

A Scene from
The Incomplete Life
& Random Death
Of Molly Denholtz

by
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Paige sits alone at a coffee house. She is immersed in her phone, angry, hyper focused.

Quint walks onstage with Paige's coffee.

QUINT

Hi. Sorry about the mix up. Here is your soy latte, lite foam. Can I get you anything else?

Paige doesn't respond.

QUINT (cont'd)

All right. Well I guess I'll leave. Thank you for acknowledging my presence.

Quint starts to leave when Paige slams her phone down.

PAIGE

I'm sorry. What's your problem?

QUINT

Nothing I -

PAIGE

Am I not paying attention to you? Is that it? You want me to like... what?

QUINT

Well it's just the second time I've brought this over -

PAIGE

And you want a... a.... what? Like my gratitude? You want to talk?

QUINT

I just -

PAIGE

I'll tip you. I'll leave you a tip. I'm not... someone who doesn't tip. Are you worried about your tip?!

QUINT

Sorry, I just... I'm having a bad day and -

PAIGE

A... bad day?

QUINT

Yeah. And I shouldn't have said anything. I just... can't get my shift covered tonight and I cover every god damned person's shift all the time and now that I need help, I can't like... get anyone to cover it. And I... I'm gonna miss a thing tonight that I really wanted to go to.

PAIGE

A thing?

QUINT

Yeah. A show. Mother Feather.

Paige gives Quint a look like what?

QUINT

Mother Feather's an indie rock glam group. It's basically these two awesome, strong women that dress up in these crazy spandex costumes with like this weird bird make-up on and... they're great. Not a lot of people know about them, I can tell you don't cause you're looking at me like I'm crazy, but they are by far my favorite band. And I was really *really* looking forward to seeing them. And now I can't go.

PAIGE

You can't go. To see your favorite... bird rocking women... group. That's... that's your issue.

QUINT

Yeah.

Paige is trembling she's so angry.

QUINT (cont'd)

But.... you're a customer and I shouldn't be talking to you like this. Can you just not tell my boss? He's been really riding me lately.

PAIGE

Do you... Do you have like a... friend?

QUINT

Do I have a friend?

PAIGE

Yeah, like a best friend?

QUINT

Uh yeah.

PAIGE

Awesome. Great. That's great for you. Because I don't.

QUINT

You don't have a friend at all? Or like a best friend?

PAIGE

A best friend. A *best* friend.

QUINT

Okay.

PAIGE

I used to. But she's dead now. And in two hours I'm going to her memorial service. And, and... apparently I'm not even going to speak. Like I'm not going to get to say anything, Erin Banks will! And I can't for the life of me figure out why she's speaking but... that's what her mom wanted so that's what happening. So I'm just gonna sit, and watch, and hear all these strangers talk about this amazing woman who, who... none of them knew! So that's what's going on with me. That's my day!

QUINT

Look I didn't -

PAIGE

Hold on, just... shut up! Okay, cause I like... the point is.... you don't get to have a bad day! Okay. I'm having a bad day. My bad day trumps your stupid, not at all bad day. "My shift's not getting covered" bullshit. That's not a bad day! That's a normal day. Burying your best friend is a bad day! It's my bad day, bad week, bad month. I'm having a bad day. So if I'm like... not saying thank you. If I'm not acknowledging that you replaced my original coffee order with a new coffee order because the first coffee you gave me was very very wrong. Because mochas and lattes are two completely different... coffee things! If I don't... acknowledge that you just did that with a big thank you and a trophy for best waiter, then, then... that's okay! Because my day sucks and your day is just normal stupid waiter day. Okay?! Okay?!

QUINT

Yeah, I, you're right. I'm sorry. I'll leave you alone.

Quint leaves.

Paige takes a few deep breaths. Tries really hard to center herself, bring herself back down. Closes her eyes.

Quint re-enters. Sees her eyes are closed. Waits.

Paige opens her eyes. Sees Quint standing there. Takes a few beats before responding, but clearly she just hates Quint right now.

PAIGE

What?

QUINT

I... sorry, I wanted to wait until you were done... with your eyes being closed. I don't really know what you were doing but it seemed private and like you wanted to take a moment.

Paige shoots daggers at her.

QUINT (cont'd)

I just wanted to say sorry. My day is definitely not as bad as yours. I wasn't... I'm sorry. That's all.

Paige nods.

QUINT (cont'd)

And if you want anything else. Another coffee. Scone. Uh... anything. It's on the house.

Paige nods.

PAIGE

That's.... very nice. Thank you.

QUINT

Yep. Okay. Well...

Quint walks off stage.

Paige sits. Takes a deep breath. Goes back to her phone.

Quint walks back. Paige glares at her and puts her phone down.

PAIGE

Yes?

QUINT

Sorry, I'm just trying to... think of the best way to say this.

PAIGE

Okay.

QUINT

And I know you might be, uh... well you might yell at me. And that's okay, cause like you said you're having a rough day, so if you're like, response is that I'm just a stupid waiter, that's okay. I mean... normally I'd think that's harsh. This isn't what I want to do forever and... I hate it when people say that's all I am, but uh, you know... you're going through a lot. So I get it.

PAIGE

I'm just like... I really just -

QUINT

Yeah, I know, I'm rambling. I just, uh, I just wanted to say that... if you want to speak... at your friends service. You should speak.

PAIGE

Okay.

QUINT

Screw it. It's your friend. At my uncle's funeral they just had a section at the end where like... anyone could speak. So maybe -

PAIGE

They're not doing that. I mean... they just sent me the program and it's... yeah there's not an open mic section at the end.

QUINT

Well then just find a time -

PAIGE

Look, I asked. I asked her mom if I could speak. I said I'd really like to and she said "of course." And then I get an email today with the program and she's like.... "there's no room now. I'm so sorry." As if there's a time limit and... I just know they're going to leave out stuff! I mean they made time for hymnals and poems and songs and all this stuff she would've hated and I just... no one's gonna like talk about the stuff she cared about and it... it...

QUINT

Like what?

PAIGE

That... that she loved bad movies. She thought a really bad movie was like 10 times better than a good one and she'd watch them again and again and again. Like Face/Off. Have you seen that movie? It's this... really terrible action movie that came out in the 90's where the two guys in it switch faces. The good guy and the bad guy they literally *switch their faces* and fight each other.

It's insane and terrible but she thought it was hilarious and made me watch it like 10 times and honestly... I liked watching it with her because she got so into it. She would laugh her ass off every time. It was infectious because... she had this amazing, dark sense of humor that could be really biting and maybe, honestly, mean. But also just like great. And... I mean she... she was the most loyal person I've ever met. She had my back in a way no one else ever had. She would've lied down in traffic or eaten a hundred bullets if I asked and that's gone now. I don't... have anyone else like that in my life. And I don't know what to do now because like... I mean all we ever talked about was how we were getting the hell out of here when school ended. It's *the reason* we became friends sophomore year because she was miserable and I was miserable and we both knew that... we didn't want to do what every dumb robot here does and go to college right away. We wanted to move to New York and get a terrible crappy apartment and just stop being in freaking school. Like the day after we graduated we were just... getting on a bus and going. It... it was all that mattered and now... now she won't ever... she's stuck here. Forever. And it's... it's...

Paige takes a deep breath. Composes herself.

PAIGE (cont'd)

I just wish people knew stuff like that. I think... they should know.

QUINT

I think they should too. I mean, I didn't know her at all and I'm glad I know. So...

Paige takes a deep breath. Calms down a bit.

PAIGE

Yeah, it's uh.... look, I shouldn't have taken it out on you -

QUINT

No, no, no. It's your day. You can do that. Seriously, if you want to spit on me or like... knock over all the tables in here or just start.... swearing in Chinese. Anything you want, you... get a pass. A dead friend pass.

PAIGE

Yeah. Okay, thanks. I uh...

Paige fidgets with her phone. Doesn't turn it on just kind of picks at it.

PAIGE (cont'd)

I just... I've been so mad. And sometimes I get in these moods where I... it's like my brain just goes white and I'm just this raw nerve and I just want to... smash shit and grab things until they turn purple and... I don't know, I can't control it. It's really -

QUINT

Nah, I get it. I mean I don't.... I've never been through what you're going through but if one of my friends died, I'd be like... you know, way worse.

PAIGE

Yeah?

QUINT

Oh yeah. I'd just be drooling and... wetting myself and... it would be gross.

Paige smiles a little.

QUINT (cont'd)

Um. Well I hope it's a nice service at least. I think you should speak, still but, if you don't, I hope it's... okay. Um... enjoy the latte.

PAIGE

Yeah. Thanks.

Quint exits. Paige continues to scroll through her phone.

Quint returns with a cookie.

PAIGE (cont'd)

Oh...

QUINT

I made an educated guess. Chocolate walnut. It's my favorite.

PAIGE

Thanks.

A beat.

PAIGE (cont'd)

I'm allergic to walnuts.

QUINT

You're allergic. I should've asked.

PAIGE

I really appreciate it. I'm not trying -

QUINT

Nope. It's your day. I'll... be right back.

Quint leaves.

After a beat by herself.

PAIGE

Thanks.