

Excerpt

IDENTITY CRISIS

A comedy

by

Peter Snoad

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IDENTITY CRISIS

CHARACTERS

(Requires 2F, 2M actors)

ALAN GUTHRIE, early 30's, white*

DAVID GUTHRIE, white, his identical twin brother*

MARCIA SILVERSTEIN, early 30's, white, Alan's fiancée

FRANKIE WHITE, early 30's, black, Alan's old college roommate**

SYLVIA SILVERSTEIN, late 50's-60's, white, Marcia's Mom

MAX SILVERSTEIN, late 50's-60's, Marcia's Dad**

**Played by the same actor*

*** Played by the same actor*

NOTE: Frankie/Max must be played by an actor of African heritage.

SETTING

The living room of Alan's apartment in Long Island, New York.

TIME

The present

SET REQUIREMENTS

There is a single unit set.

ACT ONESCENE ONE

The living room of ALAN'S modest and somewhat funky apartment. The eclectic furnishings include a mirror on one wall. There are four doors leading off: one to the front door, one to the kitchen, one to the main bedroom and bathroom, and one to the spare room/study. A framed photograph of ALAN and FRANKIE in their college days stands on a side table next to the phone. At rise, there is no one on stage. The phone rings.

MARCIA

(Off)
Can you get that?

ALAN

(Off)
Not right now.

MARCIA

(Off)
Honey, please!

ALAN dashes in. He's naked except for his underpants. He sports a Ted Nugent-style mustache. One half of his face is covered in shaving cream. He grabs the phone.

ALAN

Hello? David! Where are you, man?...Shit, man, that sucks. So what time are you guys getting in?... Okay, well, take a cab straight to the restaurant.....What? Oh man, really?...No, no, I understand, totally, it's just, you know, it's disappointing I mean... Yeah, okay, yeah. See you soon. Bye.

As he puts down the phone, MARCIA enters. She wears a stunning evening outfit.

MARCIA

What do you think?

ALAN
It's great.

MARCIA
Great?

ALAN
Yeah, it's hot.

MARCIA
You're just saying that.

ALAN
Listen, lady, if you play your cards right...

MARCIA
(Playfully pushing him away)
Get dressed.

He exits to the bathroom. She checks her appearance in a mirror.

Who was that on the phone?

ALAN
(Off)
David. His flight's delayed. It's windier than usual in Chicago.

MARCIA
Are they going to make it to the dinner?

ALAN
(Off)
He'll be a little late.

MARCIA
He? What do you mean?
(Beat. He doesn't respond.)
Alan?

ALAN enters, putting on a shirt.

ALAN
Michael's not coming.

MARCIA
Why not?

ALAN
He's too conflicted.

MARCIA
I thought he was over that whole heterosexual hegemony thing.

ALAN
Apparently not. He loves us dearly but—

MARCIA
We can tie the knot and they can't. I mean, really?

The doorbell rings. MARCIA glances at her watch.

Tie.

ALAN
Tie.

ALAN exits to the bedroom.

MARCIA
(Calling after him)
NOT THE KOALA BEARS!
(Towards the front door)
Come in, Mom, it's open!

SYLVIA enters.

SYLVIA
Oh Marcia, honey, look at you. You look gorgeous!

MARCIA
You look pretty good yourself.

SYLVIA
That is a great color on you.

MARCIA
You think?

SYLVIA
It brings out your eyes.

MARCIA
It does, doesn't it.

SYLVIA
And the earrings are perfect.

MARCIA
Thanks.

SYLVIA
Not the shoes.

MARCIA
I love these shoes.

SYLVIA
They're hump-me pumps.

MARCIA
Don't do this.

SYLVIA
Marcia, you're a bride. Brides do not wear hump-me pumps.

MARCIA
Mom—

SYLVIA
Even at the rehearsal dinner. You need something elegant.

MARCIA
These are elegant.

SYLVIA
Hump-me pumps are not elegant.

MARCIA
Well, I like them and I'm wearing them.

SYLVIA
Fine, if you want your Uncle Mordy grabbing your ass all evening.
Where's Alan?

Dressing.

MARCIA

(Yelling)

Alan! We're going to be late.

SYLVIA

(Off)

I'll be right there.

ALAN

SYLVIA

If he's late tomorrow, I'll fry his balls and feed them to the crows.

MARCIA

Will you please cool it?

ALAN enters wearing a suit and his koala bear tie.

MARCIA

Sweetheart.

ALAN

What?

MARCIA

I just said—

SYLVIA

It's adorable!

MARCIA

It's not right for the rehearsal dinner.

SYLVIA

(To ALAN)

And it's a statement, right?

ALAN

I just like it.

SYLVIA

What's not to like, you cuddly little koala you. Let's go.

MARCIA

This is not okay.

SYLVIA

You're wearing your hump-me pumps. He's wearing his fondle-me tie.

MARCIA

(With unlikely venom)

I hate that tie!

(Beat)

Okay, I don't hate it, but it's not right for this evening. Okay? I mean, why is that such a problem?

ALAN

It's not a problem. I'll change it.

SYLVIA

Do you have another tie?

ALAN

Sure.

MARCIA

Not the flying toasters.

ALAN

Okay, so the purple paisley thing.

SYLVIA

With that suit? Oi!

The phone rings. ALAN answers it.

ALAN

Alan's Tie-Dye Emporium...Frankie! Hey dude, what's going on?...I know, man, it's crazy, I can't believe it's been so long...

MARCIA signals urgently that they have to go.

Listen, man, we're kind of running late here, so, er...What?

SYLVIA exits. MARCIA indicates that she needs to interrupt him.

ALAN (CONT.)

Frankie. Hold on a moment, okay?

MARCIA

We'll take Mom's car, you follow in ours.

ALAN

Sure.

MARCIA

Like, immediately?

ALAN

I'll be there.

MARCIA exits.

(Into the phone)

Listen, man, I really gotta go, we'll talk at the restaurant....What do you mean it can't wait?...Yes, I'm alone...You're what, you're outside?.... No, no, no, stay there, I'll be right out... Frankie? Frankie! Shit!

He puts down the phone, and exits to the bedroom, tearing off his koala bear tie as he goes. The doorbell rings.

(Off)

It's open!

FRANKIE enters. He's dressed formally, as if for the rehearsal dinner. ALAN re-enters, putting on his purple paisley tie. He greets FRANKIE as if meeting him for the first time.

ALAN

Hi.

FRANKIE

Hi.

ALAN

Who are you?

FRANKIE
(Disappointed)
Oh man.

ALAN
Where's Frankie?

FRANKIE
I'm Frankie.

ALAN
I'm talking about Frankie White.

FRANKIE
I am Frankie White. Don't call the cops, okay.

ALAN
Why would I call the cops?

FRANKIE
Look at me.

ALAN
Are you a friend of his or...?

FRANKIE
Alan. It's me. Frankie.

ALAN
I'm sorry, I don't have time for this—

FRANKIE
Your old college roommate—

ALAN
(Calling in the direction of the front door)
FRANKIE!

FRANKIE
And your best man.

ALAN
Where is he?

FRANKIE
“You just keep thinkin' Butch. That's what you're good at.”

ALAN
Okay. We are leaving right now.

FRANKIE
“Who are those guys?”

ALAN
Let’s go.

FRANKIE
“Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid”, your all-time favorite movie.

ALAN
Is that right?

FRANKIE
That’s right.
(Beat.)

ALAN
The posse had an Indian tracker.

FRANKIE
Lord Baltimore.

ALAN
Who was the marshal with the white hat?

FRANKIE
Joe Lefors.

ALAN
Let me guess: Frankie also told you about the mole on my ass.

FRANKIE
Shaped like a mole, same color as a mole, just call me Mole-asses!
(He chuckles. Beat.)

ALAN
You’re Frankie’s cousin.

FRANKIE
No.

ALAN

Frankie had an uncle who married a black woman—

FRANKIE

Asian.

ALAN

No, no, she was black.

FRANKIE

Vietnamese. Speaking of cousins, how's Leslie doing?

ALAN

Leslie?

FRANKIE

Your cousin, Leslie Fink. Who hated her last name and wanted to change it but couldn't figure out what to change it to.

ALAN

And?

FRANKIE

Come on, man, it almost killed you. We're swimming across Echo Lake and I say to you, Leslie likes her first name so why doesn't she just double it and make it Leslie Leslie? Like Major Major in "Catch 22"? And you think that's the funniest damn thing you ever heard, and you are laughing so hard you swallow a bunch of water and suddenly you start to sink and you're flailing around and you have this amazed look on your face, like, damn, I'm going to drown, on this beautiful summer's day in Vermont, I am going to drown. And the only reason you don't is because I am there, as usual, to save your sorry pink ass.

ALAN

That's it, that's your first mistake right there!

FRANKIE

What?

ALAN

No way would Frankie remember that kind of detail.

FRANKIE

Because?

ALAN

You tell me.

FRANKIE

Oh you mean, because we were stoned out of our gourds.

ALAN

Were we?

FRANKIE

Sure we were. But that stuff you grew in Vermont, man—Green Mountain Gold—that was unusual, that was exceptional. Clean and clear and just...wow...I mean, you could remember anything about anything. Well, pretty much.

ALAN

Who the hell are you?

FRANKIE

And the perfume, man, the perfume of those buds....

ALAN

Where is Frankie?

FRANKIE

Those were the days, man.

ALAN

Where is he?

FRANKIE

Smoke a little doobie, go for a swim, pig out at The Real Scoop.

ALAN

You better tell me where Frankie is or I am calling the cops.

FRANKIE points to a scar just above his right eye.

FRANKIE

Graduation party. That Zorro thing with the barbecue forks. Don't tell me you don't remember.

(Beat.)

Feel it.

(ALAN hesitates.)

FRANKIE (CONT.)

Go on. Feel the scar.

ALAN slowly crosses to FRANKIE. He's about to touch the scar but steps back.

ALAN

Oh my God.

FRANKIE

What?

ALAN

You know me, man, I'm up for anything but this, this is like...this is offensive.

FRANKIE

What is?

ALAN

You come to my wedding in black face? What the hell were you thinking?

FRANKIE

This is not black face.

ALAN

Oh right, so what, you've turned black?

FRANKIE

Yes.

ALAN

You have turned black. You are now a black man.

FRANKIE

Yes.

ALAN

Oh Jesus. You know what—

FRANKIE

Rub it. See if the black comes off.

(Beat. ALAN hesitates)

I'm serious, do it.

ALAN moves tentatively towards
FRANKIE, then backs off.

ALAN

(Gesticulating at what he thinks are hidden cameras)
Okay, where are you? Hell—oo! You know how much I hate reality TV?
It's mindless moronic garbage! Why did Marcia do this to me? I mean, a
roast is a roast, but this...Or was it your idea, this little tableau?

FRANKIE rolls up a shirt sleeve, and
extends his arm invitingly. ALAN stays
motionless. Slowly, reluctantly, ALAN
crosses to FRANKIE and touches his skin.
A slight pause. He turns away, shaking his
head.

No.

FRANKIE

Yes.

ALAN

You can't be white and become black!

FRANKIE

I'm not the only one.

ALAN

Oh right, it's happening all over.

FRANKIE

Across the country and around the world. Of course, the whole Obama
thing kind of accelerated the process.

ALAN

Of course.

FRANKIE

I mean, it's a natural progression, when you think about it. White folks
have pretended to be black for years. Talking black, playing black music.
Dancing black. You got any idea what you look like dancing black? I
mean, I don't want to depress you right before your wedding, but it is sad,
it is pitiful. And when I think I did that shit myself! Man!

(Beat.)

ALAN

It really is you.

FRANKIE

Yes, it is.

ALAN

But it can't be, I mean...

(Beat)

What are you up to? Are you still doing the software thing?

FRANKIE

Same company. Survived the recession so far.

ALAN

Great, great. So how did they...react when...?

FRANKIE

Blew 'em away. At first. But we have this transgender guy in the office who'd made the change so that helped.

ALAN

Oh right.

(Slight pause.)

I can't deal with this.

FRANKIE

That's why I wanted to see you before the dinner. Give you some time to adjust.

ALAN

ADJUST! I'm getting married tomorrow and my best man, who's been white as long as I've known him, is now black?

FRANKIE

It doesn't have to be a problem.

ALAN

It's going to freak people out!

FRANKIE

But not because I'm black?

ALAN

No, because you're no longer white! You know what I mean.

Hold it. FRANKIE

What? ALAN

(Taking ALAN's face between his hands)
Stay still. FRANKIE

What? What is it? ALAN

(Peering into his eyes)
Look directly in front of you. FRANKIE

What are you doing? ALAN

Don't move your eyes. It's started. FRANKIE

Started? What's started? ALAN

The transition. FRANKIE

What do you mean? ALAN

You're becoming black. FRANKIE

Don't mess with me, man. ALAN

I'm serious. The little spots on your eyes. FRANKIE

Spots? What spots? ALAN

ALAN rushes to the mirror.

FRANKIE

It's the first sign.

ALAN

(Looking in the mirror)

I don't see any spots.

FRANKIE

Tiny black spots around your iris.

ALAN

(Seeing them)

That could be anything, an infection, aging, like liver spots on your hands.
I mean, we're not getting any younger.

(Beat.)

Seriously?

FRANKIE

Seriously.

ALAN

How long?

FRANKIE

Until when?

ALAN

Until I'm black.

FRANKIE

You mean, until you have black skin?

ALAN

Yes!!

FRANKIE

Okay, okay. I thought maybe you were talking about black identity. Because that is a whole other dimension, man, and it takes years, I mean, it's basically a lifetime project. And totally fascinating, it will blow your socks off, it has for me, and I'm barely out of diapers myself. The thing is, when you start out, you think you have some idea, right? You've read your Walter Mosley and your Henry Louis Gates, and you've watched all those documentaries on PBS, and you are totally down with Kanye West or whoever it is. Except it's nothing, man. You don't know shit, you are nowhere, you might as well be on Mars. And you feel soooo stupid. Like

FRANKIE (CONT.)

you want to crawl into a hole somewhere and never come out. See, I can help you avoid some of that—

ALAN

How long?

FRANKIE

Hard to say, it's a process.

ALAN

How long?

FRANKIE

Anywhere from two hours to two weeks.

ALAN

I could be black in two hours?!

FRANKIE

Yes.

ALAN

This is not happening.

FRANKIE

It's happening.

ALAN

No way, no—

FRANKIE

Alan—

ALAN

I can't turn black now!

FRANKIE

I know, the timing is terrible.

ALAN

I'm getting married, man!

FRANKIE

Black people do marry. It has been known.

ALAN

What do I do? I mean, there's gotta be some way to stop it, right? Or delay it, reschedule it, I mean, I don't know, like ...

FRANKIE

Take a pill?

ALAN

Don't give me shit, man, okay? I can not be black on my wedding day!

FRANKIE

Why not?

ALAN

Because.

FRANKIE

Because why?

ALAN

Because Max, my soon-to-be father-in-law, is a fucking racist, okay!? That's not true. He's a real good guy, real generous, does a lot for the community. It's just that he's kind of tribal, in that old school way, like he doesn't approve of....He thinks people should stick with their own kind.

FRANKIE

He don't want no swamp nigger messin' with his little girl.

ALAN

I wouldn't put it quite like that but yeah.

FRANKIE

That's it?

ALAN

It is kind of a deal-breaker.

FRANKIE

Is it?

ALAN's cell phone rings. He answers it.

ALAN

(To MARCIA, on the phone)

Hi honey....No, I'm still here, I started feeling kinda sick, well not sick exactly....No, no fever, just yukky, you know?....Stress! Of course, I

ALAN (CONT.)

mean, what could possibly be more stressful...Babe! I'll be fine, really, I'll just chill here for a while and then join you guys for dessert, okay?...I will ...I love you, too.

(He ends the call.)

What the hell am I going to do?

FRANKIE

Like I said, it's a process.

ALAN

Which might take only two hours!

FRANKIE

It's your new reality, man. You gotta learn to own it, accept it.

ALAN

Accept it?!

FRANKIE

Alan. You've got no choice. It's inevitable.

ALAN

No, no, that is death and taxes, that is not this. Anyway, I don't believe it, okay? I don't. It's absurd!

FRANKIE

This can't happen to white people.

ALAN

No. It's just—

FRANKIE

That's what I mean by process. Overcoming the fear and the dread and the entitlement that's the white in you, and discovering and nurturing and affirming the self-actualizing black in you. But that doesn't happen overnight, man. You gotta take it in stages. First, we work on changing the channels, get your mind and your body prepared and receptive. And to do that, we start with some simple relaxation exercises—

ALAN

You want me to do yoga?!

FRANKIE

And then we'll move on to some guided imagery—

ALAN

Listen, man, listen to me, okay? I am not going to be black. There is no reason in the world for me to be black, it will not happen, period.

FRANKIE

Denial. Typical first reaction and perfectly normal.

ALAN

Normal? Nothing about this is normal!

FRANKIE

Alan, you're going to be fine. I will be right there with you every step of the way.

ALAN

You don't understand, dude, this is not about...I have to marry Marcia, okay? I mean, I want to, I love her, she's amazing, and she wants to marry me and make babies, which is even more amazing. It's just that I can't screw this up. My whole future is wrapped up with her.

FRANKIE

Growing dope?

ALAN

No, no, man, I'm done with that.

FRANKIE

Really?

ALAN

Yeah. Commercially. Okay, you know I've always had this thing about organic produce being, like, only for rich people?

FRANKIE

Yeah, you charged four hundred dollars an ounce.

ALAN

Veggies, man, I'm talking about veggies. If you're poor, you can't afford to buy organic anything and there's no store in your neighborhood that carries it anyway. All you got is a bunch of fast food joints that make you fat and diabetic. Which is totally unfair, because everyone should be able to eat healthy, right?

FRANKIE

Right.

ALAN

And farmers' markets are great, but they only reach a very small number of people. So we are going to set up a marketing service for organic growers to get their stuff directly, at affordable prices, into Mom-and-Pop stores in poor neighborhoods. How cool is that.

FRANKIE

Who's we?

ALAN

Max and me. I mentioned it one day, we were just shooting the shit, and suddenly—boom!—he's all over it. He thinks it's brilliant, he thinks I'm a genius. He's setting up a whole new division of his wholesale produce company and putting me in charge.

FRANKIE

You?

ALAN

I know. This is it, man. I haven't done legal paid work since I was a camp counselor. I am so psyched! You know what this means to me, man? Have you any idea what this means to me? I can be socially useful.

FRANKIE

But not if you're black.

ALAN

Exactly! In this case, I'm not saying—

FRANKIE

No, no, of course not.

ALAN

Oh man, I want this so bad. I mean, look at the package. I have this beautiful woman who adores me, a father-in-law who wants to invest in me, and this whole organics-for-all thing? The stars are aligned, man. It's perfect.

FRANKIE

So go for it.

ALAN

Are you crazy? What if I'm walking down the aisle and I turn black?

FRANKIE

Oh yeah!

ALAN

Frankie!

FRANKIE

It'll make you a star on YouTube. Look, man, everything in life is a risk, and if you truly love Marcia—

ALAN

No, no, you know me, I am not a lucky man.

FRANKIE

You've never been busted.

ALAN

I'm talking about relationships. I always find a way to fuck 'em up.

FRANKIE

And how's she going to feel if you back out now?

ALAN

She'll understand.

FRANKIE

Or she'll think you care more about yourself than you do about her.
(Beat.)

ALAN

Oh man. What am I going to do?

FRANKIE

Well, it's not like you've got a ton of choices. I mean, you either marry her tomorrow or you don't.

ALAN

David.

FRANKIE

David?

ALAN

David!

FRANKIE

You're not thinking what I think you're thinking?

ALAN

Why not, man? He's my brother.

FRANKIE

That is crazy, man, that is totally insane—

ALAN

He'll do anything for me.

FRANKIE

Not this.

ALAN

David will do anything for me.

FRANKIE

Is he still white?

ALAN

Of course he is! He has to be. He lives in Chicago.

FRANKIE

It's a cop-out.

ALAN

No, no, no—

FRANKIE

It's a cop-out.

ALAN

It's the perfect solution. And you know something else, man? It'll be fun. We'll have a blast. It'll be like the old days.

(Fiddling with his mustache)

Of course, this'll have to come off. God, it's been years.

FRANKIE

You are one perverse sonofabitch, you know that?

ALAN

Oh, come on, man—

FRANKIE

No, no, think for a moment, okay? Think what you're asking me to do, never mind Marcia and David—

ALAN

We made a pact.

FRANKIE

What?

ALAN

You and me, on the top of Putney Mountain. You remember, we built this pile of stones, what do you call that, it's Celtic or Druid or something...

FRANKIE

A cairn.

ALAN

We built a cairn. And we did this ritual, we poured elderberry wine that Lavinia made, you know, the quilter lady, it was undrinkable crap—we poured that over the cairn, and we chanted for like, hours, in the rain. I don't know what the fuck we said, we were totally ripped, but it was poetic, like a divine language, like we were charged by the gods, and we swore a sacred oath that we would always be there for each other, come hell or high water, totally and forever until death do us part.

FRANKIE

I don't remember any of that.

ALAN

This is it, man, this is the time to honor our pact, okay? I need you, man. I need you to pledge your total unconditional unqualified support for this project.

FRANKIE

Sure.

ALAN

Really?

FRANKIE

Marcia and David are never going to agree to it anyway.

MARCIA enters. She's excited.

MARCIA

(To ALAN)

Sweetie, you are not going to believe this—

(To FRANKIE, seeing him)

Hi.

FRANKIE
Hi.

ALAN
Babe, this is Frankie.

MARCIA
Your old college roommate and your best man. You do exist.

FRANKIE
I do.

ALAN
He does.

MARCIA
I'm Marcia. I'm so pleased to finally meet you.

FRANKIE
It's great to meet you, too.

MARCIA
(To ALAN)
How you feeling, sweetie?

ALAN
Better.

MARCIA
You're very pale.

ALAN
I am?

MARCIA
That is not a good thing.

ALAN
No, but I feel, you know...

MARCIA
Good. And you guys, you have been seriously out of touch.

FRANKIE
It's been a few years.

Lots to catch up on. MARCIA

Yeah. FRANKIE

(To ALAN)
Honey, there's something I need to tell you before we go back to the restaurant. MARCIA

(Indicating he's willing to leave)
I can, er— FRANKIE

No, no, stay. Please. ALAN
(To MARCIA)
I've got something to tell you, too.

What? MARCIA

You first. ALAN

No, no, go ahead. MARCIA

Okay, well... ALAN
(Slight pause. He's not quite sure how to say this.)

Has someone died? MARCIA

What? ALAN

You look so grim. MARCIA

No, no, it's nothing like that, it's...well, it's.... ALAN

MARCIA

What? What is it?

ALAN

Do you notice anything different about me?

MARCIA

Like what?

ALAN

My eyes?

MARCIA

(Looking into his eyes)

They look like always—gorgeous little pools of nutmeg brown.

ALAN

Nothing unusual?

MARCIA

No... Well, there are a couple of tiny little black spots in your left eye. They're in your right eye, too. Oh my God.

ALAN

It's okay—

MARCIA

Your Grandma Bridget had glaucoma at forty-five—

ALAN

I am not going blind.

MARCIA

But have you seen someone—?

ALAN

My eyes are fine, trust me.

MARCIA

Well, what is it then?

ALAN

I'm in the process of becoming black.

MARCIA

You're what?

ALAN
 I'm turning black.
 (Beat.)

MARCIA
 (Bursts out laughing)
 That is so great! Oh my God, where did you get that, The Daily Show?
 What's-his-name, Larry something, the Senior Black Correspondent, that
 guy kills me. Turning black! That is like so post-Obama.

FRANKIE
 Yes it is.

ALAN
 I'm serious.

MARCIA
 (To FRANKIE)
 You ever played poker with this guy?

ALAN
 In two hours, I could be a black man.

MARCIA
 My fantasy come true!

ALAN
 It starts with the eyes, with the little black spots.

MARCIA
 Whatever you guys have been smoking, I want some.

ALAN
 I have never been so straight in my life.
 (Beat.)

MARCIA
 Hey, guys...
 (Beat.)
 You're serious? You're not serious?

They nod.

But it's impossible. Physically, biologically....

ALAN

It happened to Frankie.

FRANKIE

It did.

ALAN

In college he was white, and now he's black.

MARCIA

And hey presto, I'm Puerto Rican.

ALAN

This is for real.

FRANKIE

I can show you photos.

MARCIA

I've seen them.

FRANKIE

You have?

MARCIA

(Picking up the framed picture from the side table and referring to it)

When I came in and I saw you, I thought, it's not him, it can't be. But now, looking at you, there is a resemblance. God, this is like the *National Inquirer*. You know what? I read about this. I was in the checkout line, and I read this article—in the *Inquirer*—but I was like, sure, that and “Baby Born With Six Heads”....

(Beat. To FRANKIE)

When did you—?

FRANKIE

Nine months ago. The change can happen gradually—with me, it was a couple of weeks.

ALAN

But it could be two hours.

MARCIA

Oh my God.

ALAN
Max would go ballistic.

MARCIA
You have no idea.

ALAN
What do you mean?

MARCIA
Frankie doesn't know Max, how extreme he can be.

ALAN
Max'll come round eventually. I mean, he has to, he's your Dad, and if it happens after we're married, what's he gonna do? I'll be part of the tribe, the whole mishpocha. Besides which, we have a plan.

FRANKIE
He has a plan.

ALAN
You're gonna love it.

FRANKIE
You're gonna hate it.

ALAN
It's brilliant, and it's foolproof.

The lights fade.