

NONE LIKE US

By Tami Hillberry

Story by Tami Hillberry, Rane Laymance, and Kristin Malley

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SYNOPSIS: Who is your best friend, most loyal confidant, and also the biggest pain in your ass? Your siblings. Meet brothers William and Benny and their sister Ro. Now adults, each holiday they meet at their hometown bar to escape the drama of the holidays with their parents and blow off steam. But the Partridge siblings are about to learn that, despite their best efforts, they can't micromanage, gloss over, or drink away their problems (looking at you, Ro.) When life gives us challenges, it also gives us family: the cause of and solution to everyone's problems.

A hilarious and touching holiday play. NONE LIKE US can be put on as a site-specific performance in a bar or restaurant, as well as on a stage.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females, 5 males)

BENNY (m).....	A fun, energetic man-child, twenty-three, with a disarming smile. Naive. (235 lines)
RO (f).....	Benny's sister, thirty-one. Tough, sarcastic and outspoken. (281 lines)
WILLIAM (m).....	Thirty-two, Benny and Ro's older brother. Quick witted and intelligent, but covering insecurity with attempted masculinity. (253 lines)
ALEXANDER (m)	Engaged to Ro, thirty-four. An adult boy scout, almost boring. (94 lines)
ERIC (m).....	William's husband, thirty-eight. Attractive workaholic, with an air of cool, easy going charm. (63 lines)
ALLISON (f)	Mid-twenties waitress, unnoticeable. Hopeless romantic with a heart of gold. (39 lines)

RACHEL (f).....Late-twenties waitress, good-looking and knows how to turn heads. Overconfident.
(45 lines)
BARTENDER (m).....A bartender. (2 lines)

DURATION: 90 minutes.

SETTING: A local bar.

TIME: Evening.

SYNOPSIS OF ACTS

ACT ONE: Thanksgiving

ACT TWO: December 26th (Boxing Day), one year later

ACT THREE: New Year's Eve, one year later

PRODUCTION NOTES

NONE LIKE US is, at its heart, a hilarious and touching holiday play. Originally written as a site-specific performance piece, it is an immersive play where the audience members are bar patrons and part of the show. In such an intimate setting, the audience can't help but be a part of the action and interact with the cast. During its premiere run, the characters of Allison and Rachel were not just waitresses for the actors, but for the audience members as well. The bartender's lines went to which ever bartender was working that particular night. The play can also be performed in a traditional space on a stage.

Additionally, NONE LIKE US is meant to be a story that can stand the test of time. Due to the ever changing social media landscape, the *Facebook* and *Snapchat* references can be replaced with Social Media Platforms that make sense with the current time of the production, as long as the original tone is honored. Any other creative interpretations and changes to the script are encouraged, with written approval. Change is the future and the show should be able to update with the times.

PROPS**ACT ONE:**

- 10 whiskey shots
- 1 Bud Light
- 10 Miller Light (for buckets)
- 2 buckets (5 beers in each bucket)
- 1 set of keys (RO)
- Money (\$24) (RO)
- 1 purse (RO)
- 1 credit card (WILLIAM)
- 1 Wallet & ID (BENNY)
- 2 Serving Trays (RACHEL, ALLISON)
- 1 glass of red wine (ERIC)
- 1 Diet coke (ALEXANDER)
- 1 cell phone – Blackberry (ERIC)
- 2 cell phones (WILLIAM, RO)
- 1 restaurant check presenter with check
- 2 aprons (RACHEL, ALLISON)
- 2 notepads (RACHEL, ALLISON)
- 2 pens (RACHEL, ALLISON)
- 2 name tags (RACHEL, ALLISON)
- 1 extra chair
- Thanksgiving/Fall decorations (optional)

ACT TWO:

- 14 whiskey shots
- 12 Miller light (10 in buckets)
- 2 buckets
- 1 Christmas pin (ALLISON)
- 1 “RESERVED” sign
- money (ALEXANDER - \$6; RO - \$24)
- 1 purse (RO)
- 1 Christmas vest (in box with sweaters)
- 5 Christmas sweaters (3 in box)
- 2 small boxes

- 1 Christmas tree
- 1 snow globe
- 3 cell phones (WILLIAM, BENNY, ALEXANDER)
- 1 paper Santa beard
- 2 serving trays
- 1 small piece of paper (Benny's speech)
- 4 glasses of water
- 1 credit card (BENNY)
- 2 aprons (RACHEL, ALLISON)
- 2 notepads (RACHEL, ALLISON)
- 2 pens (RACHEL, ALLISON)
- 2 name tags (RACHEL, ALLISON)
- Christmas decorations (optional)

ACT THREE:

- 1 purse (RO)
- Money (\$26) (RO)
- 3 whiskey shots
- 2 club sodas
- 1 baby bump (RO)
- 2 Miller lights
- 1 glass of red wine
- 1 ring box (BENNY)
- 1 house key (BENNY)
- 4 champagne (in flutes)
- 1 apple cider (in flute)
- 1 cell phone – Blackberry (ERIC)
- New Year's Eve hats/noise makers (optional)

AUTHOR NOTES

I wrote *NONE LIKE US* when my producing partners and story co-creators Rane Laymance and Kristin Malley approached me to create a play that explored the idea of who we are as people when we are around our siblings during the holidays. Some of us revert back to our childhood habits and anxieties, others try desperately to escape where we came from, while many are holding on to nostalgia just as resolutely. The Partridge Family and those who find themselves in their world are the result of three friends sharing stories about the joys and heartaches of being an adult sibling around the holidays. I can see myself and my friends in nearly every character on the page, and I hope that you enjoy reading about them just as much as I enjoyed writing and performing with them.

—Tami Hillberry

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

NONE LIKE US was produced in Los Angeles, CA at The Bronson Bar in Hollywood. It opened on November 20, 2016. It was directed by Rane Laymance and produced by Kristin Malley; the art design was by Alexx Wells; the music and sound design was by Sabrina Hybel; and the stage manager was Kate Dowd. The cast was as follows:

BENNY	Evan Holtzman
RO	Tami Hillberry
WILLIAM	Andrew Perkins
ALEXANDER.....	Harry Santiago
ERIC.....	Michael Kelly
ALLISON.....	Aubrey Mercer
RACHEL.....	Shanae Humphrey

ACT ONE
THANKSGIVING

AT START: *A bar. The kind of bar that's still called a dive, even though they have 40 local beers on tap, valet parking on the weekends, and a jukebox that only takes credit cards.*

It's late on Thanksgiving. Most people are done feasting and are ready to get the hell away from all that family togetherness horseshit.

The door to the bar opens and RO hurries in with her keys still in her hand. She takes a quick scan of the room, then heads to the bar with purpose. She flags down the BARTENDER while pulling cash out of her wallet.

RO: Shot of Jameson and a Bud Light. Actually, two shots, please. And the beer. Thanks.

RO smooths out the cash on the bar and checks the door behind her. She drinks the shots as they're poured, grabs the beer and heads to the bathroom.

As RO hurries away, the door again opens, and in walk WILLIAM and ERIC. WILLIAM looks around with a slight frown on his face. ERIC is typing on his phone.

WILLIAM: What the hell? I swear I saw her walk in. Was that not her?

ERIC: *(Still typing.)* Who?

WILLIAM: Ro.

ERIC: Great.

WILLIAM: Eric!

ERIC: What?

WILLIAM: I thought we agreed you weren't going to work tonight.

ERIC: "We" agreed I wasn't allowed to work tonight at your parents' house; this is the evacuation point from Chez Partridge, so now I'm going to answer some emails, OK?

WILLIAM: Please don't check out on me.

ERIC: I won't, promise! (*Looking back at the phone.*) Shit. Let me just give Alan a quick call and I'll be right back; two secs. Why don't you grab us a table?

ERIC gives WILLIAM a distracted peck on the cheek and is back out the front door before WILLIAM can protest.

WILLIAM: (*Muttering.*) Asshole.

WILLIAM looks around again for RO, sighs, and begins to gather chairs to a table. RO emerges from the bathroom, sans beer.

RO: Hey!

WILLIAM: There you are! Where did you go?

RO: I had to see a woman about a horse... while I was peeing.

WILLIAM: That's efficient.

RO: I strive for efficiency in all bathroom visits; that's where I get my best tweeting done.

WILLIAM: Vomit. Help me with these chairs.

RO: Where's Eric?

WILLIAM'S mouth tightens and he shakes his head.

RO: Ah. Off being "Number One Advertising Sales Manager for the Western Blah Blah Blah"?

WILLIAM: AKA "Number One Shittiest Husband"? Yeah, that's about it. Wait, where's yours?

RO: Number One Shittiest Fiancé is swinging by his sister's house before he meets us here. So... I guess not so shitty today.

WILLIAM: Show off.

RO: What can I say? I conned my way into the heart of a good one. Don't worry, he'll wise up soon and dump my ass. Let's get a drink.

RO waves down RACHEL, who's dressed like she knows how to get tips.

RACHEL: What can I get you two?

RO: (*Reading RACHEL'S nametag.*) Well... Rachel, my brother and I here have just come from a typical American Thanksgiving dinner with our family. What would you recommend?

RACHEL: I'm sorry?

WILLIAM: She means we need shots. Two whiskeys and a pitcher of whatever local IPA you have on tap. (*To RO.*) Not everyone speaks cynical bitch as fluently as I do, Ro.

RACHEL: You got it, cutie. You want to close out or open a tab?

RO: Tab. William, give the woman your card.

WILLIAM: Why me?

RO: Because I'm a poor public servant! Haven't you heard all the jokes about how little teachers get paid? I don't make the rules, William.

WILLIAM: Fine, but if I'm buying it'll be house whiskey and High Life.

RO: Be still my heart. I thought you married into money?

WILLIAM pulls out his card and hands it over to RACHEL, who heads off to put in their order.

WILLIAM: Just because he has money doesn't mean I get a drinking allowance. Wait, doesn't she want to check our IDs?

RO: You wish. I haven't gotten IDed in like a year.

WILLIAM: Shit, Ro. Now that I really think about it, I can't remember the last time for me, either. I didn't even really notice.

RO: Well it was bound to happen. You are older than me.

WILLIAM: Yeah by a whole eleven months. Here's to our parents' poor family planning strategies. (*Lifts an empty hand in a mock toast.*)

RO: Here, here! Speaking of poor family planning...

RO turns to the door, where BENNY, the youngest sibling has just entered.

WILLIAM: Hey! It's Surprise Baby Benny!

RO: Unplanned Baby Benny!

BENNY: You guys know I prefer Miracle Baby Benny.

RO: We're fully aware that Mom thinks you're the second coming of Christ, but to your big brother and sister you'll always be...

BENNY, RO, and WILLIAM: (*All together, familiar.*) Broken Condom Benny!

RACHEL has returned with drinks just in time to hear this. WILLIAM and RO find it hilarious, but BENNY is mortified.

BENNY: Can I get a—

RO: Whiskey. He wants a whiskey.

BENNY: Fine, yeah.

RACHEL: Sure, hon. Can I just take a peek at your ID?

WILLIAM and RO give each other disgusted looks.

BENNY: Oh, sure... here.

RACHEL: Cute picture. I'll have it out in a sec, hon.

BENNY: Thanks.

RACHEL exits.

WILLIAM: (*Mocking.*) "Cute picture, hon!"

RO: "Yeah, hon!"

WILLIAM: "I figured out who the over-tipper is gonna be, hon."

BENNY: Yeah, yeah... lemme guess: you geriatric cases are mad she didn't ID you.

That shuts WILLIAM and RO up.

WILLIAM: Whippersnapper.

RO: What took you so long to show up, anyway?

WILLIAM: Yeah, aren't you the one that wanted to come all the way over here? I figured we'd just walk down to The Albatross.

BENNY: The Albatross is lame; this place is way cooler.

RO: Booze is booze. Who cares where it comes from?

WILLIAM: Jesus, Ro.

BENNY: I thought the whole point was you two wanted to get away from Mom and Dad.

RO: Yes, God, yes.

BENNY: OK, so how stupid would it be to go to the place down the street from the house?

WILLIAM: Yeah, Ro. For all you know, Mom and Dad need a drink after seeing you. I always knew you were the smart one, Benny.

RO: Hey! I'm their only daughter, and they are lucky to have my company.

RACHEL returns with BENNY'S whiskey.

BENNY: *(Shyly.)* Thank you.

RACHEL: Sure, hon.

RACHEL leaves. WILLIAM and RO stare at BENNY. They know that gleam in his eye.... The spell is broken.

BENNY: Oh, fuck you guys.

They laugh; it's all in good fun. WILLIAM raises his shot:

WILLIAM: To the siblings Partridge: there are none like us—

WILLIAM, BENNY, and RO: —and none like us!

As they drink, ERIC comes back in with ALEXANDER, RO'S fiancé.

RO: Ah ha! The None Club approaches!

ALEXANDER: *(Kissing RO'S cheek.)* Did I miss something?

ERIC: I stopped trying to keep up with these three years ago.

WILLIAM: Jokes or drinks?

ERIC: Both.

RO: Benny, get Miss Honey Bunny back over here; our menfolk need to quench their thirst.

BENNY gets up as the two pairs couple off. As he turns he bumps into another waitress, ALLISON.

BENNY: Whoops! Sorry!

ALLISON: No, it's my fault!

BENNY smiles and heads to the bar, as ALLISON looks after him. She goes back to serving her tables.

WILLIAM: How is Alan?

ERIC: Fired.

WILLIAM: On Thanksgiving?

ERIC: Canadians have a different Thanksgiving.

WILLIAM: Right. But it's Thanksgiving for us here.

ERIC: And I'm thankful to get his incompetent ass out of there. Don't worry, I'll call him back in a few hours and rehire him. Just have to flex my muscles a bit while I'm away so they don't forget who's boss.

WILLIAM: I love it when you talk corporate, baby.

ERIC: I know you do, you little gold digger.

It's a joke, but it hurts a little.

RO: How's your sister?

ALEXANDER: Not great. She has a rough time on holidays.

RO: Well I'm glad you went to see her.

ALEXANDER: She asked about you.

RO: About me? What, like "Alexander, where is that bitch of a fiancée that you're too good for"?

ALEXANDER: No! Well, she didn't ask like that.

RO: Ha! Can't fool me.

ALEXANDER: No, really! It was more like, "Where's Ro?" Like, I really heard some genuine curiosity in her voice. Or, maybe not "curiosity", but at least not outright hostility. More like neutral.

RO: Neutral? Shit, I know what I'm grateful for this year. Seriously, though, she's always welcome here. With us.

RACHEL and BENNY come back over.

RACHEL: I heard we have some thirsty customers over here. What'll it be, gentlemen?

ERIC: Do you have a Malbec?

RACHEL: Sure.

ERIC: Is it French or Argentinian?

RACHEL: It's... red?

WILLIAM: *(Playfully slaps ERIC in the arm.)* Brat. *(To RACHEL.)* He'll take it.

RACHEL: (To ALEXANDER.) And you?

ALEXANDER: I'll take a Diet Coke.

RO: What? Boo!

ALEXANDER: Ro, I'm tired! And we had a bunch of wine with dinner already.

RO: You're no fun. Rachel, dear, we'll take another pitcher of this *charmant* brew—

RACHEL: The High Life?

RO: Yes, Rachel, The High Life, and please bring a round of whiskey shots for the table.

ALEXANDER: Ro...

RO: It's Thanksgiving and I want to toast my family! Am I allowed to do that?

RACHEL looks back and forth between RO and ALEXANDER. A beat, then ALEXANDER nods to RACHEL. RACHEL hurries away to fill the order (and get the hell out of there.) There's a bit of tension at the table until—

WILLIAM: So, Alexander! How's the veterinary business?

ALEXANDER: It's good. Yeah, real good. But I work with a lot of bitches.

WILLIAM: Tell me about it.

ALEXANDER: No, it's a... joke. It's supposed to be a vet joke. Because of the dogs. The... bitches.

RO: You never say it right, people just think you're just an asshole. It's like, "Works good, but I sure do work with a lot of bitches!"

ALEXANDER: Well, I'm sorry I'm not good at jokes.

WILLIAM covertly puts his hand on RO and gives her a "cut it out" look.

RO: No, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that. You're too smart to be funny, which is why I'm hilarious.

WILLIAM: Funniest in the family.

RO: So funny they held me back a year!

WILLIAM: Well now you can enact your revenge on the unsuspecting youth of today. So tell me, Miss Partridge, what's hip with today's modern third grader.

RO: Oh, you know, much the same as it ever was: boogers, cooties, and burping the alphabet.

BENNY: I think it's cool that you're making a difference.

RO: Whatever. I think they're starting to figure out how much I hate them. I haven't given out a student of the month star in like three months, and I'm starting to fear an uprising.

WILLIAM: If one of them starts blowing into a conch shell, run fast.

RO: Why?

WILLIAM: Seriously, Ro? It's from *Lord of the Flies*. You're a teacher for crying out loud!

BENNY: That's in high school. At least she's not teaching 10th grade.

RO: No, but that is the grade I had to repeat...

A beat, then everyone bursts out laughing. RACHEL arrives with the drinks.

RO: To public school education!

They drink.

ALEXANDER: William, how's the painting going? I haven't seen you update your Instagram in a while.

WILLIAM: Oh, you know, inspiration comes and goes.

ERIC: Whatever, Picasso, you haven't even touched those brushes since you bought that DSLR camera. Or, since I bought that camera for you, to be more accurate.

WILLIAM: Rude! I'm just exploring a different side of my visual arts experience.

ERIC: Or you got bored. Just like with the pottery wheel before painting, and the ukulele lessons before that, and the interior decorating before that—

WILLIAM: Oh, you can go fuck every part of yourself. What the hell else am I supposed to do in goddamn Canada?

BENNY: You still can't work?

WILLIAM: No. I'm still technically on a temporary resident visa, so I'm legally not employable.

RO: Shit, I have a hard time picturing you not working.

WILLIAM: Join the club.

ALEXANDER: When are you coming back to the U.S.?

WILLIAM looks pointedly at ERIC.

ERIC: We don't really have any plans to move back right now.

RO: Wait, what?

ERIC: My temporary placement has been going really well, and the firm would like to see me stay at the Toronto office permanently.

WILLIAM: But we haven't had a chance to discuss it yet, obviously.

ERIC: Sure.

WILLIAM: Sure.

A beat.

BENNY: I've always thought hockey was kinda cool.

ERIC: He doesn't need another hobby.

WILLIAM: Do not even—

RO: Woah! Hey, Eric, you think William's bad? Ask Alexander here about his latest time-waster.

ALEXANDER: Come on...

RO: No, really, tell them what you just dropped two hundred bucks on.

WILLIAM: Ro—

RO: He paid two hundred dollars for the privilege to spit in a fucking tube so some scientist can tell him he's NOT related to royalty.

ALEXANDER: It's not about that, Ro.

BENNY: What?

ALEXANDER: I've been doing some research on my family ancestry and I just sent off for a DNA analysis of my genealogical makeup, that's all.

WILLIAM: I see.

ALEXANDER: Since the accident I realized I don't know much about where I come from, and since I don't have my parents to ask anymore... I don't know.

BENNY: I think that sounds really cool, man.

RO: Here comes Benny The Brown-Noser.

ALEXANDER: Hey, Ro, can I talk to you for a second.

RO: Uh-oh... Dad's mad!

ALEXANDER: Ro.

RO rolls her eyes and gets up, shrugging her shoulders back at the table as she follows ALEXANDER towards the jukebox.

RO: Am I in trouble?

ALEXANDER: I don't know, are you?

RO: Is that a riddle? (*Pulls up close to ALEXANDER and leans in suggestively.*) Or a promise? Have I been bad?

ALEXANDER: (*Pushing her away.*) Jesus, Ro.

RO: What?

ALEXANDER: I think you need to cool it on the alcohol.

RO: Ha! I'm not taking drinking advice from Mr. Diet Coke.

ALEXANDER: I'm fucking serious, Ro.

RO: Oh, you're *fucking* serious, huh?

ALEXANDER: You're being a real asshole to everyone.

RO: Yeah, but I'm your little asshole.

ALEXANDER: (*Trying to suppress a grin.*) Fair enough. Can you just... do me this solid? We're having a good time, so let's just keep it that way. No more drinking tonight?

RO: Fine. You're right.

ALEXANDER: Can I get that in writing?

RO: (*Over exaggerating.*) I'm too drunk to hold a pen! Quick, you better pump my stomach!

ALEXANDER: (*Playfully pushing RO back towards the table.*) If it'll shut you up...

RO and ALEXANDER giggle and rejoin the group.

WILLIAM: Let's ask Ro.

RO: Ask Ro what? You know she's too impaired to make any decisions right now.

WILLIAM: Zane Atticus.

ALEXANDER: Pardon?

WILLIAM: Zane Atticus. As a boy's name.

RO: OK, now I agree I drank too much.

WILLIAM: No! Not like for real, just like, you know? If. I think it's really cute, but Eric thinks it's too—

ERIC: —stupid—

WILLIAM: —trendy. What do you think?

RO: Zane Atticus? Am I a bad person for wanting to beat up a hypothetical baby?

ERIC: See? And Ro always goes with whatever you say, so you know it's bad.

RO: That's not true! I'm just... saying. Hypothetically, I sorta wanna steal this kid's slouchy beanie and force-feed him non-organic foods.

BENNY: And what if you had a girl?

WILLIAM: *(Not missing a beat.)* Zola Inez.

A beat. Everyone's realizing how much WILLIAM has thought about this.

ERIC: Well. It appears my husband has baby fever.

WILLIAM: Not a fever... just a tickle in the back of my throat.

RO: *(Under her breath.)* Back of the throat stuff is how you avoid babies...

ALEXANDER elbows RO.

ERIC: How long have you been thinking about this?

WILLIAM: I don't know... my whole life?

RO: He did always have an unusual amount of baby dolls as a child.

BENNY: Yeah, my hand-me-down collection sucked.

WILLIAM: Come on! You really don't want to have kids?

ERIC: I really don't want to talk about this right now.

WILLIAM: Fine, sorry, I was just... I dunno. Being around family. I want that for us. Someday.

ERIC: Yeah, sure. Someday for sure.

ERIC kisses WILLIAM, who melts. Like always.

ALEXANDER: Well, I should probably head out.

BENNY: No! You just got here!

ALEXANDER: Yeah, well, the day after Thanksgiving is usually pretty busy for us. A lot of naughty dogs getting into the leftovers.

ERIC: I should actually head out, too.

ALEXANDER: Give you a ride back to your hotel?

ERIC: Thanks, man.

WILLIAM: Oh, boo. We scared them off.

RO: Again.

ALEXANDER: *(Kisses RO'S cheek.)* Don't be out too late. And don't...
you know.

RO: I know.

ALEXANDER: Be safe.

RO: I will. I'll get grab a ride with William and we can get the car
tomorrow.

ALEXANDER: Thank you. I love you.

RO: You, too.

The couples kiss goodbye as BENNY looks over to the bar where RACHEL is chatting with other customers.

WILLIAM: And then there were three...

RO: Or four, if your breeder ass had his way.

WILLIAM: Ew! I wouldn't be one of those baby in a bar type dads.

BENNY: Don't make promises you can't keep, bro. You have no idea
what kind of dad you'll be.

RO: Oh my dear God, can we please stop! This is seriously freaking
me out. We just spent a whole night at our parents' house, and as
far as I'm concerned, we are still the kids in this equation.

BENNY: Can't be kids forever...

WILLIAM: Spoken like the Miracle Baby he is.

BENNY: I mean, I just keep waiting for real life to start. I'm twenty-
three, right? I'm a grown up.

WILLIAM: Technically.

BENNY: Right! So, when is it going to start feeling like it's supposed
to?

RO: Like what's supposed to?

BENNY: Life. Like, how old were you guys when you started feeling
like real adults?

WILLIAM: Uh...

RO: Huh.

WILLIAM: Yeah, I don't think I ever started feeling like a real adult.

BENNY: Come on. I mean, you had a job. A real job. Like in an office with a career track.

WILLIAM: Emphasis on the “had”.

BENNY: Well, sure, but that’s just because you fell in love and stuff.

RO: Damn that love and stuff...

BENNY: No, but seriously. You got a job right out of college at a great marketing firm, and I assume you were making good money—

WILLIAM: Again with the “were”—

BENNY: Even having all of that didn’t make you go, “Wow! I did it! Now I’m on my way to the rest of my life!”?

WILLIAM: No. Mostly I just stressed about how I was gonna pay my student loans, and if my work wardrobe was conveying “responsible but non-threatening up-and-comer” to my boss, and oh yeah, trying not blush and drop whatever I was holding every time said boss spoke to me.

RO: God, you’re so adorably basic. I still can’t believe you married your first boss. You’re like a Mad Men secretary’s wet dream.

WILLIAM: Just call me Joan.

RO: I call Peggy!

BENNY: Come on, guys, I’m being serious.

RO: I’m sorry, Benny, but it’s not easy like that. I don’t think you ever feel like a real adult. I sure as shit don’t. I spent so much of my childhood pretending to be more grown up than I actually was, and then at some point I found myself at thirty and still renting a shitty apartment without a dishwasher, wasting my days babysitting kids who will never have need of a single thing I’ve ever taught them.

BENNY: You guys are freaking me out.

RO: Good.

WILLIAM: Benny, you’re fine. You’re right where we were when we were your age.

RO: Don’t depress him.

WILLIAM: You’re just having a bit of a quarter-life crisis. Honestly, I’m jealous of you. There’s a ton I would do if I could go back to twenty-three.

RO: Hell yes.

BENNY: (*Eagerly.*) Like what?

WILLIAM: Oh, you know. Start saving money right away. Establish good credit...

RO: Fuck around.

WILLIAM: Yes!

BENNY: What?

WILLIAM: Yes, oh my God, if I were young and single I would basically never sleep alone.

RO: Right? I've always been sort of a serial monogamist, and I really regret missing out on a slutty phase.

BENNY: You guys are messing with me.

WILLIAM: No way. Seriously, as long as you're safe, if I were you I'd be having double-wrapped casual sex all the time. I mean, look at you!

RO: You really are a bit of a hottie, Benster. And I say that while fighting the sisterly bile that's rising in my throat.

WILLIAM: You did have a lot to drink, that might be regular bile.

RO: Fair.

BENNY: So... that's you guys' advice for me? Have more sex?

RO: Yeah, but like, don't talk about it with us.

BENNY: What? You two talk about your sex lives all the time.

WILLIAM: That's different. We both like guys, besides. You're our baby brother. Please have some decency and spare us from the shocking details.

BENNY: You two are drunk.

RO: Do as we say, not as we do.

SFX: WILLIAM'S phone dings a notification. He checks it and flips it over upside down on the table. He gets up and backs away from the phone as if it's poison.

WILLIAM: What. The. Actual. Literal. Baby Jesus. Fuck?

RO: What?

BENNY: Is everything OK? Is Eric OK?

WILLIAM: This cannot be happening. This is a joke.

RO: Shit, William, you're scaring us!

RO grabs WILLIAM'S phone, flips it over, then repeats the poison dance.

RO: God save us all! The end is nigh! What do we do?!?!

BENNY: What?!?!

WILLIAM: I just got a friend request.

BENNY: Oooooookay?

RO: It's so bad, no. Please say it's a mistake.

WILLIAM: I just got a friend request...

BENNY: (*Realizing.*) Oh.

WILLIAM: From Mom.

BENNY: Goddammit, you dummies scared me.

RO: You should be scared! Oh no! What if this is a contagious disease? (*Grabs her phone out of her purse.*) Nooooo! "Janet Harrison Partridge has sent you a friend request"! How did this happen?

WILLIAM: Game over, man, that's it. I'm abandoning Facebook. May the ashes of the bridges I burn serve as a warning to all moms who enter after.

BENNY: You two are the worst.

RO: Check your phone, Benny, see if you got one.

BENNY: I didn't.

RO: How do you know?

WILLIAM: (*Beginning to get suspicious.*) Yeah, Benny, how do you know? Our mother's social media debut sure seems to have come as less of a surprise to you.

RO: Gasp! Benny! What did you do?

BENNY: Nothing!

WILLIAM: Where were you tonight, Benjamin?

RO: Shit, in-trouble names!

BENNY: Nowhere!

WILLIAM: Answer the question, Benny! Were you or were you not late to this very establishment this evening?

RO: Get him, William!

WILLIAM: Is it not true that you were late because you were... aiding and abetting—

BENNY: OK, fine!

RO: Cracked like an egg at an IHOP!

BENNY: She said she wanted a way to keep up with you now that you're living in Canada, William. She misses you.

WILLIAM: Awww... now I feel bad. Sorta.

RO: Not me! Missing you doesn't explain why I have to endure this.

BENNY: Yeah, I'm sure that's really awful for you, Ro. That your mom likes you.

RO: Whatever.

WILLIAM: Well, I'm not filtering myself.

RO: Yeah, me neither! What she sees is what she gets, and she'll like it!

A beat.

WILLIAM: I have some things I need to delete.

RO: Same.

BENNY laughs.

BENNY: I'm not sure I want to be a "real adult" if you two are the examples.

RO: Yeah, yeah. Fly off to Neverland, Benny Pan.

WILLIAM: *(Looking at his phone.)* No. You guys. Her first post:

WILLIAM shows his phone to RO.

RO: *(Reading.)* "Where is my wall?"

BENNY: OK. Yeah, that's some next level old person shit.

WILLIAM: She needs us.

RO: It's our duty. To protect the family name.

BENNY: *(Can't stop himself.)* I love you guys.

WILLIAM and RO are taken aback for a beat. Then RO'S eyes fill with tears and she pulls her baby brother into a hug.

RO: Love you, too, Benny Bear.

BENNY: I'm just really glad we got to be together today.

WILLIAM: *(Joining the hug.)* Me, too.

BENNY: Can we do this every year?

RO: Make fun of mom? Of course.

BENNY: *(Laughing.)* No! I mean, come here. Just be together for a little bit, just the three of us.

WILLIAM: Of course.

RO: Absolutely.

WILLIAM: I mean, I don't know what next Thanksgiving is gonna be like for Eric and me.

RO: Who thinks that far in advance?

BENNY: I don't care. I just... I need to know that we'll still get to be us for a while. Whenever.

RO: Of course we will.

They look at each other for a bit until the spell is broken; RACHEL stops by the table.

RACHEL: Hey, guys, last call. Get you anything?

WILLIAM: Last call? Jesus, what time is it?

BENNY: You guys go. I'll close out the tab and bring your card by the hotel.

RACHEL goes to get the tab.

WILLIAM: Are you sure?

BENNY: Yeah, I'm... I got something I have to do.

RO and WILLIAM gather up their coats and start to leave.

RO: Benny, go hit up some Black Friday stuff while you have his card.

WILLIAM: Benny, be smarter than your sister.

RO: Hey, we agreed I may not be smart, but at least I'm funny.

WILLIAM: If you puke in my car I'm pushing you out on the highway.

WILLIAM and RO leave. BENNY takes a few deep breaths and finishes his beer. RACHEL returns.

BENNY: Hi. I'm Benny.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

DECEMBER 26th, ONE YEAR LATER

AT START: *The table has been decorated with an enthusiastic assortment of campy Christmas decorations. There is a "Reserved" sign in the center. The front door opens and RO enters. She heads straight for the bar, wiping tears angrily from her eyes.*

RO: Two shots of whiskey and a beer.

ALEXANDER enters and looks around for RO. His face falls as he spies her at the bar, already downing her shots. He walks over.

ALEXANDER: Don't run off like that, you scared me.

RO: I was done talking to you, so I left.

ALEXANDER: *(Indicating the drinks.)* What are you doing?

RO: What the fuck does it look like, Alexander? I'm getting through this night.

ALEXANDER: Fine. Let's just go home.

RO: No way. I'm seeing my family tonight. I need to be around people who love me.

ALEXANDER: Ro, stop it. You don't mean that. You know I love you.

RO: Why?

ALEXANDER: Because... because I—

RO: Great. Fucking great. *(Grabs the beer and stalks over to the table.)*

ALEXANDER: *(Under his breath.)* Fuck.

ALEXANDER puts cash on the bar and heads to the bathroom. RO takes a few deep breaths to compose herself. She pulls a mirror out of her purse and clears the makeup under her eyes. BENNY emerges from the back room with a box.

BENNY: Hey! You're here early! I wasn't done setting up.

RO: *(Putting on her fake smile.)* Setting up what, Baby Benny?

BENNY: Are you kidding? All of this! *(Indicates the table.)*

RO: Oh... my God. You did all this?

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