

Your Sister's Sister

Jack is depressed and has his head against the wall, when Iris comes in.

Jack: Oh boy.

Iris: How'd that go for you? When you wrote it, how did you see that actually playing out for you?

Jack: I will say this: Some parties are forgettable. You know what I mean? But I gotta say, this party—

Iris: *(overlapping)* —had great guacamole and amazing public speaking.

Jack: Great public speaking. They will remember it!

Iris: You gotta stop. You know that, right?

Jack: Oh, this is...this is that moment—

Iris: *(overlapping)* This is your intervention.

Jack: —isn't it? This is...this is hard Iris.

Iris: I miss you. I miss my friend. I know you're sad. I'm sad too.

Jack: Yeah. You know what I always think about? I think about, like, you are...that must have been so hard for you, to leave Tom. That fucking guy loved you, man! You are...but you were right. And you were so brave and you were so right.

Iris: It wasn't right with us.

Jack: No, it wasn't right with you guys, but that's okay. *(he pauses)* Can I tell you something? I turned down the Trinity job.

Iris: Why?

Jack: I don't want to go to Trinity and show them who I am right now because they'll never hire me again, and so that almost means, like, I don't want to go to another party and show them who I am right now, and I don't want to go to a girl and show her who I am right now.

Iris: You're a mess.

Jack: Well...

Iris: I've been watching you for a year now, and whatever you're doing, and whatever you think is helping you, I have a responsibility as your friend to tell you that it's not.

Jack: I knew this was coming.

Iris: *(all overlapping)* Okay.

Jack: Just tell me what to do.

Iris: Okay.

Jack: That's basically where I'm at.

Iris: Okay.

Jack: Just tell me what...

Iris: All right.

Jack: You know better than I do. You know I...I don't know what the fuck I'm... *(he trails off)*

Iris: I know. I have a plan.

Jack: You have a plan?

Iris: I just want you to hear me out. It's just a plan right now.

Jack: I love your plans.

Iris: You might not love this one, but just hear me out. You know that nice red bicycle that you have?

Jack: Yes.

Iris: What you're gonna do...you're gonna dust off Old Red, you're gonna wheel him out of the shed, and you're gonna get on a ferry. I'm sending you to my Dad's place. You know my Dad's place on the island? It's beautiful in the winter. It's idyllic and crisp and peaceful and—

Jack: *(interrupting)* —like...by beautiful you mean rainy and cold?

Iris: I'm sorry, I got so distracted because all I heard was pissing and moaning.

Jack: Right. Sorry. I'm not pissing. I'm not pissing and moaning! I'm done. I'm done!

Iris: You just need some headspace, okay?

Jack: Okay.

Iris: Okay.