

Don't Preach at My Funeral

## Synopsis:

When Zabby finds out their late brother's funeral will be sanctioned by the church, they decide to hold a "counter funeral." How do we honor our lost loved ones? Through respect and tradition or through celebration of the grand lives they lived? This question and others become harder to answer as the circumstances of their brother's suicide become clear.

Character Breakdown:

Zabby (All Pronouns) 20s - Headstrong, unshakable, independent.  
Mary (She/Her) 40s - Pious, dutiful, volatile.  
Winnie (She/Her) 18ish - Anxious, kind, conflicted.  
Greg (He/Him) 60s - Crass, direct, paternal.  
Danny (He/Him) 18ish - Gone.

Time and Place:

Present Day, Small Town

*All is quiet, except for MARY, softly humming "Tell Me the Story of Jesus" as she cleans up her living room.*

*ZABBY enters with luggage. They haven't slept.*

MARY

My baby girl comes home!

*Mary gives Zabby a huge bear-hug that isn't reciprocated. Mostly because they're carrying luggage.*

ZABBY

Let me put my stuff down first, Jesus-

*The hug ends abruptly.*

MARY

Elizabeth May! Can you not take His name in vein every ten seconds.

ZABBY

I'm not- My name's not- I still go by Zabby.

MARY

And Zabby is still not a name. Maybe for a cat.

ZABBY

We're gonna do this now? We're gonna have this fight NOW?

MARY

I'm not fighting about anything.

ZABBY

Good.

*They sit.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

Is everything... prepared?

MARY

I spoke with the funeral director this morning. Everything is taken care of.

ZABBY

I just don't know what all goes into-

MARY

They do all the work. It's like an event planner, you know, they try to take some of the stress off your back.

ZABBY

Stress off my back. That would be nice.

MARY

You did bring a more... modest outfit, didn't you?

ZABBY

No fighting. You just said-

MARY

Not fighting! Just wondering.

ZABBY

Yes I brought an outfit that doesn't show off my belly-button. We all know God hates belly-buttons.

MARY

Don't make this about Him. No one wants to see your belly-button at your brother's funeral.

*This frank statement sits in the air. For a moment.*

ZABBY

I brought, uh-

*Zabby gives Mary a flash drive.*

MARY

A computer stick?

ZABBY

I've got some of Danny's favorite songs on here. And some pictures I pulled from Instagram.

MARY

Oh we have all that covered.

ZABBY

Mom, stop. You couldn't name a single band Danny was into.

MARY

Pastor Carter made a playlist for us.

*Zabby laughs.*

ZABBY

Good one.

*No response.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

Mom. You can't be serious.

MARY

What?

ZABBY

You're not playing Jesus Loves Me at Danny's funeral.

MARY

Of course not.

ZABBY

Good.

MARY

I think it was.. Amazing Grace, I Can Only Imagine, How Great Thou Art-

ZABBY

Psycho Killer, I Wanna Be Sedated, Fight for your right to party.

MARY

Is this a funeral or a riot?

ZABBY

It's a celebration of his life!

MARY

Celebration?! What exactly is there to celebrate here?!

ZABBY

What do you think it is?

MARY

His final resting.

ZABBY

Resting. Resting! Danny never got any fucking rest.

MARY

He is resting now. He's okay now.

ZABBY

He's okay?

MARY

Yes.

ZABBY

What was it that the Bible said about suicide again? Thou shalt not kill thyself or thy get ass-fucked by the Devil for eternity-

MARY

Elizabeth May!!!

ZABBY

I don't know why I thought you'd act any different. Why Danny being gone would make any difference in your mind.

MARY

Because I am ALWAYS the problem, of course, your awful, terrible mother.

ZABBY

Stop-

MARY

All she did was raise you and feed you and give you a roof over your head and a mattress on your bed-

ZABBY

And psychological emotional trauma-

MARY

Get out of my house.

ZABBY

Deja vu. That's exactly what you said the last time you saw me. "Get out of my house."

MARY

GET OUT OF MY-

ZABBY

Because it was always YOUR house. It was never MY house. It was never Danny's either.

MARY

What happened to not fighting?

ZABBY

You lost that right when you disrespected my brother.

MARY

HE WAS MY SON.

ZABBY

Maybe for a minute, a long time ago, when this was his house. I can barely remember but, maybe for a minute he was your son.

MARY

If you are going to act out this way and embarrass our family at the funeral-

ZABBY

Pastor Carter is leading the funeral. Right?

MARY

What difference does that make?

ZABBY

He's gonna play some Amazing Grace and then talk about heaven and hell and fire and brimstone and all that shit right?

MARY

I would hope so. That's his job.

ZABBY

Then I'm not going to your fucking funeral.

*Zabby tries to grab their luggage, but Mary stands in their way.*

MARY

It's not MY funeral.

ZABBY

Sure seems like it.

MARY

You would skip out on your own brother's-?

ZABBY

This isn't what he would want.

MARY

You are despicable.

ZABBY

Don't make me out to be the bad guy. There is no way you will make me out to be the bad guy. I'm doing the RIGHT THING.

MARY

Oh yes! You are SO courageous! Standing up to your big bad mother. But you will learn when you try to stand up to Him.

ZABBY

Is that what Danny is doing now?

*No answer.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

I hope and I pray that if there is a God, Danny will spend his eternity getting high and blasting the Ramones, playing his bass guitar way louder than you'd ever let him, and shouting about some important political cause that I don't know enough about but his passion makes me want to care about!

*Mary is steaming.*



MARY

A lot of talk from a little girl who doesn't believe in heaven.

ZABBY

It's better than believing Danny is bones. And it's definitely better than believing he is damned to hell. Is that really what YOU want to believe?

MARY

You think that's what I want to believe? That I even want to think about Danny's eternal judgment?

ZABBY

You sure talked about eternal judgment when he was around.

MARY

I have to believe in my church, my community, my life. If I can't trust them, who can I?

ZABBY

Me. Your family. The family that doesn't pass around a collection plate.

MARY

Elizabeth-

ZABBY

Not my name!

*Mary is ready to explode... but instead she sort-of implodes. Something softens her expression and she exhales.*

MARY

Do you really believe that Danny isn't... burning?

ZABBY

Danny will spend an eternity in the aether, sitting on a cloud like a bean bag chair, sipping a cherry slushie and sticking his middle finger to the Earth. That's the best thing we could ever hope for. You know why? Because that is what Danny would want.

*Mary averts her gaze.*

*Zabby starts to exit but turns back around.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

I hope the next time I see you... we won't fight.

*Zabby exits.*

*Alone, Mary weeps.*

## SCENE TWO

*WINNIE lies on the floor, staring at the ceiling.*

WINNIE

97, 98, 99... Yep. 99 tiles on the ceiling. Weird number. That's probably why the ceiling looks lopsided. They really couldn't add one more tile?

*Her phone rings.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

(pause)

No, I'm pretty busy today, sorry.

(pause)

I'm in the middle of something right now. It's a whole situation. I'm busy.

(pause)

I think Chuck-E-Cheese can handle being short-staffed for one Tuesday morning, Debra.

(pause)

Okay. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have reacted that way. I just... really can't come in. Honestly. I'm sorry.

(much longer pause)

That's fine. I don't want to wear that stupid sweaty costume anyway. Good luck finding a better mouse than me!

*She hangs up and throws her phone across the room.*

*She is angry for a moment - but then her eyes grow wide.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Oh shit, don't be broken! Please don't be, that's just what I need right now-

*She rushes to pick up her phone. It's not broken.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Thank God.

*She lies back down on the floor and returns to the ceiling.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

One, two, three, four-

*KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

If this has anything to do with Chuck E. Cheese, I swear.

*She opens the door. It's Zabby.*

ZABBY  
Um. Hey Winnie.

WINNIE  
Hi.

ZABBY  
I know we only met like twice but-

*Winnie crushes Zabby in a massive bear-hug.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)  
Oh! Okay! Sure, we can hug! That's, um, that's fine.

WINNIE  
I'm sorry. I've always been a hugger! Especially with family.

ZABBY  
We're not really-

WINNIE  
Well, we might've been- we... nevermind. I just... I'm happy to see you is all I'm saying.

ZABBY  
Me too.

WINNIE  
It's Zabby, right? I'm saying that right?

ZABBY  
Yeah.

WINNIE  
And the pronoun thing?

ZABBY  
Uh, it kinda depends on the day.

WINNIE  
Today?

ZABBY  
Today's whatever. Can I come in?

WINNIE  
Oh, yeah, of course! My parents are at work.

ZABBY  
I was wondering if you'd be at work.

WINNIE  
Nah, I just got fired.

ZABBY

I'm sorry.

WINNIE

It's okay. Didn't really like it much anyway.

*For a moment, no one knows what to say.*

ZABBY

I'm sorry.

WINNIE

About the job?

ZABBY

No. About. Everything.

WINNIE

Why are you saying sorry?

ZABBY

Well people just say that. You know. I'm sorry for your loss.

WINNIE

Yeah, but it's your loss too.

ZABBY

I'm still sorry.

WINNIE

Then I'm sorry too.

*More silence.*

ZABBY

If you want, we can talk about it.

WINNIE

I've already talked about it a lot. Especially the day... well, on the day it happened... I got so many phone calls. Like... everyone wanted to know what happened, which I understand but when every person you know is calling you... I'd pick up the phone and every ten seconds another incoming call would interrupt so I'd answer the next person and the next and really they were all just saying the same thing.

ZABBY

What did they say?

WINNIE

"What happened?" and "Are you doing okay?" And I didn't know what happened and I wasn't okay. And I'm not. Are you?

ZABBY

Not really. I'm trying.

WINNIE

Longest four days of my life.

ZABBY

...yeah.

WINNIE

I haven't cried since the day, though. Can you believe that? I must be, like, a sociopath or something.

ZABBY

You're definitely not a sociopath.

WINNIE

Or maybe I'm a narcissist, like, I should care more. I mean I care! Oh my God do I care, but I still feel like I should care MORE you know. And cry MORE.

ZABBY

Be easy on yourself. I know it's hard to be... but... try to be easy on yourself.

WINNIE

I know no one is to blame. I know that.

ZABBY

Yeah, that won't fix anything.

WINNIE

It's just hard when there's no note. We're just guessing. I mean, I have ideas-

ZABBY

I have some ideas too.

WINNIE

I know he had it pretty hard at home.

ZABBY

....yeah.

WINNIE

Did she really break his-?

ZABBY

Yeah she broke his bass guitar. When he was thirteen.

WINNIE

He talked about that all the time. Your mother found out he snuck cigarettes from her bag-

ZABBY

Yeah, Mom's "nonexistent" cigarettes. She "hadn't smoked in years" but... either way, she noticed they were gone. I had been at a sleepover, so she knew it was him.

WINNIE

He only took four. Four little cigarettes.

ZABBY

And she broke his guitar. Mom said "that'll teach him."

WINNIE

That story always made me so mad. Mad for him... but he didn't seem mad. Just kind of numb, I guess.

ZABBY

He was mad at first, believe me. But then it just became... like you said, a story. But I don't care how old he gets, he'll never forget that.

*They both realize Zabby talked in present tense. It sits in the air.*

WINNIE

I don't know if it's my place to... well, I want to... uh-

ZABBY

It's okay. What is it?

WINNIE

I wanna help with the funeral. If I can. I don't know-

*Zabby groans.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I just want to be helpful.

ZABBY

No! Listen, I'm not upset about you. Just... the funeral.

WINNIE

I hate your mother. I hate your mother so much, but like, if there's anything I can do to help with the funeral-

ZABBY

I don't know.

WINNIE

I at least want to speak. Like, I have a lot to say. I don't know if you know this, but I'm a writer. I have a lot of short stories and poems, one of them won a competition in seventh grade. Well, runner-up. But my point is that I can write something really good for Danny.

ZABBY  
I'm not going to the funeral.

WINNIE  
You're... not?

ZABBY  
No. I'm not.

WINNIE  
That... doesn't seem right.

ZABBY  
You don't understand.

WINNIE  
He really loved you a lot Zabby. You were like his second favorite thing to talk about after bitching about his mom.

ZABBY  
He talked about you too. He loved you.

WINNIE  
I know.

ZABBY  
My mother is... letting the church run the funeral.

WINNIE  
That was his third favorite thing to talk about.

ZABBY  
What?

WINNIE  
Religion. Or his lack of one. He always said he, like, believed in the universe. I don't really know what that meant exactly but the way he said it... it kinda made me wanna believe in the universe too. Whatever that means.

ZABBY  
Well, the universe isn't running his funeral. The church is. Mom's church.

WINNIE  
Oh.

ZABBY  
I'm not going.

WINNIE  
So... what? Are you going home? I know it's a long drive.

ZABBY

I'm not doing that drive two days in a row. And I'm off work for the whole week. I'm gonna take my time.

WINNIE

Are you staying with your mom?

ZABBY

...no.

WINNIE

Oh. You got a hotel?

ZABBY

I can't afford that.

WINNIE

Then where are you going to-

ZABBY

I don't know.

WINNIE

You can't stay here.

*This cuts Zabby sharper than she meant to.*

ZABBY

...Yeah.

WINNIE

I mean, it's just, my parents don't know you. And, well, I don't know you that well either and-

ZABBY

It's okay. Really.

WINNIE

I'm sorry. Maybe... I know it's hard, but... maybe just try to work things out with your mother. Just for a couple days until after the funeral and everything.

*Zabby winces.*

ZABBY

Maybe I should go.

WINNIE

You don't have to.

ZABBY

Just to keep looking for a place to crash. I have to call some people... we'll see who picks up.



WINNIE  
You've got friends who can help?

ZABBY  
Not really.

WINNIE  
No one?

ZABBY  
The... day it happened.... I didn't get any phone calls. I found out through a Facebook post.

WINNIE  
Oh.

ZABBY  
I've gotta go.

WINNIE  
Wait, Zabby. Am I really not going to see you at the funeral?

ZABBY  
Bye, Winnie.

*Zabby exits.*

*Winnie sighs. Lies back down on the floor.*

WINNIE  
One, two, three, four, five-

## SCENE THREE

*Mary prays in her living room.*

MARY

I know that everything happens for a reason. I know that life and death and all things are predestined from you, Lord. But why give us such life before... before you take it away? Why let us love before we lose everything? Why take souls before they grow, why take boys before they're men? Why let pain win?

*There is no answer.*

MARY (CONT'D)

Pastor Carter says suffering is necessary to test our faith. The most faithful undergo the most suffering tests. I want to trust that your plan is just. Please, show me the way, Lord. Please reaffirm the perfection of your plan, and the ways you work before us.

*Ding-Dong! The doorbell chimes.*

MARY (CONT'D)

Amen.

*Mary rises and opens the door.*

*It is her father, Poppy, adorned with a cigarette.*

POPPY

You just gonna stand there looking stupid, or are you gonna let me in?

MARY

Dad-

POPPY

This ain't an easy drive you know. I'm too old for this fuckin' drive.

MARY

I didn't think you would-

POPPY

Course I'm gonna show up to my grandson's funeral. Jesus Christ, Mary.

MARY

I'd rather you not smoke inside the house.

POPPY

Where the hell does the Bible say thou shalt not smoke inside? Chapter and verse!

MARY

It can stain the walls. Start a fire. It's bad for your health.

POPPY

You didn't care about that when you were smoking in MY house. No siree.

MARY

Things have changed.

POPPY

Boy have they.

MARY

I can help you with your bags.

POPPY

Just a backpack. Got all I need. Nice place, Mary.

MARY

Thanks.

POPPY

It's big. Lotta room.

MARY

Too big sometimes.

POPPY

Better than my geriatric bachelor pad.

MARY

Dad, stop-

POPPY

What? I day-drink and watch The Price is Right. That's a good life. I'm not complaining. Good life, small apartment.

MARY

That's great.

POPPY

I really like all your little do-dads, all the Jesus stuff. Little statues and crosses. Thats nice.

MARY

Mmhm.

POPPY

You know, I heard this great Jesus joke the other day.

MARY

Oh, please don't-

POPPY

We all know that at the last supper, Jesus held up the wine and said this is my blood. He held up the bread and said this is my body. But did you know he also held up a jar of mayo and said this is my-

MARY

DAD!

POPPY

That's nothing! You know, Jesus only ever had one orgasm.

MARY

Stop it!

POPPY

We're still waiting for the second coming.

MARY

I can't hear this. Lord forgive us.

POPPY

I'm JOKING, Mary. There are worse things in the world than jokes.

MARY

I will not stand for blasphemy in my house, whether you call it a joke or not. I'm not laughing.

POPPY

I'll tell Zabby, she'll get a kick out of it. Where is she?

MARY

Not here.

POPPY

She still driving?

MARY

No. She was here. Now she's not.

POPPY

Alright, I'll tell her when she gets back.

MARY

She's not coming! She says she's not coming to the funeral. She made a big stink, came in here yelling at me, looking for a fight.

POPPY

Was SHE looking for a fight, or did YOU start a fight?

MARY

She instigated.

POPPY

Yeaaaaah, sure.

MARY

Dad, I swear.

POPPY

Thought you Christians didn't do that.

MARY

You know what I mean. She just... we... didn't see eye to eye.

POPPY

I'm sure emotions are high right now. She'll come around. She wouldn't miss the funeral.

MARY

That's not what she said yesterday.

POPPY

You must've really pissed her off this time.

MARY

I didn't do anything.

POPPY

It was her clothes, wasn't it? You were probably bitching about her outfit.

MARY

I was not- I- there was more to it than that.

POPPY

You gotta show her some compassion right now, Mary. I mean, think about the week she's had.

MARY

That ALL of us have had!

POPPY

Mary...

MARY

She should show me some compassion too!

POPPY

She's young. She ain't got anything figured out. Cut her some slack and be the bigger person.

*Poppy fishes for another cigarette.*

MARY

What's your excuse then?

Oh, stop it. POPPY

No, I really want to know! You're old AND rude! MARY

And you ain't? POPPY

DAMN IT! MARY

*Mary yanks the cigarette out of his hand and smokes.  
After a moment.*

I'm sorry. POPPY

Okay. MARY

We all could use some compassion right now. That's true. POPPY

Okay. MARY

Why's Zabby so upset? POPPY

Don't you start on the whole "Zabby" thing. MARY

Hey, I STARTED the whole Zabby thing when she was as tall as my knee. It was cute. Not my fault she liked my nickname. POPPY

Well "Zabby" tried to give me some music to play at the funeral. And pictures and stuff. It's on a computer drive, stick, thing, I don't know. MARY

You never liked her taste in music. POPPY

No, it's not that. It's just... the Pastor already picked out the music. MARY

Like church music? POPPY

Of course. MARY

POPPY  
Geez, Mary, no.

MARY  
That's what you do at a funeral.

POPPY  
What did Zabby want you to play?

MARY  
Just, ugh... all that punk rock stuff Danny was into.

POPPY  
Well.

MARY  
What?

POPPY  
Well. It's his funeral.

MARY  
Not you too.

POPPY  
I'm just saying, she has a point.

MARY  
I can't play that stuff at Danny's... I'd be the laughing stock of the church. It's not right.

POPPY  
I'm gonna talk to her.

MARY  
I don't know where she is. She stormed out.

POPPY  
She didn't leave anything?

MARY  
Took her bags and ran.

POPPY  
Jesus, Mary. She could be sleeping in her car!

MARY  
That's her choice.

*Poppy grabs his backpack and heads to the door.*

MARY (CONT'D)  
You're leaving too? Unbelievable. Actually, you know what, COMPLETELY believable.

POPPY

I'm gonna make sure my granddaughter is okay. We've lost enough this week.

*Poppy exits. Mary smokes, both from her cigarette and her anger.*

*Ding-Dong!*

MARY

Come crawling back already?

*She opens the door to find Winnie.*

MARY (CONT'D)

Winnie?

WINNIE

Hi, Ms. Mary. I was wondering if, um, I could come in? If it's not a bad time?

MARY

Why would it be a bad time?

WINNIE

Your, uh-

*She gestures to Mary's cigarette.*

MARY

Oh! Right!

*Mary snuffs it out.*

MARY (CONT'D)

I don't usually. It's just been a difficult week.

WINNIE

Yeah.

MARY

I can't keep my head on straight. I'm getting... emotional whiplash. Everyone's pulling me in different directions. It's exhausting. Lord give me strength.

(to Winnie)

Don't just stand there. Make yourself comfortable. You want a casserole? Everyone's sending me casseroles, but I don't even like casseroles.

WINNIE

No thanks.

MARY

Ice water?



WINNIE

No, I'm fine, thanks. I just want to talk.

MARY

(to herself)

More talking. So much talking this week.

(to Winnie)

Sure. We can talk. What about, hon?

WINNIE

Well... the funeral.

MARY

Don't tell me you have a problem with the funeral too. I'm trying my best here. I'm doing the best I can. I don't think you understand how hard this is. I'm retching. My heart is just retching and I-

WINNIE

I just want to help.

MARY

You what?

WINNIE

I want to help however I can.

MARY

Huh.

(taken aback)

Okay. You can help.

WINNIE

Something wrong?

MARY

No, it's just. It's nice to have someone coming in here just to help.

WINNIE

What about the people who dropped off the casseroles? Didn't they want to help?

MARY

They didn't help anything. Didn't even help feed me. I'm telling you, I hate casseroles.

WINNIE

So... how can I help?

*Mary thinks for a moment.*

MARY

Do you know Danny's sister?

WINNIE

Oh.

MARY

Oh? What does "oh" mean? Yes or no?

WINNIE

I do. Yeah. I know Zabby.

MARY

You've talked to her, haven't you?

WINNIE

They asked if they could stay at my house. Well, didn't ask exactly, but- you know.

MARY

Then you probably know that she doesn't plan to come to the funeral this Friday.

WINNIE

Yeah. They mentioned that.

MARY

I want her there. It would look pretty strange if she wasn't there and... well, she's family. I really want her to be there.

WINNIE

I do too.

MARY

But I want her to be respectful. Dressed appropriately, not starting trouble. Just a couple of hours of respect.

WINNIE

That's not unreasonable.

MARY

Zabby wouldn't agree. But you're around the same age. Maybe she'll listen to you.

WINNIE

Like I said, we just talked. They're not too happy with me either right now.

MARY

Can you try? Just... please, please try to have her see reason. Try to get her to come to the funeral.

WINNIE

I don't know... I don't want to get in the middle of this. I was thinking more like I could... pick up flowers?

Or, maybe I could read a poem at the ceremony, I'm really good at writing and-

MARY

This is very important, Winnie. I know how much you cared about Danny. He cared about you too.

WINNIE

Yeah.

MARY

This is very important. For him.

WINNIE

Okay.

MARY

Okay, what? Okay you will?

WINNIE

I will try.

MARY

Thank the heavens.

*Mary gives her a huge hug. After a moment, Winnie returns it.*

MARY (CONT'D)

My prayers were answered.

*Blackout.*

## SCENE FOUR

*A cafe, bar, or public place. Zabby is on the phone.*

ZABBY

How could you not remember me? I remember you! I remember all my partners.

(beat)

Yes, even lab partners!

(beat)

Yes, even from sixth grade!

*They pace the floor.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

I've missed you. We should hang out. You were really into... Roblox, right?

(beat)

Oh come on, I still like the stuff I was into in sixth grade! I watch nothing but cartoons and half the meals I eat are grilled cheese. Honestly, I'm living sixth grade me's dream. Anywho... do you happen to have a spare bedroom?

(beat)

Okay, what about a couch?

(beat)

Sleeping bag?

(beat)

Hello?

*They hang up and sit, defeated.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

It's okay. Just think ... Maybe a hotel could do a payment plan. Pay 10% every day til it's paid off or something. Yeah, that could work.

*They start searching on their phone. Poppy enters.*

POPPY

Zabby baby!

ZABBY

Poppy!

*They embrace.*

POPPY

You're a lot bigger than my knee.

ZABBY

What does that mean?

POPPY

Means you're so big! You're a full-grown human!

ZABBY

Doesn't always feel like it.

POPPY

I'm so glad to see you, baby. You holding up alright?

ZABBY

I'm trying.

POPPY

I hear ya. It ain't easy.

ZABBY

No it's not.

POPPY

And some people... they don't make it any easier.

ZABBY

You're telling me.

POPPY

I just got done talking to your mother.

ZABBY

Oh no.

POPPY

Hey now, why'd you think your Poppy would take her side? Have I ever once taken her side?

ZABBY

I don't know.

POPPY

I wasn't there when whatever happened between y'all happened. But, from what I heard, you ain't done a single thing wrong.

ZABBY

That's not how Mom sees it.

POPPY

Oh well she sees things her own way sometimes. Don't mean she's right.

ZABBY

I don't know what's right. But I know that her wanting to turn Danny's funeral into a glorified sermon- some stupid recruitment service for the church, led by some pastor who only met Danny a couple times and told him he was going to hell... THAT is not right.

POPPY

It's not.

ZABBY

But what can I do about it.

POPPY

I don't know.

ZABBY

I mean, it's not like Danny made his wishes very clear. But like, he kinda did! His wishes are clear if you KNOW him. If you really, really know him. Knew him. Whatever.

POPPY

If you were in charge, what would you do? What kind of funeral would you give him?

ZABBY

I'd give him a party. You ever hear about those New Orleans funerals?

POPPY

Nope.

ZABBY

I've been reading up on it. They have a parade. They march down the street for blocks and blocks from the funeral home to the cemetery, with a band leading the way, playing loud lively jazz music. And they dance! They all dance down the street! Cars pull over, people on the street stop and stand to show respect, clap for them- and they celebrate! They celebrate the life that was lost! Now THAT is a funeral.

POPPY

You want to have a parade for Danny?

ZABBY

No. Well... maybe. It's not a bad idea.

POPPY

I don't know if there's ever been a funeral parade in Kentucky.

ZABBY

Danny wouldn't want a parade anyway. But a party? Oh yeah- we can party. And you know what? That's exactly what I'm gonna do.

POPPY

I know what you're saying but don't you think some folks would find it a little weird that you're out partying on the day of the funeral?

ZABBY

The party IS the funeral.

POPPY

Like an Irish Wake.

ZABBY

A what?

POPPY

Old tradition. Music, singing, telling stories about the deceased. I'm Irish on my mom's side. But the only tradition I ever follow is the way I make my coffee.

ZABBY

Well okay then. It's in our culture! Our heritage! We'll have a fucking fantastic wake or parade or funeral or whatever you want to call it. But we'll do it right! You can come. And Winnie can come. And everyone can come but Mom.

POPPY

Zabby...

ZABBY

Okay, fine! Mom can come too. Everyone's invited.

POPPY

Really think about this, baby. Really think about it.

ZABBY

What is there to think about? We'll have Danny's favorite music pumping out the speakers, we'll eat that nice cheddar popcorn he loved, and all of his favorite snacks - we'll have pizza and hot dogs and a slushie station! Every flavor you can think of!

POPPY

Are we having the funeral at Seven-Eleven?

ZABBY

I'm not joking. I mean it, Poppy.

POPPY

You're going to do all of that in just two days?

ZABBY

Just watch me!

*Poppy sighs.*

POPPY

Okay.

ZABBY

What?

POPPY

If that's what you want to do to honor your brother, then I say go for it.

ZABBY

Okay. Thank you.

POPPY

You're grown now. I'm not gonna try to change your mind.

ZABBY

Good.

*After a moment.*

POPPY

You wanna hear a good joke?

ZABBY

Oh God, not that Jesus mayo joke. Please!

POPPY

I know other jokes! Alright I got one.

ZABBY

I'm scared.

POPPY

Did you know there was actually a passage in the Bible that suggests Jesus might be gay?

ZABBY

Careful, Poppy-

POPPY

You have to read it carefully. It's that part where he got nailed by a bunch of dudes!

*After consideration, Zabby can't help but laugh. Poppy joins them. The laughing grows like a wildfire.*

*Blackout.*



## SCENE FIVE

*Winnie paces.*

WINNIE

We really think it's- No, wait. Your mom really thinks that- Absolutely not. Ugh. Maybe... I really think that... but who cares about my opinion?!

*Winnie collapses, dramatically.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Maybe you should come to the funeral. Yeah. If I say it like that, maybe they'll agree. I just have to say it with confidence. So cut out the "maybe." Just: you should come to the funeral. Say it prouder. You should come to the funeral!

*Winnie shakes her head.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

No, not proud. I sound like a lunatic. Just say it with certainty. It's the truth. Zabby should come to the funeral. That's the right thing. Right? God? Conscience? Danny. What do I do?

*Winnie's phone rings. She answers.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

*Zabby appears, somewhere else.*

ZABBY

Hey, is this Winnie?

WINNIE

Yeah?

ZABBY

It's Zabby.

WINNIE

Oh. Uh. Hi! How's it going?

ZABBY

Not great, if you could imagine.

WINNIE

Oh. Yeah. Of course not.

ZABBY

What's that supposed to mean?

WINNIE

No! I didn't mean anything bad, I just- um- do you have a place to stay now, or?

ZABBY

Yeah, my Grandpa and I are gonna split a hotel.

WINNIE

That's good! I love staying in hotels! It makes you feel like your on vacation, you know? Do they have a pool?

ZABBY

Yeah, I'll really be living it up while I grieve my dead brother.

WINNIE

Zabby.

ZABBY

I'm joking. Just. Anyway, I had something I wanted to talk to you about.

WINNIE

You do?

ZABBY

I don't know what your plans are this weekend, but...

WINNIE

Well, there's the funeral.

ZABBY

Yeah, right, right, but get this-

WINNIE

You're not going. You already told me, and honestly I think that-

ZABBY

I'm going to have my own!

WINNIE

You're having your own funeral?

ZABBY

Yes! Well, not for myself, obviously. For Danny. I'm going to have a much better, more honest, MORE DANNY funeral. No preaching or any of that shit.

WINNIE

I know Danny had his problems with the church, but don't you think... like... a preacher should speak at a funeral?

ZABBY

Why?

WINNIE

So Danny can go to heaven.

ZABBY

I don't think Pastor Carter decides that.

WINNIE

You know what I mean. It's like his "rites" or something.

ZABBY

It isn't right. So my funeral isn't going to have it.

WINNIE

And by your funeral, you mean...?

ZABBY

Danny's funeral! Obviously. Why are you being like this?

WINNIE

Like what?

ZABBY

I thought if anyone would understand- if anyone would support me in this, it would be you.

WINNIE

I don't know...

ZABBY

What don't you know?

WINNIE

You. I don't know you, Zabby.

ZABBY

What are you talking about? We've talked!

WINNIE

Talking a handful of times for all of two minutes doesn't mean I know you.

ZABBY

Okay. Well. You knew Danny.

WINNIE

I did.

ZABBY

So you can understand what I'm saying. Danny would agree with me. I knew him better than anyone.

*Winnie laughs, bitterly.*

What was that? ZABBY (CONT'D)

Uh. It's nothing. WINNIE

No, what? What was that little noise? ZABBY

I just... I knew Danny. WINNIE

And? ZABBY

I really knew Danny. WINNIE

And what? ZABBY

Better than you did. WINNIE

*This stings. Winnie has immediate regret.*

What exactly is that supposed to mean? ZABBY

I shouldn't have said it like that, I'm sorry. WINNIE

No, by all means, tell me how my brother's girlfriend-of-the-week knew him SO much better than his sibling who remembers the day he came home from the fucking hospital. ZABBY

It's been a long time since the hospital. WINNIE

What? ZABBY

I really don't want to get into it. WINNIE

Oh, we're getting into it. What? Tell me. ZABBY

You weren't there! Okay? You weren't there for Danny. WINNIE

ZABBY

And who was? Our Mom?!

WINNIE

No, not your mom either. Me. I was there.

ZABBY

Sure. For a couple months, big whoop.

WINNIE

I was there the day he died. Where were you?

ZABBY

I'm sorry I didn't want to live in butt-fucking nowhere for my whole life. I'm sorry I have ambitions.

WINNIE

Yeah, Danny talked about your "ambitions."

ZABBY

Ambitions aren't a bad thing to have.

WINNIE

They just didn't include him.

ZABBY

Look, I'm sorry that ambitions don't exist in this town, babe. It's all apathy. No one cares about anything.

WINNIE

Danny cared. He cared so much it made him mad.

ZABBY

You got that right. He cared. He was better than this.

WINNIE

"This" as in what? "This" as in me?

ZABBY

I'm not saying you, specifically, but-

WINNIE

I have just as much of a right to put on a funeral as you do.

ZABBY

Three funerals for Danny! Three fucking funerals!

WINNIE

No. I'm going to the real one. Like you're supposed to. Like a good person does.

ZABBY

Good people don't exist!

WINNIE

Danny was good.

ZABBY

GOOD IS SUBJECTIVE. GOOD IS COMPLEX. GOOD IS SOCIALLY-  
CONSTRUCTED. GOOD IS NOT REAL.

WINNIE

Danny. Was. Good.

ZABBY

He was better than most of us. But better is different than  
good.

WINNIE

Well, if you ever feel like being a "better" sibling... I'll  
see you at the funeral. The real funeral. This Friday.

ZABBY

Did my witch mother put a curse on you? Why the hell would  
you take her side after all the shit she put Danny through?

WINNIE

There isn't a right answer here.

ZABBY

Yes there is!

WINNIE

I'm just doing my best to... just follow... what I think is  
right. And you should too.

ZABBY

I'm not gonna let some kid tell me they know what's right for  
me. Or for Danny.

WINNIE

I knew him a lot better than you think.

*Winnie hangs up. Zabby screams into the phone, alone.*

ZABBY

Who needs you anyway?! I know I don't! I don't need anyone! I  
DON'T NEED ANYONE!

## SCENE SIX

*Zabby pushes a huge speaker, grunting.*

ZABBY

Ugh... UGHHH... Can I get some help here?!

*Poppy enters to help push.*

POPPY

Don't know how much help this old fart can be, but I'll try.

ZABBY

Shut up, weren't you a veteran or something?

POPPY

I was in the Chair Force.

ZABBY

What?

POPPY

Pencil-pusher, Zabby. And there were.... never... any pencils... this big... UGH!

*Finally, they get it in the right spot. Both out of breath.*

ZABBY

It should be a little more to the left.

POPPY

It lives here now. I gotta sit down.

ZABBY

Thanks Poppy.

POPPY

Don't mention it. To anybody. Seriously.

*Zabby scrolls on their phone.*

ZABBY

Now we just need flowers, refreshments, and... strobe lights! How'd I forget the strobe lights?

POPPY

Gonna be a damn exciting funeral.

ZABBY

At least there won't be any preaching. That's what matters.

*Zabby uses their hands to take "measurements" of the space.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

Alright cool, this could work as the dance floor.

POPPY

I don't know if hot dogs, slushies, and dancing are gonna mix.

ZABBY

At least three people need to throw up for it to be a good party. Three, Poppy. This is gonna be great.

POPPY

As long as you are happy, baby.

ZABBY

It's not about me.

POPPY

Okay.

ZABBY

It really has nothing to do with me being happy, honestly. It's about Danny.

*Poppy nods, but it seems halfhearted.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

It has nothing to do with me. MOM'S funeral, now THAT isn't about Danny. That is about her and Pastor Carter and his bullshit indoctrination. It's about using Danny's death as some kind of "lesson to learn from." It's not about him. But MY funeral-

POPPY

Your funeral?

ZABBY

THIS funeral. It's about him. No indoctrination included.

POPPY

Whatever you want to do, baby. I support you.

ZABBY

Then I expect you on the dance floor tomorrow night.

*Poppy averts his eyes.*

POPPY

Gee, Zabby. I don't know if I'm cut out for that.

ZABBY

Fine. You don't have to dance. But you WILL eat pizza and have fun. That part's non-negotiable.



Zabby...  
POPPY

ZABBY  
Okay, you don't need to have fun! But you need to be here.

POPPY  
I'm gonna help you get ready for everything, okay? I'll even buy your strobe lights. But... you have to understand, love-

ZABBY  
You're not coming.

POPPY  
I can't miss the real-

*He stops. Zabby's heart shatters.*

POPPY (CONT'D)  
Don't get me wrong. I am so proud of you. I've always been so proud of how independent you are. How strong you are. Look at you with that damn speaker! You are the strongest girl I know.

ZABBY  
Not a girl.

POPPY  
Right. Right. I'm sorry I always forget that part.

ZABBY  
I... have to go.

POPPY  
Zabby, wait, please.

ZABBY  
I have a lot of phone calls to make. I'm inviting everyone. It's going to be the biggest party this little town has ever seen and it's going to be for Danny.

POPPY  
Baby, please-

*Zabby exits.*

## SCENE SIX

*Mary tidies the living room some more. Even though its already as clean as humanly possible.*

MARY

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.  
Even though it be a cross that raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee.  
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to-

*The phone rings.*

MARY (CONT'D)

Pastor Carter! Thank you for returning my call. I know you're a busy man.

(beat)

Yes, it has certainly been busy my way as well. I appreciate the casseroles Marjorie made for me. Tell her thank you.

(beat)

Well, I just had a thought to run by you. Elizabeth May, you remember her? She- Yes! She used to come to the Sunday School when she was little. Not so little anymore.

(beat)

She had brought me some photos of Daniel and... some music that he really enjoyed... she was thinking maybe we could play a few of them at-

(beat)

That was exactly my thought too. It's loud and crass and I don't want to cause any problems but I just... Maybe one song? Just one of them. One of the "better" ones. Just so Elizabeth feels like she's a part of it. You know? Just so-

(beat)

I understand. Thank you for making all of this easy for us. For handling all of the.... just, thank you, Pastor.

(beat)

Okay. Bye-bye.

*She puts the phone away and sinks.*

MARY (CONT'D)

Lord give me strength to see his soft, kind eyes and chubby smile. To hear that hyena laugh as we watch the TV late at night. To smell way too much body spray. I'd even hear that deep nauseous bass that drove me crazy, I pray to let me hear it. Loud. As loud as possible, Lord. Instead, the only thing I hear is him repeating those awful things. Those awful things he said to me. This constant bicker of right and wrong and politics and relationships and the empty spaces we could've stopped fighting... the spaces we could've said something else... the spaces I could've... I don't know... because he always had to interrupt those spaces.

He always had to have the right word and the righteous word when the only righteous word I know for sure is yours, Lord. And I know, but. I don't know. Maybe I should've let him talk. Maybe he wasn't right but maybe I should've let him get it all out. Maybe I should've. Maybe.

*She is broken.*

*Ear-grating, huge thumps of bass-blasting music slice through the scene.*

MARY (CONT'D)

Daniel Elias! You turn that terrible noise down! You'll wake the neighborhood!

*DANNY enters.*

DANNY

I'll wake the neighborhood at 7 pm?

MARY

A lot of older folks live on this street.

DANNY

Okay, so can I blast Elvis? Or some old person shit?

MARY

No, you can't, and watch your language.

DANNY

Maybe if I blast some Fox News, they'd be happy.

MARY

Go to your room.

DANNY

Happy to!

*Danny turns to leave.*

MARY

Wait-

DANNY

Do you want me gone or not?!

MARY

I want that music off. For the rest of the night.

DANNY

Whatever.

MARY

When did you start to think it was so okay to talk to me like this?

DANNY

Like what?

MARY

"Whatever." "Old person shit." Who gave you the idea it was okay to speak to your mother like-?

DANNY

I'm not engaging in your nescient oppression.

MARY

What are you even talking about?

DANNY

You are a callow tyrant and I am your plaything.

MARY

Speak English, Danny.

DANNY

Why? You don't understand? You stupid? I need to spell it out in alphabet soup for you?

MARY

You will not talk to me this way.

DANNY

FINE! I don't really want to talk to you at all!

MARY

You used to be such a... kind... quiet little boy.

DANNY

Kind and quiet aren't the same thing. Sometimes being kind is being loud! You ever think about that? Being loud and having actual, real opinions! You ever think about THAT?

MARY

Sometimes being kind means you should just shut your mouth and listen to your mother.

DANNY

You won't walk over me much longer. THAT'S what I'm saying. Fuck you, ignorant-ass bitch!

*He flips her off and exits, slamming the door.*

MARY

DANIEL!

*She tries the handle, but it's locked.*

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh, you've lost that door! I'm taking it off its hinges tonight! No door for a month! If you can't be respectful, then you will get NO respect in return. NO DOOR FOR A MONTH!

*Silence.*

MARY (CONT'D)

It's too quiet now.

*Winnie enters.*

WINNIE

Mary?

MARY

Oh! You... you should've knocked.

WINNIE

I did.

MARY

Well, okay. Thank you for knocking.

WINNIE

I'm sorry.

MARY

For what?

WINNIE

I couldn't get her to... look, I tried, I really tried to get her to agree to come to the... but I-

MARY

It's okay.

WINNIE

I said some things I shouldn't have.

MARY

We all do.

WINNIE

They're real upset.

MARY

That sounds like Elizabeth.

WINNIE

I think... you're right.

MARY

Thank you.

WINNIE

About a couple things. But I also think Zabby is right about a couple things.

MARY

Mmhm.

WINNIE

Like. About this really being about Danny. How it should be about him.

MARY

It is about him, Winnie. End of story.

WINNIE

Mary, I just... I wish that you'd talk to her instead. Try to make it right.

MARY

I can't, Winnie.

WINNIE

I agree with you that Danny deserves a funeral. A real, actual funeral with everyone who loved him. But.

MARY

But? What could possibly be a "but"-

WINNIE

But he would be devastated if he knew it would just end up as a church service. Can we... compromise? Maybe?

MARY

I'm not compromising on my little boy's funeral!

WINNIE

But Mary-

MARY

WE ARE KEEPING THE PEACE. KEEPING. THE. PEACE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME? WE'RE NOT GOING TO START YELLING!

WINNIE

I'm not yelling.

MARY

I'm sorry. I'm yelling.

WINNIE

Yeah.

MARY

I won't yell. But. You have to understand. There's not a lot I can do.

WINNIE

Why not?

MARY

The pressure I am under.

WINNIE

Pressure?

MARY

Look... Elizabeth is making some pizza party, right?

WINNIE

Something like that.

MARY

She's set on that. Unwavering.

WINNIE

Yeah, but-

MARY

You tried, right? You really, truly tried to get her to see reason, lay down the pizza, and come here instead?

WINNIE

Yeah.

MARY

And she won't budge.

WINNIE

No.

MARY

Then that's fine.

WINNIE

That's fine? Mary, c'mon.

MARY

We gotta move on.

WINNIE

What happened to how important it was for Danny? How it was so important that Zabby be there?

MARY

We're moving on. That's it. That's final.

*Winnie sighs.*

I'm sorry. MARY (CONT'D)

Don't you care, about- WINNIE

Yes. Of course I care. MARY

I'm trying to meet everyone in the middle here. I'm trying to just make everyone happy. WINNIE

I can't think of a single time in this house that everyone was happy. Sometimes I was, sometimes Danny, sometimes Elizabeth, ... never all at once. MARY

That sucks. I'm sorry. Really. WINNIE

None of us are gonna be happy for awhile. I know that. MARY

Yeah, but- WINNIE

I will make you a deal. You want to give a speech, right? MARY

Well, something like that. A poem maybe, or... I did some creative writing in middle school and I got runner-up for this thing and- WINNIE

You can do your poem. MARY

I can? WINNIE

Keep it clean. But... yeah. I'll make sure you can do your poem. Okay? MARY

Thank you, Mary. That... that is really great to hear. But Zabby- WINNIE

One thing at a time, Winnie. Please. MARY



WINNIE

Oh... okay. Well. I better start working on it.

MARY

You should.

WINNIE

Okay. Thank you, Mary. Really. Thank you. I cared so much about Danny, you know, I really cared and I-

MARY

Write your poem, Winnie.

WINNIE

Okay. Thank you.

*Winnie exits.*

MARY

Just gotta convince Pastor Carter. Oh Lord I hope I'm doing right. I pray I'm doing right with that girl. That girl... Winnie... I pray I've done right.

*Danny enters with keys jingling, like he's about to go somewhere.*

MARY (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going?

DANNY

I'll be back.

MARY

Did I say you could go out?

DANNY

Did I ask you for permission?

MARY

Daniel, you are grounded. You're not going anywhere tonight.

DANNY

Yeah right.

MARY

You're just gonna make things worse for you. When you get back, forget watching TV and playing music.

DANNY

Maybe I won't come back, then.

MARY

And I get some peace and quiet for once? Sounds lovely.

DANNY  
That's it! I'm out!

MARY  
Where?

DANNY  
To someone who cares about me.

MARY  
Oh not this Winnie girl again.

DANNY  
She loves me, Mom.

MARY  
You don't know this girl at all!

DANNY  
It's a good relationship. It's healthy, we talk about shit.  
You wouldn't understand.

MARY  
You don't think I can talk to people?

DANNY  
No.

MARY  
We're talking right now, aren't we? Let's keep talking.

DANNY  
Too late.

MARY  
Too late to talk to your mother? I raised you-

DANNY  
Should've done a better job.

MARY  
Daniel Elias!

DANNY  
See? You don't wanna talk. You don't wanna talk about real  
shit. What's really bothering me.

MARY  
That's what's bothering you, huh? That I'm such a mean old  
bad mother, huh?

DANNY  
You don't want to hear me.

MARY

All I do is hear you! Run that mouth again and again and-

DANNY

You won't have to hear it anymore!

MARY

Good!

*Danny exits. A dam bursts in Mary and tears flow.*

## SCENE SEVEN

*Loud, obnoxious alternative rock blares.*

*Strobing, multi-colored disco lights swirl around empty space.*

*A tower of unopened pizza boxes.*

*Sat crisscrossed, center, so small - is Zabby.*

ZABBY

They'll come.

*Patience.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

It's like the Angels in the Outfield. Build it and they will come.

*They don't.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

WHO TURNS DOWN A FUCKING PIZZA PARTY?!?!?

*Zabby demolishes the pizza box tower.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

I'm not waiting anymore! Hey Google - sound off!

*The music ceases.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

Hey Google - how do you give a eulogy?

GOOGLE (V.O.)

Here's what I found on the web. First, make it personal. Talk about memorable, personal moments you shared with them.

ZABBY

Lots of good memories. Okay.

GOOGLE (V.O.)

Keep things positive. Even if you had difficulties with the person, focus on the positive moments.

ZABBY

We never had anything... negative... we were-

GOOGLE (V.O.)

You know them best. You cared about them. Let that show in your eulogy.

ZABBY

I cared about him more than... anyone knows... more than HE knows.

GOOGLE (V.O.)

You were close to this person. Talk about how close you were.

ZABBY

We were close! We were... so close...

*Danny enters, replacing the Google Voice.*

DANNY

We were close.

ZABBY

Yes, we were.

DANNY

You never come around anymore. You just left me with the Wicked Witch of West Virginia.

ZABBY

I didn't leave YOU, Danny. Don't be dramatic.

DANNY

Sure feels like it.

ZABBY

We can still talk on the phone.

DANNY

What do I even have to say over the phone?

ZABBY

We can just catch up.

DANNY

Catch up. Give me a break. You don't care.

ZABBY

I'm here right now! Right in front of you! We can catch up now!

DANNY

I don't even know what. My life sucks. There, we're caught up.

ZABBY

Okay, well catching up usually goes both ways.

DANNY

How are you?

ZABBY

I'm fine.

DANNY

OKAY- we're caught up.

ZABBY

You don't have to be so mean all the time, Danny.

DANNY

Being mean is how some of the greatest things were accomplished. Revolutionists aren't nice.

ZABBY

When did you become a revolutionist?

DANNY

Now you're making fun of me!

ZABBY

I'm not. Really. I just don't understand-

DANNY

I'm rotting here. You understand that? My skin is rotting.

ZABBY

Your skin?

DANNY

It's rotting away. Mom burns it. She is acid. Burns it right off.

ZABBY

What?

DANNY

I can't do this shit anymore.

ZABBY

I can't help your skin rotting, Danny. I don't even know what that means. Talk to me about what's really going on.

DANNY

Just the same shit. The same shit that has always been going on, and will always be going on until the day I die. She will never let up on me. She will never-

ZABBY

You're almost 18. You can move out.

DANNY

With you?

ZABBY

Well...

DANNY

You don't want me either.

ZABBY

Of course I want you. I love you, Danimal. Dan-The-Man.

DANNY

Shut up.

ZABBY

I want to help you but you won't let me.

DANNY

I'M SORRY! Okay, I'm sorry I'm such a fucking mistake Elizabeth!

ZABBY

Just stop. Let's just-

DANNY

You don't even know me anymore. You don't even... make any attempt to know me.

ZABBY

Yeah, real big talk after deadnaming me five seconds ago.

DANNY

It's always about YOUR problems. Of course.

ZABBY

Danny, please-

DANNY

Maybe my name's not Danny! You ever think about that?! Maybe you wouldn't even KNOW my name!

ZABBY

Then what's your name?

DANNY

IT IS DANNY! FUCK YOU!

*Danny barges out.*

ZABBY

Wait. Stop.

*Zabby turns forward.*

## ZABBY (CONT'D)

Growing up, I took care of you. You were my priority, my responsibility... my everything. All I wanted to do was make sure you would turn out alright. Who gives a shit how I would turn out, you know? As long as I could make sure YOU were okay when Mom didn't seem to care at all.

(beat)

Days into years. I watched you grow up, and I guess I grew up too, without realizing it. A scholarship appears to a huge art school... it's my ticket out. And so I went. When I came home, you grew a foot. Your hair was long and your voice was deep. And you were mean. You were so mean and broken. Could I blame you? I did, sometimes.

(beat)

It would be so hard to work it out. So I didn't try. I took the easy route and stopped spending so much money on gas just to get spat on by my brother and mother alike. Alright? That's what I did. It's easy to ignore. It's a lot harder to talk. I screwed up.

(beat)

And I got six different pizzas with different toppings because honestly, if you want to know the truth, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TOPPINGS YOU LIKE ANYMORE. You used to just like cheese.

(beat)

But I'm sure of one thing. I'm damn sure you don't want me singing Jesus Loves You right now. HEY GOOGLE: PLAY THE HARDEST SHIT YOU CAN FIND! I'm going to dance, even if I have to do it BY MYSELF!

*Punk rock tears through darkness.*

END OF ACT ONE.



ACT TWO

## SCENE ONE

*Jesus Loves Me plays softly on an organ.*

*Mary enters in all black. She breathes deeply. Is she going to cry?*

*No. She turns.*

MARY

Get in here, you two.

*Zabby and Danny enter, much younger. Maybe twelve and eight, respectively.*

ZABBY

I don't really wanna be here.

DANNY

Yeah, me either.

MARY

You're just repeating what your sister says.

DANNY

No, I'd wanna be home even if she wanted to be here.

ZABBY

Me too. But about him.

MARY

Just take a seat, both of you.

ZABBY

Poppy doesn't go to church.

MARY

Do you really want to grow up to be like Poppy?

ZABBY

I don't know, maybe.

MARY

The right answer is no. You don't, Elizabeth.

DANNY

Poppy's fun. He lets me control the radio in the car.

MARY

Yes. He's a saint. Now let's just quiet down.

DANNY

Why doesn't God just preach himself?

MARY

What?

DANNY

Like if he's everywhere at the same time, you know, they say he's an onomatopoeia.

ZABBY

Omnipresent.

DANNY

Yeah, if he's omnipresent couldn't he just appear in every church at the same time and preach everywhere like Santa does with presents.

ZABBY

Good question, Danimal! Mom, I think this one's for you.

MARY

You are doing your brother no favors.

DANNY

Who would win in a fight, Jesus or Santa?

MARY

Danny. Quiet down.

ZABBY

That's a good question. My bet is on Santa - he's got that big belly full of jelly. OOH- remember that movie we watched last Halloween?

DANNY

Beetlejuice!

ZABBY

Yeah! Maybe if we say Jesus' name three times in a row, he will appear.

MARY

Elizabeth May!

ZABBY AND DANNY

Jesus Christ.... Jesus Christ....

MARY

I can't take you two anywhere!

DANNY

Waaaiit no, Jesus can only be summoned on Easter. Duh.

MARY

That's it. We're going home.

ZABBY AND DANNY

Yay!

MARY

NO. Not yay. You're going straight to your rooms.

DANNY

Can I listen to-

MARY

No you can't listen to music. No TV. No computer.

DANNY

This sucks.

ZABBY

It's not his fault, Mom. He's a kid.

MARY

You're both grown enough to know better. Maybe you should've thought about the consequences before you were blaspheming.

DANNY

Blasting what?

ZABBY

See, Mom? He doesn't even know the word.

MARY

Blasphemy. Speaking profane things about God and Jesus. That's what that word means and that's what you two are doing. And that's about the worst thing you CAN do.

ZABBY

I don't know. Murdering seems worse.

DANNY

And stealing!

ZABBY

I guess it depends on what you steal.

DANNY

What if I stole a Bible?

ZABBY

Careful Danimal, Mom's got a big enough stick up her ass already.

MARY

One week. For the both of you. You want to make it two?

ZABBY

Ugh. We were just joking.

DANNY

Yeah! Poppy makes jokes like that all the time.

MARY

And there's a reason you only see Poppy on your birthdays.  
Now, go. You've embarrassed me enough.

ZABBY

I can't wait to grow up. I'm gonna move to another country.

DANNY

Can we go to New Zealand? That's where they filmed Lord of  
the Rings.

ZABBY

Hell yeah, we'll go to New Zealand!

DANNY

YES. You're the best, Zabby.

ZABBY

I know.

## SCENE TWO

*Winnie sits by herself reviewing index cards.*

WINNIE

Empty. Nothing. The lack of something.

That disappointment you feel

When you reach for a cookie and the jar is empty.

When you reach for your phone in your pocket but you'd left it in your other pants.

When you reach for a hand you're used to holding and... Ugh.

*She tosses the cards aside.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

My poetry sounded better in seventh grade.

*Poppy enters.*

POPPY

Hey, I heard Shakespeare was in here.

WINNIE

You're Grandpa, right?

POPPY

Poppy.

*They shake hands.*

WINNIE

I'm just trying to get ready for... when I speak. I don't wanna sound stupid.

POPPY

I'd say to speak from the heart, but I do that a lot and it just gets me in trouble.

WINNIE

With your daughter?

POPPY

Oh definitely with her. But with other folks too.

WINNIE

Jeez.

POPPY

Used to think speaking up meant I was right. I had a loud-ass mouth. Got me into fights.

WINNIE

I thought your generation was all "make love not war" back in the day. "Let the sunshiiiiine.... let the sunshine in."

POPPY

You should see those "Peace and Love" folks behind the scenes. Not always alotta peace and love in close company, I'll tell you what. I was a loud mouth but at least I wasn't a hypocrite. Still ain't.

WINNIE

Sounds like Danny. He said that about the church, like for all they preach about kindness, so many families get screwed up because of religion... "Love thy neighbor, hate thy brother."

POPPY

Who'd you think taught him that?

WINNIE

Some YouTuber. Or political podcaster.

POPPY

Me! That's a hundred-percent Poppy. And I'm not starting a podcast.

WINNIE

He quoted you a lot, then.

POPPY

Hypocrite's about the worst thing to be. I'm glad Danny wasn't one. Proud he wasn't one. That takes guts.

WINNIE

Yeah, he was loud. But about the truth. And about stuff that mattered. Like the way people are treated. We saw this Dad at the movie theater once, on the escalator yelling at his kid-like six years old or something- and Danny laid into that guy. "That's how you talk to a child? Fuck you, man!"

POPPY

What'd the guy do?

WINNIE

Flipped Danny off. Walked away, dragging his kid with him. Wasn't a lot else Danny could do in the moment... it's not illegal for a Dad to yell, you know? But he spoke up. He couldn't ever NOT speak up.

POPPY

Damn right.

WINNIE

I can't believe we never met. He talked about you.

POPPY

Mary, his mother... she didn't really want me around.

WINNIE

I'm sorry.

POPPY

I saw them as much as she'd let me.

(beat)

But that's enough about me! How's your poem... or, speech? I heard you were-

WINNIE

Yeah. I don't know. I'm not as outspoken as Danny.

POPPY

You tell the story you just told me, and you done some good, kid.

WINNIE

What, about the kid on the escalator?

POPPY

Yeah. That sums Danny up. A man who stood up and spoke out.

WINNIE

Oh... I might get in trouble with a speech like that.

POPPY

Getting in trouble is VERY Danny.

*Poppy gives Winnie reassurance. Maybe a nod or pat on the shoulder.*

POPPY (CONT'D)

I'll see you in there.

*He exits. Winnie returns to her index cards.*

WINNIE

When you reach for a cookie and... ugh... What the hell am I doing here?

*Winnie thinks.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

(a la Creep)

I don't belong here.

*Winnie's eyes grow wide. She types on her phone.*

*An organ underscores as the scene shifts to the funeral. Winnie walks to the front, with Poppy and Mary watching from pews.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Thanks everyone. I have some words to say. A poem of sorts. I hope you'll forgive me for reading them off of my phone.

*She clears her throat, then begins. (Though she quotes songs - she reads them as if it is a poem she wrote herself.)*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

WE'VE GOT THE AMERICAN JESUS  
SEE HIM ON THE INTERSTATE  
WE'VE GOT THE AMERICAN JESUS  
EXERCISING HIS AUTHORITY  
WE'VE GOT THE AMERICAN JESUS  
BOLSTERING NATIONAL FAITH  
WE'VE GOT THE AMERICAN JESUS  
OVERWHELMING MILLIONS EVERY DAY

MARY

(to Poppy)

That's beautiful. I didn't know she was so faithful.

POPPY

Faithful. Uh-huh.

WINNIE

WELL I'M AGAINST IT  
I'M AGAINST IT  
I DON'T LIKE JESUS FREAKS  
I DON'T LIKE CIRCUS GEEKS  
I DON'T LIKE SUMMER AND SPRING  
I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING

MARY

Oh my. What kind of poem-?

WINNIE

DO YOU HAVE THE TIME TO LISTEN TO ME WHINE  
ABOUT NOTHING AND EVERYTHING ALL AT ONCE?  
I AM ONE OF THOSE  
MELODRAMATIC FOOLS  
NEUROTIC TO THE BONE  
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

MARY

Wait. That's a song. That's one of Danny's songs he would play-

WINNIE

YOU'RE SO FUCKIN' SPECIAL  
I WISH I WAS SPECIAL

MARY

Dad! Stop her!



POPPY

No way.

WINNIE

BUT I'M A CREEP  
I'M A WEIRDO  
WHAT THE HELL AM I DOIN' HERE?  
I DON'T BELONG HERE

MARY

If you won't stop her, I will!

*Mary pulls Winnie by the arm.*

MARY (CONT'D)

Winnie. Let's go.

WINNIE

THIS is what Danny wanted to say.

MARY

Let's go. Please. You are breaking my heart. Please.

WINNIE

I just wanted to... I... thought that... Oh.

*Winnie looks around. Becomes shy.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

MARY

I am too.

*Mary guides Winnie away - we follow them.*

MARY (CONT'D)

What were you thinking?! I can't believe-

WINNIE

I'm sorry, Mary!

MARY

I give you the chance to speak, I let you do your poem, and THIS is what you do. This is how you repay me!

WINNIE

I'm sorry-

MARY

You've made a fool of me! You've made-

WINNIE

I didn't mean to!

MARY

On THIS day, of all days, oh Lord forgive me.

WINNIE

I thought that-

MARY

You weren't thinking much of anybody! But yourself. I should've known, this is exactly why....

*She stops mid-sentence.*

WINNIE

What?

MARY

Nevermind.

WINNIE

Really, Mary? What? What?

MARY

You back off, Winnie. Stop now.

WINNIE

What? This is why Zabby couldn't be here? Is that right? Because it wasn't enough to lose one kid, you just have to lose the other too? Is that it? Zabby was right, you miserable piece of-

MARY

This is why I didn't want him around you!

*Winnie is a block of ice.*

MARY (CONT'D)

I knew you were trouble! And Danny had enough trouble as it was! And then when you came into the picture, oh the dam of trouble just burst and we flooded and Danny drowned in it! HE DROWNED IN IT.

WINNIE

You. Blame. Me?

MARY

Well he didn't kill himself before you came around.

WINNIE

You... can't just...

MARY

And when he came to me with that ring. That ring he probably stole or pawned my own jewelry for-

WINNIE

What are you talking about?

*Mary has said to much.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Ring? What ring?

*Mary doesn't dare respond.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

I can't do this... I...

*Winnie's world spins. She can't catch her breath. She exits, stumbling.*

*Danny enters with a backpack, on a mission.*

MARY

I don't expect you're going to clue me in on where you're going this time.

DANNY

You know.

MARY

Oh yes, I know. Over to HER house.

DANNY

What is so bad about her? What is your problem?

MARY

It's not her. It's-

DANNY

It's me?

MARY

It's the fact that you're-

DANNY

You can't stand me being able to be happy about anything, can you? Not even one, single thing! Do I not deserve... one thing... one person-

MARY

Your grades are the worst they've ever been. You quit your job.

DANNY

There's more to life than bourgeois obligation.

MARY

Everyone has to work, Danny! That's just what people do!

DANNY

The ceilings in this house are finite, shrinking, I bump my head, constantly concussed.

MARY

Put down the John Green book you're playing in your head and just listen to me, Daniel. Please.

DANNY

In a house of our own, Winnie and I could float forever.

MARY

With what money are you going to buy this house?

DANNY

Maybe we don't even need a house. The sky is a big enough ceiling.

MARY

You need a house, Danny. Everyone needs a house. And to buy a house you need money. And to get money you need a job. And to-

DANNY

What I don't need is to get lectured to by a woman who is incapable of change. You self-righteous Christian hypocrites who deny evolution because you, yourself, are incapable of changing.

MARY

Not everyone needs to change. Not everything needs to change.

DANNY

I need a change. I'm going to marry her.

MARY

Like hell you are.

DANNY

I'm going to, Mom. And things will get better. Everything will get better BECAUSE IT CHANGED.

MARY

So what? You're gonna ask her over a plate of McDonalds or?

DANNY

No. I'm doing it right.

*Danny pulls out a ring with a huge diamond.*

DANNY (CONT'D)

See? Doing it right.

MARY

Daniel Elias.... How did you afford-?

DANNY

It doesn't really matter.

MARY

It really DOES matter.

DANNY

It doesn't matter. Nothing matters but her.

*Danny starts toward the door.*

MARY

You are NOT to leave this house.

DANNY

Watch me.

*Mary grabs him and yanks him back, causing him to fall to the ground and drop the ring. She tries to pull him further and further back, dragging him across the ground with immense effort. He screams and kicks and pushes, trying to get away. They scuffle. She's kicked in the face and stumbles back, finally letting go of him.*

DANNY (CONT'D)

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

*Danny searches for the ring, desperately. He finds it completely destroyed.*

DANNY (CONT'D)

How...? Diamonds don't break... Diamonds don't... NO! NO!!!  
WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE THIS WAY?!

*He throws the broken ring and storms out.*

*We follow him.*

*He paces, stressed. He can't stand still, he looks behind and to the side, paranoid. Rubs his hands together, ruffles his hair, anything to keep moving.*

DANNY (CONT'D)

Goddamnit. I can't do this. Stop it. Stop it. Stop it.

*He takes out his phone and dials. It rings.*

*Zabby appears, on the other side of the phone call.*

Hey Danimal- ZABBY

Zab, listen- DANNY

I can't really talk right now. I've got a test tomorrow. ZABBY

Zabby... I... DANNY

What? ZABBY

I can't do this. DANNY

Danny. ZABBY

I CAN'T DO THIS. DANNY

Can you please give me this speech another time? Okay? I'll call you tomorrow. Well, not tomorrow, but like Friday. Okay? Can we table this for Friday? ZABBY

I. Can't. Do. This. DANNY

We'll talk on Friday, okay? I love you. You got this. It'll be okay. I'll talk to you on Friday. ZABBY

Zabby- DANNY

*Zabby hangs up.*

*Danny dials. Winnie appears, over the phone.*

Hey baby- WINNIE

Winnie, I- DANNY

You're not already on your way are you? WINNIE

Yeah. I kind of am. DANNY

WINNIE

I'm real sorry, but something came up tonight. Like everyone called out of work, the flu's going around or something, so I have to go in. Maybe they caught the plague from Chuck E. Freakin' rats.

DANNY

I can't do this.

WINNIE

You what?

DANNY

I can't do this.

WINNIE

You're mumbling, I can't really hear you.

DANNY

I... can't... do... this...

WINNIE

Babe, I'll call you after my shift, okay?

DANNY

But I-

WINNIE

I love you. I'll talk to you later.

DANNY

I can't-

WINNIE

Bye.

*Winnie hangs up.*

*Danny is alone.*

DANNY

I can't do this.

*Blackout.*

## SCENE THREE

*Poppy sits with a bass guitar. Plays a little.*

POPPY

Out of tune.

*He tunes, then plays again.*

POPPY (CONT'D)

That's better.

*He nods to the music, feeling it.*

*Mary enters.*

MARY

Dad? How did you get in here?

POPPY

Your back door was open.

MARY

Why do you have-

POPPY

It needed some love. I had some blues. I had to play it- not really an option at this point.

MARY

That was...

POPPY

Yeah, I know it was his. I got it for him.

MARY

No you didn't. He got it from a school friend. His friend got a new one a few years ago, so he gave him his old one.

POPPY

And what friend was this?

MARY

Peter... Something.

POPPY

Huh? I guess I look a little like a Peter. Peter, Poppy, whatever.

MARY

You didn't-



POPPY

Yeah I did. You were all upset with me that Christmas about... I don't know, something about Christ and Christmas or-

MARY

Yes. I remember.

POPPY

I couldn't deliver it personally, so I mailed it to him.

*Mary sits beside him.*

MARY

I didn't know that.

POPPY

Yeah, well, he probably didn't want you to know, did he?

MARY

Apparently not.

POPPY

You didn't miss much at the funeral, by the way. The part you missed was mainly Pastor Carter reading from some Bible passage: Come to me, all of you who are weary and something and blah blah blah... and I will give you rest. Then something about egg yolks, I don't know.

MARY

That's actually a really good verse.

POPPY

You think all of them are good.

MARY

All of the Jesus verses are pretty good. Yeah.

POPPY

At least you didn't miss the Radiohead concert.

MARY

Don't get me started on that.

POPPY

Believe me, I do not want to.

MARY

Have you heard from Elizabeth?

POPPY

No. I'm giving them some space. That's why I'm over here.

MARY

I see.

POPPY

I don't think many people came to their...

MARY

Party?

POPPY

Counter Funeral? Protest Funeral? I don't know what to call it. Think you need more than a host to call it a party, though.

MARY

I was so worried of what Elizabeth would do at the church, what she'd wear, what music she'd play, what she'd say. I didn't even think for a second that Winnie would-

POPPY

Thought you didn't want to get started on that?

MARY

I'm going to be paying for that for a long, long time.

POPPY

Like hell you are.

MARY

Like hell. Like I'm going straight to hell after allowing her to-

POPPY

Jesus, Mary. Can we skip the fire and brimstone shit for a single second, please.

MARY

No we can't "skip" it. You can't skip it because it's there, it's always gonna be there, waiting for us. Waiting at the end.

POPPY

YOU are going to hell because WINNIE sang some songs?

MARY

Pastor Carter told me I'm not welcome back.

POPPY

Oh.

MARY

He was angry about Winnie's... spiel... and I told him I'm sorry, I never thought she would do that and he said he remembered Danny and Zabby causing trouble as kids, cursing in Sunday School and stealing crayons and Elizabeth even punched that boy-

POPPY

That boy had been pulling their hair for weeks!

MARY

And Pastor Carter said he thought things would be different without the kids around, but the church is still being turned into a heathenous zoo. And I said "what do you mean without the kids around" and he said "you know what I mean" and I said "I think you are bad mouthing my children and saying its a good thing my little boy is dead, is that what you're saying?" and then he got all upset and "MARY, I NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS" and I just sat there with him yelling until finally he said I'm not welcome ever again at Hillrock Church of the Nazarene.

*After a moment.*

POPPY

Well that's alright.

MARY

Dad-

POPPY

Who needs him?! Hmm? Who needs that smug little bug-looking guy telling them what to believe anyway.

MARY

He's still The Pastor.

POPPY

Ain't there like twenty other churches around here you can go to? They all got Pastors too. Find one that's not a total fucking bug-looking asshole and-

MARY

Dad, please.

POPPY

I'm proud of you.

MARY

For what.

POPPY

For putting the Pastor in his place, Mary. For putting your kids first. For doing the right thing.

MARY

Well according to everything I know, listening to your pastor IS the right thing. The only right thing.

POPPY

Then you still have shit to learn.

*Poppy gets up.*

POPPY (CONT'D)

But at least you're learning.

MARY

Where are you going?

POPPY

It's been enough time. I'm gonna go back to the hotel and wait for my grandkid. But Mary.

MARY

Yeah?

POPPY

You ain't going to hell.

MARY

How do you know that?

POPPY

I don't know a whole lot and I don't pretend to, but that is something I know, Mary. I know it.

MARY

Elizabeth said... she thinks Danny is in heaven. Playing his bass. Flipping off the Earth, way up there.

POPPY

If there's a heaven for Danny, that'd be it.

*Poppy starts to exit, then turns around.*

POPPY (CONT'D)

One last joke for the road.

MARY

Oh no, Dad-

POPPY

Now, wait and don't judge until you've heard it. Are you listening?

MARY

Unfortunately.

POPPY

A man said to God, "How long is a million years?"

MARY

Careful, Dad.

POPPY

God said, "To me, it is only a minute." The man asked: "God, how much is a million dollars?" And God replied, "it is only a penny, to me." So the guy said-

MARY

Don't let it get dirty.

POPPY

I'm not! Hold on... so the guy said "God, can I have a penny?" and God said "Sure. Just wait a minute."

*Mary can't help but laugh.*

MARY

That might be your best joke yet.

POPPY

I'm glad you're learning, Mary.

*Poppy exits.*

MARY

Wish I would've sooner.

## SCENE FOUR

*Zabby cleans up the party.*

ZABBY

It was only me. Why'd I make this much of a mess. I knew who had to clean it up! Ugh.

*Winnie enters as Zabby is turned.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

I've still got fifteen minutes left on my rental- give me a minute.

*They turn and realize its Winnie.*

ZABBY (CONT'D)

Oh. Hi.

WINNIE

Hi.

ZABBY

You missed the festivities.

WINNIE

That's a shame.

ZABBY

But we still have plenty of pizza. If you want.

WINNIE

I'll take a slice. Hope I can stomach it.

ZABBY

It's not a party unless three people throw up.

WINNIE

Only two of us.

ZABBY

Shit.

*They laugh. Tensions eased for a moment, before returning.*

WINNIE

I feel really bad about our last conversation.

ZABBY

Why? You were just being honest.

WINNIE

No. I was projecting. And so were you. And so does everyone all the time no matter what. Its human nature.

ZABBY

I guess, yeah.

WINNIE

And it isn't my place or your place or anyone's place to claim we knew Danny best, or to claim we know what is best for Danny, or to claim-

ZABBY

I get what you're saying.

WINNIE

I don't have a clue.

ZABBY

Neither do I.

WINNIE

And I just think... right now... It doesn't really matter. Or does it?

ZABBY

I don't know.

WINNIE

Danny's songs.

ZABBY

Yeah?

WINNIE

They made it to the funeral.

ZABBY

Mom actually played them?

WINNIE

No. I sang them. Or spoke them, I guess.

ZABBY

Woah.

WINNIE

Yeaah.

ZABBY

I wouldn't have the guts to do that.

WINNIE

What can I say? Dressing up as a mouse to entertain toddlers for two and a half years will have an effect on you. At this point, stage fright fears me.

ZABBY

Did my mother have a heart attack?

WINNIE

Unfortunately not. But she about gave me one.

ZABBY

I'm sure.

WINNIE

She... uh, this is... it's hard, but-

ZABBY

What?

WINNIE

She kind of implied, uh...

ZABBY

Spit it out, Winnie, what?

WINNIE

Your brother was going to propose.

ZABBY

To you?

WINNIE

Yes, to me.

ZABBY

Oh. Uh. Wow.

WINNIE

Yeah.

ZABBY

It's not really appropriate for me to say congratulations at this point, is it?

WINNIE

Definitely not.

ZABBY

Okay, then I won't.

WINNIE

It's just puzzling. Like. If he saw a future with us together... why'd he do it?



ZABBY

I don't know, Winnie. I'm sorry. I think... sometimes its hard to see that future, in the moment, when you're going through everything he was going through.

WINNIE

Maybe...

ZABBY

I didn't know it was as bad as it was. I don't think anyone did. No one knew exactly how he was feeling about things.

WINNIE

You know, he said once... in that metaphorical way he always did... he was like "your eyes..."

*Danny enters to complete the line. We see him, they don't.*

DANNY

Your eyes never really SEE anything. Light reflects from whatever you're looking at and send the information to your brain, so you THINK you're seeing it.

WINNIE

He said that-

DANNY

When your brain is fucked up, and your thoughts are fucked up, and you got nobody, it's like your eyes can't do that trick of the light anymore. They reflect on themselves. Mirror back to you. And you can't see anything else.

*Danny exits.*

WINNIE

I think that must've been how he was feeling when... he did what he did.

ZABBY

Like he had nobody.

WINNIE

Yeah. When he did. I thought he did, at least.

*Winnie looks to her pizza slice.*

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Plain cheese. His favorite.

ZABBY

Some things never change.

*Mary enters.*

MARY

Can you spare a slice?

*Winnie and Zabby share a look.*

WINNIE

I'm gonna go. It was nice talking to you, Zabby. I hope we can keep in touch.

ZABBY

Definitely. Maybe I can show you around New York sometime.

WINNIE

Yeah... yeah, I'd like that.

*Winnie exits.*

ZABBY

So.

MARY

So. How did it go? Your funeral?

ZABBY

Bad. How was yours?

MARY

Bad.

ZABBY

It's funny. Well, not funny. It's just... Danny got not one, but TWO funerals...

MARY

But they both said a lot more about us than him, didn't they?

ZABBY

Yeah. They kinda did.

MARY

The questions we're forced to ask, now... They are eating me alive, Eliz- um... Zabby.

ZABBY

Me too. But I'm starting to think maybe we shouldn't force ourselves to ask those questions. Like how and why and who...

MARY

Easier said than done.

ZABBY

The only question that really matters is - what now?

MARY

I don't have an answer.

ZABBY

Me either. But hey. We're not fighting.

MARY

No, we're not.

*They might embrace. They might not. They might cry.  
They might smile.*

*But they're not fighting.*

END OF PLAY.