

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?

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?

... even taking that stuff?

BILL. That's my business.

START

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.

BEN. You don't know a Carla that you know of.
Do you know a Carla that you don't know of?

BILL. Ben, for god sakes.
There's no Carla.

There's no sex messages.
You know I don't text.
I don't even know how.

BEN. Can I see your phone?

BILL. What?

BEN. Can I see your phone?

BILL. What phone?

BEN. Just show me your phone.

BILL. I don't even know where it is.
I hardly use the thing.

BEN. You don't have it.

BILL. Can we let this go?
Can I get off the witness stand please?

BEN. You're right you're right you're right.
I don't know what's wrong with me.
I'm under a lot of pressure and it's a very stressful time and...
Come on.

Come here, Dad.
You know, I think you're right,
I think Mom's imagination gets the best of her sometimes.

BILL. She was always a dreamer.

BEN. Still is.

BILL. Exactly.

BEN. Didn't mean to make you feel like I was cross-examining you.

BILL. No harm done.

BEN. Come here.

They hug.

Ben tries to feel in all of Bill's pockets for a possible phone.

They get in a weird tussle.

BILL. What the hell are you—
Stop that— // stop it stop it stop it, get off of me—

BEN. I felt it! I fucking felt it in your—
Chest pocket—give me that—

BILL. That is a box of Tic Tacs!

BEN. Fine, give me a Tic Tac.
Give me just one Tic Tac.

Bill does not.

Hand over the phone.

Dad?

Hand over the phone.

BILL. What am I, twelve years old?

No. No, I'm not handing over my phone.

BEN. GIVE ME THE FUCKING PHONE.

END

The dog across the way starts wildly yapping again.

BILL. Quiet down.

We'll be the talk of the entire neighborhood.

BEN. I would love to make you the talk of the neighborhood.
Do you want me to see if I can?

BILL. There's nothing on it anyway.
You're not going to find anything.

He hands the phone to Ben.

BEN. What's the password?

BILL. Our anniversary.

Ben types it in.

What's going on with your hands.

BEN. It's my eczema, Dad,
You know I get eczema when I get stressed.

BILL. Don't get it all over my phone.

BEN. You know what?

You know what?

Never mind.

Ben glares at his father.