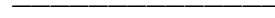


Dolphin Play



by

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### Cast of Characters

Boris: Male, early 30's, high school history teacher, almost one year sober as a recovering alcoholic, married to Joey, is ready to settle down. More serious, more stubborn, but still kind.

Joey: Male, early 30s, night guard at a museum, is studying to become a nurse, not fully sober, not fully ready to settle down. More easily bored, more fem, very sarcastic.

Angela: Female, late 20s, the example of the perfect straight, white Christian married life. But like one of those hipster-esque, Portland churches that's super contemporary with Christian rock concerts and service trips to Africa. More controlling, more high strung, and often intrusive.

Peter: Male, late 20s, the husband of Angela and holds similar beliefs. More submissive, more curious, but much less controlled.

Eileen: Female, early 60s, Mary Hope's and Boris's mother. More self centered, more worried about reputations, but still extremely loving deep down. Wants to be a good mother but has no idea how.

Mary Hope: Female, mid 20s, sister to Boris and daughter to Eileen, addict with no aspirations to change, artist at heart. More free, more cynical, extremely smart. She's a dolphin, a lawless fucking creature

\*Content warning for drug abuse, alcohol abuse, partial nudity, and sexual themes\*

Scene

Nice townhouse in a suburb of Portland, Oregon.

Time

2019

ACT IScene 1

SETTING: Boris and Joey's Dining Room, 7:30  
PM on a Monday

AT RISE: BORIS AND JOEY SIT AT OPPOSITE  
ENDS OF THE TABLE EATING DINNER. BORIS GRADES PAPERS. JOEY SITS,  
WATCHING.

JOEY

Remember when we did ecstasy in the porta potties at Bonnaroo?

BORIS

Joey. I'm trying to eat.

JOEY

I really think that was some of the best sex we've ever had.  
*(BORIS ignores this statement and goes back to grading  
papers. They eat in silence)*

BORIS

Chicken is undercooked.

JOEY

You're trying to change the subject on me, I just thought it was  
a fun time.

BORIS

*(Pause. Takes another bite.)* Needs salt.

*(The salt is in front of JOEY. He looks at it but doesn't  
pass it. A challenge. BORIS looks up from the papers and  
gets the salt himself.)*

JOEY

Salty enough?

BORIS

Seemingly... What's the matter with you?

JOEY

Nothing. (Beat.) How're the essays?

BORIS

Idiots. Every last one of them. I don't know why I even bother reading them, I already know which students turn in semi-decent work and which ones turn in shit.

JOEY

Then don't.

BORIS

Don't what?

JOEY

Don't read them. You already know what grade you're going to give them before you read the essay. We could have sex before my night shift instead.

BORIS

Tempting. Leave our youth in the dust, so I could get a quick fuck. Bust a nut and let these spoiled shits live their life in the ignorant bliss of not knowing our American History.

JOEY

Everyone's a winner.

BORIS

Until the flood of parent emails come in and I have to explain that I was too busy eating ass and undercooked chicken to actually grade these fairly.

JOEY

Fine. Forget it.

BORIS

You're mad?

JOEY

I'm bored.

*(Beat. JOEY takes off his shirt)*

BORIS

Really?

*(JOEY ignores him. Keeps undressing.)*

I don't have time. Plus your raw, unseasoned chicken doesn't exactly put me in the mood.

JOEY

*(Practically naked)* Fuck you.

BORIS

Why are you stripping?

Joey

If you won't fuck me, then I'll pleasure myself.

BORIS

At the dinner table, really?

JOEY

Why not? A man can't jack off at his own dinner table? Here, if your chicken is so undercooked and tasteless, pass it to me. I'll add some flavour to it.

BORIS

Don't be gross.

JOEY

Don't be boring.

*(JOEY sits in his underwear. The two are silent for a minute.)*

I'm bored.

BORIS

And your desired solution is to have vanilla sex at 8PM on a Monday night?

JOEY

Didn't say it had to be vanilla.

BORIS

My mother will be here soon, you know this.

JOEY

Ooh kinky. Isn't it past her bedtime? What's she coming for anyways?

BORIS

She wants to vent about my sister. The in-patient isn't going as planned.

JOEY

Do things ever go as planned with your sister?

BORIS

No. Do you want to tell my mom that?

JOEY

I already have.

BORIS

So have I. Probably six times this month alone. She's still got some ounce of hope that my sister could be normal if she'd just find the right program or the right therapist or the right whatever.

JOEY

People can get better, it's possible. You did it.

BORIS

Don't compare me to my sister.

JOEY

All I'm saying is you've been sober for almost a year, and look at you now. Both of our lives have completely changed. There's no reason Mary Hope couldn't turn things around too.

BORIS

She's being kicked out of rehab again. Do you know how problematic someone has to be to get kicked out of three rehabs in a row? We need to figure out our next move. My mom refuses to put her on the street, so I told her that Mary Hope could stay here for a night or two. Only until we figure out the next move.

JOEY

Are you sure that's a good idea?

BORIS

Do you have a better one?

JOEY

Yes, we could have sex before my night shift.

BORIS

I would, but I just can't, not right now.

JOEY

Are you sure?

BORIS

I'm as sure as your chicken is raw. So, please, put your clothes back on? It's making me uncomfortable talking about this while you're... indecent.

JOEY

Talking about Mary Hope is always indecent. Don't blame me for wanting to at least have *some* fun tonight.

*(JOEY puts a shirt on, but refuses the pants)*

What do you think she did this time to be booted from in-patient? Should we place bets? \$20 says she smeared her period blood on the wall again.

BORIS

Not funny.

JOEY

Wasn't trying to be. When is your mom coming?

*(ANGELA and PETER knock at the door)*

Speak of the devil, goddamn.

BORIS

*(BORIS looks through the peephole)*

Goddamnit. They always do this.

JOEY

Motherfucker, don't say it.

*(BORIS answers the door.)*

ANGELA

Hi neighbor! Peter and I just opened up a bottle of Sauvignon Blanc and thought we'd stop by to share! We brought an extra bottle just in case.

JOEY

Thank you for the offer Angela, but Boris doesn't drink anymore. Could've sworn we mentioned that last time you guys unexpectedly brought wine over, but maybe it was the time before that.

PETER

Oh my, Joey, you're not wearing- are we interrupting something?

BORIS

No, we just-

JOEY

Yes.

ANGELA

We're so sorry, we didn't mean to intrude.

BORIS

No worries, it was nice to-

ANGELA

But we were really hoping to spend some quality time with our favorite, new neighbors tonight! You've lived here three months now and we still haven't gotten the chance to really get to know you yet.

PETER

So we brought some good wine and a fun game!

BORIS

Thank you both for the offer, but I'm almost a whole year sober now. I plan on keeping it that way.

PETER

Oh my gosh, congratulations! Guess that means more for us, right love?

ANGELA

I guess so, hun. How about you, Joey? Can we pour you a glass?

JOEY

I'm working the graveyard shift tonight at the museum, so that probably wouldn't be the best idea.



PETER

We thought you were studying to be a male nurse?

JOEY

I am, but in order to pay for sc-

ANGELA

Oh, Joey, we think it's so wonderful that you're going to be a *male nurse*.

JOEY

Thanks?

PETER

It makes us feel so comfortable to know that if we're ever in trouble, we can always call you. Living right next door to a male nurse is so reassuring.

JOEY

You could just say nurse.

BORIS

Joe-

ANGELA

You know, if you're ever interested, our church does a lot of charity work for the homeless of Portland. Maybe you could do some check ups and help them with their general health?

JOEY

Maybe I could if I was a male nurse, but tonight I'm just a night guard at the museum.

PETER

We really think you guys would like our church. We're a very accepting group, and we're much more contemporary than most churches.

JOEY

So we've heard.

ANGELA

You guys would have loved the concert we held last weekend.

BORIS

I saw the videos you posted on Facebook, it seemed fun, but organized religion just really isn't for me.

JOEY

Nor are country music concerts.

PETER

Well next weekend we're going on a hiking trip and maybe you guys would like to join!

BORIS

I think I'm busy all next weekend, I'm so sorry. If you don't mind, I really should get back to grad-

ANGELA

We bought this board game at Target this morning because we just thought it looked so fun! We thought you guys might like to try it out with us.

BORIS

That's sweet, but tonight's not a good night. I have a lot of papers to grade, and I have some family issues going on, and my mom is on h-

ANGELA

Oh no, we're so sorry. We wouldn't want to intrude, but maybe this game could help take your mind off things? A game always makes Peter and me feel better when we're going through something.

PETER

This game is all about memes!

JOEY

Aw, how sweet of you guys! Unfortunately, like Boris said already, tonight is a bad night since Boris's drug addict sister is smearing period blood on the walls of her rehab again. Tonight we, and his mom, are going to go over our options again to decide if a different version of the same twelve step program would really be the best way to keep her from going back to prison, or if euthanasia would be more effective. And then I'm going to the museum to guard some modern art that looks strikingly similar to Boris's sister's menstruation murals. But maybe another time?

ANGELA

Oh my, maybe tonight isn't the night.

JOEY

Hey! Tomorrow night Boris's sister is coming to stay with us and she loves memes! She would probably love this game!

ANGELA

I think Peter and I, we have plans tomorrow night.

PETER

I thought-

ANGELA

Very busy with the church this week, but thank goodness we're right next door. We can come back another time for some wine and a game.

BORIS

Thank you so much for stopping by, I'm sorry if that was way too much information.

PETER

Don't worry. If it's any consolation, people can get better. I used to be a little wild myself until I-

ANGELA

Well, honey, we better get going, I'm sure they don't need to know all the details. It was lovely seeing you guys.

JOEY

Lovely as always!

PETER

Buh-bye.

ANGELA

Buh-bye.

JOEY

Buh-bye.

*(ANGELA and PETER exit. BORIS is unhappy.)*

BORIS

Why would you do that? They didn't need to know about Mary Hope and her issues, and my sister could be doing well for all we know. You're just spreading rumors about my sister that are embarrassing for me and my mom.

JOEY

Oh shut up, you don't actually care about what Peter and Angela think, do you?

BORIS

Maybe I do, Joey, but that's mine to decide. And all that aside, do you need to be so rude to them? They mean well, even if they're annoying.

JOEY

How else will they know I don't like them? Do you have to be so fake?

BORIS

It's not fake, it's polite.

JOEY

It's boring.

BORIS

Well my mom will be here any minute. Maybe you can entertain yourself with my family business.

JOEY

*(pointing to his wedding ring)*

Hey, they're my family too, babe. And if I know my sister-in-law, she's done *something*. My money is still on the menstruation murals. I'd bet you a whole \$20 that her bedroom walls look like a Jackson Pollock. On the topic of family, you never told me what time your mom would be here. Are you absolutely one hundred percent sure there's not time for a quickie?

*(EILEEN knocks at the door)*

God fucking damnit!!!!

*(BORIS opens the door, Eileen bursts right in)*

EILEEN

Boris, I am sick and tired of your sister.

BORIS

Be patient, Mom. Rehab can be tough.

JOEY

(To BORIS) Oh I can hear the \$20 already.

(to EILEEN) Hello Eileen.

EILEEN

Hi Joey. I love the underwear. (Back to BORIS) I know rehab can be tough, it's toughest on my bank account. Believe me, I know rehab is tough. But this is the third program Mary Hope has been to, and she's still pulling all the same antics.

JOEY

What'd she do this time?

EILEEN

Mary Hope missed the 12 step meeting, and when they went to find her she was sitting in a pillow fortress with her... menstruation... smeared on the wall. Again.

JOEY

H&M, here I come!

BORIS

Shut up, don't make this worse.

(To his mom)

Why do you pay for these programs still? It's her third time getting clean and each time the process just gets more arduous and complicated. I say you stop paying, put her on the street, and let her destroy herself in peace.

EILEEN

I can't put her on the street, she's my daughter. She'll embarrass me to no end if I do that.

JOEY

For someone who struggles with their own addiction issues, you sure do have a lack of compassion, Boris.

BORIS

You have no right to judge my compassion. And I told you not to compare me to her, I never did the things she did.

EILEEN

Plus, Boris was gracious enough to pretend like it was just coffee, so he wouldn't set a bad example for his students. He was decent enough to hide it from us and struggle in silence. I just wish she could have kept her problems more under the table instead of making a spectacle out of her addiction. What she does in private is none of our business. What she projectile vomits onto the courtroom floor of her DUI trial is the talk of the town.

JOEY

I should get ready for work.

EILEEN

Yes, you should. Maybe you can get my daughter a job at the museum since she's such an artist. The clinic is calling her the next Jackson Pollock.

JOEY

You know I would if I could. I'm sure her art is beautiful.  
(JOEY exits)

EILEEN

She's a mess.

BORIS

He's a mess.

EILEEN

You're both a mess, are you both just gonna leave these dishes out with this half eaten... chicken? Undercooked chicken?

BORIS

Undercooked and under seasoned.

EILEEN

Clean this mess.

BORIS

Aren't I a bit old for you to be telling me to do my chores?

EILEEN

Aren't you a bit old to have chores that aren't finished?

BORIS

I was going to clean soon, you interrupted our dinner.

EILEEN

I'm sorry, Boris, I know these nights with Joey are important to you, but I just can't take her anymore. She claims she's making art, but it's just grotesque and unladylike and repulsive and... I don't know. I don't know what to do.

BORIS

Art with her period blood?

EILEEN

They won't give her any other materials since they caught her huffing sharpies.

BORIS

You need to cut the cord, mom.

EILEEN

I wish I could. You'll understand someday when you have children. Enough about her, it's bad for my blood pressure. How are you? How's class?

BORIS

I'm stressed. Only sixteen more essays to grade.

EILEEN

Do you need a Xanax? I was going to take one to calm myself down, but I brought extras.

BORIS

Mom, being sober means being completely sober. No Xanax.

EILEEN

Fine. I'm proud of you for being able to quit without an expensive program.

(JOEY Re-enters dressed in his work uniform)

JOEY

Alright, I'm off.

BORIS

Kiss goodbye?

(JOEY comes and kisses him)

Wake me up in the morning when you get back.

JOEY

Will do. Bye Eileen, it was nice to see you. Best of luck with Mary Hope.

EILEEN

Goodbye Joey.

(JOEY exits)

He is so out of your league.

BORIS

Mom.

EILEEN

You really did get lucky. Gorgeous husband who's going to be a male nurse, decent townhouse, and next year you'll be tenured at the high school. All before 32.

BORIS

It's a good life. I worked hard for it.

EILEEN

You know what's missing from this picture?

BORIS

Mom, I-

EILEEN

My grandchildren.

BORIS

I don't-

EILEEN

Boris, love, it's legal now. You can adopt-

BORIS

Mom, I'm not sure-

EILEEN

I know plenty of girls who would be willing to surrogate-

BORIS

I just-



EILEEN

There's really no reason not to. Don't you want that perfect, happy family?

BORIS

I don't know yet. Joey and I, we're still figuring it out.

EILEEN

Your life is almost perfect. It's the last step. And when you hold that gorgeous baby girl for the first time, there will be nothing left to figure out. You'll have a new purpose to keep you going. A life that means more than your own. When you hold that baby, you'll understand why I could never give up on your sister.

BORIS

I know, mom.

EILEEN

I know I may not be a perfect mom. But give me a chance to be a better grandma. Just promise me you'll think about it, especially since your sister will likely never have kids. Or at least she won't have kids without fetal alcohol syndrome.

BORIS

I'll think about it, mom.

EILEEN

Well, I better get going, it's almost time to take my melatonin. But really think about it. I'll just leave this little informational pamphlet on the table here for you to peruse on your own time. It's got the number of a local adoption agency I was looking into.

BORIS

Thanks, mom. I love you.

(EILEEN walks to BORIS and kisses him on the top of the head)

EILEEN

I love you too Boris. I'll be by later this week.

(EILEEN exits)

(END SCENE)

Scene 2

SETTING: Joey and Boris's bedroom, 5:30 AM  
on a Tuesday

AT RISE: JOEY ENTERS AND SETS DOWN HIS WORK  
STUFF. HE GETS READY FOR BED AND WAKES UP BORIS WHO HAS BEEN  
ASLEEP.

JOEY

(lovingly) Good morning.  
(BORIS groans a bit)  
I brought you an iced coffee and a croissant from Starbucks.

BORIS

Thank you.  
(They kiss)  
I love you. How was work?

JOEY

Slow night. Nothing too gruesome.

BORIS

(Still sleepy) That's good.

JOEY

(teasingly) Sleepy baby. Here, move your arm.  
(JOEY gets in the bed with BORIS. The two cuddle for a  
minute and go back to sleep. At 6:30 AM, BORIS's alarm  
sounds and he gets ready for class. Before he leaves, he  
looks lovingly at JOEY and kisses him before he exits. At  
10:30 ANGELA and PETER knock. JOEY keeps sleeping. They  
knock again.)

JOEY

Jesus Christ.  
(JOEY answers the door, barely dressed.)  
Oh... Hi.

ANGELA

Good morning! We were just on our way to a Tuesday brunch and  
thought we'd invite you both to join us!

JOEY

Oh. Thanks. Not for me.

PETER

Are you sure?

JOEY

Yeah?

ANGELA

And what about Boris?

JOEY

He's at work. Some people have to do that on Tuesday mornings.

ANGELA

Oh no, what a poor thing.

PETER

And what do you do while he's away?

JOEY

Sleep. I work a night shift. In fact, I should really get back to bed. I have class in a few hours and I would like to be awake for it.

ANGELA

Oh my gosh, you must be exhausted. Let us bring you some coffee! Peter, why don't you stay here and I'll run upstairs really quickly.

PETER

Oh, there's no rush, love, brunch can wait!

JOEY

Thank you, but I'm just going to go bac-  
(ANGELA and PETER kiss. She exits.)

PETER

Don't worry, she'll be fast. Her coffee is great.

JOEY

God, I just want to go back to sleep.

PETER

Hey, be careful with that G word.

JOEY

Or what? I'll go to hell?

(JOEY crosses towards his bed, PETER follows)

PETER

No, Joe, that's not what we believe.

JOEY

Oh no? So what do you believe?

PETER

We believe God is forgiving. Everyone has their sins, their secrets. But God knows them and He understands.

(PETER sits on the bed next to JOEY. There is tension.)

JOEY

But you still think being gay is a sin then?

PETER

Yes, but most fun things are a sin in our church. As long as you acknowledge that what you're doing goes against God's will, you can still get into Heaven.

JOEY

So then what are your big sins that you acknowledge?

PETER

Between you and me, Angela and I... sometimes... use recreational marijuana.

JOEY

Oh, I would love to see that.

PETER

Everyone has got their little naughty pleasures, who are we to judge one another's sins? That's God's to decide.

JOEY

That's the first thing you've ever said that actually makes sense to me.

(ANGELA knocks on the door.)

PETER

I never said anything about the marijuana.

(JOEY opens the door)

ANGELA

Hi again, I brought you some of my world famous coffee with almond milk and two sugars. Where'd Peter go? We should really be heading to brunch.

PETER

Oh, I'm over here honey! I was just reading over this pamphlet on the dresser. Joey was just telling me that he's thinking about adopting!

ANGELA

You are?!

JOEY

I am?

ANGELA

You and Boris will make the cutest lil gay parents ever!

JOEY

You could just say parents, you don't have to add-

ANGELA

Peter and I are going to have our first child in two years and our second child in four years, we've decided. In the meantime, we're practicing by babysitting children at the church. We just wouldn't want to bring a child into this world without being completely ready and prepared.

PETER

I completely agree, honey. (to JOEY) Well Angela was right, we really should be going. I'm glad we got to talk, maybe we'll chat more soon.

JOEY

(now looking over the pamphlet)

Yeah... Maybe...

(PETER walks to leave but as he passes the dresser, he knocks over a small, dolphin sculpture and it breaks.)

PETER

Oh my gosh. I am so sorry.

ANGELA

My goodness! Peter! Why don't we take that sculpture to Mike after brunch? He could have it fixed by tomorrow and we'll bring it back then.

JOEY

Don't worry about it, I'll take care of it later.

PETER

No, we can fix this. Don't you worry, you won't even know it was ever broken.

(PETER takes the broken parts of the sculpture and ANGELA puts them in her purse.)

And these little pieces, we can-

JOEY

I'll deal with it later.

(As he says this, he kicks them under the dresser)

ANGELA

Alright, love, enjoy the coffee. Buh-bye!

PETER

Buh-bye!

JOEY

Bye.

(END SCENE)

Scene 3

SETTING: Boris and Joey's house, Tuesday at  
6:00PM

AT RISE: BORIS ENTERS AND SETS DOWN HIS  
WORK STUFF. JOEY IS SITTING. WAITING.

BORIS

(Teasingly) Good morning. You're home early from class?  
(BORIS leans in to kiss JOEY who dodges. Unamused.)  
Something wrong?

JOEY

Well in class today we were supposed to discuss the  
cardiovascular system. But instead we talked about pediatric  
health. It was so interesting. Did you know all of the negative  
psychological and even physical health effects that a child can  
develop if their parents are unfit, not ready, and not wanting  
children?

BORIS

No, I guess I was unaware.

JOEY

I guess that makes you unfit and not ready to have a child then.  
(JOEY holds out the pamphlet)  
Explain.

BORIS

My mother brought it with her yesterday. She's pressuring me to  
think about it.

JOEY

We have thought about it. And we decided we're not having kids.

BORIS

Maybe it is time we revisit this conversation?

JOEY

Ok, sure! We're not adopting a kid. End of conversation!

BORIS

Why not? Why are you so opposed to even talking about this idea? We could start a real family.

JOEY

Having your mom and your sister around is plenty enough family for me.

BORIS

It's not the same. I don't understand why you have some big objection to everything that would make us feel like a real, classic family. We could be parents, Joey. Do all those cheesy, but cute things that families do like decorating a christmas tree together, or a family vacation to a touristy destination, or even playing stupid board games that use outdated meme formats.

JOEY

We've already talked about this. I did the marriage thing, I stuck by you when you decided to go sober, I gave up the life we used to live with all the fun parties and drugs. I'm not doing the whole kids thing too. I don't want a classic, traditional, all-american family. Those never end up right, as evidenced by the family we already have here.

BORIS

Leave my mom and sister out of the conversation. We have a chance to make a real family the way it's supposed to be.

JOEY

And somehow that sounds even worse than our current family situation. Why don't you just work in a cubicle for the rest of your life, buy a 2014 grey honda civic, and hang up one of those stupid, wooden "live laugh love" signs while you're at it!

BORIS

Is that what you're so afraid of? That adopting kids would make us some boring, normal couple like every other couple in this boring, normal suburb?

JOEY

Yes, glad we're on the same page.

BORIS

What's so bad about being normal?



JOEY

It's a synonym for boring. For average. Mediocre. Every other word that I would never actively want used to describe my life.

BORIS

So your solution is to reject the things that would make us seem more normal?

JOEY

I'm not trying to reject things that would make us seem "normal".

BORIS

Then what are you trying to do?

JOEY

I'm *trying* to stay interesting. I've told you, I'm bored. I'm so fucking bored of this whole suburb life thing. This thing you call "normal"... Wake up, go to work, wash some dishes, stay a good and loyal husband, resist the urge to gouge my fucking eyes out. Adding a kid to this equation only ensures that we can never go back. That I will keep going to work because now a human life depends on me to make enough money to feed it for 18 years and then send it to some expensive ass college. That I will keep doing dishes so they have something to eat off of. That I will stay this good and loyal husband forever because a messy divorce would traumatize the poor baby. I can't do that. Not to the kid. Not to myself.

BORIS

So you're not scared of the kid, you're scared of being stuck with me for the next 18 years?

JOEY

No, that's not what I meant. I'm scared of getting stuck in this same routine we've been doing for a year now. I'm already bored. I'm so fucking bored and it's only been a year. And we've only lived in this house for a few months!

BORIS

A kid could bring some excitement into our lives. This town is perfect for raising children, Joey. The schools are good, the community is safe, there's a cute little park with a playground only 3 blocks away-

JOEY

I DON'T WANT KIDS!!! I'm sorry, but the excitement I'm looking for isn't going to be found at mommy and me classes or a 3 year old's ballet recital.

BORIS

So then what is it that you want? I'm trying my hardest to build us a life, but you don't seem to want it. I don't get it, what do you want?

JOEY

I don't know what I want, but I know I don't want any fucking kids.

BORIS

(BORIS crumbles the pamphlet)  
Fine. Forget it then.

JOEY

Stop it. Don't agree with me just to avoid a fight.

BORIS

What am I supposed to do? You want me to yell and scream at you?

JOEY

No, I want something that's not so predictable and easy and fucking boring!

BORIS

Like WHAT?!

JOEY

I DON'T KNOW!!

BORIS

(BORIS picks up a plate and shatters it)  
Is this what you want?  
(He breaks another glass)  
Does this make you happy?

JOEY

There we go, finally something real. Some real excitement.

BORIS

I'll do it again.

(He does)

Do you want me to tear the house to shreds? Are you still fucking bored?

JOEY

This is the most fun I've had since you stopped drinking.

BORIS

Fine, since apparently everyone thinks I'm way more fun when I'm incoherent, let's get drunk. Let's get drunk as fuck and just destroy the whole house.

(BORIS starts towards the door, but cuts himself on the shards of glass on the floor)

OW FUCK!

JOEY

Jesus Christ, be careful. (Snapping out of the destructive friendly, now nurturing) Ok, ok, just sit down for one second, I'll be right back.

(JOEY grabs a broom and a first aid kit. He sweeps the floor and then tends to the wound.)

Lift your foot up, let me see it.

BORIS

Fucking hell. Ow, OW, be gentle.

JOEY

I can heal this don't worry. Hey, it's okay.

BORIS

I didn't mean to get so destructive, I couldn't help myself.

JOEY

It's okay, it's okay. Nothing too serious is broken, we can clean the mess. We're okay.

BORIS

I didn't mean what I said. I want to stay sober. I was just having a moment.

JOEY

Moments happen, but we keep going. It's fine. We clean the mess and keep going.

(PETER knocks at the door)

God damnit. I'll be back, don't move too much, ok? Just keep your foot up like that.

(JOEY answers the door)

Hi Peter, now is not really a good time.

PETER

Oh my gosh, is everything ok? I was on my way over to bring you the sculpture and I heard yelling and glass breaking.

JOEY

Everything is fine, don't worry about it.

PETER

Ok well... Here's the sculpture, good as new. And if you need to unwind tonight, Angela's having wine night with the girls and I was going to... (he mimes smoking) you know... smoke. I know Boris is sober so maybe it can be just us, our own little secret sin.

JOEY

Thank you... I'll think about it.

BORIS

(Calling from the other room)

Joey? I'm still bleeding!

JOEY

Be right there!!! (to PETER) I should go. He cut himself on some broken glass. Here, um-

(JOEY takes out some paper and pens from a drawer and gives PETER his cell phone number)

Text me about it later.

PETER

Will do. Good luck, tell Boris I said to feel better!

(PETER exits, JOEY closes the door)

BORIS

Who was it?

JOEY

It was just Peter, dropping off this statue that broke earlier.

BORIS

The dolphin broke?

JOEY

It did, but it's fixed! See, you'd never even know there was a problem. Let me see the cut again, I want to clean it a bit more.

BORIS

Is this gonna sting?

(JOEY dabs some alcohol on it)

OW FUCK YEAH THAT STINGS

JOEY

That was the most contact you've had with alcohol in months.

BORIS

And it didn't even get me drunk... God, what was I thinking. I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me, I just-

JOEY

It's ok. We can clean all of this up. We'll clean it up and make it all better.

(JOEY bandages BORIS's foot)

BORIS

Well, I'm pretty lucky to have one of those male nurses around the house, aren't I?

JOEY

Shut up. You should lie down with that foot elevated for a bit. Let's get you to the bed.

(They hobble over together and get BORIS in position)

BORIS

My cute, little doctor, thank you. Again, I'm sorry I-

JOEY

It's ok. Me too.

(JOEY's phone buzzes. A text from PETER.)

BORIS

My mom called me earlier and said she'd come by again tonight.

JOEY

Do I have to be here for that? I'm really not in the mood to hear her complain about your sister again tonight and if she tries to bring up the whole children thing in front of me, I don't think I could hold back.

BORIS

I get it. You can go, I'll heat up some leftovers for dinner.

JOEY

Have your mom heat it up for you. You should be lying down. I think I might go to the gym to unwind a bit or just go walking so I can think about things.

BORIS

Kiss me before you go?

JOEY

I guess if I have to...

(JOEY walks over and kisses BORIS)

Bye, cutie. Tell your mom I send my love.

BORIS

Will do.

(JOEY exits)

(END SCENE)

Scene 4

SETTING: Peter and Angela's house, 8:30PM  
on a Tuesday

AT RISE: PETER AND JOEY ARE STONED. PETER  
PLAYS WITH A LIGHTER, FLICKERING IT ON AND OFF.

PETER  
Why would God make sin feel so good?

JOEY  
I don't know. Why does God care about smoking weed anyways? Who  
does it hurt?

PETER  
No one, I guess. Maybe ourselves.

JOEY  
But that's OUR business. We should be able to destroy ourselves  
however we want.

PETER  
We *do* destroy ourselves however we want. If we didn't do  
something to destroy ourselves every once in awhile, we'd go  
crazy. (beat.) Is Boris's sister okay?

JOEY  
Mary Hope? She's fine, she just makes everyone worried all the  
time. She *really* destroys herself however she wants.

PETER  
Good for her.

JOEY  
Good? She's off the fucking rails constantly.

PETER  
Lucky her. She's always off the rails, but never going crazy. It  
must be liberating to be able to just live like that, moment to  
moment, with no concern for plans or the future or bullshit.

JOEY

I see what you're saying. Do you and Angela plan a lot?

PETER

We have roughly the next six years planned out by goals for each month. It's all fixed. Right now we're kind of stagnant, but next month we start in depth family planning.

JOEY

Jesus, why?

PETER

Hey, watch your mouth. We have a vision for ourselves. We work as a team.

JOEY

You two seem very couple oriented.

PETER

We don't really like to be without each other, but once a week we take a night to be apart.

JOEY

And that keeps you guys happy?

PETER

Very. (beat.) If she knew you were here... or if she found out that you knew about our smoking habits... She would probably kill me. We're a very private couple. This is maybe the first real secret I've kept from her.

JOEY

Is it that serious?

PETER

Maybe. Maybe not. Either way, I'm happy to be here and chilling with you. How's your relationship with Boris? Does he know you're here and smoking with me?

JOEY

I decided not to tell him. I'm really happy and proud that he's gone sober, but... I don't know. Being high right now is the first time I haven't been bored in a long time. [beat] I miss drugs. And sex. And concerts and festivals and parties. I miss



destroying myself however the fuck I wanted to. I wanna be crazy again and go out on weekends and fuckin do something.

PETER

You can always come to the church events with Angela and me, man! We'd love to have another couple to join us.

JOEY

Thank you, Peter, but I don't think it'd be the same. Boris and I, we used to get drunk out of our minds in the middle of a day then go make fun of the latest exhibits at the modern art museum until they kicked us out. Or we'd get stoned, make some elaborate travel plans we couldn't afford. A couple times, we tried to carry out a cheaper version in an airbnb. It'd be absolutely nothing like we planned, but it'd be better than we even imagined. Now he's sober. And we both have jobs. We don't really destroy ourselves the way we used to. We're kinda fixed too. Stagnant.

PETER

Angela and I used to be daring. We used to go out with a few other couples on Saturday nights and do karaoke at the bars. Our friends all broke up or got divorced though. We haven't really seen much of any of them the last year or two, so now it's pretty much just the two of us. We joined the church last year to get closer to God, of course, but also to try to make new friends. We're still working on it.

JOEY

I'm sorry. That must be pretty hard.

PETER

It's okay. I just wish I had more excitement sometimes. Don't get me wrong, I love the church events and my church friends. But they aren't the most exciting crowd. I'm glad you and Boris moved in next door, though. You guys are exciting to me. [beat.] Should we smoke more?

JOEY

Fuck yeah.

(the two light up. They each take a couple of hits. Coughing, laughing, and drinking water all the while. They sit close together on the same couch.)

PETER

I'm sorry about the dolphin statue.

JOEY

Don't be.

PETER

It's a cute statue, where's it from?

JOEY

Not sure. It's Boris's, he's had it at least as long as we've been together.

PETER

You know dolphins are the only other mammals who have sex for pleasure? I guess even dolphins gotta destroy themselves somehow.

JOEY

I feel like sex doesn't destroy dolphins.

PETER

I guess you're right... That's not fair though, why would God judge dolphins differently than he judges humans?

JOEY

I wonder if the dolphins feel any guilt or shame about it or if their whole lives are just one huge lawless orgy.

PETER

I'm not sure. I feel like they're more casual than humans. They do what they need to survive and if they get bored, they have sex for fun and then continue about their dolphin days.

JOEY

What a life. I need another hit.

(The two light up again)

PETER

Can I just say I'm so happy you two moved in? I mean it, man, I'm so happy you guys moved in.

JOEY

But why?

PETER

You guys seem so comfortably yourselves.

JOEY

Ah the Christian man is so shocked that two gay men can be happy, functioning people?

PETER

Not what I meant. You know how I feel about gay people. I mean Angela and I hide so much from everyone, I couldn't even tell her I told you about our smoking habits. Meanwhile we knock on the door, and you're practically naked at the dinner table.

JOEY

Yeah, I'm sorry you guys had to see that.

PETER

Don't be. It was awesome.

JOEY

Sometimes a man gets horny at the dinner table.

PETER

Sometimes he does. I feel that. And you have a great body. If I looked like that, I'd eat dinner naked every single night.

JOEY

Oh shut up, thank you.

PETER

No, I'm serious! How'd you get those abs, huh? Must work out a lot.

JOEY

I try my best.

PETER

Maybe you can help me out, I've been wanting to bulk up and stuff. Get a sexy bod for Ang. Maybe it'd make her want to be a lil' crazier, you know? Be a little more like the dolphins.

JOEY

The dolphins don't worry about if their bodies are sexy, they just fuck because they want to. You already have a great body, I'm sure Angela is all over it.

PETER

Flex for me.

JOEY

(laughing) I'm sorry, what?

PETER

I'm serious! I just wanna see.

(JOEY flexes and PETER feels his muscle)  
You've got some arms!

JOEY

Let me feel yours.

(He does)

Damnnn! You've got some-

(PETER leans in, they kiss)

PETER

I'm sorry.

JOEY

Don't be.

(PETER leans in again, they kiss deeper as things get more heated)

[END SCENE]

[END ACT I]

ACT IIScene 1

SETTING: Joey and Boris's House, Wednesday  
3AM

AT RISE: THE LIGHTS ARE DIM. MARY HOPE IS  
SITTING, PLAYING WITH THE DOLPHIN STATUE. JOEY ATTEMPTS TO  
QUIETLY SNEAK IN, UNAWARE OF MARY HOPE'S PRESENCE.

MARY HOPE

Was it fun?

JOEY

Jesus fuck, you scared me. Why are you still awake?

MARY HOPE

Was it fun?

JOEY

Was what fun?

MARY HOPE

It.

JOEY

(pause) It was fun.

MARY HOPE

I heard you're adopting.

JOEY

No. I'm not. I don't know if it was Boris or Eileen who said  
that, but it's not happening.

MARY HOPE

I *heard* you're adopting. I don't believe everything I hear. I  
don't believe most things I hear. I hear a lot of things. A fuck  
ton. A shit load.

JOEY

And what is it that you've heard?

MARY HOPE

I hear that people are bored. I hear bored people. I hear my name: "Mary Hope, Mary Hope, Mary Hope". I hear bored people saying "Mary Hope, Mary Hope, Mary Hope". I hear a lot of things. A fuck load, and a shit ton. (beat.) Can I offer you a pill?

JOEY

No, you can't. You shouldn't have those. What even are they? Xans?

MARY HOPE

"Mary Hope should" "Mary Hope shouldn't" "Mary Hope can't" "Mary Hope Can't" I hear these things. Whatever. These pills are fun. Have some fun.

JOEY

What are they?

MARY HOPE

Not entirely sure. That's the fun part!

JOEY

Mhmm. Well, I should be getting to bed. And so should you.

MARY HOPE

But I wanna know more about *it*. You said it was fun.

JOEY

I don't know what you're talking about.

MARY HOPE

I'm asking if *it* was fun. The whole cheating thing. It seems like it'd be fun.

JOEY

Mary Hope, you're a guest in my house. You can't just come in here and accuse me of things you don't know anything about.

MARY HOPE

I smell weed. Do you have any with you?

JOEY

No, I don't.

MARY HOPE

Shame. I know some people if you're interested?

JOEY

I understand you have a problem, but you cannot bring random, unknown drugs into my house. Boris has worked hard to stay sober and it would be unfair to him. It's just one night, Mary Hope, I'm sure you can manage with whatever those pills are.

MARY HOPE

I see.

JOEY

Goodnight, Mary Hope. Go to sleep if you can.

MARY HOPE

Unfair only counts when it's my fault. "Mary Hope shouldn't do what makes her happy, because other people can't mind their goddamn business."

JOEY

Bringing drugs into this house isn't fair to your brother.

MARY HOPE

But climbing into bed with him after getting high and fucking a rando is fair to him? You're lucky I know how to mind my business.

JOEY

I swear to god, Mary Hope, this entire conversation never happened. You were never here and neither was I.

MARY HOPE

Joseph. Even if I tried to rat you out, no one would believe the druggie, the drop out, the mental case. You want to talk about unfair? You know nothing.

JOEY

I'm sorry that this is how things are.

(MARY HOPE smashes the dolphin statue on the ground)  
What the fuck?!?!?! You're going to wake everyone up.

MARY HOPE

That wouldn't be fair, would it?  
(JOEY begins to clean it up)

JOEY

Goddamnit, help me clean this up. Why the fuck would you do that? If you're going to be this fucking reckless and break things that aren't yours, you need to leave.

MARY HOPE

But I got bored.

JOEY

I don't give a fuck. You need to leave.

MARY HOPE

But that would be unfair. Do you know where this sculpture came from?

JOEY

Mary Hope, you need to lower your voice and you need to leave.

MARY HOPE

I made this dolphin sculpture for my brother's birthday one year because they were his favorite animal. I thought it was a nice gift. Did you know that dolphins are the only other mammals who have sex for pleasure? They've got it fuckin right. Pleasure. Do you think dolphins give a fuck whats fair?

JOEY

If you don't leave, I'll call the police.

MARY HOPE

But that would be unfair! You'd wake my brother if you did that. Anyways I gave him this sculpture as a GIFT and he broke it first! Three seperate fucking times!!!! He didn't even tell me it was broken, he just gave it to some rando and had it fixed. THAT's unfair. He had it fixed each time, you would never know it was broken. But it was. There were new lines and scars that blend in, but I know they weren't there when I made it. That's unfair. There was a fourth break. I know it. I have my suspicions. But it was fixed. Until now at least. Ironic that your night job is guarding art at the museum, but somehow you can't even protect the art in your own home. Seems unfair, doesn't it?



JOEY

What do you want here? Why are you here?

MARY HOPE

Hell, why not? I was at the in patient facility, I got bored, I made some art, I got kicked out and now I'm here. Why are you here? What is it that you want?

JOEY

I don't know. I don't. (beat.) I want to go to bed.

MARY HOPE

Goodnight, Joseph. If you get bored again, I have pills for that.

[END SCENE]

ACT IIScene 2

SETTING: Joey and Boris's Dining Room, 9 AM  
on a Wednesday

AT RISE: EILEEN AND BORIS ARE SETTING THE  
TABLE AND COOKING BREAKFAST. THEY SPEAK IN HUSHED TONES,  
CAUTIOUS OF WHO IS AROUND

BORIS

Mom, she can't stay here. She can stay one more night maximum,  
but I don't want that responsibility. We need another plan.

EILEEN

And where would you have her go? The streets?

BORIS

I don't know, but we need another plan. She will not live here  
while I'm trying to stay sober and keep my life on track.

EILEEN

And what track is that exactly? A track that leaves behind your  
mother and sister?

BORIS

I don't know what my track is, I'm spending all my energy just  
trying not to be derailed from it.

EILEEN

Mary Hope has no track, no train, no conductor, she's just a  
pile of coal being shoveled into a fire that does nothing and  
serves no purpose.

(MARY HOPE enters, looking horrid)

MARY HOPE

I have a purpose, it's to set the whole world on fire and see  
what happens. Fuck your goddamn fucking "track" and your stupid  
train references.

EILEEN

Good morning to you too, darling.

BORIS

You have one more night here, Mary Hope, then you have to find another place to go.

MARY HOPE

Yeah, yeah, got it, whatever, what's on the breakfast menu?

BORIS

Eggs, canadian bacon, and french toast.

MARY HOPE

Damn, I JUST went vegan. I've decided to be more "health conscious" since yesterday.

(She pulls out a cigarette)

Does anyone have a lighter?

BORIS

Oh, so now you care about your health? How convenient. No smoking in the house.

EILEEN

Here's my lighter, sweetheart.

BORIS

Mom?!

(MARY HOPE lights her cigarette and smokes, lightens her mood)

MARY HOPE

Mmmmm. Healthy breakfast.

(JOEY enters)

Good Morning, sleepyhead! It is so lovely to see you today.

JOEY

Good morning, everyone. Hi Mary Hope, welcome back.

MARY HOPE

So Joey, I heard you have a lovely pair of underwear.

JOEY

I'm sorry?

EILEEN

Oh I told Mary Hope about the underwear you were wearing the other day that looked so cute on you.

BORIS

So do boundaries just not exist anymore?

MARY HOPE

Oh come on, big bro, I'm sure you love Joey's undies. Did he give you a good show of them last night?

JOEY

No, I came home very late. Everyone was asleep when I got home.

MARY HOPE

Ahhhh, how fun! I heard you went on a walk. Was it fun?

JOEY

It was. When I got home, I found that the dolphin sculpture broke again? Anyone have any idea what happened there?

BORIS

Again? Mary Hope, would you mind fixing it? You're so good with this kind of stuff, plus it'd keep you busy while you're here.

MARY HOPE

What's to be fixed? Broken doesn't always need to be fixed. Often great new works of art can come from the remains of a piece of art that came before it. The deliberate destruction of a piece of art results in a new piece itself, but also provides a whole new set of materials to be played with to explore the endless possibilities of the new art that can be made from the old, broken shards of what used to be a different piece of art. Dolphins are lawless fucking creatures anyways.

EILEEN

Don't be cryptic. Just make it like it was. And give me my lighter back, mommy could use a cigarette.

BORIS

Mom, I said no smoking in the house.

EILEEN

Mary Hope already smoked in the house, it's only fair.

BORIS

Both of you, if you want to smoke, outside now.

MARY HOPE

Okay okay, no need to get pissy over a lil cigarette.

EILEEN

Come on, love, let's smoke outside.

(MARY HOPE and EILEEN exit)

JOEY

So while they're outside finishing those cigarettes... quickie?

BORIS

Joey, no.

JOEY

What if I said "please?"

BORIS

That'd be a start in the right direction, but my answer would still be no. How about we get through one more night with my sister here, then I'll be yours for a whole night. Whatever and however you want it.

JOEY

If this is your way of telling me you agreed to let your sister stay another night... (beat.) Make it the whole weekend and you've got a deal. I work tomorrow night again anyways.

BORIS

This weekend, I'm yours. I promise.

JOEY

Can I get a preview? A little taste of what's to come?

BORIS

No.

JOEY

I respect your decision, but am also very saddened by it. I'm gonna hop in the shower. Feel free to join.

(JOEY exits, ANGELA knocks, BORIS answers, she barges in)

ANGELA

Is Joey here?

BORIS

Good morning, Angela. Is something wrong?

ANGELA

Yes. I mean, no. Is Joey here?

BORIS

He's showering.

ANGELA

Oh great. Great. Did he say anything to you?

BORIS

About?

ANGELA

Nevermind. He just... Peter mentioned... Nevermind. It's fine. Everything is fine.

BORIS

Glad to hear it. It was lovely to see y-

ANGELA

It's all a mess, Boris. Do you ever feel like just when you thought everything was starting to take shape and make sense, your idiot husband fucks it all up?

BORIS

I guess I understand that to an extent? What's going on? What happened? I've never heard you curse before.

ANGELA

Can you keep a secret?

BORIS

Of course. What's happening?

ANGELA

Peter and I, we smoke weed sometimes. Not a lot, just occasionally, I swear. It's supposed to be our own naughty, little secret since we know the church would disapprove and we wouldn't want our future kids to know or anything, but Peter

told Joey and I feel myself spiraling and I want, no, I need to make sure Joey keeps it to himself. And you too.

BORIS

My lips are sealed and I will forward the message to Joey. It's okay to not be perfect, you do know that right?

ANGELA

Maybe it is to you. But Peter and I like to keep everything to a plan. We know who we are and we know where we're headed.

BORIS

And if things don't go according to plan? How bad would that *actually* be if there was a little spontaneity between the two of you? Things are going to happen that might throw you guys off schedule and you need to be able to cope with that.

ANGELA

Do you think I haven't thought of that? We have back ups. I've worked extra hard to make sure we have extra savings just in case. We only smoke to relax ourselves, but even that's all planned. Or at least it was until Peter had to go and invite Joey over to smoke behind my back.

BORIS

They smoked together?

ANGELA

Last night while I was at a girls' wine night. Now I feel like everything I've set up for us is at risk.

BORIS

I'm sorry, I'm just a little confused. Joey and Peter smoked together last night?

ANGELA

Yes, I'm aware. I noticed the crumbs on our table and Peter sang like a canary. (beat.) I'm sorry, is that dolphin sculpture still broken? Peter was supposed to have it fixed and bring it back here, was that all a lie too?

BORIS

No, he did. It broke again. Not sure how.

ANGELA

Great, everything is broken. It's all just a broken mess. My plans are shattered. The dolphin is shattered. It's all just-  
(MARY HOPE enters)

MARY HOPE

Fixable. It's all fixable. Jesus, stop with the whining.

ANGELA

Excuse me?

BORIS

Angela, this is my sister Mary Hope.

MARY HOPE

Charmed, I'm sure.

ANGELA

Oh, wonderful. I've heard about you.

MARY HOPE

Most people have.

BORIS

Mary Hope, please-

MARY HOPE

I've just finished my breakfast cigarette and I just wanted to come chat. I heard you talking about my dolphin sculpture.

ANGELA

You made that sculpture?

MARY HOPE

I did. Dolphins are Boris's favorite animal, so I made it as a gift. Did you know that dolphins are the only other mammals who have sex for pleasure? Lawless fucking creatures they are.

BORIS

Angela is going through something and doesn't need your crude remarks.

MARY HOPE

What's so crude about pleasure? Everyone needs a lil something.



ANGELA

This is too much. It's all too much. I need an escape. I'm going to the church.

(ANGELA exits)

MARY HOPE

She seems like a lovely lady.

BORIS

She is. You should try to be more like her.

MARY HOPE

Fuck that. So your hubby was lighting up with another man, huh?

BORIS

Fuck off. That's none of your business.

MARY HOPE

You fuck off.

(EILEEN enters)

EILEEN

Mary Hope, language. It's not ladylike to curse this much.

MARY HOPE

Fuck that too.

EILEEN

Can't you just work with me a little bit? I only want to make you better, love.

MARY HOPE

What's "better"? I'm fine how I am.

BORIS

Mom, give up.

MARY HOPE

She won't do that.

EILEEN

I will if I have to, Mary Hope, I just don't understand why you have to be so difficult all the time.

MARY HOPE

I'm not being difficult, I'm having fun. I'm a dolphin, a lawless fucking creature.

EILEEN

Language. Please.

BORIS

She's not worth it, Mom. She doesn't listen. She won't stop cursing, she won't get clean, and that's her choice.

MARY HOPE

Finally, some understanding here.

EILEEN

Don't listen to him, you are worth it. You can do this if you set your mind to it. You can get clean and be a real artist again.

MARY HOPE

"Blah blah blah blah blah"

BORIS

Real mature.

MARY HOPE

Sorry, I'm not mature like you. All settled and ready to start buying someone else's fucked up babies.

EILEEN

Adoption is not just buying a baby.  
(JOEY enters, showered and clean)

JOEY

What's going on?

MARY HOPE

How was your shower? Did you clog the drain?  
(MARY HOPE mimes jacking off)

JOEY

We're not adopting.

BORIS

I know, love, don't worry.

EILEEN

Let's not rule it out so quickly.

BORIS

You know, I'm in the mood for more french toast. Anyone else want seconds for their breakfast?

MARY HOPE

I'll take a second cigarette. Mom?

EILEEN

Parenthood is a gift.

JOEY

It's a nightmare.

EILEEN

It's both.

BORIS

I have to be at the school in half an hour for a staff meeting, this is everybody's last chance for french toast.

EILEEN

You're so nurturing, you'd be such a great gay dad.

JOEY

CANT WE JUST SAY "DAD"?

EILEEN

If that's what you want to be, then you can be just "dad".

JOEY

I don't want to be a fucking dad.

MARY HOPE

You know what, fuck being vegan. I'll take a piece of french toast.

JOEY

Finish mine. I'm going for a walk.

MARY HOPE

I think that's a great idea.



ACT II  
Scene 3

SETTING: Peter and Angela's house. Noon on Wednesday.

AT RISE: PETER IS PACING AROUND THE ROOM. HE IS A WRECK. THE BONG IS BROKEN. THE HOUSE IS A CLUTTER. JOEY KNOCKS. PETER LOOKS THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE TO MAKE SURE IT'S JOEY. HE ANSWERS.

PETER

You came. Oh my gosh, you came.

JOEY

What the fuck is going on in here? Why is it such a mess?

PETER

I'm having an emergency. A big emergency. The next six years of my life that I planned just went to shit. It's so bad, it's so fucking bad.

JOEY

I know, I got your texts.

PETER

I panicked. I didn't know who else to call.

JOEY

Okay, I'm here. I'm here, can you explain what's going on?

PETER

Angela. She found out.

JOEY

Found out about what exactly?

PETER

That we smoked together.

JOEY

Did she find out about-

PETER

That's all she knows. She found out we smoked together and she stormed out the door to go talk to you.

JOEY

She didn't come talk to me.

PETER

I know. She called me. She talked to Boris and his sister.

JOEY

Excuse me?

PETER

She told Boris everything, but made him swear into secrecy. Then his sister scared her off.

JOEY

So where is she now?

PETER

Jail.

JOEY

Excuse me?

PETER

She's in jail. She was scared of ending up like Mary Hope, so she turned herself in.

JOEY

Does she know that weed is legal in Oregon? What is there to turn in for?

PETER

She turned herself in for embezzlement. She stole over \$15,000 from the church.

JOEY

Jesus Christ, what the fuck?

PETER

I had no idea, I swear I didn't know.

JOEY

I believe you.

PETER

I know that I said only God can judge our sins and that we all get to pick our naughty pleasures as long as we repent for them, but this feels like stealing from God and I think that's a deal breaker for me.

JOEY

I'm so sorry, Peter, I don't know what to say.

PETER

All my plans are done, they're over, they're not happening.

JOEY

Hey, hey, it'll be okay. I'm sure she won't get sentenced for too long. You guys can pick up where you left off, just a little bump in the road.

PETER

This is not just some bump in the road, the entire road has fallen apart, we just drove off a fucking cliff.

JOEY

Take some deep breaths.

PETER

After I got the call, I felt like I needed to break something. Now I feel like I just need to leave it all behind, it's too far broken.

JOEY

If you want to leave Angela, you can do that too. That's up to you.

PETER

Not just Angela. All of it.

JOEY

I don't think I follow.

PETER

I'm leaving. Come with me, Joey. Let's destroy ourselves completely and start over, just us.

JOEY

Woah, I don't think so. I can't do that.

PETER

We had such a good night last night, I want every night to be like that. I just want that for the rest of my life.

JOEY

It was fun, but it was just one night.

PETER

Let's make it every night. We can do this.

JOEY

I need to go. I'm not comfortable with that. That wouldn't be fair to Boris.

PETER

We can tell Boris together. I'll come over tonight at 8PM. We'll tell him together and then we'll go. No more planning necessary.

JOEY

No, I think something like that would require a lot more fucking planning.

PETER

Just you, me, my car, and a fuck ton of weed. That's all the planning we need.

JOEY

I'm sorry, Peter.

PETER

Just think about it. I'll be there at 8.  
(JOEY exits)

[END SCENE]



ACT II  
Scene 4

SETTING: JOEY and BORIS's house. 2PM on  
Wednesday

AT RISE: EILEEN IS SITTING AT THE TABLE  
WITH MARY HOPE. BOTH ARE SMOKING A CIGARETTE. MARY HOPE IS  
WORKING ON THE DOLPHIN STATUE.

EILEEN

You know I love you.

MARY HOPE

I know.

EILEEN

Do you love me?

MARY HOPE

Right now, yes.

EILEEN

I understand you must feel some resentment towards me for trying  
to change you, but I just want you to be okay.

MARY HOPE

I hold no resentment towards you for trying to make me sober.

EILEEN

No?

MARY HOPE

No. I pity you more than anything.

EILEEN

Pity?

MARY HOPE

Yes, pity.

EILEEN

I pity me, too.

MARY HOPE

Understandably.

EILEEN

What am I going to do with you?

MARY HOPE

Forget that, what are you going to do without me?

EILEEN

That's not what I'm worried about.

MARY HOPE

It should be. If I vanished tomorrow, what would you do?

EILEEN

Look for you. I'd search to the ends of the Earth and I'd find you.

MARY HOPE

That's pathetic.

EILEEN

It's not pathetic to love your child.

MARY HOPE

It's pathetic to *only* love your child. You have nothing else worthwhile to do other than "fixing" me. I don't resent you for that, I pity you. That's pathetic.

(JOEY enters)

You too, you're also pathetic.

JOEY

I'm aware.

EILEEN

I am not pathetic. I refuse to dignify that statement with any further comment. Joey, how was your walk?

MARY HOPE

Was it fun?

JOEY

No.

EILEEN

Did you get a chance to think about things?

JOEY

I thought about a lot of things.

EILEEN

And what do you conclude?

JOEY

I don't know. I have class, I only came back to grab my backpack.

EILEEN

That sounds like progress to me.

JOEY

Why do you want us to have children so badly?

MARY HOPE

The bitch just wants to fuck up another kid, so she'll have something to do.

EILEEN

I want you to do better than me. I want you and Boris to get a chance to know a true family.

JOEY

But why do we need children for that?

EILEEN

You don't. But without them, you'll get bored. You'll lose purpose.

MARY HOPE

That's exactly what I'm talking about when I say you're fucking pathetic. You had no purpose in life, so you relied on a fucking baby to give you a reason to live? Pathetic. Now your babies are all grown up, and you're scared that if I truly did "clean up" the way you want me to, you'd be out of reasons to live. (to JOEY) That's why she wants you to have a baby so fucking bad.

EILEEN

That's not true, and that's not fair.

MARY HOPE

Ah, spare me the whole fucking "unfair" bull shit. I'll vomit all over the fucking kitchen table if one more person tries to lecture me about "fair." You're so pathetic, I feel gross. I need a fuckin bath. I'll be in the bathroom if anyone desperately needs me. If it's not desperate, don't need me.

(MARY HOPE exits)

EILEEN

Before Boris was born, I never thought I'd be a good mother. I was having too much fun, I didn't want to deal with all of the crying, the tantrums, the diapers, the spitting up, and all that. But after a certain point in my relationship with their father, things got old. We needed something to take our minds off how painfully bored we were getting with each other, our relationship needed some fixing. Boris was born, and that was it for me. I thought I could never love a human being that much. Then Mary Hope was born, and I fell in love all over again. Their father wasn't a great parent, granted neither was I, but he decided things were too bad between us to fix and took off. I didn't feel like things needed fixing. I had my babies. I want you and Boris to feel that.

JOEY

But what if I don't? What if I feel like their father and my child ends up cycling through rehab after rehab?

EILEEN

You won't. You're too caring and nurturing.

(BORIS enters, sets down his work materials)

BORIS

What did I just walk into?

JOEY

I'm going to be late for class. Kiss me before I go?

(BORIS kisses him)

EILEEN

Keep thinking about it, sweetheart. You'll thank me later.

(JOEY exits)

BORIS

What was that?

EILEEN

He's finally considering adoption.

BORIS

We have way too many things to work out right now before we can have that conversation.

EILEEN

I'm quitting my Mary Hope addiction today.

BORIS

Are you now?

EILEEN

I am. I promise this time. I need something new in my life. I want something exciting, not exhausting.

BORIS

I'm proud of you. You know I love you endlessly, right?

EILEEN

I know. I love you, too, darling. I really should go, however, or else I'll be late for my Botox appointment. Call me tonight to tell me how things are here with you-know-who.

(MARY HOPE reenters, still fully dressed)

MARY HOPE

Mom, when you say "you-know-who" when I'm around the corner, know that I also "know who".

EILEEN

What happened to your bath?

MARY HOPE

I can't take a bath without bath salts. I'm going to buy some first.

BORIS

Please tell me you mean epsom salts.

MARY HOPE

Sure, yes, right, that's what I meant.

BORIS

I have some here, no need to go anywhere.

MARY HOPE

Then I'll go for a short stroll instead.

BORIS

No you won't, you'll stay here.

MARY HOPE

Mom? That's not fair. Would you tell Boris that isn't fair?

EILEEN

I'm taking Boris's side with this one, love. I've been an enabler too long.

MARY HOPE

Oh come on, so what? You've decided to suddenly stop now?

EILEEN

Yes. You were right, I am pathetic. That ends here. Today. I'm done with it, Mary Hope. I'm stepping out of the picture. If you ever want to do things my way, just know that mommy will be waiting for you. I will always love you, never forget that.

MARY HOPE

I love you too, mommy. See ya later.

(EILEEN exits heavily)

BORIS

You are possibly the worst daughter in human history.

MARY HOPE

Tell me about it, teach.

BORIS

That was Mom's final goodbye to you. Until you clean up your act, she's done. And your response was "see ya later?"

MARY HOPE

What do you mean clean up my act? I told you I can't take a bath without bath salts.

BORIS

Everyone is tired of your destructive cycle and we won't put up with it anymore.

MARY HOPE

Mom completely enabled my "destructive cycle". She thrived off of being able to take care of me, without it she's got nothing. She's pathetic.

BORIS

That's not true.

MARY HOPE

You can't say you're tired of me either.

BORIS

I can and I am.

MARY HOPE

Oh, please. Comparing our addiction issues makes you feel stronger than me. You love it.

BORIS

I hate it. I don't like being compared to you.

MARY HOPE

Me, living my life and having fun, gives you a reason to stay sober. So you can toot your own horn that you accomplished what your baby sister couldn't. Congratulations! You're a fuckin' bore!

BORIS

That's not fucking true.

MARY HOPE

You and mom have nothing better to do than talk about what I'm up to.

BORIS

We're only trying to help.

MARY HOPE

The two of you love to talk, talk, talk, talk, talk! "Mary Hope the Hopeless"! "Such a lost cause, she could never do what I've done!" I hear you! I HEAR YOU!!!!!! Since you two thrive off of

my spontaneity and my unpredictability, I will never stop. Never ever ever!!!! I'm an artist and addiction is my medium. Bring on the lines and the pills and the pipes, I'll hit it! I don't care! I DON'T CARE! I DON'T GIVE A SINGLE FLYING FUCK!!!! I'll paint a picture for each of you in my own blood using a crack pipe as my paintbrush. A dazzling portrait of my big brother, the hero! A picture perfect life, but it's my coke dust covered thumb that smudged on the lens. I'll paint mom feeding off my broken bones, while she brags about how good they taste flavored with xanax and vicodin. I'll make you a million more dolphin sculptures. I AM a fucking dolphin. I'm a fucking pleasure-seeking, lawless fucking creature.

BORIS

I'm sorry that's how you feel. All we ever wanted was for you to get better.

MARY HOPE

No, all you ever wanted was for me to conform and be "normal" like you. You don't care about my drug use. You care that I'm public about it. If I could only be more like you and just pour a couple shots into my coffee cup before teaching high schoolers, or sprinkle a little bit of mdma onto my morning bagel before my sunday brunch, or all the other fucked up ways you did exactly the same things I am, thinking that no one would notice. I did. I noticed. I hate to break it to you, but you are no better than me. We're the same. And you may have everyone fooled that you're recovered, but I know you crave that rush. You want it so bad, just one sip would taste so good.

BORIS

Stop talking. Stop it, I don't want to hear this.

MARY HOPE

I hear all the things you say about me, but I also hear the things you don't say. The underlying jealousy that I can live this life with no fucks. That everyday I'm out here snorting lines, taking shots, having fun, and living life. You're bored. I can tell. Your husband is bored too. He resents that you made him choose the sober life with you, and he's fucking your neighbor behind your back.



BORIS

GET OUT!!! OUT!!! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOUR FUCKING FACE AGAIN,  
MARY FUCKING HOPELESS! Go destroy yourself all you want, I will  
NOT be dragged down with you. GET OUT!!!!

MARY HOPE

I'll leave now. But I'm leaving behind a little present so you  
can prove you're really better than me. I'll just leave this  
little baggie on the table. If you need something to wash it  
down with, there's a handle in the fridge. Enjoy your  
superiority, your last chance to prove it. Goodbye, Bo.

(MARY HOPE exits, BORIS screams and sobs)

[END SCENE]

ACT II  
Scene 5

SETTING: Joey and Boris's house, 7:50 PM  
Wednesday

AT RISE: BORIS SITS SLUMPED OVER CENTER STAGE, DRUNK BEYOND COGNITION. JOEY WALKS IN TO FIND HIM LIKE THIS AND IMMEDIATELY BEGINS TO PANIC

JOEY

Bo? Are you here? Your mom couldn't reach you and got nervous. Boris? BO?! My god, what happened? Hey, hey I'm here. What happened?

BORIS

I drank.

JOEY

Is that all? Is it just alcohol?

(BORIS shakes his head no)

What else did you take?

BORIS

You're right. Fuck Mary Hope, I hate her.

JOEY

I understand. Let's get you off the floor.

BORIS

I'm good. I'm good, I can stand.

JOEY

I need to know what you took.

BORIS

Mary Hope's pills.

JOEY

FUcking fuck, okay, that's okay, you're going to be okay. How long have you been on the floor for?

BORIS

A while. But I'm better now. I threw up.

JOEY

Where did you throw up?

BORIS

Kitchen floor. I made a pretty picture in it. It's a dolphin. Lawless fucking creatures.

JOEY

Aw, good job, I'm so proud of you! Can I get you water?

BORIS

No. I don't want water. I don't know what I was thinking. I could never be a dad.

JOEY

Hey, don't say that. You could be a great dad. We could be a family. If you want to start a family we could talk about that.

(PETER knocks on the door)

Fucking Christ.

BORIS

I'll get it!

(BORIS stumbles towards the door and answers)

PETER

Boris, Joey and I have something to tell you.

JOEY

Woah, woah lets slow down here, everybody-

PETER

We slept together and now we are running away together. We wish you the best of luck, but-

(BORIS swings at him sloppily)

Hey, calm down there. We can be adults about this.

BORIS

No. Fuck you. Fuck off. Fuck your fucking "being adults" fucking-

(Boris continues to sloppily flail at PETER)

PETER

We're going to make a new life.

JOEY

I'm sorry, Peter, I'm not going.

PETER

But-

JOEY

I think you should go.

PETER

You're a real piece of shit, did you know that?

JOEY

Been learning that the last few days.

PETER

Fuck you. FUCK you, you fucking asshole.

(PETER punches JOEY in the nose, then exits)

BORIS

I fucked up. I fucked up so bad.

JOEY

Shh. Shhh, it's okay, it's okay. We'll be okay.

BORIS

I can't be a real dad. I'm never going to be a real dad. I'm just a dolphin.

JOEY

You can be a dad. We can both be dads, we'll go to little league games and recitals and birthday parties. We can decorate Christmas trees and go trick or treating.

BORIS

No. I fucked up. I fucked it all up. What the fuck do I do now? I'm fucked.

JOEY

It's okay. We can fix it, we'll clean it up, and it'll be like it was never even broken.

[END SCENE]

ACT IIEPILOGUE

MARY HOPE

Hi. My name is Mary Hope. I am 3 weeks sober as of yesterday. I've tried this a few different times and it's never stuck for very long, but um... I think- I think this time might be different. The record to beat is two months, I haven't gone longer than two months without using since- well since I started I guess. But recently my brother and his husband were throwing a birthday party for their daughter- for my niece. It was for her first birthday, actually. They didn't invite me. And I know why.

I um- I ruined my brother's life I think? A little over a year ago I pushed him into a relapse after he'd been sober for awhile, and I um- I did it on purpose which I know is fucked up- I know... If I'm being honest, I really *wanted* to ruin his life at the time and I knew he couldn't resist if I... if... But I didn't think that relapsing would lead him to adopting- I wasn't trying to ruin his life like *that*. That was honestly more fucked than what I was going for. I really thought I was ruining 1 year of sobriety and then next thing you know I ruined 18 years of peace and quiet. I guess this way, it at least has a bigger payoff? I don't know.

They let me meet her once- my niece, Lena. My mom had to beg them. I think they finally caved because they were scared about how much longer I'd be "around", ya know? But I met their baby Lena when she was just 2 months old... and she just smiled. All she did was smile. And she giggled and smiled and she was happy. So innocently happy. Didn't even cry once! And I could see my brother and my mom were so happy with the perfect, little, all-american family they were crafting without me. What we always pretended to be until we just couldn't.

And I pretended not to care about any of it- I pretended I had no interest. But in reality I just never felt like I could be a part of something like that. I knew I was what ruined our chances before at least. I'm not- I can't- I wouldn't call myself a very put together person and that's something I used to be proud of at one point. I didn't WANT to be put together- I thought being a mess was like my way of rebelling- of saying "fuck you" to the world and to all the people who tried to change me. Who tried to help me, even when I didn't deserve it.

That's what family is for, right? Not just trying to help, but trying at all...

I don't see how they think they are a stable enough couple to raise a poor fuckin baby, but I know they're trying. No one is ever stable enough though, that's God's honest truth. We're all broken and we only fix everything so we can break it again. I didn't see the point in that until pretty recently - but I don't know if I can fix things now. I think I've messed up everything in my life too badly. I've ruined it.

And by making my brother relapse and consequently somehow adopt, I probably ruined Lena's life too. She could've been adopted into a nice family - now she's stuck with the loonies in mine. But anyways...

I've only met her once. When my mom showed me the pictures from Lena's 1st birthday, she still had that happy innocence she had at 2 months. I know that won't be around forever and I'm scared I might miss it. I am missing it already. Too busy being this lawless fuckin creature.

That night- after I saw the pictures- I had a dream that she ended up exactly like me. And I thought about how much harder it is to fix someone who has broken so deeply- who's had her heart crushed so many times. And I dreamt my brother- my brother and my mom- they were still trying with her and she just wouldn't have any of it. I got so fed up watching that I smacked her really fuckin hard. And she shattered all over the floor. Into teeny tiny little shards. The pressure on me to fix her- from my mom, from my brother- and my first instinct was to search for her innocence somewhere in that rubble. I searched for her little baby smile and I couldn't find it. And my mom and brother are yelling at me to pick up the pieces and tape her back together - but she was too sharp, I was bleeding all over her. And my mess got mixed with her mess and I made it all worse and things just couldn't be fixed.

I woke up all sweaty and anxious and crying and I know I was going through withdrawal, but this felt worse than just that. They were right not to invite me to the birthday party. Lena hasn't been broken yet. She's just a baby. And her dads- God they've been broken so many times, but I see them holding all the pieces together now or at least see them trying to. So I'm trying too now. We'll see how that goes.

[END PLAY]