

EJECTED

a comedy

by Drew Moyer

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CHARACTERS

HENRY, 30.

The owner/manager of a failing, small-town video rental store. Tired and downtrodden. Something always seems to be weighing heavily on his mind. Has the air of someone much older.

WILSON, 32.

His top salesman. Lives, breathes, exudes movies with unparalleled confidence.

JUSTIN, 22.

A recent college grad and long part-time employee. Unruffled and mischievous, like a punk-ass little brother.

RACHEL, 29.

Henry's younger sister, a corporate lawyer in Denver. Smart and successful, though slightly cooped up.

DUKE, 30.

The owner/manager of a rival store. Obnoxious and arrogant, quick-tempered. A former classmate of Henry's.

BUNNY, 21.

Duke's second wife. Thick, vain, and spoon-fed for most of her life. She may have a slight California "Valley-girl" accent.

SCENE BREAKDOWN

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE.

The interior of Same Day Video Rental, 10:05 a.m. on a Tuesday.

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO.

The next morning.

ACT TWO, SCENE ONE.

A day later, afternoon.

ACT TWO, SCENE TWO.

Morning, the next day.

ACT I
Scene 1

(Lights up on the empty store. A fumbling of keys and the sound of them hitting the pavement.)

HENRY (off)

Ah, damn it.

(More keys fumbling as he picks them up and begins working on the door. The telephone inside rings. He stops a moment.)

HENRY (off)

Oh!

(He begins working the lock, quicker. The phone rings again. The doorknob rattles in frustration.)

HENRY (off)

Come on...

(He gives it a solid thump with his hip. The door swings open and HENRY collapses into the entryway, muttering as he scrambles back to his feet.)

HENRY

Aw, Jeez, come on, man...

(He is wearing a loose-fitting blue polo, untucked, black slacks, and untied, dirty-white tennis sneakers. The phone has rung several more times by now. He half jogs, half trudges over to the counter and ducks underneath. He rummages through the shelves; things tumble to the ground. He finds the phone.)

HENRY (cont.)

(into the phone)

Same Day Video Rental!... Aw, *mom?!...* No, no, it's—I'm not yelling, I just—I hurt myself, a little bit, trying to get to the phone... It's really not a big deal, we don't—mom, we don't... I'm good, mom... Yeah, how are y—... Great... I *know* Rachel's visiting today... Yeah, but she's not getting in for a couple hours... I'm *gonna* clean, yes, it'll look very nice by the time she... Yes, mom, we're *all* gonna clean... Right now? They're... stocking shelves and, dusting the—they're *dusting*... I know, I know, I'm gonna tell them... As soon as I have the *heart* to, mom, but they're gon—they're gonna

be, at least a little bit, perturbed, at this news. It's gonna take me... No, no, I'll—I'll call you, mom... Yes, I will call...

(WILSON bursts through the door, stops, double-takes. He is wearing a fitted blue polo, tucked in to pressed black slacks with black, shined dress shoes. He has a cup of to-go coffee. He checks his watch. HENRY subtly peeks over, then completely changes his tone as the call continues.)

HENRY

(Into the phone, his laugh is a little too loud.)

A ha ha ha! Great; thanks so much for calling... All right, well, we'd love to do business with you too! All right, I'll call you later, safe flight back to Hong Kong... All right... Ciao.

(He hangs up the phone, begins to straighten out the counter. The next line is to himself, as if he's not aware someone else is in the store.)

Great lead, *great* lead, definitely drum up some business...

WILSON

Good morning, Henry, was that a lead on the phone?

HENRY

(Pretending to be startled.)

Oh, Wilson! Ha ha. I didn't see you there, guess you must've—

(Losing confidence, he can't lie.)

No, it wasn't a lead.

WILSON

Damn it! You're sure? It sounded so much like...

HENRY (overlapping)

Yeah...

WILSON

Man, I really wish it had been. Anyway, I brought you a coffee.

HENRY

(Accepting the cup.)

Coffee, oh God, you're a lifesaver. Thank you.

WILSON

You're welcome. Two creams, two sugars.

HENRY

Yes. Thank you.

WILSON

You're welcome.

(Turning away and mumbling to himself.)

My name is *Wilson*, may I start with your... *My name is Wilson*, may I start with your...

HENRY

What?

WILSON

Oh, I was just practicing my pitch. You wanna hear it? "Hello, sir, madam, thank you for calling Same Day Video Rental, where the same day you wanna rent a movie, you can do that here. May I interest you in one of our new releases, like "Drive," "The Descendants," or "Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows Part 1," all on Blu-Ray. My name is Wilson, may I start with your name, age, and ethnicity?" Like I've been telling you for years, Henry, the day that lead makes a call...

HENRY (cutting him off)

Why would you ask their ethnicity?

WILSON

So I can sound more professional and figure out what kind of movie they would...

HENRY (stopping him)

Whoa, whoa! That's... extremely racist, Wilson, do you realize that?

WILSON

No, no! You're getting the wrong idea. I'm just trying to sound more professional. What kind of professional form doesn't ask for someone's race? This is a professional form!

HENRY

And those movies are like, four, five years old, why would you mention those?

WILSON

Because we just got those in stock.

HENRY

Yes, but we don't wanna advertise that kind of stuff. We get them years later because that's the only way we can afford them, but those won't be the types of movies people want.

WILSON (bummed)

OK...

HENRY (sighs)

Look, Wilson, I appreciate your effort. But the way we've gotta play it is—if that phone ever rings? The only shot we have, the *only* shot, is to be vague enough to, somehow, get them through that door. And then, if we're lucky, they'll be too *set*, on renting a movie that, when they don't find what they want, or even their second choice, or third, that they rent *something*, as sort of a consolation prize. And then, if we're *really* lucky, they won't return it, and they'll owe us some exorbitant late fee, and then actually *pay* it, at the eleventh hour, after it's accumulated enough interest to actually put a dent in the money we've lost in the last six years.

WILSON

Are you worried about money again? Don't worry about the money. The store's gonna be fine, I know it. I have physic abilities.

HENRY

What? No you don't.

WILSON

Oh, but I do. Let me ask you this, has your father's father's father passed?

HENRY

Yes?

WILSON

See?

HENRY (after a pause)

I guess. But I can't say I share your confidence. Our product's on the verge of extinction.

WILSON

That is not true. Movies are timeless.

HENRY

Renting movies... DVDs. Hard copies.

WILSON

You're worried about the Internet? It's a passing fad! Picture this: a nationwide tornado. A catastrophic hurricane. A mile-high volcano eruption. All three at the same time. The country crawls underground. The Internet? Gone. "But what we can we do to lift our spirits?" says a survivor. "Oh, look. A DVD player. What's that? Some primitive way to play movies? Good thing old neighbor Smith stopped at that video rental store, rest his soul. What'd he get? "The Exorcist?" "Schindler's List?" Doesn't matter, let's watch it. Oh! Ha ha! This is lifting my spirit! Thank you, Same Day Video Rental. You just saved our lives." We just saved their lives. You're welcome.

HENRY

Oh, Wilson. Your optimism is just...

(About to have a touching moment, but reconsiders.)

... wrong. But, I do appreciate it.

(He starts to walk back to the counter.)

WILSON

So what's on the agenda today? What do you need from me? How can I help you help me help this store?

HENRY

Nothing right now, thanks...

WILSON (overlapping)

Cleaning? Restocking? Want me to check the cases again? Security check?

HENRY

Security check?

WILSON

Yeah. I just look around the store and make sure everything's secure. D—do you feel secure right now?

HENRY

(Looking around the empty store.)

Yes.

WILSON

Or, I could switch to marketing. I bet if I stood outside with a cool and confident look on my face, people would be so entranced that they would have to come in.

HENRY

(Bewildered at the suggestion.)

A cool and conf—what does that look like?

(WILSON demonstrates, looking reminiscent of a club bouncer... perhaps a mentally ill one.)

HENRY

Uhh...

WILSON

It's like Abercrombie and Fitch, where they take their shirts off? Here, I'll...

HENRY

Uhh—! Let's, umm... keep our clothes on—you know what? Let's have you do some inventory. Why don't you count all the DVDs in the store. Just, count them. Think you can do it?

WILSON

Inventory. Got it. You want the number written down, or...?

HENRY

No... no, you can just, tell it to me, that'll suffice.

WILSON

I'm on it.

(He heads to one side of the store, grabs a notepad, and begins to count. HENRY trudges back to the counter, pulls out an ancient-looking laptop, and begins to work. JUSTIN enters, earbud headphones in. He wears a white tee and jeans with his blue work polo slung over his shoulder.)

JUSTIN

Hey.

HENRY

(Not looking up, having long given up on Justin's promptness.)

Hey.

JUSTIN (confused)

Am I late? What time did we open?

HENRY

Ten.

JUSTIN

Oh. What time do we usually open?

HENRY

Ten.

JUSTIN

Oh.

(Now understanding that he's late and needing an excuse.)

You wouldn't believe the traffic out there...

HENRY (cont.)

(Overlapping, as if to say "You don't have to...")

Yeah...

JUSTIN (overlapping)
Yeah? OK, great. Need anything right now?

HENRY
Nah.

JUSTIN
Cool.

(He crosses to one of the folding chairs in front of the register, sits.
WILSON notices.)

WILSON
Hey, hey, hey! Come on!

JUSTIN
What?

WILSON
How many times have I told you to clean this crap up?

JUSTIN
Who cares, it's a chair.

WILSON
A chair doesn't belong in the forefront of our business, Justin, how do you think that'll look to a walk-in?

JUSTIN
Well, when someone walks in, I'll stand up.

WILSON
Too late. The first impression is made within the first five seconds. They've already decided they don't like the store, don't like you. They leave before you've even managed to pull your pants up and say hello.

JUSTIN
Why would my pants be down?

WILSON
It's a metaphor, idiot, because they just caught you with your pants down.

JUSTIN
Honestly, man, it is too early, and you are too loud and close to my face.

WILSON

Do you wanna be punished? 'Cause you are asking for it, pal.

JUSTIN

You can't punish me.

WILSON

(Turning to HENRY.)

Henry? Permission to punish?

(HENRY has since moved from the laptop to the printer, underneath the counter. He's been banging it in frustration.)

HENRY (sighing)

Honestly, guys, I'm just trying to get the printer to work. So, just... work it out amongst yourselves.

WILSON

(After a pause, to JUSTIN.)

Well, we want to punish you, but Henry's too busy for your little shenanigans, and frankly, I am too. So.

(He turns to walk away.)

JUSTIN

Oh, yeah, Wilson? What are you doing that's so important?

WILSON

Inventory, not that it's any of your concern.

JUSTIN

Oh, so, like, you're gonna count the DVDs. You're right, that's way too important for me.

WILSON

It's much more complicated than just counting the DVDs. Anyone can do that. I actually have to collect information from mathematical counting and receive it all on my notepad... mainframe.

JUSTIN

Here.

(He gets up and begins walking towards Wilson.)

I've been meaning to pitch in more around here, why don't you have a seat and I'll take care of the inventory?

WILSON

You don't know how, that's the whole reason it was given to me and not you.

JUSTIN

Watch me.

(He points as he counts.)

One. Two. Three...

WILSON

Stop, stop! You're gonna mess it all up! It's not like counting votes in Florida, like it doesn't *matter*. It's *important*.

JUSTIN

OK, then, show me how you do it.

WILSON

(Pointing his index finger rapidly at the DVDs, counting way faster than is humanly possible.)

One...fifty... hundred... six hundred... six-oh-one...

JUSTIN

That's not counting, that's just you being a moron!

WILSON

Oh yeah? Guess what number I was on. A thousand. Go ahead, guess.

JUSTIN

A thousand?

WILSON

That's right, *a thousand*.

JUSTIN

You're a moron.

WILSON

I'll show you a moron when I'm done counting. Watch and learn!

(He takes a breath, resumes counting at his blistering pace. The phone rings, interrupting his process.)

WILSON

Damn it!

HENRY

Shhhhh!

(It rings again while HENRY heads over to the phone. WILSON rushes to cut him off, wanting to answer the phone himself.)

WILSON

Henry, let me!

HENRY (still walking)

No, Wilson.

WILSON

But Henry, my pitch!

HENRY

No, Wilson.

(He picks up the phone, accepts the call, and puts the phone to his ear.)

HENRY (into the phone)

Thank you for calling Same Day Video Rental, this is Henry speaking, how may I help you?... Same, Day, Video, Rental?

(His hand comes up to his face, and both scrunch up together in frustrated agony.)

No, that's all right... You too.

(He ends the call as his grip on the phone grows tighter and tighter with agitation.)

HENRY

It was a wrong number. Someone calling for a... a *hair salon!*

(His frustration is slowly turning crazed, and a smile begins to form.)

You know what? I'm gonna disconnect it.

(He's already started digging through the shelves of the counter, looking for the source of the cord.)

WILSON

Wait, what?

HENRY

(overlapping, talking to himself)

Been meaning to do it for a while, and it's finally gonna happen, right now...

WILSON (cont.)

Henry, no! What if a lead calls?

HENRY

(He stops, turns to WILSON, running out of ways to say it.)

It's—! It's literally *never*, a *lead*—why do you call them leads anyway? You've even got *me* doing it now—these are DVDs! People *laugh* when I tell them what kind of business I'm running. I try to be as *vague* as possible, for as long as possible, but sometimes they just keep pressing until I either have to tell them or lie, and I *always* tell them, and they *always, laugh!* Just when I think that this one might be different, this guy might not do it, they *do it!* And it's the same thing with that damn phone, it is, literally *never*, a lead!

WILSON

But it could be *today*.

HENRY

(Trying a new tactic, no longer yelling, now entertaining the idea).

Why would it be a lead, Wilson, why would it? Why would someone... call, before they come in, why wouldn't they just... come in?

WILSON

To see if we had the movie they wanted in stock.

HENRY (exhaling)

No, they would just come in, Wilson, they would just come if they even gave a shit about this...

(He is about to say "business").

... about renting movies—you know, actually, Wilson, Justin? There's something I need to tell you...

(RACHEL enters, a hair cautiously, even though she's been there many times. She is smartly dressed, a sport coat and blouse, skirt, heels; in general, well put together. She has a rock with a piece of paper rubber-banded to it in her jacket pocket that she tries to conceal.)

RACHEL

Hey guys!

HENRY

(Surprised, he goes over to give her a hug).

Rach! Hey! What are you doing here?

RACHEL (hugging him)

My flight got in a little early. How are you guys?

WILSON (cordially)

Rachel.

JUSTIN

(Having turned his attention to his phone.)

Hey.

RACHEL (to HENRY)

So what's new? What's new with the store?

(JUSTIN's phone begins to vibrate. He looks at it, frowns.)

HENRY (to RACHEL)

Oh, you know... same old, same old. We just got, uhh...

JUSTIN (overlapping)

Henry? Is it cool if I take this?

HENRY

What? Oh, yeah, yeah, that's fine.

(Now back to RACHEL.)

So yeah, we just got, some late bloomers from '11, trying to get...

(HENRY's conversation with RACHEL fades as JUSTIN accepts the call. WILSON has resumed work on the inventory. JUSTIN speaks on the phone downstage, and it should be understood that the others aren't listening to the call, though JUSTIN does what he can to be discreet nonetheless.)

JUSTIN (into the phone)

Hello?... Yeah, this is me... Oh, hi... Oh, thanks; yeah, I'll be there at five tomorrow. Do I need to bring my résumé, or... OK, great... Yeah, I'll see you then... Bye.

(He hangs up and heads back to his chair as the conversation between HENRY and RACHEL fades back in.)

RACHEL

(She extends her hand.)

Aren't you gonna ask to see my ring?

HENRY

(He examines the ring.)

Oh, right! Wow. That's really nice, Rach. Congratulations.

RACHEL

Thanks. Yeah, we're pretty excited.

HENRY
Carl couldn't come visit?

RACHEL
He just got promoted! So...

HENRY (overlapping)
That's right.

RACHEL (overlapping)
Yeah, so he's chief of surgery now, so... pretty tough to get away, as you can imagine.

HENRY
And how's corporate law?

RACHEL
It's fine. I hate it. I mean, I don't *hate* it. It's just soul-sucking and miserable sometimes, but it pays well.

(Sometime towards the end of this line, RACHEL fidgets just the right way and the rock falls out. She and HENRY both stare at it.)

HENRY (pointing)
Is that a rock?

RACHEL
Oh. Umm, sorry, yeah, I, uhh... found that on the doormat. I didn't want to worry you, or....

(During RACHEL's line, HENRY picks up the rock, takes the paper off, opens it.)

HENRY (reading)
Dear Henry Wink-ly and the Sad Sacks. Did you like that one? Thought I'd try it out. Anyway, you guys suck. How is business? Mine's great. Obv. I just bought the last building on the block, so now mine is officially three times as big as yours. Ha ha ha. Sometimes small things come in small packages. You suck. P.S. Do you want to come to my grand opening tomorrow? Would mean a lot if you could make it. Dress is formal. Love, Duke.

RACHEL
That was Duke?

HENRY
Yep.

RACHEL (cont.)

How long has he been doing stuff like that?

HENRY

It's gotten more intense in the last year or so.

RACHEL

Wow. I guess I haven't been home in a while.

HENRY

Yeah, I... I guess it has been a while.

RACHEL (after a slight pause)

So what's that about the last building on the block?

JUSTIN

(Having been on his phone for several seconds.)

I'm pulling up the article now.

(Citing his phone.)

"Business tycoon Duke Tyson strikes again, as the final building of the 3500 block of Central Ave. falls under his extravagant domain. The building, formerly Puppies 'R Us, sold for a surprising low, after Tyson reportedly dug up some juicy documents about illegal puppy immigration...?"

HENRY

What?

JUSTIN

That's what it says.

WILSON

I can't believe he brought puppies into this. That's rough.

RACHEL

I still don't get why he needs a store at all, much less an entire block. Couldn't he do the whole thing from his basement?

WILSON

That's what I said! Why *does* he—he is such an *idiot*.

HENRY

An idiot who's putting us out of business.

WILSON

Hey, hey, come on. It's not over until the fat lady sings.

HENRY (cont.)

Oh, she's done singing. She's done—she's *home* now.

RACHEL

It can't be that bad. What are your numbers looking like?

HENRY

Oh, you know, they're... Have you been to mom's yet?

RACHEL

No, why?

HENRY

Oh, no reason. She, uhh... went grocery shopping today. It was awesome.

RACHEL

Are you worried about Duke? Don't sweat it, Henry, seriously. He's an ass, he'll blow it eventually.

WILSON

Ugh, I hate him!

JUSTIN

You know, instead of just sitting here complaining about him, why don't we *do* something?

HENRY

Like what?

JUSTIN

Take the fight to him, I don't know. Do something to his store.

RACHEL

Ooh, like a prank? That sounds so fun! I never get to do stuff like that at work.

WILSON

We could put something in his mailbox.

JUSTIN

Yeah. That'd work.

RACHEL

OK. What would you put in there?

WILSON

I don't know, like a dead bird or something.

RACHEL.

A dead bird?

WILSON

Yeah, or it doesn't have to be a bird. It could be like a falcon.

RACHEL

What?

JUSTIN

That makes much more sense. A bird I couldn't see, but a falcon... yeah, a ton of sense.

HENRY (pointing out)

A falcon *is* a bird, Wilson.

WILSON (scoffs)

Yeah, and a dragon is just an animal. If I got just any old bird in my mailbox, I'd be like, "Damn kids playing pranks," but if I got a *falcon* in my mailbox, I'd be like, "Someone is *pissed off*, and I'd better stop what I'm doing, right now."

HENRY

OK, well, I'm just not sure about that one. Maybe we could put a pin in it.

WILSON

No need to put a pin in it; he's already dead!

JUSTIN

See, I was thinking of something more, funny, and less... weird. And creepy.

RACHEL (to JUSTIN)

Maybe not dead.

WILSON

(To the floor, as if they're still brainstorming.)

Nah, a live one wouldn't work. I've tried.

RACHEL

(To WILSON, not quite understanding his brain.)

Maybe not a falcon at all.

JUSTIN

What if we stole some of his stuff?

HENRY

Eh, there's nothing in there.

JUSTIN

Oh. Yeah.

WILSON

What do you mean, there's nothing in there?

HENRY

It's an online video store. They just stream the movies directly to people's TVs, over the Internet.

WILSON

But he has a store. He has space; what's *in* that space?

HENRY

Nothing.

WILSON

What do you mean, nothing, that doesn't make any sense.

HENRY

I never said it made sense.

WILSON (confused)

What?

HENRY

OK, Wilson, look. It's a big empty warehouse, white walls and concrete floors. He doesn't even have servers; all the data is stored on some massive cloud or something, like an iCloud, I don't know. He *does* have an iPad that he uses to sign people up, but I imagine he takes that home every night.

WILSON (frustrated)

I don't *get* it!

JUSTIN

Look, buddy, it's pretty simple, he...

WILSON (cutting him off)

No, no, no! Don't you see? He's *trying* to confuse me. We have to just drop it.

RACHEL

Guys, maybe we should cut Duke some slack. He probably just wants a huge store to compensate. Like when guys get huge pickup trucks.

HENRY (cont.)

Ha. Yeah.

JUSTIN

True that.

WILSON (after a pause)

I drive a pickup truck.

RACHEL

Oh. Well, it's probably just a coincidence then.

WILSON

Wait, what about guys with pickup trucks? What are we compensating for?

HENRY

It's nothing, Wilson.

JUSTIN

It's just this super true stereotype about guys who drive pickup trucks that's based on fact and generally accepted as true, no big deal.

WILSON

What? That we like to do manual labor?

HENRY

No, Justin, it— (*now to Wilson*) it's just something of an irony, about the truck, in relation to men who... who don't... necessarily go *far*, in certain aspects.

WILSON (offended)

My truck gets *great* gas mileage!

HENRY

No, Wilson, it...

(Giving up on it.)

OK. Change of subject, I actually have something I need to talk to you guys about.

WILSON

Yes! Morning meeting. Want me to take notes?

HENRY

(Addressing everyone, HENRY begins to get cold feet.)

I, umm...

RACHEL

What is it, Henry?

(HENRY is frozen, scared to say it.)

JUSTIN (joking)

Wait, let me guess. I'm fired.

(Everyone laughs. HENRY chuckles nervously.)

JUSTIN

No, no, wait! We're *all* fired!

(They laugh harder.)

JUSTIN (calming down)

No, no, really though. Sorry, Henry, what is it?

HENRY (chickening out)

Eh, I forgot. Hey, I've got an idea! Why don't we all go home. Huh? Who wants to go home?

WILSON.

What?

RACHEL

What are you talking about, Henry?

HENRY

What? It's a slow day. Come on! Let's all take off, close up a little early.

RACHEL

It's 10:30.

HENRY

Well, it's Tuesday, and Billy's has happy hour. Or, they have—well, they're open. Why don't we all go out for a drink? Screw going home, let's get a drink.

JUSTIN

Wait, seriously?

HENRY

Yeah!

JUSTIN

Will I still get paid?

HENRY

No.

JUSTIN

Will you buy drinks?

HENRY (considers briefly)

No.

JUSTIN (considers)

All right, let's go.

HENRY

Let's do it! Yes!

WILSON

Whoa, whoa, wait. Are you feeling all right, Henry?

RACHEL

You seem a little upset.

HENRY

What do you mean? I'm fine!

RACHEL

No, you're doing that thing.

HENRY

What thing?

RACHEL

That *thing*. Like when we used to play Mario Kart and you'd get blue-shelled right at the end of the race, and other people would pass you and you'd say, "Aw, screw this," and start driving backwards? You remember that?

HENRY

What? Come on, it... it didn't matter at that point.

WILSON

And, Henry, remember when your tire blew out? And you started muttering to yourself and grabbed a screwdriver, and stabbed holes in the other three?

HENRY

I... it's cheaper if you buy four.

RACHEL

How is it cheaper?

HENRY

They come in a set, it's—it's not important.

RACHEL

Henry, what are you so upset about? You're worried about the store?

HENRY

No, of course not. That would be stupid.

RACHEL

I would completely understand if you were. It's just, I can't help you if you don't give me the full scope of what's going on. Are the numbers looking bad?

HENRY

They look... you know, they look—they're *numbers*, what—what are they supposed to look like, like attractive? Like a hot woman?

(He half laughs, half scoffs.)

They're numbers, they don't... I don't think of them that way, Rachel, please, I'm not some kind of weird, accounting perv.

RACHEL

You're deflecting.

HENRY (deflecting)

I am n—what? What do you mean, "deflecting?" Like, what, like a mirror?

RACHEL

That's *reflecting*.

HENRY

Well, whatever. I, honestly, don't know what you mean.

RACHEL

Is the store in trouble, yes or no?

(The others eagerly wait for his reponse while HENRY, open-mouthed, scratches his chin, thinking of what to say. The door suddenly flies open and in comes DUKE, dressed in workout attire [perhaps effeminately tight], and BUNNY, dressed like she coined the term "gold-digger.")

DUKE

Well, well, well, if it isn't the Three Stooges. Larry, Curly, and Wilson.

WILSON

It's Moe, idiot.

JUSTIN

What's up, Duke? I thought the awkwardly tight spandex parade was next week.

DUKE (attempting a comeback)

Started early. Didn't see you there.

BUNNY

(She looks around the store in disgust.)

This is it? I thought you said this was a movie store. These are just little skinny books.

WILSON (overly defensive)

They're not *books*, they're DVDs, and they're the single most important revelation of the 20th—

(He feels a vibration, and turns his attention to the beeper clipped to his belt.)

Hold on, I'm getting paged.

RACHEL

Duke. It's good to see you.

DUKE (now recognizing her)

Rachel! My goodness, it's been a long time. Last I heard, you were leaving us for bigger and better things! How *is* Denver?

RACHEL

Great, thanks for asking. How are things here?

DUKE

Extraordinary. Not that I can say the same for ole Henry, here! But don't feel bad. I'd leave town too if this place were *my* family business.

RACHEL

(Swallowing her anger, she acknowledges BUNNY.)

And who do we have here? Is this... your niece?

DUKE

That is my wife.

WILSON

No, no, that's impossible.

(Raising his voice, as if she doesn't speak English.)

Is this man your uncle?

BUNNY

Why are you yelling. I'm not blind.

RACHEL

I'm sorry, miss, he's... what *is* your name?

BUNNY

It's Bunny

(Her name is pronounced "bun-NAY." It should be read with this pronunciation for the rest of the play.)

RACHEL

"Bunnay?"

BUNNY

It's French for "Bunny."

JUSTIN

No it isn't.

BUNNY

Well, it's how a French person would say it.

HENRY (after a pause)

Yeah, so, Duke and... Bunny have been married for six months. Six months, right?

DUKE

That's right.

JUSTIN (to BUNNY)

That when you became legal?

BUNNY

Marriage has always been legal.

DUKE (to BUNNY, softly)

Hey, hey. Let me do the talking, huh?

(To RACHEL, cordially.)

It's good to see you again.

RACHEL

You too. You've lost a lot of weight.

DUKE (proudly)

Why thank you.

BUNNY (to RACHEL, cont.)

What?

RACHEL

Oh, you didn't know? He used to be fat. Like, really really fat. In school—we went to school together. Us and Henry.

BUNNY (a little disgusted)

You used to be fat?

(It should be noted that the word “brunette” in the next line can be changed, depending on the hair color of the actress playing BUNNY.)

DUKE

(Quickly snapping, overly defensive.)

Well, I'm not fat anymore, am I? You used to be brunette; there. See? Everyone improves.

JUSTIN

It's true. Wilson used to think he was a Jedi.

WILSON

I never said I was a Jedi. All I said was that my midichlorian count is Jedi-*level*.

BUNNY (deciding)

It's OK if you were a little chubby, honey, I decided it doesn't bother me.

RACHEL

You know we used to call him “Dukie” in school?

BUNNY

Dukie? That's cute.

RACHEL

Yeah, well, we called him that 'cause one time, in middle school, we went on this class trip to the waterpark, and...

(She checks in with DUKE.)

It's OK to tell this?

BUNNY (eager)

What happened at the waterpark?

RACHEL (cont.)

OK, well, so, we were at the waterpark, and Duke tried to go down the waterslide, but he got stuck at the top. So then an attendant had to come push him down, but he

pushed so hard that by the time Duke slid down to the pool, he had... pooped himself, in his suit. So we called him Dukie. They had to close down the whole pool!

JUSTIN

No way. I was there a few years ago, and I thought it was so weird that the waterslide had a width requirement.

RACHEL

Yup. That was 'cause of him.

JUSTIN

Ha ha ha! That is so great!
(To DUKE.)
You're such a fat ass, dude.

DUKE

Was. I was such a fat ass.

WILSON

Well, you may not be fat anymore, but you're still a jerk. Can't fix that with diet and exercise.

DUKE

I guess you can't fix "stupid" either, Wilson. You call yourself a salesman? How many movies have you "sold" in the past week?

WILSON

Too many to count on one hand.

DUKE

Well. Just to put it in some perspective, I've sold two thousand.

WILSON

Digital copies. Real DVDs sell differently.

DUKE

Slower, you mean? Less? Yeah, I guess you've got me there.
(To HENRY.)

How *is* business, Henry? You guys making a big push?

HENRY (sighing)

Why are you here, Duke?

DUKE (cont.)

Oh, nothing important. Certainly not to...
(The words are like blasphemy.)

...rent a movie. No, I'm here to invite you to the grand opening of my new store tomorrow! Did you get my note?

RACHEL

We got your *rock*.

DUKE

Did you get the note attached to the rock?

RACHEL

Nope. We only got the rock.

DUKE (bummed)

Well, *that* sucks. I wrote you this whole note and rubber banded it to the rock. It was really funny; I can't believe you didn't see it!

JUSTIN

Yeah man, definitely didn't get your note. Oh, wait. Actually, we *did* get a note, but then Richard Simmons took it and said, "you'll get this back when I get my tank top back." Do you know anything about that?

DUKE

Don't be jealous, little tween. If you want to know where I get my clothes, just ask.

JUSTIN (inviting)

Yes. By all means; I would love to know.

DUKE (considers)

No. No, I don't think I will—

(*Now to everyone.*)

I need to get a firm commitment on the guest list for the party. So I'll see you all there, yes?

RACHEL

Do you really think we're gonna go to your party, Duke? I mean, really.

DUKE

Of course you'll come! It's a momentous occasion! I now own an entire city block. Do you know what that means? It means if the city planner ever wants to do something with just that block, *I* will be the only one he'll speak to!

RACHEL

Yeah, I guess that's... sort of cool, but what are you even celebrating? Your store's been open.

DUKE (cont.)

We're celebrating our expansion! We're growing—Oh, I'm sorry, do you not know what that means? It means business is going, *so well*, that I've decided to make my store, *bigger*.

JUSTIN

Yeah, I heard about that. So cool that you're able to do that. You must really need the extra space, huh? For all the stuff you've got over there.

DUKE

Well, no, I don't really *need* it, per se. I'm just doing it to... *(to Henry, flexing)* tighten my *grip*, on the market. You know how it is.

WILSON

Well, you can count us out for your "stupid-idiot party."

DUKE

(He gets very agitated, very quickly. "Roided-out.")

Oh, I'm a stupid idiot? I'm a stupid idiot?

WILSON

(Right back in his face.)

Yeah, you're a stupid idiot, president of the stupid-idiot club at the corner of "Stupid" and "Idiot."

DUKE

Oh, is that where I am? At the corner of "Stupid" and "Idiot?"

(Their faces are now very close.)

WILSON

You heard me.

DUKE

Well, if you ever need to get there, why don't you look at the stupid map on your idiot face.

WILSON

I can't look at a map if it's on my face.

DUKE

Well that's fine, 'cause you're probably needed at the loser convention down the street, at the corner of "Loser" and...

(DUKE loses his momentum and totally blows the comeback.)

...and street.

JUSTIN (cont.)

Wow...

RACHEL

Nice comeback.

WILSON

That's not even a real intersection.

JUSTIN

You are such an idiot, dude.

RACHEL

Hey, Henry, what's this movie?

(She begins playing a game from their childhood, "Trivial Charades," in which one must act out a movie by only saying one word [no words from the title or any actors/characters names]. She is acting out the movie "Dumb and Dumber").

Pretty-bird!

DUKE

Dumb and Dumber.

JUSTIN (understanding the diss)

Oooooo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

RACHEL (overlapping)

Yes.

WILSON

Great reference, Rachel. And great guess, Duke.

DUKE

Thank y—hey, wait a minute! Are you suggesting that I'm dumb? Or dumber?

JUSTIN

Wow, you don't miss much, Duke. Maybe you're right.

DUKE

Why don't you just keep quiet over there, at the peanut factory.

BUNNY (softly, to DUKE)

I don't get what's happening.

DUKE

It's called Trivial Charades. It's a game we used to play in high school.

RACHEL

You have to act out a movie with one word and get the other person to guess what it is.

DUKE

Hey, yeah, that was two words, by the way!

RACHEL

It was hyphenated.

DUKE

Ap, ap! The official “no hyphenations” clause from Rule 8-3 states that no two or more words shall be hyphenated, unless the words are naturally occurring compound words, such as over-inebriated, or mother-in-law!

RACHEL

Well, under Rule 2-6, any player from an opposing team shall not intercept another team’s clue until the mandatory five seconds have passed, so there’s that!

HENRY

Wow. Nice.

WILSON

I didn’t know you still remembered the rules.

RACHEL (surprised)

Are you kidding? That was, like, my favorite game in high school; I helped *write* the rules!

BUNNY

Pssh. Well, it sounds like a stupid game.

DUKE

(He sighs, wishing she were right.)

No. It’s awesome.

JUSTIN

Well now that you’ve been sufficiently dissed, it’s probably time for you to go, right?

(DUKE pauses a moment, thinks of something to say, but he comes up empty. He turns and starts to go, grabbing BUNNY’s arm.)

DUKE (disgusted)

Come on.

BUNNY (cont.)

Aw, but you look so cute when you're angry!

JUSTIN

See ya, losers!

RACHEL

Bye Dukie!

(DUKE and BUNNY exit. RACHEL, WILSON, and JUSTIN powwow center stage. HENRY has drifted back to his laptop and printer.)

JUSTIN

That was awesome!

WILSON

Yeah! Made *him* look like the stupid idiot!

JUSTIN

What are we gonna do next?

RACHEL

We have to beat him. In sales. I wanna put him out of business.

WILSON

Yes! Let's rub his face in the dirt!

JUSTIN

Woo! Yeah, all right! How are we gonna do that?

RACHEL

Umm... Hey, Henry?

HENRY (not looking up)

Yeah?

RACHEL

We wanna beat Duke in sales. Can we do that?

HENRY

(He tries to brush it off playfully.)

Oh, pssh! Come on, you knuckle-heads. I don't think we have to do that. Let's just... live and let live, you know?

RACHEL (cont.)

Oh, come on, Henry! We really wanna stick it to him, really get him where it hurts.
What can we do?

HENRY

(After a moment, he exhales and then shrugs.)

Nothing.

RACHEL

What? What do you mean, nothing?

HENRY

I don't think we can do that.

RACHEL

Why not?

(He holds up a piece of paper, finally having gotten the printer to work. It reads, "CLEARANCE SALE! EVERYTHING MUST GO!")

HENRY

Because we're going out of business.

(Blackout.)

ACT I
Scene 2

(The next day. JUSTIN is behind the counter, on the phone, with a clipboard in front of him. HENRY and WILSON are cataloguing DVDs and loading them into boxes.)

JUSTIN (into the phone)

Hello, Mrs. Hughes, this is Justin calling from Same Day Video Rental. Just a friendly reminder that your copy of...

(He references the clipboard.)

“Titanic” is still overdue... by about seventeen years at this point. So, whenever you get a chance, if you could bring that back for us, along with your late fee of... six thousand, one hundred twenty-seven dollars and eleven cents, that would be great. Thank you, and hope you’re having a wonderful day.

(He reluctantly sings the store’s jingle tag-line.)

Same Day, Video Rental.

(He hangs up.)

JUSTIN

You’d think she’d get sick of watching it.

HENRY

That was Mrs. Hughes?

JUSTIN

Yeah.

HENRY

She *died*.

JUSTIN

What? Really?

HENRY

Mhm.

JUSTIN

I guess that’s one movie she’ll never let go, Jack.

WILSON

Come on, Justin, this is not a time for jokes.

JUSTIN (cont.)

I'm *not* joking. How are we supposed to get back in business with a system like this in place?

HENRY

What do you mean?

JUSTIN

She owes us six *grand*. Six grand, and she's not the only one on here!

WILSON

(He grabs the clipboard.)

He's right, Henry. There's at least thirty people who owe us some huge amount of money. Just in these names alone, we should have like a quarter million dollars!

HENRY

That's why we're calling them. We need to get all that back, pull out all the stops.

WILSON (pumped)

Yeah! Back to the phones, Justin; we are back in business!

JUSTIN

Are you guys idiots? Do you really think anyone's gonna pay us back? Here, I'll do a little play-acting for you. "Oh, hey honey, did you hear that message from the video rental store? Yes I did, dear, it looks like we owe them thousands of dollars! I'd been meaning to return that movie every day for the last *decade*, but at least now it'll all be taken care of. I can't *wait* to get down there and pay them! Yessss!"

HENRY

Yeah, if they all went like that, that'd be perfect.

JUSTIN

Yeah, well, that's *not* how it's gonna go, if you didn't catch my sarcasm. Why didn't you get a card that you could put on file?

HENRY

That's—it didn't work like that in the 90s. People trusted each other. My dad, trusted these people, too much I guess. What do you want me to say?

JUSTIN

I don't know, that you've got a secret treasure chest of money buried in the back room?

WILSON

I do. Well, it's not filled with money, it's... never mind.

JUSTIN (cont.)

(Holding up the clipboard.)

This is not going to work.

HENRY

We have to try.

JUSTIN

Yeah, Henry, I get that, but there are some things where *trying* just doesn't cut it. Like, if I wanted to *try* to be a baseball player, it wouldn't work; I don't like gum and I can't spit. It just comes out like drool, lands like two inches from where I'm standing. Or Wilson, he can't *try* to be normal.

WILSON

Hey!

JUSTIN

I'm just saying, there's times when you try, and there's times when you say, "This is just too stupid to bother."

HENRY

Well, I can't just give up. Do you know how much money I'll eat if we go under? I'll be paying it off till I'm fifty.

JUSTIN

That's not that long.

(Just as HENRY is about to get defensive about his age, he cuts him off.)

Let's just think of something else.

WILSON

Ugh! I'm so mad at Duke, I could give him an Indian burn!

JUSTIN

Yeah, that'd be good. If we could do something that would really screw over Duke too.

HENRY

I'd settle for saving the store; let's not get greedy.

JUSTIN

Come *on*, man, why are you such a wimp about it? Every time we rip on Duke, you're always, like, defending him. He's a jerk, why don't you hate him?

HENRY

I don't know. He's not so bad.

JUSTIN

Were you guys, like, friends or something?

HENRY

No, no, not at all. Actually, it was... well, let me just preface this by saying that it was high school, first of all, and people don't always turn out how they acted when they were kids. Rarely, in fact.

JUSTIN

What? What are you saying?

HENRY

I was, kind of like the popular kid, or whatever you'd call it, in high school, and he... well, you know he was fat, and, that can sometimes make you a target for bullying...

JUSTIN (overlapping)

Wow.

HENRY

Well, I wasn't done...

JUSTIN

No, I'm still hung up on the fact that *you* were the popular kid.

HENRY

What? I can be hip! I can raise the rooves!

(It should be noted that the pronunciation of "roofs" is meant to rhyme with "woof," rather than the long "oo" sound.)

What'dya call it, Soulja Boy? I can do that.

JUSTIN

(Inviting him to demonstrate.)

OK.

HENRY

(He freezes for a moment, not expecting that.)

I'm not—

(He sighs, then reluctantly gives a half-assed attempt, mumbling the tune while putting his arms out, hopping to the other side. He then reverses directions, but abruptly stops, feeling foolish.)

I don't *remember* it all, OK? But, I *did* used to be popular.

JUSTIN

I'm sorry, Henry. It's just hard to believe, is all.

WILSON

(Sticking up for Henry.)

Would you find it hard to believe if I told you *I* used to be popular?

JUSTIN

Yes.

WILSON

(Thrown off, not expecting that.)

Touché.

JUSTIN (to HENRY)

So, what'd you do to bully Duke?

HENRY

Well, I wouldn't call it *bullying*, necessarily, or... well, yeah, I guess I would call it that. I mean, I gave into a lot of peer pressure, and one day, people at school were saying how funny it would be if Duke... pooped his pants. Or, made another Dukie, as they put it. I was against the whole thing, on the inside, but they all thought it would be really funny.

JUSTIN

That *would* be really funny.

WILSON

I would've found it humorous.

HENRY

I resisted—again, on the inside. But on the outside, I said, "I'll do it," and thus, came up with a plan to... to put beans on his chair, in Spanish class.

JUSTIN

What? Why?

HENRY

So people would think he... you know.

JUSTIN (considers)

Huh.

(After a pause.)

Beans?

HENRY

Yeah. Beans.

WILSON (serious)

What kind of beans.

HENRY (cont.)

(Not understanding the reason for the question.)

Refried?

WILSON (considers)

That's freaking brilliant.

JUSTIN

So how did it go?

HENRY

Well, it was... you know.

(He recalls the event)

Actually, it was pretty hilarious, now that I think about it.

(He smiles, remembering.)

He didn't even realize it till a couple minutes after he sat down. He probably thought, "Ope, there I go again, too many refried beans at lunch!" And he was *right!*

(He begins to laugh, but then abruptly reels it back.)

B—but, you know—totally uncalled for, on my part.

WILSON

Then what happened?

HENRY

Well, you know... everyone thought it was hilarious, and lots of pats on the back and high fives and all. That was all great. But of course, when Duke walked by me to clean himself off, he said, real softly so only I would hear, "I hope you're happy now, Henry." So, I kind of feel like, anything he does to me... when he comes in here and rubs it in, and his store is gonna put us out of business, I kind of feel like... I got what's been coming to me.

JUSTIN

That is so sad and pathetic, dude.

HENRY

What?

JUSTIN

Come on. That was like, thirty years ago, you really think you deserve to be put out of business because of some stupid prank?—that was, really funny by the way, and I totally would've dug it.

HENRY

It wasn't thirty ye—how old do you think I am?

WILSON

It wasn't your fault, Henry, you have to stop blaming yourself.

JUSTIN

Well. Technically, it *was* your fault.

WILSON

Yeah, it was you, that did that...

JUSTIN

But that doesn't mean you should have to take responsibility for it.

WILSON

That's true, that's true.

JUSTIN

Let me ask you this. If I'm sitting on the couch eating chips, and going on and on about how I want to lose weight, whose fault is that?

HENRY

Yours?

JUSTIN

Wrong. It's the chip company's fault, for making their chips so damn good. Same thing here. If Duke weren't such a fat ass, then it wouldn't be so easy to plant refried beans on his chair. You see?

HENRY

Not really... it was really mean, and insensitive.

JUSTIN

The point is, Henry, that you've gotta stop beating yourself up about it. Hey, think of it this way, if you wouldn't've done that, how fat would he still be?

HENRY

I don't know. Fat?

JUSTIN

Really fat.

WILSON

Fat enough to roll down the river.

JUSTIN

See? You helped him lose weight!

WILSON

Yeah!

JUSTIN

You should be given a medal, honestly. Henry Craig. They should make you an eight hundred number.

WILSON

Congratulations, Henry!

HENRY

Yeah. Thanks guys, I... feel better.

JUSTIN

So no more pity party? We're gonna save the store?

HENRY

Sure. Yeah, let's do it.

JUSTIN

(With a tinge of guilt.)

Oh, hey, you're still cool if I take off a little early today, right? I've got that thing...

(RACHEL enters with three to-go coffee cups.)

HENRY

Yeah, yeah, that's fine. Whatever you need to do.

RACHEL

Hey.

HENRY

Oh, coffee, yes.

(He graciously accepts a cup. RACHEL distributes the last one to JUSTIN.)

JUSTIN

Thanks.

(To WILSON.)

You didn't want coffee?

WILSON

Why should I pay for something I'm capable of doing myself? I can wake up. I do it every morning after I sleep.

(The phone rings. HENRY makes the first move.)

Henry! WILSON

What? HENRY

Let me. WILSON

What? No—Wilson, I... HENRY

Let me use my pitch. WILSON (cutting him off)

No. HENRY

What if it's one of our lessees? WILSON

It's not! HENRY

What if it's Mrs. Hughes? WILSON

She died! HENRY

What if it's her heir? WILSON

Wilson! HENRY

(The sound of the answering machine picking up. The voicemail begins to play.)

Agh! You made me miss it! HENRY

I'll call them back. WILSON

(The tail end of the voicemail plays. A beep is heard.)

BUNNY

(Via the answering machine.)

Um, hi. This is Bunny? I was calling to get my hair done. *To get my hair done.* Ugh, can I just talk to a person? I want to make an appointment. *Tomorrow*, June... uhh... tomorrow. Can I do that? Noon? Just—actually, just block out noon to three. OK? So, sometime in there. My email address is “Bunnnaaay at Hotmail.” Three N’s, three A’s. My date of birth is April. My social security number... hold on, I’ve got it written on my hand... it’s 555-88-0001. OK? Don’t forget that “one.” I can’t think of anything else. I’ll see you tomorrow.

(She hangs up. Another beep is heard.)

JUSTIN

Was that who I think it was?

RACHEL

Unless you know another “Bunnay.”

HENRY (to JUSTIN)

You know, I think she was the one who called before, too.

JUSTIN

Wow...

RACHEL

But why would she be calling us?

HENRY

‘Cause she somehow thinks we’re a hair salon.

JUSTIN

Check the phone book.

WILSON (not moving)

I’ve got it. What do you need?

RACHEL

What, you have it memorized?

WILSON

Everything relevant.

RACHEL

OK, well can you tell us why Bunny thinks we’re a hair salon?

WILSON

Might be because of the name similarity with “Same Day Hair Salon,” on the other side of town.

JUSTIN

God, she’s stupid.

RACHEL

Yeah. Makes you grateful your mom didn’t drop you on your head as a kid.

WILSON

Or that you didn’t run into your brother’s poison dart playing hide and seek.

(A pause.)

Didn’t happen to me. Happened to my brother.

RACHEL

(To JUSTIN, sniffing a prank.)

Is she gonna come here expecting to get her hair cut?

(WILSON heads back upstage to continue packing DVDs.)

JUSTIN

Ooh! We should send her a confirmation email!

RACHEL

Yes!

(JUSTIN heads over to the laptop and starts typing.)

HENRY (chucking)

Oh, man. That is so good!

(Snapping back into his guilt.)

But maybe we shouldn’t.

JUSTIN

Oh, come on, Henry. Jesus.

RACHEL

Yeah, lighten up.

HENRY

I know, but... aw, God, are you already sending it?

JUSTIN

Sent.

Aw, God.
HENRY

RACHEL
Henry. Relax. What's the worst thing that could happen? She comes over here looking for a haircut?

JUSTIN
Then we laugh our asses off.

RACHEL
Yeah. That's all it is. A good laugh. Would that not be really funny?

HENRY
Yeah...

RACHEL
Great! So let's just forget about it.
(To WILSON.)
What are you doing?

WILSON
Packing up the inventory.

RACHEL (to HENRY)
What, already? Aren't you at least gonna try to sell them?

HENRY
Individually? No, these movies are so old it's not even worth it.
(He moves toward WILSON and picks up a few DVDs at random from the box.)
"Kangaroo Jack?" "Rollerball?" They're garbage. We're gonna sell them in bulk.

RACHEL
In bulk? You'll get destroyed!

HENRY
Three fifty per; yeah, I'd say we'll get eaten alive.

RACHEL
That's horrible, three fifty a movie?

HENRY
No, three fifty a box.

RACHEL (cont.)

A *box*? That's rid—Henry, there's gotta be another way.

HENRY

There's not. I've already looked into it. In this market, this is as good as it gets.

RACHEL

What if we held out, till they became... vintage, or whatever?

HENRY

Do I need to keep listing the horrible movies in this box, or...? "Kazaam?"

RACHEL (suggesting)

Future cult classic.

HENRY

No.

WILSON

Ugh, "*Kazaam*." What a disgrace to the industry.

HENRY

(He pulls another gem from the box.)

Oh, man, you'd love this one then, Wilson. "Gigli."

JUSTIN

(He grabs the DVD.)

Ha ha! *Jiggly*? I remember this trash. Here, Wilson, you wanna hold it?

WILSON (very agitated)

Get that crap out of my face.

RACHEL

Ooh. Jeez. It's just a movie, Wilson.

JUSTIN

No, he gets really, really upset when you talk about bad movies in front of him.

(He holds it closer to WILSON.)

Here, Wilson, just touch it.

WILSON (fiercely serious)

No! I'll scream.

JUSTIN

Just look at it, Wilson, show her what you do.

WILSON (cont.)

(He doesn't look at it, but the mere presence is burning his eyes).

Ahh...

JUSTIN

(He holds it even closer to WILSON.)

Here, put it a little closer to your face.

WILSON (a war cry)

Ahhh!

(In a swift motion, he takes the case, throws it on the ground, and stomps on it until the DVD snaps.)

HENRY

Well, great, now I can't sell it.

RACHEL (taken aback)

Jesus Christ!

WILSON

It had to be done. You're welcome.

JUSTIN (to RACHEL)

I tried to think of a way we could *use* this strange behavior to turn a profit somehow... YouTube, maybe, but...

HENRY (to WILSON)

You owe me seventeen and a half cents.

WILSON

You owe *me* a certificate of bravery.

HENRY

OK, let's get the rest of these in the car. I've gotta get them postmarked by 5:00 or the deal is off.

(WILSON and JUSTIN begin to tape up the boxes.)

RACHEL

Aw, Henry, this sucks. Dad's store.

HENRY

I know, Rach. We tried.

RACHEL

I know. But maybe it isn't over. Maybe there's something we haven't thought of.

(DUKE and BUNNY enter with party hats on. BUNNY looks rather mopey.)

DUKE (to BUNNY)

Would you stop crying in the corner? You'll find a new hair salon.
(Now addressing everyone.)

Hiya, losers!

HENRY (regarding BUNNY)

What's wrong?

DUKE

This? Oh. Nothing; she's a woman.

RACHEL

That's extremely misogynistic.

DUKE

No it isn't.

JUSTIN

Um, yes, it is.

BUNNY (sadly, to DUKE)

You used to give me massages all the time.

DUKE

Whatever. She's just upset because I bought her favorite hair salon.

HENRY

Same Day Hair Salon? But that's on the other side of town.

DUKE

Like I told you before, Henry, business is growing! The more space I get, the more intimidating it is! Ha ha, yeah!

JUSTIN

(He pulls up an article on his phone.)

Here's the article. "Duke Tyson is giving new meaning to the word 'conquistador.' Earlier today, he staked his claim on the western side of town, gaining ownership of the long-renowned Same Day Hair Salon, marking the end of a fifty year run for the mom-and-pop shop. When asked how he felt about his latest acquisition, Mr. Tyson replied, 'Boo ya.'"

DUKE (cont.)

(A little “roided.”)

Ha ha! *Boo ya!*

RACHEL

Jesus, Duke! You just put all those people out of work!

DUKE

Does the lion stop to think about the squirrel’s *job* before he hunts?

RACHEL

Lions don’t hunt squirrels.

DUKE

(He notices the boxes.)

Anyway, I’m much more interested in what’s going on here. What is this? Are you guys going out of business?

HENRY

Very observant, Duke.

DUKE

Yes I am, thanks for noticing. My eyesight is twenty *forty*.

WILSON

That’s... actually quite poor—do you have a driver’s license?

DUKE

Yes. Although it’s a very unflattering picture. So what’s the malfunction, Henry? Can’t take the heat of a little friendly competition?

HENRY

Guess not.

DUKE (to BUNNY)

Aww, that is just so sad, isn’t it babe? I think I need a tissue! Oh, wait! I just used my last one to wipe my butt!

BUNNY

Do you not use wipeys anymore? What about your hemorrhoids?

DUKE

(He’s about to get embarrassed, but then he manages to think of a good comeback.)

Don’t you mean...

(To HENRY.)

...*Hen*-roids?

HENRY

Ha. Yeah.

DUKE

(The “roids” kicking in, he takes a private moment to strut around like a body builder, pumping his fists, smacking his head.)

UNGH! Yeah, I *got* him! *Hen-roids!*

HENRY

Hilarious.

JUSTIN

Gets even funnier the more often you say it.

DUKE

Whew! I’m getting all jacked up over here! *Hen-roids!*

(Slight beat change; he calms down a bit, takes a breath.)

Man, this *is* a little sad! I was just coming over to ask why you weren’t at my grand opening, but I had no idea you guys were already down and out! You know, I had always thought I would love the day when I ran you out of business, Henry, but I have to admit, seeing you go? Just puts a sad lid on the can of whoop-ass I opened on you since high school. So what was it, Henry, that put you under? No cash flow, or... not selling enough... or, bankruptcy...?

RACHEL

Stop saying it a million different ways to make yourself look like a genius.

DUKE

Hey, neighbor, I’m just trying to be a good neighbor over here, trying to understand what pushed my neighbor out of the neighborhood.

HENRY

All of the above, Duke. We can’t compete with you. Is that what you wanna hear?

DUKE

Ah, yes. It’s music to my ears, truly. Thank you. Hey! You know what, I’m feeling generous, why don’t you all come work for me? You can lick my floor clean. I’ll pay you ten cents a month.

WILSON

That’s way below the poverty line, jerk. A floor-licker should be paid at least minimum wage.

DUKE (sincere, cont.)