

Velcro Wallets and Pictionary

By

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| CHARACTER NAME | BRIEF DESCRIPTION | AGE | GENDER |
|----------------|--|------------|--------|
| MATTHEW | Recently dumped. Depressed, silently struggling with sobriety. | 20's | Male |
| SHEA | Matt's best friend. Neurotic and uptight. Human embodiment of high blood pressure. | 20's | Male |
| FREDDY | Bubbly, vapid, terrified of commitment. | 20's | Male |
| PAUL | Freddy's man. Has several idiosyncratic behaviors. | 20's | Male |
| DONOVAN | The host. Chic, hip, passive aggressive. | 20's | Male |
| MARK | Shea's ex. Sarcastic, cool, a little grimy. | Late 20's | Male |
| NEIL | White bread. Boring. Nothing out of the ordinary...as far as we know. | Early 30's | Male |

A NOTE ON STAGING:

Velcro Wallets and Pictionary takes place over the course of one night in Donovan's apartment. It can be incredibly simplistic, with the only furniture pieces needed being: A couch, a table and chairs, and a door.

For the outside/phone call/hallway scenes feel free to perform them on an empty stage.

The bedroom/bathroom scene only need one set piece to differentiate the rooms. Donovan's bed for the bedroom, and a pill cabinet for the bathroom. The rest is up to your interpretation.

LIGHTS UP ON:

SCENE ONE.

(MATTHEW stands alone on an empty stage,
addressing the audience.)

MATTHEW

‘The universe just isn’t ready for the love you have to give.’ That’s what my fortune cookie told me the day my boyfriend of *two years* said we were ‘moving too fast’ and needed to ‘go our separate ways.’ I remember it so vividly because we were still in the Panda Express when he did it. I’m not sure which part was more humbling. Crying into a plate of orange chicken, that you know you’re gonna finish because you already spent twelve dollars on it, or the fact that you were asked to leave because your sobs were scaring the child in the booth next to you. Or maybe it’s how you pour your soul into another person for years, only for it all to be stripped away in just a few, cruel seconds.

(A beat.)

MATTHEW

I’m gonna go with the orange chicken part, that was probably the worst. So, your world as you know it falls apart. All those visions of vacations and wedding anniversaries fade away. You watch your future kids, who you’ve grown to love in your head, become obsolete. And after your one week grace period of mourning is over, you suck it up, tell everyone you’re getting better and just pray that some day, when you close your eyes, he’s not the first thing you see.

(MATTHEW takes his phone out of his pocket and stares
at it.)

MATTHEW

And as soon as this new normal starts to set in, just then, as if you haven’t been humbled enough, you get that text saying-

(He’s interrupted by his PHONE RINGING)

MATTHEW

Son of a bitch.

(He answers it.)

MATTHEW

What?

(SHEA enters, opposite MATTHEW, phone to his ear.
He's speaking in a hushed voice.)

SHEA

Where the hell are you? I have been standing here for like fifteen minutes.

MATTHEW

I'm almost there, just go in.

SHEA

Are you cracked? I'm not entering the lion's den alone.

MATTHEW

You're the one who wanted to go to this. We could've just chilled at my place.

SHEA

Why? So I can sit on your couch and watch you throw back an egregious amount of fun-sized Snickers, like some sort of pervert? Once was more than enough, thank you very much. Besides, I need to go to this. I have to see the look on Donovan's face when I upstage him at his own party.

MATTHEW

I don't think he's gonna be that impressed you got a promotion at your internship.

SHEA

I'm not an intern, you dick. I'm an executive assistant.

MATTHEW

They still make you grab them coffee though, right?

(A beat.)

SHEA

Just hurry up!

MATTHEW

I'm turning the corner now.

(MATTHEW crosses the stage to SHEA. They both hang up.)

SHEA

Oh thank god-

(SHEA smells something on MATTHEW.)

SHEA

Have you been drinking?

MATTHEW

I pregamed a little bit, so what?

SHEA

You don't pregame a dinner party, you lush. You get hammered there, so you save money, duh.

(SHEA takes a moment to collect himself.)

SHEA

Look, you really gotta put this whole clinical depression thing on pause for the next two hours. We're gonna go in there, have fun, enjoy ourselves, and make sure they all know our lives are better than theirs. Got it? Alright. Let's do this.

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE TWO.

(DONOVAN's apartment. It's a modern, chic one-bedroom, it's more an Ikea showcase than a home. DONOVAN is checking on the food in the oven. FREDDY is sitting on the couch with NEIL, laughing obnoxiously at his own story.)

FREDDY

-And there is just puke everywhere, and the priest was pissed! But then Fruit Fly, that's the drag queen from earlier, gets on the mic and-

(FREDDY stops himself.)

FREDDY

Oh my god, I am so sorry. What was your name again?

NEIL

Neil.

(There's a KNOCK at the door. DONOVAN answers it. He's greeted by SHEA, flashing him the fakest smile imaginable. The two hug, trying their best to hold back their contempt for one another.)

DONOVAN

You guys are here! I'm so sorry, I didn't finish setting up, I was not expecting you to be on time.

SHEA

Are you serious? I wouldn't miss this for the world.

(He enters the apartment, MATTHEW trailing behind him.)

SHEA

I love the new place. It's so quaint!

DONOVAN

Aw, well I figured it's more than enough space if it's just going to be me living here. But I don't have to tell you what that's like, being all alone.

(They let out a fake laugh. MATTHEW rolls his eyes and steps him.)

MATTHEW

Don, I need a drink.

(FREDDY jumps up from the couch and excitedly greets MATTHEW with a hug, he pulls him over towards where they were sitting.)

FREDDY

Matty! How are you doing, babes?

MATTHEW

Oh, I'm good. Everything's fine.

(FREDDY turns to NEIL, explaining.)

FREDDY

His boyfriend dumped him at a 7-11 this summer.

MATTHEW

Actually, it was a Panda Express, but, um, thank you.

FREDDY

Oh! Here I was thinking it was so much worse! Good for you!

(MATTHEW sighs, desperate to change the topic.)

MATTHEW

Speaking of which, when do I get to meet your boyfriend?

FREDDY

Oh, Paul? Oh my god, no, ew, he is not my boyfriend.

SHEA

I don't know. You've hung out with him for more than a single night, that's like a new record for you.

(FREDDY giggles, embarrassed.)

FREDDY

Guys, stop. Have you met um...um...what's-his-face?

(He points at NEIL.)

DONOVAN

That's Neil, he's my neighbor.

NEIL

It's really nice to meet you all.

DONOVAN

Neil, this is Matthew, Shea, and you've obviously met Freddy.

MATTHEW

Hey Don, could I get that drink?

SHEA

Yeah, me too. I'll take a double vodka tonic. Tito's.

DONOVAN

Ooh Shea, I'm so sorry you're gonna kill me. I didn't have a chance to run to the liquor store, so I only have beer.

SHEA

I-I have celiac disease.

DONOVAN

I know! I'm so sorry!

SHEA

It's okay...

(Under his breath.)

Fucking bitch.

(There's another KNOCK at the door. FREDDY jumps up.)

FREDDY

That must be Paul!

MATTHEW

That's a lot of excitement for someone who's not your boyfriend.

FREDDY

Come on. Not at all, please.

(He opens the door to find PAUL standing there. FREDDY squeals and jumps into his arms, the others look to each other.)

FREDDY

You're here!

PAUL

Hey, baby.

(They kiss. It's long, dramatic, and frankly? A little gross. Everyone else just awkwardly watches on. It goes on for a beat too long.)

SHEA

Are we supposed to just stand here and watch or?

FREDDY

Oh my god, I'm so sorry. Everyone, this is Paul! Paul, everyone.

PAUL

Hey! What's up?

NEIL

So Paul, how did you and Freddy here meet?

FREDDY

It was so cute. I was outside that bar on 5th street, y'know, the Tight End? And I asked if I could bum a cigarette and he was like 'go buy your own pack' and I was like 'ew, okay cheap-ass' and he was all like 'Just kidding cutie, you kinda look like Elijah Wood' and it was so sweet!

SHEA

Wow. They should make a Hallmark movie about you guys.

PAUL

Yeah, it's been a pretty fun couple of weeks.

(They cross from the door towards the couch, joining the others.)

PAUL

Can't believe Freddy hasn't introduced me yet. I was just saying to myself the other day like, when are you gonna finally meet your boyfriend's friends?

(FREDDY's face drops at the mention of the word.
SHEA lets out a snort of laughter.)

SHEA

I'm sorry, it's just uh...really dusty in here.

DONOVAN

Oh no, Shea-Shea I think the dust is coming from your jacket, let me get that for you!

(He takes SHEA's jacket and carelessly tosses it to the side.)

MATTHEW

So, you guys are pretty serious then, huh?

FREDDY

Uh, um-

PAUL

I mean, I'd say so. Right, babe?

FREDDY

D-Definitely, oh my god, um...Matthew let me get you that drink.

(He hastily makes his way to the fridge.)

MATTHEW

Please.

(MATTHEW takes out his phone, staring at it.)

SHEA

Donny, is this everyone?

DONOVAN

I have one more guest coming, but this is pretty much it.

SHEA

How intimate. Cute.

(He spots MATTHEW in the distance, on his phone.)

SHEA

Give me a moment, please.

(SHEA rushes over to MATTHEW.)

SHEA

What're you doing? Get off your phone.

MATTHEW

One second.

SHEA

You're being rude. Interact. Watch.

(He turns towards NEIL.)

SHEA

Hey Neil, what line of work are you in?

NEIL

I actually work in data analysis.

SHEA

Cool! And what's that like?

NEIL

Well, it's kinda-

(SHEA cuts him off, turning back to MATTHEW.)

SHEA

See? Like that. Who are you texting anyway? It better not be that asshole.

MATTHEW

It's not, I promise.

SHEA

Good. You need to let him go and get over this whole sad thing you're doing. I'm only telling this to you because I'm your best friend, but you've really been embarrassing me lately.

MATTHEW

Thanks.

SHEA

Seriously. I mean, crying over a dude that left you in a Panda Express? If he had any respect for you at all he would have at least done it in a PF Changs. In fact, he did you a favor. He was holding you back. Dumping Mark-

MATTHEW

He dumped you.

SHEA

-Was the best thing I ever did. Look at me now, I'm happy, healthy, thriving-

MATTHEW

You keyed your neighbor's Toyota Sorento last week.

SHEA

Not all progress is linear. The point is you need to grow up and get over it. I did.

(There's a KNOCK at the door. DONOVAN calls out from the kitchen.)

DONOVAN

Shea, can you grab that? My hands are full.

SHEA

Of course, wouldn't want you to do too much work at your party, now would we?

(SHEA opens the door to find MARK standing there. Instinctively, he screams.)

SHEA

Agh! What the fuck!?

(He slams the door in MARK's face. SHEA turns back around to see the rest of the party staring at him.)

SHEA

If you would all excuse me for a moment, please.

(Calmly, he exits the apartment.)

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE THREE.

(SHEA and MARK stand out in the hallway.)

SHEA

What the fuck do you think you're doing here?

MARK

Heard there was beer.

SHEA

Mark! Shut up! This isn't funny, you need to leave.

MARK

Relax. I'm just here to see the new place. What's the big deal?

SHEA

The deal is that these aren't your friends. They're mine! They don't even like you!

(FREDDY opens the door, peeking his head out.)

FREDDY

Oh my god, Mark! You're here!

(SHEA whips around, facing FREDDY.)

SHEA

Get back inside!

(He does. SHEA turns back to MARK.)

MARK

Look, I thought maybe you would be over this whole...

SHEA

Over what? You!? Don't give yourself that much credit, okay? Whatever we had is done, dead, buried, so don't even go there.

MARK

Well, clearly not because you're obviously still very upset.

SHEA

I'm not fucking upset you piece of shit!

MARK

Okay, y'know what? If this is gonna start a fight, I'll just go-

SHEA

No, no, no. No. I am not going to look like the asshole here. I'm fine, it's fine, everything's fine. Let's just go inside, and have a pleasant evening, okay? I apologize.

MARK

Are you sure?

SHEA

Please, I'm so over it. We haven't dated in like almost a year, I've moved on.

(A beat.)

SHEA

I, uh, am actually seeing someone right now.

MARK

Oh? Cool.

SHEA

Yup, it's super duper cool.

MARK

What's his name?

SHEA

(quickly, without thinking)

Neil.

(SHEA silently cringes as he realizes what he's just done.)

MARK

Nice. Well, I'm happy you're happy.

SHEA

Thank you.

MARK

So...Can I go in now?

SHEA

Yeah. Right.

(MARK goes to enter the apartment.)

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE FOUR.

(The group has gathered onto the couch/loveseats,
listening intently to FREDDY's story.)

FREDDY

-I'm trying to get Fruit Fly out of the cement, but she is in there deep. I told her if she had just ditched the pumps she would've been fine, but they were Sirianos.

(MARK and SHEA enter, DONOVAN excitedly gets up and meets them at the door.)

DONOVAN

Mark! You made it!

(He gives him a hug. A long one. SHEA stares on, fuming.)

DONOVAN

You smell so good.

SHEA

Alright.

DONOVAN

Mark, you remember everyone.

(MARK waves to the group, they wave back.)

DONOVAN

Oh, except for Paul and this is Neil.

MARK

Ah, Neil? You're a very lucky guy.

NEIL

Uh, yeah, I mean, I guess?

FREDDY

Mark! Come here, I was just telling them about the time we went mini-golfing.

MARK

Oh, I love this story!

(MARK joins the others by the couch. SHEA and DONOVAN hang back.)

DONOVAN

Shea, I am so sorry. I didn't even think how awkward this must be for you.

SHEA

Oh no, it's totally fine! I mean, sure, it is a bit weird seeing someone you once had such a strong, romantic bond with. But that's not your fault, I can't expect you to know what that's like.

(Getting the last jab in, SHEA joins the rest of the party.
DONOVAN claps his hands together.)

DONOVAN

Alright everyone, dinner's ready.

FREDDY

That was fast!

SHEA

Microwaves typically are.

(PAUL lets out a snorting laugh. FREDDY is taken aback by this.)

PAUL

Shea, you are too funny.

FREDDY

You snorted.

PAUL

Huh?

FREDDY

You snort when you laugh?

PAUL

Oh, uh, sometimes.

FREDDY

I guess I never realized that before. Cool. Fun.

PAUL

You're so silly, babe.

(DONOVAN begins setting the table as the guests sit themselves down. There's only six seats. SHEA spots this.)

SHEA

Uh, Donny. There's only six seats.

DONOVAN

Shit, you're right. Ugh, I'm such a bad host.

NEIL

Don't say that, I'm sure one of us would be more than happy to eat on the couch.

DONOVAN

Really? That's so sweet.

(SHEA notices the food on the plates.)

SHEA

Yeah, that's cool and all, but um what did you make exactly?

DONOVAN

Let's see, I have my grandma's ziti with garlic bread, and some of my world famous stuffing on the side.

SHEA

(facade of faux politeness starting to slip)

Really? You made pasta with stuffing? I can't eat any of this.

DONOVAN

Oh my god, Shea I am such an idiot. I completely forgot.

(SHEA's about to erupt, but manages to hold it in.)

SHEA

That's fine.

DONOVAN

But let me make it up to you, I don't want you to starve, I know how big your appetite is.

(He gets up and runs to the fridge, he begins to raid it.)

DONOVAN

Perfect!

(DONOVAN holds up an open can of jellied cranberry sauce.)

DONOVAN

I have some cranberry sauce, there shouldn't be any gluten in this. I'm not sure when I opened it, but it's probably still good!

(SHEA, too pissed to speak, is handed the can by DONOVAN, along with a spoon.)

DONOVAN

Bon Appetit!

SHEA

(through gritted teeth)

Thank you..

DONOVAN

Of course! Anything for you!

PAUL

Hey Shea, maybe so you don't run the risk of any cross contamination, what if you took the couch?

SHEA

Well, I wasn't gonna stick pasta in my can-

DONOVAN

Paul, that is such a good idea, I didn't even think of that.

SHEA

Okay! I will be over here, on the couch, by myself, with my can of...cranberry sauce.

(SHEA moves over to the couch. MATTHEW gets up.)

MATTHEW

I'm actually not super hungry, I'm gonna join him.

(He takes a seat next to SHEA. The others dig into the food.)

SHEA

Look at me, cast aside, forced to eat out of a jar like goddamn Oliver Twist!

MATTHEW

Y'know we can just leave.

SHEA

No. If we leave, they win.

MATTHEW

Win what?

SHEA

Everything.

(SHEA looks over at the table, imagining the outcome.
DONOVAN stands up.)

DONOVAN

Thank god Shea left, what an absolute pathetic loser!

MARK

How true, how true, I never loved him.

PAUL

Yeah! And he's ugly too!

(They all murmur in agreement. The fantasy stops, they
go back to eating normally. A beat.)

MATTHEW

Do you need to see someone? Like, honestly.

SHEA

Shut up. I hear something.

(DONOVAN laughs at something MARK said. He places
a hand on MARK's shoulder.)

SHEA

Did you see that!? You don't think they're-There's no way, right?

(DONOVAN laughs again, even harder. His hand lingers
on MARK.)

MATTHEW

Normally I don't like to fuel your delusions but, yeah that's not great.

(SHEA begins to breathe heavily, trying to calm himself
down.)

MATTHEW

Why do you even care? I thought you were over it.

SHEA

I am over it!

(MATTHEW turns his attention towards his phone while
SHEA rambles.)

SHEA

Look at that little snake. He knows exactly what he's doing. If he thinks he's gonna get a reaction out of me, he has another thing coming. In the third grade, when my grandma died, I didn't even cry at her funeral because I was still pissed she sold my Gameboy at a garage sale. This is a walk in the park, I'm as cool as a cucumber.

(SHEA notices MATTHEW's not paying attention.)

SHEA

Hello!? Will you get off that goddamn phone?

MATTHEW

Yeah, just one-

SHEA

No!

(SHEA snatches it out of MATTHEW's hands. He takes a
look at the screen. His face drops.)

MATTHEW

What the fuck, dude?

SHEA

What the hell is this? I miss you? You can't be serious.

(A beat.)

MATTHEW

He sent it this morning. I just haven't gotten a chance to respond yet.

SHEA

Oh, perfect. I'll help you out by deleting his number.

MATTHEW

No, stop!

(MATTHEW wrestles the phone out of SHEA's hands.)

SHEA

Look at yourself! Being yoyo'd by some dude who clearly doesn't give a shit about you. God, get a grip and move on.

(SHEA looks over and spots DONOVAN getting a bit handsy with MARK.)

SHEA

Did he just touch his thigh!? One sec.

(SHEA runs over to the table, faking laughing. He drapes his arms around NEIL.)

SHEA

Neil, stop you're too freaking funny. Move over. I love this story.

(SHEA squeezes himself onto NEIL's chair.)

NEIL

Um...okay. Anyways, as I was saying, I won't get the results of the biopsy until next week.

(SHEA buries his face into his hands. MATTHEW Just rolls his eyes and brings his attention back to the phone, back to the message. He downs his beer.)

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE FIVE.

(The group lounges about on the couch after dinner, eating dessert. DONOVAN is showing off a piece of artwork. MATTHEW is by the fridge, grabbing another beer.)

DONOVAN

So this is an original piece I got in Bali. The woman who painted it said I was her muse, it was such a once in a lifetime experience.

PAUL

(With mouth full of dessert.)

That's amazing. I really need to travel more.

(FREDDY recoils with disgust.)

FREDDY

Paul, swallow your food first.

PAUL

What!?

(FREDDY gets up and joins MATTHEW by the fridge.)

FREDDY

How're you doing, Matty?

MATTHEW

Drunk. So....better.

FREDDY

What do you think about Paul?

MATTHEW

He's a nice dude.

FREDDY

Yeah, yeah, definitely.

(A beat.)

FREDDY

He doesn't stand funny to you?

MATTHEW

What?

FREDDY

Like when he stands it's not a bit off?

MATTHEW

No. He stands fine.

FREDDY

Yeah, no, for sure, for sure, I was just checking.

(Another beat.)

MATTHEW

So, how's work-

FREDDY

And his chewing didn't bother you at all? That wooly mammoth-esque chewing?

MATTHEW

Freddy, what's going on?

FREDDY

Nothing! Literally nothing! Just making small talk, Matty, yeesh.

MATTHEW

Do you think his chewing is weird?

FREDDY

No, oh my god no. No. Like, not at all.

(A beat.)

FREDDY

Why do you?

MATTHEW

Freddy!

FREDDY

Alright fine, I'm just picking up on these things that I hadn't noticed before, that's all.

MATTHEW

Well, that's gonna happen in a relationship. It's kind of the fun part really. Getting to know their little quirks, the weird habits. Even if they're annoying at first.

Over time it becomes kind of...endearing? Like take Steven, for example. When we first started dating he would yell at the TV, and I mean like really go at it. It didn't even matter what was playing, sports, a movie, cartoons, anything. It drove me nuts, I couldn't stand it. You know what it's like to have your boyfriend scream at Anne Hathaway, his face two inches away from the screen, his veins throbbing, all because she quit working for Meryl Streep in Devil Wears Prada? It made movie night with my parents really awkward. But then, something weird happened. He was gone one weekend and I was home alone watching the news. It was when they found that golden retriever that went missing, y'know the one from all the dog food commercials? Anyway, I remember clenching my jaw, readying myself to hear a roar of excitement and then...then there was just nothing. He wasn't there. In that moment I realized, I missed him, all of him, even the parts I couldn't stand. I had never felt that way about someone before. All I wanted was to hear the yelling because it without it, everything else felt so...quiet.

(A beat.)

FREDDY

Yeah. But did he chew funny?

(MATTHEW sighs, giving up. He heads back to the group, where DONOVAN is finishing his story.)

DONOVAN

-And as I stepped onto that plane I felt in my soul, that my body may live in America, but my heart will always be in Bali.

NEIL

Wow, that's beautiful.

SHEA

Donny, I love that quote. It's so touching that it could almost go on a piece of decor from Pier One Imports. Anyway, I actually have some pretty big news that I-

DONOVAN

Hold that thought, Shea-Shea. Mark has something he wanted to share with you all.

SHEA

He what?

MARK

Oh no, I don't want to make a scene.

DONOVAN

Stop. You earned it, come on!

MARK

Alright, alright. So as some of you guys might not know, I've been trying to get my first novel published for a few years now. Last fall I was dropped by my agent, and I almost gave up completely. But, as luck would have it-

DONOVAN

I sent the manuscript over to my publisher friend and he loved it!

SHEA

You didn't...

MARK

I signed the deal Monday.

NEIL

That's fantastic!

FREDDY

Mark! You're kidding!

MARK

Yeah, it's all finally happening.

DONOVAN

I'm just glad I could help. Shea, you had something you wanted to share?

SHEA

W-What?

DONOVAN

You wanted to tell us something? Your big news?

SHEA

No, it's fine.

DONOVAN

C'mon, surely it's as exciting as Mark's news. Tell us!

SHEA

Okay, um, I uh, got a promotion at work.

PAUL

That's great. What do you do for work?

SHEA

I'm an executive assistant.

PAUL

Cool, so what's your new title?

SHEA

What?

PAUL

You got promoted from assistant to?

SHEA

N-No, I'm, I'm still an assistant I just uh, have more uh, duties.

MATTHEW

They let him use the copier now.

SHEA

Thank you, Matthew.

DONOVAN

Well...someone's gotta do it! And I'm sure that can't be an easy job, you're obviously pulling your hair out from stress. I mean, look at that hairline! Take care of yourself, okay?

(SHEA just silently sits down, humiliated.)

MATTHEW

Hey, I'm gonna run to the bathroom real quick. Where is it?

DONOVAN

Just down the hall.

MATTHEW

Cool, thanks.

(MATTHEW exits. DONOVAN starts to feel MARK's shoulders.)

DONOVAN

Oh my god, your shoulders are so tense. You need to loosen up, mister.

(SHEA panics, diverting his attention towards NEIL, seductively sitting by him.)

SHEA

Neil! Stop! I'm so ticklish, come on!

NEIL

What? Im not touching you.

SHEA

Uh...I...Uh...I don't have a gag reflex!

NEIL

That's-That's great.

FREDDY

Yeah you do. Remember you choked on that corn dog at the fair and threw up on yourself?

(MARK laughs.)

MARK

Oh yeah, I remember that!

(SHEA joins in on the laughter, holding back tears.)

SHEA

What is happening!?

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE SIX.

(MATTHEW is in the bathroom. He's on the phone, eagerly awaiting for the other person to pick up. They do.)

Steven (off stage)
Hello?

Matthew
Hey.

Steven (off stage)
Hey.

(A beat.)
Matthew
I, um, been thinking a lot about what you said and uh-

(Shea bursts into the room, cutting him off.)

Matthew
Fuck.

Shea
I am fighting for my life out there!

Matthew
Hello!? You don't just barge in on people in the bathroom!

Shea
Come here.

(Shea begins to rifle through Donovan's medicine cabinet.)

Shea
Help me find something I can throw in his face.

Matthew
Shea-

Shea
Ooh, what's this?

(SHEA pulls a pill bottle out of the cabinet.)

SHEA

Trexicol? Ooh, yes! Once I Google what this means, he is so done.

(SHEA begins typing away at his phone.)

MATTHEW

Can you please get out of here?

SHEA

One sec.

(Reading off his phone.)

Trexicol is used to help promote weight gain!? Oh, that skinny bitch!

(He goes back to raiding the cabinet. He gasps.)

SHEA

Tums!? Extra strength!? Hope you enjoyed that ziti, you indigestion having cunt!

STEVEN (OFF STAGE)

Hello? Matt?

(SHEA stops.)

SHEA

What was that?

STEVEN (OFF STAGE)

Matt? You there?

(MATTHEW hangs up the call.)

SHEA

Oh my god! You called him, didn't you?

MATTHEW

So what?

SHEA

So what? Hello? It's pathetic-

MATTHEW

I'm pathetic!? Me!? You're trying to vilify someone for having antacids! And for what? So you can look good in front of Mark? Fuck Mark! Newsflash, he doesn't want you!

SHEA

At least he didn't dump me at a fast food chain.

MATTHEW

Right, because that means he would've had to do it in person.

(A beat. This struck a chord.)

SHEA

That's different.

MATTHEW

Yeah, it's worse. You've been riding my ass all night as if you're any better. Mark was a prick. He skipped your birthday to go to a watch party for Survivor!

SHEA

It was the finale!

MATTHEW

He got you a coupon book for your anniversary!

SHEA

And I saved a lot of money that year!

MATTHEW

You are just like me, Shea. A loser. We're all fucking losers.

(A long beat as they let that set in. FREDDY breaks the tension by running into the bathroom.)

FREDDY

Oh my god, Paul has a velcro wallet. Velcro!

SHEA

Get out!

(He exits. Another beat.)

SHEA

Look, I'm sorry.

MATTHEW

I'm sorry too-

SHEA

No, I deserved that. I just, I don't know. I...

(A beat.)

SHEA

I don't want you to go through the same thing I went through. Or...am going through I guess.

MATTHEW

Right.

SHEA

But y'know what? Steven's not Mark. You're not me. So who the fuck am I to say what you do. I'll back off. I'm sorry.

MATTHEW

It's okay.

(There's a knock on the door. It's DONOVAN.)

DONOVAN (OFF STAGE)

Hey guys, we're about to start Pictionary if you want in.

MATTHEW

Oh, shit.

SHEA

What?

MATTHEW

You really think Pictionary's a good idea right now? Whenever we play someone always gets y'know, violent.

SHEA

If my defense, I just felt that your depiction of 'Duck' could've been truer to life. Okay, how about this. You drop the phone for the night, I don't let Donovan get to me, and we just have fun? No more being crazy.

MATTHEW

Promise?

SHEA

Pinky swear.

MATTHEW

Alright, deal.

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE SEVEN.

(The boys are mid-game. NEIL is standing next to the an easel with an abstract drawing on it. SHEA's furious.)

SHEA

No! Because in what world is that a drawing of the electoral college!? Someone check the rule book!

MARK

Lover's quarrel...

(DONOVAN giggles.)

SHEA

What was that?

DONOVAN

Oh, nothing.

SHEA

No, what's so funny? Enlighten me.

DONOVAN

Relax Shea-Shea, he just told a joke.

MATTHEW

Y'know what? I think nows a perfect time for me to have a smoke. Is there like a balcony or-

SHEA

No! There's no balcony, he doesn't have a balcony!

(A beat.)

DONOVAN

You can just go out front.

MATTHEW

Thanks.

(MATTHEW exits. PAUL pulls FREDDY to the side.)

PAUL

Maybe we should call it a night, babe. Honestly, I could care less if we finish this game.

(This was the last straw, FREDDY begins to unravel.)

FREDDY

Couldn't.

PAUL

What?

FREDDY

You couldn't care less, you couldn't care less to finish the game. Could care less means you do care.

PAUL

It's fine, I'm sorry-

FREDDY

No, it's not fine! None of this is fine! The snorting, the chewing, the fucking velcro!

PAUL

What's wrong?

FREDDY

What's wrong is that I like you. A lot. A lot, a lot. And if I don't end this right now one day you're gonna leave me in the middle of a Panda Express too! And then what!? What was the point of any of this!? I should have never even invited you tonight.

PAUL

Hey. Listen. I would never do that to you. I like you too, a lot a lot. In fact, you're kind of the first person I've liked...a lot a lot.

FREDDY

Really?

PAUL

Yeah. You're fucking rad. And I can't predict what's going to happen but, all I know is that I'm having fun. I think you are too.

FREDDY

Paul...

PAUL

But if I need to get a new wallet, all bets are off.

(They laugh.)

FREDDY

No, shut up. I'm sorry. This is all so new to me.

PAUL

That's okay. Let's just take it one day at a time, alright?

FREDDY

Yeah, alright.

PAUL

Now, how about we get out of here. You're amazing, but your friends are fucking crazy.

FREDDY

They are, aren't they?

(They embrace.)

FREDDY

Ooh! Maybe we could check out that new karaoke bar down the street?

(PAUL cringes.)

PAUL

Y-You like karaoke?

FREDDY

Oh my god, yeah! I go like every week!

PAUL

Ah, I-I didn't know that.

FREDDY

It's so much fun! We def have to go now!

(PAUL swallows, hiding his disgust.)

PAUL

Totally.

(FREDDY leads him by the hand and the two exit.)

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE EIGHT.

(MATTHEW is standing outside, smoking a cigarette, holding the phone up to his ear. DIAL TONE, but no response. NEIL enters.)

NEIL

Can I bum one?

MATTHEW

Sure. Didn't know you smoked.

NEIL

I haven't in five years. But after tonight...

MATTHEW

Trust me, I get it.

NEIL

Sorry we didn't get a chance to really talk tonight.

MATTHEW

No, you're totally fine, I've just been kind of in a weird spot.

NEIL

Still thinking about that breakup?

MATTHEW

How'd ya know?

NEIL

Trust me, I've been there. Josiah.

MATTHEW

What?

NEIL

Josiah was his name. Met him ten years ago when I was go-go boy down at the Tight End.

MATTHEW

Damn! Neil...

NEIL

Every 'Body Shot Sunday' he was there. After he would suck the jello out of my naval, we'd talk for hours.

MATTHEW

Jesus.

NEIL

It was like it was just me and him. It got to the point where I would look forward going to work because at least he'd be there. Before I knew it I was his guy, and he was mine, everything seemed perfect.

MATTHEW

But?

NEIL

But we'd fight. He wanted me to quit working at the club, I wanted him to stop stealing from my wallet, things like that. Eventually he dumped me, and I was back to just being Neil, the go-go boy.

MATTHEW

And you found inner strength?

NEIL

Fuck no. He'd come back and we'd start dating again, we'd break up, and rinse, repeat for the next five years. It was like, I always knew he'd be there, so every time it ended it hurt a little less. Until one day, he showed up to the club and didn't order his typical whiskey sour. No, he got a Long Island.

MATTHEW

Ah, so he became an alcoholic?

NEIL

Nope, I wish. That was Justin's drink. His new man. I stood there on stage, watched them dance the night away and I could do anything but shake my ass like I didn't care. All that time wasted. I thought of all the guys who had hit on me, or asked for my number over the years. Every potential relationship I had shut down because I was always waiting for him. I would give anything to have those years back.

MATTHEW

So what happened? Are they still together?

NEIL

I'm not sure. None of my business, I guess. Haven't heard from him in awhile. I always kind of wondered what could've been. Not that it matters in the end.

MATTHEW

Wow.

(A beat of silence until, WINDOW OPENING SFX,
SHEA's voice calls out from above.)

SHEA (OFF STAGE)

Neil! Get your ass up here! Now!

NEIL

Well, there goes my smoke break.

(NEIL goes to leave.)

MATTHEW

Hey. Thank you.

NEIL

For what?

MATTHEW

Um, just having a smoke with me. Means a lot.

NEIL

Anytime.

(A beat. NEIL removes a flask from his jacket. He hands
it to MATTHEW.)

NEIL

Here. You look like you could use this.

SHEA (OFF STAGE)

Neil!

NEIL

Actually, just give me a sec.

(NEIL grabs it back and takes a swig, a long one.)

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE NINE.

(NEIL enters DONOVAN's apartment, much to SHEA's
delight.)

SHEA

Perfect, you're here. We're going again, that last round didn't count.

NEIL

Um, it's actually getting kind of late and I have work in the morning.

SHEA

And that's more important than this? C'mon Neil, get it together!

DONOVAN

Maybe we should just call it a game.

NEIL

Yeah.

SHEA

What? No, we can't stop now that they're ahead. If we give up they win.

NEIL

So?

SHEA

So, we can't let that happen. We have to redeem ourselves here.

MARK

Shea, it's just a game.

SHEA

It's not about the stupid game, okay? It's about Neil ruining everything!

NEIL

Okay, I'm gonna go.

SHEA

Fine! Fine, just fucking go. What a shock. Well, I am sorry Neil. I am sorry that I was such a piss poor Pictionary partner that you feel like you can't even give me the courtesy of letting me know you were going to leave mid-game. I am sorry that I am not some well travelled, yuppie, yapping little bitch who just has fucking everything you want in a Pictionary partner, okay? I am sorry I couldn't guess your drawing, and I'm sorry I can't eat bread, and I'm sorry that I'm just a loser assistant who couldn't help you publish your goddamn book!

(SHEA storms off-stage towards DONOVAN's room. A beat.)

NEIL

Alright, well this was...an evening. Thank you for having me-

SHEA (OFF STAGE)

Fuck you, Neil!

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE TEN.

(MATTHEW is still outside. He finishes off the flask, drunk. A DIAL TONE can be heard as he attempts to make a call.)

STEVEN (OFF STAGE)

Hey, this is Steven. I can't come to the phone right now, leave me a message. Thanks.

MATTHEW

Um. Shit. I was kind of expecting you to pick up. Probably because you said you would. Whatever. Doesn't matter. I really miss you, and it sucks. This whole thing sucks. All I've wanted these past few months is to be with you, to hold you, pretend like none of this ever happened. But it did, Steven. That was so fucking shitty. And maybe before tonight it wouldn't have even mattered. Because, I do want you. I want you back like you wouldn't believe. I wanna go back in time, go back to spending the night making fun of stupid, made-for-TV movies, or trying to convince ourselves that we'll just have one drink with dinner, or staying up all night talking about anything and everything until we both realize we have work in three hours. I want to go back to us. But, I also want to be able to look at you and not have to worry that deep down you're plotting to pull the trigger again. I want to be able to wake up in five years and not realize that I've wasted the entirety of my twenties on someone who never actually gave a shit about me. I want to not get PTSD every time we walk by a fucking Panda Express. I want you, Steven. But I want these things so much more. And it can't happen with us together, as much as I wished it could. It just can't. I'm sorry. Bye.

(He hangs up. A long beat as MATTHEW takes it all in, the realization that it's truly and finally done.)

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE ELEVEN.

(SHEA is in DONOVAN's bedroom. He's wiping his tears and blowing his nose on DONOVAN's sheets. A KNOCK at the door.)

SHEA

What?

MARK (OFF STAGE)

Can I come in?

SHEA

If you're here to try and make me feel better you can just go away!

(MARK enters.)

MARK

Actually, Donovan wanted me to tell you to leave seeing as, y'know, you don't live here.

SHEA

Just give me a sec, okay?

(MARK joins him on the bed.)

MARK

Hey, come on. I'm sure Neil will forgive you.

SHEA

Shut up. I'm not dating Neil. Okay? I lied.

MARK

Yeah, I know.

SHEA

You did?

MARK

I have eyes, so. Also the fact he asked what your name was twice during dinner kind of tipped me off.

SHEA

So what? You were just fucking with me then? Trying to make me look like some idiot?

MARK

Of course not. That was all you, babe.

SHEA

Well, I'm glad I could give you a show. I'm sure you and Donovan will have the time of your lives yucking it up over how stupid I look.

MARK

Probably.

(He laughs, attempting to make light of it all.)

SHEA

Dick.

MARK

Come on. I'm just teasing you...Shea-Shea.

SHEA

I should've just left when you showed up.

MARK

Why is that?

SHEA

You know why. I really thought I could do this. Be with you without...being with you. I don't know if I'll ever be.

(MARK places a comforting arm around SHEA, who rests his head in the nook of MARK's neck.)

SHEA

I miss you.

MARK

I know.

(A beat, the two of them just sitting there in silence.)

SHEA

You shouldn't do this. Donovan will get pissed.

MARK

Who cares what he thinks?

SHEA

You. He's your little boyfriend now.

MARK

What the fuck? No?

(SHEA perks up.)

SHEA

What?

MARK

I mean he's a cool dude for helping me out and all but, honestly? I kinda think Donovan's annoying.

(SHEA stares at him, a smile slowly spreading across his face.)

SHEA

That's all I've ever wanted to hear.

(A beat as they stare at each other.)

MARK

Y'know. I forgot how fuckable your face is.

SHEA

That's the sweetest thing you've ever said to me.

(MARK pulls him closer.)

MARK

Wanna go back to my place?

SHEA

No. Do me on his bed.

MARK

Yeah?

SHEA

He's sure as shit not using it. Take me!

MARK

You're such a little slut.

SHEA

Aww. Gosh, you're gonna make me cry.

MARK

Come here.

(MARK pins SHEA down, LIGHTS DOWN on them.
LIGHTS UP on rest of apartment. DONOVAN is pouring
a couple glasses of wine.)

DONOVAN

Hey Mark? Is everything alright in there? I thought maybe after Shea leaves I could show you some more photos of my trip. And then maybe you could help me see if my tan lines are still there, I need another set of eyes.

(MARK and SHEA enter, post-coitus. They're out of
breath, their clothes wrinkled.)

DONOVAN

Mark?

SHEA

Oh, thank god! I'm so parched! I knew you had some wine, Donny.

(SHEA grabs one of the wine glasses and downs it.)

DONOVAN

That was for Mark.

MARK

It's alright, we're about to head out.

DONOVAN

What!?

SHEA

Yeah, we have to scoot Donny. We have a very, very, very long night ahead of us. But thanks so much for having us! It's always so fun to get to see you try and throw a party.

(MARK grabs their jackets and heads towards the door,
ready to go.)

SHEA

I'd love to stay and help clean up, but judging by the state of this place that would take hours, and he gets antsy if he doesn't get what he wants. If you catch my drift.

MARK

Shea, you ready?

SHEA

Coming. Oh! Donny, one last thing.

(SHEA reveals a sex toy from behind his back and hands it to DONOVAN.)

SHEA

I spotted this...in the bottom drawer of your dresser. You may want to hide it a bit more discretely next time you have company over. Just so people don't think you're like a touch starved pervert or anything. Because that would be so embarrassing. Anyways, gotta run! Toodles!

(SHEA wraps his arms around MARK and the two exit. DONOVAN stands there shocked, pissed, and confused.)

DONOVAN

You win this one, you balding bitch.

(He chucks the sex toy at the door and downs the other glass of wine. He then clutches his chest.)

DONOVAN

Ah, goddamnit. Where are those Tums!?

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE TWELVE.

(SFX of a PHONE RINGING. MATTHEW stands on the empty stage. It's the next morning and the hangover is kicking his ass. He answers his phone.)

MATTHEW

Hello?

(LIGHTS UP on SHEA, opposite side of stage.)

SHEA

Where the hell were you last night? It was incredible! Me and Mark made love for hours, it was beautiful.

MATTHEW

Oh yeah? So what does that mean? You two back together?

SHEA

Um, well, not exactly. He did make it explicitly clear that it meant nothing and to quote 'not get my hopes up' unquote, but I think he's just playing hard to get, you know how he is-

MATTHEW

Shea.

SHEA

I sound deranged, don't I?

MATTHEW

Just a tad bit more than usual.

SHEA

Whatever. It was awesome, he even let me stay the night! I mean sure, the hardwood flooring did a number on my back, but at least I got a pillow and-

MATTHEW

Shea. Deranged.

SHEA

Well, what about you? You finally crack and call him?

MATTHEW

Sure did.

SHEA

Great. There's no hope for us, is there?

MATTHEW

No, I'm hopeful. Especially now that his number's deleted.

SHEA

You didn't...

MATTHEW

Mhm.

SHEA

Matt! Oh my god! That's awesome.

MATTHEW

Oh, don't get me wrong I was completely blackout drunk when it happened. I don't know what was in that flask Neil gave me, but that man must be seriously battling some demons.

SHEA

Yeah, he was a weirdo, huh? No decorum at all. Anyway, how do you feel?

MATTHEW

Not counting the fact that I've had my head in the toilet all morning...weirdly content. I'm ready for the next chapter in my life. Who knows? I might look back at Steven and laugh at it all.

SHEA

I can't wait for that, because I have so many jokes written down, I'm sorry but that whole Panda Express thing was so funny. Like how you slipped on someone's spilled lo mein as they were escorting you out of the building or-

MATTHEW

I get it. Well, maybe one day we'll be able to laugh about you and Mark.

SHEA

Yeah, maybe.

(A beat.)

SHEA

I wish was as strong as you. To do what you did.

MATTHEW

You will be one day. It just takes time...and eleven beers. But it'll happen. Y'know someone once told me 'the universe just isn't ready for the love you have to give.' Think about that.

SHEA

Wow. That's really stupid.

MATTHEW

Yeah, it is isn't it?

(A beat.)

SHEA

You think I'll ever find someone who loves me?

MATTHEW

Sure, even John Wayne Gacy got married twice. And you're only like three quarters as insane as he was. It'll happen.

SHEA

Thanks. What about you?

MATTHEW

I'm not sure. I think I really only know one thing right now.

SHEA

What's that?

MATTHEW

Never bring me to another dinner party again.

BLACKOUT.

END OF PLAY