

Rapture and Lamaze

by Jeff Goode
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(Lights up on: VIDEO STORE. CLERK, behind the counter sorting returned videos. EVAN browses videos in the Family/Christian/Republican section.)

(Enter MARLA.)

Clerk. No!

Marla. What?

Clerk. The video you want isn't in yet.

Marla. You didn't even let me get to the counter.

Clerk. I thought I'd save you the trip.

Marla. You said it would be in Saturday.

Clerk. I know.

Marla. Today is Saturday.

Clerk. I know what day it is. They give us a calendar.

Marla. It's almost noon on Saturday.

Clerk. We got a clock, too.

Marla. You said it'd be in by midnight.

Clerk. It was supposed to be in by midnight.

Marla. You had me waiting in here till closing time.

Clerk. You didn't have to wait. I told you to come back tomorrow.

Marla. And now here I am tomorrow.

Clerk. It's not in.

Marla. You said it would be in.

Clerk. I know what I said.

Marla. Well, what am I supposed to do?

Clerk. You're supposed to wait.

Marla. I did wait.

Clerk. Wait some more.

Marla. This can't exactly wait, you know. You know that.

Clerk. I know.

Marla. Lamaze tape can't wait forever.

Clerk. Look, I don't know what to tell you. The couple who has it didn't turn it in. It's supposed to be in. It's not in. It's late.

Marla. Well, what are you gonna do about it?

Clerk. I'm gonna wait till it comes in. And then I'm gonna charge them a two dollar late fee.

Marla. Why don't you call up whoever it is and tell them they have to bring it back now?

Clerk. No.

Marla. It's late. Call 'em up.

Clerk. No.

Marla. Tell them it's a medical emergency.
 Clerk. Is it?
 Marla. I could make it one.
 Clerk. I'm not gonna call them.
 Marla. You got the number, though? Give it to me.
 Clerk. You're not gonna call them either.
 Marla. Somebody better call somebody.
 Clerk. All right then, give me your number, I'll call you.
 Marla. I'm not your type.
 Clerk. Give me your number and I'll call you when the video gets in.
 Marla. You're not my type either.
 Clerk. Look, are you gonna give me your number?
 Marla. Do I look crazy?
 Clerk. Looks are only skin deep.
 Marla. What's that supposed to mean?
 Clerk. Where's your girlfriend?
 Marla. She's out in the car.
 Clerk. Give me her number, then.
 Marla. Why?
 Clerk. *(mischievous grin)* Cuz maybe she's my type.
 Marla. Nobody's your type, you sleazebag!
 Clerk. Just trying to help.
 Marla. Back off!
 Clerk. Fine.
 Marla. Back off!!
 Clerk. Okay.
 Marla. I'll be back!
 Clerk. Fine.

(MARLA storms out. EVAN approaches the counter with a videotape.)

Evan. Women, huh?
 Clerk. That's a matter of opinion.
 Evan. Huh?
 Clerk. What can I do for you, creepy?
 Evan. Oh, uh, well, as you may have noticed, I have been admiring your fine selection of documentaries.
 Clerk. This is Veggie Tales.
 Evan. And I was wondering if you had any more documentaries in the Left Behind series.
 Clerk. Those aren't documentaries.
 Evan. Not yet. *(Pause.)* Soon, though.
 Clerk. We have whatever's on the shelf. If they're not on the shelf, somebody already checked them out.
 Evan. I checked them out.
 Clerk. Well, why don't you go home and watch them?

Evan. Because they frighten me.
 Clerk. Then why'd you check them out?
 Evan. Because I want to be ready.
 Clerk. Ready for what?
 Evan. For it is written that "They that see shall know, and know shall understand. And they that understand shall believe, and believe shall see. And so on asunder from now until the end of days."
 Clerk. That's not written. You just made that up.
 Evan. Could you please check the list of new releases for me?
 Clerk. It's not on the new releases.
 Evan. Look under "documentary".
 Clerk. It's not a documentary.
 Evan. Look under "preemptive documentary."
 Clerk. It's an apocalyptic war fantasy.
 Evan. Look under apocal-ocumentary.
 Clerk. It's not on the new releases.
 Evan. I'll wait then.

(Enter JACK with a video to return. He barely gets in the door before his wife screams at him from the parking lot...)

Tia. *(offstage)* Hurry up!
 Jack. I just gotta return this—Don't you come out of that car!
 Tia. *(offstage)* Don't make me wait in this car!
 Jack. You stay in that car!
 Tia. *(offstage)* Hurry up!!
 Jack. I'm hurrying up!
 Tia. *(offstage)* Hurry up!!!
 Jack. If you'd leave me alone for one God-blessed second!
 Tia. *(offstage)* Don't you use that language—
 Jack. God bless it, God bless it, God fucking bless it! *(to Clerk)* What time is it?
 Tia. *(offstage)* You coulda left the keys!!
 Jack. Take the goddamn keys!!

(JACK hurls the car keys out the door.)

Jack. What time is it?? I gotta return this.
 Tia. *(offstage)* You pick those up!!
 Clerk. It's about noon.
 Jack. That tells me nothing!!
 Clerk. Look, buddy—
 Jack. I'm not your buddy!!
 Clerk. Not with that attitude.
 Jack. Before or after noon? I gotta return this video!
 Clerk. It's 12:02.

Jack. Noooooo! It can't be 12:02!

Clerk. Talk to the clock.

Jack. Noooooo! I raced all the way down here to avoid the late fees! Can't you say I returned it two minutes ago?

Clerk. Sir...

Jack. I mean, it's Lamaze For Dummies. It's not like you got people breaking down doors to rent it.

Clerk. Actually...

Jack. Please, I'm begging you! She'll kill me. I mean it. She's like the devil.

Clerk. It says very clearly on the sign...

Jack. For the love o' Saint God, man, forget about the signs!

Clerk. That rentals are due back at twelve.

Jack. It's two minutes!

Clerk. Sir. Twelve midnight.

Jack. Midnight?

Clerk. Midnight.

Jack. *(Beat.)* Yes!!! I made it! We did it! Oh my God! Thank you! *(to Evan)* Thank you! Yes!

Tia. *(offstage)* Hurry up!!

Jack. Would you shut the hell-fuck up for one lousy minute!?! Can't a man have one fucking moment of glory in this fucking life?! *(celebrates)* Yes! Yes!! *(to Clerk)* Also, I have these video games to return, because, holy shit, that Lamaze tape is horrific.

Clerk. Sir...

Jack. Actually, why don't I just renew these?

Clerk. Sir! Twelve o'clock midnight. Last night.

Jack. *(Beat.)* Noooooo! You've got to be joking!

Clerk. That would be funny. But no.

Jack. Noooooo!

Evan. *(howling)* Noooooo!

Jack. This can't be happening! It can't be midnight!

Evan. It's not dark enough.

Tia. *(offstage)* What's taking so long!?!

Jack. Jesus Halitosis Christ, woman, can I get an effin' minute! *(to Clerk)* You gotta call the manager! I can't have late fees!

Clerk. It's two dollars, sir. And you gotta take care of that now or I can't renew these video games.

Jack. Are you not listening to me!?!

Tia. *(offstage)* I'm coming in there!!

Jack. Don't you come in here! Don't! You stay in that car! You stay near that car! You go back to that car!! Dammit, Tia! *(to Clerk and Evan)* All right, this never happened.

(Enter TIA, nine or ten months pregnant.)

Tia. What in the holy hell is going on here?!

Jack. Nothing. *(to Evan and Clerk)* Right, guys?
 Tia. Are you renting trannie porn again?
 Jack. No.
 Tia. You're renting trannie porn again!
 Clerk. We don't carry trannie porn—
 Jack. I never rented trannie porn—
 Clerk. —anymore.
 Tia. I saw it!!
 Jack. That was Mike's copy. He left it.
 Tia. He left it in the machine? At our house? On "play"?
 Jack. Mike... is a pervert, okay, there, I said it. Are you happy? Now everybody knows. My cousin Mike is a desperate, desperate, lonely... Trannie-pervert.
 Evan. *(to Clerk)* You know, it's getting kinda sodomite-y in here. I think I will just take that Veggie Tales.

(Enter ANHI, also very pregnant, with MARLA.)

Marla. Aha!
 Anhi. I told you.
 Marla. All right.
 Anhi. I told you we passed someone pregnant in that car.
 Marla. Okay, let me handle this.
 Anhi. It's like all my maternal instincts are heightened.
 Marla. *(to Clerk)* That's them, isn't it? That's my tape. I want it.
 Clerk. Now, hold on—
 Anhi. It's like I can smell it in the ether. The wind is alive with lavender and essence of estrogen and sisterhood and puppies littering in autumn fields of grain.
 Clerk. *(to Jack)* You wanna renew?
 Marla. *(to Clerk)* They're not renewing. *(to Jack)* You better not be renewing.
 Jack. Look, lady...
 Marla. Don't you "lady" me. You better not be ladying me.
 Evan. *(nervously, to himself)* "For they are an abomination before me and after me and upon thee and thine, and unto thy flock, and upon every unblemished veal calf in thy fold." So saith the Lord.
 Marla. What did you call me?
 Tia. We have to go.
 Anhi. *(stopping Tia)* You have an amazing aura. Can I touch it?
 Tia. What?
 Anhi. Are those dolphins?
 Tia. Really?
 Jack. We gotta go. Come on, honey.
 Clerk. Sir!
 Marla. Don't you "sir" me!
 Clerk. "Sir" is for him. *(to Jack)* Hey!
 Tia. Now what?

Jack. *(to Clerk)* We gotta go. They can have it.
 Marla. We'll take it. Ring me up.
 Clerk. You're gonna have to wait.
 Marla. We've been waiting for weeks. Now we'd like to not wait.
 Clerk. I can't ring anything up until this guy closes out his late fees.

(TIA stops in her tracks.)

Tia. Till he WHAT?
 Jack. Now, honey....
 Tia. Till he closes what out of WHAT?!
 Anhi. *(trembling)* Oh no. Oh, I'm getting a very strong energy of some kind
 of, like, primordial, seismic... Ohhhh...
 Marla. Calm down. *(to the others)* She's not really psychic.
 Anhi. Ohhhh, Marla, nnnnoooo...
 Marla. Calm down, sweetie. *(to Clerk)* Just give us the video.
 Clerk. There's two dollars in late fees on the Lamaze video. *(to Jack)* And if
 you wanna renew these video games—
 Tia. What?! Video games?!
 Jack. *(to Clerk)* Why?? Why would you do this to me???
 Tia. The video games couldn't wait?!
 Jack. I didn't want to make two trips.
 Tia. The Lamaze tape couldn't wait?!
 Jack. They're all due today.
 Clerk. They're all due last night.
 Jack. *(to Clerk)* You're not helping.
 Clerk. It's only two dollars.
 Tia. Two dollars?
 Clerk. Each.
 Tia. You think I give a rabbit's ass about two fucking dollars?
 Jack. *(to Clerk)* My blood is on your hands.
 Tia. You drove us all the way out of the way to get here on the way to the
 hospital even though I told you not to fucking do it—not to fucking go dare fucking
 do it—but you had to go do it anyway because you wanted to save on some late
 fees—And now there's late fees?!?!
 Marla. We'll pay the late fees, just give us the video.
 Tia. It's not about the late fees!!!
 Clerk. Sounds like it's about the late fees.
 Tia. I am in labor!!
 Anhi. She is, I can feel it.
 Tia. I am practically crowning as we speak—
 Jack, Clerk & Evan. Whoa!
 Tia. And you are supposed to be taking me to the hospital! Not to the porn
 store for video games.
 Clerk. We don't actually carry porn.
 Tia. And now there's late fees?!?!

Clerk. Except what's in the video games.
 Jack. Look, I'll pay the late fees.
 Tia. It's not about the late fees!!
 Marla. I already paid the late fees.
 Anhi. I am sensing a lot of hostility. And resentment. And anger. And...
 arousal?
 Clerk. That's me.
 Anhi. And just a splash of some kinda crazy that I can't quite put my finger
 on.
 Evan. "And the she wolf shall lay down with the she devil. And the lamb
 with the lion. And He saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were
 the last day."
 Anhi. Never mind. I figured it out.
 Tia. If our baby comes into this god forsaken world on the filthy bathroom
 floor of some god forsaken video store, it is on you, mister!
 Jack. Oh, yeah?
 Clerk. Restroom is employees only.
 Jack. Well, maybe if I thought there was a snowball's chance in Tucson that
our baby was my baby, I might give a good god damn what kind of floor he was born
 on.
 Clerk. That toilet doesn't flush.
 Tia. I'm not gonna flush it down the toilet!!

(TIA doubles over.)

Anhi. Oh, she's coming.
 Tia. Oh god in hell!
 Jack. What? What is it?
 Tia. What do you fucking think it is?
 Anhi. I knew it. I have like a sixth sense about this kind of thing. The
 matriarchal harmonics in this place are like a sacred space.
 Tia. Oh Jesus god in fuck!
 Anhi. It's the circle of life!
 Clerk. Isn't that where they eat each other?
 Tia. Well, don't just stand there!
 Jack. What do you want me to do?
 Tia. What do you think I want you to do?
 Jack. Look, honey, just get back in the car. I got the Garmin set to "hospital".
 We can still make it. Oh, no, don't sit down. No, don't lie down. What are you
 doing?
 Tia. I'm having a baby. What are you doing?
 Jack. Panicking.
 Clerk. Ma'am, you can't do that in here! Buddy, you gotta take that outside.
 Jack. Okay, look, I know you don't normally like to be dragged—
 Tia. Don't you touch me!!
 Clerk. I'm calling 911.

Jack. No!
 Tia. No!!!
 Jack. Oh God no!
 Tia. You can't call 911.
 Clerk. Why not?
 Jack. There's a warrant out for her arrest.
 Clerk. For what?
 Tia. You wanna find out?!?!
 Anhi. Stress is no good for the baby.
 Jack. Trust me, this baby better get used to it.
 Anhi. Not yours, mine.
 Tia. Your baby can go fuck himself!
 Marla. What'd you say?!
 Anhi. It's okay, Marla, it's just the dilation talking.
 Tia. Agggggghh!!
 Jack. Well, it's out of my hands now.
 Marla. *(to Jack)* What are you doing? Get in there and coach her!
 Jack. Oh boy...
 Tia. Jack!!
 Jack. Look, I'd love to...
 Tia. Coach me, you bastard!
 Jack. And I know this comes at a really bad time. But I don't know how.
 Marla. You've been renting this video out from under me for 3 months, you better know how!
 Jack. I'm sorry, I tried, but I just couldn't get through it.
 Tia. You WHAT?!
 Jack. It's horrible. It's like watching a goddamn splatter flick. And you know I hate horror. I almost fell asleep during Saw 6.
 Marla. So you've had this for three months, and you didn't even watch it?
 Jack. I was going to, but have you played Green Zone? Level 7 is really hard.
 Clerk. Yeah, you gotta use your Easter eggs.
 Marla. Well, what'd they teach you in Lamaze class?
 Jack. Why would I take Lamaze classes when I've got it on video?
 Tia. Agggggghh!!
 Anhi. *(to Marla)* Baby, she's in so much pain. I can feel it all in my shakra. We gotta do something. It's like someone's crucifying a kitten.
 Evan. The Jews, probably.
 Marla. All right, get out of my way.

(MARLA brushes Jack aside and rushes to TIA.)

Anhi. Tell her to "hee hee hee".
 Marla. Anhi, I will handle this.
 Clerk. If you're gonna do that in here, you might wanna aim it away from the street.

(MARLA and TIA shift away from the windows.)

Clerk. *(recoils in horror)* Oh! You know what? Aim it at the street. I still need my retinas.

Marla. *(to Tia)* Okay, it's gonna be okay. Just lie back. What's your name?

Tia. Fuck you!

Marla. That's pretty. Is it Mandarin?

Anhi. Make her breathe.

Marla. Anhi! Shush it!

Jack. *(to Anhi)* What are you doing? Stop distracting her. My wife could be dying.

Tia. You'd like that, wouldn't you, you son of a whore?!

Jack. Well, I hadn't given it that much thought before now!!

Evan. And the Lord said, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

And behold, he created a stone so large even He could not lift it. And He cast it down upon saint and sinner alike and the unrighteous fled like lambs from the slaughter. So, ironically, only the righteous were crushed.

Marla. Okay, just "hee hee hee".

Tia. Hee hee hee.

Anhi. "Hee hee hee"

Jack. Just do what she says, honey.

Tia. Shut the fuck up, you piece of shit.

Clerk. Your lady's got a mouth like a sailor.

Jack. How the hell would you know that?

Anhi. Keep going "hee hee hee".

Marla. Anhi, I got this. Why don't you wait in the car?

Tia. Agggggghh!!

Jack. *(to Clerk)* Can I put this on my credit card?

Clerk. Debit or credit?

Jack. Did I just say, "credit card"?

Tia. This isn't working! This isn't helping!

Marla. That's cuz you're not doing it. Now, shut up and breathe.

Anhi. "Hee hee hee."

Marla. *(scolds)* Anhi!

Tia. Hee hee hee.

Anhi. "Hoo hoo hoo".

Marla. Dammit, no! We're starting over. "Hee hee hee".

Clerk. *(to Jack)* You wanna put a tip?

Jack. What?

Tia. Agggggghh!!

Anhi. Agggggghh!!

Marla. You're all right.

Tia. I'm not all right.

Jack. Think positive, baby—This is my copy?

(EVAN points at ANHI.)

Evan. There's something wrong with this one, too.
 Anhi. Agggggh!!
 Marla. Anhi? *(starts to get up)*
 Tia. Where are you going? What are you doing? Come back here!

(TIA clamps herself around MARLA's legs.)

Marla. Anhi, what's wrong?
 Anhi. I'm all right. It's just sympathy pains. All this creative synergy, it's like the Goddess Within Me bursting forth in the spirit of divine sisterhood.
 Evan. "For I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have no other God before me. And after me, no other God will have you."
 Marla. No, she's not bursting yet. You've got another 6 weeks.
 Anhi. No, I know. I'm fine. I just have to breathe. Waaauuuu—*(sings opera)*
 Marla. Anhi?
 Jack. She's fine. I got her. You just keep—*(to Clerk)* Can I get a glass of water?
 Clerk. Toilet's broken.
 Jack. *(to Anhi)* It's okay. Breathe. "Hoo hoo hoo."
 Anhi. Hee hee hee.
 Jack. Okay, "hee hee hee."
 Tia. Hee hee hee.
 Marla. "Hoo hoo hoo."
 Jack. *(to Marla)* Now, wait, you're getting me off.
 Tia. Aggggghh!!
 Anhi. Aggggghh!!
 Jack. Oh, Jesus!
 Clerk. Oh Jesus!
 Marla. Oh Goddess!
 Evan. "Call my name," saith the Lord, "and I will come running. Whisper it and I shall be there."
 Tia. Jesus fucking God!
 Anhi. *(ululates)* Ay ay ay ay ay ay!
 Evan. Let the righteous among us be delivered, O Lord, and the unrighteous and other pagans be delivered unto the gates of perdition for all eternity.
 Marla. What the hell?
 Jack. For God's sake, shut him up.
 Clerk. Dude, really, you gotta take that outside.
 Evan. 'Tis not for the sake of God that we go forth into this suffering. 'Tis the will of man bids us. And having gone, we arrive. And arriving come to be delivered.
 Clerk. Out!!

(Evan exits.)

Tia & Anhi. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh....

(ANHI screams much longer than TIA. After awhile, TIA sits up.)

Marla. What? What's wrong?
 Tia. False alarm.
 Marla. *(to Jack)* Okay, let me at her.
 Jack. I got this.
 Marla. You got nothing. Get off her!
 Jack. Look, you don't change pitchers in the middle of an inning.
 Marla. You're not the pitcher, jackass. And she's not a ball machine.
 Anhi. Marla, it's okay. He has nice hands.
 Marla. Nice hands?
 Jack. See?
 Marla. I will kill you!

(MARLA attacks JACK.)

Clerk. Y'know, let me take a crack at it.

(CLERK rolls up his sleeves.)

Marla. You stay away from her. I don't want you manhandling my baby.
 Clerk. I'm not going to manhandle her.
 Marla. You're a man. And if you do any handling, it's gonna be manhandling.
 Jack. Let me go! I got this!
 Marla. You hurt that baby, so help me I will kill you.
 Tia. You kill him, and I'll kill you.
 Jack. She means it.
 Clerk. You guys don't mind if I tape this? You know, for the internet. This is gonna go viral.
 Tia. Aw, fuck. Here I go again.

(TIA lies back down.)

Tia. Little help, here?

(Just then, from outside the store, MASSIVE BLINDING, DEAFENING, WAVE OF LIGHT AND SOUND. It lasts for a long time. Then stops as abruptly as it began.)

Clerk. What the fuck was that?

(Enter EVAN.)

Evan. It's happening! It's finally happening!
 Clerk. What?

Evan. The second coming! The rapture! He has returned! The righteous are being summoned into his grace. Behold! All over the city, the souls of those who truly worship are being spirited into the clouds to become one with him in grace. Look!

(They gather at the door and look out.)

Clerk. I don't see anything.

(Long pause.)

Clerk. Oh, wait, there's one.

(Long pause.)

Jack. There's another one.

(Long pause.)

Clerk. There's two, I think. *(Pause.)* No, wait, that's his motorcycle.

Jack. You get to take your motorcycle?

Evan. Those who are without sin shall be transported into his glory without regard to how they are transported upon this earth.

Anhi. Marla?

Marla. Anhi, what's wrong?

Anhi. Where's my baby?

Jack. *(to Anhi)* Hey, you're not pregnant.

Marla. What the hell?

Anhi. What happened to my baby?

Clerk. Okay, stop. Everybody, look under your feet.

Evan. Don't you see? Your child, who was without sin, has been spirited from you into his Holy Spirit. He is in paradise now with his maker. He is as one with the company of the blessed in eternity. This is a time not of sorrow, but of rejoicing, for all except those who—Wait a minute...

Anhi. What?

Evan. Why am I here? Why the hell am I still here? What the fuck am I still doing here?

Clerk. Guess you fucked up.

Evan. I fucked up? *(to the heavens)* You fucked up, Heavenly Father. I'm not good enough? I did everything you told me to! If I'm not good enough, then your instructions were not clear. I did all the right things! I read all the right books! I picketed all the right funerals! I even watched all those movies!! And your movies SUCK, Heavenly Father! They suck!! Mel Gibson can't direct his way out of a jar of piss! God damn it! I'm not good enough?!?! You're gonna leave me down here with the degenerates and sodomites?! And NO machine gun?!? *(to the others)* You are SO lucky I don't have a machine gun right now *(to the heavens)* because somebody

obviously doesn't hear my prayers!!! Where's my heavenly machine gun, Heavenly Father?! Goddamnit! This is the worst rapture ever.

(EVAN exits to find a machine gun.)

Marla. Whoa.
 Anhi. I don't know how to feel about this.
 Marla. Me neither.
 Anhi. I mean, technically, our baby's in a better place.
 Marla. Way better place, technically.
 Anhi. But he's gonna be so lonely up there all by himself.
 Marla. Aw, honey. Don't cry. He won't be lonely. He's probably up there in heaven right now surrounded by all those... *(can't think of anyone who would be up there)* ...other babies.

(JACK turns to TIA who is still pregnant.)

Jack. So why are you still pregnant?
 Tia. Okay, look...
 Jack. What?
 Tia. I didn't want to say anything, because I knew you were gonna freak out.
 Jack. What?
 Tia. You're right, it's not your baby.
 Jack. What?
 Tia. Look, it was one time. I was drunk. There was a full moon. I was in a remote wooded area.
 Jack. What?
 Marla. Wow.
 Tia. I just thought he was a very, very hairy guy. With the hindquarters of a goat.
 Jack. Jesus Christ!
 Clerk. Not so much.
 Tia. I mean, come on, we were all Wiccans in college, right?
 Marla. I was a chemical engineer.
 Anhi. So romantic.
 Jack. So this is how I find out our baby is the anti-Christ?
 Tia. Oh, like you weren't gonna divorce me the minute I told you.
 Jack. I would have liked a choice in the matter.
 Tia. And he's not the anti-Christ. More of a harbinger.
 Jack. Oh, great. So now I'm not even the father of the anti-Christ.
 Tia. And you're not the father. You're more like a...
 Jack. Stepfather?
 Tia. Food source.
 Jack. Oh!
 Anhi. That's cold.

Jack. So that's all I am to you? Baby chow?!

Tia. Honey, I swear I was never going to let our offspring devour your flesh! Like it says in the Book of the Revelation!

(JACK storms out.)

Tia. Men.

(TIA turns to MARLA and ANHI with an overly-friendly smile.)

Tia. Hello there.

Marla. *(to Anhi)* Don't make eye contact.

Tia. You look healthy.

Marla. Keep moving.

(MARLA and ANHI hurriedly exit. TIA turns to CLERK. He smiles.)

Clerk. Did you really make it with a goat man in the woods?

Tia. What's it to you?

Clerk. *(mischievous grin)* You know, if you wanna give me your number—

Tia. Ugh!!! You're disgusting!

(TIA storms out.)

Clerk. I'm disgusting?! You still got late fees!!

(CLERK goes back to work.)

END OF PLAY.