

# ***The (Other)***

by  
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***A young man lives with the demonic presence of his Mother's Other,  
a demon that the mother cannot see.***

SON	Mixed-Race w/Latin or Spanish	Early 20's	M
MOTHER	Latin or Spanish	50ish	F
MOTHER'S OTHER	Similar Build to Mother	50ish	F
GF	Open Ethnicity, Upper Class	Early 20's	F

"An Other" - should look as threatening and scary as possible. It should feel like the audience is trapped in a very good haunted house.

### Setting

Generic Los Angeles apartment complex living room with small open kitchen, at least one window, and a front door. 3 closed doors or exits lead to 2 bedrooms, a bathroom. A bottom-covered coffee table sits in front of the sofa.

### Time

Late 2000's - Early 2010's. Large amounts of time pass between each scene, if there is anything in the set design that can change scene to scene to convey this- a plant that dies, for example.

ACT 1

SCENE ONE

IN THE DARKNESS WE HEAR: bare-feet racing, screaming, metal pans being hit, and overall terrorizing noise as the stagehands and cast run around unseen.

LIGHTS UP ON:

Day. SON walking in the front door talking on his cell. All the kitchen cabinet doors, fridge and oven doors are open.

SON

I'll see if she can try to write you an update. She's been resting more, lately.

He notices the open fridge door.

SON

Awe, dammit!

(to phone)

Oh, sorry no, nothing - I just - just walked in and realized - I - um - I had - left my - gym socks here.

(realizing that made no sense while listening)

Yeah, just got back.

(closing all the doors while listening)

Yeah, yeah it *is* good - otherwise I'd just be home all day. Okay, Titi, I'll make sure she sends you a new email.

A mug starts sliding slowly across the coffee table. He doesn't notice. Or, doesn't care.

(listening)

Oh. Oh, I - I dunno - um, yeah maybe. We'll see, okay? Thanks. You too! Okay. Okay. Yeah. Yeah, right. Right. Okay. Love you, bye.

He hangs up and the mug falls off the edge and spills coffee everywhere.

SON

(speaking to the room)

Yes, it's my fault for not putting it back in the sink. Thank you again for the reminder.

He rips a paper-towel sheet off a stationary roll on the counter. As he cleans the mess, A DEMONIC FEMALE HAND appears from behind the fridge and yanks on the paper roll, over and over again, to spinout paper endlessly.

Once finished cleaning, Son picks up the mug and goes to the sink.

SON

(re: the paper-towel mess)

I don't need any more, thank you very much.

As he rewinds the roll, cleans the mug in the sink, and finishes the other dishes - A DEMONIC FEMALE HAND appears from under the coffee table. THEN ANOTHER DEMONIC FEMALE HAND appears.

The MOTHER'S OTHER - A DEMONIC WOMAN - crawls slowly out from the table, up the sofa, over the sofa, and stands right behind him.

The Son finishes the dishes, turns the sink off and realizes:

SON

Are you right behind me?

(doesn't turn around)

Okay, I'm going to turn around and you'll disappear.

(beat)

Ready?

(beat)

One...two...*two and a half* -

He makes a move to turn back, to try to fake her out, but the Mother's Other doesn't flinch. He waits, terrified.

SON  
That work???

She LOUDLY BREATHES on the back of his neck and he jumps:

SON  
Shit!

(marching away from her)  
God dammit!

MOTHER'S OTHER  
What did my spoiled sister have to say for herself?

(screams)  
STUPID BITCH NEVER COMES OVER TO PLAY WITH ME!

SON  
I'm gonna work now.

He goes to his laptop and sets it up.

MOTHER'S OTHER  
You're stupid fucking podcasts. I'm *DYING* in the other room and that's the best you can do. Edit other people's drivels.

He puts on his headphones.

MOTHER'S OTHER  
Don't you put those on while I'm yelling at you - you little brat. Don't you love me?! Jesus, you're not even going to check up on me??? What a selfish son I raised.

He sighs, takes off the headphones and walks to the bedroom to take a look.

SON  
She's sleeping. She's fine.

MOTHER'S OTHER  
You didn't know that. I could be dead right now! You're useless, you know that right? You know. Lot of good that gym is doing. Do you even lift anything *heavy* there???

He tries ignoring her while working on his laptop.

## MOTHER'S OTHER

Took you to karate class, and you didn't like *that*, swim lessons and you said you almost drowned, ice skating lessons, gymnastics at "The Y", God you couldn't handle any of them! You're not athletic. It's okay honey. Just cry. Cry. Go ahead. I'm here. I'll take care of you.

(beat)

You know, when you were very little I pegged you for a faggot.

(beat)

My God, it would explain why you've never had a girlfriend! Sweetheart, you're gay! Honey, just admit it! Pleeeeease! I'm your mother! I'll still *love* you! Because any other reason for you still being single at this point would just be pathetic. Should we watch some gay porn together?? Would that be hot for you??

She tries to grab the laptop and he gets up.

SON

Okay, I'm leaving.

MOTHER'S OTHER

(screams)

NOOOOO!

SON

Yup.

MOTHER'S OTHER

(screams)

NOOOOO!

He packs his backpack with his laptop.

MOTHER'S OTHER

You can't go! I need you! What am I gonna do?! What if something happens?! What if something happens to me?!?! You bastard! You little shit! Don't you love me?! Why don't you love me?! Fuck you!

She stands behind the sofa as he goes to the front door.

SON

Great, see you later.

In sync: he opens the door as she pushes her arm down behind the sofa. As the door opens, A DEMONIC FEMALE HAND pulls the doornob from offstage and slams the door shut.

MOTHER'S OTHER

Stay!

SON

(struggling to pull the door open)

See.....you.....later.....

He pulls the door open, the MOTHER'S OTHER SCREAMS and gets pulled down behind the sofa. And a bloody arm and hand is left holding the doornob.

SON

MOTHER'S OTHER

Jesus!

(from behind the sofa)

You broke my arm off! Look what you did! Look at it!

MOTHER'S OTHER

(panting from behind the sofa)

All you do is hurt me. That's all you're good for.

(beat)

Do you have the decency to give your mother's arm back??

SON

Um...

MOTHER'S OTHER

Hurry!

He struggles to pry the hand off the doornob. The arm plops to the ground. He picks it up like a smelly diaper and drops it behind the sofa.

WE HEAR HER STRUGGLE TO PUT HER ARM BACK ON.

HER HAND APPEARS on the back of the sofa. AND THEN THE OTHER. And she crookedly gets back to her feet.

MOTHER'S OTHER

(walking to the kitchen)

That's all you want, isn't it?

(pulls out a knife from a drawer)

You just want to see me suffer.

(hands him the knife)

Go ahead! Take it! Take the knife! You know you want to! Stab mommy a few times. Here. Here! Here!

SON

Stop it.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Honey?

SON

Yeah!?

MOTHER (O.S.)

You alright?

He grabs the knife from the Mother's Other hand. MOTHER WALKS IN FROM THE BEDROOM, WEARING AN OXYGEN MASK AND PULLING THE SMALL TANK.

SHE WEARS SLIPPERS AND MAKES A SHUFFLING SOUND AGAINST THE FLOOR.

Son puts the knife back in the kitchen as the Mother's Other goes to sit on the far end of the sofa, pouting.

SON

Hey, mom. How're you doing?

MOTHER

What was all that noise?



SON

Oh, I'm sorry. I was using the speakers for the edits again.

MOTHER

The door is open.

SON

And the door is open. Just airing the place out a bit. How're you feeling?

MOTHER

I'm alright.

(coughing)

I'm alright.

She goes to the fridge.

SON

Oh, I'll get that for you. Did you want some water? I can get you some water.

MOTHER

Honey, lemme do it. I can do it. Thank you, love.

SON

Okay.

(realizes his laptop is in the backpack)

Um - I was, uh

(setting laptop up)

Uh - I was just - taking a break - your sister called - um -

Mother manages to finish pouring water from the pitcher.

MOTHER

Oh! How is she?!

SON

Good! We were just -

MOTHER

I need to send her an email.

SON

Uh, yeah!

SON

She'd probably like that!

MOTHER

She's good?

SON

Yeah!

MOTHER

Good! Good, good, good.

(coughing)

It's probably very cold in Chicago. Not like here.

SON

Not like here.

Mother sits in the middle of the sofa, next to the Mother's Other. Mother is totally oblivious. Mother's Other just stares her down.

Son sits next to Mother.

MOTHER

How are the projects going? What episode are you on?

SON

Oh, um - it's going. Uh, episode 29 already. I think they might even do a live show later in the year. It's getting popular. Old time radio is apparently a hip new concept to Millennials. I don't know, mom. "Only The Shadow Knows."

MOTHER

"Only The Shadow Knows!" Do we still have those tapes?

SON

Yeah, they're in your room still, I think.

MOTHER

I thought *you* had them.

SON

Well, I put them back in your room, so I wouldn't lose them.

MOTHER

What's wrong, honey?

SON

What?

MOTHER

Something.

Um - SON

What? MOTHER

Oh. Um. Your Other is here. SON

Oh, honey! Don't listen to her! I don't know what she says to you, but you don't listen! MOTHER

I know. SON

MOTHER  
(looking around)  
You leave him alone!

SON MOTHER  
I know, mom. It's okay. Don't worry. Dammit. I am so sorry we could never get rid of her.

SON  
It's okay - she doesn't bother me. She can just be annoying. That's all.

MOTHER'S OTHER  
(yelling)  
I ANNOY YOU?!!

She jumps up and moves about the room. Mother notices Son's eye-line move and asks:

MOTHER  
What is it - what's going on?

SON  
Nothing, nothing.

MOTHER'S OTHER  
I'm just an annoyance to you! That's all I've been! You want me dead!

She goes to the kitchen and grabs the knife. Son tries to distract Mother from seeing a floating knife.

SON

(using the TV remote)

Hey, what episode were *we* on??

MOTHER

Oh, um - I don't -

As the Son talks, the Mother's Other stands in back of Mother with the knife, raised to kill.

SON

(re: Mother's Other attempt at murder)

If Pinkman tries to do anything to Walt, he knows they'll *both* end up dead.

Mother's Other considers this and pulls back the knife, disappointedly.

MOTHER'S OTHER

You don't know that!

MOTHER'S OTHER

That's just a guess, you bullshitter! I could survive if she doesn't! You don't know anything!

SON

(getting up with glass)

You want some more water, mom?

MOTHER

(coughing)

Oh, alright, thank you.

MOTHER'S OTHER

She's so fucking weak. It's your fault.

You think a glass of water is going to make one damn difference??

The Son takes the knife away from the Mother's Other on his way to the kitchen to fetch a glass of water.

MOTHER'S OTHER

I should just kill *you*. You're such a waste of a son. You don't even have the decency to kill *yourself*. Selfish, calling *me* annoying! You think she wants you moping about the house all day long, like a loser with no friends, doing nothing?!

(grabs Son's neck and starts choking him)

THE ONLY ONE THAT'S ANNOYING HERE IS *YOU*, YOU STUPID LITTLE SHIT!

MOTHER'S OTHER  
DIE YOU STUPID LITTLE SHIT! DIE!  
DIE! DIE!

SON  
  
(struggling to breathe)  
Who... will.... you... have... left.... ???

Mother's Other finally stops and WE HEAR A HORRIBLE SCREAM.

MOTHER'S OTHER  
I can't have *anything*! It always has to be *your* way!

As she talks she puts her hands down behind the sofa. In sync: TWO FEMALE DEMONIC HANDS emerge from behind the fridge to rip off a paper towel and pull off stage as Mother's Other pulls up the paper towel in *her* hands from behind the sofa and mocks crying.

MOTHER'S OTHER  
I have *nothing*! Nothing because of *you*! Stuck in this fucking house! *You* put me here! Showed up in her stomach like a parasite! You don't even love me! This is how you treat me! Why don't you go hang out with all your friends! You're so nice to all of *them*!

Mother starts to have a bad coughing fit as Son comes back with the waters. Mother has to use a tissue to catch up mucus. All Son can do is watch in worry. Mother USES AN INHALER and then tries to change the subject.

MOTHER  
Ever think about the animal wrangler on this show - told by the director they were gonna put a prosthetic head on his *turtle*?

SON

(laughing)  
Yeah, I don't know how you respond to that! I mean, I guess *somebody* agreed to it! "Oh sure! Dolores doesn't mind!"

MOTHER  
"Just another dead body for Dolores!"

SON  
"Carries them all the time!"

As they laugh and enjoy their company, the Mother's Other starts MANIACALLY COUGHING.

MOTHER

What animal is gonna be carrying around a head in the next episode?!

SON

Oh, I dunno, mom! Maybe, a - a -

Mother's Other spews out GREEN OOZE FROM HER MOUTH for attention.

SON

Armadillo.

MOTHER'S OTHER

She's not taking her meds.

SON

You're not taking your meds?

MOTHER

What?

SON

Oh - uh - did you need me to pick up a refill - of the steroid pills? Or, the nausea ones, or anything?

MOTHER

No honey, I'm fine. Got plenty.

MOTHER

Thank you, sweetheart.

MOTHER'S OTHER

Seeeee?

(tisk-tisk sounds)

The Mother's Other gets closer to Son. She's covered in dripping Green Ooze from her mouth to neck as she talks:

MOTHER'S OTHER

She's lying! Liar! Liar! She's a liar! Don't trust her! You can't trust her! You can only trust me, honey! *Me!*

She gets in his face:

MOTHER'S OTHER

*I'll take care of you! Let mommy kiss your stupid fat face!*

Son jumps up.

SON

Shit, I have to go!

MOTHER

What? Is she doing something?? What did she do to you??

SON

No, it's not - not that - I, uh - I just forgot I have to pick up a drive - from the guys. That I left. By accident.

MOTHER

Oh. Alright. Do you want me to pause the - ?

SON

No - no, it's fine! I'll be back in a little bit. Won't miss much.

MOTHER'S OTHER

Where you going?! What's happening?!

He gets his backpack.

MOTHER'S OTHER

You're leaving me again?! I'm gonna be *dead!* I'm gonna be *dead!* And it's gonna be *your* fault! *Yours!* No! *Nobody* understands you the way I do! *Where are you going?!*

SON

(trying to ignore, kisses Mother on head  
goodbye)

Okay, mom. I'll be right back. Love you.

MOTHER

I love you, honey. See you later!

He goes to the door.

MOTHER'S OTHER

What do you think you'll get from this?! Leave! Just like your father! Piece of shit! Scared piece of shit that doesn't want to deal with his life. Run! *Run away little boy!*

He leaves.

MOTHER'S OTHER

Noooo! NOOOOOOOOO!

BLACKOUT.



## SCENE TWO

Day. WE HEAR KEYS. Son enters somberly, in a daze, carrying a hospital bag of his Mother's "Belongings," and the oxygen mask, pulling the tank behind. Mother no longer needs them. She's gone.

He instinctively gets a trash bag, and throws any inhaler, and any medicine bottles from the kitchen into it.

He goes to the sofa and puts his head in his hands, tired from everything he just had to go through, and everything else to come.

He stares at the oxygen tank.

SON

I should just throw you out too.

Who is he talking to? To himself, or the Mother's Other?

He turns quickly to look behind. He carefully looks under the coffee table. He waits for a sign.

SON

Hey!

He cautiously opens the front door and looks around. Each time he looks, he expects to get jumped. We do too.

He pokes his head behind the door of all the other rooms.

He psychs himself out with each cabinet door he opens, even the oven.

SON

Mom?

He tries to feel a presence in the apartment. Nothing.

SON

Mom...???

He goes to the paper towel rack and spins it, just to hear the sound.

He pours water into a coffee mug and sets it toward the edge of the coffee table. We stare at it. And wait.

He pushes it across a little himself. Nothing else happens. He just pushes it off to the ground.

Its true. He's all alone.

SON

Mom!!!!

FADE TO BLACK.

## SCENE THREE

Night. SON and GF try to get through the front door but are busy trying to drunkenly make-out. They manage to get in and Son closes the door.

GF

Wait, *you can't ride a bike?!!*

SON

That's - *what?* - we're not -

GF

Uh-Uh! *I* wanted to talk about it. *You* were just *distracting* me!

SON

Good, I wanna keep up the distraction.

GF

Nope!

She helps herself to a glass of water.

GF

This is a conversation that *must* me had! *Immediately!*

(re: the water)

You want some?

SON

Uh, sure. But, um -

GF

(pouring the waters)

*So*, you don't know how to ride a bike.

SON

Right. Yeah. Uhhh - that's the deal. It's really sad - I was hoping it was just gonna be funny and *we'd... let it...go... maybe?*

She hands him a glass.

GF

So, what happened?!

SON

What hap - ?

GF

How did you end up *not knowing*??? Did you not *have* a bike? Was there a traumatic *fall*? Did the other children *make fun* of you?? Like, what - what *was* it???

SON

What? Ummm, I dunno! Just too hot out I guess - I don't - my mom didn't ride one - I - I don't -

GF

Didn't your *friends*?

SON

Oh, uh - it's not really a biking friendly neighborhood, or city, really. I mean. They've got lanes now but - I don't even know if my mom knew how to ride one.

GF

But she was from Chicago.

SON

Oh, yeah. Yeah. But, I mean - I had a little bike with training wheels - she never made it seem like we were gonna go bike around - not that I needed her to go with me - but - well, too little to go by myself - I mean - I remember her watching me try it one day - she just stood and watched me go up and down the block. That was it. Didn't go anywhere.

GF

*Figuratively or literally.*

SON

Story of my life at the moment.

GF

Oh, cutie - you're really sad about it! Okay, well, we *don't* have to talk about it. But we should *definitely* get you a bike. It would be stupid if we didn't take care of this for you. We'll go down to... um - I don't know... we'll find *a secluded* - oh! You know where we'll go? We'll just go on that empty beach path, by the water plant. I've been there. Nobody is every around. Okay?

SON

*Okayyy....*

GF

Baby, I've got this.

(kisses him)

He is very taken by all this. And leans in passionately.

SON

Thank you, sweetheart.

(long kiss)

They make out on the sofa. Then:

GF

Is it weird that we're doing this *here*?

SON

Well, if we keep talking about stuff, it's weird!

GF

Oh, I'm sorry, cutie. You just never talk about her.

SON

I just told you the whole thing about the bike!

GF

That's because I asked. That doesn't count.

He leans back to give her space.

SON

Alright... We're talking again?

GF

I'm sorry!! I'm just getting weird. I really like you.

SON

I like you too. I like you a lot.

GF

Yeah. Me too. A lot - a lot.

SON

Yeah. Me too.

He holds her. Silence.

GF

How did she die again?

SON

(sighs)

She had COPD, it's a lung disease. Stands for, Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease.

She looks at him, slightly confounded.

GF

It's hereditary.

SON

Oh my God, I'm such an asshole! Yes - I'm sorry - that's just the way I always say it when I have to repeat it to everybody - I didn't mean to -

GF

It's okay. Actually, it's good practice for me to know the symptomatic differences between COPD and lung cancer, they can be misdiagnosed in the early stages before a biopsy is done. So, did she smoke?

SON

No. I mean, she *did*, but that was way before I was born. No, it was her *job*, actually. She was doing sales for most of my life for a fiberglass company, and she had to walk through the warehouse to get to the office, and they didn't have her wear a mask which was really fucking stupid. Anyway, it was a whole fucking - she got workman's comp - but obviously that didn't solve - anything... Anyway... Stupid fucks. I don't know why *they're* not dead.

She kisses him and squeezes him tightly.

GF

Eh. That's... so fucked up. I'm so sorry, sweetheart.

SON

Yeah. Thanks. I know. Thanks.

(beat)

She wrote all about it in emails to my aunt. I never read them. I didn't - I don't - whatever. But, um - if you wanted to look at - I dunno - if there's like a case study for you in there - or something -

Really?  
GF

I mean, yeah. Sure. I trust you.  
SON

She kisses him passionately.

Oh, honey. Of course, I'd read them! I could get to know your mom better! I'm sure she was a lovely woman.  
GF

HE LAUGHS AUTOMATICALLY.

No - no- no. She was! She was! Yeah! I just - um -  
SON

(a rush of memories)  
I just - I get - um - a lot of - different emotions -

(tearing up)  
at one time - when I think - about - um - I'm sorry - I'm sorry -

No, honey. It's okay. It's okay. I love you.  
GF

She kisses him.

I love you too.  
SON

She holds him. It feels good. Long pause.

Wow, we said that kinda fast, huh?  
SON

Yeah.  
GF

Is that okay?  
(beat)

He gets his mojo back and starts to pounce on her.

Yes.  
SON

They make-out with no turning back.

BLACKOUT.



## SCENE FOUR

IN THE DARKNESS WE HEAR: bare-feet racing, screaming, metal pans being hit, and overall terrorizing noise as the stagehands and cast run around unseen.

During this transition MOVING BOXES ARE ADDED TO THE SET near Mother's bedroom door. The front door is left open.

LIGHTS UP ON:

Dusk. SON bringing in the last box of GF's things. He looks tired. As he stacks the box, GF enters with the little bit of energy she has left.

GF

Oh, my God, is that *it*?! Tell me that's *it*!

SON

That craigslist guy was such a dick! I'm just glad he finally took the table.

GF

Oh, I'm *so glad* you were there for that! He was *a creep*.

SON

Yeah, well - you were really nice to that guy - I don't know what else *I* coulda done.

GF

It was *much better* you were there. Thank you so much for everything!

(kisses him on the cheek)

Ugh! I am so tired! I wanna get all this - "*bleh*" - off me.

SON

Yeah, I'm starving.

GF

Can you wait, though? I think I just wanna take a shower, or a bath, ya know?

SON

Oh yeah! Course! Well, you do live here now!

GF

I do, huh?! I don't even know if that *registers* yet!

(sighs)

Alright. Last bit of energy, I'm just gonna -

SON

Yeah, yeah! Course, do your thing! You want me to start upacking anything?

GF

Um, I dunno - take a break!

She looks through her things for what she needs in the bathroom.

SON

I can just keep going - I feel a little antsy, I guess. Like, there's still more to do - I don't know - yeah - lemme - I don't know - you take a bath!

GF

Okay, silly! You're just tired! You wanna get pizza?

SON

Yup! I'll order in a few - it'll be all set by the time you head out.

GF

We're living together!

SON

(laughing)

Yup!

They kiss. As she heads into the bathroom:

GF

Kay.

SON

Kay.

She closes the door. He looks around, tries to figure out what he should do.

A BOX FALLS OFF THE STACK.

He doesn't think twice about it. Just figures it was weird.  
The box spills out some bedding and A PAIR OF  
SLIPPERS.

SON

(yelling to bathroom door)  
I didn't know you had slippers!

GF doesn't hear him.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF SLIPPERS SHUFFLING  
TO THE KITCHEN.

He freezes in shock.

The oven door flips down.

He carefully goes to the oven and closes the door back up.

A remote control slides off the coffee table.

He looks under the coffee table for Mother's Other. Finds  
nothing. Sits back up and A YOUNG DEMONIC  
FEMALE pops up from behind the sofa and covers his  
eyes:

GF'S OTHER

GUESS WHO!!!

He pulls away, but the GF's Other is too fast, and jumps  
over the sofa and pins him down. She is grotesque.

GF'S OTHER

You're the new fucker, huh?! She got herself a "mommies issues" loser, huh?! Don't  
worry, this shit's not gonna last long, dummy.

SON

...please... *please*... get off me...

GF'S OTHER

(screams in his face)

NO!!!!

(beat)

Awe, you're gonna be so sad once this is over! I heard your mommy had an Other too!

On each word she slaps him in the face:

GF'S OTHER

THIS - PROBABLY - FEELS - FAMILIAR!

He tries to push her off.

SON

Stop!

GF'S OTHER

(laughs)

We are gonna have so much fun!

(baby voice)

Awe, you sweet little weakling, don't cry!

(beat)

*Ohhhh.* Oh, maybe you *are* kind of cute!

Takes his hand.

GF'S OTHER

Trying to stick up for yourself against a teeny-tiny little demon.

(putting it toward mouth)

Awe, I just wanna -

And bites down on it, harder and harder.

SON

Owww - oww - dammit!

She lets go.

SON

(trying to bend hand)

You fuck'n - you bruised my god damn hand!

GF'S OTHER

Awe, my poor baby! It probably just happened during the move! Good thing it's not bleeding! That woulda been harder to explain.

He looks confused.

GF'S OTHER

You know she doesn't even like you! She's just using you to save on rent you fucking dipshit. But *you're* gonna to be *allllll mine!!!*

She gets up.

GF'S OTHER

Eh, Christ - you're already boring me. Fuck!!!

(beat)

When's that fucking pizza coming?! What the fuck is taking you so long!

She starts throwing everything out of the boxes.

GF'S OTHER

Oh my God! Do I have to do *everything*?! Did mommy do everything for you too?? Jesus, what a little bitch you are!

(beat)

Where's your fucking phone?!

As she throws things out he puts them back, or tries to organize them, or put them away.

GF'S OTHER

Don't you love me, baby? Won't you hand over your out-of-date phone that you can't afford the upgrade on so that I can call and order as much pizza as I want????

She stops what she's doing suddenly panicked.

GF'S OTHER

Oh!

She goes after him. Her nails are sharp.

GF'S OTHER

Oh, *I* know! Ohhh, you fuck! You piece of garbage! How *dare* you! You are *not* going to fat shame me! Jesus fucking christ! After the goddamn gross ass shit you did to my mouth last night, this is how you fucking treat me?! You sick fuck!

GF (O.S.)  
 HEY, BABE!!

Son and GF's Other freeze in their tracks.

SON  
 YEAH??!!

GF (O.S.)  
 HEY, I JUST WANTED TO SAY I'M REALLY EXCITED TO BE HERE!

GF's Other makes a disgusted face.

SON  
 (staring down the GF's Other)  
 AWE, I AM TOO BABE! I'M GONNA PUT THE ORDER IN FOR THE PIZZA,  
 OKAY?!

GF's Other uses her tongue as if giving female fellatio.

GF  
 GREAT!! BE OUT IN A BIT!

GF'S OTHER  
 Awwwwwe, it's just like back to normal for you, isn't??

SON  
 Shut up.

She finds something reflective to look into.

GF'S OTHER  
 Well, I can see why you like us!

SON  
 What the hell does that mean?

GF'S OTHER  
 You always knew I existed. This isn't a surprise for you. You should be happy! You're getting exactly what you like, momma's boy!

SON  
 Fuck you.

She wraps herself around him sexually.

GF'S OTHER

Oh, baby, just Freudian slip that dick in anytime you want! Mmmmm. So good! So good! Wait, did you already put it in? I wouldn't be able to tell the difference!!

She laughs to the kitchen.

SON

I didn't know she had an Other. I *never* knew you existed!

She starts looking for something in the drawers.

GF'S OTHER

Hang on, I'm try'n to find someth'n to let your unconscious out!

She finds a knife.

GF'S OTHER

(gasp of relief)

Here it is!

She glides toward Son with the knife pointed.

GF'S OTHER

Stay still. We're gonna play the silence game.

SON

You can't kill me.

GF'S OTHER

What?!

SON

You can't kill me.

GF'S OTHER

I can cut you up into little pieces if I want to, wanna watch?

She slices his forearm quickly. He grabs it and we see blood.

SON

(hurts so much all he can do is mouth:)

Shiiiiit!

GF'S OTHER

Oh, it's a little different than with mommy, huh?? Mommy would never go *this* far!

(re: his scowl)

Don't be mad at *me*! The only piece of shit here, is *you*! You're using *us* because you know that your job's a joke, your broke, and your dead-mom-money is gonna be D.O.A.. You're a selfish, useless, loser. You lived off your mother when she was *alive*, you lived off her when she's *dead*, and now *we're* next. I'm going to have as much fun with you as I can before you take advantage of *women* after *women*.

(sweetly)

*Honey*, can you do me a *favor*? She doesn't know about me. And if you tell her. You'll be *dead*, just like mommy. I could have you choke on something so you could die like mommy too. Okay?

(beat)

Ask her what happened to the other ones. Didn't last too long. I get them juuust before they squeek. Okay, baby?

(beat)

You know, if you actually do like her, you're just gonna havta put up with this shit. So will you love me forever and ever?! Turn around, she might be coming through the door at any second. Remember to smile!

He turns around, she holds the knife to his back.

The bathroom door happens to open. GF walks out drying her hair, wearing cute pajamas.

GF

Pajama party!

(worried about him)

Cutie? Did you order the pizza?



SON

(no good answer)

Oh.

BLACKOUT.

## ACT TWO

## SCENE ONE

Night. The boxes are gone. The apartment has noticeably more of the GF's possessions.

SON is on the sofa with two full glasses of wine in front of him on the coffee table. The table has coasters now.

GF paces in from Mother's room, her office area. She almost gets to the sofa, realizes something and then goes back to the room.

Son is waiting for her and picks up the TV remote. He takes a sip of wine.

GF paces back in:

GF

Okay, that's it. No more emails. If this professor marks me down a few points. Fine. That's fine. I still have the final. Screw him. Right?

SON

Right.

GF

Right. Right.

(realizing)

I don't think I cc'd - be right back! Promise.

(sweetly)

Wanna open a window? A little stuffy, no?

SON

Um, sure. Okay!

He gets up, takes a few steps toward the window, but before he gets there it shoots open.

A DEMONIC FEMALE HAND APPEARS on the windowsill, THEN ANOTHER. The GF'S OTHER pulls herself up and presents herself to the audience.

WE HEAR SITCOM STUDIO AUDIENCE  
APPLAUSE. ITS' RELENTLESS AND DOESN'T  
STOP.

Son stands there stupidly, watching her crawl into the  
apartment toward him. She makes a "shh" motion.

GF'S OTHER

(yelling over the applause)

WE SHOULD TRY TO BE QUIET WHILE SHE DEALS WITH INSTITUTIONAL  
SCHOOL BULLSHIT YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!

He sticks fingers in his ears in protest. She licks his ear to  
retaliate. He flinches away and drops down to the sofa.

SON

(quietly)

Turn it off!

GF'S OTHER

WHAT???

SON

Turn. It. Off.

GF'S OTHER

WHY AREN'T YOU APPLAUDING?!! YOU SHOULD BE APPLAUDING EVERY  
SINGLE TIME I MAKE AN ENTRANCE!!

He quietly and reluctantly applauds.

GF's Other sits and wraps her arm around him.

GF'S OTHER

OH, YOU DO LOVE ME! THANK YOU, BABY!

GF paces back in. She can't hear the audience sounds.

GF

Okay, all set! Eh. Okay. I don't wanna think about it.

(plops on sofa)

Thanks for waiting!

He nods, since he can barely hear himself.

GF

(mock nods back)

Mmm-hmm. Are you *mad* that I kept you waiting?

SON

No-no! It's totally fine!

He lies down on GF's lap and deliberately kicks GF's Other in the face. He keeps adjusting his legs in her face.

GF

(not exactly sure what's going on)

You comfy?

Finally, THE AUDIENCE APPLAUSE STOPS.

Son actually relaxes with relief.

SON

Yup.

GF

Oh! I forgot to tell you!

Son pops up, this seems important.

GF

I wikipedia'd this movie and practically the *same thing* happened to a kid at school!!!

SON

Huh? A kid at school was friends with Roger Rabbit??

GF

Ha! No!

(realizing)

That was a vague thing to say considering most of this movie is a cartoon. No no, cartoon characters weren't just *wandering* the hallways causing mischief.

GF'S OTHER

I was!

GF

No - this kid was hit in the head with *a piano!*

SON

(laughing)

What??!!

GF

Yeah, he *died!*

SON

What?!!

(that's not possible)

What?!!

(you're kidding)

What?!!

GF

I'm not kidding. It rolled off the auditorium stage and he was right under it.

GF's Other gleefully mimes pushing a heavy object. Son notices.

SON

How old were you??

GF

Well! This was like in - I was maybe *six* - he was *little!*

GF's Other motions "this high" from the ground.

SON

What?! He died?? Maybe you're not remembering this right.

GF

There was *a memorial* - and my parents went to a big *PTA meeting* about *school safety* -

Holy shit!

SON

GF's Other starts laughing and petting Son's hair.

GF

I don't remember even going to the auditorium after that.

GF'S OTHER

He was an annoying little shit.

SON

(re: GF's Other killing a child)

Oh my God!

(beat)

I'm so sorry.

GF

Were we backstage? *Are* there backstages inside elementary school auditoriums? It was *some* sort of a rehearsal. I don't even remember what it was *about*, we never *performed* it. They had us leave *very* quickly - they just sat us in front of *a television* and put on *a video*. I remember having to watch it *rewind*.

GF'S OTHER

"Pound Puppies"!

GF

Some cartoon I don't remember.

GF's Other yells through Son's head toward GF.

GF'S OTHER

POUND PUPPIES! POUND PUPPIES!  
 POUND PUPPIES! POUND PUPPIES!  
 POUND PUPPIES! POUND PUPPIES!  
 POUND PUPPIES! POUND PUPPIES!  
 POUND PUPPIES! POUND PUPPIES!  
 POUND PUPPIES! POUND PUPPIES!

GF

I'm so lucky I didn't *see* it happen, *right?* I could have been *traumatized!* It could have damaged my entire development as a *human being*. I mean, *clearly* it didn't have much of an effect, I never thought about it until I read the film description!

SON

Was it Pound Puppies?

GF

Was something pound puppies???

SON

The - uh - video that you guys watched.

GF

(thinking)

*Oh my God!* I think it was! How did you *know* that?!

SON

Uh - they played the same one at our school - too.

GF

That's *crazy!* What a *bizzare* cartoon to play at *multiple* schools. I thought the cassettes were just *donated!*

GF's Other goes back to petting Son's hair.

GF'S OTHER

(kisses Son on cheek)

Pound Puppies.

He tries to shake GF's Other off. She runs to the kitchen.

GF'S OTHER

Ughhhhh!!!!

GF's Other gets the wine opener.

SON

Were - you guys - uh - close???

GF's Other tries to balance the opener on Son's head.

GF

With *Oscar*??? He just came to my birthday *once*. He kept trying to put things in my hair.

Son grabs the wine opener before GF notices.

GF'S OTHER

FUCKING ANNOYING ISN'T IT?!!!!

He puts the wine opener on the coffee table.

GF

Oh! Did you wanna open another bottle?

SON

No. No - I just - brought this over here - by accident.

He needs to get up, and uses putting the opener away as an excuse.

SON

Ummm - jeez, babe. That's a really - crazy - story.

GF'S OTHER

Wanna hear how the other one's died?!! I wasn't *as* juvenile! You're *so* judgey!

SON

(trying to ignore GF's Other)

Umm, is this gonna be weird? With the movie?

GF

No - no! I *really* wanna see it! I can't *believe* I missed it as a kid! I know how much you love it! Let's get it going!

SON

Kay. Cool. Hey, has anything else ever happened - to - anybody - else - that you know?

GF

As in, who *died*?

SON

Yeah? You've always been supportive of - me - and - everything - so - I just - if there was - somebody else - that I didn't -

GF

Ohhh. Ummm. Well - you're right, I havn't told you this - my boyfriend, Thomas died in a car accident in high school.

SON

Oh my God.

GF'S OTHER

No, it was *me*, baby.



She pantomimes the car accident death as they speak:

SON

(thinking about himself)

That's really bad. Um - I'm - uh - that's - horrible.

GF

Yeah. All those things I said about the luck I had not being traumatized by *Oscar* and the *piano*. I guess, the accident in High School had a - I mean - yes, very sad.

SON

Yeah.

GF

*Very sad.*

(doesn't want to talk about it)

Honey, can we watch the movie???

SON

Oh! Oh, yeah! Yeah, I get it.

He kisses her and holds her.

GF

(kisses him back)

Thank you.

(beat)

Okay! Roger Rabbit! I wanna know who *framed* him!

GF's Other gets comfortable on the sofa, sandwiching  
Son between her and GF in a group cuddle:

GF'S OTHER

I wasn't able to kill the last one. What a *great* fuck he was. Mmm. Oh, well! Living in London now. Working as a *doctor*. She just finished messaging him!

SON

What!

GF

What?

GF'S OTHER

(ha-ha - oops)

What?!

(sweetly)

What's *wrong*, baby?

SON

Oh - did you hear - that thing? Outside? I think?

GF

You heard something from *outside*? Was it a *looter*?

(laughing)

Are we being *robbed*?!

SON

(fake laughing)

Maybe a raccoon with a gun?

(stares down GF's Other)

Or a bad driving record.

GF

Honey?

SON

Yeah, I don't know what it was! You wanna get some ice cream?!

GF

Um -

SON

How bout I get some ice cream?

GF

Ice cream? Honey, what's wrong?

GF'S OTHER

Baby, don't go! Stay!!

SON

Noth'n! I just thought it'd be a good idea!

GF

Baby, was this because we were talking about people dying?

GF'S OTHER

We'll just be talking to the London Doctor online!! He's so boring!!

SON

I dunno - no - I just thought - um - kay? - I'll be right back - I'll be super quick.

He goes to the door. Grabs the car keys.

GF'S OTHER

NOOO! STAYYYY! WHERE YOU GOING??? STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT!

GF

Uh - okay - I'll be - here.

Puts them back. And leaves.

BLACKOUT.

## SCENE TWO

Day. GF sits alone on the sofa, trying not to sob.

SON walks in. Sets up his laptop, speakers, etc.

SON

Babe! They got a new venue for the live show! It's gonna be four times the size of that little space we were in when we met. It's gonna have like real seats and shit!

(laughing)

I dunno - you wanna be an usher?! I think we might need an usher!

(beat)

Honey?

She doesn't respond. He puts his arm around her.

SON

What's -

GF

Please don't touch me right now.

SON

Oh - Shit - Okay - Are you - Am I - What - Can we talk - Do you wanna talk -

GF

Stop.

SON

Okay.

GF

Um.

She takes a long breath. He waits for a response.

GF

Um.

(beat)

I read your mom's emails.

SON

(confused)

Oh.

GF

No, that's actually - the good - part, I guess. I mean, it's pretty much the only reason why I'd agree to stay in this relationship at this point.

Son is stunned. No idea what is going on.

SON

Uh -

(trying to find the right approach)

...tell me more????

GF

I've, um... It wasn't until we moved in... *Before*, I thought... Well, I wasn't really sure, what... what I thought. Um... It wasn't - uh - as apparent. And then I thought, *I* was crazy. And I thought, there might be something - off - about *me*. And that I should be more - *patient* - or - I don't know - I just thought - it would... hoped... you know... just go away. And - and - it... still... going on.

(starts to break down)

And I couldn't handle it anymore! I just - I just - it's not fair! I can't take that kind of abuse! From anyone! And, I really - I really thought - *I* was doing something wrong! That *I* was *deserving* this! Because of - *Thomas died* - and *Matthew went to London* - and I just - I thought - well! *I deserve this!*

SON

Honey - *please* - please tell me -

GF

*Don't*. I'm getting there.

SON

Shit - okay - sorry. I'm sorry.

GF

You -

(beat)

The emails, um - I wanna - I'm going to read you one. And - um -

(beat)

okay:

Her phone is already out and ready for this moment.

GF

(reading)

“Hi, Meche. Thank you for the card. I’ll have Ricky call and thank you for the Blockbuster certificate. He was very excited.

(beat)

I have to write to tell you something that I don’t want you to repeat to anyone. I don’t want the rest of the family to know. But

(struggling to say)

he has “an other”. And now that he’s getting older, I don’t know if I can handle this by myself. I doubt that I can. He’s scary. And big. Much bigger than me. And he hates me. He’s cold and mean to me. In a way that I didn’t really believe when it was younger.

(beat)

I don’t ever want him to know. He’s already been through too much. With his father. And with my Other. I just think it’s best. At least, for now. Maybe, I can tell him when we’re both older. I think he deserves to be able to figure himself out first. And then he can try to handle something like this.

(beat)

It’s my fault, isn’t? I shouldn’t have put him through any of this. But, here we are. And I know that it was helpful for you to tell me. Knowing helps. But, I just don’t think I can. I don’t think I have it in me to tell him. No matter how bad this is. Let me know when there’s a good time to call. I know you’re busy. Love you.”

Son is left in shock.

GF

(re: he’s in the room)

You can’t see him *can* you?

(to Son’s Other)

He says these - *horrible things* - to me - and I don’t know what to do with them!

SON

(not knowing where to yell)

Where are you?! Leave her alone!

GF

He’s standing next to me.

SON

Honey, don't - don't listen to whatever he's saying. Has he threatened you? Jesus christ, did he hurt you?

She nods. Son holds her, she doesn't know if she should allow this or not.

SON

Get away from her! Leave!

She pulls away from him.

GF

I don't trust you. I don't know if you can do anything about it.

(beat)

He's leaving.

SON

Honey - I don't - I never -

GF

I *know*. That's why I'm still here. You *never* knew. And he's *always* been there. I thought - if it hadn't been for the emails - I've always thought he appeared because of *me*! But your mother has been dealing with it your entire life. So, I can't be mad at you for that. It doesn't have anything to do with me. It's always going to be there for you. No matter who you're with.

A LARGE DEMONIC MAN - SON'S OTHER - stalks in from GF's office, carrying her bag. He speaks in a cold, demeaning way.

Son freezes as he watches a bag float in air.

SON'S OTHER

Are you done? Is there more talking and sobbing you need to do? You can leave now. You've fucked everything. What is taking you so long to leave? I just packed your things. That's the only favor you get today.

SON

(in shock re: his whole life)  
Your bag is floating.

GF

He wants me to leave.

SON

(gets it)

Uh-huh.

(beat)

Maybe -

(beat)

Maybe that's the right thing.

GF

(nodding)

It probably is.

SON'S OTHER

You were never supposed to be here. This is not your home. You're sick. Taking my mother's room. What a damaged bitch you are.

(beat)

The little distraction you've been for us is over. You *were* fun at first. Like a souvenir from another country. Plenty of *other* sad pussy we can find to distract ourselves.

(beat)

Are you a complete idiot? How much longer are you just going to sit there and listen to this shit? Do you need *me* to help you get up?

Before the Son's Other can grab her, the GF'S OTHER crawls quickly out from the coffee table making Son jump. GF notices his obvious reaction.

GF'S OTHER

(re: Son's Other)

DON'T RUIN THE MOMENT!!

(to Son)

She hasn't even told you about the *other* emails!

SON

What other ones?



GF

(looking around the table)

Who are you talking to?

GF'S OTHER

(excitedly)

Well... it was *mentioned* - that in order for mommy to cope with the abuse from your big demon piece of shit over there - as he got more disgusting in his male adolescence - guess what she chose to do?!

GF

What's going on?

SON'S OTHER

(to GF)

Shut that bitch up.

GF'S OTHER

I don't know if you've *heard* - but - when people are stressed - ya know - from - I dunno - *abusive demonic creatures that take over their entire life* - they buy these little fags - I'm sorry - *sticks* - called - *cigarettes* - and -

SON

No! She stopped!

GF

She what?

SON

She *stopped* smoking!

GF

(knowingly)

Oh.

She shakes her head "no she didn't stop". Confirmation.

SON

(breaks down)

No! She *stopped*! Before I was born! She didn't! I never saw - or - She didn't!

GF  
It wasn't your fault!

He realizes he killed her.

SON  
No!

GF SON  
Baby, it wasn't your fault! You didn't know! No!

GF  
It wasn't your fault! It wasn't you!

SON  
Of course it was me!

GF  
It's not you!

SON  
Yes it is!

GF  
I don't - I don't know *what* it is -

SON  
My - my Other -

(no more sobbing)  
WHERE IS HE???

GF'S OTHER

(pretending not to know)  
*Baby, what's wrong??*

SON  
SHUT UP! WHERE THE FUCK IS HE?! WHERE IS HE?!

SON'S OTHER  
Don't listen to these ranting little girls.

Son goes to the kitchen.

GF  
What are you doing?

GF'S OTHER  
Oh, we're going to have some *fun* now!

He pulls out the knife and puts the pointed edge to his throat.

SON  
(to GF)  
Honey, maybe you should go.

GF  
No, stop it!

SON'S OTHER  
You get him to stop this shit!

SON  
Honey, please leave. I have to do this.

GF'S OTHER  
Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it!

GF  
No! No, this is not how you deal with this!

SON'S OTHER  
Good girl.

GF  
SHUT UP! YOU WANNA DIE? SIT DOWN. SIT. DOWN. NOW.

He follows her direction.

SON  
What'd he do???

GF  
He's on the sofa.

GF'S OTHER  
Don't let her save you! Fucking kill yourself already! Come on, hero! Save us! Save us!

SON  
I don't know what to do.

GF

I don't either.

(beat)

Honey - who else are you talking to???

GF'S OTHER

Okay, I guess I'm gonna havta help now!

The GF's Other puts her hand over Son's hand and pushes the knife in a little.

SON'S OTHER

(to GF's Other)

What the hell do you think your doing?

Son's Other gets up to attack GF's Other.

GF

(doesn't understand)

Stop!

Son's Other pulls GF's Other hand away and they struggle.

GF

Who is your Other attacking right now?

SON

That's not important -

GF

Do I have -

GF'S OTHER

I'll be right there to kill you, baby! Hang on!

SON'S OTHER

No. You won't.

GF's Other and Son's Other continue to struggle. They are evenly matched.

Son and GF watch as they wrestle their way off stage into GF's room.

Honey, put the knife down. GF

He takes a beat to think about it.

SON

Okay. (nodding)

Just tell me. GF

Pause.

... you have “an Other”. SON

Oh. GF

Long Pause.

(considering, deep breath)  
Do you want to try to make this work? GF

Yeah. Yes, I do. SON

Pause. She thinks about it.

Okay. GF

Okay. SON

BLACKOUT.

## SCENE THREE

Dusk. The front door swings open and SON'S OTHER storms in a furious rage.

GF's OTHER rushes in from the window with a beer bottle SCREAMING.

She jumps on his back, breaks the glass on his head, and just stabs him relentlessly in the neck with it.

GF'S OTHER

IDIOT! IDIOT! IDIOT! IDIOT! IDIOT!

He manages to face her while she clings to him.

SON'S OTHER

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING!

And body slams her behind the sofa.

The fight will continue on and should be bloody.

GF'S OTHER

KEEP SWINGING! LEMME FIND OTHER WAYS TO CUT YOU!

SON'S OTHER

YOU THINK I CARE? YOU'RE MEANINGLESS!

She stabs a fork, (or anything really) into him. Generally, the fight should play out with her slicing and stabbing him, as he slams and throws her against the room.

They continue to make a bloody mess when SON quietly storms into the apartment. He steps over, or ignores anything regarding the fight as he gets himself a beer from the fridge.

GF enters and systematically closes the door, puts the car keys and her day-bag away, also deliberately ignoring the fight. She's pissed, but more poised.

GF

I'm going to see if that grade finally posted.

SON  
 Okay.

GF  
 That's all he can say?

GF  
 You're doing that again.

SON  
 Doing what?! I thought you were checking your stuff!

GF  
 Yes, I'm checking "*my stuff*."

GF  
 Frustrated, trying to do what the therapist said:

SON  
 That is not what I *meant*, and I *apologize*.

GF  
*Fine*.

GF  
 (under her breath)  
 I don't know *what* you meant.

SON  
 Oh my god - you're not gonna accept - *I'm sorry!*

GF  
 You know what? I'm *not* checking it now. I don't want to know.

SON  
 (livid)  
 Oh - okay - *sure*. That makes *sense*. Good, *don't* check it.

GF  
 We're supposed to talk.

SON  
 We're supposed to talk??? You just said you were gonna check the grade that you've been waiting for all day - and now we're suppose to *talk*?? I *thought* you were supposed to let me have my space! That's what *I* remember the therapist saying.

GF  
 I let you play your station in the car, don't be a jerk.

SON

Oh, you *let* me!? Thank you so much!

GF'S OTHER

(stabbing away)

STAB YOU BACK TO THE FUCKING  
NINETIES! "*WHERE IT'S AT!*"

SON'S OTHER

OH - THE LITTLE GIRL WANTS TO FEEL HER DADDY'S CLASSIC ROCK!

He slams her against a wall on "rock".

GF takes a deep breath - goes to the kitchen - pulls out two  
rolls of paper towels - and two spray bottles.

GF

(really trying)

"I feel hurt when you ignore me."

She forces him to take a spray bottle and paper towel roll.  
He reluctantly accepts.

SON

(making an earnest effort)

"I care about you and I don't want you to feel hurt."

THE DEMONS CRASH INTO SOMETHING.

SON

I shouldn't have lost the damn ticket. Okay? It was stupid. I really don't want to talk  
about it.

GF

It's just a parking ticket.

SON

Please let it go! I "*feel*" like you're  
nagging me.

GF

I'm not nagging you! I just don't understand!

(tries to think of the "right" thing)

"I feel hurt when you ignore me."



SON  
You already did that one.

GF  
I know! I don't know the other ones to use!

Son tries to compose himself for her sake.

SON  
Shit - you feel *hurt* - I'm supposed *to...* What?! I don't want to talk about it - I don't want to talk about it *because* -

GF  
*Because....*

SON  
Because, I - feel like a fucking idiot - and there's nothing I can do about it - 'cept I could've stopped us from getting screwed over by that prick and not have us pay some made-up fee that doesn't fucking exist!

GF  
Whatever. We got out of there.

SON  
Yeah. Right. "*Whatever*".

GF  
Oh, *I* did something wrong?

SON  
No, *you* didn't do anything wrong - "*I'm* the idiot! *I'm* wrong!" Meanwhile, you're out there *making nice* and *being sweet* with people that are *blatantly* fucking you over.

GF  
I'm supposed to *yell* at the guy because *you* lost the ticket?

SON  
Right - *I'm* stupid - I can't keep track of a *fucking parking garage ticket*.

GF  
Oh, you're being *ridiculous*! *I've* done *that*!

SON  
Yes, we've all done that! But there's something about you that makes me feel like a incompetent moron!

GF

Oh, screw you. I'm not doing *any* of that to *you* "sweetheart" - *you're* doing all of that *yourself*!

SON

Great. Thank you so much for listening. Really glad we had this talk.

GF

Ugh!

(figuring out next steps)

Okay *fine*, you're *embarrassed*! *Fine*!

SON

It's fucking embarrassing that *I* screw up, then *my girlfriend* had to swoop in and save the big dumb idiot - and give away *an extra six dollars* just to do it!

GF

Oh, *you* could've talked to him!

SON

Well, *no*. *I* couldn't - *you* were literally in the driver's seat.

She starts to clean blood off the floor.

GF

(being more understanding)

So you were embarrassed and then I embarrassed you more.

(snaps)

Because I didn't let you be a macho man and argue with the parking attendant.

SON

I don't think you think I'm good at *anything*.

Now we're getting somewhere.

He starts to clean blood too.

The Other's have been getting slower and tired in their fight. The couple clean as they speak:

GF

That is so not true!

SON

You're supposed to repeat.

GF

(repeating as part of the therapist exercise.)

"You don't think I think you're good at anything"

(beat)

Well - well that's a - shitty thing - to feel about your girlfriend.

SON

Yes. Thank you.

They're making progress on the blood.

GF

Well I - I don't know what to do about that.

SON

I don't know either.

(beat)

You're in grad school and I'm - I dunno.

GF

The show was in a top 10 list on iTunes!

SON

Honey - it's still a really small market - okay - yeah - that's cool - thanks.

They clean in silence while the fight continues behind.

GF

Just wish you would talk to me. So that it wouldn't be this hard.

The GF's Other has pinned the Son's Other against a wall and is stabbing him pathetically. The Son's Other barely cares or reacts.

SON

You just want to fix things! *I* don't know what the *right* answer is, but *you* come up with one, and then I just end up having to accept it. Like - like - "*iTunes*"! Then I don't want to say anything because you'll just end up backing me up against a wall.

GF

Baby, I just wanna *help* you!

SON

I *know*, sweetheart. I *know*. I'm sorry. Dammit. I should do a better job of reminding myself that.

(then to himself)

I don't even know why you're with me.

GF

Stop that. Stop feeling sorry for yourself. I'm not with you because of *that*. You weren't feeling sorry for yourself when you had to take care of your mother, and you weren't feeling sorry for yourself when you had to try to get your life back together. I wouldn't be with you if I didn't know that.

He takes a deep breath and tries to accept this.

SON

(beat)

I shouldn't have gotten mad about how you were talking to the parking attendant guy. I like that you're nice. You make us look good.

GF'S OTHER

(to Son's Other)

Do you think maybe I could stab you more tomorrow?

SON'S OTHER

(agreeing)

Yeah, whatever.

SON

(re: the relationship)

How do you think we're doing?

GF

(looks around the room)

I think we're making progress.

GF's Other gives the Son's Other a pathetic slap in the face.

BLACKOUT.

END OF PLAY