

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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Samuel French Acting Edition

Swimmers

by Rachel Bonds

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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SWIMMERS received its world premiere production at Marin Theatre Company (Jasson Minadakis, Artistic Director; Michael Barker, Managing Director) in Mill Valley, California. The performance was directed by Mike Donahue, with sets and costumes by Dane Laffrey, lighting design by Kurt Landisman, and sound design by Teddy Hulsker. The stage manager was Megan McClintock. The cast was as follows:

WALTER		L. Peter Callender
TOM		Aaron Roman Weiner
FARRAH		Jessica Bates
YURI		Brian Herndon
BILL		Ryan Vincent Anderson
RANDY		Max Rosenak
PRIYA		Jolly Abraham
CHARLENE		Sarah Nina Hayon
VIVIAN		Kristin Villanueva
DENNIS		Adam Andrianopoulos
GEORGE		Charles Shaw Robinson

CHARACTERS

WALTER – Facilities Management. African-American. Late forties/early fifties.

TOM – Sales. Could be any race/ethnicity. Early forties.

FARRAH – Product Development. Could be any non-WASPy race/ethnicity. Early thirties.

YURI – Product Development. Russian. Moved to U.S. for college. Mid-to-late thirties.

BILL – Product Development. African-American. Early thirties.

RANDY – Sales. Could be any race/ethnicity. Late twenties/early thirties.

PRIYA – Sales. First-generation American, born to Indian parents. Late twenties/early thirties.

CHARLENE – Administration. Latina. Early-to-mid-forties.

VIVIAN – Intern. Very beautiful, non-white and ethnically ambiguous. Early twenties/twenty-five.

DENNIS – R&D. Overweight. White. Fortyish.

GEORGE – COO. White. Mid-fifties.

The Basement

(9:30/10:00 a.m. TOM in the basement; he sits in a dark corner in an old desk chair. He stares at his clasped hands. WALTER comes in, perhaps wheeling a trash bin, pulls out a checklist and marks it. He does not see TOM. TOM leans forward hesitantly from the shadows.)

TOM. Hey Walter / just so you know I'm down here.

WALTER. *Christ what the – Jesus!*

TOM. Sorry, sorry, I'm – I was trying not to scare / you.

WALTER. *Jesus* man.

TOM. I'm sorry, I –

WALTER. I just about had a heart attack just now!

TOM. I'm – sorry. I should / have –

WALTER. What're you doing down here?

TOM. Uhhhhh – sitting.

WALTER. Sitting.

TOM. Yup.

WALTER. This something you do often?

TOM. No, no – just – today.

WALTER. Is there something wrong with your office?

TOM. Oh, no, / no.

WALTER. You just prefer the basement.

TOM. *(Peeling something sticky off the chair.)* No, I'm just –
I was just thinking about things.

WALTER. And you don't like to think about things in your office?

TOM. It's quieter down here.

WALTER. Sure...

TOM. (*Mimes things flying at his face.*) Less – erghhhhh! – you know?

WALTER. ...Right.

You want to move your desk down here?

TOM. Ha – yeah, maybe I should.

WALTER. (*Winking at him.*) It's good with me, but you ask José – see what he thinks about it.

TOM. (*A small laugh.*) Thanks – I will.

Sorry – I'm Tom.

WALTER. Tom, right. Second floor? – / Is it?

TOM. Right – that's right.

WALTER. Walter.

TOM. I know.

WALTER. All right.

(**WALTER** looks down at his checklist, shaking his head, raising his eyebrows to himself.)

TOM. Where is José today?

WALTER. He's on vacation.

TOM. Ohhhh / okay.

WALTER. I'm doing both shifts this week, so.

TOM. That's a long day for you.

WALTER. Eh, it is what it is.

(**TOM** nods. **WALTER** marks something on the checklist, gathers a few supplies. **TOM** laughs and shakes his head – half-laughing.)

TOM. Auuughh!

WALTER. (*Eyeing him.*) You all right?

TOM. God, yeah, I just – I saw this – on my way to work today I saw this billboard, just this completely ominous thing, this – plain black sign with white lettering that said END OF THE WORLD, COLON, SEVEN SEVEN SIXTEEN.*

*Insert the current year here, so that the billboard date is always in the near future.

WALTER. Hm.

TOM. No explanation or logo or anything, just – the date.
And I'm like, well God, what do I do with that?! You
know? What does a person. Do. With that?

WALTER. (*Smiling, shaking his head.*) You're kind of a dark
dude, huh Tom?

TOM. Uhhhhh –

WALTER. In my experience, it doesn't do a person much
good to sit around in the dark and think about things
like that.

TOM. Ehhh... Probably not.

WALTER. Definitely not.

(*He squints at TOM, then points at him.*)

Hey, now, wait – Tom – something went down with you
last week, right?

TOM. (*Covering his face.*) Oh God.

WALTER. Charlene told me they had to call an ambulance /
up here?

TOM. Yeah – yes, but I'm totally / fine.

WALTER. Something with your heart?

TOM. Yeah, no – more of a – lung thing I / guess...

WALTER. Asthma attack?

TOM. Uhhhhhhh sort / of.

WALTER. You didn't have your inhaler with / you?

TOM. No, I – / yeah –

WALTER. My wife's got it bad – and I always tell her – *You
GOTTA carry that thing with you.*

TOM. Yeahhh, I – Yeah.

No, it – turned out to be nothing. Just embarrassing,
mostly.

(*TOM gives a small, embarrassed smile, then
looks at his hands, flexing his fingers up and
down. WALTER peers at him.*)

WALTER. Maybe you should get yourself a hobby.

TOM. I – yeah, I probably should, / I guess.

WALTER. I'm just saying – like my wife, she knits like crazy – says it helps her deal with her life. She makes some professional shit, too – She could teach you.

TOM. Oh, yeah? I mean, / maybe –

WALTER. (*Laughing.*) I'm just messing with you.

TOM. Oh.

WALTER. You do not want to knit with my wife.

TOM. I don't know, it sounds kind of nice.

WALTER. (*Laughing.*) Auuggghh no. She'll take one look at you and you'll be her next project. She'd be taking you to her knitting club and her book club and buying you new clothes and all that.

(He laughs to himself, gathers the last of his supplies, turning to leave.)

Anyway, man...

TOM. How long have you been married?

WALTER. Loooong time.

TOM. Yeah?

WALTER. Thirty years in the fall.

TOM. Wow.

WALTER. Yup.

TOM. You – did you go to school together, or –

WALTER. No – we met on a plane.

TOM. Oh wow – going to –?

WALTER. She was flying to Chicago to visit her aunt and I was heading there for this summer job my mom's folks set me up with and...hah, yeah man, it was basically love at first sight.

TOM. So, what, you just –

WALTER. Well we were sitting next to each other and talking for the whole flight – and near the end, we start landing, and I just say, "Hey, when we get to Chicago, would you mind if I took you out for dinner?"

TOM. Like that same night?

WALTER. Yeah, that same night! I mean, this was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen and I didn't want to let her out of my sight, you know what I mean? It was like, if I didn't try to stay within three feet of her from that moment on, she might vanish into thin air or something.

TOM. So what'd she say?

WALTER. She said Yes.

TOM. Wow.

WALTER. Yeah. She was only supposed to be in Chicago a week and she ended up staying the whole summer. We got married that same fall.

TOM. Man, fast!

WALTER. Yup, just seemed silly to wait, you know – when you know, you / know.

TOM. Right, yeah.

WALTER. Still going strong too. What about you?

TOM. Oh, uh...

WALTER. Married?

TOM. ...No.

WALTER. What are you waiting for?

TOM. Uhhh... I don't / know.

WALTER. Life's too short, man, that much / I know.

TOM. Yeah, I – it's complicated I / guess.

WALTER. Nah, man, it's not that complicated. You just need to – you know – stop hiding in basements.

TOM. Right.

WALTER. Especially if we got the apocalypse coming.

(TOM nods. WALTER checks an incoming message on his phone.)

Aw shit. Okay, Tom, I should, uh –

TOM. Yeah, of course.

WALTER. *(Grabbing some tools.)* Looks like I gotta go fix an exploding toilet on four.

TOM. Oh no.

WALTER. Not a complete day until I've had my hands in other people's shit!

TOM. How do you deal with that? I don't think I could handle / that.

WALTER. Well, when you have kids you get used to dealing with shit of all kinds.

TOM. Right. Are you bringing your kids in tomorrow?

WALTER. *(Texting a reply.)* Uhhh...

TOM. It's Bring Your Kid to / Work Day.

WALTER. *(Looking up.)* Oh – no.

TOM. That's too bad. I bet they're good kids.

WALTER. There's just the one. My son.

TOM. Oh, nice. And he / isn't –?

WALTER. Nah, he's – He can't make it.

Anyway, man, I'm gonna head up.

TOM. Yeah, yeah. It was nice talking to you, Walter.

WALTER. You too.

(WALTER pauses in the doorway, looking back at TOM.)

Hey, listen – you got any pets?

TOM. No.

WALTER. Are you allergic?

TOM. Not that I know / of.

WALTER. Okay, well if you come by the adoption center downtown, I'll hook you up. We got a bunch of dogs and cats that need homes.

TOM. You work there too?

WALTER. Weekends. We got a bunch of good little guys who could use someone like you.

TOM. ...Yeah...

WALTER. I mean, I'll be straight with you – I'm gonna interrogate you before I let you take any of them home. It's a serious commitment. But I think it'd be good for you.

TOM. Yeah, I'm – I don't know, honestly, I think I'd just –
It'd just be another thing to get attached to and worry
about, you know?

WALTER. (*Squinting at him.*) Uh huh...

TOM. So...probably not a good idea.

WALTER. (*Shaking his head.*) Okay.

TOM. Sorry.

WALTER. No, man, it's, whatever. Listen – seriously – don't
sit down here all day.

TOM. Yeah, I'll try.

WALTER. (*Turning.*) Gotta come on up into the light sometime.
(**TOM** *nods.*)

All right. Later Tom.

TOM. Later.

(**WALTER** *disappears, heading upstairs.* **TOM**
leans back in his chair and looks around the
basement.)

First Floor

(11:00 a.m. A breakroom/kitchen area.

CHARLENE *puts a Tupperware container in the microwave. VIVIAN comes in, holding a few folders.)*

VIVIAN. ...Hi...

CHARLENE. Hi!

VIVIAN. *(Holding out folders.)* Sorry, I wasn't sure about these...

CHARLENE. *(Taking them.)* Lemme see.

(She flips through quickly, hands them back.)

Nope, shred 'em. Anything before '05 goes.

VIVIAN. Okay.

CHARLENE. You aren't dying of boredom, are you?

VIVIAN. No, no – I like organizing things, actually. I'm kind of OCD like that.

CHARLENE. Well goood. Then I'm glad I've got you.

(She pulls her food out of the microwave.)

I know it's only eleven, but I am freaking starving, augh.

VIVIAN. Yeah. Okay, I'm going to try to finish these before lunch.

CHARLENE. You want to take a break now? You can if you want.

VIVIAN. I'm okay right now.

CHARLENE. Did you bring something?

VIVIAN. No... I was just going to go out / somewhere.

CHARLENE. Because there's not too much around here – for lunch / options.

VIVIAN. Yeah, I know – I actually found a little place that has pretty cheap sandwiches, so.

CHARLENE. Which place?

VIVIAN. Uhh, it's out on, um...Lakewood and...Tor– near Torrance I think?

CHARLENE. Like a deli, / or?

VIVIAN. Kind of. It's vegetarian, though.

CHARLENE. Ohhh.

I was gonna say, I'd share some of this with you if you want, but it has chicken in / it.

VIVIAN. Oh – no, I'm fine.

CHARLENE. You don't eat meat?

VIVIAN. No.

CHARLENE. Fish?

VIVIAN. Um, fish sometimes. But I'm allergic to shellfish, so. That narrows some of the / options.

CHARLENE. God, no wonder you're so skinny – you can't eat anything.

VIVIAN. No, I'm – I always find something.

(She shrugs and looks down at the folders in her hands.)

Well, I'm gonna go work on / this –

CHARLENE. No no – stay. Keep a lady company. Tell me what's going on in your young life.

VIVIAN. Oh – uh, nothing really.

CHARLENE. Nothing?

VIVIAN. No, I'm pretty boring I guess.

CHARLENE. We'll, I'm sure that's not true.

(VIVIAN laughs a bit. CHARLENE peers at her, then looks into her half-empty Tupperware container, poking at her food.)

God, I better save this for later or I'll be a psychopath by two p.m.

(She closes the Tupperware and puts it away.)

Hey – you should pack yourself something the night before. That's what I do. I pack Tara's and Jeremy's lunches and then I pack mine. It'll save you a lot of money.

VIVIAN. Yeah, I should do that.

Those're your kids?

CHARLENE. Yep. Tara and Jeremy. Wait wait wait.

(She pulls out her phone and shows VIVIAN the lock-screen picture.)

VIVIAN. Aw, they're cute.

CHARLENE. *(Smiling at them.)* Yeahh, they look like they are.

VIVIAN. How old are they?

CHARLENE. Tara's eleven and Jeremy's seven.

VIVIAN. Oh nice.

CHARLENE. They're complete maniacs.

VIVIAN. He looks so sweet and innocent, though.

CHARLENE. Yup, he looks like his dad.

VIVIAN. And what does your husband do?

CHARLENE. Oh, he's a professional asshole.

VIVIAN. Oh, God, sorry / – I just assumed –

CHARLENE. I'm kidding I'm kidding. That's just his hobby.
He's an accountant.

VIVIAN. I'm sorry.

CHARLENE. Don't be – It's not your fault. We're in the midst
of a divorce, / so –

VIVIAN. Oh, I'm sorry.

CHARLENE. Eh – yeah.

Anyway, they're not really maniacs – the kids – they're
just – well Jeremy can be a little spastic, but Tara's got
such an attitude all of a sudden, I don't know...

You thirsty?

VIVIAN. Uhhhhh sure.

CHARLENE. *(Pulling water from the cabinet.)* We're not
supposed to take these, but I'm the one who orders
them, so it's okay.

(She hands VIVIAN a small water bottle.)

VIVIAN. Thanks.

CHARLENE. My girlfriend Sandy is making me do this
speed-dating thing with her on Thursday. Have you
ever done that?

VIVIAN. No.

CHARLENE. No, I guess you would never need to. It sounds ridiculous. But... I don't know... I'm dreading it for some reason.

VIVIAN. It could be fun.

CHARLENE. What, they give you like one minute or something?

VIVIAN. I think so.

CHARLENE. (*Laughing.*) I'll be like, hey I'm Charlene, I'm newly divorced, and I have two kids and they'll be like ENHH, *NEXT*.

VIVIAN. No...

CHARLENE. Yeah, I don't know... I don't think I'm gonna be the belle of that ball.

(*She gives a small, quickly-sad smile.*)

But give me the dirt on you! Are you dating anyone?

VIVIAN. No, no.

CHARLENE. Really? I find that hard to believe.

VIVIAN. Yeah, no, I'm – uhhhh. Apparently I don't have a core?

CHARLENE. What?

VIVIAN. That's what my last boyfriend said.

CHARLENE. Your core?

VIVIAN. Yeah, he said I lack a core.

CHARLENE. I don't know what that means.

VIVIAN. That he couldn't talk to me. I'm just a pretty shell of a person – with no strong emotional center or true understanding of pain or something.

CHARLENE. (*Squinting at her.*) Oh God.

VIVIAN. Yeahhh.

CHARLENE. (*Smirking at her.*) Sounds like he was kind of a dick.

VIVIAN. (*Laughing a bit.*) Yeah...he really was.

(*They laugh.*)

CHARLENE. So. Vivian, my dear.

VIVIAN. Yeah?

CHARLENE. You doing all right?

VIVIAN. Yeah.

CHARLENE. Yeah?

VIVIAN. Yeah...

CHARLENE. (*Moving closer, quieter.*) Because let me tell you something: He did the same thing to me when I first started.

VIVIAN. ...Really?

CHARLENE. Oh yes. I was new and one night he stayed late to help me with a project, and...blah blah blah – things happened.

VIVIAN. Did you say anything?

CHARLENE. What, you mean to him?

VIVIAN. No, to HR.

CHARLENE. No. I mean, this was years ago, the company was a lot smaller. And this guy Larry was basically the entire HR department, so – No, I was too embarrassed to say anything so I asked to transfer departments.

VIVIAN. But do you guys, like – you must have to talk sometimes, / or –

CHARLENE. Not if we can help it. He avoids me like the plague because he knows he fucked up. Sorry.

VIVIAN. No – you're fine.

CHARLENE. Listen. It's good you said something. Next screw-up, he's out of here. And he knows it.

VIVIAN. Yeah...

CHARLENE. So what happened?

VIVIAN. I don't know.

CHARLENE. You don't know?

VIVIAN. He – I don't know, it was weird, I kind of don't know if –

CHARLENE. Look, if you felt something weird, then you felt something weird.

VIVIAN. Yeah, / I know.

CHARLENE. Something about it made you want to go see HR, so –

VIVIAN. I know...

CHARLENE. I mean, eugh, it's – Here you are, a smart young woman just starting out here and he goes and does this screwed-up thing, it's just –

(She shakes her head.)

This is the problem, see? He just does whatever he wants and walks away and then you're left there, like thinking about that moment and thinking about it and thinking about it and wondering what you could have done differently or how you could have prevented it or if there's something wrong with you and – and when he's the one that was the asshole! It's just – eughhhh it pisses me off so bad.

You know he's a drunk, right?

VIVIAN. No.

CHARLENE. Oh yes – a highly-functioning one. You couldn't smell it on him when he –?

VIVIAN. I don't know. Anyway. I shouldn't really be talking about this anymore.

CHARLENE. Is that what HR told you?

VIVIAN. No... I just feel that way.

CHARLENE. Okay. I'll be quiet.

VIVIAN. You don't have to be quiet – I just really don't want to talk about it.

CHARLENE. Okay, got it – / quiet.

(WALTER strides by the doorway, then swings back in, seeing CHARLENE. VIVIAN stares down at the file folders, unsure of what to do.)

WALTER. Hey / – got an update for you.

CHARLENE. Hey doll.

Yeah – How's that toilet looking?

WALTER. *(Laughing.)* Not too good – I'm gonna go down and grab some other tools, / but...

CHARLENE. *(Laughing.)* All right – well let me know and I'll call about getting a replacement.

WALTER. *(Turning to go.)* I'll let you know.

CHARLENE. Hey – everything else going okay?

WALTER. ...Yeah. You know...

CHARLENE. I know.

Good luck with that toilet, hon!

WALTER. *(Disappearing.)* I'm gonna need it!

(She watches him go, smiling. She inhales, then turns back to VIVIAN.)

CHARLENE. Well.

VIVIAN. *(Turning to leave.)* So I'll just, uh, get going with these –

CHARLENE. Hey – There's nothing wrong with you.

VIVIAN. Oh – no, I know.

CHARLENE. There is nothing wrong with you.

VIVIAN. I / know.

CHARLENE. There is Nothing. Wrong. With. You.

VIVIAN. *(Quiet.)* I know.

CHARLENE. Okay.

(VIVIAN stares at the folders, face flushed.)

Why don't you take lunch? You can finish with those when you're back.

VIVIAN. *(Staring down.)* Okay.

CHARLENE. Be back in...forty-five, sound good?

VIVIAN. Okay, yeah. Be back soon.

CHARLENE. Okay.

(CHARLENE smiles at VIVIAN. VIVIAN gives a small smile and nod, then leaves, head down.)

(CHARLENE shakes her head, then looks down at herself, smoothing her skirt, brushing crumbs off of her chest. She touches her hair for a moment. She looks around the room, alone.)

Second Floor

(Noon. **RANDY** sits at his desk, typing. **TOM** appears, hesitantly clutching his work bag, scanning the office. **RANDY** stands upon **TOM**'s entrance.)

RANDY. What's up, Tom?!

TOM. Hey.

RANDY. I figured you weren't coming in today.

TOM. Yeah, I decided I'd do a half-day.

RANDY. How're you faring?

TOM. I'm okay.

RANDY. Yeah?

TOM. Yeah, thanks.

RANDY. I'm glad to hear it.

TOM. (Looking around.) Where's Priya?

RANDY. Dentist.

TOM. Ah.

(**TOM** sits at his desk.)

How'd the quarterly review go Friday?

RANDY. Ohhh shitty.

TOM. Yeah?

RANDY. We're not bringing in enough new clients blah blah blah.

TOM. Right.

RANDY. More cold calls more cold calls, blah blah blah.

TOM. Oh no.

RANDY. Yeah kill me now.

(**TOM** starts to settle in, opening his email, etc.

RANDY watches him.)

Yo – was that the first time that's ever happened to you?

TOM. Um...

RANDY. Because it's been happening to *so many people* I know. My sister, just a few weeks ago... We were at

Appleb– no, we were at Outback with our parents to discuss, like, her – wedding flower arrangements or something, and she just like – same thing as you, just started holding her chest and... *(He shakes his head.)*

TOM. Wow.

RANDY. The world is so crazy right now – I feel like it's all about to boil over or something. This totally insane thing happened to me this weekend, even, and it's just like, I can't shake that feeling, you know?

TOM. Yeah.

RANDY. I'm just saying – it's no wonder your body flipped its shit on you.

TOM. Yeah.

I hope I didn't freak you out, or –

RANDY. No no no – you didn't freak me out.

TOM. Okay.

RANDY. But, hey – if you ever want to try something, to help – de-stress – let me know.

TOM. ...Like – what, you mean –

RANDY. ...Just let me know.

(RANDY smiles at TOM. TOM stares back at him, puzzled.)

PRIYA. *(Entering, rushed.)* Hey.

RANDY. / Hey!

TOM. Hi.

RANDY. Did you have any cavities?

PRIYA. *(Throwing her bag onto her desk.)* Eughhh I don't want to talk about it!

RANDY. Uh oh.

PRIYA. I have two cavities! How did I get *two* cavities?

RANDY. By eating whole cups full of Reese's Pieces from the breakroom.

PRIYA. Eughhh shit, I know. I know I know I know.

RANDY. You know sugar causes inflammation.

PRIYA. I know, I have to stop eating all sugar.

RANDY. Not *all* sugar – It's just about moderation.

PRIYA. I hate the stupid dentist! He asks me questions
WHILE my mouth is like jammed open with dental
tools, it's – ridiculous and awful.

(Turning.)

Oh God – Tom! Hi.

TOM. Hi.

PRIYA. How are you?

TOM. I'm good, I'm okay.

PRIYA. Yeah?

TOM. Yup.

PRIYA. I was worried about you, I – We didn't think you
were coming in today.

TOM. Yeah – I thought I'd do a half-day, / so –

PRIYA. Good, yeah. Take it easy, you know?

TOM. Thanks, yeah.

PRIYA. It's good to see you, though.

TOM. Thanks.

PRIYA. Of course.

Oh! Wait – shit – so, what happened? There's like three
fire trucks outside – I saw them on my way / in –

TOM. *(Rising.)* / Where?

RANDY. *(Rising.)* Oh shit, I don't know.

PRIYA. They're all out in front of the State Farm building.

(They all go to the window.)

TOM. Oh – yeah.

RANDY. *(Watching.)* Oh shit – yeah.

TOM. It's probably a bomb.

PRIYA. WHAT?! – NO – I'm sure it's something ridiculous,
like someone burned popcorn.

TOM. They look hurried.

PRIYA. Well, it's their job to hurry, they're firemen.

RANDY. Yeahhh, but if it were just burnt popcorn, they
wouldn't hurry.

PRIYA. But they don't know if it's popcorn, they just know someone set off the fire alarm.

TOM. It's probably a bomb.

PRIYA. Stop it – that's not funny.

TOM. I'm not being funny.

RANDY. (*To TOM.*) See what I mean? – Crazy shit.

PRIYA. I'm sure it's nothing.

RANDY. Let's hope so.

PRIYA. Randy.

(TOM continues to stare out the window.

RANDY and PRIYA go back to their desks. PRIYA types, sending RANDY an instant message. He types, replying. She types again, replying. He types again, replying. She gives him a look, then calls out to TOM.)

Tom – I'm sure it's okay. I didn't mean to cause alarm.

TOM. (*Turning to her.*) Yeah, no, I know.

RANDY. (*To TOM, but pointedly staring at PRIYA.*) It is probably just popcorn.

TOM. Yeah.

PRIYA. (*Gesturing to TOM.*) Come back to us.

TOM. Yeah – sorry.

(TOM shakes it off and goes back to his desk and stares at his screen. PRIYA smiles at him.)

RANDY. Yo – Did you change the Salesforce password?

PRIYA. Yeah, it expired.

RANDY. Yeah, so what did you change it to?

PRIYA. Uhhhhh hold on.

(She clicks around to find it.)

Uhhh...Priya sales forty-nine semi-colon. All lowercase.

RANDY. You need better passwords.

PRIYA. It has a semi-colon in it.

RANDY. You should do some uppercase letters though.

PRIYA. So change it.

TOM. Do either of you have some Tylenol?

RANDY. No, but I have Butterbur capsules, if you want that.

PRIYA. (*Rolling her eyes.*) / Oh God.

TOM. What's that?

RANDY. (*Picking up his bag.*) It's an herbal remedy – good for headaches. Front pocket.

TOM. Thanks.

(**RANDY** tosses **TOM** his messenger bag. He narrowly catches it, then searches for the pills.)

(*Searching.*) Why do you have so many Altoids?

RANDY. I like them.

TOM. But you have so many...ten tins of them though?

RANDY. Yes.

TOM. Okay – oh – found it. Take two?

RANDY. Yeah, that should do it. Oh, so guys, I have to tell you what happened this weekend. Here –

(**TOM** tosses the bag back to **RANDY**.)

Thanks. Okay, okay, okay. So I was out / running and I got to –

(**CHARLENE** appears with a package of coffee.)

CHARLENE. Hey y'all.

TOM. Oh – hey.

CHARLENE. Special delivery for you, hon.

TOM. Thank you.

CHARLENE. (*Pointing at him.*) You okay?

TOM. Yeah, I'm good.

CHARLENE. Good.

(*Turning to* **PRIYA**.)

Hey girl!

PRIYA. Hey.

CHARLENE. I got your email – / Ooh, I like that top.

PRIYA. Oh good.

TJ Maxx.

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