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.