

VAN. This conversation is a major downer, amigo. Dead dogs, missing sisters, burning blankets. Let's talk about something happy.

CB. Like what? *(They sit in silence. The lights fade slowly out.)*

“WHERE SWINE LIVE”

A piercingly loud school bell rings. Welcome to Thursday morning. CB stands center stage wearing his backpack. Matt enters. He is extremely attractive and just as obnoxious.

MATT. CB, my nigga! What is UP, dawg?

CB. N'much, man. *(They punch each other's fists.)*

MATT. Are we going to this party on Saturday?

CB. Where?

MATT. Marcy's parents are out of town. Plen-TAY of virgini-TAY. *(He thinks this rhymes.)* Hey, I think Marcy's all into you. Maybe it's time you're all “into her.” Y'know't I'm sayin'? *(He humps the air. And then gets serious.)* Oh, hey man. I'm sorry about your dog. That's rough.

CB. Yeah. Thanks.

MATT. You could prob'ly use that to get some pussy, though. Bitches are suckers for that shit. Best sex I ever had was when I told this girl that my mom kicked it. She “consoled” me for four hours straight! If you can whip up a few fake tears, it'll definitely help the cause. Watch and learn. *(Feigning sadness.)* “Life has no meaning! Why couldn't it've been me?” *(Slipping to sexual.)* “Oh yeah, baby. I'm almost there. That's good. That's real good. Mom would've wanted it this way.” I'm tellin' you. Works like a charm. Plus, girls are suckers for animals. A dead dog, that's NICE.

CB. Hey man, what do you think happens when you die?

MATT. Well, that's a good question, CB. I'm glad you asked. It's something I've thought about many times. And the way I see it is: Okay, when you start life you're coming out of this gigantic vagina that's bigger than you are. Right?

CB. Right.

MATT. *(Smiling slyly.)* Well, I think when we die we're goin' back in. *(Thinking about this.)* Except this time, it's not our mom's.

CB. Right. *(He pulls out a bag of coke and does a bump.)*

MATT. You want?

CB. No. Thanks. *(He shoves the bag back into his pocket.)*

MATT. *(Singing operatically, to the tune of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus.")* I LOVE PUSSY! I love pussy! Pussy! Pussy! *(Beethoven enters walking across the stage, carrying schoolbooks. He rolls his eyes at Matt as he passes.)* Speaking of pussy ... *(To Beethoven.)* What the fuck are you looking at, cocksucker? *(To CB.)* Did you see the way that fuckin' faggot just looked at me? *(Shouting to Beethoven as he exits.)* You fuckin' fairy, I'll kick your fuckin' ass. I fuckin' hate that kid! *(CB's sister charges onstage and pushes Matt. This time, she's wearing "gangsta bitch" attire.)*

CB'S SISTER. Leave him alone! Why are you so mean to him?

MATT. *(Condescendingly.)* Aren't you missing the Barbie Tea Party?

CB'S SISTER. Why are you SUCH a DICK?!

MATT. What was that? You said you wanted to suck my dick?

CB'S SISTER. You are so gross.

MATT. CB, is it okay if your sister sucks my dick?

CB'S SISTER. *(To CB.)* I can't believe you let him talk to people like that.

CB. Fuck off, squirt. *(Matt mimes jerking off.)*

MATT. "Squirt" being the operative word here.

CB'S SISTER. You guys are disgusting. *(She starts to leave, but then turns around. A smile spreads across her face.)* Hey Matt. Question for you. Where do swine live? *(She runs offstage. Matt clenches his fists. Rage is coursing all through his body. CB puts a hand on his shoulder and he relaxes.)*

MATT. *(Through clenched teeth.)* You know how I feel about people calling me that.

CB. Ease up. She didn't say it. Deep breath. Let it go. *(He takes a deep breath and is okay.)*

MATT. Because she's YOUR sister and YOU'RE my best friend, I won't beat the shit out of her.

CB. And then there's that whole thing about her being a girl, too.

MATT. *(Realizing.)* Right.

CB. You do have a temper, dude.

MATT. And it all started with that little faggot. I fuckin' hate that kid. He's always looking at me like he's in love with me. I fucking hate that kid. *(They exit.)*