

ACT 1, SCENE 2

Pike peaks his head in the door.

PIKE
Sam? Sam? You home?

Pike waits for a response. Silence.

PIKE (CONT'D)
Yes! He's gone!

Pike enters, shutting the door behind him. He crosses to the couch and clears off Sam's trash.

PIKE (CONT'D)
Absolutely disgusting.

Pike sits and sets a Rubber Duck on the couch beside him.

PIKE (CONT'D)
Oh, rubber duck. What a week! These clients, always changing their minds at the last minute. Do they think what they're asking for is easy? "Oh, add a little functionality here, make a little change there." No! You're asking me to rewrite the program from the ground up! My boss should know, that kind of thing takes forever but nooo, "We can get that done on time. Right? *Right.*" (To Duck) If it wasn't for you, I never would have gotten that code figured out. You know, sometimes, I feel like you're the only sane person I can talk to. You don't make piles of garbage, or ask me inane questions, or harass people on trains. You just help me debug my code.

(booping the duck on the head)

Cause that's what friend do. You're my best friend, rubber duck debugger. I can tell you anything. But, we don't need to worry about programming right now, because it's the weekend, meaning no work for us for two whole days! If we're lucky! But who am I to look a gift horse in the mouth. After that week, I'll take what I can get. I can't wait to get in bed and pass out.

(MORE)

PIKE (CONT'D)
 Humans were not made to work 18
 hours a day. Well, thank God it's
 Friday.
 (Beat. Realization)
 Wait...

Distant drums begin to beat.

PIKE (CONT'D)
 Oh no...

The drums boom louder.

PIKE (CONT'D)
 It's Friday.

Sam throws the door open, flanked by his two friends - the MURDERHOBOS. They carry snacks and table-top roleplaying paraphernalia. Pike dives behind the couch with his duck and crawls away as the gamers set up their game table with cult-like precision.

[#2] WE ARE PSYCHOPATHS/GOODBYE

SAM & MURDERHOBOS
 SWORDS, SHIELDS, AND SHIT-HOLES
 IT'S SWORDS, SHIELDS, AND SHIT-HOLES
 THE FANTASY ROLEPLAYING GAME!
 IF YOU SOUGHT THIS ADVENTURE
 IT PROBABLY MEANT YOU'RE A LOSER
 WHOSE REAL LIFE IS LAME!

Sam opens his notes. The Murderhobos pre-roll their dice and prepare to play.

PIKE
 Ah, Christ. Every Friday, every
 Goddamned Friday Sam and his stupid
 friends play this table-top
 roleplaying game. They do the most
 heinous things at that table, I
 swear, the FBI should have them on
 a watch list. They... I'm not even
 going to try to say what goes on in
 their depraved little minds. Just
 listen.

SAM
 THE KINDLY OLD SHOPKEEPER
 WELCOMES YOU FONDLY...