

**LIVING ROOM**

*(HAWKINS and ANNA lie back on the couch, staring at the audience. JESS pulls out a Payday candy bar. Salivating, she opens it. A worried look. She bites.)*

Dammit! JESS

What? ANNA

My Payday's burnt. JESS

Burnt? HAWKINS

The caramel. JESS

Let me see that. I've never seen a burnt Payday. Not that I can remember. HAWKINS

Not the peanuts, though? ANNA

Well, yeah, the peanuts, too, but it's the caramel that sucks. JESS

*(HAWKINS is now next to JESS on the floor, staring at the candy bar.)*

Tastes burnt? HAWKINS

Tastes shitty. JESS

Crapped out on the candy bar. ANNA

*(TRENTON peers out of his room, looking around.)*

Where's Megan? TRENTON

HAWKINS

Bathroom.

*(TRENTON nods, and returns to his room.)*

HAWKINS

You should write a letter.

JESS

What?

ANNA

Oh, come on, to WHO?

JESS

Well to... yeah, to who... or... whom?

HAWKINS

You know, whomever it concerns. There's got to be... give me the wrapper.

*(JESS gives him the wrapper, keeping the burnt bar.  
HAWKINS displays the wrapper.)*

Here. Nestle.

ANNA

Jess, think hard about this. Do you really want a room full of people you've never met before laughing at you?

JESS

What?

HAWKINS

Costs you nothing, Jess. A stamp. I'll give it to you. Just the time it takes to write a letter.

JESS

What was that part about people laughing at me?

*(ANNA stands and becomes very animated.)*

ANNA

IT'S A CANDY BAR! I'm at nestle, I read this letter... "Hi, my name's Jess, and I'm a thirty year-old plant salesman, and I recently purchased a Payday bar and IT WAS

BURNT..." I'm the one reading this letter? I tell everyone I know about it, and they all laugh. I post it on the Internet!

JESS

Oh! Yeah! Wait... why?

ANNA

Because it's pathetic to file a complaint ABOUT A CANDY BAR!

JESS

Damn.

HAWKINS

You never know, though.

JESS

About what?

HAWKINS

What they might give you.

ANNA

They're not going to give you anything more than another candy bar.

JESS

*(excited)* You think they'd actually replace it?

HAWKINS

At least. And you've seen all those ads with people who wrote letters.

ANNA

Hate to burst your bubble, but those are actors.

JESS

No way!

HAWKINS

Why would they use actors?

ANNA

Because real people can't act.

HAWKINS

Then why do they hire actors who pretend they can't act?

ANNA

It's the same reason they use plastic food in ads... advertisers are committed to lying with every breath, not just every other breath. They could use real food, real people, but they'd rather use fake food and faker people... actors!

HAWKINS

I think it also has something to do with the unions.

JESS

I'm not doing a commercial for burnt Paydays.

*(They stop and look at her.)*

HAWKINS

Good point.

JESS

I'm gonna write that letter, though. I'd like another candy bar.

HAWKINS

All right! Let me see... Jess, you ate it.

JESS

Yeah.

*(ANNA bursts out laughing. HAWKINS shakes his head and joins her in laughing.)*

It wasn't that bad.

*(TRENTON pokes his head out again. He looks around, confused.)*

TRENTON

Megan's not out yet?

ANNA

*(singing)* Not yet...

HAWKINS

Sometimes it takes a while.

TRENTON

I know that, but she tends to be very quick. Never over a minute.

HAWKINS

No... I mean... sorry, I meant on acid.

TRENTON

It takes longer to go to the bathroom

ANNA

It's just so much more fun that you tend to sit a little while longer, savoring the experience of really feeling your body's joy about excreting.

*(TRENTON takes a step back.)*

HAWKINS

*(calmly)* Right now, Megan's experiencing a deeper spiritual connection with her bowels.

ANNA

I'm next. Can't wait.

*(TRENTON's scared.)*

## **BATHROOM**

*(MEGAN has put herself in warpaint using the toothpaste, and is suddenly very self-conscious. She stares at the door, listening to what she can hear of the conversation. It is aggressive and distorted.)*

HAWKINS

*(offstage)* Megan... Bowels!

ANNA

*(offstage)* Can't wait!

*(MEGAN shudders and frantically tries to remove the toothpaste, muttering to herself.)*

MEGAN

Sickos... leave my bowels alone... heh.

*(She nervously flushes and leans against the wall, enjoying the coolness. Seeing her reflection in the mirror, she charges herself and stares straight into her own dilated pupils.)*

I'm good... this is good.

*(She shakes her head and turns to enter...)*

## **LIVING ROOM**

*(...Where she finds HAWKINS and TRENTON standing close together, agitated.)*

HAWKINS

*(under his breath)* ...I don't care if you don't approve. She's dropped now, it's done. Just don't make a problem where there isn't one.

TRENTON

Look—

*(MEGAN speaks directly to TRENTON, acting like nothing is out of the ordinary.)*

MEGAN

I don't think I'd like bidets.

TRENTON

What?

ANNA

Bidets are wonderful.

JESS

They older I get, the more I want people to do things to my ass. A high-colonic sounds better and better every day.

HAWKINS

Bend over, Jess. I'll get the garden hose.

*(She bends over toward HAWKINS, who turns away.)*

I don't need to see that...

MEGAN

Just the idea of water splashing on my ass... I mean, I hate that!

ANNA

You hate what?

MEGAN

When water splashes up on me.

ANNA

You mean when you're on the toilet?

MEGAN

Yes. Of course. When else?

ANNA

Nobody likes that! That's not the same thing as a bidet. That's water that you've shit and pissed in splashing back up at you.

HAWKINS

"This is too much shit and urine in this toilet, so please store this extra in your ass crack!"

ANNA

I mean, I HOPE there's no one out there craving that. "I hope I take a huge crap so there'll be a big splash!" I take it you got drenched just now, and that's why we're having this conversation?

*(MEGAN falls against the wall laughing. Everyone but TRENTON joins in.)*

MEGAN

Stop!

ANNA

Right. Stopping. No more ass-crack-turd-piss-splashing jokes.

JESS

I definitely notice when it splashes.

*(TRENTON surveys the cackling party, doing his best not to stick out. MEGAN pulls up close to him.)*

MEGAN

Don't worry. I didn't actually make a big splash. I didn't even go.

*(She beams at him, and he looks at her like she's from another planet. ANNA turns some soft funk music on. The following quick scenes are underscored, and can overlap each other.)*