

**#5 CHARLIE & RICHIE**

*Evening, several days later. The kitchen is empty as the lights come up. Loud, raucous laughter accompanies the sound of the front door opening and shutting. Enter RICHIE and CHARLIE. They have been drinking. CHARLIE is drunk like a carefree teenager; RICHIE is in a darker, edgier place.*

CHARLIE  
Beer?

RICHIE  
Got anything harder?

CHARLIE  
I think so.

*He searches through a cabinet.*

Aha! Johnny Walker Red okay?

RICHIE  
That should do the trick.

CHARLIE  
Got it as a Christmas gift a couple of years ago. Always forget I have it.

RICHIE  
That wouldn't happen at my place.

CHARLIE  
You can really ... what did my dad always say? Hold your own! You can definitely hold your own.

RICHIE  
Yeah.

CHARLIE  
Can't believe I let you drive us home. Don't tell Karen.

RICHIE  
Your secret is safe.

CHARLIE  
It's not technically a secret that I'm a lightweight. ...That's what my dad called someone who couldn't hold his own.

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RICHIE

Well, you've got responsibilities.

CHARLIE

Not tonight! Pour me one of those.

RICHIE

Coming right up. A toast?

CHARLIE

Shit, I was never good at those. ... And seriously, don't get me in trouble with your sister.

RICHIE

I'll take care of it. How about ... to your mother?

CHARLIE

Damn straight! To my mother, God love her. To my mother for all the wonderful things she's done, most importantly – keeping the boys overnight.

RICHIE

Cheers.

CHARLIE

Damn straight. ... Man, I can't remember the last time I just hung out, you know, in a bar, having drinks and playing darts and shit. Damn straight!

RICHIE

It was fun.

CHARLIE

Damn straight ... Shit, I say that a lot when I'm drunk, don't I?

*He gets an attack of the giggles.*

What the hell does that mean anyway? "Damn straight." That's a weird expression.

RICHIE

Damn straight.

*CHARLIE laughs way out of proportion to the humor quotient.*

What time are they gonna be home?

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CHARLIE

Don't know. They said it was a late movie, I think.

*CHARLIE leans in for confidential drunk talk.*

Okay, we tell her we took a cab. Got it? ... Only, no, wait! If we took a cab, how is your car here? There's a hole in the plan.

RICHIE

Don't worry. I'll take care of it.

CHARLIE

And I thank you for that. Sincerely.

So, how you doing, man? I mean, how you doing ... about your dad and everything?

RICHIE

Okay, I guess.

CHARLIE

That had to be rough.

RICHIE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Karen was just, like, so sad that she didn't get to see him again. And Jeff –

RICHIE

– didn't give a shit.

CHARLIE

Let me ask you something. ... Why are you so hard on him all the time?

RICHIE

Am I?

CHARLIE

Jesus, God, yes! You both are just so ... hard on each other. Like, all the time.

*A beat.*

RICHIE

If he really wanted to see our dad, he could have come with you guys last summer. Or any other time.

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CHARLIE

Well jeez, he came *here*, you know, for that. To see him.

RICHIE

A little too late. Again.

CHARLIE

You guys even talk this visit?

RICHIE

Not much.

CHARLIE

This could be the last time you see each other.

*A beat.*

RICHIE

What do you mean?

CHARLIE

No parents to come see anymore.

*A beat.*

I just think it's sad. I would have liked to have a brother.