

Ding. *Or* Bye Bye Dad.

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Cast:

Hamiere: A woman in her thirties or forties who can play all ages; overweight.

Boomer: A woman in her thirties or forties who can play all ages. Very attractive.

All the male parts can be played by one person.

Ted: Boomer's actor boyfriend

Herman: Boomer's first gay boyfriend

Dalton: Boomer's husband

Shmivis: Hamiere's first love

Bangers: Hamiere's first time

Scene 1

(Stumbling is heard. Maybe something breaks. Hamiere and Boomer are breaking into a house. They have flashlights)

Hamiere

Shhh...do not wake him!

Boomer

Can we just turn on the lights? *(She turns them on. Hamiere yell-whispers 'No!'* And Boomer turns them off again)

Hamiere

He cannot know we are here. Sheesh. We went over this plan like 100 times.

Boomer

The plan is stupid.

Hamiere

The plan is not stupid. We agreed. Sneak in after he is asleep. Kill him. Act surprised when we find out he's dead.

Boomer

He is going to stay here, rotting, for weeks and weeks.

Hamiere

Well, if he does, he does. The longer it takes to find him, the less evidence there is.

Boomer

People solve murders after years and years and years. I'm sure you are leaving skin cells behind as we speak. Or saliva residue.

Hamiere

My skin cells and "saliva residue" would be here anyway.

Boomer

Dude...

Hamiere

You know what I mean. I visit him. Cook for him. Kiss him. Whatever.

Boomer

Spit on him.

Hamiere

Oh yeah, definitely spit on him. Sometimes when he is sleeping I try to spit right into his mouth.

Boomer

I used to unscrew all the light bulbs just enough so that he thought they all burned out.

Hamiere

Sometimes, when he is doped up on his meds, I punch him real hard. And then he goes on and on later about a “new bruise” and I tell him he fell down and he doesn’t remember. (Pause) I hate him.

Boomer

I still have to keep all my curtains closed. I think he is watching me, even now. I never feel safe.

Hamiere

(Pause) Well, should we kill him or not?

Boomer

Yes...definitely yes.

Boomer pulls out a bat and Hamiere pulls out a frying pan. They both move to the bedroom, weapons raised. Lights out.

Scene 2- Speed Dating

A ding is heard between each black out.

Ding

Sometimes I have to think about women to get off. I don’t think I am gay. The thought of going downtown on a lady totally grosses me out. I know what happens down there. I’m not going to elaborate...but let’s just say...it is filthy. I am sure weiners are filthy too, but I don’t deal with weiners on a daily basis. I don’t have one attached to my body, getting sweaty and pee filled. There is a certain mystery to the weiner. The vagina is no mystery. Putting my tongue in one...no thank you. But boobs are pretty nice. Sometimes if I can’t get off I think of my boobs and another ladies’ boobs rubbing up against each other. That’s it. Just boobs flip flopping around. You watch tv and it’s all about boobs. That is what makes a woman sexy, her big jiggly knockers. Could I go for a vagina? Maybe. But I would only want some super hot chick. And since I’m not super hot myself, I feel like my chances of landing some super hot chick are pretty slim. (silence) I like guys because they are mean to me and evasive and won’t commit. I don’t want to be slapped around though (awkward laugh). Just the idea of someone being able to

overpower me, you know? It's really scary. But you have to really trust them. You know, to know they could murder you and don't. I like that...But seriously, it really does the trick. I just think BOOBS and I'm done.

Ding

Do you ever think about someone dying and then think about all the pity you would get if they did? I think...what if my dad died. It would be horrible and tragic. But I would be allowed to be a crumbly mess for a long time. I would be encouraged to cry and take time off from work. And "heal." People would send me food and flowers and whisper about me behind my back about how sad it is and how strong I'm being. And to my face they would be overly nice and considerate. I could stay in my pajamas all day and eat ice cream. And then I could go to a therapist and have someone listen to my problems. I could reevaluate my life and go on a vacation by myself to do some "soul searching." I could talk to my ex boyfriend and mention that my dad died in the conversation and he would feel really bad that he wasn't there for me. And I'd be like, "Yeah, it was really tough." But in my mind I'd be like, yeah I hope you do feel like a piece of shit you fucking asshole. I hope you call me all the time now and come over and see me cry and be touched by how vulnerable I am, you piece of crap. And tell me to cry in your arms and hug me for hours and then I'll look up at you through my tears and you will know that I am the one you're supposed to be with. And we'll kiss. And it will be magical, like in the movies. Fucker. Sometimes I just think my life would be so much better if someone died. But then I think, I would hate for someone close to me to *really* die. And what if I wished for someone to die and the wrong person died? Or one of my dogs died? Then I would just be sad all the time. But, you know, its fun to think about.

Ding

I love my dogs so much. Not in a weird way. I just wish I had given birth to them. A little dog body coming out of me. It licks me and I hold it and say "I'm your mom now." Then I wrap it in a blanket and give it a little bottle. And boop its little nose. I love dogs so much. But I don't want kids. Oh my god I hate kids so much. What do you think that means?

Scene 3 – Teenagers

Boomer is on one side of the door, Hamiere is on the other.

Boomer

Let me in you fucking bitch!

Hamiere

Do not use that word. You are part of the machine when you use that word. You are perpetuating female oppression.

Boomer

It is my fucking room too.

Hamiere

Boomer, I need some time with my thoughts, okay? I am trying to meditate.

Boomer

That is so fucking stupid, Ham. What the fuck do you think sleep is for? Open this f-ing door right now!

Hamiere

Just tell me what you need, I'll slide it under the door for you.

Boomer

I need to go poop in my own bathroom. Okay? I need to sit on my padded toilet and read my Vogue magazine and light my cinnamon candle. Okay? I need to stare at my pink and blue shaggy carpet and take a dump. Got it? That is how *I* meditate. And I am not going to do it in dad's bathroom. So open up the freaking door and let me in before I poop in front of the door and slide it under for you.

Hamiere

Booms, why don't you go to the Exxon down the street? I love that bathroom. They do a really good job keeping it clean. And sometimes if you wink at Rasheed he will let you pick out a candy bar. I have like twelve candy bars hidden under my bed right now. Do you think if I married an Arab I would have to give up all my rights as a woman?

Boomer

Open the door...

Hamiere

Like wearing tampons among other things. Dad says that Rasheed keeps women locked up in his basement. And that he eats dogs and rapes children. He says that Rasheed is the one who stole my necklace mom gave me. And he said that Rasheed took the TV. But whenever I see Rasheed he is really nice and when I mentioned the necklace being missing, you know, casually to see his reaction, he just looks genuinely sorry it's gone.

Boomer

Yeah dummy, dad stole that stuff. *(Pause)* He sells it on ebay. He doesn't work you know. He just drives around and eats in his car. I've seen him. When I am walking home from school sometimes I see him watching me. Spying on me. I pretend like I don't see him and then when he asks me what I did after school I lie to him. Even though I know he has watched me the whole time. And sometimes I tell him stupid lies, like I went to the movies when really I just hung out at a friend's house or went to soccer practice. And I know he can't call me a liar because then he would have to admit that he has been spying. Sometimes I like to tell really big lies. Like I saved someone's life who almost got run over or I was having an abortion.

Hamiere

Do you think he is going to hell?

Boomer

Oh yeah, for sure.

Long pause

I miss mom.

Hamiere

I think she is getting out soon.

Boomer

I am definitely going to live with her when she's out. I fucking cannot wait to get out of here.

Hamiere

What about me?

Boomer

You can come too.

Hamiere

What will dad say?

Boomer

Who fucking cares what dad says?! I am going to march right up to dad and tell him I would rather live with a drug addict than his crazy ass. Then I am going to pretend like I am going to hug him but instead I am going to knee him in the balls and when he falls down I am going to step on his head as I walk out the door.

Hamiere

Me too.

Boomer

She is coming back.

Hamiere

I know.

Boomer

Seriously, she is.

Hamiere

Yeah, definitely.

Boomer

Okay, can you open the door now?

Hamiere

I'm still meditating.

Boomer

Ham, seriously. Open the door. *(bangs)* Open the fucking door! Ham...open the door. *(pause)*
(whispers) Dad's coming.

Hamiere opens the door. Boomer quickly comes in and locks the door behind her. As the lights fade a man walks to the door and starts knocking on it. The knocks become louder and louder.

Scene 4 – Ted

Boomer, Hamiere, and Ted are in a living room.

Boomer

So then the teacher asked for a volunteer and of course I raised my hand.

Ted

She is such a kiss ass.

Boomer

I'm attentive. And engaged.

Ted

And a fucking brown noser.

Awkward silence. Ted laughs forcibly.

Just kidding hon. You are really attentive.

Boomer

Anyway, so the teacher asked for volunteers and I raised my hand because I like to help, especially when no one else raises their hand and it turns out I had to give the “dummy” mouth to mouth. Except we weren’t using a dummy we were using an actor. (*Points to Ted*) And I get on my knees. And I lean over to him. But I don’t really know what I am doing because we’ve only tried it on a dummy before. So I lean his head back and I hold his nose and I put my lips on his and I blow in.

Ted

Except you aren’t supposed to hold the nose.

Boomer

Exactly, you aren’t supposed to hold the victim’s nose as you blow so I start blowing but then he can’t breathe. And he is a really committed actor, so talented.

Ted

Thanks hon.

Boomer

So talented. So he doesn’t want to say anything, like hey this isn’t working. I’m actually suffocating. So I am just blowing and blowing and he just lies there. Perfectly still. But now his breathing is kind of getting shallow. Like noticeably shallow. And I come up from all this mouth breathing and he looks really pale. Almost blue. And the teacher comes over and realizes what has happened and has to administer mouth to mouth...the right way, for reals. And an ambulance is called, the whole nine.

Ted

I like to tell people that she took my breath away.

Boomer

Ahhh, sweetie...

Ted

But really she just did a shitty job and made me pass out. (*pause*) So what kind of name is Hamiere? Is that like Jewish?

Hamiere

I don’t know. My parents never explained it to me.

Ted

You never asked?

Hamiere

It seemed pointless. It was my name. And by the time I thought to ask, like I had any control over what people called me, I was already in grade school and was already being called 'ham.' And then, you know, I was pretty depressed so I ate a lot and got pretty fat so it just made the nickname all the more apt. And then I just felt like oh well. This is my name. I am ham.

Ted

I had to start calling Boomer Sally because all my friends thought I was dating a guy. And then they called me a fag.

Hamiere

Are you?

Ted

What?

Hamiere

(Whispers) Homosexual?

Boomer

(trying to change the subject) Ham, are you still a Buddhist? My sister is very spiritual.

Hamiere

I'm trying scientology now.

Ted

I love Tom Cruise! I use a lot of his monologues in auditions. Like...

(Ted transforms himself) Our little project, our company had a very big night - a very, very big night. But it wasn't complete, wasn't nearly close to being in the same vicinity as complete, because I couldn't share it with you. I couldn't hear your voice or laugh about it with you. I miss my - I miss my wife. We live in a cynical world, a cynical world, and we work in a business of tough competitors. I love you. You complete me. And I just had -

(Ted doing a woman's voice) Shut up. Just shut up. You had me at hello. You had me at hello.

Hamiere

Wow, you do the woman's role too.

Ted

I think it shows my range. I'm getting a spritzer. You want?

Boomer

No thanks babe. *(To Hamiere)* So are you dating anyone Ham?

Hamiere

No...single as usual.

Boomer

You're only single because you don't put yourself out there.

Hamiere

Oh. I put.

Boomer

You don't let anyone in. You're heart that is...I know your vagina is always open.

Hamiere

True.

Boomer

It's all your jokes. They're a defense mechanism. You need to go on one date without making any jokes and see what happens.

Hamiere

I really do want what you and Ted have. Scoff.

Boomer

You have problems with men. You need to fix them.

Hamiere

Maybe I'm a lesbian.

Boomer

Are you a lesbian?

Hamiere

I don't think so.

Boomer

I'm going to fix you up with one of Ted's friends. No jokes. Seriously.

Hamiere

Thanks Booms. You complete me.

Ted

(Ted comes back in) You had me at hello. *(Very serious)* You had me at hello.

Scene 5 – Speed dating, round two

Hamiere

My sister only dates gay men now. I was always the one who was totally anti gender binaries so it's kind of funny that she has taken this like radical stance. But really I just don't think she wants to have sex anymore. Too painful. Not like she has a small vagina too painful. Or really, I don't know. Maybe. But more like emotionally. Our dad. Maybe. I mean, we don't know anything. Just snippets of memories that add up to a bad feeling. And she kind of had a propensity to date assholes. Abusive, etc. So yeah, she doesn't like sex. She was a huge slut in high school. I mean major trash bag. My guy friends all did her and would tell me about it. And of course, here's me, no sex until I'm 27. Even then...not sure if it counted. He was kinda drunk and I was on my period. His penis was soft for most of it. I had to really shove it in. I didn't like it very much. But eventually I did it right and it didn't bother me too much.

(ding)

I saw this 20/20 episode about heaven and it really scared me. What do you think happens when you die? All these people said they had been to heaven but they all had different versions of it. Most mentioned a white light, but some said they went down a hallway and some said they walked through a field and one said that she was walking up a huge staircase and there were all these cats and dogs coming down the stairs and they were really happy. And she said she would pull their tails and it would make them even happier. What kind of person goes around pulling the tails of cats? And if you are walking up to the gates of heaven, why are you fucking with a bunch of cats? I don't think that's the kind of stuff that gets you into heaven. Some people say that what these people are experiencing is their brain dying. I'm scared to die. I haven't been the best person either. And do you think that these angels watch you when you masturbate? Sometimes I think about that as I am masturbating. I guess they don't care, but still. And what if God is just like a bad boss? You know, you have to sort of do whatever he wants and laugh at his dumb jokes, and you know that when there is a big meeting coming up he is going to get hyper critical and start micromanaging you. And you know you could do the job better than him, but you can't say anything because he's super sensitive. Man, I hope it's a good place. Better than here at least.

Scene 6 – kids

Boomer and Hamiere are outside, playing.

Boomer

Do you hate watching me?

Hamiere

Sometimes.

Boomer

Why doesn't dad ever watch me?

Hamier

He's at work. He works hard for us. Food costs money. Clothes cost money.

Boomer

No he doesn't.

Hamier

You are too young to understand.

Boomer

I know he doesn't work. Steve told me.

Hamier

You shouldn't be talking to Steve. Dad told us not to talk to the roommates.

Boomer

Steve's nice. He makes me sandwiches and lets me watch his tv. He has cable. We don't even get any channels. And all we eat is spaghetti. Steve says that if dad worked we could have lots of channels and eat whatever we wanted.

Hamier

It is not healthy to eat whatever you want.

Boomer

Steve says that if dad does anything wrong I can tell him.

Hamier

You shouldn't talk to Steve. Dad said not to. Dad works hard. Dad loves us.

Boomer

No he doesn't. Ham, no he doesn't. No he doesn't. No he doesn't. No he doesn't!!!! No he doesn't! No he doesn't! No he doesn't! No he doesn't! No he doesn't! No he doesn't! No he doesn't! No he doesn't! No he doesn't! No he doesn't! No he doesn't! No he doesn't! No he doesn't!

Boomer stops and is quiet

I wet myself.

Hamiera

It's okay. Everybody does once in a while.

Boomer

Dad'll be mad.

Hamiera

We'll wash your clothes in the shower and dry them with the blow dryer before he gets home.

Boomer

He always knows.

Hamiera

I know.

Boomer

Do you do it too?

Hamiera

Yes.

Boomer

Does he find out?

Hamiera

Yes. But he doesn't do anything anymore.

Boomer

I hate him.

Hamiera

He works hard for us. He's our dad. We have to love him.

Boomer

I hope he dies.

Hamiera

He will. Someday.

Boomer

I wish you were my mom, Ham.

Hamiere

As far as I'm concerned I am your mom. I'll take care of you forever. For ever ever ever. And then, when I die I'll turn into a zombie and come back and take care of you some more. But you'll have to feed me brains every once in a while.

Boomer

Maybe you can eat brains of prisoners and bad people. Like instead of getting the chair they get their heads eaten. *(pause)* What do you want to be when you grow up?

Hamiere

A lawyer. I want to be so smart that I can intimidate people by threatening to sue and they'll know I am telling the truth because that's what lawyers do. And plus I think they make a lot of money.

Boomer

I want to make a lot of money too. Maybe I could be like a famous actress. Or a model. Dad always says how pretty I am.

Hamiere

All the boys at school think so. Even the ones in my grade.

Boomer

But I'm dumb right? Dad says that too.

Hamiere

I would rather be pretty than smart. Everybody would. It's like a fact that pretty people are liked more than ugly people. They do experiments on it and stuff. But you're not dumb.

Pause

You want to go sneak into the hotel pool? I think it's open today. We'll wear big sunglasses and pretend to be tourists. And charge stuff to people's rooms. Like sandwiches.

Boomer

And fruit drinks.

Hamiere

And threaten to fire people if they question our authenticity. And we can wash your clothes in the pool and let them dry in the sun. See. Problem solved.

Boomer

We'll be together forever. Right Ham?

Hamiere

Yes. That's right.

Lights out.

Scene 7 – Speed Dating for the first time

Hamiere

This is so dumb. I'm too fat.

Boomer

You have to get out there.

Hamiere

I hate my body. It's all the chocolate.

Boomer

I just wish you would have gone to my guy instead of cutting your own hair.

Hamiere

It's cheaper.

Boomer

But not better.

Hamiere

I didn't say it was better. I said it was cheaper. Usually something is one or the other. I know it looks bad, okay? Let's just go.

Boomer

No, I'm sorry. You look great. And plus, everyone here is a loser anyway. So, so what? You meet someone and you either like them or not and then you move on. Ding! No big deal. It'll be fun. Your soul mate might be right around the corner. Ding!

Hamiere

Which corner.

Boomer

Shut up. It's an expression. It's exciting. At least you are out of the house. You are a total cliché.

Hamiere

I don't have cats.

Boomer

Dogs. Same thing. And you are always watching Lifetime movies. Those are the worst.

Hamiere

Everybody loves Lifetime. Girl meets boy. Boy marries girl. Girl gets beat up by boy. Girl kills boy. They are the best.

Boomer

Yeah, okay. They are pretty good. Close your legs.

Hamiere

Are you supposed to be doing this? What would Herman say?

Boomer

He doesn't care. He's out with some guy right now.

Hamiere

So weird.

Boomer

You are looking for someone to snuggle with you at night, okay? I have that. If all you wanted to do was find some guy to bone we could have gone to the bar.

Hamiere

Right, okay. Snuggle at night.

Boomer

Listen. I love you. I mean, I really, really, love you. But you are always alone. Like desperately alone. I know as we get older it gets harder to find people. Friends, lovers, whatever, but you can't be by yourself all the time. It isn't good for you. You need someone to talk to. Who cares about your day and your problems. *(Pause)* Who isn't me.

Hamiere

That was mean.

Boomer

I'm sorry.

Hamiere

I feel like I got fatter.

Boomer

For God's sake close your legs.

Hamiere

Their just fat, they don't close.

Boomer

Can you squish them?

Hamiere

If the guy has eyes he will see that I am too fat to close my legs, okay? So just go to your table and let me deal with my own business over here.

Boomer

Good luck. If the date is going well give me a sign. Like tug your ear or something. Or wiggle your nose.

Hamiere

Have you been watching Bewitched or something?

Boomer

Or put your fingers together. Or make a fish face. Or a duck face. No, fish face for good. Duck face for bad.

Hamiere

I'll just do the ear thing. Good bye.

Boomer walks to a table across the stage. During the following dialogue the women can make duck or fish faces as desired

Ding

Hamiere

Soo....do you do this a lot? Seems like an odd thing to do a lot. You probably have a job or something? Can't sneak off every afternoon to get hammered at the local Motel 6 meeting stranger after stranger. I don't have a job. Well, I do but I hate it. I guess that isn't the same thing? Or is it? I don't know. But I basically lie to them a lot, say I'm sick, hit by a car, etc. Today my dog is at the vet. Not really. But that is the lie du jour. I don't know what they must

think of me. Having tragedy after tragedy after tragedy. They're probably like... "whaaaaat is her problem?" Right? *(laughs awkwardly leading into awkward silence)*

(Lights down on Hamiere and up on Boomer)

Boomer

I'm only here for my sister. I'm sorry. I don't feel the need to engage. *(looks at watch)* You can just check your email on your phone or something. Please stop asking me questions.

Lights down on Boomer and back up on Hamiere. Throughout these switch backs lights go up and down as desired

Hamiere

I'd quit my job for reals if I could, but I can't. I have a TON of credit card debt. I'm in credit counseling right now but it will still take YEARS to pay it off. No biggie. Just got to meet a rich man, huh? Just kidding. But not really. How much money do you make?

Boomer

(Listening to a conversation disinterested) Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh.

Hamiere

I think when I was twelve I wanted to be a ballerina and when I was sixteen I wanted to be a space captain. What is a space captain? I'm not sure that is a real thing. I wish someone would have said to me "hello little girl" wait, I was a teenager so "hello young lady" wait. "Young lady" is creepy. Only child molesters say that. Or old people. I would not have listened to an old person at the time. Okay, so I wish an older, but still within acceptably good-looking range adult would have said to me "hello, young lady" er "hello, young woman. Space captains don't exist. What you want to be is an astronaut." Right? Like are you kidding me? Wait. How was I sixteen and didn't know what an astronaut was? Holy shit. I think this is a break through.

(ding)

Boomer

Did you wipe your nose and then shake my hand? Yes, you did. I saw you. Yes, I saw you. Why are you lying to me? I literally saw you with my two eyes just now wipe your crusty nose, look at it, and then hear the ding, move a chair over, and shake my hand. I just saw it. Just now. Go to the bathroom. No, I'm not kidding. Go to the bathroom and wash your hands before you spread whatever communicable disease you have. Oh my gosh, don't worry about the time it ain't happenin' anyway buddy.

Hamiere

You think I'm fat don't you? You think I'm too fat to be talking to someone like you? Because you're so handsome. I get it. If you must know I have a thyroid problem. And my mom died. The thyroid is one cause and the sadness is the other. If I did not have either of those problems I

would be super skinny, like my sister over there. Don't look at her. Holy crap, you'll have your chance in like 20 minutes. Excuse me. You are on a date with me now. And what I want to talk about is my thyroid problem. So look interested.

Boomer

Ohhhh. You're back. Great. *(long silence)*

Hamiere

Look, her date's back. Turn around now please.

Boomer

Rheumatoid arthritis? Yes, I've seen commercials for that.

Hamiere

Yes, you heard me. Five dogs. A studio. Why?

Boomer

Kids? I hate them.

Hamiere

Two hot dogs and a bag of chips. What did you have for lunch?

Boomer

Yes, I said I hate them. They are literally the worst.

Hamiere

I walked for like ten minutes. Does that count?

Boomer

You can't ask me if I've had an abortion. No, you can't ask me that. Is that seriously on your note card?

Hamiere

I also took the stairs at work. And those stairs are pretty steep.

Boomer

Purple. Purple is my favorite color.

Hamiere

(crying) I just feel so empty inside and I want to fill up the emptiness. You know? Just fill it up with something that tastes good. But the hole is never full. Never ever. And then I feel bad and I

eat more and I just want to be skinny and find a good man and settle down and be happy. Like all those people on Facebook. I mean, if I really work at it I can do that don't you think? *(pause)*
You are so handsome.

(Ding)

Boomer

(Uninterested) Hi. What's your name?

Hamiere

(Super excited) Hi! What's your name?

Boomer

I don't really like to be referred to as a 'lady cop.' Police Officer is fine.

Hamiere

No, I'm not like a psychotherapist. I can't prescribe drugs. I just help couples. Like counsel them when they are going through a rough patch. Everyone needs someone to talk to.

Boomer

If you touch me I will definitely arrest you.

Hamiere

Sometimes I pretend like I'm married. I'll get take out and pretend to call my husband and ask what he wants for dinner. Then I'll say something like "you know you can't eat onions after 7pm." Or, "I think you like the one with bacon." Then I'll laugh and say, "I love you too honey." But of course no one is on the other line. And I am really just ordering all the food for myself. Sometimes I stare at the young families in the restaurant. Some of them don't speak to each other and kind of bark at their kids, but some of them are really sweet and everything that their child does is an "ahhh" or an "ooooo" and then they take a picture. Just really sweet. And then the husband looks at his wife and you can see how much he loves her for bringing this little person into the world with his DNA. They are a little family, you know? And they are so happy. And I want that. I guess everyone wants it. When I really think about it it isn't the family so much. It's all that love. I want to be part of something that is real and happy and fulfilling. I've never felt that. And I don't even know if I'm pretending to do it right.

(Ding)

Scene 8 – Only Gays

Boomer is meeting her blind date, Herman. She might be sitting there for a little bit. Herman rushes in, drawing a lot of attention to himself.

Herman

Oh my god. I am so sorry. I cannot believe how late I am. I am never late. I promise you. Is this your water? May I? (*Drinks her water*). I hate people who are late. Seriously. Late to me is fifteen minutes early. Here's what happened. I don't live that far from here so I thought I might walk instead of driving. Be green. Blah blah. You know. Mostly I think that gas is too expensive. Not that I'm cheap, mind you. I just would rather spend that extra money on you, or myself. Or anything else really. So I am walking here, it's a gorgeous day, smelling the flowers, what have you. Right? Have you ever seen anyone really just walking along smelling flowers? I don't think that happens very often. But then how often do you come across flowers that you can smell. That are at the right height and everything. Anyway. I started to feel like I was getting a cramp in my foot. I know, how old am I? Do not even ask or I will shame spiral out of control. My body just doesn't work anymore. I wish I enjoyed it more when I was young. Oh well. So anyway, I get a cramp so I try and work it out. I can't, so then I decide to wait for the bus. Well. Blech! Buses in this city are disgusting. But I thought I gotta get there so I'll suck it up. So I wait and wait and wait and wait and wait and WAIT and then finally a bus comes. "Out of Service" it reads. Great. So I try and look up the name of the restaurant on my phone so I can call and let you know at least I'll be late. No service. I know it's cloudy but come on. Then another bus comes. I get on. The man next to me literally peed his pants, twice. I think once right before I got on and then while I sat next to him. I think a little trickled on me so I might need to go wash it off because if I don't I will literally barf. I don't like judging other people. Never ever. But seriously, you can't hold it until you're off the bus? Do you think most homeless people are crazy or just poor? Or does being poor make you crazy? Like, who cares I'm so poor there is no need to follow social convention anymore. Ugh, who cares, just don't pee on me. So, I ding the bell, I think I'm at the right stop. And what do you think? Of course I'm not at the right stop! And I'm also totally turned around because I never go the crazy kafka way the driver is going to get here. Is it kafka? Kakata? I don't know. What is it? Is that a Jewish word? Calacta? Oh man, that is going to drive me nuts. Anyway, so I ask this old woman how to get here and she gives me a lecture about the price of brunch these days and how it was 5 cents when she was a girl and I feel kind of bad for her because clearly she is lonely. Maybe. I think I just tell myself that everyone is lonely when I want to not punch them because they are totally screwing up my plans. So I briefly listen to her rant and then politely excuse myself. I decide I'll just walk a block and see if anything becomes familiar and of course it did and voila I'm here.

Boomer

Well, you're only five minutes late.

Herman

Keeping people waiting is disrespectful, no matter what the excuse.

Boomer

I don't mind, really.

Herman

I'm gay by the way. I don't know if Denise told you. I know that's kind of weird to tell a woman on a first date but I don't want it to be a surprise later.

Boomer

I don't understand.

Herman

Sigh. I hate this part. Basically, I can't date men. They are mean and rude and always expect me to pay. I hate it. But I want companionship like everyone else. So I date women and have sex with men. Women are respectful and polite, as long as sex isn't involved, and usually split the bill at least. They are nurturing and love to gossip and drink wine. It is just an all around better match for me.

Boomer

So you're looking for a fag hag?

Herman

I don't like that word. Hag I mean...ha ha. I kid. Seriously fag is not an okay word to use. But, yes, in a way. I'm sorry. I thought Denise would have warned you. I don't like doing the surprise sneaky thing. It isn't me. Really.

Boomer

Well, I'm not totally against it.

Herman

Right? Okay, I'm glad. And I am starving. I am going to run to the bathroom because I seriously think I have some of that homeless man's pee on me but I cannot wait to come back and learn all about you.

(Ding)

Hamiere Speed Dating

Hamiere

I don't want kids. My sister had a kid and gave him up. Not when he was an infant or anything. She tried to take care of him but it didn't really work out. I can't imagine what it takes to raise a child. I have dogs but they aren't like dogs I guess. Especially since kids grow up to hate their parents. Like really really hate. Dogs stay pretty loyal. Dogs don't resent you when you have money problems or wonder what you really wanted to do with your life. They don't ask why you're alone still or if you really wanted or were ready for a pet. Mostly they sleep and eat and love unconditionally. Maybe you think that parents and children love unconditionally...but they don't.

Scene 9 – Boomer's Pregnancy

Hamiere

Have you told dad yet?

Boomer

Ugh...no. And don't tell him yourself! I need to do this in my own time.

Hamierie

(timidly) Of course. Sure, sure.

Boomer

Are you fucking kidding me?

Hamierie

What? Come on...no. I...not even. It's all good.

Boomer

Are YOU fucking KIDDING ME?!

Hamierie

It slipped out. I am so sorry.

Boomer

The fuck it just slipped out. What is your problem, Ham? Can't you keep your goddamn mouth shut for like two days?

Hamierie

He just keeps prodding. You know that. If I try and hide something from him he focuses in on whatever I'm not telling him and asks me a million questions until I cave.

Boomer

You're not twelve anymore. You can just tell him to fuck off.

Hamierie

I could never say that to dad. He would have a meltdown. And then he would call me every day...remember the last time I stood up to him? He started calling me at work and all my co-workers were like worried about me but wouldn't ask me what was going on because they knew it was something really weird. I cannot stand when people pity me. Seriously. I can't stand it.

Boomer

Well, what'd he say?

Hamierie

Nothing really. He guessed it before I could tell him. He thought you were either on drugs, schizophrenic, or you were pregnant.

Boomer

Nice.

Hamiera

Well, you know how he is. He likes to list off every catastrophic situation it could be and go with his top three.

Boomer

So you think this is a catastrophe?

Hamiera

I think you're young. But lots of people do it. Every Lifetime movie I watch starts with a teen pregnancy. I mean, its standard stuff.

Boomer

I'm really happy.

Hamiera

(straining) That's great. I mean, really exciting.

Boomer

You don't believe me. But I really am happy. Dalton said he can take care of me. *(pause)* I'm tired, okay? I don't want to worry about everything anymore. Being taken care of sounds nice. Starting my own family. One that isn't filled with a bunch of chaos and loneliness and sick feelings. I want to be settled. I want a group of people who love me. Not just one person. A whole group.

Hamiera

I love you.

Boomer

You're just one person.

Hamiera

Is it too late to...

Boomer

Kill it? Yes, it's a little too late. Although I am sure I can find some skeezy doctor to do it. Perhaps at the peril of my own health and possible future children...is that what you think I should do?

Hamiere

I just think it's a big decision. And Dalton...is he really the one you want to end up with?
(pause) Have you thought of a name?

Boomer

I was thinking of letting the baby name itself.

Hamiere

(shaking head) No. no. no. That's ridiculous, No way.

Boomer

Okay, Ham. Maybe it's time for you to go.

Hamiere

Name itself?! That is the most reprehensible irresponsible thing you can do. I mean, seriously.

Boomer

Okay, good visit.

Hamiere

Oh, hello. This is my kid 'To Be Determined.' We call him TBD for short. But don't worry, when he's old enough he's going to name himself! You know what kids name themselves? Superheros. Barney and yellow aquaman and spider super avenger.

(Boomer has shut the door on Hamiere)

Hamiere

Have you met my son? SPACE CAPTAIN!!!

Hamiere and Boomer

Bitch.

Scene 10 – Breaking Up and Leaving

Dalton Walks in from work. The baby cries on and off throughout the scene. He goes to the kitchen, maybe checks on the baby. Looks at the mail...busying type stuff...finally sits down next to Boomer who is absent-mindedly watching tv.

Dalton

Are we ordering dinner tonight?

Boomer

Jesus.

(Pause / Silence)

Boomer

Why don't you just say what you want to say?

Dalton

Are we ordering dinner tonight?

Boomer

Translation – why didn't you make dinner tonight?

Dalton

Well, why didn't you?

Boomer

Are you kidding me right now?

Dalton

You have been home all day.

(Pause / Silence)

Dalton

Okay, where do you want to eat?

Boomer walks to the kitchen, opens the fridge and throws some Tupperware at Dalton. Dalton opens it. Boomer walks back to the kitchen grabs a fork and gives it to Dalton. She sits back down. He eats.

Dalton

So, what's been on the tube today?

Boomer

I don't know what's been on "the tube." I've been studying for my exams all day. I just happened to take a break when you happened to get home. And since I never know when you will get home, I wasn't able to plan my day around your dinner or make myself look busy at the exact moment you got home to avoid being harassed about what I did with my god damn day.

Dalton

Are you hungry?

Boomer

No, I ate.

Dalton

Did you feed DJ?

Boomer

His name is Mason and yes I did.

Dalton

His name is Dalton Junior and if you fed him why is he crying?

Boomer

DJ is the name of the middle child on Full House. We are not going to name our kid after some neurotic neo-Jan Brady. Okay? And it's a girl's name. And DJs don't grow up to be serious adults, okay? They grow up to be car salesmen, and guys who hang out at the mall when they're fifty...oh...and fucking DJs!

Dalton

DJ is the name of the eldest child on Full House and I don't want to have this conversation with you.

Boomer

I don't want to have any conversations with you. I am so sick of "conversing" with you. You and only you and nobody else but you.

Dalton

Can you hear him crying?

Boomer

Yes, I hear him. But I am also here all day so I know if he cries enough he will fall asleep. And that is the goal. For him to sleep. For him to be quiet. For there to be a little bit of quiet in this house.

Dalton

I don't like listening to him cry.

Boomer ignores him and turns up the tv. Dalton goes in the other room and tries to pacify DJ / Mason.

Dalton

See. All he needs is a little attention and he feels safe and falls asleep. You can't just let him feel alone and abandoned. He's going to grow up to have real issues.

Boomer

He's going to grow up with issues anyway. He has two parents with issues so he is definitely going to have issues.

Dalton

And what "issues" do I have?

Boomer

Uh. You're a mama's boy. A cheater. A general, all-around asshole.

Dalton

Why are you so angry? You're so angry all the time. I know this isn't about me. I think you need help. Seriously.

Boomer

Actually it is all about you. *(with emphasis)* It is all about you! You ruined me. You made me think I would be happy and you put me in this house and I had to give birth to your child that now binds us forever. I am stuck to you FOREVER and it makes me absolutely sick. You should have been a passing phase. A fling. A blip on my radar that I laugh about with my rich and successful friends over cocktails. But instead, I am stuck here. Trying to take night classes. Trying to keep my sanity, all alone in this shit hole of a house, with a child who looks exactly like the person I hate most in this world who won't ever stop crying! And a husband who "works" all the time and then gets home and expects me to have his fucking dinner ready.

Dalton

(He eats) I don't know why you put work in parentheses. I'm not cheating. Believe me. I wish I was cheating.

Boomer

Excuse me? You want to have sex with someone else. Don't let me stop you.

Dalton

I don't want to have sex with someone else. It would just be nice to have sex at all.

Silence. He finishes eating and goes over to Boomer. Maybe rubs her back.

Dalton

Maybe we need to get out of the house. Just you and me. I'll call my mom and we can go eat a proper dinner somewhere. Get some drinks. Talk.

Boomer

I don't want your mother near my child.

Dalton

Baby, I just want to take you out. You said yourself you need to get out of this house.

Boomer

Your mother wants my child to be her child. She wants my baby to be her own baby. I am actually worried that she is going to steal him one day.

Dalton

My mom loves DJ like a grandmother loves a grandson.

Boomer

No, she loves Mason like a psycho bitch loves skeleton bones. She is a whack job and I don't know why you would want her around your son either.

Dalton

Not everybody hates their parents.

Boomer

Fuck you.

Dalton

I'm just saying...some of us try and foster a positive relationship with the people who gave birth to us. Thou shalt respect thy life givers and such. The bible. It's all there.

Boomer

You are the dumbest piece of shit.

Dalton

You cannot talk to me that way, Boomer. I don't care if you don't love me anymore. You can't treat me like I'm nothing.

Boomer

You are nothing! You take everything and you turn it into a vapid pile of nothing! I wish I would have had a god damn abortion when I could have. Instead I'm chained to you like a fucking prisoner.

Dalton

(Dalton gets right up in Boomer's face) You hate me so much? Then get the fuck out! Get the fuck out of here you awful fucking bitch!

Boomer grabs a bag and shovels some clothes into it. DJ / Mason cries. She starts walking towards the nursery. Dalton steps in front of her and blocks her. She tries again and this time he pushes her...hard. This turns into a full on fight. DJ/ Mason starts to cry. They stop. Boomer takes a pause and walks out. Outside the door we see her cry and inside the house we see Dalton go to pick up DJ and comfort him. They both know they won't ever see each other again.

Act Two

Scene 1 – Hamiere and her first love, Shmivis. College.

The scene begins by Shmivis announcing how the game 'sit and drink' is to be played. The illusion being that there are more people at the party than just Shmivis and Hamiere. Music might be playing. A spot could indicate Hamiere is outside the scene...narrating her thoughts. Basically, she is not heard by Shmivis and is not giving dialogue to any character but herself.

Shmivis

Sit and drink is a simple concept. You have a twelve pack. You have a bladder. But you are not allowed to use your bladder until all twelve beers are gone. Sitting is actually kind of optional.

Hamiere

I love you.

Shmivis

You may say to me, "Shmivis, what is the point of such a game? Why would one want to sit and drink, presumably without pleasure?" This game is about endurance, longevity, speed, and perseverance. If I leisurely wanted to drink a beer I'd go to the bar. But I don't want to leisurely drink a beer. I want to pound a beer, and then another beer, and then another beer, and then like six after that. And I want to feel my bladder being pushed to its limits by the malted flow ounces of alcoholic liquid, pushing at its sides until I either pass out or pee my pants.

Hamiere

I remember when I first saw you. We were in class together and you were reading part of your paper out loud. The paper was so smart. And your expressions were so funny. I mean, they really complimented the material. Love at first sight seems like such an ill-conceived concept. I don't prescribe by it and I never will. I think saying that it was love at first sight cheapens what I felt for you. It was more like my soul found its other half. No, that's kind of scientology-y. It was like I had to meet you. I had to be a part of your life.

Shmivis

I've been playing this game a long time now. And the only advice I can give is to go pee now. Expunge your bladder until there is nothing left. Shake your whole body on the pot, you'll need every drip in square inches once this game begins. And believe me you don't want to tap out of this game. There are consequences. Fines, if you will. And hefty fines indeed.

Hamiere

When I first approached you, you blew me off. Do you remember that? Yes, of course you do. You make fun of me about it all the time. "Should of kept walking" you say. It's kind of hurtful, you know? Like here's me, making this big gesture towards you. To say hi and introduce myself at twenty years old when I'm all insecure about my body and ideas and everything else about me essentially, and I go up to you balls out and say 'hi.' That was a big deal. I don't think you ever got that.

Shmivis

First one who taps out must get entirely naked and let us watch them urinate whilst being video'd. Said video will then be sent to said tapper outters parents.

Hamiere

I wanted to be in your life so bad that I let you treat me however you wanted.

Shmivis

The second person who taps out does not have to get naked, nor do they have to involve their parents in any way. Their only fine is that they must drink the urine of the first tapper outer. And really, it will be mostly beer anyway.

Hamiere

I still think about you.

Shmivis

Third person to tap out has to stick the tip of their ding dong in the bottle that defeated them and then turn the bottle upside down, effectively putting beer up their pee hole. In the case of a female, you have to show us your boobs.

Hamiere

I worry I will never meet anyone else like you. But then I also worry that I will find someone exactly like you. I mean, that's what people do. Patterns and all. I don't think my heart could take another one of you. And if he was exactly like you, I guess he wouldn't love me either.

Shmivis

Fourth loser, you will be required to allow every single person here to give you a hickey in a very visible place for the purposes of embarrassing you at your place of employment, and not, as I would think, making you look like a playa.

Hamiere

The one time we actually did it, I cried. I wish I hadn't done that.

Shmivis

The fifth and final fine is...twenty bucks.

Hamiere

We stayed friends for fifteen years after college but when you got married I just couldn't do it anymore. I thought you would figure it out. That we were perfect for each other. I mean, you called me all the time. I was your person, you know? I knew everything about you and you knew everything about me. I thought you would realize that that's what love is. Someone you can stand to be around for your whole life. It doesn't have to be perfect. It doesn't have to be beautiful. It just needs to be honest and comfortable. I wanted that forever. Us, cracking jokes at each other as we grew old, as our bodies fell apart. Other couples looking at us enviously...like, wow, those people are really lucky. Because who finds that? Every couple I know is so sad. It looks like so much work. I don't meet anyone who just clicks. Who have some sort of effortless sense of belonging to each other. It seriously exists for no one. And when you see those people who have it just makes you sad. Because they found something that you can't work towards. You can't buy it or perfect it. It either happens to you or it doesn't. You stole that from me. The one time I am lucky in something. The one time I believe in fairy tales and magic and soul mates and miracles, you take that away and worse, you leave me even more broken than I was to begin with.

Shmivis

There can only be one winner of this game. If more than one man or woman stands at the end of twelve beers, then the final death round will commence.

Hamiere

I think about you...more than I would like.

Shmivis

The remaining sitters must endure endless tickling from the losers. As each sitter pees his or her pants, they will effectively be out of the game and required to wear their soiled pants for the rest of the evening.

Hamiere

I still think you might come around.

Shmivis

You take a big chance by staying in the game. As a person who has been required to wear my soiled pants, not for this game but another, it is an unpleasant experience. Sure, there is a sense of pride that you tried. You took it as far as you could until your body gave out. But the pee turns really cold and itchy pretty quickly and yet the smell always seems so warm.

Hamiere

You have to come around.

Shmivis

The winner of sit and drink will be entitled to...drum roll please...a gift certificate to Starbucks! Oh, and a blow job from Ralph. Seriously, he's really good. Drinkers, begin!

The lights come up on the whole stage. Hamiere and Shmivis are the only two left after the party. Shmivis is seriously drunk –stumbling, slurring, etc. Hamiere is not as drunk and cleaning up.

Shmivis

Hamiere, did you see that one girl with the glow top? If I could have gotten my wiener up I totally would have hit that. But you can't play sit and drink and get your wiener up afterwards. Catch 22.

Hamiere

I don't think you're using that phrase correctly.

Shmivis

I am the star of the party. Every girl here wants to do me. But, I am also the sitter and drinker of the most beverages, therefore, the party both makes me desirable and ill-equipped to act on desires. Catch 22.

Hamiere

She wasn't that hot.

Shmivis

She was soooo hot. Ugh...I can't explain the nuances of hotness to a girl. You don't get it and you never will.

Hamiere

I saw her like pick a wedge.

Shmivis

Means she wears thongs. Hawt. Can you please stop cleaning? You need to drink more, clearly.

Hamiere

The only thing left is tequila and bloody mary mix. I don't think those two things go together.

Shmivis

You know, you are pretty hot. I don't get why you don't lose weight. Oh man, if you lost weight you'd be like whaaaat? Every dude would want a poke. Seriously.

Hamiere

(Drinks) I'm working on it. It would be cool to find someone who just liked me for me too though.

Shmivis

Doesn't exist sweetheart. You gotta stop watching those reality shows. Fucks your mind up. Oh man, I might barf. I think I really might barf.

Shmivis lays down on the couch or a bean bag or some sort of surface. Hamiere brings in a blanket for him.

Someday lady, me and you. You'll see.

After Shmivis passes out Hamiere lays next to him. Light fades in on Hamiere only.

Hamiere

I don't think it's healthy to live in these memories. But this is the happiest I've ever been. Right here. This moment. Laying besides you and full of hope.

Scene 2 – Boomer visits mom at her grave.

Much of the beginning is very awkward.

Boomer

Hey mom. *(pause)* So, how's it going? *(pause)* This is strange. Last time I saw you you were alive. I probably wouldn't have even known you were dead unless Ham told me. *(pause)* I sort of thought we were going to connect eventually. Didn't you think? *(pause)* I have a boyfriend. You'd hate him. Well, maybe you would love him. He is kind of like you actually. Says inappropriate things all the time. Brutally honest. And he likes men that are really bad for him. *(pause)* Do you get a lot of visitors? *(pause)* Remember that guy you dated who poured beer on my head? Why didn't you dump him after he did that? There are a lot of questions I wish I could ask you. Or, that you could answer. I guess I can ask you whatever I want. *(pause)* Why didn't you fight for custody of us? If you didn't want to be around dad why did you think we would? *(pause)* What was your childhood like? *(pause)* I wish I knew more about your family. Or who my cousins were. *(pause)* Every Sunday, these huge groups of families gather in the park. They have to get there really early to stake out a picnic table. So one person will be there at like 9am, sitting there with a table decorated with balloons. Maybe they'll be setting up the condiments for the upcoming barbecue. Sometimes they just look really tired. Smoking a cigarette. Maybe enjoying the peace and quiet until everyone else gets there. Because in a few hours the park will be packed with families. Screaming kids, unruly teenagers. Men selling ices and water guns. This happens every Sunday. Saturdays too. Families spending all day in the park together. They don't

look like they have any money. And sometimes you can hear a dad yelling at his kids or smell the marijuana coming from the bushes. But they carve out that time to spend together. Those kids might grow up to hate their parents, but I bet they'll know the reason they hate them. *(pause)* I wish I knew you. I wish you would have embarrassed me in front of my friends. I wish you would have insisted on chaperoning my first dates. I wish you would have told all your friends when I got my period for the first time. I wish I would have known your family. My family. *(pause)* I wish you'd haunt me. *(pause)* I'm not great mom. I'm fine. But I'm not great. *(pause)* You know I have a son. I never see him. Guess I got that from you. *(pause)* Dad's sick. We don't know what he has yet. Ham said she doesn't care. Hope he dies. I feel sorry for him. He never really got over you, I think. He talks about you sometimes. It's so annoying. Nothing good. But I guess it means he's thinking of you. *(pause)* I can't feel you. *(pause)* It would be really nice to feel you.

Scene 3 – Hamiere's first sex encounter

Hamiere and Bangers are studying for a psych test. They pretend to be patient and doctor.

Hamiere

You have to act completely normal. Or crazy. No, sorry.

Bangers

(imitating the teacher) We don't use that word, students.

Hamiere

I am totally going to fail this.

Bangers

I'm cheating off of you, so if you fail, I'm definitely failing.

Hamiere

Abnormal psych sounds so cool, you know, and then it's just like a bunch of memorization and stuff.

Bangers

At least I get to play a crazy person.

Hamiere

(imitating the teacher) We don't use that word, students.

Bangers

I wonder how she feels about the word deranged?

Hamiere

I like that word. It's real old timey. *(Does an old timey voice)* Hey, I've come to see a man about a horse.

Bangers

(Does an old timey voice) Hey sonny, why don't you spread that peanut butter a little thinner, see.

Hamiere

(Doing voice) Hey there squirt, what's the good news on the flip flop of this dog train?

Bangers

(Doing voices) Wouldchya look at the time, I gotta skedaddle before my granpops knows the old 57 is missing from the parking way.

Hamiere

I think you should use that voice in the mock session.

Bangers

For doctor or patient?

Hamiere

Definitely doctor.

Bangers

Alright, let's get started then. *(Bangers begins acting the part of doctor)* Good day to you, ma'am.

Hamiere

Ma'am?

Bangers

Miss. How was the drive here? I heard it's pretty foggy out.

During the following Hamiere acts very enthusiastic, flirtatious, attention seeking...which is part of the disorder she is portraying.

Hamiere

Actually it is quite sunny. You should check the weather more frequently. You could also just look outside. I love to look outside! I'd love to watch you look outside...

Bangers

I'm glad the drive was nice for you. So, what would you like to talk about today?

Hamiere

What would you like to talk about today?

Bangers

I would like to talk about you...Mrs. Floodlehymenburger.

Hamiere

Oh! My favorite subject!

Bangers

Narcissist?

Hamiere

No. *(continues)* Well, I have been having these really upsetting dreams lately. I'm all alone. In a field. There are horses everywhere. And I'm naked. Then a man rides up on one of the horses and he's naked too. He takes me by the hand and he puts me on one of the horses and he rides me for miles and miles. By the time I get off the horse I am really, really wet. I can't help myself. I touch myself right in front of him. The man doesn't flinch. In fact, he watches me. He watches me as I touch myself, getting closer and closer...and then he pulls out his dick and starts touching himself too. And as we are both naked, touching ourselves, we realize the horses are watching us. This makes us uncomfortable but also excited. We both start making horse noises Brrrrrrrrrr! The man takes me from behind and lounges his huge specimen into me. Ooooo. It feels so good. I can't stop naying like a horse. When it's over he brushes my hair and gives me an apple. That's when I usually wake up.

Bangers

Uh huh uh huh uh huh. *(Or something to that effect. Bangers is visibly shaken by the story. Either turned on or weirded out).*

Hamiere

And do you know who this man is? Always the same man? The man that continues to haunt my dreams? It's you doctor. *(laughs wildly)*

Bangers

Schizophrenic?

Hamiere

No. *(Continues)* What do you think that means doctor? I am so scared of what it means. Do you think it means that we are meant to be together?

Bangers

Mrs. Floodlehymenburger, sexual dreams are never about sex. They are about desire. A desire for closeness. Is there anyone who you are feeling distant from?

Hamiere

I have a husband doctor! It isn't right. You are infecting me! You are infecting me with your spirit. You act innocent but I know it to be true. Sorcerer!

Bangers

I seriously have no idea.

Hamiere

Histrionic Personality Disorder. PRAISE ME!

Bangers

You did a great job! You're the best in the world!

Hamiere

Ugh.

P - Provocative (or seductive) behavior

R- Relationships are considered more intimate than they actually are

A- Attention-seeking

I- Influenced easily

S- Speech (style) wants to impress; lacks detail

E- Emotional lability; shallowness

M- Make-up; physical appearance is used to draw attention to self

E- Exaggerated emotions; theatrical

Bangers

Fuuuuuuuuuuck. I definitely need to copy off of you. *(pause)* You know, that story was kind of hot. Did you really dream something like that?

Hamiere

That's only for me and my therapist to know.

Bangers

It was like, really hot.

Hamiere

Well, you still couldn't guess it.

Bangers

You know, Freud used to masturbate his hysteric patients. *(he gets closer to her)* With a bunch of people watching.

Hamiere

(she doesn't get it) Yeah, he nasty.

Bangers

Would you like something like that?

Hamiere

I don't think that's how we practice medicine anymore.

Bangers

You have a really pretty face. Has anyone ever told you that?

Hamiere

Blech. I hate when people say that to me. So, yes, I have heard it before. Translation. You are fat.

Bangers

I don't mind.

Hamiere

(Sarcastically) Cool.

Bangers

Ham, I am coming on to you.

Hamiere

What? No way.

Bangers

Yes, way. And it is really hard to do it when you act all aloof and shit. I mean, you really know how to cut a guy down.

Hamiere

I'm sorry. I'm not used to guys hitting on me. I'm totally receptive. Try it again.

Bangers

You have a really pretty face.

Hamiere

No, no.

Bangers

You have really nice eyes.

Hamiere

(closes them) What color are they?

Bangers

Forget it. I'll see you tomorrow.

Hamiere

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm nervous. Guys don't usually hit on me and when they do I kind of give them shit because...I feel like it's a dare or something.

Bangers

Low self-esteem.

Hamiere

You got one.

Bangers

You are really pretty. And very smart. And this is not a dare.

He kisses her. She kisses him back – at first timidly but then it gets bolder. Maybe clothes come off.

Bangers

Do you have a condom?

Hamiere

I don't keep them in the house.

Bangers

Where do you keep them, outside?

Hamiere

I don't have a lot of sex. I don't have any.

Bangers

I think I have one in my wallet. *(he gets it)* It's from a hundred years ago. I just need to find the expiration date. Okay, still good. We are a go. *(swings around his junk)* *(Puts on condom)* *(climbs on top of Hamiere)* Oh shit. You are so tight.

Hamiere

Thanks.

Bangers

Oh fuck. Super tight. Oooo this feels so fucking good.

Hamiere

(Grimacing through the pain) You too.

Bangers

Oh yeah.

Hamiere

(tons of pain) Oh yeah. Me too.

Bangers

Goddamit. Hmmm. Jiggle them titties.

(Hamiere jiggles titties in lots of pain)

Turn over.

Hamiere

No thank you. I don't feel comfortable with that.

Bangers

That's okay baby, whatever you want. *(makes sex noises)*

Hamiere

Did you come yet?

Bangers

I'm going to make this last, baby. *(makes more sex noises)*

Hamiere

(in lots of pain) Fuck!!

Bangers

Oh yeah. Fuuuck.

Hamiere

(in lots of pain) Holy shit!

Bangers

Oooooo. You like that.

(More of the same of Hamiere in pain and Bangers enjoying himself)

Bangers

Shit! Fuck! *(He gets off of Hamiere)* The fucking condom broke. Holy shit. Is that blood? Are you on your period? Gross. I gotta wipe my dick off. Fuck. Do you have anything? DO YOU HAVE A DISEASE? Where is your bathroom? *(Hamiere points to a door, Bangers runs in it. We can hear him making exclamations)*

Hamiere

I don't have anything! *(She starts to gather her clothes, or maybe she tries to make herself look presentable in the bed...like everything is normal).*

Bangers

(Comes out from bathroom) I think I got it all off. When was the last time you got tested? Have you EVER been tested?

Hamiere

I never needed to.

Bangers

Everyone needs to! Are you kidding me? I gotta wash my dick off again. *(Goes to the bathroom after a little bit comes out again).*

Hamiere

I never needed to. *(maybe points to blood if necessary)*

Bangers

(Taken aback) Listen. I'm down to fuck. That's it. Do not think for one second that I am like going to fall in love with you or be your boyfriend or some shit like that. I thought you were cool. Casual. How old are you? I know you're not old but you're not young either for fuck's sake. If you get pregnant you better abort it. I'll see you in class tomorrow. *(he leaves)*

Hamiere

See you in class tomorrow.

Scene 4 – Speed Dating

Hamiere

People always say you'll meet someone when you're not looking. Guess what!?! That's horseshit. I "wasn't looking" for years. And all that not looking ended up with me not dating. Then I'm all alone with a bunch of dogs and people are all concerned that I'm not "putting myself out there." Well what the fuck am I supposed to do? Not look? Put myself out there? Pretend I'm not looking but secretly be putting myself out there? Well, buddy. I have tried it all. Here's the thing about meeting other desperate folks like yourself...they are single for a reason. Get me? Why are all the good ones taken? Because they are the *good* ones. Whatever is left like four years after college is really the dregs of society. And if for some reason there is a "good" one left, because he was in a relationship for a few years that just ended or was really career focused (*coughs while saying "sleeps around"*) then they can afford to be picky. Do you know what picky means? It means they want some super cool chick who is totally independent, who doesn't care about him being a gentleman, she just wants to hang out and drink beer. But she is also totally hot. As in thin. I see these vanilla girls. Like just real plain Janes, but they are thin and they wear the right clothes so they are considered attractive, right? I feel like I just need to really commit to getting super super fat. Then I can find the skinniest guy in the world and marry him. Someone told me the other day "there's someone for everyone." Like, are you kidding me? Thank you. I guess if the mustache lady and the guy with three arms can find each other then there is someone for everyone. Thank you so much for comparing me to the couple you saw on Jerry Springer who were so appalling but, hey, at least they found love. (*Makes a frustrated sigh*) Anyway, what was your name again?

(*Ding*)

Scene 5 - Hamiere, Boomer, and Dad. Cancer.

Hamiere and Boomer are waiting at a restaurant for their dad.

Hamiere

If he says anything about my weight I'm leaving.

Boomer

He sounded scared on the phone.

Hamiere

He probably needs money.

Boomer

Be nice.

Hamiere

He's the asshole.

Boomer

He's our dad.

Hamiere

That's what I hate. He uses this obligation...that he's our dad...he manipulates us into having to be nice. To call him. To fane care for him. But he sucks. He's not a nice guy. He hasn't earned any love from us. The idea that you have to be nice to someone just because you share their DNA is a crock of shit.

Boomer

I've heard your tirade before.

Hamiere

I wonder what he wants.

Boomer

It's weird he wants to meet with us together. He usually likes to separate us. Maybe he's getting married.

Hamiere

That'd be nice. He'd be someone else's problem. He probably wants money.

Boomer

He'd just call if it was that.

Hamiere

A lot of money.

Boomer

Do you think something's wrong with him?

Hamiere

Definitely.

Boomer

Last time I saw him he didn't look great.

Hamiere

When was the last time you saw him?

Boomer

Like, a year ago. You?

Hamiere

A couple weeks ago.

Boomer

You didn't tell me you saw him.

Hamiere

I thought you'd get mad.

Boomer

You don't have to sneak around with your own dad. I don't care.

Hamiere

I took him to lunch.

Boomer

Of course.

Hamiere

He seemed okay. He was raving about one of his roommates. Said he thought he was stealing his shaving cream.

Boomer

'Cause everyone wants his shaving cream.

Hamiere

He won't leave his room at night so he pees in cups and rinses them out in the morning.

Boomer

You should forgive him already.

Hamiere

Fuck you.

Boomer

It was a long time ago.

Hamiera

So what? Have you forgiven him? You never see him.

Boomer

He's our dad.

Hamiera

He's a sick fuck. I'd like to kill him myself.

Boomer

How would you do it?

Hamiera

I'd smash his face in.

Boomer

I think poison would be cleaner.

Hamiera

But not as satisfying.

Boomer

I'd do it Sixth Sense style. In the soup.

Hamiera

I would just sneak into his place and take the first blunt object I see and make it rain. I'd be like, Bye Bye Dad.

Boomer

You'd get caught.

Hamiera

I watch cop shows constantly. I'd just make sure I didn't leave any evidence around. Aaaaand it doesn't hurt to know a police officer.

Boomer

I'd turn you in.

Hamiera

No you wouldn't.

Boomer

Maybe.

Hamiere

I guess I'll keep you out of the loop then. Unless... (*nudges Boomer*)

Boomer

No. (*gets serious*) Stop joking about it.

Hamiere

Jesus. Fine. I won't kill dad.

A ding is heard. Boomer pulls out her phone and sees a text from dad.

Boomer

It's dad. He's not coming. (*ding*) He wants to reschedule.

Hamiere

Just ask him what he wants to talk to us about.

Boomer

(*Sends a text*) (*ding*) He says he needs us to do him a favor. (*ding*)

Boomer looks at the phone in stunned silence then shows it to Hamiere. They are both quiet.

Lights Out.

Scene 6 – Speed Dating

Hamiere is really drunk

Hamiere

All these people are losers. LOSERS! How many friends do you have on Facebook? I have like a ton. So many people like me its redonkulous. My dad's about to die. I dropped a bomb on you. Kapow. Don't look so shocked. Everybody's parents die. Cycle of life. Ooooo sorry. Is this not okay speed dating talk? It's cool. I'm glad he's dying. He wasn't much of a father. I'm like, hurry up cancer. Time's a wasting. Yo, sit down. Our time isn't up. I'm sorry that I'm not talking about baking cookies or how good I am at fallatio. I'm a real goddamn person. Other people have problems too. They just don't say anything. Saying something is better. You gotta let it out. If not, it'll eat you up. That's what cancer is. All your problems just eating you up from the inside. I'm telling you. He deserves it. He definitely deserves it. (*trails off*) Coward. I won't do it. I won't do it.

Ding

Scene 7 – *Hamiere and Boomer come to kill dad. Scene begins the same as the first scene.*

Hamiera

Shhh...do not wake him!

Boomer

Can we just turn on the lights? *(She turns them on. Hamiere yell-whispers 'No!'* And Boomer turns them off again)

Hamiera

He cannot know we are here. Sheesh. We went over this plan like 100 times.

Boomer

The plan is stupid.

Hamiera

The plan is not stupid. We agreed. Sneak in after he is asleep. Kill him. Find him in the morning.

Boomer

He is going to stay here, rotting, for weeks and weeks.

Hamiera

Well, if he does, he does. The longer it takes to find him, the less evidence there is.

Boomer

People solve murders after years and years and years. I'm sure you are leaving skin cells behind as we speak. Or saliva residue.

Hamiera

My skin cells and "saliva residue" would be here anyway.

Boomer

Dude...

Hamiera

You know what I mean. I visit him. Cook for him. Kiss him. Whatever.

Boomer

Spit on him.

Hamiera

Oh yeah, definitely spit on him. Sometimes when he is sleeping I try to spit right into his mouth.

Boomer

I used to unscrew all the light bulbs just enough so he thought they all burned out.

Hamiere

Sometimes, when he is on his meds, I punch him real hard. He never wakes up. And then he goes on and on later about a “new bruise” and I tell him he fell down and he doesn’t remember.

(Pause) I hate him.

Boomer

I still keep my curtains closed. I think he is watching me, even now. I never feel safe.

Hamiere

(Pause) Well, should we kill him or not?

Boomer

Yes...definitely yes.

Boomer pulls out a bat and Hamiere pulls out a frying pan. They both move to the bedroom, weapons raised. They open the bedroom door. In the darkness they move towards their dad’s bed. Dad is not seen. He is in a hospital bed surrounded by beeping machines.

Hamiere

One hard hit.

Boomer

I don’t think I can do it.

Hamiere

Just one hard hit.

Boomer

He’s so frail.

Hamiere

You have to put your whole body behind the blow.

Boomer

His skin is like paper.

Hamiere

The top of the head. That's the best place.

Boomer

He doesn't have any hair.

Hamiere

The most effective place.

Boomer

He's so skinny.

Hamiere

If he wakes up we have to hit him again.

Boomer

I can't do this.

Hamiere

One hard hit. Just one hard hit. On the top of his head. That's all we need. If he wakes up, hit him again. He's a monster.

Boomer

He's a child. Look at him.

Hamiere

Bye Bye Dad.

Boomer

Don't do it.

Hamiere

Bye bye Dad!!!!

Hamiere raises her weapon.

Ending one: Hamiere kills dad. The audience hears the weapon smash against the bed in blackout followed by a 'ding.'

End two: As Hamiere raises her weapon her dad flatlines and the audience hears a "beeeeeeeeeeeeeeep." Hamiere and Boomer drop their weapons and react.

Ending three: After Hamiere says "bye bye dad" the lights blackout and we don't know whether she went through with it or not.

Scene 9 – *Speed dating. Moving on.*

Hamiere

About me? Well, I really love animals. I'm a pretty good cook. I mean, I think so. I work as a therapist. I've always loved hearing other people's stories. You know? And the thing is, everyone has a story. We have a concept of normal that we think everyone experiences. But the truth is everyone's experience is unique. There is no normal. It isn't an achievable thing. I like that. *(pause)* I'm really close with my sister. She actually just started dating someone. He's straight...I guess you don't understand the significance of that but it's a big deal. It's a funny story I'd love to tell you another time. Right now I'm just really interested in hearing about you.

As Hamiere listens to someone else talk the lights go down.

End of play.