

SCENE ONE

(A spotlight on the NARRATOR. He sits cross-legged facing out to the audience. Most of THE NARRATOR'S lines should be directed towards the audience unless otherwise specified.)

NARRATOR

Hello, and welcome everyone. As you might have guessed from the title, this play is about a man named Doug Stevens. More specifically, the Final Day of Doug Stevens. You heard that right. By the end of the show, Doug will be dead. *(beat.)* Heavy stuff, isn't it? Someone's death. Doug's death. Makes you think. *(beat.)* But not *too* much, I hope! We aim to provide a fun and family-friendly experience for everyone out there in the audience! *(beat.)* Juuuust kidding! This is some sad shit! I sincerely hope you haven't brought your kids. Unless, of course, you'd like them to learn the harsh realities of death at an early age. If that's the case, then this is the show for you. *(beat.)* Well, at any rate, I've been talking long enough. I believe it's about time he gets up.

(The sound of an alarm blares. We are in THE BEDROOM. There is a bed, a dresser, and a sink with a mirror. The mirror does not have glass in it, just a frame. Spotlight on DOUG, in his bed. He yawns, snoozes his alarm, and rolls over. A loud grunt and snore issue from the bed.)

Oh, okay, never mind. He's snoozing it. I mean jeez, dude. It's the last day of your life, you'd think you might want to make the most of it. *(beat.)* Although, I suppose he doesn't know that. Let's give him a little nudge, shall we?

(The alarm goes off again. DOUG sits up, huffs, and shuts off the alarm. He gets up and begins getting dressed & making the bed in a manner reminiscent of a petulant toddler.)

There we go. Atta boy Dougie, rise and shine!

(DOUG meanders to the mirror and begins fixing his hair NARRATOR looks through the other side of the empty frame.)

If you're wondering how this works, I'm the narrator, so he can't see me. He can't hear me. Check this out. Doug! Douuuuug! DOUG! (*DOUG picks his teeth and shows no response to his name being called.*) Unless, of course, I want him to. (*NARRATOR mimes tapping on where the glass would be. DOUG jumps and looks over his shoulder, then back in the mirror.*) Not over there, buddy. Ah, that's a bit closer. Good try.

(DOUG steps away from the mirror, still a bit spooked, and begins getting dressed. He puts on a collared shirt, slacks, and a tie, and returns to the mirror to adjust the tie and his hair.)

It dawns on me that you all don't really know anything about dear ol' Doug— besides... y'know... (*mimes slicing his own neck.*) So let's catch you up to speed. (*NARRATOR produces notecards and begins reading off of them in a sing-songy, advertisement-esque voice.*) Doug Stevens is thirty-five years old. He works in the HR department of the legal firm of Marcus, Marcus, and Wilkes, which is just a short walk away from his moderately priced apartment complex. Never married, no kids, one sibling— a sister. He enjoys activities such as playing pickleball, watching science fiction movies, and though he would never publicly admit it, drinking those sugary mocha swirl beverages from a certain unnamed coffee chain. (*in an exaggerated whisper*) Doug, it's okay! It's the 21st century, I think we're beyond judging men for drinking fun coffee. (*beat.*) Anywho, by all accounts, Doug Stevens is an unremarkable man who lives an unremarkable life. And soon, that unremarkable life will come to an end. We're just along for the ride. (*NARRATOR checks his watch.*) I think our unremarkable friend is about to run late for his unremarkable job! (*DOUG looks at his bedside clock, mouths "OH SHIT!", grabs his briefcase, and runs out the door.*) Look at that, he's off!

(Lights down.)

SCENE TWO

(Lights up. A desk with one cubicle wall on the opposite side of the audience. DOUG enters. He speed-walks to the desk, hurriedly sits, and begins unpacking his briefcase. THE NARRATOR peeks over the wall.)

NARRATOR

And we've made it to Doug's office. Or... not exactly an office. A cubicle. Look, I'm trying to be generous here. He's at work on time! Look at you go, Dougie! Bully for you! (*beat.*) Now, here's maybe the first moderately exciting thing about this guy. (*conspiratorially*) He has a cruuuush! Finally, some drama! Actually, less of a crush and more of a "secretly in love with

them since he started at this company” kind of thing. *(beat.)* Speak of the devil, here’s the man of the hour, the object of affection! Fernando Álvares, up-and-coming paralegal.

(FERNANDO appears, popping his head over the cubicle next to THE NARRATOR and propping his arm, holding a coffee cup, on the wall.)

DOUG

Fern!

NARRATOR

He speaks!

FERNANDO

Morning, Doug.

DOUG

How’s tricks? *(he and THE NARRATOR wince in unison.)*

NARRATOR

Oogh. “How’s tricks?” Who says that?

FERNANDO

Tricks? Like... magic tricks?

DOUG

No, I was just— forget it. *(an awkward pause.)* How’s the coffee today?

FERNANDO

Burnt, as usual. Who would have thought, a decade-old coffee pot that shocks you when you plug it in doesn’t make good coffee? *(beat.)* I’m still gonna drink it, though. Not one to let coffee, however awful, go to waste.

DOUG

Totally get that. Is there any left in the break room, or do I need to brew more?

FERNANDO

I took the last of it. That may have been a mistake. I got the grounds, which appear to be taking up at least a third of my mug. *(DOUG begins to get up.)* No no, let me. I finished the pot, least I can do is make a new one. You like it with milk and— don’t tell me— two sugars?

DOUG

Yeah, thank you.

FERNANDO

No problem! *(he flashes finger guns.)* Be back in five. *(he exits.)*

NARRATOR

Well isn't that sweet! A couple of workplace pals. Besties. Totally platonic homies. Poor Doug, pining away. Why don't you use this time for something productive, like... *(sucks teeth)* spreadsheets. He really likes his spreadsheets, this one. If he ever got the balls to act on his thing for Fernando and got shot down, I'm sure he'd fall right into the loving arms of Excel. And here he turns, back to his desk, utterly flustered by a three-minute interaction. He probably won't get anything done until at least half an hour after Fernando comes back. *(beat.)* You know, I kind of feel for the guy. Haven't we all had a crush at one time or another? It's his last day alive, might as well give him a little nudge to get it out of his system.

(FERNANDO enters, holding two mugs.)

FERNANDO

Here we go, one coffee with milk and two sugars. Careful, it's hot.

DOUG

Careful, *you're* hot.

FERNANDO

What—

DOUG

(quickly overlapping.) What? Nothing. I said nothing.

NARRATOR

Wow, that was tragic.

FERNANDO

You said... "Careful, *you're* hot?"

DOUG

No I did not, I said *careful it's hot!* To confirm that I heard you! That's all.

FERNANDO

Really? Because it sounds like you were calling *me* hot.

DOUG

No no! I'm in HR, that would be inappropriate workplace conduct. Just a judgment on the coffee. The temperature of the coffee. *(he sips from the mug in an attempt to change the conversation)* Speaking of, it's good, just the right amount of sugar.

NARRATOR

Let's get Doug a little *sugar*, shall we? *(NARRATOR flicks the bottom of DOUG'S coffee cup, spilling the liquid on DOUG— a few drops get on FERNANDO.)*

FERNANDO

Oh shit!

NARRATOR

Oops.

DOUG

Fern, oh my god I'm so sorry! I don't know how that happened.

NARRATOR

I know how that happened.

FERNANDO

Dude, you spilled much more coffee on yourself than you did on me. Here, let me clean you up. *(he grabs a napkin from the desk and begins to tenderly blot the coffee stain on DOUG'S chest.)*

DOUG

(extremely flustered) Oh, thank you so much. I really appreciate it.

FERNANDO

Any time. Hold still.

NARRATOR

I mean my plan was to spill it on Fernando so he might, like, take his shirt off or something, but this is much better. Plus, it killed that fugly sweater vest of his. *(beat.)* Look, I never said it was a *good* plan, but hey, we're getting somewhere. More than we would if Doug was in control, huh? Ain't that right, old pal? *(he nudges DOUG, who falls into FERNANDO'S arms.)*

DOUG

Oh good lord. I swear I'm not doing this on purpose. I have no idea why I'm so clumsy today...

FERNANDO

I don't mind it. *(an awkward pause.)*

DOUG

(stuttering) I have to go to work today. I mean, get some work done today. So you should probably leave me to go to work. Get work done.

FERNANDO

I understand. Bye, Doug. *(He exits.)*

NARRATOR

Well, that wasn't nearly as underwhelming as it could have been. There was definitely a little something there, right? Douuuuuug, I think he likes you! *(beat.)* Doug? Hello? *(beat.)* Oh, that's right. I forgot he can't hear me. My bad. *(DOUG types loudly at his keyboard, still obviously flustered. RICHARD, DOUG'S boss, enters and pokes his head above the cubicle wall.)*

RICHARD

Top of the morning Doug! How's it hangin'? Woahhh, what's with the crazy blush? Did someone throw paint in your face, or are you just that happy to see me?

DOUG

Hey Richard. No, I'm just— This is just my complexion. Not that I'm not happy to see you though.

RICHARD

I bet you are happy to see me, buddy. By the way, I'm going to need you to complete the slideshow for today's team lunch by noon today.

DOUG

The slideshow? Isn't that your job?

RICHARD

No buts! Get it done! The wife and I are taking the yacht out tonight and I don't want to have this on my mind, ya read? Just do it. Like Nike says. *(he mimes the Nike "swoosh" in the air.)*

DOUG

Alright, sounds good. *(RICHARD exits.)*

NARRATOR and DOUG, in unison

Douche.

NARRATOR

Took the words right out of my mouth, Dougie. *(beat.)* Man, what a way to spend your last day alive, huh? Clacking away at your keyboard for hours, barely flirting with your coworker, letting your dicktastic boss walk all over you, and this is probably an *eventful* day for him. *(beat.)* I don't think I can, in good conscience, let him waste what precious time he has left. I'm not sure if I should really interfere on like, a personal level, but this is too sad to watch. *(NARRATOR steps around the cubicle so he is behind DOUG.)* Hey there! Doug Stevens?

DOUG

(jumps) Jesus! You spooked me. Yeah, I'm Doug Stevens. Who are you?

NARRATOR

Don't worry about that. I wanted to come and let you know about an exciting opportunity that you might like to participate in.

DOUG

Yeah, sorry, I'm not interested.

NARRATOR

Oh, I think you will be.

DOUG

What is your name?

NARRATOR

Mind your business.

DOUG

What? No, who are you? Why are you here?

NARRATOR

Doug. What if I told you you were going to die in less than 24 hours?

DOUG

I would ask if you were planning to kill me, probably.

NARRATOR

Huh. You know, that's interesting. I never actually thought about *how* you were gonna go, I just know that by 10:37 tonight you're outta here.

DOUG

Yeah, okay you're crazy. *(reaching down to the desk phone)* I don't know how you got in here, but I'm going to call security if you don't leave right now.

NARRATOR

How are you going to call security on someone who's not there? *(NARRATOR looks out towards the audience and gestures to indicate that he's disappeared.)*

DOUG

(softly) What the fuck. What the fuck. Where did he go.

NARRATOR

Right here, of course. *(repeats gesture, DOUG reacts as if he has reappeared.)*

DOUG

How did you do that?

NARRATOR

Not your concern.

DOUG

(to himself.) I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming and I need to wake up.

NARRATOR

Oh, you're not dreaming, friend! This is all real! Want me to do the ol' razzle dazzle again to prove it?

DOUG

Sure, why not! I'll wake up right after that, I'm sure.

NARRATOR

As you wish! *(repeats gesture, DOUG reacts to his disappearance)*

DOUG

Okay, I'm awake, I'm not dreaming. *(beat.)* Holy shit, I'm awake and I'm not dreaming. This is horrible. Oh my god oh my god. *(NARRATOR, who has been standing slightly away from DOUG, begins to creep towards him in the "invisible" state, miming exaggerated sneaky steps*

and shushing the audience. He gets close enough to touch DOUG and claps his hands on DOUG'S face, presumably reappearing to him.)

NARRATOR

Cheer up, Buttercup! It's not hard to laugh if you do it with a smile!

DOUG

(crawling away, near tears.) WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

NARRATOR

Now, lower your voice! We don't want the whole office in a tizzy, now do we?

DOUG

(quieter) Oh my god, oh my god. *(beat.)* Wait. What are you? How do you know this?

NARRATOR

I don't know, man, I'm just here. I'm just taking the people *(he gestures to the audience, DOUG looks confused)* through the last day of your life. You know, I don't *think* I should be doing what I'm doing right now, appearing to you like this, but it felt necessary.

DOUG

Right, it felt necessary to scare the bejeezus out of a guy on the day of his death. *(beat.)* OH MY GOD. I'M GOING TO DIE TONIGHT?

NARRATOR

Afraid so. I want to make sure you don't waste your final day alive, you know? I mean, I've only been observing you since this morning, but geez, man. You're boring.

DOUG

Wow, thank you, that makes me feel awesome.

NARRATOR

Are you going to deny it? I mean, you wake up, you go to work, you go home, repeat. It's kind of a snoozefest. *(claps hand on DOUG'S shoulder.)* Listen, I don't want you to die feeling like you never did anything with your life, so I decided to appear to you and just give you a heads up that it's your last day so you can live it in a fun way.

DOUG

Huh. I guess you've got a point there. *(beat.)* I don't really know what to do today, even knowing that. You know, assuming this isn't all an elaborate ruse or delusion or something.

NARRATOR

Dougie, we just went over this. Do I have to do the whole “disappear-reappear” bit again?

DOUG

No! No, that’s fine. I’m going with it. *(beat.)* Well, I guess I need to decide what to do here. To make the most of it. After I get out of work, I’ll have a few free hours—

NARRATOR

Are you nuts? Why would you stay at work today? You really want to give half of your remaining lifespan to this law firm where all you do is press buttons on a computer and have meaningless meetings about how to get people to interact with each other in a normal way? *(beat.)* No. I’m not going to let that happen. Come on, Doug. Think hard. What’s something you’ve been waiting to do?

DOUG

Hmmm.

NARRATOR

I know one thing that you could do. Or more like... *one person.*

DOUG

Person? What?

NARRATOR

Fernando? Dude, I saw the way you looked at him when he was blotting the coffee off your sweater vest. Annnnd the way he looked at you. You should go for it! Ask him out. You’re welcome for that little coffee spill trick I pulled by the way, I’m sure it got you further with him than you did on your own in the past four years you’ve worked here and been obsessed with him.

DOUG

That was you? I knew I wasn’t *that* uncoordinated! *(beat.)* That was my favorite sweater vest.

NARRATOR

Oh honey, I did you a favor. That was the most heinous article of clothing I’ve ever had the displeasure of laying eyes on.

DOUG

(slightly wounded) Heinous? Do you think so? *(beat.)* You know what? Doesn't matter. I'd be more upset with you, but I don't think I have time for that. *(beat.)* Hey, I thought of something I *really* want to do today.

NARRATOR

What, try the newest flavor of granola bar in the vending machine?

DOUG

Actually, yes. But that's not what I'm talking about. *(beat.)* I really want to get back at my boss.

NARRATOR

Richard, the asshole that was in here earlier?

DOUG

Yeah, him. Here's the thing. He bullied me all throughout high school, and since I started working here a couple years ago, nothing has changed. He's still a horrible human being, and what's worse, he's on an accelerated track to make partner in this firm. This place is super cliquy, and because he's in good with the higher-ups, he thinks he's got the partnership in the bag. *(beat.)* But I have a secret about him that I've been keeping for a hot minute that could fuck up his whole career trajectory. I haven't said anything because, I don't know, I was scared of retribution? Or I wanted to feel like I had *some* power, even if it was this little thing nobody else knew about. But fuck it. If I'm going out, I'm taking him with me.

NARRATOR

Doug Stevens, blackmailer and manipulator extraordinaire. I did not think you had it in you, but I sure am glad you did! What's the big secret?

DOUG

Okay, first of all, not a blackmailer or a manipulator. I've never *done* anything with it. But, get this. He's cheating on his wife with one of the gals in Accounting. Caroline, the head bookkeeper. Wouldn't surprise me if there were others, but I know for sure that he's sleeping with her.

NARRATOR

Holy shit! How did you find this out?

DOUG

Well, it was kind of accidental. One day she dialed extension -12, which is mine, instead of -13, which is his. Turns out, they have a really complicated sex roleplay thing where she's an American diplomat to Lithuania who made a pit stop in a Russian village, and he's a lowly stable

boy who gives her a “place to stay for the night,” if you know what I mean. There’s some horse stuff involved, I don’t know. Weird shit, right?

NARRATOR

Oh. My. God. And she didn’t realize she called *you* instead of Dick the stallion-wrangler?

DOUG

From what I can tell, Caroline does most of the talking during this whole thing. I don’t think he can speak Russian. She just hung up when she’d said her piece, so she didn’t know it was me. But I took a recording of it because it was too insane not to. It’s just been sitting in my voice memos because I had no idea what to do with it.

NARRATOR

But wait, how will this mess with the partnership? It’s his personal business, which, granted, will go to shit after this. I just don’t see how it’s going to affect his professional life.

DOUG

I mean, that’s what I thought initially. But I did some thinking, and I realized; with how obsessed all the partners at this firm are over the “company image” or whatever, it’d be a miracle if he doesn’t get sacked when they find out. There’s no way the clique won’t turn on him when their reputation is at stake.

NARRATOR

Wow, who’d have thought that climbing the social ladder for your own gain would turn out badly!

DOUG

Probably everyone with common sense? But anyways, this secret should not (*pause, slightly strained*) die with me. His wife deserves to know, and *I* deserve to fuck up his track to partnership after how miserable he’s made my life.

NARRATOR

That’s the spirit! Okay, how do we do this? And also, how do we get you to confess to Fernando?

DOUG

Nope.

NARRATOR

What do you mean, nope?

DOUG

It's just a no. I won't do that.

NARRATOR

Why not? *(beat.)* Oh, I see how it is. You prefer to stay safe in your little bubble, pining away instead of actually *doing something about it*. Because you don't want to get hurt. *(more gently)* It's the last day of your life. Pretty hard to stay hurt after you die. You have nothing to lose.

DOUG

We'll put a pin in it for later.

NARRATOR

I'll take it. So, back to the cheating thing. How do we do it?

DOUG

Uhhh, let me think. I know I'm going to see Richard again in like half an hour at this stupid staff lunch thing he makes us do for "team bonding" or whatever— everyone will be there. Sometimes his wife comes. She's a real sweet lady, likes to say hi to the office. She makes snickerdoodles for us. He doesn't deserve her. So I guess we'll see if she shows up.

NARRATOR

What if she doesn't?

DOUG

I can't imagine the rest of the firm will be all that quiet about it. If she's not at this one, someone's gonna bring it up next time. Either way, he's done for.

NARRATOR

Outstanding! This day is not nearly as boring as I thought it'd be! Let's get 'em, Dougie!

(Lights down.)

SCENE THREE

(Lights up. We are in THE MEETING ROOM, a long table where other workers are seated. There is a single sandwich platter in the center of the table. At the table, RICHARD, CAROLINE, THE PARTNERS (three men in suits), DOUG, and FERNANDO all sit. NARRATOR stands close to DOUG, munching on a sandwich. Note that no one

in this scene besides DOUG can hear NARRATOR, so nobody besides DOUG should react when he speaks.)

NARRATOR

(with his mouth full) You know, these aren't half bad. I won't say they're the *best* sandwiches I've ever had, but they're respectable.

DOUG

Quiet, dude. I'm waiting to see if his wife shows.

FERNANDO

What'd you say?

DOUG

Just wondering if Richard's wife is going to be here.

FERNANDO

Oh, Emilia? I'm not sure. You didn't hear it from me, but they've been on the rocks lately.

DOUG

Oh really? What's the issue?

FERNANDO

Too much time at the office for him, I suppose. Guy probably sleeps in the break room sometimes.

NARRATOR

(snickering) He certainly does *other* things in the break room, although I'm not sure there's much sleeping involved.

DOUG

Shut up.

FERNANDO

Excuse me?

DOUG

Nothing, nothing. So do you think she's gonna come, or no?

NARRATOR

I mean based on that voice message she did. Several times.

FERNANDO

Not sure. She might come to keep up the illusion that everything is okay, or maybe because she wants to see the rest of us. I don't think he lets her have friends, so that's why she's here so often.

NARRATOR

(through another mouthful of sandwich) This guy is a piece of work.

DOUG

Wow, that sucks. *(beat.)* Hey, do you ever wonder what this place would be like if maybe he wasn't so awful all the time?

FERNANDO

"Awful" is that guy's blood type. It would only get better if he wasn't here anymore.

DOUG

Interesting. *(a door opens, EMILIA enters.)* Oh shit, she's here.

EMILIA

Hi everyone! *(she kisses RICHARD on the cheek.)* I brought snickerdoodles. *(mumbled gratitudes from everyone at the table.)*

NARRATOR

Hey Doug. Have you thought about how you were going to do this? Like, just get up on the table and announce it? Hold the phone over your head like the guy with the boombox in *Say Anything?*

DOUG

Don't worry. I've got this.

NARRATOR

Look at you, plotting and scheming all by yourself. I feel almost... proud? *(he burps.)* Or maybe that feeling is acid reflux. Jury's out.

RICHARD

Alright everyone, enough socializing. First off, I'd like to thank the partners, Marcus, Marcus, and Wilkes for being here today. I would like to speak for everyone and say that it means so very much to have you at our little luncheon. Now that I've said that, it's high time for me to give the presentation. It'll be an overview of all the finances and company output in the last three months,

and I took great care and pride in putting it together. *(he shuts off the lights and begins projecting a slideshow.)* As you can see from this chart, sales have gone down by a margin of 3%, so we need to get those numbers back up. On the other hand, “number of times I’ve cheated on my wife” has gone up by 300%. *(beat.)* Wait a minute. Sorry, that must have been an, uhm, an oversight. Don’t know how that got in there. Let’s move to the next slide. *(he clicks to the next slide, it’s CAROLINE’S voice recording.)*

CAROLINE (over recording)

(in a Russian accent) And then when you’ve finished cleaning the stables, Richard, you can clean *my* stables. Be a good boy and neigh for *Mamushka*, would you? Let out a whinny? And then I’ll put a tight leather saddle on you and ride you until— *(this recording continues playing in the background of the upcoming dialogue.)*

RICHARD

SHIT. FUCK. How do I turn this thing off? *(to EMILIA)* Baby, Emilia, you know this isn’t real, right? Someone’s playing a very sick joke on us.

EMILIA

Really? It’s not real?

RICHARD

Yes! Yes, I promised you it wouldn’t happen again. Someone’s conspiring against us. I don’t know who, or why, but they’re after us.

EMILIA

They’re after us, are they?

RICHARD

You’re my queen, baby. It’s us against the world. *(he gets down on one knee.)* Stay strong against the lies. For me.

EMILIA

Oh, I think it’s plenty real, Richard. No jokes, no conspirators. I’m not going to put up with your shit anymore. I’m not your *queen*, and it’s not us against the world, you corny douche. Consider yourself banned from the house until further notice. You can sleep in this office, or better yet, sleep over at Caroline’s again. Maybe she’ll let *you* be the rider this time.

CAROLINE

(with a snickerdoodle in her hand) Emilia, I swear to god, I never meant—

EMILIA

Save it, Caroline. *(beat.)* Drop my cookie right now. Goodbye. *(she exits, middle fingers raised. THE PARTNERS look at each other in mutual disgust.)*

RICHARD

Emilia! Wait! *(turning to THE PARTNERS)* I hope you all know that this little incident in no way reflects on my commitment to this firm and the stellar job performance I give every single day, as well as the dedication I will show if you make me a partner. *(beat.)* Please?

(Everyone besides RICHARD and THE PARTNERS begin to exit, spotlight follows DOUG, FERNANDO, and NARRATOR as they transition to THE CUBICLE.)

FERNANDO

Dude. Oh my god.

DOUG

I know, right? Holy shit, I can't believe it.

FERNANDO

And with *Caroline*? In accounting? Isn't he always preaching about not allowing workplace relationships because we're a prestigious law firm?

DOUG

Biggest hypocrite of all time.

FERNANDO

He's *cooked* at this firm. He's never gonna make partner now. Oh my god.

DOUG

I mean, wow.

FERNANDO

Seems like he'd had it coming for a while. *(beat.)* Did you have anything to do with this?

DOUG

Who, me?

FERNANDO

Yes, you. Is that why you were asking me all those questions about if Emilia would show up or not?

DOUG

Maybe. *(beat.)* I mean, maybe Caroline happened to accidentally dial my extension and leave that message, and maybe Richard told me to make the presentation this morning because he couldn't be arsed to. And hypothetically, if those two things were true, maybe I put that recording in there so he would fuck up his marriage *and* his chances at partnership.

FERNANDO

Good job. He deserved it. *(beat.)* Although, I guess now I know why you've been acting so weird today. I know I'd be, too, if I was sitting on that secret and knew I was gonna tell everyone. That'd scare the shit out of me.

DOUG

Yeah, it was a pretty big one. *(he glances at NARRATOR, who nods encouragingly.)* Although, you know what? Maybe I'm not done acting weird today. Maybe I should scare the shit out of myself a little more. *(he takes a deep breath.)* Fernando, would you have dinner with me tonight?

FERNANDO

Wait, like on a date?

DOUG

Yeah, like on a date.

FERNANDO

Yes! Yeah, I would love that. I've wanted to ask you out forever, but Richard's rule, and I was worried you'd say no, and stuff like that. But yes, I would love to go out with you. I just can't do tonight. Would tomorrow work?

DOUG

Well actually— *(a wistful glance at NARRATOR.)* Yeah. Tomorrow night sounds good.

FERNANDO

Pick you up around 8?

DOUG

Yeah, I'm looking forward to it. I'll see you. *(FERNANDO exits.)*

NARRATOR

Dude, you did it!

DOUG

Yeah, I guess I did.

NARRATOR

You need to be more excited about all of this. Say it with me– I DID IT!

DOUG

I DID IT! AHH! Oh my god. *(beat.)* I did it.

NARRATOR

I gotta hand it to you. I didn't think you had the guts. But you did it. You stuck it to the bully and got the guy. I've decided, it's not just acid reflux, I am proud of you. You're cool, Doug.

DOUG

Thank you. *(beat.)* I'm not gonna see him tomorrow, am I?

NARRATOR

No, you'll be dead.

DOUG

Damn. *(beat.)* You know something pathetic? I haven't felt this alive in... I don't even know how long. I'll be dead in less than five hours, and this is, like, the only time where I've ever taken the lead in my own life. Isn't that kind of fucked up?

NARRATOR

I don't think it's pathetic, or fucked up. I think it's nice that you get to go out on your own terms, on a high note.

DOUG

Speaking of "on my own terms," do you think we could go home? I don't want to die in a law firm. They'll get really excited about the paperwork, I don't wanna give them the satisfaction.

NARRATOR

I don't see why not.

(They exit, lights down.)

SCENE FOUR

(Lights up. We are in THE BEDROOM. DOUG and NARRATOR are sitting on the floor eating takeout.)

NARRATOR

So wait. Let me get this straight. You're telling me that she accused you of *cheating on her* with your *sister*?

DOUG

Yes! Isn't that insane? She was like "Well why are you sleeping in the same room and spending so much time with her?" and I said "Because we're siblings on a family vacation together!" That was my first girlfriend. To absolutely no one's shock, we broke up pretty soon after that.

NARRATOR

Who dumped who?

DOUG

She dumped *me*.

NARRATOR

What, did she think you cheated on her with your mom this time?

DOUG

No, actually. My aunt.

NARRATOR

That is wild.

DOUG

I know, right? I actually don't think I've ever told anyone that before. *(beat.)* I haven't told anyone a lot of things. You know, I don't think I realized how lonely I was before today. I never really considered it.

NARRATOR

I wish I'd met you under other circumstances. You're a good guy, Doug Stevens.

DOUG

I feel the same way about you... what's your name?

NARRATOR

No use asking. I'm just here, dude.

DOUG

Can't blame a dying man for trying. *(beat.)* How much time do we have left?

NARRATOR

Only... *(looks at clock.)* five minutes.

DOUG

Huh. You know, when you told me this morning, I didn't think it was actually going to happen. It just now started feeling real.

NARRATOR

I bet.

DOUG

There's nothing I can do? This is it?

NARRATOR

This is it, Doug.

DOUG

This is it. *(beat.)* What do we do now?

NARRATOR

Enjoy it. That's all you can do. *(beat.)* Hey, cheer up, buddy, look alive! *(beat.)* Sorry. Poor taste.

DOUG

Yeah, well. Can't imagine I'll be mad about it for all that long now. *(beat.)* Think I have enough time to smoke a cigar?

NARRATOR

I believe so. I know you've been saving those Cuban ones in your drawer for a special occasion, right? No time like the present.

DOUG

Very true. *(beat.)* Thank you. Really. If you hadn't appeared, I would have spent the last day of my life typing up my shitty boss's presentation and never really knowing if the guy I liked wanted me back. That would have sucked.

NARRATOR

Of course. *(beat.)* Light your cigar, Doug.

DOUG

Will do. Goodnight.

NARRATOR

(towards audience) Goodnight.

(DOUG gets up and takes a cigar and lighter out of his bedroom drawer. He lights it, the end of the cigar glows orange. The lights slowly begin to fade until the cigar's tip is the only thing visible onstage. He drops the cigar, and a moment later, we hear the thud of DOUG'S body hitting the ground. End of play.)