

*Stuff*

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A full-length play  
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## SUMMARY

*Stuff* is a queer love story. Casey and Tyler, a hoarder and kleptomaniac, have fallen out of love and call intervention specialists for each other on the same day. When their therapists, Addison and Eden, arrive, the tenuous relationship is put under the microscope, as secrets unfold. From farcical mix-ups to the darker past of a grieving couple, the night explores the highs and lows of the rules we make the and "stuff" we hold onto.

## CAST

**Casey (she/her) - 32** - a bookworm and hoarder with a biting wit

**Tyler (she/her) - 30** - an unapologetic kleptomaniac and hopeless romantic

**Addison (she/her) - late 30s/40s** - a budding narcissist and professional therapist for Casey

**Eden (she/her) - late 20s** - a granola idealist and newly professional therapist for Tyler

## PRODUCTION NOTES & RECOMMENDATIONS

### **Casting/Characters:**

Addison should be played by a white actor. The rest of the characters could be cast as any ethnicity, but preferably Casey and/or Tyler are non-white.

The pacing of Casey's dialogue should be considered closely. She has an unusual rhythm compared to the other three, often over enunciating without contractions or being unnecessarily theatrical. She is unafraid to take up space with her words. She loves to taunt and condescend.

### **Setting:**

Phoenix, AZ - the time of this piece is up to the production's discretion.

The stage design of the townhouse can lean into the farcical elements of the play with a typical upstairs/downstairs, but other interpretations are also encouraged.

**/ in dialogue indicates where the subsequent line begins to overlap**

**\*Any pop culture references may be tweaked to reflect the production's choice of era/time**

## ACT I

### SCENE ONE

*A townhouse in Phoenix, AZ - Pick a time and imagine the most gaudy, but curated, décor.*

*The residence consists of two primary spaces. The first is a living room with a closet and a stunning bar cabinet. It's organized but lived in. The pieces from an unfinished game sit waiting. The second is a bedroom in chaotic disarray, piles high to the ceiling. It's messy and concerning to the eye.*

*CASEY, 32, a fashionable bookworm, dressed in black, rushes into the room carrying overflowing bags and mail in hand.*

*Casey hurriedly stuffs the mail away and unloads her bags. She removes mundane items such as photo frames or leftover tupperware.*

TYLER (O.S.)

Damnit, Casey! Open the door!

*Casey scrambles to cram stacks of CDs from her bags into the closet. The closet overflows as Casey struggles to keep everything contained.*

CASEY

*(shouting to off stage)*

I know, I know! I have two working ears, Tyler. I'll be there in a minute.

TYLER (O.S.)

Casey. The door! This shit is heavy.

*Casey finishes sealing away her CDs.*

CASEY

Just let me put my things away.

*Casey uncovers a large funeral wreath concealed in her bags.*

*At the sound of distant footsteps, Casey struggles to find a place to hide the wreath.*

*TYLER, 30, confident yet unassuming, also dressed in black, tries every method to drag, lift, and push an enormous rolled up rug into the house. It's the kind of rug you find in school with enough rainbow seating squares for a class of 30+.*

TYLER

It always takes you forever to put things away...About lost my foot trying to get my keys out...You locked the door.

*Casey poorly hides the wreath. Tyler does not see the wreath yet.*

CASEY

You always say to lock the door behind you.

TYLER

When I'm coming right behind you?

*Casey helps Tyler roll out the rug.*

*They stand back to take in the sight.*

CASEY

Hmph. It's too big.

TYLER

*(exasperated)*

Casey!

CASEY

Look, it's fucking hideous. Roll it back up.

TYLER

You said it would "spruce up the place."

CASEY

In theory.

*Tyler begins to roll up the rug, defeated.*

TYLER

I could have been caught.

CASEY

That megachurch wasn't hurting for cash. Surely they can buy another Sunday School rug for the tots.

*The rug is rolled and propped up, erect. Tyler pouts until she notices the wreath. She picks up the wreath and shows it to Casey.*

TYLER

We don't need this. There's rules.

CASEY

But it smells nice.

TYLER

It's plastic.

*As the conversation unfolds, Tyler undresses different layers, each time revealing a new object hidden away. Ex: a book from her pants, rosary from a pocket, keychains inside boots, etc.*

CASEY

My God, Tyler.

TYLER

It's the third funeral this month. I can't help myself.

CASEY

Have some self control or at least some respect.

TYLER

I didn't take a man's funeral wreath!

CASEY

Whatever. I saw the way you talked to Hank's sister.

TYLER

I asked to help clean up.

CASEY

You were eager.

*Tyler shows off an item.*

Too gaudy.

TYLER

How was I eager?

*Tyler shows another item.*

CASEY

*(pointing at the item)*

It's cracked.

*(responding to Tyler)*

And it's the way you talked to them. You shouldn't be so eager at funerals. People will think-

TYLER

Casey, we helped arrange the damn service. They know what kind of people-

CASEY

Forget it, Tyler. I was offering advice. If you do not want my advice-

TYLER

Not what I said. Doesn't matter anyways. Hank's sister is an asshole.

CASEY

Touché....Bitch or not-

*Tyler offers a nice bracelet.*

I already have bracelets like these. You don't even know what I collect these days.

TYLER

Shit. Maybe I'd know if I could see the bedroom floor.

CASEY

I told you I would organize it soon. Besides, we are late because you took a wrong turn.

TYLER

You said turn left.

CASEY

Your other left.

TYLER

Casey, be happy we're home late. You hate our Thursday routine.

CASEY

I don't hate it. You just make Thursdays insufferable.

TYLER

Ugh.

CASEY

Then leave! Really, Tyler, it's the principal of it all. We're already behind schedule.

TYLER

I made the schedule.

CASEY

All the more reason to be on time.

*Tyler wiggles a candelabra out from her pants.*

CASEY

Jesus Christ! Did you bring home the entire church?

TYLER

I was nervous!

CASEY

What about the flowers?

TYLER

I forgot.

CASEY

Well you've *forgotten* the last two funerals.

*The two prepare to resume a fictional game that resembles a hybrid of hop scotch, a human board game, and ninja. It's nonsensical using objects from their home.*

*Tyler retrieves a sizeable curved statue. She places it in front of the two of them.*

*To them, it's a shrine and trophy. Meanwhile,  
Casey opens a scorebook with a pen in hand.*

CASEY

Statistics show you don't have a chance at winning. Are you sure you want to play?

TYLER

That trophy's going on my side of the bed tonight.

CASEY

In your dreams. Previous winner chooses board shape - so me. Hmmm, I'm feeling generous. You pick. Do something freeform.

*Tyler begins placing items around the room.  
Casey nit picks her choices.*

CASEY

No, not there...  
I won't be able to make that jump with  
my bad knee...  
Farther...  
Closer!

TYLER

We always put it there...  
Last month you jumped twice as far...  
No that's too far...  
Let me handle it!

TYLER

This work?

CASEY

You go first.

*The dialogue and physicality for this can be  
adjusted for actors. Ultimately, this game is  
slapstick that involves hopping with objects to  
other objects in some formation. In theory,  
collecting or losing objects allows them to score  
or have special powers.*

*The game play might go something like this:*

*Tyler picks an object within arms reach and  
Casey picks a number:*

CASEY

Three.

*Tyler hops three times on one leg, trying to stay within the shape of the objects on the floor. When her hops finish, she strategically takes a new item in reach.*

TYLER

Go.

*Casey follows selecting a different item.*

Two.

*Casey jumps two times in a star formation.*

CASEY

One, two - even-sies!

*Casey switches to one leg and slaps Tyler.*

TYLER

Damnit.

*Tyler gives the object to Casey. Tyler chooses another item and plays her turn.*

*They alternate gameplay and continue their conversation simultaneously.*

CASEY

I need the truck tomorrow to clear out Daniela's apartment.

TYLER

Thought her parents were coming to town.

CASEY

*(about the game)*

I was going to do that.

*(unrelated)*

They were, but her mother didn't want to get "sick."

TYLER

Tell her to jump off a bridge. Eight - your turn. What about the landlord then?

CASEY

He says it's a liability thing.

TYLER

Did you even ask?

*Casey stops.*

CASEY

I won't play games if you keep acting like this.

TYLER

You always say that. Play.

*Casey refuses.*

Fine. I'll go.

*Tyler hops, but the object in her hand slips and it breaks.*

CASEY

Fuck! You are such a klutz!

TYLER

My grip was fine! You never clean anymore. Dust made me slip.

*Tyler retrieves the scorebook.*

And anyhow, I win.

CASEY

*(ripping the scorebook from Tyler)*

You don't win by breaking my priceless collectors items.

*Casey picks up the statue. Tyler takes it from her hands.*

You cannot simply take things from people!

TYLER

Ha!

CASEY

*(furiously picking up the game)*

We're done.

TYLER

Then, it's *lasagna* time.

CASEY

It's burnt.

TYLER

I haven't made it yet.

CASEY

You know my problem with lasagna. You always make a layer that's underdone or-

TYLER

Over-cooked, tepid, lukewarm, dull.

CASEY

Throw a thesaurus at me while you're at it...Christ. Make me a drink.

TYLER

You don't like how I make your drink.

CASEY

I don't...So, make it.

TYLER

Every-

CASEY

Make the drink if you want me to play along.

*Tyler begrudgingly walks to the bar cabinet and makes a cocktail.*

CASEY

*(patronizing)*

Quick or the lasagna will get cold!

TYLER

*(handing Casey the drink)*

Well?

CASEY

Well, we're not at The Plaza hotel exactly. You should use the good ice.

*Tyler moves to the closet.*

TYLER

You broke that ice tray.

CASEY

I can't help it if water won't bend to my will.

TYLER

Maybe there's an extra in here.

CASEY

*(realizing Tyler has headed to the closet)*

Don't open that!

*It's too late. Tyler opens the door and stacks of junk overflow. She wades through the filth.*

TYLER

Casey! I said this stays in private, in the bedroom...

CASEY

I need more space.

TYLER

Fucking biohazard.

CASEY

I work twelve hour shifts at the hospital. I know what a biohazard is.

TYLER

You're not a doctor.

CASEY

I never claimed to be a doctor. You always assume things.

TYLER

*(For the millionth time)*

You're a clinical assistant. An overdressed copy machine.

*(She picks up a CD case)*

Junk! It's all junk. Get me a trash bag.

CASEY

Don't think of throwing that away.

TYLER

There's hundreds. Where did you get these?

CASEY

Mrs. Walter's cat...kicked the bucket.

TYLER

Really?

CASEY

Her cat loved to...scratch CDs...So the CDs remind Mrs. Walters-

TYLER

Of her cat?

CASEY

Bingo.

TYLER

Bullshit.

CASEY

Says who? Look who's talking. Where did our Tiffany lamp come from? Appeared a month ago and they cost a pretty penny. Perhaps it was...oh I don't know...stol-

TYLER

Lay off. You love what I bring home, *Hoarder*.

CASEY

We agreed you wouldn't use that word, *Klepto*.

TYLER

Oh, then should I get rid of all this?

*Tyler furiously stuffs items into a bag to be thrown away. Casey suddenly softens.*

CASEY

You're being rash, Tyler.

TYLER

*(passive aggressive)*

No. Fine. I'm not upset.

CASEY

Babe, I didn't mean to make you upset.

TYLER

*(passive aggressive)*

No, really. You're a collector with taste.

CASEY

*(increasingly desperate)*

Please, baby. Tyler. I promise I'm not that picky.

TYLER

You don't want any of this.

CASEY

*(desperate seduction)*

That's not what I said baby. Remember when you brought home the bar cabinet?

*Tyler looks over to the bar cabinet as Casey fawns over her.*

TYLER

You hate it.

*Tyler pushes Casey away.*

CASEY

No, we love that thing. It was so hot. *You* were so hot.

*Tyler caves at these words. She pulls Casey closer to her.*

TYLER

Really? What do you want more of? Babe, tell me and I'll do it.

*The doorbell. Knocking.  
The two laugh. It's disturbing.*

CASEY

Thank God!

TYLER

Were we actually going to have sex this week?

*Casey and Tyler eagerly head to the door.*

*Before they open the door, they pause, confused why the other would eagerly expect anything or anyone.*

SCENE TWO

*ADDISON, late 30s, enters. She presents fairly by-the-book, but her jaded pessimism seeps through.*

*EDEN, late 20s, enters. Her granola vibes make us predict she might suggest a crystal recharge.*

*Everyone is suddenly confused. Their conversation ping-pongs back and forth.*

TYLER

You must be...Addison?

*(Tyler shakes hands with Addison.)*

We spoke on the phone. I didn't realize you had a partner for these things.

ADDISON

No. I don't typically come with someone else.

EDEN

I'm not sure who she is.

ADDISON

Can we at least pretend to be professionals?

TYLER

You're not professionals?

ADDISON

No, I am-

CASEY

And she's not?

EDEN

I think we both are.

TYLER

You think?

ADDISON

This-this isn't typical. I asked to meet in a neutral location, but I'm here on a favor.

EDEN

Well, my professional opinion is that successful interventions happen in a familiar place.

CASEY

*(pointing wildly)*

So *she's* not supposed to be here. But *she* is.

TYLER

No, you're mixing them up.

EDEN

Okay. I'm Eden. Casey called me.

CASEY

Yes, I did. So then why is...*(gesturing to Addison)*

ADDISON

Addison.

CASEY

So why is Addison here?

ADDISON

*She* contacted me.

EDEN

Who did?

ADDISON

Tyer.

CASEY

Wait, why?

TYLER

We should sit down.

EDEN

I agree. I know that it's challenging -

ADDISON

Tyler called because she's worried about you. I don't usually work like this, but I want you to know that it's a safe space.

CASEY

No, I called Eden for Tyler. I'm confused why you're here.

EDEN

Oh gosh. Put it together already. You both called intervention specialists for each other.

*(realizes how blunt she was)*

I'm sorry. That was unprofessional. Do you have any whisky?

TYLER

No!

CASEY

Yes.

ADDISON

What kind of therapist drinks on the job?

CASEY

A fun one.

ADDISON

Forget the whiskey. It's also unprofessional.

TYLER

*(nudging Casey)*

Okay, then. I think we have a snack or something we can offer instead?

CASEY

Ah yes, nothing says an intervention like corn syrup.

EDEN

Oh, no thank you. This morning I had a goat whisper her feelings into a green juice.

CASEY

And her feelings were...

EDEN  
Absolutely tasty, a little tangy.

TYLER  
She's crazy!

CASEY  
I'm sure she's pranking you.

EDEN  
Now Casey, did you write a letter to read to Tyler?

CASEY  
No...I forgot.

TYLER  
Unbelievable.

CASEY  
Well did you write a letter for me?

TYLER  
Well...No.

CASEY  
Wow.

ADDISON  
It's okay. We can begin without letters.

CASEY  
Sweet pleasantries are over.  
*(to Tyler)*  
I'm concerned you're in a bit of denial.

EDEN  
How about we all take a deep breath and calm down for-

TYLER  
Calm down?!

ADDISON

*(to Eden)*

Don't tell patients to calm down.

TYLER

Calm? She hired you to hold a damn intervention for me.

*(to Casey, accusing)*

This is because I spoiled Home Alone 2.

CASEY

You're an out of control, Klepto!

TYLER

Hoarder!

EDEN

How about something lighter, like I love what you've done with the place.

*(lifting the curved statue)*

For instance, this sculpture is very abstract-

ADDISON

It's not abstract. It's clearly-

EDEN

There's such an excellent aura.

TYLER

*(to Casey)*

Bullshit. I'm calling bullshit. At least I called a professional for you.

CASEY

At least my compulsions aren't illegal.

EDEN

Ooh! Red auras! *Very* red auras!

TYLER

Since when have either of us cared about if what I do is legal? I'm not ashamed.

CASEY

Delusional!

ADDISON

We're here to help.

TYLER

I'm sorry, both of you. My roommate-

CASEY

Roommate? Tyler the closet is glass.

EDEN

It's the hearts not the parts for me personally.

ADDISON

Dear Lord.

TYLER

Casey is erratic. /Her hoarding -

CASEY

Excuse me-

TYLER

Her hoarding is insane. It's unsanitary!

ADDISON

Is it because of your close friend Reggie? Or the other two recent deaths?

*Casey pauses, caught off guard.*

CASEY

What did you say? Tyler, what the fuck did you tell this woman?

TYLER

I told Addison what she needed to know.

ADDISON

I'm sorry for your loss. Reggie was a great guy...or so I've heard.

CASEY

You have no right.

EDEN

*(piling on)*

I'm so sorry. I know hospitals really surround you with death.

CASEY

Christ, go help the Klepto, Eden! You're impossible, Tyler!

TYLER

What? What are you so afraid of?

CASEY

I'm not afraid. Do not taunt me.

TYLER

Doesn't matter. Show Addison the bedroom. Show her what you've done.

CASEY

What we have done. You built this mess with me.

*Casey exits. Addison follows behind.*

### SCENE THREE

*Our focus stays with Tyler and Eden in the living room. Attention will shift back and forth between the living room and bedroom.*

TYLER

Don't have time for this shit.

EDEN

You're upset.

TYLER

I don't know what she's told you, but she exaggerates every detail.

EDEN

What do you think Casey exaggerates?

TYLER

Everything? Anything? Go help her. She could use two shrinks.

EDEN

I prefer the term, specialized interventionalist.

TYLER

Essential oils won't cure me.

EDEN

Of your kleptomania?

TYLER

Of Casey.

EDEN

Oh. You know, I have this ritual, but we'll need to test your pressure points.

*Eden tries to squeeze Tyler's shoulder. Tyler yelps.*

TYLER

Ah! No!

EDEN

I'm sorry. It's supposed to be a tender embrace.

TYLER

Eden, believe me, if there was something to fix this clusterfuck, I'd steal it in a heartbeat.

EDEN

You'd *steal* it?

TYLER

Whatever! I don't give two shits about my kleptomania.

EDEN

*(surprised)*

You don't see it as an issue.

TYLER

No.

EDEN

Doesn't it affect your job?

TYLER

Are you asking if we're poor? So we're clear, I pay the mortgage, I bought the truck, and I buy the lasagna.

EDEN

So Casey is a financial strain for you? That's why you steal. You're concerned about finances.

TYLER

No, no, no. You don't get it. Stealing has nothing to do with that. I'm talking about paying for Casey's shit.

EDEN

How much does she spend?

TYLER

I don't know. She never has the receipts...  
Ugh...So many questions...What do I want? How do I feel?  
Do you think I like stealing?

EDEN

Do you?

TYLER

I do it. So I must like it.

EDEN

No, I mean...It's like...you know, do I enjoy shoving raw crystals inside me? No, but somethings got to cure my asthma!

*Tyler scoffs in disbelief.*

TYLER

*(leaning in)*

How raw we talkin'?

EDEN

That's not the point! I'm trying to say, we all do things we don't enjoy.

TYLER

You could lead with that.

EDEN

Casey found me because she loves you.

TYLER

She doesn't love me.

EDEN

Of course she does.

TYLER

Casey likes fixing stuff, keeping stuff. But lately, our routine's gone south and my house's full of shit.

EDEN

Then do you still love her?

TYLER

No, I could fall off a cliff stealing a vase and she'd ask if the *vase* was scratched on the way down...She hired you on a Thursday on purpose.

EDEN

What's on Thursdays?

TYLER

She ruins everything.

SHIFT TO  
BEDROOM.

CASEY

It's been happening before I met her. She would steal, I don't know, um, wallets, keys, like stealing candy from a baby.

ADDISON

It was that easy for her?

CASEY

No, no. I misspoke, it wasn't *like* she stole candy from a baby. She stole candy from an actual baby. At a mall six years ago.

ADDISON

*(Addison gestures around the room)*

Okay... Now, would you say that most of this here is yours or hers?

CASEY

*(clamming up)*

I'm not a patient. Tyler is the patient. I do not need a house call. I am not a sickly Victorian child.

ADDISON

It's talking. It won't hurt you.

CASEY

You aren't leaving?

*Addison's gesture indicates a no. Casey stretches or braces herself in some way. She suddenly lights up performatively.*

CASEY

Please, then. What do you want to hear? Be my guest. Crack away.

ADDISON

You don't seem interested in that.

CASEY

Well, *I* am telling you that I *am* interested now. Shall we begin?...What do you need from me? How do you *feel*?

ADDISON

Do you always ask yourself that?

CASEY

What?

ADDISON

'What do people need from me?'

CASEY

It's normal to think that.

ADDISON

Do you feel like you need her - Tyler?

*(Casey laughs.)*

CASEY

Do you have a boy friend?

*(no reaction from Addison)*

Girlfriend?

*(no reaction from Addison)*

Do you have someone?

ADDISON

We're focused on you right now.

CASEY

What's his name?

ADDISON

What are you saying?

CASEY

You tell me. Seems like you're a tad unqualified in personal matters.

ADDISON

*(defensive)*

I'm qualified.

CASEY

You're both broken records.

ADDISON

Then give me...something.

Can you honestly tell me you know what everything is in here?

CASEY

Of course!

ADDISON

Casey...

CASEY

I live a demanding life. I don't have time to clean.

ADDISON

Because of all the funerals?

*Casey is quiet.*

There's a difference between a mess and having more belongings than your room can handle.

CASEY

I'm sentimental. I know what people think of my collection. I know what you think.

ADDISON

What do I think then? I think, when is the last time you went through all these books?

CASEY

First I need to be a housekeeper and now I need to be a librarian! Addison, I am well read and it's because of the very room we're standing in. Tyler says the same things. My God, she's becoming like all of you.

ADDISON

Who?

CASEY

People.

ADDISON

Don't you miss going to bed without leaping over books or kicking cans?

CASEY

*(laughing eerily)*

It is an art. Great at getting into bed and great in bed.

*(Addison is unamused.)*

Loosen up! You've braved the bedroom this long.

*Casey remembers something and begins looking around the room. She can't find what she's looking for.*

ADDISON

You're losing focus. Your partner called me here -

CASEY

Tyler paid you because she's pent up. She's a klepto desperate to channel her angst.  
*(Casey continues to rummage through piles.)*

I can't find it.

ADDISON

Maybe there's a reason for that.

CASEY

I misplace one thing and suddenly everyone is on my case.  
*Casey opens a drawer and quickly shuts it, slamming her finger.*

CASEY

Fuck!

*Addison opens the drawer.*

CASEY

Addison, no.

*Addison looks inside the drawer.*

*The audience never sees the inside the drawers.  
 They don't need to.*

ADDISON

Are these used? And these jars...You can't live like this. It could make Tyler and you seriously sick. Don't you see that?

CASEY

Therapists exaggerate to keep government healthcare in business.

ADDISON

That's not true. How often do you get out of the house?

CASEY

Enough.

ADDISON

From what it looks like, you're trapped in here. Reggie wouldn't want that for you. Daniela, Hank, all of them-

CASEY

You did your research.

ADDISON

Tyler mentioned it.

CASEY

She seems to be telling you a lot of things.

ADDISON

Please tell me if it's too /much.

CASEY

It is too much. She finds this complete stranger and tells her our life story.

ADDISON

That's what you did.

CASEY

It's different. I am not the one with the problem. I could stop anytime I wanted to.

*(beat)*

My God, I hope Tyler didn't put an advertisement in the damn newspaper.

ADDISON

She didn't.

CASEY

Tell me more.

ADDISON

We met at a conference.

CASEY

Taos, New Mexico. She went for work. I didn't go....Well, fuck me, I suppose. Addison, did you /really-

ADDISON

No! You're jumping to conclusions. You think I would /do something like that.

CASEY

I don't know what to think of you yet...It's fine. You're not her type.

ADDISON

And what would that be?

CASEY

Gay.

ADDISON

What makes you think I'm not?

CASEY

Please.

ADDISON

Fine, but making guesses about my life won't make me leave. It's understandable you'd be angry. This *thing* doesn't pick and choose who to kill.

CASEY

But humans choose what kind of people to save.

SHIFT TO LIVING  
ROOM.

*Tyler is now lying on the ground. She's restless  
as Eden walks around.*

TYLER

Damnit. It's not working.

EDEN

You're not trying.

TYLER

Shouldn't you burn some sage or draw a pentagram?

EDEN

Keep your eyes closed!

TYLER

They are!...You do this with all your patients?

EDEN

*(sarcastic)*

No, only you.

TYLER

All I'm saying is that these floors ain't great for this shit.

EDEN

Focus. You know, deep breath and regain focus.

*Eden breaths seriously, Tyler's is half hearted or a mocking fart noise.*

You're not gonna get anything out of this if you don't try.

TYLER

Didn't ask you to be here. I told you. I have no shame.

EDEN

Then, what's the best thing you've stolen?

*Tyler sits up.*

TYLER

Maybe your heart? Enough to get you to leave?

*Tyler laughs, receives no praise.*

Casey would've loved that. Gotta keep up with her... "perfectly snide."

*(beat)*

I don't have a favorite...don't feel much towards what I take.

EDEN

That can't be true.

TYLER

Have you ever stolen anything?

EDEN

Never.

TYLER

Then I think I'm done with this.

*Tyler rises and retrieves a pack of cigarettes.*

Don't tell Casey. She thinks I quit.

EDEN

You shouldn't.

TYLER

I'm not taking advice from some law abiding citizen. Come on, you've never done anything crazy?

*Tyler opens the cigarette box and offers one to Eden. She declines.*

EDEN

Nicotine is deadly.

TYLER

It's lavender and chamomile.

EDEN

*(excited)*

Ooh!

*Tyler hands Eden the cigarette and lights it. She inhales and coughs.*

*(coughing)*

That is not-

TYLER

No, it's not.

EDEN

Mean trick to play.

TYLER

Don't be an idiot then.

EDEN

I-

TYLER

Eden, you're annoying. But don't sell yourself short.

*Tyler rummages for a hideous bedazzled ash tray from the bar cabinet. She shows off the tray.*

Awfully flashy...Casey says "the look will be timeless, you wait and see!"...She reminds me of Queen Mary.

EDEN

What?

TYLER

People think Queen Mary was a kleptomaniac, like me, fun fact. But really she's more of a Casey, a collector at heart. She'd say I'm wrong. Tell you how the Queen's a klepto for sure, but it's a myth. It's a whole thing between us. You know the story? I'll tell you.

*Tyler put outs the cigarette.*

So, the Queen hated paying for jewels, art, all that shit, but couldn't take her eyes off them. Who can blame her I guess...All powerful but it's gotta be empty, sitting in that throne all high and mighty.

*(beat)*

Anyways, when she visited places people would lock up their jewels, art, anything they thought Queen Mary would like. If they didn't...well, when she found something she loved, she'd make a lot of comments about it - sort of a "would love to have this" wink wink. She'd expect to get it as a gift the next time around. Then, she'd take all the shit and have her chauffeur add it to the royal collection. Rumor says the Queen stole a few items here and there, making her a klepto. I say that fact she keeps all the shit says she's a hoarder...So, theories? What's your best diagnosis, Doc?

EDEN

I'd need more information to be sure.

TYLER

I'll tell Casey that the Queen was a hoarder.

EDEN

But did the Queen like to steal?

TYLER

See, knew you'd be interested. How should I know? Never met the woman. Stealing does feel good though.

EDEN

What do you mean by "feels good"? Lots of things make me feel good like crying on a public toilet or museums that let you touch the exhibits.

TYLER

Um...Like takes pressure off. Relieves tension.

EDEN

Between you and Casey?

TYLER

Between me and life.

*(nonchalantly)*

Like, um, we went to this funeral home.

EDEN

Oh, I'm sorry. For who?

TYLER

*(evading the question, nostalgic)*

There was this huge wardrobe. Ugly as hell, but I felt that creeping urge. Casey saw me looking at it.

EDEN

Did you need a wardrobe?

TYLER

No. Maybe its ugliness possessed me. Neon accents, eyes on the handles. Scary piece of shit. I asked a worker 'bout it and she said that Madonna's cousin's ex-boy friend's accountant's dog walker owned it. It was one of those times where I see a person's stuff and somehow...it already feels like mine.

*Casey yelps loudly.*

Shit.

#### SCENE FOUR

*Addison, Eden, Casey, and Tyler stand inside the cramped bedroom.*

*Casey clutches a humungous, bulky bag to her chest. Addison and Eden attempt to take it from her hands.*

TYLER

Casey, give them the bag. You can't live like this.

ADDISON

You have to say goodbye.

EDEN

They need to fly...or swim...to greater pastures.

ADDISON

You're mixing metaphors.

EDEN

They've got to go to a pond upstate?

ADDISON

/No!

TYLER

Damnit.

CASEY

I knew it. They'll be in a fucking landfill! You're not throwing them away!

ADDISON

They're molded.

TYLER

Casey. I keep telling you it's not safe.

ADDISON

Eden was trying to say-

*Casey suddenly uses the bag as a shield to charge against Addison and Eden.*

CASEY

They belong /with me!

ADDISON

Casey, stop it!

EDEN

Remember to use your mindfulness techniques!

*Casey pushes Addison and Eden towards the exit of the room.*

*Tyler manages to rip Casey away. Tyler helps Addison take the bag on her way out. Tyler prevents Casey from chasing after Addison. Eden and Addison successfully escape with the bag.*

*The following exchanges between the two pairs happen separately and simultaneously. The main focus is on Eden and Addison. We might not even hear Casey and Tyler's dialogue.*

*The door slams in Addison's face and she loses balance. Eden tries to stop her from falling. Addison trips and lets the bag go.*

Fuck!  
ADDISON

EDEN  
I've got it!  
*SPLASH!*

*The bag spills open with the biggest flock of rubber ducks you've ever seen.*

*To the side, we see Casey hiding a rubber duck from Tyler.*

Give it to me!  
TYLER

No!  
CASEY

*Tyler chases her around the bedroom. Tyler wrestles a rubber duck from Casey's hand. The two sit apart, unable to speak to one another.*

#### SCENE FIVE

*Some time later.*

*Eden continues to gather the remaining fallen ducks. Addison observes the room.*

EDEN  
Five hundred and twenty one, five hundred and twenty-

ADDISON

They're going to a pond upstate? That's what you could think of?

EDEN

You made me loose count!

*(remorseful)*

And bodies of water are incredibly energizing.

ADDISON

We're going to be here forever at this rate.

*Eden picks up a duck.*

EDEN

*(duck voice)*

Don't say that. Silly duck.

ADDISON

Goose. Silly goose...

I doubt you're attracting any clients with that.

EDEN

Maybe feathered ones.

ADDISON

For *ducks* sake! I mean fucks sake! Drop the duck jokes.

*While Eden returns to counting rubber ducks, Addison wanders to the curved sculpture and picks it up. She almost puts it in her bag until-*

EDEN

Oh, such a neat sculpture, right? I've never seen something quite like it.

*Addison puts it back.*

ADDISON

It's a bookend.

EDEN

But there's only one.

ADDISON

*(stand off-ish)*

It's a bookend.

*(gentler)*

Sorry, I meant that I've got the set at home.

EDEN

Oh, where from? I'd love one.

ADDISON

It's one of a kind, a limited edition kind of thing.

EDEN

Lovely.

ADDISON

*(sudden)*

Eden, are you an actual therapist?

EDEN

I don't get what-

ADDISON

All of this organic cleansing. I guess it doesn't hurt anyone, but do you actually get patients with this kind of thing?

EDEN

Well Tyler's one of my first, so we'll wait and see.

ADDISON

Tyler is one of your first?

EDEN

Have to start somewhere.

ADDISON

You're so young. Isn't this a pretty big task for a newb?

EDEN

Sometimes opportunities open their gates, and you have to-

ADDISON

You don't need a metaphor. Just say you're sleeping with one of them.

EDEN

Excuse me?

ADDISON

I'm not judging. All therapists do it.

EDEN

Sleep with their clients?

ADDISON

It's a phase when you're younger. You'll see.

EDEN

No! I did not sleep with anyone! Casey found me at the hospital during my last supervised rounds.

ADDISON

So you're co-workers. A lawsuit in the making.

EDEN

Not technically! She's a surgeon. Casey's not near anything I do.

ADDISON

And you're doing this for free?

EDEN

I'm not that selfless. Casey said she's connected to a lot of fancy medical academic folks. She felt Tyler's kleptomania was really sensitive with the legality of all of it, you know. Under the radar was the best for both of them.

ADDISON

So leverage and cash.

EDEN

That's a harsh way to put it-

ADDISON

But-

EDEN

That's not the only-

ADDISON

You want to do amazing things for Tyler, right?

EDEN

Of course.

ADDISON

Then let me take you under my wing.

EDEN

Why?

ADDISON

*(dodging the question)*

What's your current treatment plan?

EDEN

I don't know if-

ADDISON

It's important to know if I'm treating Casey too.

EDEN

*(pulling out a list)*

Well, it's a little challenging to keep track of but I need 2 pebbles from a French well, half a cup of urine.

ADDISON

I'm not sure how well Tyler will respond to that.

EDEN

You're right. Something to keep them on their toes.

ADDISON

Write down some ideas.

*Eden starts scribbling away.*

*Addison comes back to the statue. She makes another attempt but-*

EDEN

I've got it!

ADDISON

*(startled, puts the sculpture back)*

Ah ha! Yes. I'm all ears.

EDEN

Let's switch clients. You go with Tyler and I'll spend some time with Casey. Then you can tell me if my treatment plan is any good.

ADDISON

Anything to get out of this place.

EDEN

I kind of like the space. It's very...them...the house, I mean. Casey and Tyler are...I don't know I like it. They're unusual, they're...odd-

ADDISON

If by odd, you mean severely co-dependent. It's not something to romanticize.

SCENE SIX

*Eden and Casey argue in the bedroom.*

CASEY

I didn't hire you to be a shrink for *me*.

EDEN

Trust the process.

CASEY

How should I know your process? You're a hippy.

EDEN

Hey, language. I am spiritual.

CASEY

You're a hippy.

EDEN

Hippies take hallucinogens.

CASEY

And you don't?

EDEN

Only on the weekends.

CASEY

You are quite the comedian, Eden.

EDEN

Why does everyone think I'm so funny? You know it's not like I don't believe in science.

CASEY

But you believe in slugs that whisper poems to bees.

*Eden pouts and rolls her eyes.*

*(sighs)*

I wish V.W. was here...

EDEN

Is that another friend of yours that passed? Did they die of...?

CASEY

V.W. - Virginia Wolf. She's our cat. Are you joking about my beloved cat?

EDEN

I didn't know they were a cat!

CASEY

Awfully rude joke, Eden. Tsk tsk. You know, sometimes it feels like she's still with us. I look under that pile in the corner hoping to see her there sometimes.

EDEN

I don't think I followed.

CASEY

Our cat isn't dead...

*(gesture to the room)*

She's missing.

EDEN

*(panic)*

In here?

CASEY

*(nonchalant)*

Yes, in this room. Sometimes the trickle of a faint *meow* creeps in at night.

EDEN

This is animal neglect.

CASEY

*(casual)*

I put out food...sometimes.

EDEN

Casey!

CASEY

*(overly dramatic)*

This room's energy will protect her. I know it.

*Eden realizes that Casey is being mean and pushes her, a little too hard by accident. Casey falls into a pile of items.*

Watch it!

EDEN

I'm sorry! You know, you really were being an asshole!

CASEY

Ha. I'm beginning to like you more.

EDEN

Come on, do one exercise with me.

CASEY

I retract my statements.

EDEN

It's very simple. Hold the item of your choosing, speak to it, and let it speak back.

CASEY

That's /impossible. You know I don't believe in that.

EDEN

I wasn't finished. You do the voice for the object.

*Eden begins picking up Casey's belongings and puppeting weird voices for them. Casey is increasingly angered.*

CASEY

Put that down! If there was an earthquake-

EDEN

*(monster voice)*

Hi, Casey. Why do you feel so attached to me?

CASEY

This is ridiculous.

EDEN

Come on, it's easy.

*Eden moves onto another object.*

CASEY

You're going to get fingerprints on that!

EDEN

*(high pitched voice)*

Oh, boy. I sure wish my pal Casey took care of me.

CASEY

You don't understand.

*Eden grabs a random piece of clothing.*

EDEN

*(puppeteering in a cartoon voice, really hamming it up)*

I'm not even the right size or style. Where did I come from? You've forsaken me. Nooo! Nooo! God! Why have you forsaken me!

CASEY

Stop it.

EDEN

*(cartoon voice)*

It's okay, Casey. This is a safe space. Did Eden mention that-

CASEY

*(shouts, ripping the clothing from Eden's hand)*

They don't sound like that!

EDEN

I'm sorry. I-

CASEY

Shut up! They don't sound like that. Luca had this deep, clear voice, even when they were sick they-

EDEN

What?

CASEY

*(she's said too much)*

Even when they were sick - um. Forget it.

EDEN

No, what do you mean. It's important. You know, if this belonged to your friend. It's perfectly normal to keep a few...

*(she looks around the room, no response from Casey)*

Casey...Is everything in this room from...

CASEY

Eden forget it. Sure, some friends-

EDEN

Your dead friends.

CASEY

Please let me /explain.

EDEN

All of this is from your friends who passed-

CASEY

Not everything, okay! A lot of it, but not everything. The stuff Tyler steals is all mixed in with it.

*Eden stumbles around the room, trying to keep her composure.*

EDEN

Okay...Um. Okay. And you feel...good?...About this?

CASEY

Eden, I can explain-

EDEN

*(words picking up pace and stumbling over each other)*

Yeah...Um. Yeah. You know, this is like that one episode of Murder She Wrote-

CASEY

Eden, breath.

*Eden begins hyperventilating. Overwhelmed at the discovery, she bolts for the door.*

*Casey yanks Eden deeper into the bedroom and covers Eden's mouth with her hand.*

CASEY

Shhh! Shhh!

EDEN

*(muffled)*

Ahh!

*Casey releases Eden.*

CASEY

Don't run, please. Please, don't.

EDEN

I-I don't know what to say. Hoarding is always emotional but I've never seen it /like this.

CASEY

I'm a collector. I am a collector, Eden! I collect things that need a home. I give it a place.

EDEN

You and Tyler give it a place. What does she think about-

CASEY

Tyler doesn't know.

*Eden sits with this information for a moment and runs towards the door.*

EDEN

She has to.

*Casey grabs her forcefully.*

CASEY

Eden! Listen to me. I will say this once and I will not repeat myself. Under no circumstances can you-

EDEN

But-

CASEY

Tyler cannot know. Her heart cannot and will not withstand that.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT IISCENE ONE

*Some hours have passed.*

*Addison and Tyler appear friendly and have imbibed a decent amount of cocktails.*

TYLER

And you're sure you're not...?

ADDISON

No. I like men.

TYLER

You seem to know so much about everything queer.

ADDISON

I have a lot of gay friends.

TYLER

If you're trying to score points with me-

ADDISON

No, really, really.

TYLER

It's a longshot, but you wouldn't happen to know our friend. She-

ADDISON

No. Probably not.

TYLER

Well it's a small web in town. I mean I hate to encourage the trope, but it sometimes does seem all lesbians know each other here.

ADDISON

Well, I'm not one.

TYLER

Okay...

*(genuine)*

Do you think Casey can be fixed?

ADDISON

What do you mean fixed?

TYLER

I don't know, it's stupid.

ADDISON

*(genuine)*

What about you? Do you think you can be 'fixed'?

TYLER

I don't need to be fixed.

ADDISON

Said the kleptomaniac.

TYLER

I hide because I don't want to end up in jail. I have no issue-

ADDISON

So, how do you do it?

TYLER

What? Steal?

ADDISON

Yeah. How do you do it? Teach me.

TYLER

You're clumsy. You don't have what it takes. And I'm a lousy teacher.

ADDISON

You stole a damn bar cabinet. You're a pro.

TYLER

I'm not teaching you to steal a bar cabinet, or a car, or-

ADDISON

Something smaller then. What kind of things have you been stealing longest?

TYLER

Books, but I don't read much these days.

ADDISON

Let's do it!

TYLER

I don't know. Last person I taught was Casey, years ago.

ADDISON

*(matter of fact, though Tyler receives it as a question)*

Casey's a thief too.

TYLER

No, it's not like that. She doesn't have it in her. It makes her too nervous.

ADDISON

Hmph.

TYLER

Okay. If I tell you, how do I know you won't go telling?

ADDISON

I have a moral compass.

*Tyler gives a blank expression and laughs.  
They cheers drinks.*

TYLER

Well, dress smart. My eyes follow the staff, people, security cameras, but half of them aren't even real. And avoid little ma and pop shops - bad form. You want a big place where staff isn't paid enough to chase you down.

*Tyler rises and retrieves a coat. She mimes her instructions.*

Here's best case scenario. You've got a bag with you, you need to turn the corner or your body and sweep the book into your coat, pocket, whatever you've got, and let it drop.

ADDISON

That's it?

TYLER

Half of it's presentation.

*(gesturing)*

Get up.

ADDISON

*(excited)*

Are you serious?

TYLER

Try it. Here, um.

*(hands her a bag and a coat)*

There. Steal something in the room.

*Addison pretends to walk around with the coat and bag. It's a miserable failure. Lines for this can be adjusted for this moment as need be for actors. The two enjoy their time together.*

TYLER

No, /not like that.

ADDISON

Am I doing it right? /More to the side?

TYLER

Up. No, you're getting it wrong.

ADDISON

Faster?

TYLER

Slower...Not that slow.

ADDISON

I hope you weren't considering teaching as a profession.

TYLER

Hey! More casual. Approach it like you're checking out the merch at the mall.

ADDISON

And you drop it? /Into the bag?

TYLER

Look around for cameras...What angle are you at?...No, too much eye contact.

ADDISON

Shouldn't I be friendly?

TYLER

Nice, not friendly. Invisible. Okay, in one swoop, get it in your bag.

*Addison tries to pretend steal but fumbles the item onto the floor. The pair laugh together.*

ADDISON

Okay, this is pointless. Pour another round.

*Tyler makes drinks with her back towards Addison. Addison uses this opportunity to run to the curved sculpture.*

TYLER

You're not a great listener for a therapist. Do you want a garnish?

*Tyler turns and catches Addison with her hands on the statue.*

ADDISON

*(caught off guard)*

Ha! Wanted to give it another go.

TYLER

*(laughs, thinks nothing of it)*

Second time was not the charm.

ADDISON

No garnish.

TYLER

You know, if you broke that, you'd have to help me superglue it back. Casey loves the hell out of that thing.

ADDISON

Why? Did she tell you that-

TYLER

I don't know. It's a recent addition to the pile. It's shiny, new...  
I should put it away before I break it.

*Tyler moves the statue. Addison is pained.  
Tyler hands Addison her drink.*

ADDISON

Okay, now that we're a couple drinks in. Really, tell me about Reggie.

TYLER

Let's not talk about death.

ADDISON

You don't have to.

TYLER

I don't-

ADDISON

He was someone before he was dead.

TYLER

His name is listed in the paper with the rest of them. You don't-

ADDISON

I want to know.

TYLER

He was a lot of things...

*(Tyler chugs her drink for  
encouragement)*

Casey met Reggie at ASU in the dorm's dining hall, freshman year.

ADDISON

Gordon Commons?

TYLER

Yeah actually. How did you know?

ADDISON

Oh...I stayed there.

TYLER

I thought you went to Texas State?

ADDISON

Um. Summer program when I was in high school.

TYLER

Well, Casey used to be more of a clean freak back then. Reggie and Casey both swore-  
*As Tyler's monologue progresses, the stage peels away to focus on Tyler and Casey sitting at a table, facing downstage. A man bikes onstage, gets off, and sits at the table facing upstage, back towards the audience. We never see his full face. Eventually, the couple's words overlap until Casey takes over the monologue.*

CASEY

The ice machine was going to give us all cancer.  
 It really will, all the plastics and dirt. No one ever cleans those. Anyways, I guess it was fate. He was my beard for that Thanksgiving. *(laughs)* We didn't make a very convincing couple. Aside from the obvious, we argued incessantly because he insisted on biking everywhere...in Arizona. Who the hell bikes in Arizona?

TYLER

That the ice machine was going to give them all cancer!

...

Who the hell bikes in Arizona?

CASEY

I went home with him for Christmas one year and I was so mad, jealous to be honest. He had two moms and they were *so* incessantly proud...But they died in a car crash a week after graduation...

*(realization)*

I guess that's when Reggie started biking...Anyways, we were quick friends and we both stayed in town after graduation.

*Casey and the man exit and we return to Tyler and Addison. Addison's tone becomes increasingly hostile towards Tyler. She's cracking.*

TYLER

By the time things caught up to Reggie, it was only us out of their friend group still left. So 'course we took care of him.

ADDISON

There had to be other people to help out.

TYLER

Not really.

ADDISON

That's hard. Both of you constantly caretakers.

TYLER

You're makin' me sound like a bored housewife.

ADDISON

But you and Casey's lives seem to revolve around taking care of people.

TYLER

That wasn't the plan. I wanted us to do shit. Go places.

ADDISON

You still have a lot of friends.

TYLER

In the ground...They're mostly Casey's anyhow.

ADDISON

Really? I'm not sure I buy that. And you seem fully capable of making friends.

TYLER

I make friends fine. But parties and stuff, I let Casey lead the charge in that department.

ADDISON

You trust her.

TYLER

Trust is a strong word.

ADDISON

*(itching to ask)*

So...Why do you care so much for Casey?

TYLER

*(defensive)*

I don't. Maybe I did. But I don't know her anymore.

ADDISON

But you do. I know I'm here to fix things, but make me understand.  
What kind of person am I trying to save?

TYLER

What?

ADDISON

You're telling me out of the goodness of her heart she's here helping people most of the world has left to die? You said it yourself. She's a selfish, arrogant, asshole.

*Tyler slaps Addison.*

ADDISON

I'm sorry.

*The two scoot further apart.*

## SCENE TWO

*Eden enters, unaware of the previous exchange..  
She's exaggerated and awkward, terrified of the  
information she's processing.*

*Addison and Tyler are still stunned and it takes  
them a second to focus.*

ADDISON

Where's Casey?

TYLER

You don't look so good.

EDEN

Fine. Totally fine. Delightful really.

TYLER

Eden what's wrong?

EDEN

I-I mean...no. She's um...

ADDISON

What?

EDEN

Nothing. She's challenging...I-I didn't quite crack the code.

ADDISON

What did you do?

EDEN

Nothing! It's nothing *I* did!

TYLER

What? She throw a hissy fit? Scream? Real mature.

EDEN

No, no, it's, ummm, uhhh-

ADDISON

Stay here with Tyler. I'll go upstairs.

EDEN

Okay.

*Addison exits.*

TYLER

So you talked with Casey for awhile...She's pretty nuts, right?

EDEN

I wouldn't-

TYLER

I won't be mad if you say so. I know she is.

EDEN

You know patient confidentiality and all that.

TYLER

Now, we're considering patient confidentiality?

EDEN

Listen I-

TYLER

I don't know about Addison. Can you cure her, Eden?

EDEN

Hoarding isn't something you really cure fully. A part of her will always...

TYLER

Then I can't do this.

EDEN

But you love her.

TYLER

Don't tell me what I feel.

EDEN

I'm sorry. You took a chance on the unconventional. So you-

TYLER

Eden! I don't love her!

EDEN

/Okay.

TYLER

She's gone. She was a collector...She-she had a reason. But now there's no rhyme or reason. Addison is right. She's horrible. Now, everything has fucking found a home here except for us.

EDEN

So that's the issue then. You think there's no reason to all of this?

TYLER

Unless you can give me one.

EDEN

I-uh...Well, everything has a reason.

TYLER

You're telling me there's a reason we have 48 figurines of Dolly Parton?

EDEN

Maybe Casey wanted to tell you but-

TYLER

Since when do you make excuses for Casey?

EDEN

What if we-

TYLER

No. She's reckless. There's rules. Things we do for each other, no matter how you feel in the moment. You don't break rules. And she-she can't follow them.

EDEN

You know-

TYLER

Nothing matters!

EDEN

You're spiraling, Tyler.

TYLER

Listen, you're gay-

EDEN

I don't really believe in labels-

TYLER

But you know what it's like...If I loose her, who-who-

EDEN

Who's going to love you.

TYLER

Who am I going to make lasagna for...

EDEN

I knew you loved her.

TYLER

Stop it!

EDEN

Tyler, that's it. You want to be in love again. You called Addison-

TYLER

*(breathing increasingly panicked)*

I called because my home is a biohazard. Addison isn't gonna do a fucking thing. You're not gonna do a thing. Casey is impossible! Shit. I-I-

EDEN

Five things you can see, now.

TYLER

*(trying to catch her breath)*

What?

EDEN

Breathe. Five things you can see. Go.

TYLER

You?

EDEN

Okay. Another.

TYLER

*(breath starting to improve)*

Um. My hands.

EDEN

Deep breath. What else?

TYLER

*(looking at the closet, she swings back into panic)*

All...this...junk.

EDEN

What?

TYLER

Damnit, there's so much...so much...oh God...

*Tyler begins hyperventilating.*

EDEN

Breathe. It was supposed to be a grounding technique to remind you where /you are.

TYLER

I'm surrounded by trash. Eden. I-I don't know if I can do it. I don't know if I can stay with her. Or I-I'm going to die like everything else that comes here to die...with that /miserable-

EDEN

You're experiencing panic. /Breathe.

TYLER

Where will I live? I know she'll take the house. All of it.

EDEN

We don't need to worry about that right now. Focus on what's /here.

TYLER

I-I-I can't.

*Eden hands Tyler a small box from a shelf.*

EDEN

Okay. Um. Tell me about this.

TYLER

Stop, that's weird.

EDEN

I want to know.

TYLER

Shit. It's a gag gift.

*Eden pulls out rings. When she tries to fit them on her wrist and fingers, it doesn't quite work and Tyler's panic melts into laughter.*

EDEN

These look like accessories a few of my friends have.

*Tyler gives an incredulous look.*

TYLER

Cock rings?

EDEN

Oh no!

*Eden takes them off.*

EDEN

It's not funny! Tell me they aren't used!

TYLER

Haha, no, no. Not used.

EDEN

Good.

TYLER

I think.

*Eden wipes her hands off.*

Whew, thanks for the laugh. Thought you knew what they were. You seem very...open.

EDEN

I do! I am! I'm open. I- They seemed more decorative than I'm used to!

TYLER

Whatever you say.

*Tyler helps Eden put the cock rings back in the box. After a long silence...*

EDEN

So, you and Casey are wearing all black today.

TYLER

Yeah.

EDEN

You went to another one today...A funeral, I mean.

TYLER

This morning. It was long. They gave us the wrong flowers. I usually take the flowers for Casey but they haven't been the kind she likes.

EDEN

Oh, I'm sorry. That's nice of you to notice.

TYLER

Hank didn't like gardenias. He always had tulips outside the restaurant.

EDEN

Wait, you mean Hank like Hank's Hot Dogs near the hospital?

TYLER

*The* Hank of Hot Dogs. Casey goes on lunch breaks when she has a slow shift.

EDEN

Wait was he gay?

TYLER

You probably wouldn't have known. Pretty straight looking guy - Hank, grinning ear to ear...handfuls and handfuls of wieners...just a man and his sausage.

EDEN

I get it! I get it!

TYLER

Okay, okay. He coulda passed for straight. His family didn't want anyone to know...Most people at the funeral thought he died of a heart attack...

EDEN

Been there done that.

TYLER

I'm sorry.

EDEN

I like to think there's a reason people are the way they are. Maybe it's so when we find each other, it feels even luckier.

TYLER

Don't get existential on me. *You're* the therapist, remember.

EDEN

Of course, right, right. So are things fairly settled with Hank's family then?

TYLER

Not yet. Some scheduling issues with his apartment clean out. Hank's family wants Casey's help. But she's supposed to go to Daniela's tomorrow instead.

EDEN

Casey does that a lot. Clean up I mean.

TYLER

I wouldn't say a lot, but I guess yeah. A lot of people put Casey as their contact...Like she's very exact. Not afraid to ruffle feathers, kind of stand off-ish if you haven't noticed...which is great when you're dealing with the families. Damn infuriating with me.

EDEN

Hank didn't have a partner or a roommate or-

TYLER

I don't think so. He was kinda lonely...He left these long messages on the answering machine. Always persuading Casey to go to a buffet.

EDEN

Oh I love a good buffet. Except the shrimp. I'm very scared of shrimp.

TYLER

Good to know.

EDEN

Could I have you try another exercise?

TYLER

Damnit. You got me talking and now you think-

EDEN

I promise, it's really simple.

TYLER

Oh boy.

EDEN

I want you to speak to something.

TYLER

Just when I thought you were kind of normal-

EDEN

I think you're feeling disconnected from all your items. Whether its Casey's stuff or yours', maybe this would help you find a little more meaning. So we can understand how we got here.

*Eden looks around the room for something for Tyler to hold.*

EDEN

Is giving the stuff to Casey an important part of the routine? Of stealing?

TYLER

At least showing her. Makes it fun.

EDEN

So then you do care what you steal. You want Casey to react.

TYLER

Maybe.

*Eden picks up a tube from the living closet. She unravels an enormous film poster of Maurice (1987) with sexy Hugh Grant in a passionate embrace - a British Brokeback Mountain.*

EDEN

Here, hold this.

*Eden hands Tyler the poster, front facing towards Tyler. As the audience, we see the back written in absurdly large red marker: PROPERTY OF REGGIE.*

*Eden hasn't noticed.*

TYLER

What? I have no idea why we have this.

EDEN

Take a good look at the image. Ask yourself what is the poster saying to you.

TYLER

I have no idea.

*Eden realizes the name on the back of the poster.*

EDEN

Oh no.

TYLER

I don't even like this film.

*Eden takes the poster from Tyler.*

*Eden tries to crumple and eat it like a dog. She's unsuccessful.*

TYLER

Eden! That's Casey's! She's going to be furious.

*Eden increasingly becomes panicked.*

EDEN

*(mouthful)*

Uh. I'm so, so sorry.

TYLER

What's wrong?

*Eden wads up the poster.*

EDEN

Nothing! I just feel bad. It's a bit...torn.

TYLER

I'm sure she has a million others, Eden. It's fine.

EDEN

But it's a special poster. And you know it's-um-

TYLER

Are you okay?

EDEN

Um...you know what, I am going to go find...um...tape. In the...fridge.

TYLER

Do you need help-

EDEN

No! No, no, no. You stay here and talk to some more objects.

TYLER

Like this?

*Tyler picks up something else.*

Wow. There's even a tag still on. Let's see how much it cost-

*Eden grabs it from Tyler.*

EDEN

On second thought. Don't touch anything. How about we...breathe!

*Eden exits.*

### SCENE THREE

*Tyler looks through the closet. Casey enters.*

CASEY

Where's your shrink?

TYLER

Where's yours?

CASEY

I locked her in our bedroom.

TYLER

Casey!

CASEY

Oh, she'll be fine! I will let her out later. Where's Eden?

TYLER

The kitchen, she needed tape.

CASEY

What?

TYLER

I don't know. She's fixing a poster that she /tore.

CASEY

You ruined my poster of Maurice!

TYLER

You hate that movie. It has a happy ending.

CASEY

Look, before Addison and Eden come back. Let's call a truce. Call them off and go back to-

TYLER

No.

CASEY

You didn't let me finish.

TYLER

I know. I-I've decided, Addison and Eden aren't going anywhere. I don't know yet, but if we separate-

CASEY

Separate?

TYLER

We're both so tired. I owe it to you to at least help you. Let me help you.

CASEY

You're being rash. It's late.

TYLER

You don't work tomorrow. I'll call out.

CASEY

But I need to go to Daniela's. Maybe Hank's too.

*(slightly eager)*

I'm sure they'll be lots-

TYLER

Why do you sound...excited?

CASEY

Why would I be enthusiastic ?

TYLER

You're excited...

*Addison enters after freeing herself from the  
bedroom, bit of duck tape still on her wrists.*

ADDISON

Dear fucking Lord! I swear-

CASEY

Glad you could join. She's accusing me-

TYLER

I'm not accusing you.

CASEY

Accusing me of delighting in the death of others.

TYLER

She tip toes around things. She says them with fancy words to cover up-

ADDISON

*(to Tyler)*

I'm aware.

*(to Casey)*

Do you know the piles of shit I had to climb out of? I should sue you.

TYLER

What fun for Casey .

CASEY

What's that supposed to mean?

ADDISON

You're a lunatic.

TYLER

Thank you, Addison! I'm appreciating this change of heart. Eden's right. Feels good to be validated.

ADDISON

Do you? Do you view this all as a joke?

CASEY

Excuse me? Tyler is a thief. She steals and steals and-

ADDISON

You're a hypocrite. We both know that.

TYLER

Why's she saying it like that? Casey?

CASEY

She's a shrink. She says things to provoke.

*Eden enters with the bandaged poster, rolled up.*

EDEN

What's going on?

TYLER

Tell me, Casey. Say it. What do you both know?

*Eden thinks Casey is about to reveal her hoarding secrets.*

EDEN

Maybe if Tyler knew, you could work through things together - a trip you could both take together. A journey.

TYLER

She knows too?

CASEY

She knows nothing. I have no idea.

TYLER

Casey.

CASEY

I don't know what Eden thinks she knows, but I assure you I wouldn't be telling her my secrets.

ADDISON

Tell her, Casey.

EDEN

You know too?

ADDISON

What do you think you know?

EDEN

I'm not sure how you would know what I think you might know.

ADDISON

But I think what you think is not what-

CASEY

There is nothing to discuss!

TYLER

I don't understand.

EDEN

Tyler, I asked you to hold objects in the room and really think. What did you notice?  
*Casey shoots a glare at Eden.*

CASEY

She made me do that too. There's nothing to it.

TYLER

I-I-I don't-

CASEY

They can't stay. They're making things up.

EDEN

Tyler deserves to here it from Casey.

TYLER

Tell me. What is it?

*Casey cannot bring herself to say it.*

ADDISON

Where does she get all of her stuff?

TYLER

Garage sales, neighbors, me. I-I-

ADDISON

You're smarter than that. I know you don't want to but think.

*Addison takes the poster from Eden's hands and places it with Tyler. Tyler slowly begins to connect the clues and eventually devolves into tears during this realization.*

The only person you know that likes this movie is-

*Addison flips over the poster.*

TYLER

Reggie.

CASEY

He-he gave it to me as a parting gift.

TYLER

Yeah, sure. I-

EDEN

I asked you earlier. Why do you think Casey volunteers to clean out your friends' homes?

TYLER

I-I...Oh my God...Fuck...Shit...Then Mrs. Walters' CDs...

Do we even have a neighbor named Mrs. Walters?

*Tyler runs to the closet to examine everything.*

CASEY

Babe, you don't have to do that.

TYLER

Don't call me babe.

ADDISON

Is that where Casey told you she got the CDs? The neighbor?

TYLER

No, no. You said her cat.

CASEY

You never bought that line the first time.

TYLER

Why are you keeping their stuff? I-I...

CASEY

I'm sentimental.

TYLER

But like it's only this closet then, right?

*(no response)*

Right?

EDEN

I'm so sorry.

TYLER

How much of this shit is theirs? How much, Casey?

CASEY

I-I don't know. I -I loose count-

TYLER

You loose count? You loose count? Everything. Everything in this house is...

CASEY

Please, Tyler. It's not everything.

TYLER

Oh yeah. Just our dead friends shit and whatever stolen goods I bring home that you don't give two shits about. I thought you bought things. I didn't understand how you hid the receipts...

CASEY

Are you really that blind?

TYLER

I was coping!...You're a fucking liar. I risked so much to-

CASEY

You've been bringing garbage home! People keep dying and you can't even steal a decent rug anymore. At least our friends' had taste.

TYLER

What the fuck! What the actual fuck! You don't even get it.

CASEY

Please enlighten me.

TYLER

She's insane. Addison, Eden. Are you watching? This-this...it's too much.

ADDISON

She's a hoarder. She didn't care about your friends.

CASEY

Shut the fuck up! I cared about those people!

TYLER

Bullshit. You're supposed to go to Daniela's tomorrow and Hank's another day. What were you gonna say then? What?

CASEY

I'd say I was grieving! I'd tell you I was doing it for the both of /us!

TYLER

This isn't for the both of us. I have been fucking living - covered - in our dead friends things for years!

CASEY

How else are they supposed to live on?

TYLER

Their memories can't live on if I don't even know they're here!

CASEY

You had to know.

CASEY

I didn't know. I don't know. I didn't ask questions.

CASEY

Exactly. You didn't ask.

TYLER

I shouldn't have to ask. And the funny part is...I guess I'm not the only one in this house that steals.

CASEY

It's not stealing if no one else wants it. Ever thought you're a hoarder? Keeping all the little trinkets you bring home.

TYLER

Which you don't appreciate!

CASEY

I give things a home!

*Tyler walks to the overflow on the floor and picks up a jacket, holding it up for show.*

TYLER

Then, tell me who this belonged to.

CASEY

No.

TYLER

Tell me who used to wear this.

CASEY

No.

TYLER

That's what I thought. You can't keep track! You. Are. Not. A. Collector.

*Casey returns to the mess on the ground. She sweeps the ground with her arms and displays it in front of everyone.*

CASEY

Jerome took too many Chinese takeout menus. He told me to keep them in my car in case I ever needed makeshift scrap paper. He's dead now.

*(Casey picks up a shirt)*

Liesel caught this in a t-shirt cannon at a baseball game that their dad insisted we go to. We got caught in the rain on the way home. They're also gone.

*(Casey grabs a newspaper)*

Summer set a personal record for the Thursday crossword puzzle. I told him I'd frame it, but I never did.

*Casey throws the items at Tyler's feat.*

How could I not care? I was protecting you.

TYLER

Don't say that.

CASEY

I was.

TYLER

No, stop. I've had my fill of this bullshit all night. You - you keep pushing it. Stop being so ridiculously high and mighty. It's not a good look on you.

CASEY

Who gave you the right-

TYLER

Death gave me the right. You've got no one left who will listen to this shit. You are a sad woman who can't let go of her dead friends' stuff.

*A long silence fills the air.*

*Casey picks up the items on the ground and moves them to the side. She returns to face Tyler, collecting herself. The other three watch in silence.*

TYLER

You think everything is a game.

CASEY

If you want to pull out a Twister mat it can be.

ADDISON

I'd like to think of this as more of a Connect Four situation.

EDEN

Definitely don't think it's a game of Sorry.

CASEY

*(unclear who she's talking to)*

Get out.

TYLER

*(thinking it was directed at her)*

This is my house.

CASEY

*(to Tyler)*

No, you stay.

*(to Eden and Addison)*

You two go. You revealed our secrets. Congratulations.

TYLER

I want them here.

CASEY

They are leaving because I said so. This is a private matter now.

EDEN

I should go...I have a fish to feed...

TYLER

Fish can be flushed!

*(to Casey)*

You can say whatever you have to say in front of them. You don't give a damn about what we've built.

ADDISON

Exactly, Tyler. She doesn't care about you.

EDEN

Addison!

ADDISON

Tyler, listen to me. I-I need to tell you something.

TYLER

What's next? A secret affair?

CASEY

I don't know what she wants.

ADDISON

*(to Casey)*

Did you tell Tyler about the mail?

CASEY

No. I don't know what you're talking..

*(realizing)*

Oh my God. It's you. You're sending the death threats.

TYLER

What?

ADDISON

I wouldn't call them death threats.

*Addison retrieves the bag she brought with her.  
She pulls out letters and hands them to Tyler.  
Eden looks over Tyler's shoulder.*

ADDISON

I was waiting for the right moment, and it seems this is it.

CASEY

How the hell did you worm your way in here?

TYLER

What does she want?

CASEY

Tyler, we need Addison to leave. She's been sending these anonymous letters to us since Reggie died. She wants to hurt me. Oh my God, she's insane.

TYLER

How does she know that you-

ADDISON

Tyler. I-I knew Reggie.

EDEN

How?

ADDISON

I was his closest friend.

CASEY

Bullshit. He never talked about you.

ADDISON

It had to be a secret. Casey took something of Reggie's that I need.

EDEN

You want the statue. She commented on it when we arrived.

TYLER

You asked me to help you learn how to steal.

CASEY

You taught her how to steal!?

TYLER

It was a joke!

ADDISON

I know you'll help make things right.

*Addison unveils another rounded statue, similar size to the other, from her bag. The other three are genuinely puzzled.*

CASEY

*(genuinely confused about Addison's statue)*

What the hell is that?

ADDISON

They're bookends. I'm looking for the other bookend.

TYLER

Wait what?

ADDISON

It's a bookend.

TYLER

No it's not.

CASEY

Like the things that go on shelves?

TYLER

I know what a bookend is.

EDEN

I lied when I said they're beautifully abstract. They're ugly.

CASEY

I think ours is lovely.

ADDISON

Shut up! Shut up! Give me the bookend.

CASEY

We have not been using that for a bookend...

ADDISON

Ewww!

EDEN

At least it has a flared base.

ADDISON

Shut up! You see how demented she [*Casey*] is. I wanted to help her from the bottom of my heart. I really did. I wanted to understand. But she can't be saved.

CASEY

Don't listen to Addison.

ADDISON

Casey will amount to nothing. She's a clinical assistant.

EDEN

*(to Casey)*

You told me you were a surgeon.

CASEY

I said nothing of the sort.

EDEN

And you let me believe that you could help me with my career if I helped Tyler.

ADDISON

See she's a liar.

EDEN

*(to Addison)*

You didn't correct me!

CASEY

Tyler, focus. Addison is manipulating you. Put the statue somewhere safe.

ADDISON

You stole it!

CASEY

I did not!

ADDISON

Tyler, listen. Reggie and I made them together in an art therapy session.

CASEY

Shut up!

ADDISON

He promised them to me when he died. I went to the house to pick them up, but one of them was missing. I asked the landlord and-

TYLER

Stop! Stop! Let me think!

*All four of them look over to the first bookend sitting on the shelf. They look at each other. They look back to the bookend.*

*They break out into a race to get to the object. Using odd objects around the room, tackling each other, anything they can do to prevent the others from reaching the bookend first.*

*The fight is chaotic, sad, hilarious, dismal, or all of the above. Everyone has lost their wits. Their interjections sound something to the effect of-*

ADDISON

You don't deserve to have them!

TYLER

You brought a lunatic into our house!

CASEY

This isn't yours to keep!

EDEN

You're all fucking horrible! Stop!

*In the process, Addison lets go of her bookend, which Casey retrieves. Addison emerges victorious with the first bookend.*

*Everyone stops. They look at each other.*

*They realize they have simply swapped bookends.*

Fuck.

ADDISON

*The fight breaks out again. At some point, Addison, Casey, and Tyler are too caught up in the moment to notice that Eden has taken both the bookends.*

*The others realize she holds them both.*

*Eden stands defensive with the bookends under her arm and a baseball bat in hand.*

EDEN

Enough! Don't come any closer! I took fencing since middle school!

TYLER

Of course she has.

ADDISON

I knew you'd be on my side, Eden. I told you I'd take you under my wing-

EDEN

You're a liar!

ADDISON

Eden.

CASEY

She is. She's a liar, Eden! Give the bookends to me.

EDEN

You were *all* using me.

*(to Addison)*

You said you wanted to help them.

ADDISON

I do. I really do.

EDEN

No you don't. Sit down. We're not going anywhere until I get some answers.

*Eden puts the bookends in a bag so she can use the bat more easily. She's not very scary. Casey relaxes slightly.*

CASEY

Jesus. I need a fucking drink.

TYLER

Really? Right now?

CASEY

She's clearly having some sort of psychiatric meltdown. We're going to be here awhile.  
*(moving to the bar cabinet)*

Anyone else? Going once...twice...

*(notices a mark, scoffs)*

There's a water stain. Tyler. You left a water stain.

TYLER

Don't pick a fight about this now.

CASEY

Well it's value has diminished significantly thanks to this water stain.

TYLER

You hate it. You've made that clear from the moment it entered this damn house.

CASEY

I don't feel anything for a stolen bar cabinet. So, what. It's functional. Look at it. Ask the other two. Addison, do you like the cabinet?

TYLER

Don't answer that.

CASEY

And now it's ruined with a water mark.

EDEN

So you wouldn't mind if I got rid of it?

CASEY

I didn't say that.

TYLER

Hm?

*Eden has found a baseball bat and drags the bar cabinet forward in clearer view.*

CASEY

Stop!

TYLER

No!

EDEN

You said you don't care about this midcentury modern piece of shit. So let's put that to the test. You're all insane. No one is in love or even remotely knows how to show it. So why does any of this matter.

CASEY

What the fuck are you doing? Stop it!

TYLER

Eden, set down the bat. Eden, stop!

*Eden swings the bat down, breaking the bar cabinet. Addison is frightened but slightly relishes in the moment.*

EDEN

*(swinging)*

You're. All. Liars!!!

CASEY

Fuck stop it!

TYLER

No!

ADDISON

Oh my God!

*Eden lets out her rage on the bar cabinet. Eden drops the bat, defeated. There's a long silence in shock.*

ADDISON

Have you ever considered joining a softball league?

*Eden half heartedly lets out a brief laugh, delirious.*

EDEN

I've been told I'm quite dashing in uniform.

*Eden strikes a pose.*

CASEY

You broke the damn bar cabinet, you fucker! Give me the bookends now! Before you break something else!

EDEN

Why do you love Tyler?

CASEY

I don't!

EDEN

*(makes a buzzer noise)*

Errrr. Wrong.

*Eden picks up something around the house, sets it down, and smashes it.*

CASEY

What the fuck!

TYLER

Holy shit!

EDEN

I want answers. Unconventional solutions for unconventional problems. Right?

*(Addison laughs a little too hard)*

You too, Addison. Do you want me to smash the bookends?

ADDISON

No!

EDEN

Then prep your shitty auras because we are doing therapy my way.

**END OF ACT II**

ACT IIISCENE ONE

*Addison, Tyler, and Casey all sit together. Eden's demeanor has completely shifted. She's brought a lineup of items downstairs to be destroyed and is now almost a twisted game show host of sorts.*

ADDISON

Casey's a hoarder. Do you think it's ethical for her-

EDEN

*(to Addison)*

I asked about you. Why do *you* deserve this?

ADDISON

I told you. I created them with Reggie.

CASEY

She probably doesn't even know him. I told you he's never mentioned her.

*(Eden breaks an item.)*

Ah! Stop it!

TYLER

Damnit. We got those as a housewarming gift.

EDEN

So you were friends?

ADDISON

I was his therapist.

TYLER

Oh God.

EDEN

Interesting. So you're a disgrace to the profession.

ADDISON

But you understand now, I-I knew him the best. I knew him unfiltered-

EDEN

It was your job to create a space for him to be open. You abused it.

ADDISON

I didn't- he needed me. He didn't trust other people. I was there till the end.

CASEY

To the very end my ass. I fed him ice chips and cottage cheese when he refused hospice. He's fucking lactose intolerant. And it would drip and-

TYLER

*(loving)*

They get the picture.

*Tyler puts an arm around Casey instinctually but quickly retracts it.*

ADDISON

And you hated every minute.

CASEY

I hated knowing that at any moment he was going to drop like everyone else. You're not an expert Addison. One person dies and you think you know how this goes.

EDEN

Keeping score isn't fair.

TYLER

*(to Eden)*

Fair? She doesn't care if it's fair. Casey keeps a list of every board game, card game, everything and anything we've ever played. She tally's her wins, her losses. She'll put an asterisk with a footnote if other people were on the team with us.

*(to Casey)*

What about *my* wins? Everything I've stolen-

CASEY

I didn't ask you to steal.

TYLER

Didn't you ever want to know? Where things came from? The lengths I go?

CASEY

Why relive old memories. My God, we could have just made a scrapbook. It's pathetic.

ADDISON

It is pathetic.

TYLER

Stay out of this.

ADDISON

No, really. You feed off each other it's disgusting.

TYLER

You can go at any time.

EDEN

I'd say this resembles more of a hostage situation.

CASEY

Great...You want me to jump for joy every time some new shiny object comes through the door, Tyler. I'm not your puppet. I can't be the person who loves all your shit.

TYLER

But that's what you did. Why can't you do that? It worked for us once.

CASEY

Because I'm tired. I'm tired, Tyler...You can't keep forcing us to make lasagna every Thursday and pretend our little rules can stay the same.

TYLER

Do you think it's been a picnic for me? I fell in love with a woman who trips over forty pairs of shoes to get into bed, a woman who owns a hundred board games but can never find all the pieces to actually play the game, a woman that squeals when I add to the pile. I knew what you were when we started getting more serious. I didn't care. Where is that person?

EDEN

How can you love someone who takes and takes?

ADDISON

I think that's the point.

TYLER

Our bedroom dresser could be filled with jars but she'd give me a reason to keep each one. But apparently -

CASEY

Oh she's milking it, everyone. She's really milking this moment.

TYLER

You should have told me. You're not supposed to carry this all alone.

CASEY

Tell you what? You never would've agreed to living with a bunch of haunted stuff. You would've stopped stealing things for me.

TYLER

Wow.

EDEN

So you're using her.

TYLER

I don't have an issue stealing for you, Casey. That's the whole point! I take and I take and I-I don't know what it gets me. But with you, I scratch the itch and it means something. But you won't acknowledge the risk, the favor! You never say thank you!

CASEY

Oh here we go again. You're upset because I don't say thank you?

TYLER

It wouldn't hurt.

CASEY

Well you don't even see why I collect things. You respond by trying to steal from high security places for the thrill.

TYLER

You're never impressed anymore. Why wouldn't I try something riskier and bigger?

CASEY

One of these days you won't come home. I-I-

TYLER

Okay. But *everything* has found a home here.

CASEY

And now you know why.

TYLER

I wanted to be included in the decision.

*A shimmer of hope between the couple.*

ADDISON

*(to Eden)*

Are their twisted auras aligned now?

*Eden slams the bat down in front of Addison.*

Geez!

EDEN

I know you think I'm an idiot, okay? You've all said the quiet part aloud.

TYLER

Relax!

EDEN

*(smashing a few things along the way)*

Did any of stop to think that maybe I've lost people too? It's a fucking epidemic, pandemic, whatever it is. And you all pretend you're some anomaly. But considering I'm not a hoarder, a kelpo, or whatever number of complexes Addison has, I would say my "hippy" practices are working out pretty fucking well! I became an intervention specialist because I naively thought that deep down everyone wanted to be a better version of themselves. I wanted to help people. I tried to be a better version of myself tonight. Clearly though, I need a change of profession! But until then, I want to know why? Why all of this?

CASEY

Jesus, Eden. Maybe you should take a road trip after this.

*Tyler gives Casey a subtle look of acknowledgement.*

TYLER

You hate road trips.

EDEN

Why?

CASEY

It's not important. We had an incident.

EDEN

Well, I want the story.

TYLER

I've roped Casey into a few adventures.

EDEN

How does it feel when Tyler does that to you, Casey?

ADDISON

Probably pretty good.

*The others are unamused.*

TYLER

I'm only telling this story to minimize the amount of personal property damage. Right so-

CASEY

I-

TYLER

*We* were on a road trip to move my mother into assisted living down-

CASEY

In Virginia.

TYLER

Yes. And we stopped at a gas station. I see this six-pack of beer.

CASEY

She loves beer.

TYLER

I wanted it. I just did. While Casey's in the bathroom, I realize that I don't have room to hold it all.

CASEY

She stuffs the labels in her pockets.

TYLER

Then, I get this big liter of Ginger Ale, dump it out in one of those grates in the floor-

CASEY

And start refilling the bottle of beer.

TYLER

But my hand /slips.

CASEY

Her hand slips. I come out of the bathroom and she drops the damn bottle. It rolls all the way down the aisle into view of the register - rookie mistake if you ask me.

TYLER

The cashier realizes what's happening.

CASEY

So I swoop /in.

TYLER

It was a team effort.

CASEY

I convince the man that we're bartenders and we are on the search for the next big drink. I tell him this is all one big misunderstanding and if he gives us a few minutes we'll make him the best drink he's ever put his lips to.

ADDISON

So you got him drunk...

CASEY

Smashed, wasted-

TYLER

He pissed himself.

CASEY

I'm quite the mixologist.

TYLER

I added Quaaludes in his drink.

ADDISON

*(alarmed)*

How often do you drug people?

*(Tyler and Casey ignore this)*

TYLER

She makes a mean screwdriver.

CASEY

The trick is to use the tropical fruit blend and tiny umbrellas.

*Tyler and Casey laugh, reminiscing.*

TYLER

And if I wasn't there.

CASEY

I've thanked you a thousand times.

TYLER

It doesn't matter how much you thank me. It could've been worse.

CASEY

Fine. Eden, come on, now.

TYLER

They're stupid sculptures, Casey.

ADDISON

Bookends!

TYLER

There's no purpose to them.

CASEY

Is preserving a memory not enough of a purpose?

EDEN

I want another story.

ADDISON

Fuck this.

*Addison dives for the bookends and manages to disarm Eden and toss the bat aside.*

*A final battle ensues between all four.*

*Addison sits on top of Eden trying to pry the bookends from her armpits. Casey and Tyler try to remove Addison. They tumble and separate. Everyone's throwing weak and embarrassing air punches. A few petty kicks to the shins.*

*This time, Casey and Tyler are functioning more as a team. They're slowly falling for each other all over again.*

*Still, everyone is a wreck, exhausted, running on pure adrenaline from the night. The bookends end up in obscured in a bag. Addison eventually captures the bag exits.*

*Eden sits exhausted on the floor. Tyler admits defeat and holds Casey who wants to chase after Addison. Eden laughs for a long time.*

TYLER

What are you laughing at?

EDEN

I wasn't particularly rooting for her, but I guess that will do.

*(Eden collects herself)*

You know, I know I said I'm switching professions, but this was the case study of a lifetime!

*(taking the bat with her)*

Maybe I will pick up softball.

*Eden takes a deep breath and exits.*

SCENE 2

*Casey and Tyler are bewildered at what has all occurred. The house is in shambles, Casey mourns the loss of her bookends, and Tyler sweeps the floor.*

CASEY

We should probably change the locks.

TYLER

Mhm.

CASEY

I shouldn't have called-

TYLER

You did what you thought you needed to do. I did too.

CASEY

I don't know what I'd-

TYLER

I didn't think everything had a place because you wouldn't let me in.

CASEY

I'm an open book.

TYLER

An open book with a million chapters. It's impossible to read them all.

CASEY

I can't be open when you want to play pretend.

TYLER

That's not what I wanted Thursdays to be...

CASEY

Are you still thinking of leaving?

TYLER

No.

CASEY

Well...good.

TYLER

This doesn't change everything.

CASEY

I know.

TYLER

*(rigid)*

I-I love you...

CASEY

*(diplomatic)*

I love you too...Well in any case...

*(Casey offers a handshake)*

You were excellent in this evenings' game.

TYLER

Really?

CASEY

It was an emergency and you were...good. Eden needed a story and she got one.

TYLER

Does this mean...I won?

CASEY

Well you took too many turns.

TYLER

We alternated plenty. I gave you the whole monologue about the mixology-

CASEY

Fine.

*Tyler digs around for Casey's score book.  
Casey makes a tally.*

TYLER

*(beat)*

Woof. So I'm starving. Would you be interested in...

CASEY

Don't say it.

TYLER  
Lasagna?

CASEY  
My final slice! We're picking a new dish.

TYLER  
But it was our first date night food.

CASEY  
Where I had food poisoning.

TYLER  
Oh...Forgot That part.

*Tyler is about to leave to get the lasagna but she sees Casey trying to put the pieces of the bar cabinet back together. She goes over to Casey.*

TYLER  
Don't tell me you actually liked the thing.

CASEY  
*(nostalgic)*  
I didn't, but you looked crazy bringing it home. You asked me to open the garage and I see you hugging the thing like a bear. You were a bit torn up.

TYLER  
I crawled across a barbed wire fence.

CASEY  
Really?

TYLER  
Keep going.

CASEY  
Well, your hair was longer, in your face, and you couldn't see where you were going. So...

TYLER  
You said for all that work, I must love you a hell of a lot.

*Tyler steps back and shimmies the first curved statue from her pants.*

Oh my-

CASEY

I know it's only one of them-

TYLER

*Casey hugs Tyler. Casey steps back to reveal the second rounded curved statue in her pants.*

*They now own both bookends.*

It helps living with a *Klepto*.

CASEY

Thank me later, *Hoarder*.

TYLER

*Casey and Tyler each hold a bookend in front of them. They place them side by side and the image comes together: Cock and Balls.*

*Casey and Tyler laugh and kiss.*

**END OF PLAY**