

“NIRVANA”

CB and Van sit on the sad remnant of a brick wall. Van is smoking a joint. He offers it to CB.

VAN. You wanna hit this?

CB. No. Thanks.

VAN. *(Smiling.)* It's kind bud. You sure, man?

CB. Nah, I'm good.

VAN. I've been meaning to tell you — I'm sorry about your dog.

CB. Thanks, man.

VAN. He was a good dog.

CB. Yeah. He was.

VAN. But he was old. It was long past his time. Still — he was a good dog. I totally wanted to come to your funeral party thingy, but I was waiting on a delivery from the Doober.

CB. What do you think happens when we die?

VAN. Do you mean, like, do I believe in heaven?

CB. Yeah.

VAN. Nah, man. I'm a Buddhist.

CB. Since when?

VAN. It's kind of a new development.

CB. Well, what do Buddhists believe happens when you die?

VAN. Buddha believed that one of two things happens. Either you are reborn or you dissolve into nothingness. Oddly enough, the former is punishment and the latter, reward. We Buddhists believe that the corporeal body is the source of all suffering and a liberation from the body into nothingness, or nirvana, is the fuckin' way to go.

CB. Don't you find that depressing?

VAN. Liberation?

CB. Nothingness.

VAN. I think I'd kind of like to be nothingness. Because even nothing is something, right? *(He shows his hand to CB.)* What am I holding in my hand?

CB. Nothing.

VAN. One would say that, yes. But in that nothingness is a thousand things, right? Particles and atoms and tens of thousands of

things that we might not even know about yet. I could be holding in my hand the secrets of the universe and the answers to everything.

CB. You're stoned.

VAN. Damn straight. *(CB laughs.)* Why this interest in the after-life? Is this about your dog?

CB. Just curious.

VAN. Dude, we all have to let go of things from our childhood. Do you remember when you and my sister burned my blanket to teach me that?

CB. Yeah. It was only two months ago. If I'd known that it would lead to her being — well — I wouldn't have let her do it.

VAN. I was so pissed at you guys.

CB. The thing was fuckin' nasty, man.

VAN. *(Pissed.)* Still. Y'all suck.

CB. I think you were about to make a point.

VAN. I was?

CB. Never mind. I think I got it.

VAN. My point is, Chuck B., that life — it does go on. Even without the things that have been there since the beginning. The things that we think define us, don't mean shit in the grand scheme of things. Us defines us. Not things or other people or pets. Like, me without my blanket — it's still me. I miss my fuckin' blanket, though. That was a dick thing y'all did.

CB. Three words for you, bro — *(One finger.)* Pubic. *(Two fingers.)* Lice. *(Three fingers.)* Infestation.

VAN. Could've been fixed.

CB. Hey, we let you keep the ashes.

VAN. I smoked 'em.

CB. You what?

VAN. I rolled 'em with some good herb and smoked that shit up.

CB. That's sick.

VAN. Now, my blanket and I are like one forever.

CB. That's seriously disturbed, dawg.

VAN. We all handle grief in different ways.

CB. Can't be good for you.

VAN. Dude! Showed you two! Tryin' to mess with my shit. HA!

CB. Hey, how is your sister doing?

VAN. She's good. The doctors say that she's getting better. *(Beat.)* Damn, I miss that bitch.

CB. So do I.

VAN. This conversation is a major downer, amigo. Dead dogs, missing sisters, burning blankets. Let's talk about something happy.

CB. Like what? *(They sit in silence. The lights fade slowly out.)*

“WHERE SWINE LIVE”

A piercingly loud school bell rings. Welcome to Thursday morning. CB stands center stage wearing his backpack. Matt enters. He is extremely attractive and just as obnoxious.

MATT. CB, my nigga! What is UP, dawg?

CB. N'much, man. *(They punch each other's fists.)*

MATT. Are we going to this party on Saturday?

CB. Where?

MATT. Marcy's parents are out of town. Plen-TAY of virgini-TAY. *(He thinks this rhymes.)* Hey, I think Marcy's all into you. Maybe it's time you're all “into her.” Y'know't I'm sayin'? *(He humps the air. And then gets serious.)* Oh, hey man. I'm sorry about your dog. That's rough.

CB. Yeah. Thanks.

MATT. You could prob'ly use that to get some pussy, though. Bitches are suckers for that shit. Best sex I ever had was when I told this girl that my mom kicked it. She “consoled” me for four hours straight! If you can whip up a few fake tears, it'll definitely help the cause. Watch and learn. *(Feigning sadness.)* “Life has no meaning! Why couldn't it've been me?” *(Slipping to sexual.)* “Oh yeah, baby. I'm almost there. That's good. That's real good. Mom would've wanted it this way.” I'm tellin' you. Works like a charm. Plus, girls are suckers for animals. A dead dog, that's NICE.

CB. Hey man, what do you think happens when you die?

MATT. Well, that's a good question, CB. I'm glad you asked. It's something I've thought about many times. And the way I see it is: Okay, when you start life you're coming out of this gigantic vagina that's bigger than you are. Right?

CB. Right.

MATT. *(Smiling slyly.)* Well, I think when we die we're goin' back in. *(Thinking about this.)* Except this time, it's not our mom's.