

SO FAR

SETTING: the living room of a house. TIME: the afternoon, but ever-changing.

(The lights rise and reveal the living room. The area is decorated slightly, with objects missing, and only minor odds and ends filling out the space. Where there were photographs, there are now only nails. There is a front door, an exit leading to the bedroom, an exit to the kitchen, and the bathroom is accessible.)

(JON enters from the kitchen carrying a box. BECK enters, with a small open box in hand.)

BECK

Need help?

JON

No, I got it.

(He sets the box on the back of the couch.)

Just well-packed, that's all.

BECK

Kind of crammed it all in, didn't I?

JON

We all have our talents. Some people are really athletic, some have an eidetic memory... and you can put a bunch of crap in a small space.

BECK

I like to think of it as a superpower.

JON

Yeah? Well, next time find someone with super strength to move it.

(He prepares to lift the box up.)

BECK

I can help you with that.

JON

No, no; I got it. I hauled the rest of it.

BECK

Not wasting any time, are we?

JON
None to be wasted.

(They laugh together.)

BECK
Are you sure you've got that?

JON
Oh, yeah, no sweat.

BECK
I can at least get the door.

JON
I can manage.

BECK
Yeah. Sure.

(REBECCA sets her box down, opens the door, and JON exits. She watches him for a moment by the door. Sighing, she looks around the room, taking it in, and goes to get her box. She picks it up and looks into it. She takes a picture frame out of the box, and examines it. JON reenters.)

JON
All right. One last look around?

BECK
I'd love to.

(He reaches out his hand, and she takes it. They exit together into the house. JONATHAN and REBECCA enter with several poorly-packed boxes. Their energy is playful.)

REBECCA
And how exactly did you think this was going to go?

JONATHAN
I don't know, I guess like this. Only fewer boxes.

REBECCA
You knew what you were getting into.

JONATHAN
And what if I suddenly change my mind?

REBECCA

And what if I change mine?

JONATHAN

You wouldn't. I'm wonderful.

REBECCA

I love how humble you are.

(She kisses him.)

It goes so well with your narcissism.

(She begins to take things out of a box.)

JONATHAN

"You knew what you were getting into."

REBECCA

I definitely did.

(She starts to put pictures and frames up.)

JONATHAN

Shouldn't we unpack before we decorate?

REBECCA

By that logic, we'd never decorate.

JONATHAN

We would. Just, like, next week.

REBECCA

You've been here three years, and never gotten past the unpacking phase. I think I'll take things into my own hands.

JONATHAN

I just think we should talk about it!

REBECCA

Okay.

(She stops, and approaches him.)

Where do you think this should go?

JONATHAN

Back in the box.

REBECCA
Seriously.

JONATHAN
I don't know.

REBECCA
Good talk.

(She goes back to putting up pictures and things. He laughs, races over behind her and stops her from being able to put up pictures. This playful wrestle turns into a from-behind hug.)

JONATHAN
I love you.

REBECCA
I know.
(They kiss.)

Go get the table from the other room and bring it in here. It'd look nice with your couch.

JONATHAN
I thought I was on unpacking duty?

REBECCA
I changed my mind. I thought you were used to that by now.

(They laugh, and he exits briefly to grab the end table and bring it in. She puts up photos. He enters and puts the table in place, looks to her, and they arrange the room quickly.)

JONATHAN
Who knew you had so much stuff?

REBECCA
I did.

JONATHAN
Why didn't you say anything?

REBECCA
Because I forgot.

(They laugh.)

JONATHAN
I'm going to put the furniture in place and call it a day.

REBECCA

Anywhere you want.

JONATHAN

You're just going to change it, anyway.

REBECCA

Probably.

JONATHAN

Someday you'll come around to my style.

REBECCA

Your style is nothing.

JONATHAN

And yours is everything.

(There is a silence for a moment. He sees she has become engrossed in one photo in particular. He approaches her.)

Where do you think that should go?

REBECCA

I don't know.

JONATHAN

I have an idea.

(He leads her toward the bedroom.)

This room has enough for now. There are others that need your firm hands.

REBECCA

Oh, really? And which room could you possibly have in mind? Your bedroom?

JONATHAN

No! Our bedroom.

REBECCA

Ugh. You may me sick.

(They playfully exit. BECK enters from within the house, moving quickly to the bathroom.)

BECK

Ugh. I'm going to be sick!

(JON enters. She exits into the bathroom.)

JON

Can I get you anything?

BECK

(Offstage)

You've done enough!

JON

All right... well, I'm just in the other room, if you need me.

BECK

(Offstage)

I hate you!

(He exits.)

JONATHAN

(Offstage)

I love you!

(REBECCA enters from the bedroom.)

REBECCA

You're not getting out of this.

(JONATHAN enters from the bedroom.)

JONATHAN

But I have so much to do by Monday morning!

REBECCA

You've known about this for weeks.

JONATHAN

It's not my fault that Jere got sick.

REBECCA

And it's not my fault that you volunteered to take his workload.

JONATHAN

Who else would do it?

REBECCA

Anyone else.

JONATHAN

It'd be easier to handle if I could stay, instead of hauling all of my work in the car.

REBECCA

It's already in the car.

JONATHAN

But the deadline is—

REBECCA

Jonathan! Please. It's my family. I can only tell them so much. You need to actually meet them. Don't you want to?

JONATHAN

Yes! Of course. I've always intended on meeting them... at the wedding.

REBECCA

Were you planning on proposing?

JONATHAN

Not right now.

REBECCA

Then get in the car.

JONATHAN

What if I proposed right now?

REBECCA

You'd have to spend a lot of money, and still have to meet them.

(She crosses to him.)

You have a lot to get done, I know. I love that you're so driven, but it's a weekend to meet my parents. Is that really asking so much?

JONATHAN

No. No, it's not.

REBECCA

Then you're coming?

JONATHAN

No place else I'd rather be.

(They kiss.)

Do they at least know I have a lot of work to do?

REBECCA

(Teasing)

They know you're very important, yes. But you can do all your work when they're out, or have turned in.

JONATHAN

I'll be sure to use candlelight to not wake them.

REBECCA

Candlelight? How romantic.

JONATHAN

I was thinking more about the hot wax.

REBECCA

Mmm....

(They kiss.)

The sooner we get in the car, the sooner you can play Curator of the Wax Museum.

JONATHAN

Does that mean I can make a replica of you?

REBECCA

Get in the car, and you can have the real thing.

(Jonathan laughs as he grabs his last remaining things in the room.)

JONATHAN

Hey. I'm sorry. I don't mean for you to think that I find your family unimportant. I—

REBECCA

It's OK.

JONATHAN

That whole "forest through the trees" thing.

REBECCA

Sshh! I know.

(They look to each other for a moment.)

Got your phone?

JONATHAN

Yep.

REBECCA

Wallet?

JONATHAN
Yes.

REBECCA
Keys?

JONATHAN
Yes! Let's go!

(They exit out the front door. Right after the front door closes, it opens again. JON enters. He steps inside and closes the door.)

BECK
(Offstage)
Is that you?

JON
(Putting his keys on the key ring by the door)
Who else?

(The door opens again, and JONATHAN enters.)

REBECCA
(Offstage)
I knew you'd forget them!

JONATHAN
Hush!

(JONATHAN grabs the keys off the key ring, and exits out the front door. BECK enters, ready for a night out.)

BECK
Well, don't just stand there, go change.

JON
Not tonight. I'm exhausted.

BECK
Take a quick shower.

JON
It's been a long week.

BECK
Which is even more reason to go out!