

MATTERHORN

By Joe Correll

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MATTERHORN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BILL - Early 50's. Charming, charismatic, but low key and fairly unemotional.

BECKY - Early 30's - Becky is a sweet and sassy waitress. She has a philosophical side, and many theories on the nature of human existence.

SHARON - Early 50's. Sharon is gregarious, sarcastic, and full of life.

GARY - Early 50's. Gary is a good natured schmuck who never seems to be able to say the appropriate thing.

SETTING: a SMALL-TOWN RESTAURANT ON A DARK AND RAINY NIGHT.

MATTERHORN

Frank's restaurant looks like it was built probably in the thirties or forties. The dining room has fallen into disrepair, but there is definitely a charm about it. Faded photos of past customers who did something no one can remember cover the walls. The bar has a mish-mash of glasses and mostly cheap liquor. There is a hallway marked "Restrooms", and a swinging door that goes to the kitchen. A large plate glass window looks out onto a dark rainy night. The red and blue glow of a neon sign can be made out.

Becky is a waitress in the restaurant and is quickly clearing some dirty plates from a table. Becky is thirty-five, pretty, but with a face that looks older than her age. She does not wear a uniform. She wears a pair of jeans and an unremarkable blouse. Becky rushes the plates back into the kitchen. Then a moment later, the front door opens, a small bell rings, and a customer enters. This is Bill Rollins, fifties. He is wet from the rain. He carries a large duffle bag and a small backpack. He has obviously just come from some sort of trip. He walks in and looks around the restaurant.

BILL
(yelling off)

Hello?!

BECKY
(off, frustrated)

Ugh! No fucking way!

A beat.

BECKY
(yelling from off, more
cheerful)

I'll be right with you.

BILL

No rush!

Bill looks at the completely empty restaurant.

BECKY

(yelling from off)

Just so you know, I'm closing early. It's just me and I think the rain is keeping people away.

BILL

You're here by yourself?

Becky comes out from the back holding up a huge knife. She has on an Apron splattered with tomato juice, and looks fairly scary.

BECKY

Yup. Just me, myself and I.

BILL

(a little shocked)

And a very big knife.

BECKY

(she smiles)

Huh?... Oh this? I'm sorry, did I scare you?

BILL

(joking)

A little.

They laugh.

BECKY

Good. I'm slicing tomatoes for tomorrow. Do you mind if I finish up while you decide if your gonna stay?

BILL

Slice away...

Becky goes to the back again.

BILL (CONT'D)

So, if you're all by yourself, who's cooking the food back there?

BECKY

(off)

If you do decide to order something, I guess I am. Pete, our cook went home sick an hour ago.

BILL

Nothing contagious I hope.

Becky comes out with a container of tomatoes and a cutting board.

BECKY

What?

BILL

Your cook? Sick?

BECKY

Oh, I don't think he's really sick. He's a liar.

A beat.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I think he's gone fishing. He's almost always "sick" the last Friday of every month.

BILL

(laughs)

Oh-

Becky starts to slice tomatoes.

BECKY

(rethinking)

But maybe he is sick. I'd feel bad if I said he went fishing and it turns out he really was sick after all. God, what if something is really wrong with him? I'm such an asshole. Forget I said anything. Let's start over....Hi.

She extends her hand, covered in juice. Wipes it on her apron, and they shake hands.

BILL

Hi.

BECKY

You know, it's not even my night.

BILL

No?

BECKY

I'm just filling in for my friend.

BILL

Oh? That's very nice of you.

BECKY

I know. I'm a nice person. I was planning on catching up on some TV and eating a whole bag of Oreos, but, last minute, Gloria ended up having to take care of her grandson. I said I'd help her out. Anyhow, you don't need to know all that...so what's it gonna be, are you gonna make me cook for you?

Bill sidles up to the counter and sits on a stool. Becky cuts tomatoes while they chat.

BILL

(laughs)

I'm not sure yet. I can't believe how empty this place is on a Friday night.

Becky deflates, as she's now clearly going to have to wait on him.

BECKY

Yeah, it was great. I mean...I'm sorry. That was rude. Let's start over. Hi.

BILL

Hi.

A beat.

BECKY

I feel like I have to say something clever now.

BILL

I'm already highly entertained.

They laugh.

BECKY

What brings you in on this rainy evening?

BILL

I'm here to meet some people I knew back in High School.

BECKY

(disappointed)

Oh... I see. Are there a lot of you?

BILL

Don't worry, It's just two.

BECKY

Two more?

Yeah.

BILL

Okay.

BECKY

Becky tilts her head and looks at Bill closer, and lightens the mood.

Have you been here? I feel like I've seen you before.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Not recently. I get that a lot. I have one of those faces I guess.

BILL

Well, It's a very nice face.

BECKY

Thanks, you too.

BILL

She motions towards his duffle bag.

Are you traveling?

BECKY

I'm always traveling.

BILL

Did you just get in? Or just leaving?

BECKY

Both actually. I'm in town for the Saint Francis reunion tonight. I travel for work and decided to take a little detour and drop in on my reunion.

BILL

What reunion is it for you?

BECKY

Thirty-fifth.

BILL

You don't look a day over your thirtieth.

BECKY

Becky goes back to her tomatoes.

You want a cocktail or a beer while you wait?

BECKY

(changing the subject)

A Bloody Mary?

BILL

Huh?

BECKY

Your apron. The tomatoes. Sorry. Bad joke.

BILL

It is. Very bad.

BECKY

Let's start over. Hi.

BILL

Hi.

BECKY

I don't drink.

BILL

Good for you.

BECKY
(smiles)

I quit drinking earlier this year.

BILL

Me too!

BECKY

How about a Coke?

BILL

We're out of regular coke. All I have is Diet.

BECKY

Bill nods. Becky goes to get his
Coke.

BILL

I'm surprised how little this place has changed. The booths
are new.

BECKY
(at the bar pouring a coke)

Not new. These same booths have been here since before I
started. Things do not change much or often around here.

Becky hands him his Diet Coke. Bill
notices a calendar on the wall.

BILL

I can see that...that's a really old calendar.

BECKY
What?

BILL
It looks like that same calendar has been up there for quite awhile.

BECKY
Yeah, it's old.

BILL
Why don't you take it down?

BECKY
I like the pictures. I flip the months.

BILL
It says September, but it's October.

BECKY
It just turned October.

BILL
A week ago.

BECKY
Okay, I like the September picture. So I leave it on September all the time.

BILL
It's just a bunch of cows. What do cows have to do with September?

BECKY
They're all cows. It's a cow calendar.

BILL
(joking)
So, do you have a thing for cows?

BECKY
They're okay. Look, does the calendar bother you? Because I'm not taking it down.

A beat.

BECKY
What's your name?

BILL
(as James Bond)
Bond. Bill Bond.

Becky extends her hand.

BECKY

Nice to meet you Bill Bond. I'm Becky. Just Becky, until we know each other better. Which we probably never will, ya know.....Are your friends *fast* eaters? Cause, I've got class in the morning.

BILL

You're in school?

BECKY

Just community. But I do it for my daughter.

BILL

How old is she?

BECKY

She's twelve.

BILL

What's her name?

BECKY

Angela.

BILL

Pretty name.

BECKY

Thank you. It was my grandmother's name.

BILL

Like angel, with an extra "a".

A beat.

BECKY

I never noticed that before.

Awkward silence.

BILL

Your Diet Coke is a little flat.

BECKY

Yeah well, so am I.

A beat. They laugh.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't know how to fix it.

BILL

You don't?

Nope. BECKY

I do. BILL

Really? Have at it. BECKY

Bill comes behind the counter to help her. They continue to talk.

BILL
I'll share a secret with you. I worked here for a short while when I was in High School. I was usually the one to change the CO2 tank.

Wow, you're full of surprises. BECKY

I am an international man of mystery! BILL

You're mixing your metaphors. BECKY

What's a metaphor? BILL

A beat.

I'm not falling for that. BECKY

See- they have a wrench right here for this. It's super easy. You just loosen this nut here, grab a new tank, and switch the line. BILL

That's it? BECKY

That's it. BILL

Bill finishes with the CO2.

There you go! All set. Now you know how to change it. BILL

Becky laughs.

I totally knew how to change it. I just didn't feel like it. BECKY

They laugh. The door bursts open and Sharon and Gary stumble in. Sharon is in her early fifties. She is beautiful, put together, and she wears a cosmopolitan, trendy dress and carries a purse that matches, but she is soaking wet. Gary is the same age and he is dressed in a casual collared shirt and sweater, also soaking wet.

SHARON

(yelling at Gary)

But I told you to back up and turn around!

GARY

Do you know how many miles it is to turn around and come the back way? That would have taken forever!

Sharon starts shaking out her wet clothes and taking off her jacket.

SHARON

And walking in a monsoon is a shortcut?! I knew I should have driven separately. Remind me again why I'm friends with you??... Bill!! Oh my God, I'm so wet... sorry we're late, but this asshole drove the car off the road into a river of mud. We've been walking out in the middle of nowhere for the last forty five minutes.

GARY

(to Bill)

It wasn't that long.

She goes to hug Bill.

SHARON

C'mere, Billy boy, give me a hug. I've really missed you. It's been too long.

They hug.

GARY

And one for your 'ole buddy?

Gary hugs Bill. It's just a little awkward.

GARY

Hey, I was calling you over and over. Don't you pick up your phone??

BILL

Hmmmm. I didn't get any calls. I was just sitting here chatting with Becky.

SHARON

Who's Becky?

BILL

(making a joke)

This is Becky. She'll be our server this evening.

BECKY

Nice to meet you.

SHARON

Hi.

She immediately dismisses Becky and turns to Gary.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Hey, Genius, you're gonna need to call someone to pull that car out of the mud.

GARY

(looking at his phone)

I don't have a signal.

SHARON

Try my phone.

BECKY

Good luck with that.

SHARON

What?

BECKY

We have a really bad signal in here. They keep saying we're going to get better coverage soon. But right now, all we've got is that dinosaur.

Becky points to an old rotary phone.

GARY

I'll call the rental company, and see if they can do something about it.

A beat.

GARY

(to Sharon)

What was that rental place called again?

SHARON

(irritated)

I don't know. Why don't you look on the paperwork?

Gary feels his pockets.

GARY

I left it in the glove compartment.

SHARON

And you don't remember the name of the place?

GARY

Terry's or something?

BECKY

Barry's.

GARY

That's it!

BECKY

I'm sure he's closed...

A beat.

BECKY

It's bowling night.

GARY

Oh yeah! Bowling night! They still have that?!

BECKY

If it's Friday, they have it.

They laugh.

BECKY

There's Jay's Garage, they might be able to help you out. Jay doesn't bowl... But I don't know how late he's open. He might still be there. The number is on that paper next to the phone.

Gary throws Becky a "two finger point" and winks.

GARY

Thanks Becky!

SHARON

Jay's Garage?? I remember that. He's still alive???

BECKY

Last time I checked. Everyone takes bets on whether he'll still be around at Christmas.

SHARON

All we need is big hair and rainbow suspenders and it's 1984 all over again.

Gary goes over to the phone and dials the number. Becky goes back to slicing tomatoes.

SHARON

Bill, I'm sorry that ass clown threw a monkey wrench into our plans.

BILL

(bad joke)

It's okay. I'm very good with wrenches. Right Becky?

Becky and Bill share a laugh.

SHARON

Dammit. I wanted to get there before everyone else so I could see all the old people and try to guess who they used to be when they walk through the door.

GARY

(on the phone, quieter than Sharon)
Hello, my name is Gary Wendall, And my car is stuck off the Bunker Hill Drive, I'd like to get a tow please as soon as possible. If you could please call me back at 247-278-3689.

BILL

There's still plenty of time.

Gary comes back over.

GARY

I got a voicemail.

Becky calls out to Gary.

BECKY

(from over at the counter)

Did you tell him you were out here at the restaurant? Where he could find you?

GARY

No, but I left him my phone number.

BECKY

There's no service here, remember?

GARY

What?

SHARON

(shaking her head)

That's WHY you're using their phone, dick knuckle.

GARY

Oh yeah.

Gary goes back to the phone and
dials it again.

SHARON

So Bill, what have you been up to, tell me! I want to know
everything.

BILL

Getting divorced, traveling for work, watching
Netflix...eating at Olive Garden...

SHARON

Olive Garden?? They still have those?

BILL

Pretty much every town has an Olive Garden.

BECKY

(from over at the counter,
joking)

Not this one. But we're hopeful. Someday!!

Gary is on the phone, the others
listen in.

GARY

Hello there, it's me again. Gary Wendell. I'm the guy who
just called about my car being stuck off Bunker Hill Drive.
It's a little hard to find. If you could call me back please,
my number is 247-278-3689. Thank you!... Oh, and I'm at
Franks restaurant.

He calls over to Becky.

GARY (CONT'D)

It's still called Frank's right?

BECKY

That's what the big sign says.

GARY

Right...Frank's... My number is 247-278-3689. It's Gary
Wendell. I'm the one with the car that's stuck. Hope to see
you soon. I'm at Frank's Restaurant. Thanks. Bye.

BECKY

I don't know why you keep giving him your phone number. He can't call you. Anyhow, It's Jay, he knows the place. If he gets the message he'll be here eventually.

SHARON

Barry's, Jay's, Frank's? Everything in this town has always been named after some random dude.

Sharon looks around the restaurant.

SHARON

Which one was it?

BILL

Which one was what?

SHARON

Our table!

Bill points to a table.

BILL

It was this one.

Gary points to another table.

GARY

I thought that one was our table?

SHARON

No, douche nozzle, Bill is right. It was this one.

Sharon pats a seat and motions for Bill to sit. They all sit at the table.

SHARON

Well this is familiar isn't it?

BILL

(laughs)
Douche nozzle?

GARY

I like this place. Some great memories here, right Bill?

BILL

Yup! It's full of memories. That's for sure.

BECKY

So are you three going to be making a lot of *new* memories here tonight?... Because I'm planning on closing soon.

BILL

We won't be too long. Promise.

BECKY

Okay, of course. I'm sorry. Let's start over...Hi.

BILL SHARON AND GAR

Hi.

BECKY

How about some coffee while you figure this out? It's not even that old. That'll warm you up and send you on your way.

SHARON

How about a bourbon instead?

BECKY

I can do that.

SHARON

Neat.

BECKY

Groovy.

SHARON

I mean without ice.

BECKY

I know what you meant.

GARY

(to Becky)

What kind of beers do you have?

BECKY

Budweiser.

GARY

Great.

BECKY

Bottle or can?

GARY

Tough decision.

BECKY

Life is all about choices.

GARY

Bottle.

BECKY

Excellent choice. I'll be right back.

Becky goes to fix the drinks.
Sharon notices Bill's duffle bag
and backpack.

SHARON

Are those yours?

BILL

Yeah, I was planning on changing before the reunion. I've
been in these clothes since yesterday.

SHARON

Gary and I are at the luxurious Red Roof Inn. Where are you?

BILL

I'm not staying. I'm leaving right after the party. I've got
to be in Columbus by tomorrow morning.

SHARON

You're leaving tonight?! That's hours away. You're driving
all night? I thought we were going to hang out this weekend?

BILL

I've got clients to take care of.

SHARON

(disappointed)

No! I was hoping we could pick up a bunch of wine coolers and
get drunk in the stupid Mustang this fuck-nut ran off the
road. Then drive around yelling out the window like a bunch
of idiots.

GARY

This sucks Bill, we came all this way? Can't you stay till
tomorrow, at least for part of the day?

BILL

(cheerfully)

Sorry, but the insurance business never sleeps. And
apparently neither do I. That's why I thought we should meet
here before. Make the most of the time we do have.

GARY

(disappointed)

Darn it. I'm kind of bummed. But at least we've got the
reunion, that should be fun.

SHARON

(also disappointed)

It's probably going to be lame. Mary Rinaldi planned it.
She's such a dip shit.

GARY

Maybe she's not a dip shit anymore.

SHARON

Once a dip shit...

GARY

Ah, be nice. She was my date for the Jr. Prom.

SHARON

I rest my case.

GARY

Bill's never been to any of the reunions. I'll bet people will be surprised to see you.

Bill laughs.

BILL

I'll just bet they will!... If they even remember me.

SHARON

What? Of course they'll remember you! What about Maryann Peet? She always had a thing for you. So many girls had a thing for you.

BILL

I don't think so.

GARY

Does anyone know what happened to Maryann Peet?

BILL

She lives in New York.

GARY

Was she the one who always smelled like fish?

SHARON

No, that was Nancy Paterson. You remember Maryann Peet, she did some pottery in art class that was basically a giant dick. And her paintings had giant dicks in them. Basically everything she did had some kind of dick in it.

GARY

That's right! She got in big trouble for that I think.

SHARON

Yup. Mrs. Hathaway warned her twice and then kicked her out and sent her to shop class instead. In shop class she used the lathe to make a giant wooden dick. But Mr. Travis liked it and kept it on his desk. She told me he gave her an A. She was really good at making dicks.

GARY

Do you know what she does now?

SHARON

She's a pretty successful artist. I read something about her in a magazine a few years back.

GARY

What did it say?

SHARON

It said she made some really great dicks.

They all laugh. Awkward pause. Then Gary completely blows the mood.

GARY

(to Bill, seriously)

I was sorry to hear about you and Dianne breaking up. How are the kids doing?

Sharon shoves Gary.

SHARON

Gary, what the fuck?

BILL

I don't really know. I hardly ever see them. They're really grown now anyway.

SHARON

I'm sorry. Dianne is such a bitch.

BILL

She's not a bitch. It was mostly me.

SHARON

I find that hard to believe.

BILL

I was a mean drunk.

SHARON

Big deal. I'm a mean drunk.

GARY

You're just mean... And a drunk.

SHARON

Fuck off.

BILL

I travel so much I'd hardly see the kids anyhow.

GARY

Must be hard. That's why I never got married.

SHARON
(incredulous)

Oh, is that why?

Awkward pause. Sharon gets up and comes behind Bill, throwing her arms around him. She toys with him playfully.

SHARON
(to Bill)

You should have married me, we always made a nice couple, don't you think?

GARY

Oh my God, you two. Is this going to be one of those things where people come to a reunion and hook up with their exes?

SHARON

I don't know. It could be.

BILL

We're barely exes... Three dates.

SHARON

I'm kidding of course.

GARY

Of course.

SHARON

Of course. Unless...

A beat.

SHARON

I'm kidding!! And Bill's leaving tonight so unfortunately there's no time for that.

GARY
(laughing)

We have to do something while we wait for that truck! Plenty of time.

SHARON

With you, there would be plenty of time for that.

BILL

What!?

SHARON

Don't you remember? Gary is a two pump chump.

GARY

I was seventeen. I think that's pretty common.

BILL

Do we have to talk about this?

SHARON

It wasn't like I was cheating on you, Bill. You were there.

BILL

I remember. I wish I didn't, but I do.

SHARON

Awwwww...You wouldn't be up for repeating the infamous "Happy New Years 1984?"

BILL

Sharon. Please. Don't.

Sharon continues despite Bill's protestations.

SHARON

You know, that's the only time I've done the old two on one thing. I'll admit it got a little awkward, but sometimes late at night when I'm alone in my bed, I do look back on it fondly.

GARY

Come on. We were very, very drunk. A whole bottle of Peppermint Schnapps. A couple of bottles of Canei wine.

SHARON

Right! At one point I wondered if you two even needed me there.

Gary laughs!

GARY

(laughing)

I was so shit faced, I didn't know what I was grabbing.

SHARON

(laughs)

I think Bill liked it.

BILL

I didn't "like" it!

SHARON

Come on! It was fun!

BILL

Was it?

SHARON
 (laughing)
 So who would you say was your "first" me or Gary!?

BILL
 Neither of you. You know that.

A moment. The mood changes and quickly becomes more solemn.

SHARON
 Right. Neither of us.

GARY
 Susan was your first, right?

SHARON
 (changing the subject)
 What time is it?

GARY
 I wish she was here with us.

SHARON
 Jesus, Gary!

GARY
 We can't talk about her anymore?

SHARON
 (backing down)
 Didn't I order a bourbon?

Bill lightens things up.

BILL
 Sure, Gary. Let's talk about her. That's kind of why I wanted to get together *here*. At our old place. For Susan.

SHARON
 Have either of you been in touch with Ron?

GARY
 Not since the funeral. Have you?

SHARON
 No, he's my Facebook friend, but he's not on there a lot.

GARY
 I can't believe she's been gone almost a whole year already.

BILL
 I'm not on Facebook.

SHARON
 You're not on Facebook? Are you kidding me?

BILL

Why would I want to be on Facebook?

SHARON

So you can see how much better you look than all your high school friends who got really old and look it.

GARY

I always think everyone looks better than me.

SHARON

Oh, they do...I don't ever speak to Ron, but I do still post on Susan's page every so often.

GARY

She still has a page?

SHARON

They don't delete the page when you die.

GARY

They don't?

SHARON

No. Everything just stays there.

GARY

For how long?

SHARON

I don't know. Forever.

GARY

That's creepy.

Sharon walks over and picks up a menu and reads it while she speaks.

SHARON

It's only creepy if she starts "liking" my posts. I think it's nice that I can go on there and remember her or say something nice. Let her know when I'm thinking of her. Just say hello. "So Susan, what's the deal with taking all those sleeping pills? The yacht club and art auctions keeping you awake at night? Just asking. Miss you. Love Sharon". Look! They still have pastrami!

GARY

I thought you were a vegetarian?

SHARON

I am, but I'm not a fanatic about it.

Becky brings out the drinks.

BECKY

Here you go!

SHARON

There you are.

BECKY

Sorry it took so long. I had a hard time finding any bourbon. There was none at the bar but Pete had stashed a bottle of Evan Williams in the walk-in cooler.

SHARON

Fantastic. Aren't I lucky?

BECKY

So what time is that Reunion? I'd hate for you to miss it.

SHARON

What time is it?

BECKY

Seven thirty.

GARY

It's okay, we've still got plenty of time. I'm enjoying hanging out in the old hang-out. Aren't you Bill?

BILL

Definitely.

SHARON

Bill, could we ride over with you?

BILL

There's no room in my car. It's packed to the gills with all my work stuff. Let's just wait for the truck to show up.

SHARON

Gary, go try that Larry guy again, see if he picks up.

BECKY

You mean Jay. Barry's bowling.

SHARON

Whatever. Call someone.

BILL

You don't need to call the poor guy over and over again. You're just gonna piss him off.

Gary goes over to the phone. Dials it.

GARY

It's ringing!

SHARON
(exasperated)

Good for you.

GARY
Hello??...Yes!! Hello!! Hello!

Gary gets an answer, and he gives a thumbs up to Sharon and Bill.

GARY (CONT'D)
My name is Gary Wendell and I left you a message about my car being stuck, and I'm at Frank's with some friends, and we need some help getting back on the road...I'm sorry?... Is this Jay?...Hi Maureen.

Sharon, Bill and Becky drop what they are doing, and turn and watch Gary on the phone.

GARY (CONT'D)
Sorry to bother you, is Jay there?...I don't know his last name, I'm not from here. Well, I used to be, but I moved away years ago.... Oh I see. Sorry about that...I hope you feel better... Yeah, my Mom has that sometimes too... Oh... no. She's in a Rest Home now... Yes, the one on Shearshop road... It is nice... I do visit twice a year... Well, I'm pretty busy... Yeah I know I should...I'll try...Hope you feel better... You should take a couple of Advil... Okay, no problem. Thank you. Have a good night... I will tell her when I see her...What?... Oh, probably tomorrow. Goodnight now...Bye, bye. You too...Okay bye for now.

A beat.

GARY
(to the others)
Wrong number. It was Maureen. Something is wrong with her feet.

Sharon takes out a compact mirror from her purse to check her makeup.

SHARON
(looking in her mirror)
Look at me. I'm soaked. I look like shit. Why didn't someone tell me I looked like shit?

GARY
You look like shit.

Becky calls out from over at the counter.

BECKY

There's the hand dryer in the bathroom. And paper towels. We have both. We're fancy like that.

SHARON

Bill, pretend you didn't see me like this. Let me fix my face and we'll start from scratch.

GARY

Me too.

SHARON

Yeah, go fix your face.

Sharon heads towards the bathroom.

SHARON

Bill, you try calling that Jay or whatever the hell his name is. Maybe you'll have better luck than Donnie Downer here.

BILL

I don't think we need to be calling him over and over, but I will do my best!

SHARON

And make sure they have room in the truck for me and this jack-wagon.

Becky calls over from the counter.

BECKY

Folks, It's getting pretty late. Do you have any friends you could call to give you a ride?

SHARON

I don't know. (To Bill and Gary) Do we have any friends we could call?

BILL

I don't have any friends here.

Gary and Sharon go into the restrooms. Becky goes to the back. Bill sips from his drink. He looks at his watch. He gets up and walks over to the window. He holds up his cell phone in different parts of the restaurant trying to get a signal.

Then he walks to the bathroom door, stands in front of it, and carefully studies and surveys the restaurant. Bill returns to the counter.

He picks up the old rotary phone, holds it up, reaches in his jacket, pulls out a pocket knife and cuts the cord. He sits back down and resumes sipping his drink.

Becky comes back out from the kitchen.

BECKY

So, it seems like your mini reunion is going well so far!

BILL

Does it seem like that?

BECKY

Why, you don't think so?

BILL

No. It's fine.

BECKY

She's pretty.

BILL

Who?

BECKY

Your friend.

BILL

She's mean.

BECKY

She's not so bad. She's putting it on. She seems sassy. Not mean.

BILL

She's mean.

BECKY

Well, maybe no one has ever been nice to her.

BILL

Everyone was nice to her.

BECKY

And that guy...

Gary.
BILL

BECKY
He really looks up to you. You must be pretty special. I'm a pretty good judge of character.

BILL
I'm not special, and he's an asshole.

BECKY
Then why did you want to meet them here?

Gary comes out of the bathroom.

GARY
How do I look!?

BECKY
The same.

GARY
I know, right? This is about as good as it gets.

Sharon comes back from the restroom, her make up is fixed and she looks great.

SHARON
Okay, there, that's better. So, Billy Boy, did you reach Barry or Jay, or whoever's not bowling tonight?

BILL
Yeah. I actually did! Can you believe it?!

BECKY
You did?

SHARON
What did he say?

BILL
Oh. He said he'd be here as fast as he could.

SHARON
As fast as he could? How fast is that?

BILL
He didn't say exactly. He said shortly.

SHARON
You told him it was an emergency?

BILL

Oh yeah. I told him the whole story, the reunion, Gary, the car. He said lots of people are having trouble tonight.

SHARON

And then what did he say?

BILL

He said he'd do the best he could. He had other people ahead of us because of the weather, but that he'd be here as soon as he could.

BECKY

Okay. Well, I hope so. So, what's the deal?? Are we eating or not?

SHARON

Why not?

BECKY

(a little disappointed)

Okay, what'll it be?

SHARON

I haven't really had a chance to look at the menu yet. What's good tonight?

BECKY

There's only a choice between pancakes and eggs...

A beat as they all look at her.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Sorry. That's all I know how to make.

BILL

The cook, Pete, is sick.

GARY

Nothing contagious I hope.

Bill and Becky laugh loudly.

BILL

Or he's gone fishing. The jury's still out on that one.

SHARON

(feeling left out)

What's so funny??

GARY

I didn't think it was *that* funny.

SHARON

Pancakes or eggs? That's it? You're kidding, right?

BECKY

It would be a hilarious joke for me to kid about something like that. But truly. I am not a good cook.

GARY

Eggs.

BILL

Eggs.

SHARON

Are the pancakes gluten free?

BECKY

No, they're just regular pancakes made from some pre-made batter in a bottle.

SHARON

Do you have something a little lighter like a Caesar salad?

BECKY

(surprised)

Hmmmm. Salad. I could probably make a salad without too much fallout. How do you want your eggs?

GARY

Scrambled.

BILL

Scrambled is fine.

BECKY

Good call.

SHARON

And may I have a piece of pastrami?

BECKY

One piece?

SHARON

Make it two, thanks. I'm a casual vegetarian...

Becky goes back to the kitchen.
Then a long uncomfortable silence.

BILL

So isn't this something? The three of us back together. Feels like yesterday and forever at the same time doesn't it? So what have you two been up to this past year? Having fun I hope?!

SHARON

Gary was telling me he just opened up his fifth Sonic franchise. He's so proud. He's a burger king.

Sharon laughs at her joke.

GARY

Hey! It's delicious!

SHARON

I can't believe you sold your Dad's business to buy a dumb fast food franchise.

BILL

I was surprised to hear that too.

GARY

I don't regret it. I wasn't going to stay here and sell tractors and manure spreaders.

BILL

I always thought shoveling shit suited you.

Sharon and Bill laugh.

SHARON

Yeah, I think a career in manure spreading was your true calling.

GARY

(to Bill, trying for a
"burn")

I don't think most people ever realize their true calling. I'm sure yours wasn't to sell life insurance.

BILL

I don't sell life insurance anymore. Now I'm a traveling Actuary.

SHARON

Ooh! Sounds fancy!

BILL

It is fancy! Very fancy! What can I say? I'm fancy!

GARY

What's an actuary?

BILL

I use theoretical mathematics and statistics to determine uncertain future events, like when you're gonna die.

SHARON

That's a thing?

BILL
It's a thing.

SHARON
And are you right most of the time?

BILL
Nearly always.

SHARON
Okay, When am I gonna die?

A beat.

BILL
(looks at his watch)
What time is it now?

A moment... and then they all
laugh.

SHARON
Sounds like too much algebra for me.

A beat.

BILL (CONT'D)
We couldn't all go to Emerson and move to California with the
swimming pools and movie stars, Sharon.

GARY
Yeah you were lucky, my parents didn't give me a cent for
college, or an apartment, or a nose job.

BILL
Some of us didn't have a choice and had to sell Burgers and
Life insurance.

They are ganging up on Sharon and
she will have none of it.

SHARON
(changing the subject)
Hey! What if I tried to call the school? You think someone
would come pick us up?

Bill immediately stops her from
heading to the phone by placing his
hand on her arm. Sharon looks down
at Bill's hand.

BILL
(pleasantly)
Are we boring you Sharon?

SHARON

Boring me? No!

BILL

Do you want to spend the whole night on the phone? Or do you want to hang out with your best friends who you hardly ever get to see?

SHARON

You're right. I'm sorry.

BILL

We've got so much to catch up on, right Sharon?

SHARON

Right.

Awkward silence between Sharon and Bill.

SHARON

(changing the subject)

Hey, what time is it? For real.

BILL

Ten minutes since the last time you asked.

SHARON

I need to reply to a text from work before they go home for the weekend.

BILL

Smart Phones. Texting. Back in the day, if you couldn't get a hold of someone you just had to wait till you actually saw them.

SHARON

Yeah, it sucked.

BILL

Don't you think that it's much better to look into someones eyes, when you have something important to say.

SHARON

I agree, but this is work, and they're three thousand miles away. I have to reach them.

GARY

What time is it there?

SHARON

4:40. Los Angeles time.

BILL

(as if a good joke)

If the phone won't work, then the text won't work.

SHARON

Fuck. There's really no signal here?? None at all?

BILL

That's what Becky said. I tried several times, but nothing.

SHARON

Well, I'm going to try.

Sharon gets up and walks around the restaurant. She goes to different areas holding her phone up high in the air and checking to see if there is a signal. Bill and Gary talk, while she tries every angle and location possible.

GARY

So how have you been? You look great.

BILL

Thank you....How are you, Gary?

GARY

Oh you know, same old, same old. Working like a dog, trying to stay in shape- not this shape, but a shape. I took a healthy cooking class this year.

BILL

How'd that go for you?

GARY

I wasn't really good at it. I made a turkey lasagna, and a few people in the class said it made them poop their pants.

Bill laughs.

BILL

Still playing golf?

GARY

No, I gave that up. The club dues were crazy as heck. It's a very expensive sport. How about you?

BILL

I never played golf.

GARY

I mean, anything fun?

BILL

Well, not really. I've been pretty busy this year. A lot on my mind.

GARY

Yeah, with that awful divorce.

Gary has brought down the mood once again.

SHARON

Mr. Sunshine strikes again.

BILL

It was a long time coming.

GARY

It's too bad you have to go back so soon. I was hoping to get some guy time this weekend if we could ditch the bitch.

Sharon is holding her phone high.

SHARON

I can hear you! I'm in the same room!

GARY

Well, I'm sorry that I haven't been in touch more. I know how hard it was for you after Susan...

BILL

(matter-of-fact)

...killed herself while her husband and two kids were downstairs watching "America's Got Talent"

SHARON

Fun. Fun. Fun.

GARY

Well, they're not kids anymore, they're like twenty.

SHARON

Nice one Gary. You're on a roll.

Sharon grabs an umbrella that is by the wall and walks out the door holding her phone high over her head. Gary and Bill sit for a moment, alone.

GARY

I always loved the way that you stood up for Suzie against the other kids at school. They were so mean to her weren't they?

BILL
They were brutal. And she didn't like to be called Suzie.

GARY
She didn't?

BILL
No. She hated it.

GARY
She never told me that.

BILL
She wouldn't have, would she?

Awkward moment.

GARY
How 'bout you? Are you dating anyone? You putting that big dick of yours to good use?

BILL
Actually, that's none of your beeswax.

GARY
I just-

BILL
What about you, Gary? Are you putting that tiny dick of yours to any use at all?

A beat. Then Bill explodes with laughter.

BILL
I'm just breaking your balls. What's the matter can't take a little joke?

Gary looks confused; Is Bill joking or not? Then Gary laughs.

GARY
You really think it's that tiny?

BILL
It's all a matter of perspective.

Gary laughs.

GARY

This is so great. I really wish we could spend more time like this together...go back out to Kingsbury Lake for some fishing, or some hunting like the old days, you know, do something stupid and immature. Some of the best times in my life were out there roaming around the woods with you.

BILL

You don't still hunt do you?

GARY

Not in awhile. Why?

BILL

Night hunting.

A beat as Gary recalls.

GARY

Oh that.

BILL

Yeah.

GARY

That night sucked.

BILL

That poor deer.

GARY

Why'd you have to bring that up?

BILL

I told you to take the shot.

GARY

But I missed.

BILL

You hit the damn thing in the leg. She was bleeding everywhere. I told you what to do.

GARY

I know, but I just couldn't...

Gary starts to get emotional.

BILL

(sincerely as if trying to be
very helpful)

I'm not trying to make you feel bad, man. I just hope you learned your lesson. Sometimes when something is that bad off, you just have to put them out of their misery.

That's part of the bargain with the sport. I don't think you ever quite got that. So if you're gonna hunt...

GARY

(getting emotional)

I haven't hunted since that night.

BILL

It's okay.

Bill puts his hand on Gary's arm.

GARY

You always looked out for me. I really miss that. I wish you lived closer, but hey if you're ever in my neck of the woods, so to speak, I'd love to have you stay at the house and hang out for awhile.

A pause...

GARY (CONT'D)

(wanting to say something
that is very difficult for
him)

You know, I've been thinking a lot lately about you... and me I mean...us, and I just wanted to say-

Sharon comes back into the restaurant interrupting the conversation.

SHARON

I walked all around the parking lot and up the street. That waitress was right. There is absolutely no signal.

GARY

(quickly changing the
subject)

Is it still raining?

SHARON

Does it look like it's still raining?

She shakes the wet umbrella at Gary. Then she notices that her phone may possibly have a signal after all.

SHARON

Wait! Wait! It's going through... It's going through... So slow... It's going, and... it's not going.

Becky comes out of the kitchen.

BECKY

(calling over to them)

Sorry guys. I can't find any eggs. I don't know what happened to them. Maybe Pete used them all. Are instant pancakes okay?

BILL

Fine.

GARY

Great.

SHARON

Caesar salad.

BECKY

Right. And two pieces of pastrami.

GARY

(raising his beer)

Thank you Becky, I've been waiting for a girl like you...

Becky looks at him in confusion.

GARY

The song?

BECKY

What song?

GARY

Foreigner.

SHARON

What?! Foreigner? Really? What are you sixty?

GARY

Almost...What's wrong with Foreigner?

SHARON

Nothing, if it's 1980.

GARY

They haven't made any good music since 1984.

BECKY

1984?

GARY

Yeah. Van Halen. 1984. Jump. Panama. DLR.

SHARON

What's DLR?

GARY
David Lee Roth.

BILL
David Lee Roth.

SHARON
You know, there's a lot of great music being made right now if you're paying attention and not stuck in 1984.

GARY
Music today blows. Half of it doesn't even have instruments. It's electronic crap.

SHARON
Yeah, so, at one time someone invented the violin, and I'll bet a lot of people were like, "What's this shit? What happened to the good old days? Bring back the fucking Zither."

Bill high-fives Sharon.

BILL
Zither. That's hilarious.

GARY
Hey, what happened to the juke box? There was one right over here.

BECKY
We have a digital juke box, over there on the wall.

GARY
Does anyone have a quarter?

BECKY
Songs cost a dollar.

GARY
What? For one song?

BECKY
I don't make the rules.

GARY
Jesus.

Gary goes over to a juke box and looks at the songs.

GARY
I don't know any of these songs. They don't have any Duran Duran.

BECKY
I think Steve is trying to get the kids in again, with all the new music.

SHARON

Well, I know what the kids like, let me check it out.

Sharon picks a song and it begins to play. A fun, modern, electronic type dance song, like "Fancy Footwork" by Chromeo, or any contemporary modern electronic dance song. Sharon starts dancing.

SHARON

Yeah, this'll work. I love this song.

GARY

What is it?

SHARON

Just listen. And keep an open mind.

Sharon is dancing on her own. She's a pretty good dancer, and very sexy with her moves. Gary stands and watches her.

GARY

I have an open mind.

SHARON

(dancing)

Sure you do. So, what do you think?

GARY

What the fuck is this?

SHARON

It's fun. Don't be such an old man.

GARY

I am an old man.

SHARON

Well, don't act it. Come on Bill!

BILL

I think I'd like to just sit here and watch you, Sharon.

SHARON

Oh... really?

BILL

Yeah. You were always a great dancer.

GARY

Susan was really a great dancer.

BILL
Yeah she was.

GARY
(to Sharon)
I'll dance with you.

SHARON
I don't want you. Bill is a way better dancer than you.

GARY
How do you know? You haven't seen me dance in thirty five years.

SHARON
Show me what you got.

Gary dances. He does a weird twisting dance where his shoulders hunch forward and back and he sticks his butt out over and over. Bill watches them dance. Becky moves to the music quietly and subtly.

SHARON
(to Gary)
What the hell is that?

GARY
Dancing.

SHARON
You look like a cat that's trying to throw up a fur ball.

GARY
It doesn't look good?

SHARON
No. Stop it. You're worse than in high school. I don't want to dance with you.

GARY
Then Becky, dance with me.

BECKY
I don't think I should.

GARY
Come on, four of us, it will be like back in the day.

BECKY
Will it get me a bigger tip?

GARY

A much, much bigger tip.

BECKY

Okay!

Becky and Gary dance. Becky tries to imitate Gary's weird moves.

SHARON

Don't encourage him.

Gary rubs Becky like a cat in heat.

SHARON

Watch it Gary, she could be your daughter.

GARY

No way. How old are you?

BECKY

Thirty five.

GARY

Shit.

SHARON

Come on Bill, don't leave me hanging out here.

The three of them dance for a bit. Then Sharon takes Bill's hand and tries to get him up but he declines.

SHARON

Come on Bill! This is supposed to be fun. Let's practice for the party! We need to look good for all the oldsters.

BILL

I'm really enjoying just watching you Sharon.

SHARON

You like watching me?

BILL

You have no idea how much I am enjoying just watching you.

Sharon motions over to Gary. Sharon, Gary and Becky dance through this next section of dialogue.

GARY
(to Becky)

You're very good!

BECKY
I haven't danced in a long time. I've kind of missed it!

GARY
You could never tell. And neither have I.

BECKY
You can totally tell, but please don't change a thing. You're very entertaining.

Sharon does a sexy move towards
Bill.

SHARON
(to Bill)
Remember this?

BILL
Oh, yes. Pretty hard to forget.

SHARON
What do you think? Have I still got it?

BILL
Oh, you've got it for sure.

SHARON
Come on, just a couple of turns. Who knows the next time
we'll see each other?

BILL
Maybe. In a minute. Come on Sharon. Dance for me.

Becky and Gary are struggling to do
something that vaguely looks like
dancing.

GARY
This isn't my music! I'd be a lot better with some Van Halen.

BECKY
Oh, cool. I'll have to look them up.

GARY
What?! You've never heard any Van Halen?

BECKY
It sounds familiar. But I don't think so.

GARY

They're superstars! They had a great album called "1984"

BECKY

Oh wow!! That's neat. That's the year I was born. Give me a dollar.

GARY

For what?

BECKY

I think there's a song on there that you all will like.

Becky puts the dollar in the juke box, and Working For The Weekend by Loverboy begins to play. (or something similar) Sharon and Becky dance doing their best to entice Bill to join them.

BILL

Okay! Let's have some fun!

Bill jumps up and struts his stuff impressing the women, and making Gary incredibly jealous. The three make up a "routine" and are having a blast. Gary is so jealous, that he walks to the juke box and yanks the cord out of the wall. The music stops.

SHARON

What'd you do that for?! It was fun.

GARY

It was like the Jr. Prom all over again.

SHARON

Wow. I've really worked up a sweat. I haven't danced like that since- since maybe High School.

GARY

Bill was really hot back then. All the girls loved him.

BECKY

I'll bet they did!

BILL

That's not true.

SHARON

I have a picture, would you like to see?

Sharon goes through her purse and pulls out a photo.

BILL

You carry that around with you? Don't bother her with this. She doesn't care about your old pictures.

Becky looks at the picture.

BECKY

Wow. You were a good looking group. You look very happy. Who's the other girl?

SHARON

Another friend.

BECKY

She's very pretty.

GARY

Yes, she was great. She was a lot of fun. She had a terrific voice. Really beautiful. Actually...

Gary takes a close look at Becky.

GARY (CONT'D)

You look a lot like her.

Bill dismisses that thought quickly.

BILL

No, she doesn't.

SHARON

(changing the subject)

She was a great singer too.

BILL

That she was, she was a great singer.

SHARON

The four of us were very tight. We pretty much did everything together. Susan was sort of the glue, I'd say.

BILL

Nice metaphor.

BECKY

What's a metaphor?

BILL

I'm not falling for that!

They laugh together at their private joke, irritating Sharon again.

BECKY

I used to love to sing, but I...I guess I gave it up. It's too bad she couldn't make it. She sounds really amazing.

GARY

She died last year.

Boom. Gary has brought the room down again.

BECKY

Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that.

BILL

She wouldn't have come anyhow. She wouldn't want to see all those assholes again.

SHARON

It was a long time ago.

BECKY

What happened?

Becky is studying the photo.

GARY

It's not a nice story.

BECKY

You're right, I do kind of look like her.

SHARON

Well, then let's not tell our waitress. You are just a barrel of laughs tonight Gary.

BECKY

You don't have to tell me.

BILL

(encouraging Gary)

No, go ahead Gary. Tell it. That's why we're here right? To relive old memories.

SHARON

Let's not talk about her anymore, okay?

BILL

Becky wants to know the story, don't you Becky?

BECKY

You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to. I know it's hard to talk about people when they're gone.

GARY

Not for me. I like to talk about her. She was great.

BILL

We're all friends now right?

Becky does a non-committal hand gesture.

BILL

(casually)

Tell her.

GARY

Well, our friend's name was Susan. And Susie Q, as I liked to call her, had a thing for Mr. Bill here. You know how kids today take pictures and send them to each other? Naughty pictures? Well, we didn't have cell phones back then, but we did have cameras. Susan took a topless picture of herself, and was going to give it to Bill. A group of mean girls got a hold of it.

BECKY

Oh no-

GARY

Yes. And they made copies of it. A lot of copies of it. Susan was supposed to sing in the spring concert the school always had. The night of the show copies of the picture were slipped into all of the programs. So when people opened them- there was Susan smiling back at them. Only a few people actually got to see them before Sister Ann grabbed all the remaining programs and threw them away. But the damage had been done. It was really, really tough for Susan after that.

SHARON

It was a really shitty thing to do.

Becky is shocked. There is silence as she figures out how to respond.

BECKY

Really awful story.

BILL

Those assholes ruined her life. She never got over it.

SHARON

They were just kids. Kids do mean shit all the time.

BECKY
(to herself)

I hate bathtubs.

BILL
Yeah, well, they're all still around. And she's not.

BECKY
What happened afterwards?

BILL
Thirty five years later she killed herself.

GARY
I don't think she killed herself.

SHARON
(stronger than Gary)
She didn't kill herself!

Bill shrugs his shoulders.

GARY
Right after graduation, she left town and went to live with her Aunt in where was it? Vermont?

BILL
New Hampshire.

GARY
She went to college up there. But by then we all pretty much lost touch... This is hundreds of years before Facebook.

BECKY
It must be hard for the three of you to be back here without her. Life can be really awful sometimes.

Becky is visibly upset.

BILL
Are you okay?

Becky seems like she wants to say something.

BECKY
I'm fine.

BILL
You're sure?

BECKY
Yes. Sorry. I'm just distracted. I'm gonna go make your pancakes. How do you want them?

GARY

What are the choices?

BECKY

With syrup. Or without syrup.

GARY

With syrup. Sounds perfect!

Becky goes off into the kitchen.

GARY

If you'll excuse me please...

SHARON

Where are you going?

GARY

I have to go to the little boys room.

SHARON

Number one or number two?

GARY

Why does that matter?

SHARON

I want to know how much alone time I'll have with Billy boy.

GARY

Number one. So make it a quickie.

Gary goes over to the restroom and enters it.

SHARON

Finally. I've got you all to myself.

BILL

So, what'd you have in mind?

SHARON

What? No. Just, well, why didn't you ever reach out to me especially after Dianne left? You told me you would call when we were at Susan's funeral last year. Why didn't you?

BILL

I wanted to call you. I almost did. A bunch of times.

SHARON

Then why didn't you?

BILL

I thought it would be better to wait to see you in person again.

SHARON

Why?

BILL

Personal things, are best done in person.

SHARON

Well, we're in person now.

BILL

Yes, we are.

SHARON

Hey! Why don't you come out to L.A. For a visit?

BILL

And stay with you?

SHARON

Yes, of course stay with me. I've got a pool, and a great view.

BILL

It's tempting. It sounds pretty nice.

SHARON

It's really nice. Like, really nice. I make a shit ton of money. Like, a lot.

BILL

(laughs)

I figured you were doing okay-

SHARON

It's obscene, really.

BILL

I never knew anyone who thought they made too *much* money.

SHARON

It's not too much. It's just the right amount.

BILL

When tonight is over, maybe we can talk about it.

SHARON

Really?

BILL

Maybe. When tonight is over.

SHARON

I wish you weren't rushing off after the reunion, I'd really like to catch up. No pressure. But I'd really like to know you again, even if it's just as friends.

BILL

We're already *friends*. Aren't we?

SHARON

The best of.

BILL

The best.

SHARON

Just think about a visit.

BILL

I will. You know, If I'm being honest about it Sharon, I have been thinking about you a lot this past year.

SHARON

You have?

BILL

Uh huh. Nearly everyday.

SHARON

(pleased)

Bill-

BILL

Obsessed really.

SHARON

I had no idea??!

Gary returns from the restroom.

GARY

Okay, times up. I'm back. The party's over.

SHARON

That's what people say every time you show up.

BILL

We were done anyhow.

SHARON

(Sharon smiles)

For now.

She places her hand on Bill's.
Becky interrupts them carrying
their food.

BECKY

Ok. Sorry about that. Two pancakes and a Caesar salad.

GARY

Wow, it's really remarkable how much you look like her.

SHARON

I asked for the dressing on the side.

BECKY

You did? I'm sorry. Do you want me to make the whole salad
again, or are you okay with it on there?

SHARON

I hate to be a pain, but I really need it to be on the side.
I'm allergic to certain brands of Caesar dressing. I have to
taste the tiniest dab. Then if I don't die, it's all good.

BECKY

You want to just take a tiny dab off of that salad and see if
you die?

A beat.

BECKY

I'm sorry. That was rude. I've got this paper due tomorrow,
and I'm obsessing over it. I was going to work on it tonight.

GARY

You're in school?

BECKY

Yeah. I have a daughter, and I want her to go to college, so
I thought I need to get a better job than this one, and the
only way to do that is to go back to school.

SHARON

How smart. How old is your daughter?

A beat.

BECKY

She's twelve. Today, actually.

SHARON

What's her name?

BECKY

Angela.

BILL

Angela.

SHARON
Pretty name.

BECKY
Thank you.

SHARON
Must be hard for you to work nights, and miss her birthday.

BECKY
Why?

SHARON
Well, someone has to take care of her... I mean, I don't know that for certain. I've never had kids. But on TV they usually don't let them hang out alone.

BECKY
It's not a problem.

GARY
You have a baby daddy?

BILL
Gary!!

GARY
What? What did I say?!

SHARON
Could you at least try not being an asshole?

BECKY
My husband watches over her while I'm at work.

BILL
You're married?

BECKY
(flustered)
I'm sorry. Ex-husband. I keep forgetting. It's a long story.

GARY
I love long stories.

BILL
I forget sometimes too.

Becky and Bill share a moment.

BILL
(curious, possibly concerned)
What is it Becky?

A pause as they wait for Becky to tell a story. She doesn't speak. Sharon doesn't like the chemistry between Becky and Bill.

BECKY

Oh, it's nothing.

GARY

Sometimes it's better if you just say what's on your mind, always makes me feel better.

BILL

And sometimes it's nice to have a secret.

BECKY

I don't have any secrets.

Sharon turns the attention back onto herself.

SHARON

I never had a husband... Or actually a boyfriend for that matter. I tried to get Bill here interested, but he went off and married a cunt.

GARY

Sharon! Dianne was not a cunt.

BILL

(emphatically)

Don't call her that. I don't like that word.

SHARON

Okay. I'm sorry.

Awkward pause.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Where's that truck? What time is it now?

GARY

Five minutes later than five minutes ago.

SHARON

Bill, go try calling that truck again.

BILL

Will you guys chill out? Isn't the three of us here, in this place, right now, what a reunion should be about?

GARY

Yeah Sharon, We're getting in some real quality time.

BECKY

That's right. It's not the amount of time you spend with someone. It's how your brain processes it. Time is relative.

BILL

What?

BECKY

Time. It's relative. Like how long that salad took. It really didn't take that long, but because you wanted it and were waiting for it, time took longer.

SHARON

I don't get it.

BECKY

Think about it. Whether something happened years and years ago or just last month, your mind just gives them all the same weight. The memory of your breakfast, looks about the same as your Jr. Prom, to your brain. So when you think about it, really, there is no real "time". In our minds it's all the same. It might as well be that everything in your life just happened all at once, because it's all just jumbled up in there. A minute, or a year. It's all the same. So the past never really goes away does it? (A moment) That's actually what my paper is about!

SHARON

But It's still the same amount of time no matter how I perceive it.

Becky is finally excited about the conversation.

BECKY

But I hypothesize that time is really in our heads. Like for instance. Think about High School. Four years. Pretty short. Now think about your job. How long have you been there?

SHARON

Seventeen years.

BECKY

Now compare them. In your mind the four years takes up as much space as the seventeen years. Maybe even a little more because there's probably a lot of things that happened to you in High School that really stuck with you. Whereas work, not so much.

SHARON

I don't get it.

BECKY

Memories all take up the same space when you look back on them. Except for certain things that I call, a Time Spike.

BILL

(genuinely curious)

What's that?

BECKY

A time spike is an event that stays with you vividly forever, no matter what. It could be something really great like having a baby or a wedding day, but usually it's something traumatic and terrible that you can't get out of your head. That you can't unsee no matter what, no matter how much time passes, those time spikes take up an awful lot of space in our memories. It's like gigabytes vs. kilobytes.

SHARON

And you learned all this waiting tables?

BECKY

This place is so slow, it gives me time to think about a lot of things while I'm filling the sugar containers.

SHARON

I don't really know what your talking about. But it sounds really smart. So, I'm sure your going to do well in school.

BECKY

Do you want me to get you a new salad?

SHARON

Yes, please.

Becky takes the salad and goes back to the kitchen.

BILL

(calling after her)

Sorry, Becky!

GARY

(to Sharon)

You know, you never said "dressing on the side"

SHARON

So?

A beat.

SHARON (CONT'D)

She should have known better. Just look at me. Do I look like a person who would want their salad dressing all over their salad? One look at me and you know I'm an "on the side" kind of gal.

GARY

I don't think they do a lot of "on the side" here.

SHARON

Well, she could have asked. So, what's the deal? Are we going to miss the entire reunion??

BILL

We might! We might never leave here. Time is apparently relative. So, who knows how long we'll be here?! Because it's all relative!

SHARON

That's not funny.

BILL

I didn't say it was.

A beat.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'm kidding! I'm sure old Jay and that truck will be here any minute. In fact, I'm going to go clean up before he gets here.

SHARON

You look just fine. Very handsome actually.

BILL

Thank you Sharon...I'll be quick.

Bill takes his smaller bag and goes into the bathroom.

GARY

So, how did your conversation go?

SHARON

Like you care.

A beat.

SHARON (CONT'D)

It went surprisingly well. Surprisingly...I was surprised.

GARY

(is he disappointed?)

Oh. Did it? Well....I always thought you two made a nice couple.

SHARON

Don't give me that bullshit. You thought the two of YOU made a nice couple.

GARY

Why are you always joking about stuff like that?

SHARON

Joking. Okay. Whatever.

GARY

(digging)

So did you make any plans?

SHARON

We didn't get that far, because you walked in and ruined the mood as usual. But he seemed open to the idea of a visit.

GARY

Really. To California?

SHARON

That's where I live, butt breath.

GARY

I'm just surprised that he'd fly all the way out there just to see you.

SHARON

Nice.

GARY

Did you tell him how you feel about him? Still, after all these years?

SHARON

No, I didn't have the nerve to just come right out and say that.

GARY

You should give him the letter you wrote. Things are easier when you write them down. If you don't tell him, you'll never know how he really feels, and maybe he won't come for a visit because he doesn't know how you *really* feel about him.

SHARON

That letter was a dumb idea.

GARY

No, it's not. I think it sounded sweet. Especially coming from you.

SHARON

Asshole.

GARY

Give me the letter.

SHARON

What are you going to do with it?

GARY

I'm going to slip it into his bag. He'll find it when he gets home. Once he reads it, I'll bet he'll call.

SHARON

And if he doesn't?

GARY

If he doesn't respond, you live three thousand miles away, and you won't see him until our fiftieth reunion or until I'm dead, whichever comes first.

SHARON

It's hard for me to decide which one I really want to come first.

GARY

Give it to me. It'll be really romantic.

SHARON

Okay! Okay! I can't believe I'm agreeing to this.

GARY

Give me your note, before he comes back.

Sharon takes a letter out of her purse. Gary leans over to Bill's bag. But instead of Bill's bag, he slips Sharon's note into his jacket, but she doesn't notice. Then he reaches towards Bill's bag and unzips it, pretending to put her letter inside. He freezes. He stares inside at something for several seconds.

SHARON

What is it?

He motions her over with his head. She leans over.

Gary lifts out an assault rifle.
And then another gun. The bag
rattles. It is full of guns. A LOT
of guns. Sharon's eyes grow wide.

SHARON

(whispering)

What... the... fuck?

Sharon and Gary look at each other,
they look at the bag of guns and
then back at each other.

BECKY

(calling from off)

How are you guys doing out there?...Any sign of that tow
truck? ...Are you *sure* you told me dressing on the side?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Gary and Sharon are in the same spots. Gary is holding the assault rifle.

BECKY

(calling from off)

Are you guys doing okay? I'm really sorry but I'm having trouble finding some lettuce that doesn't look gross.

Gary shoves the two guns back into the duffle. The whole bag rattles and crashes as the guns move around. Gary quickly zips it up.

SHARON

(to Becky)

We're great Becky! We're not in any hurry!

BECKY

(off)

You're not?

SHARON

We're fine. Don't worry about us.

Gary speaks at a regular volume startling Sharon.

GARY

(to Sharon)

Why in the heck do you think he's carrying around a bag full of guns?

SHARON

(whispering)

Keep your voice down!!

GARY

(whispering, hopefully)

Hunting?

SHARON

(whispering)

What?

GARY

(whispering, hopefully)

Maybe he's going hunting? We used to love hunting together.

SHARON
(whispering)
Hunting for what??!

GARY
(whispering)
I don't know. Probably deer?

SHARON
(whispering)
What? Is he expecting to be attacked by a enormous herd of rabid deer??

GARY
(whispering)
Well, what??

SHARON
(whispering)
I have no idea!

GARY
(whispering)
There's got to be some explanation.

SHARON
(whispering)
You ask him.

GARY
(whispering)
I'm not asking him.

A beat.

GARY (CONT'D)
You don't think...I mean... The reunion? He never liked those kids.

SHARON
(whispering)
What?! How could you even think something like that?! This is Bill you're talking about. We've known him our whole lives!

GARY
(whispering)
Right. It's Bill. He wouldn't hurt a fly... Right?

SHARON
(whispering)
Right. Who knows. Maybe he collects them and didn't want to leave them in the car... for safety.

GARY

(whispering)

I just wonder why he'd be carrying them around with him on a business trip. It seems really strange for him to carry them around on a business trip. I guess it's possible, but I don't know, I mean, who does something like that on a business trip??

SHARON

(regular volume, snapping at Gary)

I don't know Gary!! But stop imagining stupid things, okay??!

Bill comes out of the bathroom.
He's right behind Gary.

GARY

You think something has made him go crazy?

Sharon doesn't say anything.

GARY (CONT'D)

Do you think he's bananas?

Bill comes face to face with Gary.

BILL

Who's bananas?

Gary is startled and turns to face Bill.

GARY

(nervous)

This guy I work with.

BILL (CONT'D)

What'd I miss?

SHARON

Gary being stupid. But I'm sure he'll do it again.

Bill tries to "high five" Sharon.
She pauses and awkwardly "high fives" him back.

BILL

How do I look? Remember this jacket? I wore it to Susan's funeral. Pretty snazzy right?

SHARON

You look great. Right Gary?

GARY

Yeah, right. You look great, Bill.

BILL

Thank you both. I think we all look great.

GARY

Yeah, we all look great.

BILL

Great.

Awkward silence.

SHARON

Isn't this just great? Great. Great, great, great. Our old gang back together. This is way better than a stupid reunion with people we don't even like. We've got a lot of catching up to do. We can have our own reunion. Maybe once we get Gary's car we could just skip the reunion- go bowling or something. Together. Just us. Like we used to. You were a great bowler, Bill. Maybe we should do that instead of the stupid reunion? How does that sound?

BILL

I don't want to go bowling. You came all this way. Don't you want to see everybody? I know I do. Maybe we can wrap things up here now, and I'll head over to the school and see what's crackin'.

SHARON

Without us?! No, no, no. We've got a lot to talk about. You know person to person, like you said.

BILL

Fantastic. What do you want to talk about? That trucks gonna be here any minute.

SHARON

Um...uh...Well...We've got so *much* to talk about. I don't even know where to start. We won't get a chance when we're there.

Bill sits down.

BILL

Okay, sure. So, let's talk.

SHARON

Okay.

BILL

I think it's time we really had a talk about Susan.

SHARON

No, not that- let's talk about something more fun.

BILL

You want to talk about something fun? Okay. Go ahead. Who wants to start?

GARY

Sharon, you go first.

SHARON

Thanks Gary. Um...well...I wasn't going to say anything. But, well... Gary's hooked on pain killers.

Sharon makes up a story off the top of her head.

BILL

What?!

GARY

What?!

BILL

That is fun.

SHARON

Yeah....um...He doesn't like to talk about it, and we weren't going to tell you, but he's hooked on pain medications. So, yeah, they don't mix as we all know. That's what happened to Susan.

GARY

What are you talking about? I don't have a drug problem.

BILL

What medications are you taking, Gary?

A beat. Gary does not answer. He is lost in thought. Sharon jumps in to keep the conversation moving and focused.

SHARON

Oxycontin. Pain killers. He hurt his back awhile ago and now he's addicted. Right Gary?

A beat.

SHARON

(emphatic)

Gary! The first step is to admit you have a problem. Now, tell us about it! Don't worry. Take whatever time you need.

Gary finally gets that Sharon is stalling.

GARY

Oh, yeah, well- Okay, maybe I do a little bit. Um... I was...
It sort of happened last month- so not much to tell...

Gary doesn't know where to begin.
Sharon wants this to be a very long
story so that they can stall for
time.

SHARON

He's embarrassed. I get it, addiction is hard to talk about.

BILL

Yeah, it is.

SHARON

Maybe it's easier if I tell it.

GARY

I definitely think it's easier if you tell it.

Sharon thinks for a beat about what
her story will be. She finally
lands on an idea. Becky returns to
the table and brings the new Caesar
salad.

SHARON

Well, it all starts with his pornography addiction.

BECKY

Dressing on the side.

SHARON

Thank you.

BECKY

Sorry it took so long. I couldn't find any more romaine
lettuce. Pete does the ordering and he went home sick. I
already told you that right? I'll bet he really is sick.
(Thought to herself) We'll probably have to be closed all
weekend. I'm a terrible person. Anyway, I made it with
iceberg. I hope that's okay.

SHARON

It's very nice. This looks so nice, doesn't it guys? Great
job Becky. Iceberg is so much better. Sorry for being a pain
in the ass.

BECKY

Can I get you folks anything else right now?

BILL

We're good. You can drop the check.

SHARON

No, no- not yet- we're not done. The Goddamned truck isn't even here yet. What do you have for dessert?

BECKY

Um, some old pie I think. I'm not sure of the flavor.

SHARON

I'll have it.

BECKY

Don't you want me to check what flavor it is first?

SHARON

I don't care what flavor it is. I just love pie.

BILL

Let's let the girl go home, okay? I'm pretty sure we're going to be wrapping this little party up soon, Becky.

BECKY

I *would* like to close up. I've been here all day, my feet are killing me, and I've got this...this thing I have to do, so...

GARY

(not hearing a word she said)

Do you guys still make that gigantic dessert?

BECKY

Which one?

GARY

You know, with the mountain of ice cream. Mount Everest or something?

BECKY

Ah, the Matterhorn?

GARY

Yes, that's it, the Matterhorn.

SHARON

Oh my God, the Matterhorn. Remember when we all used to get the Matterhorn, Bill?

BILL

Not really.

GARY

Sure you do!

BILL

I don't.

GARY

You do! You worked here those couple of months, you probably made a few of them!

BILL

A couple of weeks. I washed dishes. That's it.

BECKY

And changed the Co2 tanks!

GARY

Do you still make it, Becky?

BECKY

It's still on the menu, but no one orders it. It's meant for eight people.

SHARON

We'll have it. I'm starving. Forget the pie, we'll have that shit-ton of ice cream thing.

GARY

What's on it again?

SHARON

Who cares what's on it, Gary. It's ice cream. Jesus.

BECKY

It's sixteen scoops of ice cream, hot fudge, butterscotch, bananas, strawberries-

GARY

Wow.

BECKY

Walnuts, pecans, caramel, whipped cream and eight cherries. I've never made it. No one orders it. It's kind of a joke, actually.

SHARON

We'll have that. And a bunch of spoons.

BECKY

(to herself)

It's way too much ice cream for three people.

Becky goes off to make the sundae.

BILL

I don't remember this Matterhorn thing.

GARY

Oh you remember Bill, Susan used to take her spoon and slide it down the whole side of it. She'd say, "I'm skiing the Matterhorn!"

BILL

Oh yeah. I do remember that. "Skiing the Matterhorn".

Awkward silence.

SHARON

So where was I?

BILL

Gary's porn addiction.

Sharon gathers her thoughts. She begins to ramble a story that she is obviously making up parts of as she goes along. The story is about her, but she tries to tell it from Gary's point of view.

SHARON

Right, that. Well...it all started when Gary was dating this woman. This was several years back. They met at a...a...whatdayacallit...a Jamba Juice- Gary walked in and saw this very attractive woman. They got to talking, and he invited her out on a date. It was at Benihana and Gary and this...this... woman decided to share the um... the sashimi sampler and the...the...the... whatdayacallit...the colossal shrimp. Well...this guy...I mean, Gary ate most of the sashimi sampler. Like very rude. Like a pig...It should have been a warning sign, that things were not going to work out. Anyhow, one night, I was, she was,...she was over at his house to watch, um, ah... Platoon on DVD.

A long pause.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I lost my train of thought. Where was I?

GARY

We were going to watch Platoon.

SHARON

Yes, that's right, such a great film, although I'd say on the depressing side...so, so, so,... she went to the bathroom, because she had had...uh...um...a lot of liquids...and naturally she spied inside his medicine cabinet, and she was shocked to find that it was overflowing with drugs. Everything from uh, Oxycontin to, um, Hydrocodone. Methadone. Percocet. Percodan. Amphetamines. Methadone. Vicodin. Ritalin. Mollies. Fentanyl. Black beauties. Ketamine.

Red devils. Blue Meanies. Tylenol. Methadone. Skittles. Smarties. Xanax. All of it. Right Gary?

GARY

Yeah, right. I had issues.

SHARON

You sure did. What an asshole.

Bill notices that his bag has been moved, and the zipper is not closed.

GARY

And then came the porn? Was that next?

SHARON

Right. Tell him.

GARY

You tell him. I'm not comfortable with it.

BILL

Did somebody move my bag?

Sharon and Gary look intensely at each other, Sharon continues.

SHARON

(very tense)

Okay. Well uh...this uh... this woman moved in with him despite all of this. She has this complex where she thinks she can fix people who are broken, but it never works out.

Bill has become suspicious of Sharon and Gary, but he doesn't let on. He keeps the conversation light, but pointedly is throwing them off.

BILL

(challenging Gary)

What was her name?

GARY

Huh?

BILL

How long ago did you date this woman? I thought you said you hadn't been dating anyone?

GARY

Oh this was a long time ago.

BILL

But you just said this was about a month ago.

GARY

No, I , uh. Just haven't started talking about it till recently.

BILL

I see. So, you've been addicted to drugs for a very long time?

GARY

Right.

BILL

Wow. I never would have taken you for the drug addict type, Gary. Would you Sharon?

SHARON

You never know about people do you?

BILL

No. You don't...Continue your story Sharon.

A beat.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Okay...Anyhow... they were living together at my...her, I mean his place and she started to suspect he was stealing the drugs out of her...I mean his...medicine cabinet and then um, you know, uh...watching porn while he was high. So one night she came home and there was Doug, I mean Gary with uh... his mouth taped shut, chip clips on his nipples and a...a... giant cucumber stuck up his ass. He was so startled that he jumped up, tripped over the ottoman, hit his head on the glass-top coffee table and cracked his head open. He didn't even feel it because he had taken so many painkillers. That was it. She walked out and never saw him again. Did she Gary?

Sharon tries to engage Gary, but he's more shocked about her made up story than what's in Bill's bag.

GARY

No, she didn't.

Becky comes over.

BECKY

We're out of caramel. Do you still want it?

SHARON

Yes, we still want it. It's not a problem. Just put extra butterscotch. On the side.

BILL

You know, I think we'll skip the ice cream.

Bill walks over towards his bag,
and begins to pick it up.

SHARON

No!! I want that Matterhorn thing!

BECKY

It's way too much, really.

BILL

It's too much Sharon.

SHARON

Oh, come on. It'll be like old times.

BECKY

Shoot (suit) yourself. I better go get crackin' on that
gigantic ice cream sundae. It's a lot of work. A lot of arm
muscles scooping all of that ice cream...A lot of work. It's
just way too much ice cream.

They all just look at her. She
leaves.

SHARON

Thanks! You're very sweet. What a sweetheart, right Bill?

BILL

Yeah, she's nice.

They sit in silence for a few
moments.

SHARON

Bill. How have you been?

Bill sees right through her
question, but doesn't let on.

BILL

I told you, I'm fine.

SHARON

I know divorce can be pretty rough. You're doing okay, right?

BILL

You've never been divorced. How would you know what it's
like?

SHARON

You're right. I wouldn't. I just don't know why Dianne would leave a great guy like you.

BILL

Because I didn't love her. Never did. Not her fault.

Awkward pause.

SHARON

Then why did you marry her?

BILL

Because I didn't know what else to do.

A beat. Bill lightens the mood, but way lighter than it should be.

BILL

How do you like this tie? I wasn't sure if it would go with this shirt. What do you think Sharon?

SHARON

I think you look very handsome. I said so before didn't I?

BILL

You did didn't you?! Well, I hope I make a big impression!

A beat.

BILL (CONT'D)

(friendly)

What do you think is going on over there right now? I'll bet it's probably pretty crowded already, right? If everyone that said they were coming actually shows up; the place will be packed tonight. I doubt it's packed yet; a lot of people will be fashionably late so that they can show off their nice cars. Or rented nice cars, right Gary? But I bet in a half hour or so it's going to be really tight in there. Anybody want a drink?

Bill goes to the bar and gets down a whiskey bottle and pours a drink while he speaks.

BILL (CONT'D)

They probably have our old yearbook out right now and are making fun of everybody's hair. God, the eighties were all about big hair weren't they? I'll bet Karen Powell still has her hair the same ridiculous way.

He laughs. He pours three drinks and gives one to Sharon and one to Gary.

BILL (CONT'D)

Drink up. It'll take the edge off.

He toasts.

BILL

"At first the groom was disappointed, 'til he saw his bride was double-jointed"

He holds his glass up.

BILL

No? No good? Too tacky?

SHARON

To absent friends.

BILL

Of course. To absent friends.

They stand in silence.

BILL

It's bad luck not to drink after a toast.

Gary and Sharon sip from their glasses.

BILL (CONT'D)

I can only imagine what's going on over there right now. What do you think is happening over there Sharon? Right now, what do you think it's like?

SHARON

I...I don't know.

BILL

Oh, I do. Tracy Clark is standing by the gym doors hugging everybody and making them super uncomfortable...am I right? And Carl...Carl... what was Carl's last name?

GARY

Turner.

BILL

Right! Carl Turner. I saw a picture of him a couple of months ago. That dude got huge. Not, like he gained some weight like you have Gary- I mean he is massively and morbidly obese. They're going to have to give him his own TLC special. Hope there's not a fire or he's gonna plug up the doors.

Bill laughs at that.

BILL

And who the hell picked out the lame-o theme this year? "I Want My MTV"? Lame! O! It was Kenny Evans right? Now, that's a guy who's completely stuck in the eighties. Do you think he still goes by Kenny? Or do you think he changed it to Ken? I thought I saw his picture in the paper not too long ago and it said Ken Evans. It sounded so weird to me, I mean, he's a "Kenny" right? Not a Ken. He looks pretty good though. I mean for a complete douchebag asshole, he looks pretty good.

GARY

I'm still gonna call him Kenny. Ken just doesn't sound right.

BILL

Most of them got cranky, fat and old, and cranky, but they're still trying to hold it together. Right? We all try to stay young don't we? Some just do it better than others. But eventually life just catches up to you. And under all that they're pretty much the same shitty group of human beings they always were. But if there's one person that never ages, it is my dear friend Sharon. As pretty as you were at the prom. Wouldn't you say so Gary?

GARY

Yeah, it's all the plastic surgery.

BILL (CONT'D)

Aren't either of you even a little bit curious about who showed up and what's going on over there? I've been thinking about it a lot this past year. What it was going to be like. Who'd be there. Who'd be on time. Who'd be late. I'm surprised you're not curious, because I know you're both the nosy type. You both always liked getting into other people's business.

Silence.

BILL

So, which one of you jokers was in my little bag of goodies here?

Silence.

SHARON

Bill, what is this all about? I'm trying to understand-

BILL

(cheerfully)

You know what I'm thinking about? You know what I just can't get off my mind?

SHARON

What?

BILL

That Spring Concert our senior year. What was that song Susan was supposed to sing?...That she never got around to singing. I forget. Something pretty.

GARY

"If you Leave Me Now"- Chicago.

BILL

Right! Right, a very pretty song. But she never got to sing it did she?

Bill picks up the bag and drops it at their feet with a crash.

BILL

I got a lot of stuff packed into that little bag didn't I? You'd be surprised just how fast I can unpack it when I want to...

SHARON

Bill, I'm not sure what you're getting at, but whatever you're thinking-

BILL

Oh, Sharon, Sharon, Sharon...I'm thinking a lot of things.

Gary tries to get out of this bad situation.

GARY

You know what guys? I'm gonna try to call that Jay person again. It's been awhile now.

BILL

Sure, Gary, go ahead. Give him a call. See how much longer he'll be.

Gary goes over to the phone and picks it up. He realizes that the cord has been cut, and holds up the phone. Sharon sees.

BILL

Oh no! Is the phone out of order? Damn. I guess our former classmates are going to have to wait for me just a little bit longer. Bunch a dip shits anyhow, right Sharon? Mary Rinaldi. Such a fucking dip shit.

Becky comes out of the kitchen with an enormous Sundae.

BECKY

Ta Da!

GARY

Holy shit, that's a lot of ice cream.

SHARON

That looks delicious. Thank you so much.

BECKY

You're welcome.

Sharon stalls for time, and begins eating the ice cream.

SHARON

So Becky... Can I call you Becky?

BECKY

Sure.

Becky is massaging her arm. Sharon hands out spoons to Gary and Bill.

SHARON

How long have you worked here?

BECKY

Let me see. Thirteen years.

SHARON

Does it really feel like thirteen years?

BECKY

I'm sorry?

SHARON

I was thinking about what you said before about time, and how we're all running out of it. Come on, you two, don't make me eat this whole thing by myself.

GARY

I'm not really hungry.

Sharon glares at Gary.

GARY (CONT'D)

Maybe a little.

He grabs a spoon and eats some ice cream.

BECKY

I didn't say we were running out of time. I said time is relative. Sometimes five minutes can feel like an hour, and sometimes a year can feel like a blip.

SHARON

That is so fucking true.

Sharon continues to eat the ice cream.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You're very smart for a waitress. Would you like to join us? Pull up a chair. There's an extra spoon.

BECKY

What? Why?

SHARON

Just sit down and eat the Goddamned ice cream with us.

BILL

Come on Becky, help us eat this giant bowl of ice cream. You like ice cream, right?

BECKY

I don't know if I should-

SHARON

There's plenty. Look at it. It's a fucking mountain of ice cream. The three of us can't possibly finish it. Why didn't you tell us it was so big?

BECKY

Honestly, I just made it up. I've never made one before. No one orders it.

Becky sits down with them.

SHARON

It must be hard for you, working full time, taking care of your daughter.

GARY

Yeah, Why don't you just get married? To a rich guy or something?

SHARON

Gary! She doesn't need a man to solve her problems. You're an idiot, and a misogynist.

BECKY

The last thing I need is a man. And anyhow, no one's gonna date a thirty five year old single mother, waitress, who can't afford a car and rides her bike to work.

BILL

What? Why would you say something like that?

Becky eats ice cream and casually speaks.

BECKY

I don't have a great track record with men. I'm not willing to get knocked around anymore. I'm done with that.

SHARON

Your husband hit you?

BECKY

"Hit" sounds really bad. I'd say shoved forcefully. He was pretty awful but I've forgiven him.

BILL

Why?

BECKY

Forgiveness is not for others, it's for yourself. Haven't you heard that before?

BILL

Some people don't deserve forgiveness.

BECKY

I don't think that's true.

SHARON

Eat your ice cream. So, Becky, what you said about time, very interesting.

BECKY

Thanks. I hope I get an A.

Becky slides her spoon down the side of the Matterhorn like she's skiing. Bill notices.

SHARON

I don't really understand it, but it sounds like you've put a lot of thought and research into it.

BECKY

It's really not that complicated. Think of time like a river.

Sharon nods and nervously eats the ice cream.

BECKY (CONT'D)

And we're all traveling in a boat on the river.

Sharon nods and eats ice cream.

BECKY (CONT'D)

And what we see around us, the trees, the water, the rocks—that's the present. And we're moving through it.

Sharon nods and eats ice cream.

BECKY (CONT'D)

But just because we can't see the rest of the river behind us or ahead of us, doesn't mean that it doesn't exist. It's still there. But we're just stuck in the boat.

SHARON

Sure.

Sharon nods and eats ice cream.

GARY

Can we change the way the river goes?

Gary eats ice cream.

BECKY

I don't think so. I think the river goes the way it goes no matter what.

GARY

But what if there are forks in the river?

SHARON

Forks?

GARY

You know, multiple rivers. And we can steer the boat this way or that. We can choose to go this way or that way.

BECKY

Yes. I think that's true. The choices we make, determine where we ultimately end up. Or maybe all the forks in the river end up in the same place regardless of what we choose.

SHARON

It's like that poem about the roads in the woods.

GARY

What poem?

SHARON

There's two roads in some woods, but I took the path that was harder than anyone else, I was a pioneer, I made the difficult choice, and that's why I'm where I am today. I made a great decision, right Bill? A good decision. Not a very bad decision. It's called "The Road Less Traveled" I've always related to that poem.

BECKY
No.

SHARON
What?

BECKY
That's not what that poem is about.

SHARON
Yes, it is.

BECKY
No, it's not.

SHARON
I think poems are open to interpretation.

BECKY
They are. But words are words.

SHARON
I'd look it up, but you know, there's no...whatdayacallit...
internet.

BECKY
Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

SHARON
You have it memorized?

BECKY
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both-

Bill interrupts her and picks up
the poem...

BILL
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

BECKY

I shall be telling this with a sigh,
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by,

BILL

And that has made all the
difference.

BECKY (CONT'D)

And that has made all the
difference.

BECKY

Robert Frost. Wow, you are full of surprises Bill Bond.

BILL

It's Rollins.

After a beat.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Oh!!! I get it!!! (laughs) But it's not a poem about "not following the crowd". It's a poem about self deception.

BILL

It's a poem about regret. Or always wondering, "What if..."

GARY

Really?

They all eat ice cream.

BECKY

It's not called the "Road Less Traveled" A lot of people think that. It's called "The Road Not Taken" The poet takes one road, but ever after wonders what was down the road he didn't take. But were they really that different? Frost even says, that at the time, both paths looked pretty much the same. So, did he really take the "road less traveled"? Or is he just fooling himself to think the choice even mattered? Years later he looks back and says it has made "all the difference" But has it?

SHARON

That's not right. My old boss had a poster on his wall with part of that poem. It was of a guy in the woods with his fist in the air, like he just won the lottery. Eat up, the ice cream is melting.

Sharon eats ice cream.

BECKY

How is the speaker to know that he made the best choice, when he doesn't even know where the other road led? The kicker is that poem does not say whether the "difference" that was made is for bad or for good.

The word "sigh" is key, because a sigh can be happy or sad. Maybe the choices we make don't matter at all, or maybe they matter a great deal. We'll never know....so...

She looks towards Bill.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Maybe we all need to just take that moment when we're choosing what road to take. Who knows if it matters. But it might.

BILL

Or maybe there is no choice.

BECKY

We all have to make choices... so...pancakes or eggs?

A beat. Sharon decides to attempt to lighten the mood with some nervous laughter.

SHARON

You know Becky, Billy boy here, used to write poetry back in the day. Didn't you Bill?

BILL

A long time ago and they were terrible and embarrassing.

SHARON

They were good.

BECKY

You wrote poetry? Do you remember any of them? I'd love to hear one.

GARY

So would I.

Bill is becoming very anxious and impatient.

BILL

I don't remember any of those dumb poems. They were just stupid scribblings when I was bored in study hall. So stupid...

Sharon quickly digs into her purse.

SHARON

Just a minute.

BILL

What are you doing?

SHARON

Hold on.

She fumbles with her purse and
pulls out a piece of paper. She
begins to read it.

SHARON (CONT'D)

(reading)

Soft. Cool. Damp. I float on grass, you-

BILL

What is this?

SHARON

You wrote it. I saved it.

BILL

Sharon. Don't.

SHARON

(reading paper)

Soft. Cool. Damp.

I float on grass, you above me.

Oxygen, I breathe you in,

White vapor on a blue, tranquil sea.

Translucent. Ever changing. Soft. Beautiful.

I cannot reach, cannot touch, cannot feel you, so far above
me.

In a breath, you are gone.

But I am at peace.

Because you were there.

After a moment...

BECKY

Wow. That was quite beautiful Bill Rollins.

BILL

Stupid.

BECKY

Well, I liked it. You're no Robert Frost, but not bad for
scribbling in study hall.

SHARON

I told you he was good. Bill was a great writer. We all
thought he'd be famous someday. Didn't we Gary?

GARY

Yes, we did.

BILL
(as if he knows a good joke)
Who knows!? I could still be famous! For something!

BECKY
(to Sharon)
Is it about you?

SHARON
No. It's not about me. It's about another friend.

GARY
The one that looked like you.

Becky realizes Sharon is talking
about Susan.

BECKY
Oh. I see.

SHARON
Our friend who's not here.

BECKY
Well. It's very likely that she is here.

BILL
No. She's dead. She's not here.

BECKY
She could be.

BILL
I don't believe in ghosts. Or spirits. Or souls.

BECKY
Just because you don't believe in something doesn't mean it
doesn't exist.

BILL
When you're dead you're dead. That's it.

BECKY
I don't think so.

GARY
(to Bill)
Me either. There's something more. There has to be.

BECKY
I have a theory I like to call "The Vacuum Cleaner"

The tension has built to a fever pitch and Sharon just loses it, slamming her hands on the table.

SHARON

Another theory!!!? Jesus Christ!! Becky, PLEASE... please tell us your theory about the vacuum cleaner. Gary, Bill, you're not eating your ice cream!!!

BILL

(pointedly)

Yes. Please. Let's all just eat this delicious ice cream, and listen to Becky's theory.

Bill sits back down. They all continue to eat ice cream.

BECKY

Say that "we are like Vacuum cleaners"

GARY

We all suck?

BECKY

You unplug us. We stop. We don't run. We die. No energy or electricity, and we're a heap of useless junk.

GARY

Ok...

BECKY

But... What if WE are NOT the Vacuum cleaner?

GARY

We're not?

SHARON

What are we?

BECKY

We are the electricity! We exist without physical substance. We go INTO the vacuum cleaner, and it comes on, and does its magic. Then when it breaks down or gets switched off, the electricity is still there. It's just not in the vacuum.

GARY

Where is it?

SHARON

In the wall socket dummy.

BECKY

Those we've lost surround us all the time. We can't see them. But we can feel their presence. Don't you feel her presence? I didn't even know her, and I do!

GARY

When I look at you... at the four of us... it's kind of like she's right here with us. Don't you think so Bill?

A beat. Bill doesn't answer.

BECKY (CONT'D)

It's just my dumb theory. It may not mean anything. But my mind wanders when I'm filling the sugar containers. I better go clean up the kitchen.

GARY

(panicking)

Wait! Becky don't go!

BILL

Let her go, Gary.

GARY

It's just, well Sharon has a surprise, and I thought we might want to celebrate.

BILL

A surprise?

SHARON

What are you talking about?

GARY

Sharon wrote you this note and I think you should read it.

SHARON

What?? Gary! You ass. What are you doing? Why do you still have that? Give it back to me!

GARY

I think it would really help if Bill knows how you really feel- really.

Bill looks at the card.

BILL

What's this?

SHARON

Nothing. Nothing. A joke. It's not funny. Give it here.

BILL

What kind of joke? I want to read it. You know I love a good joke.

SHARON

Please don't. Please, please, please don't.

BILL

You read that dumb poem.

Bill opens the card. Reads it.

SHARON

Oh my God.

BILL

Is this for real? You're actually saying these things to me?

SHARON

I don't know. Which answer would you like to hear? I wanted to say something to you at Susan's funeral about how I felt. But Dianne was still in the picture, so I really couldn't. And then you promised to call me, but you never did. If you had only called me. Things would be different now.

BILL

Yeah. I think all of us wish things were different now. I know I do. And I have a feeling you do too Sharon. I guess we never know where Becky's river will take us do we?

Sharon opens her purse and takes out a prescription bottle. She takes a pill out and swallows it.

GARY

What is that?

SHARON

Painkiller. Want one?

Becky comes over.

BECKY

I'm not sure what any of you are talking about, but I really have to get home. Are you ready?

SHARON

Ready for what?

BECKY

To pay the bill?

SHARON

We have to pay?

BILL

Time to pay the bill.

Becky looks blankly.

BILL

Becky, here's a hundred, that should cover it. I think it's time to wrap this up. Give me a minute here alone with my friends?

BECKY

Sure but you folks are gonna have to go. I need to get home to my daughter.

Sharon is getting desperate, and stalls for more time.

SHARON

Do you have any pictures of her? I'd love to see.

BILL

Let her do her job.

SHARON

I just want to see her daughter. You know how I love kids. Then we can go.

GARY

You hate kids.

BECKY

Well... Okay.

Becky goes back to the counter to retrieve her purse. Becky comes over to the table with a small purse. She pulls a photo out of it and hands it to Sharon.

SHARON

Oh! A real, actual photo! How retro. She's so cute! She definitely takes after you.

BECKY

Thank you.

GARY

Very cute.

SHARON

Is this an old picture?

BECKY

I'm sorry?

SHARON

You said your daughter was eleven? She looks around six here?

Becky freezes.

BECKY

Yes, it's old.

SHARON

Do you have any recent ones saved on your phone?

BILL

You're being very nosy, Sharon.

Becky pauses.

BECKY

No, I don't.

SHARON

Really?! Almost every parent I know can't wait to shove their kids pictures into my face.

BILL

Come on Sharon. Let her go.

Becky sits down and starts to cry.

SHARON

I'm sorry! Was that rude? I'm very sorry.

GARY

Nice job Sharon... What's wrong, Becky?

BECKY

Angela.

BILL

Are you okay?

BECKY

I was only gone for less than 30 seconds.

A beat.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I was running late for work, and I was giving Angela a bath because she had gotten her lunch all over herself. She was playing in the tub, and I was doing my makeup and curling my hair because I always got better tips when my face was done up and my hair was curled, because a lot of the guy customers really liked it that way. But I couldn't decide what I was going to wear. I had two blouses to choose from and they were both laid out on the bed in the next room. I was gone for less than 30 seconds. I know it sounds like it was much longer, but it really wasn't. I picked the yellow blouse that day. Then I went right back to the bathroom.

They all sit in silence for a moment.

BECKY (CONT'D)

While I was in the bedroom picking out the shirt, Angela reached up and pulled my curling iron off of the sink. Into the bathtub.

Silence.

BECKY (CONT'D)

The house had old wiring. She had never reached out of the tub before. Never. I don't know why she did that. Maybe she wanted to curl her hair.

Becky sobs.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'd given her hundreds of baths. Just that one second. That one stupid, stupid second seemed like a thousand. Why did I do that? If only I had not left the bathroom, everything would be different...It doesn't matter. So basically, my life ended on October 17th that year.

After a moment, Bill remembers their conversation about the old "cow calendar"

BILL

You don't flip the months.

A beat.

BILL (CONT'D)

You always keep the calendar on the same page. All the time. Time stands still.

BECKY

If time doesn't exist, then she's still here with me. Stupid I know.

BILL

It might as well be that everything in your life happened all at the same time...

BECKY

Yeah.

GARY

What a terrible story.

They all sit for a moment.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I've never told that story aloud. I've run it over and over in my mind a million times, but I've never told it aloud.

GARY

Just terrible.

BILL

It is. Terrible. I'm really sorry that happened to you, Becky. But you know it wasn't your fault, right?

BECKY

It was my fault. It was completely my fault. I wasn't thinking and I made a really bad decision. I was a terrible mother and I have to live with that for the rest of my life.

BILL

You're not terrible.

BECKY

I was. I am. I'm just like my mother, which I swore I would never be.

SHARON

What did your mother do?

BECKY

A lot of drugs. And then she died. Years ago.

BILL

I'm sorry to hear that.

BECKY

It's okay. She wasn't my real mother anyhow.

BILL

No?

BECKY

No. I was adopted. I'm not sure why my parents wanted a kid. They were both terrible parents.

BILL

Maybe you're more like your real mother.

BECKY

I don't know. I never knew her. Maybe she was great.

BILL

She probably was. You should find out.

BECKY

Maybe. Someday.

Some awkward silence.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Anyhow it doesn't matter. Whether it was an accident or not. It's my fault.

BILL

It was just a mistake. That's all. A mistake.

GARY

Everyone makes mistakes.

SHARON

Everyone does things they regret later on.

A beat. Bill turns and speaks directly to Sharon and Gary.

BILL

You're right, that's true! That is so very, very true! But some people do things on purpose, and they get away with it and never think about it again. Right?

A beat.

BILL (CONT'D)

Like that night back in High School?

BECKY

What happened?

BILL

You know the first part, Susan, the concert, the photos... But...Sharon, why don't you tell the rest of the Spring Concert story?

SHARON

We already told her what happened.

BILL

I mean the rest of it. All of it. Did you forget?

SHARON

I don't want to talk about that night anymore.

BILL

Oh I do! That's why I'm here! Come on, you're a great story teller. This one doesn't have a Jamba Juice in it, but it's a great story. Go ahead tell it.

Bill lifts his duffle bag and sets it on the table.

SHARON

I don't know what you mean.

Bill unzips his duffle bag and reaches inside.

BILL

Becky, Susan didn't fall asleep by accident. Did she Sharon?

SHARON

We don't really know what happened do we?

BILL (CONT'D)

Oh, I think we do.

Bill pulls out a package of tic tacs. He opens it and pops a couple in his mouth.

BILL

Tic Tac?

No answer.

BILL

Okay suit yourself. So here's something really funny. I got one of those old Spring Concert "photos" of our poor dead topless friend from Ron in the mail right after her funeral. Back during high school, she had written "I heart you Bill" on the front, but I never got that picture did I Sharon? He didn't understand what it meant. Why would his wife have a topless picture of herself with my name on it? She kept the goddamned thing all these years. I wonder why? Any ideas?...No? Come on. Think back. The night of the concert. I know it was a long time ago, but why don't you tell it how you remember it Sharon?

Bill rests his hand on his bag.

BILL

How did the mean girls get a hold of that picture. Start there.

SHARON

Bill...

BILL

Come on Sharon, you love telling stories. You always remember the funniest details. Everyone loves your stories, don't we guys?

GARY AND BECKY

Yes.

BILL
Susan took the picture, and then?

SHARON
And then I found it in her locker.

BILL
What were you doing in her locker?

SHARON
I don't know, it was a long-

Bill cocks his head and looks at
the bag and back up to Sharon.

SHARON (CONT'D)
She told me that she had gotten something special for you,
and I guess I was jealous, I had her combination, so I went
into her locker and I found the picture.

BILL
And then what?

SHARON
I made copies of it.

BILL
Uh huh...And then what?

SHARON
I made copies, and I... I put it into all the programs...Why
are you making me do this? It was so long ago, I was just
trying to- It was stupid. Very stupid and very mean. I'm
sorry.

BILL
Well, that's something. I'm glad you're sorry.

SHARON
We were just kids. A stupid joke. It's thirty five years
later. She wouldn't have...have...done that because of some
stupid high school prank.

BILL
I think she did. I think that's exactly why she did it.

SHARON
I knew she was upset, but I didn't know..... I didn't know.

BILL
I had just about worked up the nerve to ask her out and tell
her how I felt... But I wasn't at the concert, I was working
here that night, and after it all happened she came in to see
me. She was a wreck.

She could barely speak- barely get the words out to let me know what had happened... the look on her face... I was standing behind the counter...right there.

Bill points to a spot.

BILL

She walked in, and sat on that stool right over there.

Bill points to the stool he first sat on when he came in.

BILL (CONT'D)

She broke down sobbing, more than sobbing. She was like a wounded animal. A deer. Have you ever seen a wounded deer, Sharon? One that's literally dying right in front of you? I know you have Gary, right?

Sharon does not answer. Bill walks over to the bar, grabs the bottle of whiskey, and an extra shot glass. He brings it back to the table and pours the four of them shots.

BILL (CONT'D)

That night, Susan told me how sorry she was for taking the picture and embarrassing me. Then she ran out, and she never spoke to me again. But she didn't tell me it was you. She was a pretty amazing person.

He raises his glass.

BILL

To Susan.

They just look at him.

BILL

It's rude not to drink after a toast, right?

They all drink their shot.

SHARON

I was so jealous of Susan. So jealous Bill. Because of you. I was head over heels for you and you wouldn't give me the time of day, not really. We fooled around but you were never with me, it was Susan. It was so, so stupid and mean. How did she find out it was me?

BILL

Because Gary told her.

Bill casually raises his glass and chuckles.

SHARON

What?!!

BILL

Gary told her what you did...It's all on the back of the picture. Yeah, she wrote a note right before she killed herself. Wanna read it?

SHARON

No.

BILL

Read it... Gary, read it out loud so we all can hear.

GARY

I don't want to.

BILL

Come on, read it Gary. It's just a stupid note from a dead girl we knew in High School.

Bill hands Gary the photo.

GARY

(terrified, reading)

"Dearest Bill, please tell Sharon, I forgive her for this stupid picture. I never should have taken it in the first place. And tell Gary, I don't think Sharon really meant to hurt me so badly. We were just dumb kids. I will always love you guys. Hugs. Susan."

A beat.

SHARON

(to Gary)

What?! I didn't know you told her! Why did you tell her? You knew I was going to do it, you even encouraged me to do it, Gary!! Why would you tell her?!

GARY

I don't know. It was a long time ago. You're the one who did it. Not me.

SHARON

So, she knew it was me all this time?? You don't care about anyone but yourself. You never have Gary. You never cared about any of us! What I did was bad and stupid, but what you did was just vicious. Why would you do something so incredibly awful??!

Gary explodes.

GARY

So that Bill would hate you for it when he found out!!

A beat.

GARY (CONT'D)

I thought Susan would tell Bill what you did. And that would be the end of it.

SHARON

The end of what??

GARY

You! The end of you! You were such a bitch to me Sharon!! You never liked me.

SHARON

Because you did shit like that!! You were an asshole, and you're still an asshole!

GARY

Don't blame me for something you did. It was your idea! I just didn't stop you!

BILL

(matter of fact)

After that, things were really rough for her, weren't they guys? Wow. How they laughed at her. And you know what? They're all still walking around, right now, still laughing at the little, nerdy girl with her tiny tits hanging out at the spring concert. And it's all thanks to you.

He makes a small bow to them. Then he pours Sharon and Gary another shot.

BILL

To friendship. Cheers.

He does the shot. They pause then they also do the shot.

SHARON

I've hated myself my whole adult life. Because of that night. That stupid night.

Sharon picks up the bottle of Whiskey and pours it into her water glass.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Do you think I take painkillers because I have arthritis or headaches? I'm sorry! I'm so, so sorry! I know she killed herself because of me. I knew it as soon as I heard.

Sharon drinks down the whiskey.

GARY

We don't know for sure why she took those pills. We'll never know. Yes, it was mean, really, really mean, but that's not a reason to...to... And it was thirty five years later. A stupid High School prank doesn't make a fifty-four year old woman kill herself.

BILL

You wouldn't think so would you? But Gary, don't you think it was kind of shitty to tell her that it was her best friend that did that to her. I don't know, maybe it's just me, but it seems like a pretty shitty thing to do.

GARY

I'm sorry. It was a cruel thing to do. But you were my best friend, and Sharon was not good for you Bill. You know that.

BILL

The very best of friends, right?

GARY

Of course.

BILL

We did have some good times.

GARY

I only have good memories.

BILL

Oh me too Gary, me too! Hey, do you remember- The night of homecoming. It was raining, right? Kind of like tonight! We all got so drunk, and your house was closest so we went there. Do you remember that? Sitting in your driveway, drinking- what was it? Something awful.

GARY

Tequila Sunrises.

BILL

That's it! Pre-made shit. I can't believe we used to drink that crap. But we're all grown up now, aren't we?

Bill pours a shot and hands it to Gary.

BILL

We were sitting in your driveway, I remember that. And I fell asleep. Or I guess I was half asleep. And what were you doing?

GARY

I guess I fell asleep too.

BILL

(making a buzzer sound)

Wrong...wrong, wrong, wrong. Do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars. Think harder. You'll remember. I mean, I remember, so you should remember right? I'll help you out. It's raining, I'm half asleep, your watching me sleep right? Then what?

GARY

(starting to fall apart)

Bill. Come on. We were kids. I was drunk. We were both drunk. I didn't know what I was doing.

Bill reaches into his bag.

BILL

What were you doing, Gary?

GARY

I touched you.

BILL

Keep going...

Bill gestures to Gary, to elaborate...Gary starts to cry.

GARY

With my mouth.

BILL

Bingo!

Bill pulls out a handkerchief from his bag and gives it to Gary.

BILL

Blow your nose. It's gross.

GARY

(crying)

But I really thought...I thought you might want to, because, those couple of times when we...I mean...it seemed like you and I... I didn't know what I was doing. It was a mistake, and I'm sorry. Very, very sorry.

BILL

You're sorry?? Well, that's something, isn't it?

Bill turns to Sharon.

BILL (CONT'D)

And you're sorry. I'm so glad that you're both so very, very sorry. Because, do you know what I'm sorry about?

A beat. He turns and SCREAMS at them.

BILL

MY WHOLE FUCKING LIFE!

Bill picks up his duffle bag, and sorts through it.

BILL

Gary, pull your chair over there up alongside Sharon. I want to be able to see your faces.

GARY

Why? Why do you want to see our faces? What are you going to do?

BILL

(mildly irritated)

Just do it Gary. Don't make this harder on all of us.

Gary reluctantly pulls his chair up alongside Sharon. Bill paces back and forth behind them.

BILL (CONT'D)

Do you know why I came here tonight? Why I wanted to meet you here before the reunion? Did you think it was so we could have some laughs and relive the good old days? Maybe.

Bill puts his face between theirs, pulls out his cell phone and takes a "selfie" with them.

BILL

For Facebook. I am on there by the way. I just don't use my real name. I'm friends with you both. (Laughs) I think you may have finally figured out why I really asked you here before I headed over to our thirty-fifth reunion. Is that right? Did you finally figure it out? ...What's the matter? You look like a coupla deer caught in the headlights.

He laughs.

BILL (CONT'D)

Couple of God damned wounded deer.

Bill reaches for his bag. Becky stands.

BECKY

I'm sorry. I'm not sure what's going on here but...

Bill is startled having completely forgotten Becky is standing nearby.

BILL

Becky!

BECKY

That was a terrible story, but...but you can't let that one bad choice ruin your friendship. Ruin your entire lives.

BILL

Like taking a little too long to pick out what blouse to wear to work?

Becky is stunned and hurt.

BILL

(softens)

Becky. I'm sorry you ended up working this shift all by yourself. I wish that Pete hadn't gone home sick. And I'm sorry Gloria needed you to fill in tonight. I really wish it wasn't you...who ended up here, waiting on us, and listening to our boring stories. You're a very good person. And I'm sorry it had to be you here tonight. I really, truly am. Because I really, really like you Becky.

BECKY

(meekly)

Carson.

A beat.

BECKY (CONT'D)

My name is Becky Carson.

BILL

Becky Carson.

BECKY

I'm glad to have met you, Bill Rollins. I have a feeling you're one of those people, that I'm never going to forget. I can tell. You're a real time spike.

A long, long pause while Bill takes in her words.

BILL (CONT'D)

Why don't you go home, Becky Carson. Don't even clean up the kitchen. Just go straight home. Let me finish up things here with my friends. You don't need to be here for this. This is our problem, and it needs to be fixed by us.

You should get on your bike and go home. Right now. Good luck in school. I'm sure you'll do great. I think Angela would be very proud of you. Whatever happens tonight, you're not to blame, got it? Good night. I'll lock up.

Becky slowly heads to the kitchen.
She feels the tension in the room
but cannot make sense of it.

BECKY

Really? Okay. I guess that'd be alright...Have a good time at your party, and if you're in town again swing by and I'll treat you to the Matterhorn. And if it's not till your fortieth reunion, I hope I'm not still here.

BILL

By the way, they were right, you really do look like Susan.

Becky leaves, and as she does she quietly takes down the calendar and takes it with her. Then she is gone. Sharon and Gary are left alone with Bill. Bill slowly reaches into his duffle bag. He pauses.

SHARON

The tow truck's not ever coming is it?

BILL

Not unless you called them... But you don't have a signal do you?

Sharon doesn't answer.

BILL

Do you Sharon?

SHARON

(defeatedly)

I guess not.

BILL

Okay. Close your eyes. You're freaking me out. This is hard enough for me as it is...but it has to be done.

A beat.

BILL (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.... Please.

Gary and Sharon close their eyes.
Then Bill reaches into the duffle bag.

Then Bills pulls a... bright red handkerchief from the duffle bag and fixes it into his jacket pocket.

BILL

Okay. Open them.

Bill shows them the handkerchief.

BILL

How does this look?... Doesn't really go with the tie does it?

Bill puts on his jacket and grabs the duffle bag.

BILL (CONT'D)

You know what? Fuck it.

Bill pauses and takes a beat.

BILL (CONT'D)

I think I'm just going to head over to the school. I'll bet if we sit real close we could all fit in my car.

SHARON

I don't think I'm gonna go. I'm not feeling well. It must have been the salad dressing.

BILL

Come on! It'll be fun! Gary?

GARY

I gotta stay with Sharon, she's my date.

SHARON

Oh, fuck me.

GARY

Don't go Bill. Please. It's a stupid party.

SHARON

Bill- think about it. Don't go.

BILL

I've been planning for this little shin-dig all year.

SHARON

You can still change your plans.

BILL

I've been changing my plans over and over since the moment I walked in the door.

SHARON

What was your plan, Bill?

A moment. Bill puts his arms around them.

BILL

You don't need all the details...but... (laughs) Maybe I just wanted to hear you two fuckers admit what you did. And maybe that's enough for me.

A beat. They relax just a bit.

BILL

But maybe it isn't nearly enough, and I have to go to that reunion and finish this story once and for all.

He walks towards the door. Stops.
He looks back at them.

BILL (CONT'D)

(lightly)

Or...Maybe I'll just go bowling.

He continues to walk towards the door. He stops and turns back to them.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'll decide on the way.

A beat.

BILL (CONT'D)

Are you coming or not?

BLACKOUT

END OF PLAY