

Stripped

A play

By Colleen O'Doherty
2515 North 79th street,
Omaha, Nebraska, 68134
1 (402) 657-7734
colleennicoleodoherty@gmail.com

Cast of Characters

Regan – Female, 20s.
Anna – Female, 60s.
*Jess – Female, Late 30s.
Patrick – Male, 30s.
Maggie – Female, 20s.
*Kara – Female, 30s.
**Seth – Male, 40s.
**Liam – Male, 40s.
**Father Casey – Male, 40s.

**Jess and Kara can be played by same actress.*

***Seth, Liam, and Father Casey should be played by same actor.*

Setting

[Omaha, Nebraska]
A simple home,
A strip club,
A diner.

Time

2016.

Synopsis

While working in a seedy strip club, a troubled young woman has to juggle tragedy, personal demons, and her dysfunctional family.

Movement One

(At Rise: The lights come up on a living room and adjoining kitchen of a very small house. All other parts of home offstage. Lightly furnished. Small table. Boxes with pills. In living room, a bed, where Patrick is resting. Their mother, Anna, is in the kitchen making a peanut butter sandwich. Regan enters from bedroom offstage. Anna gives Regan the mug of coffee and Regan drinks.)

Regan

This is shit water.

Anna

Well piss on you then.

Regan

You forgot new grounds.

Anna

Maybe. [*Pause.*]

Regan

It's about time. [*Regan indicates living room, gets coffee going, gets water.*]

Anna

[*Anna indicates sandwich she's making.*] This should help him not get so sick.

Regan

He been awake at all?

Anna

[*Shakes head. Beat.*] Wish you'd switch to days. You could be around more at night. You being out late isn't good for you, anyway.

Regan

[*Old territory.*] Night shifts pay better. [*Regan begins making coffee. Coffee is low.*] You said you'd hit the store yesterday.

Anna

I did.

Regan

Getting packs of Hershey bars is not going to the store.

Anna

Chocolate is all that sounded good to him.

Regan

[*Regan writes on a piece of paper.*] Pick up these things. [*They grab water, their coffees and Patrick's sandwich and go to living room.*] Jess come by at all?

Anna

She helps the best she can.

Regan

I wasn't accusing her of anything. Jesus.

Anna

Don't use the Lord's name in vain.

Regan

Okay. [*Patrick wakes.*]

Patrick

Do you two ever stop fighting?

Anna

We were just chatting. How are you feeling?

Patrick

Chatting. More like competing to see who goes crazy first.

Regan

Ha. [*To Anna.*] You're winning.

Patrick

[*To Regan.*] Be nice to our mother. She's an old lady.

Anna

I am not old. I'm wise.

Regan

Hmm. Wise. [*To Patrick.*] Unless there's a senior discount.

Patrick

[*To Regan.*] Remember when she refused to show her ID at the movie theater?

Anna

Senior discount. Piss on that. Is the coffee done?

Regan

Oh, that was great, but the true best was when she bought the cane she totally didn't need. [*To Anna.*] Do you still have it?

Anna

I had a limp. Sort of. And it got me the discount at IHOP.

Patrick

[*Pain wave.*] Too much laughing.

Anna

[*Grabs pill bottle.*]

One?

Patrick

[*Pause.*]

Two.

Regan

Cookie?

[*Patrick nods. Regan gets cookies from kitchen. Anna gives Patrick his pills. Regan hands Patrick his cookie.*]

Anna

I should go to the store. Again.

Regan

I'll hold down the fort. Here. [*Hands cash to Anna. Anna grabs her coat. She almost forgets list. Regan hands it to her. She exits. Pause. She re-enters.*]

Anna

Purse. Always forget my purse. [*She exits.*]

Regan

[*Indicates cookies.*] These aren't as strong as usual. I used that Kush from last time, but the butter didn't turn as green. What did your doc say about your labs?

Patrick

[*Fakes small pain wave.*]

Another cookie.

[*Regan gets them both another cookie.*]

Heads up. Jess is coming over.

Regan

Great.

Patrick

You two need to just have a fist fight and get over it all.

Regan

Why do you want her here today?

Patrick

Just wanted to check in.

Regan

Bullshit.

Patrick

Speaking of, been to a meeting recently?

Regan

I don't need them. I haven't had a drink in over a year.

Patrick

I just think you should drop by on one. A check-up.

Regan

You make it sound like a yearly physical. Turn your doctor brain off.

Patrick

All that making amends stuff might do you good. Anger is exhausting. Causes cancer, I hear.

Regan

I would hit you—

Patrick

-if I didn't have cancer? I can milk this shit all day long. Did you see all those chocolate bars?

Regan

Maybe Jess can explain why she forgot to pay electric for us this month like she promised.

Patrick

It got handled in a day. [*Knock on door.*] Betting two pills morphine mom forgot her house key.

Regan

Raise you a Benzo that it's the Mormons again. [*Regan answers the door. Jess passes her and enters, goes straight to Patrick.*]

Jess

Since when do you lock the door?

Patrick

There were a couple robberies last week.

Regan

Not all of us live in the bougie part of town.

Jess

[Ignores. To Patrick.] You're buried under about 50 of these. *[Jess looks at blankets.]*

Patrick

Eh. 9 or 10.

Jess

[To Regan.] You can't turn up the heat?

[Regan goes to check thermostat.]

Regan

We have the thermostat at 80. *[Regan exits to kitchen to get coffee.]*

Patrick

Just no fat left on me. That stuff keeps you warm. Who knew?

Jess

[Adjusts blankets, organizes pill bottles.] Med school didn't cover much. That the real reason you quit?

Patrick

You bet. This is all a convenient excuse.

Jess

Knew it. I can't stay long.

Patrick

Okay. Can you wait until mom gets back?

Jess

Sure. Why?

[As Patrick goes to answer, Regan re-enters.]

[To Regan.] You just get up? Girlie, I'll tell you, I wouldn't mind a job where I can sleep until noon.

Regan

I work nights. As you know.

Jess

So touchy. I'll take a cup, myself, thanks.

Regan

You've got two legs.

Jess

Isn't your job fetching coffee? Show off your skills.

Patrick

Fighting to live, over here.

Regan

[Pause.] Sorry. [*Goes to kitchen. Starts making herself a sandwich.*]

Patrick

Phillip good? The kiddos?

Jess

They're great.

Patrick

You should bring them around soon.

Jess

Well, work is insane today. Then I need to get the kids to soccer. Maybe I can make dinner or we can all watch a movie together this weekend. The kids are usually busier than we are on the weekends, but we'll try to bring them.

Patrick

You sound like their agent.

Jess

Ha! Feels that way sometimes.

Patrick

It would be great to see them. In case.

Jess

Remember to think positive, baby bro. You're under the care of good doctors.

Patrick

[Pause.] Right.

Jess

Let me get you some more water. [Takes his glass. Goes to kitchen.] That isn't for me, I'm guessing. [Regan pours herself more coffee. She gets out a glass, fills it with water.]

Regan

The most recent bill arrived. \$2000.

Jess

Dang. Okay. [Takes out checkbook.] We can spare \$200 this month.

Regan

Seriously. That barely puts a dent in the shit storm in collections. Plus bills here. Like the electric bill.

Jess

I had it in my calendar wrong. And, you know, you could take more shifts at the restaurant.

Regan

I can't. Some weeks I'm working doubles 3 or 4 times a week.

Jess

I essentially do that all the time with the shop.

Regan

You own it. It's not some minimum wage shithole.

Jess

Not my fault you're there.

Regan

I feel a sermon coming-

Jess

-You don't see me whining even though Phillip and I run the whole shop, plus his Uber driving and Phillip just had a surgery-

Regan

-To remove his appendix. That's nothing. It's outpatient-

Jess

-It's a major surgery. He had an organ removed-

Regan

-Cancer, now that's a real health problem.

Jess

A thank-you would be nice, every now and again. [*Fills out check. Puts it on the table.*]

Regan

Thanks so much, Captain Catholic.

Jess

A little faith would do you some good.

Regan

Is this the part where Captain Catholic makes her PSA at the end of the episode?

Jess

I arranged for Father Casey to come in and do an anointing of the sick again. Make sure you or mom are here to let him in at three tomorrow.

Regan

Shouldn't it be last rites?

Jess

Don't. Don't talk that way. This is just a down swing. That happens. We need to think positive here.

Regan

Because that worked so well when dad was sick.

Jess

[*Beat.*] You really want to go down *that* memory lane? [*Pause.*] Didn't think so.

[*Jess grabs water and exits the kitchen to the living room as Regan goes to respond.*]

Patrick

You pump the water from a well?

Jess

Only the freshest for you, Patty Boy.

[*Regan comes out to living room. Jess' phone makes a sound and she checks it.*]

Patrick

Thanks. Priest coming at three tomorrow?

Jess

Yep, yep.

Patrick

It should be last rites. That would-

Jess

-No Quitter talk, hon. Please. Let's try one more anointing of the sick. You never know.

Regan

Right...Santa Jesus could come and shit glitter. Bam. Healed.

Jess

[*To Patrick.*] I really need to get back to work.

Patrick

[*Laughs.*] Sorry. [*Laughs harder.*]

Jess

It's good to hear you laugh. Just need to go.

Patrick

Hold on, hold on. Mom should be home soon.

Jess

I'll try her cell. I showed her how to answer it. [*Jess exits to offstage part of house.*]

Regan

Hope you're excited for your exorcism.

Patrick

I know it's not your thing.

Regan

I didn't mean—

Patrick

-I know. [*Pause.*] \$2000. A lot of money.

Regan

Jess gave her tithe. I'll figure out the rest.

Patrick

Go a little easier on her. \$200 isn't chump change. [*Pause.*] I've told you: potassium and morphine. I know a nurse.

Regan

Stop. I have an interview for a second job tomorrow. Friend from the diner got me hooked up.

Patrick

Second job. You taking any dance classes this semester? Ballet or tap or-

Regan

-Like any school or academy would take me now.

Patrick

Don't give up so goddamn quickly. I'd kill to have finished med school. Instead I...*[Pause.]*
Just don't put anything on hold for me.

Regan

I also need money for, you know, life. You're so self-involved. It's all "My cancer this", "My cancer that." Me, me, me.

[Anna enters. She is trying to answer her phone.]

Anna

I just want a flip phone again.

[Jess re-enters.]

Jess

Never mind, mom.

Anna

Well I'll never learn if I don't get to practice. Call again.

Patrick

No, mom, can you please sit?

Jess

[Groceries.] I'll take those.

Regan

She can handle a single bag. You win no points.

Anna

It's so great when you girls get along.

Regan

Which is when?

Patrick

Everyone please just shut up.

[Beat.]

Regan

I knew something was up.

Jess

[Silencing her phone, which continues to blow up over the following.]

What is it?

Patrick

They called with my most recent lab results. The tumors aren't responding to chemo anymore.

[Beat. Next lines on top of each other.]

Regan

Yeah. Totally not a big deal.

Patrick

We've known this was a possibility from go.

Anna

How do they know for sure it's not working?

Jess

What's the next option?

Regan

Who knows if there is one. Suicide Squad here probably wouldn't tell us anyway.

[Anna responds to this comment.]

Jess

Damn it, Regan, that's not funny. Mom, it's okay. She's joking.

Patrick

It would be better to just...stop treatment.

Anna

For who?

Regan

Whom.

Jess

You are such a bitch sometimes.

Anna

No. Really. How is that better? Are there really no other...

Patrick

Mom. Mom, come here.

Regan

[To Patrick.] Options. Speak.

Patrick

There's a kind of immunotherapy that's worked well on lung cancer. It's not officially approved for colon cancer.

Jess

It's spread to your lungs, though. That doesn't, I don't know, count?

Patrick

Even if we got the go-ahead-

Jess

-Could you?

Patrick

Doc said they might, but-

Anna

-So, there is a treatment?

Regan

But what?

Patrick

It'd be thousands of dollars. Out of pocket.

Jess

I've been researching more foundations. We'll get money. Phillip can Uber and Lyft more nights.

Regan

As soon as he's recovered from that major surgery.

[Before Jess can respond.]

I will take more shifts, too. Plus the new job.

Anna

And Father Casey is coming soon, right?

Jess

Tomorrow, mom.

Patrick

Right. I'll call Dr. Brodsky tomorrow.

Anna

I'll call insurance. They can't just say no.

Regan

They really can.

[Off Jess's look.]

But you should call.

Patrick

[As Jess checks phone again.]

Get back to work. Nothing to do here.

Jess

[Beat.]

You're sure?

Regan

I've got it handled.

Jess

[Pause.] Okay. *[To Anna and Patrick]* Love you. I'll be by later. *[Exits]*

Patrick

Mom. You should eat something. For me, please?

Anna

Okay. *[She goes to kitchen to slowly make and eat food.]*

Regan

[Beat.]

You look tired.

Patrick

That money. You could save up and get back to school, maybe move to a bigger city with more-

Regan

-Don't.

Patrick

It's a waste.

Regan

[Beat.] Remember when I drank so much, they had to pump my stomach?

Patrick

Which time?

Regan

Oh, fuck off. That last one.

Patrick

Of course.

Regan

I promised you I wouldn't just give up. Wouldn't be dad all over again.

Patrick

[Beat.] This is different.

Regan

Bullshit.

Patrick

[Pause.] I just want to eat some cookies together right now. Can we do that?

Regan

[Pause.] Yeah.

[Lights down.]

Movement Two

[Next day. Music. Sounds of a club during day, not yet open. People cleaning, setting up. Lights up on Regan walking into strip club, which is pretty basic, escorted by Kara. Only part of the club is visible onstage.]

Kara

Shake it out and breathe.

Regan

Ok. *[Long pause.]* Maybe I should go before the manager –

Kara

-Liam. And don't you dare bail. No makin' me look bad.

Regan

This place smells like baby prostitute.

Kara

Girl, this is just like the diner. We just serving other stuff here.

Regan

I'll have to give lap dances.

Kara

Yes.

Regan

Okay . . . It's just . . . grinding on some old dude . . . gross.

Kara

Don't be so close-minded.

Regan

I know. I'm such a vanilla bitch.

Kara

I'm just a server here and I made \$150 during a 4-hour shift the other night. Don't happen all the time, but when does that ever happen at the diner?

Regan

I don't have to show my vag or give special favors in a champagne room, right?

Kara

It's stripping, not whoring.

Regan

Remember that one story you told me about the stripper shitting in the trash can in the dressing room-

Kara

-Yeah that was crazy.

Regan

I still have nightmares about that.

Kara

This job could pay some bills. How's Patrick?

Regan

The usual.

Kara

Usual?

Regan

Yeah.

Kara

Sorry. [*Liam enters on the phone.*]

Liam

[*Phone.*] Unless meth mouth is in, it's a no. Goddamn. Hey, Kara. This her?

Kara

Sure is. [*Presenting her.*] Hot, right?

Liam

Yeah. Nice work. [*To Regan.*] Alright. [*Phone.*] This idiot. [*To Regan.*] Uh, do a routine, and if that's decent, we'll get your paperwork done.

Regan

Right now?

Kara

[*To Regan.*] Breathe.

Liam

Ya think we were gonna have a chat about your character strengths and weaknesses? Your ability to be a team player? [*Liam goes to plug in phone to play music over speakers.*]

Regan

I thought my experience with Microsoft Word might earn me some points.

Liam

[*Laughs.*] You've got personality. Good. [*Plays music. Indicates pole.*]

Regan

Right. [*Regan awkwardly approaches pole. She is comically bad. Liam stops music.*]

Liam

This might not be your deal, honey.

Kara

Give me a sec with her, please?

Liam

[*To Kara.*] You're lucky I love your old ass. [*Answers Phone.*] Sonofabitch. [*Liam has loud-but-unintelligible conversation on phone as Kara pulls Regan aside.*]

Regan

Old?

Kara

30s is like 80s in stripper years. Aren't you, like, a ballerina or some shit?

Regan

Chair and pole were not dance classes offered in the college of fine arts.

Kara

Listen, stop fucking around and work that pole.

Regan

I just don't hear that enough from you.

Kara

Stop joking. Think of Patrick.

Regan

Think of my dying brother while I work the pole? Gross.

Kara

Enough. [*Indicating Liam.*] He'll be pissed if I just wasted his time, 'K? Get out of your head and just do some weird bendy shit up there.

[*Regan nods, braces herself and goes toward pole again.*]

Liam

[*Turns on music. Regan is a little off for a couple beats, then nails a routine.*] HmMMMM . . .

[*Long pause.*] Yeah, that works. I'll grab the paperwork. [*Exits.*]

Kara

Hot.

Regan

I just tried to mimic what I watched on *Youtube*.

Kara

So. You in?

Regan

[*Pause.*] How much did the one girl make?

Kara

Trash can shitter?

Regan

Yeah.

Kara

\$250 a night. You'll make that easy. [*Liam re-enters.*]

Liam

You can start tonight if you want. Had a girl call in sick. [*Hands her papers.*] Just bring this all in filled out.

Regan

Seriously?

Liam

[*To Kara.*] Get her an outfit. Get here by 8. [*Exits.*]

Regan

The fastest hiring process I've ever been part of.

Kara

Awesome. We get to be co-workers at two places now.

Regan

I won't get to hear all your weird stories. I'll just be them. Life goals I didn't even know I had.

Kara

I know I have some pre-baby weight stuff in your size that'll work for tonight. Meet me here at 7.

Regan

Will do. [*They exit. Lights down.*]

Movement Three

(Same day. Back at Regan's house. Father Casey is finishing up anointing of the sick on Patrick. Anna sits with them. Regan enters with grocery bag. They do not notice her at first.)

Anna

Thank-you, Father.

Father Casey

Please. You know I will do this any time. *[To Patrick.]* Your color looks good.

Regan

Yes. The Holy Spirit is good for blood flow.

Father Casey

Hello, Regan. How are you today?

Regan

Fine. How's the monastery?

Father Casey

Well I don't live in one. But how's the restaurant?

Regan

It's okay. *[To Patrick.]* I see you didn't vomit on him this time. I'm so proud.

Patrick

[Laughs. Indicates Eucharist.] I try to get these on an empty stomach. That helps.

Anna

Father, as always, I'm sorry.

Father Casey

Laughter is good medicine, but I do have to go. *[Anna hands him a check.]* That isn't necessary.

Anna

No, no, I haven't given to the church in months. Please.

Regan

Jesus, mom.

Anna

Regan. Please take it, Father.

Father Casey

That is very kind. [*Takes check. Gathers things.*] Thank-you all for allowing me this time with you. I'll be back whenever you call.

Regan

I bet. Can't beat the tips here.

Father Casey

[*Awkward pause.*] God bless you all. [*Exits.*]

Anna

You can't talk to him like that.

Regan

Like what? I was joking around. [*Anna exits to bedroom. Slams door.*]

Patrick

That went too far and you know it.

Regan

Sorry.

Patrick

Not the one you need to say sorry to.

Regan

[*Pause.*] I'll talk to her.

Patrick

Give her a minute.

Regan

[*Patrick has a pain wave.*] Water? Cookie?

Patrick

Both. [*Regan nods, goes to kitchen, starts putting away groceries. Anna comes out of her room and goes to kitchen. She makes a show of ignoring Regan pours herself coffee. Anna also pours a glass of water and sets it down.*]

Regan

Time for pills.

Anna

[*Pause.*] If I was talking to you, which I'm not, I'd tell you yes.

Regan

Mom, I'm sorry, I-

Anna

-If I was talking to you, I'd also ask if you want coffee. There is some ready. I'd also tell you that you have to call the insurance company for me.

Regan

Why? What's wrong?

Anna

I don't know. It's so confusing. Dr. Brodsky said that drug with the long name, the one for lung cancer-

Regan

- The one that could shrink his tumors.

Anna

Well, I've been on the phone for hours and can't get an answer on anything. So, if I was talking to you, which I am still not, I'd ask you to please call. I can't do this anymore today.

Regan

I will. [*Pours herself coffee. Takes a sip.*] You remembered to change the grounds. It's good, mom. [*Regan grabs cookies. She goes to grab water. Anna slaps her hand away.*]

Anna

I've got it. [*Pause.*] I'm still not talking to you. But thank-you. [*Regan and Anna go to Patrick to bring him water, cookies and give him pills. This gets done over the following conversation.*]

Patrick

Told you we weren't getting the drug, mom.

Anna

No, stop it. I just didn't totally understand them. I'm sure it's a big mix-up. If it helps you, they have to give it to you.

Patrick

[*Pause.*] We'll keep trying, but you need to be ready if they say no.

Anna

Ready? They'll give you something else, if not that. What's the drug after that?

Patrick

There is no drug after that. It's just keeping me comfortable after-

Anna

-We keep you comfortable now. I'll get you more blankets.

Patrick

I don't need more blankets.

Anna

First, I need a cigarette. Then, I'll get you blankets. Regan, who I am now talking to again, you will call the insurance company and the drug company.

Regan

You're smoking again?

Anna

I will do what I want. You think I don't know what you all put in those cookies? I'm not stupid.
[Exits.]

Patrick

[Pause.] She's smoking again. [Pause.] I'm never getting this drug.

Regan

Please.

Patrick

I've been seeing dad lately.

Regan

[Pause.] Like in dreams?

Patrick

Dreams, but also awake. [Pause.] You don't have to believe in any of it.

Regan

No, I know. What's he like, when you see him?

Patrick

He looks healthy, sober. Younger. He doesn't talk. He just cracks up sometimes. Like he's told the funniest story.

Regan

God, he had the most obnoxious laugh.

Patrick

It's like he's waiting for me.

Regan

[Pause.] Following a man who drank himself to death seems like a bad plan.

Patrick

Don't call the insurance company.

Regan

I will wait to call until you're asleep.

Patrick

Fine. *[Beat. Hands her one of his cookies.]* Break some bread with me.

Regan

Ok.

[Beat. They sit together. Anna re-enters with a ton of blankets. The pile is larger than her.]

Anna

One of these was your grandma's. She grew the pot, ya know. I was around in the 60s. I know what's up.

Regan

Mom, that was so twenty topics ago.

Anna

I smoked pot and even tried mushrooms when I was your age and it wasn't that great. *[Pause.]* That's all. *[Pause. To Regan.]* Are you going to call the insurance company? *[Regan and Patrick exchange looks.]*

Patrick

She will. Don't worry. *[Hands Anna part of a cookie.]* Try this.

Anna

I don't do illegal things.

Regan

You just said you tried drugs.

Anna

In my youth.

Patrick

It'll help you relax. Do it for me, mom.

Regan

You can't say no to him. That's a rule.

Patrick

Yep. [*Anna pauses. Anna takes a bite of a cookie.*]

Anna

Tastes funny. I'm gonna get coffee. [*Anna exits to kitchen.*]

Regan

Maybe that will mellow her out.

Patrick

We both know that won't happen . . . but might distract her for a while.

Regan

You're an evil genius.

Patrick

How was that job interview?

Regan

[*Pause.*] Got it.

Patrick

Congrats. You never said where. A more upscale restaurant or what?

Regan

[*Pause.*] Yeah. New one downtown. Better tips.

Patrick

What's it called?

Regan

International House of Pancakes. Very sophisticated.

Patrick

[*Studies Regan.*] Why don't you want to tell me?

Regan

Boiling Pot. Brand new. [*Pause.*] What?

Patrick

Is it a bar?

Regan

No.

Patrick

You're not as good a liar as dad was.

Regan

They serve alcohol, yes. I won't-

Patrick

-What part of sobriety includes working around alcohol?

Regan

Do not go all Jess on me. I'm a grown-ass woman.

Patrick

No bars. You promised me no working bars.

Regan

It's not...it's not. I swear. *[Gets out phone.]* Look. Boiling Pot. Just opened.

Patrick

[Pause.] I don't even want to go through with this therapy. You know that.

Regan

I know.

Patrick

[Pause.] Okay.

Regan

They have good food. I'll bring some home.

Patrick

No appetite.

Regan

Right.

[Patrick has a pain wave.]

Deep breaths. Here ya go. *[Regan gets him morphine and he takes it. Pain wave took his energy.]* Nap?

Patrick

Yeah. Might as well. *[Patrick begins to fall to sleep. Regan arranges the new stack of blankets on Patrick as lights down.]*

Movement Four

(Dark. The club. Music plays. Lights up on pole. Regan does a routine. It's really good. Lights up on the rest of the club as she picks up money and leaves the stage, then goes over to Kara at a table where she's picking up glasses. Regan trips on her way over.)

Regan

Christ.

Kara

What?

Regan

These platforms.

Kara

I know.

Regan

How did you ever walk in these?

Kara

They ain't your size, so that don't help.

Regan

Sheesh.

Kara

How was giving your first lap dance?

Regan

Okay I guess.

Kara

Seth's a good tipper.

Regan

He asked me out, though. That was a little awkward.

Kara

No, that's good. If they have the delusion you'd do 'em, it helps. They don't have to know you're a queermo. Just keep that shit on lockdown.

Regan

Damn. Ruins the gay pride-themed dance I was planning.

Kara

Funny. You'll have to find something that shows a little more skin at some point.

Regan

Ok.

Kara

Don't forget. The guys here like to buy drinks. Nurse one drink, but don't leave it unwatched. Always get water. And don't talk to Maggie too much.

Regan

The bartender?

Kara

Yes,

Regan

Why? She's hot.

Kara

She's bad news and you have terrible taste in women . . . like that one chick that totally stalked you at the diner.

Regan

She tipped well, at least.

Kara

No bartender for you, understand?

Regan

Okay, mom.

Kara

Just looking out.

Regan

I know. I'm here to make a couple dollars and stay out of trouble.

Kara

That's what they all say.

Regan

I don't dance around half-naked and slam my ass on dicks for fun. Trust me, I'm good.

Kara

I hope dick slamming is not your technique, by the way.

Regan

Seriously I'm cool.

Kara

Good. [*Exits. Regan starts counting money at bar. Maggie walks over.*]

Maggie

Shouldn't you be working?

Regan

On break. [*Finishes counting.*] Holy shit. \$150 and I'm only a few hours in.

Maggie

I'm not surprised. [*Pours two shots. Pushes one toward Regan.*] You're new. You've got a nice ass. Cute smile. You seem fun.

Regan

[*Putting money away.*] I am fun. [*Starts assessing the room.*] But I don't drink.

Maggie

Come on. We're celebrating. Your first night here and you've got a couple handfuls of cash. You can drink to that.

Regan

[*To Maggie.*] No, Maggie. Thanks, anyway. [*Looks around.*] Nobody is at that Seth guy's table, but I really don't wanna go over there again.

Maggie

He ask you out?

Regan

So he does this a lot.

Maggie

Yep.

Regan

And here I thought I was special.

Maggie

Don't go over to him. Wait for another table. It's important to get to know your co-workers.

Regan

Right. This place seems like it encourages team-building. Back in a few shakes. [*Regan walks away from bar. Maggie takes down both shots quickly. Regan goes over to table where Seth sits. He is very drunk.*]

Seth

You're back. Thank God. I got plenty of cash and nobody in my lap.

Regan

That is a damn shame. How can help? [*Seth puts cash on the table. Regan begins giving him a dance.*]

Seth

God your ass is magical.

Regan

Thanks.

Seth

This is my third dance. Ya do the same thing every time.

Regan

Should I do back-flips?

Seth

Hmmmm . . . Let's talk extras. Some girls do 'em, I hear. I'd pay.

Regan

Extras? Stripper here. Not a hooker.

Seth

Money is money, ain't it?

Regan

You can have all the dances you want. [*Seth counts out more money on the table and places it a bill at a time. Slowly, until there is a small stack. Pause. The name "Diamond" is called over the speakers.*]

Seth

Take it.

Regan

That's about 4 dances. I'll be here a while.

Seth

I'll take two dances. The rest is for you to just think it over.

Regan

[*Pause.*] I don't know if that's a good idea.

Seth

And turning down money is? We gotta work on your business sense. [*Kara enters. She comes over to table.*]

Kara

Seth, you sexy devil, my girl here has to get onstage. [*To Regan.*] You didn't hear your name over the speakers?

Regan

Uhm, I heard "Diamond."

Kara

Yeah, totally gave you a stage name. You're welcome.

Regan

Great. [*To Seth.*] I'll be back.

Seth

I know you will. [*Pause.*]

Kara

[*To Regan.*] Girl, get your ass onstage . . . the pole is waiting. [*Lights fade as Regan goes to the pole. Lights down.*]

Movement Five

[*The lights come up to reveal Regan on the phone. A couple months later.*]

Regan

Goddamnit. [*Regan slams the phone down.*] Fucking doctors. [*Anna enters.*] He look weird to you?

Anna

Yeah.

Regan

It's like his color is off.

Anna

Jess is on her way with soup.

Regan

Soup huh?

Anna

If they would just give him that drug...

Regan

Mom. I'm trying. Been trying. Where is the thermometer?

Anna

Oh, I bought a new one this morning. [*She grabs it from a plastic store bag in the room.*] It's a fancy one like at the doctor's office.

Regan

[*Over the following dialogue, she opens thermometer and checks directions. She goes to take Patrick's temperature.*] What was wrong with the old one?

Anna

[*Pause.*] I maybe broke it.

Regan

How the hell did you do that?

Anna

I got McDonald's coffee and it looked awfully hot. I didn't want to end up like that old lady in the lawsuit, so I tried to use the thermometer on it and dropped it in. [*Pause.*] Patrick wanted hot cakes this morning. That's a good sign, right?

Regan

Good sign of what? Junk food addiction? [*Checks thermometer.*] 102. I'll call the doctor. I think that means hospital, but I'll check. [*Calls doctor. Anna tries to give Patrick water.*]

Anna

Patrick, honey, ya need to drink water.

Patrick

[*Barely wakes up.*] Turn up the heat? I'm cold.

Anna

[*To Regan.*] Tell them he's acting funny. [*Regan nods. While Regan is on the phone, Anna keeps trying to give Patrick water, adjusts his blankets, etc. Jess enters with food she's cooked. She takes in the scene immediately. She puts food down. Her and Anna's talk happens while Regan is talking on the phone.*]

Jess

[*To Anna.*] What's going on?

Anna

He has a fever and he's -

Jess

-How high is the fever? He needs to go to the hospital if-

Anna

-Regan is on the phone with the doctor-

Regan

Hello, yes, I need to speak with Dr. Brodsky...Okay, fine, that's fine...This is Regan Murphy and my brother, Patrick Murphy, is a patient...Right...Stage 4...He's got a temperature-

Jess

-We should just take him into the hospital. [*Regan signals for her to shut-up. Listens to nurse on the phone.*]

Regan

...Right, okay. Yes, we'll take him to the hospital. Thank-you.

Jess

Can you wake him? [*Jess tries to gently wake Patrick. He opens his eyes. He's groggy.*]

Regan

I haven't tried just slapping him yet. Usually helps.

Patrick

[*To Regan.*] Love you, too.

Jess

We need to get you to the hospital, hon. Come on. [*Jess and Regan get him up. He stands. He collapses. They barely catch him.*]

Regan

Shit, shit, shit. Call 911.

Jess

Already on it.

Anna

Patrick, sweetie, keep awake.

[They are all trying to help Patrick as lights fade. Ambulance lights and sounds fill the room. All exit as ambulance comes and goes. Lights come back up on Regan and Jess entering the house hours later.]

Jess

He hates that hospital.

Regan

Ambulance took him to the closest one. At least they know him there.

Jess

I'll take mom's place tomorrow afternoon if you have the morning. You really still going into work?

Regan

I've only been at this new place a couple months. Can't call in too much.

Jess

Look at you being responsible.

Regan

Is that supposed to be a compliment?

Jess

Of sorts.

Regan

Well, you can head home whenever. I've got the torture chamber covered.

Jess

What does that mean?

Regan

[Pause.] I've been trying to get this goddamn treatment for him for months.

Jess

And I told you Father Casey raised a lot of money at the benefit. We can find a way-

Regan

-Patrick doesn't want to do it.

Jess

What?

Regan

Maybe we should just let him...he is so miserable all the time. This chemo has the skin peeling off of his feet and-

Jess

-Just shut up, Regan.

Regan

What are you doing?

Jess

I want to make sure the house is clean and ready so mom doesn't have to worry-

Regan

-I can handle that just fine and-

Jess

-Except the house is a mess every time I come here-

Regan

-Which is what, every few weeks?

Jess

You are such a goddamn ingrate. Mom lets you live here, like some kind of overgrown adolescent-

Regan

-No, no, no. I pay the bills, help with Patrick.

Jess

Help. Sure.

Regan

Meaning?

Jess

He needs people that will push him to get better.

Regan

Fighting cancer isn't the Winter Olympics, Jess. Ya don't train your way to victory.

Jess

Not everything is a shitty joke.

Regan

No, just this conversation.

Jess

God, it should be you in there.

Regan

[Pause.] What?

[Jess does not speak.]

I should be the one dying. That's what you want to say. So much like dad already. Right? Right?

[Long pause. Jess exits.] [Regan looks around. Lights down.]

Movement Six

[Later that night. Lights up on the pole. Regan does another good routine. Lights up on the rest of the club. She exits the stage and goes to the bar. Kara and Maggie are both there.]

Kara

[To Maggie.] Ya gotta cut her off.

Maggie

Huh?

Kara

Candy. Our resident trash can shitter.

Maggie

Fine.

Kara

I'm serious.

Maggie

Okay . . . okay. No more for Candy.

Regan

My life in a nutshell. I work with a person named Candy who shits in garbage cans.

Maggie

Would you prefer is her name was Gertrude? [*Regan smiles broadly.*] Finally, a smile. Thought you were fed up with this place.

Kara

[*To Regan.*] I didn't wanna say it, but might be why you're not nabbing as many dances.

Maggie

Yes.

Kara

You look like you're gonna dick-punch somebody.

Regan

Sorry.

Kara

Take your break?

Regan

I'm fine.

Kara

You sure?

Regan

Yeah.

Kara

'Cause I noticed that you kinda smell like whiskey.

Regan

I already had to deal with Jess today. Please. No more lectures.

Kara

Okay, Okay. Fair enough. You tell me if you need anything. I have a bachelorette party to handle. Wish me luck. [*Kara exits. Maggie pours a double. She hands it to Regan, who downs it quickly*]

Maggie

And you said you don't drink.

Regan

When I do, I do. I gotta slow down, though, or Candy will have competition.

Maggie

We don't want that.

Regan

No, we don't.

Maggie

Don't worry. I will make sure to cut you off before it gets ugly.

Regan

Let's not get extreme. One more double. Then cut me off. [*Pause.*] I gotta get rid of this resting bitch face.

Maggie

Come on. Practice looking happy to be here. Go. [*Regan forces a smile.*] I thought Pennywise the Clown was scary. [*Regan laughs.*] See, there ya go. Just laugh at them out there.

Regan

Good plan. [*Pause.*] You're closing, right? [*Maggie nods.*] Long story, but I won't really have time to sleep before I have someplace to be, so I was gonna go grab food.

Maggie

Are you giving me an itinerary or asking me out?

Regan

Asking out sounds so . . . official. How about this . . . want to go to a crappy diner where I can get us free food?

Maggie

Damn. How can I resist?

Regan

Then don't. [*Regan exits. Kara comes to the bar.*]

Kara

[*To Maggie.*] Candy just pimp slapped a customer. Please go talk to her. She listens to you. I will hold down the fort. [*Maggie sighs, nods and exits. Lights down on Kara.*]

[*Lights and sound shift. A table at the club is now table at the diner. Regan and Maggie enter the diner and sit.*]

Maggie

This is the infamous diner Kara speaks of. Huh.

Regan

Just stick to basics here and you're fine. Toast. Eggs. If you were craving a hollandaise or something fancy, forget it.

Maggie

The menu? Small talk bores me. Just tell me what's up with you. In general. Tonight. You drank. You don't normally. Why?

Regan

I dunno.

Maggie

Come on.

Regan

I thought we were having a date, not an interview.

Maggie

It's a date now?

Regan

I guess.

Maggie

Why'd you ask me to hang? Could've asked Kara.

Regan

I like talking to you.

Maggie

Then talk.

Regan

About my drinking?

Maggie

Yeah, it'll be like an AA meeting. Great place to pick up chicks.

Regan

Stop. You're joking?

Maggie

Mostly. There was this one time...but we're not talking about any of that.

Regan

Oh, come on.

Maggie

Someone I work with showed up to a meeting. We bonded.

Regan

“Bonded?” Details?

Maggie

That anonymous thing. You know.

Regan

Okay. Uhm. I had to get my stomach pumped. Twice.

(Off Maggie’s reaction.)

What?

Maggie

What the actual fuck.

Regan

Seriously, what?

Maggie

That does not earn you an AA hookup story. A slutty sorority girl has her stomach pumped once a year. Maybe twice. Not impressed.

Regan

Are you calling me a slutty sorority girl?

Maggie

If you’re into that.

Regan

So...you try to bang all your co-workers? Or just the slutty sorority girls?

Maggie

Oh. You can ask personal questions. I see your game.

Regan

Jesus. *[Pause.]* My dad drank. A lot. I drank with him sometimes. Then, when he died, I drank. Like, drank. A lot. I got it under control after a while. I dunno about the whole “alcoholic” thing. AA doesn’t leave much room for grey area.

Maggie

Okay. I can, if I don't watch it, drink my body weight in vodka. I still do sometimes. I very occasionally enjoy cocaine. [*Pause.*] And the AA hook-up. Well. I slept with Candy.

Regan

The hell you did.

Maggie

It was after the Trash Can Scandal. Top that.

Regan

I can't.

Maggie

Not even gonna try?

Regan

At my father's funeral luncheon, I puked all over the cake my sister baked for it.

Maggie

Intentionally?

Regan

Hard to remember. Probably. She and I are very different. She's very Catholic. Very conservative. Had a big fight with her today.

Maggie

You win?

Regan

Not really.

Maggie

Hence chugging whiskey.

Regan

I don't chug. I swallow quickly.

Maggie

I bet you do. Seth would love that.

Regan

Ew. No thanks.

Maggie

Heh. Good attitude. He's probably got STDs nobody has discovered.

Regan

Yeah. He's rich as hell, though.

Maggie

He'll keep making offers. Don't be that girl. Stick to dances.

Regan

I could use the money. My brother has cancer. It's a pricey illness. [*The two locks eyes. Pause.*]

Maggie

Sorry to hear.

Regan

[*Pause.*] You have siblings?

Maggie

None that I talk with much. Most of them are in and out of prison.

Regan

Really?

Maggie

No, they just live in different states. That sounded intense, though, didn't it?

Regan

It really did. Why did you sleep with Candy?

Maggie

She's hot. Fucking duh. You close with your brother?

Regan

[*Pause.*] He's my best friend.

Maggie

Gotcha. [*Pause.*] Is service always this slow?

Regan

Yeah, sorry.

Maggie

[*Pause.*] How long until you gotta be where you gotta be?

Regan

A couple hours. [*Looks at phone.*] Well, three, actually.

Maggie

Wanna go to my place, have a few drinks and fool around?

Regan

[*Pause.*] I shouldn't.

Maggie

Of course you shouldn't, that's why you should. [*The two lock eyes.*]

Regan

[*Pause.*] Sold. [*The pair passionately embrace and kiss. The lights fade to black.*]

Movement Seven

(Regan's house. One month later. Patrick is watching TV. Anna is fighting with new Keurig. Regan comes out of her room and goes to kitchen, very hung over.)

Anna

Why can't I figure this out?

Regan

Dunno, but I need caffeine. Move. [*Regan makes herself and her mom cups of coffee and Anna makes a bowl of instant oatmeal over following.*]

Anna

I liked the old coffee maker better.

Regan

I was just trying to do something nice.

Anna

[*Pause.*] I know.

Regan

[*Pause. Indicates oatmeal.*] That his food? I'll take it to him.

Anna

[*Nods.*] He barely sleeps.

Regan

I know.

Anna

Barely a wink.

Regan

He's been worse every day. Dr. Brodsky say anything at his appointment this morning?

Anna

There were some updates and Patrick tried to translate. He knows all that doctor talk goes over my head. Any change from that medical company? Maybe you could call again today.

Regan

Yeah. I'll get on that.

Anna

You're so grouchy lately.

Regan

[Fake grin.] That better?

Anna

[Pause.] Drink your coffee and eat one of your cookies. I need a cigarette. *[Anna exits. Regan grabs oatmeal and goes out to Patrick.]*

Regan

Here's some gummy, nasty instant oatmeal.

[Patrick doesn't respond. He is looking at his phone.]

[Indicates oatmeal.] I can crumble up a cookie in it. That'll help.

Patrick

Sit down. *[Regan sits.]* You're hung over. Again.

Regan

I don't want to fight with you when-

(Patrick shows Regan his phone.)

What is that?

Patrick

Phillip went to a bachelor party.

[Regan doesn't move or speak.]

Only a few strip clubs in the state.

[Regan is still stunned.]

You were too drunk to notice him.

[Long beat.]

Regan

Jess know?

Patrick

Phillip has no reason to tell Captain Catholic he was at a strip club.

Regan

You can just fuck off looking at me like that. I can strip if I want. It's not the 50s.

Patrick

I'm not Jess. Don't act like that's why I'm pissed.

Regan

At least I'm keeping up my dancing skills.

Patrick

Yeah.

Regan

It's good money.

Patrick

Yep.

Regan

What the hell do you want from me?

Patrick

[Pause.] I need to know you'll be okay.

Regan

I will.

Patrick

Please just figure your shit out. I need you to be...

[Patrick chokes up. Regan doesn't know what to say or do.]

[Jess enters. She has cupcakes.]

Jess

Hello, brother dear. Regan.

[Sees he and Regan look upset.]

Brought cupcakes for that giant sweet tooth.

Regan

I'll grab plates.

[Regan exits to kitchen.]

Patrick

Thank God. This oatmeal needs help.

Jess

You'd never know it's spring out there. Hot as heck. I'm going to grab some water.

Patrick

Fill mine up? *[Jess grabs glass, nods and goes to kitchen.]*

Jess

Hey.

Regan

Hello.

Jess

He looks awful.

Regan

I know.

Jess

Where's mom?

Regan

Smoking.

Jess

Great. Guess she totally gave up on quitting.

Regan

[Laughs. Mocking.] Right, 'cause that's the biggest problem we have. Christ.

Jess

Yeah, well. *[Pause.]* I can't help with any bills this month . . .

Regan

. . . Fucking joking . . .

Jess

. . . Hopefully, it's just for this month . . .

Regan

. . . Unbelievable . . .

Jess

. . . We're having car issues, so . . .

Regan

[*Laughs.*] . . . Perfect. Fine. [*Grabs chocolate bar.*] Here, bring this to Patrick. That's something you can do.

Jess

[*Goes to reply. Manages to not. Grabs water and goes to living room. Leaves chocolate bar.*] Here, baby bro.

Patrick

You hanging out at all today?

Jess

I wish I could. We're slammed at the shop. But since you asked for me to come over, I wanted to make sure to. Everything okay?

Patrick

Sure. [*Pause.*] If you have any free time in the next few days, that would be good.

Jess

I can make some. Why? What's up?

Patrick

[*Pause.*] Just want to spend some time with you. Sooner the better.

Jess

[*Pause. Gets out phone.*] Tonight work? I'll talk to Phillip about having the kids go to some friends' house.

Patrick

That'd be good. [*Pause.*] You look extra stressed.

Jess

Phillip's car broke down, so he can't do Lyft, Uber, none of it. Which is why...I'm just sorry I can't help more this month and I-

Patrick

-Hey. Stop. Just glad to see you. Please don't worry about money right now. Want a benzo? That stuff will calm you down.

Jess

[Laughs.] I'm okay. [Anna enters.] Hi, mom.

Anna

I wasn't smoking.

Jess

Yes, you were. It's fine.

Anna

Thank goodness. [Regan comes out and brings chocolate bar to Patrick.]

Patrick

I need to talk to you all.

Jess

What's wrong?

Regan

You mean besides cancer?

Jess

Regan, I swear on all that's holy-

Anna

-Girls, please, can you just -

Regan

-What? It was a stupid question and-

Patrick

- I talked to Doctor Brodsky this morning. I'll need to go into hospice soon. Called insurance.

It'll cover it for the most part. I shouldn't be there too long, though. [Long pause. Total silence.]

Jess

How...how do you...?

Patrick

All the physical signs are pointing in that direction. And I just...know.

Anna

That's what your dad said near the end.

Jess

I remember that. [*Pause.*] I'll call Father Casey about last rites.

Regan

Jesus Christ. [*Patrick gives Regan a look, but doesn't say anything. Jess goes to say something and doesn't. Anna immediately speaks.*]

Anna

Regan. You weren't there for your father's last rites and it was fine. You don't have to be here for Patrick's. Please just keep quiet if you're going to say mean things about any of it. I do not have any patience left. [*Almost falls apart.*] I'm just going to get another cigarette. Sorry. [*Exits. Long pause.*]

Jess

You don't know when to shut up.

Regan

You don't know when to stop being a goddamn bitch.

Patrick

Both of you need-

Regan

-What's Phillip been up to?

Patrick

Regan.

Jess

Why are you asking like that?

Regan

He just sent Patrick some interesting pictures. That's all. From his boys' night out.

Jess

What's she talking about?

Patrick

I would like to plead cancer.

Jess

Uh-uh. No jokes right now.

Patrick

He went to a strip club.

[Pause.]

Jess, it's really not a big deal. He was just...it's normal bachelor party stuff-

Jess

-Places like that are disgusting. Excuse me if the idea of my husband being in some trashy, I dunno, wannabe-brothel-

Regan

“Trashy Wannabe Brothel.” I have memoir titles now.

Jess

Why do you even know about this? Why does she know about this?

Regan

You're embarrassed your husband went there? Get ready-

Patrick

-Lord, Regan-

Regan

-I work there. Philly has a picture of me on his phone. Ask him about it.

[Jess looks at Patrick and Regan. All of this hits her.]

I'm just gonna go. I've got stuff to do before work.

Patrick

Regan, wait, just-

Jess

-No. I think it's a good idea.

Patrick

Jess. Please. Could you both-

Regan

- I'll see you later. *[Regan exits. Lights down.]*

Movement Eight

[Music. Pole in silhouette. Then lights up on the club. Kara is at the bar with Maggie.]

Maggie

She's a grown ass woman . . . let her make decisions for herself.

Kara

You need to cut her off.

Maggie

She just needed to let off some steam. What's the big deal?

Kara

Chugging whiskey two hands at a time? That ain't my girl's style . . . or it sure as hell wasn't until you two started hanging out.

Maggie

You blaming me for-

Kara

-I'm not blaming. I'm warning. I have beat the shit outta people for a lot less. Don't screw with my people. *[Exits. Regan enters and goes to the bar.]*

Regan

One shot and make it a double.

Maggie

Take it fast . . . Kara is ready to rip my face off. *[Regan takes down shot.]* We hanging after work tonight?

Regan

Maybe. Depends on if you keep pouring. I don't like Kara playing mom. I've got enough of those. *[Regan goes out to floor before Maggie can say anything. Seth is at a table. She goes over to it.]*

Seth

Been a couple weeks. Going to let me buy you a drink again tonight?

Regan

Not right now.

Seth

Just a dance, then. *[Takes out cash.]* I got a promotion. I really want to celebrate it.

Regan

You are a pushy one.

Seth

I prefer insistent. [*Puts a lot of money on the table.*] Let's negotiate. One blowjob. \$200.

Regan

[*Pause.*] \$400.

Seth

Seriously? That's ridiculous.

Regan

I guess you just want a dance. That's fine. \$400 and you can really celebrate that promotion.

Seth

[*Pause.*] When's your break?

Regan

After my next dance.

Seth

Can you leave the club during it?

Regan

Yeah.

Seth

My car, then.

Regan

I want the cash up front.

Seth

\$200 before. \$200 after.

Regan

Why?

Seth

Same reason you want it all up front, I suppose. We have a deal or not? [*Regan nods. Her stage name is called over the speakers.*]

Regan

Get that \$200 ready to go. [*Regan goes to the pole. Lights down on everything except that. She gives a good dance. She leaves the pole. Lights stay on it for a couple beats. Lights up on the*

club at closing time. Kara and Maggie are cleaning up. Regan is getting ready to leave, but she is extremely drunk.]

Kara

Girl, I have to hope you didn't drive here.

Regan

I totally did. Totally drove here.

Kara

Well, you're totally not driving home.

Maggie

I can take her home.

Kara

[To Maggie.] You can stay out of this. *[To Regan as she takes out her phone.]* I am ordering an Uber right now. I'll pick you up for work tomorrow.

Regan

I'll order my own. I made so much money tonight. Like, over \$600.

Maggie

Jesus. How'd ya manage that? You give 30-second lap dances?

Regan

Nah, I blew Seth for \$400. The rest was dances.

Maggie

[Pause.] You're joking.

Kara

[Studies Regan.] No, she's not. Regan, sweetie, new plan. I'm taking you home. We gotta talk.

Regan

We don't gotta anything. I'm fine. I'm great. I'm making all the money. *[To Maggie.]* Still wanna hang out? My mouth probably tastes a little like cock still. *[Laughs.]*

Maggie

[To Kara.] I'm gonna go clean some tables. *[Exits.]*

Regan

Oh, shit, don't think she liked the joke. Almost as funny as the one about the 36-year-old and cancer. *[Laughs harder. Is suddenly very nauseous.]* Too much laughing.

Kara

Got a trash can out for cleaning. Right there. [*Regan vomits. Kara grabs a napkin, wets it, waits for Regan to finish getting sick, then tries to help her clean-up.*]

Regan

I feel really disgusting. Or disgusted. I think both.

Kara

You're a little crazy right now.

Regan

I'm just over it. Just wanna be done.

Kara

Yeah. I get that. I'm gonna go get my stuff and we'll talk on the drive to your place. 'K?

Regan

Sure. [*Kara exits. Maggie returns to the bar. She begins cleaning. She ignores Regan.*]

Too good to talk to me now?

Maggie

I just don't like messy.

Regan

Wow. What a great friend.

Maggie

Sex and getting drunk is not a friendship. We have fun. Taking care of someone when they're being a dumbass isn't fun. Just so we're clear.

Regan

[*Pause.*] Right. [*Kara comes out.*]

Kara

Ready to go?

Regan

Yeah. Done here. [*They exit. Lights down.*]

[*Lights up on Regan's house. She enters. Patrick is awake. Nobody else is around or awake.*]

Patrick

Hey.

[Regan stumbles a little as she goes over to Patrick and sits near him.]

Been drinking since you left? *[Pause.]* Mom was upset. Jess is possibly committing manslaughter as we speak.

Regan

I'm a shitty person.

Patrick

That's not true.

Regan

I suck at people dying.

Patrick

Nobody is good at grief. *[Pause.]* A couple years ago, I had just started residency, and I was so excited. Then, just a few weeks in, this guy came in. He looked so much like dad, and he was having a heart attack. He died. We tried everything and he just died. I went with the attending physician to tell the family and I broke down and started crying. It had been two years since dad died, but something snapped inside me when I saw his family fall apart.

Regan

That had to suck.

Patrick

Yeah. The thing is, though, that the son of the guy was there. He wasn't much older than me. He went right up to me and hugged me. It was like he knew. It wasn't professional, but nobody cared.

Regan

Us in a nutshell. Your version of being a fuckup is being kind to people. Mine is being a piece of shit.

Patrick

[Pause.] Regan. I don't care what you do to make money. You know that.

Regan

Yeah. I know.

Patrick

Just don't throw away your whole life because of me. Please. I don't want any promises this time. Come here. [*Regan goes to Patrick. He holds her.*] I love you. Mom and Jess love you. We're all going to get through this. [*Pause.*] I mean, I won't. I'm dying, but you all will.

Regan

[*Laughs.*] You are so twisted. [*Pause.*] I love you, too. [*Lights down.*]

Movement Nine

(Lights back up on the living room. A few days later. Patrick is lying there, barely conscious. Anna is making food. Jess is cleaning. Regan enters from outside with some takeout.)

Regan

[*To Jess.*] You should take a cleaning break. This place is spotless, now. Seriously.

Jess

I'm not hungry. [*Indicates Patrick.*] He's not waking up . . .

Regan

. . . Yeah. That started last night.

Jess

When he started talking hospice, I didn't think he meant days. I . . .

Regan

[*Takes a container out of the bag.*] Eat. If he could, he would. This is the best pie on Earth.

Jess

I don't think this counts as a meal.

Regan

Yeah, well. It's food. There are also cookies, two kinds of brownies and a piece of cake.

Jess

Totally the meal dad would eat. Nothing healthy. Just sugar.

Regan

[*Pause.*] I know you don't want to hear it right now-

Jess

-I don't have the energy to fight if that's what-

Regan

-I'm sorry. I really am. *[Pause.]* That's all I've got right now.

Jess

[Pause.] Father Casey is coming in for Last Rites today.

Regan

I don't believe in all that stuff, as you know . . .

Jess

. . . I wasn't trying to-

Regan

I'd still just like to be here.

Jess

[Pause.] Yeah, mom would love that. *[Pause.]* I didn't tell her.

Regan

Good. I really want to do a big reveal. Maybe install a pole in the living room.

Jess

I went through Phillip's phone. For, I think, the seventh time in the last few days. Apparently he deleted the picture right after he took it and sent it to Patrick. He vomited when he saw you onstage.

Regan

[Pause.] Someone told me there was a guy a couple weeks ago that threw up onstage. Huh.

Jess

Don't you feel gross doing that kind of thing?

Regan

No. Not the dancing, anyway.

[Uncomfortable silence.]

Patrick once told me this weird fact he learned. Some siblings are more related than others. Like, they share more genes. I think you and I maybe share fewer genes.

Jess

[Beat] Okay?

Regan

My point is we're very different people. Always have been. Always will be. But it's not legal for us to kill each other.

Jess

Thank God for the law.

Regan

Right? [*Anna comes out.*] Here. Have some cake.

Anna

I think I understand the Keurig now. I'll make us coffee to go with the treats. [*Anna goes back to the kitchen. There is a knock at the door. Jess answers. It is Father Casey.*]

Father Casey

Good afternoon, Jess. [*Pause.*] Hello, Regan.

Regan

You can breathe. I'm taking a break from mocking priests.

Father Casey

Are you feeling okay?

Regan

Yeah. The withdrawals are pretty intense, but I'm managing. [*Anna comes out to the living room.*]

Anna

Hello, Father. Want some coffee?

Father Casey

No, thank-you.

Anna

We don't want to take too much of your time. We can get going.

Father Casey

Okay. [*Father Casey administers Last Rites. Jess holds Patrick's hand. Anna breaks down and sobs. Regan comforts her.*]

Amen.

[*Lights down. Lights up on the living room a week later. Patrick has been dead a week. Empty bed. No pills. Anna is drinking coffee while she watches TV. Regan enters from her bedroom.*]

Regan

Hey, mom.

Anna

Hey, sweetie. [*Pause.*] Did you dream about him last night? I did again.

Regan

[*Pause.*] I know it's only been a week, but it feels a lot longer.

Anna

You going to work? You haven't been in a while. You liking the fancy restaurant still?

Regan

Yeah. Going in a little bit. You're not just gonna sit at home all day again, are you? I don't think it's good for you.

Anna

You and your sister are both nags. Jess is coming to bring me to her work. Like I'm a child. I get free tea and cookies, though. And they have coloring books. That sounds nice. [*Pause.*] I guess I am a bit of a child. Piss on it. I don't care.

Regan

I'm gonna go run some errands. See you later tonight, mom. Love you.

Anna

Love you, too. [*Lights down.*]

Movement Ten

[*Lights up on the club at closing. Regan is finishing her last night. Kara is cleaning.*]

Kara

I'd say I was sad it's your last night...but I don't think workin' here is your thing, chica.

Regan

Made a good chunk of money. I will miss that.

Kara

Yeah. Maggie said to tell you she's sorry about Patrick. [*As Regan goes to reply.*] I told her to go fuck herself. No worries.

Regan

I appreciate that.

Kara

I won't say "I told you so." Except right now.

Regan

Where was she tonight, anyway?

Kara

Candy vomited on her pretty early in the night. It was before you came in. Manager let her take the night off.

Regan

That's poetic.

Kara

Stupid question: how are you and your family?

Regan

Awful. But we're getting through.

Kara

All you can do at first. [*Pause.*] And you will, you know. Get through. You're a tough bitch, or we wouldn't be friends.

Regan

I'm gonna head home. Need anything before I go?

Kara

Nope. See ya at the diner, babe.

Regan

Okay. 'Night.

[Regan exits.]

[Lights shift]

[Regan enters the living room. Jess is there, watching TV. Anna is passed out.]

Regan

You're here late...or early.

Jess

I know she hasn't been sleeping well.

Regan

Yeah.

Jess

That what you wear to work?

Regan

Nah. Gotta show more skin than this to make money.

Jess

Ew.

Regan

I quit.

Jess

Really?

Regan

I can't be working at bars. Promised Patrick.

Jess

Good promise to keep. *[Pause]* What with him being dead and all.

[Beat. They both break into laugh-crying.]

Regan

Are we gonna wake her?

Jess

No, no. Tricked her into eating one of your cookies.

[They both laugh-cry harder. They calm down.]

[Beat.]

Regan

I'll stay out here if you want to go home.

Jess

That would be great.

Regan

Jess.

Jess

Hmm?

Regan

Thank-you.

Jess

No problem.

[Jess exits.]

[Regan sits with her mom. She takes a blanket that Patrick always had on and puts it over them both.]

End of Play