

I will.

Brian looks at her, stunned into silence.

The point is, your father never praised me that way.

And then this man... Hal...

Well, it was very powerful.

And then afterwards, he didn't ask me for anything.

We just lay together, in the dark, side by side.

Staring into each other's eyes.

And you know, I didn't feel guilty at all?

Not for a second.

Because—I felt like something this beautiful—

A moment this perfect—that's why we were put on the earth.

He was looking at me and he was

Tracing his finger along my shoulder.

Just gently tracing my shoulder.

And then he noticed—I never even noticed this before—

But, he noticed this group of five freckles.

I have five freckles on my shoulder that—if you connected the dots—

Would make a perfect line.

It's sort of back here, so, you know, I had never even noticed it myself.

But he traced it over and over again, this perfect line.

Nobody had ever seen that about me before.

But once he pointed them out, I would look for them every time I

got undressed.

That little line of five.

Brian is suddenly full of grief.

BRIAN. You should have run off with him.

NANCY. You're angry that I left you and Ben alone for one night—

A night you don't even remember.

BRIAN. Still, I would have wanted you to be happy.

NANCY. Children don't care if their parents are happy.

You just want us to be there.

BRIAN. Well, I didn't want this.

I wouldn't have wanted—this.

Growing up surrounded by—

You want to talk about why I'm alone?

You want to talk about why I can't ever, like, find intimacy—

I never saw it.

I never actually saw it.

Pause.

NANCY. Well, maybe you're seeing it now.

Nancy walks back up to bed.

Brian reels.

Scene 4

Night has turned into day.

Bill is alone, pattering and packing.

Some furniture is missing.

More huge piles of clothes fill the living room.

*From across the way, a neighbor's dog whimpers tragically,
left alone.*

It might even howl.

Bill pauses to listen.

Maybe he considers murdering the dog.

Instead, he continues to pack as he works on his stand-up.

START

BILL. ...I've been married fifty years...

We each had a very happy twenty years.

After that, we met!

I'm the kinda guy who.

I'm the kinda man who.

I'm a guy who.

I'm the kinda husband who.

I'm a gentleman, ladies and gentlemen!

Oh no.

That doesn't work.

I'm a gentleman, folks.

Folks. Hey there, folks.
Thanks for coming out.
I'm from Delaware.
Delaware.
Think of a joke about Delaware.

He tries to think of something.

There's nothing funny about Delaware.
Maybe that's the joke.
"There's nothing funny about Delaware!"
Work on it.

I worked my whole life as a pharmacist, folks.
Let me tell you what that's like.
Nobody much cares that you're there 'til they need you—
It's not like being a doctor, ooooh doctors,
Nope, the pharmacist, well,
You're just expected to be there, twenty-four seven—
But make one mistake, you could kill someone!
(Tries again.) Make one mistake, you could kill someone!
Nope.

So, recently, my wife kicked me out...
The wife and I split up.
She walked me to my car and said:
"I hope you die a miserable death."
I said, "So you're asking me to come back?"
So you're asking me to come back?
(A sudden plea.) So you're asking me to come back? END

Ben comes in from running.

BEN. Is that your U-Haul?
BILL. Yeah. What about it.
BEN. Where's Mom?

*Bill looks around like:
How the fuck should I know.*

The dog across the way barks sharply.
(Scanning the room.) You took your chair?
... you even taking that stuff?

BILL. That's my business.

BEN. Okay, okay.
(Starting over.) I'm actually glad we have a quick sec here, um...

BILL. Uh-oh.

BEN. Nope, not going to be intense, just—
I actually had a quick check-in with Bri this morning
And, uh, he seemed pretty upset, but you know, that's Brian.

BILL. That's Brian.

BEN. Obviously, we all know that
Mom is the instigator of all this—

BILL. I would have slogged it out.

BEN. Right.
And now she's throwing around blame.

BILL. Typical.

BEN. And, and, and according to Brian,
She's got something stuck in her head
About a new friend of yours named Carla.

BILL. Who is that?

BEN. You don't know who that is.

BILL. No idea.

BEN. Okay, great.
'Cause Brian said that Mom said
You guys "sext."

BILL. What is that?

BEN. You send each other
Text messages
Of a sexual nature.

BILL. Brian is not a reliable narrator.
He's like your mother that way.

BEN. So you've never sexted with a "Carla."

BILL. Nope.

BEN. Do you even know a Carla?

BILL. Nope. Not that I know of.