

The Economy, and Botany, and Religion

A Play in One Act

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Characters:

Tom- a man in his mid-thirties, recently laid off

Ryan- a nineteen year-old Mormon Missionary, questioning his religion

Curtis- a devout Mormon Missionary, Ryan's companion

Donna- Tom's mom, only a disembodied voice

Busman- angry man on bus

Setting:

It is the 90s. The play alternates between two story lines.

Tom's which takes place in an apartment, and Ryan's which primarily takes place as he and Curtis are travelling door to door. Additionally, there is an interior of a bus, which can be portrayed via chairs. Theoretically, these two stories should take place on a stage divided in half, and switch back and forth as the action progresses.

Act One:

Scene One: The Apartment

the stage is warmly lit. A man sits near a desk facing audience, DS, C, with a box on his lap. He is wearing a dark suit, clearly cheap. In the box is a large number of things, including a ficus. The man stares blankly forward for what feels like an outrageously long time. The phone begins to ring. The man doesn't move. It stops. He remains unmoved. It starts ringing again. His hand eventually makes its way up, trying to make it stop, and he mistakenly knocks the receiver off the table. It dangles. The man's hand returns to his lap as he continues to look forward. We hear a disembodied woman's voice, supposedly coming from the phone.

Donna: Hello?... Tom? Tom? ... Tom! I know you're there. Who else would've answered the phone?... Tom! It's your mother.

Tom reaches down and hangs up, but her voice continues.

Donna: You can't just fall off the earth like this. Your father and I are worried sick!

Tom: Clark is not my father.

Donna: We haven't heard from you in a while so

Tom is walking, rips cord out of wall, and returns to seat, as she continues.

Donna: We thought we'd give you a call... Tom? Tom!

Tom bangs his head against desk, her voice skips, and repeats. He covers his ears, and she becomes slightly muted.

Donna: *(muted)* You're not being yourself, are you... I told you...

Tom has walked over to a record player, starts playing Cruel to be Kind and the voice is finally drowned out, but the record

begins to skip. He lets it play, and returns to chair. He begins to empty box.

Tom: Now how am I gonna call to get that fixed (*motions to phone*)

Scene Two: Bus

Ryan sits beside a man whose face we don't see. He is showing the man a photo of what we assume is a girl, but actually is a dog.

Ryan: And that's me an' my baby, ain't she a cutie?... Her name's Scruffy. I miss her terrible. Had to leave her back in Louisiana. (*next photo, his expression shifts dramatically*)... Oh, her? That's my other baby. We.... uh... we were supposed to get married. Her names Lila, and she was the prettiest girl in Bogalusa. Her daddy an' my daddy work at the same hardware store. We always said we were gonna get married soon as I got back from my mission. You see? I've been sent here, well not here on this bus, but to Connecticut I mean, by God and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to share and celebrate what I know about our Lord and Saviour...

He is cut off by the man he was talking to making a noise and waking up, he was asleep the whole time.

BusMan: Huh, what's that?? Were you talking to me?!

Ryan: No sir, sorry if I woke you.

BusMan: Yeah, damn right you're sorry.

Ryan walks back to Curtis, who is sitting in another seat

Ryan: Scuse me, Elder Holt, could you remind me why we're sittin' with strangers 'stead of each other?

Curtis: Elder Bradshaw, I told you, we're supposed to be within earshot of each other, but that doesn't mean that we shouldn't use this as an opportunity to start spreading the Lord's message.

Ryan: But Elder Holt-

Curtis: No buts Elder Bradshaw.

Ryan: Fine.

Ryan returns to seat and scootches as far away from the man as he can, hugs belongings and looks terrified. The bus stops, Ryan starts to stand up, but the man grunts at him and he slumps back into his seat. After the man is gone, Ryan gingerly gathers things and exits bus.

Ryan: Well Ryan, welcome to Squalor. You made it.

SCENE 3: The Apartment

Tom is eating a bowl of soup

Tom: You know, maybe I just won't fix the phone. My life has been so much simpler without it. The man said he'd be here between the hours of 10 and 5, it's 5:10 and I've wasted my entire day waiting for... Fatilla... the Hun...dred tonne man to show.

Laughs and eats soup

Tom: Ok, that's not fair, he might not be fat... But he certainly isn't punctual!

Punches table and gets soup on his shirt

Tom: I need to calm down. I'm sure he's just busy. Breathe Tom, breathe. You're just worried that everyone will be worried about you. They're probably asking themselves "Why hasn't Tom been coming into work?" "Where's Tom?" "What shampoo does Tom use? His hair is always so shiny."

Eats soup

Tom: Let them wonder. Not like I care.

More soup

Tom: "We're very sorry Tom, but due to budget cuts, corporate is forcing us to let some employees go." You know, I'm not a fan of euphemisms. What's the point in trying to deliver news more delicately. The news is still the same, even if it's wrapped in lilac tissue paper with a little baggie of pot-pourri. When you open it, it's still dog shit.

Eats soup

Tom: That some neighbourhood kid set on fire and left on your porch.

Eats soup

Tom: I feel like a thousand tiny green army men have been shooting their stupid little guns at my heart for three days. But it's no use, they aren't going to get anywhere.

Soup

Tom: Nope. My heart's already been fucked past the point of no return. Nothing they can do to it will hurt it.

Soup

Tom: At least not permanently.

Wipes face, stands to wash dish

Tom: I'm not sure why I keep waking up at 7:10 on the dot and putting on my suit. Habit probably. I worked for Scrancorp for 7 years, but did it mean anything in the end? Budget cuts my ass. They fired me... but kept Brenda. Brenda started 3 weeks ago. But to be frank, Brenda's got big tits. I haven't got any tits at all, maybe that's where I went wrong.

Tries to push his chest into something resembling breasts

Tom: Fuck. What am I going to do?..... Get another job probably. But I liked my job! I was comfortable. And I'm not comfortable with discomfort... Well, that goes without saying... It's just... the beauty of Scrancorp was its size. I never once knew what the guy beside me was doing. His name was Gary. We weren't friends. He said he didn't like my "sass mouth." Gary was old. Hell, at Scrancorp I didn't even know why I was doing what I was doing when I was doing it. And that was a wonderful thing! When the day was over, it was over. I didn't have to bring anything home to my... I was going to say wife. I don't have a wife. Not anymore at least. Elizabeth was a, let's call her what she was, she was a giant flaming bitch, and that dick Roger she was boinking on the side I'm not too fond of either. Sometimes I like to sit and ask myself "gee Tom, why'd you do it? Why'd you marry her?" and I sit and I sit and I sit, and do you know what I come up with? Nothing. Na-da. Zilch. Zippo. But hey, at least the sex was good.

Loosens tie, gets more disheveled

Tom: My big brother is a senator you know. Yep. Oh, and my little brother, he's a "world renowned young adult novelist..." He writes these bullshit medieval "romance" books. They're about this princess, Angelica or something, who falls in love with a Jester, but he is "not her betrothed" blah blah blah. They're borderline pornographic. His demographic is girls aged 13-15. Gross. But still he's rich... I'm divorced, unemployed, and I have soup on my shirt.

SCENE 4:

Curtis: So, Elder Bradshaw, I know I've said it before, and I'll probably say it again, but I am just downright tickled pink to be on this mission with you

Ryan: Likewise.

Curtis: I've been looking forward to this day since, well... before I can even remember.

Ryan: mmhmmm

Curtis: Just think! This time tomorrow, we'll be changing lives!

Ryan: Right.

Curtis: We better rest up because tomorrow is going to be a... Elder Bradshaw? Is something wrong?

Ryan: Hmm? Oh please, call me Ryan.

Curtis: Oh, Elder Bradshaw, I appreciate the sentiment, but I don't think I should be doing that.

Ryan: No, really it's ok.

Curtis: No, Elder Bradshaw, I'd rather not.

Ryan: Ok, fine.

Curtis: I can't believe it though, we're best friends already, I felt like we had a connection, but this is just so darn exciting. I knew God would pick the right path and companion for me, I just had to trust.

Ryan: *Grunts his approval*

Curtis:... Elder Bradshaw... are you **sure** you're alright?

Ryan: More than alright, this is the adventure of a lifetime!
I'm just a little homesick, that's all, I'm sure ya get it.

Curtis: Oh... Oh... yeah, of course I completely understand.

Ryan: I couldn't bring my baby... Scruffy, an' this is the longest we've been apart since I was knee high to a hedge.

Curtis: Scruffy? What a strange name for a lady.

Ryan: Oh, no, Scruffy is my daschund!

Curtis: Oh my, what a relief, I thought-

Ryan: Do you wanna see a picture?

Curtis: Absolutely!

Ryan: Here ya- wrong pic-

Curtis: Oh, It's Li-

Ryan: Here we are! Scruffy ain't sh-

Curtis: She's beautiful. Listen Elder Bradshaw, if you want to talk about it, just know, I'm here, not only as your companion, but also as your best friend.

Ryan: I DON'T WANT- *realizes he's raised his voice* Thank you, Elder Holt, I'll keep that in mind.

Curtis: It just must be awful difficult on ya.

Ryan: I'm gettin' by.

Curtis: We were all just so sure... that you two were gonna get married soon as we got back, and when we heard-

Ryan: I know, Elder Holt, your heart broke for me. You offer all of your condolences. You're sorry for my loss... Sorry for my loss. No amount of sorry in the world can- I... I'm sorry Elder Holt. All you were tryin' to do was help me an-

Curtis: No need for apologies, Elder Bradshaw, it's a touchy subject. All we can really do is look to our Saviour for answers, and when he cannot offer answers then we know we are not meant to understand.

Ryan: Sure, Elder Holt, you're right... Thank you.

Curtis: Anytime, friend, anytime. Well, we've got a big day ahead of us, so I'm gonna hit the hay. Goodnight Elder Bradshaw!

Ryan: Night Elder Holt.... (*Looks up*) I think I'm supposed to ask you why? Anything will do, a sign, an answer, anything... I just need to understand... Ok. I'm not meant to. Right, that's fine. God works in mysterious ways, right? There's a reason he took her from me, it's just not important for me to know right now. Elder Holt is right. He's right, right?

SCENE 5: The apartment

Tom, still wearing suit, looks slightly more disheveled than in his last appearance

Tom: So, it's been three days since the reconnect. That's how long my phone has been reconnected. And how many concerned calls have I received? How many people wondering why I haven't come into work in a considerably long time? (*Counts on fingers*) Oh yeah, that's right! None. Of course, there's the possibility of the company being so big, that no one has noticed. There are hundreds of employees. It's possible. Not likely, but possible. My mother seems to have given up, she gave it a reasonable effort for about a day. She doesn't care though. She only called because it was Sunday, and she had just been to church, which

makes her feel it is her "motherly duty" to be concerned about me, and once she put in her time, she moved on. I think she's with my brothers right now. She spends a lot of time with my brothers. She thinks of them as Gods of some sort. They can do no wrong, whereas I, over here am the fuck up. If my family could forget about me, they would. And trust me, they've tried. One year, they "forgot" to tell me they were all going to Hawaii for Christmas, so I showed up at my mom's house, and no one was there. Naturally, I was pissed, so I phoned them to ask what the deal was. All my mom said was "whoops." I felt like I was a lame grown up version of MaCaulay Culkin in Home Alone, except I didn't protect our house from burglars, I just got piss drunk and yelled at a wall for looking at me funny. Oh well, who needs them? I had my little baby Scruffy. I miss her, she was the best dog a boy could ask for. Ok, I'm gonna be honest with myself here for a second. Who did I expect to actually call me? Gary? Ridiculous, he hated me. Brenda? We never exchanged words. The mail guy? No, he wouldn't call me, I don't even know his name. My brothers only call me to brag about how awesome their lives are. My mom when she feels morally obligated. Her husband Clark thinks I'm a piece of shit. I haven't spoken with Elizabeth since I signed the papers. So who does that leave? No one.

Tom sits for a moment, and an idea hits him.

Tom: Unless, there's a reason no one has called me. A sinister reason. My being fired was so sudden it has to have been for a reason. Perhaps the issue was my noticing things. I had been asking more questions than I did normally. I asked why I was re-running numbers on this wealthy old lady's account. They refused to answer, and got, for lack of a better word, angry. And when I asked for specifics on the project my supervisor had just started work on, he told me to go for an early lunch, and slammed the door. A little suspect. Not your typical everyday behaviour. After the last incident, within 2 days, I was called into the big man's office, and I was out of the job. I don't know how I didn't think of this before, I was on my way to figuring out something that somebody didn't want me to figure out. Scrancorp is hiding something, I know it.

SCENE 6:

Ryan and Curtis are walking to the first house as they begin their mission

Ryan: I just wish we were allowed to phone home.

Curtis: You know the rules, Elder Bradshaw, 45 minutes on Christmas, and 45 minutes on Mother's Day.

Ryan: Yes, I know the rules, but that doesn't change the fact, that I want to talk to my parents, and my sisters, I have 6 of 'em. Delilah, she's the oldest, Daisy, she's a painter, Dorothy, she likes to sing, Dawn, she's mighty pretty, Desiree, she's quiet, and Deborah-Sue, she's the baby. Oh, maybe they could put the phone up to Scruffy's snout, and she could make that cute lil noise she makes.

Curtis: It's the first day of our mission, Elder Bradshaw, we are absolutely not breaking the rules.

Ryan: I know, you're right. But isn't there someone you'd like to talk to?

Curtis: Sure there is, her name is Sally, and I'm worried. If I can't talk to her, I think that this pesky fellow, Patrick, is going to ask her on a date, and she might get tired of waiting for me and say yes.

Ryan: Elder Holt, I'm sure you're worryin' for nothin'. Why wouldn't she want to wait for you? You love her, don't ya?

Curtis: More than anything in the world.

Ryan: And she loves you?

Curtis: I think so, yes.

Ryan: Then, there's no problem.

Curtis: Gee, thanks Elder Bradshaw, I feel so much better!

Ryan: Not a problem, Elder Holt... I took your advice, by the way.

Curtis: Which advice? Hum the American national anthem while shampooing your hair to time it? I thought I heard you humming it this morning while you were taking a shower.

Ryan: No, well I mean, yes, I did that too, but I meant... I asked why he took Lila away.

Curtis: I'm so glad to hear it!

Ryan: And so far, nothing.

Curtis: It takes time, Elder Bradshaw.

Ryan: I don't wanna wait, I just want answers.

Curtis: That's not how it works, Elder Bradshaw. Now, cheer up, as soon as we ring this doorbell, our lives will never be the same.

Ryan: Alright, just give me a second... Let's do this.

Curtis: May I?

Ryan: Go ahead.

Curtis rings a doorbell

Ryan: Good morning. My name is Elder Bradshaw, and this is my companion, Elder Holt, we'd like to share a message with you about-

Door slam noise

Curtis: Now, that isn't very nice. Why would they do that?

Ryan: I think we're gonna be hearing that sound an awful lot, Elder Holt.

Curtis: But why would they slam the door on salvation?

Ryan: That's the big question, isn't it Elder Holt?

SCENE 7: The Apartment

Tom is even further disheveled, he is pacing as he talks

Tom: Here's the thing, I worked at Scrancorp for so long that I became Scrancorp. It was all that I knew, and seeing as I didn't know anything about it, I apparently don't know who I am. I know my name is Tom.

He writes something on a list

Tom: I know that I am male.

He writes something else on a list

Tom: I know that I work a-

He starts writing something, but then crosses it out, melodramatically. He takes an extended period of time thinking, coming up with ideas, and shaking his head and crossing them out, until...

Tom: I know that I won a fourth grade spelling bee! The winning word was "impossible." That's what the experts call: "a coincidence."

Writes on list. Then picks it up and reads it back to himself.

Tom: Tom, male, grade 4 spelling bee champion. That's it. You know what I learned from this experience? I peaked in grade 4. And it wasn't just the spelling bee. Ladies were all over me in grade 4. Sarah Mullins kissed my cheek and told me she thought I was cute. Was. Was cute. I'd pay money for Sarah Mullins to kiss me on the cheek and tell me I'm cute right now... Sarah Mullins was pretty hot for the 4th grade, I wonder if that held up.

Tom retrieves phone book, searches

Tom: Mulclair, Muller, Mullins! Jocelyn Mullins, Sandra and Timothy Mullins, Sarah Mullins-Threndle. Of course. She's married. But hey, so was I, so why not give 'er a shot anyway?

Tom dials the number in the phonebook and waits expectantly.

Tom: The number you are trying to reach is no longer in service... That's poetic. That's fine, I don't need to talk to Sarah anyway. I've got all the companionship I could possibly need right here, isn't that right Alfred?

Tom turns around the ficus, it has googly eyes

Tom: Alfred has always been such a good listener, he's sat here patiently, hearing what I had to say, ever since I left Scrancorp. Actually, since before I left Scrancorp. It was so lonely there, with all of those... secrets. I only had Alfred to keep me company. But that's ok, Alfred has always been there for me. He was the one who whispered to me about the secrets yesterday, really, if it weren't for him, I'd still be completely oblivious. He told me that's why they fired me. Alfred is the best.

Tom pats the ficus, as one would pat an old friend.

SCENE 8:

Ryan and Curtis are on their way to ring more doorbells

Ryan: Did you sleep well, Elder Holt?

Curtis: Sure did, and I know you did, you were muttering under your breath something about "loveeee"

Ryan: I had a nightmare.

Curtis: Oh.

Ryan: Yeah.

Curtis: I used to have this nightmare all the time where I was running down a road and a giant blue bear was chasing me, and I was faster, but my legs were gettin' mighty tired. Was it kinda like that?

Ryan: No, Elder Holt, it was nothin' like that. It was about Lila.

Curtis: Was she still alive?

Ryan: At the beginning.

Curtis: Oh.

Ryan: An' then it was like I was there all over again. The phone rang an' then my ears rang an' then I was runnin' down the street, an' there was the smell of burning gasoline, and I couldn't see anything through the smoke. Except those red and blue lights. I just kept runnin' an' runnin', a man in a dark blue suit was tryin' to hold me back, but it was like I had superhuman strength, like I was superman, nothin' was gonna stop me, my legs kept movin' and pushing. Until...

Curtis: Until what?

Ryan: Until the stretcher came out.

Curtis: And what happened then?

Ryan: Blackness.

Curtis: What do you mean?

Ryan: I don't remember what happened for the 'bout a day after I saw that stretcher.

Curtis: You don't want to remember?

Ryan: I just can't. I have no idea what happened.

Curtis: What's the first thing you remember?

Ryan: I remember doin' a jigsaw puzzle with my dad.

Curtis: And then?

Ryan: And then the funeral. I didn't even cry, ya know?

Curtis: An' why not?

Ryan: I don't think that I thought it was real.

Curtis: Oh, Elder Bradshaw, I-

Ryan: I don't wanna talk 'bout it anymore if that's ok.

Curtis: More than ok.

Ryan: Thanks. Let's get goin' then.

Curtis: Today will be better, I just know it.

Ryan: I sure hope so, Elder Holt.

Curtis: Yesterday, 18 people shut their doors in our faces.

Ryan: I remember. Embarrassing.

Curtis: Well, what'd you expect?

Ryan: I don't what I expected Elder Holt, but it sure wasn't this. You've been waiting your entire life for this, aren't you disappointed?

Curtis: Sure, I'm a lil disappointed Elder Bradshaw, but we can't let it get us down, it was only the first day.

Curtis walks ahead a few steps, theoretically just out of earshot

Ryan: I just don't understand how Curtis can look at the silver linings right now. Maybe this was my answer from God. Maybe he's trying to tell me that this isn't what I should be doin'. Maybe he's slamming all those doors to discourage me, or force me to mourn. Or maybe, I'm glorifyin' it. Those doors could be slammin' because I'm delusional. What if there's nothing out there? I'd rather think there's no God at all then one who would steal Lila away. But I can't afford to think like that right now. This is all that I've ever known, the moment I give it up, who am I? What am I? I'd just be floatin'. But what's wrong with floatin'? Jellyfish do it all the time.

Ryan has caught up with Curtis

Curtis: Here we go.

Curtis rings a doorbell

Ryan: Good morning. My name is Elder Bradshaw, and this is my companion, Elder Holt, we'd like to share a message with you about-

Door slam noise

SCENE 9: The Apartment

Tom is unspooling yarn, and has a container of thumbtacks, and paper/pens. Alfred is sitting on the table

Tom: Alfred told me that Gary knows. That's why he didn't like me. My sass mouth was getting me into trouble. Or he was trying to warn me! Telling me that if I wasn't careful I- *(Gasps)*

Tom scribbles a picture on a piece of paper and tacks it to the wall behind him

Tom: Gary was friends with Hank the fuckwit from accounting, so obviously Hank was involved

Scribbles Hank on paper and tacks to wall, and attaches them with string

Tom: The accountants were a bag of smashed assholes

Tom adds more to yarn web

Tom: They weren't oblivious. But what's that Alfred? They're just fringe players? They themselves hadn't infiltrated the inner-sanctum and therefore they didn't really know what was happening. They were on the outside. I was outside the outside. I was across the street from the truth, I had to park three blocks away, and they weren't going to validate my parking. My supervisor, Jeremy, was in there somewhere.

Tom adds Jeremy to the web

Tom: And his boss, because how else would he have gotten involved? Right Alfred?

Adds to web

Tom: And his boss? Huh? Right?

Tom is growing hysterical, he keeps tacking things to the web, and yelling

Tom: Who's in charge? Who's past my boss's boss's boss?! I don't know! Scrancorp is so massive, who was I answering to all this time?... Was I a part of this? No I couldn't have been. If I was, I had no idea what I was doing. Well, I had no idea what I was doing anyway.

Tom turns to the web and adds even more string

Tom: BUT WHAT DO THEY KNOW? WHAT ARE THEY HIDING FROM ME? WHY? Why? ... why?

Defeated, Tom slumps to ground, and the yarn web features a sizable question mark

Tom: Well Alfred, this is what we get for opening the can of proverbial worms. Worm soup. Or yarn soup. Soup, soup, soup, soup, soup, soup, soup, soup, soup, soup, soup.

Tom laughs and crawls to table, and grabs Alfred

Tom: Thank you

SCENE 10:

Ryan and Curtis are leaving a home, someone had finally let them in

Curtis: Oh wow Elder Bradshaw, that was invigoratin'. It was all I ever hoped it'd be.

Ryan: Yep.

Curtis: He was so thankful. You know what, I think we made a difference today. That's what it's all about ain't it? Changing the world, one person at a time.

Ryan: Absolutely.

Curtis: Oh wow oh wow oh wow.

Ryan: I'm gonna go for a walk for a lil bit, to calm down after that excitement. It was a lil too much for me.

Curtis: You can't.

Ryan: An' why not?

Curtis: Not without me.

Ryan: I just need 5 minutes.

Curtis: Elder Bradshaw, it's not allowed, you know that.

Ryan: Who's it gonna hurt?

Curtis: It is not allowed.

Ryan: Curtis, who gives a shit?!

Curtis: ... Elder Bradshaw.

Ryan: What?!

Curtis: I'd really prefer if you called me Elder Holt.

Ryan: Holy shit Curtis, is it gonna kill you?

Curtis: ... I'm not really comfortable with that language.

Ryan: Really Curtis?

Curtis: Fine, go for a walk.

Ryan: No, I'm sorry that was too far.

Curtis: Just go Ryan.

Ryan: Elder Holt, I'm really sorry, I know it's not an excuse but I'm just so lost right now.

Curtis: Then go for a walk, maybe you'll find yourself on the next block.

Ryan: Elder Holt-

Curtis: Just. Go.

Ryan: I'll be back in 5 minutes.

Curtis: Fine.

Curtis sits down, and Ryan crosses away

Ryan: Why did I have to hurt Elder Holt that way? He's just doin' his best. He genuinely believes in what we're doing here. Do I genuinely believe in what we're doin' here? That's a good question. I want to. I really do. It's all I've ever known. Since I was just a wee thing sittin' in church with my family, my suit jacket sleeves always just a lil too long, I have known that when I turned 19 I'd go out and I'd change the world. It seemed so simple, it made so much sense. I'd explain to these people my understandin' of the world, and they'd get it! They'd see what I see within the church walls. They'd hear the words of the Lord, and they'd be cured of whatever plagued them, all their suffering, their anguish, their... their pain... they'd just understand. It's all a part of their divine plan. But I'm worried. How am I supposed to share the... the... existence of a divine plan, when at this point I'm doubtin' that there is a plan for me. Who says we're right? We come to inspire, but I

feel like I'm the grim reaper, like I'm tellin' these people that nothin' they do will make a difference. I am going door to door tellin' people that they're helpless. It's just, I just, I worry that it's not what people want to hear. I keep waitin' for a path to become clear to me, but... I don't know, maybe I'm expectin' too much. I'm sure that these people will find comfort in knowing that there is a reason for everythin' that happens to 'em. So long as they're well behaved of course. Always have to be well behaved. I haven't been very well behaved today, now have I?

Ryan returns to Curtis who is still sitting, waiting for him

Ryan: Where to next?

Both sides of stage are active now. Ryan and Curtis walk silently as Tom continues in his apartment, Curtis eventually falls away

Tom is in the fetal position

Tom: Budget cuts, budget cuts, that's outrageous, I don't know what you are talking about. Tom you're useless. Tom. Tom your family thinks you're shit. Tom.

Tom stands

Tom: Alfred, what do you think of my mother? She used to tell me that if I didn't behave myself then I would go to hell. She didn't tell my brothers that. Just me. But I don't want to behave myself Alfred. I don't want to fucking behave myself. I behaved myself for 7 years in that beige building and it did me no good! Alfred, I'm so glad that I have you-

The doorbell rings

Tom: Alfred, you were right. It's them. They've come to get me. Oh god. Oh no. What do I do? I have to answer it, or they'll think they've won.

Tom answers the door, it is Ryan. Neither Tom nor Ryan pays any attention to one another, Ryan walks past Tom and approaches record player, puts Cruel to Be Kind back on

Tom: There's no one there. I'm paranoid. I'm, I'm, I'm...

Tom looks at Alfred from across the room

Tom: You did this to me. Alfred, I thought you were my friend. Why did you make me into this... this... monster?! I TRUSTED YOU! I LOVED YOU! I, I, I, AHHHHH

Tom throws Alfred and he shatters. Ryan pulls glue out of Tom's box, and begins to glue the pot back together, while sitting on the ground. Tom has begun to rip the web down and is throwing things around the room, as Ryan still calmly sits.

Tom then returns to his chair, puts the box and returns it to his lap. He is in the exact position he sat in at the beginning, except for he looks like a mess. Ryan still sits on the floor with the glue.

Tom: There. That's better.

The End.

