

this
untoward
generation!

scenes and apologies
for the emerging adult

a play in four parts
by Seth Etcetera

scenes

one. august & adelaide

two. marley's lament

three. casey, the barista, is a free-market
capitalist

four. come, thou fount

cast

(all characters are in their twenties.)

(with the exception of the customers.)

actor one (m). august / cratchit / trevor

actor two (m). marley / trapper / young seminarian

actor three (f). adelaide / girlfriend material / casey

actor four (f). christmas past / allie / rosie

the lead musician. customers a, b, c

notes

The stage is empty, save for a few choice costume and set pieces and, to the side, the setup for a musical ensemble: instruments, a chair or two, perhaps a music stand.

The five person company, in addition to playing the scenes, must also be able to function as a musical ensemble. All five play together before the first scene and after the last. Available ensemble members may also provide underscoring during scenes, as well as transition music between the movements. The lead musician is always available, except when playing the customers in the third scene. Though it is never referenced in the dialogue, time should be taken with this musical device; the audience should be given time to witness the quiet, unconscious collaboration of this ensemble.

The term “emerging adulthood” was coined in 2000 by Jeffrey Jensen Arnett, as a response to the reality that 20-somethings are postponing marriage, parenthood, and homeownership, choosing instead to utilize this decade to explore possibilities in their careers, education, and relationships. The four scenes that make up the action of the play examine different aspects of this reality.

The evening should be presented without intermission.

original production

This Untoward Generation! was originally produced in the summer of 2013 by St. Croix Festival Theatre in St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin. The director was Cory Johnson. The stage manager was Isaac Bont. The roles were played by Ethan Bjelland, Kimberly Braun, Shannon Mastel, Erich Peltz, and Stephanie Seward. Neil Powell composed the music.

where you come from is gone,
where you thought you were going to was never there,
and where you are is no good unless you can get away from it.
where is there a place for you to be?

-flannery o'connor

03. CASEY, THE BARISTA, IS A FREE-MARKET CAPITALIST

(CASEY takes stage center, assuming her place at the coffee shop cash register as the scene comes together. She wears her standard apron. She is half asleep, but her pace is quick. When she addresses the audience, her speech is hurried, authoritative, dry, and monotone; she's a drill sergeant preparing for battle, and she hasn't got the time for your ineptitude. At all times, even in casual conversations among the coffeehouse staff, the pace of this scene is lightning fast.)

ACTOR 4. Iced-Venti-Nonfat-No-Whip-White-Mocha, please.
ACTOR 2. Can I get my Quad-Grande-Caramel-Extra-Dry-Cappuccino, please?
LEAD MUSICIAN. Yeah, I'll do the Half-Caff-Triple-Tall-Vanilla-Soy-Chai today.
ACTOR 2. A Triple Espresso, please, one raw sugar.
LEAD MUSICIAN. No foam on that, actually.
ACTOR 1. Do you just have...like...coffee?
LEAD MUSICIAN. Oh, and can we do that extra-hot?
ACTOR 1. Like, I dunno, medium brew, or whatever you have is fine.
ACTOR 4. Does the white mocha come sugar-free?
ACTOR 1. I don't know how to say it. Is that how you say it here? I just want a coffee. Maybe some room for cream?
ACTOR 4. Nonfat's fine, thank you. Maybe a little extra whipped cream on top. Just can't help myself!

(During the following monologue, CASEY moves to the espresso machine and makes herself a latte.)

CASEY.

(To audience.) The morning rush. Colorful, varied, frenzied, but only at first glance. I work the morning shift here, I work five days a week. You come to know it well - you become one with the morning rush, you know it all before it hits. You know the diverse modifications of the drinks, the subtle idiosyncrasies of the crowd's ebb-and-flow, the assorted neuroses of the customers. You learn to pace yourself – nice and steady wins the race. This isn't about connection, it isn't about warmth. Regardless of what the training manual wishes you'd believe, this is about maintaining a pace. It's not an art; it's a science. So, learn your lines. Resist the urge toward authenticity or spontaneity. The chance to be a cog in the greater mechanics of this machine is a beautiful thing, it is a spiritual experience, it is a kind of nirvana that most college undergraduates could not hope to understand or achieve. Do not squander the opportunities present in this, your duty as barista. "Good morning. How are you doing. I'm doing well, thank you. Would you like a copy of your receipt. Have a wonderful day." It's the morning rush. I know it well.

(She holds her mug to "cheers" the audience, as ALLIE enters and puts on her apron. During the following dialogue, ALLIE and CASEY set the bar counter, stock napkins and sugar dispensers, and wipe tables. They are constantly moving. ALLIE pours herself a mug of coffee and takes sips of the drink. CASEY remains focused, though her demeanor softens for ALLIE. This trend continues throughout the scene. When addressing the audience or TREVOR, CASEY is a machine. In addressing ALLIE, TRAPPER, and the CUSTOMERS, CASEY tries to be human.)

ALLIE.

Morning, Casey.

CASEY. Hey, Allie.

ALLIE. What's with the books?

CASEY. The books?

ALLIE. The stack of economics books in your locker?

CASEY. Oh. I'm studying economics.

ALLIE. You're taking a class on economics?

CASEY. No. I'm just studying economics. On my own.

ALLIE. You're reading economics books for fun?

CASEY. Not for fun.

ALLIE. What do you mean?

CASEY. I just want to know more about economics.

ALLIE. What for?

CASEY. Because I don't know anything about economics.

ALLIE. What do you need to know about economics? You going back to school?

CASEY. No. If I did, it wouldn't be for economics.

ALLIE. Yeah. Me either.

CASEY. A degree in economics might make me more hireable...

ALLIE. True.

CASEY. ...but I decided to get the double-major in English Literature and Music Composition.

ALLIE. I'm glad you did.

CASEY. Thanks.

ALLIE. Just think, if you hadn't, you may never have worked here.

CASEY. What a miserable thought.

ALLIE. We may never have met.

CASEY. I shudder to think.

ALLIE. Shut your mouth. Life is good.

CASEY. Life is good.

ALLIE. I heard about you and Trevor.

CASEY. Life is good.

ALLIE. I'm sorry, Case.

CASEY. I broke up with him, Allie.

ALLIE. Right. But...
CASEY. “But?”
ALLIE. Well, it’s still hard. I mean, you two were together for...?
CASEY. Too long.
ALLIE. Does he work today?
CASEY. He’s in at 7.
ALLIE. Yuck. I’m sorry.
CASEY. Life is good. This separation is...good. Or smart, at least.
Trevor wasn’t smart. Trevor was a bad investment.
ALLIE. You’re talking economics?
CASEY. Yes, Allie. It’s time to start thinking economically.
ALLIE. This is about Trevor, then?
CASEY. No, Allie. This is about me.

(CUSTOMER A enters.)

CUSTOMER A. Good morning. I’ll have my regular.
CASEY. Good morning, Sam. How are you doing?
CUSTOMER A. I’m good, thanks.
CASEY. Doing the Grande-Six-Pump-Skinny-Hazelnut-Latte?
CUSTOMER A. That’s the one.
ALLIE. (Receives and begins making the drink.)
Grande-Six-Pump-Skinny-Hazelnut-Latte!
CASEY. (Swipes his card.) Do you want a copy of your receipt?
CUSTOMER A. Not necessary.
CASEY. Well, have a wonderful – oh. Sorry, Sam. It looks like your
Guest Card is empty.
CUSTOMER A. That can’t be. I just loaded it last week.
CASEY. It’s showing up as empty.
CUSTOMER A. Hm. Throw another twenty on there. Crazy how fast that money
goes.

(CASEY takes the money, swipes the card again.)

CASEY. Yeah. Have a nice day.

CUSTOMER A. You, too.

CASEY. (To audience.) Sam comes in here every morning and orders that drink. His Grande-Six-Pump-Skinny-Hazelnut-Latte, it costs him four dollars and eighteen cents a day, about fifteen-hundred dollars each year. The recipe is as follows: two shots of espresso, six pumps of sugar-free hazelnut syrup, all topped with about seven ounces of nonfat milk, steamed with foam. Now, an espresso machine costs money, but it lasts a long time. It's worth the investment and espresso beans are reasonably priced. Also, he could buy a liter of our sugar-free hazelnut syrup for about eight dollars and that would yield him flavoring for upwards of around thirty drinks. Spend fifty bucks on a milk frother and – boom - you've got the drink. Crazy how fast that money goes.

ALLIE. (Delivering.) Grande-Six-Pump-Skinny-Hazelnut-Latte!

CUSTOMER A. Got it! Have a good one!

ALLIE. Thanks for stopping in, Sam.

CASEY. See you tomorrow, Sam.

(CUSTOMER A exits.)

ALLIE. So. How did Trevor take it?

CASEY. Allie, I broke up with Trevor, but he's been out the door for a long time.

ALLIE. I see. How are you, then?

CASEY. There's this thing in economics. It's called the "optimum rate of replacement". Basically, the best time to ditch one thing for something else, something of a greater value.

ALLIE. That's harsh.

CASEY. That's capitalism.

ALLIE. So, this is the best time to ditch Trevor?

(ALLIE begins drying dishes from the dish rack. CASEY stocks sugars and napkins.)

CASEY. Economics Lesson Number One: Everything costs something. Nothing is free. Any industry can only expand at the expense of other industries. So, Trevor and I keep trying to make this work, this thing that, it's becoming increasingly obvious, is not going to work, but we stay so focused on fixing it, and all the while, I mean, who knows what we're missing? It's just not worth it. Trevor and I breaking up and, supposing we've broken up at the right time, when the relationship had nothing left to offer, well, that just releases energy and time and emotion – capital, if you will – for other endeavors.

ALLIE. I don't know.

CASEY. It's common sense.

ALLIE. Your relationship with Trevor has nothing left to offer?

CASEY. You disagree?

ALLIE. I just don't buy it. You have so much invested in that relationship.

CASEY. You have to look at both sides. What was the relationship costing me? What was it costing him? The better thing to do – the economic thing to do – is for us to redirect our energies toward goals that we'll be more efficient in meeting. In order for new passions to blossom, old passions have to die.

ALLIE. Do you have any new passions knocking on the door?

CASEY. No.

ALLIE. Then, it's a loss. It can't be advantageous to destroy something before you have the option to replace it.

CASEY. You're not helping.

ALLIE. I'm just saying.

CASEY. You think I should stay with him.

ALLIE. I'm just saying, I don't follow your reasoning. Capitalism is scary.

CASEY. Everything costs something, Allie, and all expended energy is energy you can't use somewhere else. And so, "I'm sorry, Trevor, but...it's not you, and it's not me. It's a bad market." I can't afford the investment.

ALLIE. What a headache. This is why I'm single.

CASEY. Exactly. And I'm telling you, in this climate, it's the right move.

ALLIE. It's hard to imagine you and Trevor not together, Casey. I've always known you two as a pair. Same sense of humor, same goofy political preferences. The two stubborn little lovestruck musicians.

CASEY. I'm hardly a musician.

ALLIE. Of course you are. Why would you say that?

CASEY. I'm a barista.

ALLIE. Yeah, and it's a means to an end.

CASEY. Let's change the subject.

ALLIE. I'm saving again for Arizona.

CASEY. What?

ALLIE. I'm gonna go back to Arizona. Not this summer, but next summer. Hopefully.

CASEY. You're doing the hike again?

ALLIE. Uh-huh. Except, this time I'm going to try to do a full month.

CASEY. Are you out of your mind?

ALLIE. Ten days wasn't long enough! And the month trip's actually a better deal. It's the more economic deal. You should be proud.

CASEY. How much is it?

ALLIE. Four thousand dollars.

CASEY. Allie, are you nuts?

ALLIE. But the ten day trip was twenty-five hundred. So, this is three times the experience for less than twice the cost.

CASEY. Four thousand dollars to starve yourself? To go off into the middle of the Arizona desert and live off the land? Can't you do that for free?

ALLIE. I don't expect you to understand, Casey.

CASEY. How are you going to come up with four thousand dollars?

ALLIE. I have plenty of time. I've almost got half that in savings already.

CASEY. (To audience.) Last summer, Allie went on this extreme survival hike that some organization leads down in Arizona. You, like, get put into a group of twenty-some people and then everyone goes off into the desert together for ten days and eats off the land and sleeps in dirt and fights off coyotes and blisters under the sun. Really intense. I have no idea why it costs them thousands of dollars per person, but Allie loved it. She hasn't stopped talking about it since August.

ALLIE. I haven't stopped thinking about it, Casey. Since I got back, it's like, all I can do not to spend all day on Google searching for images of the Arizona desert. I know it's silly, but, you just can't imagine it until you go. To just be out there – in the wild, with none of your standard conveniences, completely set apart from the world, from the mainstream, from society. I have to go back.

CASEY. And then you'll just want to go back a third time.

ALLIE. Yes, probably.

CASEY. What do you take away from it, though, Allie? You shouldn't go unless...you know...you're able to bring something back with you.

ALLIE. I think I'm just gonna have to move down there.

CASEY. Are you serious?

ALLIE. I freaking love Arizona.

(CUSTOMER B enters.)

CUSTOMER B. Good morning!

CASEY. Good morning!

ALLIE. You're doing your regular?

CUSTOMER B. Yes. Room for cream, please.

ALLIE. (Grabbing a cup and moving to pull coffee from its airpot.) I've got you.

CASEY. Anything else?

CUSTOMER B. Just that.

CASEY. That'll be just \$2.31.

(CASEY swipes her card.)

ALLIE. You said room for cream?

CUSTOMER B. That's right.

CASEY. (To audience.) A hike in Arizona. With people you don't know. One month starving and sweating and hunting for food and all it costs is four thousand dollars. Maybe that's what I need. Sun and sweat and strife.

ALLIE. (Delivering the cup.) Here you go!

CASEY. (Seeing her point-of-sale screen.) Oh, sorry, ma'am. Your card just ran out. You still owe \$1.32.

CUSTOMER B. No, no, no, no. I just put thirty on there, like, yesterday morning.

CASEY. Hm. Well. There's a 1-800 number on the back of the card. If you think there's an error, they'll be able to track your charges. Sorry for the inconvenience.

CUSTOMER B. Me, too.

CASEY. So, it's \$1.32, then.

ALLIE. Don't worry about it, ma'am. We can cover that extra.

CUSTOMER B. I think you can.

CASEY. Have a nice day, ma'am.

ALLIE. Thanks for stopping in!

(CUSTOMER B exits.)

ALLIE. We can cover \$1.32. Don't you think? We'll just let Trevor know when he gets in. Do you think something's wrong with the Guest Cards?

CASEY.

I hope not. What a headache.

(TRAPPER enters, with a sneeze. He puts on his apron, and begins his shift.)

ALLIE.

Morning, Trapper. How's it going?

TRAPPER.

I feel terrible.

CASEY.

(To audience.) He looks terrible. All red-nosed and puffy-eyed. He usually looks hungover. So, this is different.

TRAPPER.

Like, seriously terrible. My cat, Wayne, he's been sneezing everywhere. Disgusting, right? All over everything. I find cat sneeze on the cabinets, I'm not kidding. On my pillowcase. In his food dish. And I don't know what to do.

CASEY.

How long's he been like that?

TRAPPER.

I don't know. All weekend. Anyway –

(TRAPPER sneezes.)

TRAPPER.

Ugh. Can you catch what your cat's got?

ALLIE.

I guess I don't know.

TRAPPER.

I think you can.

CASEY.

Are you okay to work?

TRAPPER.

It's quarter-to-seven on Friday morning. I can't go home.

ALLIE.

Trevor's in at seven.

TRAPPER.

And the rush will last 'til ten.

CASEY.

Well, where are we gonna put you?

TRAPPER.

I'll work bar.

ALLIE.

You shouldn't be making drinks.

TRAPPER.

Well, it's that or I interact with the customers all morning.

(TRAPPER sneezes.)

ALLIE.

Touché.

(TRAPPER sneezes.)

TRAPPER.

Ugh. I feel terrible.

ALLIE.

You look terrible.

(TRAPPER sneezes.)

CASEY.

We'll let Trevor deal with you when he gets in.

ALLIE.

Did you go to the hospital?

TRAPPER.

Free clinic doesn't open until ten.

ALLIE.

Well, you can go when you're off, then.

TRAPPER.

Nah. Can't afford the free clinic. Besides, Wayne gets to the vet before I get to the doctor.

ALLIE.

Wayne is a cat, Trapper.

TRAPPER.

He's the best cat. I love him.

ALLIE.

Your well-being comes first.

CASEY.

Says the girl who spends thousands of dollars to starve herself.

ALLIE.

(To CASEY.) You don't understand.

TRAPPER.

(To ALLIE.) You don't understand. Wayne comes first. Case closed.

(TRAPPER sneezes.)

ALLIE.

(To CASEY.) I know you don't understand, Casey, and I don't expect you to.

CASEY.

Okay.

ALLIE.

Okay.

CASEY.

I believe you.

ALLIE.

Okay. Thanks.

CASEY.

(To audience.) She's right. People are allowed to determine their own priorities, no matter what folly their whims permit. They are allowed to gamble, to be frivolous with their finances,

or frugal, whichever they prefer. Allie can return to Arizona; the cat can have medical treatment before Trapper. It's a free market.

(TRAPPER sneezes.)

CASEY.

(To audience, still. Her façade begins to weaken.) We're on to Economics Lesson Number Two, now: the budget must balance. Believe me when I say, balancing the budget is not as easy as it sounds. You go to college so that, later, you can get the perfect job, but at some point it stops being about your interests and your passions and your goals and becomes all about grades and bills and government loans. You're an out-of-work graduate in the crappy job market, so you get a crappy day job so you can pay the bills, then you get a crappy car so you actually get to your day job, then you think about grad school, because maybe, just maybe, if I had a master's degree I could remind myself of that one, previous hope – that desire to do the one thing I always wanted to do – but the car and the grad school and everything else, isn't all of this just putting me deeper and deeper into debt? Isn't there a smarter way to do this? There's got to be, right? You've got to learn some economics. And sooner or later you run into Trevor. And, you want a boyfriend – you want a companion, someone to share your day with, your good days and your bad days, someone to share meals with, someone to lie beside you at night. And now you've met this boy at work and he's reading Kurt Vonnegut in the break room and he's an attractive guy and he's a charmer and he seems to be interested in you. And then I find out, God help me, that he's also in a band, *his* band, he's the lead vocals and guitar, and I go to a show, he invites me, and I can't help myself, I see him up there, on the stage, and he's actually talented and the songs don't suck and he's bathing in the romantic, surreal glow of the lights and

the deafening pound from the speakers - how could I *not* sign my heart on the dotted line? He had his facial hair trimmed just like that and was wearing his vintage “Raging Bull” t-shirt; it seemed like a safe enough bet. It should have been a sure bet. I spent half of my time trying to convince myself that it was all too good to be true and the other half reminding myself that Walt Disney and the consumerism of the 1990’s assured me that it was all *supposed* to feel too good to be true, and I let my guard down. I bet all my chips on a good solid bet and expected a shoo-in, American-style. Well, it isn’t the 1990’s anymore. It’s a new millennium. Turns out I’ve been delivered a bad check. You don’t realize what it costs – to go for it, to hope recklessly, to wager your heart on your purest aspirations. You think you can spend without taxing. You think you can pile up debt without paying it off. Sooner or later, the bills come due. And your dreams, your loves, you’ve been blinded by them, they’ve only tricked you into the overexpansion of some industries at the expense of others, and what you’re left with is a misapplication and waste of precious capital. This is what I learned when I studied economics. In a balanced economy, there must be at least as much loss as gain.

TREVOR.

(From offstage.) Hey, hey, hey.

(TREVOR enters, puts on his apron, and begins his shift. The tempo accelerates.)

TREVOR.

Hey, hey, hey.

CASEY.

(To audience.) And here’s Trevor. Trevor is our shift supervisor. He is beautiful and he is in a band. He is my ex-boyfriend. You know everything you need to know.

TRAPPER.

Hey, Trevor.

TREVOR.

Trapper. Hey, Case.

CASEY. Hey, Trev.
ALLIE. Morning, Trevor.
TREVOR. Where were you last night, Trapps? I thought you were coming to the show?
TRAPPER. Are you honestly asking me that question right now? Do you see what I look like right now?
TREVOR. Yikes. You catch Wayne's cold?
TRAPPER. I don't know. Is that possible?
TREVOR. I don't know. You can catch a cold from a person, you can catch one from a cat, right?
TRAPPER. I don't know. Does it work like that?
TREVOR. I don't know. Maybe I'm wrong.
TRAPPER. I think you're right.
TREVOR. I don't know.

(TRAPPER sneezes. A big one.)

TREVOR. I still think you should have come out last night.
CASEY. So, I figured we'd have Allie float today, Trev? Trevor. I'll take register. You wanna assist Trapper on bar?
TREVOR. Yeah, sure. That's fine with me.
ALLIE. How was the show?
TREVOR. Why weren't you there?
ALLIE. I guess I just forgot.
TREVOR. Right.
CASEY. You have a nice turn out?
TREVOR. We had a great turn out.
TRAPPER. You close last night, Casey?
CASEY. Jeffrey closed last night.
TRAPPER. But you missed the show? I thought you loved Babylon Prime?
TREVOR. She does. So, does Allie.
ALLIE. Yeah, it's always fun.
TRAPPER. What's going on?

TREVOR. Casey doesn't want to be my girlfriend any more.

CASEY. Trevor.

TREVOR. No, it's all right. Casey doesn't want to be my girlfriend any more, and that's her choice, and I don't think we should be awkward about it or let it affect the wonderful, meaningful, life-changing work we're doing here. We're a team and we're adults and it's cool. Sometimes girls don't want to be boys' girlfriends anymore and we can all cope with that reality. Right, Trapper?

TRAPPER. Oh my god. I didn't know. I'm so uncomfortable.

TREVOR. Well, you should learn to check Facebook a little more regularly.

TRAPPER. I was literally curled up in a fetal position all last night. I had no time to check Facebook. When did this happen?

CASEY. Wednesday night.

TRAPPER. Nevermind. I don't want to talk about it.

TREVOR. How'd your audition go, Casey?

CASEY. Hmm?

TREVOR. Your audition. You never told me how it went.

CASEY. It went well.

ALLIE. What audition?

CASEY. I auditioned over at Calhoun's. For their "Music by the Bay" series.

ALLIE. You're gonna perform this summer?

CASEY. Well, I don't know. I haven't heard anything for sure.

TREVOR. But it went well?

CASEY. I felt good about it.

ALLIE. Casey, that's great!

CASEY. Thanks. Can we change the subject?

TREVOR. Did you have fun?

CASEY. Auditioning?

TREVOR. Yeah.

CASEY. I don't know, Trev...I mean, no. No, it definitely wasn't fun.

TREVOR. If you're not relaxed, the judges aren't going to relax...

CASEY. (Overlapping with the above, as she cuts him off.) ...the judges aren't going to relax. Yeah, yeah. Thanks for the tip. Will you, like, brew coffee, or something?

TREVOR. You're always so stressed out. Just relax, Case. Trust yourself. Have fun once in a while.

CASEY. That's really wonderful advice. Thank you, Trevor. Now, seriously, go brew coffee or something. We're about to get hit.

TREVOR. Yes, ma'am.

CASEY. (To audience.) Of course, he's going to be sweet now. He's going to bat his eyes and tell me what a good musician I am and tell me that he misses me when I don't come to his shows. Of course, because it's all supply and demand. I break up with him, I create a scarcity, the price goes up, he responds accordingly.

TRAPPER. Were you able to get your Saturday shift covered, Trevor?

TREVOR. (Suddenly uncomfortable.) Um. Not yet.

CASEY. You're not scheduled this Saturday.

TRAPPER. Next Saturday. We're going to Chicago.

TREVOR. Trapper –

CASEY. No kidding.

TREVOR. Casey –

ALLIE. Why are you going to Chicago?

TRAPPER. The Lakeshore Line-up. It's going to be awesome.

ALLIE. The music festival?

TREVOR. Mm-hmm.

ALLIE. Wow. That came up fast. Just the two of you?

TRAPPER. The guys. Trevor, myself, Tom, Alex, Mitch.

ALLIE. Awesome.

TRAPPER. It's gonna be a guys' trip

CASEY. (Wryly.) A guy's trip. That sounds fun.

TREVOR. Yeah.

CASEY. It's okay, Trevor. You're allowed to go to Chicago.

TREVOR. I know that.

CASEY. (To audience.) My sister lives in Chicago. She had her first baby this past fall. I've been trying to get Trevor to go down there with me ever since Claire was born. He really wanted to go, but it was just too expensive.

ALLIE. How long have you had the tickets?

TREVOR. Not long. We found some good rates. We got lucky.

TRAPPER. (To TREVOR, confused.) Not long? We got 'em right –

(TRAPPER stops himself, catching the vibe.)

TRAPPER. We got lucky.

CASEY. Cool. Well, I'm excited for you both.

TREVOR. I'm sorry, Casey.

CASEY. I'm fine. "We're a team and we're adults," right?

TREVOR. Yeah.

CASEY. (To audience, her façade weakening.) But this is just it. At some point, I realized that I was ready for commitment with Trevor in a way that he was not. I get that. I wanted to take Trevor on trips to see my family. I wanted Trevor and I to spend a weekend away in Duluth or the Apostle Islands, and that stuff frightens him. I get it. He doesn't want that. He'd rather spend that money and time on road trips with the guys to drink beers and see The Black Keys and the Red Hot Chili Peppers. That's fine. He and I are in two different places. Why should we keep putting in the effort?

TREVOR. (To CASEY.) It's not that I didn't want to see Claire.

CASEY. Trevor. It doesn't matter anymore.

TREVOR. I guess not.

(TREVOR retreats, moving to the espresso bar, and making himself a drink.)

CASEY.

(To audience.) Economics Lesson Number Three: It's just common sense. Any common sense principle, anything that proves true on a small scale will prove true when enacted in a larger arena. So, what am I gaining from staying with Trevor? What am I losing? I wouldn't continue to put time and money into a car that was dead. I wouldn't keep tending to an uprooted, lifeless plant. It's time to let go of Trevor. It's just common sense.

ALLIE.

(Seeing the approaching crowd. Bracing for impact.) Here comes the rush.

(End of sample.)