

It Goes

By Harrison M. Starrett

CHARACTERS

EMMA: female, 25 – 27, white/Caucasian, wears dirty converse, baggy name-brand sweatpants and a baggy name-brand hoodie (both stained), and a backwards baseball cap

REESE: female, 25 – 27, white/Caucasian or Black or African American, has bandaged hands and looks as if she's had breast implants, wears knock-off Docs, jeans, and a tank top

Both women are bartenders at The Carousel. Their names are determined by the production's casting. Each of them is nicknamed after a celebrity by the regulars. They should barely if at all resemble the celebrities. The nickname is not restricted to the celebrity's name; it can be something in relation to that celebrity as well. This draft will serve as an example of the bartenders being called EMMA STONE and REESE WITHERSPOON, so EMMA has red-dyed hair and REESE has blonde hair and is white/Caucasian. ZOMBIE's lines and any other lines that refer to their hair or REESE's race can all be adjusted as needed by the production.

ZOMBIE: male, 50s – 60s, Black or African American, dirty, possibly homeless, carries a large JBL speaker like a satchel and a Nerf gun in his waistband

BIKER 1: male, 50s, white/Caucasian, southern biker, matching emblem on back of jacket

BIKER 2: male, 50s, white/Caucasian, southern biker, matching emblem on back of jacket

SETTING

Hole-in-the-wall bar in a southern city like Amarillo, TX, or Shreveport, LA. Present day.

SET

In-the-round stage. An old, beat-up pool table sits center stage. A high-top table and two chairs sit a few feet away from one corner of the pool table. A cue rack sits a few feet away from another corner of the pool table. There is one entrance/exit.

LIGHTING

Overall, the lighting is dim, except for fluorescent lights and a shade typical of a bar pool table hanging above the table – this practical should not be too low that it would obstruct sightlines. There should be patches of light throughout the space that imply cheap LEDs and neon signs. The lighting should not be pretty; there are definitely a few dark spots.

TEXT

The radio commercials that play are local to the region the theatre is in. For this draft, radio commercials common to Louisiana play.

Any space between lines or stage directions indicates time. Zero space indicates no pause. The greater the space, the longer the pause. The pacing is suggested, not fixed.

Any *italicized* lines are emphasized in some fashion by the character.

A comma (,) indicates a short pause/hesitation.

An ellipsis (...) indicates a longer pause/hesitation. It can represent a variety of things, such as a wavering of speech, mumbling, or a character's choice to omit a word or phrase.

A dash (–) indicates a cut-off of speech that the character employs themselves.

A slash (/) indicates where the succeeding line begins if there is an interruption.

A double slash (//) indicates when the succeeding line overlaps part of the previous line.

The columns signify alternate endings that are informed by who wins Game 2 and who wins Game 3.

AD-LIB

Ad libbing is encouraged in response to the gameplay, may it be either of the actor's shot's success/failure/difficulty, the other's grip and bridge technique, etc. It is up to the actors' discretion whether or not to. For example, if either of them scratch, then there would definitely be an ad-lib, and it may be a simple, underbreath "fuck," or an over-the-top "godfuckingdammit!" The tone and intensity of each ad-lib depends on the dialogue at that current moment.

If either of them foul the 8-ball in Game 1 or Game 2, then they will ad lib a short exchange that ends with one of them adding more change to the pool table to release the 8-ball, which they will spot.

If either of them makes the 8-ball on the break for Game 1 or Game 2, they will ad lib a short exchange that ends with them adding more change to the pool table to release the 8-ball, which they will spot. But if either of them makes the 9-ball on the break for Game 3, then that is game.

If either of them pockets the 8-ball in a pocket they did not call in Game 1 or Game 2, then that is game.

There are specific moments where there is no ad libbing. These moments have an indicated beginning, "NO AD-LIBS START", and ending, "NO AD-LIBS END."

House lights fade to black.

*“Mercedes Benz” by Janis Joplin
plays in its entirety in darkness.*

A pause.

*“Shade” by Atta Boy plays, followed
by lights fading up – drunk neon
fluorescents.*

*REESE crouches by the side of the
table, trying to open the lock that
when unlocked lets the balls pass
into the open chamber at the end of
the table. EMMA enters vaping as
REESE struggles with the lock. She
goes to the cue rack and pulls two
cues for them.*

REESE

Motherbitch.

EMMA

You’re usin’ the wrong key.

EMMA places a cue on the table and stands with the other in her hand while vaping.

REESE

I told that fucker this gon’ keep happenin’ if // he has his boy jerry-rig it again.

EMMA

You’re usin’ the wrong key.

REESE

But nah, don’t pay no mind to me, the dirty little whore you got workin’ forty plus hours a week.
Get your // AR-15 F-150 V8 methhead lookin’ headass son to take a crack at it. He’ll know what
to do.

EMMA

You’re usin’ the wrong key.

You’re usin’ the wrong key.

REESE

It’s the right key.

EMMA

It never works.

REESE

It works.

EMMA

It doesn't.

REESE sighs and gives up for a moment.

Bucket?

REESE

Bucket.

EMMA lays her cue on the table.

EMMA

Change?

REESE

Fuck you.

EMMA

I'll get change.

EMMA starts to exit.

REESE

No Bud Light!

EMMA

It's cheaper!

REESE

It's piss water!

EMMA exits.

REESE resumes messing with the lock.

Fuckin' whore.

She stands up and grabs her cue, which she uses to stretch her back, trying to crack it this way and that way.

EMMA enters with a bucket of Bud Light and Budweiser in ice and a small plastic cup of change.

EMMA

The fuck you stretchin' for?

REESE

Peak performance.

She grabs a Budweiser and pops the cap off the edge of the table with a bang of her fist.

EMMA

It's a twist-off.

REESE

Tastes better.

EMMA

Right.

EMMA grabs a Bud Light and twists the cap off.

They clink their bottles.

REESE

The Carousel.

EMMA

Let her rip.

They drink. They drink their beer freely. REESE always pops her bottle cap off with the table.

REESE

Budweiser?

EMMA

Second cheapest.

REESE

Why you payin'?

EMMA

Jerry's payin'.

REESE

Jerry?

EMMA

Yeah Jerry.

Gestures offstage to the bar. REESE looks offstage but sees no one.

REESE

Uh...

EMMA

Orders a bucket of Bud Light every night without fail.

REESE

He left his card?

EMMA

He left his card.

REESE

How long you been /

EMMA

Three weeks.

REESE

Jesus Christ.

EMMA

Yep. Love me some Jerry. Not much of a tipper though.

REESE

That's gonna bite you in the ass.

EMMA

You sayin' I might lose my job?

They laugh a little.

REESE clinks her beer with EMMA's.

REESE

To Jerry.

EMMA

To Jerry.

They drink.

I didn't hear the balls.

REESE

That's what she said.

EMMA shakes her little plastic cup of change.

Be my guest.

EMMA feeds change into the pool table, releasing the balls into the open chamber with a loud crescendo. REESE leans her cue against the table and begins racking.

Eight-ball?

EMMA

Yep.

REESE

Loser sweeps, mops, stocks, and trash.

EMMA

Yep.

REESE

Winner does wipe down, mats, and bathrooms.

EMMA

Hmmmm.

REESE

What.

EMMA

Winner does bathrooms?

REESE

Loser's pretty fucked as is.

EMMA

But bathrooms...

REESE

Winner does ladies, loser does mens.

EMMA

Deal.

REESE finishes racking.

REESE

Drag race?

EMMA

What?

REESE

Lag race, drag race? It's a new joke I make with the pool team.

EMMA

Right, well we already racked so...

REESE

Good point.

Well...

REESE takes a quarter out of the plastic cup and flips the coin. She covers it.

Whatchu got?

EMMA

You just break.

REESE

What?

EMMA

You break.

REESE

Heads or tails.

EMMA

You can break.

REESE

Heads or tails.

EMMA

I don't, you can just /

REESE

Girl just pick one.

EMMA

It doesn't matter.

REESE

What?

EMMA

It doesn't matter, I'm not /

REESE

It totally does matter.

EMMA

I never win these!

REESE

What?

EMMA

Just go it's not /

REESE

But it's the break! It sets it all // in motion.

EMMA

Yeah I know I /

REESE

So just pick /

EMMA

It doesn't matter! You can /

REESE

But we won't break it the same /

EMMA

God it's just a break there isn't /

REESE

Yes there is!

EMMA

What?

REESE

It's strategy.

EMMA

It's strategy?

REESE

Hundred percent.

EMMA

Alright prove it.

REESE

What?

EMMA

Show your work.

There's six million possible shots in pool.

REESE

What?

EMMA

Einstein, the scientist? He said there's six million shots.

REESE

So?

EMMA

You sayin' you know the one?

REESE

Fuck yeah I do.

REESE puts the coin back in the cup and grabs her cue and chucks it. She takes a swig of beer and then prepares to break. She is really focused. EMMA vapes and watches with a sly smile on her face. REESE shoots hard and fast to make a loud break. They watch the balls scatter until they stop.

REESE

Told ya.

EMMA laughs.

EMMA

You're funny.

REESE

I'm serious!

EMMA

It's just like any other break!

REESE

You don't see it?

EMMA

See what?

REESE

I'm gonna run your ass out!

EMMA

Oh my god.

REESE

It all goes.

EMMA

Walk me through it then.

Without hesitation, REESE launches into a specific, detailed explanation of how each ball is in position for maximum advantage, moving around the table as she does to demonstrate her points.

If she made stripes or solids or both in the break, she can cater her explanation to that chosen side. EMMA nods and smiles and smirks here and there, always vaping. "Shade" should end around here and then replay.

EMMA

Interrupting REESE.

Can we please change the song.

REESE

Sure.

Hands EMMA her phone and immediately resumes her explanation.

EMMA

Interrupting.

Password?

REESE

One two three four. So /

EMMA

One two three four?

REESE

Yes one two three four are you payin' attention?

EMMA

Looking at phone.

Yep.

REESE dives back into her explanation as EMMA looks for a song to play.

She plays "Neighbors" by J. Cole.

REESE finishes her explanation and awaits EMMA's response.

EMMA

Alright. I'm impressed.

REESE

Damn straight.

They begin to play Game 1.

Since REESE very confidently laid out how the game would go in her favor, there is definitely an ad-lib here. If REESE did not make any in her break, then REESE might ad lib in response to EMMA's shot, especially if it is clear that EMMA's intention with her shot is to majorly fuck up REESE's master plan. Or, if REESE did make in her break, then she would comment on the success or failure of her first shot.

EMMA's Juul dies.

EMMA

Damn.

REESE

Dead?

EMMA

Yeah I liked that one.

She drops it in the beer bucket, swirls her Bud Light, drains it, and puts it in the bucket as well.

REESE

Why don't you just charge it?

EMMA answers by pulling out another Juul from her pants pocket.

Gross.

EMMA

I wipe them down.

REESE

That's it?

EMMA

Can't soak them in bleach can I?

REESE

You can buy your own.

EMMA

Smirks.

Shit's expensive.

REESE

Shit's gross, have you seen these guys? You get syphilis just from fuckin' lookin' at 'em.

You got any sores?

EMMA

Do you?

NO AD-LIBS START.

I actually can't get it.

Herpes.

REESE

No I know whatchu meant, the fuck you mean you can't get it?

EMMA

I have the recessive gene or whatever.

REESE

It's *herpes*.

EMMA

Yeah.

REESE

It's an STD. There ain't no genes or /

EMMA

No there's this hereditary thing.

REESE

You sayin' there's hereditary herpes?

EMMA

No I mean yeah, kind of.

REESE

Oh shit.

EMMA

No it's like I have this recessive thing or whatever, like I have it but I don't show it, I don't have any symptoms so I can't share it. I'm immune.

REESE

Right.

EMMA

So I can't get it.

REESE

'Cause you already got it.

EMMA

Right.

REESE

From your mom.

EMMA

My dad.

REESE

Your dad gave you herpes.

EMMA

Jesus Christ.

REESE laughs.

My dad didn't give me herpes, he made // me immune.

REESE

I'm no therapist but maybe /

EMMA

Oh my fucking // god.

REESE

Miss fuckin' bio degree // my ass.

EMMA

I can't get it!

REESE

Have you tried?!

EMMA

No!

REESE

Don't tell me // you're tryna be no gynecologist –

EMMA

I mean everybody's got herpes anyway.

REESE

No they don't!

They both laugh.

EMMA

I mean they might.

NO AD-LIBS END.

REESE

What do you want to get it in?

Your uh...

EMMA

My doctorate?

Two motorcycle engines rev outside. They're somewhat close to the bar.

REESE

Jesus.

Yeah your doctorate.

EMMA

Shrugs.

I don't know... maybe ortho. I played field hockey.

REESE

Is that a requirement?

EMMA

You know what I mean.

My brother's OB/GYN.

REESE

No shit?

EMMA nods.

That's kinda hot.

EMMA

I don't think he delivers babies 'cause it's sexy.

REESE

Don't matter what he thinks.

EMMA

Jesus.

REESE

Ever do a ride-along?

EMMA

What?

REESE

You know, follow him around while he /

EMMA

That's for fuckin' cops // dumbass.

REESE

You can say it for like other stuff too it's interchangeable.

EMMA

Sure, he took me for a "ride-along" once.

REESE

And?

EMMA

It wasn't hot believe me.

REESE

Well it shouldn't be for you.

EMMA

Jesus no, I /

REESE

I mean your dad did give you herpes so /

EMMA

Shut up!

EMMA sees ZOMBIE enter the bar offstage.

Oh fuck.

REESE looks. They both speak in hushed voices.

REESE

You didn't lock the doors?

EMMA

No.

REESE

I told you to /

EMMA

I didn't say I would.

REESE

Why /

EMMA

'Cause I'm not tryna get, fuck he's lookin' for us.

REESE

Just keep playin'. He'll leave.

EMMA

Oh he is *gone*.

EMMA pauses "Neighbors".

ZOMBIE

Offstage.

Red?

Redddd? You back uh... you back there in uh...?

REESE

I think he's askin' for you baby.

EMMA

Groans.

I am never dyeing my hair red ever again.

REESE

I like it!

ZOMBIE

Offstage.

Emma? You uh, you workin' tonight?

REESE

Wow first name.

EMMA

Not even close.

ZOMBIE

Offstage.

Emmmmmaaaaaaaa...

Meow?

REESE and EMMA exchange a look.

Meowww?

REESE

Shut the fuck up.

ZOMBIE

Meow?

They both try to stifle laughter.

EMMA

No, I can't. It's too /

REESE shushes EMMA.

ZOMBIE enters. He wears muddy boots, dirty sweatpants, a ragged cotton shirt, and his hair and beard are a mess. He has a huge JBL speaker slung around his shoulders like a big satchel. It's turned off. He also has a NERF handgun in his waistband.

He stands far away from the table and watches them play. They keep their heads down.

Confused, he looks back at where he came from and then back to the pool table.

ZOMBIE

Red?

Easy?

Easy A?

EMMA sighs.

ZOMBIE looks back offstage.

Meow...?

REESE almost loses it.

ZOMBIE gives up and walks away.

Underbreath, barely understandable.

Bitch don't fuckin', I'm in this fuckin' bar, this bar open, ain't this bar open, this bar open, I'm the fuckin' ... the hell I am, I don't... I'm goin' I'm goin' no I'm goin' I'm... I'm in this bar!

ZOMBIE whips around.

You hear me? I'm fuckin' in this bar!

He stands still for a moment. They do not acknowledge him.

ZOMBIE exits. They peep out and watch him as he exits the bar offstage. They relax and laugh a little and get up to resume the game.

REESE

Meow?

EMMA resumes "Neighbors."

REESE

Was that his fuckin' matin' call?

EMMA

Fuckin' zombies.

REESE

You saw him last night right?

EMMA

Pissin' on bikes?

REESE

But did you see what he was doin'?

EMMA

Pissin' on bikes.

REESE

No no no, he was doin' it *in* the gas tank.

EMMA

What?

REESE

Yeah!

EMMA

How'd he even manage /

REESE

I don't know! I fuckin' died.

EMMA

That could fuck up the bike right?

REESE

Snorts.

I hope. Fuck those guys.

EMMA

Yeah.

Was it that uh, that group /

REESE

Pretty sure.

EMMA

Good.

REESE

They all look the same though you know. It's like they got a dress code.

Sam's still not back.

EMMA

Seriously?

REESE

Seriously.

EMMA

It's been three weeks.

REESE

Yeah they fucked him up *bad*. Greg's been manning the bar by himself since.

I hope the fuck he doesn't go back. Greg's creepy as shit.

EMMA

Sam's a guy.

REESE

Still, it's *Greg*. Sam's had to've noticed.

EMMA

I don't know.

"Neighbors" should end around here. EMMA plays "Jimmy Cooks" by Drake after.

He noticed them titties though.

REESE eyes EMMA who giggles a little.

REESE

You're never gonna let // that down.

EMMA

I'm never gonna let that down. You are so *loud*.

REESE

I'm really not that loud! F

EMMA

It was like fuckin' surround sound.

REESE

I'm not that loud it fuckin' hurt!

EMMA

It *hurt*?

REESE

No my boobs. It took like *months* to heal. He was okay.

EMMA

He sounded better than okay.

You're lucky it was karaoke night.

REESE

I don't know. Hearing that girl screamin' "Creep" felt kinda personal.

EMMA

Like you could hear it over /

REESE

They got *really* good speakers in the bathroom.

Oh my God I wish you coulda seen Greg's face when I quit.

EMMA

I've heard him tell that story at the bar at least a hundred times // by now.

REESE

When I knew for a *fact* that he fully paid, I sluttied the fuck up, drove straight on over there, barged in like I had the *biggest* dick in town, and I yelled "hey Greg!" He was sittin' at the bar with his pool league buddies. "Guess what?" and I lifted my shirt and bra for God and all to see. Their *eyes*.

Imitates and laughs.

Then I smiled all cute and said "we quit," and I walked my happy ass out for the very last time.

REESE proudly drains her Budweiser and grabs another from the bucket.

EMMA

And now you're here.

REESE

And now I'm, wait, no. Collections.

EMMA

Ah.

REESE

Good ol' collections... now *that* was somethin' awful. Calling people who don't have money to ask for more money while sitting in a cubicle for eight hours five days a week. *Fuck. No.*

EMMA

You didn't know.

REESE

No I did not. I didn't know about no collections, I didn't know about bein' no lawyer's runner /

EMMA

Lawyer's bitch.

REESE

I didn't know jack shit. I tried though. Really. I tried all the dead-end jobs. But here I am, back for more. Somethin' about this place just does it for me.

EMMA

Easy quick cash, flexible hours, no contract, "free" alcohol, pool /

REESE

You might be onto somethin' there.

REESE

Ted tried to get all serious with me, about comin' back. He said "this is the last time I'm doin' you this favor girly," like I'm his daughter actin' out or somethin'.

EMMA

Yeah he told me all 'bout that.

REESE

Oh lord.

EMMA

You know how he does.

REESE

I'll tell you what, he bitches more about his employees than any other boss I've had.

EMMA

He better not be bitchin' 'bout me.

REESE has a look on her face.

Does he?

The fuck he say?

REESE

He says you depress everybody.

EMMA laughs, but somewhat harshly, so REESE doesn't really join in.

EMMA

What, 'cause I don't laugh at all the jokes? 'Cause I don't play along with the fuckin' sneers and sexist comments and ass // grabbin'?

REESE

It's what you wear.

He doesn't like what you wear.

EMMA

Smirks.

'Course he doesn't.

NO AD-LIBS START.

REESE

How you doin' by the way?

EMMA

Not great.

EMMA

Still got that nightmare.

REESE nods.

I don't know when I smoke I don't, but I don't wanna smoke every night you know?

REESE

Man I smoke before I do anything.

EMMA

I hate wakin' up groggy. Especially when I gotta go in there like that.

REESE

Have you thought more about /

EMMA

I really can't, like I'm fucked without his letter.

REESE

Are you sure /

EMMA

Everything's ridin' on him and the lab. My master's is a fuckin' joke.

He's been really helpful with the MCAT too, when he's not too busy swappin' dick pics with my dad.

REESE

Did he give him herpes too?

EMMA

Smirks.

Maybe.

They go "clubbing" together.

REESE

Clubbing?

EMMA

That's what they say when they go to the country club. They think it's the funniest shit.

But they only say it 'round me like it's what they think I'd laugh at, as if I go clubbing, as if I had the fuckin' time.

REESE

Do you laugh?

EMMA

Hell yeah I laugh. It's fuckin' hilarious.

REESE laughs a little.

EMMA

Fuckin' dogshit fuckers, he literally gets grants for it, federal, non-federal.

REESE

Just one picture, all I'm sayin'.

EMMA

I really don't think that they'd give a shit.

They've been doin' this shit for years right? *Someone* has to've said somethin' by now.

You know what the worst part is? Of the nightmare?

I don't have gloves on.

I wake up and for a moment, like half a second, I can still see the blood on my fingers. I even saw an eyeball once, I swear, just danglin' between my fingertips.

I wear these noise cancelin' headphones now. They help some. I guess mice scream at the perfect pitch or somethin'.

Smirks.

I should DM Dr. Dre with a complaint.

REESE

What do you listen to?

EMMA

You're gonna laugh.

REESE

I doubt that.

EMMA

You will.

REESE

Try me.

EMMA

Taylor Swift.

REESE tries to keep a straight face.

REESE

T-Swizzle?

EMMA

Yep.

REESE

That's... *perfect*.

They both laugh a little.

EMMA

It works.

REESE

Which era though? This is important.

EMMA

Guess.

REESE

Hmmm... country?

EMMA

Obviously.

REESE

Not Fearless.

EMMA

Bingo.

REESE

HA!

You're fucked up. *Way* more than I thought.

EMMA

I try my best.

REESE

Be careful, I might start flirtin' with you.

EMMA

Like I could tell.

REESE

Oh trust me, *you'd know*. Gimme.

EMMA hands REESE her phone and she looks through it.

NO AD-LIBS END.

REESE plays "25" by Veruca Salt. She turns it up kinda loud and gets really into the heavy rock beginning of the song, bobbing her head and maybe thrashing a little.

REESE

This is my shit!

EMMA

Cool!

REESE

You should come with me to the junkyard!

EMMA

What!?

REESE

It's where I do my art!

EMMA

Not where you murder people!?

REESE

What!?

EMMA

I swear to God.

REESE laughs.

REESE

I guess that did sound a little creepy.

EMMA

You think?

REESE

No seriously, it's where I sculpt. Ted owns it.

EMMA

Oh.

REESE

He lets me use it for free since I work here.

EMMA

Does he normally charge people for art space?

REESE

He should, he could make *bank*. There's good shit there.

EMMA

Right.

REESE

Here.

REESE takes her phone out.

I got pics.

She hands her phone to EMMA. EMMA scrolls through it.

Whatcha think?

EMMA

They're actually kinda cool.

REESE

Thanks!

EMMA

I really like this one.

Shows the picture to REESE.

REESE

Oh yeah, it should actually look like...

She takes the phone and tilts it at an odd angle.

This.

EMMA

The fuck...

REESE

Right? I love that trippy shit.

EMMA

That's really cool.

Hands phone back to REESE.

I'd love to see them in person.

REESE

Well...

EMMA

What?

REESE

You can't.

EMMA

Oh. I'm sorry if I /

REESE

No no no you're fine! They're just gone.

EMMA

Oh! Where?

REESE

No like, they're *gone*. I don't have them anymore.

EMMA

What?

REESE

I destroyed them all.

EMMA

Uh...

REESE

No I meant to!

EMMA

Right.

Like all at once?

REESE

No no, like right after I finished.

I sculpt, I snap a pic, and then I bash it the fuck apart with a bat.

And I scream.

EMMA

You scream?

REESE

Like scream my fuckin' head off until it hurts yeah. When I'm hitting it with the bat.

It fucking *rocks*.

EMMA

So you don't have any of them.

REESE

Have?

EMMA

Like they're gone. All of them.

REESE

I mean yeah.

EMMA

You didn't keep a single one?

REESE

Well they're not really *gone* gone you know?

EMMA

Okay are they gone or are they *gone*?

REESE

They're gone.

EMMA

Jesus fuckin' Christ.

REESE

I don't get what you're /

EMMA

Are they still there or /

REESE

Not anymore no, but I use the same parts and add one or two more for the next one, and the ones that I use again look different every time.

EMMA

'Cause you busted them apart /

REESE

With the bat yeah! Now you're gettin' it.

EMMA

No! I don't get it at all!

REESE

Okay okay, it's like a metaphor right.

EMMA

Is that why your hands are all fucked up!?

REESE

Yeah so the thing is /

EMMA

Wear gloves!

REESE

That's beside the point. What you /

EMMA

You should really wear gloves.

REESE

It's a small sacrifice babe, what I'm tryin' to /

EMMA

They're not expensive, my brother /

REESE

Fuck the fuckin' gloves!

EMMA

Just sayin'...

REESE

It's like this game right? First you get all your balls, your *parts*, and they all look different and are in different holes or spots or whatever, and you rack. You assemble them. Some people do it different too, solid stripe solid stripe, solids then stripes, stripes then solids, and the drunks just fuckin' drop them in the triangle without a care in the world but, *but*, the eight-ball is always in the center holdin' it all together.

EMMA

The triangle is holdin' it /

REESE

You know what the fuck I mean, it's in the center, it's the keystone. Everyone knows to at the very least put the eight ball in the center of the damn triangle.

EMMA

I've seen some guys put the eight-ball in the first spot.

REESE

Well those guys are fuckin' idiots and should be taken out back and shot.

EMMA

Ouch.

REESE

Anyway you get your balls racked, you create your *sculpture*, right?

EMMA

Right.

REESE

And then what do you do?

EMMA

You break?

REESE

You break.

REESE looks at EMMA with triumph.

You break that shit hard and fast, *POW!*

EMMA jumps a little.

REESE

And then you spend the next ten twenty thirty minutes *returning the balls to where you found them*, but not *exactly*. Maybe the two goes in the corner pocket this time, or the twelve goes in the side, hell maybe the seven goes right back to where it started without you even realizing it 'cause you didn't keep track of that shit right?

EMMA

No.

REESE

No, but it's *important* isn't it?

What was that shit you said when we started, that quote or whatever?

EMMA

Einstein?

REESE

Yeah!

EMMA

He said there's six million shots in pool.

REESE

Exactly. He fuckin' gets it! There are *six million shots* on this table, right here, six million little sculptures, but you don't know that until you break. He didn't build no six million pool tables to figure it out.

EMMA

I don't think Einstein played pool and counted how many different /

REESE

Bitch I know that, I'm not fuckin'... what I'm tryin' to say is that you *have* to break. *I have to break*. We all do don't we?

My dream is to do an art exhibit for two weeks, and every other day people can come into the studio to look at it all, and there's a huge clock in the room counting down to zero, and it's tickin' like a fuckin' bomb right, and when it gets to five minutes left, everyone who's there gets handed a wooden baseball bat, and when it hits one minute, an alarm goes off, and *everyone goes absolutely fuckin' apeshit*.

EMMA

And they destroy the art?

REESE nods.

REESE

And then I put it all together again for the next day.

EMMA

But different.

REESE

Yes.

But no one wants to let me do it though!

EMMA looks confused.

Fuckin' studios.

EMMA

Uh, how many are there?

REESE

Like two. Three if you want to count that lame ass museum.

EMMA

You've tried pitching it to them?

REESE

Yeah.

EMMA

What do they say?

REESE

They laughed. They thought I was joking.

They said that if I was serious that I needed to come back with more than some pictures of junk, that I need a detailed proposal with research, funding, and a plan on how to "navigate the severe liability issues". They also wanted to know why I think that they should invest in an arts project in which "the sole purpose was to destroy art", so obviously they don't fuckin' get, wait!

REESE exits in a rush.

EMMA

Get another bucket!

Her Juul dies. She tosses it into the bucket, maybe misses. If she misses, she leaves it. She takes another Juul out of her pocket and hits it, hates it, then checks it.

Fuckin' crème.

She tosses it into the bucket. She leaves it if she misses. She pulls out an Elfbar and cautiously hits it to test the flavor. She likes it.

Ayo.

She hits it long and hard.

REESE enters carrying a bucket of Bud Light and Budweiser and a really disorganized stack of papers. Some are definitely stained. She hands the bucket to EMMA who puts it on the table next to the other bucket.

REESE

Here we go.

She puts the papers on the table, maybe knocking a ball or two.

EMMA

Hey!

REESE looks through the papers and finds one she's looking for.

REESE

Got a pen?

EMMA looks through her pockets and finds one. She holds it out to REESE.

No.

REESE hands her the paper.

Sign it.

EMMA reads the paper.

EMMA

Are these insurance /

REESE

Yeah! I've been collectin' signatures from everybody.

EMMA

That's what you were doing last weekend?

REESE

Smart right?

EMMA

Kinda... you got a typo though.

REESE

You're kiddin' me.

REESE snatches the paper from EMMA and quickly searches for the typo.

EMMA points at a spot on the paper.

EMMA

There.

REESE looks closely at it.

REESE

You're fuckin' kiddin' me right now.

She thrusts the paper back to EMMA and frantically inspects the others in the pile.

EMMA watches and vapes.

Motherfucker it's on every goddamn one.

EMMA

It probably doesn't matter.

REESE

I spent hours makin' sure this shit was perfect.

Continues searching.

I got like a hundred signatures!

EMMA

It's so small, they won't care.

REESE

No they'll care, *believe me*. They're gonna look for anything to criticize. They fuckin' live for this shit.

REESE

She keeps looking through the papers.

Godfuckindamnit!

She walks away and paces a little.

Of course there's a typo, of course there is!

She continues pacing.

Ughhhhhhhh I'm gonna scream. I'm gonna fuckin' scream.

EMMA

Um...

REESE

They're gonna say somethin', I know it, those fuckin' bitches. They love this shit, they *love* ridiculing people for the simplest mistakes, the littlest menial nobody-fuckin'-cares mistakes because *that's* how they get you, *that's* how they make you feel small, *that's* how they win and keep whatever fuckin' small amount of ego and power that they have, those fuckin' pompous, one-percent MAGA, fake-feminist baby boomer lululemon trust-funded baptist preacher granddaughter motherfucking *CUNTS*.

REESE screams. It's terrifying. She breathes heavily. EMMA is somewhere between scared and star-struck. "25" continues to play. It'd be ideal if REESE screams when we are a little over six minutes into the song, when it is in its last rock-heavy section.

After standing awkwardly for a moment, REESE collects her stack of papers and takes them off stage. EMMA moves the balls that were knocked back to where they were. She prepares to shoot, despite whether or not it's her turn. The game should be very close to finished. REESE enters. "25" plays until it ends. Nothing plays after it finishes. Any ad libbing here is sparse and underbreath.

They finish the game and stand awkwardly for a moment.

REESE

I don't wanna /

EMMA

Me fuckin' neither.

They share a small laugh.

EMMA checks her phone and then looks away.

REESE

Do I wanna know?

EMMA

It's two thirty.

REESE

Shit.

I really don't wanna be here.

REESE gives EMMA a look.

EMMA

We can't.

REESE

The camera's don't even work.

EMMA

He'll call. You know he will.

REESE

He won't.

EMMA

He did last time.

I need the money.

REESE

What money? No one's here.

EMMA

How much you make last week?

Right.

REESE

I fuckin' hate Thanksgiving.

EMMA

Oh I love it. I'm *very* thankful.

They both smirk.

It's just three more hours.

REESE

Yeah, just three.

Sighs.

The fuck you wanna do then?

EMMA

Shrugs.

Play another game? Drink another bucket?

REESE

Sure.

EMMA goes to enter change into the table.

Wait.

Let's raise the stakes.

EMMA

Alright.

REESE

Whoever wins gets to leave early.

EMMA

So that game we just played would be null?

REESE

That's right.

Or we could really drag out these next three hours and do all our lovely closin' // duties.

EMMA

You're on.

REESE

That's my girl.

EMMA feeds change into the pool table, releasing the balls into the open chamber with a loud crescendo. Loser of the first game racks as Winner chalks her cue and prepares to break. Winner breaks. They watch the balls scatter as the lights above the table slightly flicker.

EMMA

Alright.

They play. They're a little more focused on this game, but they drink at the same pace, maybe even more.

EMMA grabs REESE's phone from the table and scrolls.

I can't believe you don't have Spotify.

REESE

Whatever.

EMMA continues to scroll through REESE's phone.

EMMA

So why do you do it?

REESE

Scream?

EMMA

Yeah.

REESE

My momma taught me how.

REESE

I uh... I couldn't sleep. Heard things.

My mom would come check in on me and I'd be cryin'. I was like four, five, you know.

She told me I needed to get to sleep. I wanted to. Really. But like I said, I heard things, not uh...

I can't remember them? So uh... she told me that when I heard it, I should take my pillow, put it over my face and my ears, and scream. Scream as loud as you can and you won't hear it anymore. You'll fall fast asleep, like the fat cat that sat on the mat.

I got quiet in school 'cause it hurt to talk, and I stayed like that for a while until my mamaw took me in to see Miss Hailey. I got better I guess... still pretty fucked up but then again who the fuck isn't right? I still see her for coffee or whatever. I can't afford real therapy.

If I didn't sleep, I was gonna die. That was it, in my head. I didn't have a choice. I screamed for my life right? Miss Hailey and mamaw helped me stop but now, when I'm in the junkyard, alone... it feels like I'm lettin' go. All of it. I'm... like I am you and you are me and we are both temporary right, and that's okay because none of this is real anyway, and the more you hold onto everything that they tell you to, you're not gonna be able to really see things for what they are and what they aren't.

It's like when those bikers come in and fuck with the zombies and make fun of them or push them around, as if *they're* the joke, but *you are still here*. We are *all* here in *this* bar in *this* moment, and whatever you have to say or feel, whatever your precious fuckin' story is, it don't fuckin' matter. You're here right now and so are they.

Does that make sense?

EMMA

Smirks.

Fuck if I know. Does it matter?

EMMA plays "Mystery of Iniquity" by Lauryn Hill and turns up the volume. In the background, radio commercials begin to play very faintly. They very slowly rise in volume. Neither of the women notice.

All I know is I don't wanna fuckin' be here either.

REESE

Yeah.

EMMA

I'm gettin' tired of being a free-lance contractor.

REESE

No shit.

EMMA

Somehow gettin' my master's made everything worse too.

I wish I had gotten out when you did.

REESE

Thank you. You were such a dick about it!

EMMA

I know.

REESE

It really hurt my feelings!

EMMA

I know I know, I was so cookie cutter.

REESE

Cookie cutter? Do you even remember KA?

EMMA

Shut up.

REESE

Jungle juice?

EMMA

I don't want to talk about it okay?

REESE

Can you?

Both laugh.

EMMA

Seriously though, I'm sorry.

REESE

It's alright.

It was a fuckin' meat grinder, all of it.

EMMA

Yeah but now I'm invested. Hell, I'm indentured. You know how many loans I got? How in debt I am?

REESE

Yeah.

EMMA

I don't have a choice anymore. You gotta have way more choices than me.

REESE

What?

EMMA

I *have* to be a doctor.

REESE laughs.

I'm serious! I don't have // a choice now!

REESE

Oh good Lord do you hear // yourself?

EMMA

Listen my parents, my parents *bred* me for this. You know they paid twenty thousand dollars a year to send me to boarding school? Just for high school. And it really wasn't high school, it was like a rich kid juvenile penitentiary that did the exact *opposite* of what it should've done. I didn't get any smarter, I didn't learn uh, valuable life lessons. I did fuck all except cheat my way through all my classes, develop some addictions, and have a lot of really shitty car sex.

REESE

Hot.

EMMA

But I scraped by! Just enough for what mom and dad needed, another future doctor for the family legacy. Oh they had me right on track. I was gonna take *this* professor and *these* classes and join *this* sorority /

REESE

Chi Omegaaaaa!

Acts like a drunk fratty gorilla, banging her chest and saying with a low voice.

Ooh ooh // ooh omegaaaa.

EMMA

Who I still owe dues in the fuckin' thousands.

REESE

Oh I didn't pay *any* dues.

EMMA

You were fuckin' the goddamn treasurer!

REESE

Sisters for life!

EMMA

Then I started failing out *real* bad and they were like "what's going on, what happened, aren't you going to class?" As if doing the absolute bare minimum shoulda got me into med school. What the actual *fuck* was goin' on in college in the eighties?

REESE

No clue.

EMMA

No fuckin' wonder there's three seasons of Dr. Death.

REESE

Oh my god they're making it a show now too.

EMMA

Of course they are! It'll be the next global franchise, the fuckin' DDCU!

REESE

The hospital?

EMMA

It's all on purpose, all of it. They got me right where they want me with loans I can't afford and only one option, get into med school and surprise surprise, get more loans. But I got shit MCAT scores, a master's that means nothin', and my last hope is workin' in this lab for doctor dipshit who's got me usin' pliers to crack open mouse heads *while they're still fucking alive*, 'cause only the purest blood samples can help us in the fight against Alzheimer's!

And I'm still here bartendin' this shitty fuckin' bar, with these shitty fuckin' people, living my shitty fuckin' life as if nothin' has fuckin' changed.

REESE

Sounds shitty.

Do you even want to be a doctor?

EMMA scoffs.

I mean, what about like nurse school or whatever?

EMMA

And do eighty percent of the work for twenty percent of the pay?

REESE

Well it can't be all about the money right?

EMMA

Smirks.

How could I not be in it for the money? I'm too deep in it for it to be anything else.

It's just a business. It's the best one really, that's why we get the best doctors. It's why they come here. It's the best opportunity for *them*. It's the land of opportunity not the land of community.

Ever been to the ER?

I had to last year. You were still at the firm. I woke up with chest pain like you couldn't believe, could barely fuckin' breathe. I drove myself 'cause I didn't know what else to do and of course I parked in a spot reserved for someone more important than me, so I got a ticket. It was such a blur getting in there too. You have to sign in on this fuckin' wall iPad bullshit, then sit down for like a year, and then you're called up to the desk to sign your next month of income away.

REESE

Sexy.

EMMA

Yeah. So they're asking me how much I wanna pay today right. I haven't seen a doctor yet, or a nurse, I don't have the faintest fuckin' idea what's wrong with me, and I'm already payin'. In my brain I'm thinkin' okay, maybe a down payment will get this process goin'. Maybe they'll see that I was one of the ones who paid a little bit already, maybe we should help her first or show some form of I don't know fucking urgency. Long shot, I know. Anyway, I give her my card, she hands it back to me with the receipt for me to sign, and you know what I see on the receipt?

A line for a tip.

A line for a *fucking tip*.

I ask the lady if they were for real, like I'm not about to pay no fuckin' twenty percent gratuity, but she didn't even know that it said it on there.

REESE

They don't actually take tips though right?

EMMA

No of course not, but do you realize what that means?

I was the first person to ask about it. The ER is fuckin' full of people, and I'm the only one to be surprised enough to say something? You're tellin' me no one said anything? I look over at everyone thinkin' man what a fuckin' joke, they must be waitin' to see my reaction to this shit right? And then I stop laughin'. Because it wasn't funny to them. It wasn't funny at all. Why the fuck would it be.

It was probably the cheapest receipt paper or the default printing system, who the fuck knows, it doesn't matter. I live off tips. I eat and sleep off tips. I bet almost everyone in there did. Either that or some shitty fuckin' minimum wage bullshit. No one in the ER has money, not *real* money. They wouldn't fuckin' be there if they did. So yeah, no one's laughing. They see that shit and they don't even bat an eye because it's the same shit everywhere, why the fuck would it be any different at the hospital? I was just surprised because I do come from money. I'm supposed to be on the other side of all this right? I wasn't supposed to be there. Fuck, I'm not even supposed to be here.

REESE

Am I supposed to be here?

REESE

Is that what you think?

EMMA

Yeah.

Pretty much.

You're a lower-class college drop-out. This is exactly where they want you.

REESE

They?

EMMA

You know, America, the one-percent, the system, *men*... they got you right where they want you. Both of us. The only difference is that I'm a bad investment.

REESE

The fuck does that mean?

EMMA

I come from money. I'm supposed to help *keep* the money. That's what my parents raised me and my brother for. But because I'm a fuck-up I'm here with you.

REESE

You're mad about it aren't you?

EMMA

What?

REESE

You're pissed off that you're here.

EMMA

I am.

REESE

Wow.

EMMA

What?

REESE

Do you think you're better than this?

EMMA

No.

REESE

That you deserve more or something?

EMMA

I do deserve more but not because /

REESE

'Cause you got the resources right. You could just fuckin' quit.

EMMA

It's just here or somewhere else.

REESE

Okay.

EMMA

It is. I need a job like this one so I might as well /

REESE

You have the means to do something else, work somewhere else. Don't tell me that /

EMMA

I don't.

REESE

You fucking do, don't lie!

EMMA

I'm cut off.

They cut me off after my master's.

REESE

But you said he's all buddy buddy with your boss at /

EMMA

Yeah, and he looks at me and talks to me there, but it's not real. It's all bullshit.

I'm on my own.

REESE

Well, whatever honestly.

EMMA

I'm not sayin' that I'm better // than you.

REESE

You don't know what you're saying. You don't have a fucking clue.

Look I get that you don't wanna be here and that you feel all this shit about what mommy and daddy made you do and what was it all for but goddamn girl, do you really think that *this*, this is bad? That this is like *bottom* or something? 'Cause trust me, you got a long *long* ways to fuckin' go // before you reach bottom.

EMMA

I'm not sayin' that this is bottom, I'm sayin' that this is where I end up if I don't get my shit together.

REESE

Get your shit, baby *we have jobs. We make income.* For most people, this *is* havin' their shit together.

EMMA

So you're happy here? You're content with being a lifer?

REESE

Who said I was a fuckin' lifer?

EMMA

Well you're here aren't you? You keep comin' back?

REESE

For now.

EMMA

Oh, so what's next?

REESE

Fuck off.

EMMA

No, what's next? What's after? What are you working toward?

REESE

My art.

EMMA

Right. The art that you destroy before anyone else sees it. That tracks.

REESE stares coldly at EMMA. EMMA tries to maintain eye contact but cannot. She looks away. REESE continues to stare at her.

Two motorcycle engines rev for a moment. They aren't that close to the bar.

EMMA

I'm sorry.

REESE slowly nods.

REESE

I love you... but you gotta fuckin' check yourself sometimes.

REESE

I ain't supposed to be here.

EMMA

That's not what I meant.

REESE

It's what you said. If it's not what you meant then say what you fuckin' meant.

EMMA

I don't want you to be here okay. Just like I don't wanna be here. It's just where we fall. It's our lowest common denominator.

We're just a couple of all-American fuck dolls for them right?

How I see it, my choices are fuckin' slim and I don't have much time left, not really. With everything I've done so far, getting my doctorate is all I got. And maybe I'll give a shit later. Maybe I will actually get to help people and I won't feel like this anymore. I don't know. But right now... I am just so angry.

I'm sorry for what I said. You didn't deserve it.

REESE

It's okay.

You just still got that silver spoon stuck up your ass sometimes.

EMMA

Smirks.

Yeah.

REESE

And trust me, I get it. You think I love when all these old white men and ex-cop biker fucks get shit-faced and go on and on about how "Amurika's the best country in the goddamn world" and how much they wanna suck off the founding fathers? Jefferson can suck *my* dick.

EMMA

Oh my god the founding fathers? The *founding* fathers? What the fuck did they find?

REESE

They didn't find shit!

EMMA

Nothin'. They just repackaged a perfectly workin' system of tyranny, classism /

REESE

Taxes!

EMMA

And said the word “we” a lot. “We we we we we.”

REESE

Shoulda been “I I I I I”!

EMMA

In a comical lower voice.

“Don’t make me *laugh*.”

REESE joins in. They love this quote and recite it while keeping intense eye-contact.

EMMA & REESE

“I’m living in America, and in America, you’re on your own. America’s not a country. It’s a business. *Now fucking pay me.*”

They clink their bottles together hard and chug whatever’s left. REESE slams her bottle on the ground between them, shattering it and making a mess.

EMMA

What the // fuck!

REESE

Don’t think just go!

EMMA hesitates a half-second and then smashes her bottle in the same spot.

REESE screams proudly. EMMA is manic and giddy. The radio commercials are much louder by this point and still getting louder.

REESE

Yeah! That’s right! Now scream!

EMMA

What?

REESE

Scream bitch!

EMMA screams but it’s lame.

Oh Jesus Christ come on! Again!

EMMA

I’m not /

REESE

Do it!

EMMA plays along and starts to scream. It’s a little better, but not nearly at the level REESE wants.

REESE

Louder! I thought you were angry!

Louder!

REESE

LOUDER BITCH! FUCKING SCREAM!

EMMA finally reaches it, the level that REESE wants and EMMA didn't know was there. She screams until she doesn't have any more air in her lungs. She takes a deep breath and screams again. This scream is different, more of a wail. It brings her to tears and to her knees. She pants, staring at nothing. REESE beams with pride. She crouches to EMMA's level and takes her head in her hands.

I am so proud of you.

REESE kisses EMMA hard on the lips and then pulls away.

You deserve a shot.

REESE stands up and exits. EMMA stays on her knees for a second and then gets up. She's somewhat disoriented. She then notices the radio commercials, which are very loud now. REESE enters with a bottle of Tito's and two shot glasses.

EMMA

What is that?

REESE

Tito's!

EMMA

No, you don't hear that?

REESE stops to listen. EMMA pauses "FEEL." if it is still playing. A Gordon McKernan radio commercial can be distinctly heard now.

REESE

Is that Gordon?

The commercial is still getting louder; to the point that the women are putting their hands to their ears and have to yell to be heard.

EMMA

Is it the bikers!?

REESE

No way! Their bikes aren't that loud!

EMMA

What!?

REESE

I said they aren't that loud!

ZOMBIE enters the bar offstage. EMMA and REESE look offstage.

Jesus Christ!

The "GET GORDON" jingle plays.

GET GORDON

AND GET IT DONE

GET GORDON

AND GET IT DONE

ZOMBIE enters with his JBL speaker playing “GET GORDON” at full blast. It’s lit up with LEDs. They have to yell over it to be heard.

ZOMBIE

Reese!

REESE

What!?

ZOMBIE

I need the bathroom Reese! I need // the toilet!

REESE

Frantically pointing offstage.

It’s over there!

ZOMBIE

Confused.

What!?

REESE

It’s over there!

ZOMBIE

I need the bathroom bitch!

EMMA

Oh fucking fuck!

EMMA grabs ZOMBIE by the arm and takes him offstage. A beat later, “GET GORDON” cuts off.

REESE

Oh thank you sweet Lord.

She grabs her phone and scrolls for a second. She lets out a little smirk and plays “Bored in the USA” by Father John Misty. She pulls out what looks like a cigarette but is actually a spliff and lights it, bobbing her head to the song and singing along. She uses her cue as a microphone. She then shoots the next shot of the game, regardless of whether or not it’s her turn. EMMA screams offstage, making REESE jump and fumble her shot. There’s a scuffle offstage. REESE watches what we can’t see.

EMMA

Offstage.

Get the fuck out of here! Now!

ZOMBIE exits the bar offstage.

EMMA storms in carrying a bottle of Grey Goose.

REESE

That bad?

EMMA

He didn’t make it.

REESE

He didn't *make it*?

EMMA

To the toilet.

REESE

Oh.

Oh.

EMMA

Yeah. *Oh.*

EMMA is pouring shots on the pool table. She also pours vodka on her hands and wipes them together.

REESE

That's how you do it.

EMMA hands REESE her shot and holds her own out to her. They clink, bang on the table, and shoot. EMMA pours again.

How many we doin'?

EMMA

Enough.

She hands REESE her shot. They clink, bang, and shoot. EMMA pours again.

REESE

Oh shit.

EMMA hands REESE her shot. They clink, bang, and shoot. EMMA hesitates.

EMMA

One more.

EMMA pours again.

REESE

Right.

EMMA hands REESE her shot. They clink, bang, and shoot. They stand and breathe for a moment. EMMA looks at the table.

EMMA

Wasn't it my turn?

REESE

Uh...

EMMA

Fuck it, I'm takin' ball in hand.

REESE laughs.

They resume the game.

What are you smokin'?

REESE

A cigarette, can't you tell?

EMMA

Totally.

REESE

Smirks.

He ain't gonna notice. If he does I'll just blame his buddies.

EMMA

Fuckin' circle jerk.

REESE

I think they should still have to wear body-cams. All I'm sayin'.

EMMA

Like that'd change anything. They'd just rewatch it all like it was fuckin' porn.

REESE

Oh my god I didn't even tell you.

EMMA

What?

REESE

I checked on Sam last week when he was still in the hospital. He could barely talk, but he *did* tell me what happened.

EMMA

What do you mean?

REESE

Why they did it.

NO AD-LIBS START.

He walked in on them jerkin' off in the urinals.

EMMA

What.

REESE

Yeah, they were like racin' or somethin', seein' who lasts longer, or shorter, who knows, but they were literally trash talkin' each other, like while they were doing it. That's how Sam knew that it was a game. He said he just fuckin' froze.

EMMA

Did he say if he's pressin' charges?

REESE

No.

If he was he would've by now.

EMMA

They're banned now though, right?

REESE

With Greg I honestly don't know.

You know he had Sarah work the next day too right?

EMMA

Jesus Christ.

How much of it did she see?

REESE

I don't think she saw any of it. She more just heard it.

When she yelled that the cops were coming they ran out.

She told me she sat with him and held his hand until the ambulance arrived.

I'll tell you what, I think there's more ex-cops out there now than actual cops.

EMMA

Yeah... the old guard.

NO AD-LIBS END.

EMMA's Elfbar dies. REESE offers her the spliff.

Can't.

REESE

Right.

EMMA drops the Elfbar in the bucket and pulls out another from her pocket.

They drink their beer and continue their game, which should be nearly over. They finish the game and stand for a moment. Loser sighs.

So it goes.

REESE racks the cues and throws all the empty beer bottles and caps and vapes that may be on the floor in the trash can. EMMA exits with the bottles of vodka and shot glasses.

EMMA reenters with a broom and dustpan. REESE exits with the beer buckets. EMMA sweeps the broken beer glass.

REESE reenters with the cash tips box and places it on the pool table. She lays the cash and change out and counts to herself as EMMA finishes sweeping.

REESE

Well that didn't take long.

EMMA

How much?

REESE

Enough to eat dinner.

EMMA

Where?

REESE

Waffle House.

EMMA

Fuck me.

EMMA puts the broom and dustpan by the trash can and walks over to the pool table. She looks at the money from the opposite side of REESE. They look at the money and then each other and start laughing. Their laughter is somewhat unhinged and dwindles to a collective sigh.

REESE

Yep.

EMMA

Wanna play for it?

They look at each other and then burst out in laughter.

Winner takes all?

REESE

Yeah, all fifty-two dollars and thirty-five cents. Shit, we might as well do this every night.

EMMA

Or one of us could just quit.

REESE gives EMMA a look.

Fuck you.

REESE

Hey if someone's gonna quit it oughtta be you.

EMMA

Right. I ain't got a rent or a car note or hospital bills or any student loans. I don't have to pay over three hundred dollars for the MCAT. My money is aflowin' like the Mississippi river, I'm fuckin' *drownin'* // in cash.

REESE

Yeah yeah yeah I get it, you don't have it easy. You didn't grow up with nice things like us other kids had.

EMMA

Oh fuck *off*.

REESE

No, *you* know what a problem is.

EMMA

Okay, do you have a problem?

REESE

Problem? I don't have a problem, do you have a problem?

EMMA

No problem here, I'm fit as a fuckin' fiddle.

REESE

Beautiful, so you wouldn't mind if I...

REESE slowly reaches out to take all the money.

EMMA

Smirks.

You're funny.

REESE hesitates a half-second.

No, go ahead. By all means. You need it more right?

REESE resumes reaching out.

Go ahead.

REESE starts pulling all the money toward her very slowly, always keeping eye contact.

EMMA vapes and stares.

When REESE has pulled it toward her nearly all the way, EMMA lashes out fast for the cash. REESE pulls it away just in time and runs for the exit laughing. EMMA runs after her and quickly catches up to REESE, forcing REESE to dodge her and run back to the table. EMMA chases her and they end up at either ends of the pool table, playing chicken. They're panting and smiling.

You're slow as shit.

REESE

It's about the journey bitch!

EMMA

What?

REESE

I don't know! I'm not good at... I don't like your hair!

EMMA gasps.

Yeah, it's *trashy*, and not even the *good* kind.

EMMA

You freakin' whore!

EMMA gives chase. REESE runs around the opposite side, specifically the side where they broke the beer bottles. She slips on the wet floor and crashes hard on the ground.

EMMA

Oh my god!

EMMA runs to her and crouches to her level, checking her.

Oh my god are you okay?

REESE starts laughing, making EMMA laugh as well. They're definitely not sober so this is peak humor for them.

REESE

You run so scary!

They erupt in laughter again.

Good Lord!

EMMA

Come on.

EMMA pulls REESE up from the ground.

REESE

No, I need to lay down.

REESE climbs on top of the pool table and lays spread eagle. She lets out a loud groan.

EMMA laughs and joins her on the table. She sits up and looks around as REESE lays and looks up at the ceiling.

I'm sorry for saying all that earlier.

EMMA

Saying what?

REESE

That you should quit and don't need the money and /

EMMA

Oh it's okay.

REESE

No it's not! I was being a real dick.

EMMA

Well... I kinda deserved it...

They laugh a little.

REESE

It's just... you talk about your parents and your family and how they're all doctors and got money and you're like the stupid runt or whatever /

EMMA

I never said I was stupid!

REESE

It was implied.

EMMA hits REESE who laughs.

EMMA

This is your apology?

REESE

Okay okay I'm sorry! I just... you complain about them and how you don't have any choices and how you're stuck but like, like look at me...

REESE starts to tear up and tries to laugh through it.

Just your typical white trash Texan bartender floozy. I'm a college drop-out with no goals, no plans, no promising leads or network or whatever the fuck we're supposed to be doing. I don't even have a goddamn podcast idea. *Everyone* our age has an idea for a podcast. Not fuckin' me though, 'cause who the fuck would wanna listen to my bullshit. All they'd do is stare at my fake jugs, and you can't do that in a podcast can you?

I don't even know where my mom is.

EMMA

What do you mean?

REESE

Just crying now – no laughter.

I don't know... last time I saw her was when I dropped her off at rehab for the third fuckin' time. They wouldn't let me see her and then when I went to pick her up she was already gone. She had her *boyfriend* pick her up.

I don't know, it was six years ago.

EMMA

What about your mamaw?

REESE

Oh she don't even recognize me no more.

Alzheimer's.

EMMA

I guess I'll keep up the Lord's work at the lab then.

REESE

Snorts.

Yeah, every mouse you kill I want you to think of me and my poor ol' mamaw.

They laugh a little.

EMMA caresses REESE's hair and face.

EMMA

I'm sorry.

REESE slides over to lay her head in EMMA's lap, who continues to caress her hair and face.

REESE

It's okay.

EMMA

You are so much more than what you think you are.

REESE

No I'm not.

EMMA

You are! You just can't see it. Look at your hands.

EMMA takes REESE's bandaged hands in hers and shows them to her.

You see these hands? They *make* things. They make fucking *art*. You know how brave that is? I couldn't do that! You're an artist, with *passion*! People go their whole fucking lives not knowin' shit about passion, and they come here to this shitty fuckin' bar trying to feel fuckin' anything else but their own boring bullshit lives. You've seen them! They don't have the faintest idea of what you have, of who you are, and they shouldn't because *fuck them*. They don't deserve you. You're gonna get that exhibit. I know it.

REESE

You think so?

EMMA

I know so!

I'on know if they'll let everyone go apeshit though.

REESE

Sighs.

I know.

EMMA

It does sound badass.

REESE

It *is* badass.

There was one person at the studio who liked me, like actually liked me.

EMMA

Really!?

REESE

Yeah... she's a professor back at school.

EMMA

Shut up.

REESE

She wants me to come back and study with her.

EMMA

Shoves REESE up from her lap.

Shut up!

REESE

She really liked my art and what I said about breaking stuff.

EMMA

Bitch.

REESE

I know! It made me feel really good.

EMMA

You gotta go!

REESE

I don't know...

EMMA

No you have to go.

REESE

I can't.

EMMA

Give me one good reason.

REESE

The junkyard!

EMMA

Girl.

REESE

But it's like my safe space you know? It's my favorite place on Earth and Ted lets me in *for free*.

If I go back I gotta quit.

EMMA

Why?

REESE

She wants me to take this campus job with her. Like work-study.

EMMA

Why the hell is that a problem!?

REESE

Oh my God are you not listening?

EMMA

I am // I am!

REESE

I quit, no more junkyard. No more junkyard, no more /

EMMA

Breakin' shit apart with a bat while screamin' your pretty head off?

REESE

Exactly.

It's the one thing keepin' me sane.

EMMA

Maybe you could try somethin' else?

REESE

Like *what?*

EMMA

Like therapy?

REESE

It's not the same... how the fuck would I pay for that anyway if I quit?

EMMA

They have free counseling, for free.

Free.

REESE

I won't be able to do what I want.

EMMA

Do you now? Really?

REESE

I don't know, I think so!

What about you? You should quit way more than me!

EMMA

Girl I told you, I /

REESE

Aren't you supposed to be studying? How long you even have?

EMMA

I have plenty of time.

REESE

How long?

EMMA

A month.

REESE

A month!? That's // nothin'!

EMMA

It's four weeks I'm gonna // be fine!

REESE

When are you studying?

EMMA

I have free time.

REESE

You got free time with *two jobs*?

EMMA

I find time I swear!

REESE

Is it enough time?

EMMA

Yes!

REESE

This is your last shot right? Just quit for a month and shack up in your brother's place. He's a doctor ain't he?

EMMA

Yeah but /

REESE

Make him quiz you!

EMMA

I can't just show up at my brother's house like a fuckin' stray cat and // ask for food and and a study buddy. He's got shit to do, a fuckin' fiance!

REESE

Oh come on come on will you listen to yourself!? Baby *all* you do is complain about this place, it's always this "shitty fuckin' bar," and these "shitty fuckin' people," and trust me I get it, you *know* I get it. So say fuck it! Come on, quit! Call Ted right now and quit.

EMMA

You quit!

REESE

No you!

EMMA

You! Go back to school!

REESE

Throws a little tantrum.

Ughhhhhh I don't wanna! College is bullshit you said it yourself!

EMMA

You're gonna sit here and tell me that this is better? That you're beating the man at his own game by bartendin' at the fucking Carousel.

REESE

I never said I was winning! I'm just not playin'.

EMMA

That's losing babe. It's called a forfeit.

EMMA

REESE looks like she's about to scream.

Please don't.

REESE takes a deep breath.

REESE

Fine, but you're no better than me. Every day you come back here is suicide.

EMMA

So is destroyin' your art in the name of art. *That's* suicide. And a paradox! A suicidal paradox!

Sorry.

REESE

Shrugs.

It's alright.

REESE flips through the money.

So we're really just gonna split this fifty-two fuckin' dollars and call it a night?

EMMA

Hell naw. We're playin' for this shit.

REESE

Alright.

They both climb down from the pool table. EMMA goes to the cue rack. REESE pulls change from the plastic cup and hesitates before putting the change in the table.

No.

EMMA

What?

REESE

One of us is quittin' tonight.

EMMA

I'm not /

REESE

Loser quits.

REESE

Winner keeps her job, loser has to call Ted and quit. Right here, right now.

EMMA

Why would I gamble that?

REESE

You want me to quit? Now's your chance.

If you win.

REESE

But if you don't wanna play then fine, you get to keep on keepin' on, livin' the dream and workin' here, and so do I.

EMMA

What about who's closing tonight?

REESE

Nothin's changed.

So how 'bout it? You want me to keep workin' here or what?

EMMA

Fine.

Fuck it.

REESE grins. EMMA grabs her cue and hands REESE her's.

Nine-ball.

REESE

You read my mind.

REESE enters the change. The balls crescendo into the empty chamber. REESE puts the tip money on the high-top. Loser of Game 2 racks for nine-ball. Winner chalks her cue and prepares to break. Loser finishes racking and stands aside. Winner takes her time lining her shot. Winner breaks. They play in silence – no ad libbing. They barely look at each other. No music plays. They are very focused, especially since they are intoxicated. The game takes however long it does. They finish.

EMMA wins Game 3.

REESE

Well... alrighty then.

She checks for her phone in her pocket but it isn't there.

I don't even know where my fuckin' phone is.

EMMA grabs REESE's phone from the high-top and gives it to her.

Thanks.

She holds her phone in her hands.

EMMA

You don't have to.

REESE

No. The pool table is sacred. I'm gonna do it. Just uh... just gotta...

Takes a deep breath.

Okay.

Goes to call and then stops.

Can we both quit?

EMMA gives REESE a look.

Okay okay, just a thought.

Blows air out her lips.

Alright. Fuck it.

She calls Ted and waits. EMMA puts her hand on REESE's shoulder in support.

Oh fuckin' voicemail.

EMMA

Even better.

REESE wins Game 3.

EMMA

God fuckin' // dammit.

REESE

Yes! Hell, fuckin', yes. God I'm good.

EMMA

You're a piece of shit.

REESE

Girl whatchu mean? I'm your motherfuckin' savior!

EMMA

Yeah, I'm feelin' real saved right now.

REESE

You will in a month. Better yet, you will when you get your acceptance letters. You'll feel mighty saved then.

Come on girl. You know whatchu gotta do.

EMMA

I don't /

REESE

Rules of the game! You don't want to mess with this here table.

She's sacred, she's *sanctified*.

EMMA

It's sacred twice?

REESE

That's right. Twice the holiness.

EMMA

Right.

REESE

Come on. Pull that phone out.

EMMA sighs. She pulls her phone out and hesitates.

REESE

To phone.

Hey Ted! Everything's fine here, so don't bother gettin' up, uh just wanted to call to uh... to... well... I uh...

Looks at EMMA in a panic. EMMA motions for her to keep going.

I don't... I'm quitting! I quit! For good this time.

Yes.

That's it, uh bye-bye!

She quickly ends the call.

Jesus Christ.

EMMA

You did it!

REESE

That was ass, pure fuckin' ass.

EMMA hugs REESE.

EMMA

It really was, and I am so proud of you.

EMMA

You don't wanna quit with me?

REESE

No I do not. Thank you though.

EMMA

You're so welcome.

EMMA calls Ted.

REESE

Yes girl! Go get him!

EMMA

It's going to voicemail.

REESE

That don't matter.

EMMA

Jesus Christ.

To phone.

Hey Ted, it's me. I'm callin' 'cause, well... I quit. I'm done.

Ends the call. REESE applauds her.

There, you happy?

REESE

Baby, I've never been happier. Come here.

EMMA unenthusiastically walks over. REESE holds her arms open.

Come on.

EMMA slumps into REESE's embrace.

There you go.

They hug.

I'm so proud of you.

*EMMA wins Game 3.
EMMA wins Game 2.*

EMMA
Sure you don't want me to stay
and /
REESE
Get the fuck out of here. Out!
Out of my sight!
EMMA
Alright, I won't fight you on it.
I got some fuckin' studying to
do anyway.
REESE
Tonight?
EMMA
Gotta get at least an hour in.
REESE
That's disgusting.
EMMA
Oh it's fucking awful. Not as
bad as that bathroom though.
REESE
Laughs.
I am *not* going in there.
EMMA
Please don't.
*She ties the trash bag
up and pulls it out of
the can.*
REESE
Thanks.

*EMMA wins Game 3.
REESE wins Game 2.*

EMMA
Can you please leave now?
Jesus.
REESE
Yeah why the hell am I still
here?
EMMA
I don't know! Go!
*REESE ties the trash
bag up and pulls it out
of the can.*
You don't have to do that.
REESE
I gotta do something.
*She stands for a
moment with the trash
bag.*
Wow. This is it.
EMMA
Yep. Actually...
*EMMA grabs the
money from the
high-top and brings it
to REESE.*
Here.
REESE
You sure?
EMMA
Yeah I'm sure. You're fuckin'
unemployed.

*REESE wins Game 3.
EMMA wins Game 2.*

REESE
Now get the fuck outta here. I
don't ever wanna see your face
again in this bar, you hear me?
This is *my* bar, // and you,
you're fuckin' banned for life.
EMMA
Alright alright I'm leaving,
Jesus you psycho.
REESE
Oh you haven't seen shit, wait
'til we go to the junkyard. I'll
show you psycho like you
couldn't believe.
EMMA
I'm countin' on it.
*EMMA ties the trash
bag up and pulls it out
of the can.*
REESE
Why thank you.
EMMA
Shut up.
EMMA starts to exit.
REESE
Wait.
*REESE grabs the money
from the high-top and
brings it to EMMA.*
Here.

*REESE wins Game 3.
REESE wins Game 2.*

REESE
You're still closing tonight.
EMMA
Fuck you.
REESE laughs.
REESE
Like I said, rules of the game. I'll
get the trash though.
EMMA
Wow, so generous.
REESE
I know.
*REESE ties the trash bag
up and pulls it out of the
can.*
Wait.
*She lets the trash bag fall
on the ground.*
EMMA
Yeah put that anywhere.
*REESE grabs the money
from the high-top and
brings it to EMMA.*
REESE
Here.
EMMA
Really?
REESE
Yeah really, you don't got a job!

EMMA
It's the least I can do.
EMMA starts to exit.

REESE
Wait your money!

EMMA
Keep it.

REESE
You sure?

EMMA
Yeah I'm sure. You're fuckin' unemployed.

REESE
Shit.

EMMA
Yeah. How's it feel?

REESE
Kinda got me scared shitless.

EMMA
Smiles.

Good.
I'll see you when I see you?

REESE
I'll see you.

EMMA
Don't you dare fuckin' flake on school.

REESE
I won't.

EMMA
I'm serious. I'll drag you down there myself if I have to.

REESE
Shit.

EMMA
Yeah. How's it feel?

REESE
Kinda got me scared shitless.

EMMA
Smiles.

Good. Now go on.
REESE starts to exit.

And don't you dare fuckin' flake on school.

REESE
I won't.

EMMA
I'm serious. I'll drag your ass down there myself if I have to.

REESE
I won't.

EMMA
Okay then. See ya later.

REESE
Bye girl. Text me when you get home.
REESE exits with the trash bag. EMMA stands for a moment. She pulls her phone out and scrolls. She plays "Fearless" by Taylor Swift.

EMMA
No I /

REESE
Bitch you don't have a job, you really gon' say no?
Shoves all the money in EMMA's pocket.

There ya go. That should last you 'bout two weeks.

EMMA
Two weeks?

REESE
You ain't ever been broke before have you? Not "oh my God I'm literally so broke y'all", I'm talkin' so broke that you plan each day around whatchu gon' be eatin', and how you're gonna get it.

EMMA
I guess not.

REESE
Yeah bitch.

Hey, all bullshit aside, this is it. This is your break. One step backward, fuckin' twenty steps, thirty steps, not even the same fuckin' time zone forward. You got this.

EMMA
Thanks.

I'll see you 'round.

She shoves the money in EMMA's hands.

REESE
That should last ya 'bout two weeks.

EMMA
Two weeks?

REESE
You ain't ever been broke before have you? Not "oh my God I'm literally so broke y'all" broke, I'm talkin' so broke that you plan each day around whatchu gon' be eatin', and how you're gonna get it.

EMMA
I guess not.

REESE
Yeah bitch.
She grabs the trash bag.

Hey, all bullshit aside, this is it. This is your break. One step backward, fuckin' twenty steps, thirty steps, not even the same fuckin' time zone forward. You got this.

EMMA
Thanks.

REESE
I'm serious.

EMMA
I know.

REESE

I won't.

EMMA

Okay then. See ya.

REESE

Bye girl.

EMMA exits with the trash bag. REESE stands for a moment. She pulls her phone out and scrolls. She plays "The King of Carrot Flowers, Pts. 2 & 3" by Neutral Milk Hotel.

REESE

Not here!

EMMA

Be safe, call me if /

REESE

Yeah yeah fuck off go home.

EMMA laughs and exits with the trash bag. REESE stands smiling for a moment. She pulls her phone out and scrolls. She plays "The Rockafeller Skank" by Fatboy Slim.

EMMA

Thank you.

REESE

Thank yourself girl. And text me when you get home.

EMMA

Yes ma'am.

REESE exits with the trash bag. EMMA stands for a moment. She pulls her phone out and scrolls. She plays "Waves" by Kanye West.

EMMA/REESE turns up the music pretty loud and gets really into the song, singing and dancing. She starts closing as well. She racks the cues, pulls a trash bag from the bottom of the trash can and sets it up. She positions the high-top and chairs back to their starting positions if they have moved. After doing all this, she exits. The lights slightly flicker.

Offstage, radio commercials very slowly fade in, just like earlier, but quicker, as if ZOMBIE is moving toward the bar very quickly. The loud music masks the radio commercials, but only for now. Two motorcycle engines rev for a moment.

She enters carrying a beer and a mop in a rolling mop bucket that is filled with dirty water and soap. She is super into the song and does not notice the radio commercials yet. She sets the mop and mop bucket to the side, pops the bottle cap off, drinks, sets the bottle on the high-top, and grabs the broom and dustpan. She begins sweeping on the far side of the stage that is opposite from the entrance. She sweeps and sings and dances. The radio commercials continue getting louder, and louder, and louder, their volume increasing now at a faster rate. Finally, she notices, and she stops sweeping. She stands for a moment listening.

The radio commercials hit their peak volume – they’re not as obscenely loud as before, but still loud. Her music continues.

ZOMBIE enters, stumbling over himself and almost falling. He’s scared. He turns around as BIKER 1 and BIKER 2 enter, who both look intent on violence. ZOMBIE draws his Nerf gun. BIKER 1 quickly knocks the Nerf gun out of ZOMBIE’s hands and it scatters away on the ground. ZOMBIE stumbles backward.

EMMA/REESE stands frozen on the other side of the stage with the broom in her hands.

EMMA/REESE

We’re closed!

BIKER 1

You motherfuck, the fuck you thinkin’ pullin’ a gun on me! You gon’ draw on me!

Shoves ZOMBIE down on the ground hard.

How many times you gon’ fuck up tonight!?

Kicks ZOMBIE.

EMMA/REESE

Hey!

BIKER 2 wrestles ZOMBIE for the JBL speaker, but ZOMBIE holds onto it desperately.

BIKER 1 kicks ZOMBIE again.

BIKER 1

How // many!

EMMA/REESE

Hey!

BIKER 2

Gimme this piece of shit! // Let go fuckface! Let the fuck go!

BIKER 1

Turn that shit off!

BIKER 2 brings ZOMBIE up by his shirt and punches him hard in the face, sending him back down to the floor.

EMMA/REESE

Stop!

BIKER 1 glances at her as BIKER 2 wrestles the speaker from ZOMBIE.

BIKER 1
Get // outta here.

BIKER 2
Mine bitch.

*ZOMBIE holds his face in his hands and moans in pain.
She drops the broom on the floor and moves to the cue rack. She grabs a cue but is unsure of how to hold the cue. She decides to carry it in both hands like it was a long club, with the bumper away from her. Once ready, she moves toward the men. ZOMBIE tries to crawl away on his stomach.*

BIKER 1
I said turn that // shit off!

BIKER 2
I'm fuckin' tryin'!
BIKER 1 puts his foot down on ZOMBIE's neck.

BIKER 1
Where you goin' buddy?
BIKER 2 turns the speaker off. The music is still playing.

EMMA/REESE
Get the fuck outta here!
She lunges toward BIKER 1 with the cue. He immediately intercepts her attack and shoves her toward the pool table. She stumbles and falls. Mid-falling, she tries to turn to brace herself but crashes her head on the corner of the pool table. The sound of her contact with the table is horrific. She lays motionless by the table. BIKER 1 and BIKER 2 look at her and then each other.

BIKER 2
Oh // fuck.

BIKER 1
We're leavin'.
*BIKER 1 pulls BIKER 2 up from the floor and drags him out with him. They exit.
ZOMBIE struggles to sit up. He crawls toward EMMA/REESE and crouches over her.*

ZOMBIE
Red?

ZOMBIE
Blondie?

Red!

Blondie!

Red!

Blondie!

*ZOMBIE takes her hand in his.
Lights fade to black.
In darkness, the music either ends, fades out, or abruptly stops.
End of play.*