

TERRIBLE RECEPTION

A full-length play

By Evan Spreen

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Synopsis:

The events of table twenty-three at an ill-fated wedding reception. Six guests slowly realize that the very wedding they are attending has somehow come to life, and it won't let them leave.

Influences:

We Have to do Something, The Endless, Grave Encounters, Four Past Midnight, and The Exterminating Angel.

Playwright Bio:

Evan Spreen is an award-winning playwright based in Los Angeles. His work has been performed across the globe. Most recently, his play *Amelia?* was part of PEP Productions Best of 2020 festival in Orange County, NY and the 2025 Brisk Festival in Los Angeles. His one-act *Lost Oceans* was selected as Best of Festival at Know Theater's 2022 festival in Binghamton, NY. His horror play *The Vast and Unknowable Oven* was

performed at Kent School in Connecticut in 2023. In New Mexico, his play *Decision Makers* was part of the New Mexico Seven 2023 at the Fusion Theater company. His full-length play *Unsweet Perdition* premiered at the 2025 Hollywood Fringe Festival to much praise from audiences. Evan enjoys writing Scifi/Horror within the "New Weird" genre. He is a proud member of the Dramatist Guild of America and the Science Fiction & Fantasy Writer's Association.

Trigger Warnings:

Language, Sexual Content, Violence, Murder, Discussions of Cannibalism, Cosmic Horror, Mention of miscarriage.

2.

Setting:

Table twenty-three. A wedding reception. Bethany, Kansas.

Characters:

In order of appearance -

Felix - (Early 40's) Groom's side. Seat C. Athletic, a cyclist. Drummer with a small-time cover band. Gay. Likes symphonic violin metal and 90's girlpop anthems.

Attire: Mismatched slacks and vest combo. Peach colored tie.

Trevor - (Late 20's) Bride's side. Seat B. Served in the United States Army. Recently lost a great deal of weight. Unironically listens to a bizarre mix of opera and country.

Attire: Off-the-rack Men's Warehouse suit that's big on him. Lavender tie.

Delphine - (Late 20's) Bride's side. Seat D. Currently unemployed. Usually an actress. Has seasonal depression that is currently in season. Deathcab, MCR, Sleater-Kinney, Decemberists, Neutral Milk, Cake, Strokes, basically has not found a new band since high school.

Attire: Goth. Black dress with Lavender accents. Black and white chucks. Tattoos.

Amber - (Early 30's) Groom's side. Seat E. Does readings at music festivals. Has a fiancé. Arcturian Lumaseed. Indigo Empath. RF energy type. Likes witchtrance and a dozen other genres you've never heard of.

Attire: Peach sun dress. Bright accessories. Maybe sandals.

Tim - (Late 40's) Bride's side. Seat F. Casually cheats on his wife. Owns a restaurant. Loose cannon. Always plays Billy Joel in the car.

Attire: Gray Blazer over Lavender shirt and dark jeans.

Gail - (Early 40's) Groom's side. Seat A. Decisionist. Doesn't blink as much as the average human. Listens to midi versions of the top hits from the 60's.

Attire: Pantsuit with peach accents.

Seating Assignments:

3.

A.Gail/**B.**Trevor/**C.**Felix/**D.**Delphine/**E.**Amber/**F.**Tim

No one ever sits in a seat that is not their own.

The wedding colors are Lavender for the Bride's guests and Peach for the Groom's.

Scene List:

ACT ONE

Sc. 1 - Bum full of Lumaseeds - **Amber**, All

Sc. 2 - Tables or Cunt? - **Delphine**, All

Sc. 3 - Ghost of Dicks Sucked Past - **Felix**, Tim, Gail, Amber Sc. 4 -

Giraffe Orgy Farm - **Tim**, Amber, Gail, Trevor, Felix Sc. 5 - Shut up, Trevor - **Trevor**, All

Sc. 6 - Silver Psychic Soul Phallus - **Gail**, All

ACT TWO

Sc. 1 - Too Nice to Die - **Tim**, Amber, Gail, Trevor, Delphine, Felix Sc. 2 - Cue

the Langoliers - **Gail**, Tim, Amber, Trevor, Delphine Sc. 3 - Fidelity Live and

Uncensored - **Amber**, Tim, Trevor, Delphine Sc. 4 - Benevolent Space Whale -

Trevor, Amber, Delphine Sc. 5 - The Endless Now - **Delphine**, **Trevor**

Sc. 6 - Bride - **Delphine**

ACT ONE

4.

ACT 1 SC. 1 - BUM FULL OF LUMASEEDS

The lights rise to reveal a large, circular table surrounded by six chairs. The table is decorated with a floral centerpiece. The wedding colors are lavender for the bride and peach for the groom.

We are at an outdoor wedding reception in Bethany, Kansas. There's a tinge of apprehension in the air. Something is about to happen.

FELIX enters holding a rum and Coke. He sits in seat C. He stares out for a moment, sipping his drink. His body language tells us he is deeply stuck in a yesterday.

TREVOR enters opposite. Felix completely perks up.

TREVOR

Hi. Is this twenty-three?

FELIX

Yes! Twenty-three, have a seat. Wait! What's your letter? The table is a number, but the chairs are letters. Personally, I think it should be the other way around. This is like finding your seat on an airplane.

TREVOR

I'm B.

FELIX

I'm C! That means you're right here next to me.

TREVOR

Thanks.

FELIX

You're welcome.

Trevor sits. Beat.

5.

TREVOR

I'm Trevor.

Trevor reaches to shake Felix's hand.

FELIX

Felix. Like the cat.

TREVOR

I'm familiar with his work.

Awkward beat.

FELIX

Bride or groom?

TREVOR

I'm neither.

FELIX

HAH. No, but seriously stop fucking around Trevor. Are you with the bride or the groom?

TREVOR

Oh. Bride.

FELIX

Ah. Groom here.

Another awkward silence drifts over them.

FELIX

Definitely top ten best weddings of all time amiright?

TREVOR

For sure.

FELIX

When the bride came out, I was like there she is. That's her.

TREVOR

Yeah. That was her.

FELIX

Pardon me for saying, but you look a little nervous. You alright?

6.

TREVOR

I'm not.

FELIX

You're not alright?

TREVOR

I'm not nervous.

FELIX

Okay.

TREVOR

I'm really not.

FELIX

Trevor, can I ask you a question?

TREVOR

Sure?

FELIX

Do you have drugs shoved up your ass? It's okay if you do.

TREVOR

Excuse me?

FELIX

You can tell me, I'm on the level.

TREVOR

I don't have any drugs shoved up my ass.

FELIX

Then what's up there?

TREVOR

Nothing!

FELIX

(suddenly very serious)

Is it a bomb?

7.

TREVOR

What!?

FELIX

Hey! I'm joking! Hey! It's okay! I apologize. I did not sincerely believe that you were currently engaged in any form of anal terrorism. I just always have butts on the brain. Why don't I get us both a drink?

TREVOR

I don't drink.

FELIX

Maybe you should start.

DELPHINE enters and crosses to the table.

DELPHINE

Twenty-three?

FELIX

Yes! Welcome to table twenty-three! I'm Felix, and this is my new friend--

DELPHINE

We've met.

TREVOR

Hey, Delphie!

DELPHINE

Hi, Trevor.

She walks to Felix and shakes his hand.

DELPHINE

Delphine.

FELIX

Lovely to meet you, Delphine. May I ask for your letter? The tables are numbers, but the chairs are letters, you see.

DELPHINE

D.

8.

FELIX

D for Delphine. Looks like you're right here on the other side of me. How do you two know each other and, by extension, the bride?

TREVOR

Theater.

FELIX

Okay, love that!

DELPHINE

Community theater. That's how we all met.

TREVOR

We were homeschoolers, so we had to get out of the house somehow.

FELIX

Wow, so you all would put on musicals?

DELPHINE

Yeah.

TREVOR

And plays too.

DELPHINE

Mostly musicals.

Awkward beat.

FELIX

Cool. Well, I'm going for a refill. Would you like anything?

DELPHINE

I'll come with you.

FELIX

Please! And for Trevor?

TREVOR

I don't drink.

FELIX

Oh, yes! That's right! No drinks, no drugs. Except for the ones tucked up your bum bum.
9.

DELPHINE

What?

FELIX

Heyo. How about soda? Water? Soda water?

TREVOR

Just water is fine.

FELIX

Just water for our new friend Trevor. Well, new to me, old to you.

Felix and Delphine exit. Trevor is alone on stage. Beat. We watch him just sit there.

AMBER enters.

AMBER

Hi, Twenty-three?

TREVOR

Twenty-three.

AMBER

Incredible! I'm Amber. :)

TREVOR

Trevor. Nice to meet you.

AMBER

Are you with the bride? I think I saw you on her side.

TREVOR

That's right.

AMBER

Cool, cool. Where do I sit?

TREVOR

What's your letter?

AMBER

E, I think?

TREVOR

You're two seats that way.

10.

AMBER

Thanks. :)

She sits. Beat.

AMBER

Trevor, do you know what a Lumaseed is?

TREVOR

Does it grow... a lumatree?

AMBER

A Lumaseed is a specific kind of cosmic astrotrope. It's not unlike an open door waiting for the right moment to be awoken. A sunset in reverse. A silent crescendo. We who reach out into the aether with our blind mindfingers to tap into the secret ancestral knowledge left behind from ancient celestial civilizations. We are wandering souls drawn to sweet Gaia as superterrestrial immigrants in search of a vessel. I am one such vessel, Trevor.

I am a Lumaseed of Arcturian origin. Indigo Empath. With a sister sigil in the RF energy type. My fiancé is an Andromedan Lumaseed. Morgana Leader. With a sister sigil in the PX energy type. Also, he's Jewish.

You may, in fact, be a Lumaseed and wouldn't even know it until this exact moment. Okay, let me make it simple: Do you ever feel like your body is a shoe without foot? A

poem without meter? A jellyfish without friends? You have felt that? It is normal to feel that. But it is not normal. It is not normal. But it is normal for a Lumaseed.

Arcturian Lumaseeds are life healers that emit coralo particles from their seventh spaxa. Which is to say that we simply see and feel more of the imperceptible machinations of the cosmos within us and without us in any given moment. But you might not be an Arcturian Lumaseed, just hold on okay? We'll start with an assessment of your soul's latent galactic frequency on the Endorhythmic autofallicular mesoscale: (are you ready?)

Okay. First, close your eyes and look up at the sky. No, no, no. Not those eyes. Keep those eyes on me. The eyes inside of you, Trevor. Use those eyes to feel the gentle rhythm of your heartpulse and let it guide you to the body you once had. That strange body you left double-parked on the other side of the universe. A body built for a different gravity, atmosphere, and magnetic color spectrum. Flex your unfamiliar alien digits and float up to survey the true place of your birth. Can you see your planet!? Hold on to that!

Now I want you to concentrate and very carefully project that image straight from your thalamus directly into my mindsphere.

11.

Then I can ascertain what kind of Lumaseed you are,

Are you doing it?

(long beat)

Huh. It turns out you aren't one.

You aren't a Lumaseed.

I'm not sure what you are.

Just a guy, I guess.

TREVOR

Um ... Well, that's okay.

Felix enters carrying two drinks.

FELIX

AMBER!

AMBER

FELIX!

FELIX

Where did you come from? Holy cow!

AMBER

Is that drink for me?

FELIX

No, this is just water for Trevor. Never in a million years would I bring you water while there are still hunchbacked monks distilling pristine spirits deep within their hidden mountain monasteries.

AMBER

You are so on the level. You're one of those little green bars with the bubble in the center. This guy's a Lumaseed if I've ever seen one. Come here!

Felix sets a water glass in front of Trevor. They embrace.

FELIX

AMBER
12.

Damn, it's good to see you tho. I neeed you in my liiiiife, Felix. For real.

You look good! Just... wow! I love your dress. That's a great color on you.

FELIX

How's your fiancé? Still out hiking? Victor, right?

AMBER

Vincent. He's in Turnica, part of the greater Yappi region of New Mexico. But he'll be back in a few months. Now, where can a gal get some booze in this joint?

FELIX

I'll take you! I mean, I just got a drink, but I can drink this drink on the way to get your drink, and by that time, I can get another drink!

Amber and Felix exit together.

Trevor is alone again. Beat.

TIM enters and walks up behind Trevor and puts his hands on his shoulders.

TIM

Here he is! How's everything, Trev? You look good! Total transformation. Almost didn't recognize you. I've been standing over there thinking: "I know that guy. That's gotta be my guy. I definitely know that guy..." Proud of you! What's up with the seating assignments? I'm F. Which I'm choosing to take as an insult. Over here on the end? Great. Well, you hold down the fort, Trev - I'm gonna go have a chat with catering. Nobody ever asked about dietary concerns. Ridiculous, right? I'll see you in a minute, Trev. We'll catch up.

Tim exits. Trevor is alone again.

GAIL enters.

GAIL

Hello. It's nice to meet you. My name is Gail.

TREVOR

Trevor, nice to meet you. Bride's side.

GAIL

I used to work with the Groom.

13.

Gail begins to sit in seat E.

TREVOR

Oh, sorry. I think the seats are assigned. Do you still have the little paper chart thingy they gave you?

GAIL

Yes.

Gail digs through her purse.

GAIL

Is this it?

TREVOR

Yeah.

GAIL

Twenty-three A.

TREVOR

Seat A is this one.

GAIL

Perfect. Thank you.

Beat.

TREVOR

So, what kind of work do you do?

GAIL

I'm a Decisionist.

TREVOR

What's that?

GAIL

I make decisions. (Beat) Would you mind watching my things, Trevor? I'll be right back.

TREVOR

Sure.

Gail exits. Trevor is alone at the table.

14.

Beat.

TREVOR

(to himself)

A, B, C, D, E, F. G? No, there's no G. ... I guess that makes a full

table. SLAM TO BLACK

Ominous transition music. Red transition lights
or something.

ACT 1 SC 2. - TABLES OR CUNT?

Lights up. The table is full with everyone in
their respective seats. The following is both

chaotic and inane.

Well, how did he get in then?

TIM

That's exactly why they don't do it.
It's not exactly a conspiracy. Well,
who knows, maybe it is.

AMBER

I've never really liked them, if I'm honest.

FELIX

If you're confident enough, they'll let
you in anywhere. So, He just walked in
the stage door, I guess. I don't know. He's
standing there inches away from my
drums. Directly behind me.

DELPHINE

I always eat three quarters of a bag and
get really sick. Emotionally sick even.
Down to my core.

DELPHINE

That's an exaggeration. TIM

15.

AMBER

You'd think they'd sell it.

TREVOR

Sounds like a security issue.

TIM

They sell some spreads that are similar.
But if they started selling the actual
filling, on grocery store shelves?
Americans would never eat anything else.
The world would end as we know it.

FELIX

I'd be one of the survivors because I
absolutely loathe Reese's peanut butter
cups.

FELIX

So I don't see him coming. He's
walking up behind me, but I don't even
know it until he's back there.

AMBER

That'ssoooooo funny. Sounds like a movie.

DELPHINE

"Reese's Peanut Butter Apocalypse."

So, we finish the song, I put down my
drumsticks and then the guy taps me on
the shoulder.

TREVOR

... Who was he? Was he a member of
the crew?

FELIX

No! We don't know! No one knew him at
all. I look back and suddenly he's there
staring at me.

TREVOR

And? What did he say?

FELIX

"When does the headliner start?"

TREVOR

Laughter.

GAIL

I wonder what the holdup is. Shouldn't they have come out by

now? Beat.

TIM

No clue.

FELIX

I think someone said they're still doing pictures?

Beat. Back to conversations.

TREVOR

So.. um... that was some ceremony, huh?

DELPHINE

So, how do you know the

GAIL

Yes.

AMBER

We met in a cycling group years ago.

Back in Washington.

groom? FELIX

6 hours. When I hit Kansas it
started to feel like 16 hours
though.

TIM

So, how long was the drive?

TREVOR

They looked really happy up there.

TIM

DELPHINE

16.

Nice. Do you still meet up and bike
together?

FELIX

Right? Kansas always feels like it's never

gonna end.

GAIL

AMBER

No. I mean... things got a tiny bit awkward between us. Tense even.

True. A midwestern eternity is slightly longer than your average eternity.

Yes.

TREVOR

I've known her for years, but I don't think I've ever seen her that happy. He must be one hell of a guy.

DELPHINE

Sorry to hear that.

GAIL

Yes.

AMBER

Oh, I'm good, thank you though.

FELIX

It's still good to see him though.

TREVOR

TIM

Another drink?

But you must know him pretty well already.

You look like somebody.

DELPHINE

At least there's that.

GAIL

Yes.

AMBER

FELIX

TIM

What about you and the bride? Are you two close?

I do? What kind of somebody do I look like?

17.

TREVOR

You said that you--

DELPHINE

She was always in a different circle than me.

TIM

Somebody from a billion years ago.

GAIL

I'm sorry. What was your
name again? AMBER

FELIX
Then perhaps we are both at the
wrong wedding.

What was dating like in the
Cretaceous Period?

TREVOR

Trevor.

TIM

DELPHINE
Yeah. Maybe we are. FELIX

GAIL
That's right. I knew it was
something. AMBER

Rough. Let me tell you.
It will be over before you know it.
Was it my razor sharp talons that stirred
your memory? TREVOR

You said that you used to work with the groom? Making decisions?

DELPHINE
Let's hope so.

GAIL
Sorry? What's that?

AMBER
Have you ever--

FELIX
What did--
TIM
Must have been.

TREVOR
What kind of decisions did you--

18.

DELPHINE
She never even-- Sorry, I interrupted you.

TIM

GAI

L Where did you-- Oh, no you go ahead.

I stopped listening. Say AMBER
again?

FELIX
No, no, no. Please. You first.

TREVOR

SHIT! TIM

What!?

What happened?

That old guy. Over there. He just fell. On

it.

That's the bride's dad.
No, I don't know what I was on about.

Trevor stands abruptly. Tim rushes offstage to help.

TREVOR DELPHINE

FELIX AMBER

AMBER
He's the guy who walked her down the aisle.

DELPHINE
Yes... The bride's dad.

TREVOR

Is he okay? That looked like it hurt.

AMBER

I'll go see if they need anything.

Amber exits the same way as Tim.

An awkward silence lingers.

19.

TREVOR

I don't think I've met her dad.

FELIX

Now might not be the best time to introduce yourself.

DELPHINE

You've totally met him. Tim has, too.

TREVOR

When?

DELPHINE

Cast party.

TREVOR

I never went to any.

DELPHINE

You did, though.

FELIX

Oof. Nosebleed. That's a lot of blood.

Amber re-enters.

AMBER

He's going to be okay!

FELIX

Glad to hear it!

Tim re-enters.

TIM

Tripped over a rock. One of the many dangers of having an outdoor wedding.

DELPHINE

Tim?

TIM

Yeah?

DELPHINE

You've got some--

20.

Tim looks down, there's blood on his hands.

TIM

Oh, didn't see it. I'll hit the bathroom. There *is* a bathroom out here,

right? Tim exits. Beat.

GAIL

Blood makes me uncomfortable.

Gail exits. Beat.

FELIX

Another drink, anyone?? The sobriety. How it ails me.

AMBER

Yes, please!

Amber and Felix exit. Tense beat.

DELPHINE

So... Trevor. What's up in your world?

TREVOR

Are you mad at me?

DELPHINE

No.

TREVOR

Are you sure?

DELPHINE

Yes.

TREVOR

Okay.

DELPHINE

I'll repeat the question: What's up in your world?

TREVOR

I was serving.

DELPHINE

Tables or Cunt?

21.

TREVOR

In the Army.

DELPHINE

Oh.

TREVOR

What's up in your--

DELPHINE

I moved to LA.

TREVOR

Hey! That sounds fun. How is it?

DELPHINE

The sun rises in the morning and sets in the evening. Though not a local phenomenon, all my days follow this design.

I wake as the sun begins to rise. I step lightly through the sliding door to the small shared patio area outside my apartment. The air smells of smoke. I kneel, raise my arms above my head, proffer my wrists to the skies. Hoping a passing raven will dart down and pluck the veins from my skin, perhaps string them together into a jaunty sweater or other such needlework.

My eyes roll back into a deeper hitherto unmapped section of my brain. I take solace in the nothing that resides there. I gain strength from its eternal internal ambivalence. The ravens, however, finding no use for my corpse fibers, pay me no mind. Thus, I collect myself, don my cloak, and begin my day.

I leave my apartment at 6:15, stepping over the corpse of yet another plague victim. Rats scurry along the cobblestones as I make my way toward the golden towers that encircle

the forbidden keep high up in the hills. An untouchable woman, filthy and muttering, catches my eye. I say a brief prayer to the gods of inequitable capitalism that I shall never find myself amongst her number. Neglected and alone.

After my long trek through the desolate streets, I enter the establishment of a beansmith. I'm ordering my allotment of sludge when I recognize the man waiting for his order to my right. He is, in fact, a member of the noble class. An adherent of the golden court. I try to remember the protocol. I avert my eyes. Feign indifference so my presence does not offend him. I think I saw him in a limited series on Hulu. Must've had three lines. Gods surely walk among us.

He leaves, and a supplicant quickly begins to lick the tile where his boots briefly came to
22.

rest. Hoping to absorb some of his felicity, his grace.

I step out into the smog, startled to encounter this noble once again. He's having an argument with someone who was brave enough to approach and inquire of his illustrious father. "The sun has blessed me! ME!" he cries. "My blood plays no part! It matters not who sired me! My blessing is of my own doing, you sniveling goosecap!"

But I'm late for my audition, so I sneak away before the scene turns ugly. But if I'm honest, in my dreams I'm the one shouting at the sniveling goosecap. Someday, I tell myself. Someday.

So then I'm auditioning for a role in a play. It's a rare opportunity. A woman who is mentioned briefly at the end of the second act but never actually appears on stage. There are six hundred hunched and quivering applicants lined up before the stage door. I take my place at the end of the line.

After seven hours of waiting in miserable silence, they usher us into the building in groups of fifty. I am among the last. They give us forty-five seconds to do our two two minute monologues and then ask us to get down on our hands and knees and pretend to be dogs for two additional minutes. Barking is optional. Licking each other is optional. Vomiting and then consuming your own vomit is, of course, by all means optional.

I know I will not be cast in this role. My ego shall never grow wings and ascend to the sky to hunt down smaller egos as prey. My neck shall never feel the holy kiss of the descending guillotine blade.

Afterward, I spend some time outside staring at my hands, contemplating how unworthy I am. I pick at the dirt that gathers around the edges of my soul—dirt that is so very difficult to remove. No matter how hard one scrubs, it remains in the cracks and reveals traces of prenatal imperfections rooted far beneath the surface.

Then I stop by a local haunt and grab a sushi burrito, and head home. The shadow of an elder dragon turns the street dark for a moment. I pray his fires will not consume my abode, but someone else's instead. The setting sun lights up his magnificent scales as he glides soundlessly above me and disappears behind a low bank of clouds.

I get back around nine o'clock. I feed my cat. I go to bed.

That's a typical day.

Beat. Trevor is silent. Tim re-enters.

23.

TIM

The men's room is over there in that little shed past the barn. If anybody was asking. So, Delphie. How's LA? Didn't you move out there?

DELPHINE

Pretty good. Nothing to complain about.

TIM

Used to live in South Bay.

DELPHINE

Cool.

TIM

Have you ever wondered what two giraffes look like when they're

fucking? BLACKOUT

ACT 1 SC. 3 - GHOST OF DICKS SUCKED PAST

Lights up on Gail, Felix, and Tim seated at the table.

FELIX

So then he looks me square in the face and says, "I don't even own a dog, but I just bought 300 dog sweaters."

TIM

That's hilarious. I bet he's still finding dogs to put them on.

FELIX

He probably breaks into people's houses and dresses up their dogs while they're sleeping.

TIM

Suddenly, all the dogs at the dog park are super trendy, and nobody knows why.

FELIX

Ahahahahaha.

TIM

What about you? Have any funny stories about the groom?

GAIL

No.

24.

TIM

You must have one. Come on.

GAIL

I don't.

FELIX

I have another one!

TIM

How do you know the groom?

FELIX

I have another story!

GAIL

We worked together.

TIM

(to Felix)

What's her deal?

FELIX

Don't look at me. I only met her tonight.

GAIL

Are there any further questions?

FELIX

I have a question in the form of a story: I am gay.

TIM

Is that the story or the question?

FELIX

It's just important because you might miss some subtext without it, okay?

TIM

Go on.

FELIX

The groom is not gay.

TIM

I put that together.

25.

FELIX

However, when first we met, I did not know this. I joined a little cycling group in Washington. I found it on some random site: meethub, groupfriend, friendhunt, something like that, and in retrospect, perhaps it was just a clever ploy to check out guys in bicycle shorts, who am I to say?

Anyhow, we get to know each other, and then eventually I introduce the groom to my friend Amber (not a cyclist). I met her working retail. And so, I'm thinking, okay, if he's straight, there's no way he won't try to get in her (not-bicycle) shorts, but he never did.

Which made me hyperfixate on the faint signals coming in from his hidden third emotional Lagrange point. His eyes always find mine so easily, even now, which lights this little spark in my brain that sends a telegram directly to my penis. Like a... like an old school telegram that goes bip bip bip bip bip bip tapping out a message on the live wire of my central nervous system that alerts all the little worker guys who live in my balls to pull the sequence of levers to erect my erection. You know?

So, to avoid any further confusion... I asked him. Once. Only once.

The answer, as you may have guessed, was no.

Surely his wedding is not the moment to revisit this. But here I am revisiting it. Because what if those moments of not knowing contained more excitement and happy anxiety than any love I've ever loved and gone on to lose? Do I have a potentiality kink? Just before the dice leave my hand. Is that what gets me going? Everything is possible in that moment. Right?

We all pretend that we don't do that. That we don't write these beautiful futures in our heads that no one else will ever experience. And if those futures are better than the ones written in our own handwriting, then what do we do? What can we do? Except lament the very nature of our own horny imaginations. This cannot be unique to me. I am not that unique.

I'm not saying that I don't respect his marriage or his sexual preference. I do. I sincerely do. Nevertheless, I'm allowed to feel whichever way I'm going to feel. As long as I keep it to myself. But I suppose I am failing at that right now. The little disgruntled worker guys stationed in my heart opened the emotional floodgates the moment I started talking about this. And now I'm overflowing with every lonely moment where I simply wanted more. Not just with him. With everyone. Anyone.

Why do we love the unlovable more than the lovable?

Why do I prefer the spark over the fire?

26.

Why can't that one moment go on forever?

There is no future in these thoughts.

I'm left here all alone with only the ghost of dicks sucked past.

TIM

You may be just a little drunk.

FELIX

Yes. Maybe a little.

GAIL

If you'll pardon me. I need the ladies' room.

TIM

I haven't been to the ladies' yet. But the men's room is in that little shed thingy by the barn. Or a tree if you're feeling frisky.

GAIL

... Thank you.

TIM

Hold on. Have you ever wondered what two giraffes look like fucking? Look at this.

GAIL

Ew.

FELIX

HAH! That is hilarious!

Amber enters

AMBER

What's hilarious?

Tim shows her his phone.

AMBER

HAH!

BLACKOUT

27.

ACT 1 SC 4. - GIRAFFE ORGY FARM

Lights up. Gail, Trevor, Amber, and Tim are seated at the table. Amber and Tim are flirting pretty hard. He is showing her pictures on his phone. His hand is maybe on her knee. Trevor is eating a bag of nuts he brought from home. Gail is visibly irritated.

GAIL

Isn't it odd they're keeping us waiting this long?

TREVOR

What time is it?

GAIL

7:45.

TREVOR

When does the sun go down in Kansas?

GAIL

I don't know, I just got here.

TREVOR

Me too.

GAIL

Maybe something happened.

TREVOR

Like what?

GAIL

What's the record for fastest divorce?

TREVOR

Oh, you think they're fighting?

GAIL

Yes.

TREVOR

That would suck.

28.

GAIL

Full disclosure: It wouldn't surprise me. I never expected him to end up with someone like her.

TREVOR

Like her, how?

Gail shrugs.

TREVOR

No, now you have to say it.

GAIL

I shouldn't.

TREVOR

You have to.

GAIL

No, I don't.

TREVOR

Well, then I'm going to imagine it was something worse than you were probably going

to say. But whatever.

Beat.

GAIL

Vapid.

TREVOR

Excuse me?

GAIL

She's vapid.

TREVOR

What?

Gail shrugs.

TREVOR

That's not very nice.

29.

GAIL

Well, they just got married, and they're probably back there fighting. What am I supposed to say? Mazel Tov?

TREVOR

You could start by not taking jabs at the bride's character.

GAIL

Didn't expect him to go for someone like her, and I'm entitled to that opinion.

TREVOR

That's still no excuse to insult her. At her own wedding reception.

GAIL

What's it to you?

TREVOR

Huh?

GAIL

Why do you feel the need to defend her? It doesn't seem like you even know her that well.

TREVOR

Who said that?

GAIL

Your friend.

TREVOR

Who, Delphie?

GAIL

Yes.

TREVOR

I don't think she's my friend anymore.

GAIL

Well, there you go.

TREVOR

We used to do theater together.

30.

GAIL

Community Theater?

TREVOR

Yeah.

GAIL

Cute.

Awkward beat. Flirting continues on the other side of the table.

TREVOR

That guy's nose is still bleeding. Shouldn't he-- I don't know. Leave?

GAIL

When you say "that guy," do you mean the bride's father?

TREVOR

Yes. Should we do something?

GAIL

Like what?

TREVOR

I don't know.

GAIL

Blood makes me uncomfortable.

TREVOR

Well, it doesn't look like it's stopping anytime soon... Do you have any wipes?

GAIL

Wet wipes?

TREVOR

Yeah.

GAIL

Let me check.

Gail digs through her purse.

31.

TREVOR

He's just sitting there. Bleeding down the front of his shirt. Does no one else see it?

GAIL

I'm trying not to look. Here. Moist Towelettes.

TREVOR

One pack?

GAIL

That's all I've got.

TREVOR

Okay. Thanks, I'll go see if I can help.

Trevor exits. Beat.

GAIL

Aren't you two concerned?

TIM

About what?

AMBER

His nosebleed? I'm sure it'll stop.

GAIL

Concerned about what's keeping the bride and groom from their own reception.

TIM

Head start on the honeymoon?

AMBER

Ooooooh, maybe.

GAIL

Something is happening. Something. (beat) I'll be right back.

AMBER

... Okay, bye?

Gail exits the opposite direction from Trevor.
32.

TIM

And that's a picture of his yacht.

AMBER

You worked there? As a personal chef?

TIM

Not usually on the yacht, no. Mostly in the kitchen on his property. But this guy, let me tell ya. He was into some bizarre stuff. Eating it, specifically. Man, some of the crazy food I'd see go through that kitchen:

White blackbirds. Red Cheesefish. Crawlspace Snipe tails. Tacklebox Caviar. Gripshark fritters. Bad dream soup. Ceiling ghosts. Maringo Meatballs. Sheep feelings. Tsuchinoko steak. Bottle of wine from the Titanic. Piece of shoe leather, also from the Titanic. Illegally cloned Dodo bird. Sentient sushi. Renbacher Juneling. Kippleback Marrow. Loveland Frog legs. The list goes on.

The only thing he didn't touch was people. Had no interest. I know! Right!? I told him once, I said: Hey, as long as we're going down this fucked up road, you may as well nibble on a severed toe or something. (As long as it's donated by a willing

participant) But he wasn't having it. Wouldn't even talk about it.

I quit around the time he started eating bowls of mashed potatoes with a single razor blade slipped in. It's dumb that it took me that long to realize it was all some sicko fetish. But, ethics aside, imagine making 10k USD for serving somebody a very dangerous bowl of mashed potatoes. Didn't do it, personally. But holy shit.

That's why I started thinking about giraffes getting their fuck on. I just got a text from him. Asking about Albino Giraffes.

And sure, I don't work for him anymore. But hey, there's no harm in theoretics, is there?

So here's my pitch: I start a giraffe orgy farm. In people, the chance of albinism is apparently 1 in 20,000. So, I'd just have to make somewhere in the ballpark of 20,001 giraffe babies. On my giraffe orgy farm.

AMBER

Giraffes aren't born with albinism.

TIM

What? Why not?

AMBER

They just aren't, I guess.

33.

TIM

How do you know that?

AMBER

I googled it. Just now. I'm usually antigoogle, but I got the sudden and powerful urge to prove you wrong. It says here that white giraffes actually have a genetic condition called leucism. That's what makes them white. They still have dark eyes and dark hair. Not pink like typical albinos.

TIM

I'll text him and see if that's a dealbreaker.

Felix enters. He's quite drunk.

FELIX

Hey! Why is the sun still here?

TIM

Should it not be?

FELIX

Noooooo. But it's up there. Glaring at us.

AMBER

(to Tim)

I'm going to get him some water. Just hold on a sec.

Amber exits. Beat.

FELIX

Hi.

TIM

Hey, how's it going, boss?

FELIX

Don't mind me. I'm just going to shut my eyes for a minute.

BLACKOUT

Felix is drinking water and holding his head.

ACT 1 SC 5. - SHUT UP, TREVOR

34.

Felix, Delphine, and Amber are present.

AMBER

Feel better?

FELIX

Yes. Yes, thank you. It's just been a while since I've had the occasion to drink.

DELPHINE

I feel that.

FELIX

I will be okay in a moment.

Felix slumps down on the table.

Awkward beat.

So... Hi.

DELPHINE

Hello.

AMBER

Felix told me earlier that you're something called a Lumaseed?

DELPHINE

I am! :)

AMBER

What is that?

DELPHINE

Nothing interesting. :)

AMBER

Oh. Okay.

DELPHINE

Beat

AMBER

You're an actress?

DELPHINE

I think so?

AMBER

Bet that's fun.

DELPHINE

Not very.

Beat.

DELPHINE

I don't really know what to say now--

AMBER

What's the deal with Trevor?

DELPHINE

What about him?

AMBER

Were you guys an item?

DELPHINE

No. God no. He's just-- he's changed a lot.

AMBER

He must've really fucked your gift horse in the mouth.

DELPHINE

Excuse me?

AMBER

Hey, it's none of my business. I'm nosy. That's just me.

DELPHINE

... You should be careful with Tim. By the way.

AMBER

Why do you say that?

DELPHINE

He's a piece of shit. I love him. But he's a piece of shit.

AMBER

Okay? Wait, he did theater with you guys, right?

36.

DELPHINE

Yeah. His wife is a director. Jean. Easily the best director I've worked with. It was always more of a hobby for Tim. He has his own restaurant. And his kids are super cute. Two daughters.

AMBER

May I ask you something, Delphine?

DELPHINE

Go ahead.

AMBER

What's your interior ambient energy type?

DELPHINE

I don't know what that is.

AMBER

May I touch your forehead?

DELPHINE

Yes?

AMBER

Okay. That explains it.

DELPHINE

Explains what?

AMBER

(smiling)

There's a cataract in your aura. A residual buildup of negative energy. An acute constipation of the soul. So to speak.

DELPHINE

... Fuck you.

AMBER

And there it is.

DELPHINE

Just have some self-respect and don't sleep with him. That's all I'm saying.

Trevor enters. His hands are
bloody.

37.

AMBER

Whoa, are you okay?

DELPHINE

Trevor?

TREVOR

Yeah, I'm fine. It's not mine. It's her dad. His nose just keeps bleeding. It won't stop. I went ahead and called an ambulance, but it might take them some time to get here. The reception was really bad. Could barely hear the operator.

DELPHINE

Go get cleaned up. I'll check on him.

Trevor exits. Delphine exits.

It's eight thirty.

FELIX

Yeah?

AMBER

Something is wrong.

FELIX

What is?

AMBER

Felix points up.

The sun.

FELIX

Looks fine to me.

AMBER

When you get married to Lorenzo, please do it indoors.

FELIX

Who's Lorenzo?

AMBER

Your fiancé.

FELIX
(big whisper)

38.

Vincent.

AMBER

Vincent! That's who I meant to say.

FELIX

Felix, where are your shoes?

AMBER

Tim enters.

TIM

Apparently, we should've started the reception two hours ago. People are getting pretty antsy.

AMBER
Have you seen his shoes anywhere?

TIM
No. When did he take them off?

FELIX
It's the sun. It's stuck.

TIM
What? What's he talking about? Is he okay?

AMBER
We're getting there.

Delphine enters.

DELPHINE
Is Trevor back?

AMBER
Not yet. What's up?

DELPHINE
The bride's father. He's gone.

TIM
Wasn't he just there?

39.

DELPHINE
Yeah. Trevor was trying to get him cleaned up. But now he's gone. Everyone at that table is gone. This is too weird.

TIM
Crowd does look like it's thinning out a bit.

AMBER
Are people leaving?

TIM
Can you blame them?

Trevor enters.

TREVOR

Hey, how's he doing?

FELIX

I'm fine.

TREVOR

No, I mean-- I'm glad you're okay. Was something wrong?

DELPHINE

He's gone.

TREVOR

Wait, who?

DELPHINE

The bride's father.

TREVOR

Yeah. That's who I was asking about.

DELPHINE

He wasn't there when I walked over.

TREVOR

I was just with him.

DELPHINE

You think I'm lying to you?

40.

TREVOR

No. It's just impossible. Did he sprint out of here? He should be close by.

DELPHINE

I don't see him.

TREVOR

Well, what do we do?

TIM

I don't know. Why are you asking me?

AMBER

Has anyone texted you back?

DELPHINE

No. There's no reception.

TREVOR

The signal's gone? Just left us? I can feel its absence in some as-of-yet-to-evolve portion of my brain. Do you ever forget you have a brain? Like, you forget that there's an organ right behind your eyeballs? Is that just me?

I'm gonna be honest, I'm feeling a little out of my element. Currently unlisted on the Periodic Table. Recite them all the way to Cadmium, and you still won't find me. Everything feels like--

TIM

Can you please shut the fuck up?

FELIX

Ahahahahaha.

TIM

Respectfully.

TREVOR

Why don't I get to talk?

TIM

This isn't the time.

TREVOR

But--

41.

TIM

Tell us later.

FELIX

I was listening, Trevor.

TREVOR

Thanks.

TIM

Wait. Guys.

AMBER

What?

TIM

The sun.

AMBER

What about it?

TIM

It's 8:35. It should be set. Or setting, at the very least. Isn't that odd?

FELIX

You didn't think it was odd the last five times I told you.

TREVOR

Well, it's not daylight savings.

DELPHINE

The sun doesn't just decide not to set.

TIM

...I've got it figured it out. The sun isn't moving... because this is SO fucking BORING and the bride and groom should be out here by now and we're all losing our damn minds! We're in the middle of Dirtfart, Kansas. Sunsets can take forever. Imagine being so bored that the Earth stops spinning. Hah!

TREVOR

But that doesn't explain--

42.

FELIX

He's right! Fuck the sun. If it doesn't want to set, then it doesn't have to! Who wants another drink!?

AMBER

Woah, hold on. Let's stick with water.

FELIX

Tim, show me the giraffes again.

Gail enters and sits. She is smiling.

GAIL

I figured it out.

TIM

Well, you're too late because I figured it out first. A couple of seconds ago.

GAIL

Really? And what was your conclusion?

TIM

That this wedding is a total drag.

GAIL

Ah, and would you like to hear what I think?

TIM

I don't know. Sure, whatever. What do you think?

GAIL

(smiling)

I think we're all about to die.

BLACKOUT

ACT 1 SC. 6 - SILVER PSYCHIC SOUL PHALLUS

ALL are present. Gail sits in her chair, still smiling. Felix is slumped over in his. Trevor is eating nuts out of his plastic bag nervously. Delphine taps on her phone. Amber is trying to make a call. Tim is pacing.

43.

DELPHINE

Why isn't the ambulance here yet?

AMBER

Shit.

DELPHINE

Trevor?

TREVOR

I don't know. I tried calling again, but I still don't have service.

AMBER

Neither do I.

TREVOR

What do we do?

GAIL

You make peace with your life. No matter how poorly you lived it.

TIM

Will you knock it off with the morbid bullshit? We've all had enough of that.

AMBER

Yeah, please.

GAIL

Trevor, may I ask you something?

TIM

Don't listen to her. She's just fucking with us.

GAIL

Do you believe in God?

TIM

Don't answer that, Trev.

TREVOR

I'm Christian? I guess?

TIM

Fuck sakes, she's just trying to goad you.

44.

GAIL

What has God been known to do when he disapproves of

something? DELPHINE

Are you implying that God disapproves of this wedding? The old guy on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel? The same God that hasn't lifted his finger for how many terrible atrocities suddenly pops down to register his dissent for a stupid little wedding in Kansas?

GAIL

I didn't specify which God.

TIM

Lady, stop scaring people for no reason.

GAIL

No, I think it might be my turn to speak. Sit and listen, if you want to know the truth. Beat

GAIL

The wedding is alive.

This is really happening.

It fractionally condensed into a “real thing” with what could be considered interaptic awareness just a little under an hour ago, as far as I can tell. It seems like it’s coalescing into a full temporal consciousness. The second hand has not moved a centimeter since. Our inescapable rhythm has been replaced by something entirely extra-sensory. A silent heartbeat. Can you feel it?

How easily we forget how little we understand. We made this, you see? A culmination of the psychic emanations of two hundred and fifty ignorant little human-people. Fear, pain, joy, hate, anger - it coalesced into something real. Dunbar cackles as our brains struggle to comprehend chaos as a prime number.

If something can happen it will happen and holy shit here it comes. It’s words swirl invisible in the nothing all around you. A ringing somewhere past JADES-GS-z14-0, approximately 34 billion light-years away from Earth. All you have to do is pick up the phone. Hello? It’s the voice you decided to ignore thirty years ago when it cleared it’s throat from under your bed at 3 in the morning.

There are those of us who chose to listen. You see, There is a secret door across from the vending machines near baggage carousel four in terminal B of the Denver International

45.

Airport. Behind it coils the labyrinthine passage to the dreaded Black Pyramids. Where the all-seeing Council of Decision Makers hold court and make their illustrious decisions. But how does one decide the undecidable?

The groom was one of ours. We stood together before the ancient soul conduit of Venoxis and forged our bond. Our souls became one. FOR ETERNITY. He entered my cerebral cortex with his magnificent psychic silver soul phallus, and I wept with pain and ecstasy.

But then, without warning, he abandoned the order, moved to Kansas, met a dumb little blonde girl to have dumb little blonde babies with, so he could hide from the

devastating and eternal truth of the universe. But guess what? The universe just turned around and said NO.

Did I come to witness this union with my own eyes rather than fill in the details within dormant dreamscapes for the rest of my life? Yes. Did I channel my pain into a tantric ritual of hastily enacted self-abuse in the back seat of my rental car right before I came in? Yes. Am I complicit in this manifestation? Oh, yes. Absolutely. But none of it would have been possible without a very specific and particular collection of sad, self-important idiots to amplify the psychoseraphic protosexual effluence. That's what woke it up... you all did.

I just never thought it was possible. I never thought people would willingly choose to live as you do. Thus you completed the cosmic daisy chain. Nothing became something.

Okay! So, there we are—all on the same page.

Please enjoy what's left of the reception. None of us can leave now. It's too late. The sacrifices will begin momentarily.

Beat.

TIM

Okay. (beat) So, she's fucking insane. Got it. And was banging the groom. Apparently. Very classy. Now, if we can please return to reality: Trev, keep trying 911.

TREVOR

There's no signal. No one has a signal.

DELPHINE

To be fair, we are on a farm in the middle of nowhere.

TREVOR

But I talked to an operator. The ambulance should be here by now.

46.

AMBER

Guys. Wait a minute. Did you not hear her? She's right.

DELPHINE

Which part?

TIM

Don't tell me you bought into that load of bullshit.

AMBER

No, I mean... Look. We're the only ones here. It's just us.

DELPHINE

No way.

TREVOR

That's impossible.

DELPHINE

Where did they go?

TIM

Holy fucking balls.

hallucinating. This isn't real, this can't be real. This can't happen. What the fuck. WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING?

TIM

Holy fucking balls. Holy fucking balls. Holy fucking balls. Holy fucking balls. Holy fucking balls. HOLY FUCKING BALLS.

AMBER

If that was true, is all of it true? make sense. Evacuating an entire field of people would take at least an hour and we just turn around and they're all gone? AND WHERE'S THE AMBULANCE?

TREVOR

How could they all leave? That doesn't Beat. Then the following four lines, all at once:

Noooooooo. That shits all made up. It's not real. None of it was real. Nobody actually thought it was real. IT WAS ALL JUST MAKE BELIEVE.

DELPHINE

Okay, so this isn't happening. I'm

Felix begins to have a seizure. He foams at the mouth and jerks violently in his chair.

BLACKOUT

END ACT ONE

