Sylvia? To get things out into the open?

SYLVIA

Maybe it was a mistake.

KATHERINE

Adolphus, you're right. I don't love you. You're not a friend I would count on when I need one, but Diogo is, and I couldn't let you get away with hurting him.

DIOGO

Oh, for Christ's sake, Kit, who appointed you avenging angel?

KATHERINE

What?

DIOGO

You seem to think I'm some helpless puppy who can't defend himself.

KATHERINE

Diogo, I don't understand, I did it for you.

DIOGO

Well, maybe you shouldn't have.

KATHERINE

I'm sorry, but—

DIOGO

So you wouldn't hurt the ones you loved, even when they deserved it, but it never occurred to you that I might feel the same way?

KATHERINE

Diogo—

DIOGO

Maybe I'm a fool for loving Dolph, but I can't help it and it's not up to you to make judgements about it.

KATHERINE

Did you take a good look at what I found?

DIOGO

I did, Kit.

KATHERINE

And after that you still love him?

DIOGO

Afraid so.

KATHERINE

*(She starts retrieving her phone from her purse.)* Maybe you need another look. *(She taps her phone several times.)*

SYLVIA

Kit, what are you doing?

*KATHERINE rises and goes to DIOGO and pushes her phone in his face.*

KATHERINE

Here, Diogo. Like what you see?

ADOLPHUS

Kit, I really wish—

KATHERINE

Fuck what you wish.

ADOLPHUS

That is what started all this.

DIOGO

Kit, you have no right.

KATHERINE

Sure I have the right, when someone's as big a jerk as Dolph. Maybe I should show it to everyone and let them vote, I'm sure Adolphus would love to be named prick of the year.

DIOGO

Kit, stop.

KATHERINE

Diogo, just give me one good reason why. I mean, this should be enough to stop you loving him.

DIOGO

Because *(he pulls his phone from his pocket, taps it)* of *(he pushes it in front of KATHERINE)* this.

KATHERINE

*(Takes a moment to see what's there. Slowly, as the meaning sinks in.)* Oh. Oh. Oh, god. Diogo. Nobody knows this. *(She reaches for the phone but Diogo pulls it away.)* Diogo, why?

DIOGO

Kit, you've taken this above-it-all pose, like you have the right to do certain things but nobody else does.

KATHERINE

But I did it—

DIOGO

I know, you did it for me, but you should have asked me first, damn it. You're not my mother, and you're not god, but since you seem to think of yourself as both, I thought it might be a good idea to stop you before you do more damage.

KATHERINE

So you're blackmailing me.

DIOGO

I won't share it if you promise not to share that shit you found about Dolph.

ADOLPHUS

Too late.

*Everyone pauses to take in what ADOLPHUS just said.*

KATHERINE

What do you mean?

ADOLPHUS

What do you think?

DIOGO

You've seen it?

ADOLPHUS

Yeah. I have. Sort of unintentionally.

DIOGO

Unintentionally?

ADOLPHUS

Indirectly, actually.

SYLVIA

Stop playing games with us, Dolph.

ADOLPHUS

Oh, but the games are so much fun, aren't they, Katherine?

KATHERINE

You hacked me.

ADOLPHUS

Oh, sort of, but not directly.

KATHERINE

Diogo.

DIOGO

Me, Dolph? You hacked me?

ADOLPHUS

That's how I saw what you got on Kit.

KATHERINE

Lovely.

DIOGO

But that's not all you saw.

ADOLPHUS

No, dear, I'm afraid not.

DIOGO

You piece of shit.

ADOLPHUS

I'm a piece of shit? What about you, you fucking whore. Mister injured innocence, Miss Priss. Shall I show everyone just how cute you really are?

DIOGO

You wouldn't.

ADOLPHUS

Why not? Why should you get to have all the fun?

DIOGO

I'm warning you.

ADOLPHUS

Warning me? Save your energy.

*ADOLPHUS holds his phone in one hand with the other hand poised above it, ready to tap. He stares at DIOGO.*

*DIOGO holds the same pose with his phone and stares back at ADOLPHUS.*

SYLVIA

Guys, please stop.

KATHERINE

What about me?

ADOLPHUS

Fuck it.

DIOGO

Fuck you.

*ADOLPHUS and DIOGO tap their phones. Beat.*

KATHERINE

*(Beaten.)* I don't want to look.

SYLVIA

People, we don't have to look. Like Steed says. *(She takes a moment.)* Shit, now I'm quoting Steed.

DIOGO

*(To ADOLPHUS)* Happy now, asshole?

ADOLPHUS

I was happy before, bitch.

DIOGO

Before you started cheating or before I found out?

ADOLPHUS

Before, when I really did think I loved you. You know, I even bragged to a friend that you were truly priceless, but that was before I found out just how priceless you really are.

KATHERINE

Priceless.

ADOLPHUS

Price. What we haggle over.

DIOGO

What you saw about me was years ago.

ADOLPHUS

Oh, no, it wasn't. Not all of it.

DIOGO

*(Confessing)* No. I have compulsions. Sure.

KATHERINE

You're not alone, Diogo.

DIOGO

I feel like I am.

KATHERINE

No, I meant—

DIOGO

I know what you meant, Kit. And, besides the fact that Dolph and I are just about done—

ADOLPHUS

Just about—

DIOGO

—shut up, Dolph.

KATHERINE

I guess it was a mistake. Defending my friends.

MILO

More like avenging your friends.

KATHERINE

Call it whatever you want.

MILO

God, you people. I haven't seen any of this shit and I still feel sick. I think we need more beer.

*MILO exits to kitchen.*

ADOLPHUS

*(Calling to MILO in the kitchen.)* Makes you miss the good old days, eh, Milo.



MILO

*(Returning with beer.)* Right. When defending or avenging your friends meant using good old brute force.

ADOLPHUS

Oh, but this is much more fun, isn't it?

MILO

What gets me is that you all make your money trying to shield companies from people like you, which sort of looks a lot like a mob protection racket. Only, as usual, the mobsters turn on each other.

ARISTIDE

It's alright to see it. It's not alright to share it or use it. At least not gratuitously.

MILO

What the hell does that mean?

ADOLPHUS

I'd like to know too.

ARISTIDE

Information is for everybody. Using it depends on principles.

MILO

So, it's okay to be a peeping Tom, but not okay to talk about what you've seen?

ARISTIDE

Yes. Exactly. Except sometimes.

MILO

When your principles allow it?

ARISTIDE

Yes.

MILO

And, what are those principles, if I may ask?

ARISTIDE

When you see other people violating the principles.

MILO

God, it must be hard being a libertarian.

ARISTIDE

Not so much, if you pay attention. For instance, if you've found information that other people are gathering information.

MILO

You're making my head hurt.

DIOGO

That's our Steed.

KATHERINE

*(Shouting)* But what about me? Everyone here now knows the absolute worst about me! I want to hide!

ARISTIDE

Maybe I can help.

KATHERINE

Oh, great. *(She laughs.)*

SYLVIA

Steed, I don't think—

ARISTIDE

*(Ignoring SYLVIA)* For instance, people who go looking for information usually leave tracks, don't we agree?

SYLVIA

Aristide?

ARISTIDE

*(An outburst)* Please call me Steed, goddamnit! Steed! I've told you!

SYLVIA

Well, excuse me. Steed. Get on with it.

ARISTIDE

*(Regaining his composure.)* Thank you. For instance, I knew that Kit was the one who hacked Adolphus, the second time, I mean, because she left tracks. You knew that didn't you, Kit?

KATHERINE

What, that I left tracks?

ARISTIDE

Right.

KATHERINE

I suppose so.

ARISTIDE

But you didn't think about it, because you didn't think anyone would be watching you work.

KATHERINE

If I'd thought about you, I would have.

ARISTIDE

But you didn't, because nobody thinks of me.

ADOLPHUS

Oh, lord, Steed.

ARISTIDE

It's okay. I don't care, I'm just little Aristide. I know how you think about me.

ADOLPHUS

You're embarrassing yourself, Steed.

ARISTIDE

Am I? How about you, Dolph? Are you embarrassed?

ADOLPHUS

You have no idea.

ARISTIDE

Oh, but I do, and you should be much more. I also watched you hack Diogo.

ADOLPHUS

Of course you did.

ARISTIDE

But there seems to be no limit to what you'll let Diogo do for you.

DIOGO

Steed, you've no right.

ARISTIDE

Oh, now we're talking about rights, are we, Diogo?

DIOGO

What happens between a couple—

ARISTIDE

You didn't hack Kit.

DIOGO

It doesn't matter.

ARISTIDE

Doesn't it? Did Adolphus do it with your blessing? Did he get permission or forgiveness?

DIOGO

*(Giving up.)* Actually, we did it together.

ARISTIDE

I see. An act of love. How sweet. Him driving and you back-seat driving.

KATHERINE

Jesus Christ.

ARISTIDE

Hurts, doesn't it?

KATHERINE

Sure it does. I don't pretend to be perfect, but unlike you I do things for reasons that are at least human.

ARISTIDE

Of course you do. Everything humans do is human.

SYLVIA

Steed, you should stop.

ARISTIDE

Oh, don't worry. I'm not going to show everyone what Katherine found out about Diogo.

DIOGO

I think we all know.

ARISTIDE

The second time.

*Beat.*

*DIOGO looks inquiringly at KATHERINE. Everyone else watches the two of them.*

KATHERINE

Diogo, I did it to protect you. So that if Dolph went there I could warn you. I figured maybe he already knew the other.

DIOGO

But you figured there was more. So you were watching to see if Dolph was into my stuff?

KATHERINE

Yes.

DIOGO

And in the process you saw the stuff.

KATHERINE

I wasn't going to spread it. I barely looked at it, really.

DIOGO

Oh my god. That? You saw that?

KATHERINE

Yes.

DIOGO

Oh, Jesus. Oh, fuck. How could you?

KATHERINE

It's okay, Diogo, it means nothing to me and I won't—

DIOGO

But, Kit. For fuck sake.

ARISTIDE

See what damage well-meaning meddling liberals can do?

SYLVIA

Steed, that's it. No more.

ARISTIDE

Speaking of liberals.

SYLVIA

And speaking of principles, we had an agreement.

ARISTIDE

Sure, we did. But we didn't need it, did we? I may hate the police state more than anyone—

MILO

The what?

ARISTIDE

Call it whatever, the authorities, the government, the people on top who want to stifle our freedoms.

SYLVIA

Listen to this white boy.

MILO

Steed, you are a mess.

ARISTIDE

I assure you I am fully aware of my shortcomings, which is more than I can say for some other people here.

SYLVIA

Steed, you'd better stop now.

ARISTIDE

See, folks, for those of you who don't know, our dear friend Sylvia, Ms. level-head, the voice of reason, has been screwing one of her own clients.

SYLVIA

Don't talk about what you don't understand, Steed.

ARISTIDE

I understand that you think the client—a large financial institution that I won't name—has been discriminating against your people, and so you've disclosed selected information—

SYLVIA

Not selected, it's all in context if that's what you mean.

ARISTIDE

I was trying to put a good face on it, but no, not selected, great gobs of data to the local rabble-rousers—

SYLVIA

Black Lives Matter are not rabble-rousers.

ARISTIDE

Okay, activists, whatever you want to call yourselves, and that's why we have these big riots. I mean, demonstrations.

*Sylvia is tapping her phone.*

ARISTIDE

Before you send that stuff out to our own little mailing list here—

SYLVIA

Too late, Aristide.

*Beat while everyone checks their phones.*

ARISTIDE

Shit. Nobody knows this. Not even my family.

SYLVIA

I would say, especially your family. But they will soon. I have their addresses, of course. *(She taps her phone.)* And here—

ARISTIDE

Sylvia, you might consider someone else in the room.

*Sylvia stops. And looks around. Her eyes stop at Milo.*

MILO

*(To ARISTIDE)* You mean me, you little shit?

SYLVIA

Milo, stop.

MILO

The old fashioned way is starting to look pretty good.

*MILO takes two steps threateningly towards ARISTIDE, who retreats.*

ARISTIDE

No doubt you could smash me to bits, Milo. But the same mutually assured destruction would apply, even to your girlfriend.

MILO

Even more reason.

ARISTIDE

You've been hacked, Milo. And the hacker left tracks.

SYLVIA

Steed, you motherfucker.

ARISTIDE

See? Information will out. But it wasn't me. I'm just a spectator.

MILO

*(Not understanding, looks to SYLVIA.)* Sylvia? What?

SYLVIA

I wanted. Oh, Milo, it doesn't matter to me.

MILO

*(Understanding)* You've seen.

SYLVIA

I wanted to protect you. Your security is so weak. I thought, I mean, it doesn't make any difference to our relationship.

*Milo backs away from her.*

SYLVIA

Milo?

*During the following sequence, SYLVIA and MILO are silently locked into each other and ignore the others. ARISTIDE is a bystander.*

DIOGO

I'm done. Finished.

ADOLPHUS

I think we're all done.

DIOGO

No. I mean I'm done with you, Dolph, totally. Finished. No more. You can have your fucking apartment back, too, no need to get the rest of your stuff. I'm going there to pack a bag. Please take your time here because I don't want to see you again. I'll get the rest of my stuff tomorrow while you're working and then you can move back in and change the locks.

KATHERINE

I'll call you, Diogo.

DIOGO

No, Kit. No thanks. What someone said about family? I'm divorcing, disowning, whatever the word is, just like I did with my real family, cutting you off. All of you. Sylvia, Milo, thanks for your generosity. The rest of you, good luck.

*DIOGO starts to leave.*

DIOGO

*(Continued)* You know what's funny? I've always liked being naked. But I guess there's such a thing as too naked.

*DIOGO exits*



KATHERINE

I need to go too. I have a big day tomorrow. Oh, shit. I just can't face. Please don't anyone call me. I'm sorry, Sylvia. I just can't see. Not any more.

*KATHERINE exits.*

ADOLPHUS

My turn, I guess. There's a nice inviting bar between here and my house. I don't know the name or the address, but I'm sure I can find it and linger there long enough for Diogo to finish. Won't take him long, he's not one for possessions. Sylvia, Milo, I'm sorry. I'm not sure what for, but I need to apologize to someone and Diogo won't listen, Katherine's gone, and Aristide? Need I say more?

*Silence.*

ADOLPHUS

*(Continued)* Obviously I need not say more. Except. I know nobody wants to hear from me. And I don't expect to hear from you. And I'll probably be working long hours for a while. And evidently I can't keep my mouth shut. Well.

*ADOLPHUS exits.*

ARISTIDE

None of this would have happened if people had proper respect for boundaries.

SYLVIA

Get the fuck out, Steed.

ARISTIDE

It's not my fault. I just did what was necessary. If you all paid more attention—

SYLVIA

Out. Now.

ARISTIDE

Okay.

SYLVIA

Forever, Steed.

*ARISTIDE takes one look at SYLVIA and MILO, and exits. Once alone, they resume their conversation, but slowly, as after a catastrophe.*

MILO

*(In shock.)* Why?

SYLVIA

I don't know.

MILO

You didn't trust me. I would've told you about it in time, you know.

SYLVIA

It wasn't that.

MILO

No?

SYLVIA

I see this kind of stuff all the time, you know? And I thought, just in case somebody else—

MILO

I get it. Protecting me. Preventive. Like Kit did for Diogo.

SYLVIA

Sort of, yeah.

MILO

The thing itself isn't it, you know.

SYLVIA

Milo, it won't stop me loving you.

MILO

Won't it?

SYLVIA

No. I know you. This doesn't matter to me.

MILO

Maybe it matters to me. And maybe it matters that you went rifling through my underwear drawer and my garbage can to dig up something you didn't even know existed.

SYLVIA

*(Acknowledging what he said.)* I thought I was better than my friends, but I guess not.

MILO

Your friends. Nice bunch they are.

SYLVIA

Aren't they, though. Ex-friends. The group's done, you don't have to see them again. And I'll fix it. I know how to erase things, too, you know.

MILO

You saw. You can't un-see.

SYLVIA

*(Panicking.)* I'll show you mine.

MILO

Sylvia.

SYLVIA

Really, I will. You think I don't have things to hide?

MILO

That's the whole point, Sylvia. Things to hide.

SYLVIA

But I'll share them.

MILO

I don't want to see them, Sylvia.

SYLVIA

I'm sorry, Milo.

MILO

You saw it, and that's horrible to me. But it's not the worst.

SYLVIA

Milo—

MILO

The worst is that you didn't trust me and you spied on me, damn it. You spied.

SYLVIA

Milo, I'm so sorry.

MILO

I know you are. But I have to leave.

*MILO exits to bedroom.*

SYLVIA

*(Shouting through the doorway.)* I'll warm up the moussaka for when you get back.

*MILO returns with the small bag he usually takes to work.*

MILO

I mean leave, Sylvia. Not go out to shoot pool. Leave. I'll come back for the rest of my stuff later.

*MILO goes to front door.*

MILO

*(Continued)* I still love you, Sylvia. All I ever wanted to do since I met you was hang out with you, and take breaks for pool and beer. But I can't now. I just can't. I'm sorry.

*MILO exits through front door. Lights dim on SYLVIA, standing alone.*

*Blackout.*