

MORTAL SOIL

"Pearl Street"

A full length play

By

Dana Coen

Dramadc12@gmail.com
661-904-2415
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MORTAL SOIL

“Pearl Street”

CHARACTERS

TOMMY HANLON, 38: Working class male. Unemployed, driving for Uber.

KEVIN LESTER, 37: Working class male. Employed but unsatisfied.

GARY GRANANGELO, 39: Working class male. A finish carpenter.

PAT BURKE, 38: Working class male. Employed at the unemployment office.

TIME AND SETTING

Present.

Pearl Street in the Charlestown neighborhood of Boston, Massachusetts.

Saturday, early spring afternoon.

MORTAL SOIL

“Pearl Street”

April, 23rd, Saturday, 1:46PM.

AT RISE We discover the living room of an apartment in the Charlestown neighborhood of Boston, Massachusetts.

This is a bachelor’s pad by default. The generic, grey, leather couch, recliner and hassock fail to match the pinkish, filigreed wall paper and fancy window treatments, which reveal a more feminine touch. The door to a bedroom is upstage. A hallway leading off is stage right. The front door is stage left.

The rest of the furniture is low end. The only notable item in the room is a handmade, maple table on which rests a laptop. The mismatched chairs that surround it seem embarrassed by comparison. A large, flat screen TV is surrounded by stacks of video games. A large, piece of rectangular foam board leans against a wall.

A KNOCK on the door.

TOMMY HANLON, 38, wearing a stocking cap, sweatshirt and jeans, ENTERS from the upstage bedroom, texting.

He crosses to the door and OPENS it.

A can of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer SAILS IN from the hallway. Tommy catches it, balancing the phone at the same time.

TOMMY
(enthusiastic)

Fuck, yeah!

KEVIN LESTER (38), ENTERS, carrying a case of PBR. He's wearing a worn "Slayer" t-shirt and cut-offs. His thinning hair is buzzed.

PAT BURKE (38) and GARY GRANANGELO (39) FOLLOW.

High energy GREETINGS ENSUE, complete with CHEERING, low fives, HOOTS AND HOLLERS.

Pat, carrying a large Party City bag, is the runt of the group. His hair is shortish and salt and peppered. He's dressed in khakis and a button-down shirt.

Gary holds a Star Market shopping bag and a long, cardboard tube. His hair is long and well-groomed. He wears a tight work-out shirt, fitted jeans and boots.

Kevin drops the case of beer on the table.

As the scene progresses, the four men set up for a party, including decorating the room and laying out drinks and bowls of snacks.

Pat reveals a "Welcome Back" sign and a dispenser of clear tape. He begins to attach the sign over the door to the bedroom.

KEVIN

(re: Tommy texting)

Ordering a stripper?

TOMMY

Talking to my daughter. I was supposed to pick her up today. Just remembered. We're going to have to make this short. I'll need to leave in an hour.

GARY

Bring Niki here.

TOMMY

Yeah, I'm sure hanging with you losers would be the cherry on the top of her day.

Tommy finishes the text, pockets his phone.

KEVIN

Just as well. Patty brought a porno.

Pat removes a DVD from his bag and tosses it to Tommy.

TOMMY

I don't even know what to say to her these days. She's sixteen. Thank God for phones. Otherwise, we'd spend the time staring at our fucking feet.

(checking out the DVD cover)

"Hard Times." Don't know it.

PAT

Real girls. No silicone.

KEVIN

Let the action begin!

TOMMY

My TV's dead.

Pat and Kevin respond with GROANS.

TOMMY

Got fried in Monday's lightning storm.

GARY

(perusing Tommy's stack of games)

Wait, when was the last time you gamed?

TOMMY

Monday.

GARY

Fuck, Tommy, you're in withdrawal. Have your eyes started bleeding yet?

TOMMY

No, but my nuts shrunk.

GARY
(to Kevin)

Not enough kills.

KEVIN

For sure.

Tommy cracks open his PBR. He'll nurse it.

Pat takes the DVD from Tommy.

PAT

We'll watch it on your laptop.

Pat CROSSES to the table, opens the cover, removes the DVD and loads it into Tommy's laptop.

Gary crosses over.

GARY

Patty, you dropped the cover.

As Pat bends down to look, Gary GOOSES him from behind, causing him CRY OUT.

GARY

Just checking your oil.

LAUGHTER from everyone except Pat.

KEVIN
(to Pat)

I can't believe you're still falling for that. He's been doing it to you since we were thirteen.

PAT
(embarrassed)

Yeah, maybe it's time to stop, okay Gary?

GARY

What? Loosen up. This is a party, smarty.

Gary SMACKS him on the rear. Pat shakes his head at the gesture, continues on with his task.

GARY

(looking around, to Tommy)

The walls are still pink.

TOMMY

It's not pink.

GARY

And those curtains. What the fuck, Tom?

TOMMY

I'll get to it.

KEVIN

It's been eight months.

GARY

It's a man cave, now. Make the switch, baby. Wipe out all traces.

TOMMY

I just haven't gotten around to it.

The SOUND OF ACTIVE SEX suddenly fills the room.

TOMMY

Pat, mute it!

Pat MUTES the sound from the laptop.

TOMMY

And leave it that way. The walls are thin.

Kevin begins breaking out the beers and setting them on the table.

GARY

(to Kevin)

Put something under them. They'll leave a mark.

KEVIN

On what?

GARY

The table.

TOMMY

It was Gary's gift to me when Kathy and I split.

PAT

(to Gary)

You made him a table for leaving his wife?

GARY

He was eating off the hassock.

Kevin lifts the cans, slides over a magazine and places them on top. He then wipes the wet spot clean with the bottom of his t-shirt.

KEVIN

(to Gary)

That's pretty fucking nice of you.

PAT

I was in Petrillos the other day. The cabinets you made for them? Sharp.

GARY

Thanks.

TOMMY

Best finish carpenter in Charlestown.

PAT

I convinced the owner to re-do their bar. You'll be hearing from them.

GARY

I have a two-year waiting list, Pat.

PAT

No shit!

GARY

Always, check with me first. Now, I got to go back and talk them out of it.

PAT

Sorry.

KEVIN

Two fucking years? It's easier to get Pats tickets.

TOMMY

And those are the same hands that pummeled Marty O'Donnell in the Beanpot Tourney.

KEVIN

Best hockey fight ever.

TOMMY

Turned him around, flattened him against the glass and cauliflowered his ears.

KEVIN

I see him ever so often at the Market Basket. He still can't hear for shit.

PAT

(watching the video)

Hey, Kev. Check this out.

Kevin CROSSES over, takes a look at the laptop screen.

KEVIN

(thrilled)

Oh, yeah!

PAT

Doesn't she kind of look like Laurel?

KEVIN

What?

PAT

You know, a younger version.

KEVIN

No.

Tommy and Gary JOIN THEM.

PAT

I'm not saying it is her. This is recent stuff.

KEVIN

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

GARY

I see what he means. With longer hair.

TOMMY

Me too. I mean I never saw your wife in the buff but...

KEVIN

Shut the fuck up! What are you trying to do? There's no resemblance.

PAT

Hey, no harm meant. Just something I noticed.

KEVIN

Well, stop noticing.

PAT

You got it.

Pat, Tommy and Gary quietly retreat as Kevin opens a PBR and begins to slug it down.

GARY

So, where's the man of the moment?

TOMMY

He'll be here.

PAT

Should we turn off the lights?

GARY

What do you have in mind, Patty?

PAT

No, I mean, Kurt doesn't know about this, right? It's a surprise.

TOMMY

He thinks I'm taking him to lunch.

KEVIN

He's going to lose his shit.

TOMMY

The tribe is back!

GARY

Fucking A.

KEVIN

So, he's clean, right?

TOMMY

That's what they told him.

KEVIN

Does he get like a certificate or something?

GARY

It's rehab, Kevin, not charm school.

PAT

Does Beth know?

TOMMY

Not yet. He wants to surprise her?

PAT

Like he did when she found him unconscious in the baby's room?

TOMMY

It's a new start, Pat.

PAT

The BFD's going to reinstate him, right?

TOMMY

He's got to prove he's kicked it.

KEVIN

Doesn't seem fair to me. Shatters an elbow and three vertebrae falling two stories because he didn't want to leave a dog to barbecue on a roof. And what about the doctor who kept refilling his pain meds? How come he wasn't shit-canned? Three months pulling his pud in a facility, and he's got prove to the department he's worthy? It's a fucking crime.

TOMMY

That's why we we're here, to stand in his corner, give him a boost.

KEVIN

It's still bass ackwards. They should be sucking his balls for the all lives he's saved.

PAT

There's no free ride, Kev. We all go to our knees at some point.

KEVIN

Except for you, Patty Melt. How long you been working at the unemployment office?

PAT

Twelve years.

KEVIN

See, we're all fucking stupid. There's a job that never goes away.

PAT

You're working. What are you whining about?

KEVIN

Thirteen an hour repairing garage doors?

PAT

Hey, don't fuck this one up. I've already seen too much of you.

KEVIN

It's not enough. Our expenses are through the roof.

PAT

That dog food plant in Chelsea just re-opened. Check it out. Might be a manager's job available.

KEVIN

Fucking dog food? I'd rather stick a rusty fork in my eye.

PAT

Sounds like a plan. You can go on disability. Give you more time to jerk off.

TOMMY

It's all moot anyway. They hired everyone in the first hour.

PAT

Ah, too bad. I'm sorry, Tom. How you doing? Still driving for Uber?

TOMMY

Yeah, right now.

PAT
Making any scratch?

TOMMY
Here and there.

PAT
Why don't you come by the office? I'll set you up so you have the time to suss out another landscaping gig.

TOMMY
No need.

PAT
It'd be temporary.

TOMMY
I'll get something.

KEVIN
He'll do good by you, Tommy. Got me six extra weeks, even after I reached my limit.

TOMMY
No offense, Kevin, but that's not for me.

PAT
Why is that?

TOMMY
It's something I promised my father. No free money.

PAT
A little strict, don't you think?

TOMMY
No, I get it. It's the man's responsibility to provide for his family. No excuses.

PAT
Yeah, but you don't have anything permanent, and Kathy's got a steady job.

TOMMY
Don't fucking remind me. How do think that makes me feel?

PAT
Well, what about him?

What?
TOMMY

He's always got shit going on. Can he help?
PAT

My Dad?
TOMMY

Yeah, what's he up to?
PAT

Nothing new there.
TOMMY

Been thinking about him
PAT

Why, have you seen him around?
TOMMY

No, in fact I haven't. Where's he been hiding?
PAT

On Phipps Street.
TOMMY

What's out there? You mean past the cemetery?
PAT

No, I mean in it.
TOMMY

He died two and half weeks ago.
KEVIN

No shit! I'm sorry, Tommy. I swear I didn't know.
PAT

Is that why you weren't at the wake?
TOMMY

When was it?
PAT

KEVIN

Two and half weeks ago.

GARY

It's alright, Patty. His old man never liked you anyway.

PAT

What? No. That's not true, he was always nice to me.

GARY

He thought you were a fruit, right Tommy?

PAT

Fuck you, Gary.

GARY

A gay boy. I heard him. It's the way you walk. You got a wiggle there, baby.

PAT

(to Gary)

You're not funny. Tommy, I feel bad. Did you tell me? I don't remember hearing about it.

GARY

Everyone knew.

TOMMY

It's okay, Pat.

PAT

Was there an email or notice somewhere?

TOMMY

We put the word out. I'm not angry. Let it go.

PAT

What happened?

TOMMY

Heart failure.

PAT

Shit! I would have wanted to be there.

TOMMY

I know.

PAT

He was our Sunday school teacher. He'd say..."Hey, stop slumping. When you straightened up, he'd go, "See....

PAT

"Jesus has got your back."

TOMMY

"Jesus has got your back."

TOMMY

His favorite line.

PAT

You two were so close.

TOMMY

Yeah.

PAT

Fucking tough year for you, man.

TOMMY

Is it?

PAT

Are you joking? You lose your job, your Dad and your wife?

KEVIN

He didn't just lose his wife. He lost her to a black lesbo. That kind of shit can make your head explode.

GARY

Yeah, how'd you let that happen, man?

TOMMY

They met after we separated. Anyway, you got to laugh. It's a fucking joke.

GARY

I don't see you laughing, buddy.

PAT

It's okay to feel bad, Tom.

KEVIN

Yeah, It's going to take time.

TOMMY

Wait a minute. You're feeling sorry for me? Fuck that shit. Nobody in this room passes the relationship test. Patty, how many dating sites are you registered on? Any luck? They're all fucking desperate, right? Just like you?

GARY

Easy, guy.

TOMMY

Sure thing, Romeo. Plan on bed hopping when you're seventy? And, Kevin, when was the last time you screwed Laurel?

KEVIN

(beat, vulnerable)

She's always with the kid.

TOMMY

Sure. I get it. And, my ex-wife is looney tunes. Here's my point. I'll get through it. You know why? I got friends. That's the one constant in my life. My Dad's gone. My mother cries twenty four/seven. My sister's three hundred pounds. But, my friends have always been my friends. That's never changed.

GARY

And never will.

TOMMY

There's nothing better.

KEVIN

Well...maybe a hum job.

LAUGHTER from the group.

PAT

Just so you know, I met someone.

KEVIN

No shit! She got four limbs?

They LAUGH again.

PAT

(asking for fairness)

C'mon!

PAT (CONT'D)

(beat)

That was two years ago already.

TOMMY

So she swiped right, huh?

PAT

No, actually. We met in a car wash. She's Slovenian. Has two kids, boys. Eight and thirteen.

KEVIN

Is it serious?

PAT

It's only been a month but I like her. She's on the heavy side but she's smart.

GARY

Where's the father?

PAT

He killed himself.

KEVIN

Shit!

PAT

He was an engineer, moved his family here to head up a waste management project. I guess he was having a hard time adjusting. I don't know much more. She's only talked about him a little bit. Anyway, he didn't leave them anything, her English is rough and the youngest has pretty bad allergies, so...it's been a challenge for her.

Long beat as they take this in.

GARY

Okay. Well...enjoy.

KEVIN

She seen your pecker?

PAT

We haven't slept together yet. It's hard with the kids.

KEVIN

I want to be there when she unzips the T-Rex.

TOMMY

Stand back!

KEVIN

(to Pat)

You don't want to break anything.

GARY

Yeah, like her nose.

More LAUGHTER.

PAT

(not amused)

Hilarious.

TOMMY

(righting the ship)

Good to hear, Pat. Hope it works out. You deserve it.

PAT

Thanks, Tommy.

GARY

(to Tommy)

What about you? Anyone in your sights?

TOMMY

I'm not ready yet.

GARY

Jesus, how long do you need?

TOMMY

I just don't have the energy to focus on it right now.

KEVIN

Not feeling it, huh?

TOMMY

Oh, I'm doing plenty of that.

A final, bonding LAUGH, which softens the mood.

TOMMY

(a beat, checking)

Kevin, what I said...nothing personal.

KEVIN

I know.

TOMMY

How is your boy?

KEVIN

He talked last week...for the first time.

PAT

Shit, is that right?

TOMMY

That's great news, man!

KEVIN

Yeah, it was pretty fucking exciting.

GARY

What'd he say?

KEVIN

Not sure. But I think it was."Dad."

They crowd him with supportive high fives and back slaps.

Tommy's PHONE DINGS, he glances at a text.

TOMMY

(unhappy)

Fuck!

PAT

That doesn't sound good.

TOMMY

Nah, it's okay.

GARY

What is it, Tom?

TOMMY

Don't worry about it.

GARY

Okay, now, I'm worried. Out with it.

TOMMY

(trying to make light of it)

It's from Niki. Kathy wants me to bring the check. I'm a week late.

KEVIN

How much you have?

TOMMY

I'm short two-hundred.

PAT

That's why you haven't fixed your TV yet.

TOMMY

I will. I just haven't gotten paid.

Gary pulls his wallet out of his back pocket.

TOMMY

(to Gary)

Hey, put that away.

Gary snatches three hundred dollar bills from the wallet, approaches.

GARY

No chance of that.

Gary offers up the money.

GARY

There's an extra bill. Take your daughter out to dinner. She in JP?

TOMMY

Yeah, at her Great Gram's house.

GARY

Go to Doyle's. Order the wings platter. There's nothing like food to open up the conversation.

TOMMY

You know this kind of shit makes me uncomfortable.

GARY

More than civil court?

PAT

Take it, Tommy.

TOMMY

It's a loan, okay? Not a gift.

GARY

Sure.

TOMMY

Three percent interest.

GARY

Whatever works for you, pal.

Tommy reflects for a moment, accepts the money and bro-hugs Gary.

KEVIN

You're the fucking best, Gary.

(having fun)

Can you help me out with the down payment on a Suzuki GSX?

Gary playfully gives him the finger.

KEVIN

Is that a hard no?

GARY

Where the fuck is Kurt? Should be here by now.

(to Tommy)

Anything from him?

Tommy checks his phone, shakes his head.

GARY

He confirmed, right?

TOMMY

Yeah.

GARY

He's never had the best timing.

TOMMY

Except when it counts...like the night he pulled that Mexican from a wreck.

GARY

He was Guatemalan.

TOMMY

Whatever. Kurt's one of the good guys.

PAT

I remember that. It was Halloween. He was dressed like a pirate, did the whole rescue with one eye.

KEVIN

Yeah, and the beaner never even thanked him.

TOMMY

He didn't speak English.

GARY

The illegal fucker.

PAT

How do you know he was illegal?

GARY

Isn't it obvious?

PAT

I meet with legals all the time who don't speak English.

GARY

Well, he wasn't president of the fucking bar association. I can tell you that. Do you make them learn our language over there?

PAT

We can't make them do anything. I tell them it's in their best interest.

GARY

You speak theirs.

PAT

It's a requirement of the job.

GARY

You're letting them off too easy.

PAT

Most are disadvantaged.

TOMMY

So, you make fucking lemonade. I don't get that argument.

KEVIN

Yeah, what about us? We're Townies. No one in this room had a soft landing. But, we got in line like everyone else. Then someone comes along and says, "Sorry, I'm cutting this guy in because he's "dis-fucking-advantaged." And I'm thinking, "Wait a minute. He got out of line in his own country. Let him go to the end here."

TOMMY

Makes sense to me.

GARY

(to all of them)

That's only the tip of the fucking iceberg. Here.

Gary pulls out his smart phone, opens it and punches up a screen.

GARY

Check it out.

They gather around to look at it.

GARY

You want to know why we get sick? It's not China. This article traces the last three viruses back to the southern border.

No. Really? TOMMY

Came right up for you, huh? PAT
(re: the article)

Staying informed. GARY

That is some scary shit. KEVIN

I don't know about this, Gary. Where'd you find that? PAT
(skeptical)

Just type in migrants. Boom. GARY

On your phone. PAT

What? GARY

It knows what you read so it's giving you more of the same. PAT

Okay. Let me ask you a question. Is there a bottle of anti-bacterial lotion on your desk? GARY
(beat)

Yeah. PAT

Why? GARY

You know, a precaution. PAT

Against what? GARY

PAT

Don't take me there. I deal with all kinds of people...white, black, brown....

GARY

Two thirds are not white though. You just said it.

PAT

I don't know the percentages.

GARY

(to the others)

Do you use that shit...Tommy, Kev?

TOMMY

Nah.

KEVIN

Not really.

GARY

Neither do I.

(to Pat)

Whether you're willing to admit it or not, you're proving my point. You think the people who come into your office, many of whom are new and of Latin descent...I'm using the right term here, are, uh.....Someone give me a proper way of saying this....

KEVIN

Germ?y?

GARY

Try harder.

TOMMY

Infected.

GARY

There you go.

(to Pat)

I'm talking about it, but you do it unconsciously. Did you use some before you came up here?

PAT

No, but I trust you guys.

GARY

(convinced he's got him)

Exactly!

PAT
(frustrated)

I mean I know you.

Gary pulls up another article on his phone.

GARY
Go ahead, deny it. It's your ass, my man. Look at this. They're streaming across the border now. It's like the fucking damn burst.

TOMMY
(to Gary)
Gary, put it away. You're depressing the shit out of me. Got any good news to spread?

GARY
Yeah, Kurt is out. The tribe is back.

Gary pockets his phone.

KEVIN
I'm good with that.

Kevin pops open another PBR.

GARY
He better show up. I spent hours on this thing.

Gary reveals the long, cardboard tube.

PAT
Yeah, what is that?

GARY
It's his gift.

Gary pops open the top of the tube and pulls out a large, hand-made, wooden sword, crowned with an ancient cross, encased in a circle...the Celtic Cross.

KEVIN
Holy shit!

Gary holds the base with two hands, expertly slashes it through the air.

TOMMY

Wow! That's something.

GARY

Made of walnut so it's got weight. Could do a fair bit of damage.

He hands the sword to Kevin.

KEVIN

I'm there. Who's the victim?

TOMMY

(to Gary)

He'll love it. Only you could come up with something like this.

PAT

So...why a sword?

GARY

It's for show. A reminder of the power we carry within us.

PAT

The design is like from the crusades, right?

GARY

Smart guy you are. An exact, wooden duplicate. You like it?

PAT

I'm not sure I get it.

GARY

It's for his confidence. Think of it as a metaphor, a way of cutting out what's blocking the way.

PAT

(shrugging)

Okay.

TOMMY

I give you credit, man. The work you do. This is like my dream...finding that skill, that thing, that way of making your mark.

GARY

Yeah? What are you thinking?

TOMMY

I don't know.

(beat)

Maybe massage.

They all stare back, not sure what to make of
this idea.

KEVIN

As in parlor?

TOMMY

No, like training to be a masseuse. I got strong hands. Used to turn Kathy into Jello.

PAT

You mean rubbing down athletes?

TOMMY

Whoever?

GARY

Where'd this come from?

TOMMY

Just a thought.

KEVIN

Maybe you should keep it that way.

TOMMY

Why?

KEVIN

Doesn't feel like you. Get back to digging in the ground.

PAT

Yeah, you're good at it, and it keeps you in shape.

TOMMY

There's nothing out there. I've looked. And, it's too seasonal.

(frustrated)

I just want to find the thing I do best, that's all.

GARY

You will.

TOMMY

I'm not getting any fucking younger.

Tommy retrieves the large piece of foam board leaning against the wall and turns it around, revealing an enlarged, mounted photo on the other side, featuring five young men on a boat..

TOMMY

I had this blown up for him. The five of us fishing off Woods Hole.

He displays it. They react with surprise and pleasure.

PAT

Shit! What, were we in our twenties?

KEVIN

Look at what a stud I was. How come I didn't get laid more?

GARY

Because you were always drunk on your ass.

TOMMY

Yeah, like the time you hurled all over Haley Thorensen's cat.

KEVIN

She wasn't going to put out anyway.

(suddenly guilty)

Fuck. I didn't know we were supposed to bring a gift? Will the beer work?

GARY

He just got out of rehab, dingleberry. What about you, Pat?

PAT

You mean my gift?

GARY

No, did you ever put out for Kevin?

PAT

You got a fucked up sense of humor, Gary.

GARY

When'd you get so sensitive? What'd you get him?

PAT

I...wrote him a poem.

KEVIN

What kind of poem? "Roses are red, Violets are blue, I've got a dick, so do you?"

PAT

Yeah, just like that.

GARY

Can we hear it?

PAT

It's not something I was planning on sharing.

GARY

(mock concerned)

Uh oh!

PAT

(to Gary, annoyed)

It's personal.

GARY

Is it perfumed?

TOMMY

Gary, don't be a dick.

GARY

What, now you got a problem?

TOMMY

That stuff was funny when we were kids. Now, it just feels like you're trying to humiliate him.

GARY

Are you fucking kidding me?!

TOMMY

Haven't we eaten enough shit? The last thing we should be doing is feeding it to each other.

GARY

When did you become the PC police?

TOMMY

(not backing down)

Dial it down, okay?

GARY

(beat, disgusted)

Sure thing, Tommy boy. Kevin, toss me that bag of pretzels.

Pat acknowledges Tommy's support with a look

Kevin crosses over to the table, picks up and slings the bag of pretzels over to Gary.

As he passes by the laptop, he stops, gazes at it for a moment.

KEVIN

(painfully)

Patty!

PAT

What's up?

KEVIN

What'd you do to me? Now I can't get the image of her out of my head.

PAT

Well, don't look.

GARY

Turn it off. What are we watching these whores for anyway?

PAT

It's for Kurt. He loves this shit.

GARY

He's got a wife who looks like Taylor Swift but he'd rather fill his brain with sex trash?
(checking his watch, impatient)

If he's not here in ten, I'm gone.

Tommy checks his phone.

TOMMY

He might be trying to call. I got one bar. I'm going outside, see if I can pick up a better signal.

Tommy heads for the door, opens it.

TOMMY

Don't stink up my bathroom.

Tommy EXITS.

A few beats as Gary, Kevin and Pat settle in.
Pat watches the video passively. Kevin drinks.
Gary opens the bag of pretzels, snacks. After a beat.

KEVIN

He might have gone over to Beth's first.

PAT

I can see him doing that.

KEVIN

Gary, you okay?

GARY

Sure.

KEVIN

You're not mad at Kurt are you?

GARY

No. It'll be good to have him back.

PAT

Tough transition. Not going to be easy. He hasn't seen his kid in two months. He's probably walking by now.

KEVIN

Fucking shame. Those are the best moments of your life.

GARY

Different for you, though, right? What, was he about four?

KEVIN
Yeah.

GARY
Is he eight now?

KEVIN
Nine.

GARY
What's the ceiling for him?

KEVIN
They don't know.

GARY
Will he ever be able to talk in sentences?

KEVIN
Probably not.

PAT
But, he's improving. That's what's important.

GARY
The money for his care is what's important.
(to Kevin)
You still fighting with Social Security over his benefits?

KEVIN
Yeah, there's a special place in hell for those fuckers.

PAT
What happened? I thought your lawyer took care of that.

KEVIN
Now they're disputing the chromosomal analysis.

PAT
Why?

KEVIN
He thinks the lab fucked up. We're already six thousand in the hole to this guy. I don't know how much longer we can keep going. I'm maxing out my cards.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I called the agency the other day, got some bitch on the line who wouldn't transfer me to her boss. I said, "Look, I'll bring him in. He can't speak and he's on a leash. What you the fuck do you need a lab report for?" She hung up.

(beat)

The thing is, all you have to do is look in his eyes. There's a person in there. And he's looking back.

GARY

I give you a world of credit, Kev. Not sure I could have made that choice.

KEVIN

Laurel had three miscarriages. This was the one that took.

GARY

I know.

KEVIN

And he's worth every fucking bit of it. He's my boy.

GARY

Right.

KEVIN

I need another beer.

Kevin CROSSES over to the stacked beer cans.

PAT

Time to downshift, buddy. Pace yourself.

Kevin ignores him, grabs two, hands one to Pat.

KEVIN

Here you go. I don't like drinking alone.

Kevin pops the top on his.

KEVIN

Did you hear me?

Pat responds by opening his can.

PAT

At least have something to eat.

He offers Kevin a bowl of chips.

KEVIN

(rejecting it)

Na ah. Hate that crap. Should've ordered a party platter.

PAT

We can go out later, hit the Dunkies in Auburn Square.

KEVIN

I don't want coffee.

PAT

Have a sandwich.

GARY

What are you, his wet nurse? Leave him be.

PAT

I'm his friend. And I don't appreciate the references.

GARY

The what?!

PAT

Can you stop already? I'm not a girl. I'm not gay, and I'm not your fucking goose monkey. I'm done with that shit.

GARY

You sure it's not you? Maybe you've lost your sense of humor. Maybe that's it.

PAT

I've lost my patience. Get a new act. This one is fucking lame. Kevin, you think the way Granangelo treats me is funny?

KEVIN

Leave me out of this.

PAT

Just answer.

KEVIN

I don't know, sometimes. It's Gary. He's always been like that.

PAT

Not to you. Or Tommy. Or even Kurt.

(beat)

Let me ask you, was it Gary who told you about Dan Hanlon's wake?

KEVIN

Yeah, I think so.

PAT

(to Gary)

Did Tommy put you in charge of getting out the word?

GARY

I don't know. Did he?

PAT

I'm thinking he did. And, you told everyone except me.

GARY

Back off, Burke.

PAT

You made a conscious choice to leave me out.

GARY

Dip your dick in ice water.

PAT

Just answer the question. Why would you do that?

GARY

(giving in)

'Cause you ask for it, you fucking douche pistol!

(there, it's done)

You're always on the other side of the argument.

PAT

And, that's a reason to call me gay?

GARY

Chill. It's just what comes out.

PAT

Okay, you know what? That makes a certain amount of sense to me. I always get the same kind of attention from you. This is your fucking problem.

GARY

Get lost.

PAT

If you're calling me out for being the girl maybe it's because you want it to be true.

KEVIN

Patty, what the fuck?!

PAT

Tell me I'm wrong.

GARY

(his back up)

You better shut it down, dude. You're crossing the line.

PAT

The other guys don't act this way towards me. It's only you.

Gary advances towards Pat.

GARY

(tense, grim)

You hear what I said?

PAT

What are you going to do punch me...or kiss me?

Gary LUNGES at Pat, but is intercepted by Kevin who tries to push him back.

KEVIN

Hey, HEY!

Gary tries to fight his way over to Pat, who taunts him by holding his arms out and his palms up.

Tommy ENTERS through the front door, sees the commotion and joins Kevin in trying to separate them.

TOMMY

Whoa, whoa! Gary, ease up. C'mon! Back off!

Gary finally relents. After a few moments things settle.

TOMMY

What is this?

KEVIN

Some crazy fucking shit.

TOMMY

You two have been at each other since you got here. This is supposed to be a celebration.

GARY

Yeah? Well, where the fuck is the person we're celebrating?

TOMMY

I just found him.

PAT

No shit! He on his way?

KEVIN

Where was he?

TOMMY

Shut up and I'll tell you. I go out to the street, call his number. No answer. I try again. Nothing. The third time, like off in the distance...I hear this ring tone. It's barely audible, but I can tell it's the theme from "Mission Impossible." That's the one he uses. So, I'm looking around, but I don't see him. Then about six parked cars up, I spot the fender of his truck. I go up and I look inside...and there he is in the driver's seat.

KEVIN

So, is he coming in?

TOMMY

No.

KEVIN

Why the fuck not?

TOMMY

He's passed out and his door is locked. There's an empty Tequila bottle on the floor.

GARY

He's fucking drunk?!

PAT

Were the keys in the ignition?

TOMMY

No.

PAT

You're saying he parked and got blasted before he unlocked the door?

TOMMY

Or drove over that way.

GARY

That's a fucking scary thought.

TOMMY

I yelled at him, even banged on the window. He's out cold.

GARY

Jesus H. Fucking Christ!

Tommy heads for the bedroom.

GARY

Where are you going?

TOMMY

To get a hanger.

GARY

You know those don't work anymore.

TOMMY

They do on late models.

GARY

Tom! Wait up. Let's talk about this.

Tommy slows, turns to them.

GARY

You're going break into a truck in the middle of the day...while the driver is still in it?

TOMMY

We got to get him out of there before someone else does.

GARY

You might as well hold up a sign that says "Please post videos of this everywhere."

TOMMY

What's your plan?

GARY

Let's at least wait until dark.

TOMMY

I got to pick up Niki. I'm already late and they're all the way the fuck in Jamaica Plain.

KEVIN

You better rethink that one, Tom. This is a fucking soup sandwich.

PAT

I'm having trouble getting my head around this. Even if he were itching to get off the wagon, why would he be so obvious about it?

TOMMY

I guess he couldn't help himself. I don't know.

GARY

When this shit is over I'm going to flatten his fucking nose.

TOMMY

Let's ease off the judgment for the time being. We don't know the story yet.

GARY

We know enough. Let's just leave him there.

KEVIN

We can't do that? He's one of us.

GARY

Not any more. He jumped the shark on this one.

PAT

(to Gary)

When were you appointed chairman of the membership committee?

GARY

The day after you were admitted apparently.

TOMMY

Enough, okay. Let's take stock here. We're talking about a guy that spent his life saving people. Who's more worthy than that?

KEVIN

Well said, Tommy boy. Let's figure this shit out.

PAT

How's this? Two of us go back down, one to jimmy the door lock, the other to act as a lookout and draw attention away from what's happening.

TOMMY

Are you volunteering?

PAT

(to Kevin)

Remember the time in high school when we jacked that Camaro and you spilled a pint of Boone's Farm all over the passenger seat?

KEVIN

Yeah, you made me leave five bucks on the console.

PAT

(to Tommy)

We'll do it. And forget the hanger. That's old school. I'll grab a tennis ball from my car.

GARY

How does that work?

PAT

You put a hole in it, cover the door lock and punch it. The blast of air pushes up the mechanism.

KEVIN

Pretty sweet, huh?

TOMMY

What are you going to do once you get in?

Pat and Kevin stare back.

TOMMY

Move him over to the passenger seat and drive the truck around to the back of the building. Use my landlord's parking space. We can bring him up through the basement entrance.

Pat nods and Kevin gives Tommy the thumbs up as they head out.

TOMMY

Kevin...leave the beer.

Kevin stops, slugs down the remainder of his beer, crumples the can and tosses it to Tommy.

TOMMY

And let Pat drive.

Pat and Kevin EXIT.

A long beat as Tommy and Gary absorb what's going on.

TOMMY

(to Gary)

What do you think? We stick him in the shower?

GARY

(grim)

Fucking Kurt.

TOMMY

Why are you ragging on him so much?

GARY

I thought he had more self discipline.

TOMMY

He's an addict.

GARY

My point.

TOMMY

Did something go down between you two?

GARY

No, we're good. I was just counting on him.

TOMMY

For what?

GARY

He tell you anything about us?

TOMMY

I don't think so. What are you getting at?

GARY

We'll leave it at that.

TOMMY

Wait. What is it you don't think I can handle?

GARY

I got a better question. Why aren't you angrier?

TOMMY

What the fuck does that mean?

GARY

Your life's in the crapper, and you've done nothing to deserve it. Doesn't that tick you off?

TOMMY

Sure.

GARY

So, what are you doing about it?

TOMMY

I've been telling you. I need a new direction, something that's different from....

GARY

Stop taking responsibility. It's not your fault.

TOMMY

Does it matter?

GARY

Sure as fuck does. If we don't change what's wrong, it'll change us.

TOMMY

What's wrong?

GARY

Nothing we don't have the power to fix. And there's never been a better moment than right now. This is the fucking worst time to give in to your weaknesses. We're being heard now. But, we have to keep the pressure on or it'll all go away.

TOMMY

(beat)

Let me see your right bicep.

GARY

Why?

TOMMY

Kurt has a tat on his. It's a Viking symbol of some kind.

GARY

You think I have one?

TOMMY

Do you?

GARY

(beat)

It's a Nordic rune, the symbol for strength.

TOMMY

If I were a cop, what would I call it?

GARY

Don't play games. I know where you're going with this.

TOMMY

Are you into White Power?

GARY

Don't tell me you haven't considered it.

TOMMY

I haven't considered it.

GARY

Are you interested?

TOMMY

Why you of all people? Your life is working.

GARY

To who? You? Sure. The libs think I'm irrelevant, or, worse, to blame for everything.

TOMMY

Based on what?

GARY

The way they look at me.

TOMMY

Are you talking about that interior decorator you were banging, the one you said made you feel like shit?

GARY

It's all of them...the business owners, the programmers, the lawyers. I build stuff for these fuckers. They live in gated communities, offer me water in paper cups, make me take off my work boots when I come in. I once dropped a hammer on my right foot, was limping for a week.

TOMMY

So, fuck 'em.

GARY

That's exactly the response they're looking for. It's passive. You get that? You still can't access their privilege. It isolates you. They don't have to do shit now. You've already turned your back on them. You have to engage, face them, show them you matter, and that you deserve to be respected. And don't give me a bullshit response. I know you feel the same way.

TOMMY

(beat)

Yeah, okay.

GARY

Here's the difference. I'm doing something about it.

TOMMY

What exactly are you doing?

GARY

We have events.

TOMMY

Yeah, I've seen them on the news. Were you both at the last one?

GARY

We were there.

TOMMY

Excuse me for not noticing. I was focused on the guy with the swastika ball cap.

GARY

Those rallies attract a mixed bag. We're just trying to keep from losing our identity.

TOMMY

Did you bring Kurt into this?

GARY

Other way around.

TOMMY

Really. Why hasn't he said something?

GARY

Well, look at your reaction.

TOMMY

What about Kevin? He's on your wave length.

GARY

How many times did you pick him to be on your ball team?

Silence from Tommy.

GARY

He's unreliable.

TOMMY

But, Kurt? I don't get it.

GARY

Talk to him about what he's seen. He's been in every junky neighborhood.....three families living in the same apartment, unsupervised kids, trash everywhere.

TOMMY

And that's his reason for hating them?

GARY

They don't belong here. This is a white country.

TOMMY

Used to be a red one.

GARY

Yeah, well, they gave in. Won't happen this time.

TOMMY

But, why take it this far?

GARY

Why not? Nothing else has worked. This has always been your soft spot. You're too decent.

TOMMY

That's your brother talking.

GARY

He's right.

TOMMY

He's doing twenty to life.

GARY

For taking out a fucking child molester! Faggot D.A. had it out for him from the start.

TOMMY

He crossed the line, Gary.

GARY

Who drew the fucking line? Not us. This is our chance to grab the marker. And, when we do, that black-ass, fruit fly will be the first on my list.

TOMMY

So this is about Frank?

GARY

It's about justice, dude. White genocide. We gave them a little education, a boost from racial quotas and now they're swapping us out for their incarcerated friends. The whole fucking thing has flipped. It needs to stop here, and we're the only ones who have the balls to lead the charge. We've got to stay solid, shoulder to shoulder. It comes down to brotherhood, you understand?

TOMMY
That part, sure.

GARY
Then walk with me.

TOMMY
To where? What's the reward?

GARY
We're getting attention.

TOMMY
What kind?

GARY
Any kind. It's all good. Isn't that clear to you these days?

TOMMY
From the cops too?

GARY
(beat)
Yeah.

TOMMY
Thanks, but no fucking way.

GARY
It's okay. We've gone stealth.

TOMMY
What does that mean?

GARY
If you're interested in finding out, join up.

TOMMY
(troubled beat)
There was a homeless Puerto Rican roughed up by the Fenway T Station a few weeks back. You heard about that, right?

GARY
Hard to miss. It was on the news for days.

TOMMY

He was beaten senseless and then pissed on. They found the phrase “one hundred percent” written in pen on his forearm

GARY

(beat)

Your point?

TOMMY

Police called it a white supremacist slogan. That’s bad shit. Not my game.

GARY

Maybe it was a revenge attack...the guy raped his mother or something.

TOMMY

That’s your answer?

GARY

Why are you crying over this derelict?

TOMMY

Someone needs to.

GARY

You going someplace with this?

TOMMY

You and Kurt have season’s tickets, right?

GARY

We’re not at every game.

TOMMY

Just the ones where they’re handing out freebies. You got an apartment full of them.

GARY

What?

TOMMY

While I was looking for a way to get into Kurt’s truck, I noticed a souvenir Red Sox bat in the back seat. It looked scuffed-up and dirty.

(beat)

Or, maybe it wasn’t dirt.

GARY
(suddenly upset)

What'd you say?

Gary marches up to Tommy, gets in his face.

TOMMY

Were you there that night?

Gary grabs Tommy by his sweat shirt and twists it with his hand.

GARY

Are you fucking serious?!

TOMMY

Calm down.

GARY

How long have you known me?

TOMMY

Gary, were you at that game?

GARY

Don't you ever insult me like that again! I'm not some cartoon villain.

TOMMY

Just answer the fucking question!

GARY
(furious)

Yeah, we were there! It was a goddamn shit show. Bullpen melted down in the eighth, gave up three runs. Fucking gutless bums!

Tommy stares back incredulously. The silence is thick with tension.

GARY

Don't look at me like that. I'll tear your fucking head off.

Pat and Kevin ENTER from the front door.
They appear dazed, grim.

Gary lets go of Tommy's shirt.

Patty tosses a set of car keys on the table.

TOMMY
(addressing them)

You park around back?

PAT

No.

TOMMY

Why not?

PAT

Things got fucked up.

TOMMY

Did someone see you?

PAT

There's no one out there.

TOMMY

So, what's the problem?

KEVIN

That bottle? Dry as a bone. It's been there for months.

TOMMY
(anticipatory)

Okay.

Kevin starts to hyperventilate.

KEVIN

He's not drunk.

He heads for the beer, cracks open a can, starts to guzzle.

GARY

Is he sick?

PAT
I wish.

GARY
What does that mean?

PAT
(devastated)
He's dead.

TOMMY
What?!

PAT
No pulse.

TOMMY
No. That's crazy. How?

PAT
We found a small, glassine envelope and a straw on the floor.

KEVIN
He was snorting.

TOMMY
Did you call 911? They got Narcan.

KEVIN
It's too late.

TOMMY
But they can save people. I've read about it. Happens all the.....

PAT
He's gone, Tom. The keys were in his hand. We could barely get it open. He passed before we got there.

KEVIN
There's some bad, fentanyl-laced shit on the street.

PAT
When you think about it, it makes sense. This way he could pretend to be clean.

GARY

He knew where to get it. That's for fucking sure.

TOMMY

How did we let this happen?

PAT

It's not our fault, Tommy.

TOMMY

He said rehab opened his eyes. He never felt better.

KEVIN

He was probably high.

TOMMY

Christ!

Tommy sits, drops his head into his hands.

GARY

So fucking selfish.

PAT

What? No.

GARY

He lied to us.

PAT

That's what junkies do.

GARY

Always about him.

TOMMY

Lay off, Gary. You're just feeling abandoned.

GARY

Well, he left us with a fucking mess.

TOMMY

That's what's bothering you? We've known him since we were kids. You were in the front seat the first time he got laid. We were at his confirmation, his wedding. We watched him receive two distinguished service awards.

GARY

And now we get to go to his funeral.

(to Pat)

I'll keep you in the loop on this one.

PAT

Fuck you.

Kevin weaves unsteadily. He's starting to show the effects of the alcohol.

KEVIN

He looks so pathetic. His head is bent sideways. His arms are crooked.

He demonstrates, almost falls.

TOMMY

Take a seat, Kev.

KEVIN

No, one should die that way. I had a uncle who was a lush. They found him frozen to a fire hydrant. What kind of fucking world lets men die like that.

Pat leads Kevin to a chair.

PAT

Sit down, buddy.

KEVIN

Kurt deserved better. Right, Patty?

PAT

Yeah, for sure.

KEVIN

We all deserve better.

(addressing them)

Don't we?

PAT
(re: Kevin)

Got any coffee, Tom?

TOMMY

Instant.

KEVIN

I'm not drinking that shit.

PAT

Then, settle down, okay?

Kevin nods, tries to get his bearings.

GARY

We got to figure out what we're going to do.

TOMMY

We're going to make a call.

GARY

To who?

TOMMY

Nine-one-one.

GARY

(making a point to Tommy)

No way. I'm not talking to the cops.

TOMMY

They'll probably just send EMTs.

GARY

Don't count on it.

PAT

Why is this a problem?

GARY

I don't want their stink on me.

KEVIN

(out of it)

Don't we need to bury him?

GARY

Let's figure out something else.

KEVIN

(to Tommy)

Is there a plot next to your Dad's?

TOMMY

Kev, stop, okay? We're trying to think here.

KEVIN

Someone call the cemetery.

TOMMY

We will, buddy.

PAT

(to Gary)

What do you think they'd find out?

GARY

Whatever they want. It's a fucking rabbit hole and I'm not having it. We'll let them find him. Someone will see him in there.

PAT

No, that's fucked. I not signing off on that.

TOMMY

Yeah, not happening, Gary.

PAT

We got to do right by him.

GARY

We got to bury him. That's all he's owed at this point.

Tommy puts his hand to his chest. He's not feeling well.

KEVIN

That's what I've been saying.

(to Tommy)

Do you have a shovel somewhere?

GARY

You jokers, you put him on a fucking pedestal. You know what Kurt was doing? He was stealing from fire sites and burnt-out homes. He'd take whatever he thought had value...jewelry, watches, silverware, brass fittings, ceramic figures. Then he'd sell them for drug money.

TOMMY

What? No.

PAT

Not true.

KEVIN

Kurt wouldn't do that.

GARY

What do you know? I was closer to him than any of you.

PAT

Did he tell you this?

GARY

I put it together. He had boxes in his garage that kept filling up with shit. The stuff was dirty and covered in soot. It was obvious.

PAT

(disappointed)

Wow.

KEVIN

That's fucked up.

Tommy begins to FALTER

PAT

(to Tommy)

Whoa, you okay?

TOMMY

My heart. It's pounding through my chest.

Pat and Gary lead Tommy to the couch.

Simultaneously, Kevin rises and heads for the kitchen, but immediately STUMBLES AND CRASHES INTO THE FURNITURE AND ONTO THE FLOOR.

GARY
(responding to the noise)

Jesus!

Pat RUSHES OVER.

PAT
(to Kevin)

Where are you going?

Gary attends to Tommy in an attempt to calm him down.

TOMMY
(to Gary)

I feel like I'm dying.

KEVIN

Don't die, Tommy.

PAT
(to Kevin)

He's not dying. He's just stressed. Get up, buddy.

Pat LIFTS Kevin to his feet.

KEVIN

I need a shovel.

PAT

No, you don't.

KEVIN

We can't leave him in the truck.

PAT

I know. We'll take care of it.

KEVIN

You promise?

PAT

Of course.

KEVIN

I got to take a wicked leak.

PAT

I'm not surprised.

(to Gary regarding Tommy)

He okay?

GARY

Yeah.

PAT

(to Kevin)

C'mon, big guy.

Pat LEADS Kevin OFFSTAGE down the S.R.
hallway. Gary continues to tend to Tommy.

GARY

Feeling better?

TOMMY

Why didn't you tell Pat what's really going on?

GARY

And what's that?

TOMMY

You're afraid the police will find out what you and Kurt were into.

GARY

Patriotism? Yeah, he wouldn't get it. He's a fucking snowflake.

TOMMY

What do you think he'd do?

GARY

It's not going to happen. And, I need you get on board with that.

TOMMY

What's going on between you two?

GARY

Talk to him. It's his problem.

TOMMY

He has a point, you know.

GARY

No, I don't know.

TOMMY

You're always putting your hands on him.

GARY

Christ, what the fuck is wrong with everyone?!

TOMMY

Just treat him like you treat us.

GARY

(beat)

You think he's like us?

TOMMY

What are you getting at?

GARY

He's never belonged in this group. I'm surprised he's lasted this long.

TOMMY

He's lasted because he's a good egg. He'd never turn on you.

GARY

Unless I pissed him off.

TOMMY

Not even then. He's loyal as fuck. I admire that in him.

GARY

And you're not?

TOMMY

I try to be.

GARY

C'mon, he's a softy.

TOMMY

Yeah? I didn't see you down there dealing with Kurt. I'll tell you why he's with us...because he goes the extra mile. You know that.

GARY

(ending it)

We're not telling him shit, okay?

TOMMY

You're pretty anxious for someone whose hands are clean.

GARY

(long beat, new approach)

Haven't we always been solid, you and I?

TOMMY

Yeah.

GARY

Why are you suddenly doubting me?

TOMMY

I wasn't planning on it.

GARY

I haven't changed.

TOMMY

Maybe that's what's bothering me.

GARY

What do you mean?

TOMMY

I don't know. Wondering if this side of you has always been there.

GARY

You think we beat that spic, right?

TOMMY

Did you?

GARY

What do you want to hear?

That you didn't do it.

TOMMY

Fine. We didn't do it.

GARY

Tommy stares back, considering his response. Suddenly, he grimaces, returns his hand to his chest.

Feeling something?

GARY

My father had arrhythmia. I think he passed it on.

TOMMY

I wouldn't worry about it.

GARY

I've been feeling this way for weeks.

TOMMY

It's natural. You're relating to his suffering.

GARY

He didn't suffer. He dropped dead.

TOMMY

Come here.

GARY
(seeing an opening)

Tommy slowly approaches.

Let me see your hands.

GARY

Why?

TOMMY

Just hold them out.

GARY

Tommy presents his hands, palms up. Gary inspects them.

They're shaking.

GARY

No shit.

TOMMY

He places his hands in Tommy's palms.

TOMMY

What are you doing?

GARY

Squeeze...hard.

Tommy's not sure what to make of this request.

GARY

Do it!

Tommy SQUEEZES Gary's hands as hard as he can. He's into it. The veins pop from his neck. Gary winces slightly.

GARY

That's good.

(beat)

Okay, release.

Tommy loosens his grip. Big exhale.

GARY

Feel better?

TOMMY

Yeah, a little.

Tommy tries to pull his hands back, but Gary grabs hold.

TOMMY

Enough.

GARY

You need to know how to move on.

Right. TOMMY

You want to be a masseuse? GARY

Yeah, I think I do. TOMMY

Okay, I'm on board. What's the plan? GARY

There's a local chain called "Hands On." TOMMY

Sure. I know the owners. GARY

They have a two-month training program after which they place you in one of their... TOMMY
(continuing)

Wait. You know them? (realization)

Mark Wallowitz and his sons. They're from Newton. I built a dining table for his oldest. You want to work for them? GARY

Yeah, at least to start. Can you get me an intro? TOMMY

They're Jews. GARY

I know. TOMMY

Don't you want to be on your own? GARY

I don't know if I'm ready. TOMMY
(uncomfortable)

And, can I have my fucking hands back?

GARY

No.

TOMMY

Christ, Gary!

GARY

You go into a handshake deal with these guys, they'll break your fingers. I'll set you up.

TOMMY

You?

GARY

You see anyone else standing here?

TOMMY

You're saying you'll stake me?

GARY

Yeah. How much you need?

TOMMY

I don't know. I haven't really thought about it that way.

GARY

It's not hard. You practice on your friends, apply for an LLC, rent a studio, and do some advertising. The rest is word-of-mouth.

TOMMY

Well, you would know.

GARY

And, it didn't take me long. You can do this. I have only one demand. And, I want it in writing.

(beat)

I have to be your first customer.

Gary lets go of Tommy's hands.

GARY

Deal? Let's say ten K....to be paid back without interest in twenty-four months.

TOMMY

That's very generous.

GARY

You think? I care about you and your future.

(beat)

You're like a brother to me. It hurts me to see you struggling like this.

TOMMY

It's not that bad.

GARY

You're living like a fucking hermit. You don't want to do anything that makes you feel lonelier than you already are.

TOMMY

You think I'm lonely?

GARY

I do. And it will get worse if you don't turn this around.

Pat and Kevin ENTER from off.

PAT

(announcing)

Longest whizz in history.

Pat CROSSES to Tommy.

Kevin's attention is caught by the sex film that is still playing on Tommy's laptop. He stops, starts watching.

PAT

How you feeling, Tommy?

TOMMY

Okay. Better.

GARY

I'm not worried.

(to Tommy)

How about you, Chief, you worried?

TOMMY

Maybe it's just the stress.

GARY

Of course it is.

(moving on)

Okay, here's what we're going to do. One of us will drive Kurt and his truck to the Mass General emergency parking lot and move him back to the driver's seat. It'll look like he was trying to get there before he passed out. No harm, no foul.

PAT

Again, why?

GARY

So we don't have to get involved.

PAT

But, we had no part in it.

GARY

You're not looking at it like they will. They don't know we didn't know he was carrying.

PAT

So, we tell them?

GARY

And they say, that right? Then why did you bring a case of beer to a rehab party?

TOMMY

(to Pat)

I don't know. Why did we?

PAT

We always do. I guess we weren't really thinking about....

(realizing the mistake)

Okay, then we'll just get rid of everything.

GARY

That include Kevin?

The stare up at Kevin, who's swaying unsteadily
in front of the laptop.

GARY

Hear me out. I'm not doing this just for me? Did you see me crack a can? I'm the only one who didn't. We need to be smart, split up the duties. Tommy will clean up. I'll drive Kevin back. Patty, you should take Kurt?

PAT

Wait. What?

GARY

You live near the hospital. You can walk home from there.

PAT

You mean....?

GARY

After leaving the car in the lot.

PAT

(to Gary)

Maybe. I don't know.

(to Tommy)

This make sense to you?

TOMMY

Nothing that's happened in the last half hour makes fucking sense.

Kevin begins to MOAN with distress.

PAT

(to Kevin)

You all right, pal?

KEVIN

(agitated, to the screen)

Hey, hey! No. Don't....don't!

Pat rushes up to him.

PAT

What's going on?

KEVIN

(re: the film, alarmed)

Look at what he's doing to her?!

Pat checks out the scene.

KEVIN
(to the screen)

Stop that!

PAT
It's just a movie, buddy. They're actors.

Pat tries to pull Kevin away from the screen.

KEVIN
She doesn't like it that way. He's going to hurt her.

GARY
Get him away from that shit!

PAT
(to Kevin)
C'mon, you don't need to watch this.

GARY
Just turn it off!

But Kevin is out of control at this point.
Enraged, he WRESTLES HIMSELF AWAY
from Pat.

KEVIN
It's not right. None of this is right!

Noticing a hanging welcome sign, Kevin
reaches for it and PULLS IT DOWN.

PAT
Whoa, ease up, pal.

KEVIN
It's all fucked up!

Kevin, now in the midst of a major meltdown,
moves on to the other decorations, begins to
YANK THEM DOWN.

TOMMY
Kev, stop!

Tommy and Gary RUSH UP to help. Tommy heads for Kevin. Gary closes the laptop.

Pat catches up to Kevin before he can do more damage, turns him around, and grabs his face in his hands.

PAT

Hey, look at me. Kevin! Lauren's okay.

Kevin, still agitated, writhes in his grasp.

PAT

Are you hearing this? Pay attention!

KEVIN

I'm trying.

PAT

Check what I'm saying. She's fine.

Kevin stops struggling, starts calming down.

KEVIN

Right. Yeah. Okay. Okay.

(then...)

What about Kurt?

PAT

(beat)

Too late for him.

Kevin moans.

KEVIN

Take me home, Patty.

PAT

Sure.

(to Tommy and Gary)

I've got this. I'll come back after. We'll figure it out.

GARY

Appreciate it, man.

Pat opens the door, LEADS KEVIN OUT,
closes it behind him.

The SOUND OF VOMITING is heard OFF.
They react with displeasure.

The door REOPENS. Pat sticks his head in.

PAT
I'm sorry, Tom. We're going to need a....

TOMMY
I'll take care of it.

Pat nods, CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

GARY
(back to Tommy)
I'm telling you. This is the best way to go. It keeps our noses clean. Trust me. We don't
want....

TOMMY
Relax. I'm down with your plan.

GARY
You are?

TOMMY
There's only one change. You take Kurt.

GARY
Whoa, whoa.

TOMMY
He's doing you a favor by going this alone. Isn't that the man we know, even in death,
putting himself on the line for someone else?

GARY
Don't get cute on me.

TOMMY
It's your idea. You should be the one to carry it out.

GARY
Too risky.

TOMMY

And it isn't for Pat? Be the friend Kurt would have been to you. Say goodbye.

GARY

Why can't you do it?

TOMMY

Because I have nothing to hide.

Gary stares back. He doesn't have a response.

TOMMY

I'll pick you up and bring you back here.

(beat)

Okay?

Gary mulls it over. Tommy puts his hand on his shoulder.

TOMMY

We're in this together, right? Brotherhood.

GARY

(coming around)

Yeah...for sure.

(another thought)

Do they have cameras in hospital parking lots?

TOMMY

I don't know.

GARY

Makes sense, doesn't it? Especially with emergency rooms, where they need to know what's going on as early as possible.

TOMMY

Maybe. So, you check for them.

GARY

Right.

Gary paces a bit.

GARY

You have gloves?

TOMMY

Why?

GARY

Don't want to leave prints.

Tommy tosses him a dish rag.

TOMMY

Wipe the handles, fenders and steering wheel clean. That way there will be nothing that can be tracked to any of us.

Tommy hands Gary the wooden sword.

TOMMY

And put this in your car, bring it to the funeral. We'll bury him with it.

GARY

Yeah, that'd be good.

While Gary slips the sword back into the cardboard tube and replaces the cap, Tommy scoops the keys off the table.

GARY

I guess I can wear my hoodie....just in case.

TOMMY

Good idea. Text me when you get there. And leave now before someone finds him.

Tommy tosses the keys to Gary.

GARY

See if there's anyone on the street.

Tommy CROSSES to the window, peers out.

TOMMY

No, you're good.

GARY

(beat)

My offer still stands, you know.

TOMMY

Appreciate it. Thanks.

Gary heads for the door. Stops, turns back.

GARY

You understand, right?

TOMMY

(beat)

I do.

Gary nods, opens the door and EXITS. Tommy watches after him for a long moment.

Not feeling well, Tommy shuffles over to the couch and flops down. He puts his hand to his heart, grimaces, tries to breathe through it.

After some moments, he calms. As he looks across the room, he notices the enlarged photo of the five of them.

He rises, CROSSES over to it and stares at the image for a long moment.

Then CROSSING back to the window, he looks out onto the street. Shortly, he pulls out his phone, DIALS three numbers.

TOMMY

(into the phone)

Yeah, hey, I'm watching someone move what looks like a dead body into the passenger seat of a late model, Dodge Ram truck. It's metallic green, and has vanity plates.

(spelling it)

O...R...I...O...N. Orion.

(watching, listening)

He's driving off now.

(listening)

I'm calling from Charlestown...Pearl Street.

(listening)

You sending someone?

(listening)

Okay. No, that's it.

Tommy hangs up, takes a moment to consider what he's just done.

Shortly, he spots himself reflected in his large, black TV screen. He stares at his image.

Suddenly, his phone DINGS. He checks it, finds a photo image, checks it out..

He then pulls up the keypad and PUNCHES IN A PHONE NUMBER.

TOMMY

Niki. Just got your selfie. You guys with your Great Gram?

(listening)

That's unbelievable. What is she like a hundred?.....Wow.

(shifting gears)

Look, I'm sorry. It's been a screwed-up day. I'm not going to be able to get over there.

(listening)

It is a big deal. I'm your Dad. I should be better at this. I wish I could see you. I just can't right now.

(listening)

No, don't go. Let's at least talk.

(listening)

About...uh...I don't know. You start. I can never figure out what to say. Just talk and I'll respond. Go ahead, please....Anything.

(beat)

Talk about anything.

(listening)

Uh huh....right...Sure...Sure....

As he continues to listen, the LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PLAY