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SF PERUSALS

Extinction

by Gabe McKinley

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH

FOUNDED 1830

NEW YORK HOLLYWOOD LONDON TORONTO

SAMUELFRENCH.COM

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ISBN 978-0-573-69850-7 Printed in U.S.A. #29644

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EXTINCTION was first produced by Red Dog Squadron at the Elephant Space in Hollywood, California on November 21, 2009. The performance was directed by Wayne Kasserman, with sets by Kurt Boetcher, costumes by Gali Noy, and lighting by Mike Durst. The production stage manager was Susan K. Coulter. The cast was as follows:

MAX. . . . . . Michael Weston
FINN . . . . . James Roday
MISSY . . . . . Amanda Detmer
VICTORIA . . . . . Stefanie E. Frame

CHARACTERS

FINN, 30's

MAX, 30's

MISSY, 30's

VICTORIA, 20's

SETTING

Adjoining rooms at the Borgata Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

TIME

Late Spring/Early Summer

Scene One
"PHYLETIC or The Easy Way"

(Music note: all songs are suggested, not demanded. Music at the beginning of the play could be the Pixies' "Bone Machine," or you might simply have a silent opening to the play.)*

(Adjoining hotel rooms at the Borgata hotel and casino in Atlantic City, New Jersey. The audience should view both rooms – perhaps the rooms, and stage, are divided exactly, perhaps not. The rooms themselves should be nice, each should have a bed, a desk with a phone, a window with a view, a door to an unseen bathroom and a door to the hall. In short, each should have all the trappings of a modern hotel. Each room is an individual playing area for the actors. The rooms should be almost identical, but they should be mirror images.)

(The door to Max's room opens and in comes **MAX***, 30s.* **MAX** *is a buzz-saw and a pro.* **MAX** *dumps a hand full of chips on the bed, checks his watch. He is agitated.)*

*(***FINN** *enters his room.* **FINN***, 30s, is modestly dressed and has a distinctive Trotsky mustache.)*

*(***FINN** *places a few dollars in his bag, takes a deep breath and then goes to the adjoining door and knocks three times.* **MAX** *answers the door.* **MAX** *and* **FINN** *stare at one another, then* **FINN** *enters Max's room.*

FINN. Max, Come on. I…

*(***MAX** *throws up his hands.)*

FINN. Oh, the theatrics. I just don't see what the big deal is.

MAX. Whatever. But, *so you know*, you just don't walk away from the table like that. Okay? Not when you haven't crapped out…it's Phil Collins bad.

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* Please see Music Use Note on page 3.

FINN. *Maybe* Bryan Adams…

MAX. Solo Phil Collins…"No Jacket Required."

FINN. Low blow. Look, I forgot. I was only down on the floor to find you. I just arrived…I only played because you were there.

MAX. The entire table was betting on you…and you were coming through…and then you took your ball and went home. The next guy crapped out on the come out roll. You went from a winner to the gooch…the cooler…It's a common courtesy is all.

FINN. Common courtesy? At a sleazy casino? Please.

MAX. This is not a sleazy casino. This is the Borgata. What you did was bad luck. And what was with your piss ant bets?

FINN. I'm hypoglycemic…I felt weak.

MAX. You felt weak?

FINN. I worked last night. I took the bus down here…I sat next to a woman with an eye-patch, and I'm pretty sure, a dirty diaper. I took two steps off the boardwalk and I thought I was…I don't know where.

MAX. I know, Tyler Perry Presents the end of the fucking world, out there – but not in here…

FINN. So, give me a break.

MAX. Okay. But…I'm gonna need your best Mick Jagger.

FINN. What? No.

MAX. You know the rules. Anywhere, anytime.

FINN. I…No. You want a little…Jag?

*(***FINN** *does a half-assed Mick Jagger impersonation.)*

MAX. Fuck you.

*(***FINN** *does his best Mick Jagger impersonation, perhaps he sings "She's So Cold."* This old routine from college cracks* **MAX** *up.)*

You still got it. Now. Now. It's over. Onward and upward.

FINN. Thank God. How do you remember this stuff?

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*Please see Music Use Note on page 3.

(They hug like old friends.)

MAX. I love *this* feeling. This. Anticipation. What is gonna happen? A whole new city to exploit…my best friend. Can you hear them? *(chanting, a la a stadium crowd:)* Finn! Finn! Finn!

FINN. What's in the cards?

MAX. No. What's in the dice. Gotta tell you, despite being completely worthless at the craps table, I'm happy to see you. Oh, I found some old rolls of film and I had them developed.

*(***MAX** *goes to his bag and takes out a sleeve of photos, he tosses them to* **FINN**, *who flips through them.)*

FINN. Who are these people?

MAX. Ahh, that's us.

FINN. Jesus. You look like Tom Cruise in "Cocktail." Am I wearing a poncho?

MAX. The year was 1995 and the hippie harmony of Rusted Root had swept the nation.

FINN. Fuck, we were babies. I remember these girls…12th floor girls.

MAX. Life was good.

FINN. It was…different.

MAX. Are you kidding me? In the ass is different. Those were…some of the best times.

(examining **FINN***)*

And look at you now. Nice taint brush.

FINN. What?

MAX. What's with the facial hair?

*(***FINN** *drops the sleeve of photos on the bed.)*

FINN. You don't like the Trotsky? Just something new.

MAX. No offense, but you kinda look like an asshole. I mean your mouth…

FINN. I see, my mouth looks like an asshole…how does one not take offense to that?

MAX. It just looks like you should be rolling your own cigarettes and blogging in a coffee shop somewhere… talking about how much you love Amsterdam.

FINN. I like it. You're scared of it. You can touch it.

MAX. Jesus, are you a soccer fan, now? I guess you can pull that shit off in school. I'd get fired.

FINN. It's not night school. It's Columbia…I'm getting my PhD.

MAX. I can't believe they are going to let you teach young people. What's happened to this country?

FINN. Teach? Please. I'm going to be an English professor. I'll profess things to students.

MAX. Ahh. Little will they know what lurks deep in the mind of Dr. Buchanan.

FINN. What's that?

MAX. Oh, Mr. Hyde…of course. Bwhahaha….

*(***MAX** *exits to his bathroom, where he starts the process of getting ready for the evening. Throughout the first scene* **MAX** *will be in various stages of undress and dress, preparing for a big night out.)*

FINN. Not much lurks there anymore, to tell you the truth. I'm sorry I missed you in New York last time…it was a crazy *(unsaid "time").*

*(***MAX** *returns, having washed his face.)*

MAX. No worries. It was just a quick trip…for work. It sucked not seeing you, but…I'm just happy we're doing one of these again.

FINN. Yeah.

MAX. I wasn't sure it'd happen. Been a year…fourteen months. Fucking Miami. That was…Wow. I got so drunk I made out with that blind girl.

FINN. I'd forgotten.

MAX. She was good with her hands. Read me like braille. My balls…

FINN. …Stop…

*(***MAX** *mimes braille or the cupping of balls. They share a laugh, it fades.)*

I'm sorry it's been so…It's just…life.

MAX. Life.

*(***MAX** *gets a drink.)*

FINN. There's something I want to talk to you about.

MAX. *(distracted)* Speaking of life, my mom died.

FINN. What? Jesus. I thought she was doing okay.

MAX. Was. It ah…Almost five years to the day since her lumpectomy. It was quick.

FINN. When?

MAX. A week ago. I basically came straight here from…

FINN. Fuck, Max. Jesus. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

MAX. Don't be. She was a real…what's the word? A bitch. She was a real bitch. One of those people that was only nice to strangers. But she was my mother.

FINN. Are you okay?

MAX. I'm good as gold. Have you ever been to Omaha? That's where she lives…Lived. Omaha, home of Campbell's soup and…? She was laying in this hospital in Omaha…With her latest, and perhaps stupidest boyfriend, Todd, at her bedside…Todd of the trucking industry, Todd of the mustache. She was laying there… My mom. She was there, then she wasn't.

FINN. How's your dad?

MAX. I e-mailed him. It bounced back.

FINN. I don't know what to say.

MAX. That fucking….

*(***MAX** *lights a cigarette.)*

FINN. Why didn't you tell me?

MAX. Did you want me to shout it across the craps table?

FINN. Before now, I mean. We could've canceled this weekend.

MAX. Cancel? Are you fucking kidding me? Now more than ever.

FINN. But?

MAX. I don't want to talk about it. Otherwise, everything is…fine.

FINN. Max?

MAX. Good. As. Gold. We should hit this club Murmur tonight, it's ladies' night. But, you can't go out looking like that.

*(***MAX** *enters* **FINN***'s room, checking it out.* **FINN** *is suddenly self-conscious about his clothes.)*

FINN. What's wrong with my clothes?

(As **FINN** *scurries to catch up,* **MAX***, owner of every room he's in, goes through* **FINN***'s luggage. He finds a book.)*

MAX. "The Essays of John Dos Pasos?" You plan on reading?

*(***MAX** *finds a packed lunch, he goes through it.)*

You packed your own lunch? In Atlantic City? Home of never-ending buffets. Pudding? Are *you* okay? You have nothing to wear. Jesus, it's like L.L. Bean puked in your bag. Are there suede patches on your underwear?

FINN. I don't take fashion advice from guys that live in San Diego. It's Richard Marx bad.

MAX. Not fair. I do miss New York…San Diego is like living in a post card. Pretty but flat – fucking cardboard. It's not New York…New York…New York girls. Jesus, I miss them…This time of year. After the long winter… the first day the dresses come out and their bodies can be seen…and they know it, God, do they know it. It should be a national holiday. The day the girls bloom like flowers. Blooming day. See, the girls in California have the bodies but that's it…fake tits, fake brains, shaved pussies…Even the ugliest girl in New York has style…carries herself that way…like they're Audrey Hepburn…just a field of Holly Golightlys. Just a little black dress and a smile.

FINN. "*A field of Holly Golightlys?*" You're a real Lord Byron, you know that.

MAX. Lord Byron. He played for the Lakers, right?

FINN. No. He…

*(***MAX** *flips* **FINN** *the bird.)*

MAX. I miss it. New York girls and you…

FINN. I hardly recognize New York and I live there. It's changed. Look…

*(***MAX** *examining the two rooms.)*

MAX. Do you like the adjoining rooms? Not bad right? Hayden Hall all over. You still keep in touch with that loser from down the hall?

FINN. Ronnie? He's a copy editor for Slate.

MAX. Surprised he could get off the couch long enough to get a job. I thought Peter Tosh's bones were buried in his dorm room….

FINN. He doesn't smoke anymore.

MAX. Good for pothead Ronnie. Never liked that guy.

FINN. I know.

MAX. Always smelled like patchouli and hot pockets.

FINN. Yeah. Do you keep in touch with anybody?

MAX. You. I keep in touch with you. Fuck, I'm on the road two hundred and fifty days a year bribing…I'm sorry… selling doctors these drugs. Let's have a good time. It's a wake up call. You gotta live, have fun, because we all end up in a hospital bed in Omaha one day.

FINN. I…I can't stop thinking about your mom. She'd always come to town and take us to dinner…

MAX. Can we just not? I came here for a reason…to forget…No! To remember the good stuff…

FINN. That reminds me.

*(***FINN** *goes to his room and retrieves a vinyl album from his luggage, The Pixies' iconic "Doolittle." Returning,* **FINN** *hands it to* **MAX**.*)*

For you. For your collection.

MAX. Ah. "Doolittle." This got me through some tough times.

FINN. You said you scratched yours. So, I thought…

MAX. *(earnestly)* Thank you.

FINN. Do you like it? It only cost four bucks. I've never been good at giving gifts, I think it's because my mother got me a subscription to *The New Yorker* when I was six.

MAX. How is Jean?

FINN. You can't spell smother without mother. The curse of the single mom. The "Munch Box" closed.

MAX. The Munch Box?

FINN. Her restaurant. It opened a year ago…closed this winter.

MAX. The Munch Box? It was called "The Munch Box?" No wonder it went under, sounds like a fucking lesbian bar.

FINN. She just keeps saying, "At least I have my health."

(Awkward moment. **MAX** *goes to the mini-bar and starts to sort through all the miniature booze bottles and expensive chips.)*

MAX. What's this shit you told me about not writing anymore?

FINN. Same thing I told you the last time you asked.

MAX. What about the book? The book…the memoir you wanted to write about all the girls you've slept with?

FINN. "52 Pick Up."

MAX. Yes. 52 different girls…"52 Pick Up." Genius.

FINN. It was a terrible idea.

MAX. I liked your shit. The short stories and whatever…I dug those plays.

FINN. I was just another asshole from Connecticut writing plays set in West Texas.

MAX. They were good.

FINN. They weren't plays, Max, they were just mundane observations. I wrote a play titled, "People Talk Fast." It was three hours long…

MAX. So what?

FINN. So, it wasn't a play, it was a hostage situation.

MAX. You know what you should write? Graphic novels. They sell like hotcakes, and they're making movies out of them left and right.

FINN. Graphic novels? Novels? I love that…THEY ARE FUCKING COMIC BOOKS.

MAX. Forget it.

FINN. If you want to be considered literature, try not having characters that can FLY. Perhaps don't draw the stories…

MAX. Don't start. It's a shame, telling girls you're a writer was a real panty dropper. You'll come back to it.

*(***FINN** *notices that* **MAX** *has opened some peanuts from the mini bar or hospitality basket.* **FINN** *reads from the list of prices for the snacks.)*

FINN. Why did you do that? Those are sixteen dollar peanuts.

*(***MAX** *just smiles and continues to munch.)*

You know, I was reading some of the pamphlets in my room. I was thinking about checking out the Atlantic City Historical Society.

MAX. The Historical Society?

FINN. It's free. It says that the Historical Society has 20,000 artifacts that illustrate the county's major 19th-century shipbuilding industry. I was surprised, there are some pretty good shows this weekend. There's this ventriloquist.

MAX. Oh.

*(***MAX** *examines the pamphlet, then playfully humps it on the bed.)*

Wow. This is fun. Let's flip this bitch over.

(He flips the pamphlet over, still humping it, then continues.)

MAX. I have a better idea. Let's actually go have fun. If the lobby is any indication, there's some serious strange in this hotel.

FINN. Yeah. I saw three bachelorette parties when I checked in.

MAX. Ah, the bachelorettes. Like wounded animals on the Serengeti during feeding time. Doomed. Did I mention ladies night? Start here, maybe find some local trim – and then if things look bleak, we can hit the boardwalk. It's going to be epic.

FINN. They're not animals.

MAX. We're all animals. First one to ten wins.

FINN. What?

MAX. That's how we scored it, right?

FINN. Don't ask me.

MAX. Single girls three points – married women five points – right?

FINN. I guess.

MAX. Guess, may ass. Your rules.

FINN. I'm feeling a little under the weather. I have this, ah, tickle – I don't know…I can't afford to let it move into my chest…I just…

*(***MAX** *en route to the bathroom, hands* **FINN** *the can of peanuts.)*

MAX. Here are some nuts. Sack up.

*(***MAX** *exits into his bathroom.)*

(O.S.) Know who I thought of the other day? Right in the middle of a meeting – burst out laughing thinking about her – my boss thought I was fucking crazy.

*(***MAX** *returns from the bathroom.)*

That girl from Cabo. Do you remember The Shocker? Beware of the Shocker! Bwwwahhhha!

FINN. *(smiling despite himself)* How could I forget? She violated me.

MAX. What did you say? What was it you said to her?

FINN. *Excuse me.*

MAX. That's right. Girl shoves a finger up your ass without warning…I mean, it's one thing if she says, "Do you mind," or maybe, "Get ready," but not a fucking peep. Complete unchecked aggression in my book – I mean, she is knuckle deep in your ass and *you* say, "Excuse me," like she cut in line waiting for the movies.

FINN. What does one say?

MAX. You say "get your finger out of my ass, bitch."

FINN. That was the intent.

MAX. You've always been too polite, Finn, that's why you never get what you want.

*(***MAX** *finds and orders pay-per-view porn on his television.)*

(The grunts and screams of porno sex emanate from the TV.)

FINN. Are you watching porn?

MAX. Yes, but only for the articles.

FINN. Why?

MAX. Because I want to. Kids today with the internet porn, the short attention spans – they just get the big finish – but they miss the storytelling. For instance, this is a tragic story about a housewife stuck in a loveless marriage.

FINN. Ah, a classic. Like Madame Bovary.

MAX. Sure. Whatever.

(They watch the porn for a moment. Breaking from the trance…)

FINN. This is…I don't know what.

*(***FINN** *turns off the television.)*

Max, before this goes any further.

*(***MAX** *gets on the floor and starts to do sit ups or push ups.)*

MAX. Are you ready to gamble? No bullshit this time.

FINN. The truth be told. I, ah. Listen to me.

MAX. What? What now? Please don't get all…whatever on me.

FINN. I really can't gamble, Max.

MAX. Fuck you. I told you I got the rooms…

FINN. Thank you…but…

MAX. But, what?

FINN. I don't have any money. Hell, I shouldn't even be down here…I'm flat broke.

MAX. Are you fucking kidding me?

FINN. I'm sorry, man. It all came crashing down last week… I had half a mind to cancel the whole weekend, but you seemed so…you made the reservation already… I'm not even sure where I'm getting the money for school.

*(***MAX** *stops exercising.)*

MAX. What's up?

FINN. I fucked up…My mother's restaurant. It was just… She thought it was just a dip. I bailed her out…She said she'd pay me back.

MAX. You didn't. Oh no. You didn't…You put money into the Munch Box!? The Munch Box? No.

FINN. It's gone. The university doesn't pay shit. Even with the scholarships…I'm short. My credit is shot. I tried to get a private loan, but the banks aren't lending. The fucking economy. I don't know.

MAX. Then what?

FINN. I'll have to take a year off or…it's a fucking disaster.

MAX. Fuck.

FINN. I don't know…I just don't know…

MAX. How much do you need?

FINN. Max, it doesn't matter. I should have just…

MAX. How much?

FINN. Really?

MAX. I don't have any fucking kids to support here…. You're my friend. How much?

FINN. Ten grand.

MAX. That's it? You don't need more? You, my friend, are the first recipient of the Max Emerson Scholarship for…what? Old idiot friends and their mothers. I'll even give you some pocket money for the powder room.

*(***MAX** *finds the can of nuts and tosses the can to* **FINN**.*)*

FINN. No way. I. You don't have to…

MAX. That's done, okay? All of it…Stop thinking about it. Now, I'm going to shit-shower-shave. Then let's hit the floor…

FINN. Max, I don't know what to say.

(They hug.)

MAX. Shh. This is nice. Okay. It's over. We're going to burn Atlantic City to the ground. I have us all sorted out. *(beat)* I have coke; do you want some coke?

FINN. It's 4:30 in the afternoon.

MAX. You're right. Not till after five…is that a rule? Do you know how hard it is to score coke in AC?

FINN. No.

MAX. Hard. I had to call this old client of mine, that's ironic being a drug rep…fuck you Pfizer. Anyway, the guy would only sell in bulk…

*(***MAX** *retrieves his cocaine which is hidden away. He makes a theatrical presentation of the absurdly large package.)*

Please don't be shy…

FINN. *(stunned)* It looks like a burrito.

*(***MAX** *exits into the bathroom, but continues the conversation.)*

FINN. Look there's something else I need to talk to you about.

MAX. *(O.S.)* I did some research. No fully-nude clubs in this town. Only bikini bars…bullshit, right? A town full of casinos and filth, but no fully nude strip clubs? Can you believe that?

*(***MAX** *returns, toothbrush in hand.)*

Call room service…get whatever you want – it's on me.

*(***MAX** *returns to his shower.)*

FINN. Thanks…and thanks.

(A moment passes. **FINN** *looks at the room and looks at the coke, taking it all in. He gingerly places the cocaine down and goes to the mini-bar and opens it, peering inside he takes out a beer, thinks better of it, returns it and takes out a can of soda. He looks at the sheet that has the cost of the soda on it, and laughs to himself. He sits in a chair and pops it open. A moment later he pulls out his cell phone. He dials a number…it rings once, it rings twice…then* **FINN** *hangs up the phone. A second later his phone rings, he answers.)*

Hello? Hey babe. No. I don't think I did. Did I? Just now. Really? I guess it must've dialed you in my pocket. Just, yeah. Hanging out. You won't believe this but Max offered…Okay. Then go ahead and get back to work, I don't want to get you in trouble. I love you too.

(He hangs up. He sips his soda. **MAX** *returns fresh from the shower wearing only boxers.)*

MAX. Did you get yourself a soda, kiddo? You wanna turn around or something? Hey look, its snowing.

*(***MAX** *starts to powder his nether regions with talcum powder.* **FINN** *turns his back to* **MAX**.*)*

I just thought of that girl Ashley. The one we shared in Vegas.

FINN. You told her I was a podiatrist. I spent half the night examining her arches.

MAX. Jesus, it was like sticking my dick in a beehive.

FINN. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

MAX. Desperate is right…She was something else. If you add it up. How many times?

FINN. How many times?

MAX. Have I gotten you laid?

FINN. You? Fuck you. I can do…I have done okay on my own, thank you very much. Pulled my weight. You're getting senile in your old age.

MAX. A real swinging dick, huh? Let's settle this once and for all. Come on. Let's see it. Winner buys dinner.

FINN. What are you…?

MAX. Wait. Length or girth? Both?

FINN. Are you serious?

MAX. Come on. I'll call the front desk and get a ruler. Not enough room? Yard stick? Should I open the door?

FINN. Fuck you. I'm not…

MAX. *(laughing)* The look on your face. I'll buy dinner anyway.

FINN. No. Just put some fucking pants on.

MAX. I insist. What time is it?

FINN. *(checking)* Five minutes since the last time you asked.

MAX. Close enough. Time to stop, drop and roll…

*(***MAX** *finds his drugs and starts to cut up some lines. He rolls up a dollar bill.)*

FINN. Really?

MAX. I seem to remember last time you were a hoover. There was never enough. Like a fucking anteater.

*(***MAX** *snorts a line.)*

Sweet Jesus, I'm home. The shampoo effect.

FINN. *(remembering)* Wash, rinse, repeat.

*(***MAX** *snorts another line. He offers* **FINN** *the bill.)*

MAX. Your turn.

FINN. No, thank you. Look, Max there's…

MAX. Why don't you go shower?

FINN. Listen man…

MAX. You can borrow a shirt. Because you aren't getting laid looking like that...unless we happen upon a meeting of young homosexual communists. Maybe not even then.

FINN. Are you listening?

MAX. Yes, Finn. Yes. I'm listening.

FINN. I'm going to have a baby.

(silence)

MAX. Odd. You're not even showing. With a girl?

FINN. Yeah, with a girl.

MAX. Your first time?

FINN. What do you mean?

MAX. You must've? At some point before… All the…? It's not the first time you've gotten a girl pregnant, is it?

FINN. Yes.

MAX. Oh boy, you're in it now, boy…It happened to me once. It happens to the best of us.

FINN. When?

MAX. Before. Does it matter?

FINN. This is different.

MAX. I don't think it is.

FINN. This isn't a one night stand.

MAX. Oh, you two are together?

FINN. We're having a baby.

MAX. *We're* having a baby? Me and you? Are you going to make an honest man out of me?

FINN. I don't know, is that possible?

(an awkward hesitation)

MAX. So…?

FINN. So…she's due in the fall.

MAX. Wow. I guess we both came baring news, huh?

FINN. *(a look)*

MAX. Well. Congratulations are in order, I guess. Congratulations. Tell me…who's the proud mama?

FINN. Her name is Susan. Susan Poland.

MAX. Wait, Susan Poland? Not NYU Susan?

FINN. The same.

MAX. Holy shit, the actress? I remember her. I remember her.

FINN. Oh yeah?

MAX. Yeah. I think I fucked her. *(beat)* I'm just kidding.

FINN. You prick. We reconnected a while ago and…started talking…It's funny actually…

MAX. Is it?

FINN. Is it what?

MAX. Is it funny?

FINN. I mean in the ironic…

MAX. …You always had a thing for her. Good for you. Really? An actress?

FINN. Former.

MAX. A former writer and a former actress… Jesus the Boulevard of Broken Dreams. Remember that girl, Julie? She was an actress and she was a real bunny boiler. She hid in my closet.

FINN. That Julie girl wasn't an actress, she did burlesque.

MAX. What's wrong with burlesque? It's the best thing to happen to fat chicks since black guys.

FINN. *(ignoring the last remark)* Susan is back at school. That's where we met again. She's studying Social Policy.

MAX. Oh my God…good for her. For you. Good for her and you. This calls for a celebration, or at least a drowning of sorrows. Let's talk about it over some cocktails.

FINN. Yeah. Drinks are fine, talking is fine…but I don't want to…ah…

*(***MAX** *stands, going toward the door.)*

MAX. It's a wonder you quit writing, you're so fucking articulate.

FINN. I don't want to spend the whole night chasing women.

*(***MAX** *stops.)*

MAX. What are you talking about?

FINN. Not like before. I can't. With the baby and all…Just so we're on the same page.

MAX. The hits just keep on coming with you…You're killing me here. It's just us.

FINN. Max. Look. I know. But everything has changed.

MAX. It doesn't have to. Your secret is safe with me, Finn. Let's go. This is our weekend, right? Everything is confidential.

FINN. I don't want to lie to her.

MAX. You know my philosophy…there's absolutely nothing honest about monogamy. Monogamy is about repressing every urge a person has…your complete nature. It is the essence of lying to oneself. I tell you man, it's in our blood…our particles…

FINN. Here we go, I've heard this speech a thousand times…

MAX. Not like this. We're all so fucking small. Don't you get it? We are these tiny insignificant blobs of banded together protein, sitting on some dirt in the midst of a universe which is probably just a white hole piggybacked on a black hole.

FINN. What is this?

MAX. I have cable, I'm not an idiot. My point is…

FINN. You have a point…?

MAX. My point is, asshole, my point is…don't try to deny yourself, because you can't. What are the two things that we, as humans, try over and over again to attain, but never can? Peace and monogamy. Fighting and fucking. Fighting and fucking. We can't help ourselves. It is who we are. Humans don't mate for life. It is a scientific fact. We tell ourselves we do, but it's a lie society forces on us…Because deep down – so far down – in the smallest darkest part of us – we know that if do, we'll go extinct. Let the Wolves and Pandas that are too dumb to screw walk off into the species sunset. But not us…Our life force screams for us to protect and produce. Protect and produce. It's bigger than us. Everything is bigger than us.

FINN. Have you ever considered that perhaps you're a sex addict?

MAX. Oh. I love that modern diagnosis…Do you know what a sex addict is? A man. A fucking man. Every man in life – fathers, uncles, heroes and priests – every man in history…Ghandi was a womanizer, Martin Luther King, even Christ hung out with a hooker – and it wasn't for the conversation…

FINN. Stop. You don't understand…you won't understand how it feels…

MAX. Don't look down your nose at me just because you knocked some chick up.

FINN. I have fucked around on every girl I've ever gone out with. Fucked up every relationship. I'm trying to evolve here.

MAX. Oh, I get it. Finn is all grow'd up.

FINN. I don't want anymore blind spots in my life. We aren't kids anymore.

MAX. That's all relative.

FINN. No, it's not. It's the opposite of relative. It is quantitative. I mean, don't you ever feel life creeping in?

MAX. Did you have a mid-life crisis?

FINN. A whole-life crisis. I have lost that gear…I can't reach that speed anymore…I sit up at night and think, fuck…I've done nothing with my life. But…Susan…this baby is something. A real something – it's gonna be flesh and bone and…And it's not just the baby…it's Susan…She and I – us – is something too. She cares about odd numbers. She told me that when she was a little girl, she felt that even numbers got too much attention…2,4,6,8…

MAX. I know what even numbers are!

FINN. Okay. Susan thought that even numbers had lots of friends…so she cared – had feelings for – the odd numbers. She has compassion for the world…and I envy it. I love it. I love her. I do. You should be happy for me.

MAX. I just stuck my mother in the ground.

FINN. I'm sorry. I just…you know, we can still have fun.

MAX. Oh yeah, it'll be great. Maybe we can knock back a few Shirley Temples…oohh, I know, lets go see the boat show at the Atlantic City Historical Society.

FINN. *(to himself)* It's not a boat show, it's a show about the county's major 19th-century industry…shipbuilding.

MAX. Shut up. I'm really disappointed. Pretty soon, we'll be there.

FINN. Where?

MAX. You know…*there*. We're going to start swapping recipes and visiting the wine country. Before you know it, we're that guy – that fucking guy – with the plaid shirt and the fucking Birkenstock sandals *with socks* and the scratched Pixies albums. Some fat asshole who denies every impulse he has…

FINN. It doesn't have to be that way.

MAX. We're on our way…before we know it, the only thing that makes us individuals is going to be our *oh so* clever e-mail addresses…

FINN. Come on…

MAX. …I think "Hamlet2 at gmail" says something about me…

FINN. That won't happen. Come on. You know I hate e-mail. As though they're letters…"L-O-L". What does that mean? *(beat)* Virginia Woolf, Vaclav Havel…Those are letters…

MAX. Don't you dare! Don't you fucking dare bring that pretentious grad school shit into this room when there is bigger shit going on. We said we were going to *always* do it this way. A couple of days where we can be every terrible wonderful thing we actually are.

FINN. What do you want to hear? That I still desire?

MAX. Sure.

FINN. I still desire. I still see other women and think…I see the legions of girls with yoga mats rolled up sooo

tight. Where are they going? But, you know, there is an Indian saying, Max. It goes like this: "It is morning when you wake up."

MAX. What the fuck? Did you get that out of a fortune cookie?

FINN. Indian, Max, Indian. We had a points system. We made women into statistics.

MAX. What? And they don't have statistics on us? How much we make? Where we went to school? The size of our dicks? Shall I go on? They read us like the back of baseball cards. You don't think that Susan checked your stats before…

FINN. Maybe. But she didn't go around jumping in and out of bed – then keeping score.

MAX. Who knows, maybe she did?

FINN. Shut up. That's my…What does that even mean?

MAX. Nothing. How many guys did she tell you she slept with? Hmm? Let me guess…Four? Right? *(ticking them off)* High School boyfriend. College boyfriend. One mistake and…you?

FINN. *(a look)*

*(***FINN** *retreats to his room.)*

MAX. More importantly…more importantly does Susan know about all our little adventures? Did you let her know?

FINN. Well…

MAX. Come on you must've told her about our…

FINN. …I…

MAX. …Honest Abe…Joe-fucking-life-change – you must've?

FINN. Yes. I did. We tell each other…everything…

MAX. You told her what these weekends are about? Let me see your cell.

FINN. Why?

MAX. Just let me see it.

FINN. No.

MAX. I just want to see a picture of Susan. It has been a decade. I bet you have a current picture of Susan on your phone. I want to see what she looks like.

FINN. Fine.

*(***FINN** *takes out his cell phone and flips through a few pictures. Eventually finding one.)*

Here.

(He holds the phone timidly toward **MAX**.*)*

MAX. Closer.

FINN. No.

MAX. I can't see it. I'm not going to bite.

*(***FINN** *inches closer. When he does,* **MAX** *pounces on the phone he holds in close to himself, then far away as* **FINN** *tries to regain control of it. A chase ensues, it leads from room to room. A childish pursuit.)*

Oh, she looks great, Finn. Really.

FINN. *(nonchalant)* Give it back.

MAX. Should I call her? I'm dialing…

FINN. Ha ha. Very funny.

MAX. …It's ringing!…

FINN. Be careful! Did you just push a button?

MAX. Hello? Susan. Max Emerson here…remember me from college? OF COURSE YOU DO, you called me *Maximum Overdrive.*

FINN. You didn't call her. Please don't call her!

(Soon **MAX** *has retreated to standing on the bed.)*

MAX. *(affected)* Me and Finn, we take these little vacations. But instead of playing golf and eating at shitty steak houses we screw girls…lots and lots of girls – black ones, white ones, yellow ones – fat-skinny – polka-dotted – all of them. Yep, we screw them and we're usually too drunk and high to remember. Great. I'll let him know.

*(***MAX** *hangs up the phone.)*

FINN. You didn't call her.

MAX. Maybe, maybe not. Does it matter? I thought you said she knew?

FINN. You wouldn't call her?

*(***MAX** *drops the phone on the bed.* **FINN** *looks at it and then absentmindedly leaves it there.)*

MAX. I was making a point…

FINN. A point?!

MAX. You're already lying to her. And the thing is, you're going to miss it. Everything we had, the things we were able to do…

*(***FINN** *exits into his room, leaving his phone on* **MAX***'s bed.* **FINN** *gathers his things as* **MAX** *lingers at the adjoining door.)*

Stop. If we don't leave soon we are going to miss the happy hour.

FINN. I don't care.

MAX. Don't pout. I'll buy you a milk shake.

FINN. This…this is obviously not going to work. We've changed. I've moved on and you haven't. I should just go home.

MAX. So I should just send you the check? Money order?

FINN. Um. Well. I mean...

MAX. That's what you came here for. Did Sue send you down here to get the money?

FINN. No. She's working two fucking jobs…she…you don't even know her. You know, ever since I first met you, I've done everything you wanted. Everything that you've wanted to try or…endless nights…going to the Wetlands and Mercury Lounge every night...all those dumb girls…Party Girl Pootie, Sally from the Valley, Lindsey whatsherfuck, Sarah Berger…fucking Sam…

MAX. Sam?

FINN. Blonde, big tits.

MAX. Sam! Oh, Sam…I miss Sam.

FINN. Hanging out at The Blue and Gold till dawn the night before mid-terms…

MAX. How much fun was that?

FINN. I got a C-plus! Do you remember in college that I even dumped a girl I liked because…

MAX. This again? Larry Legend?

FINN. …You were heartbroken so I had to be single with you. You manipulate…

MAX. You're not married to this woman!

FINN. Yes, I am!

(silence)

MAX. What? Metaphorically?

FINN. No. I'm already married. Susan and I got married two months ago…

MAX. What?

FINN. I was going to tell you…

MAX. What? Really, Finn? That…that…just…ouch.

FINN. I was going…I went down to the floor to tell you.

MAX. Two months? I was *in* New York two months ago.

FINN. I know it's old fashioned but I wanted to do the right thing. Be there, unlike our fathers.

MAX. Our fathers understood. You. You. You have serious balls.

FINN. I'm sorry, Max.

MAX. You have the audacity – the fucking audacity – to borrow *ten thousand dollars* and then spring all this shit on me? "Arms for the poor."

FINN. It's ALMS for the poor…not arms. The poor have arms, presumably.

MAX. This is bad…this is fucking Billy Joel bad….fuck you.

FINN. I just knew you'd freak at the whole idea. You hate…

MAX. You didn't want me at your fucking wedding?

FINN. Max.

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