

EUPHORIA

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

BY
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I

ACT ONE SCENE ONE

JOE'S studio apartment located in a Chicago North Side Neighborhood. The apartment is sparsely furnished and rather unkempt. Fast food wrappers litter the floor.

It is early morning. JOE and TRENT are asleep under the covers.

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

THE ANSWERING MACHINE CLICKS on.

JOE. *(On answering machine)* Hi. This is Joe. Sorry I can't take your call. I'm either at work, in the middle of a movie, or I've died of boredom. If it's the first or second, I'll call you back. If it's the third, I probably won't.

The MACHINE BEEPS.

PHIL. *(On answering machine)* Joey, pick up. Joseph, wake up. I know you're there. You better be there. OK, we're on our way over. If you don't answer the door, I'm using our spare key.

JOE tries to wake up. He is extremely hung over, nauseous and surprised to find that he is not alone. He locates his glasses and begins to study the naked body sleeping next to him. As he peeks under the covers, TRENT begins to stir.

TRENT. How you feelin'?

JOE. My mouth tastes like I vomited on a rice cake and then ate it.

TRENT. *(Grabbing the wastebasket)* You need this again?

JOE. No.

TRENT. You want a glass of water?

JOE. No.

TRENT. You want me to rub your shoulders?

JOE. No.

TRENT. *(Picking a bag off the floor)* Hey, there's still a few fries in here.

JOE. Don't eat those.

TRENT. It's no different than eating cold pizza.

JOE. Please don't talk about food. Don't talk about anything. My head is pounding.

TRENT. Don't you like me anymore? Look how flexible I am.

JOE. Please, you're rocking the bed.

TRENT. *(Flexing his arms)* Go on. Feel this. You've got nothing to be shy about. I've seen you hurl.

JOE. Look, this is a little awkward. And please don't take this personally-

TRENT. What? What is it?

JOE. I have no idea who you are.

TRENT. I'm Trent. I hooked up with you guys at Time Out.

JOE. I remember a DJ - and people kept buying rounds. And, I remember this sailor hanging from a pole.

TRENT. *(Saluting)* That was me! My real name is George. Trent is just my stage name. I think George sounds like an accountant.

JOE. What are you, 28, 29?

TRENT. I'm 23.

JOE. God, How did you end up here . . . with me? I'm old.

TRENT. You're not old.

JOE. I'm old and fat and I ate White Castle.

TRENT. You're not fat. I'll bet if you joined a gym-

JOE. I belong to a gym.

TRENT. Oh. How often do you go?

JOE. I belong to a gym. What exactly happened last night?

TRENT. I was dancing and your friend Phil kept giving you money to tip me. Then, we started talking. We talked for over an hour. Then, you started crying.

JOE. God.

TRENT. A lot of people get depressed on their birthdays. So, we hit the drive-thru and I brought you home. Then, you got sick. I gotta take a leak.

TRENT grabs his gym bag and walks into the bathroom.

JOE forces himself out of bed. He is still fully clothed in his outfit from last night. He stumbles to the kitchen and grabs some cat food. He almost gags from the smell, but manages to put some into a bowl.

JOE. Here Kitty. Kitty? Breakfast. *(The cat does not come out. As Joe puts away the food, he is startled by a cockroach.)* DAMMMIT! ROACH. ROACH. ROACH.

JOE chases the roach over into the corner and traps it under a cup. The cup slowly moves around the counter.

JOE is totally disgusted. He walks to the center of the room, stomps his foot four distinct times, crosses to the door and unlocks it.

Within seconds, the door opens and CORY enters.

CORY. Where is it?

JOE. On the counter, under that cup. Please throw away that cup. *(Like he has done it a hundred times, CORY gets the roach and starts for the bathroom.)* Oh, wait . . .

It is too late. TRENT comes out dressed in his underwear.

CORY. Oh, I'm sorry.

TRENT. I'm Trent.

CORY. I'm the exterminator.

CORY exits into the bathroom.

TRENT. Kind of early for an exterminator.

JOE. He's my neighbor. We have an agreement. I let him park in my parking space, he takes care of the roaches. He's going to watch my cat while they fumigate the apartment today.

TRENT. He's pretty hot for an older guy.

JOE. Shhh. He's going to hear you.

CORY returns with the litter box.

CORY. I'm taking this now.

JOE. Thanks. *(Embarrassed)* Cory, this is Trent. I mean, George.

CORY. I guess I don't have to ask if you had a good birthday.

TRENT. It was great.

CORY. I heard it all . . . at four o'clock this morning. I'm gonna go finish my coffee and then I'll come back up for the cat. And for the record, Joe is four months older than me.

CORY exits.

JOE. Thanks for putting me to bed and for whatever else you did. But, you don't need to hang around here anymore. You can go. Seriously, it's OK. You should go now. I need to pack.

TRENT. I'm coming with you.

JOE. What?

TRENT. You invited me.

JOE. Look, we may or may not have had a great time last night, I don't remember. But you can't believe anything I said, especially if you were dressed as a sailor. This trip is not for you. You won't have a good time. We never have a good time.

TRENT. Then why are you going?

JOE. It's sort of a tradition . . . just a stupid thing we always do for our birthdays. One of us picks a place and we road trip. It's never fun. Last year, Aaron booked us into this seminar called Communication for Dummies. We didn't speak to each other for three weeks.

TRENT. I told you last night. I can't get into my new apartment 'til the first. I've been sleeping in my car for the last two weeks. I got no place else to go.

JOE. Oh . . . Well . . . I tell you what . . . You can hang out 'til the guys get here. If it's OK with them, then . . .

TRENT. *(Holding up a bag of pot)* Great. I'm all packed.

JOE. You better keep that hidden from Aaron. He'll freak. *(JOE begins to remove his shirt, when he realizes that TRENT is watching him. Embarrassed, he heads into the bathroom.)* I'm gonna take a quick shower. Don't steal anything.

TRENT. Funny.

From off stage, the SOUND OF THE SHOWER can be heard.

TRENT does a few early morning stretches. After a moment, he exits into the bathroom to join JOE.

JOE. *(Off Stage)* I am on the toilet!! Get out of here!

TRENT is pushed out of the bathroom.

The INTERCOM BUZZES.

TRENT. You might want to light a match in there. *(Locating the intercom)* Who is it?

PHIL. *(Through the intercom)* Who is this?

TRENT. It's me, Trent.

PHIL. *(Through the intercom)* Trent? Let us up!

TRENT opens the front door.

TRENT. Hello.

AARON. Oh, this is great . . . just great. Does anyone else know you're here?

AARON. Where is he?

TRENT. Still in the bathroom. He's kind of slow-moving this morning.

PHIL. I'll bet. Hey, I like those shorts.

AARON. Will you quit staring at him?

PHIL. What exactly happened here last night?

AARON. Phil, that's none of our business.

PHIL. The hell it isn't. Dish.

TRENT. We just talked. He's kind of shy. It took me fifteen minutes to get him out of his shoes.

PHIL. He won't even change clothes at the gym.

TRENT. Then, he threw up on me.

PHIL. Oh, that's hot.

TRENT. He's nice. I don't know why he doesn't have a steady boyfriend.

PHIL. He's way too uptight.

AARON. He just hasn't found the right guy yet.

PHIL. He does have a not-so-secret crush on his downstairs gaybor.

TRENT. I think I just met him. Cute guy. Nice eyes. He came in and killed a bug.

AARON. This is going to ruin everything.

PHIL. Calm down.

TRENT. It was just a bug.

AARON. It's that damn grocery store next door. That's why I hired an exterminator to do the apartment today. It's part of my birthday present to him . . . something sensible.

PHIL. The gift that keeps on killing.

AARON. I said "Part." Hopefully, he'll get the real present on Saturday. Cory is supposed to drive up and surprise Joe for his birthday. He probably won't come now. Just once, I was hoping one of these getaways would work out.

TRENT. Where exactly are we going?

AARON. We?

TRENT. Yeah, Joe invited me.

AARON. *(Yelling)* Joe, you need to get out here.

JOE. *(Yelling from off stage)* George? What are you doing out there?

AARON. George? Who's George?

TRENT. I'm George. Trent is just my stage name.

PHIL. George sounds like an accountant.

JOE. *(Yelling from off stage)* Who are you talking to?

AARON. *(Yelling)* It's just us.

JOE. *(Yelling from off stage)* I'll be out in a minute.

AARON. This doesn't make sense. *(To TRENT)* You're not even his type.

PHIL. Are you kidding? He's everybody's type. What are you doing?

AARON. I'm just trying to tidy up.

PHIL. Hey, are those fries?

AARON. Don't eat those. God, you're disgusting.

PHIL. He might be saving those.

AARON. No one saves used hamburger wrappers. No wonder he has bugs.

PHIL. Aaron's a clean freak.

AARON. No, Phil's a slob.

PHIL. I am not.

AARON. His whole family is. You should see his parent's house. It's like a trip to Grey Gardens.

PHIL. It is not.

AARON. It is too.

TRENT. *(To PHIL)* You guys are a couple, right?

AARON. *(After PHIL does not answer)* Yes, we are! Why is this wastebasket just sitting out here? OK, this is too much. Phil, come here. Even you have to admit that this is disgusting.

PHIL. It's vomit. What's the big deal?

AARON. The big deal is . . . the big deal is . . . vomit does not belong in the living room. You are pathetic. Where does he keep his Lysol?

AARON crosses into the kitchen.

PHIL. Are those from Undergear?

TRENT. Oh, I don't remember.

PHIL. Turn around. Let me see the tag.

PHIL checks out the label in TRENT'S underwear.

AARON. Leave him alone.

JOE enters.

PHIL. Happy Birthday. Way to go. Hubba Hubba.

AARON. Joseph, I need to talk to you in private. Now.

TRENT. I'll just hop in there and rinse off. That way you guys can talk about me.

TRENT exits into the bathroom.

AARON. Just put something on before Phil hyperventilates. Why did you just up and leave last night?

PHIL. I think that's pretty obvious.

AARON. Did you really invite him to come with us?

JOE. Well . . .

AARON. What are we supposed to do all weekend with a stupid, little twink? *(To PHIL)* Don't answer that.

JOE. I don't think he's stupid.

AARON. Why are you defending him?

PHIL. 'Cause he's hot.

AARON. You have socks older than he is.

JOE. I'm sorry. You know me. I can't say "No" to people.

PHIL. Our own little Ado Annie

JOE. And, he quoted An Officer and a Gentleman.

AARON. Not Richard Gere again -

JOE. He looked up at me with his big sad eyes and said "I got nowhere else to go."

AARON. But, this is going to ruin everything.

JOE. I still don't even know where we are going.

PHIL. OK, are you ready? We're going to Euphoria! I got us reservations! Can you believe it?

JOE. I don't even know what that is.

AARON. It's a health spa Phil found on the internet.

PHIL. Yeah, I was in this chat room and Glen69 recommended it. It's just outside of Memphis.

JOE. That's got to be at least an eight hour drive.

AARON. Don't look at me. He made all the arrangements.

JOE. Well, I'm not sleeping in a tent again and I'm not peeing in a bush. You know how I am about bugs.

PHIL. The entire North Side knows how you are about bugs.

JOE. I should pack some repellent. *(Starting for the bathroom)* Oh, I better wait.

PHIL. I'll get it! *(Looking for permission)* Can I?

JOE. It's in the medicine cabinet. He won't mind. I think he likes being looked at.

PHIL. It's not him that I'm worried about.

AARON. *(Giving permission)* Go ahead.

PHIL darts off into the bathroom.

JOE. Go on. You're just dying to say something.

AARON. He's just so . . .

JOE. You keep telling me I need to put myself out there.

AARON. Do you realize that while his mother was giving birth to him, we were probably at the movies seeing Flashdance for the fifth time?

JOE. I know he's young . . . but he spent the night. That's an improvement over my last four dates. If I hadn't been so sick -

AARON. You gonna be OK?

JOE. Yeah. Birthdays don't usually get to me, but this one, 40. That's like 280 in gay years.

AARON. My rough one was thirty. I didn't think that perm would ever grow out . . . and remember Phil's mustache?

JOE. I ran into Jeff yesterday. He was with that kid.

AARON. Jeff is an asshole. You should sue his cheating ass. Part of that house should be yours.

JOE. It's not just that. It's everything. It's this dump. It's work. Things between Cory and me don't seem to be happening. I can't get motivated to clean. Look at this dust. You could plant potatoes in here. And to top it off, right now, at this very minute, your boyfriend is in my bathroom watching a go-go boy take a shower.

AARON. *(Yelling)* Phil! *(To JOE)* I tell you what, next Saturday I'll bring over my No No Nanette CD and we can clean this place from top to bottom. *(Yelling into the bathroom)* What are you doing in there?

TRENT. *(Off Stage)* I'm taking a shower.

AARON. *(Yelling)* Not you.

PHIL. *(Off Stage)* I'm watching Trent take a shower.

AARON. *(Yelling)* Enough. Out here, now!

JOE. You don't get it. You've got Phil.

AARON. You wanted Phil?

JOE. No. But, I want to be in a relationship, a real one, one like in the movies. I want my own Debra Winger moment. When Richard Gere walks into that factory and he picks her up and he's all dressed in white. Or, when he climbs up the fire escape to get Julia Roberts- That's what I want- swept off my feet. Is that too much to ask for?

AARON. Well, it is a little weird . . .

JOE. I guess that's why I'm still single.

AARON. But, what about Cory?

JOE. I don't know. We never seem to be in the same place at the same time. It's like we're doing Sleepless in Seattle and I got stuck in Newark.

PHIL. *(Returning from the bathroom)* If there is such a thing as reincarnation, I'm coming back as a loofah.

AARON. Did you get the Off? You are useless.

PHIL. You won't need those CD's. I made birthday mixes.

AARON. We should just go and leave the little, bleached blonde-

PHIL. *(Cutting him off)* No way. You can never have too much eye candy. And, it's natural.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

AARON. Get that.

PHIL. *(Letting CORY in)* Hi Cory, we missed you last night.

CORY. Hi. Three waiters called in sick. It was a nightmare.

AARON. Hi Cory. I would think that as the owner, you could take a little time off.

CORY. Well, you know. *(After an awkward silence)* I just came up to get the cat.

JOE. I think he's still in the bathroom.

PHIL. *(Darting into the bathroom)* Oh, I'll get him!

AARON. I'm going to go down and pull the car around, OK? *(Yelling to Phil)* I can see you.

PHIL. *(Off Stage)* I'm not touching anything - that's not mine.

AARON. Listen for me. I'll honk, OK? Bye Cory.

CORY. See you Saturday . . .

AARON. *(Stopping him)* Sunday. We don't get back 'till Sunday.

AARON takes the bags and exits.

JOE. Thanks again for watching the cat.

CORY. Not a problem.

JOE. I'm sorry about earlier.

CORY. You got nothing to apologize for.

JOE. I left some DVD's for you on the counter. I couldn't remember where you left off.

CORY. Dark Victory.

PHIL and TRENT return from the bathroom. PHIL hands the cat carrier to CORY.

TRENT. *(To CORY)* Hi again.

CORY. Does he even own a shirt?

PHIL. God, I hope not.

CORY. Well, you guys need to hit the road.

CORY sneezes.

JOE. Bless you. Don't forget these.

CORY. *(Picking up the DVD's)* Joe's got me working through the Bette Davis Collection.

CORY sneezes again.

JOE/PHIL/TRENT. *(In unison)* Bless you.

CORY. Thanks. Oh, and Joe, You have a real nice birthday OK?

JOE. Thanks.

CORY exits.

PHIL. Bye Cory. Where's Aaron?

JOE. Getting the car.

PHIL. Oh God, we gotta hurry. You know how he is about double parking - zero to freak in five seconds.

TRENT. I'm ready.

PHIL. I wouldn't have pegged Cory for a Bette Davis fan.

JOE. He didn't even know who she was 'till I gave him some movies.

PHIL. Come on. You have everything?

TRENT. I think Cory was checking me out.

JOE. He was not.

PHIL. I think he was checking me out, too.

TRENT. He was probably checking out that shirt.

PHIL. *(Exiting)* I'll have you know this is from International Male.

TRENT. *(Exiting)* Who's Bette Davis?

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE TWO

JOE, TRENT, PHIL, and AARON are in their car. JOE and AARON are in the front seat. PHIL is in the back singing along to the CD.

TRENT. Could you at least change the station? I don't know how you can stand this shit.

PHIL. It's a CD. And, show some respect. She is our American Idol.

TRENT. My ass is on fire.

AARON. I'd think you would be used to that.

JOE. I told you this wouldn't be fun.

TRENT. Don't touch me.

AARON. *(Turning off the music)* Are you feeling better?

JOE. No.

PHIL. Nothing like a road trip. We haven't done this in a while - not since we drove to Detroit to see Cher's third final tour.

TRENT. I don't really care for her.

PHIL. Freak!

ONSTAR VOICE. Prepare to take a soft right in 200 yards.

AARON. Thank you, Vicky.

PHIL. Do you mind if I stretch out a little?

TRENT. Yes, I do.

AARON. I am going to separate you two.

ONSTAR VOICE. Go straight for the next 287 miles.

PHIL. *(Laughing)* That's not going to happen.

AARON. Thank you Vicky.

TRENT. Why does he keep calling her that?

AARON. Because that's her name. Vicky Lester.

JOE. A Star is Born. It's a movie.

TRENT. Never saw it.

AARON. Freak.

PHIL. Put the music back on.

AARON. No one can decide on what kind, so we'll just ride quietly.

PHIL. *(After a moment)* It's too quiet. Let's play again. Paul Walker in The Fast and The Furious. Come on.

JOE. Too young.

AARON. He was beautiful.

JOE. Richard Gere in An Officer and a Gentleman.

PHIL. He always says "Richard Gere."

AARON. Too 80's. Hugh Jackman in X-Men.

PHIL. Those sideburns are a turn off.

AARON. I think they're kinda sexy.

TRENT. I don't get it.

AARON. It's just a game Phil made up. You gotta name an actor you think is really hot and the movie he's in.

TRENT. How can you win?

JOE. You can't.

TRENT. Then, it's not a game.

PHIL. Yes, it is.

TRENT. I don't think you grasp the concept of a game. If you can't win, what's the point?

PHIL. The point is . . . the point is . . . OK, there is no point.

TRENT. See? It's not really a game. It's just stupid.

AARON. Will you quit bickering? Come on Trent, winning isn't everything. It's just a way to pass the time. It's fun.

TRENT. OK, but it's not a game.

JOE. It's your turn.

TRENT. I don't know. Ryan Reynolds in Amityville Horror.

PHIL. That ax is a turn off. Colin Farrell in Alexander.

JOE. That hair is a turn off. Paul Newman in Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.

AARON. The crutch is a turn off. Eric Bana in Troy.

TRENT. Brad Pitt is a turn off. Jake Gyllenhaal in –

PHIL/AARON/JOE. *(In unison)* Brokeback Mountain.

TRENT. Never saw it.

PHIL/AARON/JOE. *(In unison)* What?

TRENT. I was going to say Donnie Darko.

JOE. You are a freak.

PHIL. Let's see . . . Gerard Butler in 300.

AARON. Anyone in 300.

JOE. That is the gayest straight movie ever made. If you see another filling station, could we stop?

PHIL. God, this car smells like an old jock strap. And I don't mean that in a good way.

TRENT. Jeeze, it's creeping my way now. It's like a fucking gas chamber back here.

JOE. I'm sorry. It was the White Castle.

PHIL. Unlock the windows and let some air in.

TRENT. How fast are we going?

AARON. The speed limit. The last thing we need is a ticket.

TRENT. We're not going to get a ticket.

PHIL. Yeah, we're not even going fast enough to get a breeze. I swear, I can see bugs on the side of the road and they are passing us.

AARON. Shut up.

JOE. What kind of bugs?

TRENT. Speed it up. I'm starting to get light-headed back here.

AARON. I'm ignoring you.

JOE. *(Holding his stomach)* Maybe you could push it up a little.

AARON. *(Hitting the accelerator)* Oh, for God's sake.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE THREE

The deserted parking lot of a gas station. TRENT and AARON are waiting by the car. Throughout the scene, AARON tries to study a road map with his flashlight.

AARON. I still can't believe I got that ticket. Who the hell gets pulled over for going 58 miles an hour?

TRENT. At least that cop was cute.

AARON. What is taking them so long?

TRENT. Joe is still in the john and Phil is flirting with the cashier.

AARON. That guy looks like he stepped out of Deliverance.

TRENT. *(After a silence)* How long have you and Phil been together?

AARON. Eight years. We've known each other about twelve. I sell pharmaceuticals. That's how we met. He's a nurse. He used to always let me sneak in to see the doctors. Enough with the questions. What's your story? Why are you really here?

TRENT. Joe invited me.

AARON. *(After a silence)* And?

TRENT. I'm kind of in between places right now and I didn't have any plans for the weekend. Besides, I like Joe. He talked to me last night. He really talked to me.

AARON. Why don't you have friends your own age?

TRENT. I don't know. I work a lot. George is pretty shy. When I'm Trent, it's easier.

AARON. How long have you been dancing?

TRENT. A few months . . . My real job is at Starbucks. I'm saving up to go back to DePaul next year . . . to law school. I'm not as dumb as you think.

TRENT takes out a joint and starts to light it.

AARON. Is that pot? Did you bring pot?

TRENT. Relax. We're in the middle of nowhere at . . . what is the name of this place? The Filler-Up Stop. No one cares.

AARON. In case you weren't aware, pot is illegal. We've already been pulled over once tonight. And, what if we get into an accident? We could go to jail.

TRENT. If we get into an accident, we could get killed. Wouldn't you rather die stoned? You want a hit? It'll be our little secret. *(As TRENT lights the joint, AARON shoots him an evil look.)* I get the feeling you don't like me.

AARON. Listen . . . I don't know if Cory is still going to show up. But, if he does, you have to keep your distance from Joe. We've been trying to get them together for months.

TRENT. You sure you don't want a little? It seems a shame to waste it.

AARON. Give me that. The last thing we need is for Phil to find out you've got pot. He's hard enough to deal with when his brain isn't percolating.

AARON takes the joint from TRENT, who walks to the back of the car.

AARON starts to pitch the joint, looks at it for a moment and then checks to see if TRENT is watching him. Sensing that the coast is clear, he takes a long drag. TRENT pretends not to notice.

PHIL enters carrying a quilt, a soda and a bag of Twizzlers.

PHIL. What are you doing out here in the dark?

AARON. *(Startled)* Nothing. *(Pitching the joint)* I didn't have anything in common with Jethro in there.

PHIL. Look, he sold me this quilt. I think he made it. And, his name is Clem.

AARON. Clem. Sounds like something that gets caught in your throat.

PHIL. I wish. Any luck with Cory?

AARON. I left another message.

PHIL. Where's Trent?

TRENT. Back here. Taking a piss.

PHIL starts to try and sneak a peek.

AARON. Freeze. Where is my soda?

PHIL. Want a Twizzler?

AARON. I wanted a Dr. Pepper.

PHIL. I'm sorry. I forgot. I'll get you one. Do you have a dollar?

AARON. Why do you never have any money? Here. And, check on Joe.

PHIL. Last time I walked by, it sounded like he was giving birth in there.

PHIL exits.

AARON. This quilt was made in China. Look at the tag.

TRENT. Did you know I am from Tennessee?

AARON. How would I know that?

TRENT. I was just making conversation.

AARON. Your family still live around here?

TRENT. Yeah. But my folks and I aren't really what you would call "close" right now. My coming out didn't go too well. They closed my college account and I got kicked out of the dorm.

AARON. You wanna try and see them? We could try and stop if it's on the way. Maybe you guys could try and patch things up. I can check with Vicky.

TRENT. Wow, are you being nice to me?

AARON. Just be careful with Joe, OK? I don't wanna see him get hurt again. I just wish Cory and him would finally hook up. He talks about him all the time. Cory did this. Cory said that. It's just that neither one of them will make a move. From what I can piece together, Cory's last boyfriend died in a car wreck and he hasn't dated since. It's obvious that he likes Joe. They are both just so fucked up. But, if all goes well this weekend -

PHIL enters.

PHIL. Here's your drink. *(Checking his watch)* Man, it's late. We were supposed to be checked in by three.

AARON. It's because we keep stopping! And, I think Vicky is confused.

PHIL. Vicky is fucked up. It doesn't matter. They'll hold our rooms. I'll bet they are kissing our asses the entire weekend.

TRENT. And, why is that?

PHIL. Well, when I told them that Joe works for the Tribune - somehow - through the course of the conversation, I think they got the impression he's a travel reviewer.

AARON. I wonder how that happened.

TRENT. What does he do?

PHIL. He edits obituaries and sells classified ads. Anyway, the guy kept talking about how they love publicity and would really appreciate a good write up. That's how we got the discount price. Oh, and if it comes up, I am a doctor. Shh. Here he comes.

JOE. *(Entering)* That bathroom is disgusting. They have a spittoon in there.

PHIL. Let's hit it.

TRENT. How about letting me take the wheel for a while?

AARON. No . . . that's Ok.

PHIL. Yeah, maybe we can make up some lost time.

AARON. *(Finally)* OK. I'll read the map.

PHIL. Something stinks.

JOE. It wasn't me. I swear.

AARON. You're just not used to smelling fresh air.

PHIL. Hmm. It smells like pot.

ONSTAR VOICE. Prepare to turn right at the next intersection-

AARON. Oh, I think Vicky is working again.

ONSTAR VOICE. Or left.

BLACKOUT