

ADAM: Something like that...

JENNY: Four months we sat next to each other—I'm borrowing his pen, like, all the time, hint-hint—and he's this total monk the whole semester...anyway, Phil picks him up from class one day, sees me, and we went to mini-golf that same night.

PHILLIP: I cannot tell a lie...I've got the moves, God help me.

ADAM: God help all of us....

*(A collective laugh)*

EVELYN: Well, like I said, I think it's great. It's really amazing, it is, to find anybody willing to take a risk today. To look a little silly or different or anything. Bravo! *(Toasts)* To people with balls...

*(They all toast, even PHILLIP with his empty glass, but he looks over at ADAM. ADAM blushes.)*

PHILLIP: "Balls," huh? Yep, that's my Jenny....

*(JENNY slaps him on the shoulder and blushes again.)*

EVELYN: You know what I mean. Guts. That kinda thing...

JENNY: Right. I got it.

PHILLIP: *(Toasting)* "To balls, long may they wave..."

*(They all smile and "mock" drink again.)*

PHILLIP: I'll tell you what took some balls, the museum thing, a few weeks back, with the...balls. You guys read about that?! I mean, Adam, of course you did, you were supposed to be guarding it, but—Evelyn, you hear about it?

JENNY: *(Whispering)* The penis...

EVELYN: *(Whispering)* Yes, I did. Why are we whispering?

PHILLIP: Because you don't say "penis" in Jenny's house. But we're at my place now, and so we sing it from the eaves! "Penis!! Pe-nis!!!"

ADAM: Okay, bar's closing, last call....

PHILLIP: No, seriously, do you believe that shit? Somebody with the gall to do that kinda bullshit on our campus?! That fucking burns me up....

EVELYN: I'm an artist, so I didn't....

ADAM: We should probably get, ummm....

PHILLIP: I mean, this isn't Berkeley! *(Beat)* What does that mean, anyway? "I'm an artist?"

EVELYN: It means nothing, really, just that I understand the impulse....

PHILLIP: You what?!

ADAM: Evelyn, maybe we should....

PHILLIP: No, wait Adam, I wanna hear... what "impulse?" It's called "vandalism."

JENNY: Does anyone want dessert?

*(PHILLIP holds up a hand to hush the group. He turns back to EVELYN.)*

PHILLIP: No, hold on, this is rich. Go ahead...

EVELYN: Just that...I don't think it was just kids playing. I think it was a sort of statement, a kind of....

PHILLIP: ...a statement?

EVELYN: Yeah, I do....

JENNY: What kind of statement would that be? It was pornography....

EVELYN: No, it wasn't.

JENNY: Yes, it was....

EVELYN: Pornography is meant to titillate, to excite you. Did you see a picture of what happened?

PHILLIP: We did, yeah....

EVELYN: Does a penis excite you? I mean, just any ol' penis?

PHILLIP: You're funny. And that's not the point.

EVELYN: It's totally the point...how about you, Jenny, did you like what you saw? Did it get you hot?

PHILLIP: This is, like, uncalled for, okay? All she said was....

EVELYN: I know what she said, why don't you let her speak? *(To JENNY)* Did you wanna see anything else? Huh? Okay, then...all I'm saying is that, in my *opinion*, it wasn't pornography, it was a statement. Of course, that's the beauty of statements, like art, they're subjective. You and I can think completely different things and we can both be right...unless, and this seems quite probable, you just can't stand to lose an argument.

*(Quiet for a moment from the group.)*

PHILLIP: Wow. The postgraduate mind at work...

ADAM: I'll help you get dessert, Jenny, if you want to....

JENNY: ...I still don't think that makes it a statement. It's graffiti....

EVELYN: What do you mean, it would be a huge statement...especially for a town like this.

PHILLIP: Hey, some of us are from "a town like this," so maybe you should watch it.

EVELYN: Well, we've all gotta be from somewhere....

PHILLIP: What do you mean by that?

EVELYN: I mean, it's a little college town in the middle of nowhere and....

PHILLIP: One you chose, presumably....

EVELYN: No, it chose me, actually. *Full* scholarship. So, as I was saying....

PHILLIP: You've got a real winning way, you know that?

ADAM: Look, Phil, it's no big deal, let's just....

PHILLIP: Which "take back the night" rally did you find her at, Adam?

EVELYN: ...can I finish, please?! Jesus, you're really the obnoxious type, you know that? *(To ADAM)* How long did you have to stomach this guy?

*(Everyone except EVELYN sort of freezes on that one.)*

ADAM: Evelyn.

EVELYN: Anyhow, who knows what the person was saying by it, we don't, but I think it was a gesture. A kind of manifesto, if you will....

PHILLIP: *(Dryly)* I don't think a person's dick can be a manifesto. Uh-uh. You can write a manifesto on your thing, but your thing can't be one...I'm sure I read that somewhere.

EVELYN: See? You're just trying to be....

PHILLIP: I'm not trying to be anything! Who the hell do you think you are, a few double dates and telling me anything about who I am? Un-fucking-believable!

JENNY: This is getting a little, ahh....

PHILLIP: ...Adam, you can really pick 'em. Wow, man!

ADAM: Look, it's not, let's just forget the....

EVELYN: You're not gonna take his side in this, are you?

ADAM: I'm not taking sides, I'm trying to get outta here with just a touch of dignity, okay? Jesus... END

JENNY: I've got a test tomorrow, anyway....