

Hipsters

By

Toby Scales

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons  
Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 US License:  
<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/us/>

home : <http://tobyscales.com>

email: [tobyscales@me.com](mailto:tobyscales@me.com)

voice: 206-372-8074

## Cast of Characters

Dan: Mid-twenties, a hipster.  
Derek: Mid-twenties, a hipster.  
Rich: Mid-twenties, a hipster.  
The Waitress: Brightly-colored hair.

ACT I

*MUSIC plays as the lights rise slowly on the corner table of a diner in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.*

*Behind the table, a large PROJECTION SCREEN simulates a window into the outside world.*

*DAN stares out at the crowd in the diner, while RICH doodles on the back of his placemat.*

*The remains of a feast litter the table.*

*It is early evening.*

*The music ends.*

*Silence.*

*Finally:*

DAN

Fucking hipsters.

RICH

Yeah.

DAN

I mean: Jesus Christ, you know?

RICH

Right.

DAN

Gee. Zuss. Christ.

RICH

Yeah.

DAN

Fucking hipsters and their fucking -- skinny little jeans and thin little mustaches --

RICH

Thin?

DAN

Or thick, it doesn't matter. They have mustaches, I'm saying. And they wear skinny jeans --

RICH

You wear skinny jeans.

DAN  
I am *talking* about something here.

RICH  
What.

DAN  
I'm saying: these fucking hipsters with their *fucking* mustaches... And...

RICH  
Hats?

DAN  
And hats! I mean, can we talk about these fucking hats? Can we please just talk about these *fucking* hats?

RICH  
Which ones?

DAN  
All of 'em! Any of 'em! The fucking-

RICH  
Military?

DAN  
Exactly, and the-

RICH  
Communist?

DAN  
And a goddamn *bowler* cap! I mean, look at this guy. This guy is wearing a goddamn *bowler* cap! What is the world coming to?

RICH  
Fucking hipsters.

DAN  
I mean, *thank* you. Honestly, *thank* you.

*THE WAITRESS delivers the bill, briskly.*

*They both stare at it for a moment.*

RICH  
Is that?

DAN  
The bill.

(a beat)

(MORE)

DAN (cont'd)  
Well. I don't have any money.

RICH  
Neither do I.

DAN  
Now why is that? Tell me, my friend: why is it that you have no money?

RICH  
I guess, because- I spent it.

DAN  
No, I mean: *look* at you. You're a talented motherfucker. We are two talented motherfuckers and let me tell you something, Rich --

RICH  
Yes?

DAN  
Talent is not a word I throw around. You know? I do *not*, my friend, throw the word "talent" around.

RICH  
So-

DAN  
So why is it, Rich, my talented friend -- perhaps the best fucking illustrator since Walt fucking *Disney* -- I mean: why is it that you, Rich, are poor? Why is that?

RICH  
I don't know.

DAN  
I'll tell you why.

RICH  
Okay.

DAN  
It's the all-consuming monster, my friend. Capitalism.

RICH  
I'm poor because of Capitalism?

DAN  
That's why you're poor, Rich. Because the Capitalist state requires an economy which is expansive, enlisting an ever greater number of slaves to work in its goddamn fucking salt mines and cubicles.

RICH

Wage slaves.

DAN

Precisely! I mean, look at the fucking pyramids! Can we just talk about the fucking *pyramids* for a moment?

RICH

Right. The pharaohs.

DAN

King fucking Tut, my friend. The physical, I mean, the physical *embodiment* of the state's power -- as a *god*.

RICH

Like the President.

DAN

No, not the President -- are you kidding me? I mean, are you fucking kidding me? We're talking Steve Jobs, that's who we're talking about. We're talking Warren Buffet. Rupert-fucking-Murdoch, man. You know?

RICH

The patriarch.

DAN

The fucking great fucking patriarch, benevolently shining his beacon of wealth down on the poor bastard wage slaves cutting stone all day in the hot sun. *That*, my friend, is fucking Capitalism, and *that* is why you're poor.

RICH

It's not quite the same, though.

DAN

It's not *quite* the same, no.

RICH

I mean those were actual slaves.

DAN

Listen you think those slaves didn't have food? You think they didn't have water? Place to sleep?

RICH

Still, that's not exactly-

DAN

I mean, come *on* Rich. You win more flies-

RICH

Honey.

DAN

Precisely. The fucking pharaoh is sharing his wealth, and not only this he's sharing his fucking -- I'll just say it -- his fucking *immortality* with those poor slave bastards. Right? You work on the pyramids, you get to say you *did something* with your meaningless little thirty years -- because let's be honest, Rich -- you and I, in those days, we're old men. Right? I mean, we're fucking geriatrics! Right?

RICH

Centarians.

DAN

What?

RICH

Centarians. People that live to be a hundred.

DAN

Oh. Right.

RICH

Actually, I just read: they think they've found the gene for it, actually.

DAN

The gene for it?

RICH

For, yeah, for like- for centarian... ism.

DAN

Jesus.

RICH

Yeah.

DAN

I mean: Jesus Christ.

RICH

Right.

DAN

Can you check for it?

RICH

For the gene?

DAN  
I mean can you walk into a clinic somewhere and find out-

RICH  
If you have it?

DAN  
Yeah.

RICH  
I don't know.

DAN  
Because that would be good information to have.

RICH  
Right.

DAN  
If you could go somewhere and find out you were gonna live for a hundred fucking years man, that's --

RICH  
Yeah.

DAN  
I mean, that's good information to have!

RICH  
Right.

DAN  
Fuck.

RICH  
Yeah.

*A beat. Dan motions toward the bill.*

DAN  
I honestly do not have the fucking money for this.

RICH  
Me neither.

DAN  
So what the fuck do we do?

RICH  
About the bill?

DAN  
Of course about the bill, what the --

RICH  
I don't know.

DAN  
I mean, do we just sit here until they close?

RICH  
Maybe.

DAN  
Do we come clean? Throw ourselves on the mercy of the court? "Forgive us oh Lord, we know not what we do?"

RICH  
We could dine and dash.

DAN  
We *could* dine and dash.

RICH  
It's risky.

DAN  
Name one thing in life which is *not* risky, my friend. One thing worth doing, at least. Again, the pyramids--

RICH  
Hundreds of years.

DAN  
To build a fucking grave! This is *devotion* of the highest order -- I mean, this is -- the *primacy* of religion, the *power* of holding the keys to the kingdom, I mean--

*Rich's phone chirps. He takes it out, reads.*

RICH  
It's Derek.

DAN  
What's he say?

RICH  
"What are we doing"

DAN  
That's a loaded question.

*A beat.*

RICH

What are we doing?

DAN

I mean, exactly! Tonight? Tomorrow? In general? Since when is the goddamn context--

RICH

What should I tell him?

DAN

This is what I'm saying, Rich: there's no context anymore. Our society is moving toward an immediacy of experience--

RICH

Should I tell him to come down?

DAN

-- an immediacy of experience, which privileges instant gratification and the pleasure of the present moment over a good old-fashioned *work ethic*, by God, without which we would not have the goddamn --

RICH

I'm telling him to come down.

DAN

Without which, we would not have the goddamn *pyramids!*

*A beat. Dan sips coffee and broods.*

*Rich's phone chirps. He takes it out, reads.*

DAN

What's he say?

RICH

He's coming down.

DAN

Good. Maybe he'll have some money.

*Dan finally notices that Rich has been drawing.*

*He picks it up, examines it.*

DAN (cont'd)

What's this?

RICH

It's a superhero. And he's like, swinging a sword.

DAN

Swinging a sword? He's fucking *brandishing* that sword, my friend! I mean --

RICH

Thanks.

DAN

I mean *look* at this, for God's sake! The symmetry, the fine sense of movement implied by these thick upward strokes -- the feeling of rhythm and power-- this is -- Jesus Christ, man -- this is fucking beautiful.

RICH

Thanks.

DAN

I mean that. This is a goddamn masterpiece.

RICH

It's just a sketch.

DAN

No this a goddamn *masterpiece* from an unknown, unappreciated but truly *significant* artist whose work will likely be completely lost to time, due to-

*As Dan gets caught up, the picture dangles dangerously over his coffee cup.*

RICH

Dan-

DAN

Due to our country's absolutely *abysmal* support for the goddamn arts. I mean if you were in Europe right now you'd have celebrated openings and fucking galas and *supermodels*, Richard. *European* supermodels! I'm telling you, they *cherish* the creative impulse in Europe- oh.

*(Dan realizes he's gotten coffee on it.)*

Sorry, Rich.

RICH

It's all right. It was just a sketch.

*Derek enters. He's a wreck.*

DEREK

Jesus Christ!

RICH

Hey, Derek.

DEREK

Seriously you guys: Jesus. Christ.

DAN

You're a fucking wreck. You know that?

DEREK

I am. I'm a wreck.

*Derek sits down.*

*Dan examines him from across the table.*

*Rich tries to dry off his drawing.*

DAN

Do you have any money?

*Rich looks up, hopefully.*

DEREK

No. No money.

*Dan and Rich share a look.*

*Rich starts a new drawing.*

*Dan takes a straw. Slowly, methodically, he peels the wrapper off one end and lifts it to his lips.*

*Blows the rest of the wrapper at Derek.*

*Derek doesn't acknowledge it.*

DAN

My friend, let me tell you something. You mind if I tell you something, honestly? You look like shit.

DEREK

I feel like shit. I feel like a big- fat- shit.

RICH

You're not fat.

DAN

That's not the point, Rich.

RICH

Some people are fat. Derek is not one of them.

DEREK

Thanks, man.

DAN  
We're all fat, comparatively.

DEREK  
Compared to what, exactly?

DAN  
Compared to the goddamn *children*, Derek, who are overseas *dying* so you can sit here afflicted with a-

RICH  
Malaise.

DAN  
Yes! With a whatever-the-goddamn-hell *malaise* you've got this week.

DEREK  
This isn't malaise.

DAN  
It looks like malaise to me. And I'll tell you something else! Every week you have some fucking *occasion* in your life which fills you with, with this mixture of dread and *ennui* which you carry around-

DEREK  
Dan-

DAN  
Let me finish: which you carry around- and which, frankly, Rich and I are getting sick of. Look at you! You make it look so fucking *difficult* to experience your emotions! It's revolting. Am I right, Rich?

DEREK  
Well I'm sorry for being a human being. I'm sorry for being a sensitive, caring individual with a heart.

DAN  
You're a fucking woman, is what you are.

DEREK  
That's sexist.

DAN  
On her period.

DEREK  
Jenna kicked me out.

A *beat*.

DAN  
Well that is too bad.

RICH  
Sorry, man.

DEREK  
Thanks.  
  
A beat.

DAN  
Can I point out something, though?

DEREK  
Don't. Please.

DAN  
I mean, we are talking about a woman named *Jenna* here,  
my friend- what on-

DEREK  
Dammit, Dan, don't start-

DAN  
Let me finish, what on *earth*? I mean, right? What on  
*earth* were you doing dating a woman named *Jenna* --

DEREK  
I knew this would happen if I came down here, this is  
why I never come down here, because-

DAN  
*Jenna's* a sweet girl, I'm not denying that.

DEREK  
*Jenna's* a GREAT girl, as a matter of fact, and we were  
living together for SIX months-

DAN  
Six months! Oh, well. Oh, well: *do* forgive me. My dear  
friend Derek, *do* forgive me, I didn't realize-

DEREK  
When's the last time YOU dated a woman for six months?  
Huh?

DAN  
Listen, I'm trying not to be narcissistic here, I'm  
trying to talk to you about your girlfriend- your  
ex-girlfriend *Jenna*-

DEREK

Would you stop saying her name, PLEASE?

*Rich picks the bill up from the table.*

RICH

Who the fuck is gonna pay for this! Huh?

*He looks between them wildly.*

DEREK

I haven't had anything.

DAN

And I don't have any money.

DEREK

You don't have any money?

DAN

What did I just say?

RICH

Neither of us has any money.

DEREK

You don't have any money, either?

DAN

Neither of us has any money, Derek.

DEREK

I can't believe you don't have any money.

DAN

I know! I can't believe it either.

RICH

It's the Capitalist monster.

DEREK

I'm not paying for something I didn't eat.

DAN

It's just coffee.

RICH

Two coffees. And eight beers. And nachos.

DAN

And chicken wings, but I don't think they should charge us for those because they were basically inedible.

DEREK

Jesus. How long have you been here?

DAN

That is beside the point.

DEREK

Why don't you get jobs?

DAN

*That is the point. That is precisely the point. No we do not, per se, have jobs. We work, we do work, but we lack careers. We catch, my friend, as catch can. Rich here has been hard at work on a poster for a goddamn punk band, a punk band whose lead singer I happen to know, he's a dear acquaintance of mine and I know for a goddamn fact that he does not even own a Ramones album-*

RICH

It's true.

DAN

Meanwhile I've been banging my head on the goddamn *table* for the last several hours, trying to write some goddamn *wedding* vows for this guy-

RICH

You're writing wedding vows?

DAN

Yes, goddamnit! Why do you think I've been-

DEREK

What have you got?

DAN

What have I got?

DEREK

So far.

DAN

What have I got so far?

RICH

Yeah.

DAN

All right, here's what I've got. So far.

*Dan digs into his back pocket, pulls out a crumpled piece of paper.*

DAN (cont'd)

*(reading)*

"My dearest Hillary-" (Her name is Hillary, by the way.) "My dearest Hillary: I pledge today that I will accompany you on your life's journey. I pledge to never leave your side. I pledge to be Virgil to your Dante-" (I may change that around. I have to find out who wears the pants. I may say 'I pledge to be Dante to your Virgil.' Anyway.) "I pledge, my dearest Hillary, to be beside you through all forms of illness, through emotional and intellectual strain, through the whips and scorns of a weary life-" (Quoting Hamlet, there.) "And I promise, Hillary--my Hillary--to make my life and your life as one. To make my death, your death. And when the flaming hailstones of an angry god rain down on us and announce the end of days, when the Earth is charred and black and the souls of the dead rise from Hell on Judgment Day-- I shall be beside you, Hillary, and our souls will be weighed as one. I give myself to you: my body, my mind, my heart and soul--not just for this life but for Eternity. Hillary, I am yours."

*A beat.*

DEREK

That's pretty good.

RICH

Yeah. That's pretty good.

DAN

Thank you.

*He folds it, puts it back in his pocket.*

*Derek looks over the bill.*

DEREK

I thought you said you had coffee and beer.

DAN

We did!

*Derek shows him the bill.*

DAN (cont'd)

Jesus Christ. I mean--

*Dan passes it to Rich.*

RICH

That's not our bill.

DAN  
This is what I'm saying.

RICH  
They gave us the wrong bill.

DEREK  
It's probably cheaper than what you had.

DAN  
You're *goddamn right* it's cheaper. Our bill was in the sixties, easily.

RICH  
Seventies.

DAN  
The seventies!

DEREK  
This is just an omelet and a cup of coffee.

DAN  
I mean, we have really lucked into something here.

DEREK  
Good, pay it and let's go.

RICH  
Where?

DEREK  
I don't care, anywhere.

DAN  
No. No, no, no! This is exactly what I'm talking about, my friend. This is your *goddamn ennui* talking. I need a destination, not just the vague urgency of your ADD.

DEREK  
Can we not go into this right now?

DAN  
I have no choice but to go into it! I am *compelled* to go into it. Your *goddamn ennui* is like a *cloud* hanging over the entire evening, every time you and some girl-

DEREK  
Jenna is not some girl.

DAN  
*Jenna is not some girl? Jenna is not some girl?*

DEREK

You're a real dick. You know that?

DAN

This is New York City, my friend. We're all dicks here.

DEREK

I'm not.

DAN

No?

DEREK

No. I know you don't think it's possible, Dan-- but you can be a perfectly good and genuine human being no matter where you live. And just because you live in New York is not an excuse to be an asshole.

DAN

Oh sure, I know. You think you're the only sane and decent person *in* New York. You think you're the exception that proves the rule, don't you? Just because you give up your seat on the subway and you speak Spanish to the cleaning lady. Just because you call your door man by his first name and compliment the fucked-up druggie girl that works at the diner on her ridiculous hair color, and let me tell you something it *is* ridiculous and you *know* it's ridiculous and you don't think it looks nice for a second, do you? But you *tell* her it does because you're one of the *good ones*. You're one of the *nice* New Yorkers. Well let me tell you something, my friend -- you are *lying* to yourself. You are a fucking waste of space just like all the rest of us. Your goddamn to go cups are going to the landfill just like all the other piece of shit garbage on the street, and when your corpse is shot full of formaldehyde and rotting in the ground you'll be slowly eaten by the hungry worms which come for us all. From garbage we came and to garbage we shall return, *motherfucker* so don't give me your high-and-mighty bullshit, all right? Just don't give it to me.

*Derek's phone chirps. He takes it out, reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message*  
**Jenna: r u ok**

DEREK

It's Jenna.

DAN

*Quelle surprise.*

DEREK

"R u ok." Four fucking letters! Not even a question mark. Like, she obviously isn't *that* concerned about me if she can't be bothered to type out the whole word.

*Derek types a response.*

DAN

You're not gonna respond to her, are you?

DEREK

Why not?

DAN

She kicked you out of your goddamn *house*, for one! How are you supposed to live? Where the fuck are you supposed to go? I mean, a man's property--

DEREK

I'll probably just go up to my parents' house in Westchester.

DAN

Sure of course, but that's not the point. The point is you're *homeless*. You have no home! I mean, what is the difference from the *slaves* living in *tents* building the-- building the goddamn--  
*(realizing Derek is not paying any attention to him, he turns to Rich)*

You know what I think is the problem with our generation? I mean, our generation has many problems, it's practically *littered* with problems, but this is one of them: the text message has finally and completely destroyed our social structure. The elimination of distance creates a present moment that is constantly under attack from outside forces.

RICH

Mm-hmm.

DAN

Not to mention that regularly summarizing subjective experiences in 160 characters or less externalizes the once-ambiguous process of self-inquiry and renders it explicit and performative! I don't know. Maybe I'm reading too much into it. Maybe it's just a social system working towards greater efficiency. Or maybe it's just *this* fucking *city*. There are so many people in New York! And the energy required to have honest and meaningful interactions with everyone you meet is just *too great* so you end up creating a persona, this representative *shell* of a human being and you walk

(MORE)

DAN (cont'd)  
around waiting for someone to click the LIKE button.  
Right? Am I right?

*Rich looks up from his drawing.*

RICH  
Are you talking to me?

DAN  
No.  
*(a beat)*  
God I hate not feeling anything, ever.

*Derek puts his phone away.*

DEREK  
Sorry, what were you saying?

DAN  
I was saying I'd like to get some goddamn *drugs* for  
this evening because I don't know that I can physically  
stomach the terror of being *alive* for another night.

*They both ignore him.*

*Rich concentrates on his drawing, Derek on his  
phone. Dan stares out at the rest of the diner.*

*Suddenly:*

DEREK  
Shit, look at her!

*Dan turns to follow his gaze.*

DAN  
Not my type.

DEREK  
Not your type? How can she not be your type? She's  
beautiful. I mean, that smile? Those LIPS? She's so hot  
she makes me sick.

DAN  
You know before you got here Rich and I were discussing  
matters of *import*? We were talking about the historical  
significance of the goddamn--

DEREK  
Oh, man! Look at that ASS! Oh my God, that's the most  
perfect ass I've ever seen. Look at it! It's perfect!

*Dan looks again at the girl.*

DAN

It's a very nice ass. Now can we change the subject?

DEREK

Goddamnit. Fucking women, man. I fucking LOVE women!

DAN

Welcome to the heterosexual fucking world, my friend.  
What a revolutionary you are.

DEREK

No, too much. I love women TOO MUCH, man. Every woman I meet, I could fall in love with. Well, not EVERY woman. Some are just- physically unattractive to me, or some of them have like, you know, really horrible personalities.

DAN

Are you making a point, here?

DEREK

Yeah, I'm saying-- aside from the handful of women I just couldn't EVER be attracted to -- and it's a small handful, I'm saying probably eight out of ten women I meet, I'm attracted to and I could date, or at least have sex with, but maybe even fall in love with --

DAN

*(to Rich)*

What the fuck are we listening to?

DEREK

I'm saying: I see women on the street, on the subway -- and -- I see how clogged up they are. You know? These beautiful women, legitimately attractive, but they're all so trapped in this psychology of beauty-- they're so self-conscious, you know, in those super high heels-

RICH

I like high heels.

DEREK

So do I, that's not what I'm saying.

DAN

Then what the fuck are you saying, Derek?

DEREK

I'm saying: I can see how caught up they are in the whole, you know-

DAN  
Entrenched patriarchal power structure?

DEREK  
Yeah, I guess. And I just want to, like- set them FREE.

RICH  
I get that.

DEREK  
Right? Like, let me show you how beautiful you are. You don't need all that other stuff. You're just beautiful.

DAN  
So you're one of the *good* slave-owners then? If you had a plantation you'd give your slaves all day off on Sunday? Well yee-haw, my friend. Yee *fucking* haw.

DEREK  
I don't even follow you half the time, you know that?

DAN  
I don't care.  
  
A *beat*.

RICH  
Sometimes... I sit on the subway and think about this, like -- crazy orgy breaking out spontaneously. Like if everyone's clothes just fell off and they started rubbing against each other, and it would all be just this, like -- big mass of twisting flesh with, like-tongues and legs and hands all over, and you don't know what part of who you're touching, you're just kissing and fondling and grabbing and pulling and sticking fingers in, and everyone's covered in oil and you just like slip and slide all over the subway car while it's going, just grabbing on to each other and humping and screwing, and it just gets desperate and urgent and the whole car is steaming up and you're all just fucking and fucking like you know you'll be dead tomorrow.

DEREK  
I get that too, man.

DAN  
  
(*annoyed*)  
We *all* get that.

DEREK  
Anyway, I like women. That's what I'm saying.

DAN

Well I'm glad you opened up to us like that. I really feel I know the inner workings of your soul now, thanks to your goddamn -- dare I say, *bold declaration* of your heterosexuality. I mean, don't let normative sexual practices hold you back my friend. Find yourself a woman of legal age and give it to her *missionary style*.

DEREK

Fuck you.

DAN

No, fuck you. I'm going to the bathroom.

*Dan exits.*

*A beat.*

RICH

Sorry about Jenna.

DEREK

Thanks.

RICH

Do you miss her?

DEREK

Miss her?

RICH

Yeah.

DEREK

Not really. I mean, I just saw her.

RICH

Right.

DEREK

But you know, when she was kicking me out, it's weird-- she was like, SO ANGRY at me. And I didn't really realize-- I guess I didn't know that she cared that much about me. That she could get that angry at me, you know? I felt-- guilty, I guess. And like I didn't deserve it. Not like: I hadn't done anything wrong. But like: I didn't deserve her CARING that much about me. I mean, I cheated on her! Well-- I made out with a girl, at a party-- and I don't know, the whole thing sort of spiraled from there. We ended up in a huge fight. She threw a glass at me and everything. It was serious. Like: totally a scene from a movie. And this morning, she was kind of calmed down but we were both still

(MORE)

DEREK (cont'd)

really, you know, jazzed up and I said, "Maybe I should move out." And she just-- she looked at me and she was all "Yeah. You should." And that was it. I mean I tried to take it back, and I tried to talk her out of it but like-- once it was said, it was said. She told me she wanted me out tonight. I don't know. I guess love makes people do cruel things. Or relationships do. Or maybe people are just cruel, in general. I don't know. I miss her. I do. But somehow I feel like I didn't even NOTICE her when we lived together. Does that make sense?

RICH

Yeah.

DEREK

It's weird to think that I'll never have sex with her again. Probably.

RICH

Right.

DEREK

It's funny: when she came, it looked like she was trying to PREVENT it. You know? I mean it looked PAINFUL, almost! Her head would go back, her muscles would get all tense, and she would frown up at me... like she didn't want me there with her. Didn't want me seeing that. And it's pretty fucking weird to think that I'll never see that again: her frowny come-face.

*(a thoughtful beat)*

You ever think about killing yourself?

RICH

Sure.

DEREK

Not me.

RICH

No?

DEREK

No, are you kidding? Me? Why would I?

RICH

I don't know. Maybe you feel like you haven't done anything with your life?

DEREK

What?

RICH  
I'm just saying, if you felt like you haven't done anything with your life, you might kill yourself.

DEREK  
Haven't done anything? I'm twenty-six years old!

RICH  
Yeah.

DEREK  
Of course I haven't done anything. Nobody has.

RICH  
Right.

DEREK  
So WHY should I kill myself? I'm really asking: why should I kill myself? See? You can't even come up with a reason! Suicide? No way. Holy shit did you SEE those?

RICH  
What?

DEREK  
Tits!

RICH  
I didn't see them.

DEREK  
They were perfect! Seriously, just- PERFECT.

*Dan returns.*

DAN  
Did I miss anything? You guys didn't make plans to overthrow the government or anything, did you?

RICH  
Derek just saw the perfect pair of tits.

DAN  
Ah, of course. God forbid we should have an evening free of Derek's Freudian longing for a mother-figure.

DEREK  
Fuck you.

*Derek's phone chirps. He takes it out, reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message  
**Jenna: having dinner w friends. told mom abt us.***

*He types a response.*

DAN

Any progress on formulating a plan for this evening? Preferably something involving the heavy use of illegal substances so I can temporarily rid myself of my goddamn ego-construct?

RICH

No.

DAN

I mean, seriously: does anyone have any fucking pot?

RICH

My friend smoked some pot last week? This hydro shit from Canada? I think it was called-- green... smoke? Or: white... smoke? Something. Anyway. He said he got so high he stopped being able to see the color blue.

DEREK

Wow. That's really high.

DAN

Does he have any more?

RICH

No.

DAN

Then that story lacks a satisfying denouement.

*Derek's phone chirps. He takes it out, reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message*  
**Jenna: y**

*He types a response.*

DAN (cont'd)

*Please stop texting!*

DEREK

*(without looking up)*

I have some pot.

DAN

Where.

DEREK

It's at my apartment. Which is now Jenna's apartment.

DAN

Then I believe we are oh for two, gentlemen.

RICH

You know they found the gene for centarianism?

DEREK

For what?

DAN

Living to be a hundred. They found the gene. Miracle of modern-fucking-better-living-through-chemistry. You too can live to be a hundred boychik. If you have the gene.

*Derek's phone chirps. He takes it out, reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message  
**Jenna: ok maybe after dinner***

DEREK

She's coming over.

DAN

You what?

DEREK

Jenna's coming over.

DAN

Oh for fuck's sake. I thought she dumped you!

DEREK

I told her to come by so we could talk.

DAN

So you could talk!

DEREK

Yes. That's what mature adults DO, Dan. They talk about their relationships and their feelings for each other. They don't spend all day thinking about useless stuff like -- like the meaning of every little stupid thing.

DAN

What??

DEREK

I'm saying, you spend so much time thinking about, like: the MEANING of LIFE that you don't ever actually go out and experience life.

DAN  
What the fuck am I doing right now?

DEREK  
Nothing. We're just sitting here!

DAN  
And you think that is--

DEREK  
Useless, yes. I think sitting here is totally useless.  
What are we doing? What good are we accomplishing?

DAN  
We are-- well, before you got here, Rich and I were  
*exchanging ideas*, my friend-- we were in the middle of  
some pretty heavy philosophical territory as a matter  
of fact, before you came in and made the whole night  
about your fucking barely-disguised procreative urges!

DEREK  
What does that even MEAN?

RICH  
It wasn't that deep.

DAN  
Our conversation? About the pyramids?

RICH  
Yeah. It wasn't that deep.

DAN  
Well you're sitting there fucking *drawing*.

A *beat*.

DEREK  
I just want to tell her: I know what I did was wrong.  
And you have EVERY RIGHT to be pissed off at me. But we  
have a special-- you know, a special CONNECTION and I  
think it's a total WASTE to throw that away. Like:  
let's work through this, let's get past it, and let's  
get back to being- you know, really good together.

DAN  
You and Jenna?

DEREK  
Yeah.

DAN

You guys weren't good together!

RICH

Dan--

DAN

What? You know it's true. Every other week they were fighting and he was down here complaining. I mean let's not rewrite History! This isn't the fucking *Holocaust*, we have documented *proof* of this.

DEREK

Jesus Christ, Dan.

DAN

It was a *joke*, Derek. I'm a *Jew*. We're a funny people.

*A beat. Both are lost in thought.*

*Rich resumes drawing.*

DEREK

Do you really think we were that bad together?

DAN

Honestly?

DEREK

Yeah.

DAN

You brought out the worst in each other.

DEREK

Yeah. I always thought of her as like: chocolate cake.

RICH

Rich and dense?

DEREK

No. Sweet, but ultimately not very good for me.

*A beat.*

*MUSIC UP: Neutral Milk Hotel's "In the Aeroplane over the Sea"*

DEREK

Oh, shit. I love this song.

DAN  
Me too.

DEREK  
This whole album is-

DAN  
Amazing. I mean-

DEREK  
Poetry.

DAN  
Right. Our generational, you know.

DEREK  
Legacy?

DAN  
Something.

*They listen for a bit.*

RICH  
Who is this?

DAN  
Oh! This. I mean, this is--

DEREK  
The voice of *God*.

DAN  
*Yeah*. Oh, yeah! I mean this is-- this is an *essential*,  
I want to say a *primeval* experience that's been  
*condensed* down to a 40-minute album and it's *just--*

RICH  
What's the band.

DEREK  
Neutral Milk Hotel.

DAN  
*In the Aeroplane over the Sea*.

DEREK  
Genius.

DAN  
Oh! I mean, oh!

DEREK

You listen to this album, you can literally hear Jeff Mangum losing his mind as he sings.

DAN

Not just losing his mind, he's losing his-- I mean, he's *transcending* his--

RICH

I'll have to check it out.

DAN

No, Rich--yes. You *have* to check it out.

DEREK

Jenna has it on vinyl.

DAN

Really?

DEREK

Yeah.

DAN

God! I would *love* to hear this on vinyl.

DEREK

It's pretty amazing.

*Another beat, as they listen.*

DAN

Listen you know what I think we should do?

DEREK

What.

DAN

I think we should go to Jenna's.

DEREK

Why?

DAN

You said your pot was over there, right?

DEREK

But Jenna's on her way over here!

DAN

This is the reason we should go over *there*. You still have the keys?

DEREK

Yeah, but-

DAN

So let's go over there, get your pot, and get high. We'll put on Neutral Milk Hotel on vinyl and take our dear friend Rich here on a little spiritual journey.

DEREK

I just told her that I'd meet her here.

DAN

Derek: my friend, my compatriot, my fellow traveler on the road of life! If there is one thing I have learned in my twenty-odd years on earth it is that *women*, as a *set*, as a *class*, as a *type sui generis*, are not to be trusted. She ended it, you owe her nothing. Let's go.

DEREK

That's fucked up.

DAN

That's not fucked up. It's a conclusion many great men have come to, as a matter of fact- your Hemingways, your Philip Roths- David Mamet. You ever read Mamet?

DEREK

When's the last time you had a girlfriend?

DAN

What does that have to do with anything?

DEREK

You act like you're some kind of tough misogynist because you read all these misogynist writers, but really you've just never fallen in love with a woman.

DAN

I have, too!

DEREK

Emily doesn't count.

DAN

Why doesn't Emily count?

DEREK

You were in high school.

DAN

Oh, and what I'm *incapable* of having a serious relationship at a young age? James and Nora Joyce-

DEREK

Emily. Doesn't. Count.

DAN

Because I *mature* faster than my peers, suddenly *my relationships* don't count? That's what you're saying?

DEREK

You were fifteen. And you never had sex with her.

*A half-beat, as Dan searches for a retort.*

DAN

SO??

DEREK

So it doesn't count.

DAN

And why not? Just because I don't go around cutting myself and listening to the fucking *Cure*? We don't all publicize things the way you do, Derek. Okay? We don't all go around proclaiming our love for Rosalind on every goddamn tree trunk! Some of us are discreet!

DEREK

Fine.

DAN

Fine.

DEREK

We're not going to Jenna's.

DAN

Fine.

DEREK

Fine.

DAN

Did you tell her I was here?

DEREK

Jenna? No.

DAN

No?

DEREK

No. Why would I tell her that?

DAN

Oh, I don't know, because maybe you might find it *important* to tell her that you're *with* people already? People who, in fact, have a prior claim to your goddamn *company* for the evening--

DEREK

Wait-- a minute ago you were saying how much you hated me being here, and now you're upset that--

DAN

I am *not* upset.

DEREK

You're totally upset!

DAN

I am *not* upset! I'm just pointing out an *inconsistency*, a *tendency* if you will that I see *burgeoning* in our society, which is to constantly *undermine*--

DEREK

Listen to you! You're screaming at me.

DAN

Am I upset, Rich?

RICH

I don't know. Are you?

DAN

Was I screaming at him?

RICH

When?

DAN

Just now!

RICH

I wasn't listening.

DEREK

He was screaming at me.

DAN

I was not *screaming*. I have an emphatic personality, there's a difference between me being emphatic and--

DEREK

He's upset because Jenna's coming over.

DAN  
I am *not* upset! For Christ's sake! I am *not* upset!

DEREK  
See? He's screaming.

DAN  
*(screaming)*  
I am NOT FUCKING SCREAMING!! FUCK YOU!!!  
*A long, quiet beat.*

RICH  
Jenna's coming over?

DEREK  
Yeah.

RICH  
Cool.

DAN  
It's a porn star name. That's what I'm saying. Jenna is a porn star name.  
*A beat.*  
*Derek surveys the crowd.*

DEREK  
Fucking hipsters.

DAN  
I know.

DEREK  
I fucking hate hipsters.

DAN  
Thank you, I know!

DEREK  
Look at that one. He's wearing a *stocking* cap.

DAN  
In the fucking *summer*, he's wearing-

DEREK  
It's the *middle* of summer.

DAN  
Do you think he knows?

DEREK

And look at his friend. Is that *camouflage*? Who the fuck wears camouflage? Who is he hiding from? Did war suddenly break out in Williamsburg?

*Dan begins giggling as they riff.*

DAN

He's part of a top-secret vegan militia. Their base of operations is in the back of the Buffalo Exchange.

DEREK

Right. They all carry guns, but they do it **IRONICALLY**.

DAN

And their mission is to bring vinyl back.

DEREK

What the fuck is with the headband?

DAN

Exactly! Exactly! I mean- *why* the *goddamn* headband??

DEREK

He looks ready to fight and die for his right to play tennis.

*Laughter subsides.*

*Another beat.*

*Dan's phone chirps. He takes it out, reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message*  
**Jenna: r u w derek rt now?**

*He types a response.*

DEREK

Who is that?

DAN

Oh, some girl.

DEREK

What girl?

DAN

This girl I met online.

DEREK

You met a girl online?

DAN

I told you, Derek. Not all of us are as--

*Dan's phone chirps. He takes it out, reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message*

***Jenna: idk what he wants***

*He types a response.*

DEREK

When did you meet a girl online?

DAN

Oh, you know.

DEREK

What is she saying?

DAN

It's private.

*Dan's phone chirps. He takes it out, reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message*

***Jenna: lol i bet u do!***

*He types a response.*

RICH

I'll bet he's sexting.

DAN

*(as he types)*

Rich, please. You should know by now that I would never- I would never, uh... I mean, my distaste for portmanteau, I would never--

DEREK

I'll bet he's making it up.

DAN

*(still typing)*

I would never stoop, Rich. I would never stoop to, uh-

RICH

Yeah. He's totally making it up.

DAN

No, actually it's very real. I wouldn't call it a relationship, *per se*, but it's something to do.

*He puts the phone away.*

*They wait, expectantly.*

DAN (cont'd)

All right. All right, I will tell you this because I respect you. I respect both of you. And because I know you will not leave me the *fuck* alone until I do.

DEREK

Well?

DAN

That was- how shall I say it? My protégé? A young, a female admirer of mine who- look, this can't leave the boundaries of this table, all right?

DEREK

All right.

DAN

All right?

RICH

Right.

DAN

That was Stefanie. She's- well, she's my slave girl.

*A moment of silence, as they process.*

DAN

When was the last time she refilled our coffee? It had to be over an hour ago. See what kind of tip *she* gets.

DEREK

Can we go back to-?

DAN

All right. You know how much I love Foucault, yes?

DEREK

What does your "slave girl" do, exactly?

DAN

Derek, please. Let me tell it my way. You've read Foucault, haven't you?

DEREK

No.

DAN

Oh! Oh. Ohhhh, You should read Foucault. I think you, of all people, would be able to appreciate Foucault. Now, I've never read him *in French-*

DEREK

I want to hear about the slave girl.

DAN

You see? There's no appreciation for *context* anymore.  
Wasn't I just saying this, Rich?

DEREK

Do you have any pictures of her?

DAN

Pictures?

RICH

Pictures or it didn't happen.

DAN

Fine.

*He takes out his phone, flips through it.*

DAN

Here.

*He holds the phone out to Derek.*

DEREK

Jesus. She's hot.

*Rich leans in, and they examine the picture.*

RICH

Holy shit. She's really hot.

DAN

Yeah. She's a first-born child and her parents are divorced.

DEREK

What's that mean?

DAN

Well-- obviously her parents married for looks. So their kid is going to be great-looking and fucked up.

DEREK

Wait. Is she tied up?

DAN

Oh yes. She is most definitely tied up.

DEREK

Is something WRITTEN on her forehead?

DAN

Actually there's writing all over her body, it's just hard to see the rest of it.

DEREK

What's it say?

DAN

I believe that one says "Down, strumpet."

RICH

What the fuck does that mean?

DAN

It's *Shakespeare*, Rich. Fucking greatest fucking-- *Othello*, all right? Act 5, scene 2? There's another one on her leg that says "the secret parts of fortune."

*He shows them a new picture.*

DAN

And I drew a little arrow pointing up to her, uh--

DEREK

That turns her on?

DAN

Well, we're both highly verbal people with an overwrought appreciation for the the written word... but the Shakespeare was specifically my choice. She wanted me to write something different on her ass.

RICH

What did she want you to write?

*He finds a new picture, hands them the phone.*

DAN

"Dan's bitch."

RICH

Jesus Christ.

DAN

Yeah.

RICH

Gee. Zuss. Christ.

DAN

Right?

DEREK

I feel bad for her.

DAN

Why? Just because she's interested in me sexually?  
That's so completely typical of you I can't even begin-

DEREK

No, I mean. Don't you think she had some kind of... I can't help but look at this and think, she must have had some fucked up shit happen in her childhood, like she was molested or something. I'm not judging YOU, --

DAN

*Obviously* you're judging me, Derek. You are always, in fact, judging me. It's all fine for you to bring your goddamn bullshit romance in here every night, some new girl breaking your heart, but the moment *I* try to have something real-

DEREK

Jenna and I were living together for SIX MONTHS!

*Rich starts flipping through the pictures.*

DAN

Jenna is a fucking *projection*, my friend.

DEREK

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

DAN

Before you moved in with her, who were you dating?

DEREK

Angela.

DAN

And before her?

DEREK

Corrina. I don't know your point is.

DAN

My point is, *motherfucker*, that you are constantly with a woman and therefore *none* of these women can have any special meaning to you. You are a serial monogamist.

RICH  
Also all their names end in "A."

DEREK  
What?

RICH  
Angel-ah, Corrin-ah, Jenn-ah.

DAN  
We *get* it, Rich. Can I have my phone back, please?

RICH  
Why? Do you have pictures of your dick on here?

DAN  
No, but I-

RICH  
Oh! Oh, holy shit.

DEREK  
What?

*Derek leans over to see.*

DAN  
You know, there was a time when privacy *meant* something. There was a time when-

DEREK  
Wait. Is that-?

RICH  
That's EXACTLY what it is.

DEREK  
Jesus Christ!

DAN  
Thomas Jefferson, you know, said that a man's property-

DEREK  
She's peeing on you!

DAN  
Can I have my phone back, Rich? please?

DEREK  
This is your big *relationship*? This girl peeing on you?

DAN

What Stefanie and I do sexually is very subversive. Okay? We're breaking down barriers, busting through our own psychological and societal hangups to get at the root of who we really are as sexual *beings*. And let me tell you something, friends--that takes courage. Okay? That takes real courage. So don't sit there and judge me just because I have a picture on my phone of a girl urinating on me. She enjoys it, and I let her do it because I *respect* her. As a matter of fact, Derek, we *talk* about our needs and goddamnit if that doesn't make us- not just better at relating to *each other*, but better at relating to humanity, writ large. Yes! She pees on me. Yes! I tie her up and write on her. She's fine with it, I'm fine with it. We're not committed to each other, and there's no expectation of--

RICH

*You're catching it in your mouth!*

DAN

*Please give me my phone back.*

DEREK

Don't give it back to him. He's an asshole!

DAN

Rich. Richard? My friend, my compatriot--

*The two close in on Rich and the phone.*

*Rich drops under the table, suddenly.*

*An awkward struggle, Dan and Derek tugging at him violently beneath the table cloth.*

*Finally Rich emerges on the other side.*

*He hoists the phone above his head.*

RICH

All right! All right! I want to know one thing. One FUCKING thing. WHO. IS PAYING. FOR THIS GODDAMN BILL?

*He brandishes the bill in front of them.*

DEREK

I'll pay for it if you give me the phone.

*Rich hands him the bill.*

*Derek produces a twenty and places it on top.*

DAN  
Fucking Capitalist.

DEREK  
Now give me the phone.

*Dan's phone chirps. Rich reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message  
**Jenna: r u sure it wont b awkward?***

DEREK (cont'd)  
Ooo good, a new message from the slave girl! Let's see!

DAN  
*(warning)*  
Rich-

RICH  
Oh, shit. I locked it.

*He hands the phone to Derek.*

DEREK  
Shit, Rich! Why'd you do that? What's your code, Dan?

DAN  
Why on *earth* would I give you my code? So you can continue to mock my sexual dalliances?

DEREK  
Whatever. I'm not paying for this then.

DAN  
I'm afraid, Derek, that you're the only one with a job.

DEREK  
Exactly! I work hard for my money.

DAN  
*Please.* You don't work hard.

DEREK  
What?

RICH  
You don't.

DAN  
You tweet about fucking *coconut water* all day!

DEREK

That's not all I do.

DAN

No?

DEREK

No! I manage their ENTIRE social marketing strategy.

DAN

Oh for Christ's sake that's the most meaningless sentence in the entire world.

DEREK

Whatever. At least I get PAID to write.

*He exits, with the bill.*

*Rich sits.*

DAN

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

RICH

I don't know.

DAN

"I get paid to write?" Like he's better than me because he writes *ad copy* for coconut water? Because he's in charge of a fucking *Facebook* page and a *Twitter* account, he's a real writer and I'm some kind of--

RICH

Why is Jenna texting you.

DAN

That is-- that's a long story, Rich. And it's complex.

RICH

Does Derek know she's texting you?

DAN

No. And that is why I would appreciate your discretion regarding this matter.

RICH

Why is she texting you?

DAN

Did I ever tell you about my mother? My mother opened a book store called Twice Sold Tales because she thought it was a funny name for a bookstore. She wasn't even a big reader, she just thought it was a funny name. To

(MORE)

DAN (cont'd)  
this day, she still doesn't read books. I mean she'll put down the occasional Alice Walker or Joyce Carol Oates but I know for a fact she's never read Hemingway!

RICH  
What's your point?

DAN  
My point is, Rich, people do things for stupid reasons. Not everyone knows why they do something.

*Dan types a response on his phone.*

RICH  
Yeah. You want to hear a funny story? My roommate and his girlfriend are always in his room together, and they always have the door locked. And when I first moved in, every time I walked by there I would hear these awful fights, like kind of muffled arguments back and forth. Or sex. Sounded like sex. And I used to think they had this crazy-passionate relationship or something. But one day the door was open a little, and I stopped and peered in through the crack. And there was a movie playing. And then I realized: they probably just watch a lot of movies. Just like everyone else does. Which is weird. I thought they were this really interesting couple, with all this passion in their lives-- but they're not. They don't have any more passion in their lives than I do in mine. I don't know. It made me sad. Why is she texting you?

DAN  
She wants to know if she should come down here.

RICH  
And what are you saying?

DAN  
I'm saying she should.

RICH  
Why?

DAN  
Because then, Richard, she can bring the *goddamn pot!*

*Derek returns.*

DEREK  
All right, assholes. Let's go.

DAN

Go?

DEREK

Yeah. Let's go get my pot from Jenna's. We can get high, listen to some good music and the night won't be a total fucking waste.

DAN

But- I thought she was coming down here?

DEREK

So? Fuck her. She broke up with me, right?

DAN

Yeah.

RICH

Right.

DEREK

So.

DAN

So?

DEREK

So let's go.

*A beat.*

DAN

Yeah. Let's go.

*They exit.*

*MUSIC plays and we see them appear on the screen, as if out the window. They light cigarettes.*

*Derek flags down a cab.*

*Lights slowly down.*

ACT 2

*MUSIC plays as the lights rise slowly on the same corner table. It is three hours later, and the screen/window now looks out on a night scene.*

*Dan, Derek and Rich enter.*

RICH

Hey. Isn't this-?

DEREK

This is where you were sitting before, isn't it?

DAN

Are you surprised? It's the Eternal Return.

RICH

The what?

DEREK

The ETERNAL RETURN.

DAN

Precisely.

DEREK

They're a funk band.

DAN

What?

DEREK

The Eternal Return. Out of Bushwick?

DAN

No. No, no, no, Derek. The Eternal Return--

RICH

They play funk?

DEREK

Sort of funk-hop. Or like, super-agro Jazz with a kind of groovy bass line on the 1 and 3...

*He presents a vocal impersonation of this music.*

*Funky, uptempo beatboxing -- irresistibly catchy.*

*After a few measures, Rich joins in, adding record scratches and horn stabs. The whole thing should last about a minute and drive Dan absolutely nuts.*

*They draw to an awkward, jamband-y close... Derek keeps trying to land the stinger but Rich misses.*

*Finally, when it appears they are done-*

DAN

Actually I was referring to Nietzsche's conception--

*Derek gives a high-pitched wailing call, which crescendos higher and higher until Rich joins in.*

*This time they are in lockstep, really rocking it.*

*Dan listens patiently for a moment, then explodes.*

DAN (cont'd)

FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU GUYS!!

*Derek is soloing like an Ornette Coleman number, while Rich provides a steady rhythm on hi-hats.*

*The tempo slows, a la Mingus's Black Saint.*

*Finally dies again. A long pause.*

DAN

If you ever, ever do that again I swear to God-

*They come in simultaneously with the original jam, ride it for a few measures and then close solidly with a perfect stinger.*

DEREK

Eternal Return. That's basically what they sound like.

DAN

Great. Now can we-- can we fucking order or something? I need a drink.

DEREK

YOU need a drink. Why do YOU need a drink.

DAN

Because, Derek, because a lot of things- a lot of my personal life, in fact, my very personal life, Derek, a lot of things about me, and myself, and the way I live, and not to mention the photographs, and the fight in the fucking car, and the goddamn fucking excursion that we've been on, Derek, the goddamn fucking excursion we went on to find your pot and which ended up being--

*(thinking better of it)*

Which ended up being, you know, for whatever reason-- got fucked up, and believe me, I understand, I

(MORE)

DAN (cont'd)  
*recognize-- I'm not saying I can empathize because  
 I'm-- not you, but I can-- and this is my point, Derek,  
 this is my whole point, really, of everything I've been  
 saying-- is-- that-- we-- I mean, as a society-- are--  
 (but it is gone)*  
 What the fuck was I talking about!

DEREK  
 Drinks.

DAN  
 Right. No, right. Good. Very good.

DEREK  
 I'll tell her.  
*He gets up, looks around. Exits.*  
*Rich looks over at Dan.*

DAN  
 What.

RICH  
 I don't have any money.

DAN  
 Neither do I.

RICH  
 So.

DAN  
 I don't know, Rich, I don't know because I don't have  
 all the answers. How are we going to pay for these  
 drinks? I don't know. I really don't know. I'm sorry.

*Rich flips over his placemat.*

*He begins to draw, pointedly.*

*After a moment.*

DAN (cont'd)  
 The pyramid conversation was fucking interesting, by  
 the way.

*Derek returns from the opposite direction.*

DEREK  
 I couldn't find her.

DAN

What?

DEREK

I looked all over, I couldn't find her.

DAN

She's our waitress, she didn't just-

DEREK

I couldn't find her.

DAN

I mean she's not just gonna *disappear*, she has to be here *somewhere*. Right? I mean she's a fucking waitress, for god's sake. They're not allowed to *leave*, are they?

*Rich gestures to the screen/window, where The Waitress is smoking outside.*

RICH

Cigarette break.

DEREK

*(agreeing)*

Cigarette break.

DAN

Oh for fuck's sake. So we don't get to place our order just because *she's* got a problem with fucking nicotine?

DEREK

Dan.

DAN

All right. Fine, I'm patient. Fine.

*A beat.*

*Derek sits.*

*Rich draws.*

DAN

No I'm not.

*Dan exits.*

*Derek looks over at what Rich is drawing.*

DEREK

What is that, a superhero?

RICH  
Yeah.

DEREK  
And what's that, a sword?

RICH  
It's a katana.

DEREK  
What's a katana?

RICH  
It's a kind of sword.

DEREK  
Cool.

RICH  
Thanks.

*Dan returns.*

DAN  
The drink order is in.

DEREK  
What'd you get?

DAN  
Pabst.

DEREK  
Ugh.

DAN  
It's the cheapest beer they have!

DEREK  
It's not even beer.

DAN  
I don't care. After tonight? I don't care.

DEREK  
I don't understand why you're so upset. I'm the one that got dumped. I'm the one that's homeless.

DAN  
You're not *homeless*, Derek.

DEREK

I have nowhere to sleep tonight, I'm pretty sure that qualifies as--

DAN

You're *fashionably* homeless.

DEREK

That's not a thing.

DAN

It is too a thing. And I'll tell you something else: you're just like all these *fucking* hipsters with their faux-poverty, rack-bought, irony-laden outfits and their *goddamn* mustaches. And hats. Those fucking hats.

DEREK

Where am I gonna sleep tonight, huh? Tell me that!

DAN

How about your *parent's home* in *Westchester*?? You're *not* fucking homeless! You *wish* you were homeless. You *wish* you came from some grungey street-life upbringing but the truth is you're nothing but bourgeois fucking *scum*. You grew up with money and your parents have money and you'll never know what it's like to not *have* money, because you work in *advertising*. You, Derek, do not have real problems. You have *white people* problems.

*A beat.*

DEREK

Well. That's racist.

DAN

No it isn't.

*The Waitress brings their drinks.*

DEREK

I'm sorry we couldn't find MY fucking pot, all right? Sorry we couldn't hook up with MY drug dealer. Sorry you couldn't get high on MY drugs.

DAN

It's not that.

DEREK

Then what?

DAN

Nevermind. All right? Just-- talk amongst yourselves. I'm gonna work on these vows.

A beat.

DEREK

Check this out. Yesterday I was on Jenna's Facebook page, and I saw that she had a new profile picture, right?

*Derek shows Rich his phone. As this conversation progresses, Dan gets increasingly irritated.*

RICH

Yeah?

DEREK

Yeah, so I clicked Like. Like: I like your new picture.

RICH

Sure.

DEREK

But now when I look at it, my Like is gone.

RICH

What do you mean?

DEREK

I mean, it's just gone.

RICH

Did she take the picture down or something?

DEREK

No, no. The picture is still there. And there was a comment from some guy, this Jeff Tinsel guy, where he was all "Great pic!" or something stupid like that. And there was a Like from somebody else, some Cynthia or Cecilia... or-- I think it was Sarah, actually. No, Cathy. It was Cathy. Cathy... somebody. Anyway, doesn't matter. The point is, I remember seeing that comment from that Jeff Tinsel guy when I hit the Like button. Because I was like, "Who's this Jeff Tinsel guy?"

RICH

His last name is Tinsel?

DEREK

Yeah. I-I-N-S-E-L, just like tinsel. Like Christmas tree tinsel.

RICH

Weird.

DEREK

That's why it stuck out. And that's how I know that his comment was there when I hit the Like button.

RICH

Wait, so when you go back today--

DEREK

When I go back today there's no Unlike button. There's just a regular Like button again. And no mention of me liking it, anywhere. I think she deleted my Like.

RICH

Can you even do that?

DEREK

There's NO OTHER explanation for it, is there?

RICH

I guess not. I guess she deleted your Like.

DEREK

But WHY would she delete my Like? That doesn't make any sense! We're still friends, right? And anyway I'm just saying I Like your new profile picture. What's wrong with that?

RICH

I'm not justifying it, I'm just saying she might have.

DEREK

No, there's no way. She has NO REASON to delete my Like. I think I must have Liked something else by accident.

RICH

Did you see any other Likes on her page?

DEREK

I looked for some. But that's the thing, she was like all over Facebook yesterday. There were a million photos uploaded, comments, whatever. So I'm not gonna sit there and read all of it just to find my Like.

RICH

You could do a Control-F.

DEREK

For what? Like? I'd have to like, sort through a million Likes.

DAN  
 JESUS FUCKING CHRIST! Are you enjoying this? You can't possibly be enjoying this.

DEREK  
 We're trying to have a conversation here, Dan-

DAN  
 That's not a conversation.

DEREK  
 Yes it is.

DAN  
 No it isn't! A conversation is an exchange of ideas. What you're having is a *simulation* of a conversation referencing the *virtualization* of a social interaction, which, I might add, may or may not have occurred.

*A beat.*

DEREK  
 Yeah, so.

DAN  
 So? So why. Have it.

RICH  
 Well.  
*(beat)*  
 What if there's something wrong with Facebook?

DEREK  
 Yeah. What if there's something wrong with Facebook?

*Dan's phone chirps.*

*He takes it out, reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message*  
***Jenna: no way i m done w u 2***

DAN  
 Sometimes I think about Socrates, and I think: were his friends assholes? Is that why he chose the hemlock? Could be. Who knows.

*He types a response.*

*MUSIC UP: Neutral Milk Hotel's "Holland, 1945"*

DEREK

This is that band again.

RICH

That one we were gonna listen to?

DEREK

Yeah.

RICH

Neutral Milk-- whatever?

DEREK

Right.

RICH

Cool.

DEREK

The whole thing is a love song to Anne Frank.

DAN

No it isn't.

DEREK

Yeah it is.

DAN

It's not a love song. He's channeling her dead spirit. He's *invoking* her, the way the Greeks invoked the Gods.

DEREK

No he's in love with her. He read her diary and got obsessed with her, he carried it around for months--

DAN

Because it was a *symbol*! Because it simultaneously embodies the fragility of innocence and the unfathomable depths of human cruelty! I mean, think about it-- how could you pull a sixteen-year old girl out of her hiding spot, put her on a train, and-- and-- watch her standing there shivering while you turn the gas on? I can't *believe* that's in me. I don't want to believe it. But it is. Cruelty is a part of the human animal, Derek. *That's* what we learned in the last century. And *that's* what this album is about-- mankind: "bristling and ugly."

DEREK

Jesus Christ.

DAN

Yeah.

DEREK

I mean-- Jesus Christ!

DAN

I know.

DEREK

You just see darkness everywhere, don't you.

DAN

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

DEREK

This is a beautiful song!

DAN

I agree. But it's part of a larger, more tragic album.

DEREK

I heard a story once about a girl in Seattle? She was up on this roof smoking a joint, you know-- and she was totally fucked up. So she sets her joint on the edge of the chimney, and it rolls inside. Like down on this little ledge somewhere. So she's drunk, whatever, she decides to go get it. She climbs into the chimney, slips-- falls maybe twenty feet and gets *wedged* inside the fucking thing. Stuck, totally stuck. Can't move.

DAN

Is this story gonna make me wanna get high more? Because I already want to get high *a lot*.

DEREK

Well she has her headphones on still. And this album. Ends up she's stuck there eighteen hours. She's calling for help, fire trucks show up, et cetera. The whole thing is an ordeal, getting her out. You know what she says when it's all over? When she's finally out?

RICH

What.

DEREK

Says she was up there to kill herself. But that eighteen hours, listening to this album on repeat-- She's changed her mind.

RICH

Wow.

DEREK

That's right. Saved her fucking life.

RICH

I really gotta listen to this album.

DAN

I mean-- it's a lovely story, but can we really say it was the *album* that changed her life? And not the whole experience of being stuck inside a goddamn chimney?

DEREK

She said it was the album.

DAN

Well she was clearly an idiot. I'm sure she missed some of the more subtle references. It's like when people say *Lolita* is a beautiful love story.

DEREK

See when you say things like that, that's how I know you've never been in love.

DAN

Oh Christ. I'm not getting sucked into this again.

DEREK

Sucked into what?

DAN

Sucked into your pit of self-loathing and despair! Sucked into your grotesque fucking *worldview* in which *love* and *suffering* are the noblest human traits of all. I am so sick of that! Not all suffering is noble, *Derek*. Not all forgiveness is spiritual. In fact most of the time forgiveness is more a matter of *resignation* than anything else.

DEREK

Just because you've got this whole intellectual armor built up around yourself, doesn't mean the rest of us--

DAN

It's not armor. It's the loneliness of the philosopher.

DEREK

See? You're proud of it! And that's why you've never been in love-- because you don't want to be loved.

DAN

I *was in love with Emily!*

DEREK

How.

DAN

What?

DEREK

HOW were you in love with her?

DAN

You want me to *describe* the nature of my love for her.

DEREK

Yes.

DAN

Fine. Emily... was like... a Godard film.

RICH

Talky without saying much?

DAN

No, *Richard*: she was *layered*. She had complex thoughts and emotions, she allowed herself to be *troubled* by the world. She was very interested in *neuroscience*, as a matter of fact, and as a matter of fact she was the one who first elucidated for me that love is merely the byproduct of a certain *chemical reaction* in the brain, in other words it's simply a *physiological* experience--

DEREK

You think you're so intellectually superior, don't you.

DAN

I'm simply explaining that *evolution*, Derek, has predetermined our species to be susceptible to--

DEREK

Who the fuck compares a girl to a Godard film?

DAN

Oh, *do* forgive me, Derek, my dear friend Derek, if I don't litter my speech with fucking half-hearted fucking similes... "She was like, so beautiful, like--"

DEREK

Fuck you. You're not as smart as you think you are.

DAN

I'm not *trying* to be smart. I'm just waging a one-man war against the text-ification of human thought.

DEREK

HA! *Text-ification* isn't a word.

DAN

Of course it isn't! It's a goddamned *neologism*!

*A tense beat.*

*Dan's phone chirps.*

*He takes it out, reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message*  
***Jenna: derek said same thing 2 me sorry***

*Dan types a response.*

DEREK

Is that Stefanie?

DAN

Yeah.

DEREK

What's she saying?

DAN

Nothing.

RICH

I was in love once. In fourth grade. She moved to our town from South Dakota, and I always used to think of South Dakota as a magical place for that reason. Until I went there. It's flat. Very flat. I went to her home town even though I didn't know anybody. I mean we were on a road trip and it was mostly on the way. But not totally. She was from Sioux Falls. And there's a meat-packing plant in the middle of Sioux Falls that makes the whole town smell like death. I remember, as I was walking around her town smelling that awful smell-- I kind of fell in love with her more. I couldn't imagine growing up with that. The smell and taste of death, in your blood every day from such a young age. It impressed me. And I loved her more for growing up with it.

*Dan's phone chirps.*

*He takes it out, reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message*  
***Jenna: u know y. or u should.***

*Dan types a response.*

RICH

I actually saw her once in New York. I was walking through Grand Central Station, and I was having one of those New York hallucinations where suddenly you think you recognize every face you see. Like there's that one old bartender from *Cheers* only it's not him, it's just some old guy that looks like him. And there's Robert Kennedy, talking on a cell phone. And there's Aunt Lisa from that photograph your Mom has of her as a young woman, and that guy from the bagel shop you go to sometimes, and your grandfather, and so on. It was a really extended one where I saw like ten doppelgängers in a row and I started thinking, "Shit, maybe I've finally lost it. Maybe I've finally lost total touch with reality." And then there she was. Only real. She looked exactly like she *would* look: older but the same. Wrinkles in the shape of her laugh, and tired eyes that had seen a lot more than just the slaughterhouses of South Dakota by now. I stopped to say something, but she just disappeared. But she vanished into the crowd like a ghost, and I've never seen her again. The only woman I've ever loved. Well, her and Neve Campbell.

*A beat.*

DAN

Jesus Christ.

DEREK

I know. Fucking hipsters.

DAN

No: these fucking wedding vows. I sent them earlier, from your drugdealer's house. I told him this was an early draft but he already wrote back and said he'd found someone else. He didn't *find* someone else. He just didn't like what I wrote.

DEREK

Writing is hard.

DAN

What the fuck would you know about it.

DEREK

I know you have no respect for what I do, but the truth is I spend my days writing. And it's not always easy.

DAN

This is why I hate the fucking advertising industry! By offering money to creative people to help them sell

(MORE)

DAN (cont'd)  
fucking *coconut water*, they're draining the art-making marketplace of valuable human capital like you.

DEREK  
That almost sounds like a compliment.

DAN  
You *used to be* a great writer. Before, uh--

DEREK  
What.

DAN  
Whatever her name was.

RICH  
Trina. Another "a."

DEREK  
We GET it, Rich.

DAN  
I mean, do you remember when we moved out here? Do you remember *why* we moved out here? We were gonna-- whatever. I just feel that I used to have a pretty clear throughline in my life, you know? I had a real sense of where I came from and what I was gonna do-- but that's all gone to shit. I don't know *what* I'm doing, anymore. I'm just-- *waiting*, for-- *something*.

DEREK  
Sounds like white people problems to me.

*Dan's phone chirps.*

*As Dan takes his phone out, Derek yanks it away.*

DEREK (cont'd)  
Let's see what your little slave girl is up to...

*He reads.*

*Behind them, the screen lights up with the message*  
**Jenna: bc i love u. thats y.**

DAN  
Wait-- Derek--

DEREK  
Who's--?

DAN

I can explain.

DEREK

Is this MY Jenna?

DAN

Okay, let's-- no one *owns* anybody anymore, thank God, so let's--

DEREK

Why do you have Jenna's number on your phone?

DAN

Because she gave it to me. Can I have my phone, please?

DEREK

Why is she sending you text messages?

DAN

I don't know. Perhaps if you *told* me the message--

DEREK

It says she loves you.

DAN

Oh.

DEREK

Have you been fucking Jenna?

DAN

I think this is a conversation that we should *have*, but I'm not certain that this is the appropriate *venue*--

DEREK

You fucked my fucking girlfriend, didn't you?

RICH

Did you?

DAN

No. You were *not* together, I assure you. That you can ask her, you can check the dates of the messages, nothing was untoward-

DEREK

Nothing was untoward? UNTOWARD! She wrote "I love you" on your fucking phone!

DAN

And this is exactly why we need strong private property laws in this country! Because *this* is what happens.

DEREK

People fuck other people's girlfriends??

DAN

I don't understand why I'm on *trial*, here. The dates, if you check the dates you'll see that you two were on a *break*--

DEREK

You did! You fucking fucked her! You motherFUCKER!

DAN

You see why the Europeans look down on us? People there can speak two or three languages fluently--

DEREK

FUCK YOU!!

*A long beat.*

DAN

Can I have my phone back?

DEREK

No. I can't believe I paid your fucking BILL earlier.

DAN

Technically that was not our bill.

RICH

Dan.

*Another long beat.*

DAN

It had nothing to do with you. Okay? If that's what you're concerned about, you can forget it because it had nothing to do with you.

DEREK

That's not what I was concerned about.

DAN

Fine.

DEREK

Why would you do that? Why would you fuck Jenna?

DAN

You want the truth, Derek? I will tell you the truth, because I *respect* you. I don't owe you *the truth*, and I want to make that clear. But because I respect you--

DEREK

The truth.

DAN

You remember that night we went out for your birthday? Jenna was there, and Rich, and we went out dancing?

DEREK

That's the night? On my fucking BIRTHDAY?

DAN

Will you *please* allow me to give you some goddamn *context*??

(a deep breath)

Nothing happened that night. We split a cab home, and we-- got to talking in the cab, and she asked me was I seeing anyone and I *mentioned* that I had been visiting this particular website. And that I had met Stefanie.

DEREK

Did Jenna pee on you?

DAN

No. But this particular website is-- I guess it's a dating service, but it's geared towards a certain population-- which I think is a *growing* population, by the way, of attractive, heterosexual adults that have a healthy but *alternative* view of sexuality.

DEREK

And?

DAN

And, well-- she contacted me on the site--

DEREK

She contacted you?

DAN

Yes. It was very friendly. She was just curious. She was *taking an interest* in one of your friends.

DEREK

Jesus Christ!

DAN

Sorry, that came out wrong. Anyway we chatted on the site. And it was just fun. Honestly. Jokes, fun, nothing. At first. But then-- you know, there's something to be said for the anonymity of a screen, I think-- some way in which these fucking devices are-- not just windows to the world but reflective, too. Like a mirror. I mean I think it was Aldous Huxley who--

DEREK

Get. To the point.

DAN

I am. I'm getting to the point. She-- told me things. About herself. And I told her things, about myself. Things I didn't feel comfortable *sharing*, with-- things I hadn't-- I talked about Stefanie. I asked her advice. She had strong-- insights. She's not *terribly* intelligent but she's got some other kind of-- way-- of saying things. So you know, at some point I gave her my number... and one time, when you two were-- going through a rough patch, she texted me. For advice. She told me you two were over. She told me it wasn't going anywhere. I never expected you to get back together!

DEREK

Gee. Zuss. Christ.

*A beat.*

DAN

Honestly I'm glad this is all out in the air now? Because--

DEREK

Shut up.

DAN

Okay.

*A beat.*

RICH

Hey. Are we getting another round? Cause I'll go find the waitress. If you guys want me to. Just let me know.

*A beat.*

DEREK

I can't fucking believe Jenna would fuck a fucking skinny fucking hipster like you.

DAN

I am *not* a hipster.

DEREK

Oh COME ON. Look at the way you dress! Skinny jeans--

DAN

Skinny jeans look *good* on me. I have a small frame--

DEREK

And your glasses!

DAN

These are prescription! I need these.

DEREK

Why are they so thick?

DAN

Because as a matter of *fact*, Derek, I don't have *insurance* so as a matter of fact they are my father's old pair that he put new fucking *lenses* in for me--

DEREK

You don't have to be broke, you know. You could get a job.

DAN

I choose not to.

DEREK

EXACTLY! You CHOOSE not to. So how are you any different than those poser hipsters over there, or those ones over there? They're all CHOOSING to be poor, too. You think I wouldn't rather be writing? Seriously? I WISH I could find the time! But I have to WORK because my parents don't send me money anymore. They expect me to pay my own rent. Unlike you. And unlike Jenna. Yes, I came from money but you think I fucking GET any of it? No! I fuckin don't. So fuck you, you fucking piece of shit fucking-- girlfriend-fucker!!

A beat.

DAN

You know, these things-- these *proclivities* that Jenna and I share-- not everyone has them. And I think, I mean I *know*, because she explained to me-- that, you know, you didn't have *interests* which aligned with hers, in terms of-- sexual-- whatever. Proclivities. And then: we did. So.

DEREK

So?

DAN

So don't *blame* me, you know. Blame nature.

DEREK

Blame nature.

DAN  
Yeah. My evolutionary, uh... and her physiological...

A beat.

DEREK  
Did you tie her up?

DAN  
I don't think that's appropriate to--

DEREK  
Did you. Tie. Her up.

DAN  
Yes. Yes I did.

DEREK  
Did you write words on her?

DAN  
Well-- not everyone shares the same affinity for language that Stefanie and I had so, you know-- I mean, Jenna and I share a unique sense of the relationship between sex and power-- much like Foucault did-- but that *manifests* itself in very different ways.

DEREK  
How did it manifest with you two.

DAN  
Derek, this is not--

DEREK  
Tell me the truth.

DAN  
All right, fine. She-- likes to be slapped. And choked. And-- she likes to have her head held underwater.

RICH  
Whoa.

DEREK  
Fuck.

*In the shocked moment of silence which follows,  
Dan searches for what to say and is overcome.*

*The first lines are genuine, but as he continues  
he gets caught up performing his own anagnorisis.*

DAN

I'm sorry. I am. The truth is, Derek, I'm-- a *fraud*. You know? I over-intellectualize things, and I-- I care too much about-- what people think of me. I mean I don't-- I don't take anyone seriously but *myself*. And yet I'm constantly aware that what I have to say is just pointless, stupid-- fucking-- *drivel*. Or *pablum*. Pablum is better. Anyway, I mean-- maybe you're right. Maybe I haven't ever been in love. Maybe that's what I need. Maybe I *need* that, like-- *human*, you know-- or-- an *experience*. Like an awakening, you know, like *one moment*-- this one moment where it *all becomes clear*, and I suddenly I can just stop judging everything and everyone and say *yes!* I get it. I understand. And then, *fuck!* From that moment on, I realize... you know, *whatever it is*. And my life is never the same again. *That's* what I need. *That's* what I *really* need, Derek.

*A very long beat.*

RICH

Are we waiting for the moment?

DAN

No. It passed.

*A beat.*

*Derek stands.*

DEREK

I'm gonna go.

DAN

Derek--

DEREK

Forget it.

DAN

My friend, my compatriote, my fellow traveler on the--

DEREK

She's a projection. You were right.

DAN

But I'm not right! I don't know *anything* about love--

*Dan's phone chirps.*

*Derek reads the message.*

*He hands the phone to Dan.*

DEREK

You'll learn.

*Dan reads.*

*Derek starts toward the exit.*

*Dan starts typing, then looks up from his phone.*

DAN

Hey, uh--

DEREK

Yeah?

DAN

See you tomorrow?

DEREK

Text me.

DAN

Yeah. Right.

*Derek pauses before he leaves, calls back:*

DEREK

Jenna's a good girl, Dan. She just has a shitty name.

*Derek exits.*

*Outside, on the screen, we see him hail a cab.*

*Rich returns to drawing.*

*Dan stares out at the crowd.*

DAN

Fucking hipsters.

RICH

Yeah.

*A beat.*

DAN

You don't think he was right, do you?

RICH

About you being a hipster?

DAN

Yeah.

RICH

I don't know.

*Dan looks at Rich's drawing.*

DAN

What's this?

RICH

Oh. It's you. See? You have all these words all over you, like armor. I didn't know how to spell *ennui* but that's what that word is, there. And you're like, blasting it out of your hand. Like Iron Man. Rah!!

*Dan suddenly gets choked up.*

DAN

Excuse me, I-- uh-- I have to, uh--

*He exits quickly.*

*Rich returns to drawing.*

*MUSIC plays. A very long moment.*

*Eventually The Waitress appears.*

WAITRESS

Your friends left you, huh?

RICH

What?

WAITRESS

You guys were here before, right?

RICH

Yeah.

WAITRESS

I thought I recognized you.

RICH

Oh. Yeah.

WAITRESS

I think: I may have given you the wrong bill. Before.

RICH

Oh.

WAITRESS

Yeah.

RICH

Well--

WAITRESS

It's not a big deal.

RICH

Okay.

WAITRESS

Is that your drawing?

RICH

Yeah.

WAITRESS

Cool. I love the katanas.

RICH

Thanks. I just draw for fun.

WAITRESS

Well, it's good. I'd get a tattoo of that.

RICH

Yeah?

WAITRESS

Yeah.

RICH

You have a lot of tattoos?

WAITRESS

Yeah. I'm kind of addicted. Do you have any tattoos?

RICH

No.

WAITRESS

Well. They're addicting, so don't start. But I do know a great place, if you ever want one. But don't start.

RICH

Okay.

WAITRESS

So... just the three drinks, then? Anything else?

RICH

Oh. I don't have any money.

WAITRESS

What?

RICH

I don't have any money. Honestly. Like, zero money.

WAITRESS

Oh.

RICH

Yeah. I'm sorry.

WAITRESS

It's just that-- if I don't get money from you then it comes out of my tips. You know? And plus that short ticket earlier-- that kinda wipes out my whole night.

RICH

Right. I'm really, really sorry.

WAITRESS

Yeah well. That doesn't help me much, does it?

RICH

No.

WAITRESS

Shit. Hang on, I'm gonna get my manager--

RICH

No listen-- I'm gonna get paid tomorrow. For this poster. And I *promise* you I will come back--

WAITRESS

Is that for the Shitty Biscuits?

RICH

Yeah. They're playing this weekend.

WAITRESS

Cool.

RICH

I get free tickets. If you wanted to go, both of us could go. Together. Or whatever. Or you could just go.

*Waitress surveys the rest of her tables, unsure.*

WAITRESS

What if I asked you to draw something for me?

RICH

Sure. Yeah, whatever.

WAITRESS

For a tattoo, I mean?

RICH

Of course! Yes, I'd love to. Yes.

WAITRESS

I want to get something on the back of my arm, here--

RICH

Okay.

WAITRESS

Something like: unique. Something that says me. These other tattoos, they're all about other people-- like these are from my ex-boyfriend, here. And this one. He was a tattoo artist-- anyway, you don't want to hear my life story, but-- never date a tattoo artist. That's the big moral. What's that thing? Aesop's Fables? That's what my story would be if I was in that.

RICH

If you were in Aesop's Fables?

WAITRESS

Yeah.

*A beat.*

RICH

Umm. I like your hair.

WAITRESS

Thanks.

*MUSIC UP: Neutral Milk Hotel, "In the Aeroplane over the Sea"*

*The scene becomes a dumb show, as Rich and the Waitress exchange phone numbers.*

*He makes her laugh.*

*She sneaks some of his beer.*

*Lights fade slowly to black, as on the screen behind them we see the image he draws for her.*