

ALL IN A WHITE TRASH PIE

The aisles of a large local chain grocery store. Christmastime.

Characters:

SAM- 30's, brother to Alex

ALEX- 30's, sister to Sam. She is bright, slightly manic/ irritable in the wake of a break up, and very close to her brother.

PETER- 30's. Stable, empathetic, warm.

PT. I

Grocery store, holiday time. Alex is looking for her brother Sam; they are on a mission. She and he carry baskets.

ALEX

Sammy! Hi! Okay- you and me, we're gonna be doing the cranberry, and the-
(Notices man hovering nearby. She eyes his too-closeness, goes back to her brother)
We're in charge of the cranberry and the white- *(He is still there. She addresses this interloper. She is irritated)* Hi. Do you need something?

PETER

Hi. I'm- *(Gestures to SAM)* I'm Peter.

SAM

Oh- I brought him. This is Peter.

PETER

(Extends his hand) You must be Alex. I've heard a lot about you.

ALEX

Oh God, hi, I'm sorry. I'm an asshole.

SAM

Yes.

PETER

It's ok. Surprise! Extra mouth.

ALEX

You're coming home with us? For Christmas dinner?

SAM

Alex.

PETER

Your brother told me about your ex. I'm really sorry. That sucks.

ALEX

(She is irritated by this) Does produce know? I hate men. *(To SAM)* Not you- *(To PETER)* And- well- I don't know you yet.

PETER

Should I get some alcohol?

ALEX/SAM

Yes.

PETER

What kind would you like?

ALEX

Everything. *(PETER heads to the liquor aisle. To SAM)* Sorry.

SAM

You ok? *(She nods)*

ALEX

You know, maybe I don't want it splashed around that Michael bilked his company and me out of everything. WHY would you tell him that- *(The penny drops)* Ohhh. Oh you LIKE him. Like this is- you're bringing him home.

SAM

Yeah. *(Beat)* He thinks Michael is a twat and deserves to go to prison. *(Beat)* So. Do you like him?

ALEX

I don't know! Geez, Sammy, I- *(She looks after PETER)* he's really good-looking.

SAM

So..?

ALEX

Is he stable? Smart? Financially responsible? - I can't- I'm not the person to ask. *(He backs off)*

SAM

So, we're doing the cranberry?

ALEX

I think we should do the relish instead of the sauce, with-

SAM

Brandy, sugar, and orange. Agreed. *(He looks at the list she has)* We're doing white trash dessert? Wait. Did you color code these? Why is this one green?

ALEX

For the pistachio. *(SAM just shakes his head)* All these ingredients are in baking. Except the pineapple, that's over in 4.

SAM

You are so neurotic.

ALEX

You're necrotic.

SAM

You're tuberculotic.

ALEX

It's tubercular. *(She is right)*

SAM

You have the clap!

ALEX

(They laugh, she wins. They do a silly arm bump/ hand slap/ something to 'break') Go Sammy bammy! *(They part to hunt and gather in the aisles. As she wanders into the baking section, PETER approaches her, now with basket in hand)* Hi. *(Takes him in)* Gosh, you are big. Did they ever call you Big Peter? *(Crass. She shakes herself)* Sorry.

PETER

It's ok. And yes. *(She starts at this, laughs)* I didn't mean to put you off back there- Sam's furious with your ex and he talks when he's excited.

ALEX

(Shrugs) Hey- *(Notices his basket)*

PETER

I picked up-

ALEX

Everything! You got everything- you are amazing! And you're spending Christmas with us. That's weird. It's good- but it's- weird. Sammy's never brought anyone home before.

PETER

(He laughs) I don't bite.

ALEX

Good. You probably have rabies. *(Starts to explain)* It's a game, Sam and I-

PETER

(He knows it) You have scabies.

ALEX

(She is delighted) You have babies.

PETER

Babies aren't an affliction.

ALEX

Have you been around children?

PETER

Not so enamored?

ALEX

Gosh, I hope it's not a deal breaker.

PETER

You have typhoid. *(She looks at him. They are enjoying themselves)* I've always wanted to give someone typhoid. That sounds awful. But it's really funny in my head.

ALEX

(She grins) Typhoid's my favorite.

PETER

What is white trash dessert?

ALEX

He told you?

PETER

It's one of his favorites, he said.

ALEX

Ohmigod it's amazing. Ok. Pistachio pudding, make it with the milk like you're just making pudding- then throw in a container of cool whip so it gets all fluffy. And *then* throw in a can of crushed pineapple- drained of course-

Of course- PETER

And finally....marshmallows. ALEX

That's it? PETER

That's it. It'll make you sick. ALEX

PETER
You do white marshmallows? *(She nods)* You should... have you thought about using
fruity marshmallows? I bet that would be...kind of good.

Where have you been all my life? ALEX

(End of Part I)

Part II

*Same grocery store, two years later. ALEX is there, shopping for Thanksgiving dinner.
She and PETER see each other at the same time. They stop. The following is sincere,
awkward, wanting, painful. These two people like and love each other*

Hi. ALEX

PETER
Alex. *(After a brief dual etiquette check in with themselves, they hug)*

ALEX
God, it is- it is so good to see you.

PETER
(Smiling) You too.

ALEX/PETER
How are- *(They stop)* What are you- *(They stop, try again)* You go-

ALEX

How are you?

PETER

I'm fine. I'm ok. How are you?

ALEX

(Smiles) Same.

Pieter

(Notices her basket) White trash again?

ALEX

It's green, there are marshmallows in it, it makes you sick, and everybody loves it.

PETER

I remember. *(A moment)* How are your parents?

ALEX

They're fine. Mom's doing another quilt, Dad's still working.

PETER

How's your brother?

ALEX

Sam's- Sam is Sam.

PETER

How about you?

ALEX

I met someone.

PETER

Is he smart like you? *(She nods)* Good.

ALEX

And you're still with-

PETER

No. I'm not seeing anyone. *(Beat)* Not for a while.

ALEX

Oh.

PETER

I-

ALEX

I miss you.

PETER

I miss you too.

ALEX

Mom and dad ask about you. They really miss you, too.

PETER

I am so sorry, Alex.

ALEX

You broke our hearts, Peter.

PETER

I broke my own heart. *(He can't fix it)* I'm sorry.

ALEX

Are you doing anything for the holiday? *(PETER looks down at his basket, which has more than one bottle of wine.)* Would you like to come over?

PETER

I don't- I don't know that that's a good idea, Alex. Will Sam be there?

ALEX

Hang on- *(Steps away, pulls out phone, dials)* Sam? Where are you? I ran into Peter. I invited him to dinner. *(She fields a heated response)* Okay, well, that you can tell him yourself. I'm in soup and pasta.

PETER

He's here? I may end up with a black eye.

ALEX

You'll be okay. *(SAM strides down aisle)*

SAM

You're not coming home with us.

PETER

That's what I said.

SAM

Who the hell do you think you are?

PETER

I don't- *(Bows out)* I'm really sorry, Alex.

SAM

That's it?

PETER

I don't know what else to say, Sam. You've rebuffed every apology, every phone call, all contact- *(Factual, not accusing)* you changed the locks.

ALEX

(To SAM) Is that true?

PETER

I wish I could undo it, but I can't, and I won't. I am so sorry.

ALEX

(To PETER) He still loves you.

SAM

Fuck you, Alex.

PETER

I'm going to go. I hope you have a lovely dinner. *(Goes to leave)*

ALEX

(To SAM) You're so going to regret this. *(Leaves)*

SAM

(Struggles. To PETER) I hate what you did.

PETER

So do I.

SAM

Then why did you do it?

PETER

I told you on our first date that I want kids. That I'm going to be a father someday.

ALEX (O.S.)

I was not expecting that.

SAM

Who says that on a first date? Who means what they say on a first date?

PETER

A grown-up. I have always wanted a family-

SAM

I thought you meant marry into a big family-

PETER

That's not what I said and you know it. I told you I was in the early stages of adopting- I was open to older kids, or babies-

ALEX

(She appears at the end of their aisle) Babies?

SAM

You hate babies

ALEX

Not the ones related to me! *(She respectfully disappears)*

PETER

Did you not believe me? Or are you so accustomed to picking the bad ones who don't know, or don't tell you, what they want? You got full disclosure. It's your problem what you did with it.

SAM

We were happy- we were really happy- traveling, and brunch, and Sunday crosswords. Our fuck-off disposable income.

PETER

It was great. And I was ready for more.

SAM

So where's your kid? *(ALEX comes blazing around the corner to let her brother have it)*

ALEX

Why are you being such a fucking asshole? You let me think he just LEFT you but actually, you left him!

SAM

No I-

ALEX

You made him walk away because you're stubborn and selfish and an idiot. This man loves your family- and he's nice to me and doesn't treat me like your fag hag bitch of a sister which allll your other boyfriends have done- and you let him go because you didn't want to give up your disposable income? How many TV's do you need?

Leave because you don't want to be a dad- that's fine- that's a good thing to know about yourself. I think you'd make a GREAT dad, and I'm really fucking angry with you right now, so that's saying something. I know you better than anyone, Sammy-bammy.

What the hell are you so scared of? Be a fucking grown up.

PETER

It's okay, Alex. *(He turns to head to the checkout with his basket of wine. SAM follows him, leaving ALEX)*

SAM

I could have married you. House. Dog. Ugly white ugly fence. Believe it or not, I like domestic.

PETER

Then I don't understand.

SAM

(Beat) I'm not worried about being a cliché- two gay dads raising kids? It's pretty on trend. I can teach him -or her- to throw a football, a damn good spiral; I can teach them to bake and be their little league coaches, love them, read to them, and basically teach them to be a human being who is part of the world and part of the solution to all the trash that's happening right now- But the bullying? The bullying, Peter- bringing a kid into a situation that's not the norm, that is a target for so many. Kids are merciless. They are brutal. Kids kill themselves way too often because of this, and the schools do nothing. And it scared the living shit out of me to think that I could be part of a situation that results in a child being terrorized because of me.

ALEX (O.S.)

Holy shit.

PETER

(He is quiet for a moment, absorbing this) Love does win, you know. Doesn't mean it's easy.

SAM

I saw it, you know.

PETER

Saw what?

SAM

Having a family with you. Being one. Holidays and anniversaries with your family and mine. I saw all of it. And I'm so afraid that having that- is reckless. We can raise our children to be as loving and kind and resilient as possible, but I'm so scared for them. *(PETER sees into SAM'S basket)*

PETER

I thought you liked using the fruity marshmallows.

SAM

I loved using the fruity marshmallows. It was a stroke of genius. I loved them. But it made me so sad. And now my family hates me because I only pick the white ones. *(A moment)* It tasted better your way.

PETER

(A moment, then:) If you really want to piss them off, you should use Fluff.

SAM

So. What now?

PETER

Good question.

SAM

Hi. *(Extends his hand)* I'm Sam. I'm single, way too close to my sister, and I love football.

PETER

(Shakes SAM'S hand) Peter. Probably a yuppie- do they say that anymore? I don't like Chardonnay, it's horrible-

SAM

-Horrible.

PETER

And I'm going to be a dad in about two months.

SAM

You were approved?

PETER

I was approved. *(Beat)* Do you like kids?

SAM

(A golden chance of beginning his new life as an adult, and he knows it)
I do. *(Beat)* Would you like to have dinner next week, Peter?

PETER

I would.

ALEX (O.S.)

Oh my God, you're not bringing him home with us?

SAM

(Good-naturedly) Shut up, Alex.

PETER

(He gives SAM a look to go-along with his next bit as they begin to stroll the aisle) I wonder if your sister would want to be our surrogate. *(The sound of a stumble and glass breaking ensues)*

SAM

You okay? *(He is amused)*

ALEX (O.S.)

I'm good!

SAM

I'll see you next week?

PETER

It's a date. Happy Thanksgiving, Sam.

SAM

You too, Peter.

End of Play

