

*Pike sits down and mopes. Grace enters.*

GRACE

Hey. You okay?

PIKE

Well, everyone I've ever known has reached the universal consensus that I'm a prick so... just great.

GRACE

Oh, Pike.

*Grace sits next to Pike.*

GRACE

They don't mean it.

(Beat)

Well, okay, they definitely do mean it, but I wouldn't get down about it.

PIKE

Don't get down about it? They hate me!

GRACE

They don't hate you.

PIKE

But they told me I was a prick! It wasn't even subtle, they just said it!

GRACE

Pike, do you really believe all those people would be celebrating you if they hated you?

PIKE

I guess not.

(Beat)

Grace, do you think I'm a prick?

GRACE

(unsure how to respond)

Well, I -- hmmm -- you're not -- I think--

(Grace sits next to Pike)

GRACE (CONT'D)

Honey, I love you.

PIKE

That wasn't an answer and you know it.

GRACE

Look, Pike, you might come off as a bit... abrasive sometimes. But that doesn't make you a bad person.

PIKE

You think I'm a bad person!?

GRACE

(reassuring)

No, no. None of us do.

PIKE

I don't know, I think they do!  
Everyone thinks I'm a prick!

GRACE

(comforting)

Pike. Hey. Listen to me.