

I COULD SAY MORE

A Play by

Chuck Blasius

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SYNOPSIS

Finding himself romantically and sexually obsessed with his brother-in-law, Carl, a frustrated, blocked writer and supposedly happily-married father of an adopted son, retreats to a beach house for two weeks of rest and relaxation, hoping to escape his woes, re-ignite his family life and get his creative juices flowing again. Short-sightedly, however, Carl invites the object of his affection, Phil, who brings along his current boy-toy, Dyson. Also invited are Lila, an actress friend, who brings her married boyfriend, Joe; and Skip, a theatre director and his dying wife, Rakel. As the festivities progress, the liquor flows and emotions run high; the guests' neuroses, conflicts and rivalries surface, triggering all of them to consider their lives, loves and commitments.

The World Premiere of I COULD SAY MORE opened on January 13, 2014 at the Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 West 26th Street, New York City, with the following cast:

CARL Chuck Blasius
DREW Brett Douglas
JASON Brandon Smalls
PHIL Grant James Varjas
DYSON Frank Delessio
SKIP Keith McDermott
RAKEL Monique Vukovic
LILA Kate Hodge
JOE Robert Gomes

The play was directed by the author. Set design by Clifton Chadick; Lighting design by Brian Tovar; Sound Design by Roger Anderson; Costume design by Esther Colt Coats. The stage manager was Katy Moore.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CARL, the host
DREW, his husband
JASON, their son
PHIL, Drew's brother
DYSON, his boyfriend
SKIP, a guest
RAKEL, his wife
LILA, a guest
JOE, her boyfriend

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

Last summer, a weekend in July: Saturday afternoon.

ACT TWO

Scene 1: Sunday Afternoon
Scene 2: September

PLACE

A rented beach house on Long Island.

SETTING

The stage is divided into three areas. Stage right is a dining area: a large round table with a series of mismatched chairs. On the stage right wall is a pass-thru to the kitchen. Stage left is a living area: sofas, overstuffed chairs, bookshelves with paperbacks and a few board games. Center stage is a sliding door that goes out to a porch with beach furniture. We can see activity on the porch through screened windows on either side of the stage. Beyond the porch are dunes and the sea.

The room should not look as if it's been decorated with any kind of overseeing eye. Furniture should be mismatched, as if it's been assembled through attrition. The only aesthetic is one of ease and convenience; nothing too valuable or breakable and everything can be easily cleaned. Lots of rattan and slipcovers or blankets on all the upholstered furniture. Pine paneled walls and dim lighting at night.

ACT ONE

(At rise, onstage in the living area are: PHIL, in a chair, DYSON on his lap. SKIP, standing. DREW, lying on the sofa. CARL stands at the table, clearing dirty dishes. Through the windows, we can see RAKEL, sitting in a lounge chair on the porch. SHE wears a scarf around her head. The screen door to the porch is open. Music plays from an iPod dock. After a bit of elaborate stretching, SKIP executes an impressive handstand. Ad-libbed expressions of encouragement. HE holds it for a good ten second)

CARL

(Gesturing to SKIP's parted legs:) I wish I had some flowers, now that we've got a vase.

(DREW laughs. SKIP falls out of the handstand)

SKIP

Oh, come on, I'd like to see you... Not bad for a sixty... a fifty... Rakel, do you remember...? Rakel? Where is she?

CARL

Porch.

SKIP

She didn't even see it? (Through the window:) You didn't even see it? I did my handstand.

RAKEL

I've seen it, darling.

SKIP

Rakel, do you remember...? Well, now I've forgotten what I wanted to say. That music distracted me. What do you call... that? Death metal?

DYSON

Ummm... Alternative, I guess.

SKIP

Alternative to what? Melody?

DYSON

Lemme play just one more; I think you'll like this one.

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-2

PHIL
Honey, you've been hogging the thing all morning. Give someone else a chance.

DYSON
One more.

SKIP
Don't you have anything classical?

DYSON
You mean, like, the Beatles?

SKIP
Humph. I meant something a little earlier.

DYSON
Earlier than the Beatles?

(HE laughs)

CARL
I think I've got some Chopin on mine. Jason? Jason?

JASON
What?

CARL
Get my thing out of the bedroom!

(JASON sticks his head in the pass-thru)

JASON
Your thing?

CARL
You know what I mean.

(JASON exits)

SKIP
Yeah, let Carl play something. It's his house.

PHIL
No show tunes, for God's sake.

CARL
Believe me, when I'm on vacation, the last thing I want to hear is show tunes. Actually, I've got the perfect tune:

(HE pulls the iPod out of the dock)
Silence. Nature. The crashing waves. Ach. How many times? Jason?!

(HE slides the screen door closed)
Jason? How many times?

DREW
What now?

CARL
He leaves the screen door open.

PHIL
So what?

CARL
You mean, aside from the ten thousand mosquitoes that will come swarming in? JASON?

(JASON enters from the hallway holding an iPod)

JASON
What, what? Here's your thing.

CARL
Screen door? How many times?

JASON
I dunno. Three hundred and fifty?

CARL
Then why do you keep leaving it open?

JASON
Wasn't me. I've been in the kitchen for the last half hour.

CARL
Well, no one else is stupid enough to do it. What if the cat got out?

DREW
Well, since we've been here a week and the cat hasn't come out from under the bed except to shit...

JASON
(Laughs:) Yeah, except to shit.

CARL
He can talk like that. You can't. Did you leave the screen door open?

DREW
God forbid.

JASON
And I'm not stupid.

CARL
No, I didn't mean you were stupid, honey, I just meant that I know you've got more sense than to...

PHIL
(Overlapping:) Oh, who cares? Why don't you gather us around like... Hercule Poirot in... "Ten Little Indians" and shine a light in our eyes and interrogate us until one of us cracks?

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-4

SKIP

I don't think Hercule Poirot appears in "Ten Little Indians".

PHIL

Whatever. Okay. So, we've determined that Jason was in the kitchen with the cleaver.

CARL

That's "Clue".

DREW

And I don't think there's a cleaver.

PHIL

Skip, where were you?

SKIP

Right here with you.

PHIL

So we're each other's alibis. Maybe we're in cahoots. We both left the door open.

CARL

Okay, okay, excuse me for caring if you all get West Nile Virus.

JASON

Well, since Rakel is the only one outside, wouldn't it make sense that she did it?

PHIL

Elementary!

CARL

Don't blame it on Rakel. That's not nice.

JASON

Well, she...

(RAKEL enters from the porch)

RAKEL

What? Did I do something?

CARL

No, nothing. You're fine, you're fine.

PHIL

Close the screen! Close it! Mosquitoes! Ahhhhh!

DREW

Ahhhh!

JASON

Ahhhh!

CARL
Have your fun.

RAKEL
Don't worry about me. A mosquito would take one... sip?...
of my blood and fall over dead.

SKIP
Also, they'd break their little beaks trying to get through
that tough hide of yours.

RAKEL
You shut up.

JASON
I'm going to the beach.

CARL
Not by yourself, you're not.

DREW
He's not a baby, Mommy.

CARL
I don't care if he's fifty. He's not going swimming
unsupervised.

DREW
And he probably swims better than anyone in the room.

CARL
I don't care if he's... that guy... you know, the one that
won all the medals... the one that...

PHIL
Snappy comeback, Carl.

CARL
Shut up.

JASON
You said half an hour ago we were going to the beach.

CARL
Well, you're just going to have to be a little more patient.

JASON
I'm bored here!

DYSON
You wanna go to the beach, young man?

CARL
No, no, that's okay. Just wait till Lila gets here. I know
she wants to see you.

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-6

JASON
Yeah, right. Will the sun still be up by the time she gets here?

CARL
She just texted; they just exited the Expressway.

JASON
I've met Lila.

CARL
Well, you haven't met her boyfriend.

PHIL
Not the one that was at the wedding.

CARL
No. New one.

PHIL
And what's the matter with him?

CARL
Stop that.

PHIL
No, really. Serial killer? Child molester? Bisexual?

CARL
Funny. He's perfectly sweet. He's good for her. He's good to her.

PHIL
But?

CARL
He's married.

PHIL
So?

CARL
With a kid.

PHIL
And?

CARL
Not everyone has as progressive an idea of marriage as you do, sweetheart.

RAKEL
I can take him to the beach.

CARL
Oh, that's...

JASON
(Overlapping:) Yay! Thank you, Rakel.

CARL
No, I don't think that's... What if something happens?

RAKEL
Well, I can still swim. I just don't float as well.

CARL
I didn't mean... I'm sorry.

JASON
I'm gonna put on my suit.

DREW
I think it might be in the dryer.

(THEY exit)

RAKEL
I'll be on the porch.

(SHE exits to the porch, making a show
of closing the screen door behind her.
DYSON gets up off of PHIL's lap)

SKIP
That was tacky.

PHIL
(Reaching for him:) Where you goin'?

CARL
What?

DYSON
Kitchen.

SKIP
She's not an invalid.

PHIL
Why you goin' to the kitchen?

CARL
So you think it's okay for them to...?

DYSON
To get a drink. I'm trying to re-hydrate.

SKIP
Oh, please, she's stronger than you are.

PHIL
(Baby voice:) Will you get me one too?

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-8

(DYSON nods, exits)

The house is... nice. SKIP

Yeah, it's okay. CARL

Nicer than last year? SKIP

CARL
Oh, no, last years' was much nicer. Way more room and closer to the beach. But it was so far out on the Island. No one came to visit; we were by ourselves the whole time. The traffic was horrible, the lines at the restaurants, the beaches were packed with people; it wasn't a vacation. Much quieter here.

Why not the Pines? SKIP

CARL
Ugh. I don't like feeling trapped like that. And Jason would be miserable; there's nothing for kids out there. I like to be able to jump in the car and go to Wendy's instead of having to buy Jason a twenty-dollar cheeseburger at the Blue Whale. Besides, the Pines: too many ghosts. Lurking behind every bayberry bush. Last time I was there, I swear a deer looked at me like: "What are you still doing alive?" And it's so much easier to get here. A little over an hour. My friends this week; next week, Drew's friends from work. Then it's all ours for the rest of the summer. I've been back and forth to the train station so many times, we should install a tram. Careful what you wish for.

(LILA appears in the porch window,
holding a handle of vodka in each hand.
JOE follows behind her, carrying an ice
chest)

Partoozie! LILA

Well, it's about time. CARL

Didn't you get my texts? (To RAKEL, on the porch:) Hi, who are you? LILA

Phone service out here is spotty, to say the least. CARL

I'm Rakel, we met at the wedding. RAKEL

(LILA and JOE enter the house)

My darling!
LILA

(Kisses and hugs CARL)

CARL
(Re: the ice chest:) What's that?

JOE
Ah, I brought some beer.

CARL
I don't think there's room... Can you leave that out on the porch?

JOE
Sure enough.

(He exits back to the porch, stows the ice chest, re-enters with a can of beer. RAKEL follows)

RAKEL
Hello, I'm Rakel.

CARL
Well, you missed lunch.

JOE
Hey.

LILA
Sorry, love, it was a late night.

PHIL
No doubt.

LILA
Shut up, you. Kiss me.

(THEY kiss)

JOE
Jeez. Hotter than a witch's tit on that Expressway.

SKIP
All this time I though the tits of witches were cold.

PHIL
Depends on the witch, I suppose.

SKIP
Out here I guess it would be a sand witch.

PHIL
You.

(A long pause)

LILA
Hi. I'm Lila.

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-10

CARL
You two haven't met?

SKIP
I don't think so. Hi.

CARL
I thought you were in that "Cherry Orchard" that Skip directed about six years ago.

LILA
Oh, honey, the closest I've ever been to "The Cherry Orchard" is a callback for a Kool-Aid commercial.

RAKEL
No, we met at the wedding.

CARL
That's right.

LILA
I'm sorry. Do you really think I remember anything from your wedding?

SKIP
Oh, of course, NOW I remember you.

CARL
And this is John.

SKIP
Hello.

JOE
Joe.

CARL
Oh, God, sorry. Joe. Who don't you know?

(JOE takes out a pack of cigarettes,
starts to light one)

LILA
Where's your hubby?

JOE
(Overlapping:) Oh, don't bother with intros, I won't remember anybody's name, anyway. Faces I'm good with, but names... I can walk down the street and see someone I haven't seen in twenty years...

CARL
(Overlapping:) Sorry, would you mind smoking on the porch? Sorry, not my rules.

JOE
Oh sure, yeah, no, no problem.

(HE exits to the porch, as DYSON returns with a drink for PHIL. RAKEL's watch beeps. SHE looks at it, goes to the pass-thru and takes a pill-minder out of her purse, which SHE hands to SKIP)

Did you eat? RAKEL

Yes, Mother. SKIP

Thanks, Babe. PHIL

Who's this? LILA

Oh, Dyson. Dyson, Lila. CARL

(Overlapping:) My friend, Dyson. PHIL

What did you eat? I didn't see you eat. RAKEL

Half a rhinoceros. Side of hash browns. SKIP

(SKIP pours himself a glass of water.
DYSON sits back in PHIL's lap)

Hey. DYSON

Oh, I see. (To JOE:) Honey, you can smoke later. Come meet everyone. LILA

(Off, from the porch:) Just a second! JOE

(DREW and JASON return)

Ooooh, look at you, you look like you've been to a spa! LILA

Okay, you can stay. DREW

(THEY kiss)

I was going to put those dishes in the dishwasher, but I couldn't find it. Where is it? DYSON

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-12

You're looking at it. CARL

Where? DYSON

Me. There is no dishwasher. I do the dishes. By hand. CARL

Whoa. Old school. DYSON

Hi, Lila. JASON

Hey, Sweetie. LILA

(SKIP opens the pill-minder, spreads out
the pills and starts to take them)

Okay, I've seen Lila; she's seen me. Can I go to the beach while the sun's still up? JASON

I suppose... CARL

I'll go too, Worrywart. DREW

Can I take one of these donuts from breakfast? JASON

(HE goes to the table, sees SKIP taking
his pills)

Whatever you like. CARL

Wow. That's a lot. Are those all vitamins? JASON

(After a pause:) Yes. SKIP

I'll go put on my suit. Not to worry, it's not a bikini. RAKEL

(SHE exits)

We'll meet you down there. JASON

(JASON and DREW exit via the porch)

DREW
Oh, hey, Joe.
Welcome. I don't
think you've met
our son. This is
Jason.

LILA
What's up with the
head wrap? Is she
a fortune teller?

DYSON
Are we going to the
beach?

JASON
Hi.

SKIP
No, chemo patient.
All her hair fell
out.

PHIL
I'm perfectly
content. You can
go if you want.

JOE
Oh, hey, good to
meet you.

LILA
Oh. Ugh. Sorry.

DYSON
Yeah, you know,
this humidity is
doing a number on
my hair.

DREW
We're hitting the
beach, if you'd
care to join.

SKIP
And she's lost both
of her tits, if
you'd like to turn
that into a joke,
as well.

PHIL
Yeah, we've all
been talking about
it. Embarrassing.
Now explain to me
again what happened
Thursday night.

JOE
Maybe I will. Just
maybe I will.

LILA
Jesus. No, I'm
really, really,
sorry.

DREW
If Rakel tells you
to do something, do
it.

SKIP
Oh, I'm just having
my fun.

(A very cold pause)

DYSON
Oh, sweet Jesus, I
thought we weren't
going to talk about
it anymore.

JASON
Blah, blah.

PHIL
No, no, we don't
have to talk about
it.

DREW
I'll be down in
fifteen minutes.
And don't you dare
tell Carl I let you
go without me, or
we'll both be in
the doghouse.

LILA
What? You don't
have to talk about
what?

CARL
Should you be drinking this early?

PHIL
It's water.

CARL
Oh, good, I'm thirsty, gimme a sip.

PHIL
Mind your business, Nosy. I don't want your herpes.

CARL
You've had worse things in your mouth. Besides, that
"water" will kill off any germs within miles.

PHIL
Isn't it cocktail hour yet?

CARL
It's two in the afternoon.

PHIL
In our house, cocktail hour started at nine in the morning.
Ask Drew.

CARL
I don't need to. How well I remember. And it wasn't an
hour. Started at nine and ended... when the booze ran out.

DREW
Which it never did.

PHIL
What, your family doesn't drink?

DREW
Oh, please.

CARL
That's the devil's brew!

PHIL
Well, you've certainly made up for lost time.

CARL
Just trying to keep pace with you, sweetie. You're a bad,
bad influence.

PHIL
If I had any influence on you whatsoever, you'd have better
taste in music.

(CARL laughs)

CARL
Don't make me laugh.

PHIL
When was the last time YOU had a cocktail?

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-16

DREW

Ummmm... Nineteen-ninety...?

PHIL

Spare me. Don't worry about me, I can quit anytime I don't want to. And please don't start spouting your program bullshit at me. Is it really only two? God, don't you find the time moves so slowly out here? I thought it was, like, four.

DYSON

Do you guys know if there's a gym nearby?

DREW

I really have no idea. You can try Googling it.

DYSON

I hate to miss a workout.

CARL

Well, there's an ocean about ten yards away. You could try using that.

PHIL

Carl...

DYSON

I was noticing the vodka's a little low. Should I drive into town?

LILA

I just brought two handles.

SKIP

Did you get a newspaper when you went into town?

CARL

Yeah, it's on the counter. But if you do the crossword puzzle again, I'll chop your hands off.

DYSON

(A little disappointed:) Excellent.

CARL

And there's plenty in the storage shed. Use that first. I cashed in my 401(k) so that we could afford Phil's bar bill.

PHIL

Not nice. I didn't notice you abstaining last night.

DYSON

Wow, the reception out here... I need to go to this one corner of the room just to get one bar.

PHIL

And I need to go to the corner bar just to tune you out.

(CARL laughs, winces)

That wasn't nice. DYSON

I know. That's why I said it. PHIL

(Overlapping:) I told you, don't make me laugh. Owwww. CARL

What's the matter with you? LILA

Go on, tell her. DREW

Oh, I fell down the porch steps. CARL

Were you drunk? LILA

No! CARL

Hello? DREW

Maybe a little. CARL

Awww. Where's it hurt? Here? PHIL

Stop! Yes! There. CARL

You should go to a doctor. PHIL

When we get back to the city, I will. CARL

So you're gonna live like that for the rest of the summer? Maybe it's serious. PHIL

I'm not going to one of those Medicaid-scramming witch doctors they've got out here. CARL

It's Long Island, honey. Not the Sudan. DREW

And maybe they'd give you some slammin' painkillers. That we could all share. PHIL

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-18

CARL
"Slammin' "? At your age, ghetto slang seems a little...

PHIL
You're as young as who you're feeling.
(Grabs DYSON from behind)

CARL
Blech.

JOE
Could I have one of your smokes, Babe?

LILA
Didn't you just have one?

JOE
Yeah. I also just spent two hours on the L.I.E. Twenty minutes to go from Exit 37 to Exit 38. Turns out it's just some stalled tractor-trailer, but everyone's gotta slow to a crawl to take a look.

(LILA hands him the pack)

JOE (CONTINUED)
Aww, I'm not gonna smoke your last one.

LILA
I've got another pack in the car.

JOE (CONTINUED)
You sure?

LILA
Think so, luv.

CARL
You know how I knew I was getting older? I NEVER used to dribble food on myself. Now, after every meal, I've got some big blob of something on my shirt. Look! Butter.

JOE
I'll go look. Where are they?

SKIP
That's how you knew? What, the mirror was insufficient?

LILA
In the Duane Reade bag.

CARL
Have we met, Pot? I'm Kettle.

JOE
In the trunk?

DREW
And, by the way, as the person who does your laundry, you've been doing that since I've known you. But if you want to discuss the increase in track marks in your panties...

CARL
I hate you.

LILA
Behind my seat, I think.

JOE
You sure? Would you come with me?

LILA
What, now?

JOE
No, no. No rush.

LILA
Oh, for God's sake, Baby Bear, I'll get them.

JOE
Thanks, Babe.
(SHE exits. A long pause. ALL look at
JOE)
Nice house.

CARL
Thank you.

JOE
How long have you been here?

CARL
Just since Monday.

JOE
Oh, no, I meant how long have you had the house?

CARL
Since Monday.

JOE
I don't understand. Did you just...?

CARL
We drove out Monday morning.

JOE
I meant... you bought the house on Monday?

CARL
Oh, no, no, it's a rental.

JOE
Oh, a rental. Sorry. That's why I was confused. (HE
laughs) How much are you paying, if you don't mind my
asking.

CARL
Ummm. Actually, I do.

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-20

Huh? JOE

I do mind. I do mind you asking. CARL

(A long pause)

Oh. So, how do you guys...? JOE

(Overlapping:) Look! There must be a hole in the bottom of PHIL
my glass. Get up honey.

Want me to get it? DYSON

Yes, but I think I can handle it. Anybody else? PHIL

(Without waiting for an answer, HE exits
to the kitchen)

(Trying to stop him:) Sure, you can... CARL

What's a six-letter word meaning "not well"? SKIP

You didn't! CARL

Kidding. SKIP

That's some major ink. DYSON

Oh, yeah, thanks. JOE

Just the arms? DYSON

Nah. Calves. Got one on my back. Haven't touched the JOE
chest yet.

Did you see this review for the thing at BAM? Pretentious SKIP
horseshit. As if going to Brooklyn wasn't bad enough.

I believe I've seen you in quite a bit of pretentious CARL
horseshit.

SKIP
Yes, but I always transcended it.

DYSON
Which was your first?

JOE
This one. (Points to his forearm:) I got it to cover up a scar. Then I did this one. (Shows one on his other forearm) Then I got addicted.

DYSON
Yeah, I've got this.

(HE stands, pulls up his shirt, showing his back to JOE)

JOE
Oh, yeah. Wow. I love that album.

DYSON
Yeah, it was very... formative for me.

(PHIL returns with a fresh drink)

PHIL
Honey, what the hell are you doing?

DYSON
Comparing ink.

PHIL
Well, stop. (To CARL:) Do you want me to wash those dishes?

CARL
Oh, no. No. I've got it.

(HE starts to exit as LILA re-enters with a new pack of cigarettes, which SHE tosses to JOE. DYSON takes out a glass pipe, offers it to JOE)

DYSON
You wanna hit?

JOE
I'm good, thanks.

CARL
Outside, please.

DYSON
Right, right.

(HE exits to the porch. PHIL follows him)

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-22

PHIL
I'm just wondering, I mean, it's not like you can't communicate with me, I mean, you can text. You can e-mail.

LILA
So what's the scoop on that?

PHIL
Or, horror of horrors, you could actually make a phone call.

CARL
On what?

DYSON
I told you.

LILA
Come on. Phil and the bimbo.

PHIL
I mean, even your dildo has Wi-fi.

CARL
What about them?

DYSON
I don't know how many permutations of "I'm sorry" you want from me, Babe.

LILA
I know my memory's a little shaky, but that isn't his husband, is it?

CARL
No. Phil said he and Greg were taking separate vacations this year. This is Phil's.

PHIL
It's just inconsiderate.

DYSON
Something you've never been.

LILA
Are they...?

PHIL
I just... I...

CARL
I don't want to talk about it; it's too sordid.

LILA
Come on, are they lovers, or...?

PHIL
Skip it.

(HE comes back into the house)

CARL
I said I don't want to talk about it.

(HE exits to the kitchen)

PHIL
What's his problem NOW?

LILA
No idea. (To JOE:) Go on, Muscles, go get the luggage.

JOE
Only thing I'm good for. Lighting her cigarettes and lifting heavy objects. The white man's burden, you know what I'm talking about? Course you don't.
(HE laughs. LILA exits through the porch. PHIL sits on the sofa, nurses his drink)
So what is it you do, Bruce?

PHIL
Huh? Who the hell is Bruce?

JOE
What?

PHIL
Phil.

JOE
Phil, sorry. See, I said I was bad with names.

PHIL
Don't sweat it, Tony.

JOE
What? No. Oh, I see what you did there. Got me.

(HE laughs. DREW re-enters)

So. What do you do?

PHIL
Me? I'm a writer.

JOE
Cool. Anything I might...? I don't know what I'm asking for. I don't read a helluva lot of books.

PHIL
Yeah, it's doubtful.

JOE
Like, um, novels?

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-24

PHIL
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

(A pause)

JOE
So? What kinda stuff? Non-fiction?

PHIL
I write mostly about oppression and homophobia in Third World countries. Atrocities against LGBT people. Africa, mostly.

JOE
So we're not talking best seller lists.
(HE laughs. A cold silence)
Sorry.

DREW
Oh, don't worry. Even I can barely get through the first chapter.

PHIL
Wow. Thanks.

DREW
You know what I mean.

JOE
So you two: both gay?

PHIL
Uh-huh.

JOE
So your folks struck out twice, huh?

PHIL
Struck out?

JOE
Oh, I didn't mean...

PHIL
Yeah, they never had the pleasure of having grandchildren dumped on their doorstep so my brother and I could spend the weekend with our latest fuck-box.

JOE
Whoa. Sorry. Bad choice of words. I'll go... um...

(HE exits)

PHIL
Breeders.

DREW
You going to the beach?

I hate the beach.

PHIL

Right. Did you bring that stuff I asked you to sign?

DREW

No, I forgot it.

PHIL

See? I knew you would. That's why I brought an extra set out with me.

DREW

And what are YOU doing with them?

PHIL

(Shrugs) The lawyer sent them to me.

DREW

Why is the lawyer sending YOU papers?

PHIL

(DREW shrugs)
I mean, I'm the first born, it only makes sense... I actually want my lawyer to take a look at it. Before I sign.

The estate is not going to pay for another lawyer, Phil.

DREW

Did I ask the estate to pay for it? Calm down, Clara.

PHIL

It's pro forma shit. It'll help us sell the place faster. What do you need your own lawyer for?

DREW

Well, now I'm not so sure I want to sell it after all.

PHIL

Come on. You're joking.

DREW

I'm thinking we should keep it. Be nice to have a summer place.

PHIL

Yeah, like you're going to spend the summer in Fuckwad, Florida.

DREW

We could rent it out. Have income.

PHIL

No, no, no, no, no. I know what that means. I'll have to take care of all the paperwork, all the maintenance, all the bullshit while you sit home collecting a check every month. No thanks.

DREW

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-26

PHIL
What makes you say that?

DREW
I know you, Phil.

PHIL
They have services that take care of all of that for you.
The real estate agent told me.

DREW
You talked to the real estate agent?

PHIL
What, I need your permission, Connie Control?

(CARL re-enters)

DREW
Did she also tell you that she thinks this is as good as the
market is going to get?

PHIL
Oh, I think that's bullshit. She just wants her commission.
Oceanfront property doesn't decrease in value.

DREW
If there's a hurricane, it does.

PHIL
Oh, stop worrying, Polly Pill.

DREW
If you call me by a girl's name one more time, I'm gonna...

PHIL
It's funny.

DREW
Not to me. All I'm saying is, I want this taken care of
before school starts.

PHIL
Well, it may not be. What then? Wanda?

SKIP
(Looking at his phone:) Rakel says Jason wants his boobie
board?

DREW
How is it she gets reception on the beach and I don't get it
here in the house?

SKIP
She's radioactive. What a boobie board?

DREW
Boogie board. It's a thing that... You put it... Never mind, I'll get it.

SKIP
No, I want to get out of here.

DREW
It's in the shed. I'll show you.

SKIP
Coincidentally, I was always bored by the boogie. Actually, I blame it on the boogie. I had boogie fever once, but I got an inoculation...

(THEY're gone. A pause)

CARL
Wow. That was like watching Jason play Nintendo.

PHIL
What do you mean?

CARL
I've never seen so many buttons pushed with such speed.
(A pause)
I'm glad you're here.

PHIL
Me too.

CARL
Got here Monday and by Wednesday we were like to drive each other crazy. It's good to have people around... to deflect... I hope you'll come back out, now that you know how to get here. Drew's going to Florida in August. I can probably steal another week.

PHIL
We'll see. Are you getting any work done?

CARL
Yes. No. I don't know what kind of work I expected to get done. It's hard to focus. Especially when the office is sending me e-mails every five minutes: "Ooooh, did you hear? Patti LuPone stubbed her toe backstage at 54 Below." Christ. So, are you in love?

PHIL
What?

CARL
He seems nice. If a little... well...

PHIL
We're friends.

Uh-huh. CARL

That's it. PHIL

I'm sure you have lots to talk about with a twenty-five year old. CARL

You'd be surprised, asshole. Music. Books. He likes to read. PHIL

And you don't think the difference in your ages is... significant? CARL

As long as he's over eighteen... PHIL

Naïve. CARL

He's not, really. PHIL

I meant you. CARL

What about you and my brother? You don't think your age difference is significant? PHIL

Drew's an old soul. He makes me look juvenile. CARL
(A pause)
I thought you were going to work on your marriage. That I should work on my marriage.

You should. I am. We are. Greg and I are... working on it. PHIL

By going away for the weekend with someone else? CARL

Well, I don't want my parent's marriage. PHIL
(HE touches PHIL's neck)
Come on, stop.

Don't be... CARL

You're married. PHIL

CARL
So are you.

PHIL
We have an open relationship.

CARL
So do we.

PHIL
Come on. When he was a kid, he wouldn't let anyone else play with his Barbie dolls. I doubt he's gonna let anybody else play with you.

CARL
It's more "don't ask, don't tell."

PHIL
We're friends.

CARL
Yes. But...

PHIL
What? That's it. Let's not talk about it.

(A pause)

CARL
When you're a guest, if there's a sinkful of dirty dishes, you don't ask "Do you want me to do them?" You just do them.

(HE exits to the kitchen. PHIL goes out to the porch)

PHIL
So, you're just gonna sit on the porch and get stoned all weekend?

DYSON
Let's go to the beach!

PHIL
I burn.

DYSON
There's about three million brands of sunscreen in the bathroom.

PHIL
Really? Maybe I should show you a chapter from my new book, "101 Other Uses For Sunscreen."

DYSON
The kid said there's boogie boards in the shed.

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-30

PHIL
Oooh, the shed. Let's go look.

DYSON
I think I can find it.

PHIL
I'm not so sure. I better help you.

(HE takes him by the hand and THEY re-
enter the house and JOE and LILA enter,
dressed in beach attire. JOE heads
straight for the deck, lights a
cigarette, opens a beer)

LILA
Hey, are you going to the beach?

PHIL
Eventually. You?

DYSON
(Overlapping:) Yes.

LILA
Aw, I think I'm just gonna park my ass on that porch.
Closer to the beer.

(SHE joins JOE on the porch as DREW re-
enters)

PHIL
Carl said you're going to Florida in August.

DREW
Gotta clean the place out.

PHIL
I have to say, I'm a little uncomfortable about you going
through stuff without me there.

DREW
Well, I don't know what you want me to tell you. You wanna
come down with me?

(DYSON re-enters the house)

PHIL
I can't! I'm working! I've got deadlines. If you'd
checked with me before making your plans, I might have been
able to work something out. But I've got to submit the
final three chapters by the fifteenth, plus the proposal is
due on the project I'm supposed to be working on this
winter, all the time I'm supposed to be getting ready for
the conference in D.C. on the twenty-third...

DREW

Jesus, Phil, I'm not your Mommy. Or your Daddy. Or the principal. I don't give a shit how you spend your time; you don't have to justify anything to me. Did you even read the contract? It says the place has to be "broom clean." No furniture. No clothes. No fifty years of collected junk. Clean. And somebody has to do it. I just think it would be better if you weren't there.

PHIL

Huh. Better for who?

DREW

What can I say? I'll call you and let you know every detail of what's happening. I won't throw out a banana peel without your approval.

(HE exits to the beach. A pause)

PHIL

I'm bored. Let's boogie.

DYSON

Huh?

PHIL

Sorry, not one of my better ones.

(THEY exit)

LILA

Can you open that bottle of wine for me?

JOE

Wine? Not beer? Are you sure?

LILA

I feel like wine.

JOE

Don't come cryin' to me...

LILA

Kiss me. What's the matter? Gimme a kiss.

JOE

There's people...

LILA

Don't worry, I don't think they'll vomit from seeing a man kiss a woman. Maybe you want them to think you're still available. Is that it?

JOE

That's aggressive.

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-32

LILA
What's it feel like to be the only heterosexual male for miles around?

JOE
Well, the kid isn't gay. Yet.

LILA
How do you know?

(SKIP enters, peruses the bookshelf)

JOE
I didn't know they had a kid.

LILA
Yes you did. I told you.

JOE
You said there'd be a kid here. I thought you meant they were babysitting. He's like Joe Jr.'s age.
(SKIP selects something, looks at the cover, quickly puts it back. Pulls out another, settles for it)
He seems to really like you.

LILA
Who, Jason? How can you tell?

JOE
Does it bring out your maternal instincts?

LILA
Not in the slightest.

(A pause)

JOE
I hired a lawyer.

LILA
Huh?

JOE
He's drawing up the papers as we speak.

LILA
None of my business.

(SKIP sticks his head out the door)

SKIP
Would you mind if I played something?

JOE
Knock yourself out.

LILA
No show tunes.

SKIP
What is it with the show tunes? No, no, I won't.

LILA
No disco, either.

SKIP
You have me pegged incorreectly, my dear.

LILA
(To JOE, pouty:) Thirsty.

JOE
Sorry!
(HE jumps up, enters the house)
Princess wants wine. Gird your loins. When she has beer, she's very, very good, but when she has wine, she's...

LILA
Shut the fuck up.
(HE exits, pops his head back in:)

JOE
Can I getcha anything?

SKIP
How gallant. Thank you, no.
(JOE exits. SKIP sits at the table with his book. LILA enters from the porch)

LILA
Thought you were going to play something.

SKIP
Too many conditions.

LILA
Maybe I will.
(SHE thumbs through one of the iPods)
You're a director?

SKIP
Sometimes.

LILA
Are you working on anything now? You probably do artsy-fartsy stuff that I wouldn't be right for.

SKIP
Please. The last artsy-fartsy production I did was Neil Simon in Bucks County. And that was last summer. This is the first summer I haven't had a job in... fifteen years? So I was thinking about asking you for a job.

LILA

Yeah, the business is...

SKIP

So how did you two meet? Is he an actor?

LILA

Joe? God, no.

SKIP

So how does someone like you meet someone of his... breeding?

LILA

We met at a horror film convention. I was the lead in "Friday the Thirteenth, Part Four... ty-Seven". Once or twice a year I go and sign autographs. I make about five grand for two days' work, and they put me up in a fabulous hotel and buy me drinks. Not bad.

SKIP

Not bad.

LILA

So this redneck crazy pants asks me to sign this picture of myself. Covered in blood, with a hatchet buried in my skull. Whatever. So I sign. But he won't leave. Usually, you can get rid of 'em quick and easy by saying, you know, "There's a line, baby, sorry. Who's next?" But there was no one. And now I'm trying to scope out where the nearest security guard is. No one. And he's asking me to join him for drinks. Like, right, I'm going to hop on the back of your three-wheeler and ride off into the sunset. The arrogance. And suddenly, here comes Joe. Not on a white horse, but pretty damn close. At first, I thought he was just some other schmuck trying to worm his way into my panties, but he just stayed with me until the creep took the hint and left. Joe bought an autograph and left, didn't hang around, didn't wait for me to throw myself at him for saving my life. Smart move. And every time someone would come over and make me the least bit uncomfortable, I'd look up, and there he'd be, on the sidelines, waiting to swoop in and save me. Well, the rest is history.

(JOE returns with the bottle of wine and a glass)

JOE

Here ya go, M'lady. What's she bending your ear with now?

LILA

I was just telling him a fairy tale.

JOE

Well, that's appropriate.

SKIP

I beg your pardon?

JOE

I used to be a frog.

LILA

If you're not going to play something, I will.

SKIP

No, no, PLEASE. Let me.

LILA

Come along, sweetie.

(THEY exit to the porch. SKIP surveys the landscape of Ipods, picks one)

SKIP

Let's see... Somebody's bound to have something... Aha!

(HE's about to insert the iPod in the dock when CARL enters from the kitchen)

CARL

I don't believe it, I don't believe it! Can you hear them from in here? Phil is out there in the storage shed with his... floozie, fucking away!

SKIP

It's the sea air.

CARL

Door unlocked. In daylight. What if my son decided to come back from the beach early? And found them in there?

SKIP

He's not a baby. You mean he's never walked in on you and Drew?

CARL

There's nothing to walk in on!

SKIP

Still, I might go so far as to say you're overreacting just a tetch.

CARL

I love him.

(A pause)

I'm in love with him. There. I said it.

(A pause)

Now what?

SKIP

We check you into a hospital, is what. You just got married two months ago.

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-36

CARL

After being together for fifteen years! Do you think this little gold band means... that I've resigned myself to bed death? It's bad. It's really bad.

SKIP

It's called a mid-life crisis.

CARL

I doubt it. I'm not planning to live to a hundred and six.

SKIP

You have a child. He's your brother-in-law. You have shared property! I could say more.

(JASON bounds onto the porch, followed by RAKEL. SHE holds a bouquet of wildflowers)

JASON

That was so cool!

RAKEL

"Cool" meaning good?

SKIP

(Overlapping:) Speak of the devil. I mean child.

(HE runs into the house)

JASON

Papa, Papa. Did you see the body?

CARL

Whose body did you see?

JASON

They found a body!

RAKEL

(To CARL:) I told you I'd take care of him. I failed.

JASON

A police boat, they dragged him in on a rope and then they brought him to the boat ramp and rolled him up on the beach and then they put him in a big plastic bag.

SKIP

There was an article in the local paper. Some guy in Cherry Grove went missing. He was on the beach. Then he wasn't.

CARL

Where was your father when all this was happening?

JASON

Swimming! Ew, I wasn't going to go in that water.

(SKIP's watch beeps)

CARL
Is it...? Your father said he'd be...
(HE goes out to the porch, calls:)
Drew!? Drew?! Oh, for Christ's...
(HE exits off the porch)

RAKEL
(Overlapping:) What, it's not time...

SKIP
Cocktail hour. Can I get you something, my love?

RAKEL
Whatever you make for yourself is good enough for me.

(CARL exits)

RAKEL
Your father is a very smart man.

JASON
Just 'cause he's a teacher?

RAKEL
No, no, your other father. He's a brilliant writer, you know.

JASON
I tried to read his book. Didn't really get it.

RAKEL
When you get a little older you will. Is he working on something? I hope he's working on something.

JASON
Well, he turns his laptop on every morning and sits there looking at it. Maybe I'll write a mystery called "The Drowned Man."

RAKEL
I'm sorry you saw that. Will it give you nightmares?

JASON
I don't think so. How do you think it happened?

RAKEL
I don't know. What do you think?

JASON
Well, he was wearing all his clothes, so he wasn't swimming.

RAKEL
You should be a detective.

JASON
Maybe he was a fisherman who fell overboard.

RAKEL

Those clothes were pretty... ritzy?... for a fisherman.

JASON

Maybe he fell off a yacht. Could you tell what color he was? Was he black or white?

RAKEL

Hard to tell. To me, he just looked blue.

JASON

And he looked like he was about five hundred pounds.

RAKEL

That's just from being in the water so long. You blow up. You turn blue.

JASON

Ewww. Maybe he was murdered.

RAKEL

Why would you think that? And why are you so sure it's a "he"?

JASON

Hmmm. Good point. It looked like he had no hair.

RAKEL

I have no hair.

JASON

Good point. Maybe he/she committed suicide.

RAKEL

How do you know about things like that?

(HE shrugs)

RAKEL

Why do you think somebody would do that to themselves?

JASON

Cause they're sad, I guess.

RAKEL

Well, don't you get sad? Would you do that to yourself?

JASON

I don't know. Depends on how sad.

RAKEL

No! Don't say that. People say, "Oh, I have nothing to live for." This is nonsense. There's always something to live for, no matter how trivial. A cigarette, a glass of wine. Please remember that. Do you understand what I'm saying?

(HE nods)

JASON

But I can't smoke or drink.

RAKEL

(Laughs) You know what I mean. An ice cream sundae, whatever it is.

JASON

Oooh, an ice cream sundae!

RAKEL

Don't you start making fun of me too. It's an insult. An insult to those of us who keep trying to stay alive. It's an insult to me, filling my veins with poison in some feeble attempt to last through the summer. It's an insult to my husband, handfuls of pills day after day. Some miserable old queen in Fire Island looks at himself in the mirror, sees another wrinkle and walks into the sea. It's an insult to all those friends of your father who died before you were born, who kept going when they were just a sack full of bones with shrivelled lungs and a heart that beat three times an hour.

(A pause)

Whew! Listen to me. Pay no attention. Sometimes I feel these things too deeply.

JASON

That's okay.

RAKEL

Something else you want to talk about?

(JASON shrugs)

Well, you keep staring at my chest. Do you want to talk about that?

JASON

They aren't...? You don't have any...? They...?

RAKEL

Yep. Chopped 'em right off.

JASON

Did it hurt?

RAKEL

Not during. Only after.

JASON

Were you awake?

RAKEL

Nope. Sound asleep.

JASON

What did they do with them?

RAKEL

I have no idea. Threw 'em down the toilet, probably.

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-40

JASON

(Laughs) Ewww.
(A pause)
Does it... make you sad?

RAKEL

Imagine having two giant water balloons tied to your chest. But they're not filled with water, they're filled with... I don't know. Jell-O. Sand. So they're much heavier. Can you imagine that?

JASON

I guess so.

RAKEL

So at the end of the day your back hurts because you've been lugging these things around with you. And you have to wear this contraption that digs into your shoulders and leaves these permanent dents that don't go away. Gimme your hand.

(SHE takes his hand, puts it on her shoulder)
Feel that?

JASON

Wow.

RAKEL

And every time you want to do something fun, like playing baseball, or dancing, or... or running... or anything, you've got these things getting in the way and holding you down. Now imagine them gone. I feel like I can fly. Men and babies are the only people who like tits.

(JASON laughs)
Here, I'll show you.

(SHE goes to him, puts her hands on his shoulders, presses down)

Okay, now, stand up.

(HE tries, falls back down, laughs)

Not so easy, eh? Come on, the doorbell's ringing; go answer the door.

(HE tries to get up, SHE pushes him back down)

Oh, and now the phone's ringing! Hurry up!

JASON

Come on, nobody has tits that big.

(THEY laugh as CARL enters from the porch)

CARL

What the hell...? First of all, please don't sit on that chair in a wet bathing suit. Go change.

JASON

It's almost dry.

CARL
Second, stop bothering Rakel.

JASON
I'm not bothering her.

RAKEL
(Overlapping:) He's not bothering me.

(A pause)

CARL
Go change.
(Grumbling, JASON exits)
God, almost six o'clock already. Time plays such weird tricks at the beach; it feels like it was just noon.

(RAKEL hands CARL the bouquet of wildflowers)

RAKEL
For you.

CARL
What's this?

RAKEL
You said, earlier, you wished you had some flowers.

CARL
I did?

RAKEL
You said that you had found a vase and now you wished you had some flowers.

CARL
Oh! (HE laughs) No, that was because... I was making fun of Skip, actually, he was... never mind. You know, I don't think we even DO have a vase...

(HE exits to the kitchen. RAKEL looks at the flowers. A pause. SHE exits to the porch and flings the flowers over the railing)

LILA
Did y'all have fun at the beach?
(RAKEL is silent)
I'm sorry, I don't remember your name.

RAKEL
Rakel.

LILA
Oh, pretty. Like Raquel Welch?

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-42

Well, not so much anymore. RAKEL

(CARL re-enters, holding a vase filled with water, as DREW enters the porch)

Gee, thanks for telling me you were leaving. DREW

I DID find a vase. Where'd she go? CARL

(HE shrugs, puts the vase in the middle of the table)

We called to you; you were too far away. RAKEL

(HE enters the house)

Thanks for showing up. What time did you say you'd be back? CARL

Six. DREW

And what time is it now? CARL

Umm... six-ten? Isn't the beach supposed to be stress-free? DREW

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Sometimes it takes awhile for me to relax. CARL

I'll say. So can I expect it in time for your fifty-FOURTH birthday? You know I love ya. DREW

(HE hugs him. Rubs against him)

What are you doing? CARL

I think the beach makes me horny. DREW

Quit. Unlike our guests, I don't just drop my pants and fuck when the mood hits. Where's your brother? CARL

Haven't seen him. DREW

CARL
Find him. We need to start thinking about dinner.
(HE goes out to the porch)
So: what are you guys thinking about, dinner-wise?

LILA
I was kinda thinking we'd leave that up to you.

CARL
Well, here's a folder full of menus from the local
restaurants. There's a pretty decent Italian.

LILA
Oh, do we have to go out? Can't we just scrounge something
up?

CARL
Oh. Um, sure, I guess so. Lemme see what we've got.

(HE goes back inside)

DREW
There might be something in the freezer.

CARL
No, I'm trying to get them to take us out to dinner. We're
giving them a place to stay; do we have to feed them, as
well?

DREW
Yes, honey. Hence the term "host."

(THEY exit to the kitchen, as SKIP
returns with cocktails for RAKEL and
himself)

JOE
What's up with that? They invite us out and then we go out
for dinner?

LILA
Well, they're giving us a place to stay, honey, the least we
can do is buy them a meal.

JOE
Bullshit. (To RAKEL:) Excuse me. But does that make sense
to you?

RAKEL
Oh, nothing makes sense.

(SKIP enters the porch, hands RAKEL her
drink)

SKIP
That I can drink to.

(THEY clink glasses as PHIL enters from the kitchen with a fresh drink. HE plays with his phone. DREW re-enters)

PHIL
I'm checking flights. I might be able to get down there for a few days.

RAKEL
Cleo called. She left a message.

DREW
I think that's a really terrible idea.

SKIP
So call her back.

Why?

PHIL

RAKEL
You call her.

DREW
Phil, don't make me go there.

SKIP
She only wants to talk to you. Find out your test results.

Go where?

PHIL

RAKEL
We'll both call her. Come on, Daddy.

(THEY enter the living room as DREW goes out to the porch. RAKEL swings her phone around in the air)

No bars.

RAKEL

PHIL
I get the best reception in the driveway, it seems.

(RAKEL exits. SKIP lags behind)

SKIP
So who's the new eye candy?

PHIL
You mean Dyson? Oh, we're just friends.

SKIP
Really? 'Cause your "friend" left a dribble of cum on your neck.

PHIL
(Wipes his neck) Oh, shit.

Kidding.

SKIP

PHIL
Don't tell anyone, okay?

SKIP
Don't tell anyone? Sure. I also won't tell them you're gay. Your secret is safe.

PHIL
Huh?

SKIP
When he sits on your lap and you do everything to hide your erection, people figure it out. So your husband is in the hot, sticky city emptying bedpans and you're out here romping naked in the dunes?

PHIL
They have air conditioning at his hospital.

SKIP
I think you take my point.

PHIL
He's probably fucking HIS brains out, too.

SKIP
Oh. Good?

DREW
I think we're eating in.

LILA
They? Have a kid?

DREW
Uh-huh.

LILA
Is his name "Jesus"?

DREW
I don't get it.

LILA
Well, the conception could only have been immaculate. Is it adopted?

DREW
I don't think so. No, Cleo's their own kid.

LILA
Jeez. So I guess she's calling them from the state asylum.

DREW
Stop. She's a sweet kid. Kid. She's almost MY age.
(SKIP shrugs and exits as CARL enters, holding a tray)

CARL
Oh, there you are. Have fun?

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-46

PHIL
What are you talking about?

CARL
You know what I'm talking about. Where's your brother?
Drew? Oh, there he is.

(DREW enters from the porch, as CARL
puts the tray on the table)

So listen, I'm putting out some snicky-snack things for
people to nibble on.

PHIL
Oh, please don't say that.

CARL
And you start the grill.

DREW
Do we have anything to grill?

CARL
There's a bunch of chicken tits in the freezer.

PHIL
Don't say that either.

DREW
Well, if they're in the freezer, we won't be able to have
them for dinner.

CARL
I can thaw them in the microwave.

DREW
They won't taste the same.

CARL
If I cover them in marinade, they will.

DREW
They won't.

(DYSON enters, goes to PHIL)

CARL
When you come up with a better idea, I'd love to hear it.
In the meantime, would you please just start the grill? And
make me a drink while you're at it.

DYSON
It's like an airport lounge out in that driveway; everybody
wandering around, trying to make a connection.

PHIL
Could you make us another drink?

DREW
What do you want?

CARL
Vodka and... anything.

DYSON
Guess what? I found out the Long Island Eagle is only about ten miles away. We should totally check that out.

DREW
Vodka? Before you've eaten?

PHIL
You mean tonight? Babe, I don't think so.

CARL
I told you, I'm putting out snacks, goddamnit.

DYSON
Come on, old man.

(DREW exits to the kitchen)

PHIL
We'll have to borrow someone's car, And I don't feel like driving.

DYSON
Oh, I can drive.

PHIL
Go on, ask Drew, see what he says.

(DYSON exits to the kitchen, as LILA and JOE enter from the porch)
LILA
Getting cold out there. Is there any more wine?

JOE
Lila, my love...

CARL
I don't think so. There's the wine I use to cook with.

LILA
Red or white?

CARL
White.

LILA
That'll do. Would you, honey?

(SHE hands JOE her glass)

PHIL
I think I've got a bottle of Purell in my bag, if you'd prefer.

LILA
Shut up.

JOE
Seriously, babe.

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-48

LILA
I'm on vacation! Do it.

(Sheepishly, HE exits as JASON enters)

CARL
There you are. Better get washed up for dinner.

LILA
(At the table:) What is that?

CARL
Mango chutney. With goat cheese.

LILA
What are you supposed to do with it?

CARL
You put it on these seaweed crackers.

LILA
Oh, honey, no one wants that. Don't you have any salsa or cheese dip or anything?

CARL
I've got some tomatoes. I suppose I could make some salsa.

LILA
This is hopeless.

PHIL
Would it kill you to have a bag of Cheetos in the house?
(To JASON:) What do you eat for snacks?

JASON
Um... raisins. Cashews. Um....

PHIL
Get child protective services on the phone.

(JASON goes to the table)

JASON
What's that?

CARL
It's bruschetta.

(JASON makes a face)

It's just toast, for God's sake.

JASON
What's on it?

CARL
Olive tapenade.

JASON

It looks like it fell on the floor. Of the bathroom. In Africa.

LILA

Listen, I realize you're mad at Phil, but why are you taking it out on us?

PHIL

Why is he mad at me?

LILA

What am I thinking? I made a whole bowl full of guacamole. (Through the pass-thru:) Honey, would you pass me that bowl of guacamole on the bottom shelf of the fridge?

PHIL

Are you mad at me?

CARL

(Venomously:) How could I possibly be mad at YOU?

PHIL

Why are you mad at me? Come here.
(HE goes to CARL, hugs him)

Awww.

CARL

Ow. Too late. Drew, where's my drink? (To JASON:) Did you wash your hands?

JASON

Actually, I was invited to dinner at my friend's house.

CARL

What friend?

JASON

A friend I met on the beach.

CARL

Who?

JASON

Just a girl I met on the beach.

CARL

A girl?

JASON

Ugh.

(JOE hands her the guacamole, as DYSON returns with drinks for PHIL and himself)

LILA

Thanks, luv.

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-50

CARL
Why can't you bring her over here?

JASON
No, this place is too crowded with all your crazy friends.

CARL
Ask Drew.

JASON
I'm asking you.

CARL
And I'm saying you should ask Drew.
(DREW hands him a drink through the
pass-thru)
Thank you. Oh, and get me that bag of chips off the top of
the fridge; I still can't reach my arm higher than my
shoulder.

DREW
Ask me what?

JASON
Nothing.

DYSON
Hey, Drew, can I borrow your car?

PHIL
Honey, timing.

DREW
Uh... what for?

(DREW hands CARL a bag of tortilla
chips)

CARL
Don't just hand me the bag; put 'em in a bowl, Tacky.

DYSON
Phil and I want to go to the Eagle.

DREW
Phil?
(PHIL shrugs)
Which one of you hasn't had any vodka tonight?
(A pause)
There's your answer.

DYSON
Oh, please, I've only had, like, two.

DREW
Oh, please.

I'm perfectly fine. DYSON

Sorry, kiddo. DREW

(HE gives CARL the bowl of chips. RAKEL and SKIP return with drinks)

Do you like guacamole? LILA

Not really. It's so... icky-looking. JASON

Well, so are you, but I still think you're delicious. LILA

Eat something, Dyson. CARL

What's the white stuff? DYSON

Goat cheese. CARL

I can't eat that. DYSON

Oh, what's the matter with everybody? Look, I'll eat some. CARL

No, I'm vegan. DYSON

Oh. Well, the guacamole. How 'bout that? CARL

Is there any dairy in it? DYSON

No, nothing like that. LILA

No mayonnaise? DYSON

Oh, I DO put a little bit of mayonnaise in. LILA

You put mayonnaise in your guacamole? DREW

L'il bit. LILA

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-52

PHIL
That's what HE said. She said. Somebody said.

CARL
What's wrong with mayonnaise?

DYSON
Eggs.

CARL
I think there's some cheese... no, never mind. Skip's bakery stuff. I don't think the pastries have dairy.

DYSON
Butter.

SKIP
You could try the baklava.

DYSON
Is it made with raw sugar?

SKIP
No, I think it's honey.

DYSON
No can do. Bees.

CARL
Bees?

DYSON
The bees are exploited for their honey.

CARL
You know, I might take this a little more seriously coming from someone who wasn't wearing leather boots.

DYSON
Well, that's a major part of my sexuality. I shouldn't have to deny that, Mr. Homophobe.

SKIP
I'm sure there's a skinless cow somewhere that's trying to understand your logic.

(JOE returns from the kitchen with drinks for LILA and himself)

JOE
The wine was warm, so I put some ice in.

LILA
Perfect.

DYSON
Hey, Joe, can I borrow your car?

JOE

Not a chance.

DYSON

Jeez, it's like living with my parents. So old school.

(HE exits)

CARL

Phil, I swear to God, if he says "old school" one more time, I'm putting his hand in the garbage disposal.

PHIL

(Shouting off:) What, are you going to your room to pout?

DREW

I think we handled that rather well, don't you? Now at least I know what I have to look forward to from Jason when he gets his learner's permit.

CARL

Yes, excellent parenting skills.

PHIL

Fuck you both.

DREW

He needs discipline. His Daddy just lets him run wild.

CARL

I think a good spanking is in order. Oh, wait, that already happened.

PHIL

I'm getting a drink. Anybody? Good.

(HE exits)

CARL

Should I apologize?

DREW

To who?

CARL

I don't know. Phil? Ask him about the girl. You listen so much better than I do.

(HE exits to the kitchen)

JASON

Why do you wear a ring around your neck?

LILA

Oh, this was my sister's ring.

JASON

Why don't you wear it on your finger?

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-54

Closer to my heart, baby. LILA

So who's this girl? DREW

Jeez. Just someone I met at the beach. JASON

I don't like you going off somewhere and I don't know where you are. DREW

Ugh. You'll know where I am, she just lives down the street. JASON

Where? DREW

You can see her house from the porch. JASON

(HE and DREW exit to the porch)

This guacamole is to die for. SKIP

Oh, thank you, sweetie. LILA

(JASON points off)

That one. Four houses down. JASON

Wow. Nice house. DREW

Yeah, it's the only thing I can really do. But I'd rather make a brilliant guacamole than a mediocre feast. Although from the looks of tonight's spread, I think it's going to have to double as the feast. LILA

What's her name? DREW

Karine. JASON

Pretentious. What's wrong with "Karen"? DREW

(LILA points to the water-filled vase:)

And what's this? The Emperor's New Flower Arrangement? LILA

DREW
What's her last name?

JASON
How would I know?

DREW
What's her father do?

JASON
I don't know. I think her mother's a congresswoman.

DREW
You have my permission.

JOE
He invites six people to his house for the weekend and the best he can come with is some stale bread with some schmutz on it?

LILA
It's called WASP entertaining; five bottles of vodka and a Triscuit.

JOE
They've got a teenager. There must be something decent to eat in that kitchen.

(HE exits. DREW and JASON re-enter.
JASON exits into the house as PHIL and
CARL re-enter from the kitchen)

CARL
Have you spoken to Greg today?

PHIL
What business is that of yours? I texted him this afternoon.

CARL
Aww. Texted. Sweet. What'd ya say? "Having wonderful time, glad you're not here"?

PHIL
"Having wonderful time" would be a bit of a stretch.

CARL
Honey, would you refill me?

DREW
How many is this?

CARL
If you're afraid touching the vodka bottle will cause you to slip, I'll get it myself.

DREW
No, I'll get it. Bitch.

(HE exits)

LILA
So how long have you two been married?

RAKEL
Twenty-eight years in October.

LILA
Holy shit.

RAKEL
And you?

LILA
Oh, I'm divorced.

RAKEL
Really? The two of you seem so... what is it?
Affectionate?

LILA
Oh, you mean Joe? We're not married. No, no, he's married
to someone else.

(SHE laughs. DREW re-enters, purple)

DREW
He... I can't fucking believe it. He took my keys. He
took, he STOLE my fucking car.

PHIL
He wouldn't do that.

DREW
Phil, the car is gone. The keys are gone. He's not in the
house.

PHIL
Oh, I'll cover any damage to your damn car.

DREW
Oh, will you? And will you cover it when he runs into a
busful of nuns?

SKIP
If a busful of nuns is on the road this late on a Saturday
night, I say they deserve what they get.

DREW
Get him on the phone. Now. Get him back here.

PHIL
(Holds up his phone:) No reception.

SKIP
Try the driveway.

DREW
I'm serious. Now. Or I'll call the local police and report it stolen.

(PHIL and DREW exit)

CARL
Well, thank God he's gone. I can finally play some music.

SKIP
Something classical?

CARL
Well, classical as far as I'm concerned. In the summer, I always like to listen to songs that remind me of summers when I was a kid. We had a lake house, and there weren't a lot of kids my age around, so my transistor radio was my best friend.

SKIP
That's pathetic.

CARL
Don't you remember how excited you used to get when a song you loved came on the radio?
(JOE re-enters, holding a plate. HE goes into the living room)

SKIP
No.

CARL
Nowadays, you wanna hear something, touch the screen: there it is. I loved the anticipation of knowing a song was coming to an end and wondering what would come on next. That's why I like to keep mine on "shuffle".
LILA
Oh, baby, I'll fuck you all night for a bite of that sandwich.

SKIP
Fascinating.

LILA
Oh, baby, I'll fuck you all night for a bite of that sandwich.

(JOE gives her half and THEY eat, ravenously)

LILA
What, you don't drink?

RAKEL
I'm not supposed to.

LILA
So you can feel superior?

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-58

RAKEL

No, no, not at all. It interferes with my medications. Sometimes I slip, though.

LILA

So slip. What can I get you?

RAKEL

Oh, really, I'm fine.

LILA

No, let me get you a drink. Joe, get the lady a drink.

JOE

She doesn't want one, honey.

RAKEL

I had some red wine earlier.

LILA

Whoop-de-doo, red wine! You can get me another one, sweetie.

JOE

You polished off all the wine.

LILA

The white wine. She said there's red wine. You know, my sister died a year ago next Thursday.

JOE

Oh, ho, and the wine kicks in. Take cover, everyone.

LILA

I'm just saying... I don't expect anything... from you.

JOE

Here we go.

LILA

You don't have to listen to me. Like usual. Go. Go away. Go out and smoke a cigarette, smoke a joint, get off my back.

(PHIL and DREW re-enter)

CARL

What'd he say?

PHIL

He's not picking up. Or answering my texts. Now I'm getting worried.

CARL

Oh, nothing bad ever happens to people like him. They bounce.

DREW
Uh-oh. What'd we miss?

LILA
Joe's cruelty.

JOE
Come on, now.

PHIL
Now I won't be able to sleep until he's home.

LILA
(To RAKEL:) Forty years old and... (Snaps her fingers)
Gone! Just like that.

CARL
Yeah, 'cause he seems to have your well-being foremost in his mind.

PHIL
Cut it out. I think I love him.

JOE
Honey, I'm not saying you shouldn't...

LILA
Oh yes, yes you are. (To PHIL:) Everytime I try to talk about it he tries to shut me up.

JOE
Because you only talk about it when you're drunk.

LILA
Well, why is that, I wonder?

JOE
Okay, I'm out. Good luck, Phil. I'll see you in the morning. If you survive. (To the room:) Good night.

LILA
Fuck you.
(HE exits)
He doesn't like it when I feel anything. I can't believe it's been a year.

PHIL
Why don't you sit down?

LILA
Sometimes it feels like years, sometimes like five minutes.

PHIL
Cancer?

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-60

LILA

Aneurysm. Her heart exploded. She texted me the night before: "Call me as soon as you wake up. Have I got a story for you!" I never found out what it was; she died in her sleep. Not a bad way to go, if you ask me. But I guess you've seen lots of your friends die, huh?

PHIL

Not as many as I'd like.

LILA

Quit.

PHIL

No, I missed all that.

LILA

You've never lost anyone that you loved?

PHIL

Well, my mom.

LILA

Oh, right. I'm sorry.

PHIL

(To CARL:) What is this scheiße?

(HE goes to the iPod dock)

CARL

I love this! It reminds me of summers when I was a kid.

PHIL

It reminds me of the last time I needed a laxative. I've got something...

CARL

No. Come on. Bubble gum R and B, circa 1970. Nothing better.

PHIL

Just one song. Then you can have it back.

SKIP

Can we play something classical?

CARL

Just wait 'til this song is over.

PHIL

It's over now.

(HE pulls the iPod out of the dock)

CARL

No! No, goddammit! My house! My song!

(A pause)

PHIL

Whoa. Okay, okay, I'm putting it back on.

CARL

No. Forget it. Play what you want; I'm going to bed. Goodnight everyone.

(HE exits quickly)

LILA

(Somewhat oblivious:) Goodnight, sweetie.

(A pause)

PHIL

Should I go apologize?

DREW

No. Drunk. He won't remember any of it tomorrow. I'll put him to bed. Besides, it's time to pick Jason up from his lady friend.

(DREW exits)

SKIP

It really is turning into "Ten Little Indians" in here. I wonder who's next?

LILA

What are you looking at?

RAKEL

Who, me?

LILA

Yes, you.

RAKEL

I didn't think I was looking at anything.

LILA

You're awfully smug.

RAKEL

I don't think I know this word.

PHIL

Lila.

LILA

Don't you think... I think it's interesting that you're completely surrounded by gay men. All your friends, your family. That you're only attracted to, dependent on gay men. Don't you think that's interesting?

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-62

RAKEL

(Laughs) There's a phrase in English... what is it? Something to do with pots and pans. "You're the pan that talks..." What is it?

LILA

Well, really. It's just you're married to a man who's so obviously gay and then you go and get your tits cut off and don't even bother to get them put back again.

RAKEL

You're kind of an idiot, aren't you?

LILA

I'm just sayin'. It's like you're trying to join the club and subconsciously try to turn yourself into a gay man.

RAKEL

Well, at least the man I'm in love with is married to me.

(A pause)

LILA

That's a horrible thing to say.

(LILA runs off)

RAKEL

Oh, she can throw it out there at somebody else, but when that person sends it back to her, she doesn't like it so much.

PHIL

Once you edit that down, I think you've got something.

RAKEL

Well, before I become the next victim, I think I'll pull myself out of the game. Good night, my loves.

(SHE exits)

SKIP

I'm right behind you.

PHIL

Skip, my dear, what else have you got in that treasure chest of yours?

SKIP

Nothing you'd be interested in, I'm afraid. Oh, I've got a couple of Vickies. Want one?

PHIL

Love one.

(SKIP goes to his pill minder, takes one out)

SKIP
What else have you had tonight?

PHIL
Not to worry. Just to help me sleep.

SKIP
See you in the morning. I hope.

(HE exits. PHIL pours himself another drink, swallows the pill. Changes the music on the iPod, falls asleep on the sofa. A pause, and JASON enters, in his pajamas. HE goes out to the porch, leaving the screen door open. HE holds the railing and looks out towards the sea. A beat, and LILA enters. SHE goes to the pass-thru, pours some vodka for herself)

LILA
Not fair. So not fair.

(SHE takes the vodka, goes out to the porch. Puts her glass on the railing to light a cigarette)

JASON
Hi.

LILA
Oh, God!
(SHE bumps the railing, sending her drink over the side)
You scared the shit out of me.

JASON
Sorry.

LILA
(Overlapping:) The poop. Sorry. Scared the poop. My drink...

JASON
I'll get you one.

(HE goes inside, pours her another vodka, brings it to her. Meanwhile, LILA lights her cigarette, plops down on the chaise)

LILA
Thank you, love. What are you still doing up? Didja get lucky?

JASON
No. G'night.
(HE exits)

LILA

I didn't mean to...

(A moment of silence. Then: This is all very rapid, almost under her breath, barely audible:)

Oh, sure, say one thing and then do the complete opposite. I can do that too, I can play that game, I can say, "oh, no, I didn't mean anything by it, that's the way you interpreted it." Well how the hell else am I supposed to interpret it, huh? I'm surprised you even know the word "interpret." Motherfucker. I've been taking care of myself for twenty years, I don't think I need you to... not fair. It's not fair. Forty years old. "Good night, everyone! See you in the morning!" No you won't. Poof! Gone!

(A pause. SHE grabs the ring around her neck)

Protect me. Protect me. Have I got a story for you!
Protect me. (Sings, softly:)

EVERYBODY LOVES SOMEBODY SOMETIME
EVERYBODY FALLS IN LOVE SOMEHOW
SOMETHING IN YOUR KISS JUST TOLD ME
MY SOMETIME IS NOW.

(PHIL sits bolt upright on the sofa)

PHIL

Hors d'oeuvres! No, wait, I'm not even dressed yet. I get the shower, first, you little turd! No, no, no, no, no...

(PHIL re-enters, naked. HE hold a couple of cookie tins and a large pot. HE Puts one of the cookie tins down on the table, steps back to check his handiwork)

No, no, that's not it.

(HE moves the cookie tin to another part of the room)

Ridiculous. (HE laughs) No, shhh, shhh, don't wake him up!
(HE moves around the room, trying to find the perfect place for the pot.
After a moment, DYSON enters)

DYSON

Oh, babe, are you still up?

PHIL

These are all wrong. This should catch the drippings, don't you think?

DYSON

What's burning?

(HE exits)

PHIL

When did we stop using real flowers? These look so... ugh. And that tree. Why not a real tree? I know, the needles, the needles, I'll pick up the needles. Look. Look, I'm picking 'em up.

(DYSON re-enters)

DYSON
Honey, you can't cook microwave popcorn in the regular oven.

PHIL
I want the good silver; we never use it.

DYSON
What are you babbling about?

(PHIL picks up the pot once more)

PHIL
It can still grow, right? If it gets enough sun?
(A pause)
Not if the dog is outside!

DYSON
Phil, you're creeping me out. I'm sorry I left, okay?

PHIL
Stop, stop, don't wake him. I'll try to... I'll try to...

DYSON
Honey, what did you take besides Ambien?

PHIL
You left. What do you care? I'm altering... There was that huge fish, do you remember?

(DYSON exits)

PHIL (CONTINUED)	LILA
And the hook was stuck, and	(Singing softly:)EVERYBODY
we couldn't... that was so...	LOVES SOMEBODY SOMETIME
I don't think it's big	AND ALTHOUGH MY DREAMS WERE
enough, really I don't. We	OVERDUE
need something at least...	YOUR LOVE MADE IT ALL WORTH
twice... Don't listen to me,	WAITING
but you'll see...	FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU

(DYSON re-enters with DREW, gestures to PHIL)

DYSON
Like that.

PHIL
Oh great, now we'll have to start all over.

(DREW goes up to PHIL, puts his arm around him)

DREW
Hey, sweetie.

"I COULD SAY MORE" I-66

PHIL
Hi! Do you remember?

DREW
Remember what, honey?

PHIL
It's not gonna fit. We're gonna need two, at least. Two or three. Batches? Is that right? Batches?

DREW
This is just Ambien?

DYSON
Well, and vodka.

DREW
What else?

DYSON
I don't know. He brought some Xanax out with him.

DREW
You shouldn't have left.

PHIL
What? What's up?

DREW
Nothing. We're getting you to bed.

PHIL
Is the company here? I didn't see their car.

DREW
(To DYSON:) Get him a glass of water. A large glass. (To PHIL:) It's fine sweetie, you're gonna be fine. You just need to lie down and sleep. Come on, I'll help you.

PHIL
Motherfucker. Thought I'd just...

DREW
It'll all be better in the morning. (To DYSON:) Don't fall asleep until he does.

PHIL
(Tearful:) She said twenty minutes at 350 degrees. 'Til it's golden brown.

(THEY exit, DREW supporting PHIL. A pause)

LILA
Protect me.

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

Scene 1

(Heavy metal music. Lights up. JOE is onstage, trying to find something to do. A pause and CARL enters)

JOE
Good morning, sleepyhead!

CARL
Morning.

JOE
I made some coffee.

CARL
Great. Are we the only ones up?

JOE
Nah. Drew went into town, I think. What time did you all call it a night?

CARL
Don't remember. Joe, would you mind?
(HE goes to the dock, pulls out the iPod)
It's only ten-thirty.

JOE
I've been up since seven.
(A pause)

CARL
Getting coffee.
(HE exits. JOE talks to him through the pass-thru)

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-68

JOE

(Shouting after him:) Jeez, I've been looking at this magazine. What is it? "Long Island Life". Nothing but vineyards out here now. You know, I grew up on the Island, about twenty miles east of here. My dad had a potato farm. Back then, that's all there was. Potato farms. Cauliflower. Corn. Now it's all these fuckin' vineyards. My dad had to sell his farm before they foreclosed on it. Otherwise, that's what I'd be doing now. Potato farmer. Don't know that what I'm doing's any better. Our neighbors, also potato farmers, you know what they're making now? Potato vodka. High-end shit. Like ordering Long Island vodka is gonna catch on somehow. Like Long Island is gonna become famous for it's wine. "Hey, what's a famous Long Island Wine?" There's gotta be a good punchline for that. Bet that Phil could come up with a good one. Like people aren't always going to want wine from Paris. I mean French. I know they don't make wine in Paris.

(CARL re-enters with a cup of coffee)

CARL

Joe, I'm gonna be straight with you. I'm not a morning person.

JOE

Oh. Uh-huh. Yeah, me neither.

CARL

I need to take my anti-depressants with half a cup of orange juice and a teaspoon of Metamucil. Then I need two cups of coffee, three cigarettes and a long dump. If anything interrupts that process in any way, I'm miserable for the rest of the day.

JOE

Oh, man, I hear you. I'm just like that. Did you all polish off the rest of the guacamole?

CARL

No, what it means is I'm going to stop talking to you now.

(HE exits to the porch. A pause)

JOE

Jesus.

(LILA enters)

LILA

Uhhhhh.

JOE

All your friends hate me.

(DREW enters)

DREW

Do you hear that fucking bird? God! My one chance to sleep late and that goddamn bird parks itself in the pine tree outside our bedroom window and starts that squawking. After about half an hour, it starts to sound like words, like it's telling me something. But all I hear is "Drink your tea." Don't quite know what that's supposed to mean to me. Do you hear it? (HE imitates:) "Drink your tea!" Where's Freud when you need him? And of course Carl sleeps through anything, the son of a bitch. (HE sees CARL on the deck, goes out) There you are. I see you finally came out of your coffin. How do you feel?

CARL

How do I look?

LILA

Oh, God. Is there any coffee?

DREW

Want some aspirin?

JOE

Big, fresh pot.

CARL

There isn't any.

LILA

Thank God.

DREW

Of course there is; there's about half a bottle of Aleve in there.

CARL

Gone. Look to Phil and Dyson. Even the laxatives aren't safe around them. If it's got a child-proof cap, they'll try it. I expect my hemorrhoid suppositories will be gone before the weekend is over.

(SHE exits to the kitchen)

JOE

Wait, don't walk away from me, you just got up. Spend some time with me.

(SHE talks to him through the pass-thru)

LILA

The last thing I remember is Dyson taking the car.

JOE

You might want to apologize to... um... the bald chick.

LILA

Why?

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-70

JOE

I think you called her a transvestite.

LILA

Ugh. Why didn't you stop me?

JOE

I only heard about it. I checked out before things got too gruesome.

LILA

Don't you know yet that you can't leave me alone?

CARL

(Looking into the distance:) Is that Skip and Rakel? Who've they got with them?

DREW

It looks like our son, Mr. Magoo.

CARL

Our son? Did you even know he was gone?

DREW

He's not an inmate, sweetie. (Shouting off:) Hey! I thought y'all were still asleep!

(SKIP, RAKEL and JASON enter the porch)

SKIP

Jason took us to all the points of interest. All one of them.

RAKEL

You shut up.

JASON

We walked to the flagpole and back.

SKIP

And now my hip is telling me it's about to rain.

CARL

What time did you leave? Dawn?

RAKEL

We had a lovely walk. Look!
I found all of this beautiful
sea glass on the way. I
think I'm going to make
myself a lovely pair of
earrings.

DREW

I drove into town and picked
up some bagels and shit, if
you're hungry. And the
papers.

JASON

You said you would make me a
ring.

SKIP

God, yes, my blood sugar is
at zero. If that's how you
measure blood sugar.

CARL

Jason! Rude!

(THEY go into the house)

RAKEL

Oh, I have enough to make
lots of things.

DREW

Sit. I'll get it. Do you
want it toasted?

(JASON goes into the house)

(HE exits to the kitchen.
SKIP sits at the table)

RAKEL (CONTINUED)

Would you like me to make
something for you? A ring?

SKIP

No, it scrapes the roof of my
mouth and takes six months to
heal. And just a schmear,
love.

CARL

Oh, I'm not much of a jewelry
person. You make very
beautiful things, though. I
didn't mean... Jason will
love... whatever...

RAKEL

I notice Drew wears the ring I made for him.

CARL

Oh, I didn't... it kept falling off.

RAKEL

I can resize it. No problem.

CARL

Oh. Okay. Thanks. Did you feel a drop?

RAKEL

That's why we came back.

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-72

JOE
Hey! Where you been, kiddo?

JASON
Beach.

JOE
Looks like we're gonna be stuck in the house today. Do you have a Wii?

JASON
Not out here.

JOE
Too bad. Do they have any cards?

JASON
I'm not sure. I think I saw some.

(HE goes to the bookshelf, searches)

JOE
You know how to play Poker?

JASON
Nope.

JOE
Too bad.

RAKEL
Are you writing?

CARL
Trying. It's hard.

RAKEL
You must.

CARL
Yeah. I can't focus. Too many guests. (HE laughs)

RAKEL
Kick us out.

CARL
I would never.

RAKEL
No, that's what's important. A hundred years from now, no one will remember that you made Skip a perfect vodka martini. But the work stays behind. I don't think you understand how your work affects people, me in particular. Even those meaningless things you write for that website are written with such... artistry.

CARL
Thank you?

RAKEL

And love. No really, I mean it. Written with love.

(DREW re-enters with the bagel)

DREW

Enjoy, sweetie.

SKIP

Oh. I said "not toasted."

DREW

Yes, you did. You absolutely did. Sorry, my brain's still asleep, I think.

SKIP

And you went to bed before I did.

DREW

No, Dyson woke me up around four. Phil had... an episode.

SKIP

Do tell.

DREW

No big deal, really. Phil... never heard the phrase "Never mix, never worry." We were talking about my... our... father's estate yesterday. I feel so funny saying "our father." Like praying. We had a fight. Sort of. Not really. But that seemed to set him off.

SKIP

I gave him a Vicodin. My fault.

DREW

He likes to go back in time. His relationship with my... our... father was...

(A pause)

DREW

It must be awful to be hated by the person who gave you life. I mean, I don't think Dad thought I was any great shakes, but he absolutely loathed Phil. And, as far as I can tell, it's not for anything Phil did or didn't do. And from what I heard from our Mom, it was like that from birth, almost. They just... chemically reacted.

SKIP

Was it the gay thing, do you think?

DREW

Are you kidding? Look at me. I practically came out of the womb wearing ruby slippers. But Phil, he didn't come out 'til he was, like, in his mid-twenties. So I guess he felt... feels... like he has to make up for lost time. He liked to rub Dad's face in it. Me, me and Carl, we're like an old straight couple. If he had to accept faggots for sons, we're about as acceptable as you can get. But Phil. Well, you know. He likes to talk about his favorite brand of lube at the Thanksgiving table. Our Mom was really the only person who's ever loved him unconditionally. His husband included.

SKIP

He's your brother. Don't you love him unconditionally?

DREW

You must be an only child.

JASON

They've got some games. Password?

JOE

You can't really play that with two people.

JASON

Scrabble?

JOE

Blech.

(HE joins JASON at the bookshelf)
Yahtzee! We can play that with two.

JASON

I don't know how.

JOE

It's easy; I'll teach you.

(THEY bring the box over to the table)

RAKEL

Your first book was brilliant. Absolutely. Skip will tell you; I went on and on.

CARL

Maybe that's all I've got.

RAKEL

I don't believe you. Not possible.

CARL

I don't know.

RAKEL

No, it was brilliant. True, the plotting was a little trite, but for a first novel that's to be expected. And the comment the critic made about the characters being underdeveloped. That was somewhat true. Quite underdeveloped.

CARL

You can stop flattering me any time now.

RAKEL

No, but you had such promise!

CARL

Had. It's so hard to get my... I mean, I'm only out here for two weeks. What can I expect to accomplish in two weeks? And if you say something about Tolstoy wrote "Anna Karenina" over the weekend, I'll punch you. Drew gets to stay out here the whole summer, the lucky dog. I should have followed my mother's advice. I should've been a schoolteacher.

RAKEL

Maybe with them out here, you'll get some work done when you get back to the city.

CARL

Maybe. Or maybe I'll just go out to a bar and get drunk every night. Maybe.

RAKEL

No, no. I'll check up on you. Skip and I. We'll lock you in your apartment.

I mean it. And if it will help you, I'll tell everyone to leave.

CARL

No, no, really. Thanks, though.

RAKEL

Write. Write.

CARL

Rakel. I think I've got Harper Lee's e-mail in my iPhone. Go pester her.

(RAKEL enters the house)

JOE

You just keep rolling the dice and you try to get everything on the score pad. Three of a kind, four of a kind, straight.

RAKEL

Did you eat?

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-76

Yes, yes. SKIP

Straight? JASON

(Laughs) Numbers in a row, like: one, two, three, four. JOE

What did you eat? RAKEL

Drew made me something. Leave me alone. SKIP

I wouldn't know about straight. JASON

(THEY both laugh)

What is that game? RAKEL

Yahtzee. JASON

Nazi? Sounds awful. RAKEL

(Laughs) No, Yahtzee. JASON

So tell me, what is it with all these "Pick Your Own Strawberries" signs? Pick your own cucumbers, your own peaches, what's that about? All these Yuppets in the Hamptons... RAKEL

Yuppies, honey. SKIP

(Overlapping:) ...want to pretend they're migrant workers for the day? RAKEL

It's something to do when you have kids. DREW

Really? Jason, do you like foraging for your own food? Is that fun for you? Maybe The Gap should start "Sew Your Own Clothes." Restaurants: "Cook Your Own Dinner." How incredibly stupid. RAKEL

(LILA enters with coffee)

(To RAKEL:) Oh, God, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. LILA

JASON
"Cook Your Own Dinner."

(HE laughs)

RAKEL
Don't be silly. We all get drunk and say stupid things.

LILA
You don't want to come back at me? Come on, take your best shot.

RAKEL
For what? Really, it all seems so silly after awhile, doesn't it?

LILA
Well, good for you.
(A pause)
Jeez. What's sadder than a rainy day at the beach?

SKIP
A few things come to mind.

LILA
Oh, I'm sorry. Did that sound unfeeling?

SKIP
I love someone who feels guilt so easily.

LILA
You don't know the half.
(SHE exits to the porch)
Can I bum a cig?

CARL
I'm not smoking.

JASON
Did that hurt?

SKIP
Did you say you got a paper?

LILA
You? Since when?

JOE
What?

DREW
In the kitchen.

CARL
Since we came out here.

JASON
(Indicating the tattoos on JOE's arm:) All that.

SKIP
I wanna get the Magazine before Carl sinks his claws into it.

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-78

LILA
Well, good for you. JOE
The first one did. (SKIP exits)
You get used to it.

LILA
It's raining. Don't you want to go in?

CARL
Not yet.

LILA
The two of them are really hitting it off.

CARL
Who?

LILA
Jason and Joe. Maybe you should have a straight man around
the house more often.

CARL
You didn't just say that.

LILA
(Quickly:) No, I didn't mean... I'm only saying that...

CARL
Why don't you two adopt him? I'm sure you'd be the perfect
parents. Once he divorces his wife, that is.

LILA
I'm just saying you might want to pay a little more
attention to him. Don't get your panties in a bunch.

CARL
What the hell do you know a about raising a kid? You swoop
in for a day and have all the answers. I've been taking
care of him for fifteen years.

LILA
I'm not criticizing, you idiot. You treat him like he's
five. He's a grown up, Daddy.

CARL
There are certain opinions you should probably keep to
yourself. My parenting is top of the list.

LILA
My mother used to say you don't need to be a hen to tell a
bad egg.

CARL
What the hell does that mean? I'm turning Jason into a bad
egg?

LILA
Oh my God. No. Listen.

CARL

My mother used to say, "Mind your own goddamn business."

LILA

Fine. Everything in your life is perfect.
(SHE goes back into the house)
Bloodies, anyone?

JOE

You sure about that?

LILA

Hair of the dog. And I need a full weave.

(SHE exits to the kitchen)

JASON

Which is the last one you got?

JOE

Ha-ha. Can't show you. Not while ladies are present.

RAKEL

Nothing I haven't seen, I'm sure.
(A pause)
Explain it to me.

JOE

The game?

RAKEL

No. All that. (A sweeping gesture) I don't understand.

JOE

Don't understand what?

RAKEL

Choosing to deliberately scar yourself.

JOE

(Shrugs) It's art.

RAKEL

They're scars. Pretty. But scars nonetheless. I'd love to get rid of my scars. Erase them. I've got them all over my body. I loathe them, but I've come to... appreciate?... them as reminders of my life. But your scars? What are they a reminder of, except a night when you had too much to drink?

JOE

I only got the first one when I was drunk. The rest I got stone cold sober.

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-80

RAKEL

Then it makes even less sense to me. Why choose to cause yourself pain? There's a million real reasons for pain and torture in this world. This: It just seems to mock people with real pain to show for their scars.

JOE

Jeez.

RAKEL

And really, I make no judgment.

JOE

Oh, really?

RAKEL

Purely philosophical.

(A pause. LILA returns with her drink)

LILA

Is she picking on you now?

RAKEL

After my most recent surgery, they wanted to shove some Jell-O molds into my chest and tattoo nipples on them. Nipples! For what? For whose benefit? Certainly not mine. So I can look in a mirror and see something that used to make me feel pleasure and now... feels nothing? A photograph of a nipple. For nostalgia's sake. Can you think of anything stupider? More stupid? Whatever it is.

JOE

Actually, I got my first tattoo to cover up a scar. This one here.

(HE shows JASON his wrist)

You can barely see it anymore.

JASON

How'd you get it?

JOE

Ahhh, I was a mixed-up kid. My Mom died when I was sixteen, and me and my Dad... it's a long story. I did something really stupid and I got tired of being reminded of it all the time. So I turned the scar into a ring of barbed wire. Then, I drew grapevines around the wire. And it just kept growing from there.

JASON

Is it done?

JOE

Oh, it's never done. Something happens that I want to remember, I usually get some ink to go with it.

(LILA lights a cigarette)

JOE
Oooh, smoking in the house! I'm telling.

LILA
It's raining out. Fuck you.

JOE
Then give me one.

(SHE gives him her cigarette, lights
another for herself. PHIL enters,
drinking a can of Mountain Dew)

LILA
Well, you look worse than I feel.

PHIL
I'm fine.

JOE
Is that breakfast?

PHIL
More caffeine than coffee.

JOE
My man.

(CARL enters from the porch)

CARL
Well, now it's REALLY raining. Oh, look, Dracula has risen
from the grave. Oh, come on. guys! I asked you not to
smoke in here.

LILA
My fault. And stop being such a controlling bitch, I'm sure
it'll air out by September.

CARL
No, it just makes ME want to smoke in here.

LILA
Oh, so light up already and get off our case.

(There's a crash offstage)

CARL
What the fuck...?
(SKIP enters)
What was that?

SKIP
The print in the hall fell. I think it was the wind.

CARL
The wind? Sure.

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-82

I was nowhere near it!

SKIP

Goddamn it. Is it ruined?

CARL

Well, it's not a Renoir, for Christ's sake. We'll just go down to Woolworth and get another one.

SKIP

Woolworth? Great, let me get the keys to the time machine.

CARL

Oh, you know what I mean, WoolCo, WoolMart, K-Co, whatever it is.

SKIP

Give me that.

CARL

(HE takes Lila's cigarette)

You said you wouldn't smoke and you're smoking. You said you wouldn't drink and last night you were drinking.

JASON

Okay, so you can fine me a dollar for every transgression.

CARL

And we'll have your college tuition paid off before the weekend is over!

DREW

This place is a pigsty.

CARL

What do you care? It's not yours.

PHIL

No, but we have to return it in some semblance of the shape we got it. Which seems increasingly unlikely. I heard you had quite a scene last night.

CARL

How would you know? You were in your room, pouting.

PHIL

Where's Grand Theft Auto?

CARL

Still out like a light. And don't you let him off the hook, Drew. I want him to know that was a really stupid thing.

PHIL

It's done. Who cares?

DREW

PHIL
No, he has to learn.

CARL
Can you blame him for wanting to get away from all of us?
I'd do it myself, but I don't know where I'd go.

PHIL
I'm surprised you remember him leaving.

CARL
The last thing I remember was Jason going to his
girlfriends'.

JASON
She's not my girlfriend.

PHIL
Do you remember having dinner? If so, that was a dream.

(JOE laughs)

LILA
Good one.

CARL
So, what are we doing today? Games, it looks like.

PHIL
Oh, haven't there been enough games?

CARL
Ha. Said the emcee.

(DYSON enters. Silence)

DYSON
Good morning, everyone.
(Silence)
Okay. Is there any coffee?

DREW
Let me.

DYSON
I can get it.

DREW
No, no. You sit.

(HE exits)

CARL
I'll clean up Skip's mess.

SKIP
It wasn't my fault, you shithead.

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-84

CARL
Right. The wind. And if you touch that crossword puzzle,
you're gonna pull back a bloody stump.

(HE exits)

LILA
(Shouting off to CARL:) You said there's a washing machine?

CARL
(Off:) In the basement. I'll show you.

(SHE exits. A pause)

DYSON
I didn't mean to clear the room. I guess your friends all
hate me.

PHIL
Do you blame them? And don't worry about them; worry about
me.

DYSON
Oh, you hate me too?

PHIL
That was so fucking stupid.

DYSON
I don't know what you want me to say.

PHIL
I really don't want you to say anything.

DYSON
Fine.

PHIL
What I want you to...

(DYSON takes out his pipe, gestures to
JOE:)

DYSON
Oooh, can we smoke in here now?

PHIL
He can. You can't. Not that. Jason's a kid. Use your
head. The one that thinks.

(HE exits to the porch, lights up.
Tries to stand somewhere he won't get
rained on. A pause)

JASON
What's Yahtzee?

JOE
Five of a kind. It's the hardest thing to get; that's why
it's the most points.

(A pause)

JASON
How did your mother die?

JOE
Oh, she was...

PHIL
(Overlapping:) Cancer. Oh.

JASON
No, I was...

PHIL
Oh. Sorry.

JOE
No, it's... we were talking about...

PHIL
Sorry.

(A pause)
So? How did your mother die?

JOE
Drunk driving.

PHIL
Shit. Did they get the driver?

JOE
No, she was the driver. Didn't hit anyone, thank God.
Slammed into a tree.

JASON
And you were only sixteen?

JOE
Uh-huh.

JASON
Sorry.

PHIL
At least he had a mother, right?

(JASON shrugs)
Sorry. That was a dumb thing to say. Um... your Dad?

JOE
He's gone, too.

PHIL

Do you miss him?

(JOE shrugs)

I'm still waiting to see if I'm going to miss my father. Hasn't happened yet. (HE laughs) I miss my mother. He was supposed to go first. His father died at fifty-six. So did his grandfather before him. So we all expected him to die at fifty-six, including himself. Well, fifty-six came and went without so much as a head cold. Even so, my mother planned her life around it. "When your father dies, I'm going to..." was her mantra. As if her life was in a holding pattern until he was safely underground. First, she was getting out of Florida and coming back to the city. She picked out the apartment building she wanted to live in. Equidistant from me and my brother's places. Doorman building. Elevator, if the inevitable, God forbid, should happen and she could no longer walk. Near the subway, so she wouldn't be dependent on cabs. Near a grocery store that offered free delivery. Whenever she'd come up here for a visit, she'd check out a restaurant in her future neighborhood. "Oh, this one will be nice for brunch." As late as a week before she died, I remember her saying to my father, "What makes you think I'm going to go first?" To truly appreciate the moment, you have to understand that she had no hair or teeth at the time and carried around a plastic bucket to puke into. And yet my father kept hanging on, hating being alive and making me and my brother miserable. While she... Oops. Excuse me.

(HE exits quickly)

SKIP

Cleo's texting me about the money again.

RAKEL

Miss "I Can Only Wear Louboutin" is asking for money. It's absurd. I thought she was so "independent"?

SKIP

What should I tell her?

RAKEL

You tell her nothing. I tell her. Soon as I'm dead, she'll have all the insurance money she needs. She'll just have to wait a wee bit longer.

(SHE takes out her phone and exits.

SKIP looks out the window. DYSON waves at him)

JOE

No, don't roll again; that's a full house. Stay with that.

JASON

A full house?

JOE

Two of a kind and three of a kind.

(SKIP ignores DYSON, who waves again.
SKIP snaps out of his reverie, waves
back. DYSON re-enters)

DYSON
Do you hate me too?

SKIP
I don't know. Should I?

DYSON
Well, you ignored me.

SKIP
Oh, I was just having my Marschallin moment.

DYSON
Who's Marcia Lynn?

SKIP
Let me school you in some Gay Boy 101. The Marschallin is a character in an opera by Richard Strauss. She's a titled member of Austrian royalty. At one point, she looks into a mirror and sings about how she knows her beauty will soon fade and she'll never be able to hold the attention of her much younger lover. Something you won't have to worry about for a while.

DYSON
Mmmmm. Would you mind if I put on some music?

SKIP
Would you play something...? Never mind.

(DYSON plays music)

DYSON
Where's your... lady friend?

SKIP
You mean my wife? She really is. We have the papers to prove it. She's on the phone with our daughter.

DYSON
Oh. Is she adopted? I'm adopted.

SKIP
No, no, she's our... what? Natural daughter.

DYSON
So do the two of you... still... sleep together?

SKIP
Yes, we sleep. What are you getting at?

DYSON
Fuck. You two fuck?

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-88

SKIP

Not for a long time, no. Years, maybe.

DYSON

Yikes. You haven't had sex in years? I'd be...

SKIP

Of course I still have sex, silly. In fact, I'll have sex with you right now, if you'd like.

(DYSON laughs. A long pause. HE laughs again)

DYSON

Maybe later.

SKIP

(Overlapping:) I still love her madly.

DYSON

What's her name?

SKIP

Rakel.

DYSON

I thought Rakel was your wife.

SKIP

She is.

DYSON

And your daughter has the same name?

SKIP

No. Her name's Cleo. Cleopatra, actually. Tacky, yes, but, well, you had to be there. She was conceived in Cairo. In Egypt. What else would you call her?

DYSON

If she'd been a boy, would she be your son Tut?

SKIP

Leave the humor to the professionals, dear. Rakel and I met doing a European tour, a play based on the Rubiyat. Very, very pretentious. But also very beautiful. I know that looking at her now it may be hard for you to imagine, but she was the most beautiful wisp of a dancer. Like a leaf blown by the wind. I've never been the brawny type, but I could practically float her off the ground with my pinkie finger. She was just barely sixteen when we met. Still a child. Hell, so was I. The director was a crazy man. Genius, but crazy, crazy, crazy. Back in those days, it was considered an incredible privilege to work with him. Sorry. Work for him. Work near him. We finished the European leg of the tour and our final performance of the piece ever was to be in Cairo. On a makeshift platform that had been build on the mesa by the pyramids. It was a magical night. I know that sounds so... you know. But it was. In the morning, we were going back to the States, the moon was full, the sky was full of stars, the air smelled like... incense. And camel shit, and jasmine or something, and sweat from the European tourists. The Egyptians are actually quite clean. But we thought we could smell the sweat of those that had build those remarkable tombs. And, of course, we'd dropped some acid, so that helped us along. And at that moment, Rakel seemed to me to be the most beautiful... being... I'd ever seen. So we made love backstage, out there in the middle of the desert. And instead of going back to Tel Aviv, Rakel came home with me. I'm sure that becoming a citizen was in her sights all along, but it didn't matter to me. It's not like there were other women I was throwing aside, God knows. She wanted something, and I gave it to her. And she gave me the child that I always wanted. At least, I've always assumed it's my child. Doesn't really matter, ultimately. I love her. Even though she's moved to the other side of the country because she doesn't approve of her parents' hippie lifestyle. You have to realize Rakel and I got married back in the day when if you were an out gay actor, you didn't work north of Fourteenth Street. Or west of the Hudson River. Homophobia, old school.

(HE takes out his phone)

Look. Here's some e-mail from a fan.

(HE gives it to DYSON)

DYSON

(Reading:) "It was so lovely to meet up with you during my layover. Hopefully, my business will soon bring me to your fair city so that I might once again shove my thick cock down your hot pink throat."

(HE hands the phone back)

Cool.

SKIP

So yes, I still have sex.

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-90

JASON

Come on, four!
(HE rolls the dice)
Shit. I mean, crap.

JOE

Do the kids at school give you a hard time?

JASON

What about?

JOE

About not having a mother. Do they make fun of you?

JASON

No. Did they make fun of you?

SKIP

I realize what you're after, sweetie, but really, what's the most you're ever going to get out of Phil? A steak dinner once a week and the random weekend in the Pines? And you don't even care about the steak dinner. I'm just saying you might want to cast your net a little wider. And use a finer mesh. I could say more.

CARL

(Offstage:) Goddamnit! Who closed the bedroom door? Drew! Did you close the bedroom door?

DREW

(Off:) I have no idea!

CARL

(Off:) Well, somebody did and the cat couldn't get out and shit all over the bedspread!

DREW

(Off:) Who knows? Maybe the wind blew it closed.

CARL

(Off:) The almighty wind! That's going to be my excuse for everything from now on. "Why did you get fired from your job, Carl?" "Oh, it was the wind!"

SKIP

It's pleasant here in the country.

(JASON laughs)

(To JASON:) Oh, are you listening to me? Don't.

(DREW enters)

DREW

God, he's on a tear. Stay out of his way. Quitting smoking on top of a hangover: a lethal combination. I think I'll just hide in here 'til it blows over.

(HE sits at the table. A pause)

I'm sorry, Dyson, I have to play something. I can't listen to another one of your dirges.

(HE pulls out DYSON's iPod, puts his in.
Music starts: Some 80s pop tune)

DYSON

Wow. Old school.

DREW

If by "old school" you mean "good", then yes, it's old school.

DYSON

How long have you two been married?

DREW

Two months.

DYSON

Jeez.

DREW

Well, we've been together for fifteen years.

DYSON

Fifteen? Jeez, what were you, in junior high?

DREW

Aww, aren't you sweet? No, I was twenty-three.

DYSON

So you're almost forty? God, you look awesome.

DREW

Quit, or I'm gonna have to fuck you. And I'm Carl's second. He was with someone for ten years before he met me.

DYSON

Yeah, I figured he was older. I mean if the phrase "act your age" means anything, I would guess he's about ninety-two. My friend Chase, who's straight...

DREW

You have a friend? Who's straight?

DYSON

You're making fun of me. Don't. I get that enough from Phil.

DREW

Sorry.

DYSON

He says, my friend, that I'm only attracted to married men. But he should talk: he only dates married women. He says they're best 'cause they always seem so grateful. With men it's different. When you date a married woman, you're the one in control. But when you date a married man, they're in control.

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-92

JOE
I'd challenge you on that one.

DREW
I never really thought about it.

DYSON
You ever cheated on him?

DREW
Well, since my son is within hearing distance, I'm going to pass on that question.

DYSON
He ever cheat on you?

DREW
I really don't know. I suppose it's possible. Likely. I try not to think about it, therein lies madness. He sowed most of his wild oats back when he was in college, I think.

DYSON
Wild oats? Like wheat grass?

DREW
You've never heard that? Old school. It means... crazy monkey sex. And then he met Frank, who... well, had some sexual addiction issues. Frank died in the early '90s, before the cocktail came along.

DYSON
What kind of a cocktail?

DREW
You can't possibly be that young. Do you... protect yourself?

DYSON
God, no. I fall in love at the drop of a hat.

DREW
Not what I meant. More coffee?

DYSON
That'd be great. Thanks. Again, I'm really sorry.

DREW
Sorry?

DYSON
Last night.

DREW
Forgotten. But you need to start being more careful.

(HE exits. DYSON takes DREW's iPod out, puts his back in. Wanders over to JASON and JOE)

DYSON
Yahtzee! Anybody get Yahtzee yet?

JOE
Not yet.

DYSON
Who's winning?

(JOE points to JASON)

JOE
Beginner's luck.

(A pause)

DYSON
My mother didn't want me, either.

JASON
Huh?

DYSON
I'm adopted, too.

JASON
Oh. Uh-huh.

DYSON
Have you tried to find her yet?

JASON
What?

DYSON
Your mother. Have you tried to find her?

JASON
Ummm. No.

DYSON
It usually starts around your age. When the hormones kick in. That's when it started for me. When I realized I liked guys. I wanted some answers, so I went looking. You like girls or guys?

JASON
Girls, I guess.

DYSON
You'll start to think, "Why do I like this girl and not that one?" Is she like my Mom, is that why? Like, why do I like the guys I like? Am I into the same kind of guys my mom was into? I never really gave a fuck, oh, 'scuse me, gave a shit about who my Dad was, just as it related to my Mom. I've always liked older guys, that's for sure. Am I looking for my Dad? Who the hell knows. You mind if I smoke some pot?

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-94

JASON
My Dads don't like smoking in the house.

DYSON
(Overlapping:) Yeah, I know, I know, not in the house. You
wanna...? Look. I was asking you if you wanted to join me.
(HE laughs. DREW returns with the
coffee)
Thanks, man. Ya wanna split a bowl with me?

DREW
I'm subject to random drug testing at my school.

DYSON
Bummer.

(HE exits to the porch)

DREW
You okay?

JASON
I don't like him. I don't like the way he smells.

DREW
You mean B.O.?

JASON
No. I just don't like the way he smells.

(CARL enters)

CARL
Okay. Look. If anybody has laundry, you're gonna have to
wait. Lila's monopolizing the machine and I'm next.

LILA
(Off:) I'm not monopolizing the machine, you stingy old
queen. One load. I'm doing one load.

RAKEL
We won't be doing any laundry.

SKIP
(Overlapping:) Why don't you sit down and relax?

CARL
Ugh. Please turn this crap off.

DREW
What do you want to hear?

SKIP
Something classical?

CARL
Something funereal.

(HE sits. DREW goes behind him,
massages his shoulders)

DREW
Aww. What's the matter, baby?

CARL
Ow.

DREW
Sorry.

CARL
No, don't stop.

DREW
Why can't you relax? This is vacation.

CARL
Tell my office. I just got an e-mail asking me to review
the Original Cast Album re-issue of "Flahooley" As if
anyone cares.

DREW
Ignore it.

CARL
Oh, I don't know. It's the rain. I want a cigarette.

RAKEL
This house is too crowded.

CARL
No, no, I didn't mean that.

RAKEL
Everyone has a ghost following them around. We're all
bumping into each other.

JASON
Was there anything in the paper about the body?

SKIP
I didn't see the local paper.

DREW
Yeah. Forty-five years old. He was a therapist from the
city. Couldn't swim. It was pretty vague.

JASON
Was he murdered?

DREW
Didn't say. Don't be so morbid.

JASON
Just wondering. Jeez.

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-96

What are you two up to? CARL

Game. JASON

What is that, Yahtzee? CARL

Uh-huh. JASON

God. I used to play that a lot when I was a kid. Usually by myself. CARL

How do you play by yourself? JASON

Pathetically. CARL

How come you never taught me? JASON

Didn't know you wanted to learn. Why don't you play Scrabble, or something? Something that might stretch your brain? CARL

Ugh. My brain doesn't want to be stretched right now. JASON

Remind me how to play. CARL

We're in the middle of a game. JASON

You don't want to play with me? CARL

Not right now, no. JASON

(DYSON enters from the porch)

I'm getting reception! I just sent a text and it went through! DYSON

Say amen, somebody. CARL

Probably the cloud cover. DREW

DYSON
You seen Phil?

CARL
In the shower, I think.

(DYSON exits as LILA enters)

LILA
Okay, Princess, I'm in the dryer, it's all yours.

DREW
Let me. You sit. Just the bedspread?

CARL
Ew, of course, you can't wash anything else with that shit swirling around.

DREW
You're welcome.

(HE exits)

CARL
Thank you, honey.

LILA
What're you boys...?

SKIP
So what is it, really?

JOE
Yahtzee, babe.

CARL
Oh, you know.

LILA
Oooh, can I play too?

SKIP
Do you want to talk about it?

JOE
We're in the middle of a game, babe.

CARL
I don't... Does Rakel...?
(To RAKEL:) Do you know?

LILA
What, I can't just join in?

JOE
It'll slow us down, sweetie.

RAKEL
(To SKIP:) What am I supposed to say? No?

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-98

LILA
Jeez. Everyone's on the rag
but me.

SKIP
Well, that won't work now,
darling.

(LILA takes out a cigarette, goes out to
the porch)

CARL
Oh, I don't care. But...

(HE gestures towards JASON)

SKIP
He seems preoccupied.

CARL
Jason, sweetie, why don't you see if your Dad needs some
help?

JASON
Doing what?

CARL
The laundry.

JASON
I don't know how to do laundry.

CARL
Well, it's time you learned.

JASON
We're in the middle of a game!

CARL
It'll still be there fifteen minutes from now.

JASON
Oh, come on.

JOE
It's time for a cigarette break, anyway. I'm not going
anywhere.

(HE takes out a cigarette, joins LILA on
the porch. JASON plods off)

LILA
If you stand under here, you don't get as wet.

JOE
I feel like you're ignoring me.

LILA
No, I just... sometimes I need my "alone time."

JOE
That's funny. I don't.

CARL
Well, what do you think?

RAKEL
Very simple. You have to stop.

CARL
Sure. Just like that.

RAKEL
Yes. Of course. Just like that.

CARL
You don't understand, Rakel. I met Frank when I was twenty-one. Twenty-one! I didn't get to... I didn't know who I was. And suddenly, I'm married. Essentially.

RAKEL
I got married at sixteen.

CARL
Yes, but... Frank was out, doing God knows what, while I... sat at home. Darning his socks, for chrissake!

RAKEL
I let Skip go out and do whatever he wants. No skin off my back. Back? Nose?

SKIP
Ass.

CARL
He got to live, is what I'm saying! He was dancing and drinking and fucking! I missed all that.

RAKEL
Well, yes, he lived until he didn't. Maybe staying home with the socks saved your life.

CARL
I'm sorry, you really don't get it.

SKIP
What does your therapist say about all of this?

CARL

Oh, there's nothing to say, really, it's all so hopeless. (To RAKEL:) I seem to be experiencing my second adolescence. The first one didn't work out so well, so I'm trying it again. I try to look at the bright side. I had no idea I was still capable of feeling... all this. Whenever my phone rings or beeps my heart jumps into my throat. Is it him? I slip him texts the way I used to slip notes in high school. Can you meet me? Don't tell anyone. On my computer at work I doodle the way I used to during trigonometry. Instead of an article about the Encores! Production of "Ankles Aweigh", I find myself looking at romantic weekend getaways on Hotels.com. It's like being sixteen again.

SKIP

He won't be taking you to the prom.

CARL

There are times when my heart and my mind get so totally swamped, like when you step on the gas pedal too many times. I can't go anywhere, can't think about anything else. Work, family...

RAKEL

Please stop. This is making me sick.

CARL

Seriously, I can't help myself; my mind won't go anywhere else.

RAKEL

No, I mean it, stop. It's literally making me sick, it's making me sick.

(SHE jumps up from the table, runs out, bumping into PHIL on his way in)

PHIL

(After she leaves:) The chemo?

SKIP

If you know what's good for you, don't ask.

PHIL

You seen Dyson?

CARL

He was looking for you. Are you drunk already?

(DYSON enters, holding a backpack)

DYSON

Oh, here you are.

PHIL

No, here you are.

DYSON
Listen, I'm gonna hit the road.

PHIL
What are you talking about?

DYSON
I'm gonna catch a ride back to the City.

PHIL
What, you're hitchhiking? That's insane. I'll get Drew to take us to the station if you're in such a hurry.

DYSON
(Overlapping:) No, I texted a friend I met at the Eagle last night. He's giving me a lift.

PHIL
You're joking.

DYSON
Well, since you're being such a cunt to me, there's no point in me staying.

PHIL
Look, I'm sorry. Gimme a minute and I'll throw my stuff in my bag and come with you.

DYSON
No, no, that wouldn't be cool at all.

PHIL
I don't understand. You're just going to leave?

DYSON
I'll see you back in the City.

PHIL
Oh, come on, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I don't know what I'm apologizing for, but don't leave. I'll... We'll...

DYSON
(Looking at his phone:) Too late. He's already in the driveway.

(HE goes to CARL, hugs him)
Thank you so much. I had such a great time. Say goodbye to...

(HE searches for JASON's name)
...for me.

(HE exits)

PHIL
Wait, wait!

(HE exits after him)

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-102

DYSON
(Off:) Gimme a call this week.

(CARL snickers)

SKIP
Gloating doesn't become you.

CARL
You know how I'll know when I'm over him? When seeing him
in pain no longer brings me joy.
(PHIL re-enters)
Sure gonna miss him.

PHIL
You're an asshole.

CARL
I didn't realize your relationship was exclusive. Excepting
your husband, of course.

PHIL
You don't understand. He's my angel. This year, on the
anniversary of my Mom's death, I went to a bar to drink
myself into oblivion and I met Dyson. He's an angel.

CARL
Oh, God. (Shouting off:) Rakel, make some room at the
bowl, I'm about to join you!

PHIL
If you hadn't been so mean to him, he'd probably still be
here.

CARL
What are you talking about? I wasn't mean to him.

PHIL
Well, you certainly didn't make him feel welcome.

CARL
Because I was expecting you to bring your husband, not some
trick I've never met before.

PHIL
Well, it should be enough for you that he means a lot to me.

CARL
You only brought him out here to torment me.

PHIL
What?

CARL
Please. You know how I feel about you.

PHIL
I haven't done anything to make you think that I...

CARL
That's right, you haven't done anything. Do something! Do something! God, this is unbearable.

PHIL
What is it you want me to do, exactly?

CARL
Oh, I don't know. Yes, I do. I want you to look at me, just once, the way you look at him.

PHIL
Who? Dyson? How do I look at Dyson?

CARL
You know what I mean.

PHIL
You and I don't have that kind of relationship.

(JASON enters)

CARL
Oh, really? What exactly...?

SKIP
(Overlapping:) Ladies and gentlemen, step right up: it's America's Most Boring Conversation.

CARL
Cheese it.

PHIL
No, I'm trying to tell you that...

CARL
Not now! Hey, sweetie, do you need something?

JASON
I need you to stop looking at me like that. Dad told me he didn't need help.

PHIL
Okay, I'll tell you what. I'll actually do something.
(Shouting off:) Drew! Drew, could you come here a minute?

CARL
Don't even think about it. I swear.

PHIL
Drew!

(DREW enters. JASON sits at the coffee table, playing Yahtzee with himself)

DREW
Jeez. Where's the fire?

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-104

PHIL

I need you to drive me to the train station. Can we go right now, please?

DREW

What's going on?

CARL

Oh, come on. I'm sorry. All right?

PHIL

Please? I'll just throw my stuff in a bag; I'll be ready in five minutes. Okay?

DREW

Well, sure. What did I miss?

CARL

Don't. Don't. I said I'm sorry. What do you want me to do?

PHIL

Not a damn thing.

(HE exits. CARL goes after him)

CARL

(Off:) Phil. Please. Stay.

DREW

Does somebody want to clue me in?

RAKEL

You know darling, Drew shouldn't have to make two trips to the station.

SKIP

Hmmm?

RAKEL

Don't you think...? Maybe we should...?

JOE

Sounds like everyone's leaving.

SKIP

You're absolutely right.

They are?

LILA

DREW

What the hell...?

RAKEL

No, you sit. I'll pack.

(RAKEL exits, bumping into CARL. SHE takes hold of his arms)

Thank you for everything. Work. That's all there is. Work.

(SHE exits)

CARL
What? Don't tell me you're leaving too?

SKIP
It's best this way. Call me when you're back in the City.
We'll meet for Happy Hour and cry it all out.

(HE exits as PHIL re- enters with an
overnight bag)

PHIL
Sorry I didn't wash the sheets, but I don't want to be
accused of monopolizing the washing machine.

CARL
Come on, cut it out.

PHIL
Can we go now?

DREW
I'm just waiting on Skip and Rakel; they're coming too.

CARL
No, come on, Phil. Stop. Stay.
(HE grabs onto him. PHIL keeps going,
dragging CARL with him)
I'm sorry. Really.

PHIL
Cut it out! Get off me!

(HE shakes CARL free and exits, as LILA
and JOE re-enter)

DREW
What did you say to him?

CARL
Nothing! I didn't do anything. Please. Talk to him. Get
him to stay. You can get through to him in a way that I
can't. You're better at these things.

DREW
I know, I know, I'm such a great listener. Fuck you.

(HE exits)

LILA
What's going on?

CARL
I don't know. Suddenly, everybody's leaving.

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-1-106

JOE

You know, babe...

(HE taps his watch)

We'll miss a lot of traffic if we leave now.

CARL

Oh, no, please, please stay. I've got... I was going to make dinner. I was... We have all this food from last night.

LILA

Oh, honey, um...

(SHE looks to JOE for help)

JOE

I really don't want to get stuck in another bumper-to-bumper...

LILA

I have a really early audition tomorrow morning. My agent just texted. Eight in the morning. In Brooklyn.

CARL

Well, spend another night. You can probably get to Brooklyn faster from here than from the City.

JOE

Well, that won't work for me. I have to be at work at nine. In the City.

LILA

Can't.

CARL

Well, have dinner at least. Just stay for dinner.

LILA

Listen, you two argue it out. I'll go get my stuff out of the dryer.

(SHE exits. A long pause)

CARL

Please?

(A pause)

JASON

Aren't we going to finish playing?

JOE

Oh, you're way ahead of me, kiddo. I surrender.

(A pause)

I wanna make sure she... remembers to pack... Some stuff I left... Be right back.

(HE exits as DREW re-enters)

DREW

Jason, pack your stuff, when I get back from the station, we're going back to the city.

CARL

What are you talking about? I've got another two weeks out here.

DREW

You can have another two weeks. Jason and I are done. (To JASON:) Find the cat.

(DREW exits)

CARL

What, we're gonna leave this place empty? For the rest of the summer? What are you...? You can't...

(A long pause)

JASON

Careful what you wish for.

(HE stands, goes to the iPod dock, plays music. CARL goes to the windows, closes the glass over the screens. Goes out to the porch, closes a sliding glass door behind him. Sits on the chaise. JASON lies on the sofa, playing a hand-held video game)

SEQUE TO SCENE 2

Scene 2

(The lights change. A pause,
and DREW is heard offstage)

DREW
(Off:) Hello? Where is everybody? Anybody home?

JASON
In here!

(DREW enters, dressed for fall)

DREW
Yep, just follow the annoying pop song.

(JASON doesn't look up from his game)

JASON
Hi.

DREW
May I?
(HE stops the music)
Where is he?
(JASON points to the porch. DREW jumps)
Oh! Shit! Didn't even see him. How is he?

(JASON shrugs)

JASON
What you see is what you get.

DREW
Are you packed?
(DREW opens the sliding glass door, goes
out to the porch)
I'm here. Jesus, aren't you freezing? I'm not going to
stay long, don't worry. I was hoping to make it back to the
city before dark, but it doesn't look like that's going to
happen. Jeez. Six-thirty and the sun's already setting.
Any problems this weekend? Listen, we'll get out of your
way. I'll say goodbye before I leave.

(DREW goes back inside, slides the door
closed)

Well, that's not good. Where's Lila?

JASON
In her room reading, I think.

DREW
Pack!

(JASON exits, grumbling. A pause. DREW
slides open the door)

DREW
Do you want anything from the kitchen?
(A pause)
Let me know.

(HE closes the door. LILA enters)

LILA
Hey there.

(THEY kiss)

DREW
My, my. Well, you look... rested.

LILA
Not much else to do out here but rest.

DREW
What's up with him?

LILA
Same as last week, pretty much.

DREW
Is he drunk?

LILA
Not that I've been marking the liquor bottles, but I don't think he's had a drink in days.

DREW
We've gotta get him out. The owners are calling me non-stop and want to evict him. I can't keep paying the rent on this place. And the owners don't care; they just want him out.

LILA
Listen, I'm sorry to say this, especially now, but I have to go too. I can't stay here anymore.

DREW
No, I know. I know.

LILA
I've called Joe and asked him to pick me up. I'm missing auditions, I'm missing... Joe, believe it or not.

DREW
You don't have to tell me.

LILA
I'm missing my life! My roots are showing. I can't remember the last time I put on lipstick. I love him to pieces, but...

DREW
Stop. I understand. You've done more than your share. You know how much I appreciate it, right?

"I COULD SAY MORE" II-2-110

LILA

I do, I do. And I still feel guilty.

DREW

Get over it.

LILA

I don't suppose you'd let me just slip out the back?

DREW

If you want to.

LILA

No, no, then I'd feel worse.

(SHE goes to the sliding door)

Okay, here we go.

DREW

Break a leg.

(HE exits. SHE opens the door, goes out to the porch, leaving the door open)

LILA

Hey, sweetie. I'm sure you've figured this out on your own, but I need to get going. I need to go home. I hate the idea of leaving you out here all by yourself, but for all the communicating we've done the past two weeks, we both might as well be alone. I don't handle it as well as you do. It's nice having Joe out on weekends, but it's not enough. For me. And most of the time I think you'd rather even I not be here. I'm not good by myself. I mean, don't get me wrong, I like my "alone time" as much as the next person, but really, there's only so much... Come back to the City with us. We'll go out to dinner. That sounded so lame. But you're acting as if your life is over, when you probably have to deal with about thirty more years of this shit. I'd be nice to be able to check out whenever you want to, and maybe that's it, maybe that's your game, but if it is, you're a fucking idiot. You survived this long, to end it now would be... just a big who cares wet fart. That's my wisdom. I'll call you when I get back to the city.

(SHE exits. A pause and JOE enters the porch from outside)

JOE

Hey, big guy, how ya doin'? Good to see ya, kiddo. I'm bringing Lila back home, you know. Cold as a witch's tit out here, how do you stand it?

(HE starts to go into the house, turns back around)

Did Lila tell you? Looks like we're gonna be shackin' up together. I know, I know, I should probably take it slow, just out of a twenty-year marriage, I should probably see what it's like living on my own for a while. What for? I love her, she loves me. I'm not good all by myself. It's possible to think too much, you know. Sometimes the best thing is to have other people around, if only to... hear another voice besides the one in your head, ya hear what I'm sayin'?

(A pause)

You need to get it together, buddy. I know you probably think I'm just some low-maintenance, dumb lug who fucks Lila the right way, but give me the benefit of the doubt. This tactic won't work. Nobody's really feeling sorry for you, if that's what you're after. That sounded harsh, I'm sorry. We feel... bad. But it might be time to get harsh, my man. You could maybe get away with this if you were, say, eighteen. But now, it just seems... Ah, I should keep my mouth shut; always gets me into trouble.

(HE exits into the house, and offstage.)

A pause. The lights change. DREW enters and slowly makes his way out onto the porch. HE looks out at the view)

DREW

This back-to-school weather makes me sad, too. Nothing more depressing than the beach in September.

(A pause)

You're gonna have to pull it together. They want to evict you. I already paid a lawyer over fifty thousand dollars to probate Dad's will; I'm not paying another for this... nonsense. They have to make the house ready for winter. Drain the pipes and board up the windows. There's no heat here! I asked Phil if you could move into his place in the Pines; he wasn't keen on the idea. His entire inheritance on a beach shack. Not my problem. No, you're my problem. But there's only so much I can... Look, if you wanna move out, I'll help you look for an apartment, I'll help you move, I'll help you decorate. Whatever. I think it's a stupid idea, but if that's what you want.

(A pause)

But I don't think that's what you want. You just want me to suffer, right? And Jason. Does that help you to feel better? I'm sorry. I'm not trying to guilt you into anything.

(A pause)

You really don't have much of a choice, honey. What are you going to do, suddenly turn straight and go live with your family in Florida? I'm sure they'd love that. "Would you drive me to the Kiwanis Club, Sugar Pop? Oh, and by the way, you're gonna burn in hell." Face it. We're the only family you've got left.

(A pause)

My brother? Seriously? Are you that damn lazy you couldn't find a fuck buddy on the internet like normal people do? No, you just look across the table at Christmas and think, well, he's right there. Why not? "Could you pass the green bean casserole? Oh, and your dick?" Really. You deserve each other.

(A pause)

You wanna be alone? Great. Be alone, but not with me footing the bill. When you say on your own, believe me, you're gonna be on your own. Stop being such a fucking brat. Sorry. It's not easy without you.

(HE starts to leave. Comes back)

You have a week before you're evicted. Next Sunday, if you're not packed and ready to go, I'm going to chloroform you and throw you in the trunk.

(HE exits. A pause, and JASON slowly makes his way out onto the porch. HE looks out to sea. Turns to CARL)

JASON

You really should come home with us.

(A pause, and HE exits, sliding the door shut behind him. Lights change and SKIP enters. HE wears a coat. Takes it off, opens the door to the porch)

SKIP

Shit.

(HE puts his coat back on and goes out to the porch)

You don't have to say anything. But just so you know how much I love you, I rented a car to come out here and the last time I drove a car was about twenty years ago and I totaled it. So. But you were there for me, making all the arrangements for Rakel when I was a basket-case, so I'll be here for your... whatever this is.

(A pause)

Really. Nervous breakdowns are so... they really only work in Joan Crawford movies. Nowadays it just reads as boring.

(A pause)

I never thought I'd miss her so much, you know? I thought I'd be able to fill the time, fill my heart with other things, other people. It's not happening. At least not yet. I've scheduled the memorial for her birthday. A little morbid, but I think she'd like that. Also, it's the only time Cleo could get off work. I need you to write the service for me. Her eulogy certainly. You know I can barely spell, much less make a coherent sentence. I'll tell you some of what I think I want to say, and then you... do what you do.

(A pause)

I understand. Think of him as dead. It's so much harder to mourn when the person is still alive. Do what I used to do. Picture the service. Write your eulogy. And imagine the sound of a big shovelful of dirt hitting the top of his coffin. Used to work for me every time. By the way, I'm not leaving here without you. I don't want to hear a word.

(SKIP exits the porch, goes into the house. Takes off his coat. Goes to the iPod dock, puts in his iPod. Music plays: something classical, for solo piano. A pause, and JASON enters. HE goes out to the porch, looks out towards the sea. CARL stands and joins him at the railing. Puts his arm on JASON's shoulder)

SLOW FADE

PLAY IS OVER.