

**TAKE IT EASY**  
by Michael Quinn

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*TAKE IT EASY*

**CHARACTERS**

JULES SCHAFER — 21 years old  
CARMEN UVEGES — 22 years old  
JUSTIN HARRIS — 24 years old

**TIME**

The Time is the mid-July.

**PLACE**

The Play takes place at an apartment  
in North Philadelphia.

**A NOTE ON SIMULTANEOUS DIALOGUE:**

Dialogue laid out side-by-side is meant to be spoken simultaneously. Dialogue in the left-hand column should not cease for dialogue in the right-hand column to begin. Actors are meant to speak over one another.

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SCENE I.

*A hot, humid Friday night in July. The living room of a four-bedroom apartment in North Philadelphia, around 18<sup>th</sup> & Montgomery. There's a couch, a coffee table, an armchair, and a dinner table with accompanying chairs. Behind them, there's a kitchenette with a refrigerator, a counter. There's a doorway leading to a hallway, and a door to the bathroom. The walls are decorated with posters, photos, a string of Christmas lights, maybe a tapestry. There is a section of the wall covered with pages from an old illustrated anatomy book — pelvises and necks and a brain, diagrams of skin layers.*

*On the couch lies CARMEN UVEGES, twenty-three. She's tall, long, dressed in casual clothing — an old 5k t-shirt and shorts. She's young and unaware. She has an intense looseness to her, a comfort with being adrift in the world without the baggage that most people carry. She's authentic, natural, and comfortable with herself, and she engages with life with an enviable ruthlessness.*

*She's on the couch, scrolling through her phone. She sends a text and scrolls again.*

*After a while, JULES SCHAFER, twenty-two, enters from the hallway. She's not much younger than Carmen, but she possesses an adolescent anxiety that refuses to leave, no matter how hard she tries, and has been reinforced by the various misfortunes that seemingly always set their target on her. She long ago deemed the world unfriendly.*

CARMEN. Oh my God. You're home?

JULES. Yes.

CARMEN. Since *when*?

JULES. (*Going to the fridge and taking out a jug of water.*) You talked to me last night.

*She pours water into a glass and drinks.*

CARMEN. I did?

JULES. Yes.

CARMEN. Did I say anything?

JULES. You said, like, "Oh my God, Jules, you're back, I'm so fucked up right now."

CARMEN. Oh. Yeah. That makes sense.

JULES. Yeah.

CARMEN. I was fucked up last night.

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JULES. Yeah, you were.

CARMEN. It's because of Abby and Rich. They were on like, a suicide bar crawl across town and I obviously wasn't going to back out because, like, I'm deprived. My head is killing me. I always drink too much tequila. Oh God, I don't even want to say that word.

JULES. Yeah. I told you to drink some water but you were like, nonresponsive.

CARMEN. Actually?

JULES. I'm exaggerating.

CARMEN. Okay good. I can't remember it but I was gonna be like, I haven't been really nonresponsive since Labor Day Wine Night. I've been doing really very well. Last night was nuts though, it was Rich's birthday. We started at McGillins, and then every time we left a bar, we'd smoke a joint on the walk. Like, *every time*. We smoked probably six joints. I was *chiefing*. And I got so fucking high by the third bar that I forgot what a *pint* was and I was sitting there looking at the menu like, "What the fuck is a pint?" Just staring at everyone. You know?

JULES. Yeah, I mean, when I smoke I try not to socialize.

CARMEN. You barely socialize *anyway*.

JULES. Okay, yeah. I just mean I get it.

CARMEN. And then you have Abby, who's just like, "Oh, I used to love getting baked and driving, it's like you're in a video game." Like, what the fuck.

JULES. That's definitely the outlier experience.

CARMEN. So I was just really self-conscious so then I was like, okay, I can just drink a *ton* to get a little more normal, but —

JULES. Definitely some flawed logic there.

CARMEN. Yeah. Did not really work. Rich got me an Uber home.

JULES. At least you got a free ride.

CARMEN. Yeah. If he hits me with the Venmo request, I will castrate him. *(Pause. She grips her forehead.)* Jesus Christ. Talking is making like, the radiowaves pound harder. *(A long silence.)* How are you? What are you doing back so soon? I thought you were staying another week.

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JULES. Um, my dad was not exactly, like, *relaxed*, so I came home.

CARMEN. Isn't he never relaxed?

JULES. Well. Yeah. I guess. He was — I don't know. His place in Florida is really nice. I didn't believe him on the phone. But then I got down there and he's like, "Oh I need to tell you something." And then he tells me how he's discovered the medicinal quality of marijuana. I'm not even kidding.

CARMEN. Seriously?

JULES. Yeah. I was like, what the *fuck*, he almost threw me out of the house for smoking one joint when I was fifteen. But then I was like, this is kind of *cool*, you know? Like my dad is legit El Chapo. But then the rest of the trip he was high. I've never seen him high, I've just seen him depressed, but he was like — depressed *and* high.

CARMEN. Damn. Big mood but damn.

JULES. Yeah, for real. I thought he didn't like all the noise in the city and all the like, *associations* he had living here. But I show up and he was high every fucking day. Which is fine — *I* get high every day, but I'm not getting like *catatonic* in front of my own *child*. I spent two weeks just like, bored and depressed in the *swamp*. I couldn't take it anymore. I was like, "Dad, I'm fucking going if you're going to treat me like this." And he was like, "Like what?" And I was just like, "Are you fucking kidding me?" So I bought a bus ticket.

CARMEN. Damn. That's family drama.

JULES. I know.

CARMEN. When did all this happen?

JULES. What's today?

CARMEN. Saturday.

JULES. Like, Thursday. The bus was twenty-five hours.

CARMEN. *What?*

JULES. Yeah.

CARMEN. Why? Jesus. You should've flown. Didn't you have the money?

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JULES. I have like, enough for a flight in an *emergency*, I guess, but I didn't want to spend it. And flying is like, so bad for the environment.

CARMEN. Oh my God, who cares.

JULES. Buses are the most carbon-neutral way to travel.

CARMEN. Yeah but who gives a shit.

JULES. I do, for one. It's like, a big issue that we clearly *have to* address. We don't have the choice to *not* address it —

CARMEN. Yeah but you being miserable on a bus doesn't *fix* the *atmosphere*.

JULES. No, but I'm not contributing —

CARMEN. Yeah, but it doesn't make a difference. What you do does not make a difference. You cannot save anything.

JULES. What are you even talking about?

CARMEN. In your *lifetime* you'll produce as much carbon dioxide as, like, a multinational corporation does in a single *day*. All you can do is like, call your legislator or send him, like, *anthrax* or whatever.

JULES. Yeah but we should get used to living without all the conveniences.

CARMEN. No, you shouldn't, Jules. You know what's a convenience? Owning forty fucking *yachts*. You know what *isn't*? Getting *air-lifted* away from your fuck-up family.

JULES. He's not — don't say that.

CARMEN. That's how *I* feel every time I'm in the Pinies out in fuck-all New Jersey with my family. I'm like, can someone *rescue me* back to *civilized society*?

JULES. Okay, well, I took the bus. Fuck me, right? This country is ugly as shit, by the way, side note. And then I got in at like, three A.M. and I slept like the dead and now I just woke up at eight P.M. and feel like I'm in another dimension or something. I'm in, like, *limbo*.

CARMEN. Total power move, though. I wish I could tell my dad that. I'd be like, "Fuck you, pops." Total female empowerment, total power move. I'm so into it.

JULES. Yeah.

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CARMEN. You're back, though. It's nice to have you. I haven't yelled at anyone about climate change since you left.

*Carmen returns to her phone. Jules walks over to the armchair and sits.*

JULES. Yeah. Where are Anna and Kayla?

CARMEN. They went down the shore. They're with Stevie and Pat McNair and those guys.

JULES. Seriously?

CARMEN. Yeah.

JULES. Anna hasn't texted me back at all. I sent her this huge text desperately from a bus depot in Georgia and I got no response.

CARMEN. They're doing a phoneless weekend. I think Kayla was trying to get shrooms.

JULES. Wack.

CARMEN. If I were with those guys for a weekend without my phone, I'd call the police. Shoot an emergency flare into my own skull. I don't even know.

JULES. I didn't expect her to still be hanging out with Stevie during the summer. And did not expect her to be doing shrooms with him. I thought he was like, virginal.

CARMEN. He definitely does not have a discernible personality.

JULES. He's such a nonentity.

CARMEN. Agreed. She needs to like get over whatever she thinks is attractive about him. He looks like a goblin, kid literally looks like he just crawled out of the Earth's *mantle* or something. It's honestly — I don't want to say pathetic, but pathetic. *(Beat.)* Wow. I feel like shit. Can you get me a glass of water?

JULES. Um, sure.

*She goes and gets Carmen a glass of water.*

CARMEN. I need to like give up drinking for good or I'm honestly going to die. I don't even know how my body handles it. *(Taking the glass of water.)* Thanks.

*Carmen drinks the entire glass.*

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CARMEN. It's good to see you.

JULES. Yeah.

*Carmen senses she's about to throw up.*

CARMEN. Fuck.

JULES. What?

CARMEN. I drank that water too fast —

*She rushes into the bathroom and shuts the door. Jules looks on, horrified.*

JULES. Are you okay?!

CARMEN. *(Offstage.)* I'm fine!

JULES. Are you —

CARMEN. *(Offstage.)* I'm fine!

*Jules goes quiet. She waits for Carmen to return. She does, walking over to the couch and sitting on its arm.*

CARMEN. Oh, my God. My body is *betraying* me. I scrolled way too fast through Instagram. I got motion sickness.

JULES. How much did you drink?

CARMEN. Not even that much. Like... I don't know, I don't fucking count drinks, I'm not a Christian.

JULES. Jeez.

CARMEN. Oh my God. Okay. I feel better. I felt shitty all day. Whew. Okay. Gotta get in the zone. Tonight's like, a big night.

JULES. What?

CARMEN. There's a —

JULES. Are you going *out*?

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CARMEN. Yeah. It's a Saturday.

JULES. That seems like a bad idea.

CARMEN. I'm not drinking tonight.

JULES. Good.

CARMEN. I'm gonna do molly.

JULES. Oh my *God*.

CARMEN. You should come! It's this rave that Karla McAvaney put together. There's like, body-painting and these sick DJs and it's at this sick warehouse. We're gonna roll.

JULES. *Roll?* Roll what?

CARMEN. That's the *verb*. You *roll* molly, like you *drop* acid. Because it's like, you go up and down, you *roll*. Me and Justin have extra if you want some.

JULES. What?

CARMEN. We ordered like, *two grams* of MDMA off of the dark web.

JULES. This is too much at once. Justin *Harris*?

CARMEN. Yeah.

JULES. You're back together with him?

CARMEN. We're not *together*, we're just hanging out again.

JULES. How *is* he?

CARMEN. He's good.

JULES. He's around? I thought he like, dropped off the planet. Didn't he go to rehab or something?

CARMEN. No. It wasn't rehab. It was a reform thing. Like, spiritual reform. It wasn't about the drugs.

JULES. Okay. (*Pause.*) I feel like the drugs were a pretty big part of his problems, though.

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CARMEN. They were definitely a big factor but like, I don't know. He's dealing with stuff, as is everyone else. But like, you and I get drunk, and he would do decidedly *less* acceptable substances. But least he's doing something about it now. And he seems a lot more, like, *normal*. It's not like the winter when he was just depressed or manic.

JULES. Is he sober?

CARMEN. He doesn't drink or smoke. He literally watches me get high, and I'm like, isn't this a trigger for you? And he's like, no. And I'm like, what if I blow bong smoke directly in your face, and he's like, okay don't do that.

JULES. Definitely don't do that.

CARMEN. But he's good. I'm serious. It's really nice.

JULES. He's coming tonight?

CARMEN. Yeah. That's what I said. Why are you so sus about it? You liked it when he came around in like, February or whatever.

JULES. Yeah, but I didn't know he was on drugs then.

CARMEN. A lot of people are on drugs a lot of the time. How many friends do you only see when they're drunk? Seriously.

JULES. Um, definitely a couple. I just thought you two had pretty firmly ended things.

CARMEN. People break up, people get back together. *(Pause.)* My head is killing me, fuck. I wonder if I can take Advil if I'm gonna roll tonight. *(On her phone.)* I'll check.

JULES. Is two grams a lot?

CARMEN. Yeah. We're gonna sell the rest and spend the money on Juul pods. I have the testing solution somewhere. Hashtag, safe. *(Beat.)* Oh, sick, I can take Advil. Can you grab me some?

JULES. Sure. Yeah.

*She goes to the cabinet and takes out a small bottle of Advil. Jules hands a pill to Carmen.*

CARMEN. One? Give me two.

JULES. Can you take two?

CARMEN. I could snort five or I could swallow two. Hand me another.

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*Jules hands her a second Advil.*

CARMEN. Thank you. I need tonight. My summer has been beat besides this. All I do is work and get stupid high and order shit on Amazon.

JULES. Yeah, what's with all the boxes. You know how bad Amazon is for like — I mean, I was gonna say the climate but also like for everyone.

CARMEN. Okay yeah, but also if I have disposable income I'm gonna spend it. Look at all this shit. Here, we got these facemasks, look.

*She goes to the facemasks and shows the packaging.*

JULES. Cool.

CARMEN. And I got this, like, really nice hand vacuum because my bed is always covered in weed crumbs and keef. I'm gonna suck those fuckers *up*. And oh my God, look at this. *(She gets something from a cabinet.)* It's pepper spray. It's like, *brutal* pepper spray.

JULES. Why did you get this?

CARMEN. Self-defense. Really though, these face masks are like, the *best*. And they're only like two bucks. Tuesday night everyone was home and we all put them on and smoked, like — oh my God, we smoked this actually special strain of weed that Kayla got in the mail from her cousin who lives in California. Wait, you have to see this.

*She gets up and seeks out the bag of weed. It's in a shiny, sealable plastic bag with some official-looking labeling.*

CARMEN. Here. Smell.

*She opens the bag and offers it to Jules, who smells it.*

CARMEN. Guess what this is. Like, the *strain*.

JULES. I don't know.

CARMEN. It's called *green crack*.

JULES. That is very intense.

CARMEN. This shit is amazing. We're gonna be *crackheads*. And last week, we all just sat out back and smoked a *ton*, and we had ice cubes and an ash-catcher. It was cool as fuck. We missed you.

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JULES. Yeah. I was watching cable news. With the swamp-people of Florida, so.

CARMEN. Yeah, so you gotta make up for that by rolling your *face* off and getting body-painted tonight.

JULES. I think I have to pass.

CARMEN. What? You can't.

JULES. Yeah, I don't know.

CARMEN. You have to. I'm forcing you. Choice has been removed from the equation.

JULES. I just got home and my head is all over the place and I think I'm just gonna stay in and watch something and maybe smoke a little, I don't know.

CARMEN. Well if you're, like, recovering from home, I literally cannot imagine anything that will put you in a better mood than rolling.

JULES. I don't know. Last time I took it —

CARMEN. Don't bring up last time.

JULES. It was *weird* and I didn't like it —

CARMEN. Because you weren't doing MDMA! You were on, like, weird-ass *ecstasy* that a dude from UD *gave you* at *Firefly*. That is an entirely different scenario. This is not at all like that. This is from the dark web — like, some professional-ass drug dealers with like, *reviews* on their site, it's like *Yelp* — and I'm *testing it* and it's gonna be *sick*. It's gonna be legal in like two or three years anyway for therapeutic purposes.

JULES. No it's not.

CARMEN. (*Taking out her phone.*) I can send you the article I read. They use it on people with PTSD.

JULES. I don't have PTSD.

CARMEN. You're a woman on planet Earth. You have PTSD.

JULES. Look, I want to, I just don't think I — can.

CARMEN. Jules, don't blow me off.

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JULES. I'm not blowing you off —

CARMEN. Come *on*, it's the *summer*. You said yourself, like, you were in the *swamp*. Welcome back to the *liberal coast*, we do *drugs* here. You can at least have a little bit of fun. This isn't even anything serious. It's not a psychedelic. It's just molly.

JULES. You got it from some place on the Internet.

CARMEN. Yeah. With *Bitcoin*. It's like — digital *cash*. It's high tech. It's untraceable. Stevie explained it to me. It's legit.

JULES. You got it in the *mail*.

CARMEN. Yes! I did. Oh my God. People do this all the time. You know the biggest drug trafficker in this country? The United States *Postal Service*. Stay fucking *woke*.

JULES. I don't think that's true.

CARMEN. Look it up!

JULES. I don't care that much.

CARMEN. I don't know why you put on this sad-girl aesthetic all the time.

JULES. What? I don't put on —

CARMEN. You *totally* put on a sad-girl aesthetic and get into these *moods* where all you can do is feel *sorry* for yourself. I could smell it on you when you *walked in*. How about you just come out with your *friends* for once?!

JULES. I am not a *sad-girl!*

I don't just feel sorry for myself! I am, like, the most reasonable person you know!

JULES. I'm not *sad*, okay, I'm just like — going through it and trying to practice a little self-care.

CARMEN. Well maybe you should practice self-care by getting out of your room and having a great night with your friends and not letting your entire experience with a generally-very-fun substance be defined by the one time you took sus-as-fuck E and got fingered during the Foo Fighters concert.

*Silence.*

JULES. Alright, you don't have to bring that up.

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CARMEN. I'm sorry.

JULES. I don't bring up your, like, tender confessions.

CARMEN. Yeah, there is nothing tender in my body. Because I've hardened over time into some sort of thot-armadillo.

JULES. (*Put off.*) That is so wack.

CARMEN. I'm dirty. I'm sorry!

JULES. It's alright.

CARMEN. Is it?

JULES. I guess.

CARMEN. So you'll come with us tonight?

JULES. Why do you want me to come so badly?

CARMEN. Because I missed you.

JULES. I'm sure you guys were fine without me.

CARMEN. No, actually. Kayla didn't speak to me for three days because I made fun of the Jesus camp she's working at. Which I was right to do, by the way, if she brings it up. (*Beat.*) Look, it'll be fun. I know family sucks. The last time I saw *my* dad, he called me a wayward *youth* and went into my purse and took his credit card back. I mean, I had the number memorized, but like, I couldn't *swipe* anywhere. But if you stay in you're just gonna get too high and like stew in depression, and instead you should just have a good fucking time, because who cares, the ice caps are melting, *fin*.

JULES. Okay. (*Pause.*) That's a pretty good reason.

CARMEN. Thank you.

JULES. I'll come. I'm just — scared.

CARMEN. We've already done it with the same molly, from the same place. We're gonna test it as soon as he gets here.

JULES. When did you start seeing him again?

CARMEN. Justin?

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JULES. Yeah.

CARMEN. He FaceTimed me out of the blue a couple of days before you left, and we started texting a lot. We ended up getting coffee and just like catching up. And then we got dinner and it sort of turned out from there. So. We're not dating, we're just like, a *thing*.

JULES. And he doesn't sell painkillers anymore?

CARMEN. No. Obviously he doesn't do that. And that was like, the least of his problems.

JULES. Still rough to be, like, the nineteen-year-old *Oxy* dealer.

CARMEN. You sell Adderall.

JULES. That's obviously different.

CARMEN. Is it?

JULES. Yes. Because Adderall is just, like, a drug that makes math interesting. It's not literally a *pill* of *opium*.

CARMEN. Okay, well, he's retired. I'm not like, *using* him for drugs like I did with... a lot of my previous boyfriends, now that I'm thinking about it. He's actually a really nice guy. I don't know why you're so put off by me having, like, a summer fling. Not everything is so serious. I just want him to like, crush me in his arms in the summer heat and dump my body on the Jersey shore. It's nothing deep.

JULES. (*Clearly unconvinced.*) Yeah. I guess.

CARMEN. Jesus Christ, you're a real *weight*, you know that? I'm asking you to be like, happy for me.

JULES. I'm happy for you.

CARMEN. You're *obviously* not.

JULES. I think you deserve a better-looking guy with way fewer emotional issues.

CARMEN. Okay. Well that's why he went somewhere. To take care of himself. (*Carmen's phone buzzes. She checks it.*) He's on his way. We should start divvying this up into pills. I think I have them around here.

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*She searches through the kitchen and finds empty pills. She goes to the package and extracts a few small bags of tiny crystals.*

JULES. You have a scale?

CARMEN. No, I always eyeball it. When I sell weed, I'm like, yeah dude, I swear to *God* this is an eighth, I fucking measured it *electronically*. Fucking morons. (*Grabbing the materials.*) Look, each of these bags is like, point-four, so we just have to eyeball half of each bag, but even if you get a little more — it's not a big problem. But don't lick your fingers after because this stuff tastes like, horrible. Do you want to help?

JULES. I'm alright.

CARMEN. You should really accept some of my lessons. They'll come in handy someday. (*Pause.*) Damn, look at these fuckin' crystals. This stuff is prime.

*Carmen starts fixing the pills. She divides the crystals and scoops them evenly into the capsules, one by one. Jules wanders over to the couch and sits down. She notices a guitar in its case resting on the floor.*

JULES. Whose is that?

CARMEN. The guitar? Justin's.

JULES. Is he, like, in a band now?

CARMEN. No, he just plays with Ricky Gerardi sometimes. He plays for, like, himself.

JULES. Okay, good, I really thought we were going to have to put him down. Band boys gotta go.

CARMEN. He's not good. His voice is whiney. Don't tell him I said that. He played a song for me, though. I guess that was sweet. But then he ate me out like really good, so maybe I'm just conflating the two. Holy *fuck*. Do you see how *expertly* I'm dividing these crystals? I should get a job in like, a *drug* factory. Fucking *magic* fingers. You should honestly drop a pill of this into your dad's coffee, it'll probably help him get over shit.

JULES. Yeah. I probably won't do that.

CARMEN. It's not a bad idea.

JULES. Yeah it is.

CARMEN. Why?

JULES. Because I'm not gonna *poison* my *father* with *molly*?

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CARMEN. Whatever. You said he's catatonic.

*Silence. Jules checks her phone.*

CARMEN. Who are you texting?

JULES. I don't know. This guy who TA'd a class I was in.

CARMEN. Who?

JULES. Ryan Rhodes.

CARMEN. Is that who you were posting that pics for on your insta story?

JULES. What?

CARMEN. In Florida, you were like, oh my god, the *sun!* I was like, I've never seen Jules post a photo of herself on her insta story *ever*. I thought it was like, *motivated*.

JULES. Do you ever not psychoanalyze people?

CARMEN. I never stop. Am I right? *(Beat.)* Fuck yeah, I'm always fuckin' right. Is he cute?

JULES. I don't want to talk about this.

CARMEN. Ryan is such a fuckboy name.

JULES. I really don't want to talk about it.

CARMEN. Jeez. Fine. Just thought you'd be excited about like, getting dick for once.

JULES. For once?

CARMEN. I didn't mean that how it came out. What's he look like?

JULES. Um, here.

*She scrolls through her phone and finds a photo. She shows it to Carmen. Carmen takes the phone and starts scrolling.*

JULES. Don't fav any of them.

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CARMEN. Obviously. Oh, he's cute. He's got like, very authoritative bone structure. But what is this hair? He looks like a, a homeschooled Mormon child. Oh, wait, these old ones of him are cute. Yo. We stan short-hair Ryan.

JULES. Okay, okay, give it back.

CARMEN. I'm just gonna go through and like all of these so he knows you're *down to fuck*.

JULES. Don't!

*Jules reaches out to grab the phone. Carmen yanks away. The two struggle for a moment. Eventually, Jules gets the phone and looks through.*

JULES. Oh my God, you liked one!

CARMEN. I liked five.

JULES. This one's of him at like, *prom in high school*. I'm gonna look like a *maniac*.

CARMEN. He won't even see it.

JULES. You ruin my life.

CARMEN. I make it infinitely more interesting.

JULES. *(Pause.)* Sure. Whatever. Is Justin coming soon?

CARMEN. Yeah. He's on his way. *(Pause.)* What's wrong with you?

JULES. Nothing's wrong.

CARMEN. You come home on like, the *eve* of the most perfect event, expertly-organized by *me* and you don't even seem excited that I'm gonna give you like, free drugs.

JULES. Well, how much does one molly cost?

CARMEN. One *pill* costs, like, twenty bucks.

JULES. Okay, so you owe me that and more, because you eat, like, all of the food from work I bring home for *myself*.

CARMEN. Alright, yeah. Fair.

JULES. Yeah. So.

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*Silence.*

JULES. Don't you ever just feel like — you know, like — like — what am I *doing*? You know?

CARMEN. I've never felt that in my life.

JULES. I mean like, what am I doing just sitting around Philly getting high all summer and all winter and like, getting a *degree* or whatever? Like very genuinely, what am I doing any of this for?

CARMEN. I don't know. Money?

JULES. I guess. But I'm like — I'm gonna have forty thousand dollars in loans. I already have thirty thousand.

CARMEN. Alright, then drop out. It's not that scary. I'm doing fine.

JULES. (*Pointed.*) Well, I can't sell feet pics on the Internet.

CARMEN. Okay, back off. And more importantly, yeah you almost definitely *could*.

JULES. I'm just not — I feel like a brick.

CARMEN. What?

JULES. Like I just... don't do anything. I have no intelligent thought. I'm gonna end up like, going to Frankfurt Hall every night and having sex with like, grad students with *mustaches*. I'm just... whatever.

CARMEN. Do you know what catastrophizing is?

JULES. Yeah.

CARMEN. That is what you are doing.

JULES. Okay.

CARMEN. I have half a psychology degree, you have to believe me. I'm a medical semiprofessional.

JULES. Shut up.

CARMEN. No, look at this. (*She walks over to the diagram of the brain on the wall.*) Do you see this?

JULES. (*Refusing to look.*) No. Stop.

TAKE IT EASY

CARMEN. Look at it! Do you know what this is?

JULES. It's a brain.

CARMEN. It's *your* brain! And right now, all this shit in here is fuckin' *depressed*. But you don't have to be like that. You're just going through it because it's like, the *dog days* and you just did a tour of the American *penal* colony and you haven't been *touched* in like, *months*. Just go make out with fuckboy Ryan tonight. Give *him* some molly, I'll toss him a *coupon* for it. Who cares. Stop taking everything so seriously because honestly, it gets everyone else the fuck down. It's not a big deal but like, damn, do us a solid and just *chill*.

JULES. I don't chill. I don't do chill.

CARMEN. We know. Look, I used to be the same. I had panic attacks and shit. I laid on the dressing room floor of the Center City Urban Outfitters for three hours one time when I was like, seventeen, when I was a newt. But then I wrecked my mind with drugs, got rid of all the excess brain cells — trimmed the fat — and now look at me. I'm good.

JULES. Can you just let me go through it?

CARMEN. No. I can't. This is exactly how you got last summer. Don't you ever get *bored* of it?

JULES. This is *not* how I was last summer.

CARMEN. Yes, it is. You sat around all day like, inept. All you would do was play that fucking tile game on your phone.

JULES. Okay. Well, last summer sucked, this summer sucks. Whatever. Yelling at me about my mental health, that's a really effective strategy.

CARMEN. Oh my God, it's not your mental health.

JULES. Yes it literally is.

CARMEN. I'm just saying you should stop worrying. I'm sorry if I wasn't be diplomatic but like, you're *young* and you live with your best friends and this is probably the best things are going to be for a long while. So maybe like, okay, you do end up fucking grad students that you meet at Frankfurt Hall. So *what?* What do you think life is? Do you think it's anything *more?* Do you want to move to *France* and like, learn a whole new fuckin' language just so you can be lonely *there?* You've known Anna since grade school, you've known me and Kayla since you were eighteen, we're like — *in* your life. So just — appreciate us a little bit more, and then you can bitch about how the life that all of *us* are living isn't good enough for you in particular. Jesus.

TAKE IT EASY

*Silence.*

JULES. I'm sorry.

CARMEN. Don't apologize.

JULES. I'll come out tonight.

CARMEN. I know.

*Silence. Carmen gets up and goes over to the counter. She grabs a pack of Camel Blues and takes out a cigarette.*

JULES. I thought you quit smoking.

CARMEN. I — yeah.

*She puts it back. She wanders back towards Jules.*

CARMEN. I'll still have one tonight when I'm coming down.

JULES. Yeah. Sure.

*Silence.*

CARMEN. Really fucking sucks quitting smoking. So fucking boring.

JULES. Yeah.

*Silence.*

CARMEN. Alright, well, I'm sick of this. Do you want to get high? What do you want to do? Do you have any Adderall we can snort?

JULES. Oh my God.

CARMEN. It's Saturday *night*, come on.

*A triplet of knocks at the door. Carmen springs up.*

CARMEN. Oh my God, I look like shit.

*Jules stays on the couch. Carmen goes over to the door and opens it.*

TAKE IT EASY

*JUSTIN HARRIS, twenty-three, steps inside. He's wearing a jacket that's bulky for the summer heat, and smart clothes. He has a backpack. He's got an intimidating amount of self-assuredness. He's cool, and that coolness floats around him like an forcefield, allowing him to dodge whatever is thrown his way. Beneath him, you can sense a sort of savvy darkness — he always seeks a way out of situations that might suddenly turn undesirable.*

*He hugs Carmen and kisses her quickly.*

JUSTIN. What's up.

CARMEN. Hey.

JUSTIN. It's hot as fuck outside.

CARMEN. I know. What's with the jacket?

JUSTIN. Gotta keep up appearances.

*Justin walks over to the counter and puts his bag down.*

CARMEN. Be careful, the —

JUSTIN. Yeah, I see it.

JULES. Hey Justin.

*Justin turns around. A moment of recognition.*

JUSTIN. Oh, yo, Jules, what's up?

JULES. Nothing.

JUSTIN. I thought you were — Carmen said you were in like, Miami or something.

JULES. Nope, I was in like, the inbred part of Florida. But I left early.

JUSTIN. Oh, yeah? Why?

JULES. They thought I was a witch and tried to drown me.

JUSTIN. Oh shit, for real?

JULES. No, not for real. I'm just. Whatever.

TAKE IT EASY

CARMEN. Jules is coming with.

JULES. Yep, yes I am.

JUSTIN. Okay, well — *sick*. Let's get this stuff *tested* and *secured*.

*He goes through his bag and retrieves a small vial of testing liquid. If the MDMA is pure, the crystals dissolve into a black liquid.*

JUSTIN. Just this right here? Did you already —

CARMEN. Yeah, I divvied up the rest of it. We have, like, two point-threes and seven point-twos.

JUSTIN. Hell *yeah*, yo. Let's fuckin' *go*, tonight's gonna be — *ha ha* — so fuckin' *sick*. Okay. A moment.

*He uses the eyedropper tip to drop some of the liquid onto the crystals. They dissolve into a black liquid.*

JUSTIN. Let's *go*. This shit is *pure*. Thank you, Internet. Bless the *fuck* up.

CARMEN. Amazing. Jules, you wanna see?

*Jules gets up and walks over.*

JULES. It's just — what's the test?

JUSTIN. If it's pure it turns black.

JULES. Cool. Um, how much do I take?

JUSTIN. Probably like, point-two will be good. Is it your first time?

JULES. No —

CARMEN. Yes.

JUSTIN. Okay, well, this stuff is like, really good. You should be fine with point-two.

JULES. Okay. Thanks.

CARMEN. Wear, like, your comfiest clothes. The first time I did it I was wearing my favorite jeans, and I was literally sitting there like, "Holy *fuck*, these jeans are so fuckin' *soft*." It was sick.

JULES. Sick.

TAKE IT EASY

CARMEN. And don't drink water. Kills the high.

JUSTIN. Drink water if you want. What time are we going?

CARMEN. It's supposed to start at ten, so we'll get there at eleven.

JUSTIN. Okay. This stuff takes like forty minutes to kick in, so we should probably take it soonish. Do you have to get ready?

CARMEN. Yeah. I should. Give me a minute.

JUSTIN. Alright. I'm supposed to play with Ricky tomorrow.

CARMEN. Tomorrow?

JUSTIN. Yeah, it's gonna be sick. I'm gonna be coming down but the guitar is gonna feel so nice in my hands. We're like, trying to play gigs soon. I'm a band boy now, let's *go*.

CARMEN. Wait, it's a band now?

JUSTIN. Yes. Did you not know this? Did you not like our Facebook page?

CARMEN. What? No. What's the band?

JUSTIN. The Juuler and the Jailer. I'm the Juuler, Ricky's the jailer.

JULES. Oh my God.

JUSTIN. I know. It's sick. *(To Carmen.)* Can you charge my Juul? It's dead.

JULES. Oh my *God*.

CARMEN. Sure.

*She takes his Juul. Carmen exits towards her bedroom. Jules is on her phone. Justin paces into the room and spots his guitar case. He opens it and sits down with the guitar in his lap. He starts noodling on it.*

JULES. Don't play.

JUSTIN. Why?

JULES. Are you fucking kidding me?

TAKE IT EASY

*Silence.*

JUSTIN. What?

JULES. (*Hushed.*) Are you fucking *kidding* me, Justin?

JUSTIN. Give me a break.

JULES. What are you *doing* here?

JUSTIN. Look, I didn't —

JULES. Didn't *what*?

JUSTIN. You're supposed to be in Florida.

JULES. Oh my God. Oh my God. You're ridiculous. You're a real asshole.

JUSTIN. I'm aware. Can we just — ignore it?

JULES. No. I'm not a *man*. I don't have the whole act-like-nothing-happened *chromosome*.

JUSTIN. So no.

*Silence. Justin noodles on the guitar.*

JULES. Do you still do drugs?

JUSTIN. Yeah, I take Zyrtec.

*Jules shakes her head and rolls her eyes.*

JUSTIN. No. I mean — whatever. Not often. I take molly sometimes. I don't smoke. I don't drink. So.

JULES. Are you *dating* her?

JUSTIN. No. I don't think so. No.

JULES. I can't handle this, okay? I do not like *secrets*. If you're not dating, can't you find *literally* anyone else to fuck?

JUSTIN. Look, this is just all, I don't know, what *happened* —

TAKE IT EASY

JULES. Dude, *please* just put all of your mental energy into separating your *self* from your *hormones* and I *guarantee* you will come to the conclusion that you need to get the fuck out of here.

JUSTIN. Why? Because we fucked *once*?

JULES. Yes! That's incredibly reasonable of me!

JUSTIN. *Relax.*

*Silence. Justin returns to the guitar. Then he stops.*

JUSTIN. Look, Jules —

JULES. Why do you say my name so much?

JUSTIN. Because I like saying it.

JULES. Don't be cute.

JUSTIN. Look, I'm sorry. Alright? I'm — I didn't think you would be here, and it's — if I knew you were going to be here, I'd I wouldn't have come. There's no, like, malicious *intent* here. But tonight is going to be fun. So who cares? You know? Can it just be cool?

JULES. It's easy for you to be *cool* because you're a *guy* and have *accepted* that you're a *scourge* on the planet. But Carmen is my roommate, who I *like*, and once drunkenly — *very* drunkenly — like, like, like — *cuckolded*, so this probably *has to be* awkward.

JUSTIN. Okay, so it can't be cool.

*Silence. More guitar.*

*After some time, Carmen returns, now dressed for the evening.*

CARMEN. Hey hey.

JUSTIN. You look great.

CARMEN. Thank you. *(She kisses him.)*

JUSTIN. *(Improvising the end of a conversation. To Jules.)* So Florida was good?

JULES. Yeah. It was great.

CARMEN. *(To Jules.)* Are you gonna change?

TAKE IT EASY

JULES. Yeah. I'm slow to rise. Quick to anger.

CARMEN. Well get up.

JULES. Alright, alright. (*Beat.*) Do I have to come?

CARMEN. Yes! You have to come!

JULES. Come on.

CARMEN. What? Oh my God, do you want to fight about this again?

JULES. No, I don't want to fight about anything.

CARMEN. Jules, what the fuck, though?

JULES. Can't we just —

CARMEN. No! We can't anything! We're *going!*

JULES. Can you *relax?*

CARMEN. Justin, tell her.

*Justin gives Carmen a horrified look. Then to Jules.*

JUSTIN. You should come.

JULES. Oh my God.

CARMEN. *Please. (Tossing herself over the arm of the couch.)* Please! I'm begging you! Oh, I'm so sick! My dying wish is that Jules comes with us tonight!

JULES. I just don't want to —

CARMEN. Jules? Is that you? I'm so weak.

JULES. Stop. I just don't want to be a —

CARMEN. Be a what?

JULES. A fuckin' — *bummer.*

TAKE IT EASY

CARMEN. Jules, you gotta understand, you cannot be a bumner with this pill. It will remove any bumner emotions from your *soul*. It's like an *exorcism*. Everything you wanted Catholic school to be and more.

JULES. Can't I have that without a drug?

CARMEN. No. You're not a prude, Jules. You're gonna stay in and smoke if you don't come. Aren't you?

JULES. No —

CARMEN. Yes. You are. What are you so afraid of?

JULES. I don't know. Nothing. (*She stands up.*) Look, I'm not coming.

CARMEN. Are you serious?

JULES. Yeah. I just — have fun.

CARMEN. Yeah. Okay. Fine.

JULES. (*Walking to the bedroom hallway.*) Do you know when you guys are gonna get back?

CARMEN. Probably like three.

JULES. Okay.

CARMEN. Bye.

JULES. (*Walking into her room.*) Bye.

*The door shuts offstage.*

CARMEN. She's so weird sometimes.

JUSTIN. Yeah.

CARMEN. Hot young coed gets *destroyed* by anxiety issues.

JUSTIN. *Jesus.*

CARMEN. It's *true*. I don't know why she has to like, complain about being in the same boat as me. You know? Just feels — whatever. Come here.

TAKE IT EASY

*He comes. She kisses him. Then she grips his hair by the back of his head and forces him to look up. She kisses his neck.*

CARMEN. Are you gonna write a song about me?

JUSTIN. Yeah, they're all about you. Whole album's about watching you smoke weed.

CARMEN. Good.

*She walks over to the pills at the table.*

CARMEN. I'm glad we're doing this.

JUSTIN. Yeah?

CARMEN. Yeah. Don't tell anyone that I actually appreciate your presence. No one can know that I'm sincere occasionally.

JUSTIN. My lips are sealed.

CARMEN. Can't fucking wait to dance tonight.

JUSTIN. I know. I'm gonna lose it.

*Carmen takes two pills. She hands one to Justin. Then, Jules appears in the doorframe, dressed for the night. She's wearing a light, faux-leather jacket. She has a bag on her shoulder.*

CARMEN. Where are you heading?

JULES. I'm going to Lorraine.

CARMEN. You're going out?

JULES. Yeah.

CARMEN. Alright. Have fun.

JULES. I will.

*Jules exits.*

CARMEN. I swear to God, she's fucking pushing me. She's just gonna mope around North Philly crying about her dad. Whatever. Not gonna let it ruin my high.

*TAKE IT EASY*

*She takes the pill.*

*Blackout.*

TAKE IT EASY

SCENE II.

*The next morning, around nine or ten. The early morning light slips through the window. It is bright. Some of the furniture is askew; people have been here. There is a bong on the table. Justin is lying on the couch under a light throw blanket. He is asleep.*

*After a little while, the door rattles as it is unlocked. Jules steps inside. She's dressed in the same clothes from last night. She looks worn. She shuts the door and leans against it. She puts her hands over her face. Then, she collects herself and starts her way to her bedroom.*

*Justin has awoken.*

JUSTIN. Yo.

*She jumps.*

JULES. Oh my God, what the fuck.

JUSTIN. Sorry, sorry.

JULES. Why are you sleeping on the *couch*? Did something happen?

JUSTIN. (*Rubbing his eyes.*) No, no. I mean, yeah, kinda, but we just fell asleep here because she wanted to smoke when we got home. She put something on and I was like, out. Are you alright?

JULES. I'm fine.

JUSTIN. Were you just crying?

JULES. No.

JUSTIN. Is everything okay?

JULES. Yes. Everything's fine. Where's Carmen?

JUSTIN. I think she's getting food. (*Sitting up. He's only wearing boxers and a shirt.*) What's wrong?

JULES. Nothing's wrong. Dude, can you put on *pants*?

JUSTIN. Oh, yeah, sorry. (*Beat.*) Where are they, do you see them?

JULES. Oh my God.

*Justin goes searching. He looks under the couch.*

TAKE IT EASY

JUSTIN. Oh shit, here they are. (*He puts them on.*) Do you see my Juul?

JULES. No. Are you going to be around here a lot?

JUSTIN. What?

JULES. Are you going to be at this apartment a lot? From now on?

JUSTIN. Um. I don't know. I wasn't really thinking about like, the future.

JULES. Didn't you realize I'd come home eventually?

JUSTIN. I knew it, but I couldn't — I try to take it a day at a time.

JULES. Because I don't want to see you.

JUSTIN. I know. I'm sorry.

JULES. No, you're not. You don't get to say that. You're not sorry. If you were sorry, you wouldn't be here.

JUSTIN. Yeah.

JULES. That took a lot of courage to muster up just now, so I know you're going to tell me something more than "Yeah."

JUSTIN. I don't... I didn't expect to be in this position. I didn't... it's not like I didn't think this through, I just don't... I'm not sure what I'm doing right now.

JULES. What *are* you doing right now? Don't you have a *job*?

JUSTIN. No. I'm going back to Drexel in the fall.

JULES. How do you pay *rent*?

JUSTIN. My parents are paying for a place for me in West Philly and they give me a stipend.

JULES. That's the most Main Line shit I've ever heard.

JUSTIN. Okay, well, yeah. Why do your parents pay for you to have an apartment to smoke weed in?

TAKE IT EASY

JULES. I don't have *parents* that *pay* for my *apartment*. I have a *job*, dude. Like most people. How do you not have a *job*? Don't your parents like, *worry*?

JUSTIN. They don't give a shit about me.

JULES. Is that true?

JUSTIN. I only talk to my dad anymore. They just want me somewhere else. Whatever.

JULES. Right. (*Getting water for herself, cleaning up the counter.*) How was last night?

JUSTIN. Yeah, it's okay. I don't know, last night was — I don't know.

JULES. Yeah, I mean you probably shouldn't be doing any other drugs.

JUSTIN. No, it's like — look, people look at it differently. I didn't even do molly until I stopped doing heroin. And I didn't even like, *like* doing heroin. I really didn't. I don't even know how I got into that. Really should've just stuck with pills and coke.

JULES. I don't think that's how it works.

JUSTIN. You know?

JULES. I have some ideas about some things. Like, whatever, don't shoot or snort.

JUSTIN. I never shot up.

JULES. Oh. I didn't realize that.

JUSTIN. Yeah. Glad to defy your expectations. Anyway, MDMA is just an altogether different substance. I read a ton about it. I didn't want to — I just was in this place where I was like, alright, I'm clean but I just want to fuckin' kill myself I guess, and I had heard a bunch about how MDMA can help. I just figured, you know, what do I have to lose. And it was like... I don't know. I should shut up. You don't care.

JULES. Keep going.

JUSTIN. Why?

JULES. Because I'm interested.

JUSTIN. Yeah. So. This was all like, after I got out in March, I guess. After I got out of the place in Maryland. And I was like, okay, and you know, I'm gonna do this, so I got some. And I was seeing this girl kind of at the time, so I was like, let's do this together, and she was like, sure. So we take it

TAKE IT EASY

and go out dancing, just like any Saturday night, and I felt... like, there was this moment when I was just standing outside the crowd and looking at all the lights, but I was thinking like, really intensely. But not in a bad way. I was thinking like — I just realized how much there was inside me that was pulling me down, every day. Like, *dragging* me down. I had so much guilt I could never... admit, or like, even *see* or acknowledge. And it was like... it was like all of that just disappeared. And I felt so fucking *good*. And I was like, Justin, damn, man, people really give a shit about you. For *good* reasons. Because you deserve good things. (*Beat.*) I can't believe I'm getting so fuckin' emotional, Jesus Christ, I'm such a pussy.

JULES. Who was the girl you were with?

JUSTIN. Just... someone. I don't know where she is anymore. It doesn't matter. That's not really the point.

JULES. Okay.

JUSTIN. Anyway, I... it didn't feel like that this time. It didn't really work the same. I don't know. I thought it would. I was kind of counting on it.

JULES. Maybe you shouldn't depend on a drug to help you.

JUSTIN. Yeah. Obviously, I fucking know that. You don't — nevermind. Sorry. (*His phone buzzes. He checks it.*) Carmen's getting bagels with Karla. Who the fuck is Karla.

JULES. She hosted the party last night.

JUSTIN. Oh, *right*.

JULES. What are you still doing here? Aren't you supposed to practice for your band?

JUSTIN. That's later. I should text Ricky though. (*He does so.*)

JULES. Why are you acting so normal about all this?

JUSTIN. About what?

JULES. You shouldn't *be here*, Justin.

JUSTIN. What are you gonna do, tell Carmen?

JULES. No, but.

JUSTIN. We're *on-off* for a reason. She's slept other guys. Whatever. Shit happens.

TAKE IT EASY

JULES. Yeah, not any of your *friends*. How can you think this is so *normal*?

JUSTIN. It's just not that dramatic —

JULES. (*Loudly.*) You told me you would break up with her.

JUSTIN. I *did*.

JULES. Three months later! And what I want most in the world is not to give a shit about any of this, but it was *fucked up*. We exchanged, like, *sexts*. You made me a *playlist* —

JUSTIN. Jules —

JULES. You sucked my *toes*, dude! Like what the fuck! You just led me on and on and on and would come over here and would make *eyes* at me like, in her presence! And now you want to come back and — what? Act like none of that happened?

JUSTIN. We were *friends* at a certain point, you know.

JULES. Well we're not *anymore*. And that's not how it works. People don't really *un-fuck*.

JUSTIN. Lots of people do. *You* don't.

JULES. No one un-fucks! You can never un-fuck!

JUSTIN. Well you can definitely move *past* it —

JULES. Why can't you just stay in the *past*? Can't you just be *done*?

JUSTIN. No. I don't just live in the past. Actually, I live here. Sorry that my *existence* is some fuckin' *offense* to you.

JULES. Are you *listening*? It's not your *existence*, it's that you *led me on* and *cheated* on your girlfriend with me. Do you hear that? Can you *hear*? Do you *comprehend*? Entiendes, bitch?

JUSTIN. So we had sex *one time*. Okay. Big deal. You were *into* it, you know. A lot of people have sex. I don't see why you're making such a big deal out of this. I have *no idea* why this is such a big deal to you. You're fuckin' *exploding* at me. I was on fuckin' *drugs*. I barely even *remember*.

*Pause.*

JULES. Are you serious?

JUSTIN. What?

TAKE IT EASY

JULES. You don't remember?

JUSTIN. My memory is definitely a little shoddy.

JULES. No, I'm serious. Do you *remember*?

JUSTIN. Yes. I remember. I was just being, whatever, *coy*.

JULES. Don't be coy with me.

JUSTIN. Noted.

JULES. I do not need all this extra stress in my life. I should've stayed with my dad.

JUSTIN. Why'd you leave?

JULES. Because it sucked.

JUSTIN. What does that mean?

JULES. That means it sucked.

JUSTIN. Alright.

JULES. *(Pause.)* He's not a very good guy.

JUSTIN. I know. We talked about it.

JULES. We did. Didn't we.

JUSTIN. Yes.

*Pause.*

JULES. *(To herself.)* You ever think about the fact that you're the oldest child from the first marriage and you're like, wow, I am definitely not the preferred child.

JUSTIN. Not in my case, but I get it.

JULES. He said my mom was a cunt and I broke, like, every plate in the kitchen.

JUSTIN. Really?

TAKE IT EASY

JULES. Yeah. He hasn't even spoken to her in a decade. He's twice divorced. Doesn't give a shit. What a fucking loser. And he's my father. *(Pause.)* Apparently she sent him a letter and it brought up old... animosity, so he decided to tell me what a horrible woman she is the entire time I was there. He must've been lying. *(Pause.)* I walked into the kitchen and opened the cabinet and took out the plates one by one and smashed them on the floor. I really cracked. Then he came over and started screaming at me, so I started throwing them at the walls. Then I grabbed my bag and ran out and came back here.

JUSTIN. That's... intense.

JULES. Yeah. I'm fuckin' intense.

JUSTIN. I'm sorry.

JULES. I just don't get why there can't be a single simple relationship in my life. I don't know. I'm so... tired of things like, *stacking up*. *(Pause.)* When are you leaving? Can you just leave?

JUSTIN. When Carmen gets back.

JULES. Can't you just go to a coffee shop or something? Just go meet her.

JUSTIN. Just go in your room.

JULES. I cannot relax in my room if you are out here.

JUSTIN. That's ridiculous.

JULES. I know. But it's my house so get out.

JUSTIN. Did something happen with that guy?

JULES. What guy?

JUSTIN. The guy Carmen said asked you out or something? Your TA?

JULES. I don't want to discuss this with you.

JUSTIN. You know that I know him.

JULES. You *do*?

JUSTIN. Yeah.

JULES. What do you think of him?

TAKE IT EASY

JUSTIN. I think you're much smarter than him and that's about it.

JULES. (*A long look. She moves towards his jacket and picks it up.*) Here, please just go, Justin.

JUSTIN. You know, you could at least just admit you fucked up and feel bad about being a bad friend rather than act like you can stick your fingers into this situation and fix it somehow. You had sex with me because you *wanted* to. Just own it. Who gives a fuck. A year from now, none of us are even going to *know* each other anymore.

JULES. Just go.

*As she holds the jacket out to him, a small baggie of coke falls out. A moment. Jules picks it up.*

JULES. What is this?

JUSTIN. (*Trying to grab it.*) Nothing, nothing. Give it back.

JULES. Are you fucking *kidding* me, dude?

JUSTIN. It's not *mine*, it's a *friend's*.

JULES. What kind of *friend* needs you to keep *coke* for them?!

JUSTIN. Everyone does coke! Give it *back!*

JULES. You just gave me a twenty-minute *spiel* about your *new-age relationship* with *ecstasy* and you have fuckin' *coke!* I'm telling Carmen that she's dating a fuckin' *drug addict!*

JUSTIN. Don't call me that.

JULES. That's what you *are!*

JUSTIN. No it's *not!* I'm getting out of here. (*Searching around the room.*) Where'd I leave my *fucking Juul?!*

JULES. How are you even more disappointing than every other guy I've slept with? How is that even *possible?* Who *are* you?!

JUSTIN. You don't understand a goddamn thing about what I *deal* with or what I'm *going* through, alright?! (*Getting in Jules' face.*) GIVE IT BACK TO ME RIGHT NOW OR I'LL FUCKING TAKE IT.

*Jules moves for the kitchen counter. She grabs Carmen's pepper spray and aims it at Justin.*

TAKE IT EASY

JUSTIN. Yo, take it *easy!*

*Jules sprays. Justin yelps and falls back onto the couch, his hands covering his face. He's writhing and moaning in pain. He coughs hard.*

JUSTIN. Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.

JULES. *Yeah*, that's what you *get!*

JUSTIN. You fuckin' *maniac!*

JULES. Stay *down!*

JUSTIN. Oh my God, this feels like — *aaagh!* — it's like I'm crying tears of *acid!* (*He curls into a ball and screeches.*) Oh God.

JULES. Yeah, and fuck your guitar too! (*She kicks over his guitar in its case.*) Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit, holy shit, I just did that. Hahaha! Get it, bitch!

*The door opens. Carmen is standing in the doorway. She sees what's happened.*

CARMEN. *Jules?* What is going *on?*

JULES. He — I — *look!*

*She holds up the bag of coke.*

CARMEN. What?

JULES. He had this.

CARMEN. What — *coke?*

JULES. Yes!

CARMEN. So *what?!*

JULES. So I pepper-sprayed him!

CARMEN. You pepper-sprayed him?

JULES. Yes! What?

TAKE IT EASY

CARMEN. Everyone does fuckin' coke, Jules, it's 2019!

JUSTIN. I told you!

JULES & CARMEN. (*To Justin.*) Shut up!

JULES. He's in *recovery!*

CARMEN. It's a spiritual affliction!

JULES. THAT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING! That's not a thing! He lunged at me.

CARMEN. I don't even — do you realize how completely wild you are right now?

JULES. Well what did you buy this for if you weren't gonna use it?

CARMEN. Shut the fuck up! Oh my God, oh my God, he's gonna asphyxiate and die and we're gonna get arrested and go to jail and I'm never going to write a cookbook or move to Oregon or learn Spanish. Oh my God.

JULES. You're freaking out!

CARMEN. Yes, I'm freaking out! Because you *awaken* this in me!

JULES. *Stop*, he's not gonna *die!* It's non-lethal —

CARMEN. People *can* die, that's why the cops use it!

JULES. You gotta *relax*, we can figure this out, I barely even sprayed him. We can just put him in the shower and like, like, like pour *milk* on his face or whatever helps. We can just *google* this.

CARMEN. Yeah, we're gonna water-board him with milk, Jules. We can't google our way out of a *felony* offense. And you can't *pepper-spray* my *boyfriend!*

JULES. He's your boyfriend?!

JUSTIN. We're ethically non-monogamous!

*Jules sprays him again. He screams and coughs.*

CARMEN. Give me that!

*Carmen rushes to Jules and wrestles the pepper-spray out of her hand.*

TAKE IT EASY

CARMEN. You are *insanely* out of line. How is it that you come home and within *twenty-four hours* my entire life is *fucked up*? And I was having such a good morning, I had such a good breakfast sandwich, this is *not* how my day was supposed to go!

JULES. Okay! I'm sorry!

CARMEN. You're not sorry! You're not sorry about any of this! Look, if he's doing drugs, that's not your business! Relapse *happens*. We've *talked* about it. If I want him out of my life, it's my decision. You don't make the decisions for me. And you don't know a thing about him.

JULES. Yes I do! I do know things about him.

CARMEN. Don't say you sensed anything —

JULES. I didn't *sense* it, I *know* it. Because he's — can you not see it?

CARMEN. You have no sense!

JULES. But can't you *tell*? Don't you have any sense for when someone is trying to fuck you over?

CARMEN. Jules, stop it. Just stop. Just because you are inevitably attracted to the worst people — your fuckin' TA or whatever — just because you have such a shitty time with guys, that doesn't mean I have to. This doesn't have anything to do with me. You're so — *bitter*.

JULES. I'm not bitter. I'm not an idiot, Carmen. (*Pause.*) He cheated on you. He hooked up with me. He doesn't — it's not.

CARMEN. When?

JULES. December. When you were home that weekend.

*Beat.*

CARMEN. Get the fuck out. I don't need this shit in my life. (*To Justin.*) Is that true?

JUSTIN. Yeah.

*Carmen pepper-sprays him. He screams and coughs. Carmen looks back at Jules.*

CARMEN. Are you fucking kidding me? Are you serious? And you came home and moped around and — and acted like you had some big fucking problem, Jules? Jesus fucking Christ. What did I give to you? Drugs and weed and face masks and some fucking *companionship*. And you couldn't even... couldn't even be my friend.

TAKE IT EASY

JULES. I didn't mean for any of this.

CARMEN. I don't care. I'm — so close to the edge right now. I should *hit* you. Move out. Go back to the fucking *swamp*. (*Suddenly she gasps and drops her head into her hand. She grips her face tightly.*) I'm too old for this. (*Pause.*) I am so sick of being disappointed in people. And I thought you — I thought you, if anyone would understand this, you would understand it. What it's like to just — get fucked over, or whatever. And I don't really talk about my family — ever. I make jokes. But they're really just a bunch of drunks, and they never even had the capacity to care about me when I was becoming a person. When I was growing up. All they could do is — look the other way when I needed — when they — when I needed an adult. They were never there. They were never there. And I decided at a certain point, Fuck it. I started piling so many things behind me, just forgetting and forgetting and forgetting. I can get past anything. I can get past this. Don't you fucking doubt it. I have forced so much underneath the floorboards in my head, and I really do feel like every day I can wake up and just take it — I can relax. Yeah, I smoke some pot. Yeah, I've done a couple drugs. Whatever. None of it's gonna kill me. You think I'm some — you look at me like I'm some wild creature. I'm not a creature. You're just afraid because I don't have to worry about what's inside me, because I know it's good. I don't have to shake and tremble and worry about what everyone else thinks of me or what everyone else is doing. He cheated on me. Fine. It's his fuckin' loss. And if I want him some night, I'll call him up and I'll have him. Because I know how this works. I can see every little thing, I can see every little tendril in some people. So what is any of this anyway. Just more behind me. Just more that I can stand on top of. Don't fuckin' bother me. Just let me enjoy the summer while I have it.

*A long silence. Jules leans against the hallway doorframe. Justin clutches his face, coughing occasionally.*

CARMEN. How long until he's alright?

JULES. Like forty-five minutes. (*Pause.*) I'll move out.

*Silence.*

CARMEN. Last night, I felt so fucking good. I just wanted to hug everyone. I felt so lovey. (*Beat.*) I'm definitely sober now.

*Fade to black.*

END OF PLAY.