

CB. I can fix things.

BEETHOVEN. I don't think you can.

CB. I was sticking up for you! That's what you said you wanted!

BEETHOVEN. Sticking up for me is one thing! Sticking your tongue in my mouth in front of everybody is quite another! I can't believe you've done this to me! What am I going to do?

CB. You could kiss me. *(Without missing a beat ...)*

BEETHOVEN. Okay. *(Beethoven throws himself onto CB and they kiss. Lights out.)*

“THE HANGOVER”

The sound of a rooster crowing. Lights up on Tricia, Marcy and Matt, sitting on the ground. Matt is shirtless. Tricia's wearing sunglasses and is probably still very intoxicated. Marcy is staring dreamily at Matt. She sings. The following is delivered slowly, except for Marcy who has an overabundant amount of energy.

MATT. Did that really happen last night or did I dream it?

MARCY. No. We definitely had a threesome. Well, Tricia passed out pretty early on.

MATT. No, I meant the part about CB kissing that ... thing last night.

MARCY. That happened too.

TRICIA. Do you guys have to scream? Shit. Talk at a normal volume. *(They weren't screaming.)*

MARCY. Sorry, sweetie.

MATT. That's fucked up. We shower together after practice. What if he rapes me or something?

MARCY. That is fucked up, but I had a really good time with you though.

MATT. I mean, CB! Come on! Who knew?

MARCY. Matt, have you thought about who you're taking to the prom?

TRICIA. *(Incredulous.)* Don't.

MATT. Do you think they have sex and shit?

MARCY. I was thinking maybe we could go see a movie tonight or something?

TRICIA. Does anyone have a cigarette?

MARCY. Do you remember how you told me you loved me last night? Did you mean it?

MATT. It doesn't make sense.

TRICIA. I want yogurt.

MARCY. Hey Matt! Why don't you and I go get in the hot tub while Tricia goes to the store and gets yogurt?!

MATT. What if he thinks about me when he jerks off?

TRICIA. I don't want to go anywhere.

MARCY. Sure you do! *(She stands up and starts to drag Tricia up.)*

TRICIA. Let go of me, freak!

MATT. This is all that little faggot's fault. I don't know what he did to CB, but I'm gonna fucking kill him. I'm gonna fucking —

MARCY. Are you crying?

MATT. No. The sun's in my eyes.

TRICIA. I don't feel good. *(Matt runs offstage and vomits. Marcy picks up the bottle of Malibu rum and downs it.)*

MARCY. Do you think he's into me?

TRICIA. Honestly?

MARCY. Since when are we honest with each other?

TRICIA. Oh. Yeah. Right. He's TOTALLY into you! *(Lights out.)*

“FIRE IS BAD”

Lights up on what looks like a booth. There is a chair facing it. Behind it sits Van's sister. There's a sign at the corner of the booth that says: THE DOCTOR IS IN. CB enters and Van's sister smiles.

VAN'S SISTER. Well, it's about mutherfucking time!

CB. Well, if a certain someone would stop getting thrown into solitary, then another certain someone could come visit more often.

VAN'S SISTER. *(Warmly.)* Sit down! Sit down!

CB. *(Reading the sign.)* “The Doctor Is In.”

VAN'S SISTER. Boy, is she ever.