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Tagline: Three boys become men.

Bobby, Tristan, and Ryan: 29. Except Bobby. He's 30.

On Bobby's thirtieth birthday, he discovers that his best friend and sister's fiancé has had a one-night stand. He's not happy about that.

Triggers: Adult language.

*A very small studio apartment in Chicago with a rumpled bed. A kitchen and closet off.*

*The sounds of three young men returning home from a night at their favorite bars.*

*ENTER BOBBY, RYAN, and TRISTAN.*

*As TRISTAN unlocks and opens the door...*

TRISTAN

... and then he head-butts the skinhead. Just ... bam!

RYAN

Yep.

BOBBY

Are you sure you're all right?

RYAN

I'm fine.

BOBBY

'cause I can't tell if you're just drunk or if you need a CT.

RYAN

I've survived a pandemic and Angela Connor. I'm good.

TRISTAN

Look at me.

RYAN

Are they dilated?

TRISTAN

Maybe. ... How many fingers do you see?

RYAN

Six? Yeah. Six.

BOBBY

He's fine.

RYAN

What's in the fridge?

TRISTAN

One more and then you guys need to go. This young man needs to get some sleep.

BOBBY

*off*

Guys, it's really no big deal.

*ENTER BOBBY with three six-packs, handing one each to RYAN and TRISTAN.*

What? You said one more. One, two, three. Where's the Jack?

TRISTAN

Aw, no man!

BOBBY

We've been doing boiler makers all night.

TRISTAN

I said one!

RYAN

And this will be one. One big one.

BOBBY

We'll be gone in twenty minutes, Tristan. Fifteen. I promise.

TRISTAN

In less than six hours you have to make a good impression.

BOBBY

This is so not a big deal.

TRISTAN

No. It's a huge deal. Bobby, buddy, you've got to be better than all the others.

BOBBY

Guys! There's no suspense here. I'm getting the job.

RYAN

It's never a good look to be hungover for the time-honored tradition of the pretend interview at your dad's company.

BOBBY

Claudia has worked for Dad – I mean Mr. Wheeler – for twenty years. There is zero chance she’s going to tell my father that she wants to hire someone else to be her administrative assistant. And, as if that isn’t enough, one – Claudia has always had a crush on me.

RYAN

As we all do.

BOBBY

And two: it’s just HR. Who wouldn’t want this face, the owner’s son, as the face of HR?

TRISTAN

Man, they are so going to hate you.

RYAN

Every single one of them.

BOBBY

Fuck ‘em. I’ll reschedule. Jack?

TRISTAN

No man, no. You gotta kill that interview. We’re the next generation. The ones that are supposed to fix everything they’ve fucked up. We’re the great American Hope. You’ve been coasting on the trust fund for too long, bro.

BOBBY

I might point out that trust fund has been good to all three of us.

TRISTAN

And I for one am very, very grateful to you for sharing your bounty with us. Ryan?

RYAN

Ditto.

TRISTAN

But Ry and I have got jobs now, and it’s time we all honored the generosity of Grandpa Wheeler by becoming productive members of society.

BOBBY

Huzzah to Grandpa Wheeler!

BOBBY, RYAN, and TRISTAN

Huzzah!

TRISTAN

But you have got to absolutely crush that interview, bro. Time to be a man!

BOBBY  
Yeah? How'd you two become men?

RYAN  
Lisa Watson, eighth grade...

TRISTAN  
Fuck!

BOBBY  
Not the Lisa Watson story...

RYAN  
Actually, what had happened was, I first saw her when we were still in the seventh grade...

TRISTAN  
This is your fault.

RYAN  
But I decided to draw out the anticipation. Foreplay is key, gentlemen. And when she made---

RYAN, TRISTAN, and BOBBY  
---the cheerleading squad---

RYAN  
---that's right. The cheerleading squad. When she made the cheerleading squad... that's when I made my move. At the reunion? She told me I spoiled her for all other men.

TRISTAN  
Did she tell you that, or did her wife?

TRISTAN  
Boom!

BOBBY  
Aw, snap!

RYAN  
Yeah. Well. I coulda bagged 'em both. But what had happened was, I had just pulled a groin muscle.

TRISTAN  
Aw, man.

BOBBY  
Yeah, right.

TRISTAN  
This story gets more stupid every time you tell it.

RYAN

Naw, man. It was gonna go down, but I knew Angela would never understand. So, I made the difficult decision to, you know, stand down. I'm all about the tough decisions, man. The tough ones.

TRISTAN

Christ. I'm serious. Bobby, you gotta exterminate that interview, bro. It's time we took charge of our lives. Stop the coasting. Ryan's back at work. My music gigs are picking up. And what have you got?

BOBBY

Besides Granpa Wheeler's immense wealth?

TRISTAN

Yeah. Besides that.

RYAN

Come on, Bobby. Time to show the world it's not all about Grandpa Wheeler's money.

BOBBY

Maybe it is all about his money. You don't know.

RYAN

Naw, man. It's about grit, talent, and raw sexual magnetism!

BOBBY

How much grit and talent does it take to tend bar?

RYAN

Not much, I admit. But it's the sexual magnetism that pays the bills.

BOBBY

Shit. You've been surfing my couch for the past six months.

RYAN

Hey! I got options, man. I can be gone in an hour. Two weeks, tops.

BOBBY

I'm just saying that when it comes to coasting, I'm not listening to any lectures from the two of you.

RYAN

Man. I work my off ass. Off ass. Ass off! Do you see an ass here? No. Where'd it go? Where'd it go? Where'd it go? Oh, that's right. I worked it right off, yo.

BOBBY

Fuck. You're either behind a bar or slumped over one every night of the week.

RYAN

And that takes grit. Two out of the big three? Boom! Nailed it!

BOBBY

And you! How come the family business is good enough for me, but not for you?

TRISTAN

One: I'm not a Wheeler...

BOBBY

Good as. Just a matter of time, bro.

TRISTAN

And two: you know I got plans.

BOBBY

That's what Mark said at their wedding. Then Sophie got pregnant and within a year Dad had him in the accounting department.

RYAN

How did Sophie get pregnant? Mark's go no balls.

BOBBY

Well... there's that.

TRISTAN

I just need a little more time. Things are looking good, boys. The music world is coming around. Feeling the Tristan Biggs new sound. You dig?

BOBBY

We dig.

RYAN

Stickin' it to the man.

TRISTAN

I haven't wanted to say anything, but... I'm playing the Blue Cracker in October.

BOBBY

You don't say.

RYAN

Not the Cracker!

TRISTAN

Hey! I'm opening for Jack and Jill.

BOBBY

Man, fuck Jack and Jill. My grandmother won't even listen to Jack and Jill.

TRISTAN

They're making a comeback.

RYAN

Dude! Not even Jesus could make that come back.

BOBBY

Look. I shouldn't tell you this, but Sophie's been in Wendy's ear. And Mom and Dad are starting to say shit.

TRISTAN

What have they been saying?

BOBBY

You know. Usual shit.

TRISTAN

That's bullshit. Wendy knows the plan.

BOBBY

I'm just telling you, that clock is a-ticking my man. That's all I'm saying.

*TRISTAN opens a drawer and produces a small velvet box and tosses it to BOBBY.*

There.

BOBBY

Why Tristan, this is sudden.

RYAN

You two are going to be so happy together.

TRISTAN

Fuck you both. I've got a plan. When the time's right... Look, Wendy knows all this. She is super supportive.

BOBBY

She knows you bought this polished mosquito turd?

TRISTAN

Hey!

BOBBY

All I'm saying is Pop's got his eye on Todd in marketing. Says he'd be good in the family pictures, if you know what I mean. He was at dinner last Sunday. Sitting right next to Wendy. I mean... like... right next to her.

RYAN

Fuck dude. Todd in marketing.

TRISTAN

So?

RYAN

Sitting right... like, you know... right next to her.

TRISTAN

So?

RYAN

You're right. Nothing to worry about. Dude's gay.

TRISTAN

What? You suck his dick?

RYAN

No, dude. He's "Todd." In "marketing." Do the math.

TRISTAN

Wendy knows I got a plan.

BOBBY

Does she though?

TRISTAN

Yeah. Bobby! I'm gonna propose! When I'm ready.

RYAN

Hey, are we going to have to call you "Bob" once you start climbing the corporate ladder?

BOBBY

Why?

RYAN

Because "Bobby, the administrative assistant" always ends up sharing a cubicle with "Todd in marketing."

BOBBY

Fuck. OK. I'll be Bob.

RYAN

No, man. You don't want to be "Bob." Every single Bob I've ever known was dick of biblical proportions.

TRISTAN

Rob?

BOBBY

Robert?

RYAN

Hello, Robert. I'd like to talk to you about your 401K.

BOBBY

Fuck. Call me Warren.

RYAN

Great. Hey, Warren! On your way to the Viagra Triangle? Don't forget the Axe Body Spray and cherry-flavored condoms.

TRISTAN

You could make them call you Young Master Wheeler.

BOBBY

Fuck it. I'm going to make them call me Bubba.

TRISTAN and RYAN

Bubba!!

RYAN

Genius.

TRISTAN

President Bubba Wheeler by the time you're thirty and a half.

RYAN

*Doing his best Marilyn Monroe impression*

"Happy Birthday to you...

Happy Birthday to you...

Happy Birthday, Mr. President..."

BOBBY

Fuck you. Man. Fuck.

TRISTAN

What?

BOBBY

My birthday's over. I'm twenty-five and I don't even know who I am.

TRISTAN

I've got even more news for you.

BOBBY

What?

TRISTAN

You're thirty.

RYAN

Hello, Grandpa.

BOBBY

Fuck you. You're not that far behind me.

RYAN

I'm still officially a child for another year.

BOBBY

You're twenty-nine.

RYAN

Cosmo says twenty-nine is the new eighteen.

TRISTAN

And Vogue says the brain isn't even fully formed until you're thirty, so...

RYAN

And with all the boiler makers we've had over the years, that development has to have been slowed down by at least six months.

BOBBY

So... I follow a strict regimen of fine liquor and loose women, I can delay adulthood until at least thirty-five.

TRISTAN

And yet, I'm so supposed to man up and marry your sister tomorrow.

BOBBY  
Yep.

RYAN  
Pretty much.

TRISTAN

Fuck you both.

*RYAN flops down on TRISTAN'S bed.*

RYAN  
Man, what the... since when are you wearing patchouli?

BOBBY  
You been messing around with my man, Todd?

RYAN  
Your sheets reek of it.

TRISTAN  
Wendy...

BOBBY  
No, man. Wendy can't stand patchouli. It triggers her migraines.

TRISTAN  
You know what happened? I bought some for my mom. Her birthday. And when I was wrapping it up, I must have spilled some...

BOBBY  
Your mom's birthday was in November.

TRISTAN  
I know.

RYAN  
You haven't washed your sheets since November?

TRISTAN  
Who washes their sheets? Everybody just buys new ones.

RYAN  
When?

TRISTAN  
Every November. For the holidays. You know how organized I am.

Oh. Oh!

RYAN

What?

BOBBY

Nothing.

RYAN

No, what?

BOBBY

I forgot. Man, that patchouli isn't on the sheets. It's my coat. Remember that girl... what's her name?

RYAN

Lola?

BOBBY

No!

TRISTAN and RYAN

No. That was the other girl. This girl had the Trump neck tattoo.

RYAN

She sounds sweet.

BOBBY

Yeah. It's this whole Republican rebellion thing I got going on. Anyway...I must have gotten a little too close and...

RYAN

That shit happens. It does. It totally does. Happen.

TRISTAN

What's going on here?

BOBBY

Nothing.

RYAN and TRISTAN

*BOBBY is slowly putting the pieces together. First pointing at RYAN. Then TRISTAN. Then he smells the sheets.*

Dude, you don't wanna do that...

RYAN

BOBBY  
Where were you last night?

RYAN  
Man, you know I don't kiss and tell.

BOBBY  
Not you, you moron. Tris, you were with Wendy. Right?

TRISTAN  
What's your point?

BOBBY  
Are you letting Ryan use your place to hook up?

RYAN  
Busted! Who wants another...

BOBBY  
Who's it with?

RYAN  
Man...

BOBBY  
It was Angela, wasn't it?

TRISTAN  
Oh, no. Not Angela.

RYAN  
Fuck. No.

BOBBY  
You fucking promised!

TRISTAN  
You promised, dude.

RYAN  
It wasn't Angela. It was--

BOBBY  
Man, I'm not going through this again. You just got your head straight.

RYAN

It was definitely not Angela.

TRISTAN

But if it was, Ryan, it was none of our business. None at all.

BOBBY

It is our business because we're the ones who have to put you back together. Every time, man. She just fucks with your head. And you just go crawling back for more. Back me up, Tristan.

RYAN

Yeah, Tristan. What have you got to say here?

TRISTAN

Man... if you brought Angela here... man... I'm going to need some new sheets before November. Man...

BOBBY

New sheets?

TRISTAN

Man, it's his business...

BOBBY

His business? His business. He couldn't hold down a job for a fucking month. He was so depressed you'd only let him drink lite beer for a week. How many times did he get fired? Lost his fucking apartment. Everything he owned tossed out on the street. All he has to his name is that ratty coat and all you got to say... that's not what you were saying two weeks ago.

TRISTAN

Aw, dude.

RYAN

What? What were you saying two weeks ago?

BOBBY

Tristan thinks your bad choices with women is because you're probably an alcoholic.

RYAN

Seriously? Alcoholic? I spent a week drinking nothing but lite beer! And I'm making bad choices with women?

TRISTAN

Crazy, right? All right. Party's over. Everybody...

RYAN

What do you mean, I'm an alcoholic?

TRISTAN

Nothing, man. Let's all just chill for a minute. Bobby? Bubba? Ry? Come on...

*There's a beat as each of them chills in a separate area.*

RYAN

Smell the bed, bro.

BOBBY

What?

RYAN

Stick your nose in Tristan's fucking sheets and smell the bed.

BOBBY

What? No. Are you insane?

RYAN

Smell his fucking sheets.

BOBBY

Why I gotta smell Tristan's...

*There's another tense beat as BOBBY begins to put two and two together. Then BOBBY lunges for TRISTAN. RYAN steps between them and manages to keep them apart.*

You were with Wendy last night.

TRISTAN

Yes.

BOBBY

Where were you the night before?

TRISTAN

I was... I was... here. I was here.

BOBBY

Why does Ryan want me to smell your disgusting sheets?

TRISTAN

You know what a freakshow he is.

BOBBY

Who was wearing patchouli in your bed the night before last, Tristan?

TRISTAN

I told you --

BOBBY

There's no way your mother is ever going to wear patchouli. It clashes with Jim Beam and Virginia Slims.

TRISTAN

Hey!

BOBBY

Who was she, Tristan?

TRISTAN

Man...

BOBBY

Did you fuck my sister last night after you fucked some diseased, patchouli-soaked, Trump tattooed whore the night before? Did you? Did you? Did you fuck Wendy in those sheets.

TRISTAN

No, man. Come on.

BOBBY

I swear to fucking god, you better tell me --

RYAN

OKOKOKOK, I think everybody gets the picture here.

*BOBBY starts to cry.*

BOBBY

Did you have my sister in those skanky-ass sheets? On my birthday week?

TRISTAN

No. Angela's out of town, so I spent the night over there.

RYAN

Angela's out of town? Did she go somewhere with somebody? I mean... just collecting information, here. Reese? Was it Reese?

TRISTAN

Yeah. That's it. She was with --

BOBBY

Nobody cares about fucking Angela! How could you do this?

TRISTAN

Man, it just happened.

BOBBY

Oh, fuck you! Do you know how many times I've used that line? It never 'just happens!' And it never 'just happens' once.

TRISTAN

Well, in this case --

BOBBY

I never thought in a million years you could do this. Me? Yes. Ryan? Absolutely. But you? Fuck you, Tristan. How could you do this to me?

RYAN

May I just say, I resent the comparison between --

BOBBY

This isn't about you! This is about me!

RYAN

Well, it's a little bit about Tristan. And Wendy. I mean... think of poor Wendy.

BOBBY

Oh, god! Are you ending it with Wendy?

TRISTAN

No! God, no!

BOBBY

And you think you're going to seal the deal with that piece of shit ring?

TRISTAN

It's all I can afford.

*BOBBY goes to TRISTAN'S closet and pulls out a suit. A shirt. A tie. Shoes. Each item is hurled at TRISTAN.*

Man! What the -- Stop! Bobby! Man! Stop!

BOBBY

Here's what's going to happen. You're going to that interview instead of me. I'll call Claudia. And you're going to charm the fucking pants off her. I'm going to call Dad and tell him that we had a heart-to-heart. That the issue is money and that you need a good, steady job before you can propose to Wendy.

TRISTAN

He's going to think Wendy's pregnant.

BOBBY

Then man up and get her fucking pregnant. Do I have to do everything?

RYAN

Eew! Dude! That's your sister!

BOBBY

You know what I mean.

TRISTAN

I don't even know what the job is!

BOBBY

Picking out Claudia's fucking lipstick. Fuck! It doesn't matter. You're going to leave that office tomorrow gainfully employed. And from there, I'm taking you over to Tiffany's and we're going to get a decent ring.

TRISTAN

You know I don't have that kind of money.

BOBBY

Three karats, minimum. And you will pay me back every motherfucking penny. And then I will drag you kicking and screaming over to Wendy's and I will watch you get down on your knees and beg her to marry you. It will be the fucking performance of your life. Make it good. So goddam romantic, Ryan Reynolds would cry.

RYAN

Ryan Reynolds?

BOBBY

He's the cynical one, right? Gosling's the dreamy one, Reynolds is the --

RYAN

Right. That's how you remember it. Reynolds is the cynical one, Gosling's the dreamy one, and this one's the smoldering one.

BOBBY

Nice try. I'm still pissed. You're going to propose tomorrow. And if she says yes, my lips are sealed forever. And then I'm taking you a clinic and pumping you full of Cipro until I see it dripping out of your ass. And THEN, and then. Only then will I let you touch my sister again.

RYAN

This is nuts.

TRISTAN

I got Jack and Jill --

BOBBY

Jack and Jill are dead to you.

RYAN

To be fair, Jack and Jill are pretty much dead to every--

BOBBY

Ryan!

RYAN

Got it. But... but...

BOBBY

But what?

RYAN

You can't force him to marry --

BOBBY

The fuck I can't! You're just not ready, right Tristan? Well, I just fixed that. Didn't I Tristan?

TRISTAN

Jack and Jill --

BOBBY

Buddy, I'm saying this with all a drunken, deeply, deeply, deeply enraged brother can muster. Your music is shit. Nobody is paying you to play.

TRISTAN

I-

RYAN

He's just starting out.

BOBBY

It's been seven years since we graduated. Seven years and nothing. You are geriatric in the music world. The women at your concerts are going to start throwing their diapers at you. It's over, bro. Money? Check. Music? Check. What else you got?

RYAN

Tris, you don't have to --

TRISTAN

Bobby, I'm not ready.

BOBBY

Fine.

*BOBBY pulls out his phone and starts dialing.*

Hey, Wen. Yeah, I know it's late. ... No, everything's OK. ... Actually, no. It's not OK.

RYAN

Don't do this. Bubba!

BOBBY

Fuck you. Wendy? Hey, quick question. How do you feel about patchouli? ... That's right. Migraines. Wait just a sec. Tritan wants to talk to you.

*BOBBY holds the phone out to TRISTAN, who does not want to take it. BOBBY goes back to the phone.*

Oh. He's in the bathroom. Yeah. He's got something pretty important to tell you. ... No, I don't think it can wait.

*Again, BOBBY tries to force TRISTAN to take the phone. RYAN snatches the phone out of BOBBY's hand...*

RYAN

Hey, Wendy! 'S up? It's Ryan. ... Yeah. We're having a good night out with the man here. Rocking Bobby's birthday. ... So, ... I hear Angela's out of --

*BOBBY snatches the phone away from RYAN. RYAN holds the phone out to TRISTAN. TRISTAN falls to his knees.*

TRISTAN  
*mouth*

Please.

BOBBY

Yeah. Looks like he's going to be in there for a few minutes. ... You know Tristan. Can't hold his liquor. ... Yeah. Well. ... Patchouli. Yeah. So, I don't want to ruin any big surprise, but ... Tristan bought you some patchouli and ... I know. I tried to tell him you hate that shit, but he just wouldn't believe me. He thinks it's like super elegant. ... I know, right? ... Yep. That was it. ... Yeah, it's been great. Thirty. ... Yeah, thanks. Fits great. ... Hey! Thanks Angela!

RYAN

Angela?

BOBBY

Gotta go bye.

*BOBBY ends the call.*

TRISTAN

So... Angela's back. Cool.

RYAN

Yeah.

TRISTAN

She meant nothing.

RYAN

Just... Just to be clear... It wasn't --

TRISTAN

It wasn't Angela.

RYAN

Cool.

BOBBY

Who was it?

TRISTAN

I'm not proud --

BOBBY

I didn't ask if you were proud. Who was she?

RYAN

Do we know her?

BOBBY

Dude! No one – No one in this room – is interested in Angela. Are they? Are they?!

RYAN

I'm just trying to help.

TRISTAN

You don't – I mean, you met her, but you don't really know her.

BOBBY

Who?

TRISTAN

Trump tattoo.

RYAN

How could you? I love her!

BOBBY

That's just perfect.

TRISTAN

She said she was into owning a lib, and...

RYAN

And she did?

TRISTAN

Kinda. Like... hard. Like...Mm!

RYAN

Well, if it was like...Mm! Come on. It's Tristan. It was... Mm! Cut the kid some slack.

*RYAN and BOBBY burst out laughing.*

You know...

RYAN, BOBBY, and TRISTAN

Mm!

RYAN

Seriously, bro. I was going to marry her.

BOBBY

Yeah, that'd show Angela.

RYAN

Do you think? Because I was just joking, but...

BOBBY

Fuck off.

TRISTAN

You know it meant nothing. Dude. With the number of girls you... You know it meant --

BOBBY

I know. But I still meant what I said about your music.

TRISTAN

Ry, come on man. Back me up.

RYAN

The man is your brother, dude. He speaks the truth.

TRISTAN

What?

RYAN

Your music sucks hemorrhoids, buddy. Sorry.

TRISTAN

Fuck.

RYAN

Bloody ones.

BOBBY  
Eeww!

TRISTAN  
Aw, man.

BOBBY

Dude. Where's the Jack?

TRISTAN

Over there.

*BOBBY staggers across the room and finds some shot glasses. He tosses one to TRISTAN. Then he finds the bottle of Jack Daniels and joins TRISTAN on the floor, leaned against the bed. RYAN lies on the bed facing between TRISTAN and BOBBY.*

RYAN

What about me?

I'm cutting you off. BOBBY

Why? RYAN

BOBBY  
Because one more shot of anything and you're going to slobbering all over everything and begging us to stop you from calling Angela.

RYAN  
I will not! Not true. Not... not really true.

BOBBY  
Oh, it's true.

TRISTAN  
He's right.

RYAN  
I may be wanting to call Angela, but -

BOBBY  
Ha!

RYAN  
But I will not be slobbering. Those days are over.

BOBBY  
Glad to hear it.

RYAN  
Give me a shot.

BOBBY  
Nope. This one is just for me and Tristan.

*BOBBY pours two shots.*

Tristan. You are my brother. And with this shot, I thee... brotherize you. 'Til death us do part.

TRISTAN  
And with this shot, I brotherize thee.

BOBBY

And now? By the power invested in me my Grandpa Wheeler and the Wheeler family fortune, I know pronounce us brothers for life.

*Beat.*

RYAN

Kiss him.

*TRISTAN and BOBBY bust out laughing.*

BOBBY

Aw man. Why you gotta fuck it all up like that? We were having a moment.

RYAN

One that felt like it needed a kiss.

BOBBY

Naw.

RYAN

A little tongue. A little nipple action. Brothers do that for each other. Right?

BOBBY

No.

TRISTAN

Not even a little bit.

RYAN

OK. I never had a brother, so... It's cool. It's cool.

BOBBY

No tongue action, but I'll tell you what...

*BOBBY gets up and dials a number on his phone.*

RYAN

No. Don't man. Don't.

TRISTAN

What?

RYAN

He's calling Angela.

TRISTAN

Bobby, no.

BOBBY

... Voicemail... Hello? Yeah, this is Roberto Wheeler. Claudia, I'm just calling to let you know that I won't be coming in for my interview. But I've got this buddy who is perfect for the job.

TRISTAN

Aw, man...

BOBBY

I mean, he doesn't know anything about lipstick and shit, but he's a real fast learner. Super interested in human resources. And as for special skills... he's not the son of your boss, but he is a very special friend of the family, and I know my dad would consider it a personal favor if you would meet with him. So, Ryan will be in at ten.

RYAN

What the...

BOBBY

He'll be perfect for the job. I'll ask my dad – your boss – to call you after the meeting to discuss the details. So... um... yeah.

*BOBBY ends the call.*

I think I'm going to go by Roberto from now on.

TRISTAN

Just professionally, of course.

BOBBY

Of course.

RYAN

Dude! What the fuck?

TRISTAN

Yeah. What the fuck?

BOBBY

Oh, we're still doing all the rest of that shit. You're marrying Wendy and becoming my brother legally. Right?

TRISTAN

Yeah. OK.

RYAN

Man, I already got a job.

BOBBY

Ryan, the time's come for you to grow up, my man. Time to get a real job and some clothes that fit. And maybe a shower once in a while.

RYAN

Fuck you.

BOBBY

This was it, gents. The last night of boydom. As of right now... we are men.

TRISTAN

But, what's Claudia going to think?

BOBBY

Fuck Claudia.

RYAN

I probably will.

BOBBY and TRISTAN

Yeah.

TRISTAN

Now, I'd like to propose a toast.

*TRISTAN tosses BOBBY and RYAN the last beers from their individual six-packs.*

TRISTAN

To us. We are the Great American Hope. We're fucked up and immature, basically over-ripe toddlers with credit cards and access to recreational chemicals. But... we know what's right, and we're standing up and we're doing it. It's taking us a minute. But we're gonna get there. Here's to you guys.

*All three of them down their beers in one gulp.*

RYAN

Angela!!!

*RYAN bursts into tears as BOBBY and TRISTAN start laughing and can't stop as the lights fade to black.*

END OF PLAY