

THE DAERIE QUEENE  
By Savannah Hankinson

THE TIME:

Now.

SCENES:

- Scene I: The Percentage for Death – 1 Year Ago
- Scene II: Squirrels are Assholes – Sunday evening
- Scene III: At the DQ – Monday morning
- Scene IV: Bitches and Obitches – Monday evening
- Scene V: Like a Prayer – Cara Interlude
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## SCENE I. THE PERCENTAGE FOR DEATH

CARA

My Dad is at the hospital getting some tests done. Usually when loved ones go to the hospital for tests, people get nervous. But not me. No more nervous than usual, I mean. I've spent most of my life worrying that someone I love is going to die on the way to the grocery store to get milk, so someone going to the hospital isn't really that different. To me the percentage for Death is always about the same:

- You go to buy milk: Car accident
- You go to visit family in California: plane crash
- You eat a peanut: anaphylactic shock due to an undiagnosed peanut allergy

I always just assume Death. As a child, when my father went to the grocery store and was gone for just a bit longer than he said he would be, I would wait by the front door, pacing, practically in tears—because I was terrified that a cop car would pull up the driveway, instead of our blue minivan. I guess I should have known then that I'd have some— anxiety issues in the future.

*Cara receives a phone call.*

Hi, Dad. What did the doctor say? Oh. And – Ok. So they're running some more tests? Well—I'll come sit with you. See you soo—Love you.

So when you're faced with the Death and disappearance of someone you love, it's not so scary because you've spent your entire life thinking about it. But then you realize that you wasted 25 years worrying about losing someone and now you're actually going to lose them. And all that time I spent worrying about my dad, would have been better spent... with my dad.

SCENE II. SQUIRRELS ARE ASSHOLES

*Cara sits center, in the dark. An iPhone sits propped up by her leg. The flashlight app casts light on her game of solitaire. She plays for a bit.*

*Pete enters, carrying groceries.*

PETE

What happened to the lights?

CARA

Went out about an hour ago. From the wind.

PETE

When is it going to come back on?

CARA

Dunno.

PETE

Did you call Con Ed?

CARA

No, it usually comes back on in a couple hours.

*Pete exits to the kitchen to unpack the groceries. Cara continues playing solitaire. Pete calls Con-Ed.*

PETE

Cara, what's our zip here?

CARA

12401.

PETE

Right.

*Pete plugs it into the phone and listens, then hangs up.*

PETE

"They are aware of the outage and it will be fixed by 9pm."

*A rumble from above is heard. Cara looks up-- Pete doesn't notice.*

CARA

Fucking squirrels. They're such assholes.

PETE

Wanna get high?

CARA

Not really. I think these shadows would freak me out. Probably end up in a psych ward and that's not really what we need right now.

PETE

Oh my god. You're such a worry wart. Well, I'm gonna get high. Where's Dad's pot?

CARA

In the drawer with the umbrella straws and cocktail napkins.

PETE

Of course. So logical, so like him.

*Pete exits to the kitchen.*

CARA

Yeah, he started doing all sorts of weird shit this year. I think it was the meds- or he just stopped giving a fuck. When he could still drive, he drove to Walmart in his slippers-

PETE

Motherfucker.

CARA

Oh yeah, there are some knives in that drawer too.

PETE

Yeah, found em, thanks.

CARA

So he drove to Walmart in his slippers and his robe and he bought a gun.

*Pete reenters the pot, he smokes.*

PETE

What the fuck- Dad bought a gun?

CARA

Yeah, he said he wanted to shoot the squirrels that were running across the roof. He hated them so much.

PETE

We have a gun in the house?

CARA

Yeah, its in the bottom drawer with the lightbulbs.

PETE

uh huh- of course it is.

*Beat.*

PETE

Did you know they turned the Dairy Queen into a Funeral Home?

CARA

Yeah, they did that a few years ago.

PETE

I was thinking we could take Dad there.

CARA

Ha, yeah.

PETE

What?

CARA

Are you serious?

PETE

Yeah. Its close. It'd be convenient.

CARA

Convenient? Yeah, cause there's still a fucking Drive-in Window. I'm not taking Dad to the Dairy Queen.

PETE

Come on, it's the closest funeral home to us.

CARA

No. No way. Dad is not getting cremated in the same place where we used to get Blizzards after our soccer games.

PETE

God, I want a blizzard.

CARA

Oh shut up- you're not high enough yet to say that.

*The roof rumbles again.*

CARA

SHUT UP YOU ASSHOLE SQUIRRELS!

PETE

Dad didn't want to be cremated.

CARA

What are you talking about?

PETE

He wanted to be eaten by worms.

CARA

What? Did he say that?

PETE

Earlier this week, before... he kept quoting Shakespeare... "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

CARA

Ha! I think that's the only line of Shakespeare he knew. I don't think you should read into it. I bet he was trying to impress some hot nurse.

PETE

A letch to the very end.

*Pause.*

PETE

He'd like the idea of going to the DQ as his final stop before the ground.

CARA

Can we not talk about this? Can we just wait and make some decisions in the morning. When we've had a bit of time.

PETE

I think the sooner we make decisions, the easier it'll be.

CARA

It's been like 4 hours. Can't we just talk about something else?

PETE

We need to be able to actually have a discussion about this, ok?

CARA

Fine. You know what, let's discuss. I am *so* pleased to discuss where we're going to move our father's body, while you get high. Great time to chat.

PETE

Cara, we need to make plans.

CARA

I've been making plans every day for the past year. I'm gonna take the rest of the day off.

*She continues her game of solitaire.*

PETE

Want some more tea?

*She nods.*

CARA

There should be some hot water left in the kettle.

*Pete heads to the kitchen.*

*The lights come back on.*

CARA

LIGHTS ARE BACK!

PETE

I can see that!

*Pete reenters with two mugs.*

CARA

Thanks. We'll have the Wake on Wednesday and Thursday and the Funeral on Friday.

PETE

I was actually thinking, maybe we could just do a one day long Wake?

CARA

Well, that's really gonna throw off all of Uncle Joe's drinking plans. Why?

PETE

I don't think I can handle more than one night of this whole Irish, Catholic, mourning stuff. And, Dad would have hated all this fawning.

CARA

He did hate funerals. Alright, Wake on Thursday, Funeral on Friday.

PETE

Actually... could we do Wake on Wednesday, Funeral on Thursday?

CARA

Why, you have plans Friday? Hot date?

PETE

I booked my flight back for Friday.

CARA

Oh. You're going back to Bulgaria on Friday?

PETE

Well, things are crazy there, I've got to pack up my apartment and ship things back to New York and they want all the past Fulbright scholars to give tours to all the new Fulbright kids. I know it's soon, but I've already been pushing it spending the past week here. Soo....

CARA

I guess, yeah. Wake: Wednesday, Funeral: Thursday. We just have to make a bunch of calls in the morning.

PETE

Thank you. I'm sorry I can't stay longer- it's just nuts right now.

CARA

Right. A one day wake! Breaking with tradition. Oo, the Aunts and Uncles will be *distraught*. God, they are being so aggressively Irish Catholic about all this. It's like they all just remembered they're Catholic and need to prove a point.



We're gonna need a lot of booze.

PETE

*They look at each other and simultaneously say:*

Costco.

CARA/PETE

*Cara sips on the tea. It is not good.*

What kind of tea is this?

CARA

Irish Breakfast.

PETE

God, the Irish are everywhere. This tea is nasty.

CARA

It was in the cabinet. I figured it was yours.

PETE

English Breakfast. My whole life I've had English breakfast. So next time, English breakfast, ok?

CARA

Jesus, You are a pain in the ass.

PETE

No, I'm not, I just like what I like.

CARA

They taste the same.

PETE

*Cara gives him a death look.*

I can't even begin to tell you how wrong you are-

CARA

*Pete gets up, suddenly frustrated with her.*

What, I didn't say anything – I was just giving you a hard time-

CARA

PETE

Can you just let it go... can you just drink the goddamn tea.

CARA

Ok- yikes.

*He sits back down.  
She raises her mug.*

CARA

To Dad.

PETE

To Dad.

*They sip the tea, but Cara spits it back into the  
mug.*

CARA

I can't, I can't! It's so bad! I thought it wouldn't be as bad the second time, but it was. It was worse!

*He picks up the deck of cards.*

PETE

Rummy 500?

CARA

You suck at this game and I'm really looking forward to beating you.

PETE

Yeah, ok—just deal the cards.

SCENE III. THE DQ

*Cara and Pete enter the Funeral Home.*

PETE

See, doesn't look like a Dairy Queen at all anymore.

*Pause.*

CARA

I think you're right. I think Dad would have found it funny. It's like a stick it to the man, like "I might be dead, but I also might be getting soft serve".

*Julie enters from the office.*

JULIE

Hi, how can I help you?

CARA

Is Mr. Lonergan here?

JULIE

No, Sorry. But I'm Julie. How can I help you?

CARA

Oh. I had set up an appointment to see him. I spoke with him this morning.

JULIE

Right. Well, Dad is actually away.

CARA

But I spoke to him today.

JULIE

Right. Well, he had actually set up a-a-a phone forwarding, so when people called he could answer. I don't usually work the front desk, I'm more of the behind-the-scenes embalmer, ya know? But he's actually away on vacation in Miami? And he was expecting to be back today, but all the flights have been cancelled due to a hurricane.

CARA

Oh. So when I spoke with him this morning he was in Miami?

JULIE

Um, yeah. Probably at the beach. Or the bar. Beach or Bar, who knows with him. But you are here and I am so happy to help you with anything I can.

*Cara and Pete share a look.*

PETE

Our Dad died and we need to plan a funeral.

JULIE

Oh- Great. I can definitely help you with that.

*Julie pulls out a checklist.*

JULIE

Right. Ok. So first things first (*checks the list*). Oh. (*overly sincere*) I am so sorry for your loss. (*Back to the checklist*) Right. So now, we need to.... One moment, sorry.

*She scours the paperwork for her next step.  
Pete pulls out a folder.*

PETE

Ok, Julie. Here's his birth certificate and his will. He's going to be cremated and we want that done ASAP so we can have his ashes for the Wake on Wednesday. We'll be having the service on Thursday, so we'll want some recommendations for florists and caterers.

JULIE

Ok- Great. I'll be right back with some paperwork.

*Julie exits.*

CARA

Whoa. You're prepared.

PETE

I googled "What decisions you have to make at a funeral home." I wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible.

*Cara hugs Pete.  
Julie reenters.*

PETE

What? No blizzards, not even a dip?

*She looks at them like they're aliens.*

JULIE

So what kind of price range are we looking at for the casket?

CARA

No. We're not doing the casket thing. We're doing a memorial service and there won't be a burial.

JULIE

Oh- so no casket then?

PETE

No. Cause we're not burying anyone. We're just gonna keep him around for a little bit- then we'll figure it out.

JULIE

And what denomination will the service be?

CARA

Catholic.

JULIE

Huh. Catholic? And still going with the cremation?

PETE

YUP. Julie, that's what we're doing.

JULIE

Isn't cremation kind of a nish-nish for Cath- /

PETE

/ I think since the Catholic Church formally permitted cremation in 1963, we're good with the cremation!

JULIE

Alright! Whatever you want. *(Imitating her father)* "The Customer is always right, Julie!"  
And where will you be keeping him?

CARA

Oh. I- we haven't- I guess he'll stay at the house with-

JULIE

Oh no, I meant “in what.” We have a wide variety of urns—oh, maybe a companion urn! Your mom could come pick one out-

*She grabs a small binder filled with urn options.*

CARA

No. Our mom is not involved.

PETE

—she’s been gone a long time.

JULIE

Ok, well we have the keepsake urn, the picture frame urn, the theme urn- Oh did he like golf?

CARA

Let’s just go with your basic, plainest, most normal looking urn.

JULIE

Ok!

*She pulls out a much bigger binder of urns.*

JULIE

Here’s a picture catalogue of our basic urns. The Sands of Time...

CARA

That one, ones fine.

JULIE

Oh, I love that one! And are we thinking: standard cremation, bones-intact, pulverized--

PETE

OK. No. We’re leaving.

*Pete begins to leave.*

JULIE

Oh, ok.

CARA

Pete. Just—standard is fine.

JULIE

Great. Standard it is! So, just, just, just fill these out—these release forms. Then scan them back to us, and we'll take care of moving the body and the ashes and whatnot.

CARA

Cool. We'll send these over today.

JULIE

Thanks so much! Have a great day, sorry my Dad wasn't here. He's kinda all over place. Dads!

*Julie exits into the back.*

CARA

How did you know when the Catholic Church permitted cremation?

PETE

I googled that too. I didn't want to send Dad straight to hell.

CARA

Wow. CCD really got to you.

*Pete and Cara start to leave, but before they exit, another woman walks in and stops in her tracks.*

RACHEL

Peter?

PETE  
*(not placing her)*

Hi.

RACHEL

Wow. What are you doing here?

PETE

My Dad...

RACHEL

Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry, Peter. And, Cara, I'm so sorry.

PETE/CARA

Thank you./Thanks.

*Pete starts to walk out.*

RACHEL

So, how have you been? I heard you got a Fulbright—it was in the local paper—kinda a local kid gone big story, ya know. Congratulations! But again, I'm so sorry about your dad.

PETE

Thank you.

*He starts to walk out again.*

RACHEL

The paper said you were in Bulgaria, that's crazy. What's it like there?

PETE

Yeah, it's great. Super cool people, super cool place, super cool beaches.

RACHEL

So, what are you studying on the Fulbright?

PETE

I'm sorry, can you remind me of your name?

*Rachel chuckles.*

*Oh. He's serious.*

RACHEL

Rachel...

*He can't place her.*

RACHEL

Rachel Belkin...

*He still can't place her.*

RACHEL

We dated. Briefly... Senior year...and we took AP Chem together.

PETE

Oh my god, Rachel.

*He hugs her.*

PETE

Wow, it's been a long time! I'm so sorry I didn't recognize you.



RACHEL

No, yeah...

PETE

I mean it's been a while, I haven't really been back in town much and I'm, ya know (*Does some sort of flamboyant gesture*). Hence the not remembering us dating- I mean that's a good thing, because that means dating you wasn't a defining moment, you know like "I realized I was gay because I didn't like having sex with you."

RACHEL

Right.

*Awkward.*

CARA

Um.

PETE

We should go- we've got a lot of calls to make.

RACHEL

Yes, of course. I'm so sorry for your loss.

PETE

Oh, and I'm sorry for *your* loss...

RACHEL

Oh no, I'm just-I'm a florist, I'm picking up some orders.

PETE

Well, maybe I'll give you a call.

RACHEL

Oh, what?

PETE

For flowers.

RACHEL

Right. Uh, please do, here's my card. But, Peter-

PETE

Thanks. We gotta go- calls.

*He mimes a telephone.*

RACHEL

Yeah, great to see you. (*To Cara*) I'm so sorry.

*They Exit.*

SCENE IV. BITCHES AND OBITCHES

*Cara sits at the table, writing.*

*Pete enters quietly, he's bored, he sneaks up behind her, to scare her.*

Whatchya doin'?!

PETE

Jesus. I'm just getting some stuff done.

CARA

What kinda stuff?

PETE

Some work.

CARA

Oh yeah?

PETE

*He grabs the notepad from her.*

Stop. I'm—finishing up Dad's obituary.

CARA

*She retrieves the notepad.*

Oh. Why don't we write it together?

PETE

I just thought I'd do it. I have a rough draft, sorta-

CARA

I mean, I can do it. I could bang it out pretty quickly.

PETE

It's fine-

CARA

No, let me do it-

PETE

I've got it.

CARA

Cara. I'm pretty good at writing.

PETE

I know, Pete.

CARA

One could say I've "mastered" the art of writing.

PETE

Mm, hmm.

CARA

Get it--because I have a Master's in Journali/

PETE

/I know. But Dad and I started writing it together. And I'd like to finish it.

CARA

Oh.

PETE

*Pause.*

PETE

We could have google doc'ed it.

CARA

Google doc'ed it? Like had an open google doc of Dad's obituary?

PETE

Ok, fine. But, it would have been nice to be involved.

CARA

And it would have been nice for you to be here, to be involved. But, we just-- made do.

PETE

Well, atleast let me proofread it. You're both terrible spellers.

CARA

I'm not an idiot, Pete. I know how to spell "passed away" and "long battle" and even "in lieu of."

PETE  
You spelled “arrangements” wrong.

CARA  
Oh come on- nuh uh-

PETE  
Yeah, you forgot the “E”.

CARA  
Oh, for Christ’s sake. That fucking “e” —but, wait isn’t it the same as “judgment”, There’s no “E” there.

PETE  
No “E” in “judgment”, “E” in “arrangement”.

CARA  
That makes no fucking sense. What’s the rule?

PETE  
Ah, “To E or not to E” that is the ques—

*She starts to exit.*

CARA  
Lord, help me.

PETE  
There is no rule, Cara, you just have to know the language.

CARA  
You’re such a snob.

*She checks her notepad, and corrects it.*

CARA  
Ok, is this right?

PETE  
Yup.

CARA  
Fine, sit down and help me.

*He doesn't, he's coy.*

CARA

Don't be difficult, either help me or don't.

*The Doorbell rings. It's a standoff.*

CARA

I'll get it.

*Cara starts to exit.*

*Pete prances over to the table. Then reads.*

PETE

"...survived by his loving sisters: Helen, Margaret, Mary, Mary Catherine, Mary Margaret..." Do we have to list all of these people?

CARA

Yes, you know Aunt Helen is going to cut it out and put it on her fridge for years.

PETE

And everytime she passes it she's going to close her eyes, do the cross and—

*It's not funny anymore. Just sad.*

CARA

Yeah, but it'll be held up by like a magnet that's also a coupon at a local pizza shop or something ridiculous like that.

PETE

Or a magnetized picture of a cat, that's not hers.

CARA

Exactly.

*The doorbell rings again. Cara leaves to get it.*

*Pete continues reading the obituary.*

CARA (offstage)

Oh my god.

*Cara enters, holding a single yellow rose wrapped in cellophane.*

CARA  
What the fuck.

PETE  
What?

CARA  
Bethany. This is from *Bethany*.

*Pete starts laughing.*

CARA  
A single. *Yellow*. ROSE? What an idiot.

PETE  
Note! Note. Is there a note??

CARA  
Oh you betchya.

*She tosses him the rose and holds the note.*

PETE  
Oh god, yes.

CARA  
(putting on a Sarah Palin accent)  
“Kiddies, so sorry to hear about The Father. Holler if you need me. Ring a Ding Ding, Mama B”

PETE  
OH LORD.

CARA  
I KNOW.

PETE  
Why. Why. WHY. Also, mom does not sound like Sarah Palin, but I appreciate the dramatic reading.

CARA  
Well, she sounds like an idiot, so I just drew from that general field.

PETE  
“Ring a Ding Ding, Mama B”? I mean... what is that?/

CARA

Mama B? What is that? Like Mama Bethany? Mama Bear?

PETE

No one has *ever* called that woman “Mama” let alone “Mama B”.

CARA

She lives in a magical fantasy world and I would like to go there. It seems like a very happy and very deluded place.

PETE

Well, what do you think?

CARA

I think the woman is crazy.

PETE

But...Should we ring a ding ding, maybe?

CARA

What?

PETE

I mean she was married to the man, she might, like, want...to...come.

CARA

She hadn't seen or spoken to Dad in like 20 years. I doooooon't think she cares.

CARA

Rose. One YELLOW Rose.

PETE

Yeah, yeah, I know. But like. Do you want her here?

CARA

Do you? Wait. You want mom to come? Why? So she can wear a black veil and throw herself on the casket?

PETE

There is no casket.



Oh come on. CARA

I just think- PETE

CARA  
I wish there were a casket, so she could self-immolate on it. That would be *just* enough drama for her.

PETE  
Cara. I don't think now is the time to hold grudges.

CARA  
Oh my god, where is this coming from? How are you- how are *you* being all grown up here.

PETE  
I think it'd be nice if we atleast invite her.

CARA  
"HOLLER IF YOU NEED ME"

PETE  
Yeah, maybe we should holler!

CARA  
What the fuck, Pete?

PETE  
Mom visited me.

CARA  
*Mom visited you?* In BULGARIA?

PETE  
Yeah, she-

CARA  
*Mama B* who I haven't seen in 15 years visited you IN BULGARIA? Oh lord. This is *insane*. WHY? WHEN? WHO? WHAT? WHEN? WHERE? WHY? HOW?

*Pete cuts her off.*

PETE

She saw something I posted on facebook and she messaged me and we started chatting. And she's always to go to Sofia, Bulgaria and I dunno- I – I invited her.

CARA

There seems to be a theme here of you inviting her to things...

PETE

It was nice! She was... nice. And normal—for her.

CARA

What did you do? How long did she stay?

PETE

A week.

CARA

Did she stay with you?

PETE

Yeah, well for the first few days.

CARA

Then she fled for a four star hotel, I'm sure.

PETE

Well, she met someone.

CARA

Oh my god.

PETE

She was having fun! Ya know, it's Bulgaria.

CARA

No, don't act like its fucking Miami Beach and she was on Spring Break! She was supposed to be there spending time with her son, her *stupid* son, who she hasn't seen in years, and she goes off to have a fling with a random Bulgarian man!

PETE

He wasn't random. He was—one of my professors.

*Cara, jaw dropped.*

PETE

Don't.

CARA

PETE.

PETE

I wanted to spend time with her and I did and I liked it, OK?

CARA

Well, I think that's great for you, Pete. But that *woman* isn't coming near my father's funeral.

PETE

You don't get to make every decision here. This isn't just your tragedy, ok? It's our tragedy.

CARA

No--Don't romanticize this. It's not a tragedy- it's just life.

PETE

If we're not inviting her to the funeral, I think we should put her in the obituary.

CARA

There's no reason for her to be in it.

PETE

They shared two kids and ten years of their lives.

*Squirrels start to rumble on the roof.*

CARA

Dad didn't put her in his obituary. That's the decision.

PETE

Well Dad doesn't have to be here to deal with her when she's broken hearted about being left out.

*Squirrels rumble.*

CARA

SHHH!!! If you want to talk to her you can call her, you can write her a letter. Whatever, but she's not involved here.

*Cara starts to exit.*

CARA

I'm gonna type this up and send it to the paper. They have a 5pm deadline or something. So—

*Cara exits. Then, reenters.*

CARA

Wanna get pizza for dinner? Giorgio's is still great.

PETE

I'm not eating cheese right now.

CARA

Dear god.

*She exits.*

PETE

Sushi?

SCENE V. LIKE A PRAYER

CARA

I used to pray every night. Growing up. Actually into my early 20's. Because once you start you really can't stop. Because if you stop praying and asking that your family stays safe and healthy, and then the next day your family gets smited- I mean. That's a burden to shoulder. So to stay on the safe side, I always (*she makes the prayer hand gesture*).

I don't remember when I stopped. But I started being able to fall asleep without praying and no one got smited so I decided to let sleeping dogs lie, and just go to sleep. I never thought of God as someone who would talk back to me or answer anything. I just thought of God as someone who if I check in with you, you'll check in with me, ya know? I did pray when Dad got diagnosed. But really because I didn't have anyone else to talk to. You don't really want to call up your friends and say "Hey, My Dad's dying, but I also hope you had a good day, but please help me." That's not fun. But if you talk to a Thing that might not be listening or even there, it's easier.

SCENE VI. TEST(ES) OF PATIENCE

*Rachel stands by the counter at the funeral home..  
Cara enters.*

Hi!

CARA

Hey.

RACHEL

*Rachel looks over Cara's shoulder.*

No Peter?

RACHEL

CARA  
Oh, no. He couldn't handle coming back here—not his favorite place, so I figured I'd take care of the flowers.

RACHEL  
Oh, right. That's, that's—makes sense, that's fine.

*(Pause)*

CARA  
So, what's the standard kind of thing people do for memorial services?

RACHEL  
What size service are you having?

*JULIE walks in from the back room, wearing gloves.*

JULIE  
God I'm hungry! Oh! Hi! You. Are. Cara, right?

CARA  
Yup.

JULIE  
Nailed it! Did you pick up sandwiches while on that delivery?

RACHEL  
Yup.

Thank you!

JULIE

*She dives into the paper bag, gloves still on. She pulls out a sandwich and starts eating.*

Back to work! Oh! I'll have your dad done soon! See ya!

JULIE

*Julie exits.*

*Beat.*

She's actually really nice.

RACHEL

Yeah.

CARA

She's just-

RACHEL

No, I agree. I like her. She's honest.

CARA

*Beat.*

So, size of the service?

RACHEL

Right. Probably 60 people. Mostly relatives. We're doing the service at Saint Malachi.

CARA

Intimate space, that's great. We'll keep it lowkey.

RACHEL

Great. Yeah, money is a little tight, so that sounds great.

CARA

Preferences for flowers?

RACHEL

I like lilies? They're happy and smell great.

CARA

Beautiful. RACHEL

I don't know a lot of flowers... CARA

*Julie reenters, mouths "mustard?" to Rachel. She looks for the mustard.*

Orchids? But I hate them. They're so cold looking. They don't smell—which just seems like hostile and forbidding, ya know? (Pause) I dunno. CARA

I love orchids. RACHEL

Did you know orchid comes from the Greek work "Orkis" meaning testicle. From the tubers on the orchid. JULIE

*She motions on "tubers". She finds the mustard and exits.*

So, lilies. A lot of people do roses- RACHEL

Oh, no. No roses. My Dad hated roses. Oh, Carnations! He liked carnations. I think that's like a Catholic thing? Something to do with the Virgin Mary? CARA

I'm Jewish, so- RACHEL

Oh, but isn't this a Catholic, or Christian, or, uh Funeral Home? CARA

I just do the flowers, and there aren't any Jews in this town, so no synagogues. RACHEL

Right. Well, there's that one- CARA

Closed. It's a Dunkin' Donuts now. RACHEL



CARA

Or just a “Dunkin’.”

*Rachel doesn't get it.*

CARA

They changed their name, just to Dunkin’—I read an article about it—or read the title of the article, anyway. It’s “Dunkin’”, just “Dunkin’”—no one calls it that but that’s its *real* name.

RACHEL

Ok.

CARA

Sorry, you’re actually the first person I’ve spoken to in-person today. So I’m a little “woo”- ah. Sorry.

RACHEL

No, no, you’re fine. You didn’t speak to Peter this morning?

CARA

We texted. He sleeps late, right now. So, uh. Thank you for listening to me. So, are lilies and carnations enough?

RACHEL

Yes, that’s perfect. So... is Peter going to stick around town for a while?

CARA

No, he has to get back. To Bulgaria.

RACHEL

Well, it seems like he’s doing really great.

CARA

He is. He’s great. He’s a little “eh” right now. I guess he just... wishes he were somewhere else. He was really good with my Dad, in the hospital. Telling him stories about Bulgaria and the city.

RACHEL

Oh, that’s great. I always thought the world of him.

CARA

Yeah? I didn’t know you knew my Dad.

RACHEL

Oh, I meant Peter. But your Dad, was great too. I didn't know him well, but...

CARA

Thanks. So, what kind of price range are we looking at?

RACHEL

For St. Malachi, I'd suggest a budget of \$750.

CARA

I was hoping we could do like \$400. (Pause) Well what if we lose the lilies? And just do the carnations? Or like A lily in each bouquet? I mean I could do \$450?

RACHEL

Call it \$500 and I'll make it look great.

CARA

Ok. Oh, could we also do some flowers for the Wake? I think it'd cheer up the house a little bit.

RACHEL

Sure, I can deliver those to your house, day of.

CARA

Great. God, I hate all of this. No, you're doing great—thank you. It all just... It sucks.

RACHEL

I'll take care of all this, just call me if you guys need anything else. Or need any help with any other planning.

CARA

Thanks.

*Cara starts to leave.*

RACHEL

Do you have... someone to talk to about all this? Besides Peter, I mean.

CARA

Um. Yeah... Yeah. I've gotten some calls and—Some sad face emojis. Turns out people don't really know how to talk to you when you lose someone you love. Or the person you love. But I'm ok. Thanks. I'll call you if I need anything.

*Cara exits.*

SCENE VII. ROLLING STONES AND TOMBSTONES

*Cara sits at the table, with a calculator. Working on bills.*

CARA!  
PETE (offstage)

Pete!  
CARA

CARA.  
PETE (offstage)

PETE.  
CARA

*Pete enters.*

Cara.  
PETE

Pete. What's up?  
CARA

PETE  
I just went into Dad's room to get a tie for the wake—and all of his clothes are gone.

CARA  
Yeah, I bagged them up last night.

PETE  
You bagged them up?

CARA  
They're in the car. I'm taking them over to goodwill today.

PETE  
What? How could you do that without me? Without asking me.

CARA  
I thought about asking you to help me last night, but you seemed pretty busy smoking up the house, so I figured I'd do it myself.

PETE

What the fuck, Cara? That's my Dad's stuff. I'm not ready to give it away.

CARA

Well, what are you gonna do with it, Pete? Did you bring an extra suitcase to take it all with you? Because I'm not going to let it sit here.

PETE

Come on. Just wait a little bit longer before we get rid of it.

CARA

We get rid of it? When's your flight, Pete?

*No response.*

CARA

When's your flight?

*No response.*

CARA

The day after the funeral. So when were we going to have time to get rid of it? I'm doing it.

*Pete storms out.*

*Cara goes back to the bills.*

*Things are clearly not great financially.*

*Pete comes back in with a garbage bag of clothes.*

*He pulls them out, aggressively first, then slows down.*

CARA

Just put it back in the car when you're done.

*He finds a tie. Then he smiles and laughs, and pulls out their Dad's Rolling Stones T-Shirt.*

CARA

Oh wow. Remember when he tried to wear that to my graduation? And you yelled at him until he changed into a suit.

*She joins him.*

PETE

Yeah. I think I wore this for every Halloween in Middle School.

With a headband.

CARA

*Cara rifles through the clothes for a moment, then pulls away. She starts dancing a bit.*

You ok, Cara?

PETE

Yeah, I'm good, I'm fine.

CARA

You sure?

PETE

*She dances more.*

Yup!

CARA

PETE

Really? Because you're doing that thing where you start to dance to distract us from the fact that you're crying.

CARA

No, I'm not.

PETE

Then stop dancing.

*She doesn't.*

CARA

You're just jealous of my dance moves. Start me, up! Start me, up, I'll never stop (or other Rolling Stones' lyrics)

PETE

No, I am not.

CARA

Well fine, I'm going to go eat some ice cream and continue not crying.

*She dances out of the room, taunting him.*

Psycopath!

PETE

Whatever.

CARA

Bring the ice cream in here!

PETE

*He waits for her to return with the ice cream.  
She doesn't.*

SCENE VIII. A WRINKLE, IN TIME

CARA

I have this wrinkle. Right in the middle of my forehead. I don't care about wrinkles. In fact, I really love them. I love crow's feet—it means you spend your time laughing. I love creases in your cheeks, it means you spend your time smiling. But this fucking wrinkle. I hate it. I try not to care, but it's what I see when I look in the mirror. I don't mean to be vain, but I'm 25—I really don't think I should have a wrinkle yet. I went on my instagram and looked at my photos and tried to trace its origin. The next Xmen Origin film: The Wrinkle. I found it. It popped about six months ago. 6 months after my dad was diagnosed. And I try to get myself to love it. You know, I'm all about self love, self care, self blah blah blah. So I've started spinning it as "I earned this." I got through something really hard and now I'm here, on the other side of things, and I've got this little souvenir. But its really fucking hard to love something that was caused by hating something so much. I dunno, I guess it's the first of many cracks and creases. But I'd rather look like the surface of the moon than a loved-less... what's something really smooth? Fingernail? Floor? Table? Well, you- you know.

*She leaves, frustrated.*

SCENE IX. BANGERS AND ASH

*Pete sits drinking coffee.  
Cara enters with a gift basket*

CARA

Cousin Jeff sent us a cookie platter of only oatmeal raisin cookies.

PETE

Oh my god, he hates us.

CARA

Yeah. I'm gonna send him a "Thank you" email.

*She types on her phone.  
Doorbell rings.*

PETE

I'm gonna get some pot from my room.

CARA

You're gonna have to be sober at some point this week.

PETE

Mmmm, am I?

*Doorbell rings again.*

CARA

More sympathy bouquets, I'm sure. It'd be nice to get flowers from someone for a reason other than a death in the family.

PETE

Hitting a dry spell *sexually*?

CARA

Yeah, things have been pretty slow in that department. The smell of "Hospital" isn't exactly an aphrodisiac.

*Doorbell rings again.*

PETE

This doorbell must be exhausted. It hasn't gotten this much action in years.



Or it's rapt with ecstasy.

CARA

You're horny go find a date.

PETE

Don't be gross.

CARA

*Cara exits.  
Pete grabs her phone that she left on the table and  
exits in the opposite direction.*

*The stage is quiet for a moment.*

*Cara enters, with Julie, who holds an urn.*

Thank you—for—hand delivering- him.

CARA

Of course, no problem. I mean usually my dad handles this, but he's still *trapped in Miami* and I know you guys have the Wake tomorrow, so, I figured I'd just bring it over myself!

JULIE

*Pete walks on and sees Julie.*

Nope.

PETE

*Pete walks off.*

Just ignore him. He's... weird.

CARA

No, I- totally get it. It's hard. To lose someone. I mean, the amount of people I embalm... It- *death-* happens all the time. But it's never easier. So it's ok- for him to be weird.

JULIE

Thank you. It's hard.

CARA

*She moves to take the urn from Julie, but Julie steps  
away and continues to cradle the urn.*

*Julie, unknowingly, begins a game of keep away with the urn.*

JULIE

I get it. I mean, I *get* it. I don't know what its like though. I mean, I'm around dead people *all* the time but... I haven't experienced a personal loss? Well, actually, that's not true. My dog died 6 months ago and that was devastating. Ya know, it's like you spend 10-15 years in a relationship completely built on unconditional love and support, but the whole time you know it's going to end. And then it does end and it's just the most heartbreaking thing in the world.

CARA

Well, I don't know if it's the **most**-

JULIE

And ya know what, I think it's the cheapest thing a movie can do—you know, to write in a dog's death. It's like instant tears and pain. Like people have flaws- *people* can suck- but not dogs. You can wish death on a person in a movie- but all dogs are saints. All dogs go to Heaven! And then they kill em off and they make us all sob!

CARA

Yeah, I think that it's-

JULIE

Remember Marley and Me? That movie with Jennifer Aniston and Owen Wilson? My first first date ever was to see Marley and Me. WHY? WHY DID THAT HAPPEN. It was a whole 2 hour movie about a dog dying and WE ALL KNEW IT AND WE ALL STILL SAW IT ANYWAY. I MEAN, COME ON. I sobbed for 2 hours straight and then my date asked me if I wanted ice cream afterwards and I said please, just take me home. COULDA BEEN THE LOVE OF MY LIFE, BUT NO, We didn't end up together because of Jennifer Aniston and her dead dog. Thanks, Jennifer Aniston! Thanks a lot!

CARA

Well, I think her performance in CAKE was underrated.

JULIE

Yeah, me too!

CARA

Thank you again, for taking the time to drop...drop this off.

*Julie finally sets the urn on the table.*

JULIE

Of course. I'm sorry for your loss.

*Julie hugs Cara.*

JULIE

And you picked the perfect urn! Bye!

*She exits. Leaving Cara with the urn. She lingers,  
then exits.*

SCENE X. OUR FATHER WHO FART IN HEAVEN

*The Urn sits on the table. Cara enters, heading to the kitchen. But stops at the table. Considers the urn. She sits next to it. She stares at it. Here goes nothing...She starts to pray, or tries.*

CARA

In the name of the father, the son, the holy spirit, amen. Hi God, I was just- oh um- Our father who art in heaven hallow be thy name thy kingdom come thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our family- (*thinks for a moment*) daily – bread and forgive us our trespass—

*Squirrels start running around on the roof. She freezes and tracks them for a moment, until they are gone.*

--trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil Amen. Hi God. Thank you for- well. Could I – if I could I talk to my Dad? Hi Dad. How ya doing? I miss you a lot. I don't really know what I'm doing here-

*Pete lets out a loud, nearly earth-shattering cackle, as he enters. He has headphones in and is facetiming a friend. He stops dead in his tracks when he sees Cara.*

PETE

I'll call you back, Довиждане. Were you praying?

*Pause.*

CARA

No. I'm meditating. Midnight meditations it's a thing.

*She picks up her phone next to her.*

CARA

A podcast. Midnight Meditations. You meditate at midnight.

PETE

It's 3am.

*Cara stares at him. Her improv skills aren't great. Silence.*

PETE

1) You were totally praying. 2) You're the worst liar. 3) I don't get why people think meditating is like a non-religious, non-prayer thing, it's deeply rooted in all Eastern theologies, like Hinduism and Taoism. And several western religions, *including* Christianity and Judaism also have strands of meditative practices.

CARA

How do you know all of these things!

PETE

Reddit had this amazing thread on meditation and prayer a few weeks ago.

*He pauses, to gauge her interest.*

CARA

Go on.

PETE

So this ex-Priest's post made it to the front page of Reddit.

*No recognition from Cara.*

PETE

Which is a *BIG* deal. I'm hungry, are you hungry?

CARA

No, I don't have the munchies.

PETE

Oh, huh, I guess I do!

*He goes to the kitchen, while talking. He returns with a box of Lucky Charms. He plops down next to Cara.*

PETE

So, this ex-Priest was *dragging* the Church- Catholic Church of course, because what other Church would make it to the front page of Reddit?

*His phone rings.*

PETE

OMG, it's my friends in Bulgaria, they're calling me back. Shhh.

*He puts his headphones back in and picks up.*

PETE

Здравейте приятели! [Hi, friends!] Oh my god, Say “здрaсти” to Cara!

*He goes to take his headphones off.*

CARA

It’s ok, Pete, I-

*Cara waves at the phone.*

CARA

Hiiiiiii. [Back to Pete] I’m going back to bed.

PETE

Ok, I’ll fill you in about the Catholic Church and meditation tomorrow.

*Cara gives him a thumbs up and exits.*

PETE

Ok, I’m back. No! Susie could not have done that. That little уличница!

*He lets out another large and in charge cackle.  
Cara pokes her head back in.*

CARA

Can you just...?

PETE

Shhh... my sister’s mad at me. Shhhh...

CARA

I’m not mad... goodnight.

*Cara exits.*

PETE

Ok, she’s gone. Yeah, she’s been sort of a crazy, sad sack, it’s a bit confusing. It’s—fine. But I miss you guys. God. It’s...It’s really... *sad* here. It sucks, being here in this house, without my Dad. And I- Oh! Yeah ok, I’ll talk to you guys later this week. Ok! Oh wait! Before you go, are there any hot new Fulbrights? Ooh, dibs! Shut up. Ok, have fun- can’t wait to get back there. Love you, guys!

*Peter has a moment with the Urn, before going back to bed.*

SCENE XI. THE WAKE

*Cara walks in from the living room, carrying flowers. Pete peers out through the living room door, taking shelter in this room. He wears a black suit, with his Dad's Rolling Stones t-shirt underneath.*

*The Urn still sits on the table.*

CARA

Ok, they're starting to arrive en masse.

PETE

By the boatload, one might say.

CARA

Stop.

*She exits to the kitchen.*

PETE

Aunt Helen has gotten fat. I mean she was always heavy, but now she's actually fat.

*Cara returns with a vase.*

CARA

Don't be mean, it's not her fault she's a bitch and eats because she's lonely.

PETE

Oh someone is having a nice time.

CARA

I'm just tired of all these condescending looks of sympathy and pity. You weren't here for us when he was sick, why the hell are you here now?

*Pause.*

CARA

Can you please help me out there?

PETE

I am! I'm refreshing the buffett.

CARA  
You're hiding in the kitchen.

PETE  
Do you want the Irish to go hungry... again?

CARA  
No, no, no potato fam-

PETE  
Their DNA will start twitching with memories of the potato famine.

CARA  
There it is.

PETE  
The people need these tater tots.

*He sets the tater tots on the table.*

CARA  
I can't believe you're serving tater tots at Dad's wake.

PETE  
Costco had a great deal!

*Cara isn't amused.  
Her eye catches the Urn.*

CARA  
Oh, man. I guess we should put this out there. I don't really want to [touch it].

*She motions for him to pick it up.*

PETE  
I mean, I think it looks good there.

CARA  
We should move it out to the mantle or something so people can pay respects.

*She thinks about moving it.*

*A crash in the living room.*



CARA  
Maybe its safer in here.

PETE  
How many are out there?

CARA  
Too many. Grab the tater tots.

*She heads out into the wake.  
Pete gets the tater tots, but instead of joining her,  
he sits and eats them instead.*

*Rachel enters, carrying flowers.*

PETE  
Oh, Rachel.

RACHEL  
Hi Peter, I-

*Cara rushes back in.*

CARA  
Pete, tater tots! Oh, Rachel! Thank you so much for making such beautiful arrangements.

RACHEL  
You're welcome, my pleasure. I'm sorry, I thought we'd have it all set up before your guests arrived.

CARA  
No, you're fine. They're just always early when there's a risk of the free food and booze running out before they get there.

RACHEL  
I wanted to offer my condo-

PETE  
More tater tots.

*Pete disappears back into the kitchen.*

RACHEL  
Ok... I have a few more bouquets to bring in.

CARA  
Thanks, Rachel. Oh, do you need any help?

RACHEL  
No, I'm ok, I brought some help.

*Rachel exits. Pete pokes his head out of the kitchen.*

PETE  
Is she gone?

CARA  
Yes.

*The squirrels run across the roof.*

CARA  
I swear to God, *not today*.

PETE  
I have a surprise for you.

CARA  
Oh no.

PETE  
No, it's good.

CARA  
No, you always say that and it never is. I don't want any surprises.

*She starts to exit.*

PETE  
I invited someone special to the wake.

CARA  
If Mom walks in that door, I'm going to scream.

PETE  
It's not Mom, don't worry.

CARA  
Thank god. Who'd you invite?

A date.

PETE

CARA  
From where? When did you have time to meet someone?

PETE  
From Tinder.

CARA  
You invited a Tinder date to our dad's wake?

PETE  
He's not for me. He's for you.

CARA  
What?

PETE  
I've been going on Tinder on your phone.

CARA  
Excuse me?

PETE  
You seemed lonely.

CARA  
Oh my god, are you serious?

PETE  
Yeah, he should be here any minute. He's actually a little late already.

CARA  
This is unbelievably fucked up and inappropriate. And I will never forgive-.  
*He walks on, from the "back door"*

PETE  
Oh my god that's him.

CARA  
Oh my god, he's so hot. Shit.

*Cara pulls Pete underneath the table,  
in an effort to hide.*

PETE

By the way, he doesn't know this is a Wake.

CARA

What- Why didn't you tell him.

*Cara crawls around the table, trying to get a better  
look at the hot date.*

PETE

Well what normal person would go on a Tinder Date to a wake.

CARA

Have you just done this to make today more difficult.

PETE

I did it to make today easier.

CARA

You have very flawed logic some times.

PETE

Most of the time.

*Jay recognizes her and walks over.*

JAY

Hi, Cara?

*Pete pops up off the floor.*

PETE

It's Cara.

*Cara stands up.*

JAY

Sorry, Cara. I'm Jay.

CARA

Nice to meet you.

*Jay goes in for the hug, she hugs him back.*

JAY

So, is this a birthday party?

CARA

Oh-

JAY

Oh, I brought you flowers.

CARA

Wow, thank you, that's really sweet of you.

*Jay sees the other flowers around the kitchen.*

JAY

Oh- I guess I'm not the only one who brought flowers.

CARA

No, these are gorgeous. It's just- this is going to sound weird, but this is actually my-

PETE

Brother! Pete. Nice to meet you, I didn't know Cara had invited such a hot guy tonight.

JAY

Oh wow, nice to meet you. Ha, meeting the family already, wow.

*Rachel enters.*

RACHEL

Hi.

PETE

Yes, Rachel?

RACHEL

I wanted to offer my condolen-

*Cara cuts her off.*

CARA

Why did you come in through the back door?

*Peter laughs. Cara shoots him a death look.*

JAY

You said it was an open house and the front door was locked, so I just came around back.

CARA

Oh right, I locked it. To discourage more relatives from coming in.

PETE

Aunt Helen's not that bad.

CARA

Yeah, but Uncle Joe isn't here yet...

PETE

Barricade the door.

JAY

Are there... a lot of relatives here?

CARA

Yeah it's a bit of a family...thing. But, Jay, what about you? What do you do?

*Pete mouths "Doctor" to her.*

JAY

I'm a doctor.

PETE

Oh wow, a hot doctor! Get it, Cara.

RACHEL

Peter, I wanted to offer my condo-

PETE

SH! Rachel. Cara, why don't you get Jay a bever-ahge.

CARA

Right. Yes, come with me, Jay!

*Cara and Jay exit.*

RACHEL

Peter. I *wanted to offer my condolences.*

PETE

Sure.

RACHEL

I really am sorry about your Dad. I know he was sick for a while and that must have been really hard.

PETE

Thank you.

RACHEL

And... I wanted to apologize for things being awkward between us the other day.

PETE

Oh, thanks, but that's ok- it wasn't *awkward*.

RACHEL

I just haven't seen you since graduation and seeing you is just- JARRING. For me.

PETE

Uh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize that.

RACHEL

No, it's ok. I just had – *such* a big crush on you in high school.

*The doorbell rings.*

PETE

Yeah, ya know, I went back and looked at some of our old AIM chats and it was NOT pretty.

RACHEL

Mmm... it's just hard to hear that. I mean—*you* asked *me* out.

PETE

Everyone was asking everyone out, we were 17.

*Cara and Jay enter.*

JAY

No way, I love tater tots.

PETE

See.

*Doorbell rings, repeatedly.*

CARA  
Can you please go unlock the front door?

JAY  
Sure.

CARA/PETE  
NO!

PETE  
I'll get it.

RACHEL  
Wait-

*Pete exits, Rachel follows.*

JAY  
So, how old are you?

*Cara doesn't respond.*

JAY  
Oh, not that it matters. It's just ya know, your birthday. Sorry, was that rude?

CARA  
No, no. Sorry. It's just... not my birthday.

JAY  
Oh cool. Was it earlier this week?

*Pete walks back in, carrying empty platters of food.*

PETE  
They are savages.

*He heads back into the kitchen.  
Jay notices the urn.*

JAY  
Oh, what a beautiful vase.



Oh, thank you. CARA

You could put my flowers in it! JAY

*Cara grabs the urn and puts it down elsewhere, out of danger.*

Right, ok, Jay. You are super nice and attractive, but- CARA

Cara, someone just walked in with a lit firework. RACHEL

*Pete reenters.*

Ooh, Uncle Joe. PETE

We gotta hide the whiskey. CARA

Peter, can you just listen- RACHEL

I've got a lot going on- PETE

Pete, get the firework, then the whiskey. CARA

*Pete exits UP LEFT.*

Wait- RACHEL

*Rachel follows him, leaving Cara and Jay. Silence.*

Cara, what's going on? JAY

I'm sorry- it's complicated. CARA

*A crash from the other room.*

PETE (Offstage)

Uncle Joe, put it down!

*Cara starts to go.*

JAY

Wait. I have to tell you something. When we were talking on Tinder, I should have said that I know you. Well, no, No- I don't know you. We've met before- I mean- I've *seen* you before. I'm a doctor- well, a Resident, at the County hospital- and I've seen you there, I guess with your dad? But I just thought you were really cute and I wanted to say hi, but didn't get the chance- so when we matched, I was really excited.

CARA

When we matched-

JAY

Yeah... Seeing you always made me smile. and it was a break from the shitty day I was having. It was like whenever I saw you, everything that was on my mind kinda cleared away.

*Roof rumble from the squirrels.*

*Pete enters carrying a liquor box.*

PETE

I had to rip these out of Uncle Joe's clenched fists.

*Rachel enters, also carrying a liquor box*

RACHEL

The problem was is that I loved you. And you knew it.

PETE

Rachel! That was 10 years ago!

JAY

Are they ok?

*Cara nods.*

RACHEL

I know, it's just- I had been in love with you for ages.

CARA

Um, yeah.

RACHEL

And then we went out and then we never really broke up, and then I found out you had hooked up with Derek Small and everyone knew you were gay and I was the last to know.

PETE

His name was delightfully misleading.

RACHEL

PETER!

PETE

I'm sorry if I hurt you, but it wasn't you—I promise, it really had nothing to do with you.

CARA

Pete.

*Pete exits, Rachel follows.*

RACHEL

For you! It had nothing to do with me for you, but it was everything to me at that time.

JAY

Ya sure they're ok?

RACHEL

I sat on the floor of my bedroom crying for days after I found out.

*Pete enters, Rachel follows.*

PETE

Rachel, I really don't think my Dad's Wake is the place to bring this up.

CARA

CAN YOU GUYS TALK ABOUT THIS SOMEWHERE ELSE.

JAY

Your Dad's wake?

PETE

Jesus.

I loved you, so much.

RACHEL

I was going to tell you, but-

CARA

It was high school, Rachel.

PETE

I know!

RACHEL

You invited me on Tinder date to your Dad's wake?

JAY

But it hurt. YOU hurt me.

RACHEL

No, my brother did!

CARA

And we were friends!

RACHEL

Your brother?

JAY

And you never said anything.

RACHEL

Sorry! I thought it would be fun!

PETE

You never apologized.

RACHEL

He took my phone-

CARA

But he's hot!

PETE

RACHEL

PETER.

PETE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

RACHEL

No! I didn't come for an apology- I didn't come for anything. I just came to give my condolences and drop off some flowers but you- make me crazy! And ya know what pisses me off is that I'm doing GREAT, even after spending years being heartbroken because you fucked me over-- I'm actually doing really great. Because after a ton of therapy, we figured, we meaning me and my therapist-pistS- figured it out. That I was channeling my frustration and confusion about my own sexuality at you.

JAY

Whoa.

PETE

You're gay?

RACHEL

Well, no, TBD. But, I'd say I most closely identify as pansexual.

PETE

Oh...

*Roof rumbles from the squirrels*

CARA

God, not now!

JAY

Oh, ok, I'll come back later.

CARA

No-

RACHEL

My girlfriend's actually here and you should meet her.

*Rachel exits.*

PETE

Um, ok.

JAY

I'm gonna go.

CARA

No, don't leave. I didn't tell you right away about the wake because I didn't want you to leave because you seem genuinely lovely and you are hot and you brought flowers.

*Rachel enters.*

RACHEL

Peter, this is my girlfriend-

*Julie enters.*

PETE

Oh dear lord.

JULIE

Hi! I'm Julie!

CARA

Oh my god.

RACHEL

This is my girlfriend, Julie.

PETE

Oh we *know* Julie.

CARA

Pete, don't be a jerk.

JAY

It just seems like a bad time...

CARA

No, stay-

JULIE

It's a really great wake! Great flowers and I love the little decorative toothpicks!

PETE

ARE YOU KIDDING ME.

*Roof rumbles from the squirrels.  
Cara starts laughing.*

JAY

Cara, are you ok?

PETE

So you came to my Dad's wake to parade your girlfriend around?

RACHEL

I didn't, I didn't- the problem is you just make me insane!

PETE

I make you insane? Have you met Julie?

RACHEL/CARA

Don't you dare/Pete, come on.

PETE

I just want to bury my Dad in peace.

JULIE

I thought there wasn't going to be a burial?

PETE

Shut up, Julie.

*Roof continues to rumble from the squirrels.*

CARA

There hasn't been any peace since you've been here, Pete--

PETE

You're just as much of a mess as I am-

CARA

I didn't invite a hot stranger to our dad's wake-

PETE

I THOUGHT IT'D BE FUN-

CARA

God, Pete grow up!

You grow up!

PETE

I've been the grown up. Where have you been?

CARA

*Roof rumbles from the squirrels.*

AH!

CARA

*Cara exits.*

I think we all owe Julie an apology.

RACHEL

Rachel-

PETE

Oh no, it's fine. I'm ok!

JULIE

OH WOW! She's ok – Nothing bothers Julie!

PETE

*Cara enters, carrying her father's gun, directing it up at the roof.*

SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP!!!!

CARA

Jesus.

PETE

Whoa.

JAY

Oh my god, oh my god.

JULIE

Cara, put the gun down.

PETE



CARA

NO. You don't understand. I can't stand this. I can't stand it anymore. FUCKERS FUCKER  
FUCKING SQUIRRELS!

JULIE

What?

RACHEL

It's ok, she's having an anxiety attack- Do you want some xanax?

CARA

It doesn't make any sense to me. I can't- Why should these asshole squirrels get to live and dad  
had to die?

PETE

Shh, shh, honey, its ok. Just put the gun down.

CARA

You don't know. You don't know these squirrels like we do.

PETE

I know, Cara. But you have to put the gun down.

CARA

But I want to kill them. I hate them. I hate them so much. You don't know, you don't know...

*He goes and hugs her. They end up on the ground.*

PETE

I know I don't know, but they're just squirrels and you're just Cara and I'm just Pete.

*He takes the gun out of her hand.*

PETE

And you're right—I don't know what you and dad went through—with the squirrels. But  
everyday I was away, I wanted to be here. I'm so sorry I wasn't here for him- or you.

CARA

I just needed...someone, Pete.

PETE

I know.

CARA

It's been really hard.

PETE

It's been hard for me too.

*Pause. She pulls herself together.*

CARA

But you're here now. And we've got 40 drunken Irishmen and women out in the living room to attend to.

*Pete picks the gun up.*

PETE

Should we take this?

CARA

No, but let's get that whiskey back out there. Fuck it. Let's get this wake started!

*They stand up. Rachel, Julie, and Jay are still there.*

PETE

Oh. Hi.

RACHEL

I can recommend some therapists if you guys need someone to talk to.

JULIE

Rachel, maybe now's not the time.

RACHEL

Right. Well...we should go. I'm sorry for your loss.

PETE

Good luck, Rachel.

RACHEL

Thanks, Pete.

JULIE

Have a good rest of the night.

*Rachel and Julie exit.*

JAY

Cara—

CARA

It's ok, you can go.

JAY

I-

CARA

No, I get it the whole breakdown and the gun thing... really it's fine.

JAY

Stop. Cara, I'm a doctor—I see people have breakdowns all the time and the gun thing- that was actually kinda sexy.

CARA

Oh.

JAY

But I am going leave, not because I don't want to see you again, but because- well, it's your dad's wake and I don't think its appropriate for a Tinder Date to be here.

CARA

I agree.

JAY

But give me a call and we can go on an actual date.

CARA

Ok. Oh, I don't have your phone number.

PETE

It's on your tinder.

CARA

Thanks, Pete. Sounds good.

*They hug.*

JAY

Nice to finally meet you. I'm so sorry for your loss.

*He leaves.*

*Cara and Pete are left alone.*

PETE

You certainly know how to clear a room.

CARA

Yeah, sorry about the gun. That was bold. I guess I really hate those squirrels. Alright, you get the whiskey, I'll get the... Dad.

*Pete exits to the garage.*

*Cara picks up the urn.*

CARA

Love you, Dad.

*Cara walks into the wake.*

SCENE XIII. WHICH WAY TO THE VOMITORIUM?

*The next morning.*

*Cara enters the room, wearing headphones, post work-out, very hungover.*

*She listens to music and drinks water, doing some stretches.*

*Pete enters, in sloppy PJ's and watches her for a moment.*

PETE

Feeling any better?

*She doesn't hear him.*

PETE

Hey!

*No reply. He claps his hands to get her attention. She takes her headphones out.*

CARA

Oh. Morning.

PETE

Don't tell me you're one of those people who runs off a hangover...

CARA

Well, I was hoping I could be, ya know, turn over a new leaf the morning of my dad's funeral, but I got halfway down the driveway and vomited, so – I guess some things never change. *(Pause)*. Speaking of which, we should change, we have to be at the Church early to greet people.

PETE

Oh, I'm ready.

CARA

Of course you are. *(Pause)*.

*Pete starts to exit.*

CARA

I called Mom, last night. I got her number off your phone, while you were doing car bombs with Uncle Joe.

*Pete touches his head.*

PETE

Mm, that's why that hurts.

CARA

She said she wasn't coming today... because you told her not to.

PETE

Well, after you showed us that you knew how to carry a gun, I thought we should keep Mom away from here. Or we'd have a double funeral.

CARA

Thank you. I'm glad you're here. Pete, I don't know what to do now. Without dad.

PETE

Well, I was thinking that instead of moving to the city next month, maybe I could move back here for a bit? We could get things settled with the house. Or you could just marry the hot doctor.

CARA

We had a routine, ya know.

PETE

Routines have to start somewhere. Oh!

*Pete goes to the kitchen, comes back.  
Hiding something behind his back.*

PETE

I got these for us, while you were on your run, or walk, or trip to the vomitorium.

*He reveals two Blizzards.*

CARA

I love you.

PETE

Love you, too.

*They eat them.*

CARA

Also, you have a grindr date at 10pm.

*Uh oh.*

CARA

Kidding.... Or am I.

*Pete retaliates by trying her blizzard. They bicker and fight over the blizzards.*

*Blackout.*

*END OF PLAY*