

RANDY and PETER enter, mid-conversation.

RANDY
It's just not fair!

PETER
Stop whining, Christ!

RANDY
I'm just saying—

PETER
It's blood under the bridge, let it go.

RANDY
Don't tell me what to do. It's not under the bridge yet. It can't even see the bridge. It's still frozen on the mountain, that's how far it is from the bridge!

PETER
Don't bitch at me about things I don't care about. No. I do care. But I am sick of getting in the middle of these spats you two have. You're both always trying to pressure me to take your side, and I'm not on either of your sides. You're both crazy.

RANDY
You can't be neutral.

PETER
I'm not neutral. I hate both of you.

RANDY
Well, if that's the way you feel—

PETER
It's not literal hate for you... I hate that I married her.

RANDY
Hey, don't dis my sister.

PETER
Again, it's not her. It's working with you, eating her meals, golfing with you, sleeping with her... what do you mean, "don't dis her?" You were just—

RANDY
I'm family.

PETER
I'm family, TOO!

RANDY
But not by blood.

PETER
(*pause*) Listen, I'll give you a hundred dollars to agree with me. Deal?

RANDY
(*pause*) Done. Tell her tonight that you agree with me and we're cremating mother.

(End of play.)