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**UTICA FOREVER**  
**A Short Play**

**By Sam Forman**

*Lights up on DALE, 26, sitting on a porch talking on a cordless phone. He is leaving a message. While he talks he occasionally sprays a little whipped cream onto his finger from a can which sits on the table in front of him. He eats the whipped cream off of his finger and continues talking.*

DALE

Hey, Ma...it's Dale...um...I'm here. I actually didn't go anywhere. I got your message. I guess I musta' been in the bathroom or something- I didn't hear the phone ring. And I was playing my music, so I think I had it up too loud again. Duh. I'm retarded. What else is new? Yeah but so you guys just go ahead have a real good time on your big date, okay? Wayne's comin' over with a couple subs so I'll have stuff to eat. So you don't have to worry about me. You just think about yourself tonight, okay? Cuz I think you deserve something nice, Ma. I'm serious. And you sounded pretty psyched on your message there. So make sure he pays for dinner and he holds the door open for you and all that crap, okay? Or else I'm gonna have to open up a can a' whup-ass on that dude. And that shit is not gonna be pretty, you know what I'm sayin'? Cuz you're my Ma. And nobody better mess with that shit.

*WAYNE, 26, enters in a 'Subway' uniform- carrying a plastic bag with two Subway Sandwiches.*

WAYNE

I got you the South Western Steak and Cheese.

*DALE gives him the 'thumbs up'.*

DALE

Hey Wayne's here, ma. So I'm gonna go- but I'll be home when you get back. Cuz I wanna know how everything went. And I had a pretty good day here too actually. And I wanna tell you about it. So I'll see you later, okay? Have a good time. I love you, Ma.

*DALE hangs up the phone.*

WAYNE

*(Mocking:)*

*I love you, Ma.*

DALE

It's my mom, man! You gotta give that woman  
props.

WAYNE

Yo- I'll give her whatever she wants. I think  
she's fantastic.

DALE

Hey- watch what you say there, bro.

*WAYNE tosses a sub to DALE.*

WAYNE

You wanted the Steak and Cheese, right?

DALE

Yeah, dude. I'm all about that shit. That's  
awesome.

WAYNE

I got the hook-up, man.

DALE

I'm feelin' you.

WAYNE

And now you just gotta hook me up with your mom,  
bi-atch.

DALE

Wayne. You're my Subway bro. I've told you that.  
But you've gotta stop talkin' smack about my mom  
or I'm gonna fuckin' cut you, dude.

WAYNE

Chill out, man. It's all good.

DALE

I know it's all good, dude. I'm just telling you  
to fucking watch your mouth, okay?

WAYNE  
Fine, man. Fuckin' relax.

DALE  
Wha'd you get to eat?

WAYNE  
I went with a little foot-long veggie combo.  
Thought I'd check that shit out.

DALE  
Thank you, Jared!

WAYNE  
Hey- don't be hatin' on the veggie combo, bro.  
I'm telling you- that shit is tiz-ight.

*DALE takes a big bite of his sandwich.*

DALE  
Man I just love me some steak and cheese, yo!  
(*DALE talks to his sandwich:*) You are the bomb!  
You are the bomb!

WAYNE  
That is some tasty sauce, man. I'll give you  
that.

DALE  
So how'd the day go for you, Wayne?

WAYNE  
Whatever. It's Utica. It's Subway. It's fucking  
awesome.

*DALE tosses WAYNE a beer.*

DALE  
Have a beer, dude. Chill out.

WAYNE  
Thanks, man. Don't mind if I do.

*DALE cracks open a beer and raises it to WAYNE in a toast.*

DALE

To Utica.

WAYNE

To Utica.

DALE

A great city with a bright future.

WAYNE

*(As if he's giving a speech:)*

You rock Utica! This is for you!

*They drink.*

DALE

So how's Denise, man?

WAYNE

She's good. She's all right.

DALE

That's good, dude. You should tell her I said hello.

WAYNE

I will.

DALE

Tell her we might need a nurse for Donny's bachelor party. So if she wants to hook that shit up, that'd be all in good in the hood, you know what I'm sayin'?

WAYNE

She's not a stripper, man. She's like an actual nurse.

DALE

Whatever. I'm just saying you've got a fine woman there- and it'd be cool if she could help us out.

WAYNE

She's on duty, dude. You wanna have Donny's party in the hospital?

DALE

I dunno. Could be pretty kinky, man.

WAYNE

Shut the fuck up!

DALE

What? I'm just speaking my truth, Wayne. A man has to speak his truth.

WAYNE

Are you fucking gay, Dale?

DALE

You're fucking gay.

WAYNE

Dude, I'm so the opposite of gay.

DALE

Well I'm like the opposite of the opposite of  
gay.

WAYNE

Dude, I think that actually means you're gay.

DALE

Shut the fuck up.

*Pause.*

WAYNE

You shoulda' seen Denise when she got home last night, man. The girl was fucking exhausted.

DALE

I'll bet she was.

WAYNE

Apparently some fucking jackass rolled in around 12:30...

DALE

Aw shit...

WAYNE

The dude fucking cut his hand off with one a' those table saws, ya know?

DALE

Damn...!

WAYNE

Asshole's drunk and he's trying to build a crib for his little baby or some shit. Fucking moron.

DALE

You gotta watch out for the table saw. Dude shoulda' listened in shop class, huh?

WAYNE

Dude prob'ly taught shop class.

DALE

No! That was Mr. Pliner. (*pronounced: Pl-eye-ner*) That dude was the shiz-nit.

WAYNE

It wasn't Mr. Pliner.

DALE

Member? He was all like: 'Be cool, kids. Wear your protective safety goggles at all times.' That was awesome.

WAYNE

I'm trying to talk to you about Denise, man.

DALE

Yo. The dude was hardcore. That's all I'm saying.

WAYNE

It just sucks, man. She's always coming home all crying and shit. She's totally in her own little world.

DALE

Well at least she's out helping people, man. She could be doing a lot worse.

WAYNE

What the fuck are you talking about- she could be doing worse?

DALE

She's a fine looking woman, Wayne. That's all I'm saying. Just hold onto that shit.

WAYNE

She loves me, man. She's my girlfriend.

DALE

I know she is, dude. I'm trying to give you a compliment!

WAYNE

I thought you were trying to freak me out or something.

DALE

Yo- that's your own shit you've gotta deal with. Don't get all paranoid on me now, bro.

WAYNE

I'm not paranoid, man. She's a fuckin' nurse. She works late.

DALE

Dude, are you gonna ask me how my day was or  
what?

WAYNE

How was your day, Dale? You fucking freakshow.

DALE

My day was actually pretty cool, man. Thanks for asking.

WAYNE

Why? Wha'd you do?

DALE

Some pretty cool shit went down around here, bro. I gotta tell you.

WAYNE

What happened?

DALE

Well you know my reality TV idea I was telling you about?

WAYNE

What? 'The Virgin'?

DALE

Yeah, man. The Virgin.

WAYNE

Dude, they can't show that shit on TV. We talked about this.

DALE

Well you might be wrong there, bro. That's all I'm saying.

WAYNE

What the fuck are you talking about?

DALE

Well I decided today...ya know...I'd been talking about it long enough...so I said to myself I was just gonna fucking do something about it.

WAYNE

Good for you, man. You got up off your ass for a second, that's great.

DALE

Yeah and so I called up Fox TV- and they said they wanna have a meeting to discuss my ideas.

WAYNE

Who did you talk to at Fox TV?

DALE

You know Sean's cousin?

WAYNE

He works in catering.

DALE

I know he works in catering, man. But he knows people. And he put in a good word for me with the dudes who make the shows. So it was cool.

WAYNE

So now what? They're just gonna do it?

DALE

They wanna meet me, bro. They said they liked the concept.

WAYNE

What concept?

DALE

The fucking concept for The Virgin, man! What are you deaf, dude? Jesus...

WAYNE

What the fuck did you say to them?

DALE

I'm telling you, man, I just gave 'em my pitch.

WAYNE

Oh...your *pitch*...

DALE

Yeah. My pitch.

WAYNE

Oh so you know all the lingo now, huh? You're like a Hollywood Play-a.

DALE

I'm just saying what they call it, man!

WAYNE

So what's the pitch, Dale? Gimme the pitch.

DALE

I said it's like The Bachelorette, ya know...except instead a' getting married- the girl has to just pick one guy and then go fuck him.

WAYNE

They said they can show that on TV?

DALE

They've got editing, man. It's fucking Fox.

*Pause.*

WAYNE

Wow. This is unbelievable news, bro.

DALE

I know- it's crazy. I was really psyched.

WAYNE

Fuck, dude. You better be psyched.

DALE

Dude, I was trying not to brag about it, okay?  
I'm trying to show some humility.

WAYNE

Just don't get like that faggot dude on American  
Idol. I hate that guy.

DALE

I'm not there yet, man.

WAYNE

You will be, dude. You said they like your idea!

DALE

I'm trying to just take it one step at a time. I  
don't wanna get too excited.

WAYNE

Well that's a good way to be, man.

DALE

Thanks. I'm pretty stoked about it.

*Pause.*

WAYNE

God I can't believe that happened to you, Dale.  
It's really insane.

DALE

It's pretty fucked up, huh?

WAYNE

It's awesome. I'm really happy for you.

DALE

Thanks, man. It's a trip. I'm still buzzing.

WAYNE

What the fuck, huh?

DALE

I know.

WAYNE

It's pretty weird, man. I gotta say.

DALE

Yeah but it's good to get a little positive feedback, you know? Even if nothing happens. It's still cool.

WAYNE

So you're gonna have a show on TV, huh?

DALE

I dunno. I might. Cross your fingers, bi-atch.

WAYNE

They prob'ly pay you a lot for that, right?

DALE

Yeah. I dunno. Prob'ly like a couple million.

WAYNE

Dude, are you fucking kidding me?

DALE

What? That's what they pay.

WAYNE

They pay you two million dollars?

DALE

Only if it goes to network, man. And then it depends on whether they wanna give me an executive producing credit.

WAYNE

What the fuck? You're getting an executive producing credit?

DALE

Dude, that's what they call it when you make up the shows!

WAYNE

They don't have dudes like us making up shows, man.

DALE

Not yet, bro. But you never know.

WAYNE

Have you seriously ever seen heard of anybody from Utica getting a job like that?

DALE

Why not? You do shit. You're working all the time.

WAYNE

I work at Subway, dude!

DALE

I know, man. You're my hook-up. And I thank you for it. I've told you that.

WAYNE

Yeah and I hope you thank me when you win your fucking Oscar, dude.

DALE

Who says I can't win an Oscar for my TV show? Why the fuck not?

WAYNE

You live in your mother's basement, Dale.

DALE

Oh so I can't have something good happen to me? I can't pitch my idea to Fox TV, because I live in my mother's basement? What the fuck is that?

WAYNE

I'm sorry, man. I think it was just a long day. I've been working a lot. I'm getting down on myself.

DALE

Bro...you've got a job, you've got your own place, you've got a girlfriend. You're like- a grown up dude. You're the man, Wayne!

WAYNE

What are you saying about my girlfriend, man?

DALE

I didn't say shit about her. I just said you had a girlfriend. Is there a problem?

WAYNE

Do you really know something that I don't? Cuz if you do, you better tell me right now- I swear to fucking God.

DALE

I dunno what the fuck you're even talking about, dude!

WAYNE

Oh- this is awesome. You get to have your show on TV- and I get to be cheated on, that's really fucking fair.

DALE

Wayne, man. I think you can let me have one thing for a second. Is that all right with you?

WAYNE

I said I'm happy for you! I'm just under a lot of stress right now, dude. I think if you worked, you'd understand.

DALE

Is it all right if one fucking good thing happens to me in my life? Really- is that okay? Do I have to ask your permission, Wayne?

WAYNE

Shut the fuck up, Dale!

DALE

I'd love to have your life, man. Your life is fucking beautiful.

WAYNE

That's bullshit, dude.

DALE

No it isn't, man. You're like my inspiration to go out and do shit.

WAYNE

I'm not doing anything!

DALE

Don't say that, bro. You've got a really good thing going on here.

WAYNE

Oh- you think I wanna just live in Utica forever with fucking Denise? That's all I should do with my life?

DALE

I'm just saying- hold onto that girl, man. Don't take that woman for granted.

WAYNE

Stop saying that, man.

DALE

Stop saying what?

WAYNE

Dale- is she cheating on me? Do you know that for a fact? Look at me.

DALE

She's a nurse, dude. She works late.

WAYNE

FUCK! FUCK! THIS FUCKING SUCKS SHIT!

DALE

Chill out, man...

WAYNE

I've gotta do something with myself here.

DALE

You do a lot, man.

WAYNE

I'm fucking wasting my life freaking out about my girlfriend. And you've got a fucking show on Fox TV.

DALE

I don't, dude.

WAYNE

Well not yet. But you've got a meeting. Where the fuck's my meeting? Huh?

DALE

Man- I didn't mean to get you this upset...

WAYNE

Why can't I get a fucking meeting with somebody, Dale? I wanna have a meeting! That sounds awesome. I'd fucking love to have a meeting.

DALE

Chill out, bro...

WAYNE

Instead I'm sitting around here drinking beers and eating subway sandwiches with you, man. I mean- I'm fucking pathetic. I seriously feel really fucking bad about myself right now- I'm not kidding.

DALE

There's no meeting, man.

WAYNE

What're you talking about there's no meeting?

DALE

There's no meeting, dude. I was just fucking with you.

WAYNE

They're not gonna talk to you about your idea?

DALE

You think Fox wants to meet with *me*? I live in my mother's basement, dude. I'm doing even worse than *you*.

WAYNE

I thought you said they liked your pitch.

DALE

They can't show that shit on TV. It's The Virgin, man. That's like hardcore porn shit.

*Pause.*

WAYNE

Why'd you do that, Dale?

DALE

What?

WAYNE

I dunno why you fuckin' lied to me, man. You got me a little worked up.

DALE

It's Utica, dude! It's fucking boring! I'm trying to shake things up a little!

WAYNE

You suck, Dale.

DALE

Don't lose your sense of humor, man. I don't care who your girlfriend's fucking, okay? You gotta remember how to take a joke.

WAYNE

Who is she fucking?

DALE

Nobody, dude. I'm fucking kidding with you.

WAYNE

I'm gonna kill you, Dale. I swear to God.

DALE

You're too much, man. Just fucking take a nap or something. You've gotta fucking chill out.

*Pause.*

WAYNE

When's your mom comin' home?

DALE

Not for awhile. She's on a date.

WAYNE

She's a good woman, your mom.

DALE

Keep your hands off my mom, dude.

*Pause.*

WAYNE

Yo- you wanna do a couple whip-its before she gets back?

DALE

Nice! Whip-its are the bomb!

*DALE picks up the can of whipped cream off of the table.*

WAYNE

You get all crazy when you do that shit, man. You're hilarious. I love it.

DALE

Thanks, dude. I've been a little depressed lately. I love whip-its.

*DALE holds the can up to his mouth and inhales deeply. He is doing a monster-sized whip-it. WAYNE talks to him as he inhales.*

WAYNE

Fuck Hollywood. Fuck your mom. Fuck TV. Fuck Denise. And fuck Utica. A great city with a bright future. You can kiss my skinny white ass.

*Pause. DALE looks at WAYNE. DALE'S face is suddenly white with sorrow.*

DALE

Whip-its don't help.

*The two men lock eyes for a long moment. After a bit, they slowly return to eating their sandwiches as the lights fade to black.*