

SUBURBAN UNDERTOW

BY

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Performance Draft
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MALES

Cliff Huellman

Glenn Lynch

Randy Tachimoto

Trevor Czernonovich

Rich Glazier

Martin Westerhouse

FEMALES

Nancy Huellman

Donna Cuisonot

Monica Pfister

PARENT VOICE (Offstage)

DEDICATED TO MY DEAR FRIENDS
THAT I HUNG OUT WITH ON FRIDAY NIGHTS—
I ALWAYS FELT SO ALIVE AROUND YOU DELIGHTFUL
NUTS!

Time: it is late March, 1984--spring break for many college students. It is very early Saturday morning, approximately 12:15 AM. "The Tonight Show" should be ending as "Friday Night Videos" comes on. It ran weekly from 12:30 AM to 2 AM.

Scene and production notes: It is the Heullman family room, Sunnyvale, California--noticeably unkempt, but not sloppy. Wood paneling is the dominant decor. Far down stage right is a hallway door to the bedrooms. Just to the left of the doorway is a large oak like, stained shelving unit that stands about 5 feet with a 19 inch color TV on top that faces on and upstage left diagonal. The lower shelves should be adorned with the VCR and various loose videotapes. Around the shelf unit there should be a hexagon-shaped, shallow pit with various sitting devices facing the TV. This effect can also be achieved by raising the rest of the stage. In the far upstage right corner is a dart board skewered slightly by a panel or room divider. Facing the TV squarely at center or center left is a sofa placed above the pit. Slightly left of upstage center are sliding glass doors to the backyard. Down stage of the door and left of center is a pool table or poker table complete with accompanying accessories a.k.a. pool cues or rack for poker chips mounted to the wall. Stage left of the sliding glass doors is a swinging door to the kitchen. There is a serving window through the kitchen stage left with bar stools at the counter. Front door entrances should be made through the kitchen. Decorations can be vaguely Western, vaguely 80s chic, with a beer mirror or some such thing.

Character note: These characters are all friends that, in large part have built their friendship on being very sharp, smart and witty. In fact, they somewhat pride themselves on it. So while their dialogue can, at times, admittedly seem descriptively elaborate, or what have you, that is very much part of this group's fabric. They employ sarcasm frequently as a means of normal communication. Many of the male characters will randomly infuse cartoon or character voices and can come off as "performing" for the others in certain moments--they are. Certainly, this is moreso in act one than act two.

Dialogue note: // = Indicates the subsequent line of dialogue should begin to overlap at this point.

Circumstance/Setting note: One of the tension factors in this play is brought about by the fact that Nancy and Cliff's parents are asleep, or attempting to sleep, just on the other side of the wall. So while outbursts of confrontation do occur in the construct of this story, the threat of waking them should always

be looming. Therefore, unless otherwise indicated or called for, moments of emotional outburst and exclamation points in the language should be tempered to the situation and goal of not being so loud as to wake the parents.

ACT ONE

At curtain, Cliff and Glenn are found in the living room. Cliff is seated, slouching with his feet up, more or less contently mesmerized by the TV. He is dressed comfortably, slightly baggy and worn but not overly unstylish. Glenn, a lean fellow, is dressed stylishly with a thin tie, white coat with the sleeves rolled up. He sits a good deal away from Cliff nervously picking at a bowl of peanuts or some such item. Obviously slightly uncomfortable with each other's presence, there is a prolonged silence between them as the sounds of the Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson spill from the down stage TV. Nancy is in the kitchen.

Nancy

(From kitchen) Cliff! Are the dishes in the dishwasher clean or dirty?

Cliff

(Practically without moving a muscle) Clean.

Nancy

You didn't empty it?

Cliff

Nope. Your turn.

Nancy

Nah-uh! I did it when Nana was over last night.

Cliff

Oh. *(Pause)* I'll do it later . . . When there's a Duran-Duran video on. In fact, I might just decide to resurface the floors when there's a Duran-Duran video playing. *(Slight chuckle at his own joke, like he does it a lot - which he does)*.

Nancy

(Enters wearing a cute bedtime ensemble--cute pajamas, robe, character slippers, makeup and hair still intact) You do, and I'll cut your ding-a-ling off. No wait, I'll Have the Monica do that!

Cliff

(Still slouched but an over exaggerated response) Naaaoooooooooh! Don't let Monica anywhere near my manhood--such as it is. I'll never be that desperate.

Nancy

Have you seen the peanut butter?

Cliff

(Struggling to pay attention to the TV) Huh . . . ah, it's in my room. I think it's on top of the . . . ah . . . ah . . . you know . . . ah . . . blowey thing . . . French Horn case. Saltines are in there too.

Nancy

EEEEeeewah! I'll have to fix something else. I'm not going to send a search and rescue team into your room for the peanut butter.

Cliff

What are you talking about? I cleaned my room during the last presidential election. It's not THAT bad. Geez!

Nancy

Dogs fed? *(Sounds of her starting to microwave something)*.

Cliff

(Said with increasing silliness waking slightly from slouched posture) Hah. Yes! I fed the dogs. And they llllloved me for it. They've never been more content by the quelling of their hunger in their lives. I'm their he-ro.

Nancy

Glenn want anything?

Glenn

Huh-uh.

(Conversation stops momentarily and awkward pause)

Glenn

(Obviously a little uncomfortable and anxious, but not too overtly so) So . . . uh . . . Who else is coming?

Cliff

Good question. To which I have no accurate answer. Rich, he's always here. Randy almost always comes. Martin, Glenn . . . oh *(chuckle)* you're here already. Um, Trevor and Donna maybe. Depending upon how active their hormones are this evening. Despite the fact there's 1000 miles between them while she's at school and a phone bill of about \$300 per month, they're still

together. So it mostly depends on if Trev needs some recuperation time after their carnal machinations (*self-chuckle*).

Glenn

Hard to believe.

Nancy

I think it's cute. They're cute. (*Noticeable glance between Glenn and Nancy*).

Glenn

They . . . (*Relenting*) ah . . . skip it. Never mind.

Cliff

Um . . . so I don't really know who's gonna show. Either Rich or I pretty much told everyone it was on for sure, so it's up to them (shrugs). We did let them know and the sign's out in front - all they have to do is come in because I don't want anyone knocking on the door, waking my parents up this time. So they'll just have to let themselves in as usual. Doncha/

Glenn

So you really don't know. It could just be you, me and Nancy.

Cliff

Mmmmmmm, could be. No wait. Rich'll show.

Glenn

Nnnnahn, shit! There is like this other party a friend of mine from down the hall is throwing in Los Gatos while his parents are out of town. Pretty much everyone from my Chico dorm's gonna be there. So if no one else is gonna show . . .

Cliff

Well . . .

Glenn

Yeah, I mean I want to see everyone, but . . . you know, I don't want to hang around if there's nobody here. I don't know. Maybe we could like get together a golf game or something later in the week? That'd be cool.

Cliff

Golf'd be cool. I think I only work--what is it--like three days this week so I gotta couple of days off. Tuesday's good for me.

Maybe we could try out that new course they got . . . (*Trying to remember the name*) ah, what is . . . ah, Shoreline. Supposed to be pretty good and it's still pretty cheap--at least in the afternoons.

Glenn

Yeah, I heard about that. Um, big wide fareways. I like that.

Cliff

Well, with your slice any little bit helps.

Glenn

(*Not entirely friendly get back at you tone, testy*) Oh, and I suppose you never slice, do you?

Cliff

(*Hesitatingly defensive*) Look . . . I didn't say that.

Glenn

Well, I'm gonna take off. I might be back later . . . uh . . . maybe not. I don't know. Kinda hungry--get some tacos or something.

Cliff

Allright, we'll see ya. Take it easy and just let me know if you want to play golf later on, okay?

Glenn

K, I'll give you a call. I still might be back though. All right, I'm outta here. (*Exits through front door area, as Nancy enters from the kitchen area with the item she microwaved--plate of mac & cheese*).

Cliff

(*A la Tigger*) TTFN! (*Ta-ta for now*)

Nancy

(*Making sure Glenn has left*) My goodness, who peed in his corn flakes this morning?

Cliff

I don't know. He's . . . uh, not quite the same. He was sorta like this at Christmas time too. Kinda felt like he had to see people, but then didn't really want to.

Nancy

He used to seem so mellow and low key, now he's uptight. Kinda rude and surly. . . like his sister.

Cliff

Who, Tammy? She's not rude, surely and uptight. Plain and simple, she's the Anti-Christ.

Nancy

Just because you wanted her . . .

Cliff

I never. Only her body.

Nancy

If he was anything like this when he asked me to the winter formal . . . forget it. Save me some trouble later to be sure.

Cliff

Hmmph. Sooo did you two ever/

(There is a slightly profound tapping sound on the front window offstage. It is not quite a knock but close. This immediately triggers a chorus of three dogs barking and crashing into the back door. Cliff gets up and gestures wildly for the person at the front to come in as he scampers to the back door and opens it a crack).

Cliff

(Without being too loud) SSSHHHHH!! Trixie, Norton shush! Ralph, shhh! Don't you look at me like that. (Dog noises squelch, as Rich enters and appears in the kitchen/family room counter area).

Rich

Hey, gang!

Cliff

You iiiiiidiot! You jerk! I put that **huge, obvious** sign out there so no one would tap on the window and wake the 'rents. My mom'll probably . . .

Rich

(Helping himself to goodies in the kitchen as he periodically can be seen through the serving counter) Oh, Jesus. Tell Barbara to relax. Valium works. Besides, I didn't tap that loudly anyways. Heeeey, the cookie jar's empty. Where are my toffee n' cream cookies?

Cliff

Mom's on a diet. She didn't want those toffee things lying around the house so she bought a big ol' bag of ginger snaps and ate half of those while watching her Richard Simmons exercise tape.

Rich

Ginger Snaps! Shit, I haven't had those in ages. Where are they?

Nancy

In the cupboard above the cookie jar.

Cliff

Go right ahead. Make yourself at home.

Rich

What do you mean? I **am** home. You know your mom loves it when I come over and eat everything I can't get at my house. I'm just doing my job as surrogate son to this family. She adores me.

Cliff

That's only because that story you told about the polyester couple in the LA Airport made her laugh so hard, she popped her rather substantial brazier.

Rich

(While eating) Sure wish I could have that effect on some younger women.

Nancy

Wait, which story was that?

Cliff

Remember . . . the toilet paper tail. *(In a caricatured, abrasive old man voice)* Jesus Christ, Marge! THERE'S **SHIT** ON IT!

Nancy

(With a chuckle of remembrance) Oh yeah that.

Rich

So was that Glenn I saw leaving? What up?

Nancy

I don't know. I was kinda hoping he'd leave. Last few times I've seen him he's had a real stick up his ass . . . I mean, I don't really feel like I have anything to say to him anymore. He used to be sweet and fun, but . . .

Rich

You too! Jesus, I thought I was the only one. Remember at Christmas time when we threw that games party because you wanted to ask Diane out and I wanted to get to know Lenna--(*overly melodramatic*) even though I now regret every minute of that ill-fated relationship. (*Knowing the answer is yes*) Have I mentioned that short-sighted, near-sighted b-word dropped me like an anchor?

Cliff

(Non-plussed) Hundreds of times.

Rich

Well not today I haven't. No warning and I had to pay for the yogurt. Anyways . . . ah . . . oh yeah, we were playing blind murder like we always had and . . . I donknow . . . we'd played a couple of rounds and Glenn was guessing. He guessed wrong, we taunted him. And I remember his face going instantly sour and he left shortly after. As he was leaving he said to me in a heavy sigh under his breath, "Goddamnit. When are you guys going to fucking grow up?"

Cliff

I don't remember that.

Rich

Well he just said it to me and besides, I think we were both too blinded by lust-boobs the great distractor--because I didn't think much of it at the time, but later it started to fester in my contemplative psyche.

Nancy

Well just the other--couple days ago--Wednesday? Anyway. Monica and I were in line to see *Splash*--sooo good--and Glenn was just

coming out of *The Dead Zone* in the other theatre, I like said a big "Hi" to him and he almost completely ignored me.

Cliff

(*Cloaked sarcasm, goading her*) I guess you expect more out of your sophomore winter formal date.

Nancy

Well, yes I d . . . goddamnit! I hate it when you do that (*swings at him playfully*).

Rich

Hey, sibling shenanigans aside, who else is coming tonight? Martin?

Cliff

Absolutely. His flight landed late. He has to spend a few grueling minutes with his family over a late dinner and then he'll be right over. Randy'll be stopping by for a while after he's finished the chore regiment his dad laid out for him.

Rich

Oof. That could be awhile.

Cliff

And Trevor and Donna if they can pry themselves apart long enough to come over.

Rich

I guess that remains to be seen. That's cool . . . is Randy still seeing that Norwegian exchange student? Birgit? (*Cliff nods with a psuedo Cheshire Cat grin—Rich with feaux British accent*) Lucky Bahstard! Mother of God, watching that woman jog, is like watching Jell-O harden in a wind tunnel.

Nancy

Piggies! Do you guys think could possibly go a full minute without referencing mammaries (*Cupping her own breasts*)?

Rich

(*As Cliff shakes his head*) Probably not. (*Rich joins Cliff in shaking his head and they both continue to shake their heads ever so slightly for several seconds until Nancy begins to speak*).

Nancy

Well, also, Monica might be stopping by later.

Rich

(Feigned enthusiasm) Oh, lovely.

Nancy

I really don't see what it is you guys have against Monica.

Rich

(Backpedaling) I don't have a *thing* against Monica. It's just that she's so draining and not in a way that you want a woman to be draining.

(Cliff giggles)

Nancy

Well . . . okay, I'll give you that. See Cliff, some people don't think she's/

Cliff

He's just being polite. You know she's a few kernels shy of a cob, a few beans deficient of a brew, a couple of sandwiches short of a picnic, a little bit/

Nancy

(Swatting at Cliff again) All right, enough.

(Cliff giggles in self amusement)

Rich

Gahh! I'm about to enter a gingersnap coma. Is there any milk?
(Returns to the kitchen).

Cliff/Nancy

(In near unison) Why do you even bother to ask? Ooooh! *(As they instantaneously perform a gesture pointing to their own cranium first, then to the other's cranium—sibling ritual).*

Rich

I know the rules are suspended in this house, but my mother taught me to be polite. *(Drinks straight from the carton).*

Cliff

Hmmm, I see. You do realize, of course, you got it made. That you're privileged.

Rich

(Face full of cookies and milk) How do you mean? I don't follow.

Cliff

Well, you can stop in here pretty much darn near any time you please and my mother will lay out the snacky the red carpet for you—especially Friday nights. Plus, you live close enough that you can go to your own mom's house and do your laundry and be fed, pretty much any time. But then, you get to go back to your dorm, where it's fun. You get to get out from underneath the parental canopy anytime you please. You get to meet new friends and any time you're tired of them, you get to come hang out with old friends. I'd say that's privileged.

Rich

Yeah, I accept that. I catch your drift (*Rich farts noticeably*).

Nancy

Ewww!

Cliff

Whereas Nancy and I, must still be housed by the parental units, endure community college and suffer the fragrant indecency of your gaseous rectum.

Rich

Well . . . life's not fair (*Rich farts noticeably again—this time with more zest than the previous*).

Nancy

Ewww! Quit it.

Cliff

You know, in 10,000 years, that'll reach Pluto.

Rich

(*Milk carton now empty as he discards it*) I've always wondered . . .

Nancy

(*They watch the screen for a moment*) It should be starting in a few minu . . . Oh my God, I HATE this commercial.

Cliff

(*Reaching for the remote control*) Turn it up.

Nancy

(*Guarding the remote*) NOOOOO!

Cliff

(Reaching for the remote control) Turn it up. I want to hear her breathe. *(Dumbfoundedly gawking accompanied by a low guttural growl)* I'd like to empty my spigot into her. Once, just once.

Rich

A little skinny for my tastes, but I certainly appreciate the sentiment.

Nancy

Must you do this in front of me?

Rich

(Aggressively overlapping) Absolutely!

Cliff

(Aggressively overlapping) Yes! And besides you know perfectly well if that was a beefy, shirtless cowboy with a prominent package, or Roger Taylor, you'd be doing the same thing. No, worse, you be squealing.

Nancy

(Admitting defeat) Goes without saying.

Rich

I see you dad finally got his Christmas present, the remote thingy, to work.

Nancy

What? Oh this *(Holding the remote control)*. Yeah, he loves it. Now he can fall asleep on the couch without having to get up to change the channel.

Rich

Wave of the future, baby. As these become more popular, I predict America will gain five pounds because we'll no longer have to get up to change the channel.

Cliff

Zip it. I can't lust properly with you two chatting.

(They watch. Having followed the instructions left at the front door, Martin enters stealthily, unseen and gives Rich a hearty spank on the behind.)

Rich

Ahhck . . . Jesus (*seeing Martin*) Duuuuude! (*They belly bump*)

Martin

(*Falsetto*) Hellooooooooo! (*Seeing the TV screen and going to hug it*) Goodness, who is that exquisite sample of feminine perfection I see before me? No, no, no don't fade into a Gillette Foamy ad. I want you to be my wife. Share my bed through eternity. Now my life can never be fulfilled.

Cliff

But she wasn't Asian.

Martin

Just a phase. Lasted through Christmas. One I will, no doubt, revisit soon. I currently seem to be on the downslope out of my Latina phase, as I find myself looking more towards Scandinavian and East Indian women.

Rich

Seeeeeee . . . This is why we get along so well. Why were such good friends. I appreciate the voluptuous, the rubenesque woman. Cliff goes after the supermodels. And Martin sets his sights on just about everything else.

Martin

Everything else female that is. Some troglodytes have wondered.

Rich

Goes without saying.

Martin

Incidentally, while not the main focus of my eternal pursuits, I'm certainly not going to eschew a sweet zaftig honey should she be leaving crumbs in my sheets.

Rich

Which any self-respecting zaftig honey is bound to do anyway.

Nancy

(*Resigningly*) Oh my God, shoot me now.

Martin

Nancy, you and I both know that if our rude and ribald discourse truly bothered you, you would have offed yourself about 8 minutes into our first Friday night gathering lo these nearly

two years ago. And, hello, by the way. Nice slippers (*gestures for her to stand and give him a hug*).

(*Nancy obliges with a teensy taste of residue from the previous moment. Martin then plops himself next to Cliff, grabbed him around the shoulders, throws his leg across Cliff's lap and kisses him forcefully on the cheek*).

Cliff

(*Playfully making faux attempts to escape*) Get off of me you big ape! Help! Help! (*Said in the Bugs Bunny/Looney Tunes manner from which it is derived*) Usher! Usher! This man's annoying me!

Martin

(*Continuing to hug Cliff*) Good to see you Clifford Samuel Huellman! Seriously Nancy, where can I get a pair of slippers like that? My limp-wristed roommate would love those?

Rich

I know . . . I mean I've heard . . . your new roommate's really gay?

Martin

Richard my friend, let me put it this way. Although he is a fine fellow and I truly mean that—good guy, every square inch of the other half of my dorm room is wholly and completely dedicated as a shrine to Hall & Oates. I've taken to placing landmines around my bed. Though I'm thinking of removing them because at the rate things are going for me, I believe I would welcome any attention.

Cliff

(*Now Cliff tries to faux comfort, hug and kiss Martin on the cheek*). Awwww is somebody feeling lonely?

Martin

(*Martin now makes false attempts to escape*) Leave me alone! No! Naoooooh!

(*The sound of 3 pounds coming from the other side of the wall. It's Cliff and Nancy's parents objecting to the sound level*).

Nancy

(*Excitedly*) Sssh! My parents!

Martin

(*Whispering*) Saaahhhry! Sorry Bill. Sorry Barb.

Cliff

(Sharply clapping) One more outburst like that and I will have to thwack your pee-pee.

Martin

(Effeminately quoting the Looney Tunes from which it is derived) You do and I will give you such a pinch.

Rich

You two are seriously latent homosexuals.

Cliff

I can absolutely vouch that that statement is untrue. Martin, as a point of fact, has indeed recently been in pursuit of a lovely honey or so I hear. So what's the latest.

Rich

Whaaahaaat? Wait, wait, wait. Tell me the first before you move on to the latest.

Nancy

Yes do. Even I'd like to hear this.

Cliff

(With a knowing Cheshire Cat grin) Yes Martin, tell them of your recent escapades. It seems Martin has made a valiant attempt to date someone besides his hand.

Martin

Ahem . . . *(gesturing for undivided attention)* . . . Thank you. *(Overt storytelling fashion)* As I recall, one particularly mundane day lo this score and three of days past, I had the Herculean task of stocking the recently arrived, overabundant shipment while missing two colleagues who were crestfallen with influenza. There I stooped, Uriah Heap-like over the--

Rich

Jesus . . . Fucking English major! Just tell us what happened.

Martin

Very well . . . Philistine. So I remember specifically, I was stocking Rockwell's "Somebody's Watching Me" album, when I started watching her, stealthily. A vision of blonde perfection, an angel in crinoline and lace, with light-blue tights that showed off her perky, jiggly, bouncy, luscious buttocks as she strode. I knew then I had to marry her.

Rich

Blonde. So Scandinavian, not East Indian.

Martin

One would presume. Germanic, actually, so close enough. Patience grasshopper, I'll get there. Anyway, I pretended to be busy while my eyes fixed on her being careful not to be caught watching her. You know how you can anticipate somebody turning to look at you and you turn away before they've had a chance to look at you looking at them. I was good; she never caught me. That went on for about 6 1/2 minutes. So after I successfully filed Rockwell under Alice Cooper, she languidly made her way up to me, looked at me with the most bright, piercing blue eyes I've ever seen—so fiery, so innocent. She held up three U2 albums, "Boy," "October" and "War," and muttered something about which one to get for her brother's birthday. What would I recommend. And I swear on the grave of all my ancestors, her voice was breathy. (*Mimicking it as Cliff emits a low, quiet, guttural dog growl*) "Which one of these would you recommend?" (*Cliff lets out a bark*) After swallowing the collection of drool accumulating in my gaping mouth, I managed somehow to muster what I consider to be a somewhat intellectually appropriate and informed response. I inquired about her brother's preferences and personality, and it turns out, she also has a younger brother who's adopted. So point number one in common. I tried to get her to talk about him as much as possible because her voice was fully fueling my tumescence. I also found out she's a sophomore Multidisciplinary Studies major who wants to go into teaching . . . (*encouragingly*) huh? . . . Huh? Teacher = point two. Then she goes to pay. She pays with a check. Which means I had to check her drivers license. She is 20. She lives in Fremont. Which means I could have my cake at school and eat her too--on breaks.

Nancy

(*With mild playful disgust*) Nice.

Martin

I live to please you Nancy. And the capper . . . drumroll please . . . (*Cliff and Rich oblige by tapping their thighs*) . . . Her name is Barbi.

Nancy/Rich

(*Overlapping*) No way! It is not! Can't be! Etc . . . !

Martin

Yes! As God is my witness, her name is Barbi, with just an I, Elaine Schmidt. Barbi Elaine Schmidt from Fremont, California. One unbridled, carnal night with her and I could die a happy man. Course I'd want more than one, but I could die happy nonetheless. Anyway, I processed her payment, found out she's a bit of a Star Wars and Disney geek (*sigh of longing*) and bagged her merchandise as deliberately as possible without seeming creepy so as to delay the parting of my Hessian Aphrodite. Then as I watched her masterpiece ass stride asunder from me in perfect synchronicity, it occurred to me . . . (*With increasing melodrama*) She doesn't know me. She doesn't know my past. She doesn't know the social torments I suffered at the hands of females and Barbarians. She's not familiar with the miserable humiliation of being me. So I thought "What the hell?!" (*Mimicking the Monty Python sketch from which its derived*) "This is it! This is your moment, Arthur Putey." So with all the grace and speed of a gazelle fleeing from its predator, I lept out the door and into the parking lot just as she was backing out of her space and pulling away in her blue Toyota Corona. Now I should take this opportunity to point out that it was an unseasonably hot day for early March in the LA basin--hovering above 90°. She, therefore, had her window rolled down as I scurried forth to clutch said window with the intention of asking her to accompany me to the on-campus showing of *Empire Strikes Back* on Saturday. Noticing a shoe bag in the back seat, I quickly surmised that she had been shopping elsewhere in the complex and her car had been baking in the sun for quite some time. I really have no recollection of what utterance spewed forth from my mouth because my consciousness became consumed by the searing flesh on my palms. Yet, I was determined to maintain my composure and dignity in the face of my third-degree burns while she idled so as to not seem a wuss.

Rich

Good man.

Martin

I know, huh? I managed to remain pleasantly stone-faced as she told me she already had a boyfriend, but that things weren't going well. Story of my life, right? BUT . . . she did take my number. I wrote it on her receipt with my now blistering hands. She said she might give me a call or drop back into the store someday. To this day, I still await contact from my beloved. My hope burns eternal, like my palms.

Rich

(*Rising from his seat and applauding*) Bravo, sir! Well done, well done Mr. Keeps-a-Pen-in-His-Pants-for-Just-Such-an-Occasion!

Martin

Damn straight. I'll probably start carrying some burn salve too.

Rich

I admire and applaud your *chutzpah*. Quite pathetic, but quite admirable.

Cliff

You should talk to Mr. Wants-to-Impress-the-Cutie-Waitress-with-Abnormally-Large-Cans-by-Leaving-a-\$12-Tip-on-an-\$8-Tab! Yeah, and then you lingered in the bathroom to see if she was impressed when she picked that up.

Rich

Guilty, it was Glenn's idea and he totally suckered me. But YOU should talk to Mr. I-Will-Order-an-Orange-Julius-for-Three-Days-Straight-Even-Though-It-Gives-Me-the-Runs-Just-so-I-Can-Have-a-Legitimate-Excuse-to-Talk-to-Sheila.

Cliff

(*Lamenting fondly*) Ahhhh, Sheila (*sigh*). She had just a few freckles right here (*pointing to the bridge of his nose*).

Nancy

Celibacy is sounding better to me all the time.

Martin

Well that will last about as long as it takes for Simon to show up on the TV screen.

Cliff

No, no. Not Simon. It's Roger. Roger is the one that sets the flood of endorphins and estrogen loose in her bloodstream.

Martin

I stand corrected. (*To Nancy*) I pledge never to muddle your idolatry again. (*Catches Cliff noticeably squinting to see something on the TV*) Where're your glasses?

Nancy

Yeah Cliff, where ARE your glasses? (*Cliff becomes instantly despondent*) Go on, inform the fellas of your glasseseseseses' whereabouts?

Rich

What? What happened?

Cliff

(*Sharply*) They're . . . they're floating around the vast San Jose sewer system, probably clogging up some essential sewer turbine by now. I flushed 'em. I told you about that girl Ann, from work, whom I carefully stalked for about two months.

Martin

The one who made you feel like Charlie Brown because she has red hair and you'd sit there admiring her from afar while she ate her lunch because you thought the way she'd take small bites of her sandwich was so cute . . . yeah, yeah//go on.

Cliff

That's the one. Turns out, she's about as interesting to talk to as a cinder block. So anyway, I take her to see a romantic comedy, right? Good move, first date, right? So I take her to see *Blame it on Rio*.

Rich

Oh my God, Michelle Johnson! (*He faux faints and crumples into a heap quivering and whimpering*).

Cliff

Not the best idea to take someone on a first date to see a movie where a spectacular rack is on display the whole time. Also not the best idea, I had a giant Sprite so that by the end of the movie, I had to pee so badly that I was going blind by squeezing down the blood vessels to my eyeballs. (*Demonstrating what happened as he describes it while Rich and Martin find this whole predicament increasingly hysterical because of course this would happen to Cliff*). I didn't want to be rude and leave her alone in the theater, so I just endured until the brutal end. When I finally made it to the men's room, urinals were all occupied. So I had a choice between the sink and the stall. I chose stall. As I broke the seal on the Hoover Dam-like flow from my bladder, I released every muscle in my body and relaxed. That included my ear muscles so that my glasses sank to the edge of my nose. It was a magnificent whizz. It was such a relief, I didn't even look. I pissed by sound. As I leaned over to flush,

(*Falsetto*) Bwuoop! There they went. Just Bwuoop! And it was one of those like turbo vacuum flushers so I had no chance to even react. Just dropped straight in and they were gone in under a second. (*Rich and Martin are in full-blown hysterics, but squelched enough as to not disturb the parents*).

Nancy

Shhhh! Hush! Zip it! It's starting. They're announcing what's on.

(*They quickly gather themselves with some lingering effects. Barely audible in the background should be the opening announcement, "Tonight on Friday Night Videos."*)

(*The following exchange is overlapping reactions more so than dialogue meant to cover the sound of the barely audible intro*).

Cliff

New Cars! That's pretty cool. (*General agreement from the others*).

Yay, Billy Joel! (*He quietly breaks into a chorus of Uptown Girl as Martin joins him. Richard and Nancy remained nonplussed*).
I'm going to be HIM when I grow up.

Nancy

Madonna . . . A-ha . . . Peter Gabriel . . .

Rich

And the challenge is ZZ Top versus . . . Van Halen-Jump?! Not a chance! There aren't any babes in that video.

Martin

(*In a pompous courtly British dialect*) Yes, it has been thusly decreed, that all challenge winning videos must employ awesome babes.

Nancy

Well maybe, just maybe, there are enough lonely East Coast, Jersey girls craving some David Lee Roth bulge watching and voting tonight.

Rich

Whoa!

Martin

(*Mockingly*) She didn't just say that. I'm appalled!

Nancy

What? Hey, while I am *currently* celebrate, I am a nursing major. I understand anatomical impulse. I'm just a bit more select that you cretins.

Cliff

Sucks us Pacific Time Zoners can't vote.

Rich

Not Culture Club again! Gaaahd! New Hall and Oates!?! Martin I hope your roommate is watching.

Martin

Oh Jesus! "Adult Education" is the single most inane song ever produced -- he plays it constantly!

Rich

Oh cool. Pretenders spotlight. And . . .

Cliff

Huey Lewis, (*faintly, but earnestly*) yaaaaaaaaaaaaay . . .

Cliff/Rich

Oh, here it comes. Here it COMES! Duran Duran! Survey says . . .
. "Wild Boys." Awwww . . .

Nancy

(*As a curse*) Pretzel chips!

Rich

(*Buzzer sound*) You lose, thanks for playing. You may now remove your finger from the video record button.

Martin

I'm missing something here.

Cliff

Ah, though the mere mention of Duran Duran sets my sister's heart and loins aflutter--(*Nancy playfully swings at him*) missed again, hah!-

Martin

This I know.

Cliff

She does find the "Wild Boys" video disappointing, repulsive, repugnant -- throw in a few more synonyms.

Martin

I mean . . . pretzel chips?

Cliff

Oh I see. My sister is trying to wean herself off of Monica's influence by limiting the cursing in her diet. Though, like most diets, she's not doing very well.

Nancy

Fuck off.

Cliff

I rest my case.

Rich

Who's that? James Ingram? I know the other dude's from the Doobies.

Martin

What did the kid with a speech impediment say when asked, "Who broke the lamp?" (*The others stare blankly*) Ida-ho?

Rich

Really? Couldn't you just say "I don't know?" Would it really hurt you to give a simple response once in a while?

Nancy

(*Referring to the joke*) I don't get it.

Rich

Oh my God. Oh my God! OH MY GOD!! (*Being careful of the volume so as to not wake the parents*) Gap Band and AC/DC?!?! On the same show?! Omygaaaaaaa . . . (*As he scampers around the room mimicking Angus Young's guitar playing with obvious excitement*) I never thought I'd live to see the day when NBC would play an AC/DC video.

Cliff

I still don't understand how you can like that CRAP!

Rich

I'll give you some crap! (*Pounces on Cliff with his butt towards Cliff's face*).

(Weakly as if his chest is being crushed, which it is) I can't breathe! Get off of me you bigger ape!

(Again quietly, Trevor and Donna appear through the kitchen serving area during this wrestling match. Trevor is affable and occasionally feisty and is dressed slightly "preppy" in 501 Levis jeans, a pastel polo shirt and Topsiders or loafers. Donna is an exquisite, ethereal, natural beauty—simply, comfortably dressed. She can very much give the appearance of passive—letting the boys bluster while she absorbs it all in a non-plussed fashion, but beneath the airy exterior is someone super smart.)

Trevor

Uh-huh! Yup, honey you owe me \$5. I told you'd we'd walk in and interrupt an in-progress act of homo-erotica.

Donna

No sir, you said it would be MARTIN and Cliff.

Trevor

Pffft, details. Oh God, I'm getting aroused. Methinks I must needs join in.

Cliff

(As a slightly crazed Trevor adds to the dogpile on Cliff. Random grunts accompany) Uuuuh-Ohhhhhhhh! Get off! Oh, Jesus please accept me into the kingdom of your grace because I will momentarily be with thee my lord. Ohhhhhhhhhh-ho-ho-ho-ho! You're breaking my ribs you bunch o' baboons!

Trevor

Which one of you closeted butt-pirates do I totally need to rectally breach first?

Cliff

(As Trevor turns Cliff over and Rich starts to tickle Cliff)
NAAAAAAAAAHAAAAA-HOHHHHHH!

(The sound of 3 pounds coming from the other side of the wall. Everyone freezes.)

Nancy

(Soto voice) Sheeze! You guys have GOT to keep it down.

Rich/Trevor

Sorry, sorry, (etc). . .

Cliff

(In a whisper scream) GET OFF ME!! (They oblige)

Donna

Hello everyone, by the way.

(A flurry of "Hellos" other greeting pleasantries ensues as everyone hugs and greets Trevor and Donna. All except Cliff who remains sulking on the couch).

Trevor

(Leaning down to hug Cliff) Come on. Give me some sugar.

Cliff

Don't touch me. Neanderthal.

Donna

(Crossing and sitting to comfort Cliff) There, there . . . did the big, bad wolf violate little red riding hood. (Cliff snuggles into her). Oh, now you and I have something else in common.

Cliff

He gets that rabid with you? He makes that face?

Donna

Only when he's had too much sugar *(She and Trevor share a not-so-subtle knowing glance of that's where they just came from).*

Martin

So looks like you two just came from sucking down several Pixie Sticks? Wait, strike that. Don't answer that. Please just leave that remark to die in the road.

Trevor

Nope, can't do that. You'll have to suck on my Pixie Stick now. *(Advancing towards him with crotch thrust forward) I haven't showered so it's flavored.*

(Nancy picks up this reference first)

Nancy

Gross!

(The rest groan in disapproval as Donna slaps Trevor on the shoulder and gives him a "behave or you'll never get any again look.")

Trevor

Tee-hee. Whoops, crossed the line. Goofing on butt-sex is okay, but if th . . .

Donna

Are you sure you want to finish that sentence?

Trevor

(Beat) Probably best if I didn't, huh?

Donna

Mmm-hmm!

Rich

See this is why you guys are so perfect together. You give him such a long leash, but ultimately he knows who's in charge. There's a complete symbiosis of the Yin-Yang cycle thing. I mean, Trevor has enough Yang for six dudes in him, but you know how to put that in check and he has the ultimate awareness to not cross the line. It's like he's a hound with an electrified collar and you're his perimeter. One little zap and he knows that's enough. God, I want that. Donna, don't you have a chesty cousin looking to lift the self-esteem and sexual awareness of --

Cliff

(Rubbing his ribs) An ape! A baboon!

Rich

An orangutan anyway.

Donna

My one female cousin, though chesty, is married and . . . well . . . unpleasant. The rest are male. Sorry.

Rich

Balls!

Donna

Precisely.

Trevor

Hey, what's on tonight anyway? Anything good? I see we're ignoring "I Want a New Drug" and with good reason I might add— little overplayed in my worthwhile estimation.

Nancy

Spotlight on The Pretenders; you'll like that.

Rich

(With exaggerated glee) AC/DC and The Gap Band.

Cliff

(Topping Rich) Billy Joel.

Martin

"Adult Education."

Trevor

What?! That Hall & Oates remnant of my butt-wipings? How can anyone listen to that musical laxative?

Donna

I sort of like it.

Trevor

(After a pause and glare of puzzlement) I have to pretend I didn't just hear that.

Nancy

I like it too.

Trevor

You're both dead to me. *(Pause)* C'mon Rich, let's play some G-spot Penetration and Withdrawal.

Nancy

Some what?

(As Trevor and Rich head upstage to play darts and continue to do so for some while until indicated to stop)

Donna

It's what he calls darts now. Don't ask. It'll only encourage him.

Martin

Dibs on the winner.

Trevor

You'd like to dabble on the winner wouldn't you?

Donna

(Reproachfully) Sweetheart.

Trevor

Okay, okay. *(To Rich)* Ix-nay on the ibaldry-ray. I need to exercise a five-minute moratorium on the randiness . . .

Rich

Yeah, I get it. You guys are so perfect I want to weep. *(Donna smiles at this)*

(The Group settles for a moment. Cliff, Nancy, Martin and Donna watch the TV with little to mild interest while Rich and Trevor ready the dart board.)

Rich

Shall we diddle for the middle? *(Trevor is about to take this as another cue for an innuendo outburst)* Ah-ah. Five minutes. Your moratorium isn't up yet. You've got 4.5 minutes before you can be randy again.

Donna

Speaking of . . . how and where is Randy?

(As the scene continues, Rich and Trevor occasionally mutter game scores, shot complements, curses, or other reactions to their dart game. None of this does much to draw focus away from the other conversation.)

Cliff

Well let's see . . . In the event that he does show up tonight, the things you should know about Randy so you don't have to ask again are A) he has more body hair than he did this time last year, but then again, most of us late pubescent fellas do. B) he is rather done with high school and is partially dreading the next three months until matriculation. C) B is partly because he blew the whistle on that cheating scandal in the paper and it didn't net him many friends //and D)

Donna

Oh yeah, Trevor mentioned something about that.

Trevor

(Concentrating on the dart game) Whatever I did, I deny it.

Donna

Something about Ms. Burdette's class or something?

Nancy

Ms. Burdette's aid, Phillip Reitkirk, remember him?

Donna

Omigod, I've known him since kindergarten. He'd like to fry ants with a magnifying glass at recess. Little strange, creepy. Always has been.

Nancy

Truth. Anyway, he apparently was smuggling copies of chem and physics quizzes and exams to his ambitious stoner friends-- there's an oxymoron--in exchange for getting supplied with weed or something. Randy noticed, over the course of a few weeks, this total dirt bag sitting next to him who never did anything was getting better scores and blowing up the grading curve.

Martin

How did I not hear of any of this?

Nancy

So Randy went to Ms. Burdette with his suspicions and convinced her to set a trap by getting her to I think, like make up a dummy quiz or something? So that it would be obvious who was supplied answers in advance and who was actually doing the prep work for the quiz. Turns out, there were a lot more people than originally suspected getting answers in advance.

Rich

(Between shots) Even the student body vice-president . . .

Donna

Kasey Egan!? Oh that makes me so happy.

Rich

I thought it might.

Nancy

And as if that wasn't enough, you know he's on the Scribbler staff so he wrote a huge, long exposé article detailing the whole thing with names. His article's up for some kind of national recognition, but it's made for a slightly peerless latter part of his senior year.

Donna

(Quietly, thoughtfully) Waaaahhhh!

Martin

(Bewildered) That's amazing! And I was on the Scribbler staff. HOW did I not hear about this? Guess I'm living a life of tortured isolation. *(To Cliff as he throws a pillow or something at him)* You holding out on me?

Cliff

(Who has been poised to deliver point D this whole time)
AND D) . . . he's still seeing Birgit.

Donna

Oh good. I only met her once, but I like her. Is she coming?

Cliff

No. I think Randy said her family's visiting from Norway, and even though they don't have spring break this week, they're off to Yosemite—I guess they need to compare the fjords to Half-Dome or something like that.

Donna

Too bad. She seems really sweet. I like her a lot.

Trevor

(Perhaps meaning it a little too earnestly) I'd like to see you liking her a lot. That'd be sweet.

(Donna fires him a "you're pushing it" glare)

Trevor

Come on. It's been nearly 5 minutes.

Rich

(Pretending to throw a dart in Trevor's eye, causing Trevor to flinch) And? *(Pause)* Cliff, and?

Cliff

Huh?

Nancy

Oh, Duran Duran is on.

Cliff

(Reaching for the remote before Nancy can grab it) Oh no. Hate that song. You can watch their post-apocalyptic swimwear without the sound.

(Nancy shoots Cliff "A Face")

Rich

And E? About Randy?

Cliff

Oh, and E) he's getting a full athletic scholarship for soccer and baseball to be a journalism major at Oregon State. He's going to be a Beaver.

Donna

(Cutting Trevor off before he can say anything--which he was about to) Don't you dare! And how come you didn't tell me that?

Trevor

I didn't know.

Martin

Join the club.

Rich/Cliff

(Overlapping) He only found out like, recently. / He just found out.

Trevor

Yaaaaaay Beavers!

(Donna shoots him a distinct "Quit it!" glare to which Trevor responds with the shrug of "What?")

Donna

Well good for him. That's fantastic. What he did, that sounds pretty . . .

Nancy

Bold.

Cliff

Ballsy.

Martin

Socially suicidal.

Rich

Yeah, but it's not like any of us had that much societal status to fall from anyway. I mean, come on, we ALL played in band. After a Friday night football game, I'd go home and watch the Love Boat because Barbara Eden was a guest star or come here to hang out with you lovable lackeys. Martin you long to find a woman of multiple exotic ethnicities who will freely allow you to adorn your home in Star Wars and superhero paraphernalia.

Martin

She sounds perfect. Where can I sign up for one of those?

Rich

Cliff, you'd be happy if you never had to leave the couch, watching Bogart movies and Ed Sullivan reruns.

Cliff

Heaven. That will be my Nirvana.

Rich

And you two (*indicating Trevor and Donna*), well I've expressed my thoughts on that subject. And Nancy, while fueled by subversive cuteness, is magnificently ordinary in every way and will be a great catch for someone stable. (*She is about to protest, but concurringly accepts his description*). We're all geeks. We are creatively mischievous, but don't break any rules, really. We're responsible, even though most of the time we wish we weren't. (*Indicating Cliff*) You're right I am privileged. When someone at school says, "Party!" Their first reaction is "Who's going to get a keg?" When I hear, "Party!" My first reaction is, "Who's going to get the Nutter Butters and who's going to organize the games?" We'd all like to have a welcoming and cooperative outlet for our sexual overdrive, some of us do, but we're not looking to get laid.

(*Quiet groans of universal skepticism from the others*)

Rich

All right, let me retract. Let me rephrase. While we would all like to get laid, and would welcome the opportunity were it presented to us in a no strings, no remorse compact . . .

Nancy

(*Protestingly--while transfixed to an alluring image on the television screen*) Only if it were Roger.

Cliff

Or a Bond.

Nancy

Or a Bond.

Martin

So basically, someone English with straight teeth.

Nancy

Yeah, I guess, pretty much. Though that leaves a fairly narrow casting pool. At least smaller than ya'll's under 40 with a pulse.

Martin

I'm pretty sure Salvador's mom is over 40 with a pulse, I . . . I'd have to include// her.

Cliff

Oh I know. Carlit-aaah! She's amazing, the way she . . . the heels . . . And her nipples are always at attention. Dang, she's hot.

(Donna scowles at Trevor)

Trevor

What? I didn't say anything!

Donna

I sensed your testosterone tremors. I believe the exact phrase you mentioned to me once was, *(mechanically)* "I'd totally like to mack on Salvador's mom."

(Donna and Trevor now break out into a "got you" "no you didn't" "so what if you did" type face bout)

Rich

My point being . . . that while very few of us are going, coining a previous metaphor, to kick anybody out of bed for eating crackers, we would all like to find somebody to eat crackers in bed with on a regular basis.

(They all consider this in momentary silence)

Cliff

Eating crackers. Is that a euphemism for someth/

Rich

No, it was a beautiful metaphor that you just crushed. *(Pause)*
Like it or not, at our core, we are all basically good, decent,
horny young adults.

Nancy

Hate to that word. Hor-nee.

Martin

You know, it's derived from the old English term cuckold--as in
the one who wears the horns of their partner's infidelity.

Rich

Thank you Mr. Chaucer. Back to me. And though you'd never know
it by looking at him, Mr. Czernonovich here is only a few merit
badges shy of an Eagle Scout.

Trevor

That shit started to bug me. Glenn too--him probably more than
me. It became all about the achievement and the pressure to
achieve, instead of, you know, doing good and stuff. That's
pretty much why we both gave up. I think I craved a little
selfishness.

Donna

And your dad never forgave you.

Trevor

Fuck him and his fascist, Reagan-supporting face. He doesn't own
me. He doesn't like me seeing Donna either, but it turns her on
when I get all defiant. Doesn't it baby? *(As he pounces on or
towards her leading to a mock, suck face session that borders on
foreplay).*

Cliff

Uh, Jesus! Get a room! *(They let up).*

Martin

So, you've *(indicating Rich)* been to college for what, eight
months now? And you're going to tell me you haven't partaken of
spirits? I mean that's what you do when you go to college. You
do understand that, right?

Rich

(Slightly unsettled) Well, I mean sure. I've had a drink or two,
but frankly, I don't like the taste and I don't live to blackout

on the weekends like the rest of my dorm does. Why? Is that how you live now?

Martin

Absolutely not. However, on occasion . . . in fact, I'd love a margarita right now. But out of respect for our hosts . . . Barbara and Bill would probably be none too happy were they to awake from their semi-peaceful slumber and find the majority of us imbibing.

Nancy

To put it mildly.

Trevor

Margarita? Pussy. Try a single malt. That'll put some hair on your nut-sack.

Martin

Thank you, no. Thanks to the Mediterranean descendency on my mother's side, I have quite enough hair on my nut-sack already. Besides, I prefer my soft palate not be turned inside out. I'll stick to sweet and foofy. Though I'm not so sure about Cliff. I think he'd be happy if you never saw another rum and Coke in his lifetime.

Rich

What? Why?

Martin

Do you want to tell him or shall I?

Cliff

Go ahead. I'd pretty much like to forget it anyways.

Martin

Long story short--when Cliff came down to visit me Presidents' Day weekend, some of my dorm friends were throwing a party at which rum and Coke was the featured guest. Cliff probably had a half dozen within an hour, making him especially giggly. We were all sitting in a close circle, when Mr. Giggle-Bunnies starts spasming with a chuckle-fit so fulfilling, he doesn't even notice his tummy is revolting against the alcohol. Henceforth, he violently pukes straight through his laughter. And to make matters worse, when he does realize he's regurgitating, he tries to catch it. Thereby creating what I have affectionately dubbed as the Rainbird sprinkler effect, and subsequently dousing everyone in the room with his giggly, rum-soaked, barf spray.

Cliff

I was having a great time until that moment. Then I had to leave town instantly. I have a feeling UCLA will not welcome me back anytime soon.

Martin

I just want everyone to visualize that for a second. Picture Cliff laughing so hard that he has to throw-up and then picture him trying to catch it. And yes, it was as funny as what you're picturing.

Nancy

(Aggressively attempting to change the subject away from barf talk) I see The Cars video is on if anyone cares.

Cliff

Yes please, let's turn our attentions away from the hilarity of my digestive difficulties. *(Cliff turns up the volume slightly to audibly reveal The Cars' "You Might Think" video playing. They all watch in respite silence for 20 to 30 seconds as Trevor and Rich return to their dart game.)*

Donna

Uck! That fly creeps me out.

Cliff

Mmmm. Oh God, what a dress. *(Emits a low guttural sound of lust. Pause.)* Not very practical. I wouldn't exactly go biking in it.

(Another pause while they continue to watch)

Martin

I don't know if I could've done that. What Randy did. That took some brass ones.

Donna

Pretty admirable.

I think I would've tried something less obvious, less direct—to expose the culprits. Perhaps a strategically timed coughing fit. Or maybe, *(with an air of ridiculousness)* at just the right moment, I could piss myself. That'd attract some attention.

Martin

While still being socially suicidal in a way that won't get your ass kicked. Brilliant! You'd simply be known as the "Piss-Pants Pariah."

Rich

Pissed your pants, huh? You'd still have your glasses anyway.

Donna

Wait. What?

Trevor

I told you. Cliff flushed his glasses.

Donna

Oh that's right. *(Giggles)* I'm so sorry.

Cliff

(Acknowledging it's painfully humorous) Sure you are. You and everyone else around here. My fuh-riends.

Martin

(After a moment of everyone video watching) Gonna satiate my craving to augment my carbohydrate intake, anybody want anything while I venture into the scullery?

(General "no thanks" response. Martin goes into kitchen and grabs an open bag of chips, watches video though the countertop window for a moment. Something noteworthy happens in the dart game.)

Donna

Who's winning?

Rich

(Grumpy growl) Your boyfriend.

(After a moment, the dogs bark outside. Martin and Cliff both go to and open the sliding door to shush them. While this is going on, Nancy grabs the remote and silences the TV).

Trevor

(To Nancy) Heeeeey.

Nancy

Commercials!

(With the dogs quieted, Martin returns to the kitchen to get something to drink. Cliff checks-in and observes the dart game.)

Donna

(Seeing Nancy's hand clutching the remote) I like your nails. That's a really nice color. Where did you . . . ?

Nancy

(Shifting her hand back and forth) My cousin got it for me from somewhere in Texas. She gave it to me last time she was out. It's luminescent. See the colors shift depending upon how the light hits my nails.

(During this exchange, Randy has entered quietly and stealthily. No one sees or notices him as he sneaks up behind Martin, giving him a substantial goose, causing Martin to toss his remaining chips in the air and letting out a brief scream that might be loud enough to wake the parents, but doesn't. Everyone holds their breath for a moment. Randy is an All-American type boy of Asian descent, bright, affable. His simple but appealing mode of dress covers his physique. He should look like someone that could earn an athletic scholarship.)

Cliff

(In a whisper scream) DON'T WAKE MY PARENTS YOU MORON!

Randy

Sorry. *(Proceeds to greet each one of the fellas with a belly bump and an elongated "Duuuuuuuude!")* Donna my love, when are you going to realize the error of your ways and run away with me? *(Hugs her)*

Donna

As soon as it's not statutory rape.

Randy

Well that'd be now. I'm official. I'm good to go.

Donna

Oh, well I'll just have to find another reason then. Good to see you.

Randy

You too. And might I add you look fantastic. Trevor you're a smart fella for not letting this one go. Naaaaancy. *(They have a*

ritualized greeting where Randy buries his face at the top of Nancy's cleavage, does a brief motorboat, and Nancy playfully slaps his face.)

Rich

How come . . . never mind.

Randy

So? Ya bunch a butt-sniffers, ladies excluded of course, how's things y'all? I see I'm just in time for the Culture Club video. Most excellent. There probably is not an extant video I'd less like to see . . . AGAIN!

Martin

Well, let's see. Nancy is trying to give up cursing and is not entirely successful, though doing well. Cliff flushed his glasses into the San Jose sewer system in pursuit of a young lady's affections. Rich likes to party with Nutter Butters. Either Donna or Trevor, they're not saying which, is sore from too much intercourse which is why they are gracing us with their presence this evening and for that we are grateful. I have third-degree burns on my palms and not for any reason you'd think. And you fuck for not mentioning the Scribbler article/exposé to me.

Randy

I didn't? Er . . . sorry. Kinda been a bit of a whirlwind, you know. No disrespect. My attention has been how shall I say . . . scattered.

Cliff

I'm sure Birgit has something to do with that too.

Donna

How is she? I'm so bummed she's not here tonight. I was hoping to see her.

Randy

She is fantastic. She is magnificent in every way and I couldn't possibly love her more. She is even trying to find a way to extend her visa so that she might attend school in Oregon with me.

Donna

And your dad's okay with that?

Randy

Yeah, let's not go there. Let's just say he's "adjusting" to the mixed race thing.

Rich

Oh-ho. I've seen his version of "adjusting."

Randy

It certainly will be nice to be several hundreds of miles away for awhile.

Donna

That's so wonderful. And Corvallis is only what--four hours from Seattle. We'll have to plan a Saturday rendezvous or something.

Randy

De-fin-ite-ly.

Martin

And congrats on the scholarship. That's really outstanding.

(Trevor starts a low chant of, "Beavers, Beavers" to which Donna starts to wave him off, but relents and let's Trevor run his course)

Randy

Thanks man. Thanks. You heard. Yeah, it's . . . wow! That plus, Birgit and I'm hitting .370 and so far we've only lost twice. Except for the fact that about a third of the senior class and a handful of juniors hates the sight of me, life is pretty darn good.

Rich

Well, we love you, your real friends *(Giving Randy a breath squelching bearhug that lifts him off the ground)*.

Randy

(Unable to breathe) You guys are awesome. *(Released and settles)*. So what else besides Culture Club?

Cliff

Well you've missed several so what's left? Um . . . Madonna, Billy Joel, A-ha . . .

Martin

(Grumbly) Hall and Oates.

Cliff

Hall 'n Oates. Umm . . . Pretenders. Oh, (*pompously*) James Ingram and Michael McDonald.

(Randy breaks into about 5 to 10 seconds of an impressive Michael McDonald impression, followed by golf applause from the others)

Martin

Hey, you know why Michael McDonald sings that song?

Randy

Huh-uh.

Martin

So you don't have to.

(Universal groans of "got you," maybe even an audible "Zing!")

Rich

(Like a kid at Christmas) AC/DC and The Gap Band! So excited.

Randy

Awww, man. I see college has not improved your musical tastes one iota. How can you like that noise?

Rich

The real question is how can any of you not like it? It's visceral. It's aggressive. It prompts movement. But trying to explain anyone's musical tastes is kinda like a dulled pencil . . . there's no point.

(The rest of the group audibly groans in protest and a few toss some chips and popcorn-type items at him). Yes, yes--pummel me with your loathing and your dry foodstuffs. I accept it, may even deserve it. But I will not apologize for it.

Randy

You're such an ass! So anyone else coming?

Nancy

Monica maybe *(To this news Randy nods in the affirmative without changing expression so as to not give his opinion away).*

Cliff

Glenn was here earlier.

Randy

Glenn?! That dude is still walking this earth? I sent him like three letters since Christmas and didn't hear anything back. And he still owes me \$200 from last summer for that car repair. You know, I asked him about it at Christmas, because, you know I wanted to get Birgit something nice and that would've helped. Totally blew me off. The guys been pretty much my best friend since 6th/7th grade, but lately he's been a real prick. I'm not going to give up on him though. The Glenn who used to collect cans and bottles for recycling money with me, who used to put up holiday decorations for the invalid old lady across the street, who used to let me play his bonus rounds at the arcade when I was out of tokens, who took Nancy to the sophomore prom/dance/thing, who used to light my farts for Christ sakes . . . is still in there somewhere.

Cliff

I hear you. Yup, I think we're all pretty much in agreement there. He said he might be back, though I doubt it. I did mention to him about playing golf later this week so maybe Tuesday we can schedule a tee time and hang out with him then. Maybe he'll even spot you the green fee since he owes you, though I doubt that too.

(There is a moment of everyone reflecting of a pleasant memory of Glenn)

Rich

(Breaking the moment as he does a brief excerpt of the signature ZZ Top "knee-touch dance" found in videos like "Sharp-Dressed Man" and "Legs.") Killer. Looks like ZZ Top is taking down Van Halen in the video challenge.

Cliff

As if there was ever a//

(Suddenly, and without warning, Monica Pfister--otherwise known here as Hurricane Monica--barges into the room accompanied by a few dog barks and completely dominates everyone's attention, and frankly their soul, for the next several minutes to the point of paralysis. Without being overly cliché, because this person does exist, Monica is a slightly vapid, Valley-Girl type whose appearance resembles Madonna ala "Borderline" or "Lucky Star." Her voice frequently pitches toward squeals and doesn't let up for a second. Her sentence endings frequently go up in pitch. She speaks primarily to Nancy.)

Monica

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God you are like not going to believe this! He is like so totally cute and he's . . . like soft chest hair and like gaaaaw . . . a chin and stuff. Oh, hey, like hello everyone. So good to like see you. So, okay, breathe, breathe. Phew! So excitiiiiiiing! And he's super hot. And he's, he's like out there right now. And like waiting. Swear he like stepped out of a . . . Anyway, okay, okay, okay so like, it's Friday right? Shah. And that means, OF COURSE, I have to go work at The Meez. Right? Swear I'd like quit if I could. And what's worse, I have like an extended closing shift with the gargoyle. Gross! And he like just got new glasses so he can stare at me and even more and get a clearer picture of like doing me from behind, because I know that's what he's thinking. I knooooaaw, right? Totally makes me want to like wretch. He's so icky! So I'm like completely doing whatever like stupid little tasks I can to avoid him. But somehow after like almost 3 hours there, he like found me with his bat sonar ears, I swear that's what he does. He like sends out a little screech and waits for the noise to like bounce off of stuff and catch the sound in his ears to find where people are and shit! He's so fucking annoying! I don't understand how he's even still there, supposed to be like a like classy place. So anyways, so okay, he like tracks me down to tell me I have to like take my lunch break then. So he's like, glaring right through me with his like new x-ray goggles to see what color my panties are, black in case you're wondering, and I swear to God his eyebrows are like an inch longer than they were last week and he's got a like a little pool of drool forming on the left side of his like tobacco mouth--that's what it is--with his chapped lips and yellow crooked teeth like sloping down from his pointy nose which like totally has a botanical garden growing in there. He like takes this great wheezing inhale, all the time like wondering if he could get away with fingering me or something like that--I know he totally goes home and spanks himself thinking about it. So he like takes this great wheezing inhale and says to me, he goes (*unpleasantly mocking voice resplendent with slobber*) "Monica, it's essential you serve your lunch break now so as to not sabotage the timing of the others." Uh . . . ah . . . kah . . . fuh. Such. A. TROLL. (*Re-mocking only with more spittle and slobber*). "Sabotage!" Okay, so like, fine! I'll take my stupid lunch, you don't have to like douse me in your lusty spittle shower. Whatever! I can like take a hint. So I go, I mean like GO. God he's so gross! So I'm totally in need of a strawberry shake and stuff--to get rid of gargoyle residue. So I go down to the parking garage and I like forget that I don't have my car--I'm driving like my dad's Chevy Impala so I didn't

actually forget and I was just sort of looking for my Audi while my brain raged before I realized that I needed to be looking for my dad's Chevy Impala. Because, you know, Tuesday I had that little thingie with the Audi and now, like, my brother gets to use it until I can come up with the payment and blah, blah, blah. It's like a big, giant clusterfuck. Anywho, I'm like pulling into the drive-through at *Juan en la Caja*, see three years of high school Spanish came in handy, out on El Camino aaaaaaaand I pull up to the order box thing aaaaaaaand I like order my strawberry shake and some like onion rings aaaaaaaand the lady like tells me it's going to be \$2.81 aaaaaaaand so then I start digging around in my purse for some extra change cuz I only got a dollar on me aaaaaaaand I'm pulling up to the payment window wheeeeeeeen fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, my engine like blows up! AH-huh! Yup! Made a couple of coughing and spitting noises, just-like the gargoyle, I'm sure his soul probably transferred to my engine and like sucked the life out of it. Anyway, it just died. Right there in like the Jack-in-the-Box drive-through. AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE! LIKE WHO DO YOU THINK IS WORKING THE WINDOW? Hmmm?! Oh yeah! Oh no! BETH WILKINSON! Uh-huh, BETH FRICKIN-WILKINSON and her boyfriend stealing fish-face was like working the drive-through! Oh. MaGod. But if you think about it, I like don't know who's got it worse off, her because she's working there, cry me a goddamn river or me because I'm like stuck in the goddamn drive-through. I think I like scared her because she gave me the shake and didn't like charge me and then I like didn't see the rest of the time I was stuck there, kah! So embarrassing. I had to like go use their phone to call my dad who wasn't home. So then I like called AAA and they said it be like 45 minutes at the earliest. So I like then had to like, call the gargoyle to tell them I was going to be late getting back from my break--and I swear I could hear him pulling on his pud on the other end in the office as I talk to him. And he goes (*imitating the boss again*) "Well, seems you managed to substantially sabotage everyone's break schedule as it is." Think I was able to hang up just before he leaked a load into his pants. OhmaGod, he's soooooo gross! Okay so I'm like, hanging out, waiting, whatever. Trying not to look like a total Melvin because my car broke down in the Jack-in-the-Box drive-through, they had to like block it off until they could push it out of the way. And I'm totally trying to avoid Satan's daughter, a.k.a. Beth Wilkinson. So I'm waiting, I'm waiting, I'm waiting . . . I'm waiting. And then . . . He. Arrived. He, he like got out of his tow truck and I swear he like came with his own theme music. I like totally couldn't breathe at the site of this spectacular man. He had on like skin-tight, full-body coveralls, with like the zipper down about

like six inches, dirty blonde/sandy brown-ish hair, and like suuuuuuuuper cute, like teeth and MwwuuuuuuH! He's. So. Cute. OhmaGod, OhmaGod, OhmaGod he's so cute! He's so cute! He's so cute! He's so cute! He's, soooooooooooooo, cuuuuuute. And his name . . . ready . . . his name, sewn on the little patch on his like coveralls. His name . . . is . . . CHET (*squeals*) OhmaGod, he's so perfect! And he's like so nice, I mean I know he's sort of like paid to be nice, I mean knight-in-shining-armor is his job and all. So we started like talking, you know he had to find out like what happened and I could tell, so nice and when he smiled, the bridge of his nose would like lead his smile. So there's like this little squint when he smiles. So adorable. And you know like, chemically, chemically I could tell we like fit. We matched. Because as soon as he said to me in like his super soothing, silky, sexy, soft deep voice, he goes (*trying to imitate him*) "I'll need you to pop your hood, so I can take a look." I like totally swear I was creaming my V. Cah-reamin ma Vee! And I thought to myself, I go "You better do a little more than look . . . Chet. You better do a little more than just look." And I can totally tell he's into me, absolutely into me because when he told me my blabeldy-bleeger belt was broken, I like HAD to hug him and not only did he not pull back at all, but he um . . . um . . . shoot what's the word? Shoot! . . . um . . . Shit! Refract/? Retract/? No . . . um . . . Repris/? Recipricated! He reciprocated and in doing so like was careful enough to keep his greasy hands off my dress. It's like cute isn't it, my dress? I like got it on sale for 70% off. So like there's my slightly sobby face like buried in his firm, slightly furry, bare chest and I suh-wear to God, he smells like sweaty pine trees. I'm totally not kidding, sweaty pine trees. And like by this time I'm like completely gone. I feel like I don't have to search anymore, ever again, like he is the one, you know. And that's even before he like skillfully removed the car. And then took the car back to his garah-age, where he works garage, not his own garage--though I certainly wouldn't have minded his own garage. And drove me back to work where he then like asked if I needed a ride home after and then like I said yes I did need a ride home after work and then he picked me up at work--where I'm sure gargoyle was watching and got all perved up at the sight of us--and then he like took me to Chili's where we both ordered quesadillas and then we like went to the park over by Las Palmas where we like went on the swing thing and I talked and OhmaGod he's amazing! And we like have sooooo much in common he's got two sisters while I have two brothers and like we both love sherbet he thinks he might've had a ghost encounter, but isn't gonna make any definite claims so he doesn't come off as you know like crackpot and stuff. He is a little into the country

music, but I can totally cure him of that. He used to go to church but doesn't much anymore, which is like perfect cuz then we can celebrate you know the big holidays and still sleep-in on Sundays. And oh-my-God can he fill out a pair of Levi's from behind. He likes Cheers and Wheel of Fortune and is not so much on action movies--though he loved 48 Hours. He's 25 so that's not too bad, only like six years. Better than Darren, sheesh I don't know what I was thinking there. He reminded me too much of my brother. I totally need to find someone who has more ambition in life than like his next beer. And, get this, Chet is like studying, going back to school I mean, to become an EMT, a like paramedic. HOW GODDAMN SEXY IS THAT? Ooooh, and he's such a great listener (*some of the others give each other a knowing look of "Well he'd have to be, poor bastard."*). He totally responded everything I was telling him, and not in like an asshole, leave-me-alone kind of way. Fuck, he's sooooo woowoonderful. I like really hope this works, him and me. (*Checking her watch*) Oh gosh, think I left him out there long enough. Better get back to him before Beth Wilkinson like comes along and goes down on him before even saying hello. Not bitter. Not anymore anyway. Now that I have Chet. You know if his penis is like small, I think I might . . . oh nevermind. Best to leave some mystery for the first official date. Tah-everyone!

(Hurricane Monica exits taking all the air with her. There is a noticeable door closing sound, prompting a few isolated barks from the dogs, followed by a few feeble taps on the wall from the parents. A moment passes.)

Cliff

What just happened?

Trevor

I'm not quite sure, but we missed the entire Pretenders Spotlight and Billy Joel. Tragic.

Donna

Looks like ZZ Top is still winning the video challenge--after a decade.

Randy

Anyone else exhausted from that? (*In a stereotyped Asian accent*) That girl, she crazy. She got--few screw loose.

Rich

No shit. I must say I'm pretty thoroughly entertained. She is a world class, virtuoso babbler. That was pretty unbelievable,

but gloriously Monica. Even more Monica, than her usual Monica.
(*To Nancy*) Wouldn't you say?

Nancy

I don't know. I guess. Something's happened with her since Darren dumped her--which was a good thing. Such a lazy f- (*stops herself*) . . . follically challenged, open sore of a human being and like 7/16 older than she was . . . is. And she professed he wasn't even that great of a lay. But she held onto him like a life raft. And when he wasn't there anymore, her self-esteem went straight into the toilet. And she's been like this since, throwing herself at whoever will speak kindly towards her. Setting herself up for disappointment. I had a half-hour monologue from her the other day about the merits of some guy she met in line for ice cream. Sounded like a total dweeb to me, but she really dug him and he never called. And I know she'll never admit this, but I think she secretly wants the gargoyle to finger her and take her from behind in the stock room. (*Nancy is growing more visibly distressed*) I think somebody's gotta help her, and I think it's gotta be me. I don't think anyone else will. Certainly not her dad or brothers. (*Donna shifts over to hug Nancy*).

Martin

What about her mom? (*Nancy shoots a look of "you've got to be kidding me" to Martin.*) Oop. Shit, I forgot. Sorry.

(*The air has returned to the room, as the mood has momentarily turned more somber.*)

Donna

I think sometime this week you should take her to lunch or yogurt or something; tell her she CAN'T TALK; tell her as her friend you're very concerned about her; and then tell her exactly what you just told us.

Nancy

(*With a sigh of determination*) Yup. I think so. Sounds good.

Donna

Tread delicately with the gargoyle thing though.

Nancy

I will play that one by ear. Definitely.

Donna

You're a treasure. This girl's a treasure! (*Pause. Then-- prompted by something on the screen*). Hey, that reminds me Trev. We had talked about going camping next weekend before I go back to Seattle. Where are we with that? I mean, it's fine. I'm good either way. As long as we steer clear of Clear Lake.

Trevor

(*Imitating a gruff sounding fellow*) "Perhaps you kids don't realize the walls of your tent are pretty darned thin and we, well everyone, can hear exactly what you are saying . . . and doing." //(With this he releases one final dart and wins the game). Hah!

Rich

(*Chuckles with remembrance*) Forgot about that. Dammit! Son of a bitch!

Donna

What?

Rich

Your boyfriend beat me again.

Donna

(*Playfully prancing into Trevor's arms*) Congratulations my handsome warrior stud. (*They kiss, and kiss, and kiss*).

Randy

I hear sucking. Is there a black hole approaching? Oh dear, it's just those two.

Trevor

Um . . . yes camping. Probably still too cold for the coast. So let's head inland. Maybe like Lake Don Pedro? (*Donna nods*). Will do.

Rich

Here it is. Here it is! (*Rich scampers to find the remote control and turns it up as loud as he dares while not waking the parents. Through the TV is heard the faint sound of AC/DC's "Flick of the Switch" is heard*) It's AC/DC! Shut up all of you. Let me enjoy this.

Cliff

How does that not hurt when he screams?

Rich

I said zip it!

(As the song gets rolling, Rich starts to air-guitar imitate Angus Young around the room. The rest grow increasingly amused by his antics. After about a minute to a minute and a half, Glenn enters through the kitchen. Stands unnoticed for a moment and then proceeds to interrupt the shenanigans, speaking over the top of the music.)

Glenn

Hey, everyone! 'Tsup? I've got tacos *(Holds up a bag from Taco Bell in his right hand)*. And . . . I've got sugar *(Holds up a Ziploc baggie containing a white powdery substance in his left hand)*.

BLACKOUT--END OF ACT I

ACT II, Scene 1

At rise: A few minutes later. Rich, Nancy and Donna sit squarely facing the television clustered near it. The body language of each of the three definitely reads defensive, though each is trying to maintain passive acceptance. Cliff, Randy, Martin and Trevor nervously mill around the pool/poker table in the bar stools by the counter window. Trevor takes a last bite of taco. Though because of the song that's playing, Martin sort of looks like he either wants to shoot himself or choke something. Glenn now clutches the remote control. As the lights come up, the last few measures of Hall and Oates' "Adult Education" can be heard through the TV. Glenn now hits the mute button and sets the remote control down.

Glenn

Goddamn that's a great song. Yay Hall and Oates. (Starts singing the song's chorus to himself).

Rich

Are you fucking kidding me? That tinny, trite, commercial horseshit? You like that?

Glenn

Better than that diarrhea you were listening to when I came in. Fuckin Neanderthals can't even write a song with more than four chords in it. And they're too stupid to even know that their name means they're bisexual.

Rich

I'm not even . . . don't talk to me.

Glenn

Okay, so look I've got several hundred dollars worth of good shit here that came to me free of charge, via windfall, that I'd like to share with my good friends . . .

Trevor

So his parents unexpectedly came home . . .

Glenn

About 3 minutes after I arrived, Kenny, in a panic, took me to the side door, shoved this bag in my hand and said, "Take it. It's yours. Just go. Now!" So I did. I just goed. I just goed to here, after a stop at Taco Bell, of course. So come on then, who's first? I've already had a small bump. It's good. But it's bad form to be first when you're the supplier.

(A pregnant pause as Martin, Cliff, Randy and Trevor tensely gauge each other. Nancy, Rich and Donna still sit stony facing the TV trying to ignore what's going on behind them.)

Glenn

Okay. It's fear of the unknown; I get it. You can believe me or not, doesn't matter to me. But for me, it feels like the best orgasm multiplied by 10 when it hits.

Randy

Well, how many times you done it?

Glenn

I don't know. 20, maybe 30. Not that much. Shit's not cheap so I don't do it that often. Do enjoy it when I can get it. But it's not like I'm hooked or anything. And as I said, this stuff is goooood. *(Latino Gangster voice)* Like straight from the Bolivian jungle good. None of you tried it before?

Trevor

(Pause) I did. Once.

Donna

What? You never told me that!

Trevor

It was like a week before we started going out. I do still have a few secrets you know.

Donna

(Mostly to Rich and Nancy) Can't wait to find out what those are.

Trevor

I actually didn't like it much. Just made me very anxious, jittery.

Glenn

Uh-huh. You probably got some cut shit. That happens a lot if your blow's been tampered with.

Trevor

I kinda didn't think that was normal. I've been . . . I mean I wanted to try again. I figured it was a little like pot--better the second time.

(With this, Nancy quizzically looks at Donna)

Donna

That one, I did know about.

Cliff

(Whose enthusiasm has been subtly growing for a few moments—burst out) I wanna try I wanna try I wanna try. I wanna try, I wanna try. I want to try.

Martin

Yup. Me too.

Randy

Pffft. I don't know. Aaaahhhhhgh. *(Pause as the other drug venturers glare at him)* Well, if you guys are, then . . . hhyeah.

Glenn

Excellent. Okay then. That's four; five including me. Anyone else? Care to open your perspective a little? Donna? You two could have a phe-no-me-nal boink session.

Donna

(Curt and without turning to look). No thank you.

Glenn

But you . . . *(Trevor intervenes with a gesture of "leave it." Glenn relents).* Rich? *(No response).*

Cliff

Come on. Something different.

Martin

At the very least, it'll improve the A-ha video.

Randy

No shit, huh? *(Starts singing the melody line—not the lyrics—from the song "Take Me On" by A-ha adding some perceived distortion).*

Rich

(Betrayed; visibly shaken and rattled; close to tears. Stands and turns to confront) Are you guys . . . seriously going *(He exchanges a pleading look with Cliff who acknowledges it but reservedly shrugs it off)* . . . I can't . . . Wha . . . the pled . . . Jesus H Fucking Christ *(Sits back down).*

Nancy

(Pulls Cliff aside in an attempt to have a "private" conversation, which of course is impossible) Are you out of your *(consciously choosing to curse)* fucking mind!? Need I remind you this house does not belong to you? And the persons who do own it, whose names are on the deed, would have no boundaries to their upset-NESS if, oh say, something might not go as planned, thereby waking *(motions towards parents room)*. Not to mention the fact that even if I have nothing to do with this whatsoever, WHICH I DON'T, that if something goes wrong, and it will because you're involved. If something goes wrong, I am going to catch equal blame for it even though I am guiltless. By all that's holy, take a look at what you're doing. Just chill. Have some ginger snaps, all of you and let's just finish watching. *(Pause—no response)*. You're in asshole. You know you owe me for . . . dammit! You. Are. An. Ass. Hole. Rich, Donna nice to see you guys. I'm sorry but I have to go finish watching on my puny little bedroom tv *(she exits in a hurry)*.

Cliff

Look, don't worry about her. I think the whole Monica thing has left her a little prone to hysterics. My parents are long into REM sleep by now, I think. As long as were quiet there should be no problem. They don't want to come out here. And besides, most certainly my mom wouldn't like it, but my dad might want to join us *(contrary looks from Randy and Martin)*. All right, maybe not. But still just keep it down and we'll be fine.

Donna

(Standing) Um, Trev I want to go.

Trevor

(Comfortably defiant) Uh, no. I love you muffin, but I'm going to stay. I won't drive if that makes you feel better. You can drive.

Donna

(Uncertain how to react. This is new. There is a momentary tense stare down). Thanks for your sensitivity *(returns to sitting)*.

Glenn

Okay, looks like our participants are set. You guys good? Good? Good? Good? *(They each give an anticipatory nod of approval as Glenn goes down the line)*. Okay, good. We'll need a serving platter, or mirror, or smooth-surface cutting board and a razor

blade. We could use an ID card or something, but a razor's cleaner.

Cliff

My dad has a beer mirror in the laundry room (*Goes through the kitchen to get it*).

Glenn

That should work.

(As Cliff goes, Rich grabs the remote control and eases the volume up slightly revealing Madonna's "Borderline" coming through the TV. When it eventually concludes, Rich will mute the remote control once again. Additionally, Rich and Nancy begin a fairly extended inaudible, heated discussion about what is transpiring behind them.)

Cliff

(Returning and handing off the mirror) Here. Also, I think Nancy has a razor blade or three in her bathroom (*He goes again*).

Martin

Eew! Make sure to clean it first. I don't think my sinuses would react well to Nancy's leg hair stubble.

Trevor

(A la Brooklyn mobster) You cut my shit with some leg hair stubble, why then you are just asking for trouble. Hey, I'm a poet and I don't even kno/

Randy

(Shoves him) Such a dick.

Martin

Wait, wait, wait. I think that might have been in iambic pentameter. *(Counting off the syllables with his fingers, reciting very methodically, without inflection)* You cut my shit with some leg hair stubble, why then you are just asking for trouble. Damn, it scans. Though I think you have a feminine ending in there somewhere.

Trevor

(Still the Brooklyn mobster) Hey, there ain't nothing in feminine about my ending. *Capice?*

(Randy shoves him again, causing him to knock into--not over--a barstool just as Cliff re-enters)

Cliff

Hey, brain trust. That is precisely the kind of thing we can't have going on if you don't want to wake the 'rents. Capice?

Randy/Trevor

Capice.

Cliff

(Handing over the razor) Here.

Glenn

This'll do nicely. *(As he starts to lay out some lines on the pool/poker table)* Oh, and do you have a plastic straw? In the kitchen?

Cliff

Uh-Huh. *(Goes into the kitchen)*.

Glenn

Cut it to about four, maybe five inches. *(Name of present cast member/character with the largest nose)*'s schnoz is pretty substantial, better make it five inches—or more.

Randy

(Sort of an aside) That's what she said.

Glenn

Spoonfed you that one didn't I?

Cliff

Want to try a Krazy Straw? *(Showing one through the counter window as the quintet chuckles)*.

Martin

Can you imagine?

(As Martin says this, Trevor grabs the Krazy Straw from Cliff and starts outrageously imitating someone trying to snort cocaine through a Krazy Straw much to the delight of the others, who of course, have to keep their revelry at a low peak. Rich and Donna break their private conversation enough to momentarily notice this, but then return).

Cliff

(Returning) And a real straw, tailored to five inches. *(Glenn gestures to set it on the table as he continues preparing)*.

Randy

Aren't we supposed to use rolled up money? A bill of some kind?

Glenn

Perhaps. But, After Taco Bell, I have exactly four soggy one dollar bills on me at present. And I pretty much know better than to ask any of you if you have any money on your person . . .

Randy

So?

Glenn

So straw it is. Besides, I have a theory that some of the granules can get lost in the fibers of our US currency. So yeah, not as glamorous, but it gets the job done.

Rich

(Bolts up, turns around, in disgust of their flippancy tries to start speaking three or four times) . . . Fuck it. FUCK it. Forget it. I . . . I . . . Isn't . . . I'm just going to sit here, wait for The Gap Band video--which is probably airing last--and quietly leave. Go home.

Glenn

Okay, so who's first?

Randy

Since you still owe me a small fortune, I think I should be first.

Glenn

What? Oh, I totally forgot about that.

Randy

You mean you conveniently forgot about that.

Glenn

Well then, here's a down payment. *(Hands him the straw)* Come on. *(Announcer voice into a mimed microphone)* In this corner, standing at *(however many feet and inches)*, the upstart, from Lohs Al-toes, California, the Jock, who always wears his shoes in the shower, Randy Tachimoto. *(Places the mimed microphone up to Randy's mouth, which he repeats after each introduction).*

Production note: If the audience is seated above the stage in your venue, and the lip of the pool/poker table cannot hide the lines of cocaine from the audience's view, it would be best to cluster actors around the table so that the act of snorting a line is not visible to the audience.

Randy

(Dumb, jock voice) Uhmm . . . Hi mom! (At this, Glenn gestures and Randy snorts his line followed by a brief moment of everyone gauging the reaction. This is then repeated after each introduction).

Glenn

And in this corner, wearing (whatever he's dressed in), the rebel, from the Lakewood Village barrio, the musical genius, who fingers and strums his frets with the best of 'em, Trevor Czernonovich.

Trevor

(Mimes holding a sign over his head) Read your Bible. John, 3:16. John, 3:16.

Glenn

And over in this corner, sporting the nicely feathered hair with his dreamy (whatever color) eyes, the defending champion, from Sunnyvale, California by way of De Anza Boulevard, the homebody, a man who wishes he was wealthy enough to shit on his own money (Cliff shoots Glenn a look of "really that's the best you can do" and Glenn returns a look of "whatever, run with it" attempting to not break the rhythm flow of his announcement), Clifford Heullman.

Cliff

Well, I do wish I was rich enough to shit on my own money. But even if'n ah could, ah wouldn't do it. No sir.

Glenn

In this corner, weighing in at (however many) pounds, the challenger, from Cupertino, California via Lohs Angle-eez, the literary giant, who never dangles his modifiers when it's not appropriate and always does when it is appropriate, Martin Westerhouse.

Martin

(Semi-stoner voice) As a writer, I feel a responsibility to try new things, expand my horizons.

(As Martin steps up to snort his line, he has to sneeze violently and only barely manages to turn his face away some, thereby causing much of his line to be scattered on the table. Trevor, Randy and Cliff instantly find this hilarious).

Glenn

Oh my fucking God! You've got to be kidding me. What the fuck! Martin . . . Really? That's like at least \$40-50 worth of blow.

Martin

(Increasing funnier) I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I . . . I just couldn't help it. You know when you have to sneeze, you have to sneeze. I'm really sorry.

Glenn

(Now also finding it slightly funny) Fuck, all right quit your groveling. *(As he resets the line)* Jeezu . . . had to be you. Of course, it had to be you.

Martin

I said I'm sorry.

Glenn

Oh my God. It's a good thing you crack me up. *(Deliberately)* Okay, let's try that again.

Martin

(Steps up carefully) All clear. I think I'm ready for takeoff. *(Clean snort this time).*

Glenn

Good? Good? Good to go? *(Thumbs-up from Martin)* And *por moi*. *(He snorts).*

Trevor

Whoo, yeah, uh-huh. There is the endorphin release. *(Rapidly shakes his head back and forth in a cartoon-like fashion, while vocalizing and letting the fleshy part of his lips and cheeks flap against his jaw).*

Randy

I don't feel anything.

As the drug "takes effect" and progresses through the scene it hits each one differently.

Randy: Claims he doesn't feel anything, but it noticeably hits him in a way that makes him slightly more agitated. Mostly agitated that he doesn't feel like he's feeling effects.

Glenn: While it doesn't mellow him, his enjoyment is more calm, capsulized.

Cliff: He gets giggly. Starts to find many things funny.

Ordinary things, and even a few things that shouldn't be funny.

Martin and Trevor: Both become more keenly aggressive, but not aggressive in a violent way.

Cliff

(Having drifted over to the dart board, takes a few darts from the board) Hey Trev, are these your darts? These flights are hilarious. These are like, nudie, pin-up cartoons? The expression on this one is priceless. Look, look, look (Sexy-voice imitating what he imagines each flight picture to say while showing them. Of course, he finds each one of these funny himself). "Come here sailor. I just ate an entire ham." Or this, "Hard day at the office? Well come over here and let me puncture your lung with my shoes." Or, hee-hee "Hey loverboy, I come from a long line of Cyclops-es." Cyclops-es? Cyclops-es-es? Cyclopsi?

Martin

I believe it's simply Cyclops. That's the plural as well.

Cliff

Oh-huh? The Cyclops one looks a little like Tamara Lewis (The name Tamara Lewis causes Donna to take note).

(While this exchange is happening, Randy fixes himself another line and snorts it. This is only passively noticed by Glenn).

Trevor

(Imitating the Three Stooges' Niagara Falls bit from which its derived) Ta-ma-ra Lewis! Slowly I turned. Step-by-step. Inch-by-inch.

Martin

You bastard. You had to bring her up.

Cliff

So she dumped him.

Martin

She didn't just dump him, she cheated on him. And now you've released the green eyed monster of jealousy.

Trevor

Mongo smash!

Cliff

Quit it! Mongo no smash! Mongo wake parents if Mongo smash.

Trevor

Mongo no smash?

Cliff

Mongo no smash. (*Comforting and now whimpering Trevor*) There, there. Mongo good boy. Mongo want candy?

Trevor

Yum, Mongo like candy. Mongo want candy.

Cliff

Mongo get candy. Mongo come with me to kitchen (*they exit in the kitchen chuckling*).

Randy

Damnit. I still don't feel anything.

Glenn

(*Chuckling to himself*) Ha-ha. I still can't believe, you sneezed your line. What a buffoon. What an ignoramus. What a spazz.

Martin

How many ways do I need to prostrate myself before . . .

Trevor

(*Returning from the kitchen, clutching a candy bar, preferably one slightly phallic in nature, but had to of been on the market in 1984-- Marathon, Big Hunk, Charleston Chew, etc*). Prostate? Did I hear someone mention prostate? Does someone need an exam? I think someone needs an exam. (*Trevor proceeds to grab Martin, bend him over some convenient part of the set, and then pretends to root around Martin's backside. Martin playfully protests with varying lengths of the word "No," but completely plays along. They both play around with character voices*). Now let's see, let's see what we got hiding up hy-ere. Hmmm? There appears to be something large and metallic hiding up in there. Is that a Tonka Truck I see? Well let's just get that out (*mimes extracting it*).

Martin

Goodness, however did that get in there.

(As these shenanigans proceed, Cliff, Randy and Glenn become increasingly amused. Donna and Rich become increasingly stony and sickened).

Trevor

What else we got? Oh, lookee here. I see Liberace living up in there. And his piano. Let's just get those out.

Martin

(As Trevor mimes this) Go easy on me. I'm a delicate flower. Ow ow ow ow ow oooooooooow! That hurt.

Trevor

(Presenting the candy bar next to his face) Do you need a probe? I said, do you need a probe, soldier? Here you're going to get a probe, private. *(Raises the candy bar to insert as Martin escapes).*

Martin

Cocaine totally makes you gay in more ways than one.

(Obliging this accusation, Trevor repeatedly and erotically sucks on his candy bar)

Cliff

Oh please stop, you don't know where that's almost been.

Trevor

You want some, I know you do. *(Starts to playfully chase Cliff a little).*

Cliff

(Escaping in a falsetto whisper scream) No, no, naaaooooh! Get away from me you *Astrolopithicus*.

Trevor

(Now in a primate voice, he starts tapping the candy bar on Randy's face, lips and nose) Maybe Randy want candy? Maybe Randy want candy? Want candy Randy? *(Without changing his expression, Randy takes one gargantuan bite of the candy bar).* Aaaaagh! I've been circumcised! And I didn't even get to send out invitations for my briss.

Glenn

If you think about it, most people don't get to send out invitations for their own briss.

Trevor

That's too bad. I would've wanted to invite my dear aunties and celebrate by serving them afternoon tea and crumpets in the garden to show off my new sculpted penis. After snipping the tip, it would probably be about this long (*He grabs the short straw and holds it up to his crotch, thrusting it around a bit*). I don't care what you say Randy, I don't think there too many women out there that would be satisfied with this. Certainly no one on a women's volleyball team anyway. Forget this straw (*Tosses it back on the table and picks up the Krazy Straw*), what about this one? (*Holds it up to his crotch, thrusting it around a bit*) Oh, oh wouldn't it be extremely cool if like every time you jizzed, every time you launched a load, it came out in a pattern like this. (*He proceeds to test this idea several times by holding the straw up to his crotch, mime masturbating and lightly tossing the straw in different directions and ways, complete with sound effects.*

(Through Trevor's tirade, the cocaine quintet is becoming beside themselves. Donna is now weeping quietly in the corner).

Randy

(Slapping his own face and showing some effect of the drug) Fuuuuuuck! Nothing. I need another bump. (*He goes to the cocaine supply, hurriedly executes another line. Glenn makes a half-hearted, passive attempt to discourage Randy—Glenn's attention is really towards Trevor, but Randy helps himself anyway*). Shit! Shit!

Trevor

Or, or, or what if this was a catheter? (*In and outrageous doctor voice*) "I'm so sorry Mr. Johnson, but we're going to need to insert this. Now please hold still. This will not hurt much." (*As he playfully jams the Krazy Straw towards his own crotch*).

(Cliff and Martin crumple to the floor in muffled groans and laughter. Trevor joins them and tosses the Krazy Straw aside. Glenn remains amused. Randy, amused by the shenanigans, paces impatiently waiting to feel some effect. After a moment, the laughter settle some, but the sensibility lingers. Rich surreptitiously reaches for the remote control to turn the volume back up for video already playing, presumed to be in progress—"Take Me On" by A-ha).

Trevor

(As Rich reaches for the remote control) Oh Shit! Look, look, look . . . It's that completely ree-diculous video that must've been made by art school dropouts. (Overbearing school administrator voice) "Your work is worthless! It is not up to our standards! I condemn you to pencil drawings of music videos!"

Martin

(Falsetto) Noooooooo. Anything but that!

Trevor

(Still using prior voice) Draw minion!

(Without turning up the volume, Cliff begins to quietly sing the melody and lyrics while acting out the animation progression of the video. Martin and Trevor quickly join in-singing and acting out the song, making up new lyrics perhaps. It should look spontaneous. After several moments, Glenn gets pulled into join them by Trevor. Glenn is less enthusiastic but plays along. Rich and Donna dutifully and stoically watched the video. Randy observes in amusement, almost joining in, but it's apparent he doesn't know the song as well. After several more moments, Randy helps himself to another line of cocaine. This whole business should go on for an uncomfortably long time, perhaps 1.5 to 2 minutes. Rich eventually starts lobbing popcorn or chips at them in an attempt to stop them because they're too annoying. It does make them stop).

Cliff

Quit it! I'm going to have to clean that up.

Rich

Oh, I'm sorry. Am I putting you out? (Continuing to lob the food towards them as Martin and Trevor now try to catch it in their mouths).

Cliff

Yes, as// a matter of fa. . .

Rich

Well boo-fucking-hoo! Did I just ruin your night? (Now throwing stuff more violently and specifically at Cliff).

Cliff

(Attempting to physically stop him) God damnit! Cut it out! Now you're just being a prick!

Rich

Prick, huh? (*Intentionally dumps the contents of the popcorn/chips bowl/bag around the rest of the room freeing up another hand to deal with Cliff*). Now I am //being a prick!

Randy

(*Starting forward to intervene*) Jesus, your folks, //keep it down.

Rich

(*Starting to escalate as they grapple. They are used to play fighting, but this has turned into something more*) Fuck off! Get away//from me!

Cliff

You are such an asshole! //You're going to clean this up!

Randy

(*Fully part of the melee*) Come on, //break it up. You're going to get us all fucked!

Rich

The hell I will! //You're such . . . God damnit, let go of my . . . What is your problem!?

Cliff

Asshole! Asshole! You're my fucking problem!

(*As this altercation escalates, while the others look on with uncertainty, the cluster of combatants has migrated near the pool/poker table. In getting the upper hand, Rich manages to roughly force the others into the table. In doing so, it causes a sudden loud noise. Everyone, except Randy, freezes, and looks towards the parents' wall. A frozen moment, no reaction. They're safe. However, initially unnoticed by any of the others, when forced into the table, Randy hit his head rather violently and is now slumped on the floor, convulsing and breathing irregularly. Martin is the first to notice him*).

Martin

Randy? Oh my God!

(*Overlapping, others verbally react concerned, but stupefied. During the next few moments of mayhem, subdued verbal reactions*

of concern from all characters is encouraged so long as the thread of focus is maintained).

Donna

(Taking charge) What the he . . . Oh God, this is not good! He's bleeding from the back of his head and . . . Randy! Randy are you okay? Can you hear me? This is bad! Go get Nancy, she'd probably know what to do better than any of us *(Indicating Cliff. He exits towards bedrooms)*.

Glenn

Look, just stop the bleeding and get him some ice *(exits to kitchen to get rags)*.

Trevor

Direct pressure. Direct pressure.

Donna

I need rags or a shirt! Towels. Something!

Rich

Oh Jesus, come on buddy. I think his breathing getting worse. More irregular. Fuck!

Glenn

(Returning with dishtowels) Here. Towels. *(Returns to kitchen to get ice)*.

Donna

Can I move him? I think I need to move him. Oh God, he's not coming around!

Rich

(Crouching to assist her) Lemme help. Oh, oh, oh . . . Come on Randy. Apply the . . . there . . . there, yeah that's good. Now ease him . . . okay . . . //now hold the . . . yeah.

Donna

Got it. //I got it. *(Randy convulses strongly, noticeably)* Oh, Shit.

Martin

(Increasingly freaked out) What the hell is that?

Donna

Um . . . uh . . . his breathing is definitely changed! It's like weaker. What is going on?

(Glenn has returned and now stands in the kitchen doorway holding a bag of ice or frozen food).

Rich

(As Nancy and Cliff enter while he checks for a pulse. Mortified) I am not finding a pulse! Neither here nor on his neck!

Martin

What?! Oh God, no. No, no, no. (Leans against the wall, sinks to the floor, weeps).

Nancy

(Taking charge as Rich and Donna shift to accommodate her) Here let me get . . . (She checks for a pulse, doesn't find one. Quietly to herself) Damn it! (Starts CPR. To Rich) Keep your hand there. Let me know if you feel anything. (To Donna) Keep supporting his head with light pressure.

(Except for the quiet weeping of Martin, there are a few moments of petrified, excruciating, anxious silence as Nancy administers at least three cycles of CPR to Randy)

Rich

There, I think it's back!

Nancy

(Ceases CPR and checks for pulse) Yeah. Okay. Faint and irregular but it's there. His breathing is still awfully shallow. Randy can you hear me? Randy, sweetie? Randy? I don't know, I think he's go-

(Randy gasps suddenly, noticeably sits up a little, eyes open as if conscious for one second. Then goes listless--out cold. Nancy frantically checks breathing and pulse).

Nancy

Okay. It's all right. Pulse is still there. But his heart beat and breathing are still super irregular. We need to get him to emergency. Somebody call 911.

(Trevor and Cliff both make a move toward the kitchen to use the phone. Glenn still stands in the doorway).

Glenn

No! Fuck no! (*The others glare in disbelief*) They'll send cops! None of us wants that! Yeah, okay, he's in bad shape so take him there ourselves! It's not that far!

Cliff

For real!? What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Glenn

Just go! It'll take them 10 minutes to get here anyways, you'll be there in five!

Nancy

Damnit he's right.

Trevor

Here, I got the wagon. We can put him in back.

Donna

Give Rich your keys. None of the rest of you are in any fucking condition to drive.

Trevor

Look I'm fine.

Donna

You are not fine! Randy is not fine! None of us are fine! And I am not going to argue! Give. Rich. Your keys! (*He does*).

Nancy

(*As they lift and cradle Randy to get him to the car*) Donna got his head? Rich you get the torso and midsection. I'll get his feet and legs. On the count of three, lift and try to keep him stable. Ready?

Trevor

Here, let me . . .

Nancy

We got it. The rest of you need to just hang here.

Rich

We'll keep you posted. (*To Cliff*) You may want to unplug your parents' phone.

Nancy

One, two, three . . . *(They lift Randy)* Okay hold. Still breathing. All right, let's go. Careful, slow.

Trevor

I parked around the side. Be quicker to go through the backyard.

Nancy

Cliff get the door and the gate and mind the dogs.

(Cliff silently obliges. As they carry the unconscious Randy out through the upstage center are sliding doors, Rich happens to glance towards the TV screen).

Rich

Oh, and now The Gap Band video is playing. Thanks a lot, fuck-nuggets, for a wonderful evening.

Nancy

Easy. Easy.

(Cliff closes the door as they exit remaining outside. Trevor, Martin and Glenn stare uncomfortably for a moment. Then the sound of barking dogs from within the yard).

Cliff

(From offstage in a loud whisper) Ralph! Trixie! Shusshhh! Sh-sh-shhhhhhh!

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT II, Scene 1